

Robert Lancaster



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OBSERVATIONS
ON
FOX-HUNTING,
AND THE
MANAGEMENT OF HOUNDS
IN THE
KENNEL AND THE FIELD.

ADDRESSED TO
A YOUNG SPORTSMAN, ABOUT TO UNDERTAKE
A HUNTING ESTABLISHMENT.

BY
COLONEL COOK,
H. P. 28th DRAGOONS.

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INTRODUCTION.

By dedicating the following pages to one so far better able than myself to judge of their merit or their incompetence in the harmless celebration of a theme on which so much might have been offered with propriety, though, comparatively speaking, so little has been lately said, I think not to obtrude myself on the public *as an author*, or stand forth a candidate for literary fame; especially, having chosen a topic of lighter interest, connected neither with the policy of governments, the sectaries of religion, or the immediate welfare of mankind. But may we not sometimes be allowed to treat of *the recreations*, as well as *the business* of

life? Let it be remembered, "The Chase" has been immortalized by ancient song; nor did Somerville, in modern times, consider it unworthy of his pen. I shall not, therefore, descant on the importance or non-importance of Field-Sports; bearing in mind that common, though just observation, "whatever is worth doing *at all*, is worth *doing well*;" and as my chief object is the endeavouring to convey instruction to the young Sportsman—with now and then a friendly souvenir for the old—however little the following effort may interest the mere pedant, I rest satisfied in the assurance of my friends, that *I am advocating a manly national amusement, conducive to health, and in unison with gentlemanly feeling.* Hence, if this humble attempt shall in any way tend either to the initiation, the improvement, or even the amusement of a young Sportsman, the end I had in view will have been fully answered, while

the time it has cost me from my leisure hours will have neither been thrown away nor misapplied.

Having ventured to say thus much as to the object of this little Publication, I shall conclude my brief Introduction by disclaiming every wish to appear either too sullenly insensible to the voice of censure, or to the smiles of approbation too feelingly alive. I wish not for the praises of a literary chronicle: let the critic lavish his encomiums on the more lengthened and maturer labours of the mathematician, the logician, the poet, and the philosopher; thus reserving his patience and his praise for works of graver interest and weightier materials, to which, so oft and so judiciously,

“ Poetic friends prefix each kind address,
While awe-struck nations hail them from the press.”

OBSERVATIONS, &c.

MY DEAR C.

THE present improved system of managing Hounds is so well known, that any thing I may write on the subject you will probably have heard before ; nevertheless, if the following desultory hints afford you any entertainment, I shall be satisfied ; as to instruction, I am persuaded they cannot. You wish to know my opinion on various points relating to this noble diversion, which contributes so much to the health and amusement of a country life ; I have, therefore, put together, in the best manner I could, the substance of my observations on every thing relating to Fox-hunting, as far as the

experience I may have gained in the kennel and the field enables me.

In the first place, I should recommend you to purchase, if possible, a well-bred, established Pack of Fox-hounds; and it frequently happens that Messrs. Tattersall have one to dispose of in the spring. The forming such a pack from draughts is by no means an easy task; it requires considerable judgment, with long experience; and you will find great difficulty in procuring even *a few* Hounds to start with that are not either vicious or worn out: it is very certain, no Master of Hounds will part with one which is useful and steady. Huntsmen will humbug if they can about their draughts, but I have very rarely known a draught *entered* Hound good for much.

Hounds have always been much undervalued: we sometimes hear of eight hundred, or even a thousand guineas, as the price of a Hunter, and the sum of three or

four hundred is often considered a mere trifle; whereas, till very lately, A PACK OF HOUNDS, *on which every thing depends*, was only considered worth a few hundreds. Yet Shakespeare himself appears to have known the value of a Hound; for, in his "Induction" to the "Taming of the Shrew," a nobleman returned from hunting thus speaks of his hounds with delight to his huntsman:

"*Lord.* Huntsman, I charge thee, tender well my hounds;

Brach Merriman,—the poor cur is emboss'd,
And couple Clowder with the deep-mouth'd brach.
Saw'st thou not, boy, how Silver made it good
At the hedge-corner, in the coldest fault?
I would not lose the dog for *twenty pound*.

Hunt. Why, Belman is as good as he, my Lord;
He cried upon it at the merest loss,
And twice to-day pick'd out the dullest scent:
Trust me, I take him for the better dog."

The sum of twenty pounds for a single Hound in Shakespeare's time (and that not the best in the Pack either), was no incon-

siderable price. I am not alluding to “a lot of Curs;” but surely a well-bred, established Pack of Fox-hounds, including Brood-bitches and Puppies at walk, must be cheap at a thousand or twelve hundred pounds.

I shall first treat on the *breeding* of Hounds.—One of the most essential things to keep a Pack of Fox-hounds effective, is *to breed largely*, if you are fortunate in commanding good walks for your Whelps; but, without them, you will meet with nothing but disappointment: I have often had fifty couples sent out to *inferior* walks, and not three couples came in again that I could enter. From experience I know it is impossible to bring up young Hounds to any size or shape *in a kennel*, even if they have the good luck to escape the distemper. Every Sportsman must know how necessary it is to have a clever entry; and if he cannot command good walks

himself, he had better engage the unentered draughts from some well-known pack, whose master is enabled to breed more young Hounds than he requires, and which are generally the perquisite of the Huntsman, or head man in the kennel. If you engage all the draught young Hounds from a celebrated kennel, you have a chance of having nearly as good an entry as the breeder himself. Young Hounds alter so much in the course of a few months, that you would scarcely know them; more particularly *late* whelps, which are often under size when they are sent home from their walks. I have known instances of a Master of Hounds losing nearly the whole of his entry reserved *for himself* by the distemper, while his draught entirely escaped it. With those and the few you breed yourself, it *may thus* happen you may have the best entry of the two; and also, which is another advantage, you are sure to have

well-bred Hounds,—nor is it so likely *any tricks* will be played.

I have heard many a young master of Foxhounds say, “I am strong in *old hounds*, I am therefore quite indifferent about my *entry*, I can do well without any young hounds *this* year, and my pack will be much better without them.” I allow he would not feel the want of them the *first* season, but three or four years afterwards how weak the pack would be, and what a loss the senior department would have, as no pack can be said to be effective unless *strong in three or four season’s hunters*.

A word now on the subject of *Stallion-hounds*. It is the custom to send bitches to the fashionable Stallions of the day; for instance, as formerly, to the late Mr. Meynell’s “Gusman,” Lord Fitzwilliam’s “Hardwick,” Lord Yarborough’s “Ranter,” Mr. Ward’s “Charon,” the Duke of Rutland’s “Topper,” the Duke of Beaufort’s “Jus-

tice," the Duke of Grafton's "Regent," Lord Lonsdale's "Ruler," Mr. Smith's "Champion," Mr. Musters's "Collier," Lord Middleton's "Vaulter," &c.; but it generally happens that your Brood-bitches go to heat much about *the same time*, it is therefore not very probable that *one* Stallion-hound can ward many bitches besides those of the owner; nor is it reasonable to expect in the height of the season that the Dog-hounds can be left at home to ward bitches from other kennels. I would suggest, in order to be more certain of your breed, that you send your bitch to a well-bred dog, *brother, if possible, to the Stallion-hound*; and, to prevent any mistake, order your servant to *see* the bitch warded.

Speaking of shape and make, it is necessary to attend particularly to shoulders, depth of chest, loins, legs, and feet; nor is bone the least material consideration; I hate a weedy animal of any description, a

small Hound, light of bone, is only fit to hunt “ a cat in a kitchen.”

But let me recommend, whatever you do, to *breed from noses*, as beyond all doubt the grand requisite for a Fox-hound is a good nose. I should prefer breeding from a *perfect* Hound, though I have known some capital ones, the produce of bitches, good for nothing themselves, but then they were well bred. The greatest and most particular attention ought always to be paid to the blood of your *brood bitches*. At Newmarket, they will tell you the mare is of more consequence than the horse; and it is the opinion of many that some mares will breed all *runners* put them to what horse you please, of course I mean a thorough bred one. I remember one day, being in conversation with the late Sir Hedworth Williamson (at old Clarke’s, the Greyhound, Newmarket,) on the subject of breeding Race-horses; at that time he had

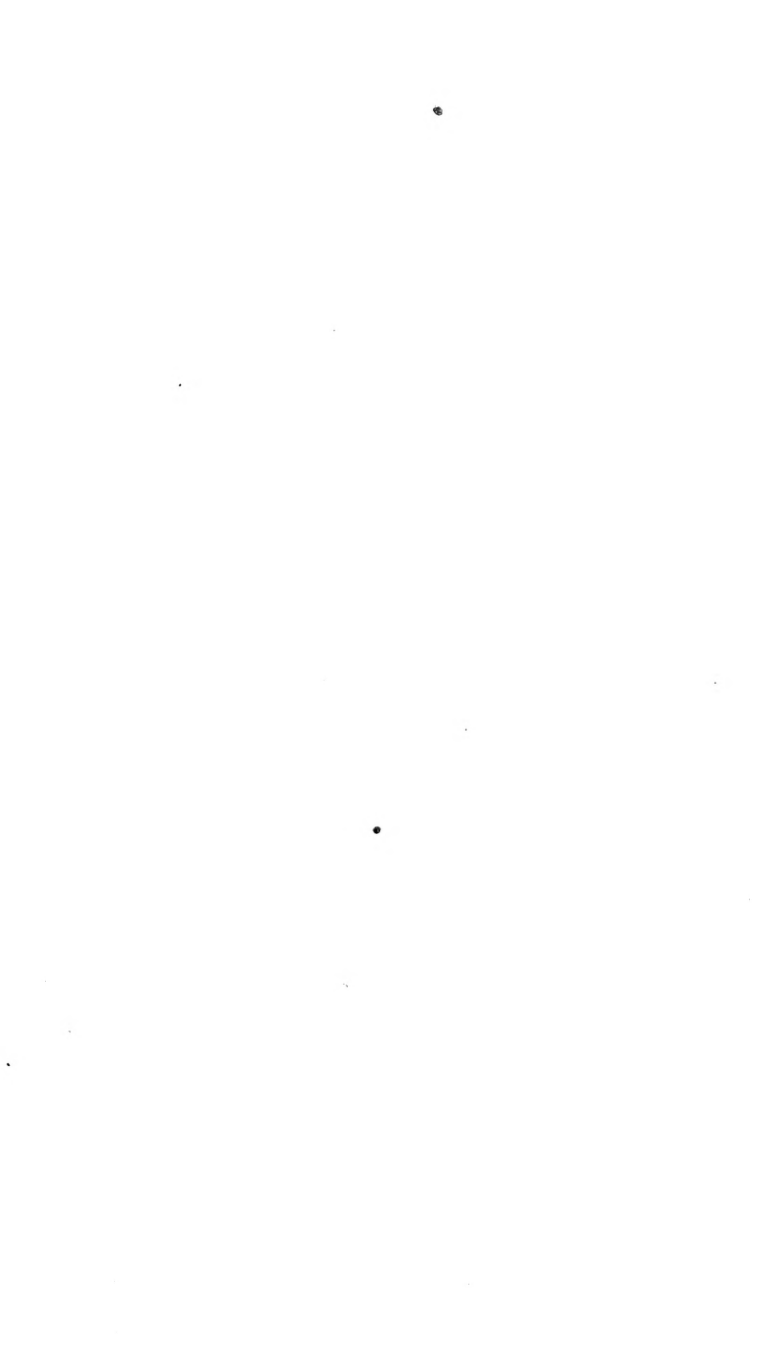
not quite made up his mind as to what horse he should put his famous brood mare to, the Dam of Walton, Ditto, Pam, &c. but after pausing a short time, he exclaimed, “ it’s of no consequence, Sir! whatever horse I put her to she is sure to breed “ *a winner.*” Thus some bitches will always breed good Hunters; a favourite bitch of that description, “ Demirep,” belonging to Lord Althorp, I believe, never bred a bad Hound; it made no difference whether she was put to Mr. Smith’s “ Saladin,” the Beaufort “ Justice,” Sir Thomas Mostyn’s “ Lictor,” or any other favourite Stallion, the produce was invariably good; but the cross with the Duke of Beaufort’s “ Justice ” *I* preferred: and in my opinion a bitch by “ Justice,” out of “ Demirep,” put to Mr. Musters’s “ Col-
 “ lier,” would have produced as good Hounds as are to be found at this time, in any kennel. A bitch I had many years

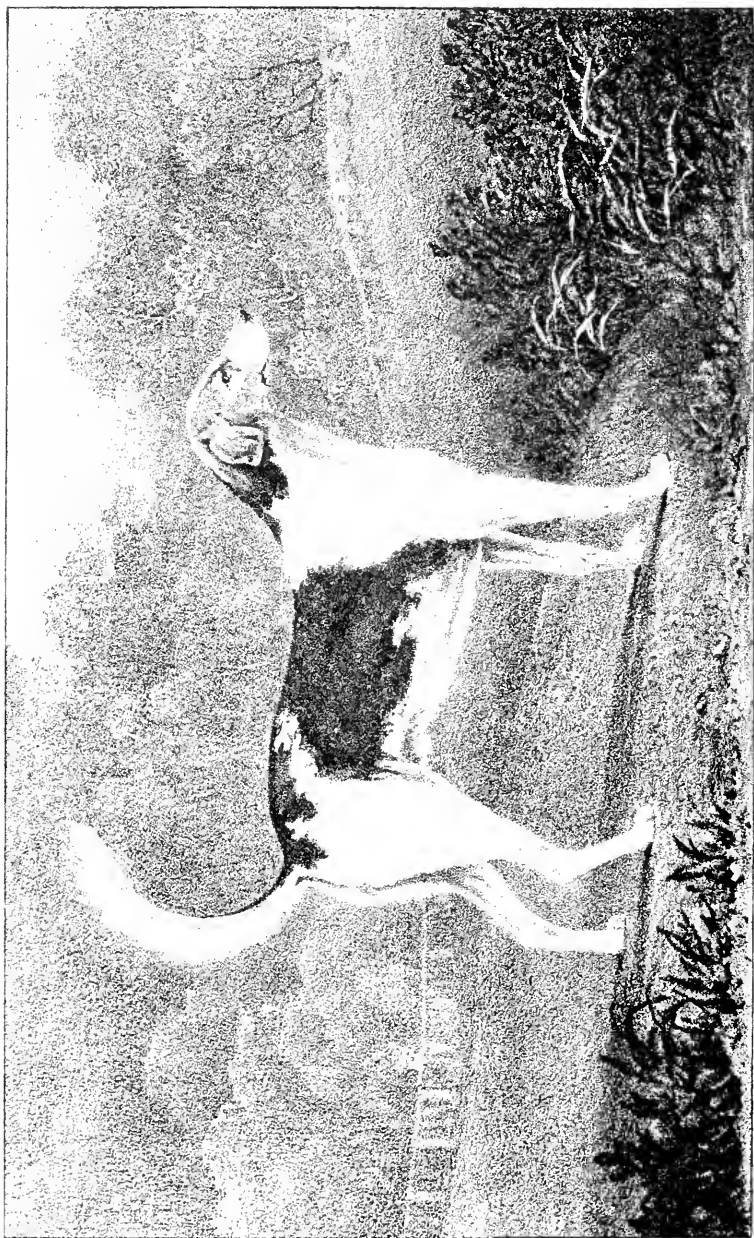
ago also never to my knowledge bred a bad hound ; her name Desperate. She came with a young unentered draught from Sir T. Mostyn's pack, when Mr. Shaw hunted them. She was got by Sir W. Rowley's Darter, out of Mr. Coke of Norfolk's Rally. I once put her to the New Forest Senator, his dam or gran-dam was got by Lord Stamford's Rattler, a famous good sort. I gave a whelp to the late Mr. Pawlet, of Hampshire, and when at his kennel, a short time before he gave up his hounds, I observed that I thought that a family likeness of old Symmetry, the name of the bitch I gave him, ran through the kennel. He said " it is very true, half my pack are bred from her and Lord Egremont's sort." I know not if the present owner of this pack has any of the breed, as I could not procure his list. Yet we have our partialities, and I confess I was always partial to *Lord Egremont's sort*, happening to live near the Duke of Rich-

mond at the time his Lordship gave the Duke his Pack, and consequently having frequent opportunities of witnessing their merits. At the time Lord Egremont parted with his Hounds, they were hunted by Luke Freeman, I believe a Durham man, at least he spoke the patois of that country. However, come from what part of the kingdom he might, few men brought into the field a more perfect pack of hounds; and a proof of his entire devotion to his calling, and the little value in which he held all other pursuits, was afforded by the advice which he emphatically gave to one of the sons, then a boy, of his noble master, the course of whose education necessarily interfered with his hunting, “Stoody!—Stoody!—Stoody!—always stoodying at they books—take I say my advice, Sir, and stoody Foon-hunting.” Indeed he gave his whole body and mind to it, and famously he succeeded, as all the country round could

testify. A wag, for amusement, and to annoy a musical friend that was present, asked the old Huntsman “how he employed his time out of the hunting season,”—the veteran disdained a reply to a question that showed so little knowledge of the duties and cares of a Huntsman; and the Querist proceeded with “what think you of musick for an amusement?” “Musick,” contemptuously echoed Luke, “Aye,—fiddling, Mr. Freeman?” fiddling,—Fiddling,—it’s very well for cripples and such like,—poor things!—I always gives them a halfpenny when I sees them at the fairs.”

When I first commenced keeping Foxhounds, I was particularly fortunate in getting some good draughts from Tom Grant, his Grace’s Huntsman, at the very time Lord Egremont (as I said before), gave his Hounds to the Duke of Richmond. His Grace possessed an established pack himself, and the Huntsman being naturally





Al. Walter. 1910.

JASPER.

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partial to his own sort, many valuable Hounds from Lord Egremont's pack were draughted ; they were capital hunters, and turned with a scent as quick as the animal they hunted ; no hounds were stouter, or better equal to a second Fox. The " Jumpers," the " Sampsons," the " Dromo's," the " Ledger's," all capital ; so much so, that when they were presented to His Majesty to *hunt Deer*, I thought it a great loss to the sporting world. Mr. Warde, who of course is very justly partial to his own sort, had never any objection to breeding from the *Beaufort* " Justice," and he is of Lord Egremont's blood, got by the New Forest Justice, and Justice by Mr. Gilbert's Jasper, and Jasper was bred by Lord Egremont. It is almost impossible for me, who have been so many years vegetating on the Continent, to know the best blood *now* going, except from a chance List which may occasionally be sent me. The Yar-

borough's, however, the Meynell's, the Warde's, the Grafton's, and though "last not least," the Beaufort's, still rank in the first class. Half the hounds in the kingdom are, it must be acknowledged, of the blood of the late Mr. Meynell's "Gusman," and Lord Yarborough's "Ranter." I could name fifty favourite sorts, but as *every thing* is regulated by *fashion*, you will of course, in some degree, fall under it's influence.

"Fashion though Folly's child, and guide of fools,
"Rules e'en the wisest, and in learning rules."

But never let fashion so completely bias you, as to prevent you from breeding from *good noses*. Those that can turn quick with a scent, be assured, are the sort of hounds to kill Foxes in *any* country.

Breeders are generally too partial to *their own sort*; Philip Payne, Huntsman to the Duke of Beaufort, is reported to be the best judge of breeding in the kingdom; and from His Grace's list I observe he is not

bigoted to any particular sort, but sends his bitches to the different Dog-hounds of celebrated packs, all over the kingdom. He informed me if he heard of one that had a particular good nose, and did his work well, he sent a bitch to him. His sending the Duke's famous Brood-bitch, Gladsome, to that celebrated Stallion Hound, Mr. Smith's Collier, was from the report he had heard of his superior abilities in the field. I have lately seen some of the same blood, in the Duke's pack, work through difficulties, and turn very quick with a scent, which proves the advantage of a judicious cross. They could also go a killing pace, and carry an excellent head across a country, without a single hound in the pack being out of his place, although they were over-rode most shamefully, and often deceived by false halloos. This must surely be considered sufficient to make any hounds wild, at least for the day; but, in spite of every untoward

circumstance, they put their noses down, and to my amazement, hunted in the most correct and superior style, as much so, as if their followers had behaved according to rule, and every thing had been done *quietly*.

With regard to the actual setting to work, the sooner you can commence Cub-hunting the better, and the steadier your pack will afterwards be. A friend of mine, an excellent sportsman, for want of Foxes in his woodlands, cannot begin before the end of September, or the beginning of October; but by great attention and perseverance through the summer, he has his pack steady; and what makes it the more meritorious, he is always obliged to enter a great number of young hounds, the Forest laming so many every season. Notwithstanding all these disadvantages, his hounds are capital and very effective. His Bitch pack is most elegant, and what is of more consequence, they are perfect at their

work. I am pleased to hear you have it in contemplation to *hunt your own hounds*, but I would advise you, not to attempt so great an undertaking unless you can give your *whole* time to it; at all events, you should never leave your hounds from the first day of *Cub-hunting* until the end of the season. Allow me to observe that *Cub-hunting* is very necessary for many reasons; you will gain by it a thorough knowledge of your pack; and they will know you, obey you, and when you want them, will also carry you through many difficulties they otherwise would not. I always considered the *Cub-Hunting* season the time when a master of hounds never ought to be absent, whether he hunts them himself or not; and, to a real sportsman, it is a great pleasure to see his *young hounds enter*.

When regular hunting begins, the laborious part of a Huntsman's duty is over, and the pack may then be said to be formed. If

he is satisfied with their performance in covert, there is little doubt but that they will do well in the *open*; hounds that can kill a Fox quick in covert seldom fail out of it.

I was out the other day in a large woodland in Wiltshire, and very much pleased with a pack of hounds I saw at work; they kept close together at their Fox, and killed him handsomely in forty-three minutes. I only saw them cross two fields out of covert, but it was enough to convince me they could do the thing well over a country; indeed I have heard from an excellent judge, that they are quite as good out of covert as they are in. The pack consisted chiefly of the Beaufort sort.

Sportsmen differ in opinion with regard to *the best way of entering hounds*. A very celebrated one once told me, he thought the most preferable method was to enter them to Hare in the spring: I never could

fancy it ; although it might be economical to find out their vices, and by that means save the expense of keeping them over the summer. A much better plan I should imagine, if they are well bred, is to put them with some veterans into a covert, not too small or too large, *certain of having a litter of Foxes* ; and continue to hunt the different coverts you may happen to have in your Cub-hunting country, thus giving your young hounds plenty of work and blood ; when, if I mistake not, you will soon find they will “ down with their noses ” without being *unnaturally stooped to Hare*. If you are strong in litters of Foxes in your Cub-hunting country, you cannot give your *young pack* too much work ; do not regard their being scratched and disfigured ; it is a good sign if they scratch their faces in covert Cub-hunting, and it is the most rational way of entering them.

I remember once coming out of Tatter-

sall's in company with a Nobleman, a good Sportsman, and a good man ; we were all at once joined by another master of Fox-hounds, who introduced himself by telling us he had found out the only method of entering Hounds, and that was to a *drag-scent*. This is certainly *one* way with a vengeance, but *I am quite sure you will never try it.*

Punishing your hounds before they know what a Fox-scent is, and flogging them in kennel, is an unnecessary severity, but it is almost impossible to break them without punishment. To some people it may appear cruel to have a young hound severely punished, but it stands to reason that one good sound flogging when he deserves it, is far better than frequently tormenting him, and is most likely to accomplish your wish, that of making him steady and handy. Still I should advise you never to have a young hound

punished unless you are *quite certain he deserves it*. We are often too hasty in draughting young hounds ; it is no uncommon thing with the Distemper hanging about them, and when over-worked in hot weather, for them to become noisy, or to find them tire ; and when I have seen young hounds do wrong that I knew had no vice in the family, I have nursed and rested them ; if afterwards they have continued their bad habits, I of course draughted them. Never be in too great a hurry to draught a *young* hound ; but *an old one*, the first fault he commits, condemn him, and never let him go out again if you wish to have a perfect pack and the thing done as it ought to be.

Let me name three vices most common in hounds, and which are considered *incurable*, viz. *skirting*, *running mute*, and *being noisy* ; when a hound is in the habit of skirting, draught him immediately, for he

will never be better, but get worse and worse every time he is taken out. A mute hound, like a person dumb, never can be cured; on the other hand, it is very unpleasant to hear a hound speak *too much* on a scent, or to find him “throwing tongue to cry.” One that “throws his tongue” where the Fox has never been, like a liar, is generally incorrigible. Hounds ought never to speak but on a Fox scent, and then we may depend upon their tongues as upon those of a Solon or an Eldon.

Perhaps one of the greatest miseries attendant upon keeping Fox-hounds is *the Distemper!* Can any thing be more heart-rending to a master of hounds, than to have a clever entry taken off a short time before hunting? And, what is very extraordinary, no specific remedy for it, to my knowledge, has hitherto been found out. Calomel and emetics will sometimes do good;

and garlic has been recommended, when this dreadful malady first begins to take the animal off his feed; the French apply a blister to his forehead, which they say is a sure cure; if so, the distemper is less violent on the Continent; but Frenchmen, if you believe them, have a cure for every disease in man, horse, or dog.

The following receipt I have sometimes found efficacious for the Distemper:

Calomel	3 grains.
Cathartic Ext. . .	7 ditto.
Soap	7 ditto. .
Emetic Tart. . . .	$\frac{1}{2}$ grain.

Make the above ingredients into three pills, and one should be given every other day.

I have heard *some* medical men give it as their opinion, that in the distemper *the lungs* of the animal are diseased, *other's the liver*; I have no doubt myself but that

both are. The late Mr. Pawlett, of Hampshire, tried the experiment of vaccination on half his young hounds, all of which lived; this made him very sanguine as to the result, and he fancied he had found out a way of conquering the distemper. The next year he had the whole vaccinated, but had the mortification of having them all die.

It is generally thought best to keep young hounds high in flesh, as in that state they are not so liable to have the distemper, and if they have it, the attack is less violent. I am aware all young hounds which have been fed high, have gone through regular exercise, and in consequence gained strength, when attacked by this horrid malady, are more likely to get over it than those which have not been so treated; but I never knew a very fat young hound come from his walk and catch the distemper immediately, that ever recovered.

It has often appeared to me a good plan to have them *fed sparingly*, and a dose of physic given them a short time *previous* to their being sent home to the kennel; but it is most commonly quite the reverse, for every one is anxious to send his puppy from his walk home fat, in order that he may excel his neighbours. So much for the distemper; which, certainly, next to a kennel lameness, is about the greatest misfortune that can befall a master of hounds.

With regard to the use of *Terriers* in the field;—they are no doubt sometimes of service, particularly when Foxes use drains, but if they are not *perfectly steady*, they will do a great deal of mischief. They should invariably be entered with the young hounds, and *always* be kept in the kennel. As a matter of curiosity, I here give you an instance or two of the extraordinary length of time terriers will exist without food; one occurred the other day. I was staying at a

friend's house in Hertfordshire, who had lost a favourite terrier seven days : on going out to look at his sporting dogs near the house, he thought he heard the voice of his lost dog. He recollected the last time it was seen was near the mouth of a drain, upwards of two hundred yards from the spot from whence the sound came. He immediately ordered his workmen to open the drain, and they found the terrier jammed in a narrow part of it ; the animal appeared lively, and not the worse for her long fasting, except being a little reduced in flesh, and the next day very lethargic. I heard at the same time a still more extraordinary instance of a terrier remaining in an earth for twenty days, and I dare venture to vouch for the truth of it. The Hatfield hounds had run a Fox to ground, and the terrier followed it in. They dug many hours without coming up to the fox or the dog ; and at last were obliged to give it up as a hopeless

job. The terrier was the property of old Joe, the then whipper-in, and a great favourite. He therefore had the earth watched, and on the twentieth day the dog crawled out a mere skeleton, but with proper attention was recovered.

A *healthy kennel* must be one of your first considerations; there is nothing so much against hounds as a damp one;—we all know the danger to ourselves of a damp house; and a kennel in this state causes a variety of diseases—lameness, ophthalmia, liver-complaints, &c., and frequently occasions hounds to become chest-foundered; besides a damp kennel never can be sweet. The Duke of Richmond's kennel at Goodwood is supposed to be the most complete in England. The neighbouring Gentlemen informed me, that it cost ten thousand pounds in building. The lodging-rooms of this, I may almost say, gigantic building, are fitted up with stoves; I never thought

them of much use, but no doubt they keep the kennel dry; the Huntsman assured me that after a very hard day and much fatigue, he had found them of great service, he thought the hounds recovered themselves, and were fit to come out again much sooner in consequence of the warmth arising from them.

Very few masters of Fox-hounds can afford to build so magnificent a kennel; but it is my opinion your hounds may be equally well lodged in one that may not have cost so large a sum. The kennel at Puckeridge in Hertfordshire, which cost about £500. building, is very convenient, dry, and healthy, and the hounds have no lameness. The Hampshire Hunt kennel also cost only a few hundreds, and is as good a one and as convenient as a master of hounds could wish for. The hounds that inhabit these kennels are very sizable, and do their work well in the field, and hunt as Fox-

hounds should do. Before you begin to build your kennel, let me recommend you to take a look at one of these. If you should find a convenience in having a kennel in a distant part of your hunt, a roomy barn is the building most likely to suit, and may be converted into one, at very little expence.

Good water is as necessary for hounds as good meal, and the flesh for boiling ought also to be attended to; it frequently happens, that *this* is contracted for, and the contractor, of *whatever disease* a horse may have died, will be too apt to bring the carcase to the kennel. We know it is commonly said “*any thing will do for dogs;*” but let me assure you, nothing will put hounds so soon out of condition as bad flesh.

Old *Oat* meal is no doubt the best food for hounds to work upon. I have no objection occasionally to mix a little *old*

Barley meal with it, which has been grown on light land, but it must be given with as much caution as you would beans to a horse.

Wheat meal, mixed with oatmeal in equal quantities, is used in some kennels; but the oatmeal requires the longer boiling. Feeders are often negligent, and in too great a hurry to finish their work, to attend properly to this necessary point. Your meal should be put into the copper when the water quite boils, and then should be boiled up a second time; you must allow at least an hour and a half from that time to boil it well, and if an hour and three-quarters, it will be none the worse for it; for nothing will choke hounds so soon as meal half boiled.

In the summer it is of little consequence what hounds are fed upon, provided they have wholesome food; but in the hunting season, if every thing is not of the very

best quality you cannot have them in condition. If there is any truth in the report of flour having been adulterated with bones, plaister of Paris, &c., is it not natural to suppose that oatmeal also may have it's share of these pernicious ingredients? You ought therefore to be very particular in getting good meal; *the Irish* is the best, and the most likely to be genuine.

It is quite certain a hound too high in condition cannot run a burst, neither can a poor half-starved one kill *an afternoon Fox*; a hound therefore cannot be considered as fit to be brought out if he is either too high or too low. I like to see their ribs, but their loins should be well filled up, and they should be hollow in their flanks: he that is full in the flanks is sure to be fat in the inside, and consequently not fit for work. The feeding of hounds, and the bringing them to cover able to run a burst, or kill an afternoon Fox, is not altogether

a thing so very easy as some people imagine; in fact, it requires nearly as much trouble to get *a hound* into condition, as it does *a horse*; and if the greatest attention is not paid to this particular, you cannot expect to catch many Foxes. It is the *condition* of a hound, which gives him the advantage over the animal he hunts. Nevertheless their constitutions differ as much as those of the human species; some require thick food, others thin; the same quantity which may be requisite for Ranter, if given to Rallywood, would render him unable to run a yard. Sometime before hunting commences (say about three weeks), they should have plenty of walking exercise, and salts given them once a week.

If a hound at any time is very foul, the following recipe is very efficacious.

3 grains Æthiops Mineral,

5 grains Calomel,

made into a bolus; the hound must

of course be carefully kept from cold water.

Should your hounds be troubled with worms, powdered glass sifted through muslin is the best remedy that I know of to remove them. The dose should be as much as will lie on a shilling, and I have seen it cause the ejection of a great quantity of those destructive animals.

In the summer months I always fed my hounds the last thing in the evening : feeding them late at that season of the year keeps them quiet in the night, and is the wisest method I know to prevent their rioting in the kennel. Servants in general prefer feeding them early, in order that they may have the evenings to themselves.

It appears you wish to be informed of the proper time to feed hounds the day before hunting; if you were certain of finding at half past ten, and sure of running a burst, I should say an early hour was best; but to

take all chances of finding early or late, about ten o'clock is the hour I should prefer. In feeding your hounds after hunting, that must depend on circumstances ; but in the general way I should say feed them immediately on their return to the kennel ; and if after a hard day that happens to be late, allow them to eat what they please. And again, the last thing before you go to bed, endeavour to coax the bad feeders. It is a good plan to wash their feet in warm liquor when they return from hunting--what the French call giving them a *bain de pié* ; yet some people think it makes their feet tender.

I should advise you in the hunting season, when the frost sets in, to give your hounds some cooling physic, to lower their food, and the more they are taken out on the turnpike road, the better. To my horses also, at that time, I gave a dose of physic each, taking care to give it only to a

few at a time in case of a sudden thaw. By paying proper attention to things which some people may imagine of little importance, you will save a great deal of trouble and unnecessary expense.

It is equally advisable to bleed and physic hounds when the hunting season is over, and before it commences. Many people dress them twice a year; I did it, because it was the fashion; but, if ever I have the good fortune to keep hounds again, I will not resume the practice. Old Tom Grant, who was a capital kennel Huntsman, told me he never dressed *his* hounds! and they always looked well in the field throughout the season. His idea was, that dressing them brought off their coats at an unnatural time, and hounds often dressed seldom looked well after Christmas.

The following recipe is frequently made use of upon the Continent, particularly by the French, to remove any redness or scurf

from the skins of dogs. It certainly has the effect of making their coats look as fine as if they had been dressed, without taking off the hair, and it will destroy ticks and all other vermin. In short, I have every reason to believe it will answer all the purposes of dressing without it's inconvenience ; at the same time, the *mercurial preparation* in the recipe is so very mild, that the animal runs no risk of taking cold.

Mercurial Ointment $\frac{1}{2}$ oz.

Stone Brimstone (finely powdered) $\frac{1}{2}$ oz.

The ingredients should be well rubbed up together, and then thoroughly mixed with $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. of hogs-lard.

It is the custom in some kennels to spay all the bitches they do not intend to breed from ; but the operation is so very severe, and the sufferings of the animal so great, that I should advise you to avoid it altogether ; especially as it is a practice by

which very little is gained ; while, on the other hand, I have observed, that at the time the bitches *would* have been at heat, they are often sulky, wild, and not the same animals ; moreover, if the operation is not performed by a very skilful hand, the bitch will go to heat after all. It has been thought the cutting of dogs strengthens them over the loins ; but I must say this also is a practice I do not approve. Why *put forward* a young hound if he is weak over his loins ?

You will perceive from what I have already written, that if you undertake the management of Fox-hounds, you will have very little time for any other occupation, provided you pay the attention to it you *ought* to do, and which the Gentlemen of the country you hunt will have a right to expect from you. The great expence you must necessarily incur, accompanied by a perpetual anxiety of

mind, will be all in vain, unless owners of coverts are determined in earnest to preserve Foxes. The time is not so long gone by, when it was thought even *dishonourable* to destroy foxes if hounds hunted a country; but we all know, from an unfortunate exposure in a trial for trespass, that we cannot *legally* claim any *right* to hunt. In the present day, by courtesy alone, it is sanctioned.

The great mania for Game, and the useless quantity of it with which we find most coverts glutted, is a great misfortune to Fox-hunting. For some time (may I be allowed to say) there has been a war between the Pheasant and the Fox; during which period (what may seem not a little extraordinary, and I state it with regret) *the* former has generally been victorious. Still I am no enemy to shooting, particularly to Partridge-shooting, because it is an active amusement, and a healthy exercise,

without both of which, to my mind, no sport can exist. I never could make up my mind, to go to any of *their Batuës*. I won't say that the danger attending them has kept me away, though it is by no means trifling, for the accidents we read of far exceed in number those which occur in Fox-hunting; and surely a fall from a horse is better than being shot by a friend.

The *feeds* given on these occasions are generally capital, though to a real Sportsman, there is but little amusement.

Happening to be on a journey in a mail coach one Christmas, as we were changing horses in a small market town in the lower part of Hampshire, I saw an immense quantity of game lying at the coach office to be forwarded to its destination. I enquired from whence it came; and was informed a *grande batuë* had taken place not far distant. Knowing some of the party, I naturally enquired of the landlord of the inn *who* had

bagged the most game : “ I know nothing about that, Sir,” said he, “ but *the men who beat for the Gentlemen killed one hundred and twenty head ;*” now if the foxes had only taken one-tenth of what the beaters knocked on the head, it would have made a great noise in the country, although a single fox would have shewn a hundred neighbouring gentlemen a day’s sport. It would be no very difficult matter to have pheasants driven up so as to shoot them from your drawing-Room window, and thus treat Mamma and the children with a *partie de Chasse* ; they may then have ocular demonstration what a good shot Papa is ! I hope my brother Sportsmen of the trigger will not be offended ; I am as anxious for the preservation of game as any man ; my only fear is that it will be carried to too great an extent, and in the end defeat its object. If I were to say a vixen Fox that had cubs would *not* lay hold of the first eatable thing

she met with, whether game, fowl, or rabbit, I should be making a false statement ; but if there are *plenty of the latter*, Foxes will destroy but little game ; and I am certain game preservers may have it *in quantities to their heart's content, and Foxes also*, if they will but pay their keepers' wages in *argent comptant*, and not in rabbits. As a proof of this, I will mention an instance which happened to me :—I was requested some years ago, at the time I hunted the Thurlow country, to meet at Chippenham, near Newmarket, the owner of which and his keeper said we might *by chance* find a Fox, but they were certain no Foxes had been *bred* there, as they had not lost a single head of game. I never in my life saw so many pheasants of every sort, and hares innumerable ; and, to the astonishment of all present, in the very middle of the preserve, and lying with the pheasants, so near that they must have almost touched each

other, we found a litter of Foxes, six or seven in number. We killed the old dog and one of the cubs. I must observe, however, there were plenty of rabbits—but they were not the keeper's perquisite. As we are on the subject of preserving Foxes, I must relate an occurrence which happened some years ago on the borders of the New Forest. An estate had been sold to an East India Gentleman, which had been hunted from the time of William Rufus, and Foxes strictly preserved upon it. The new owner having taken possession, when the hunting season commenced the hounds came there as usual, but the old Nabob swore he would shoot the men, hounds and all, if they persisted in coming on *his* property. A Right Honourable Gentleman (now no more,) a friend to Fox-hunting, although no Fox-hunter himself, and who was acquainted with all parties, waited upon him, and mildly pointed out the

impropriety of his conduct, telling him if he wished to live upon friendly terms with his neighbours, he must act differently. "What," said old Cayenne Pepper, "am I not master of my own property? and am I to be annoyed by the noise of dogs and fellows in red coats?" "It is true," said the Right Honourable, "the coverts are your's *by law*, the game and timber also are your's, but by *the law of honour* no gentleman would prevent his neighbours from taking their accustomed diversion, when the inconvenience would be *so trifling* to himself." The old Gentleman began to cool on hearing *his honour* was at stake, and said, "If they must hunt they must; but I request they will let me know when the hounds come into the neighbourhood, that *I may get out of the way*." At length, however, this hostile disposition gradually wore away, he became friendly to the hunt, and preserved Foxes with a spirit and an anxiety

which did him credit, and materially raised him in the estimation of his neighbours.

