

A Novelist and His Dogs

Sir Walter Scott Not Only Wrote About Them, But Always Had Many at Abbotsford

By FREEMAN LLOYD

(Illustrations from the Author's Collection)

SIR WALTER SCOTT, Scotch poet and novelist, was born in Edinburgh, August 15, 1771, and died at Abbotsford, September 21, 1832. So this year, 1932, is the centenary of the passing of a beloved man who, in his time, did so much for our friends, the dogs. Besides he was a dog owner. While at Naples, Scott heard of Goethe's death. "At least he died at home" he remarked. "Let us to Abbotsford!" Already Scott was very ill. The sufferer reached London on June 13, 1832. On July 7, he took ship for Leith. On July 11, he traveled by carriage to Abbotsford. Arrived, his dogs welcomed him, and "he alternately sobbed and smiled on them till sleep oppressed him." It was on September 17 that he bade Lockhart "be a good man, my dear, be virtuous, be religious, be a good man." On September 21 he breathed his last in the presence of all his children.

I have a Scottish friend in our office, Alexander Brodie, who is splendidly versed in Scott's romances and Burns' poems. So it is that when I want to quote something from the works of those two great writers, I consult Brodie—a walking cyclopedia of all that is Scottish. His instant rendering of the desired quotation seems to carry more beauty than may be gotten from the printed word. So it was that before sitting down to indite this contribution it was thought it would be interesting to ask the man from Bonnie Dundee what he thought or liked most about Sir Walter.

"Well," said he, "Sir Walter was an honest man; he wrote the Waverley Novels to pay off his debts."

And then it was that in some way or another a flash came to the mind that



"SIR WALTER SCOTT AT ABBOTSFORD"

From the painting by Sir William Allan. Here is seen the Wizard of the North in the midst of his reminders of romance, chivalry, hunting, coursing and dogs

the greatest of all the Scottish benches take place in the Waverley Market Place, Edinburgh. This may be looked upon as a weak link in the chain that connects the poet-author with his and our dogs; but on such occasions as these sentiment takes up an unassailable place in the thoughts of those of us who not only like dogs, but love to have them as companions in our home, rather than having them confined as denizens of outside kennels.

Scott had given his life to pay his debts. Of these he actually repaid about seventy thousand pounds (\$350,000) between 1826 and 1832. The rest was wiped away by his copyrights, through the spirited and judicious management of Mr. Cadell, by the ex-

ertions of Lockhart the editor, and by the profits of Lockhart's *Life of Scott*.

Scott was the ninth child of Walter Scott, a writer to the *Signet* (lawyer) who belonged to the strenuous Border clan of Buccleuch, and of Anne Rutherford, a representative of another famous family. Walter, at the age of 18 months, suffered from spinal meningitis which caused a permanent lameness of his right leg. On account of this he was early sent to the country, where he learned to love nature. All accounts show that he was a manly, attractive boy who loved stories, poems like *The Fairie Queene*, ballads and family legends.

Later on, despite his lameness, he was tall and athletic in appearance, full of life and merriment and attractive to both sexes. An early attachment to a pretty young woman was to be expected, but impediments presented themselves, and Scott was left with memories which bore witness to what is thought to have been "the strongest passion of his life."

HIS early work at the legal bar aided, not interfered, with his making excursions into the Highlands and along the Border, which added to his stock of ballads and legends, and gave him an extraordinary insight into the character of his countrymen and their dogs. The life with which he came in contact had its seamy side, especially in respect to intemperance, but his was a romantic temperament that was not to be contaminated.

Earlier in his life, it is written that he enjoyed the convivial society of his fellow law students. As a man, his social position meant more to him than his fame as a writer, and to maintain

and increase that position, he thought that he must acquire large estates and dispense a profuse hospitality.

He began to realize his dream in 1812, when he bought the small farm of Abbotsford. Then he added one piece of land after another until he had spent about thirty thousand pounds (\$150,000). He built himself a castle, and he lived on a scale which, in view of his tangled affairs, even his large income did not justify. It was only his incomparable gifts for prose romance that his financial ruin was postponed for so long.

In 1820, Scott accepted a baronetcy from King George IV. He had previously declined the poet laureateship. Early in 1830 Sir Walter had a paralytic stroke, and after that his efforts to save Abbotsford, where his creditors let him continue to reside, as the seat of his family he had so longed to establish, became truly pathetic.

