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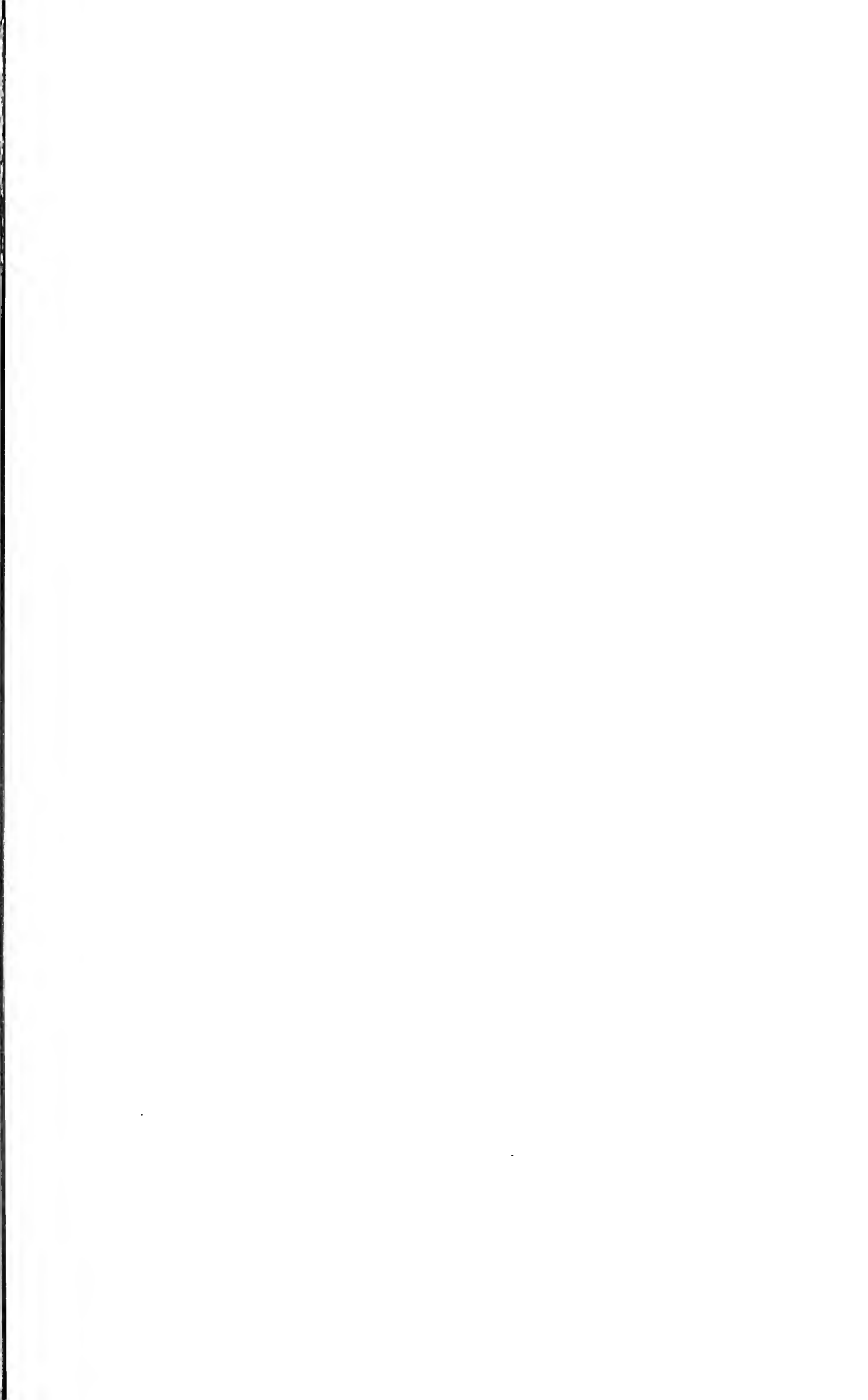
THE EIGHTH DUKE OF BEAUFORT

AND THE BADMINTON HUNT



Beaufort

AND THE BADMIN-
TON HUNT

WITH A SKETCH OF
THE RISE OF THE SOMERSET
FAMILY BY T. F. DALE M.A. AUTHOR
OF "THE HISTORY OF THE BELVOIR
HUNT" "THE GAME OF POLO" ETC

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PREFACE

THE following memorial of a great English sportsman will it is hoped be acceptable to the many who knew and loved him.

To the present Duke of Beaufort I am greatly indebted not only for the loan of valuable books and papers, but for advice and assistance as to the plan of the work.

The Duke has himself read the greater part of the book before publication. This will be a guarantee that its views represent on the whole the feelings of the late Duke's friends. For their manner of expression I only am responsible. Holding strong views as to what the world at large is entitled to know of a public character, I have endeavoured to show the Eighth Duke of Beaufort as he appeared to those who knew him without trenching on ground where strangers have no right to trespass. I have therefore

devoted myself to those parts of his career which influenced our national sports and life.

Next to the Duke himself I am indebted for counsel and suggestions to Mr. Alfred Watson, who with characteristic unselfishness has found time, in the midst of a busy life, to suggest to me several touches as to the Duke's character. These are incorporated in the text.

The historical chapters have been read by Mr. J. Horace Round, who is a well known authority on matters of peerage history and pedigrees. From him I have received some valuable hints and one or two corrections.

Since writing this book I have read Mr. Round's "Peerage and Family History." Of special interest to me are those parts relating to the Earl of Glamorgan and Charles I. I have carefully studied and thought over the question; but while I appreciate the learning and force of Mr. Round's remarks, I am entirely unable to agree with him that the Earl of Glamorgan, afterwards second Marquis of Worcester, forged or tampered with the patent of the Dukedom of Somerset and Beaufort, now at Badminton. It seems to me that such an action was entirely out

of harmony with his character. On the other hand Charles I. does appear quite likely to have caused purposely informal or irregular patents to be issued. This according to his favourite method would have left him free to keep or repudiate his promises to the second Marquis of Worcester and his father at his pleasure, or according to the real or fancied necessities of the case.

It did not seem to come within the province of this book to discuss the matter at length, so with sincere acknowledgments to Mr. Round I leave it to professed solvers of historical puzzles.

To Sir Richard Green-Price, so well known as a writer on sport, I am indebted for some letters of the late Duke, as also to Mr. Townsend of Cirencester.

Mr. Baird-Carter, of 61 Jermyn Street, allowed me to copy the admirable portrait of Petronel in his possession, and Messrs. Dickinson, of Bond Street, kindly supplied me with the portrait of the present Duke.

The majority of the illustrations are from the pictures at Badminton, but the frontispiece is reproduced by the kind permission of Messrs. Vinton & Co., the proprietors of *Baily's Maga-*

zine. I may here acknowledge the generous help the Editor of *Baily* is always willing to extend to those who are endeavouring to contribute to the history of fox hunting.

This book has been long delayed, but the South African war seemed to make it undesirable to publish it earlier. I trust it may be not less acceptable to those who have learned in the hard school of war the true value of sport as a national training.

E.T.U.S. CLUB
16 ST. JAMES'S SQUARE S.W

I

Rise of the Somersets

CHAPTER I

Rise of the Somersets

THE founder of the Somerset family was born at a remarkable period of English history. When his father, the third Duke of Somerset, died at Hexham, feudal and mediæval England was passing away. The age of faith and chivalry was nearing its close. The worldliness of Wolsey, the polite scepticism of Erasmus, and the wilfulness and extravagance of Henry VIII. were in the near future to show the hollowness of the one and the weakness of the other.

The Crusades had become a fanciful aspiration, or a diplomatic fiction. Protestantism, that spirit of democracy touched with religious emotion, was to shake the foundations of Church and Monarchy. The kindred ideas of direct approach to heaven and direct government by the people were in the air. Both were as yet immature. The seeds already sown required time to grow up. This was given by the resolute monarchy of the Tudors, and the crushing first of the old historical nobles and secondly of the ecclesiastical power of Rome.

When Henry VII. reached the throne, the power of the old nobility was on the wane. In place of a number of semi-independent feudal chiefs, the king had to deal with discontented nobles whose resources had been scattered in the Wars of the Roses, and whose chief strength lay in their great names. Those of the old families whose power was not broken were generally hostile to the king.

The crown, therefore, needed a new aristocracy to replace the old. Though Henry probably did not see what the tendencies of his time were—few of us indeed can do so—yet, with the political insight that distinguished his family, he recognised the instruments he needed to carry out his policy of government. The new nobles were to have power and influence derived directly from the favour of the crown, yet by their services to the crown and the nation they soon came to act as a restraint on the kingly power. The English peerage is to-day a record of past and a reward of present services to the crown and country. The history of the country from the fifteenth to the twentieth century tells us that, unless a great house is willing to serve, it cannot retain its influence, but will become a useless though interesting survival of the past, like the suits of armour and the weapons that hang on the walls of its palaces. It is this great Tudor idea that has preserved the English aristocracy in a democratic age.

RISE OF THE SOMERSETS

Almost the first of the new nobility was Charles Somerset, whose early years were passed under the shadow of the misfortunes and death of his father, the third Duke of Somerset. So much was this the case that the date of his birth is not known, though he was always acknowledged as the Duke's son, in days when royal descent signified more and legitimacy less than in our own time. The third Duke of Somerset had been one of the great men of his day, a gallant soldier, a keen sportsman and possessing the love of splendour that has always characterised the Beauforts. The latter were also illegitimate, though the children of Katherine Swynford had been legitimatised by Act of Parliament, while at the same time they were expressly excluded from succession to the crown.

It seems likely that part of Charles Somerset's early life was passed under the care of Henry VII., who ever after watched over his fortunes and acknowledged the relationship between them. The king was not only drawn to Somerset by the ties of a common descent, but by the attraction of a common taste for sport. In examining the records of Somerset's life, it seems possible to trace a close friendship and confidence between him and the king, and he was certainly privy to Henry's two great ideas of establishing a navy and of founding a standing army. That he was a man of considerable tact and diplomatic skill may be inferred

from the fact that he was constantly sent on missions and embassies. His office on these occasions was, we gather, rather social and magnificent than of great political importance, for he was not the kind of man employed by kings and ministers to ferret out the state secrets of friendly courts. The ordinary ambassador of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries was indeed a kind of legalised spy, whose duties somewhat resembled those the Dreyfus case has shown to be expected from certain military attachés in our own day. In Henry's time they were often men of inferior birth and were wholly dependent on the minister who appointed them, their duty being to write home the most minute and trifling occurrences at the court to which they were accredited. Nothing came amiss. Gossip and scandal were mixed up with more serious political matters in their communications to their Government. Then when the time arrived for the settlement of one of the innumerable treaties that no one of the parties concerned had the slightest intention of observing, a more important person was sent out on a temporary mission to bring to a close the inconclusive arrangement. On such occasions, both under Henry VII. and Henry VIII., Charles Somerset was employed. No doubt both his relationship to the sovereign and the personal friendship that existed between them gave added weight to his magnificent personality and pleasant tact.

And Charles Somerset had other titles to the

king's confidence. There is a characteristic of the Somerset family that will appear often in the course of this story. They were men of the most undaunted loyalty. Later on we find them the adherents of a lost cause and of an unpopular Church, much to their own hurt. The Somersets were slow to change sides. They were staunch to the Tudor and Stuart monarchs they served so well.

Apart too from Charles Somerset's personal character and his kinship to Henry, he had another and possibly a stronger recommendation to the royal favour in his absolute dependence on the crown. Somerset had neither means nor position save such as were given him of the royal grace and bounty. Promotion and grants of land were doled out to him at considerable intervals and only as rewards for past services. So far as I can gather, his first appointment was as Captain of the Yeomen of the Guard, a force enrolled in Henry's time as a personal guard on the sovereign, and which was the germ of the standing army of later times. If then we may regard this company as the foundation on which our military organisation has been built up, a Somerset was one of the first officers of that army in which his descendants have served ever since.

Charles Somerset may also claim the credit of being one of the earliest of English admirals.

It has often been said that Henry VIII. was the

founder of the English Navy, but I think he can only be said to have carried out and enlarged an idea conceived in his father's brain. To the first of the Tudor kings belongs the credit of the idea that England's continental influence depended not on her army, but on her fleet.

When in 1488 Henry desired to hold the balance between the King of France and the latter's powerful and rebellious vassal, the Duke of Brittany, he fitted out a fleet, Parliament granted the necessary funds, and the admiral chosen was Somerset. Henry's plans were however, upset by the action of Lord Woodville, who, sailing from Southampton on a filibustering expedition, had his little band of Englishmen slain in the overwhelming defeat of the Duke of Brittany at St. Aubin du Cornier on July 28th, 1488. Later, when Henry, after the death of the Duke, Francis II., meditated interfering on behalf of Anne of Brittany, Somerset was once more sent to sea, this time in the *Sovereign*, a ship of the then enormous size of 800 tons. Only the *Great Harry* was larger. From this period, when he was about thirty years of age, dates Charles Somerset's rise in rank. He was created a Knight of the Garter in 1496, and is said to have been a Commissioner of Array in Wales, and in 1501 he was made Vice-Chamberlain of the Household, an appointment that placed him about the person of the king.

There can be, I think, little doubt that the

very wealthy marriage Somerset made about this time was in some measure the king's doing. The chosen bride was Elizabeth, the only daughter and heiress of William, second Earl of Pembroke, which dignity he had exchanged at the wish of Edward IV. for the Earldom of Huntingdon. This marriage, uniting the heiress of a powerful Yorkist family with the friend and adherent of the king, laid the foundation of the fortunes of the Somerset family, and gave them the large estates on the borders of Wales that henceforth made them powerful. Charles Somerset was styled Lord Herbert in right of his wife's baronies, and after her death he was summoned to Parliament as Baron Herbert of Raglan, Chepstow and Gower.

Thus at the beginning of the reign of Henry VIII. he was a peer, a Knight of the Garter, and a privy councillor, beside being a man of considerable wealth. Every step he had earned by loyal if not exactly brilliant service. Into the spirit of the new reign he threw himself with zeal. He sympathised with Henry's love of magnificence and splendour, and he was still young enough to be enthusiastic about field sports and tournaments. Moreover Lord Herbert, who seems to have been of a more pliable mould than most of his descendants, was always on the right side in politics, and he supported Wolsey. Probably he recognised what historians have since come to acknowledge—that

Wolsey was a great statesman. The idea of the great cardinal as a greedy, proud, overbearing, selfish Churchman of low birth and rude manners, has gone the way of many other historical legends, and we are able to see him as his contemporaries, Henry VIII. and Charles Somerset, saw him—a great, wise, if not always infallible statesman. Somerset was well able to judge of Wolsey's foreign policy, for no one had had more experience than he.

It is as difficult as it is probably unnecessary to thread our path through the mazes of lies, deceptions and pretences that did duty for diplomatic negotiations during the reign of Henry VII. and his son. But we may imagine that in the end the power, inclinations and personal weaknesses of monarchs and statesmen—which last counted for so much in those days—were pretty accurately known to all concerned. Be this as it may, Henry VIII. employed Lord Herbert, and the latter commanded the rear-guard of that curious host of soldiers, priests and jesters that Henry VIII. led into France. He was certainly present at the battle of Torouanne (1513) and at the siege of Tournay. Shortly after this (1514), Herbert was created Earl of Worcester and returned to his old trade of diplomacy. Possibly the Earl was less successful in treating with that old fox the Emperor Maximilian than he had been in former missions, for he seems not to have seen through the Emperor's falsehoods. It is certain that Maximilian's manner had a great and

wonderful charm. It was only when those who had to deal with him came to reflect on what had passed that they recognised him for the very slippery person he was. It is not a little amusing, however, to read the letters each member of the mission wrote to the king, and to see how little opinion each had of the other's wisdom and penetration. Possibly between them the king, or rather Wolsey, was able to arrive at a true idea of the state of affairs. It is pleasant to think that all the emissaries agreed in one point—namely, that Maximilian should have no English money.

The effect of the Emperor's masterpiece of double dealing was to draw England and France together, and when next Worcester was employed on diplomatic business we find him on a visit to Francis I. From the description given of the interview with Francis, I gather that while envoys of less importance had carried on the preliminary negotiations, it was, as usual, Worcester's duty to step in at the close.

It often happens that when an institution is coming to an end its closing years are marked by a strange splendour. The magnificence of the Field of the Cloth of Gold might have shown thoughtful minds the emptiness of chivalry. The jousts had become mere games, and a tournament was no more than a manly sport, such as the polo or cricket of to-day. These contests were only the image of war, which itself was rapidly becoming

a far less ornamental and romantic, though more serious and democratic business than of old. So much was this the case that kings and nobles showed a growing tendency to hire in their cause the strong arms and sturdy hearts of Swiss peasants.

The defeat of the Battle of Spurs and the Field of the Cloth of Gold mark the death and apotheosis of the age of chivalry. But this was hidden from the men of the age, for even the victors looked on the Battle of Spurs as an astonishing and unexpected event, not likely to recur, while no doubt the larger number of those present at the Field of the Cloth of Gold took the gathering quite seriously. Among these was the Earl of Worcester and his son Lord Herbert. The former, one of the judges at the jousts, on account of his office and his knowledge of the sport, was one of those chosen to lay out the lists and to arrange the combats. Lord Herbert was among the combatants, since he was acknowledged to be one of the best tilters of his day. The fine presence and magnificence of the Somersets was no small recommendation with the Tudor sovereigns, all of whom liked to see stately figures about the court.

But we must turn back for a moment to that Lady Elizabeth Herbert whose estates had endowed the family. She was the great-granddaughter of William ap Thomas, whose son was knighted by Henry VI., and assumed the name of Herbert. It was by this marriage that Raglan Castle and Troy

House came into the Somerset family. That one of Lady Elizabeth's aunts on the father's side might have been Queen of England is possible, had not Henry VII. been obliged for reasons of policy to espouse Elizabeth of York.[1] However this may have been, Henry VII. was and always remained friendly to the Herbert family, although they were politically opposed to him.

Elizabeth Herbert was not in herself a person of great consequence. Women in the days of the Tudors were not much considered, even princesses and heiresses having little personal influence. As at the jousts, so in society their place was that of spectators. On the political chess-board they were the pawns whose lot it was to be married to the knights. Yet Elizabeth was of great importance to the Somerset family. She brought to them wealth and a legitimate relationship to royalty. So little is known of Lady Elizabeth Herbert that the date of her death can only be approximated by inferring that it was before the alleged creation of the barony of Herbert by patent in favour of her husband, then Sir Charles Somerset, though during her lifetime holding the barony of Herbert in her right. This would fix the date of her death between the months of July, 1506, up to which time Somerset sat in the

[1] The wives of Somerset and Henry VII. were first cousins. Mary Woodville, mother of Elizabeth Herbert, being the sister of Elizabeth Woodville, queen of Edward IV. and mother of Elizabeth of York.

House of Lords in right of his wife, and November in the same year, when the barony was given to him by letters patent.[1]

Sir Charles, who became successively Baron Herbert and the first Earl of Worcester, married twice again—first Elizabeth, daughter of Thomas, Lord de la Warr, and then Eleanor, daughter of Sir Edward Sutton, and sister of John Sutton, Lord Dudley. It is only from scattered allusions and from the story of his various employments that we can understand anything of Worcester's character. But enough remains written on the pages of history to enable us to picture what the first representative of the new aristocracy was like. We find the same traits with which we are familiar in the upper-class Englishman of our own day—the aptitude for war, the love of its reflection in sports and games, the common-sense and sound if not far-reaching political talents, and a high sense of duty and of loyalty to king and Church. On the other hand we find no great love of literature or readiness to accept new ideas. Lord Worcester was a just and not unpopular ruler of his estates, one of his acts being to grant a charter to the burgesses of Chepstow. This he gave as a Lord of the Marches of Wales, an office which the Union of England and Wales was soon to render unnecessary, and of which

[1] No trace can be found of the patent, nor would such creation have been necessary. Somerset was tenant by the courtesy of his wife's barony for his life.

he was the last holder. Full of years, riches and honour, the Earl passed away in 1526, and was laid beside his first wife in the Beaufort Chapel at Windsor.

He had begun life with little but his sword and his name, and he closed it as one of the greatest of the new nobility that had sprung up under the Tudor dynasty to be the supports and defenders of the crown. The gradual concentration of power in the crown made the career of Lord Worcester's immediate successors more that of courtiers than of soldiers and statesmen. Their acknowledged relationship to the royal family drew them to the court. There only was a career possible to a man like Henry, the second Earl of Worcester. In his youth the second Earl had been, as we have seen, a redoubtable knight in the tournaments of the day, tilting in splendid armour at the Field of the Cloth of Gold. Henry, who on his father being created Earl of Worcester, in 1514, became known as Baron Herbert, sat in the trial of the Duke of Buckingham in 1521. Five years later he succeeded to the earldom. He was in attendance as carver at the coronation of Anne Boleyn, and his wife, with the Countess of Oxford, attended on the queen at the banquet which followed that ceremony. Neither he nor the queen could have foreseen that he was to sit later as a judge in her trial in May, 1536.

It was perhaps as a reward for the latter service that he received from the king a grant of the lands

of Tintern Abbey. These lands were supposed to yield an income of £192, a comfortable little sum in those days and really worth a great deal more than it seemed. For the system on which diverted ecclesiastical property was then managed, of low rents and large fines on renewal, made it appear of much less value than it really was, and proved an advantage to the plunderers, as it threw dust in the eyes of the people and prevented them from understanding the extent of the robberies or the value of the spoil when divided. Thus by the irony of fate Lord Worcester assisted in the ruin of a building which his maternal ancestors had helped to beautify. A devout woman of the Herbert family had erected a stone cloister in place of the wooden one up to that time in use. The second Earl and his wife were buried in Chepstow Church, where a monument erected to them is still to be seen.

William, the third Earl, who married Christian, daughter of the first Lord North, was, like most of the men of note of his day, drawn to the court of Queen Elizabeth. He was a successful diplomatist, his most important mission being to the court of France, when he represented the Queen of England at the christening of the Princess Elizabeth, daughter of Charles IX. The queen and her ministers were anxious not to break with France. The marriage of Elizabeth with the Duke of Alençon was still a subject of negotiation, and the negotiations, though not the marriage, were acceptable to the queen.

At the same time it was necessary that Elizabeth should express her disapproval of the massacre of St. Bartholomew.

It was Lord Worcester's duty to convey at once the courteous congratulations customary between friendly sovereigns on such an occasion, and to make clear to the French king that the presence of an English ambassador at his court was not to be taken as condoning the outrage of the recent massacre. Worcester was charged to report the queen's feeling in unmistakable terms.

That Elizabeth was satisfied with the Earl's conduct of this delicate mission is a proof of his diplomatic tact and ability. The fact that he was himself a Roman Catholic rather served to make the expression of disapproval from his lips stronger and more impressive. It gives an insight into the times to learn that the Earl was robbed by pirates in the Channel on the occasion of his voyage to France. That Lord Worcester remained a staunch adherent to the Catholic faith made his loyalty to Elizabeth in some respects of more value. There were points on which he was proof against the influence the queen brought to bear on him, for he could never be induced to acknowledge Anglican orders, though the queen herself tried to make him do so. Yet that Elizabeth had great faith in him is shown by the fact that he was appointed one of the forty-two peers who served as assessors at the trial of Mary, Queen of Scots. There is no shadow of

doubt that he assented to the condemnation of Mary. He also showed his devotion to the crown by raising a force against the Armada, while yet another side of his character is seen in the patronage he extended to the Elizabethan drama.

Of his son, the fourth Earl, it would be interesting to know more. Like many other men notable in their own day, he made a greater figure among his contemporaries than he does in the pages of history. If only some chronicle of his long career had been preserved, it would give us a full picture of the social life of the court and aristocracy of the time. Almost all we know of him is contained in the following short extract from Naunton's *Fragmenta Regalia*: "My Lord of Worcester I have here put last, but not least, in the queen's favour. He was of the ancient and noble blood of the Beauforts and of her grandfather's line by the mother, which the queen could never forget, especially when there was concurrence of old blood with fidelity, a mixture which ever sorted with the queen's nature; and though there might appear somewhat in this house which might avert her Grace (though not to speak of my Lord himself but in due reverence and honour)—I mean contrariety or suspicion in religion—yet the queen ever respected this house, and principally this noble lord, whom she made Master of the Horse and then admitted him to her Council of State."

A second claim to consanguinity with the royal family was given by the marriage of the fourth Earl with Elizabeth, daughter of Francis Hastings, Earl of Huntingdon, and of Catherine his wife; for Lady Huntingdon was the daughter of Henry Pole, Lord Montague, whose mother was Margaret, Countess of Salisbury, daughter of George, Duke of Clarence. It is through this marriage that the present (ninth) Duke of Beaufort is sixteenth in lineal descent from Richard, Duke of York, from whom, through his eldest son, Edward IV., Queen Victoria was fourteenth in descent. This Earl was a good horseman and a tilter of some note. He was one of the commissioners appointed to report on the conduct of Essex, when the latter returned from Ireland without permission, and his opinion was given in the form of a Latin couplet, very concise and to the point.

> "Scilicet a superis etiam fortuna luenda est,
> Nec veniam, læso numine, casus habet."

This shows that the Earl was something of a scholar, besides being a diplomatist and a sportsman.

On this occasion Essex got off by favour of the queen, but once again Worcester was called upon to sit in judgment upon him, and then the favourite paid the penalty of his reckless pride and insensate folly. Lord Worcester succeeded to Essex's office as Master of the Horse, an appointment confirmed

by James I. and given to him for life. Nevertheless he resigned, and on the day following was made Lord Privy Seal, with a salary of £1,500 a year for life. He was also given a seat in the Court of Requests. The Earl died in March, 1627-8. "Edwardus Somerset moderatus sed verus" is the anagram preserved of him in Camden's *Remains.*

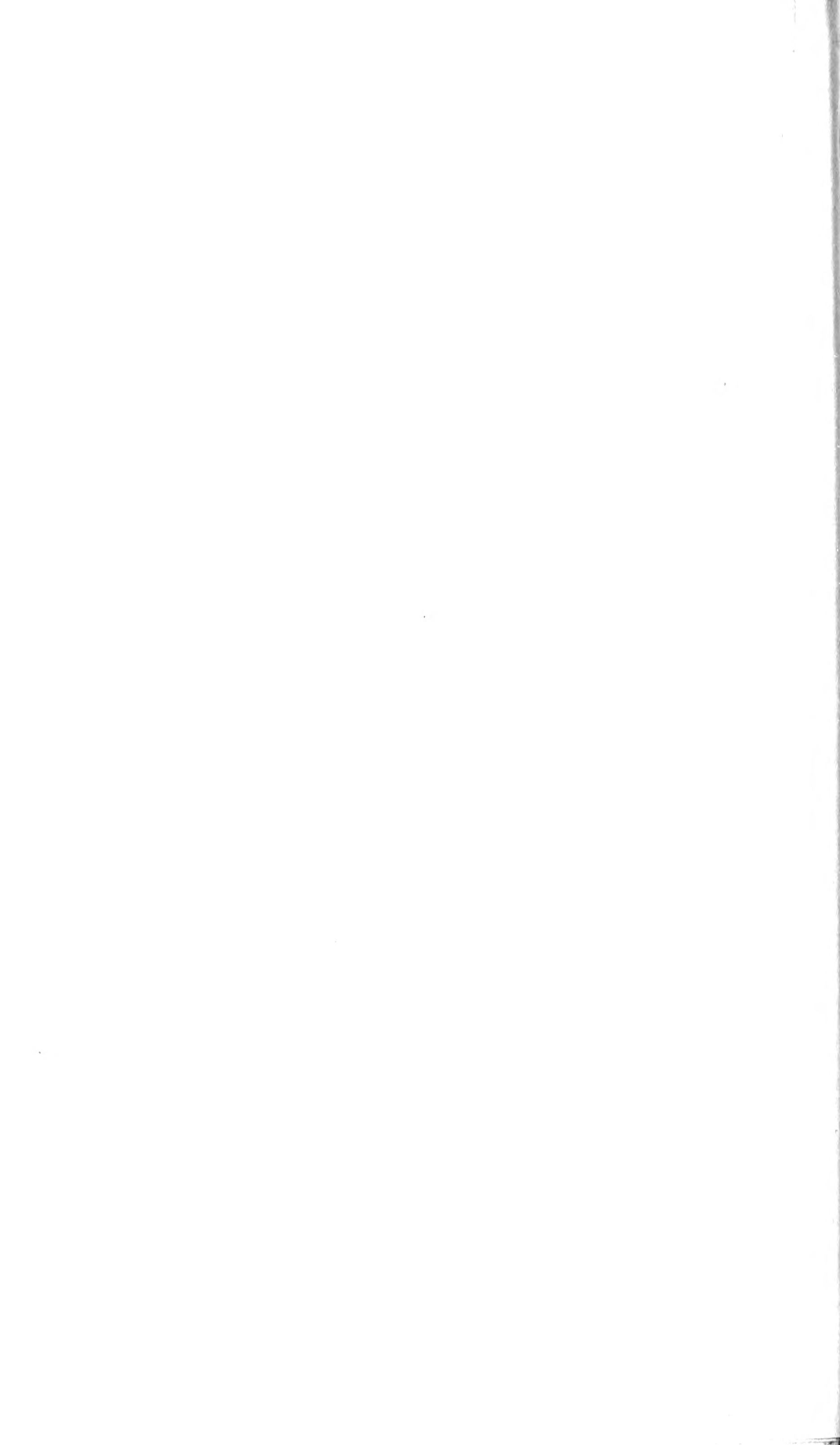
With the fourth Lord Worcester the first period of the family history closes. So far everything had prospered with them, and the Somersets were established among the great families of England. Every change had brought them good fortune. They had survived when many other noble families had been extinguished. The policy of Henry VII., the caprices of Henry VIII., the changes of the Reformation, the reign of Mary, and the succession of Elizabeth—the latter almost a revolution in itself—left the Somersets rich, favoured, powerful and still Catholics. They were no doubt Englishmen first and Catholics afterwards, but they had remained faithful to their Church without having a doubt cast on their loyalty. While there must have been accommodation in their conduct, there had been no apostasy.

We shall see them later in greater troubles and difficulties than had ever before disturbed them, and yet emerging from the struggles of the Civil War among the greatest of the English nobles, though less rich and powerful than they had been. Then

the family had the ill luck to produce a genius, and he nearly succeeded in wrecking their fortunes. How they fared and how they were saved by the Great Protector is not among the least strange incidents of the family history.

II

The Great Marquis



THE MARQUIS AND MARCHIONESS OF WORCESTER.

After VANDYKE.

CHAPTER II

The Great Marquis

THE Somerset family was at the height of its prosperity when Charles I. came to the throne. Heiresses, royal grants and the spoils of monasteries had made them rich. Their royal descent was acknowledged. They had steered safely through the perils of the Reformation, and they had retained the confidence of king and people while still holding fast to the ancient faith. This steadfastness gave them a just sense of dignity and stability amid changes and chances of troubled times. It is difficult to realize in our more tolerant, possibly more indifferent age, how many of the plots and adventures of the time of Henry and Elizabeth came from the troubled or restless consciences of men who had changed their church without changing their faith. Even gentle sceptics like Erasmus were not happy. Thinkers realized that it is impossible to attribute Divine origin to a compromise. But, while many of the nobles and statesmen eased a troubled conscience by restless politics and extreme Calvinistic opinions,

the Somersets remained firm. They began, however, to withdraw to the country, where indeed their true sphere of influence has been ever since. No doubt at first the Lord Worcester of the day found himself a little out of sympathy with the court life. By creation he belonged to the new nobility, by birth and heredity to the old. He still had some fragments of the territorial power of the great nobles of Plantagenet days, and he lived in Raglan Castle, a stately building which had been a good deal modernised to make it more habitable, yet was still able, as we shall see, to stand a siege. From this time till the Commonwealth, Raglan Castle became the centre of the family life, and here the stout old lord lived in patriarchal style and enjoyed hunting and hawking. Here, too, his son thought over problems of mechanics, and perhaps came near to the invention of the steam engine. Came near to it, I say, because Edward, Lord Herbert, known later as the sixth Earl and second Marquis of his race, came near to being many things, but just fell short of everything. Almost a soldier, almost a scholar, almost a statesman, almost a genius, Lord Herbert never attained to more than a splendid failure in each department. It is to this failure he owes his place in history. Moreover, he very nearly ruined his family. But during the early years of the reign of Charles I. he was only the eldest son of a great peer, a slight young man of retiring manners and with a lisp or stutter that made him disinclined

to general society. Nevertheless, he was highly educated according to the opportunities of the day. He had travelled much, and had found means in his travels to note the mechanical contrivances in which foreign countries then far outstripped England.

The sight of these inventions inflamed and excited a natural mechanical talent, and set the young lord on that career of invention that filled his later life with shadowy hopes and left behind an equally shadowy reputation. A humorous instance of the use to which Lord Herbert's mechanical contrivances were put is given by that patient chronicler, Dircks, who has done so much to save the "Great Marquis's" name from oblivion. It was, he tells us, at the beginning of the Long Parliament that "certain rustics came into Raglan Castle to search for arms, his lordship being a Papist. The Marquis stood on his privilege as a peer of the realm, and eventually so prevailed that they were at last willing to take his word; but he, not wishing to part with them on such easy terms, had before resolved to return them one fright for another. With that view . . . he brought them over a high bridge that arched over the moat that was between the castle and the great tower, wherein the Lord Herbert had newly contrived certain water-works, which, when the several engines and wheels were to be set going, much quantity of water, through the hollow conveyances of the aqueducts, was to be let down from the top of the high tower, which upon the first

entrance of these wonderful assinegoes[1] the Marquis had given order that these cataracts should begin to fall, which made such a fearful and hideous noise, by reason of the hollowness of the tower and neighbouring echoes of the castle and the waters that were between and round about, that there was such a roaring as if the mouth of hell had been wide open and all the devils conjured up, occasioning the poor silly men to stand so amazed as if they had been half dead, and yet they saw nothing. At last, as the plot was laid, up came a man, staring and running, crying out, 'Look to yourselves, my masters, for the lions are got loose.' Whereupon the searchers tumbled so over one another, escaping down the stairs, that it was thought one half of them would break their necks, never looking behind them until out of sight of the castle."