A stock of *old* Foxes is as necessary for sport as a stock of old hounds ; Foxes of the year are weak, and those of two years old know but little country.

To hunt a country and make the most of it, so as to give general satisfaction, requires some consideration. Supposing you have a thorough knowledge of it, use your own judgment and never be led by others, for you will find they have most commonly some selfish motives, and will often mislead you. In the summer months, if you are with your hounds, and have not gained that local knowledge of your country, at all times so indispensable, you will find it useful and agreeable to ride with them early in a refreshing summer's morning. At the same time you can receive information respecting your litters of Foxes ; and, besides, if any of the young hounds should

happen to be lost in the succeeding hunting season, they will the better know their way home. A country ought to be regularly hunted, the good and *the bad* alternately, to give general satisfaction, and in the long run you will have a better chance of sport. If you are continually disturbing your best country, you may have blank days, and the foxes will be very shy. Where there are many earths they will lay at ground. There can be no doubt but it must be more agreeable to hunt a good country always, if you have extent enough for an open season. Provided you cannot hunt the inferior one, so as to give satisfaction, it is more liberal to give it up altogether to some neighbouring pack, or even to some one from a distance, who might be glad to hunt it regularly. The keeping a country, and requiring owners of coverts to preserve, without hunting it, is too much to expect, and gives people

an opportunity of alluding to the story of the Dog in the Manger. And for another reason, although farmers are liberal, they think it hardly fair play, if they rent a farm in the best part of the hunt for sport, to have their land rode over constantly, whilst in the other less favourable part the hounds never meet. Their conversation at the market dinner, over a bottle, is often upon this subject; whereas if you do but hunt the whole country impartially, there can be no cause for complaint.

It is a very common case for a master of hounds to be requested to draw such and such a covert, merely because it may happen to accommodate some of the gentlemen out, by lying *on their way home*; now, if an acquiescence in this should cause no inconvenience or material alteration in the arrangements made for the day, it may be all very well to do what you can to oblige any particular person or set of men

out; but it should nevertheless be remembered by all the field, that as people are in the habit of coming great distances, *in every direction*, to the point where hounds meet in the morning, by thus acceding to the wishes of a *few*, you are likely to inconvenience *many*; besides the probability of occasioning yourself, servants, hounds, and horses, (should the draw be *from* home instead of *towards* it,) to remain out late, and undergo the fatigue of creeping home along dark muddy lanes, in a wet December night, without even the moon or stars to guide you. Some men will mislead you to avoid having their coverts disturbed; fearing a tame pheasant may fly away to his neighbour's preserves. After all, it is best to be firm, and never change the plan of drawing which you may have fixed upon, and considered to be the most probable one for sport. You will, no doubt, now and then be requested to meet at a par-

particular place, to oblige a friend who may have a party of fox-hunters at his house; and, provided you can do this without interfering with your arrangements, and that it is not prejudicial to sport in other parts of the hunt, there can be no harm in complying with it.

When I have drawn a covert blank, and have suspected some trick has been played to prevent my coming again that season, I always made a point of taking it in its turn, and drawing very close. Some illiberals I have known, who kill all the foxes, and when the hounds meet at their covert, have a bag-man ready to turn down, taking care to have two or three foot people placed at different parts to halloo at the same instant, that it may appear there are several foxes on foot. This may deceive a young, inexperienced Sportsman; but an old one it never can. I remember, some years ago, a person who I was certain killed foxes,

requested me to come when the snow had fallen, to observe their tracks into his preserves: I reminded him of the story in Æsop's Fables, of the answer the Fox gave the Lion, when he endeavoured to entice him into his den—"You will," said the Lion, "run no risk; observe the tracks of many of your species into my den." "Very true," answered Reynard; "I see the marks of those *that entered*, but where can you point out to me a single trace of *one returning?*" I was well assured, if a fox once wandered into my pretended friend's preserves, he would never come out again *alive*. I have always preferred an open foe, in every station of life; for a pretended friend is the worst of enemies,—and so is that person who promises to preserve foxes, and at the same time gives secret orders to his keepers to destroy them.

If you are invited to hunt a country, with promises of support in every way, it

will be a source of great mortification, disappointment, and serious inconvenience, if they are not sacredly fulfilled. You may have various other prospects in view, and other countries may be anxious to have you to superintend *their* hunting establishments; therefore, before you close, I should strenuously advise your having a clear and explicit understanding of what is expected on both sides, that neither party may have it in their power to complain at a future period. The country may probably expect you to do impossibilities, and more than mortal man can perform; and *you* may expect more from *them* than they had any intention of *doing*. The best plan, therefore, to keep all things right, is to have the agreement put down in black and white, and signed by both parties. The deviating from these instructions may be productive of mutual disputes and dissatisfaction.

If you should, after a good day's sport, run a fox to ground in a neighbouring hunt, according to the laws of fox-hunting, it is not correct to dig him. If you run him into a main earth, the best way will be to leave the place with as little delay as possible, to prevent any misrepresentation that might lead to a misunderstanding; for no people (I will not even except the riders of the present day,) are so jealous of each other as masters of foxhounds. But if you should run your fox into a drain, or any hole that is not a regular fox-earth, it is then thought fair to bolt him in any way you can, except by digging; but on no account must you allow a spade to enter the ground. It may be your hunted fox, or it may not; though, if he goes to ground in a main earth, it is most likely you have changed, as a fox will seldom go into an earth with which he is unacquainted. Under-ground fox-hunting is but poor

fun: waiting shivering in the cold for two or three hours is not very agreeable,—and your horses are in great danger of catching cold. If you have no chance of getting him out soon, and the day is not too far advanced, it is far better to draw for another fox, after having taken proper precautions against the probability of his being taken by fox-stealers.

That slow operation of digging for a fox, is only allowable when your hounds are in great want of blood; from experience I know it may be sometimes necessary, and on such occasions it cannot be considered unsportsmanlike. Any thing may be done, as I observed before, in reason, except turning out “ a Bag-man.”

The simple fact of my having had excellent sport, and having received the greatest kindness and support, *in the counties of Essex and Suffolk*, will, I hope, apologize for my giving you some account

of them. The hundreds of Essex, (or what is called Lord Petre's side of the country,) are particularly good for cub hunting, on account of his Lordship having preserved strictly *before* he kept hounds himself. His property is very extensive; the woodlands extremely convenient, and always moist at the bottom in a dry autumn, which is a great advantage; and you can generally begin cub hunting about the 20th of August. For what reason, I never could rightly ascertain, but the foxes in the Roothings or Rodings of Essex and part of Suffolk are certainly stouter than any I have met with in other countries. Stub bred foxes are thought to be the stoutest, and in the former places they are all bred above ground; for from Myless, near Ongar, to Bigods, a covert on the other side of Dunmow, a distance of nearly twenty miles, I do not know of a single earth. The enclosures are large, the country flat, and you can go from point to point, nine miles with-

out meeting with a single covert. From Man-wood, one of the best coverts in the Roothings, to Lord Maynard's High-wood, near Dunmow, a line of country the foxes formerly took, and from the latter to Lord Petre's High-wood, near Writtle Park, are still greater distances. The country is chiefly under plough, but well drained, and it rides light in comparison with other ploughed countries: the ditches are rather wide, but not blind; and the scent, after Christmas, is invariably good. I believe there never was an instance of an old wild Roothing fox having been killed with a hunting scent: if you do not go away *close* at him, at the very best pace, he never will be caught; and if you come to a check with a hunting scent, it is twenty to one he beats you. One thing ought always to be attended to, which is, when your fox is gone, to be as quick in getting your hounds after him as possible.

Leaden-Roothing is thought to be the

best covert in the hunt; but I preferred Old Park Coppice, a covert at the extremity of the Roothings towards Chelmsford, probably because I had the best runs from it, and the foxes found in the latter are reckoned the stoutest in Essex. A pack that hunted the Dunmow country before I took it, managed by all the "talents" in that neighbourhood, (nor was their huntsman considered otherwise than a celebrated one,) found from experience that an Old Park fox was not so easily caught, although they seldom missed their foxes in other parts of the hunt.

A word or two more as to Old Park Coppice as a good covert for sport. I had four very superior runs from it in one season, and killed each day; and it afforded me several good days sport besides; I will mention a few of them. One run of an hour and twenty minutes, and killed at Colonel Strutt's, near Maldon, 12 miles an end at

least. Another, with a *Fox of the year*, the quickest thing I ever saw, and killed him a few fields from Takely Forest, the Pack running into him in the open. Again, a run of one hour and ten minutes, ten miles an end and killed. But a run I had from a covert a short distance from Old Park, was one of the most brilliant things I witnessed during the time I kept hounds; when we found him we considered him an Old Park fox; and as he went away, a friend of mine, an old member of the "Talents Hunt," said to me, "there he goes, he is one of the old sort, my Master, he is not to be measured to-day! You will never see him again!" my answer was, "*I hope not alive, Sir.*" My hounds were close at his brush when he broke covert, and they went the very best pace for fifty-five minutes over the open without a check, and killed him at the edge of a chain of woodlands, where we were certain of changing.

Not forty yards from the place where they killed him a fresh fox went away ; if therefore he could have held on only that short distance, we should in all probability have changed. The greatest distance *I* ever ran a fox in Essex, was from Hempstead Wood (a covert notorious also for stout running foxes) to between Heddingham and Colne, where we killed him, calculated at 17 miles. But the most extraordinary run for distance was one the Hempstead hounds (termed the Invincibles) had from Great Hayles, a covert near Saffron Waldon, belonging to Lord Braybrook, to within four or five miles of Bury St. Edmond's in Suffolk, near Glemsford earth, where they killed him ; I should think the distance 25 miles at least as the crow flies. I could enumerate many more capital runs to prove the stoutness of the Essex foxes, which I had from Manwood, Brickles, Witney Wood, Lord Maynard's High Wood, East

End, Leaden Roothing, Matching Park, Row Wood, Marks, and Offrey. All the foxes found in the coverts mentioned are stub bred; I declare to you I do not remember ever finding a bad running fox from Ongar to Haverhill, a distance of thirty miles. The foxes in the Harding-green country in Suffolk, which I once hunted, are also stout, but the enclosures being rather small, and the country somewhat hilly, it renders it altogether inferior to Essex; but the *gentlemen and farmers of both countries were very civil and obliging*, and that contributes to make a country agreeable, if in other respects it is not quite so good as a sportsman could wish.

During the time I hunted Essex, we had our Dunmow meetings, which I assure you enlivened us not a little; and whilst I devoted myself to that part of the country, which was usually for a week or ten days each time, and perhaps three or four times

during the season, I made that place head quarters for myself and hounds, and was attended by many gentlemen of the hunt ; the Hertfordshire hounds on those occasions contrived to meet near to us on the alternate days ; and the emulation excited on the part of each hunt which should shew the best sport, made it the more interesting ; and the dinner at old Maltster's (the Saracen's Head, Dunmow,) who did all in his power to make us comfortable, always went off cheerfully. Taking into consideration the country altogether, it may be ranked as a first rate ruralist.

Artificial earths, I have been informed, if not made in a dry situation, are often the cause of foxes being mangy. I have some reason to attribute it to another cause : I never knew a mangy fox where the owner of the covert strictly preserved, and have invariably found them in the neighbourhood of those known to be inimical to Fox-

hunting, and where the keepers lay poison. If the animal has not taken sufficient to kill him it will produce fever, and nature throwing it out upon the skin, gives a similar appearance to the mange in dogs, and it often happens a poor devil in this miserable situation lingers for months, and at last is starved to death.

The very idea of poison makes me shudder ; I have suffered from it both in my house and in my kennel, and it seems to me an omission in the Legislature that dogs were not included in the “Black Act,” for I cannot distinguish any material difference between the crime of a person who poisons a horse, and that of one who thus destroys a valuable dog. In my humble opinion, he who has the villainy to do either would not hesitate to give you a dose likewise ; and the sooner such rascals are brought to the scratch at the Old Bailey, *tant mieux pour tout le monde.*

You ask my opinion as to the method of establishing earths in a country. The best I know is to procure two young badgers, a male and female, they will breed and make you plenty of strong *healthy* earths ; many other modes are adopted, but I think them all bad.

Having established a sufficient number of these earths, your next consideration must be the appointment of careful earth-stoppers, as their duty extends to the taking care of the litters of foxes, as well as to the stopping of the earths ; and in order to be certain of having them *well stopped*, you will find it safest to pay for each time of stopping, and agree with the people who perform this necessary service, that if the earths are not stopped at the proper time, and as they ought to be, *they will not be paid for that day's stopping*.

If, after this notice, you run to ground in any particular man's stop, you had better

discharge him immediately. It is nothing more than fair that the keepers should stop the earths in their own manors, it may be the means of saving a litter of foxes. Keepers in general will not refuse a sovereign, so that if you make it answer *their* purpose they will not destroy your foxes, unless they have secret orders from their masters to do it. Earth stoppers that are paid *annually*, if it happens to be an open winter, and they have to stop often, think it a hardship: whereas, the man who is paid *every time he stops*, takes pleasure in doing it, knowing he will be recompensed for his trouble. It is his *interest* also to look after the foxes, for the more he has in his district, the oftener the hounds will be there.

As the subject of making coverts is one of much interest to the sportsman, I shall say a few words on the different methods of employing land for this purpose.

A fine gorse covert is a thing by no means so easily acquired as some people are inclined to imagine. In the first place, great attention is necessary in the preparation of the ground. Whatever portion you may think of devoting to this purpose should be trenched all over to a considerable depth (say 18 inches, or at the very least 14.) You should be exceedingly particular in the choice of *seed*, as there is much sold of a very inferior quality.

I once remember a rather amusing circumstance occurring to a gentleman, who took it into his head all at once to make a chain of gorse coverts on his estates ; he spared neither trouble or expense, the ground was carefully dug and trenched, and in every way properly cleaned, and the tenacious roots of that odious weed, the couch grass, having been eradicated, *abundance of gorse and broom seed was sown all over it*, but to the surprise of every one,

none of the seed took root, and at the time the young plants should have made their appearance, nothing was visible but weeds. This however was not very wonderful, as it turned out, for either in a mischievous frolic, or with malice *prepense* to fox-hunting, some one had dried, or rather baked, the whole of the seed in an oven, previous to its having been committed to the ground.

It should invariably be remembered, that for months after the first tender shoots of the gorse have made their appearance above ground, you must employ hands to weed it as attentively as if the whole were a garden bed containing so many choice flowers, the hopes of the Florist ; for I am clearly of opinion, it is the neglect of early weeding which ruins more than one half of the gorses that are made. There is, I am told, a *new* method of making a covert *sufficiently thick to ensure its holding foxes*, or as the term is, to be full of “ good lyeing,” in an almost incredible

short time after it has been made. This mode, I must confess, appears to me *very novel*, and I cannot be answerable for its success, but here you have it as it was given to me. Fence out a certain quantity of land (waste, of course, if possible,) and merely stick up a number of faggots endways, at certain distances from each other, perhaps a couple of yards apart, taking care that the points are stuck deep enough into the ground to prevent all danger of the wind blowing them down. In the course of a very few months, or a single summer, the rank grass, and long weeds growing between the faggots, will make the whole an almost impenetrable mass; whilst the long weeds, partly *supported by the sticks and faggots*, are enabled in a great measure to resist the effects of a winter's frost and snow, or at least if killed, do not fall to the ground, but continue to afford dry lodging for a fox.

But I trust you will have a country that will require no such contrivances to give you sport, for one good natural covert is worth twenty artificial ones, and more likely to hold stout foxes ; for the old ones are shy fellows, and particularly nice in their choice of habitation ; indeed it even requires judgment to manage your coverts so as to get runs from them.

If you should hunt a country that may have a large woodland, in which the foxes commonly hang, and seldom go away, it is the best plan to hunt it often and kill a fox in the covert, and be sure to give him to your hounds in the very heart of it. When I first commenced, in rather a woodland country, several of the members of the hunt said to me, it is useless your going to a certain covert, you never will kill a fox or make him break,—“ *The devil I won't ; I shall meet there every Monday,*” was my answer, “ *till I diminish the foxes ;*” the first day I met

happened to be a good scenting day, the last day in October. The hounds held well to their fox for two hours, and killed him in the centre of the covert, and eat him ; the consequence was, the next time we met at the same covert, the animal broke as soon as the hounds were put into it ; and we had from thence seven good runs over a country, and killed each time, in the course of the season. In coverts or gorses of a moderate size, known to be good for sport and certainty of finding, you must act quite the reverse ; and not only avoid drawing them, or disturbing them as little as possible, but if you should have the misfortune to kill a fox in either, get the fox out as soon as possible, and on no account allow the hounds to eat him in it. I have known instances of hounds killing and eating a fox in a favourite covert, the consequence of which has been that they have not found there the whole season afterward. Nothing is so

prejudicial to sport as meeting too often at favourite coverts, or disturbing them unnecessarily. A fox is a shy animal, and if he is not allowed to remain quiet, will often lie in drains and in the fields, and of course get killed by greyhounds; and if you disturb your best coverts on bye days, you are not acting fairly to the people who hunt with you, as you cannot expect to find in a covert so recently drawn.

I have frequently been requested to give my opinion on the subject of countries being *kept together as they were originally hunted*. In part from my own ideas, formed early in life, and in part from those of experienced sportsmen with whom I have conversed upon the subject, I will endeavour, in the clearest manner I am able, to lay down what appears to me to be the *law* on this important, though delicate case; and which, in my humble opinion, if rigidly attended to, would be most beneficial to the cause

of fox-hunting. If at any future period you should be in treaty for a country, (which from political disputes, or other causes, has not been kept entire, and other hunts have taken the advantage during the inter-regnum, of drawing those coverts most convenient for them to reach from their own kennel, or those they may have known to be the best situated for sport,) before you arrange to hunt it *as a country*, it is nothing more than common justice, according to the laws of fox-hunting (as far as I always understood them,) and to prevent future misunderstanding, that the coverts so drawn should be restored, and the hunt given up to you *entire*.

It is a very bad precedent for any one to accept of a covert (which he knows from time immemorial has belonged to another hunt,) because the master of the hounds who happens to hunt it at the time is not approved of by the owner of the covert;

the same sort of prejudice might be taken against him in his own hunt, and he may likewise have a misunderstanding with some one who will easily find an excuse to warn him off his property, and at the same time make a proposition to some other pack to hunt it. What would be his astonishment if a neighbouring pack should come into the heart of his country, and into one of his best coverts, find a fox, have a good run, and kill him ?

If customary laws are to be invaded to answer the caprice of individuals, the confusion and anarchy that would naturally occur in a short time would set a whole country together by the ears, and threaten the very existence of fox-hunting. A master of hounds is as liable to the misfortune of having a misunderstanding as other people—therefore when a covert is offered to another under such circumstances, he ought politely to refuse it. We all know,

by *law* the owners of coverts can allow whom they please to hunt them ; if, therefore, the boundary of a country is not held sacred, it is impossible to say what will be the consequence, or how it will end. I mention this subject of course in a way which I hope will not be thought offensive or personal towards any one ; I have no motive but to give you my observations and opinion formed from experience.

I remember an anecdote related of a friend of mine and his neighbour, not many miles from Blandford, in Dorsetshire, which happened some years ago, both parties, alas ! are now gone to that bourne from whence no traveller returns. My friend was fond of shooting, and had a tolerable domain, and preserved strictly ; his neighbour also was partial to the trigger, his property was the most extensive, he therefore had less excuse for sporting on that of *another*. One day, after my friend returned from

hunting, he was informed that in his absence his neighbouring friend had been shooting pheasants in a distant part of his manor. Instead of shewing any hostility, the next morning, about 11 o'clock, he went to his neighbour's preserve, near the mansion, and began shooting the pheasants right and left, having sent his servant on before with his clothes, and desired his best compliments; adding, that as the gentleman had done him the honour to shoot on *his* manor the day before, *he* was come to-day to return the compliment, and to take a family dinner with him; of course an explanation took place, and they lived on friendly terms ever afterwards. I must in justice say, of both these gentlemen, although they were strict game preservers, I have seen more foxes on foot at one time in their coverts, when the hounds drew them, than I ever have seen in any other country after regular hunting

commenced. I will relate to you another anecdote, bearing upon this point. Being a good deal annoyed by some hounds, which often disturbed a covert belonging to the late Lord Maynard, I mentioned the circumstance to his Lordship, who was a strict preserver of foxes, and one of the best of men ; he said, “ if you insist upon it I will send them a written discharge ; but I, as an old sportsman, would advise you to arrange with them in a milder way ; it is a bad precedent, and they may retaliate by instigating persons to send you a similar discharge in another part of your hunt, and annoy you very considerably.”

A man may have too great an extent of country for his establishment, and so give permission to another pack *for a time*, to draw some of his distant coverts. It may happen at a future time he may want them, or another person who succeeds him, with a larger establishment, may hunt

oftener, and require the coverts to be returned; in that case the person who has had the temporary enjoyment of them has no alternative but to give them up quietly.

The giving up a certain part of your country, held by the concurrence of the neighbouring gentlemen, without their sanctioning the measure, is by no means the same thing as only allowing another hunt to draw some of your coverts, when you can do without them.

“ It needs no ghost to tell us ” that Leicestershire stands pre-eminent for fox-hunting; but I have heard from some old sportsmen, the foxes do not run so straight as formerly, owing to canals, and so many new gorses. I met, the other day, some Leicestershire men, who told me, (what all the youngsters of the day had told me before,) that such sport never was known, nor such riding, and that Melton never was so full.

A good pack of hounds will always show sport in any country; and it cannot be denied, but a very superior one now hunts the country, and the owner spares no trouble or expense to show sport. I have no doubt the Meltonians over a country are very superior; but if the young men of the present day ride more scientifically than they did in the time of the late Mr. Meynell, they must be very good indeed. I was pleased to hear Melton was so very full; no doubt many go for the sake of hunting,—and it is said, many go also for the sake of playing *Short Whist*, and that fascinating game *Ecarté*. For many reasons, men at a certain time of life are fond of their own fire-side, and it is not convenient for every one to leave home to hunt “in the great countries;” but is that any reason they should be deprived of their amusement, because they live in a country less favourable to fox-hunting? I

have not patience to hear men (who formerly, when in Leicestershire, never saw a hound after they had found) say, “ no other country is fit to hunt in !”

I have seen very good sport *out* of Leicestershire, and I hope I shall again. If gentlemen would preserve foxes more liberally in the rural countries, people would hunt and reside more at home ; and, in consequence, more money would be circulated in their own neighbourhood, the agriculturist benefited, the lower orders employed, and the poor rates reduced. I remember an instance in a parish of some considerable extent, where only *one* gentleman kept an establishment, the poor rates were double what they were in a neighbouring one of the same magnitude, where *several* gentlemen resided.

I was very much surprised to hear of a bill being brought into Parliament to make *game private property*, and by a Yorkshire-

man too! Formerly, a Yorkshire-man and a Sportsman were synonymous. If the bill passes, it will annihilate fox-hunting! Is it likely a *marchand de gibier*, (of which, no doubt, there will be many,) will allow hounds to draw his coverts, or even a gun to be fired, or a dog to enter his premises? No more elevated barrels or percussion locks will be necessary, and the name of a sportsman in a few years will be forgotten.

The game laws in France are not clearly understood by the lawyers: the old despotic law is done away with; and the new ones, made since the revolution, are so very indefinite, as not to be understood. I had the misfortune to be prosecuted for a trespass by an old Countess who lived at Harfleur; and having consulted my solicitor, he advised me to wait on the lady, and acquaint her that she had been misinformed by her "*Garde*," that I had not

committed a trespass on her land. She received me very graciously, but made some unpleasant remarks on the conduct of the English,—one of which was so very absurd, that I could scarcely refrain from telling her she was a silly old woman. She accused the English of causing Louis the 16th to be beheaded! The proces verbal was brought into court, not to be decided by a jury, but by an old worn-out judge, who determined on the declaration made by the *garde de chasse*, who swore I was shooting in a turnip field, the property of Madame la Comtesse, though at the same time I had a respectable witness, the son of an English clergyman, to prove to the contrary; they would not, however, allow him to give his evidence, but without hesitation fined me, and I had all the expenses to pay.

Again, I cannot resist relating what seemed a flagrant instance of illiberality

and oppression. I went out one morning with my dog and gun, to endeavour to kill a bird for a sick father-in-law. I did not leave home till after eleven o'clock. On my way I met the keeper, and informed him of the country I was going to beat; he answered, "*fort bien, Monsieur.*" Shortly afterwards, in a small field of beet root, I killed an unfortunate quail: some people were at work at the very time on a public road near the spot, and a shepherd was keeping some sheep *a mile at least from* the field. The next morning, I was informed by a friend a *procès verbal* was made against me, that I had killed a doe hare with young, close to the proprietor's chateau. I answered, "it is impossible; I am not aware I was on his land; and as to a *beau lièvre*, I did not see one the whole day." Still, however, the shepherd, a perfect stranger, and a mile off at the time, swore to my person, and insisted that I

had killed a hare with young. Thus I had no alternative but either to go into court, or to compromise the matter; and from what I experienced on a previous occasion with the Countess, I had no wish for the former,—knowing to a certainty I should be beat. It was therefore agreed to compromise; and the mean wretch took 75 franks to settle the affair, although he was a man of large fortune in France.—This is behaving towards Englishmen with gratitude and liberality, and a kind return for our generous conduct to the unfortunate emigrants during the revolution! But these are not every-day instances; nor would it be difficult to enumerate French families that are in the habit of showing many kind attentions to the English; but as the saying is, “*On trouve des bons et des mauvais par tout.*”

Having before stated the necessity of keeping your *kennel effective*, I must now

tell you it will be necessary to keep your stable effective also; for if your men are not well mounted, they cannot be of much service in the field, and you are well aware, if you have not good hunters for your own riding, you never can be with your hounds at a time when you may be most wanted. One thing is certain, a man cannot ride over a country if he is not *well mounted*, neither can he show sport if he has not a *good pack of hounds*. Horses and hounds, if good in nature, are animals that will do wonders, if common sense will but assist them. If you have not the opportunity of purchasing horses that the late Mr. Corbet had, I should advise you to procure them from the dealers in London, where you will have a better chance than in the country: the great breeders generally sell their young horses in one lot to the London dealers, they are brought to town untried, and they know no more of them than the

purchaser: if the latter buys an ill *shaped* horse, he has nobody to blame but himself. That flourishing and brilliant capital, London, is the place to get the best of every thing; for where the highest price is given, superior things of every description will be taken.

If you wish to give a large price for what is called a *well known made hunter*, from one cause or other, there are always, every spring, some such valuable horses to be purchased at Tattersalls, which has been the rendezvous of sportsmen from time immemorial, arising from the civility of the late Mr. and the present Messrs. Tattersall to all ranks. I sincerely hope they will ever continue to meet with the encouragement their meritorious conduct so eminently deserves. It is the fountain of all sporting information; sporting men could not exist in town in the spring, if there was no "Tattersalls." Independent of its

great utility, it is a lounge three times a week, where you are sure to meet your friends, and can listen with pleasure to their reports of the achievements of the different packs of hounds the season past, and the arrangements for the future.

Suppose you purchase half a dozen young horses, at a hundred guineas each, to carry fourteen stone; if two out of the six turn out well, you ought to be satisfied, as there is every probability of your selling the remaining four for fifty each, barring accidents. Many fox-hunters prefer thorough-bred horses, others cock-tails; I always gave the preference to the former, if it was possible to get them. It is the general opinion, that thorough-bred horses cannot leap so well as "cock-tails:" I think otherwise; and if you will try the experiment, by taking ten young horses of the former, and ten of the latter sort, I am convinced you will find the thorough-

bred ones to have the advantage, and naturally to clear their fences with more ease to themselves. Horses that have been in training for years cannot be expected to make hunters; but, nevertheless, what superiority a thorough-bred one has in every respect,—above all, in speed, bottom, and wind? It often happens, when a cock-tail is at the height of his speed, a thorough-bred horse is only at three-quarters, and the latter will always *go through dirt* (as the term is) best. I have been very much astonished in hearing men whom I have known to be good sportsmen, and who were in the habit of riding well to hounds, argue in favour of the former; but some persons, for the sake of argument, will even attempt to lay down positions at variance with their own opinion. Many also differ about turning horses out for what is called a summer's run: I did it, because I could not afford to do otherwise. I always thought

my horses in the best condition when I left off hunting; the turning them out to eat sour grass not only puts them entirely out of condition, but very often injures them materially. I am all for dry food, given in a straw-yard, where the animal can have a barn or open stable to go to, and plenty of good water. By this means how much sooner your horse will be in condition, and what an advantage it will give you before Christmas! Horses that have a summer's run at grass, seldom are in condition before January. I shall not here trespass upon your patience, by enlarging upon a topic which from time to time has been treated upon in the Sporting Magazine, by one of its ablest writers.

Of course you will be aware that I am alluding to those well known articles on the condition of hunters, by "*Nimrod*;" in favour of whose system and ideas I have ever most perfectly coincided. Another advantage will be gained by it, your

horses will be less likely to be *stolen*, and from what we read in the public papers, horse stealing is now so very common, and the *rogues know the trick so well*, that it has become one of our greatest evils, and I hope the police will take it into their serious consideration. During my sojourn in France, in the neighbourhood where I resided, I never heard of a thief of any description. The reason given is, when a person is robbed, he has nothing to do but to make his declaration (as they call it,) before a magistrate, which is merely the particulars of the robbery. The king's attorney general then carries on the prosecution *at the expence of government*, and with the assistance of the police, the culprit seldom escapes. The person robbed is at no expence, nor has he the odium of bringing a man to justice. I believe there lies the great secret, and the cause of there being so few robberies on the Continent. When a poor Englishman is robbed of his horse,

if *he* prosecutes he must pay all the expences himself, which will very probably amount to more than the value of the horse, should he be so fortunate as to recover him.

Another proof of the superiority of the police on the Continent is, that the *Estafette*, who daily carries the letters and other valuables for the merchants from Havre de Grace to Paris, and from Paris again to the sea-coast, is nothing more than a common post-boy on horseback, with a portmanteau strapped behind his saddle, in the same way that our letters were formerly conveyed in England before mail coaches were established. These boys at times carry immense sums, and have nothing to defend themselves with but their whips, which they are continually smacking, yet it is confidently asserted by the merchants, there never has been an instance of any of them having been robbed, or even attempted to be stopped. If a similar

Estafette, or express, was established by the English merchants between London and Liverpool, do you suppose it would arrive at its destination unmolested?—Query, would it ever pass beyond Finchley Common in safety?

Mr. Corbet thought it necessary to bring forward a certain number of young horses to keep his establishment effective in that department; his plan was to purchase in their raw state the promising young horses of four and five years old, bred in his own country (Shropshire), celebrated at that time for its excellent breed of hunters, particularly those from the Bridgenorth Snap, which were pleasant horses to ride, free at their leaps, but always collected; with excellent constitutions, fine action, and no tire in them; they would have thought themselves disgraced to have been dismounted after a twenty minutes burst over any country. When broke, and made handy

with hounds, they were turned out for twelve months, and then taken into the hunting stable, to supply the place of the old worn out horses, which time had incapacitated for active service.

This great sportsman had in consequence a stud of very superior hunters. I cannot say I admired his hounds *in kennel*; it was nothing but “Trojan,” “Trojan,” “Trojan.” We always drank, at his hospitable mansion at Sundorn, “to the blood of old Trojan,” and yet he did not *even know how this famous hound was bred*. I was informed he was a stray hound, that either joined the pack hunting, or else came to the kennel by accident. I liked the appearance of Sir Richard Puleston’s hounds better than those of his father-in-law, Mr. Corbet; they were a powerful pack, with a great deal of bone, and very clever. Mr. Corbet himself was extremely popular in Warwickshire, and gave ge-

neral satisfaction ; his sport was excellent, his natural good temper and condescending manners to every description of people gained him the esteem of all parties ; and during his reign such a thing as a blank day was totally unknown.

The subject upon which I am now about to treat is, I am well aware, a very delicate one ; but as you have requested me to give my candid opinion upon *every thing* which relates to fox-hunting, I should consider myself remiss if I did not do so.

Gentlemen should recollect, let their situation in life be ever so exalted, if they condescend to hunt their own hounds, that when in the field they are *huntsmen* ; a huntsman is a public character, and as such is liable to have remarks and criticisms made by the Field (who it is always to be remembered *are but lookers on*, and as such, are *apt to flatter themselves they know as much of the game as the actual player*,) and

to be spoken to by farmers and others on the occurrences which commonly happen in the day's hunting; if things go on well, and the sport is good, the master of the pack is no doubt the person *most* pleased, feeling conscious that his exertions contribute much to the amusement of the day; and there is certainly no pleasure more gratifying to ourselves than that of pleasing others. On the contrary, if every thing should go on untowardly, which will frequently happen on a bad scenting day, he ought to be mindful that the Field likewise participates in his disappointment. There is not a greater misery than returning home after bad sport; every thing appears to go wrong; but suppose the hounds to have done their work well the whole day, having no wild horsemen to over-ride them, and you kill your fox handsomely after a run of an hour and a quarter; then I can imagine I hear you talking to your

hounds on your way home,—“Justice, old fellow, *you* made a capital hit when the sheep brought us to check; and Will, did you see Gamestress turn like lightning with the scent, when the fox was headed? the young ones too, they began to work and enjoy a scent; and old Sophy, she was at the head of affairs when the fox was sinking.” With happy thoughts like these, when you sit down to dinner, every thing goes right, the soup is excellent, the fish delicious, the venison of the highest quality, and the wine of superior flavour. The Ladies too appear more than usually fascinating, and every thing they do pleases you.

It is said a master of fox hounds should be possessed of the patience of Job, but even if he were, it would too often be put to the test. For instance,—to have your hounds over-ruled by some jealous horseman, who pays no attention to their work

on a bad scenting day, when unable to go the best pace, but brings them to a check, and by incautiously riding amongst them disables many, is unhappily a circumstance but too well calculated to ruffle and derange the best of tempers; for who could refrain on such an occasion from speaking rather warmly? “So jealous are some men (said a distinguished huntsman to me the other day at the covert side,) that they will not even allow my Lord’s hounds to work with a hunting scent, although they have every disposition to do so.” When such an incident occurs, the Field, as a body, ought to interfere, and not suffer the sport of the day to be marred by the malevolence or ignorance of every individual who chooses to over-ride the hounds. And is it not rather too much to expect a master of hounds, on *all* occasions, to be under the disagreeable necessity of calling to account every stranger, whose too great eagerness and want of

patience, renders him a nuisance in the Field? Many, many a day's sport is spoilt by the sole circumstance of hounds being over-rode.

Much mischief is also often done when a fox first goes away. All crowd to the spot where he is halloo'd, before the hounds can possibly get there; every one being anxious for a *good start*, fearing Jack so and so will have a better than himself. They are not aware of the injury they are doing by riding over the scent and foiling the ground. It frequently happens at these times the hounds never run him a single yard. If people would only have *a little* patience, and be cautious where they ride, first allowing the pack to settle to their fox, they would have every chance of sport.

A misery of this sort once happened to me; a fox was halloo'd away at the farther end of the covert to that where the hounds were, by a man at work, whom

I knew. I got to him with as little delay as possible, and naturally said, which way is he gone? “ I zee’d um, Zir, where them there gemmen are; they be all over the zcent; and I could zee um no varder than where thick mon is on a grey horse; I telt im you would be angry, and they swear at me unmarcifully, but as I noo some of them there red coats can boxy a little, I heeled my tongue till your honour came up.” The hounds in consequence could not hunt him an inch. Many said “ make a wide cast down wind; he is gone to such a covert;” another, “ to such an earth;” “ no, Gentlemen,” I replied, “ I shall do no such thing, I will not spoil my hounds to please any man’s fancy, by galloping over a country, the Lord knows where, on almost a forlorn hope; you have spoiled your own sport, and must suffer for it. Foxes are scarce in this part of the hunt; there is but very little chance of finding again!” This

was the case : we did not find afterwards, although to please them (which was more than they deserved,) I drew till very late. It is nevertheless a bad plan at any time to draw late in the day. I know many masters who make it a rule not to go on after three o'clock, which is a very good one ; in the middle of winter a great deal of misery is often caused by finding too late. You will almost to a certainty be beat, and the pack will not be very easily stopped in the dark. It once happened to me to lose my whole pack ; it was a good scenting day ; we found early, and had a sharp thing of one hour and five minutes without a check ; and as a good deal of it was in covert, I found another fox, had a long run over a country, and run our fox, quite beat, into a small covert, where I thought they were catching him every moment ; but unfortunately another fox was in the same covert, and the hunted one laid down ; it was nearly dark, and I

fancied him our own; but to my great surprise, a fresh one broke away with the hounds close at him, over a difficult country to ride; they killed him by themselves, after running him several miles. The consequence was, most of the hounds remained out all night, and I did not get them right again for a length of time.

The *method* of riding to hounds is so much altered within the last few years, that you will have no small trouble in preventing your Field from getting *too* forward. Most men of the present day, if they can find cash to purchase a good hunter, have nerves to ride him. The first two requisites in riding to hounds are, *a good eye*, and *a good hand*; a man that rides close at the tail of the pack (as the term is), and follows them *every where*, may have the name of a bold rider, but never that of a good one; he must naturally ride over a great deal of unnecessary ground, and in

consequence will the sooner tire his horse. If you observe a good sportsman in the field, he will ride a little to the right or to the left, so as to command the pack, with his eye on the leading hounds, and take every advantage of ground when they turn with the scent on either side. Of course, I do not mean to recommend skirting; for a skirting rider is as bad as a skirting hound, and will often do as much mischief. How valuable, therefore, is a horse with *a good mouth*; a hunter cannot be said to be perfect without it. When the pack comes suddenly to a check, if a sportsman has his eye on the leading hounds (which he ought to have), he will in a moment see the event, and of course halt short of the spot to which they brought the scent. When I make use of the word halt, I don't mean that every man should go to drill; but I know this, if many that call themselves sportsmen had a *little drilling*, it would do

them a great deal of good ! It is the general opinion that when hounds check, the fox is forward ; and the first cast a huntsman ought to make is a forward one. I cannot say I think so ; on the contrary, if there are no sheep, deer, cattle, &c. to foil the ground, and the fox has not been coursed by a cur-dog, why should they check if he is gone on ? The greatest probability is, that he has headed, or made a short turn to the right or left ; therefore, if you *cast at all*, a forward one is the least likely to succeed. There is one rule however, from which you should never deviate,—let your hounds try first before you attempt to make a cast yourself ; hounds that are not accustomed to be “ lifted,” will make a superior one to any human being. It is very extraordinary, yet nevertheless true, that many people go out for the sake of the riding part only ; the hunting is a minor consideration ; and if the hounds do their work well or ill, it is of little consequence

to them; and their conversation after dinner usually turns to the subject of *riding only*. To such as these, I have often thought a few couples of curs, running the drag of a red herring, (care being taken that a tom cat should be turned out at the end,) if they only went *the pace*, would answer quite as well as the finest pack of fox-hounds.

