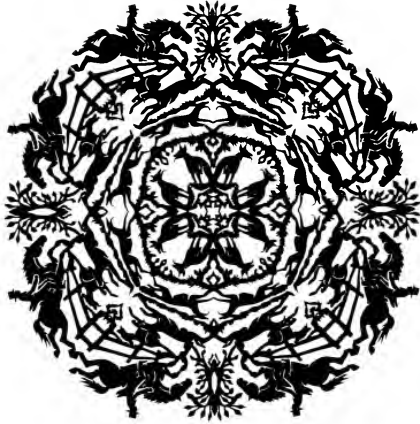


The
**AMERICAN
FOXHOUND**





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THE AMERICAN FOXHOUND

TREATING OF THE

BREEDING, REARING AND TRAINING OF THE BREED
AND EMBRACING A HISTORY OF THE ORIGIN AND
DEVELOPMENT OF THE VARIOUS STRAINS

BY

DR. A. C. HEFFENGER, T. H. BROWN, A. B. WHITLOCK
W. N. RAMSEY, W. H. LUTTRELL, O. L. HENNIGAN
C. FLOYD HUFF, J. C. BENTLEY, W. I. SPEARS
DR. W. F. STURGILL, H. E. C. BRYANT
AND OTHERS

COMPILED BY

THURSTON J. ROSTAD

ILLUSTRATED

SPRING VALLEY, WISCONSIN
THURSTON J. ROSTAD

1905

PREFACE.

The absence of a book on the American Foxhound, devoted to the notable strains in all parts of the country, and the widespread and increasing interest and popularity of the breed, has induced the publisher, with the generous aid of some of our best known foxhound men, to compile and place a work at the disposal of the hunting world embodying not only the ideas of individual hunting men, but concrete facts, the consensus of opinion of the entire American field.

The breeding and hunting of foxhounds by the sportsmen of America dates from the earliest settlement of the continent, but it has been done individually, resulting in the development of many excellent strains peculiarly adapted to the section of the country hunted, and histories of these strains from able pens have been secured. The work, however, of harmonizing them and typifying and standardizing an ideal foxhound properly qualified for the varying needs of the country at large was left to the National Foxhunters' Association and the Brunswick Foxhound Club. Both of these clubs hold annual foxhound field trials, and the same system of judging is used to obtain uniformity of opinion. The annual hound show of the Brunswick Foxhound Club is the only one in the country, and sets the standard for the American Kennel Club shows, so that from Boston to San Francisco the same type wins.

It is all these facts we have striven to lay before our hunting readers, to assist them in breeding, training, hunting and showing the up-to-date American Foxhound; and if we have succeeded in any degree, we will be more than compensated for the labor of compilation.

SPRING VALLEY, WISCONSIN, October, 1905.

THURSTON J. ROSTAD.

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PART I.

AMERICAN FOXHOUND STANDARD.

THE AMERICAN FOXHOUND.

AMERICAN FOXHOUND STANDARD.

This standard for judging American foxhounds was formulated by Dr. A. C. Heffenger, Col. Roger D. Williams, Messrs. W. S. Walker, W. C. Goodman, F. J. Hagan, W. Wade and H. C. Trigg, and was adopted by the Brunswick Foxhound Club on April 17, 1894.

At a meeting of the Club held on January 18, 1905, it was voted that this standard be construed to call for that type of hound which shows "class," meaning thereby the highest percentage of conformation needed in foxhounds for field use in America.

The American foxhound should be smaller and lighter in muscle and bone, than the English foxhound. Dogs should not be under 21 nor over $23\frac{1}{2}$ inches, nor weigh more than 57 pounds. Bitches should not be under 20 nor over $22\frac{1}{2}$ inches nor weigh more than 50 pounds.

The head (value 15) should be of medium size with muzzle in harmonious proportions.

The skull should be rounded cross-wise with a slight peak. Line of profile nearly straight, with sufficient stop to give symmetry to the head.

Ears should meet to within one inch of end of muzzle, should be thin, soft in coat, low set and closely pendant.

Eyes soft, medium size, and varying shades of brown. Nostrils slightly expanded. The head as a whole should denote hound character.

The neck (value 5) must be clean and of good length, slightly arched, strong where it springs from the shoulders and gradually tapering to the head, without trace of throatiness.

The shoulders (value 10) must be of sufficient length to give leverage and power, well sloped, muscular, but with clean run and not too broad.

Chest and back ribs (value 10). The chest should be deep for lung space, narrower in proportion to depth than the English hound, 28 inches in a 23½ inch hound being good. Well sprung ribs, back ribs should extend well back, a three inch flank allowing springiness.

Back and loin (value 10) should be broad, short and strong, slightly arched.

The hindquarters and lower thighs (value 10) must be well muscled and very strong. The stifle should be low set, not too much bent, nor yet too straight, a happy medium.

The elbows (value 5) should set straight, neither in nor out.

Legs and feet (value 20) are of great importance. Legs should be straight and placed squarely under shoulder, having plenty of bone without clumsiness, strong pasterns well stood upon. Feet round, cat-like, not too large, toes well knuckled, close and compact, strong nails, pad thick, tough and indurated by use.

Color and coat (value 5). Black, white and tan are preferable, though the solids and various pies are permissible. Coat should be rough and coarse without being wiry or shaggy.

Symmetry (value 5). The form of the hound should be harmonious throughout. He should show his blood quality and hound character in every aspect and movement. If he scores high in other properties, symmetry is bound to follow.

The stern (value 5) must be strong in bone at the root, of medium length, carried like a sabre on line with the spine and must have a good brush. A docked stern shall not disqualify, but simply handicap according to extent of docking.

SUMMARY.

Head,	-	-	-	-	15
Neck,	-	-	-	-	5
Shoulders,	-	-	-	-	10
Chest and back ribs,	-	-	-	-	10
Hindquarters and lower thighs,	10	-	-	-	
Back and Loin,	-	-	-	-	10
Elbows,	-	-	-	-	5
Legs and feet,	-	-	-	-	20
Color and coat,	-	-	-	-	5
Stern,	-	-	-	-	5
Symmetry,	-	-	-	-	5
Total,	-	-	-	-	<hr/> 100

PART II.

BREEDING, REARING AND TRAINING.

BREEDING AND TRAINING FOXHOUNDS.

By **W. F. Sturgill, M. D., Ceredo, W. Va.**

To begin at the beginning, the training of foxhounds, as with all other breeds of dogs of which much is expected, should start several generations prior to their birth, i. e., no time should be wasted on hounds whose ancestors for at least three generations back have not been good performers in the field. It is impossible to develop a high-class foxhound by any amount of training if descended from worthless ancestors. What I consider a well-bred foxhound—one worth training—is a hound whose every ancestor for not less than four generations back, and the farther back the better, was a game, reliable runner. Some may not have been as fast or as wide hunters as one would desire, but all must have been game. Gameness, as I see it, is the one great essential without which no foxhound is worth the straw he sleeps on, and I might add here I have seen the blood of one quitter render worthless a majority of otherwise beautifully bred hounds for a number of generations. Some breeders of foxhounds liken the breeding of hounds to the breeding of race-horses, claiming that a well-bred hound as is sometimes the case with a well-bred horse, although a poor performer himself, may produce high-class offspring. I agree that this sometimes happens, but as a rule, especially with the foxhound, the reverse may be expected. Were the conditions under which they perform similar, and the handling of the two the same, then one might be justified in applying the same rule in breeding, but such is not the case as all must agree. Given a horse with sufficient speed and endurance it is possible to force him to make a creditable race by the free application of the whip and spur, but not so with the foxhound. If there is any method by which a hound can be induced to run when he doesn't want to I have never discovered it. The whip and spur cannot be brought into play with anything but disastrous results with the foxhound. If he does not want to he won't, and that is the end to it. So much then on the training of foxhounds before they are whelped.

Puppies should be fed well and given plenty of exercise in the open air, that they may grow strong and rugged, and when six months old they should be allowed to follow the trainer about the neighborhood over which they are expected to hunt later on.

They will thus become familiar with the country and learn to take care of themselves. They should have been taught by this time to come to the horn, which can be done in a few lessons by blowing a few blasts when starting out for exercise, or at feeding time. The horn should never be used except when it means something. Some hunters keep up an almost continuous tooting of the horn. This I consider very objectionable, as the hounds sooner or later are apt to reach a point where they pay no attention to it. When the trainer is moving and the hounds are casting about the country for a trail, an occasional blast from the horn may be given that the hounds may know the direction the trainer is taking. As the puppies grow older and stronger they should be taken over a wider territory until they have become familiar with the country over which they will soon be expected to run. If this is done young dogs are not apt to get lost when hunting, as is almost sure to occur when inexperienced hounds are hunted in a strange neighborhood. In this way a great deal of trouble and worry may be averted, as all trainers have more or less experience looking up lost puppies, some of which are never found.

When eight or nine months old their training on gray foxes or a drag may begin. This should be done with a pack of trained hounds not too fast. If a drag is to be used it should be a fresh fox hide, and experience has taught the writer that this is a very satisfactory way by which to start puppies to running. It should be dragged in circles about as a fox would run. A great many trained hounds will not run a drag, but in a pack there will generally be found one or more that will, and these should be taken out with the puppies. They should have from one to three hours of this kind of work two or three times a week. Quite a number of fox-hunters advocate the training of puppies on rabbits, but I think the gray fox or drag (fox hide) preferable, as breaking young hounds from chasing rabbits, when the time comes to train them on foxes, is usually the most difficult task and trying experience the trainer will encounter in training a pack of young hounds. True a small minority will stop chasing rabbits of their own accord as soon as they become familiar with the scent of a fox, but the vast majority will give all kinds of trouble till they are two or even three years old. But I have found that if given their first lesson on foxes—or fox hide—they rarely care to chase rabbits ever afterward.

Here I shall mention an iron-clad rule which should never be ignored by trainers of foxhounds. The puppies should grow up with the trained hounds with which they are to receive their first lessons, no matter what scent they are to be trained to follow. Puppies will not go in a chase with a strange pack and try to keep with that pack. They should be thoroughly acquainted with the older hounds, and they may then be expected to do their utmost to keep with their old friends. I have known would-be fox-hunters to pronounce the death sentence on beautifully bred young foxhounds because they would not go to a strange pack and run the first time taken to the woods! How little such men know of "dogology."

When a year old young hounds should be put to work with a good pack of trained hounds on the red fox. If the youngster has been worked on gray foxes or fox hide he will, as a rule, be of little trouble at this stage of the game, but if he has put in several months of his life chasing rabbits, the trainer's life may be expected to become a burden for the next year or two. From now on the young hounds should be given from one to three chases a week, all depending on how they stand up to the work. It must be remembered that no man can have a high-class foxhound unless he gives him plenty of work in the field. A well matured pack should be run not less than three chases a week. Hunting and running the fox will develop them and nothing else will. The trainer should stay with his hounds until the running is over, and bring them in with him, otherwise enthusiastic young hounds will frequently remain out hunting and running two or three days.

BREEDING, REARING AND TRAINING.

By **W. N. Ramsey, Winchester, Ky.**

The breeding, rearing and training of foxhounds is like most all other undertakings, one in which almost every hunter and handler has his own ideas, and those ideas at variance with those of all others to a more or less extent.

Having owned a pack of foxhounds ever since 1866, many of which I have bred, reared, trained and run during that time, I have of course adopted a rule or rules for my own government in handling the hound from his infancy up to maturity.

In order to produce a good hound, such as are wanted by all lovers of the chase, they must first be properly bred; to do this I always select a bitch of good average size, of good style and formation, one whose breeding is first-class in every respect, whose qualities as a hunter, trailer, tonguer, speed and endurance would satisfy the most exacting huntsman; besides this I want to know that her ancestors were of the same quality. The bitch should be mated to a dog possessing all of the above mentioned qualities; when this is done we may have a right to expect the progeny to develop into dogs of the desired kind, provided they are properly handled from their puppyhood to maturity.

Puppies should be kept in good, strong, growing condition, but not overfed, nor crowded too much in their growth; they should never be burdened with flesh, as I have known dogs to develop sprung legs caused by carrying too much weight when quite young while their joints were soft and watery. Puppies should not be confined to, nor raised in a kennel if it can be avoided; they should have room to get out and play around, and take all the exercise necessary, as liberty and exercise is conducive to their health. I have always had my pups raised out in the country, so that as they grow up they become accustomed to stock of all kinds. They are permitted to run rabbits at their pleasure. By running them their feet and muscles become hardened and toughened, their lungs develop better, and of course their powers of endurance are developed in proportion to the chances they have had for development. I never take a hound out for a red fox chase until he is a year old, as I feel that until then they have not sufficiently developed to stand the wear and tear of a long hard contest with aged and seasoned dogs. During the fall, winter and early spring seasons many red foxes will run from four to eight or ten hours, and occasionally longer, so long that dogs under twelve months of age cannot stand the strain. However game and ambitious they may be, they will tire and naturally have to fall behind. If game enough they will follow on until from exhaustion they may possibly have to quit and abandon the chase altogether. Then they become discouraged to a certain extent, and if such trials are repeated often there is more or less danger of making quitters of them, or at least dogs that will become reconciled to run behind. If gray foxes are the game to be run, then the

puppies may be put to work much younger, say at eight months of age, as the grays make shorter runs and more sudden, short and sharp angles, consequently the trained and aged dogs make more losses or overruns, giving the youngsters frequent opportunities to catch up and fall in line again; neither do the grays run near so long as the reds, which fact is in favor of the puppies, as the fox has either been caught or run to earth before they are completely exhausted or worn out. Yet even after grays I think it best not to run the puppies when too young. My plan for breaking young dogs to run a fox, or rather to keep them from running rabbits, is to couple them together and lead them the hunting ground and hold them until the broken dogs strike a good hot trail. or run, then when a good opportunity presents itself, turn them loose as near as possible to the working dogs. Repeat this until they have had two or three races, after which they are not likely to be much trouble to get into the chase. They should never be punished too severely for running a rabbit, as such treatment sometimes ruins a fine prospect for the making of a good hunter. If whipped or abused too much for this fault some of them will become timid and afraid to get out to hunt or run anything; at the same time a young dog should never be petted or made much of while out hunting, as the chances are that they may become too affectionate and not satisfied to stay away from you as long as good foxhounds should. As a rule I never allow any of my dogs to come in and lie around me while others are at work after a fox; they must either go to the dogs that are at work, or go home. By adopting this plan they can soon be broke from loafing, and it is often the means of making a good foxhound out of what might have become a worthless dog. I love an industrious hound, but detest a loafer, and will punish one quicker for the latter fault than for running rabbits while on a fox-hunt.

BREEDING, RAISING AND TRAINING FOXHOUNDS.

By T. H. Brown, Huntsville, Tex.

The breeding, raising and training of foxhounds is a matter in which a great many sportsmen differ widely, therefore we are forced to look to the manner adopted by those who have proven most successful in this country.

We cannot adopt the theories of our English brethren, as their style of hunting is entirely different from ours, with few exceptions.

In England they breed for similarity in size and color, equal speed, and good "tongues." They as a rule do not allow their dogs to range wide in quest of their game, but have an M. F. H. who rides in front of his pack, sometimes numbering as high as twenty-five couples. The whipper-in rides behind with whip in hand and sees that no dog attempts scouting on his own hook. When they reach a promising locality (usually termed a "covert-side") the M. F. H. by command, throws his pack "in." If game is found, all well and good, if not, the M. F. H. sounds his "call" and the whipper-in gets busy. Not so in this country, his size nor color cut any figure if he is able "to get there" and get there quick. A wide, fast ranger, a good nose, good tongue, quick to cry the scent, lots of endurance, and speed enough for any company, coupled with lots of "fox sense," is what it takes to constitute a fox dog here; that is among fox-hunters.

BREEDING THE FOXHOUND.

The first question we will attempt to handle is the breeding of the foxhound. We have quite a number of different strains of foxhounds in this country. Each of these several strains have their admirers; but to start with, every hunter must admit that you must know the sire and dam of your pups.

You cannot expect to rear fast, game dogs from slow, rank quitters, for according to the rules of nature "like begets like."

