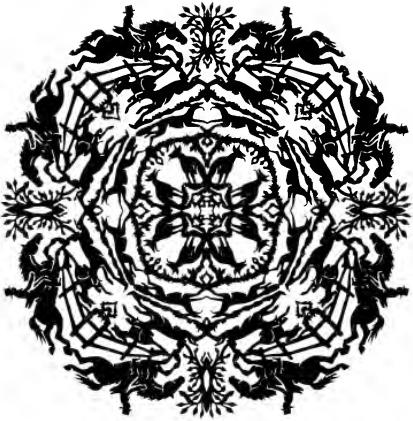

JOHN A. SEAVERNS

THE BELVOIR HUNT.

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THE

BELVOIR HUNT.

By Cecil.

THE ACCUSTOMED PLACES OF MEETING,

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THE BELVOIR HUNT.

MOST majestically situated on the summit of a hill, Belvoir Castle stands eminently conspicuous as an object of grandeur and magnificence that may be happily associated with the elevated conceptions of a ducal residence. The ancient title of the domain, as it was written Bellevoire, is strikingly applicable to the castle, which appears towering above majestic oaks and other timber trees of venerable growth surrounding the base, and conveying to the stranger sentiments of its fitness as the residential seat of a distinguished family; and it is discernible from many

parts of the country as far distant as the eye can reach. To attain the summit, the stranger is impressed with the idea that he will have to encounter hills of much magnitude; but so admirably are the roads arranged, that the ascent is almost imperceptible, while every turn, or deviation, presents a scene novel and attractive. While it is quite consistent to admire woodland scenery and picturesque views, it may at the first glance appear somewhat incongruous to associate floral beauties with the hunting season; but a visit to the beautiful precincts of Belvoir Castle will dispel that impression. "Oh, you are about to treat us with an introduction to the hot-houses and conservatories," I fancy some of my readers may exclaim. Not a bit of it, for, much as I admire them, they would be out of character on such occasions as hunting tours. It is the tasty and judicious arrangement of the walks through

the woods and glades around the castle, but below its elevation, that are so enchanting. Proceeding along winding paths, you come imperceptibly upon patches or beds of different hues and characters; thus the interest is constantly varied. Occasionally you come to an opening displaying the vale, significant of a burst with the hounds, whose somewhat distant harmonious notes may possibly greet you from their kennel. These diversities are produced by stately oaks in their winter garb, mingled with pines and evergreens of many kinds. The paths and tracts are not too scrupulously kept, as if the hand of man was desirous to clear away the designs of nature, and as though every fallen leaf was regarded as an obnoxious intruder; yet they are so exquisitely managed, that no impediments occur when walking. A species of variegated kale, of many hues, far superior to any I have

seen elsewhere, is planted in clumps, producing pleasing effects; and when a pheasant rises from before you, your eye reverts to a neighbouring bed of the kale, almost suggestive of its being his nest, and from which he had derived the beauties of his plumage. Mr Ingram, who presides over the horticultural department with so much skill, most obligingly supplied me with some of the seed, which I cultivate most assiduously in patches on my little lawn; and, as I look upon them from my dining-room, they remind me of the beauties of Belvoir; and if such a stimulant were wanting, which indeed it never can be, of the kind courtesies I have invariably received from the Duke of Rutland.

The interior of the castle contains many valuable paintings and other works of art. Among them is a striking portrait of the late Duke, and in the state drawing-room, the late Duchess of Rutland is exquisitely

represented by a statue of white marble. A splendid portrait of Henry VIII. adorns the picture gallery, which contains such an immense number of others, that it would be quite impossible for me to attempt a description of them.

In the midst of a fine estate, consisting of more than twenty manors, the facilities for enjoying the sports of the field are of the highest order. Foxhunting has for ages held its supremacy, and no country can be better suited to the purpose. The land is generally favourable to scent, and before so much of it was subjected to the plough it was more so than at present. The fences are mostly negotiable, though oftentimes—but particularly so in the vale of Belvoir—they are of a character to call forth the best energies of horses and riders, without which foxhunting would be divested of its most exciting charms. The coverts are sufficiently extensive for the preserva-

tion of foxes, and numerous are those capital gorse coverts for which the counties of Leicester, Lincoln, and the adjacent parts of Nottingham, are so essentially famed.

Taking Grantham as a centre, and striking a radius of twelve miles, all, or nearly all, the places of meeting are encompassed. Due south are the confines of the Cottesmore Hunt, and these neighbouring packs frequently interchange cordialities by running their foxes into each other's country, an event which, when terminating with blood, invariably arouses feelings of unbounded satisfaction to the visitors. There is some very nice grass country in this district, but bearing northward, the eastern boundary consists of fens, where horses cannot follow. On the north lies that portion of the Burton country which is hunted by Mr Chaplin. From Grantham to Caythorpe the fences are light, and so is the land; it is not, therefore, except in wet weather,

favourable to scent; but when that important element does serve, hounds can race over this country at a terrific pace, bringing horses to grief, as soon, or possibly sooner, than where the fences are of greater magnitude. North of Caythorpe, the country becomes stronger, with more grass, though, perhaps, there are fewer foxes than in some other parts. The western confines are good, and the vale of Belvoir enjoys a wide-spread fame; but the improvements of modern farming, as in almost all other places, have contributed materially to alter the hunting aptitudes of the country. Draining, for example, by increasing the powers of evaporation, has had a great effect; and artificial manures are very generally condemned as antagonistic agents—an impression, however, with which I am not quite prepared to concur. The now common practice of ploughing up the stubbles immediately after harvest,

together with the more recent introduction of steam cultivation, are doubtless impediments, but as they are so conducive to the interests of the farmers, we must gracefully accept the custom without a murmur. On the other hand, as these practices have increased, so has the keeping of cattle in the yards; and sheep are the sole occupants of the open fields; they, too, are mostly folded, by which means the impediments they present when roving at large are materially diminished.

There is much difficulty in arriving at any precise data by which it can be determined when foxhounds were first introduced to the Belvoir kennels. The earliest date of entries supplied by the manuscript lists at the kennel commences with 1756. That they were established previously to that year there can be no doubt, as the list to which I refer relates to the entry of young hounds, one of which owed his

paternity to Mr Noel's Victor. That gentleman was master of the pack then hunting the Cottesmore country. It would be very interesting to determine at what period, and by whom, the first pack of hounds was used exclusively for the purpose of hunting foxes; but that point, I fear, cannot now be determined. It is recorded in history that James I., on his journey from Scotland, beguiled his time with hunting, and that from Newark he passed on to Belvoir Castle. Live hares were liberated; and, if history be correct, hounds in those early days were encouraged to hunt drag scents; but no mention is then made of the legitimate chase of the fox. Sir John Harrington's hounds are mentioned as having been in requisition on the occasion, and that the king took "great leisure and pleasure in the same." The contrast is amusing to contemplate when we consider the style of riding which the

Royal James was accustomed to enjoy on chargers highly broken, and so completely subservient to the hand, that going with their haunches well under them, they never exceeded three parts speed. The hounds, therefore, must have been equally slow, or the stately sovereign could not have enjoyed their company. Some two centuries and a half have, however, passed away since that period. The poetical effusions of Somerville bear testimony that foxhunting had become an established pastime ere he wrote his beautiful poem, "The Chase;" and as he died in 1742, at fifty years of age, we have conclusive evidence of the sport having been previously adopted. Passing over the times when wild boars and wolves had been hunted down and exterminated from our woods and forests, the stag and the hare were evidently the selected beasts of venery, and it is apparent there was a transition,

so to speak, to the chase of the fox. When hounds were cheered on to either fox, stag, or hare, whichever they might find, renders it so difficult, nay, impossible, to define the data when they were made steady to their game. Somerville gives confirmation of this in his remark—

> "A diff'rent hound for ev'ry diff'rent chase
> Select with judgment."

He could not have expressed himself so eloquently and classically as he did on many essential points had he not been well up in the "noble science." In the obituary of the *Gentleman's Magazine*, bearing date March 1750, which I have in my possession, the death is recorded of "Charles Newby, of Hooton Roberts, near Rotherham, Yorkshire, Esq.; the oldest fox-hunter in England." His age is not mentioned, neither is there any information as to what hounds he enjoyed his pastime with, yet it is evident they must have been

in existence at the commencement of the eighteenth century. I imagine, however, he must have hunted with the Badsworth when Mr Bright was the master, as the name occurs in a curious poem descriptive of a run with these hounds in the year 1730.

Highly amusing are the imaginations of naturalists, who argue that the primitive variety of the canine tribe bore the character of sheep-dogs; and then, again, to what description of sheep-dog did they set their affections, for they are as widely different as two animals of the same species well can be? There is the Scotch collie dog, with smooth coat, sharp nose, erect ears, and bushy tail, barely more than fifteen or sixteen inches high, to be compared with the breed more commonly used in England, measuring five or six and twenty inches in height, with curly coat, prehensile ears, and a bob tail; and I shall be glad to be enlightened as to which variety of these two

is the honour due of being the primogenitor of the foxhound. Then again there are patrons of the bull-dog tribe, who unfurl their banners on behalf of their proteges with pertinaceous eloquence, emulating the holding characteristics of the species they admire. I think all masters of hounds and huntsmen of the present day will agree with me that such assumptions are poetical phantasies. Nevertheless, there must have been some animal of the canine race to commence the order with, and it is quite as reasonable to apply the characteristic of the blood-hound; indeed, very much more so than to anything bearing resemblance to the sheep-dog or bull-dog of modern days. Marvellous as it appears that the gigantic mastiff should be of the same species as the diminutive terrier, yet so it is; and this proclaims most unequivocally to what an extraordinary degree the canine race is regulated when under the influences of

domestication. The different classes are established, and their respective qualities pass from generation to generation, provided purity of breed is scrupulously observed. This property of subserviency to certain causes exemplifies, moreover, to what a vast extent the perfection of foxhounds has been promoted, by judiciously selecting parents gifted with valuable properties and qualifications. Without presuming to establish my argument as a fact, I think it highly probable that the error into which naturalists have been led, as regards the distinction of primogeniture being derived from the sheep-dog, most probably arose from the use of dogs when they were first domesticated, in collecting and driving their sheep and cattle, without reference to any peculiar characteristics, or in any degree identifying a particular variety.

From whatever source they may have sprung, the dogs of Great Britain have

been celebrated from a very early period. Grotius, Appianus, and Nemesianus, ancient authors who treated on the chase, mention the excellence of British dogs for hunting; yet there is much obscurity as to the kind of dogs referred to. They are described as being crooked, lean, coarse-haired and heavy-eyed, which in some respects may be applied to the bloodhound of modern times, though that class is vastly improved; and if it be accepted that the foxhound is a descendant from that race, the objectionable characteristics of the original are most happily exterminated.

The learned Dr Johnson tells us that the dogs used by the ancients did not pursue their game by scent: in this he might have been mistaken, for there is every reason to suppose that they possessed some kind of dogs which did, and that they used others similar in their instincts to greyhounds. The forests, thickets, and rough woodlands

in which the ancients were accustomed to enjoy their pastime, would not have afforded them sport without the assistance of nose.

As long since as the fourteenth century, it is very certain that the sportsmen of that time had hounds which hunted by scent. A very ancient and amusing treatise on venery, entitled "The Maister of Game," contains many curious passages. I believe it to have been written by Edmund de Langley, one of the sons of Edward the Third. The only copy I have seen was in MS., and the title-page was wanting. Although the "ffox" is included amongst the *feræ naturæ*, no mention whatever is made concerning the manner of hunting him. The hart and the hare took precedence of all others, the latter especially, as appears from this sentence: "I speak how the hare shall be hunted, it is, to wit, the king of all venery;" and the following instructions are given, supposing one to be

found in a wood or coppice: "And then should the horsemen hold him out aside, and somedele to fore with long rods in their hands to meet with him, and blow a moot and rechase, and halloo and set the hounds in the rights, if they see her. Also for to keep that no hounds follow to sheep, nor to other beasts; and if they do, to ascry him sore and light, and take him up and lash him well, saying, Ware, ha, ha, ware, ware, and lash him forth to his fellows."

It is well understood, when hounds were first kept at Belvoir, that the stag was their game; indeed, there is evidence of this in an ancient picture representing the chase of that animal; and taking the date from the kennel book, of which I have been favoured with perusals, as already mentioned, the first entry of young hounds was made in the year 1756. Under the impression that they had been rendered steady to fox a few years previously, I be-

lieve it will not be very far from the actual date, if the establishment of the foxhounds be assigned to a few years prior to 1750. In further confirmation of this, in the Brocklesby kennel book there is an entry of four couples of puppies in 1750, by Lord Granby's Dexter, son of Mr Noel's Victor, evidently a celebrity of his day, and it is reasonable to suppose that Dexter's services would not have been sought for had he not proved himself worthy of distinction by three or four seasons' probation in the Belvoir kennels. About that date there was a hunting-seat at Croxton Park, the residence of the Marquis of Granby, but the greater portion is taken down, and that which now remains is appropriated as a home for the widow of William Goodall. Thus the pack, it will be understood, was established by John, third Duke of Rutland, whose life, by the invigorating effects of the chase, was prolonged to the patriarchal age

of eighty-three; but his successor died young, and left his son a minor, during which period a committee, with Sir Carnaby Haggerston as the chief, was appointed to conduct the hunting arrangements till his Grace came of age, who then assumed the reins of government, conducting everything with the utmost liberality, good taste, and kind courtesy. In the year 1831, the mastership was transferred to Lord Forester, a nobleman whose ancestors had so greatly distinguished themselves as to render all the highest attributes of the chase inheritances. The late Lord Forester, one of the finest horsemen that ever crossed Leicestershire or Lincolnshire, imparted the same excellences to his son, and the superlative judgment of Squire Forester, of Willey, in all matters relative to hounds and hunting, was another of the family qualities which his lordship cultivated by that most important mentor, experience.

Under his lordship's able management for more than a quarter of a century, the Belvoir pack was brought to a very high state of perfection. No hound not quite true in symmetry would he ever permit to be entered, and then, unless they were good in their work, they were speedily drafted. On the Duke of Rutland coming to the title in 1857, Lord Forester resigned the trust to his Grace.

The prejudicial influences of repeated changes of masters and huntsmen, which so many packs have been doomed to, has not affected the Belvoir. In the year 1791, till April 1805, they were hunted by Newman. Shaw then succeeded, and continued in office till 1816. The ever celebrated Goosey entered the service of the late Duke of Rutland as whipper-in, in 1794, and turned the hounds to Shaw till he resigned, when Goosey's promotion took place, and he continued as huntsman till 1842. Thus he

was on duty in the Belvoir establishment—wanting only two seasons—the unprecedented term of half a century. He died on the 8th of August 1847. To his exquisite judgment of the requisites and of the properties necessary to be observed in the breeding of hounds, most judiciously assisted during the latter portion of the time by Lord Forester, the Belvoir pack has progressively attained the very great perfection for which the banners of fame are so extensively unfurled. After such a long service, when age and those unfortunate infirmities which flesh is heir to rendered his retirement imperative, he was succeeded by William Goodall, who had acted as his whipper-in five seasons, and he continued as huntsman till he was called to that state "from which no traveller returns," in 1859. His last hours were kindly solaced by frequent visits from the Duke of Rutland, who generously added graceful soothements

to his departing spirit, by assuring him that his family should be provided for, a promise which has been most liberally carried into effect. James Cooper, who though born in Scotland is of English parentage, commenced his studies of the venatic art with a pack of harriers kept by Mr Urquhart at Meldrum, in Aberdeenshire. To steady him from hare, he had five seasons' tuition under merry John Walker with the Fife, after which an engagement with the Burton and another with the Broklesby, introduced him into the truly sporting county of Lincoln, when he came to Belvoir as first whip to Goodall, at whose death he was appointed huntsman. With the precepts of such talented professors, he had every opportunity of becoming a master of the art, and most successfully has he adopted their principles. A very light weight and a fine horseman, he has always been able to live with hounds at the terrific pace they are so

frequently accustomed to skim over this flying country.

James Cooper continued at his post till the end of the season 1869 and 1870, when he was succeeded by Frank Gillard, who, having had a taste with Captain Willett's harriers in Devonshire, was entered to fox-hounds as second whip by the Honourable Mark Rolle in 1859. Remaining there one season, he was engaged at Belvoir, and four years afterwards he gained a step. At the expiration of three more seasons he was enlisted by Mr Chaworth Musters in Nottinghamshire, and accompanied that gentleman's hounds to Quorn; but returned to his old quarters at Belvoir, as already mentioned. The custom has almost universally prevailed with the noble dukes of this domain, of promoting men who have satisfactorily performed their duties, and although Gillard's time was interrupted by a short service with Mr

Musters, it speaks much in his favour that his Grace has considered him worthy of the Belvoir horn.

Referring to the old lists of the Belvoir Hounds, I found that the kennels to which they resorted for fresh infusions of blood were in days of yore Mr Pelham's (the Brocklesby), Mr Noel's, Lord Monson's (which were distinguished among other perfections of their time for their rich black, white, and tan colour), and Mr Meynell's. When Mr Heron resigned the Cheshire country, the late Duke of Rutland introduced that gentleman's pack to the Belvoir kennels, and they consisted principally of the Quorn descendants. Subsequently, Lord Lonsdale's and Mr Osbaldeston's kennels were searched for celebrities, also Sir Tatton Sykes's, Sir Richard Sutton's, Mr Foljambe's, the late and the present Mr Drake's, the Duke of Beaufort's, and, occasionally, Lord Fitzwilliam's.

Various visits to these kennels have afforded me opportunities of admiring the inmates through several generations. I will, however, commence with Rallywood, as being fairly entitled to the pride of place. He was entered in 1853, and when in the vigour of youth, no competitor could outpace him or show more determination in chase; with an afternoon fox, when the powers of nature were failing in other hounds, his endurance and courage were alike undaunted. There is yet another plaudit, and a still more lasting one, for the good old hound—he was the progenitor of a very numerous family, doing great honour to their parentage. His colour was a very rich black, white, and tan; his symmetry was most captivating and perfect. With a splendid, intelligent head, well set on, a nice clean neck, good shoulders, legs straight as arrows, rare feet, fine back and loins, with capital

thighs, rather under than over twenty-three inches in height, he was, in my estimation, as near as possible the perfection of a foxhound. Lord Yarborough's Rallywood was his sire, and Sprightly his dam. Poor Will Goodall's memorandum is graphically descriptive of Lord Yarborough's Rallywood :—"This is a most beautiful little short-legged dog, exceedingly light of bone, but with beautiful legs and feet. I got him in exchange for Ragland in 1850. This dog was considered by the late William Smith to be one of the best bred hounds in the Brocklesby kennels. Rosebud, his dam, worked up until she was ten years old; she was never known to do anything wrong; they are perfection in their work, and everlasting."

Without imposing on my indulgent readers what to some may be accepted as a tedious process—that of tracing the

pedigrees of hounds through each successive generation—I will just touch upon the most celebrated of their progenitors, commencing with Rallywood, entered in 1853. Through his sire, Lord Yarborough's Rallywood traces back to Mr Osbaldeston's Furrier, whose birthplace, it must be remembered, was the Belvoir kennels; and in some twenty wide-spread branches to Lord Yarborough's Ranter of 1791. Sprightly, the dam of the Belvoir gem, was a daughter of Mr Foljambe's Singer, inheriting the excellences of the Vine Pilgrim, who was full of the best old blood of the Badminton worthies, while two strains from the aforesaid Furrier again present themselves, with a happy combination of similar ancestry, through Bluecap; and the Badminton Justice is conspicuous as an important root. Another strain to Bluecap is to be found, together with Guider, and many more of native worth.

Singer, a son of Comus and Syren, was a sire of high repute ; rich black, white, and tan, of true proportions, with great thighs and bone, and has left numerous descendants to sustain his fame. He goes back to the same family as Rallywood.

Challenger is an offspring of Chaser (a son of Lord Yarborough's Rallywood and Caroline) and Destiny (daughter of Mr Drake's Duster). He was quite a foxhound, with great power, but his colour (a lightish hare pie) was not quite in conformity with the beautiful black, white, and tan which prevails in these kennels.

Render and Roman were splendid sons of Rallywood and Destitute (a daughter of Sir Richard Sutton's Dryden). In these two brothers, the beautiful type of the Belvoir blood was exemplified in its utmost perfection, and the description already given of Rallywood has only to be repeated. Render's shoulders were quite

a study. In a conversation I had with that exquisite judge of hounds, Mr Foljambe, a few years before his death, he asked me, "Which I considered the most perfect hound on the flags I had ever seen in the course of my visits to so many kennels of high repute?" I replied, "The Duke of Rutland's Render." "He is the cleverest hound I ever examined," was Mr Foljambe's rejoinder. Render has numerous descendants in these and other kennels; indeed, his services have been extensively dispersed. Destitute, their dam, was entered in 1854, and was able to do her part in accounting for her fox to a good old age, a rare proof of constitution; and in 1857 she had a son and two daughters doing duty with her in the pack. She continued to contribute, as a matron, till 1862, when the last of her produce, Senator, Singwell, and Susan, were entered. Her dam, Tuneful, was a daughter of Trouncer

and Skilful, by Mr Foljambe's Stormer and Fortune; Stormer by his Rattler and Spinster, a daughter of the Brocklesby Chaser and Scandal. With so much fresh blood, the characteristics are still preserved to an eminent degree.

To describe minutely every hound I have seen, at various times, in these kennels, would occupy much space, and might be condemned as a tiresome proceeding; in fact, so wonderfully suity is the pack, that the description of one hound nearly suffices for them all. They are of nice height, none exceeding twenty-three inches, remarkable for true proportions, excellent shoulders, good thighs, with unexceptionable legs and feet, and in their work cannot be excelled.

I can well remember the admiration expressed by Major Murray, at that time Master of the Ludlow Hounds, when he accompanied me to these kennels to enjoy

a day on the flags, in early summer, when Render was in his bloom. The veteran Singer, with rare shape and good bone; Alfred, somewhat above the average height; and Stripling, were objects of his especial favour.

The entry for the season 1871 reads well, and is no doubt equal to predecessors. Two couples are due to the good old hound Senator, the last of Destitute's descendants. There is also the same number accredited to Rambler, his son, whose dam Remedy was daughter of Rallywood. One couple and a half are the produce of Ruler, grandson of Render, and great grandson of Mr Foljambe's Forester. And a similar lineage is displayed through Wildboy to one couple; Stormer, Fairplay, Ringwood, Contest, Nectar, and Wonder, have each of them a single representative. Lord Kesteven's Seaman is sire of one couple and a half, and his lordship's Primate of one couple.