After his last novel had been published, it seemed that he ought to try a milder climate in order to prolong life. The government offered him the use of a frigate, and after a notable parting with Wordsworth, he set out for Plymouth to take it. He visited Malta, Naples, and Rome, then the Tyrol and the Rhine region.

At Nimeguen, he received a third paralytic stroke. The rest has been related—his return home—Abbotsford the home of his family and his dogs!

For reasons that need not be mentioned, I have had to consult various of the authors contemporary with Sir Walter, or later, for the particulars now being given of Scott's dogs—in poetry, prose, and actual ownership. Fortunately, reproductions of portraits by eminent artists are available for illustrating the text here provided.

IT is hoped that through these dual presentments the reader will be able to imagine Sir Walter as he was at home or afield with

his dogs—the actual Sir Walter as he appealed to his neighbors and his dogs.

And now let us consider some of Scott's works. The poem *Helvellyn* related the tragic story of a young gentleman of talents and most amicable disposition, who perished by losing his way on the mountain Helvellyn. This was in the spring of 1805. The youth's remains were not discovered till three months afterwards, when they were found guarded by a faithful terrier-bitch, his constant companion during frequent solitary rambles through the wilds of Cumberland and Westmoreland.

Jesse notes that Wordsworth likewise composed a poem on the same affecting and tragic event. Wordsworth resided in the Lake District for a time and therefore was likely to know the facts and the belief attached to them by the neighboring inhabitants.

SCOTT, Davy and Wordsworth also visited Helvellyn together soon after the event. The lad's dog, they relate, watched the remains for weeks, and was found, at last, by its side:

"How nourished there through such long time?" asks the greater bard.

In Sir W. Allan's painting, "Sir Walter Scott at Abbotsford," a reproduction of which appears on the

first page of this article, we see the poet reading a news sheet—the single folio of those days. There are the odds and ends of the more or less untidy "den" that many writers like. Here and there are pieces of armor, powder horns, gun-oil cans, muskets, pistols, shields, sabres, visors, a bust of Shakespeare and blazing coals in the open fireplace. There is a handy library, probably one for reference purposes, and a lion-skin forms the hearth rug. It is wrinkled and evidently aged. It is probably similar to your own African or Indian trophy—very much the worse for wear!

SIR WALTER'S good lady, a daughter of a French refugee, must often have chided her beloved because of the disorder of his working surroundings, even as wives upbraid their writing lords of our own times. But what did that matter so long as Sir Walter could sit down and read his news sheet and have a favorite dog at his feet!

Look upon the picture and judge for yourself. The painting tells its own tale; provides its own title which might read: "A Dog Lover at Home."

Maida, supposedly the dog in the picture, was the original of the magnificent Bevis of *Woodstock*, and presented to Sir Walter by the chief of Glengarry. As Jesse points out

Scott depicts Maida in these words, in a letter written in 1816:

"I have got from my friend Glengarry the noblest dog ever seen on the Border since Johnnie Armstrong's time. He is between the wolf and deer-greyhound about six feet long from the tip of the nose to the tail, and high and strong in proportion; he is quite gentle and great favorite. The Will Erskine will eat off his plate without being at trouble to put a paw on table chair."

The pictured dog is smaller than this



ABBOTSFORD

The residence of Sir Walter which he built. There he wished to dispense lavish hospitality. Scott wrote the *Waverley Novels* to pay the debts incurred over his large-estate ambitions

THE Johnnie Armstrong was an ancestor of the brothers Robert (Bob) and Edward (Ned), two of the best-known Labrador retriever, springer spaniel, pointer and setter dog experts, also their nephew or "Young Jack" Armstrong, all well known in American kennel circles. Ned and "Young Jack" Armstrong are in the employ of Clarence A. Mackay, sportsman and financier.

Maida died in 1824, and Scott thus mentioned the event to his son:

"I have little domestic news to tell you. Old Maida died quietly in his straw last week, after a good supper, which, considering his weak state, was rather a deliverance."

Maida was buried at the foot of his monument, on which a Latin epitaph was engraved. Translated into English, it reads:

*Beneath the sculptured form
which late you wore,
Sleep soundly Maida at your
master's door.*

Jesse further relates that Richardson, in his excellent work, states that Maida's sire was one of "the noble shepherds' dogs of the Pyrenees and his dam of the Highland deerhound race." If we are to place our faith in the portrait-painting powers of Sir William Allan, of man and dog, then we must disagree with Richardson's belief or information regarding the breeding of Maida, if Maida be the dog in the picture.

