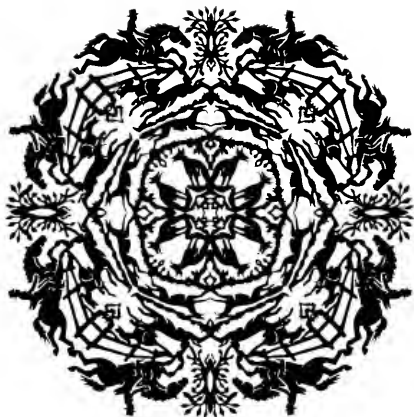


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Rose Tree Hunt,
Starting Out.

FOX HUNTING

IN DELAWARE COUNTY, PENNSYLVANIA

AND

ORIGIN AND HISTORY

OF

The Rose Tree Fox Hunting Club.

Dedicated to the Club by

GEO. E. DARLINGTON

one of its first members

May 10, 1901.

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CHAPTER I.

FOX HUNTING.

IF any there are interested in fox hunting who have the idea that it is a sport of comparatively recent origin in this country, it is well to disabuse their minds of this great error, for it is well authenticated by history that the English and French people who first became settlers in America brought the love of this sport with them from Great Britain and France, where it had been the pastime of English, Irish, and French gentlemen from very early ages. Many of the bravest and most daring of the officers of the Continental army during the American Revolution had been trained in horsemanship and courage by fox hunting. The Quaker settlers of Pennsylvania, no doubt, had a prejudice against it in the earlier days, but the farmers among them soon learned to look upon the sport with a friendly submission, as it was taken up by those in the commonwealth who were disposed to follow the hounds, and at an early date there were quite a few of these. Bayard Taylor opens his excellent *Story of Kennett* with a bag hunt at the old Barton farm near Kennett Square in 1796, and he says:

“The chase was an old English pastime that had been kept up in the neighborhood of Kennett, from the force of habit, and under the depression which the strong Quaker element among the people exercised upon all sports and recreations.”

GENERAL GEORGE WASHINGTON AS A
FOX HUNTER.

In *Washington After the Revolution*, by William Spolin Baker, which is compiled from Washington's public and private papers, we find that at Mt. Vernon, after the Revolutionary War, he enjoyed fox hunting and frequently indulged in it in hunting season, and his description of the runs with the hounds, taken from his diary, appeals to the old fox hunter who remembers the hunting of years ago, when the hounds were hunted by the horsemen who rode with them, and not by a master of hounds with his employed huntsman and whippers-in. An entry from Washington's diary of December 12th, 1785, describes a run as follows:

“After an early breakfast, George Washington, Mr. Shaw, and myself went into the woods back of Muddy Hole plantation a-hunting, and were joined by Mr. Lund Washington and Mr. William Peake. About half after 10 o'clock

(being first plagued with dogs running hogs) we found a fox near Col. Mason's plantation on Little Hunting Creek, having followed on his drag more than half a mile, and run him with 8 dogs (the other 4 getting, as was supposed, after a second fox) close and well for an hour—when the dogs came to a fault and to cold hunting 20 minutes after 12, when being joined by the missing dogs they put him up afresh and in about 50 minutes killed up in an open field of Col. Mason's—every rider and every dog being present at the death."

It will be seen by this that even the great Washington was content to follow a pack of twelve hounds, and could get a good run and a death out of them.

Under date of October 27th, 1787, Washington's diary contains this entry: "Went to the woods back of Muddy Hole with the hounds—unkennelled 2 foxes and dragged others but caught none—the dogs running wildly and being under no command."

And under date of November 29th, 1787, he says: "In company with Col. Humphreys, Maj. Washington and Mr. Lear, went a-hunting, found a fox near the Pincushion—run him hard for near 3 quarters of an hour and then lost him." December 5th, 1787, he says they went out with the

hounds after breakfast, "took the drag of a fox on the side of Hunting Creek near the Cedar gut, carried it through Muddy Hole plantation into the woods back of it and lost it near the Main Road." And on December 8th, of same year, he says: "Went a-hunting after breakfast; about noon found a fox, which the dogs run for some time in woods through which there was no following them, so whether they caught or lost it is uncertain." The diary also shows hunts on December 22d, 26th, and 28th, of same year, with only a short run on the last day. Under date of February 2d, 1789, the diary has this entry: "On my way home met Mr. George Calvert on his way to Arlington with the hounds I had lent him, viz. Vulcan & Venus (from France) Ragman & 2 other dogs (from England) Dutchess & Doxey (from Philadelphia) Tryal, Jupiter & Countess (descended from the French hounds)."

It will be seen by this that the Virginia hounds were crossed with English and French strains of blood, and that Philadelphia hunters had a stock of hounds that Washington was pleased to have in his pack.

This diary shows fully the pleasure Washington took in hunting, and that it was enough of an event in his life to be entered in the records of it.

General Washington was born on February 22d, 1732, so that he was fifty-five years of age when he was still riding vigorously to hounds and keeping the diary of his hunts. From Washington Irving's *Life of General Washington* we learn that at the age of sixteen he was tall, athletic, and manly for his years, and that he became the hunting companion of Lord Fairfax, who was a staunch fox hunter and kept horses and hounds in the English style—that he found Washington to be as bold as himself in the saddle and as eager to follow the hounds; and that it was probably under the tuition of this hard riding old nobleman that the youthful Washington imbibed that fondness for the chase for which he was afterwards remarked.

CHAPTER II.

RED FOXES.

THE red fox hunted in the Atlantic States, in which English, Irish, or French gentlemen first settled, who were lovers of the hunting sport, was probably brought here by them, with the fox hounds, that they might indulge in this invigorating and exciting pastime on horseback, as they had been accustomed to in the old country. Maryland, Virginia, and Pennsylvania seem to be

the first States into which fox hunting was first introduced, and these States still hold their places as leading States for the sport.

Some zoölogists claim that the red fox (*Vulpes Pennsylvanicus*) probably covers the whole of North America, but east of the Mississippi River, and are hardly found south of the Carolinas; and that this American red fox is very similar to the European fox; that it is very doubtful if this fox was ever introduced here in any large numbers, and that towards the South it gets scarce and is replaced by the gray fox.

This merely throws a doubt upon the introduction of our swift-running red fox from Europe, originally; but it certainly is a well-known fact among old fox hunters that foxes from any other part of the country than the low counties of Pennsylvania, Maryland, and Virginia, and perhaps North Carolina, are not of the same build as the bright red colored, long-legged, active, swift-running, and long-winded Pennsylvania fox that was hunted here in years gone by. And another fact is well known, that the red fox is a very prolific breeder, and might in years extend its species all over these States at least.

The gray fox is said to range across the country south of the red fox, and both species occur together on the extremes of their range,





Red Fox of Eastern Pennsylvania.

but that the gray fox does not extend much north of southern Pennsylvania, and even there it is scarce. On the Pacific coast it reaches Oregon. Some zoölogists consider the Pacific coast form to be distinct (*V. Californicus*) with various sub-species.

The black, silver, and coon foxes are not considered as distinct specific forms. We do not find any form but the red fox in eastern Pennsylvania.

The gray fox is a poor runner as compared with the red fox, but can climb a tree like a coon.

PUPPY RUN AFTER A GRAY FOX.

Within a recent period one of the members of the Rose Tree Club having been presented with a gray fox, brought him in his box to the club-house, and it was decided to train three of the eight-months-old hound puppies on him, that had never scented a fox. The puppies and the fox were taken, by the few members who happened to be present, to a neighboring field, where the fox was turned from his box, after the puppies had been induced to smell at him and had been badly frightened by the growl of the fox. The fox, when released, instead of running off, boldly walked toward the assembled club

men, and the puppies put tail between legs and sneaked to the rear; nor could they be induced to face the fox. After a great clapping of hands and shouting, the fox was finally frightened into a run across country, and the puppies, getting wind of the scent, started on the trail under full cry. The hunters, on foot, followed, with the Master of Hounds, Mr. George W. Hill, and the Huntsman, "Doc." Rogers, in the lead, across two large fields, where the puppies were found to be at fault and the fox out of sight and lost. After a fruitless search "Doc." Rogers was sent to the kennel for an old, worn-out hound to find the track for the puppies. One of the hunters, happening to look up a large chestnut tree, near the fence, saw the fox perched on a low limb, supporting himself by a fore leg over it as a person would hook an arm above the elbow, and gazing down on us in the most unconcerned manner. It took some time to induce him to quit his hold and come to the ground, but when he did he started off for a piece of woodland in fine running shape. Then the puppies had to be hunted up, and "Doc." arriving with his old hound, all were put on the trail, and made a fine run under full cry, through the wood, over a ploughed field, across sod, and over into and through the Tyler woods, until another loss was

made, and the gray fox was discovered high among the limbs of a tall tree that he had climbed, and where he was permitted to remain, the hounds being called off and taken to the kennels, the puppies having shown good scent and hunting qualities.

CHAPTER III.

FIRST AMERICAN ORGANIZED HUNT CLUB.

THE first organized fox hunting club we have any knowledge of we get from the records of the Historical Society of Pennsylvania, and it is of the "Gloucester Fox Hunting Club," whose membership included quite a number of gentlemen prominent in civic and military life in Philadelphia, about the time of the Revolution. The first meeting of this club was held on December 13th, 1766, in the old Philadelphia Coffee House, at the northwest corner of Front and Market streets. From that time the meeting place was at the old ferry house, kept by William Hugg, at Gloucester. The club at its organization was composed entirely of Philadelphians, who adopted a code of rules for its regulation, and the club flourished until long after the Revolution. The roll of membership exceeds 125, and includes such names as Benjamin Chew, Charles Willing,

Thomas Willing, James Wharton, Thomas Mifflin, Israel Morris Jr., Robert Morris, John Cadwalader, Richard Bache, Colonel Thomas Heston, Joseph Penrose, Joseph Bullock, Stephen Moylan, Samuel Caldwell, Samuel Howell, Jonathan Penrose, Isaac Cox, John Dunlap, Thomas Leiper, and James Caldwell, of Philadelphia; and of New Jersey, General Wilkinson, General Franklin Davenport, Captain James B. Cooper, Captain Samuel Whitall, Colonel Joshua Howell, Colonel Thomas Robinson, Jonathan Potts, and Colonel Benjamin Flower. The members of the club met once a week, or oftener, for the hunt, but the Revolutionary War for a time put a stop to the sport, when President Samuel Morris and twenty-one others of the club, including Thomas Leiper, who was first sergeant, organized the First City Troop of Philadelphia City Cavalry. Captain Morris' negro slave, "Old Natty," served the club as aid and master of hounds from 1769, at \$50 per year, and the club furnished him with a house and horse, his assistant being Jack Still. The uniform of the club in 1774 was a dark brown cloth coatee, with laped dragoon pockets, white buttons and frock sleeves, buff waistcoat and breeches, and black velvet cap. In 1775 the pack consisted of thirty-one hounds, and in 1778 the kennels on the Delaware near Gloucester Point

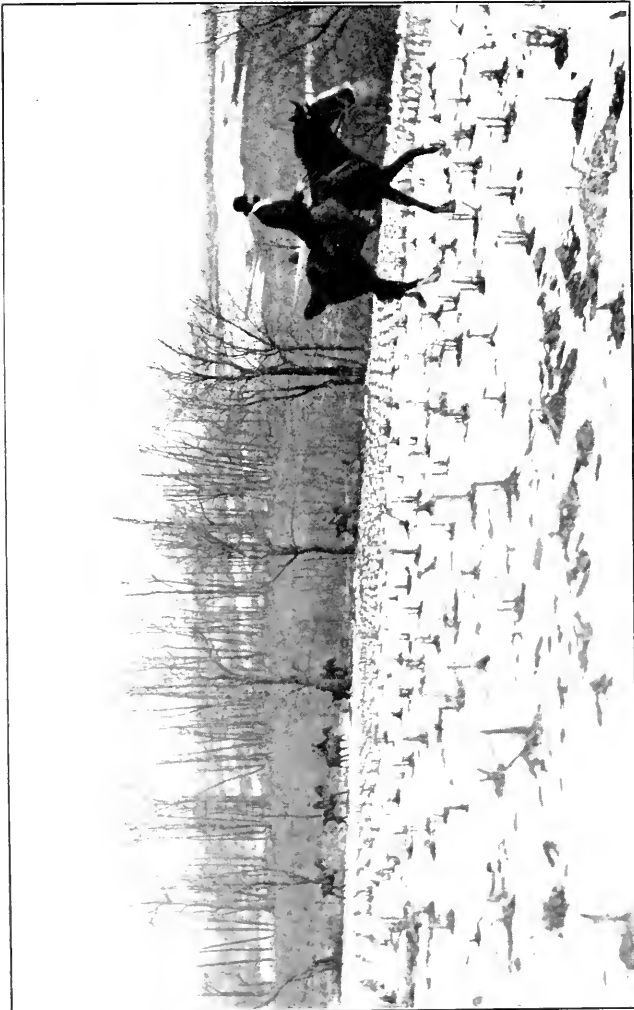
consisted of a selected pack of twenty-two hounds, whose names were: "Mingo," "Piper," "Drummer," "Sweetlys," "Rover," "Countess," "Dido," "Slouch," "Ringwood," "Tippler," "Driver," "Tuneall," "Bumper," "Juno," "Dutchess," "Venus," "Sugnell," "Davy," "Toper," "Bowler," and "Bellman," besides ten six-months-old pups. This old club survived until 1818, and existed for fifty-two years. Often during the hunting season when the ice was not strong enough to admit of crossing on it by horseback, the Philadelphia members would ride to Trenton, cross the bridge there, and thence down on the Jersey side rather than miss the arranged chase. The chase generally lasted only a few hours, but once, in 1798, the fox carried the pack in full cry to Salem; and it was a point of honor never to give up until the fox was killed or holed.

General Robert Wharton, a former Mayor of Philadelphia, was a member of the club. The Thomas Leiper mentioned was the father of the late George G. Leiper and Samuel M. Leiper, of Delaware County, and a great-grandfather of the present George G. Leiper, a noted fox hunter and keeper of hounds, of this county up to a recent date; so that his love of the sport came naturally to him from his ancestor. While the

sons of Samuel M. Leiper were not fox hunters, two of them, Captain Thomas I. Leiper and General Charles I. Leiper, were distinguished and brave officers in the war of the Rebellion, General Leiper serving in the United States Volunteer Cavalry under Sheridan.

THE FOX HOUND.

From the information we get of the hunting of foxes, the English and French hounds of that early day were the long-eared, keen-scented, loud-voiced hound, which is now known as the "American hound," and which has been used in this country from its earlier history, and were used in England and France as long as fox hunting (that is, following the fox by scent) was the true sport; but as the stock of horses for cross-country steeple chasing was improved, and they wanted faster running of their foxes from cover to cover, depending on the master of hounds, huntsmen, and whippers-in to keep their well-trained pack together, then they required the faster-running, sturdy hound, with little nose or voice, and, therefore, bred the shorter-eared and nosed English hound of the present day for their hunting.



In the Hunting Field.

CHAPTER IV.

HUNTING IN DELAWARE COUNTY.

Delaware and Chester Counties, originally and up to 1789 comprising one county, are probably the oldest and best-hunted counties in Pennsylvania. The memory of living man cannot go back to a time when hounds for hunting the red fox were not kept within their limits.

Those living within a few years past, and some of whom were born as far back as 1795, have told us of fox hunts they witnessed when boys, in Middletown, Aston, and Concord townships: when Charley Pennell, Nicholas and Joseph Fairlamb, Squire Baldwin, and Anthony Baker were noted hunters, and later, we learn of hunts from the Black Horse and Anvil taverns, the former in Middletown, and the latter in the part of Upper Providence township which is now Media, numbering among its hunting landlords George Litzenberg and Charley Wells, and of the stiff rides made more daring by the bracers that had been taken before the start. Our own respected and beloved President, Mr. H. E. Sauliner, tells of his riding in hunts from the Anvil early in the thirties; and J. Howard Lewis, our genial and popular Vice-President, hunted from that house in about 1837, the tavern name being afterwards

changed to the "Providence Inn." In those good old days, among the earlier noted hunters who kept hounds were Abraham Martin, the Greens of Edgmont, Henry Myers, Caleb and Minshall Hoopes, John Broomall, James Hickman, Jesse Walter, John Palmer, William and Pennell Hannum, Jim Myers, of Thornbury, Evan Hannum, of Concord, James Burns and Dr. William Gray, of Chester, George Litzenberg, of Upper Providence, and Tom Beaston, of Upper Chichester. An honorary member of the Rose Tree Club, Mark Pennell, also kept hounds many years ago, and our well-known Master of Hounds, George W. Hill, commenced his hunting with him in about 1830, on foot, as Mr. Pennell often indulged in that way of hunting.