An anecdote, related to me by a friend, who hunted constantly with the late Mr. Meynell, is very apropos to some riders of the present day, and I give it you in his words.

“ Many years ago, I recollect a gentleman who kept ten horses in Leicestershire, and who had been riding near me often in a very fine run, in which two of the most interesting and beautiful things happened that I ever remembered to have seen, and on remarking them to him when the run was over,—‘ Good God! Sir,’ said he; ‘ I saw nothing of them!’ This was a hard rider,

who, from his own account saw *nothing*, while riding his horse as hard as he could go, and as near the tail of the hounds as he could possibly get! And how should he? For a man behind the hounds cannot be a judge of what is going on in front; and is the principal cause (by pressing upon them,) to bring them to a check.

But still, as I have above stated, great as is the mischief done by persons who over-ride your hounds, you may even put up with it, although very annoying, if they will but refrain from hallooing. There may be some faint hope of improving a field that ride too forward, but a noisy one you can never mend. To prove it, in some measure, I will relate the following fact,—it happened some years ago. I was out cub-hunting, and had found a litter of foxes in some small coverts detached as much as a field or two from each other; a farmer joined us whom I knew to be free with his tongue,

and when the hounds were holding merrily together on one fox, and had nearly beat him, he was sure to halloo them to a fresh one, and swear it was the same we were hunting. After begging him to desist without effect, I rode up and spoke to him in any thing but gentle language; when he instantly got into a violent passion, and declared, nothing on earth should ever make him halloo another fox for me! I thought, for once, he was silenced; but before the words were scarcely out of his mouth, a fresh fox crossed the main ride in the covert, and the moment he viewed him, he was at it again,—“ *Tally-ho! Tally-ho! Tally-ho!—I will be d——d, Sir, if that is not the hunted fox!*”

In a country that shall be nameless, where every one not only fancied himself a huntsman, but would on some occasions put his fancy into practice, a farmer actually came out one day with a horn, and began

blowing when we found. The manager was also a good deal annoyed by a hound named "Thunder," a great favourite in the hunt, before he had the management of the hounds; and to do him justice, he was a good finder, steady from hare; and when he threw his tongue, (which he was very free with,) it was so singular a one, the whole neighbourhood knew it,—and he was a most determined skirter. Now, in the country alluded to, there is a long succession of small coverts, and a fox generally visited them. "Thunder" had a trick of going *alone* from one covert to another *down wind*, after the hounds found, and of throwing his tongue either on the hunted fox or a fresh one; and at most of these little coverts *there was a skirting rider*, who, the moment he heard "Thunder's" voice, began hallooing and cheering him; so that very often it was nothing but "hark to Thunder" the whole day through.

On one of these occasions, the Master's patience was quite exhausted, and the prospect of a good day's sport totally lost. Returning home not very well pleased, in conversation with the whipper-in, he said: "What do you think of Thunder?" "Why, I think, Sir, we shall never kill a fox 'till he is hung!" "I am of your opinion," answered he; "and you may have his skin." Will was so anxious to get him out of the way, fearing his master might change his mind, that when he went out to feed his hounds, a few minutes after his return home, "Thunder" was no more! The next hunting day, when the hounds found, many exclaimed, "it cannot be a fox, it is only riot,—for we do not hear 'Thunder's' voice!" "Indeed," said the Master; "and what is more wonderful, you never will again." It was soon whispered about, that poor "Thunder" was dead,—so many long faces were scarcely ever seen before. One

gentleman was observed going up to a rich farmer,—“ What do you think has happened?” “ What?” answered the farmer, with the greatest anxiety; “ have any more banks stopped?” “ No,” replied the gentleman; “ *worse than that*—poor ‘ Thunder ’ is draughted, and we shall never have any sport again.” The means taken had the desired effect for a time; but a subscriber was lost,—who coolly observed, he never would go out hunting again, if he was not permitted *to halloo to the hounds whenever he pleased*.

It gave me much pleasure to find from your last letter, that you had decided upon hunting your own hounds; I can see no great crime in a gentleman performing the office of huntsman,—and no reason why a man with a good education should not succeed in every thing he undertakes better than a person who has had, comparatively speaking, but an indifferent one, or perhaps none at all. A distinguished noble-

man in Yorkshire, has hunted his own hounds uninterruptedly for thirty-eight seasons, with high reputation to himself, and satisfaction to the sportsmen who hunted with him.

A gentleman who hunts his own hounds is sure to be fond of the sport, and he will do all in his power (for his own credit) to show it. On the contrary, servants hunt hounds for their livelihood; and I have seen some of them, now and then, more anxious to go home to a two o'clock dinner, than to find a second fox.

The noble successor to Mr. Corbet, in the Warwickshire country,—a good sportsman, and always anxious to show sport,—would sometimes say to his huntsman, “Harry, Harry, you are thinking more of your *mutton chops*, than of your *hunting!*” It is very difficult to get a good huntsman, such as Tom Rose, or Sam Lawley,—the former, the Duke of Grafton’s, the latter, the late Lord Vernon’s; Charles King,

also, who hunted Lord Althorp's hounds, and Mr. Shaw, were excellent sportsmen. If you could be sure of meeting with such men, it would not be so indispensable for you to hunt your own hounds; but huntsmen, generally speaking, are conceited, headstrong, and ignorant,—and fancy they know better where the fox is gone than the hounds do; although a very clever man, and an admirable judge of hunting, assures us,

“ That foxhound never yet could tell,
 Unless he took the pains to smell,
 Where Reynard went !”

Many servants think lifting hounds, hallooing, and blowing the horn, are the only qualities requisite for a huntsman.

A system once followed by a huntsman (now gone to ground), is so very bad a one, that I anticipate it will not for a moment meet your approbation; it was always condemned by me, and quite different to the

one I practised. The hounds were never permitted to hunt through difficulties; the moment they came to a check they were galloped away to some earth or covert, either with the false notion of "giving him a meeting" (as they termed it,) or else to take the chance of his having gone into the wood, or of finding a fresh fox, which of course was always claimed as the hunted one. I was informed the pack were so accustomed to it, that the moment they came to a check their heads were up, and they were ready to start with the huntsman wherever his genius might direct. This beautiful pack, in consequence, never put their noses down; they had been so well disciplined, that the words "heads up" were unnecessary, but to get them down again was impossible.

Another wild system I witnessed in a rural country: the hounds were running their fox well, he was viewed by the hunts-

man, who set to riding and mobbing him, and the consequence was they came to a check; however, fortunately getting the scent again, they had one of the best runs of the season, but did *not* kill. In my opinion, if this unsportsmanlike act had not taken place at so critical a moment, the hounds would in all probability have killed their fox.

Some people think it fair to mob and ride a fox, and fancy it takes something out of him, and that the hounds will sooner run into him; but nine times out of ten it is the means of his beating them, as it bothers the hounds, foils the ground, and it frequently happens when a fox has been rode, the pack cannot hunt him afterwards. When before speaking of servants, I should have observed, that I was formerly an advocate for cap-money, thinking it did no harm, saved a little in servant's wages, and, hunting my own hounds, I took care no unfair

advantage of this privilege should be taken ; but we “ live and learn :” I have seen so many days sport marred by it, that I now disapprove of it, and think it better to allow your servants to take Christmas boxes, a thing in the end perhaps more beneficial to them ; but you will have some difficulty in persuading them to it. I have heard, with some packs near London, on a Saturday (“ *Le grand jour de la Chasse,*”) the huntsmen will occasionally turn down a bagman (of course unknown to their master) ; they cannot resist the temptation, when they are certain of a large Field, and *the cap-money on those days amounts to something considerable.*

A good-tempered sensible *first whipper-in, that will obey,* and has the sport of the day, and his master’s interest at heart, is not very often to be met with. I have had some very good ones, and some very bad ; of the latter, the very worst tempered man

I ever had, although a good sportsman, was at the very time I was in the greatest need of a good one. I was commencing making a pack from draughts (not an easy task I can assure you); we were going on as well as we could possibly expect; the hounds were getting handy, and to know each other, and we were beginning to place some confidence in them; but what was of the greatest consequence, they had got into blood, and we fixed to meet at a good covert likely for a run. The hounds immediately found, and were going away well with their fox, when my malevolent fellow stopped them, and halloo'd them on to hare: but, unfortunately for him, a friend of mine saw the whole transaction, informed me of it, and I of course turned my man away. He owned afterwards he did it to spite some gentlemen who were out, and were anxious to have a run, *because they did not "cap" for him the day before, after killing a fox with*

a short run. This is another instance of the bad effects of allowing servants to take cap-money. I have had other whippers-in of a different character, men who were good sportsmen, fond of the thing, attentive, and good servants in every respect. For instance, Will Neverd, now Mr. Warde's huntsman; Jack Cane, Abraham Farrow, Zach. Goddard, the latter many years whipper-in to Lord Middleton, and now with Mr. Boycot; old Jack Cole (not a bad one), now living with Mr. Conyers; and John Neal, an excellent servant. The best *groom* I ever had, who took a pride in his master's horses being in condition, was William Tompkins, now I believe head groom in the hunting stable of the Duke of Grafton. It often happens as soon as a whipper-in knows his business, he wishes to be a huntsman; and will take every opportunity of getting alone with the hounds, in order that he may hunt them himself. One of the best men in the field

I ever knew was Richard Bennet ; he lived with the late Lord Stamford, afterwards with Mr. John Calcraft, and lastly with his present Majesty ; he was quiet with hounds, and always in his place ; a capital horseman, and what is a great virtue in a whipper-in, *he never wished to hunt the hounds himself.* I have often heard him say, if he were offered a huntsman's place he should hesitate before he accepted it.—“ I know, Sir, said he, I understand my business as whipper-in ; if I take a huntsman's place, I may not succeed, and it would be hard to go back into my old situation again.” He died at the Six-Miles Bottom, near Newmarket, where he lived very comfortably, having been well provided for by His Majesty. A *good feeder* is very rarely to be met with ; he ought to obey very exactly the orders given him, and on no account should he be absent without leaving some steady person in the kennel. I will relate

to you an unfortunate accident, which happened in consequence of the absence of a feeder. I was staying at a friend's house who kept hounds, the men had been out early with the young ones, and returning home very hungry to their breakfasts, forgot to uncouple them, in consequence they began to fight, and although the servants were only absent ten minutes, three were killed, and several severely bitten. It is necessary a feeder should be cleanly, active, and good tempered; the keeping the kennel, coppers, troughs, &c. clean and dry, will contribute not a little to the health of your pack; it is needless to say he ought to be trust-worthy. A man of a good disposition will much sooner make young hounds handy than one with a different temper; coaxing and encouragement are far better than severe discipline, and in the breeding season much depends upon the feeder's attention to the bitches when they

are going to heat ; and about the whelping time. It is a mistaken idea to suppose any hard working man will do for a feeder—it requires a diligent person, *with some head*.

In reply to your enquiry regarding scent. It is so speculative a subject, and governed by such an apparent contrariety of circumstances, that I am more at a loss what to say upon it than upon any thing I have written on the score of fox-hunting. We all know Leicestershire, Lincolnshire, Rutlandshire, and Northamptonshire, to be the best scenting counties in England, and where hounds have a greater advantage over a fox than in any other ; for in almost all kinds of weather (I mean of course frost excepted,) there is a sufficient scent for hounds to hunt, and you are sure of some sort of sport if you will but have patience. In what are called *the rural-countries*, unless you have favourable weather, it often happens you cannot run a yard ; therefore

a pack of hounds that can kill their fox in good style in a "plough country," must be still more brilliant in a grass or better scenting one. The last two or three seasons have been very open, and scarcely any stop put to hunting; but I have heard great complaints of the badness of scent from various parts of the kingdom. Query, whether an old fashioned winter, with a fortnight or three weeks frost *only*, about Christmas, is not desirable? The weather in general then becomes moderate, less boisterous, and more favourable to scent. In corn countries, it is usual for managers of fox-hounds to call out ("ware wheat!") meaning, beware, don't ride over the wheat. It has however been often proved, that riding over wheat does it little injury, and farmers never have the least scruple in galloping over it themselves. An instance happened much to the credit of the parties, which was told me by a friend, whose

veracity I never had reason to doubt. Lord Derby's stag-hounds *came up with the stag* in a fine field of wheat, where he was taken ; it was so trodden that the next morning not a blade of wheat could be seen ; upon which his Lordship, with his usual liberality, ordered his steward to have the supposed damage valued, and to send the farmer the amount of the valuation ; at the harvest time, the latter waited on his Lordship to return the money, having housed the best crop of wheat he ever had in his life. Lord Derby was so pleased with the conduct of the honest farmer, that he begged his acceptance of the money. This is as it should be !

The hunt club dinners are of great service ; they keep up the spirit of the thing. Those country gentlemen who are liberal minded, fond of Society, and favourably inclined towards the noble science, although from some cause or other they do not hunt

themselves, like occasionally to meet Sportsmen from different parts of the country. The meeting of gentlemen of landed property together at these dinners, shews a cordiality in the support of fox-hunting; and it often deters the illiberal from destroying foxes. They will reason thus,—“ I hate the sight of a hound, and it annoys me to see people riding over my land; yet, if I act contrary to the wishes of so many of my neighbours and friends, and endeavour to thwart their favourite amusement, I shall be looked shyly upon by all; no, I will join the hunt, and if I cannot attend them in the field, I will at the club dinner. It is only the sacrifice of a pheasant or two, and a few rabbits, and I shall then be on *friendly terms* with the whole neighbourhood.” I also am a great advocate for a ball and supper, to please the ladies, being convinced things cannot go on right unless they are in good humour; and I am certain nothing on earth

is more gratifying to a good sportsman than to give pleasure to the fair sex. I have known it the means of saving many a fox from being trapped ; for instance, a known *vulpicidal* character, who had three or four daughters that were “ come out,” and Mama, wishing to introduce them at the hunt ball, aware of the awkwardness of the case, begins the attack at breakfast,—“ Sure, Mr. B——, its very hard our poor girls cannot go to the hunt-ball because of your nasty pheasants ! You can’t refuse them, when I inform you that the eldest son of Sir G. R——, Bart. M. P. is to be there ; and you know he has lately paid some attention to our dear daughter Charlotte !” Miss also says, “ Papa cannot be so unkind as to prevent his Charlotte from going to the only ball this winter.” Then Sophia, the second daughter *has at him*,—“ My own dear Papa always said he was delighted when he saw his children happy ; pray, pray, my

own dear Papa, grant your affectionate child one great favour, and that is to order *old Killfox*, the keeper, not to destroy any more foxes. We then can go to the ball like our neighbours, the Miss C——'s." The father was a short time undecided, and at first wished the ball and the hunt at the Devil ; but his natural affection for his children prevailed over every other consideration, and *old Killfox*, to his great amazement and mortification was sent for, and ordered to stay his hand and slay no more. The ladies went to the hunt-ball in great glee, and Miss, in a few months after, was married to the son of the Baronet ! So far all was right, and the advantages of a hunt ball very conspicuous.

It will add much to your sport and your own peace of mind if your Field consist of *real* sportsmen. They will make every allowance for accidents and bad weather, and give you merit where merit is due. " The

would-be Managers," on the contrary, make no allowance whatever for unavoidable circumstances ; I mean those who do not enter into the spirit, and have no knowledge of hunting, but at times are ambitious to be at the head of affairs, and they are the greatest tormentors a master of fox-hounds can encounter, always finding out some cause for complaint ; you are "*too late*," or "*too soon*," at the covert ; you never draw to please them ; your meeting-places are wrong ; even if the weather is unfavourable, they will endeavour to make it appear *your* fault ; and every untoward circumstance is attributed to your bad management. When you are established in a country, never interfere with politics ; when you turn politician, give up your hounds. If possible, be on terms with all parties, and if they have liberality they will preserve foxes for you ; but you must in return do all in your power to oblige *them*,

consistently with the general good of the hunt. You should also endeavour to gain the good will of *the farmers*; if any respectable body of persons suffer from hunting, it is them; and I think it not only ungentlemanly, but impolitic, to treat them in the field, or elsewhere, otherwise than with kindness and civility. They have a great deal in their power, and if once you gain their respect and esteem, whilst becoming popular amongst them in general, it will save you many a litter of foxes, and you will go on pleasantly without any grumbling.

I considered the hunt giving a farmer's "silver cup," to be run for either at the hunt races, or at the annual county meeting, as one of the most popular things they could do; and I know from experience, nothing pleases the yeomanry so much. No doubt it is often won by trick, I mean by a horse which belongs to some one out

of the hunt, that has been a winner *before*, and is named by some obscure farmer; and the cup frequently ornaments the side-board of one who is the least deserving of it; but that is no reason at all why it should be discontinued. It is the *intention* of the thing which pleases, as a sort of grateful return for the supposed injury done to the farmer. I am confident, that by this means, I have gained the good will of many an opulent yeoman, who was before inimical to fox-hunting. I have heard them say to each other, "it is very kind of the gentlemen to think of us." I remember a farmer coming up to me at one of our hunt-races, whom I before suspected of killing foxes, and addressing me thus,—
"My woodman, Sir, told me, he thought an old vixen would lay up her cubs in our home-wood; if it should so happen, I give you my word, Sir, not one of them shall be destroyed." The woodman was right in

his conjecture; my friend kept his word; we found a litter of foxes in the home-wood, and the honest farmer ever afterwards was a sincere well-wisher to the hunt.

I have avoided as much as possible writing on subjects unconnected with fox-hunting, but I cannot resist saying a word or two in behalf of my friends, the farmers, arising from the experience I have had in France. I am fully convinced if the ports were open at home, it would be a great hardship upon *them*; for they cannot possibly afford to sell their grain at so low a price as the growers on the Continent can export it. The latter have so great an advantage in having neither poor-rates or tythes to pay. I have read, among the advertisements in the English papers, of farms to be let *tythe-free*, but never remember having met with one that was *exempt from poor-rates*.

Another great advantage a farmer has on some parts of the Continent over the

agriculturist here, is that the land is divided into small farms, seldom exceeding one hundred acres, and the greatest part of of them are under fifty ; a farmer and his family will therefore almost have it in their power to cultivate the land without hiring labourers. Supposing he has a wife, three sons, and two daughters, and rents a farm of fifty acres, the females will do as much hard work out of doors as the men, and the whole of the business will thus be carried on by the family, except threshing out the corn, which they think beneath them. And their manner of living too is so different to that of our yeomanry, that the expense of the table is a mere trifle. The paupers in any poor-house in England would fancy they were going to be starved if only allowed the same food upon which many of the farmers in France live. I am here speaking of those parts of Normandy which, for a length of time I was in the

frequent habit of visiting. In Lent, their chief food is beans, with a little butter and a few onions (if the latter are not too dear), and sour milk curds, with very coarse brown bread, which they eat in large quantities. The ordinary beverage is weak sour cider. At other times of the year they certainly have some boiled beef once a week, but their general food is vegetables. When labourers are employed, they work very hard, and continue at their labour the whole day, with the exception of one hour allowed for dinner. Our farmers, thank God! live better, and have more of the enjoyments of human beings, and many of them occasionally indulge in hunting, the only desirable recreation they can enjoy. From this it will appear, that under all circumstances, the English farmer cannot possibly sell his corn at so low a price as the foreigner.

But now to my text; formerly, in the

New Forest, it was the custom in the spring for the hounds to meet at break of day, to enable them to find their fox, with what is called a drag. No doubt it would be gratifying to sportsmen and masters of hounds to see them work on this drag, if it could be done without a great destruction of vixen foxes. But if you should happen to get upon the drag of a wet vixen, or one heavy in cub, what chance can she possibly have in that state? The New Forest is a peculiar sort of hunting; sportsmen that are accustomed to it prefer it to any other. In no country can you see the work of hounds so well, although the riding to them is thought nothing of.

Leicestershire-men are often at a loss here, as much as Foresters would be in that great country. I have frequently seen in the Forest brilliant and gratifying things to a sportsman, in which hounds that were perfect at their work had an opportunity of showing themselves to the greatest pos-

sible advantage. Formerly, when the New Forest was hunted by the late Mr. Gilbert, there certainly were no inclosures. To those who have never visited the New Forest, it may be here necessary to explain these inclosures. His Majesty's Government thought proper to fence in a certain number of acres, in different parts of the forest, which they considered the most eligible for planting, as nurseries for the growth of young timber, which were called "The New Inclosures;" but I am informed they are no impediment to sport. The great bogs are so generally known, and bridges or "bog passages" made to cross in every direction, that no one has any thing to fear on that head; the lesser ones are of no consequence, and a knowledge of them is soon acquired.

We all know the Forest is very extensive, stocked with animals of every description; in a still morning, meeting there at break of day, has a fine effect. I sometimes

hunted with the hounds when Mr. G. managed them, and I perfectly recollect the impression made on one of these occasions: old Tom Seabright, the father of Lord Fitzwilliam's present huntsman, hunted them; the sound of his melodious voice cheering the hounds when they first challenged on the drag,—the red deer and other wild animals passing,—the sun rising, and dispersing the morning mists, and gradually disclosing the more distant and varied objects,—altogether produced such an exhilarating scene, that I could have wished for the talent of a poet or a painter.

I have seen great sport in the Forest,—hounds running the best pace 13 miles an end. In crossing the heathy part, it was beautiful to see the energy of the pack, flinging to catch the scent where the fox had made his turnings; and if they came to a hunting scent, (as I said before,) in no country can you see their work to so great an advantage, or the cunning and tricks of

the hunted animal. Another superiority the New Forest possesses ; that is, you can very often hunt there when you cannot elsewhere.

I remember once leaving Staffordshire, at a time when the frost had stopped hunting in that county for at least a fortnight ; having some business in the Forest, I took the opportunity of going there, when, to my great surprise, I found on my arrival there was no appearance of frost, nor had the hounds been prevented hunting a single day. I of course returned home as quickly as possible, thinking I should hunt immediately ; but the difference of *climate*, in the short distance of 140 miles, was so great, that no hounds were able to hunt in less than ten days after my return. In dry easterly winds, when hounds in other countries cannot run a yard, in the lower part of the Forest they often have good sport.

There is one serious objection to the

New Forest: experience has proved that the country at times brings on an incurable lameness; and no master of hounds, to my knowledge, who has ever hunted it, could find out the real cause. It has been attributed by some people to the kennel,—but why should all the kennels in the Forest lame hounds? It is well known, that, when kept by the late Mr. Compton, in a kennel built on an eminence, they had the lameness to a great degree. In the present day, it is the same in a kennel built some distance from it. There are persons who have attributed it to the “foot furze,” a plant peculiar to the Forest, and which I have seen prick hounds’ feet so severely, that it prevented their carrying that head they were in the constant habit of doing. Others fancy it is owing to their jumping the high paling surrounding the new inclosures: it cannot be that; or why should the lameness have occurred before

the new inclosures were made? If I may be allowed to hazard an opinion, I should say it was occasioned by the hounds crossing the cold black bogs, when heated by their exertions in the chase, which in some places will not bear their weight, and which they must wade through: the sudden chill appears to me likely to cause this horrid calamity; for I have seen them return from hunting shivering with cold, from the black bog dirt sticking so long upon them.

I cannot quit the New Forest without once more mentioning Mr. Gilbert. He was a man that loved fox-hunting, a good sportsman without conceit; but yet *the sporting world formed a good opinion of him*. He had a natural genius particular to himself: I have seen him often recover a fox in a wonderful way, when all chance of hitting him again appeared hopeless. But, alas! he is no more. His great friend and ally, thank God, still remains, and

shines a brilliant star in the Forest,—and that he may continue so for many, many years, is the wish, I need not add, of all who know him. If you wish to draw for so worthy a character,—a straight-forward, staunch, good man,—you will be sure to find at Fritham any hour of the day.

The late Sir Edward Littleton, of Teddesley Park, Staffordshire, whom we may be allowed to call the last fox-hunter of the “*old school*,” regularly was out at “peep of day.” An old friend of mine often used to hunt with him in the morning, return home to *breakfast*, and take a fresh horse and hunt with another pack at the usual hour, half-past ten. On one occasion, two gentlemen who were not acquainted with the baronet’s early hour of hunting, called at Teddesley, to inquire what time the hounds went out that day, as they wished to join them: the answer was, “they *had* been out and were

returned, had had a good run, and killed their fox.”

An eccentric sportsman (Old Land), who formerly kept some hounds adjoining what was the then Duke of Richmond's hunt, always met at break of day, that he might find his fox by the drag of him. He often threw off at his kennel, it being no great distance from large woodlands on either side. Foxes will sometimes prowl about a kennel at night, probably attracted by the smell of horse-flesh, &c.; and the hounds frequently hit upon the drag of one immediately. It is told of this *radical* sportsman, (who often bivouacked the night before under the covert he was to meet at the next morning, if at any great distance from home,) that he was in the constant habit of disturbing the Duke's country, and drawing his best coverts, if he could not find elsewhere. On one occasion, the Duke sent a messenger, requesting him to for-

bear, and to keep within a certain line of country: the person was received with great hospitality, and after a long conference, in the course of which many bumpers were drank, and no arrangement made, old Land sent the messenger back to Goodwood, a little the worse for liquor, with the following laconic answer, (*not very respectful, you will say,*)—"That he had hunted the country before his Grace was born, and he hoped to do it after he was dead and d——d." Mr. L. was, however wrong in his calculation,—as the Duke outlived him many years.

In modern times, hunting early is *unnecessary*; the breed of hounds, the feeding, and the whole system is so much improved, that the majority of foxes are found and killed in the afternoon, (I mean after twelve o'clock). In former times, the only advantage of finding a fox *early* must have been that his belly was full; for perhaps

he had scarcely finished *his repast* by that time in the morning. In the present day, we are anxious to find a *stout* fox; and, instead of his being full, we wish him to be as empty as possible, and to stand one hour and twenty minutes, the best pace, before the hounds.

A celebrated writer on fox-hunting, the late Mr. Beckford, (if I remember right, not having read his book for many years,) is of opinion that break of day is the most desirable time to hunt, and that you have a better chance of sport early in the morning. For the reason I before stated, there is certainly a greater probability of killing your fox; and in cub-hunting, in the end of August and beginning of September, the weather is often so warm, you cannot hunt after ten o'clock; but if it is not too hot, and the ground too dry, I never thought there was any great advantage gained by hunting so very early.—

Sometimes the scent is better early in the morning, but very often it is worse; and, on an average, it is better *after* nine o'clock than *before*.

In cub-hunting, the great object is to get blood for your young hounds. If you find a litter of cubs, the stouter they are and the longer they run the better, and the more good will be done to your hounds; you are sure of killing, if you will but have patience and perseverance,—two necessary virtues, with which a huntsman above all men should be endued.

I never found any benefit in getting up in the middle of the night, which you must do if you have any distance to go, and purpose *meeting at day-break* in the beginning of September. At the same time, I do not approve of *working hounds in very hot weather*: I know from experience, it is sometimes attended with fatal consequences,—I once suffered very severely

from it. I had killed a cub early, and it being a good scenting morning, I allowed the hounds to try for another; we unfortunately found *an old fox*, and as he did not attempt "*to break*," we fancied it was a cub. The hounds ran him well for two hours, and I expected every moment they would kill him; being over anxious, we were not aware the day was getting warm. The hounds at last killed their fox; but I lost three valuable dogs, which died in convulsions, in consequence of their great exertions; they were three dog-hounds that I prized very highly, bred by Lord Althorp, and got by the Duke of Beaufort's "*Justice*," which made me regret their loss the more. I must own, this unfortunate circumstance caused me ever afterwards to pay double attention to that most material point, *condition*.

A pack of fox-hounds formerly was quite a different thing to what it is now-a-days;

nor was one tenth part of the money expended on the establishment. The breeding of hounds, comparatively speaking, was very little attended to; and the servants were mounted on horses of inferior value. Few packs hunted oftener than three times a week; they certainly had long runs, and, (if you believe the stories of old sportsmen,) killed their foxes at great distances from the places where they found them,—but they all allowed it was often tedious; and about St. Thomas's day, Reynard commonly escaped in the dark.

In modern times, the system of hunting is so much improved, so much more attention is paid to the condition of hounds and their style of work, that, in this enlightened age, a master of hounds thinks it a reflection on his judgment if *one* hound in his pack is detected in a fault. The men, too, are well mounted; and none but servants who conduct themselves in every respect

properly are retained in a hunting establishment. The expense, however, is considerably augmented; but *in what way can a man spend his money with more satisfaction to himself and friends?*

If fox-hunting should be annihilated, our superior breed of horses would degenerate; the farmers would give up breeding, if the chance of selling a horse for a hunter, at a profitable price, was hopeless: the consequence would be, the country in general would suffer; it would be impossible to procure horses for His Majesty's cavalry, and the present very expeditious mode of travelling must naturally be retarded, for want of the superior animals we now have, (unless we go by steam). Can it be expected farmers will be at the expense, trouble, and risk of breeding, if they have not a chance of selling their horses occasionally for hunters; the inferior price given by government for horses to mount the cavalry,

and the low price coach-masters purchase their's at, would be very little encouragement to a breeder to select well-bred mares, and put them to strong thorough-bred bony horses, and pay that attention so necessary to put forward a clever four years old, if they have not the chance of being remunerated. The breed of men also would degenerate, and the characteristic of the nation would be changed: instead of the hardy, open-hearted, liberal-minded Briton, you would see nothing but an effeminate race, that would only meet once a year at a *grand battue*, to shoot a tame pheasant, and that would be the only *chasse* in England. Amongst a thousand other advantages belonging to fox-hunting, the bringing together the different ranks of society is not the least: you can see a great deal of life,—and it is no bad school to study mankind in. The emigration to the continent is very great at the present day, but

in general confined to people who have small incomes and large families,—education being much cheaper, and no taxes to pay, are the principal inducements; but if the national amusements are done away with, more particularly fox-hunting, which affords enjoyment to all ranks, and the utility, of which to every grade is so very conspicuous, not only the needy will emigrate, but the opulent and even the higher orders, for they will be deprived of their chief amusement in the winter.—But let us leave such sad forebodings and get on the line again.

There are those who think hounds go too fast, and fancy a fox has no chance with them. How is it, then, he so often beats the pack? No doubt, if hounds, on a good scenting day, go away close at his brush, they have every prospect of killing him, if they do not change, which will often happen where foxes are plentiful. In the long

runs we read of, an end, when hounds are beat, unless they have gone a very slow pace, to a certainty the pack must have changed foxes; and nothing disheartens hounds so much as changing. Perhaps no fox can stand more than an hour the best pace before hounds of the present day, except in the Roothings of Essex, and in some parts of Suffolk, where I have seen them often run an hour and twenty minutes. Some sportsmen have an idea that particular breeds of foxes are better than others, and there is some reason in the observation; every one must allow they differ often in size, colour, and shape; you may probably smile, and call me too fanciful, yet I certainly have observed that the best runners and the stoutest, are the *long dark coloured foxes*; but I beg to be understood that this depends chiefly upon *their age*.

With regard to naming your hounds, it strikes me to be of little consequence what

names you give them ; some prefer words of *three* syllables, others *two* ; the latter are thought to be the easiest to halloo to. The dog hounds are generally named from heroes, ancient and modern, and there is scarcely a pack in the kingdom that does not boast its Wellington. As to the colour of hounds, I was always partial to the badger pied ones, or indeed any except *yellow*, till the descendants of the Beaufort “Justice” put me in conceit with even *that* colour. And you will allow when hounds are going well together over a country, no one pays any attention to their colour. The dress of yourself or servants is of little consequence, whether pink, yellow, or blue and buff: Charlemagne says “it is not the dress of a man I look to, but his actions.”

Should you happen to keep hounds at no great distance from London, you will find many of the inhabitants of that capital (cockneys if you please), *good sportsmen*, well

mounted, and riding well to hounds; they never interfere with the management of them when in the field, contribute liberally to the expense, and pay their subscriptions regularly. The sum of fifty or a hundred pounds is nothing out of an individual's pocket; but to a manager of a subscription pack, the fact of *twenty subscribers*, each paying his fifty to a day, is a thing of no small consequence, as he is required to pay for almost every article in advance, old oats, hay, meal, &c. and the *interest of the money* amounts to one subscription at least. Whenever I went to town I received the greatest kindness and hospitality from these Gentlemen; capital dinners, and the choicest wines. We occasionally went "the best pace over the mahogany," and often ran the *Portuguese* a sharp burst, and whoo-whooped many a long corked *Frenchman!*

Blood is so necessary to a pack of fox-hounds, that if you are long without it, you

cannot expect sport; many say the art of fox-hunting is keeping your pack in blood. *All hounds* are liable to get out of it; even in Leicestershire I *have* heard of such things. I remember being once with a pack, which had been out of blood for some time: it was a good scenting day, they found their fox well, and went away close at him; the owner observed to me, “*Now* look at them,—do they appear to be out of blood?” Very true, I answered, but it won’t last long; they soon came to a check, which brought them to a hunting scent, then to difficulties, and as last they lost their fox. If they had been *in blood*, it is my firm opinion they would have killed him.

Hounds will not work through difficulties, nor will they exert themselves in that killing sort of manner when they are out of blood. If after all you should, owing to ill luck and bad weather, be in want of it, the best way is to leave an earth open in a

country where you can spare a fox, and where you can, without much trouble dig him, give him to the hounds on the earth, and go home. But whatever you do never turn out a *bag-man*; it is injurious to your hounds, makes them wild and unsteady; besides, nothing is more despicable, or held in greater contempt by real sportsmen than the practice of hunting bag-foxes. It encourages a set of rascals to steal from other hunts; therefore keep in mind, “if there were no receivers there would be no thieves.” What chiefly contributes to make fox-hunting so very far superior to other sports, is *the wildness of the animal you hunt, and the difficulty in catching him*. It is rather extraordinary, but nevertheless a well known fact, that a pack of hounds, which are in sport and blood, will not eat a bag-man. I remember hearing an anecdote (when I was in Shropshire many years ago), of the late Lord Stamford’s hounds, which I will relate

to you as I heard it. The present Lord Forrester and his brother Mr. Frank Forrester, then boys, were at their uncle's for the holidays. A farmer came to inform them a fox had just been seen in a tree. All the nets about the premises were collected and the fox was caught; but the Squire of Willey, a sportsman himself, and a strict preserver of foxes, sent the fox immediately to Lord Stamford by one of his tenants, that he might be informed of the real circumstance. The next day the hounds were out, and also the Squire's tenant; they had drawn some time without finding, when the farmer reminded his Lordship of the fox caught; "do you think, said he, I will allow my hounds to hunt a bag-fox? I should never be forgiven by my huntsman!" At last, after drawing several coverts without finding, his Lordship gave his consent (but it was to be kept a great secret), and the bag was to be touched upon the ground

in a line for a covert they were going to draw, to have the appearance of a disturbed fox, and the fox to be turned down in it.

On going to covert, a favourite hound, called Partner, feathered on the scent. The huntsman exclaimed in exstasy, “ old Partner touches on him ; a fox by G—d ! we shall certainly find in the next covert ; ” they found the bag-man, and had a tolerable run ; but when they killed him, not a hound would eat him ! “ Now, Sir,” said his Lordship to the farmer, “ *you have deceived the huntsman and the field, but you cannot deceive my hounds.* ”

Next to turning out bag-men, lifting of hounds is the most prejudicial. They should seldom be taken “ off their noses,” nothing is gained by it in the end ; hounds that are seldom lifted, will kill more foxes in the course of a season than those that frequently are. Some years ago, when hunting with the Duke of Grafton’s hounds in

Suffolk, they came to a check all in a moment at a barn near some cross roads ; they were left alone, and made a fling of themselves, in a perfect circle, without hitting the scent ; many gentlemen exclaimed “ It is all over now, Tom ; the only chance you have is to make *a wide cast*.” “ No,” answered the huntsman, “ if the fox is not in that barn, my hounds ought to be hung.”

Dick Foster, the whipper-in, now huntsman to Mr. Villebois (and a very good one he is), was ordered to dismount and see if he could discover the fox ; he returned and said he was *not* there.” Tom Rose still was positive ; at last he was viewed on a beam in the barn, and they killed him, after a further run of about a mile. I mention this trivial circumstance to shew you clearly, that if the hounds had been hurried up either of the roads on a wild cast, made by an ignorant huntsman, the fox would inevitably have been lost. They say chang-

ing countries is much against hounds ; from a good scenting country to a bad one certainly is against them, but from a bad one to a good one I should imagine to be quite the reverse. Sam Lawley, at the time he hunted the late Lord Vernon's hounds, when he went into the Bosworth country, had nothing to do but ride as fast as he could ; it was all racing, heads up and sterns down ; but when they returned home to an inferior scenting country, it was some time before they settled to their usual way of hunting. I knew a pack that went from Hampshire to a good scenting part of Suffolk and Essex, where the cubs were all taken or destroyed, it not being known any one would hunt the country ; notwithstanding these disadvantages, subsequent to the first of November, they killed 14 brace of foxes successively, and most of them with good runs. I attributed their great sport to a favourable change of country, but they

were a gallant little pack, and three parts of them were of Lord Egremont's sort. Hunting too late is attended with great destruction of foxes, and in consequence you often pay dear, the next season, for your spring hunting. About the second week in March I was always in anxious doubt *on finding*, to know whether it was a vixen fox; on those occasions there is generally some quick-sighted fellow, who volunteers his opinion one way or the other (which alarms you the more); and I have seen hounds by mistake stopped from a dog fox, and halloo'd to the scent of a vixen. A friend of mine, who was a strict preserver, and took pleasure in seeing other people amused through his means, used to exclaim, "if you hunt late, and kill my old bitch fox that has bred you so many litters, I never will forgive you."

I have no doubt you will think it a bold assertion on my part when I say, I have seen

hounds *hunt too much* ; what I mean to infer is, they never ought to hunt when they can run. I have known hounds from custom reduce the scent to a hunting one, after running a few fields the best pace. No man is fonder of seeing hounds hunt in a fox-hunting style than myself, but I cannot say I approve of *pottering*, “ Bellman, well hit, he is come so far, old fellow ;” then, “ Thunder,” makes another hit, a few yards further on ; *that is not the way to kill your fox*. I like to see, the instant a hound makes a hit, the whole pack join him like lightning, and guide the scent with energy ; *no flashers or dashers*. In some play Bannister acted the character of a servant to a sick gentleman, who was dangerously ill,—his nephew called to inquire after his uncle’s health, when the servant informed him, he had no time to lose, as *Lawyer Dash* was up stairs making his will, “ and he will dash you out or dash you in in the twinkling of an

eye." Now, if you have any dashers or flashers in your pack, they will lose your fox for you "in the twinkling of an eye." For my own part, I am never pleased with a run, unless the hounds do their work well.

Were I to have some sporting friends coming to see my hounds in the field, I should prefer going away *close at him* for twenty minutes, then a short check, to bring the hounds to a hunting scent, and a quick thing at last, and run into him, in order that my friends might be convinced the hounds could *hunt* as well as *run*; for of this I am certain, if they cannot do *both*, they merit not the name of fox-hounds. It is a mistaken idea to suppose that a southern hound, or any other species, has a better nose than a fox-hound. I once had some dogs to hunt *hare*, they consisted of every description,—the rough tanned and blue mottled harriers, and among them a few fox-hounds from George Sharpe, his

present Majesty's huntsman at that time; the fox-hounds always showed a *superiority of noses*, and it is my opinion no animal of the canine race has so fine a nose as they have. A pointer, with a cross of a fox-hound, (in short, he was got by one,) was the best I ever had. Often in bad scenting days I have known him find game, which other pointers had passed by without winding.