The Pyrenees sheepdog, as we know him to-day, and as we knew him yesterday, was a coarse and more or less square-skulled dog, almost a St. Bernard, Leonberg or Newfoundland in miniature, and mostly of a wholly white or white patched with light-orange or lemon color. Such a sire, as the true-bred Pyrenees sheepdog, would have fathered a stronger headed dog than the deerhound-like dog we see in the picture at his master's feet as Scott reads the broadsheet of the day. A Circassian wolfhound might have been a cross to produce such a dog.

Maida, it is written, had the greatest pleasure in accompanying the com-



SIR WALTER SCOTT

Painting by Sir Allan. Here may be seen portraits of terriers which came from his neighbor, John Davidson, original of the character *Dandie Dinmont*, in "*Guy Mannering*." Observe the small size of these terriers

mon greyhounds, and Scott, writing in his Diary of the irksomeness of sitting for his portrait, said: "I am tired of the operation as old Maida, who had been so often sketched that he got up and walked off with signs of loathing whenever he saw an artist unfurl his paper and handle his brushes."

MISS EDGEWORTH, in 1826, not knowing that Maida had been replaced, offered him an "Irish staghound," which was declined, Sir Walter having two gigantic wolfhounds—as he considered them—Nimrod and Bran. The former came from Glengarry, and the other was presented by MacPherson of Cluny. This information has been abridged from Jesse's *Researches*.

Maida, or Bevis, in the vigor of youth, and decrepitude of age, is thus described in *Woodstock*:

"At the moment another auxiliary rushed out of the thicket to the Knight's assistance: it was a large wolf-dog, in strength, a mastiff; in form, and almost in fleetness, a greyhound. Bevis was the noblest of the

kind which ever pulled down a stag; tawny colored like a lion with a black muzzle and black feet, just edged with a line of white around the toes. He was as tractable as he was strong and bold."

It is evident that if "Bevis" or Maida is the dog in Allan's picture, that the author purposely changed and picturized the color of his dog-character in *Woodstock* and bedecked his canine hero with the fawn-with-black-muzzle markings of the more massive Celtic "hounds" of Scotland or of Ireland.

Scott observes of the dog: "The Almighty, who gave the dog to be the companion of our pleasures and our toils, hath invested him with a nature noble and incapable of deceit. He forgets neither friend nor foe. Remembers, and with accuracy, both benefit and injury. He hath a share of man's intelligence, but no share of man's falsehood. You may bribe an assassin to slay a man, or a witness to take his life by false accusation, but you cannot make a dog tear his benefactor. He is the friend of

man, save when man justly incurs his enmity."

"The dogs of Scott," says Jesse, "must occur to every reader: little Wasp, on the moors of Cumberland, scampering and racing in a thousand wheels upon the heath, and returning to jump on his master, attacking the heels of the ruffians who assault him, licking his hand to ask leave to sleep at his feet and pattering up the stairs in the gloomy jail, rushing into his cheerless room to devour him with caresses.

THE superb deerhound in the *Abbot*, Wolf; little Elphin in *Old Mortality* in the touching scene of the return of Morton to his home; Fangs in *Ivanhoe*, the friend of the Saxon serf; all rise at once before us. No man ever so individualized them as the great Wizard of the North, who declared he could believe anything of a dog."

Neither must Lufra be forgotten. The restrained wrath of the dreaded baron culminating at the insult to his canine companion, is true to nature.

The Monarch saw the gambols flag
And bade let loose a gallant stag,
Whose pride, the holiday to crown,
Two favorite greyhounds should pull
down,

The venison free, and Bordeaux wine,
Might serve the archery to dine.
But Lufra, whom from Douglas' side
Nor bribe nor threat could e'er divide,
The fleetest hound in all the North,—
Brave Lufra saw and darted forth.
She left the royal hounds mid-way,
And, dashing on the antler'd prey,
Sunk her sharp muzzle in his flank,
And deep the flowing life-blood drank.
The King's stout huntsman saw the
sport

By strange intruder broken short,
Came up, and with his leash unbound
In anger struck the noble hound.