From this Mark Pennell, now eighty-eight years of age, we learn that Charles Pennell, his cousin, died in 1829, and that he did some hunting as late as 1828; and that among his hounds was a celebrated blue and white hound named "Plunder." Charles Pennell, who was born about 1760, kept hounds from his earliest manhood, and was well known as a skilled hunter and a bold rider. He rode at several bag hunts from the old Anvil tavern. We heard of him from a gentleman who was born in 1797, and who when a small boy was watching, with his

brothers, the hounds running over the hills on his father's farm, in Middletown township early one morning, that Charley Pennell came riding to them on a good young horse that had never hunted before, and which he put at a low worm or stake and rider fence, and that the horse refused to take it. At Mr. Pennell's request, the boys cut a stout stick for him, and with this persuader he drove his horse at the fence again and he went blundering over it after the hounds. Some hours after this, the boys, hearing the hounds returning, ran to the hills and met them in full cry, with Mr. Pennell close after, his horse taking every fence in the way in flying leaps. It was under such an instructor that Mr. Mark Pennell got his early experience in fox hunting from the age of fourteen years. He kept from eight to ten hounds at his farm home in Aston township, which he went to in 1835, and hunted them for many years; and as several of his farmer neighbors kept a few hounds also, when he wanted a hunt his ringing fox-hunting call would bring the neighbors' hounds to him. His practiced ear taught him to know the cry of the different hounds he hunted with, so that it was easy for him to also know how and where they were running and which ones were on the lead.

Few farmers objected to hunting over their

lands, and generally they were fond of seeing the hunt and hearing the hounds in full cry; and this love of the sport is illustrated by the fact, that a farmer named Jesse Russell, living in Edgmont township, and whose farm contained a well-wooded round top called Hunting Hill, a favorite retreat for foxes, when on his death bed requested that he should be buried on Hunting Hill, where he could hear the hounds running. He was buried on the north side of this hill, and afterwards the spot was adopted as a family burying ground, and so still remains with a wall of native stone around it which is fast going to decay, but which some of the fox hunting clubs of the county propose to rebuild and put in good condition. His tombstone bears this inscription:

“This stone is erected to the memory of Jesse Russell, who departed this life September 12th, 1820, in the 42nd year of his age, and was deposited here at his own request.”

In the same lot is the grave of John Russell, a brother, who died March 24th, 1831, and of Susanna Russell, who died January 5th, 1837; and also of Priscilla Russell, who died August 4th, 1861, in the seventy-seventh year of her age; there are also two other graves of members of the family.

Jesse Russell was an ardent fox hunter.

Priscilla Russell was well known among the fox hunters of her day as "Aunt Prissy"; and Caleb Hoopes, now eighty-five years old, who was a fearless hunter in those days, says of her that she lived on this Hunting Hill farm, and, having an inherited love of the sport, she always had ready a mince pie or some good cider to appease the appetite and quench the thirst of her fox-hunting friends. All the hunters of that part of the country were her friends and were sure to stop at her house. So, may her ashes rest in peace, and if there is such a thing as the spirits of the departed being permitted to participate in the things that pleased them in this world, may Jesse and Priscilla still enjoy the musical cry of the hounds as they hunt the wily fox around Hunting Hill!

Many other farmers, old and young, hearing the hounds running in their neighborhood, would leave work, rush to the barn, saddle and bridle the horse, and join in the chase.

Red foxes have generally been plentiful in Delaware County, and therefore the true lovers of the sport have always hunted the wild fox and scorned the anise-seed bag.

CHAPTER V.

HUNTING THAT LED TO THE FORMATION OF
THE ROSE TREE CLUB.

The author commenced his fox hunting with Mr. J. Howard Lewis in the winter of 1852-53, and they were two of the originators of the Rose Tree Club. At that time among the old noted hunters who packed fox hounds in this county were Jim Burns and Ned Engle, of Chester, and they had been hunting for years in Tinicum and up the Ridley creek country, and with them, in the fifties, hunted Jake Stewart; these men then hunting on foot; Burns and Engle at that time considering themselves too old to ride. Then there was John Mahoney, of Rockdale, who had a noted pack of hounds and was an old and gritty rider, although it is said that John commenced his hunting on foot with Mark Pennell and George W. Hill, who furnished him with his first hounds. George Powell, of Springfield, was an old and good hunter, with his well-known blue-speckled pack, and his hunting companion, Jack Smith. Jones and Hunter Moore, of Haverford, had packed hounds from 1845, and only gave it up about three years ago, both good riders and hunters, and always with a pack that could not be excelled; and with them hunted Dan Abrahams.

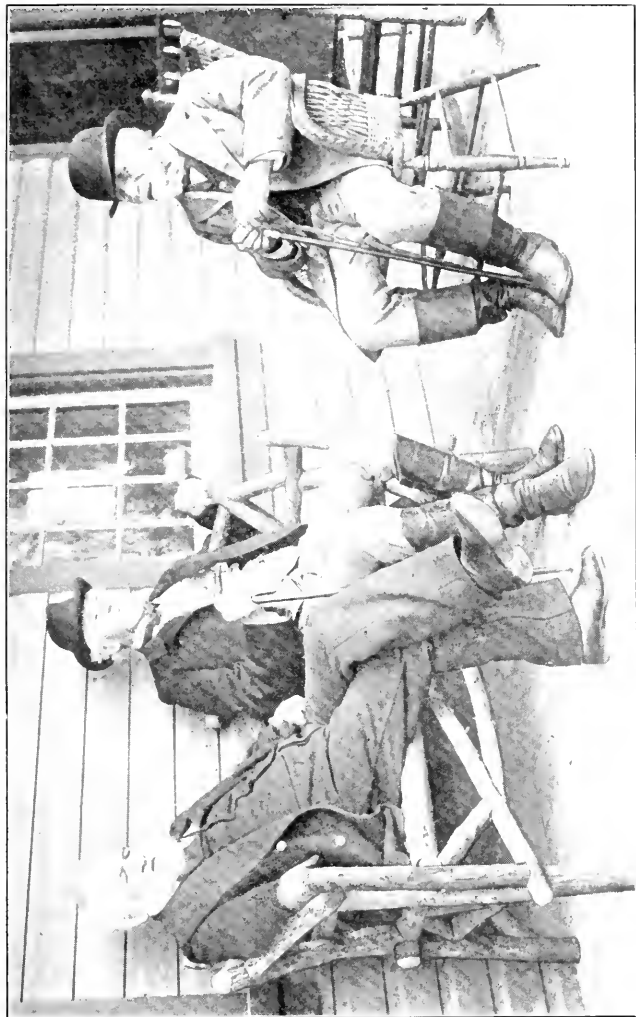
afterwards known as the "Old Squire"; Bill and Tom Crosley, of Radnor, hard riders, had a large pack of good, wiry, white-speckled hounds; Bill rode a gray, spirited mare that never refused the stiffest four-rail fence; she afterwards was owned and ridden by J. Edward Farnum, of the Rose Tree Club. Pratt and Wash. Bishop, of Upper Providence, both excellent hunters and riders, had good hounds; so had Chandler Thomas and his brother, of Upper Providence, who lived on the farm, now the Bullock property, adjoining the Rose Tree Club house grounds; Bill Noble, of Ridley, had hounds; Jesse Hickman, of Thornbury, a skilled hunter, good rider, a great lover of the sport, had a fine pack; also had William Grant and Henry Reynard, Mike Carrigan, of Thornbury, and Levis Speakman, of Birmingham, Wm. Hannum, of Aston, and Osborn Booth, of Concord.

Hounds were also packed at the Plum Sock tavern on the West Chester road, known as the old William Penn, and kept by Joseph and John Tucker, who were active fox hunters. Later, there was Ned Barber, who had a pack of American hounds with ears trimmed to a bull terrier cut and chopped-off tails; this, however, did not interfere with the goodness of the hounds, but ruined their beauty in the eyes of all the old

hunters. Such trimming might not mar the beauty of the short-eared English hounds now so popular with some hunting men. Jackson Baker, Davis Broomall, William Green, G. Leiper Green, Robert Sill, J. Davis Roney, R. David Johnson, Sherwood Baker, and James Pinkerton hunted a pack of hounds from the Howellville tavern (now Gradyville), in Edgmont township, kept by Robert Sill, from about 1866; and when Davis Broomall became landlord of the William Penn tavern, in 1871, this pack was hunted from that tavern house. James Neeld, of Concord, also had an excellent pack and was a keen sportsman.

The hounds of all these packs were of the best for a cold drag, a hot scent, and a long run, and, as many of the packs hunted over the same country, it was not an unusual thing to have them get together on the same fox, and the hunter would find himself following from forty to sixty well-bred hounds in full cry, making music that delighted the heart and stirred the blood to daring deeds of horsemanship.

Mr. Lewis and Mr. Darlington had their own pack of eight or ten hounds, and they packed and hunted together until the Rose Tree Club was formed; their hounds for the first years, and to 1859, being packed at Mr. Lewis' mill property in Nether Providence. The names of some of the



Samuel C. Lewis.

Henry E. Sauthier.

J. Howard Lewis.

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hounds kept by them were Mr. Lewis' "Rousem," "Slasher," "Trailer," "Sounder," and "Tetlaw"; and Mr. Darlington's "George" and "Belle," from the Crosley pack, "Hickman," from the Powell pack (and named for the distinguished Congressman of this district); and "Heenan," from the Mahoney pack (named for the then celebrated prize fighter). Mr. Lewis always said that when "Heenan" was called up to scent on a cold drag and he gave tongue, we were sure it was a fox track.

CHAPTER VI.

ORIGIN OF THE ROSE TREE CLUB.

The Rose Tree Club was first formed in the year 1859 at the old Rose Tree Inn, after J. Morgan Baker became the owner and landlord of that tavern house, and it was organized by the election of J. Howard Lewis as President, George E. Darlington as Secretary, and J. Morgan Baker as Treasurer, and minutes of meetings and hunts were regularly kept, but, unfortunately, they have been lost. Every member of the club was an active and trained fox hunter, and being well qualified to hunt the hounds by practical experience, no master of hounds or huntsman was required. A whipper-in, Jim Miller (colored), was

employed to bring back stray hounds, and he was a good and bold rider. The other members of the club were Pratt Bishop, Thomas Bishop, Wash. Bishop, Edward Howard, Edward Lewis, Edward E. Worrall, James G. Stacey, Gideon Malin, and John J. Rowland, for up to 1873 it had almost exclusively a Delaware County membership, Fairman Rogers and J. Edward Farnum, who joined before that date, both having residences in the county.

The pack was made up of the hounds of Mr. Lewis and Mr. Darlington, and hounds furnished by the Bishops and by J. Morgan Baker, who put in a good red bitch named "May," making up about fifteen of as good and true hounds as ever ran a fox. These hounds were kenneled during the hunting season in an out-building attached to the old tavern barn.

Many a hard ride the members had together, starting for the find, as they did, before sunrise in the morning, working up the fox from the meadow or low ground where he had been mousing before daylight; sometimes dragging for miles before jumping him from his lair on the warm side of a wooded hill, where he was lying curled in his bed of leaves; then off on a hard run until the fox was holed or killed, which not infrequently was long after the noon hour; or if holed

earlier, then off to jump a fresh fox for another run. It was a rare chance for a fox to get away from the hounds and riders until he had taken to earth. Any hunter who has not seen the early morning drag on a cold scent does not know the pleasure given in the display of intelligence of hounds in this work and of the fine scent with which they are gifted; and see how the young hounds learn to depend on the reliable old fellows for the true track, when they give tongue, and how they eagerly cluster around them scenting for the track. Other hounds, less reliable, might cry a track and no attention would be paid to them. This working a cold drag is a delicate and skilled piece of business, in the getting of the course the fox has taken to his lair, and requires experience and strong sense. Well-trained hounds scatter in this work so as to lose no chance of a true find; but as the scent and course get certain and warmer, then your pack will work closer together, with a loud burst of cry as a more certain spot of scent is reached. When the fox is jumped there is no mistaking the joyful, exultant cry that bursts from every hound, and away they go, and he who would follow must now ride hard, and strain ears and sense to get the course they are taking; for the skilled hunter has ridden closely with his hounds on the drag,

encouraging them with his voice and urging them on if they have shown disposition to quit, and he should be on hand for the run to encourage the hounds if an out is made, and see that they make the proper casts or circling, for the fox may knock them out by doubling on his tracks, or by running a fence, or through a stream of water, or by some other wily trick that an old red fox knows only too well how to adopt. In those days no hunting horns to call the hounds were deemed necessary, for a hunter who could not ring his voice over the hills and valleys on a frosty morning to the hounds far away, in the true hunting cry, was not considered much of a fox hunter. Mr. Mark Pennell, who had a clear, strong, far-reaching voice, has given his experience how far the hunting cry can be heard, and he tells of a certain cold, still, frosty morning how he went to the barn on his farm in Aston and after cleaning and feeding his hunting horse preparatory to a mount for a hunt, he walked to the top of a hill on his farm and gave his calls to get in a favorite hound named "Tyler," owned by Nicholas Fairlamb, whose farmhouse was on the Middletown road below the old Presbyterian church, estimated to be between four and five miles across country from Mr. Pennell's. After calling several times, Mr. Pennell went to his house for breakfast, and

coming out immediately after this meal was over, he found "Tyler" waiting and ready for him. He learned after, that the hound was in the kitchen of his master's house, and Mr. Fairlamb, hearing him howling to get out, got up and opened the door, and away went the hound. Some neighbors of Mr. Pennell, living between his house and the Fairlamb house, heard Mr. Pennell calling up the hound and soon after heard and saw "Tyler" running fast for Mr. Pennell's house.

Mr. Pennell also says that on another occasion he had run a fox to the Brandywine and earthed him near the Baptist church, and after holing he called to let the other hunters know the fox was holed; some men who were near the Willcox Catholic church in Aston, and knew Mr. Pennell's voice, heard that call; this distance is over three miles.

Those were the days when the sport was truly hunting, and not steeple chasing with hounds across country. The hunting horses were not as good then as now, for they were not blooded stock; but the hunter knew how to save his horse's wind and strength by never forcing a jump when unnecessary, and by taking some of the work on himself in the climbing of steep hills afoot, leading his horse to the top.

THE CUNNING OF THE FOX.

Every man of the club knew the habits of the fox by experience, and after one or two runs of the same fox he knew what that fox was likely to do in his run. It may be well to say here that the red fox of that day was full of cunning, and while a few were holed in a short run, the old foxes generally seemed fond of being hunted, and when the scent was not strong enough to enable the hounds to run with heads up, or as was called "breast high," and they had to hunt it closely on the ground, the fox, after getting well ahead, would stop, sit down, listen to the cry of the hounds, and roll on his back in apparent glee, allowing the hounds to come within a short distance of him before starting again on his run. If the hounds were running him too hard, then he had various tricks of cunning to throw them off his scent; sometimes doubling on his tracks, that is, turning back over the same ground he had been running from the hounds, and then leap far from it so as to break the scent, which naturally made the eager hounds overrun and lose the track; then there must be a cast back to find it again. Old hounds generally circled, as the quickest and surest way to find where the fox had gone, while young hounds were apt to run

the back track. Another favorite cunning of the fox was to cross a stream of water by leaping from stone to stone, or by swimming the broader ones, and even broad dams of water; or by taking a shallow stream and running the course of it for a distance and then taking out on the opposite side; again, he would mount and run the top rail of a fence, and perhaps take a cross fence the same way, and then leap far from it to the ground to resume his run. Again, he would run up an inclining tree trunk and secrete himself in the branches until the hounds passed, or if they scented him and surrounded the tree, then it was not an unusual thing for the fox to spring out among the hounds and get away from them in their interfering eagerness to catch him. And again, he would run into the middle of a flock of sheep in a field, and do all the sheep might, in their fright, they could not get rid of him until he chose to leave them. The result of these tricks was a rest to him from his running, and the hunter must be on hand to assist and encourage the lost hounds in solving the problem of what trick the fox had adopted. A well-known, large, white-tipped-tailed fox that gave many a good run from the Miller and Tyler woods, in several of the hunts lost the hounds, when he tired of the run, in the midst of the same

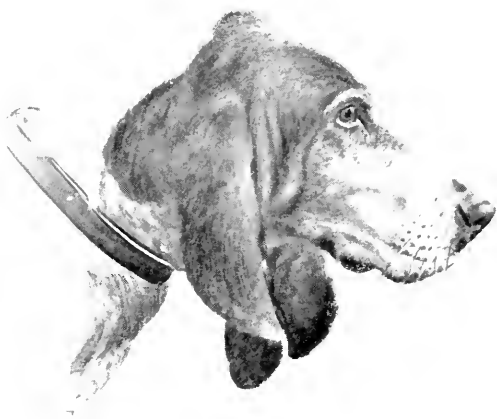
corn stubble field, and his trick of doing it was never discovered.

The intelligence of the old hounds was fully exhibited when the fox had tracked through a deep snow; here they would plunge their noses to the bottom of the track for the scent, and after a few trials determined with great sagacity, first, that it was a fox track, and then the way he had gone.

AMERICAN HOUNDS USED.

While for bag hunting there was a disposition among some to boast of a fast-running hound that was pretty sure to be the first at the death of the fox, by fair or foul means, the Rose Tree Club took no pride in such a hound for their pack, if he ran far ahead of the pack by cutting or circling when a loss was made and took the scent without giving tongue. Such a hound spoils the hunt, and the way they had to dispose of him was to put his neck under the bottom rail of a worm fence in the hunting field and leave him to his lasting repose.

