

# Highland Park News

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## THE POET'S THEME.

Wise-eyed, my darling, marvel not,  
With all thy thoughtless throng,  
That love at noon, at noon, at eve,  
Is still the poet's song.  
Oh! marvel not at love's rich wine  
From song's fair chalice spilled;  
For the poet's heart is filled with love,  
As a rose with color is filled.  
The birds will sing most sweet in spring,  
Heart-stirred with love's unrest;  
They hail new seasons in the south;  
The poet, in his breast,  
Then marvel not the myrtle-wreath  
Should still the lyre entwine;  
For the poet's heart o'erbrims with love,  
As a crystal cup with wine.  
He pours that generous sweetness forth,  
Though guerdon be denied,  
Like mountain streams with prophecies  
Of harvest in their tide:  
Then marvel not if love and song  
As soul and form unite;  
For the poet's heart is filled with love,  
As a throbbing star with light.  
He knows his simple soul and free  
The worldling's snare may move;  
But the one true wisdom God hath sent  
To save the world is love.  
When Fear and Force the throne forsake,  
When Hate and Falsehood fall,  
The perfect men of the grand To-Come,  
They will be poets all.

KATE CARLISLE.

## DOG BREAKING.

My method of breaking puppies is to take them as soon as weaned and teach them to come to whistle and by name, fondle and play with them that they may not be shy. The first lesson I teach them is to retrieve. I take a pup (never more than one at a time) and roll a small ball or wad of paper small enough for him to get hold of, get him interested in it, and in half a dozen times trying he will fetch it to you. Be sure and not keep him too long at it, else you weary and discourage him. After a little advanced in fetching, if inclined to be hard-mouthed, I take up a piece of cloth, stuffed with cotton or tow, in the shape of a bird, and run wires through it, projecting  $\frac{1}{4}$  to  $\frac{1}{2}$  inch, and practice him with that. This will have a tendency to make them tender-mouthed. In no case use the wires until they will fetch most anything else.

In teaching them to down or charge (I always use the word "down") I never feed them without first making them go down and remain so until I tell them to eat, always accompanying the word "down" with raising of the hand. By so doing they will soon go down by raising the hand alone. To get them used to the report of a gun, I use a pistol and fire caps when they are near me. I consider this one of the most important points in their education. I have seen pups of five or six month old thoroughly broken (or yard broke) that never had had a gun or pistol shot over them; and then comes the real labor, if they happen to be shy, there are few men who have the patience or temper to get a dog over being gun shy. I have broken some of that kind, and God forbid I shall ever have another, for if I do, I think my chances for the happy hunting ground will be slim. There is nothing that will make a man swear more. I feel as if I could break every bone in their bodies.

These lessons will do until three or four months old, when you can take them in a field and teach them to quarter by using the words "Go on!" and moving to

the right, when far enough, whistle and motion to the left, at the same time moving in that direction. They will soon learn the motion, and you may shortly have a dog you will have to speak to but seldom. To heel, I attach a cord to the collar and learn them to follow at heel by repeating the word every time they attempt to go forward, at the same time gently touching them on the nose with a whip.

I consider the word "soho," to learn them to point, useless. A good blooded pup wants no learning to point it is instinct, and I never yet saw one that would not do so the first bird they saw. After taking him on birds if he makes a motion to chase when the bird rises, cry "down" and see that he obeys. After a few times he will know that he must not chase, but drop. I do not consider it necessary for a dog to drop at shot so long as you have him so he will not move after a bird upon rising. It might have been well enough in muzzle-loading times when a dog would get impatient waiting for you to load, and perhaps move on and flush a bird between you and the bird you shot before you were reloaded. It looks cruel to me to see a dog (especially a pointer) at charge in water up to his belly on a cold November morning when after snipe or plover. I have had them ruined by it, but that was when I thought it necessarily a part of their education. I always teach them to jump in and out of a wagon, also to follow behind or under a wagon. A dog all muddy and wet is not a very nice thing to handle in and out of a wagon, so teach them to jump. Always upon returning home rub them as dry as possible before putting them to kennel; it will save many a good dog from rheumatics and they will last longer for it. Take as good care of him as if he were Tom Bowling or any other blooded horse.