Having first selected your bitch to breed from, you should become thoroughly acquainted with her best points as well as her bad ones, for you will never find a perfect one, then select a dog that will overcome as many of her bad traits as possible, and breed them. If you fail to get good dogs from them, do not get discouraged, but try another dog. You might breed a dog and bitch that you thought were nearly perfect, and yet their pups were worthless. This is an exception to the rule of nature, they just simply did not nick well.

RAISING PUPS.

After your pups have come, watch your bitch well and see that she is attentive and gives them plenty of milk. Let them depend upon their mother until they are four weeks old, then give them a dose of vermifuge (I use Glover's) as per directions, then start to feeding them on a very light diet. There is no

doubt that worms kill more puppies than all other diseases combined.

Never allow your pups to go until their mother weans them before you start to feeding, if you do the results will often prove disastrous. Let your feeding commence by degrees.

After your pups are three months old, take them through another course of vermifuge, and again at six months.

In case of distemper, the pup's next worst enemy, as soon as you have discovered that they have it, put them in a good dry, airy room where there is no possible chance for them to get damp. Keep their bowels open and feed plenty of good, wholesome food.

TRAINING.

At the age of eight months take your pups out with the your old dogs where you know you cannot find any game, circle them through the woods a while and return home. Repeat this several times before you attempt to have a race; it gets them used to you, your horn, the older dogs, the woods, and teaches them how to return home.

If you desire your pups to be wide rangers, never permit an old dog that hangs around you, to accompany you on these preliminary trips, nor until the pup forms his habit of ranging, which, if properly bred they will soon do when the old dogs you have along range wide.

After you think you have familiarized them with the old dogs, your horse and horn, and where home is, go to where you have a fox that is somewhat cowardly, for it will not do to get them into a too hard race. If they are bred right they will try to stay in the front flight. It would be best for the pups if the first five or six races only lasted for an hour. It would give them confidence, and only make them more anxious for another race. Three races of an hour each, with a half hour intervening, is better than one race of two hours. If possible never let your pup find out that the other dogs can beat him at any place in the race.

If you are successful enough to jump a fox with your pups before they have ever run a rabbit or anything of the kind, you will seldom have any trouble breaking them, although there are lots of fine hunters who do not object to their pups running rabbits.

Above all things avoid getting your young, soft, eight or ten

months old pups into a hard red fox, wolf or deer race, for if he is forced to quit once, the next time will come easier with him and he will not think it so bad to quit. Try to teach him that he must stay in every race to the finish.

Before you can expect to be able to train dogs you must know when your dog is in proper condition, and what should be required of him when in that condition. Until you know this you cannot expect to properly train your dogs.

The following is taken from an article written by Mr. F. W. Samuels, of Indianapolis, Ind., and published under the caption of "Hounds, Rabbits and Foxes," in the Sportsmen's Review, March, 1905:

"Several writers have stated that they do not allow their young dogs to run rabbits, that it ruins them for fox dogs. My experience has been the reverse. A hound puppy, until he is a year old, should be given his freedom, to grow and develop. Chasing rabbits teaches him to search and scout, and after making a start to stick to the trail. If you notice that a young dog is easily discouraged on a rabbit track, does not of his own accord go out and hunt, and after striking and losing gives up quickly, knock him in the head; he will disappoint you later on. I do not believe it policy to encourage a young dog to run rabbits; let him do it for the love of the thing. In fact, pay no attention to him, let him get himself in condition for a grander race, and then when he is turned in with a pack of older dogs after a fox, look out, for he will most likely lead the pack on straightaway runs, and his experience with bunny on the loses, will develop on a larger scale with Reynard.

After two or three fox races you will have no trouble to break him from running rabbits. A harsh word will stop him; if it don't, a good stiff club will.

A young dog should run an hour, or two hours at the longest, at the start. He should be stopped, if possible, with plenty of endurance up his sleeve. Many very promising, courageous young dogs are ruined by being run to death the first two or three races, and if they have the courage to go will break themselves down in their efforts to keep up with strong and seasoned dogs."

BREEDING, REARING AND TRAINING.

By O. L. Hennigan, Brick, Ala.

Different hunters have different ideas about hunting and hounds. Some prefer one style of hound and some another. I make no pretensions of being a "know-all," yet, by my friends and hunting companions, I am called a good hunter and a good judge of a hound. From friends, this is very gratifying to me; for the opinions of other people I care nothing. I have had a mania for hunting, and especially fox-hunting, all my life, and have spent many a hard-earned dollar in pursuit of the sport. I have hunted foxes in Alabama and Arkansas, in my native mountains, and in the swamps of the Red River. I have ridden to hounds after deer, and followed a bear pack in the canebreaks of the great Mississippi delta—that garden spot of the earth. I have also run wolves, caught 'coons and 'possums, hunted wild-cats, shot birds, and pitted game-cocks. In all of these most "disreputable (?) pursuits" I have attained a reasonable degree of proficiency.

I shall endeavor to give the beginner the result of my experience in order that he may be saved some time, money, and disappointments. To the man who has hunted, as I have, all my life, I shall have nothing to say; he, as well as myself, are wedded to our idols.

There are lots of good hounds. Everybody has some good ones. Through the columns of the sporting press we have often seen very warm and oftentimes acrimonious discussions as to the relative merits of different strains. It is not my intention to enter into such controversy. Having owned and hunted with many strains, I, of course, have my opinion as to which is not the best, but which I like the best.

Being of an inquiring and experimental turn of mind, and so puffed up with egotism that I thought no one knew as much about breeding as I did, I, with the help of some of my friends, who, like myself, showed a lamentable lack of judgment, manufactured a private strain of our own. They were one-fourth Walker, one-fourth English, one-fourth Virginia, and one-fourth July blood. We know better now, for the hounds were a great disappointment to us. In the first place, none of us had money enough to buy horses fast enough to keep up with them; in the second place, they killed and ran out all the foxes in the

country. If they were ever let out of their kennel for exercise, they would go to a fox-range even if it was several miles away. I haven't got any of them now. I unloaded the last of them on a kinsman down in south-western Arkansas. I gave them to him, and then fooled him into paying the freight.

Now in breeding and training a pack of foxhounds for red fox hunting I would get the style of hound that suited me the best. Some hunters prefer a dog of medium speed, that will run a red fox all night and put him in a hole some time the next day. Night hunting is all right to test the mettle and endurance of a hound. It is no time to test a hound's speed. For those who prefer that style of hunting I have no criticisms to make. I do not see a great deal of sport in night hunting. Of course the hound, in a night race, that will hammer his game all night, is a hound of endurance, but I do not think he is better than the hound that can start up his game in the day-time and kill it in a fair open chase. I do not think the mere length of time a hound runs is any test of his endurance. It is the distance he covers in a given length of time. While the dog that runs in the lead covers more ground and does more work, as a rule, the hound that is in the best condition will run the longest, if you could jump one fox after another, so as test his endurance to the core. If a pack of hounds be pitted in a daylight race with another pack having more heels and speed, one of two things invariably happens. The slower hound is left to the rear, or if he be game enough to try to contend for the lead, as he should, his heart will be broken and his boasted endurance gone, while the faster hound, although he may not be able to run as long as the slower hound, when the game is killed will be as fresh as a daisy. Salvator ran a mile in 1:35, and that is the world's record. Dan Patch paced a mile in 1:56 $\frac{1}{4}$. How many miles could he go at that gait? Yet he could be driven slower and slower until one could drive him twenty, forty, or fifty miles in a day.

I want a high-headed, dashy hound, one that hunts his territory like a good pointer, in a gallop. I do not want him to fool around with a cold trail. Of all the abominations in dog-flesh is the slow trailer that turns over every leaf with his nose, and every time he turns a leaf, lifts his voice toward the cerulean skies. I do not want a dog to give much tongue in trailing. I want him to hit his track and run on it, if the scent will allow. A pack of fast, dashy trailers will jump their game quicker,

press it harder, and kill or hole it in half the time a pack of slow trailers and close runners will do it. A pack of this description will not get scattered and thrown out on bad windy days, like a slow trailing and close running pack, for if the slow trailer and close runner gets behind he stays behind and never gets in unless the pack should make a circle near him, while the hound, his opposite in type, will throw off his track, tuck his tail and catch up sooner or later.

Very well do I remember hunting one bright moonlight night (I sometimes hunt at night when my business is such that I cannot hunt in the day-time) striking a fox up on Town Creek. Pauline, a very celebrated hound, bred in Bourbon county, Ky., was up behind. Two hours later, up on Mallard's Creek, twelve miles due east, the bitch passed by me in the road like a gray streak. When the hounds turned back she was with them, crying, with her thin, quavering voice, as if some one was whipping her. A yell went up from the crowd that could have been heard for miles.

A man to breed and train a good pack of hounds must be born a hunter. He should be familiar with the habits of the fox, and should know in what direction he would be likely to run or trail. When the track is bad, or too cold, he should know where to carry his pack with a likelihood of striking closer to his game. He should keep up with his pack when trailing a fox, and try and get them all in at the start, often though one or more good hounds are left at the jump. He should yell to his hounds but little, but I am well aware there are often times when one's pent up enthusiasm must find utterance. As a rule silence is a very necessary qualification of a successful red fox hunter, one who kill or holes his game in an open, honorable chase. The man who sits on a runway for hours to shoot a fox, I do not think much of. To my mind he seems to have a vitiated taste. I do not see any sport, profit or pleasure in a dead fox killed with a shot-gun. In the South we are as careful of the lives of our foxes as we are of our pocket-books. We never kill one if we can save him. I suppose if I had been educated to hunt foxes with a shot-gun I would do so, but I haven't.

When raising puppies give them plenty to eat. Let them grow into large strong dogs, though there is such a thing as having a foxhound too big. I do not like to feed meat or beef scraps altogether. It makes the puppy too gross and "beefy." Down

here we feed corn-bread and buttermilk, or mush and buttermilk, all they will eat, three times a day when young, twice when older. When running the pack we feed once a day, and give the dog every mouthful he will eat. If we expect to run in the morning we feed about four o'clock in the afternoon before. If we hunt at night we feed in the early morning. Give a good feed of horse-flesh or beef scraps occasionally. Do not confine your puppies in a kennel unless absolutely necessary. Let them run about and run rabbits. Hard hunting, when older, will make fox dogs of them. Do not use a whip when training unless absolutely necessary. Usually, after a race or two, a puppy will go into a running pack as far as he can hear them. Never, under any circumstances, quit and go home, and leave your pack running. Stick to them in running and trailing to the finish, no matter how hot or cold it may be, or how tired you are. If you always stick to your pack they will stick to their game. If you quit them they may run out of the country and some get killed or stolen. I have lost two or three good hounds just in this way.

Sometimes it is necessary to "lift" a running pack of hounds. I do not advise this, as a rule, but some good hunters do it frequently, especially in deer-hunting. One ought never yell to a pack of dogs except to get them together, or "lift" them except when the fox or deer has been seen and the hounds have made a run-over. A scarcity of game and failure to hunt often will make poor hounds out of any strain, no matter how well bred. Plenty of foxes and hard hunting will make a good pack. There are a dozen or more good strains of foxhounds, and there are worthless dogs in all strains. Do not, I beg of you, breed from an inferior hound because he may happen to be well bred. Better hang him. When you have certain blood lines that you know by past experience produce good red fox dogs, stick to that. Promiscuous crossing is not satisfactory, neither is too close inbreeding, which has a tendency to throw nervous, excitable hounds, and babblers. I do not want a hound to open his mouth unless he smell his game. I would rather have a dog that was too "stingy" with his voice than one that is a babbler. The dog that cuts in ahead of the pack and takes his stand to catch the fox, is a nuisance. Get rid of him. Some hounds will do this in a rough, mountainous country. Do not, I implore you, run "drag" races with your hounds if you expect to have a fox pack. I do not know of anything that so quickly demoralizes

and utterly ruins a pack of fox dogs, unless it might be the advent of two or three confirmed sheep-killers in the pack. Drag hunting causes hounds to become "road-runners." I have known a good pack of dogs, after being run a few drag races, in a case where a fox had ran in a public road for some distance, to keep right on down the road for a mile, the fox in the meanwhile having went about his business. All things being equal, breed from the best broken, and the most level-headed and sensible hounds. I have seen puppies that were born broken, and that never run anything but a fox or deer. If you breed from babblers, road-runners, and dogs addicted to running stock, you may expect their offspring to be fools. By the term "road-runner" is meant the hound, who, from a nervous, excitable nature and a consequent lack of brains, when a fox has passed down a road, corn-row, or cotton-middle, instead of turning with his game, just keeps going. I have seen some so-called well bred hounds that would run a road for miles after a fox had turned out, if some one with as little intelligence as the hounds would only gallop after them and yell a few times. This proneness to give to give tongue when no game is smelt is the most undesirable trait a hound can have. Do not breed from hounds that will quit and pull out when the screws are put to them, no matter how fast. I want a hound dead game to the finish, no matter how cold or hot. I have carried hounds back home on my horse that had gone to absolute exhaustion on very hot summer days.

In conclusion I would say, get any good strain that suits you. Breed from fast, game, dashy, level-headed hounds that are good hunters or rangers, and that have good noses and tongues, and dead game stayers in a chase. Feed the puppies all they need and let them grow into large, strong hounds. Hunt them hard and often, at least three times a week, oftener if you can. Have a good, true "strike" dog, and when he opens on what you know to be a fox trail, go to him, carry your puppies, put them in and then stay close up with them until the chase is over. When you have your pack well trained it is not necessary that you keep so close with your pack when running, but as for me, I never like to be out of hearing distance of my dogs at any time during the chase. The same thing will apply to any pack for any kind of hunting.

RAISING AND TRAINING FOXHOUNDS.

By W. I. Spears, Byhalia, Miss.

There is much to be learned along this line. I once had a favorite bitch to whelp twelve fine lemon and white puppies, and I was so anxious that they should all be raised that I gave the mother all the rich food that she would eat, and not a single pup lived to be three weeks old. I think the rich food caused milk fever. Buttermilk and good bread is an excellent feed for a suckling dam, and after the puppies are weaned it is still a fine feed for them. They should also have several baits a week of fresh beef scraps.

Sense and ambition are two of the most important requisites for a red fox hound, and if you have bred them right they will have it. When my puppies are six months old I take them out of the kennel and learn them to follow the horn, and later take them out after rabbits and learn them to hark and pack after rabbits just like I do after foxes. Don't let them scratch out of the kennel and run off and hunt and run by themselves, for this ruins a high class puppy quicker than any other one thing. Never go home and leave a foxhound in the woods, for if you do he soon learns to give you the dodge and stay there and run just what he pleases and as long as he pleases. Never allow them to run anything from puppyhood except a rabbit and a fox, and as soon as they have had a few fox-chases they will scorn a rabbit. Never let them run a dog or a house-cat. Never turn them loose in a path or public road. Never let them bark except when they are on a trail, for a babbler is the most worthless of all dogs except possibly the flunker or quitter, and both ought to be killed at once. By all means learn the selfish puppy to hark to the pack. Study the nature of your puppies and learn them to love you. Most of the high-class dogs are timid and will not stand severe treatment. When a man has a pack of well trained, sensible, close, hard running dogs, he is well equipped for the grandest sport on earth.

Success, health and prosperity to biggest hearted people on earth, the fox-hunters, is my wish.

PART III.

HISTORY OF NOTED STRAINS.

THE BUCKFIELD FOXHOUNDS.

A. C. Heffenger, M. D., M. F. H. Brunswick Fur Club.

The Buckfield foxhounds, the most distinctive family of the breed in New England, originated in and around the town of Buckfield, Me., from which they derived their name. About fifteen years ago I hunted with many of these foxhounds in different parts of Maine, and their fine work so interested me that I made a special study of their history, and after many personal trips and much letter writing obtained the following facts:

About 1858 a peddler from Canada passed through Buckfield, Maine, and had with him a cheap looking foxhound bitch. She was blue and red mottled, with short ears, very coarse haired, tail and hams well feathered, weighed about thirty or thirty-five pounds, and looked as if she were a foxhound-and-Irish-setter cross. Mr. Zipp Robbins of Buckfield took a fancy to the bitch, and bought her for a mere song. When taken out hunting, she proved a veritable rough diamond, for she was a quick, sure starter, using excellent judgement in taking a track, and drove the fox fast, with very few faults from daylight till dark. She had a quick, choppy bark, and gave tongue at every jump.