There was no buying or selling of hounds in the early existence of the Rose Tree Club, the pack being kept up by breeding and crossing from the best dogs of other packs, as a good-fellowship existed among all fox hunters, and little, if any, jealousy was engendered by the



American Hound, "Jumbo,"
of the Rose Tree Fox Hunt Pack.

good-natured rivalry in the field. The American hound was the only hound used, the pride being to have him show full American breeding points. The size was not so much a question, although large, loosely-made hounds were not popular. What was wanted was deep-chested, strongly put together hounds for lasting in running, with good sounding voices, pointer-shaped noses of good length, long ears that would meet at the tips across the end of the nose when stretched forward, and high-pointed head bone at top of head. It was not an unusual thing to see an old fox hunter stretching the ears of a favorite hound with his fingers, to show with pride how they would meet across the end of the nose. The hounds used were as good as any hunter could desire, and for an all-day hard run could not be excelled. The puppies were bred and raised at the hunter's own home.

The rule of the club was that any member taking the hounds out for a run must see that they be returned safe to the kennel, and the members never failed to obey the rule, even if the run lasted until after sundown, as it sometimes did.

The hounds, during this first organization of the club, were only kenneled during the hunting season, from November to March, each owner at other times keeping his hounds at his own home.

CHAPTER VII.

PLACES WELL KNOWN TO HUNTERS.

The well-known places for starting or holing foxes were: Hunting Hill, the Chestnut Sprouts, afterwards known as Chestnut Woods, Charles Johnson's woods, the Cedar Barrens, Castle Rocks, the Snake House Woods (which took its name from a deserted house where large quantities of snakes were found), the old Saw Mill woods on Crum creek, Lobb's woods, Trout Run, Paxson's Hollow, Powel's Rocks, Bare Hill, Tyler's woods, Miller's woods, Poplar Hill, Painter's woods, Smedley's Barrens, a large tract of woodland; the Turn Hole on Crum creek below Holland's bridge, Fell's Hills, Gibbon's Hills, Maris' woods on Darby creek, Long Point on Ridley creek, and the Greenbriers, below the Black Horse hotel. The most famous places for the holing of foxes were Castle Rocks, Powel's Rocks, and the Turn Hole; in either place the fox was safe from bag hunters, as they could not be dug out owing to the rocky nature of the ground. In open soil, such as used for ground hog holes, a few hours' digging would unearth a fox, and a forked stick with a string across it for the fox to snap on, so that it could be twisted by a turn around his nose and jaw, made it easy to drag him from the end of the hole.

OLD CASTLE ROCKS.

Castle Rocks deserve more than a passing notice, for besides being so well known to fox hunters of Delaware, Chester, and Montgomery Counties, it has a well authenticated legend attached that made it celebrated from the time of the Revolutionary War. The country surrounding it was then a densely wooded country, and its location was near the old King's highway, which is now known as the West Chester and Philadelphia turnpike road, along which the trolley road is constructed, and the old rocks and remaining wood are now used for picnic grounds and for the annual reunion and love feasts of the people of those three mentioned counties, where they can gossip, talk crops, politics, or any other rural topics, and can be served with beef from a whole roasted ox, ride on the merry-go-round, or be entertained by plantation songs and dances, as well as witty speeches and otherwise. But during the hunting season the winter winds, frosts, and snows put an end to these modern encroachments on the solemn and silent solitude of the old rocks, and the fox and the hunters still have them as of yore; the fox often passing over or near them in his run to see that they still remain safe for him to go to earth in, when too hard driven; or if he is already tired, he quietly slips into one

of the many holes in them for rest, knowing that he is secure both from man and dog.

The legend is that a bold highwayman named Fitzpatrick, who, as one story goes, had been an Irish soldier in the British army during the Revolutionary War, and having deserted, turned robber, and the other being that he was a deserter from the American army, after being punished for some offence, and that these rocks were his main haunt, where he had a cave in which he lived alone and stored his booty, for if he had any robber companions connected with him they never gained the celebrity Fitz did; but, if a cave of sufficient size for such a home ever existed it long ago disappeared, although the mass of high, piled, loose rocks are amply large for the formation of a cave or construction of a hut. Fitzpatrick, as the legend goes, had a very tender heart for the poor and needy, and while he had no love for the Whig and Patriot of that day and robbed their tax collectors and well-to-do farmers and tradesmen, yet he was said to have plundered only the rich, and gave to the poor when he found them in need, and, consequently, he had many friends among them, and they shielded and served him and saved him often from capture, and enabled him to lead this roving, thieving life for a series of years, in comparative security. As it is also told of him,

that he had for a time been making his home in a small deserted house in the neighborhood, and the fact having become known to his enemies, one night when he had gone there to rest and had taken his, or somebody else's good horse into the house with him, it was surrounded by those enemies, who pounded on the door and demanded his surrender. Fitz cocked his trusty pistols, opened the door, and mounting his saddled and bridled horse rode boldly through the frightened men, and bidding them good evening was off and away unharmed and uncaptured. The dark hint has been given that the crowd contained more friends than enemies of this bad man. Another instance is told of his courage and daring, and this took place at one of the old taverns on the road to West Chester. A heavy reward price for those days was offered for his capture, and the neighborhood was aroused and men banded together to hunt and secure him, and thus it was that on a certain day one of these parties, composed of several men, after scouring the country, had stopped at the tavern to refresh themselves, leaving their horses hitched on the outside, and feeling secure in numbers they had stacked their guns in a corner of the bar room and were making merry over the landlord's good cheer, and were boasting of how they would capture Fitz when they found

him. In walked Fitzpatrick, who was unknown to them, and, after listening to their bravado, he strided to the bar, and ordering a glass of whiskey for himself invited the others to join him, which they were nothing loth to do. Drink followed drink, and they continued their merriment together, until Fitz, tiring of the sport, edged himself out until he stood between the men and their guns, and, drawing and cocking his pistols, boldly announced who he was and dared them to capture him. Finding they were completely cowed, he coolly ordered them out into the road before him, where, lining them up at a safe distance from his and their horses, he mounted, and, bidding them good day, rode off at a gallop. The landlord, possibly, had no ill feeling against Fitz; at least, he did not show himself to be an enemy.

Fitzpatrick had often boasted that he would not be taken by mortal man; but a woman effected his downfall, as the story goes, for Fitz was not only fond of strong drink, but also had a weakness for comely girls, and it came about in this wise: On the north side of the old West Chester road, near Castle Rock, was the farmhouse of a man named McAfee, and which was on the farm now known as the Taylor farm; at this house lived a buxom, stout, good-looking Irish girl, whom Fitzpatrick knew and admired; so, one day, being

the worse for liquor, he visited the house and went to a room where the girl was. Seeing a pair of new shoes, Fitz conceived the idea that it would be well to exchange his old, well-worn pair for them, and, sitting down on the side of the bed, he pulled off his shoes and put on the new pair; as he raised up, the girl, who had gotten up behind him, threw her strong arms around him, pinioning his arms fast to his body. Fitz, thinking it a playful joke on her part, tried to rock himself, in a drunken but good-humored manner, from her grasp; the girl, however, held on and calling aloud, the farm hands, or men concealed, rushed in, and overpowering Fitz, bound him with ropes, and he was thus captured and taken to the old borough of Chester, where he was afterwards tried as a highway robber and hung in the year 1778. It is said the girl was either tempted to this act of treachery by the reward offered, or through jealousy from the attentions of Fitz to another girl of the neighborhood. This history is authenticated by having been repeated to boys born soon after the end of the Revolutionary War, and by them handed down in their old age, and it was obtained directly from such men.

This McAfee property was owned for several years by John Lewis, the father of J. Howard Lewis, and he and his family occupied the house

from 1819 to 1823; during that time the neighbors who visited them informed Mrs. Lewis that the house was haunted, and asked her if she had never heard at night the fall of a pistol from the bed, as it had fallen in the scuffle that took place when Fitzpatrick was captured; but Mrs. Lewis had never heard it.

Bayard Taylor, in his *Story of Kennett*, gives a romantic account of this Fitzpatrick, under the name of "Sandy Flash," and of a fox hunt he participated in; and Mr. H. G. Ashmead, in his carefully compiled and interesting *History of Delaware County*, gives the West Chester version of this man's exploits and haunts in Chester County, under the name of "James Fitzpatrick," and he says that Fitzpatrick was born in the old county of Chester and served his apprenticeship as a blacksmith, and that he first served in the army of the Province, and until he deserted in 1777, after having been flogged for some offence. Mr. Ashmead's account of him is well worth the reading.

CHAPTER VIII.

SOME OF THE HUNTS FROM 1853 TO 1860.

FROM 1853 up to about the sixties J. Howard Lewis had, each year, a Christmas hunt with the hounds from his home on the paper mill property,





Geo. W. Hill, M. F. H.

See pages 52, 110, 115.

followed by a dinner to his hunting friends, and a royal good time they had. At one of these hunts on a green Christmas, without snow or ice, George Powell, with Jack Smith, had his hounds also on the Crum creek valley, and a fox was started early in the morning by both packs. In the run a second fox was started and the hounds separated, a part taking each fox. George Powell, Jack Smith, and the author got with the part of the packs that ran their fox down the Crum, and a hot chase they had to Carr's thicket in Ridley township, passing the present Swarthmore country, which was then open farm land and timber. At Carr's thicket the fox had taken to the fence and an out was made by the hounds, so the riders dismounted to tighten girths and let their horses get their wind. The hounds being of the best and well experienced, soon found the trick the fox had resorted to, and some of the older ones mounted the fence to hunt the track, and when the course of the fox was found and signaled to the other hounds by the cry of the finder, they climbed the fence in the direction indicated, and, giving tongue, they hunted it till they found where the fox had left the fence, and then away they all ran in full cry through the thicket. Then there was a mounting of horses as the fox burst from cover for a run back over the same country, on a

return to Crum creek, with the eager hounds in close pursuit and the riders following, keeping the hounds in view, and thus we came back to the Wallingford mill dam, which the fox, close pressed, swam over, followed by the hounds. It looked so much like a sure kill that Jack Smith, in his excitement, pushed his horse into the dam up to his saddle girths, intending to swim across after the hounds, and it took very vigorous commands to him from George Powell before he could be induced to come back and ride with us to the Howard Lewis' ford to cross the Crum. The fox was holed on Jacob Hibberd's farm with the hounds snapping at him as he went to earth. The other riders, J. Howard Lewis, Edward Lewis, James G. Stacey, and Eli D. Pierce Jr., had holed their fox in the Turn hole after a hard run up and down the creek, and, hearing our hounds, they rode to meet us; and it being then long passed the noon hour we gladly adjourned to Mr. Lewis' house for our Christmas turkey dinner and to talk over the sport of the day, and laugh over the funny incidents, how this one got tumbled from his horse, and that one got tangled in a fence, and another got knocked out from the chase, etc., etc.

The writer was riding at the time a little brown, well-bred Maryland mare, that had been

owned and hunted by Mark B. Hannum, and she was gritty and high-strung and ready to jump at anything in her way, but she was so quick and eager, one had to sit her with watchful care to keep in the saddle. She was also a good road trotter in harness. Some time after this she escaped from the field she was in, and although she had been from Maryland for five or six years, she started back for her old home, and, getting on the Delaware railroad below Wilmington, a train chased her for a mile, she running at full speed, until, seeing other horses in a field, she leaped the fence and galloped out among them. This run and fright, however, split her wind, and from that on she was a wheezer.

J. HOWARD LEWIS' DEN, AND THE OTHER PLACES
WHERE HUNTERS WERE MADE WELCOME.

When J. Howard Lewis built his handsome new stone stable on his mill property, he constructed a cozy office and den room in it, which was heated in winter by a little wood stove that could soon be made comfortably hot; back of the stable was a porch that this room opened out on, and in summer this was a most comfortable lounging place, with an attractive view of a bend in Crum creek, with meadow and wooded hillside. The room was furnished with old-fashioned furniture,

chairs, table, and an old bookcase desk with closets combined. The walls were hung with trophies of the chase, fox heads, brushes, crop sticks, and hunting pictures, and in the corners were piled old flint lock muskets and pistols, old fowling pieces, bayonets, canes, and other antiques, while the top of the bookcase held several old tall leather hats of Revolutionary and 1812 times, and on the table was a silver ice pitcher and glasses on a silver waiter ready for business. There Mr. Lewis entertained his numerous friends for many years, and on Sunday mornings there were sure to be several collected, for Sunday was a great visiting day among residents of the county at that time. Here you would often meet Edward Lewis, Samuel C. Lewis, Henry B. Edwards, General Edward F. Beale, Frank Field, George E. Darlington, J. Edward Farnum, Henry E. Saulnier, Edgar T. Miller, Isaac M. Lewis, Samuel Miller, George W. Hill, Dr. Rush S. Huidekoper, George M. Lewis, James C. Hall, H. M. Ash, Jas. D. Rhoades, Dr. Samuel P. Bartleson, C. Fallon Lewis, Jared Darlington, Bird Dixey, Dory Wright, William H. Corlies, Walter M. Sharples, William Little, and other well-known men in the county, for the hospitality of Mr. Lewis had a wide and extended reputation.

In the earlier hunting days there were many

places where the hunters were made welcome. There was Edward Lewis, whose housekeeper made ginger cakes that beat the band, and at his house on Ridley creek, now used with the Media water works, you were always welcome and cakes and cider were in abundance; then there was Em-mor Eaclus, or "Uncle Aime," as he was called, and here you were sure to get pie, cakes, nuts, cider, and something stronger if you wanted it; for in those days there was no serious prejudice against the moderate use of strong drink, and almost every country house had its home-made wine; there was also Jacob Painter's, Washington Bishop's, Pratt Bishop's, and others, where the latch-string was always out.

HABITS OF THE FOX IN RUNNING.

In the early part of the hunting season, beginning about the first of December, and through the month of January, the fox, when started, usually made his run in an extended circle, and the hunter, after the experience of a run, knew when he started him again about the course he would take in his runs, and if a sight of him was desired, as well as of the leading hounds in full cry, the hunter could ride to a part of the course where such view could be had by quietly sitting on his horse and awaiting their coming. But in

February and later in the season, when you struck an old dog fox, which you mostly did, as the bitch foxes would rarely run at this season, your fox, after a circle to get his bearings, straightened for his own country, he having likely traveled ten, fifteen or twenty miles for this visit. If it were a good scent-laying day, then you had a hard ride, straight away, with your hounds running with few faults. If the wind was against the way the fox had to take for his home, he was forced to run out of his course and slanting to the wind, as an old fox will not run in the teeth of the wind, if he can avoid it, knowing well that it is not only damaging to his running powers, but that it also carries his scent to the following hounds, directing them straight to him. This head wind will make the fox change his course in long tacks, like the sailing tacks of a vessel, and this is necessary to prevent his being driven too far away from the place where he has a safe rocky retreat, if he can reach it. This is the time his greatest cunning comes into play, for if he cannot outwit the hounds and throw them off the scent and thus gain a rest, he must find a safe harbor to bury himself in, or be killed on the ground; but he will not hole if he can avoid it until he reaches his home. This makes a long, hard run for the hunter, and tries the wind and staying qualities of his horse. A

good fox at the start, when fresh, can outrun the swiftest fox hound, but he has not the endurance of the well-bred hound, and his cunning alone can save him in a long run.

CHAPTER IX.

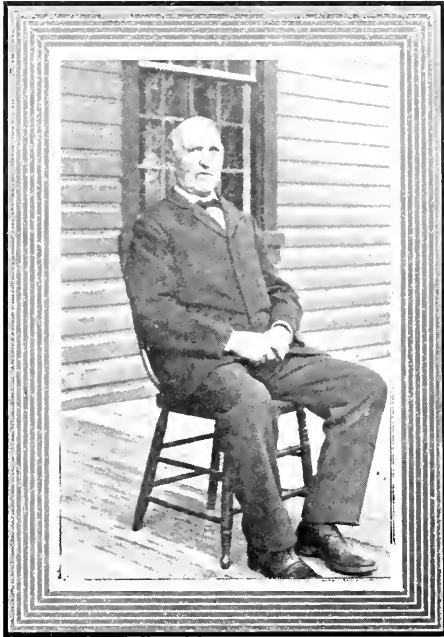
THE OLD ROSE TREE TAVERN AND BENJAMIN ROGERS, LANDLORD.

J. MORGAN BAKER, one of the best landlords the old Rose Tree ever had (and it was built in the eighteenth century), came to this house as owner and landlord in the spring of 1859, having purchased the property from the Cummins family who had owned and run it for many years before, in fact, from 1833. Mr. Baker sold the property and removed from it in the spring of 1864, and John Graham, being the owner and landlord, sold it, in the spring of 1866, to Thomas B. Miller, who was the landlord until the fall of 1867, when he sold it to James D. Velott, and he in turn sold it to his brother, Joseph D. Velott, in January of 1868, the brother becoming the landlord; and he sold it back to James D. Velott in June, 1870, who sold it to George E. Darlington, trustee, in April, 1872, it being held by him in trust for J. Howard Lewis, J. Edward Farnum, Fairman Rogers, and

Samuel C. Lewis, the real owners under this deed; the purchase being made by them to secure the tavern stand for the present landlord, Benjamin Rogers, and to have a permanent place for the keeping of the club hounds; for it will be seen that this old hotel property had changed its landlords quite frequently in these later years, and the kind of accommodations the club was to have were very uncertain. "Uncle Benny Rogers," as he is familiarly called, went to the Lamb tavern, in Springfield township, as landlord in the spring of 1868, and to the Rose Tree tavern in the spring of 1872.

