DU FOUILLOUX, JACQUES—*continued*

p. 46–47. De Noirmont, vol. ii. p. 314 (*note* 3), and p. 319. *Sénéschal de Normandye*, p. xi.)

Du Fouilloux gives the following account of the origin of the "chiens baux surnommez Greffiers," The first of the race was named Souillard, and was given by a poor gentleman to Louis XI. of France. This king, preferring the *chiens gris* of his kennel, unless it were for to use as limers, did not care for this hound. Seeing this, the Sénéschal Gaston begged the dog of the king to give to Anne of Bourbon, the king's daughter, the wisest lady of the kingdom. "I agree not with you," quoth the king, "in that you have named her the wisest, but you may say less foolish than the others." From the Sénéschal Gaston, Souillard passed into the possession of the Great Sénéschal of Normandy, "who gave the hound into the keeping of a hunter called Jacques de Brézé." Here Du Fouilloux has made a slight confusion, for the Great Sénéschal of Normandy was Jean de Brézé, a famous *veneur* who hunted with Anne of Bourbon, and wrote a poem on hunting, as well as *Les Ditz du bon Chien Souillard*, which Du Fouilloux must have seen at some time, for in this chapter, when writing of the black hounds of St. Hubert, Du Fouilloux states he has seen a poem written in praise of a white hound of St. Hubert dedicated to M. de Lorraine. He quotes it thus:

> "De Sainct Hubert sortit mon premier nom,
> Fils de Souillard, chien de tres grand renom."

and adds: "dont est à presumer qu'il en sort quelques uns blancs, mais il ne sont de la race des Greffiers que nous avons pour le jourd'huy."

He does not seem to have connected the Souillard belonging to Jacques de Brézé with the Souillard of the verses, when, in fact, they were one. The *Greffiers* of his day having been crossed with an Italian pointer in the first place, and probably with other breeds later on, were so different in appearance to the heavy, low-standing, slow bloodhounds of St. Hubert, that it did not occur to him that there could be any relation between the two. But, nevertheless, the Souillard belonging to Louis XI., and afterwards to the Sénéschal of Normandy, was of the race of St. Hubert, and he or another white dog of his breed was undoubtedly father of the first *Greffiers*. The "Blason" of Souillard, which Du Fouilloux gives incorrectly, should begin as follows (p. 28):

> "Je suis Soulliart le blanc et le beau chien courant,
> De mon temps le meilleur, et le mieulx pourchassant;
> Du bon chien Sainct Hubert, qui Soulliart avoit nom,
> Suis filz et héritier qui eut si grant renom."

Probably Du Fouilloux had only seen this MS., and had it not at hand to refer to. The names he gives of the hounds, which he says descended from Souillard, *Cleraut*, *Joubar*, *Miraut*, *Meigret*, *Marteau*, and *Hoise la bonne Lyce*, are mentioned in the poem not as the offspring of Souillard, but as his companions in the hunting-field. In *Les Dits* one also finds the account of how this famous hound came into Brézé's possession. Charles IX., whose book, *La Chasse Royale*, was written some years after Du Fouilloux's book, gives a somewhat different account of the origin of the *Greffiers* and it must be noted that he never gives them the name of *baux*, as he certainly would have done had they been so called.

And he was more likely to know the origin and name of the royal hounds, than did the gentleman of Poitou. "Du temps de Roy Louis XII., on print un Chien de la race des Chiens blancs de S. Hubert, et en feit-on couvrir une braque d'Italie qui estoit à un secretaire du Roy, qu'en ce temps là on appeloit Greffier, et le premier chien qui en sortit, fut tout (blanc), hormis une tache fauve qu'il avait sur l'espaule, comme encores à present est la race. Le Chien estoit si bon qu'il se sauvoit peu de cerfs devant lui, il fut nommé Greffier à cause dudit Greffier qui avoit donné la chienne, ledit Chien feit treize petits, tous aussi bons et excellens que luy et peu à peu la race s'esleva: de sorte qu'à l'advenement à la Couronne de feu Roy mon grandpere (Francis I.), elle estoit tout en estre" (*La Chasse Royale*, p. 36).

