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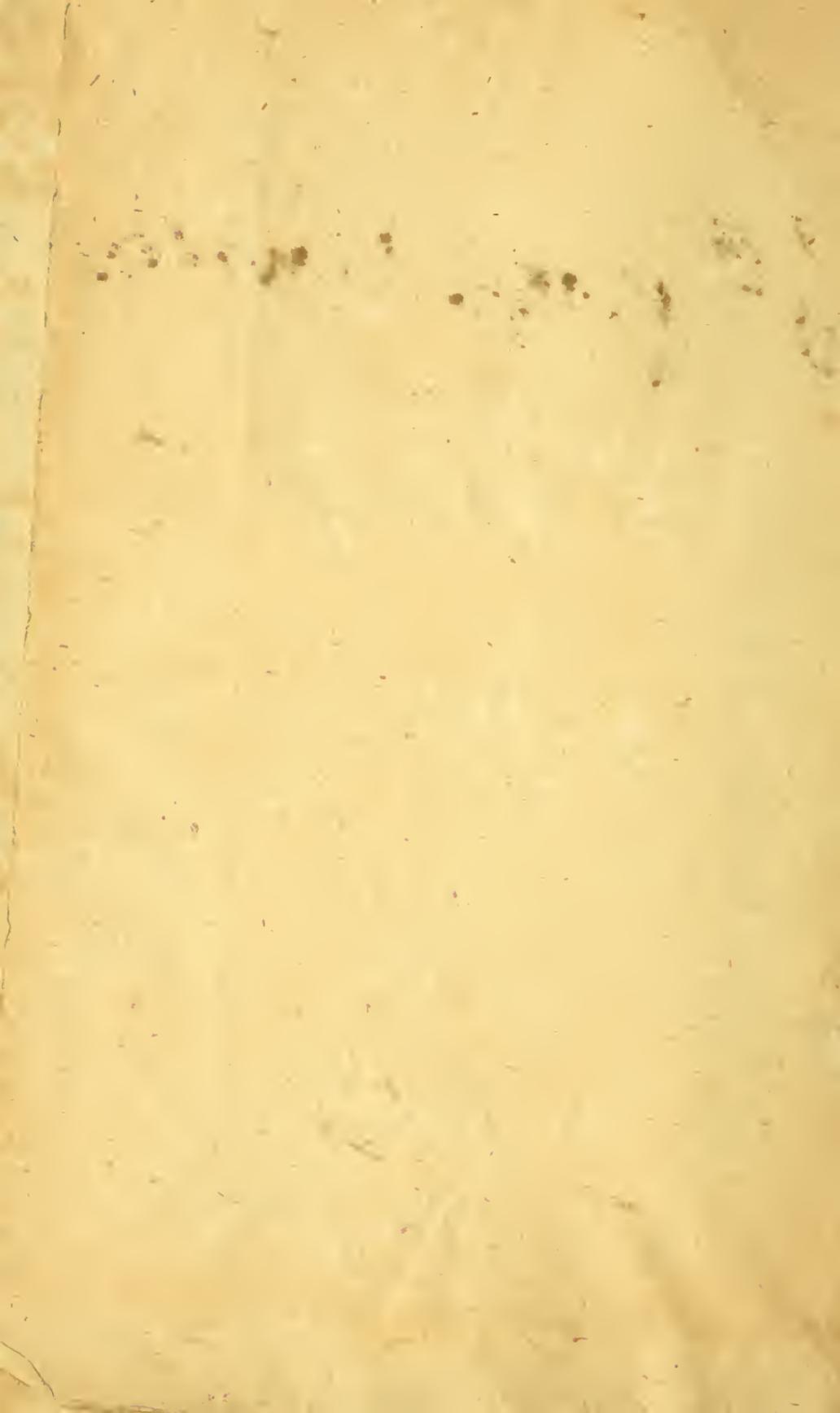
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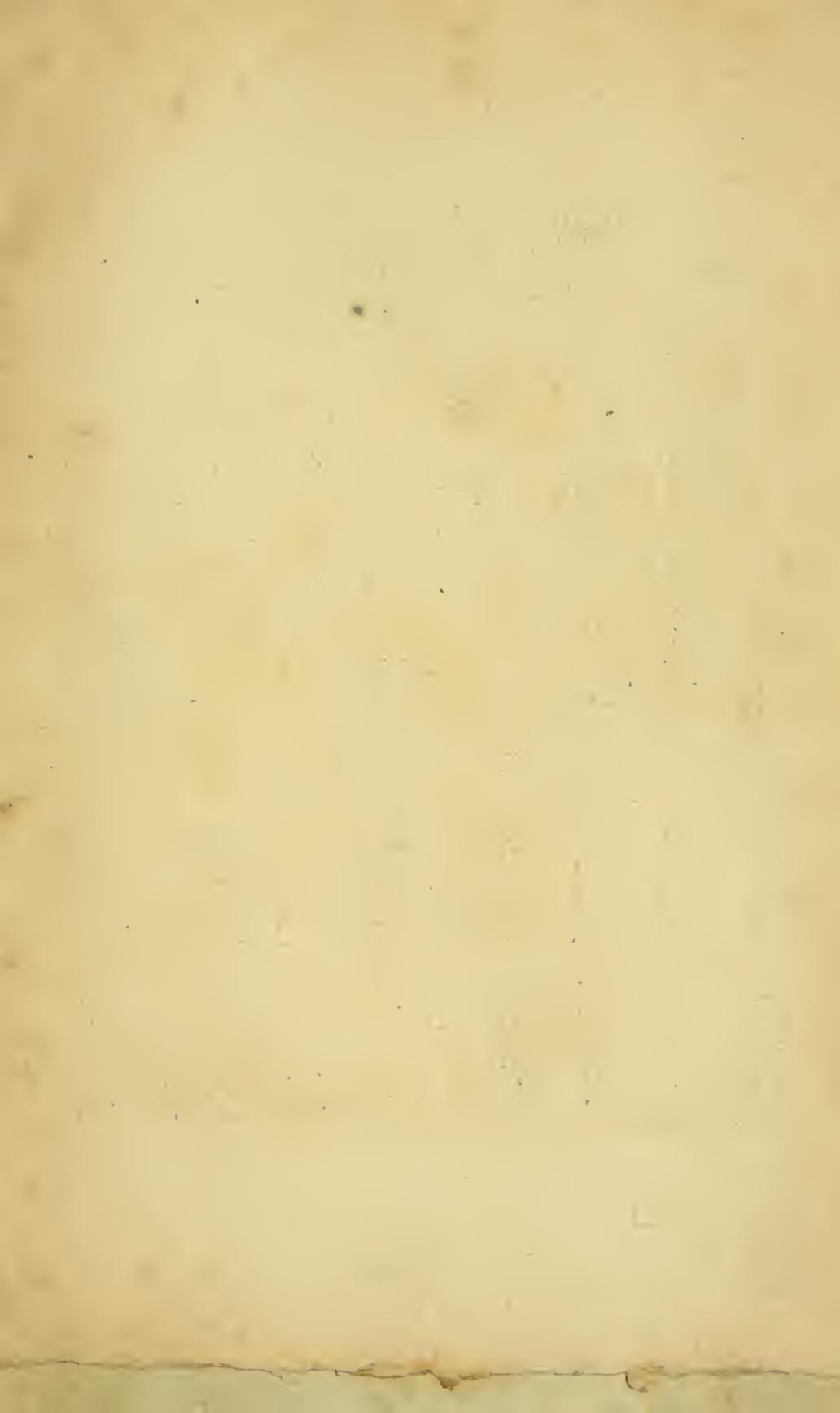
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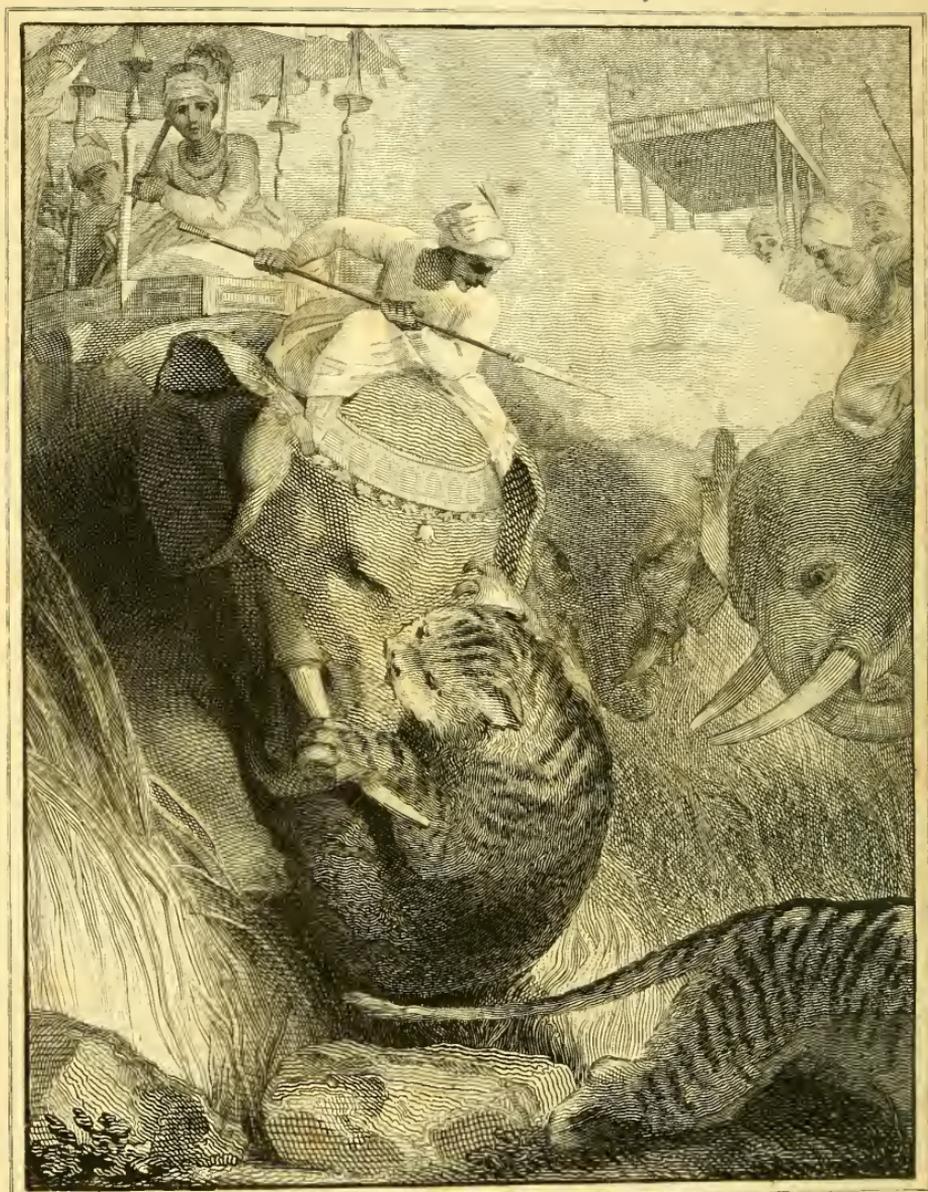
Wth Wycliffe Barlow



JOHN A. SEAVERNS







J. Stothard del.

J. Heath sculp

Published Sept. 20. 1788, by J. Stockdale.

CYNEGETICA

OR

ESSAYS ON SPORTING

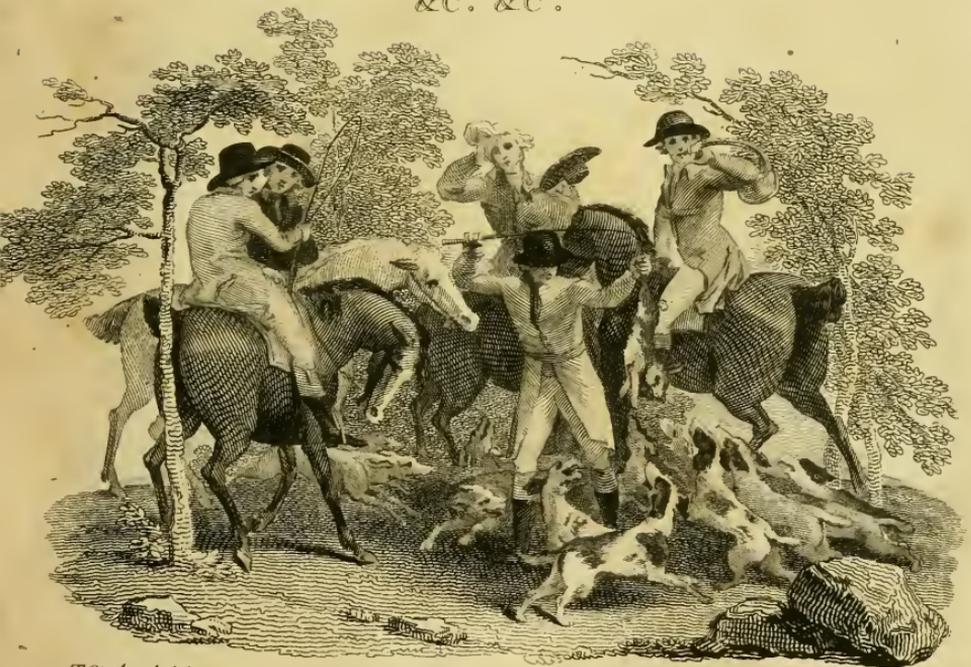
Consisting of

OBSERVATIONS

ON

HARE HUNTING

&c. &c.



T. Stothard del.

J. Heath sculp.

LONDON

Printed for John Stockdale, Piccadilly,

1788.



CYNEGETICA;

OR,

ESSAYS ON SPORTING:

CONSISTING OF

OBSERVATIONS

ON

HARE HUNTING:

CONTAINING,

An Account of the Hare Hunting and Courfing of the Ancients, from Xenophon and Arrian :—A Philofophical Enquiry into the Nature and Properties of the Scent :—Remarks on the different Kinds of Hounds, with the Manner of training them :—Directions for the Choice of a Hunter :—The Qualifications requifite for a Huntfman :—And other general Rules to be obferved in every Contingency incident to the Chace.

Together with

An Account of the Vizier's Manner of Hunting
in the Mogul Empire.

By WILLIAM BLANE, Efq.

To which is added,

THE CHACE: A POEM.

By WILLIAM SOMERVILE, Efq.

A new Edition, embellifhed with an elegant Frontifpiece
and a Vignette.

Οὕτω δὲ ἐπιχαρὶ ἐστὶ το θηρίον, ὥστε ἐθεὶς ὅστις οὐκ ἂν ἰδὼν ἰχνεύομενον,
εὐρισκόμενον, μεταθεόμενον, ἀλισκόμενον ἐπιλάθοιτ' ἂν εἴτε ἔρωη.

XENOPH. Cyneg.

My hounds are bred out of the Spartan kind,
So flew'd, so fanded, and their heads are hung
With ears that sweep away the morning dew ;
Crook-knee'd, and dew-lap'd, like Theffalian bulls ;
Slow in purfuit, but match'd in mouth like bells,
Each under each. A cry more tuneable
Was never halloo'd to, nor cheer'd with horn.

SHAKESPEARE'S Midsummer Night's Dream.

E R R A T A.

Page 19, note, line the last, for p. 14. read p. 76.

20, note †, for p. 112. read 161.

126, at the end of the note, add—and that they are particularly fond of cropping the shrubs Laburnum and Scorpion Senna.

T O

EDWARD LOVEDEN LOVEDEN, Esq.

T H E S E E S S A Y S,

O N A F A V O U R I T E D I V E R S I O N,

W H I C H H A V E O F T E N A M U S E D H I M I N
M A N U S C R I P T,

A R E, A S A T O K E N O F E S T E E M A N D R E G A R D,

D E D I C A T E D

B Y H I S S I N C E R E F R I E N D,

A N D O B E D I E N T H U M B L E S E R V A N T,

T H E E D I T O R.

C O N T E N T S.

	Page
<i>INTRODUCTION</i> —	I
<i>Greek Method of Hare Hunting, from Xenophon</i>	19
<i>Ancient Method of Coursing, from Arrian</i>	47
<i>Essays on Hunting.</i>	
<i>Observations on Hare Hunting</i> —	65
<i>Hounds</i> — —	82
<i>the Horse</i> — —	94
<i>the Huntsman</i> —	97
<i>Six Letters upon Hare Hunting.</i>	
<i>Letter I. The Art and Pleasure of Hunting</i>	107
II. <i>Concerning the Sorts of Harriers, and Difference</i> —	114
III. <i>The Sorts and Difference of Hares</i>	125
IV. <i>Some Perfections of the Hare, and remarkable Qualities of other Creatures</i> —	140
V. <i>Of Trailing and Starting, with Directions to the Huntsman</i>	156
VI. <i>Of the Default, with some Cau- tions ; also of marvellous Tales of Hares at Default</i>	172
	<i>Account</i>

C O N T E N T S.

	Page
<i>Account of the Hunting Excursions of Afoph Ul Doulab</i> — —	185
<i>The Chace: A Poem</i> — —	203
<i>Method of destroying Hares by the Hare-Pipe</i>	291

INTRO-

INTRODUCTION.

THE following Effays were given me, many years ago, by a Gentleman, equally conversant with the study of Natural History and the Diversions of the Field, as a singular Curiosity, which had accidentally fallen into his hands, and which he had transcribed: the first from a MS. the other from a printed Pamphlet, but which was very scarce. Having shewn them to most of my sporting Friends, I found them very desirous of having copies; and imagining, as they give an account of a very popular and manly amusement, and investigate its nature and principles, many other Lovers of the Chace may be pleased

B

with

with them, I am induced to lay them before the Public in this manner.

I know the literary and speculative part of Mankind are apt to consider these kind of country diversions in a contemptible light; and, perhaps, they may be inclined to despise any person who shall devote his time to the writing, or even the reading, of a single page, on a subject which they may think only deserving the attention of Grooms, Country 'Squires, and Dog-boys. But this opinion is by no means founded on reason.

A healthy frame of body is to the full as necessary for our happiness as a sound disposition of mind. The Roman Satirist joins them together in his prayer, and, indeed, the latter is never perfectly attainable without the former. Now to gain this in a compleat manner, more exercise is certainly
requisite

requisite than the tasked hour of walking or riding, which the Man of Literature or Business with difficulty persuades himself to snatch from his favorite employments. This may, indeed, just suffice to keep off the dreadful consequences which must inevitably attend an entirely sedentary life; but will never give that state of robust, and, if you will, of rude health, which no one who ever enjoyed will ever affect to despise.

Besides, though the Middle-aged and the Phlegmatic may prevail on themselves to take these regular airings, the Young and the Sanguine must have some active enjoyment to call them forth; for they never will quit the most trifling, or even vicious pursuit, that engages their attention within

doors, unless they have some other equally interesting to call them to the field.

But rural diversions, when followed in a liberal manner, (for I do not wish to renew the almost extinguished breed of mere hunting 'Squires,) are particularly useful in this island, where, from the nature of our Government, no man can be of consequence without spending a large portion of his time in the country, and every additional inducement to this mode of life is an additional security to our freedom and independence. I much question whether our morals, or even our manners, are greatly improved by that style of living, which empties our country seats to fill the metropolis, or the large provincial towns; and whether the manly character that once distinguished

distinguished the Englishman has not suffered more on the side of firmness and integrity, than it has gained on that of politeness and elegance, by sacrificing the rough sports of the Field to the softer amusements of the Assembly and Card Table.

I know the laws which are in force to preserve those Animals which are the objects of this diversion, are severely attacked by the sentimental Novel Writers of the present time: writers who, without invention, humour, or real knowledge of mankind, dress up some improbable tale with affected maxims of fine feeling, and exquisite sensibility, and endeavour to weaken the hearts, enflame the passions, and mislead the understandings of the rising generation. These abound with horrid stories of the

young and ingenuous Peasant torn from his weeping Parents, and his distracted Bride, and either hurried into a loathsome dungeon, or banished to an unhealthy climate, only for the murder of a Hare or a Partridge. But I will venture to say, there is hardly a Day-laborer in the kingdom that may not, in a reasonable manner, be indulged with the use of these animals by a proper application; and if he is fond of the diversion they afford; and chuses to be idly busy rather than industriously so, he may perfectly satisfy himself by attending the Hounds or Greyhounds of the Squire, or assisting the Game-keeper with his gun. But that Laws should be made to prevent the man, whose family depends entirely on his labor for support, from quitting his flail, his plough,

or

or his spade, to range the woods for the destruction of animals, which afford a noble and manly diversion to their Proprietor, I can conceive no more inconsistent with justice, than that he should be prevented from entering the orchard or the hen-roost. As the beasts of the forest and the fruits of the soil are equally common in a state of nature, so I see no reason why they may not be equally appropriated in a state of civil society. And I appeal to any person really conversant in these kind of facts, if he knows a single instance of one of those men, commonly called Poachers, whose profession is a violation of the Game Laws, and against whom alone they are ever executed with any severity, whose character and sufferings could entitle him to a tear, even from that most sentimental of all

sentimental Heroes*, *The Man of Feeling* himself.

While I am thus defending the general principle of our Game Laws, I do not mean to stand forth as their Champion in every respect; they want great alteration as to the objects both of their penalties † and exemptions,

* This gentleman, drawn as a pattern of peculiar milkiness of disposition, is betrayed once into the following bitter imprecations:

“Curse on his narrow heart, that could violate a right so sacred! Heaven blast the wretch!

“And from his derogate body never spring

“A babe to honor him!”——

And what are the sacred rights whose cruel violation has drawn such heavy curses from so mild a bosom? Why the Squire of the parish “pulled down an old cottage, that had been a school, to open his prospect;” and “plowed up a green where the boys used to play, because they hurt the fence on the other side of it.”

† That a man of one hundred pounds a year may destroy the Game with impunity on any one’s land, and that a person

exemptions, and I trust the time is not far distant when they will receive it from the wisdom and authority of Parliament.

But there are other persons whose suffrages I am very desirous of obtaining, that may be inclined to look with disdain on a Work that treats chiefly of Hare-hunting, and seems to give it the preference to all the diversions of the same kind. I mean the noble fraternity of Fox-hunters. As a Sportsman, I would carefully deprecate the resentment of so respectable a body, nor presume to defend the Author of the following Letters, in questioning the allowed superiority of Fox-hunting over the humbler

son of ninety-nine shall be liable to pay five pounds for killing a hare on his own, is a solecism too evident to need a comment.

Sports

sports of the Hare-chace. But, as the Author of the first of these Treatises justly observes, in many instances the various kinds of hunting are closely connected, and whatever be the game pursued, every Huntsman is equally interested in the breeding and education of the Hound, the nature of the scent, and the general rules of the chace. And, perhaps, both the Active and the Literary may pay some deference to opinions backed by the authority of so respectable a name as that of Xenophon, who did not disdain to write a Treatise on Hunting. Though he considers that exercise as a proper school for forming the warrior, he evidently gives the preference to Hare-hunting. Speaking of the Hare, he avows his attachment to the pleasure of hunting her in
these

these strong expressions, which are yet stronger in the original *: *This animal is so pleasing, that who-ever sees it, either trailed, or found, or pursued, or taken, forgets every thing else that he is most attached to.*

I have been, indeed, astonished in reading the *Cynegeticos* of Xenophon, to find the accurate knowledge that great man had of the nature of the Hare, and the method of hunting her, and to observe one of the finest Writers, the bravest Soldiers, the ablest Politicians, the wisest Philosophers,

* See the Greek motto in the title-page. Mr. Somerville bears the same testimony in favor of Hare-hunting, when he particularly applies the following lines to the enthusiasm of that sport :

“ Where are their sorrows, disappointments, wrongs,

“ Vexations, sickness, cares? All, all are gone,

“ And with the panting winds lag far behind.”

and

and the most virtuous Citizens of antiquity, so intimately acquainted with all the niceties and difficulties of pursuing this little animal, and describing them with a precision that would not disgrace the oldest Sportsman of Great Britain, who never had any other idea interfere to perplex his researches.

As I think no translation of Xenophon's Treatise on Hunting has appeared in our language, the Reader may not be displeas'd to see that part of it which bears an immediate relation to the subject of these Essays. I shall, therefore, lay before him a Description of the Greek manner of Hare-hunting * extracted from that Writer, which I am the more induced to, as it will confute the assertion of Mr. Somerville, in

* Some quotations from Xenophon's *Cynegeticos*, the Reader will find in the notes on the subsequent Essays.

his Preface to the CHACE, that *the Antients had no notion of pursuing wild beasts by the scent only*. I readily agree with him, that *they had no idea of a regular and well-disciplined pack of Hounds*; but though, as * he and his learned Friend remark, Oppian describes a particular sort of Dog, which he calls *Ιχθυετρηές*, as finding the Game only, and following the scent no farther than the Hare's feat; and says, that after he has started her, she is pursued by the sight; yet this extract from Xenophon will shew, that, much earlier than the time of Oppian, they not only † trailed to the Hare by the scent, but absolutely depended on that

* See the Preface to Somerville's Chace, at the end of these Essays.

† Xenophon particularly distinguishes the trail of the Hare from the scent she leaves when running; the first he calls *αὐραία*, the last *δραμαία*.

alone to pursue her flight in case she escaped the nets ; for the death of the Game being the chief object of the chase in the woody and mountainous regions of Greece, it must be acknowledged that Xenophon advises means to accomplish that end, which would subject him to the appellation of Poacher from the modern fair Sportsman. And, as the evidence of * Arrian confirms this, and

* Arrian was a military Officer under the Emperor Hadrian : being a follower of Epictetus, as Xenophon was of Socrates, he was fond of comparing himself to the illustrious Athenian, writing on the same subjects, and calling himself, with no small degree of presumption, *the Second Xenophon*. He wrote a Treatise on Hunting, intended as a supplement to that of Xenophon, and which is, in fact, an account of the method of coursing used in his time, in which he says, “ Xenophon, the son of Gryllus, has given an account of Hunting, particularly of Hare-hunting, and the use of that exercise to the art of war ; but as he has taken no notice of Greyhounds, which were not then known in Greece, I shall supply that deficiency.”

proves

proves that, in the time of Xenophon, Greyhounds were not known in Greece, I shall translate so much of him as shews the mode of coursing among the Antient Gauls, which will be found nearly similar to that practised at the present time.

In regard to my translation, I must beg leave to dissent from the Critical Review of this Work on its first publication. I am there censured for adopting the technical Hunting Language of the present day; but, besides the curiosity of perceiving that the hunting phrases, and even the hollows, of the Antient Greek sportsman, exactly resembled those of the modern English one, it will be found impossible to render the original at all intelligible in a translation by any other means. I think the notes on the following pages will fully shew, that it is very difficult for a general Greek scholar to
translate

translate a Treatise on any particular Art, without being in some degree versed in that Art himself. There is, however, perhaps, no nicer point in the pursuits of Literature, than to discriminate nicely between adopting or rejecting modern phrases in translations from the Antient Writers. It is what we can hardly lay down rules for, though perhaps we may feel the distinction. To draw instances from the Military Art. No translator would give modern names to the divisions and officers of the Roman armies; he would not call Legions and Cohorts, Brigades and Regiments, or Tribunes and Centurions, Colonels and Captains; but he would certainly, in describing a battle, make use of all generally appropriated military words, as front, rear, march, halt, instead of the words usually applied to the purposes of ordinary life.

ON
HARE HUNTING:
FROM
XENOPHON.

Rumpe moras : vocat ingenti clamore Cithæron,
Taygetique canes, domitrixque Epidaurus equorum;
Et vox assensu nemorum ingeminata remugit.

VIRGIL.

THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO

PHILOSOPHY

BY
J. M. GREGG

GREEK METHOD *of* HARE HUNTING,
from XENOPHON.

THE trail of the Hare is long during the winter, on account of the length of the nights, and in the summer, short, for the contrary reason. In the winter there is no scent early in the morning, when there is either a hoar-frost, or ice; for the hoar-frost by its proper force collecting the warm particles, contains them in itself, and the ice condenses them.

When these happen *, the dogs with the most delicate noses cannot touch before the

* Αἱ κύνες μαλακιῶσαι τὰς ῥῖνας κ.τ.λ. “The dogs whose noses are tender.” The common interpretation “that the dogs cannot smell at such times *on account* of the tenderness of their noses,” is absolute nonsense. How should a hoar-frost hurt a hound’s nose so as to hinder his smelling, or the tenderness of the nose hinder the accuracy of the sense? My interpretation is warranted by the original, and is exactly the case. See the Essays, p. 14.

sun dispel them, or the day is advanced. Then the dogs can smell, and the trail yields a scent as it evaporates.

The trail is also spoiled by the falling of much dew, and by showers that happen after a long interval, which, drawing out smells from the earth, spoil the scent till the ground is dry again. The South winds also hurt it by spreading moisture*; but north winds, if not too severe, strengthen and preserve it.

Rains and drizzling mists drown it. The moon also destroys it by the † heat, especially at the full; the trail is also then most irregular ‡, for, delighting in the light, they play together, and throwing themselves, they make long intervals. And it becomes also perplexed when Foxes have passed over it before.

In the spring, on account of the mild temperature of the air, the trail would be very strong, if the earth, being full of flowers, did not puzzle the dogs, by mix-

* It is exactly the reverse in this climate.

† This, I believe, will not be admitted.

‡ See the *Essays*, p. 112.

ing with it the odour of the blossoms. In the summer it is slight and imperfect; for the earth being hot, it destroys the warm particles it contains; and the scent itself is not only slight, but the dogs also smell less, on account of the relaxation of their bodies. In the autumn it is pure; for, of the productions of the earth, the cultivated part is carried off, and the weeds are withered, so it is not at all injured by the scent of the fruits of the earth.

In the winter, the autumn, and the summer, the trail is for the most part straight, but in the spring it is more perplexed; for, though these animals copulate at all times, they do it chiefly at that season, and their necessary wandering on that account in search of each other occasions it.

The scent of the Hare going to her form lasts longer than that of her course when pursued. When she goes to her form she goes slowly, often stopping, but her course when pursued is performed running; therefore the ground is saturated with one, and not filled with the other. The scent is al-

fo stronger in woody places than in open ones, for there, sometimes running, and sometimes fitting, she is touched by many things.

She makes her feat under, upon, or within, every thing the earth bears on its surface, near or distant, sometimes continuing a long time, sometimes a short time, sometimes between both; sometimes throwing herself as far as she is able into the sea, or other water, if any thing stands above it, or grows out of it.

* The trail of the Hare is the path she takes going to her feat, which, in cold weather, will generally be in sheltered places, and, in hot, in shady places. But her

* It is impossible to translate this passage more literally, as Xenophon explains one Greek word by another. He had before used the word *εὐναῖος* to express a Hare going to her feat, in contradistinction to her running when pursued; and which he now explains *ὁ μὲν εἴν εὐναῖος ὁ ποικύμενος εὐνήν*. The Latin translator, by not attending to this, has made nonsense of this passage. “*Lepus cubans est qui cubile sibi*” “fruit.” “A Hare is said to be lying when she is making her form.”

* course when pursued is not so, she being frightened by the dogs,

When she sits, the lower parts of her joints are covered by her belly. Her fore legs are most commonly close together, and extended, resting her chin on the extremity of her feet; her ears are extended over her shoulders, and she particularly covers her tender parts; her hair is well adapted for a covering, being thick and soft.

When she wakes she winks her eyelids, but when she sleeps she keeps them continually open without motion, having her eyes fixed; she moves her nostrils frequently when sleeping, but less often when awake.

When the earth begins to vegetate, she is found oftener in cultivated places than among mountains; but wherever she sits

* *Δρομαῖος*. The words *ἐναῖος* and *δρομαῖος* relate to the Hare herself in this paragraph, and not to her course; but it was impossible to render *ὁ ἐναῖος* in this sentence without anticipating the definition given in the latter part of it, we having no technical word to express a Hare making her trail, which is the case of the Greek word *ἐναῖος* when opposed to *δρομαῖος*, and appropriated to this action of the animal. The giving the general instead of the appropriated sense occasioned the absurdity of the Latin translation.

she continues even while they are trailing to her, unless she has been much alarmed in the night, in which case she will move.

She is so prolific, that at * the same time she will have young ones, be bringing forth others, and have newly conceived. The scent of young Hares is stronger than that of full grown ones; for, their limbs being tender, their whole body drags on the ground.

Those which are too young the † fair Sportsman will spare. Those of a year old will run the first ring very swiftly, but not at all afterwards, being very active, but weak.

To take the trail of the Hare the dogs should be drawn ‡ from the cultivated fields upwards; (i. e. towards the mountains;) but those who do not come into cultivated places must be tried for in meadows, marshes,

* Oppian and Pliny make the same remark. Sir Thomas Brown, in his Treatise on Vulgar Errors, asserts it from his own observation. Fol. Ed. p. 118.

† Οἱ φιλοκυνηῆται ἀφιᾶσι τῇ Θείῳ.

‡ As we now try to hit the Hare from where she has been at feed into heaths, covers, &c.

by streams, on rocks, or in woods. When the Hare is moved there should be no hollowing, lest the dogs, being made * too eager, should be hardly brought to find the scent.

When they are found and pursued, they will cross streams, or double, or hide themselves in deep vallies, and roll themselves up; for they are not only afraid of dogs, but of eagles, for they will sometimes carry off Hares under a year old as they pass over † high and exposed places; but larger ones are only taken by the pursuit of dogs.

The mountain Hares are swiftest, those bred in a plain country less so, but the marsh Hares are the slowest of any. Those who wander in all places are the most difficult to pursue, for they know the nearest ways. They generally run up hill, ‡ or

* "Εκφρονες γιγνώμενοι. Literally "becoming mad." This direction is one of the canons of modern Hare Hunting.

† Τα σιμά.

‡ The hind legs are formed remarkably long, and furnished with strong muscles; their length gives the Hare a singular advantage over its enemies in ascending steep places, and so sensible is the animal of this advantage, as always to make towards the rising ground when started.—Pennant's *British Zoology*.

on level ground ; if they find any uneven ground they run over it in an irregular manner, but very seldom run down hill.

When they are pursued they are most conspicuous as they go over plowed land, if they have any red about them, and through stubbles, on account of their reflecting the rays of light : they are also conspicuous in paths and highways, if they happen to be level ; for then whatever is bright about them appears. They are least visible when they fly to rocks, mountains, rough places, and thick woods, on account of the sameness of the color.

If they perceive the dogs first they stop, and, sitting on their breech, raise themselves up, and listen if they can hear any noise or opening of the dogs near them, and then turn from the place where they hear it.

But if they hear nothing, then of their own accord they will return by the * same

* Πλάρα τὰ αὐτὰ, διὰ τῶν αὐτῶν. Arrian has borrowed this expression to describe the method of beating for a Hare in courting.

way they came, leaping all the way, and keeping in the same track.

* Those that are found in open places run the longest on account of their being more used to the light; those in woody places shortest, being hindered by the darkness.

There are two kinds of them, one large, mottled with black, and with a great deal of white on the forehead; the other less, of a yellowish color, and having little white.

The tail of one is variegated on every side, that of the other is † more conspicuous from being whiter. The eyes of one sort are yellowish, of the other greyish, and the black at the tip of the ears is large in the one and small in the other.

The smaller sort are chiefly found in islands, as well those inhabited as uninhabited, where Hares are in greater plenty

* The truth of this fact is known to every Sportsman, but it certainly does not arise from the cause assigned by Xenophon.