The real value of the second Marquis of Worcester's inventions has provided subsequent writers with one of those interesting historical problems which, like the authorship of Junius or the man with the iron mask, are unexhausted and perhaps inexhaustible. The story of the captive Earl in his chamber in the Tower of London watching the boiling tea kettle and seeing in the lifting of the lid and the clouds of rising steam visions of the future triumphs to be wrought with the imprisoned force, is probably

[1] Assinego, a young ass (Portuguese). "Thou hast no more brains than I have in my elbow: an assinego may tutor thee." —*Troilus and Cressida*, ii. 1.

about as true to facts as that of King Alfred and the burnt cakes, one of the delights of our childhood. Yet if not literally true to the fact it is true to the character, for the Earl was one of those who saw visions and dreamed dreams that time is incapable of translating into facts. By the irony of fate and the desperate state of Charles I.'s fortunes he became in turn a general and a diplomatist, and was unsuccessful in both capacities.

But to return to the outlines of the events of his life, and to do this we must give more than a cursory glance at the old Earl, his father, who played no unimportant part in the tangled web of his country's history during his lifetime. Henry, fifth Earl of Worcester, and first Marquis of that name, was probably born in 1577, though, according to some authorities, the date should be put later. He went to Magdalen College, Oxford, and afterwards travelled in France and Italy. When in his twenty-second year, he married the Lady Anne Russell, the only surviving child of John, Lord Russell, son and heir of Francis Russell, second Earl of Bedford. This wedding, which took place in 1600, was one of the court events of the period. The bride's parents were living in Blackfriars, and considerable inconvenience seems to have been caused to the families on both sides by the delay occasioned by the "queen's pleasure." For Queen Elizabeth had announced her royal intention to be present at the marriage; and, though she had nearly completed

her sixty-seventh year, she seems to have borne herself bravely during the prolonged festivities and to have danced at the wedding.

In an old painting of the time there is a spirited representation of the queen's procession to the home of the bride. To follow the quaint description given: "The central figure in the foreground, carrying a pair of gloves, is the bridegroom's father, the fourth Earl of Worcester. The bridegroom is one of the six knights carrying the queen's litter—the hindmost on her left hand, or (with reverence be it spoken) occupying the position which, if the knights had been horses drawing a coach, would have been that of the near wheeler—and immediately behind him is his bride."

By the death of her grandfather, who had survived her father by some years, the Lady Anne became the head of the elder line of the house of Russell, and it is through her the Somersets are entitled to quarter the Russell arms. The eldest son of the marriage was Edward, known as Lord Herbert and Earl of Glamorgan during the life of his father, and who found the family honours barren of even a livelihood for himself and family when he succeeded to them in 1646. Both father and son were loyally attached to the house of Stuart, and though in the early days of the troubles between Charles and his Parliament they seem for a time to have been objects of suspicion to the Government, the king turned to them with confidence when

his needs had become greater and his friends fewer.

The fifth Earl, who was about fifty years of age when he succeeded to the title, found himself out of sympathy with the court party. We can readily understand that neither James I. nor Charles were monarchs much to the taste of a nobleman who was honest and straightforward in his dealings, firm in his principles, and perhaps more than a little obstinate in his prejudices. Possibly the old nobleman belonged to the not very unusual type of Englishman who is unable to discern between his prejudices and his opinions. At all events we find him living chiefly at Raglan. Soon after his accession to the earldom he obtained a dispensation from attendance in Parliament. This probably made little real difference to his way of living, as he had for some time before this retired from public affairs. The religious position of this Earl was somewhat peculiar. He was undoubtedly a Catholic, but he kept a nominally Protestant chaplain, Dr. Bayley, the worthy clergyman to whom we owe the collections of the Earl's wise and witty sayings.[1] Dr. Bayley was probably only outwardly a Protestant conformist, his subsequent submission to Rome being most likely but the declaration in the face of the world of a faith he had long held. The Earl's religious views made him an object of suspicion to

[1] *Worcester's Apothegms, or Witty Sayings of the Right Hon. Henry, late Marquis and Earl of Worcester*, 1650. By F. B.

the Protestant party in England, and rendered his retirement to Raglan a wise and politic move. The Earl had not escaped the influence of the intellectual revival of the reign of Elizabeth, for he had some learning and a magnificent library. He was, like many of his family, of a kindly nature and with a considerable enjoyment of the good things of life. The gout troubled him, as it has always done his descendants, and was for many years probably the only enemy that assailed his splendid retirement at Raglan.

This retirement was roughly broken in upon by the bursting of the storm that seemed likely to overwhelm the house of Somerset, together with the throne, the Church, and the constitution. Little as Lord Worcester was in sympathy with Charles and his policy, he stood by the king. Whatever may be the judgment we now form on the results of the revolution, the acts of the revolutionists and the principles of the Puritans must to a contemporary nobleman have seemed as dangerous as they were distasteful. The outward conformity of the Earl to an heretical form of worship suggests that this wise and witty person was not a religious enthusiast. His son, then Lord Herbert, had the making of a fanatic in him, as we shall see later on, but the old Earl's main idea was to stand by the king, who represented the principles of monarchy and aristocracy. So he dipped deeply into his purse for the king's service and lent his money to the Royalist

cause. Sums enormous for those times passed into the king's possession, and were but a drop in the ocean of his necessities. The liberality of the Earl was indeed in the end more disastrous to his family than the confiscation of his estates by the Commonwealth. The Stuarts never kept a promise or paid a debt of which they could avoid the fulfilment or the discharge.

Lord Herbert for many years lived quietly at Raglan or at Worcester House in the Strand, and was deeply engaged in his speculations and experiments. It was in 1628 that he married Elizabeth, daughter of Sir William Dormer and sister of Robert, the second Baron Dormer, who in the year of her marriage was created Earl of Carnarvon. The young Lady Herbert died in 1635, leaving a son Henry, who became the first Duke of Beaufort, and two daughters. Not long after her death, Lord Herbert exhibited to the king and some of the court a large wheel, "fourteen feet in diameter," which he had set up in the tower "for exhibiting self-motive power." He assures his readers, in his work styled *The Century of Inventions*, published many years later, the working of this wheel was "a most incredible thing if not seen," and after discussing the mechanism of its working, ends his description with the trite advice, "Be pleased to judge the consequence."

But from these peaceful occupations he was to be called away. A dreamer, of unready speech and

uncertain will, Lord Herbert does not seem a likely man for the king to summon to his aid. But Charles chose his agents rather because of their personal relation to himself than for their fitness for the task they were to undertake. He doubtless selected Herbert for the mission to Ireland because he was a Catholic, and Charles wished to counterbalance Ormond's Protestantism, and because he was the heir of a wealthy house and his money was required to prop the king's failing fortunes. Charles believed in his own unlimited ascendancy over Herbert, and underrated the latter's ability and insight into character. There is no doubt that the king thought he could employ Herbert in the delicate negotiations he had in hand, and disavow him with impunity if he should be unsuccessful. Large claims were therefore made on Lord Herbert and his father for pecuniary help, in return for which the Earl of Worcester was created a Marquis in 1642, and two years later Lord Herbert was raised to the dignity of Earl of Glamorgan. It was as Lord Glamorgan then that Herbert entered on his perilous mission to Ireland, on which he set out in 1644 or the beginning of the following year. About the exact time of his departure there seems to have been some doubt.

Some four years before this, Lord Herbert had contracted a second marriage with Margaret, daughter of Henry O'Brien, Earl of Thomond, so that from the king's point of view he had the added

attraction of having family connections in the sister island. It is this lady who appears seated by her husband's side in the picture reproduced on page 26. Lord Herbert is there represented as a Roman general, while his wife is in the dress of the period. The child standing by her mother is the only daughter of the marriage, who died young.

Lord Herbert, or Glamorgan, as from henceforth he must be styled, soon showed he was not quite the helpless tool the king imagined. Although not strong enough to resist the personal charm of the king when in his neighbourhood, he was yet acute enough to discern the falseness and perhaps to see the fatal weakness of Charles's character when he was away from his presence.

Yet he was soon to fall under the influence of the papal nuncio Rinuccini, in Ireland, for there can be no doubt that the clever Italian used Glamorgan for his own ends. Into the history of Glamorgan's mission I do not propose to enter, the subject being one of the greatest difficulty, owing to the king's secret orders so often being the opposite of his public utterances that it is impossible to be sure of the true state of affairs.

There is every reason to believe that while Glamorgan learned to appreciate the king's character at a truer value than formerly he was yet loyally devoted to his cause. It must have been a bitter moment when he found himself discredited by

the master for whom he had made such heavy sacrifices. Aspersions, too, were thrown on his character by one who in private had always asserted his belief in his chosen agent's fidelity and zeal. Towards the close of the year 1645, Lord Glamorgan found himself suspected of high treason, and was committed a close prisoner to the custody of the Constable of Dublin Castle. When released, Glamorgan was not allowed to leave Ireland, and the anger of the old Marquis, his father, was roused by the treatment meted out to him. So eager had the son been to serve Charles that the father had expostulated at the greatness of the loans the former had made. Now Lord Worcester made no secret of his anger at the way Glamorgan had been treated; but, in spite of his wrath at the king's duplicity and his son's disgrace, he held his castle loyally for the royal cause. He himself had been promised the Garter and the Dukedom of Somerset for the assistance he had given to his royal master.

Now at seventy years of age he underwent a close siege in his castle of Raglan. The garrison of the castle was 800 strong, and although they were closely pressed by a far larger body of Parliamentarians under Colonel Morgan, and later under General Fairfax, they held out successfully for ten weeks. But at last, when the weaker parts of the castle had been destroyed by the enemy's guns, a breach was made in the eastern wall, and

the fall of the place could no longer be prevented. Then the gallant old lord consented for the first time to treat.

He stipulated that the garrison should march out "with horses and arms, colours flying, drums beating, trumpets sounding, matches lighted at both ends, bullets in their mouths, and every soldier with twelve charges of powder and ball; with permission to select any place within ten miles of the castle, for the purpose of delivering up their arms to the general in command; after which the soldiers were to be disbanded and set at liberty, and safe conduct and protection given to all the gentlemen and others who had sought refuge within the walls of Raglan Castle."

On Wednesday, the 19th of August, 1646, the garrison marched out, and the castle was taken possession of for the Parliament by General Fairfax. Raglan was almost the last stronghold to fall. The Marquis of Worcester was accompanied by his son, Lord Charles Somerset, governor of the castle; by his eldest son's wife, the Countess of Glamorgan; by Dr. Thomas Bayley, the chaplain, who had acted as one of the commissioners to arrange the terms of the surrender; by the officers of the garrison, and the visitors and members of his household. The terms of the capitulation were shamefully broken in regard to the aged Marquis, for he was taken prisoner and kept in confinement till the time of his death. This occurred less than

four months later, before the close of the year 1646.

The Parliament, which had already ordered the destruction of Raglan and the confiscation of the Marquis's estates, debated the question of allowing £500 out of the spoils for the funeral of their late owner. This was agreed to, and it was apparently also decided during Lord Worcester's lifetime that he was to be buried in the Beaufort Chapel at Windsor, as he is reported to have said that he should be indebted to the Parliament when he was dead, for a better castle than they had taken from him during his lifetime.

So the fifth Earl and first Marquis of Worcester passed away, leaving his son to struggle throughout the remainder of his life with the troubles that had descended on the hitherto prosperous family. The rich Somerset estates were given by Parliament to Cromwell, as a reward for his services. There were not wanting lawyers, indeed, who were ready to ease the Lord General's conscience by assuring him that there was a flaw in the Somerset title deeds, though possibly without this he would not have seen his way to refuse the princely gift offered. Glamorgan—or the Earl of Worcester, as he seems to have been called after his father's death, the parliamentary Government refused him any higher title—presented a petition for the return of the family lands. The commission before whom the case was brought decided that these had been

"forfeited unto the Commonwealth," and that they were therefore to remain in the possession of Cromwell and his heirs. After bringing forward a second petition for the restitution of his rights, which seems to have been equally barren of results, Edward, the sixth Earl and second Marquis of Worcester, went to Paris, where he remained in poverty and exile till the year 1652.

Possibly it was the urgent state of his private affairs that caused Lord Worcester to return to England. He was immediately arrested by order of the Parliament and committed to the Tower. No steps were, however, taken for bringing him to trial, and it was only after many petitions had been made by the impoverished Worcester for a "competent maintenance for himself and family," that at last the magnificent sum of £3 per week was ordered to be paid "for the subsistence of the Earl of Worcester, prisoner in the Tower, weekly or otherwise as the Earl shall desire."

In 1654 he was released on bail, and he then sought to forget his cares in the mechanical studies he loved so well. To the perfecting of his "water-commanding engine" he devoted himself, this having been set up in his "operatory," as the Marquis called his workshop, in Vauxhall. *The Century of Inventions* was also written, though the work was not published till some eight years later. At the time of the Restoration, when the Marquis must have hoped to be indemnified for some at least

of his sufferings in the Royalist cause, he seems to have found himself "an object of general suspicion." One of the first acts of the new Parliament was to consider whether the Marquis of Worcester had a right to the title of Duke of Somerset and Beaufort,[1] a patent to give him this title having been bestowed by Charles I. The history of this patent is wrapped in obscurity, but it was promised by the king to Lord Glamorgan before the latter started on his disastrous mission to Ireland. The Dukedom of Somerset also seems to have been promised to his father Henry, first Marquis of Worcester, but, be this as it may, the claims were now relinquished.

Partly owing to his religious opinions—the "obnoxiousness of his religion," as an old writer calls it—Lord Worcester found himself out of favour at court, and with difficulty obtained a hearing as to the restoration of his estates. When at last these were restored he was still a ruined man, for the vast sums he and his father had given to the royal cause had been raised on the security of their interests in the family property, and his creditors now seized on the restored estates. This left nothing for the Marquis's "support and maintenance," as is pointed out in a petition presented by the Marchioness to the House of Lords in 1666.

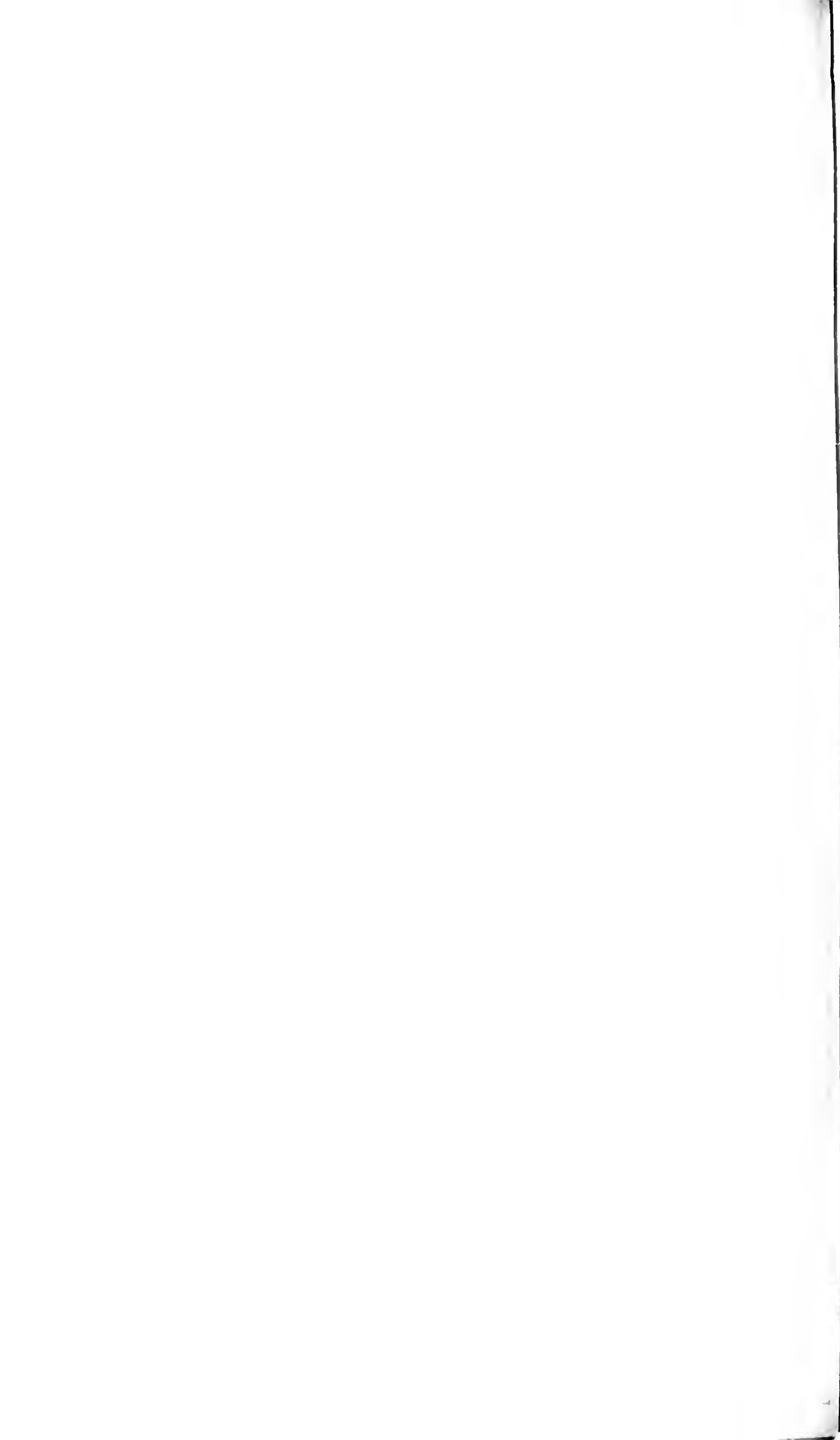
More interested in the perfecting of his invention, and in obtaining a patent for it, than in recovering

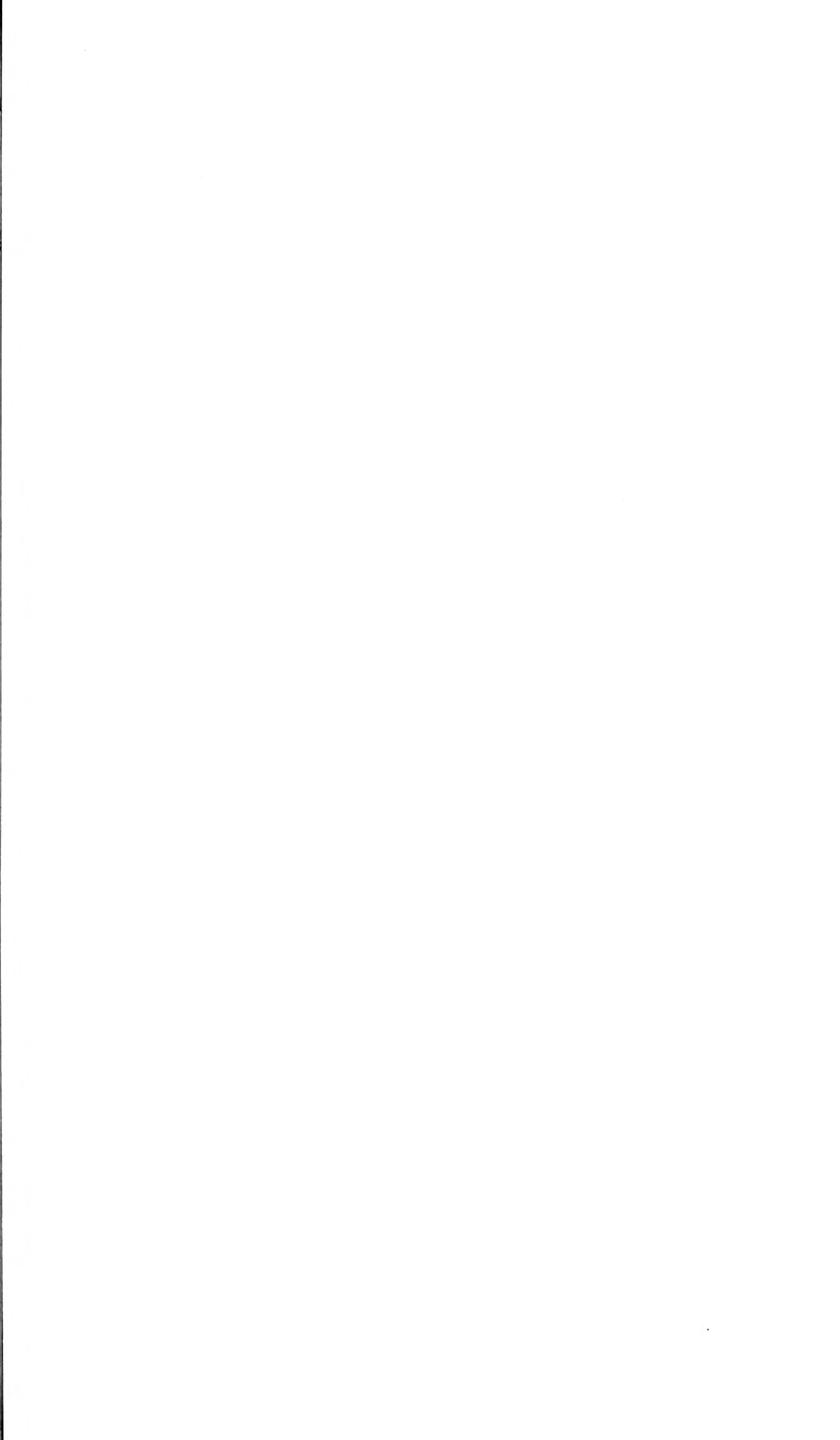
[1] Conferred by patent dated March 4th, 1646.

his lands, Lord Worcester passed the last years of his life in the poverty from which it needed the shrewdness and business capacity of his son to extricate the family. In April, 1667, Lord Worcester died, and was buried in Raglan Church.

III

The First Duke—The Founder of Badminton





BADMINTON : EAST FRONT.

CHAPTER III

The First Duke—The Founder of Badminton

HENRY, afterwards first Duke of Beaufort, was the son of Edward Somerset, second Marquis, known by the Parliamentarians as Lord Herbert, by his first wife, Elizabeth, daughter of Sir William Dormer. Henry Somerset was born in 1629, and the early years of his life were passed at Raglan Castle. Of his father he probably saw but little, for at that time the former was deeply immersed in his studies and inventions, in conjunction with his assistant, "the unparalleled workman both for trust and skill," Caspar Kaltoff. Henry lost his mother when he was about seven years of age, and his father marrying again, he was sent abroad, and his education was probably entrusted to the Jesuits. He did not return to England till he was sixteen years of age.

Among the lesser historical figures of his time, Henry Somerset is one of the most interesting, as well as difficult to understand. His career is well worthy of study. The motives that actuated him at momentous crises are not apparent, but one

thing is clear—he saved his family. His life, which began under the deepest shadow, closed full of years, riches, and honour. Amid all the changes of the troublous times through which he lived, he continued to prosper. What manner of man could he have been? In the first place at a very early age he seems to have resolved to rebuild the family fortunes, and to have pursued this object steadily and resolutely, at whatever sacrifice of opinions, principles, or persons. Apart from this leading motive of his life, he seems to have been a reserved, cold man, of strict morals. The one touch of nature that marked his rigidly self-contained character was a love of state and splendour, of which in his early days he had had but little.

His return to England was sad enough. His grandfather, the first Marquis, was dead; his father a penniless wanderer; Raglan Castle in ruins, and the family estates confiscated. As we have seen, the last had passed into the possession of the Lord Protector. But Cromwell and the English Parliament, though they thought it right to punish what seemed to them treason, by the confiscation of lands, had a most English and conservative respect for the legal rights of property. No doubt there were some fanatics who viewed such matters differently, but the Protector and his councillors were not of these. Henry, Lord Herbert, had undoubted reversionary rights under the legal

settlement of the Somerset estates, which he had done nothing to forfeit. Cromwell seems to have acknowledged this, and granting his premiss, that those who had taken up arms against the Parliament were traitors, he acted in the matter in a perfectly just way. Lord Worcester therefore being considered as legally dead owing to his attainder, Henry Somerset's claims were admitted, and he appears shortly afterwards to have taken possession of some of the family estates, and to have enjoyed a considerable income from them.

The price he paid for the concession was conformity to the religion of the Lord Protector. He was advised to attend the chapel at Whitehall, and after some little delay he did so. Cromwell liked him personally, and soon admitted him to some degree of friendship. At this time he was known as "Mr. Herbert," and as such he sat in the Long Parliament.

To what extent his conformity in the matter of religion was real it is difficult to judge. There are traits in his character not inconsistent with genuine Puritanism, but my own impression is that he was always a Catholic at heart. After the Restoration we find him ever opposed to Protestantism, and he was more than suspected of a leaning towards Catholicism. He never took the oaths to William III., after whose accession he retired to Badminton. Whether, therefore, his conformity under Cromwell was the result of indifferentism or policy, or a

mixture of both, cannot be ascertained with certainty.

That Henry Somerset was never on good terms with his father is certain, nor did he behave particularly well to him or to his step-mother. No doubt he regarded his father as a hopeless visionary, and believed that the only way to keep possession of the family property was to withhold it from one who would cheerfully spend his last penny in mechanical works in which no one but himself believed.

After the Restoration the sun of royal favour shone on Henry Somerset, Lord Herbert. The question of the patent of the Dukedom of Somerset granted by Charles I. was one of the first that came before Parliament in 1660. This patent was then in the hands of Henry Somerset, though his father naturally claimed the title. The Seymour family also laid claim to the dukedom, and to them it was adjudged to belong. As compensation, Henry Somerset, then Earl and Marquis of Worcester, was created Duke of Beaufort in 1682. This title was also an acknowledgment of royal descent, for Beaufort was a property belonging to John of Gaunt, from whom the Somersets traced their origin.

This, however, is anticipating. In 1661, Henry Somerset, Lord Herbert, was appointed Lord-Lieutenant of Gloucestershire, and two years later he entertained King Charles II. and his queen at Badminton. This estate had been left him by his

cousin, Elizabeth, heiress of Thomas, Viscount Somerset of Cashel. In 1672, five years after he had succeeded to the family honours, further marks of the royal favour were given him. He was appointed Lord President of Wales, and received the Garter the same year.

It was in the closing years of Charles II.'s reign that he reached the highest point in his successful career. In 1684 he made the splendid progress through Wales recorded in a curious old book written by one Thomas Dingley, who was himself of the Duke's escort. The following quotation from his work may give an idea, at once of the regal state maintained by the Lord President, and of the quaint style of the historian :—

"Towards the evening (Thursday, July 17th, 1684), his Grace the Duke of Beaufort, etc., Lord President, etc., of Wales, about a mile short of Ludlow was mett by all the Ludlow officers of his Presidency, who there waited his Grace's coming, at whose approach the Mace was shoulder'd, upon which all the Officers, with those other belonging to Ludlow Castle and of his Grace's retinue and Family, became uncovered and fell into their places two and two: the inhabitants of Ludlow lineing the road and avenue to the town on both sides." Then follows an imposing list of those who formed the Duke's escort. Among the retinue we find the "Quartermaster for the progress," six pages "in rich liveries," seven grooms "in his Grace's

livery, each with a lead horse caparisoned," and "four trumpeters in very rich coats." "This splendid cavalcade," we are assured, "attended with shouts and acclamations of the people, ringing of bells in the neighbouring villages, various soundings of trumpets, beating of drums, and the continued neighing of horses, made a very agreeable confusion, the latter noyse whereof calls to mind a verse of Mantuan—

'Et procul hinnitu campus sonat omnis acuto.'"

After a public presentation of "sweetmeats and wine," in the principal part of the town, "his Grace had a reception at Ludlow Castle equal to his quality.

'Regales epulæ mensis et Bacchus in auro."

On the second visit of the Duke to Powis Castle, in the month of July, he "was met by her Grace the Lady Duchess of Beaufort, the Marchioness of Worcester, and other noble ladys, his Grace's Daughters, with four Coaches of six horses and attendants suitable." A little later we find the Duke "expressing a great deal of satisfaction of the good order in which he found the militia of the severall counties and with his reception and entertainment in all places of North Wales."

A wonderful speech made by the recorder of Carmarthen on the occasion of the Duke's entry into the place ends up with a tribute to the Lord President in the following terms. An acknowledgment is

made of "his Majestie's great wisdome in settling us under your Grace's Lieutenancy, who to all the embellishments of art and nature has the occasion of that which is the best Ornament man is capable of—I mean Loialty and Affection to the King." At one place the chronicler notes that the streets through which the Lord President and his retinue passed "were strewed with Flowers and sweet herbs by the loyall and well-minded people," and at each step of his journey the inhabitants vied with each other to do honour to their ruler, till at his own house at Troy the progress came to an end, and the Duke, before setting out for Badminton, once more expressed himself as being "extreamly satisfyed" with the good order and loyalty he had found to be existing throughout the Principality.

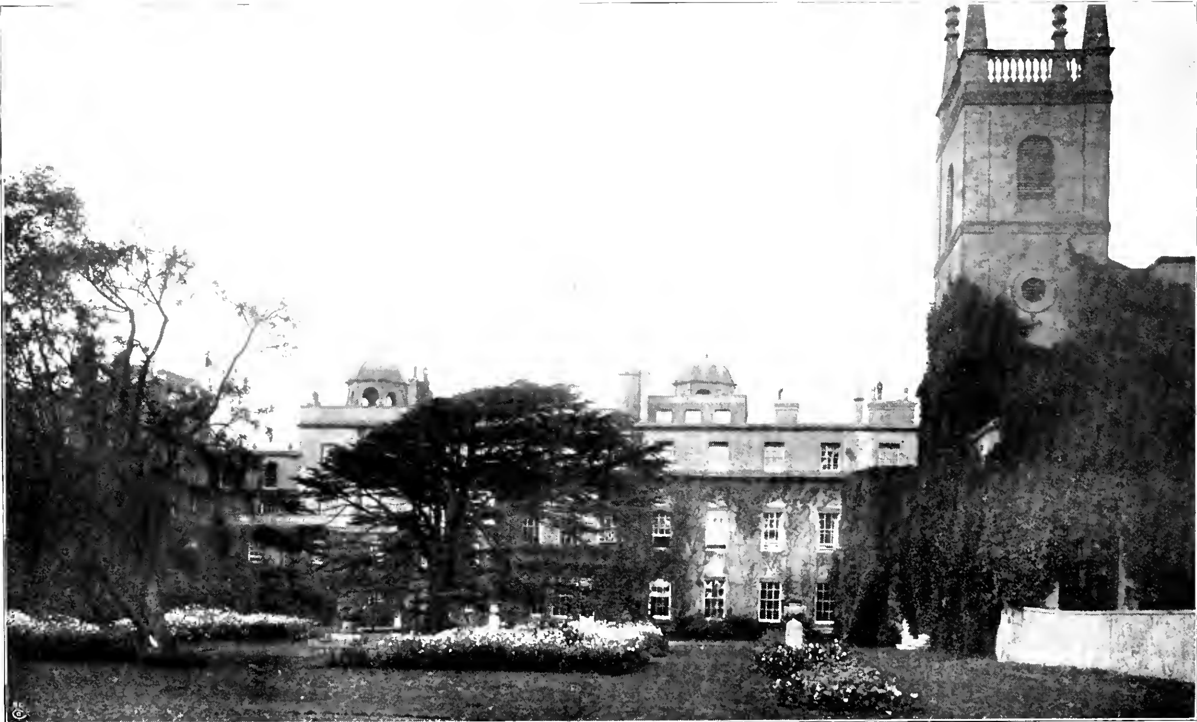
With all his love for state, however, the Duke was at heart a frugal and economical person. This is shown by the mode of life practised by himself and his large household at Badminton. In the *Lives of the Norths* is an account of a visit paid by Lord Keeper Guilford to the master of Badminton, who was his connection by marriage. In this we have an interesting sketch of manners which even then were rather old-fashioned, and savoured of a simplicity and frugality that were rapidly passing away. This picture of the life at Badminton is the first of a series. Each of these gives an interesting presentment of the manners and customs at different stages of the Somerset family history.

"One year his Lordship (L. K. Guilford), concluding at Bristol, made a visit at Badminton to the Duke of Beaufort and staid about a week. For the Duke was descended from a North of his Lordship's family by one of Lord Edward North's daughters,[1] whom a lineal ancestor of his Grace married. So, besides conformity of principle with respect to the public, they were by this relation qualified for mutual respect and honour. I mention this entertainment as a handle of showing a princely way of living, which that noble Duke used, above any other, except crowned heads, that I have notice of in Europe; and in some respects greater than most of them, to whom he might have been an example.

"He had above £2,000 per annum in his hands, which he managed by stewards, bailiffs, and servants, of that a great part of the country which was his own lying round about him was part of the *frustum domi*, and were of his family (household), and provided for in his large expanded house.

"He bred all his horses which came to the husbandry. First colts, and from thence as they were fit were taken into his equipage, and as by age or accident they grew unfit for that service they were returned to the place from whence they

[1] William, third Earl of Worcester, married Christian, third daughter of Edward, first Lord North. From them was descended Henry, first Duke of Beaufort.