If I have a dog say one and a half years, or older to break, and find plenty of hunt in him, and somewhat head-strong, I use the check-cord in breaking.

Be sure and study the disposition of your pup or dog, and in no case get them cowed by whipping. Be firm with them; let them know you are master, and in no case ever punish them until you are satisfied they know what you want them to do, and do it, not through wilfulness or stubbornness. Never give in to them. If you attempt to make them do a thing don't quit until you make them do it if it takes all summer. If once they have their own way look out for trouble thereafter. I break all my dogs to hunt close or range off as I wish. The shooting we have in this country is mostly cover, and you want your dog to work in sight as much as possible and not have him, you don't know where, and cannot see what he is doing. I once had an Irish setter from imported stock that I could, while sitting on a fence, send across a large field into a clump of brush; and if there were any birds in it he would bark once or twice and come out to the edge and await my coming, if no birds he would come back to me. This saved me much labor.

In relation to breaking dogs to retrieve, I say this much: I have learned by experience it is of great advantage for them to do so. Every person fond of dog and gun is not able to keep three or four dogs, and if so, does not want the trouble of them when he can get along with a couple as well. I claim a pointer, or setter will do the work of retrieving, and do it as well as a retriever, without any injury to him in the least if properly broken.

A person during the season kills a great many birds by snap shots in cover, which he has no thoughts he has touched; if his dog is broken to retrieve, he will fetch them to him frequently. My setter Mac, spoken of above, saved me once, probably a very long walk, after a hard hunt. Our party of three had secured a good bag when we thought we would rest awhile by the side of a spring in a clump of alders. Upon leaving we forgot the bag, or at least one thought the other had it. While walking along leisurely to the next ground I noticed my dog was missing. I whistled to him, when what should we see but him coming out of the alders, with a grouse in his mouth. I took in the situation at once, and went back after the bag, only having to walk a few rods. He had taken out the bird, after vain efforts to fetch the bag. In this instance there is no telling how long a walk we might have had if not for him, as we did not start a bird after that.

I think the prettiest picture I ever saw, was a pointer bitch, owned and broken by myself, on a staunch point with a woodcock in her mouth. My friend Glass shot two with one barrel—not knowing it however. After reloading I sent Rose on to retrieve. She pointed the dead bird when I told her to fetch. She picked it up and took a few steps forward, and drew up staunch as a rock. We moved up, as was our custom, to put the bird up we supposed she was standing, when I discovered it lying dead, and at the same time Rose moved up and past us and tried to pick it up, still holding the first one in her mouth. Who ever saw a prettier picture, and who could better appreciate it than a sportsman?—*Turf Field and Farm.*

## The Wedding Bells Again.

The wedding of Mr. T. N. Jamieson and Miss Anna Bingham took place on Thursday afternoon, at the residence of the bride's father, on Prospect Ave. The bridal party left on the afternoon express for Chicago, whence they go on a southern tour, which will include the sessions of the National Pharmaceutical Association at Louisville, Ky., Mr. Jamieson being one of the delegates to that body from the society in Chicago. The bride will be greatly missed among her many friends in Highland Park, but they will fill up the void with good wishes for a long and happy journey through life, and that occasionally it may bring them thitherward.

MR. JOHN LAMSON, of Port Clinton, while getting gravel from the lake shore on Monday morning last, discovered a poor victim of the "rough and jagged edge" of life's experience, in the shape, or out of shape, of a man, whom the tumbling waves of the lake had thrown upon the shore. He had evidently been in the water some time, as his clothing was nearly worn off. I feet were heavily shod, which plainly indicated the hard road life had been to him, and its ending was in keeping with the rest—to fall at last into such a fate as to lie unknown and dead upon a barren shore, and no friend to care for him but the grim, unfeeling, ungenerous hand of the law, to box him up and bury him with a laugh.

A VERY pleasant dancing party came off at the hotel on Saturday evening last, participated in by about an equal number of guests at the hotel, and citizens. This was the second party of the kind, and both have been most agreeable occasions. It is hoped that this may be continued through all the pleasant autumn, the most lovely and beautiful of all the year.