

**ING, TRAINING, DISEASES, ETC., ETC., OF
DOGS, AND AN ACCOUNT OF DIFFERENT
KINDS OF GAME, WITH THEIR HABITS.
ALSO HINTS TO SHOOTERS, WITH
VARIOUS USEFUL RECIPES, ETC., ETC.**

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J. S. SKINNER

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THE DOG AND THE SPORTSMAN.



THE SETTER.

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Oct 1874

THE DOG
AND
THE SPORTSMAN.

EMBRACING
THE USES, BREEDING, TRAINING, DISEASES, ETC., ETC.,
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THE DIFFERENT KINDS OF GAME,
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BY ^{John Skinner of} J. S. SKINNER,
FORMER EDITOR OF THE TURF REGISTER, ETC.



PHILADELPHIA:
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1845.

Amc

PREFACE.

THE work here offered, contains, it is believed, the first separate and regular treatise which has been published in this country on the kindred subjects, the Dog, Game, and the Gun; a portion being devoted to diseases of the Dog,—an animal which, for sagacity and usefulness combined, deserves to stand alongside of the Horse, in the front rank of domestic animals, if we consider how much of healthful and pleasant recreation, as well as security of property, we owe to his docility and vigilance,—virtues which have won for him affection and praise from illustrious men in all ages. For if “Argus” died of joy at the return of Ulysses, did not a “Boatswain” equally rejoice in the friendship of Byron? Had not Cowper his “Beau” for a companion, and has not Scott immortalized the name of Maida? and, coming

down to yet later times, and to men no less distinguished, who, it may be asked, has read that delightful book, "The Life of Lord Chancellor Eldon," can fail to be struck with its numerous anecdotes, illustrative of his amiable *fondness for dogs*? How interesting his simple story of the loss, and of the curious incidents connected with the recovery of "Pincher!" for whom he offered a reward of five pounds sterling, and "would sooner have lost a thousand pounds, than to have lost him in that way!" And then, how affecting the story of his beloved son in his last moments, calling him back to his bedside to say,—"*Father, you will take care of poor Pincher,*"—for whom, it finally appears, the Lord Chancellor in his will bequeathed as follows:—"To my favourite dog an annuity of eight pounds, during life, to provide food for the said dog."

Where, in a word, let us ask, has man been found, in the depths of the wilderness, or in cities "proud with spires and turrets crowned," that the dog was not at his side, all instinct with devotion to him and his family, and ready to expose his life in their defence? Snuffing the loafer in the tainted breeze, and wakeful to the most stealthy approaches of the midnight robber, he gives instant warning to his master to come on; while, with all his native ferocity and recklessness of danger, he flies himself at the felon's throat? Shame, shame! then, let us cry, on the man, if man he may be called, who can bear, unmoved, to see a friend so faithful, a servant

so submissive, falling an untimely victim to disease, without wishing to know by what appliance he may be relieved! And yet how often do we see high-bred and valuable dogs devoured by mange, or broken down by distemper, when a single dose of appropriate medicine, as herein prescribed, would relieve and restore them!

The author has aimed to make this work complete and acceptable, by the addition of brief instructions and maxims for breeding, feeding, and breaking dogs of the few families most in use in our country,—such as the Pointer, Setter, Fox-Hound, the Water-Dog, the Terrier, and the Shepherd's Dog. These hints are taken from the writings of himself or friends, in the early volumes of the *Turf Register*, a fountain from which he felt at liberty to draw the more freely as it was opened by himself; while he as freely admits how much it has been improved in the keeping of its present Editor, commonly yclep'd "The Tall Son of York."

The spirited sketches of the nature and habits of the Pheasant, Quail or Partridge, the Woodcock, Grouse, and Snipe, were furnished for another purpose by the accomplished head of the Topographical Bureau, Col. A., and we hope he will excuse us for thus using them, and for making this public acknowledgment of our appreciation of the merits and good taste of what he considered trifles thrown off to fill up an idle hour.

In turning over, once more, the leaves of that old volume, and associating, as only the editor can do, the

real name and character of the various writers, with their anonymous contributions, what pleasing, though sometimes mournful, reminiscences are awakened. Sixteen years have made sad havoc in the ranks of friends and coadjutors, as distinguished for learning, scholarship, wit, honour and all gentlemanly qualities, as ever volunteered to help along a new and doubtful literary enterprise.

When one thinks of the various fortune and fate of those who then sent each his mite to the common feast; how time has destroyed some and scattered those whom it has spared, it brings to remembrance, the answer of the "old man" to the congratulations of the Princess of Abyssinia, on the pleasures which an evening walk must give to a man of his age and learning. "Lady," answered he, "let the gay and the vigorous expect pleasure in their excursions, it is enough that age can obtain ease; to me the world has lost its novelty: I look round and see what I remember to have seen in happier days. I rest against a tree, and consider that in the same shade I once disputed upon the annual overflow of the Nile, with a friend who is now silent in the grave. I cast my eyes upwards, fix them on the changing moon, and think with pain on the vicissitudes of life."