BADMINTON : SOUTH FRONT.

came and there expired, except what for plenty or unfitness were sold or disposed of. He had about two hundred persons in his family all provided for, and in his capital house nine original tables covered every day; and for the accommodation of so many a large hall was built with a sort of alcove at one end for distinction, but yet the whole lay in view of him that was chief, and who had power to do what was proper for keeping order among them, and it was his charge to see it done. The tables were properly assigned, as, for example, the chief stewards with the gentlemen and pages, the master of the horse with the coachman and liveries, and under steward with the bailiffs and some husbandmen, the clerk of the kitchen with the bakers, brewers and all together, and other more inferior people under these in places apart. The women had their dining-room also, and were distributed in like manner—my lady's chief woman with the gentlewomen, the housekeeper with the maids and some others. The method of governing the great family was admirable and easy, and such as might have been a pattern for any management whatever. For if the Duke or Duchess—who concerned herself much more than he did, for every day of her life in the morning she took her tour and visited every office in the house, and so was her own superintendent—observed anything amiss or suspicious, as a servant riding out or the like, nothing was said to that servant, but his immediate

superior or one of a higher order was sent for, who was to inquire and answer if leave had been given or not. If not, such servant was straight turned away. No fault of order was passed by, for it may be concluded that there are enough of these that pass undiscovered. All the provisions of the family came from foreign parts, as merchandise, soap and candles were made in the house, so likewise the malt was ground there, and all the drink that came to the Duke's table was of malt, sun-dried upon the leads of his house. Those are large, and the lanthorn is in the centre of an asterisk of glades cut through the wood of all the country round, four or five in a quarter almost *à perte de vue.* Divers of the gentlemen cut their trees and hedges to humour his vistas, and some planted their hills in his lines for compliment at their own charge. All the trees planted in his parks and about were fenced with a dry wall of stone, taken out when the tree was set. And with all this managing and provision, no one that comes or goes for visits or affairs with the Duke, who was lord-lieutenant of four or five counties and Lord President of Wales, that could observe anything more to do than in any other nobleman's house. So little of vain ostentation was to be seen there. At the entrance, where coaches ordinarily came in, the Duke built a neat dwelling-house, but pompous stables which would accommodate forty horses, as well as the best stables he had. This was called

the Inn, and was contrived for the ease of the suitors, as I may call them, for, instead of 2*s.* 6*d.* to his servants at taking horse, sixpence then for form served the turn, and no servant of his came near a gentleman's horse, but they were brought by their own servants, except such as lodged, whose equipages were in his own stables.

"As for the Duke and Duchess and their friends, there was no time of the day without diversion. Breakfast in the gallery that opened into the gardens, then perhaps a deer was to be killed, or the gardens or parks with the several sorts of deer to be visited, and if it required mounting, horses of the Duke's were brought for all the company. And so, in the afternoon, when the ladies were disposed to air, and the gentlemen with them, coaches and six came to hold them all. At half an hour after eleven the bell rang to prayers, and at six in the evening, and through a gallery the best company went into an aisle in the church, so near was it, and the Duke and Duchess would see if all the family were there. The ordinary pastime of the ladies was in a gallery on the other side, where she had divers gentlewomen commonly at work upon embroidery and fringe-making, for all the beds of state were made and furnished in the house. The meats were neat, and not gross; no servants in livery attended but those called gentlemen only; and in the several kinds down to the small beer nothing could be more choice than the table was. It was

an oblong, and not an oval, and the Duchess with two daughters only sat at the upper end. If the gentlemen chose a glass of wine, the civil orders were made either to go down into the vaults, which are very large and sumptuous, or servants at a sign given attended with salvers, and many a brisk round went about, but no sitting at table with tobacco and healths, as the too common custom is.

"And this way of entertaining continued a week while we were there, with incomparable variety, for the Duke had always some new project of building or walling or planting, which he would ask his friends their advice about; and nothing was forced or strained, but easy and familiar, as if it was, and really so I thought it to be, the common course and way of living in that family. One thing I must needs relate, which the Duke told us smiling, and it was this. When he was in the midst of his building, his neighbour the L. C. J. Hales made him a visit (L. C. J. lived at Alderley, eight miles from Badminton), and observing the many contrivances the Duke had for the disposing of so great a family, he craved leave to suggest one which he thought would be much for his service, and it was to have but one door to his house, and the window of his study, where he sat most, open upon that. This shows how hard it is for even wise and learned men to consider things without themselves. The children of the family were bred with a philosophical care. No inferior servants were permitted to enter-

tain them, lest some mean sentiments or foolish notions and fables should steal into them, and nothing was so strongly impressed upon them as a sense of honour. Witness the Lord Arthur, who, being about five years old, was very angry with the judge for hanging men. The judge told him that if they were not hanged they would kill and steal. 'No,' said the little boy, 'you should make them promise upon their honour they will not do so, and then they will not.'"

Of the house at Badminton, we know that the modern residence as it is to-day was built by Duke Henry, on the site of an ancient house formerly in the possession of the Boteler family. The old house, as it came into the hands of the Duke, was apparently quite inadequate to the requirements of the large household maintained by him. Chepstow and Raglan were in ruins, and Duke Henry was not slow to perceive the advantages of a family seat built on the lands of his new possession.

The church was rebuilt in 1685, and was included within the boundary walls of Badminton House. The park lands were of vast extent, and were ten miles in circumference.

As the builder of Badminton and the restorer of the family fortunes, Duke Henry has a claim on the gratitude of his successors. From his time to the present day Badminton, round which the family life has revolved, has been a centre of that sturdy Tory-

ism to be found in so many of the country homes of England. What the old Tory families lost in political power they gained in local influence. Their long residence made their homes centres of local politics; and in the case of the Somersets the institution of the hunt extended their influence far and wide, and made the name of Badminton famous.

Of the hunt I shall have much to say later. The only fact to be noted here is that its world-wide fame was made possible by the action of Duke Henry, who was the first to devote himself to the home sphere of influence his successors have cultivated ever since. He recognised the possibility of Badminton being to a modern nobleman what the castles of Chepstow and Raglan had been to his ancestors.

In the fulness of time the Duke passed away (January 21st, 1699), leaving to his successors the task of establishing the family he had founded anew. That this was done we know. The building up of the fortunes of the Somersets was, however, a quiet work, and leaves little for the pen of the historian to narrate. When we come to the time of the seventh and eighth Dukes, who again stand out as men of mark, they claim a more detailed notice than do their immediate predecessors.

IV

The Badminton Hounds

STAG HUNTING AT BADMINTON CIRCA 1730, WITH PORTRAIT OF THE THIRD DUKE, LORD C. N. SOMERSET AND THE EARL OF LICHFIELD.

CHAPTER IV

The Badminton Hounds

THE speculations so often indulged in by writers on hunting as to the exact date of the origin of fox-hunting, appear to lead to no certain conclusion.

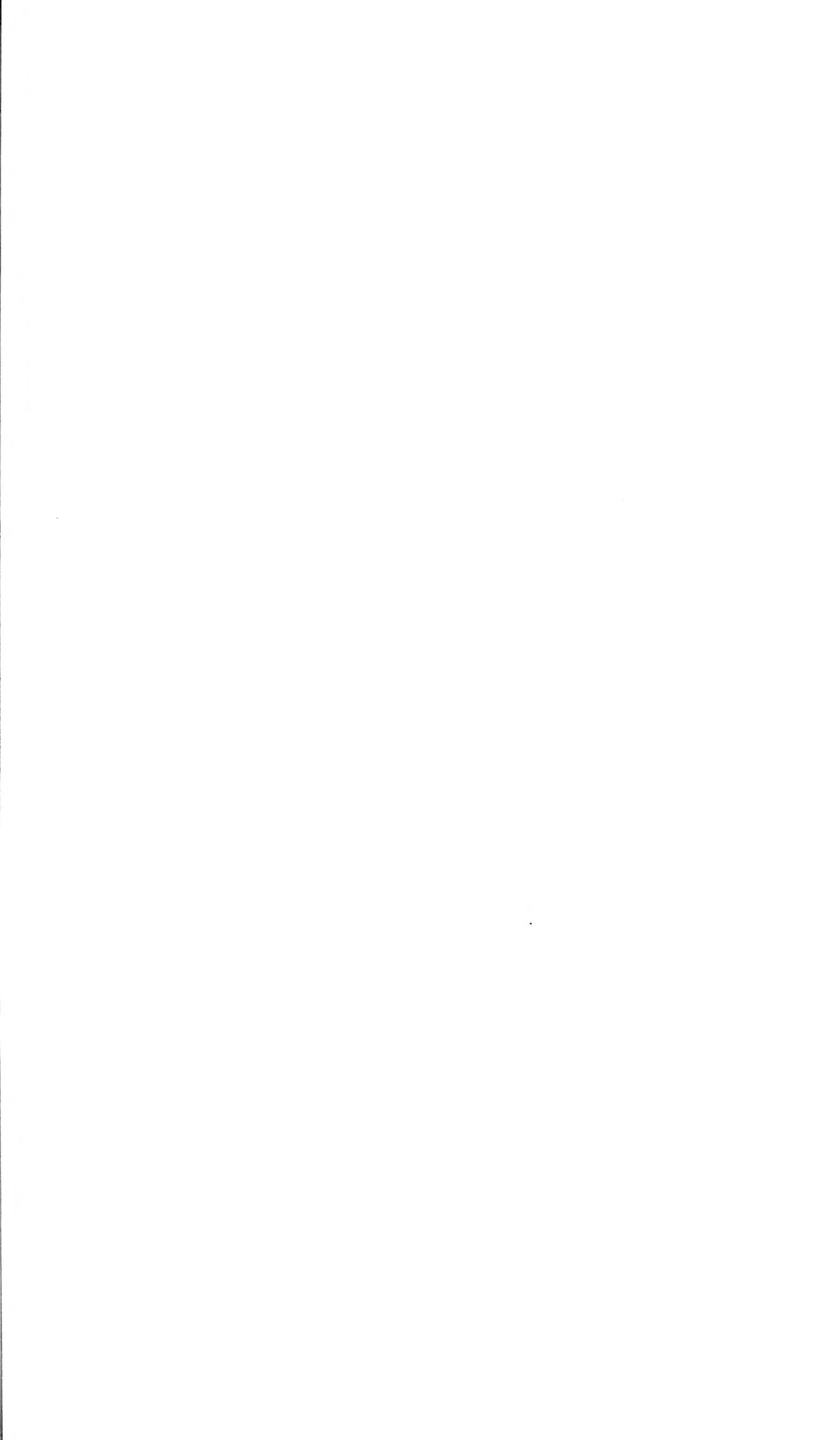
There is, in fact, no period at which we can say positively that fox-hunting began. The sport as we know it grew up as the result chiefly of the decay of stag-hunting, owing to the increase of enclosures. No doubt the fox had been hunted occasionally from an early date, and by no family earlier than the Somersets. That the fox was hunted round Raglan Castle by the first Marquis, of whom I have already written as a jovial person fond of sport with hawk and hound, is likely enough. Some writers have even fixed the date 1642 as that of the first fox-hunt indulged in by a member of the family, and this again is not unlikely.

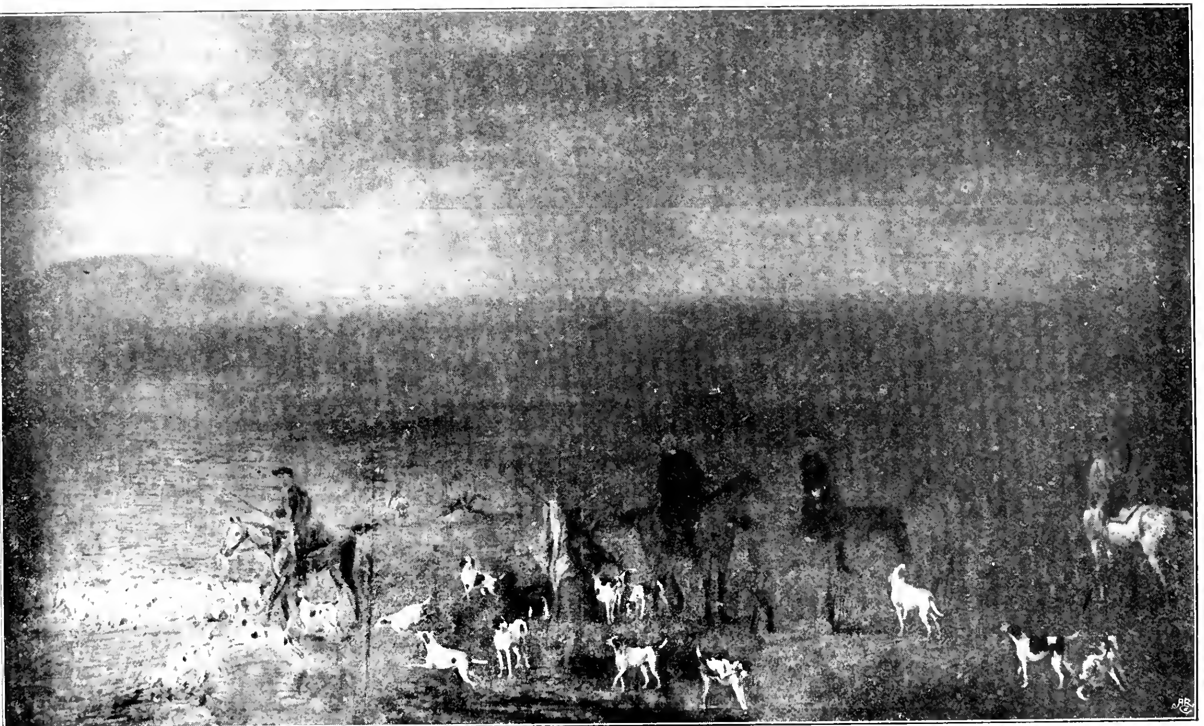
From the year 1728 onwards we have trustworthy materials for a history of the pack. The

present Duke of Beaufort, among other books, lent me a kennel book of the above date. This volume was kept with much care. From it we learn that hare-hunting was much in favour in the early days. The type of hound used was probably the old-fashioned light-coloured harrier, now still surviving in the Cotley and Sir John Amory's kennels. That there were a few richer-coloured hounds the occurrence in the kennel register of the name Tanned Gypsey seems to show. I also gather that this colour was the exception.

In 1734 the handwriting of the Badminton kennel entries changes, and at this time there were thirty couple of harriers and only six couple of deerhounds. It is, however, plain that the two were of quite distinct breeds, and each was carefully kept pure. In 1736 the kennels began to be sought to for fresh blood by their neighbours. Lord Bath had a loan or draft of both harriers and deerhounds in 1738. On the other hand, the Badminton hounds were improved by the introduction of fresh strains, and a hound named Cæsar was lent for the purpose by Lord "Padgett." The third Duke of Beaufort and his huntsman evidently took great pains with the breeding of the pack. Some fifteen or sixteen couple were sent out to walk. In 1740 the deerhound pack was increasing, and we may therefore conclude that the Duke was more keen about stag-hunting than was formerly the case.

It was three years after this (in 1743) that Henry,





FOX HUNTING ON SALISBURY PLAIN. STONEHENGE IN THE DISTANCE.

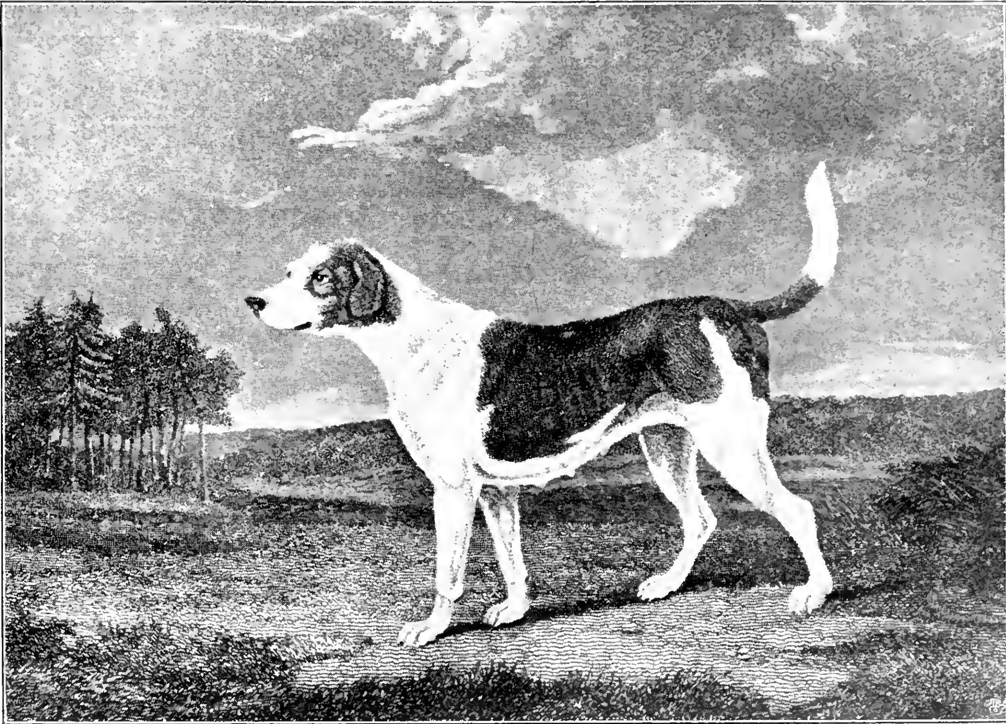
the third Duke, was separated from his wife, the daughter and heiress of Sir John Scudamore, of Holme Lacy. Into these domestic troubles we need not strive to penetrate, but to judge from old records it seems clear that the Duke sought consolation for them in sport. There were at that time at Badminton two packs of hounds of equal strength, but it was not long before the Duke gave up his harriers and took to foxhounds.

Unfortunately at this point the kennel record suddenly ceases. In 1745 the Duke was succeeded by his brother Noel, fourth Duke, who married Elizabeth, sister of Norborne, Lord Bottetourt, to whose barony she succeeded. Allusions to this lady in Walpole's *Letters* suggest that she was perhaps fonder of London than the country, and it seems not unlikely that the fourth Duke did not devote so much time to hunting as his predecessor had done or his own son was to do later. Henry, the fifth Duke, had a long minority, but I imagine that his guardians kept up the staghounds, for we find him hunting with his own hounds in 1762. It was about this time that the well-known story is told, how on returning one day after an unsatisfactory hunt after stag he threw his hounds into Silk Wood, and having a great run after a fox, he steadied his hounds from deer and helped to found one of the greatest of our national sports. No doubt this story has arisen from that desire to give an exact date for everything that beset our forefathers. As a matter of fact most packs at that period hunted

a fox occasionally when they could find one. But already foxes were scarce. Fox-hunting indeed only became popular in time to save the fox from extinction. The stag was the commoner animal of the two on estates of great nobles like the Dukes of Rutland or Beaufort. But the love of fox-hunting was then in the air. The fame of Mr. Meynell was beginning to spread, and the Belvoir hounds were already hunting foxes regularly. Two of the Duke's sisters were married into hunting families, and in my *History of the Belvoir Hunt* I have shown how this Duke and his son evidently influenced the rise of the Midland packs.

In 1801 Belvoir borrowed a hound from Badminton named Topper. This hound is one of the roots of the family of which Rallywood, Weathergage, Gambler, Dexter and Dasher are famous representatives. Now Topper probably goes back to the old Badminton staghound blood, for the name occurs again and again in the kennel. This fact, coupled with the careful in-breeding shown by the kennel books of Badminton, leads us to believe that here we have the link between the old Northern and Southern hounds and the modern foxhound.

Nor are we left only to conjecture. The descriptions of the Badminton hounds in their early days left to us by contemporaries show plainly their descent from the older races. Of course we have always known that there was such a connection. The history of the Badminton hounds enables us



"ECHO."

to lay our finger upon it at a definite point in the descent of the hound. They were large hounds, powerful and with a great deal of bone. They had fine noses, and already possessed much of the hunting power the sixth Duke delighted in. The eighth Duke noted their staunchness on the line of their hunted fox, though it is true he attributes this to Will Long's style of hunting. I am inclined, however, to believe the Badminton blood must have some of the credit. The original hounds were wiry and rough in their coats, and rather inclined to be throaty. On this point our grandfathers were not so particular as we are. The stamina, tongue, and hunt of the pack made the blood eagerly sought after. The prevailing colour was badger or hare pie. That they had not altogether forgotten their predilection for stag, we gather from the fact that Philip Payne, on his arrival at Badminton in 1803, found the hounds being exercised in the park in couples.

Philip, as I have noted elsewhere, brought in a change of blood from Cheshire. He found that the hounds did not come up to the Meynellian standard. Many had loaded shoulders, and such hounds soon tire. The blood introduced from Mr. Heron's pack established the connection between Badminton and the Meynell and Osbaldeston blood. This also accounts for the fact that the Badminton and Belvoir strains have ever united well. In the Belvoir kennels is the strongest representation of the old Meynell strains to be found to-day.

Of Philip Payne's relations to the sixth Duke and the hunt I have spoken elsewhere. But with a master so indulgent as the Duke and an heir-apparent so keen as the Marquis of Worcester (seventh Duke), and with whippers-in like Will Todd and Will Long, Philip Payne had perhaps as fortunate a situation as any huntsman that ever lived.

Other members of the Somerset family were keen and hard riders. There was Lord Charles, afterwards one of the firmest and most capable Governors of the Cape of Good Hope; and Lord Fitzroy, who, as Lord Raglan, is still remembered by the present generation as a gallant soldier, and one who was in his youth a keen hunting man. But we have anticipated somewhat.

When by the increase of enclosures and other causes it was considered advisable to confine the deer to the parks, foxes became the beasts of chase. It was then found that there were not enough to satisfy the keenness of the hunt. About 1770 the fifth Duke took over the Heythrop country, as it is now called, from Lord Foley, and hunted it first from Cornbury, and later from Heythrop House. The hounds and horses used to be sent into Oxfordshire at the close of cub-hunting, and after spending about two months there they returned to Badminton to finish the season. Many of the Gloucestershire and Wiltshire riders followed the Duke, and lived a jovial life at one of the inns, hunting by day and drinking more claret and port than could have been

good for them when the day's amusement was over.

The two countries necessitated a strong pack of hounds. In the chapter on the Badminton huntsmen I have given a sketch of William Long as a man and as a huntsman. Long was Badminton born and bred. He was a first-rate kennel huntsman, and one of the men who, with Goosey, Goodall, the Smiths, Dale of Brocklesby, and Frank Gillard, are entitled to be ranked among those who have made the modern foxhound what he is. To the story of this book Long is of great importance, as from him the eighth Duke received his first ideas of hunting and of hound lore.

Long, when he took up the duties of huntsman, thought the hounds good, but his predecessor, Payne, in his love for bone, had doubtless bred them rather coarse. Payne indeed was an ardent disciple of the Lord Lonsdale of that day, whose servant he had been, and in striving for substance he had perchance missed something of quality. But he had left some splendid strains of blood, and notably the famous Justice, which is, thanks to Mr. Surtees and the "amazin' pop'lar man," better known to the general reader than any other hound of the time.

Long set to work to breed the pack finer, and faster, for he loved to see hounds run away from the horses. As a man who had hunted with the Oxford undergraduates pressing on his heels, and the kindly Dukes of Beaufort as his masters,

this was no wonder. The sixth and seventh Dukes never forgot that they had been young themselves, and if an Oxford man were a trifle too keen they bore with him gently—indeed, it seems to have passed into a tradition with the Heythrop masters to be a little blind to undergraduates' failings, for I can well remember the gentleness with which the Duke's successors treated the too eager undergraduate of my own day.

We need not follow in detail the process by which Long improved the Badminton pack. He turned to Brocklesby and to Belvoir of course. Possibly under his guidance the pack reached its highest point of excellence about 1845. In that year, when the eighth Duke came of age, "Cecil"—Cornelius Tongue—visited Badminton, and left on record his opinion of the kennel favourites. This writer notices Flyer, a "strong, hard-looking hound of the Belvoir tan." This dog united Brocklesby, Belvoir and Badminton strains. Then Frankfort, a badger pie, is noted as full of Badminton character and type. Potentate was regarded as one of the finest hounds of his day. His portrait by Barraud illustrates these pages. He represented in the kennel Lord Lonsdale's sort refined by Will Long.

But, famous as these hounds were, when Long, after his retirement, was asked about his favourites, he would speak the praises of Prophetess and Tuneful by the Warwickshire Tarquin, or of Remus, the

smartest of the pack, with neck and shoulders that would have satisfied even Gillard, or of Rufus, whose blood still flows in the veins of the Belvoir.

When the eighth Duke gave up hunting his own hounds in 1858, Tom Clark from the old Berkshire was engaged to go to Badminton. The famous Tubney pack had been broken up, but Clark brought with him to Badminton a few couples of Mr. Morrell's hounds. The Druid tells how he walked all the way from Chippenham to Badminton to see "that first Wonder and Spangle entry which united the scarlet and black collar of Tubney with the green plush of the Duke." This year (1860) was the first of the Tubney cross. Then the visitor records that he saw "thirty-eight couples of dogs, hounds ranging from twenty-three to twenty-four inches." There was Fleecer, with his curious half-face, and a pedigree going right back to Osbaldeston Furrier. Limner was the son of a dam which was the very cast of the famous Potentate's Spangle, the hardy bitch which came to Badminton from Tubney at fifty guineas. She worked on well in her eighth season.

There were some also of the Warwickshire Saffron sort, which Clark delighted in. They never were known to tire. Many others there were, but possibly Fleecer has left the most enduring name behind him, for he links the kennel to that common stock from which the best of Brocklesby and Belvoir hounds spring.

There is one opinion that Tom Clark held with which I believe the present Duke of Beaufort and Lord Lonsdale would both be found to agree. Clark liked his big dog pack the best, and in the Badminton country, where hounds are wanted that can fly the walls, I can well believe they are the most useful.

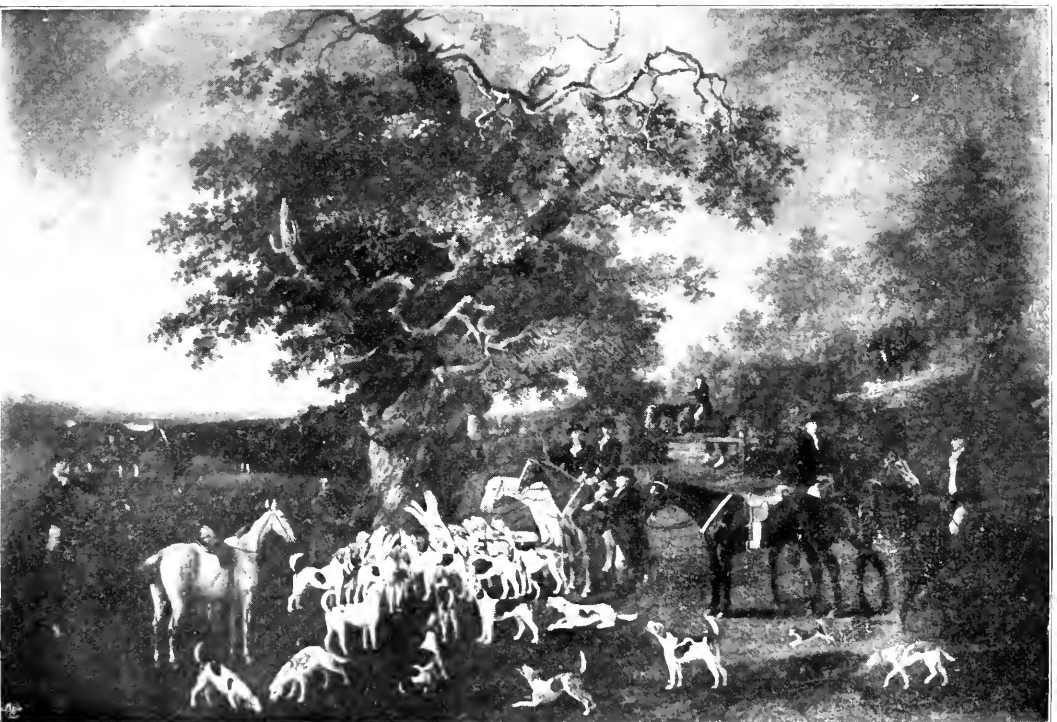
When Clark left, he yielded the horn in the field to the present Duke, then Lord Worcester, and his kennel duties fell to Charles Hamblin, who has just (1900) passed away. Hamblin was a man who loved his work, and the pack lost nothing under his care. The Duke was careful he should have plenty of opportunities of seeing his hounds in their work. Hamblin always carried the horn during cub-hunting, and frequently also during the regular season.

I saw the pack in his time, and I remember still one hound, Rubicon, keen and hard-looking, whose dam, Lilly, was by Lumen, a famous Badminton hound. This last is the hound depicted in the Badminton book on hunting, with his hackles up, dashing at his fox, the original picture of which is in the smoking-room at Badminton. In those days Remus was a favourite, and his son, Ranger, was good to look at. I recollect, too, the beautiful Portsmouth dog pack, which later I was to see in the field, for during the next season it was my good fortune to hunt with the Beaufort hounds. The last time I saw the hounds there, Will Dale was the

kennel huntsman, and he showed me in Vaulter one of the best hounds I have ever looked on. Vaulter, Dexter, and old Gambler at Belvoir represent the highest point of hound-breeding at the present time. Vaulter, which combines the Belvoir Weathergage, grafted on Blankney blood, finds many of his kin at Badminton, for of Blankney blood at its best the Badminton kennel has many strains. Did not Contest come from Lord Henry Bentinck to Badminton, and please the eighth Duke greatly by his work? Of that, however, I have written elsewhere. We have travelled into the present, while of the past there is still much to be said. To that, therefore, we must turn back.

V

The Masters of Badminton and the Young Heir



THE FOX UP A TREE—THE FIFTH DUKE IS HOLDING THE FOX.

From the picture at Badminton, painted in 1786: the animals, by F. Sartorius; the landscape, by W. Tomkins; the figures, by Edmund Estcourt.

CHAPTER V

The Masters of Badminton and the Young Heir

WHATEVER else the Somersets were or were not, they always lived and acted as great English noblemen; and when the eighth Duke came to the title, he succeeded two very magnificent persons indeed. The sixth Duke was not a man who made any very particular impression on the world at large. If we may believe Nimrod, he did not care for town life. The fifth Duke, his father, had also been a great lover of the country, and it is certain that the long-established high Tory principles of the Somerset family had at least some share in their aloofness from London and the court. Necessity and opportunity strengthened their attachment to sport and led them to perfect that magnificent hunting establishment which is so identified with the Dukes of Beaufort that it would be impossible to write a life of any one of them without in some degree writing the history of the hunt.

We could not, for instance, understand the story of the eighth Duke's life without showing the growth of the hunt under his immediate predecessors. Here, as in the case of the Belvoir Hunt, I am struck with the invaluable ability and faithfulness of the hunt servants, and I feel more than ever that to these men is due the high character that fox-hunting bears as a sport in our own day. Moreover, a great man's servants are the truest testimony to his character. *Noscitur a sociis* is not nearly so true as *Noscitur a famulis*; for while in great measure the first are chosen for us, the second we choose for ourselves. The Dukes of Beaufort have a short list of hunt servants. Philip Payne, William Long, Nimrod Long, Will Stansby, Will Todd, Jem Hills, Charles Hamblin, and Will Dale are or were all men of sterling worth as well as of skill in their calling.

Nimrod, who contrived to know all that was worth knowing in the world of sport, published a notice of the sixth Duke in *Bell's Life* (January 3, 1836). "The object of these lines is to pay a short but sincere tribute of respect to the memory of the last departed of these worthy men (John Corbet, Sir Thomas Mostyn), whose remains are now scarcely cold in the grave, and, not merely as a master of foxhounds, but as a conspicuous member of society. . . . Yet it is as a master of foxhounds that it is within my province to speak of the late Duke of Beaufort; and from the many seasons' ex-

perience I had of his Grace in the field, I feel myself in some measure competent for the task. I need scarcely say I was always an admirer of his hounds, although I could not like his country. The greatest improvement I saw in the former, in defiance of all the disadvantages of the latter, convinced me that there was a system at work highly worthy of my consideration. But whence this directing hand I was a long time unable to discover. I doubted it being that of the Duke, not from mistrust of his capacity, but because I had reason to believe the numerous avocations of his station prevented his attending to the minutiæ of the kennel, although I did not consider his Grace *a sportsman of the first class*, in which his hounds certainly stood. I doubted it being that of Philip Payne, for to appearance a duller bit of clay was never moulded by nature. But we should not judge by appearances: I live to confess my error. There was about Philip Payne a steady observance of circumstances which, increasing with the experience of their results, was more useful to him as a breeder of hounds than all the learning of a Porson . . . The establishment was perfect, all but the green plush coats on the men, the regular thistle-whipping colour, which to my eye was offensive. The Duke, as I said in one of my tours, 'looked like a Duke,' and his servants looked like servants of the very best description of their line. More civil or generally well conducted men

were never born than Payne, Long, and Todd, who were in office in my time, and they were sufficiently well mounted chiefly on horses bred by the Duke."

Then come two passages so thoroughly Nimrodian that they will bear no mutilation. "'But how did his Grace carry himself in the field?'

"'Why, here he was like a Duke because he was like a gentleman.'

"'But was he not difficult of access?'

"'Certainly not, to such as had a right to address him.'

"'Did he not "blow up" his field, and swear at them as his father did?'

"'No, at least not half as much as they deserved, for no man's hounds were more overridden at one time than the Duke of Beaufort's were.'