At about the same time a tramp stopped at the house of the Keen brothers, noted fox-hunters of Buckfield, Maine, having with him a black, stump-tailed hound, supposed to be of English breeding. The tramp and his hound left, but the latter returned to the Keens, who kept him, thinking his owner would return for him, which, however, he never did. Soon after this the Keens started, one morning, on a hunt, taking their hounds, the stump-tailed dog following. Upon reaching the hunting ground, the tramp's hound went to work, started the fox, and carried him all day in great form, completely outpointing the other hounds.

The Keens and Robbins had a conference, and concluded to breed the peddler's bitch to the tramp's dog. The bitch Skip was very fast, but the dog Tige was slow, so that, though some of the progeny were fast, most of them were of moderate speed. Five puppies resulted from this mating—four dogs and a bitch. The exact history of the dogs is not known, but the bitch was bought by Mr. T. H. Gledhill, then living in Norway, Maine, and he named her Bose. As this bitch became famous—was

known throughout Maine as the Gledhill bitch, and was practically the dam of the Buckfield strain—a description of her may not be amiss. She was a small, compact, red or tan-colored hound, quite shaggy in coat, and feathered on tail and hams. Her ears were short; and altogether she was an ordinary looking bitch. In work she took after her dam—being a good hunter; would only take a good track; and, when the fox was up, would stay with it all day. Her trailing was wonderful, for she had no hard places, even on ice, crust or ledge, but drove her fox with steady, persistent smoothness. She had the same sharp, choppy tongue as her dam, and always ran very near the game. Mr. Gledhill bred her to a blue mottled hound, owned by Mr. Lon. Buck, of Buckfield, and from this nick came the noted Dime Buck, generally known as “Old Dime.” Mr. Lon. Buck first owned this dog, but Mr. Gledhill heard of his great work, and went to Buckfield, bought him for \$40. and took him to Norway, Maine, where he remained till his death. He was a tough-made, long, coarse-haired hound; his markings being tan, white and red mottled. He was bred to a bitch called Daisy, from Casco, Me., but owned at the time by Thomas Everett of Norway, and claimed to be of Buckfield blood. The result of this breeding was Dime Danforth, considered the star hound of the strain. He was owned by Mr. James Danforth, of Norway, and was admitted to be the finest hound ever seen in that country. He inherited his sire’s size and markings, but far excelled him in nose, speed and endurance. He would take a furious clip when the game was afoot, in the morning, and hold it all day. His fame spread all over New England, and bitches were sent from every direction to be bred to him. The next famous hound was Red Dime, by Dime Danforth ex. Spot; Red Dime sired Red Sport, out of Daisy; and Red Sport sired Mr. Gledhill’s present stud dog, Tomey, out of Fanny. Mr. Gledhill also has an inbred Buckfield bitch, Peggy, that has thrown some fine pups by Tomey. And now for the breeding of the Buckfield descendent that has won not only New England fame, but whose renown through his great winnings in the fourth annual field trials of the Brunswick Fur Club has reached all parts of the hunting world. This hound was Jim Blaine, and he has added more luster to the strain than any of its representatives. Jim’s sire was a full-blooded Byron hound of great speed; while his dam, Pert, was by Gerry’s Jack, out of Gypsy; and Jack was by

Dime Danforth, out of Fanny. Jim inherited all of Dime Danforth's speed and endurance, and got additional dash and heel from his sire, Bugle, who was a winner on the bench, as well as in the first annual field trials of the B. F. C. Jim won the silver endurance medal in the B. F. C., field trials in 1892. He was a small black and tan, with white legs and breast, a blaze on face, and tail tipped white. He was closely and strongly made, and had the greatest stride I ever saw in a hound of his inches. His owner was Mr. Richard Seely of Portsmouth, N. H., and he was bred by Mr. A. M. Gerry of South Paris, Me. His markings he got from his Southern side.

The coat of the Buckfields at one time was mostly coarse, with heavy feather on hams and tail, but out-crosses have introduced smooth coats, and the majority are now closer coated than their primal ancestors. Mr. C. M. Smith of Norway, Me., has the shaggiest hound extant of the breed, and the feather on his brush is said to be ten inches long. The markings of the Buckfield hounds of to-day are red or tan, red and white, red and white mottled, or red and blue mottled, and now and then a solid black one, a reversion of old Tige, the original sire.

Finally, I must speak of a famous hound which was said to have come from the Buckfields, but whose breeding it has not been possible to trace clearly back to the various Dimes and Bose. I refer to grand Ben Butler, now alas! dead, who was owned by Mr. L. O. Dennison of the Brunswick Fur Club. It was my pleasure to have hunted with Ben for several years, and he certainly had many characteristics of the strain. His judgment in taking a trail was marvelous and his nose was so good that he never put it nearer than four or five inches of the ground, even in the hardest place. The hound never lived that could drive a fox smoother, and when he got his game up he kept it going steadily from daylight till dark. He was a strong hound, of good size, blue mottled and tan in marking, and he never was known to be foot-sore. He won first in endurance in the first annual trial of the B. F. C., and his nose and endurance mark him as a Buckfield, even though his breeding cannot be clearly traced. He was bred in Maine, and came from within thirty miles of Buckfield, and there can be but little doubt that the blood of Tige and Skip flowed richly in his veins.

In this history of the Buckfield foxhounds seven generations are given, that is, counting Tige and Skip as the first and Jim

Blaine, Tomey, Peggy, etc., as the seventh. Among these generations have been many grand hounds not previously mentioned, such as Smut, Dick and Dime (two brothers) and Red Tom. The Maine fox-hunters, though obtaining high class foxhounds from all over the country for trial, are still loyal to the Buckfields, and declare them to be superior for their kind of hunting to all other strains so far tested.

THE GOODMAN FOXHOUNDS.

W. C. Goodman in "Shooting and Fishing."

The question has often been asked how these hounds came by their name. The honor of naming them belongs to Dr. W. E. Wyatt, Cyrena, Mo., and the history of the strain and the name is as follows: Mr. Colcord and I gave some pups to Capt. R. L. Bowles, Palmyra, Mo., and these hounds made quite a reputation for themselves as red fox foxhounds. Dr. J. W. Norris hunted often with the Bowles hounds, but he and the Captain had a misunderstanding regarding the hounds and the Doctor wrote to Kentucky for some. I answered his letter, but had never met him, and in 1886 Dr. Norris got his first Kentucky or Goodman hounds. I traded him Trinket I. for a setter dog; then I bought Ball for him, and later he got Glide, Alice, Fiddler II., Little Flirt, and other hounds and puppies from me. In that way Dr. Norris came by them. Then I let Mr. R. H. Pooler, Serena, Ill., have Cull and Trinket II.; later he got Colonel, Balley, Kitsey and several more, in all about a dozen, and these hounds made as great a reputation in Illinois as red fox hounds as the others had done in Missouri.

Dr. Wyatt heard of them and wrote to me for some hounds. I sent them to him, and, after they had been thoroughly tested, he wrote requesting the liberty of using my name in a letter he intended to write to the American Field. I gave my consent and in the letter he called them the Goodman hounds. I had no idea that he was going to use my name in that way, and I was not after that kind of notoriety.

Mr. B. F. Robertson lived in Montgomery county, and his hounds were called the Robertson, the Irish, or the Maryland hounds; Gen. Maupin lived in Madison county, and his hounds were called the Madison County hounds, while ours were known

as the Bourbon County or Blue Grass hounds—in breeding they were the same as the Maupin hounds. Looking at the map you will find these counties in the center of the blue grass region. I had the creme de la creme of the Maupin blood, and as good red fox hounds as ever made a track after Reynard. These I crossed upon the best of the Robertson or Maryland hounds. I was the first in this county to make that cross, and I made it in opposition to my hunting companions. To-day they stand convinced that I was right. I produced great red fox hounds through the pure Maupins, Old Trix, Flirt, Lizzie and Die, crossed on the Wild Irishman (son of Old May), Tickler, Red Stags, Ben C. Whitey and Fury, who were all pure Robertson. This cross is the so-called Goodman hound.

I do not think that the Maryland or Irish blood is the best, but, if it is, we have here hounds that are fourteen-sixteenths pure Irish, whose ancestors were brought from Maryland by Mr. Robertson. They have but one out-cross (two-sixteenths) and that is the best blood in them, they run back through Whitey, Fury, Wag and Red Stags to White Tickler and May uncontaminated. There is no Birdsong blood in them. We have had in Kentucky since the war many of the Birdsong hounds, that were brought here by our fox-hunters, who were in Georgia trading in horses and mules, but we have had other hounds I liked much better. I guess those that came to Kentucky were an inferior lot and not Birdsongs at all, for fox-hunters, like fishermen, will bear watching. I received a letter recently from a gentleman in Alabama, stating that he had a Whitey-Fury hound, four years old. I had the unpleasant duty of informing him that Whitey and Fury had been dead for fifteen or eighteen years.

I don't think that speed alone is the great requisite in a red fox hound. Some of our fastest hounds are our most indifferent red fox hounds. I want courage, speed, bottom, endurance, constitution, nose and fox sense, plenty of bone and feet like iron—then you have red fox hounds that are able and willing to run five days in succession and make a good race every day. I have seen plenty of hounds that would make one or two good races a week and run to the front in them, but after that they would hunt their beds. They are not the kind I want. I do not think that any fox-hunters, with the exception of the Walker brothers, put their hounds to so severe a test as we do. We

frequently hunt our hounds three or four weeks on a stretch; unless badly used up they must go every day, and it takes bulldog courage to go at all times and under all conditions. There are other gentlemen in this county who have just as good hounds as I ever owned, just as well bred and the same stock. I do not claim to have a cinch on the strain. I have sold a few hounds, and bought four times as many from my hunting companions for other sportsmen in different parts of the United States, without compensation. I am ever willing to help brother hunters secure what they want. You will hardly find a hound here, that is a fox dog, that does not trace back to the hounds mentioned in this letter. Hunters here at home give me credit for honesty of purpose and the credit of breeding this strain of hounds; for the opinion of some others I do not care a bauble.

If a hound is of no account, I am one of the first to condemn him, let him belong to king, prince or pauper. I have no ax to grind and am not prejudiced for or against any hound or strain of hounds. There are good and bad hounds in all strains, and the best strain is that which produces the greatest number of first-class red fox hounds.

A Georgia gentleman wrote me not long ago that he was thoroughly convinced that we in the blue grass district of Kentucky could breed a better hound from the same stock than they could in Georgia; just as we could breed better horses, cattle or mules, because our climate, our blue grass, and our strong limestone soil and water, are all conducive to bone and muscle. But the same stock grows larger in Missouri than in Kentucky; our hounds do not average thirty inches around the chest. I have never seen a foxhound so large. I have measured over a hundred in different states and have never found one twenty-nine inches. Our hounds are from twenty to twenty-three inches high and twenty-four to twenty-seven inches around the chest. Take two inches off those Missouri hounds and they will be plenty large then. I think the Brunswick Fur Club is about convinced after last year's experience that our Southern foxhounds can kill their Northern red foxes. They had at that meet some of the Goodman foxhounds, and I hope to be present with them myself at their next meet.

THE BYRON STRAIN.

Dr. A. C. Heffenger in the "American Field," July 1, '93.

Only a few years ago the Byron was the most famous strain in America; but two or three years since the breeding pack was sold out, scattered far and near, and the strain is doomed to rapid extinction. Before their name becomes but a memory I would like to tell your hunting readers what I know and have read of them.

It seems that about fifty-five years ago some gentlemen of Petersburg, Pa., organized a hunting club and imported some fine English foxhounds. They inter-bred a couple of these hounds, and among the issue was an exceptionally fine young bitch, named Clio. She was taken by a member of the hunt, Mr. John Dugger, from Petersburg to Lawrenceville, Va., for the purpose of breeding her to a famous foxhound (Rattler) owned by Mr. H. L. Percivall, whose hounds were noted for their choice breeding. Forester, the sire of Rattler, was raised and run by Mr. Thomas Spencer, of Greenville County, Va. Rattler's dam was either an imported red and white speckled bitch, or a well bred blue speckled bitch; the imported bitch was presented by Capt. Manlove to Capt. Dunn, of Lawrenceville, Va. It was about 1830 that Mr. Percivall had a pack, with Rattler at the head. In a series of competitive chases Mr. Percivall's pack vanquished the Tucker pack, and consequently the stud services of Rattler were soon in great demand; and so Clio was taken to the Percivall kennels to be bred to him.

From this mating resulted four puppies—Byron, Rattler II, Music and Dido. These puppies were placed in the pack of Mr. George Dugger, who ran them one season, when a removal to Alabama caused him to turn them over to Col. P. B. Starke, with the understanding that Byron should go to Col. E. P. Tucker, as promised. Col. Starke kept Rattler II, and pronounced him one of the finest hounds he ever saw. Eventually Mr. Dugger took Dido west, and her blood is mingled with that of the best strains west of the Blue Ridge Mountains. Music was given to Col. Hampton of South Carolina, father of the present Wade Hampton. After her arrival she was turned loose; she started back to Virginia, where she turned up in due season at her old home, after passing through three states—probably the greatest piece of homing on record on the part of a hound.

Byron passed into the kennels of Col. Tucker, and the Tuckers and Starkes bred the strain for many years. Byron became famous all over the South, was bred to bitches from many states, and his fame caused the strain to take his name. He was a pale black and tan, with a small white streak down his face; his coat was coarse, tail bushed and ear short. In fact he was much like some of the July or Irish hounds of the present day; and as Virginia contained a large number of Irish hounds at that time, taken there from Gov. Ogle's Maryland pack, it is probable that Forester, Byron's grandsire, was a pure Irish hound.

Byron had all the characteristics of a high-class foxhound, for his speed, powers of endurance and perseverance were unsurpassed by any one hound; and he became still more noted as a strike dog as he grew older. Col. John Tucker used to say that if a dozen packs had been brought together, Byron would get the strike from them all.

Rattler II took after his grandam on his sire's side, for he was indigo blue, with fine coat and smooth tail. Byron, Rattler II and their sister, Music, were the progenitors of the Byron strain. The peculiarities of the strain were—taking to the fox at an early age, dash, energy, fox sense, long distance striking, endurance, and being easily corrected for bad habits.

After Col. Starke's death the Tuckers gathered all the best Byron hounds in their kennels, and by careful breeding kept up the high standard of the strain. These hounds, though very fast at first, had their speed increased by the judicious crossings of the Tuckers. When Thomas Goode Tucker moved from Virginia to Gaston, N. C., he took these hounds with him and bred them there until his death, when they were bought by Dr. Capehart, of Avoca, N. C. They were run in Avoca for a few years, and then advertised by their new owner and sold to the four corners of the country. The purity of their blood will soon be a thing of the past; and all that will be left will be a sprinkling here and there, as their new owners cross them on all sorts and conditions of hounds in their respective localities.

I have seen several of the pure breed, and owned one. They were great hunters, made marvelously long body-scent strikes, and ran a fox like a whirlwind; but they were not tough, their feet not being close and round enough to stand New England ice and crust.

I crossed the one I owned on an English and several Buckfield bitches, and the result in every instance was most satisfactory, yielding progeny with all the good points of the sire and additional toughness, with enduring capacity for a high rate of speed. The noted Byron—Buckfield field trial winner, Jim Blaine, is a shining example of this cross, he being by the Byron hound Bugle out of the Buckfield bitch Pert.

A Hunting Remembrance of "Bugle," by Dr. Heffenger.