There are few occupations more pleasing during the intervals between the hunting seasons than a day's inspection of the young hounds destined to fill the openings in the ranks which departed favourites have vacated. The good old hound that has so often gallantly led the van cannot be missed without regret, and then out of regard to his good deeds and his memory we are curious to inquire the character of the progeny in whom we hope to find all his good qualities inherent. To those noblemen and gentlemen of wealth, whose hunting establishments have been maintained as heirlooms for very many generations, the unbounded thanks of sportsmen are emphatically due for the liberal spirit and vast talent displayed in breeding foxhounds. It must be conceded that very marked improvements are visible in many provincial packs, yet those improvements are principally to be attributed

to the infusions they have procured from the fashionable kennels, where a long series of time has permitted those types of excellence to be cultivated which are indispensable to the perpetuation of similar perfections.

There may be diversities of opinions, or rather of tastes, concerning size or colour, but there can be but one standard as regards beauty of outline, and the very important formations of shoulders, backs, loins, thighs, legs, and feet. That hounds of the present day have acquired those perfections of symmetry with a sacrifice of hunting accomplishments, is an argument in which I am by no means prepared to acquiesce. That any person can offer an acceptable reason why a great, coarse, plain hound should possess olfactory powers of a higher order, greater industry and endurance, or that most indispensable property of turning on the line,—and, more-

over, those beautiful instincts commonly denominated sense,—than a hound of finer proportion, elegance, and fashion, is to me a most inexplicable problem. The science of physiognomy is an essential study for masters of hounds and huntsmen, to enable them to breed hounds successfully, and having bred them to form their entries. There are unmistakable expressions of countenance which indisputably denote intellect, and there are, too, associations of forms corporal, which, in connection with the features of the head and face, operate, so to speak, in unison, to render a fox-hound capable of transmitting his good properties to his descendants. The happy combinations do not exist in a coarse, vulgar hound any more than they do in the roughest specimens of the human race. The invaluable perfection of nose, as it is termed, I take it, consists in exquisite sensibility of the olfactory system, with a

quickness of perception to carry that power into effect; for without the last-named property a foxhound is of very little value. A hound may be gifted with very low scenting powers without possessing energy to drive and make the best use of his time. When good qualities have been cultivated through many generations, the animal enjoying them is the more to be relied upon as being most likely to transmit them.

There is no place better calculated in every respect to meet these hounds than at the Three Queens, where I had the pleasure of joining them on the 28th of January 1863. There was a large and truly aristocratic field in attendance, headed by the Duke of Rutland, who greeted all he knew with his accustomed graceful affability. The proximity to Melton ensures the attendance of a large portion of the higher classes who affect that justly

favoured region. Then there is a magnetic attraction for another class, whose utmost ambition consists in over-riding hounds; for in this country, unless on one of those exceptional days when there is good scent, they have frequent opportunities of enjoying their fun. The land is light, and the fences of a character not calculated to impede progress. These very aspiring gentlemen are nevertheless sometimes disappointed in their pleasures, and it would be hard indeed if they were not, seeing how frequently they cause disappointment to those who go out with the legitimate hope of enjoying a run, and of taking the country as it comes, rough or smooth. Thus there is a fine opportunity of witnessing the "malice prepense" which prevails to spoil sport, by defeating the operations of the pack, and frustrating the efforts of the huntsman. But I will proceed to explain how a gallant fox and a good scent

upset their machinations. A trot of some three miles or more to Sproxton Thorns served to take away the stiffness of aged hunters and relieve the pipes of the plethoric. The hounds soon found, and after a little coquetting, a fine fox presented himself in the open. On the left there runs a lane, which was thronged with spirits ambitious for a start, and a large portion of the field, equally anxious, occupied the country on the right. Before a hound was out of covert, halloos in both directions increased the confusion; a brace of foxes, as it eventually appeared, were on foot, one of which gallantly faced the throng of horsemen in the lane. The other, with equal determination, threaded his way through the horses on the right, and the hounds dividing were working as best they could in both directions. Which way to steer was a matter of uncertainty, but seeing Cooper, and hearing his horn on the left,

cleared up the doubt with me. He succeeded in getting some of the hounds, and they settled to their work in a manner that none will do unless accustomed to such difficulties. They were not long in reaching Bescoby Oakes, but there were only nine couples. On entering that covert they inclined to the left, and away straight as possible for Croxton Park. As I passed through the gate on to the classic turf, reminiscences of Billesdon Coplows came across me, but the speed of Bellissima would have failed to outpace the pack. How charming it is to see the efforts of the overriding crew defeated. Like pigeons the hounds flew over the hill—they had never been interrupted; the pace from the commencement had been too good for that. Down the vale to Branston they rushed, where the fox, being headed, turned on the right, which occasioned a check. Time thirty minutes, distance over six miles.

Recovering the line, the hounds hunted their fox magnificently to the nursery at Knipton, where the fox was viewed; but, closely pressed, he quitted his quarters, and soon after found an asylum in a bank near Allen's Wood. Here they were joined by the remainder of the pack and the portion of the field which had followed them. A second fox was at home in Tipping's Gorse; he went away to Hungerton Gorse, but a great portion of the field riding to the first couple of hounds that got away brought them to a check, and he was given up.

They had a good day when they met at Waltham, but as I was not present, I can only describe it as it has been related to me. The hounds found at Croxton Banks. Away, leaving Harston Pasture to the right, straight through Allen's Wood, leaving Tipping's Gorse on the right, through Stoke Pasture, and pointing for Stoke

Park; the fox was headed, and turned to the left through Wyvill Plantation, leaving School Plats Gorse on the right; on for Winmere-hill Gorse, from thence to Hungerton, where the hounds ran into him in fifty-five minutes. On the following day from Great Ponton, they found in Stoke Park Wood; hunted their fox to Stoke Park, where they lost him. Found again in Boothby Great Wood, and went away very fast, leaving Bassingthorpe on the left, Burton Coggles on the left, and Burton High Wood on the right; on through Swayfield Wood and Tortoise-shell Wood, to Mockery Wood, where he was lost.

On the 7th of February 1863, these hounds met at Great Gonerby, a day that will long be remembered with deep regret in consequence of the sad fall the Duke of Rutland met with, and which so unhappily deprived his Grace of the pleasure of hunt-

ing for a very considerable time. A fox was found in Gonerby Moors, and the hounds hunted him with admirable truth and patience an extensive ring, skirting Syston and Belton Parks, back to the covert in which he was found. They then drew Casthorpe Hills, and a fox broke covert at the bottom, but turned to the left for Gonerby, racing over the grass fields at a great pace. It was there that his Grace, riding his horse at a high and stiff cut fence, met with the accident. The horse, not clearing it, threw the Duke very heavily, and Mr Blackwood and others who saw it, and went to his assistance, felt painful alarm of the consequences. A conveyance was procured with all possible despatch, and his Grace was taken to the George, at Grantham. I was out on that day, but taking the fence some little distance on the left, did not witness the disaster; on reaching Peascliffe, I was in-

formed of what had occurred, and as the hounds were hunting a cold scent, Cooper had no difficulty in stopping them. It is scarcely possible to express the deep sympathy and regret the unhappy event occasioned among all classes in the neighbourhood, where the noble Duke's virtues, kind courtesies, and acts of liberality, are so well-known and so highly appreciated. A memorial had been prepared by six hundred farmers and others, residing in the hunt, to express their gratitude to his Grace for his many acts of kindness, to thank him for hunting the country, and condole with him for the annoyance he had received from a violent vulpecide who had shot a fox the hounds were running. This was to have been presented a few days after the accident occurred, but was of necessity deferred to a future opportunity.

The run of the season took place after this: it was from Stubton on February 10.

They found in the old gorse, and away for Stragglethorpe, but, turning to the right, the fox crossed and recrossed the Brank several times, leaving Brandon Village on the right, Hough Gorse close to the right, and the village to the left. He then went as straight as a crow could fly for the main earths at Normanton Hill, which, fortunately, were stopped. Leaving Sparrow Gorse on the left, and Rauceby High Wood on the right, he went through North Rauceby Village, across Rauceby Park, leaving Bullywells on the left, to Quarrington Village, threaded several gardens, and on for Sleaford station, crossed the railway and the river, and running from scent to view, the hounds pulled him down in Sleaford Carrs. Time, one hour and fifty minutes. The distance cannot be computed at less than twenty miles.

One of the most extraordinary runs on record occurred with the Duke of Rut-

land's hounds on the 18th of December 1833. They met at Newton toll-bar, the wind south-west, and the atmosphere cold. A little before twelve the hounds were thrown into Folkingham Gorse, which held a varmint old fox that, for three seasons, had beaten this pack over the same line of country, and was left to beat them again. Almost at the first dash of the hounds into covert he broke gallantly away, and was viewed with his head pointing for the accustomed line, and "Now for the Feus" was reiterated through the field. He went away at a rattling pace, with the hounds almost close to his brush, passing Threckingham Town-end, near the Lincoln road, on to Spanby and Swaton Bridge, and turned to Latimer for Car Dyke, up to which point Lord Forester, Messrs Charles and Robert Manners, Mr Housman, and a few others, were well up with the hounds; but the dyke proved a stopper. Mr Wil-

lerton was the only gentleman who crossed the dyke, which he accomplished with great difficulty. The others made for a place that was fordable, and after losing a considerable space of time, got on to the line, when inquiries were made which way the hounds had gone. "Straight away, and only one gentleman with them," was the answer, and all put forward at best pace, hoping a check would let them in. A more formidable place than the Car Dyke then presented itself—the Helpringham Eau, a deep, bottomless drain, some fifty feet wide. Mr Willerton crossed this also, but the hounds were out of sight. The second whip followed Mr Willerton's example; and, with the exception of Goosey and Mr Tindle, who, after riding some two hours and a half in the direction of Boston, came up with the hounds at last, no one else saw anything of the run. Goosey got to his hounds just as it was getting dark; and being then

thirty-four miles from home, in a strange country, thought it prudent to whip off, and reached the kennel about half-past one the next morning. During the last half hour, the fox was never above ten minutes before the hounds, and latterly they were frequently in the same field together. He was one of the coolest hands ever known; and after crossing one of the feu drains, he was seen to go into a stackyard, and rub his sides against a stack, starting off as soon as he heard the hounds approaching. When they whipped off, he was not five minutes before them, and took up his quarters that night in a shed, within two hundred yards of the place. The distance was thirty-seven miles from point to point without any turnings; and, considering all things, could not be less than forty-five miles. The run lasted three hours and thirty-seven minutes, with only three or four short checks. Touching the disasters to men

and horses there is no intelligence; but Mr Willerton's obtaining the pride of place by crossing the Car Dyke alone, was one of those happy triumphs which few men have opportunities of enjoying. A slight acquaintance with that portion of the country which they ran over between Helpringham and where they were stopped in the vicinity of Boston, is quite sufficient to declare that riding to hounds is simply impracticable: it is intersected so with dykes and drains. Mr Tindle, Goosey, and the whipper, could only get to the hounds by means of roads and bridges. There is much interesting and amusing instruction in the narrative of this glorious run. The gallant fox had beaten the hounds for three seasons running a similar line, and was never before the hounds any great distance, a practice which, I believe, most of the best foxes adopt—that is to say, they will not put on their greatest speed, except when

pressed. He showed great sagacity, too, as he was seen to rub the mud off his sides against a stack. The excellence of the hounds was admirably displayed, and it shows unmistakably what a well-bred pack will do without their huntsman's assistance, when unmolested by crowds of horsemen. Much has been expressed as to the superior hunting qualifications of hounds in olden times, but it is an opinion with which I cannot concur. I have searched the diary kept by Mr Meynell's whipper-in, but it contains nothing to the effect that hounds ran faster, or that foxes were stouter, in those times than more recently.

Then there was the wonderful day's work with Mr Chaplin's hounds on the 5th of February 1867, when they met at Hackthorn, found a fox at 11.30, several others in quick succession, and at dark running away from the horsemen, were out all night.

The Duke of Beaufort's Great Wood run of 1871 is another specimen of the stoutness displayed by foxhounds of modern days.

As a hunting quarter, Grantham cannot be surpassed. The accommodation at the George Hotel is superlatively good, and the charges are by no means extravagant. Indeed, with the addition of the Saracen's Head at Lincoln, which is within access by rail of many of the Duke of Rutland's appointments, in my experience, I know of no other hotels equal to them. The stabling of both is excellent, and so is the provender. Grantham is very central for the Duke's country, and there are railways in various directions which will do duty as covert hack, alike for horse and rider. It has always been my custom, when on my tours, to avail myself of the accommodation when the distance exceeds seven or eight miles, as economy of horse-flesh

is an important consideration on such occasions.

It was highly amusing, a short time since, to read the effusion of a learned Commissioner, who sallied forth from Grantham to meet the Duke of Rutland's hounds at Leadenham, distant ten miles due north, attended peradventure by an angelic guide, whose society possibly beguiled him, for he describes his route through Denton Park, which is handy upon four miles, bearing nearly south-west. Thus, accepting his version as correct, he must have travelled eighteen miles before he reached his destination. Such egregious mistakes may pass with the uninitiated; but to those who are acquainted with the country they are simply ridiculous; yet it is the uninitiated who are misguided and inconvenienced by inaccurate information.

The principal places at which these hounds meet are within the following

distances from Railway Stations. As hunting appointments are subservient to changes, it may be well to observe that fresh ones are occasionally introduced and old ones discontinued.

PLACES OF MEETING.

PLACES OF MEETING.	MILES FROM STATION.
Ancaster,	½ Ancaster.
Aswarby,	5 Sleaford.
	6 Ancaster.
Barrowby,	2 Grantham.
	2 Sedgebrook.
Barkston-in-the-Willows,	1½ Honnington.
	4 Grantham.
Bayard's Leap,	3 Leadenham.
	4 Ancaster.
	6 Sleaford.
Belton Park,	2 Grantham.
	3 Honnington.
	5 Hougham.
Belvoir Castle,	3½ Bottesford.
	6 Grantham.
	12 Melton.
Bitchfield,	3 Corby.
	4½ Great Ponton.

PLACES OF MEETING.	MILES FROM STATION.
Boothby Hall, ...	3½ Great Ponton.
	5 Grantham.
Bottesford, ...	1 Bottesford.
Broadwater, ...	2½ Sleaford.
	4 Ancaster.
Caythorpe, ...	1 Caythorpe.
Cold Harbour, . . .	3½ Grantham.
	4 Great Ponton.
Cotham, ...	4½ Claypole.
	4½ Newark.
Cranwell, ...	3½ Sleaford.
Croxton Park, ...	7 Melton.
	7 Great Ponton.
	10 Grantham.
Culverthorpe, ...	3½ Ancaster.
	5 Sleaford.
Denton, ...	3½ Grantham.
	5 Great Ponton.
Dry Doddington, . . .	2 Claypole.
	3 Hougham.
Dunsby Wood, . . .	7 Corby.
Easton Park, ...	2½ Great Ponton.
	3½ Corby.
	6½ Grantham.
Eastwell, ...	8 Melton.

PLACES OF MEETING.	MILES FROM STATION.
Eastwell,	8 Bottesford.
Elton, ...	½ Elton.
Evedon Wood, . . .	3 Sleaford.
Foston, ...	2½ Hougham.
	5 Bottesford.
	5½ Grantham.
Fulbeck, ...	1 Leadenham.
	1½ Caythorpe.
Gipple, ...	2½ Ancaster.
	4½ Grantham.
Goadby, ...	5½ Melton.
Gonerby, ...	2 Grantham.
	3 Sedgebrook.
	6½ Hougham.
Harby, ...	6½ Bottesford.
	8½ Melton.
Harlaxton, ...	2 Grantham.
	4 Great Ponton.
Haverholm Priory, . . .	4 Sleaford.
Herrings Lodge, . . .	6 Great Ponton.
	7 Melton.
	9 Granthan.
Hough-on-the-Hill, . .	2 Caythorpe.
	2½ Honnington.
Hose Grange, ...	7½ Bottesford.
	8 Melton.

PLACES OF MEETING.	MILES FROM STATION.
Hungerton Hall,	4 Great Ponton.
	5½ Grantham.
	11 Melton.
Keisby,	4½ Corby.
Kirkby Laythorpe,	1½ Sleaford.
Kirkby Underwood,	6½ Corby.
Langar,	4 Bingham.
	4 Elton.
	5½ Bottesford.
Leadenham,	1 Leadenham.
Lenton or Lavington,	5½ Corby.
Little Ponton,	1 Great Ponton.
Newton Toll-Bar,	6 Ancaster.
	8 Sleaford.
	11½ Grantham.
Piper Hole,	4½ Melton.
Plungar,	4 Bottesford.
	10½ Melton.
Rauceby,	4 Ancaster.
Ropsley,	5 Grantham.
	6 Ancaster.
Saltby,	6 Great Ponton.
	7 Melton.
	9 Grantham.
Scrimshaw's Mill,	1½ Elton.

PLACES OF MEETING.	MILES FROM STATION.	
Skillington Cross Roads,	5	Great Ponton.
	8	Melton.
Somerby,	3½	Great Ponton.
	4	Grantham.
Staunton,	3	Bottesford.
	5	Claypole.
Stoke Park or Stoke Rochford,	2	Great Ponton.
	4	Corby.
	6	Grantham.
Stubton Hall,	1	Claypole.
Stonesby,	5	Melton.
Syston Park,	2	Honnington.
	3½	Grantham.
Three Queens,	5	Great Ponton.
	6	Grantham.
	10	Melton.
Weaver's Lodge,	4½	Ancaster.
	6	Grantham.

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THE

QUORN HUNT.

By Cecil.

THE ACCUSTOMED PLACES OF MEETING,

With Distances from Railway Stations.

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BOOKSTALLS.

THE QUORN HUNT.

VARIOUS events have from time to time contributed their powerful ascendencies to render the Quorn country one of the first in the estimation of sportsmen of the higher classes. The nature of the land, affording every facility for the enjoyment of the chase in its most delectable forms, was doubtless the primary attraction to noblemen and wealthy commoners to select Leicestershire for the pursuit of their favourite pastime. In the early days of foxhunting, before, in fact, it had become a "science," the ever celebrated Mr Meynell —in his courtesy, talent, and zeal, far surpassing all predecessors or contemporaries —drew the fashionables of the sporting hemisphere to the Elysian fields of this

glorious county. Fame so firmly established, and so influentially fostered, could scarcely fade away, more impressively promoted, as it has been, by many succeeding masters of the most aristocratic and refined accomplishments.

Many curious anecdotes have been related of that gentleman's management of hounds and country, for which there does not appear to be any foundation beyond the fertility of brain which gave them circulation; but as so much interest appertains to the customs of by-gone days in this favourite shire, I have taken considerable pains to ascertain facts, in which I have been most kindly and ably assisted by my late friend, Mr Cradock, in whose possession there were documents and details the authenticity of which cannot be gainsaid. A letter, dated Quorn, March 19th, 1800, from Mr Meynell to the late Duke of Rutland, is thus worded: "Lord Sefton will take my hounds at the end of the season, and I know he hopes to suceeed me in hunting the country;" and in an-

other part, the time of Mr Meynell's commencement is determined by the observation, "When the country was made over to me forty-seven years ago."

A most amusing and instructive little book, called "The Meynellian Science; or, Foxhunting upon System," graphically written by the late Mr John Hawkes, a very celebrated sportsman and companion of Mr Meynell's, affords a vast fund of information concerning the customs of those days, and I trust his two sons, my kind friends, Mr John and Mr George Hawkes, will forgive me for availing myself of several extracts.

"Mr Meynell considered one of the important objects in breeding hounds was to combine strength with beauty, and stoutness with high mettle. The first qualities he considered were fine noses and stout runners. In the month of November the pack was carefully divided into the old and young pack. The old pack consisted of three-years-old and upwards, and no two-years-old was admitted except a very

high opinion was entertained of his virtues and abilities. The young hounds were hunted twice a week, as much in woodlands as possible, and in the most unpopular coverts. When the hounds were cast, it was in two or three lots, by Mr Meynell, his huntsman, and whipper-in, and not driven together like a flock of sheep. Whippers-in should turn hounds quietly, and not call after them in a noisy, disagreeable manner. Whippers-in are too apt to think their own importance consists in shouting, hallooing, and unnecessary activity. Thoughtless sportsmen are apt to press too much on hounds, particularly down a road. Every one should consider that every check operates against the hounds, and that scent is of a fleeting nature—soon lost, never again to be recovered.

"Mr Meynell's hounds had more good runs than any pack of his day. Two very extraordinary ones happened. One was a run of one hour and twenty minutes, and, *without a check*, killed their fox. The other

was two hours and fifty minutes, *without a cast*, and killed. Mr Meynell's taste led him to admire large hounds, but his experience convinced him that small ones were generally the stoutest, soundest, and in every respect the most executive."

It is very clear that Mr Meynell was gifted with the highest conceptions on matters connected with the noble science, and more than that, he had companions who could appreciate them. Without in the slightest degree questioning the application and efficacy of most of the injunctions and practices, as applicable to the time when they were adopted, there are some few which could scarcely be carried out in these days. Dividing the pack into two or three bodies, to make casts where large fields of horsemen are spread in all directions, would be attended with many difficulties and dangers; and would be a stimulant to skirting and tailing. The custom of drawing the hounds, with reference to age, taking the seniors into the best parts of the country, was evidently for the sake of displaying the

greatest perfections to admiring attendants; though I should rather doubt if the driving properties of the older ones as a body would be so eminently displayed; while a little mistrust of steadiness among the younger members of the pack, peeps from behind the curtain.

A diary, that was kept during the last ten years of Mr Meynell's reign by Thomas Jones, the whipper-in, who wore a cork leg, likewise describes many observances and incidents which contributed to raise the fame of the master and his pack. From this source I have discovered that, besides the establishment at Quorn, they had kennels at Bowden Inn for their accommodation when hunting the Pytchley side of their country; and it should be observed, that when Mr Meynell first began he kept his hounds at that place, and resided at Langton Hall with Mr Boothby, who at that time contributed towards the expenses. Quorndon Hall was a subsequent purchase from Lord Ferrers. Kennels at Bradgate are also mentioned, but I should imagine

they were Lord Stamford's, and that his lordship offered the accommodation, as he had hounds himself at the same time. Where the hounds went to when they hunted Bosworth, Enderby, Whetstone, and Kirkby, in the Atherstone country, I have not been able to determine. They occasionally sojourned at Bradley for the purpose of meeting at Ravensdale, Keddleston Park, and Shirley, now within the precincts of the Hoar Cross country. The temporary occupation of these numerous kennels most probably gave rise to the frequently-expressed supposition, that the hounds were taken the night before hunting to the immediate vicinity of the coverts they were going to draw, even if the distance did not exceed a few miles, for which there is no authority to be found in the diary. That they could not have reached all their places of meeting from Quorn is quite certain, hence the necessity of the out kennels. Their most frequent places of meeting were Bunny, Widmerpool, Rempstone, and Wimeswold; also Stanford Park,

Queniborough, Costock, Walton Thorns, Swithland, Grooby, Bradgate, and Brooksby; and when they went from home to Bowden Inn, they sought their pastime in Stockerston Wood. Billesdon, then as now, was in high repute—not omitting Langton Caundle, Allexton, Easton Park, Gumley, and Sheepshorns, near Shankton Holt. Time has not changed the prestige of these coverts—unequivocal testimony of their superiority.