The Douglas had endured, that morn,
The King's cold look, the nobles' scorn
And last and worst to spirit prond,
Had borne the pity of the crowd;
But Lufra had been fondly bred,
To share his hoard, to watch his bed,
And oft would Ellen, Lufra's neck
In maiden glee, with garlands deck;
They were such playmates, that with
name

Of Lufra, Ellen's image came.
His stifled wrath is brimming high
In darkened brow and flashing eye;
As waves before the bark divide.
The crowds gave way before his stride;
Needs but a buffet and no more,
The groom lies senseless in his gore.
Such blow no other hand could deal,
Though gauntleted in glove of steel.

Then clamoured loud the royal train,
And brandished swords and staves
amain.

But stern the Baron's warning—"Back!
Back on your lives, ye menial pack!
Beware the Douglas—yes! behold.
King James, the Douglas, doomed to
old."

The portrait of Sir Walter and his Dandie Dinmont terriers on page 17 originally was the work of Sir William Allan. The picture should be of great interest to present-day breeders of these smart, game, mustard or pepper-colored terriers of Scotland. Every one who has owned a Dandie is aware of the extreme sensitiveness of this breed of dog. It is said that a Dandie Dinmont never forgets or forgives an injury.

Depicted in this illustration may be observed a physical peculiarity in the shape or form of Sir Walter's head. According to *Literary Lives*, edited by W. Robertson Nicholl, "Scott's lifelong malady was perhaps of an osseous nature. An American specialist advanced the theory that the 'peak,' the singularly tall and narrow head of the poet, was due to the early closure of the sutures of the skull. The brain had to force a way upwards not laterally!"

TO return to the terriers in the engraving. *Dandie Dinmont* is a character in Scott's *Guy Mannering*, a jovial, eccentric, honest store-farmer, who owned certain peculiar terriers. The character is said to have represented James Davidson, a neighbor of Sir Walter. According to one author-



"THE LADY OF THE LAKE"

The scenery of Scott's poem is laid chiefly in the vicinity of Lake Katrine. Ellen with her falcon and dogs is a subject from the pencil of John Gilbert. Ellen's love for Lufra is quoted in the text

ity, *Dandie Dinmont's* terriers were of a breed of hard, heavy, short-legged iron-gray terriers, "probably originating from a cross between the Scotch terrier and the otter hound. It seems to have appeared first on the Scottish border."



RETURN FROM THE RABBIT WARREN

Engraved by Rice and Butler from Sir Edwin Landseer's painting. The terrier in the foreground gives a good idea of a Scotch terrier in Scott's time

mont terrier:

"Regularly entered, first wi' rattans, then with stots or weasels, and then wi' the tod and brocks, they fear naething that ever cam' wi' a hairy skin on't."

Dandies, when trained, make excellent rabbiters. They are not so active as the longer-legged terriers. The size of Scott's terriers will appeal to the rat and rabbit ferreter. Many of the Dandies I first saw in the middle 80's at a bench show held in Dumfries, Scotland, near the Border, were not much higher or heavier than Sir Walter's dogs as seen in the reproduction of Allan's canvas. It will be noticed that the top-knot, as now seen on our Dandies, is not to be observed on the heads of the dogs presumably of the Pepper and Tarr blood, so much treasured by Davidson.

Like most Scotsmen, Sir Walter was very fond of the ancient sport of hare-coursing with greyhounds. Writing from Abbotsford, to Thomas Goodlake, on October 16, 1828, or about four years before his demise, he not only displays the kind sentiments of the great novelist, but shows the greyhound's supposed inferiority of intellect to other dogs is artificial and not natural.

"If coursers bred for sagacity, as well as speed and courage, this would be demonstrated" wrote Sir Walter.

Here we have our hero as the sportsman-dog fancier:

"Dear Sir:

"I have loved the sport of coursing so well, and pursued it so keenly for several years, that I would with pleasure have done anything in my power to add to your collection on the subject (Bonny Heck, the greyhound). But I have long laid aside the amusement, and still longer renounced the poetical pen which ought to have celebrated it; and I could only send you the laments of an old man, and the enumeration of the numbers of horses and dogs which have been long laid under the sod. I cannot complain with the old Huntsman, that

'.....No one now
Dwells in the hall of Ivar;
Men, dogs and horses, all are dead,
And I, the sole survivor.'