The early development of the Byron hound was brilliantly shown to me by Bugle when only seven months old. I, hunting with an old New England foxhound, on a cold day in January, took the pup along to give him his first lesson. The old hound was working up a cold trail some distance off, when the pup, while hunting a thick cover in my sight, suddenly threw up his head, snuffed a couple of times, and rushed into the cover. Immediately he began throwing his tongue in a most energetic manner, and went off at a tearing gait straight away from me. There was just enough snow for good hunting, and when I reached the point where the pup started, I found a fresh fox track in the snow, with a place hollowed under a pine tree, where brother reynard had been ruthlessly aroused from his morning's nap by the infant Bugle. The pup ran fast, and was soon out of hearing; and it was not till after an hour's hard tramp that I came upon him in a swamp, still driving the fox furiously. The old hound at this time joined in the chase, but was always a long distance behind the youngster. At one time I saw the fox in a field, with the pup nipping at his hind quarters, but as soon as cover was reached he slipped away from him. The chase was in hearing after this most of the time till 3 p. m., when I broke through the ice in crossing a large brook, getting my rubber boots full of ice-water, and consequently had to go home. The old hound turned up that night, but the pup did not, and was found the next day at a farm-house eight miles from home, where he had tied up at dusk the night before. This was certainly a phenomenal performance for a seven months pup, for he made a long distance body-scent strike, and practically drove his game the entire day, as the old hound was always a long distance behind after he joined in the hunt. Bugle was bred by Rhodes Bros., of Pioneer, Pa., and his sire, Drive, had a record

of having run down, caught and killed two red foxes in one day. He was killed by an express train the following year, while killing a red fox on the railway track, and one of the fox's ears was sent to me as a memento. Bugle showed the same wonderful speed and killing powers of his sire, and was the first foxhound I ever owned in New England that could run down and kill a fox on my hunting ground.

THE MARYLAND HOUND.

By John C. Bentley, Sandy Spring, Md.

The Maryland hound, like most satisfactory things, has been the result of evolution. The hound of to-day, in this state, is the only hound which can successfully hunt the Maryland fox on his chosen ground. The counties of Harford, Baltimore, Howard, Montgomery, and Carroll are pre-eminently the natural home of the red fox. These counties have a net-work of rivers cutting their way to the sea, through rocky bluffs, whose banks are densely covered with ivy, the outer timber, above the bluffs, being often thick pines, and a majority of the river country is still heavy woodland.

These rocky bluffs abound in deep dens, in which his fox-ship is safe from hounds and hunter. The ivy banks, as they are called, require a tough, wiry dog to push through them, or he cannot make the fox come out, and the long reaches from one river to the next, when the fox breaks cover, will tax any but dogs built to travel at great speed, for given good scenting, there is nothing to prevent the foxhound from running at his best gait across the high, comparatively open country.

It is not out of place in a history of the Maryland hound to chronicle the fact that to Maryland is due the thanks of fox-hunters for the red fox. In an old print of 1738 is an interesting account of this fact. One August evening, in what is now Talbot county, on the eastern shore of Maryland, eight prosperous tobacco planters were discussing the relative merits of the red and gray fox. Four of these planters had hunted the wily red fox in Old England, and rather cast imputations upon the gray fox hunters. The discussion waxed so warm, that to prove their contention, one of these planters (history unfortunately does not give his name) offered the use of his tobacco boat, the

“Monocacy,” the captain being instructed to bring over eight pairs of red foxes upon his next voyage, which he was successful in accomplishing. These foxes were turned out in several parts of the county and soon began to multiply.

The red fox was first seen on this side of Chesapeake Bay after the tremendous hard winter of 1780, when the bay was frozen over from November until April. It took them twenty years to work their way up into the above mentioned counties. The advent of the red fox compelled fox-hunters to change their ideas of what constituted a good hound. The gray fox dog, who was slow and sure on his rabbit-like quarry, would not in any way do to make sport after the swift red fox who invariably left his pursuers so far behind, the race gradually became a trail, and at last, with exceptions, a dead loss.

About 1812, Mr. Bolton Jackson, a famous fox-hunter of Maryland, sent to Ireland and imported a pair of hounds. After a few years they fell into the hands of Col. Sterrett Ridgely, a fine old Maryland gentleman, whose far-reaching hospitality and great horseman-ship are still characteristics of his descendants in this state.

These hounds, “Mountain” and “Muse,” were given to Gov. Ogle about 1822, who was so impressed with their excellence he bred them pure, and from his pack came the great hound “Sophy.” She was such a noted hound it is said her portrait was published in the Turf Register of that day. Old Mountain was presented to Mr. Carroll of Carrollton. So superior were these hounds for chasing the red fox that every fox-hunter in this part of Maryland promptly bred to the Ogle pack, and other Irish hounds were imported, but none equalled that particular importation.

These Irish dogs, (whose ancestors had hunted the red fox in very much such a country as Maryland, and in very much the same fashion of hunting, by their masters in Ireland, as was practiced by the old Maryland fox-hunters) could get upon even terms with the heretofore impossible red fox, at once, not so much by their speed, as their fox sense, especially exemplified in their tremendous casting ahead, at losses frequently, gaining more on a loss than had they continued on the line. They had shrill, choppy notes, short ears, as compared with the old gray fox hound, large, prominent dark eyes, were dappled in color, or flecked with bluish, gray colored spots. They had rough, coarse

heavy coats, which helped them greatly in the dense cover they often had to go through in the races.

Among a number of hunters who had raised descendants of old Mountain can be noted such families as the Brookes and Griffiths of Montgomery county, the Hardeys and Lintlicums of Howard county, the Crawfords of Carroll county, and Nimrod Gosnell; in later days Redmond C. Stewart, M. F. H. of Green Spring Valley Hunt Club, Dorsey Williams of Patapsco Hunt Club, the Sandy Spring Hunt Club of Montgomery county, and William Griffiee of Carroll county. Frank Hobbs, a grandson of the great Nimrod Gosnell, has a small pack of pure Maryland hounds in Howard county.

Probably the oldest native strain of Maryland hounds was owned by the Brookes and Griffiths of Montgomery county. The Brookes had bred and raised a pack of foxhounds from an importation by their ancestor, Sir Robert Brooke, who was a younger son of the Earl of Warwick. He came to this country with Lord Baltimore and settled at the mouth of the Patuxent River, and brought his pack of English hounds with him.

Hounds have been kept in the Brooke family nearly up to the present time. Roger Brookes' hounds in 1827 had a national reputation, as can be proved by the following, taken from the "Maryland Farmer" of that year.

"A most extraordinary run was made by a red fox last week in Montgomery county before a pack of high repute from Virginia and Maryland. He is estimated to have run eighty miles, and was not killed until late in the afternoon. This was trying to the mettle of the dogs, and it is reported that the two leading dogs throughout the chase belonged to Friend Roger Brooke. As they ran with ambition and performed with success, in the service for which Providence obviously designed them, they deserve to have their names recorded and to be more honored than the most successful butcher of the human species in unprincipled wars. JOHN S. SKINNER."

The Brooke pack produced some magnificent hounds, probably the most noted was a hound known as "Brookes' Barney." This dog was the result of a cross between Roger Brookes' "Sport" (a hound with the conformation of a race-horse) and Thomas Griffith, Jr.'s "Belle." He was heavily coated with steel gray hair, immense in size, twenty-six inches at shoulder, powerful bone and back, and a carriage of head and tail never excelled.

He had the grandest, most earnest note. His qualities as a first-class foxhound has never been equalled in this state. His endurance was phenomenal; he would return from an all-day hunt with his tail like a flag-staff over his back, and in one day he helped to kill three red foxes, two of which he ran nearly to a kill before the pack could get up to him. He was used as a stock dog by masters of over ten packs, and there is not a pack of any note in Maryland whose pedigrees does not run back to old Barney. His cross with the Linthicum blood produced a bitch, "Lade," whose son "Nip," by Dr. Hardey's "Lifter," was sent to Georgia and crossed with the July stock, produced the finest dogs in that state. Mr. Gosnell bred a litter sister of "July" to Barney and produced a litter, all of which became famous foxhounds. This litter furnished stock dogs for a great many hunt clubs and individual hunters. So wonderfully prepotent was Barney that to this day dogs, who are the ninth or tenth (male line) from him, have his color (steel gray), note and size.

This history of the Maryland foxhound would be incomplete without some mention of the great work done by Dr. William Hardey and his brother, John Hardey. These gentlemen, who reside a few miles from the Carroll manor and the Gosnell plantation, have from their earliest boyhood kept the best hounds. Mr. John Hardey's dogs are perhaps the most carefully bred, and more resemble the Gosnell dogs than any Maryland hounds. Mr. Gosnell was a most painstaking breeder of foxhounds; he aspired to possess the best, and was a fox-hunter who could see the faults of his own dogs. Mr. Gosnell bred and presented to Mr. Miles Harris of Georgia a pair of pups, one of which, the dog, July, was perhaps the most noted American foxhound we have any account of. July was a medium sized dog, black back, grayish red sides, ashy tan legs, a bushy tail, which he carried over his back, had a shrill, choppy note, and hunting qualities of the Gosnell dogs, who hunted in a gallop, covering the ground in an incredibly short time. July's great name was acquired solely because he could handle the red fox as no other dog had done in Georgia up to that time.

The Maryland hound is now a much larger dog than the medium sized hound of Nimrod Gosnell's time. The prevailing colors at this time in this state are dark red with white points, black and tan, or gray, with ash-colored tan legs; blaze faces are common.

The gradually clearing country has made the larger dog a necessity, as to cross the wide open country, requires a dog large enough to have a galloping stride, which the short coupled small dog cannot have. He must also have nose and carrying sense, as the distance covered by an old dog fox, ten or fifteen miles straight away, will leave a hound, lacking either, far behind.

The Maryland foxhound of to-day fully upholds his ancient and honorable reputation.

THE SUGAR LOAF FOXHOUND.

By H. E. C. Bryant, Charlotte, N. C.

Mr. Joe Plummer, who developed the Sugar Loaf foxhounds, of Western Maryland, was one of the most eccentric Irishmen that ever lived, but a well-to-do farmer, a capable grist mill man and a successful hunter. His dogs were bred and trained to his own peculiar notions; he would not give or sell to any one, friend or stranger, an open bitch, or a serviceable dog, but kept the stock within his own kennels and for his private use. The Sugar Loaf dog is not included in what is termed "The Maryland Hound," although Mr. Plummer was a contemporary of Messrs. Nimrod Gosnell, Napoleon Welch, John T. Hardey and Washington Linthicum, who bred that noted strain. Mr. Plummer belonged to the same school of hunters but was a little selfish, and indifferent about crossing or running his dogs with those of his neighbors. Most of his hunting was done on the Sugar Loaf mountains, along Sugar Loaf creek, near his home, with his own pack.

Some time ago I visited the kennels of Messrs. George J. Garrett and Henry M. Griffee, near Baltimore, and saw a Sugar Loaf-July cross that pleased me. I was interested in the half-and-half Sugar Loaf and July for I had found the latter breed to be very fine but rather delicate. The July has the keen nose, the speed and the stamina, but seems to lack tough, healthy fibre. Mr. Garrett, who is a good breeder, a good hunter and a close observer, claims that the Sugar Loaf gives to the July just what is needed to make the ideal foxhound.

I have never seen a more attractive lot of hounds than the ones I saw at the home of Mr. Griffee and at the country place of Mr. Garrett; they were handsome, muscular, well-conditioned

and clean. Messrs. Griffie and Garrett have the pure-bred July and the Sugar Loaf cross.

The history of the Sugar Loaf hound is very simple but intensely interesting. Mr. Plummer bred, hunted and improved him for many years, and gloried in his striking peculiarities. Unlike other hounds the Sugar Loaf dog was brindle in color, and vicious in disposition. The average fox-hunter would not accept a brindle puppy as a gracious gift for fear that he might prove to be a mongrel. But Mr. Plummer liked the brindle markings. His dogs frequently came with glass eyes. But these queer characteristics pleased the Irishman; he had something that nobody else had. But, withal, Mr. Plummer knew the marks of a good hound, and could always get the best work out of the pack or the individual. His dogs drove hard, and long, and never quit until the fox was killed or dennd.

All of the Maryland hunters of Mr. Plummer's day, except Messrs. Hardey and Linthicum, are dead. Mr. Linthicum has retired but Mr. Hardey is still breeding and hunting the Howard county hound. He bred Lade, the dam of the famous July, whose record is known throughout the foxhound world, and let a friend have her, and who, in turn, gave her to Nimrod Gosnell. Messrs. Hardey, Gosnell and Linthicum bred and run together, and formed a trio that sent to Georgia, in the latter 60's and the early 70's, fifty or more fine hounds. George L. F. Birdsong, the South's most noted fox-hunter, crossed his Henry hounds on those of these gentlemen.

Mr. Nimrod Gosnell took annual hunts with Mr. Joe Plummer, on the Sugar Loaf mountain, in Frederick county.

Mr. Plummer hunted whether the weather conditions were favorable or not, his dogs being trained to do the best they could under the circumstances. On one occasion, when Mr. Gosnell was on a camp hunt with Mr. Plummer, the meal supply gave out and the hunters had no dog feed. Mr. Plummer sent his hired man to the nearest mill for meal; no wagon being handy, a sled was used. The meal was out there and the servant returned without any, but Mr. Plummer started him to another mill with orders to keep going till he got plenty to last till the week's hunt was over, the ground being covered with snow did not worry him. That is the sort of a man Mr. Joe Plummer was, and his dogs seemed to be made of the same kind of material, for they, too, were determined and tough, and did not

know what it was to quit. For the first two or three days, on the camp hunts with Mr. Plummer, Mr. Gosnell claimed that his dogs had the best of the going, but after that, the honors went to the brindle hounds, and the longer they hunted the better they were. Mr. Gosnell called the Plummer dogs the "whalebone hounds". He borrowed a pair of them once and hunted with his friend, Mr. Harley. For three days they had splendid running, and all of the dogs were of a class, but on the fourth day, when the Howard county hounds seemed tired and ready to quit, the brindle fellows were just getting in good shape; doing better work than ever, and would not listen to the blowing of the horn when the hunters started home, and Mr. Gosnell frequently had to wait until night to get them out of the woods. Mr. Harley claims that he never saw such dogs; they could take a trail that his dogs could not smell and carry it. But Mr. Plummer guarded his stock closely, and would not let anybody get it. By strategy, Mr. Napoleon Welch secured the Sugar Loaf stock, and it was he who gave it out. There is a little romance connected with the story. Old man Plummer had two attractive daughters, one of whom was the avowed sweetheart of a friend of Mr. Welch; that he might have his girl all to himself the young gallant took Mr. Welch along to entertain the sister. The kindness was appreciated by the young couple, and when they had become husband and wife Mr. Welch appealed to the bride to fetch to him at Baltimore a pair of her father's best young hounds, and she did. Therefore, Mr. Welch not only enjoyed the company of the accomplished sister for a time but was rewarded in the end with something that no one else had been able to get. He first gave breeding privileges on the Sugar Loaf dog.

The Sugar Loaf hound had faults, he was brindle, frequently came with a glass eye and was ill-tempered; these were bred out while the good qualities, the keen nose, the strong constitution, the bull-dog tenacity, and the everlasting bottom were retained. The Sugar Loaf blood drifted into the hands of two Carroll county men, namely Messrs. Henry M. Griffee and Charley Crawford, a nephew of Nimrod Gosnell. Mr. Garrett, assisted by Mr. Welch, located Mr. Crawford and drove twenty-six miles to his home, through a snow storm, to see his dogs. Mr. Crawford insisted that the best way to test hounds was to watch them work in the field, and regardless of the unsatisfactory

weather conditions a hunt was arranged for the following morning after Mr. Garrett's arrival. The hunters retired, that night, feeling that the elements were against them, and would be when they arose, and their fears were realized, for the next morning the ground was frozen and a stiff wind blew hard from the east. The best of dogs could make but a poor showing under such circumstances.