The average number of foxes killed annually during the last ten years of Mr Meynell's occupation was thirty-six brace, hunting three and occasionally four days in the week; sometimes on consecutive days.

The stud devoted to the service of the men consisted of about twenty-eight horses; though it would appear they were frequently mounted by gentlemen who wished to have the unruly spirits of their steeds subdued.

An opinion very generally prevails that the hounds of olden times were more noted

for their hunting powers than those of the present generation; that foxes were stouter and wilder, and that the runs they afforded were of longer duration. Jones's diary, giving accounts of all the sport during the time it comprises, does not confirm such conclusions. In the Quorn country, during the last ten years of Mr Meynell's mastership, they were frequently rolled over in five-and-twenty or thirty minutes, and their propensities for running short were often noticed; it is quite evident the whippers-in resorted to a little telegraphing when in difficulties. Two runs only, of long duration, are recorded. One on the 20th of December 1793, was from Barkby Holt, over that fine country to the Coplow, thence by Keysham, Scraptoft, Stoughton, to Ayleston gorse, where the hounds were stopped after a five hours' performance. The other bears date the 12th of December 1795, when they met at Costock Lees, and killed a fox, after running five hours and fifteen minutes, at Willoughby gorse. This was a ringing run, and on both occa-

sions frequent changes of foxes occurred. It has been asserted, too—an error into which I must admit having myself fallen by adopting current information which was incorrect—that it was the custom occasionally to take as many as one hundred couples of hounds into the field. The largest number of hounds specified by Jones, as having been taken out at one time, was fifty couples, which happened on the 6th of September 1798, when they went to Budden Wood, handy to the kennels; and from a manuscript list of Mr Meynell's hounds for the year 1794, the number he had in kennel was fifty-four couples. It was their custom to work large bodies of hounds, consisting of some five-and-thirty couples, till the beginning of October, or after a frost, but the usual complement was from twenty-two to twenty-four couples. Every effort was adopted to keep the foxes, as well as the pack, in condition, as whenever there was a continuance of snow on the ground, the hounds were taken to the coverts to disturb the foxes, which were evidently plentiful,

as in ten years there were only eight blank days. A fox found at Gotham, and killed at Redhill, was singularly distinguished by having a white ring round his neck and three white pads. The lustre which Mr Meynell shed so resplendently has not been allowed to fade by the masters of hounds who have succeeded him, though customs have necessarily changed with times.

Lord Sefton, Mr Meynell's successor, in the year 1800, kept two packs of hounds, and a huntsman for each pack, and introduced the custom now prevalent of having a second horse for his own riding. Lord Foley, following in the year 1805, with unbounded liberality, permitted nothing to flag. The celebrity which Mr Assheton Smith bore to such a venerable age was first acquired as Master of the Quorn Hounds, with which he commenced in 1807. A few years afterwards he made a valuable addition to his pack by the purchase of Mr Chaworth's, which were in high repute. He was the first gentleman in this aristocratic shire who set the example of hunting his

hounds in person, a bold attempt where every movement is regarded with the most astute criticism. After hunting the country ten seasons, the possession of Quorndon Hall, with all its appurtenances, was transferred by Mr Assheton Smith to Mr Osbaldeston, whose exploits of all kinds have been duly honoured throughout every portion of the civilised world where manly sports are recognised. It was not in the hunting field alone that he so brilliantly distinguished himself; in the various accomplishments of shooting, cricketing, steeplechasing, and race riding, severally he had scarcely a rival, in the whole unquestionably none, and his memorable ride against time at Newmarket will for ever afford an example of his great stamina and pluck.

Mr Osbaldeston's appreciations were peculiarly adapted to the tastes of those who hunted with him in this country; pace was a *sine quâ non*. To find a fox quickly, the moment he broke covert, to get the hounds away in a body close to his brush,

and, with anything approaching to a scent, to run into his fox in thirty or forty minutes, was the summit of Mr Osbaldeston's delight. When a cast became imperative, a bold one was his general custom. He either recovered his fox without loss of time in a masterly and most exciting manner, or he gave him up and went to draw for another. The echo of his cheering halloo still resounds in the ears of his admiring companions, too few of whom, sad to say! are now left to tell of his glorious deeds. About the middle of the season 1821, Mr Osbaldeston exchanged countries with Sir Bellingham Graham, who was then hunting the Hambledon, in Hampshire. The baronet had cultivated great experience as a master of hounds. Being impressed with an ardent love for all things appertaining to the "noble science," he appeared in Leicestershire a most accomplished artist. Although his weight was considerable—exceeding, as it is said, sixteen stone—he was always with his hounds, at the expense, however, of several nasty falls. His initiation

was with the Badsworth in 1815, from whence after two years' practice, he removed to the Atherstone, which country he hunted with consummate skill three seasons. A trip into the Pytchley was his next point, where, after one year of brilliant sport, he made a wide cast into Hampshire, and hunted the Hambledon till Christmas, when he became the purchaser of Quorndon Hall and its appurtenances, including a portion of the pack, from Mr Osbaldeston.

Appertaining to this period, Melton was in great force—quite in its glory. The magnates of the chase made it their winter's home, and it was a more exclusive quarter than at the present day. The reasons are palpable. Travelling was comparatively a tedious process. However speedily four-posters were required to perform the 105 miles to London, it occupied the whole day, at a cost of some five and twenty pounds, so that when a frost occurred, if the relief of the little village was the only alternative, the double journey entailed an outlay of fifty pounds on the road only. The rail

has realised a revolution, and though not without many good effects, it has rendered the society of Melton much less exclusive and aristocratic. The journey from the metropolis of England to the metropolis of fox-hunting, can now be accomplished in a very short space of time for the charge of only a few sovereigns. Since then, too, the attractions at Market Harborough have gained great ascendency, and Rugby still greater. We sometimes read of the Melton Hunt, but it is a misnomer; there is no such hunt in existence. The kennels are at Quorn, and from that place the title of the hunt originated. There were those whose daring deeds and prowess in the field can never be excelled, many of whom ranked as welter weights. Mr Maxse, a regular attendant many years, rode full sixteen stone. Sir Francis Burdett, whose residence was Kirby Hall, so renowned as the place of meeting on the opening day, was a most intrepid horseman. Then there was Sir James Musgrave, a member of the Old Club, who had a curious propen-

sity for wishing any newly-purchased horse when ridden by his groom to have a fall, in order that he might learn to be more careful for the future. Sir Harry Goodricke rode full fourteen stone, and his successor, Frank Holyoake, somewhat more. Mr Maher was another of the "heavies." Lighter in the scale was Captain Ross of rifle fame, and Captain White still lighter, highly accomplished on the turf, and undeniably good over a country. For desperate nerve no one ever excelled Captain Berkeley, R.N. (the late Lord Fitzhardinge), but he was a light weight, and a frequent performer on the race course.

Somewhat later came Lord Wilton, the most elegant horseman of any, with fine hands, and resolution unquestionable. His skill in race-riding afforded him vast facilities for riding over a country. His lordship has for many years resided, during the hunting season, at Egerton Lodge, a short distance from Melton; and a passenger travelling by train from Syston, cannot help being struck with the characteristic appear-

ance of the house, and its appropriate range of stables. It is gratifying to know that Lord Wilton is still enabled to maintain his place with hounds, though I believe he is the only one now going who commenced at the early date to which these remarks refer. Indeed, with the exception of Captain Ross, who has withdrawn from the hunting-field, his lordship is the only one of those men living whose names I have introduced. Sir Bellingham only retained the Quorn one clear season after the exchange referred to, when Mr Osbaldeston returned and hunted it till he removed into the Pytchley—an event which created sincere regret to his Melton friends. It was during this occupation of the Quorn country that he met with a sad accident; his horse falling at a fence, Sir James Musgrave rode over him, and broke his leg, from the effects of which he never perfectly recovered. In the mystic art of breeding hounds he had been eminently successful. He was a perfect judge of symmetry, hunting powers, and the neces-

sary qualifications of a foxhound, not forgetting the value of stoutness, and duly appreciating pedigrees. One of his first celebrities was Tarquin, bred by Lord Monson, whose pack he purchased in 1810, when he commenced his brilliant career as M. F. H., in Lincolnshire. Tarquin was entered by "The Squire," and taken to Quorn, where he died in 1818. The kennel yard was his burial place, and an epitaph was inscribed to his memory, which is now effaced, but the spot is identified by a drinking trough. The blood of his favourite hounds, Rocket and Furrier, though half a century has passed away since they were entered, is to be traced in all fashionable kennels. Indeed, there are very few hounds of great celebrity which do not run back to both of them, but more especially to Furrier, whose birthplace was Belvoir.

Lord Southampton, who succeeded "The Squire" in 1827, built new kennels at Leicester, and, instead of the ancient title of the Quorn Hunt being continued, it was

distinguished as Lord Southampton's. Soon after his lordship's accession, he purchased the Oakley Hounds, and they afforded first-rate sport. In 1831, Lord Southampton was succeeded by Sir Harry Goodricke, Bart., whose liberality, kindness of manners, and sporting talent, gained for him the highest esteem; but, unfortunately, he was destined to preside over the hunting arrangements of Leicestershire but a few brief years. He was cut off in the prime of life, after hunting the country two seasons, during which period a removal of the kennels to Thrussington took place as being more central. Sir Harry's decease, in the year 1833, placing all his unentailed property in the possession of his friend, Mr Francis Holyoake, together with the hounds and horses, the country became his, so to speak, by inheritance. At this period the Marquis of Hastings, of that day, wishing for more hunting on the Donnington side, induced Mr Holyoake to resign a portion of it, and a new district was formed, designated the Donnington

country. Foxes becoming more numerous, this, and similar arrangements which have taken place in other hunts, have been attended with manifest advantages, affording much more hunting and at easier distances. Mr Meynell, it may be observed, only hunted three and occasionally four days in the week. Moreover, he had a greater scope of country, including Mr Meynell Ingram's Derby district, and some portions both of the Cottesmore and Pytchley. At the time to which I refer, the Quorn hounds had five appointments in the week, and the Donnington three, with, if I recollect rightly, occasional by-days; thus there was established nearly three times as much hunting as in the days of Meynell. Two years was the limit of Mr Holyoake's occupation of the country. Having taken the name of Goodricke, and being elevated to the baronetage, he resigned to Mr Errington, in 1835, and that gentleman only kept the hounds three seasons, when they were sold at Tattersall's, Mr Hellier being the most extensive pur-

chaser, to hunt the North Warwickshire country.

Lord Suffield, with a profuse expenditure of the circulating medium, was expected to eclipse every predecessor in this aristocratic region; but unfortuitous events frustrated these hopes. His lordship obtained Mr Lambton's hounds in exchange for the large sum of 3000 guineas, and he built new kennels and stables at Billesdon, but only occupied them one brief season, when the hounds were disposed of to Mr Robertson, again to travel northwards. It was a bad scenting season, and with hounds unaccustomed to be pressed upon by hard riders, the sport was not equal to expectations, when Mr Hodgson, coming from Holderness in 1839, with a remarkably hard-working pack of hounds, by a succession of good runs, redeemed the somewhat faded fame of this celebrated country. Two short seasons, however, terminated the career of this gentleman as Master of the Quorn. He was every inch a sportsman. It was during Mr Hodgson's brief occupation that Mr Assheton

Smith, then hunting the Tedworth country in Hampshire, on his return with his hounds from a visit to his friend Sir Richard Sutton in the Burton country, met at Rollestone, where it is supposed the largest field on record assembled from far and near to bid him welcome where in bygone years he had been a leading star.

After quitting the glories of Leicestershire, Mr Hodgson retraced his steps to his former country, where he had so many staunch supporters; and in about two years, an appointment as Registrar for the West Riding of Yorkshire was an acceptable acquisition to his private resources. Soon afterwards he gave up his hounds entirely. In the spring of 1863, he was called away from the cares of worldly strife, deeply regretted by hosts of friends. His unassuming manner and hospitality secured to him those kind feelings of regard, which are ever an English gentleman's pride to boast of; and it must have been a sadly splenetic, vitiated taste, that could ever have breathed a sentiment of reproach against him.

On Mr Hodgson's retirement a committee took the affairs in hand, with Mr Greene, of Rollestone, at the head; and it is worthy of remark that Mr Greene, up to that period, was the only county gentleman who had ever been placed in a similar position. His great popularity and influence maintained for Leicestershire its long-accustomed celebrity. Approaching more recent dates, in 1847, Sir Richard Sutton, preferring this country to the Cottesmore, Mr Greene and the committee resigned in his favour. With a splendid pack of hounds, which he had been many years in bringing to perfection, making the old house his place of abode, the quondam glories of Quorn were thoroughly restored, and, in 1851, the Donnington country becoming vacant, was again united. No master of hounds of past or present days could exceed Sir Richard Sutton in that unceasing devotion to the "noble science," which is indispensable with the perfection of sport. All his instructions, too, were ably carried out by his huntsman, Tom

Day, who is now enjoying past reminiscence within hearing of his old friends in the kennels. A most liberal supply of the sinews of war was at all times available, to meet any expenditure that might be necessary to ensure the desired object—foxes were in great abundance; but in the midst of all these happy combinations, the season 1855 was inaugurated with a sad reverse, in the lamented death of Sir Richard Sutton, which took place about the middle of November. A melancholy gloom prevailed throughout the country, and the reverential respect expressed on all occasions bespeaks the great popularity the baronet acquired.

A few years before this sad event occurred, a district was apportioned off to Mr Richard Sutton, who resided at Skeffington, his father supplying him with hounds to hunt the country in that neighbourhood, and this he continued to do till the spring of 1856, extending his operations somewhat further in the direction of Melton and Quorn. Sir Richard's hounds were sold by Messrs Tattersall at the

kennels on the 13th of December 1855, when seventy couples produced 1821 guineas. It was a pack of very high pretensions, emanating originally from those the baronet bought from Mr Assheton Smith, when he succeeded that gentleman in the Burton country some thirty years previously. Very judicious drafting, and the introduction of his friend Mr Osbaldeston's best sorts when they were in their zenith, with assistance from the Dukes of Rutland and Beaufort, Lords Yarborough and Bentinck, also Mr Drake's and Mr Foljambe's kennels, carried them to the highest pinnacle of fame. Bajazet, a son of Mr Foljambe's Roister; Rambler and his sire Trueman, the two brothers Dexter and Dryden, together with Glider and very many more, have been extensively patronised by the best judges.

Mr Richard Sutton's hounds, thirty-nine and a half couples, were sold in April 1856 by Messrs Tattersall, at the Quorn kennels, when they produced 1490 guineas; the purchasers were the Duke of Cleveland, Lord

Stamford, Lord Henry Bentinck, and Sir Watkin Wynn. The country, being vacant, was entered upon by the Earl of Stamford and Warrington. It is almost needless to mention that the most unbounded, the most princely liberality, prevailed in every department. His lordship had previously gained experience as a master of hounds, having some years since relieved the members of the Albrighton Hunt from all the expenses of hunting their country; but that continued only one year.

His lordship commenced in Leicestershire by purchasing two packs of hounds, Mr Hellier's and Mr Millbanke's, to which considerable additions were made from Sir Richard Sutton's, and also Mr Anstruther Thomson's. Mr Hellier's may be said to have come originally from this country, most of his first purchases being divers lots of Mr Errington's hounds, which were sold at Tattersall's in 1838, when that gentleman resigned the Quorn country. During the long period Mr Hellier kept hounds, he devoted much attention to the breeding of

them, introducing a good deal of the Brocklesby blood, and also the Belvoir. With such excellent materials to commence with, Lord Stamford at once established a very superior pack, which were entrusted to the care of Boothroyd, who hunted his lordship's hounds previously in the Albrighton country. He, however, remained only one season, when the horn was transferred to Treadwell, who continued to hold the very responsible post of huntsman till his lordship parted with the hounds. The Belvoir kennels were much resorted to for fresh introductions, Singer, Trusty, Contract, and Rallywood, comprising the principal selections. Subsequently the Quorn kennels found nearly sufficient change in their own resources, so long as Lord Stamford continued to hunt the country.

The long stable at Quorn, if my recollection serves me, was formerly constructed to accommodate six-and-thirty horses, but a portion of it being converted into boxes, the number of inmates is reduced. As there are three boxes at the extreme ends, the

vast length of the building is to the eye diminished, but it still presents a most imposing effect of originality, the low stalls and the antique racks being still preserved. An inspection of these and the adjoining stables, containing altogether upwards of seventy hunters, was sufficient to dispel the dolorous expressions so constantly advanced, that England has lost the breed of valuable horses adapted to the purpose of the chase. That they are not abundant, or produced by every inconsiderate breeder, who, only evoking the chances of fate, obtains few favours, cannot be gainsaid; nevertheless, we still possess the good material if it be judiciously appropriated.

To enter into a descriptive detail of all the horses in such an extensive stud as Lord Stamford's was, enumerating every point of excellence that each of them possessed, would have been a labour of inordinate length, and would have trespassed on the imperative restrictions of stable hours. I content myself, therefore, with noticing

those which principally attracted my attention.

I should scarcely know which to select as the right horse to assign a preference, the one bearing the name of the Right Man or Bentinck, both magnificent animals, which were subsequently purchased for the Prince of Wales, the former for 310, and the latter for 500 guineas; but they did not answer His Royal Highness's expectations, and were soon disposed of again. Comet, a splendid bay gelding, having combinations of the Redshank and Melbourne families, did great credit to his ancestors. Phœnix —a very clever, short-legged, bay horse, Trumpeter, and Rocket were included among the horses distinguished by Lady Stamford's favour, and were accustomed to carry her ladyship triumphantly in the first rank. Charnwood, a dark bay horse; Kegworth, a great, fine, lengthy chestnut; and Bradgate, a grey ridden by Lord Stamford. Pilgrim, a dark brown horse, with very much of the Cotherstone stamp, attracted my admiration vastly—a long low horse,

with great power. All these, including Sultan, were ridden by his lordship. In concluding individual notice, so far as it is possible to form an opinion at first sight, and that only in the stable, I placed my warmest affections on Silverhair, a beautiful brown roan, daughter of Birdcatcher; she evinced most unmistakable resemblance to the family from which she was descended. Extreme cleanliness of outline, with great muscular development, are essentials of the highest order in horses required to live the pace with hounds over the pasture fields of Leicestershire, inheritances which her grandsire, Sir Hercules, transferred to his posterity on many occasions, together with the silver hairs which doubtless suggested the cognomen of this charming creature. She was in the light weight division, and at the sale was transferred to Lord St Maur in exchange for 125 guineas.

The horses appropriated to the use of the men were of very high character; there was not a second-class animal in the stables, and among so great a number I never saw

such uniformly good shoulders. The model of that very important part appears to have been cast in one form; at any rate, one very masterly eye selected them. The starry brilliancy of coat afforded incontestable evidence of great care, having been judiciously dispensed on good constitutions: but a very remarkable feature was the perfect coolness and freshness of every horse's legs. Whatever casualties had occurred, they were all skilfully removed. Whitehall, the stud groom, however, to a great extent enlightened me on this point, when he informed me that every horse had walking exercise throughout the summer; a most judicious practice, the advantages of which are clearly exemplified by the magnificent condition of the stud entrusted to his care.

The time-honoured custom of meeting at Kirby Gate on the first Monday in November continues to be observed, as it has been, with only one or two exceptions, for very many years. The russet tinge of autumn is at that period but just observable on the trees, the hedges yet green, and the

ditches are unmistakably blind. The majority of hunting men, according to the usages of modern times, do not put in appearances in person on this the opening day.

The protracted continuation of London enjoyments, and other contingencies, keep many away till a later period than was the custom in olden times; and although many of the elite of Melton are absentees at Kirby Gate on the opening day, there is always a large assemblage at the appointed hour, and the road is usually full of carriages, occupied by those of the fair sex who prefer looking on to participating in the excitement of riding to hounds. An imposing feature on these occasions is the large assemblage of first-class hunters, and in that respect there is no evidence of deterioration from the exhibitions of former days. Indulging in exuberant playfulness, the accompaniment of high condition, they appear to welcome the reunion with unmistakable joyfulness. That this country should rank so highly in the estimation of riding men is not at all

surprising, for it is one in which pace and fencing qualifications are unequivocally tested. The fences are generally negotiable, yet many of them require energy and resolution. The principal timber fences are in the gaps or weak parts of the hedges, and a stranger who rides for one of those places, which at a distance impresses him with the idea that it is a gate which he can open, will find his mistake. There are also double posts and rails, which require accomplished hunters. Most of the quickset fences are planted on the ground, therefore rotten banks are not often encountered. The ox fences consist of a ditch, quickset hedge, of divers altitude and penetrability, and a flight of posts and rails, which must be cleared at a stride, so that it requires a considerable amount of powder to negotiate them, while water jumpers are indispensable, as brooks are numerous. The Whissendine and the Smite are known to many by repute, who are not acquainted with their locality, and are often fathomed by those who seek their pastime in this aristocratic

shire. Charnwood Forest, on the north-western confines of the kennels, is a rare place for cub-hunting, though of late years much of it has been cleared. The Beaumanor estate, the property of William Perry Heyrick, Esq., who is a liberal patron of foxhunting, and of everything becoming an English country gentleman, is handy to the forest, and foxes are well taken care of on his extensive property.

Making a cast in an easterly direction, there is a fine open country around Six hills, including Ragdale, Thrussington, Brooksby, Ashfordby, Kirby Gate, and on for Melton, with Garrety Hill, Dalby, Loseby, and, farther a-field, the celebrated Billesdon Coplow, on the boundaries of the Billesdon country. Not far distant is Burrow Hill, which tries the wind and stamina of many a well-trained steed, when hounds run up it. To reach Burton Lazars, noted in history as the place where leprosy first made its appearance in England, requires the united powers and skill of man and horse. In the extreme north, near Bunny

and Widmerpool, is a country that may well be termed holding.