† Παρασήμον. I can find no such word in any Lexicon. Leunclave renders it, “Albedine insignis longiore spatio;” another commentator, “terfa:” perhaps we should read παρασήμον.

than

than on the Continent ; for in most of them there are no Foxes, who destroy both them and their young, neither eagles, who infest large mountains rather than small ones, and the island mountains are generally small.

And Hunters seldom frequent the uninhabited islands, and the inhabitants of the others are few, and in general not lovers of Hunting, and it is not permitted to carry dogs into the sacred islands ; few Hares, therefore, being destroyed, and others continually bred, there must necessarily be abundance of them.

Their eyesight is by no means sharp ; for their eyes project, and their eyelids are short, and not sufficient to protect the ball, on which account their eyesight is weak and indistinct.

Add to this, that the quantity of sleep this animal takes is by no means beneficial to the sight, and the swiftness of its pace contributes greatly to dazzle it, for she passes swiftly by every object before she discovers what it is.

When she is pursued, the fear of the dogs and hunters takes away her presence of
mind,

mind, on which account she often runs unknowingly against many things, and sometimes falls into the nets.

If she ran straight forward these things would seldom happen to her; but running a ring, and loving the places where she was bred and has fed, she is taken; for Hares, when followed by the foot, are not often caught by the speed of the dogs, but they are taken, contrary to the nature of the animal, by accident; for no animal of the same size equals the Hare for swiftness, her body being constructed in this manner:

The head is light, small, inclining downwards, and narrow in front. The neck slender, round, not rigid, and of a convenient length. The shoulder-blades upright, and not joined at top, and the legs, which are under them, light and compact. The breast not too deeply extended. The ribs light and well proportioned. The loins round, hollow, and fleshy. The flanks supple, and sufficiently loose. The hips round, entirely full, and divided properly at top. The thighs long and compact, extended on the outside, but the inside not turgid.

turgid. The lower parts small, and firm. The fore feet very supple, narrow, and upright. The hind feet firm, and broad, neither of them liable to injury by treading on any thing however hard; the hinder legs are much larger than the fore legs, and incline a little outwards. The hair short and light.

It is impossible, therefore, being so constructed, but that she must be strong, agile, and very light. As a proof that she is very light, when she goes along without being frightened she always leaps, (for a hare walking no one ever saw, or ever well see,) throwing the hinder feet beyond the fore feet, and she runs in that manner*.

The

* Here follow the words *δῆλον δὲ τὸ ἐν χερσίν*, which have puzzled all the commentators, who have most of them left them unexplained. Leunclave, however, proposes *δῆλον δὲ τὸ ἐν χερσίν*, which he boldly inserts in the texts, and says, “*Sensum autem est quantum lepus ultra pedes priores in cursu posteriores collocet in necessitate conspici, quum ea premitur.*” But this sense, as he calls it, is absolutely nonsense, for Xenophon expressly says she goes in this manner when she is not frightened, *ὅταν ἀτρέμα διαπορεύεται*, and surely the faster she goes the less opportunity there is of observing her manner of going. I would propose a reading

The tail is inconvenient for running, being not proper to guide the body on account of its shortness: but she does that with either of her ears; and when she is near being taken by the dogs, she lays down one of her ears and stretches it out toward the side in which she thinks she shall suffer hurt, by which means she turns instantly, throwing the dogs that are dashing at her a great way behind.

This animal is so pleasing, that whoever sees it either trailed, or found, or pursued, or taken*, forgets every thing else that he is most attached to.

In hunting in cultivated places the Sportsman should abstain from damaging the fruits of the earth that are in season, and should leave † fountains and streams unex-

not much more different from the text, viz. δῆλον δὲ τῆτο ἐν χιόνι, i. e. “this disposition of the feet is manifest in the snow.” And this, because it is the only mean by which it can be observed, and because Xenophon must have been particularly attentive to this circumstance, he having an entire chapter on Tracing.

* Where are their sorrows, disappointments, wrongs,
Vexations, sickness, cares? All, all are gone,
And with the panting winds lag all behind.

SOMERVILLE'S CHACE.

† I suppose as being deemed sacred.

plored,

plored, as it is both unbecoming and impious, and besides a violation of the laws in those who do it. And when no game is found*, all the hunting apparatus should be entirely taken away.

The accoutrements of the dogs consist in a † collar, a leather leading thong, and a surcingle to guard the body. The collar should be soft and broad that it may not rub off the dogs hair; the leading thong should have a knot for the hand to hold by, and nothing more; neither do those lead their dogs well who make part of the thong serve for a collar; the surcingle should have broad thongs that they may not gall the belly of the dog ‡, and sharp points are sewed on it to preserve the breed.

Dogs

* Αναλύειν χρὴ τὰ περὶ κυνηγίσιον πάντα. Meaning, I suppose, that none of the nets should be suffered to remain on the ground for another day; which shews, that though the Greeks used nets and dogs together, contrary to the practice of the modern fair sportsman; yet it was not allowable to have snares set, except during the chase.

† Δίξαια, ἱμάντες σελμόναι.

‡ This species of policy, for which we have no name in our language, but which the French call l'infibulation, from
the

Dogs should never be taken out to hunt unless they eat their food heartily, for if they do not, it is a sign that they are not healthy; neither if there is a high wind, for it dissipates the scent and prevents their hunting, neither can the toils or nets stand.

When neither of these things hinder, they should be taken out every third day. They should never be suffered to hunt Foxes, as that does them the greatest damage, and * they never are steady when it is necessary.

The places of Hunting should frequently be changed, that the dogs may be thoroughly acquainted with the nature of hunting, and the Hunter himself with the country. And it is necessary to go out early in the morning that the trail may not be gone. Those who go out late deprive the dogs of the chance of finding a Hare, and themselves of the sport; neither will the scent, by reason of

the Latin word *in fibulo*, was not confined to dogs only, but used by the ancients to preserve the chastity of the youth of both sexes.

* *Ἐν τῷ δεόντι ἔποτε πάρεσιον*, literally, when it is necessary, they never are ready.

D

the

the delicacy of its nature, continue in all weather.

* * * * *

The † Huntsman should go out in a light easy dress, with sandals on, and a pole in his hand, the man who carries the nets following him; and should proceed with silence lest the Hare being near should hear him and steal off from her seat.

The dogs being brought to the wood so tied, each separately, that they may easily be let slip, and the nets being pitched, and a man placed at them to watch, the Huntsman himself, taking the dogs with him, goes in search of the game.

‡ And vowing a part of his spoils to Apollo and Diana the Huntress, he should

* * * * * I omit what immediately follows, as it only relates to the manner of pitching the toils.

† Ὁ κυνηγέτης. The word in the original exactly corresponds with the Modern Huntsman.

‡ The great attention of Xenophon to the forms of Religion is evident in all his works.

let

let loose that of his dogs which has the finest nose; if in the winter about sun-rising, if in the summer before day-break; and between those times in the other seasons.

If the dog picks the trail out * straight forward from the works the Hare has been making, he should slip another; and, as these persist in the trail, he should loose the rest one after the other without great intervals, and should follow himself, but not too closely, encouraging the dogs by their names, but not vehemently, lest they should be too eager before the proper time.

They keep running on with joy and spirit, investigating the trail through every turn, now in circles, now straight forward, now obliquely, through thick and thin; places known and unknown, passing each other by turns, moving their tails, throwing back their ears, and their eyes darting fire.

When they are near the Hare, they discover it to the Huntsman by shaking violently not only their tails but their whole

* "Ὁρθρον ἐκ τῶν ἀπὸ πηλαγμάτων."

bodies, by rushing on in a warlike manner, by trying to surpass each other in speed, by running eagerly together, by now crowding close, and then dispersing, and then again rushing on, till at length they come to the feat of the Hare, and run in upon her.

She immediately jumps up and flies, the dogs pursuing * her in full cry, those who follow crying out, † Halloo, Dogs! Halloo Rogues! that's good, Dogs! that's right, Dogs! and the Huntsman, wrapping his coat round his hand, and holding his pole, should follow the dogs, taking care to keep behind the Hare, and not to head her, which is ‡ unsportsmanlike.

The Hare running off, and soon being out of sight, generally comes back again to the place where she was found; the Huntsman calling to the § person at the nets, To

* Ἐφ' αὐτὸν ὑλαγμὸν ποίησει τῶν κυνῶν, καὶ κλαγγὴν φεύγων.

† Ἰὼ κύνες, ἰὼ κακὰς.

‡ Ἄπειρον γὰρ.

§ This is the only sense I can make of the words ἀναβοᾶν δ' ἐκείνον, as Leunclave reads. The common reading is κοῖνον, i. e. the whole field calling out: but then we must supply some word to express "to the man at the nets," to make any sense at all of the passages.

him,

him, Boy! To him, Boy! Now, Boy! Now, Boy! and he signifies whether she is taken or not. And, if she is taken in the first ring, the dogs are called off, and they try for another; but, if not, they follow the dogs as swiftly as possible *, and do not give her up, but persevere diligently.

And, if he meets them again while they are pursuing her, the Huntsman should cry out, Well done, Dogs! Forward, Dogs! But, if the dogs are got very forward, so that he is not able to keep up, but is † thrown out, and can neither perceive them near him, nor hear their cry, nor see them hunting by the scent, he should continue running on, and call out to every one he

* This, with the succeeding account, is a full confutation of the notion that the Ancients only used scenting dogs to find the Hare, but never pursued her by the scent after she was started. Neither would Mr. Somerville's friend have made this mistake, had he been as conversant with this accurate description of the Attic Xenophon, as he was with the desultory account of Oppian, one of those

— quos Græcia non suos alumnos
Agnovit, in pejus ruentis ævi.

† Ἄλλὰ διημαρτηκῶς ἢ τῶν δρόμων.

happens to come near, and enquire if they have seen the dogs.

And, when he finds where they are, if they are still on the scent, he should come up to them and encourage them, calling each dog by his name as often as possible, and changing the tone of his voice to harsh, or soft, loud, or low, according to the circumstance. And, if the Hare has made her course among the mountains, he should also encourage them by saying, * That's good, Dogs! That's good, Dogs! but, if they have lost their scent, he should call them back, crying, † Halloo back, Dogs!

When they are brought back to the scent, he should draw them round, making many rings. But, if the scent is quite lost, he should draw the dogs along by ‡ the nets, and

* Εὖ κύνες, εὖ ᾧ κύνες. Just as we do when a dog hits the Hare over a hard highway, or any other place, unfit to retain the scent, as was most probably the case with the rocky mountains of Attica. Mr. Beckford justly observes, it is as difficult to pen a hollow as a whisper.

† Οὐ πάλιν ἔ πάλιν ᾧ κύνες, or, as Leunclave reads, ἔ ἔμπαλιν.

‡ Σημείον θέσθαι στοῖχου ἑαυτώ. Στοῖχου, in the hunting language of Greece, signified a range of nets by which the
woods

and speak to them, and encourage them, till they hit it off again.

When the scent is very strong, they rush upon it leaping, crowding together, and stooping down, and, signifying it in this manner by well-known signs, they pursue very swiftly: but while they thus persist in the scent close to each other, the Huntsman must restrain himself, and not follow the dogs too near, lest, through emulation, they should over-run the scent.

When they come near the Hare, and discover it plainly to the Huntsman, he should be very careful, that, through fear of the dogs, she does not steal off before he comes up; while they, shaking their tails, jostling one against the other, springing up often, doubling their tongues, and lifting up their heads towards the Huntsman, discover that they themselves are certain of the

woods were surrounded; therefore, the trying them round was to find through what mews the Hare had escaped, or whether she had made a short turn back, just as we now try round the hedge of an enclosed ground.

scent, and at last * start the Hare, and pursue her in full cry.

The person who stands at the nets gives a particular hollow, to signify whether she runs into them, or escapes by going beyond them, or turning short. If she is taken, they try for another; if not, they continue to pursue her, following the instructions already given.

But, when the dogs are tired with running, and it begins to be late in the day, it will be necessary for the Huntsman himself to look for the Hare, she being nearly run down; and he must leave nothing unexplored that the earth produces, lest he should miss of her, for the animal will lie very close, and not get up, both from fear and fatigue. And he should bring the dogs forward, encouraging the timid ones much, the eager ones little, and those between these extremes moderately, till they kill her by overtaking her, or drive her into the nets.

* This is from her quat.

After this, taking down the nets and toils, and calling off the dogs, he should give over the sport, staying somewhere, if it is the heat of the day in summer, lest the feet of the dogs should be scorched by the way.

The best time for breeding dogs is in the winter, when the labors of the chase are over, the quiet of that season, and the approach of spring, being most likely to contribute to form a generous race, for that time of the year agrees best with the growth of dogs. The time the bitch is fit to admit the male lasts a fortnight; they should then be shut up with the best dogs, and in a quiet manner, that they may conceive the sooner: and, while they are with whelp, they should not be frequently taken out, but be often left at home, lest the exertion should injure them. They go sixty days with their young.

The puppies when they are whelped should be left with the mother, and not put to another bitch; for the care of others is not so good for their growth; the milk and
even

even the breath of the mother is better for them, and her caresses more endearing.

When the puppies can run about, they should have milk for the first year (which is a proper food for them at all seasons), and nothing else, for the filling them with too heavy food will distort their legs, fill their bodies with diseases, and hurt their inside.

Their names should be short, that they may easily know them, such as, * Psyche, Thymus, Porpax, Styra, Lonche, Phrura, Phylax, Taxis, Xiphon, Phonex, Phlegon, Alce, Teuchon, Hyleus, Medas, Porthon, Sperehon, Orge, Bremon, Hybris, Thallon, Rhome, Antheus, Hebe, Geneus, Chara, Leufon, Augo, Polys, Bia, Stichon, Spude, Bryas, Cenas, Sterros, Crange, Æther, Actis, Alcme, Noes, Gnome, Stribon, Orme.

The bitch puppies should be first taken out to hunt at eight months old, and the

* These names are all dissyllables, which is generally the case with our present names, which they greatly resemble. What is Thymus, but Fury, Hyleus, Dashwood, Antheus, Blossom, Cenas, Tipler, Crange, Ratler?

dogs at ten, but do not let them loose during the trail, but, keeping them tied in long leather slips, suffer them to follow the dogs that are trailing, letting them also go over the scent.

And, when the Hare is found, if the puppies promise to have much foot, they should not be let slip immediately, but, when the Hare is got so far as to be out of sight, then they may be let go. For, if those, who are high-mettled and swift of foot, are let go while the Hare is near, and catch a view, being very eager, they will be apt to strain themselves before their limbs have sufficient strength; therefore the Huntsman should be very cautious of this. But, if they are slow of foot, nothing hinders their being let slip directly; for, having no hopes of catching their game, they will not be so eager, but they may be permitted to follow the course the Hare takes, by the foot, till she is started again, and if she is taken they should be permitted to * tear her.

* “ I think it but reasonable to give the hounds a Hare sometimes. I always gave mine the last they killed, if I thought they deserved her.”—Beckford’s Thoughts on Hunting.

When

44 *Hare Hunting, from Xenophon.*

When they will not keep by the nets, but run straggling about, they should be called back till they are taught to run up and find the Hare; lest, being used to hunt without order, they become * skirthers, which is a bad thing to learn.

When they † find any thing while they are young, it should be given them to eat near the nets, that if by reason of their carelessness they should stray during the chase, they may return thither, and not be lost; but this may be omitted when, becoming more eager in pursuing the game, they prefer that to their food. And when they want their food, the Huntsman himself should feed them, for they will not regard the person who feeds them when they are in no great need of food, but will diligently follow him who gives it them when they are very hungry.

* Γύγωνται ἔκκυνοι.

† For ὅταν ἀναιρῶνται, Leunclave reads ὅταν εὐξώσι τι.

ON

C O U R S I N G :

FROM

A R R I A N .

— Canis in vacuo leporem qui Gallicus arvo
Vidit ; et hic prædam pedibus petit ille salutem :
Alter inhæfuro similis, jam jamque tenere
Sperat, et extento fringit vestigia rostro :
Alter in ambiguo est, an sit depensus, et ipsis
Morsibus eripitur ; tangentiæque ora relinquit.

OVID.

The ANCIENT METHOD of COURSING,
from ARRIAN.

THE advantages that arise to mankind from Hunting, and how dear to the Gods, and honourable throughout Greece, those were esteemed who were instructed in this Art by Chiron, has been related by Xenophon, the son of Gryllus. He has also declared how much this Art conduces to military knowledge; and what time of life, constitution, and understanding, are most proper for entering on it. He has written also concerning Hares, their manner of feeding, and seating themselves, and how they are to be looked after. He has, besides, written about dogs, describing which were good for investigating the scent, and which were bad, and how they were to be distinguished both by their shape and their actions. What he has omitted does not
 appear

appear to have been occaſioned by negligence, but from his ignorance of * greyhounds and of the uſe of Scythian and Libyan horſes. Theſe things I ſhall treat of, being of the ſame † name and country, and from my youth addicted to the ſame purſuits of War, Hunting, and Philoſophy; juſt as he, when he thought proper to write concerning thoſe matters relating to Horſemanſhip, which were omitted by Simo, did not do it by way of entering into a competition with ‡ Simo, but that his Treatiſe might be uſeful to mankind.

* Courſing being firſt uſed by the Gauls, a Greyhound was called Κυνὸν Κελτικὸς, and in Latin Canis Gallicus.

† Arrian was a military officer under the Emperor Hadrian. He was a native of Nicomedia, in Bithynia; but, being admitted to the freedom of Athens, being a ſoldier alſo, and a diſciple of Epiſtetus, as Xenophon was of Socrates, he was fond of imitating him in his ſtyle and manner of writing, as well as in the ſubjects he wrote on, calling himſelf Ξενοφῶν ὁ δεύτερος, The Second Xenophon.

‡ Xenophon, ſpeaking of Simo, ſays, “ Wherever I think with him, I ſhall not leave it out of my own Treatiſe, but the more readily communicate it to my friends, thinking they will eſteem my ſentiments more worthy of credit for coinciding with thoſe of ſo ſkilful a Horſeman. But what he has omitted I ſhall endeavour to ſupply.”

That

That he was ignorant of the use of greyhounds stands, I think, in need of no proof. For the inhabitants of that part of Europe, where they were bred, were unknown, except those places in Italy which the Greeks possessed, and those with whom they had an intercourse by means of their maritime commerce; and that he knew no dogs equal in swiftness to greyhounds is evident from these words: * “Those Hares
“ that are caught by the dogs are taken,
“ contrary to the nature of the animal, by
“ accident.” But, if he had known the use of greyhounds, he would rather have said this of the dogs, viz. “That, when
“ they let a Hare escape, it happened, con-
“ trary to the nature of the animal, by ac-
“ cident.” For a Hare never can escape from those that are well formed, and of a generous spirit, unless it happens, through the difficulties of the country, either by hiding in woods, or by concealing herself in the hollows and caves of the ground, or

* See page 29 of Xenophon's Treatise on Hunting.

by running down ditches. On this account, I ſuppoſe, Xenophon dwells ſo long on the mode of driving the Hare into the nets, and in directing, if ſhe avoids them, how to follow and find her again by the ſcent, till ſhe is taken by being run down and tired. But he never ſays, that, to thoſe who have good dogs, there is no occaſion either for nets, or to try for a Hare again after eſcaping: but he only teaches the mode of Hunting practiſed by the Carians and Cretans:

Thoſe Gauls, who only courſe for the ſport, and not to live by what they catch, never uſe nets. They have alſo a breed of dogs, not leſs excellent in running by the ſcent than the Carian and Cretan breed, but of a diſagreeable and ſavage form; and they give their tongues, and open on the ſcent, in the ſame manner with the Carians; but they are more vehement when they find the ſcent. They are too eager on the trail, and ſo noiſy, that I muſt condemn them, giving their tongues as freely on the trail as after the Hare is found; but in following and finding again after ſhe is ſtated, they are

no way inferior, except in speed, to the Carian and Cretan dogs; so that, in the winter, it is very well if they * kill one Hare, as they require so long a time to rest, unless she is taken by being astonished at the noise they make. These are called † Segusii, from a part of Gallia, where I suppose they are bred, and held in esteem. As for these, every thing that can be said concerning them has already been said by ‡ Xenophon; for they have nothing peculiar or different in their manner of hunting or finding, unless we were to speak of their form, which is hardly worth while, except

* In the text of Blancard's Arrian it is *κατακίνοιν*, "if they move;" but he adds in a note, *Lege cum libro scripto κατακίνοισιν*. I have preferred the MS. though there is a difficulty in both readings. "Unless she is taken," *εἰ μὴ ἀλώη*, can only refer to the last word; but the making it not unusual for these finders, who are allowed to be slower than Xenophon's hounds, to kill one Hare a day, seems extraordinary, after what he has said before.

† In the text of Blancard's Edition, it is *Εγυσίαι*, *Egusiae*, but he says, in a note, *Sic quoque codex noster, sed legendum Segusii*. *Segusia* is a town of Piedmont, now called *Suse*. H. Stephens proposes *Accusii*, the antient name for *Grenoble* being *Accusiorum Colonia*.

‡ *Περὶ Ξενοφώντος τῶ πέλαι.*

merely to ſay that they are very ſhaggy and ugly, and thoſe moſt ſo that are the beſt bred; therefore, it is a common thing in Gallia, to compare thoſe who beg by the highway ſide to theſe dogs, for their voice is mournful and plaintive, and they do not open on the ſcent as if they were eager and angry with the game, but in a whining and miſerable voice, and of theſe nothing has been written worthy of notice. But the ſwifter dogs of the Gauls are called, in the Celtic language *, Vertragi, not from any particular country, as the Cretan, the Carian, or the † Laconian, but, as among the

* Οὐτραγοί, Vetragi. I ſuppoſe the omiſſion of the firſt ε muſt be a miſtake, as both Blancard and Hen. Stephens write it Vertragi. Martial mentions a ſort of dog, called Vertagus, which brought the Harē to his maſter without tearing it, which many greyhounds will do. Grotius calls it Vertrahus; Ainfworth renders it a tumbler, (i. e. a ſort of dog ſo called,) from the Latin word verito, to turn. But Arrian puts the matter beyond diſpute, by ſaying it is derived from a Celtic word, denoting ſwiftness; and he takes particular pains to explain this by the analogy of Greek derivations. There can be no doubt of its being a greyhound.

† The Spartan dogs were in particular eſteem. So Shakeſpear :

“ My hounds are bred out of the Spartan kind,” &c. :

Cretan

Cretan dogs, some are called * Diaponi, from their love of labor, some † Itami, from their eagerness, and some ‡ Micti, from being a mixture of both, so these are named for their swiftness. The figures of such of these as are of the best breed, are very fine, as well with regard to their eyes as to their shape, their hair, and their color : those that are spotted are most beautifully variegated, and those that are of one color are very smooth and shining, so as to afford a most pleasing appearance to the Sportsman.

The most opulent and luxurious among the Gauls course in this manner. They send out good Hare-finders early in the morning, to those places where it is likely to find Hares sitting, who send back word if they have found any, and what number; then they go out themselves, and put them

* Διάπωναι.

† Ιταμαί.

‡ Μικται, i. e. Mongrels. Both Xenophon and Arrian, when they speak of dogs in general, usually give a feminine termination.

up, and lay in the dogs, themſelves following on horſeback.

Whoever has good greyhounds ſhould never lay them in too near the Hare, nor run more than two at a time. For, though the animal is very ſwift, and will oftentimes beat the dogs, yet, when ſhe is firſt ſtated, ſhe is ſo terrified by the hollowing, and by the dogs being very cloſe, that her heart is overcome by fear, and, in the confuſion, very often the beſt ſporting Hares are killed without ſhewing any diverſion. She ſhould, therefore, be ſuffered to run ſome diſtance from her form and recollect her ſpirits, and then, if ſhe is a good ſporting Hare, ſhe will lift up her ears, and ſtretch out with long rates from her ſeat, the dogs directing their courſe after her with great activity of limbs, as if they were leaping, affording a ſpectacle worthy the trouble that muſt neceſſarily be employed in properly breeding and training theſe dogs.

Thoſe are the beſt Hares that are found in open and expoſed places, for, being bold, they do not hide themſelves, but ſeem as if
were

were to challenge the dogs; and these, when they are followed, do not immediately try to avoid the danger, by running to woods and brakes, though they should happen to be near, but take over the open country; and, when they are contending in swiftness with the greyhounds, if the dogs that pursue them are not fleet, they moderate their own speed according as they are pressed. But, if they are very fleet, they then run as fast as they can; and, when running in an open country, if they find themselves so pressed by a good dog, that they perceive his shadow, they try to throw him beyond them by frequent turns, making for the woods, or the nearest shelter they know of; and this is a sure sign that the Hare is overmatched by the dog. The true Sportsman does not take out his dogs to destroy the Hares, but for the sake of the course, and the contest between the dogs and the Hare, and is glad if the Hare escapes; and, if she flies to some brake that is too thin to hide her, and tries to conceal herself, and seems to decline the contest, he will call off the dogs, especially if she has

run well. I myſelf often, when I have followed the courſe on horſeback, and have come up time enough to ſave the Hare alive, have taken her from the dogs, and tied them up, and let her go: and ſometimes, when I have come up too late to ſave her, I have not been able to avoid ſtriking the dogs on the head for killing ſo good an antagoniſt. In this alone I cannot agree with * Xenophon. I will allow, indeed, that whoever ſees this animal either found, or running, or purſued, may forget any thing elſe he is moſt attached to; but to ſee it taken, is neither a pleaſing, nor a ſtriking fight, but rather diſgufing, and by no means likely to produce the forgetfulneſs of any thing elſe one is fond of. But is it excuſable for Xenophon, who was ignorant of the uſe of ſwift dogs, to think the taking the Hare alſo an agreeable fight. I know alſo, that it is impoſſible for thoſe who ſee a courſe, to avoid hollowing, without any advice being given for it, ſince it would al-

* Τῷ ἑμαυτῷ ὀμνόντων. See Xenophon's Treatiſe on Hunting, p. 31.

most make a dumb person speak, as is related of the son of Croesus.

It is proper sometimes to speak to the dogs, for they rejoice to hear the voice of their master, and it is a kind of encouragement to them to know that he is present, and a witness of the excellence of their running. In the first course, there is no objection to speaking to them as often as we chuse; but, in the second or third course, when they will probably be weakened, I do not think it right to call them too often by name, lest, through too eager a desire to please their master, they should exert themselves beyond their strength, and hurt their inside, which has been the destruction of many a good dog; but they should be permitted to run as they please, for there is no greater contest than that between the Hare and the dog. This flies where she chuses, and the other pursues: this runs first, turning her course, and throwing out the dog; the other, if thrown out, is so far out of his way, and is obliged to follow with greater speed to recover the ground he has lost. The difficulties of the
country

country alſo are more advantageous to the Hare than the dog, ſuch as rough and *ſtony ground, and † ſteep or uneven places, both becauſe ſhe is light, and becauſe her feet, on account of the fur, is not hurt by the roughneſs of the ground; beſide, the being running for her life takes away all ſenſe of difficulty,

If the † dog has caught the Hare, or otherwiſe behaved well, you ſhould diſmount and encourage him, and pat him, ſtroking his head, and putting back his ears, and calling him by his name, as, Well done, Cyrrah! Well done, Bonna! There's a good Orme! and ſo each by his name, for they love to be praiſed, as well as men of a generous ſpirit. If the dogs, through fatigue, let the Hare eſcape, they will nevertheless approach with pleaſure and careſs their maſter. It is then good

* Φελλεῶνες. Φελλεῖς. So the Athenians call rocky places, that are ſtony at bottom, with a very thin covering of earth at top.—SUIDAS.

† Τα σιμά. The word is uſed in this ſenſe by Xenophon. See p. 25, note †.

‡ Arrian did not always follow this rule. See p. 56.

for them to roll on the ground, as we see horses do; for, by that means, they will not seem tired, and, at the same time, will recover their fatigue.

Those who have not good Hare-finders, go commonly out, a number in company, on horseback; and, coming to a likely place, when they happen to start a Hare, let the greyhounds loose after her. But those, who are more diligent after the sport, go out on foot; and, if any one accompanies them on horseback, it is his business to follow the dogs when they run. * They beat

* Ἐπερμάσιν δὲ ἐπὶ μετώπῳ ταχθέντες, ἔπειτα ἐπ' εὐθείας προσελθόντες ὅσον ξυμμέτρον διανύσαι, ἐπιστρέψαντες αὖ ἄμα κάμπτησιν παρὰ τὰ αὐτὰ διὰ τῶν αὐτῶν. Of which Blancard gives the following extraordinary interpretation: "Circumeunt autem fronte sibi invicem obversi; dein rectâ ad justum aliquod spatium progressi, rursus per eadem loca, eodemque tramite, iter flectunt." "They go round, being drawn up opposite each other; and, proceeding straight forwards to a certain space, return to the same place, by the same way they came." I believe this manœuvre would be very difficult to execute. To draw up, or march, ἐπὶ μετώπῳ, was a military expression, exactly equivalent with our saying, in battalion; that is, with an extended front; or, in Dr. Hutchinson's words, "Exercitum rectâ fronte et bene compositâ ducere." For the meaning of ἐπιστρέψαντες,

beat about, being drawn up in a regular rank; and, having proceeded in a direct line to a certain point, wheeling round, they turn about together towards the place from whence they ſet out by the ſame way they came, leaving, as far as poſſible, no likely place unexplored. If many dogs are taken out, they ſhould not be ſtationed promiſcuouſly; for, when the Hare is ſtated, no one will refrain from ſlipping his own dog, each being deſirous of ſeeing his own dog run, and the Hare, confuſed and terrified by the noiſe and number of the dogs, will be taken without ſhewing any ſport, and the diverſion, which is the chief

↓αυτε; I will take the words of Blancard himſelf, in his tranſlation of the Taſtica of this author, and in the ſame volume: “Κλίσι; eſt motus qui fit a viris ſingulis; Ἐπιτροφή
“ autem eſt cum ſyntagma totum condenſatum, velut unius
“ viri corpus, in haſtam vel in clypeum inclinamus.” In modern military language the one is a turn, or face, the other a wheel. The reaſon of the wheel is obvious, viz. that in returning the way they came, *παρὰ τὰ αὐτὰ, διὰ τῶν αὐτῶν*, (a ſentence copied from Xenophon, ſee p. 26,) they might not exactly beat the ſame tract, but take freſh ground. I need not add, that this is exactly the way of beating for a Hare in courſing, both on foot and on horſe-back.

object,

object, will be spoiled. A person, therefore, should be appointed to take the command of the sport, and the greyhounds being in slips, two together, he should give these orders, "If the Hare takes this way, you loose yours, and no one else; if that way, you yours;" and these orders should be punctually obeyed.

The Gauls, sometimes, when coursing, mix their finders with the greyhounds; and, while these try, the others are led by the hand at a little distance, taking care to lead the good dogs where the Hare is most likely to come, that they may be let go when she runs off, and here the greyhounds supply the use of Xenophon's nets. But, by this method, the course is irregular, and the Hare, however stout she may be, is so much alarmed by the cry of the dogs, that, if she is not a considerable way before, she is so confused, that she will easily be caught; therefore, whoever lets slip a good dog, should not do it while she is astonished, but let her make her first ring before he looses him, unless he means to spoil the diversion.

It is not right to loose the greyhounds at
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a young Hare, which, according to the advice of * Xenophon, ſhould be ſpared, and the finders, if poſſible, ſhould be called off, which is very difficult, as they are not under good command, being eager through hunger; and ſo deſirous are they of eating up what they catch, that it is hard to get them off even by beating them with ſticks.

* Τῷ ἰσῶ ὀκρονίμω. See Xenophon, p. 24, note †.

E S S A Y S

O N

H U N T I N G.

OBSERVATIONS *on* HARE HUNTING.

ABOVE all things the scent has ever been my admiration. The bulk, size, figure, and other accidents or qualities of these parts or portions of matter that discharge themselves from the bodies of these Beasts of Game, are subjects much fitter for the experiments and learned descants of a Philosopher, than a simple Huntsman. Whether they are to be considered as an extraneous stock or treasure of odoriferous particles given them by Divine Wisdom, for the very purpose of hunting? Whether they are proper identical parts of the animal's body, that continually ferment and perspire from it? Whether these exhalations are from the breath of her lungs, or through the skin of her whole body? are questions also that deserve the subtlety of a Virtuoso. But such observations as long experience has

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suggested to me, I shall, in the plainest manner I am able, lay before my readers.

That these particles are inconceivably small, is, I think, manifest from their vast numbers. I have taken hundreds of Hares, after a chace of two, three, four, or five hours, and could never perceive the least difference in bulk or weight, from those I have seized or snapt in their forms: nor could I ever learn from Gentlemen, who have hunted basket Hares, that they could discover any visible waste in their bodies, any farther than may be supposed to be the effect of discharging their grosser excrements.

But supposing an abatement of two or three grains, or drams, after so long a fatigue; yet how minute and almost infinite must be the division of so small a quantity of matter, when it affords a share to so many couple of Dogs, for eight, ten, or twelve miles successively: deducting, at the same time, the much greater numbers of these particles that are lost in the ground, dissipated in the air, extinguished and obscured by the foetid perspirations of the Dogs, and other animals, or by the very
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fumes and exhalations of the earth itself. That these particles are subject to such dissipation or corruption, every Sportsman knows; for as none of them will retain their odour after a certain proportionable time, so it is daily evident, that this time of their duration is very obnoxious to the vicissitudes of the weather; that the scent of the animal (as well as her more solid flesh) will lose its sweetness, sooner or later, according to the disposition of the ambient air. I have frequently heard the good Housewives complain, that, against rain or thunder, their milk will turn, and their larders taint; and I have as often perceived, that, a storm approaching, the scent will, in a moment, change and vanish. Nor is the suddenness of such alteration the least wonder, if we take into consideration the smallness of the particles. The same efficient cause may penetrate and corrupt these minute corpuscles in the twinkling of an eye, which requires an hour or a day to operate on bodies of greater bulk and substance; as the same fire, or aqua-fortis, will dissolve the filings of steel in an instant,

though a pound lump of that same metal is so long able to resist their violence. That these particles of scent are of an equal (exactly equal) specific gravity with the particles of the air, is demonstrated by the falling and rising of them in just proportion to it. I have often smiled at hasty Huntsmen, to hear them rating and cursing their dogs (that yesterday were the best in England) for galloping and staring, with their noses in the air, as if their game was flown; for often does it happen that it is in vain for them to seek after the scent in any other place, the increasing weight of that fluid element having wasted it over their heads. Though, even at such a season, after the first mettle and fury of the cry is something abated, the more steady Beagles may make a shift to pick it out by the particles left by the brush of her feet, especially if there be not a strong, drying, exhaling wind to hurry these away after the rest. This often happens in a calm, gentle, steady frost, when, as I conceive, the purity, coldness, or, perhaps, the nitre of the air, serves to fix and preserve the few remaining particles, that they do not easily corrupt. At another

ther season, when the air is light, or growing lighter, the scent must proportionably be falling or sinking, and then every Dog, though, in the height of his courage, he pushes forwards, yet is forced to come back again and again, and cannot make any sure advances, but with his nose in the ground. When circumstances are thus, (if there be not a storm of thunder impending to corrupt the scent, as I said before,) you may expect the most curious and lasting sport; Puss having then a fair opportunity to shew her wiles, and every old or slow Dog to come in for his share, to display his experience, the subtilty of his judgment, and the tenderness of his nostrils. The most terrible day for the Hare is, when the air is in its mean gravity, or equilibrio, tolerable moist, but inclining to grow drier, and fanned with the gentle breezes of the zephyrs: the moderate gravity buoys up the scent as high as the Dog's breast; the vesicles of moisture serve as so many canals, or vehicles, to carry the effluvia into their noses; and the gentle fannings help, in such wise, to spread and dissipate them, that every

Hound, even at eight or ten paces distant, especially on the windy side, may have his portion.

