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IN THE FIELD

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THE MASTER'S PACK, 1900.
(MERTHYR GUEST, M.F.H., BLACKMORE VALE.)

WITH HOUND AND TERRIER IN THE FIELD

HUNTING REMINISCENCES

BY

ALYS F. SERRELL

EDITED BY

FRANCES SLAUGHTER

FLOSS.

WILLIAM BLACKWOOD AND SONS
EDINBURGH AND LONDON
MCMIV

TO

A U R A

(AUGUSTA ELIZABETH GROSVENOR GUEST)

*the Daughter of my old friends, Mr MERTHYR
and the LADY THEODORA GUEST, who shares
in the tastes that have inspired, and from her
earliest years has been associated with the sports
that are the theme of this book.*

A. F. S.

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WITH HOUND AND TERRIER IN THE FIELD.

CHAPTER I.

EARLY HUNTING EXPERIENCES.

THE graphic stories of the hunting-field told me by my father, the Rev. H. Digby Serrell, are among my earliest recollections. Being a Dorsetshire man, my father hunted all the early part of his life with the Dorset packs, and the names of Mr Farquharson, the Rev. Harry Farr Yeatman, Mr Tudway, Mr Hall, and Mr Drax were household words with the members of his family. As we listened to the tales of those early days, we learned to love the sport so dear to the heart of the narrator, and gained our own first knowledge of hunting from his lips.

My father was a fine sportsman of the old school, and he had a remarkably quick eye and a wonderful knack of sticking to hounds. One of his favourite

sayings was, that a man was no good in the hunting-field if he could not *finish* as well as *begin*. Many a time also I have heard him say, "If you keep down wind of the hounds, they are sure to come to you," and when riding to hounds I have borne this in mind, and by my own experience have proved its truth. It was always a delight to listen to accounts of the runs of bygone days, for as my father had a very retentive memory, he would describe the incidents that happened in them, and thus bring the whole scene vividly before us.

At the time when he was hunting in Dorset, some of the keenest men with hounds were clergymen, and very remarkable characters they were.

The Rev. Harry Farr Yeatman, of Stock House, owned a pack of hounds with which he hunted fox, hare, and roe-deer in the Stock coverts and parts of Somersetshire. These hounds were dwarf foxhounds, and only stood twenty or twenty-one inches, but they had been drawn from all the best kennels in England by Mr George Templar of Devonshire, from whose possession they passed to that of Mr Yeatman in the year 1826. The roe-deer which this pack often hunted were brought into the country by Lord Dorchester, and from that time to the present they have lived in the woods and hills of the wilder districts.

A good old yeoman of Stalbridge, named William Harris, was entered with Mr Yeatman's hounds, and was fond of telling the story of his first day in

THE REV. HARRY FARR YEATMAN, M.F.H.

the field. He was riding a pulling pony, and in the course of a run he came full tilt against a local magistrate, whom he ignominiously capsized. The sufferer was very indignant, and appealed to the Master to have the boy flogged. The Master, however, took a different view of the matter, and said slyly he thought he saw some good in the boy, as he had come off number one in his first brush against a justice of the peace. This incident, and the fact that on the same day young Harris dislodged a marten cat which the hounds had tree'd, made him from that time a favourite with Mr Yeatman. Harris became one of the hardest riding men in the Vale, and his sons after him were very keen men with hounds. When Harris was once asked who was the best sportsman he had ever known, he replied, "There have been so many of the right sort hereabouts, that I'm blest if I know. But one day I was sitting between the two divines, Mr Yeatman and the Rev. Jack Russell, and I says, 'Gentlemen, I feels mortal proud to find myself between the two best sportsmen in England.'"

It was through his friend Mr Yeatman that my father made the acquaintance of the Rev. John Russell, of Devonshire fame, another choice spirit of the clerical circle whose interests were not bounded by their parochial duties. My father was staying at Stock House when he heard his host lamenting that, owing to his hunting establishment being very short of hands, he did not

know how to get some hounds to the Rev. Jack Russell, which he had promised by a certain day. Being young and always eager where hounds were in question, my father volunteered to take the draft to Iddesleigh, in Devonshire, and to deliver them within the time specified. This meant a long and weary journey by road. But, nothing daunted, my father was off at daybreak with a large piece of cheese in his pocket, with which he coaxed the hounds along till they grew accustomed to him, and he accomplished the odd eighty miles on horseback in the stipulated time. This was the sort of thing to appeal to Mr Russell. He was very pleased, and gave my father the warmest of welcomes. That night as the two men were sitting at dinner my father expressed his regret that the next day was not one of Mr Russell's hunting days, as he had to go off early in the morning of the day after to enable him to keep his term at Oxford. He expressed so much disappointment at not seeing the famous hounds in the field, that at last Mr Russell exclaimed, "Look here, my boy, you shall see them, if you don't mind turning out at day-break. There is a fox shut up in the saddle-room that was brought me to-day, and we will see if we can't dust his jacket for him." It was in the early spring, and a move was made to the stables the following morning before it was light. The men being roused, the horses were soon saddled, and all was ready for departure. The kennel lad

was sent off on a rough pony with the fox in a bag, which he was ordered to let out at a certain spot, and then hounds were unkennelled and they started in pursuit. A glorious spin over a fine wild country followed, at the end of which the fox made good his escape, and the two sportsmen returned home in good time, as hounds had to hunt the next day. From that time Mr Russell and my father often met, both in Devon and in Dorset.

A remark of Mr Yeatman's, made in an after-dinner speech, respecting the boundaries of the Blackmore Vale Hunt in his days, is still remembered in Dorset. The hunt extended, he said—

“From the woods at the back of Stock
To the alpine heights of Mendip,
From the Pillar of renowned Hood
To the Tower of immortal Alfred,”

all of which are well-known landmarks in the country.

In an old hunting journal kept by Mr Yeatman from the year 1826 to 1831, which has come to me through my father, all the entries are signed John Channing, and are written as if from his pen. With regard to the difficulties that confronted Mr Yeatman when he began to hunt the country, he says, writing in the usual way in the person of his huntsman, John Channing: “It must not be forgotten—1st, that a very considerable part of the country which their proprietor established in 1826 had not been hunted at all

for nearly thirty years, that the foxes had been systematically destroyed, and even that their haunts and earths were known to few, if to any persons, except to those who dealt in their destruction; 2nd, that this small extent of country had never been hunted before by any gentleman as an entire country; 3rd, that at its farthest north-eastern, Wiltshire, extremity the coverts are of enormous extent, and so full of earths as to baffle the vigilance of the most careful and active stopper; 4th, that a large portion of the country lying between Compton Castle and Yeovil is nearly destitute of covert of any description capable of holding a fox during the winter months, consisting almost entirely of sandy arable land, intersected by roads and notorious as bad scenting ground; and, lastly, that a system bordering on persecution in the county of Dorset was not wanting to superadd difficulties to the whole of no ordinary kind.

Yet in spite of difficulties the hunt became very popular, and from the same old journal I find that at a fixture at Stock House in 1828 there were "two hundred and eighty-five horsemen" present, a very large field for that period. On that occasion hounds were hunting fox, and finding immediately, "after a brilliant burst of forty minutes they killed their fox in superior style in the open, before he could reach Caundle Holt coverts."

Another run chronicled in March 1831 deserves

REV. HENRY DIGBY SERRELL.

mention. The meet was "at Batcombe Wood, near Bruton, and the wind was in the south-west, with driving rain. We found immediately, and went away on only middling terms across the enclosure by Batcombe Lodge and on to Asham Wood"—the latter a covert of some 600 acres—"across the corner of Asham, hounds made for the 'alpine heights of Mendip,' hunting their fox over the heather and furzes of this wild and romantic region to a place called Lye. Here, in heavy fog and rain, the fox was apparently lost, having been headed by the furze-cutters on the moor. By taking hounds on two miles, the line was recovered in masterly style in Lye Wood, the pack racing their fox through the fine coverts of Colonel Horner at Mells, and on to Vallis and Little Elm, near Frome. Here a curious sight presented itself. In a rocky gorge in the valley at the base of a tree overhanging a mountain torrent, the hounds were at bay, and on the top of the tree, twenty feet above ground, and in a mass of ivy, the fox was at perch. From thence he made his leap into the stream below, a favourite hound and the fox sinking to the bottom together. Thus ended a run of four hours and forty-five minutes, over every variety of ground, a good twenty-five miles having been covered in this curious chase, which extended through thirteen parishes." A peculiarity that marked Mr Yeatman's description of a run was that he always noted the number of parishes hounds had been through.

Of the Rev. William Butler, known familiarly as "Billy" Butler, who had the living of Frampton, in Dorset, the choicest stories of the time were told. Mr Butler was a great character, and though he was devoted to the pleasures of the chase, and always "knew where to rise a salmon or flush a woodcock," he was by no means inattentive to the duties of his profession, and was, I believe, a good reader and preacher. Mr Butler was, I think, one of those parsons who, "to encourage matrimony and early rising," as they put it, or, as it may seem to others, to give themselves a clear day for hunting, used to marry any of the labouring classes without fee, on condition that they came for the ceremony before eight o'clock in the morning.

A story told of Mr Butler and Mr Yeatman is that one day when they were driving to the meet together, these two worthies disputed as to which of them could best preach a hunting sermon. The dispute waxed warm, and they settled they were to try on the following Sunday. When the time came, Mr Butler gave as the text of his discourse, "We heard of it at Ephratah, and found it in the wood," while Mr Yeatman chose the words, "This is the heir,"—hare,—"come let us kill him." How the rival merits were decided I do not know.

Mr Butler was a favourite with all, from the lowest to the highest, and many stories my father used to tell of the friendship of the eccentric parson with the Prince of Wales. The Prince, afterwards

George IV., at that time kept a pack of foxhounds in Dorset, and hunted from Critchell, which place he had taken from Mr Sturt. Billy Butler's acquaintance with the Prince began in the field. The Prince, after a long and fruitless draw with his hounds, was told that the rector of Frampton could tell him where to find a fox if any one could, as he knew the home of every fox in the country. Inquiring if the gentleman was out, and hearing that he was, the Prince sent a messenger asking Mr Butler to come and speak to him. This of course Mr Butler did, and he told the Prince that a fox was generally to be found in a certain gorse at a little distance. Much pleased at the news, the Prince trotted off. Unfortunately for his informant, the covert was drawn blank. Mr Butler, however, was not one to sit quietly under defeat, so, getting off his horse, he went up to the huntsman and said—

“Which do you consider your best hound to face a thick place? I am sure the fox is at home, but the gorse is so dense the hounds have overdrawn him.”

“Well, sir,” was the reply, as the huntsman pointed with his whip to an old hound, “Trojan there is as good as any.”

To the astonishment of every one present, Mr Butler went up to the hound indicated, and after stroking him down and making friends with him, picked him up in his arms and disappeared with him into the covert. Talking to the hound as he

went, he at last released him, and induced him to put his nose down. After a few moments Trojan gave a whimper, and lashing his sides with his stern, started full cry through the gorse. The rest of the pack joined in, and pushing their fox out handsomely, a capital run followed. After this the Prince and Mr Butler became fast friends, and the latter was often invited to Critchell.

It is said, though for this I have not my father's authority, that one day when the Prince invited Mr Butler to dine with him on the following Sunday, he received the unceremonious rejoinder, "Well, your Royal Highness, Sunday is a bad day to ask a parson to dine. If your Royal Highness will make it Monday, I will come with pleasure." The suggestion was taken in good part, and the dinner was fixed for Monday.

Another story of the way in which Mr Butler came to the assistance of the Prince, my father was very fond of narrating. The Prince's hounds had many times found a fox in a particular covert, from which he always took the same line, and saved himself in the main earths some miles away. One night after they had had one of these runs Mr Butler was dining at Critchell, and he suggested that the next time hounds met for this covert he should take two couples of the fastest hounds in the pack, and go to a shepherd's hut he had noticed about half-way between the covert and the main earths. The

Prince was delighted at the idea, so a few days afterwards a special fixture was made in order to carry it out. Mr Butler started off with the hounds coupled and fastened to the thong of his hunting-whip, and on reaching the hut he tied up his horse, and hid himself and the hounds inside. After waiting anxiously for some time, he heard the chase drawing near, and peeping out espied "Master Reynard" approaching. Waiting till the fox came up, he flung open the door, and with a cheer capped on the two couple of hounds in full view. Vaulting into the saddle, "Billy" rode his hardest in their wake, and the field came streaming behind. The fox, however, proved equal to the occasion, and after a desperate race for life, slipped into the earth and saved his brush, much to the chagrin of Mr Butler and the Prince.

In return for the many services Mr Butler had done him, the Prince determined to give him a present. He told him he might go to the stable and choose any horse he liked, and Mr Butler picked out a fine chestnut, with which he was much delighted. His pleasure, however, was rudely checked a few days later when a message came to him that it was found the chestnut did not belong to the Prince, and was now wanted back by its owner. A cheque for £150 that accompanied the news did not make up for the disappointment, though not long

afterwards the Prince made ample amends by saying, "I am sorry you lost your horse, Billy. Go into my stable and take another."

Almost as much talked of as his master was a terrier named Pompey that belonged to Mr Butler. This dog was shaved like a poodle, and was as keen after a fox as any hound that hunted over the Vale. Mr Butler died at Okeford Fitzpaine, from which place he had hunted for many years.

The Rev. C. Newbolt, the rector of Somerton, was another of the keen hunting parsons of Dorset, and he said of my father and his old horse Friar, that he was

"A good 'un to follow when hounds are fast running,
Though it must be confessed he rides somewhat cunning."

Mr Newbolt was an inveterate punster, and among the riddles he liked to shower on his friends was one on a lady of his acquaintance who, after being engaged to a Mr Wood, eventually married a Mr Stone. "Why," he would ask, "is Mrs Stone an idolatress?" And the answer always came with the same fine relish, "Because she was first a worshipper of Wood and then of Stone."

While Mr Hall was hunting a part of the Vale country my father was out with his hounds on a very stormy wet day, and he viewed a fox away from the down-wind side of a large covert. Giving a holloa, he brought up Mr

J. J. FARQUHARSON, M.F.H.

Hall and the pack at a gallop, but hounds, having their heads up, passed over the line. Mr Hall turned reproachfully to my father when he found hounds were at fault, saying, "If it had been any one but you, I should have said it was a false holloa." To this the reply came, "My dear Hall, if you will just walk hounds down the hedge, you will give them a chance of hitting off the line." This advice Mr Hall acted on, and a brilliant run of forty-five minutes, ending in a kill, was the result. Mr Hall was up at the finish but without his cap, and when Mr Newbolt arrived on the scene he was wearing the missing cap on the top of his own hat.

In memory of this day's sport Mr Hall had the fox's head set up in a glass case and sent to my father, and it is still in my possession in a perfect state of preservation.

But while Mr Yeatman, Mr Hall, Mr Portman,—the first Baron and first Viscount Portman,—and later Mr Drax were hunting over parts of Dorset and Somerset, the whole of the country of Dorset was nominally under the mastership of Mr T. J. Farquharson, whose hunt territory was no less than fifty-four miles in length. Before, however, Mr Farquharson started his foxhounds in 1806 the country had been hunted early in the eighteenth century. My friend Mr Charles Phelips tells me that his great-grandfather, Mr Phelips of Montacute, in Somerset, is said to have been the

founder of the Cattistock Hunt, as he kept his hounds at Cattistock and hunted parts of Somerset, Dorset, and Wilts.

From the same source I have an old paper which tells of a huntsman named Isaac Rogers, who was born at Montacute and became known throughout the West of England as the "Doctor." Rogers seems to have been something of a character. On account of the great fondness he showed as a lad for horse and hound he was taken by Mr Phelps as under-strapper in his stables. Here the "Doctor" rose successively to be groom, postilion, and whipper-in to the hounds, and on the death of the huntsman, Amos, he was promoted to the vacant post.

Many are the anecdotes told of this worthy while he was hunting Mr Phelps's hounds. He was never afraid of speaking his mind, and always maintained there were no hounds in England that could beat his. The owner of a noble pack of foxhounds, who had been on a visit to Mr Phelps, and, like all who knew the "Doctor," been attracted by him, asked him to come and see his hounds and taste his strong beer. As soon, therefore, as hay-making was over, at which the "Doctor" always took his share, the huntsman started off to inspect the rival pack. When the owner asked him his opinion of his hounds, Rogers answered, "Why, they be picturs to look at, but they bain't half so scratched in the face as our old measter's be down at Montacute."

In his work the "Doctor" was indefatigable, and if, when he had run a fox to ground, he suspected that it might be dug out or a gin set during the night, he would start off as soon as his hounds had been tended, and whatever the distance from the kennels, he would make sure that all was right before he returned.

One day, when the fixture was at Melbury, a member of the hunt, who overtook the "Doctor" and his hounds on the way to the meet, remarked that he was tired from the long chase of the day before, to which the "Doctor" responded bluntly, "If you be tired with a four hours' ding yesterday, what must I be then, for this be the zeven-and-vortieyth day vollying that I have hal-
lied to a hound, save and except Sundays." On another occasion a party of riders met the "Doctor" when he was on the way to covert, and they asked him where hounds were going. "Why," was the answer, "we be going to try if we can't tackle thik Whitfield fox that have a-beat us vour times. I've drafted vourteen couple of sich rogues, that if he don't look pretty sharp, I count in about three-quarters of an hour they will be for sucking his blood."

The "Doctor," when drawing Prince's Wood one day, took no notice when some of the hounds challenged, until at last he was asked why he did not cheer them. "Because," was the answer, with becoming scorn for the questioner, "we have a-many young hounds out, and I'm afraid it be

nothing but some small varmint." Then he sat on listening anxiously for the voices of some of his old friends, till at last two or three of them began to give tongue. All animation in a moment, the "Doctor's" voice rang out, "Hark to ould Bowler, Vengeance, and Warwhoop! Now the right bell have tolled." On another day, after running a fox hard, hounds had got him into a small coppice and were scoring at him, when he began to run short. "Ah," exclaimed the "Doctor," "it's pretty well up with him. Don't ye hear how angry ould Shark, the bandy-legged tarrier, be with him?"

The "Doctor" was always on his guard against what he considered chaff, no matter from whom it came. On a good scenting day, when hounds in a thick fog had run clean away from the field, the "Doctor" was an hour trying to get to them, and when at last he reached them he found them coming back by themselves. The "Doctor" was of opinion that they had killed their fox, and Mr Phelps remarked to him, "You had better get off and smell their breath. That will soon tell you." "No, no, Measter," returned the old man with a knowing look, "that will never do. A pretty story would be carried up along into the New Forest next April, that the 'Doctor' did not know when his hounds had killed their fox without getting off to smell the breaths o' 'em."

The "Doctor" died at the age of seventy-four, sixty years of which he had passed in the service

of Mr Phelips. The epitaph his master had put on his tombstone was as follows:—

“ Now, the ‘ Doctor ’ is laid, and over his head
May the turf be as light as a feather !
And if not very warm, it will do him no harm,
Who ne’er valued the wind nor the weather.
He’s no longer in view, but to give him his due,
Though not born nor bred for a college,
Death ne’er drove to the earth a man of more worth,
More science, or practical knowledge.
Isaac Rogers his name : a huntsman whose fame
From the Yeo to the Avon resounded :
At his musical voice Clift Wood would rejoice,
Dev’rill Longwood its echo rebounded.
As in life’s busy burst he was never the first
To hit off a fault in a neighbour,
Now he’s fairly stopt in, let us hope that he’ll win
The brush of reward for his labour.”

Another old-world hunt, of which Mr G. Chafyn-Grove¹ has been good enough to give me some particulars, was that of the Cranborne Chase, over which one of his forebears ruled in the eighteenth century. Mr W. Chafyn-Grove, who was M.P. for Weymouth in 1768, and for Shaftesbury in 1774, kept a pack of foxhounds at his place at Waddon, which he kennelled at Yeals when he was hunting the country round there. “ As he lived sometimes at one place and sometimes at the other,” Mr G. Chafyn-Grove tells me, “ he seems to have taken his hounds backwards and forwards whenever he

¹ Formerly Mr Troyte-Bullock, who took the name of Chafyn-Grove when he succeeded to his relative’s properties of Waddon and Zeals, in Wiltshire.

changed his abode. I do not know whether he hunted all the country from Waddon to Zeals ; if he did, he must have had a very large territory ; but I suppose that, like Mr Farquharson, he hunted a part of the season at one place and part at the other. The kennels at Yeals were converted into a laundry and drying-ground, and those at Waddon into cottage and garden, shortly before I came into the property.

“I have a very good miniature of Mr W. Chafyn-Grove in his hunt coat, which is scarlet, with silver buttons and a blue velvet collar ; very smart ! There are some curious memoranda in an old pocket-book of his at Yeals relating to his huntsman’s wages, horses, and general expenditure. One entry in the book is as follows : ‘ Paid Mr G. Romney for portrait of self and wife, 70 guineas.’ ”

The Cranborne Chase Hunt had the distinction of being the first country in which hounds were kept to hunt fox to the exclusion of all other kinds of quarry. Mr Thomas Fownes, who purchased certain rights in the Chase, as well as the Manor of Stapleton—or Steepleton—in Dorset, in the middle of the seventeenth century, hunted his hounds from Stapleton, and built up a pack which was said to be the best in England. From the possession of Mr Fownes, Stapleton passed into the hands of Julines Beckford, father of the celebrated Peter Beckford, author of ‘Thoughts on Hunting.’ The future writer was accustomed to hunting in the Chase from his earliest years, and when he

W. CHAFYN-GROVE, M.P., M.F.H.

arrived at man's estate he became the Master of a pack of harriers. He soon, however, made fox-hunting his chief object, and set to work to revive the glories of the old Cranborne Chase Hunt. The country over which Beckford hunted adjoined the Blackmore Vale Hunt territory, on the northern side of its boundaries.

The Purbeck was yet another old hunt, whose country, as well as that of the Cranborne Chase, belonged in part to Dorset. The former was under the mastership of Sir Granby Calcraft, who kept a pack of hounds at Rempstone in the early years of the last century, and at the close of the preceding one.

In 1806 Mr Farquharson, after passing through Eton and Oxford, became a Master of Hounds as soon as he had attained his majority. He bought a pack from Mr Wyndham of Dinton, and with Peter Beckford and "Billy" Butler as his guides, he determined to hunt the hounds himself. In spite of the young Master's enthusiasm, however, he found his experience was not yet equal to the task, so he resigned the horn to Ben Jennings, who came from Essex to be his huntsman.

At his home at Langton, which was situated in a beautiful park on the banks of the river Stour, Mr Farquharson built stables which were said to be the finest in the south of England. They were built of bath-stone, in oval form, were fitted with oak stalls for thirty-four horses, and had a covered ride round them. At Eastbury, a village a little

distance off, kennels for seventy-five couple of hounds were erected, together with stabling for some fifty horses. The kennels were never very satisfactory, however, and there was constant illness among the hounds. On the other side of his country Mr Farquharson had a hunting-box at Cattistock, and for over fifty years he hunted this large territory at his own expense six days a-week.

With all classes Mr Farquharson was popular. Three times in the course of his hunting career he received practical proof of the good feeling existing with the landowners and farmers of the district. The first of these testimonials was presented to him in 1827, and took the form of a handsome Etruscan vase and shield, for which the substantial sum of £1150 had been raised. Again at the end of fifty years' mastership a magnificent pair of silver candelabra were subscribed for, and the balance of the £1800 collected was expended on a portrait of the Master painted by Mr — afterwards Sir — Francis Grant. In this picture Mr Farquharson is on his favourite horse Botanist, and has Rarity, one of the best hounds in his pack, at his side. Before the painting was ready for presentation Mr Farquharson had announced his intention of resigning, and it was therefore at a farewell meeting with the members of his hunt that he received it.

Mr Farquharson married as his second wife Mrs John Phelips, widow of the Squire of Montacute,

who had been a staunch friend and supporter of the hunt, and had lived up to the motto over the entrance to his house, "Through this wide opening gate none come too early, none return too late." Another prominent member of Mr Farquharson's hunt was Mr Williams, known to his friends as "The Bangalore." The nickname was given to him because on one occasion when the Master was rallying him upon his want of knowledge of hunting, he replied that he had once kept a fox on a chain for three years when he had been stationed at Bangalore.

During the later years of his reign, Mr Farquharson had the celebrated Jim Treadwell as his huntsman, Ben Jennings, who had been with him for thirty years, having become too old for his duties. It was when Mr Hall gave up the part of the Vale over which he had hunted, and sold his hounds, that half his pack, together with Treadwell, who had been hunting them, went to Mr Farquharson. The new huntsman was a brilliant rider and a judicious hound-breeder, and he remained with Mr Farquharson to the end of his reign.

Of the long dispute between Mr Drax and Mr Farquharson, that dragged its weary length through so many years, every one has heard. The cause dated back to the time when Mr Drax Grosvenor, of Charborough, made over his country to Mr Farquharson soon after the latter had started hunting. An agreement was made between them that

if at any future time either Mr Drax Grosvenor or his son Richard should wish to take back the Charborough country, Mr Farquharson should give it up. Neither of the Drax Grosvenors wished to do this. But Mr John Samuel Wanley Sawbridge, who married Mr Erle Drax Grosvenor's daughter, and assumed the names of Erle Drax, started a pack of harriers at Charborough, and after a few years, wishing to exchange the hunting of the hare for that of the fox, he demanded his father-in-law's former country back from Mr Farquharson. This the latter declined, on the ground that Mr Drax had been no party to the original agreement; and, moreover, the Master said he felt himself bound to keep the country in its integrity, as it had been handed over to him. A lengthy correspondence and a good deal of ill-feeling was the result; and when Mr Drax bought a property in the very heart of Mr Farquharson's hunt country, matters became very strained, and Mr Farquharson was warned off all coverts belonging to his opponent. After Mr Drax resigned in 1853, Mr Digby of Sherborne Castle, Lord Portman, and other landowners joined in putting pressure on Mr Farquharson to give up a portion of his immense territory, so the old Master, in 1858, determined to resign.

As soon as the resignation had been effected and the hounds dispersed, the Blackmore Vale Hunt enlarged its borders. Lord Portman and his son took that part which is still known

by their family name, and Lord Poltimore took what has since been known as the Cattistock country.

Mr Farquharson did much to encourage horse-breeding among the farmers of Dorset, and a pony of his own breeding, though standing only 14·2, was a favourite mount of Jim Treadwell's. This animal, which was known as "The Pony," carried Treadwell for eight seasons, and it was on his back that the huntsman's well-known picture was taken. Mr Farquharson lived to see the division of his old country, for he only died at Langton in 1871, when he was in his eighty-seventh year.

The hunt territory of these early days which most nearly coincided with the country of the Blackmore Vale of the present time, was that hunted by Mr Drax after he had closed his coverts to Mr Farquharson. Mr Drax then had the support of those farmers and landowners who objected to the long distances to be traversed to meet Mr Farquharson in the widely extended tract of country over which his fixtures were scattered. Mr Drax's foxhounds were started in 1833, and when in 1840 he bought Mr Portman's hounds, he became the Master of the whole of the Blackmore Vale country. Mr Drax remained in office till 1853, when he sold his hounds to Mr G. Whieldon of Wyke Hall.

The season following that in which Mr Drax's hunt was started, Mr Henry Hall, by arrangement

with Mr Yeatman, undertook to hunt a portion of the latter Master's country; but though he had a great deal to do with the management of matters for some years, he was only the recognised Master for one season. Mr Tudway of Wells, who bought some of Mr Hall's hounds when the latter gave up, and hunted in the neighbourhood of Wells, had some of the Blackmore Vale coverts lent to him, and when Mr Theobald succeeded Mr Tudway, those coverts were still hunted by his hounds.

An accident that my father had cause to remember happened to him when he was out with Mr Tudway's hounds. They had run a fox very hard, and at last it took refuge under a hawthorn-tree, and setting up his back kept the hounds at bay. The first rider to reach them was my father, and he, springing from his horse, grasped the fox by the neck and brush and lifted him over his head. As he did so, the fox fixed his teeth into his wrist and held on tenaciously, giving him a very severe bite. It is a thing to remember that when a fox is handled he is never happy till he gets something tight between his teeth to which he can hang, and once he has this you can generally take hold of him safely. In Hampshire, where traps are constantly put down and left by poachers on the heath commons, I have often released both foxes and hounds by giving them my hunting crop to gnaw while I set them free. On one occasion I heard a hound near Bramshill

J. S. W. SAWBRIDGE ERLE DRAX, M.F.H.

in great distress, and suspecting what was the matter I turned back. I found the hound caught by the foreleg in an iron gin which was securely pegged down, and three strangers were doing their best to get hold of him. The hound, however, was nearly frantic from pain, and was flying furiously at them, so I jumped down, and thrusting my crop well into his mouth, I put my foot on the trap and he was out in a minute. Happily, he was not much the worse for his adventure.

The Vale was noted for its hard riders in Mr Drax's time, and one of those whom it was said nothing short of a haystack would stop was Mr Tatchell Bullen, who was "such a bruiser across country" that his friends suggested he should neither wear spurs nor carry a whip. Parson Place and the Rev. C. Newbolt of punning fame were also among the hardest, and few could beat the first Baron Portman when he was on his favourite chestnut Three-to-One. Mr Hall was also a fine horseman and a fearless and straight rider.

Mr Drax had a great eye for colour in his own and his servants' dress in the field. The latter were attired in canary-coloured plush coats, with blue collars bound with gold lace, and a gold fox with a silver brush on each side of the collar. For the rest they had red waistcoats, white breeches, white tops, black velvet caps, and white gloves. The members of the hunt sported

scarlet, but the Master came out in a sky-blue coat, a cream-coloured waistcoat embroidered with gold, and a top-hat. On certain days Mr Drax would mount himself and his men on grey horses, though he did not by any means confine his establishment to horses of that colour.

CHAPTER II.

FIRST DAYS IN HANTS AND BERKS.

MY first days with hounds were in Hampshire and Berkshire, for my father bought Brooke House, in the former county, when I was still a child, and thither we removed for the benefit of my mother's health. How well I remember going with my father to a meet of Mr Garth's hounds for the first time. I was riding a cream-coloured cob that had a mouth of iron, and as I soon discovered I could not hold him, I decided that the best thing was to let him alone. As soon as hounds found away we went. I rather enjoyed it, but naturally we soon came to a standstill, and then my disgust was great.

It was not long after this that my brother Campbell went to Oxford, and as he left a chestnut mare of his in my charge, I was now able to hunt regularly. For several seasons I used to go out with Mr Garth, with the South Berks Hounds, of which pack Mr John Hargreaves was then the Master, with the H. H. in Mr Deacon's time, and occasionally with the Vine. The best

fun of all, however, was when my brother was at home and he and I went for a gallop with the Queen's Staghounds. Those were days that rest in the memory, for the pure joy of living was ours, and we revelled in our youth and high spirits. My brother was a very hard rider, and used to jump everything that came in his way. Once he cleared the deer-fence into the little deer-park at Windsor, his horse making the wire ring with one hind hoof as he went over. My sister Geraldine, too, was fond of hunting, and went well and straight on a beautiful little bay mare of hers, known as The Queen. The three of us were a merry party, and if there was not always "lepping" enough to please us, we generally contrived to make more by going out of our way to find something to lark over.

It is to my brother Campbell that I owe whatever skill in riding I possess, for as children we were never so happy as when we were trying tricks with our horses. Together we essayed most of the circus performances we had seen, though as our elders did not approve, and the grooms thought it their duty to report our exploits, we had to exercise great care to prevent our pleasures being put a stop to. I fear we shall put ourselves outside the pale of all "good children" when I confess that Sunday morning, when the stable-yard was deserted and our betters were engaged in their devotions, was a chosen time for our performances. How we managed to escape from

T. C. GARTH, M.F.H.

the prayers that my father used to read to the assembled household in his library, I do not remember, but once free, Campbell and I would make for the stable, and leading our mare Bessie away to a field, we jumped and tumbled and taught Bessie and ourselves tricks to our hearts' content.

Bessie, a clever chestnut mare, learnt her lessons very creditably, though it is a wonder we did not kill ourselves in our character of instructors. A favourite performance of ours was to take Bessie out in a snaffle-bridle, with the reins fastened only to a roller, and then start her cantering round the yard, whilst we ran by turns by her side and vaulted on to her back. This feat took some practice, and I found it very difficult at first to keep my balance. Campbell had a fearful fall one day, and I have often wondered since that he was not killed. He insisted on trying to balance himself on one leg, while he put his other foot on the mare's head between her eyes. This unusual treatment Bessie resented, and, ducking her head at the critical moment, away went my brother on to the hard ground. At last my father caught us in the act of some of our finest exploits, and pronouncing the amusement to be both ridiculous and dangerous, as undoubtedly it was, we had to give it up.

A horse named Tom that carried me for nine seasons was given to me by my brother, and

came to me in rather a curious way. He was bought by a farmer in the Blackmore Vale at Bristol out of an Irish drove, and his temper made him anything but a pleasant acquisition. On board ship he had been so unmanageable that he carried the mark of his struggles for the rest of his life. The farmer, however, was taken by his good action and his air of breeding, and determined to try his hand at breaking him to harness. In this disappointment awaited him, for Tom invariably kicked himself free as soon as he was put to. At last his owner thought the best plan would be to look for a purchaser who might be taken by his good points, and this he found in my brother. It was at a meet of the Blackmore Vale Hounds that the farmer appeared on Tom, and his first experience was one that caused general merriment to the rest of the field. As the horse caught sight of the hounds at close quarters he snorted with astonishment, and, ducking his head, shot his rider into the midst of the pack. After this Tom naturally came in for a good share of observation, and my brother fell in love with his big powerful hocks, and saw that if he could be tamed he would make a first-class fencer. In a short time Tom changed hands and became my brother's property, and before long he was handed over to me. We soon became good friends, though we often had battles, and he

was never an easy horse to ride. However, he carried me well, and gave me very few falls during the nine years I hunted him, and never one that was his own fault. He proved to the full as good a fencer as my brother expected, and one day he cleared thirteen gates with me, without touching a bar.

It was, however, often the unexpected that happened, for he might put up and refuse to go the way he was wanted to, for half an hour at a time. When Campbell and I were riding to meet one morning in Hampshire, Tom suddenly stopped at a cross-road and refused to move a step, even to follow his stable companion. At last Campbell rode off laughing, saying he supposed we should meet again in time. After fighting Tom for some twenty minutes and getting very warm over it, I was thankful to hear the sound of the horn coming my way. Hounds were running from Bramshill, and no sooner had they appeared in sight than Tom pricked his ears and, jumping out of the road, joined in the chase as usual. He was a rare hand at bucking, and once burst his girths at the game, so that I had to jump off to prevent the saddle going round. At times too he would rear, so that there was a pleasing variety about riding him.