J. Edward Farnum had been an active member of the club from about 1861; Samuel C. Lewis and Fairman Rogers having joined somewhat later.

The Rose Tree Club, organized as before stated, packed its hounds during the hunting season at this old tavern property from the time J. Morgan Baker became the landlord until some time in 1870, at which time, Thos. Garrett being landlord and tenant under the James D. Velott ownership, and some disagreement with Garrett having arisen, the hounds were taken from the Rose Tree and packed, first at the Orchard property of George E. Darlington, near Media, and then at the Lamb tavern in Springfield, then kept



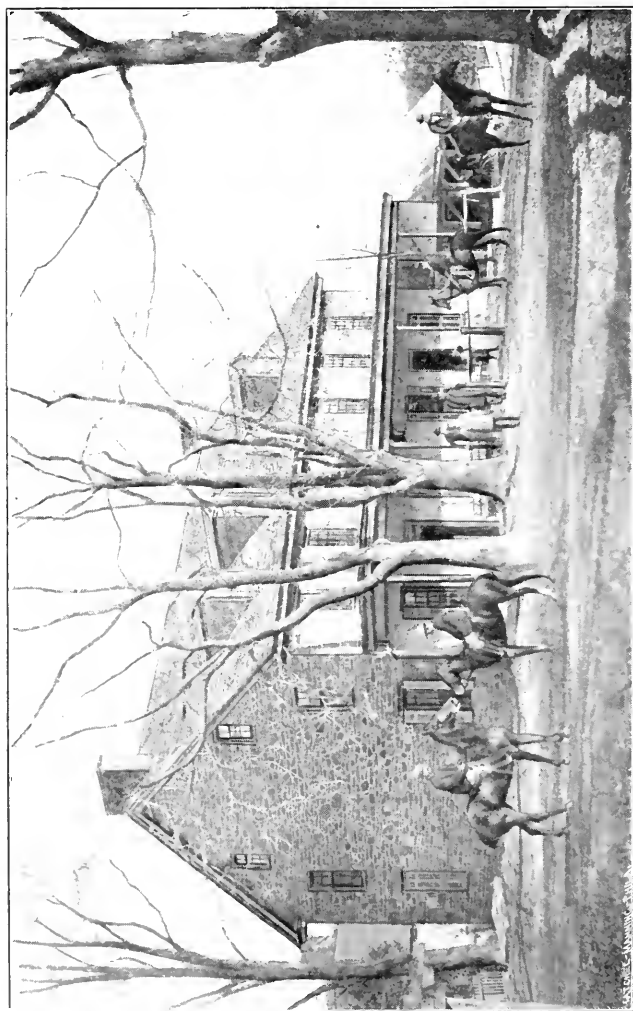
Benjamin Rogers.
Laudford Rose Tree Inn.

by Benny Rogers, and were packed there until Benny removed to the Rose Tree. This was the first acquaintance the club members had with Benny Rogers and his most estimable wife and accomplished landlady. Benny was known as the "Quaker Landlord" from his using the plain language, not that he was a member of that society, or because he dressed in their peculiar garb, but from his use of the word "thee" in addressing any one. Benny also has a mild, persuasive manner, and does not delight in giving strong drink to inebriated persons, who are gently admonished to take a "parilla." Benny was never known to take a drink of liquor at his own bar, or anywhere else, for that matter, and he seldom goes from home. He has raised a family of six or more children, boys and girls, and all are a credit to him, and none of intemperate habit.

So satisfactory was the acquaintance with Benny and his good wife that there was a determination not to part from him; hence the bringing of him to the Rose Tree. Here, as landlord, and with Mrs. Rogers' skill and ability in the table entertainment, and particularly in the serving of the monthly roast pig dinners to the club members, they made a great popularity and notoriety for the old house throughout all this part of eastern Pennsylvania; and no man who has sat at

these monthly club suppers (and many guests have been entertained there from all parts of the United States, as well as some Canadians and Englishmen), will ever, in life, forget the pleasure, satisfaction, and enjoyment he has received at these meals. The popularity of these suppers remains since Mrs. Rogers' death under the able management of her daughter, Mrs. Green, who exhibits all the skill and ability of her mother. The memory of Mrs. Rogers will ever be dear to the members of the club, and the respect and love they bear it will be lasting.

As the old Rose Tree Inn is so thoroughly identified with the club, it may be interesting to give some insight into the history of it. The present stone eastern end of the old house was standing, we have good authority for saying, as far back as 1796, and perhaps much earlier, as its location is on one of the old leading highways of the county, which was laid out and opened by the Commissioners of William Penn. Attached to the western end of this old stone house for many years was a frame addition, which was removed in 1837, and the present stone western end was built by George Cummins, the then owner and landlord; his widow, Mrs. Matilda Cummins, keeping the house after his death for many years; and in her time it was celebrated for its sleighing parties, as it



The Old Rose Tree Inn.

See pages 50, 73.

perhaps had been for years before, it being one of several taverns of the county which kept open house, as it was called, during the winter months, for sleighing parties, and where music was furnished for dancing, as well as good hot suppers. The other open houses for these jolly parties being the President, on the West Chester road; the Star tavern, on the street road; Stamps tavern, on the West Chester and Wilmington road; the Seven Stars tavern, at Village Green, and the Practical Farmer tavern, below Marcus Hook, on the Wilmington road, just over the Delaware State line. It was not unusual for some of the hunters, as well as other young men, to take the entire round of these houses on the same night, in J. Howard Lewis' large four-horse sleigh, and to dance at each, as there were always plenty of pretty country girls ready and willing to enjoy the country dances.

George Cummins purchased the Rose Tree property of Isaac Cochran in April, 1833, who had purchased it of Robert Thomas in June, 1801, who had purchased it of John Maxwell Nesbit and David Hayfield Conyngham in June, 1795. They purchased it at a sheriff's sale made by William Gibbons, High Sheriff of the county of Chester, of which Delaware county was then a part, the deed being made in September, 1774.

This shows the antiquity of the old tavern (for they were all called inns or taverns in those days). The above record of title is carried as far back as the public records of Delaware County, at Media, show, and to carry the title back to William Penn, we must resort to the public records in Chester county, at West Chester.

CHAPTER X.

RE-ORGANIZATION OF THE CLUB.

ON October 4th, 1873, the club was re-organized, and George W. Hill was made President; Frederick Fairlamb, Vice-President; Samuel Miller, Secretary, and George M. Lewis, Treasurer. The President acted as Master of Hounds; there was no Huntsman.

The book kept by George M. Lewis, as Treasurer, shows the membership as follows:

In 1873: J. Howard Lewis, Henry E. Saulnier, Mark Pennell, George M. Lewis, Theodore Wright, Robert Ash, J. Edward Farnum, William I. Leiper, George W. Hill, Frederick Fairlamb, Edgar T. Miller, Samuel W. Hawley, Samuel Miller, Samuel C. Lewis, William F. Miskey, William M. Lloyd, Andrew T. Walker, Fairman Rogers, Isaac M. Lewis, William H. Jenks, Albert P.

Lewis, Edward Worth, and I. Lawrence Halde-
man.

In 1874 there were added to the membership list the names of Burd Dixey, Francis F. Rowland, J. Mitchell Baker, Dr. Thomas C. Stellwagen, Edward T. Davis, A. Morris Herkness, A. J. Cassatt, Moncure Robinson Jr., William H. Corlies, Samuel Welsh Jr., Dr. Daniel Bray, Charles B. Sprogell, and Charles H. Townsend.

And in 1875 and 1876 the following names were added to the list of membership: Davis Lewis, William H. Miller, Rush S. Huidekoper, Isaac L. Miller, F. T. Walton, Frank Thomson, and J. M. Stoddard.

There was no contributor membership during these years, and the annual dues of members were fixed at \$5.

MEMBERSHIP OF 1877.

In 1877 the club had a membership of thirty active hunting members and fourteen contributing members. The by-laws provided that the membership should be confined to residents of Delaware and Chester Counties and Philadelphia. The annual dues of active members were increased to \$10, with an initiation fee of \$10.

After Dr. Daniel Bray, Charles H. Townsend, Moncure Robinson Jr. and Dr. R. S. Huidekoper

joined, these men and other members, all active riders, kept horses expressly for hunting; and there was hard riding in the hunting field, the ordinary post and rail and stake and rider fences forming no obstacle, as the horses with their riders took these leaps without hesitation, fear, or disposition to shirk.

FIRST ROSE TREE CLUB RACES.

Soon after these Philadelphia men joined the Rose Tree Club, races were instituted on the old Rose Tree track, with the steeple chase course across the present Bullock farm, over the post and rail fences as they stood, with added stake and rider fence and hurdle jumps, and also with a stone wall jump on the track grounds. Hurdles were constructed on the track for hurdle races; and flat races and farmer races were also popular.

The people of Delaware and Chester Counties and Philadelphians took great interest in the races, and they with the farmers of the county, who turned out in great numbers, crowded the race grounds. Many handsome turnouts, four-in-hand coaches, tandem and double teams, with single teams of all descriptions, and horseback riders, both ladies and gentlemen, filled up the inner grounds of the racing field. The club, then

as now, was noted for its hospitality, and freely entertained all guests who chose to participate.

The races, flat, hurdle, and steeple chase, were all ridden by gentlemen riders, and were well and spiritedly contested. The club had many good riders, among them being J. Howard and Sam Lewis, Huidekoper, Robinson, Townsend, Bray, Miller, Worth, Mitch. Baker, and others, who also distinguished themselves in the racing field. Jockies and professionals were barred from the track. The farmers' races were always an attractive feature and the entries were of true farm working horses. It was surely a gala day for fine sport, good fellowship, and enjoyment. The prizes were silver cups, or goblets, crop sticks, saddles and bridles; gambling was never permitted on the race course, nor at the club house, and card playing, dice, or other like games have never been popular with the members, and not indulged in.

Shortly before the death of our old fox-hunting friend, John Mahony, while attending one of the Hunt races, he was knocked down and senseless by a bolting horse. He was carried to a room in the Rose Tree Inn, and, being an old man, was nursed anxiously during the night, showing no sign of consciousness. Toward morning his wife, who had been sent for, arrived. Her

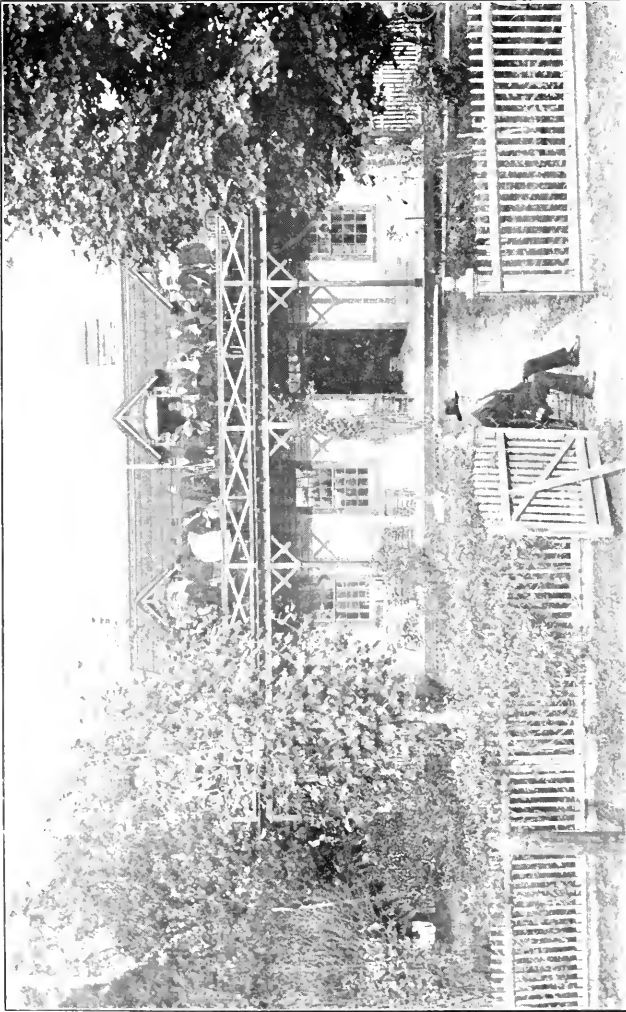
wails brought him to, and opening his eyes he said: "Becky, did ye feed the pups before ye left?" Mahony's pups always shared the kitchen fire and comfort with the family.

MEMBERSHIP IN 1877.

In 1877 the active members of the club were: J. Howard Lewis, Henry E. Saulnier, George M. Lewis, George W. Hill, Frederick Fairlamb, Samuel Miller, Samuel C. Lewis, Fairman Rogers, A. J. Cassatt, Edward Worth, Frank Thomson, William H. Corlies, Dr. T. C. Stellwagen, Dr. Daniel Bray, Theodore Wright, Charles H. Townsend, Dr. R. S. Huidekoper, Samuel Welsh Jr., J. Mitchell Baker, Moncure Robinson Jr., W. H. Jenks, William Lloyd, Davis Lewis, William H. Miller, George Young, S. Frank Sharpless, Charles Camblos Jr., W. G. Abbott, Dr. J. W. White, George E. Darlington, and J. Edward Farnum.

The contributing members were William F. Miskey, I. Lawrence Haldeman, T. Burd Dixey, Charles B. Sprogell, Isaac Miller, J. M. Stoddard, John L. Evans, Horace R. Manley, Samuel W. Seeds, William P. Eyre, and William I. Leiper.

The officers of the club were: George W. Hill, President; Henry E. Saulnier, Vice-President; William H. Corlies, Secretary and Treasurer: the President acting as Master of Hounds, and he ap-



Rose Tree Club House.

See pages 57, 78, 100.

pointed all committees. The by-laws provided for the election of an executive committee, but if any was elected, they do not appear to have performed active duties.

CHAPTER XI.

ERECTION OF THE CLUB HOUSE IN 1881.

IN 1881 the present club house was erected under an agreement between Benjamin Rogers, the owner of the property, and George W. Hill and William H. Corlies, trustees for the Rose Tree Fox Hunting Club, dated April 23d, 1881, which stipulated that the club should have the privilege, at its own cost, to erect the club house at the place where it is now located, for its enjoyment, for the term of fifteen years from that date, at the end of which term the house was to go back into the possession of Mr. Rogers, and the club could then give it up or become tenants; the club reserving the right to remove the house at any time during the term by paying to Mr. Rogers the sum of \$100, for each year his ground had been occupied by it. The most friendly relationship has always existed between Mr. Rogers and his family and the club members, and the suppers sup-

plied monthly on the regular meeting nights have invariably been satisfactory to the members and their numerous guests.

INCORPORATION OF THE CLUB.

On November 22d, 1881, the club was incorporated by Honorable Thomas J. Clayton, President Judge of the Court of Common Pleas of Delaware County (who afterwards was a member of the club to the time of his death), under the name of the "Rose Tree Fox Hunting Club," the incorporators being Fairman Rogers, A. J. Cassatt, George W. Hill, J. Howard Lewis, Henry E. Saulnier, Samuel C. Lewis, J. Edward Farnum, Rush S. Huidekoper, J. Mitchell Baker, Moncure Robinson Jr., William H. Corlies, George M. Lewis, and George E. Darlington; and the Board of Directors named in the charter were: George W. Hill, J. Howard Lewis, Henry E. Saulnier, and William H. Corlies. Under the by-laws, the following officers were elected: President, George W. Hill; Vice-Presidents, Henry E. Saulnier and J. Howard Lewis; and Secretary and Treasurer, William H. Corlies. The by-laws called for the election of a Master of Hounds, but stipulated that the President may hold the office of Master of Hounds, and the Secretary that of Treasurer, and Mr. Hill acted both as President and Master of Hounds.

The membership was limited to one hundred, including active and contributing.

MEMBERSHIP IN 1882.

IN 1882 the active members on the roll were as follows: George W. Hill, Henry E. Saulnier, J. Howard Lewis, William H. Corlies, Samuel C. Lewis, J. Edward Farnum, J. Mitchel Baker, Fairman Rogers, George M. Lewis, Dr. Rush S. Huidekoper, A. J. Cassatt, Moncure Robinson Jr., George E. Darlington, William H. Miller, Edward Worth, Frank Thomson, Charles H. Townsend, S. Frank Sharpless, W. G. Abbott, Alfred Biddle, Alexander W. Biddle, Richard S. Edwards, Isaac Johnson, Charles B. Rhodes, W. H. Gaw, F. C. Macauley, A. L. Wetherill, Harry W. Biddle, Harry Carson Jr., John H. Irwin, Edward F. Beale Jr., Aubrey Jones, Dr. J. B. Kinney, Dr. Thomas Biddle, Dr. J. Wilkes O'Neill, Edward J. Etting, A. E. Harvey, R. D. Barclay, Henry B. Edwards, Roger F. Sturgis, Rudolph Ellis, Thomas Clyde Jr., Dr. Samuel P. Bartleson, George W. Eachus, Walter G. Wilson, James W. Mercur, Richard L. Ashhurst, J. W. Nevin, I. Engle Cochran Jr., Walter S. Massey, James L. Fisher, John R. Flower, Dr. Kingston Goddard Jr., Dr. Robert A. Given, Frank Field, James P. Scott, John B. Robinson,

James D. Rhoads, Kirk B. Wells, Samuel J. Sharpless, William Struthers, Humphrey M. Ash, Ellicott Fisher, Dunbar Price, Clement N. Williams, S. L. Levy, S. Harlan Price, J. Edward Carpenter, B. K. Jamison, J. Howard Lewis Jr., Vanderbilt Allen, Herbert Coxe, William Wayne Jr., W. H. McCallum, Charles E. Mather, H. Carlton Adams, General Edward F. Beale, Nathan Brooke, J. T. Bailey, Louis F. Betz, Frederick W. Fotterall, Philip P. Peace, Jared Darlington, Rufus E. Shapley, James C. Hall, Dr. William S. Little.