BUT I have exchanged my whip for my walking stick, my smart hack has dwindled into a Zetland shely, and my two brace of greyhounds into a pair of terriers. . . . The last dying words of Bonny Heck is not the Scottish muse upon such a subject. Sir David Lindsay, of the Mount, about a century before the elegy was written, had composed the *Complaint of Basch*, the king's hound, who, like many a courtier beside, had outlived his better qualities and lost the favor of his royal master. But I suppose that Basch, from his birth and education in Badenoch, must have been a

Highland deer-greyhound, and therefore does not fall within your subject of discussion. Poor Heck, on the contrary, was a regular coursing greyhound, though from his readiness to dash through Ardry Whines, he may be suspected to have had a touch of our rough mountain breed, which is, I believe, excluded from honorable competition in most matches in the south.

"The owner of Bonny Heck had been probably one of the numerous and highly honorable gentlemen of the name of Anstruther, several of whom have seats within 'the sound of Kilrenny bell.' The elegy itself turns from a circumstance which, when I kept greyhounds, I felt a considerable alloy to the sport: I mean the necessity of dispatching the instruments and partakers of our amusements, when they begin to make up by cunning for the deficiency of youthful vigor. A greyhound is often termed an inferior species of the canine race in point of sagacity, and in the eyes of the accomplished sportsman it is desirable they should be so, since they are valued for their spirit, not their address.



LANDSEER'S TERRIERS OF SCOTLAND

These were all more or less long-bodied, short-legged dogs. Terriers of this build were considered better able to "handle themselves" in cairns, earths, and other fox, otter, and hadger retreats. Landseer and Scott were great friends

ACCORDINGLY, they are seldom admitted to the rank of personal favorites. I have had such greyhounds, however, and they possessed a large share of intelligence, attachment, and sagacity, as any other species of dog that I ever saw . . .

"I cannot help adding to the last words of Bonny Heck a sporting anecdote, said to have happened in Fife, and not far from the residence of the famous greyhound, which may serve to show in what regard the rules of

practiced by any beyond the age of a leveret—then stretched out in great style, and after affording the gentlemen an easy canter of a mile or two, threw out the dogs, by passing through a particular gap in an enclosure.

"This sport the same hare gave to the same party for one or two seasons, and it was just enough to afford the worthy members of the club a sufficient reason to be alleged to their wives or others whom it might concern for passing the day in the public house.

At length a fellow who attended the hunt nefariously thrust his plaid, or great coat, into the gap I mentioned, and poor puss, her retreat being thus cut off, was, in the language of the dying Desdemona, 'basely — basely murdered.'

THE sport of the Balchistry Club seemed to end with this famous hare. They either found no hares, or such as afforded only a halloo and a squeak, or such finally as gave them farther runs than they had pleasure in following. The spirit of the meeting died away, and at length was altogether given up. (Please turn to p. 126)



A BLOODHOUND OF THE BORDERS

Bloodhounds were much used for tracking cattle stealers. Scott, in the notes of the *Last Minstrel*, states that bloodhounds were kept up by the Buecleuch family, on their Border estates, till within the 18th Century



DUSTY IS JEALOUS

...in 1815. In arriving at an understanding of the circumstances, there is a... explanation permitted and offered.

The first idea, that the breed no longer... in the original purity as before... acceptable, because in the terrific... of that time the endurance of... was considerably weakened. Although the dogs were kenneled at the Hospice and at Simplon, where the... could be protected and... and breeding carried on, yet the... people noticed at that time that the... was deteriorating, due to continuous... and that it no longer developed... activity necessary for dogs... the difficult mountain work... winter.

Therefore, in order to refresh their... and to win back for it the weak... and peculiarities—necessary size, power and endurance—the convent folk during the next 30 years tried crossing with strong,... dogs. Among the outside dogs used for this purpose was the long-haired... as he was known then as one of the strongest and truest of canine breeds. A crossing with German or Danish dogs was never attempted.

The second theory advanced, that the breed still continues to exist as it did 500 years before, is, in relation to its outer factors, its ability for service and action, not to be doubted. For even to-day the Hospice could not hold forth upon the Grand St. Bernard pass without the services of the dogs, as it is a known fact that their daily service in winter consists in finding the roads which lead down to the nearest towns on both the Swiss and the Italian sides of the pass. The peculiar formation of the mountains at that point is so treacherous and confusing that the most practiced monk and servant lose their way in the fog and fresh snowfall. The dogs only, through their marvelous sense of direction as well as their developed smell, follow unflinchingly the road.