But within an hour after Mr. Crawford and friends left the house a large red fox was up and going. He slipped out of his bed twenty-two minutes before the dogs discovered that he was up, and started for a big circle in that immediate neighborhood, trying as it were to see what sort of dogs had routed him on such a day. But it was not many minutes before he found that Plummer's old brindle stock followed in his wake, and he seemed to realize that he had hard work ahead of him. The brindle dogs meant business, and it took fearful weather to stop them. Red reynard shook the dirt of that community from his feet and turned his nose to the west, with the rushing wind, and toward the Great Fields. The dogs followed in fine order, packing and driving as they went, and the hunters were left far behind, and lost. Hour after hour passed and no welcome sound was heard until about four o'clock, in the afternoon, when some traveler told Mr. Crawford that the hounds were running hard, on Morgan's Run, nearly ten miles away. The cunning old fox had made a long, straight run, and was flying for his very life. The weather conditions had improved, and the dogs were going like a pack of relentless, merciless wolves, fast and furious, circling round and round, over hills and up and down valleys, crying loud for the blood of the tired fox. But, as the hunters rode up, the dogs made a sudden, and mysterious loss; they had evidently been close on the fox but he had dodged them. The older hounds hurried to the right and left, trying to make off the track, but in vain. The quarry had disappeared. Mr. Crawford went into the woods where the loss was made and gave a yell to encourage the faithful dogs; the fox, who had squatted under a fallen tree top, rushed out and ran to a near-by den, where he barely saved his brush by an inch or two. The rascal had been pushed so close that he had to resort to a dodge, and slip out of sight beneath the brush; no doubt the ruse saved him. Mr. Garrett saw the hounds drive him to earth, and it was quite a feat considering the day. The Crawford pack had

acquitted itself well. They did such splendid work under adverse circumstances that Mr. Garrett was thoroughly satisfied that he had found the hound that he would cross on his Georgia Julys. He purchased the best dogs that Mr. Crawford would sell, and began to breed to them. A few years later Mr. Crawford died, and then Mr. Garrett bought the remainder of his pack. Some of them were kept; others were given to friends in Georgia and Tennessee. After the Crawford hounds were added, the Garrett pack included such famous individuals as Bill Reid, Bullet, Rockwood, Speed, Julip, and Venus. Bill Reid is of the Sugar Loaf stock, but was bred by Mr. Griffee, of Westminster. He went to Mr. James W. Green, of Pulaski, Tenn.

The Sugar Loaf blood is well grounded in Mr. Garrett's kennels. He and Mr. Griffee have some great champions of the Gosnell-Plummer cross. Grey Bullet was bred by Mr. Griffee, and he now owns Nellie, who, Mr. Garrett thinks, is the best bitch in Maryland. She is high-born, handsomely marked, cleverly formed and fleet-footed. She looks the part of the queen that she is, and it is sweet to hear her clarion call as she drives red Reynard over hill and dale. Nellie is a July (or Gosnell), and Sugar Loaf (or Plummer) cross. She has twice been bred to Trail, another beautiful Sugar Loaf-July cross. Trail is related to Logan; the young hound who won the endurance cup and the championship all-age stake at the recent meet of the Brunswick Fur Club at Barre, Mass. Mr. Robert F. Perkins, of Boston, owns Logan.

The story of Logan's interesting connection and career is worth knowing. His brother Dan, a white and gold brindle dog, who was sent by Mr. Garrett to one of his Southern friends, made a great reputation in the field; he won the laurels in a pack of eleven carefully bred Kentucky dogs—he ran them out.

The constant reports of Dan's singular performances, while in the best of company as far as blood is concerned, caused Mr. Garrett to look up his brothers, and other dogs of that particular cross. He found Logan in the lower part of Carroll county, and purchased him, and turned him over to Mr. Griffee, who ran him with his pack, and found him to be all right.

It was while chasing a red fox, near the Griffee farm, one morning, that Logan mysteriously disappeared and was not heard of again for three days. No trace of him could be had

until the third morning, when Mr. Griffee went to a den where his hounds had treed a fox and saw the lost Logan standing there, half starved and nervous, with a steel trap fastened to the toes of one of his front feet. The jaws of the merciless machine had cut the flesh to the bone. For three days Logan had been chained to a post in the field, but the music of his running mates made him howl. His outcry attracted the attention of a farmer, who was willing to become a friend in need, but Logan, not recognizing him as such, showed fight, and in scrambling around broke the chain and ran off, carrying the trap with him. It was two months before Logan could put that foot to the ground and it looked at one time as if he would lose the use of two of his toe nails.

Becoming interested in Mr. Garrett's dogs Mr. Perkins, of Boston, tried to get a cross on a good stallion hound. He was desirous of improving the nose and endurance of his dogs. Logan was sent to him, recommended as a good pack hound, with gameness and stamina, but not as an extra individual. At the time, however, Mr. Garrett predicted that Logan would win on endurance at the Brunswick Fur Club trials under favorable conditions. Nevertheless, Mr. Garrett was very much surprised when he learned that Logan had been so successful at Barre, especially when competing with many of the leading hounds of the land.

There are some breeders who do not like the Sugar Loaf hound. Recently I wrote a story for the Sportsmen's Review, giving a brief history of the Sugar Loaf strain, and within a few days after the article appeared I received a letter from a well-known hunter whose name I shall not give here, who had this to say: "I have just finished reading your interesting story of Garrett's dogs. I wrote a piece for publication about the Sugar Loaf but after reading your praise of them I backed down, as I did not wish to mar any laudation of them. I have two out of B— and S—, sired by this Bill Reid and Bullet. Speed is the same that you spoke of. I had a pair of half breed, July and Sugar Loaf, sired by Bill Reid, and dam, a pure July bitch. This strain of dogs has hurt my sales more than you could imagine."

This hunter says that the Sugar Loaf cross on his Julys, which he has never found lacking, proved a failure. He claims that they quit.

A letter from another sportsman of good standing has a word

of praise for the brindle dog. Among other things he said: "I have read your piece in regard to the Sugar Loaf hound, and was very much pleased as I have at this time five of the brindle dogs. I have owned the brindle hounds for thirty years, and they have been in in my neighborhood since 1858, and I don't believe that their equal for endurance is to be found. I don't think that they can be outrun. I have run with Georgia, Kentucky and Virginia dogs, and never was beaten. I could tell you of some instances of their endurance that would surprise you; and I can prove what I tell you. I owned a brindle bitch once that went in a chase after a deer, and after four hour's hard running caught the deer, and at the close of the race gave birth to one puppy, and went home and had four more. I took the puppy home and raised it. What do you think of that for the brindles? I have run them for two weeks on camp hunts and caught seven deer in one week (without shooting a one of them); at the close of the hunt they were as game as at the start. On the third of December I jumped a red fox and caught him in one hour. I have caught three red foxes within the last month, and I don't believe any fox can outrun them in this open country, or stand ahead of them over two hours."

Here I shall rest the history of the Sugar Loaf hound. His color is a little off, but he seems to be a pretty tough dog in the field after deer and foxes.

THE TRIGG STRAIN.

From "The American Foxhound," by H. C. Trigg.

From 1845 to 1860 we owned a pack of those grand old long-eared, rat-tail, deep-toned, black-and-tan Virginia foxhounds. In those happy, by-gone days we could on a moonlight night ride to the covert side, throw our leg over the pommel of our saddle and listen for hours to the most magnificent music made by the ever-to-be-remembered dogs.

But, alas, everything must have an end. In 1860 the red fox first made his advent into our section, and the days of these dogs wer ended. The coming of the red fox made a great change in the chase. The most important thing was to get a dog that could successfully walk with him. With us it required years of work, patience, considerable expense, and a world of trouble to

gather the desired pack. We are now on the shady side of life and will soon have to bow to the inevitable. That our strain of dogs, of which we feel a right to be proud, may be preserved we have consented to give a brief history of them to the sportsmen of America, believing that by great care in selecting, judicious breeding, and constant hunting for the past thirty-five years, we have produced a dog that can successfully compete with the red fox.

In 1866 we opened up a correspondence with George L. F. Birdsong, of Thomaston, Georgia, and purchased of him that year and in 1867 the following dogs, paying these prices:

CHASE AND BEE (by Longstreet).....	\$100.00
GEORGE	100.00
RIP	100.00
FANNIE.....	100.00

Lee was presented to us.

In 1868 we visited Mr. Birdsong and spent a week with him. He was then in feeble health, in fact threatened with that terrible disease, consumption, from which he died the 18th of August the following year. He was able take us on but one hunt, when we caught a red fox in forty-five minutes. We suspected that the fox was not in condition to run, and held a post-mortem, but found nothing wrong with him.

Mr. Birdsong then had in his kennel—we had him in the hunt—a dog that has been talked about a great deal in late years, “July.” We also had in the pack three of his get, I think then about three years old, i. e. “Madcap,” “Lightfoot,” and “Echo.” He also had three yearlings out of “Echo” by his celebrated dog, “Longstreet,” i. e. “Delta,” “Dumas,” and “David.” By begging two days and paying five hundred dollars (\$500) he let us have “Lightfoot” and “Delta.” In addition to these we purchased of Colonel R. H. Ward, of Green county, Georgia, “Forest,” by “Boston,” paying one hundred dollars, and “Emma” at the same figures. “Rose,” a full sister to Echo, by July, and “Hampton,” were loaned us. Rose, we returned after she had whelped, but Hampton died in our kennel a few months after we received him.

In 1867 we visited General G. W. Maupin, of Madison county, Kentucky, and was present at the great match race between Ben Robertson, of Montgomery county, and General Maupin. This meet took place at Oil Spring, in Clark county, and was much

talked of by hunters everywhere at that time. After the race we accompanied General Maupin home, spending several days hunting with him. On our departure we purchased of him a young bitch called "Minnie," that was one or two crosses from his celebrated dog, "Tennessee Lead," on one side, and the imported English dogs on the other. Colonel C. J. Walker at the same time gave us a young bitch called "Mattie," the pedigree of which is the same as that seen in Colonel Walker's letter herein. Both of these were proud, magnificent foxhounds.

In 1869 we visited W. L. Waddy and Thomas Ford of Shelby county, who had a splendid pack of the Maupin strain of dogs. We hunted some days with these gentlemen. Mr. Waddy was so well pleased with our dogs that he requested us on our departure to take some of his best dogs with us and test their qualities. We selected three, i. e. "Tip," "Waxy," and his celebrated dog, "One Eyed King." This last dog was closely related to Mr. Maupin's "Lead" and the English importation of 1857. We hunted these dogs about six months. The dog "King" was a wonderful animal for speed, and dead game, though deficient in nose. We crossed him on Delta (by Longstreet out of Echo by July) and succeeded in raising two puppies, a dog and a bitch. The dog we kept and called "Money." He was the fastest dog we ever owned, but not so game as others of our pack. The bitch pup we sent to Mr. Waddy and he called her "Echo." She proved to be superior to anything in Mr. Waddy's pack. The following year Mr. Waddy and Thomas Ford paid us a visit. On their return we let them take our celebrated dog "Forest." They had some bitches served by him, the produce being, like that of King and Delta, superior to any dogs they had previously owned. We submit letters herewith bearing us out in these statements.

About four years ago we got of Mr. E. T. Halsey, of Louisville, an imported dog, "Portland," from the "Quorn Kennels," England. This dog, like all other imported dogs that we have ever seen, was too large for our country. He was deficient in nose, speed and ranging qualities—in fact a failure. We bred him to a few of our bitches and the produce proved fairly good. We think by three or four crosses they will make fine animals. About the same time W. S. Walker, of Garrard county, Kentucky, was kind enough to send us one of his stud dogs, which we crossed on some of our best bitches, the produce

proving very satisfactory. Mr. Walker is an experienced, practical sportsman, has a fine pack of dogs and is doing a great deal toward improving the foxhound in Kentucky.

From 1867 to 1890 we have had in our kennel the following dogs, of the pure Birdsong, Maupin and Walker strains, which we begged, borrowed, and bought for the purpose of improving our pack: Maupin's MINNIE, MATTIE, LEAD, COUCHMAN, BOB, DICK, MILTON, BLUCHER, MAC, RAIBY (called Redhead), TIP, WAXEY, ONE EYED KING, HAEFER'S DICK, ROCK, VENUS, LEE, MERCY, BRENDA. Birdsong's CHASE, BEE, GEORGE, LIGHTFOOT, DELTA, RIP, FANNIE, LEE, FOREST, EMMA, HAMPTON, WARD. Walker's BUCKNER, SCOTT, TROOPER.

General Maupin, the Walkers, Sam Martin, Gentrys, Whites, and others of that section, were honest in their belief that Fox, Rifle, Marth, Queen, Tennessee Lead, Tickler, Doc, Kate, Top, Toe-String, Minnie, and other famous dogs of their packs, were superior to any dogs of their day. Mr. Birdsong, the Wards, Robinsons, Ridgleys, Jacksons, and others, of Georgia, were equally as confident that Hodo, July, Longstreet, Flora, Forest, Echo, Hampton, Madcap, Lightfoot, Fannie, and others of their packs, were the peers of any living dogs. Mr. Waddy and Tom Ford, of Shelby county, Ky., thought as well of their One Eyed King, Tip, Josephine, Venus, and others. W. S. Walker, whose letter is given, states his opinion as to the merits of Trooper.

We differ from some men who make the bold assertion that they have the best dogs on earth. Because a favorite dog runs in the lead of a certain pack does not warrant his admirers in stating he can beat all alike. Dogs are like race-horses; they are the best until they meet their superiors. The true sportsman is never so prejudiced as not to admit that there may be other dogs equal to his own, and that by crossing on such dogs his strain would be improved.

BIRDSONG AND MAUPIN DOGS.

From "The American Foxhound," by H. C. Trigg.

Of the men who have passed from the stage of life, none deserve the gratitude of the lovers of the chase more than George L. F. Birdsong, of Georgia, and General G. W. Maupin, of Madison county, Kentucky.

In the early forties Dr. T. Y. Henry (grandson of Patrick Henry), of Virginia, presented George L. F. Birdsong, of Thomaston, Georgia, with a pair of puppies from his pack of hounds, which at that time had made an enviable reputation in Virginia. Mr. Birdsong sent a wagon overland (there being no railroad at that time), for the dogs. They proved to be superior to any dogs he had owned up to that time. In 1844 or 1845, Dr. Henry, being threatened with that dreaded disease, consumption, was ordered South by his physician. He started, traveling leisurely by wagon, accompanied by a party of friends, carrying his fine kennel of hounds with him, stopping at different points, putting in the time hunting and fishing as it suited their fancy. Mr. Birdsong, being informed of his movements, intercepted Dr. Henry en route, spending some days with him.

On reaching Florida, the deer being plentiful, Dr. Henry's dogs frequently ran them, when they would always take to the bayous and lagoons. When swimming after the game the dogs would be killed by alligators that infested these waters. Dr. Henry soon realized that his much-prized pack would be exterminated if something was not done. He wrote the facts to his friend, Mr. Birdsong, telling him that he might have the remnant of his famous pack if he would come after them. Mr. Birdsong, while sympathizing with his friend in his misfortune, was glad of an opportunity to secure these much-coveted dogs, and at once started after them.

Dr. Henry called them Irish hounds, they being descendants of "Mountain" and "Muse," imported from Ireland by Bolton Jackson, of Maryland, and presented by him to Captain Sterrett Ridgely. He gave them to Governor Ogle, of Maryland. He gave Mountain to Captain Charles Carroll, of Carrollton. He gave him to Dr. Buchanan, and he gave Captain (a direct descendant of Mountain and Muse) to Dr. Henry. See Turf Register Vol. 3, pp. 287, 350 and 403; Vol. 4, pp. 234 and 397. This was the foundation of the celebrated Birdsong dogs. In 1861 the famous dog "July," imported into Georgia by Miles G. Harris, who purchased him of Gosnell, of Maryland, was crossed on the Birdsong dogs. From letters in our possession and private conversation with Mr. Birdsong, we are satisfied that this dog "July" was of the same strain of old "Captain" and the original Henry dogs.

These dogs were called "Irish hounds" by Dr. Henry. Mr.

Birdsong insisted that they be known as the "Henry hounds," but they became famous as the Birdsong strain. Since the importation of the dog "July" and the death of Mr. Birdsong they have been called indiscriminately the "July hound."

The sportsmen of Georgia will pardon us for expressing the opinion that the name "July" should never have been substituted for "Birdsong." We are aware of the fact that a great difference of opinion existed among the sportsmen of Georgia as to the relative merits of the dogs after the crossing of them on July. "Longstreet" and "Hodo" were strictly Birdsong dogs, having no cross of July in them unless through the original importation of the the dogs Mountain and Muse.

We owned and hunted the get of both Longstreet and July and have our opinion of the relative merits of their produce.

In the early fifties General Maupin and his friends imported many dogs from South Carolina, Virginia, and Maryland, sparing no expense to improve their stock. In 1857 they imported from England, we think, three dogs, "Fox," "Rifle," and "Marth." About this time General Maupin got from East Tennessee the dog "Tennessee Lead," which he, Maupin, thought the best dog he ever owned. The cross of the English dogs, and especially the "Lead" cross on their previous importations produced a dog which has justly become famous, and was known as the "Maupin" dog. This strain has been preserved and bred with great care by W. S. Walker & Bros., of Garrard county, Ky., and are known to-day as the Walker dogs.

THE JULY STRAIN.