A quaint old place is Quorn, classical in connection with all things appertaining to the chase. The old hall, where so many choice spirits have held their court, if its ancient walls could but recount the scenes that have been enacted within their precincts, might divulge some entertaining secrets. The church, too, affords a subject of peculiar interest in an antique tomb of the Hartham family, dating as far back as the time of the Crusaders. But a most interesting relic, in the estimation of a sportsman, is one of the hoofs and a piece of the skin of Eclipse, in the possession of the late Mr Cradock, and is still in the hands of his family. The foot appears to have suffered from contraction, and the sole bears evidence of what is termed a pumice conformation; the front of the hoof is remarkably thick, and has evidently been subjected to a very coarse rasp. There is another peculiarity worthy of notice—the shoe was attached with only six nails, show-

ing that the system now frequently adopted of dispensing with the full complement of eight nails is not a novelty. The piece of skin is of a most brilliant chestnut. Poor Dick Burton made Quorn his last place of residence, and I regret to add that it has become his place of everlasting rest. Tom Day, another veteran of the chase, resides here, within hearing of the pack; and through the kindness of the master of the hounds, in frequently giving him a mount, he is still enabled to enjoy his favourite sport.

There are very striking analogies between the destinies of empires and the incidents which preside over the fates of hunting countries, and their respective decrees are often influenced by causes very nearly akin. The reign of a good and popular sovereign is almost universally distinguished by the prosperity and affection of his subjects. The success of a hunting establishment is also subservient to the good taste, judgment, and ability of the nobleman or gentleman who undertakes

the reins of government. So far the fortunes of either spring from causes coincident. There is, however, this difference: kings very rarely abdicate; masters of hounds do so, sadly, too frequently. Since the occupation of the Quorn country by My Meynell, whose brilliant career continued for forty-seven years, and terminated with the commencement of the present century, to the year 1871, no less than eighteen masters of hounds have enjoyed opportunities of displaying their talents, dispensing their liberalities, and convincing the hunting world of the charms and delights that are so happily associated with Leicestershire. Nineteen changes, it must be observed, have taken place, Mr Osbaldeston having on two separate occasions presided as master, always delighting his friends and followers with his enthusiastic, never-tiring devotion to the good cause. Thus the average term of premiership has not amounted to four seasons; but Lord Stamford and Sir Richard Sutton nearly doubled that period, and

all honour is due to his lordship and the baronet for the very profuse liberality displayed by them on all occasions when the promotion of sport could be anticipated. It is very remarkable that a country possessing so many agreeable acceptations and delectable attractions, gifted as it is by nature for the enjoyment of foxhunting in its most fascinating form, should have been subservient to such numerous vicissitudes.

In the season of 1863, greatly to the disappointment of all who had partaken of the brilliant sport Lord Stamford had shown them, his lordship's career as master of these hounds terminated. The report had been circulated during the Houghton meeting at Newmarket the preceding year; but it was not till official notices had been given that the rumour was acknowledged, so reluctant were all to accept the intelligence. Soon after it became known that the report of Lord Stamford's resignation was not a vague rumour, Mr Clowes, so well known in the country

as a most brilliant performer, signified his willingness to become the future master. The sale of Lord Stamford's horses and its associations was an event that will long be held in remembrance at Quorn, bearing testimony, too, of the splendid establishment his lordship had provided to do honour to our great national pastime. The annals of the chase will hand to future generations the continuous fame of the Quorn establishments; while such animated biddings afforded the pleasing assurance of the estimation in which hunters of high caste are valued by British sportsmen; for, be it remembered, that all the horses were destined to distinguish themselves again and again over the pasture fields of their native land, as none of them were purchased to go abroad. Seventy-three horses produced the goodly sum of 13,872 guineas, a fraction over 190 guineas each.

Mr Clowes entered the M. F. H. list under most inspiring auspices, with universal hopes that his mastership would be as permanent and prosperous as that of any of

his predecessors. On the Tuesday previous to the sale of Lord Stamford's stud, Jack Goddard entered on his new engagement, and took charge of the hounds, they having been transferred to Mr Clowes for the valuable consideration of 2000 guineas, and he was fortunate in having secured them. The breaking up of an established pack of foxhounds is an event of far more serious import than casual observers are wont to contemplate. Hounds of superior pretensions, when taken from their old associates and introduced to fresh ones, are apt to become jealous, and not unfrequently display characters quite the reverse to those whereby they gained their fame. Difference of country will, in some instances, produce change of manners, and different management often exercises still more powerful influences. Many a slow, close hunting hound, whose melodious voice is invaluable in the dense woodlands of a provincial country, may be quite out of his element over the open fields of Leicestershire, where pace is indispensable. It is

not a very difficult matter for a master of hounds who has had practice, and is gifted with an eye for symmetrical proportions, to collect a lot of handsome rogues, if he will only be industrious, and search for the beauties that are condemned and drafted for vices and misdemeanours. In such cases, too, ancestral excellences are totally ignored. But how will such pretenders deport themselves? They may have runs, with two or three couples leading, doing all the work, with the remainder following in the rear, at wide intervals, doing nothing, unless perchance "babbling behind," than which the antecedent failing is far more venial. Such collections—packs of hounds I cannot call them—may kill foxes, but the manner in which they accomplish that *desideratum* will not bear description. I have witnessed such performances, but I decline the honour of recording them, so let them pass without further comment. Mr Clowes was fortunate in having no such difficulties to contend with. He obtained a clever pack of hounds, composed of good materials.

Besides those bred at the Quorn kennels by Lord Stamford for the next season's entry, he procured an unentered draft from Sir W. W. Wynn's, among which were two couples descended from the Duke of Beaufort's Harlequin, and several others by sires from the Duke of Rutland's and Lord Yarborough's kennels. Of their own breeding, six couples were the progeny of the Worcestershire Sportsman, whose excellent parentage can scarcely fail to perpetuate many valuable properties. Sportsman was a son of the Warwickshire Saffron, a hound I have on many previous occasions described in high terms of praise, and the Berkeley Charity, the granddam of the ever celebrated Cromwell, and was a daughter of Drunkard and Cora. Drunkard, a son of Hotspur and Danae. Cora, daughter of the Duke of Rutland's Chaser and Housemaid. Hotspur, son of the Duke of Beaufort's Regent and Harlot. Sportsman, it will thus be understood, was bred at Berkeley, and went to Worcestershire in his puppyhood. Honesty and

Triplet produced very promising litters to Sportsman; the former was a daughter of Mr Morrel's Hercules and Tidings, the latter of the Pytchley Trojan, and Mr Anstruther Thomson's Blossom.

In a country like Leicestershire, where the agriculturists are so deeply indebted to foxhunting, it is truly remarkable that greater facilities are not afforded to masters of hounds for walking puppies. With the exception of the late Mr Greene and Lord Stamford, none of the former masters had landed estates in the county; but what of that? Many of the noblemen and gentlemen who have hunted the Quorn country have annually disbursed little fortunes, of which the farmers have had the lion's share; besides the immense sums circulated by the wealthy frequenters of Melton and Leicester, together with vast numbers who rent mansions for the express purpose of hunting in this the most fashionable of all counties. Farmers may conjecture that it is a matter of little importance—that affluent masters of hounds can purchase what they require.

So they may, as regards numbers, but not perfections. They can never obtain a first-rate pack of hounds, except by breeding them, at any cost. The farmers of Leicestershire are fond of the sport; they are prosperous and hospitable, and they possess all the fine attributes that distinguish their class. That they should permit themselves to be immeasurably excelled by others in the provincial countries in their appreciation of that which so prominently conduces to the excellence of the pack, that not only affords them sport, but which also promotes their welfare, is an anomaly I cannot comprehend; and I am much inclined to the conclusion, that several masters of hounds have withdrawn from this cause, for nothing identifies a gentleman with the country he hunts more significantly than the cordial co-operation of the cultivators of the soil.

Many who were present at the sale of Lord Stamford's stud, will remember the kind hospitalities proffered by Mr Cradock, and they, with very many others, most sadly grieve that it was the last time of his

bidding them, on a public occasion, one of those friendly welcomes he so happily delighted in. His health had been on the decline for some time, and it was too evident that his exertions on the day of the sale considerably overpowered him. The nature of his complaint daily reducing his strength, he departed this life on the 7th of September 1863.

Mr Cradock and his family have been associated with the preservation of the foxes in the Quorn country very many years. A great proportion of the gorse coverts for which this hunt is famous, have been from time immemorial rented by the masters of hounds or others interested in the sport. The management of them, and the preservation of the foxes in the days of Mr Meynell, and for a long period subsequently, was sedulously presided over by Mr Cradock's father; after that by his brother, till about the time when Mr Greene followed Mr Hodgson, upon which the gentleman whose loss is so much deplored succeeded to those ostensible duties. It is thus manifest how

great are the obligations to the family. Gifted with the highest attainments and most conciliating habits, calculated to insure popularity and respect for his wishes, Mr Cradock's objects were successfully carried into effect. The gratitude of sportsmen was due to him for many a gallant fox and many a good run. Nor has this been forgotten. A handsome gold snuff-box, equivalent in weight to 100 guineas, presented to his father, has descended as an heirloom and a pleasing memento of olden times. A costly candelabrum was the graceful tribute of Sir Richard Sutton. More recently, in April 1863, the appreciation of the country was most significantly displayed by the presentation of plate to the value of 200 sovereigns, as an appropriate compliment to Mr Cradock. It comprises a large silver salver, two pairs of candlesticks, and a pair of stands or epergnes, with raised dishes for fruit or flowers, beautifully embossed and frosted. On the base of one of the stands is a beautiful group of a fox with her cubs, and on the other a

hound is exemplified running with a breast-high scent. The salver bears an inscription denoting the purpose:—"Presented (with other plate) to Thomas Cradock, Esq., by noblemen and gentlemen of the Quorn Hunt, in testimony of their appreciation of his zealous and gratuitous services as treasurer and secretary to the Hunt for a period of upwards of twenty-three years. April 10, 1863." Not only in connection with his long and indefatigable exertions in behalf of England's noblest pastime will Mr Cradock's loss be felt, but with reference to the general benefits which it was in his power—and more than that, his greatest pleasure—to dispense; combined, too, with the social amenities of private life, his departure from among his family and friends is most sincerely felt.

How many now will miss that kind,
  That open-hearted smile,
So full of gladsome welcome,
  So void of hateful guile.
How many now will think upon
  The happy tales of old,
Now the kindly voice is silent,
  And the friendly heart is cold.

Years may roll on, and still thy name
Untarnished yet shall be,
Enshrined within a jewelled crown
Of pleasant memory.
Of thine unbounded good
How many a one will tell,
For thou could'st not have an enemy,
Kind friend ! alas ! farewell.

It was a source of surprise, and still greater regret, that Mr Clowes signified his intention to resign at the termination of his third season, when his pack was sold at the Quorn kennels. All the excellences to be derived by the most judicious breeding had been duly sustained. The good sources from which it had been originally constructed have been already touched upon; it may therefore be said to have been established five and twenty years. The sale realised 1250 guineas, the late Marquis of Hastings purchasing twenty-eight couples for 780 guineas, which was the first intimation of his intention to hunt the country; in fact, he had not even adopted the usual course of consulting the wishes of the owners of coverts. Charles Pike, who had

been one season first whip to Lord Dacre, was installed as huntsman, and shortly afterwards kennels were constructed at Donnington, which, being an immense distance from the best coverts, entailed an amount of travelling by road and rail, and consequent wear and tear of men, horses, and hounds, almost incredible. Notwithstanding this, however, the following June three couples of hounds took a first prize at Birmingham, half of which had been purchased from Mr Clowes, one couple from Lord Yarborough, and the single hound from Mr Drake. Charles Pike's services were dispensed with after the first winter, and his place supplied by Thomas Wilson from Essex, who was afterwards engaged as huntsman to the South Staffordshire, when that country was established.

The career of the Marquis of Hastings, as a master of hounds, continued only two seasons. To say that he distinguished himself by the promotion of sport, would be an exaggeration, for he appeared to care very

little about it. It would be difficult, yet very entertaining if it were possible, to analyse and define the various impulses which induce some men to become masters of hounds. Fondness for sport certainly does not actuate them all; neither can the interest attached to the pack exercise any appreciable influence, when they scarcely know their names; and as to tracing their pedigrees, in order to secure the best blood for breeding purposes, that is a task far too erudite for their conceptions. It is, indeed, to be regretted, when gentlemen of such constitutions incur those troubles and anxieties incident to such onerous duties.

The Quorn kennels of late years have been doomed to be the site of sales. The Marquis of Hastings' hounds and horses were there disposed of in May 1868, and the pack produced something over 1000 guineas—quite as much, more indeed, than under all circumstances could have been contemplated. Lord Rendlesham, who was then establishing a pack in Suffolk, was the principal purchaser; Mr Francklin, about

to take the country in Nottinghamshire—temporarily vacated by Mr Chaworth Musters—and Mr Drake, were bidders; and the Marquis of Queensberry had eight couples to do duty in Scotland.

The horses were well sold; for, good as many of them had been, they displayed unequivocal testimony of the severe work they had been compelled to endure. The highest-priced one was Methodist, a famous nag that formerly belonged to Mr Clowes. His price was 250 guineas, for which sum he was consigned to Baron Rothschild.

An opening on this occasion presented itself to Mr Chaworth Musters, who, as already intimated, had established a pack of hounds, in 1862, to hunt a portion of Nottinghamshire, in the neighbourhood of his ancestral residence, Annesley Hall—a country which may indeed be deemed a family heritage. He commenced with a goodly portion from Mr Parry's kennels, augmented from the Duke of Rutland's, Lord Kestevens', and Mr Drake's, and subsequently he obtained much good blood from

Lord Yarborough's, to which were added two lots purchased at the Marquis's sale.

Mr Musters, although ranking as a welter weight, generally hunted them himself, with Frank Gillard as first whip and kennel huntsman, but who has since been engaged by the Duke of Rutland. It is pleasingly significant of the respect in which Mr Musters was held by a class of men not too often grateful for the douceurs given them for performing their duties, that the keepers and earthstoppers clubbed together and presented Mr Musters with a hunting whip, in recognition of the liberality he had displayed towards them.

In the spring of 1870, an arrangement was entered into between Mr Musters and Mr Coupland, who had for some seasons made Melton his winter residence, to hunt the country conjointly; the former gentleman supplying the hounds, whilst the latter appeared before the public as the ostensible master. The good custom of giving prizes, for the care bestowed on the future hopes of the kennels, was during that summer

very gracefully carried out, and it is to be hoped the precedent will prompt the sport-loving agriculturalists, who flourish in Leicestershire, to respond to the liberality by volunteering to walk puppies. The show took place in August, and a special invitation to be present was irresistible. There was a famous entry of seventeen couples and a half, all of which were bred by Mr Musters, many of them by his own sires, others by the Duke of Rutland's Senator, Contest, Stormer, Dryden, and Tarquin, also the Hon. George Fitzwilliam's Bluster and Major. The judges on the occasion were the veteran John Walker, Frank Goodall, and Tom Firr. Their verdicts were given in favour of Furrier, son of Lucifer and Frolic, walked by Mr Peats of Edwalton, and Transit, daughter of the Duke of Rutland's Tarquin and Termagant. She had been duly fostered by Mr Farthing, a worthy tanner living at Quorn, who takes vast interest in the puppies entrusted to his care. It was contemplated that Mr Musters would hunt a

pack in person two days a week, principally in the forest; but this was scarcely carried into effect, that gentleman's health—greatly to the regret of his friends—not being at all times quite equal to it. James Macbride was engaged by Mr Coupland to hunt the other portion of the country four days in the week. Macbride's experience has been extensive, the more effective, having been initiated in the mysteries of the noble science by most accomplished sportsmen.

He took his first lessons from Mr Thomson with the Fife hounds, after which he had two years at Brocklesby under William Smith; again travelling into Scotland he served five years for the Duke of Buccleuch. In 1860 he came to Quorn during Lord Stamford's occupation, acting as first whip to John Treadwell, and when Mr Clowes succeeded his lordship, having engaged John Goddard as huntsman, Macbride retained his place till the accession of the Marquis of Hastings, when he obtained promotion by the Hon. R. C. Hill, to carry the horn in the sporting county of

Shropshire, after which he had one season with Lord Fitzhardinge, from whence he returned to his old quarters at Quorn.

Much regret was expressed when it was announced in Leicestershire that Mr Musters would remove his hounds to his home country in Nottinghamshire, for he had formed a pack of inestimable worth; and more than that, he was extremely popular with all classes. There was then but one alternative, for Mr Coupland to procure another pack, which he did by purchasing the Craven.

The principal places at which these hounds meet are within the following distances from Railway Stations. As hunting appointments are subservient to changes, it may be well to observe that fresh ones are occasionally introduced and old ones discontinued.

PLACES OF MEETING.	MILES FROM STATION.
Ab-Kettleby, ...	3½ Melton.
Ashfordby, ...	3 Brooksby.
	3½ Melton.
Bardon Hall, ...	½ Bardon Hill.

PLACES OF MEETING.	MILES FROM STATION.
Barkby Holt, or Hall,	1½ Syston.
Baggrave Hall,	5½ Syston.
	8 Melton.
	8½ Leicester.
Beeby,	3½ Syston.
Bradgate Park,	6 Barrow.
	6 Bagworth.
	6 Leicester.
	6½ Bardon Hill.
Belton,	6½ Loughborough.
	7 Ashby.
Barrow Bridge,	½ Barrow.
Beau Manor,	4 Barrow.
	6 Syston.
Bunny Park,	6½ Kegworth.
	6 Nottingham.
	8 Loughborough.
Bradmore,	6 Nottingham.
	9 Loughborough.
Burton on the Wolds,	2½ Barrow.
	4½ Loughborough.
Burleigh,	2½ Loughborough.
Brooksby Gate,	1 Brooksby.
Cortlingstock,	5 Kegworth.
	5½ Loughborough.
	10 Nottingham.
Cossington,	2½ Syston.
	3½ Barrow.
	6 Leicester.
Charley Mill,	3 Bardon Hill.
Copt Oak,	2½ Bardon Hill.
Cotes Toll-Bar,	½ Loughborough.
Coleorton Hall,	2 Ashby.

PLACES OF MEETING.	MILES FROM STATION.
Gaddesby,	2½ Brooksby.
	4½ Syston.
	6½ Melton.
Glenfield,	2½ Leicester.
	4 Desford.
Grooby,	4 Leicester.
	4 Desford.
Grimston Village,	4½ Brooksby.
	5 Melton.
Great Dalby,	3 Melton.
	6 Brooksby.
Holwell,	4 Melton.
Ingarsby,	6 Leicester.
	6 Syston.
John o' Gaunt,	7 Syston.
Keyham,	4½ Syston.
Kirby Gate,	2 Melton.
	5 Brooksby.
Lodge on the Wolds,	9 Nottingham.
	10 Melton.
Loseby,	7 Syston.
Melbourne Hall,	5 Ashby.
Newtown Lindford,	6 Leicester.
	6 Bardon Hill.
Over Broughton,	6½ Melton.
	12 Nottingham.
Prestwold,	2 Barrow.
	2½ Loughborough.
Quenby,	6½ Syston.
	7 Leicester.
	10 Melton.
Queniborough,	2 Syston.
	3 Brooksby.
	9½ Melton.

PLACES OF MEETING.	MILES FROM STATION.
Quorn House,	1½ Barrow.
Ragdale,	2½ Brooksby.
Ratcliff,	3 Syston.
	3 Brooksby.
Roecliff House,	6 Bardon Hill.
	6½ Syston.
Rothley Plain,	3½ Syston.
	3½ Barrow.
	6 Leicester.
Segrave,	3 Brooksby.
	4½ Syston.
Swithland Village,	4½ Barrow.
	5½ Syston.
	7 Leicester.
Stewards' Hay,	5½ Bardon Hill.
	5½ Bagworth.
	6 Leicester.
Scraptoft,	4 Leicester.
	4½ Syston.
Six Hills,	3 Brooksby.
	7½ Loughborough.
	8½ Melton.
Staunton Harold,	4 Ashby.
Thrope Satchville,	5 Melton.
	5½ Brooksby.
Thornton Reservoir,	1 Bagworth.
Thurnby,	4 Leicester.
	5 Syston.
The Privetts Garendon,	3½ Loughborough.
Thrussington,	1 Brooksby.
	7½ Melton.
Ulverscroft Abbey,	1½ Bardon Hill.
Walton Cross Roads,	2½ Loughborough.

PLACES OF MEETING.	MILES FROM STATION.
Widmerpool, ...	9 Kegworth.
	9½ Melton.
	9½ Loughborough.
Wanlip Hill, ...	2 Syston.
	4 Leicester.
Wartnaby Stone Pits, . .	4 Melton.
Wimeswold, ...	4½ Loughborough.

THE END.

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THE

BILLESDON HUNT.

By Cecil.

THE ACCUSTOMED PLACES OF MEETING,

With Distances from Railway Stations.

SOLD BY
THE BOOKSELLERS, AND AT THE RAILWAY
BOOKSTALLS.

THE BILLESDON HUNT.

THE antecedents of part of the country in which was originally installed Mr Tailby, may be traced to Mr Noel, whose name was associated with the Cottesmore; and from the period when Mr Meynell first enlivened the plains of Leicestershire with hound and horn, to that when Mr Richard Sutton had a pack at Skeffington, no division or alienation of the other portion had ever occurred. It may be said, indeed, rather to have taken precedence of the far-famed Quorn district; as Mr Meynell, when he first kept hounds, resided with his confederate, Mr Boothby, at Langton Hall, when the kennels were at Great Bowden Inn, bordering on North-

amptonshire, and there is reason to believe a portion of the Pytchley country was included in their prerogative. A year or two before Sir Richard Sutton's decease, having a large extent of country by the reunion of the Donnington with the Quorn, he conceded a considerable portion of that which now forms the Billesdon to Mr Richard Sutton, then residing at Skeffington, where kennels were constructed; and, assisted by Boothroyd, Mr Sutton with great skill handled his own pack, affording first-rate sport. To fill up the interregnum as far as it was practicable, in the Quorn country, during the remainder of the season in which Sir Richard Sutton died, Captain Francis Sutton collected a scratch pack, and keeping them at the old kennels, hunted the district north of the Wreake, where, with Tom Day as huntsman, and the able assistance of the master, they had many brilliant runs.

