

**HOUND AND HORN: OR, THE
LIFE AND RECOLLECTIONS
OF GEORGE CARTER, THE
GREAT HUNTSMAN**

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Hound and Horn: Or, The Life and Recollections of George Carter, the Great Huntsman by I. H. G.

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HOUND AND HORN.



GEORGE CARTER.

ÆTAT 79.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY BULL OF PETERBOROUGH.

HOUND AND HORN;

OR,

THE LIFE AND RECOLLECTIONS

OF

George Carter,

THE GREAT HUNTSMAN.

By I. H. G.

LONDON
SIMPKIN, MARSHALL, & CO.,
STATIONERS' HALL COURT,

1885

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PREFACE.

THE preface is of no value beyond giving the author an opportunity of button-holing the reader before starting, just to warn him that this is *not* a "sporting book" in the common sense of the word, and that he is not and does not aspire to be a "sporting (?) writer," one of those who claim to be experts in describing a run, in the story whereof there is little or no clue about the weather, the wind, the scent, the line of country, and the finding and hunting and death of the fox—the only details which interest the real sportsman—though there is a great deal about "that prince of sportsmen," the master, the writer's joy at seeing Lord and Lady So-and-so in the saddle, and Miss Dinah on her pony, Daisy charming as ever, &c., &c. This class of writer aggravates real sportsmen, who look

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with silent contempt on the "padding" of which so-called "account of runs" mainly consists, the writers whereof take in vain the names of a whole county-side — themselves not knowing a lady or gentleman in the shire—who talk familiarly about huntsmen and whips as "Charley This," and "Bill That," and degrade the fox by designating him as "Reynard," "Charley," "Sly boots," &c., &c.

This kind of "chatter" though vulgar, is harmless, and is only alluded to *en passant*.

Speaking in the first person, I have not aspired to write any book, nor have I scribbled sensational nonsense for the public. I have only jotted down the things I have heard from one of the finest huntsmen that ever carried a horn, whose only thought was with his hounds, whose horn was only touched when required, and who, while he rode well to the last, and boldly I believe in his former years (but that was before my acquaintance with him) looked upon his horse simply as a means of carrying him up to the hounds, expecting, of course, to be mounted on an animal capable of so doing while it wanted little guidance from him. He never once

thought whether there was a fence to be "negotiated" (that I believe is "Mr. Gent's" expression), or whether he had simply to ride over the open. In all my hours with Carter during a period of nineteen years, and we were much together, he rarely mentioned his horse at all, unless I happened to call his attention to some particular animal which he might have ridden, and then his reply was generally "Oh, yes, 'twere a very good one, and carried me well for two, three, or more seasons," as the case might be, but not one word about "I rode him, or her, over a five-barred gate, or a double flight of posts and rails, or a brook a quarter of a mile wide."

Having myself been born and bred in the centre of the Tedworth Hunt, and being familiar with every inch of the country, which was "the happy hunting ground" of George Carter for very many years of his life, it struck me that many of the real sportsmen of England might like to read some of the old man's opinions and recollections of sport, together with his experiences of *old* fashions and *new*. This book simply professes to be jottings of the old huntsman's fireside talk to myself, from time

to time, during very many years, and of little events of which I can speak from personal experience.

In alluding to the dead I have kept before me the old golden rule, "De mortuis," &c.; in alluding to the living, if I have said a word which may occasion to any one a moment's pain, I trust I may have the benefit of its being attributed to inadvertence, and that the person or persons who may be aggrieved will consider that my apology has been tendered before demanded. So now let us leave the Preface, and get on with

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