

TOWN AND COUNTRY;

A WEEKLY RECORD OF

Sports, Recreations, and Live Stock Matters.

Vol. 1. No. 10

Toronto, Ont., July 14, 1880.



\$2.50 per Annum.
Single Copies 5 Cents.

Kennel.

NEVERSINK LODGE.

I promised you some weeks ago to write a letter about Neversink Lodge Kennels^o Guymard, Orange County, N. Y., and their inmates. As I have been staying there for some weeks I have had an opportunity to become well acquainted with all the dogs. First, however, a few words about the Neversink Farm. The farm comprises about 450 acres, of which about 200 are under cultivation. The house is on the top of a small hill, and commands a beautiful view, but that may be said of almost any spot for some miles around, for the scenery in every direction is simply too lovely. The farm lies in a valley between two ranges of mountains, and a few miles from the house the valley takes a turn to the left. Just at this turn high up on the mountain side, and thus commanding a view in both directions, is the house of O. Ylock, Esq., brother-in-law of the genial proprietor of Neversink Lodge. Mr. P's house is about a mile or so from Mr. Godeffroy's, there is a good road between the houses, and also a telephone. There are good covers in every direction along the edges of the fields, and in some places spreading over a large extent of ground. On both sides of the stream the cover is very dense, and there are plenty of Woodcock to be found there, in fact a great many of Mr. G's friends say that it is one of the best woodcock covers in America. Partridge too, are plentiful, and quail; the dear little bob-whites are whistling in every direction, rabbits fairly swarm, while deer and bear are to be found within twenty miles, but these of course are off Neversink Farm, so they don't count. The stream is stocked with trout of good size and fair numbers. Otters and foxes, wild cats, and other vermin are killed in great numbers, and a few ducks come in to the ponds in the streams. What a sportsman's paradise this is! and when you add to all that, a range of the same kind of country all around, the nicest of quarters, and the kindest and most hospitable of hosts, you can form a slight idea of Neversink Lodge. Mr. G. has plenty of enterprise, he has stocked his fields with quail, his stream with trout, has employed one of the best dog-breakers in England, and last, but not least, has lately imported a lot of pheasant eggs from England, which he set under domestic hens, and last Sunday there were some dozen or so of chicks out and more expected. Thurtle, the breaker, alluded to above, has had lots of experience in raising pheasants in England, and he thinks that the cover is splendidly adapted for them, and that they ought to be a decided success. Now for the kennels:

The buildings are very well adapted for their purpose. As you enter the door you walk down a passage with stalls on either side. These stalls each have a yard attached, and at the end of the building is a room in which the cooking is done in winter and dogs are washed, physicked, etc. In summer the

cooking is done in an outhouse some distance from the kennels. The exercising yard is large and convenient, and the kennels are kept scrupulously clean, and by the free use of disinfectants there is not the slightest smell perceptible. First in size and importance is the rough coated St. Bernard, Marco, imported from Prince Bolms' Kennels. Marco is a grand dog in coat, form, color, &c., and is a very jolly companion when his master is along. He does not make friends readily, but I succeeded in charming him, and we have been the greatest of chums ever since. I will not try to enumerate the various dogs' performances, as it would take too much space. Suffice it to say that they have nearly all taken prizes in England, Germany, and America. Next to Marco comes his mate Braunfels, from the same kennel, a noble bitch, with a head such as is seldom seen except in pictures. Kindness and intelligence fairly beam from her eyes, and she is a universal favorite. Her only fault is that her coat is hardly rough enough, but she is my beau-ideal of a large dog, so strong and symmetrical, with such a sweet temper.

Next comes Cheadle, bred by L. Z. Collins, and presented to Madame Godeffroy by Rev. J. C. Macdona. Cheadle is a young dog, but gives promise of turning out very handsome. He is now 18 months old, and it is considered a shame that he was unnoticed at the N. Y. show.