I have made this insertion to show you that the St. Bernard dog still exists with the necessary physique and peculiarities of centuries ago, and that the old breed, by crossing with Newfoundlands to refreshen its blood, by the systematic stern selection of young, and through favoring of the young that were most similar to the original breed in color and physique, was definitely improved.

The expected merits of the Newfoundlands fulfilled the desired purpose in the blood refreshing. Of course, the long hair of the Newfoundland appeared as a disadvantage in the first products of the crossing. Long hair is totally unsuited for the winter work of the St. Bernards, because it becomes matted with ice in case of storms, and cases have been known where dogs would sink in the snow and consequently die. Hence, the long-haired dogs, being useless in mountain work, were either sold or given to patrons and donors to the Hospice.

The renowned Barry, which in 1812 was

led alive to the natural history museum in Bern by the convent people to be immortalized, is still a representative of the old St. Bernard type before the Newfoundland crossing, and must always be recognized as such."

That will be enough for this issue.—LE ROY E. FESS, 134 Hirschfield Drive, Williamsville, New York.

Scottish Terriers

A MOST interesting letter from Dr. Charles F. Lynch, Red Gauntlet Kennels, Springfield, Massachusetts, advises,



among other things, that he has brought back from abroad with him a three-months-old dog puppy named Glenisle Superb, sired by Heather Necessity and out of Albourne Sequence. It is a great gamble to bring a puppy of that age across the water, but the Doctor says it stood the trip well and that it looks good. Dr. Lynch visited some of the most noted kennels in Scotland and England and his impressions should prove of immense interest to many enthusiasts in this country. I take the liberty, therefore, of quoting his letter in part:

"Everywhere I was greeted with courtesy and the owners were anxious to show the dogs at their best. Much disappointment was expressed that our friend, Dr. Ewing, was not coming to Britain, as many breeders had on hand collections of wheaten and light-red brindles for which there was no local market and it was hoped that he might relieve the pressure by purchase or reference to possible purchasers.

"At Mr. Cowley's, the outstanding dogs are Albourne Admirer, Albourne Royalist and Albourne All Scotch. Admirer is all that is claimed for him. He is by Albourne Binge Result, I believe, and because of this Binge Result is one of the popular stud dogs. Admirer has never been beaten. I do not know if he has ever met Heather Fashion Hint, but if he does it will be a close decision. I believe I would choose Fashion Hint. Albourne Royalist fills the eye and there is little choice between him and Admirer. Royalist is a Necessity dog out of an Albourne Reveller bitch, which makes them close blood relations. Albourne All Scotch is prominent because of the fact that he sired Rookery Romance, now belonging to Mrs. T. W. Durant. Romance had a meteoric career in Britain, but what she has done or will do over here, I am not prepared to say. There were many other first class animals of both sexes at Mr. Cowley's, many not yet exhibited that are sure to attain prominence in the near future.

"At Stirling we saw Rouken Rogue, Tremont and Rouken Rascal. These dogs are outstanding, Tremont especially. He was being groomed for Brighton show and is expected to be one of the hot contenders for the certificate.

"At Mr. Chapman's we saw the champions and rated them as follows: Heather Necessity, Heather Fashion Hint, Heather Ambition, Albourne Barty, a young black dog whose name I forget, Crich Certainty, Heather Spellbinder, Albourne Vindicated and Albourne Binge Result. Necessity is all by himself, and except for a couple of loose teeth, he is as good as when I saw him first, three years ago. What attracts one is his friendly, playful disposition. He welcomes everyone who comes to Glenboig. Fashion Hint is close to perfection and has everything that could be desired, perfection in head, body, coat and expression. Barty is still a popular stud dog and is in good physical condition, showing no signs of age. Mr. Chapman keeps him at home. Crich Certainty is a recent acquisition. His coat was off, and he didn't look his best, but he could be appraised under these conditions. He is better than the average by far, but, in my opinion, he is the fifth or sixth dog in the string. However, Mr. Chapman thinks very well of him and no one questions his judgment. Albourne Binge Result is very prolific and his progeny are of good type, but he is not attractive and would find it hard going in competition. Mr. Chapman says that he is getting his best results from Necessity to Barty bitches or Necessity sired dogs to the same type of bitches, and acting on this advice, I purchased a puppy from Mr. and Mrs. Robb, sired by Necessity from Albourne Sequence. The latter is by Barty from Annie Laurie and I believe litter sister to Albourne Brigand and Albourne Reveller. He is with me on the Olympic and is showing no ill effects from a rather rough voyage though he is but three months old.