One of the falls I had with him was in the Blackmore Vale during a run from Mudford Bridge, when I was following Sir Richard Glyn. Tom

flew the post and rails on to the railroad in capital style. But in attempting the rails out again he put a hind-foot under the single wire by the side of the line just as he rose, and though he made a gallant effort to save himself, he turned a complete somersault on to the other side. Sir Richard, who had met with better success, kindly stopped to pick me up; but though I was really not hurt, I had come down with such a crash that all the buttons of my habit flew off, and I had to beat a hasty retreat to a neighbouring farmhouse. Here, with a wrap round my shoulders, I waited by the kitchen-fire while the farmer's wife sewed the buttons on for me. The news of the mishap and my precipitate disappearance, however, made every one think I must be badly hurt, and one after another of the members of the hunt dropped in to see how I was faring. At last we had to lock the kitchen door, while we shouted assurances to the too kindly inquirers outside.

Another fall Tom gave me was in Berkshire, when Mr Garth's hounds met at Farley Hill on a sharp frosty morning. The Master announced his intention of sending the hounds home, as the whole country-side was frost-bound. When he found how great was the disappointment among the large field, he good-naturedly consented to draw one covert, saying, "If we don't find there, I shall draw no more." To the no small delight of many of us we did find, and throwing caution to the winds, away we went. As I was galloping through an

Conde de Morella

COUNTESS DE MORELLA.

open gateway where the ground was covered with ice, Tom lost his footing, and coming down, he rolled completely over me, and cut his side rather badly as he did so. Hounds checking soon after this, Mr Garth ordered them home, for, as he said, his huntsman's horse had been skating all the way.

It was in one of my very early appearances with Mr Garth's hounds that I disgraced myself, and drew from my father a threat to leave me at home until I knew better than to correct a Master of Hounds in the field. In Mr Garth's pack were two light-coloured hounds, sisters, by name Captious and Captive. These hounds I knew well, as indeed I did the others, for when they were in our part of the country, the huntsman and whipper-in used to come into our yard for refreshment on their way home to the kennels at Haines Hill, some sixteen miles away. While Sweetman was sitting in the yard he would tell me the names of the hounds, and delighted in recounting anecdotes of his favourites, which helped me to fix the different hounds in my mind. Thus the peculiarities of Captious and Captive were familiar to me, though they resembled one another so closely that even those who knew them well not infrequently mistook one for the other.

One day at the covert-side Mr Garth was pointing out some of his hounds to a stranger in the field, when, just as he was on the point of moving off, one of the light-coloured sisters trotted up.

"There," exclaimed the Master, with a wave of the hand, as he set his horse in motion, "that is Captious, a first-prize puppy of the entry." My sharp childish eyes, however, saw that the hound in question was Captive, so without realising the enormity of my behaviour, I piped up reproachfully in a shrill treble, "Oh, Mr Garth, that is not Captious; it is Captive." There was a pause, and a glimpse of my father's face filled me with dread, while Mr Garth in sheer astonishment pulled up short and looked at me. Then his good-tempered face broadened into a smile, and with a closer look at the hound than he had given before, he exclaimed, "By Jove! little girl, and you are right, too." The incident thus ended in a hearty laugh all round, though my father did not forget to press home to my mind the greatness of the solecism I had committed.

Mr Garth was a good sportsman, and no day was ever too long for him. He had a splendid pack of hounds, and the way his big dog-hounds let themselves out over the Reading side of the country was a sight not to be forgotten. He succeeded in 1852 to the Twyford side of the large country that had been hunted by Sir John Cope for over thirty years, Mr Wheble having held the mastership for the two preceding seasons. Mr Garth bought Sir John Cope's dog pack, which consisted of about twenty-five couple of hounds. He liked a big dog-hound, and the standard of his pack was $24\frac{1}{2}$ inches, a large hound being a necessity across the

open moorland, of which there was a great deal in his country. This pack had that family likeness and distinctive character which so often mark private packs, the individual hounds having plenty of bone and an unmistakable look of stamina and resolution. Though Mr Garth bred many good hounds himself, he had a great many first-class ones that came to him in drafts as being oversize for their home pack. An unentered hound named Bluster, that came to Mr Garth from the Tedworth in the early days of his mastership, was one of the foundations on which he built up his pack. Bluster was by Mr Assheton Smith's Bertram *ex* Mr Garth's Birdlime, and among his numerous descendants Ringwood was so good that he was begged as a loan by the Marquis of Worcester for use in the Badminton kennels. Ringwood was said by Charles Brackley, who at a later period carried the horn for so many years with Mr Garth, to be the best hound he had ever hunted.

Tom Sweetman, who was Mr Garth's huntsman in my early days, was well known in the country before he held the post. He was a wonderful horseman, and was always with his hounds, and on a flying fox he was one of the best huntsmen I have ever seen. He also had a wonderful ear, and could always tell which of his hounds spoke in covert. Poor Sweetman dropped out of his saddle at the meet at Greywell on Friday, the 12th of November 1869, and died the same day of apoplexy. The last time he hunted hounds was on the pre-

vious Wednesday, when we had had a lawn meet at Brooke House.

Sweetman was born at Eversley, in Hampshire, and as his father was in Sir John Cope's hunting stables, Tom was accustomed to hounds and horses from his earliest years, and soon showed his knowledge of and love for them. At the early age of eleven he was promoted to the post of second whipper-in to Sir John Cope's hounds, and appeared in all the glory of his first red coat and boots and spurs. He was so small that he had literally to be lifted on to his horse, but once up he went well, and soon showed that his promotion was not misplaced. As Sir John, though keen as ever, was now a very old man, Tom's duties, besides those of whipping-in to hounds, were to open gates for his master and pilot him across country. In this double capacity he did well, and it was said that many a fox which would otherwise have beaten hounds, was run into from a view-holloa of the youthful whipper-in. One of the first horses he ever rode was long remembered in the hunt. This was a gallant but buck-jumping little roan mare, which no one but Tom could sit on her worst days. Tom showed he had a steady hand and a good seat, as well as a clear head and a quick eye, all most desirable gifts in a huntsman.

Sweetman was still acting as second whipper-in when Sir John Cope resigned the mastership in 1850, and Mr Wheble succeeded for a short time. Tom was now so devoted to his old master that he

LADY DORCHESTER ON BURLINGTON.

resigned his position in the kennels, and remained in Sir John's service till the time of the latter's death, which occurred about two years later. His business was to drive his master to the meets whenever they were in the neighbourhood of Bramshill, and show him as much of the sport as he could, a task for which Tom's knowledge of the country peculiarly fitted him. For his attention and good conduct, Sir John left him at his death an annuity of £20 a-year, and as Mr Garth had just succeeded to the mastership, Tom now asked to be taken back in the kennels. He was consequently appointed first whipper-in, and soon showed that the promise of his early years was to be well fulfilled. He was very quiet in the field, and ruled his hounds more by his voice than by the whip. It was clear that his heart was in his work, and indeed all through his life he was wont to declare that "his business was his pleasure."

In 1865, when increasing age and infirmities caused Robert Tocock to resign the horn, Tom Sweetman was appointed to the vacant post, and though it was only four years later when he was so suddenly struck down at the early age of forty-seven, he had made his mark as a successful huntsman and a most accomplished rider. When hounds ran hard, Sweetman and George Fordham often had a set-to cross country, and Sweetman was always able to hold his own.

I have a brush before me as I write which reminds me of a very fast twenty minutes with Mr

Garth, without a check of any sort, when we killed our fox at Eversley. Tom Sweetman and I jumped into the road at the same time only a few yards apart, just in time to see hounds catch their fox as he was trying to gain the opposite bank. Eversley is of course for ever associated with the memory of Charles Kingsley, whose greatest delight was a day with hounds, when his neighbour Sir John Cope was Master.

With one large covert in Mr Garth's country there lingers a tradition of the terrible delinquency of an old gamekeeper. This man was determined that fox-hunters should pay well for their sport in his coverts, so one day he arrived at the covert-side with a fox in a sack, which he invited the Master to buy. Such an unusual proceeding naturally not commending itself to the hunting mind, the man threatened that if the fox was not bought he would shoot it then and there. Finding that his demands were not likely to be complied with by the irate Master, he consequently threw the sack on the ground and shot the fox. It is satisfactory to know that the wretched man reaped the reward of his evil deed in a sound horse-whipping at the hands of the enraged members of the hunt, and the loss of his situation. This story dates back, I believe, to the early years of Sir John Cope's mastership, and probably has lost nothing in the repetition during the best part of a century.

With Mr Garth's hounds there was generally

a hard-riding contingent out from Aldershot and the Staff College. I remember seeing Field-Marshal Sir Evelyn Wood well to the front in a fast run from Greywell; and the late Sir Edward Hamley, then Commandant of the Staff College, was another very good man with hounds. Colonel Hughes from the North Country went well and straight, and so did Colonel Chadwick from the Blackmore Vale. Mr John Symonds, too, of Newlands, whose father did so much for the hunt, was a very straight, good performer. The Hon. Mrs Pigott Carleton, now Lady Dorchester, was always well to the front on her handsome thoroughbred Burlington, and her sister, the Hon. Mrs Fetherstonhaugh, was never far away. Their father, Lord Dorchester, was the best fox-preserve Mr Garth had on that side of the country. On the Windsor side the country was kept well stocked with foxes by the Countess de Morella, who was a bold good rider to hounds. Miss Gertrude Pigott, on Peter, was another rider who was always well with hounds; and the Hon. Robert Jocelyn was distinguished in the field by his love of jumping timber, and so was the late Colonel Shiffner. Mr Kingsley also hunted with Mr Garth as well as with Sir John Cope. The veteran sportsman John Cordrey, in his green coat and brass buttons, was a familiar figure at the covert-side, and no man knew the country better or went straighter than he. He was always well mounted, and though a heavy weight, his horses knew they had to go.

With the Staff College Drag, when General Leir—now Leir-Carleton—was the Master, I have had some capital spins. General Leir was a bold rider, and was well known with the Blackmore Vale Hounds. The young and ardent spirits who chiefly composed his field were stopped by nothing, and when they could get a good bit of country over which to run the drag, the pace was a thing to be remembered.

With Mr Deacon, who was showing grand sport in Hampshire, I was often out on Saturday, this being his day for our side of the country. My father was a great admirer of Mr Deacon, who was a beautiful rider and a first-rate sportsman. It was a stony, cold scenting country over which he hunted, with a good deal of plough and strong woodlands that lay close together. Mr Deacon, nevertheless, conquered all difficulties, for he understood the business of hunting hounds so well that he knew when the road to success lay in breaking through rules, as well as when the carrying-out of time-honoured maxims would bring the best result. Few men have been more noted for their bold and successful casts, and he had the reputation of being one of the best gentlemen huntsmen of his day. Mr Deacon was also a successful hound-breeder. For a difficult country like his he believed in having young hounds, and directly a hound began to potter he drafted him. His pack was in consequence remarkably fast and handy, and as the Master himself was so persevering that he would never

GENERAL LEIR-CARLETON, M.D.H.

leave off while daylight lasted, he had a wonderful record of good days to his credit.

A favourite terrier of Mr Deacon's that generally ran with the pack was quite a feature of the hunt. The terrier was a smooth one, with a lemon-marked head of the old stamp, and he could stay with the best. When hounds ran to ground in one of the numerous drains of the country, Mr Deacon would wait till the terrier came up, which he generally did in an incredibly short space of time. The whipper-in would then stand with his foot over the mouth of the drain till the terrier had got his wind, and no sooner was the game little fellow put in than it was made too hot for the fox, who would reappear at the other end, and away we would go again. So much did Mr Deacon think of this terrier that I have heard him shout to some thrusting members of his field, "Take care of the terrier. I would rather you killed the best hound in the pack than injure him."

I remember a very fast burst with the H. H. over Herriard Park, when I was riding a strange horse that was somewhat of a handful to manage. It was a nutmeg grey, a steeplechaser, and he began by flinging his head about a good deal. Then directly hounds found, he jumped into his bridle, and had things entirely his own way. Luckily for me the hounds were going at racing speed, or we should certainly have been on them. We crossed the park at break-neck pace, and when the park fence loomed full in view he was still com-

pletely out of hand. There was nothing for it but to steer for the only practicable place I could see. To my relief, as soon as he saw it the grey pricked his ears and, jumping well in his stride, cleared it handsomely. After this he gradually settled down, and we became good friends for the rest of the day.

On the hunt buttons of the H. H. appear the Prince of Wales's feathers, a distinction which dates from the time when the Prince, who afterwards became George IV., was a member of the H. H. Club, and hunted his own hounds in the north of Hampshire from Kempshott and Drummond Grange.

A very quick thing I had one spring with Mr Hargreaves when he was hunting the South Berks country. A late and last meet of the season had been fixed to look for a poultry-killer that was reported to have a perfectly white brush. We had a long way to go to the fixture, and it was a very hot day, but we were not inclined to complain when we found our fox, and he broke from a hedge-row in full view of the hounds. He was a very fine fellow, with a beautiful white brush and a light-coloured body. Stout and strong though he was, he never had a chance, for hounds were on his back the whole way, and they rolled him over handsomely in the open at the end of a capital fifteen minutes. His brush the master very kindly gave to me, and I took it home with great care, intending to have it mounted. On reaching home I

put it on the dining-room table, and shortly after, hearing a great scuffle in the room, I opened the door to see what was going on. A tug-of-war over the brush was in progress between my two favourite terriers, who had sniffed the trophy on the table and managed to pull it down. Needless to say, there was not much of it left for the stuffer, and I was very much vexed at losing my prize.

With the Queen's Hounds I was out during the mastership of Lord Cork, and when Harry King was huntsman. Lord Cork received the appointment in Mr Gladstone's Government in 1866, having previously been in office for one month before Lord Russell's last Government made way for that of Lord Derby. Harry King, who was the son of Charles King, of Pytchley fame, was brought up in the surroundings that have fostered the love of horse and hound in the early years of so many of our best huntsmen. As a lad he went into the Warwickshire kennels, where Charles Cox was then one of the whippers-in, and in 1836 he first took service with the Royal Hounds. Gradually working his way up, he held the responsible post of first whipper-in and acting huntsman during the last years of Charles Davis's long service, when the latter was too infirm for the more active duties in the field. In this very difficult position King acquitted himself well, and at last, after thirty years in the kennels, he was appointed to succeed Davis.

Of the days which were known as the "London

Brigade" days I know nothing, for when the enormous crowd of London sportsmen came down by special trains, the regular followers, and those who like myself came occasionally from one of the neighbouring hunts, generally elected to go elsewhere. I was fortunate, however, in having more than one good gallop in the Harrow Vale before hunting was put a stop to over that wonderful bit of country. On one of these days my brother and I encountered our first strand of wire. We neither of us saw it, but as we took the fence I felt my horse catch his leg in something and blunder badly, while I heard a shout of, "'Ware wire!" from Lord Cork behind me. As we neither of us came to grief, we had a good start in a gallop over those rare pastures, that can never be forgotten, where the fences tested our powers to the utmost, and the hounds raced like the wind. I was riding my old horse Tom, and my brother was on his white-legged Warwick, and we thoroughly enjoyed it.

At the finish, with tired horses, we found to our dismay that we were more than twenty miles from home, so the first thing to be done was to get some gruel for the horses. We rode up to the nearest inn, and while Campbell got down to see about things, I remained in the saddle. When the ostler came to give Tom his drink, he pulled the bridle over the horse's head before I could prevent him. Tom, finding himself free, took no notice of the offered food, but, turning round, walked out of the

MISS GERALDINE SERRELL.

yard, while the man stood holding the pail and looking after us helplessly. Happily my brother saw what had happened, and, snatching the bucket, came quietly after us down the road, calling the horse by name. At last to my great relief Tom turned and went back for his gruel, when he was speedily secured, but the sensation of being carried off by a bridleless animal was by no means pleasant.

It was past eight o'clock that night when we reached home, and we had started at nine in the morning and ridden the whole way.

CHAPTER III.

TERRIERS AT WORK.

As a companion in the house and a comrade in the field, the fox-terrier holds a high, if not indeed the highest, place among his peers. Though not without faults of disposition, he is charming by reason of the versatility that enables him to adapt himself to our moods and our occupations, with instant comprehension of our wishes. There is no sport he cannot be taught to help in, and it is scarcely too much to say that there is nothing a dog can do that the fox-terrier is not capable of.

It is unfortunately true that we have tried hard to spoil him. On the one hand he has been treated as a mere household pet, and thus become so soft that he has lost all taste for sport; and on the other hand he has been made an instrument of show-bench extravagance. There are fox-terriers with heads so long and narrow as to leave no room for brains; so high on the leg they cannot go into a fox or badger earth without being crippled with cramp; or again so flat-sided as to have no stamina.

But apart from the extravagances of fashion, the terrier is a bright, clever, and affectionate dog, strong and enduring, and with his mercurial temperament kept in check by the kindly discipline of kennel life, and a natural outlet for his high spirits in the field. It is of the kennel terrier, then, as I have had him, keen and eager for sport and ready to hunt the rabbit, swim after the otter, or drive the fox or badger from his earth, that I shall speak.

The working terrier is no exception to the rule that careful training is necessary to enable him to exercise in the most efficient way his natural powers of body and mind, and only those dogs whose natural powers have not been deteriorated by want of care in the mating of their parents, or in the surroundings of their own early days, can give the best response to their preparation for their work in the field. A dog that should give the best results to the care bestowed upon him should not be much over 14 inches or weigh more than 18 lb. A size even smaller than this is better, but on no account must he be light and weedy, or in any degree toyish-looking in appearance. On the other hand, there is no reason why a working terrier should not be as good-looking as he is useful, for with a little care in breeding, a smart, handsome, and intelligent-looking little fellow can soon be arrived at.

A terrier's head should be of medium length, with plenty of room for brains, or he will fail to

respond to his training. He should have a strong square jaw, with good big level teeth, black nose, small drop ears, and dark eyes. These last should not be too prominent, but should have plenty of fire, and have a keen intelligent look. A deep chest, not too narrow, with a neck of fair length, nice sloping shoulders, and strong quarters, with plenty of propelling power, are desirable points. Then, too, he should be well ribbed up, and his stern should be carried up, though not too high; his legs must be short and straight, with plenty of bone, and the feet compact, with a good hard pad, of which, however, there should not be too much. His toes must be not only of fair length, but armed with strong nails, as these are of the greatest assistance to him in digging. When in working condition, too, the dog should have plenty of hard, well-defined muscle.

A leggy dog is of little or no use for underground work, as, though he may manage to crawl into the earth or drain, he will speedily become so cramped that he can do nothing, and I have seen more than one terrier dug out quite unable to stand. I like a terrier to be straight in the back, a dip in the shoulders being, to my eyes, a serious blemish. In coat the smooth dog cannot be too thick and dense, the slightest appearance of softness being against him, and both smooth and rough should have a good undergrowth, the outer growth of the latter being crisp and hard. Without the undergrowth the terrier will soon

become chilled with wet, as the water will run through his coat and interfere seriously with his power of work.

A good terrier, like a good horse, cannot be of a bad colour, but blue on a rough dog generally means a long silky coat, the mark being derived originally from the blue shag sheep-dog, an animal very common in the counties of both Dorset and Devon. This dog has been constantly crossed with the smooth fox-terrier, and it is from this cross that I believe the rough terriers have sprung, the blue marking so often cropping up with the wire haired telling its own tale. The cross with the blue shag dog makes a capital rabbitier, and but for his size might be taken for a rough terrier.

The tap-root of my own kennel was Redcap, a smooth terrier born in 1880, of whose pedigree there was sufficient doubt for me to enter it in the Stud-Book as "unascertained." He took first-prize at Barnstaple in 1883. Redcap had a beautiful bright tan head, with a black mark under the right ear which was constantly transmitted to his descendants, and his head was of medium length, with not a trace of the greyhound about it. His ears were small and well-carried, and his jaw long and punishing, with big strong teeth, and at eleven years of age he had only lost one small front tooth. His legs were straight, and he had good feet, with a pad like leather. In size he was, I consider, perfect for underground work, his weight being 16 lb. He was short and

compact everywhere, with the very best coat that could be,—short, hard, and dense,—with plenty of undergrowth and a thick skin. He was a great favourite with John Press, who had the care of some of my terriers after he retired from his post as huntsman to the Blackmore Vale Hounds, and when Press was speaking of Redcap's exploits, he said to me, "I have seen and owned a great many good terriers, but have never had but one Redcap." This testimony I valued as coming from a man who had so much experience with the working terrier for the greater part of a long life.

The training of a terrier begins as soon as he returns from walk, for it is always well to put your puppies out, if you can find good walks for them. You should, however, exercise great care in choosing these, and satisfy yourself that the puppies will not be knocked about, for a puppy once cowed is seldom of much use again.

Kennels should be built of stone or brick, and they should consist of a railed outer yard and an inner room with a wooden floor. Leading down from one to the other should be a door with a square window at the top with open bars, so that air and light can be admitted freely. Except in very cold or windy weather, however, I always have my doors open. All dogs should be taught to go in and out at word of command, and this is easily done by throwing a piece of meat or biscuit into the yard, and calling to the dog by name. Each will soon learn to answer to his own name,

and he will then no longer need an inducement in the shape of a bribe. It is better not to change the kennel oftener than can be helped, and never in the first days of kennel life, as any change is apt to confuse the dog and interfere with his education.

The most important factor in the training of the young terrier is, I believe, your own daily intercourse with him. You must devote time to study his disposition and peculiarities, and he must learn to know and understand you, or there will be no basis for the goodwill and friendship without which you can never hope to make the best of him. The most important step will have been taken when you have gained his confidence, for a dog ruled by fear seldom shows intelligence, and is nearly always a miserable nervous creature who vents his misery in quarrelling with his fellows.

It is important to remember what an excitable animal a terrier is, and to be very quiet in voice and manner with him. Excitement will soon spread from one dog to another, and once they are thoroughly roused it will be no easy matter to quiet them. Yet the terrier is credited with being a very much more quarrelsome animal than he is when judiciously treated. I was much amused once when showing my kennels to the late Tom Whitemore, then huntsman to the Oakley, to see that he considered a fight a foregone conclusion when many terriers were together. As we passed from yard to yard I threw open the doors,

till Whitemore suddenly held up his hand and exclaimed in a voice of dismay, "Pray, don't let any more out. We shall have a fight." "Not a bit of it," was my reply ; and waving my handkerchief, which I happened to have in my hand, "If there is any trouble I will soon stop it with this." Whitemore was much amused at the idea, and as there was no occasion to use even the light weapon I proposed, he said he had never known terriers under such command, nor had he ever seen so many together before.

A much more wonderful instance of perfect kennel discipline was that I once witnessed with terriers and foxhounds in the Blackmore Vale kennels. One day not long before Press retired I rode over to the kennels, and being told by the kennelman that Press was in the orchard with the hounds, I dismounted and went in search of him. The sight that met my eyes as I opened the gate I shall never forget. There was Press in his kennel-coat, with only a slim white willow in his hand, surrounded by both packs of hounds, and seated on a low stool with his favourite little hound, Miranda, on his knees, while he was encouraging some nine or ten terriers to scratch at the rat-holes round an old apple-tree. Not one of the hounds ventured to interfere as they stood round watching the terriers' efforts, and it was enough for Press to lift his little stick if one essayed to go too near them. Seating myself on a handy

stump, I watched the performance, while the old man related anecdotes of his favourites, and assured me he could never have done what he did with them except for their home-training. It was a common saying of his that you could teach more *in* kennel than *out*, and with this opinion I cordially agree.

Perhaps the most curious part of that orchard scene was to come, for Press after a time rose and passed slowly back to the kennels, with the hounds following. Throwing open one of the doors, he turned, and eyeing the hounds sternly, he raised his hand, and to my great amusement exclaimed in his gruff voice, "Ladies first." At this signal every "lady" with a little wave of her stern trotted forward and went in, and as soon as all had disappeared the door was shut, not a dog-hound in the meantime offering to follow. As he threw open the other door Press called out, "Now then, gentlemen," and the dog-hounds marched majestically in.

This incident recalled to my mind a day in the previous season when I had also been struck with Press's perfect control over his hounds. We had run a fox to ground in a trip¹ by the side of the road near Bishop's Caundle, and when the whipper-in put the terrier in at one end, Press took up his position some little distance down the road at the other. He sat quietly with the pack grouped round him, and

¹ A drain under a gate.

not a hound moved or spoke. With a rush the fox, closely followed by the terrier, darted down the road into the midst of hounds, and so sudden was the onslaught that it carried him clean through them. Press and the hounds were galvanised into instant life, and the fox was pulled down as he was scrambling up the high bank by the side of the road.

To return, however, to the home-life of the terrier. It is best not to kennel terriers together except in pairs, and then only when you know them to be good friends. In any case they should have separate beds, as many dogs object strongly to having their own bed touched. My dog Sharper, whom I bought for a cross with the Redcaps, was an instance of this. He would never allow another dog near his bed, and once when I was pressed for room and had given him Floret (Racer's dam) for a kennel companion, he growled savagely whenever she ventured too near his own corner. At last she had the temerity to go into his barrel, and he promptly rushed to her and dragged her out, with a noise that roused the whole kennel.

Instead of benches for my terriers I prefer to give each one a barrel, which is turned on its side and placed on blocks to prevent it from rolling, and is filled with clean oat-straw. The barrels are placed on opposite sides of the lodging-room, so that each dog—if there are two

OLD FOILER

TROILUS.

SHARPER.

THREE GENERATIONS.

—has its own little territory. In cold weather the terriers like the shelter of the barrel, and will bury themselves in the straw so as to keep warm, a most important thing to their wellbeing. Some dry sawdust and a little sanitas powder should be sprinkled over the floor, and the room will of course be swept out every morning.

After the young dog has made friends by degrees with the other members of the kennel party, he may be taken out with two or three that are inclined to be friendly with him. I find it a good plan to let him run about with you in the kennel, as this accustoms him to kennel usage. As soon as he has learned to come readily when called by name, and to answer quickly to a whistle, he should be taken out and taught to follow, and his education in the field will begin.

If outside blood is to be brought into the kennel, I advise that a puppy should be bought rather than an older dog. The young one then comes under the same kennel management as those with whom he will run later, and soon becomes accustomed to his new surroundings. A conceited old dog, on the contrary, when brought into a strange kennel, and especially if he is not used to being with others, will almost certainly give trouble, and may rouse a big fight, which will demoralise the whole kennel for a long time.

The difference in the behaviour of a new untrained inmate, who will fight lustily on small or no

provocation, and the self-restraint—if such a word may be permitted—of a dog under control, was exemplified in my own Sharper. This dog took great likes and dislikes to people and dogs, and never forgave what he considered an insult. At the time of which I am now speaking I had just bought a white terrier that I had named Vixen, who came to me with a high character, and was a very good-looking smooth one. Sharper at first was very civil to her; but one day when out otter-hunting he was having a tussle with an otter under a stump, when Vixen ran up to his assistance. She was immediately seized by the otter by the nose, and uttering a yelp of dismay she turned and fled, leaving poor Sharper to do battle by himself. This he did gallantly, and dragging the varmint from his holt, rolled with him into the water. He never forgave Vixen for forsaking him, and from that time he would set up his back and growl whenever she came near him. As I was rather of his mind about Vixen, she soon found a home elsewhere, where her sporting talents were not likely to be called in question.

Sharper, a handsome white dog with a beautiful black-and-tan head, was bought from Mr Wootton of Nottingham, and was a grandson of the celebrated Old Foiler, being by Troilus by Old Foiler *ex* Nectar, by Old Jock *ex* Grove Nettle, and his dam Twile was by Little Jim *ex* Wasp. He was a big powerful terrier, weighing 18 lb., and though he was very quarrelsome when he first came to me,

he soon gave it up when he had plenty of work. He ran in my pack for ten years, and died in 1899, full of years and honours, at the age of fourteen. He was a grand dog underground, and was a rare stayer. I never knew him, indeed, to be knocked up, and when he was going otter-hunting he would never go in the cart, but always ran to the meet, generally some five or six miles, and after working all day he followed the dog-cart home at night. When he ran with hounds he would never look at a rabbit, though at other times one of his greatest delights was to hunt them. I often used to come home for him when hounds had run to ground in the neighbourhood, and directly he saw me he seemed to know what he was wanted for. As soon as he was let out he would spring at my horse's nose, barking with excitement, and then run on in front, up one road and down another, looking back every instant to see if I was following.

On one occasion when Lord Roberts was out our fox went to ground at Stourton Caundle, and I went home for Sharper. As usual the keeper met me just before I reached the field and put a lead on the old dog, as without this he was rather apt to anticipate matters. He was not wanted for a few minutes, and while he was being held Lord Roberts rode by, and as he evidently had an eye for a terrier he stopped and looked at Sharper. Then he rode up to me and said—

“Now that is a terrier I do admire. He looks as if he could do anything.”

“I admire your taste,” was my reply, “for I think just the same,” and then of course I told him the dog was mine.

Among the house servants Sharper went by the name of Suet, as, alas! for doggy weakness, he would always steal the suet from the larder when he had the chance. Whenever he found the larder door open he would rush in and seize the suet, and then march majestically down to the kennels, growling furiously all the way to warn off meddlers.

In the event of terriers showing a great dislike to one particular dog, I should always draft the unwelcome one, as sooner or later he will be sure to come to grief. The older dogs, however, will never fall on their own progeny when brought back from walk, though there may be a little snarling and grumbling at first at the liberties the young ones will take with them. Such signs of discontent must not, of course, be encouraged; but I should never strike a dog for it, as in that case he would be apt to associate the puppy with his discomfiture, and might resent it.

Two very important points to be considered in bringing terriers into condition for work are food and exercise. Of the latter they should have plenty at regular intervals; and I give mine a good run every morning and a shorter one at night before feeding. In the case of terriers that are to work with foxhounds, they may be exercised with the pack, but they should never be

kennelled together, or there will inevitably be disaster. On returning from their morning run, each of my terriers has a piece of Spratt's dog-biscuit, one of these between four being generally sufficient. At night they have a good meal, consisting of one part boiled flesh and the other soaked ship-biscuit or bread, the latter for preference. In very hot weather, however, when work is short and flesh is scarce, a little scalded melox, mixed with the bread and biscuit, is a good thing for them, or a small portion of good sound barley-meal, boiled and mixed with bread and milk, will make a good change; but care should be taken that this food is not given to them too thick. Raw meat I find an excellent thing for dogs recovering from illness, but it should always be given alone. Green food the dogs should be allowed to pick for themselves, and they will generally find as much grass as they need in the hedgerows. It is a good thing to take them in the spring to a wheat-field, and let them have a feast on the young stalks. Large bones are excellent for them to gnaw, but they should never be given when two or more dogs are together, as nothing is so likely to make them fight. The bone will then become a bone of contention too literally for the good of dogs or owner. Terriers must always have access to water, which must be kept fresh and clean.

All dogs should, of course, be brushed and kept free from vermin, and care should be taken that

they do not suffer from internal parasites. An occasional dose of castor-oil, and a little sulphur sprinkled sometimes in their food, will generally keep them healthy. As a pick-me-up I have found Astley's Cure All wonderfully good, and I have administered it to puppies when only a week old, carefully dropping one drop down their throats, and it has generally put them to rights. If a dog shows any symptoms of cold he should be looked to at once, be kept warm, and nursed up for fear of distemper, and by such means you will save much trouble to yourself and suffering to the animal. I have never lost but two dogs from distemper, and attribute the freedom of my kennels from the scourge to the fact that I never lose any time in taking a case in hand.

For cuts and wounds I find homocea most useful, and it heals quickly. A little izal, diluted according to the directions on the bottle, will destroy all vermin, if it is sponged all over the dog and the skin is wetted thoroughly. The same treatment will also take away any skin irritation, while for scratches from thorns, &c., about the eye, a little pure vaseline smeared well over the part affected at night will be found very soothing.

In handling a dog always be firm and decided with him, though never rough, for if you speak gently to him and reassure him, he will soon allow you to do anything with him. It is possible even to correct grave faults in older dogs if you will give sufficient time and patience to the work. A

rather striking instance of what may be done with a full-grown dog who has been allowed to contract a bad habit was shown in a wire-haired terrier I bought from a sporting saddler. I was very much struck with the dog when I was in the shop, and asked his master if he would sell him. This I found the man quite willing to do, and he asked me a price that I considered very small for such a good-looking one. I asked therefore why he was selling the dog, and he told me frankly he did not care to keep him as he was an inveterate sheep-chaser, and though he had done all he knew to break him of the habit, he had not been successful. "Have you tried him at hunting or ratting?" I asked. "No," was the reply, "I have not had the chance." This made me hopeful about my bargain, and I set off homewards with my new purchase.

It was mid-winter, and a hard frost having set in, I found the roads all but impassable by the time I reached the hill below my home. At last I had to get out of the dogcart and let the man lead the horse, while I made the best of my way up on foot. It was in memory of this drive that I christened my new terrier Frosty. Remembering the character with which he had come to me, I took Frosty out for the first time into the fields with a long line attached to his collar. As we came where the sheep were grazing, Frosty pricked up his ears and looked all attention, but he did not offer to touch them. We then started for a rabbit-

hunt with two or three couple of terriers, and for a time all went merrily. Suddenly I heard an exclamation from the keeper, and as I turned, five sheep, with Frosty at their heels, rushed past me into a gateway. In a second Frosty had one of them by the hind-leg, and giving him a sudden jerk had him on his back, when he flew at his throat. Unfortunately, before I could get hold of him, the man shouted at the dog and waved a stick threateningly, at which Frosty let go his hold and bolted into a hedge, from which it took me an hour to coax him out and get his lead on. If he had not been frightened I should not have had so much trouble with him, though I should, of course, have made him understand his fault.

After this little performance I gave Frosty plenty of rabbiting and ratting, to which he took very kindly, and in the meantime he was kept away from sheep until he had been thoroughly entered. After a little time the keeper told me one morning that there was a rabbit sitting in the middle of a field in which the sheep were, so taking Frosty in a lead, I had out another terrier, and we started to course the rabbit. As soon as the latter was put up I slipped Frosty, and away the two terriers went, the sheep crossing them at every turn. As there was no hedge handy and the terriers were very fast, they ran into the rabbit handsomely. Frosty was very pleased with himself and carried his game home in his mouth, without taking the least notice of the sheep, which

were running all round him, and from that time I had no further trouble with him. He found his natural enemies, rabbits and rats, more to his taste than the forbidden sheep. I do not believe, indeed, that terriers will ever look at sheep if they are entered early and given plenty to do, idleness being at the root of the evil. Out of the number of terriers I have had I have never had either a sheep-runner or a poultry-killer, and my old English game fowls have the run of the yard and the dogs are constantly with them.

Poor Frosty came to a sad end. I gave him to Sir Godfrey Lagden, who was at the time Government Secretary in Basutoland, and who had taken a great fancy to him. When Sir Godfrey was leaving Southampton, taking the terrier with him, Frosty managed to slip his collar as he was being taken on board, and made off. His master therefore had to sail without him; but he left orders that the dog was to be sent on by the next ship, and Frosty having been recovered, this was done, and he was landed safely at Cape Town. Then he was forwarded by rail as far as the line went towards his new home, but the last eighty miles of the journey had to be done in the mail-cart. On the way a violent thunderstorm came on, and the horses getting frightened became unmanageable and started off at full gallop. Poor Frosty was swung from his place and hung out suspended by his collar, when he was attacked by two huge boarhounds belonging to a man who had come to

the driver's assistance. The hounds were called off by their owner, and Frosty was rescued from his perilous position ; but though everything was done for him, he died from his wounds in a few hours.