"When his Grace was a young man, I have reason to believe he was not content with calling out 'Hold hard!' in chace, or 'Stand still, gentlemen!' when at fault; but afterwards, like the Grecian sage, 'Be master of thine anger' was one of the maxims he cherished . . ."

Nimrod evidently did not think silence was a virtue in a master of hounds, for he goes on, "If he were a competent judge of what his hounds were doing, he kept it very much to himself." This, I suppose, means that the Duke was not quite so ready to supply Nimrod with copy by discussing matters with him as Mr. Apperley desired, and so far had forfeited the favour of that Olympian

dispenser of nods and frowns to the sporting world.

It was the sixth Duke who appointed Philip Payne, the latter coming to him from Cheshire in 1802. The staghound origin of the Badminton pack to which I have already alluded was strongly marked at that time. They did not altogether please the new huntsman, fresh from Mr. George Heron's rich black white and tans, which were far more perfect in their legs and feet. The old Badminton sort as Philip Payne found them were inclined to be splay-footed, and were also somewhat heavy-shouldered.

Philip Payne's former masters, Mr. Heron and Sir Peter Warburton, were both ardent admirers of the Meynell hounds and the Meynell style of hunting. The quicker methods then already coming into vogue, and which a year or two later Gentleman Shaw was to show to admiring Meltonians in the Belvoir Vale, made good feet and better laid shoulders a necessity. What more natural, then, than that Philip should turn to Cheshire to improve the Badminton pack. What the Duke's views on the best type of hound for his country were we do not know; but everything seems to show that having a good servant in Payne, he trusted him, and the huntsman was consequently allowed to send hounds to any kennel he chose. His first steps were made with the help of a badger pie, by name Diligent, a descendant of the famous Abelard.

Payne also borrowed Nectar, a black-and-tan with high peak, long head, and heavy, throaty neck. Like a bloodhound in every respect, save that he had the best of legs and feet. This cross was a great success, and the result was Badminton Nectar. This dog inherited the bloodhound type of head, and was coarse and heavy, but was full of hunt and had a splendid constitution. "At walk," the Druid tells us, "he persecuted the hares day and night, but never showed any unsteadiness with a fox. He ran for eleven seasons; and even when he was past all use in every way, he rode twice a year to the Heythrop kennels, on the baggage-waggon, for a treat, and wandered about with a perfect ticket of leave into the kitchen, or wherever he liked to go."

Another hound, that brought in valuable strains of blood from Cheshire and Sir T. Mostyn, was Dorimont, a granddaughter of which was Echo by Boxer by Dorimont. The picture of this hound gives a good idea of the type that Payne left in the Badminton kennels, which his successor Long slightly modified. The point that strikes me, when I look at the picture of Echo, is her resemblance to the Heythrop bitches as I recollect them in my Oxford days. I consider this picture painted by Willis as giving a capital illustration of the intermediate stage of the foxhound when it still lacked the perfect shape and rare quality of our time. Echo would be called a little throaty by our modern huntsmen, but she evidently had great

bone. This, indeed, we know was a point on which Payne was very strong. No hound could have too much bone for him.

The Dorimonts were noted for their finding powers, Echo's father, Boxer, being said to find three foxes out of four, while his brother Raffle once distinguished himself by hunting a fox for half a mile along the top of a wall. The hounds of this family were mostly badger pie. They had the short, square, sensible, but rather dour-looking heads that were often to be seen in the Badminton kennels in Charles Hamblin's time.

In due course the seventh Duke succeeded to the title, on the death of his father in 1835. The new Duke was a man who had lived more in the world than his immediate predecessors. Not less keen about sport than they, or a whit less devoted to his home and kennels at Badminton, he yet moved in a wider circle. In his earlier days he was one of that brilliant band of soldiers, sportsmen, and dandies known in society as "elegant extracts," and officially as the 10th Hussars. Many of the officers of this regiment distinguished themselves in war, sport, or politics, and not the least brilliant among them was Henry Marquis of Worcester. Tall, handsome, an excellent dresser according to the fashions of his time, Lord Worcester was the very man to be popular in such a regiment. During the brilliant services of the 10th Hussars in the Peninsular War, where they often crossed

swords with the 10th Hussars of the French army, the regiment won distinction for dash and pluck. They then established a reputation which they have added to since, winning laurels under the great commander of the end of the nineteenth century, as did their predecessors in the closing years of the eighteenth century. Twice has Lord Roberts had them under his command, and each time they have added to their laurels. And, as they are now gay, smart, and very keen, so they were when the Marquis of Worcester, Lord Sandys, Sir George Wombwell, and Lords Charles and Robert Manners were subalterns in their ranks. Lord Worcester, who was on the staff of the Duke of Wellington, was taken a prisoner by Marshal Soult, and seems to have been for some time in the enemy's hands.

When the war was over, Lord Worcester married and entered Parliament. His bride was Georgiana, daughter of the Hon. Henry Fitzroy, third son of the first Baron Southampton. In 1814 Lord and Lady Worcester went to Paris as the guests of the former's old chief, the Duke of Wellington. The dress worn by Lord Worcester at a ball is described by a contemporary, and seems to have been somewhat striking. It consisted of the Beaufort Hunt evening coat of blue lined with buff, with the Beaufort Hunt buttons, a white embroidered silk waistcoat, tight light-blue silk-web pantaloons, white silk stockings, shoes brodés à jour, and a cocked hat. The narrator ends his descrip-

tion by assuring us that "Worcester never looked over-dressed." It is interesting to note that the button of the Badminton Hunt in those days had inscribed on it the initials G.P.R. as a compliment to the "first gentleman in Europe," instead of B.H. as at present. The generally professed admiration for the Prince Regent of which this is a token, must not be criticised too severely. We look at things now from a different standpoint, and, while we only see what George IV. became, men of the time of which I am writing saw what he might be and rested their hopes on the possibilities of the future.

During his father's lifetime Lord Worcester and his wife had a house in Brook Street, and the Marquis divided his time between politics, the drama, and sport. Elsewhere I have told of his coaching speculations, and he also enjoyed racing. Lord William Lennox writes of delightful journeys with Lord Worcester to Newmarket, when these two old comrades (they had been on the Duke of Wellington's staff together) amused each other by telling stories of the Peninsular Campaign.

When the sixth Duke died, the parliamentary career of his son came to a close. He seems indeed later to have received the offer of an embassy, and to have desired to be sent to St. Petersburg, but nothing came of it. Moreover, the Duke was a Tory of the old-fashioned type, who disliked reform as his father had done before him. Indeed the

sixth Duke had apparently looked forward to a general overturn of society, for on his deathbed he charged his son to bring up the young Lord Glamorgan, who subsequently became the eighth Duke, to earn his own living, as, brilliant though his prospects were, they might never be fulfilled. These forebodings were exaggerated; but, from the Duke's point of view, no one can say they were entirely without foundation, for the position of a Duke of Beaufort at the close of the century is not what it was at the beginning.

As a master of hounds, the sixth Duke and his immediate predecessor had shown sport not only over the Badminton country proper, but in the Oxfordshire territory known as the Heythrop. For a period of eighty years the combined countries were hunted by the Dukes of Beaufort. The Heythrop was only given up by the sixth Duke about a year before his death. During his mastership he had two kennels, one the well-known Badminton buildings, and the other at Heythrop or Heythorpe Hall. This house, which has been rebuilt by the present owner, Mr. Albert Brassey, was leased by the Duke after he vacated Cornbury, which the then Lord Churchill wished to occupy.

The favourite coverts in the Heythrop country of that day are still those that raise a feeling of expectation in the minds of Heythrop men—Farmington, Bradwell, and Moreton-in-the-Marsh. The following description of the country and its riders

is given by Nimrod in his Hunting Reminiscences. "The Oxfordshire country . . . embraces a large tract of hill and vale. It joins the Bicester, the Warwickshire, Colonel Berkeley's, Lord Ducie's, Mr. Horlock's, and Sir John Cope's; but does not transgress the boundary of the county, though it verges on the borders of several. Indeed, the four-shire stone—a stone standing in four several counties—is near to one of the favourite covers of the hunt. In better times the towns of Chipping Norton and Woodstock, as well as the inn at Chapel House, contained parties of gentlemen in attendance on the Duke's hounds; but those days are gone by. A few old stagers, however, are still occasionally to be found at the village of Charlbury, and now and then a visitor or two to the other places.

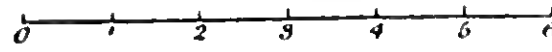
"For the conspicuous riders of this part of Oxfordshire, we must look to some of the old ones, who have done the trick in better countries.

"Mr. Evans, of Dean, once a Leicestershire man also, and Mr. Webb, of Kiddington, Mr. Lewes, and Mr. Thornhill, ranked high; nor must Mr. Holloway, of Charlbury, be passed over. He was a thorough sportsman, and—like his horses in chase —would go till nature cried 'Enough.'"

The Heythrop is not a good scenting country as a whole, though there are times when hounds can fly over it. On December 2, 1827, there was a run from a gorse of some two acres called Swell

Furze, of which one who was present writes: "The hounds were no sooner thrown in than reynard was out," and went off in gallant style across the open country for Sir Charles Cockerell's plantation at Sezincote (crossing the turnpike road leading from Broadway to Stow), and thence, leaving Bourton-on-the-Hill to the left, he went direct for Welford Wood, a covert belonging to the Warwickshire Hunt; but, on coming to a check, the huntsman made an unfortunate cast, and we lost our fox within a short distance of Moreton-in-Marsh; and although we did not kill him, I never remember a more severe thing in the whole course of my life, the distance from the place of finding to the point where the hounds threw up being nine miles in thirty minutes over a stone wall country.

"Out of a well-mounted field of from two hundred and fifty to three hundred horsemen there were only two up at the first check (which was for a moment), and these were that well-known sportsman, the Rev. Mr. Winniatt, of Temple Greeting, on his chestnut mare; and a young gentleman on a dark-brown horse, whom I afterwards understood to be Mr. Woodward, from the neighbourhood of Pershore, in Worcestershire, a first-rate performer across a country." Of this good gallop I give the distance and time as stated, but it might well have been a good run and yet have taken much longer. If there was no mistake as to time, it was a most remarkable performance. The point on the hunt-



MAP OF THE BADMINTON HUNT.

This map, which was drawn after the Oxfordshire Country (now Heythrop) had been given up, represents the hunt as it is at the present time (1900) after the restoration of the Avon Vale territory to the Badminton.

ing-map is not more than seven miles, but there was a considerable détour to Bourton-on-the-Hill, so that the writer was not far out in point of distance.

The seventh Duke, then, on his accession to the title, succeeded to the mastership of the Badminton country only. Of this hunt, Nimrod tells us, "There is a great portion of grass land in the Badminton country. Indeed, for some covers, Stanton Park for example, about seven miles from Badminton, and near to Malmesbury, there is as good a country to ride over, and one as advantageous to hounds, as almost any part of England can show. The foxes from that cover are also noted for running stoutly and taking a deal of killing. A gorse cover in Badminton Park is likewise a sure find, and generally shows a run. Some years since a fox was repeatedly found in an old ivy tree in it, and gave some excellent runs. Mr. Kingscote, who married one of the Duke's daughters, now unfortunately no more, made several gorse covers on his property, which are great acquisitions to this hunt. Shipton Wood, close to the town of Tetbury, the property of Mr. Estcourt, and Silk Wood, between Tetbury and Kingscote, are likewise favourite covers; as also Box Wood, the property of Mr. Huntley, whose son, the captain, was a great supporter of this part of the country. Hawkesbury-Upton, Elm-Ash (now called Foss Lodge), and Draycot Park, the seat of the Misses Long, are also excellent fixtures.

"There are fine woodlands in the Badminton country. The lower woods, on the Sodbury side, perhaps stand first. These often send out a 'traveller' to Colonel Berkeley's covers, whose pack bring him back at a merry pace,—that is, provided he do not give up the ghost on the road, for the country is a choking one."

With hounds and country the Duke inherited a sufficiently annoying dispute. Of this quarrel, which began in 1834 and lingered on till 1845, it would be undesirable and unprofitable to rake up the details, though we may note that, as *Bell's Life* tells us, it was "amicably settled" at last. The outlines of the matter in dispute were as follows:—Mr. Horlock, who, under the *nom de guerre* of Scrutator, is still deservedly esteemed as a writer on hunting, had been accustomed to draw some coverts that belonged to the Duke's hunt, but had been by him abandoned. When the Duke gave up Oxfordshire, he wanted these coverts back. But Hr. Horlock, who had formed a pack of hounds and a country at considerable expense and trouble, not unnaturally objected. As usual in such cases, each party held to its own view, and there was division in the country of rather a serious nature. Probably the Duke had not been very exact in his stipulations about the coverts lent to Mr. Horlock, and the latter no doubt now stretched his rights to their full extent. It is evident that Mr. Horlock was sore; but the following excellent account given

"RAPTURE."

by him of the Badminton country as it then was is full of interest as coming from one who hunted over it himself, and shows that whatever feeling there had been had died away.

"The Badminton hounds commenced their cub hunting in their home country, removed then into Oxfordshire until Christmas, when they returned again for a month or six weeks and finished the season in Oxfordshire. The country now hunted by them comprises a large portion of Gloucester and Wiltshire, extending from Tetbury to Devizes, and includes the large coverts of Rood Ashton, near Trowbridge. Commencing again near Bristol, it reaches to Stanmore and Beckhampton on the Wiltshire Downs, measuring about thirty miles from west to east, and about the same distance from north to south. Taking the country throughout, it may be considered as one of the first in the provinces, generally holding a good scent, abounding in foxes, and containing some of the finest natural fox coverts in England. Of these I may mention the lower woods in the vale of Sodbury, Hawkesbury Upton coverts, Silkwood near Tetbury, Stanton Park near Grittleton, Greatwood, Christian Malford, and Catcombe Woods, in the Christian Malford or Wiltshire country.

". . . This vale extends from Chippenham to Swindon, and from its excellent pastures the far-famed North Wiltshire cheese is made. The land generally is well drained and firm to ride over.

The fields are large, with strong fences, high banks and double ditches, which require a thorough-made hunter to clear cleverly in the *on and off* style, as the majority of them are too wide to take at one leap. There are also two brooks, which, though not very formidable in appearance, are very awkward customers to get over. From the banks being hollow, it is very treacherous ground for horses either to take off or land upon."

The description of the hounds given by the same writer applies to the period of the mastership of the seventh and eight Dukes, and is therefore of interest here.

"To affirm that the Badminton are the best pack of hounds in England would be claiming for them an invidious, though I am inclined to think not an unfair, distinction ; but when we consider by whom they have been kept, and by whom hunted, they have a right to stand second to none in the kingdom. Their noble masters have been invariably good sportsmen and excellent judges, both of hounds and hunting, and the present Duke having handled the pack himself, now knows how others ought to do it. Of all knowledge, that derived from practical experience is the best ; and his Grace, although accustomed from boyhood to hunting and field sports, has had an opportunity of testing the business part of the profession, with which every master of foxhounds ought, in my opinion, to make himself acquainted at some period of his life, which

enables him to form a correct judgment of the work of the hounds, and the conduct of his servants in the field. The Badminton pack are conspicuous for two of the most essential qualities in foxhounds—quickness and stoutness. They have also good noses, and will persevere with a bad scent through difficulties, with an anxious desire to get forward. For speed they have always enjoyed a high reputation, and perhaps on this account principally are great favourites with the fast men. That they can and do go the pace is beyond dispute, but for this reason only they would find little favour with me in the absence of other more enduring and sterling qualities. They are very quick and rapid movers when a fox is first found, spreading and dashing through the covert as well-bred foxhounds ought to do, and they stick to him afterwards, turning quickly with him in his shifts, and have the knack of getting away pretty close to his brush without saying much about it either."

To the family life at Badminton in the time of the seventh Duke I have referred elsewhere, but there are certain details connected with the hunting establishment and the stables as described by Nimrod's vivid pen that will find fitting notice here. Concerning the hounds and their work, this always interesting writer says:

"Of the hounds, I believe there to be but one opinion; and, as far as I am at present qualified for the assertion, that opinion is mine. They stand as

No. 2 in the eyes of the hunting world; the Belvoir pack being considered No. 1. This much, however, I am able to say, that for high form and *power*, arising from depth of chest and exuberant muscle in all their acting parts, and the total absence of extraneous substance in parts not called upon to act, the Beaufort pack is most conspicuous, as, also, for their uniform size; so much so, indeed, that, although it may exist elsewhere, superiority may scarcely be necessary for all the purposes of fox-hunting. Neither does appearance in the kennel exceed their performance in the field. Whether with a warm or cold scent, they are allowed to be equally perfect in their work; and the following facts may be adduced in support of this character. In a short country, not admitting of much cub-hunting, they had killed more than thirty brace of foxes up to the last week in January; and as a specimen of their speed, under the most favourable circumstances, one burst may be mentioned, which took place about a month back. The point-blank distance was said to be four miles and a half; the time in which it was run, fourteen minutes! Now, were I an aspiring young man, well mounted, and determined to go,—in other words, resolved to have a good place with these hounds,—I fear I should now and then be called over the coals for riding 'too near to their tails,' as Matty Wilkinson was wont to say; for what chance would Harkaway have, supposing him to be the jumper his Irish

friends represent him to be, if his rider let them get half a field ahead of him with a scent. I believe only four or five of the field were able to live near them in this *terrible* burst."

Nimrod's visit to Badminton, or rather his "first visit," to which he alludes, was made in January, 1838; and though he had been invited for the express purpose of having some days with hounds, the weather was so severe that hunting was impossible. Under the circumstances the visitor turned his attention to the home arrangements, and, as usual, was ready to record any gossip that came in his way. "It may be supposed," he writes, "that I made the acquaintance of the pack by walking and riding with them every now and then when at exercise in the park; and this much I must say—the more I saw of them, the more I admired them. I cannot refrain the mention of a few sentences that passed between Long and myself during my first walk with him and his hounds in the park, during the frost.

"'Can you show any of the old Justice sort?' said I to him.

"'Why,' replied Will, 'all those Draco hounds you have been noticing are of that blood.'

"'To be sure they are,' resumed I; 'how slow I was not to be fly to that. Draco was an Athenian judge, although he dealt not much in *justice*.'

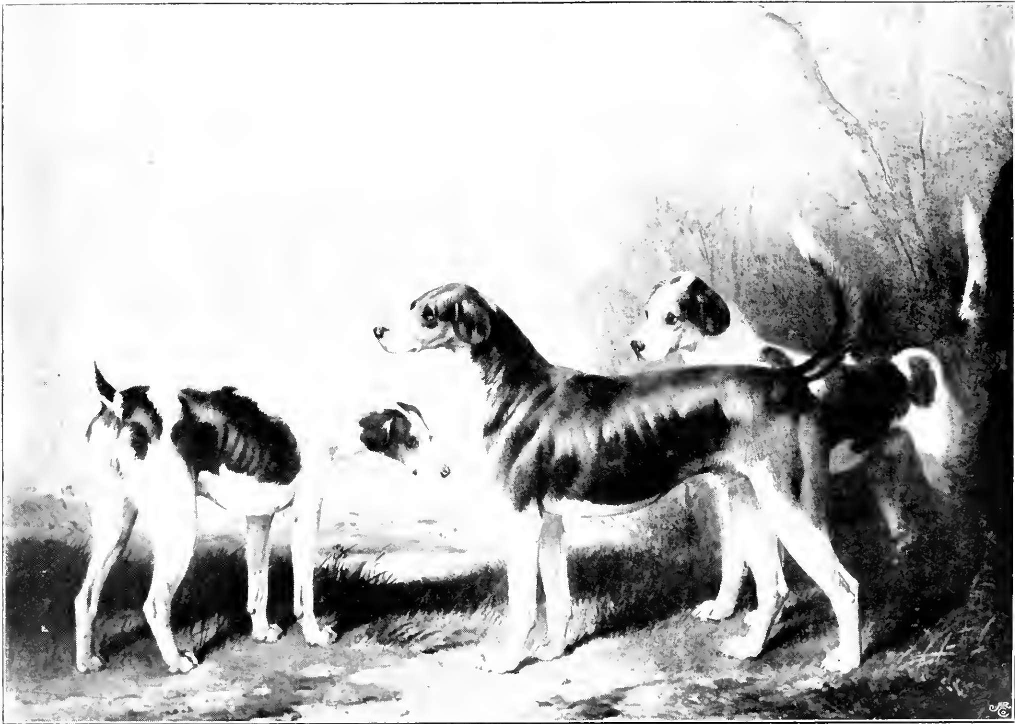
"'Sure, sir,' said Will.

"'Yes,' continued I; 'and, like your old hound,

a devil of a fellow for *blood*, for he wrote his laws in blood.'

"But to return to the pack. Woodman, Wellington, Dashaway, and Dexter, are of the old Beaufort sort, in virtue of Remus, Woodbine, Workman, Warrior, and Raffle; and here I am reminded of an amusing anecdote. On my asking the facetious and clever Mr. William Way (commonly called 'Billy Way'), of Glympton Park, near Woodstock, a few years back, some questions relative to the old Beafuort blood, knowing he had hunted with the late Duke a great many seasons, he made this reply—'Why, truly,' said he, 'I am the worst man in the world to apply to on such a subject. It is true, that I have hunted more than twenty years with the Duke of Beaufort's hounds; but I honestly confess, I only know two of them by their names; one, because his name is *Wellington*, and another because he has but one eye instead of two. And I can say more than this: I have always tried to be the last instead of the first in a run; but owing to generally riding a well-bred horse, I cannot always command that desirable object.'"

Leaving the kennels, Nimrod turns his attention to a description of the park land, and of the Duke's farming interests. "The park at Badminton is one of the largest in England, and the head of deer, perhaps, the greatest of any. It consists of about 1,200 fallow, and 300 red deer—the number of the latter quite, I believe, unequalled. From the



HOUNDS.
From the picture by BARRAUD.

"WHIRLWIND." "POTENTATE." "PARAGON."

voracity of these animals, the consumption of food by them must be immense; and I was not surprised at hearing the steward say that 500 acres of very productive mowing-land did not furnish much more than half the quantity of hay used in the stables, cow-stalls, and the park of this fine domain."

"Exclusive of the park, the Duke occupies about 1,200 acres of grass-land, which I rode over one day with Mr. Wedge, the steward, for the purpose of seeing the stock, consisting of Southdown and Welch sheep; cows and heifers of the improved Gloucester breed, very good of the sort; and Scots, in store order, and fat. I likewise saw the paddocks in which the mares designed for breeding hunters are kept, and where there were about twenty two-year-old colts, and yearlings, many of which promise to make hunters, and those of the right sort, not being deficient in substance."

Then comes a visit to the stables, the external appearance of the building being, he remarks, nothing very striking, though they are "very conveniently placed, being within a hundred yards of the back entrance to the mansion." Of the interior, he says it "exhibits a splendid stud, and this composed of every description of horse." The thirty-four "regular hunters" and the other ten that are "able to go a-hunting" are passed in review, and then comes the inquiry to the head groom, "What is become of Tom Thumb? I do not see him here. The Duke told me, at Newmarket, that he would

not have taken a thousand guineas for him last season; but he feared he was going wrong, having become lame in the frost.'

"'Tom Thumb,' replied Dick, 'is gone into the Dowager Duchess's coach in London; and a good job he is. The Duke was terrible fond of jumping gates on him. He jumped seven one day, and, by all accounts, he liked to have jumped one too many. Depend upon it, Tom Thumb had had too many hot shirts with that Scotch gentleman before he came to us; he was weak in his loins and his hocks.'

"But to return to the stud. I much like the style of horse for the Duke's own riding, of which he has twelve; they are well bred, of commanding height, and quite equal to his weight. Free-Martin and Archdeacon may be said to be the flowers of the flock; and the Duke told me that Mr. Maxse had given a high character of Archdeacon (and of Sampson), after having ridden him a run. Will Long has likewise eight first-rate horses for his use, leaving fifteen well-seasoned hunters for the whips and other purposes; namely, for the use of friends. The remaining ten, which Dick does not admit to the honourable appellation of hunters, are, many of them, first-rate hacks; amongst them old Mayflower—deserving all Dick's encomiums upon her, and also one of the most elegant animals I ever beheld in any country in the form of a milk-white mare, full of Arabian

blood, which is the Duke's charger when with his yeomanry. His Grace made an offer of this mare to the Queen, as a gift, of course; but her Majesty was dissuaded from accepting her by Sir Richard Quentin, who considered her somewhat too spicy to be entrusted with so precious a burthen as our young and promising Queen."

The coach horses naturally are not overlooked, and the "four road horses, ridden and driven by postilions, and looking much like going the pace, which no doubt they do," are duly noted. Next to them are "four phaeton horses, as the Duke calls them, having no driving coach of his own at present," but "making use of Lord Chesterfield's, when in London." These phaeton horses are "two greys and two chestnut pies, neat and elegant in their form. . . . They are small—hardly reaching Sir Bellingham Graham's standard for *gentlemen's* road work, which he thinks should not exceed fifteen hands—but exceedingly blood-like and well-proportioned. "By the way," goes on Nimrod, ever ready to break into anecdote,—

"By the way, the Duke told me an anecdote of this pretty little team, which speaks to their credit, and also to their owner's coachmanship. His Grace was bringing no less than eighteen of his friends from off the Brighton racecourse in his coach; and all who have been there know the nature of the road that leads from it to the town—a steep hill, with a grass surface, very slippery at that time of

year. 'You had better put the skid on the wheel, Duke,' said that experienced coachman, the Honourable Fitzroy Stanhope. 'I think not,' replied the Duke; 'it will very probably cause the hind wheels to strike, and, in that case, we should be floored with this top-heavy load.' 'I never let them know,' said his Grace to me, 'that they were going down a hill at all, and all went well.' 'You were quite right, Duke,' said I; 'I always have been afraid of a skid upon hard and slippery ground, having so many times experienced the danger of it; and had you let those little wheel-horses once feel the pressure from your load, they would soon have become impatient, and, consequently, of no use to you. It reminds me,' resumed I, 'of a remark Gentleman Taylor, as he was called, made to me, when I asked whether his pole-chains (on the Southampton Telegraph) were not lighter than they should be over his hilly ground? 'Quite strong enough,' replied he; 'there is never any stress on *my* pole-chains.' This led to another observation of mine to the Duke, who loves a bit of coaching talk. 'I witnessed a similar case to your Brighton Lark,' said I, 'when one of fifteen, on your friend George Payne's coach, from Croxton Park racecourse to Melton town, and an equally good specimen of coachmanship. Having a very spicy team, put on their mettle at the moment, as horses returning from a racecourse invariably are, a hint was given to him that the skid would be desirable going down

Thorpe Hill, the road being as hard as if it were covered with sheet-iron. 'Leave them to me,' said he; and beautifully did he conceal from them the trying situation they were in.'"

On the occasion of a second visit to Badminton, the same writer, from whom I have been quoting, gives one of his vivid pictures of the state of the country at the time. "The postboy who drove me to Badminton, told me what very much surprised me; but all that he did tell me was afterwards confirmed by the Duke. He said so numerous had been the highway robberies lately in that part of the country, that the farmers, riding home from market, carried either pistols or life-preservers, and that even waggoners, going for lime or coals, were knocked down on the road, and robbed of the money taken to pay for them. One of this description of foot-pads, indeed, had only a few days before been committed to prison by the Duke."

Having reached Badminton in safety in spite of the thrilling tales recounted by the postboy, Nimrod tells us of a house party assembled to join in the sport the Duke was showing with his hounds. "The Duke returned not a little pleased with the day's sport, and particularly so, as he had made one of the twelve who were up at the finish of the run. His Grace was accompanied by the Hon. James (*par excellence* 'Jemmy') Macdonald, brother to the slashing Meltonian of that name; Captain Charles Jones (brother to Sir Tyrwhitt), of the Guards, and

the Hon. Edward Somerset; the two first-named having joined the Duke in London, on his road from Abingdon Abbey, near Northampton, where he had been sojourning for a week, with Lord Chesterfield, and seen some good sport over that fine country."

On the following day, when the Duke's meet was at Stanford Park, this fixture being, we are told, "a favourite one in the hunt," the scene is thus touched off. "Carriages with four posters were seen making for it, with all possible speed, as the condition of the nags evinced; and, amongst others, was the carriage of Mr. Drax, master of the Charborough foxhounds in Dorsetshire, containing himself and some friends. There was, also, amongst the field, one whom I was very happy again to shake by the hand. This was Mr. Henry Peyton, son of my very old friend, Sir Henry, but better known in the sporting world as 'young Peyton,' still going in his usual form, *as nearly straight as circumstances will admit*, and still adhering to the peculiar costume, viz., a flower in the breast, and the signal flag flying."

After describing the day's sport, Nimrod criticises pretty freely the horse upon which the Duke had mounted him. "It was one the Duke had upon trial, and sent to him with the character of being a first-rate hunter; but as, despite of a gag-rein, in addition to a sharp curb-bit, I could not bring his head into place, he was far from being such in my

estimation. Although capable of jumping the largest fence in the country, he got over small ones in a very slovenly manner, actually trying for the bottom of two ditches with one of his feet, before he rose, *rising as it were from three legs*, a fault in a hunter not, in my opinion, to be exceeded. The Duke," he then remarks, "rode Free-Martin this day as first horse, having refused five hundred guineas for him, the previous week, from Lord Chesterfield, who told me he wished much to have had him in his stable. He is nearly as fine a horse as Lord Seagrave's Blood Royal, of whom I have already spoken, as the best stamp of hunter."

A characteristic story of the Duke follows. "His Grace of Beaufort is, generally, remarkable for the *suaviter in modo*; but on this day—and justly so—he gave us a specimen of his *fortiter in re* . . . A lawyer from Bath attempted to halloo the hounds to a hare whilst they were on their own game; and had Job been a master of hounds, I can scarcely believe he would have stood that, especially with a brother master of foxhounds in the field. 'Well done the Duke,' said a good sportsman, in my hearing; 'I never heard him throw his tongue so loud.' But now appears the kind-hearted Duke. When the venison came on the table in the evening, I overheard him say to his friend 'Charley Jones,' 'I'll send that lawyer a neck of venison to-morrow.'"

There was no time lost on the road when hunting was in prospect, as appears from the following:

"I have often gone a good pace to cover, but never, I think, so fast as on this day. 'You had better make a start,' said Dick to Mr. Somerset and myself, as he put him on a whistling bit of blood, and myself on a horse they called the hog-maned pony—strong enough, by the way, to have carried Dan Lambert on the road, and, from his capital fencing, Will Long's favourite hunter in the cub-hunting—'the Duke is going to ride old Mayflower, and he puts her along at a terrible pace.' And so we found it. Although we went very gently till his Grace and his other friends overtook us, we were only thirty-two minutes, from the time I mounted at the stable door, going seven miles over a very indifferent cross-the-country road. The old mare slips along at extraordinary speed, although not appearing to be doing beyond eight miles in the hour."

The magnificence of a lawn meet at Badminton much impressed the chatty chronicler. He tells us: "The fixture for this day was The Lawn, which implies Badmington[1] Park House; and it generally happens that there are present, not only a numerous field of sportsmen, but carriages filled with ladies and gentlemen from Bath and Bristol, as also from the surrounding chateaus, merely to enjoy the spectacle, are among the crowd. This morning, however, having been anything but a fit one for a spectacle, prevented such an assemblage; and, al-

[1] Nimrod spells it in this way.

though it cleared up before throwing-off time, there was by no means a numerous one. But, really, this is a sight worth any one's while to witness. Breakfast, for at least fifty, is served in the great hall, with a full attendance of servants, all in their evening costume, and a most agreeable mixture of *le déjeûner à la fourchette et à l'Anglais* is presented to the choice of the company, which is confined to the inmates of the house and the members of the Badmington Hunt."

In the course of a run an accident befell Mr. William Codrington, a son-in-law of the Duke, and Nimrod thus characteristically ends his description of the event:—"Lady Georgiana, his wife, was on her horse, when the words, 'That horse has broken William Codrington's leg,' loudly assailed her ear. And how did she deport herself? Did she yield to the weakness (amiable as it may be) of her sex, and add to the sufferings of her husband by either exclamations or cries? She did neither; but inclining her head towards that of her horse, and resting it for a few seconds on her hand, she silently let fall some tears, and then instantly recovered her self-possession. As I left Badmington on the Monday following, and as the attention of her ladyship was entirely devoted to her suffering husband—for, owing to a contusion being added to the fracture, as well as from its situation, he did suffer very much—I had no opportunity of expressing in person my admiration of such conduct,

which was quite worthy of the name and lineage of her house."

Of the characters of the hunting-field at this time, one of the best known was the famous hunting sweep, whose portrait appears on page 126.

An amusing account of this man, Vizard of Chipping Sodbury, is given with the picture as it appears in an old magazine,—" His habit as he lives is by the cunning of the designer placed before the reader as faithfully as if it were in a mirror . . . that implement of his craft which is seen embellishing his sinister breast is an inseparable companion known familiarly as his bouquet. It was at the close of a crack run that the courteous Duke of Beaufort addressed him with 'Well, Mr. Vizard, were you in at the death?' 'There are strong symptoms of it, for your Grace may perceive I have got the brush.'

" On Saturday se'nnight the favourite meet took place on the lawn in front of Badminton House, and, as usual, was quite a show day, The weather being fine, there was a strong muster of carriages with female branches of the neighbouring gentry, and amongst the horsemen were the Duke of Beaufort, the young Marquis of Worcester, the Earl of Wilton, Lord Andover, Lord Seymour, Mr. C. W. Codrington, M.P., Mr. R. B. Hale, M.P., Mr. Neeld, M.P., Mr. Ramsden, M.P., Captain Boldero, M.P., and others, comprising altogether a well-appointed field of 300, including last, not least, an

THE BADMINTON SWEEP.