The contributing members on the roll were: William I. Leiper, I. Lawrence Haldeman, J. M. Stoddard, John L. Evans, Samuel H. Seeds, William P. Eyre, Dr. Francis F. Rowland, H. W. Bickley, George Yarnall, Charles A. Wells.

The honorary members on the roll were: Jefferson Shaner, Jesse J. Hickman, Mark Pennell, John J. Rowland, John Mahony, Samuel Miller, Alexander Pope Jr., Wm. M. Lloyd.

The riding dress of members at this time was a scarlet coat and waistcoat, riding breeches, high silk hat, top boots, and crop stick. The Master of Hounds, Huntsman, and members hunted in this costume for several years, with few exceptions; but the high hat was only worn by a few.

SOME OF THE HARD RIDERS AND THEIR HORSES.

Among the members of the club were many good and fearless riders at this time, as there had been in previous years.

Our old friend, J. Howard Lewis Sr., had always been a good horseman, and was the owner of a number of fast trotting horses, among them being his little bay mare, "Sunday," and with which he won many a trotting race, usually under saddle. Among his hunting horses he boasted of "Old Jesse," "Old Billy," "Billy Mulligan," "Gaberlunzie," "Jackson," "Tam O'Shanter," "Ivanhoe" (or "Dan," as he was frequently called), "Black Bess," and "Baalbec," and he was always ready to give a mount to a friend. It was on his horses that the first lady riders of this county followed the Rose Tree pack. Howard tells many good stories of his hunts, and among others he tells of following the hounds, mounted on "Gaberlunzie," accompanied by Miss M., who rode the mare, "Black Bess." The hounds were running well with the fox not far ahead, and George Yarnall, who rode at 230 pounds, was in the advance, when his horse struck a fence and down fell horse and driver. Howard pressed on, and as he came up to Yarnall, struggling on the ground, he saw that he was vigorously kicking himself loose from his fallen horse, and, knowing him to be strong and

able, Howard called to Miss M. to come on, and away they rode, leaving Yarnall to help himself from the ground, which he manfully did, and Howard says before he and Miss M. had gone two fields away, Yarnall was pounding alongside of them again and was soon in the lead.

Sam Lewis, in his earlier days with the club, rode a little, sprung-kneed black horse, that was wiry and gritty and ready to go wherever Sam pointed him, and Sam didn't hesitate to point him anywhere, when he was in the mood, and a pusher would do it. On one occasion, in a ride above the Snakehouse woods, where there was a wall built across the head of a hollow to prevent washing, Sam, seeing it, called to the other horsemen to follow, and away he galloped on "Blacky" for the wall, and over they went, disappearing from view on the other side. No one followed him, and it was found the ground where the horse alighted was some ten feet below the level of ground on the upper side of the wall; but the horse and Sam were all right. At another time, when riding to the hounds and following close in with them, Sam, on "Blacky," rode from the field at a fence at the side of the road, and Tom Bishop, who was following close and knew the danger of the jump, called to Sam not to take it, but Sam, in the lead, called back, "you're too late," and sailed over the fence

and down into the road, some twelve or fifteen feet below, coming off with horse and rider sound. Sam for many years afterwards rode the old horse "Tom," or "Tam O'Shanter," and did much hunting, racing, and steeple chasing with him.

J. Edward Farnum rode the comparatively light-built but muscular white mare that had been owned and ridden by Bill Crosly for several years, and Bill was a reckless and hard rider. This mare was a splendid hunter and a high jumper, never refusing fence, wall, or gate, and Mr. Farnum, although not a reckless rider, more than once took the courage out of boasters by putting her over a new four or five rail fence where they dared not follow.

"PANDORA."

Probably the most celebrated and best known mare that hunted with the Rose Tree pack was Dr. Rush Shippen Huidekoper's white dappled "Pandora," or "Dora," as she was affectionately called by those nearest to her.

George W. Hill brought "Pandora" from West Virginia, and while he did not know her pedigree, she undoubtedly was seven-eighths, if not full throughbred. Mr. Hill sold her at one of his sales to J. Howard Lewis Sr. She was about four years old, and Howard could neither

drive or ride her with any satisfaction, and as for menial work, this mare, without known name at that time, was too grand a lady to submit to it. When put into the paper mill team, after refusing light harness work, she sulked, balked, and refused to move, and when beaten would lie down in the chains and let the other horses drag her, rather than either pull or walk. Under saddle she was ugly and wilful, and all the pounding over the head and ears with the crop stick couldn't conquer her; so Howard gave her up as a bad lot, and handed her over to Dr. Huidekoper in a horse trade, in 1877, just on the eve of the Doctor's departure, in March, for Europe (after he had taken his medical degree at the University of Pennsylvania), to visit the European hospitals; so the mare was turned out on a farm for the spring, summer, and fall months and until the Doctor returned from Europe the following November. When the Doctor took her up he first gave her a trial to a light buggy, from the Orchard and up the Providence road. "Pandora" went quietly along until the foot of Sandy Bank hill was reached and there stopped stiff and fast, evidently preparing herself for a fight. After one or two mild efforts to get her to move, without success, the Doctor laid the lines across the dash, took his mail from his pocket and quietly read his letters and newspapers. For a half hour

the mare stood in the hot sun like a statue; then she began to get uneasy, resting first one leg, then another, shaking her head and moving it from side to side, but still the Doctor patiently sat, paying no attention to her. Finding herself beaten in her game of wait, and that there was to be no fight, she turned her head for a look at her master, and seeing he was apparently enjoying the quiet rest, without further hesitation she gave up and walked quietly up the hill, never after giving the Doctor further balking trouble.

“Pandora” was not a heavy-weight mare, but was muscular and well put together, and she carried Dr. Huidekoper through many a hard hunt and many a closely contested race across country, and the Doctor then turned the scales at more than 190 pounds.

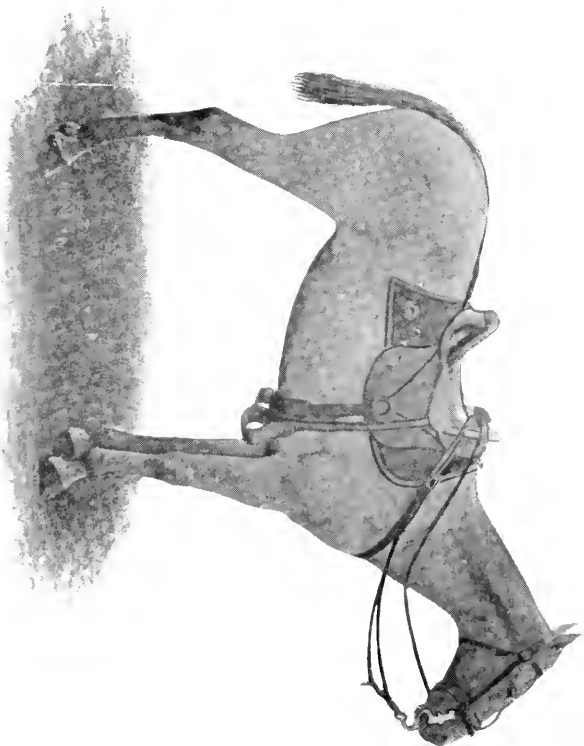
“Pandora” won many steeple chases at the club races, and she and the Doctor were hard to follow in the hunting field, for “Pandora” was ready to take anything, and took her jumps in a rush that sent her far beyond the obstacle, be it fence, ditch, or wall, and she was game to the last. In one of her hunts, which lasted for hours, and in which the hounds and fox were several times in the same field, and it looked like a death, and the hunters were riding hard for the brush, “Pandora” and the Doctor stuck to it until the mare was so

exhausted she had to be left at a farm barn for the night, being too much used up to get her home. The Doctor occasionally loaned her to a friend for a hunt, and on one occasion he loaned her to a young gentleman of Philadelphia, who mounted her in Media and started for the Rose Tree to hunt, but the mare was not going that way, and ran the young man almost into Chester before he succeeded in getting her stopped.

But "Dora" was gentle and not difficult to handle with the Doctor, and Miss M., his sister-in-law, rode her without trouble. She had, however, a playful disposition to elevate her heels in single harness, but even in this she did not aim to do harm, for she invariably lifted her feet high above the dash board and over the heads of the occupants of the wagon. The Doctor drove her without blinds, check rein, or kicking strap, and when asked why he did so, his answer was, he wanted the mare to have full chance to kick clear of the buggy. Finally, when "Dora" and the Doctor gave up fox hunting, and she went into business use in Philadelphia, the mare learned, after a sharp fall on the slippery cobble stones, that showing her heels in the city was neither profitable nor graceful, and she gave up this amusement on the paving and only indulged in it when she got out on the country roads. Any one seeing her standing on



Dr. Rush Shippen, United States Army.



Pandora.

See pages 63, 67

the streets with the Doctor's big buggy wagon, unhitched and head down, would not have taken her to be the high-spirited, mettlesome animal she was; but with it all she had a great affection for the Doctor and would follow him about in harness or under saddle like a faithful dog. "Dora" became more extensively known throughout the state from the military use she got in the camps of the National Guards, while the Doctor was a major on the staff of General George R. Snowden, and in parades in Philadelphia; and in her ten years of such service she frequently distinguished herself in camp in the leaps she took over a barrier made of muskets, boxes, or other material that could be piled up, for the mare was not afraid to face anything she was asked to leap. "Pandora," in her old age, had to be killed, in Philadelphia, but her end was glorious, for she was served up in steaks to some choice friends at a dinner at the Philadelphia Club, and while all pronounced the steaks delicious, yet when the nature of the meat was disclosed, some there were who found the dinner difficult to retain.

Other good horses there were, both in the racing and in the hunting field.

Charles H. Townsend's thoroughbred horse, "Rumney," won most of the early flat and hurdle races.

Moncure Robinson Jr. had a dun horse, named "The Farmer," that could peg along with wonderful endurance and jump anything. This horse won a basket of champagne bet by carrying three men weighing together four hundred and seventy pounds, over a three and a half feet hurdle on the Rose Tree track. Dr. J. William White rode this horse at the Ambler races, Washington, in a three and a half miles race, and won against good horses, that were expected to be the winners, by a good lead. Dr. White rode a number of times with the Rose Tree hounds.

Walter S. Massey rode a couple of winners at the club races, and rode well.

Fairman Rogers' great mares were called "Josephine" and "Dolly."

A. J. Cassatt and his brother, J. G. Cassatt, rode with the club hounds for two winters.

Dr. Daniel Bray had a number of good horses that he rode in the races and with the hounds, and he rode hard and well. He was the owner of the black gelding, "Ivanhoe," and traded him to J. Howard Lewis Sr.

"George the Fourth," owned by William G. Huey, was a hard horse to beat in a steeple chase, or long flat race, and won several races. At the Belmont course he fell with his rider, Dr. M. H. Cryer, at the water jump, landing the Doctor

on the ground by the breaking of a stirrup strap; but he pluckily held on to the horse, and, mounting again, came in winner, riding with one stirrup.

“Orderly” was another good horse, and from Mr. Henry R. Hatfield we get the following account of him: “Orderly” was born near Charlottesville, Va., sire and dam unknown, and sent to Ringgold W. Lardner as a charger for use in the First Troop, Philadelphia City Cavalry. The horse was obstinate and evinced such a desire to buck, jump, and run away that he was useless for that purpose. Mr. Lardner, however, rode him for two seasons with the hounds of the Rose Tree hunt. When the horse first suddenly made up his mind to take a four-rail fence, he went over it like a bird, seemingly clearing it with a foot and a half to spare. When Mr. Lardner died, the horse became the property of Mr. Hatfield, and was hunted regularly with the Rose Tree hounds. He won many prizes for high jumping, steeple chasing, and flat racing. After a few years of handling, he became an excellent charger, though tales are still told of how he would, in camp, suddenly take unnecessary jumps to the amazement of bystanders.

Another well-known horse was “Rosinante,” owned and ridden first by George W. Hill, both

in hunting and racing, about 1880, and afterwards by Mr. Carroll Smyth. "Rosinante" was a high jumper and an excellent hunter, and admirably handled both by Mr. Hill and by Mr. Smyth. He was steady, accurate, straight as an arrow over an obstacle, and was probably one of the prettiest jumpers in the field, with plenty of endurance, too.

Another horse well-known was "Scalplock," owned and ridden by Mrs. Walter R. Furness. With a will of iron and a mouth of velvet, owing to the handling of Mrs. Furness, the horse was probably one of the strangest combinations of good nature and obstinacy, combined with all the best qualities of a man's horse.

The first races were run on the Griffith, Darby, track, by eleven subscribers from the club, the prizes being two large hunting pictures. The first race was run by five for one of the pictures, and was won by Charles H. Townsend on "Rummev."

The second race was run by the other six, and the picture was won by Dr. Huidekoper on "Artaxerxes."

The Rose Tree steeple chase course, of two and a half miles, was, as now, principally across country, over what is now the Bullock farm, formerly owned by John Ottey, and afterwards occupied by John J. Rowland, and the jumps were

over stiff four-rail fences, with some hurdles and a wall.

The members' race over this course had such riders as J. Howard Lewis, George W. Hill, Samuel C. Lewis, Dr. Huidekoper, Townsend, Robinson, Dr. Bray, George M. Lewis, Worth, Ash, and Massey.

The members' two-mile special steeple race on this course was for a silver cup, marked "Presented to the Club by Meredith Norris, 1880." He was a young Philadelphian who frequently rode in the Rose Tree races, and since dead. It is known as the "Meredith Norris Cup," and the winners were entitled to have their names and the names of their horses inscribed on the cup, with the date of their winning. The cup bears only the following race inscriptions:

"Won by Geo. W. Hill, on 'Rosinante,' in Members' Steeple Chase, Fall Meeting, Oct. 9th, 1880."

"Won by J. H. Lewis Jr., on 'Placid Joe,' Members' Steeple Chase, Fall Meeting, Oct. 6th, 1881."

In more recent times the races and hurdle jumping have been well contested by J. Howard Lewis Jr., Dr. Charles A. Dohan, Samuel D. Riddle, Leander W. Riddle, William M. Kerr, William A. Stotesbury, George R. Fox, Edward

B. Chase, E. Sanford Hatch, H. Percival Glendinning, and others, with entries of good horses and superior riding. The contests have been spirited and exciting, and the races have continued highly successful, attracting many of the best citizens of the county and of the city of Philadelphia, as well as of neighboring towns and counties; the farmers' race still being a prominent feature and hard ridden, every rider doing his best to win, in his own way.

Up to the fall of 1895 the races were under racing rules established by the Club's race committees, who adopted the approved track rules of the day, as far as they would apply to club members.

About June, 1895, for the purpose of enabling some of the members who had racing horses to enter their horses in association races on other tracks, the Club, by its Master of Hounds, joined the National Hunt Association, and the Rose Tree races have been, since that time, run under the rules of that association.

CHAPTER XII.

THE ROSE TREE INN, WITH ITS MANY
HISTORICAL ASSOCIATIONS.