I advise all Gentlemen who delight in hunting, to provide themselves with a barometer, or weather-glass. I am sorry to say, that this instrument, though a fine invention, is still imperfectly understood by the Philosopher as well as the Farmer; and the index generally annexed to it, of rain, fair, settled fair, &c. are impertinent and delusive. If the gravity of the air is the cause of drought, the latter should be in proportionate degrees with the former; and yet we see the sudden, or extraordinary rising of the mercury a sure prognostick of an approaching change: we see it often continue to fall after the rain is over, and we may generally observe the most settled fair, and the greatest rains, both happen when it is in a moderate height. By the accounts I have kept, the mercury is commonly at the highest marks in dull cloudy weather, yet does it often fall a great deal faster before a few drops or a dry mist, than an impetuous rain; and even continue to do

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so after a hard rain is over : and what is more common than to see it descend many days together, to the terror of the Husbandman, in hay or corn harvest ; when the consequence, at last, is only a few drops, weighty enough to descend, though the air was in its utmost degree of gravity, and the mercury at thirty-one inches. The vulgar solutions of these difficulties are insufficient and puzzling, and very inconsistent with avowed principles ; and, in my humble opinion, there will never appear a certain and satisfactory account of these perplexing phenomena, till some sage Naturalist shall give himself the trouble of a more full and complete Diary, than as yet has been published ; where, together with the degrees of the barometer, thermometer, and hygrometer, shall be taken in, in distinct columns, the time of the year, the length of the days, the age of the moon, the situation of the wind, with its degrees of roughness, the colours of the clouds at sun rising and setting, the manner of flying, chattering, or flocking of birds, and divers other concurring tokens and symptoms, which may be of great use,

in conjunction with the said instruments, to settle and confirm our prognostication. In the mean time it must be confessed, that this ingenious machine is of great use to the observant Huntsman; and when he rises in the morning, and finds the air moist and temperate, the quicksilver in his glass moderately high, or gently convex, he has a fair invitation to prepare for his exercise. I know it is a custom with our juvenile Sportsmen to fix the time two or three days before hand to meet a friend, or to hunt in such or such a quarter. But appointed matches of this kind are my aversion and abhorrence: he that will enjoy the pleasures of the chace, must ask leave of the Heavens. Hunting is a trade that is not to be forced, nor can the best Cry that ever was coupled, make any thing of it, unless the air be in tune.

The earth also hath no small influence on this delicious pastime; for, though it sometimes happens (according to the observation above) that the scent is floating, so that you may run down a Hare through water and mire, especially if you keep pretty close
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after her, without the trouble of stooping; yet, at such a season, the first fault is the loss of your Game; the perspirations of her body being waisted over head by the gravity of the air, and those of her feet being left on elements that absorb or confound them. This last case very often happens at the going off of a frost; the mercury is then commonly falling, and by consequence the scent sinking to the ground. The earth is naturally on such occasion fermenting, dissolving, stinking, exhaling, and very porous, so that it is impossible but most of the particles must then be corrupted, buried, or overcome by stronger vapours. It is common to hear the vulgar say, she carries dirt in her heels; but that is not all, it being very plain, by what has been observed, that it is not only by the scent of the foot she is so eagerly pursued. The mention of frost puts me in mind of a particular observation of my own making, that may be useful or diverting to my Brethren of the Chace: You all make it a great part of your pleasure to hunt out the walk of a Hare to her seat, and doubtless you have often been surprizingly

prizingly disappointed on such occasions. You have many times been able to hunt the same walk in one part of the fields and not in another ; you have hunted the same walk at ten or eleven, which gave the least scent at seven in the morning ; and, which is most provoking and perplexing of all, you have often been able to hunt it only at the wrong end, or backwards : after many hours wonder and expectation, cherishing your Dogs, and cursing your fortune, you are in truth never so far from your Game as when your hunt is warmest. All these accidents are only the effect of the hoar-frost, or very gross dew, (for they never happen otherwise,) and from thence must the miracle be accounted for*.

I have already proved that a thaw tends to corrupt the particles, and have as good

* “ In the winter there is no scent early in the morning: when there is either an hoar-frost or a hard frost ; the hoar-frost, by its force, contracts and contains all the warm particles in itself, and the harder frost congeals them. In these cases, the Dogs with the most tender noses cannot touch before the sun dispels them, and the day is advanced ; then the Dogs can smell, and the trail yields a scent as it evaporates.” XENOPHON,

reason to maintain that the frost fixes, covers, and preserves them. Whether this is done by intercepting their ascent, and precipitating them to the ground by the gross particles of frozen dew, or whether by sheathing them and protecting them from the penetrating air, (as the good Wives preserve their potted meats and pickles,) I leave to the Learned; but the facts are certain, and confirmed by experience. We have, therefore, only to take notice, by the way, that the hoar-frost is very often of short continuance, changeable, and uncertain, both as to its time and place of falling; and hence all these difficulties are easily resolved. Let the Huntsman, as soon as he is out of bed, examine but the glass windows, which commonly discover whether any hoar-frost has fallen, what time it came, and in what condition of continuance, or going off, it is for the present. If it appears to have fallen at two, three, or four in the morning, (suppose in the month of October, and other times of the year must be judged of by proportion,) and to be going off about break of day, it may then be expected that

that there will be a great difficulty, or impossibility, of trailing to her seat, because her morning retreat being on the top of the frozen dew, the scent is either dissolved, or corrupted, or dissipated, and exhaled. It is true, after such a night, the Dogs will find work in every field, and often hunt in full cry, but it will be generally backward, and always in vain; her midnight ramblings, which were covered by the frost, being now open, fresh, and fragrant. If the said frost begins later in the morning, after Pufs is seated, there is nothing to be done till that is gone off, and this is the reason that we often see the whole pack picking out a walk at nine or ten in the same path where Sweetlips herself could not touch at seven. Again, if the frost began early enough, and continues steadily till you are gotten into the fields, you may then make it good to her seat, as well as at other times on naked ground, though you must expect to run a good risque at the going off of the frost, according to the observations already laid down.

It is also to be remembered, that there
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is no small accidental difference in the very particles of scent ; I mean that they are stronger, sweeter, or more distinguishable at one time than at another, and that this difference is found not only in divers, but often in the same individual creature, according to the changes of the air, or the soil, as well as of her own motions or conditions. That there is a different scent in other animals of the same species, is evident from the draught Hounds, which were formerly made use of for tracing and pursuing Thieves and Deer-stealers, or rather from any common Cur or Spaniel, which will hunt out their master, or their master's horse distinctly from all others : and that it is the same with the Hare is no less visible from the old Beagles, which will not readily change for a fresh one, unless she starts in view, or unless a fault happens that puts them in confusion, and inclines them in despair to take up with the next they can come by.

That the same Hare will, at divers times, emit finer or grosser particles, is equally manifest to every one who shall observe the frequent

frequent changes in one single chace, the alterations that ensue on any different motion, and on her degrees of sinking. The coursing of a Cur Dog, or the fright from an obvious passenger, is often the occasion of an unexpected fault; and, after such an accident, the Dogs must be cherished, and be put upon it again and again, before they will take it and acknowledge it for their game. The reason is, as I conceive, the change of the motion causes a change in the perspiring particles, and as the spirits of the Dogs are all engaged and attached to particles of such or such a figure, it is with difficulty they come to be sensible of, or attentive to, those of a different relish. You will pardon the expression, if I compare old Jouler, in this case, to a Mathematician, who is so intent on the long perplexing ambages of the problem before him, that he hears not the clock or bell that summons him to a new employment. The alterations in a yielding Hare are less frequently the occasion of faults, because they are more gradual, and, like the same rope, insensibly tapering and growing smaller. But that alterations there
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are every Dog-boy knows by the old Hounds, which still pursue with greater earnestness, as she is nearer her end.

I take motion to be the chief cause of shedding or discharging these scenting particles, because she is very seldom perceived whilst quiet in her form, though the Dogs are never so near, though they leap over her, or, as I have often seen, even tread upon her. Indeed, it sometimes happens that she is, as we say, winded where she sits. But this may be the effect of that train of scent she left behind her in going to her chair, or more probably the consequence of her own curiosity, in moving, and rising up, (as I have also seen,) to peep after and watch the proceedings of her adversaries. However, we must grant that these particles of scent, though the effect of motion, are not more gross and copious in proportion to the increasing swiftness of the animal, any more than in a watering-pot, which the swifter it passes, the less of the falling water it bestows on the subjacent plants.

It is very plain, the slower the Hare moves, the stronger and grosser, *ceteris paribus,*

ribus, are these particles she leaves behind her, which I take to be one reason (besides the cloathing and shielding of them from the penetrating air by the descending frost or dew) that the morning walk will give scent * so much longer than the flight in hunting. However, it is as remarkable, that these odorous particles gradually decay and end with her life †, because it requires the most curious noses to lead the cry when she is near her last; because she is so often entirely lost at the last squat, and because, if you knock her on the head before them, there is hardly one in the Pack that will stop or take any notice of her.

The greatest art and curiosity is discovered in hunting the foil, especially if she immediately steal back behind the Dogs the

* “ The scent of the trail of the Hare going to her seat
 “ lasts longer than that of her course when pursued : when
 “ she goes to her seat she goes slowly, often standing still ;
 “ but her course, when pursued, is performed running ;
 “ therefore the ground is saturated with one, and not filled
 “ with the other.” XENOPHON.

† This observation, which my own experience convinces me is just, the Reader will find directly contradicted in the subsequent letters. See Letter VI.

same

same path she came; for it must require the utmost skill to distinguish well the new scent from the old, when both are mixed, obscured, and confounded with the strong perspirations of so many Dogs and Horses. Yet this we have often seen performed by ready and expert Hunters. However, if the Dogs be not masters of their business, or if the air be not in due balance, the difficulty will be the greater.

The Reader will observe, that the remarks I have made are generally on the Hare, which, I have said, is of all others most worthy of our speculation and enquiry. By analogy the hunting the Deer or Fox will be easily understood; for, though the scent of these is generally higher, more obvious to the noses of the Dogs, and in greater plenty whilst the particles last, yet, for that very reason (floating in the air), they are sooner dissipated, and require a more vigorous, though less subtile, Huntsman, as well as swifter Beagles.

HOUNDS.

MY learned Predecessors have been so full and copious in descriptions of these Animals, in directions for mending and improving the Breed, in giving advice for chusing, pairing, kenneling, feeding, physicking, entering, governing, encouraging, and correcting the loud-tongued Society, that there is little left for a new Author, without repetition or impertinence. Let me only admire and adore the goodness of our bountiful Father, in furnishing his children with creatures so innocently, as well as healthfully, to divert them, in supplying us with forces for subduing and destroying those beasts of rapine, which would otherwise multiply, to the great disturbance, danger, and destruction of the rest of the Creation.

It is a common practice of our young Students in Philosophy, (for use or for diversion,)

version,) either for the love of knowledge, or of mischief, to steal or lay hold of their neighbours Dogs, in order to dissect them. We may hear them often displaying their skill, with pert eloquence; boasting of their discoveries in the circulation of the blood, the contexture of the muscles, the progress of the nerves, veins, and arteries, and learnedly discanting on the glands or strainers, the imperceptible ducts of the lacteals, as well as the spiral motion of the bowels. To such I recommend a little farther and more particular enquiry into the special formation of these creatures. Let them employ their knives, their glasses, and their pens, to describe to us ignorant Country 'Squires the organs of sound, as well as scent, in this domestic animal we so much delight in. I leave to these curious Virtuosi to delineate the lamina of the Beagles noses, with those innumerable olfactory tubes and pores of all sizes and figures, that are spread over or pass through them. Let them nicely investigate those minute fibres which compose their lungs, trachea, lips, and palate; those vessels

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which

which qualify them to emit a voice so sweet and cheerful, so proper to give notice of their discoveries to their master, as well as to call together their straggling companions; to unite their forces.

But there is a question or two which have been sometimes put me by my inquisitive Brethren, to which I think it incumbent upon me in this place to give an answer.

First, I have been asked, what or how many different sorts of these Animals of Chace were originally created? What were those first kinds, out of which so many packs of innumerable shapes, tongues, sizes, and colours, may be supposed to be produced?

My answer is short and plain, yet something fuller than the questions require: That, in my opinion, not only all Hounds or Beagles, but all Dogs whatsoever, even from the terrible Boar Dog to the little Flora, are all one in the first Creation; that every virtue and faculty, size or shape, which we find or improve in every Dog upon earth, were originally comprehended in the first parents of the species; and that
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all this variety we behold in them, is either the natural product of the climate, or the accidental effect of soil, food, or situation, or very frequently the issue of human care, curiosity, or caprice. Every Huntsman knows that a vast alteration may be made in his breed, as to tongue, heels, or colour, by industriously improving the same blood for twenty or thirty years; and what nature can do, (which wisely tends to render every kind of creature fit for the country where it is to inhabit, or be employed,) is manifest by this: that a couple of right Southern Hounds, removed to the North, and suffered to propagate, without art or mixture, in a hilly mountainous country, where the air is light and thin, will, by sensible degrees, decline and degenerate into lighter bodies, and shriller voices, if not rougher coats. The like alterations may be observed in the breeds of sheep, horses, and other cattle, and indeed in every other species subject to the art and interest of man, and employed to generate at his choice and humour. Even in those animals that are reckoned among the *feræ natura*, every

traveller bears witness of a remarkable difference, and I hope the Reader will pardon the comparison if I affirm the same of man himself.

That we are all, of every nation and language, the sons of Adam, we have the testimony of God, which to honest Hunters (who are generally of the orthodox party) is of sufficient authority. As to Doubters and Sceptics, I refer them to the ancient Poets, Historians, and Geographers, who will soon supply them with innumerable arguments and observations which unanswerably demonstrate the novelty of the world, the migration of colonies, the gradual peopling of the earth, and the propagating and spreading of the human species from one and the same original; and yet what an incredible and monstrous variety is risen among us, in humour and constitution, as well as shape and colour? Who could imagine the thick-lipped Ethiopian, wool-pated Negroe, the blink-eyed Chinese, the stately Spaniard, and the dapper Frenchman, to be of the same parentage? Or, to go no farther than our own
nation

nation and climate, how improbable may it seem that the fashionable Nymph, who is not able to make a visit of thirty yards without a chair or coach, a 'Squire to lead her, or a cane to support her, should be cast in the same mould with the Farmer's Daughter? Or that the sturdy Champions of Queen Bess's days, should be but the great grandfathers of that puny race, which is to be seen swarming in all modern public Assemblies, unless it be at Church?

But is there not a more substantial distinction between Curs and Greyhounds, Turnspits and Beagles? I can hardly grant it; or, if there be, it will be easily accounted for by the considerations above, by giving just allowance for food and climate, by remembering that these animals are frequent breeders, that they generate at the choice and discretion of their masters, that the fancy or curiosity of the sons of men have been five thousand years mixing and altering, improving or spoiling them. The Butcher sends for the famous Dog with the silver collar to couple with his favourite, and rears up the whelp with blood and

garbage, to increase the valour and strength of this progeny. The Huntsman nourishes his close-begotten litter with sheeps trotters, to invigorate their heels, and Belinda gives her little Oronoko brandy, to make him good for nothing but to look on, to contract his growth into a petit epitome of her *très beau* Philander.

But, notwithstanding the effects of human industry and contrivance are thus great and numerous, yet they are not infinite; there is still a *ne plus* to which they are stinted, nor can all our devices add one new species to the works of the Creation. Nature is still uniform as to the main; the Almighty Creator is not to be imitated by short-handed mortals: in spite of art our mules will all be barren; nor can the most cunning projector produce one amphigeneous animal that will increase and multiply. There appears a distinct specific difference in all living creatures; the Horse, the Dog, the Bear, the Goat, however diversified by art or accident in size or figure, will ever discover something that appropriates to them those names or characters; and, above all
other

other things, the peculiar appetites and powers of generation will prompt them to own and indicate their relation. This, I conceive, is the most undeniable argument that all Dogs are of one original species, since every body knows that no deformity, disproportion, or dissimilitude, can hinder any one of that name from courting, following, or accepting the other, nor their mongrel offspring from enjoying the common nature and faculties of the species.

But, admitting the distinctions of Hounds, Beagles, &c. as they commonly stand, I have been also consulted what particular sorts I would recommend for each particular Game in this island, For the Deer, the Fox, the Otter, &c. every Sportsman knows the breed that is most proper; but as each of them, with a little application, will joyfully follow the sweet scented Hare, the query is, what kind is preferable for that delightful exercise?

The most satisfactory reply to every Hunter is, that his own kind is best; but such as are setting up a new cry, I would advise to begin to breed on the middle-size Dogs,
betwixt

betwixt the Southern Hound and the Northern Beagle. It is true, the finest and most curious sport is generally with the former. Whether it be the particular formation of their long trunks, or the extraordinary moisture that always cleaves to the noses and lips of these sort of Dogs, I need not enquire in this place, but certain it is that they are endued with the most accurate sense of smelling, and can often take and distinguish the scent an hour after the lighter Beagles can make nothing of it. Their slowness also better disposes them to receive the commands and directions of the Huntsman, and their much phlegm, (for there seems to be a difference in the constitutions of other animals as well as man,) I say, their phlegm gives them patience to proceed with caution and regularity, to make sure of every step as they go, carefully to describe every indenture, to unravel each puzzling trick or figure. But these grave sort of Dogs are however fittest for masters of the same temper: as they are able to hunt in cold scent, they are too apt to make it so, by their want of speed and vigour to push forward,

forward, and keep it warm; their exactness often renders them trifling and tedious; and they are like some nice Dames, who stand picking out every dust and mote, whilst they might dress the meat. By this means, though the hunt be finer, yet the prey (which is by some thought necessary to complete the sport) very often escapes, the length of the chace takes up the time, and exposes them to numerous hazards of losing.

The North Country Beagle is nimble and vigorous, and does his business as furiously as Jehu himself can wish him: he pursues Puss with the most impetuous eagerness, gives her no time to breathe or double, and, if the scent lies high, will easily demolish a leash, or two brace, before dinner*. But

* All other kind of Hounds are now entirely laid aside by those who affect to hunt in style, though Somerville gives his testimony against this practice in the following animated lines:

“ A different Hound for every different chace
“ Select with judgment, nor the timorous Hare
“ O'er-match'd destroy, but leave that vile offence
“ To the mean, murderous, coursing crew, intent
“ On blood and spoil; O blast their hopes, just Heaven!”

SOMERVILLE'S CHACE.

this

this is too much, too short, and violent, nor is such success often to be expected. For though this kind of Dogs are much in request among our younger Gentry, who take out-running and out-riding their neighbours to be the best part of the sport; yet it would make one sick to be out with them in a cross morning, when the walk lies backward, or the scent low or falling. The Huntsman rates, the Groom rides, the Squire swears, the whips crack; war-wing, war-counter, war-sheep, p— take ye, the d—l had ye, is the burden of their music. Their high mettle makes them impatient to drive the nail as it will go, rather than stay to creep or stoop, they push forward, at every fume they catch, they cross it, overrun it, hunt backward, or hunt any thing to force a trade: in short, in my opinion, it is impossible to make a good pack of these, without the constant discipline of the whip, without perpetually hunting them, and hunting them down to tame their fury, and quench their fire.

There is yet another sort in great favour with small Gentry, because they eat but
 little:

little : these, as their noses are very tender and not far from the ground, I have often seen to make tolerable sport ; but without great care they are flirting and maggotty, and very apt to chaunt and chatter on any or no occasion : a rabbit, mouse, or weefel, will please them instead of lawful game ; and, in truth, it is seldom they understand (if I may use that expression) their business, or perform their office with judgment or discretion.

The mixture of all, or any of these, I should judge to be better, especially if a distinguishable portion of Southern blood be remaining in their veins. The managing the litters I must leave to the discretion of the 'Squire and his man. But I know by experience a race may be produced, that, by running with less speed, will surer and sooner arrive at the end ; a race that carry with them a good share of the nose and steadiness of the deep curtains, the vigour and activity of the chackling Beagle, the strength and toughness of the right Buck Hound, and the tuneful voices that are a compound of all ; but enough of this.

The

The HORSE.

THE Horſe I take to be very neceſſary furniture towards the pleaſure of Hunting; for though I have heard of wonderful performances among boaiſting Footmen, I could never yet ſee any creature on two legs keep in with the Dogs. But as every Groom, and moſt Gentlemen, are well acquainted with the uſe, properties, excellencies, and management of this noble beaſt, I ſhall offer very little on this beaten ſubject; only let it be obſerved, that not every good and fleet Horſe is always a good Hunter: for he may have ſtrength and vigour for a long journey, and yet not be able to bear the ſhocks and ſtrainings of a chace; another may be ſwift enough to win a plate on a ſmooth turf, which yet will be crippled or heart-broken by one Hare in February. The right Hunter ought to have ſtrength without weight, courage without fire, ſpeed without

without labour, a free breath, a strong walk, a nimble, light, but a large gallop, and a sweet trot, to give change and ease to the more speedy muscles. The marks most likely to discover a Horse of these properties are, a vigorous, sanguine, and healthy colour, a head and neck as light as possible, whether handsome or not, a quick moving eye and ear, clean wide jaws and nostrils, large thin shoulders, and high withers, deep chest, and short back, large ribs, and wide pinbones, tail high and stiff, gaskins well spread, and buttocks lean and hard: above all, let his joints be strong and firm, and his legs and pasterns short; for I believe there was never yet a long limber-legged Horse that was able to gallop down steep hills, and take bold leaps with a weight upon his back, without sinking or foundering.

As to all matters of feeding, physicking, airing, &c. I refer you to the more expert Grooms, or the learned Doctors of the Hammer and Pincers. But, as my way in ordering my steeds is to consult use rather than ornament, I always keep them in the
open

open air, unless the night after a hard chase; I allow them two or three acres of pasture to cool their bellies, and stretch their limbs, with a warm hovel to shelter them from a storm, a rack, and manger, with proper provisions to keep them in heart, and a fresh spring of water in the same field, to quench their thirst. I have known a gelding, with this regimen, to be found, fresh, and in full vigour, after ten years the hardest hunting; and I dare promise him that shall try, to find such a one as far beyond the fine-clothed, thin-skinned Courser, *cæteris paribus*, as a rough Plowman is fitter for business than a soft-handed Beau.

HUNTSMAN.

IT is common enough with our young 'Squires to take the first wide-throated Attendant that offers his service, and make him his Huntsman, imagining the green coat will qualify him for the office, as some set themselves for Doctors, with no other recommendation but large eye-brows, and a set of loud-sounding polysyllables.

But, as every wood will not make a Mercury, much less is he fit for a Huntsman who is not born with a natural cast and readiness of mind, and has not improved those talents by long study, observation, and experience.

I once had the pleasure of a long conversation with a very ingenious learned Gentleman, then seventy years old. Having himself hunted with all sorts of Dogs, and in most of the counties in England, he entertained me with a most delightful discourse

H

on

on that subject, and, upon my making him a compliment on his perfect knowledge in the art, "Oh, Sir," (says he,) "the life of man is too short." This sage declaration was received as a jest by some of the company, but I have since found it a serious truth. I am an old man myself, the wiles of the Hare have been all along the study of my leisure hours, and yet I am puzzled and outwitted by the subtil creature. When I think myself sure, she often puts some unexpected trick upon me, and hardly do I ever lose her in tolerable scenting weather, but, like a General after the loss of a battle, I can afterwards discern that it was the effect of some oversight, or want of provision for such or such a contingency. For the conquest of a Hare, like that of an enemy, does not depend on vigorous attacks or pursuits, but there are a hundred accidents to which the success of the field is obnoxious, and which ought always to be in the head of the Huntsman, if he would come off with glory.

It is not enough, with good judgment, to chuse our forces, to raise their courage
with

with wholesome food and frequent exhortations, and to make them subject to the word of command by constant discipline and exercise, but in time of action we ought to be armed with calmness and presence of mind, to observe the various motions and stratagems made use of to defeat us, and furnished with prudent foresight and provision for every new emergency to which the fortune of the day is subject. We must never forget that every Hare (as we say of Fencers) has her particular play; that, however, that play is occasioned or changed according to the variation of wind and weather, the weight of the air, the nature of the ground, and the degrees of eagerness with which she is pursued. Nor are we to be unmindful of the numerous accidents she may meet with in her way, to turn her out of her course, to cover her flight, to quicken her speed, or to furnish her with an opportunity of new devices. I say, it is not enough to have a general knowledge of these things before the Game is started, but in the heat of action, when we are most tempted to be in raptures with

the found of the horns *, the melody of the cry, and the expectation of success, we must carry them in our heads ; every step we make we must calmly observe the alterations of soil, the position of the wind, the time of the year, and no less take notice with what speed she is driven, how far she is before, to what place she tends ; whether she is likely to keep on forward, or to turn short behind ; whether she has not been met by passengers, frightened by curs, intercepted by sheep ; whether an approaching storm, a rising wind, a sudden blast of the sun, the going off of the frost, the repetition of foiled ground, the decay of her own strength, or any other probable turn of affairs, has not abated or altered the scent.

There are other things still no less necessary to be remembered than the former ; as the particular quality and character of each Dog ; whether the present Leaders are

* I am at a loss to conceive why this noble appendage to Hunting is entirely disused in this age of expence. Perhaps the French horn may be inconvenient in a Fox chase, but surely would be a pleasing addition to a good pack of Harriers.

not apt to over-run it ; which are most inclined to stand upon the double ; which are to be depended on in the highway, on the ploughed ground, or a bare turf, in an uncertain scent, in the crossing of fresh game, through a flock of sheep, upon the foil or stole-back. The size also and strength of the Hare will make a difference ; nor must the Hounds themselves be followed so closely, or so loudly cherished when fresh and vigorous, as after they have run off their speed and mettle, and begin to be tired.

I would advise a young Huntsman, when the scent lies well, always to keep himself pretty far behind. At such a time, especially if it be against the wind, it is impossible for the poor Hare to hold it forward ; nor has she any trick or refuge for her life, but to stop short by the way, or path, and, when all are past, to steal immediately back, which is often the occasion of an irrecoverable fault, in the midst of the warmest sport and expectations, and is the best trick the poor Hare has for her life in scenting weather ; whereas, if the Hunt-

man were not too forward, he would have the advantage of seeing her steal off, and turning her aside, or more probably the pleasure of the Dogs returning and thrusting her up in view.

It is very common for the fleet Dog to be the great favourite, though it would be much better if he was hanged, or exchanged. Be a Dog in his own nature ever so good, yet he is not good in that pack that is too slow for him. There is most times work enough for every one of the train, and every one ought to bear his part; but this is impossible for the heavy ones to do, if they are run out of breath by the unproportionable speed of a light-heeled leader. For it is not enough that they are able to keep up, which a true Hound will labour hard for, but they must be able to do it with ease, with retention of breath and spirits, and with their tongues at command. It must never be expected that the indentures of the Hare can be well covered, or her doubles struck off, (nor is the sport worth a farthing,) if the Harriers run yelping in a long string, like Deer or Fox Hounds.

Another

Another thing I would advise my friends, is to hang up every liar and chanter, not sparing even those that are silly and trifling, without nose or sagacity. It is common enough in numerous kennels to keep some for their music or beauty, but this is perfectly wrong. It is a certain maxim that every Dog which does no good, does a great deal of hurt; they serve only to foil the ground, and confound the scent; to scamper before and interrupt their betters in the most difficult points. And I may venture to affirm, by long experience, that four or five couple, all good and trusty Hounds, will do more execution than thirty or forty, where a third of them are eager and headstrong, and, like coxcombs among men, noisy in doing nothing.

Above all I abhor joining with strangers, for this is the way to spoil and debauch the staunchest Hounds, to turn the best-mettled into mad-headed gallopers, liars and chatters, and to put them on nothing but out-running their rivals, and over-running the scent. The emulation of leading (in Dogs and their Masters) has been the utmost ruin of many a good cry. Nor are strange

Huntsmen of much better consequence than strange companions; for as the skill and excellence of these animals consist in use and habit, they should always be accustomed to the same voice, the same notes, or hollowings, and the same terms of chiding, cherishing, pressing, or recalling; nor should the country fellows be allowed, in their transports, to extend their throats.

It will be taken ill if I should also speak against the change of game, because mere Squires would be at a great loss to kill some of their time, had they nothing to kill, when Hares are out of season. However*, I am well satisfied that the best Harriers are those that know no other. Nor is it advisable to let them change for a fresh Hare, as long as they can possibly follow the old; nor to take off their noses from the scent they are upon, for the cutting shorter or gaining of ground. This last is the common trick with Pothunters; but as it is unfair, and barbarous to the Hare, so you will seldom find it of advantage to the Hounds.

* “ They should never be suffered to hunt Foxes, which does them the greatest harm, and they are never stanch when there is occasion for it.”—XENOPHON.

SIX LETTERS

UPON

HARE-HUNTING.

L E T T E R I.

The ART and PLEASURE of HUNTING.

THE solicitations I have received so frequently from your Lordship to give my sentiments on Hare-hunting, hath at last induced me to put pen to paper; but I must desire you will consider, that, as little can be said on the subject with positive truth and certainty, great part of what I shall advance must be deemed matter of conjecture; yet such as bears strong features or resemblance of reality, being founded chiefly on observations, made in a long course of years and experience.

Most persons, I may venture to say all, at one or other time of life, are fond of some peculiar amusement. Your Lordship cannot forget, in our frequent debates on diversions,

sions, I have often declared Hare-hunting has been mine. What contributed to my liking it were, the early impressions I received in favour of the sport from a grandfather and father, who made it their particular delight. I confess to your Lordship the being prejudiced so much in its favour still, that I esteem few diversions equal nor any preferable to it. The Buck, Stag, Hind, or Fox chase, no doubt have their delights; but of such sort as cannot heartily be enjoyed, except by persons of ample fortune and circumstance, like your Lordship; and such indeed do, or seem chiefly to delight in those sports, though many that pursue them, on examination of their hearts, I dare say will be conscious they do it more from a motive of affectation than real love.

A lover of Hunting almost every man is, or would be thought; but twenty in the field after a Hare, my Lord, find more delight and sincere enjoyment than one in twenty in a Fox chase, the former consisting of an endless variety of accidental delights, the latter little more than hard riding, the pleasure of clearing some dangerous leap,
the

the pride of striding the best Nag, and shewing somewhat of the bold Horseman, and (equal to any thing) of being first in at the death, after a chace frequently from county to county, and perhaps above half the way out of sight or hearing of the Hounds. So that, but for the name of Fox-hunting, a man might as well mount at his stable-door, and determine to gallop twenty miles an end into another county. I do not doubt but at the conclusion of such an imaginary chace, if he came to his inn safe, he would enjoy all that first and chief satisfaction several Gentlemen do in their hearts after a Fox chace, from the happiness of having cleared many double ditches, five-bar gates, and dangerous sloughs, without the misfortune of one broken rib, notwithstanding two or three confounded falls in taking flying leaps.

After a Hare these accidents are not usually met with; the diversion is of another sort. When Puss is started, she seldom fails to run a ring; the first is generally the worst (for horse or foot) that may happen in the whole

whole hunt. For the fences* once leaped, or the gates once opened, makes a clear passage oftentimes for every turn she takes afterwards.

The case is otherwise with Stag, Buck, or Fox; when either is on foot, ten to one, after a few turns, if he does not take end ways, and lead the keen Sportsman into continued new unexperienced dangers. If he is unhorsed, there lies the hero of the day, undistinguished, unassisted; if not, he has the pleasure at the end of the chace of finding himself a dozen miles perhaps from his own home.

The former of these advantages made a noble Peer turn off the finest kennel England boasted. The best of Consorts to this day deplores her Silurian Prince, who, by a broken rib, was cut off in the flower of his age.

Observe the nimble Harrier, my Lord, continues the double, on foot or horseback, according as age, ability, or fortune im-

* The fences being leaped can be of no use to those that follow; he should have said, broken down.

powers him, enjoys every note of the harmony, closely pursues his pack, is seldom thrown out of sight or hearing, and, above all, enjoys a hunt delightful, but not dangerous, as the Fox chace, moderate, but not so laborious, in the course of which his satisfaction is in no small degree heightened (whether he pursues, crosses, or guards the foil,) by the frequent views of the Game.

How quick the blood circulates in the vigorous youth, and, at the unexpected sight of the Hare, how nimbly pants the heart with surprising transports, till then unfelt? How are the spirits cheared, the long congealed blood warmed of limping age, the memorable exploits of twenty-six brought full into view, and feebly mimicked at threescore and ten? How are both young and old lost in delightful enchantments, when Pufs has balked the Dogs, dropt the Pack, and on some rising hillock plays in sight her little tricks, leaps here, doubles there, now sits an end, listens, then crouched (as if sunk into the earth) deceives the unexperienced eye, and creeps to a *quat*.

These are raptures unenjoyed in Fox or
any

any other chace; but Hare-hunting may be as disagreeable to the Park-keeper, Forester, or Fox-hunter, as the contrary to me, and each may, and no doubt hath, as much to advance in favour of his amusement as I can possibly say of mine; therefore it would be impudent to declaim against other people's diversions, to enhance the satisfaction found in mine.

It is humour and inclination makes one or other partake of any pastime or not; and the delight found in pursuing a poor harmless Hare, with a parcel of ugly roaring Hounds, to a man of cold, slow circulation, or a fribble of meek effeminate temper, may appear, on consideration, inhuman and barbarous as bull-baiting.

The Buck or Blood hound has little to do with the Hare; the Otter and Fox hound (the stanch finder excepted) will often join in the hunt, it being very difficult to have a complete kennel of either sort, so firmly stanch, but many will freely hunt each other's quarry, notwithstanding Gentlemen breed ever so true, which in a great measure is owing to some casualty in
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the entrance of them, or in their entering themselves when at keeping. At trying young Hounds, great regard should be had to the quarry they are entered at, because a Dog generally prefers the game he was at first used to, and blooded with. This few Sportsmen attend to, but, on the contrary, if they can bring their young Hounds to stoop and challenge a Cat, Coney, or Red-herring dragged by a string, think themselves well off with a fine promising breed.

The like may be observed to stand good, in some proportion, with respect to the situation. The Dogs that have been entered in, and accustomed to the Champain country, like hunting there, before the low-inclosed turf; so low-land Hounds perform better in woodlands and enclosures, than the downs and sandy heaths.

The time for entering young Dogs * takes place according to the season they are whelped in: in my judgment they should be a twelve-month old; eighteen months is a great age.

* “ Bitch puppies should be first taken out to hunt at eight months old, and Dogs at ten months.”—XENOPHON.

Allowance must be made for the warmer climate of Greece.