Now that we are upon the subject of what is called winding game, let me observe, that it is a great advantage to hounds to *draw up wind*; but if you meet at the furthest end of your hunt up wind, you may lose half the morning in trotting down wind to begin drawing; therefore, when I have been *obliged* to draw down wind, it was not from choice, but from necessity.

The number of days you intend to hunt must be regulated according to your establishment, the extent of your country, and

the stock of foxes you have in it. I should say four days a week, *for a pack of fifty couples*, will keep your hounds and horses in regular work. You had better divide them into two separate packs; for hounds that are hunted together will give less trouble, be more handy, and not so jealous of each other. It is decidedly a bad plan to take out too many hounds, and never by any means take out one that is not quite fit and in condition. If you can muster twenty or one-and-twenty couples in each pack, all effective, it is as many as you ever ought to take into the field. On no occasion rob either pack to make up the number of the other; even sixteen couples, that know each other, will do the thing better by themselves, and, if well matched, will carry a good head across a country, and not appear contemptible either. How disgusting it is to see a large pack out, and only a few couples at head!

In a run across *the open* nothing has a more unsightly appearance than detached bodies of hounds scattered all over the country, some here and some there; and in woodlands, with several foxes on foot, there is a still worse prospect, and less chance of their again uniting: the division of hounds on your hunted fox becomes weaker every minute, your ears are annoyed by tongues on a variety of scents in every direction, whilst your head of hounds dwindles away to nothing, and you are left at last “tooting” your horn without three hounds upon the line. I have known a few hounds, kept by some farmers, (not exceeding sixteen couples,) that *seldom missed a fox*,—they were named “the Invincibles;”

“There was
Invincible Tom and invincible Towler,
Invincible Jack and invincible Jowler.”

Although they were occasionally a great annoyance to me, and disturbed the cream

of the country formerly hunted by the late Mr. Panton, I could not be displeased with them; the farmers who managed them were respectable people, fond of the sport, and had as much right to hunt as I had. I *could* set the conduct of an individual on that occasion in no very favourable light; but, as we are taught by the moralist to “forget and forgive,” I shall bury the circumstance in oblivion.

An Irish gentleman, a friend of mine, sent me a Limerick Paper containing the following description of a late “fox chase” which, being in a different style to what we are accustomed to in England, may probably be amusing to you; I have therefore copied it for your perusal.

“On Wednesday last, the Ormond hounds had another brilliant heading run of thirteen miles from point to point, in an inconceivably short time, over a most sporting country. Having drawn Milltown and

Glasshouse without finding, intelligence was brought that a fox had been seen near Skinsmore.

“ Men, boys, and girls!

Desert the unpeopled village, and wild crowds
Spread o’er the plain, by the sweet frenzy seized.

The intelligence wanted but confirmation.
Harmony and *Merlin*, the heralds of the pack, soon proclaimed the joyful tidings—

“ They cheer the pack,
Opening in concerts of harmonious joy,
But breathing death.

The fox had gone a considerable time before to Cangort Wood; but it is not for time or distance to silence these sons of *Harmony*, *Handel*, *Highlander*, and *Harper*; in a dreadful crash,

“ The pack wide opening, load the trembling air
With various melody;
The forest thunders, and the mountains’ shake,
The chorus swells:
. . . . and now

In vain each earth lie tries,—the doors are barr’d
Impregnable; nor is the covert safe,—
He pants for purer air.

This pack and game cannot be partners of the same wood, though boundless the extent. The horn calls, the *Captain* harks, *Tony halloo's*; he breaks!—and at his brush fly eighteen couples of this unerring pack, of *Tony's* own, for twenty generations. In *Cangort Park* he seeks for safety from his fleet pursuers; to them the walls, though ten feet high, no barrier prove,—they take them in their flight, *Tamerlane* and *Telegraph* at the head, and all the kindred blood; then across to *Quakers-town*, through the demesne of *Coralauty*, along the banks of the Brusna the scent lay burning.

“ Tumultuous soon they plunge into the stream,
 and, in greedy joy,
 From shore to shore they swim; while clamour
 loud
 And wild uproar torment the troubled flood.

Here he showed himself a most sporting fox: passing the earth of *Sharavogue* untried, he crossed the race-course;

“ Now far behind

The hunter crew, wide straggling o'er the plain ;
The panting courser now with trembling nerves
Begins to reel.

Now to *Rathmore-hill*, by the *Castle* ; here there was a disposition to stop the hounds, when *Tony* swore ‘ His Majesty’s guards could not stop them !’

“ And leaves the lagging multitude behind.

From *Rathmore* he inclined towards *Golden Grove* ; then changing his route, he made for *Knock*, over a continuation of the most beautiful country, by the *Leap Castle*, through *Ballybut*, when, the hounds being very near him, he crossed the *Roscrea* road, and made directly for the mountains, leaving *Summer Hill* to the right,—

“ And o'er the plain, and o'er the mountain's edge,
Away he flies ; nor ships with wind and tide,
And all their canvas wings, went half so fast.

Now to *Cashrow Glen*, where taking leave of the lowland country, he made for the *Gap of Glandine*, where the hounds were

with difficulty stopped, and life given to one of the most sporting foxes this country or perhaps any other ever produced.—Considering the great number of sportsmen in the field that day, it may be remarked as extraordinary, that only the four following rode through, and were at the end of the hunt: Mr. *M. H. Draught*; Mr. *Richard Hammersley*, riding *Coriolanus*; Mr. *J. Doolan*, on *Paddy from Cork*; Mr. *P. Chadwick*, on his famous chesnut mare; and *Tony*, though last, not least, riding *Kate*, the best mare in Ireland.”

It gave me great pleasure to find from this animated description, that they keep up the spirit of the chase with unabated ardour, and fox-hunting still continues the most fashionable amusement in the sister country. In Scotland several new packs have been recently established. Wales, too, can boast many very keen lovers of the sport; though *there*, I am told, the

management of a pack of fox-hounds is conducted in rather a different manner to what it is with us. The neighbourhood of Usk, in Monmouthshire, I believe, has claimed, almost from time immemorial, a very excellent pack; and the attention paid to the breeding, and the judgment shown in the field, have reflected equal honour on the possessors. The persevering style in which this indefatigable pack stick to their fox, through those truly "*awful woods*," denominated "*Wert-Wood*," (in comparison of which, a friend of mine fancied even the "*Forêt d'Orleans*" would appear small,) is actually beyond all praise. When such strict attention is invariably paid to the main and essential points in an establishment, we willingly pass over the more trifling peculiarities or omissions, which prejudice or chance so long may have encouraged; and he indeed must be extremely prone to cavil, who seriously objected to these hounds,

merely because their master tenaciously adhered to the antediluvian long-eared custom of not having them “*rounded*.”

The French emigrants who were in England have endeavoured in many places through France to introduce the English mode of hunting, but in general without success ; although their king, Charles the Tenth, and most of the royal family, are particularly fond of it. The farmers have no idea of people riding over their land, or what they call “*chasse à cheval*.” In some places, even if you attempted riding partridge shooting, the whole country would be up in arms. Several English and French families were anxious for me to establish a subscription pack on the Continent ; but, after the experience I had had in shooting, I knew it was impossible to have procured leave, either from the owners of coverts or the farmers. I never could convince a Frenchman, who had not been in England,

that it was practicable to make hounds sufficiently steady to hunt nothing but a fox-scent; they fancy if a pack were to enter a covert, they would destroy every living animal in it.

As a proof of what I have stated, I had about ten couples of old fox-hounds sent to me from a friend in England, to forward to a gentleman who was in Paris. As they were not sent for immediately after their arrival, I thought I would endeavour to kill a French fox with them. I requested permission of several owners of coverts to hunt but was refused, on account of the hares and rabbits, which they said the hounds would kill; I however got permission of the Duke de Albufera, (Suchet), at Tankerville; our turn out was not very splendid, I was mounted on a Norman mare, and borrowed a cow's horn from a farmer; Mr. A—— and Mr. C—— were my whipper's-in. At the covert we were

met by the Duke's keepers in their state liveries, and we began immediately "yoiks, wind him, my boys,." It being a cold dry March day, and the earths imperfectly stopped, we did not find, although I knew there were plenty of foxes. Every time a hare or rabbit got up before the hounds, the keepers exclaimed "*Sacre bleu, les chiens Anglois* are good for nothing, they will not hunt either hares or rabbits!" To give you a further idea of the notions of a Frenchman with regard to fox-hunting, I will relate to you another circumstance which I know to have occurred, but it was in England. A French gentlemen being out one day, when several coverts having been drawn without success, the master of the hounds, to the great joy of the field, trotted off to a piece of gorse in an open country, at a great distance from any other coverts. They found, but unfortunately Reynard was immediately headed

into the mouth of the hounds;—when the Monsieur riding up to the gentleman, and taking off his hat, exclaims, “ Sir ! I congratulate you on catching him so soon, and with so little trouble.” I have been informed an English gentleman has established a pack of fox-hounds near Tours, to hunt wild boar ; and for that description of hunting has excellent sport, and kills every season a great number of these animals. He being well known in England as a good sportsman, I have no doubt the thing is done as well as it can be.

Now for the *Chapter of Accidents*, so often quoted in the drawing-room and boudoir, against our noble sport. Doubtless casualties will happen in hunting, but not more frequently in the pursuit of that than of other sports; and they most commonly occur to men attempting to leap large fences *when their horses are blown*. How much oftener do we hear of

accidents happening on *the road*, and what numbers also to *persons* shooting! When you take into consideration, that on a moderate calculation, at least ten thousand people hunt constantly throughout the season, with fox-hounds only, and many of them young men full of emulation, no judges of what sort of cattle are proper for their weight, and all anxious to be first, riding at every thing that comes in their way; you cannot but be surprised that so few accidents happen. During my sojourn in France (now a number of years), I of course have had to lament the loss of many of my friends and acquaintances; I scarcely ever take up a newspaper but it contains the death of some one I have known, yet although the majority of my friends are fox-hunters, it is not a little singular, that I have only lost *one* of that description, during the whole period of my absence. This fact speaks forcibly for the healthiness

of our amusement, so stick to it, if you wish for longevity.

We read in history, that young ladies of the highest quality and greatest beauty spent much of their time in the chase ; so strong and universal was the passion for hunting among our ancestors ; and I was gratified when you told me that in your part of England the fair sex still sanction hunting, and occasionally grace the field with their presence. Although I confess they appear more in their element in the drawing-room or in Kensington Gardens, than in the kennel or the field. Still I must say it looks well, and shews a disposition to promote their brother's or their husband's amusement, and in consequence contributes much to domestic happiness. This the wife will find is the surest "way to keep him," and prevent the husband running riot. A man naturally expects his wife to humour him a little, and allow him

occasionally to ride his *hobby*, provided it be a rational one.

A certain late great potentate, who was very inimical to the chace, wished also to make it appear “cruel, and no occupation for the mind.” The *first* of these ideas came with a bad grace from this great man (but hunting was not his taste); and as to the “occupation,” I think I may venture to affirm, if there be one out-of-door amusement which employs the mind more than another, it is fox-hunting; and men of the first rate abilities keep their hunters, and indulge in this noble diversion. I have occasionally read in the newspapers insinuations against fox-hunters; for what reason I am at a loss to know; I see no just cause why a fox-hunter, if he conducts himself as a gentleman, is not as respectable a character as one who follows *other* pursuits less manly and more enervating. Whenever I hear persons of either sex repeating *sto-*

ries unfavourable to the lovers of the chace, the following lines always occur to me,—

“ Believe not each aspersing tale,
 As most weak people do ;
 But always think that story *false*
 Which *ought not* to be true.”

But I am “ *skirting*” a little, you will no doubt say ; I told you before that my observations would be desultory, and you to your cost find them so ; however, you asked for them, and must pay the penalty of patience for putting a pen in my hand.

To return, therefore, to the subject of accidents ; those to our horses frequently arise from their being out of condition, and too fat. We all know it is not an uncommon thing for a horse to get too full of flesh, and out of wind after long rest, during frost, or from any other cause ; and grooms will give their horse the usual allowance of corn, hay, and water, without due attention to their necessary exercise ; although in frost you

cannot gallop them, you may lengthen their walks as much as you please, and at the same time do not omit a dose of physic, or the consequence will be they will get fat in their insides, and the first hunting day, if the hounds go the pace, and your horse is not rode with great judgment, he will soon have the “puff” out of him; and if forced on, and put to a fence in this state of exhaustion, he is almost sure to fall, and will probably break a blood-vessel, or injure himself so seriously, as not to be worth five pounds afterwards.

I am convinced that most accidents happen to both man and horse from the unfortunate animal being thus urged on (after he is blown), by an injudicious rider, one who will not condescend to “drop a stern” for a few seconds to give his horse wind, even to save the life of a valuable hunter. To prevent the

possibility of so much cruelty on the part of my boys, if I thought they had ever any chance of fox-hunting, I would send them out on foot with the harriers; that when they got blown in running, they might at a future period have compassion for their horses in a similar situation.

Horses, according to the present system of riding, unless it should be a very long day, have little to do, not sufficient to keep them in wind; *la mode* is, to have two or three out each day. Light weights can have no excuse for this practice, unless they have some bad ones which they wish to sell. A horse that is in good condition, and cannot go for an hour the best pace with twelve stone upon his back, is not worth the corn he eats,—and in a long *hunting* chase he likewise ought not to tire. What merit is there in being with the hounds, if you have a fresh one to mount every fifteen minutes? In my opinion, a

man who sees the most of a run of an hour on one horse, and is in when the hounds kill their fox, deserves the most credit as a rider to hounds. If my memory do not fail me, I believe Lord Sefton was the first person who introduced a “second horse;” and very properly so, his lordship riding a great weight.

One of the most material things in a hunting establishment is, to have hounds perfect at their work, with no vice; and the being as near each other as possible during the chase is indispensable. It is certainly very pleasing to the eye to see a pack equal in *size*, but it is of more consequence to attend to their *shape*. How often do we see at Newmarket a large horse and a small one run a dead heat? I have seen “Violante” and “Metœora” run with large horses, and beat them: the former was beat by “Currycomb,” but she made a proper example of Mr. Shakespear’s

“Brainworn,” not only at short distances, but over the “Beacon Course.” Shape and blood are what should chiefly be attended to. The late Mr. Meynell, (the so long celebrated master of the Quorndon hounds,) never cared about the size of a hound; the last time I was at his kennel in Derbyshire, the dog hounds were powerful, the bitches small, but very clever and possessing plenty of bone. When I here say *small*, I would have it understood that small *in height* is meant; for, as a very excellent sportsman observes, when speaking of a hunter, “the *height* of a horse, Sir, has nothing to do with the *size* of him.”

A veteran sportsman, a friend of mine, well known in the sporting world, who for many years was intimate with the late Mr. Meynell, and who hunted in Leicestershire nearly the whole of the time that great fox-hunter kept his hounds there; and as no man now living, with the exception of

Mr. Lorrain Smith, can be better informed, or give so correct an account of every thing that relates to this inimitable sportsman, I have inserted, verbatim, a few anecdotes which my friend has been so kind as to send me, thinking they may be interesting to a young beginner.—He commences his letter by informing me, that he spent twenty years of the most pleasing apprenticeship to the late Mr. M. ; whom he speaks of as the “ Primate of Science,” and declares his equal never was, and he is inclined to think never will be.

“ The life of Mr. Meynell was spent in contemplating the characters of all and every animal and thing that came under his observation : his first object was to ascertain the probable cause that produced the various effects in man, animals, &c. such as perfection, defects, and propensities ; hence he had an analysis of most things which he had to encounter. His perception was so



1784

Portrait of the late Mr. Henry B. ...

1784

NEW YORK

From a Picture by Sir G. Kneller, R.S.A. ...
H. G. ...

quick, and his judgment so strong, that he seldom erred in his decisions; and thus, through the whole of his kennel, he could discover and fully explain the distinct character of every hound. To their health, condition, legs, and feet, he was particularly attentive, and watched them with strict attention; as he found by experience, that a defect in any one of them made a material alteration in their performances in the field,—observing, drily, that you could not play upon an instrument out of tune. Perfect legs and feet, with tolerable symmetry, were his great objects to begin with; he was rather partial to large hounds, but he never drafted a small one that he liked, which made his pack less sightly than was generally admired; but as he built all his foundation of merit upon power, he was less anxious as to appearances. In the latter years of his life he always saw the pack drawn out for hunting; and on his

return in the evening, he generally (even if he had company) went to see them fed before his dinner. He observed, how necessary it was in man to guard against propensities; and although *too much refinement* was dangerous, he was often obliged to make sacrifices to it. Yet to him there was no real pleasure without it: such sentiments could only emanate from a superior and refined understanding.—Mr. Meynell was a second son. His father having disinherited his elder brother, he came into a fine estate at an early age, and soon had the good sense to discover that he had not made the best use of his education to qualify him for the proper enjoyment of fortune; and he immediately engaged a clergyman, a Mr. C——, as his tutor and companion, and studied diligently under him two or three years. This speaks volumes!—I remember Mr. Meynell first setting out with a pack of *hounds to hunt fox*,

and often met him in Staffordshire hunting them himself; he was then, according to my recollection, the worst sportsman and wildest huntsman that I ever saw out with hounds. That wildness he soon restrained to proper eagerness, keeping in bounds the finest spirits and energy that perhaps man ever possessed. His voice and articulation were delightfully harmonious and energetic,—his view-halloo thrilled every one near him,—and his language was too pertinent to be misunderstood. His indignation in the field was sometimes excessive; frequently expressed by looks, sometimes by deputies,—but when by words, he seldom or ever degenerated to rudeness. After rebuking a man once or twice, he would tell him he was incorrigible, and it was of no use to admonish him. He complained of having to find fault with the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge, for disgorging annually such a

parcel of fools to torment him ; to whom, if they attempted a vindication of their riding, or being troublesome, he would courteously reply, “ You may be perfectly right, gentlemen, and I may be wrong ; but there is gross ignorance on *one* side or the other.” As a zealous and steady friend and a sportsman, Mr. Meynell’s memory will ever rank with the highest *characters on record* ; he was a man to whom I feel much indebted for his friendship and the benefits I derived from his experience. His life was replete with anecdote in the field and in society, some of which do not exactly appertain to fox-hunting.”

It occurs to me, that you may expect that I should give you my idea of *perfection in a run*, and my memory furnishes me with the following. Imagine all at once in the middle of a thick brake that you hear Wellington challenge,—“ Wellington has found him !”—and before the huntsman has time

to say, "Hark to Wellington, my brave fellows!" the whole pack joins him in an instant, the fox is halloo'd, and they go away close at his brush. It is indeed a glorious sight to see one-and-twenty couples of powerful animals going with velocity, "best pace," over a country, all crowding a-head and exerting their energetic powers to the utmost, not a hound out of his place, like a Lacedemonian phalanx, all intent on victory, and so steady that nothing can take off their attention,—five-and-fifty minutes, without a check,—and then, whoo-whoop, they "kill him."

The annual meeting of the masters of fox-hounds, I always considered, if followed up with spirit, as likely to be of great advantage to the sport, from the rank, fortune, and respectability of those gentlemen. I was indeed in hopes, at some of those meetings, a plan to prevent the great destruction of foxes might not only have been

proposed, but carried into execution. At the agricultural meetings “breeding” is encouraged “in all its branches,” and prizes given to the breeders of the best animals. Why not encourage the breed of hounds? At the annual meeting, if a prize were given to him who bred two couples of the cleverest young hounds, a couple of dogs and a couple of bitches, it would create emulation; and after the decision, the hounds should be allowed to be *shown* at Tattersalls for three or four days, for the benefit of *the feeders*; I write in *their* behalf, because they have no chance of presents from the field, “cap money,” or draught hounds; and a great deal depends upon their attention to the bitches and their whelps before they are put out to walks. If such a thing were accomplished, what a treat it would be to a sportsman to see thirty or forty couples of the most perfect young hounds, selected from the

best packs in the kingdom! Such a sight would afford me more gratification than to have witnessed the coronation of Charles the Tenth of France,—“ Chacun a son gout.”

Unless I have been misinformed, the B. D. C. have a fund to relieve superannuated coachmen, and those with families, who from accidents or sickness are obliged to “ lie still,” (that, I believe, is the dragsman’s term.) A similar one for huntsmen and whippers-in, of good character, you would, I am sure, be friendly to, knowing your charitable disposition.

A friend of mine, the other day, who had some thoughts of taking rather a confined country, which would only allow of being hunted twice a week, requested me to give him my opinion what number of hounds, horses, &c. he should require. At the present rate of taxes, supposing the price of corn, meal, hay, &c. to be what it is now, I should say, for twice a week

only, twenty-five couples of *effective* hounds would be sufficient; and, supposing you hunted your own hounds, and had only one whipper-in, five horses, and a hack for yourself and servant, would be quite enough. You must also have a groom, helper, and a feeder: making in the whole, four men, five-and-twenty couples of hounds, five hunters, and a hack. The earth-stopping expenses will depend upon the country. The calculation I have made is as follows:

The expenses for twice a week.

Six horses, including groom and helpers,	£. 300
Hounds' food, for 25 couples,	150
Firing,	30
Taxes,	80
Whipper-in and feeder,	140
Earth-stopping,	50
Sadlery,	40
Farriery, shoeing, medicine, &c.	50

	<i>Brought over</i> . . .	840
Young hounds purchased, and ex-		
penses at walks,		60
Casualties,		100
		<hr style="width: 10%; margin-left: auto; margin-right: 0;"/>
		1000
A second whipper-in, and two horses		
in addition,		170
		<hr style="width: 10%; margin-left: auto; margin-right: 0;"/>
		£1170

Expenses for three times a week.

	£.
Twelve horses, groom, helpers, &c. . .	600
Hounds' food, for forty couples, . . .	220
Firing,	40
Taxes,	100
Two whippers-in and feeder,	210
Earth-stopping,	65
Sadlery,	80
Farriery, shoeing, medicine, &c. . . .	80
Young hounds purchased, and ex-	
penses at walks,	80
Casualties,	150
	<hr style="width: 10%; margin-left: auto; margin-right: 0;"/>
	£1625

Expenses for four times a week.

	£.
Fourteen horses, &c.	700
Hounds' food, for fifty couples, . .	275
Firing,	50
Taxes,	120
Two whippers-in and feeder, . . .	210
Earth-stopping,	80
Sadlery,	100
Farriery, shoeing, medicine, &c. . .	100
Young hounds purchased, and ex- penses at walks,	100
Casualties,	200
	<hr style="width: 10%; margin: 0 auto;"/> £1935

If you do not attend to the kennel department yourself, but keep a huntsman, the expense will be at least £300 more. I have no hesitation in saying either four times or twice a week are preferable to three times; either of the two former will keep your horses and hounds in regular work. I have only made my calculation

on the number I think necessary; too many horses would be an useless expense, and they would be continually laming themselves, from their being too fresh and above their work. Too many hounds, also, are an useless incumbrance; for they never can be worked often enough to keep them steady and in wind. And if you have too many servants, they will be continually quarrelling, for want of something better to do.

Earth-stopping is very expensive in some countries, and it may amount to more than I have calculated. There is also another expense, which I cannot estimate; that is, money paid to keepers and others for the preservation of foxes: a few pounds occasionally given with judgment, will often be of great service; but a large sum, given indiscreetly, will do more harm than good.

I subjoin a list (with the local names or those of the masters) of the numerous hunts

in the kingdom, to which you may sometimes find it useful to refer, and which proves the high respect in which this grand national amusement is held throughout the kingdom, and how popular among the different ranks of society it *has* been, *is*, and (I trust, for the honour of our country,) *ever will be*.

Bedfordshire.

The Oakley, Marquis of Tavistock.

The Marquis of Salisbury.

Berkshire.

Mr. Harvey Combe.

Mr. Horlock, late Mr. Warde.

Sir John Cope.

Buckinghamshire.

Duke of Grafton.

The Old Berkeley, Mr. H. Combe.

The Oakley.

Sir Thomas Mostyn.

Cambridgeshire.

Mr. Hurrell.

Cheshire.

The Delamere Forest Hounds, Sir Harry
Mainwaring, Bart.

Cornwall.

Sir Rose Price, Bart.

Derbyshire.

Mr. Meynell.

Sir George Sitwell, Bart.

Dorsetshire.

Mr. Farquharson.

Mr. Yeatman.

Durham.

Mr. R. Lambton.

Lord Darlington.

Essex.

Lord Petre.

Mr. Conyers.

Mr. Charles Newman.

Mr. Hanbury.

Gloucestershire.

Duke of Beaufort.

Colonel Berkeley.

Hampshire.

Mr. Villebois.

Mr. Nicoll.

Sir John Cope, Bart.

Mr. Beevor, late Mr. Chute.

The Hambledon Hounds, Mr. Smith.

Mr. Thomas Asheton Smith.

Hertfordshire.

Marquis of Salisbury.

Mr. Hanbury.

The Old Berkeley, Mr. Harvey Combe.

Huntingdonshire.

Lord Fitzwilliam.

Kent.

Mr. Oxenden.

The Old Surry, Mr. Haigh.

Leicestershire.

The Quorn, Mr. Osbaldeston.

Duke of Rutland.

Lord Lonsdale.

Lord Anson.

Lincolnshire.

Lord Yarborough.

Sir Richard Sutton, Bart.

The South Wold, or Gillingham.

Duke of Rutland.

Middlesex.

The Old Berkeley, Mr. H. Combe.

Monmouthshire.

The Llangibby Hounds, Mr. Williams.
Mr. Morgan.

Northamptonshire.

The Pytcheley, Mr. Musters.
Duke of Grafton.
Lord Fitzwilliam.
Sir Thomas Mostyn, Bart.

Northumberland.

The Northumberland Hounds, Sir M. W.
Ridley, Bart.

Nottinghamshire.

Mr. Foljambe.
The Hon. and Rev. R. Lumley Saville.
The Quorn, Mr. Osbaldeston.
The Duke of Rutland.

Oxfordshire.

Sir Thomas Mostyn, Bart.

Duke of Beaufort.

Mr. Harvey Combe.

Rutlandshire.

Lord Lonsdale.

Shropshire.

Sir B. Graham, Bart.

Mr. Boycott.

Sir Richard Puleston, Bart.

Somersetshire.

The Somersetshire Hounds.

Mr. Farquharson.

Staffordshire.

The North Staffordshire, Mr. Wicksted.

Mr. Meynell.

The South Staffordshire, Mr. Chadwick.

Lord Anson.

Mr. Boycott.

Suffolk.

Mr. Charles Newman.

Surry.

The Old Surry, Mr. Haigh.

Colonel Jolliffe.

The Union, Mr. Boulton.

Colonel Henry Wyndham.

Sussex.

Lt. Col. G. Wyndham.

Colonel H. Wyndham.

Major Carter.

Warwickshire.

Mr. Hay.

Mr. Chadwick.

Lord Anson.

Wiltshire.

Mr. Codrington.

Mr. Horlock, late Mr. Warde.

Mr. T. A. Smith.

Worcestershire.

The Worcestershire.

Mr. Chadwick.

Yorkshire.

Lord Harewood.

Sir Tatton Sykes, Bart.

The York and Ainsty.

The Badsworth, The Hon. E. Petre.

The Holderness, Mr. Hodgson.

Lord Darlington.

The Sinnington.

Mr. Foljambe.

Richard Hill, Esq.

LISTS OF VARIOUS PACKS you may find useful as a sort of stud-book. If you wish to breed from any particular stallion hound,

you can refer to them for his pedigree. I have therefore added a large collection, which I have been favoured with by their noble and distinguished owners. The alphabetical order has been followed, as I cannot pretend to settle the nice point of which is the oldest or the father pack; but from what I have heard, I should think either Lord Fitzwilliam's or Lord Yarborough's was; the former has been in possession of the noble owner fifty-three years, and were purchased of Messrs. Crew and Foley, who hunted Warwickshire or Oxfordshire. I remember having heard, when I inspected the yeomanry of the North Inland District, at one of the hospitable chateaus of a Mr. Noel, who monopolized, if I may be allowed to make use of the expression, as it was not possible for one person to hunt the whole,—Leicestershire, Northamptonshire, Rutlandshire, and Nottinghamshire,—it was called old Noel's hunt; I therefore con-

clude, whosoever had his hounds must have had the oldest in the kingdom.

Since writing the above, I have received the following information. Lord Yarborough's hounds have been kept in a straight line since the year 1700 *certain*; but they *think considerably longer*, (more than 120 years.) The present Smith, Lord Y.'s huntsman, his father, and his grandfather, have hunted the hounds in succession "*from generation to generation.*" The father of the present Smith hunted them fifty-five years without interruption.

The Hertfordshire (Mr. Hanbury's) lay claim to considerable antiquity, with justice,—as an earth-stopper has lately proved his grandfather's employment with the pack, then Mr. Calvert's, so far back as 1727.

In answer to your observation, that the pack of hounds that kill the greatest number of foxes are considered the best, I acknowledge they are, if you make a fair calculation of the number of days they

hunt, and the stock of foxes they have,—but no fox should be counted before the 1st of *November*, or after the 10th of *March*. I remember one season being very successful in cub-hunting; this was reported to the invincible huntsman, (Mr. J. A.) who was a little *jaloux*,—his answer was, “I never kill them while they suck.” There is certainly no merit in killing cubs; a pack of beagles, if there were no hares, would seldom miss one.

A most extraordinary instance of discipline in hounds occurs to me, which I ought to have mentioned when speaking of that unrivalled sportsman, the late Mr. Meynell. He met in the Harborough country, at a small patch of gorse on the side of a hill, in a very large pasture field: the hounds feathered as they went in, and found instantly. The covert being only about two acres, and open, Mr. Meynell immediately saw that the fox was in danger of being chopped; he therefore called out

to Jack Raven, the huntsman, “ Jack, take the hounds away ;” and at one of his usual *rates* every hound stopped, and the pack were taken to the hedge side, when Mr. Meynell called out three steady hounds and threw them into the cover. The fox was so loath to break, that the three hounds kept hunting him for ten minutes, in the hearing of all the pack, who lay perfectly quiet at Raven’s horse’s feet till the fox went away over the finest part of the country ; and the moment Mr. Meynell gave his most energetic thrilling halloo, (which has been noticed before,) every hound flew to him,—the burst was the finest that any sportsman ever beheld, and after an hour and ten minutes they killed their fox.

I think you will already say that my observations are sufficiently protracted ; yet the hunting recollections, that your questions have given rise to, crowd upon my

memory, and I could certainly give you several anecdotes of the principal huntsmen in the kingdom, as you require; but they must be reserved for a future time, when, after a day of sport, you give me a corner by your fireside,—both of which I think I deserve from you as a grateful pupil, after so long a lecture; in which I doubt not, long before this, you must have thought me, like “Old Thunder” and “Bellman,” *pottering on the scent*; I therefore candidly tell you I am “*beat*”; and as the time is almost at hand when you will meet your brother sportsmen in the field, where you will be much better amused than by reading my dull observations, I shall bid you farewell,—wishing health, happiness, good sport, “and long life,” and

remaining, my dear friend,

Ever yours very sincerely.

LISTS OF HOUNDS.

LORD ALTHORP'S HOUNDS.

October 20, 1815.

AGES.	NAMES.	SIRES.	DAMS.
8 Years.	Abigail.....	Alfred	Tipsy.
7 Years.	Demirep Harmony ... Promise Victory.....	Argus	Darling. Careless. His Lavender. Cowslip.
6 Years.	Basilisk .. } Baronet .. } Basker	Charon	Caroline. His Careless.
5 Years.	Abelard Emily } Eleanor .. } Gossamer .. Niobe	Charon	Aniseed. Helice.
	Prophetess .. Pilot.....	Sir Thos. Mostyn's Lazarus. Mr. Smith's Pontiff..... Mr. Smith's Pontiff..... Mr. Smith's Pontiff..... Mr. Powlett's Pilot.....	Billingsgate. Dainty. Arrogant. { Duke of Richmond's Cambric.
	Saracen .. } Symphony } Tiffany	Mr. Smith's Courtier Sir Thos. Mostyn's Duncan ..	Victory. Artless.
4 Years.	Ariel.....	Charon	Mr. Smith's Heroine.
	Bluecap	Charon	{ Duke of Grafton's Daphne.
	Blowzy	Outlaw.....	Amazon.
	Champion } Chariot... } Cyprian .. } Chaplet.... }	Roderick.....	Racket.
	Dandy	Sir Thos. Mostyn's Lazarus ..	Helice.
	Dimity	Sir Thos. Mostyn's Lazarus ..	Nosegay.
	Gregory .. } Guileful .. }	Mr. Smith's Pontiff	Modish.
	Ladybird ...	Mr. Smith's Facer	Liberty.
	Regent.....	Duke of Beaufort's Justice ..	Hyale.
	Telltale .. } Transport }	Duke of Beaufort's Justice ..	Demirep.
3 Years.	Admiral .. } Arthur } Amulet .. }	Outlaw	Emily.

AGES.	NAMES.	SIREs.	DAMS.
3 Years.	Almeric	Sir Thos. Mostyn's Lucifer ..	His Agnes.
	Brazen.	Sir Thos. Mostyn's Libertine	Mr.Otway'sTermagant.
	Cicely ... }	Sir Thos Mostyn's Lucifer ..	Niobe.
	Curious .. }		
	Cruiser.	Sir Thomas Mostyn's Lucifer	Hyale.
	Dairymaid }	Sir Thomas Mostyn's Lazarus	Helice.
	Dexterous }		
	Desperate }	Sir Thos. Mostyn's Lazarus..	Paradise.
	Dalliance	Sir Thos. Mostyn's Lazarus ..	Promise.
	Emerald	Sir Thos. Mostyn's Lazarus ..	Beatrice.
	Ebony	Sir Thos. Mostyn's Looby....	Victory.
	Factious .. }		
	Freedom .. }		
	Fallacy .. }		
	Imogen.... }	Mr. Smith's Pontiff.....	Spiteful.
	Innocence }		
	Lionel }		
	Larceny .. }	Mr. Smith's Pontiff	Arrogant.
	Lovely }		
	Lightfoot. }		
Phyllis	Lord Fitzwilliam's Presto	His Gracious.	
Tamerlane }	Duke of Beaufort's Justice ..	Demirep.	
Treachery }			
Witchcraft ..	Duke of Grafton's Rummager	Eleanor.	
2 Years.	Capulet.....	Outlaw	Brilliant.
	Fanatic. ... }	Cataract.....	Mr.Otway'sTermagant.
	Fashion .. }		
	Guardian.. }	Sir Thos. Mostyn's Looby....	Tiffany.
	Gauntlet .. }		
	Goneril .. }		
	Grecian .. }	Sir Thos. Mostyn's Looby....	Betsy.
	Governor.. }		
	Guider }	Sir Thos. Mostyn's Lictor....	Comfort.
	Harpy }		
	Hopeful .. }	Sir Thos. Mostyn's Censor ..	Victory.
	Laughable }		
	Luscious .. }	Mr. Smith's Champion.....	Aniseed.
	Melody. }		
	Memory	Mr. Smith's Champion.....	Telltale.
	Madcap .. }		
	Matchless }	Mr. Smith's Ramper.....	Demirep.
	Mopsy.... }		
	Merkin.... }		
	Norah	Duke of Beaufort's Justice ..	Hyale.
Nancy	Duke of Beaufort's Justice ..	Harmony.	
Orator }	Duke of Beaufort's Justice ..	Helice.	
Ottoman .. }			
Orpheus .. }			
Palafox	Duke of Beaufort's Justice ..	Acme.	

AGES.	NAMES.	SIRES.	DAMS.
2 Years.	Rosemary	Duke of Beaufort's Abelard..	Concubine.
	Rarity }		
	Roundelay	Lord Lonsdale's Wonder	Dimity.
	Sacripant		
Sylvia }	Duke of Richmond's Bachelor	Fury.	
1 Year.	Voucher }		
	Aricie	Outlaw.....	Tiffany.
	Adrian }	Outlaw.....	Caroline.
	Aconite .. }		
	Alaric	Outlaw	Emerald.
	Amadis.....	Outlaw	Dimity.
	Adamant... }	Outlaw	Diadem.
	Attica }		
	Angler }	Outlaw.	Lord Tavistock's Trespas.
	Anodyne .. }		
	Bashful.....	Clasher	Mr. Otway's Damsel.
	Carnal	Sir Thos. Mostyn's Looby....	Concubine.
	Clarion.	Sir Thos. Mostyn's Looby....	Lord Tavistock's Billingsgate.
	Chorister. . }	Sir Thos. Mostyn's Looby. . . .	Lord Tavistock's Cowslip.
	Comedy .. }		
	Emigrant... }	Sir Thos. Mostyn's Lictor	Demirep.
	Florival.....	Sir Thos. Mostyn's Lictor	Helice.
	Frenzy	Sir Thos. Mostyn's Lictor	Harmony.
	Falconer	Sir Thos. Mostyn's Lictor. . . .	Victory.
	Fisherman }	Sir Thos. Mostyn's Lictor	Blowzy.
	Flexible .. }		
	Fleecer }	Sir Thos. Mostyn's Lictor. . . .	Lord Tavistock's Simpleton.
	Favola }		
	Fabulist	Sir Thos. Mostyn's Lictor....	Lord Tavistock's Chauntress.
	Februa }	Sir Thos. Mostyn's Fleecer ..	Lord Tavistock's Sloven.
	Florida }		
	Garland.....	Sir Thos. Mostyn's Harbinger.	Roguish.
	General .. }	Sir Thos. Mostyn's Harbinger.	Anisced.
	Gabriel... }		
	Helicon	Sir Thos. Mostyn's Censor ..	Dexterous.
	Juliet	Sir Thos. Mostyn's Censor ..	Treachery.
	Koran	Duke of Grafton's Castor	His Rosebud.
Knicknack ..	Duke of Grafton's Castor	His Blameless.	
Lucien	Duke of Grafton's Rampart. . . .	His Syren.	
Posthumous..	Lord Yarborough's Piper	His Bluebell	
Verderer .. }	Lord Fitzwilliam's Galloper .	Spiteful.	
Venison .. }			
Valiant	Lord Fitzwilliam's Patron	Lord Tavistock's Scandalous.	
Zodiac	Mr. Heron's Nectar.....	Dairymaid.	

I have inserted Lord Althorp's List of the last year his Lordship kept Hounds, knowing them to have been particularly well bred, having had his young draughts for many years.

LORD ANSON'S HOUNDS.

November, 1825.