After a Sketch by R. B. Davis, brother of Charles Davis, the Royal Huntsman.

old friend, 'the hunting sweep,' who was received with warm congratulations by all present."

The Duke mounted this real enthusiast for many years on a chestnut horse called "Prosper." The following obituary notice from *Bell's Life* tells of Prosper's end. This is dated August 19, 1849. "On Friday week it was determined that the extended acquaintance of Prosper and his sable rider must end, and on the animal being led to the kennel the knight of the brush and scraper being present, took hoof in hand, giving him a hearty shake, and witnessed the beloved Prosper pay the debt of nature at the advanced age of twenty-four."

The days of the seventh Duke were now drawing to a close. His hunting-days were already ended; and the eighth Duke (then of course Lord Worcester) was acting as master in the field. It was now that the teams of Skewbald horses were so often to be seen. The Duke with four of these ridden by postilions managed to see a great deal of hunting. The present Duke has told me how, when quite a little fellow—he was only six years of age when the old man died—he had his first view of hounds, seated in the hood of his grandfather's carriage.

It was in 1853 that the seventh Duke passed away. He was on the whole the most successful and prosperous of his line, and he had led a healthy and beneficent life. He left behind him general regret. He had served his country, managed his estates so

that his tenants loved and respected him, and he had done many kind and generous actions. He seems to have been a man somewhat of the stamp of the original founder of his family, marked by the qualities of strength, resoluteness, and kindliness, that had raised the old Somersets to rank and power.

VI

The Boyhood of the Eighth Duke

Beaufort

THE SEVENTH DUKE OF BEAUFORT.

CHAPTER VI

The Boyhood of the Eighth Duke

IT was on February 12, 1824, that a son was born to the Marquis of Worcester, the heir of the sixth Duke of Beaufort. This child, who received the names of Henry Charles Fitzroy, and bore the title of Earl of Glamorgan, was for many years to be a central figure in English Sport and Society. The heir to the Dukedom of Beaufort, the historical associations of which have already been sketched, must indeed be a person of note in England.

We have seen how the Somerset family had been connected with the earlier stages of the transition of the English nobility from a position of personal power to one of political influence. The eighth Duke of Beaufort was to see another great change pass over English society, and to live through that Victorian Era, that has witnessed a transformation of our social life greater than at any period in our history. In 1824 the Reform Bill was still eight years away, and the political power that had been for so long concentrating in the

hands of our great families had not yet begun to pass from them. Such men as the Duke of Beaufort, however, with their unbending Tory principles, were excluded by the great Whig oligarchy from place and power. Two careers then only remained to them. The military service of their country, and local leadership in country sports and agricultural matters. Both these lines were adopted successively by the heads of the Somerset family.

The eighth Duke was to be a keen soldier, whose regret was deep that no opportunity of active service was open to him. He was to watch, rather as a spectator than an actor, the political and social changes that followed the first Reform Bill and the introduction of railways.

As far as external incidents were concerned, the life of this Duke followed on the whole an even tenour. The various opportunities that his position opened out to him unfolded themselves one by one, and he was in turn soldier, statesman, and a leading figure in country life. It is not the duty of the biographer unduly to exalt and magnify his subject, but he cannot fail to note that Charles Henry Fitzroy Somerset, eighth Duke of Beaufort, was successful in all he undertook. Nor was this due entirely to his position. We need not consider here whether his gifts might or might not have been more profitably employed; it is sufficient to note that in every line of business or pleasure, in society or in politics, so far as he entered into the last, the Duke was a

leading and noticeable figure. He had the gift of a charming personality, and this means that he possessed both the will and the power of shedding happiness about his path in life. The unfailing kindness of his heart, the fine courtesy of his manner, the unaffected desire to make those around him happy, marked him out as one who was to win the affection of his fellows for his good qualities, and to obtain their forgiveness for his errors.

The courtesy and thoughtfulness that marked his conduct in life are not so common that they may pass unnoticed. Many people are good or are thought to be so, many are considerate or try to be, but very few are pleasant at the same time. Yet when we come to sum up the lives of our friends, we find that our strongest affections are drawn to those human characters, whose very faults have made them tolerant of the infirmities and weaknesses of their fellows, and whose desire to brighten the lives of those around them has been a continual and conscious effort. Such characters, it is true, may lack the backbone of strength, but when we find them succeeding in all they undertake, we know they must have power and ability as well as the milk of human kindness.

The Somerset family, as we have seen, had been for some generations somewhat out of the main stream of public life. They had therefore thrown themselves into matters of lesser moment. But sports and pastimes, though they may seem of trivial

importance, help to forge the strongest and most enduring of social ties. To one whose position, in a country like ours, marks him out as a leader of men, it is of the greatest importance that he should have the power to enjoy and excel in the things that interest his fellows. Thus the Duke's knowledge of horseflesh, his skill as a huntsman, his marvellous power as a coachman, made his country neighbours more willing to listen to him when he spoke to them on such matters as politics, or some local improvement in agriculture. For men will brook counsel and advice from one to whom they are bound by the love of a common sport. The agricultural classes, too, have ever been glad to have as a spokesman, one who by virtue of his birth, can make himself heard in those regions of court and government, that seem so far away to the man with his eyes on the earth, and his hand on the plough, who yet knows that he may be affected by the action of a far-away lawmaker in London.

The late Duke of Beaufort moved in and out among his own people, he met then in every pursuit of life. He was a foremost figure in the hunting-field and was at the head of the most magnificent establishment of the kind that has been seen in our day. He was the accepted leader and adviser of many men in all ranks of life. But most of all he was a prince in his own neighbourhood. In spite of all the changes that the last

fifty years have seen, there is still no more wonderful power than the leadership of a great English nobleman in his own country. The will and opinions of the one man direct and control those of the many, and far more certainly than by men who have what is sometimes called the substance of power in their hands. This influence is entirely unsupported by force ; it is all so intangible and made up of so many threads that it is almost impossible to define. It certainly is not, however, the result of a splendid isolation. As we follow the course of the eighth Duke's life, we recognise that there has been no more personally influential man among landed proprietors in our time, and none who mixed more freely with his people. In him we find the combination of a very human nature with gifts, ability, and a great position.

But we have gone far ahead of the year 1824, and those early days when the little Lord Glamorgan travelled to and from school on the coaches that were then the means of conveyance for all classes. To these journeys the Duke always looked back with pleasure, and no doubt they laid the foundation of that knowledge of the road and the love for driving that never left him. For he was undoubtedly the finest amateur coachman of our day. Indeed his education and his knowledge of driving went hand in hand. That the latter taste was inherited is clear from the fact that his father, who did not succeed to the dukedom till his

heir was eleven years of age, was himself a very fine coachman. He was both quick and strong, and moreover had those light hands that make any horses go well. Soon after Glamorgan was sent to school Lord Worcester determined to lighten his labours in the House of Commons with some coaching, so he started a coach of his own in partnership with one Alexander, a large horse owner in the Borough. The partners soon had two coaches on the Brighton road, one called the Wonder, and an afternoon coach known as the Quicksilver, both leaving at four of the clock. The Quicksilver's name was changed later to Criterion, and this is the dark-blue coach with red wheels drawn by four bays and with Lord Worcester on the box which is depicted in a well-known print.

Lord Glamorgan's first school was at Brighton, and a very rough one it seems to have been. Those were the days when flogging was considered a cure for all moral and intellectual failings. Unluckily for the youth of the period, a doubtful translation of Solomon's proverbs was accepted as inspired truth, and the most tenderhearted parents reproached themselves if they did not profit by the Biblical warning, "Spare the rod and spoil the child." While this was the effect on the naturally humane, many parents of a harder mould, and schoolmasters who were flagellators by profession, undoubtedly carried out the implied duty in a manner we should consider brutal. Of the kind of

education, and the treatment, the little heir of the house of Somerset received at the hands of the schoolmaster, to whose care he was confided when he was eight years of age, he himself tells. "On one occasion, early in November, 1833, I, being then nine years old, had committed the high crime and misdemeanour of ending a pentameter with a three-syllable word, for which the usher caned me at eleven o'clock school. At five o'clock school the doctor came in—I think he must have been served with two writs that day. His eye fell upon me. 'Have you been caned to-day?' 'Yes, sir.' 'What for?' I told him. 'What, a three-syllable word again! Go and fetch my cane.' The usher was a good fellow, though passionate, and said, 'I caned him severely for it.' 'Never mind,' said the doctor, 'he will remember two thrashings better than one.' His hand was on my throat, and I was writhing under his blows for fully three minutes. As he went out of the room he turned and said, 'After prayers to-morrow morning you shall have just such another thrashing.'"

In consequence of this extension of punishment, the little Lord Glamorgan made a determined effort to escape from his tormentors. Early the following morning he crept from the schoolhouse, and with the large sum of fourpence in his pocket, made his way to the yard from which the Wonder was to start. Having persuaded the coachman that, in consequence of his father being ill, he had been sum-

moned home, the runaway proudly mounted to the box, and in due time started. Alas, this pride was the cause of his downfall. When his absence was discovered and search made for him, the news spread that a little boy had been seen on the coach box that morning. Pursuit was instant, and though the coachman was inclined to stand by his young passenger, such cogent arguments were brought to bear on him that his good nature was not proof against them, and the culprit had to return to face his punishments. When the news of the adventure, and its cause, reached Lord Worcester, he "was furious at the treatment" his son had received; but in spite of this, Lord Glamorgan remained at the school till he went to Eton.

No doubt the life at Eton was rougher then than it is now, but it must have been a great improvement on the Brighton experiences. The young Lord Worcester—for he became known by the title hitherto borne by his father, after the death of his grandfather, the sixth Duke, on November 23, 1835—joined in all the sports popular with his schoolfellows, while he was receiving an education not unsuited to the life he was to lead. It is, or perhaps was, the fashion to underrate the training given in our public schools; but, after all, nothing has been found to come up to it as a general preparation for life. Worcester was no doubt a clever boy, and he owed much of his easy, cultivated power of expression to his Eton training. When, later in life,

he undertook the work of editing the Badminton Library, he contributed to those volumes some chapters on hunting and driving, that are the best and brightest to be found in that interesting series.

But Lord Worcester learnt a good deal beside the making of Latin verses, an exercise for which he declared he had neither gift nor liking. Naturally the training in sport of the heir, not only to the dukedom of Beaufort, but to the mastership of the Badminton Hunt, was not neglected. By the time he was fifteen he was a fair coachman, being able to use his whip and to hit either leader without difficulty. He was, too, already learning the secrets of the kennel and of the hunting-field.

The life at Badminton was at once easy and comfortable, yet with a touch of regal magnificence, the taste for which no doubt belonged to the Somerset blood, and was hereditary in the race. Nimrod, who had a fine pictorial gift, and who sketched his interiors with the fidelity of a Dutch painter, was a guest at Badminton for the fifteenth birthday of young Lord Worcester, and he gives us a vivid picture of the family life of the Somersets at the time.

The seventh Duke who had then been the Lord of Badminton for four years, had a truly regal way of dispensing favours, and Mr. Apperley, who was but slenderly endowed with this world's goods, had been invited to Badminton that he might enjoy

some days with the hounds on his host's horses. That the Duke was not without a sense of humour is shown by the means he took to check the too great zeal of the bell-ringers on the occasion of the heir's birthday. The bells, which had been going at intervals all day, and as the church actually ad-adjoined the house, were of course somewhat too near to be pleasant, broke out in disturbing fashion just as the house party sat down to dinner. "Tell those fellows," was the Duke's order, "the more they ring the less they shall have to drink," and the chimes presently died away into silence.

Of the various attractions that Badminton offered to guests, who, like Mr. Apperley, found their hopes of hunting killed by the weather, the disappointed sportsman says there was, "in the first place, the pleasant party in the house; secondly, the best fare; thirdly, the thousand volumes at least in the library, beside the inspection of the house, gardens, grounds, and last—but not least—the kennels, stables, and harness room." All of these substitutes for sport Nimrod tried in turn. Of the interior of the grand old pile, that had grown up round the modest hunting-box of days long past, the description is all that might be expected from Mr. Apperley's pen. The library, with "its superb folios" was, we are told, a "room of vast comfort," while its opening into an immense conservatory filled even in mid-winter with lilies of the valley, hyacinths, and violets, leads to some characteristic poetical reflections that need

not detain us. The use of the larger exotics in the decoration of the dinner table, strikes the visitor with admiration. It was the custom to have a certain number of these beautiful flowers embedded in moss, and placed in racing-cups, one to each of the guests of the day. As the name of each flower was duly marked, Mr. Apperley quaintly says they thus served the double purpose of pleasing the eye, and affording "subject of conversation." In a style altogether peculiar to himself, he then goes on to remind his readers that though "the display of flowers at an entertainment . . . liveried and unliveried servants, suitable plate and dazzling candelabras will be seen at all great men's houses," Badminton — which Mr. Apperley throughout spells Badmington—"can produce a scene in itself unique. Where, unless it be at Badmington, will be seen the interesting combination of five beautiful and elegantly dressed children, seated in a row, and looking, step above step, as the five little Ladies Somerset look, on one side of this dinner-room, during the greater part of the banquet, or, rather, until their hour of rest approaches, when they take an affectionate leave of their parents?"

But to leave our rather long-winded and sentimental chronicler, we may say, in short, that though Nimrod paints for us the glories of the entrance hall, and of the large drawing-room, and bids us remember that the number of rooms in the house is

116, and the distance from his bedroom door to the billiard room on the floor beneath "can be little short of the eighth of a mile," it is when he describes the stable and its accessories, that he is more on his own ground, and that he consequently condescends to a more natural style of narrative. "There is nothing very striking," he tells us, "in the external appearance of the Badmington stables, which are very conveniently placed, being within a hundred yards of the back entrance to the mansion. Their interior, however—by far the most important—exhibits a splendid stud, and this composed of every description of horse."

Even here, one or two of Nimrod's quaint observations may occupy us for a moment. We may make a note that the head groom tells him there are thirty-five "regular hunters" under his care, while there are ten more "able to go a-hunting." Mr. Apperley then introduces a subject of special interest to himself—the Duke's fondness for mounting his friends. "Would you believe it?" asked the groom, "the Duke once mounted seventeen gentlemen one day." A certain old favourite covert-hack of his master's, named Mayflower, was introduced by the groom with the remark "two and twenty years old last grass, and now as sound as a ninepin and as playful as a kitten. . . . All our young ladies were brought up upon her." The narrator thereupon does not lose the opportunity for reflecting on "the happy association of female ac-

complishments, with the rare virtues of a favourite old mare!"

The horses belonging to the Duchess of Beaufort naturally come in for attention from the visitor. A pair of clever iron-grey galloways were driven by the mistress of the establishment in her phaeton. Then there were "four particularly clever Welsh ponies," which have "been forced into the highest form their natural good points were capable of, by good keep and good bitting," and consequently convey the idea of "perfect Lilliputian coach-horses." Of the harness used for this pony team, Nimrod declares: "I never saw anything so complete of its sort, combining ornaments intended for display—such an imitation of precious stones in the bridle fronts—with all the essentials to road work. . . . Who but a coachman," he demands, "would have turned out his lady in such truly classical style?"

The disposition of the young heir towards hunting naturally arises before this stable interview is over, "Will the Marquis *do?*" asked Nimrod, alluding to his riding to hounds. "That he will," was the reply, "if they don't spoil him." The meaning of the implied dread of interference is, we are told, founded on the not improbable contingency of Lord Worcester being sent to "foreign parts" before his education was completed.

And through all the flummery of Nimrod's little affectations and exaggerations we see the stately home, with its kindly master and mistress, the well-

ordered household of children and servants, and the simple healthy country life that is unfolded before our eyes. Every department was thoroughly organised and well kept up, and it was into a home atmosphere of good nature and kindly feeling, and an absorbing love of sport, that the young Lord Worcester came from Eton, while he in his turn was being trained to take the headship of his house.

VII

Famous Servants of the Badminton Hunt

WILLIAM LONG.

CHAPTER VII

Famous Servants of the Badminton Hunt

WITH the exceptions of the Belvoir and the Pytchley, no hunt in England has such a roll of servants as the Badminton.

If we turn back to the earliest days, we find that Beckford refers to the "famous Will Crane." This man was considered the best huntsman of his day. Tall and powerfully built, he was a strong horseman, who could, in spite of his weight, always manage to be with his hounds. Too great love of the bottle caused his retirement at last. To him succeeded Thomas Ketch, a man wholly devoted to sport and to his hounds. But he was a little rough with his tongue when spoken to by irresponsible persons. His master, the fifth Duke, recognised, however, that he had but the faults of his qualities. Ketch continued to carry the horn until old age obliged him to retire on a pension. Thomas Alderton, his successor, was one of those men who are first-rate as whippers-in, but of little use as huntsmen. As Alderton was a man of sound

sense, he recognised this fact, and one day he astonished the Duke by a request to be allowed to return to his old place. The Duke consented, and John Dilworth was consequently appointed to be huntsman. This man was a capital huntsman in the field, but in the kennel he was not so successful, and the quality of the pack soon declined. However, he too served as long as he could, and in the end retired with a pension.

Then came Philip Payne. The following story suggests that under his predecessor kennel discipline as well as kennel management had been somewhat defective. Philip Payne used to tell how, after he was installed as huntsman, he was preparing to walk the hounds in the park, when the whippers in appeared in the kennel loaded with couples. "What are these for?" "To put on the hounds, sir," and the whippers in went on to explain that they were accustomed to couple up the hounds when exercising in the park, for fear of their running riot among the deer. "Stuff and nonsense," was Philip's reply; "they won't run the deer while I am with them." And so it proved, thus adding one more evidence to the truth, that if you trust your hounds they will both trust and obey you. On Philip Payne's career it is not necessary to dwell further.

His successor was William Long, the most famous of all the Badminton huntsmen. Few men have excelled him as a horseman, as a breeder of hounds, or as a huntsman in the field.

William Long lived in the service of the Dukes of Beaufort for a period of over half a century. His father was stud groom, and Long began his career by riding to and fro with the post bag while he was still quite a little lad.

His heart, however, was in hunting, and ere long he was promoted to the hunt stables, where his firm seat and light hands caused him to be entrusted with the schooling of the young horses. The practice thus gained, helped him to become the fine horseman he was in later years. "In this" (horsemanship) said a contemporary, "he is unrivalled. I invite all lovers of a chase to see him ride one: the finest seat, with such hands as are rarely in use, he rides without jealousy and takes the country as it comes."

While the seventh Duke was at Oxford, Will Long was often sent with a horse to meet his young master in the Heythrop country. But Long's heart was even more in the kennel than the stable, and the kindly sixth Duke, seeing how strong his wishes were, gave him a chance. In 1807 he was appointed second whipper-in to Philip Payne, and no better school could be imagined. Nor was any one more likely to make good use of his opportunities than young Will. "A man of singular intelligence, one who reasoned and turned over in his mind all things connected with hunting" we are assured he was. Long at once earned golden opinions as a whipper-in. He could stop a hound or bring on the laggards

quickly and quietly, and was always, by reason of his thoughtfulness and quickness of observation, exactly where he ought to be. From him most whippers-in might well learn a lesson, for how many are constantly to be seen exactly where they ought not to be! Long had of course the advantage of serving under Philip Payne, a huntsman whose hounds loved and trusted him and flew to his horn or his voice. For ten years Long served as second whipper-in. Then he was promoted, and for eight years more he was first whipper-in, till age obliged Payne to resign.

For some time before that, Long had frequently hunted the hounds. In his eighteen years as a subordinate he learned a great deal. A whipper-in's place was then a great deal harder than it is now. Even the first whipper-in under the sixth Duke had no second horse, and Long himself related that he rode Milkmaid for seventeen seasons on an average twenty times in each.

He tells the following story in a letter to a friend. Hounds found in Tarwood, then a much more extensive covert than it is now. If undergraduates of Oxford ever hunt there nowadays, the moderate-sized covert they see, is not the Tarwood that drew their fathers and grandfathers as by a magnet to the covert side. It was an afternoon fox of which Long tells, and the hour was late. The fox was almost beaten, and the earths in Wychwood Forest all open before him.

"I set off wide of the hounds," says Will, "and managed to head him at a small spinney a little way before he reached the forest. But the fox being determined to make his point, got away, going one field to the left, which gave me a chance of scoring on him again, and I met him on Ramsden Heath, and there bothered him so that he lay down until the hounds got nearly up to him and he jumped up in view. I still kept on between him and the forest, turning him from his point, and at last forcing him into the green kennel yard at Heythrop, and in that yard we killed; the Duke (sixth) remarking to Philip Payne, 'If the young pack enter as well as the young whipper-in, there won't be much the matter next season.'"

In another letter Long contrasts the work done by whippers-in in his time with their more fortunate lot at the present day. "During the whole time I was whipper-in I did, first of all, two horses every morning, then went hunting, and assisted for an hour and a half in cleaning my horse be the hour what it might when we got home. On our hunting days did the earth stopping, dressing my horse when I returned, with the addition of having all my hunting clothes, boots, etc., to clean; but being fond of hunting, it so stimulated me, or I could not have got through the work."

The long, hard and faithful service had its reward at last, and Will Long received the horn from Philip Payne and became master where he had been man.

Just at first some of the older followers of the hunt, who had come to believe that old Philip was the only huntsman in the world, found fault with his successor. Long's voice was inharmonious and his dog language inferior. But Long was a born huntsman, one of those men who trust their hounds and whose hounds love them. He was very quiet with the pack till his quick eye saw that the moment had come to act, and then he would rouse every hound to activity with a ringing cheer.

He had a very wide and varied country to hunt over. For nine years of his service as huntsman, the Duke of Beaufort's country included the present Heythrop territory. Every year Long took his hounds to the Heythrop kennels, which stood where the laundry of the present house is now, and exchanged the woods, light plough, and fine if deep pastures of Gloucestershire and Wilts, for the stonewall country of the Heythrop. The latter does not carry so good a scent as Gloucestershire, and a huntsman needs to be able to lift his hounds at times.

When in 1835, shortly before the death of the sixth Duke, the Oxfordshire country was given up, the present Heythrop hunt was founded. The hunt servants there still wear the Badminton green plush instead of pink, as a memory of the days when the country was a part of the Beaufort hunt, just as we are reminded by those same plush coats of the continuity of the Badminton hounds from the staghounds of early days.

Jem Hills, who had been at one time with Long as whipper-in, became the huntsman of the separated country, with twenty-five couple of Badminton hounds to start with, ten couple from Lord Radnor, ten couple of unentered hounds from Mr. Drake, nine and a half in a draft from the Warwickshire, a couple and a half from Mr. Moreton,[1] and one couple from Belvoir. As Will Long bred a lighter hound than Philip Payne, so Jem Hills went beyond his master in his efforts to breed for quality and speed.

The Heythrop country makes a quick, decisive style of hunting necessary. Scent there is not good. Its fences do not stop horses, and it had in those days at least a good many undergraduates in the field. Thus Jem Hills lifted his hounds "more frequently than any other huntsman of his day,' and one who hunted with the Heythrop for three seasons can bear witness to the efficiency of his methods.

The following instance is given. Hounds found a fox in Sherborne Cow Pasture. There was not much scent, and Hills "seemed determined not to lose a chance whenever a check occurred." A master of hounds from a good scenting county who happened to be out said that "in his opinion hounds so treated would never hunt when required to do so." Yet these hounds would work for Hills and put their noses down, and spread and try for the

[1] Afterwards Earl of Ducie.

scent when required. No one was quicker away from covert than Hills. So famous was he, the memory of the sport he showed being still green in my own undergraduate days, that he certainly deserves a place among the famous servants of the Badminton Hunt.

But to return to Long — good as he was as a huntsman, he was no writer. I have before me his diaries. He kept in them the barest record of the sport, with no echo of the enthusiasm he felt. His journals are consequently somewhat dry reading, and we have to turn to other pages to obtain an idea of the sport enjoyed by the hunt. The seventh Duke was still able to ride, and had not yet taken to the well-known phaeton with the postillions and outriders and the skewbald horses that later became a feature of the field. The eighth Duke was yet a boy, though keen about hounds and hunting, for Long testifies that he was an excellent whipper-in.

It was on January 20th, 1842, that the Badminton hounds had one of those runs that may well be called historic. Stanton Park was the fixture, and that well-known covert the draw. Hounds replied to Long's opening cheer with a challenge. In a moment more the famous badger pies were throwing their tongues with a charming chorus. The music of the hounds—there is none like it for those who love the chase—rang through the wood and told of a good scent. On the Draycot side hounds

poured out like a stream in spate, stopped, wavered, and settled to run. At every fence the pursuers grew fewer as hounds held on. The wild chorus of the wood was but a rippling chime, as now one, now another of the pack acknowledged the beauty of the poem that Hartley Coleridge thought scent made to the exquisitely attuned senses of the hound. Silently the pack swept onward, silently the field followed, from time to time one or another dropping out of the chase. Each man is looking straight before him, his vision limited to the eager ears of his horse and the fleeting piebald mass of the hounds. The fences are left behind. Always among the foremost riders is the slight, wiry figure of Will Long—now giving an ecstatic cheer, now

> "Unconsciously damning
> Their dear little hearts as they run."

His arm flies up at times with a characteristic jerk, a signal to those behind that the hounds are running on. Alas! in Badminton Park they were halloaed to a fresh fox.

But the day was saved by an excited groom, who, running up, told the huntsman, "I seen a 'unted fox, Mr. Long; 'e's as black as my 'at, and 'is tongue's out and 'is brush down."

"How long has he been gone?" asked Will briskly as he took his horn out of its case.

"Three minutes, and 'e can go a bit yet, or I'm mistaken."

The hounds fly to the horn. (The eighth Duke said Long never let them change foxes.) Horses are standing still everywhere. Only a few go on and see hounds catch a beaten fox, as he tried in vain to top a stone wall. Who-whoop! What says the chronicler? "Twenty-five miles in an hour and twenty minutes." [1]

Well, it might have taken twice that and more, and still have been a good run, though not a word is to be found in Will Long's own account. Possibly the enthusiasm of the writer confused his memory. It was a great run in any case, and, as Badminton men will delight to acknowledge, over a grand country.

But time passed on, and the seventh Duke began to fail. The attacks of gout became more severe, and at last he no longer appeared mounted and attired in the blue and buff uniform of his hunt. In 1853 the seventh Duke slept with his fathers, and the eighth Duke came to Badminton as master.

Long had now served under three Dukes of Beaufort. His new master had been a child of two years of age when he became huntsman, and had, as the Duke himself has written, "been brought up under Bill Long." There was a certain cloud over Long's retirement from the post he had occupied so many years. Both master and servant kept a

[1] Hounds must have gone a long way round. Stanton to Badminton being barely seven miles.—B.

diary; but it is to their credit that the disagreement is not mentioned. We need not therefore rake up from the past a forgotten quarrel, but let the matter rest as they left it. The extracts from the two diaries tell us all we need seek to know. The last entry in Will Long's diary, dated October 18th, 1855, is as follows:—

"The Duke sent Nimrod Long home for striking the hound Piper, and the same evening sent for me and Nimrod to his room, and after some little talk, I gave him notice that Nimrod and myself would leave the service. I hunted forty-seven times in this season previous to my leaving, and killed sixty foxes."

On October 20th the Duke makes his first entry in the books he kept up with such care during the time he hunted the hounds. The only allusion to the circumstances under which he determined to carry the horn himself is as follows:—

"The huntsman, Bill Long, having retired, and Nimrod Long, his son, the first whipper-in, leaving me also on Thursday, the 18th of October, I take to the hounds myself, with the second whipper-in, Bill Walker, and a boy, Tom Goddard, to whip in."

Long retired, like his predecessors, on a pension, and he often came out to see the pack he had made, working under the young master.

In another part of this book the story of the Duke as huntsman is told in his own words, and we may

therefore pass on to the time when, politics, society, and racing claiming more of the Duke's attention he decided to appoint a professional huntsman. Just as the young Duke came to this resolution, Mr. Morrell determined to sell his famous Old Berkshire Pack, then kennelled at Tubney. Mr. Morrell's huntsman was Tom Clark. The Duke, who had probably known the Old Berkshire Pack in his Oxford days, thought highly of the hounds, and gave 400 guineas for eight couple at the sale. He also engaged the huntsman to come to Badminton. Thus it was that "sagacious Thomas" came to hunt the Duke's hounds and brought with him some of his favourites from Tubney.

Clark's previous career had been as whipper-in to Captain Howarth; then he was huntsman to the Craven, afterwards to Mr. Morrell of the Old Berkshire for five years. The impression generally held of him as huntsman seems to have been that he was better in the kennel than in the field. But probably the most exact and just estimate of him is that given by his master, the eighth Duke. "Clark was a first-rate man in the kennel and good in the field. But he was perhaps a trifle too anxious to get away for a gallop. Nor was he very thorough in drawing his coverts, and not seldom drew over his fox. He was proverbially a bad finder of foxes. Once in the open he was, however, in his element; he loved to show his field a gallop, and could be with his hounds when they ran."

He was, too, an excellent kennel huntsman, and loved a day on the flags to show his favourites to an appreciative visitor. No one did the honours of the kennel with more of an air than he, especially when sons or daughters of his favourite Fleecer were showing themselves to his satisfaction.

Clark remained ten years with the Duke, hunting hounds often six days a week, which is hard work for any man. In his day the Duke or Lord Worcester usually drove a team to the fixture, and Tom Clark was generally one of the passengers. He was always neat and smartly turned out, and the Duke mounted him well, being of opinion that a servant, be he huntsman or whipper-in, had better be at home than badly mounted in the field. This opinion, though generally held, is by no means always acted on by masters of hounds.

In 1868 Clark left and took an inn at Chipping Sodbury. He now passes out of this story.

Time would fail me to tell of all the Badminton servants, many of whom reached to excellence in their profession: of Will Todd, whose holloa was famous; of steady, careful Will Stainsby; of Jack West, afterwards huntsman of the Cottesmore; of Nimrod Long, who made a name for himself with the Brocklesby.

It was after Tom Clark left that Lord Worcester took the horn, and Charles Hamblin came to him as kennel huntsman. Hamblin was trained under

Captain Percy Williams, of the Rufford, and was well worthy to be counted among those whose pluck, skill, and kindness have made their names honoured in the annals of English sport.

VIII

The Eighth Duke

PORTRAIT OF THE EIGHTH DUKE OF BEAUFORT WHEN A BOY AT ETON.

From the picture at Badminton.

CHAPTER VIII

The Eighth Duke

WHEN the young Lord Worcester came of age he was already prepared for the duties and pleasures of his great position. In the same year (1845), a few months after his twenty-first birthday, he married Lady Georgiana Curzon, the daughter of Richard, first Earl Howe. This was a fortunate choice, for the eighth Duchess will long be remembered at Badminton for her thoughtful care of her poorer neighbours, and the gracious kindliness with which she fulfilled the social duties of her station.

For a time the young heir was to lead a soldier's life. Love of soldiering was in the blood, and it had fired each successive heir to the family honours, from the day when the first Earl had served his country aboard ship or on land with equal eagerness. I have it on the authority of the Duchess herself, that her husband was anxious to see active service. This however was denied him, though all who knew him will not doubt that he would have greatly delighted in such an opportunity as has come

to the younger English country gentlemen of our day, of showing that they are of the same mettle as their forefathers who won honours in the field.

But Lord Worcester's early life was cast in a time of prolonged peace. We need not therefore dwell on his experiences in the service, which were rather of the nature of discipline and the carrying on of a family tradition, than of more serious work at the profession of arms. He began with a commission in the 1st Life Guards, though most of his service was with the 7th Hussars, then, as now, a regiment famous in sport and war, and remarkable for its smartness. Those were still the days when the cavalryman's weapon was his sword, and when dash and boldness and a certain jovial recklessness were part of the accepted character of the light horseman. Lever has painted the ideal Dragoon of his day, and if Charles O'Malley in point of time belonged to an earlier period than Lord Worcester, the type was the standard at which the Hussar still aimed. A curious incident of the time of which I am now writing was recalled to me by Mr. Alfred Watson, of whose long friendship with the eighth Duke I shall speak more at length later on. A poster was put forward by the then sergeant-major of the 7th Hussars to attract recruits. In this it was stated that a few high-spirited young men were wanted, but as the regiment had lately been remounted on unseasoned blood horses, recruits would not be allowed to hunt more than once a week!

The young Lord Worcester was popular, and he threw himself heartily into the gay life open to a subaltern of Hussars in the late forties and early fifties. All through his life he was distinguished by a real kindness of heart, that made him one of the most thoughtful of hosts, the most considerate of landlords, and the most genial of companions. He had too, as we have seen, a sterner side to his character, that made him very apt to succeed in all he undertook. Possibly in racing he was less successful than at anything else into which he threw himself. But his career on the turf belongs to a period that was certainly not the brightest in the history of racing. The resolute rush to ruin of a few reckless men, and the flourishing condition of the parasites who clustered round them, gave to racing an ill name it has not yet lost, though heavy gambling on the turf is now a thing of the past. The influence of men like Lord George Bentinck and Charles Greville, to whom racing was purely a gambling speculation, soon bore fruit, and men less able and more unscrupulous recognised that the sport might be treated as a business. This made it at once more expensive and less satisfactory to those who, like Lord Worcester and the third Lord Exeter, raced for the love of sport. It made the Marquis, and his friend and contemporary Sir John Astley, often the victims of blood-suckers and parasites masquerading as sportsmen. The generous, frank nature of the former laid him open to

many deceptions, and for a considerable portion of his career he turned aside from the turf altogether. He would have nothing to do with it, till timely penalties, inflicted with unsparing hand, had at least improved the practice of the racing world, if they had not greatly raised its principles. Though no doubt Lord Worcester loved racing, it never engrossed his time and attention as did other forms of sport. I think, indeed, we may say that hunting and soldiering in the early part of his career, and hunting and politics in the later years, had his heart.