I had several of his sons and daughters in my kennel. Charmer was a very beautiful little dog, and ran in my pack till she died, and her brother Crack worked well with the Blackmore Vale Hounds. Freezer and Fizz, two sons of his, of which Amber was the dam, were also good ones, and Fizz, though only a 14-lb. terrier, was an extraordinarily game little fellow, and would drive a fox from any earth. Mr John Corry, who had Fizz for some time at Milborne Port, used to tell many stories of his prowess, and always had him out whenever hounds ran to ground near.

I showed Frosty once and took two second prizes with him, the judge only putting him back from first honours because of a scar on his nose. This the dog had got in trying to pick up a lighted fusee, which stuck to his nose and burnt a deep hole. The dent, which was the result of the accident, had a greyish appearance, just in the middle of an otherwise perfectly black little snout, and as the blemish was so entirely the result of a mischance, I thought his loss of place rather hard lines.

There are terriers so timid that they will resent being touched by some people, though they will allow others to handle them freely.

REDTOP, FOX-TERRIER.

Sharper, for instance, when in pain would never allow any one to put a hand on him but me. I might do anything I liked with him; and on one occasion I took out a large double tooth which had an abscess at the root, and was nearly driving him mad with pain. The dog was perfectly loose, and I had to give a good pull to get the tooth out; but Sharper only growled and gave a snap, without attempting to bite me.

In the case of puppies that are at all wild, I advise their being exercised for a time with a long line attached to their collar, as the other terriers are likely to be unsettled if the young ones are constantly being called to. In this, as in all other parts of their training, you must be prepared to give time and patience to the work, for it is no use trying to hurry it. During the summer months it is a good thing to take the dogs out without letting them hunt, for in this way they learn to attend better to what you say.

When breaking a terrier to ferrets let him constantly see the ferrets and watch them being handled and fed. He will get accustomed to the scent, and you may let the dog run about; but speak sharply to him if he attempts to touch them, and he will soon understand they are forbidden fruit. When indeed he finds that "Puggy" will bolt rats for him, he will look upon him as a friend, and you will have

no further trouble. I had a number of ferrets at one time, and made them very tame, two being special favourites,—a white that rejoiced in the name of Fell, and a darkie called Pug. These two grew to an enormous size, and were on the most friendly terms with the dogs, even indulging in an occasional game with them. Fell would run after my brother's retriever, and playfully catch hold of the dog's hind-leg, arching his back and jumping in the air in the most sprightly manner as he did so. The retriever, however, did not respond, but with every appearance of disgust would growl and retire behind his master, looking unutterable things.

Poor Pug's little life ended sadly. Getting out of his box one day, he went for a walk on his own account, and going beyond the district where he was known he found his way into a millhouse. The miller's wife was so scared by his appearance that she sprang on the table screaming loudly for help, and her gudeman coming to the rescue, mistook poor Pug for a polecat, and promptly brained him with a poker.

Ferrets ought to be exercised every day for a few minutes, and it is a good plan to let them run about the yard in the morning while their hutches are being cleaned out. This will keep them healthy, and a little sweet-oil poured on their bites after ratting will prevent their going wrong. I have never lost a ferret that

was treated in this way. On the other hand, if ferrets are not allowed exercise, they knock up when they are taken out to work. They will soon become handy when they are used to you, and will learn to come when called. Mine would even leave a corn-stack when they were whistled for.

CHAPTER IV.

TERRIERS AT WORK—*continued.*

IF patience is needed in the early training of terriers, it is more than ever wanted in teaching them to run in a pack, though if you have made yourself acquainted with the dispositions and tempers you have to deal with, there is an ever-increasing pleasure in watching them come under control. Terriers will indeed soon learn what you want them to do above-ground, and the great thing to aim at in getting them to run in a pack is to keep them together. If indeed you have a gun out, this is essential to their safety, as a dog suddenly appearing from an unlooked-for quarter is very likely to receive what was meant for bunny.

If the terriers are to run down their own game, it is best to begin by taking out a few couple at a time. Then, as they gain confidence in one another, you may gradually increase the number till you have as many as you require. Seven or eight couple are enough for any kind of sport, and although I have sometimes taken the field

with as many as twelve couple, I do not think they ever showed the sport the lesser number did, as they got in one another's way and were much more apt to divide. An important point to decide is that of pace, and you will naturally draft those dogs that are either too fast or too slow for your purpose. A good cry is as necessary for terriers as for hounds, as it keeps the pack together, and is, moreover, delightful to listen to. I remember seven couple of my terriers starting with a hare from Woodrow Farm and running the whole length of Plumly Wood, a covert of some eighty or ninety acres. On reaching the lane that runs down to Purse Caundle the hare came upon a brewer's dray, and the man shouting at her, she turned sharp, and giving the little pack a view they raced her the whole way back, this time going outside the covert, and they ran into her in the field in which they had found her, every terrier up. A very fast dog named Arno led the whole way, and as he threw his tongue freely he kept them together.

Redcap was a dog that would carry a line for miles, and more than once he travelled so far from home that he was given up for lost. One morning when I went down to my poultry-house, I had Redcap and a collie puppy with me, and to my dismay I found dead hens scattered about all over the yard. As I came up a large fox bounded out of the cart-shed and made off, with Redcap and the collie at his heels. The latter soon returned,

but not so the terrier, which was no more seen till evening, when he came back very muddy and with blood about his head. From that time I had no more raids on my hens.

Redcap was a very fast dog, and I have seen him run close up to a hare for a long distance. He was, too, a rare hand at water-rats, and would dive or swim anywhere. A keeper once brought me a badger that he had found in an earth, and I thought I should like to keep it. I had it therefore put into an outhouse, where it remained for several days; but one night it dug its way out, and made good its escape to the woods. It was marked to ground in a covert near at hand, and I had Redcap out to try to recover it. As soon as the terrier was in, we dug down to them, and choking the terrier off, I tied him to a tree while we set to work to bag the brock, as we thought. He was, however, too quick for us, and bolting out, started off across the open field. As soon as Redcap caught sight of him, he made such a spring at his chain that it snapped, and with about three feet of it dangling behind him the terrier started in pursuit. As he came up to the badger he seized him by the head, and a desperate fight ensued, till at last the badger got his foreleg through the dog's collar, choked him off, and made another run for life. Once again the terrier overtook and pressed him severely, and then, turning suddenly, seized the badger just behind the jaw, and hanging tight to his windpipe, choked him. This badger pulled

ROY, FOX-TERRIER.

the scales at 26 lb., and I now have him stuffed in a glass case.

Redcap was indeed one of the hardest and gamest of terriers I have ever known, and except for an occasional growl, he was a silent and deadly worker underground. There was no drain too long for him, no earth too deep,—get to the end he would, and woe betide the inmate when he got up to him. He would close instantly, without hesitation, yelping, or snapping, and he thus took his foe at a disadvantage, nor would he ever lose his hold. His homing instincts were wonderful. He was once borrowed by Press, and taken by him in a dogcart to Creech Hill, some sixteen miles away, where he was put into a drain that was said to be nearly a mile long, and through which no terrier had been known to go. The instant Redcap was released in he went. It was not long before a brace of foxes bolted, closely followed by the dog, and, to Press's great dismay, he saw no more of the latter. I was not a little astonished the next morning, when I went to the kennels, to see Redcap march out of his box in the orchard, very stiff and dirty, and with marks of the fray about him. Not long afterwards Press arrived to tell me of his loss, and knowing that I should be distressed, the poor man was very much concerned. As he was sitting on his horse at the bottom of the kennel steps, sadly telling his history, Redcap suddenly looked at him out of his box, and I shall never forget the change in Press's face as he saw him.

A great dislike to strangers Redcap always had, but he was very good-tempered, and never fought unless he was attacked or set on. This trait he transmitted, and I never remember having to check a Redcap for fighting, though when once up they were full of fire and dash. They all, too, inherited their sire's wonderful scenting power.

Among his sons who distinguished themselves were Royal, Racer, and Redtop, and of his daughters, Nettle and Rosa were extraordinarily good. Racer, by Redcap *ex* a granddaughter of Old Foiler, was very like his sire in make and shape, and he had a wonderful voice. He would go in face to face with either fox or badger, and on several occasions I have known him back his fox clean out of a drain. Nettle, a pure white terrier weighing only 12 lb., was a perfect marvel underground, and she once fought and bolted a badger out of an earth, and following him across a field, hung on to him for a considerable distance. At last the badger turned, and pulling her off with his paws, seized her, and threw her right up in the air. Nettle, scrambling to her legs, made for him again, and hung persistently to his head till he was collared and bagged. Redtop and Rosa were Amber's puppies, and were rare good ones, nothing coming amiss to them. They both had the rich tan head of their sire.

Redstart, a son of Redtop and Spangle, was another red-headed one, and he was so hard that one day, when a cat crossed him as he was running,

he snatched it up and followed the chase with it in his mouth, shaking it as he went, till he threw it down dead. He was one of the most reckless dogs I ever knew in the way he took hold of anything, but his pluck always carried him through.

When terriers are rabbiting in a gorse they should all disappear in it instantly, and for this work a good smooth dog with a proper jacket and thick skin is as good as any wire-haired. In hedgerows the dogs should not be allowed to skirt, and they should be made to come away and follow on when a rabbit goes to ground.

The great thing in entering terriers underground is never to try to force them in. The dog should be allowed to sniff about the earth and watch a kennel companion at work, and his curiosity will then lead him to enter himself. On no account, however, should he begin this part of his education too young—never before he is a year old, and then only in company. By the time he is two years old he may try single-handed, as he will then have confidence in himself. I have seen unfortunate little animals shoved into a drain, and a stone put up at the mouth to prevent them from coming out. The poor things are, of course, frightened out of their wits, and are given a distaste for their work which they never lose. If instead of treating them so they had been gently pulled back and prevented from going in, their curiosity would have been excited, and they would have been wild to know what was happening inside.

Amber, a wire-haired terrier, bred from Mr Russell's celebrated old Devonshire strain, and a great-granddaughter of his famous old Tip, would face any wet drain, and would swim for miles. She would go for anything that moved, and once even pinned a ploughshare that squeaked, though she had a narrow escape of having her jaw broken before the thing could be stopped. One season she bolted a large fox from a drain under the road near Thornhill, and hanging tight to his brush, she was dragged over a field and to ground in a rabbit-earth before the hounds could get up. She quickly had the fox out again, and he made a meal for the eager pack outside.

On another occasion she came out of a drain near Holtham so close to her quarry that she collared him in a ditch, and hounds dashing in on the top of them, poor Amber lost half of one of her ears in the fray. This, however, did not make her release her hold of the fox's head, to which she clung so persistently that the huntsman at last cut it off and let her have it.

Amber weighed 16 lb., and had a tan head and hard broken coat, and a very keen varmint expression. She paid great attention to everything that was said to her, and used to turn her head from side to side as she listened, evidently trying to understand. She would get very angry at any restraint when game was on foot, and any one holding her would generally get a sharp nip for his pains, which mostly had the desired effect of

setting her free. This terrier bred a number of good ones, but she would never allow her puppies to be looked at until they were a week old, putting her head out of her box and growling savagely if any one approached; but after that time she would come running to meet you and invite inspection.

Of her puppies, Redtop and Rosa I have already mentioned, and among others of her progeny were Arno, Antic, and Amora by King Pan, the last being as good as her mother. With King Pan, a heavily marked little dog, I took first prize at Sherborne in 1885, and he being claimed by Mr Guest, ran with the B.V.H. for some years. Amber also bred Trojan, familiarly called Johnnie, by the Sealeyham Tartar (late Ranter), a big white dog that always gives a good account of himself, and will crunch up a hedgehog as though it was a rabbit.

Two terriers should never be allowed to go into an earth at the same time, as if they do they are very likely to mistake one another for the enemy, and a desperate fight between them may be the consequence. I have known a dog, slipped in behind another, inflict shocking injury to the back of the first one, in his endeavour to get past him and reach the foe. After a terrier has been to earth he should be rubbed over if wet, and be allowed to run about to warm himself. A little sweet-oil poured over any bites he may have will prevent blood-poisoning; but on no account should he go

in a second time in the day if he has been at all punished. It is brutal to use a terrier when he is stiff, or his head is swollen, and such an abuse of a good animal should never be permitted. To carry a dog all day on horseback is also cruel, for he will become so cramped from being jolted for so many hours in one position that he will very likely not be able to stand when he is released. It is far better to let terriers run to covert with hounds, and then for them to be left under shelter at some farm or stables till they are wanted. It will be easy for a whipper-in or second horseman to ride back for them, or during cub-hunting they may be given to a foot-runner to lead.

It is often amusing in the hunting-field to see how anxious people are to try their terriers, and how little they know whether the dogs are good at their work or not. I remember one instance of this that struck me a good deal at the time. Hounds had run their fox to ground in a drain under a road, and while the huntsman was waiting for his terrier, a young man appeared with a large leggy dog that he hastened to inform us was good for anything. He was therefore allowed to try his hand, and after a great deal of "loo, looing," and cries of "Cats! cats!" from the excited owner, the terrier ventured into the drain. As we lost sight of him he was barking loudly, but he reappeared almost instantly, wriggling himself out backwards, with his nose bitten. After this he was very cautious about venturing to close quarters, though

MISS GUEST'S RANÉE, WIRE-HAIRED TERRIER.

his master lay flat down with his head to the mouth of the drain, shouting himself hoarse to give the dog encouragement. From time to time the man raised himself to call attention to his terrier's gameness, but he was rather crestfallen when the kennel terrier came up and speedily made it so hot for the fox that out he came and the hunt went on. The strange terrier had been twenty minutes at work without success, but as we rode off we heard a plaintive voice call after us, "My dog would have done it had he had more time."

Not such was the work done by a wire-haired named Dick, which came from Devonshire from the old breeds of Mr Russell and Mr Treby. This dog was a clinker underground, and did some big things while in the possession of Mr J. Sharp, who loved driving after the hounds on a Saturday. Mr Sharp used to take a couple of terriers with him, and as he knew the country well round Marnhull, he always contrived to be at hand when wanted, although the district is noted for the number of its drains. A daughter of Dick's named Dinah is a very good one, and is a great water-dog; but she is not nearly so smartly marked as her sire, as she has but one black-and-tan patch over the eye, while Dick had two.

A very pretty trio of hound-marked terriers were Sparkle and his sisters Gipsy and Venus, all of which were small and compact with very small ears, and they were good workers, throwing their

tongues freely. The three were sired by a dog called Satan, winner of a first prize and gold cup at Brentwood in 1876, and their dam was Vixen by old Pantaloon, the last named said to have been a very dark-coloured one, and from whom I suppose my dogs inherited their pretty black-and-tan markings. Sparkle was a capital dog underground, and he was also very intelligent. He was not, however, able latterly to run with the pack, as he lamed himself through catching his leg in the chain when jumping out of a manger, and he consequently spent most of his time digging out mice in the orchard. We always fed him at luncheon-time, and used to send him a message by any one who happened to be going past the orchard. They only had to call out, "Sparkle, you are wanted," and he immediately toddled up to the house.

A good prick-eared dog I had, named Specs, because the markings round his eyes resembled a pair of spectacles, was a granddaughter of Sparkle's, her dam being Mr Dendy's Jill, by Redcap *ex* Kitty Fisher. Specs had a Redcap jacket and a wonderful nose, and would hunt and work from morning to night. She would also find and work a drain under water. Specs had a very good litter to Sharper, one of which was Spangle, the dam of Redstart by Redtop. It was curious that all Specs' puppies had drop ears, and I always considered that her own prick ears came from Kitty Fisher.

Another of old Sparkle's descendants was Ju-

bilee, which was given me by Mr Guest. Her sire was Jock by Mr Vicary's Victor Chief, and her dam Vic by Sparkle *ex* John Press's Fury. Jubilee was a great favourite in the house, and latterly spent most of her time by the kitchen-fire, where she ended her days, being carried off by dropsy when in her fourteenth year. In her working days she was a capital water-dog and very game, though always very excitable. She had a pleasant, good-tempered expression.

Jubilee was grand at rats, and the time she killed the burglar will always be remembered. At one o'clock in the morning I was disturbed by one of the maids knocking at my door and informing me there was some one trying to get in by the boot-room window. I accordingly got up, and, followed by the trembling household,—the manservant being away that night,—went round the house; but finding everything as it should be, I dismissed the maids to their rooms. No sooner had I fallen asleep than another messenger came to say that this time the cellar door was being tried. So down I went again, but with the same result. In the morning Jubilee cleared up the mystery. She showed great anxiety to go down into the cellar, and no sooner had she done so than there was a rush and a squeak, and out she trotted with a large rat in her mouth, the burglar of the previous night.

To get together a kennel of "hard ones" you must breed from a good strain, and one that you

know has been such for some generations. It has very often been said to me, "So-and-so has such a good terrier, why don't you ask him for a puppy?" but I always decline unless I know the dog's ancestors, as otherwise I conclude he is only a throw-back to one of the old sporting strains. In consequence my terriers can generally be depended on for pluck, and I have indeed had several of them returned to me after I had parted with them, because their new owners found them "such demons."

A few years back I was a little uneasy about one litter, as I could not ascertain with certainty the breeding of the mother's dam. However, just at the time Prince Galitzin applied to me through a friend for a puppy, and having no others to part with, I sent him one of these. My mind was set at rest when I heard that the Prince had written concerning the puppy, "I am extremely pleased with the fox-terrier that I got through your kind intervention. He has shown himself wonderfully well both with fox and badger, although still only a puppy." The rest of the litter turned out as well as the one that went to Russia. The most deserving of mention is Roy, a white dog, which is one of my best at the present time, and works very like his sire Racer.

A famous pack of sporting terriers that has been bred on the best lines is owned by Miss Guest at Inwood, and no one knows better than their mistress how to handle and work them.

MISS GUEST'S PACK OF SPORTING TERRIERS.

They are a pack of rough and smooth mixed, and are all bred for gameness. A striking proof of their mettle was given when five and a half couple of them found and killed a badger of nearly 23 lb.-weight in a dense black-thorn covert before any one could get to them, not one of the terriers having ever seen a badger before. A grand couple of Miss Guest's workers are Redskin and Rachel, by my own Redtop *ex* Pixie; and Rachel's son Ruler, by Monarch, by the old Devonshire Teaser, is considered by his mistress to be the best terrier she has. Lydia, a granddaughter of old Dick's, is another as keen as a razor, whilst Merrilies is famed for her cleverness in marking ferrets when laid up, for where she marks you are safe to find them. Old Meg, her dam, is another good one, and she has grown very cunning now that she is in the sere and yellow leaf. As Meg finds some difficulty in keeping pace with the younger members of the pack, she makes for the large earths as soon as the running begins. Backing in, she waits with her head out to receive poor Bunny, who literally puts his head into the lion's mouth and gets quickly despatched. Among the puppies, Playmate and Passion are two promising ones, and the smartly coloured Vagabond, although a big one, is a rare dog to drive, and never lets go of anything he once gets hold of.

A mark of Miss Guest's terriers is that all she has bred have their natural length of tail, for she

never allows any docking, as she thinks that Nature cannot be improved on.

To have strong puppies you must give the requisite care both to the mother and the young ones. A terrier in whelp may run with the pack for the first month; but after that time it is not desirable to let her run hard, and on no account should she be allowed to go to ground. She should, however, be taken out for gentle exercise every day, and be fed as usual. With this simple treatment I have never lost a terrier, and the pups are always healthy and strong. An ordinary dog-box made with the top to take off is a capital thing for the mother to whelp in, as you can readily look in at the little family without disturbing her. At three weeks old the puppies may be taught to lap by dipping their noses gently into warm milk, and when they are five weeks old they should be fed on lukewarm bread-and-milk with a little finely chopped lean meat sprinkled over it. In the matter of medicine castrique is good, if the puppies require anything of the kind, and it should be given according to the directions.

From my own experience with a considerable number of fox-terriers, most of which I have bred myself, I can say with confidence that the complaint so often made, that the terrier has no perseverance, but will leave a chase as soon as it becomes difficult, is unfounded. Terriers judiciously entered and properly treated will show themselves to be intelligent, docile, and game to the backbone, and

while always alert and eager for sport, they will persevere to the end with whatever work they have in hand. But—and the condition should be noted—in order to train and keep a pack of terriers well in hand in the field, you must have almost boundless patience, and must give freely of your time and sympathy to the work you would bring to perfection.

CHAPTER V.

THE BLACKMORE VALE.

It was soon after Mr George Wingfield Digby had resigned the mastership of the Blackmore Vale that I began to hunt regularly with these hounds. Between the time when Mr Drax hunted the country most nearly coinciding with the boundaries of the modern hunt, and that when Mr Digby took the mastership in 1853, Mr G. Whieldon of Wyke, Captain Stanley, and Viscount Dungarvan shared the responsibilities of office from 1853 to 1855, and Lord Harry Thynne, Mr R. Strachey, and Captain Stanley were each in turn at the head of affairs for a short time. Then the "Squire of Sherborne Castle" took the reins, and held them till the year 1865.

Mr Digby was the owner of an immense property, and he was popular with all classes. His tenants were devoted to him, his genial manners and kindly actions endearing him to them. When I first hunted in the Vale, Mr Digby was still going in the first flight, and never better than when he was on the back of his beautiful chestnut

GEORGE WINGFIELD DIGBY, M.F.H.

Magic. He delighted in a gallop, and was never tired of jumping. His favourite country was the Sparkford Vale, which is all grass and flying fences; and after a day with hounds he would constantly ride home across country attended by his faithful henchman, Dick Anderson. With Mr Digby came in the fast system of riding over the Vale; and as he valued and bred his hounds for pace, he changed the character of the pack from steady line-hunters to those that could race and stay over the pastures where the Master himself went so well.

Tradition says that Mr Digby was so unwilling to be baulked of his gallop in the Sparkford Vale that a fox would sometimes travel with him to covert in a basket under the seat of his brougham. This reminds me of a story told by a friend who, when jogging to covert with hounds in a neighbouring country, overtook a suspicious-looking donkey-cart that was being led by a keeper. The eager sniffing of the hounds round the cart led her and her companions to guess at its living freight, and they found afterwards that their suspicions were correct. It was about Christmas-time, so probably late hours the night before had led the keeper to oversleep himself, and a donkey was not the animal to make up for lost time.

Mr Digby's house at Sherborne Castle is one of the great historic houses of Dorset. Of the town of Sherborne, near to which the castle stands, a somewhat terrifying anecdote was told many

years ago by a clergyman who had lived there over twelve years. "I think it rather extraordinary," he remarks in an old county record, "that during my residence here I never remember to have met with a single frog and only one toad ;" then hastening to present the reverse side of the shield, he goes on to say that he does not "attribute the scarcity of these reptiles to anything in the nature of the air or the soil, but to the vast quantity of rats with which the town is infested."

Sherborne Castle was at one time owned by that brilliant courtier and soldier of fortune, Sir Walter Raleigh, who received it from Elizabeth. It is said that Sir Walter's first view of the place was while he was travelling from Devon to London, the lovely view of the park that is still to be had from the highroad attracting his attention. While Sir Walter was expressing his admiration his horse stumbled and fell, thus causing his rider, in the picturesque language of the narrator, to "take seisin of the soil in roughest fashion." After Sir Walter had received the castle from the hand of the Queen, he settled it on his wife and children ; but the settlement was set aside by King James, who wished to reward his favourite, Sir Robert Carr, with a gift of the place. It was on Sir Robert's disgrace that the property went to the first Baron Digby.

The well-worn anecdote about Sir Walter and the newly introduced fashion of tobacco-smoking is connected with this neighbourhood. The story

runs that on a journey from London to his newly acquired possession of Sherborne Castle, Sir Walter stopped to change horses at the Old Ash Inn at Henstridge, and while this was being done he lighted a pipe and strolled into the inn-yard with it in his mouth. The ostler never having seen such a thing before, and concluding from the smoke issuing from his mouth that the strange gentleman was on fire, promptly discharged a bucket of water over him. It is probable that for the future the ostler was a wiser man.

Two years before Mr Digby gave up the mastership of the hounds, the celebrated John Press came from the Cambridgeshire to be his huntsman. Press's immediate predecessor as huntsman in the Vale was Wilson, who was promoted from the post of first whipper-in when Turner, who had hunted the hounds for five years, left the country. Press came with a good record. As whipper-in he had been with Mr J. J. Farquharson's hounds under Jim Treadwell, and just before Mr Farquharson died he gave Press a horn as a souvenir of his service with him.

Press first carried the horn as huntsman with the Crawley and Horsham, in which country he remained eight seasons. From there he went to the Cambridgeshire, and during the five seasons he was with these hounds King Edward VII., then Prince of Wales, was for a time at the university, and often had a day with them. On one memorable occasion, of which Press was never

tired of talking, the Prince was out when they had a great run, and to mark his appreciation of the sport, he presented his photograph and a £5-note to Press. Both these gifts Press had framed, and he has often pointed them out to me as they hung over the mantelpiece in the place of honour in his sitting-room. The celebrated Tom Firr, of Quorn fame, and George Castleman, afterwards of the Atherstone, both whipped-in to Press in Cambridgeshire, and he used to speak very highly of their ability before they had either of them made their name. When he left the country Press was presented with a purse of sovereigns as a mark of appreciation of his skill and excellent conduct in the field. After a season with the Craven, at the end of which time Press again received a testimonial, his services were engaged by Mr Digby, and he came to the Blackmore Vale. When he arrived in the country he was suffering from a severe accident, and was still going on crutches. He began his first season's hunting wearing one boot and a slipper.

At this time, when Mr Digby, in spite of his age, was still going well to the front, the land-owners and resident gentlemen were not by any means the only keen spirits who rode well and had the fortunes of the hunt at heart. There was a fine body of sporting farmers, who lived up to the traditions of their forefathers, and gave place to none in their love of sport. Among these were Messrs Ponting, Sealey,

MRS JOHN LUTTRELL.

Symes, Spicer, the four brothers Harrington, one of whom did as much with his one arm as most men could do with two; Osmond, Milox, Harris, Tabor, Claremont, and Stone.

Mr Digby gave up the mastership of the hounds owing to failing health in 1865, and he made over his whole establishment of horses, hounds, and hunt servants, together with the kennels at Charlton, to his successor, Sir Richard G. Glyn, Bart., of Gaunts House. In the latter years of Mr Digby's reign foxes were not so plentiful in the country as they are now, and, sooner than disappoint the Master of his loved gallop in the Sparkford Vale, Press has been known to go to a pretended holloa. He would slip off without blowing his horn till he was out of sight of the field, and gallop on for four or five miles, without any one having an idea that his fox was not in front. When Mr Digby could no longer ride he used to drive a team of greys to the meet, and he managed to see most of what was going on. At the age of eighty-five he was still a keen critic of horse and hound, and nothing delighted him more than for a friend to bring his latest purchase to the door of Sherborne Castle, there to be examined, picked to pieces, and admired.

Sir Richard Glyn, who retained the mastership from 1865 to the year 1884, was a bold and straight rider to hounds, and he showed most excellent sport. He was presented with

a testimonial from the members of the hunt, which took the form of a painting by Pierce of himself and Lady Glyn on horseback, the latter mounted on her favourite Halsey, and some of the best hounds of the pack round them.

Press remained on with Sir Richard for eleven years, and was soon recognised as one of the first huntsmen of his time. He was also a first-class hound-man, and of his marvellous influence over his hounds I have already spoken. An amusing story of his resources in the field is told by one who often enjoyed a gallop in the Vale. It was early in the year, when Sir Richard met at Henstridge Ash. The first coverts to be drawn were those of Inwood, and Press, finding that there was no scent and no chance of sport, took his precautions to have a good day to his credit in spite of difficulties. In the first covert into which hounds were thrown they chopped a fox almost under the nose of the horse of the only member of the field who happened to be within sight. Press was down in a moment, and as he took the fox from hounds he looked round, and seeing but the one man near, he exclaimed, "Not a word, sir, if you please," and springing back into the saddle, he put the fox up on the highest branch of a fir-tree he could reach. Then with a touch on his horn he gathered and lifted hounds cleverly out of

covert, and riding almost in a line with them, cheered and encouraged them on in the direction of the village. A good thirty minutes' gallop followed, by Templecombe and Stowell back to Henstridge Ash and up to the covert whence it had started. Here Press, well in front of the field, threw down the fox, and with a loud who-whoop celebrated the obsequies in due form, and received the congratulations of the field on a good day. The one somewhat mystified follower of the huntsman's tactics obeyed Press's injunction to keep the secret, and it was not till sometime afterwards that a rumour of the day's proceedings came to be noised abroad. As Press explained the reasons for his manoeuvre, "You see, sir, I knew 'twas our only chance to-day, so I took it."

A run that was considered by many to be the best of the season took place on Thursday, March 25, 1875, the last year that Press carried the horn. Hounds met at the kennels, and after a long draw they found in North Side Wood near Templecombe, and settled down to run at a great pace over a fine bit of country towards Gillingham and Cucklington, and on to Shanks House, where Mr Grant Dalton lived. Here they checked, the time up to this point having been fifty-five minutes. Press cast round the house in the most persevering manner for some time without success, but at last succeeded in hitting off the line, and the hunted fox jump-

ing up in view gave another fast fifteen minutes before he was rolled over in the open. The old huntsman deserved great credit for accounting for his fox, for had it not been for the patience and skill he showed at the check, there is no doubt the quarry would have been numbered with the lost. Among those who went well in this glorious gallop were the Master, Sir R. Glyn, Mr Arthur Dendy, Captain John Luttrell, Captain Harry Farr Yeatman, R.N., Mr Pepys, and Mr H. Poole, though there were others who by the aid of gates and friendly gaps caught a glimpse of the proceedings from time to time.

Press could, I think, do anything he liked with his hounds, for they always obeyed the least word he said to them in his deep gruff voice. He preferred dark-coloured hounds, as he used to say that in a muddy country like that of the Blackmore Vale the mud did not show up on them so much as it did on those of lighter colour. He also thought dark hounds had a hardier constitution, and from one or two instances that I have come across, I think there may be something in this. I remember one day when I was out with the Vine Hounds I noticed a light blue-and-white hound, with a very peculiar voice, that took the lead all day; but when the fox was killed she was quite done up, and, lying down, refused to touch it. The following season with the Cat-

SIR RICHARD GLYN, BART., M.F.H.

tistock I was not a little surprised to see a similar thing happen, and when I asked Mr Codrington, the Master, about the hound, he told me that she and another blue-and-white one had come to him in a draft from the Vine, and that, though excellent in their work, they were both very delicate. He supposed that this was the reason they had been parted with.

After Press's resignation some of the best hounds in the pack would not take to any one else, and George Orbell's first days in the country were in consequence beset with difficulties. One hound in particular, named Russian, gave a great deal of trouble. He had to be coupled to get him to the meet at all, and then spent his time wandering about looking for the old huntsman. On one occasion, after searching through the field, Russian trotted resolutely home; and another day, when Sir Julius Glyn was riding a horse that had formerly been ridden by Press, the hound found him out, and attached himself to him for the remainder of the day.

A strange encounter with Russian once took place in our dining-room at Haddon. When Orbell was on his way to a meet at Warr Bridge, he called at the house to leave a lame hound. Thinking that Russian was now far enough away from home to go on without further trouble, Orbell uncoupled him while I was in the yard looking at the hounds. Then I went back to the house to get my hat before I mounted, and while I was upstairs

I heard a hound's voice and a great commotion going on below. Running down, I found my uncle in the hall, and the butler in a great state of perturbation holding on to the dining-room door. It seemed that my uncle had gone into the room and discovered poor Russian lying under the table, and the man on being called had stupidly armed himself with a whip to try and drive him out. At this insult the old dog had promptly shown fight, and with hackles up and gleaming eyes bade defiance to his enemies, so that when I arrived on the scene he was in undisputed possession of the room. His absence, however, had by this time been discovered, and one of the whippers-in appearing, Russian was ignominiously coupled up and led off.

After Press's retirement he always used to walk out to see his old favourites when they were near his home, and once on Poyntingdon Down he saw the hunted fox dead-beat crawl into a gorse. Instantly he gave one of his peculiar holloas, and two or three of his old hounds, recognising his voice, raced up to him and killed their fox.

Up to a short time before he gave up, Press had what one who hunted with him constantly maintains was "a genius about foxes." He certainly had a marvellous way of picking up a cold line, and when hounds could make nothing of it, Press would catch them up, gallop off straight as an arrow to some point a mile distant, perhaps, and recover his hunted fox and kill him. On such occasions half the field probably had no idea that he had not been

on the line all the time. As his health failed rapidly during his last season, Press got into the way of always waiting for the last fox from covert, and he was known to wait a point too long even for this, so that the last fox had gone before he moved.

Press was a bold rider, though he had bad hands, and he always liked to ride slowly at his fences. One of his sayings was, that "you can squeeze through anywhere." Once when he had "squeezed through" a very high thick fence, a well-known member of the hunt shouted to him, "What is the other side?" "Come over and you will see," was the only answer Press vouchsafed as he galloped after his hounds. He was well aware of his bad hands, and one day when he had had a nasty fall in a cramped corner and I was holding his horse for him to remount, he said ruefully, while he cast a look after the fast-vanishing pack, "Ah, if I had your hands I should be with them now." When any one remarked to Press that he was unlucky not to have killed his fox, he always made the same answer, while he slowly shook his head. "Yes," he would say—"Yes, the glorious uncertainty of foxhunting."

After Press's retirement in 1876 his health gave way rapidly. He had married a second time not long before, and with his wife and young children, two of whom were named appropriately Nimrod and Diana, he lived close to Milborne Station in a house that had once been the Bugle Inn. On the

day of his second wedding he was seen with his bride driving out a favourite hound that was recovering from an accident.

Another story that Sir Richard Glyn tells me of his old huntsman is very characteristic. Press wished to celebrate the anniversary of his wedding-day, so he determined to take his wife and baby for a drive, and at the same time to do a little hunting business. The party consequently set out for Compton Castle, taking with them two hound puppies. Into the box of the cart Press put the puppies and the baby, and then mounted in front with his wife. (Of the latter's view of the arrangement I hear nothing.) In due course they arrived at the castle, but the key of the box had been lost on the way, and the inmates seemed to be having a genial scrimmage. When at last the box was opened, the inmates were *all* discovered in good condition.

At last the epileptic fits from which Press suffered brought on insanity, and his condition became such that he had to be removed to the county asylum, where he died at the age of sixty-seven on December 27, 1885. On the memorial card sent out to his friends was inscribed—

“Alas ! he's gone to Earth at last,
Waiting for the Trumpet's Blast.”