Great, indeed, was the disappointment

when it was ascertained that none of Sir Richard's sons would continue to keep hounds; so, finding that to be the case, Mr Tailby came to the rescue with liberal spirit, locating his hounds at Billesdon. It was at this village that the late Lord Suffield expended so large a sum of money in building stables, kennels, and such like auxiliaries, on a scale of magnificence and extent probably never equalled. Fame once established, associations cling with wonderful persistency, and my imagination led me to the supposition that Mr Tailby was deriving the advantages of Lord Suffield's unbounded expenditure. Much to my surprise, on arriving at this far-famed spot, soon after Mr Tailby's accession, I discovered that the kennels were converted into tenements for the human race, and the stabling only was appropriated to the use of the present establishment. Kennels sufficient for the purpose, devoid

of ostentation or display, had been constructed.

The prevailing impressions connected with the surface of Leicestershire are perhaps erroneous. Conjectures frequently indicate that it is nearly, if not quite, a flat, whereas there are numerous undulations and hills—Illstone, Slawston, Billesdon, Coplow, and Burrow Hill, close at hand, affording examples sufficient to pump the horses, however perfect the assiduity of their grooms may render their condition. It has, too, undergone many material changes — much more land is under the plough ; from what cause, where it is so thoroughly adapted to grazing, it is rather difficult to define. Probably a considerable quantity was broken up when corn bore a remunerative price, and has never been restored to its primitive condition. The double posts and rails which at one period were numerous, affording

such fine opportunities for hounds to outpace the horses, and for horses to roll over their riders, are now to a considerable extent superseded by the blackthorn hedges, for the protection of which the rails were originally constructed. There is, as heretofore, much timber to be met with in the corners of fields and in the weak parts of the fences; but a few years since most diabolical contrivances were introduced in the form of wire, which is not visible to the quickest eye, when hounds are running, till it is too late to avoid the insidious trammels. The reasons assigned for the use of these wire impediments are economy, and in some places deficiency of timber wherewithal to make good the fences. So great has been the outcry against trees in hedgerows, that on several estates they have been nearly exterminated. Too great a profusion of trees is doubtless injurious, and the other extreme is equally objection-

able. I would be the last to wish farmers to incur unnecessary expenses to their disadvantage, but I am certain all reasonable men, even if they do not participate in fox-hunting, will concur that it is an amusement of the utmost importance to their profits, interest, and welfare, and in no county is it more essentially so than in Leicestershire. Much annoyance was created at one time, but happily that is very generally overcome, by landowners and farmers taking down their wires during the hunting season, and a fund has been raised to defray the cost when asked for. Mr Taylor, an enthusiastic farmer, has jocosely invoked the muses in denunciation of wires, and in praise of Mr Tailby. The immense sums of money annually expended by noblemen and gentlemen who take up their winter quarters at Melton, Leicester, Market Harborough, besides almost every village within the county in which there is a re-

sidence of fair pretensions, is evidence incontestable of the benefits the farmers in the neighbourhood derive from foxhunting. In Mr Tailby's country, as it is well known, there are many fences formidable enough to stop any man or any horse, but they are visible, and therefore legitimate. The progress that has been made in the art of draining is manifest in the greater soundness of the land, contributing vastly to the convenience of horses; this refers to the county generally. The pasture fields are greatly improved, though occasionally you come to some arable land deep and distressing; but the old system of ridge and furrow on those soils appears to be gradually decreasing, from the modern influences of the draining engineer. Nevertheless, the pasture fields, the surfaces of which have never been disturbed in the memory of the present generation, still present the ridge and furrow, which, when

hounds run fast, bring many horses who have a long stride to grief, unless they possess the accomplishment, which very few have, of accommodating their step to the form of the ridge. Draining has, no doubt, diminished the capabilities of the land for holding a scent, while the sheep and cattle stains prevail to a very great extent. The goodness of the soil permits the cattle to remain in the pasture fields generally throughout the winter; thus they are not, as in many other counties, confined in the farm-yards—a practice, by the way, which I firmly believe to be more conducive to profit, where proper shelter is afforded, than leaving them exposed to the inclemency of the elements. Housing stock during the winter is in other counties found to be advantageous; why, therefore, should Leicestershire be an exception?

The coverts in this country are admirably managed; take those of Sir Henry

Halford at Wistow as a specimen. They are mostly composed of blackthorn, carefully and scrupulously laid down, therefore difficult to draw, and punishing to hounds; hence one of the reasons why packs from the provincials, when introduced into Leicestershire, are such significant failures and sources of disappointment. It often happens they fail to find when foxes are at home. This does not apply to Mr Tailby's hounds, for I never saw any draw better, or in a more determined manner. These coverts of Sir Henry Halford's are certain finds, though full of game, especially of hares, which are by no means numerous in other parts. Foxes as a rule do not hang, and when they do break away the struggle for a start is truly awful. Let the stranger imagine some fifty thrusting customers, out of three hundred, charging fences almost simultaneously. Some of course clear them, others come down crashers. A stunning fall

creates a sensation, but who it is none of the first flight know, or seem to know. Probably it is a stranger; but the ranks with whom he has endeavoured to associate, exonerate themselves with the excuse that "the pace is too good to enquire." Yet a kind Samaritan not quite so ambitious affords his succour, and the fallen hero is humanely cared for. After crossing a very few fields the crowd diminishes, provided the scent serves, when a select few may ride to the hounds without molestation. Then there are some ladies who, as the pace improves and there is more room for them, settle into places with as much grace and elegance as if performing a galop in a ball-room, and perchance enjoying themselves more enthusiastically.

But I must "try back," or I shall be accused of taking a line over the country without drawing in pen and ink sketches some of the principal coverts. For

instance, there is Glen gorse, now a certain find not very far from Wistow, with Fleckney, Saddington, and Gumley: still farther south, Theddingworth and Marston, bordering on the Pytchley. Keythorpe wood and Keythorpe spinnies were always well preserved by Lord Berners, whose lamented death in June 1871 caused deep concern throughout the country. As the estate is now the property of Lady Berners, who has been a constant attendant when the hounds met near, there is every assurance that foxes will be well cared for. There is a famous covert at Slawston, the locality of which is rendered conspicuous by the windmill on the hill. Holt must not be omitted, together with Shankton Holt, Rollestone, Glooston, and Noseley. Langton Caudwell is a rare stronghold, and let the line be which way it may, it is undeniably good; but should it be in a southerly direction by Cranhoe, Welham, and Bowden Inn, there

are fences that will defy the powers of man and horse. There seems to be some discrepancy as to the orthography of this name. In Jones' ancient diary, from which I quoted in my description of the Quorn Hunt, it is rendered Caundle, and on the authority of residents I have on previous occasions written it Cauldwell, perhaps associating its etymology with the brook below, in which many an adventurer has had a *cauld* bath. I find on reference to the ordnance map it is Caudwell, an authority which I presume cannot be disputed.

Very fond, anxious, affectionate mothers, are said to exert their influences over sons ere they are emancipated from the fostering care of apron-strings, to eschew late hours at the gay metropolis; with equal earnestness they should exhort those of older growth, if strangers to the by-ways of Leicestershire, not to remain too late with hounds, so as to encounter a long ride home

in the dark. Many of the routes are through fields, some of which are only bridle-roads, puzzling in the extreme to novices by daylight, unless they have made some advance in local geography, and that added to a little nautical observation, so as to distinguish north from south and east from west, though that will not avail them when the shades of evening have set in. Slawston windmill and Billesdon Coplow are acceptable landmarks while daylight lasts. There are some guide-posts, it is true, but their indications are often so vague and perplexing as to be useless, while in the dark they are unavailable. These difficulties are in some degree overcome by the agency of railways; but in olden times, before they were in existence, a stranger experienced great difficulty in steering his course to Melton in the dark, from Rollestone, Keythorpe, or any of those parts.

The preliminary arrangements having

been completed for Mr Tailby to hunt the country, the formation of a suitable pack of hounds became a consideration of paramount importance. Those who have made the attempt in the provincials have invariably found it an arduous task; how much greater, therefore, in one like this, where the keenest eyes of criticism are ever on the alert. With exquisite judgment Mr Tailby enlisted the matured experience of the veteran Tom Day, and with a liberal, enterprising spirit, together with the keenest ardour for sport, they set to work in right good earnest. The hounds with which Mr Richard Sutton had been hunting the country, consisting principally of choice selections from his late father's kennels, being for sale, afforded an excellent opportunity to commence with, and of these, eleven and a half couples were included in Mr Tailby's first list. There were also ten couples from the Pytchley, four couples from Mr Collier's,

two couples from Lord Fitzwilliam's, the like number from Mr Milbank's, and the remainder, in all thirty-seven couples, came from various kennels of repute. The first season over, the horn was transferred to John Goddard, and in addition to those already in the Billesdon kennels, a considerable number of remarkably good-looking, well-bred hounds, were purchased at Mr T. T. Drake's sale in 1862, rejoicing in a vast deal of the Belvoir blood. The price given for the two lots of four couples each was 405 guineas, only one of which was that year drafted. The Billesdon establishment was very fortunate with that season's entry, consisting of eleven couples; Nabob, Nero, and Norma were particularly clever, descended from Noble (a black and white hound, showing great style and quality, a son of Lord Yarborough's Noble and the Duke of Rutland's Dulcet) and Actress, a daughter of Lord Fitzhardinge's Andover. Norma

is entitled to special distinction—one of the cups annually presented by Mr Tailby for walking puppies falling to the share of the farmer to whom she was entrusted. Juggler and Juryman, the former another cup hero, were fine powerful young hounds, sons of Clasher and Judy, the dam a combination from the Pytchley and Milton kennels; Julia, of the same litter, was remarkably neat, though somewhat light of bone. Attica, a very nice black, white, and tan, and her sister, Artifice, equally clever, were daughters of Nimrod; their dam Artful sister to Actress. Cardinal, Caroline, and Captive, were all clever, especially Caroline; they were the progeny of Noble and Charity, of Pytchley origin. There were thirteen couples of hounds in their second season, whereof Wildboy stood pre-eminent, having secured a cup for the guardian of his puppyhood. He had two very good-looking brothers, Warrior and Watchman,

and two sisters, Waspish and Welfare, greatly to be commended; their sire was Workman, a rare bred son of Mr Foljambe's Wildboy, and their dam Lively, daughter of Sir Richard Sutton's Rasselas and his Lightsome. Gambler, a very useful hound, was a son of Workman and Gaiety, bred by Sir Richard Sutton. The list of second season hunters was strengthened by three couples from Mr Drake — Comrade, Dowager, Homily, Countess, Duster, and Hector. Ten couples comprised the preceding season's entry, whereof to Termagant must be assigned priority of place, a cup having been awarded to the kind protector of her juvenile days. Roman and Rattler evinced great character and usefulness; their parentage was of high distinction. Druid, their sire, was a son of Lord Fitzhardinge's Dervis, and his Holocaust, a daughter of Hector, a son of Hotspur and Nettletop. Dervis was the produce of Dorchester and Midnight, all

of them running through a long line, bred at the Berkeley kennels, by the late Earl Fitzhardinge. Druid was a dark black and white hound, with little tan, of great bone, proclaiming a hardy constitution, and he possessed the inestimable qualification of nose. Smuggler, Sultan, Sailor, and Sportsman, of the same year, were entitled to claim especial notice; they were the produce of the Oakley Sultan and Sylvia. First in the list of hounds that had been entered the season before, and demanding particular respect, were Andover, Abelard, Arrogant, Amazon, Artful, and Actress. It is not often that so many as three couples of hounds, all of one litter, are kept in work to their fourth season; and this is a fact quite sufficient to proclaim their goodness, and the soundness of their constitutions. Actress and Artful have already been introduced as the mothers of two capital litters. These hounds were bred

from Lord Fitzhardinge's Andover and Barbara, daughter of the Pytchley Barrister, and their Songstress. Andover was a son of the late Earl Fitzhardinge's Abelard and Airy, daughter of Mr Foljambe's Albion, Abelard, was a son of Hector, already mentioned as the sire of Holocaust. The good qualities of the Berkeley blood are eminently conspicuous. Among the lots purchased from Mr Drake, and in his sixth season, was Lucifer, a fine old hound, nearly black, with a head shaded with a light tan, remarkable for its smallness, and, if I may be allowed to introduce such a term, delicacy of expression, portraying much amiability of temper, distinctions which he conveyed to his progeny most unmistakably.

The annual entries have been sustained through the services of well selected sires, and thus the pack has been brought to an undisputed high position. Lord Kesteven's Plunder appears very prominent, especially

as the father of Pilgrim, entered in 1864, who has transmitted the good qualities of the family very extensively. Plunder was a son of Sir Richard Sutton's Rambler, and Lord Henry Bentinck's Pliant, and Pilgrim's dam was a daughter of the Warwickshire Saffron, so well known to all admirers of the fox-hound. The Duke of Rutland's Lictor was well represented in 1868. Manager came to the fore in 1869, and was more conspicuous the following season. He is of the Fitzwilliam sort, being descended from the honourable George's Sportsman and his Madcap.

The great gem of modern days in this kennel is Struggler, bred by Sir Watkin Wynn from his Statesman and Prudence. He was transferred to these kennels in 1868, unentered, together with nine couples of companions, of the same age, enough to form a little pack, and they have turned out wonderfully well. His colour is a good

black, white, and tan, with famous legs and feet; he possesses plenty of power, and I certainly have never traced the lineage of any hound in the Kennel Stud Book which has presented a more formidable array of distinguished relatives. To enumerate them all might be tedious to many of my readers, while others will like to know that Sir Watkin Wynn's Royal holds a conspicuous place as his grandsire, and the names are identified of Lord Fitzwilliam's Shiner and Bluecap, Lord Yarborough's Rallywood, Lord Henry Bentinck's Contest, the Duke of Rutland's Guider (1851), Mr Drake's Duster and Bellman, Mr Foljambe's Singer and Herald, the Vine Pilgrim, *cum multis aliis* of high repute, and there are no less than twelve remote strains to Osbaldeston's Furrier.

Thus early in life he is the sire of six couples of the entry for the current year 1871, and their performance in work is

equally satisfactory with their appearance on the flags. Good breeding cannot fail to produce good results, and in this instance it is most unequivocally confirmed. When I visited these kennels in 1862, soon after Mr Tailby had laid the foundation of his pack, in a former series of my "Hunting Tours," I expressed a high opinion of the litter rejoicing in the Berkeley blood. I refer to the offspring of Andover, which is noticed in a former page. That my impression was not unfounded, four couples of Struggler's juveniles claim Amazon as their great-grandam, while their sister Actress ranks in similar relationship with the other two couples.

It is extremely gratifying to observe, that Mr Tailby is well off for walks. This proclaims the popularity he has gained, and the graceful reciprocity which has attended his efforts to show sport. The gentry who make this country their

winter's home, kindly assist by walking puppies; but more than that, the prosperous agriculturists join heartily and cheerfully in the good cause. This is the more to be appreciated, inasmuch as it has never been the custom, since the days of Meynell, with very few exceptions, for the farmers of Leicestershire to contribute their good services after this fashion, till the accession of Mr Tailby.

The names of those who have so effectively lent their aid to the good cause are worthy to be recorded, and I only regret not being able to supply them from an earlier date.

YEAR.	HOUND'S NAME.	WALKED BY	RESIDENCE.
1863	Furrier, . .	Mr Hawley, .	Billesdon.
	Governess,	„	„
1864	Rufus, .	Mr Meadows, .	Medbourne.
	Mayfly, .	Mr Pick, . .	Slawston.
1865	Granby, .	Mr Perkins, . .	Lawton.
	Careless, .	Mr Dunmore, .	Stonton.
1866	Striver, .	Mr Simpkins, .	Wardley.

YEAR.	HOUND'S NAME.	WALKED BY	RESIDENCE.
1866	Syren,*	Mr Fulsham,	Bushby.
1867	Flyer,	Mr Pawlett,	Theddingworth.
	Rally,	Mr Parker,	Preston.
1868	Lounger,	Mr Skeffington,	Welham.
	Racket,	Mr Pawlett,	Theddingworth.
1869	Nero,	Mr Parker,	Preston.
	Woodbine,	Mr Needham,	Riddlington.
1870	Satellite,	Mr Dexter,	Hallaton.
	Mermaid,	Mr Pawlett,	Theddingworth.
1871	Chimer,	Mr Pawlett,	Theddingworth.
	Garland,	Mr Veudy,	Langton.

Tom Day, having rendered good service in the formation of the pack, resigned the horn after the first season to John Goddard, who commenced his pupilage as second whipper-in to the ever-celebrated Jem Hills, when the Heythrop country was originally established in 1835; and in the course of two years he gained his first step in promotion, and served two terms of apprentice-

* In 1866, Captain Bethune would have been entitled to the cup with Symmetry, sister to Syren, but considerately withdrew from competition, in order that it might be awarded to a farmer; and a similar event occurred the following year, when he reared Grampian.

ship as head-whip, very greatly to the satisfaction of every one who hunted with those hounds, as I can personally testify. His fine horsemanship enabled him always to be in his place, and it is impossible to conceive anything more perfect in its way than the artistic method which Jem Hills practised of lifting his hounds when the fleeting scent, so prevalent on the Cotswold Hills, would not afford them the opportunity of hunting up to their fox. The quiet alacrity Jack adopted of "putting them on" to their huntsman was an example for whippers-in to imitate. To see a man follow and rate hounds instead of getting to the head, when he wants to stop them from riot, or a fresh fox, which I have occasionally seen done by muffs wanting in tact and experience, is an abomination not to be endured—enough to awaken from their peaceful slumbers the ashes of Mr Assheton Smith. It was aptly expressed by that fine sportsman of olden

times, who wrote a delightful little treatise called the "Meynellian Science," descriptive of that great celebrity's pack, practices, and opinions, that "Whippers-in should turn hounds quietly, and not call after them in a noisy disagreeable manner. When hounds are going to cry, they should be encouraged in a pleasant way, not driven and rated, as if discord was a necessary ingredient in the sport and music of a fine cry of hounds. *Whippers-in are too apt to think their own importance and consequence consist in shouting, hallooing, and unnecessary activity.* When hounds can hear the cry, they will get together sooner than any whippers-in can drive them. If any hound is conceited, and disinclined to go to cry, he should be drafted." It is evident, from the last sentence, that Mr Meynell did not approve of slack hounds or skirters. Leaving the Heythrop, Goddard tried his hand as landlord of the White

Hart, Chipping-Norton, where he had lots of kind patrons; but drawing coverts was more to his taste than drawing corks; so, after a short probation, he travelled northwards to whip-in to the Holderness, and afterwards to Lord Henry Bentinck's hounds. A horn being vacant in the sporting county of Salop, he was appointed to hunt the hounds for Mr Morris, which he continued to do till the period when he was engaged with Mr Tailby. As a huntsman he was cheery with his hounds, and their very excellent condition was a sure test of his attention to the kennel department. At the close of the season 1863, Goddard left these hounds and made an engagement with Mr Clowes to hunt the Quorn, when he was succeeded by Frank Goodall, from the Cottesmore, whose early instincts were cultivated by riding second horse for Tom Winfield, at the time he was huntsman to the late Mr Drake in the Bicester country,

and this continued three years. In 1851 he was transferred to the Grove as second whip, at which time Mr Richard Lumley was the master, and William Merry huntsman. Three years after he went to Lord Portsmouth in the Vine country, and was there when madness made such sad havoc with the pack. He gained promotion in 1858 as first whip and kennel huntsman to Mr Arkwright, in the Oakley; and was engaged in 1861 as huntsman to the Cottesmore.

His excellent horsemanship, a *sine qua non* for a huntsman in this country, has availed him greatly. The condition of the hounds cannot be surpassed, while great merit is due to him for the excellent blood he has made choice of in the kennel. He is deservedly a favourite, his respectful bearing and unassuming manners contributing materially to that end.

Perils and prostrations are prerogatives of huntsmen, especially in this country,

where fences are proverbially strong; and Goodall had a very serious one on the 18th of February 1871. The hounds had forced a fox from Manton gorse, and the first fence he came to was a double post and rail thirteen feet apart; riding at the obstacle at a rapid rate, and his horse, Politician, not clearing it, turned a complete somersault, rolling over his rider and hurting him severely. This laid him up for the remainder of the season, and when I saw him at the kennels in the latter end of April, he was still suffering from its effects. Time and the summer, however, restored him, and he commenced cub-hunting "all right," but on the 25th of October he had another very nasty fall. The hounds met at Wistow, and just as they had settled down with a second fox found in the covert while galloping at a strong pace across a meadow, his horse put his foot in a hole and rolled over him. Very pluckily he re-

mounted, but being unable to keep his seat was conveyed to Sir Henry Halford's, when Mr Fewkes of Glen was sent for. A broken collar-bone was one of the injuries, and at the time it was supposed a rib or two was broken;—that however did not prove to be the case, but his shoulder was much affected, and his side severely crushed. Like most game men, however, he soon came again, and was able to hunt the pack at Rollestone on the 25th of November, and reports himself quite recovered and never felt better in his life.

Much anxiety prevailed during the autumn of 1871, as to the future of this favourite country, Colonel Lowther having expressed his intention of hunting that portion originally belonging to the Cottesmore after the current season: this he is entitled to do, as the arrangement entered into when Mr Tailby began to hunt the Billesdon country was as follows:

"That in the event of a member of the Lonsdale family taking to the Cottesmore country, Mr Tailby's portion should be restored if asked for."

Mr Tailby declared his intention to resign after the season, therefore it appeared there would be a vacancy. Upon this understanding, the Marquis of Queensberry made overtures to several covert owners, with a view to becoming the successor, and his proposition was extensively entertained. As soon, however, as this became known, Mr Coupland announced his intention to claim the remainder of the Billesdon country as belonging to the Quorn, intimating that he would secure kennels in a convenient locality, as it was quite impossible to do justice to it from those he now occupies.

When this became known to the Marquis of Queensberry, he addressed letters to the *Field* and the Leicester papers of the

28th of October, rescinding his former proposition.

On the 25th of October, the hounds met at Wistow to work the cubs, and after the morning's sport, Sir Henry Halford invited the field to lunch, I being of the number.

Several of the party were interested in the prospective arrangements, and the subject was fully discussed. Sir Henry Halford stated his intention to call a meeting at Wistow Hall of the landed proprietors, owners of coverts, and subscribers, all those present being under the impression that the Marquis was desirous to undertake the responsibilites of master, the more so as he was at the covert side in the morning. The Wistow meeting took place accordingly, on the 15th of November, and was very numerously and influentially attended. It was unanimously agreed to request Mr Tailby to continue to hunt the country, which he has kindly consented to do.