L E T T E R I I.

*Concerning the Sorts of HARRIERS,
and Difference.*

THE Hounds most in use and proper for Hare-hunting, may be confined to few sorts, and each excellent in nature : to wit, the deep-tongued, thick-lipped, broad and long-hung southern Hounds.

The fleet sharp-nosed Dog, ears narrow and pointed, deep chested, with thin shoulders, portending a quarter of the Fox-strain.

The rough wire-haired Hound, thick quartered, well hung, not too fleshy shouldered, together with the rough or smooth Beagle.

Each of these sorts, as I said before,
have

have their excellencies, &c. It is not possible, with justice, to commend one before another, for kind, colour, or service, preference being given according to the humours and inclinations of Sportsmen, the tribe of whom are very numerous, and, of consequence, different in opinion.

He that delights in a long chace of six hours, often more, and to be in with the Dogs all the time, let him breed of the southern Hounds first mentioned, or such heavy Dogs as Suffex Gentlemen run in the weald. They make good deep bass musick, afford great diversion, and, considering how dirty the country is, (notwithstanding a hunt often lasts all day long) fatigue the healthy footman very little.

In an open country where there is good riding, prefer the second sort, with a quarter of the Fox-strain: these suit the more eager, active Horseman, and spend their tongues generously, making delightful harmony, and at the same time go at such a rate, a Hare durst not play many tricks before them; they seldom allow her time to loiter; she must run and continue her foiling

or change soil, if the latter she dies: keep in, Huntsman; fresh ground on the turf is in some degree a continued view, otherwise hang your Dogs, (barring extraordinary accidents of highways and sheep blemish,) for I would no more excuse the loss of a Hare on fresh sward, unless the Huntsman's fault, which is too often the case, than I would a kennel of Fox-hounds losing Reynard in full chace; the reasons against it in both diversions are the same.

The slow Hounds first mentioned generally pack best. Of the second sort, many not being of equal speed, (for it is hard to procure an even kennel of fast Hounds,) will be found to tail, which is an inconvenience; for the hind Dogs labour on to overtake the leading Hounds, and seldom or ever stop, nor are of the least use but to enlarge the cry, unless at an over-run, which happens at the top of the morn, for a quarter of a mile together; then the old Hounds, thrown out or tailed, often come up, and hit the fault off.

The southern Dogs are not so guilty of running a-head; for as they pack well together,

ther, from their equality of speed, (it being easier to excel the slow than the fast,) at the least balk, there are ten noses on the ground for one.

The third species of Hounds mentioned I never saw an entire kennel of, being in some parts not much encouraged: they are of northern breed, and in great esteem, being bold Dogs, and by many Huntsmen preferred for the Otter and Martin: in some places they are encouraged for Fox-hounds, but bad to breed from, being too subject to degenerate and produce thick, low, heavy shouldered Dogs unfit for the chace,

Beagles, rough or smooth, have their admirers; they spend their tongues free in treble or tenor, and go a greater rate than the southern Hounds, but tail abominably. They run low to ground, therefore enjoy the scent better than taller Dogs, especially when the atmosphere lies low. In an enclosed country they do best, as they muse with the Hare, and at trailing or default, are pretty good for hedge-rows; yet I have seen eighty couple in the field, out of which, in a winter's sport, I observed not four

couple that could be depended on, the majority being so propense to challenge feather or fleak; yet by the assistance of a clever Huntsman, and the foil well trod, I have sometimes seen pretty diversion.

Of the two sorts I prefer the rough, or wire-haired, being generally good shouldered Dogs, and well filleted.

Smooth-haired Beagles are commonly deep hung, thick lipped, and large nostrilled, but often so soft, solid, and bad quartered, as to be shoulder-shook and crippled the first season's hunt, and have frequently that unpardonable fault of crook legs, like the Tarrier, or right Bath Turnspit.

I know admirers of this sort, but they are no favourites of mine; few will endure a tolerable hunt, or at default bear hard charging. After two hours running, observe them crippled and down; the Huntsman may go on himself, for what assistance many of them give him; and it is plain from their form and shape (for nature makes nothing in vain) that they are not designed for hard exercise.

So much for Harriers: a deal may be said
for

for and against the several kinds; it is a wide unsettled point to give opinion upon; but to sum up the whole in a few words, stanch, true Hounds of any sort are desirable, and whoever has them of pretty equal age and speed, with the requisites of packing and hunting well together, whether southern, northern, Fox-strain, or Beagle, can boast an invaluable advantage in the diversion, and which few Gentlemen, let them breed ever so true, can attain to but in years.

The properties to be considered in the choice of a Hound, were settled, my Lord, long before you and I were born, and my opinion can be little more than an acquisition from former Sportsmen. However, prefer the Dog of a middling size, with his back longer than round, nose large, with nostrils bold and wide, chest deep and capacious, fillets great and high, haunches large, hams straight, the sole hard and dry, claws large, ears wide, thin, and deep, more round than sharp, eyes large and protuberant, forehead prominent, and upper lips thick, and deeper than the lower jaw.

The manner of keeping Hounds in kennel, I suppose I am not expected to enter into: be your Huntsman a fellow of very indifferent judgment, and not one of the most nasty lazy rascals, he will take care to keep his kennel sweet, his Dogs clean littered, aired, and watered, their provisions sufficiently boiled, or rather stewed. Avoid coarse, raw, and parboiled flesh; nothing spoils the faculty of scenting more.

As to the method of breeding Dogs, I shall only observe, Gentlemen cannot be too careful, at the proper season, of the Sires they want the succession from.

A very little spoils the litter, and notwithstanding all the care and vigilance possible, litter after litter sometimes prove false and degenerate, from as high bred creatures as any in the kingdom.

I kept a Bitch in my chamber from the earliest tokens of her growing proud, and had her so close warded, I could have taken my oath in all the time she never saw any other Dog; yet the whelps inherited few or none of their Sire's qualities, nay scarce the colour; whence I proved that a Dog and
Bitch

Bitch of the highest blood may fail of getting tolerable puppies. The like is often experienced among Horses. How nature errs in this particular (if it may be called an error) I submit to some more experienced naturalist.

Talking with a learned Physician (a great connoisseur in pointing and setting Dogs) upon the subject of puppies, he told the following marvellous tale of a Bitch he had of the setting kind.

As he travelled from Midhurst into Hampshire, going through a country village, the Mastiffs and Cur-dogs ran out barking, as is usual when Gentlemen ride by such places; among them he observed a little ugly Pedlar's Cur particularly eager and fond of ingratiating himself with the Bitch. The Doctor stopped to water upon the spot, and whilst his Horse drank, could not help remarking how amorous the Cur continued, and how fond and courteous the Bitch seemed to her admirer; but provoked, in the end, to see a creature of Phillis's rank and breed so obsequious to such mean addresses, drew one of his pistols and shot the Dog dead
on

on the spot; then alighted, and taking the Bitch into his arms, carried her before him several miles. The Doctor relates farther, that madam, from that day, would eat little or nothing, having in a manner lost her appetite; she had no inclination to go abroad with her master, or come when he called; but seemed to repine like a creature in love, and express sensible concern for the loss of her gallant.

Partridge season came on, but she had no nose; the Doctor did not take the bird before her. However, in process of time, Phillis waxed proud. The Doctor was heartily glad of it, and physically apprehended it would be a means of weaning her from all thoughts of her deceased admirer; accordingly he had her confined in due time, and warded by an admirable Setter of high blood, which the Doctor galloped his grey stone-horse forty miles an end to fetch for the purpose. And, that no accident might happen from the carelessness of drunken, idle servants, the charge was committed to a trusty old woman housekeeper; and, as absence from patients would permit, the
Doctor

Doctor assiduously attended the affair himself. But lo! when the days of whelping came, Phillis did not produce one puppy but what was, in all respects, the very picture and colour of the poor Dog he had shot so many months before the Bitch was in heat.

This affair not more surprized than enraged the Doctor: for some time he differed, almost to parting, with his old faithful housekeeper, being unjustly jealous of her care; such behaviour before she never knew from him, but, alas, what remedy? He kept the Bitch many years, yet, to his infinite concern, she never brought a litter, but exactly similar to the Pedlar's Cur. He disposed of her to a friend of his in a neighbouring county, but to no purpose, the vixen still brought such Puppies. Whence the Doctor tenaciously maintained, Bitch and Dog may fall passionately in love with each other.

That such creatures, especially the female, may at particular times like, or prefer, I grant the Doctor; but how the impression of the Dog (admitting to favour him

him there was any) could occasion similitude in the issue of the Bitch, and for a continuance of years, after the Dog's death, nobody but the Doctor is capable of defending, who to this day relates and justifies the truth of every circumstance I have mentioned. So much for Dogs, Harriers especially. I hope the digression will be pardoned, and, if not disagreeable, I shall proceed with a page on the Quarry.

L E T T E R I I I .

*The Sorts and Difference of HARES,
being of no less Signification than
the preceding Letters.*

A HARE is called by Sportsmen, within the first year a Leveret, at twelve months old a Hare; at two years old and so on, a great, a large, or a flaming Hare. I never heard them distinguished by other names, nor do I know more proper.

The derivation of the term is not at all momentous to the Huntsman; he is sensible when he sees her every body calls such a creature a Hare. Your Lordship knows the ancients called this animal by various appellations,

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The Hebrews call the Hare* *Arnebetz*, which being feminine, possessed the generality with a notion no Hares were masculine; and the opinion so much prevailed, that to this day not one man in a thousand occa-

* *ארנבת*, the Hare, from *ארה* to crop, and *ניב* the produce of the earth, these animals being very remarkable for destroying the fruits of the earth. The learned BOCHART, who gives this interpretation of the word, excellently defends it, by shewing, from history, that these animals have, at different times, desolated the islands of Astypalæa, Lens, and Carpathus. To this account, for the sake of the learned Reader, I shall add the following elegant lines concerning these animals, from *Bargeus Cygneget*, lib. iii. by which it appears they are great devourers of all kind of herbs and vegetables:

“ Decerpunt læti turgentia gramina campi,
 “ Et culmos segetum, et fibras tellure repostas
 “ Herbarum, et lento morsus in cortice figunt
 “ Arboris, atque udos attendent undique libros;
 “ Nec parcunt strato pomarum, aut glandis acervo,
 “ Aut viciæ, aut milio, aut proceræ frondibus ulmi,
 “ Præcipue gratæ sylvestria gramina menthæ
 “ Quæque colunt riguas in culto Syfimbria valles,
 “ Et vaga serpillæ, et pulegi nobile gramen
 “ Percipiunt.”—PARKHURST, Heb. Lex.

I have been informed by a Gentleman of experience and observation, that he has found Haws in the droppings of Hares during hard weather.

fionally

sionally talks of a Hare, but speaks in the feminine gender, and uses the epithets Her or She. The Greeks sometimes called the Hare *Λαγώς*, for his immoderate lust; at other times *Πτωξ*, implying extraordinary fear. The Latins, *Lepus quasi levipes*, or Lightfoot, denoting swiftness of feet.

As to any real difference in the species*, I confess myself no judge; I always found they corresponded in shape and similarity; but to exceed, like other creatures, in size and abilities, which I conceive proceeds from nothing more than their difference of feed and situation, and may be ranged under the few distinctions of the down Hare, the field or enclosure Hare, the marshy and woodland Hare.

The mountain or down Hares feed short and sweet, breathe a fine air and enjoy an ex-

* XENOPHON says, "There are two species of Hares, one large, mottled with black, and a great deal of white in the forehead; the other less, of a yellowish colour, and having little white." He also observes, that "mountain Hares are the swiftest, those bred in a plain country, less so, and marsh Hares the slowest of any."

tenfive compafs for exercife ; they are found to excel in ftrength or celerity, and ftand a hunt longer than any Hares. In dry feafons they commonly make excurfions into the vales for diverfion and relief, and I have remarked myfelf, and have learned from Shepherds and Hare-finders, (by fome Wags not unjuftly called * *Myopers*,) that Hares are never more plenty on the hills than in wet weather ; the reafon of which is plain, they feed, form, and exercife on drier turf than the vallies afford.

Every Down Hare has a multitude of feats, which (as the weather directs) ſhe changes from time to time, and from practice to ſome innate principle, returns to again, provided ſhe quitted on her own accord and undifturbed.

The enclosure, marſhy, or woodland Hares are experienced to be ſlower, weaker, and more unfit to endure hard hunting than the down Hares, the ſituation and manner of their living being oppoſite: they relieve on too rank ſtrong food, and that too near

* From *μυω*, winking the eyes, q. d. *μυω* *ωπας*.

their

their forms ; their circle of exercise is more confined, and liable to disturbance, and the air they breathe is less pure and correct, whence proceeds purfiness and short wind. Of this sort are the Hares in the wealds, many of which I have seen when paunched with ulcerated lungs and unsound.

* There is another sort of Hares to be met with (though very seldom) different from either of the kinds mentioned, that wander about like vagrants, living at large, and with indifference, in all places, feeding vastly uncertain, sometimes in the enclosure, hedge-row, brake, or strong covert, at other times in the open common or fields. These are the Hares for diversion, and most difficult to judge off, and dangerous to pursue. They ramble through the barn-yard

* “ Those Hares that wander in all places are most puzzling in the chase, for they know the nearest ways ; they generally run up hill or on level ground ; if they find any uneven ground they run over it in an irregular manner, but very seldom run downhill.”—XENOPHON.

Mr. Pennant, in his British Zoology, remarks, that a Hare, when started, always makes to a rising ground, which he attributes to the length of her hind legs.

in the night, and disregard the gaunt growling Mastiff, traverse the orchard and garden, intrepid and fearless, explore the dangerous pond head, nor dread the roaring waters, regale on the virgin grass, or tender clover, or young turnip, or (as some hidden cause directs) neglect them all, fondle to bark, or browse the budding twig.

When started, they seldom keep any certain ring, but drive on irregularly, trying all sorts of ground, the turf, the hard highway, the watery puddle, or dry dusty fallow, and lead the weary Sportsman many a painful step, and through many a dangerous passage.

These are the old Witches, that afford inexhaustible subjects after Hunting, that make the glass pass brisk about, the cheeks glow, chins wag, and every faltering tongue provoke, that the whole edifice rebounds the continued boisterous roar, impatient each to over hunt or recount his part. The inexperienced audience, to every orator by turns, attention deal; but if the Huntsman deigns the view to hollow, or foil over hunt again, sudden silence reigns,
and

and ravished with the deafening clamour of the pursuit, with eager infatuation, all applaud, and the most apocryphal tales assent to and believe; whilst he! wretch arbitrary, (though illiterate) with ignorance and pride, native to himself, ascribes some passages, notable in the chace, to his own good judgment and understanding; others, less remarkable, to the poor Hare's contrivance and cunning.

As I am entered upon the subject of Hares, it may not be impertinent to observe, how kind Providence has been in the formation of this animal; and it is well, indeed, Nature has been so beneficent, there being scarce a creature breathing, wild or domestic, but is an enemy to the poor defenceless Hare. Birds of the air, as well as beasts of the field, seem in perpetual war with her. The very reptile Adder will kill the old Hare, passive and defenceless in the combat: nor does the Leveret feed the small circle about its little home, secure and unmolested by the despicable Bat and Owl. Wherefore, as the most proper means for preservation, (amidst

such a numerous tribe of enemies) Nature has kindly endowed her with a temper excessive timid, continually watchful, and listening, and ever eager, even to rashness, to turn from the most trifling approach of danger; all her dependence being in that talent alone, and which the wise Contriver of all things has ordained every part to assist and compleat. If not unworthy, pray take a survey of this little creature; this wonder of animals: not more the charm and delight of the Sportsman, than his Beagles. No creature in the universe leaves a more grateful enchanting scent, than the Hare; the smell of the Martin is not more ravishing to the Hounds. Please to view his short round head; look how extremely proper and excellently fashioned it is for flight. Was he to maintain himself, or seize his food by means of celerity, a longer nose and head would have been much more expedient and necessary.

See how long the ears, how large and open, how fixed on the head, and when pricked how close together point, nicely calculated to hear the enemy at a distance,
and

and receive timely warning of the least approach of danger.

The eyes ingeniously placed on each side, divided by the whole breadth of the forehead, not situated in the front like a Dog or Cat's eyes, to see only the segment of a circle forward, but sideways, to observe almost a whole circle, being formed so as to turn any way, to spy impending dangers from all quarters*, and secure himself in time. A farther remark, and worthy observation, is, the creature, waking or sleeping, perpetually watches; his eyes being continually open, and so protuberant, round and large, the lids are far too short to cover them even when at sleep.

View the breast, how narrow, and at the same time how deep and capacious the chest; for as the lungs are in a continual state of violent expansions, during the time he is hunted, and, by the prodigious frequent inspiration and expiration, become in

* Xenophon, who is minutely accurate in his description of this animal, observes, that "when she wakes she winks her eyelids, but when she sleeps she keeps them continually open, without motion, having her eyes fixed."

the end so vastly distended, as to require a much larger space than is assigned for the purpose, the chest therefore is fashioned to receive more breath, or give the lungs more room to perform their office, almost than any creature.

Take notice of the back, how straight, and rather long for covering more ground in running, and well filleted or double-reined, for strength in the performance.

The scut short and high, haunches wide, large and finewy, legs straight and proportionably long, with such feet no creature in the animal creation can boast. Now I have mentioned the feet, permit me to observe a common notion, I might say an error, there being several egregious ones about Hares; but the following, I don't doubt you have not only heard but read of; and that is, if you ask several Sportsmen, why a low-land enclosure, or marsh Hare, endures not Hunting so long as the hilly or up-land Hare, the answer frequently is, that the former generally fill themselves too full of pasture before they form, and that, by frequent treading on the soft turf and moist paths,

paths, they become far more tender-footed, and unfit to bear hard running, than the uphill Hare, that uses the hard highways and dry turf, which is to be met with, three parts of the year, on the downs or hilly land.

As to the first of such Hunters, or Writers so seeming plain reasons, I beg their pardon, but most absolutely disagree with their opinion, it being more plain and natural to believe, such Hares never fill themselves too full, as they call it. Unerring Nature, doubtless, instructs them better than to over-eat themselves, or gorge so much to retard them in their celerity, which is their only defence and preservation; it cannot be I am positive. The poor fearful creatures satisfy Nature, and no more; their time of feeding begins according to the season, and ends about the certain time; afterwards a proper space is duly employed in drying, airing, exercising, and sporting, till the approach of morning warns them to seek or return to their proper retirements.

They do not glutton on their food, like the wise Heads that hunt them. Eat, for

the cheer is dainty, we may meet with none like it to-morrow. But rather, too often before Nature is contented retire, molested and alarmed in the night, to some adjoined thicket, and there finish their repast, on the shaded spray or sour herb; happy in their safety and solitude. Or sometimes, as Nature dictates, when the southern tempest pours down the dreadful torrent, or the chilling north spreads the surface with his silvered mantle, sit close in form, till better times ensue; content with no repast.

Whether this opinion with those Sportsmen who judge of Hares immoderate eating by themselves, and because they have experienced an impediment in their heels, from a crammed belly, think Hares meet with the same, may be of any weight, I cannot say, nor do I care: I have a better opinion of honest faithful Nature's dictates, than their idle whims and notions. As to the other part offered, that low-land Hares are tender footed, I protest, I smile at the thought of such a shallow opinion. Tender feet in Dogs are owing to the softness of their soles, or that fleshy substance called
the

the ball or toes of the feet. This tenderness is natural to some, and is a fault in the breed, one of their excellencies being (as before mentioned) hard dry soles : in others it proceeds from disuse, in which it is soon remedied ; moderate exercise every day will soon bring the feet into order, and make them sufficiently hard, to endure diversion.

But as to the Hare being tender in her feet, a little observation may convince such casuists of their mistake ; Nature having been in this particular singularly liberal to the poor Hare, by supplying her with such feet, as are absolutely free from, and not subject to tenderness ; or scarce susceptible of hurt, so as to incommode, or retard her in running.

Pray observe what a small web there is between the claws, and the admirable deficiency of soles or toes underneath ! With submission, what hath she to fear then from the flinty highway, the uneven severe frosty path, the poignant bramble, or piercing black-thorn ? Nothing—the balls of her feet being supplied, instead of hard
flesh,

flesh, with a strong coarse fur, suited so charmingly for the purpose, that she treads soft, run what road she will ; and never easier, or more to advantage, than on the hardest beaten path, or stony rugged road. The very surface that cripples a Dog, she glides over with ease and pleasure. Take notice in a frost, for the reasons advanced, what advantage she has in running, superior to most creatures ; whilst the generous steed founders with moderate gallops, and the fleet Greyhound starts his claws, and tears his soles to pieces, on the rugged frosty paths, she treads soft, as if she went on woolpacks, or rebounds and leaps upon her very claws. View her again on the merry highway, though she skims over the clay and puddle, lik an arrow from the bow, yet leaps so tender, the surface is scarce brushed by her tread. But enough, I shall only farther advance to such tender footed brethren one reason, and a true one, why a low-land Hare, or by what appellation they chuse to distinguish her, may on experience prove
less

less fit to labour, or hard Hunting, than the up-land Hare, instead of a too great plenitude or tendernefs of feet, is occasioned from the too strong or rank feed, (I don't mean the quantity but quality) and confined circle for exercise; whence proceeds short wind and purfines,

L E T T E R IV.

*Some Perfections of the HARE, and
remarkable Qualities of other
CREATURES.*

NOTWITHSTANDING the arguments already made use of, in describing several parts of the Hare, and how each is adapted to contribute towards the preservation of the whole ; methinks I hear you say, What ! is this extraordinary creature so complete as to have no fault ? Does this wonder of animals suffer no inconveniency from any of those fine parts she is composed of ? Few creatures in the animal, or other creation, are formed absolutely perfect and free from blemish. How comes the Hare so frequently to lose her
life,

life, and in such a simple manner? How happens she so often to run headlong into visible danger; into the Traveller's open arms, or House-cur's jaws, without discretion enough to turn to right or left, to avoid such accidents?

To this may be answered, the poor Hare is far from being without failings, nay, on the contrary, hath numberless imperfections. The very excellence of running from, or avoiding one danger, notoriously drives her head-long into another, till she meets her ruin. She is too often stupid and senseless of the danger that lies most apparent, and plain as possible, which has occasioned innumerable arguments among Huntsmen, and many reasons have been given for it by Naturalists; to you I submit the following:

First, I beg to observe, notwithstanding the description given of Hares ears, and how advantageously situated, there is an inconveniency attends them, which perhaps never happened within the consideration of several good Sportsmen. It is natural for mankind, who have never reflected on the
matter,

matter, to think, because they have an ear on each side the head, and can listen to a Kennel of Hounds, whether they run to right or left, straight forward or backward, that a Hare can do the same : upon my word those who think so are egregiously mistaken ; a Hare under pursuit has the saddest imperfect assistance from her ears straight before or sideways, that can possibly be, her chief excellence being only in a sensibility of the sounds that lie behind her. This is the perfection and primary cause she owes her preservation to, her talent of running being only a secondary quality.

It is this ability warns her in time to steal from form, and deceive the creeping Poacher ; by this blessing she outstrips the fleet Greyhound, attentive to the noise of every stretch, and sound of every pant : or when started by the sagacious Pack, to continue her course, with resolute expedition, till quite free from their clamour ; yet, at the same time, misapprehensive, and deaf to the noise of enemies before, alone intent, and all her faculties employed. on that single

gle point of hearing, and running from the danger that pursues.

I shall be laughed at, perhaps, by half the Hunters in England, for advancing such a seeming improbability; but upon my word it is true. Talk with any anatomist, that has inspected the structure of this creature's ears, and he will give you reasons in justification of what I have laid down.

As the only preservation a Hare has is flying from danger, how natural and plain is it for a common understanding to reconcile the necessity of her being endued with such a proper assisting sensation, whereby she may receive timely information of the distant or near approach of the enemy.

Without such quickness of hearing from behind, a Hare might run blind, or to death, after she was out of harm's way, for want of being sensible of it. I challenge all the Huntsmen in Great Britain, that are of veracity, to say, a fresh Hare, started or coursed, ever stops or turns her head to look back: how is she sensible, then, she is clear from the enemy that pursued her? She has

no eyes backwards. True, but she has ears that answer the purpose.

I have heard it confidently maintained by several, and have read in Authors, who were more Huntsmen in speculation than practice, that a Hare's ears lead the way when she is hunted: "With one," (say they,) "she hearkeneth to the cry of the Hounds, and the other stretched forth like a sail, to promote her course." Ridiculous notion! Whenever she pricks her ears an end, or draws one a-part or more forward than the other, it is to hearken more distinct and nice on that side the forwardest ear is, and not like a sail to promote her course.

Had nature designed any singular aid to her feet from stretching forth the ears, she would have supplied her with two pair; one to lie flat on the shoulders for listening, whilst she sailed by the other; and she never would have more occasion for both than when severely coursed, at which time the ears she has may be observed to lie flat on her neck; and though she is obliged, on this occasion, to play all her tricks to escape, to
try

try the wind every way for advantage, yet, in all the shifts she makes, I never observed this quality of sailing by the ear, both being strictly engaged on receiving the smallest sound of the Greyhound behind, by which she accordingly, more or less, retards or increases her celerity. There is nothing more plain and certain, than that Providence hath endued every creature with some excellence peculiar to itself: to one, endowments proper for preservation and defence; to another, means necessary for the attainment of food and nourishment.

Ask a Country Fellow at dusk of the evening, why yon Owl sits on the barn door, or perches upon the gate-post, rail, or beam? He will presently inform you, he is watching for a Mouse. But a man that is no very eminent Naturalist knows the Owl is hearkening rather than looking for a Mouse; for Owls have ears, and delicate ones, I assure you, on which they depend for their sustenance, in an equal, nay greater degree than the eyes. Their ears give them the first and earliest notice of the motion of prey,

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long

long before it comes into view for the eyes to distinguish it. Yet, though it may be granted Owls hearken, as well as look for prey, I would not have you think, because they have ears, they hear all manner of ways. No, they have no good use of them, but from what happens beneath; their hearing is very imperfect before, or sideways, nor have they any advantage at all in hearing what happens above. Admit they had, to what use or purpose would it tend? They have not the least hope or expectation of Mice hanging over their heads, but the contrary. All creatures, as I said before, boast some peculiar excellence. The crafty Fox that scouts about, and hath various means of acquiring subsistence, depends greatly on a talent of hearing from above superior to most, and equal to all creatures. What principle do you imagine directs him on his patrols, to lurk underneath, or climb the pear or plumb tree where the poultry roost? Not so much his eyes as his ears: a feather is scarce moved but he hears it.

On the other hand, the vigorous wild or
Pole-

Pole-cat's blessing consists in hearing directly forward, deaf as an Adder (when he is prowling) to prey or danger behind. I offer this not as conjecture, but matter of certainty, the animal's ears being constructed for such singularities, especially the " passage directing to the *os petrosum*, which, " in an Owl's ear, is produced father out " above than below, for the greater and " better reception of sound from below : " in a Fox, exactly the contrary, and calculated to intercept the nicest noise from " above: in a Cat, far behind, to take the " forward sound : but the ear of a Hare is " supplied with a tube directed extremely " backward." As I already said, she dreads no danger so much as what lies behind her, therefore her ears are capable, by reason of such backward tubes, of receiving the smallest sound that happens from that quarter. I could instance notable differences in the ears of other creatures, but it being foreign to my purpose, shall proceed to another well experienced deficiency of the poor Hare, which is her want of sight.

* Almost every one has experienced that a Hare sees very imperfect straight forward; a sad inconveniency, you will say, not to see well, nor hear the immediate danger that is seemingly so plain. Why really so it is, and the means of shortening her little life, frequently much sooner than the most violent hunt would do.

I have often heard say, when a Hare has been knocked down, or caught by a Dog relaid, that she ran herself blind, which is a notion of the most vulgar and illiterate species.

Some maintain Hares to be of the tribe of nocturnal animals, that cannot see well in the day, their eyes being much the same as Cats or Owls, and of a contexture susceptible of far nicer touches of the rays of light, than creatures more habituated to day-light.

It is true, I am no Oculist, nor compe-

* “When she is pursued, the fear of the Dogs and Hunters takes away her presence of mind, on which account she often runs unknowingly against many things, and sometimes falls into the snare.”—XENOPHON.

tent

tent judge of the structure of eyes; but if common reason may be attended to, (which every man has a right to offer,) it is natural to conjecture, night or day is indifferent to the Hare, and that she only prefers the former to relieve in, it being the most peaceable time, and freest from danger. The disadvantage of wanting quick sight before, in my opinion, may chiefly be accounted for from the situation of the eyes being fixed in the head, at a distance far from each other, like Horses; and to see forward perfect, requires some such contrivance as the eye-leathers that Waggoners have at their horses collars, the better to occasion the eyes being directed more forward than backward; for as they are formed to turn in the sockets all ways, forward to the nose, upward, downward, or back toward the shoulders, it needs no great fund of philosophy to judge, that by so much as the eyes are turned out of the centre of sight to look upward, such a proportion is wanting to see downward; and so much as they are strained toward the nose to see forward, so much is required for sight backward, supposing

the head to be steady and fixed, which is the case with the Hare that runs fast; at other times she turns and manages her head as she pleases. But, in an even posture of the body, the eyes appear situated to see quickest and best full on each side. Whence it arises, that the reason a Hare, when hunted or coursed, sees not so clear directly forward, is, that being chiefly intent and apprehensive of the danger behind, she employs all her senses, all her judgment, to escape that danger; and, the more effectually to accomplish it, depends not alone on the ears, but, by endeavouring to see it, strains her eyes as backward as possible, according to the degree of terror she is in; insomuch, that for want of a due proportion of the eyes employed before, she becomes in a manner blind to the enemy that lies so apparent. Any person may experience truths of this sort that will cast his eyes upward, downward, or from side to side; he will soon find, when he points them one way, how imperfect his sight is the other.

Whether a Hare's eyes receive any inconveniency from being so large, full, and convex,

vex, I do not pretend to determine. Oculists say, such eyes, at proper distances, see objects (in proportion to the degree of convexity) more perfect and large than those less convex; or if the eyes suffer damage, by being exposed night and day to dusts and insects, because the lids do not cover them completely, I know not; but be what will the cause, it is certain, Hares do not see so perfect before as side-ways, or aslant.

And indeed, Nature in some measure has compensated this want, and likewise that of hearing, by a most incomparable sense of smelling; I do not mean the sort of smelling peculiar to Hounds, but a species that Sportsmen term winding; being that quality, when a Dog holds up his nose, which he winds carrion by, or a springing Spaniel the bird when shot: a Hare has this talent in nice perfection. Take your stand in a most private corner, if she has the wind, you will seldom see her but at a distance; and though you may happen to spy her far off, making boldly towards you, mark her, in due time she will break the road, and take some other track. Yet I must observe,

notwithstanding this happy endowment secures her from the lurking Poacher, it often fails to frustrate the snarer's deeper designs: he, crafty knave, turns this perfection advantageously to his purpose; for having found where a Hare relieves, and being unprepared with engines, the reeving purfnet, or elastic wire, to secure every muese and track, ambiguous which to prefer, breathes but on the turf, or spits his saliva on some neighbouring clod or stone, or bending spray. Madam, on return, disdains those roads, sensible of the stain; others to pursue, that harbour certain death: fatal retreat! There falls experienced Puss! (pride of the fair Sportsman) undistinguished and unknown!—Methinks I hear you commiserate her, but how should it be otherwise? Can animals explore insidious man's designs, or pervade his crafty wiles?

A word on the breeding of Hares, and I shall proceed to the several parts of hunting them. Some are of opinion Hares propagate but once a year; I am inclined to think, from February to the end of harvest, they

they breed often, otherwise I cannot account for the plenty there are.

The Does bring two, and frequently but one. I have seen three, but very rare. I once discoursed as arrant a Pot-hunter as ever England bred, that lived on the borders of South Wales, and had not scrupled to kill a Buck or Doe at any season for fifty years together, who affirmed he never saw or killed a female Hare that had, or gave suck to three, in his life.

The Doe makes choice of some thick dry brake, high grass, clover, or standing corn, to kindle in; her paps come forwarder under her belly than almost any quadruped; she does not long suckle her young; if she did, and had many, the udder would be drawn too big, and lie inconvenient in running. She brings forth different from the Coney, her offspring being completely furred and quick-sighted the instant they are dropped.

It is a remark at the death of a Leveret, if there are white hairs on the forehead, there is another of the same breed; I have seen three found by the harvest-men near of a size, and not one of them had a star; where-

wherefore I am inclined to believe it a vulgar error.

Three Leverets were the most in number I ever saw, that in appearance were the same kindling. I have heard among Sportsmen (remarkable for the marvellous) of six or seven young ones at once, but, from such strangers to truth, I never could bring myself to credit it. A certain Baronet, long since dead, delighted in getting a set of Huntsmen and Fishermen together, than both of whom there are not greater liars under the canopy of Heaven, purely for the satisfaction of out-lying them.

It is a received opinion among Naturalists, that a Hare seldom lives above seven years, especially the Buck, and that when either is killed, another comes and occupies the place; whence happens the Proverb, *The more Hares you kill, the more you will have to hunt*; for when Buck and Doe live undisturbed together a little time, they suffer no stranger to reside within their limits*.

There

* I am surprized the Author did not here introduce the notion, mentioned by Xenophon, and confirmed by Pliny, of
Hares

There is also a well experienced truth, that some places are remarkable for being seldom without Hares, and others (though as likely in human conjecture as possible) seldom with any. Whether it is any particular excellence in the feed, situation for forming advantageously for warmth, hearing, or seeing, that induces them to prefer certain parts to others, or that, on the death of a Buck or Doe, another succeeds, and they possess their usual circle, I do not pretend to reconcile. So much for Hares. Now for the Dogs and Huntsman, both of whom it will be necessary to suppose in the field, whether kennel or pack does not signify † : it must be understood in the language of Hunters, it is a kennel of Hounds, but twenty or a hundred couple of Beagles make but a pack.

Hares conceiving again before they bring forth their first young. Sir Thomas Brown, in his Treatise on Vulgar Errors, (a Work in which he would be naturally cautious of introducing the marvellous,) asserts this circumstance from his own observation.

† This is a distinction entirely obsolete.

L E T T E R V.

*Of TRAILING and STARTING, with
DIRECTIONS to the HUNTSMAN.*

HARE-HUNTING commences about Michaelmas, and should end (would Gentlemen encourage the breed) the middle of February. As I have supposed the Huntsman abroad, and Dogs cast off, we may as well imagine one or other has made a challenge.

For trailing no rules can be laid down with certainty; it depends on the judgment of the Huntsman, and his just knowledge of the several good and bad properties of his Dogs. A kennel of the best Hounds in Great Britain are not (I may affirm cannot be) all alike: some are good for trailing
ing

ing and starting ; others excellent when the Hare is on foot ; others again, for hitting off defaults, running the double, or hot foil, or making good the hard ways.

Some Huntsmen, the instant they find where a Hare has relieved, trouble themselves not at all about trailing to her, but proceed with the company to threshing the hedges for a wide compass, many of whom, being so sparing of their pains, as often beat over, as beat a Hare up. For my part, trailing fairly and starting, I think, the nicest part of the whole pastime, provided wind and weather permit.