For the month or six weeks that remained of the season after Press gave up, Tom Jordan, the first whipper-in, hunted the hounds. Jordan had

JOHN PRESS ON GRAYLING.

come to the country from the Vale of White Horse not long before, and at first he used to astonish us all by his seat. At every fence he leaned right back on his horse, and at a very high bank this looked extremely uncomfortable, to say the least. He rode, however, very well, and the quickness with which he learned the country was remarkable. Not one of the least of the difficulties he had to contend with was the fondness of the hounds for their old huntsman. The following season G. Orbell was appointed to Press's place, and every one hailed with delight his method of getting away from covert with his first fox. Orbell remained in office till the year 1885, the season after Sir Richard Glyn had retired.

During the time that Orbell carried the horn I was living with my uncle at Haddon, and hunted regularly in the Vale. Among my recollections of the followers of the hunt at this period there stands out the figure of Mr Wingfield Baker, who still took the gates as they came when upwards of eighty years of age. This veteran met with his death in the hunting-field, and he was universally regretted. Another first-class rider was Mr Wadham Knatchbull, whose seat and hands were so incomparably good that it was a pleasure to watch him. Always there and in the right place, he was one of the quietest of riders, and nothing ever came amiss to him. At a real hairy Vale double, however, Mr Marwood Yeatman was the best man I ever knew. He

had a wonderfully quick eye to hounds, and was so clever in picking them up that although he often did not start from home till midday, he generally came in for the afternoon's sport. I have known him, though, so late in coming out that hounds had gone home before he appeared. He would then have his gallop without them, and many is the steeplechase across country I have had with him. General Astell on Rat-tail was at one time almost invincible; and the Hon. Mrs Bertie on her beautiful Robin, and Lady Theodora Grosvenor, were hard to beat anywhere. Mr Digby Collins with his rare hands and seat was another whom it was a pleasure to watch. He was, and still is, in great requisition as a judge, for few men know more about a horse than he does. Lord Howth, also a hard rider, stopped at nothing; and when he was mounted on his favourite, the Ghost, he was as difficult to catch a glimpse of as if the phantom name applied to him.

Captain Fife, the founder of the Compton Stud, was equally good over a country or between the flags. It was 1884, the year in which Sir Richard Glyn gave up the B. V. Hounds, that saw the birth of the Compton Stud. It was started at Sherborne, but was afterwards removed to Sandley, near Gillingham, in Dorset. The two well-known hunter sires, King Crafty and Master Ned, with which the Compton Stud started, were on the second year joined by the good horse Huguenot,

the winner of several royal and Queen's premiums. A two-year-old son of Huguenot took the Queen's gold medal at the Royal Show at Windsor, and later realised 180 guineas when sold by auction. Scot Guard joined the stud later, and a yearling of his changed hands at 130 guineas. Amongst other horses standing at Sandley was Yard-Arm, by Privateer *ex* Conviction, a fine chestnut with enormous bone, and said to be the most powerful thoroughbred horse at the stud in England. Yard-Arm's stock have won prizes to the value of several thousand pounds. In 1892 Captain Fife left Sandley for Yorkshire, and Captain Phipps Hornby succeeded him.

Major Ness was another steeplechase rider who won the first Blackmore Vale point-to-point, and Sir Walter Grove won the same point-to-point three years in succession with his old chestnut horse Harborough. This horse broke its back in the hunting-field when jumping Bow Brook.

Mr Merthyr Guest, who succeeded Sir Richard Glyn as Master of the Blackmore Vale, was always well to the front. In his opinion it is safer to be first at a fence than to come even second, as he believes that a horse is more likely to use his eyes well when he has only himself to rely on than when he is following another. The late Lord Digby was one of the veterans of the field, and with his daughter and two or three of his sons was generally at the meets on the Pulham side of the country,

though he lived within the borders of the Cattistock Hunt.

Of the Cattistock Lord Guilford was then the Master, and he met with his death in a tragic manner in the field in December 1885. He was thrown twice from his horse at the beginning of a run, the second fall being over a big double, at which his horse rushed violently, blundered, and fell. Lord Guilford was picked up with a broken leg, and was found to be suffering from severe internal injuries. He was carried on a gate to Castle Hill and thence driven to Sydling, where he died on the following day at the age of thirty-three. It was afterwards discovered that the horse he was riding at the time of the accident had cataract in both eyes.

Other followers of the Blackmore Vale were Mr N. Surtees, whose cousin was the creator of the immortal Jorrocks, and his daughter, now Mrs Charles Phelps, and Mr Charles Phelps. Major Dugdale was generally out during his visits to his uncle at Sherborne Castle when he could get away from the Staff College. Others whose names occur to me were Sir Julius Glyn, Colonel Goodden of Compton, Colonel Chadwick, Mr and Mrs Clayton, Captain and Mrs Carr Glyn, Captain and Mrs Luttrell, Captain Scobell, Mr Bradney, the Rev. W. Leir and his sons from Ditchet, Major Harbin, Mr W. Brymer, M.P., and his brother, the Rev. J. Brymer, Colonel Paget, Dr M'Enery, Captain Grissell, Major Orred and his

MRS CHARLES PHELIPS ON GERALDINE.

brother, Captain Stanley Orred, the late Mr Charles Chichester, Mr Robertson, Major and Mrs M'Adam, Colonel Mount Batten, Mr Cavendish Bentinck and his sons from Branksea Island, the Rev. F. Tyrwhitt-Drake, Major Forbes, Mr Rogers of Yarlington, Mr Giles Hussey, and the late Mr Wills Sandford from Compton Castle. Mr (now Sir) Godfrey Lagden used to hunt from Stock Rectory when he was home from Africa; and the late Mr Connop, though a heavy-weight, conscientiously jumped every fence on his big black horse. Another heavy-weight who was always there was Mr George Allen, whose brown mare Stella was worthy of her master's prowess.

I remember a curious accident that happened to a black horse which belonged to General Waller when he was hunting in the Vale. The horse had been lame from a kick on the shoulder, and almost the first time he came out after the accident he caught his toe in a tuft of grass while he was cantering over a field and broke his foreleg. As examination showed a distinct oscillation in the shoulder-bone above the elbow, it was decided to shoot him. While a gun was being brought the poor thing lay down several times and rolled, but managed to get to his feet again. After he had been put out of his pain, it was discovered that the place of the old kick had starred and broken the bone almost across, so that the little catch at the toe had completed the fracture.

CHAPTER VI.

OVER BANK AND TIMBER.

OF my early circus-riding performances, in which I was my brother Campbell's pupil and assistant, I have already written, and to the skill with horses gained in them I believe I have more than once owed my life in the field. Another favourite amusement of my brother's in his young days was breaking young horses, and whenever he was doing this he not only fed and exercised them himself, but always saddled and bridled them, so that they should become thoroughly accustomed to him. He never lunged a young one, for he maintained that a colt taught in this way was apt to jump short when he had a rider up, as he would not make allowance for the weight on his back. Another reason Campbell gave for his dislike to the practice of lunging was, that if in a fall the horse got loose he would almost invariably follow hounds if used to taking his fences by himself. If, on the other hand, he had always been ridden at his fences, he would seldom or never attempt them. Certain it is that the horses my brother broke were almost

always in the field in which the fall had occurred, and consequently were very easily caught.

I remember my brother buying a young grey that he christened Charlie, and the first day he had the new purchase out he picked out a nice line of fences and asked me to give him a lead. The young one came down at each of the first five fences, the last of which was a post and rails, which he went through instead of over. He had, however, had his lesson, and the following week Campbell took him out with hounds, when the horse behaved very creditably, only once blundering slightly at a very nasty blind fence. There is no doubt that horses have wonderful memories, and if they are not fretted but are ridden boldly and fearlessly from the first, will hardly ever come to grief from the same cause a second time. When a horse refuses it is generally the fault of the breaker, who by his own want of nerve or skill has made the animal frightened, and then he is almost sure to become a miserable hesitating beast, and will require a long course of careful treatment to cure him. I have had many such instances pass through my hands.

My grey mare Brilliant, which carried me eighteen years to hounds, had been badly broken and roughly handled, and she came to me with anything but a promising record. She was a very nervous animal, and had such a dislike to strangers that she could not bear to be touched by any one she did not know. Unlike my horse Tom, which

had a very hard mouth and pulled frightfully at times, she could only be ridden in a snaffle-bridle. When I went with my uncle, Mr Dalton Serrell, and my brother Campbell to buy her, she had been in her box for a week, as no one could get her out. At the end of half an hour Campbell and our man succeeded in getting her into the yard, and as I wished to try my hand on her, my uncle bought her for me. As soon as the bargain had been struck I prepared to mount the mare, but here I had to reckon with the farmer, who said he could not allow me to mount her, as she would not stand a habit, and he assured me I should be killed. I represented to him, however, that the mare was now my property, and that if he objected to my doing as I liked with her he must return the cheque. This brought him to reason, and I proceeded to ride her home. The mare was very much afraid of my habit at first, and for a long time she would kick at it on a windy day; but we soon became friends, and she gave me very few falls.

One fall at Holnest I remember, when Brilliant landed on a bank that gave way with her, and, rolling backward, she fell into the ditch. Scrambling out without me, she galloped off, and several people good-naturedly trying to stop her, she became very wild, and would not let any one come near her. As soon as I had picked myself up I called to her by name, and then she trotted quietly up and stood by my side. Another nasty tumble we had with the Blackmore Vale Hounds, in a flooded ditch

coming away from Nylands, when that part of the country was under water. She went too near before taking off, and just as she rose her hind-leg slipped in, and we both disappeared under water. She was soon out again, and galloped off, dragging me with her, as my habit had caught over the pommel. Luckily for me, Mr Merthyr Guest ran his whip cleverly through her bridle as she passed him, and stopped her just as my habit gave way, and let me down.

Across the Vale—the greater part of my hunting having been done in the Blackmore Vale—I think the best all-round horse I ever had was the brown mare Countess, and I do not believe there was ever a double made that could stop her. Here I may say a word about my experience in riding over this country. It is well to take a pull at your horse when you approach a fence, as if you collect him and get him well together he can jump better on to the top of a bank, and is more likely to recover himself should he make a mistake. Some riders I know prefer to take their fences almost standing; but to me there is always a dash of tameness about this, and I confess to like riding fast and just steadying my horse as he nears the fence. In taking timber you must be sure to get your horse's legs well under him, as if he comes at it all abroad, you will very likely experience disastrous results. Some horses like jumping a gate in their stride, while others will pull themselves up if ridden too fast, and will buck over. My old

horse Tom could do either, and I have known him when in a cramped corner rear up and throw himself over. When you are riding at a fence where you think it likely the horse may come down, you should slip your foot out of the stirrup, as you are thus saved from the danger of being dragged. It is easy to regain the stirrup as you gallop on, and you ought, indeed, to be able to ride without it. To break the pommel is a much more serious business. Mine once snapped when we were flying a big water-jump, and I only saved myself with the greatest difficulty from what must have been a nasty toss.

To return, however, to Countess. This mare came to me from Elihu Harris, a man who rode at everything that came in his way, and who had swum the river with her. Once with me in a quick thing from Stock we found the ford flooded when we came down to the Caundle Stream near Waterloo Gorse. The water was out half across the meadows, and the gate had quite disappeared from view. As we waded in, trying to find the gate, Countess got out of her depth and had to swim. Striking out immediately for the opposite side, she gained the bank, and after a great struggle succeeded in landing. Strangely enough, nearly the same thing had happened to my father many years before, a little lower down, where Mr Guest has now put up a hunting-bridge; but my father was not so fortunate, as he was knocked

MR DIGBY COLLINS ON TULIVAR.

from the saddle by a branch, and his horse was washed down-stream without him.

It is not often you see a horse double timber, but Countess once doubled a stile by Bagber when my brother was riding her. I also saw a horse, ridden by Captain Macfarlane in Mr Garth's country, drop his hind-legs on a gate, and as he went on Captain Macfarlane turned to me and said, "Didn't he double it?" He was a rattling rider, and nearly always rode chestnuts, which were so much alike that it was very difficult to tell them apart. I remember his delight one day when a farmer said to him, "Well, sir, that's a wonderful horse you're on. I've seen you on it every day this week."

A remarkable jump Countess once made with me was when the Blackmore Vale Hounds had run into the Cattistock country and were coming away from Short Wood. She was taking a big double when, as she was poised on the bank, she saw a farm-waggon immediately beneath her on the far side. The waggon had happily been drawn close in to the hedge, and to my no small relief Countess cleared it, though she made it rattle with her hoofs as we came down.

I was riding Countess the only time I attempted the Buckshaw Brook, a well-known feature of the Vale country. There was quite a little history about this, for when Mr Drax bought a farm on one side of the brook he

wished to take down the bridge that had been over it for years, but the landowner on the other side objected. Mr Drax, however, was not easily turned when once he had made up his mind to a thing, so he had the bridge sawn in half, much to the consternation of the members of the hunt, for the brook, besides being very wide, was peculiarly dangerous on account of the big holes in its bed. At this time Mr Drax was living the life of a recluse at Holnest, and as he had been an old friend of my father's I was asked to go and remonstrate with him. I accordingly rode over, and before long brought up the subject of the bridge. "Oh yes," he answered, "I knew at once what you had come for, but it is no use. In my time we always got over the Buckshaw Brook, and if you are such duffers now you can't do it, you do not deserve to have a bridge." I remember feeling very small at this view of the question, and I said no more, though Mr Drax's memory certainly played him false as to his ever having jumped the brook. Mr Drax had indeed a great memory for gaps, as a fence in any form did not appeal to him. When he had his hounds, he never allowed the farmers to fill the gaps till the end of the hunting season. Once, however, in the course of a run he came to a place where the gap that should have been there had been replaced by a stile, and as he could

not get out of the field any other way he at last put his horse at it. The horse fell and parted company with his rider, who remained seated on the ground till the farmer ran up to see what had happened. Mr Drax then shook his fist at him with considerable energy, and remarked, "I tell you what, sir, you need a fresh landlord. How dare you put up a thing like that?"

The remark about funking the brook, however, rankled, and it was not very long before I had a try at it. I had been out on Countess with the Cattistock, but we had done nothing, and hounds had gone home early. On my way home I met Mr Marwood Yeatman, who in his usual way was sallying forth just after luncheon to pick up hounds. "You don't mean to say you are going home!" he exclaimed in surprise. "How is your horse? Have you done anything?" and on my telling him, he rejoined, "Then let us take a bee-line home." To this I agreed. "Now, don't speak to me for five minutes," he went on. "Let me consider the best line." So he sat perfectly still on his horse, with his nose in the air, while I waited. He had a perfectly marvellous memory for a country he had ridden over, and knew every fence and every inch of country in the Vale. When riding with him he could always tell you what sort of fence you were coming to. "I have it," he said presently; "we will go

for the Buckshaw Brook." "Nothing could be better," and away we went straight for the brook, having a good gallop of twenty-five minutes over a fine bit of country. Mr Marwood Yeatman was riding his celebrated Grand Duke, a low dark-brown horse, with white legs and face, a high-bred little head, and a long bang tail.

When we came to the brook Marwood rode some little distance down the bank to choose a spot, for as a matter of fact no horse could clear it. As soon as he reached the wattle fence he made Grand Duke buck over, and he landed in the water up to his saddle-girths. Then slowly, for fear of the holes, he paddled through, and succeeded in scrambling up the bank. Then came my turn, and Countess, frightened at the wattle, reared and refused. At last she bucked over, and landing on her head and knees in the water, she wetted me up to the neck. However, being a larger and more powerful horse than Grand Duke, she got up the bank more easily. The next time I saw Mr Drax he remarked, "I have heard,—I have heard, you and Marwood have been over the brook. Ah, what I always had to do."

A point in Mr Drax's history which I should think is unique is that some years before his death, and when he had shut himself off from all society, he built a large and handsome mausoleum in his own grounds, which he had heated with hot-water

MISS SERRELL ON COLLEEN.

pipes. Here he used to sit for hours at a time, and at his death he made provision for the warming apparatus to be kept in working order.

When Countess's hunting days were over Mr Merthyr Guest had her for a brood mare, and she bred Damon by Wild Charlie. Damon became the property of Sir Elliott Lees, who won the Blackmore Vale point-to-point on him in 1888, and in the following year was first in the House of Commons point-to-point in the Vale of Aylesbury.

Speaking of Sir Elliott Lees reminds me of one or two good days I had with the South Dorset Hounds, the season he had them. His reign was all too short, and when he resigned he presented the hounds to the country. At the present time (1903-4) Mr Ashton Radclyffe has them, and a very good gallop with him from Castle Hill, when hounds ran both fast and well, lives in my memory.

It was an ambition of mine, which for many years was never fulfilled, to see the monarch of the glen in his native heather. I had often heard my father describe the hunting in the New Forest with the Queen's Hounds, which at one time always finished up the season there. At last came my chance, and I was offered a day with the New Forest Deerhounds at Boden Wood. On a warm day in April we trained down, and after a very pretty drive from the station reached the fixture, to find the tufters already hard at work. Miss Lovell carried the horn in the absence of her

father, and she hunted the pack most beautifully. Shortly after we drove up word was brought that a stag had been singled out, so horses were mounted hastily and we started in pursuit. Miss Lovell ran into her quarry after a good run of two hours, and she was good enough to give me a slot, which I now have hanging up among other trophies of the chase as a reminder of a very pleasant day. We crossed both woodland and moorland in the course of the run, and we had both banks and bogs to negotiate. The worst feature of the country, however, and the one that brought most of the strangers to grief, was the old cart-ruts overgrown with heather, which were bad for horses not accustomed to them. Fortunately my experience of the Bagshot side of Mr Garth's country here stood me in good stead, as I had had almost every experience of riding over heathland.

In the days when I was hunting with Mr Garth's hounds, Campbell and I were coming home from hunting, and our way lay over Odiham Common, into which there was a very big fence. I was on Tom and took it first. When we were on the bank I saw a saw-pit immediately in front of us, and I felt Tom make a tremendous effort, and he doubled himself over. He must have dropped his hind-legs on the bar of the saw-pit, for on looking at it afterwards I found the mark of his hoof and a piece of the wood broken out, so it was a near thing.

As we often had long rides home to Brooke

House after we had been out with Mr Garth, Campbell and I were very fond of cutting off corners when we were crossing Heath Commons, though the fences were so stiff that most people preferred to keep to the beaten track. There were also some large banks with post and rails on top, but it took a good deal to stop us in those days. We were once going back so late that the moon was up, when we came to an unexpected obstacle in the shape of a high stile with which the path had been blocked, and to make matters worse a hurdle had been laid across the ditch on the far side for the use of foot-people. Campbell decided that it was too late to think of turning back, and said he would go over first. He was riding a black horse named Warwick, that had a white face and legs, and was a wonderful timber-jumper, though when Campbell bought him he could not lift his legs over timber. Warwick was afterwards taken into the Blackmore Vale, where he carried his master well. He took the stile in good form, but did not clear the hurdle, and Campbell, slipping from the saddle, pulled him out by the head. He then tied his horse to a tree and called to me to ride for a fall. The ditch was some seven feet in depth, so the prospect of a fall was not alluring. Tom, however, jumped well, but got his hind-feet down, and had it not been for Campbell being ready for him and pulling him out, the consequences might not have been pleasant. Horses indeed need some training to judge their distances

well by moonlight, and the first time I tried Tom over rails under a bright moon, he struck the rails heavily. I have found that horses kept in a dark stable at night need more training to accustom them to the heavy shadows of a moonlight night than those that are not allowed to stand in the dark.

Another ride with my brother I remember, when we had a narrow escape of coming to grief in a bog. We were crossing Fleet Meadows, and we both knew that on the far side of one of the fences was a big bog. This fact, however, we had forgotten in the excitement of the run, for hounds had found in Fleet Gorse and were running straight and fast. As we came to the fence we both remembered the bog, but in our usual way deciding that to go back was not good enough, Campbell gave me a lead over. His horse came down, but he managed to get him out, and then he called that he would be ready to catch mine if needed. My mare, however, had seen the plight of her stable companion, and, profiting by it, she jumped almost clear and struggled out by herself.

After I went to the Blackmore Vale country I used to have an occasional day with the Cattistock Hounds, the first time I was out with them being in the last season of Lord Poltimore's mastership. I much admired the beautiful level pack, which in the following year fetched a record price when they changed hands. The Cattistock country being very open, hounds run fast over

MRS HOLFORD.

it, and you need a galloper if you would be near them. I had some good days with this pack in the time of the late Mr Codrington, who was a good sportsman and very fond of his hounds. I remember finding him one afternoon at John Press's house, and was much amused by hearing the two men relate runs against each other, and expatiate on the excellence of their respective packs. Again, in Mr Chandos Pole's time I enjoyed many a good gallop; and one very good hunting run I can recall, when hounds ran from Glanville's Wootton and killed their fox handsomely at the end of an hour and forty-five minutes. Mr Chandos Pole was a capital huntsman and showed excellent sport, and he was a wonderful rider in spite of his weight. I do not think I ever rode over so many trappy places as in the run from Glanville's Wootton, but my good Valesman never put a foot wrong the whole day.

Valesman was a horse with a history. He was bred at Langport, and bought by Mr Guest as a three-year-old on account of his good looks. He was a big powerful brown, standing 16'3, and he eventually became a very fine fencer. As Valesman could not be persuaded to open gates, he was sent up to Tattersall's with some other of the hunt horses, and my uncle bought him for me.

On the day of the sale a stranger bid against my uncle, and ran the price up to the limit the latter had set. Happily, however, at that point

he retired, and Valesman became mine. After the sale, my uncle told me, the stranger came to him and asked him if he knew the horse, and on his answering in the affirmative, the would-be purchaser replied, "If I had known that, you should never have had him." Valesman carried me for ten years, and a pleasanter horse to ride home after a day with hounds I have never known.

The first day I rode him was to a meet at Holnest, but owing to a sharp frost on the previous night hounds did not put in an appearance, and remembering Valesman's dislike to a gate, I resolved to have it out with him. I chose a gate that led from a lane and tried to get him up to it, but he refused to go anywhere near it. After we had been busy for some minutes, out trotted an old woman from a cottage at a little distance, and in spite of all I could say to her, she flung open the gate and stood curtsying beside it for me to pass through. When I asked her to be good enough to shut the gate and leave it, she looked at me as if she thought me an escaped lunatic, and with more curtseys stood her ground. At last in desperation I said to her, "My good woman, if I give you sixpence will you shut the gate and go home?" She then thought things were serious, and taking the coin, she retreated, giving me some very doubtful looks as she went off.

Then I set to work again, and as nothing would induce Valesman to face the gate, I tried to back

him up to it while I opened it. When my whip was down and I was in the act of unlatching it, he wrenched himself round so suddenly that the whip was pulled out of my hand and remained hanging on the gate. All my efforts were now directed to recovering the whip, and this took some time, though at last I accomplished it. It was only at the end of a good half-hour that I succeeded in opening the gate and getting Valesman through. Whether the old lady saw my departure and realised that there had been some method in my madness, I cannot say; but from that time Valesman never refused to go through a gate, and gradually lost his fear of one. There is no doubt that at some time he had had a gate swing on him, and the terror it had occasioned remained with him.

Last, but by no means least,—at any rate in the sense of proportion,—among the horses associated with the sport of former years, was Tipperary Joe. This horse was, I think, one of the ugliest animals I ever saw. He stood seventeen hands, and had an enormous head with a Roman nose, and a long thin tail, and to add to his merits he was a whistler. Joe, like Tom, came out of an Irish drove, and though we all despised him, we were glad to fall back on him in stable emergencies. My uncle bought him; but as Joe had a mouth of iron and was a hard puller, he could not ride him, and in course of time made him over to Campbell. Then my father had him

for some years, and when he left Brooke House, Joe was sent to me at Haddon Lodge, where I was living with my uncle.

Joe was an extraordinary fencer, and what he could not get over he could always get through. An instance of the latter that occurs to me happened in Mr Garth's country, where, in the course of a run near Farley Hill, two members of the field were brought up by a big gate straight uphill. The disconcerted riders were Colonel Pearson, who became one of the heads of the London police, and Dr Willet. They tried in vain to get the gate open, and hailed me when I came in sight on Tipperary Joe, "Here you are. Even you can't get over this." "No, but Joe can break it," was my answer, and turning back to the end of the lane, I brought him down to the gate at a tremendous pace and crashed through it. The gate was broken into splinters, and Joe, after blundering on to his head, recovered himself, and on we went. Colonel Pearson and Dr Willet followed, and the former, as he raced after us, shouted, "Seventeen-and-six ! seventeen-and-six !" this being the price of a new gate.

Some years later I was the unwitting cause of putting Colonel Pearson's good-nature to a severe test. There was to be a grand review at Aldershot, at which her late Majesty, Queen Victoria, was to be present, and Colonel Pearson, being in charge of the police arrangements, offered my sister and myself standing room in the Queen's

enclosure. Geraldine was riding her favourite, The Queen, and I was on Tom. We were just behind her Majesty's carriage and close beside one in which were seated the ladies-in-waiting. All went well until a big drum was started just under Tom's nose, when he reared straight up, swung round, and came down with a terrified snort. The performance, I have no doubt, looked sufficiently alarming, and one of the ladies in the carriage close beside us screamed and showed signs of fainting. Fortunately, the band struck up at the moment and diverted attention from us, but Tom was now in no mood to remain quiet. I was, however, hemmed tightly in, and great was my relief on catching Colonel Pearson's eye to see him rush to let down the cord that marked off the enclosure. It was the act of a moment to get Tom outside, where he could work off his excitement at his will. My sister's mare was in no way disturbed by the incident, as she had often been ridden over to the field-days at the camp, and her nerves were hardened even to a close performance on the big drum.

Tipperary Joe once played me a similar trick when we were out with the Queen's Hounds. The meet was at Wokingham, and I was very anxious to see the deer uncartered. Campbell, who was with me, tried at first to dissuade me; but at last, with an amused look, which I remembered afterwards, told me where I had better go. I rode up close to the cart, and as the big red-deer bounded

out, Joe reared, swung round, and bolted in the opposite direction to that in which the deer made off. I learned afterwards that he had already done this with my brother, who told me he knew there would be fun if I insisted on satisfying my curiosity.

Tipperary Joe ended his days at a ripe old age at Holwell, where Mr Marwood Yeatman lived after his marriage. Joe had previously been allowed the run of Stock Park for some years, and he carried two of Mrs Yeatman's granddaughters, Miss Hext and Miss Meech, to hounds, for several seasons. Mrs Yeatman, the widow of the Rev. H. Farr Yeatman, founder of the Blackmore Vale country, died at Stock at the age of ninety-four in the year 1884.

After I had been living with my uncle for some years, he allowed me to try my hand at farming on a small farm of his that became vacant, and of course I started horses. From Mr Surtees, who was a near neighbour of ours, I had the present of a chestnut mare named Zulu, which had won the Farmers' point-to-point the year he bought her. Zulu bred me two beautiful fillies by Mr Guest's Colonel Ryan, which grew into big strong mares and were natural jumpers, as all the Colonel Ryan stock were. One of these mares, a dark brown, was very like her sire, and carried me safely for several seasons; and the second, a bright bay, also turned out a good performer and was very fast. Zulu also bred a very nice bay colt by Scot Guard,

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which took a first prize at the Compton Stud Show at Horsington. The brown mare, Comedy, that I had from Mr Clayton, had a nice little filly by Huguenot, which also took a first prize in the class for light-weight hunters at Sherborne.

My farming, and for a time my riding, were put a stop to by a severe attack of neuralgia in the spine, which for nearly a whole winter kept me a prisoner to my room. For some years afterwards I was forbidden to jump, and although I could not always resist doing so in the excitement of a run, I paid dearly for it, especially after a drop leap.

As most of my old favourites, large and small, have been mentioned in these pages, I cannot resist giving a place to a strange pet that came to me, though he certainly has no connection with hunting. At a time when some very severe gales were blowing, our churchwarden, Mr Rice, one day brought me a large bird which he had found in a field near Haddon. The bird was unable to fly, and it had struggled desperately before he and his shepherd had been able to secure it. It turned out to be a gannet or solan goose, and it must have been driven so far inland by the unusually boisterous weather. It proved to be a most amusing pet, though it was very wild at first, and would attack me with its great beak wide open, and fasten in the most tenacious way upon my dress or anything that came first, while it flopped me with its wings. I soon discovered an easy method of managing Master Ganny, as he was called, for by catching

him firmly by the beak and closing it gently in your hand you were mistress of the situation, and could lead him about where you liked. He soon became used to this treatment, and seemed to like to be caressed and talked to. He was very fond of small fish, which he would devour greedily, and when I appeared at feeding-time he would waddle after me in the most comical manner. The difficulty, however, of procuring him proper food became so great that I was obliged at last to part with him. I sent the quaint little fellow to the Zoological Gardens, and for a long time missed him sadly.

Another favourite that is still with me is a piebald Russian pony, named Houp là. This pony was born in a circus, where her dam, also a piebald, was a noted performer. Houp là when very young was given to a member of the circus company who was anxious to set up on his own account. This man, harnessing the pony to a barrel-organ, set out to travel over the country with his new possessions. As he was going down West Hill, near Sherborne, the organ ran on to the pony's hocks, and Houp là, objecting to the treatment, started off down the long hill at break-neck pace, and collapsing into a ditch at the bottom, smashed the organ to pieces. While the disconsolate owner was regarding the wreck, he was accosted by a farmer who lived near, and who, after a little bargaining, became the owner of the pony. He turned her out on his farm, and when she was of maturer years he took her up and broke her in. The farmer thought he

was going to make his fortune by breeding piebalds, and when I caught sight of the pony one day in the fields and asked her owner to sell her to me, he told me he could not think of parting with her, as she was in foal to a piebald sire. I laughed at him, and told him the foal would be sure to be a whole-coloured one; so he promised that if I should prove to be right he would let me have the mother. As the foal when it came was a dark-brown filly without a white hair in her, Houp là came into my possession.

Like all Russian ponies, Houp là grows an extraordinary coat in the winter, and this she much resents having taken off. She generally has to be clipped four or five times during the winter months, and though she is usually quiet and gentle to a degree, she always plays tricks the first time she is driven after the operation. She has been with me many years, and is not likely to leave me while she and I are both alive.

CHAPTER VII.

THE OTTER IN THE LYD.

IN the early summer of 1888 an amusing scene was enacted on the banks of the small stream that runs into the mill-pond at Fifehead Neville. The presence of an otter in the waters had been reported, and to leave him without making a try for his capture was too much for those keen sportsmen, Mr Connop and Mr Surtees. Collecting a scratch pack of two of their own terriers, some contributions from the neighbouring farmers, and the lurcher and terrier from the mill, the two gentlemen set to work. The lurcher, however, had to be reckoned with, and he resented the intrusion of the party on his home domains. He consequently attacked one of the terriers, who was not slow in responding to the hostile demonstration; the other terriers joined in, and a free fight was soon in progress. The would-be huntsmen saw their hopes dashed to the ground, and had to turn their attention to restoring order in their pack, a task they found by no means easy.

In the meantime the otter, feeling no security in

REDTOP, ROSA, REDSTART, AMORA, ARDENT, ROY, RACER, ATTICA, DINAH,
ROSTER, RADIX.

A SPORTING XI.

the low water of the stream, was quietly making good his escape by land to the shelter of the mill-pond, when Mr Surtees espied him, and forgetting all else in his excitement, pursued him armed with his walking-stick. The fray among the dogs was not stopped till one of the unfortunate little terriers had been killed, and the proceedings ended prematurely and sadly, the two sportsmen declaring their conviction that terriers were too quarrelsome to work together.

In spite of this, however, it was not long before my two old friends Mr Connop and Mr Surtees suggested that I should try my terriers at otter-hunting, and the scene I have described was therefore the cause of my first taking to this branch of sport with my pack. None of my terriers had been entered to otter, but the waters had not been hunted for a good many years, and I determined to try what we could do. The great dread that the originators of the idea had was that the terriers would fight, but of this I assured them there was no danger. It seemed, however, that their fears were to be realised, for among the seven and a half couple I took out was a new dog, a black-and-tan called Tim, who immediately fell on another terrier as they were leaving the cart. "There," exclaimed the former sufferers in chorus, "at it again! I told you so." But Tim was soon caught and quieted, and the rest of the pack showed that my confidence in them had not been misplaced.

It was the 12th of May 1888 that I made a start, and from that time—with the exception of the season of 1890—I hunted the tributaries of the Lyd till the end of the season of 1892, when Mr Courtenay Tracy took possession of the country. The first year I was out four times, but we never succeeded in finding an otter, though the terriers had great fun with the rats and moor-hens, and we were all getting to know the waters, and laying up experience that was to be useful to us in the future. The terriers took to the water like ducks, with the exception of Sharper, who on the first day nearly paid with his life for his first plunge into the new element. He spied a large rat swimming across the Hazlebury mill - pond, and plunged after it from the bank into the very middle of the deep water. I was soon attracted to the performance which followed by excited cries that Sharper was drowning. When he came to the surface, instead of striking out, the dog began splashing violently with his forelegs in the air, till he fell backwards and disappeared. This he repeated over and over again till he became so exhausted that we thought each time he went under we should not see him again. It was impossible to reach him, but at last, by the aid of a long pole which we managed to push out to him so that he might support himself by it, we succeeded in drawing him to the bank and landing him.

After this I tested every dog at swimming, and found that all, even the puppies, could do it easily,

and some were remarkably good at it, and would go great distances and enjoy it immensely, so that the disability was peculiar to Sharper.

Rhino, the dam of my good dog Royal, one of the terriers I had out this year, had a great antipathy to snakes, and never lost an opportunity of killing one. She created quite a panic among the field one day by appearing amongst us with a large green snake coiled round her neck and wriggling with all its might. Rhino had the head grasped tight in her mouth, and she never relaxed her hold till she had killed it. She paid dearly for her fancy this season, for she had the misfortune to attack an adder, pulling it back by the tail as it was gliding into a hole. It fastened on her face, but as she had it off in an instant and killed it, we hoped no harm had been done. A short time after, as we were crossing the river by a foot-bridge, Rhino staggered for a moment and then fell into the water. We soon had her out, but she became perfectly rigid, and was to all appearance dead. Fortunately, just at this moment Mr Marwood Yeatman joined us, and acting on his advice we poured whisky down her throat. After a few minutes the muscles relaxed, and she struggled to her feet, only, however, to fall again. Accordingly, I had her sent to a farm and shut up in the stables, and when I called for her later I found her with a very swollen head, and very much under the influence of the whisky she had imbibed. As soon as we reached home, I smothered her face in

sweet-oil and poured a little down her throat, as Mr Yeatman told me this was a better remedy than spirits, and would have cured her at once had it been possible to get some at the time of the accident. He said that Channing, his father's huntsman, always used it when any of his hounds were bitten by adders, which abounded in the Stock coverts. In the case of Rhino, the oil undoubtedly saved her life.