AGES.	NAMES.	SIRES.	DAMS.	
9 Years.	Cerberus	Hotspur	Charity.	
8 Years.	Gravity	Grinder	Madrigal.	
7 Years.	Judy.....	Charon	Rachel.	
	Jugler } Joiner }	Lord Lonsdale's Jasper	Tinsel.	
	Wanton	Lord Lonsdale's Jailor.....	His Willing.	
	Woodman ..	Mr. Osbaldeston's Wonder ..	His Billington.	
6 Years.	Admiral .. } Amazon .. }	Abelard	Bilbury.	
	Blucher	Mr. Heron's Blueber	Mr. Smith's Sylvia.	
	Chlora	Sir B. Graham's Cruizer	His Wanton.	
	Desperate....	Duke of Grafton's Dardan ..	Curricie.	
	Tyrant } Tipsy..... } Tickler... }	Actor.....	{ Milliner. Raffle.	
	Whimsey	Mr. Osbaldeston's Wonder ..	Fairy.	
	5 Years.	Actor	From Sir R. B. Graham.....	
		Comrade .. } Columbine }	Lord Sonde's Orpheus.	His Columbine.
Guilty } Gambler .. }		Mr. Heron's Banger	Sir R. Sutton's Ghatly.	
Goblin }				
Myrmidon ..		Sir T. Mostyn's Notary	Lord Sonde's Gaylass.	
Malcolm .. } Mermaid.. }		Sir B. Graham's Marmion ..	His Luxury.	
Niobe		Lord Sonde's Witchcraft	His Niobe.	
Purity		Lord Sonde's Orpheus	Ditto Purity.	
Spiteful		Mr. Ward's Aimwell	Sir R. Sutton's Sylvia.	
4 Years.		Dorimont....	Lord Sonde's Ottoman	His Dalliance.
	Guardian	Lord Sonde's Gabriel.	His Cora.	
	Gaudy	Bruiser	Gossamer.	
	Harriet.... } Heroine .. }	Lord Ludlow's Hercules.....	Lord Sonde's Rosebud.	
	Myrtle	Sir R. Sutton's Manager	His Gaudy.	
	Merrylass....	Duke of Rutland's Random ..	His Modesty.	
	Royster	Duke of Beaufort's Rallywood	Active.	

AGES.	NAMES.	SIRES.	DAMS.
4 Years.	Romulus	Lord Sonde's Ottoman	His Rally.
	Stormer		
	Tidings	Mr. Osbaldeston's Tapster	D. of Rutland's Harpy.
3 Years.	Amethyst	Cerberus	Amazon.
	Bajazet	Blucher	Agatha.
	Cromwell	Cerberus	Harriet.
	Comedy	Comrade	Selima.
	Countess		
	Charity	Sir T. Mostyn's Warrior	Cora.
	Editor	Sir R. Sutton's Editor	His Amethyst.
	Joker	Comrade	Judy.
	Lucifer	Mr. Meynell's Baronet	Bonnybell.
	Lictor		
	Victor	Sir T. Mostyn's Warrior	Vanity.
	Winnifred	Ditto Ditto	Lucy.
2 Years.	Bachelor	Lord Lonsdale's Brunswick	Bonnybell.
	Claudius	Comrade	Amazon.
	Costly		
	Fairy	Sir B. Graham's Caliban	Harmony.
	Minister	Sir B. Graham's Marmion	Chlora.
	Madrigal		
	Norval	Comrade	Niobe.
	Nightshade		
	Pilot	Mr. Chaworth's Pilot	Columbine.
	Rosebud	Lord Lonsdale's Roderick	Harriet.
	Sailor	Guardian	Selima.
	Selima		
	Sylvia		
	Saladine	Guardian	Sorcery.
	Symmetry		
1 Year.	Ardent	Mr. Osbaldeston's Chorister	Amazon.
	Amorous		
	Active		
	Barmaid	Guardian	Baroness.
	Bravery		
	Commodore	Comrade	Lucy.
	Comfort	Mr. Osbaldeston's Caliban	Lord Sonde's Hyale.
	Coral	Cerberus	Merrylass.
	Conqueror		
	Diomed	Dorimont	Chlora.
	Dreadnought	Comrade	Desperate.
	Destiny		
	Dauntless		
	Gertrude	Guardian	Agatha.
	Graceful		
Garnish			
Jubilee	Joker	Lucy.	

AGES.	NAMES.	SIRES.	DAMS.
1 Year.	Marmion ..	Malcolm	Harriet.
	Minstrel ...		
	Melody....		
	Nimble	Mr. Osbaldeston's Caliban....	Niobe.
	Newsman ..	Mr. Meynell's Nelson.....	Tidings.
	Nautilus ...		
	Needwood .		
	Nelson		
	Piper	Mr. Osbaldeston's Piper	Heroine.
Proctor ...			
Prodigal...}			

THE DUKE OF BEAUFORT'S HOUNDS.

November, 1825.

AGES.	NAMES.	SIRES.	DAMS.
11 Years.	Nectar	Mr. Heron's Nectar.....	Diligent.
10 Years.	Waterloo ..	Mr. Smith's Collier.....	Gladsome.
	Wellington		
	Whimsey ..		
	Wary		
8 Years.	Dorimont....	Denmark	Dalliance.
	Rival	Lord Lonsdale's Rioter	Affable.
7 Years.	Dreadnought	Nectar	Doreas.
	Emily	Ragland	Paragon.
	Regent	Ditto	Honesty.
	Dandy	Denmark	Dalliance.
	Rifleman ...	Roderick	Lovely.
	Gaylass....	Lord Middleton's Roman	Gladsome.
	Governess .		
	Plunder ...	Duke of Grafton's Cardinal ..	Prophetess.
Playful}			
6 Years.	Gainer	Denmark	Graceful.
	Libertine ...	Ditto	Laundress.
	Lovely	Ditto.....	Ditto.
	Ranter}	Ranter	Rival.
	Ruby		
	Raffle		

AGES.	NAMES.	SIREs.	DAMS.	
6 Years.	Racket	Roderick	Bravery.	
	Rubens	Rutland	Paragon.	
	Rustie	Nectar	Rarity.	
	Diomedé	Ditto	Dalliance.	
	Vaulter.... } Vanity }	Lord Middleton's Vanguard ..	Sprightly.	
	Darter			Lord Middleton's Danger
	Dashwood. } Diligent ... }	Ditto	Gladsome.	
	Dauntless. }			
	5 Years.	Guzman	Denmark	Gladsome.
Ransom .. } Rampish .. }		Dexter	Rival.	
Rarity				Lord Middleton's Denmark ..
Doreas		Ditto's Damper	Brilliant.	
Conqueror ...		<i>From Lord Middleton.</i>		Elegant.
	Commodore			
4 Years.	Platoff } Pontiff }	Nectar	Playful.	
	Princess .. }			
	Purity }			
	Pastime ... }			
	Lancaster ...			Nectar
	Edgar } Empress .. }	Nectar	Emily.	
	Wildair }			Denmark
	Wonder }	Denmark	Wary.	
	Daphne	Waterloo	Doxy.	
	Jasper } Jessamine. }	Waterloo	Jesse.	
	Workman .. }			Wellington
	Wilful }	Wellington	Prophetess.	
	Bluster }	Dorimont	Bravery.	
	Brusher ... }	Dorimont	Bravery.	
	Boxer }	Dorimont	Bravery.	
	Harbinger ...	Lord Lonsdale's Julian	Honesty.	
	Partner	Mr. Ward's Pilgrim	Brilliant.	
Pilgrim				
3 Years.	Dashaway .. }	Duncan	Jesse.	
	Driver			
	Dainty }			
	Duncan }	Duncan	Wary.	
	Dexter }			
	Ragland ... }	Dorimont	Rival.	
	Rallywood } Rutland ... }	Dorimont	Rival.	

AGES.	NAMES.	SIRE.	DAMS.
3 Years.	Dragon ... } Dalliance . }	Dorimont.....	Bravery.
	Gaiety	Dorimont	Gaylass.
	Niobe	Nectar	Prophetess.
	Nimrod	Nectar	Gertrude
	Aimwell	Absolute	Governess.
	Edwin	Waterloo	Emily.
	Elegant	Waterloo	Emily.
	Barrister.. }	Waterloo	Brilliant.
	Bluebell .. }		
	Rafter	Lord Althorp's Ottoman	Restless.
	Pugilist ... }	Mr. Codrington's Pugilist	Paragon.
	Pillager ... }		
2 Years.	Restless	Nectar	Restless.
	Pasquin	Nectar	Playful.
	Parasol ... }	Nectar	Playful.
	Policy..... }		
	Valiant	Jason	Vanity.
	Vanguard.. }		
	Victor..... }		
	Archer	Vaulter	Amorous.
	Amorous ... }	Plunder	Doxy.
	Piper		
	Pelican ... }		
	Prophetess }		
	Duster	Dorimont	Emily.
	Destiny ... }		
	Delicate .. }		
	Rapture ... }	Waterloo	Rampish.
	Rachel ... }		
	Reveller ... }	Warrior	Rival.
	Rhapsody .. }		
	Rosamond . }		
	Costly..... }		
	Columbine }	Sir Thomas Mostyn's Edward	Whimsey.
Charmer .. }			
Waverley.. }			
Wrangler .. }	Sir Thos. Mostyn's Wrangler	Wary.	
Wanton .. }			
Woodbine . }			
1 Year.	Denmark . }	Dorimont	Rival.
	Dimity ... }		
	Daffodil .. }	Dorimont	Wilful.
	Whirlwind }		
	Whisker .. }		
	Willing ... }	Dorimont	Diligent.
	Damsel		
Latimer	Warrior	Lightfoot.	

AGES.	NAMES.	SIRES.	DAMS.
1 Year.	Vulcan....	Plunder	Vanity.
	Vanquisher }		Relish.
	Ravager	Ravager	Gaylass.
	Gossip ..	Nectar.....	Paragon.
	Gladsome ..		Rampish.
	Garland .. }		Wary.
	Proctor	Vaulter	Pastime.
	Tandem ..	Sir Thomas Mostyn's Tandem	Emily.
	Toilet }		
	Tuneful .. }	Mr. Codrington's Pugilist....	
	Winifred	Mr. Shirley's Guardsman	
	Gaudy	Mr. Shirley's Benedict	
Benedict .. }			
Baronet .. }			

THE BERKELEY HOUNDS.

December 1, 1825.

AGES.	NAMES.	SIRES.	DAMS.
9 Years.	Frantick	Sir T. Mostyn's Fleecer.....	Lord Althorp's Sociable.
8 Years.	Wilful	Sir T. Mostyn's Warrior	His Ida.
	Dairymaid ..	Lord Althorp's Abelard.....	His Treachery.
	Wrangler ...	Lord Althorp's Ottoman.....	His Lovely.
7 Years.	Vanguard ...	Sir T. Mostyn's Tudor	His Victory.
	Fairmaid	Duke of Grafton's Fabulist ..	Sir T. Mostyn's Tiffany.
	Harlot	Sir T. Mostyn's Cottager	His Harlot.
	Workman....	Duke of Richmond's Winder ..	Mr. Chute's Helen.
6 Years.	Whipster	Sir T. Mostyn's Warrior	His Malaprop.
	Bluecap	Duke of Grafton's Guardian..	Sir T. Mostyn's Bridget.
	Harmony	Havock	Rustick.
	Rosamond ...	Risker	Anguish.
	Flourish	Lord Yarborough's Wonder ..	His Medley.
	Rattler	Mr. Saville's Rallywood	{ Lord Yarborough's Traffick.
	Wormwood..	Lord Yarborough's Finder....	His Wisdom.
5 Years.	Friar.....	Sir T. Mostyn's Luther.....	His Fearless.

AGES.	NAMES.	SIRES.	DAMS.
5 Years.	Gamesome	Lord Fitzwilliam's Genial	{ Sir T. Mostyn's Laudable.
	Trouncer.. } Tomboy .. } Trinket.... }	Abelard	Tiffany.
	Trueman....	Union Trueman	Their Jewel.
	Resolute	Duke of Grafton's Satellite ..	His Relish.
	Trentham....	Sir M. Sykes's Trentham	His Merrylass.
	Trouncer	Lord Harewood's Tomboy ..	His Termagant.
	Dancer	Mr. Saville's Tyrant	{ Lord Yarborough's Drowsy.
	Vanity	Union Jethroe.....	Their Vocal.
	Vestal		
	4 Years.	Lucifer.... } Lavish }	Lionel.....
Glory		Gaffer	Lovely.
Artful		Sir T. Mostyn's Amadis	His Fearless.
Anguish .. }			
Saladine		Duke of Beaufort's Saladine..	Mostyn's Bridget.
Pleader.....		Mr. Ward's Pilgrim	Mostyn's Agony.
Virgin		Mr. Ward's Pilgrim.....	Mostyn's Venus.
Guilty		Mr. Ward's Pilgrim	Sir T. Mostyn's Goneril.
Prudence		Mr. Ward's Pilgrim.....	Sir T. Mostyn's Ransom.
Plunder.....		Mr. Ward's Pilgrim	Mostyn's Trollop.
Trollop.....		Mr. Ward's Render	His Toilet.
Fallacy		Mr. Newman's Gamboy.	His Frantiek.
Lazarus		Sir R. Sutton's Cerberus	Badsworth Lavish.
Ravager		Lord Scarbro's Rallywood.. ..	Badsworth Rarity.
Blameless....		Lord Sondes.....	His Gamesome.
Gossamer ...		Mr. Codrington's Pugilist....	
3 Years.	Jasper	Jasper	Dairymaid.
	Random .. }	Tomboy	Resolute.
	Ramper .. }		
	Garnet	Gaffer	Harlot.
	Gladsome . }		
	Traffick	Trouncer	Rosamond.
	Gamboy	Trouncer	Gamesome.
	Nectar.....	Duke of Beaufort's Nectar...	{ Sir T. Mostyn's Malaprop.
	Noble	Duke of Beaufort's Nectar..	{ Sir T. Mostyn's Malaprop.
	Sparkler	Duke of Beaufort's Saladine	Sir R. Bridget.
	Wildboy	Mr. Chute's Larkspur.....	His Welcome.
	Stormer	Sir R. Sutton's Splendour	Badsworth Dimity.
	Marmion.. }	Sir R. Sutton's Marmion	Badsworth Governess.
	Monitor .. }		
Tarnish .. }	Sir R. Sutton's Œdipus.....	Badsworth Tinsel.	
Toilet			

AGES.	NAMES.	SIRES.	DAMS.
2 Years.	Auditor.....	Sir R. Sutton's Archer	Badsworth Trueful.
	Gaylass.....	Sir R. Sutton's Lucifer	Badsworth Gaylass.
	Rarity	Sir R. Sutton's Galliard	Badsworth Rarity.
	Risker	Rifler	Memory.
	Hermit ... }	Hazard	Trinket.
	Hotspur .. }		
	Helen		
	Heedless	Hazard.....	Trinket.
	Striver	Sampson	Harlot.
	Stately		
	Lifter	Lionel.....	Vocal.
	Regicide .. }	Sir J. Cope's Ramekin	Rival.
	Radical.... }		
	Rattle		
	Ravager.....	Remus	Rosamond.
	Nathan.....	Nimrod	Dairymaid.
	Forester	Sir J. Cope's Dustiefoot	Fairmaid.
	Cardinal .. }	Duke of Beaufort's Vaultier ..	Sir T. Mostyn's Comedy.
	Cottageg .. }		
	Chaplet.....	Duke of Rutland's Chanter ..	His Clio.
Fatal.....	Duke of Rutland		
Hazard.....	Hatfield Hopeful.....	Their Harlot.	
Dreadnought	Mr. Codrington's Pugilist	His Dimity.	
Tidings.....	Sir J. Astley's Tomboy	His Gaily.	
1 Year.	Latimers	Lionel.....	Rival.
	Norna	Nimrod.....	Garnet.
	Racer	Nectar	Riot.
	Rosebud .. }		
	Lictor	Lucifer	Harmony.
	Lounger .. }		
	Sprightly	Sampson	Wanton.
	Sovereign.....	Mr. Warde's Sovereign	D. of Grafton's Brilliant.
	Archer.....	Mr. Warde's Ashton	Traffick.
	Abelard .. }		
	Dabster .. }	Duke of Grafton's Dorimont	Union Vestal.
	Dainty		
	Damsel.....		
	Ragland	Sir T. Astley's Ranter.....	His Orderly.
	Marplot	Union Marplot	Their Prudence.
	Rifler.....	Mr Shirley's Ribster	His Rapid.
	Rakish.....	Duke of Beaufort's Ranter ..	Sir T. Mostyn's Anodyne
Redwing .. }			
Ebony	Sir T. Mostyn's Wrangler.....	His Emblem.	

THE BROCKLESBY HOUNDS.

November 1, 1824.

AGES.	NAMES.	SIRES.	DAMS.	
7 Years.	Comrade . . .	Mr. Walker's Comrade	Bravery.	
6 Years.	Drowsy .. } Daphne .. }	Monitor	Dolly.	
	Melody . . . } Merrylass. }	Minor	Betsy.	
	Tattler	Trimbush	Mira.	
	Wanton .. } Watchful, s }	Woldsman	Legacy.	
	5 Years.	Amulet	D. of Rutland's Abelard	Blossom.
		Bashful	Minor	Bluebell.
Curious		Trimbush	Celia.	
Harbinger ..		Trimbush	Betsy.	
Jailor		Marplot	Jessamy.	
Joyous, s .. }				
Junket, s .. }				
Prompter ..		Martial	Actress.	
Rector		Mr. Saville's Rallywood	Traffick.	
Remnant. . . }				
4 Years.	Baronet	Trimbush	Betsy.	
	Chastity .. } Comedy .. }	Cypher	Empress.	
	Marplot .. } Milkmaid }	Marplot	Tattler.	
	Rapid	Duke of Rutland's Ruler	Sanguine.	
	Skilful	Mr. Osbaldeston's Sailor	Melody.	
	Stately			
	Victory	Mr. Osbaldeston's Vanquisher	Tidings.	
	Vanity			
	3 Years.	Artful, s	Trimbush	Amulet.
		Caroline	Comrade	Whimsey.
Elegant		Trimbush	Empress.	
Fairplay		Trimbush	Flourish.	
Violet		Lord Fitzwilliam's Darter	Vengeance.	
2 Years.	Alfred	Alderman	Daphne.	
	Aimwell .. }			
	Angler }			

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AGES	NAMES.	SIRES.	DAMS.
2 Years.	Albion	Alderman	Comedy.
	Bluecap	Boaster	Traffick.
	Brevity	Chanticleer	Eleanor.
	Cruiser	Comrade	Milkmaid.
	Cardigan	Norman	Drowsy.
	Coaxer	Trimbush	Empress.
	Columbine	Royster	Flourish.
	Driver	Ferryman	Amulet.
	Emperor	Sir Richard Sutton's Lucifer	Betsy.
	Finder	Lord Fitzwilliam's Thwaekum	Legacy.
	Ferryman	Trimbush	Tidings.
	Lucifer	Jailor	Sanguine.
	Lavish	Trimbush	Tragedy.
	Lazarus	Trajan	Vanity.
	Laundress		
	Merryman		
	Mindful		
	Music, s		
	Senator		
	Tarquin		
Termagant			
Trophy			
Victor			
1 Year.	Admiral	Minister	Amazon.
	Archer	Mr. Osbaldeston's Bachelor . .	Vengeance.
	Bertram	Mr. Foljambe's Jailor	Drowsy.
	Brusher	Norman	Daphne.
	Bowler	Mr. Foljambe's Jailor	Empress.
	Dutchess, s	Lord Middleton's Denmark . .	{ Sir Tatton Sykes's Wanton.
	Diamond	Mr. Osbaldeston's Comus	Eleanor.
	Doubtful	Sir R. Sutton's Lucifer	Tattler.
	Edgar	Minister	South Wold Frantick.
	Earnest	Comrade	Bashful.
	Ermine	Trajan	Violet.
	Friendly	Trajan	Rapid.
	Hector	Royster	Dainty.
	Harlot		
	Linner		
	Marjion		
	Platoff		
	Pontiff		
	Pleader		
	Romulus		
Relish			
Tyrant			
Trifle			
Toilet, s			
Turban			

AGES.	NAMES.	SIRES.	DAMS.
1 Year.	Warlike	Warrior	Faictious.
	Wisdom	Jailor	Warble.
	Champion Cottager..	Comrade	Remnant.
	Challenger		
	Courtly ..		
	Crafty. . . .	Conqueror	Audrey.
	Coroner		
	Comet		
	Celia	Jailor	Curious.
	Caution ..	Comrade	Comedy.
	Charmer..		
	Costly. . . .		
	Darter. . . .	Jailor.	Drowsy.
	Favourite ..	Comrade	Troublesome.
	Freeman	Fairplay	Chastity.
	Gallant	Lord Howard's Gallant	Tragedy.
	Granby ..	Sir Richard Sutton's Grumbler	Rapid.
	Gamester..		
	Ganymede		
	Glory		
	Graceful	Lord Fitzwilliam's Darter ..	Ld.Harewood'sGaylass.
	Joker	Sir R. Sutton's Rattler	Jealousy.
	Juliet	Sir R. Sutton's Archer	His Jubilee.
	Monitor ..	Comrade	Mindful.
	Matron		
	Midnight. . . .	Lord Harewood's Rubens	{ Lord Darlington's Margery.
	Ratler	Rector	Violet.
	Reveller ..	Rector	Bashful.
	Riot		
	Roderick. . . .	Conqueror	Riot.
Royal	Mr. Foljambe's Royal	Faictious.	
Rarity			
Redrose, s			
Rally, s			
Statesman	Minister	Constant.	
Sanguine..			
Singwell	Boaster.	Vanity.	
Vengeance ..			
Whirlwind..	Duke of Rutland's Chimer ..	Wanton.	

October 12, 1825. Old 43

Young. . 19

Total. . . 62

MR. CHADWICK'S HOUNDS.

June 1, 1826.

STUD HOUNDS.

AGES.	NAMES.	SIRES.	DAMS.
8 Years.	Ottoman	Mr. Warde's Stormer	His Sylvia.
	Patriot	Lord Fitzwilliam's Patriot	His Mischief.
	Sovereign . . .	Sir T. Mostyn's Lazarus	Mr. Warde's Sylvia.

WORKING HOUNDS.

8 Years.	Lumpkin	Mr. Warde's Lazarus	His Amorous.
	Nameless	Lord Fitzwilliam's Noble	His Fortune.
	Foreman	Mr. Meynell's Facer	His Delia.
	Joiner	Lord Lonsdale's Jasper	Lord Anson's Tinsel.
	Judy	Sir B. R. Graham's Charon	Lord Anson's Rachel.
7 Years.	Demagogue . . .	Sir T. Mostyn's Wrangler	His Fearless.
	Admiral	Lord Anson's Abelard	His Bilbury.
	Whimsey	Mr. Osbaldeston's Wonder	Lord Anson's Fairy.
	Precious	Mr. Warde's Pilgrim	His Ariel.
	Marcia	Mr. Warde's Maniac	His Florist.
	Gertrude	Mr. Warde's Bertram	His Glory.
	Jupiter	Mr. Warde's Jasper	His Sportly.
6 Years.	Barber	Mr. Warde's Lazarus	His Belmaid.
	Gamboy	Duke of Rutland's Fearnought . . .	His Rarity.
	Arthur	Mr. Warde's Asheton	His Goneril.
	Nelson	Mr. Warde's Rebel	{ Sir T. Mostyn's Nettletop.
	Diligent	Duke of Beaufort's Dexter	His Rival.
	Lusher	Mr. Warde's Lazarus	His Amorous.
	Goblin	Cheshire Banger	Sir R. Sutton's Glastly.
	Benedict	Pytchley Abelard	{ Mr. Meynell's Bridesmaid.
5 Years.	Collier	Duke of Beaufort's Collier	{ Sir T. Mostyn's Treachery.
	Pilgrim	Mr. Warde's Pilgrim	Sir T. Mostyn's Venus.
	Placeman		
	Ranter	Duke of Beaufort's Ragland	Sir T. Mostyn's Harlot.

AGES.	NAMES.	SIRES.	DAMS.
5 Years.	Sycorax	Duke of Beaufort's Denmark	Sir T. Mostyn's Fortune.
	Valiant....	Duke of Beaufort's Vaulters ..	Sir T. Mostyn's Fortune.
	Vanquisher }		
4 Years.	Anthony	Mr. Warde's Asheton	His Florist.
	Bumpkin....	D. of Beaufort's Dorimont....	His Larceny.
	Grievous, s ..	Mr. Warde's Lazarus	His Amorous.
	Jasper	Sir T. Mostyn's Tandem	His Jenny.
	Plaything....	Mr. Warde's Pangloss.	His Gertrude.
3 Years.	Bargainer....	Mr. Warde's Butler.	Mr. Nicoll's Waspish.
	Bertram ..	Sir T. Mostyn's Wrangler	His Bridget.
	Bonnylass }		
	Dorcas, s ..	Lord Fitzwilliam's Darter....	His Lovely.
	Dorimont....	D. of Beaufort's Dorimont ..	Sir T. Mostyn's Larceny.
	Fearless, s ..	Sir T. Mostyn's Edwin	His Fearless.
	Furnace	Lord Fitzwilliam's Flambeau	His Notable.
	Memory	Sir T. Mostyn's Wrangler	His Memory.
	Bachelor	Lord Lonsdale's Brunswick ..	Id. Anson's Boronybell.
	Ragland	Mr. Osbaldeston's Rasselas ..	D. of Rutland's Joyous.
2 Years.	Sultan	Mr. Osbaldeston's Vaulters....	His Songstress.
	Sparkler ... }		
	Gadfly	Mr. Osbaldeston's Proctor ..	His Gratitude.
	Ardent	Mr. Osbaldeston's Chorister	Lord Anson's Amazon,
	Piper.....	Mr. Osbaldeston's Piper	Lord Anson's Heroine.
	Prosody .. }		
	Gleaner	Sir H. Mainwaring's Gleaner	His Careless.
	Playmate....	Mr. Warde's Guardian	His Plaything.
	Lifter	Mr. Warde's Lumpkin	His Audible.
	Jessica	Lord Middleton's Vanguard ..	Mr. Meynell's Joyful.
	Lofty.....	Mr. Jolliffe's Marlborough ..	Lord Lonsdale's Levity.
	Lictor }		
	Ragman	Mr. Warde's Rustic	His Comfort.
Whynot	Mr. Codrington's Woldsman	His Lightfoot.	
1 Year.	Regicide ..	Lord Anson's Comrade	Mr. Meynell's Ruby.
	Radical....		
	Rasselas ..		
	Rhapsody.. }		
	Sindbad ..	Mr. Meynell's Nathan	His Symmetry.
	Streamer.. }		
	Symmetry }		
	Danger....	Mr. Osbaldeston's Chorister	Mr. Meynell's Destiny.
	Dromo.... }		
	Bruiser ..	Mr. Meynell's Bajazet	His Bonnybell.
	Bacchanal }		
	Pillager	Duke of Beaufort's Boxer ..	His Parasol.
	Rummager..	Mr. Osbaldeston's Rocket....	His Hermia.
Rattle	Mr. Osbaldeston's Rocket....	His Amulet.	

AGES.	NAMES.	SIRES.	DAMS.
1 Year.	Mufti.....	Duke of Beaufort's Ranter ..	{ Sir T. Mostyn's Malaprop.
	Mousetrap		
	Malaprop..		
	Mira	} Sir T. Mostyn's Rangler ..	His Misty.
	Marmaduke.		
	Mussulman..	Sir T. Mostyn's Notary.....	Lord Anson's Desperate.
	Duncan.....	Duke of Grafton's Rummager	{ Sir T. Mostyn's Anodyne.
	Acher		
	Woldsmen	Duke of Grafton's Wildfire ..	{ Duke of Beaufort's Willing.
Guzman	Duke of Beaufort's Plunder..	His Gaiety.	
Marmion ..	Duke of Beaufort's Ranter ..	{ Sir T. Mostyn's Myrtle.	

MR. CODRINGTON'S HOUNDS.

October 1, 1825.

SEASONS.	NAMES.	SIRES.	DAMS.
7th.	Diligent	Duke of Beaufort's Denmark	Rachel.
	Gamesome ..	Bred by Lord Lonsdale.....	
	Tuneful	Bred by Lord Lonsdale.....	
6th.	Whimsey....	Woodman	Coral.
	Woldsmen ..	Woodman	Wanton.
	Comely	Cryer	Damsel.
	Wildfire	Lord Althorp's Grecian.....	{ Duke of Beaufort's Whimsey.
5th.	Collier.....	Cryer	Wanton.
	Comedy ..		
	Whipster...	Duke of Beaufort's Wellington	His Rosalind.
	Boundless ..	Duke of Beaufort's Saracen ..	His Boundless.
	Betsy	Cheshire Banger	Mr. Smith's Countess.
	Rapture	Mr. Smith's Cerberus	His Rapture.
	Prospero ...	Mr. Warde's Pilgrim.....	His Ariel.
4th.	Lively	Reveller	Luna.
	Nosegay ...	Ruffler	Nora.
	Greatridge	Pugilist	Gamesome.
	Grovely ..		

SEASONS.	NAMES.	SIRES.	DAMS.
4th.	Jason }	Duke of Beaufort's Jason. . . .	Dainty.
	Jasper }		
	Jingle }		
	Wily	Duke of Beaufort's Waterloo	Diligent.
	Roderick. . . .	Duke of Grafton's Bondsman	Ransom.
	Beauty.	Duke of Grafton's Bondsman	Dalliance.
3d.	Pilot. }	Pugilist	Whimsey.
	Painter }		
	Patty }		
	Pastime . . }	Pugilist	Gamesome.
	Primrose . . }		
	Twister . . . }	Cryer	Tuneful.
	Tomboy . . }		
	Lady	Cryer	Paragon.
	Bapton }	Duke of Grafton's Bondsman	Ringtail.
	Bobadil . . }		
	Buxom }	Duke of Grafton's Bondsman	Nora.
	Blowsy }		
Brusher . . }	Duke of Grafton's Bondsman	Boundless.	
Bounceer . . }			
2d.	Plunder . . }	Pugilist	Whimsey.
	Pillager . . }		
	Phoenix	Pugilist	Winsome.
	Ranter }	Woldsman	Rachel.
	Ruffler }		
	Racket }		
	Wellington	Duke of Beaufort's Wellington	Gamesome.
	Waterloo. . }		
	Pretty }	Duke of Beaufort's Plunder . .	Paragon.
	Prattle. . . . }		
	Lusher.	Duke of Beaufort's Hermit . .	Lightfoot.
	Royal }	Duke of Grafton's Bondsman	Rapture.
	Rattler. . . . }		
Relish }			
Bustler	Duke of Grafton's Bondsman	Nora.	
1st.	Policy	Pugilist	Gamesome.
	Wishful	Woldsman	Lightfoot.
	Welcome. . . .	Pugilist	Winsome.
	Ragland . . }	Duke of Beaufort's Rubens . .	Bonny.
	Rubens }		
	Rioter }		
	Roister }		
	Rutland . . }		
	Libertine. . }	Duke of Beaufort's Rubens . .	Luna.
	Lovely }		
Rampish	Duke of Beaufort's Rubens . .	Gossamer.	

SEASONS.	NAMES.	SIRES.	DAMS.
1st.	Partner . . .	Duke of Beaufort's Plunder . .	Paragon.
	Pleasant ..		
	Promise ..		
	Playful . . .	Duke of Beaufort's Plunder . .	Wanton.
	Wildboy		
Comet	Mr. Nicoll's Chirper	His Gadfly.	

SIR JOHN COPE'S HOUNDS.

September 1, 1825.

AGES.	NAMES.	SIRES.	DAMS.
7 Years.	Gramarie . . .	Dancer	Gossip.
	Gaiety	Dancer	Guilty.
	Gladsome . .		
	Gladish . . .		
	Robinhood ..	Rutland	Blossom.
Sampson . . .	Sampson	Goldfinch.	
6 Years.	Goodman . . }	Drunkard	Guilty.
	Guilty }		
	Pallas	Lord Fitzwilliam's Pilgrim . .	His Rachel.
	Royalty . . .	Rutland	Graceful.
	Rashly }	Rutland	Blossom.
	Reprobate . . }		
Seneca	Sampson	Goldfinch.	
5 Years.	Bathsheba ..	Bluster	Garland.
	Bonnyly . . .	Rutland	Bounty.
	Chorns . . . }	Claremont	Graceful.
	Crotchet . . }		
	Gambia . . . }	Dancer	Gossip.
	Ganza }		
	Patience ..	Duke of Beaufort's Pilgrim . .	Rosemary.
	Policy }		
	Prevalent . . }		
	Purity	Duke of Beaufort's Pilgrim . .	Rosemary.
Ramekin . . }	Rutland	Blossom.	
Rhymester . . }			
4 Years.	Forester . . .	Mr. Nicoll's Ratler	Goldfinch.
	Frisky		
	Frolicksome .		

AGES.	NAMES.	SIREs.	DAMS.
4 Years.	Gulmore	Dancer.....	Gossip.
	Hardwick....	Gloster.....	Harmony.
	Luxury	Lictor	Drollery.
	Margaret	} Granby	Maiden.
	Marmaduke..		
	Noblet	Lord Fitzwilliam's Nimrod ..	Royalty.
	Pensioner .	} Gloster	Proserpine.
	Pillager ...		
	Placeman..		
	Reginald	Rutland	Graceful.
	Rhodope ..	} Grappler.....	Rosemary.
	Roguish ..		
Roadster ..			
Roman.....			
3 Years.	Albion	} Mr. Warde's Ashton	Gramarie.
	Arbiter ...		
	Amoret	Mr. Warde's Ashton	His Gertrude.
	Benison	Bluster	Crotchet.
	Fancy	Mr. Warde's Remus	His Florist.
	Grateful ..	} Mr. Bolton's Galloper.....	Giglet.
	Gravity....		
	Hecuba	Drunkard	Harmony.
Pamphila ...	Syrus	Prevalent.	
Rosebud	Grappler.....	Rosemary.	
2 Years.	Agnes	} Mr. Warde's Ashton	Gramarie.
	Audrian ..		
	Dairymaid		
	Damsel....	} Drunkard	Bonnyly.
	Dexterous		
	Gallantry ...	Duke of Grafton's Dorimont	Guilty.
	Jealousy	Duke of Beaufort's Jason ...	Royalty.
	Richmond .	} Grappler.....	Rosemary.
	Rochester .		
	Rumsey ..		
	Saraband ...		
	Warrener ..	} Duke of Grafton's Watchman	Giglet.
	Whisker ..		
	Wedlock	Duke of Beaufort's Wellington	Bathsheba.
Vigilance...	Mr. Nicoll's Vigilant.....	His Comet.	
1 Year.	Arrogance	} Drunkard	Amoret.
	Artifice....		
	Audax		
	Auditor ...	} Dustiefoot	Proserpine.
	Dagon		
	Domina ..	} Mr. Nicoll's Rattler.....	Gramarie.
	Guernsey...		
	Handsome		
Hermitage	Duke of Beaufort's Hermit ..	Guilty.	

AGES.	NAMES.	SIRES.	DAMS.
1 Year.	Lexicon ..	Somerset	Luxury.
	Lounger ..		
	Luscious ..		
	Provost....	Somerset	Prevalent.
	Pucelage ..		
	Raymond..	Seneca	Rashly.
	Rodney ...		
	Rolliston ..		
	Ronion....		
	Ruby	Duke of Grafton's Wildfire ..	Ganza.
	Taffeta		
	Tiffany		
Trusty			
Watchful ..			
Waxy	Duke of Grafton's Watchman	Gambia.	

DELAMERE FOREST HOUNDS.

August 1, 1825.

STUD HOUNDS.

AGES.	NAMES.	SIRES.	DAMS.
10 Years.	Villager	Bedford	Victory.
	Bangor	Bedford	Constance.

HUNTING HOUNDS.

9 Years.	Climbank ..	Client	Venus.
	Clara.....		
	Belmaid	Lord Middleton's Conqueror .	Mr. Chaworth's Bauble.
8 Years.	Daunter	Rafter	Darling.
	Annabell	Lord Althorp's Abelard	Victory.
7 Years.	Careless	Blucher.....	Constance.
	Bilberry	Rafter	Blowsey.
6 Years.	Albion	Aimwell	Malice.
	Adeline....		
	Artful		

AGES.	NAMES.	SIRES.	DAMS.		
6 Years.	Valiant }	Bedford	Victory.		
	Votary }				
	Vixen			Gulliver	Venus.
	Rally			Rafter	Blowzy.
	Sophy }			Mr. Smith's Sovereign	Margery.
Songstress . . . }					
5 Years.	Ganymede . . }	Gulliver	Amazon.		
	Graceful . . }				
	Ringwood . . }	Gulliver	Riot.		
	Ruler }				
	Rallywood . . }	Rallywood	Frantic.		
	Rarity }				
	Charon . . . }	Bangor	Chauntress.		
	Crafty }				
	Croney . . . }				
	Comely	Bluster	Charmer.		
	Captious	Climbank	Columbine.		
	Chieftain . . .	Regent	Concord.		
	Dashwood . . .	Mr. Lambton's Challenger . . .	Destiny.		
Partner	Lord Middleton's Palafox . . .	Victory.			
4 Years.	Gulliver . . . }	Gulliver	Riot.		
	Grecian . . . }				
	Affable	Gulliver	Amazon.		
	Arrogance . . }				
	Active }	Bangor	Airy.		
	Gloster . . . }				
	Gleaner	Mr. Osbaldeston's Wonder . .	Gamesome.		
	Glory }				
	Woodman . . .				
	Wildair . . . }	Mr. Osbaldeston's Wender . .	Ruby.		
	Watchful . . }				
	Batchelor . . .	Mr. Osbaldeston's Wonder . .	Blowzy.		
	Vaulter	Mr. Lambton's Lasher	Vestal.		
	Lasher }	Mr. Lambton's Lasher	Annabell.		
	Leveller . . }				
	Cerberus . . .	Lord Middleton's Commodore	Careless.		
	Carver }				
Challenger . . }					
Looby }	Lord Lonsdale's Looby	Mr. Chaworth's Damsel.			
Liberty }					
Margery	Mr. Osbaldeston's Proctor	Margery.			
3 Years.	Rapid	Bangor	Ruby.		
	Boaster }				
	Bangor }	Bangor	Belmaid.		
	Vigilant . . . }				
	Verity }	Bangor	Vixen.		

AGES.	NAMES.	SIRES.	DAMS.	
3 Years.	Villager ... } Varnish ... } Vanquish .. }	Villager	Daphne.	
	Delamere.. } Destiny ... }	Fearnought	Diligent.	
	Sailor	Climbank.....	Songstress.	
	Match'em ...	Sir B. Graham's Clencher....	Modish.	
	Factor } Forester .. }	Sir B. Graham's Clencher	Freedom.	
	Careful	Sir B. Graham's Marmion....	Clara.	
	Coroner	Sir B. Graham's Vanquisher..	Caroline.	
	Costly	Lord Middleton's Damper....	Careless.	
	Gracious .. } Gaily	Lord Middleton's Forester....	Graceful.	
	Woodbine... }	Mr. Osbaldeston's Wonder ..	Artful.	
	2 Years.	Client } Capable .. }	Climbank	Crafty.
		Sampson .. } Stately.... }	Abelard	Sophy.
		Skilful } Rosy..... }	Ramper	Rarity.
		Rhapsody . } Roguish .. }	Bangor	Ruby.
Reveller .. } Resolute .. }		Valiant	Rally.	
Riot..... } Roman.... }		Random	Victory.	
Romulus .. } Vanguard . }		Villager	Cronev.	
Vanquisher } Victory.....		Gulliver	Belmaid.	
Guilty		Lasher	Comely.	
Lightsome ..		Sir B. Graham's Jasper	Captious.	
Courtesy ...		Sir B. Graham's Jasper	Bilberry.	
Judgment ..		Mr. Osbaldeston's Marmion ..	Adeline.	
Menacer .. }				
Mittimus .. }				
Monarch .. }				
Minion.... }				

YOUNG HOUNDS.