It was two years after the death of his father, the seventh Duke, that there came into the eighth Duke's life a period he thoroughly enjoyed. For three seasons he hunted his hounds himself. During this time he kept a journal that is full of touches of interest. It is a relief to turn to its clear-sighted comments and humorous reflections, from the somewhat dry records of Will Long.

Will Long had now been huntsman for many years. In hunting matters the Duke was his pupil, and it may be the old man was somewhat impatient of the control of the master whom he had instructed as a lad. At all events, the Duke one morning found himself without a huntsman, and he resolved for the future to carry the horn. The Duke records the change in the opening words of his diary. Of the pack with which he started, we find there were of old hounds, "dogs, twenty-five couples; bitches,

twenty-six couples. Young dogs, ten and a half couples; bitches, seven and a half couples. Seventy-two couples in the kennel, sixty-nine couples of working hounds."

It was an anxious undertaking to hunt a pack of hounds that had been made by another man. There can be no doubt that hounds work very differently for a stranger, and the man they have known from puppyhood. Moreover the older hounds will have become accustomed to the ways and the methods of their huntsman, for it is certain that a kind of tradition grows up, that makes them know what the huntsman will do in certain emergencies—whether they can look to him for help or whether they must trust to themselves. The old dog hound is a great conservative. He resents any change, and will always respond more readily to the accustomed voice and horn. It is well known that hounds have refused to work at all for a strange huntsman. Such a case occurs to me. In Mr. Courtenay Tracy's pack of otterhounds was one named, I think, Nobleman, that had been a mainstay of Mr. Collier's pack. This hound, on finding himself in new quarters and with a stranger carrying the horn, refused to do any work, nor could anything induce him to take any interest in what went on in the field.

To take a fresh pack in hand then in October is a work that few masters would care to venture on, and fewer still would be likely to be successful in

doing so. The Duke, however, was not an entire stranger to the hounds, for all his life he had taken a pride in them and had ridden with them from a very early age. Nevertheless, it was not without some qualms that he donned the huntsman's green plush coat on October 20th, 1855, and trotted off to Shipton Lodge for a nine o'clock meet. The country chosen was that pleasant part between Badminton and Malmesbury.

In spite of the cares of office, there were probably few brighter moments in the Duke's life. To trot to covert in the brisk air of a fine October morning, with the pleasures of a season before you, your own hounds clustering round your horse's heels, and looking up to you with their wistful eyes—what can be more enjoyable, especially if, as the Duke had, you have youth and health on your side? Doubtless difficulties seemed to fade away, as King Charming bent his head to the rein and rattled his bit with pleasure, and the gay bitches trooped along by the master's side. Fortune indeed was to smile on the Duke's first attempt to handle hounds, as he himself has recorded.

"Meet at Shipton Lodge at 9 a.m. Find in the first spinney on the left of the approach to Estcourt House. A beautiful find—fox crossing in view to other side of approach. After two hours' good work and hard running with pretty rings over the open and park, ran into him in the lake, between waterfall and bridge near keeper's house. Fox and

WILLIAM DALE WITH THE HOUNDS.

Fervent nearly drowned. Halloaed hounds out of the water when the fox sank, and when he rose swam to same bank that we were on and was killed—(young fox). Went to Bowlderidge Break—no find. Newnton Gorse—three foxes. After twenty minutes went away through Bowlderidge Break towards Charlton Park, and bearing to the left, ran to ground on Mr. Pacey's farm. Time from covert, eighteen minutes. Ran fast."

Indeed it seemed as if the young huntsman was in for a run of luck, for a few days later the following entry appears in the Duke's writing :—

" Meet at Draycot at 9 a.m. Found in the wood at the lower end. Warlike (a young bitch of this year's entry) found the fox. Had three on foot at once. After two hours' knocking about and well rattling all the coverts—having nearly killed two foxes and being beat by storm coming on (the day before and till five o'clock p.m. this day it blew a hurricane, with storms of rain)—we went away towards Angrove. The fox would not face the storm. I waited till it was over, and then tried back into the withy beds and gorse at the end of Starkley Marsh. Vengeance began jumping and nearly caught the fox, which Tom halloaed at ten minutes to one. He took a turn for five minutes and then went straight away towards Mr. Wickham's farm, then bearing to the left through Bincombe, without a check, ran nearly into West Park ; bore to the left before crossing the

brook, which they crossed opposite Bradfield Wood; kept straight on nearly to Mr. Barnett's house (Bradfield Farm), turned to the left (across Hullavington and Norton Road) for about three or four fields, then to the right again as far as the farm on the Norton side of Surrendell, where they turned to the left again and ran into Surrendell Wood, killing him six minutes after they entered the wood—in forty-seven minutes altogether. Time over open, thirty-six minutes; from Tom's halloa to Surrendell Wood, forty-one minutes. All this run was over a fine grass country, five ploughed fields only. Hounds ran from start to the kill without interruption, as if they were tied to him, never checking. The best run I have seen for two years."

The sport, however, did not consist entirely of such runs as these, for it was on the whole much such an October as that of 1900. The ground was hard and scent was catchy. "Hounds," as the Duke said, "could run, but could not hunt." These words describe exactly a state of things familiar to every one who has carried the horn, and indeed to all who have watched hounds carefully at work.

The Duke was very observant; not an incident escaped his eye, and such entries as the following are found in his diary:—

"November 3rd.—Went to West Park. Found; the fox took a flying leap, clearing the fenced brook

below West Park on going away—the prettiest thing I ever saw."

Nor is the Duke unwilling to record his mistakes. The diary states what happened exactly, and with touches of the same vivid pen that delighted us afterwards in the Badminton Library. Some instances I cannot refrain from giving, for I feel that every hunting man will enjoy them.

The time is still the cub-hunting season of 1855, and on October 31st. "Hounds had been running for an hour, when three-quarters of a mile from Frampton Mansell they checked. Unfortunately Garland fancied he saw the fox, and I held them there and thus lost him. I recovered the fox by a forward and down wind cast some half a mile ahead. It was then, of course, too late."

Only a few days after this a fox was lost by false information, given in perfect good faith by a man who would probably have been glad to see one killed. Incidentally this is a lesson to huntsmen, for the probability is that hounds, especially with a sinking fox, will always run on the line between any two given points quicker than you could lift them. "The fox was only about two fields before us, and thinking to take a start on him, we went to the keeper's halloa. He saw him go up the ride and into the covert. The hounds would acknowledge no scent, but after ten minutes Prodigal hit it, and instead of into, out of the covert. He took it into Hazelands, but it

being six p.m. and lots of good foxes about, gave it up. The fox so beat we should have killed in ten minutes. It is wonderful but not uncommon that a man when he sees a fox never knows where he is gone to, or can distinguish his head from his brush."

The lesson, however, was not wasted, for a few days later we find an entry in the diary, the satisfied tone of the concluding words being justified by the obvious skill and wisdom of the huntsman. Incidentally I note the keen observation, which perhaps was one of the reasons why the Duke was so successful in all he undertook.

The diary tells us that old Trojan ran and killed a fox in three fields.

Then comes a note showing the Duke's kindliness, and the manner of telling, the quiet humour that marked his conversation and his writing.

"I might have killed the fox in the withy bed, and they very near had him. I could have turned him into their mouths, but refrained and let him go. Very good behaviour for a huntsman, I think."

The diary shows too that, like other huntsmen, the Duke had his troubles with the field. Thus on December 7th, 1855, he had met at Foss Lodge; and, finding a fox, had hunted him through various difficulties, making at least two masterly casts. He had his fox beaten in the covert when some of the field began to crack their whips, and hounds

"getting their heads up, I could not get them settled again for ten minutes, and the fox went away." The afternoon was late and the dusk of a December evening coming down, so the Duke had to take the hounds off. The longer I hunt the more I value silence on the part of every one in the field except the huntsman. "We could not," the diary goes on, "have failed to kill him if the whips had been kept quiet."

There is a very interesting note on December 26th of the same year: "Had out Lord Henry Bentinck's old Contest. Is a capital drawer. Did a great deal of good work and came home very fresh." This hound was a great favourite with Lord Henry, who says of him: "Contest 48. A model and most brilliant animal, noted for his hard running, flying his gates without touching them, and for turning without the need of a drag chain." This hound was by Comus, which Lord Henry Bentinck describes as a model dog, and goes back to Mr. Osbaldeston's Ranter, and to Crazy, "very crooked," but "ran a capital bitch until eight years old."

Again we find a fox, that the huntsman and hounds had fairly earned, saved by an untimely halloa. Truly silence is golden in a fox-hunter, possibly because so rare.

Another day was spoilt by a shooting tenant choosing Christmas Day, of all days in the year, to shoot his coverts.

On January 7th, 1856, "at five o'clock, just as we were coming home, a most curious meteor fell, which Captains Berkeley and Baillie, Colonel Edward Somerset, Mr. Granville Somerset, Lord Suffolk, Mr. John Bailey, and several others, including myself, saw. It was like a large ball of fire as big as one's head. It fell perpendicularly, leaving a column of light on its course which lasted two or three minutes, and then apparently turned into smoke which was visible for about a quarter of an hour."

Sport went on with varied luck, and the Duke was learning what a huntsman has to put up with in the way of false information, well intentioned but generally foolish advice, and most of all the absolute incapability of most people to refrain from halloaing when they see a fox.

There are many people who could tell the difference between a fresh fox and a hunted one if, like Mr. Jorrocks, they waited to count twenty, and gave themselves time to think. But no, directly they catch sight of a fox, open goes their mouth and wild yells come therefrom. However, I verily believe that if fields grew silent, foxes would become scarce, so many are the lives saved by shouting in the course of a season.

A run that is remarkable, inasmuch as it must have been one of the last seen by Lord Raglan, took place on February 23rd, 1856. Every one had gone home except "Lord Raglan, Capt. Grove, Parson Audrey, and Mr. Tugwell (Devizes). I

"PETRONEL"

went back to Biddesdon, and there sure enough was our hunted fox, very tired, and, I think, would have come to hand in about five or six minutes, but just as they came to a momentary check Mr. Little's son halloaed us away, and we went a screecher as if straight for Hay Wood, then bearing to the right between it and the gorse, nearly down to the Plough inn, Kingston St. Michael, where we turned very short to the left, leaving Kingston St. Michael to the right, Easton to the left, and would have gone, I believe, straight into Stanton Park. Suspecting my friend's intentions, I clapped on, and exactly met him as the hounds came to a check, our only one. He turned through Leigh Delamere, as if for Clapgate Farm, and coming round to the right, down to the little valley to the stile, corner of Stock Wood and the green lane, up which he ran three-quarters of a mile, when he met the keeper, who turned him out to the right, and they ran him up to within sixty yards of the Bell Farm. A man in the field, I believe, turned him short right, but unfortunately a fellow halloaing forward tremendously at the moment, I went to him. I believe the man was drunk—he certainly had never seen a fox; the hounds could not acknowledge him in any direction. It was most unlucky, as three fields more must have caught him."

An incident related in the latter part of this season shows how well some of the landowners and keepers helped the hunt by preserving foxes.

"Saturday, April 19th.—Met at Lasborough Gate by most particular desire of Mr. Garland (Mr. Holford's keeper). I think it is too late for those small coverts. However, he has had twenty-one litters of cubs in the last two years, and so I must do as he likes. As it is we did no harm, and the fox (a dog) killed to-day makes eleven and a half brace (twenty-three foxes) on Mr. Holford's property, killed (and found there) this year."

I note that late in April, the Duke met early in the morning (7.30 a.m.), and that by so doing he secured some first-rate sport. I have often wished that the indolence of modern times would allow us to meet early as the season draws to a close.

About this time Lord Worcester's name appears, so that he began early to learn the science of hunting. The Duke often notes services to the sport rendered by his son, and on March 8th the day's diary ends with the announcement: "This day Worcester put on his first B.H. jacket and waistcoat."

As the season drew to a close, the name occurs for the first time of Clark, then huntsman to the Old Berkshire, and destined later to show much sport with the Duke.

In this season the Duke hunted 102 days, killed 123 foxes (this includes sixty that Will Long killed in cub-hunting), and ran twenty-eight to ground.

IX

The Eighth Duke

PORTRAIT OF THE EIGHTH DUKE AND DUCHESS OF BEAUFORT.

By Sir F. GRANT, 1864.

CHAPTER IX

The Eighth Duke

AFTER the success of the first year it was not to be wondered at that the Duke should enter on the second with high expectations.

He began the season with Bill Walker and Charles Long's boy Heber, twelve years old, to whip in to him.

Cub-hunting opened on August 21st, hounds meeting at 11 a.m. as the weather was cold, and the pack had been fed late the day before.

Some days later they had a tussle with a badger. "There was a tremendous row and baying. I told Ted Light I was sure it was a badger. Descended into the wood and found the old gentleman. Bill Walker had never seen one before with hounds, and instead of seizing his tail, appeared whip in hand, ready to hit him as he got back into the covert. I got the hounds away. Very luckily only one puppy, Costly, bitten through the foot."

The following day the Duke took his hounds to Dyrham Wood, and found "four beautiful cubs in the corner yclept the dining-room; two went away

in ten minutes. Killed one dog, and behaved very well, not going back to kill the other."

Some time after this, appears a note in the diary that the Duke had to leave his hounds, and "being a steward of Doncaster races, put the hounds in physic, and go to Heath Hall, near Wakefield—Jack Smyth's. Twenty miles; two teams. My coach and one team of mine. One he hired—a good one. Capital racing."

Another note shows the Duke felt, that with the various duties and occupations then taking up his time and attention, he needed a man who could hunt hounds occasionally. "Will Stansby joins me as first whipper-in. He was for thirteen seasons first whipper-in to Bill Long, and then hunted the Worcestershire, and for one season Lord Harry Thynne's. He has been thirty years with hounds, and I hope to derive great benefit and assistance from him."

On the 25th September in the same year the Duke writes: "I had tried the last two days hunting later, but found, in spite of the wet and cold, that the hot weather was returning, and that at this time of year it does not pay hunting late" (late at 9 a.m. !).

Two more foxes were lost by halloaing, a practice from which the Duke suffered terribly. The diary bristles with such sentences as: "Mr. S—— (confound him) halloaed us on to a fresh one." It is at all times very difficult to know whether any

particular fox we view is a fresh one, as the following incident recorded in the diary shows: "I saw the fox within five or six minutes of its death jump a high bush, and gallop, and look clean, and would have sworn it a fresh fox, but it ran three or four rings round me as if I was lunging it by a string round its neck, which made me observe to Mr. E. Estcourt: 'I could swear it a fresh fox, but it must be from its running a beaten one.'"

On October the 7th the Duke left home at 6 a.m. to meet the hounds. After a hard morning's work he started off, as he himself says, to ride to Danebury, "an awful ride over the downs, and by a miracle, the last eight miles in a fog and dark, reached Danebury at 9.30 p.m." Not a bad day's work, it must be acknowledged.

The Duke was a keen observer of the working of his hounds, and delighted to record any special instance of sagacity they showed. This same autumn they were in hot pursuit of a cub. "A woman told me he was barely out of view, up to the wall of the verge, on to which Bachelor, who was leading, jumped. The others flashed over. He stood at the top waving his stern, then popped back into the road and took up the scent just as Fleecer, this year's entry, came back and spoke to it. Just then I viewed the fox within eighty yards, in the wood, unable to jump the wall, not four feet high." On another occasion a fox ran into the outskirts of a village, and hounds were unable to mark

him. About an hour after, the fox was seen to crawl out of a pigsty near to where hounds threw up, and to canter gaily off.

Of Monday, October 20th, 1856, the diary records: "A most remarkable day, Lord Fitzhardinge's hounds and mine joining—which has not happened since Philip Payne's time, in the Oxfordshire country, in 1818, March 21st.

"Meet Lower woods. Drew all down Moon ridings, and did not find till we came to the covert at the side of the brook. We ran to ground in Gibbin's lane. No scent scarcely. Some vagabond had unstopped the drain. Found a brace in Bishop Hill —one we nearly caught. We went away by back of Wickwar and by Cherry Rock on to railroad in the cutting. Two trains were due. I bustled off as quick as I could. This lost us our fox. Went back and found. He went away immediately by Bedfords and Bishop Hill, back to the wood, in which we ran very hard fifty minutes, and, on coming away again into Bedfords, met Lord Fitzhardinge's hounds running, and we joined and ran one hour all through the woods. Were some way behind him. I got on up the broad trench and viewed him across, halloaed them to him, and in eight or ten minutes more we killed. There were twenty-one and a half couples of Berkeley hounds—all there but one; all ours were there. No difficulty in separating them. At the Knapp gate Henry Ayris went through; all my bitches came back to me. All his went through,

and both went home. Mr. John Bayly was with me, young Mr. Barker with Lord Fitzhardinge."

Once again the diary records the loss of a beaten fox by untimely halloaing.

A peculiarly exasperating though not singular instance of this was when the Duke found himself standing in a ride watching a fairly hunted and well-beaten fox crawling about, while his hounds were being halloaed away to a fresh one on the far side of the wood.

If, as we have seen, the Duke was a keen observer of the working of hounds, he was not less observant of the riding of his field. Meeting at Yate Common in the famous Sudbury Vale, "a most brilliant gallop. Excepting in stone wall country, I never saw hounds run faster. Mr. John Bayly, Captain Paynter and Mr. Donovan, both of the King's Dragoon Guards, and Mr. Bernard and Colonel Nigel Kingscote went best."

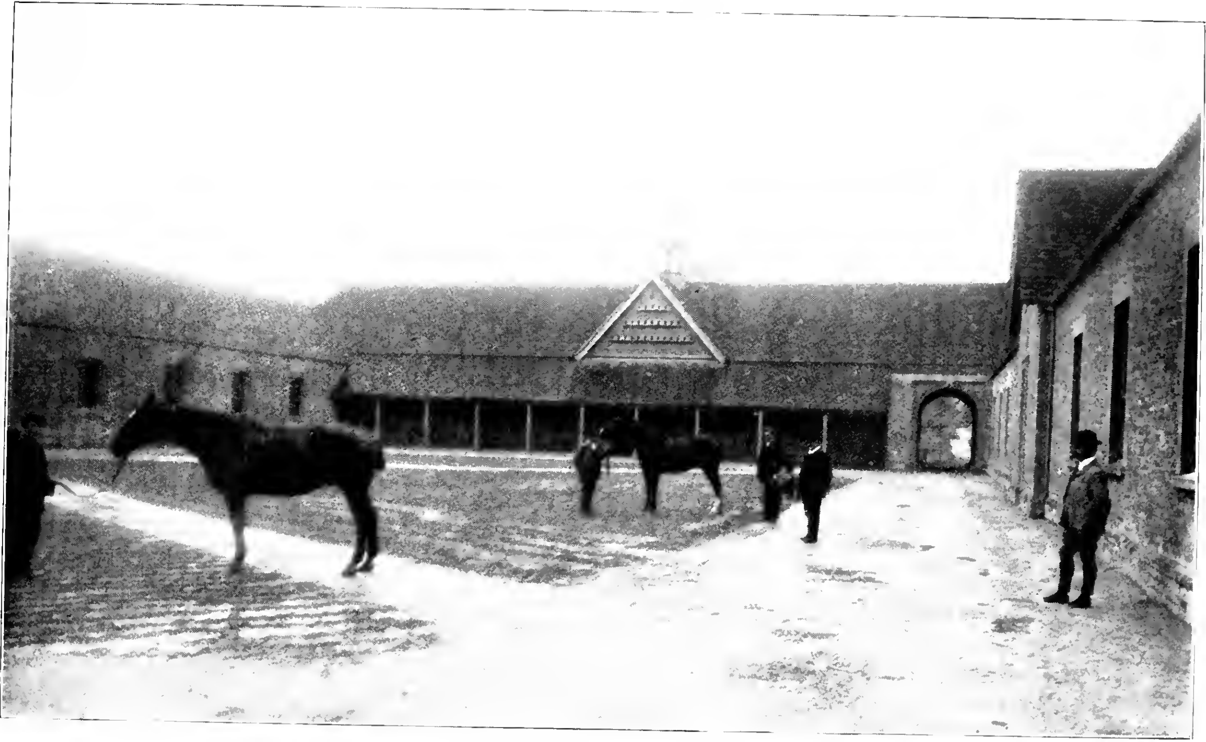
They had some good sport in December, but after a day made difficult by a too eager field, the diary for December 19th concludes a paragraph with the heartfelt exclamation, "Oh that the field would stand still!!!" But that is, of course, what no field, even the most sportsmanlike, will do, especially when the master is hunting the hounds himself. Later in the same season the Duke had to take hounds home. The increasing crowd that came out at this time no doubt made the master think of having a professional huntsman.

January 20th was a miserable day. There was thick fog and occasional snowstorms, and the Duke would not have hunted, but "John Bayly and Dr. Simmons of Oxford coming out, and the latter being a keen sportsman and getting but few days' hunting, I went to Withymore and found, and went fast to Lower woods." The Duke's kind-heartedness was not rewarded, for he was left in the wood, and "after an ineffectual search of an hour came home by myself."

A few days later the Duke mounted Major "Charley" Hall on Time, one of his own stud, and recorded that the pair went like a bird. The Duke, like his father before him, was always ready to mount his friends, and he writes that on February 10th, after a long frost, "I mounted seven people besides myself and men."

Hunting was not so popular with women in those days as it is now, but there were some good riders, and they are noted in the diary, for on February 14th "Lady Adelaide [Curzon, afterwards married to the twelfth Earl of Westmorland] rode Evangeline and the Viscount, and as usual went splendidly on both." A charming valentine for the lady.

On February 16th a well-known character succumbed to fate. The Duke killed the old stump-tailed vixen, whose end is thus recorded: "Found at the back of the *old* Hare and Hounds our dear old friend the stump-tailed vixen; ran her into timber yard. Took away the hounds—Garland caught her



THE STABLES AT BADMINTON.

(she bit the top of his finger off)—and put her into a small plantation. Like a fool, she ran into garden and was killed. I was sorry, having for three seasons hunted her. She was bred in Rough ground, and laid up a litter at Shipton last spring. She was very clever, and till to-day, when found, always shifted the responsibility on some one else's shoulders. It was awfully hot. No fox could stand before hounds."

In addition to the field, the Duke found his whippers-in a trial. As a whole perhaps they mar more sport than they make. "Are whippers-in intended as a trial to our patience, or are they a naturally stupid race?" inquires the Duke. Then comes a note written in high spirits :—

"Thursday, February 19th. — Old Berkshire Hounds; Mr. Morrell invited us (Lord Raglan, Colonel Powlett Somerset, Captain Thomas Leslie and myself), gave us a good hunt in the Shrivenham country, sent his coach and four to meet us at Farringdon, took us and entertained us (36 to dinner) at Oxford. Slept at All Souls' in Granville's rooms. Had a good day's sport, killing one fox. Hunted next day, Friday, February 20th, at Bradwell Grove, with the Heythrop — a bad scenting day, but so bright one could see a fox a mile ahead, and we killed three; a merry day's sport, though not a brilliant one. Five hundred people out—many of them to meet me.

"Both packs behaved well. We had great fun! quite a Mr. Soapy Sponge's sporting tour!!!

"I forgot to mention that Mr. Morrell took us to covert on his coach, and I drove as far as Witney, from whence, by post-horses, seven miles. An old cove aged sixty rode the leaders, galloped all the seven miles—up hill or down—never took the draft off the leaders or looked behind him."

It would be interesting to know if the malformation described below is common in foxes. I cannot recollect ever to have seen or heard of such a thing. "In Pinkney found a fox with a brush like a Pomeranian dog's tail, but curling to the off instead of to the near side. She could not run."

The following is an instance of the value of silence in a huntsman at critical moments. "The fox came close to me and laid down when the hounds came up within five yards of me (I sat still and did nothing). He jumped up. Every hound viewed him, and they ran into him in the open." Probably a holloa would have saved the fox's life, for hounds do not seem to realize a fox unless they see him. On March 21st, when sport had been poor for some time, hounds were at Swalletts Gate, which was the fixture on the day of the Greatwood run. "A very fine hunting run" of one hour thirty-six minutes "marked him into a rabbit's spout, and with two sticks and a hunting whip hook scratched up to him, got him by the

brush, and pulled him out. Spades were not used, it being the V.W.H. country. Curiously enough, in the same rabbit spout were four young cubs about eight days old."

On May 2nd the Duke finished his season with a fine run from the monument at Hawkesbury, two hours and six minutes. "Good finish to the season," he says; "may we have a good one next year. *Vivat Regina!*"

The third season the Duke carried the horn, that of 1857-8, was undoubtedly a bad one. It was the first winter of the Crimean War. The Duke realized that to hunt a pack like his required a man's whole attention, but first racing, and afterwards the duties of Master of the Horse, which office he held under Lord Derby's first administration, often took him away. Though Stansby, his first whipper-in, carried the horn well, yet sport is never so good when hounds are hunted by one to whom they are not used.

Though the season on the whole was not a good one, it was by no means devoid of sport, and whenever the Duke was out he never failed to record the day's proceedings in his usual vivid style, and with a keen eye for interesting details.

They began hunting in Silkwood at 4.30 a.m., on August 18th. The morning sport was ordinary cub-hunting, but the following incident is curious in its way. "A black horse I bought (from Dicky Little, 9th Lancers, ordered out to India) kicked at

President, a young Trojan dog, which ran home to his old walk at Sopworth. On the following Saturday, President, the dog that was kicked last Tuesday, ran home to his walk directly we found, and oddly enough his brother, Pilot, went home to Badminton. I suppose his brother had told him!"

On August 27th, Lord Fitzhardinge's hounds and the Badminton had a joint day at Mr. Kingscote's Hunter's Hall. "Harry Ayris hunted both packs. His pack very good."

This was the first of several joint days these two packs had together. Towards the end of the season, Lord Gifford having given up the V.W.H., the Duke of Beaufort was invited by the covert owners of that hunt (not then divided as now) to hunt the country. It will interest old V.W.H. men to read of a day mentioned in the diary. The meet was at Stonehill Gate.

"John Fuller viewed a fox as he was coming to covert, going into Braydon Pond. We went there and found the fox, a very short running one. After an hour of very pretty hunting, were beaten by the Brinkworth crossroads. Found in the Purlieus after an 'arduous draw,' and ran like the wind forty minutes, going through 'the Pond,' after having run between Ravens' Roost and Worthy Hill, by Woodcocks, Pond Coppice, Stonehill Wood, into Purlieus field (twenty-five minutes); then by Perry Keans Gorse into Mrs. Keene's wood (forty minutes); a check of sixteen minutes

in the covert in consequence of the fox being headed. As I got near him he went away. Hounds taking it heelways gave him three fields start. Ran like the wind into Red Lodge. I got into the green lane to keep him out of the Railway drains. Fox deadbeat, at a walk went away—not having been two minutes in the covert. Blew my whistle, not daring to holloa, and getting out of the lane, followed, and passed him. He laid down till disturbed by a foot sportsman. I never lost sight of him, and stopped him again. Wrangler, who had found him in the gorse, caught him, just as the others were coming up. First part, forty minutes; second, twenty-six minutes; check, sixteen minutes. Total, one hour twenty-two minutes.

"As fine a run as could be seen. One hour twenty-two minutes, with but two ploughed fields, and as fast, the whole of it, as it is possible for hounds to run. The work of the hounds this day exceeded anything I ever saw. Their patience in the morning and stoutness in the evening delighted me. Two of this year's entry, Playful and Comrade, deserve all the praise a hound can receive."

The last day of this season was Friday, April 30th, so no May fox was killed that year.

The hounds were out 147 days, and they killed 113 foxes—no bad record. The diary for this year ends with the note: "Twenty-three foxes killed in the open this year. This does not mean foxes

caught in the hedgerows, or anywhere out of covert, but fairly knocked off their legs in the open field."

Thus came to an end the Duke's three seasons of hunting. Before the next season he appointed Thomas Clark to be huntsman. The Duke, as we have seen, learned hunting under William Long, and Long belonged to that school of huntsmen who desire to kill the fox they find, and whose aim it is to prevent hounds from changing in the course of a run. That hounds can learn this, the French professors of the art of venerie tell us. The Duke considered that his hounds had the quality of holding to the line of their quarry in a remarkable degree.

Thomas Clark, however, had no ideas of this kind, albeit he was a good man in the kennel and showed excellent sport. I imagine that Clark was very popular with the hard-riding members of the field, for he was ever keen for a gallop. He would take hounds off a hunted fox in covert, to cry them on to a fresh one that had gone away over the open. He thought of the run first, and of the hunt afterwards. This is but natural in a huntsman whose livelihood and whose reputation depend on the favour and the idle tongues of the least thoughtful and careful of the field.

The precepts he had learned in the first instance from Long, and his own long practice of them

enabled the Duke to write those few but golden pages of advice, that are to be found in the Badminton library treatise on hunting. I would only add one word to them for the benefit of those men who may have to handle a scratch pack of drafts in a foreign land. Hounds that do not belong to one pack, or to one family, will not work together and trust one another, as do those of an old-established pack. Consequently they will need more help from the huntsman, than the Duke found it necessary or desirable to give. With a scratch pack, such as one gets in India for example, the huntsman should be prompt and decisive in his casts, always ready to help his hounds, though never in a hurry.

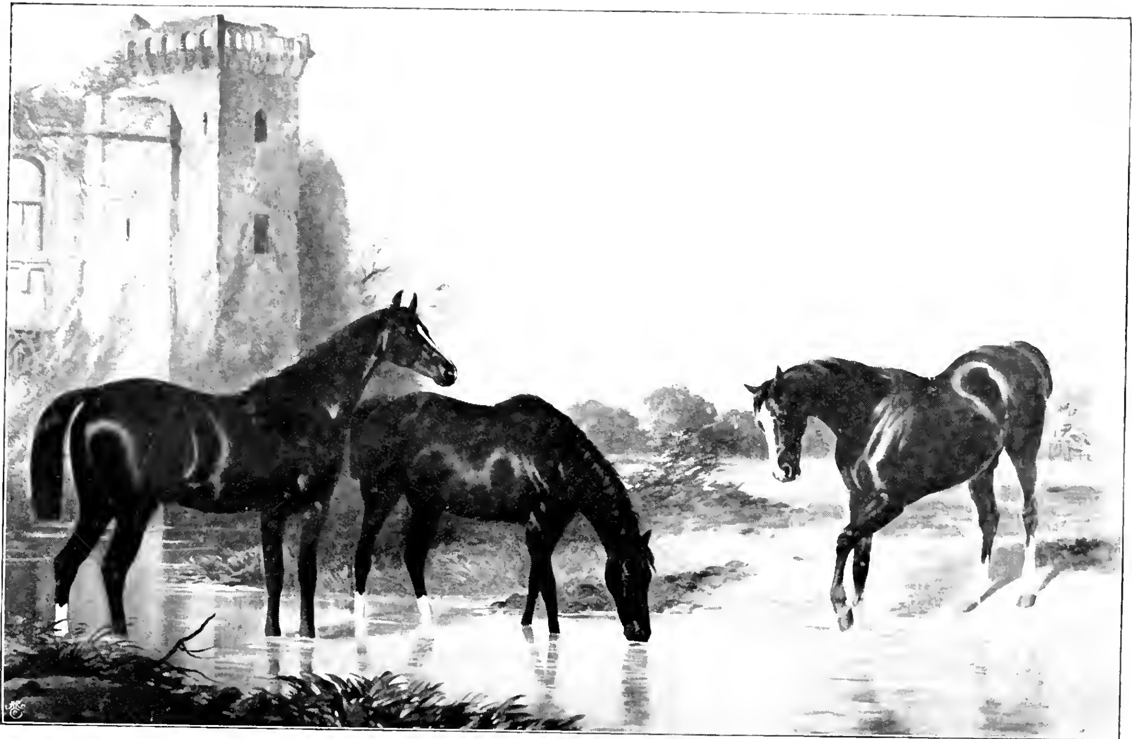
From the story the Duke has given in his diaries, and the precepts he has laid down elsewhere, he should rank high as a huntsman. On the whole, perhaps, he has hardly had the credit to which he is entitled. The first two seasons he carried the horn, he showed good sport in spite of difficulties, and if it was not so good the last year, the reason may be found in the fact that it was a bad scenting season, and he had much to distract him from the business of the hounds and the field. Racing and politics divided the Duke's attention, and he was ever alive to the claims of his increasing family. In May, 1856, came the birth of his only daughter, which was a source of great joy to the Duke. After a day's hunting we find the reason given for

an early return in the words, "went home to christen Lady Blanche." (May 1st, 1856.)

This daughter, who became the wife of the fifth Marquis of Waterford, died after a painful illness, and her death added to the sorrow that deepened over the close of the Duke's career.

X

The Eighth Duke



A GROUP OF HUNTERS.

From the picture at Badminton.

CHAPTER X

The Eighth Duke

WHEN the Duke handed over the duties of huntsman to Tom Clark, he did so with regret. To a man who has once hunted hounds, the sport can never be quite the same when he no longer carries the horn. The interest in the working of the pack as a whole, and in the individual hounds which compose it, is so absorbing to the huntsman, that were it not for his responsibilities to his field, there would be but little difference to him between a so-called bad day, and a good one. Indeed it may well be that a day which to many hard-riding followers seems dull, is for the man who hunts hounds a period of absorbing interest and delight.