"At the Glendale kennels of Mr. and Mrs. Robb are to be seen those wonderful producing bitches, Ch. Albourne Romance and Albourne Sequence, both by Barty. By breeding these bitches consistently to Necessity, the Robbs are getting beautiful puppies. Heather Essential was bred at this kennel. Romance is one of the best I have ever seen. I don't know her age, but she looks and acts like a one-year-old. Albourne Sequence shows her age and the effect of constant motherhood; she is keen and alert, but has lost her figure. These good producing bitches are mated at each season and rarely miss having a litter.

"We spent an entire day looking over young stock, and found the young ones by Fashion Hint showed the greatest promise. This was noticeable in the long, lean heads, small, well-placed eyes and low and short, round bodies with well-bent hocks. This type cannot go amiss at maturity. Within the next six months there will be some first quality Fashion Hint dogs picking up the certificates.

"Heather Ambition is considered by Mr. Chapman to be the best that he has ever raised. He is Necessity sired out of Albourne Romance, which, I believe, makes him full brother to Heather Essential. So far unshown at 11 months, he has yet to make

the pace, but he is better than most that I have seen, although he does not outclass Fashion Hint, Royalist or Admiration in my humble opinion.

"A young bitch by Albourne Brigand has been purchased by Mr. and Mrs. Bertrand. She is close to her championship and will come over in the near future. She is a good one and shows everything she has to the best advantage. It might be presumptuous for me to assume that her new owners are out for a killing; well, it is not as simple as formerly, and the prestige of a British championship is not the 'Royal Road to Success.'

"We are told that the best dogs and bitches are now in the United States; that is only partly true. The best show dogs are, perhaps, but the real producing studs and brood matrons remain in Britain and always will."

Some of the show dogs referred to by Dr. Lynch are now in this country, namely, English and American Ch. Heather Essential of Hitofa, owned by Frank Spiekerman; English Ch. Albourne Brigand of Diehard, owned by William MacBain; Rookery Romance, also referred to, has been shown several times this summer by Mrs. Durant and has been winners and also best of breed. More will undoubtedly be seen of her this fall and winter.

I read with a great deal of pleasure of the appointment of Caswell Barrie as the Scottie judge for the Westminster show next February. As past president of the S.T.C.A., judge at the Garden of our specialty shows and other important fixtures, together with his years of experience in our breed, Mr. Barrie is eminently qualified to pass on what should prove to be the largest entry of Scottish Terriers ever shown at one time. Last year at Westminster, under H. D. Bixby, there were 129 dogs in 166 entries, and at the specialty the day previous, under Walter Reeves, there were 110 dogs in 135 entries. With the increased popularity of this breed and the improved quality of American-breds now being shown, Mr. Barrie's qualifications can very reasonably be expected to draw an entry in excess of these figures. I understand that the judge for the February specialty show has not yet been selected, but it can be taken for granted that the Board of Governors of the club will make their selection with the intention of competing with Mr. Barrie's skill and the entry he will draw.

Those who have Mrs. Caspersz's *Book of Scottish Terrier Pedigrees* and who care for the study of line-breeding should be interested in the following notes taken from her column in a recent edition of *Our Dogs*. It seems to be generally accepted that line-breeding is the surest road to the successful breeding of winners and any side lights thrown on winning strains is an addition to our knowledge.

"Though there is no royal road to success in breeding," writes Mrs. Caspersz, "the study of pedigrees of certain animals which have appeared in the largest number of champions' pedigrees in the past, certainly provide food for thought and may

even induce similar breeding experiments where suitable material can be found to use. Taking the outstanding few champion bitches which have made their influence felt very noticeably by figuring in the pedigrees of later champions, the first was Ch. Lorna Doone of the year 1889. She figured in the pedigrees—four generations—of 18 champions. Her sire was Ch. Dundee, by Rambler ex Worry. Her dam was Bitters, by Bonaccord ex Splinter 2nd. Now note that Rambler, her sire's sire, was also by Bonaccord ex Splinter 2nd, and Worry, her sire's dam, was by another dog but also ex Splinter 2nd. Exactly half the blood in this pedigree was, therefore, supplied by Splinter 2nd, and the remaining half was three parts Bonaccord, only one-eighth of the whole being a dog of unrelated blood. Before leaving Ch. Lorna Doone, remember the following rather amazing fact: it was from the mating of this already closely inbred bitch to her own grandsire, Rambler, that the prepotent dog, Ch. Alister, was bred. And Alister's name appears 48 times in champions' pedigrees, more often than any other dog as yet.