Charles cannot say enough in praise of these hounds, which, he says, are faster than the *chiens gris* and stauncher than the black hounds. They were, he says, as big as greyhounds, with pointer-like heads. He does not mention the fault that Du Fouilloux attributes to them of being "much inclined to run at tame beasts."

The third chapter of Du Fouilloux is of *des chiens fauves*, or fallow-hounds of Brittany. Du Fouilloux mentions having seen a book "written by hand" by a huntsman, in which a *seigneur* of Brittany was mentioned, Huet de Nantes, as having a famous pack of fallow-hounds:

> "Tes chiens fauves, Huet, par les forests
> Prenent à force Chereux, Biches, et Cerfs;
> Toy par Fustayes emporte sur tout pris
> De bien parler aux chiens en plaisans cris."

This hunter is the same as Gaston mentions (p. 182) as knowing well how to speak to his hounds: he was *Huet des Vantes*, not *Nantes*, as Du Fouilloux has it. He was one of the *veneurs* of King John (1350–64).

Du Fouilloux says that he read in an old chronicle of the town of Lamballe that a pack of these fallow-hounds once hunted a stag from the Forest of Penthièvre for four days and took near Paris, as the crow flies about two hundred and fifty miles! These hounds were the ancient breed of the dukes and lords of Brittany,[1] and first became common in France in the reign of Francis I., "*Père des Veneurs*."

These fallow-hounds, he says, are hardy, enterprising, of good scent, staunch, and have almost as good a constitution as the white hounds (*Greffiers*), but they cannot stand the heat so well. He says they are better for kings and princes than for gentlemen, as they will hunt the stag only, and do not care for hares and lesser beasts, and they are also apt to run riot.

Next comes a chapter on the *Chiens Gris*. This race, he says, belonged of old to the kings of France

[1] These hounds have been also cited as "the ancient hounds of Britain," owing to the confusion created by misunderstanding the application of the word *Bretaigne*.

DU FOUILLOUX, JACQUES—*continued*

and the dukes of Alençon, but he does not give us the traditional origin of these hounds, which were supposed to have been brought to France by St. Louis of France from Tartary, on his return from a crusade (*La Chasse Royale*, p. 32). He says they are not very suitable for kings, as they cannot stand a crowd of huntsmen nor much noise when they are hunting, neither do they care to hunt a chase "which doubleth or turneth before them, but if the chase hold endlong you shall hardly find better or swifter hounds." They are apt to hunt the change because of their heat and folly, and on account of the wide circles they make when at fault. King Charles says of these hounds, that if a stag ruses one might as well couple them up and take them home. They were much esteemed by gentlemen because they would hunt any beast one wishes. Their colour was grey with a reddish tinge along the back—colour of a hare; sometimes they had red or black markings. The last to own a kennel of this breed was the Comte de Soissons, who died in 1612. The race was crossed with others, and has now entirely disappeared. (De Noir. ii. p. 322.)

There are some contemporary verses on a hound called Relay which belonged to Louis XII. and was a *chien gris*, which were published by M. Pichon at the end of his book, *Le Sénéschal*. They begin:

> "Les chiens gris, long temps a, cest honneur ont acquis
> Entre les chiens courans d'estre bons et exquis,
> Et qui ont, apres eux, laissez, de race en race
> Dignes successeurs d'eux héritiers de leur grace."