I have also found sweet-oil a cure for wasp-stings. By it I saved two terrier pups that had attacked a wasp's nest, and were simply covered with the wasps. They swelled all over the head and body, and had it not been for the prompt use of the oil, must have died. When I found the little things they were still attacking the nest, though nearly blinded by the stings, and I had the greatest difficulty in stopping them and getting them away.

Before I took the terriers out the following year I entered them all regularly to their new game. In this I was helped by the present of a young otter that weighed 12 lb., and which was brought to me after his capture in a drain near the Stour. Here was an opportunity not to be lost, so the otter was provided with a box, and I determined to make use of him in the education of the terriers. I had no wish to follow Mr "Jack" Russell's example and walk 3000 miles to enter my pack, so I had the otter, with a string on, taken to a small pond close by, where he was

THE FOX-TERRIER RACER.

allowed to run about the edges and go into the water. Then he was brought back to his box, and I unkennelled the terriers and cheered them on the line. One day I showed the otter to old Amber, and she went nearly wild as soon as she saw him, and, taking me by surprise, dashed from me and scrambled into his box, from which she was with difficulty removed. After this you had only to take Amber over the line and she would own it and throw her tongue freely, and the rest would join in instantly. As soon as I found all the terriers understood that the otter was something to be hunted, I had the little fellow taken down to the stream and set at liberty. Whether he went back to the deep waters of the Stour, or we ever found him again, I never knew.

The first otter my terriers accounted for was on May 7, 1889, when we met at Lydlinch. We drew up to Berry Farm, where Nettle found an otter in a drain that opened low down into the water. When the otter tried to bolt into the water the crowd on the opposite bank shouted and sent him back on the terrier. At last the keeper succeeded in pulling out Nettle, and I let in Racer. As the otter was now facing the entrance, the two collared one another instantly, and Racer came backwards out of the drain drawing the otter after him. The pack was then let up and the death-knell rung, every terrier going in with a will, and from this time I do not think they ever passed an otter over.

About a week later we had a red-letter day, in which we accounted for two otters—one a vixen that turned the scales at 18 lb., and the other a fine dog-otter. The former I now have stuffed in a glass case. Starting from King Stag, we found a brace of otters at Hazlebury Mill, and the terriers divided, two couple following the vixen up-stream, and the rest turning down-stream after the other. The terriers that were after the vixen were Sharper, Amber, Nettle, and Jubilee, and as they were well on their game and I knew that nothing would stop them, I blew my whistle, and with some half-dozen followers started in pursuit. Forcing their quarry up-stream, the terriers drove like foxhounds, and we had to run hard to keep up with them. Several times we viewed the otter trying to land, which she at last succeeded in doing about a mile from the start. She then made a dash for the open back towards the mill, but Sharper was close on her, and catching a view, he soon rolled her over. The other three terriers were on his heels, so they had her, and I don't think I have ever seen a closer fight. Every terrier showed itself game to the backbone, and they killed their otter handsomely without any assistance, as they were all so locked together it was impossible to do anything for them. Amber was quite *hors de combat* at the finish, as she had been bitten severely through the throat, and she had to be sent back to the mill.

Hurrying back, I found the rest of the terriers,

with a very excited field, still hunting the other otter, though the little dogs were getting sadly demoralised from the incessant shouting that greeted their efforts and marked every appearance of the otter. Rallying them, I went on with the hunt, and at the end of an hour brought our game to book; and here I may remark that in otter-hunting with my terriers we never made use of nets. After this the rivers were in flood, and though I took the terriers out several times, we were not able to do anything. One day when we tried the large stream by the mill at Stalbridge, the mud was so thick that the poor little dogs were nearly smothered and had to be helped out, looking like blackamoors.

The following season of 1890 Mr Courtenay Tracy brought his otter-hound pack down; but again, owing to the heavy rains, the waters were too deep for the hounds to do anything.

In 1891 I had my terriers out again, and the first week in May we secured our first otter. I had out seven and a half couple. They got on the trail of an otter near Hyde's Farm. After running their quarry backwards and forwards for some time, they suddenly went away towards Brickles, one of the Stock coverts, and every one of course declared they were on the line of a fox. In consequence we tried to stop them; but Sharper and a young terrier named Antic—the latter only a twelvemonth old—would not be denied, and disappeared over the brow of

the hill. I turned back to the water; but the terriers could make nothing of it, and as I watched them I felt more than ever convinced that the missing terriers were on the right track. After a long search I found the truants in a ditch at the mouth of a trip, both severely marked but triumphant. Their otter was dead. They had carried the line correctly for more than a mile, till he had taken refuge in the trip, where the final struggle had come off, and from which he had been dragged before any one came up. The otter weighed 14 lb., and had evidently fought hard.

A day or two later all the terriers were out again with the exception of Antic, who had a swollen head, and was in consequence left in kennel. We found a very fine otter near Hazlebury, and killed him after a good two hours' hunt. Several of the terriers caught him single-handed; but in every case they were dragged under the water, and had to release their hold. Jubilee distinguished herself by holding on to the otter's tail and being towed down-stream for a considerable distance; but at last she too disappeared under water, and came up gasping.

This proved a very exciting day, as in addition to the otter we also accounted for a hare and a polecat. The former jumped up in full view when we were on our way to the stream close by Hazlebury mill-pond, and the seven couple getting well away and led by Arno, the fastest terrier in the

AMORA, WIRE-HAIRED TERRIER.

pack, fairly raced to Humber Wood. Here the hare, finding her enemies unpleasantly near, made a sharp turn back without entering the covert, and the terriers ran into her in the same field from which she had started. So fast had been the pace that all the field were distanced, only one young man surviving to the end. Most of the followers, indeed, had found their way back, and had settled themselves down to luncheon, when straight into their midst came the hare and her pursuers, sadly to the detriment of the eatables, and in consequence more than one hungry sportsman lost his well-earned meal. The gallant survivor of the chase was presented with puss's remains, and these he carefully tied up in his handkerchief and started for home.

Then came the excitement of the polecat, which gave us some very good sport. At last he took refuge at the top of some of the high wood of the hedges, up which he climbed with great agility, and when an adventurous sportsman tried to destroy him, the beast sprang straight at his head. Charmer, a small rough terrier celebrated for her stoat-hunting propensities, at last gripped the polecat; but she paid dearly for her laurels, and carried his hall-mark over her eye for the rest of her life. I should like to have had the polecat set up, as I believe he was the last of his race in the Vale; but I only succeeded in saving his head from the rapacious little pack. This I gave to a man to carry for me; but he,

not understanding that I wanted it, unfortunately threw it away.

That month I went out again with ten couple of terriers, but drew the river blank as regards otters, though the little pack consoled themselves with the rats and moor-hens, and had a good deal of fun.

Early in February the following year (1892) Mr Connop sent to me to say that there was an otter at Fifehead Neville Mill near his house, and he asked me to bring the terriers over and try for him. This I did; but the otter was not at home, and, the water being bitterly cold, we soon gave up the hunt. Again, in March that year, I took nine couple of terriers and drew up to the Fifehead drain; but the otter was still paying visits, and though we followed the stream to Ibbertson, I could gain no tidings of him.

On the 14th April we met at Buckshaw, and with eight and a half couple drew the mill-pond. Sharper soon marked one to ground, and hardly had the spade been put in when out bolted a large otter, and the fun soon became fast and furious. The terriers forcing him through the pond, he gave us a fine hunt, till finding it getting too hot for him, though it was unpleasantly cold for us, as we waded backwards and forwards, he took refuge under the stump of a tree half-way down the steep high bank. Little Floss, my house pet, letting herself cleverly down from the top, was the first to reach him,

and a deadly fight ensued; while the rest of the pack, mad with excitement, clambered over one another in their efforts to reach them from the water. Just as we were fearing the worst for Floss, Sharper got up, and, directing the attention of the otter to himself, saved the gallant little thing. Floss would undoubtedly have been killed before this but for her game-ness in hanging to the otter's head. Amber and several more now reached the combatants, but no one could get at them. At last the keeper lay flat down on the top of the bank, and with his legs held by willing volunteers among the field, he let himself down, and, amid a scene of the greatest excitement, succeeded in tailing the otter. He was then hauled up, with the whole pack swarming round him, and the who-whoop was sounded. The otter was a fine fellow of 24 lb.

I was told that this was the first otter that had been killed in Buckshaw mill-pond, though there is an amusing story of an attempt Mr Collier had made some years before in this water. Having heard of an otter being in the pond, he took his hounds and tried unsuccessfully till darkness set in. Determined not to be beaten, he then kennelled his pack at the farm, and sat up in the kitchen all night. At break of day he started again; but in the end had to acknowledge himself beaten, as the otter had vanished.

Later in the month we made a start at Pulham with seven and a half couple, and found an otter in the stream above Hazlebury, which gave us an hour's good hunt. Three terriers—namely, Royal, Amber, and Nettle—eventually nailed the otter under a stump and killed him in the water, the whole pack going in for a grand worry. When we pulled out the dead otter the half-drowned terriers were still clinging to him, and it was no easy matter to land him.

Floss and Bugle found this otter under a large oak-tree, and Floss, getting up to him, bolted him after a hard tussle, and he made for the top of the bank. Here, finding himself confronted by so many enemies, he ran along a branch of the tree overhanging the water, and perching himself on the extreme end, surveyed the company. Bugle, the little black-and-tan, immediately followed, and balancing herself as best she could, tried to reach him. Just as she got up, the otter turned, and taking a header into deep water, disappeared. Bugle lost her footing from the jerk, and fell after him. Coming up half-drowned, she made for land, but nearly lost her life through the mistaken zeal of people on the bank, who, mistaking her dark head for that of the otter, hit at her with sticks. Mr Connop happily rushed to her rescue, waving his stick at the discomfited sportsmen, with the curt exclamation, "It is the dog, you fools!"

In May the waters were so low that the otters all retired to the larger rivers, and though I had

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the terriers out four days during the month, there was no quarry left in the streams. I then said good-bye to the old country, for that fine sportsman, Mr Courtenay Tracy, took possession of it the following year. He has hunted it ever since with a pack of hounds, consisting of a few couple of pure otter-hounds, some foxhounds, and others a cross between the two, which he prefers to the pure-bred ones for the sport. The hounds work well together and have a grand cry, and it is very pretty to watch them running the trail by the side of the river on a bright spring morning, while the banks resound with their music as they throw their tongues the whole time. Mr Tracy shows capital sport, and is ably assisted by Mr Twynam. No day seems too long for them, and the distances they cover are often quite astounding. I have had some rare fun with them; and when in this neighbourhood they have many people out, those two enthusiastic otter-hunters, the Rev. J. Brymer and Mr C. Phelps, being seldom absent from the field.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE BLOODHOUND IN THE VALE.

THE second Baron Wolverton, Master of the Ranston Bloodhounds, that for eight seasons hunted the carted deer over the Blackmore Vale, used to say humorously that "the worst of hunting a deer is, you cannot leave off when you like. Nobody will believe you if you swear it went to ground." Yet few were keener in the field than Lord Wolverton, who had, as Whyte-Melville tells us, "a holy horror of going home without his game," and would persevere when at a loss "through many a long hour of cold hunting, slotting, scouring the country for information, and other drawbacks to the enjoyment of his chase." Such experience, however, was but the reverse side of the shield, for the noble black-and-tan hounds could show extraordinary sport, and sustain such speed over the open that they would leave behind many a good horseman who knew every inch of the country, and could hold his own against any followers of the chase in the kingdom.

The foundation of Lord Wolverton's pack was

SECOND BARON WOLVERTON,
MASTER OF THE RANSTON BLOODHOUNDS.

a draft of eight couple of bloodhounds bred by Captain Roden of Kells, in County Meath, who for the blood in his own kennels had gone to Mr Jennings in Yorkshire and Mr Cowen of Blaydon Burns, near Newcastle. The young hounds were bought by Lord Wolverton in 1871, and in 1875 his pack consisted of sixteen and a half couple, of which ten couple were of his own breeding. These hounds had all the distinguishing marks of the old black St Huberts, of which they were the direct descendants. Whether this breed had been known in England before the time of the Norman Conquest is an open question, but at least from the latter part of the eleventh century the bloodhound was in this country. Though more generally used singly for tracking wounded deer, and for this purpose kept in our larger country houses, there are instances of whole packs having been brought over from France, and in both countries care seems to have been taken to keep the breed pure, so that our own name for them of bloodhound—*i.e.*, hound of pure blood—is not a misnomer.

The St Hubert hound must be for ever associated with the old Flemish monastery of St Hubert, where both the black and the white variety of this noble breed were kept by succeeding races of the monastic house. The old records of the abbey tell us that for suspected cases of hydrophobia St Hubert's was a great centre for pilgrimages in the Middle Ages, the sufferers being re-

commended to the intercession of St Hubert for their cure. Every year three couple of the hounds were sent by the abbot as a present to the King of France, and the custom only ceased towards the close of the eighteenth century. A great admirer of the breed, and one who has owned and bred more than 300 of them, is M. le Comte le Conteulx de Canteleu, who has told us much about their history. In prehistoric times the St Hubert hounds came from the country of the Ardennes, where they were used to hunt the wild boar and the wolf, that existed in great number in the large forests. Here their descendants are still to be found, though in the course of time they have been so much crossed with other breeds that they have lost the distinctive features of the race. They have become light and fast, and in this respect are, as M. le Comte le Conteulx le Canteleu tells us, exactly the reverse of what they were in the time of King Charles IX. That monarch, who loved a gallop in the field, made the well-known reproach to the bloodhounds of his day, that "they were more suited for men who had the gout than for those who wanted to kill their stag."

Yet the bloodhound as we have it in England can go a great pace, and one of the best forty-five minutes I have ever had in the Vale was with Lord Wolverton's pack. It was in the early 'Seventies, when we met at Hayes on the 8th of April, that this glorious gallop took place. In

the following account many of the incidents come from the pen of Lady Theodora Guest, who has kindly given me her memories of the day in writing.

The meet was at twelve o'clock, and Lord Wolverton and his hounds did not keep us waiting. It was a lovely spring day, and never did the smart hunt-dress of Master and men show to greater advantage. The uniform was a green coat with gilt buttons, and on the latter a coronet and the letter "W." For the lady members of the hunt the costume was a green habit, with the same buttons as those worn by the Master. The hounds were magnificent creatures, standing seven- or eight-and-twenty inches; and as Major Whyte-Melville, who was often out with them, has recorded, "their limbs and frame were proportioned to so gigantic a stature," and, thanks to the Master's "care in breeding and the freedom with which he has drafted, their feet are round and their powerful legs symmetrically straight." No slight praise from such a judge, yet well did the hounds deserve it.

And presently we were to see them as they are depicted in Mr Goddard's picture, "sweeping along like a whirlwind," and putting horse and rider to the test to keep in touch with them. It was, indeed, a sight worth seeing as the big hounds let themselves out, their deep-toned music pealing forth again and again and ringing far over the land.

The good deer Lady Wolverton was uncartered, and we waited about the yard at Rossiter's Farm while she had a start. Among the field, beside the Master and Major Whyte-Melville, there were Lady Theodora Grosvenor, Captain Paget and Captain the Hon. Alfred Byng, both of the 7th Hussars, Major Ness, Mr Digby Collins, H. Harris, who acted as pilot to Lady Theodora, and a goodly gathering of farmers and others. Then hounds were let out, and we followed them at a canter till they reached the deer-cart, where the fun began. Lady Theodora that day was riding a horse named Mars, and I was on Countess. We now had to gallop our best over two or three fields in the direction of the Marnhull road. Suddenly hounds swung round to the right, and the six of us who were together found ourselves faced by a big double, which more than one good horse refused. Countess, happily for me, was not among them, and Lady Theodora, Major Ness, Mr Digby Collins, H. Harris, and E. Harris all came over in turn, and keeping the hounds in view, we raced over one of the stiffest lines in the Vale. But we had no time to look at the big fences as they came, or to choose a place; over we must go if we would not lose the fortune that was ours, for the Master and the rest of the field had been thrown out by the sharp turn hounds had made by Andrew's Farm, and we knew the good things of the day were for us alone.

By Margaret's Marsh hounds swung round once

again to the right, and with scarcely a moment's check went on. We jumped into the lane, and then as hounds took up the line we jumped back into the fields, where Major Ness was rolled over by an open trench, but happily without being hurt. After this the fences came thick and fast, and horses flew them in the wake of hounds, the pack running mute with the deer only twenty yards in front. She had got up out of a ditch close to them just after we crossed the lane, and we rode for our lives, fearing every moment they would have her down. She managed, however, to keep about the same distance from them, and still the steeplechase went on. Over the road from Todber to Marnhull, and then fields and fences again, till we passed Nash covert on our left, and came down to the New Bridge at the spot where we used to have to ford the river.

From this point the pace was slower, and I will give Lady Theodora's description, as she and her pilot had the good fortune to be at the river just as the hounds and deer appeared on the side from which the riders had crossed by the bridge, and for a time they galloped level with the pack, only the water between.

"Seeing the white posts," she says, "we went for the ford, and Harris splashed in, saying as he did so, 'Wait till I am over, please.' This I did impatiently enough, till, just as I was going to follow, down went his horse in the mud on landing. Harris jumped off and got clear, but

implored me as he did so not to attempt it. As I hesitated, Mr Digby Collins arrived with his horse half-blown, and going straight in, he had just the same experience as Harris, only with a worse roll. Then I turned away in despair, and coming upon E. Harris, I made him pilot me. The deer now crossed almost directly in front of us, but E. Harris's horse was so pumped I had to pull Mars into a trot to keep with him. When we had jumped three more fences and crossed the road under Fifehead, heading for the lower Fifehead coverts, Harris's mount came to a standstill, and as I had not the courage to go on quite alone, I turned back to the road, where I soon came up with H. Harris and the tail hounds."

At Five Bridges Lady Theodora from one point, and I from another, came up with the hounds, which were now entirely at a loss and had thrown up. Boreham, the kennel huntsman, who had just arrived, tried to make a cast, but did no good, and at Nyland Lord Wolverton joined us. He had been riding the roads savagely all day to try and find hounds, and had come across the two hussars, who with Captain Broun arrived on the scene; but Major Whyte-Melville and Mr Walter Grove, both usually so good, we never saw again.

The Master took hounds back to Five Bridges to try and find the deer; but though he heard news of her at Kington Magna, he tried to hit off the line for two hours without success. For the first time in her wonderful career Lady Wolverton

LORD WOLVERTON'S BLOODHOUNDS.

"SWEEPING ALONG."

was lost, and no trace of her could be found. At last the Master was left almost alone, while he still tried to pick up some clue to her disappearance. Going once more to Kington, he found the deer about 4.30, and she then gave him a run of forty minutes before she was taken in an out-house near Wincanton. It was nine o'clock that night before Lord Wolverton reached home.

It was, I think, always either a very good or a very bad day with the bloodhounds. When they ran as they did on the day I have described, you felt that nothing could surpass them in the field; but there were times when they would not show any sport, and you had nothing to relieve the tedium of a long day of waiting for the run that never came. Of course on all good days we did not get the superlative gallop that marked our meeting at Hayes, but the following instances may be taken as typical of the ordinary sport enjoyed with the pack.

On March 7, 1874, Lord Wolverton's fixture was at Fifehead Magdalen, as he had settled to look for a hind that had been seen for some days feeding with the cows on Loder's Farm, at Buckhorn Weston. This hind had given a capital forty minutes from Manston the week before, and had been lost at the end of the day near Rodgrove.

The hounds and the field—the latter numbering about one hundred—were shut into the yard for twenty minutes, and then the chase started over the open-trenched fields and their stiff fences in

the direction of Rodgrove. Thence towards Shanks, and at a gallop down the lane till there was a short check close by Langham. Hounds soon recovered the line, and crossing a ploughed field, bore down to the South-Western Railway, and passing under the arch, went round towards Eccliffe Mill till the river lay in front. A somewhat deep ford here let both hounds and field through, and going fairly straight for Stour Provost, the pack crossed the Todber Road, and leaving Nash covert on their right, came down once more to the river. For a while they ran along the bank till they came to City Mill, where they crossed, the narrow plank bridge at this point allowing the field to get over in single file. At Pentridge the Somerset and Dorset Railway had to be crossed, and now the pace, which up to this point had been good, grew slower. The hounds, however, never left the line, and the big doubles that lay in their path, and which they could cross but slowly, brought out their deeper and more angry tones. In a branch of the Develish river near Bagber, known in the neighbourhood as the Blackwater, the hind was viewed, but before hounds came up she was off, and the field, now reduced to fifteen in number, went on by the Bagber Brickfields and over Haydon Common to Stoke Wake. Here the gallant hind was taken, after a run of two and a half hours, the earlier part of which had been at racing pace. The Lady Theodora Grosvenor and

Mrs Clay Ker Seymer were well up till near the end, the only members of the field who were actually up when the deer was taken being Mr Merthyr Guest, Mr Clay Ker Seymer, and one of the whippers-in. There was a good deal of grief on the way, and it was rumoured that a tree had been cut down to free the present Sir Walter Grove from some strange predicament, various explanations of which were afloat.

Now from the bright to the sombre, and we will see what befell those who met Lord Wolverton at Manston in the same month of March 1874. The Master had out nine couple of hounds, and there was a fair-sized field to meet him, among the latter being Major Whyte-Melville, Mr and Mrs Clay Ker Seymer, Lady Theodora Grosvenor, Captain Coote, and Captain Bridges of Fifehead. As soon as the deer had been uncartered, Major Whyte-Melville mounted guard over the gate of the field where the followers were assembled, announcing in magisterial tones that no one on horse or foot was to pass that way. "But first," he remarked presently with a twinkle in his eye, "we will make sure the gate will open—just for you and me."

There was, however, no need for hurry, for the deer trotted off in a very lackadaisical manner, and when hounds were laid on they were very head-strong and difficult to manage, though they soon came upon her in a little covert in which she had taken refuge. When the deer was at last per-

suaded to leave her shelter, she trotted back from whence she came, and in a very few minutes hounds were close upon her again. After this the hind was secured and re-carted, and another was released. This second act of the drama opened better, the hounds making magnificent music as they set off at a pace that kept the field galloping behind them; but after some half-dozen fields the followers dashed up to find the deer in the midst of hounds. She was separated and again given a chance, but she very soon took soil in a pond, and as she did not mean leaving it or playing the game any more, the day of failures came to an end.

Mr G. B. Starkey, who used to hunt in the Blackmore Vale country before he went to New Zealand, and who has recently been paying a visit to some old friends in Dorset, tells of an amusing scene he once witnessed in connection with a meet of Lord Wolverton's bloodhounds, which may be taken as a good receipt for making a deer run. He was driving to the fixture, and on the way he passed the deer-cart at the Ship at Stour, the horse, with his bit off, busy eating from a nose-bag, while the driver was nowhere to be seen. As Mr Starkey was driving quietly along he presently heard a great rattle, and on looking round saw the deer-cart coming after him at about a hundred miles an hour. He promptly drew to the side of the road and held up his hands, but the runaway paid no attention, and swept past him. The cart was eventually secured and brought up to the

meet, and when the deer was uncartered he needed no hustling but went off straight as a die, and no sign or trace of him was discovered till some days after, when he was found in the Wells harrier country. The poor beast had no doubt been frightened to death by the unaccustomed jolting of his conveyance.

Among those who were usually to be seen with the bloodhounds at this time, beside those I have already mentioned, were the Hon. Mrs Bertie, old Lord Digby, the Hon. Theresa Digby, Mr Cavendish Bentinck, the Hon. G. Arundell, Mr Kyrle Chapman, who was killed under Doncliffe some years later when out with Lord Portman's hounds, Mr Grant Dalton, Mr and Miss Surtees, Captain Mervyn Medlycott, known as "The Commodore," General Glyn, Mr T. Bullock — now Chafyn - Grove — Mr Barton, Colonel Everett, M.F.H. (South Wilts), Mr George Gordon, Mr Sands, who was killed in Rotten Row, Major Bogle, Mr Porteous, Mr O'Kelly, Mr Percy Wyndham, the Comte de Montagnac, the Rev. W. Portman, Mr Dendy, Major Borthwick, Major Astell, Major Fryer (Carabineers), Sir W. Clay, Mr Carr Glyn, Lord Howth, Mr Knatchbull, and among the farmers Parry of Fisherton, Worthy, Chisman, and Wiltshire. Old Mr Digby used to come out driving, and managed to see most of what was going on. It was in 1876 that a black horse, ridden by Mr Surtees till it was more than twenty years old, dropped

dead in the course of a run, as his master was in the act of opening a gate for Lady Theodora Grosvenor.

Lord Wolverton kept the mastership of the bloodhound pack till the year 1880, and he showed good sport, though, as I have said, there was even more uncertainty about the quality of the hunting than with foxhounds. Like other members of his family, Lord Wolverton was devoted to sport. He had been entered early with the V.W.H. and the Old Berkshire Hounds, and later he was well known with Baron Rothschild and in Essex. After he sold the bloodhounds to Lord Carrington, he hunted the country round Iwerne with harriers. The bloodhounds were not a success with Lord Carrington, and he parted with them after one season to the Comte le Conteulx le Canteleu, who used them for hunting the deer and the wild boar. At the latter sport I believe they were hardly courageous enough to be successful.

It was evident in the days when the bloodhounds were in the Vale that they required the most careful handling. As the bloodhound does not "pack" naturally, he is inclined to trust too much to himself, and to take no notice of what his fellows are doing. He is shy and nervous, and if rated or struck will turn sulky and refuse to work. It was therefore by his study of the character of his hounds and his individual knowledge of each, as well as by his unfailing patience, that Lord Wolverton showed the sport he did. A character-

istic of the hounds was that they hunted entirely by scent, never raising their heads for a view, this trait doubtless coming from their ancestors the black St Huberts, which were used for hunting the dense forests of the Ardennes, in which they could only run by scent.

Some twenty years before Lord Wolverton was hunting in Dorset, Mr Thomas Nevill of Chilland had a pack of bloodhounds, with which he hunted the carted deer in the country round Winchester. This pack was built up from a couple of the so-called Talbots, that were kept by the keepers of the New Forest for the purpose of recovering wounded deer. Mr Nevill took the greatest pains to breed his hounds true to type, though he did not by any means confine their hunting to deer. A story is told by Mr Nevill Fitt which shows on what good terms the hounds and their quarry were, and what a wonderful power over animals Mr Nevill had. A fallow-doe was so entirely without fear of the hounds that she would go into the kennels with the Master, and eat from the trough at which the bloodhounds were fed. On a hunting day the doe would trot out by the Master's side with the hounds all round her, being perfectly fearless in their midst. Then when the spot determined on had been reached, the doe was started off, and the hounds laid on after a few minutes' delay. The line was generally a straight one for home, and the doe, finding the door of her pen open, took refuge, and had the door closed

upon her before the hounds came up. The Master, however, would often open the door and let the hounds bay her face to face, a proceeding which in no way disturbed her, and she was always ready to repeat the performance.

From Mr Nevill's kennel a bitch named Countess was bought by Mr Nichols, and her daughter Restless, by Mr G. Reynald's Ray's Victor, was the mother of no less than four future champions, whose blood is to be found in all the best bloodhounds of the present day.

The fame of these packs and the writings of Whyte-Melville did much to bring the bloodhound into notice. Classes for these beautiful hounds became one of the greatest attractions at dog-shows, and within certain limits there is no doubt that the effect of these exhibitions has been beneficial to the breed. For one thing, they have dissipated much popular prejudice against the bloodhound. It was found that he is by no means the fierce and untractable animal he had been represented to be, though he is a dog of a highly nervous disposition and is easily spoiled by harsh and injudicious treatment. His beauty had never been in question, and once his tractability was established, he soon found eager supporters, and the bloodhound classes filled with fine specimens of the breed. Colonel Cowen was a most successful breeder, and he crossed the Braes of Derwent Foxhounds with his bloodhounds, a cross which for the hunting of

MISS EAST,

MR EAST,

E. CLEAVER,

F. CLEAVER,

THE HOLMLEIGH BLOODHOUNDS.

that rough country is said to have answered well.

Mr Holford's hounds were well known, and his Diligent and Matchless were among the best specimens of their day. Another famous breeder was Mr Brough, whose kennel has had a long series of show successes.

Unfortunately the bloodhound has not been exempt from the dangers of a show career. Whenever the competition in a breed becomes close, there is a tendency for small and unimportant points to turn the scale. In process of time some of the show-bench hounds became a sort of canine tadpole—all head. Legs and feet, back and loins, and all that propelling power without which a hound is not worthy of the name, were neglected as matters of small importance compared to an exaggerated wrinkle, a narrow high-peaked head, a deeply sunken eye, and a disproportionate length of ear. The bloodhound indeed was apparently doomed, because the extreme views of the fanciers would leave him neither the power to hunt nor the brains to be a companion.

Then came the happy idea of making him again an instrument of sport, in the direction to which his hereditary qualities seemed to point. The leading bloodhound-owners trained their hounds to hunt the clean boot, Mrs Oliphant of Shrewton being, I believe, the first to do so, and when the first trials were arranged, very general interest was excited. There is now every chance that

hunting the clean boot will become a favourite sport in those open countries where the working of the hounds can be followed.

Very remarkable stories are told of the blood-hound's power of working on a cold scent, not the least remarkable among those I have heard being one in which the hounds are said to have followed the trail of a man who, after running five miles, performed the rest of his journey in a cart. The hounds, nevertheless, ran up to their man as he was solacing himself with bread-and-cheese and beer in a public-house, though they had not been put on his line till five hours after he had gone away. This story recalls to my mind the well-known print by Alken of Mr Musters being hunted by his own foxhounds, concerning which a marvellous instance of picking up a line is told. The hounds were to sleep out before the next day's hunting, and were being taken to their destination in the charge of the first whipper-in. Mr Musters, who hunted the hounds himself, was also to sleep at a friend's house, which was some four miles distant from the kennels. For the first part of the way his road was not that taken by the hounds, though he came on to it later, and pushed on as fast as his hack would carry him to get well in front of them. Directly the hounds came to the point in the road at which Mr Musters had joined it, every hound in the pack started off in pursuit of him in spite of all that could be done to stop them, and in less than a mile came up with

him. In Alken's print the hounds are depicted jumping up at their huntsman, and one is getting on his horse and greeting him with what must have been rather embarrassing warmth.

In the season 1902-3 the hound list for the first time contained the Holmleigh Bloodhounds, a pack with which Mr East tracks the clean boot over the open downs round Andover. The work of such a pack can scarcely fail to improve the standard of the working bloodhound, and it is in this direction that the future of the hound probably lies. It is noteworthy that Mr East has found it necessary to cross his hounds with the foxhound in order to improve their legs and feet. Two Belvoir hounds have been introduced into the Holmleigh kennels, as well as a Cuban hound. The latter, though by no means so handsome and imposing-looking a dog as the English bloodhound, has good feet and legs, and has proved to be a most excellent worker in the field and an indefatigable tracker.

It is in tracking that the bloodhound's natural gifts of scent are shown at their best, and this offers a delightful sport to those who love to watch the working of a good hound on a difficult line.

CHAPTER IX.

GOOD SPORT.

MR MERTHYR GUEST's mastership of the Blackmore Vale began in 1884, when he was already a well-known follower of the hounds. He had come into the country in 1864, and lived for some time at Fifehead Magdalen, from which place he moved to Inwood after his marriage. The autumn generally saw him following the fox in Leicestershire, but after Christmas he used to hunt six days a-week with the Blackmore Vale and one or other of the neighbouring packs. After he took command of the B. V. Hunt he was out four days a-week in his own country, and generally had two more with Lord Portman or the South and West Wilts. When Mr Guest started his private pack in 1885 his own hounds gave him the two extra days in the Vale.

During the sixteen years that Mr Guest hunted the country at his own expense I was a follower of his hounds. Two days in the week the Master used to carry the horn himself, the huntsman carrying it on the other four days. The hunt

FIELD-MARSHAL LORD ROBERTS ON VONOLEL.

servants as well as the Master were always mounted on grey horses, and the general effect of the grey and scarlet was decidedly smart. An exchange of views as to the Master's love of sport, which was overheard by chance between two farmers of the Vale, tells its own story. "I believe Mr Guest is a religious man," remarked one, who had all the Dorset yeoman's love of hunting. "Yes," agreed the other, also a well-known figure at the covert-side, "so he is, and always goes to church of a Sunday. But," with a shrewd look, "if a pack of hounds *did* hunt anywhere that day, I'm blowed if he would not be with them."

Mr Guest's own hounds were a mixed pack, and they were devotedly attached to him. The welcome they gave him when he drove up to the meet on a hunting morning was very pretty to see, and at Tripps Limekiln I once saw them break away from the whipper-in and scramble all over the Master's carriage, to the great alarm of the handsome pair of greys attached to it. Mr Guest had a fancy for light-coloured hounds, especially those with tan markings, as he thought that when they were running they caught the eye better than any others. He bred them for nose and voice, and on a cub-hunting morning I have often sat outside the covert listening with delight to the hounds' deep notes, which I have never heard equalled in any other pack. It was a treat also to see the patience with which they would work out a line on

a bad-scenting day. Mr Guest had a great knowledge of the run of a fox, and when he was hunting his own pack very few foxes escaped him. A keener, harder pack to break up their quarry there could not be ; and I remember a man who had just been appointed whipper-in telling me that he felt quite nervous when taking a fox from the hounds, as they fought so hard to keep it.

Mr Guest, though a heavy weight, was always with his hounds, but he never gave them help unless they really needed it, as he loved to see them puzzle out the line for themselves. The hounds could run, however, as well as hunt, and when there was a scent you had to ride your hardest to keep in touch with them. I know no one who was better to follow in a quick thing than the Master, for he knew the country and how to get over it, and you might trust him to find out the weak place in even the most impossible-looking fence.

Lady Theodora Guest, who before her marriage hunted regularly from Motcombe, where she was living with her mother, the late Marchioness of Westminster, is a rare judge of hunting, and always knows what hounds are doing. She could tell the name and history of every hound in the pack, and no one rode straighter or more thoroughly understood how to get over a big Dorsetshire double than she did. I only speak of her performances in the past tense, because she has been but seldom seen at the covert-side since Mr

Guest gave up the hounds. Miss Guest, too, is an ardent follower of the chase, and is devoted to hounds. She rides very straight, nothing coming amiss to her, and she bids fair to rival her mother's prowess in the field.

A wonderful instance of nerve and pluck shown by Lady Theodora at the time when she had her leg broken by the swinging-to of a gate, will show that she is not to be ranked amongst fair-weather sportswomen. She was riding a horse named Falconer, a well-bred animal, very impetuous, and a brilliant fencer. Almost at the end of a good run Lady Theodora was following her pilot through a gateway, when the gate, which had been fixed open, left its fastening and swayed back. She took a pull at her horse to get room, but he saw the gate closing, and swerved so suddenly towards the post that his rider's leg was brought against it with a tremendous crash. As Lady Theodora remarked afterwards, she thought it was the only gate-post in all Dorset that was not rotten. It was firm and strong, however, and as the sufferer said, she felt her leg grince as it came against it. Calling to her pilot to stop, she told him her leg was broken, and said that she would ride home, though the accident had happened some nine miles from Inwood.