The question was mooted whether the master of the Quorn had any right to claim this portion of Leicestershire, and was distinctly repudiated. Whilst it must be exceedingly flattering to Mr Tailby that popular opinion is so staunch in his favour, it is extremely fortunate for all those who hunt in High Leicestershire, that he has acceded to their solicitations. The sport he has afforded for so long a time has been good from the commencement, and may be said to have increased every year. During the time Mr Tailby has hunted this country there have been five different masters of the Quorn.

On the 30th of November, a meeting was held at the Bell Hotel, Leicester, consisting of landowners, visitors, and others interested in hunting the Quorn country, who wished Mr Coupland should be established as master of the Billesdon, on which occasion the Earl of

Wilton occupied the chair, when it was resolved—

That the question should be submitted to a committee of Boodles Club, and that Mr Tailby be written to, asking him to name a committee to represent his views; also that a copy of the resolutions should be forwarded to Mr Tailby, and Sir Henry Halford. To this Sir Henry replied, that they were unanimous in meaning Mr Tailby to continue, and decline any reference. Thus it has been determined upon by a large majority of the *bona fide* landowners, that the Billesdon shall be an integral country, to which there cannot be any question for appeal.

As an instance of the respect in which Mr Tailby is held, and that too by a class of men not usually overflowing with gratitude, the earth-stoppers and keepers subscribed to present him with a silver cup, as an acknowledgment of his invariable

liberality and kindness in requiting them for their services during the whole time he has hunted the country. It is a happy contrast to the feelings which too frequently prevail in other parts.

Although within access of Melton, from whence the *élite* usually come out in great force, and still more convenient for Market Harborough, many gentlemen have built or purchased houses, and others rent them, thereby becoming identified with the Billesdon hunt. There is, indeed, scarcely a village containing suitable accommodation that is not patronised, thus,—

Ayston is occupied by Colonel and Capt. Fludyer, Mr Fludyer, and Mr Fludyer, jun.

Bowden Hall—Mr and Mrs Hay, and Mr Hay, jun. Their magnificent stud of horses proclaims the masterly eye that has selected them.

Bowden—Major Clifton.

Billesdon—Sir William Milner, Bart., the Honourable A. Pennington.

Baggrave Hall—Colonel Burnaby.

Billesdon Coplow—Major Freer.

Burton Overy—Major H. Bethune, Mrs and Miss Bethune, Captain Robertson, Miss Robertson, Mr C. Baillie, Mr Ward.

Carlton Hall—has been hitherto occupied by Captain and Mrs Francis Sutton; but that gentleman's health not being so robust as his friends could wish, his medical advisers have recommended a winter's rest, so Bournemouth is his destination. His amusing anecdotes and hunting lore will be a great loss at the covert side; but it is to be hoped it will only be temporary; and I feel very certain that his little son, who is just coming out on his pony, will count the hours till they do return. The Honourable A. C. Calthorpe is the *locum tenens*.

Church Langton is the residence of Mr and Mrs Bigge.

Dingley—Mr Hungerford.

East Langton—Mr Cochrane.

Foxton—Captain Wingfield.

Glen Hall—Sir Charles Nugent, Bart.

Glen—Mr Coleman.

Gumley—Captain Whitmore.

Illstone is a highly favoured locality; on an elevated spot, commanding extensive views over those enchanting hunting grounds surrounding Glen, Oadby, Wigstone, Scraptoft, Stoughton, with Leicester in the distance, and the celebrated Coplow nearly due north, Mr Arkwright has built a most majestic mansion. More in the vale Mr Baillie has followed the good example, and Mrs Baillie is a frequent attendant at the covert side, with their juvenile heir, who rides a piebald pony of great pretensions. Mr A. Baillie is his brother's guest.

Kibworth is a well-favoured village, at which there is a station on the Midland Railway, and a small inn with a most char-

acteristic sign—a hound, an admirable likeness of Symmetry, reared by Major Bethune, with whose assistance in sketching the outline, Mr Butteries of Burton Overy, a self-taught artist, executed the painting. At this village Colonel Wigram, Mr and Mrs Farmer, and Mr and Mrs Farquhar reside.

Kibworth Hall is the abode of Mr and Miss Hunt, his little daughter, whose exquisite performance on a beautiful chestnut pony is perfectly miraculous. For seat, hands, and courage, she is quite a model for many of riper years.

Knossington—Mr Duncan, Mr Duncan, jun.

Laund Abbey—Mr Finch Dawson.

Lodington—Captain Tryon.

Loseby—Sir Frederick Fowke, Bart.

Little Dalby—Mr Hartopp, Captain Hartopp, and Miss Hartopp.

Lubenham—Mr Watson, Mr Duncan, Mr Gower.

Langton—Mr Perkins, Mr Perkins, jun.

Marstow—Mr Bennett.

Market Basworth—Mr Bennett, Mr Mills.

Market Harborough—Lord Morton, Lord Aberdour, Captain Wombwell, Captain Gosling, Mr Gosling, Messrs Murietta, Mr and Mrs Douglas, Mr Corbett Holland, Mr Powell, besides numerous casual visitors.

Noseley—Captain Hazlerigg.

Peatling—Mr Hall.

Quenby Hall—Lord Downe.

Stackley—Mr and Mrs Braithwaite.

Scraptoft—Mr Barclay, M.P., Captain Barclay.

Skeffington Hall—Mr Tailby, M.F.H., and Mrs Tailby, a very frequent attendant in the hunting field.

Skeffington Vale—Lord Rosslyn.

Withcote—Mr Palmer, Miss Palmer.

Wistow—Sir Henry Halford, Bart., Lady Halford.

The prevailing fashion for ladies to enjoy

their rides with hounds cannot be too highly appreciated. Happily the days have gone by which we read of, when rudeness and vulgarity prevailed among the sterner sex; yet there are many who can remember the time when the appearance of a lady on horseback in Leicestershire was quite a marvellous event. Much of the popularity which foxhunting has attained, is due to the patronage of our fair friends, and it cannot be disputed, it is incomparably the most important of our national pastimes.

An event recently occurred in this country, so impressive as to the social influences connected with foxhunting, that it would be a great omission not to relate it. Captain Bethune had for several years rented a hunting-box at Burton Overy. The latter part of the year 1870, Mr Bearsley, the owner of the property, died, and it was consequently offered for sale at Leicester. Not

wishing to be deprived of his residence, Captain Bethune attended, with the view of purchasing. It soon transpired that he had an opponent, a gentleman from Manchester, who, having amassed an independence, merely wanted it as a place of rural retirement, without possessing any hunting proclivities. There were some sporting farmers in the room, who, noticing the biddings, thus addressed him: "Why, you must not turn out the captain, for if you do, you will never hear the last of it." The hint was accepted, and Captain Bethune became the purchaser. Anxious to know the result, the inhabitants of Burton Overy were on the alert, the news was conveyed with telegraphic despatch, and the village bells proclaimed the result with a merry peal. But that was not enough to exhaust the cordial feeling. On the following morning the poorer classes of the women, determining not to be exceeded in their allegiance,

repeated the cheery salute. It was then proposed to hold a tea-meeting on the following Monday evening, in honour of the Captain, Mrs, and Miss Bethune, which, being numerously attended, was a very jolly gathering, affording opportunities of acknowledging the many acts of kindness they had received. Their gratitude, however, had not exhausted itself. A few days afterwards, the worthy villagers quite unexpectedly made their appearance at Captain Bethune's residence, bearing a handsome drawing-room clock, and with a neat appropriate address presented it to Captain, Mrs and Miss Bethune, as a memoir for all time to come. Even poor persons on the parish contributed their pence to the present, which as an heirloom is more prizeable than many a costly gift, emanating from persons of greater affluence. There are happy tendencies to reciprocal recognitions charmingly displayed throughout Leicestershire, which

might well be emulated in other counties. But what a lasting compliment to foxhunting, for that is the source from whence it emanates.

Mr Tailby's country, consisting almost entirely of small coverts, is ill adapted for cub-hunting; in fact, that is the only thing in which it is defective, there being so little opportunity to work young hounds. The lateness of the harvest delayed the commencement of operations in the year 1862 till the middle of September, and the same remark applies to 1871; but when they did begin they found a fine show of foxes, and during the month of October scent was on each occasion favourable, affording some good gallops over the open. The morning of November 6, 1862, on which I went from Leicester to meet these hounds at Staunton Wyville, was bright in the extreme, the dew-drops glittering on the sprays, ill omens of a scent; but on reaching Kib-

worth there was a dense fog, so thick that you could scarcely see fifty yards around—such is the variableness of atmosphere in this climate. This fog extended around the place of meeting, causing some delay in throwing off. There was a tolerably large field for so early in the season, including many well-known faces from far and near. The proximity to the Pytchley enabled several members to attend, among whom were Lord Hopetoun and Mr Villiers. After waiting beyond the usual hour for the fog to clear away, the hounds proceeded to Langton Caudwell, where they soon found a fox, which broke across the valley to the patch of gorse beyond, where there was another fox; and the body of the hounds meeting one of them, unfortunately demolished him. A gentleman in black, eager for a start, might have been the unintentional cause, but as I did not hear that the master made any complaint, it would

be uncourteous for any other person to do so. There was, however, no time for delay, much less to break up the dead fox, as his companion quickly quitted his quarters; but, as might have been anticipated, there was only an indifferent scent, and hounds had to work the line, which they did with remarkable truth and industry. Some sound turf, however, favoured their efforts, when they settled down at a fair pace, their musical notes indicating their whereabouts; for at this point the fog was again so thick that they could not be seen a field off; and on reaching Welham a check occurred which could not be recovered, a cattle foil increased the difficulty. It was afterwards intended to draw a covert of Mr Tailby's, but on reaching this the fog was too thick to admit of it. Hallaton Fallow Close was the next move, and there the atmosphere was clear. This is a stick covert, on the estate of the late Lord Cardigan, who was

a warm supporter of everything appertaining to foxhunting, as all the world is aware. These are awkward kinds of coverts for hounds to draw: the dead thorns run into them cruelly, and breaking short off are with difficulty extracted. Nevertheless they soon found their fox, and forced him away, pointing for Glooston Wood, which, with the village, they left on the right, Cranhoe on the left, running in a line for Langton Caudwell on to Welham, leaving that village on the left, where the fox was lost for want of scent, which was wretched throughout, yet affording an opportunity of admiring the hunting powers of the pack. Conspicuous on most occasions were Abelard and Andover, and an incident occurred during this short chase, beautifully exemplifying the worth of hounds that are not readily to be driven off the line by overanxious horsemen. Having checked, the body of hounds hit the scent through a

hedge, but were able to carry it only a very short distance; and being somewhat pressed upon, they swung round to the right, parallel with the fence, by which time the horsemen were all over the field. Two couples of hounds, of which Andover was one, and Abelard another, with unmistakable truth stuck to the line of their fox, and worked it over the middle of the field, through the horses, affording one of the most interesting displays of real hunting that it is possible to conceive. A visit to Staunton Wood afforded a third fox, and although the scent, as the day wore on, improved, it was anything but good. Breaking at the upper end of the covert, he pointed for Glooston Wood; being headed he turned to the right, leaving the village on the right, Staunton village on the left, to Church Langton, where he was marked to ground in Mr Dain's spinney. Soon afterwards they had a capital day from Holt, finding in Stoke end, running

to Bisbrook gorse, leaving Seaton on the right, Lyddington on the right, crossing the Uppingham road, leaving Easton on the right, into Rockingham forest—one hour and twenty minutes over a splendid country.

I must plead guilty to a weakness for cub-hunting. I delight in seeing hounds work, and in recognising the good behaviour of juveniles whose ancestors I have known, and whose excellences I have recorded on former occasions. An invitation from my old friend, Major H. Bethune, afforded me an opportunity of meeting these hounds at Wistow on the 25th of Oct. 1871, when they found an old fox in a spinney, which went straight away for Saddington at a good pace, where he was lost. This was a most fortunate event, as it gave the fox a nice two miles' breathing, to get him in trim for another day. They returned and drew the Wistow covert, where

there was a great abundance of hares, and I must do the hounds the justice to say they were uncommonly steady, though Goodall informed me he had no opportunities of taking them among riot. They soon found a strong cub, and he was not long before he left his quarters, taking a line over the meadows, where Goodall met with the accident previously recorded ; soon after this the hounds checked. They brought the line well up to a strong fence, where no doubt the fox, not being able to get through, turned short on the right till he came to a weaker place, when he adhered to his original point. The hounds swung round to the right, and down to a little osier bed ; but Mr Tailby soon held them forward, and cleverly got them on the line, when, after running a ring, and being chased by a brutal sheep-dog, he was killed. It was a nice morning's work for hounds, and a most enjoyable day, marred only by Goodall's

accident. Those who remained were hospitably entertained by Sir Henry Halford at lunch.

My next morning was on the 27th, at Slawston, where they quickly found, when another was viewed coming in at the lower end of the covert just before the one the hounds were running broke at the top.

The latter ran a ring to the left over the open, evidently crossing the line of his companion, which occasioned some difficulty; and eventually the hounds carried a scent to a drain under the road, precisely in the direction from which the moved fox had come. It was smoked with no results, and they did not do much more.

On the 1st of November they met at Skeffington, the first time I believe that an appointment was ever made there, at any rate for very many years. There was a very large assemblage, and only wanted the

appearance of the pink to have constituted it the Opening Day.

The covert held a brace of cubs, one of which with a holding scent ran an extensive ring, and was lost near Billesdon Windmill. They then went to Lodington, in which direction I have little doubt the hunted fox had bent his course; but I left, and did not inquire the result.

It was a remarkably good cub-hunting season. The usual complaint of dry weather did not prevail, and it was universally remarked that the fields were unusually large —a certain confirmation that a genuine taste for foxhunting is on the increase.

Since regular hunting has commenced, the sport with these hounds has been almost unparalleled, and accounts of the runs have been supplied to me.

On the 9th of November they met at Norton by Galby, and commenced with drawing the gorse, from whence a fox went

away, but the efforts of the pack were frustrated by a very large and over ambitious field. A move was then made to Shankton Holt, where three foxes were in readiness; and the hounds, soon settling to a veritable ancient, rattled him along at a merry pace over those beautiful pasture fields to Illstone, thence to Rollestone by way of Skeffington Vale, streaming away to the Skeffington road, where the first check occurred. Recovering the line, they hunted it admirably to within a field of Billesdon Coplow, where he was headed and finally lost near Billesdon Windmill.

On the 16th, they met at Staunton Wyville, and had a merry spin from Langton Caudwell to Hallaton, and with a second fox from Staunton wood to Cranhoe.

They had a famous day on the 14th of November, when Knossington was the rendezvous. A good fox was viewed away from Ranksborough gorse, pointing for

Whissendine, but being pressed, turned for Cold Overton, and from thence to Somerby, on for Burrow, and running a ring was marked to ground near Garrety Hill.

The day of the season up to that date was on November 28th, when they met at Ouston, found in the wood, and went away for Laund, just touching Laund spinnies, a wide ring back to the wood in which he was found—forward at a tremendous pace to Knossington, leaving the village on the left, then over a beautiful line of country between Somerby and Cold Overton to Somerby Lodge, on the margin of Burrow Hill, where the first check occurred; this occupied one hour and five minutes. Recovering the scent they carried it on to Pickwell, and when pointing for Burrow Hill, there were halloos in two directions. The hounds were held on to a fresh fox; but the error being detected and information conveyed that the hunted animal was

viewed making for the Punch Bowl, no time was lost in going there, and they soon got on the line of their first acquaintance, who, thinking there was no place like home, steered his course back for Ouston; but a heavy storm coming on saved his life. Even with the aid of the most fertile imagination it is scarcely possible to conceive a more splendid run, or one over a more delightful country. Reports appeared in print that the hounds killed their fox; but they plead "not guilty" to the accusation, and there certainly was no evidence against them.

To get a start in this country, the coverts being small, unless "coffee-housing" should occupy the attention, is a matter of no great difficulty, but to keep a lead, having got ever so good a start, is a question of a totally different complexion. The ambition which so many exhibit for this distinction is remarkable and humorous, unless, relying

on their own and their horse's ability, they feel sanguine hopes of maintaining their places and sustaining their laurels. Exhibiting wonderful anxiety for a start, and in a few fields losing it, is as undignified a position as any in which ambition can be placed. It is a great rush made for a lead over these flying grass grounds that spoils so many runs. Not giving hounds time to settle to the scent at the critical moment just after a fox has been viewed away, a check, of more or less duration, must be the consequence; and the fox gaining the advantage, unless the scent be better than it is on an average of days, the hounds can seldom get on favourable terms, unless their huntsman, by a cast, which must on such occasions be greatly dependent on chance, renders them assistance. It is a singular coincidence, that most of the sensational writers, when attempting to describe incidents connected with the chase, delight in

representing their heroes of romance, whenever about to get a good start with hounds, in the act of dashing spurs into the sides of their horses. Now this is just the reverse of what sportsmen are in the habit of doing. They quietly take hold of their heads, and steady their naturally generous steeds, wisely restraining them from all unnecessary efforts. They are much more likely to require strong arms to prevent their running away. Such effusions evidently proceed from fantastic brains, innocent of precepts. That talented experienced author, Major Whyte-Melville, does not write in that style.

The principal places at which these hounds meet are within the following distances from railway stations. As hunting appointments are subservient to changes, it may be well to observe that fresh ones are occasionally introduced, and old ones discontinued.

PLACES OF MEETING.

PLACES OF MEETING.	MILES FROM STATION.
Allexton, ...	9½ Kibworth.
	10 Market Harborough.
Billesdon, ...	7 Kibworth.
	9 Leicester.
Bruntingthrope, . .	3½ Countesthrope.
	5 Theddingworth.
	5½ Kibworth.
Burton Overy, . . .	3½ Kibworth.
	7 Leicester.
Blaston Pasture, . .	8 Market Harborough.
Church Langton, . .	2½ Kibworth.
	4 Market Harborough.
Coles Lodge, . . .	4½ Oakham.
Cranhoe, ...	5½ Market Harborough.
	5½ Kibworth.

PLACES OF MEETING.	MILES FROM STATION.
East Norton, . . .	8 Kibworth.
	10 Market Harborough.
Galby, ...	5 Kibworth.
	7½ Leicester.
Glen, ...	3 Kibworth.
Gumley, ...	3 Kibworth.
	4 Market Harborough.
Holt, ...	7 Market Harborough.
Horninghold, . . .	8½ Kibworth.
	8½ Market Harborough.
Houghton-on-the-Hill, .	6 Leicester.
Illstone-on-the-Hill, . .	4 Kibworth.
	8½ Leicester.
Keythorpe, . . .	6½ Kibworth.
Laund Abbey, . . .	5½ Oakham.
	10 Melton.
Little Stretton, . .	6 Leicester.
	5 Kibworth.
Mowsley, ...	2½ Theddingworth.
	4 Kibworth.
Norton by Galby, . .	5½ Kibworth.
	7½ Leicester.

PLACES OF MEETING.	MILES FROM STATION.
Noseley,	5 Kibworth.
Oadby Toll-Bar,	3½ Leicester.
Ridlington,	4½ Oakham.
Rollestone,	5½ Kibworth.
Saddington,	2½ Kibworth.
	4 Theddingworth.
	5½ Market Harborough.
Shearsby,	4½ Countesthrope.
	4½ Theddingworth.
	5 Kibworth.
Shankton Holt,	3½ Kibworth.
Slawston,	6 Kibworth.
	6 Market Harborough.
Stockerston,	10 Kibworth.
	10½ Market Harborough.
Staunton Wyville,	4 Kibworth.
	5 Market Harborough.
Skeffington,	7½ Kibworth.
	10½ Leicester.
Theddingworth Lodge,	1½ Theddingworth.
Tilton Wood,	7 Oakham.
Tugley Toll-Bar,	5½ Oakham.

PLACES OF MEETING.	MILES FROM STATION.
Wardley Toll-Bar, . .	5½ Oakham.
Welby, ...	3½ Countesthrope.
Withcote Hall, . . .	5 Oakham.
	9 Melton.
Wigstone, . . .	3½ Leicester.
	6 Kibworth.

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THE

BADMINTON HUNT.

By Cecil.

THE ACCUSTOMED PLACES OF MEETING,

With Distances from Railway Stations.

SOLD BY
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BOOKSTALLS.

THE BADMINTON HUNT.

OBSERVANT tourists can scarcely fail to notice, when they arrive within the precincts of a large family estate, one that has been inherited for centuries. The well-constructed farmhouses display prosperity and gladness; even the labourers' cottages proclaim the comfort of the inhabitants. The fields exhibit the effects of superior cultivation, the fences are in excellent order, and stately timber trees adorn the domain. All these happy combinations are the more conspicuous, when the owner is attached to the soil by a love for field sports; more strongly, too, when foxhounds have descended as heirlooms with the land.

There are persons who regard the "Noble Science" with jealous eyes, but they must be ignorant of realities, and the amenities of rural life. To enlarge their minds, let them take a trip to Badminton, which would afford an acceptable antidote to their unfounded prejudices.

Taking the route from Tetbury, you pass Weston Birt, the seat of R. S. Holford, Esq., the popular member for East Gloucestershire, where everything is conducted after the most approved practices. The peculiarities of the situation gave rise to an ancient rhyme: "Weston Birt, all water and no dirt." It originated in consequence of occasional overflowings in the valley—the water gushing out of the ground at times in many places. The science of draining engineers has, I believe, overcome these freaks of nature.

Proceeding by way of Didmarton, Worcester Lodge is close at hand, from which

point the approach to Badminton is superlatively beautiful. The spring or summer may be supposed the most appropriate period to realise the prospect; but in the estimation of sportsmen, the scenery is not a little enhanced when Worcester Lodge is the appointed place for the hounds to meet. At the extremity of what at first appears to be an avenue of trees, the mansion is conspicuous, and the elastic turf is seductive to the indulgence of a three miles' gallop; but in that you would be stopped about midway by a deep sunk fence, not visible till you are close upon it. Neither are the trees, which create such a charming effect from the Lodge, planted in continuous lines, but in well arranged clumps, thus affording expansive views of the park. Grand herds of deer range with their accustomed independence. At certain seasons of the year, when night approaches, they will surprise an intruder with their deep-

toned bellowings, which I can testify on more than one occasion. Nor is the encroachment altogether free from risk, so jealous are the stags.

It is understood by those who are most conversant with the antecedents, that fox-hunting was patronised by the noble house of Somerset at a very early date; but all records relating thereto were destroyed when Ragland Castle fell into the possession of the Parliamentary forces.