By W. H. Luttrell, Waverly Hall, Ga.

In this history of the July foxhounds, dating from their introduction in Georgia, I shall give what information I have, with as little comment as possible.

These dogs were brought to Georgia from Maryland, back in the sixties, by Mr. Miles G. Harris, of Hancock county, Ga. Mr. Harris wrote me in 1871 or '72 that he got his information of this breed of hounds from Mr. Ben Robertson of Mount Sterling, Ky., who brought fine horses from Kentucky to Hancock county, Ga. This Mr. Robertson and Mr. Harris became fast friends. Mr. Harris was wealthy, and a fox-hunter of

the old school, and had a pack of the common Georgia foxhounds that were used as negro dogs as well as fox hounds; they could kill a gray fox in two or three hour's race, and gave fine sport. Long before this Mr. George Birdsong and a fox-hunting club at Thomaston, Ga., sent to Virginia and Vermont and bought about forty red foxes, and turned them loose on Pine Mountain, which runs east and west from the Flint River to the Chattahoochee River, seventy-five or a hundred miles. The Civil War stopped fox-hunting in Georgia for six or seven years. This gave time for these foxes to multiply and fill the whole country; they began to branch out over the whole of Middle Georgia. Mr. Harris would occasionally run on one and his pack couldn't even make them take a hole after running two or three packs down in one race.

Mr. Robertson had the Maryland dogs and had been running them for quite a while; he, it was, that induced Mr. Harris to go to Kentucky with him and see his dogs, also to go to Baltimore with him, then into Howard county, Md., and see the parties that had the hounds and hunt with them a week or two. Mr. Harris went to Kentucky with Mr. Robertson, and then they both went to Maryland. There they went hunting with Messrs. Nimrod Gosnell, George W. Linthicum, and John T. Hardey, near Roxbury Mills, in Howard county, also with Mr. A. Winters, at Westminster, in Carroll county. When Mr. Harris left for his home in Georgia, Mr. Gosnell presented him with a pair of pups of this breed. Mr. Harris brought them home, and they were a show to all who went to see them; they said they were cur dogs. Mr. Harris turned them over to his overseer, Mr. McMillan, to raise. Mr. McMillan raised them, and when they were grown the bitch went into heat, and while tied up in a gin-house, she jumped out through a window and hung herself. Mr. Harris named this pair of dogs June and July. When the dog July was old enough he put him with his pack and went hunting, and when they jumped a red fox, July ran off from the rest of the pack, got the fox to himself, and killed it. This was about the first red fox that Harris' dogs had caught, and the news spread to all the noted hunters in Middle Georgia; they came to see him; they bred to him from all points—George Birdsong of Thomaston, Harvey Dennis of Eatonton, Ward, Kilpatrick, and Hampton Ridley of Jones county, who kept the old dog until his death, and then put a tombstone over his grave

which is there now, although Mr. Ridley died last year and joined Dennis, Birdsong, and a number of other good men, "over the river." These were some of the best men and best hunters in Georgia. From George Birdsong I learned the habits of the red fox, and how to hunt him.

Old July was a medium sized dog, weighing about forty-eight or fifty pounds, close made, with a very short ear to a point, head shaped like like a fox's head, broad forehead and sharp nose; he was brownish gray in color, long hair inclined to be curly, with a fine coat of fur under this hair just like a red fox fur, with a heavy brush or flag to his tail, good broad bone, short back, and a big, round foot like a wild-cat. This dog could outrun any red fox in Georgia or anywhere else, and kill it by himself. Blessed be the name of old July—the dog from whom the July hounds in Georgia got their name. Letters from Mr. Robertson in 1872 and '73 gave this information.

I sent a young man from a commercial school at Baltimore to see Mr. Winters at Westminster, Carroll county, Md. I first got Mr. Gosnell's address, and all these men in Maryland, from Messrs. Harris and Robertson.

The first dogs I bought in Maryland, Hyland, Black Flee, Stinger, and Lucy, were from Mr. Winters, taking the advice of Mr. Robertson, who had a bitch called Fury, that he got from Mr. Winters; she was the fastest and best dog he ever bought in Maryland. Lucy was the mother of Fury; Mr. Robertson and Mr. Winters both said so in letters to me. Shortly after this I bought Palmer and Red Boston, then Flora and Big Boston. Mr. Winters bred Lucy twice (before I got her), first to Gosnell's Bloomer, and later to Linthicum's Boston. Hyland, Black Flee, Stinger, Palmer, Red Boston, and Flora, were from Lucy and Gosnell's Bloomer. Big Boston was from Lucy and Linthicum's Boston. Lucy was pedigreed to me as an English dog imported by Gov. Ogle of Maryland. She was a large bitch, well made, white with gray spots, cream-colored ears, with a large eye; she ran with head up and tail down, voice short and quick, and could lead any pack, and kill any red fox. The others were just as good; they had instincts for fox like a bird dog has for birds, and were as ambitious as tigers.

In the meantime Mr. Winters sent me old Foot—a pup from Lucy and a full brother to Robertson's Fury—as a Christmas gift. Foot had a head just like old July's, color white, with

black covering half his body, brindle ears, big brush to his tail, and an eye as big as a deer's; he weighed sixty-five pounds, had a strong back, and good bone. Besides buying other hounds from Mr. Winters, I also purchased dogs from Messrs. J. T. Hardey, G. W. Linthicum, and Nimrod Gosnell, of Howard county, Md. I bought twenty-three of these dogs from Maryland.

I had several letters from Mr. Gosnell. He also sent me his picture, and from which he appeared to be then well advanced in years. I also had several letters from Mr. Robertson in regard to these dogs, and his pack, which were of the same blood as my dogs.

I have handled this breed of hounds for several years, and my opinion is that they are the best red fox dogs in the United States.

May this history I have given you be perpetuated, and this breed of hounds live until the end of time.

HISTORY OF THE JULY FOXHOUND.

By A. C. Heffenger, M. D.

If there is a patent of nobility for the hound world, then that patent belongs to the famous Irish or July foxhounds. Possibly no foxhounds in America can show a more ancient, unbroken and aristocratic lineage than these phenomenal descendants of Erin's green isle. In looking over my Kennel Stud Book I find those in New England strain back through the purest Irish blood for fourteen generations to the original emigrant Irish hounds, Mountain and Muse, imported into Maryland by Mr. Bolton Jackson in 1812, and passing from him through Col. Sterrett Ridgely to Mr. Charles Carroll, Jr., the descendant of the famous signer of the Declaration of Independence, to be bred at his country-seat, Homewood. These hounds were presented in large numbers to Virginia sportsmen, and especially to Robbin Pollard and Capt. Littlepage of King William county, and Mr. Bromley and Gen. Chamberlayne of New Kent county.

Going back through these fourteen generations, their progenitors include such grand hounds as Hamp, Nero Childs, Light-foot, Longstreet, Obie, July, Hodo, Ringgold, Old Captain and Traveller, the last a Mountain-Muse pup.

Mr. George J. Garrett of Green Spring Valley, Md., has the

stock in its greatest purity, and carefully guards his out-crosses to maintain original characteristics.

Looking into the breeding of all the now well-known working strains of foxhounds of the South, it will be found that July blood leavens most of them. Their short, choppy notes are found wherever a trace of their blood exists. This prepotency is something wonderful, and proves the Irish hound to be the strongest blooded and most distinct of the hound family in the South.

The Goodmans, or more properly speaking, the Robertson-Maupin cross, get their fifty to seventy per cent of Irish blood through Tickler, Whitey and Fury. The Trigg hounds are Irish crossed on Maupin-Walker blood and native Kentucky. Col. Trigg visited Mr. Birdsong and bought a large number of hounds from him, and on his return to Kentucky with these Birdsong Julys, bred them as before stated. All that is best in the Wild Goose strain comes from the Irish, both through Birdsong's kennels and Ben Robertson's; Callie Gates, Mr. Lewis' best bitch, was bred to Longfellow, a hound which strains back to the Robertson-Maupin cross.

The following notes, taken from the old American Turf Register and Sporting Magazine, volume 3, Nos. 6, 7, 8, 10, February, 1832, a copy of which is now owned by Major G. V. Young, Waverly, Miss., gives us some idea of the Irish hound in his days of greatest purity:

No. 6.—“The most remarkable and distinct family of hounds recollected in Maryland sprang from two that were brought some twenty odd years since from Ireland by Bolton Jackson, Esq. They fell into the hands of Col. Sterrett Ridgely, at that time one of the most gallant horsemen, as well as one of the most ardent and most hospitable sportsmen in the state. They were remarkable as were their descendants, according to their degree of the original blood, for great speed and perseverance, extreme ardor, and for casting ahead at a loss; and in this, and their shrill, chopping, unmusical notes, they were distinguished from the old stock of that day, which, when they came to a loss, would go back, and dwelling, take it along inch by inch, until they got fairly off again, whilst these Irish hounds would cast widely, and by making their hit ahead would keep their game at the top of his speed, and break him down in the first half hour. The blood of these Irish dogs before mentioned is to be found, as

I have understood, Mr. Editor, for I have never had the pleasure to follow them, in more unmixed purity in Mr. Ogle's pack, at Belle Air, than anywhere in Maryland. His stallion hound for some years was old Mountain, and from his loins it is supposed his pack has sprung. He was a very compact dog of middling size, and what in cattle, in England, is called flecked, not spotted, with large, dull, blue-grayish splotches. Such, at least, was his appearance when I saw him at Homewood, the residence of C. Carroll, Jr., to whom he had been presented by Mr. Ogle. But the handsomest, and, from what I saw of his performance in one hunt, when a large red was run into in fifteen minutes, the most perfect and powerful hound I ever beheld on a drag, or when running to kill, was one which you told me had been sent to you at the instance of the hospitable General Chamberlayne, of New Kent, in Virginia.* VENATOR."

No. 7.—Venator has but done justice to old Mountain and his descendants. Mr. Ogle presented me one couple which exactly answer your description, and are first rate dogs. A NORTHERN NECKER."

No. 8.—Selections by editor's staff from fox-hunting correspondence: "In Essex county, Virginia, they have had some fine sport since the weather moderated. There they have some of Mr. Ogle's stock of Irish dogs, but they claim that they are unmusical. They do not give tongue freely, and their notes are chopping and shrill. By the bye, we have a portrait of Mr. Ogle's famous bitch, Sophy—the leader of the pack—to be engraved on the same plate, or lithographed on stone, with the portraiture, which we will have taken of any hound equally distinguished that any gentleman will give us."

No. 10.—Showing that Mr. Robbin Pollard's celebrated dogs were of Irish blood. "...Unluckily, however, after pursuing the drag from the slashes, where it was first struck, up into the piney lands upon the hills adjacent, some confusion occurred among the hounds; and the fox was unkenneled at some distance from the main pack by two young dogs whose notes were unknown to me, and off they went down into the slashes, and before I could, with all my exertions, break off from the drag the balance of the pack, these two dogs had run nearly out of hearing. We pursued with all possible speed, and after a run of about two miles came up with them at the main road and at

*This hound was a pup of Mountain.

fault. RO. POLLARD, King William county, Va." The credit of introducing these magnificent hounds into New England belongs to the Brunswick Foxhound Club, a syndicate of its members having brought Wheeler and Luce from Georgia some years ago, and others following later.

THE ROBERTSON STRAIN.

We herewith reproduce a letter written by Mr. S. S. Fizer, of Mt. Sterling, Ky., to one of his fox-hunting friends, giving the pedigree of dogs owned by the Sterling Hunting Club, and also of the noted hounds of Mr. Ben Robertson's pack. Mr. Robertson was the first one to import foxhounds to Kentucky from Maryland.

STERLING HUNTING CLUB ROOMS,
MT. STERLING, KY., Jan. 25, 1883.

Judge J. W. Harrah,

DEAR SIR AND FRIEND: The puppies I send you for your friends, Messrs. Lockridge and Patton, of Verdin, Ill., were born December 15, 1882, at 7 o'clock a. m. They are from my own S. S. Fizer's dear old brach Mollie, by Alexander Scobee's famous dog Foot. Mollie is a light red color, of beautiful form, and handsome carriage, who dishonored not her mother, but attests the blood of her ancestor, who was a copy to dogs of grosser blood and less note, and taught them how to ramble in the woods. She by Heart, a fine and splendid runner; he by Socks, the champion of his pack, and he by Mack, the famous son of I. F. Calk's Gamester, who transmitted his illustrious deeds to his untring progeny, and was a full brother to I. F. Calk's Stags, the world's famous shaggy, from whom our pack derived the name of Shaggies, who was as noted and as fleet as McDonald's swift-footed Selim of Revolutionary renown, and also the father of S. S. Fizer's intrepid Red Buck, whose countenance was as placid and as sweet as a maiden's smile, whose prowess, speed and fame are as familiar as children's prattle on our streets, and whose deeds glare in men's faces like apples of burnished gold set in pictures of glittering silver. Stags was by Jake from Bird, the unflinching, whose nose, like an Arab's steed, snuffed her game in the wind as it was blowing from mountain top to valley, as she whirled herself with electric speed over brush and bramble, hedge, fen and fern, moss and moor, hill and dale,

dashing herself recklessly through the woods, like the surging billows of the wild and wasteful ocean. She was a sister to May, who was so distinguished that his seed is almost as numerous as that old Israelite, whose seed outnumbered the sands of the shore, the leaves of the forest and the stars of the firmament.

Jake was a brother of Benj. Robertson's Tickler, of whom it was said Kentucky never had a hound before his day; he in his day and Fury in her day, like Alexander the Great, conquered every pack on the continent and howled for another pack to conquer. He was by Worthington's Ringwood, he by Hood's Vesper, he from a brach imported from Ireland by Gen. Ridgely, of Baltimore, all running far back to the family of royal blood. Mollie is from Silk, a Georgian by birth; her father was a Cuban bloodhound; her limbs were made for war proof; the luster of her eye, the scent of her nose, and her speed proved that she was worthy of her breeding. She was as beautiful as the butterfly. as it sprang from the worm that spun the web that was woven into and composed the beautiful fabric from which she took her name.

Foot is by Old Whitey, imported by Benj. Robertson, from Maryland, of the royal family. Foot is nearly an alabaster white, with Egyptian spots, and beautiful cerulean fringe, and has a grand and noble form and handsome carriage, and is the hero of our pack. He is from Fury, whose very name bears with it speed, strength, durability, honor and greatness. She was also imported from Maryland by Benj. Robertson. She is also the mother of Gen. R. L. Williams' fine dogs, Boston, Blanche and Fury; I. F. Calk's John; James Scobee's Lick; S. S. Fizer's Winder and Ringwood; also mother to J. P. Games' Mary, all of glorious fame and renown. Fury was the champion of her race. She won her fame in many a hard-contested heat; and wore her laurels with honor till the day of her death, like a garland of flowers around her neck, wreathed by fairy fingers, entwined with roses of red and ribbons of blue, fanned by the breezes of Summer and the zephyrs of Autumn, after many a glorious victory. Speed she had deserving to lead. Her lustrous deeds did blind men's eyes with their beams. Her voice spread wider than a dragon's wings. Her sparkling eye replete with wrathful fire more dazzling, and drove back her enemies more than mid-day's sun fierce bent against their faces. Her deeds excelled all speech. She never trailed a reynard nor tracked a deer but conquered. The blood of her stock is of that nature which

courses through the natural alleys and gates of the body in regular gradation showing the blood and speed in the luster of eye, the beautiful color and form, the neatly-shaped ear and proportioned limb, making one symmetrical form of beauty, strength and speed no other dogs possessed this side of their fatherland, giving them a distinction from all other breeds, readily perceived; and their voices, whose rude throats the immortal Jove's dread clamor counterfeited, are of such lofty strains of omniferous music, softly mellowing into intrinsic sweetness, rival the wildest Utopian dreams that ever gathered around the brow of that old inspired bard and sweet singer of Israel as he walked the amaranthine promenades of the Garden of Eden, and listened to the sweet Philomela and swift-winged warbler as they flitted and caroled from twig to twig while he rested beneath the shades and golden forbidden fruit, that hung so temptingly in the silvery boughs and silk fringed foliage of the supposed tree of life. Fury with Tickler, Bird, Jake, Gamester, Stag, Lick, Boston, John, Red Buck, Ringwood, Winder, Mary, Foot and Mollie and all of their ancestors run far back to the pack of old righteous Sampson, who caught foxes and tied firebrands to their tails, to scourge his enemies, and the father and mother of his dogs were Esau's two faithful old hounds, Pinebender and Sprinkler, of far-fetched historical fame, who followed him from his hunting grounds when he sold his birthright to Jacob for a mess of pottage for himself and hungry dogs, and the progenitors of his pack were the first pair of dogs that ever made foot-prints in the damp soil, or cried a trail upon the unsunlit and unvineclad summit of Mt. Ararat, when Noah's second dove took her long and lonely departure, and bruited back in enunciative strains of sonorous music the signal to Noah to unfetter his hounds, that the murky deep had assuaged and unveiled the grand terraquous globe from center to circumference.