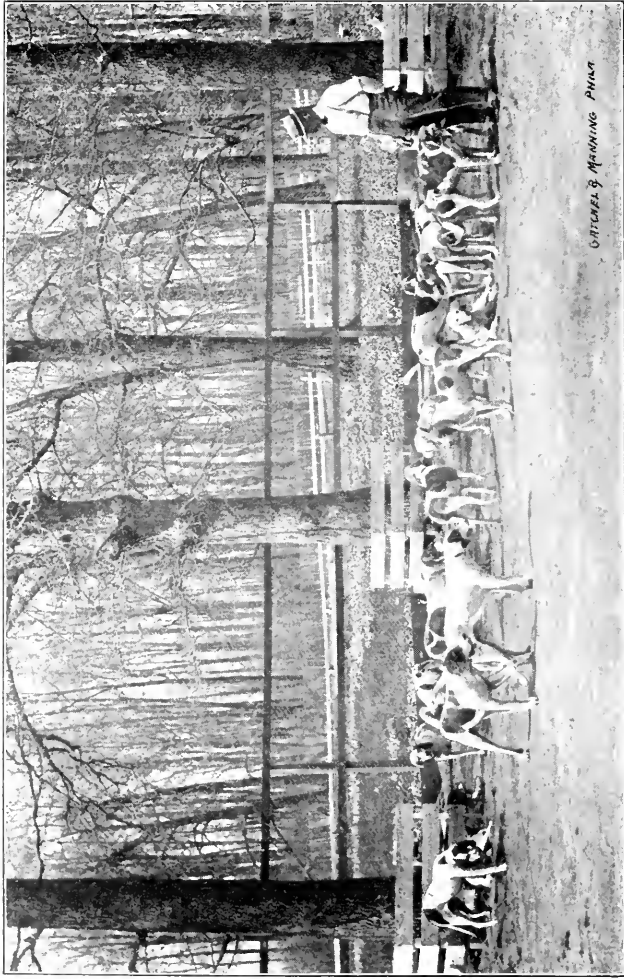
THE following article was published in the *Philadelphia Times*, of August 23d, 1885:

“Fox hunting in Delaware and Chester Counties is as old as the counties themselves—as old as the times of William Penn and the Proprietary Governors. The young men of the present day in these counties who take to the hunt inherit their love of it, for their fathers, grandfathers, and great-grandfathers took pride in a mount and a rough scurry across the hills and valleys that slope to the Delaware in chase of poor Reynard. In no place in the United States has the pastime been so long kept up or so largely practiced. The early days saw no regular meets, no scarlet coats, no master of the hounds, and none of the modern day attributes of the perfect hunt, but the sport was as keen, the chase as ardent, the runs as fierce, and the jumps as bold as the modern hunters dare boast of. Private parties owned the packs, and a few congenial spirits who loved the old English excitement kept the sport alive. The present Rose Tree inn, on the old Providence road, is a double stone dwelling,

not differing much in its outside architecture from other mansions of the kind in the neighborhood, nor from the ordinary country inns of eastern Pennsylvania. The earliest portion of the hotel was built in 1809, and was duplicated by an additional stone building on the east in 1836, during the time George Cummings kept the hostelry. Prior to the first stone building there was an old red frame building—a relic of the Colonial days and good King George III—on the site, and 'neath two great poplars swung the sign of the 'Rose Tree,' with its rose bush, which some of the old residents can recall. This old sign was lately found in a disused hay-rick in the vicinity, and was handed over to the hunting club, who prize it very much.

"THE INN IN EARLY TIMES.

"John Kirk, who lives within a stone's throw of the inn, and who is a remarkably well-preserved specimen of the old-time country gentleman, can well remember the old frame inn and its early proprietorship under the Cochrans—James, who was the first keeper, and then his son, Isaac. Changing hands with the rushing changes of time, the old inn comes down patched and altered until the present era, but always retaining its old-time title and ancient reputation. After the



Rose Tree Hounds in Kennel.

See pages 121, 123, 124

hostelry passed from the Cummings family it was kept for a short time by William Beebe, and then went into the hands of J. Morgan Baker, the present well-known keeper of the Delaware County prison. Under Morg's régime, beginning in 1858, the present Rose Tree Fox Hunting Club may be said to have entered on its career. Baker laid out and built the present half-mile track adjoining the inn, where the fall and spring races are now held. It was in Baker's time the old hunters of the present club took their first lessons. The kennels were tended by him, and once or oftener a week boon spirits who gloried in the chase during the season met at the old Rose Tree. Well do we remember them! Some time has touched and in them softened the old boyish racket and spirit with which they were filled of a keen, frosty morning, when the light flurry of snow threw over the hillside the silvery mantle of winter beauty, they met to give the cunning fox a death chase—the eager hounds, the mettled steeds, the volunteer whippers-in, and the idle gathering which met round the heels of the hunters to sing praises of this or that famous leap or run of days before. And there was 'May,' faithful old slut—as fine a fox hound as ever lived. Peace to her ashes, for she has long since ceased to vex Reynard!

"WHO COMPOSED THE HUNT.

"And who was gathered there of that frosty morning crowd? Why, there is Howard Lewis, who was and still is—and always will be—one of the most active of the Rose Tree Hunt—he whom 'age doth not wither nor custom stale' in the tenacity with which he presides at Rose Tree suppers, nor in his love for the chase, and who was the first President of the club under its early and incomplete organization. A hereditary fox hunter, he—lover of horse and dog, and patron of the chase. There also in the mount I see the youthful Ned Farnham—now, alas! gone to the happy hunting grounds—no less a sturdy lover of a cross-country dash than Lewis, full of ardor for the scamper when the fox is heard away. Mr. Farnham was until his death a staunch friend and supporter of the club. Of the old organizers and hunters were Tom Bishop, Wash and Pratt Bishop, Morg. Baker, George Darlington, Reece and Ned Lewis, Ned Worrall, and Ed. Howard. Many, alas! are gone, but they were stalwart boys in their days, and 'the devil take the hindmost' was their cry as the hunt oft trended in its wild and fierce glee toward the divide of Ridley and Crum creeks and down into the nooks and valleys beyond. Poor Reynard's chances were few when this hunt gathered and the hounds were in full

cry, with hunters close behind. In the old days of these undisciplined but earnest hunts it was the custom to hang near the kennels at the Rose Tree a slate, on which the laggards at the meet could learn the direction in which the chase lay and catch up ere the finish.

“THE PRESENT CLUB.

“The Rose Tree Fox Hunting Club as it exists to-day has a history of a decade or more. Among its members it boasts the best and most fearless riders in Delaware county and those most ardently devoted to the chase in the city of Philadelphia. Mr. Fairman Rogers, a gentleman widely known for his love of field sports, quick relish for the hunt and chase, and study of the noblest of all animals—the horse—is one of the leading members. Alexander J. Cassatt, Frank Thomson, James P. Scott, Charles H. Godfrey, C. H. Townsend, Aubrey Jones, Moncure Robinson, and Dr. Rush S. Huidekoper, of Philadelphia, and J. M. Baker, George E. Darlington, Howard and Samuel Lewis, Samuel Miller, George Lewis, William H. Lewis, and many others of the county, are members. Dr. Huidekoper has been connected with the hunt for a number of years, and his enthusiasm and liberality have done much to build the club up and make it what it is—the

finest fox hunting club in America, whose riders are famous, whose hounds are prized for breed and quality, and whose reputation is growing with the increased love and interest in the sport.

“WHERE THE CLUB EATS.

“The club dinners are still served in the old Rose Tree, although facilities for having the same are provided in the club house. The building is two stories, costing about \$2,000, and is elaborately finished in yellow pine, the lower story being a banqueting room and the upstairs two bedrooms, for the convenience of those coming out from the city to the hunts. The banqueting room is handsomely furnished. At the west end is the old-fashioned fireplace and crane that Longfellow sings of, and adjoining are the lockers and cases of the huntsmen, where their scarlets are kept. On the walls are trophies of the hunt and pictures recalling thrilling scenes in the field. Over the fireplace is a beautifully mounted fox in a glass case, the gift of Vice-President Saulnier as a memento of a memorable meet at ‘Hurricane Hill,’ the country seat of Mr. Saulnier, when a magnificent hunt followed and this fox was killed. A hanging fox, gift of Mr. Fairman Rogers; a grizzly bear skin, the owner of it slain by Dr. F. F. Rowland in the Rockies, and a picture, many hundred

years old, of a hunt, the present of Dr. Huidekoper, together with many fine engravings, complete the interior. The club house, finished in cottage style, presents a pretty appearance in juxtaposition with the old inn. Back of the race track are the summer kennels of the dogs, and here is provided every facility for keeping in order a first-class kennel. Among the hounds of the pack are some of the finest in America. 'Deal,' one of the best nose-hounds of the club, never makes a mistake in the field. 'Trip,' 'Tuck,' 'Minerva,' and 'June' are also familiar to the old hunters of the Rose Tree for their undeviating perceptions. The membership of the Rose Tree is now nearly up to the full limit of 100 and comprises many distinguished names of the city and vicinity. The hunting season opens December 1st, and from then on until March 1st, three times a week regular hunt days are provided for the club, and on 'bye-days' any member can have the hounds by previous arrangement.

"Many gentlemen and a number of ladies are often found at the meets, and the rare zest and enjoyment of those who participate in the hunt is an incentive to on-lookers to engage in the sport. No one who has seen the full cry over the hills, the scarlet coats rising and falling on the uplands, the deep diapason of the hounds, can imagine the

swelling pleasure of the pastime, which nowhere in the United States has taken such a deep hold on the people as in the section of it nigh to the Rose Tree.

“Last evening the club house was brilliantly lit up and the members were present in force and had the usual hospitable supper at ‘Benny’s.’ Arrangements were completed for the fall race meeting in October and an endeavor will be made to have it the most distinguished of any yet given. The interest in the sport, the facilities of the club house and the entrance of so many Philadelphians into the club and their relish for the pastime bespeak a largely increased notoriety for the club. The races bring out to Media and the Rose Tree, as the Goodwood cup does abroad, the élite of the city, many of whom enjoy the beautiful drive down through the shaded roads in their handsome equipages.

“No more ennobling exercise than fox hunting—notwithstanding the frequent false criticism of it—can be had, and it is a true Anglo-Saxon pastime. Years of indulgence in it has bred the spirit in our English cousins that triumphed at the Alma and Balaklava, held ‘the thin red line,’ or fought its way into the citadel at Lucknow. The red cross of St. George would never have floated so high and so brave aloft on rampart and mast-

head had not some of the fearless British blood that backed it—and which the fox-hunting gentry here inherit—been tinctured with the strength to face bodily peril and defy ordinary danger in the scarlet coats of the men who rode cross country to the hounds ever since the days of William Rufus.”

CHAPTER XIII.

HUNT BREAKFASTS.

THE first hunt breakfast that was given at a private house was given at the house of J. Howard Lewis, in Nether Providence, on March 5th, 1877; but farmers' breakfasts were not unusual at the Rose Tree club house with the eating served in "Benny's" dining room, for they originated in the early days of the organized club and were well attended.

A description of the breakfast at Mr. Lewis's, and of the hunt that followed was published in *The Evening Telegraph*, Philadelphia, of March 22d, 1877, and is as follows:

“HOW A FAVORITE SPORT IS CARRIED ON
IN DELAWARE COUNTY.

“The extent to which fox hunting is carried on near Philadelphia may be shown from the fact that at a hunt that started from the Rose Tree on

Inauguration day (March 5th), there were in the meet nearly 100 hunters and 133 hounds.

“Wishing to get an insight into the manner of conducting a hunt, our reporter took a trip to Delaware County to the ‘meet’ of the Germantown and the Rose Tree clubs at the stables of Mr. Howard Lewis, in Springfield township, Delaware County, and about three miles east of Media. The road from the latter place winds through a rolling and most picturesque country. At times the road winds along the hillsides, while scores of feet below we can see the low flats and the creek flowing. The whole face of the country seems as if it were formed by a series of upheavals, the rocks outcropping here and there on the hillsides, and some of the latter well covered with thickets and scrub growth and brush. The place where the ‘meet’ was held was one of the most commanding of all the country, and an observer could see for several miles about, except at one point where a ridge of almost equal height was covered from base to summit with small growth. There were assembled about thirty-five hunters who intended to take part in the chase, including two ladies, Mrs. S. W., from Germantown, and Miss M., of the Rose Tree Club. Even to one who took no pleasure in the hunt it was a pleasant sight to see the horses grouped around, some of them very handsome

animals, whose points as good runners and jumpers were fully discussed by the several knots of hunting men and critics who thronged the well-filled stable, comparing notes between the Rose Tree Club and their guests. 'Have you seen the kennel and the fox?' inquires the proprietor. 'Well, come along, and I'll show you some beauties. There isn't many of them, only two and a half dozen, as the English would say, for they can't say twenty-five to save 'em.' Their kennel was a moderate-sized barn, and as the door was shoved along to permit a view, there was a rush of many feet, and such a concert of yells as the master struck at them and forced them back, so eager were they for the field. Their eagerness illustrates the force of the hunter's answer to the sentimental old lady who was taking him to task for indulging in the cruel amusement of fox hunting. He listened patiently, and then said: 'Ah! madam, ye canna deny that the hunters like it, I'm sure the horses like it, and I'm certain the dogs enjoy it, and there's no one knows that the fox don't like it.' There were twenty-five of these hounds, nearly all of them thoroughbreds, and some valued at \$35 to \$50 each. The fox was then inspected. He was kept in a box, the top of which had slats nailed on it to prevent his escape. He was caught in German-

town, and sent to the Rose Tree a couple of months ago, and he was thought to be rather tame, so much so that one of the ladies incautiously put her fingers inside and he did not offer to bite it.

“At about half past ten o'clock in the morning the last straggler had come into the ‘meet,’ and a few minutes before eleven o'clock the fox was taken out in his box and carried to a good distance and to such a position that none of the company could tell where it was taken to.

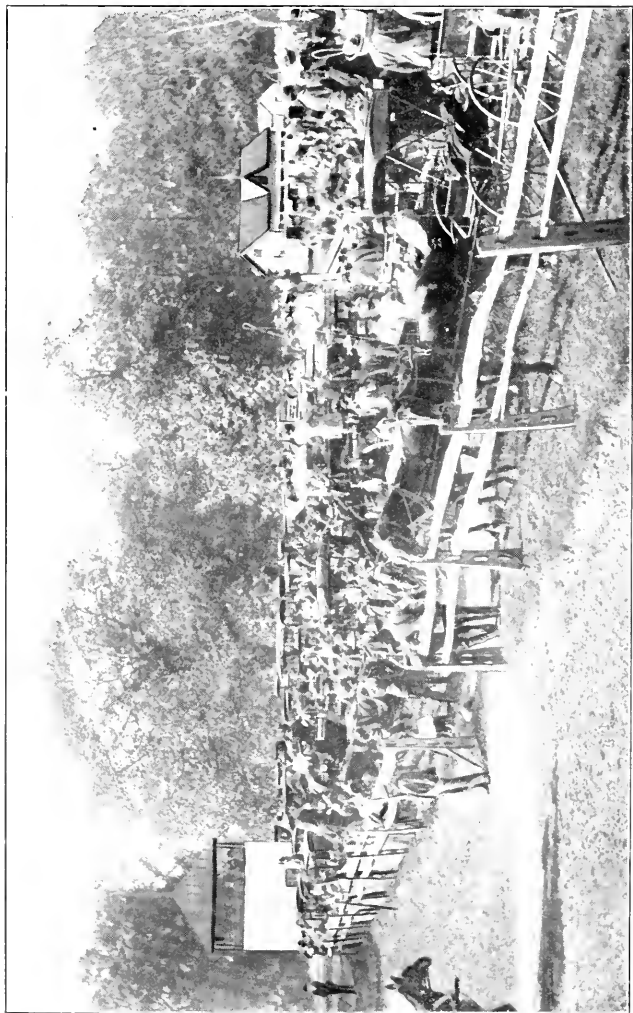
“Their appearance, dressed in their hunting costume, is exceedingly suggestive. Some wore short jackets, ordinary trousers tucked into their riding boots, and carrying riding sticks with a loop at the end, and all kinds of hats from the silk to the little jockey skull cap. One old hunter tucked up the tails of his coat and made a jacket of it, another came out in a white flannel jacket, and still another wore a costume somewhat like a London ‘old clo’ man, one short overcoat with another shorter one over it, and white corduroy trousers were plenty. One of the ladies, Miss M., was dressed in a blue water-proof riding habit, rather long, and the other, Mrs. W., in a short, well-fitting one of black, and both wore regular jockey caps.

"THE HUNT.

"'Give him a start of fifteen minutes,' says the master of the hunt. It was an impatient time, and was spent in talking probabilities, 'horse,' and looking after the straps and saddles. 'Time's up! mount! mount!' and in less than a minute all were in the saddle, the pack of hounds slipped and dashing up the road with tails erect and nose in air, and such a chorus of hoarse baying and sharp yelps that must have tingled the ears of the fox if he heard it. In a half minute almost the whole party had separated, some going one direction, some another, depending on judgment as to the direction to be taken. 'The wind's from the south, and it will be a short hunt,' says a looker-on, 'for then it's always so.' The hounds could be heard for a few minutes, and then the sound was lost behind the hills. The two ladies rode splendidly and followed the hounds, taking fences, ditches, and everything with the nerve of veterans. From the brow of the hill where the spectators stood the fox was easily seen from the time it was let out of the trap until the first quarter of a mile had been run. As the hounds struck this point there was a temporary hush; then a deep chorus, and they rushed in a solid body along the trail. In less than half a minute the horsemen and the two ladies could be seen follow-

ing over the rough, rocky ground covered with underbrush, and some dashing recklessly through the bushes and across the creek that flowed through the low bottom land, and then the whole passed from view over the brow of the hill. What followed is told by the hunters on the return, which was about noon, the hunt having lasted three-quarters of an hour. 'It was a short and sharp one,' says the Secretary of the Rose Tree Club, as he came in.

"The first indication was the straying in of a solitary hunter with horse and self well splashed, then a limping hound, and then the hounds and the hunters themselves. The latter were well splashed from toe to hat, and seemed to pride themselves upon the amount of real estate in a semi-liquid state that each could carry. The ladies came in bearing the usual evidence of hard and reckless riding, and soon there was a perfect babble of the result. The fox had led them a chase of some six miles around and about, and when run down by the hounds the first ones in at the death were Mr. Ed. Worth, Mr. William Leiper, Mr. George Lewis, Miss M., and, within half a minute, Mrs. W. As the young lady was in almost the first, it was decided to give her the brush, or tail, of the fox, that being the greatest trophy of the hunt. Each of the ladies had a foot, and the



Rose Tree Club Races. Scene on Track Grounds.

gory head was secured by Mr. Howard Lewis, and came in hanging from his saddle. It was a very handsome head, and the face unmutilated, with the clear, beautiful eyes as bright as if it were alive. It will be stuffed and adorn the hunter's box, a room fitted up in the stable, adorned with hunting pictures, foxes' heads stuffed, brushes, horns of deer, and similar trophies, and in which they have the reunion after the hunt to satisfy their keen appetites and tell the story of the day and other days. The club consists of sixty members, thirty of whom are active. All of them own their own mounts, and many of the horses have considerable celebrity as hard goers and fine jumpers. On this occasion there were about a dozen of the Germantown Club present, and around the board the assembled hunters sang 'Auld Lang Syne' and told some remarkable stories of foxes who had been run hard, but like the asymptote of a parabola, were continually approached but never reached. There was one fellow who jumped right over a fence on to a hound's back, gave it a vicious snap, then leaped right between two large packs of hounds, looked at them one instant, and was away like a flash of red lightning, followed by the whole field. That fox led them everywhere, and at nine o'clock at night, when the hunt broke up, it was as far off as ever.