It is an undetermined point at trail or cold hunting, whether the Dogs challenge from any particular effluvia that transpired from the feet of a Hare, or remains of breath, that in her feeding and exercise intermixed with and soiled the pasture and herbage. Was it from the foot alone, the moist path would be easier to challenge upon than the verdant sward. I have heard sturdy Casuists on both sides, but so void of sense and reason, little more than the strongest arm has determined the point. In my opinion, notwithstanding

withstanding the majority may be against me, I confess myself prejudiced in favour of the latter.

If the Hounds challenge on the relief, it is a point of judgment not to let them puzzle and stick, but to rate them together, and to make it good round the fences the sooner the better. Now the Huntsman must depend absolutely upon his Dogs; the tender nosed Hound generally hits it first, and is very often unjustly deemed a babbler, because a tougher Dog does not make good what he opens upon; whereas the difference too often is, that one Hound's nose is so exquisitely delicate, as to enjoy a scent twice as stale as another.

Observe Damsel, or loquacious Dainty, open cheerily, the whole pack run in, not one, for want of equal talents, approves. But as they proceed to warmer scent, if Truman or Ruler (stanch old Counsellors, never known to give opinion, but certainty, the effect of long experience) gravely undertake to peruse the case, and, on due consideration, challenge, but in single notes, the whole kennel (in science Brethren and Collegues)

Collegues) from every quarter hurry, and with general yelp confirm the found report ; whilst the assiduous Huntsman, glad at heart, in oratory of his own, proclaims it good.

It is surprizing what a notable confidence presides among Hounds, in proportion to the reality of each other's assurances. The most rigid sincere person upon the earth cannot detest or less credit the notorious cheat or liar, than a stanch Hound one that opens false, or spends his tongue free to little purpose.

You may tell me the comparison is unnatural ; but what can be more like the Hound that sticks a long time and continues opening upon one spot, than the man who is a tedious while telling a Canterbury tale, or talks perpetually upon part of a subject.

What like the Babbler more than he who prates and rattles upon all subjects with confidence, and understands no one.

The notes of the Hounds are certain language in the ears of the Huntsman, and
what

what he depends upon more than the judgment of all his friends in the field.

According to the length of time a Hare has been gone to form, do they more or less assure him of their likelihood to start. At the most distant part of her morning's exercise, where the tenderest nosed Dog can but touch of the scent, the true musical Hound opens single; perhaps a long holding note, or (according to the Dog) only what some people call a chop. As they gather on towards her, each old Sophister confirms his first opinion by an additional note, and doubles his tongue. When near her form, and the scent lies warm and strong, all double and treble their notes.

Beware of the counter-trail, which may happen when Dogs are cast off, so as to challenge about the middle of her works, or nearer the form than the feed; there the scent lies so equal, that the Dogs, over eager and busy, often hit the heel-way, or draw amiss: this the Huntsman must judge of by the notes his Dogs first challenge in. If they double and carry it on
counter,

counter, they will soon signify their error, by opening only single; for instead of the scent lying hotter, and encreasing upon their noses, it is the contrary, and dwindles to no scent at all.

Young Hares tread more deep and heavy* than old ones, because the younger they are the weaker the joints. At full moon they make most work, and go a great distance, relieving upon any sort of feed, especially that which grows within shade of the hedge-rows and trees. At this time Buck and Doe ofteneft associate together.

Another point must be observed, that all Hares do not leave an equal degree of scent. The down Hares leave the least. Inclosure, woodland, and marshy Hares the most, especially she that forms in the plashy ground, or near the river side or wet ditch; she leaves a strong scent, being commonly distempered and unhealthy.

* “ The scent of young Hares is stronger than that of full grown ones, for their limbs being tender, the whole body drags on the ground.—At full moon the trail is most irregular; for rejoicing in the light, they play together, and throwing themselves, make long intervals.”

—XENOPHON.

The reason low-land Hares smell stronger than the down Hares, proceeds from the superior rankness of their food, and the effluvia in woods and inclosures, being far better defended from wind and air than on the bleak downs.

All Hares leave more scent going to than from relief, and never smell so strong as when they pasture on young corn; which requires so little consideration to account for, I shall for brevity's sake omit it, and return to the Huntsman, whom we will suppose on good trail, and the Hounds doubling and trebling.

About this time I suppose he is endeavouring to judge whereabouts she may fit; if he is clever and lucky in this particular, it not only proceeds from esteem, but that desirable token of it field-money, which makes many a man neglect his Dogs, too much, in good trail, to myope about in the hedges and brakes, in expectation of a so-ho! To espy a Hare no rules can be laid down, she generally forms uncertain; whoever looks for her must have the idea
of

of a Hare seated strongly pictured in his mind.

They very seldom chuse to form in high woods in autumn, because the leaves, acorns, and beech-mast, are continually falling; and in wet weather drops from the trees disturb them. They rather prefer the dry brake, hedge, or stubble.

In January, February, and March, Gentlemen hunt in some parts till the twenty-fifth; they seat most uncertain, and wander such a vast circuit, an indifferent Huntsman may trail all day long, and not start. What adds to their uncertain forming, besides the season of bucking, is, they are so liable, under warm dry hedges and brambles, to be pestered with Pismires, or molested with Vipers, and such vermin, that they prefer the open fields and plowed lands.

Let us imagine, that by this time the Huntsman has cried So-ho! Observe how the Heroes press together, and parley over the imagined victim. Pride of their eager hearts, and glory of the field! How each (ere she leaps from form) wisely pronounces or size or gender. The unexperienced

youth, with eyes convulsed, and phyz distort and pale, in imperfect, hasty stammers, proclaims a flaming Bitch ; whilst some graver Sire (whom age and experience bid be positive) with paralytic nods, and aspect sour, portending contradiction, affirms she is small and young. Learned sage ! Others, in joyful confusion, amaze, and suspense, scarce distinguish whether it is a Hare or not. The Huntsman, on whom for superior knowledge each dependent is, from maxims of his own, arbitrarily decides the sex. But to such Wiseacres, who pretend with certainty, from the whiteness of one part, or redness of another, to distinguish Buck from Doe, it may be said, there is but male and female ; and the man who never saw a Hare in his life, but declares his opinion at random, it is a toss up if he is not as often right as the wisest of them. But to proceed, as we have imagined a so-ho ! we may as well suppose she is actually on foot. Hark ! the hills and woods resound the loud acclaim.

Now the leaden-heeled Hind and brawny Peasant, with hob-nailed shoone, labour

o'er

o'er the clod ; the insect world tremble at their tread, the hardy Woodman speeds from toil, the Plowman quits the unfinished furrow ; all scamper o'er the plain, multiplying as they go : some armed with clubs or staves, in leathern jerkins clad ; others the flail or dung-fork wield, and in frocks of white or azure hue (succinct for speed) terrific seem. Each generous heart disdains to lie behind. Now no distinction rules. The King, the Keiser, the Lord, the Hind, Fellows alike, and Competitors in the field. Now, Huntsman, lay in your Dogs well, and rather whisper than bellow to them, till they undertake it, and go on full cry. Follow yourself at a due distance, and, as occasion requires, re-cheat them ; if you have not a horn, call them two or three times together, softly ! softly ! for nought but general emulation reigns, Sire with Son, and Son with Sire contend ; impetuous drive the Dogs. Beware the unexperienced Sportsman, whether on foot or horseback ; be sure check his forwardness. Many people think a chief part of hunting consists in hollowing loud, and running

or riding hard; but they are mistaken, and such persons, gentle or simple, must not be offended if the Huntsman swears at them, he has a right to do so. No tongue can be allowed but his, nor, at this time, no foot more forward than his own.

A closeness on the Dogs, it is well known, hurries them too much, being apt of themselves, in their first heat of mettle, to over-shoot the Game. Many hours sad sport has happened from driving the Hounds too fast, and confounding them with the hollowing of the company, or a noisy block-head of a Huntsman or Whipper-in.

As Pufs takes her circuit, judgment is often made of her gender. A Buck gives suspicion by beating the hard paths, stony highways, and taking a ring of a large extent in proportion to the compass of his feed and exercise, which may be guessed at, from the quantity of ground the Dogs trailed over: it being worthy of notice, that, in the progress of the chace, a Hare will go over great part of the trailed land, and visit her works of the preceding night and morning, unless she takes endways, which, after
a ring

a ring or so, a Buck is apt to do, and loiter a vast way on fresh ground, without offering to return.

The Doe now and then doubles in a short space, and seldom holds an end, unless knit, or at the end of the season has kindled. At such times she often runs forward, and scarce ever returns to her young, or escapes with life, being naturally weak and unfit for fatigue.

Yet, notwithstanding all that can be advanced, both sexes regulate their conduct much according to the season and weather. After a rainy night, in a woody country, neither Buck nor Doe cares to keep the covert, the wet and drops that hang on the sprays offend them; therefore they hold the highways or stony lanes, for as the scent naturally lies strong, they beat the roads that take the least: not that a Hare judges upon what soil the scent lies weakest, it is her ears that chiefly direct her; for the Hounds being oftener at default on the hard paths than the turf, she finds herself not so closely pursued, by being not much alarmed with the continued cry of the Dogs at

her heels. The larger the cry, the more she is terrified, and faster she speeds, the certain effect of which is a heart broke sooner than with a kennel, in number and goodness equal, that spent their tongues less free.

The same principle directs her to seek the covert in autumn, when the ground is dry, and wind bleak and cold at north or east ; then Puss runs the paths that are covered with leaves, which are so continually falling and blowing about, the best Hounds can make but little of her ; therefore her alarms being not of long continuance, but seldom and short, she rests contented where she is least disturbed.

If a Hare is trailing to form, on that depends great part of the success of the hunt ; if she is beat up, the first ring is a foundation for the succeeding pastime, all the tucks and doubles she afterwards makes, being, in a great measure, like the first.

According to the ground she runs, the Fieldmen are to station themselves ; no two are to stand prating together ; let each pursue the method he thinks best for assisting the
the

the Dogs, and his own diversion. This is the time to give proof of good judgment.

If any persons are lying back, or guarding the foil, I recommend standing alone, quiet and private as possible. Above all, observe the wind. Whoever sits in the wind, hundred to one he does not see the Hare, unless, at a great distance, she drops back, or leaps aside, for the reasons before observed.

On sight of the Hare, and she happens to *quat*, silence will be an argument of great prudence; if the Dogs are at default, let them remain so: but if she goes forward, and will speed, the single view hollow, if the Huntsman is within hearing, is allowable, in order to encourage and give him information what part she bears for.

Beware, above all things, the vile practice of hollowing off the Hounds, to lay them in after a view; leaving unhaunted ground is the worst thing can possibly happen. Besides, it not only spoils the Dogs, and accustoms them at every fault to listen for the hollow, but it is foul sport and condemnable.

I hinted some time past, the Huntsman should,

should, by all means, go on the first ring; a deal depends on his knowledge of it in the course of Hunting; and as he follows, it cannot be amiss to smooth here and there with his foot* several parts of the circuit the Hare makes, especially under gates, stiles, entrances and endings of bye-lanes and highways, as often as time and the foil will admit.

By this means (if she doubles) he will certainly prick her upon some of those places again and again, and be of singular use to the Hounds in drawing the hot foil. As he pricks her, let him brush it out and re-smooth the places. This is the best method of treading a foil, and if done with judgment, no Hare that holds her foiling can escape, if the Huntsman is allowed to put it in practice.

It is a rule among Sportsmen, when a Hare runs the double, to set people to it backwards, in order to meet, and oblige her

* These letters, which seem calculated for some very strongly inclosed country, agree with Xenophon's account of hunting in the mountainous and woody country of Greece; the horse in both seem entirely to be useless.

to take fresh ground; the consequence of which often has been, that having met and hooped her, she has redoubled back a few rods, and leaped off into some hedge or brake, and there *quat*, till the Dogs (confounded in the midst of two equal burning heats) pass her and come to the dead default. Now the judgment of the Huntsman, and stanchness of the Hounds, are to be approved; but these I shall reserve for the next chapter.

L E T T E R VI.

Of the DEFAULT, with some CAUTIONS; also of marvellous TALES of HARES at Default.

THE chief considerations at default are, how long the Hare has been on foot, and how far the Hounds make it good? If she has not been run half her time (as near as judgment can be made), the Huntsman must try expeditiously a wide circle, changing his Dogs hard and quick on the highways; and so persist in trying circle within circle, till he returns to the place the Dogs threw up at. On the other hand, if she has been drove hard three parts of her time, or is near dead run, she will only leap off a few rods, and *quat*, until one or other
of

of the Dogs jumps upon her. Therefore, in such case, the Huntsman needs only to try a small circle, not nimble, but slow and sure, with great caution and care; for the compass being so little, he has no occasion to draw so hasty about as if twice as large.

Take heed of talking too loud to the Hounds; I have heard some fellows in an harsh tone, instead of cherishing, rate and confound them; there are Dogs of shy fearful tempers that will scarce bear speaking to. Give me a fellow of everlasting patience and good temper, that does not hunt because it is his business, but loves it naturally; one with a moderate voice and clear, that speaks to an old Hound at default, quick, but not noisy, and cherishes him nimbly, very often, and in a tone that enforces life and courage, and compels him to stoop perpetually.

Beware unhaunted ground; the inconvenience attending it will be too apparent. Avoid likewise the prevailing fault of leaving the recovery to endeavour to prick; it is not the Huntsman's business, but the company's in the field; therefore he should not,
upon

upon any account, attempt it: for whilst he is myoping about, the Dogs throw up, not one in twenty has his nose to the ground. If it happens to be a long dead default, pay some regard, Huntsman, to the tender-nosed babbling Dog you disregarded in the morning; the delicacy of his nostrils may be susceptible of the scent a long time later than a stancher Hound. You have said, such and such a Dog deserves hanging; he will open at nothing at all, say you: but beware, my friend, if it is not the contrary, and owing to his superior excellence of scenting; for, as I have already observed, a Hare that relieved at twelve at night, the tender Hound you condemn will challenge cheerily next morning, and in the present disheartening case, if he does but open, it may encourage some stancher Hound to run in and stoop; which, after a long tedious default, he would not otherwise do. I have known Huntsmen so distressed, to make their Dogs try and stoop (when it has been found which way the Hare has baulked them,) that they have rung an old Hound's ears so cleverly, he has roared as if he had
hit

hit upon a burning scent, which has invited the pack together, and given them such spirits, every Dog has stooped and tried it.

How numerous are the marvellous stories of Hares at default, tending chiefly to aggrandise their extensive capacity and cunning. Some we read of, when hard pressed, that have started fresh Hares, and *quatted* in their forms; others climbed upon quickset hedges, and ran a long way upon the top, then leaped off, and baulked the Dogs. Some have made to furze-bushes, and leaped from bush to bush, like Squirrels from spray to spray, by which means the Hounds have been at irrecoverable defaults. Because I never experienced such craft and policy, it would be wrong to deny the reality of it: but, faith, I smile to read or hear of Hares that played such pranks with design or on purpose.

I have seen instances of their dropping back, and seating again in the same forms; also of vaulting, running through houses, creeping into sheep-cotes, and, in open countries, of holding the sheep-blemish, and intermixing with the flock; but most
of

of those tricks are done when a Hare is harassed out of her senses, and not by pure contrivance and design.

I will venture to affirm, if a Hare has any cunning at all, she never shews it so much (being never more safe) than when she continues the foil, or traverses her ring over and over.

I laugh at the simpleton, that does not consider it is a poor Hare's extraordinary fear, not the effect of judgment, that drives and provokes her to such rash and dangerous attempts, and shall think the man shallow brained himself that contends for the contrary.

On recovery, judgment may be made from the time the Hare has run, and time she has *quat*, how long she may be likely to stand; the Huntsman is never to quit the default, whilst day-light and weather permit: if the Hare is not killed or taken up, there is no good reason why it is not to be hit off; and it should be a standing maxim, that it is ever as easy to recover a lost Hare as to start a fresh one.

By a long *quat*, after a moderate hunt, a
Hare

Hare often becomes stiff, therefore the Hunters should press in upon the Dogs, especially in covert: many Hares are eat up by the Hounds for want of forming some such judgment, and then the simple Huntsman damns and swears at the Dogs; whereas his own desert should be a cudgel for his stupidity, the Hounds being entitled to every Hare they hunt; it is the chief reward of their labour and merit.

It is diverting to hear country fellows, on sight of a Hare, cry out she is all over in a sweat, which is a monstrous ignorance. The most indifferent Sportsmen know to the contrary, the least proof not being to be found on the nicest examination, no more than of a Dog or Cat's sweating.

There is another prevailing notion*, very vulgar, much talked of, and less understood, that the longer a Hare has been hunted, the weaker the scent grows. I never found such an alteration; and, if any judgment is allowed to be made from the behaviour of the Hounds, the old stanch Dogs will be found to rate on, towards the conclusion of

* See the former Essay, p. 80.

the hunt, with additional vigour, not from decay of scent, but the contrary; whence they become, every inch they go, more sensible of their near approach to the Hare, than all the Hunters in the field.

But should it be maintained, the smell does really decrease, the more a Hare is pressed, what can it be owing to? To lay it down as fact, without offering some reason, is certainly a very arbitrary determination. Is it because she is run out of wind? If that is allowed, Casuists, who maintain Hounds hunt the foot, must give up the argument: for what reason can be assigned why a Hare's feet, immediately before her death, do not leave as strong and equal scent as at starting.

Hares, or other creatures, hard run, perform their inspiration and expiration very quick, at least six times in proportion for once they otherwise would, if cool and not urged. Now, if six expirations, under severe pursuit, are equal to one, when a Hare is just started, what difference can there be in the scent?

It may be alledged, the scent lies stronger

at first, because it makes its return from a full stomach, or that at starting, the lungs having not suffered much distention, she breathes freer, which, by running low to the earth, intermixes better with the herbage. On the other hand, that a Hare long hunted runs high, and of course emits her breath farther off from the surface, therefore more liable to be sooner separated, and overcome by wind and air.

To the first part I answer, the faster a Hare runs, the longer stretches; therefore the lower she lies to the ground, but the farther the Hounds are behind; and her breath (though expired ever so free) remains a long time, in proportion to the distance, before the Dogs come up to enjoy it.

In the second place, the hard hunted Hare makes her stretches shorter, which brings her body naturally more upright and high from the surface, and the scent hereby is more liable to be sooner overcome by wind and weather. But, then, as she breathes quick in proportion, as I just said, and shortens her pace in a sensible degree,

the Hounds, so much as she shortens, so much do they hasten, being drawn on by an increasing scent, even until Madam feels them at her heels.

Another reason, more natural and easy than either of the aforesaid, why a Hare, towards the end of the hunt, is often difficult to be killed, is, that if she holds her circuit, she confines her works in a much shorter compass, doubles here and there over and over; shifts, redoubles, and tries all places for rest and security, making a deal of foiling in a little space, which variety of equal scent puzzles the Dogs exceedingly. But this is discourse the illiterate Huntsman troubles himself little about, his chief study and height of genius extending little farther than to that most desirable excellence of hollowing loud, and winding the straight horn, and talking to his Dogs in an unintelligible jargon, that a Hottentot would blush to be master of.

So much for Hare-hunting. If you meet with any of my sentiments that agree with your own, or that give the least satisfactory information, I am satisfied. You
know

know I live in the woodland country, and write like such a one; my Huntsman is obliged to be always on foot, and a nimble one. The properties requisite to make a good one, are, as before is hinted, everlasting patience, indefatigableness, a good heel, tolerable musical voice, and a natural love for Hounds and Hunting. Lying tongues the honestest carry, but if they do not impose on their Masters it may be pardoned. Hare-hunting is a fine recreation, and, for innumerable reasons, worthy of being followed, but often such hard exercise on foot, that were boys put apprentice to it, not one in fifty would serve out his time.

A N
A C C O U N T
O F T H E
H U N T I N G E X C U R S I O N S
O F
A S O P H U L D O U L A H,

Vicer of the Mogul Empire, and Nabob of Oude.

B Y
W I L L I A M B L A N E, Esq.

Who attended in these Excursions in the Years
1785 and 1786.

ASOPH UL DOULAH'S HUNTING
EXCURSIONS.

THE Vifier always sets out upon his annual hunting party a soon as the cold season is well set in ; that is, about the beginning of December ; and he stays out till the heats, about the beginning of March, force him back again. During this time, he generally makes a circuit of country from four to six hundred miles, always bending his course towards the skirts of the Northern Mountains, where the country, being wild and uncultivated, is the most proper for game.

When he marches, he takes with him, not only his household and Zenana*, but all his Court, and a great part of the inhabi-

* The Scraglio.

tants of his capital. Besides the immediate attendants about his person, in the various capacities of Rhidmitgars*, Frashest†, Chobdars‡, Harcaras§, Mewatics¶, &c. which may amount to about two thousand, he is attended in camp by five or six hundred horse, and several battalions of regular sepoy, with their field-pieces. He takes with him about four or five hundred elephants; of these some are broke in for riding, some for fighting, some carry baggage, and the rest are reserved for clearing the jungles || and forests of the game: of the first kind, there

* Footmen, or valets-de-chambre.

† Servants whose business is to pitch tents in the field, and in the house to spread the carpets, &c. and keep the apartments clean.

‡ Servants who carry a silver mace in front of the procession, who attend at the door to announce strangers and visitors, and who are sent upon messages of ceremony.

§ Servants employed for messages, and to procure intelligence.

¶ A sect of Hindostan soldiers, principally employed as guards.

|| Desert and uncultivated places, whether covered with long grass or reeds, or with brush-wood, or forests.

are

are always twenty or thirty ready caparisoned, with *Howdabs* * and *Amarys* †, that attend close behind the one he rides upon himself, that he may change occasionally to any of them he likes ; or he sometimes permits some of his attendants to ride upon them. He has with him about five or six hundred sumpter horses, a great many of which are always led ready saddled near him ; many of them are beautiful Persian horses, and some of them of the Arabian breed ; but he seldom rides any of them. Of wheel carriages, there are a great many of the country fashion drawn by bullocks, principally for the accommodation of the

* The same as *Amarys*, but without a canopy.

† An *Amary* is the machine fastened upon the back of the elephant for riding in. It is generally made of wood, painted and gilded. It is of a square form, with ledges about eight inches high, and in two divisions, the largest before, and a small one behind for a servant : the first division is from three to four feet wide, with cushions and bedding in it ; and the whole is covered by a canopy, supported with eight standards, and covered with English broad cloth, either plain or embroidered.

women ;

women ; besides which, he has with him a couple of English chaises, a buggy or two, and sometimes a chariot ; but all these, like the horses, are merely for show, and never used ; indeed, he seldom uses any other conveyance but an elephant, or sometimes, when fatigued or indisposed, a palanquin, of which several attend him.

The arms he carries with him are a vast number of matchlocks—a great many English pieces of various kinds—pistols (of which he is very fond), a great number, perhaps forty or fifty pairs—bows and arrows—besides swords, sabres, and daggers innumerable. One or more of all these different kinds of arms he generally has upon the elephant with him, and a great many more are carried in readiness by his attendants.

The animals he carries for sport are dogs, principally greyhounds, of which he has about three hundred—hawks, of various kinds, at least two hundred—a few trained leopards, called *Cheetabs*, for catching deer—and to this list I may add a great many marksmen, whose profession is to shoot deer

—and

—and fowlers who provide game; for there are none of the natives of India who have any idea of shooting game with small shot, or of hunting with slow hounds. He is also furnished with nets of various kinds, some for quail, and others very large, for fishing, which are carried along with him upon elephants, attended by fishermen, so as to be always ready to be thrown into any river or lake he may meet with on the march.

Besides this Catalogue for the sport, he carries with him every article of luxury or pleasure; even ice is transported along with him to cool his water, and make ices; and a great many carts are loaded with the Ganges water, which is esteemed the best and lightest in India, for his drink. The fruits of the season, and fresh vegetables, are sent to him daily from his gardens to whatever distance he may go, by laid bearers, stationed upon the road at the distance of every ten miles, and in this manner convey whatever is sent by them at the rate of four miles an hour, night and day. Besides
the

the fighting elephants, which I have mentioned, he has with him fighting antelopes, fighting buffaloes, and fighting rams, in great numbers : and lastly, of the feathered kind (besides hawks), he carries with him several hundred pigeons, some fighting cocks, and an endless variety of nightingales, parrots, minos, &c. all of which are carried along with his tents.

What I have hitherto enumerated are the appendages of the Nabob personally ; besides which, there is a large public Bazaar, or, in other words, a moving town, attends his camp, consisting of shopkeepers and artificers of all kinds, money changers, dancing women, &c. &c. ; so that, upon the most moderate calculation, the number of souls in his camp cannot be reckoned at less than twenty thousand.

There are generally about twenty or thirty of the gentlemen of his Court, who attend him on his hunting parties, and are the companions of his sports and pleasures. They are principally his own relations in different degrees of consanguinity ; and
such

such as are not related to him, are of the old respectable families of Hindostan, who either have Jaghires, or are otherwise supported by the Nabob : all of these are obliged to keep a small establishment of elephants for the sake of attending the Nabob ; besides horses, a palanquin, &c.

The Nabob, and all the gentlemen of his camp, are provided with double sets of tents and camp equipage, which are always sent on the day before to the place whither he intends going, which is generally about eight or ten miles in whatever direction he expects most game ; so that by the time he has finished his sport in the morning, he finds the whole camp ready pitched for his reception.

His Highness always rises before day-break, and after using the hot bath, he eats an English breakfast of tea and toast, which is generally over by the time the day is well broke. He then mounts his elephant, attended by all his household and *Swary*, and preceded by some musicians on horseback, singing and playing on musical instruments. He proceeds forwards, and is presently

sently joined, from the different quarters of the camp, by the gentlemen of his Court, who, having paid their respects, fall in upon their elephants on each side of, or behind, the Nabob's, so as to form a regular moving Court or Durbar; and in this manner they march on conversing together, and looking out for game. A great many dogs are led before, and are constantly picking up hares, foxes, jackalls, and sometimes deer. The hawks are also carried immediately before the elephants, and are let fly at whatever game is sprung for them, which generally consists of partridges, in great numbers and varieties, quails, bustards, and different kinds of herons, which last give excellent sport with the falcons, or sharp-winged hawks. The Nabob takes great pains in ranging the elephants in a regular line, which is very extensive, and by proceeding in this manner no game can escape. The horse are generally at a little distance upon the wings, but small parties of three or four horsemen are placed in the intervals of, or before the elephants, in order to ride after the hawks, and assist the dogs when loosed
at

at deer ; or very often the horsemen run down what we call the *bog-deer*, without any dogs. Wild boars are sometimes started, and are either shot or run down by the dogs and horsemen.

When intelligence is brought of a tyger, it is matter of great joy, as that is considered as the principal sport, and all the rest only occasional to fill up the time. Preparations are instantly made for pursuing him, which is done by assembling all the elephants, with as many people as can conveniently go upon their backs, and leaving all the rest, whether on foot, or on horseback, behind. The elephants are then formed into a line, and proceed forward regularly ; the Nabob and all his attendants having their fire-arms in readiness. The cover, in which the tyger is most frequently found, is long grass, or reeds so high as often to reach above the elephants, and it is very difficult to find him in such a place, as he either endeavours to steal off, or lies so close that he cannot be roused till the elephants are almost upon him. He then

O

roars

roars and skulks away, but is shot at as soon as he can be seen ; and it is generally contrived, in compliment to the Nabob, that he shall have the first shot at him. If he is not disabled, he continues skulking away, the line of elephants following him, and the Nabob and others shooting at him as often as he can be seen, till he falls. Sometimes, when he can be traced to a particular spot where he couches, the elephants are formed into a circle round him, and in that case, when he is roused, he generally attacks the elephant that is nearest to him, by springing upon him with a dreadful roar, and biting at, or tearing him with his claws : but in this case, from his being obliged to shew himself, he is soon dispatched by the number of shots aimed at him ; for the greatest difficulty is to rouse him, and get a fair view of him. The elephants all this time are dreadfully frightened, shrieking and roaring in a manner particularly expressive of their fear : and this they begin as soon as they smell him, or hear him growl, and generally endeavour
to

to turn back from the place where the tyger is : some of them, however, but very few, are bold enough to be driven up to attack him, which they do by curling the trunk close up under the mouth, and then charging the tyger with their tusks ; or they endeavour to press him to death by falling on him with their knees, or treading him under their feet. If one tyger is killed, it is considered as a good day's sport ; but sometimes two or three are killed in one day, or even more, if they meet with a female and her cubs. The Nabob then proceeds towards his tents upon the new ground, so that every day is both a marching day and a day of sport ; or sometimes he halts for a day or two upon a place that he likes, but not often. When he gets to his tents, which is generally about eleven or twelve o'clock, he dines, and goes to sleep for an hour or two. In the afternoon he mounts his elephant again, and takes a circuit about the skirts of the camp, with the dogs and hawks ; or sometimes amuses himself with an elephant fight, with shooting at a mark, or such like amusements ; and

this course he repeats every day infallibly during the whole of the party.

The other principal objects of the Nabob's sport are, wild elephants, buffaloes, and rhinoceros.

I was present two years ago at the chase of a wild elephant of prodigious size and strength. The plan first followed, was to endeavour to take him alive by the assistance of the tame elephants, who tried to surround him, whilst he was kept at bay by fireworks, such as crackers, porte-fires, &c. but he always got off from them, notwithstanding the drivers upon some of the tame elephants got so near as to throw noozes of very strong ropes over his head, and endeavoured to detain him by fastening them round trees, but he snapped them like packthread, and held on his way towards the forest. The Nabob then ordered some of the strongest and most furious of his fighting elephants to be brought up to him. As soon as one of them came near him, he turned and charged him with dreadful fury; so much so, that in the struggle with one of them he broke one of his tusks by the middle,

dle, and the broken piece (which was upwards of two inches in diameter, of solid ivory) flew up in the air several yards above their heads. Having repelled the attacks of the fighting elephants, he pursued his way with a slow and fullen pace towards his cover. The Nabob then seeing no possibility of taking him alive, gave orders for killing him. An incessant fire from matchlocks was immediately commenced upon him from all quarters, but with little effect, for he twice turned round and charged the party. In one of these charges he struck obliquely upon the elephant which the *Prince rode, and threw him on his side, but fortunately passed on without offering farther injury to him. The Prince, by laying hold of the Howdah, kept himself in his seat, but the servant he had behind, and every thing he had with him on the Howdah, was thrown off to a great distance. At last, our grisly enemy was overpowered by the

* This Prince was the Shaw Zadah, eldest son to the Great Mogul, who had at this time taken refuge with the Vifier from the persecution of his father's ministers.

number of bullets showered upon him from all sides, and he fell dead, after having received, as was computed, upwards of one thousand balls in his body: he had carried us a chace of eight or ten miles after him, and afforded us sport from morning till twelve o'clock. The following year the Nabob took fifteen wild elephants at once. They had wandered up a narrow valley in the mountains, which was terminated by inaccessible precipices, and when they had got to the end of it, the country people threw up a strong rampart of trees, stones, earth, &c. across the valley behind them, and confined them in it. After having been much reduced by hunger, they were all taken alive, by letting in the tame elephants amongst them.

The hunting the wild buffaloe is also performed by shooting him from elephants; but he runs so fast that it is very difficult to get up with him, and as there are no dogs who will attack him, the horsemen are sent after him to endeavour to stop or turn him, but they dare not venture near, as he runs
at

at them, and can easily toss a horse with his horns, if he comes within his reach: but when he can by any means be retarded, so as to let the elephants come up, he is soon dispatched by the match-lock: some of the buffaloes are of prodigious size and strength, and have an uncommonly wild and furious look, and they are so formidable in the jungles, that it is said even the largest royal tyger never ventures to attack them.

I have never seen the rhinoceros hunted, although there are many of them on the route the Nabob goes; but they generally keep to the thick forests where it is impossible to follow them. When they can be got at, they are pursued upon elephants and shot; but it is both more difficult and dangerous than any other sport, for even the elephant is not safe against him; for if he charges an elephant and rips him with his horn, he generally kills him on the spot; and except his eyes or temples, and a small part of his breast before the shoulder, he is invulnerable to the largest musket ball in every other part of his body.

When the Prince is with the Nabob upon the party, the etiquette observed in regard to him, is this: as soon as the Nabob is mounted, he goes in front of the Prince's tent, and there waits till he is ready; as soon as his Royal Highness comes out of his tent, the Visier pays his obeisance by making his elephant kneel down, and then makes three *salams* to him. The Prince is then mounted upon his elephant, which is made to advance about eight or ten paces in front of the Nabob and the rest of the party, and in that station he marches on. When they arrive at the new camp, the Nabob attends him to the door of his tent, and then takes his leave; and this form he repeats regularly twice every day.

As you may be curious to know how I dispose of myself in the party, I shall briefly mention it. I generally have two or three elephants of my own well caparisoned, and a double set of tents, one of which is always sent on with the Nabob's, so that I am entirely independent in respect to my equipage; and as both the Persian and In-

doftan

dostan languages are familiar to me, I mix a good deal in conversation with the Nabob and the gentlemen about him, and conform myself as much as possible to their manners and customs ; and although I am desirous of being considered entirely on an equal footing with the native gentlemen about the court, yet the Vifier generally shews me particular marks of attention, by making me ride close to himself.



THE
C H A C E.
A
P O E M.

BY
WILLIAM SOMERVILE, Esq.

Nec tibi cura Canum fuerit postrema.

VIRG. Georg. III.

Romanis solenne viris opus, utile famæ,

Vitæque, & membris.

HOR. Ep. XVIII. Lib. I.

T H E

P R E F A C E.

THE old and infirm have at least this privilege, that they can recall to their minds those scenes of joy in which they once delighted, and ruminatè over their past pleasures, with a satisfaction almost equal to the first enjoyment. For those ideas, to which any agreeable sensation is annexed, are easily excited ; as leaving behind them the most strong and permanent impressions. The amusements of our youth are the boast and comfort of our declining years. The ancients carried this notion even yet further, and supposed their heroes in the Elysian Fields were fond of the very same diversions they exercised on earth. Death itself could not wean them from the accustomed sports and gayeties of life.

Pars

Pars in gramineis exercent membra palæstris,
 Contendunt ludo, & fulvâ luctantur arenâ :
 Pars pedibus plaudunt choreas, & carmina dicunt.
 Arma procul curruſque virûm miratur inanes.
 Stant terrâ defixæ haſtæ, paſſimque ſoluti
 Per campos paſcuntur equi. Quæ gratia currûm
 Armorumque fuit vivis, quæ cura nitentes
 Paſcere equos, eadem ſequitur tellure repôſtos.

VIRG. *Æneid.* VI.

Part on the graſſy cirque their pliant limbs
 In wreſtling exerciſe, or on the ſands
 Struggling diſpute the prize. Part lead the ring,
 Or ſwell the chorus with alternate lays.
 The chief their arms admires, their empty cars,
 Their lances fix'd in earth. Th' unharnes'd ſteeds
 Graze unreſtrain'd; horſes, and cars, and arms,
 All the ſame fond deſires, and pleaſing cares,
 Still haunt their ſhades, and after death ſurvive.