But now Fury and many of her noble family are lying where the tall blue-grass of Montgomery, like Judah's sheaves to Joseph's, bow in honor to their memory. May your puppies prove worthy of their ancestors.

Very respectfully, your friend, S. S. FIZER,
Sec'y Sterling Hunting Club.

THE WALKER STRAIN.

By A. C. Heffenger, M. D.

Since the advent of high class foxhounds in New England, fox-hunters are continually asking of what blood these progressive hounds are constituted, and how they came by their magnificent quality, so that a few words of explanation anent this strain may be acceptable to the hunting readers of your book. Mr. Walker, senior, the father of the now celebrated Walker brothers, and Gen. Wash Maupin, were brought up and lived very near each other in Kentucky. The home of Gen. Maupin was in Madison county, the most noted hound county in Kentucky. Mr. Walker, senior, and Gen. Maupin began hunting together with the same hounds when quite young men. They were genuine hunters, loved their hounds, took great pains in breeding them, and had the best to be got. This was in the time of the gray fox, about 1813, or ninety-two years ago. They also hunted deer, not with a shot-gun, but in true sportsmanlike form, allowing their hounds to do the killing. They hunted harder, or gave their hounds more continuous work, than any other hunters of their time.

When the red fox made his appearance, they soon found that their hounds were not equal to the task of successfully coping with him, and set about to get the necessary hound qualities, demanded to run down and kill the fleet, tricky, enduring newcomer.

The first out-cross that was made, was to a small black and tan hound called Tennessee Lead, upon the best bitches of the combined packs. This cross is said to have greatly improved the striking, casting and speed of the strain. The pedigree of Tennessee Lead is unknown, which is a great pity, for he was a phenomenal hound. He was found running a deer on the Cumberland mountains, Tenn., by a man returning from the South, who took him to Kentucky and gave him to Gen. Maupin.

A short time after this, in or about 1853, they imported a couple of English foxhounds, dog and bitch. The bitch was imported in whelp, and gave birth to five pups (four dogs and a bitch) after reaching Kentucky. This English blood was not only crossed upon the other dogs, but inbred upon itself, with wonderfully good results.

After the deaths of the senior Mr. Walker and Gen. Maupin, these hounds were bred by Mr. Walker's sons, Mr. W. S. Walker and Mr. E. H. Walker, and these gentlemen have striven to keep the stock up to high water mark, and with great success. While maintaining every good quality essential to a high class red fox hound, they have bred especially to gameness, grit and everlasting endurance. A quitter is almost unknown to them, but, should one turn up, he never lives to perpetuate his sin. These hounds are of all markings, black and tan, black, white and tan, red and the various pies. This is the result of breeding to the best hounds without regard to marking.

About fourteen years ago the Walkers imported Striver and two bitches from the Duke of Eglinton's pack in Scotland, (these were English dogs though coming from Scotland), and crossed them upon the Walker hound, producing the noted Big Strive, Pearl Strive, and many other splendid hounds. They are now breeding back to the old blood again, finding they had too much English blood for first-class nose and tongue. The famous winnings of E. H. Walker's Ailsie at the Brunswick Foxhound Club's trials in 1903, proved the present breeding of the strain to be equal to anything ever produced by the famous fox-hunting family.

THE WHITLOCK STRAIN.

The "Whitlock Shaggy Foxhounds" were brought to Kentucky from Maryland by Mr. Ben Robertson of Mt. Sterling, Ky. Mr. Robertson was a horse dealer, and each year brought and drove a lot of horses through Maryland to Baltimore. On the road he would stop at the home of a gentleman who owned a large pack of foxhounds, that he considered better than his dogs at home in Kentucky, and on each trip would bring fresh blood for his pack. His friend's dogs were kept in a large lot with boards set perpendicular, ten feet high, and there was only one dog out of a large number in this kennel that ever got out over the top of this fence, and caught the fox that a pack of his neighbor's dogs were running. He had published in one of the Maryland papers a challenge offering to wager five hundred dollars that this dog could catch or hole any red fox in Maryland in one hour, or beat any dog in Maryland, for the same amount. There were no takers. Mr. Robertson brought a son of the above dog home and

named him Eagle. Although he (Eagle) had a broken leg (done when quite young) he was faster than any of Mr. Robertson's dogs.

In 1868 I was invited to join a party going to the mountains in Kentucky to hunt deer and foxes. After the hunt I stopped with Col. Pat Cork, who kept the Robertson dogs, and he gave me a red bitch named Patti, by Eagle, out of one of his best bitches. One year previous to this Col. Cork sent me an old bitch by Robertson's Tickler, with four puppies by Stag, son of one of Robertson's former importations. One of the puppies was red, like his sire, and I named him Stag Jr. I bred Patti to Stag Jr., and from this mating got Gamester, Pool, Dean, and Stella. The two latter I gave to Mr. Given of Indiana, near Sparta. He told me they were the champions of his part of the state. Gamester, the first named Stag and Patti puppy, was the best fox dog I ever raised or saw. He ran at the head of my pack, and I never saw him fail to catch a fox he got sight of. Gamester was a very prepotent dog. Every bitch he was bred to produced runners. I bred these dogs for eighteen years with only one out-cross. That was the dog Wild Irishman. I got him from Col. Bob Stoner, and he was related to Robertson's dogs. E. H. HOWARD.

In 1879 Mr. Howard was presented with another pair of puppies from Gen. Dick Williams that he claimed were superior to the red ones. They were also of the Robertson family of dogs and came from Maryland. The bitch I lost by distemper. The dog I saved and named him Dick Williams. Dick was out of Blanch, by Robbin, he was out of Fury, by Whitey, a Maryland dog.

I then bred Patti Whitlock (a red bitch by Gamester) to Dick. By this mating I got Clara I, the greatest dog I ever raised or owned. She lived to be seven years old, and no man that knew her questioned her ability to go to the front in any company, carry the track, and stay there. From her I got Clara II, who had probably a greater reputation from the fact that she was a bench winner. She was the winner of a good many first prizes. At Lexington, Ky., at the the largest show of foxhounds ever held in the U. S., she won first in class, first as a brace with The Bard, and first for the best bitch in the show. Upon the advice of Col. Howard I bred Clara II to her litter brother and got Pansy. She was game but not fast. From her I got two litters,

and as a whole, she threwed me the best pups I ever owned, all being speedy and game. From Pansy I got Ida Pickwick, who won the Chattanooga field trial when she was past eight years old, with Flag, a full sister two years younger, a good second.

One of the first trials of foxhounds was at West Point, Miss. I entered two dogs and sent them to Maj. Val Young of Waverly, Miss. They barred my dogs on the grounds that I was not a member. We had a controversy through the American Field, and I produced a receipt for my initiation, and being in good standing certainly was a member. Mr. Lewis and Mr. Avent were the winners that year. The committee then ordered that I should have satisfaction by meeting with three dogs each and running a race. There was to be a bench show in the near future at Cincinnati, and I named that time for the race. Mr. Avent answered an acceptance with a provision that he would not go so far to run unless the consideration was a purse of \$600. I made my deposit with Mr. J. Shelly Hudson of Covington, Ky., then the owner of the Latonia Kennels. He answered Mr. Avent. Mr. Avent was at the show with his setters, but left his hounds at home.

I bred a granddaughter of Gamester to Rowdy, a Walker dog, and raised three puppies, one of which I gave to Mr. Walker. He named him Rowdy, and he won the field trials at Cynthiaana, Ky. He was entered as Mr. Walker's breeding, but he was from my bitch and I bred him all the same.

I ran a pack of dogs from Campbell county, Ky., in the days of Clara II that came to my house on a steamer, and we went to Fort Hill, Ohio, and easily defeated them. They laid no claim to any part of it. My white bitch Claud caught the fox on the ground.

I ran a match race with a Mr. Bristow of Kenton county, Ky., with my bitch Clara I and her half sister. We were to run two dogs each. He ran a bitch called May, that was bred at or near Lexington, Ky., and claimed that she had never been beaten. They holed the fox in less than two hours, and his dogs never carried a point in the race.

The first part of this article is by my worthy friend, Col. E. H. Howard, whom I hunted with from my early boyhood up to the time when he gave me his dogs and practically retired from the field. While his silvery hair tells that he has passed many frosty mornings, he sits on his horse erect and can make many

of the boys sit sideways returning from the chase. Mr. Howard has always been a lover of fine stock and devoted much time to the breeding of same, and has always been my counsel in breeding my dogs. He has always been a thorough hunter and a gentleman of the first water. I wish you could know him as I do.

My dogs were named the Shaggies by Mr. Robertson before I got them. They were very rough coated and could take to ice or briars without harm to themselves.

I think we have always improved our hounds by judicious breeding.

I am now on the shady side of the bush, and will soon have to retire and make room for those that love to ride to the hounds and see the finish.

A. B. WHITLOCK.

THE ARKANSAS TRAVELLER STRAIN.

By C. Floyd Huff, Hot Springs, Ark.

The Arkansas Traveller hounds were given that name by my hunting friends and companions. I have had them for a number of years and have been hunted and bred by me for my personal pleasure. They are the result of such intelligence as I possess in this line of crossing the thoroughbred English, the best Kentucky blood, as evidenced by field trial tests, with a strain of hounds that have been bred pure in Missouri since the Civil War, but whose ancestry cannot be traced beyond that period. The predominating blood of the Arkansas Travellers is from this Missouri strain.

The Missouri dogs referred to have no name as a breed. They were simply bred and hunted in the family for the personal pleasure of their owners.

They are small, racy built, rather long haired, shaggy, short eared black and tans. They are very speedy, are fast and wide scouts, work a trail rapidly and only cry it here and there. They are not mouthy on trail, but give sufficient tongue to pack. They are dead game and will run a fox under any conditions or circumstances better than any strain of hounds I have ever hunted. As a rule they have a sharp, screaming cry, both on trail and when running. When running they tongue freely and very fast, and with a viciousness that suggests interest. They

are successful red fox hounds, but run too wide and fast for grays. As a pack they are not successful gray fox hounds. They will run over too far, and as they cast forward on a run-over or loss, instead of backward, they run a gray ordinarily about like a rabbit that dodges and tacks. This one quality of casting wide and ahead, in my opinion, is one of the qualities so necessary to catch a red fox, and I have known them time and again to pull away from a pack of otherwise good hounds, who would go back to pick up a loss and never catch up again. I have often heard the owners of such hounds express wonder and chagrin at their hounds being seemingly thrown out on a loss.

This strain of hounds for years have successfully run the red fox. To prevent inbreeding to an injurious extent, and to inject new blood, I imported a pair of English hounds. By experimenting I came to the conclusion that a proper amount of English blood somewhat improved the size, and perhaps the stamina or bottom of them. It required time and patience to determine just where to stop the cross. Mr. Norvin T. Harris of Lyndon, Ky., in 1901, presented me with a bitch sired by Champion Big Strive (one-half English) out of Lygia, she by Jay Bird, out of an English-July bitch, La Tosca. Big Strive, Lygia, Jay Bird and La Tosca were all field trial winners at National Foxhunters' Association meets, and some of them at trials in Massachusetts of the Brunswick Foxhound Club. This bitch proved to be exceptionally fast and thoroughly game, a beautifully built hound, fine style and carriage, and altogether a hound of the first class. Her greatest faults were timidity, and feet that got sore from hard running. Both these qualities seemed to be lost in her progeny by increasing the English blood. The English have strong constitutions and are ravenous feeders. By transmitting these qualities to progeny of timid bitches, and those lacking in strong constitutions, I found I overcame these objectionable traits. By experimenting in this way for years, I convinced myself that I had improved the original strain and got about what I thought to be the best. The qualities, traits, and individuality, and also the color of the original hounds, have been largely preserved.

These are the Arkansas Travellers of to-day, and are mostly the original color of black and tan, occasionally there will come white, black and tan puppies, and now and then a red one. They have been hunted in Texas, Louisiana, Kentucky, Missouri,

Mississippi, Massachusetts, New York, and all over Arkansas, and both their appearance and performance have challenged the admiration of hunters wherever they have been.

They take to hunting foxes as a bird dog does to birds. They train themselves if given an opportunity. They are in evidence in any hunt, and in camp hunts I have hunted them night and day for a week, and they are always willing to go and stay.

THE COOK STRAIN.

By A. C. Heffenger, M. D.

This strain of American foxhounds, so much in vogue in all parts of the United States fifteen years ago, has almost entirely disappeared, and it is doubtful if any of the pure blood exist to-day. Their originator, the late Mr. H. E. Cook of Detroit, Michigan, began the development of the strain in 1866 or '67, and his idea was to produce a foxhound with the cold nose and correct hound head of the native type, with the clean neck and shoulders, and general physical excellence of the English foxhound trimmed into racing form. That he succeeded in breeding some of the most beautiful and racily formed foxhounds ever seen in this country, no good hound judge who saw them can deny. They had plenty of bone and muscle too, and their heads were models of hound character, but where Mr. Cook failed was in obtaining sufficient coat and leather, and to these short-comings may be attributed the passing of the strain. It is impossible to determine where Mr. Cook obtained the original specimens from which he made his crosses leading up to his distinctive type, but from their heads and smooth coats it would seem that they came from Virginia, Pennsylvania, and northern Ohio. These Cook foxhounds showed in head, coat and stern, what the up-to-date hound man would call pot-licker blood, or in other words total absence of the blood of the modern English foxhound. They were both bench and field trial winners, but their success was most marked in the bench shows of the United States, and I think, in Canada also.

In fact these foxhounds swept everything before them in the bench shows of the country until the Kentucky breeders began showing their type, with the modern English cross in it. These Kentucky hounds, as best represented by Big Strive and Pearl

Strive, outpointed the Cook hounds in every way save head, and by continuous winning soon ran them off the circuit. Pearl Strive was the cleanest and raciest foxhound I have ever seen, though half English. Next to her, the Cook bitch, Modest Girl, filled my eye. Modest Girl had the better head, but Pearl Strive scored over her generally in body, legs and feet.

In spite of having been displaced upon the bench, however, if Mr. Cook's hounds had been able to stand the punishment of hard running under rough conditions, which he claimed they could do, they would have been just as popular with practical fox-hunters to-day as they were fifteen years ago.

Many specimens came to New England, and most of them were large and showy in appearance, dog hounds being from twenty-three to twenty-six inches, and bitches from twenty to twenty-three inches. Most of them were conventional black, white and tans, though some were black and tan, and a few blue mottled, black and tan. The three most notable representatives of the strain seen at the field trials of the Brunswick Foxhound Club, were A. M. Gerry's Drive, A. McDonald's Queen, and E. Toothaker's Modest Girl. Drive won more in field trials, Queen was probably the best all-round worker, and Modest Girl was the best show hound. Queen was bred to the celebrated Joe Forester, and it happened that a couple of years afterward, at the show of the New England Kennel Club, Boston, Mass., 1890, Joe Forester won first in open dogs, Modest Girl in open bitches, and Flora Temple and Mollie T., (Joe Forester-Queen) won second and third to Modest Girl. After this Mr. Cook was very anxious to see Joe Forester, and breed to him, but ill health and death put an end to his ambitions. Had he lived to make proper crosses on Joe Forester, a foxhound of great substance and everlasting speed and endurance, his strain would have obtained just the points needed, and would have held its popularity to-day the same as in the eighties. As previously mentioned I considered Modest Girl the best physical specimen of the strain I ever saw. Symmetrical, strong, clean and racy from head to stern, with the richest black, white and tan markings, she was a thing of beauty, fair to look upon, and the natural mate to Joe Forester, an equally handsome hound, my property at that time, and I have always regretted that I did not buy the "Girl" and make the cross.