"The next striking instance among bitches was Ch. Sunray, of about ten years later. She figured 19 times in champions' pedigrees. Her own pedigree reveals the fact that three-fourths of the bitch blood is all descended in tail female from Regina, her sire and her dam's sire both coming from the same bitch line as her dam. The male lines in her pedigree are also three parts Ch. Alister and the fourth or remaining quarter is Ch. Dundee, which, after all, was the son of Rambler, just as Alister was. Ch. Bonaccord Nora (of 1905) was the next example of great influence among champion bitches. She figured 30 times in champions' pedigrees. The most noticeable line-breeding in her pedigree occurs in that of her sire, the well-known Seafeld Rascal, which, as most people know, was bred by mating a son of Jack to a daughter of Lady Seal, Jack and Lady Seal being brother and sister. Nora's dam, Undercliffe Rosie, was sired by Undercliffe Sandy, which was the result of a litter brother and sister mating. Ch. Seafeld Beauty, Ch. Ems Cosmetic, and Ch. Bonaccord Peggy were the only other champion bitches which appeared as many as six times or more in other champions' pedigrees; and the breeding of the last named (Peggy) shows that three-fourths of her pedigree is all of the same blood.

"What one gathers from all this seems to be that judicious line-breeding does pay if one's aim is to produce something that in its turn will be prepotent, but it must be prepotent for good. It is no use line-breeding to any but the best stock, and comparing present-day pedigrees to the old ones, there seems to be very little of it attempted nowadays with either the best or any other sort of stock. There are only two champions among the last twenty to attain the title, whose pedigrees in four generations show any line-breeding or similarity in the blood, and it will be instructive to notice as time

goes on whether these two or the other 18 figure most often in the pedigrees of subsequent champions."

Registrations continue to increase. In the first seven months of this year there have been entered in the stud book 1,940 Scotties as against 1,441 for a like period in 1931 and the total for the year will be well over 3,000 without doubt. Practically every State in the Union is represented, whereas four years ago, with a total of 1,370 for that year, registrations were much more inclined to be sectional than national. While the universal popularity of the Scottie is very gratifying to us, it is to be hoped that the increase in registrations may be gradual instead of rapid, for that will assure a more permanent hold on the regard in which the Scottie is held. The increase in registration is also reflected in the show ring. With the fall show circuit in full swing, it is noticed that the number of dogs entered has noticeably increased during the last year and classes where there are but one or two dogs entered are the exception rather than the rule.

William MacBain and his son, Kenneth, have returned from their annual trip to Scotland, bringing with them several promising youngsters. I am informed that other Americans were over there buying good ones, so we should see many new Scotties and keener competition at the specialty show and Westminster.—H. W. WIGGIN, 920 North 4th Street, Reading, Pennsylvania.

Doberman Pinschers

OUR first summer specialty show, held in Bloomingburg, Ohio, on August 21, is gone, but believe me, not forgotten by



anyone who was fortunate to attend this fine outing, whether he be exhibitor, spectator or the one old country gentleman who remarked to the writer that "this 'ere Dobleman Plinsher

is a gol' darn swell beast and better than I picture 'em." Yes, the weather was splendid, the grounds and facilities were perfect, and the judging by our president, Fred R. Kingman, met with the hearty approval of all. There was nothing left to be desired in the way Mr. Kingman thoroughly examined the dogs, put them through their paces, and finally placed them for their winnings. The entry of 73 dogs was a fitting tribute to the efforts of the bench show committee and superintendent and exceeded in number any annual sieger show in Germany since 1928, when there were 78 dogs entered. The entry was identical, 73, with the 1931 sieger show at Frankfort.

I will not list complete results as they are now a matter of record except to mention that Adonis of Pontchartrain, owned by Rogerschmidt Kennels, took winners dogs and, I think, completed his championship. A beautiful specimen and a champion in every sense of the word. Winners bitches went