At five o'clock the meeting broke up, and the visitors came riding into town, spattered with mud as they were. There is no question that, followed in the manner it is, fox hunting is a splendid exercise, and calculated to make splendid riders. As to its safety, there is very seldom any accident. There are numbers of ladies who enter into it with zest, as many as half a dozen riding in a single hunt. This last hunt is about the last of the season. In a week or two the ground will be broken for the growing crops, and the horses will be patiently at work, dreaming, perhaps, of the next season.

"Nearly every gentleman residing in Germantown, who possesses a horse or who takes pride in horses, is in greater or less degree identified, if not directly, with this association. Prominent among the usual participants are George Wistar, Esq., Henry Miller, George Biddle, Clement Biddle, Charles Newhall, A. J. Cassatt, Daniel Newhall, John Welsh, Mr. Carpenter, Joseph M. Rosengarten, Wm. Rotch Wistar, and Mr. Johnson.

"There are several of these hunting clubs in Delaware County. Among the names of the members of the clubs are some of the most substantial men of the county, such as Messrs. Howard Lewis, Samuel Lewis, George W. Hill, Edward Worth, George Lewis, Samuel Miller,

Mitchell Baker, Wm. Leiper, Fairman Rogers, C. H. T. Collis, Godfrey R. H. Cooper, C. H. Townsend, Dr. Bray, H. S. Abbott, A. J. Cassatt, S. Welsh, Moncure Robinson, and other prominent men of position."

Another hunt breakfast followed this, later on, given by Dr. Huidekoper at the "Orchard," near Media, and this was generally attended by the members of the Rose Tree Club. After the breakfast, a fox not being on hand for a hunt, the guests indulged in jumping feats over the division fences. Mitch. Baker had a nice young horse that had not been hunted much, and, wishing to show him, he had the Doctor mount him to exhibit his jumping powers. At the first trials at a new four-rail fence the horse balked, and Howard Lewis, on old "Dan," gave a lead over it, for "Dan" never refused. The Baker horse was pushed close after Dan, and, finding he must jump, he made the effort, struck the top rail, and fell heavily on the other side, sending the Doctor out of the saddle scooting over the frozen ground. Neither horse nor rider were hurt, and the Doctor, being plucky, mounted again and sent the horse full run at the fence, in a return jump, which he cleared beautifully and established a jumping reputation. Howard Lewis says: "That is the way to do it."

Another hunt breakfast was given still later on at the house of Mr. H. E. Saulnier, Hurricane Hill, in Aston, and this was attended largely by the members of the club, as well as by other fox hunters; a fox was dropped after the breakfast and a good hunt had, and the whole affair was a great success.

CHAPTER XIV.

HUNTS WITH THE ROSE TREE HOUNDS.

THE following is a description of a hunt, written by J. Howard Lewis Sr. and published in the *Delaware County American*, on March 24th, 1880:

“EDITORS AMERICAN:—Thinking that some of your readers might like to hear an account of one of the many runs of the Rose Tree pack of fox hounds, I will try what I can do in the writing line. This particular meet was on Monday, the 16th of February, 1880. The day was all that the most exacting could wish—bright sun, with the wind northeast and not too fresh. The night before had been cold, and had formed a crust on top of the ground, but the morning was balmy, and, in fact, everything that an ardent fox hunter could desire. At nine A. M., when the doors of the kennel were thrown open, out burst thirteen

couples of as fine fox hounds as there is in any kennel in the United States. The company were mostly in the saddle, and made a very beautiful appearance. Besides the regular hunt, there were gentlemen from Philadelphia and Germantown. There were: Miss M., on 'Black Bess,' Mr. F. on 'Drummer Boy,' Mr. J. on one of Lorrillard's stock of horses; Dr. B. on 'Cruiser,' a descendant of the famous 'Cruiser,' of Rarey renown; Dr. H. on 'Pandora,' and several others, dressed in the most faultless attire of scarlet, cords, and tops. The party now rode briskly down toward the valley of the Crum, where they generally find on Bear Hill. We were, however, doomed to disappointment; but we pushed on for about ten miles in a northerly direction, until we came almost to the Leopard tavern in Chester County, when we turned westerly, and still not finding, we turned southerly toward home. And, right here, let me tell of a little incident which befell one of our party who rode his horse into a smart stream of water, where it was two or three feet deep and full of hidden boulders. The horse slipped on one of them, and falling, both horse and rider were drenched. He jumped to his feet and got his horse, and the party coming to his aid with their monkeys, he was quickly brought up to par, and mounted for the chase. He was only fairly in the

saddle when it was 'Tally-ho,' away and away they all went like parched peas off of a shovel. When we raised the hill behind George Miller's farm, you could see Reynard in the distance, with the eager pack being left hopelessly behind, at least for a time; and a beautiful sight it was to see the scarlet coats striving with each other down the valley of the Crum. A small party with one scarlet coat among them got into a corner with a high wall down into the road and a high picket fence on the right, both of which were pronounced non-takeable, when here came the old man on his son's steeple-chaser, 'Ajax.' By the by, the old fellow is generally behind; but his blood got a little raised at the sight, and pronouncing it all right, he pounded down into the road nearly on to his horse's head, and called to Miss M. to follow, which she did in beautiful style. They turned to the left into the field, and the way they made the dirt fly it was a sight to see. The gentleman in scarlet, in leading his horse down the wall, allowed him to escape, and he was forced to wend his way on foot. We will now follow Miss M. and the old man, who caught sight of 'Doc,' the Huntsman, tearing down the Boot road toward the bridge over Crum creek, and hearing the hounds, and getting an occasional sight of them, they nicked it in fine style, crossed the bridge still on the Boot road, and a quarter

of a mile below they turned to the right into the field toward Castle Rock. But the fox and hounds kept down the east side of the Crum, and when we came to the old tumbled-down sawmill we saw the hounds crossing the creek below the James farm. We crossed where we were and scuttled up the hill, just in time to meet the hounds, at fault for the first time, and meeting an old gentleman on horseback who said he saw the fox cross a certain field, we capped them on. They owned the scent and went away back toward Castle Rock, but on going down John Davis' hill, back of the barn, they went out into the Edgmont road at the old school-house. Here the fox had kept the road for about a quarter of a mile, but meeting our friend in scarlet, who had lost his horse, he turned to the left on the Robert Davis farm to the woods belonging to Levis & Hill. There he seemed to have been turned by some woodcutters, and the hounds were at fault again, only for a few moments, long enough for every one to get in again; they were off again at a scrambling rate across the Ridley into an abominable thicket. Here the old man says he lost his specs, and, seeing where they fell, concluded to risk getting off for them, as he was a little short of money, and could not see well without them. But he came very near losing the hunt, which would have been a great deal worse loss.

So he let in the persuaders, and 'Ajax' brought him up in about a mile or so to the rest of us. It was hard to say which was the worst blown, the old man or the horse. We were now going out of a by-road on to the road leading from Lima to Sugartown, above Jackson Baker's. We there viewed the fox going for Ridley creek. The road here is straight for about two miles, and we thundered along at a killing pace, down one hill and up another, the hounds streaming along only a field or two to the left of us, but gaining a little when we came to a turn in the road. The fox had gone a little to the right. A farmer standing there said he saw the fox go into a clump of trees on the top of a hill beyond. Mr. R. here let down a pair of bars, as the horses were pretty well blown by this time, and in we all went on to a beautiful grass field. An old woman came out of a house, and gave us a furious blast, and here the old man forged to the front. He must have been aided by the blast from the old lady, as it was the first time he had been to the front during the chase. And here let me say that the pace had shut out all but eight, Miss M. being one of the survivors, riding as no other lady in the country can; taking stone walls, fences, ditches, mill races, and all manner of obstructions, without being unseated in the least. But to our fox. On the top of the hill in the

clump of trees the hounds were at fault for the last time. An old gentleman was there and showed us the way of him. We cheered them on, and they went as though it was for blood. We then crossed some farms, and came out on to a road leading to and close by the intersection on the Pennsylvania railroad. We here turned into some grass fields on the left. By this time all the frost was out of the ground, and when we got into the low grounds the horses went blob-blobbing along, and turning up the sod at a terrible rate, but we went on, for we found the fox was getting slower. So, hurrying over the next farm and down a steep hill in a wood on the head waters of the Crum, we hear some woodchoppers right before us shout, 'He is holed! he is holed!' and there, sure enough, he was under a rock that would weigh at least a hundred tons. The woodchoppers said he was very much draggled and generally demoralized, being only a few yards before the hounds. Miss M. having a desire to peep in the stronghold of 'the old thief of the world,' we all dismounted and clambered up to his den. After congratulating Reynard on his narrow escape, we turned our horses toward home, which we reckoned to be about ten or a dozen miles away. The distance covered by the fox we estimated to be about fifteen or twenty miles. As we passed down

the hill and over the stream to the public road, I noticed the old man and Mr. E. staying back. They got off their horses, and the last time I looked back I saw one of them raise his little finger very high, and when they came up to us in a few minutes they seemed to be very much refreshed, so much so that I felt inclined to get off the next time we crossed the Crum and take a drink of creek water to see how it would be with me. On our road home we heard that our friend who got tumbled in the brook in the morning had gotten a much worse one during the run; in fact, he had to swim to get out, but I am happy to say that there was no more serious accident, and every one of the party voted it the best run of the season, and that fox hunting is 'the sport of kings, the image of war without its guilt, and only five and twenty per cent. of its danger.'

"AN OLD FOX HUNTER."

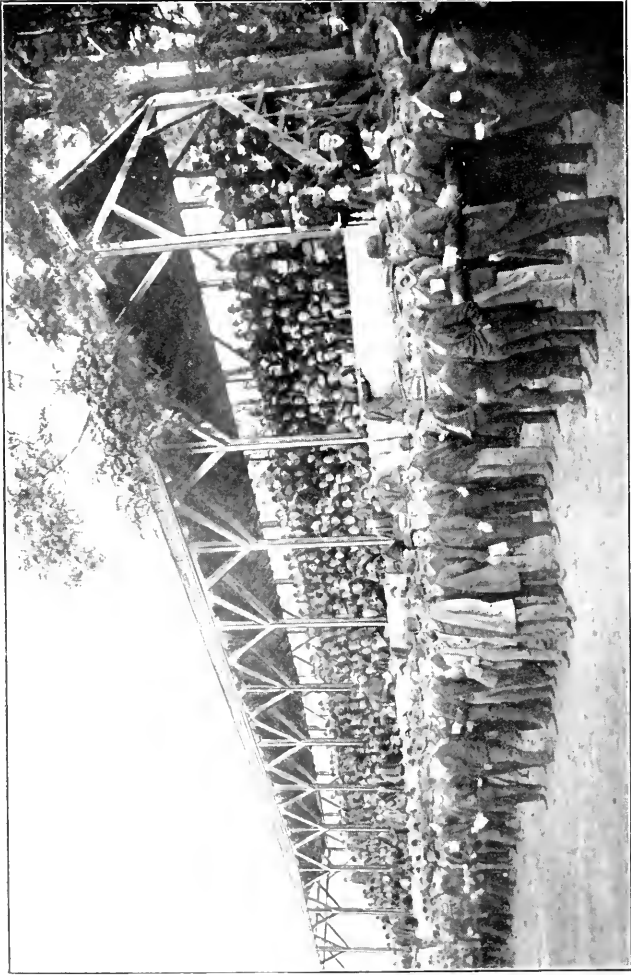
HUNT WITH YOUNG HOUNDS.

In a hunt with the Rose Tree hounds our fox had crossed the track of a fox which two other packs were running, and the three packs getting together created confusion and a loss of the scent; the hounds scattering in different directions. A large number of horsemen collected together near Castle Rock, where the loss was made, all eager

for a good run. After some delay part of the hounds struck a trail leading toward Newtown Square, and most of the hounds of the several packs, with all the horsemen, excepting a few, went off with it. Some eight or ten young hounds, however, were crying on a trail across the West Chester road, and were heading to the north-westward. Three of the hunters, Pratt Bishop, Dr. Huidekoper, and the author followed these hounds. This fox was soon jumped afresh, and the hounds went off at a lively pace toward the Paoli Monument; but the hounds, being young, needed much encouragement, as the fox was a strong, cunning runner, and gave work that might have puzzled older hounds, and occasioned many losses. Our youngsters, however, were keen, and kept him running. As the afternoon wore on, the fox and hounds were tiring, and as the fox was taking to the top rails of fences, the young hounds quit and laid down to rest. Then the hunters had to exert themselves to get the hounds to keep up the running, and this was done by lifting one of the best of them to the fence top, holding him there until he could smell the track, and when he showed he had caught it by giving tongue, the rails were thus tried further on, and finally, when the scent could no longer be found on the fence, a cast of the fields was made to get the track

where the fox had left the rails. Old, experienced hounds would have climbed the fences to get the scent themselves, as they learn to do. Many trials and casts being thus made, the fox was run close to the monument before he turned for a return toward Castle Rock. Thus we followed him to near nightfall, by which time he was well dragged out, and so were the hounds, following close behind, until crossing a corn field where men were husking corn, who, not being lovers of the sport, but objectors to hunting over their farm, they stoned the hounds from the track, and we were forced to call off; the cool head of Pratt Bishop preventing a row with the uncivil buskers. Being some eight miles from the kennel, it was no easy task to get these young, tired hounds back home, and some of the more worn out and foot-sore ones had to be taken up in front of the saddles.

This is only one instance out of many of similar work done in a hunt in those old hunting days; but it rarely happened that so much was required. This, however, will show what encouragement can be given by energetic hunters who choose to make a study of the sport, and who are determined to push the fox to hole or death.



Grand Stand, Rose Tree Club Fall Races, 1884.

HOW THE CUNNING OF A FOX SAVED HIS LIFE.

Can a fox run through a pack of hounds and get away? He can, as the following mention of a hunt will show: A fox was dropped in the meadow below Bishop's mills, now known as the Sycamore mills, and on the Middletown side of the creek. An effort was made to drive the fox down stream, to make him run away from his old running ground, as he was a quick holer. Before he had been driven far the hounds either broke out or were let out purposely before the allotted time for the start, and came down the meadow, scattered all over it, until the foremost dogs struck the scent. The fox, hearing the hounds coming, turned and ran directly through the scattered pack, making for a bend in the creek, in full sight of every hound, and they all ran directly at him. The fox reached the creek, and with a leap got footing on a rock in the middle; a second leap brought him to the opposite bank, and a slip through the road fences on the Providence side gave him a lead on the hounds, but they were pushing hard after him. A short run brought the fox to a field where was a flock of sheep which had huddled together in fright at the cry of the hounds, and into the middle of this flock the fox put himself, running with the sheep to the farther end of the field, where he slipped through another fence

and off for Powell's rocks, with the hounds close after, and he barely had time to get under a rock and save himself. The excitement was great, every horseman striving to be the foremost, and hoping the hounds would kill before the rocks were reached, or at least that the fox could be turned from them and forced to make a long run.

The following article was published in the *New York Herald* of August 7th, 1887:

"THE ROSE TREE HUNT, NEAR MEDIA, IN
DELAWARE COUNTY.

"A mile and a half from Media, the county seat of Delaware, a flourishing town where fifty years ago the only human habitation was the old Anvil Inn, stands an old-fashioned building from one window of which projects a swinging sign. This is the famous Rose Tree Inn, a perfect facsimile of the old public houses seen in that part of England where the iron horse has not yet made his appearance. On the sign is the faded semblance of a rose tree. Go inside, and across the little garden you will see a pretty, modern building in the shape of a long, one-story cottage. Though quite large, it contains but a single spacious room or hall, with a wide gallery running around three sides of it. This is the Rose Tree

Hunt Club house, where the members meet for pleasure and business thirteen times a year, whenever there is a full moon. An elegant supper is served in the 'best room' of the inn, after which an hour is devoted to business and the rest of the evening to conviviality and good fellowship, with a moonlight drive for all at the close. The members are either country gentlemen of old Quaker blood from Delaware or Chester Counties, or rich Philadelphians who love hunting, own good horses, and are not afraid to ride them. Across the road from the Rose Tree are long ranges of kennels, and beyond these the race course and grand stand. Every autumn a Rose Tree Hunt race meeting attracts the beauty and fashion of Philadelphia to witness farmers' races, flat races for members' horses, and steeple chases, with club members 'up' over two and a half miles of a stiff country studded with eighteen jumps. These include several stone walls and some particularly nasty post and rail fences.