Searching the peerage, it appears that Henry, fifth Earl of Somerset, created Marquis of Worcester in 1642, was the owner of the estates at that time; when, surrendering his castle after four years' defence of it, in 1646, he died before the expiration of the year, and was succeeded by his son Edward, second Marquis and sixth Earl, who was also a distinguished defender of the royal cause. It will be gleaned from this, that Monmouthshire

must have been the county in which they enjoyed their pastime. Nearly a century elapsed without any authentic information, after which there is most reliable data.

Among numerous sporting pictures in the entrance hall at Badminton, there are two which are remarkably interesting. One of them relates to Netheravon in Wiltshire, a family seat in those days, and Salisbury Plain is recognised, Stonehenge being represented in the background. There are portraits of Henry, third Duke of Beaufort, and Lord Charles Noel Somerset, his Grace's brother and successor, together with the Duchess of Beaufort and Lord Lichfield. The hounds, though not represented with the freedom of modern artists, show good breeding and originality of character, and are making their own cast. A shepherd is introduced in the scene, who appears to be addressing the Duke, and the subject of conversation

is thus humorously rendered. The hounds had come to a check, and the unsophisticated rustic was asked if he had seen the fox, to which he replied, "Yes." "How long since?" was the natural inquiry. "Last Wednesday week," was the response; he being innocent of the fleeting properties of scent, or the hunting powers of hounds.

The other painting represents staghunting, as the noble animal appears in view, and the hounds indicate something of the bloodhound type. It relates to Badminton, and the personages are nearly identical with those in the other, excepting the Duchess of Beaufort and the shepherd. There is much resemblance in the style, therefore it may be concluded they were both by the same artist, though there are no traces of his name.

Accepting the representation of staghunting at Badminton as being in great

force about the year 1730, and subsequently we arrive at a period when it is known that foxhunting was introduced. Charles Noel, the fourth Duke,—who is represented in the pictures as Lord Charles Noel Somerset, having succeeded to the titles on the death of his brother,—dying in 1756, left a son Henry, fifth Duke, who being born in 1744, was consequently a minor. The staghounds, nevertheless, were continued, and kept steady to their game, till returning one day without any sport, somewhere about the year 1762, passing Silkwood, the hounds were thrown in, found a fox, and had a capital run. So delighted was the young Duke, that staghunting was forthwith abandoned, foxhunting again substituted, and maintained under his directions some forty years, when, departing this life at the age of fifty-nine, his son Henry Charles, sixth Duke of Beaufort, came into possession of the

country and estates. In that Duke's time the hounds attained very great celebrity, which has been vastly improved upon by modern customs and exquisite good taste. On the 23d of November 1835, the noble Duke expired at his seat, Badminton, aged sixty-nine. His Grace had presided over the affairs of the hunting-field thirty-two seasons, and his predecessor forty, quite an unprecedented event in the annals of foxhunting.

Holding a prominent position in the hall are portraits of the Duke and Duchess of Beaufort on horseback in hunting attire, from the inimitable easel of Sir Francis Grant, who was never more happy in his likenesses. It was a presentation picture, given by the members of the hunt and the tenants on the estate.

Many can remember the late Duke of Beaufort, and those who did not know him personally, must do so by repute. He was

a constant attendant with the hounds after coming to the title, where he maintained order with that elevated, yet courteous authority, for which the family has at all times been so highly distinguished. On one occasion, when the Marquis of Worcester (the present Duke of Beaufort), was quite a boy, following the hounds on a pony, an unmannerly individual caused him great annoyance by rudely pressing before him at gateways and fences, so much so as to induce the young sportsman to complain to his father. His Grace desired the Marquis to point out the person, upon which he rode up to the offender, and said, "Allow me to introduce the Marquis of Worcester, and to express a hope that he may be permitted to follow his father's hounds without being molested."

During the latter portion of his Grace's lifetime, he was a severe sufferer from gout, so much so, that he was unable to

appear in the field on horseback. But evidently enlivened by the cheering melody of the hounds, and enjoying their exquisite working qualifications, he frequently attended in a light phaeton drawn by a pair of piebalds, with a postilion and an extra pair of leaders in readiness, with long traces, to assist up the hills or in deep ground, or to exchange in the event of the first pair becoming fatigued. With an outrider to open gates, and occasionally to lower a wall, over the debris of which a passage was effected, though not without some apparent danger; guided by a thorough knowledge of the usual run of the foxes, his Grace was enabled very frequently to see a great portion of a good run. The young Lord Glamorgan (now Marquis of Worcester) generally accompanied his grandfather in the carriage, having a pony in readiness, and when the hounds found, he mounted his nag, attended by an ex-

perienced second horseman, under whose pilotage, riding to points, he was enabled to see great portions of many a good run. He evidently took vast interest in the proceedings, watching all the operations when a fox was killed, and investigating every minutia when the hounds marked one to ground. I well remember on one occasion, after a good hunting run from the Lower Woods, the hounds checked near a stone quarry on the Hawkesbury side of Badminton Park. The Duke and his grandson were in the phaeton, and while the hounds were being cast, his Grace suggested to me the probability of their fox having taken refuge in a well-known cleft in the quarry. Dismounting my horse, I examined the place, to ascertain if I could pad the fox into it. The young sportsman, who was not more than six years of age, accompanied me, very anxiously inquiring the nature of the impressions.

There were no traces in the quarry, but the hounds succeeded in running to ground close by at Hawkesbury encampment.

A melancholy event occurred on the 17th of November 1853. The Duke of Beaufort had suffered severely from his painful enemy, the gout, for a considerable time, yet it was not till the previous day that immediate danger was apprehended, when it was found necessary to send an express to the Marquis of Worcester, to announce the dangerous state of his father's health. With all the celerity of railway travelling, his lordship was unable to reach Badminton before the vital spirit had departed from its earthly tenement. A memorable, gloomy day it was, when the mortal remains of the Duke of Beaufort were deposited in the family vault. The elements seemed to sympathise with the mournful hearts of those who attended the ceremony, for it rained incessantly from

daybreak till dark. A large concourse of persons assembled to pay the last tribute of respect to the memory of the noble-minded, generous Duke, of whom it may be truly said, he was the rich man's friend, the poor man's BENEFACTOR.

For several years the Marquis of Worcestor, now eighth Duke of Beaufort, availed himself of every opportunity of attending the hounds; but holding a commission in the Blues, besides Parliamentary duties engrossing his services, his presence in the field was not so frequent as his inclinations might have prompted. But when with the hounds, his lordship always took an active part, and was well versed in all matters connected therewith. Having hunted with very many different packs, I have had numerous opportunities of observing the tactics displayed by various masters of hounds, of keeping their fields in order—a truly difficult task, it must be

acknowledged—and I can most unequivocally declare I never knew any whose wishes are so implicitly respected as the Duke of Beaufort's. When the coverts are being drawn, there are no straggling outsiders to head foxes. If an unruly spirit from some foreign land attempts to over-ride hounds, he is quickly and effectually called to account. On coming to a check, all those who are in front pull up; thus the most important feature, that of giving hounds room to display their hunting instincts, is exemplified, and the necessity of what is commonly described as lifting is obviated. That term, however, is very often misapplied, as in reality it signifies stopping hounds when hunting a cold scent, and clapping them on at some particular spot where the fox is known or supposed to have gone. On these occasions, and when the huntsman's aid is requisite, the whole body of sportsmen fall

in like a well-drilled regiment of cavalry, following at a respectful distance, ready to charge again when the hounds have recovered the scent and are sufficiently settled down to it. This system has excellent effects. Every man has a fair chance of distinguishing himself by riding to hounds when running; skirting is discouraged, and many of the difficulties which a huntsman has so often to encounter are avoided.

For rather more than two seasons prior to engaging Tom Clark, his Grace hunted his own hounds with the greatest skill and success; although a welter weight, he was so well mounted, and knew so well the run of the foxes, that he was always in readiness to render assistance when required. On purchasing some hounds at Mr Morrell's sale in 1858, Tom Clark was engaged to come with them, and he continued to hold that ostensible post ten seasons, when the Marquis of Worcester took the command

in the field. I greatly regret never having had the pleasure of seeing his Lordship perform, but universal acclamation resounds in the highest terms of praise, and the extraordinary runs the hounds have had, afford the strongest confirmation of his skill.

The fondness for hunting extends through the family, as the Duchess of Beaufort frequently honours the field in her carriage; and Lord Henry Somerset, who, as well as the Marquis, holds a commission in the Blues, never loses an opportunity of hunting; Lord Arthur Somerset is also a constant attendant; and Lady Blanch Somerset, a most graceful and accomplished horsewoman, rides to hounds with intrepid courage. Foxhunting would never have attained the popularity it has, but for the patronage accorded by the fair sex; and every sportsman must feel grateful for it. Then there is a charming little private

pack of harriers, with which, by the way, the Marquis first tried his hand as huntsman, the best initiation possible, and it is with them that the two younger brothers, Lords Edward and Fitzroy Somerset, enjoy their fun.

When Nimrod wrote an article in the *New Sporting Magazine* some forty years ago, on the countries then hunted by the Duke of Beaufort, who occupied the Heythrop as well as the Badminton, removing his pack about alternate months—referring to the former, he made this remark: "It is possible the first-mentioned country might support hounds the season throughout, three days a week, but not so the Badminton." If he could reappear on earth, what a change he would discover. The Badminton affords five days in the week, and the Heythrop four. The Badminton country, however, is considerably more extensive than the Heythrop, which, from

Longborough Gate as the northern extremity, to Bradwell Grove on the south, may be computed, as the crow flies, about fifteen miles; and from Bourton Bridge on the west, to Sturdy's Castle on the east, at twenty miles. Tiltups Inn and Avening village are the northern points at which the Duke's hounds meet, and Lansdown, near Bath on the south, is full twenty miles. From Filton on the west, to Bushton on the east, it cannot be less than thirty miles. It rejoices in great diversity. Stone walls prevail in many parts, significantly so about Tiltups Inn, and Tarlton Down, away for Tetbury and on for Badminton, with quick-set hedges occasionally presenting themselves. The north-west section approximating Wotton-under-Edge and Dursley, it is very hilly; but that corner is seldom patronised except for cubhunting and in the spring. Then again about Chipping Sodbury, and on to Bath, there are more

walls with hedges in the vales. On the east of Badminton there is much grass with hedges and ditches, which require a hunter with a workman on his back. This refers to the Christian Malford country, including Hullavington and Grittleton, bearing to the south for Chippenham and Corsham. Steering for Melksham and Calne the fences are of a similar character, but north of the latter town are Beckhampton Downs, where with a scent hounds generally outpace horses; but it is of trifling extent, and is the only part where downs exist.

The Midland Railway traverses the western boundary of the country; indeed, it may almost be accepted as forming the demarcation between this and Lord Fitzhardinge's. The Great Western ranges on the east, forming a curve on the south to Bath and Bristol, affording valuable accommodation to the sportsmen of either city.

Branches also run to Melksham, Calne, and Devizes. Casting north-east, the line running from Swindon to Gloucester approaches a corner at Tetbury road, and again at Brimscomb. The centre and best part of the country is therefore quite free from any railway inconvenience. A circumstance occurred a few years since bespeaking great care on the part of the Midland officials. The hounds came to a check near Wickwar, which was fortunately observed by the engine driver, who with the united efforts of his assistant, promptly brought the train to a check; and, with most praiseworthy discretion, instead of blowing off the steam aloft according to common custom, caused the escape to take place beneath the engine, thereby driving the hounds away from, instead of attracting them into danger. The Duke was so well pleased with the man's watchfulness and alacrity, but especially for blowing off the

steam below, that he was very liberally rewarded. The plan cannot be too generally adopted.

Without being over abundant, there are many capital coverts, and the Lower Woods, with Mapleridge close by, are famous preserves. So well are these woods stocked with foxes, that the hounds generally visit them twice or three times every month. This calls to memory what Mr Osbaldeston described to me touching the Wragby woodlands in the Burton country when he first began to hunt them. His predecessor, Lord Monson, had not drawn them for two seasons, and the foxes, innocent of such polite attention, were unacquainted with the rules of etiquette, and refused to leave their sylvan territories. Seeing it was a fine grass country all round, "The Squire" was determined to teach the inmates better manners. They were numerous and vigorous, there were

no earths, and the ridings were bad. Constantly visited for five weeks, their numbers were only reduced one brace, though two of them took refuge in hollow trees. Perseverance at length prevailed, and to convince an incredulous friend, Mr Osbaldeston made him a bet that on hearing his voice or horn one or two would be sure to fly. He told his friend where to station himself, and won the money. I quite believe the Lower Wood foxes would exhibit similar propensities if not frequently enlivened. It is not a favourite fixture with some of the ultra fast men. The rides are awfully deep, and I imagine there are more lost shoes buried in them than in any other similar space in the kingdom. It is a difficult place to get a start from, as speculation is often unprofitable. A fox may break for Badminton, which is the best line; or he may bend his course for Kingswood, a good grass country; or he may

point for Yate and Jron Acton, where there are some coalpits, and the land is deep and holding,—yet it is a famous quarter for hounds, and I never missed a day when I was living within reach.

I can well remember meeting the hounds in the sixth Duke of Beaufort's time in the Heythrop country, on one occasion at Addlestrop Gate, on the other at Boulter's Barn. They had not anything remarkable in the way of a run on either day, except on the first a pretty scurry from Oddington Ashes to Chastleton, crossing the Evenlode brook, in which several enjoyed the delights of a cold bath. Though quite a juvenile, I was forcibly impressed with the magnificent yet sporting character of the establishment, the contrast being the greater as I was at that time residing in Worcestershire, and hunting with those hounds. I can fancy I now see the slim figure of Will Long, who was then the huntsman,

quite in his prime; both hounds and horses were of a different stamp to what I had been accustomed to see. I heard an anecdote of the Duke, who had found it necessary on a previous occasion to remonstrate with a young Oxonian of high family, who had wantonly pressed upon the hounds and caused them to lose their fox. It was so consistent with his Grace's kind yet impressive manner. The young aspirant to equestrian fame had several times pressed the hounds off the scent, which was but indifferent; at length the fox was lost, and he was doomed to receive this well-directed but severe rebuke. Riding up to him and taking off his hat, his Grace exclaimed, "Sir, I have to thank you; and I beg every gentleman in the field will follow my example, take off their hats and thank you for spoiling a very good day's sport."

Several seasons elapsed before I had

another opportunity of meeting the Duke of Beaufort's hounds, and that was on the 28th of February 1843, when on a visit to Lord Gifford, who was hunting the Vale of White Horse. An arrangement had been made for his Grace to meet at Cirencester woods the day before, but the elements poured forth such an abundance of snow at daybreak, more especially at Badminton, that a whipper-in was sent forward to announce the postponement of the appointment till the following day. That morning, although not affected by frost, was cold and dry, and at the usual hour of meeting, the hounds (the lady pack) made their appearance, and were soon joined by a most aristocratic field. In company with the Duke of Beaufort were the Prince of Tours and Texas, Counts Chaco, Wolworth, and Esterhazy; Lord Bathurst, Captains Balfour and Fairlie, Mr Campbell of Saddell, several members of the

Badminton Hunt, including Messrs Lovell and C. Talbot; Captain Candler, master of the Worcestershire, was also present. The Cirencester woods, although not possessing charms for the "aspirants to riding fame," were admirably suited to the occasion, that of affording to the august visitors a happy impression of our national pastime, more in accordance with their tastes than a rough wild country would inculcate. The rides are magnificent, the woods very extensive, and the foxes are reluctant to leave them, unless compelled to do so by a rattling scent, which only happens on most favourable days; thus to those who are not so initiated in the love of foxhunting as to enjoy the vicissitudes and excitements of a twenty minutes' burst over Leicestershire, it was a most delightful, well-chosen trysting place. The hounds soon found, and most wonderfully did they perform their duty; with only a moderate scent,

they drove their fox admirably through the large tract of woodland, and eventually forced him to face the open over some light land, affording a slight introduction to cross country performances, but being headed, retraced his steps to the woods, where the hounds continued running from fox to fox the remainder of the day.

An appointment for the hounds to meet on Badminton Lawn, has for very many years been esteemed as one of the most aristocratic gatherings of Diana's votaries, and in bygone days they were more frequent than of late. On these occasions members of the Royal Family are invited to meet foreign princes and potentates, to participate in the glories of the chase after the custom of our native land, when one of the most splendid packs of hounds is paraded as a specimen of our breed, and many of the finest hunters England can produce, affording pleasing testimony that

the race is not yet extinct. Vehicles of all kinds, from the well-appointed four-in-hand to the humble sporting dogcart, are freighted with loads of joyous hearts, ready to partake of the hospitalities which are so bountifully offered. All classes, orders, and degrees of sportsmen, from the peer to the peasant, join unceremoniously yet courteously in the pleasures of the chase, and representatives of all other orders, professions, and callings, come to enjoy the festive scene. The coming of age of the Marquis of Worcester (now Duke of Beaufort), was fixed upon as an appropriate time for a Lawn Day, but the elements interdicted it. I had hoped it would have afforded me an opportunity of witnessing what had been represented to me as the most perfect event of the kind that could possibly be conceived. On that occasion I was destined to disappointment. Two days' hard frost had set at defiance all pos-

sibility of hunting, and the only out-door amusement consisted in the "breaking up" of a huge ox, which was roasted in the park.

Several seasons elapsed during which very few Lawn Day gatherings took place, although there had been one or two since that which was intended to celebrate the majority of the Marquis, but ample amends were made on the 8th of February 1860. During the week, the Duke and Duchess of Beaufort entertained a party of royal and distinguished visitors, and it was a famous opportunity for resuming the good old custom. Wednesday was fixed upon for the assembled guests to enjoy the imposing venatic festival. The guests at the house consisted of their Royal Highnesses the Duchess of Cambridge and the Princess Mary, the Duchess Emily of Beaufort, the Ladies Geraldine and Edith Somerset, Lord and Lady Barrington, two Misses Barrington, Lord Royston, Lord Berkeley

Paget, Count Patilin, Count Epponyi, Dr Quin, Captain Purvis, Captain Little, Mr Calthorpe, Mr Baldwin, Mr Leslie, and Mr Fane.

At the appointed hour, half past ten, cavalcades of carriages, containing among other inmates most of the ladies connected with the hunt, came in from all directions; troops of well-appointed, well-mounted sportsmen, and horsemen of all classes and kinds increased the vast assemblage; many of whom alighted to partake of the dainty and substantial fare which was most abundantly provided for them. It must not be assumed from this, however, that any excesses of strong beverages beguiled the participators thereof from their propriety, for no indecorums of any kind were perpetrated. The morning dawned attractively, but as the day wore on, the wind became boisterous and rough, but it subsided towards two o'clock.

In due time the hounds appeared on the lawn, when their condition was closely criticised by all the connoisseurs in woodcraft, who unanimously praised Clark, the huntsman, for their symmetrical proportions, brightness of coat, and muscular development. The mixed pack was on duty for the day, consisting of eighteen couples, including four couples and a half of that year's entry, all pronounced to be diligent pupils. The Duke of Beaufort rode amongst the immense crowd, and with the most affable courtesy recognised all those whom he knew. Double and treble ranks of vehicles were ranged along the drive, awaiting the appearance of the Duchess of Beaufort and the royal visitors, for whom carriages were in attendance to convey them to those favoured spots where the most exciting incidents of the chase were likely to be witnessed. The two young Lords, Arthur and Edward Somer-

set, were soon mounted on their ponies. About twelve o'clock the hounds proceeded to draw the clumps in the park, and immense as the assemblage had been in former years, it was declared there had never been any equal in numbers and distinction to this. Independent of the vast line of carriages, the cavalcade of horsemen was extraordinary, numbering, on the authority of a practised hand, two thousand two hundred. It was delightful to observe the good order that prevailed. The most emulous restrained their ambition for a start, cautious not to annoy the noble master who had provided such an enchanting scene for their amusement. A field composed of less than a tithe of the numbers was never more considerate. Nearly all the members of the hunt were present, easily recognised by their well-known costume, Blue and Buff. The Berkeley, the Vale of White Horse, the Cotswold, the Berk-

shire, the South Oxfordshire, the Tedworth, and the Craven Hunts, all supplied representatives, and sportsmen from Bath, Bristol, and Clifton, were in great force.

Till the hounds reached Swangrove, not a trace of a fox could be discovered. There, however, a family party appeared to have assembled in social conclave, holding council, it might be conceived, on the extraordinary proceedings of the day. No sooner did the hounds commence to draw, than five or six foxes were on foot; one of which was chopped, but the hounds settling to another, they did not stop to perform the usual obsequies. The one they were hunting ran a ring round the park, affording a pleasing sight for the carriage visitors; but the scent was wretched, and he was given up to go in search of an eccentric member of the species who, it was known, had a place of seclusion on the roof of a hay-rick, belonging to an excellent friend,

Mr Gales of Crickstone; but on a close examination of the exalted retreat, it was discovered that this high-minded fox was not "at home" to the call of his acquaintance. Other coverts were drawn unsuccessfully, till they reached Oatlands wood, near to which a fox was moved from a hedgerow, and ran through Cranhill gorse, and Dunley gorse, over a nice country to Dunley bottom away, leaving Hullavington on the right, nearly to Norton, where he turned short, and gained Surrendel wood, which he ran through without dwelling, back to Dunley bottom, when he turned for Grittleton Park and on to Seventon, where he ran the hounds out of scent. Thus ended a day which, although not productive of sport in the true spirit of the term, afforded a vast amount of pleasure to an immense number of persons.

The liberality of the Duke of Beaufort

is admirably displayed with regard to game, and if adopted by other landlords, would effectually put an end to all bickerings. The gamekeeper's duties have been generally dispensed with, and the preservation of the game entrusted to the tenants, on condition that they should have half of what was killed.

On a recent occasion, in the month of November 1871, the Marquis of Worcester, accompanied by some friends, shot the woods at Littleton Drew, and had a good day's sport. The next morning the bags were divided, and one-half sent to the tenants, Mr Choppell and Mr Nipress, who presented the greater proportion of the hares and pheasants to their friends, but, actuated by the good example of their generous landlord, they distributed the rabbits, consisting of some fifty couples, to the poor people in the village. Such good deeds speak for themselves; and if any

individual were to molest a fox, a pheasant, or a hare, within the district, he would be unworthy of the name of an Englishman.