Strangely enough, the horse, which had been ramping and worrying all day, understood that there was something wrong, and never went out of an even walk the whole way home. On the road

Lady Theodora was overtaken by Mr Digby Collins, who had heard of the accident, and came to see if anything could be done. Some one else had sent to Inwood for the carriage, but as this only met the sufferer when she was within a mile of home, she preferred not to leave the saddle. When passing through Stalbridge she called at Dr Long's house, and without giving the doctor any particulars, she told him that he had better get some splints and bring them to Inwood as quickly as might be, as his services would be wanted. Much mystified, the doctor obeyed, and in the meantime Mr Guest had heard the bad tidings and was at the door to lift his wife out of the saddle when her long ride came to an end.

It was in April, nine years after Mr Guest had taken up the duties of Master, that he received a presentation from the farmers and puppy-walkers of the hunt. The presentation took place at Sherborne Castle, when Mr K. Wingfield Digby, M.P., on behalf of the subscribers, asked the Master's acceptance of a handsome silver hunting-horn. The horn bore the inscription, "To Merthyr Guest, M.F.H., as a mark of esteem from the farmers and puppy-walkers of the Blackmore Vale, 1893." Mr G. D. Dampney, of Hinton Farm, then presented a massive silver salver to Lady Theodora Guest, this being a joint-offering to her and Mr Guest. Inscribed on the salver were the words, "Presented to the Master and the Lady Theodora Guest, by the farmers and puppy-

walkers of the Blackmore Vale, as a mark of their esteem, and as a token of their high appreciation of Mr Guest's untiring efforts to show sport during his mastership of the Blackmore Vale Hounds, from 1884 to 1893."

The scene was a very animated one as we all stood in the court at the castle, the subscribers who had arrived some time before having in the meantime been entertained hospitably in the dining-room. The speech in which the Master expressed his appreciation of the honour done to him and his wife was a very happy one. He alluded feelingly to the agricultural depression that was trying the farmers so severely, and while wishing his friends a better time in the future, he said that both he and Lady Theodora would value their gift even more highly than they must have done in any case, from the fact that Mr Dampney had told them that the subscriptions to it had been limited to a small sum in each case. He spoke of his friendship for the late Mr John Wingfield Digby, who nine years previously had proposed that he should take the hounds when his old friend Sir Richard Glyn retired from office. It was a source of great gratification to him that Mr Digby's son should offer him a token which told him that he had fulfilled the trust his father had reposed in him. Mr Guest said that the good feeling existing among all classes in the hunt, of which their meeting that morning was a sign, was at once a source of joy to himself personally and

an augury of good to the great cause of fox-hunting which they all had at heart.

A humorous suggestion as to the possible means of avoiding the danger of hounds being ridden over, Mr Guest made. As the danger arose from the action of the strangers who came to ride with them, and not from the residents in the country, he thought it might lead to good results if each stranger made himself responsible for the walking of one of their puppies. He knew from experience that every puppy-walker was most careful not to hurt a hound in the field, and he thought that in the same circumstances a stranger would be afraid of over-riding the hound he had walked, or he would be restrained by the fear of harming a hound which his wife had taken care of in its young days. He feared that as it was, strangers were apt to view the hound in much the same way as the celebrated Lord Albanley, who is credited with the remark, "If it were not for these blessed hounds, what fun we could have!"

Mr Guest then assured his friends who were present that the only way in which he could show his appreciation of their marks of regard worthily, was by promising them that as long as he had the power and as long as he had the means, so long would it be with him, *fox et præterea nihil*.

There is plenty of variety in the country hunted over by the Blackmore Vale Hounds. In the Sparkford and Lydford districts it is a flying

J. K. WINGFIELD DIGBY, M.P.

country, with large grass-fields, an occasional brook, and fences that can be jumped in a horse's stride almost anywhere.

Of the runs that live in my memory is one when the dog pack met at the Cross Keys, Lydford, on December 7, 1889. We found in West Wood, and ran over the road to Hornblottom as if for Pennard, and on nearly to Alhampton. Crossing the river to Ditchheat, we went close to Evercreech, and then swinging round came back to Alhampton, where the fox was run into fifty minutes from the start. This was a regular steeplechase, as, with the exception of one short check in the last ten minutes, hounds raced the whole way. The line was over a fine grass country without a single ploughed field, and the flying fences were interspersed now and again with timber or a possible water jump.

Another grand day's sport over a lovely country was when we met at Sparkford, early in the month of February in the year 1894. A sharp frost had made the roads very slippery, and the going was so bad that it was twelve o'clock before a start was made. At midday the Master gave the word for Sturt Copse, and here we found a brace of foxes at home. Hounds settled down to one of them, which broke in the direction of Annis Hill, and just touching the hill covert, he went on for Podymore. Swinging round to the right, he raced on to Yarcombe Copse, where he was viewed dead-beat, the time up to this point being an hour and

forty minutes. The pace throughout had been fast, and the country being very deep, grief had been rife among the field. After a ring round Yarcombe the fox broke again and led us to Hazelgrove, across the park and out over the big drop fence, leaving South Barrow village on the left, till he reached Wearyall and made for the Hadspen coverts. The last part of the way was not so fast, and as by the time we came to Hadspen it was four o'clock and fresh foxes were likely to be on foot, hounds were stopped. They had then been running three hours, and those of us who had escaped disaster by the way had a good day's record to our credit.

Among the humours of the hunting-field that occur to me, I remember having a good laugh one day over an incident that tried the Master's patience sorely. We had found a fox in Sherborne Park, which broke towards Crackmore Lodge, and while we were going across the fallow in the direction of Ven, where there were some sheep, hounds threw up. Seeing a boy holding on to a half-frantic, yapping sheep-dog, the Master asked him if he had seen the fox. "Yah, sir," was the answer; "he be gone across the ground." "Which way, my boy?" "Across ground, sir," was again the luminous response, as the urchin held on valiantly to his struggling dog. "Which way, my lad? Where was his head?" came from the now angry Master. "Straight in front of him, sir," replied young hopeful; and while we were enjoying

the humour of the situation from behind, an expressive "Ugh!" came from the Master's lips. At this moment hounds hit off the line, and the boy's assistance was no longer wanted.

The far-famed Pulham country is very deep and holding, and its big blackthorn fences require some jumping. If in this part of the Vale the fox should take a line for Bagber, there will be some real Dorset doubles to give variety to the day's sport. Of the many runs I have enjoyed here, two stand out as being superlatively good. They were both in the year 1894—the earlier one in February, and the other at the beginning of the following season.

When the dog pack met at Pulham on February 3, we had a curious experience with a leash of foxes from Ponting's Gorse, the Ranksboro' of Dorset, as Mr Digby used to call it. The foxes kept together and headed for Humber Wood, at which point they divided, and hounds separating on the line of each of them, the hunt went on in three divisions. The body of the pack ran down to Short Wood, and making the circuit of the covert returned to Humber Wood, thence to Deadmoor and Rocksmoor, and on to the Stock coverts. Crossing the Caundle Brook, they raced on to Holtham Plantation and in a straight line to Stalbridge Park, where the good gallop of one hour and twenty minutes came to an end. In the meantime five and a half couple of hounds had followed another of the foxes from Humber to

Stoke Common, and crossing Melcombe Park had gone on as if for Wrenswell. Being headed, hounds swung round and made for Short Wood, where the whipper-in succeeded in stopping them after forty minutes' hard running. With the third fox three and a half couple of hounds ran to Armswell, and were stopped at Plush at the end of a fast thirty minutes.

On November 28, in the same year of 1894, we met at Warr Bridge, and late in the afternoon went away with our second fox from Cook's Plantation, and crossing the road to Thornhill Obelisk, swept past the front of Thornhill House and across the river Lyd to Lydlinch Common. Passing through the corner of Brickles Wood, and leaving Hyde's Withybed on our left, we went down over the meadows for Rodmoor, and then turning short to the left and running past New Gorse, we came to the turnpike at the back of the Green Man Inn, and going over it, went up to Pulham Rectory, leaving Holwell Gorse on our right. A straight line from here took us to Humber Wood, where a brace of fresh foxes were soon on foot, and as night was fast closing in, the Master reluctantly blew his horn and called hounds off. This was a fine sporting run of just over an hour, and it covered a large extent of country.

The Cheriton Vale is another part of the hunt territory that it is delightful to ride over. You can stride over its fine grass enclosures, and jump well on to the top of its wide banked doubles, and

MRS GUNDRY.

if you have a bold and clever horse under you you will do it with ease.

The first run that stands out from many others over this country was with the Master's pack, when the fixture was at the Red Lion, Cheriton, early in February 1891. Our fox was found in a double behind Hatherleigh Farm, and hounds streamed away uphill, just short of Holbrook, turning left-handed down the gully, and then swinging to the right, ran on to Lattiford. Maperton and Blundas were the next points, then back to Gale's Plantation, and just touching Little Cheriton Wood, a left-hand turn down the road brought them to South Cheriton, where hounds checked after a very fast thirty minutes. Hitting the line again below the village, the pack ran into their fox close to the spot from which they had roused him. Our second fox was from the double near Stoke Trister, and led us to Stileway and on as if for Hunter's Lodge, but bearing to the left, we ran hard to Higher Hornwood, where the fox went to ground after a good twenty minutes.

A scene that took place in the grounds at Inwood one day when the Master's hounds had killed their fox just outside was a remarkable one. The late Marchioness of Westminster, who was then living at Inwood, and in her ninety-fourth year, took a great interest in the hounds and their performances in the field. The Master therefore ordered the fox to be brought in view of the windows, and

had it "tree'd," so that she might watch the final scene. For some time the hounds bayed their fox beautifully, vying with each other in their efforts to dislodge it, and when at last they succeeded, there was much excitement, in which Lady Westminster took her full share.

The spectacle was certainly unique, and a friend in speaking of it says, "Here was the oldest sports-woman in the world sharing the interest with her son-in-law, who was himself owner of one of the biggest packs in the world,¹ and who was probably the only man who had hunted six days a-week for a period of nearly thirty years." Lady Westminster said it recalled the memories of her youth to her, when in the second and third decades of the century, while George IV. and William IV. were on the throne, she had hunted with the Belvoir and Quorn Hounds.

Another scene which I remember in connection with the latter years of Lady Westminster's life was when a ball was given at Inwood in honour of her ninetieth birthday. Letters and telegrams had poured in upon her during the earlier part of the day. She had shown the keenest interest in all, and was specially pleased with a very gracious message sent by King Edward VII., then Prince of Wales. In all the arrangements for the ball Lady Westminster also interested herself, and when the company assembled in the ballroom she was present and received the con-

¹ Mr Guest never had less than a hundred couple in kennel.

gratulations of the guests. Each of the ladies offered her a magnificent bouquet, and the immense pile of choice flowers, that made a bank behind her as she stood with Mr Guest at the top of the long room, made a lovely frame to a very pretty picture. The company present signed an address of congratulation, in the getting up of which I had been helped by Mr Clayton, and this was presented to Lady Westminster as she was leaving the ballroom about midnight.

Before she left us she said a few words of thanks, and assured us our offerings were most highly prized by her. The dancing, which had begun at 10.30, went on with great vigour till two o'clock, the pink dress-coats of the hunt worn by most of the men adding greatly to the brilliancy of the scene.

Now to return to the hunting-field and to the sport in the Cheriton Vale. It was on January 31, 1893, that the lady pack met at Lattiford House, where the Rev. S. Dendy had his usual hearty welcome ready for us. Finding at once in Grove Withybed, we raced for eighteen minutes in the direction of Rodgrove, just short of which our quarry bore to the left under Buckhorn Weston, and rose the hill for Quarr. Still keeping to the left, he led us past Shanks House and Cucklington Rectory, and on for Deply Withybed. From this point he headed for Silton, and hounds checked in some plough, but the fox, jumping up in view, was bowled over by a single hound named Clytie.

It was now forty minutes from the find, and the first part of the way had been quite a steeplechase.

Of the Stalbridge Vale I have not yet spoken, though in my opinion it is quite the cream of the country. Jumps of every sort are there,—timber, water, doubles, and flying fences,—and hounds seldom fail to find a serving scent over its grand pastures. The sport we had on April 4, 1888, came near to being a record day. As the point-to-point races were to take place at Sparkford, the meet was at eight o'clock, so that it might be possible for those who wished to go to the latter after the hunting was over. We found in Nylands and went away over the river by Pelsham Farm to Kington Magna, and up to the brickfields at Buckhorn Weston. Here there was a slight check, as our fox had made an awkward double; but we were soon on him again, and heading back to Pelsham, he recrossed the river and made for Nylands. Going straight through the covert in the direction of Bow Brook, he turned before reaching it and once again crossed the river Cale; the good hound Paramount, the handsomest dog-hound in the pack, holding the line and the others flying to him, they went on without a check. Carrying a good head, they drove over Temple Lane to Moor Withybed and on to Baslem's Hill, where the fox lay down in a double. Jumping out in view, he then crossed the Sherborne road and headed three fields towards Prior's Down; but bearing down to Hackthorne Lane, he crossed the road once more,

VISCOUNT PORTMAN, M.F.H.

and hounds ran into him one mile from the brook. The run had lasted one hour and twenty-three minutes, and had it been straight, it would have been a record one. Although it was somewhat twisting, it was yet one that those who shared in it can never forget. The pace was good throughout, the working of the hounds marvellous, and every hound was up at the finish.

The great run in the Blackmore Vale country, however, was earlier than this, and had taken place on December 30, 1884. This hunt has often been described,¹ and I will not dwell on it here. Hounds met at Jack White's Gibbet, and finding their fox in Mr Hobhouse's coverts at Hadspen at twenty minutes before noon, they ran into him between North Wootton and Barrow at twelve minutes to four, after a real old-fashioned run of four hours and eight minutes. The first check took place at Evercreech, to which point the time was fifty-eight minutes; the next was under Pennard House, two hours and thirty-five minutes from Evercreech; and from West Pennard Church, where hounds checked for the last time before the end, was a race of about twenty minutes. The last scene was a strange one, for the fox jumped into the apron of an old woman who was guarding the door of her cottage, and hounds killed him at the woman's feet as he fell back out of her apron.

For lovers of hound-work there is attraction in

¹ See "Record Runs" in 'Baily's Magazine.'

the big Wiltshire woodlands that lie on one side of the B. V. Hunt country, and the Grange Woods at Middlemarsh, which touch the Cattistock territory, are pleasant riding in the spring. They give us a few extra days before the close of the season, when it is too late to ride over the open country, where the chain-harrow is at work and the gaps in the fences are being filled up.

There still remains the Pylle country, which was formed by Mr Guest, and has given us many a good day's sport. It was here that Mr Guest had what he considered the best day he ever enjoyed with any hounds.

It was on April 13, 1889, that Mr Guest's private pack met at Pylle Station. Scent in the early part of the day was very bad, and when, after drawing Popplar Lane Wood blank, the whipper-in viewed a fox in Folly Wood, hounds could scarcely acknowledge the line. Bajazet, however, caught a view, and with a fine chorus hounds forced the fox out and over the road towards the railway. At the third fence from the road there was some grief over wire, one member of the field being put down by it and another getting it at his horse's breast, while Charley, the whipper-in, had his horse's knees cut. Happily the Master saw the wire in time and got over safely. Hounds ran on over Cockmill Farm into the wood, and at the top of the hill went along the lane as if for Pilton Park Farm. Bearing out of the lane, however, short of Pilton, they flashed

over the Middleway road and ran down to the lower end of Goosefurlong. From this point they crossed the Hambridge Lane, and going over Withial, they passed Stone Farm, and just short of Purbrook Chapel they took a line beside the road through Lottisham and Rookery Farm, and over Lower Farm towards Stone House. Swinging to the left at the brook, hounds then headed for Park Wood, and once more crossing Lower Farm and running down to the brook, they crossed, and going through West Wood, reached Wrangles, where the covert was being cut. Heading for Naydens, there was a momentary check, but a hound named Drosky recovered the line silently, and as the Master luckily saw her and put the pack on to her, we went on without loss of time towards New Inn Corner. We were now once more running the road, but hounds swinging off it to the right, ran down to Bridgend Farm, and with a good head swung along by the side of the river to Mendip Farm. Here just behind the farmhouse they came up to their quarry, and pulled down a fine dog-fox in a thick brambly fence. The time was one hour and seven minutes, and we had never seen our fox from the start. The measured distance was ten miles, and except for the one check when Drosky hit off the line so curiously, there had been no time for any one to get up. There were only three people really in this run from find to finish, though a handy road enabled some to be there to see hounds break up

their fox. The brush was given to Mr Dowding, of Hedge Farm, and the mask to Mr Tilley, of Pilton, but the fox had not enough pads to satisfy those who wanted them.

Once when we were running a fox of a peculiar colour, hounds were at fault in a road after a quick burst, and the whipper-in, seeing an old woman in a red shawl crossing the road, said to her, "Please, ma'am, have you seen the fox?" "Oh yes," was the reply, "he went over just there," indicating the spot with her hand. "What colour was he, my good woman?" here inquired the Master. But for the reply he had to wait. Then slowly and hesitatingly she answered, "Brown," to the obvious annoyance of some among the expectant throng, and the amusement of those who were not responsible for the day's proceedings.

A run we once had with a black fox I must not omit to mention. This fox was one of a litter bred in the shrubbery at Haddon, and we constantly saw him running about in the dusk on the far side of the drive. For some time it was believed that he was a black cat. As the autumn approached he and the rest of the family retired to Plumley Wood, where he was often seen, though he escaped being hunted, as he was very clever in substituting one of his brothers or sisters when hounds came to the covert. At last, however, his time came, and on the 13th of April 1887, the day on which the hunt steeplechases were to be run,

GENERAL SIR JULIUS GLYN.

we met on Toomer Hill at eight o'clock, and after spending some time over a short-running fox, we trotted to Haddon and found the black fox in Biddlecombe covert. Getting away at once, hounds ran nicely to the Holts, and going through, headed for Marsh Copse, near to which they checked. The Master fortunately caught sight of his fox sitting up in a corner of a field, and clapped hounds on to the line. It was beautiful to see them fly to his rarely blown horn, and away we went down wind over the road to the right, and then we had a really fine line at best pace beside the river, going as if for Holwell Church. Bearing to the left, hounds ran to Pulham Gorse and up to Pulham Rectory, where Mr Tyrwhitt-Drake ran out to see what was going on. Another slight check occurred here, but Bribery and Picture soon picked up the line, and we went on for Brockhampton and Duntish Common. Scent was now failing and we were still going down wind, but we kept on nearly to Buckland Newton, where Painter made a remarkable cast. With his head in the air he apparently winded the fox, and running back two fields he hit off the line. Picture followed him and also spoke to the line, but they could not hold it for more than a field or two, and the Master had to give up the fox after a splendid gallop of forty-five minutes. As it was now two o'clock, there was no chance of getting back in time for the point-to-point races.

The following autumn the black fox was chopped on an early cub-hunting morning in Plumley Wood. He proved to be a very large dog-fox, entirely black with the exception of a few white hairs at the end of his brush. This brush now hangs in the dining-room at Inwood.

CHAPTER X.

THE OLD BLACK-AND-TAN TERRIER.

THAT the black-and-tan was the fox-terrier of olden times I have no doubt, and I think the belief is justified by the testimony of old sporting pictures and the many references in books and magazine articles to the tan-marked terrier of the day. A strong evidence in favour of the theory is found in the pictures of Sartorius, the well-known painter of sporting subjects in the eighteenth century, who in most of his representations of hounds gives one or more of the back-and-tan terriers. These little dogs are either rough or smooth, so that both varieties were evidently known, the smooth ones as painted by Sartorius generally having prick ears.

At Stapleton, or Steepleton, once the home of Peter Beckford, there is, or was, a picture by Sartorius of two couples of Beckford's hounds with two terriers, one of the latter of which is black and tan and the other all tan, both apparently being wire-haired. Another of this artist's works is at Inwood; and in this picture

of hounds in full cry a smooth black-and-tan is represented following them as fast as he can put legs to the ground. A portrait of this terrier I am able to give, as Miss Guest has been good enough to make a sketch of him for me.

The black-and-tan terrier also appears in an old picture at Badminton of a lawn meet in front of the house; and we know that the Dukes of Beaufort had these terriers preserved carefully for many years. In 'The British Sportsman' also, published in 1812, a black-and-tan terrier by Samuel Howitt is shown with prick ears and with a rat in his mouth.

We know, too, that in the early days of dog-shows some of our fox-terriers had black-and-tan blood in their veins. Old Jock's sire, for instance, was a black-and-tan, and Old Trap was said to have a similar pedigree; while I have heard the Rev. J. Russell say that the foundation of his kennel was a black-and-tan dog and a little white terrier named Trump.

My own earliest recollection of the breed is of one Gyp, which was brought to us when children by a keeper, who had found her in a trap on one of the heath commons in Hampshire. Gyp was a rich black-and-tan, with a little white on her chest, and she had a smooth thick coat, prick ears, and a long bushy tail, which she always carried down. She was a very shy dog, but from the fact of my having nursed her and cured her

BLACK-AND-TAN TERRIER, FROM PICTURE BY SARTORIUS.

swollen foot when she first came to us, she became perfectly fearless with me.

Gyp so strongly resembled the terrier in Sartorius's picture at Inwood, that though it was many years after her death when I first saw the latter, it immediately brought our old favourite to my mind.

One of Gyp's puppies was a tan-coloured one which, like her mother, had a very thick bushy tail, always carried down, and this led to her being mistaken more than once for a fox when she was running fast under a hedge. Speaking of this dog reminds me of a curious instance of a litter of puppies by a fox that was bred not far from our home in Hampshire. The mother was a little mongrel terrier that was very friendly with a tame fox, and she had, if I remember rightly, two puppies, one of which grew to maturity. This puppy was about the size and just the colour of a fox. He had prick ears, and carried his bushy tail in orthodox vulpine fashion. Although quite friendly with people he knew, he was very shy with strangers and disliked passing them. On one occasion when I was returning home with the hounds we met this little fellow, who immediately turned and set off at best pace for home. No sooner did the hounds cross his line than down went their heads, and away they raced after him. They were, of course, soon stopped, but great was the huntsman's astonishment when I told him what they had been running.

Soon after Gyp came into our possession we had another black-and-tan. This was a wire-haired dog with a hard grizzly coat which had some grey hairs in it, and he rejoiced in the name of Ben. He was a wonderfully sagacious old gentleman, and had seen a good deal of the world. Though he had lost one eye, he still saw more with the remaining one than most dogs do with two. Ben grew to be very cunning, and after a day's rabbiting he would limp up to me on three legs, and sitting down, positively refuse to walk home. In consequence I generally carried him; but when he tried the same manœuvre with my brother he met with no response, so he would then throw away his lame leg and march sulkily home. He and Gyp had a large family of black-and-tans, some of which we had for a great many years.

The present name of the black-and-tan wire-haired or rough terrier known as Welsh is a misnomer, as the breed was never confined to any one part of the United Kingdom. At one time, too, there were terriers of quite a different stamp from the so-called Welsh that were shown under this name. The first title by which the black-and-tans were known, that of Old English, is a much better one. These were long and low dogs, jet-black, without any grizzle, and with tan legs and cheeks. I had a very good specimen named Peter that was a capital worker; and the late Dr Edwardes Kerr owned some of this sort. One named Ferny-

hurst Jim I much admired, and I had one of his daughters that was very like him. They were not so fast or active, however, as dogs built more on fox-terrier lines.

A peculiarity of the black-and-tans is the way in which they transmit their colour. I have on several occasions seen whole litters, sired by a black-and-tan, all of the same colour, though the mother was white; and I have also seen the same thing happen when the dam was a black-and-tan and the sire a white dog. I believe that some of the first Welsh terriers that were shown were by a fox-terrier, or at least they were said to have been so sired. Unfortunately the so-called Welsh, like the fox-terrier, is getting too big for the work he was originally bred for.

The first time I showed a black-and-tan wire-haired terrier was at Sherborne in 1885. This was also the first time that the breed had been recognised at any show by having a class to itself, and it was, thanks to Mr Merthyr Guest, that one was now given. My little terrier Briton was a very handsome dog, but unfortunately just before the show came on he had been indulging in sea-bathing, and he was in consequence entirely out of coat. He was fortunate, therefore, in taking second prize, and though he afterwards grew a splendid jacket he was never shown again.

The best all-round terrier of this breed was my beautiful little Whankey, and of all the dogs I have ever owned I think she was the cleverest.

Whankey was about 14 lb. in weight, and was quite faultless in make and shape. She was also very fast, and for a little way could run up with a rabbit on his own ground. Her nose was so good that I have never known her pass over game of any sort. From my general experience of the breed I should say that the black-and-tan are quite as good as fox-terriers above ground, but that they are not so fond of going to earth, and they are decidedly more quarrelsome. Whankey had a standing feud with my fox-terrier Amora, and whenever there was a fight she always singled Amora out. Once when all the pack were fighting an otter, I saw Whankey scramble over the backs of the other terriers till she reached Amora, whom she immediately collared. Luckily Amora seldom resented Whankey's conduct, as she was too hard at work fighting her natural foe to have time or attention to spare. As soon as the scrimmage was over the two would run about for a few minutes with their bristles up, but then forget all about it.

Whankey was of a very jealous disposition, and could never tolerate anything for which I showed affection. At one time I kept a large head of poultry which Whankey looked on with great disdain. She would never go near them; and her anger knew no bounds when once, being pressed for room, I had a trip of young game chicks brought up and cooped on the lawn. All

WHANKEY, BLACK-AND-TAN WIRE-HAIRED TERRIER.

went well for a time, Whankey affecting to ignore their presence. One very precocious young cockerel, however, soon took to leaving the others and marching up the steps of the verandah in front of the drawing-room windows. One day he ventured to come close and look into the room, when Whankey was instantly on the alert and growled angrily at the intrusion. Growing bolder as he came to know the verandah better, the cockerel at last walked through the window into the room where I was sitting at the time. Whankey showed such anger at his audacity that I was glad to throw the bird some crumbs and get him back on to the lawn, and as Whankey then quieted down no more was thought about the matter.

The following day, when I returned from a drive, I found Whankey in her usual place in the drawing-room with the window open, and noticing some earth on her nose and paws, I said to her, "What have you been burying, Whankey?" On this, instead of greeting me, she got up and walked out of the room. In the evening when the chicks were penned in their coop there was a hue and cry, one was missing, and this turned out to be the little pert cockerel. A few days afterwards his body was found buried under the shrubs at the far end of the garden, and of course there were all sorts of conjectures as to the manner of his death. Some were of the opinion that a stray cat had done it, but the mystery was not cleared up till many

months later. The rest of the chicks were carefully watched, and nothing happened to them till they were old and strong enough to be sent to the poultry-yard.

The following spring I had seven dark-coloured ducklings brought up from the farm and put on the lawn, together with five very nice white ones which, as they were about the same age as mine, I bought to go with them. I had the white ones wired in when they were first brought home till they should get accustomed to their quarters, and every day after luncheon I used to take some scraps out and feed them. This proceeding excited Whankey's jealousy to the highest pitch, and she used to walk round the wire with her bristles up and growling savagely. One Sunday morning before I started for church I opened the wire and left all the ducks to run about together, and Whankey was as usual in the drawing-room with the window open. On my return a tragic tale was unfolded. The gardener had met Whankey carrying a dead white duckling in her mouth, and he had watched her go with it to the asparagus-bed, lay it down, and proceed to dig a hole. The gardener picked up the duck and brought it into the house, and Whankey immediately went in and ensconced herself in my bedroom. I went to the lawn to see what had happened, and there found the seven dark ducklings all huddled together and looking very frightened, but not a white one to be seen. Further search showed that all the latter

had been killed and buried in different parts of the asparagus-bed, and there was no doubt but that Whankey was the culprit, not only in the matter of the ducklings but in that of the cockerel the year before. The extraordinary thing was that she should have picked out all the white ducks—those I had fed and cared for in order to accustom them to their change of home—and not touched the others. She must have run each duckling down separately and carried it off and buried it, and then returned to go through the same process again. Poor Whankey was soon ashamed of her exploit, and whenever the story of her misdeeds was told before her, and any one said to her, “Whankey, where are the white ducks?” she would always get up and walk away growling.

I have many tales to tell of my little favourite, and in the field, as I have said, she was the best worker I had. One day I had the terrier pack out, and they were hunting a rabbit in a hedge where there were no earths. They were running gaily, when suddenly they threw up. Backwards and forwards they cast, but they could make nothing of it. At last Whankey, who had refused, as she always did, to go a yard without the line, suddenly put her head in the air, and staring up into an ivy-covered tree, gave a succession of sharp barks. The others hunted back to her, but still they could make nothing of it. Whankey, however, persisted in standing on her hind-legs and sniffing at the tree till old Nettle

began sniffing too, and then tried to climb up the tree. I gave Nettle a helping hand and up she went, and there, hidden in the ivy some six feet from the top of the bank, was bunny. Down he and Nettle tumbled together, and the eager little pack, who were now swarming round the foot of the tree, soon made short work of the former. But for Whankey's cleverness we should never have had this rabbit, and it is the only instance I have ever known of a rabbit taking refuge in a tree.

Whankey was a great traveller, and for ten years she went everywhere with me except when I went to London. Then she was left at home, and as soon as she found I had gone without her she would go to my bedroom and never leave it except when she was taken out by force. Her joy when she heard my voice on my return was so great, poor little thing, that on one occasion she nearly had a fit. One journey with her I shall never forget. She used to lie under my cloak in the train and never stirred till I told her it was time to get out. On this day the carriage was very full, but Whankey, hidden under the cloak, had the seat opposite to mine. Presently I was horrified to see a very stout man in the act of sitting down on her, and I seized him by the arm with such energy that he was quite as much alarmed as I was. A few words, of course, explained matters, and while Whankey found a resting-place on my lap, the new-comer, though rather resentful of the fright he said I had given

him, was relieved to think what he had escaped. Whankey was duly covered up with my cloak and lay as usual perfectly quiet till there was a change in the occupants of the far corner of the carriage, where a lady took her place and was soon buried in a book. Whankey now became very restless and at last began growling angrily, till my opposite neighbour asked anxiously if she was savage. I was quite at a loss to know what was the matter, and tried in vain to quiet Whankey. She became more and more excited, and I found she was directing her attentions to the lady in the far corner. When at last Whankey began struggling to get off my lap every one became alarmed, and the lady, putting down her book and lifting her wrap, showed me a small toy terrier curled up beneath it. "I think," she said, "your dog must have discovered mine." I was relieved to find that Whankey, feeling she had done her duty in telling me of the presence of the other dog, immediately settled down quietly for the rest of the journey, and to judge from the looks of the other passengers, they were no less relieved to find that she was not going mad.

Bugle, a daughter of Whankey's, was a tiny terrier which, though only weighing 12 lb., was very strongly built. Like her mother, she was a rare water-dog, and I have seen them both dive and swim like otters. The mother and daughter were very clever at mouse-hunting by lamplight; and at a time when the barn was overrun by mice,

they would often on a winter's evening seat themselves by the barn door waiting for some one to bring a lamp and let them in. When this was done, and the mice, confused by the sudden light, were running helplessly about, the little terriers would snap them up, and I have known them catch as many as twenty in an evening. Bugle was very amusing with a large fox that at one time I had chained to a kennel. When any one wished to see the fox I used to tell Bugle to pull Charlie out of his house, and the little thing would dash in and after a scrimmage come out backwards, dragging the fox after her by one side of his head. The fox would lie quite still on his back with his mouth wide open till she released him, and then with an angry snap he would spring to his legs and dash back into his box.

Bugle once had an amusing scrimmage with some monkeys. I was making my usual morning visit to the kennels for the purpose of letting the terriers out for their run, when my ears were suddenly saluted by the lively sound of an organ. Looking out, I saw to my horror two Italians with a barrel-organ on which were perched two monkeys. The terriers I had already released had scampered off, but Bugle, who had been attracted by the noise, no sooner saw the monkeys than she seized one by the tail, which was hanging low enough for her to reach, and tried to pull him down. Happily the monkey held tight to the organ, screaming loudly, and his companion, being fright-

BRITON, BLACK-AND-TAN WIRE-HAIRED TERRIER.

ened at his cries, sprang on to one of the men's shoulders and clasped him round the neck. The situation was comic in the extreme, and just then the other terriers came back to see what was going on. They of course promptly did their best to make matters worse, and the organ-grinders shouted with rage, their remarks luckily being in their native tongue or my ears might have had a shock. As the little dogs continued their attentions, the men at last took to their heels and disappeared down the drive with all the terriers in pursuit. When the dogs came back they seemed very pleased with themselves, and I was not sorry that the men did not repeat their visit.

A terrier I had some years ago, named The Dragon from his having come into my possession on St George's Day, had the grizzled tan head of the black-and-tan. The Dragon was bred from the Rev. J. Russell's Tip, a dog given by his owner to the late Captain Harry Farr Yeatman, R.N. Tip was a son of Mr Russell's celebrated Old Tip, Dragon's mother Spot being also bred by Mr Russell. The Dragon was a big wire-haired dog with rather fly-away ears, but he was bold and resolute, and all there when he was wanted.

Some years ago Mr Wootton sent me a black-and-tan wire-haired terrier which very much resembled our old one-eyed Ben. This was said to have been bred from the old Badminton

strain, and was also a descendant of a mighty dog named Ajax, which had been given to Mr Wootton by the late Hon. Grantley Berkeley. Tim was a good terrier, and very sensible. He was a wonderful worker with ferrets, and would tell you where they were by barking. He was also good at marking rabbits and rats to ground, stopping and giving a short yap when he found one in an earth; and I have never known him to be wrong.

Tim had an inveterate dislike to donkeys, and his ire was always roused by the sight of one tethered to the roadside. He would fly at the donkey's head, barking violently, but taking care to spring back whenever his victim made for him.

My old brindled bulldog Jack had the same antipathy, and once created quite a sensation in Stalbridge with a donkey. A friend had taken the dog for a walk with him to the town, and while he went into the post-office he left Jack outside. Just then an old woman in a donkey-cart drove up and stopped at the door, and her donkey, seeing Jack sniffing about in the gutter, unwisely caught hold of him by the middle of the back. Jack, who was an old Pottery fighting dog, was always ready for a fray; so, wrenching himself free, he had Neddy firmly by the nose in an instant. The startled animal reared straight up, lifting the cart with him, and the old woman rolled out behind. The latter's language as she picked herself up was

not exactly parliamentary, and my friend on hearing the commotion rushed out of the post-office, and seizing Jack by the collar dragged him off, and beat an ignominious retreat.