To see Chanticleer, one of this season's entry, rush to the head of the pack at a difficulty and put them all right; to see old Woldsman take the line down a road for nearly a quarter of a mile; or to watch Rarity pick up the scent alongside a hedge, and hear her shrill but true notes as she drops her stern and scuttles away, while the rest stream to

her trusted summons, these things are delights in themselves, quite keen enough to make up a day's pleasure.

The huntsman recollects too with pride, the successful cast he made when hounds were at fault, how he held them past the sheep or over a bad scenting fallow, and saw them put their noses down and drive forward directly they had passed the foiled ground.

But it must be confessed that to hunt hounds successfully, takes up a great deal of time and thought. Many other duties and other occupations were calling the Duke. There were the duties of a great landlord, and the tradition of the Somersets was to manage their estates liberally. They had, moreover, that genuine interest in, and liking for the details of farming, which only could give them the real influence they undoubtedly wielded in their own county. So the Duke was a farmer on a large scale. A great landlord can afford to try improvements and show farmers what they should aim at. The English farmer is conservative and slow to change. This is not because he is wanting in intelligence, but because for him farming is his livelihood and he cannot afford to spend capital on doubtful experiments. This the Duke understood, and he entered the lists as a grower and exhibitor of choice stock. He frequently exhibited successfully, and his flock of Southdown sheep was well known throughout Wilts and Gloucester. The good blood

thus brought in improved the cattle, and the farmers were glad to avail themselves of the opportunities offered. The Duke thus laid the foundation of the good work he accomplished for stock-raising and horse-breeding in the country round Badminton. It was this liking for and success in farming, that helped to place him in the position of one of the representative country gentlemen of his day.

On this work at home was based an influence in politics that made itself felt in London, and brought to him the Mastership of the Horse in 1858, and the Garter somewhat later. The Duke might indeed have taken a larger part in politics than he did, but the years of his greatest influence and activity coincided with the long exile from power of the Tories, and the ascendancy of the Whigs.

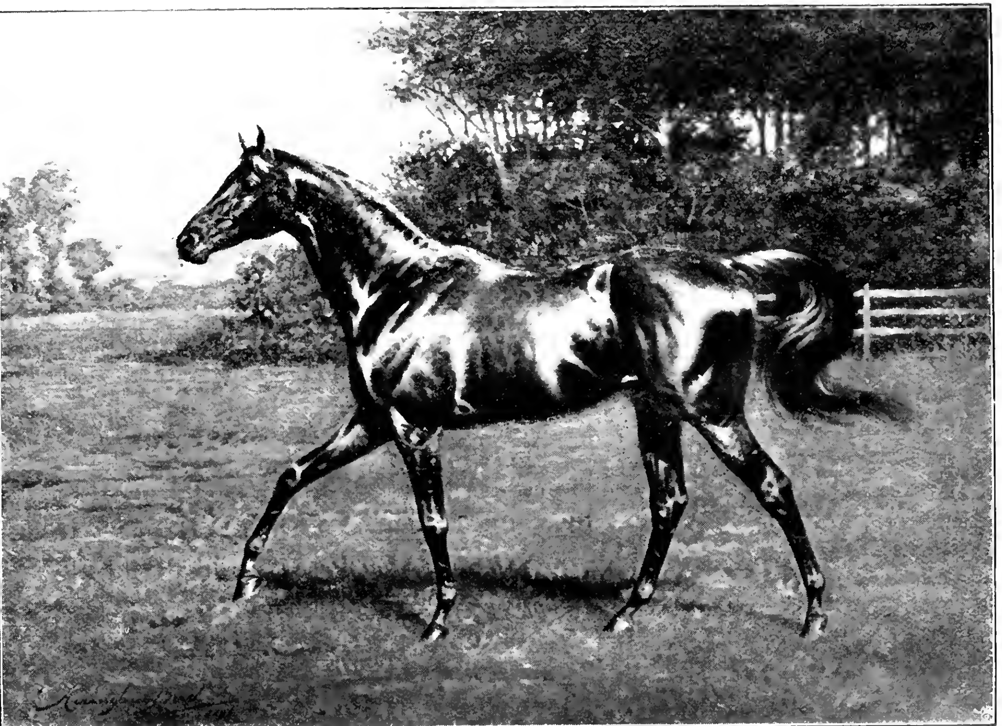
In sport and social life the Duke found his pleasure, and he was for many years a supporter of the turf. But as a matter of fact, though he was popular and respected, he was not of a temperament to be successful in racing. When he had, or thought he had, a good thing, he let all his friends know it, and, like Sir John Astley, he was sometimes made use of by unscrupulous and designing persons.

Yet his liking for racing came to him early in life, and he may be said to have inherited the taste from his father, the famous seventh Duke. Probably he saw his first race when as Lord Glamorgan, a little lad of six, he watched a colt of his father's carry in first the white jacket and blue cap which

then were the Beaufort colours. After this the boy went often to Newmarket, and it is said that on one occasion his pony ran away with him past the winning post, and right through the town.

When he succeeded to the title he registered fresh racing colours, viz., blue with white hoops and a blue cap. He bought at Hampton Court sale a colt named Furioso, which never was anything but a very ordinary selling plater. A colt named Gin was thought to have an outside chance in Beadsman's Derby, but he never even reached the starting post. A filly Vigil, which the Duke owned about the same time, owes her chief title to remembrance, to the fact that she was half-sister to Rarey's noted Savage Cruiser.

The Duke's horses were trained by old John Day at Danebury, where also the late Duke of Newcastle, the Earl of Westmorland, and the Marquis of Hastings had their respective strings. At Danebury was thus laid the foundation of the fortunes of several well-known bookmakers of the day. Siberia slightly improved the racing fortunes of the Duke in 1865, when she won the 1,000 guineas, and Rustic was a favourite for the Derby which Lord Lyon won, and for which Savernake was second. Fordham, who was one of the finest horsemen that ever rode a race,was the Duke's jockey. Yet, like his master, he never won a Derby. Fordham rode Ceylon when he won the Grand Prix, and Vauban when that good horse won



LATER PORTRAIT OF "PETRONEL."

From the picture at Badminton.

the 2,000 guineas. Vauban was third in Hermit's Derby. This defeat brought about the sale of the Duke's horses, save that flying filly Scottish Queen. She was unluckily a roarer, but carried off the 1,000 guineas nevertheless.

For ten years and more after this victory, the Badminton colours were seldom or never seen on a racecourse. In 1870 the Duke once more took up racing, and began well by winning the 2,000 guineas with Petronel, a very handsome horse which afterwards for many years stood at Badminton. The Cob, Button Park, and Ragimunde were all useful, the last winning the Cæsarewitch. But Reve D'Or, winner of the 1,000 guineas and Oaks, was one of the best racehorses the Duke ever owned.

Though latterly the Duke entirely gave up racing, he continued to take the greatest interest in horse breeding. As to the turf he always took an active part in its government, and assisted in the deliberations of the Jockey Club. He was also one of those who took part in the foundation of the N.H. Committee. This is a body that has been much abused. Yet without it, we may well believe the condition of steeplechasing would be even worse than it is at present.

Yet varied as were the Duke's interests, his happiest days were spent at Badminton. In his own house and among his own people he represented a type of manly, courteous, kindly English gentleman. The hunt was one of his greatest pleasures and was

a means of strengthening his usefulness and influence.

A hunt like that ruled over by the Duke of Beaufort was a sort of open-air club. In the days of which I am now speaking the hunting field was free to all, and every one could do what he pleased save to ride over the hounds. The hunt was the Duke's own, carried on at his expense, and the only distinction was the buff and blue uniform. The much-prized right to wear this was given by the Duke. The existence of the hunt and the way it was carried on, brightened the whole neighbourhood. Many a kindly action was done in the field, many a friendly word spoken, much business even was transacted, for the Duke there met his tenants and neighbours in a way unshackled by formality.

His household was a very splendid establishment, equalling in state and magnificence anything of the kind in the country. On a hunting morning the coach, loaded with guests and friends, would be driven to the fixture by the Duke or Lord Worcester. When the day's sport was over, the Duke's guests would find a change of clothing and a lunch at some convenient inn, and could return in comfort to Badminton. From the first the Duke's children learned to ride. "We are not allowed to hunt more than three times a week till we are five years old," was the explanation of one of them to a visitor at the house. A kindly hospitality reigned, for the

Duke was an admirable host and never happy unless his guests had everything they could desire. The Duchess, and as she grew up Lady Blanche Somerset, cared for the poor and interested themselves in all the good works of the neighbourhood.

This was a golden period in the history of Badminton, the clouds that overshadowed later years being scarcely yet above the horizon. No doubt there were troubles and cares, but they were not allowed to disturb the general aspect of well-being. The Duke and Duchess both had a genuine wish to make others happy, and with whatever faults and mistakes, probably no one was ever more genuinely kind and unselfish than the Duke. Tenants, servants, friends and guests, high and low, loved him.

Thus the seasons came and went, bringing with them a succession of sport with the hounds. All this time Clark was hunting the pack with fair success, and Lord Worcester was learning the science of woodcraft and hunting, which was to make him one of the best huntsmen of his day.

But this is anticipating. Soon after the Duke engaged Clark, as huntsman, Mr. Horlock appeared again upon the scene. The dispute this time was a trivial one, and Mr. Horlock was certainly in the wrong, as the following letter from the Duke will show.

"Sir,—My attention has been called to a paragraph in a letter written by Scrutator in this day's

Bell in which he roundly abuses my huntsman Clark. I regret to be obliged to say that Mr. Horlock, or 'Scrutator,' as he calls himself, has not told the truth. The real facts I will state, and leave you and your readers to judge who ought to complain of want of courtesy, he or I. Mr. Horlock wrote to say he was engaged to describe the kennels of England, and that so well did he know my hounds if he only had a few particular descriptions of individual hounds, he could perfectly write a description of them. I thought this strange, but both I and the huntsman wrote to him on the subject, giving (without any reference or comparison with each other) our own version of their general and particular appearance and character. This elicited a reply from Mr. Horlock that the hounds must be improved since he had seen them, and that as he believed Tuesday was a non-hunting day, he would be at the kennels early that morning. In answer he was told 'Tuesday was a hunting day, but the hounds met about three and a half miles off, and Clark shall stay with you to the last minute he can, and sending on the hounds shall gallop after them on a hack.'

"He was also told that I was going away for a few days, but that a quiet and pleasant horse was ordered and at his disposal, if he chose to see the hounds in the field. On the Sunday or Monday before the appointed Tuesday, came a letter from Mr. Horlock to say he had lumbago, and could

not come. Would Clark send some further particulars, and he would write his article without seeing them. Nothing more is heard till about a fortnight after, when Clark on a Wednesday asked me had I heard from Mr. Horlock. I replied 'No,' and he said 'That is strange; he has written to Bill Long, and desired him to meet him at the Kennel on Thursday'—the next day.

"Now pause a moment. Who is Bill Long? A huntsman whose whole history Mr. Horlock knew, and who had left me under circumstances with which Mr. Horlock was perfectly acquainted. Was it or was it not strange—I might say impertinent—of Mr. Horlock to desire my late servant to meet him in my kennel, and yet not write to either me or my huntsman? I immediately gave orders to Clark, and most positive orders, that neither one nor the other should be admitted in his absence; and on his expressing a wish to be at home to show the hounds, I desired him to do nothing of the sort, and took him out hunting with me to see Sir Maurice Berkeley's hounds. Now, the first thing Henry Ayris remarked was, 'Oh, Mr. Horlock came to our kennels yesterday. He came after feeding time, too (a sharp trick for an "old Master of Hounds," you will say, Mr. Bell), and I told him both you and the Duke would be out here to-day.'

"Mr. Horlock arrived at the inn at Badminton at nine at night, not 200 yards from the kennels.

We did not leave till 9.30 in the morning, and he never sent any message either to me or Clark, nor did he go near the kennel till a quarter to ten, when he knew we should be out. Did he not intend, I ask any one, to see the hounds in company with Long and without my huntsman? I have a pack of hounds that I am not ashamed of showing, and that I am always happy any one fond of animals should see, but I do not choose to be treated in the discourteous way I was treated by Mr. Horlock; it was not Clark's doing, but my express orders that kept Mr. Horlock out of the kennels the day he mentioned. Had Mr. Horlock told you the whole truth, I should not have troubled you with this long letter, which, as you have published the abuse of my huntsman, I hope you will also in justice publish. As to the nonsense he talks of Clark presuming on his situation, etc., all who know his quiet, unassuming manners will justly appreciate, and as to his talents as a huntsman, those who have hunted with him can inform you.

"For myself I can only say it is a pleasure to me to see my hounds so artistically, quickly, and successfully handled. Mr. Horlock has only himself to thank for being disappointed in seeing hounds. I was quite prepared to show him every possible courtesy, but my hounds are not public property, and I do not like being treated as he treated me, and I resented it accordingly. I have

now two things to ask Mr. Horlock: one is to put the saddle on the right horse, and blame me, not Clark (if he does not see that his own folly was the cause of the door being shut in his face); and the other is that he will, when giving an account of any transaction between himself and me, tell the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth.

"Yours, etc.,

"BEAUFORT."

In 1861 the Duke was obliged to winter abroad, and the hounds were placed under the management of Sir William Codrington, and Colonel Kingscote, his brother-in-law. The Duke himself sailed for Gibraltar with a few hounds, intended as a gift for the Calpé Hunt, where so many infantry subalterns have been trained in hunting. The then Master of the Calpé Hunt was Colonel Powlett Somerset, a cousin of the Duke's.

In 1863 the Duke determined to see how his famous pack would hunt the wolf in France. He started from Folkestone on March 28, with twenty-five couple of hounds under the charge of Clark, eighteen horses, two carriages, and a heavy fourgon. The *Journal de la Vienne* commemorated the arrival of the Duke and his hounds in Poitou in the following interesting paragraph:—

"Everybody knows that from time immemorial there have been no wolves in England, the

race having been destroyed, but there are many in Poitou. The Duke of Beaufort, an English sportsman, has just passed through Paris with 200 dogs intended to destroy these wild animals, which are the terror of the shepherd and of the inhabitants of lonely dwellings. It may be said of the peer that he is a sportsman by profession. He has inherited a rental of 1,000,000 frs., on condition that he shall always maintain three packs of hounds, and shall hunt six days in the week. Another clause in the will binds him to expend 250,000 frs. a year on his hunting establishment. There are collaterals always on the watch who would cause the bequest to be revoked in case the conditions were not carried out. These noble eccentricities are to be found only in England."

The Badminton Hunt had always appealed to French sportsmen, and up to the present time a small, though, alas! rapidly decreasing number of Frenchmen have been masters of the science of venerie. Foreign sportsmen admired the splendour of the Duke's hunt, and many of them came to Badminton for hound blood. To them the Duke of Beaufort and his hounds were representative and typical of the best English hunting science.

It was not, therefore, as a stranger, either personally or by reputation, that the Duke went over to France. The origin of the scheme to take foxhounds to hunt the wolf was as follows:—

M. Auguy, *Officier de Louveterie* in Poitou,

wrote to the Duke, asking to be permitted to buy some of the Badminton hounds. He received a reply to the effect that the hounds would not be sold, though the Duke would be happy to present him with a couple. At the same time the Duke asked to be informed on several points in connection with the sport of wolf hunting. The result was an invitation to go to see for himself. Accordingly the Duke, Lord Worcester, the Honourable M. Russell, and Captains Graham and Wyndham, crossed the Channel and stayed at Rieul l'Espoir, a hunting box lent by Monsieur Chabôt.

Monsieur Auguy and Count Roget de Chezelles were also the Duke's guests. In due time the horses and hounds arrived and were much admired. But the question naturally arose, would these hounds enter to the scent of the wolf. On this point my own experience in India was that hounds which had already been entered to jackal would acknowledge the line of a wolf, but that no drafts from England would do so at first; the reason of this being that the scent of the jackal and of the wolf is not nearly so strong as that of the fox. At first the Duke's hounds, steady from all riot to their own quarry, would have nothing to say to the line of the wolf. When, however, they had seen the French hounds kill a wolf, and had assisted in the breaking up, they took readily enough to the scent. Nevertheless, the attempt to

hunt the wolf with foxhounds was not altogether a success, and the experiment was not repeated.

A lawn meet at Badminton in those days was a great function in the neighbourhood, and we find it recorded that on January 17th, 1863, no less than 5,000 people were assembled. "More than 1,000 sat down to breakfast, beside, as the chronicler relates, four or five hundred of the upper classes, for whom luncheon was provided. There were plenty of foxes," and that the Duke's hospitality had been abundant, we gather from the fact that the reporter says he saw more than twenty falls in the course of the morning's sport.

In 1864 the members and farmers of the hunt presented the Duke and Duchess with their portraits. The picture, painted by Sir Francis Grant in his well-known style, still hangs at Badminton. From a writer of this period we find that the hunt was fashionable, and we have already seen that it was popular.

But if for a moment we pass from the house to the kennel, which is indeed an easy walk, we shall find that the distinction that had marked the Badminton hounds in times past was maintained.

In 1866 the Duke and Tom Clark had a wonderfully fine pack. There were many famous hounds in kennel. Marplot, which strained back to Justice, the somewhat coarse hound Philip Payne delighted in, and which was to the Beaufort kennels almost what Rallywood was to Belvoir. Then

there were Granby and Guardsman, hounds that brought in the race of Belvoir. Trickster represented the great Warwickshire Tarquin family, and Sunbeam and Sulphur went back to their own famous Potentate (1841).

In 1867 the Duke's hounds began cub-hunting on August 10th. A man who hunted with them notes the quietness with which the work of the hounds was carried on. Those of my readers who recollect the Duke's experience of holloas related in his diary, will have no difficulty in understanding how this was brought about. Clark's system had been effectual, for on an average he handled a brace of cubs a morning. But that which delighted the Duke most was the entry of this season, and both he and Lord Worcester were always ready to show them to an appreciative visitor. There were 27½ couple, all home bred and walked by the Duke's tenants. The only sires used from other kennels were the Belvoir Nathan, which brought in the blood of Osbaldeston Ranter, Mr. Drake's Duster, and Belvoir Senator, one of Will Goodall's favourites. Lord Worcester (the ninth Duke) gave to this entry their names. There was among them a considerable number of the badger and hare pies, for which at that time Badminton was famous.

The season of 1867–68 was marked by several events. The Prince of Wales paid a visit to Badminton, bringing with him nine horses. There was, of course, a great gathering on the occasion,

and what is more remarkable, a good run, which the crowd often makes impossible at such times. A fox from Shipton took a line over a fine grass country to Charlton. The Duke always had a high opinion of the Prince's possibilities as a sportsman, had not other and weightier responsibilities interfered. This opinion he has expressed in the well-known dedication to the Badminton library.

But more important to the fortunes of Badminton was the coming retirement of Tom Clark, who had made up his mind to resign and take an inn in the Sodbury Vale.

Among the incidents of this year, too, was one for the account of which, and the following letter I am indebted to that good sportsman, Mr. Townsend, so well known in our time as the Secretary of the Cirencester Polo Club. The story runs as follows :—

Lord Colville, who in 1868 was Master of the Buckhounds, on the invitation of the Duke of Beaufort had taken the hounds into Gloucestershire. On the first day on which the staghounds were out, Mr. Townsend, who was then a lad of eighteen years of age, was out shooting, and knowing nothing of the presence of the staghounds in the neighbourhood, had no idea that the stag he came across was a hunted one. The young sportsman consequently shot the intruder, and to continue the history in his own words, "I had brought him a mile and a half on the road towards home when

we met the hounds, with the late Duke, the present Duke, and Lord Colville, and, of course, a lot of other sportsmen. I had the stag across a pony on the turnpike road when they met me. They admitted they had not seen or heard anything of the stag for as much as two hours and a half. At the time I saw him he was evidently making his way to the river Severn, and they were also making for the river, thinking the stag would swim it and get into the Forest of Dean. Naturally I got most terribly chaffed over the business, and went by the name of 'Tom Valentine' for a long time afterwards."

The transgressor, however, belonged to a sporting family, and having all the instincts of a sportsman he was greatly concerned at the misadventure. He consequently addressed letters of apology to Lord Colville and the Duke, both of which were graciously received. Lord Colville wrote that he was convinced the stag had been shot by mistake, and that if he should be Master of the Buckhounds the following season, he hoped he might have another opportunity of bringing them into the young sportsman's neighbourhood. The Duke, in his usual kindly way, wrote as follows:—

"DEAR SIR,—

"I am very much obliged to you for your letter. A misfortune it certainly was that the stag was killed; but I am quite convinced that it was

done without any sinister motive. It will be gratifying to you to know that not only do all your friends and acquaintances say that none of your family would willingly have done such a thing, but more especially you yourself are looked up to in your own neighbourhood as everything that a young man should be. Our acquaintance began inauspiciously, but we shall be none the worse friends I hope for that, and I shall be very glad to shake hands with you the first time we meet.

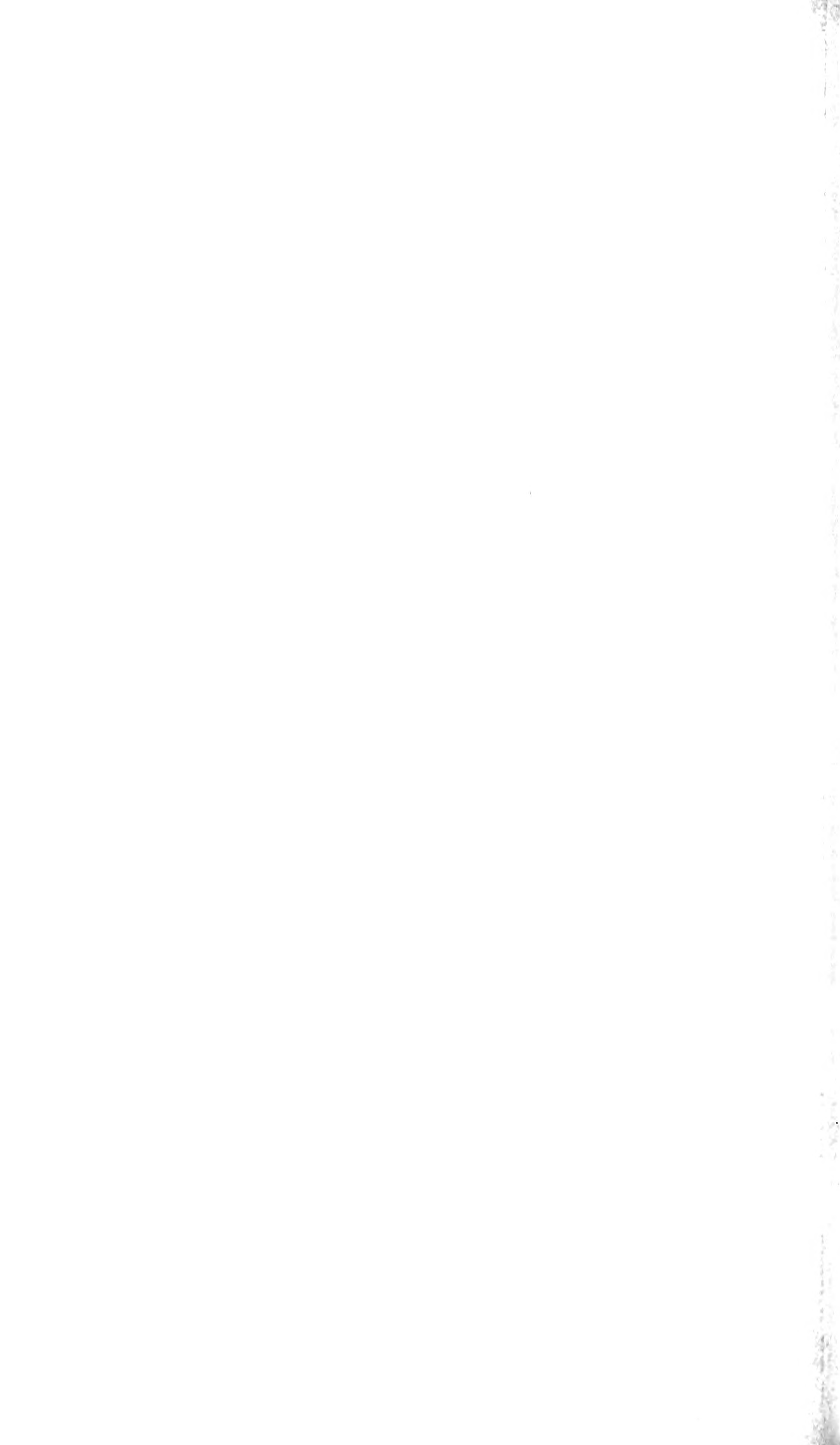
"I am, yours faithfully,

"BEAUFORT."

With the close of 1868, and the retirement of Tom Clark, one period of the Duke's life came to an end. A time of change was to follow.

XI

The Badminton Hunt and its Followers



THE DUKE OF BEAUFORT

From a Photograph by DICKINSON, Bond Street.

CHAPTER XI

The Badminton Hunt and its Followers

THE Badminton, Belvoir, Brocklesby and Fitzwilliam hounds have the distinction of never having changed hands. They have each been for 150 years or more the property of one family. Of them the Badminton is the oldest as an established pack. The link between the staghounds of old and the foxhounds of to-day, is supplied by the Badminton kennel book. The Belvoir pack have no doubt had a greater influence on the modern foxhound than any other; but so far as I am able to trace their pedigrees, they owe their first start towards excellence to the introduction of Badminton blood. Only the Badminton and the Brocklesby, however, have never had as masters any but members of the family to which they belong. The Dukes of Beaufort have never yielded up even the titular mastership. Relatives, as in the case of Captain Somerset or Sir William Codrington, may have officiated, but the Dukes have always been masters in their own country.

This fact has affected considerably the character

of the hunt, and the peculiar uniform also having its influence, the members of the Duke's field have always regarded themselves as a sort of chosen people among foxhunters. Indeed, they have been fortunate, and consequently the hunt has drawn to itself a full share of hard riders and keen sportsmen.

Two other influences have greatly increased the fame of the Badminton hunt. In the early days of the eighth Duke, when he was still known as Lord Glamorgan, the hounds hunted the Heythrop country. Thus few Oxford men in the days of our fathers but learned to look on a day with "the Duke" as the greatest of pleasures. Then, too, the hunt was one of the first to become accessible by rail. It was and is possible to travel down from town by the Great Western Railway over night, hunt the next day and travel back the following evening. So a day with the Badminton became a welcome holiday to the busy man who loved hunting, but was obliged to earn his living in London. The fame of the hounds, the splendour of the turn-out, the skill of the huntsmen and the courtesy of the Duke, gained a fame beyond the limits of the country. I well remember hearing how my grandfather, when one of his sons, after hard work, secured a commission in the Engineers, took him down for a fortnight's hunting with "the Duke," as the greatest treat he could give him.

If we turn back to the early days of the century, we shall find that the Oxfordshire, or, as for the sake of convenience we may call it, the Heythrop country, was the most favoured by the Dukes. A few years before the date (1824) of which I am writing, there were some famous riders who regularly sent their horses to Woodstock, Chipping Norton, and Chapel House. Among these were Sir John Fagge, a Kentish baronet, and Jack Willan, who drove the Brighton coach up and down in a day, and who often exchanged ideas on driving with Lord Worcester (seventh Duke). Lords Granville and Charles Somerset, too, were both fair riders to hounds. But the most famous men in hunting story who gained their experience in the Heythrop country, were the two brothers Rawlinson. Of these, one, who later bore the name of Lindow, went into Leicestershire, where he gained great fame, being not only a very hard man to hounds, but a fine horseman, who could make the most of his horses, and see the end of a long run. His portrait on the lids of snuff-boxes and in the print shops "going a slapping pace," was very familiar to our sporting forbears.

Then there was Jack Bunce, who used to come down either to Chipping Norton or Woodstock. He was a very hard man, especially on his favourite horse, Vagrant, bought for £40, but which eventually was sold to the Lord Erroll of that

day for £400. The rider was immortalised in song:—

> "See Jack Bunce the raspers taking,
> Sets the funker's nerves a shaking."

Then there was the Rev. John Waller, said by his contemporaries to be one of the hardest old men England ever produced, a most resolute horseman and a good judge of hunting. "He was seldom absent," says Nimrod, "at the finish of a good run." Captain Evans, of Dean, commonly known as the "flying Captain," was a regular "Duke's man," and lived well into the eighth Duke's time. He went into Leicestershire, like Mr. Sawyer, for a season, and made something of a figure with his grey horse, but he soon returned to his allegiance to the Buff and Blue. He had a famous hunter, Grimaldi, on which he used to show the way in Oxfordshire. This horse was sold to the Squire for the famous match over the Harrow country, against Mr. Elmore's Moonraker. About 1831 Captain Evans retired from hunting and went to live in Hampshire. He there had a famous pack of dwarf beagles which were turned to him by a retriever named Sam. Prince Albert is said to have been delighted with the working of these little hounds.

At all times in the history of the hunt, the Duke's hounds have been supported by the landowners of the neighbourhood. Such names as those of Codrington, Estcourt, Kingscote, Miles,

Calley, Little, and Neeld, recur again and again in the story of the hunt. Their coverts have always been open, and members of the families have been often first-flight riders with hounds.

In 1860 Captain White, who had been a famous character in Leicestershire, in Dick Christian's time, came down for a day with the Duke, and rode well. His appearance created quite a sensation in the hunt, so many stories of his prowess and his cheery ways having been recorded by the Druid: "In old times we used to go slap-bang at them (bullfinches), holloaing like fun to cheer up horses and men; Captain White was a good 'un at that game. How he would holler to be sure! . . . What a one the Captain's Merrylad was for rails in a corner! he popped over for all the world like a deer. . . . The Captain was always for me, he kept hardening me on. I don't think I'd ever have gone at such fences, but he had such a pleasant way with him."

Another famous rider was Mr. John Baylly, "the Little of his day" as he was called. He was a fine gentleman rider, and noted as one of the best of the Duke of Beaufort's men. So good a judge as John Day was pleased to have his services; and Bath, Bibury, and Heaton Park were the scenes of his triumphs. His death is recorded in December, 1860. The Captain Little who is referred to was a man who, in an earlier generation, was regarded as one of the finest horsemen of his day.

There is one family that has always been closely

connected with the Somersets by ties of marriage, as well as by a common love of sport. The Kingscotes of Kingscote belong to an ancient and honourable Gloucestershire house, which received the manor of Kingscote originally as the dower to the first knight on his marriage with Adeva, daughter of Robert Fitzhardinge, whose grandmother was a niece of the Conqueror. Thus the love of sport and war was in the blood. Mr. Thomas Kingscote (1828–1861) married Lady Isabella, a daughter of the sixth Duke. He was considered to be the best heavy-weight rider in the Badminton Hunt. His brother, Robert, was also a good man to hounds. Later in life the latter turned his thoughts to other things than sport, and became a lay evangelist.

The famous huntsman to Lord Fitzhardinge, Harry Ayris, of whom mention is frequently made in the eighth Duke's hunting diaries, always said Sir William Miles, of Leigh Court, and Sir Bellingham Graham, were the finest riders to hounds he had ever seen. Among the older men was Mr. Peach, of Tockington, who was full of recollections of Philip Payne, and the exploits of hounds of the Justice Blood. Then there were Mr. Jack Langley, the hard-riding lawyer, Mr. Southcote Austen, the Reverend "Zach" Taylor, one of the quaintest characters of the hunt, a very fine horseman, but possibly somewhat too convivial in his tastes for a wearer of "the cloth," Mr. George Curtice "commonly called Snarley Yow," another devoted fol-

THE DUCHESS OF BEAUFORT AND CHILDREN.

From a Photograph by SPEAIGHT & Co., Regent Street.

lower of the Duke, till his admiration for Jem Hills and the Heythrop hounds led him to take up his quarters for hunting at Chipping Norton.

Among the pictures at Badminton is one of the fifth Duke and his huntsman and whipper-in, Ketch and Alderton, Lord Worcester (sixth Duke), Mr. Benjamin Holloway, Dr. R. Penney, John Long, (the father of Will Long), all grouped round a tree. The whipper-in is holding the fox in the fork of the tree, and the Duke has a well-known hunter called "Fox" by the bridle. Among the group beside those I have named, is Mr. T. Estcourt, and I suppose that many of the same name have seen the Beaufort hounds break up their foxes. The Estcourt property is near Tetbury, in the midst of that famous light plough and stone wall country, which is only second to the grass of the vale in the estimation of the followers of the Dukes of Beaufort.

In Nimrod's time, the Beaufort hunt does not seem to have been considered a school for hard riders. Indeed, the country never would lend itself to the steeplechases of Leicestershire. In order to cross the country safely, and to see the end of the runs, it is advisable to ride slowly at the fences. One of the best riders in this part, seems almost to pull up before he tries one of them. In good scenting seasons the ground is sure to be deep, and the flippant style of riding that suits parts of Leicestershire would not do in Gloucestershire or

Wiltshire. Yet the country has a great charm, and those who have once hunted with the Badminton, will—be their lot cast where it may—always look back with delight on the sport they have enjoyed there.