1 Year.	Galloper .. } General ... }	Valiant	Glory.
	Gamester .. }		
	Syren	Valiant.....	Sophy.
	Selima }		
	Royster ... }	Challenger	Ruby.
	Rantipole.. }		
Rival			

AGES.	NAMES.	SIRES.	DAMS.
1 Year.	Charity	Challenger	Annabell.
	Leader	Villager	Liberty.
	Lawless		
	Lofty		
	Adamant	Climbank	Adeline.
	Archer		
	Gaylass	Gleaner	Careless.
	Gossamer		
	Corsican	Duke of Rutland's Jovial	Crafty.
	Cypher		
	Jovial	Duke of Rutland's Jovial	Votary.
	Jewess		
	Gallant	Duke of Rutland's Jovial	Graceful.
	Marksman	Duke of Rutland's Conqueror	Modish.
	Dairymaid	Lord Fitzwilliam's Damon . .	Vixen.
	Dimity		
	Dozy		
Lazarus	Lord Fitzwilliam's Damon . .	Lavish.	
Craftsman	Lord Fitzwilliam's Dapper . .	Comely.	
Cottager			
Concord			

Stud Hounds 1 couple.
 Old Hounds 47½ couples.
 Young Hounds 14½ couples.

Total 63

MR. FARQUHARSON'S HOUNDS.

YEARS.	NAMES.	SIRES.	DAMS.
1818.	Gladsome	Woodman	Gertrude.
1819.	Abigail	Ruler	Stately.
	Ganymede	German	Bonnylass.
	Guardsman		
	Comus	Cossack	Heedless.
	Conquest		
	Ransom	Duke of Grafton's Rampart . .	Minstrel.
	Painter	Woodman	Pastime.
	Fencer	Duke of Grafton's Fencer	Doubtful.
	Bergami	Bachelor, bred by Mr. C.Grove	Sportive.
	Bumper		
	Bacchus		
	Bridesmaid		

YEARS.	NAMES.	SIRES.	DAMS.
1820.	German	German	Gaylass.
	Woodman ..	Woodman	Songstress.
	Methodist ..	Ruler	Music.
	Honesty	Duke of Beaufort's Hermit ..	Doubtful.
	Charon ..	Cossack.....	Bonnylass.
	Cottager..		
	Charmer..		
	Crazy		
Comet....			
Ferryman ..	Cossack	{ Mr. Osbaldeston's Fairmaid.	
Waverley ...	Woodman		Playful.
1821.	Selim	Selim.....	Jollity.
	Senator ..		
	Rallywood	Dashwood.....	Rosamond.
	Ringwood		
	Pillager ..	Selim	Pastime.
	Patience ..		
	Punty		
	Priestess ..		
	Hotspur	Harbinger	Symphony.
	Hypocrite	Hannibal	Prophetess.
	Hero		
	Handmaid		
	Trifle		
Merriman	Bred by Sir T. Sykes.		
Tarquin ..			
1822.	Airy.....	Wrangler	Abigail.
	Prodigy ..	Abelard.....	Prophetess.
	Prettylass .		
	Admiral	Abelard	Pastime.
	Statesman ..	Selim	Brilliant.
	Sorcerer ..	Selim	Playful.
	Sanguine..		
	Doxy	Duke of Beaufort's Waterloo .	Doubtful.
	Waterloo ...	D. of Beaufort's Wellington..	Graceful.
	Duncan ..	Duke of Beaufort's Duncan ..	Ransom.
	Diligent ..		
	Daphne ..		
	Jovial	Hannibal..	Jollity.
	Jollity		
	Jasper		
	Factor	Dealer.....	Fairmaid.
	Cobbett	Mr. Warde's Cobbett	Sampler.
Minstrel	*Marksman	Minstrel.	

* Marksman by Justice. His Dam Mr. Osbaldeston's Graceful.

YEARS.	NAMES.	SIRES.	DAMS.
1823.	Wanderer Workman Waspish ..	Wrangler	Modish.
	Chancellor Comely ..		
	Concord ..	Wrangler.....	Relish.
	Roderick....		
	Bondsman ..	Selim	Wanton.
	Spinster ..		
	Spiteful ..	Wildair	Pastime.
	Rutland ..		
	Rival	Tarquin	Gladsome.
	Rarity		
	Watchman	Bergami	Abigail.
	Winsome ..		
	Carver....	Bergami	Garland.
	Careless ..		
	Gradus ...	Tarquin	Bounty.
	Governess		
	Grandison	Tarquin.....	Charmer.
	Granby ...		
Gloster ...	Comrade ...	Chorister....	
			Cardinal
	Commodore.	Guardsman.....	
1824.	Bluecap ..	Bergami	Abigail.
	Bruiser ...		
	Romulus..	Bergami	Garland.
	Remus....		
	Roman ...	Tarquin	Bounty.
	Ruin		
	Bachelor..	Tarquin.....	Charmer.
	Bellmaid ..		
	Denmark..	Comrade ...	Chorister....
	Damsel....		
	Darling ..	Commodore.	Guardsman.....
	Dairymaid		
	Timour.....		
	Foreman ..		
	Falstaff ...		
	Fleecer ...		
	Tyrant....		
	Tidings ...		
Warrior ..			
Whimsey..			
Wishful ..			
Willing ..			
1825.	Comrade ...		
	Chorister....		
	Cardinal		
	Coroner		
	Commodore.		

YEARS.	NAMES.	SIRES.	DAMS.
	Partner ... } Priam }	Fencer.....	Patience.
	Pugilist } Forester }	Mr. Codrington's Pugilist. ...	Caroline.
	Rhapsody ... } Stroller ... }	Fleecer	Bonnylass.
	Shylock .. } Stately.... }	Ringwood.....	Gladsome.
	Guardian.. } Gossip }	Fencer.....	Sampler.
	Gaudy'.... } Garland .. }	Selim.....	Gambol.
	Gertrude.. } Pleader.... }		
	Pilot } Pastime .. }	Wrangler	Purity.
	Playful.... } Valiant ... }	Mr. Osbaldeston's Vigilant ..	Doxy.
	Viceroy .. } Harmony .. }	Ringwood	Harriet.
	Hackwood } Dragon ... }	Duncan.....	Relish.
	Desperate }		

LORD FITZWILLIAM'S HOUNDS.

YEARS.	NAMES.	SIRES.	DAMS.
1817.	Notable ...	Noble	Nelly.
1818.	Juggler ...	Genial.....	Riot.
1819.	Funny	Fairplay	Sempstress.
	Jangler	Genial.....	Promise.
	Medler	Monarch	Lissom.
	Phœbe	Pilgrim	Crazy.
1820.	Goldfinch ...	Glider	Darling.
	Nullity	Noble	Faithful.
	Pontiff	Pagan	Ruthless.
	Pensive	Pilgrim	Jessy.
	Syren.....	Singwell	Nimble.
	Sally.....	Singwell	Phrenzy.
	Sifter	Shiner	Jilter.

YEARS.	NAMES.	SIRES.	DAMS.
1821.	Captive	Champion	Joyful.
	Comfort	Chider	Peeress.
	Dabble	Dreadnought	Ruthless.
	Flambeau ...	Fairplay	Darling.
	Joiner	Genial	Damsel.
	Janty		
	Shiner	Shiner	Novice.
	Splendor ..		
	Spangle ..		
	Sappho	Shiner	Nameless.
Singer	Singwell	Judith.	
Telltale	Trulliber	Melody.	
1822.	Cheerful	Chider	Noisy.
	Jolliboy ..	Jovial	Phrenzy.
	Joker		
	Merriman ..	Meanwell	Novel.
	Mermaid ..		
	Nelly	Neptune	Churlish.
	Parable ...	Pagan	Jessy.
	Parody		
	Perilous	Pagan	Lissom.
	Riot	Rover	Rally.
	Ruin		
	Skilful	Singwell	Nameless.
	Speedwell ..		
	Sempstress		
Spinster ..	Trulliber	Crazy.	
Tipsy			
1823.	Derby	Darter	Lightfoot.
	Fatal	Fairplay	Goldfinch.
	Fretful		
	Juliet	Juggler	Pensive.
	Javelin ...	Jovial	Nimble.
	Jewel		
	Maiden	Meanwell	Spangle.
	Madam	Masker	Dainty.
	Norman ..	Neptune	Phœbe.
	Norval		
	Nigel		
	Norna		
	Random	Rover	Fimny.
	Ringwood ...	Rover	Dilly.
Sybil	Sifter	Darling.	
Trifle	Thwack'em	Sappho.	
1824.	Chaunter ...	Mr. Osbaldeston's Chorister..	Pensive.
	Comedy	Mr. Osbaldeston's Chorister..	Fancy.
	Daphne	Mr. Osbaldeston's Chorister..	Lovely.
	Dryad		

YEARS.	NAMES.	SIRES.	DAMS.
1824.	Fulgur	Flambeau.....	Notable.
	Joyful	Juggler.....	Rachel.
	Jubilee		
	Julia		
	Judith		
	Lavish	Lawyer	Telltale.
	Melody	Marmion	Janty.
	Marplot ..	Marmion	Phoenix.
	Mirable ..		
	Momus	Masker	Syren.
	Ratler	Ranger	Dashaway.
	Rambler ..		
	Ravager	Duke of Beaufort's Ravager ..	Sally.
	Ranter	Duke of Rutland's Rummager	Churlish.
Nimble	Neptune	Goldfinch.	
1825.	Dolphin ..	Damon	Sempstress.
	Doxy		
	Damsel		
	Dowager ..	Damon	Pensive.
	Dusky		
	Dorothy ..	Damon	Nameless.
	Fountain ..	Flambeau.....	Jessy.
	Fruitful ..		
	Friar		
	Flamer	Flambeau.....	Gaylass.
	Frantic		
	Lawyer	Lawyer	Spinster.
	Lucifer		
	Linguist ..		
	Minstrel ..	Masker	Phoenix.
	Nimrod	Neptune	Parody.
	Novel	Neptune	Parable.
	Noisy		
	Pasquin....	Lord Lonsdale's Palafox.....	Juliet.
	Pander		
	Pastime ...		
	Plunder ...	Lord Lonsdale's Pillager	Comfort.
	Pilgrim....	Lord Lonsdale's Prior.....	Perilous.
	Priestess ..		
	Rover	Lord Lonsdale's Racer	Syren.
	Runaway ..		
	Rivulet....		
	Rarity		
	Roister....		
	Rummager	Lord Lonsdale's Reveller	Janty.
Rebel			
Regan			
Ransom	Lord Lonsdale's Reveller	Sprightly.	
Ruthless			
Streamer	Sifter.....	Lightfoot.	

Total 55½ couples.

MR. FOLJAMBE'S HOUNDS.

November 1, 1825.

WORKING HOUNDS.

AGES.	NAMES.	SIRES.	DAMS.
9 Years.	Friendly	Duke of Rutland's Fleecer . . .	Darling.
8 Years.	Conqueror .. Lightfoot ...	Lord Althorp's Cardinal Lifter	Rally. Stately.
7 Years.	Comely Rantipole . . .	Lord Althorp's Cardinal Lord Lonsdale's Rover	Vanish. His Rosamond.
6 Years.	Crafty Gager Harmony ... Royal Speedwell ...	Wellington Gallopier Dexter..... Lord Lonsdale's Roderick ... Gallopier	Charmer. Sanguine. Hopeful. His Courtly. Singwell.
5 Years.	Archer..... Bluecap ... Clinker ... Darter ... } Damper ... } Flasher Helen } Hasty } Jealousy ... Racer } Ranter ... } Sparkler ... Welcome ...	Mr. Savile's Ajax Sir R. Sutton's Lucifer..... Mr. Savile's Champion Jailor Duke of Rutland's Fleecer .. Jailor Jailor Jailor Rallywood Sir R. Sutton's Splendour.... Wellington	Friendly. Bluebell. Sanguine. Dextress. Rarity. Hopeful. Helen. Dainty. Skillful. Rally.
4 Years.	Benedict .. } Bacchanal } Gaylass . . } Graceful .. } Hopeful Jovial } Jupiter ... } Reveller .. } Rival } Song-ster	Stroker Gamester Conqueror Mr. Savile's Damper..... Mr. Savile's Dabster..... Craftsman	Bluebell. Comely. Hopeful. Jollity. Rally. Singwell.

From the Duke of Rutland's.

AGES.	NAMES.	SIRES.	DAMS.
4 Years.	Barrister	Lord Middleton's Benedict . .	Jessamine.
	Lazarus	Sultan	Lightsome.
	Merlin	Lord Middleton's Damper	Modesty.
	Sultan	Sultan	Wisdom.

From Lord Lonsdale's.

	Actress	Saracen	Agnes.	
	Dowager	Looby	Dowager.	
	Dauntless	Lord Fitzwilliam's Thwack'cm	Destiny.	
	Julian	Julian	Columbine.	
	Milliner	Roderick	Matron.	
3 Years.	Comus	Mr. Savile's Conqueror	Vanish.	
	Columbine	Mr. Savile's Conqueror	Rarity.	
	Donovan	Dexter	Whiterose.	
	Fearnought } Favourite . } Frolic }	Royal	Friendly.	
	Gaiety	Galloper	Riot.	
	Senator } Statesman } Sprightly . . }	Lord Middleton's Roman	Speedwell.	
	Termagant	Lord Lonsdale's Trouncer	Rantipole.	
	Workman } Woldsman }	Lord Yarborough's Woldsman	Harmony.	
	2 Years.	Bluebeard }	Royal	Bluebell.
		Baffler }		
Crony }		Gager	Captious.	
Countess }				
Chancellor } Cheerful . . }		Damper	Comely.	
Dorimont				
Diligent }		Duke of Beaufort's Dorimont	Happy.	
Doxy }		Mr. Osbaldeston's Clincher . .	Destiny.	
Doublet }				
Dewdrop }		Mr. Osbaldeston's Rasselas .	Dowager.	
Dimity }				
Duster		Darter	Rival.	
Finder }		Royal	Friendly.	
Falconer }				
Foreman }				
Guider		Gager	Helen.	
Hotspur }	Mr. Osbaldeston's Chorister . .	Harmony.		
Hostess }				
Jollity	Conqueror	Joyful.		

AGES.	NAMES.	SIRES.	DAMS.
2 Years.	Lionel	Conqueror	Lady.
	Proctor ...	Mr. Osbaldeston's Proctor ..	Hopeful.
	Priestess ..		
	Piper		
	Pastime ..	Mr. Osbaldeston's Piper	Graceful.
	Playful ...		
	Prosody ..		
	Relish ...		
	Rosemary ..	Conqueror	Rantipole.
	Random ..	Duke of Beaufort's Ranter ..	Hasty.
	Rector....		
	Stately.....	Conqueror	Sempstress.
	Whisker ..	Mr. Osbaldeston's Wonder ..	Riot.
	Watchful..		
	Wildfire ..		

YOUNG HOUNDS, 1826.

1 Year.	Bellman ..	Duke of Rutland's Boaster ..	Harmony.
	Boaster ...		
	Brevity ...		
	Coroner ..	Gager	Costly.
	Chider....		
	Caroline ..		
	Carnival ..		
	Constant ..		
	Capable ..		
	Chorister..		
	Chauntress		
	Denmark ..	Conqueror	Dowager.
	Danger....		
	Fugleman .	Gager	Favourite.
	Forester ..		
	Fairplay ..		
	Frantic....		
	Fallacy....		
	Guardsman	Royal	Graceful.
	Gambler ..		
	Gulliver ..		
	Gamesome ..	Gager	Captious.
	Limmer....	Lazarus	Termagant
	Latimer ..		
	Marksman	Gager	Milliner.
	Messmate .		
	Marplot ..		
Monitor ..			
Melody ...			
Pillager ..	Duke of Rutland's Pilot.....	Helen.	
Prodigal ..			
Plunder ..			

AGES.	NAMES.	SIRES.	DAMS.
	Prompter.. } Purity } Romulus.. } Roman .. } Rapture .. } Ransom .. } Restless .. } Scornful .. } Susan } Traveller }	Duke of Rutland's Piper Bluecap. Conqueror Sir R. Sutton's Trimbush	Bashful. Rantipole. Sprightly. Comely.
		Couple.....21½ Young. Ditto45 Old.	
		Total... 66½	

DUKE OF GRAFTON'S HOUNDS.

January 1, 1826.

AGES.	NAMES.	SIRES.	DAMS.
9 Years.	Bawble. Guardian....	Mr. Warde's Bertram..... Lord Yarborough's Gallant ..	His Agate. Lord Lonsdale's Hasty.
8 Years.	Whisker Malady.....	Lord Lonsdale's Wonder..... Lord Yarborough's Monarch ..	Rapture. Minion.
7 Years.	Myrmidon .. Dorimont } Diligent .. } Rocket.....	Lord Yarborough's Monarch .. Render..... Roderick	Crystal. Dorcas. Rarity.
6 Years.	Gertrude.... Wildfire .. } Welcome.. } Wanton .. } Belman .. } Blowzy .. } Rifleman .. } Rummager }	Guardian Render Rustic Roman.....	Rakish. Wowsky. Bawble. Milkmaid.
5 Years.	Ruler Gossamer.. } Gaylass.... } Governess }	Roderick..... Guardian	Witchery. Rakish.

AGES.	NAMES.	SIREs.	DAMS.
5 Years.	Gossip	Guardian	Fatima.
	Dreadnought	Roderick	Diligent.
	Music	Roderick	Milkmaid.
	David	Dulcimer	Fallacy.
	Regent	Rustic	Witchery.
	Anthony .. } Anxious .. }	Abelard	Daffodil.
4 Years.	Governor....	Roderick	Glory.
	Delegate .. }	Whisker	Diligent.
	Diadem .. }		Minuet.
	Marmion .. }	Watchman	Witchery.
	Waldemar }	Roderick	Minstrel.
	Wasteful .. }		Jessica.
	Whirligig .. }	Fencer	Bawble.
	Juniper .. }	Fencer	Wanton.
	Javelin .. }		Captive.
	Julia	Cruizer	Rosy.
	Bountiful....	Sir T. Mostyn's Notary....	Hasty.
	Wilful	Watchman	Bittern.
	Cicero		
Caliban			
Hotspur			
Bosphorus ..			
3 Years.	Proctor	Mr. Osbaldeston's Proctor....	Brilliant.
	Masker .. }	Wildfire	Magic.
	Merriman }		Gossip.
	Magic	Wildfire	
	Wonder .. }		
	Whirlwind }		
	Wamba .. }		
	Wowsky .. }	Watchman	Malady.
	Wary	Dorimont	Rapid.
	Whizgig .. }		Restless.
	Mercury	Rummager	Minuet.
	Romulus .. }		Milkmaid.
	Remus	Watchman	Heroine.
	Rustic	Regent	Wowsky.
	Midas	Watchman	Minstrel.
	Mountebank	Dorimont	Diligent.
	Hermit	Whisker	
	Warrener .. }	Harlequin	
	Hymen .. }		
	Hecuba .. }	Dorimont	
Diomed			
Bacchus .. }			
Bachelor .. }			
Basilisk .. }			
Barbara .. }			

AGES.	NAMES.	SIRES.	DAMS.
3 Years.	Dewdrop . } Dabchick . }	Dorimont.	Witchery.
2 Years.	Bashful .. } Betsy } Beldam .. } Buxom .. } Beatrice .. } General .. } Grasper ... } Gladsome.. }	Guardian.....	Blowzy.
	Dorothy } Denmark } Goldfinch ... } Margaret.... } Regulus } Ruby } Rival } Rosemary .. } Ravager } Wellington .. }	Ruler.....	Gertrude.
	Wisdom .. } Wishful .. } Rubicon .. } Rosalind .. } Royalist } Reginald } Bajazet .. } Bluecap .. }	Whisker Dorimont Rocket..... Wildfire Regent Whisker Dorimont..... Harlequin.....	Daffodil. Magic. Governess. Modish. Minstrel. Malady. Gossamer. Gaylass. Restless. Roundelay. Rally. Bawble.
1 Year.	Bolivar... } Boundless } Brilliant .. } Benedict .. } Bacchanal } Dardan .. } Daffodil .. } Cardinal .. } Chancellor } Dulcimer.. } Dainty.... } Delia } Dædalus ... } Fencer } Ferdinand .. } Forester .. } Justice..... } Meddler } Merrilass... } Roman } Rarity	Rummager Belman..... Dorimont..... Crier Dorimont Watchman Wildfire. Proctor..... Rummager Guardian..... Whisker.....	Blowzy. Wary. Gossip. Welcome. Bawble. Dewdrop. Fanciful. Jessica. Minstrel. Malady Roundelay.

AGES.	NAMES.	SIRES.	DAMS.
1 Year.	Runaway...	Ruler	Gertrude.
	Roderick..	Regent.	Whizgig.
	Rufus ...		
	Rector ..		
	Rakish... ..		
	Roundelay	Ruler	Governess.
	Rantipole ..	Wildfire.. ..	Wasteful
	Watchman		
	Waspish ..		
Witchery...	Hermit	Wowsky.	

48 couple of Old.
 15½ Do. of Young.

 63½

SIR BELLINGHAM GRAHAM'S HOUNDS.

September 1, 1825.

AGES.	NAMES.	SIRES.	DAMS.
10 Years.	Brevity	Cruizer	Blameless.
8 Years.	Pander	From Mr. Warde.	
7 Years.	Ashton	From Mr. Warde.	
	Goosecap..		
	Mariner ...		
	Monster ...		
6 Years.	Comet	Cruiser	Wanton.
	Watchman ..	Wonder	Gaylass.
	Wildboy ...	Wouder	Remnant.
	Ternagant...	New Forest Rattler	Tremulous.
	Terrible	Bred by Mr. Lambton.	
	Bustler	Mr. Warde's Lazarus	Bellmaid.
	Merryman ...	Rifler	Harmony.
	Ranger	Damper	Ruin.
	Songstress ...	Sailor	Picture.
	Comus	Commodore	Rhapsody.
	Conqueror }		
	Levi		
	Phoenix ...	From Mr. Warde.	
	Jewess	Mr. Osbaldeston's Proctor....	Rival.
Prompter			

AGES.	NAMES.	SIRES.	DAMS.
5 Years.	Paragon	Hengist	Treachery.
	Lofty	From Lord Tavistock.	Comet.
	Chorus	New Forest Rattler	Ruby.
	Junket	Lord Lonsdale's Julian	Gamesome.
	Ramper	Duke of Beaufort's Ragland..	Gossamer.
	Judy	Ludlow.	Purity.
	Abelard.....	Marmion	Paradise.
	Agent	From Mr. Warde.	Jubilee.
	Patience	Abelard	
4 Years.	Roderick	Roderick	Violet.
	Niobe.....	Ferdinand.....	Glory.
	Lesbia	Gainer	Welcome.
	Wildfire	Proctor.....	Whimsey.
	Brazen	Marmion	Brevity.
	Rosebud	Roman	Rosebud.
	Pontiff	From Lord Yarborough.	
	Cerberus	From Sir R. Sutton.	Actress.
	Crier	Clencher	Vengeance
	Relish	Roderick	Fatima.
	Prizer	Prompter.....	Rachel.
	Rambler .. }	Royster	Chauntress.
	Careless .. }		Brevity.
Comedy	Rector		
Baronet	Marmion		
3 Years.	Auditor	Marmion	Woful.
	Bouncer .. }	Marmion	Jezabel.
	Brimstone }		Joyful.
	Vulcan	Vanquisher	Paragon.
	Jezabel	Jupiter	Brevity.
	Baronet.....	Tapster	Witchcraft.
	Racer.....	Rocket	Rantipole.
	Coroner	Chaunter	Caroline.
	Crispin	Lord Lonsdale's Saracen	Costly.
	Gamboy	Lord Lonsdale's Gainer	Rachel.
	Ranter }	Royster.....	Woful.
	Gaylass.... }		Termagant.
	Ambrose	Marmion	Rosebud.
	Elegant	Rubens	
Wilful	Wildboy		
Placid	From Mr. Warde.		
2 Years.	Tickler.... }	Tapster.....	Abigail.
	Twister ... }		Darling.
	Random	Bred by Sir E. Smythe.	Priestess.
	Dorimont ..	Royster	Welcome.
	Rushlight ...	Lord Lonsdale's Roderick	
Welcome ...	Lord Lonsdale's Roderick		

AGES.	NAMES.	SIRES.	DAMS.
2 Years.	Fleecer ...	Lord Lonsdale's Reveller	Factions.
	Famous ..		
	Furious ...	Lord Lonsdale's Reveller	Fatima.
	Reveller		
	Cruizer ...	Lord Lonsdale's Comrade	Susan.
	Comrade ..		
	Chaunter..	Lord Lonsdale's Lucifer	Comely.
	Comely		
	Jessica.....	Lord Lonsdale's Julian.....	Primrose.
	Caroline		
	Forester ,...	Sir R. Sutton's Coroner	Caroline.
	Folly	Duke of Beaufort's Warrior..	Rival.
	Gallant ...	Lord Fitzwilliam's Flambeau.	
	Gamester..	Chorister.....	Gossamer.
	Glider		
	Parasol ...	From Mr. Warde.	
	Purity		
	Timely	Woldsman	Tigress.
	Matron.....	Marksman	Lavish.
	Lightfoot...	Palestine	Famous.
	Joyous	Jailor	Hoyden.
	Wildair	Chorister.....	Wilderness.
	Voucher ...	Prector	Violet.
	Prompter....	Pilot	Whisper.
	Jericho.....	Aimwell	Jubilee.
	Prowler	Bachelor.....	Patience.
1 Year.	Bellman ..	Bouncer	Annabell.
	Barmaid ..		
	Barbara ..		
	Royal	Render	Paragon.
	Ruby		
	Rarity		
	Valiant....	Render	Vanity.
	Vaulter ...		
	Victor		
	Venus	Render	Rakish.
	Racket.....		
	Beauty		
	Bashful...	Piper	Brevity.
	Brilliant ..		
	Corsican	Piper	Careless.
	Petticoat ...	Pilot	Brimstone.
	Royster	Royster	Rally.
	Pangloss	Pangloss	Fatima.
	Rasselas ..	Rasselas	Juliet.
	Roger		
Randy			
Joker	Mr. Osbaldeston's Piper	Lord Lonsdale's Joyful.	
Juliet			
Jingle			

AGES.	NAMES.	SIRES.	DAMS.
1 Year.	Jollity }	Mr. Osbaldeston's Piper	Lord Lonsdale's Joyful.
	Jealousy .. }		
	Jessamy .. }	Lord Lonsdale's Comrade. . . .	Niobe.
	Nimrod . . . }		
	Newsman . }	Lord Lonsdale's Palafox	Fancy.
	Fancy		
	Palafox	Lord Lonsdale's Piper	Judith.
	Stormer .. }		
	Statesman }	Lord Lonsdale's Roderick. . . .	Stately.
	Jasper }		
Jubilee . . . }	Lord Lonsdale's Rambler. . . .	Jessamy.	
Decent.			Lord Lonsdale's Rambler

MR. HANBURY'S HOUNDS.

ENTER'D.	NAMES.	SIRES.	DAMS.
1818.	Fretful	Mr. Warde's Anson	Sir T. Mostyn's Fretful.
1819.	Forester }	Lord Fitzwilliam's Fairplay ..	His Sempstress.
	Gambler .. }		
	Juryman .. }	Lord Fitzwilliam's Genial. . . .	His Comic.
	Minstrel	Lord Fitzwilliam's Monarch. . .	His Rally.
1820.	Dorothy	L. Fitzwilliam's Dreadnought	His Painful.
	Genial	Lord Fitzwilliam's Genial. . . .	Lord Lonsdale's Jessica.
	Jollity	Lord Lonsdale's Julian	His Jollity.
	Voucher	His Majesty's Voucher	{ Duke of Richmond's Blowzy.
1821.	Actor }	Herts. Jumper	Their Artful.
	Alfred }		
	Audrey	Herts. Jumper	Their Audrey.
	Comet	Lord Fitzwilliam's Craftsman	His Nimble.
	Harlequin }	Herts. Hotspur	Their Rosalind.
	Harmony .. }		
	Junket	Lord Fitzwilliam's Champion	His Joyful.
	Margaret. . . .	Lord Fitzwilliam's Darter . . .	His Modish.
	Novice.	Lord Fitzwilliam's Shiner. . . .	His Novice.
	Pastime	Herts. Champion	Their Prudence.
Seaman	Mr. Oxenden's Bajazet	His Selina.	
1822.	Gratian	Mr. Oxenden's Bajazet	His Harmony.
	Jessica	Duke of Rutland's Rummager	His Joyous.

ENTER'D.	NAMES.	SIREs.	DAMS.
1822.	Joyful Lucifer Mayfly Pagan Pillager Sempstress .. Tulip Tuneful	Lord Fitzwilliam's Meanwell Mr. Oxenden's Woodman.... Duke of Rutland's Render .. Lord Fitzwilliam's Pagan Lord Fitzwilliam's Priam Duke of Rutland's Ruler Lord Fitzwilliam's Thwack'em Herts. Milton	His Joyful. His Lavender. His Modish. His Jessy. His Mischief. His Sportly. His Graceful. Their Tuneful.
1823.	Comical Crafty Darling Duster..... Gaudy Hayden Jovial Loiterer Meddler Nimble Placid } Pliant } Primrose ... } Rarity } Ready } Restless Singwell Voyager	Lord Fitzwilliam's Gayman .. Lord Fitzwilliam's Chider.... Lord Fitzwilliam's Sifter Lord Fitzwilliam's Darter.... Lord Fitzwilliam's Meanwell Colonel Berkeley's Rifler Lord Yarborough's Jailer Duke of Grafton's Rustic Herts. Meddler Lord Fitzwilliam's Mirable .. Lord Fitzwilliam's Pilgrim .. Lord Fitzwilliam's Juggler .. Lord Fitzwilliam's Rover Lord Fitzwilliam's Rover Lord Fitzwilliam's Meanwell Lord Sondes's Valiant	His Churlish. His Nullity. His Darling. His Lightfoot. His Spangle. His Harmony. His Celia. Mr.Oxenden'sLavender Their Primrose. His Novel. His Sally. His Pensive. His Funny. His Needful. His Spangle. His Laundress.
1824.	Artful Bondsman .. Carver..... Champion } Conqueror } Eleanor Ferdinand... Hamlet Hotspur Jasper Jezabel Lovely..... Matchless ... Phrenzy Rachel..... Ravager .. } Roderick .. } Romulus ... } Tomboy .. } Trueman.. }	Herts. Aimwell Mr. Osbaldeston's Bachelor .. Mr. Osbaldeston's Chorister.. Mr. Osbaldeston's Chorister.. Lord Yarborough's Comus .. Lord Lonsdale's Reveller Mr. Shard's Foreman..... Marq. of Tavistock's Hercules Lord Fitzwilliam's Jovial Lord Fitzwilliam's Juggler .. Lord Yarborough's Lucifer .. Lord Fitzwilliam's Marker .. Marq. of Tavistock's Hannibal Herts. Alfred Duke of Beaufort's Ravager . Lord Yarborough's Trojan .. Lord Yarborough's Comrade .	Their Perdita. { Duke of Rutland's Bonnybell. Mr.Foljambe'sDestiny. { Sir R. Sutton's Light- ning. His Eleanor. { Sir R. Sutton's Fac- tions. Mr. Chute's Handsome. { Lord Fitzwilliam's Jealous. His Lightfoot. His Rachel. His Pattle. His Pastime. L. Fitzwilliam's Phœbe. Their Rachel. L. Fitzwilliam's Sally. His Rapid. His Troublesome.

ENTER'D	NAMES.	SIRES.	DAMS.
1824.	Triumph	Herts. Triumph	Their Laundress.
	Vaulter	Mr. Osbaldeston's Vaulter ..	{ Lord Fitzwilliam's Dabble.
	Wildair	Lord Yarborough's Jailer ...	His Warble.
	Woldsman ..	Lord Yarborough's Woldsman	{ Mr. Foljambe's Harmony.
	Woodman ..	Lord Yarborough's Jailer....	His Warble.
1825.	Aimwell	Mr. Osbaldeston's Comus....	{ Lord Yarborough's Amulet.
	Billington ..	Duke of Rutland's Bloomer..	His Bluebell.
	Bluecap	Duke of Rutland's Bloomer..	His Comfort.
	Bachelor	Lord Yarborough's Fairplay..	His Blossom.
	Comrade	Lord Yarborough's Comrade ..	His Remnant.
	Courtly	Lord Yarborough's Minister..	His Constant.
	Columbine } Chaunter .. }	Sir R. Sutton's Chancellor ..	His Malice.
	Dainty	Lord Yarborough's Jailer	His Drowsy.
	Damper	Sir T. Sykes's Denmark	His Crafty.
	Dreadnought	Duke of Rutland's Duster . . .	His Pastime.
	Galloper	Lord Fitzwilliam's Flambeau	His Gaylass.
	Lasher	Herts. Alfred	Their Legacy.
	Lightfoot	Lord Fitzwilliam's Sifter	His Lightfoot.
	Melody	Sir T. Sykes's Denmark	His Termagant.
	Music	Duke of Rutland's Bloomer..	His Comfort.
	Oscar	Sir R. Sutton's Œdipus	His Artless.
	Playful	Duke of Rutland's Pontiff ...	His Comely.
	Patriot	Lord Fitzwilliam's Pontiff . . .	His Jealous.
	Prodigal	Mr. Oxenden's Tomboy	His Pastime.
	Regent	Lord Yarborough's Rector ...	His Bashful.
	Roman		
	Rosebud .. }		
	Rallywood ..	Lord Yarborough's Rector ...	His Violet.
	Ruin	Lord Fitzwilliam's Flambeau	His Ruin.
	Reveller	Mr. Oxenden's Rattler	His Victory.
	Siren	Lord Fitzwilliam's Sifter	His Playful.
	Twilight	Sir T. Sykes's Chaunter	His Tidings.
Willing	Sir T. Sykes's Wellington . . .	His Comfort.	

HATFIELD HOUNDS.

ENTER'D.	NAMES.	SIRES.	DAMS.
1819.	Emmeline ..	Lord Althorp's Emigrant	Patience.
	Nettletop ...	Nelson	{ Rachel, late Mr. Lloyd's.

ENTER'D.	NAMES.	SIREs.	DAMS.
1820.	Adamant Weaver Meddler Joyful Arbiter Bluebell Sailor	Duke of Rutland's Abelard .. Lord Yarborough's Finder .. Lord Yarborough's Monitor . Mr. Warde's Justice Mr. Warde's Ashton From Mr. Warde. Mr. Osbaldeston's Sailor	{ Lord Yarborough's Blossom. His Wisdom. Brilliant. His Abbess. His Ariel. { Lord Lonsdale's Gaylass.
1821.	Abelard Dreadnought Gladsome ... Cleaver ... } Chaunter.. } Conqueror } Candid.... } Primrose.... Hopeful Prudence....	Duke of Grafton's Abelard .. Duke of Grafton's Delamere . Mr. Warde's Granby Mr. Warde's Clasher..... Own Cottager Own Cottager Lord Lonsdale's Hannibal.... Lord Sondes's Ottoman. . . .	Daffodil. Fallacy. Armstead. { Rachel, late Mr. Lloyd's. Own Resolute. Own Patience. His Lightfoot. Lord Lonsdale's Safety.
1822.	Envy } Eager } Echo..... } Bachelor .. } Baneful .. } Clasher ... } Carver } Conquest .. } Leveller Marmion....	Own Emperor Mr. Lloyd's Bachelor Mr. Lloyd's Castor Lord Yarborough's Medler .. Marq. of Tavistock's Marmion	{ Lord Althorp's Sprightly. Brevity. His Rachel. Lord Lonsdale's Lively. His Hasty.
1823.	Famous Blameless .. Needful	Mr. Lloyd's Nathan Mr. Warde's Sovereign..... Mr. Lloyd's Nathan	Florist. Brimstone. Own Equity.
1824.	Gambler .. } Gamester.. } Guilty } Gaylass ... } Monitor .. } Marplot .. } Manager.... Hymen Heedless Jostler Guardian Gaiety } Gravity... } Boaster Collier.....	Own Emperor..... Own Meddler Own Meddler Hopeful Adamant..... Emperor Mr. Warde's Guardian Mr. Warde's Jovial..... Mr. Warde's Rustic..... Lord Yarborough's Collier....	Own Gladsome. Own Equity. Rachel, late Lloyd's. Countess. Harlot. Mr. Warde's Junket. His Blissful. His Galliot. His Benefit. His Celia.

ENTER'D.	NAMES.	SIRES.	DAMS.
1824.	Fleecer Dabster	Lord Yarborough's Minister . Lord Yarborough's Dabster ..	His Florist. His Dairymaid.
1825.	Songster .. } Sprightly .. } Spiteful .. } Sempstress } Gamboy } Settler } Splendor .. } Caliban } Pilot } Latimer } Fatal } Truelove } Jasper } Ranger } Jovial } Bruizer } Arrogant } Caroline } Dorcas } Druid } Wanderer.... } Columbine .. } Combat..... }	Strider Mr. Villebois' Gamester Mr. Villebois' Splendor Mr. Villebois' Chorister Mr. Villebois' Juryman Mr. Villebois' Lasher Mr. Villebois' Monitor Mr. Villebois' Norval Lord Yarborough's Ratler.... Lord Lonsdale's Ranger Lord Fitzwilliam's Jovial Lord Sondes's Tomboy Lord Sondes's Pilot Duke of Grafton's Abelard .. Duke of Grafton's Dorimont . Duke of Grafton's Dorimont . Duke of Grafton's Watchman	Gladsome. His Countess. His Precious. His Daphne. His Proserpine. His Notable. His Friendly. His Juliet. His Jealousy. { Lord Fitzwilliam's Sybil. His Novelty. His Careful. His Amy. His Comedy. His Wasteful. His Modish. His Wowsky.

LORD LONSDALES HOUNDS.

YEARS.	NAMES.	SIRES.	DAMS.
1819.	Gertrude Lashwood.... Welcome	Gaylass Jollity Margaret.....	Lounger. Lounger. Wonder.
1820.	Chaunter .. } Charm } Comrade .. } Fortune } Pilot } Patriot } Playful } Reveller ... } Sparkler .. } Striver }	Agnes Levity Nimble Dowager Matron	{ Mr. Osbaldeston's Chaunter. Fencer. { Mr. Osbaldeston's Jargon. Roderick. Julian.