From Tim's former master I had an interesting account of a black-and-tan terrier that was only too well known in the Hursley Hunt country. The dog was named Trimmer, and was believed to have come from Lord Southampton's kennels. He weighed about 13 lb., and was very strongly built, though a little high on the leg, which probably gave him pace to keep up with hounds. After running with the Hursley Hounds for about a month before his services were required, he was sent in to bolt a fox, and distinguished himself by not only killing the hunted fox, but another which was in the hole at the time. This was not a good beginning, but the dog was given another chance when a fox went to ground near the Winchester racecourse. Here Trimmer nearly found his match in a big dog-fox, which fought him for an hour and a half before they could be dug out. The terrier paid dearly for the experience, for he was in a dreadful condition when he was rescued. He recovered, however, but was never allowed to run with hounds again. His fighting qualities he transmitted to his offspring, and some of the latter falling into the hands of poachers, such depredations took place in the country that at the request of the Hunt officials Trimmer was sent out of the neighbourhood.

And here among her friends the terriers I must find a place for Bobbins, the greatest favourite among my household pets at the present time. Bobbins came to me from Lundy Island, where she was bred by Mr Dickenson. She is one of the old Scotch bobtail sheep- or cattle-dogs, which breed has been established on Lundy for some years. She is a blue-grey with tan markings, as are all the rest of her family, and she has a thick weather-resisting coat. Wonderfully fast and active, Bobbins is the most flexible animal I have ever known. She can curl herself into a ball, making herself look no bigger than a terrier. Bobbins is evidently proud of her jumping powers, and delights in showing herself off as she clears a big gate with the greatest ease. She has a good nose, and is devoted to hunting, and she runs her game full cry. She is often allowed to go rabbiting with the terriers, with all of whom she is on the most friendly terms. I find her a capital whipper-in; for directly one of the terriers is called, Bobbins will run to his head barking to turn him back. She seldom uses her teeth on bunny, but holds him down with her paws, and she will retrieve to any distance if no one goes to her assistance.

What excites Bobbins more than anything else is when her help is required if the cattle get out of bounds. You have only to call to her, and she sets about the work of driving them back in the

BOBBINS, AN OLD SCOTCH BOBTAIL.

most businesslike way. Once when a refractory bull refused to mind her, and she had been jumping and barking at his head for some minutes without the desired effect, she suddenly changed her tactics. Running behind him, she seized him by the tail, and hung on so persistently that she was swung in the air as the bull whirled round in his efforts to get at her. Failing to dislodge her, the animal at last took fright and beat a precipitate retreat. Whether the bull laid up the remembrance of this exploit against her I cannot say, but Bobbins was nearly caught by him one day when he charged her unexpectedly. She only escaped by turning head over heels and rolling cleverly to one side. Then before he could turn she was on her legs again and snapping at his heels, and this so disconcerted him that he made off and never seemed to care to try conclusions with her again.

Bobbins and my Russian pony Houp-là are great friends, and if the former is not with me when I go out driving, the pony will keep looking back and neighing for her. Once when I did not wish to take Bobbins, I had her shut up just before I started, but before long she made her escape and set off in search of the pony. Thinking I had driven to Sherborne, a distance of five miles, Bobbins ran there and went straight to the inn stables, where I sometimes put up. Not finding us, she returned home, very hot after her ten-mile run, but very pleased to find her friends again.

I had a very amusing experience with Bobbins

once at a show, where she was exhibited in a variety class, as of course there was not one for her breed. I saw by the puzzled look of the judge that he did not quite know what to do with her, so after a time I asked him to what breed she belonged. "Oh, she is a bearded collie," was the reply. "But," I ventured to suggest, "how is it that she has no tail?" Glancing down at her with surprise, the judge made answer, "If she has not a tail, she ought to have one!" After this I did not show Bobbins again.

CHAPTER XI.

THE END OF A LONG REIGN.

It was a dark and trying time for many of us when the last of the line of Masters of the old Blackmore Vale Hunt gave up the hounds at the close of the season of 1899-1900, and the management of affairs passed into the hands of the Blackmore Vale Hunt Committee. The historic glories of the old hunt were ended, and the snapping of the link that bound us to them was not to be effected without pain.

By arrangement with the late Master, Sir Richard Glyn, Mr Guest on his retirement offered the hounds to Mr K. Wingfield Digby, M.P., the present owner of Sherborne Castle. Mr Digby, however, did not see his way to accept them, and when the Hunt Committee had been formed Mr Guest offered the pack as a free gift to the country. This offer the members of the Committee declined, and Mr Guest had no alternative but to sell them. The grand old Blackmore Vale pack was consequently dispersed—

the hounds finding homes in different parts of England, America, and France.

The Master, who had shown such good sport and kept up the country so munificently for sixteen years, was not to be allowed to give up his office without some expression of the goodwill and gratitude felt towards him by those who had benefited by his liberality and love of sport. The members of the newly formed Hunt Committee wished to give suitable expression to the obligation under which all felt themselves to the retiring Master, and the following letters will show the reason why Mr Guest did not think the moment a fitting one for such a demonstration.

The late Hon. and Rev. Walter Portman, of Corton Denham, wrote on the matter as follows, on March 19, 1900 :—

DEAR MERTHYR,—At the Blackmore Vale Committee meeting, held at Sherborne on Saturday last (17th March), it was unanimously resolved, on the motion of Lord Digby, that steps should be taken towards offering you a testimonial in recognition of your generous services to the country as M.F.H. during the last sixteen years.

A small committee was at once nominated for this purpose. It consists of Lord Digby, Major Dugdale, Major M'Adam, Mr Clayton (secretary), and myself; and I am deputed to acquaint you with the proposal, and—what is very essential—to ask you what form you would like the country's thank-offering to take.

It seems to be a choice between plate and picture, and this we leave to you.

THE B. V. HUNTSMEN AND WHIPPERS-IN.

To this letter Mr Guest replied in a letter dated March 20 :—

DEAR WATTIE,—Please convey to your Committee that, whilst grateful for the offer of the proffered testimonial, I have no wish to accept it. I am already the proud possessor of a testimonial from the farmers of the Blackmore Vale, which I value most highly, and I do not think it would be fitting that I should receive any testimonial in the present inauspicious moment, when every man's purse is being called upon to assist the resources of the Empire.

The allusion is, of course, to the war in South Africa, which was then running its weary length.

The question of some form of expression of the lively feelings of gratitude to Mr Guest felt by the large body of landowners and farmers of the country, was not to be so easily dismissed. The farmers expressed a determination that the Master who had striven so hard in the field to prevent needless damage being done to their property, and who had so consistently looked after their interests, should not be allowed to retire without receiving a mark of their affection and goodwill. To the strongly worded request that reached him Mr Guest yielded assent, only making the proviso that in anything that was done the subscription should be limited to half-a-crown a-head.

Acting in what was felt to be in accordance with Mr Guest's wishes, it was resolved that an address of thanks should be given to him by his

devoted adherents, while gifts, such as the limited subscriptions would allow, should be offered to Lady Theodora and her daughter, both of whom had identified themselves so closely with the interests of the Master in the field. The time was short, for the resolve was general that the presentation should take place before Mr Guest resigned the reins of office. Subscriptions, however, flowed in quickly, and the list of subscribers soon assumed gigantic proportions—no less than 830 names being inscribed on the address when completed.

The scene on the morning of the presentation—Thursday, April 26, 1900, when no less than 800 of the subscribers mustered at the Master's house at Inwood—was such as I suppose has rarely if ever been equalled on a similar occasion. The meet, which was fixed for twelve o'clock, was certainly the largest that has ever been seen in the Blackmore Vale, there being upwards of 1000 people present. The weather was delightful, and by eleven o'clock the crowd began to gather in the grounds, many besides the subscribers coming to witness an event in which we were all so keenly interested. From our position on the terrace we looked over the sea of faces gathered on the lawn, where the presentation was to take place. In front of us the Master, Lady Theodora, and Miss Guest, all equipped for the hunt that was to follow, faced the many friends who had come to do them honour. Close

at hand was the easel which supported the large illuminated address, and was the centre of interest to all.

No pains had been spared in making the address worthy of the occasion, and it was delightful to see the pride in the result felt by those to whose enterprise it was due. It was beautifully illuminated, and appropriate hunting emblems were introduced into the wide border that surrounded the signatures. Not the least interesting among these were the paintings of Raleigh and Trefusis, two of the Master's favourite hounds, and of Redskin, a terrier belonging to Miss Guest, from whose sketches they were taken.

Again, as on a former occasion, Mr G. D. Dampney was the spokesman for his brother farmers, and when he stepped forward a sudden hush fell over the assembly. Mr Dampney began by saying that he had received permission from the Master and Lady Theodora to say a few words as to the way in which the testimonial before them had been so hurriedly prepared, before he went to the great business of the day. He hoped that no one would think he had taken an unduly prominent position in working up the testimonial, but as they were all agreed that the presentation must be made before the lamentable change took place to which they had to look forward in the Hunt, there had not been time to work on the lines usual in such a case. He had

therefore done his best to act in the interests and according to the wishes of all who had so eagerly responded to the opportunity of showing their appreciation of the good sport and the kindly feeling that had been distinguishing marks of their country while Mr Guest had been the Master.

Mr Dampney then proceeded to ask Mr Guest's acceptance of the offering, and read the following address, which I will give in full, as I am convinced that only those who share in our interest in these closing scenes of a long reign, will let themselves be detained by details that must appear to them wanting in the distinctive colour, which to ourselves appears to be of very attractive hue:—

BLACKMORE VALE HUNT, *April 26, 1900.*

TO MERTHYR GUEST, Esq., M.F.H.

We whose names appear below, being farmers residing within the limits of the Blackmore Vale Hunt, beg most respectfully to thank you for the kindness and consideration you have invariably shown towards us during the sixteen years that you have, at your own expense, so liberally hunted this country. In your kind and generous interest for the good of sport in this Hunt, you have built bridges, made fords, effected and brought about many improvements that will live after you. We believe that never in the history of this Hunt has there been such a good show of foxes, nor ever was the Hunt in such good condition, in all respects, as you have left it, and we feel assured that the last sixteen years will long be remembered as a most pleasant and brilliant period in its history.

We deeply regret that you have decided to resign the mastership of our highly favoured Vale, where your uniform courtesy and thoughtful regard for us have so endeared you

MISS GUEST ON BOYARD.

to all. We sincerely hope that both you and Lady Theodora may be long spared to reside amongst us, and we earnestly trust that you and her Ladyship may enjoy the pleasures of hunting in this Vale for many years to come.

The reading of the speech was greeted with much applause, and Mr Dampney continued: "I had no idea until this most pleasant duty was started that there was such a unanimous feeling of goodwill towards you, and it speaks volumes for your kind consideration towards us when we find that after having hunted this country for so long a period as sixteen years, during which time agriculture has been under the heaviest cloud that has been known during the past century, that you have during the whole of that time held the goodwill of the farmers generally.

"In times of agricultural prosperity," continued Mr Dampney, "it is comparatively easy to hold the goodwill of the farmers, but in times of adversity it is not so easy, and I believe there is scarcely to be found another Master of Hounds who has done so well in that direction." Every word as it was spoken found an echo in the hearts of the listeners, and the throng of eager upturned faces, by nods and smiles and occasional words of confirmation, showed how entirely the subscribers agreed with their spokesman.

Then came the presentation of a handsome silver bowl to Lady Theodora, the cover of which bore as its emblem a capital model of a foxhound.

Mr Martin Richards had been chosen to ask Lady Theodora's acceptance of the gift, and on behalf of himself and his fellow-subscribers he said they only regretted that the limit fixed for their several offerings had prevented them from getting something more worthy of her acceptance.

One side of the bowl bore the inscription: "Presented to the Lady Theodora Guest by the farmers in this Hunt as a remembrance of the great kindness her Ladyship has invariably shown during her long residence amongst them, and of their appreciation of the lively interest her Ladyship has always manifested in everything appertaining to the welfare of the Hunt. 20th April 1900."

Miss Guest was then asked to accept a hunting-whip, which bore a suitable inscription. This was presented to her by Mr Charles Spicer, who expressed a hope that she might live to use the whip till she was as old as himself; and as at the moment of presentation the two figures, which were the attraction of all eyes, represented the early spring and late autumn of life, the remark was much appreciated.

The Master then stepped forward to address his many friends, and received an enthusiastic greeting. In well-chosen words Mr Guest told them of the pleasure their presence gave him, and addressing Mr Dampney, Mr Martin, and Mr Spicer as their chosen representatives, he said that "he put the names in one cluster, remembering

that all good things came in threes. As such the triple alliance seemed like the noble shamrock which they had heard was worn by her Majesty in her bonnet." He then spoke in detail of the beautiful workmanship of the address, and said that he noted with great appreciation the introduction of the hounds and terrier, and last, but not least, the joining link between them—the fox. "The fox was a noble fellow. He had done them all good, and they might depend upon it that there was no animal in England which did more good in his little generation than their noble friend the fox. He was the gentleman they took such care to preserve, and he was the gentleman that he himself as M.F.H. had done his very best to destroy, and it was through the help of those present that he had been in a measure successful." Mr Guest assured them that he valued the address as a work of art, but he valued it yet more as a proof of the good feeling and friendship that existed towards him. It showed him that he had at least secured more friends than enemies during the time that he had hunted the country. He looked back upon the past sixteen years with the greatest possible satisfaction, for he might say—and he defied any one to contradict him—that he had not made a single enemy among the farming class. It was unfortunately impossible for any man to be in his position without unintentionally treading on some one's toes occasionally, but he had tried to rub along in the straightest and most

friendly way to all that he possibly could. He had done his best to act on the old lines—

“Still in thy right hand carry gentle peace,
To silence envious tongues : be just, and fear not.”

Mr Guest's first acquaintance with their country, he told his hearers, dated back to 1862, and a thing that remained stamped on his memory happened when he was going to a meet at the Five Bridges. Near Bow Bridge turnpike a groom met him, and to his surprise he heard the man say, “Good morning, Sir John,” as he passed. Mr Guest's own impression was that he was being saluted by a title to which he could lay no claim, but it afterwards appeared that the groom had recognised the horse he was riding, which was one known as Sir John Barleycorn, and had formerly belonged to Mr Digby of Sherborne Castle. That groom, the Master said, was Richard Anderson, who was now his stud-groom at the kennels, and the very best groom any man could wish to have.

Referring to his predecessors in the office of Master of the Blackmore Vale, Mr Guest said that when he was selected in 1884 to fill that post, he felt that to keep the lustre of the Hunt up to its former standard could be no easy task. He had, however, done his best, and with the help of hounds and scent, and their own unwavering support, he hoped that he had in some measure succeeded. During his term of office they had

MAJOR DUGDALE.

killed on an average eighty-two brace of foxes yearly. While he had been hunting six days a-week, his best season's bag had been 109 brace, and his next 102 brace. The whole of this he owed to the preservation by the Blackmore Vale farmers, for without their help he could not possibly have shown the sport he had.

As soon as the rounds of applause had died away, Lady Theodora made a neat little speech of thanks for herself and her daughter, and her reception, when she came forward, was as hearty as that already given to the Master. Both she and her daughter, she said, regarded that day as a record one in their lives, and they wished to give their friends their heartiest thanks for the honour they had done them. When Mr Guest had spoken of his pleasure in destroying foxes, she had been reminded of the look of stern determination which generally marked his face on Wednesdays and Saturdays. If her friends now present could have seen that look, Lady Theodora was sure they would have felt sorry for the fox. They would also understand the Master's feelings when, after a bad scenting day, he could not eat his dinner because "that fox was still alive." That the Master had fully appreciated the support he had received from the tenant farmers of the country she could assure them, for he had often spoken of it to her.

After Lady Theodora's words had been heartily cheered, all the many visitors were invited to the

house to breakfast, 200 at a time being accommodated in the dining-hall and morning-room. Before this necessarily rather lengthy proceeding had come to an end a start was made with hounds, and we went out for our last day in the country under the old *régime*.

Two days later the annual puppy show was held at the kennels at Charlton Horethorne, and at the luncheon given on the occasion the Master took his formal leave of the country. As on so many previous occasions, the judge was Charles Littleworth, formerly huntsman to the late Lord Portsmouth. The puppies winning distinctions were mostly by Brocklesby sires, Mr Guest having bought the grand Brocklesby dog pack in 1896, and since that time he had introduced some of their best blood into his kennels. It was sad, indeed, that such a pack as had been built up by Mr Guest and his predecessor, Sir Richard Glyn, and on which John Press had left the mark of his incomparable skill, was to go from the old country, but, as I have already said, this was inevitable under the circumstances. At luncheon Mr Guest was well supported by his friends and neighbours, and the tenant farmers once again mustered in force. After the usual speeches we severally took our farewell of the Master, and the moment was fraught with feeling for us all which leaves its indelible mark upon our lives.

W. Spiller, who had been Mr Guest's huntsman since 1895, retired at the same time as the Master.

Spiller was a good man in the field, and during the time he carried the horn he showed capital sport. His hounds did him the utmost credit, for they were always turned out in first-class style.

One of the many subjects that demand tact and judgment in a hunt country, and on the successful carrying out of which the Master's success in the field may depend, is the organisation of the poultry fund. Many a fox has been done to death because some man's just claim to compensation has not received the consideration it deserved, and those who in the interest of sport undertake the thankless task of certifying for loss of poultry, &c., should bring discrimination and tact to bear on their self-imposed duties. If on the one hand you are careless and let things slide, you are sure to be imposed on; but on the other hand you cannot be too careful to satisfy all just claims, and to give as little trouble as possible to those who have suffered loss. The latter duty is, I think, often lost sight of by people whose time is entirely at their own disposal. With the working farmer and others of his class "time is money," and it is a serious thing for him to waste hours in setting forth a claim, which in the end may be viewed with suspicion from the fact that some of his neighbours are not sufficiently scrupulous as to the means by which they get payments from the hunt funds.

That there are difficulties on both sides to be met in this delicate matter I know from experi-

ence, as I certified at one time for Stalbridge. I remember being sent for one morning to see a lot of dead poultry, the owner of course wishing to be compensated for their loss. I rode over consequently, and was shown a number of dead chickens scattered about an outhouse of which the door was fastened when I arrived. A glance at the dead birds was sufficient. "These have not been killed by a fox," I said to the man. "Oh no," was the calm reply. "The fact is, my son's ferret got loose last night and killed them, but I thought, as you paid for foxes, you might give me a little. The loss is a serious one to me."

I strongly advised the sanguine person to prevent his son from keeping ferrets in future, as he could only want them for poaching purposes, and they would be sure to get him into trouble sooner or later.

Mr Dendy, who was our indefatigable hunt secretary for so many years, had a somewhat similar experience when he was asked to pay for several pounds of bacon. On inquiry it turned out that the owner was in the habit of keeping his bacon in an outhouse, and that one night he had omitted to shut the door. It was therefore pointed out to him that a stray dog, or possibly even a two-legged thief, might have carried off the missing portion.

The Rev. S. Dendy, of Lattiford House, decided to retire from the post of Hon. Secretary to the Blackmore Vale Hunt in the spring of 1896, as,

REV. S. DENDY ON BUSHRANGER.

with increasing years, he found the duties more than he could manage. He had taken office in 1853, during the time of Mr George Wingfield Digby's mastership, so that his work for the hunt extended over a period of thirty-eight years. During this time Mr Dendy's tact and courtesy and his genial manners had endeared him to all classes, and his retirement was very generally regretted. His successful management of the poultry fund, and the time and labour he devoted to it, will not soon be forgotten in the country. He was a thorough sportsman, and was seldom absent from a meet on his side of the country. He could always tell where a fox was to be found, and he was sadly missed when ill-health obliged him to give up his favourite sport.

Mr Dendy received several testimonials during his long term of office, the last of these, which was presented on his retirement, being a portrait of himself, painted by Mr Cotman, in the style of an old Master. At Mr Dendy's own request the picture was sent to him privately. In the following autumn, when the hounds met at his house on November 20, 1896, he gave a hunt breakfast, and had the picture on view, and this was much admired by the large party of subscribers and friends who had assembled to greet him.

Among the fox-preservers and riders with hounds during Mr Guest's mastership, Mr J. K. Wingfield Digby, M.P., of Sherborne Castle, stands out prominently, for he was, and is, perhaps, the

largest landowner and fox-presenter in the Blackmore Vale Hunt country. So great, indeed, is Mr Digby's local influence, that fox-hunting would soon cease to exist in this part of Dorset without his help. Being such a good friend to fox-hunting, and so popular a landlord, it is a pity he is not oftener to be seen at the covert-side to share in the sport that he provides so liberally for others. The late General Sir William Parke, K.C.B., of Thornhill, was also a good preserver, and it was a great loss to the country when he died in 1897. At one time the largely attended hunt breakfasts during Christmas week at Thornhill were quite a feature of the hunt.

Others whose names I can recall, and who were generally to be seen at the fixtures, were Major Sherston of Evercreech, a nephew of Lord Roberts, with whom the Commander-in-Chief was often out when he was staying in the neighbourhood, Mr Chafyn - Grove and his son and daughter from Coker, Colonel the Hon. E. Digby of Buckshaw, Mrs Holford, than whom there is no better judge of hounds and hunting, and who with her daughter was always in the first flight, Mr Percy Brown, Mrs M'Call, Mr and Mrs Jack Martin, both such straight riders, Mrs Gundry, who went so well on her beautiful Irish mare, Mr Berkeley Napier, Miss Dendy, Mr and the Hon. Mrs M'Lean, Miss Mildmay, Mrs George Gordon, Mr Marker from Devon, Mr Mansell Pleydell, Mr H. Cross, Mr A. Sutton, Mr and Mrs Gadesden, Mr Hambro,

Colonel Stack, Mr A. Dickenson, Mr Hugh Neville, the two last being well known over the flying country, Miss Parke, and Mr and Mrs Wilson.

Among the farmers who not only enjoyed the sport but had the interests of the hunt thoroughly at heart, were Messrs G. Dampney, Martin Richards, R. Conway, W. Corry, H. Bugg, W. Field, Phippen, Adams, J. Ryall, Whateley, H. Miller, Young, Wadman, Brain, Shute, White, Warren, Howe, Sawtell, Day, Holloway, Curtis, Bull, Clarke, Shingleton, Brake, Ayles, Courtney, Dunford, Marsh, Whittle, Edwards, Hoddinott, Francis, Hayter, Penny, Tabor, Harris, Fifett, J. Roberts, Andrews, and the late Mr C. Spicer, who was a host in himself.

An association in which every hunting man and woman in the country ought to take the warmest interest is the Hunt Servants' Benefit Society, and as the idea of the Society originated in the Blackmore Vale country, I cannot close my reminiscences better than by giving the history of its inception. To Lady Theodora Guest belongs the lasting honour of having evolved the idea of a society which would make provision in time of sickness, and at death keep from want the families of those who risk life and limb in our service in the field.

When Lady Theodora first thought of the scheme she wrote to enlist the sympathy and help of her friend Colonel Anstruther Thomson, then Master of the East Fife Foxhounds. Strangely

enough, a similar idea had come to the late Hon. Francis Scott, who a little later also wrote to put the project before Colonel Anstruther Thomson. This veteran sportsman immediately saw the value of the suggestion which thus reached him from two different sources, and from people who were strangers to one another. He took up the matter warmly, and soon enlisted the sympathy of many well-known sportsmen and Masters of Hounds, and the Hunt Servants' Benefit Society began its noble work in the year 1872. Among those who helped in founding the Society, and was to the end of her life one of its keenest supporters, was the late Marchioness of Westminster, who gave a large sum of money towards starting it, and whose example was so generously followed by many others.

That the Society will continue to flourish as long as fox-hunting remains a national sport of England we may be sure, and the day will indeed be an evil one when our friend the fox is no longer the bond of union between all classes in the hunting-field.

"FAREWELL TO THE HUNT."

MERTHYR GUEST, M.F.H., AND THE LADY THEODORA GUEST. APRIL 26, 1900.

CHAPTER XII.

THE BLACKMORE VALE HOUNDS.

FROM the time when the Rev. Harry Farr Yeatman, of Stock House, hunted a part of the Blackmore Vale country, there has been a succession of keen sportsmen to rule over the hunt. Some, like Mr George Wingfield Digby, were more of horsemen than lovers of hounds, but in the last two masters of the old hunt these characteristics were combined. Both Sir Richard Glyn and Mr Merthyr Guest did much to improve the pack, and gave time and thought freely to the subject of hound-breeding, while they were good horsemen and straight riders, and may be said to have enjoyed thoroughly the many-sided sport, in the annals of which their names will live.

Of the dwarf foxhounds with which Mr Yeatman hunted fox, hare, and roedeer impartially, there are no lists extant, but from the entries of sport in old journals we know that the hounds were fast and showed great sport. Indeed had they not been good in the field they would not have satisfied the Master. At a time when the little hounds were

supposed to be hunting hare, they were said to have shown an occasional partiality for fox, to which the accounts of the runs they had certainly lent credence. It is said that a neighbouring Master of Hounds, when he was told of a remarkable run with Mr Yeatman's harriers, remarked meaningly, "Well, I should like to make him eat his hare."

Of Mr Yeatman's mastership there is a record in the old hunting diary from which I have already quoted,¹ and which covers the time from 1826 to 1831. Three years later Mr Hall became Master, and by arrangement with him Mr Portman, who was afterwards the first Viscount Portman, hunted a part of the country from 1831 to the year 1840. From 1833, however, Mr Drax had been hunting over his own property near Sherborne, and when on the retirement of Mr Portman he bought the latter's hounds, Mr Drax succeeded to the whole of the Vale Hunt country, of which he retained the mastership until 1853.

During the whole of this time all the county of Dorset, as well as parts of Somerset and Wiltshire, was nominally under the command of Mr J. J. Farquharson, who from 1806 to 1858 hunted over this immense tract of country. With the accession to office of Mr G. Wingfield Digby, in the year that saw the retirement of Mr J. J. Farquharson, the Blackmore Vale Hounds only hunted over the modern hunt territory.

¹ See p. 5.

In Mr Farquharson's time lived the celebrated Butterwick Jack, a fox that was always found in one of the Holnest coverts known by the name of Butterwick. I have often heard my father speak of the wonderful runs he had enjoyed after this fox. Jack indeed became so knowing that the slamming of a gate or a rate to a hound in the neighbourhood of his home covert was enough to set him off, and he invariably took a straight line to Dorchester. Near this town he was always lost, his refuge being in some large meadows a great many miles from Holnest. After an unusually good run, Butterwick Jack was one day lost as usual in the Dorchester meadows when these were under water. As soon as the floods subsided Jack's lifeless body was found, but whether he had been drowned in trying to cross the submerged land, or whether he had been flooded out from some accustomed shelter in a drain, those who regretted his loss never knew.

In the early years of Mr Drax's mastership his hounds were known as the Charborough Pack, from Charborough, near Wareham, one of the Master's estates. Thanks to Mr Merthyr Guest, who by his patient research has done much to clear up the somewhat involved history of the various packs that hunted over different parts of the country in the early years of the last century, Mr Drax's hound lists have been put into clear and useful form. These lists are, however, shorn of some of their interest by the fact that from

1853, three years before Mr Drax resigned, down to 1858, when Mr George Wingfield Digby succeeded to the mastership, there were no kennel records kept. During this time a succession of Masters ruled for a short time over the hunt, and the huntsman changed with the advent of each Master, so that it is impossible to say on what lines the hounds were bred. The pack was sold by Mr Drax to Mr G. Whieldon, one of the three men—Captain Stanley and Viscount Dungarvan being the others of the trio—who divided the responsibilities of office between them for the two seasons following Mr Drax's resignation.

The entries in the first years of Mr George Wingfield Digby's reign show that in a few cases Mr Drax's hounds were bred from, so it is clear that some at least of the old sort had been kept in the country. Mr Drax had started with drafts from the Badminton, Belvoir, and Brocklesby kennels, and he had also drawn largely from the packs of Mr Assheton Smith and Mr Foljambe. A hound named Saucebox (1846), grandson of Lord Portman's Sparkler, and on the dam's side descended from Lord Portman's Spitfire, was much used as a sire by Mr Drax in the closing years of his mastership. Among the seven-year-old hounds in Mr Wingfield Digby's kennels in 1858 was Solomon, a son of Saucebox.

Mr Wingfield Digby depended greatly on drafts, and put on but comparatively few home-bred hounds during his seven years' term of office. To

him is due the introduction of the Belvoir Guider (1851) blood into the Blackmore Vale kennels, and in the year 1860 no less than six and a half couples of Guider's offspring appeared among the entry. Of these, three and a half couples were bred by Lord Portsmouth and came to Mr Digby in a draft. Belvoir Guider, which had been much used in the home kennels, was by Mr Drake's Duster, and through his dam Gamesome (1845) strained back through Rasselas (1831) and Saladin (1813), both of which hounds were much used at Belvoir, to Dancer, which sired every hound entered in the old Belvoir kennels in the year 1796.

To Mr Digby also is due the introduction of a hound named Ruby (1864), which appears to have come to him in a draft from Sir W. W. Wynn, though the kennel register is not very clear on this point. Ruby proved to be the mother of the modern pack, nearly every hound that has made its mark in the kennel going back in one or more strains to her. Unfortunately of this hound there is no description, but she appears among the entry in Mr Digby's kennel register of 1864, the year in which the celebrated John Press came to him as huntsman, and the season before his own resignation.

It was in 1867, when Sir Richard Glyn was hunting the country with Press as his huntsman, that Ruby was mated with Lord Poltimore's Voyager,¹ son of the Duke of Beaufort's Voyager.

¹ As the descendants of Voyager appear so constantly throughout the history of the Blackmore Vale pack, it is interesting to note that

From this union no less than four couples were entered in 1868, and the litter, which seems to have been an extraordinarily good one, may be said to have laid the foundation of the modern pack. Another litter of Sir R. Glyn's entry in 1867 left its lasting influence in the kennel. This was one of two couples by Lord Portsmouth's Commodore *ex* Mr Villebois' Matchless (1863), to which many of the best hounds of later date strain back. In 1866 yet another good litter of two and a half couples had been put on by Lord Poltimore's Warrior *ex* Mr Villebois' Matchless, and from one or other of these unions sprang some of the most noted families of the kennel. Matchless had come to Sir Richard Glyn in 1865 among four and a half couples that he had bought at Mr Villebois' sale. She was by Mr Villebois' Marmion *ex* his Willing, and was only second to Ruby in the influence she had on the pack.

On his retirement in 1865 Mr Digby presented his hounds and the whole of his hunting establishment to Sir Richard Glyn, and, as I have said, his incomparable huntsman, John Press, remained on when the new Master took up the reins. Mr Digby liked big hounds, and only those that had pace and stamina could satisfy his love of a gallop over the Vale. Sir Richard Glyn kept to the same standard, but he and his huntsman went in more

Vauban, a son of his out of a home-bred hound, was one of a lot of three couples purchased from Lord Poltimore's kennels by Major Brown in 1870 for four hundred guineas.

MISS SERRELL'S VALESMAN.

for quality, and beside the wonderfully successful crosses I have mentioned, they went to the Belvoir, Warwickshire, and Grove kennels for new blood. In the years 1871-72 nearly all the entries were by home-bred hounds, only one litter in the latter year and two in the former showing an outcross.

A dog-hound that was a good deal used in the years 1870-71, and was a great favourite with Press, was one named Lasher (1866) that came in a draft from Lord Portman. Lasher was a big hound with immense bone, and was one of a capital litter by Lord Poltimore's Lifter *ex* Lord Portman's Rapid, his size causing him to be drafted from the home kennel. Press was very proud of this hound, and used to draw any visitor's attention to his girth of forearm, remarking that the bone was like that of a horse.

In 1870 there were three couples of hounds entered sired by Lasher of which Melody (1867) was the dam. Through Melody these hounds had the blood of Mr Villebois' Satirist and Lord Portsmouth's Royalist. They were all good, one of the dog-hounds named Melborne being a successful sire, and his sisters Madrigal, Musical, and Muriel exceptionally well-formed hounds. Muriel was the best of the three, and took second prize at the puppy-show of her year. The puppy that beat her in the opinion of the judges was one named Governess (1870), daughter of Lord Portsmouth's Major, and granddaughter on the dam's side of Belvoir Guider.

Waverley (1858), one of the drafts that came to Mr Digby, and proved a success both in his own work and in the descendants he left to carry on his line, was noted for his fine voice, which gift he transmitted. He was by Lord Portsmouth's Wonder *ex* Mr Assheton Smith's Favourite. His son Solomon (1863) was a successful sire, and in his grandson Waverley (1869) Sir Richard Glyn had a dog that showed all the excellence of the first of the name.

Rambler (1865), another hound of the Belvoir Guider family, his dam Matchless (1860) having been bred by Mr Digby, was a favourite of Press's. Rambler was a remarkably low-scenting hound, and would, Press said, pick out a line when no other hound in the pack could acknowledge it.

There is a curious story of Senator, a hound lent by Mr Garth to the Blackmore Vale kennels in Sir Richard Glyn's time, and whose descendants can be traced through the later history of the pack. Senator was a tan-marked hound, and so good-looking that one day when there was to be a lawn meet at Leweston, Press could not resist taking him out. The hound, not knowing either the country or the hunt servants, was lost in the course of the day's proceedings, and great was the tribulation when his absence was discovered. No tidings could be heard of him, and days passed into weeks without the mystery of his disappearance being cleared up. I was hunting with Mr Garth at the time, and I remember his riding up

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PORTRAIT OF THE HOUND "COMRADE" OVER IT.

to my father and saying abruptly, "They have lost Senator." My father was talking to Mr Simonds at the moment, and the latter, who had walked Senator, was as much put out as the Master at the thought of his loss. Some months later, when Press was at the kennels of the South and West Wilts, to his great delight and no small astonishment he found Senator there. The hound, it seemed, had joined the pack one day while they were hunting, and as no one knew his history he had stayed on in kennel. The huntsman was naturally sorry to part with such a good one, but the transfer was soon effected and Senator was returned to his rightful owner.

Another hound whose influence is very marked in the modern Blackmore Vale pack is Mr Muster's Rufus, which was bought by Sir Richard Glyn in 1876 when four years old. Rufus was by Brocklesby Royal *ex* Mr Muster's Singwell, and though not a large hound was of the very highest quality. Among the best workers in the pack in 1885 was a grandson of Rufus named Renown, whose sire was Lord Portsmouth's Render, to which source both Sir Richard Glyn and Mr Merthyr Guest so often went for new blood. Renown, through his grandam Luxury (1873), went back to Romulus (1864), of which hound Press was wont to declare enthusiastically that "he knew enough to take honours at a university."

Picture (1864), of whose performance in the field I have spoken,¹ was a granddaughter of Rufus, and a daughter of Lord Portsmouth's Render. Through her grandam Margaret (1875) she united the best blood in the Blackmore Vale pack, going back to Rama (1868), one of the marvellous litter by Lord Poltimore's Voyager *ex* Ruby (1864), and to Milkmaid (1867), who was by Lord Portsmouth's Commodore *ex* Mr Villebois' Matchless. The same strains of blood were seen in Russian (1871), a hound much favoured as a sire by Sir Richard Glyn, and among whose sons were Spartan (1874) and Falmouth (1878), the latter of whom was one of the best sires in the kennels when Mr Merthyr Guest succeeded to the mastership in 1884, three and a half couples of his being entered in that year. Famous (1878) was a grandson of Russian, and many of his sons and daughters appear among the entry in the latter years of Sir Richard Glyn's reign and the early ones of Mr Guest. Through his dam Fatima (1874) Famous goes back to the Belvoir Guider. Bribery (1881), who has also been mentioned in the earlier part of the book,² was a great-granddaughter of Russian, and her pedigree strains back in three lines to the Voyager-Ruby litter, and both on the sire and dam's side to the Commodore-Matchless union, the sire also going back to the Belvoir Guider and Mr Drake's Duster, and through the mating

¹ See p. 175.