I hope, therefore, I may be indulged (even by the more grave and cenſorious part of mankind) if, at my leiſure hours, I run over, in my elbow-chair, ſome of thoſe chaces, which were once the delight of a more vigorous age. It is an entertaining, and (as I conceive) a very innocent amuſement. The reſult of theſe rambling imaginations will be found in the following poem; which if equally diverting to my readers, as to myſelf,

myself, I shall have gained my end. I have intermixed the preceptive parts with so many descriptions and digressions in the Georgick manner, that I hope they will not be tedious. I am sure they are very necessary to be well understood by any gentleman, who would enjoy this noble sport in full perfection. In this at least I may comfort myself, that I cannot trespass upon their patience more than Markham, Blome, and the other prose writers upon this subject.

It is most certain, that Hunting was the exercise of the greatest heroes in antiquity. By this they formed themselves for war; and their exploits against wild beasts were a prelude to their future victories. Xenophon says, that almost all the ancient heroes, Nestor, Theseus, Castor, Pollux, Ulysses, Diomedes, Achilles, &c. were *Μαθηταὶ Κυνηγεσιῶν*, disciples of hunting; being taught carefully that art, as what would be highly serviceable to them in military discipline. Xen. Cyngetic. And Pliny observes, those who were designed for great captains, were first taught *certare cum fugacibus*

fugacibus feris cursu, cum audacibus robore, cum callidis astu : to contest with the swiftest wild beasts, in speed ; with the boldest, in strength ; with the most cunning, in craft and subtilty. Plin. Panegy. And the Roman Emperors, in those monuments they erected to transmit their actions to future ages, made no scruple to join the glories of the chase to their most celebrated triumphs. Neither were their poets wanting to do justice to this heroick exercise. Beside that of Oppian in Greek, we have several poems in Latin upon Hunting. Gratius was contemporary with Ovid ; as appears by this verse,

Aptaque venanti Gratius arma dabit.

LIB. IV. PONT.

Gratius shall arm the huntsman for the chase.

But of his works only some fragments remain. There are many others of more modern date : amongst these, Nemesianus, who seems very much superior to Gratius, though of a more degenerate age. But only a fragment of his first book is preserved. We might indeed have expected to have seen

seen it treated more at large by Virgil in his third Georgick, since it is expressly part of his subject. But he has favoured us only with ten verses ; and what he says of dogs, relates wholly to greyhounds and mastiffs.

Veloces Spartæ catulos, acremque molossium.

GEOR. III.

The greyhound swift, and mastiff's furious breed.

And he directs us to feed them with butter-milk. *Pasce fero pingui.* He has, it is true, touched upon the chace in the 4th and 7th books of the *Æneid*. But it is evident, that the art of hunting is very different now from what it was in his days, and very much altered and improved in these latter ages. It does not appear to me that the ancients had any notion of pursuing wild beasts by the scent only, with a regular and well-disciplined pack of hounds ; and therefore they must have passed for poachers amongst our modern sportsmen. The muster roll given us by Ovid, in his story of *Actæon*, is of all sorts of dogs, and of all countries. And the description of the an-

cient hunting, as we find it in the Antiquities of Pere de Montfaucon, taken from the sepulchre of the Nasos, and the arch of Constantine, has not the least trace of the manner now in use.

Whenever the ancients mention dogs following by the scent, they mean no more than finding out the game by the nose of one single dog. This was as much as they knew of the *odora canum vis*. Thus Nemesianus says,

*Odorato noscunt vestigia prato,
Atque etiam leporum secreta cubilia monstrant.*

They challenge on the mead the recent stains,
And trail the hare unto her secret form.

Oppian has a long description of these dogs in his first book from ver. 479 to 526. And here, though he seems to describe the hunting of the hare by the scent through many turnings and windings, yet he really says no more, than that one of those hounds, which he calls *ἰκνεύσῃνες*, finds out the game. For he follows the scent no further than the hare's form; from whence, after he has started her, he pursues her by sight.

fight. I am indebted for these two last remarks to a reverend and very learned gentleman, whose judgment in the Belles Lettres no body disputes, and whose approbation gave me the assurance to publish this poem.

Oppian also observes, that the best sort of these finders were brought from Britain; this island having always been famous (as it is at this day) for the best breed of hounds, for persons the best skilled in the art of hunting, and for horses the most enduring to follow the chace. It is therefore strange that none of our poets have yet thought it worth their while to treat of this subject; which is without doubt very noble in itself, and very well adapted to receive the most beautiful turns of poetry. Perhaps our poets have no great genius for hunting: Yet I hope, my brethren of the couples, by encouraging this first, but imperfect essay, will shew the world they have at least some taste for poetry.

The ancients esteemed hunting, not only as a manly and warlike exercise, but as highly conducive to health. The famous

Galen recommends it above all others, as not only exercising the body, but giving delight and entertainment to the mind. And he calls the inventors of this art wise men, and well skilled in human nature. “*Lib. de parvæ Pilæ Exercitio.*”

The gentlemen, who are fond of a gingle at the close of every verse, and think no poem truly musical but what is in rhyme, will here find themselves disappointed. If they will be pleased to read over the short preface before the *Paradise Lost*, Mr. Smith's Poem in memory of his friend Mr. John Philips, and the Archbishop of Cambray's Letter to Monsieur Fontenelle, they may probably be of another opinion. For my own part, I shall not be ashamed to follow the example of Milton, Philips, Thomson, and all our best tragick writers.

Some few terms of art are dispersed here and there ; but such only as are absolutely requisite to explain my subject. I hope in this the criticks will excuse me ; for I am humbly of opinion, that the affectation, and not the necessary use, is the proper object of their censure.

But

But I have done. I know the impatience of my brethren, when a fine day, and the concert of the kennel, invite them abroad. I shall therefore leave my reader to such diversion as he may find in the poem itself.

En age, Segnes,
Rumpe moras, vocat ingenti clamore Cithæron,
Taygetique canes, domitrixque Epidaurus equorum;
Et vox assensu nemorum ingeminata remugit.

VIRG. Georg. III.

Hark away,
Cast far behind the ling'ring cares of life.
Cithæron calls aloud, and in full cry
Thy hounds, Taygetus. Epidaurus trains
For us the gen'rous steed ; the hunter's shouts,
And chearing cries, assenting woods return.

THE
C H A C E.

B O O K T H E F I R S T .

A R G U M E N T .

THE Subject propos'd. Address to his Royal Highness the Prince. The Origin of Hunting. The rude and unpolish'd Manner of the first Hunters. Beasts at first hunted for Food and Sacrifice. The Grant made by God to Man of the Beasts, &c. The regular Manner of Hunting first brought into this Island by the Normans. The best Hounds and best Horses bred here. The Advantage of this Exercise to us, as Islanders. Address to Gentlemen of Estates. Situation of the Kennel and its several Courts. The Diversion and Employment of Hounds in the Kennel. The different Sorts of Hounds for each different Chace. Description of a perfect Hound. Of sizing and sorting of Hounds; the middle-sized Hound recommended. Of the large deep-mouthed Hound for hunting the Stag and Otter. Of the Lime Hound; their Use on the Borders of England and Scotland. A physical Account of Scents. Of good and bad scenting Days. A short Admonition to my Brethren of the Couples.

THE chace I sing, hounds, and their various breed,
And no less various use. O thou great prince!
Whom Cambria's tow'ring hills proclaim their lord,
Deign thou to hear my bold, instructive song.

While grateful citizens, with pompous shew,
Rear the triumphal arch, rich with th' exploits
Of thy illustrious house; while virgins pave
Thy way with flow'rs, and, as the royal youth
Passing they view, admire, and sigh in vain;
While crowded theatres, too fondly proud
Of their exotic minstrels, and shrill pipes,
The price of manhood, hail thee with a song,
And air: soft-warbling; my hoarse-sounding horn
Invites thee to the chace, the sport of kings;
Image of war, without its guilt. The Muse
Aloft on wing shall soar, conduct with care
Thy foaming courser o'er the steepy rock,
Or on the river bank receive thee safe,
Light-bounding o'er the wave, from shore to shore.
Be thou our great protector, gracious youth!
And if, in future times, some envious prince,
Careless of right and guileful, should invade
Thy Britain's commerce, or should strive in vain
To wrest the balance from thy equal hand;
Thy hunter-train, in chearful green array'd,
(A band undaunted, and inur'd to toils,)
Shall compass thee around, dye at thy feet,
Or hew thy passage thro' th' embattled foe,
And clear thy way to fame; inspir'd by thee,
The nobler chace of glory shall pursue
Thro' fire, and smoke, and blood, and fields of death.

Nature, in her productions slow, aspires
By just degrees to reach perfection's height:

So mimic art works leisurely, till time
Improve the piece, or wise experience give
The proper finishing. When Nimrod bold,
That mighty hunter, first made war on beasts,
And stain'd the wood-land green with purple dye,
New, and unpolish'd was the huntsman's art ;
No stated rule, his wanton will his guide.
With clubs and stones, rude implements of war,
He arm'd his savage bands, a multitude
Untrain'd ; of twining osiers form'd, they pitch
Their artless toils, then range the desert hills,
And scow'r the plains below : the trembling herd
Start at th' unusual sound, and clam'rous shout
Unheard before ; surpriz'd, alas ! to find
Man now their foe, whom erst they deem'd their lord,
But mild, and gentle, and by whom as yet
Secure they graz'd. Death stretches o'er the plain
Wide-wasting, and grim slaughter red with blood :
Urg'd on by hunger keen, they wound, they kill,
Their rage licentious knows no bound ; at last
Incumber'd with their spoils, joyful they bear
Upon their shoulders broad the bleeding prey.
Part on their altars smokes a sacrifice
To that all-gracious Pow'r, whose bounteous hand
Supports his wide Creation ; what remains
On living coals they broil, inelegant
Of taste, nor skill'd as yet in nicer arts
Of pamper'd luxury. Devotion pure,
And strong necessity, thus first began

The chace of beasts: tho' bloody was the deed,
 Yet without guilt. For, the green herb alone
 Unequal to sustain man's lab'ring race,
 * Now ev'ry moving thing that liv'd on earth
 Was granted him for food. So just is Heav'n
 To give us in proportion to our wants.

Or chance or industry in after-times
 Some few improvements made, but short as yet
 Of due perfection. In this isle remote
 Our painted ancestors were slow to learn,
 To arms devote, in the politer arts
 Nor skill'd nor studious; till from Neustria's coasts
 Victorious William to more decent rules
 Subdu'd our Saxon fathers, taught to speak
 The proper dialect, with horn and voice
 To cheer the busy hound, whose well-known cry
 His list'ning peers approve with joint acclaim.
 From him successive huntsmen learn'd to join,
 In bloody social leagues, the multitude
 Dispers'd, to size, to sort their various tribes,
 To rear, feed, hunt, and discipline the pack.

Hail, happy Britain! highly favour'd isle,
 And Heav'n's peculiar care! To thee 'tis giv'n
 To train the sprightly steed, more fleet than those
 Begot by winds, or the celestial breed
 That bore the great Pelides thro' the press
 Of heroes arm'd, and broke their crowded ranks;

* Gen. chap. ix. ver. 3.

Which,

Which, proudly neighing, with the sun begins
Chearful his course, and ere his beams decline
Has measured half thy surface unfatigued.
In thee alone, fair land of liberty!
Is bred the perfect hound, in scent and speed
As yet unrival'd, while in other climes
Their virtue fails, a weak degen'rate race.
In vain malignant steams and winter fogs
Load the dull air, and hover round our coasts;
The huntsman, ever gay, robust, and bold,
Defies the noxious vapour, and confides
In this delightful exercise, to raise
His drooping head, and chear his heart with joy.

Ye vig'rous youths, by smiling fortune blest
With large demesnes, hereditary wealth,
Heap'd copious by your wise fore-fathers care,
Hear and attend! while I the means reveal
T'enjoy those pleasures, for the weak too strong,
Too costly for the poor; to rein the steed
Swift-stretching o'er the plain; to chear the pack
Op'ning in concerts of harmonious joy,
But breathing death. What, tho' the gripe severe
Of brazen-fisted Time, and slow disease
Creeping thro' ev'ry vein, and nerve unstrung,
Afflict my shatter'd frame, undaunted still,
Fix'd as a mountain ash, that braves the bolts
Of angry Jove; tho' blasted, yet unfallen;
Still can my soul in fancy's mirror view
Deeds glorious once, recal the joyous scene

In all its splendors deck'd, o'er the full bowl
 Recount my triumphs past, urge others on
 With hand and voice, and point the winding way;
 Pleas'd with that social sweet garrulity,
 The poor disbanded vet'ran's sole delight.

First let the kennel be the huntsman's care,
 Upon some little eminence erect,
 And fronting to the ruddy dawn; its courts
 On either hand wide op'ning to receive
 The sun's all chearing beams, when mild he shines,
 And gilds the mountain tops. For much the pack
 (Rous'd from their dark alcoves) delight to stretch,
 And bask, in his invigorating ray:
 Warn'd by the streaming light and merry lark,
 Forth rush the jolly clan; with tuneful throats
 They carol loud, and in grand chorus join'd
 Salute the new-born day. For not alone
 The vegetable world, but men and brutes
 Own his reviving influence, and joy
 At his approach. Fountain of light! if chance
 Some envious cloud veil thy refulgent brow,
 In vain the Muses aid; untouch'd, unstrung,
 Lies my mute harp, and thy desponding bard
 Sits darkly musing o'er th' unfinish'd lay.

Let no Corinthian pillars prop the dome,
 A vain expence, on charitable deeds
 Better dispos'd, to cloath the tatter'd wretch
 Who shrinks beneath the blast, to feed the poor
 Pinch'd with afflictive want: for use, not state,

Gracefully

Gracefully plain, let each apartment rise.
 O'er all let cleanliness preside, no scraps
 Bestrew the pavement, and no half-pick'd bones,
 To kindle fierce debate, or to disgust
 That nicer sense, on which the sportsman's hope
 And all his future triumphs must depend.
 Soon as the growling pack with eager joy
 Have lapp'd their smoking viands, morn or eve,
 From the full cistern lead the ductile streams,
 To wash thy court well-pav'd; nor spare thy pains,
 For much to health will cleanliness avail.
 Seek'ft thou for hounds to climb the rocky steep,
 And brush th' entangled covert, whose nice scent
 O'er greasy fallows and frequented roads
 Can pick the dubious way? Banish far off
 Each noisome stench, let no offensive smell
 Invade thy wide inclosure, but admit
 The nitrous air and purifying breeze.

Water and shade no less demand thy care :
 In a large square th' adjacent field inclose,
 There plant in equal ranks the spreading elm,
 Or fragrant lime ; most happy thy design,
 If, at the bottom of thy spacious court,
 A large canal, fed by the crystal brook,
 From its transparent bosom shall reflect
 Thy downward structure and inverted grove.
 Here, when the sun's too potent gleams annoy
 The crowded kennel, and the drooping pack,
 Restless and faint, loll their unmoisten'd tongues,

And

And drop their feeble tails, to cooler shades
 Lead forth the panting tribe ; soon shalt thou find
 The cordial breeze their fainting hearts revive :
 Tumultuous soon they plunge into the stream,
 There lave their reeking sides, with greedy joy
 Gulp down the flying wave, this way and that
 From shore to shore they swim, while clarnour loud
 And wild uproar torments the troubled flood :
 Then on the sunny bank they roll and stretch
 Their copping limbs, or else in wanton rings
 Courting around, pursuing and pursued,
 The merry multitude disporting play.

But here with watchful and observant eye
 Attend their frolicks, which too often end
 In bloody broils and death. High o'er thy head
 Wave thy resounding whip, and with a voice
 Fierce-menacing o'er-rule the stern debate,
 And quench their kindling rage ; for oft in sport
 Begun, combat ensues, growling they snarl,
 Then, on their haunches rear'd, rampant they seize
 Each other's throats, with teeth and claws, in gore
 Besmear'd, they wound, they tear, till on the ground,
 Panting, half dead the conquer'd champion lies :
 Then sudden all the base, ignoble crowd
 Loud-claim'ring seize the helpless worried wretch,
 And, thirsting for his blood, drag diff'rent ways
 His mangled carcass on th' ensanguin'd plain.
 O ! breasts of pity void ! t' oppress the weak,
 To point your vengeance at the friendless head,

And

And with one mutual cry insult the fallen !
Emblem too just of man's degen'rate race.

Others apart by native instinct led,
Knowing instructor ! 'mong the ranker gras
Cull each salubrious plant, with bitter juice
Concoctive stor'd, and potent to allay
Each vitious ferment. 'Thus the hand divine
Of Providence, beneficent and kind
To all his creatures, for the brutes prescribes
A ready remedy, and is himself
Their great physician. Now grown stiff with age,
And many a painful chace, the wise old hound,
Regardless of the frolick pack, attends
His master's side, or slumbers at his ease
Beneath the bending shade ; there many a ring
Runs o'er in dreams ; now on the doubtful foil
Puzzles perplex'd, or doubles intricate
Cautious unfolds ; then, wing'd with all his speed,
Bounds o'er the lawn to seize his panting prey,
And in imperfect whimp'rings speaks his joy.

A diff'rent hound for ev'ry diff'rent chace
Select with judgment ; nor the tim'rous hare
O'er-match'd destroy, but leave that vile offence
To the mean, murd'rous coursing crew, intent
On blood and spoil. O blast their hopes, just Heav'n !
And all their painful drudgeries repay
With disappointment and severe remorse.
But husband thou thy pleasures, and give scope
To all her subtle play : by nature led,

A thou-

A thousand shifts she tries ; t' unravel these
 Th' industrious beagle twists his waving tail,
 Thro' all her labyrinths pursues, and rings
 Her doleful knell. See there with count'nance blithe,
 And with a courtly grin, the fawning hound
 Salutes thee cowering, his wide opening nose
 Upward he curls, and his large sloe-black eyes
 Melt in soft blandishments and humble joy ;
 His glossy skin, or yellow-pied, or blue,
 In lights or shades by nature's pencil drawn,
 Reflects the various tints ; his ears and legs,
 Fleckt here and there, in gay enamel'd pride,
 Rival the speckled pard ; his rush-grown tail
 O'er his broad back bends in an ample arch ;
 On shoulders clean, upright and firm he stands ;
 His round cat foot, strait hams, and wide-spread thighs,
 And his low-dropping chest, confess his speed,
 His strength, his wind, or on the steepy hill,
 Or far extended plain ; in ev'ry part
 So well proportion'd, that the nicer skill
 Of Phidias himself can't blame thy choice.
 Of such compose thy pack. But here a mean
 Observe, nor the large hound prefer, of size
 Gigantick ; he in the thick-woven covert
 Painfully tugs, or in the thorny brake
 Torn and embarrass'd bleeds : but if too small,
 The pigmy brood in ev'ry furrow swims ;
 Moil'd in the clogging clay, panting they lag
 Behind inglorious ; or else shivering creep

Benumb'd

Benumb'd and faint beneath the shelt'ring thorn.
For hounds of middle size, active and strong,
Will better answer all thy various ends,
And crown thy pleasing labours with success.

As some brave captain, curious and exact,
By his fix'd standard forms in equal ranks
His gay battalion, as one man they move
Step after step, their size the same, their arms
Far-gleaming, dart the same united blaze :
Reviewing generals his merit own ;
How regular ! How just ! And all his cares
Are well repaid, if mighty GEORGE approve.
So model thou thy pack, if honour touch
Thy gen'rous soul, and the world's just applause,
But above all take heed, nor mix thy hounds
Of diff'rent kinds ; discordant sounds shall grate
Thy ears offended, and a lagging line
Of babbling curs disgrace thy broken pack.
But if th' amphibious otter be thy chace,
Or stately stag, that o'er the woodland reigns ;
Or if th' harmonious thunder of the field
Delight thy ravish'd ears ; the deep-slew'd hound
Breed up with care, strong, heavy, slow, but sure ;
Whose earsdown-hanging from his thick round head
Shall sweep the morning dew, whose clanging voice
Awake the mountain echo in her cell,
And shake the forests : the bold talbot kind
Of these the prime, as white as Alpine snows ;
And great their use of old. Upon the banks

Of Tweed, flow-winding thro' the vale, the seat
 Of war and rapine once, ere Britons knew
 The sweets of peace, or Anna's dread commands
 To lasting leagues the haughty rivals aw'd,
 There dwelt a pilf'ring race; well-train'd and skill'd
 In all the mysteries of theft, the spoil
 Their only substance, feuds and war their sport:
 Not more expert in ev'ry fraudulent art
 Th' arch * felon was of old, who by the tail
 Drew back his lowing prize: in vain his wiles,
 In vain the shelter of the cov'ring rock,
 In vain the sooty cloud, and ruddy flames
 That issu'd from his mouth; for soon he paid
 His forfeit life: a debt how justly due
 To wrong'd Alcides, and avenging Heav'n!
 Veil'd in the shades of night, they ford the stream,
 Then prowling far and near, whate'er they seize
 Becomes their prey; nor flocks nor herds are safe,
 Nor stalls protect the steer, nor strong barr'd doors
 Secure the fav'rite horse. Soon as the morn
 Reveals his wrongs, with ghastly visage wan
 The plunder'd owner stands, and from his lips
 A thousand thronging curses burst their way:
 He calls his stout allies, and in a line
 His faithful hound he leads, then with a voice
 That utters loud his rage, attentive cheers:
 Soon the sagacious brute, his curling tail

* Cacus, Virg. Æn. lib. viii.

Flourish'd in air, low-bending plies around
His busy nose, the steaming vapour snuffs
Inquisitive, nor leaves one turf untried,
Till, conscious of the recent stains, his heart
Beats quick; his snuffling nose, his active tail,
Attest his joy; then with deep-op'ning mouth,
That makes the welkin tremble, he proclaims
Th' audacious felon; foot by foot he marks
His winding way, while all the list'ning crowd
Applaud his reas'nings: o'er the wat'ry ford,
Dry sandy heaths, and stony barren hills,
O'er beaten paths, with men and beasts distain'd,
Unerring he pursues, till, at the cot
Arriv'd, and seizing by his guilty throat
The caitif vile, redeems the captive prey:
So exquisitely delicate his sense!

Shou'd some more curious sportsman here enquire,
Whence this sagacity, this wond'rous pow'r
Of tracing, step by step, or man or brute?
What guide invisible points out their way
O'er the dank marsh, bleak hill, and sandy plain?
The courteous Muse shall the dark cause reveal.
The blood that from the heart incessant rolls
In many a crimson tide, then here and there
In smaller rills parted, as it flows
Propell'd, the ferous particles evade
Thro' th' open pores, and with the ambient air
Entangling mix. As fuming vapours rise,
And hang upon the gently purling brook,

There by th' incumbent atmosphere compress'd.
'The panting chace grows warmer as he flies,
And thro' the net-work of the skin perspires ;
Leaves a long-streaming trail behind; which by
The cooler air condens'd, remains, unless
By some rude storm dispers'd, or rarified
By the meridian sun's intenser heat.
'To ev'ry shrub the warm effluvia cling,
Hang on the grass, impregnate earth and skies.
With nostrils op'ning wide, o'er hill, o'er dale,
'The vig'rous hounds pursue, with ev'ry breath
Inhale the grateful steam, quick pleasures sting
Their tingling nerves, while they their thanks repay,
And in triumphant melody confess
The titillating joy. Thus on the air
Depend the hunter's hopes. When ruddy streaks
At eve forebode a bluff'ring stormy day,
Or low'ring clouds blacken the mountain's brow,
When nipping frosts, and the keen biting blasts
Of the dry parching East, menace the trees
With tender blossoms teeming, kindly spare
'Thy sleeping pack, in their warm beds of straw
Low-sinking at their ease ; listless they shrink
Into some dark recess, nor hear thy voice
Tho' oft invoc'd ; or haply if thy call
Rouse up the slumb'ring tribe, with heavy eyes
Giaz'd, lifeless, dull, downward they drop their tails
Inverted ; high on their bent backs erect
'Their pointed bristles flare, or 'mong the tufts

Of

Of ranker weeds, each stomach-healing plant
Curious they crop, sick, spiritless, forlorn.
These inauspicious days, on other cares
Employ thy precious hours, th' improving friend
With open arms embrace, and from his lips
Glean science, season'd with good-natur'd wit.
But if th' inclement skies and angry Jove
Forbid the pleasing intercourse, thy books
Invite thy ready hand, each sacred page
Rich with the wise remarks of heroes old ;
Converse familiar with th' illustrious dead ;
With great examples of old Greece or Rome
Enlarge thy free-born heart, and blest kind Heav'n,
That Britain yet enjoys dear liberty,
That balm of life, that sweetest blessing, cheap
Tho' purchas'd with our blood. Well-bred, polite,
Credit thy calling. See ! how mean, how low,
The bookless saunt'ring youth, proud of the skut
That dignifies his cap, his flourish'd belt,
And rusty couples gingling by his side.
Be thou of other mould ; and know that such
Transporting pleasures were by Heav'n ordain'd
Wisdom's relief, and virtue's great reward.

BOOK THE SECOND.

A R G U M E N T.

OF the Power of Instinct in Brutes. Two remarkable Instances in the Hunting of the Roe-buck, and in the Hare going to Seat in the Morning. Of the Variety of Seats or Forms of the Hare, according to the Change of the Season, Weather, or Wind. Description of the Hare-hunting in all its Parts, interspersed with Rules to be observed by those who follow that Chace. Transition to the Asiatic Way of Hunting, particularly the magnificent Manner of the Great Mogul, and other Tartarian Princes, taken from Monsieur Bernier, and the History of Gengiskan the Great. Concludes with a short Reproof of Tyrants and Oppressors of Mankind.

NOR will it less delight th' attentive sage
 T' observe that instinct, which unerring guides
 The brutal race, which mimics reason's lore
 And oft transcends. Heav'n-taught, the roe-buck swift
 Loiters at ease before the driving pack,
 And mocks their vain pursuit; nor far he flies
 But checks his ardour, till the steaming scent,
 That freshens on the blade, provokes their rage.
 Urg'd to their speed, his weak deluded foes
 Soon flag fatigued; strain'd to excess each nerve,
 Each slacken'd sinew fails; they pant, they foam;
 Then

Then o'er the lawn he bounds, o'er the high hills
 Stretches secure, and leaves the scatter'd crowd
 To puzzle in the distant vale below.

'Tis instinct that directs the jealous hare
 To chuse her soft abode : with step revers'd
 She forms the doubling maze ; then, ere the morn
 Peeps thro' the clouds, leaps to her close recess.

As wand'ring shepherds on th' Arabian plains
 No settled residence observe, but shift
 Their moving camp ; now, on some cooler hill
 With cedars crown'd, court the refreshing breeze ;
 And then, below where trickling streams distill
 From some penurious source, their thirst allay,
 And feed their fainting flocks : so the wise hares
 Oft quit their seats, lest some more curious eye
 Shou'd mark their haunts, and by dark treach'rous
 wiles

Plot their destruction ; or perchance in hopes
 Of plenteous forage, near the ranker mead,
 Or matted blade, wary, and close they sit.
 When spring shines forth, season of love and joy,
 In the moist marsh, 'mong beds of rushes hid,
 They cool their boiling blood : when summer suns
 Bake the cleft earth, to thick wide-waving fields
 Of corn full-grown they lead their helpless young :
 But when autumnal torrents and fierce rains
 Deluge the vale, in the dry crumbling bank
 Their forms they delve, and cautiously avoid
 The dripping covert : yet when winter's cold

Their limbs benumbs, thither with speed return'd,
 In the long grafs they skulk, or shrinking creep
 Among the wither'd leaves : thus changing still
 As fancy prompts them, or as food invites.
 But ev'ry season carefully observ'd,
 Th' inconstant winds, the fickle element,
 The wise experienc'd huntsman soon may find
 His subtle, various game, nor waste in vain
 His tedious hours, till his impatient hounds,
 With disappointment vex'd, each springing lark
 Babbling pursue, far scatter'd o'er the fields.

Now golden autumn from her open lap
 Her fragrant bounties shows ; the fields are thorn ;
 Inwardly smiling, the proud farmer views
 The rising pyramids that grace his yard,
 And counts his large increase ; his barns are stor'd,
 And groaning saddles bend beneath their load.
 All now is free as air, and the gay pack
 In the rough bristly stubbles range unblam'd ;
 No widow's tears o'erflow, no secret curse
 Swells in the farmer's breast, which his pale lips
 Trembling conceal, by his fierce landlord aw'd ;
 But courteous now he levels ev'ry fence,
 Joins in the common cry, and hollows loud,
 Charm'd with the rattling thunder of the field.
 Oh bear me, some kind pow'r invisible !
 To that extended lawn, where the gay court
 View the swift racers, stretching to the goal ;
 Games more renown'd, and a far nobler train,

Than

Than proud Elean fields could boast of old.
Oh! were a Theban lyre not wanting here,
And Pindar's voice, to do their merit right!
Or to those spacious plains, where the strain'd eye,
In the wide prospect lost, beholds at last
Sarum's proud spire, that o'er the hills ascends,
And pierces thro' the clouds. Or to thy downs,
Fair Cotswold, where the well-breath'd beagle climbs,
With matchless speed, thy green aspiring brow,
And leaves the lagging multitude behind.

Hail, gentle dawn! Mild blushing goddess, hail!
Rejoic'd I see thy purple mantle spread
O'er half the skies, gems pave thy radiant way,
And orient pearls from ev'ry shrub depend.
Farewel, Cleora, here deep sunk in down
Slumber secure, with happy dreams amus'd,
Till grateful steams shall tempt thee to receive
Thy early meal, or thy officious maids,
The toilet plac'd, shall urge thee to perform
Th' important work. Me other joys invite,
The horn sonorous calls, the pack awak'd
Their mattins chant, nor brook my long delay:
My courser hears their voice; see there with ears
And tail erect, neighing he paws the ground;
Fiercè rapture kindles in his redd'ning eyes,
And boils in ev'ry vein! As captive boys,
Cow'd by the ruling rod, and haughty frowns
Of pedagogues severe, from their hard tasks
If once dismiss'd, no limits can contain,

The tumult rais'd within their little breasts,
 But give a loose to all their frolick play :
 So from their kennel rush the joyous pack ;
 A thousand wanton gayeties express
 Their inward extasy, their pleasing sport
 Once more indulg'd, and liberty restor'd.
 The rising sun that o'er th' horizon peeps,
 As many colours from their glossy skins
 Beaming reflects, as paint the various bow
 When April show'rs descend. Delightful scene !
 Where all around is gay, men, horses, dogs,
 And in each smiling countenance appears
 Fresh-blooming health, and universal joy.

Huntsman, lead on ! behind the clust'ring pack
 Submiss attend, hear with respect thy-whip
 Loud-clanging, and thy harsher voice obey :
 Spare not the straggling cur, that wildly roves,
 But let thy brisk assistant on his back
 Imprint thy just resentments, let each lash
 Bite to the quick, till howling he return
 And whining creep amid the trembling crowd.

Here on this verdant spot, where nature kind
 With double blessings crowns the farmer's hopes ;
 Where flow'rs autumnal spring, and the rank mead
 Affords the wand'ring hares a rich repast ;
 Throw off thy ready pack. See, where they spread
 And range around, and dash the glitt'ring dew.
 If some stanch hound, with his authentic voice,
 Avow the recent trail, the justling tribe

Attend

Attend his call, then with one mutual cry
The welcome news confirm, and echoing hills
Repeat the pleasing tale. See how they thread
The brakes, and up yon furrow drive along !
But quick they back recoil, and wisely check
Their eager haste ; then o'er the fallow'd ground
How leisurely they work, and many a pause
Th' harmonious concert breaks ; till more assur'd
With joy redoubled the low vallies ring.
What artful labyrinths perplex their way !
Ah ! there she lies ; how close ! she pants, she doubts
If now she lives ; she trembles as she sits,
With horror seiz'd. The wither'd grass that clings
Around her head, of the same ruffet hue,
Almost deceiv'd my sight, had not her eyes
With life full-beaming her vain wiles betray'd.
At distance draw thy pack, let all be hush'd,
No clamour loud, no frantic joy be heard,
Lest the wild hound run gadding o'er the plain
Untractable, nor hear thy chiding voice.
Now gently put her off ; see how direct
To her known muse she flies ! Here, huntsman, bring
(But without hurry) all thy jolly hounds,
And calmly lay them in. How low they stoop,
And seem to plough the ground ; then all at once
With greedy nostrils snuff the fuming steam
That glads their flutt'ring hearts. As winds let loose
From the dark caverns of the blust'ring god,
They burst away, and sweep the dewy lawn.

Hope

Hope gives them wings, while she's spurr'd on by fear.
 The welkin rings, men, dogs, hills, rocks, and woods,
 In the full concert join. Now, my brave youths,
 Stripp'd for the chace, give all your souls to joy!
 See how their coursers, than the mountain roe
 More fleet, the verdant carpet skim, thick clouds
 Snorting they breathe, their shining hoofs scarce print
 The grafs unbruis'd; with emulation fir'd,
 They strain to lead the field, top the barr'd gate,
 O'er the deep ditch exulting bound, and brush
 The thorny-twining hedge: the riders bend
 O'er their arch'd necks; with steady hands by turns
 Indulge their speed, or moderate their rage.
 Where are their sorrows, disappointments, wrongs,
 Vexations, sickness, cares? All, all are gone,
 And with the panting winds lag far behind.

Huntsman! her gait observe; if in wide rings
 She wheel her mazy way, in the same round
 Persisting still, she'll foil the beaten track,
 But if she fly, and with the fav'ring wind
 Urge her bold course, less intricate thy task:
 Push on thy pack. Like some poor exil'd wretch,
 The frighted chace leaves her late dear abodes,
 O'er plains remote she stretches far away,
 Ah! never to return! For greedy death
 Hov'ring exults, secure to seize his prey.