The hound is supposed to describe himself thus:

> "Mon poil qui estoit gris tiroit fort sur le brun,
> Qui de la vieille race est le poil plus commun:
> J'avois le dos rablé, jarret droict, jambes souples,
> Qui, plus, au laisser courre, allois toujours sans couples."
>
> * * * * *
>
> "Rois et veneurs en moy avoient telle créance
> Que là où je dressois sonnoient en asseurance:
> Sans regarder à terre asseuré on estoit
> Que là où j'appelois que je courrois le droict.
> Sagement je chassois sans faire aucune faute,
> Avec une menée agréable et bien haute;
> Sans craindre chaud ne froid, neige, pluye, ou verglas,
> Je durois tout un jour sans me voir estre las.
> Si par faute de jour falloit faire retraicte,
> Comme souvent advient qu'un grand cerf faict grand traicte,
> A briser iceluy, pour courre au lendemain
> A faute de limiers, j'estois mis en la main."

The last chapter on breeds of hounds tells of the "black hounds anciently come from the S. Hubert Abbey in the Ardennes." Du Fouilloux does not consider them very good to hunt with, though he says they had excellent noses, but they prefer hunting wild boar and foxes and all *stinking* beasts to stag, as they are too slow to overtake any light beast. Charles IX. gives almost the same account of them as Du Fouilloux, and says they are slow, and good for those hunters who suffer from the gout; they, however, made good limers, and it was this breed that was usually employed as limers in the royal kennels of France (De Noir. vol. ii. p. 316). The English bloodhound is, perhaps, more like this ancient race of St. Hubert dogs than any that exist to-day, for it is said that the ancient Talbots had some of the St. Hubert blood in them.

Having told us all he knew from books and experience of hounds, Du Fouilloux proceeds to say how the puppies should be treated, and sent out to walk with butchers and in the villages. He shares many of the superstitions of his age, and seems firmly to believe that hounds born under certain constellations are better than others, and he also tells by what signs one can judge which of the puppies will make the best hounds, notions which were subsequently scoffed at by his king, who said it is not possible to know what a dog is like until one has seen him hunt. The description of how the kennel should be built in a sunny spot with well glazed windows, a pleasant courtyard through which a stream of fresh water should flow, of the sleeping-benches well provided with fresh straw, is well known, and it reads as if the plan had been suggested by a modern sanitary architect rather than by a provincial French squire of the sixteenth century. Of the kennel-man and his duties he writes at some length. A good *valet de chiens* must be both gracious, courteous, gentle, and naturally fond of dogs; he must be good on foot and in wind, as well able to fill his horn as his bottle. After he has cleaned the kennel he is to take his horn and blow five notes on the *grêsle* (high note). He is told how to rub down his hounds with wisps of straw, to exercise them, and not to let them run riot; in fact, it is a complete *vade mecum* for the kennel-man as well as the huntsman.

As usual when the stag is spoken of at all in old hunting-books, the many remedies to be derived from the various parts of its body are given, and all the ancient authors' strange stories about the habits of the stag gravely set down; what Isodore and what Pliny wrote is amply quoted by Du Fouilloux, and then follows some information on antler lore and some verses entitled "The Huntsman's Blason," beginning:

> "Je suis Veneur, qui me leve au matin,
> Prens ma bouteille et l'emplis de bon vin,
> Beuvant deux coups en toute diligence,
> Pour cheminer en plus grande asseurance."

After that come many instructions to the huntsman in woodcraft and how he should harbour the stag in field, coppice, and forest, and then comes the amusing account of a sixteenth-century hunt-breakfast, as recommended by Du Fouilloux. To a pleasant grassy spot near a running stream the *sommelier* is to bring three good horses charged with "instruments to wherewith to water the throat," such as barrels, kegs, flasks, and bottles. All should be filled with the good wines of *Arbois*, *Beaune*, *Chaloce*, *et Grave*; these barrels and vessels he shall place in the stream to keep them cool. Then comes the cook with his *bons harnois de guele*, such as hams, smoked tongues, chine and ears of pork, brains, beef, &c., pasteys, fillets of veal; then spreading a fair white cloth on the ground, the sportsmen, seated on their cloaks, are to feast and joke whilst waiting the huntsman's report. Such was the picnic hunt-breakfast, which would be but a chilly failure in our climate, but was probably most