It would be tedious and well-nigh impossible to recall the names of all those who, at one time or another, have hunted with the Duke. Indeed, I suppose nearly every man of note in the hunting world of our day, from the Prince of Wales downwards, has at some time had a day with these hounds. But the regular followers in a country, where, as we have seen, every rank, from the sweep to the Duke, has been represented, would make a formidable list. Yet there are still some who must not be forgotten. In 1871, there passed away a man whose fame as a cricketer was overshadowed by that of one famous son, and whose prowess as a rider across country was eclipsed by that of another. There was, nevertheless, no man more popular and esteemed in the country than Dr. Grace. He was a very sound cricketer as we all know, and he was a most judicious yet hard man across country. He was, moreover, much liked and trusted by the Duke, and at times acted as field master. The most brilliant member of the family, however, was Dr. Alfred Grace, who is justly credited—so a relative of my own used to say—with having on one occasion charged and cleared a lane. But space would fail to tell of the Pitmans, the Longs of Rood Ashton,

of Percy Barker, who was one of the little band who saw the Greatwood fox marked to ground, of Captain Bill, Lord Rossmore, Mr. T. Saville, T. Donovan, Captain Coote, Mr. Hynam the famous farmer, whose good cob carried Lord Worcester during the closing scenes of the great run, Mr. Eustace Chaplin, who also had the extraordinary good fortune to be out on the great Waterloo day, and Colonel Ewart.

We will turn aside to recall some few of the famous horses of the hunt. At all times since the days of the first Duke, many horses have been bred at Badminton. In the early part of the nineteenth century, there were many sons and daughters of "Sop," and Dairymaid, a daughter of his, was the dam of Milkmaid, Will Long's favourite horse. Then, in later years, came Black Sultan from Shropshire, then as now a famous horse-raising country. Most of Sultan's stock were small horses.

The demand on horseflesh of the Badminton stables was always great. In the year that Lord Worcester (afterwards eighth Duke) came of age, the stud consisted of sixty horses. Of those, six were kept entirely for the Duke's own riding. Lord Worcester had eight, and each of the hunt servants six. The stamp of horse was much the same as I can recollect seeing in the stables when I was shown over them by the late Lord Edward Somerset. They were all big thoroughbred horses.

It was the custom at one time for hounds to be

taken to the meeting place in a van drawn by four mules, for coaching is a traditional amusement of the Dukes of Beaufort. Their stables never wanted a useful team. Some of the late Duke's bays seen at the Magazine were admirable types of useful working horses. But of course many more horses were required than could be raised at home, and the famous "Bob" Chapman supplied a great many. One of these the Duke considered to be as good a hunter as he had ever possessed. It was the property originally of the Reverend Richard Yerburgh, who was well known with the Belvoir hounds. Mr. Yerburgh used to say humorously he could never take a ride without running up against hounds. He was, too, an admirable judge of a horse, and seldom made a mistake. That he could please so good a judge as the eighth Duke, is shown by the following extract from an interesting book published last year (1900) by Messrs. Vinton.

"In a letter from Curraghmore, on September 24th, 1896, the Duke wrote: "I called the horse 'Parson'—one from Mr. Yerburgh's stables—and rode him from the second week of November, 1867, and every hunting season until hunting ceased in the spring of 1879. He was a marvellous hunter, could have carried twenty stone hunting, always had a spare leg. I don't remember that we ever parted company, or that I ever lamed him. His only fault was that his feet were flat, and that I had to be very careful about his shoeing. I wish I had a dozen

like him, but I fear that I shall never be able to hunt again. The 'Parson' was much more of a bay than a brown—a dark bay. But Chapman, the day he brought him for me to look at, was galloping at the fence to jump into the field where I was sitting on my horse. The fence had been cut and plastered, and laid back into the field where he was. I held up my hand and stopped him, saying, 'Any fool of a horse can jump twenty feet when you gallop him fast enough. Walk him up to it and see what he does.' He jumped the fence standing, on to the bank, took one step, and then jumped the ditch, which was a very broad one. I said, 'Now you have sold your horse.'" [1]

Indeed, after that the Duke hunted little more. He used to come out on a cob, but age, cares, and gout had left him but a remnant of the gay vitality that had so long distinguished him. When he passed away, a great period in the history of the Badminton hunt came to an end, but that it may have a great future before it, all lovers of the sport will wish. The late and present Dukes have accepted a subscription loyally given by the members of the hunt. The present Duke, too, has been obliged by other cares to seek the assistance of a professional huntsman. Yet when I last saw the hounds I thought I had never beheld a finer pack.

The country has now been restored to its old

[1] *Leaves from a Hunting Diary in Essex.*

limits, by taking back the part lent to the late Avon Vale hunt. Hounds are out sometimes eight times in a week, two packs going out in one day, and last season the present huntsman, William Dale, told me he had never enjoyed better sport in his life than since he had been with the Badminton hounds.

XII

Autumn Days

BADMINTON: ENTRANCE TO THE PARK.

CHAPTER XII

Autumn Days

IN days to come historians will mark the decade 1870–80 as being of great importance in the history of our English social life. Great as was the outward prosperity during the Whig ascendancy, the inevitable and logical result of the Liberal principles that were in the air was the growth of the power of the democracy and the lessening of that of the great nobles. Accordingly we find that a succession of blows was struck by those Liberal ministries which even down to our own time were made up to a great extent of members of, or dependents on, the great Whig Oligarchy. The Russells and the Cavendishes diligently sawed off the main branches of the political tree on which they sat. Reform, the abolition of the Corn Laws, and the following and inevitable agricultural depression, began the ruin which the Finance Bill will doubtless complete in process of time.

Those who believe that the survival of great families is not the result of luck or chance, but of certain definite qualities that are of service to the family as

such in the struggle for existence, will expect to find that some will survive even under the most adverse conditions. Darwin and Wallace, Huxley and Haeckel have made it plain to us, however much we may dislike the conclusion, that social equality is impossible in the nature of things. I believe that both science and history point to the survival of fighting races and men, and to the ultimate subjection to them of the men of learning and commerce. The man who fights has a natural tendency to that feeling for the clan, the subordination to a head, the desire to work for the common interests of its members, which is by no means the least important among the qualities that enable families to survive and to rule.

Hundreds and thousands of families in our English middle classes have opportunities for founding a clan, of which they do not avail themselves. Every one must note the positive aversion of many well-to-do Englishmen from helping their own relatives. The money they will gladly expend on charities or on strangers, is denied to the necessitous among those of their own blood. Now it is just the opposite of this that is the source of the vital power and energy of great families. They desire to forward the interests of all who bear their name, and they receive in return from those they help, loyal support and respect.

The story of the Duke of Beaufort's life shows us the force of the blows that have fallen on the great

landed families, which yet survive the disasters which have overtaken them. To compare small things to great, the continued existence of our ruling families is historically a parallel to one of the causes of the survival of the Church of Rome, viz., the coherence and unity of its members.

These thoughts, which come almost unbidden at this point of our story, prepare us for the shadows that fell across the closing years of the eighth Duke's life. The story of adversity shows him at his best—always strong, cheery, and full of thought for the pleasures of others, and ever anxious that his own cares should cast no gloom over the joy of those about him. He showed that fine courage that does not think the whole world should be in tears because it is sad, or grudge to others a joy impossible to itself.

Yet the full weight of agricultural depression was not felt at once, though already there were signs of the times. The Duke was himself a good farmer and an experienced landlord, and was in touch with the practical farmers among his tenants. What has since happened did not then take him altogether by surprise. His life at this period had so many interests and occupations that time passed swiftly, bringing with it the changes that approach with footsteps so light and soft that they startle us when at last we realise their presence.

The Duke of Beaufort occupied a peculiar position. He was looked up to as a man whose advice

might be sought with advantage on a variety of subjects. By the general public he was regarded as a sort of king of the world of sport. His opinion on such matters was even sought by those who were themselves no mean authorities.

To the events of his life as they followed one another we must turn our attention, for the Duke's is a life of action rather than of thought. He had still twenty-nine years of a busy life before him. In another chapter I have referred to the successful time of racing that began in 1870. His long connection with the town of Bristol as High Steward brought him much to fill his time besides that regular county business which is part of the ordinary routine of a great land-owner's life. Of this part of his life I have said but little, for such services, though valuable to the country, deal with petty, though by no means unimportant details, and do not make interesting reading. Moreover, they are given and accepted so much as a matter of course, that they make but little mark. Yet in days to come the historian of the nineteenth century will have to record how the wide gap between imperial and parish affairs was filled up voluntarily by the squires and parsons. County Councils and Parish Councils have now altered methods, but the men who have leisure and good-will, who are trusted and beloved by their neighbours, still continue to earn their meed of influence and consideration by service.

Circumstances now pointed to a change at the

THE HOUNDS.

kennels at Badminton. Tom Clark's day was over, for he could no longer ride to his hounds. In handling the pack he had become nervous and hesitating, and he himself felt the time had come for retirement. Lord Worcester, who was growing up, was marked out by his position and aptitude to take a leading place in the hunt. The Duke had not failed to note how keenly his son was interested in the hounds, and how competent he was to take the horn.

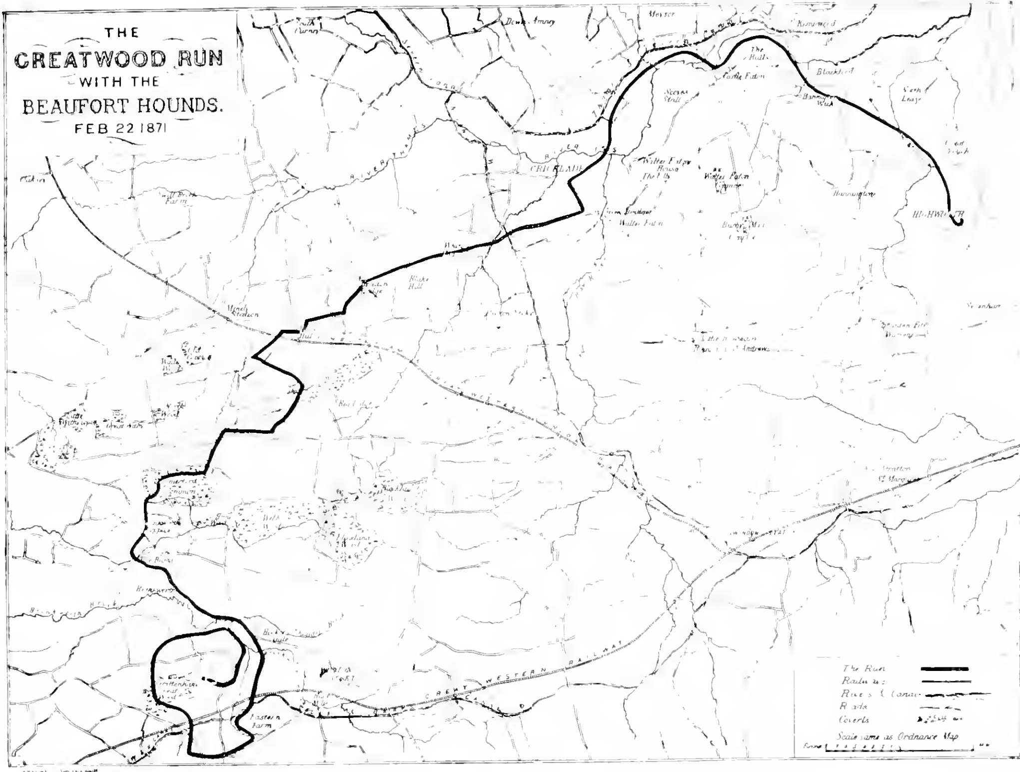
It is probable that neither father nor son foresaw they were beginning a period that will be ever memorable in the history of fox-hunting. But the Duke gave Lord Worcester the horn when Clark retired in 1868, and the success of the plan was immediate. In his very first season the young huntsman—he was then just of age—had great success, and there was a marked improvement in the sport. Yet it must not be forgotten, in justice to the memory of the late Duke and Tom Clark, that the pack had been raised to a high pitch of excellence, and the entry of that season was very good.

Lord Worcester was now leading a very full life. He was at once a subaltern of the Royal Horse Guards and huntsman to his father's hounds. In fulfilment of these two different lines of duty, his time was much taken up. Yet he, like his father before him, carried out his plans with energy and thoroughness. The severest critics a huntsman can have are his hounds. They know much about him,

and the degree of affection and pleasure they display on seeing him is no bad criterion of his skill in showing sport. At the time of which I am writing Lord Worcester was able to be but little in the kennel, and all the cub-hunting was left to Charles Hamblin, an excellent and faithful servant, who went to his rest while this book was in preparation. Thus Lord Worcester saw but little of hounds save in the field. Yet no sooner did the tall figure in green plush, so often mounted on the white horse (old Beckford) appear at the fixture, than hounds rushed to greet him with every demonstration of delight. There are few huntsmen more careful not to disappoint hounds than Lord Worcester, for it is well known that when they kill a fox they are allowed to break him up while still afire with the enthusiasm of the chase. There is none of the ceremony that newspaper reporters delight to speak of as the "obsequies" which, picturesque and imposing though they may be, often make hounds careless and indifferent about breaking up their fox at all, and thus defeat the very purpose for which they are blooded.

Lord Worcester loved the big, sensible dog hounds, which show the best sport with a first-rate huntsman, but which require so much more patience, tact, and gentleness than is necessary with the bitches and their smaller brothers who run with them.

At the time the Duke began to take up racing



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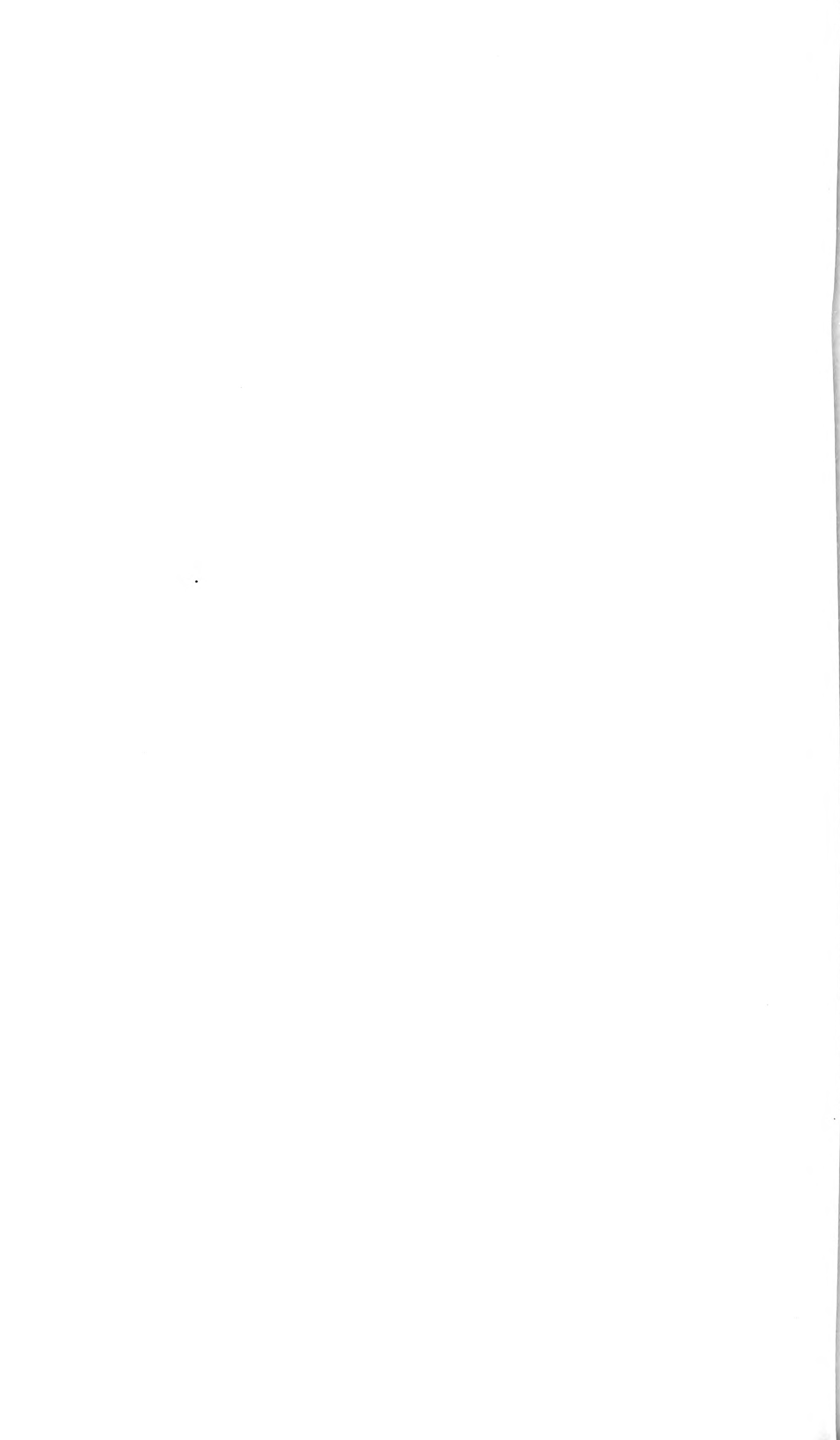

seriously again, he was engaged in helping on the revival of road coaching, which, but for him, would perhaps never have been brought about successfully at all. The Duke drove many a load down to see those early polo matches in which Lord Worcester took part. I think, as the former watched the game, then a new one to English eyes, he might well have wished that in his youth such a splendid pastime had been in vogue. Polo, however, was hardly much known until 1872, and Lord Worcester had established his reputation as a master of hounds by the Greatwood run before he began to play.

There is probably no better account of this run than that published in *Baily's Magazine*, and which has been re-published in that useful *vade mecum Baily's Hunting Directory*. The map is reprinted here, in order that those who wish to do so, may once more trace out the course of a fox-chase, which is perhaps the most wonderful ever seen.

This run takes its place in the history of hunting with that of Mr. Anstruther Thomson, from Waterloo Gorse, or the Duke of Rutland's wonderful hunt from Jericho Covert. But of all these famous chases none can compare with the Greatwood run in straightness of course, the variety of country crossed, or the distance between the extreme points, Grittenham, Greatwood and Highworth. It began in the Beaufort country, crossed the Vale of White Horse, and ended in Old Berkshire territory. The distance was fourteen miles from point to point, and

seven-and-twenty as hounds ran. The time was three hours and a half, and there was only one check of less than eight minutes.

The run took place on Wednesday, February 22nd, 1871. It may be noted that the Waterloo run also took place in February. The weather was keen, with an easterly wind, and there had been several degrees of frost over night. These conditions, it will be remembered, also marked the Billesdon Coplow run, with,

> "The wind in the east forbiddingly keen,"

and the memorable 10th December, 1805,

> "When the Duke fixed at Waltham to meet,"

of which Lord Forester writes,

> "The frost was so keen I remember,
> The horses could scarce keep their feet."

The Duke of Beaufort himself, however, expected a good day, for he remarked to a somewhat too eager member of the hunt whom he passed on the way to draw: "If you won't ride more forward than you are at present (some twenty paces behind hounds) I think I may promise you something like a good day's sport." By which we may infer that the Duke was very moderate in his demands on the thrusters of his field.

The fixture was Swallett's Gate. The Badminton coach and the hound van were left at Sutton, and

the hounds and the Duke's party trotted on from thence. Among those who came from Badminton was George Fordham, who, unlike Custance, was not nearly so good across country as on the flat. Lord Worcester was hunting the hounds, and rode the famous Beckford, a flea-bitten grey. This horse must have been an animal of wonderful courage, as he did all the work of a huntsman's horse, and only stopped at last near Kempsford shortly before the end. Heber Long was first whipper-in. Lord Worcester had a pack of seventeen and a half couples of the big dog pack. In their veins were all the great hunting strains of Badminton, Belvoir, Bramham Moor, Brocklesby, Fitzwilliam and Blankney; of Justice and Dorimant, Potentate (Belvoir), Guider, Lumen, and above all of Badminton Rufus. Writing of the last hound, Lord Henry Bentinck says, "he was of extraordinary sagacity, but had plenty of tongue."

There was a long draw, nor was it till they reached the east end of the wood that hounds found their fox. Comparatively few people heard the whistle. The wind had chopped round to the south-west, and was blowing fresh. Lord Worcester and Heber Long with a few followers only got away. Hounds settled down to run, but before they reached Brinkworth brook the fox was headed and swung round again to the wood. A bold fox like this one always makes his point if he possibly can, and entering the wood on the

opposite side to that from which he had left it, he went through without stopping. The splendid chorus of the hounds through the covert put those who had been left once more on terms. They little knew that the loss of that first ring was a blessing in disguise. Those who were, as they thought, out of the fun, merely saved themselves three miles of stiff going. This time the fox was fairly away, but there lay before the pursuers the Brinkworth brook. Some charged it, some refused, and some went in. Lord Worcester and a few followers saved their horses a little, and obtained a slight pull by going over the bridge. Of those who were weeded out at the brook few saw hounds again. At the village of Brinkworth hounds threw up their heads. Giving them time to make their own cast, Lord Worcester watched them closely, and then, with a low whistle, quietly cast them on. Steadily and without flash they settled on the line again, and now were running hard for Somerford Common, a famous covert well known to followers of the V.W.H. Hounds never paused or wavered on the Common, for the fox had gone right through. Those who had eased their horses found themselves in the rear. Either because he felt hounds too close, or perhaps meeting some obstacle, the fox twisted about here, but hounds (led by Sexton, Sentinel, and Ganymede, while Galloper strove hard to the front for the credit of his Yorkshire blood—he was by Lane Fox's Gainer out of Stately) were never off the

line. From this point onward the fox disdained the shelter of coverts. Over the Tadpole Vale hounds ran hard, and horses began to flounder and fumble at their fences. Every one felt by this time that he was in for a great run, and all were riding resolutely, silently, and making every effort to save their horses. Cricklade was passed, and the waters of the Isis were in front. Lord Worcester's quick eye saw a cattle drinking-place on the opposite bank, and he plunged in, getting out with a scramble ere the tail hounds had scattered the drops from their coats and were straining away in pursuit of their comrades. The foremost hounds, now running mute, had a long lead; but as the line was parallel to the canal, the towing-path gave the huntsmen a relief. Once more the river was crossed, but this time the bridge at Castle Eaton helped the wise ones, though two rash and eager spirits, Messrs. Candy and Byng, tried to swim it again and were nearly drowned for their pains. At Castle Eaton the hounds came to close hunting, and Hamblin's good work at their condition told, for where many packs would have been unable to hunt on for sheer weariness, Hannibal and Nathan led the pack through gardens and a farm-yard, while Lord Worcester and Messrs. Alfred Grace and Candy were reduced to running on foot, Mr. Pitman following with poor old Beckford in tow. Now, luckily, the pace was slow, and the end was at hand. Mr. Hynam lent Lord Worcester a good

stout cob to finish on. Hounds marked the fox to ground in a rabbit hole in a meadow belonging to a brewer near Highworth Street. When Heber Long, who had gone well on a Badminton-bred grey—a descendant of the famous old "Lops"—counted over the hounds, but one couple was missing. It was a very small group at the finish—"Colonels Ewart and Dickson, Messrs. Tom Wild and Pitman," says the writer in *Baily*, "Captain Candy and Mr. Byng, as well as Mr. Jenkins, who went through the run—omitting the first ring—on a horse named Gifford, belonging to Mr. Walter Powell, of Dauntsey. About a quarter of an hour later the Duke, riding Dyrham, a favourite stout-hearted bay, arrived; so did Lord Arthur and Mr. Granville Somerset."

The heavy-weights, of course, missed their second horses.

Hounds and horses went by train from Swindon to Chippenham. They were thirty-five miles from home when they left off. Lord Worcester went on to town to be ready for his regimental work the next day.

The Duke was by this time so widely known, and his pack was so famous, that he often had invitations to meet in other countries; and on Tuesday, March 17th, 1874, he and Lord Worcester took the hounds to an invitation meet at Stetchcombe, where Mr. Stephen Butler, a well-known welter weight of those days, kept open house.

There was, of course, a crowd to see the Duke, who rode up on a wonderful dark bay horse he had then, with Lady Blanche Somerset and Lord Edward. Lord Worcester had a chestnut of the big blood-horse stamp he has made so familiar to followers of the hunt, and he brought out the bitch pack. These were drawn a little fine, but it was late in the season, and Hamblin believed in condition. If hounds had it not they would never reach the end of a long day in that deep and holding county.

A still longer excursion was made into the New Forest on April 24th, 1875. The charm of spring hunting in the New Forest cannot be exaggerated, but the difficulties for the huntsman are very great indeed. It was something of a trial to Lord Worcester, for, as is usually the case in the New Forest in the spring, there were several masters present. Besides Sir Reginald Graham, of the New Forest, the list included such sportsmen as Mr. Portman and Mr. Villebois.

The New Forest is a difficult country to kill foxes in, but Lord Worcester succeeded, or rather his hounds did; for just as he was blowing the pack out of covert, believing the fox to be lost, some two couple that had remained behind came out spotted with blood. The Duke thought these hounds had perhaps killed their fox. So it proved, for on Lord Worcester taking the rest back, they found the fox dead where the hounds had left him.

On all these trips the Duke made friends and strengthened his position and influence in the world of sport. But he never forgot more serious business, and the Badminton Farmers' Club was at this time a very flourishing body, though even here some murmurs of complaint at bad times made themselves felt. However, it is evident that the members had not yet come within sight of the dark days when farmers would be no longer able to hunt.

In the autumn of 1875, Heber Long, who was leaving Badminton to become huntsman to the South and West Wilts, was presented with a testimonial by the local farmers. Heber was a son of Charles Long, a much esteemed whipper-in under William Long, and belonged, therefore, to a family whose services to Badminton and hunting were not soon to be forgotten.

The way he came by his name was as follows. The Duke asked Charles why he had given the boy the name. "Well, your Grace," was the answer, "I came across the name of Heber the Kenite in the Bible, and at the same time I was reading some sermons by Bishop Heber, so I thought I could not do better."

The Farmers' Club presented Heber with a silver horn and a purse of 138 guineas.

In 1876 a visitor notes his admiration for the hounds, hunted according to Badminton tradition in three packs—the big dogs, the middle pack, and

"VAULTER" AND "DESPOT."

the small one. He remarks how quickly they flew to the cry or their huntsman's cheer, but he also says they were a little light of tongue. At this time the kennel was full of the famous Badminton lines of blood, going back through Potentate to Dorimant. There were many badger pies, and a strong family likeness existed in the pack.

In 1879 came that famous Beckhampton run, which is perhaps one of the fastest ever known. A contemporary writer in the *Field*, who was evidently an eye-witness, thus describes it:—

"They had drawn the first Beckhampton Gorse blank, but found directly they were thrown into the second. Just one faint whimper, then not a tongue was heard, and only the shrill whistle of the huntsman told that the pack was away, and stealing over the moorland turf at a pace, which called out the utmost powers of the fastest to catch them—aye, or even to see them, as they sped on over swelling spur and deep hollow towards Alton Priors. To the minds of many came those unpublished lines of Whyte Melville:—

"'How they drive to the front!—how they bustle and spread,
Those badger-pied beauties that open the ball!
Ere we've gone for a mile, they are furlongs ahead,
In they pour like a torrent o'er upland and wall.
There is raking of rowel and shaking of rein
(Few hunters can live at the Badminton pace),
And the pride of the stable's extended in vain,
And the Blues and the Buffs are all over the place.'

"Nearly straight as the crow flies they raced on

over the downs, six good miles and more. There was just one momentary check as they went on to Alton Priors, and a minute after they pulled the good fox down as he tried to jump the rails out of a road. Twenty-two minutes from find to finish. Of those who essayed to ride the line the hounds ran, Mr. Sloper (a local farmer) had the best of it, with Bob (the first whip), on the thorough-bred Shadow, in close attendance, and these two were, in fact, alone after the first mile or two. Lord Worcester, Lord Arthur Somerset, Walter, and many others, managed to keep the hounds in view and to be with them at the finish, by aid of the friendly Wansdyke, which runs along the ridge overlooking the indented slopes where hounds pursued their more arduous course."

It was about this time that the Duke of Beaufort and Lord Worcester imported some Norwegian foxes. These were ear-marked and turned down, and gave very fairly satisfactory results.

Even in the Badminton Hunt everything did not always go smoothly. The railways and other causes brought ever larger and larger fields, and there were some cases of fox-killing which the Duke himself, in a strong letter written to the newspapers at the time, puts down to the criminal carelessness of farmers' interests shown by some hunting men. But, on the whole, this was a great and brilliant period in the history of the hunt.

A visitor to Badminton in or about 1887 notes

the excellent condition of the estate, the goodness of the cottages, and the cheerful air of prosperity of the Duke's people. No Badminton tenant or cottager went to "the house," and with the Duchess it was a labour of love to look after the old and sick.

But the shadows soon began to lengthen, and troubles came thick and fast. Not for a moment did the Duke think of giving up his hounds. Nevertheless expenses were very heavy, and the Beaufort property, being chiefly agricultural, felt the steady fall of prices very much. The Duke found his income decreasing rapidly. The country hunted was, therefore curtailed, and the pack known first as Captain Spicer's, and later as the Avon Vale, was cut off from the Badminton Hunt. Then a subscription was, for the first time in the history of the hunt, accepted, the famous pack remaining the property of the Duke. Shortly afterwards the ownership was transferred to Lord Worcester.

Never did the Duke's courtesy, kindness, and courage fail him, for whatever difficulties and sorrows he endured—and Lady Waterford's long suffering and death were sore trials to a man whose love of his children was so marked a feature in his character—he was outwardly full of courage and cheerfulness.

We cannot doubt that an occupation and an interest which came about this time was really a pleasure to him. I refer, of course, to the now

famous Badminton Library. The Duke, when once he had undertaken, in 1882, to edit the series, had no idea of being a mere figure head. To the task, unwonted and novel though it was, he brought all the thoroughness of his nature and his priceless gift of charm. No doubt he was fortunate in his publishers; fortunate, too, in the fact that his assistant editor was Mr. Alfred Watson, who combined with a careful literary taste the practical power of guiding his enterprises to success. But still, it is no partiality of the biographer for his subject that causes me to rate the Duke's services to the Badminton Library very highly. In these books the Duke himself wrote much and wrote well.

He was not a young man when he undertook the task, but I think every one who has the series on his shelves will agree that the Duke's writing showed a rapid improvement in style and force as the work went on. The chapters on driving and on riding in the Riding and Polo volume are not only most excellent practically, but they are the most readable matter on sporting subjects since the Duke's friend, Whyte Melville, laid down his pen. The Duke's share in the volume on Hunting is particularly excellent, but is not, in many respects, equal to his treatment of the other two subjects.

There is surely nothing better in the whole range of sporting literature or history than the reminiscences of coaching and posting in the volume on driving. But it is not only in the late Duke of Beau-

fort's contributions that we find evidences of his skill; this is also seen in the choice of writers. The volumes on shooting are among the best books ever written on that subject. It is not too much to say that the Badminton Library reformed the style of books on practical sport. The usual slang, historical and social platitudes, found no resting place in these charming pages. There is scarcely one of these books that cannot be read with pleasure by those who desire information on recreations that interest their fellow-men, although they themselves may have no taste for them.

In the preface to the twenty-eighth and last volume of the series (the charming collection by Mr. Hedley Peck called "The Poetry of Sport") there is a most generous appreciation by Mr. A. E. T. Watson, of the work of the late Duke as editor. To Mr. Watson, as he looks over the row of the Badminton series, it must come with a sense of added pleasure and pride in a great labour brought to a fair conclusion, that for twelve of the Duke's closing years the work was a delight and a consolation to him. These days were, neverthe-less, as I have said, the darkest in a life that had brought much brightness to others. They were marked by a series of brave and cheerful surren-ders of things much valued and much delighted in.

But as the days of the Duke drew to a close a still greater consolation came to him. He was

spared to see the marriage of his eldest son in 1895 to Louise Emily, daughter of William Harford, of Old Down, Almondsbury.

The Duke had always loved children, and they, as their custom is, had returned his affection. When his eldest granddaughter was born, he poured out upon her the affection he had given to his own daughter, of whose birth he speaks so tenderly in his diary. He loved the little granddaughter intensely, and her welfare was his most absorbing thought during the last two years of his life.

Thus the clouds lifted, and bright sunshine was shed over his closing days by the intense love he bore the child. Could he have been spared to see the birth of the heir to the ancient name, which took place in 1900, it would have rejoiced him. This, however, was not to be, and we may be glad to think that so much of joy was granted him.

When, in the fulness of time, the eighth Duke of Beaufort passed away, all men felt that a familiar and notable figure of our time had been lost. In his faults and his virtues he was a typical Englishman, of a very gallant and lovable type. From the day when he gave up an active part in the management of the hunt and of the estates, he spent most of his time at Stoke Park. The end was very near at hand, his death taking place in 1899.

Few men have left a greater blank in English

" VAULTER "

From the picture by CUTHBERT BRADLEY.

social life. All classes of his fellow-countrymen loved him, and looked to him as a leader in their sports and as an adviser in difficult cases, for his judgment could be depended on, and his kindness was unfailing.

What was the secret of the popularity and influence that were his? That he was liked and looked up to at first because of his great position is true. But later the man himself, apart from his rank, was esteemed and obeyed. The Duke was, as we have seen, a many-sided man, and his energies and abilities were diffused rather than concentrated; but that they were remarkable no one who has read the previous pages will deny. His head was clear, and was directed by a heart that was full of genuine kindness and liking for his fellows.

There have been many men who for a time have held a larger place in affairs than the eighth Duke of Beaufort. Yet their memory will live no longer than his. Public men, like actors, are soon forgotten when they leave the stage. But men like the late Duke of Beaufort, whose life influenced so many of the most interesting of our occupations, who ruled and guided for good our two great national sports, racing and hunting, will live on in the records of social history.

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