Hark! from yon covert, where those tow'ring oaks
 Above the humble copse aspiring rise,
 What glorious triumphs burst in ev'ry gale

Upon

Upon our ravish'd ears! The hunters shout,
The clanging horns swell their sweet-winding notes,
The pack wide-op'ning load the trembling air
With various melody; from tree to tree
The propagated cry redoubling bounds,
And winged zephyrs waft the floating joy
Thro' all the regions near. Afflictive birch
No more the school-boy dreads; his prison broke,
Scamp'ring he flies, nor heeds his master's call;
The weary traveller forgets his road,
And climbs th' adjacent hill; the ploughman leaves
Th' unfinished furrow; nor his bleating flocks
Are now the shepherd's joy; men, boys, and girls,
Desert th' unpeopled village; and wild crowds
Spread o'er the plain, by the sweet frenzy seiz'd.
Look, how she pants! and o'er yon op'ning glade
Slips glancing by; while, at the further end,
The puzzling pack unravel, wile by wile,
Maze within maze. The covert's utmost bound
Slyly she skirts; behind them cautious creeps,
And in that very track, so lately stain'd
By all the steaming crowd, seems to pursue
The foes she flies. Let cavillers deny
That brutes have reason; sure 'tis something more,
'Tis Heav'n directs, and stratagems inspires,
Beyond the short extent of human thought.
But hold—I see her from the covert break;
Sad on yon little eminence she sits;
Intent she listens with one ear erect,

Pond'ring,

Pond'ring, and doubtful what new course to take,
And how t'escape the fierce blood-thirsty crew,
That still urge on, and still in volleys loud
Insult her woes, and mock her fore distress.
As now in louder peals the loaded winds
Bring on the gathering storm, her fears prevail,
And o'er the plain, and o'er the mountain's ridge,
Away she flies; nor ships with wind and tide,
And all their canvas wings, skud half so fast.
Once more, ye jovial train, your courage try,
And each clean courser's speed. We scour along,
In pleasing hurry and confusion tost;
Oblivion to be wish'd. The patient pack
Hang on the scent unwearied, up they climb,
And ardent we pursue; our lab'ring steeds
We press, we gore; till once the summit gain'd,
Painfully panting, there we breathe awhile;
Then like a foaming torrent, pouring down
Precipitant, we smoke along the vale.
Happy the man, who with unrival'd speed
Can pass his fellows, and with pleasure view
The struggling pack; how in the rapid course
Alternate they preside, and jostling push
To guide the dubious scent; how giddy youth
Oft babbling errs, by wiser age reprov'd;
How, niggard of his strength, the wise old hound
Hangs in the rear, till some important point
Rouse all his diligence, or till the chace
Sinking he finds; then to the head he springs

With

With thirst of glory fir'd, and wins the prize.
Huntsman, take heed ; they stop in full career.
Yon crowding flocks, that at a distance gaze,
Have haply foil'd the turf. See ! that old hound,
How busily he works, but dares not trust
His doubtful sense ; draw yet a wider ring.
Hark ! now again the chorus fills : as bells
Sallied a while at once their peal renew,
And high in air the tuneful thunder rolls.
See, how they toss, with animated rage
Recov'ring all they lost !—That eager haste
Some doubling wile foreshews—Ah ! yet once more
They're check'd--hold back with speed--on either hand
They flourish round—ev'n yet persist—'Tis right,
Away they spring ; the rustling stubbles bend
Beneath the driving storm. Now the poor chace
Begins to flag, to her last shifts reduc'd.
From brake to brake she flies, and visits all
Her well-known haunts, where once she rang'd secure,
With love and plenty blest. See ! there she goes,
She reels along, and by her gate betrays
Her inward weakness. See, how black she looks !
The sweat that clogs th' obstructed pores, scarce leaves
A languid scent. And now in open view
See, see, she flies ! each eager hound exerts
His utmost speed, and stretches ev'ry nerve.
How quick she turns ! their gaping jaws eludes,
And yet a moment lives ; till round inclos'd
By all the greedy pack, with infant screams

She

She yields her breath, and there reluctant dies.
 So when the furious Bacchanals assail'd
 Threician Orpheus, poor ill-fated bard !
 Loud was the cry, hills, woods, and Hebrus' banks,
 Return'd their clam'rous rage ; distress'd he flies,
 Shifting from place to place, but flies in vain ;
 For eager they pursue, till panting, faint,
 By noisy multitudes o'erpower'd, he sinks,
 To the relentless crowd a bleeding prey.

The huntsman now, a deep incision made,
 Shakes out with hands impure, and dashes down
 Her reeking entrails and yet quiv'ring heart :
 These claim the pack, the bloody perquisite
 For all their toils. Stretch'd on the ground she lies,
 A mangled carcase ; in her dim glaring eyes
 Cold death exults, and stiffens ev'ry limb.
 Aw'd by the threat'ning whip, the furious hounds
 Around her bay ; or at their master's foot,
 Each happy fav'rite courts his kind applause,
 With humble adulation cowering low.
 All now is joy. With cheeks full-blown they wind
 Her solemn dirge, while the loud-op'ning pack
 The concert swell, and hills and dales return
 The sadly-pleasing sounds. Thus the poor hare,
 A puny, dastard animal, but vers'd
 In subtle wiles, diverts the youthful train.
 But if thy proud, aspiring soul disdains
 So mean a prey, delighted with the pomp,
 Magnificence and grandeur of the chase,
 Hear what the Muse from faithful records sings.

Why

Why on the banks of Gemna, Indian stream,
Line within line, rise the pavilions proud,
Their filken streamers waving in the wind ?
Why neighs the warrior horse ? From tent to tent,
Why press in crowds the buzzing multitude ?
Why shines the polish'd helm, and pointed lance,
This way and that far-beaming o'er the plain ?
Nor Visapour nor Golconda rebel ;
Nor the great Sophi, with his num'rous host,
Lays waste the provinces ; nor glory fires
To rob, and to destroy, beneath the name
And spacious guise of war. A nobler cause
Calls Aurengzebe to arms. No cities sack'd,
No mothers tears, no helpless orphans cries,
No violated leagues, with sharp remorse
Shall sting the conscious victor ; but mankind
Shall hail him good and just. For 'tis on beasts
He draws his vengeful sword ; on beasts of prey
Full-fed with human gore. See, see, he comes !
Imperial Dehli, op'ning wide her gates,
Pours out her thronging legions, bright in arms,
And all the pomp of war. Before them sound
Clarions and trumpets, breathing martial airs,
And bold defiance. High upon his throne,
Borne on the back of his proud elephant,
Sits the great chief of Tamur's glorious race :
Sublime he fits, amid the radiant blaze
Of gems and gold. Omrahs about him crowd,
And rein th' Arabian steed, and watch his nod :

R

And

And potent Rajahs, who themselves preside
 O'er realms of wide extent ; but here submit
 Their homage pay, alternate kings and slaves.
 Next these, with prying eunuchs girt around,
 The fair Sultanas of his court ; a troop
 Of chosen beauties, but with care conceal'd
 From each intrusive eye ; one look is death.
 Ah, cruel Eastern law ! (had kings a pow'r
 But equal to their wild tyrannic will)
 To rob us of the sun's all-cheering ray
 Were less severe. The vulgar close the march,
 Slaves and artificers ; and Dehli mourns
 Her empty and depopulated streets.
 Now at the camp arriv'd, with stern review,
 Thro' groves of spears, from file to file, he darts
 His sharp experienc'd eye ; their order marks,
 Each in his station rang'd, exact and firm,
 Till in the boundless line his sight is lost.
 Not greater multitudes in arms appear'd
 On these extended plains, when Ammon's son
 With mighty Porus in dread battle join'd,
 The vassal world the prize. Nor was that host
 More numerous of old, which the great * King
 Pour'd out on Greece from all th' unpeopled East ;
 That bridg'd the Hellespont from shore to shore,
 And drank the rivers dry. Meanwhile in troops
 The busy hunter-train mark out the ground,

* Xerxes.

A wide circumference ; full many a league
In compass round ; woods, rivers, hills, and plains,
Large provinces ; enough to gratify
Ambition's highest aim, could reason bound
Man's erring will. Now fit in close divan
The mighty chiefs of this prodigious host.
He from the throne high- eminent presides,
Gives out his mandates proud, laws of the chace,
From ancient records drawn: With rev'ence low,
And prostrate at his feet, the chiefs receive
His irreversible decrees, from which
To vary, is to die. Then his brave bands
Each to his station leads ; encamping round,
Till the wide circle is compleatly form'd.
Where decent order reigns, what these command
Those execute with speed, and punctual care ;
In all the strictest discipline of war :
As if some watchful foe, with bold insult,
Hung low'ring o'er their camp. The high resolve,
That flies on wings thro' all th' encircling line,
Each motion steers, and animates the whole.
So, by the sun's attractive pow'r controll'd,
The planets in their spheres roll round his orb,
On all he shines, and rules the great machine.

Ere yet the morn dispels the fleeting mists,
The signal giv'n by the loud trumpet's voice,
Now high in air th' imperial standard waves,
Emblazon'd rich with gold, and glitt'ring gems ;
And like a sheet of fire thro' the dun gloom

Streaming meteorous. The soldiers shouts,
And all the brazen instruments of war,
With mutual clamour, and united din,
Fill the large concave ; while from camp to camp
They catch the varied sounds, floating in air.
Round all the wide circumference, tygers fell
Shrink at the noise, deep in his gloomy den
The lion starts, and morsels yet unchew'd
Drop from his trembling jaws. Now all at once
Onward they march embattled, to the sound
Of martial harmony ; fifes, cornets, drums,
That rouse the sleepy soul to arms, and bold
Heroic deeds. In parties here and there
Detach'd o'er hill and dale, the hunters range
Inquisitive ; strong dogs that match in fight
The boldest brute, around their masters wait,
A faithful guard. No haunt unsearch'd, they drive
From ev'ry covert, and from ev'ry den,
The lurking savages. Incessant shouts
Re-echo thro' the woods, and kindling fires
Gleam from the mountain tops ; the forest seems
One mingling blaze : like flocks of sheep they fly
Before the flaming brand : fierce lions, pards,
Boars, tygers, bears, and wolves ; a dreadful crew
Of grim, blood-thirsty foes : growling along,
They stalk indignant ; but fierce vengeance still
Hangs pealing on their rear, and pointed spears
Present immediate death. Soon as the night
Wrapt in her sable veil forbids the chace,

They

They pitch their tents, in even ranks, around
The circling camp. The guards are plac'd, and fires
At proper distances ascending rise,
And paint the horizon with their ruddy light,
So round some island's shore of large extent,
Amid the gloomy horrors of the night,
The billows breaking on the pointed rocks,
Seem all one flame, and the bright circuit wide
Appears a bulwark of furrounding fire.
What dreadful howlings, and what hideous roar,
Disturb those peaceful shades ! where erst the bird
That glads the night had cheer'd the list'ning groves
With sweet complainings. Thro' the silent gloom
Oft they the guards assail ; as oft repell'd
They fly reluctant, with hot-boiling rage
Stung to the quick, and mad with wild despair.
Thus day by day they still the chace renew ;
At night encamp ; till now in straiter bounds
The circle lessens, and the beasts perceive
The wall that hems them in on ev'ry side.
And now their fury bursts, and knows no mean ;
From man they turn, and point their ill-judg'd rage
Against their fellow brutes. With teeth and claws
The civil war begins ; grappling they tear,
Lions on tygers prey, and bears on wolves ;
Horrible discord ! till the crowd behind
Shouting pursue, and part the bloody fray.
At once their wrath subsides ; tame as the lamb
The lion hangs his head ; the furious pard,

Cow'd and subdu'd, flies from the face of man,
 Nor bears one glance of his commanding eye.
 So abject is a tyrant in distress.

At last within the narrow plain confin'd,
 A lifted field, mark'd out for bloody deeds,
 An amphitheatre more glorious far,
 Than ancient Rome cou'd boast, they crowd in heaps,
 Dismay'd, and quite appall'd. In meet array
 Sheath'd in refulgent arms, a noble band
 Advance ; great lords of high imperial blood,
 Early resolv'd t' assert their royal race,
 And prove by glorious deeds their valour's growth
 Mature, ere yet the callow down has spread
 Its curling shade. On bold Arabian steeds
 With decent pride they sit, that fearless hear
 The lion's dreadful roar ; and down the rock
 Swift-shooting plunge, or o'er the mountain's ridge
 Stretching along, the greedy tyger leave
 Panting behind. On foot their faithful slaves
 With javelins arm'd attend ; each watchful eye
 Fix'd on his youthful care, for him alone
 He fears, and to redeem his life, unmov'd
 Wou'd lose his own. The mighty Aurengzebe,
 From his high-elevated throne, beholds
 His blooming race ; revolving in his mind
 What once he was, in his gay spring of life,
 When vigour strung his nerves. Parental joy
 Melts in his eyes, and flushes in his cheeks.
 Now the loud trumpet sounds a charge. The shouts
 Of

Of eager hofts, thro' all the circling line,
And the wild howlings of the beasts within,
Rend wide the welkin ; flights of arrows, wing'd
With death, and javelins launch'd from ev'ry arm,
Gall fore the brutal bands, with many a wound
Gor'd thro' and thro'. Despair at last prevails,
When fainting nature shrinks, and rouses all
Their drooping courage. Swell'd with furious rage,
Their eyes dart fire ; and on the youthful band
They rush implacable. They their broad shields
Quick interpose ; on each devoted head
Their flaming falchions, as the bolts of Jove,
Descend unerring. Prostrate on the ground
The grinning monsters lie, and their foul gore
Defiles the verdant plain. Nor idle stand
The trusty slaves ; with pointed spears they pierce
Thro' their tough hides, or at their gaping mouths
An easier passage find. The king of brutes
In broken roarings breathes his last ; the bear
Grumbles in death ; nor can his spotted skin,
Tho' sleek it shine, with varied beauties gay,
Save the proud pard from unrelenting fate.
The battle bleeds, grim Slaughter strides along,
Glutting her greedy jaws, grins o'er her prey :
Men, horses, dogs, fierce beasts of ev'ry kind,
A strange promiscuous carnage, drench'd in blood,
And heaps on heaps amafs'd. What yet remain
Alive, with vain assault contend to break
Th' impenetrable line. Others, whom fear
Inspires with self-preserving wiles, beneath

The bodies of the slain for shelter creep.
Aghast they fly, or hide their heads dispers'd.
And now perchance (had Heav'n but pleas'd) the work
Of death had been compleat, and Aurengzebe
By one dread frown extinguish'd half their race :
When lo ! the bright Sultanas of his court
Appear, and to his ravish'd eyes display
Those charms, but rarely to the day reveal'd.

Lowly they bend, and humbly sue, to save
The vanquish'd host. What mortal can deny
When suppliant beauty begs ? At his command,
Op'ning to right and left, the well-train'd troops
Leave a large void for their retreating foes :
Away they fly, on wings of fear upborne,
To seek on distant hills their late abodes.

Ye proud oppressors, whose vain hearts exult
In wantonness of pow'r, 'gainst the brute race,
Fierce robbers like yourselves, a guiltless war
Wage uncontroll'd : here quench your thirst of blood ;
But learn from Aurengzebe to spare mankind,

BOOK THE THIRD.

A R G U M E N T.

OF King Edgar, and his imposing a Tribute of Wolves Heads upon the Kings of Wales : From hence a Transition to Fox-Hunting, which is described in all its Parts. Censure of an over-numerous Pack. Of the several Engines to destroy Foxes, and other wild Beasts. The Steel-trap described, and the Manner of using it. Description of the Pitfall for the Lion ; and another for the Elephant. The ancient Way of Hunting the Tyger with a Mirrour. The Arabian Manner of hunting the wild Boar. Description of the Royal Stag-chace at Windfor Forest. Concludes with an Address to his Majesty, and an Eulogy upon Mercy.

IN Albion's isle when glorious Edgar reign'd,
 He, wisely provident, from her white cliffs
 Launch'd half her forest, and with num'rous fleets
 Cover'd his wide domain ; there proudly rode
 Lord of the deep, the great prerogative
 Of British monarchs. Each invader bold,
 Dane and Norwegian, at a distance gaz'd,
 And, disappointed, gnash'd his teeth in vain.
 He scour'd the seas, and to remotest shores
 With swelling sails the trembling corsair fled.
 Rich commerce flourish'd, and with busy oars
 Dash'd the resounding surge. Nor less at land

His

His royal cares ; wife, potent, gracious prince !
 His subjects from their cruel foes he saved,
 And from rapacious savages their flocks.
 Cambria's proud kings (tho' with reluctance) paid
 Their tributary wolves ; head after head,
 In full account, till the woods yield no more,
 And all the rav'nous race extinct is lost.
 In fertile pastures more securely graz'd
 The social troops ; and soon their large increase
 With curling fleeces whiten'd all the plains.
 But yet, alas ! the wily fox remain'd,
 A subtle, pilf'ring foe, prowling around
 In midnight shades, and wakeful to destroy.
 In the full fold, the poor defenceless lamb,
 Seiz'd by his guileful arts, with sweet warm blood
 Supplies a rich repast. The mournful ewe,
 Her dearest treasure lost, thro' the dun night
 Wanders perplex'd, and darkling bleats in vain :
 While, in th' adjacent bush, poor Philomel
 (Herself a parent once, till wanton churls
 Despoil'd her nest) joins in her loud laments,
 With sweeter notes, and more melodious woe.

For these nocturnal thieves, huntsman, prepare
 Thy sharpest vengeance. Oh ! how glorious 'tis
 To right th' oppress'd, and bring the felon vile
 To just disgrace ! Ere yet the morning peep,
 Or stars retire from the first blush of day,
 With thy far-echoing voice alarm thy pack,
 And rouse thy bold compeers. Then to the copse,
Thick

Thick with entangling grafs, or prickly furze,
 With filence lead thy many-colour'd hounds,
 In all their beauty's pride. See! how they range
 Dispers'd, how bufily this way and that
 They crofs, examining with curious nofe
 Each likely haunt. Hark! on the drag I hear
 Their doubtful notes, preluding to a cry
 More nobly full, and fwel'd with ev'ry mouth,
 As ftragglng armies, at the trumpet's voice,
 Prefs to their ftandard; hither all repair,
 And hurry thro' the woods; with hafly ftep
 Rufpling, and full of hope; now driv'n on heaps
 They push, they ftrive; while from his kennel sneaks
 The confcious villain. See! he skulks along,
 Sleek at the fhepherd's coft, and plump with meals
 Purloin'd. So thrive the wicked here below.
 Tho' high his brufh he bear, tho' tipt with white
 It gaily fhine; yet ere the fun declin'd
 Recall the fhades of night, the pamper'd rogue
 Shall rue his fate revers'd; and at his heels
 Behold the juft avenger, fwift to feize
 His forfeit head, and thirfting for his blood.

Heavens! what melodious ftrains! how beat our
 hearts

Big with tumultuous joy! the loaded gales
 Breathe harmony; and as the tempeft drives
 From wood to wood, thro' ev'ry dark recess
 The foreft thunders, and the mountains fhake.
 The chorus fwells; lefs various, and lefs sweet

The

The thrilling notes, when in those very groves
The feather'd choristers salute the spring,
And ev'ry bush in concert joins ; or when
The master's hand, in modulated air,
Bids the loud organ breathe, and all the pow'rs
Of music in one instrument combine,
An universal minstrelsy. And now
In vain each earth he tries, the doors are barr'd
Impregnable, nor is the covert safe ;
He pants for purer air. Hark ! what loud shouts
Re-echo thro' the groves ! he breaks away,
Shrill horns proclaim his flight. Each straggling hound
Strains o'er the lawn to reach the distant pack.
'Tis triumph all and joy. Now, my brave youths,
Now give a loose to the clean, gen'rous steed ;
Flourish the whip, nor spare the galling spur ;
But in the madness of delight forget
Your fears. Far o'er the rocky hills we range,
And dangerous our course ; but in the brave
True courage never fails. In vain the stream
In foaming eddies whirls ; in vain the ditch
Wide-gaping threatens death. The craggy steep,
Where the poor dizzy shepherd crawls with care,
And elings to ev'ry twig, gives us no pain ;
But down we sweep, as stoops the falcon bold
To pounce his prey. Then up th' opponent hill,
By the swift motion slung, we mount aloft.
So ships in winter-seas now sliding sink
Adown the steepy wave ; then, tofs'd on high,
Ride on the billows, and defy the storm.

What

What lengths we pass ! where will the wand'ring
chace

Lead us bewilder'd ! Smooth as swallows skim
The new-shorn mead, and far more swift, we fly.
See my brave pack ! how to the head they press,
Jostling in close array, then more diffuse
Obliquely wheel, while from their op'ning mouths
The vollied thunder breaks. So when the cranes
Their annual voyage steer, with wanton wing
Their figure oft they change, and their loud clang
From cloud to cloud rebounds. How far behind
The hunter-crew, wide-straggling o'er the plain !
The panting courser now with trembling nerves
Begins to reel ; urg'd by the goring spur,
Makes many a faint effort : he snorts, he foams ;
The big round drops run trickling down his sides,
With sweat and blood distain'd. Look back and view
The strange confusion of the vale below,
Where four vexation reigns. See yon poor jade !
In vain th' impatient rider frets and swears,
With galling spurs harrows his mangled sides ;
He can no more : his stiff, unpliant limbs
Rooted in earth, unmov'd and fix'd he stands,
For ev'ry cruel curse returns a groan,
And sobs, and faints, and dies. Who without grief
Can view that pamper'd steed, his master's joy,
His minion, and his daily care, well cloath'd,
Well fed with ev'ry nicer cate ; no cost,
No labour spar'd ; who, when the flying chace

Broke

Broke from the copse, without a rival led
 The num'rous train : now a sad spectacle
 Of pride brought low, and humbled insolence,
 Drove like a pannier'd ass, and scourg'd along !
 While these with loosen'd reins, and dangling heels,
 Hang on their reeling palfreys, that scarce bear
 Their weights ; another in the treach'rous bog
 Lies flound'ring halfingulph'd. What biting thoughts
 Torment th' abandon'd crew ! Old age laments
 His vigour spent : the tall, plump, brawny youth
 Curfes his cumb'rous bulk, and envies now
 The short pygmean race, he whilom kenn'd
 With proud insulting leer. A chosen few
 Alone the sport enjoy, nor droop beneath
 Their pleasing toils. Here, huntsman, from this height
 Observe yon birds of prey ; if I can judge,
 'Tis there the villain lurks ; they hover round
 And claim him as their own. Was I not right ?
 See ! there he creeps along ; his brush he drags,
 And sweeps the mire impure ; from his wide jaws
 His tongue unmoisten'd hangs ; symptoms too sure
 Of sudden death. Hah ! yet he flies, nor yields
 To black despair. But one loose more, and all
 His wiles are vain. Hark ! thro' yon village now
 The rattling clamour rings. The barns, the cots,
 And leafless elms, return the joyous sounds.
 Thro' ev'ry homestall, and thro' ev'ry yard,
 His midnight walks, panting, forlorn, he flies ;
 Thro' ev'ry hole he sneaks, thro' ev'ry jakes

Plunging

Plunging he wades besmeared, and fondly hopes
In a superior stench to lose his own:
But faithful to the track, th' unerring hounds
With peals of echoing vengeance close pursue.
And now distress'd, no sheltering covert near,
Into the hen-roost creeps, whose walls with gore
Distain'd attest his guilt. There, villain, there
Expect thy fate deserv'd. And soon from thence
The pack inquisitive, with clamour loud,
Drag out their trembling prize, and on his blood
With greedy transport feast. In bolder notes
Each sounding horn proclaims the felon dead,
And all th' assembled village shouts for joy.
The farmer, who beholds his mortal foe
Stretch'd at his feet, applauds the glorious deed,
And grateful calls us to a short repast:
In the full glass the liquid amber smiles,
Our native product. And his good old mate
With choicest viands heaps the lib'ral board,
To crown our triumphs, and reward our toils.

Here must th' instructive Muse (but with respect)
Censure that num'rous pack, that crowd of state,
With which the vain profusion of the great
Covers the lawn, and shakes the trembling copse.
Pompous incumbrance! A magnificence
Useless, vexatious! For the wily fox,
Safe in th' increasing number of his foes,
Kens well the great advantage; flinks behind
And slyly creeps thro' the same beaten track,

And

And hunts them step by step ; then views escap'd,
With inward extasy, the panting throng
In their own footsteps puzzled, foil'd, and lost.
So when proud Eastern kings summon to arms
Their gaudy legions, from far distant climes
They flock in crowds, unpeopling half a world :
But when the day of battle calls them forth
To charge the well-train'd foe, a band compact
Of chosen vet'rans, they press blindly on,
In heaps confus'd, by their own weapons fall,
A smoking carnage scatter'd o'er the plain.

Nor hounds alone this noxious brood destroy :
The plunder'd warrener full many a wile
Devises to entrap his greedy foe,
Fat with nocturnal spoils : at close of day,
With silence drags his trail ; then from the ground
Pares thin the close-graz'd turf, there with nice hand
Covers the latent death, with curious springs
Prepar'd to fly at once, whene'er the tread
Of man or beast unwarily shall press
The yielding surface. By th' indented steel
With gripe tenacious held, the felon grins,
And struggles, but in vain : yet oft 'tis known,
When ev'ry art has fail'd, the captive fox
Has shar'd the wounded joint, and with a limb
Compounded for his life. But if perchance
In the deep pitfall plung'd, there's no escape ;
But unrepriev'd he dies, and bleach'd in air
The jest of clowns, his reeking carcass hangs.

Of

Of these are various kinds: not ev'n the king
Of brutes evades this deep devouring grave;
But by the wily African betray'd,
Heedless of fate, within its gaping jaws
Expires indignant. When the orient beam
With blushes paints the dawn; and all the race
Carnivorous, with blood full-gorg'd, retire
Into their darksome cells, there satiate snore
O'er dripping offals, and the mangled limbs
Of men and beasts; the painful forester
Climbs the high hills, whose proud aspiring tops,
With the tall cedar crown'd, and taper fir,
Assail the clouds. There 'mong the craggy rocks,
And thickets intricate, trembling he views
His footsteps in the sand; the dismal road
And avenue to death. Hither he calls
His watchful bands; and low into the ground
A pit they sink, full many a fathom deep.
Then in the midst a column high is rear'd,
The butt of some fair tree; upon whose top
A lamb is plac'd, just ravish'd from his dam.
And next a wall they build, with stones and earth
Encircling round, and hiding from all view
The dreadful precipice. Now when the shades
Of night hang low'ring o'er the mountain's brow,
And hunger keen, and pungent thirst of blood,
Rouze up the slothful beast, he shakes his sides,
Slow-rising from his lair, and stretches wide
His rav'nous paws, with recent gore distain'd.

The forests tremble, as he roars aloud,
 Impatient to destroy. O'erjoy'd he hears
 The bleating innocent, that claims in vain
 The shepherd's care, and seeks with piteous moan
 The foodful teat; himself, alas! design'd
 Another's meal. For now the greedy brute
 Winds him from far; and leaping o'er the mound
 To seize his trembling prey, headlong is plung'd
 Into the deep abyss. Prostrate he lies
 Astunn'd and impotent. Ah! what avail
 Thine eye-balls flashing fire, thy length of tail,
 That lashes thy broad sides, thy jaws besmear'd
 With blood and offals crude, thy shaggy mane
 The terror of the woods, thy stately port,
 And bulk enormous, since by stratagem
 Thy strength is foil'd? Unequal is the strife,
 When sov'reign reason combats brutal rage.

On distant Ethiopia's sun-burnt coasts,
 The black inhabitants a pitfall frame,
 But of a diff'rent kind, and diff'rent use.
 With slender poles the wide capacious mouth,
 And hurdles slight, they close; o'er these is spread
 A floor of verdant turf, with all its flow'rs
 Smiling delusive, and from strictest search
 Concealing the deep grave that yawns below.
 Then boughs of trees they cut, with tempting fruit
 Of various kinds surcharg'd; the downy peach,
 The clust'ring vine, and of bright golden rind
 The fragrant orange. Soon as ev'ning grey

Advances

Advances slow, besprinkling all around
With kind refreshing dews the thirsty glebe,
The stately elephant from the close shade
With step majestic strides, eager to taste
The cooler breeze that from the sea-beat shore
Delightful breathes, or in the limpid stream
To lave his panting sides; joyous he scents
The rich repast, unweeting of the death
That lurks within. And soon he sporting breaks
The brittle boughs, and greedily devours
The fruit delicious. Ah! too dearly bought;
The price is life. For now the teach'rous turf
Trembling gives way; and the unwieldy beast,
Self-sinking, drops into the dark profound.
So when dilated vapours struggling heave
Th'incumbent earth; if chance the cavern'd ground
Shrinking subside, and the thin surface yield,
Down sinks at once the pond'rous dome, ingulph'd
With all its tow'rs. Subtle, delusive man!
How various are thy wiles! artful to kill
Thy savage foes, a dull, unthinking race.
Fierce from his lair springs forth the speckled pard,
Thirsting for blood, and eager to destroy;
The huntsman flies, but to his flight alone
Confides not: at convenient distance fix'd,
A polish'd mirrour stops in full career
The furious brute: he there his image views;
Spots against spots with rage improving glow;
Another pard his bristly whiskers curls,

Grins as he grins, fierce-menacing, and wide
 Distends his op'ning paws; himself against
 Himself oppos'd, and with dread vengeance arm'd.
 The huntsman now, secure, with fatal aim
 Directs the pointed spear, by which transfix'd
 He dies, and with him dies the rival shade.
 Thus man innum'rous engines forms, t'assail
 The savage kind: but most the docile horse,
 Swift, and confederate with man, annoys
 His brethren of the plains; without whose aid
 The hunters arts were vain, unskill'd to wage
 With the more active brutes an equal war:
 But, borne by him, without the well-train'd pack,
 Man dares his foe, on wings of winds secure.

Him the fierce Arab mounts, and with his troop
 Of bold compeers ranges the deserts wild:
 Where, by the magnet's aid, the traveller
 Steers his untrodden course, yet oft on land
 Is wreck'd, in the high-rolling waves of sand
 Immers'd and lost; while these intrepid bands,
 Safe in their horses speed, out-fly the storm,
 And scouring round make men and beasts their prey.
 The grisly boar is singled from his herd,
 As large as that in Erimanthian woods,
 A match for Hercules. Round him they fly
 In circles wide; and each in passing sends
 His feather'd death into his brawny sides.
 But perilous th' attempt. For if the steed
 Haply too near approach, or the loose earth

His

His footing fail, the watchful, angry beast
Th' advantage spies, and at one sidelong glance
Rips up his groin. Wounded, he rears aloft,
And, plunging, from his back the rider hurls
Precipitant; then bleeding spurns the ground,
And drags his reeking entrails o'er the plain.
Mean while the furly monster trots along,
But with unequal speed; for still they wound,
Swift-wheeling in the spacious ring. A wood
Of darts upon his back he bears; adown
His tortur'd sides the crimson torrents roll
From many a gaping font. And now at last
Stagg'ring he falls, in blood and foam expires.

But whither roves my devious Muse, intent
On antique tales, while yet the royal stag
Unfung remains? Tread with respectful awe
Windfor's green glades; where Denham, tuneful bard,
Charm'd once the list'ning Dryads with his song
Sublimely sweet. O! grant me, sacred shade,
To glean submits what thy full sickle leaves.

The morning sun, that gilds with trembling rays
Windfor's high tow'rs, beholds the courtly train
Mount for the chace, nor views in all his course
A scene so gay: heroic, noble youths,
In arts and arms renown'd, and lovely nymphs,
The fairest of this isle, where beauty dwells
Delighted, and deserts her Paphian grove
For our more favour'd shades: in proud parade
These shine magnificent, and press around

The royal happy pair. Great in themselves,
They smile superior ; of external show
Regardless, while their inbred virtues give
A lustre to their pow'r, and grace their court
With real splendours, far above the pomp
Of eastern kings in all their tinsel pride.
Like troops of Amazons, the female band
Prance round their cars, not in refulgent arms
As those of old ; unskill'd to wield the sword,
Or bend the bow, these kill with surer aim.
The royal offspring, fairest of the fair,
Lead on the splendid train: Anna, more bright
Than summer suns, or as the lightning keen,
With irresistible effulgence arm'd,
Fires ev'ry heart. He must be more than man,
Who unconcern'd can bear the piercing ray.
Amelia, milder than the blushing dawn,
With sweet engaging air, but equal pow'r,
Insensibly subdues, and in soft chains
Her willing captives leads. Illustrious maids,
Ever triumphant ! whose victorious charms,
Without the needle's aid of high descent,
Had aw'd mankind, and taught the world's great lords
To bow and sue for grace. But who is he,
Fresh as a rose-bud newly blown, and fair
As op'ning lillies, on whom ev'ry eye
With joy and admiration dwells? See ! see!
He reins his docile barb with manly grace.
Is it Adonis for the chace array'd ?

Or Britain's second hope ? Hail, blooming youth !
May all your virtues with your years improve,
Till, in consummate worth, you shine the pride
Of these our days, and to succeeding times
A bright example. As his guard of mutes
On the great Sultan wait, with eyes deject
And fix'd on earth, no voice, no sound is heard
Within the wide serail, but all is hush'd,
And awful silence reigns ; thus stand the pack
Mute and unmov'd, and cowering low to earth,
While pass the glitt'ring court, and royal pair :
So disciplin'd those hounds, and so reserv'd,
Whose honour 'tis to glad the hearts of kings.
But soon the winding horn, and huntsman's voice,
Let loose the gen'ral chorus ; far around
Joy spreads its wings, and the gay morning smiles.

Unharbour'd now the royal stag forsakes
His wonted lair ; he shakes his dappled sides,
And tosses high his beamy head, the copse
Beneath his antlers bends. What doubling shifts
He tries ! not more the wily hare ; in these
Wou'd still persist, did not the full-mouth'd pack
With dreadful concert thunder in his rear.
The woods reply, the hunters chearing shouts
Float thro' the glades, and the wide forest rings.
How merrily they chant ! their nostrils deep
Inhale the grateful steam. Such is the cry,
And such th' harmonious din ; the soldier deems
The battle kindling, and the statesman grave

Forgets his weighty cares ; each age, each sex
 In the wild transport joins ; luxuriant joy,
 And pleasure in excess, sparkling exult
 On ev'ry brow, and revel unrestrain'd.
 How happy art thou, man, when thou'rt no more
 Thyself ! when all the pangs that grind thy soul,
 In rapture and in sweet oblivion lost,
 Yield a short interval, and ease from pain !

See the swift courser strains, his shining hoofs
 Securely beat the solid ground. Who now
 The dang'rous pitfall fears, with tangling heath
 High-overgrown ? Or who the quiv'ring bog
 Soft-yielding to the step ? All now is plain,
 Plain as the strand sea-lav'd, that stretches far
 Beneath the rocky shore. Glades crossing glades
 The forest opens to our wond'ring view :
 Such was the king's command. Let tyrants fierce
 Lay waste the world ; his the more glorious part
 To check their pride, and, when the brazen voice
 Of war is hush'd, (as erst victorious Rome)
 T'employ his station'd legions in the works
 Of peace ; to smooth the rugged wilderness,
 To drain the stagnate fen, to raise the slope
 Depending road, and to make gay the face
 Of nature with th' embellishments of art.

How melts my beating heart ! as I behold
 Each lovely nymph, our island's boast and pride,
 Push on the gen'rous steed, that strokes along
 O'er rough, o'er smooth, nor heeds the steepy hill,
 Nor

Nor falters in th' extended vale below ;
Their garments loofely waving in the wind,
And all the flufh of beauty in their cheeks !
While at their fides their penfive lovers wait,
Direft their dubious courfe ; now chill'd with fear
Solicitous, and now with love inflam'd.
O ! grant, indulgent Heav'n, no rifing ftorm
May darken with black wings this glorious fcene !
Shou'd fome malignant pow'r thus damp our joys,
Vain were the gloomy cave, fuch as of old
Betray'd to lawlefs love the Tyrian queen.
For Britain's virtuous nymphs are chafte as fair,
Spotlefs, unblam'd, with equal triumph reign
In the dun gloom, as in the blaze of day.