An anecdote is related of Philip Payne, who was engaged as huntsman in 1802, which very forcibly exemplifies the prevailing modes of treating hounds in those days. After feeding, and when about to walk them out into the park, the whippers-in proceeded, according to custom, to couple up the hounds. "Oh, take those couples away!" he exclaimed; "we don't want them." To which the whipper-in rejoined: "We always couple them, sir; that they may not break away after the deer." Philip's mandate, however, was imperative; and the hounds evinced no disposition to riot. A happy change has taken place since those days; kindness and quietness has superseded harshness and abuse, and hounds are infinitely steadier and more handy. Philip Payne was a practised

performer when he came to Badminton, having been two seasons with the Cheshire, if my calculations be correct, in Mr Heron's time; previous to that he had twelve years' experience with Sir William Lowther in the Cottesmore country, where, if tradition be true, he and his only whip, Dick Christian, had to rough it. Besides kennel duties, they had to dress their own horses, and after hunting it was their common custom to indulge them with a swim in a pond near to the stables. As clipping or singeing were unknown in those days, it must have been some time before the poor creatures' coats were dry. Before that, Payne had lived in the services of Lord Darlington and Lord Thanet, consequently he was much advanced in years when, in 1826, he resigned his engagement.

William Long was his successor, whose career has been so often told that it almost appears like babbling on the line to repeat

it. He was bred and born at Badminton, and began his equestrian experience when a boy, conveying letters to the post. His superior seat on horseback attracted attention, and when the hounds were in the Heythrop country, the late Duke of Beaufort, at that time Marquis of Worcester, being at Oxford, and always hunting when the place of meeting was within reach, young Long was entrusted to take his Lordship's hunters to covert. About that period John Wood, one of the whippers-in, met with an accident, when William Long was appointed to supply his place, and he continued with the hounds till 1855. His endurance on horseback was extraordinary. One day, when the hounds were at the Heythrop kennels, after a ten miles' ride to Begbrook, hunting the pack six hours, he went to Badminton, a distance of fifty miles; and he encountered other performances of a similar character. Such

equestrian exploits seem now-a-days to evaporate by steam. The great improvement manifest in the kennels while they were under Long's care—a period of nearly thirty years—speaks volumes in his favour, and no man could be more anxious to show a run than he was. A remark he one day made to me was perfectly characteristic of the huntsman, who is never so happy as when he sees his hounds out-pacing the horsemen, and by their condition enabled to maintain their advantage. It was in the early part of the very wet year 1853. They met at Worcester Lodge, and my nearest road was across some meadows, but as they were flooded I was obliged to go round. Mentioning the circumstance to Long, and observing how very deep the country was in general, he said, "What does it signify how deep the country is, so that the hounds can run." It was so

significant of a huntsman's ambition that the hounds should have the best of it.

On William Long's resignation, the Duke of Beaufort undertook to hunt his hounds in person, and most admirably did he perform. Thoroughly acquainted with the country, and observant of every little incident that happened, his Grace was possessed of advantages which very few could possibly attain. He had implicit confidence in his hounds, want of which saves the life of many a fox. I well remember one day when the hounds were running a fox over a large ploughed field in the wall country, a hare was viewed taking precisely the same furrow that the fox had done, till she came to the wall, which was a high one, and she turned to the right under it,—the hounds carrying the line beautifully over it. His Grace mentioned the circumstance to me when it occurred, evidently pleased with the steadiness of his pack.

As an instance of the Duke's quick conception and appreciation of character: On one occasion when the hounds were about to draw a covert where the strict preservation of foxes was rather questionable, the keeper, obsequiously approaching, addressed his Grace, stating that "the place was full of foxes, for he took such great care of them." "Oh, thank you," replied his Grace, "if you will only let them alone, they will be sure to take care of themselves."

Mr Morrell's hunting establishment being broken up by the sale of his hounds, was the means of setting Tom Clark at liberty. He had been huntsman to the Old Berkshire some seven or eight years, where he gave great satisfaction. He was a nice weight, a very superior horseman, and handled his hounds with great skill. There are few better opportunities of judging of hounds and men than those which cubhunt-

ing affords, and I certainly never experienced anything of the kind more perfect than one morning in 1862 when they went to Stanton Park, a covert admirably suited to the purpose. There was a large body of young hounds out, and they were as steady as old ones, though there was lots of riot to inveigle them. There was no hallooing, rating, or noise. Several cubs were on foot, and after working those which did not break, the hounds were allowed to go away with one which did, and running him a ring ten minutes, the object was accomplished. It was one of those delightful autumnal mornings that must be enjoyed to be understood. The country was dry, but there was a heavy dew on the grass, conspicuous in the meadows near Badminton, where hares are numerous, hence the reason the hounds are so free from riot, Good manners are inculcated by frequent companionship, not severity, for the use of

the whip is interdicted by the Duke of Beaufort.

The Marquis of Worcester, with undaunted resolution, determined to perform the arduous undertaking of hunting the hounds, and when it is remembered that he holds a commission in the Blues, it is indeed a bold adventure. Tom Clark's services were dispensed with in 1868, when the Marquis commenced, having Heber Long and Robert Pickard for his two whips. The following season Charles Hamblin was engaged as kennel huntsman, in addition to which he was entrusted with the cubhunting. Charles Hamblin's history is briefly told. He commenced in the Rufford country, and had sixteen years' drilling with that most talented of amateur huntsmen, Captain Percy Williams. When those hounds were sold, he went to the Grove, William Merry being at that time huntsman,—but the following year John

Morgan came on, and Hamblin remained five years longer. An opening occurred at Berkeley, and on my recommendation Lord Fitzhardinge engaged him as huntsman. Lord Galway expressed himself reluctant to part with him, but would not be an obstacle to the advancement of a well-conducted servant. He continued at Berkeley till he went to Badminton.

The excellent condition of the hounds is a source of universal admiration. It is Hamblin's practice, as it is that of other huntsmen of renown, never to use the broth in which the flesh is boiled, and it is a debatable question with many of his compeers; when he first went to Berkeley, his plan was most unscrupulously repudiated. Feeling considerable interest at the time, I took some trouble to make inquiries, both from masters of hounds and huntsmen. The results are, that those who have dispensed with broth will never return to it

under any consideration. Many have informed me they reduce the strength of the ordinary broth, while some few maintain it in its ordinary integrity. Those who use no broth never dress their hounds, simply because they do not require it. Those who use broth diluted, dress mildly; and those who use strong broth, dress in proportion. I have long entertained an opinion that dressing hounds is an ancient custom which ought to be abolished. The applications resorted to in olden times were powerful and painful in the extreme. I have a formula which was used in a celebrated kennel in Lincolnshire, composed of tar, gunpowder, turpentine, sulphur, and train oil, which was frequently applied twice a year. As to the effects of broth, it is well known that if we partake of soups to any extent they create thirst, and are therefore interdicted when training for any athletic engagement. Hence one argument against

broth for hounds. To see them lap frequently when at work is a certain test of want of condition. If there be any latent unknown disease in the flesh—which the most careful cannot always detect,—the process of boiling extracts it; it is therefore contained in the broth, and will be more or less communicated to the animals which partake of it. The utmost care should be taken not to use flesh that is at all tainted, and to avoid undue fermentation in any form.

On the other hand, the advocates for broth contend that it contains nourishment and supports the system; therefore, that it is essential to enable hounds to encounter long days, and to kill an afternoon fox. This is completely set at rest by the Duke of Beaufort's hounds, as none have long days more frequently than they have. The Greatwood run was an unequivocal test of their natural courage and condition, and

if any doubts existed previously as to the discontinuance of broth, that event is quite sufficient to decide the question.

I am not in possession of any authentic information as to the elements of the pack when the chase of the stag was relinquished and foxhunting established. At the same time, I am inclined to the assumption, that some of the staghounds were entered to fox. Be that as it may, when we refer to the early part of the present century, celebrities were enlisted from the most fashionable kennels of the day, significantly Lord Lonsdale's, Sir Thomas Mostyn's, and Mr Heron's, the latter gentleman's hounds conveying distinguishable lines from Mr Meynell's, of old Quorn repute.

The most renowned of those days was Justice, entered in 1813, son of the New Forest Justice, and grandson of Mr Gilbert's Jasper, bred by Lord Egremont, whose

hunting grounds were in Sussex. William Long thus describes him: "Justice stood twenty-four inches, very full of bone, good legs and feet, coarse in the neck, but with plenty of length, good shoulders, great depth of chest; good loins and thighs, with substance throughout. Not so gay and sprightly as hounds of the present day, yet very stout. He had long features. His colour was a mealy tan pie." The description is impressive, conveying much that is good. The colour might possibly be objected to by some who are fastidious thereon, but in my humble opinion it is sometimes a mistake to draft to none but the black, white, and tan. I have seen so many very superior hounds of various colours, that I think I may introduce a few examples to shew that they are second to none. Connected with these kennels of late years were Champion, Trickster, Foiler, Bondsman, and Contest, besides many

others of note which I cannot now recognise. Lord Fitzhardinge's Cromwell, a grey pied hound, might have had his equal, but it would be very difficult to find his superior. He no doubt derived his colour from his grandsire, the Warwickshire Tarquin, whose descendants are numerous in the Badminton kennels. Sir Watkin Wynn had two of inestimable worth—Royal, a light reddish tan pied colour difficult to describe. His symmetry was perfect, and he was near akin to the Honourable George Fitzwilliam's Shiner, a white hound with a dark-grey spot. The other was Painter, a grey pied hound of very high repute.

On visiting the pack some years ago, old Potentate was enjoying the *otium cum dignitate* within the precincts of the kennel, as all worthy veterans are entitled to do. He was quite the celebrity of the day. His colour was a black, white, and tan; with great power and fine symmetry,

he was capital in his work, and possessed wonderful instinct in finding foxes. I fancy he stood full twenty-four inches, which in my humble opinion ought to be quite the maximum height of a foxhound. His dam was bred by Lord Lonsdale, and he inherited the true type of the Cottesmore kennels.

For very many years the instances were but few of hounds bred at other establishments being introduced at Badminton; but in 1858, when Mr Morrell's hounds were sold, his Grace purchased two lots for the goodly sum of two hundred guineas each; also Spangle for fifty guineas, and Skilful for twenty-five, which have turned out very good investments. Among those in work was Fleecer, a hound of high pretensions, a son of Lord Fitzhardinge's Furrier, several of whose ancestors were bred at Badminton. Then there was Forester, Fleecer's son, whose progeny are conspicuous. Through Fatima, his dam, bred

by the late Mr Drake, he was descended from the Duke of Rutland's Falstaff, entered in 1841. Harlequin, son of Hercules and Spangle, has also done good service. But the great prize was Spangle herself, a beautiful black, white, and tan, whose only fault appeared to be a trifle of incorrectness about her shoulders, yet, as I never saw her till after she had bred puppies, I may be mistaken. On her arrival at Badminton, she became the mother of Woldsman, Watchman, Woodbine, Waspish, Warlock, and Wedlock; the following year of Saunterer, Sunderland, Surety, Sylvia, and Sentiment, on both occasions Wonder being her partner, who was descended from Justice and Mr Heron's Nectar. Then came Fortitude and Furbelow, the last of her produce, their sire being Finder, in whom, as in Wonder, are lines to the same great celebrities of olden times. Among the sires I recognise as descend-

ants of Spangle are Woldsman, Watchman, Sentinel, Weathergage, Sexton, and Wildfire; but to enumerate all their progeny might be considered a tedious process.

The Marquis of Worcester has adopted a very ingenious and significant system of nomenclature. It is the custom in most kennels to name the produce according to the initial letter of the sire or dam, but that distinction is improved upon, not only is the first letter adopted, but the second is also introduced. Thus Sentinel assumes the two letters of Sentiment, his dam, and in like manner Foreman of his sire, Forester.

"Nimrod's" opinion, as previously quoted, that the Badminton country would not be sufficiently stocked with foxes to afford sport to a pack of hounds continuously throughout the season, is emphatically refuted by modern instances. From casual memoranda, I find that in the season of 1852–53 they killed fifty-nine brace and a

half; in 1858–59 they accounted for sixty brace and a half; in 1861–62, ninety-one brace; in 1870–71, eighty-five brace and a half; and commencing cub-hunting on the 14th of August, up to the commencement of regular hunting, they handled thirty-six brace, and from that time till the 1st of January 1872, they rolled over just twenty brace.

THE GREAT WOOD RUN.

Although the wonderful run these hounds had from Grittenham Great Wood was recorded at the time with sensational enthusiasm, on one occasion representing its commencement in Monmouthshire and its termination at Highworth, but without describing what flight of imagination carried them over the Severn; while other correspondents have given their versions so intermingled with skirting and

flash, as to render the line difficult to trace. I have obtained the information from kind friends who participated in the glorious event, and from those sources will endeavour to describe it.

The eventful day was on the 22d of February 1871, when they met at Swallot's Gate. The big pack, consisting of seventeen couples, was on duty. A considerable portion of the covert was drawn before they found, when, on reaching the eastern division, a good wild fox without any hesitation went away, running a ring to the left in the direction of Brinkworth; still bearing to the left, regained the covert in which he was found, but passed through it without the slightest hesitation, and crossed the Great Western Railway and canal, wheeling to the left by Shaw House, leaving it on the right, and again over the canal and the railway. His thoughts were not this time bent on home, as he took a

line on the right of Great Wood, over Thunder Brook, in which some of the field indulged in the sensations of a cold bath; from thence they ran very straight to Brinkworth Common, skirting the village, where the hounds came to a check, enabling some of the already scattered field to regain their places. A very masterly cast of the Marquis of Worcester hit off the line, which they drove at a telling pace over a fine wild but deep country to Somerford Common, in the well-known Bradon district of the Vale of White Horse territory. That covert did not afford any breathing time; the hounds worked through it without dwelling, overpowering all surmises that they had changed foxes. The next point was the extreme western corner of the Red Lodge coverts, which was only just touched upon, as this gallant fox seemed to disdain all sylvan refuges. After a short divergence to the left, he again turned abruptly

to the right, making good his point over the Circencester Railroad to Bury Hill, when he steered his course nearly east-north-east, to Bradon Lodge, almost pointing for Cricklade, over beautiful pasture-fields, well-known to the members of the V. W. H., when the Isis presented itself, to cross which the Marquis was the first to venture. Still forward to Castle Eaton, where they turned to the right for Kempsford, at which point the huntsman's game horse Beckford evinced symptoms of distress, and having so admirably done his duty was consigned to the care of Mr Pitman, while the Marquis followed some distance on foot, till Mr Anstie supplied him with a nag. From Kempsford this good and straight-necked fox held on to Highworth, where he found a resting-place in a drain or earth close to a sandbank not far from the Church.

A friend of mine observes, "One marked

feature of the run, with the exception of here and there one or two scattered pieces of plough, all was pasture, and, when out of Bradon, the finest in England. They crossed the Thames, the Isis and its branches, three times, besides the Hannington Brook. It was indeed a magnificent run, and without a grain of flattery stamps the Marquis of Worcester as one of the finest horsemen *with hounds* of the day. After leaving Somerford coverts, his mastership, to me, seemed faultless; always in place, with head, hand, and heart, never once flurried. It was a fine performance, of which an English sportsman may well be proud."

The time occupied was rather more than three hours and a half, and the distance is computed over eight-and-twenty miles. After the first portion of the run, second horses were of no avail; the line was so remarkably straight. Few, very few, in-

deed, were with the Marquis at the finish; though many came up after the run was over; among whom was the Duke, with Lords Edward and Fitzroy-Somerset. The Badminton party and the hounds had still seven miles of road work to reach Swindon Station, thence by rail to Chippenham, where the drag and hounds'-van were telegraphed to receive them. It was after nine when the hounds reached their kennels, and I can well understand Charles Hamblin's anxiety, and that he was duly recompensed when he ascertained that there was only one couple which were not up at the end of this desperate day's work, also that the brave pack had performed so well, without any broth in their systems.

Being well acquainted with the whole line of country, I can thoroughly appreciate the performance. The severity of that portion near Somerford Common I have reason to remember, as, when Lord Gifford

hunted the Vale of White Horse, I saw the most severe day I had at that time experienced. I had an introduction to Great Wood on the 18th of December 1863, when the Duke's hounds met at Swallot's Gate, and finding in the aforesaid covert, had a very punishing day; when most of the horses and riders who staid to the finish were tired. The Duke's omnibus was at Sutton, and I think all those whose destination was Badminton were right glad to avail themselves of the luxury of riding home in such a cosy conveyance,—at all events, I can answer for myself.

The principal places at which these hounds meet are within the following distances from railway stations. As hunting appointments are subservient to changes, it may be well to observe that fresh ones are occasionally introduced and old ones discontinued.

PLACES OF MEETING.

PLACES OF MEETING.	MILES FROM STATION.
Acton Turville, ...	7½ Yate.
	9 Chippenham.
Alderley, ...	4 Charfield.
	6½ Dursley.
Alderton, ...	8 Chippenham.
	10 Yate.
Anchor Filton, ...	1 Filton.
	4 Bristol.
Avening Village, . . .	6 Stroud.
	7 Tetbury Road.
	8 Dursley.
Badminton Lawn, . . .	8 Yate.
	10½ Chippenham.
Bath Lodge, ...	9 Yate.
	9½ Chippenham.
Bean Wood, ...	2½ Yate.
Beckhampton, ...	6 Calne.
	7 Devizes.
Bell Old Sodbury, . . .	3½ Yate.
Bowood, ...	2½ Calne.
	4 Chippenham.
Boxwell Lodge, ...	6 Dursley.
	8½ Charfield.
Brokenborough Gate, . .	6 Tetbury Road.
Burton, ...	8 Chippenham.
Bushton, ...	3 Wootton Basset.
	5½ Dauntsey.

PLACES OF MEETING.	MILES FROM STATION.
Bushton,	7½ Calne.
Calcot,	6 Charfield.
	7 Dursley.
	8 Tetbury Road.
Castle Comb,	5½ Chippenhem.
Chavenage Green,	6 Brimscomb.
	7 Tetbury Road.
	10½ Charfield.
Chippenham Lodge Bowood,	3 Calne.
	3½ Chippenham.
Cherhill,	2½ Calne.
Christian Malford,	2½ Dauntsey.
	5½ Chippenham.
Cliffe Pypard,	3½ Wootton Basset.
	6 Dauntsey.
Coal-Pit Heath,	2 Yate.
Codrington,	3½ Yate.
Corsham,	1½ Corsham.
Compton Basset,	2½ Calne.
Corston,	7 Chippenham.
	8 Minety.
Cross Hands,	4½ Yate.
Cross Keys, Pickwick,	1½ Corsham.
Dauntsey Gate,	1 Dauntsey.
Dodington Ash,	5½ Yate.
Dodington Park,	4½ Yate.
Draycot Park,	4½ Dauntsey.
	4½ Chippenham.
Dumb Post,	2½ Calne.
	4 Chippenham.
Easton Grey,	10 Dauntsey.
Five Lanes Turnpike,	6 Tetbury Road.
	6 Minety.

PLACES OF MEETING.	MILES FROM STATION.
Foss-Gate,	6½ Corsham.
	7 Chippenham.
Foxley,	9 Minety.
George Sandy Lane,	3½ Calne.
	5 Chippenham.
	5½ Devizes.
Giddy Hall,	4½ Corsham.
	4½ Chippenham.
Great Somerford,	3 Dauntsey.
	7 Minety.
Grittleton,	5½ Chippenham.
	7½ Corsham.
Hawkesbury Upton,	2½ Charfield.
	4½ Yate.
Higham,	8 Tetbury Road.
	8 Minety.
Highway Common,	4½ Calne.
	5 Dauntsey.
Horton,	3 Devizes.
	6 Wootton Basset.
Hullavington,	6½ Chippenham.
	7 Dauntsey.
Iron Acton,	2 Yate.
Kellaways Mill,	2 Chippenham.
Kilcot,	6 Charfield.
Kington Langley,	2½ Chippenham.
Kington St Michael,	3½ Chippenham.
Knock Down,	10½ Tetbury Road.
Lackham,	2½ Chippenham.
	2½ Corsham.
Laycock Village,	3 Melksham.
	4½ Chippenham.
Langley Burrel,	1½ Chippenham.

PLACES OF MEETING.	MILES FROM STATION.
Lansdowne, ...	3 Bath.
Lansdowne Arms, . . .	3 Calne.
	4½ Chippenham.
	6½ Devizes.
Lasborough Gate, . . .	8½ Charfield.
Long Ash Toll Bar, . . .	6 Dursley.
	8½ Charfield.
Lower Woods, ...	3½ Charfield.
Lyneham Green, . . .	2½ Dauntsey.
Maidford, ...	8 Dauntsey.
May Hill, ...	1 Yate.
Nantows Tump, . . .	6 Charfield.
	6½ Dursley.
Newark Park, ...	4 Dursley.
	4½ Charfield.
New Park, ...	1 Devizes.
Nibley, ...	½ Yate.
	6 Patchway.
North Wraxhall, . . .	5½ Corsham.
	7 Chippenham.
Petty France, ...	6 Yate.
Quemerford Turnpike, . .	1½ Calne.
Rowde, ...	2 Devizes.
	6 Melksham.
Shipton Moyne, ...	9 Tetbury Road.
	10 Minety.
Silk Wood, ...	10½ Tetbury Road.
Siston Court, ...	6 Bristol.
Sopworth Cross Roads, . .	8 Charfield.
	9 Yate.
Splats Barn, ...	4 Charfield.
Spy Park, ...	3½ Calne.
	5 Chippenham.

PLACES OF MEETING.	MILES FROM STATION.
Spy Park,	6 Devizes.
Stanton,	4 Chippenham.
	6½ Dauntsey.
Starveall,	5½ Charfield.
Stoke Park,	2 Filton.
	3½ Bristol.
Sutton Benger,	4 Dauntsey.
Swallot's Gate,	1 Dauntsey.
Swan Derry Hill,	3 Chippenham.
Tarlton Down,	3 Tetbury Road.
Tetbury Newnton,	6½ Tetbury Road.
Tiltup's Inn,	5 Brimscomb.
	6 Dursley.
Toghill,	5½ Bath.
	9 Bristol.
Tormarton,	5½ Yate.
Tresham Village,	4½ Charfield.
	4½ Dursley.
Trouble House,	5½ Tetbury Road.
Wand's House,	3½ Calne.
	5 Chippenham.
	5½ Devizes.
Weston Birt,	10 Tetbury Road.
West Keynton,	7 Corsham.
	8 Chippenham.
	10 Bath.
Worcester Lodge,	6½ Charfield.
Yate Rocks,	2 Yate.
Yate Toll Bar,	1½ Yate.

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