

**ABBOTSFORD and Colored Bull Terriers by David Harris**, Reprinted from the Colored Bull Terrier Club Bulletin, 1991.

To devotees of Sir Walter Scott, Abbotsford is the great house in the Scottish border country which he built, or more correctly rebuilt and enlarged in the early 1800s. It will be forever associated with Sir Walter's romantic revival of his country's heritage.

To collectors of antique furniture, Abbotsford is associated with the revival of classical styles that marked the early Victorian years. The revival stems from the popularity of Sir Walter's historical novels during this period. Abbotsford furniture was described as Elizabethan in style, but resembled, if anything, the flamboyant styles of Charles II's reign - the chairs resplendent with carving and needlework.

But to lovers of the Colored Bull Terrier, Abbotsford was the home of Sir Walter's famous Bull and Terrier CAMP. E. Thornton Cook devotes several pages of his 1931 publication *"Sir Walter's Dogs"* to this wonderful companion.

Camp *"was got by a black and tan English Terrier called Doctor out of a thoroughbred brindled bull bitch."* According to Sir Walter, he *"was of great strength, very handsome, extremely sagacious, faithful and affectionate towards human species but somewhat ferocious towards his own."* Cook notes that Camp could only be kept from fighting when his masters' eye was upon him and so brought the two into many a scrape.

Sir Walter claimed that Camp had a gift for *"gaiety and drollery and understood everything said to him."* The devotion of master and dog to each other became apparent when Camp fell ill. He would take no food except the milk Sir Walter poured into his mouth by the spoonful. Camp recovered, but later strained his back and so could no longer follow his beloved master on his distant travels. Cook relates how the old dog would lie waiting for a hint of which road by which Scott would return. *"Camp, my good fellow, the Sheriff's coming home by the ford,"* would send him down to the river, while if the message ran: *"The laird's coming by the hill,"* Camp would turn in the other direction. Never once did he make a mistake.

Cook relates the story of a *"careless sportsman (who) fired a volley of small shot through the study window, narrowly missing Scott and his wife. Camp ran the print of his feet like a bloodhound and the scared culprit was fetched in to apologize."*

While Sir Walter worked at his desk, Camp would rarely leave the study, always ready to catch his master's eye or to respond to a word.

*"When Camp died Scott had him buried in the garden within sight of his favorite seat at the writing table. The entire family stood at the grave in tears, and Sir Walter, who was engaged to dine out that evening excused himself 'on account of the death of a dear friend'."*

More than a century was to pass before another Bull Terrier - a colored of course - followed in Camp's footsteps at Abbotsford. The follower was none other than the brindle Sher Fustian.

The story goes like this. Late in 1927, Miss "D" Montague Johnstone purchased Fustian from pioneering breeder Mr. Ted Lyon of London. Although Mr. Lyon purchased only the finest food for his dogs, biscuit for example came from *Fortnum & Mason*, he kept them in filthy conditions. So, Miss Johnstone determined to bathe Fustian as soon as she reached home. At the time her father was renting Abbotsford and so it was in front of the fire - in the library I believe - that Fustian received her bath. Not surprisingly this performance provoked her father's extreme displeasure. Later Fustian produced her first litter at Abbotsford - Miss Johnstone does not report where the whelping took place.

It goes without saying that Fustian, as Miss Johnstone's foundation bitch, is behind every Bull Terrier around today. She was, in Miss Johnstone's words, the gamest thing on four legs and so we can assume Camp approved of this latter-day guest at Abbotsford. The romantic amongst us might choose to posit that when Fustian left Abbotsford, she carried with her a little of the wonderful spirit of Sir Walter Scott's Camp.