YEARS.	NAMES.	SIRES.	DAMS.
1821.	Glancer.....	Comedy	Gager.
	Grasper .. }	Flighty.....	Gainer.
	Griper		
	Hector	Lightfoot	Hannibal.
	Jupiter.... }	Lady	Jupiter.
	Jessamy .. }		
	Judith		
	Merlin	Madrigal	{ Mr. Osbaldeston's Proctor.
	Pillager .. }	Rantipole.....	{ Mr. Osbaldeston's Jargon.
	Palafox.... }		
	Relish	Rachel.....	Roderick.
	Racer	Whiterose	Mr. Smith's Rubens.
	Rally		
	Sultan	Ruby	Julian
Sorcerer .. }	Legacy	Julian.	
Sailor			
1822.	Glider	Welcome.....	Gainer.
	Gambler .. }		
	Hazard	Watchful.....	Hannibal.
	Ortolan	Silvia	Lord Sondes's Ottoman.
	Orpheus	Lightfoot.....	Lord Sondes's Ottoman.
	Priestess }	Flighty.....	{ Mr. Osbaldeston's Proctor.
	Prophet }		
	Pilgrim	Wary	{ Mr. Osbaldeston's Proctor.
	Rambler	Dowager ..	{ Lord Fitzwilliam's Pilgrim.
	Rival	Fancy	Roderick.
	Ribster	Nimble	Roderick.
	Streamer	Agnes	Julian.
	Stickler ... }	Woodbine	Julian.
	Stately		
1823.	Chancellor }	Caroline	Saracen.
	Challenger }		
	Chanticleer }		
	Gracious }	Factionous	Gainer.
	Guzman	Courtly	Gainer.
	Juggler	Joyful	Julian.
	Javelin	Columbine	Julian.
	Jason.....	Welcome	Julian.
	Plaintiff... }	Jessamy	Pirate.
	Pleader.... }		
	Newsman.. }	Nimble	Roderick.
	Niobe		
	Ranger	Judith	Roderick.
	Soldier	Lightfoot.....	Julian.
Susan			

YEARS.	NAMES.	SIRES.	DAMS.
1823.	Tamerlane	Wary.....	Piper.
	Telamon ..		
	Trinket....	Whiterose	Piper.
	Vandal		
1824.	Alaric	Joyful	Pillager.
	Auditor ...		
	Admiral ...		
	Ariel		
	Abigail....	Jessamy	Pillager.
	Aimwell ..		
	Achmet ...		
	Actress ...		
	Bachelor ..	Sempstress	Brunswick.
	Benedict ..		
	Baronet....	Relish	Brunswick.
	Careful	Caroline	Sir R. Sutton's Coroner.
	Castor	Susan	Comrade.
	Coiner		
	Dominic ..	Destiny	Proctor.
	Dorimout ..		
	Guider	Gertrude	{ Sir B. Graham's Pangloss.
	Garnet		
	Janus	Primrose	Julian.
	Jealousy ..		
	Lifter.....	Lady	Piper.
	Pontiff	Playful	{ Sir B. Graham's Pangloss.
	Pamela....		
	Patience ..	Factious	Reveller.
Royalist ..			
Ringwood .	Fatima	Reveller.	
Rover			
Ratler	Welcome	Roderick.	
Regan			
Rosebud ..	Audrey	Roderick.	
Rasselas ..			
Rallywood }			
1825.	Alfred	Ruby.....	Pillager.
	Angler		
	Audible ...		
	Amulet....	Nosegay	Pillager.
	Abelard....		
	Crafty	Niobe	Comrade.
	Dainty	Relish	Proctor.
	Genial	Lady	Glancer.
	Lasher	Duke of Rutland's	{ Duke of Rutland's Leader.
	Pastime.....	Fortune.....	Palafox.
	Primate ...	Fancy	Palafox.
	Prudence..		

YEARS.	NAMES.	SIRES.	DAMS.
1825.	Pedlar	Joyful	{ Mr. Osbaldeston's Pedlar.
	Regent	Stately	Roderick.
	Rifler		
	Rarity		
	Regicide	Jessamy	Rambler.
	Royal	Susan	Rambler.
	Rasper		
	Saracen	Trinket	Julian.
	Seapoy		
	Statesman		
	Stormer	Caroline	Julian.
	Silvia		
	Voucher	Judith	Piper.
Victor			
Windsor	Welcome	Reveller.	
Warder			

MR MEYNELL'S HOUNDS.

September 1, 1825.

AGES.	NAMES.	SIRES.	DAMS.
10 Years.	Bridemaid } Bacchanal }	Bachelor	Dauntless.
9 Years.	Courtesy	Lord Althorp's Champion	Lord Sondes's Actress.
8 Years.	Baronet	Bachelor	Damsel.
	Fallacy	Mr. Heron's Mercury	His Fairmaid.
7 Years.	Wilful	Warbler	Wanton.
	Foreman	Facer	Delia.
	Fairy		
	Ranter	Ravager	Heedless.
	Rambler		
	Abelard	Nathan	Abigail.
Barbara	Bachelor	Rival.	
Bonnybell			
6 Years.	Dauntless	Wilfred	Damsel.
	Doreas		
	Archer	Nathan	Abigail.

AGES.	NAMES.	SIRE.	DAMS.
6 Years.	Regent ... } Rarity } Joyful	Fleecer	Rival.
		Wilfred	Joyful.
5 Years.	Bajazet ... } Bertram .. } Benedict .. } Beatrice .. } Basilisk .. } Danger ... } Daffodil .. } Destiny .. } Ganymede .. } Norval..... } Victory	Pytcheley Abelard	Bridemaid.
		Abelard	Damsel.
		Glaucus	Nelly.
		Mr. Arkwright's Villager ...	His Nimble.
		Needwood	Vanity.
4 Years.	Ruby } Rival } Champion .. } Commodore.. } Caroline } Symmetry .. } Barrister.. } Bashful .. } Vengeance .. } Columbine .. }	Baronet	Rival.
		Needwood	Courtesy.
		Ravager	Brilliant.
		Rambler	Bonnybell.
		Mr. Osbaldeston's Vaulter ...	Lord Sondes's Rosebud.
		Duke of Grafton's Cruiser ...	His Rosy.
3 Years.	Darter	Lord Sondes's Gabriel	His Dalliance.
	Nathan ... } Nelson }	Bertram	Nelly.
	Wonder .. } Wildboy .. }	Ravager	Winifred.
	Woodbine .. } Needwood .. }	Ravager	Nectarine.
	Harmony.. } Hyacinth.. }	Ravager	Heedless.
	Forester .. } Falstaff.... }	Rambler	Fallacy.
	Blowzy.... } Bluebell .. }	Bajazet	Bacchanal.
	Warrior ... }	Bertram	Wanton.
	2 Years.	Melody.... } Mira	Bajazet
Woodman .. } Bachelor .. }		Bajazet	Wanton.
Bravery .. } Confidence .. }		Baronet	Basilisk.
Dragon ... }		Ravager	Courtesy.
Diligent .. } Daphne .. }		Cheshire Banger	Destiny.

AGES.	NAMES.	SIRES.	DAMS.		
2 Years.	Fencer	Bertram	Fairmaid.		
1 Year.	Justice } Juvenal.... } Jessamine . } Jessica }	Lord Middleton's Vanguard ..	Joyful.		
	Fairmaid .. } Frantie }			Baronet	Fallacy.
	Stella.....			Nathan	Symmetry.
	Comrade .. } Challenger }			Lord Anson's Comrade.....	Caroline.
	Comedy... }				
	Harbinger	Bajazet	Heedless.		
	Hannibal .. }				
	Hercules .. }				
	Tarquin	Sir T. Mostyn's Tandem	{ Duke of Beaufort's Rampish.		
	Joker } Jester }	Duke of Beaufort's Jason	His Brilliant.		

Old Hounds 33 couples.
 Young Hounds 8½ couples.

Total 41½

SIR THOMAS MOSTYN'S HOUNDS.

August 1, 1825.

WORKING HOUNDS.

AGES.	NAMES.	SIRES.	DAMS.
9 Years.	Welfare	Lionel	Wrongful.
8 Years.	Erebus	Lionel	Emily.
	Goneril ... } Goosecap.. }	Fleecer	Mr. Warde's Goneril
	Malaprop . }		
	Memory .. } Midnight. . }	Mr. Warde's Bertram.....	Margaret.
	Notary.....		
	Wrangler....	Lord Middleton's Vanguard ..	Nettletop.
		Lord Lonsdale's Wonder .. .	Clamorous.
7 Years.	Agony } Anguish . }	Lazarus	Acouite.

AGES.	NAMES.	SIREs.	DAMS.
7 Years.	Jostler Teneer	Firebrand Warrior	Jewess. Trollop.
6 Years.	Admiral Bountiful... Bawble..... Comedy Edwin Fanciful.... Marcia..... Libra..... Tandem Vesta } Virgin } Wary	Lord Middleton's Admiral .. Duke of Grafton's Guardian .. Mr. Warde's Maniac Fleeceer Notary Mr. Heron's Blucher..... Duke of Beaufort's Denmark Mr. Warde's Reuben Warrior Duke of Beaufort's Rutland .. Warrior.....	Abbess. Bridget. His Beatrice. Caroline. Elegant. Fretful. Margaret. Larceny. Tiffany. Ransom. Malaprop.
5 Years.	Byron } Belzebub.. } Burlington } Eustace..... Fretful..... Fortune Goblin Newman	Wrangler..... Luther Notary Wrangler Duke of Beaufort's Rutland .. Lord Fitzwilliam's Newman ..	Bridget. Elegant. Fretful. Fortune. Goneril. Agony.
4 Years.	Anchorite } Apathy... } Disputant } Delegate.. } Diadem .. } Enmity..... Gamestress } Gossip.... } Lancer... } Lenity.... } Margery ... Misty..... Paradox ... Reuben Stella Troilus..... Wowsky.. } Waspish .. } Wanton	Luther Duke of Beaufort's Rallywood Mr. Warde's Pilgrim... Duke of Beaufort's Duncan .. Duke of Beaufort's Dorimont Wrangler..... Edwin Mr. Warde's Pilgrim..... Duke of Beaufort's Wellington Duke of Grafton's Satellite .. Mr. Warde's Pilgrim..... Wrangler..... Wrangler.....	Bawble. Malaprop. Elegant. Goosecap. Libra. Margaret. Majesty. Vesta. Rosebud. Fanciful. Trollop. Midnight. Bountiful.
3 Years.	Abjer } Ancram .. } Anodyne.. } Amulet... } Chieftain.. } Charity .. }	Tandem..... Mr. Osbaldeston's Proctor ..	Bawble. Comedy.

AGES.	NAMES.	SIREs.	DAMS.		
3 Years.	Chauntress Chaplet .. } Euclid } Emblem .. } Emily } Endless ... } Freeman .. } Flyer } Faithless .. } Heretic Myrtle Norna Probity..... Sailor Talisman....	Mr. Osbaldeston's Proctor... Mr. Osbaldeston's Aimwell .. Duke of Beaufort's Vaultor .. Duke of Beaufort's Dorimont Edwin Teucer..... Mr. Osbaldeston's Pontiff... Mr. Osbaldeston's Sailor .. Wrangler.....	Comedy. Elegant. Fortune. Hydra. Marcia. Nettletop. Midnight. Wary. Harlot.		
	2 Years.	Amy } Agatha.... } Bertha } Counsellor Columbine } Concord .. } Egbert.... } Ernest.... } Eldon } Edmund .. } Gipsy Juniper Michael .. } Minion .. } Modish .. } Matron .. } Magic } Saladin.... } Sympathy . } Starlight... Tomboy Whisker .. } Whimsey.. } Whirligig . } Woful } Witless .. }	Tandem Wrangler..... Duke of Beaufort's Vaultor .. Duke of Beaufort's Vaultor .. Duke of Beaufort's Vaultor .. Duke of Beaufort's Vaultor .. Duke of Beaufort's Dorimont Duke of Beaufort's Dorimont Wrangler Duke of Beaufort's Saladin .. Despard Wrangler..... Wrangler Ditto	Bawble. Bridget. Comedy. Elegant. Elegant. Agony. Merriment. Misty. Wary. Stella. Harlot. Midnight. Memory.	
		1 Year.	Artist } Amorous.. } Bolivar..... Beresford... Client Discord Elegant Excellent	Duke of Grafton's Guardian .. Wrangler..... Tandem Sailor Tandem Wrangler Wrangler.....	Bawble. Bridget. Bountiful. Comedy. Malaprop. Endless. Emblem.

AGES.	NAMES.	SIRES.	DAMS.
1 Year.	Judy.....	Wrangler.....	Merriment.
	Lounger ..	Mr. Osbaldeston's Chorister..	Myrtle.
	Linkboy ..		
	Luekless..		
	Lily		
	Paleface ..	Mr. Codrington's Pugilist....	Wowski.
	Profligate..		
	Quibbler..	Duke of Grafton's Guardian..	Agony.
	Querulous }		
	Rufus	Mr. Osbaldeston's Rassclas ..	Chauntress.
	Taunter	Tandem.....	Memory.
	Thais }	Tandem	Apathy.
Thisbe }			
Wisdom	Wrangler.....	Marcia.	
Vaultress....	Duke of Beaufort's Rubens ..	Chaplet.	

MR. NEWMAN'S HOUNDS.

November 1, 1825.

AGES.	NAMES.	SIRES.	DAMS.
8 Years.	Ravager	Lord Althorp's Zodiac	His Madrigal.
7 Years.	Rector	Regent.....	Artless.
	Foreman	Duke of Rutland's Harlequin	His Fallacy.
6 Years.	Damsel	Duke of Rutland's Ardent....	His Sanguine.
	Charon ... }	Mr. Osbaldeston's Comet	Lord Althorp's Phyllis.
	Comet.... }		
	Comedy .. }		
	Rally	Mr. Saville's Rallywood.....	{ Duke of Rutland's Songstress.
	Fretful	Lord Althorp's Orpheus.....	His Syren.
Magistrate ..	Lord Yarborough's Monarch	Lord Althorp's Cicely	
5 Years.	Amorous .. }	Abelard	Toilet.
	Argent... }		
	Statesman ..	Statesman	Rarity.
	Whimmy	Duke of Rutland's Abelard ..	Whisper.
	Standard .. }	Statesman	Anna.
	Splendour }		
	Melody	Mr. Osbaldeston's Wonder ..	Lord Althorp's Fairy.
	Dimity	Danger.....	February.

AGES.	NAMES.	SIRES.	DAMS.
5 Years.	Gamboy .. } Tomboy .. } Tuneful .. }	Gamboy	Frantic.
	Adjutant	Amervell	Artless.
4 Years.	Fleecer	Gamboy	Frantic.
	Myrtle	Abelard	Matchless.
	Admiral .. } Artless }	Abelard	Toilet.
3 Years.	Baronet	Abelard	Honesty.
	Launcelot. } Lunatic.... }		
	Lovely }	Abelard	Fretful.
	Lady		
	Levity		
	Lictor	Fondler	Affable.
	Modish	Gamboy	Melody.
	Anna..... }		
	Amulet.... }	Abelard	Toilet.
	Alpha }		
	Hurricane ...	Trinculo	Comedy.
	Jealousy	Mr. Hornyhold's Duncan	His Jessica.
Stormer	Sir T. Mostyn's Tandem	His Memory.	
2 Years.	Amervell	Amervell	Dimity.
	Merkin	Abelard	Melody.
	Victory }		
	Voucher .. }	Admiral	Comedy.
	Cheviot.....	Lord Petre's Corsican	Stately.
	Nimrod.... }		
	Nectar }	Amervell	Tuneful.
	Matchless....	Gamboy	Matchless.
1 Year.	Governor .. }		
	Grafton.... }	Admiral	Gravity.
	Grasper ... }		
	Regent }		
	Ranter }	Rector	Lady.
	Racer..... }	Gamboy	Rectitude.
	Fisherman }		
	Frantic .. }	Fisherman	Artless.
	Mischief	Adjutant	Melody.
	Artless }		
	Affable }	Gamboy	Actress.
	Abelard ... }		
	Alfred }		
	Notable	Gamboy	Amorous.
	Manager .. }		
	Minister .. }	Standard	Dimity.
Madeap ... }			

AGES.	NAMES.	SIRES.	DAMS.
1 Year.	Madcap.	Standard	Dimity.
	Barrister . }	Baronet.....	Fretful.
	Blusterer.. }		
	Bruiser .. }		
	Boaster ... }	Admiral	Honesty.
	Hasty }		
	Harlot }	Admiral	Comedy.
	Champion .. }		
Countess .. }			
Comely .. }			

MR. NICOLL'S HOUNDS.

September, 1824.

☛ Those marked B. from the Duke of Beaufort.

AGES.	NAMES.	SIRES.	DAMS.
7 Years.	Trophy	Justice	Termagant.
6 Years.	Sophy	Mr. Warde's Sentinel.....	Gamesome.
	Rattler	Mr. Warde's Ragland	Jollity.
	Ransome....	From Mr. Warde.....	
5 Years.	Pillager .. }	Mr. Warde's Pilgrim.....	Joyful.
	Polly		
	Pleasant .. }	Aimwell.....	Jollity.
	Aimwell }		
	Bonnybell, B. }		
Whinsey, B. }	Roderic.....	Boundless.	
		Pytchley Grecian	Whimsey.
4 Years.	Chirper.....	Ratler	Comet.
	Harmony....	Hermit	Pleasant.
	Gamester...	Troilus.....	Gamesome.
	Toilet	Tancred	Tremulous.
	Bridemaid ..	Tancred	Barmaid.
	Fatima	Lord Lonsdale's Rioter	Fatima.
	Gadfly	Lord Lonsdale's Gainer.....	Flighty.
	Judy	Lord Lonsdale's Julian	Ruby.
	Terrible	Lord Middleton's Traitor	Caroline.
3 Years.	Victory.....	Vigilant.....	Laundress.
	Gallant.....	Ratler.....	Gamesome.
	Wriggle .. }	Waterloo, B.....	Joyful.
	Wagtail .. }		

AGES.	NAMES.	SIREs.	DAMS.
3 Years.	Dolly Sweetlips. Patty	Lord Lonsdale's Roderic Lord Lonsdale's Julian From Mr. Warde.	Dowager. Agnes.
2 Years.	Jumper Pastime. Barbara Sally. Nancy, B. } Nonsuch, B. } Latimer, B. } Charmer, B } Crier, B. . . } Waverly, B. } Absolute, B. } Posthumous B } Prettylass, B. } Editha, B. . . } Denmark, B. } Moppet	Chirper Prophet Ratler Ratler Nectar Plunder. Mr. Codrington's Crier. Mr. Codrington's Waverley Absolute Potent Waterloo Duncan From Mr. Warde.	Joyful. Glory. Barnmaid. Songstress. Gertrude. Lively. Winifred. Whimsey. Governess. Boundless. Emily. Wary.
1 Year.	Dexter. Juggler Jingle } Ranter. Comedy Noble Piper Wellington B. } Bravery, B. . . } Boundless. B. } Why not, B. } Flambeau, B. } Flamer, B. . . } Flasher, B. . . } Lucifer. Bustler Comet Chorister. Chorus. } Dorothy Dainty Damsel. } Abelard Artful } Stately Sultan Gratitude Argyle Amy. } Donative	Duplicate Joker Whipster Vigilant. Mr. Villebois' Workman Banker Warrior Bondsman Nectar. Waterloo Lord Fitzwilliam's Flambeau Lord Fitzwilliam's Flambeau Lord Fitzwilliam's Flambeau Chirper. Pillager Juniper Abbot Senator. Ratler Mr. Warde's Ashton Mr. Warde's Ashton Mr. Warde's Rustic.	Rantipole. Judy. Gaudy. Comet. Terrible. Pettiecoat. Rival. Gaylass. Bravery. Rampish. Ruby. Paragon. Lovely. Gadfly. Chorus. Diligent. Abigail. Nancy. Sweetlips. Gaylass. Goody. Damsel.

AGES.	NAMES.	SIRES.	DAMS.
1 Year.	Amity	Mr. Warde's Lumpkin	Audible.
	Jessy, B... ..	Jason.....	Brilliant.
	Pugilist, B... ..	Mr. Codrington's Pugilist....	Wary.
	Roundelay ..	Ravager	Relish.

MR. OSBALDESTON'S HOUNDS.

1825.

AGES.	NAMES.	SIRES.	DAMS.
8 Years.	Vaulter....	Vigilant	Venus.
	Volatile .. }		
7 Years.	Crafty	Chaunter	Promise.
	Rocket	Rallywood	Baroness.
	Gossamer ...	Orpheus	Comedy.
	Joyful	Charon	Charmer.
6 Years.	Violet	Vanquisher	Lively.
	Hermia.....	Lord Lonsdale's Fairplay	Telltale.
5 Years.	Damsel.....	Dexter	Rhapsody.
	Furrier.....	Duke of Rutland's Saladine..	Fallacy.
	Hermit.....	Duke of Beaufort's Hermit ..	Lively.
	Singwell ...	Sailor.....	Pastime.
	Druggier ...	Batchelor	Felony.
	Gratitude....	Granby.....	Boozer.
	Prattle.....	Abelard	Purity.
	Valentine ...	Cypher	Lady.
	Hostess	Duke of Rutland's Corsican..	Handmaid.
	Nimble.....	Duke of Beaufort's Nectar ..	Dalliance.
4 Years.	Beatrice	Orpheus	Emerald.
	Chorister ...	Orpheus	Harpy.
	Harlot.....	Harper.....	Milliner.
	Lunatic	Granby	Cobweb.
	Rasselas .. }	Horsa	Felony.
	Roundelay }		
	Dromo.....	Proctor.....	Damsel.
	Brevity	Ottoman	Blameless.
	Active	Auditor.....	Active.
	Artful	Ottoman	
	Rosy	Lord Lonsdale's	
	Ratler	Mr. Smith's Rasselas	Crafty.

AGES.	NAMES.	SIRES.	DAMS.
4 Years.	Wonder	Vanquisher	Welcome.
3 Years.	Clencher	Clencher	Volatile.
	Caliban .. } Caroline .. }	Chorister	Wanton.
	Comely	Duke of Rutland's Chaunter..	Welcome.
	Cruiser	Clencher	Actress.
	Pastime	Proctor	Concord.
	Pilot	Proctor.	Abigail.
	Ruin.	Lord Lonsdale's Roderick. . . .	Vengeance.
	Vanity. . . . } Vengeance }	Vaulter	Jubilee.
	Barbary . . .	Marmion	Brevity.
	Comedy	Cypher	Curricule.
	Diomed .. } Dandy }	Duke of Rutland's Chaunter..	Lightning.
	Emperor	Duke of Rutland's Chaunter	Witchcraft.
	Racer	Rocket.	Crafty.
	Mortimer . } Margaret . }	Lord Lonsdale's Piper	Gertrude.
	Lady.	Lord Lonsdale's Looby.	Whiterose.
	Orpheus	Pytchley Ottoman	Lightfoot.
	2 Years.	Archer. . . . } Actress . . . } Amulet . . . }	Chorister
Jessamy		Aimwell	Jubilee.
Vanquisher ..		Proctor.	Violet.
Royster . . . }		Rocket	Witchcraft.
Ransom .. }			
Rachel. . . . }			
Rosemary }		Jasper	Nimble.
Nancy }			
Trywell .. }		Tarquin	Welcome.
Truelove. . }			
Prodigal .. }		Rocket.	Primrose.
Pilgrim .. }			
Primrose. . }			
Victory. . . .		Proctor	Venus.
Woodman ..		Senator	Woodbine.
Careful		Chorister.	Volatile.
Pontiff		Pangloss	Patience.
Brusher		Marmion	Jezabel.
Musical		Lord Ludlow's Hero	Milliner.
Venus }		Vanquisher	Joyful.
Vocal }			
Benedict	Marmion	Vengeance.	
1 Year.	Dairymaid ..	Marmion	Decent.
	Syntax.	Pilot	Comedy.

AGES.	NAMES.	SIRES.	DAMS.
1 Year.	Harmony..	Vaulter	Hermia.
	Hardwick..		
	Hasty		
	Herwin....		
	Vicious....	Chorister.....	Vicious.
	Varnish ..		
	Sampson ...	Proctor	Singwell.
	Junket	Ottoman	Joyful.
	Golding.....	Old Jasper	Jealousy.
	Gilder	Chorister.....	Gossamer.
	Gaylass....		
	Placeman..	Piper	Jubilee.
	Prizer		
	Promise ..		
	Bachelor ..	Bachelor.....	Volatile.
	Bloomer ..		
	Welcome..	Wonder	Joyful.
	Woful		
	Vagrant ...	Proctor	Violet.
	Castor	Rocket.....	Crafty.
Justice	Old Jasper	Hostess.	
Joyous			
Oddity			
Ornament .	Ottoman	Vengeance.	

Bred by the Duke of Rutland.

Mindful	Miracle	Sally.
Rhapsody .	Rummager	Jessamy.
Ruby.....		
Danger.....	Mr. Osbaldeston's Bachelor ..	Damsel.
Paragon ..	Mr. Osbaldeston's Pontiff	Syren.
Pliant		
Bender	Bloomer	Gamble.
Courtly ..	Shifter	Columbine.
Carnage ...	Contest	Racket.
Ragland ...	Mr. Osbaldeston's Rasselas ..	Joyous.
Careful	Chaunter	Ladyblush.
Warble	Shifter.....	Waspish.
Watchful		

YOUNG HOUNDS.

Ranter	Vaulter	Roundly.
Gadbout ..	Proctor.....	Gratitude.
Gipsy		
Trickster..	Rocket	Truelove.
Topper ...		
Trinket... }		

AGES.	NAMES.	SIRES.	DAMS.
	Toilet	Rocket.....	Truelove.
	Joker }	Vaulter	Jealousy.
	Jargon..... }		
	Jewel }	Rocket	Young Violet.
	Rebel }		
	Redrose .. }		
	Racket.... }	Chorister	Lady.
	Luther.... }		
	Lavender .. }		
	Legacy.... }	Rocket.....	Caroline.
	Corsican ... }		
	Rosalind .. }	Vaulter	Ruin.
	Rally }		
	Ravager .. }	Rocket.....	Black Joyful.
	Remus.... }		
	Rosebud .. }		
	Vulean }	Clencher	Rachel.
	Vestal }		
	Jailor }	Rocket.....	White Joyful.
	Juliet }		
	Chaunter .. }	Chorister	Hostess.
	Cardinal .. }		
	Cruel }		
	Constant .. }	Vaulter	Harlot.
	Valiant }		
	Vixen }		
	Virgin }	Vaulter	Songstress.
	Sparker .. }		
	Splendour .. }		
	Stormer .. }	Vaulter	Vengeance.
	Statesman .. }		
	Sultan }		
	Symmetry .. }	Clencher	Nimble.
	Crimson.... }		
	Nabob }	Chorister ...	Nancy.
	Niobe }		
	Necton }	Rocket.....	Remnant.
	Nelly }		
	Rambler .. }	Rocket.....	Primrose.
	Ringwood .. }		
	Regal }		
	Relish }	Rasselas	Artful.
	Rapid }		
	Ruler	Vaulter	Bitch.
	Ajax }		
	Abigail.... }		
	Daphne	Strange	

Old Hounds 62½ couples.

Young Hounds 27½ couples.

Total 90 couples.

LORD PETRE'S HOUNDS.

November, 1825.

AGES.	NAMES.	SIRES.	DAMS.
7 Years.	Dauntless....	Mr. Osbaldeston's Dashwood	His Glory.
6 Years.	Liberty	Oakley Blucher	Sir G. Leeds's Labrador.
	Painter	Pytchley Rallywood.....	Their Pamela.
	Roderick .. }	Duke of Beaufort's Roderick	His Boundless.
	Ruby..... }		
	Ranter	Lord Middleton's Ravager....	{ Duke of Beaufort's Dorcas.
	Wonder	Mr. Osbaldeston's Wonder ..	His Gaylass
	Whynot	Mr. Osbaldeston's Wonder ..	His Billington.
	Lifter.....	Mr. Chad's	Mr. Chad's.
	Pilot	Surrey Union	Surrey Union.
	Sparkler	Mr. Chad's	Mr. Chad's.
	Rapid.....	Lord Fitzwilliam's	Lord Fitzwilliam's.
	Cowslip	Sir George Leeds's Gulliver..	His Cowslip.
	Delicate	Sir George Leeds's Speedwell	His Delicate.
	Jovial.....	Mr. Chad's	Mr. Chad's.
	Despot	Lord Fitzwilliam's	Lord Fitzwilliam's.
5 Years.	Delver	Sir George Leeds's Doncaster	His Crafty.
	Daffodil .. }	Sir George Leeds's Doncaster	Sir Geo. Leeds's Mimic.
	Daisy		
	Crystal	Sir George Leeds's Darlington	His Crystal.
	Figaro	Sir George Leeds's Forester..	His Gambol.
	Waster }	Sir George Leeds's Wiseton..	His Counterfeit.
	Welcome .. }		
	Gaudy	Lord Fitzwilliam's Genial....	{ Sir George Leeds's Brevity.
	Topper	Mr. Osbaldeston's Ottoman..	Badsworth Handmaid.
	Danger	Lord Yarborough's Tyrant ..	His Drowsy.
	Alderman....	Sir Mark Sykes's Aimwell ..	Badsworth Lightsome.
	Careful	Lord Harewood's Capital....	Badsworth Lecherous.
4 Years.	Nimrod ... }	Sir George Leeds's Gauntlet..	{ Lord Fitzwilliam's Noody.
	Nelson		
	Dorimont....	Mr. Surridge's Norah	{ Duke of Beaufort's Dainty.
	Mortimer	Duke of Grafton's Marmion..	{ Mr. Surridge's Matchless.
	Dalliance	Lord Fitzwilliam's Champion	{ Sir George Leeds's Dairymaid.
	Rummager ..	Lord Scarborough's Rallywood	Badsworth Rarity.

AGES.	NAMES.	SIRES.	DAMS.
4 Years.	Trickster	York and Ainsty Talisman ..	Their Tarnish.
	Wanton	Ld. Scarborough's Wellington	Badsworth Tinsel.
	Affable	Charles Newman's Abelard ..	{ Lord Yarborough's Dexterous.
	Diligent ...	Mr. Chad's Duster	{ Lord Fitzwilliam's Ruthless.
	Rival	Duke of Beaufort's Rallywood	Mr. Chad's Hopeful.
	Pedlar	Duke of Beaufort's Rallywood	Policy.
3 Years.	Primer	Patriot	Dauntless.
	Comely	Corsican	Cowslip.
	Trueman	Darlington	Tuneful.
	Hero	Crier	Harmless.
	Nectar	Duke of Beaufort's Nectar ..	His Prudence.
	Dimity	Mr. Codrington's Pugilist ...	{ Duke of Beaufort's Demirep.
	Lavender	Duke of Beaufort's Jason ...	His Lavender.
	Lightfoot ...	Duke of Beaufort's Duncan ..	His Lightfoot.
	Prophetess ..	Duke of Beaufort's Nectar ..	His Prophetess.
	Restless ... }	Mr. Hornyhold's Hudibras ..	His Rosamond.
	Rally		
	Cipher	Mr. Hornyhold's Cipher	His Twilight.
	Twilight .. }		
	Truelove .. }	Sir Thomas Mostyn's Warrior	Lord Anson's Verity.
	Warrior }		
Tomboy	Cheshire Tarquin	Their Countess.	
2 Years.	Fairplay	Lord Fitzwilliam's Flambeau	{ Duke of Beaufort's Lovely.
	Roister	Duke of Beaufort's Nectar ..	His Restless.
	Driver	Duke of Beaufort's Hermit ..	His Diligent.
	Governess....	Lord Fitzwilliam's Flambeau	{ Duke of Beaufort's Governess.
	Paragon	Lord Fitzwilliam's Flambeau	{ Duke of Beaufort's Paragon.
	Harmony .. }	Badsworth Fairplay	Their Harpy.
	Hasty		
	Candy	Badsworth Coroner	Their Termagant.
	Cardigan .. }		
	Harbinger ..	Badsworth Tiekler	Their Handmaid.
	Wafer	Badsworth Leader	Their Willing.
	Wary	Lord Fitzwilliam's Jovial	Badsworth Whimsey.
	Vigilant	Lord Fitzwilliam's Darter ...	Badsworth Vigilant.
	Amethyst ...	Doublet	Actress.
	Costly	Corsican	Daffodil.
	Columbine }		
	Abelard	Alderman	Rosy.
	Gamboy .. }	Monitor	Gaudy.
Gambol			
Famous	Doublet	Favourite.	

AGES.	NAMES.	SIRES.	DAMS.	
2 Years.	Benedict .. Boundless .. Dromo	Duke of Beaufort's Dorimont	His Boundless.	
	Boxer Boaster ...	Duke of Beaufort's Nectar ..	His Bravery.	
	Finder Ruin	Lord Fitzwilliam's Flambeau	{ Duke of Beaufort's Ruby.	
	Cruiser Caroline ..	Corsican	Ruby.	
	Landmark Legacy	Duke of Beaufort's Roderick	Lavish.	
	1 Year.	Tuneful ... Traffic	Lord Fitzwilliam's Juggler ..	Badsworth Teltale.
		Fleecer	Mr. Osbaldeston's Rasselas ..	Badsworth Famous.
		Jessa	Lord Fitzwilliam's Joker	Badsworth Famous.
		Crafty	Mr. Foljambe's Royal	Badsworth Crafty.
Maiden		Badsworth Fairplay	Their Madcap.	
Libertine		Badsworth Leader	Their Levity.	
Proctor		Mr. Osbaldeston's Proctor ..	Badsworth Rival.	
Lavish		Mr. Osbaldeston's Rasselas ..	Badsworth Lavish.	
Wildboy ..		Mr. Foljambe's Royal	His Willing.	
Waterloo ..				
Wellington				
Damon		Duke of Beaufort's Dashwood	Mr. Foljambe's Rosebud	
Hotspur ..		Mr. Foljambe's Ranter	His Hoyden.	
Honesty ..				
Wilder				
Willing....		Mr. Osbaldeston's Wonder ..	Mr. Foljambe's Riot.	
Witchcraft				
Wilful				
Gaylass		Mr. Osbaldeston's Piper	{ Mr. Foljambe's Graceful.	
Ringwood .		Roderick	Rapid.	
Racer				
Dreadnought	{ Duke of Beaufort's Dori- mont	Delicate.		
Dexterous ..				
Damsel				
Comedy	Mr. C. Newman's Admiral ..	His Comedy.		

PYTCHLEY HOUNDS.

December 1, 1825.

AGES.	NAMES.	SIRES.	DAMS.
7 Years.	Ambrose	Abelard	Dairymaid.
	Boundless....	Lord Yarborough's Bluecap ..	Brilliant.
6 Years.	Doubtful	Duke of Rutland's Ardent	Dashaway.
	Pilot	Castor	Porcupine.
	Singwell .. }	Saladine	Harlot.
	Speedwell. }		
	Bouncee	Roman	Bauble,
	Rachel	Mr. Chaworth's Bellman	Rival.
	Collier ... }	Mr. Chaworth's Bellman	Charmer.
	Champion }		
	Dreadnought	Lord Yarborough's Trimbush	Cella.
Monitor	Lord Yarborough's Masker ..	Bravery.	
5 Years.	Woodman ...	Mr. Chaworth's Chancellor ..	Watchful.
	Actress }	Mr. Osbaldeston's Auditor ...	Prettylass.
	Artful }		
	Sultan	Mr. Chaworth's Chancellor ..	Singwell.
	Scornful .. }		
Willing	Duke of Rutland's Warbler ..	Rival.	
4 Years.	Vaulter	Vanquisher	Cheerly.
	Careless	Royster	Caroline.
	Gulliver .. }	Cipher	Gaiety.
	Gaudy }		
	Glory }		
	Forester .. }	Justice	Fairy.
	Fortune ... }		
	Lasher	Justice	Laughable.
	Columbine ..	Justice	Charming.
	Topper	Vaulter.....	Thetis.
	Harlequin....	Lord Lonsdale's Brunswick ..	Harmony.
	Joyful	Justice	Siren.
	Stormer .. }	Justice	Stately.
	Saladine .. }		
	Stately }		
Symphony }			
Ottoman	Orpheus	Purity.	
Cryer.....	Chancellor	Speedwell.	
3 Years.	Hermit	Duke of Rutland's Hopeful ..	Bonnybell.

AGES.	NAMES.	SIRES.	DAMS.	
3 Years.	Charity	Lord Lonsdale's Roderick	{ Duke of Rutland's Columbine.	
	Benedict	Lord Middleton's Benedict ..	Jessamine.	
	Bacchanal ..	Byblow.....	Woodbine.	
	Wonderful ..	Mr. Osbaldeston's Wonder....	Gaylass.	
	Susan	Mr. Osbaldeston's Saladine ..	Ruin.	
	Wildboy	Lord Middleton's Timour	Willing.	
2 Years.	Cardinal ..	Conrad.....	Desperate.	
	Chauntress			Crafty
	Monarch ..			Matchless ..
	Modish	Conrad.....	Madrigal.	
	Hector			Hotspur ..
	Harriet....			Playful
	Pleasant ..	Pilot	Pilot.	
	Pastime ..			Archer
	Active			Pilot.....
	Duster	Proctor.....		
	Diligent	Pilot	Dalliance.	
	Bachelor			Bachelor
	Vanguard....			Walter.....
	Riot	Chanticleer		
	Chirper ...	Careful....		
Cheerly ..	Pilot.....	Cheerly.		
Comedy ..			Abigail....	
Amazon ..			Sailor	
Songstress	Conrad.....	Singwell.		
Safety			Conrad	
Castor			Comely....	
Conqueror	Chancellor	Desperate.		
Cottager ..			Welcome ...	
Welcome ...			Conrad.....	Watchful.
Arthur	Adeline....			
Carver	Pilot.....	Careless.		
Governor..			Governess. }	
Governess. }			Gamboy	Careful.
Dexter	Chancellor	Dalliance.		

AGES.	NAMES.	SIRES.	DAMS.
1 Year.	Jessica } Juliet }	Duke of Grafton's Wildfire ..	Judy.
	Dashwood } Driver }	Chancellor.....	Daphne.
	Wonder	Sportsman	Willing.
	Painter	Pilot.....	Doubtful.
	Racket.....	Sir Richard Sutton's Trimmer	Ransom.

BROOD BITCHES.

	NAMES.	SIRES.	DAMS.
	Fortune ...	Duke of Beaufort's Justice	Fairy.
	Charming ..	Duke of Beaufort's Justice..	Charming.
	Sanguine....	Lord Middleton's Forester....	Siren.

RABY HOUNDS.

September 1, 1825.

AGES.	NAMES.	SIRES.	DAMS.
11 Years.	Brimstone ..	Baronet.....	Costive.
10 Years.	Costive	Benedict.....	Costive.
9 Years.	Gaudy.....	Governor	Mayday.
	Monitor	Merryman	Dorothy.
	Minikin.....	Mussulman.....	Rattle.
8 Years.	Bolsover	Bustard	Mayday.
	Bustler	Burlington	Cora.
	Messmate ..	Malton.....	Rattle.
	Countryman	Chesterfield	Tawdry.
	Brutal.....	Benedict	Chauntress.
7 Years.	Banister	Benedict	Mary.
	Levity	Mr. Warde's Lazarus	Mr. Warde's Beatrice.
	Buxom.....	Benedict	Mary.
	Crimson	Chesterfield.....	Tipsy.
	Meanwell...	Miracle	Costive.
	Jester P.....	Sir R. Puleston's Sailor.....	{ Sir R. Puleston's Sempstress.