Now the blown ftag, thro' woods, bogs, roads,
and ftreams,
Has meafur'd half the foreft ; but, alas !
He flies in vain, he flies not from his fears.
Tho' far he caft the ling'ring pack behind,
His haggard fancy ftill with horror views
The fell deftroyer ; ftill the fatal cry
Infults his ears, and wounds his trembling heart.
So the poor fury-haunted wretch (his hands
In guiltlefs blood diftain'd) ftill feems to hear
The dying fhrieks ; and the pale threat'ning ghofth
Moves as he moves, and as he flies, purfues.
See here his flot ; up yon green hill he climbs,
Pants on its brow awhile, fadly looks back
On his purfuers, cov'ring all the plain ;

But,

But, wrung with anguish, bears not long the fight,
 Shoots down the steep, and sweats along the vale :
 There mingles with the herd, where once he reign'd
 Proud monarch of the groves, whose clashing beam
 His rivals aw'd, and whose exalted pow'r
 Was still rewarded with successful love.
 But the base herd have learn'd the ways of men,
 Averse they fly, or with rebellious aim
 Chace him from thence : needless their impious deed,
 The huntsman knows him by a thousand marks,
 Black, and imboss ; nor are his hounds deceiv'd ;
 Too well distinguish these, and never leave
 Their once-devoted foe ; familiar grows
 His scent, and strong their appetite to kill.
 Again he flies, and with redoubled speed
 Skims o'er the lawn ; still the tenacious crew
 Hang on the track, aloud demand their prey,
 And push him many a league. If haply then
 Too far escap'd, and the gay courtly train
 Behind are cast, the huntsman's clanging whip
 Stops full their bold career ; passive they stand,
 Unmov'd, an humble, an obsequious crowd,
 As if by stern Medusa gaz'd to stones.
 So at their gen'ral's voice whole armies halt
 In full pursuit, and check their thirst of blood.
 Soon at the king's command, like hasty streams
 Damm'd up awhile, they foam, and pour along
 With fresh recruited might. The stag, who hop'd
 His foes were lost, now once more hears astunn'd

The

The dreadful din ; he shivers ev'ry limb,
He starts, he bounds ; each bush presents a foe.
Press'd by the fresh relay, no pause allow'd,
Breathless, and faint, he falters in his pace,
And lifts his weary limbs with pain, that scarce
Sustain their load ; he pants, he sobs appall'd ;
Drops down his heavy head to earth, beneath
His cumb'rous beams oppress'd. But if perchance
Some prying eye surprize him ; soon he rears
Erect his tow'ring front, bounds o'er the lawn
With ill-diffembled vigour, to amuse
The knowing forester, who inly smiles
At his weak shifts and unavailing frauds.
So midnight tapers waste their last remains,
Shine forth a while, and as they blaze expire.
From wood to wood redoubling thunders roll,
And bellow thro' the vales ; the moving storm
Thickens amain, and loud triumphant shouts,
And horns shrill-warbling in each glade, prelude
To his approaching fate. And now in view
With hobbling gait, and high, exerts amaz'd
What strength is left : to the last dregs of life
Reduc'd, his spirits fail, on ev'ry side
Hemm'd in, besieg'd ; not the least op'ning left
To gleaming hope, th' unhappy's last reserve.
Where shall he turn ? Or whither fly ? Despair
Gives courage to the weak. Resolv'd to die,
He fears no more, but rushes on his foes,
And deals his deaths around ; beneath his feet

These

These grovelling lie, those by his antlers gor'd
Defile th' enfanguin'd plain. Ah ! see distress'd
He stands at bay against yon knotty trunk,
That covers well his rear ; his front presents
An host of foes. O ! shun, ye noble train,
The rude encounter, and believe your lives
Your country's due alone. As now aloof
They wing around, he finds his soul uprais'd
To dare some great exploit : he charges home
Upon the broken pack, that on each side
Fly diverse ; then as o'er the turf he strains,
He vents the cooling stream, and up the breeze
Urges his course with eager violence :
Then takes the foil, and plunges in the flood
Precipitant ; down the mid-stream he wafts
Along, till, (like a ship distress'd, that runs
Into some winding creek,) close to the verge
Of a small island, for his weary feet
Sure anchorage he finds, there skulks immers'd.
His nose alone above the wave, draws in
The vital air ; all else beneath the flood
Conceal'd, and lost, deceives each prying eye
Of man or brute. In vain the crowding pack
Draw on the margin of the stream, or cut
The liquid wave with oary feet, that move
In equal time. The gliding waters leave
No trace behind, and his contracted pores
But sparingly perspire : the huntsman strains
His lab'ring lungs, and puffs his cheeks in vain :

At

At length a blood-hound bold, studious to kill,
And exquisite of sense, winds him from far ;
Headlong he leaps into the flood, his mouth
Loud-op'ning spends amain, and his wide throat
Swells ev'ry note with joy ; then fearless dives
Beneath the wave, hangs on his haunch, and wounds
Th' unhappy brute, that flounders in the stream,
Sorely distress'd, and struggling strives to mount
The steepy shore. Haply once more escap'd,
Again he stands at bay, amid the groves
Of willows, bending low their downy heads.
Outrageous transport fires the greedy pack ;
These swim the deep, and those crawl up with pain
The slipp'ry bank, while others on firm land
Engage ; the stag repels each bold assault,
Maintains his post, and wounds for wounds returns.
As when some wily corfair boards a ship
Full-freighted, or from Afric's golden coasts,
Or India's wealthy strand, his bloody crew
Upon her deck he flings ; these in the deep
Drop short, and swim to reach her steepy sides,
And clinging climb aloft, while those on board
Urge on the work of fate ; the master bold,
Prefs'd to his last retreat, bravely resolves
To sink his wealth beneath the whelming wave,
His wealth, his foes, nor unreveng'd to die.
So fares it with the stag ; so he resolves
To plunge at once into the flood below,
Himself, his foes, in one deep gulph immers'd.

Ere

Ere yet he executes this dire intent,
In wild disorder once more views the light ;
Beneath a weight of woe, he groans distress'd :
The tears run trickling down his hairy cheeks ;
He weeps, nor weeps in vain. The king beholds
His wretched plight, and tendernefs innate
Moves his great soul. Soon at his high command
Rebuk'd, the difappointed, hungry pack
Retire fubmifs, and grumbling quit their prey.

Great prince ! from thee what may thy fubjects
hope,

So kind, and fo beneficent to brutes ?
O mercy, heav'nly born ! fweet attribute !
Thou great, thou beft prerogative of pow'r !
Justice may guard the throne, but, join'd with thee,
On rocks of adamant it ftands fecure,
And braves the ftorm beneath : foon as thy fmls
Gild the rough deep, the foaming waves fubfide,
And all the noify tumult finks in peace.

BOOK THE FOURTH.

A R G U M E N T.

OF the Necessity of destroying some Beasts, and preserving others for the Use of Man. Of breeding of Hounds; the Season for this Business. The Choice of the Dog, of great Moment. Of the Litter of Whelps. Of the Number to be reared. Of setting them out to their several Walks. Care to be taken to prevent their Hunting too soon. Of entering the Whelps. Of breaking them from running at Sheep. Of the Diseases of Hounds. Of their Age. Of Madness; two Sorts of it described, the Dumb, and outrageous Madness: its dreadful Effects. Burning of the Wound recommended as preventing all ill Consequences. The infectious Hounds to be separated, and fed apart. The Vanity of trusting to the many infallible Cures for this Malady. The dismal Effects of the Biting of a Mad Dog upon Man described. Description of the Otter Hunting. The Conclusion.

W HATE'ER of earth is form'd, to earth returns
 Dissolv'd: the various objects we behold,
 Plants, animals, this whole material mass,
 Are ever changing, ever new. The soul
 Of man alone, that particle divine,
 Escapes the wreck of worlds, when all things fail.
 Hence great the distance 'twixt the beasts that perish
 And God's bright image, man's immortal race.

The

The brute creation are his property,
 Subservient to his will, and for him made.
 As hurtful these he kills, as useful those
 Preserves ; their sole and arbitrary king.
 Shou'd he not kill, as erst the Samian sage
 Taught unadvis'd, and Indian Brachmans now
 As vainly preach ; the teeming rav'nous brutes
 Might fill the scanty space of this terrene,
 Incumb'ring all the globe : shou'd not his care
 Improve his growing stock, their kinds might fail,
 Man might once more on roots and acorns feed,
 And thro' the deserts range, shiv'ring, forlorn,
 Quite destitute of ev'ry solace dear,
 And ev'ry smiling gaiety of life.

The prudent huntsman, therefore, will supply
 With annual large recruits his broken pack,
 And propagate their kind : as from the root
 Fresh scions still spring forth, and daily yield
 New blooming honours to the parent-tree.
 Far shall his pack be fam'd, far sought his breed,
 And princes at their tables feast those hounds
 His hand presents, an acceptable boon.

Ere yet the sun thro' the bright ram has urg'd
 His steepy course, or mother Earth unbound
 Her frozen bosom to the western gale ;
 When feather'd troops, their social leagues dissolv'd,
 Select their mates, and on the leafless elm
 The noisy rook builds high her wicker nest ;
 Mark well the wanton females of thy pack,

That

That curl their taper tails, and frisking court
 Their pyebald mates enamour'd ; their red eyes
 Flash fires impure ; nor rest nor food they take,
 Goaded by furious love. In sep'rate cells
 Confine them now, lest bloody civil wars
 Annoy thy peaceful state. If left at large,
 The growling rivals in dread battle join,
 And rude encounter. On Scamander's streams
 Heroes of old with far less fury fought
 For the bright Spartan dame, their valour's prize.
 Mangled and torn thy fav'rite hounds shall lie,
 Stretch'd on the ground ; thy kennel shall appear
 A field of blood : like some unhappy town
 In civil broils confus'd, while discord shakes
 Her bloody scourge aloft, fierce parties rage,
 Staining their impious hands in mutual death.
 And still the best belov'd and bravest fall :
 Such are the dire effects of lawless love.

Huntsman ! these ills by timely prudent care
 Prevent : for ev'ry longing dame select
 Some happy paramour ; to him alone
 In leagues connubial join. Consider well
 His lineage ; what his fathers did of old,
 Chiefs of the pack, and first to climb the rock,
 Or plunge into the deep, or thread the brake
 With thorns sharp-pointed, plash'd, and briars inwoven.
 Observe with care his shape, fort, colour, size.
 Nor will sagacious huntsmen less regard

His inward habits ; the vain babbler shun,
 Ever loquacious, ever in the wrong.
 His foolish offspring shall offend thy ears
 With false alarms, and loud impertinence.
 Nor less the shifting cur avoid, that breaks
 Illusive from the pack ; to the next hedge
 Devious he strays, there ev'ry muse he tries ;
 If haply then he cross the streaming scent,
 Away he flies vain glorious, and exults
 As of the pack supreme, and in his speed
 And strength unrivall'd. Lo ! cast far behind
 His vex'd associates pant, and lab'ring strain
 To climb the steep ascent. Soon as they reach
 Th' insulting boaster, his false courage fails,
 Behind he lags, doom'd to the fatal noose,
 His master's hate, and scorn of all the field.
 What can from such be hop'd, but a base brood
 Of coward curs, a frantic, vagrant race ?

When now the third revolving moon appears,
 With sharpen'd horns, above th' horizon's brink,
 Without Lucina's aid, expect thy hopes
 Are amply crown'd ; short pangs produce to light
 The smoking litter, crawling, helpless, blind,
 Nature their guide, they seek the pouting teat,
 That plenteous streams. Soon as the tender dam
 Has form'd them with her tongue, with pleasure view
 The marks of their renown'd progenitors,
 Sure pledge of triumphs yet to come. All these
 Select with joy ; but to the merc'less flood

Expose

Expose the dwindling refuse, nor o'erload
Th' indulgent mother. If thy heart relent,
Unwilling to destroy, a nurse provide,
And to the foster-parent give the care
Of thy superfluous brood; she'll cherish kind
The alien offspring; pleas'd thou shalt behold
Her tendernefs and hospitable love.

If frolic now and playful they desert
Their gloomy cell, and on the verdant turf,
With nerves improv'd, pursue the mimic chace,
Courfing around; unto thy choicest friends
Commit thy valu'd prize: the rustic dames
Shall at thy kennel wait, and in their laps
Receive thy growing hopes, with many a kiss
Carefs, and dignify their little charge
With some great title, and refounding name
Of high import. But cautious here observe
To check their youthful ardour, nor permit
The unexperienc'd younker, immature,
Alone to range the woods, or haunt the brakes
Where dodging conies sport: his nerves unstrung,
And strength unequal, the laborious chace
Shall stint his growth, and his rash, forward youth
Contract fuch vicious habits, as thy care
And late correction never shall reclaim.

When to full strength arriv'd, mature and bold,
Conduct them to the field; not all at once,
But, as thy cooler prudence shall direct,
Select a few, and form them by degrees

To stricter discipline. With these consort
 The stanch and steady sages of thy pack,
 By long experience vers'd in all the wiles
 And subtle doublings of the various chace.
 Easy the lesson of the youthful train,
 When instinct prompts, and when example guides.
 If the too forward younker at the head
 Pres boldly on, in wanton sportive mood,
 Correct his haste, and let him feel abash'd
 The ruling whip. But if he stoop behind
 In wary modest guise, to his own nose
 Confiding sure, give him full scope to work
 His winding way, and with thy voice applaud
 His patience, and his care : soon shalt thou view
 The hopeful pupil leader of his tribe,
 And all the list'ning pack attend his call.

Oft lead them forth where wanton lambkins play,
 And bleating dams with jealous eyes observe
 Their tender care. If at the crowding flock
 He bay presumptuous, or with eager haste
 Pursue them scatter'd o'er the verdant plain ;
 In the foul fact attach'd, to the strong ram
 Tie fast the rash offender. See ! at first
 His horn'd companion, fearful, and amaz'd,
 Shall drag him trembling o'er the rugged ground :
 Then, with his load fatigued, shall turn a-head,
 And with his curl'd hard front incessant peal
 The panting wretch, 'till, breathless and astunn'd,
 Stretch'd on the turf he lie. Then spare not thou

The

The twining whip, but ply his bleeding fides
Lash after lash, and with thy threat'ning voice,
Harsh-echoing from the hills, inculcate loud
His vile offence. Sooner shall trembling doves,
Escap'd the hawk's sharp talons, in mid air,
Assail their dang'rous foe, than he once more
Disturb the peaceful flocks. In tender age
Thus youth is train'd ; as curious artists bend
The taper, pliant twig ; or potters form
Their soft and ductile clay to various shapes.

Nor is't enough to breed ; but to preserve
Must be the huntsman's care. The stanch old hounds,
Guides of thy pack, tho' but in number few,
Are yet of great account ; shall oft untie
The Gordian knot, when reason at a stand
Puzzling is lost, and all thy art is vain.
O'er clogging fallows, o'er dry plaster'd roads,
O'er floated meads, o'er plains with flocks distain'd
Rank-scenting, these must lead the dubious way.
As party-chiefs in senates who preside,
With pleaded reason and with well-turn'd speech
Conduct the staring multitude ; so these
Direct the pack, who with joint cry approve,
And loudly boast discov'ries not their own.

Unnumber'd accidents, and various ills,
Attend thy pack, hang hov'ring o'er their heads,
And point the way that leads to death's dark cave.
Short is their span ; few at the date arrive
Of ancient Argus, in old Homer's song

So highly honour'd : kind, sagacious brute !
 Not ev'n Minerva's wisdom cou'd conceal
 Thy much-lov'd master from thy nicer sense.
 Dying his lord he own'd, view'd him all o'er
 With eager eyes, then clos'd those eyes, well pleas'd.

Of lesser ills the Muse declines to sing,
 Nor stoops so low ; of these each groom can tell
 The proper remedy. But O ! what care !
 What prudence can prevent madness, the worst
 Of maladies ? Terrific pest ! that blasts
 The huntsman's hopes, and desolation spreads
 Thro' all th' unpeopled kennel unrestrain'd.
 More fatal than th' envenom'd viper's bite ;
 Or that Apulian spider's pois'nous sting,
 Heal'd by the pleasing antidote of sounds.

When Sirius reigns, and the sun's parching beams
 Bake the dry gaping surface, visit thou
 Each ev'n and morn, with quick observant eye,
 Thy panting pack. If, in dark fullen mood,
 The glouting hound refuse his wonted meal,
 Retiring to some close, obscure retreat,
 Gloomy, disconsolate ; with speed remove
 The poor infectious wretch, and in strong chains
 Bind him suspected. Thus that dire disease,
 Which art can't cure, wise caution may prevent.

But this neglected, soon expect a change,
 A dismal change, confusion, frenzy, death.
 Or in some dark recess, the senseless brute
 Sits sadly pining : deep melancholy,

And

And black despair, upon his clouded brow
Hang low'ring ; from his half-op'ning jaws
The clammy venom, and infectious froth,
Distilling fall ; and from his lungs inflam'd
Malignant vapours taint the ambient air,
Breathing perdition : his dim eyes are glaz'd,
He droops his pensive head, his trembling limbs
No more support his weight ; abject he lies,
Dumb, spiritless, benumb'd, till death at last
Gracious attends, and kindly brings relief.

Or if outrageous grown, behold, alas !
A yet more dreadful scene ; his glaring eyes
Redden with fury, like some angry boar
Churning he foams, and on his back erect
His pointed bristles rise ; his tail incurv'd
He drops, and with harsh broken howlings rends
The poison-tainted air, with rough hoarse voice
Incessant bays ; and snuffs th' infectious breeze ;
This way and that he stares aghast, and starts
At his own shade ; jealous, as if he deem'd
The world his foes. If haply tow'rd the stream
He cast his roving eye, cold horror chills
His soul ; averse he flies, trembling, appall'd.
Now frantic to the kennel's utmost verge
Raving he runs, and deals destruction round.
The pack fly diverse ; for whate'er he meets
Vengeful he bites, and ev'ry bite is death.

If now perchance thro' the weak fence escap'd,
Far up the wind he roves, with open mouth

Inhales the cooling breeze, nor man nor beast
 He spares implacable. The hunter-horse,
 Once kind associate of his sylvan toils,
 (Who haply now without the kennel's mound
 Crops the rank mead, and list'ning hears with joy
 The chearing cry that morn and eve salutes
 His raptur'd sense,) a wretched victim falls.
 Unhappy quadruped! no more, alas!
 Shall thy fond master with his voice applaud
 Thy gentleness, thy speed; or with his hand
 Stroke thy soft dappled sides, as he each day
 Visits thy stall, well pleas'd; no more shalt thou
 With sprightly neighings, to the winding horn,
 And the loud-op'ning pack in concert join'd,
 Glad his proud heart. For oh! the secret wound
 Rankling inflames, he bites the ground and dies.

Hence to the village with pernicious haste
 Baleful he bends his course: the village flies
 Alarm'd; the tender mother in her arms
 Hugs close the trembling babe; the doors are barr'd,
 And flying curs, by native instinct taught,
 Shun the contagious bane; the rustic bands
 Hurry to arms, the rude militia seize
 Whate'er at hand they find; clubs, forks, or guns,
 From ev'ry quarter charge the furious foe,
 In wild disorder, and uncouth array,
 Till now with wounds on wounds oppress'd and gor'd,
 At one short pois'nous gasp he breathes his last.

Hence to the kennel, Muse, return, and view
 With heavy heart that hospital of woe;

Where

Where horror stalks at large, insatiate death
Sits growling o'er his prey : each hour presents
A diff'rent scene of ruin and distress.

How busy art thou, Fate ! and how severe
Thy pointed wrath ! The dying and the dead
Promiscuous lie ; o'er these the living fight
In one eternal broil ; not conscious why,
Nor yet with whom. So drunkards, in their cups,
Spare not their friends, while senseless squabble reigns.

Huntsman ! it much behoves thee to avoid
The perilous debate. Ah ! rouse up all
Thy vigilance, and tread the treach'rous ground
With careful step. Thy fires unquench'd preserve,
As erst the vestal flame ; the pointed steel
In the hot embers hide ; and if surpris'd
Thou feel'st the deadly bite, quick urge it home
Into the recent sore, and cauterize
The wound ; spare not thy flesh, nor dread th' event :
Vulcan shall save, when Æsculapius fails.

Here shou'd the knowing Muse recount the means
To stop this growing plague. And here, alas !
Each hand presents a sov'reign cure, and boasts
Infallibility, but boasts in vain.

On this depend : each to his sep'rate feat
Confine, in fetters bound ; give each his mess
Apart, his range in open air ; and then
If deadly symptoms to thy grief appear,
Devote the wretch, and let him greatly fall,
A gen'rous victim for the public weal.

Sing,

Sing, philosophic Muse, the dire effects
 Of this contagious bite on hapless man.
 The rustic swains, by long tradition taught
 Of leeches old, as soon as they perceive
 The bite impress'd, to the sea-coasts repair.
 Plung'd in the briny flood, th' unhappy youth
 Now journeys home secure ; but soon shall wish
 The seas as yet had cover'd him beneath
 The foaming surge, full many a fathom deep.
 A fate more dismal, and superior ills,
 Hang o'er his head devoted. When the moon,
 Closing her monthly round, returns again
 To glad the night ; or when full-orb'd she shines
 High in the vault of heav'n ; the lurking pest
 Begins the dire assault. The pois'nous foam,
 Thro' the deep wound instill'd with hostile rage,
 And all its fiery particles saline,
 Invades th' arterial fluid, whose red waves
 Tempestuous heave, and, their cohesion broke,
 Fermenting boil ; intestine war ensues,
 And order to confusion turns embroil'd.
 Now the distended vessels scarce contain
 The wild uproar, but press each weaker part,
 Unable to resist, the tender brain,
 And stomach, suffer most ; convulsions shake
 His trembling nerves, and wandering pungent pains
 Pinch fore the sleepless wretch ; his flutt'ring pulse
 Oft intermits ; pensive and sad he mourns
 His cruel fate, and to his weeping friends
 Laments in vain ; to hasty anger prone,

Resents

Repents each slight offence, walks with quick step,
And wildly stares ; at last with boundless sway
The tyrant frenzy reigns. For as the dog,
(Whose fatal bite convey'd th' infectious bane,)
Raving he foams, and howls, and barks, and bites.
Like agitations in his boiling blood
Present like species to his troubled mind ;
His nature and his actions all canine.
So (as old Homer sung) th' associates wild
Of wand'ring Ithacus, by Circe's charms
To swine transform'd, ran grunting thro' the groves,
Dreadful example to a wicked world !
See there distress'd he lies ! parch'd up with thirst,
But dares not drink ; till now at last his soul
Trembling escapes, her noisome dungeon leaves,
And to some purer region wings away.

One labour yet remains, celestial maid !
Another element demands thy song.
No more o'er craggy steeps, thro' coverts thick
With pointed thorn, and briars intricate,
Urge on with horn and voice the painful pack ;
But skim with wanton wing th' irriguous vale,
Where winding streams amid the flow'ry meads
Perpetual glide along, and undermine
The cavern'd banks, by the tenacious roots
Of hoary willows arch'd ; gloomy retreat
Of the bright scaly kind, where they at will
On the green wat'ry reed their pasture graze,
Suck the moist soil, or slumber at their ease,

Rock'd

Rock'd by the restless brook, that draws aslope
Its humid train, and laves their dark abodes.
Where rages not oppression? Where, alas!
Is innocence secure? Rapine and spoil
Haunt ev'n the lowest deeps; seas have their sharks;
Rivers and ponds inclos'd, the rav'nous pike;
He in his turn becomes a prey, on him
Th' amphibious otter feasts. Just is his fate
Deserv'd: but tyrants know no bounds; nor spears
That bristle on his back, defend the perch
From his wide greedy jaws; nor burnish'd mail
The yellow carp; nor all his arts can save
Th' insinuating eel, that hides his head
Beneath the slimy mud; nor yet escapes
The crimson-spotted trout, the river's pride,
And beauty of the stream. Without remorse,
This midnight pillager ranging around,
Insatiate swallows all. The owner mourns
Th' unpeopled rivulet, and gladly hears
The huntsman's early call, and sees with joy
The jovial crew, that march upon its banks
In gay parade, with bearded lances arm'd.

This subtle spoiler of the beaver kind,
Far off perhaps, where ancient alders shade
The deep still pool, within some hollow trunk
Contrives his wicker couch; whence he surveys
His long purlieu, lord of the stream, and all
The finny shoals his own. But you, brave youths,
Dispute the felon's claim; try ev'ry root,

And

And ev'ry reedy bank; encourage all
The busy-spreading pack, that fearless plunge
Into the flood, and cross the rapid stream.
Bid rocks, and caves, and each resounding shore,
Proclaim your bold defiance; loudly raise
Each cheering voice, till distant hills repeat
The triumphs of the vale. On the soft sand
See there his seal impress'd! and on that bank
Behold the glitt'ring spoils, half-eaten fish,
Scales, fins, and bones, the leavings of his feast.
Ah! on that yielding sag-bed, see, once more
His seal I view. O'er yon dank rushy marsh
The sly goose-footed prowler bends his course,
And seeks the distant shallows. Huntsman, bring
Thy eager pack, and trail him to his couch.
Hark! the loud peal begins, the clam'rous joy,
The gallant chiding, loads the trembling air.

Ye Naiads fair, who o'er these floods preside,
Raise up your dripping heads above the wave,
And hear our melody. Th' harmonious notes
Float with the stream; and ev'ry winding creek
And hollow rock, that o'er the dimpling flood
Nods pendant, still improve from shore to shore
Our sweet reiterated joys. What shouts!
What clamour loud! What gay, heart-cheering sounds
Urge thro' the breathing brass their mazy way!
Not choirs of Tritons glad with sprightlier strains
The dancing billows, when proud Neptune rides
In triumph o'er the deep. How greedily

They

They snuff the fishy steam, that to each blade
Rank-scenting clings! See! how the morning dews
They sweep, that from their feet besprinkling drop
Dispers'd, and leave a track oblique behind.
Now on firm land they range; then in the flood
They plunge tumultuous; or thro' reedy pools
Rustling they work their way: no holt escapes
Their curious search. With quick sensation now
The fuming vapour stings; flutter their hearts,
And joy redoubled bursts from ev'ry mouth,
In louder symphonies. Yon hollow trunk,
That, with its hoary head incurv'd, salutes
The passing wave, must be the tyrant's fort,
And dread abode. How these impatient climb,
While others at the root incessant bay:
They put him down. See, there he dives along!
Th' ascending bubbles mark his gloomy way.
Quick fix the nets, and cut off his retreat
Into the shelt'ring deeps. Ah, there he vents!
The pack plunge headlong, and protended spears
Menace destruction; while the troubled surge
Indignant foams, and all the scaly kind
Affrighted hide their heads. Wild tumult reigns,
And loud uproar. Ah, there once more he vents!
See, that bold hound has seiz'd him; down they sink,
Together lost: but soon shall he repent
His rash assault. See, there escap'd he flies,
Half drown'd, and clambers up the slipp'ry bank
With ouze and blood distain'd. Of all the brutes,
Whether

Whether by nature form'd, or by long use,
 This artful diver best can bear the want
 Of vital air. Unequal is the fight
 Beneath the whelming element. Yet there
 He lives not long; but respiration needs
 At proper intervals. Again he vents;
 Again the crowd attack. That spear has pierc'd
 His neck; the crimson waves confess the wound.
 Fix'd is the bearded lance, unwelcome guest
 Where-e'er he flies; with him it sinks beneath,
 With him it mounts; sure guide to ev'ry foe.
 Inly he groans, nor can his tender wound
 Bear the cold stream. Lo! to yon sedy bank
 He creeps disconsolate; his num'rous foes
 Surround him, hounds, and men. Pierc'd thro' and thro',
 On pointed spears they lift him high in air;
 Wriggling he hangs, and grins, and bites in vain:
 Bid the loud horns, in gaily-warbling strains,
 Proclaim the felon's fate; he dies, he dies.

Rejoice, ye scaly tribes, and leaping dance
 Above the wave, in sign of liberty
 Restor'd; the cruel tyrant is no more.
 Rejoyce secure and blest'd; did not as yet
 Remain some of your own rapacious kind;
 And man, fierce man, with all his various wiles.

O happy! if ye knew your happy state,
 Ye rangers of the fields; whom nature boon
 Cheers with her smiles, and ev'ry element
 Conspires to bless. What, if no heroes frown

From

From marble pedestals, nor Raphael's works,
Nor Titian's lively tints, adorn our walls?
Yet these the meanest of us may behold,
And, at another's cost, may feast at will
Our wond'ring eyes; what can the owner more?
But vain, alas! is wealth, not grac'd with pow'r.
The flow'ry landskip, and the gilded dome,
And vistas op'ning to the wearied eye,
Thro' all his wide domain; the planted grove;
The shrubby wilderness, with its gay choir
Of warbling birds, can't lull to soft repose
Th' ambitious wretch, whose discontented soul
Is harrow'd day and night; he mourns, he pines,
Until his prince's favour makes him great.
See there he comes, th' exalted idol comes!
The circle's form'd, and all his fawning slaves
Devoutly bow to earth; from ev'ry mouth
The nauseous flatt'ry flows, which he returns
With promises, that die as soon as born.
Vile intercourse! where virtue has no place.
Frown but the Monarch, all his glories fade;
He mingles with the throng, outcast, undone,
The pageant of a day; without one friend
To sooth his tortur'd mind; all, all are fled:
For tho' they bask'd in his meridian ray,
The insects vanish as his beams decline.

Not such our friends; for here no dark design,
No wicked int'rest bribes the venal heart;
But inclination to our bosoms leads,

And

And weds them there for life; our social cups
 Smile, as we smile; open, and unreserv'd,
 We speak our inmost souls; good humour, mirth,
 Soft complaisance, and wit from malice free,
 Smooth ev'ry brow, and glow on ev'ry cheek.

O happiness sincere! what wretch wou'd groan
 Beneath the galling load of pow'r, or walk
 Upon the slipp'ry pavements of the great,
 Who thus cou'd reign, unenvied and secure?

Ye guardian pow'rs who make mankind your care,
 Give me to know wise nature's hidden depths,
 Trace each mysterious cause, with judgment read
 Th' expanded volume, and submit adore
 That great creative will, who at a word
 Spoke forth the wond'rous scene. But if my soul,
 To this gross clay confin'd, flutters on earth
 With less ambitious wing; unskill'd to range
 From orb to orb, where Newton leads the way;
 And view with piercing eyes the grand machine,
 Worlds above worlds; subservient to his voice,
 Who, veil'd in clouded majesty, alone
 Gives light to all; bids the great system move,
 And changeful seasons in their turns advance,
 Unmov'd, unchang'd, himself: yet this at least
 Grant me propitious, an inglorious life,
 Calm and serene, nor lost in false pursuits
 Of wealth or honours; but enough to raise
 My drooping friends, preventing modest want,
 That dares not ask. And if, to crown my joys,

Ye grant me health, that, ruddy in my cheeks,
Blooms in my life's decline; fields, woods, and streams,
Each tow'ring hill, each humble vale below,
Shall hear my chearing voice, my hounds shall wake
The lazy morn, and glad th' horizon round.

METHOD *of destroying* HARES *by the*
HARE-PIPE.

THE following extract from Mr. Chandler's Travels in Greece, at the same time that it shews that the country of Xenophon is still famous for Hare-hunting, and that the modern Athenians have not degenerated from their illustrious ancestors, at least in their love for that diversion, describes a mode of killing hares formerly practised by poachers in this kingdom, which will explain the meaning of hare-pipes; a device mentioned in old law books and deputations to game-keepers. Though Chandler doth not explain it to be an imitation of the call between male and female in breeding season, yet his narrative clearly ascertains it, by stating the particular month in which it is practised, and that one killed by his company was big with young.

“ Hares are exceedingly numerous. Calling is practised, in still weather, from the latter end of May to about the middle of August.

Three

Three or four men in a company stand silent and concealed in a thicket, with guns pointed in different directions. When all are ready, the caller applies two of his fingers to his lips, and sucking them, at first slowly, and then faster, produces a squeaking sound ; when the hares, within hearing, rush to the spot. In this manner many are slaughtered in a day. One of my companions, with Lombardi, a Turk and Greek or two, who were adepts, killed eleven, among which was a female big with young. These animals are said to assemble together, to leap and play, at the full of the moon ; and, it is likely, the shepherds, who live much abroad, observing and listening to them, learned to imitate their voices, to deceive, and make them thus foolishly abet their own destruction."

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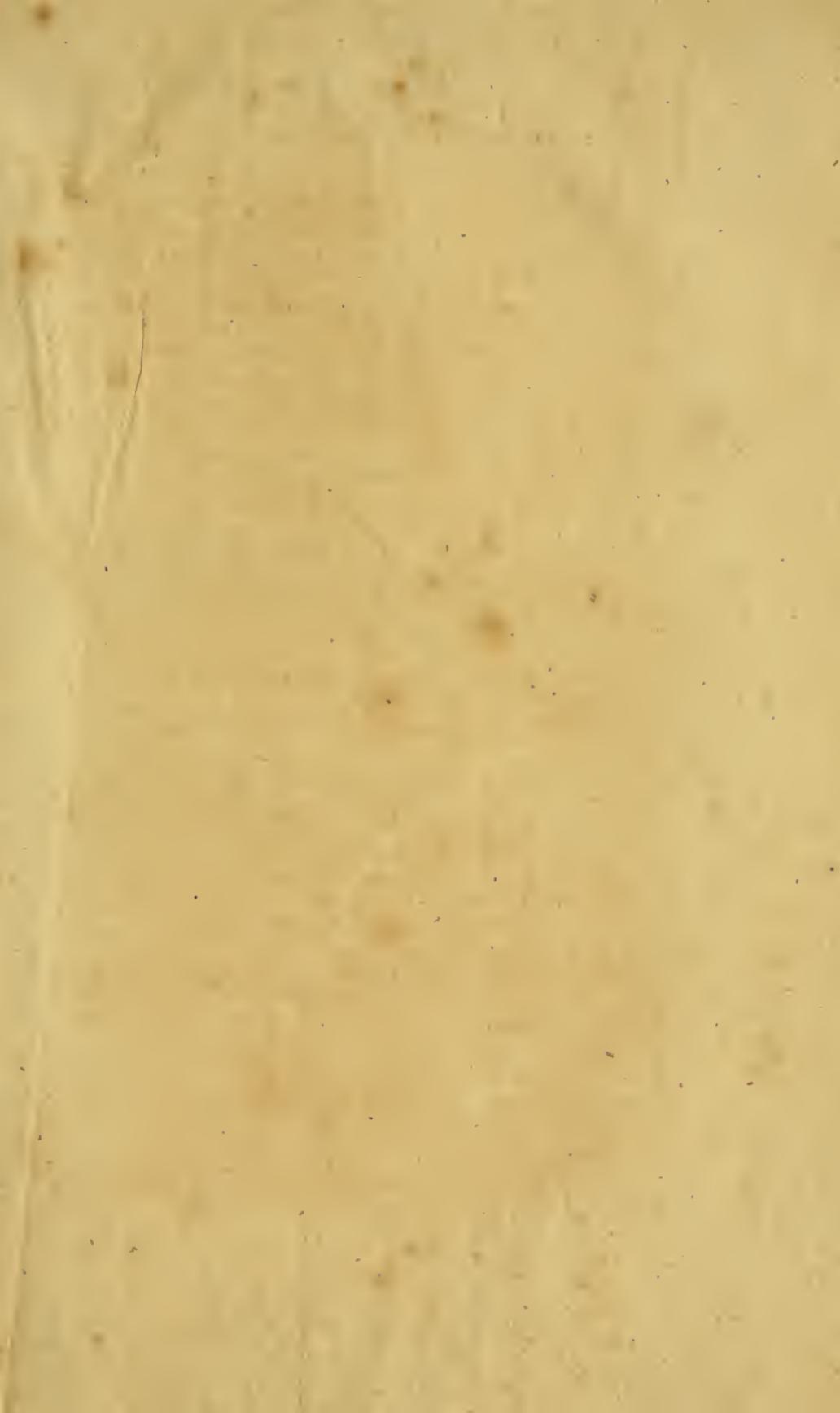
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