Mr. Cook's favorites were Champion Brave and Whoopey.

One was black, white and tan, and the other black and tan. They were nearly twenty-six inches and racily built. Brave was the greatest bench show winner of the strain, while Mr. Cook considered Whoopey the best all-round worker. In a letter to a New England fox-hunter he states that he sent Whoopey to a friend in Texas, who was to hunt him on wolves, and against all the noted foxhounds in the state at the time. The Texas foxhounds represented all the leading strains in the country, and there were thirty-five of them, all experienced hunters on wolves, while Whoopey had never seen one. He emphatically says in this letter that "Whoopey took the lead and widened the space between himself and the other hounds more and more, as the chase progressed, until he finally overhauled and killed the wolf before the second dog was up." He further says that after this Whoopey made the circuit of the state and "came back with a clean record and without a single defeat."

This seems remarkable to those who know what kind of hounds the Texans have. It must be remembered, however, that the accounts were written to Mr. Cook by enthusiastic friends, and he merely reiterates their statements. There can be no doubt but that Whoopey was a remarkable all-round hound, and it is greatly to Mr. Cook's credit that he should have bred him.

I hunted many times with Drive, Queen and Modest Girl. Drive was an excellent hunter and starter, and when the fox was up, drove fast and clean for several hours, after which his lack of endurance became evident and the slower, but tougher, New England hounds then caught up to and held him. His voice was magnificent, and rang out in such clarion tones as one seldom hears in these days. Queen was a nice all-round bitch, not as fast as Drive, but with more leather and endurance, and stood up well under a six or eight hour's hard run. Modest Girl left New England before she was well trained and developed in the hunting field, her excellent conformation making it more profitable to send her on the bench show circuit.

Besides Champion Brave and Modest Girl, there were many other noted bench show winners in this strain, notably among which were Champion Roderick and Champion Spotty. It is a pity, and a distinct distinct loss to the foxhound family, that this good strain should have practically disappeared. Mr. A. McDonald, of Rockland, Me., previously mentioned, in the descendants of Queen, still has some of the Cook blood in his

kennels, but numerous out-crosses have greatly diluted it, and ere long its percentage will be inappreciable.

THE AVENT STRAIN.

By A. C. Heffenger, M. D.

This strain of American foxhounds owned and bred originally by Mr. J. M. Avent, Hickory Valley, Tenn., came into national prominence in the latter eighties, and their memorable contest with the Wild Goose hounds in the field trials of the Inter-State Fox-hunters' Club, Waverly, Miss., Dec. 2, 1889, stamped them as among the best in the country. In these trials the puppy stake went to Wild Goose Pack's Mounter, with Avent Pack's Flora a close second. In the all-age stake first in speed went to Avent Pack's Rock, with Wild Goose Pack's Callie Gates a close second. In hunting and trailing the Avent hounds were not placed. In the pack stake Wild Goose took first, with Avent's second, and Willis' third. This fine showing made fox-hunters all over the country seek the Avent blood, and some of it came to New England through Mr. R. D. Perry of Massachusetts, and will be mentioned later.

The origin of these hounds is not as clear as in the case of some of the American strains, but like most of them traces back fundamentally to the old Virginia black and tan. They were known in Tennessee as the Ferguson hound and were crossed with the Bachelor. They were then inbred to a great degree, and to this may possibly be attributed the gradual loss of type and public favor. It is said that few of the original blood are left, and a gentleman who hunts with them each year has recently told me that the type of the present pack was much like that of some of mine of pure Kentucky breeding. In 1890 I saw, hunted with, and carefully examined three young Avent hounds owned by Mr. R. D. Perry, and said to be of the original, correct type of the strain. They were trim, lightly built, springy black and tans, a dog and two bitches. The latter failed to make good, and Mr. Perry discarded them. The dog, however, named Clinker, proved a wonderful youngster and deserves a special description. He was about twenty-three inches at shoulder, racy and strongly built, clean head and neck, nice shoulder, good chest, strong in loin and quarters, legs and feet of the best

of American kind, and with a docked trigger stern. He was very black all over except lower part of legs and feet which were rich tan, and tan spots over eyes. His coat was short, but strong and covered well. His action was quick, springy, and showed power and litheness. He was a wide, galloping hunter, fast trailer, swinging in circles at a loss the same as in driving, but it was in driving a hot scent that he was seen at his best. Here he had no equal at the time he ran in the field trials of the Brunswick Foxhound Club. At the second annual trials of this club, Great Island, Me., 1890, he won first in speed and driving in the all-age stake, though only a puppy. At the third annual trials, Princeton, Mass., 1891, where I was chairman of judges, he won highest general average in the all-age stake. During these trials when one of the hottest hunts was on, some one shot at and slightly wounded the fox, then about two hundred yards ahead of Clinker, who was leading the pack by at least an eighth of a mile. I happened to be near where the shot was fired, and ran to the place to find Clinker baying the fox, which was backed against a tree. When I came up the fox started to run and Clinker caught and killed him before any other hound came up. This fine hound was bred to many New England bitches but the crosses failed to produce notable progeny.

The fame of these hounds induced many notable sportsmen to visit them, and that premier sportsman of America, Mr. Thomas Hitchcock, Jr., bought a half interest in them and removed them for some years during the hunting season to Aiken, S. C., where they gave admirable sport for years. Mr. Hitchcock finally drew out of the partnership, and started the Aiken Hounds, his individual pack. The pack is now owned I am told by Mr. H. B. Duryea and Mr. J. M. Avent, and is kept at Hickory Valley, Tennessee, where many of America's best hunting men ride to them in season.

THE WILD GOOSE STRAIN.

By A. C. Heffenger, M. D.

One of the most popular strains of foxhounds which America has evolved is that known now as the Wild Goose. Though existing for many years in Tennessee and the South, the first specimens found their way into New England in the eighties, and

gained well merited fame in the field trials of the Brunswick Foxhound Club. Two well known hunters of Massachusetts, Mr. R. D. Perry and Mr. E. J. Bates, purchased two slightly different types of the strain. Mr. Perry's couple were black, white and tan, and out of Callie Gates, the most famous bitch of the strain, and winner of first honors in the Inter-State Fox-hunters' Club trials at Waverly, Miss., Dec. 2, 1889. These hounds were racily built, handsome and catchy in appearance, and proved fast, wide hunters and drivers. They were rather light in bone and coat for our our climate, and winter hunting was very punishing to them. Mr. Bates had a couple of red hounds, larger and coarser than Mr. Perry, and one, "Leads All," proved himself a first-class working hound for any climate. They all had good noses, and musical tongue, and crossed on the New England foxhound, slower and tougher, produced splendid stock for any country. I crossed Joe Forester, first winner of the American Field Cup in the B. F. C. trials, on Annie Dance, a Callie Gates bitch, and every one of the progeny proved first-class foxhounds; one, Resolution, is the best hound I own, and the best I ever saw save his sire Joe Forester.

The origin of the strain I can best give by quoting from a letter written me by Col. J. W. Lewis, Paris, Tennessee, the present owner of the pack. "The original dogs were brought from Virginia by my father, in 1835; he called them the "briar-patch" dog. They were white, black and tan, and blue speckled in color. Father was a man of affairs in those days, and a great sportsman that wanted the best. He met here, as he told me, other men of the same ambition. Soon quite a rivalry sprung up between them, when each began to buy and improve his dogs. Mr. John Fuqua, a negro speculator, imported from England some time in the fifties, an English dog that was crossed on father's best bitch. A few years later, the same man, Fuqua, got another dog from Georgia, that was red and white spotted. They crossed this dog in with the other cross. Some time in the sixties, another wealthy man and speculator, brought a white and black spotted dog from Maryland, and crossed him on the best bitch they had. This was the first of my recollection of the dogs of my father. Again a gentleman traveling through this country in fine style, going to Reelfoot Lake on a hunt, gave me a bitch that he said was the best bred foxhound in North Carolina, and we bred to her. I then took charge of the dogs

and crossed them as best I could, breeding upon the idea of the survival of the fittest, and have since that time made several crosses with the English, the Kentucky dog, known as the Goodman, and with an Irish hound, that was bought and owned by a man in Madison county. Finally Fleet and Raum were produced, from whom sprang Callie Gates, the greatest foxhound in my judgement the world ever knew, together with many others that have followed down through my kennel.

My dogs are all black and white with tan points, they hunt like pointers, run for blood, have cold, quick noses, and know no quit. I have hunted all the various strains of dogs, and have owned them from nearly every important kennel in the U. S., and I don't believe that there is a strain of dogs living that are as good all-round red fox dogs as the Wild Goose strain.

Now as to their name; when I owned the ancestors of Callie Gates, I had a pack that I believed could catch anything that could not fly. They all had peculiar, soft, quick notes. One day I was hunting together with Col. Robert Gates, and had been troubled, and discussed with him a name for my pack. We started an old traveller, as I suppose, who made a bee-line twenty miles away. We being well mounted, and having some puppies that we did not want to lose, followed. We were able to follow on enquiring from house to house, as the fox ran as the crow flies. Finally we came to an immense swamp, with horses worn out, where we met a huntsman with a long rifle sitting behind a big tree, as if watching for something. I enquired of him if he had heard our dogs. He said, 'No, but there's the damnedest gang of wild geese flying round in that swamp that I've ever heard,' that he had been there for two hours trying to get a shot at them, and asked us to listen. We pulled our horses round, and could hear our pack in full cry, when the stranger said, 'Those are the wild geese.' We hollered a time or two, the fox left the swamp, and was overtaken in a few minutes. We got to the dogs and found one of the largest red foxes it has ever been my fortune to see. Callie Gates and her brother, Stonewall Jackson, were just ten months old. They both staid in the race and were at the death. On our way home Col. Gates said, 'Lewis, that fellow has furnished the name for our pack. Let's call it the Wild Goose.'

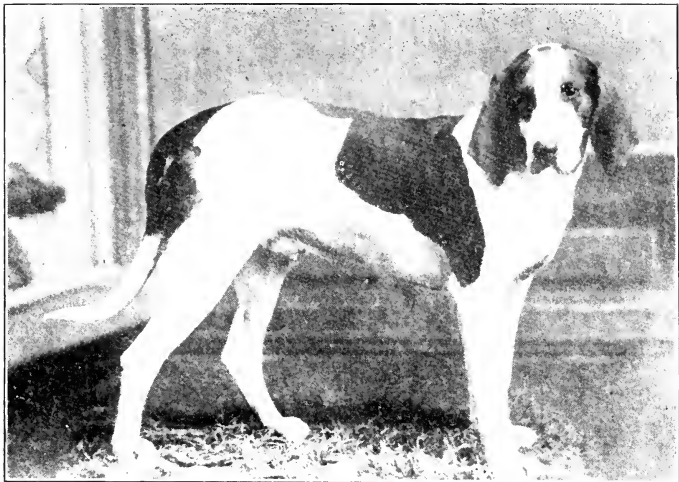
Now, Doctor, pardon me for mentioning some of the peculiarities of Callie Gates. From that day, it being her first race, she

never gave tongue after anything when was on a horse but a fox. I never saw her lie down in the woods or when on a hunt. I never saw her carry her tail down. She would not bark at a hole or work at one. She never wanted to be fondled. She would not touch a fox if another dog caught it. If she caught one herself, and another dog touched it, she would loose it and walk off and have nothing more to do with it. She would not lie on the ground, but would get on a plank or up in a chair. I have often seen her lying on a big rail on top of the fence like a cat. She was never out of a race, and never failed to go to the hole or death. She would never give tongue unless leading, and would never eat anything thrown her on the ground. I never expect to see her like again."

It will be seen from the foregoing letter of Col. Lewis, that the Wild Goose strain dates back about fifty years, that the old Virginia hound was the foundation blood, upon which various crosses, English, Birdsong from Georgia, Irish or July from Maryland, a North Carolina strain, probably Byron, and finally Maupin-Robertson or Goodman from Kentucky, were made, producing Fleet and Raum, the progenitors of Callie Gates, and the present type of the strain.

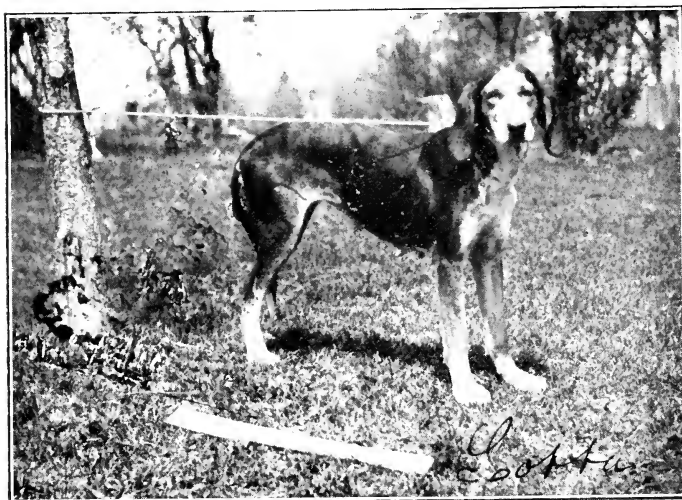
PART IV.

ILLUSTRATIONS.



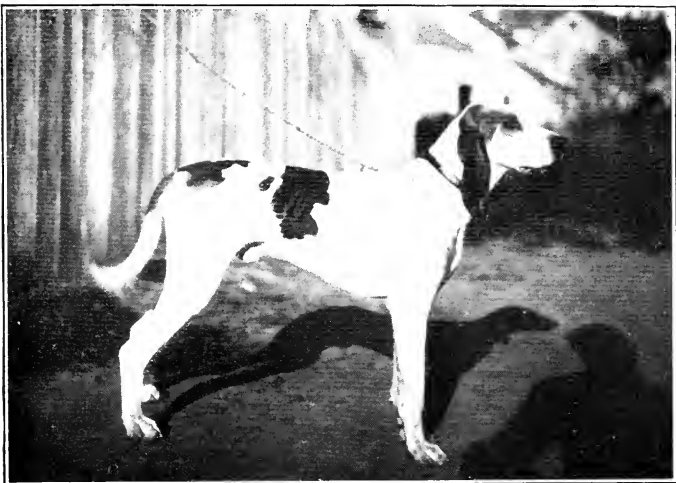
DR. A. C. HEFFENGER'S "JOE FORESTER."

First winner American Field Cup, Brunswick Foxhound Clubs field trials, 1889. First prize open dogs. New England Kennel Club's bench show, Boston, Mass., 1890. The best combined field and bench hound ever bred in New England.



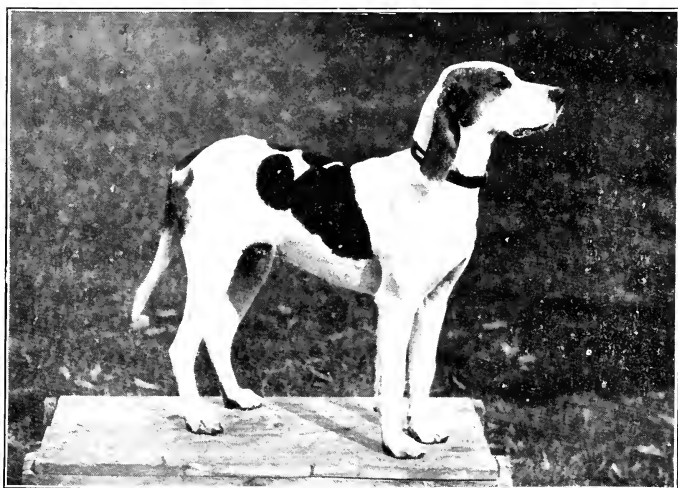
ADMIRAL JAMES E. JOUETT'S "LOTTA."

A pure Brooke hound, bred and presented by Mr. John C. Bentley to Admiral Jouett.



MR. O. F. JOSLIN'S "RANGER."

Winner of the Derby in 1901, and the All Age stake in 1902. Brunswick Foxhound Club's field trials.



MR. O. F. JOSLIN'S "CALLIE I."

Cup winner of the Brunswick Foxhound Club's field trials in 1899. A granddaughter of Joe Forester.



JUDGE C. FLOYD HUFF'S "MAJOR ROCK."



JUDGE C. FLOYD HUFF'S "DUDE."

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