Croxteth is his next neighbor, liver and white pointer dog, imported from Sir B. Garth's Kennels. Croc, as he is called, is a large and strong dog, uniting beauty with great working powers. Thurtle has him in perfect control, and I believe he is going to run in the field trials this fall. The great trouble with him is that he has an ulcerated tooth, which is so painful that sometimes he will not eat for days, and thus it is impossible to get him into good show condition. To this, no doubt, he owed his defeat last month, as for a week before the show, they had to force meat down his throat. Croxteth is a dog of great merit, and will surely add to the renown of the kennels.

Champion Queen is next, a good useful bitch, liver and white. She is now in whelp to Croxteth, and has thrown some extra fine pups by Champion Sensation. She has taken quite a number of prizes as her "champion" implies. There are some very fine pointer puppies also. One by Sensation — Queen, and a couple of youngsters by Croxteth, — Queen.

Ranger II (English setter) a son of Macdona's celebrated Ranger, is a dog that deserves notice. In the field he is not worth much, as he is pretty old now, but as a stud dog he is unsurpassed. He is lemon and white, with the long, low "Ranger" build, and is very fast, while his progeny are still faster. Among these are Nelly II (Ranger II — Nellie) owned by Mr. J. Grainger, a very pretty little bitch, and a rare worker. She is entered for the trials this fall, and her owner is quite confident of her success. Daisy (Ranger II — Nellie II) a ten-month puppy, is a perfect little wonder. Thurtle has trained her in the

most perfect style, she is a lightning goer, and works like an old stager. She is entered for the Derby. Decimal Dash and Silk are a beautiful pair of black and whites, both imported. I do not know about their field qualities as I have never seen them at work, but for looks they are hard to beat, they both receiving awards at the late show. Belle, lemon and white, a Ranger II bitch, is very pretty. She has not been broken, and has now a fine litter of four pups by Decimal Dash.

Rover II (Irish) is a fine large dog, sired by Macdona's celebrated Rover. He has got some very fine pups, out of the next one we came to, Moya, a very handsome imported bitch, a fair worker, and a grand brood bitch. Moya has a few youngsters, four or five months old, and is now in whelp to Rover II. Biddy, (Irish) is, in my mind, the handsomest Irish setter of the lot. She has a good deal of white on her breast and toes, but is a strong, well built, setter-like bitch. Some extra fine pups are expected from her by Rover II. She is a late purchase and has not been bred yet.

We now come to the pride of the kennel, in my humble opinion, namely, champion "Beauty," imported black and tan setter bitch. Her name is not half expressive enough, I think. A coat like satin, bright tan markings, a beautiful head and ears, tail well carried, legs and feet perfect, and eyes that seem to speak — that's Beauty! She is as good as she is beautiful, and is the stand-by of the kennel for work. She has now a litter of five puppies, by A. H. Moore's "Bob." Another little lady that thinks herself mistress of the whole concern, is the liver and white cocker bitch "Flirt," Madame G's special property, and the only one that has the run of the house. She swaggers about the house with her nose in the air, and the only thing that can disturb her dignified composure is to mention the word ball! Then she goes into a perfect fit, and nothing will calm her but to get her ball and let her fetch it till she is tired. She has three very pretty pups by McKoon's "Captain," one of which "Pillicoddy" (called after a character in a farce lately rendered at Neversink Lodge) is a faithful little copy of Flirt including the cheek. Flirt's great chum is a little fox terrier, Lady Gay Spauker, the property of Mr. Grainger. Gay is about perfect as a fox terrier. She is 15 months old, and as soon as she is a little older, and more filled out, she is going to England to be shewn there. A very pretty collie pup, Lassie, completes the list, besides which, there are of course, numbers of pups unnamed, and with no record. These it would be impossible to describe, and I think I have gone through the kennels pretty well. I find that I have in some cases described the dogs personal qualities more than their points, but when one gets to know dogs as well as I know these, it is difficult to remember their points, and to pass over the qualities which take the deepest hold on ones memory. Beauty in a dog is something like beauty in a friend; all very well for first impressions, but of very little account when you come to know them. Should you consider it worth while