AGES.	NAMES.	SIRES.	DAMS.
7 Years.	Victor P.	Mr. Osbaldeston's Vanquisher	{ Mr. Osbaldeston's Lively.
	Lord Lonsdale's Juliet }	Lord Lonsdale's Jackimo	{ Lord Lonsdale's Truelove.
6 Years.	Marigold ...	Manager	Tipsy.
	Blunder .. }	Brusher	Terrible.
	Ballina. }		
	Caroline s. ..	Chesterfield	Tawdry.
	Battery	Brusher	Devilish.
	Capable s. ..	Cruiser	Lady.
	Mentor	Miracle	Billingsgate.
	Lord Lonsdale's Jovial }	Lord Lonsdale's Julian	Lord Lonsdale's Jollity.
5 Years.	Myrtle s.	Miracle	Billingsgate.
	Bishopton }		
	Boaster ... }	Brutal	Mayday.
	Bruiser. }		
	Frampton . }	Mr. Warde's Forester.	Minikin.
	Flora ... }		
	Barrister	Brusher	Dido.
	Casket	Caliban	Gandy.
	Menial.	Mendicant	Bramble.
	Coaster	Duke of Grafton's Champion	Brevity.
	Merlin, York	Lord Fitzwilliam's Chider. ...	Monica, York.
4 Years.	Cherish	Chesterfield	Lovely.
	Bangor. ... }		
	Bosphorus }	Brusher	Credible.
	Beresford. .. }		
	Bansted .. }	Brusher	Minikin.
	Botsham .. }		
	Singwell	{ Mr. Warde's Boniface or Sentinel	Costive.
	Montessor ..	Miracle	Courteous.
	Brazen s.	Brutal	Crony.
	Folly	Mr. Ward's Forester.	Bounty.
	Masker .. }		
	Mountain }	Mendicant	Mary.
	Sunderland }		
	Sprightly. .. }	Mr. Warde's Sentinel	Lady.
	Barbara s. ..	Brutal	Meanwell.
	L. Lonsdale's Ranter. .. }	Lord Lonsdale's Roderick. ..	{ Lord Lonsdale's Dowager.
	L. Lonsdale's Prior	Mr. Osbaldeston's Proctor	{ Lord Lonsdale's Flighty.
York Bondsman	Lord Darlington's Brusher	York Countess.	
Beaufort, P.	Mr. Osbaldeston's Workman. .	Sir J. Cope's Bounty.	

AGES.	NAMES.	SIRES.	DAMS.
4 Years.	Lavish, P. ..	Mr. Osbaldeston's Workman .	Lord Ludlow's Lunacy.
3 Years.	Monster ...	Miracle	Patty.
	Latimer ..	Lazarus	Minikin.
	Leveller ..		
	Luther....		
	Lightly .		
	Lovesome s }	Lazarus	Ballina.
	Ledston ..		
	Landsman		
	Lucy s	Mendicant.	Casket.
	Myrmidon		
	Middleton }	Lazarus	Brimstone.
	Lenient ...		
	Borrowby	Brutal	Lovely.
	Barrington }		
	Beatrice ..		
	Minstrel ...	Mendicant	Buxom.
	Lonsboro' }	Lazarus	Costive.
	Lousy		
	Chancellor ..	} Chesterfield	Lady.
	Chambermaid		
	L. Lonsdale's Justice....	} Lord Lonsdale's Julian	{ Lord Lonsdale's Primrose.
	L. Lonsdale's Flexible ..	} Lord Lonsdale's Piper	Ld. Lonsdale's Fancy
	Marmion, P.	Sir R. Puleston's Malcolm....	{ Sir R. Puleston's Garland.
2 Years.	Searcher ...	Sentinel.	Mindful.
	Lancaster }	Lazarus	Courteous.
	Lecherous		
	Lazarus ..		
	Lavender.. }	Mirabeau	Credible.
	Mattersey		
	Marcia.... }	Caliban	Singwell.
	Crowner..		
	Cliuker .. }	Brutal	Minikin.
	Billingsgate..		
	Challenger ..	Countryman	Symphony.
	Maximus....	Mirabeau.	Ballina.
	Sarah	Sentinel.	Folly.
	Somerset. . }	Sentinel	Gaudy.
	Sukey		
	Scarborough	} Sentinel	Battery.
	Sempstress..		
	Shiny	Sir R. Puleston's Workman..	{ Sir R. Puleston's Lunacy.
	Loversal, P. }		
	Ludlow, P. }	Sir R. Puleston's Workman ..	{ Mr. Osbaldeston's Countess.
	Chandler, P.		

AGES.	NAMES.	SIRES.	DAMS.
1 Year.	Cruel	Sentinel	Costive.
	Thrasher	Titchfield	Louzy.
	Cromwell	Countryman	Marigold.
	Clio		
	Comedy		
	Mortimer	Mirabeau	Beatrice.
	Merrylass		
	Mayfly		
	Boreas	Beresford	Meanwell.
	Bosky		
	Manchester	Mendicant	Cherish.
	Milton		
	Lexicon	Duke of Beaufort's Lexicon	Mindful.
	Lorimer		
	Longitude		
	Latitude		
	Leinster		
	Laundress		
	Lusty	Duke of Beaufort's Lexicon	Ballina.
	Lofty		
	Lanchester		
	Brilliant	Brutal	Casket.
	Badsworth		
Beautiful			
Barterer	Bosphorus	Folly.	
Brighton			
Brocklesby			
Blowzy			
Bedford	Countryman	Courteous.	
Chanticleer			
Binchester	Brutal.	Sprightly.	
Brixton	Beresford	Flora.	
Barker			
Total 134.			

DUKE OF RUTLAND'S HOUNDS.

November 12, 1825.

AGES.	NAMES.	SIRES.	DAMS.
7 Years.	Runmager	Mr. Saville's Rallywood	Songstress.
	Sally	Saladin	Harlot.
	Welcome	Warbler	Amazon.
	Wildboy	Fleecer	Whisper.

AGES.	NAMES.	SIRES.	DAMS.	
6 Years.	Boaster .. } Bloomer .. }	Singer	Bonnybell.	
	Cruiser .. } Countess .. }	Fleecer	Columbine.	
	Chimer	Fearnought	Clio.	
	Sweeper	Fleecer	Sempstress.	
5 Years.	Boundless ..	Mr. Saville's Rallywood	Bonnybell.	
	Duster.....	Warbler	Damsel.	
	Jason	Saladin	Jessamine.	
	Marplot	Mr. Osbaldeston's Wonder ..	Modish.	
	Pilot	Mr. Osbaldeston's Proctor ..	Capable.	
	Proctor .. }			
	Rover }	Lord Lonsdale's Roderick ...	Favourite.	
	Rector... }			
	Rarity .. }			
	Roderick....	Duke of Beaufort's Roderick	Rally.	
	Sailor	Mr. Saville's Dragon	Symphony.	
Stately.....	Lord Lonsdale's Roderick ..	Songstress.		
Wanton	Abelard	Whisper.		
4 Years.	Contest .. }	Mr. Osbaldeston's Chorister..	Songstress.	
	Craftsman }			
	Crafty }			
	Crier	Rummager	Chantress.	
	Concord	Saladin	Clio.	
	Frolic	Chanter	Favourite.	
	Jester	Mr. Osbaldeston's Juggler....	Fallacy.	
	Justice... }			
	Jollity }			
	Jailor	Rummager	Joyous.	
	Lionel	Chanter.....	Lightsome.	
	Piper	Mr. Osbaldeston's Prompter ..	Jessamine.	
	Prosper .. }			
	Pastime .. }			
	Roman.....	Render	Wisdom.	
Singer	Ruler	Sportly.		
Vanquish	Mr. Osbaldeston's Vaulter....	Harpy.		
3 Years.	Bellman	Lord Middleton's Benedict ..	Jessamine.	
	Chancellor } Comfort .. }	Lord Lonsdale's Roderick....	Columbine.	
	Coroner	Chanter.	Fallacy.	
	Commodore .	} Chanter.	Clio.	
	Clamorous ..			
	Comely			
	Hermit	Saladin	Harpy.	
	Hero	Hopeful.....	Bonnybell.	
	Lashwood ..	Sir R. Sutton's Lucifer.....	Sportly.	
	Manager .. }	Lord Middleton's Damper....	Modesty.	
	Marksman }			

AGES.	NAMES.	SIREs.	DAMS.
3 Years.	Splendour ..	Lord Middleton's Forester ..	Syren.
	Watchman	Lord Lonsdale's Roderick....	Whisper.
	Woeful....		
	Woldsmen	Lord Middleton's Warrior....	Rally.
	Wonder ..		
Warrior ..			
2 Years.	Bedford ..	Mr. Osbaldeston's Bachelor..	Buxom.
	Broker....		
	Brilliant ..	Merrycall.....	Boundless.
	Bellmaid..		
	Bashful....	Shifter	Columbine.
	Crownier ..		
	Cautious..	Chanter.....	Ladyblush.
	Curious ..		
	Comet	Runmager	Chantress.
	Champion		
	Challenger	Mr. Osbaldeston's Bachelor..	Damsel.
	Darter.....		
	Menacer	Merrycall	Sally.
	Plunder ..		
	Prior	Mr. Osbaldeston's Pontiff	Concord.
	Playful....		
	Pleader....	Pilot	Syren.
	Proserpine		
	Pleasant ..	Pilot	Whisper.
	Pilgrim		
	Skilful.....	Chimer	Songstress.
	Topper ..		
	Truemaids	Mr. Osbaldeston's Vaulter ..	Stately.
	Vaulter		
	Wildman..	Shifter	Waspish.
Worthy ..			
Warbler ..	Pilot	Harpy.	
Woodbine			
Watchful..	Chimer	Jessamine.	
Worry....			
Witchcraft			
1 Year.	Bluster.....	Bloomer	Comfort.
	Cardinal	Charon	Woeful.
	Clinker....	Craftsman.....	Whimsey.
	Clasper...		
	Charmer ..	Chanter	Racket.
	Climbbank		
	Comrade..	Pilot	Harpy.
	Crony		
	Hector....	Chimer	Jessamine.
	Hannibal .		
	Harbinger		
	Joker		

AGES.	NAMES.	SIRES.	DAMS.
1 Year.	Juniper	Chimer	Jessamine ..
	Juggler	Lifter	Jollity.
	Joiner		
	Jealousy	Leader	Chantress.
	Lexicon		
	Layman		
	Limner	Roderick	Ladyblush.
	Lucifer		
	Leveller		
	Legacy	Pilot	Songstress.
	Prompter		
	Ragland	Roderick	Lightsome.
	Ransom		
	Riot		
	Rival	Lord Yarborough's Woldsman	Rarity.
	Rosy	Rover	Watchful.
	Rampart		
Ruby			
Remnant	Ms. Osbaldeston's Rasselas . .	Concord.	
Rursey			
Trueman	Trimbrush	Factious.	

Old Hounds 44½ couples.

Young Hounds 16½ couples.

Total 61 couples.

SIR RICHARD SUTTON'S HOUNDS.

December 5, 1825.

Those marked *s.* after the name are spayed.

SEASONS.	NAMES.	SIRES.	DAMS.
12th.	Lucifer	Collier	Lofty.
	Vanguard	From Lord Middleton.	
8th.	Betsy, <i>s.</i>	Mr. Heron's Bedford	Blameless.
	Alfred	Lucifer	Amulet.
	Marmion	Lucifer	Monody.
7th.	Cottager	Lord Middleton's Vanguard . .	His Chauntress.
	Gaudy	Mr. Heron's Gulliver	Ruin.

SEASONS.	NAMES.	SIRES.	DAMS.
7th.	Archer	From Mr. Warde.	
	Diligent	Mr. Savile's Dragon	His Watchful.
	Costly	Cerberus	Rosamond.
6th.	Actress	Lord Middleton's Timon	His Abigail.
	Driver	Lord Middleton's Denmark ..	His Riot.
	Faithful	Lord Middleton's Denmark ..	His Frantic.
	Rarity	Lord Middleton's Denmark ..	His Rampant.
	Sportsman ..	From Mr. Chaworth.	
	Brevity, s. ..	Mr. Heron's Blucher	Friendly.
	Sovereign.. }	Mr. Warde's Sovereign	Misery.
	Selima, s. ... }		
	Commodore .	} Mr. Warde's Bertram	Comfort.
	Chauntress ..		
	Jubilee	Mr. Warde's Bertram	Jessamine.
	Challenger ..	Lord Lonsdale's Roderick	Cherish.
	Ransom .. }	} Lord Lonsdale's Rover	Roundelay.
	Rarity, s. . }		
	Wisdom, s. ..	Lord Lonsdale's Fairplay	Witchcraft.
	Empress	Duke of Beaufort's Ragland. .	Emily.
5th.	Ferryman....	Lord Middleton's Forester	His Virgin.
	Countess	Mr. Heron's Bangor	Countess.
	Gallant }	} Mr. Heron's Bangor	Ghastly.
	Grumbler.. }		
	Gravity.... }	} Mr. Warde's Aimwell.....	Gertrude.
	Gaiety }		
	Flourisher ..	Mr. Warde's Lazarus	Friendship.
	Airy	} Reubens	Ardent.
	Arrogant.. }		
	Artless }		
	Coroner .. }	} Mr. Warde's Lazarus	Candid.
	Caution .. }		
	Lightning....	Duke of Beaufort's Ragland. .	Lapwing.
	Legacy	Duke of Beaufort's Ragland. .	Lucy.
	Trimmer	From Lord Yarborough.	
	Captain	Glancer	Carnage.
	Gamestress ..	Reubens	Glory.
	Ratler }	} Solyman	Roundelay.
	Rival..... }		
	Rallywood ..	Rasper.....	Factionous.
4th.	Symmetry ..	Lord Middleton's Vanguard ..	His Symmetry.
	Trusty.....	Lord Middleton's Triumph ..	His Trinket.
	Vanity, s. ..	Lord Middleton's Traitor	His Victory.
	Chorister.. }	} Mr. Warde's Lazarus.....	Cherish.
	Comus.... }		
	Constant.. }		
	Tuneful	Lord Yarborough's Trimbush	Candid.
	Vaulter .. }	} Mr. Osbaldeston's Vaulter....	Ardent.
	Victory .. }		

SEASONS.	NAMES.	SIRES.	DAMS.
4th.	Chancellor .. Bellman Malice	Abelard .. Solyman .. Cerberus ..	Costly. Brilliant. Matchless.
3d.	Constant ... Coaster .. } Cowslip, s. } Finder .. Desperate .. Random .. } Relish, s. .. } Watchman .. Trimbush .. } Tomboy .. } Tarquin .. } Traffic } Tigress, s. .. } Woeful } Relish } Rosemary, s } Darter ... } Damon ... } Destiny, s. } Random .. } Ringworm } Riot } Stormer .. } Sally } Susan, s. ... } Roman. ... } Rhapsody, s. } Earnest ... } Endless, s. } Editor Jesse, s. .. } Jessamine } Admiral Helmet Lounger Myrtle	Lord Middleton's Denmark .. Lord Middleton's Forester .. Lord Middleton's Porester .. Lord Middleton's Vanguard .. Lord Middleton's Vanguard .. From Mr. Chute. Lord Yarborough's Trimbush Lord Yarborough's Woldsmen Duke of Rutland's Runmager Lord Foley's Random Lord Foley's Random Galliard Galliard Editor Editor Editor Alfred Archer Lucifer Marmion.....	His Comedy. His Caroline. His Fancy. His Duchess. His Rakish. Candid. Wisdom. Captious. Diligent. Artless. Sylvia. Rapture. Amulet. Cherish. Jessamine. Ardent. Costly. Comely. Witchcraft.
2d.	Airy, s. Bridemaid, s. Danger ... } Duster... } Romulus .. } Rhapsody, s. } Rakish, s. .. } Violet, s. } Wildfire, s. .. }	Lord Middleton's Danper .. Lord Middleton's Benedict .. Lord Middleton's Traitor Lord Middleton's Roman Lord Middleton's Richmond.. Lord Middleton's Vanguard .. Lord Middleton's Warrior....	His Airy. His Virgin. His Darling. His Abigail. His Fancy. His Jollity. His Chastity.

SEASONS.	NAMES.	SIRES.	DAMS.	
2d.	Roderick.. } Rosebud .. }	Lord Lonsdale's Roderick....	Gaudy.	
	Dorimont . } Dexter ... } Delia }	Duke of Beaufort's Dorimont	Artless.	
	Remnant, <i>s.</i> } Roguish, <i>s.</i> }	Duke of Beaufort's Regent ..	Amethyst	
	Nelly	Duke of Beaufort's Nectar ..	Wisdom.	
	Ranter } Richmond } Rector }	Ratler	Comedy.	
	Marksman } Midnight .. } Modish ... }	Reubens	Malice.	
	Woldsman } Wonder .. }	Woldsman	Matchless.	
	Fearnought..	From Lord Yarborough.		
	Reubens .. } Rally }	Reubens	Gaiety.	
	Charon	Mr. Osbaldeston's Chorister..	Lightning.	
	1st.	Bluecap .. } Bluebell .. }	Mr. Osbaldeston's Emperor ..	{ Lord Middleton's Bashful.
		Jumper .. } Joyful, <i>s.</i> .. }	Lord Middleton's Justice	His Comedy.
		Traveller.. } Trial	Lord Middleton's Vanguard ..	His Tempest.
		Conqueror ..	Lord Middleton's Vanguard ..	Captious.
		Capable, <i>s.</i> ..	Lord Middleton's Vanguard ..	Comedy.
		Climbank ...	From the Duke of Rutland.	
		Clinker .. } Clasher .. }	Duke of Rutland's Rallywood	Chauntress.
		Gambler	Gallant	Active.
		Gadfly } Gaylass .. }	Cardinal	Gaiety.
Falstaff		Trimbush	Factious.	
Sailor		Lord Middleton's Vanguard ..	Sally.	
Vanguard ...		Lord Middleton's Vanguard ..	Traffic.	
Vanquisher } Villager .. }		Mr. Osbaldeston's Vanquisher	Lightning.	
Roister				
Ravager .. } Ruin		Reubens	Victory.	
Rapid				
Junket		Archer.....	Jubilee.	
Lexicon		Trimmer	Legacy.	
Warrior .. } Woodman }		Watchman	Gravity.	
Maltster		Chancellor	Malice.	

Old Hounds 61½ couples—Young Hounds 14 couples—Total 75½ couples.

MARQUIS OF TAVISTOCK'S HOUNDS.

AGES.	NAMES.	SIRES.	DAMS.	
9 Years.	Hercules	Herbert	Scandalous.	
8 Years.	Cowslip	Duke of Grafton's Cardinal ..	Stately.	
7 Years.	Charon	Crispin	Gamesome.	
	Jasper	Lord Lonsdale's Julian	Glory.	
6 Years.	Handmaid } Hannibal .. } Heroine ... }	Hercules	Flyaway.	
	Gaffer	Glancer	Liberty.	
	Hawthorn ...	Hercules	Symphony.	
5 Years.	Hector	Hero	Goneril.	
	Hannah	Hercules	Welcome.	
	Jobson }	Sir B. Graham's Justice . . .	Delia.	
	Jingle			
	Minus	Sir B. Graham's Marmion ..	Hasty.	
	Proctor	Mr. Osbaldeston's Proctor ..	Rosebud.	
	Remus }	Royalist	Guilty.	
	Resolute .. }			
	Redcap ... }	Royalist	Wary.	
	Ruby			
	Vocal	Mr. Osbaldeston's Vaultor ..	Gaylass.	
	4 Years.	Anthony .. }	Absolute	Rosebud.
		Absolute .. }		
		Handicap .. }	Hercules	Ladybird.
Harmony .. }				
Harborough ..		Hercules	Welcome.	
Hermia		Hercules	Gladsome.	
Manuel		Sir B. Graham's Marmion ..	Lapwing.	
Marmion .. }				
Milliner .. }				
Posthumous ..		Lord Lonsdale's Piper	Wary.	
Roderick		Duke of Grafton's Roderick ..	Lawless.	
Verderer .. }		Sir B. Graham's Villager	Waspish.	
Villager .. }				
Vintager .. }		Sir B. Graham's Villager	Gaylass.	
Vestris				
Veteran		Sir B. Graham's Villager	Rhapsody.	
Vagrant .. }		Sir B. Graham's Villager	Lavender.	
Vagabond .. }				
Varlet				
Valentine	Sir B. Graham's Villager	Garnet.		

AGES.	NAMES.	SIREs.	DAMS.
3 Years.	Caleb	Charon	Lapwing.
	Comus		
	Cherry		
	Felix	Fingal	Rapture.
	Fairy	Fingal	Heroine.
	Frenzy		
	Foreman ..	Fingal	Beldam.
	Freeman ..		
	Fairmaid ..		
	Famous ..		
	Flora	Flora	Gaylass.
	Hazard	Hereules	Caroline.
	Rarity	Duke of Grafton's Roderick..	{ Lord Lonsdale's Welcome.
	Jessy	Lord Lonsdale's Julian	
Bashful	Lord Lonsdale's Brunswick ..	Primrose. Ruby.	
2 Years.	Counsellor	Mr. Osbaldeston's Cleneher ..	Caroline.
	Captious ..		
	Cressida ..		
	Comedy ..	Mr. Osbaldeston's Cleneher	Gaylass.
	Cannibal		
	Commodore ..		
	Caraway		
	Celery	Hereules	Rosemary.
	Harbottle..		
	Harriet	Mr. Osbaldeston's Hermit ..	Rapture.
	Hyacinth ..		
	Hurricane....	Jobson.....	Blissful.
	Jaffier		
	Junius	Jobson.....	Symphony.
Jealousy ..			
Jubilee	Lord Lonsdale's Chanticleer..	His Patience.	
Juniper			
Carver			
Clara	Mr. Osbaldeston's Emperor ..	Rarity.	
Charmer ..			
Edgar			
Edwin	Fingal	Heroine.	
Effic	Glancer	Fairy.	
Ellen	Hereules	Whisper.	
Flighty	Jobson	Rueful.	
Garland	Jobson.....	Rosemary.	
Hotspur			
Jubal			
Justice			
Judgment	Jobson.....	Rosemary.	
Junket			
Judy			

AGES.	NAMES.	SIRES.	DAMS.
1 Year.	Marksman		
	Merlin		
	Messmate ..		
	Meynell ..		
	Midnight ..		
	Myrtle		
	Pindar		
	Playful		
	Pliant		
	Priestess ..		
	Prudence ..		
	Random ..		
	Ranter		
	Rector		
	Regent		
Rebel			
Rival			
Riddance ..	Marmiou.....	Syren.	
Riddle	Lord Lonsdale's Proctor	Jingle.	
Ringdove ..	Lord Lonsdale's Prophet	His Niobe.	
Wildfire	Roderick	Cora.	
	Roderick	Riotous.	
	Mr. Osbaldeston's Rasselas ..	Vestris.	
	Duke of Grafton's Wildfire ..		

BROOD BITCHES.

5 Years.	Hopeful	Hereules	Cowslip.
	Misery	Mr. Warde's Guardian	His Marcia.
	Rueful	Duke of Grafton's Roderick..	{ Lord Lonsdale's Dowager.
	Whisper	Wonder	Graceful.

MR. VILLEBOIS' HOUNDS.

August 1, 1825.

AGES.	NAMES.	SIRES.	DAMS.
7 Years.	Notable	Vexer	Nelly.
	Milliner	Lord Fitzwilliam's Leader....	His Modish.
6 Years.	Lady	Foreman	Lofty.
	Prodigal ..	Pontiff.....	Vengeance.
	Priestess ..		

AGES.	NAMES.	SIREs.	DAMS.
6 Years.	Merlin Torment	Maskwell Ld Fitzwilliam's Gulliver	Tempest. { Mr. S. Hanbury's Tuneful.
5 Years.	Affable... } Amorous .. } Melody Lawless Riot Fairmaid.... Famous Patriot... } Painter ... } Proserpine } Precious .. } Prudence.. } Penitent .. } Handmaid .. Magic	Almeric Almeric Vaunter Villager Falstaff Falstaff Pontiff Markwell..... Maskwell.....	Nelly. Mischief. Levity. Restless. Artful. Primrose. Vengeance. Harlot. Active.
4 Years.	Monitor .. } Monarch.. } Minion ... } Madcap .. } Matron.... } Prophet .. } Prosper .. } Paragon .. } Princess .. } Nelson.... } Norval } Nelly } Novice.... } Julia..... Valiant.... Alfred..... Juryman.... Rosalind.... Bluebell.... Countess.... Truelove....	Pontiff Pontiff..... Pontiff	Milliner. Vengeance. Notable. Junket. Promise. Daphne Jewel. His Rosalind. His Buxom. His Daphne. His Twilight.
3 Years.	Achmet Mindful Jovial } Jolly } Proctor .. } Pontiff.... } Mortimer.. } Marplot .. } Maiden.... }	Almeric Maskwell..... Pontiff Pontiff Patriot	Mischief. Darling. Jewel. Vengeance. Milliner.

AGES.	NAMES.	SIREs.	DAMS.
3 Years.	Voucher ..	Patriot	Melody.
	Vanity....		
	Vestal		
	Lounger	Monitor.....	Levity.
	Tancred ..	Telamon	Precious.
	Telltale ..		
	Dromo.....	Dexter.....	Torment.
	Gamesome ..	Sir J. Cope's Gondolier.....	Frailty.
	Stormer ..	Mr. Osbaldeston's Sailor ...	Lady.
	Sailor		
	Symphony		
	Workman ..	Mr. Osbaldeston's Wildair...	Tempest.
	Chorister..	Mr. Osbaldeston's Chorister..	Magic.
	Columbine		
	Courtly ..		
Pastime ..	Duke of Beaufort's Nectar ..	His Prudence.	
2 Years.	Joker	Patriot	Jewel.
	Jezebel....		
	Jealousy ..		
	Jessica....	Patriot.....	Lady.
	Laborer ..		
	Lunatic ..	Patriot	Lady.
	Levity		
	Lofty	Dexter.....	Novelty.
	Dexter....		
	Darling ..	Norval.....	Magic.
	Modish ...		
	Mischief..		
	Trouncer..	Telamon.....	Precious.
	Triumph..		
	Vexer	Telamon	Vengeance.
	Vocal		
	Victory ..		
	Vanquish ..	Almeric	Active.
	Almeric ..		
	Artful		
	Ferryman ..	Almeric	Friendly.
	Falstaff. .		
	Foreman ..	Merlin	Notable.
	Manager		
	Maskwell .	Merlin.....	Notable.
	Madrigal .		
	Dauntless ..	Dragon.....	Milliner.
	Rifleman..		
Racket....	Sir John Cope's Rifleman..	Arrogant.	
Rarity ..			
Smuggler }	Mr. Chute's Smuggler	Daphne.	
Sempstress }			
Year.	Lavish.....	Patriot.....	Lady.

AGES.	NAMES.	SIRES.	DAMS.
1 Year.	Laura	Patriot	Lady.
	Lightfoot..		
	Prompter	Juryman	Proserpine.
	Pilgrim ..		
	Playful ...		
	Justice....	Juryman	Priestess.
	Joyful		
	Junket	Norval	Magic.
	Nestor.....		
	Nominal ..	Norval.....	Magic.
	Noble		
	Nimrod ..		
	Nimble . .	Gamester.....	Countess.
	Grappler ...		
	Miser	Merlin	Symphony.
	Trojan	Trojan	Mindful.
	Lasher....	Lasher	Notable.
	Lifter		
	Lively ...		
	Cottager ..	Chorister	Daphne.
	Cruiser ..		
	Marmion....	Monitor.....	Active.
	Favourite .	Monitor	Friendly.
	Festive....		
	Friendly ..		
	Vanguard .	Victor	Novelty.
	Volatile ...		
	Music	Mr. Chute's Larkspur	Milliner.
	Sultan	Sir John Cope's Seneca	Precious.
	Skilful ...		
	Syrus	Sir John Cope's Syrus	Rosalind.
	Sparkler ..		
	Somerset..		
Songstress	Mr. Nicoll's Waverly	Jewel.	
Waverly ..			
Warrior ..			
Welcome..	Mr. Nicoll's Crier	Madcap.	
Crier.....			
Caroline .			
Charmer ..	Mr. Nicoll's Whipster	Torment.	
Whipster..			
Wonder ..			
Willing....			

THE UNION HOUNDS.

June, 1825.

AGES.	NAMES.	SIRES.	DAMS.
8 Years.	Charon Marplot Palafox	Sir B. Graham's Charon Duke of Beaufort's Lucifer .. Lord Lonsdale's Piper	Mr. Fox's Redrose. Merkin. D. Beaufort's Junket.
7 Years.	Hedger Lifter } Lady..... }	Helper	Laundress. Liberty.
6 Years.	Curious..... Marquis .. .	Ld. Darlington's Chesterfield Leader	His Tawney. Merkin.
5 Years.	Gainsboro' } Grosvenor } Gratitude . } Holiness ... } Pastime . . } Prudence.. } Rosamond .. } Speedwell .. } Trinket .. } Truelass .. }	Galloper	Primrose.
		Hotspur	Vital.
		Sir J. Cope's Gondolier.....	Pastry.
		Duke of Grafton's Rasper....	Truelove.
		Leader	Strumpet.
		Trueman	Jewel.
4 Years.	Actress..... Latimer .. } Lofty..... } Ladyblush } Legacy.... }	Leader	Artful.
		Leader	Vocal.
		Sir John Cope's Gloster.....	Lenity.
		Mr. Jolliffe's Leveller.	Merkin.
		Hotspur	Princess.
		Ragland	Vital.
		Galloper	Susan.
		Mr. Jolliffe's Tarquin	Rapid.
3 Years.	Actor } Archer } Baronet } Garrulous .. } Handy ... } Harlequin } Leader	Leader	Artful.
		Sir John Cope's Bluster	Merkin.
		Sir John Cope's Gloster.....	Heedless.
		Lincoln	Harlot.
		Leader.....	Trinket.

AGES.	NAMES.	SIRES.	DAMS.
3 Years.	Manager Nimrod Racer Senator..... Stately	Marquis Nelson..... Galloper Leader Galloper.....	Sally. Scornful. Royalty. Skilful. Susan.
2 Years.	Abelard .. } Adjutant .. } Garnish .. } Graceless.. } Hoiden..... } Marksman } Maiden.... } Modish .. } Modesty .. } Proserpine .. } Rambler .. } Rival } Ranter } Syren } Whynot }	Lucifer Galloper Rector..... Marquis Pilgrim Pilgrim Rector Marquis Mr. Shirley's Warrior	Artful. Prudence. Heedless. Gratitude. Merkin. Royalty. Nancy. Susan. His Whynot.
1 Year.	Auditor Benedict Countess.... Harmony.... Limner ... } Lapwing .. } Lashwood .. } Music } Memory .. } Matchem.. } Minor } Pilot Paragon Pillager ... } Playful } Pimrose ... } Relish } Sultan } Stormer .. } Vanguard.. } Vestal } Wanton Dainty	Mr. Shirley's Ribster Duke of Beaufort's Hermit .. Lord Harewood's Twister ... Duke of Beaufort's Hermit .. Duke of Beaufort's Hermit .. Traveller Marplot Marquis Sir B. Graham's Pilot Sir B. Graham's Pilot..... Pilgrim..... Pilgrim..... Lord Lonsdale's Reveller ... Marquis Marquis Sir Tatton Sykes's Woodman Duke of Rutland's Piper	Amazon. Bashful. His Careful. Gratitude. Ladyblush. Lady. Prudence. Scornful. His Wishful. His Paragon. Truelass. Merkin. His Welcome. Skilful. Virgin. { Lord Harewood's Guilty. His Pastime.

MR. WARDE'S HOUNDS.

June 1, 1825.

AGES.	NAMES.	SIRES.	DAMS.
7 Years. 1 Dog.	Ottoman	Stormer	Sylvia.
6 Years. 4½ Couples.	Marcia } Minion } Precious } Stirling.... } Stella } Glory } Gertrude .. } Jupiter Lethe.....	Maniac	Florist.
		Pilgrim	Ariel.
		Sentinel	Benefit.
		Bertram	Glory.
		Jasper	Sportly.
		Lazarus	Amorous.
5 Years. 4 Couples.	Barber Minor } Minstrel .. } Lusher Sovereign.... Anna Jessamine .. Solyman	Lazarus	Bellmaid.
		Maniac	Blissful.
		Lazarus	Amorous.
		Sentinel	Benefit.
		Asheton	Gonerel.
		Justice.....	Active.
		Mr. Smith's Reubens	Sylvia.
4 Years. 4 Couples.	Audible..... Bounty Guardian Promise Grinder..... Amey..... Comfort .. } Crafty }	Mr. Smith's Reubens	Amethyst.
		Mr. Smith's Reubens	Brilliant.
		Aimwell	Gertrude.
		Pilgrim	Ariel.
		Granby	Relish.
		Asheton	Gonerel.
		Lazarus	Benefit.
3 Years. 8 Couples.	Roman } Rosy } Cherry Galliot Bondsman . } Bluebell .. } Logic..... Friendly Gladsome . } Goody } Gadfly }	Mr. Smith's Reubens	Glory.
		Mr. Smith's Reubens	Chorus.
		Maniac	Gaylass.
		Jasper	Bellmaid.
		Maniac	Levity.
		Factor.....	Buxom.
		Jasper	Gracious.

AGES.	NAMES.	SIRES.	DAMS.
3 Years.	Jerker } Jewess }	Jasper	Sportly.
	Amethyst... } Possum.... }	Asheton	Florist.
	Plaything.. }	Panglos	Gertrude.
2 Years. $7\frac{1}{2}$ Couples.	Fudler } Frouzy }	Remus	Florist.
	Voucher .. } Vanity }	Lazarus	Audible.
	Verity } Virgin }	Lazarus	Audible.
	Vestal } Dolphin .. }	Remus.....	Dowager.
	Desperate. } Demirep .. }	Guardian	Marcia.
	Mimic } Plaintiff.... }	Profit	Bounty.
	Sapling.... } Smicket .. }	Searcher	Gracious.
	Stranger ... }	Searcher	Lethe.
1 Year. 11 Couples.	Atlas } Abel }	Asheton	Lethe.
	Antic } Ardent }		
	Anguish .. } Beauty }	Guardian.....	Blissful.
	Banquet .. } Barmaid .. }		
	Bantling .. } Baby		
	Downright } Dragon.... }	Guardian.....	Damsel.
	Dryden.... } Dolly..... }		
	Slyboots .. } Saucebox .. }	Shiner	Comfort.
	Sabine } Mercy }	Guardian.....	Marcia.
	Modish } Abraham ... }	Sovereign	Amey.
	Ferryman... } Blarny	Shiner	Friendly.
		Rustic	Benefit.

Entry of March, 1825.

Whelps. $14\frac{1}{2}$ Couples.	Ruler..... } Rascal }	Remus	Anna.
	Romulus .. }		

NAMES.	SIRES.	DAMS.
Ringlet	Remus	Anna.
Grampus ..	Remus	Glory.
Gentile		
Genius		
Garland ..		
Gremio		
Valiant	Sovereign.....	Verity.
Vernon	Rustic	Comfort.
Ragabell ..		
Rasselas ..		
Dormer	Rustic	Damsel.
Dandy		
Delicate ..		
Dulcet		
Vandal	Voucher	Frouzy.
Vexer		
Violet		
Venus	Lumpkin	Audible.
Limner		
Lifter		
Lucy	Voucher	Precious.
Primate ...		
Pensive ...		
Primrose ..	Guardian	Plaything.
Playmate ...		
Garnish.....		

STALLION HOUNDS.

Voucher	Lazarus.....	Audible.
Mimic	Guardian	Marcia.
Bondsman ..	Jasper	Bellmaid.
Sapling	Searcher	Gracious.
Guardian	Aimwell	Gertrude.
Sovereign.....	Sentinel	Benefit.
Minor	Maniac	Blissful.
Dryden	Guardian	Damsel.
Jupiter	Jasper	Sportly.
Stranger	Searcher	Lethe.

MR. WICKSTED'S HOUNDS.

November 1, 1825.

AGES.	NAMES.	SIRES.	DAMS
8 Years.	Daphne Telamon	Mr. Villebois' Latimer Mr. Villebois' Factor	His Destiny. His Thoughtless.
7 Years.	Albion Careful Governess . . Novelty Trinket Wisdom	Lord Sondes's Dinger Mr. Saville's Crouner Lord Yarborough's Gimcrack Lord Fitzwilliam's Singwell . . Mr Hay's Neptune Duke of Rutland's Warbler . .	His Amorous. { Mr. Chaworth's Sempstress. His Wisdom. His Novice. His Trinket. His Amazon.
6 Years.	Julia Roundelay } Ruby } Strumpet	Lord Yarborough's Marplot . . Duke of Grafton's Rustic Mr. Chaworth's Sampson	His Jessamine. His Fallacy. Mr. Saville's Victory.
5 Years.	Dimple Outlaw Rhapsody . . .	Mr. Hay's Neptune Lord Sondes's Ottoman Mr. Meynell's Ravager	His Diligent. His Monitress. His Heedless.
4 Years.	Caroline Countess Royster Wellington . .	Mr. Hay's Neptune Lord Yarborough's Warrior . .	His Comedy. His Traffic.
3 Years.	Abelard . . } Alpha } Bellman Diligent Tinker } Tomboy }	Mr. Hay's Neptune Lord Yarborough's Boaster . . Mr. Hay's Tamerlane Mr. Hay's Tamerlane	His Alpha. His Traffic. His Diligent. Trinket.
2 Years.	Dashaway Laughable Novelty Vestal	Mr. Osbaldeston's Bachelor . . Duke of Grafton's Warrior . . Mr. Warde's Forester Mr. Osbaldeston's Proctor . .	{ Duke of Rutland's Damsel. His Matchless. Sir T. Sykes's Modish. His Violet.
1 Year.	Boldface Cardinal Champion	Barrister Lord Yarborough's Comrade { Sir H. Mainwaring's Chal- lenger }	Strumpet. His Troublesome. His Annabell.

AGES.	NAMES.	SIREs.	DAMS.
1 Year.	Chaplet	Duke of Rutland's Charon ..	His Woeful.
	Chauntress ..	Duke of Rutland's Rallywood	{ Sir R. Sutton's Chauntress
	Cranberry ..	{ Sir H. Mainwaring's Chal- lenger..... }	His Bilberry.
	Dalliance....	Sir T. Sykes's Denmark	His Wanton.
	Dandy	Lord Fitzwilliam's Dapper ..	{ Sir H. Mainwaring's Watchful.
	Gertrude ...	Sir R. Sutton's Galliard.....	His Gandy.
	Hotspur	Mr. Oxenden's Rattler	His Italy.
	Jovial	Duke of Rutland's Jovial	{ Sir H. Mainwaring's Crafty.
	Mousetrap } Mufti	Lord Sondes's Valiant.....	{ Mr. Oxenden's Bridesmaid.
	Nathan	Mr. Meynell's Nathan	His Dauntless.
	Racket } Ringwood }	{ Sir H. Mainwaring's Chal- lenger..... }	Ruby.
	Regent	Duke of Rutland's Rover	His Watchful.
	Tarter	Mr. Hay's Tamerlane	His Blossom.
	Virgin	Duke of Rutland's Jovial	{ Sir H. Mainwaring's Votary.
	Woful	Sir R. Sutton's Chancellor ..	His Woful.