² See p. 175.

of the latter with Belvoir Gamesome (1845) to the old Belvoir Dancer (1796).

In Bridegroom (1881), a son of Famous *ex* Britannia (1878), Sir Richard Glyn bred a Peterborough prize-winner—this hound when in his third season taking first honours in the stallion class. Through his dam Bridegroom goes back to the two famous litters of Commodore-Matchless and Voyager-Ruby that we have seen on his sire's side. Bridegroom was a big hound of remarkably true make, and was a good deal used both in the Badminton and Oakley kennels.

In 1884, when Sir Richard Glyn resigned, George Orbell, the huntsman who had succeeded John Press in 1876, passed into Mr Merthyr Guest's service together with the hounds. From this time the work of improving the pack was carried on with vigour. No less than eight and a half couples sired by Lord Portsmouth's Render were among the entry of 1884, and three and a half couples of one litter by Falmouth *ex* Savory (1879), this showing Sir Richard Glyn's preference for these sires. The latter's partiality for the Render family was shared by Mr Guest and his huntsman G. Brown, who came to him from Ireland two years after his accession to office; and in Rufus (1887), who had the beautiful voice that distinguished the Render clan, there were united two strains of the Render blood.

Another outcross favoured by Mr Guest was that of the Oakley Newsman, a hound bought by

him in 1884. Newsman was a well-shaped hound and had some of the best of foxhound blood in him. Two dog-hounds, Mexico and Mentor, sired by him in 1885, took the first and third prizes respectively of their year, and became two of the best workers in the pack. Mexico, a 24-inch hound, was the handsomer of the two, and in the markings of his face the rich Belvoir tan was seen to perfection. He had excellent legs and feet, well set-on neck and good shoulders, and great depth through the heart. Mentor was a black-and-white hound, but was an even better worker than his brother, and when the pack were racing heads up and sterns down over the Vale, he was sure to be running at their head. The dam of this couple was Mecca (1878), a daughter of Mr Muster's Rufus.

In the same year, 1885, Mr Guest brought new blood into the kennel with hounds that he bought at the sale of the New Forest pack when Mr Meyrick gave up that country. From these hounds Mr Guest bred successfully, and Warspite (1887), a grandson of Lord Portsmouth's Render and great-grandson of Mr Muster's Rufus, was the son of the New Forest Wakeful (1881). Warspite was a square-built hound of good colour and with excellent neck and shoulders. A very good litter, of which four couples were entered in 1886, were by the New Forest Striver, son of the Grafton Silence, their dam being Romance (1883), a granddaughter of Mr Muster's Rufus, and through her grandam going back to the old

Blackmore Vale Ruby (1864). Of this litter Romulus was the second-prize puppy of his year, and he, with Roman, Rodmore, and Rover his brothers, was sent to the Peterborough Show.

A mark that soon became a distinguishing one of the Blackmore Vale pack under Mr Guest's rule was that the hounds had their ears unrounded. In spite of the verdict of fashion at that time to the contrary, Mr Guest was a staunch advocate of the non-rounding of hounds' ears, and in the management of his large pack the Master had the courage of his opinions. The grey hunt horses on which Master and men were mounted was another distinguishing and attractive feature of the hunt. Mr Guest always discouraged the practice of holloaing. His own men he never allowed to holloa, as he said that "you can always get hounds' heads up, but you cannot depend on getting them down again on the spot you want." The Master never kept a mute hound, and I well remember his regret when a beautiful hound named Lexicon, that came to him in a draft in 1886, ran mute from Holwell Gorse, for he never took him out again.

In 1885, when Mr T. Harvey Bayly was Master of the Rufford, one of the outcrosses introduced by Mr Guest was Rufford Denmark, this hound siring no less than six couples of the entry of the following year. Among these was Druid (1886), whose dam was Woodbine (1882), a daughter of Mr Garth's Wildfire, and through her dam going back to

Ruby (1864). Druid was a most reliable hound and had a curious way of catching a scent. He would stand on his hind-legs with his nose high in the air, and sometimes even jump from the ground in his eagerness to catch it. Another outcross to which the pack owed much was the Hon. Mark Rolle's Bajazet (1881) by his Bondsman *ex* his Festive, bought by Mr Guest from the New Forest when four years old. The hound was a lemon pie and was a marvellous worker.

A wonderfully true, staunch little hound, and a great favourite of the Master, was Comrade (1891), which was descended from the celebrated John Peel's pack, and had been used as a trailer before he took to fox-hunting. He had a nose so fine that he could carry a line on the road when no other hound would own it; and his voice was a deep mellow one, very much resembling that of a bloodhound. One of Comrade's sons, Crichton (1896), had his sire's voice and was a very good worker.

Watchman (1890) was another hound who was never at fault. He was bred in the Blackmore Vale kennels, but went in a draft to Mr C. D. Seymour, Master of the West Norfolk Hounds, from whom he was bought back by Mr Guest at two years old. Watchman was a most independent hound in his work, and would make his own cast right round a field, then as soon as he touched the line speaking with such confidence that the whole pack flew to him. This hound was by An-

HOSTILE.

CRASHER.

ROMANEE.

SENTINEL.

ROCHESTER.

DELEGATE.

SAURIAN.

CRICHTON.
FLORIDA.

MR GUEST'S HOUNDS, 1900.

caster (1887) *ex* Wrekin (1885), Ancaster being son of the Oakley Newsmen, and through his dam Amabel (1881) straining back through Russian (1871) to Belvoir Guider and the Commodore-Matchless family. Wrekin was the daughter of Rajah (1879), the only white hound in the pack when Mr Guest took over the mastership, and kept on account of his being such a good worker. In her pedigree appear two strains of the Voyager-Ruby blood and one of Mr Villebois' Matchless.

In consequence of Rajah's colour every one in the field knew him, and long after his death a granddaughter of his that inherited his colouring used to be pointed out as "Rajah" by those who were evidently proud of their knowledge.

Watchman inherited his staunchness on the line from his grandam Wondrous (1883), a daughter of Mr Garth's Wonder, who would never leave the line of the hunted fox. Where Wondrous stayed Mr Guest would stay too, even though all the rest of the pack should go to a fresh cry. I remember once in Westwood when the fox was dead-beat it crawled under a stump where the clamorous pack could not get at it owing to the thick undergrowth. Suddenly at a fresh cry they all raced away with the exception of Wondrous, who worked on until she turned out and killed the fox single-handed, the Master not leaving the spot before it was all over.

Auditor (1890) also accounted for a fox single-handed, and what in this case made the perform-

ance a really wonderful one was that at the time he was only a puppy and had been out but some half-dozen times. It was while hounds were cub-hunting in Stalbridge Park that Auditor got away by himself on a fox and killed it at Inwood. Auditor through his sire Warrior (1888) went back to the New Forest Striver, son of Grafton Silence; and his dam Amabel (1881) was the granddaughter of Russian, of whose descent from the two great litters on which the modern pack has been built up I have spoken so often. Another puppy which distinguished itself by a single-handed encounter with a cub was Sapient (1889) by the Hon. Mark Rolle's Bajazet. Sapient met a cub face to face on the ride in Holtham, and as the fox jumped to one side to avoid her, she jumped and caught it by the under part of the body. They both rolled over together, but the hound would not release her hold. Sapient's brother Saracen came to grief in a rush of hounds as they were killing their fox, and broke his shoulder in jumping off one of the big banks under Fifehead.

A curious incident happened during cub-hunting at Inwood. In the field just outside the wood a young hound named Mayfly, a draft from the Ludlow kennels, got hold of an old dog-fox and was viewed having a desperate fight. Hound and fox stood up on their hind-legs snapping and biting at one another, but with very little noise. At last Mayfly got a firm hold of the fox's nose, and rolling him over, stood shaking him until

some more hounds came to her help and he was despatched.

Rarity (1890), a hound bred by Mr Merthyr Guest, was the mother of many good litters in the latter years of his mastership. She was a daughter of the Hon. Mark Rolle's Bajazet (1881), and through her dam Rosemary (1885), daughter of the Oakley Newsman (1877), she strained back in two lines to Ruby (1864), to the Belvoir Guider, and to Lord Portsmouth's Commodore and Mr Villebois' Matchless. In 1893 three and a half couples of Rarity's sons and daughters by Mr Rayer's¹ Templar appear among the entry, and in the following year one and a half couples of hers by the Crawley and Horsham Senator were entered. Of the latter family Rama and her brother Raleigh were hounds of very marked character.

Rama, a bright tan-and-white with a very intelligent head, was a useful hound in the field, but she had a curious characteristic that was not so much to her credit. No power and no persuasion would induce her to come home with the pack after a day's hunting. She would go to covert in the morning demurely enough, and she hunted in a most businesslike manner, but directly the day's sport was over her good conduct came to an end. The moment the hounds and whippers-in grouped together and the Master gave the word for "home," Rama would set off by herself and race up hill and down dale till she

¹ Mr Rayer hunted the Tiverton country from 1873 to 1892.

was out of sight. No whipper-in could turn her, no horn recall her; and it was not till some two hours after the Master had reached home that she generally made her appearance at Inwood. Sometimes, however, she would make her way leisurely back to the kennels and sneak in during the evening.

Such unhound-like conduct was not to be tolerated, so the order was given for her to be caught and coupled to another hound. She was then forced to trot home with the rest of the pack, but she did so with her stern down and an expression of unspeakable sadness upon her face. She soon showed that she had a soul above such tyranny, for after she had been captured once or twice, it was enough for a whipper-in to dismount and begin unbuckling the couples for her to make off. Indeed so sharp did she become that at last the Master did not dare to give the order for her to be caught, or to allow the jingling of the couples, but he arranged beforehand that she should be secured before the end of the day's sport. It was not long before Rama was on her guard even against this early capture, and with a look at the hunt servants she would turn and gallop off before the last covert was drawn.

Raleigh, a brother of Rama, was also a peculiar hound, and in his first cub-hunting season showed an extraordinary objection to coming out of covert with the other hounds. He would follow to the side of the covert, and it was very funny to see

him peeping out and disappearing again if he saw he was being waited for. Again and again he would do this, until at last when the coast was clear he would jump out and go on with the pack as if nothing had happened. Raleigh was very fond of looking into every cottage garden, but he was not such an inveterate cat-hunter as Rama, who would dash into and through every garden before she could be stopped, and woe betide the cat who was not quick enough to save herself in the nearest apple-tree.

Raleigh and Comrade always welcomed the Master with a peculiar short sharp bark when he joined hounds at the meet. On the way home Comrade used to run close to his near stirrup, while Armiger, by the South Devon Armourer, another favourite bred by Mr Guest, stuck to his horse's off-heel. It was a strange thing that neither of these hounds ever varied in the manner of their return.

A remarkable instance of the homing instinct was displayed by a hound named Rakish, with whose wonderful feet and legs Mr Guest was so much struck that he bought her. She came from the South Dorset kennels, of which hunt Mr Featherstonhaugh Frampton was then the Master. At Moreton station Rakish was put into the guard's van with a collar and chain on, and she travelled twenty miles in a north-eastern direction to Wimborne, and thence twenty-eight miles towards the north-west to Templecombe,

her journey ending two and a half miles farther on, at Milborne Port. She was taken out at Milborne Port station, but no sooner was she on the platform than she snapped her chain and made off. For a day or two she was seen occasionally near the place, but after that was neither seen nor heard of until Mr Guest received a letter from Mr Frampton saying that Rakish had reappeared at her old kennels. Nothing was ever known of the manner in which she found her way home, a distance of twenty-two miles as the crow flies.

While hounds often surprise us by their sagacity, we are sometimes astonished at the want of knowledge of the most rudimentary ideas of sport in those who follow them. An incident that occurred in the Blackmore Vale is an example of this. On a day when scent was catchy a friend of mine saw the hunted fox slip through a gateway. He had scarcely gone when a lady rode up and stopped her horse just in the gateway. My friend consequently went up to the latter and asked her if she would mind moving on into the next field as she was just on the line. "Oh no," was the sublimely unconscious answer, as the lady looked down first on one side and then on the other of her horse. "I assure you, you are mistaken. I cannot see anything."

In 1896 the celebrated Brocklesby dog pack was bought by Mr Guest from Lord Lonsdale, and with this blood, which united nearly all the best

known strains of foxhound blood, grafted on to the old Blackmore Vale pack some remarkable results might have been anticipated. Unfortunately, however, Mr Guest's resignation took place before the full effect of this introduction could be appreciated, and, to the lasting sorrow of all lovers of hounds, the grand old pack was lost to the country and dispersed under the hammer of the auctioneer. Such an event seemed the last indignity that could be offered to fox-hunting in the Vale, and will certainly never be forgotten by the followers and supporters of the old hunt. Few, if any, Masters of Hounds of modern time have been more staunchly supported by the entire farming and landed interest of a hunt country than were those of the old *régime*, and it will be long before regret for the lost associations and glories of the past dies out in the minds of those who shared in them.

CHAPTER XIII.

ECHOES OF THE CHASE.

FROM beyond those hunting-fields in which my own experience has been gained echoes of the chase in other countries and other times have reached me at all periods of my life. From my father and his friends came those of the old-time worthies, of many of whom I have spoken in the earlier part of this book, but from farther afield stray echoes have floated down, some of which by very reason of their antiquity may be new to many of the present day.

Nowhere do these memories, old and new, crowd more upon me than when I am surrounded by the wonderful collection of hunting-horns that belong to Mr Merthyr Guest of Inwood, who has over 160 of these trophies of the chase. To Masters and huntsmen whose fame in most cases has spread far and wide wherever the chase of fox and hare is followed, these horns have been presented by those whose keenness in the field has been no less than that of the men whose duty it was to show them sport. Most of these horns are but the ordinary

R. CHANDOS POLE, M.F.H.

copper ones, yet what a history of our national sport might be compiled from tales they could tell us of daring in the field. Among them all a handsome silver horn, ornamented with a coat of arms, stands out resplendent; and this takes us back to the year 1839, when, as we see by the inscription, it was presented by J. S. W. Sawbridge Erle Drax, Esq., who never abated one iota of his length of title, to his huntsman John Last. Here, too, though of a more ordinary make, we have the horn given to Jim Treadwell by Mr J. J. Farquharson, whose faithful servant the old huntsman had been for twenty-one years before Mr Farquharson's resignation in 1858. John Press's horn, that he also received from Mr Farquharson in 1871, long after the latter had retired from office, jostles another which he used in the Blackmore Vale from the year 1864; and near at hand are those of George Orbell of the B.V.H. and of John Press the younger, who was huntsman successively to the North Warwickshire, the Meath, the Galway, and the Old Berkshire Hunts.

A story of old John Press which I have not mentioned before may find a place here. That good sportsman and fox-preserver, Major Dugdale, who knew that Press had buried his wife only a couple of days before, went up to him while he was drawing a gorse and expressed his sorrow at the sad event. "Yes, sir," was Press's answer, "but these sort of things must happen. Go in, my

beauties, push him out," he went on to some hounds that were feathering on a line. Then turning again to the now amused sympathiser, "Very sad, sir, but we must all expect it," and pulling out his horn, he exclaimed, "They have found," and galloped away.

While a good method of using a horn is the greatest possible assistance to those who follow hounds, the indiscriminate way in which some huntsmen make use of the same blast on every occasion gives you no help whatever. You cannot tell whether the huntsman is making a cast or wants hounds stopped or put to him; in fact, unless you actually see for yourself, there is nothing in the monotonous note to tell you what is going on. Happily this want of method is the exception rather than the rule, and whenever I go into a new country the first thing I try to master is the huntsman's manner of using his horn.

One of the most curious methods with the horn I ever heard was with a pack of harriers with which I was once out. As I came to the meeting-place I heard the horn being blown vociferously, and consequently hurried on, thinking the hounds were already running. Following the sound, I came upon the Master—who was also the huntsman—sitting quietly on the top of a hill, with his pack grouped carelessly round him and paying not the slightest attention to the noise he was making. I was quite taken aback and inquired what was

going on. The answer was that this was the method of finding a hare, and that I should presently see one going away either from a turnip-field just below us or off the fallow a little farther away. Much interested, I sat and watched with the rest of the field, and it was not long before puss was viewed from the turnips, when hounds were immediately trotted down to the spot and laid on.

Old Ben Jennings, who was with Mr Farquharson during the earlier years of his mastership, had a very effective manner of using his horn. I have often heard my father speak of this, and from the latter I had an amusing story of the old huntsman's outspoken criticism of his Master. At the end of a good run, hounds coming out of a large covert flashed away on a fresh fox. Solomon Baker, the whipper-in, galloped off after them while Ben sat still waiting for the truants' return. The Master also waited, but when he viewed the hunted fox cross one of the ridings he seized his horn and blew frantically for some minutes. Ben, who knew the hounds were out of hearing, sat and watched him with great contempt until at last his feelings got the better of him, and he exclaimed, "Lor' bless the man, how he is a-blowing the wind out of his precious sides!"

The horn of Mr Robert Arkwright, Master of the Oakley from 1850 to 1896, and joint Master with Mr Turner Macan for the nine following

years, reminds me of the building up of the grand Oakley pack and of his indefatigable helper in the work, Tom Whitemore. The old black-and-white hounds of the Oakley country, which were known as the Oakley magpies in the early days of the Peterborough Hound Show, were changed both in colour and character under Mr Arkwright's reign, until year after year they beat all competitors at the show. Tom Whitemore was always very strong on the point of the excellent working of their prize hounds in the field, and on one occasion pointed out with pride to a hard-riding member of the field who had been "crabbing the show hounds," that the winners of the first, second, third, and fourth prizes were leading the pack.

A name I have mentioned in connection with my own experiences with the Queen's Hounds is that of the ninth Earl of Cork, and he, when Lord Dungarvan, was for a time joint Master of the Blackmore Vale country. It was while he was associated with Major Stanley and Mr G. Whieldon in the management of the latter hunt that Lord Dungarvan had a narrow escape. He was staying with Mr Whieldon at Wyke House when during the night a fire broke out which completely destroyed the house, and from which the host and his visitor only escaped with difficulty.

Back into the old hunting world we are carried by Mr Osbaldeston's horn, which was presented

to him by his great friend Sir Richard Sutton, and before the time of the present generation was J. Smith, who was huntsman to Lord Portman's hounds from 1859 to 1893. Smith one day had a curious experience in the hunting-field. Lord Portman had given him a pocketful of silver when he started in the morning, with directions to settle a few poultry claims on his way back to kennels. When Smith arrived at the first cottage where a settlement was to be made he found he had not a single shilling in his pocket. Instantly connecting the loss of the money with a fall he had had in the course of the day, he described the spot where this had happened to one of the whippers-in and despatched him to look for it. Smith had been thrown heavily on his head, and had got up quite dazed from the blow. His memory of the place where the fall had happened was so good, however, that the messenger found the exact spot at the fence, and from a dent in the ground where Smith's head had landed in the field he recovered the whole of the missing silver.

A horn that George Carter carried for many years with the Fitzwilliam Hounds bears signs of hard usage, and is, as the owner remarked when he parted with it, "mended all over." Another veteran of the field, and one who whipped-in to Carter in the Tedworth country, is Fred Cox, who for so many years was hunts-

man to Lord Rothschild's staghounds, and was perhaps the best huntsman of the carted deer ever known. With the farmers in the Vale of Aylesbury Cox was always on the best of terms, and he received several testimonials from them. One of these was a horn which they gave him in 1879, together with a purse containing 134 sovereigns. Cox was another of those who believed in hound-shows, for he said that "they encourage huntsmen to breed for shape and quality, and a hound is as much better for being true made and well looking as is a horse." On a favourite horse named Gay Lad, Cox once cleared thirty feet over the Wing Brook, a place that is still pointed out in the Vale as the scene of the exploit.

The horns of two Masters who hunted over parts of Somerset and Dorset are near together. One of them belonged to Mr Churchill Langdon, who hunted the Seavington Harriers for some years and showed capital sport. I remember once being much amused with a very good speech Mr Langdon made after the luncheon at one of the B.V.H. puppy-shows. He had, he said, been struck with the knowledge of hounds shown by Lady Theodora Guest, for his experience was that ladies found it very difficult to distinguish one hound from another. That failing at least had been exemplified in his own family, though in the most charming manner. In his harrier pack he had one hound that was a black-and-tan, and

MAJOR SHERSTON.

the ladies, who were anxious to show their interest in the hounds, were always constant in their inquiries after this one. No other hound in the pack was ever honoured in the same way, and he could not help thinking that the distinctive colouring of the hound had something to do with the solicitude shown for him. At any rate when this hound was no more, the inquiries made about the pack became of a most general nature, and he did not think that another hound was ever asked after by name.

The horn used by Mr T. Crane is as distinctive in make as that which was given by Captain Stevens to the huntsman M'Neill. Mr Crane's horn, however, is smaller than M'Neill's, as was suitable for a man who ran with pocket-beagles over the Downs near Dorchester.

Another historic instrument is the horn used by Charles Davis when he took the Royal Buckhounds into the New Forest for their annual visit at the close of the season. This horn was lost in the Forest on the last day the Royal Hounds hunted there, and was not recovered for a long time.

Colonel Luttrell of Kilve Court, who was Master of the West Somerset Foxhounds, during a part of the time when this hunt was known as Mr Luttrell's, used a very long wooden horn with an ivory mouthpiece, and a similar one, though not of such great length, was used by the seventh Duke of Beaufort. Near by is the horn

of a more usual shape that belonged to the eighth Duke of Beaufort, and with it is one used by Will Dale, a huntsman who has left his mark in the Brocklesby kennels, where he served under the present Earl of Yarborough from the year 1884 to 1896. In the latter year, when the Brocklesby dog pack was sold, Dale went to the Beaufort country, where Mr Wemyss was that season acting as joint Master with the then Marquis of Worcester. Dale began his hunting career by whipping-in to his father, who was at that time huntsman to the Surrey Union, and whose horn used by him in that country and another used earlier with the Vine Hounds are with that of his son.

Another horn has a distinction of its own in that it belonged to a woman who came forward in a moment of emergency and saved the Brocklesby Hunt from disaster. Victoria, Countess of Yarborough, not only took the management of the Brocklesby Hunt country after the death of her husband, the third Earl, in 1875, during the minority of her son, but she succeeded in that most difficult part of a Master's duties, keeping the field in order without losing her popularity. Lady Yarborough was assisted in her duties by Mr J. Maunsell Richardson, whom she married in 1881, who twice rode the winner of the Grand National. She was a very fine horsewoman and able to take her own line over a country.

The horns of Mr Fenwick Bisset and Arthur

Heal take our thoughts to the hunt of the wild red-deer on Exmoor, where both Master and huntsman did so much for the sport. Of Mr Fenwick Bisset even that good judge of hunting, the Rev. John Russell, could find nothing to say but that the sport he showed was equal to anything he himself could remember "in the palmy days of old, when 'the halls of Castle Hill rang merrily with the wassail of the hunters.'" Into the quieter joys of the angler Mr Bisset seems not to have entered. An all-round sportsman who was once staying at a country house in Devon with the Master of the staghounds, tells of some rather characteristic work with the rod by the latter. To some excellent trout-fishing owned by their host the guests were invited, and Mr Bisset took his place by the stream. Each trout that came to the M.F.H.'s fly was summarily swung out of the water over the impatient angler's shoulder. At last his host could bear the sight no longer and expostulated at a proceeding which broke through all the sacred canons of the craft. The only answer vouchsafed by the uninterested sportsman in his deep voice was, "No time to waste on these little beggars."

Tom Firr's horn reminds us of a fine horseman, and one who was so good in all phases of his work that he may fairly be called the greatest huntsman of modern times. Firr had a marvellous control over his hounds and was always with them in the field. But though no one made more brilliant casts

than he did when he had an impatient Quorn field behind him, he loved to hunt a fox as carefully and patiently as any man when this was possible. Closely connected with Tom Firr is that keenest of keen fox-hunters, Colonel Anstruther Thomson, to whom Firr was second whipper-in in the Pytchley country, and on whose recommendation he was appointed huntsman to the North Warwickshire Hunt, where he first made his name.

It was during Mr Sant's mastership of the North Warwickshire that a certain M.F.H. of a neighbouring country had an unenviable experience. He was on a visit to a big house in the neighbourhood, and being very anxious to see Mr Sant's hounds, he asked his host if he would lend him a mount for a morning's cub-hunting. This was easily arranged, and one of the sons of the house was told off to act as his guide to the meet on the following morning.

With the punctuality born of long habit, the M.F.H. timed the pace so that the fixture should be reached by six o'clock, and great was his disappointment to see nothing of the hounds. His young companion, when appealed to, said from which quarter they might be expected to arrive, and there was nothing for it but to wait. At last misgiving seized the Master, and he inquired if his guide was quite sure of his facts. "Was the meet at the cross-roads?" he inquired, "or at the farm yonder?" The youth did not know. "Haven't you been here before, then?" "I don't think I

ever have," was the unsatisfactory reply. "Well, it's time we should be finding out where they are." In reply to questioning, some drowsy farm labourers did not know where hounds were to meet, but they were quite sure it was not there. "What on earth, then, did you bring me here for?" demanded the now furious M.F.H. of his apathetic cicerone. "Don't they meet here every Thursday?" was the answer that greeted his astonished ears. "I thought they did. I know they were here last week."

Words failed the older man and he trotted back in savage mood, his companion trailing behind him. The comfortable old coachman who had charge of the stables was not used to seeing his horses brought back in a state denoting hard exercise, and the cheery inquiry with which he greeted the M.F.H., "Had a run then, my Lord?" did not soften the sufferer's feelings, as he dismounted in a frame of mind better imagined than described.

Few more plucky men have ever ridden across Leicestershire than Mr W. W. Tailby, who for twenty-two years ruled over the Billesdon country, now known as Mr Fernie's. A small light man, Mr Tailby rode big horses, and never turned his head from anything. He had a curious habit of catching hold of the pommel of his saddle when taking a fence. On one occasion when his huntsman, Frank Goodall, was laid up and Mr Tailby was hunting his hounds himself, he gave an instance of

the cool determination and unshaken nerve that distinguished him. In the course of a run Mr Tailby put his horse at a gate between Skeffington and Loddington, and the horse, catching the top rail between his knees, turned right over and gave his rider a tremendous fall. Nothing beyond a severe shaking being the result, Mr Tailby was soon back in the saddle and going again, and some ten minutes later, hounds having turned and come back the same line, he put his horse a second time at the gate, and this time got over safely.

With the Belvoir country Frank Gillard's name must always be associated, and it is a curious fact that Gillard began his first cub-hunting season as huntsman to these hounds on foot. The season was so dry and the ground in consequence so cracked by the action of the sun that it was impossible to ride. Stress of weather of another kind, high winds being in the ascendant, led to a curious innovation on the ordinary hunting dress by the Marquis of Tweeddale, who was determined not to have his way across country hampered by a fly-away head-gear. He therefore adopted the expedient of having broad ribbon strings attached to either side of his hat, and these he tied securely in a bow under the chin. The result I never saw, but it must have been sufficiently funny, and was a matter of talk in the Belvoir country at the time, though for this Lord Tweeddale cared not a jot.

CAPTAIN FIFE.

Of old Goosey, another celebrated huntsman of the Belvoir, many tales are told. He was fond of long words, and once when Lord Forester, who was then acting as Master, asked him about a fall Goosey had had the previous day, the old man replied, "Well, my Lord, I was going along quite collectively, and the horse came down promiscuous, and I was bamboozled." The late Duke of Rutland was very fond of telling this story, and he would also tell another, which seems to show that Goosey took the ills of life with as much philosophy as old Press. In a letter to Lord Forester Goosey says: "My Lord, will you please allow me not to go out to-morrow? I am going to bury my wife, and on so dull an occasion I thought your lordship would let me off."

Of Mr R. Chandos Pole, Master of the Meynell and later of the Cattistock Hunt, I have already spoken. In the 'Meynell Hunt Alphabet' a tribute is paid to his riding, which he certainly deserved in his Dorset country:—

"P is for Pole too; though welter his weight,
He's a beautiful horseman and always goes straight."

A story of a different sort is told of Mr J. Codrington, an earlier Master of the Cattistock, who was said never to jump a stick. He, too, was a heavy weight, and a friend, when congratulating the Master upon having bought a very good hunter, wound up the enumerations of the horse's merits by saying he was a perfect fencer. At last

the Master was roused, and with an expressive "Ugh!" observed, "We shall soon get him out of that."

Frank Beers, whose horn jostles that of Dick Stovin, began his hunting experience in a curious way. When he was only twenty-one years of age he was engaged to go to Poland with a pack of English hounds to hunt the wolf. He succeeded very well in his task, but when on the outbreak of war in Poland he returned home and hunted a pack of foxhounds in the Grafton country, he was a good deal troubled by the change of quarry, and it took him some time to show his capacity for hunting the wily fox as well as the straight-running wolf. Beers himself always used to say that in fox-hunting a certain hound named Destitute had been the making of him. This hound had been bred at Belvoir and was descended on the dam's side from Mr Drake's Duster. When on his deathbed Beers asked his wife never to part with Destitute's head, which he had stuffed and kept by him from the time when the hound no longer led the pack in the field. A curious accident once happened to Beers when he was huntsman to the Grafton. During a fast run he got into a pond, and one of the field jumping in after him knocked him head over heels under water. Beers, however, swam across and went on and killed his fox. George Beers, Frank's father, was also huntsman to the Grafton, and the story is told that when the third Lord Southampton engaged

him he said that he heard Beers when with the Oakley had been free with his tongue to the field. "I wish you to bear in mind," said Lord Southampton, "that I shall not allow that here. I reserve that privilege to myself."

The reputation of Dick Stovin was made when he was huntsman to Lord Valentia in the Bicester country. So good was the sport Master and huntsman then showed that the time may be looked on as the golden age of the Bicester. From the Bicester Stovin went to the Heythrop, after a short time with Lord Pembroke. So popular was he with all classes in the country where he had been nine seasons that he received quite a splendid testimonial on his departure. From the ladies of the hunt this took the form of an exquisitely chased horn, together with a handsome offering from the Master. Another from the keepers and earth-stoppers was given him, with a purse containing 800 sovereigns. Among the long list of names of the subscribers to the gifts is that of Prince Albert Victor. With the Heythrop hounds Stovin again had a long run of good sport. It was while he was in this country that a large dog-fox covered with mange was once brought to him. Stovin took care of the fox and treated him like a dog, and when the time came to turn him down he was as sleek and clean in coat as any fox in the land. A wonderful black mare named Violet carried Stovin for many years, and on her back

he once jumped the Chearsley Brook when there were no less than eleven members of the field and their horses in it.

Of Mr Francis Lovell, at one time Master of the New Forest Deerhounds, I have heard much from a friend who used to hunt with him in the 'Sixties. Although a one-armed man, Mr Lovell was, this friend tells me, the most beautiful rider in the Forest. He had a wonderfully strong elastic seat, his body swaying like indiarubber to the action of his horse. He was, too, exceedingly graceful, and a quite marvellous huntsman. His knowledge of hound-work and deer-trickery was unsurpassed, and the sport he showed was first-class. As there were but few deer in the forest at one time, Mr Lovell used to whip hounds off when he ran into his stag, and if the latter was unhurt, he sent him home in a cart, and after feeding him let him go free on his lawn.

One more horn I must mention, because it recalls to my mind my first day in the New Forest with the deerhounds, when Miss Alma Lovell hunted hounds. When Miss Lovell took her father's place in the field she showed excellent sport, and on the horn she used is inscribed her maiden name with the date 1870, also her name after marriage—Mrs Francis—and the date 1882. It was an added pleasure when hunting with Miss Lovell in the Forest to hear her splendid voice echoing through the glades. She had an incomparable

TIM, BLACK-AND-TAN WIRE-HAIRED TERRIER.

view - halloo, and I remember Mr Surtees exclaiming when he first heard her, "She ought to be in the opera. She would bring down the house."

With this echo, then, that comes to me from one of my own sex, I will bring these scattered memories to a close.

APPENDIX.

MASTERS AND HUNTSMEN OF THE
BLACKMORE VALE.

	MASTERS.	HUNTSMEN.
1833-1853.	J. S. W. Sawbridge Erle Drax.	J. Last.
1853-1855.	G. Whieldon of Wyke. Captain Stanley. Viscount Dungarvan.	H. Honey. J. Mitchell.
1855-1856.	Lord Harry Thynne.	W. Stansby.
1856-1857.	R. Strachey.	Webb.
1857-1858.	Captain Stanley.	J. Dinnicombe.
1858-1865.	G. Wingfield Digby.	Turner, 1858-63. Wilson, 1863-64. John Press, 1863-76.
1865-1884.	Sir R. G. Glyn, Bart.	G. Orbell, 1876-85.
1884-1900.	Merthyr Guest.	Haines, 1885-86. G. Brown, 1886-90. C. Fox, 1890-96. W. Spiller, 1896-1900.

THE LAME OLD HUNTSMAN BY HIS FIRESIDE.

I HEAR the echoing sound,
That stirred my blood in the bygone years,
When the ringing music filled my ears,
And made my pulses bound.

In a grey November's morn,
When the mists rolled up the hills,
One cheery note my memory fills—
The note of my own old horn.

And there it hangs on the wall ;
Fetch it right down to my hand, my boy ;
You think it is but an old man's toy—
As good as your bat and ball.

The sport it brings to my mind !
I'll wind it now with my failing breath,—
As I used to wind it at the Death,
When the field were far behind !

How often we drew that gorse !
And we used to watch to see him break,
And stand to mark the line he'd take,
I, and the old black horse.

What a rattling run we had,
When we found in the covert by the down ;
And then ran him through the market town,
Till the folks all thought us mad.

And then, again, in the Vale,
 When we galloped away from Holnest Pound
 To Forest Oaks, where he went to ground,
 Just under the broken rail.

Hark, hollo! I hear them now—
 They have headed him down by the brook;
 Lucky for those that went to look,—
 There he goes over the brow!

Tally-ho! For'ard! Away!
 Over the double, and over the plough;
 Steady, my beauties! You'll have him now—
 We're sure of his brush to-day.

But it rouses me up too much,—
 Come hither, my boy, and hang up the horn
 By the spurs; that I ever was born
 To hobble about with a crutch!

'Tis something to sit and to think;
 To be thankful for joys that are past;
 To look forward to those that will last;
 And the present is only a link.

I shall hear the who-whoop! some day,
 And I must then be in at the Death;
 Once more "Tally-ho!" with my feeble breath,
 And I shall be "Gone away!"

T. G.

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