

and Snowball, the Emperor, Bugle, and Dusty Miller goes to produce much of the beauty ranged upon the platforms accorded to this much improved race of dogs. Some measure 28 inches. The Setters are exceedingly good. Amongst the pointers there is nothing like Mr. Newton's Ranger, whose *cartes* are selling at 1s. each, although the show is superlative and large. The judges in this and other classes for dogs engaged in field sports, except harriers and foxhounds, namely, the Earl of Suffolk, Lord Suffield, Lord Bury, M.P., Col. Leslie, M.P., George Moore, Esq., and Messrs. Ker, Randel, Wentworth, and Marshal, must in this first prize have experienced considerable difficulty in making their award. It must have required some nice discrimination to do justice to the varying claims of some 194 animals. Opinion seemed to run rather in favor of the small than of the large breed. The class of setters was also fine and large. Mr. Bayley's Bob First, a white dog, with tan head and flossy skin, was very beautiful; also Mr. Dixie's black and white Bounce; Mr. Dodd's Spot, a most intelligent white and tan. Of the black and tan variety the show was good, and the braces of puppies were very pretty. The Irish setters won general commendation, particularly from those who are won by the affectionate look of a dog.

The retriever, a universal favourite, was represented by 148 specimens. Besides the prize animals, we specify Lord Berner's Nero, Mr. Turner's Sailor, Capt. Copathy's Drake, Mr. Griffin's Charlie (a glorious playmate for children), Mr. Hill's two Jets, one a great prize-taker, a fine fellow, with close curling skin.

The spaniels and clumbers, a curious looking breed, with large heads, huge limbs, projecting elbows, long, flossy hair, white or white and tan, and long ears, made a good show.

Beneath the orchestra were cages where bitches, selected from all these breeds, displayed the pleasures of maternity, and suckled their young or tumbled them about, as the case might be, to the great delight of crowds of admiring people.

The galleries, as we have before said, were devoted to dogs not used in field sports. Each gallery gave space for four lines of dogs, with ample room for the circulation of visitors between the platforms.

The sheep dogs form a very intelligent class. Mr. E. Greaves's Yarrow takes the lead. He looks much like the celebrated Yarrow, tried at Edinburgh some years ago for preferring obedience to his master, who was a sheep-stealer, to obedience to the law, and got hanged for it.

Amongst the mastiffs every one stops at that princely fellow named The Governor, Mr. Lukey's, a fawn coloured dog with black muz-

zle. One naturally recalls the old story of Sir Harry Lee, saved from assassination at the hands of his Italian valet by the favourite mastiff, who in spite of all opposition had secreted himself beneath his master's bed. A full length portrait of Sir Harry, with the mastiff by his side, and the words "more faithful than favoured," is still preserved among the family pictures. Mr. Hamburgh's Duchess, connected by matrimonial alliance with Mr. Ausdell's Leo, is a formidable and magnificent animal, so also is Mr. C. C. Layard's, a light tawn, with black muzzle.

One class devoted to foreign mastiffs and watch dogs of any kind contained some wonderful creatures, one or two possessing a striking approach to, or perhaps it would be best to say scarcely any remove from, the wolf.

The Mount St. Bernard breed mustered in great force; at least, there were 19 entries. Most of the dogs were of a red tan colour, with black muzzles. The class as a whole wore a let-me-alone-or-I'll-bite-you aspect, though a general air of benevolence shone through their savagery. This race of dogs exhibit the way in which special faculties are inherited. Their power of tracking footsteps does not show itself before the snow falls, when it seems suddenly to be aroused, even by those dogs which are in England, and which have never known an Alpine winter nor Hospice duty. Mr. Fyler's Thun is certainly the most splendid specimen we ever saw.

The class of Newfoundland was, of course, a great attraction to all lovers of the canine race. Their stately forms, sage bearing, and benevolent heads, procure them not admirers only, but lovers. Ladies and gentlemen were coaxing, nay, some were fairly hugging, these curly-coated favourites. Mr. Bowles's Leo, a black dog, Mr. Fisher's Pompey, Mr. Wright's Rover, were all three extremely fine specimens. Probably all these animals have so endeared themselves to their masters and mistresses that when they die they will be mourned as real friends. Who could, without deeply feeling the loss, be called upon to part with such a dog as Mr. Tolly's Neptune, a splendid black fellow, with white shirt front? In that case the words of the pathetic Byron might be adopted:

"But the poor dog, in life the firmest friend,
The first to welcome, foremost to defend;
Whose honest heart is still his master's own,
Who labours, fights, lives, breathes for him alone;
Unhonoured falls, unnoticed all his worth,
Denied in heaven the soul he holds on earth.

To mark a friend's remains these stones arise;
I never knew but one—and here he lies."

The bull dogs have a large class of admirers; they are affected mostly by a class of men who hold about the same relation amongst men as the dogs do amongst their own species. The