"One of the thirteen full moon suppers came off a few days ago, and your correspondent joined a party from Philadelphia to go out to it. Media is twenty-two miles from here; a forty-minute trip by rail. The country is lovely. On both sides of the line are lovely country houses, owned by people, many of them whose names have made a

stir in the world and about whom many queer stories have been told or written.

“One of the staunchest supporters of the Rose Tree Hunt is old Mr. Howard Lewis, the wealthy paper manufacturer, who, despite his seventy years, charges a stone wall with the youngest of them. A number of the party called on him before proceeding to the Rose Tree, where he soon afterwards joined them. His owning in land is about a thousand acres of hilly country. His mills are on his place, and the cottages of his hands within a stone’s throw of ‘the great house.’ It is a semi-patriarchal arrangement, with which everyone seems satisfied. A few years ago Mr. Lewis won a steeple chase against some of Philadelphia’s and Chester’s crack riders. He rides at 150 pounds—‘ten stun ten,’ as the English have it. He drives back from the Rose Tree on moonlight nights and tools four horses along the steep, narrow road through his grounds to the house without a mishap to spoil the record, for he is as good a whip as he is a rider. Lewis made the paper on which the *Herald* was printed thirty years ago.

“A few kind words and a parting g’ass. Everybody shakes hands with Mr. Lewis, who waves us all adieu as our horses breast the hill. At a turning, half hidden in the foliage, we see what seems to be the headstone of a grave. One

of the party gets out to read the inscription. Here lies buried Mr. Lewis' favorite fox hound. He is a famous breeder of these animals.

“ ‘HIC JACET
‘SLASHER.

‘MORTUUS CALENDIS FEBRUARII,

‘MDCCCLXXV.

‘ET EO CANUM VENATICAM MELIOREM
NUNQUAM VIDERE SPERAMUS.’

“TROPHIES OF THE CHASE.

“The road in front of the Rose Tree is covered with vehicles of every description, from the four-in-hand of a dashing young lover of sport from Bryn Mawr, Mr. Mather, who brings a party of friends, to the modest top buggy that shelters my friend and myself. Everybody gathers in the club room, and members produce keys that open mysterious lockers, from which that is taken which will enable old and young to struggle with the heat.

“A thin old gentleman with a long gray beard comes in. Everybody rises to greet him. Eighty years have passed over his head without destroying his liking for sport, a passion than which there are few stronger in the human breast, since its

hidden roots go back to the time when man had to hunt or starve.

“While the younger members gather around this Nestor of the chase, I give a glance at the room. Stuffed foxes, nearly every one of whom was the hero of a great run, grin at you from little wooden shelves. In the centre of the room, on the floor, is one of the largest buffalo robes ever skinned from the animal. Antlers of buck and moose, stuffed birds, and a whole gallery of sporting pictures complete the outfit. The fireplace is an old-fashioned one, as large as a small room, and furnished with a crane that sets one’s mouth watering with thinking of the whiskey punches it has supplied hot water for.

“One of the stuffed foxes, whose white teeth gleam in the twilight, led the members a chase of seventy miles before he parted with his skin. He was run to earth way down in the State of Delaware after six hours’ galloping. Out of a field of sixty only four were ‘in at the death.’

“TIME AND WIND UP.

“Supper is announced and about forty persons walk over into the inn’s big dining room. Sam Lewis, brother of the veteran Howard; Richard Peters, of Media, a cousin of the beautiful Mrs. Craig Wadsworth, who died universally regretted,

in Washington, some years ago; George Hill, Samuel Miller, William Bullock, George Darlington, all well-known names of men who have toasted each other from boyhood; Dr. Huidekoper, of Philadelphia, the ex-postmaster's brother; Sheriff Rowland, of Media, and his nephew, the doctor. It is 'Willie,' 'Harry,' 'Jack,' 'Tom.' You don't hear a single surname.

"After the good, pure, wholesome country food has been done justice to, cigars are lighted, and a brief hour is given to discussing arrangements for the autumn meeting. Then merriment holds undisputed sway, and song—from a young man with a sweet tenor voice—is making the rafters ring to:—

"My pretty little cruiskeen lawn-lawn lawn,
My pretty little cruiskeen lawn.'

"And the echo of the jolly old song floats after us as we drive home in the moonlight at break-neck speed to catch the last train."

The members of the club recollect with pleasure the delightful manner in which Charlton Yarnall, who was a member in 1891, sang his old hunting songs, "The Fox Jumped over the Garden Wall," and "A-hunting We Will Go," with his peculiarly rich, clear, and expressive voice; and

how Cure Robinson sang his hunting song, "Tally ho, Hark, Away!" with all present joining in the chorus; and Howard Lewis Sr. sang his songs, "Cruiskeen Lawn," and "Judy Callighan"; and Samuel D. Riddle his songs, "Dad's Dinner Pail," "Never Take the Horseshoe from the Door," and others. The singing followed the supper, and before the leaving of the table. Then occasionally guests present enliven us with songs, anecdotes, music and witty speeches, and none can be more ready with such a speech than our fellow member, William B. Bullock.

CHAPTER XV.

VISITING OF OTHER HUNTS.

THE club had many energetic members between 1875 and 1890, and they kept themselves in close touch with the members of other hunt clubs. Winter after winter they visited the West Chester, Pennsylvania, Club, taking their hounds with them, for several continuous days' hunting in Chester County. They also in like manner visited Chadd's Ford on the Brandywine, and George Miller's in Willistown, and at Oxford, both also in Chester County. At the latter place they hunted with Billy Armstrong. These were

joyful occasions, and many daring and reckless feats in horsemanship were exhibited, which are still talked over among the members of the club at their reunions.

Several of the members of the Elk Ridge Fox Hunting Club, of Maryland, near Baltimore, among them being William Frick, Fred Schriver, Edw. Murray, and a Mr. Jackson, visited the Rose Tree Club for a week of hunting in 1879, bringing their well-bred horses with them. They unquestionably were good and bold riders, and the spot is still pointed out where one of them rode his horse, with a broken saddle girth, in a hunt, up a sharp, steep hill and over a good, stiff fence at the top, and that he kept his seat firmly throughout was a wonder.

The Rose Tree men made a return visit the following winter to the Elk Ridge Club, taking their own horses, and among them were Moncure Robinson Jr., Dr. Rush S. Huidekoper, George M. Lewis, W. H. Corlies, and C. H. Townsend, and a jolly time they had of it. It was on this trip that "Pandora" and Robinson's horse had a race on the turnpike one moonlight night, and, coming unexpectedly to a toll gate, the riders found the gate closed by a bar across the roadway. It was too late to check the horses, and "Pandora" rose for the leap too close to the bar, which she struck

heavily and rolled over the other side, spilling her rider headforemost, but without serious damage to either. Not so, however, with Mr. Robinson's horse, for he swerved, and, striking himself and rider against the bar post, the horse was crippled and had to be killed, and the rider was lamed for life.

MEMBERSHIP IN 1893.

In 1893 the club roll shows the following membership:

Active members: George W. Hill, Henry E. Saulnier, J. Howard Lewis, Fairman Rogers, George M. Lewis, William H. Corlies, A. J. Cas-satt, Frank Thomson, William H. Miller, George E. Darlington, Edward Worth, James L. Fisher, Humphrey M. Ash, James D. Rhoads, J. Watts Mercur, J. Howard Lewis Jr., Herbert Cox, William Wayne Jr., William M. McCollum, Charles E. Mather, Jared Darlington, Walter M. Sharples, Walter R. Furness, Carroll Smyth, Henry R. Hatfield, Walter S. Massey, William G. Huey, Joseph Lapsley Wilson, Samuel D. Riddle, Lincoln Godfrey, John Wyeth, A. H. Tyson, John T. Dohan, Richard Peters Jr., William B. Bullock, Joseph M. Dohan, Henry D. Justi, William Little, Dr. Charles J. Essig, Dr. Charles A. Dohan, Alfred S. Gillett, Thomas J. Clayton, John B. Robinson.

Alfred Gratz, Charles W. McGlensey, Simon Delbert Jr., William A. Stotesbury, Leander W. Riddle, Henry G. Sinnott, Isaac M. Loughhead, Geo. F. Martin, Ivan Fox, William A. Lewis, William M. Kerr, Alexander Y. Davison, John H. Hawkins, Fred T. Chandler, C. Fallon Lewis, Harry L. Hipple, Charles B. Jobson.

The honorary membership is as follows: Jefferson Shaner, Jesse J. Hickman, Mark Pennell, J. Morgan Baker, Samuel Miller, John J. Rowland, Alexander Pope Jr., Boston, Mass.; William I. Leiper, Alexander Brown, Elk Ridge Hunt, M. F. H., Baltimore, Md.; Frank Seabury, Myopia Hunt, M. F. H., Brookline, Mass.; F. Gray Griswold, Rockaway Hunting Club, M. F. H., Far Rockaway, New York; A. Baumgarten, Montreal Hunt, M. F. H., Canada; Moncure Robinson Jr., George B. Adams, Dr. Rush S. Huidekoper, Samuel C. Lewis, Charles H. Townsend.

And the officers of the club were: President, Henry E. Saulnier; Vice-Presidents, J. Howard Lewis and George M. Lewis; Secretary, William H. Corlies; Treasurer, Jared Darlington; Master of Hounds, George W. Hill; Directors, George E. Darlington, Humphrey M. Ash, William Little, and Simon Delbert Jr.

A number of the members on the roll of 1882 were dead at this time and others had dropped

from membership, and still others were placed on the honorary list. The contribution membership had ceased and was a thing of the past.

CHAPTER XVI.

GEORGE W. HILL, M. F. H.

GEORGE W. HILL continued in the office of Master of Hounds up to the time of his death on March 30th, 1900, having faithfully performed the duties of that position for twenty-six years. He had a great fondness for horses and dogs, and was an ardent fox hunter, and maintained for the club one of the best packs of American hounds in the county or State, and Delaware County could always boast of having some of the best packs of American hounds in the country. Being a dealer in horses, he furnished to lovers of the chase many excellent cross-country horses.

Mr. Hill was born in the old borough of Chester in 1825, and was seventy-five years of age at the time of his death. At an early age he went with his parents to reside at Rockdale, now Glen Riddle, and lived there a number of years, his father conducting mills and stores, recently owned by Samuel Riddle. While there, at the age of about sixteen years, he received his early train-

ing in fox hunting under the skilled tuition of that now venerable and highly respected old fox hunter, Mr. Mark Pennell, who also gave his first lessons to John Mahoney. Some years later Mr. Hill went to live on a farm in Middletown township, and there continued his hunting experience up to the time he came to Media to live. He hunted actively with the Rose Tree Club hounds up to about two years before his death, when a fall of his horse in the hunting field disabled him; but he afterwards resumed riding in the winter of 1898-99, and still rode some little the winter before his death, although much shattered in health, and still kept up an active interest in the club affairs. His reputation as a Master of Hounds of one of the oldest and best hunting clubs in the country was widely known, and he was highly esteemed and respected by all who knew him.

EXPERIMENT WITH ENGLISH HOUNDS.

In the early days of the organized club, after J. Edward Farnum became a member, he imported from England some of the best English fox hounds that could be obtained, and put them into the Rose Tree pack, being of opinion, after seeing the running of English hounds in their own country, that our American hounds could be improved by this cross strain of blood. But a few

seasons of trial satisfied Mr. Farnum and the members of the club that the English hound could not compete with the American in our hunting fields, either in nose, voice, or endurance, and the experiment was not a success.

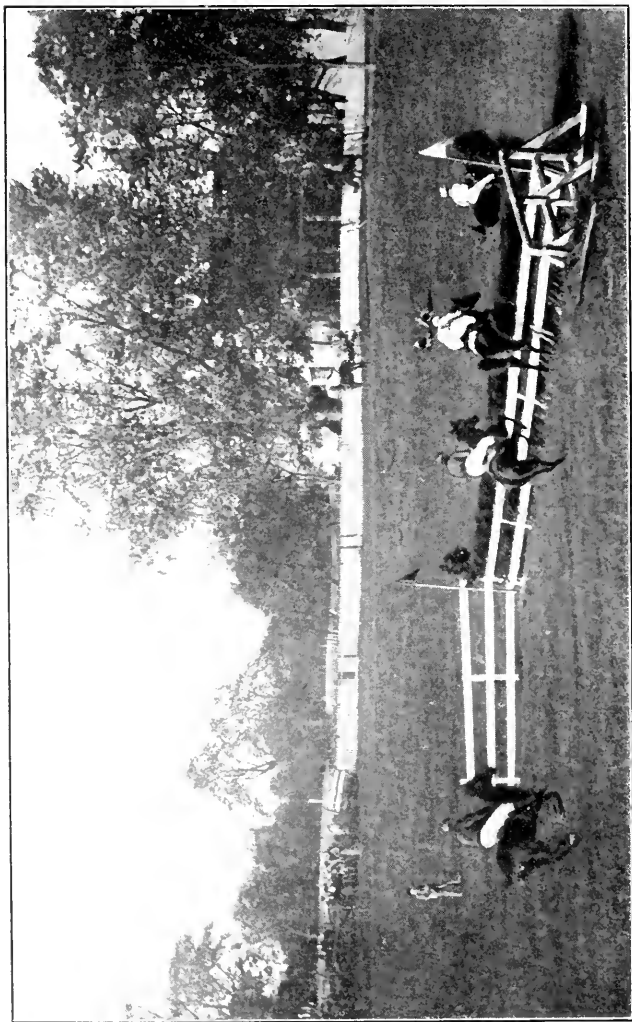
The Radnor Club, of this county, after their organization, experimented with a pack of English hounds for several years, but, for some reason, are now doing their hunting with American hounds only.

LADY RIDERS.

Ladies rode with the Rose Tree Club hounds as far back as 1878, and for several years after, and they were as daring lady riders as the American hunting field has ever had. Many stories are told by the old hunters how fences and walls, that were refused by the less bold gentlemen riders, were fearlessly taken in a flying leap by these ladies.

WELLS ROGERS, HUNTSMAN.

Wells Rogers, usually called "Doc" Rogers, was appointed Huntsman of the pack in November, 1878, and has filled the position to the present time, having full charge of the feeding and care of the hounds in the kennel, and of the hunting of them in the field; and so long has he thus served, as well as in taking charge of the club house, that he seems to be a part and parcel of the club.



Rose Tree Club Steeple Chase.

See pages 54, 70.

HOUNDS AND KENNELS.

After Mr. Hill became President and took charge of the pack, the club purchased its hounds largely from Maryland and Virginia through him; their number being increased at one time up to about fifty. They were kept in the kennels winter and summer, the club having then a summer kennel on the road to Paxson's Hollow, on the Rogers property, called "Saratoga," which was well shaded and had a running stream of water through it. This was given up after several years' trial by reason of its distance from the club house, and the difficulty in giving it proper superintendence; and the pack, having been reduced to twenty-five or thirty hounds, were then kept constantly in the old kennel near the club house.

OFFICERS OF THE CLUB.

J. Howard Lewis, who is now in his eighty-sixth year of age, was elected Vice-President, and George M. Lewis, Second Vice-President, in October, 1880, and, by re-elections, both have served in the same official positions to this time.

Henry E. Saulnier was elected President of the club in October, 1884, and has continued in that position to the present time, and he is now in his ninety-first year of age.

The genial disposition of Mr. Saulnier, with

his natural inborn gentle and manly character, and his polite and courteous manner in his intercourse with others, and all his social and excellent characteristics, has greatly endeared him to the members of the club, and made him highly popular with them, winning their love and respect. The activity and interest he has always displayed in the affairs of the club, and his regular attendance at its business meetings and social gatherings, makes one forget his four score and ten years, and to still class him among its active members. For many years, and even after he arrived at an age that might have been considered old in others, he followed the hounds in the hunting field with an enthusiasm that many a younger man might have been proud to emulate. His presence at the gatherings of the club is always greeted with the greatest enthusiasm and pleasure.

This may also be well said of J. Howard Lewis, who, although he has passed his four score years, still backs a horse with a grit and fine display of superior horsemanship that creates for him an enthusiastic pride in the hearts of his fellow-members. His seat at the table at the club suppers, from the first of these monthly entertainments, has invariably been in front of the dish of roast pig, for he is an expert carver of this luscious viand, and cannot be excelled. The eyes of all the table

are fixed upon him when he begins his work, to watch the dexterous cut in the severing of the head, and the long cut along the backbone from neck to tail in laying the pig open for carving into plate pieces. No one knows better than he where to find the choice parts and how to adorn it with a slice of well-browned, crisp skin, and with savory filling.

George W. Hill was elected Master of Hounds in October, 1884, being the first elected Master of the incorporated club.

In 1887, the club, feeling the necessity for an active Board of Directors, elected as Directors in October of that year, George E. Darlington, H. M. Ash, Richard Peters Jr., and H. R. Hatfield, the President, Secretary, and Treasurer being ex-officio members of the Board. Mr. Darlington is still a Director, and Mr. Ash served to about the date of his death in 1900. William Little and Simon Delbert Jr. took the places of Mr. Peters and Mr. Hatfield on the Board; the Board now consists of Mr. Little, Mr. Darlington, Walter T. Roach, and Emanuel Hey.

The Board, after its election in 1887, immediately organized by the appointment of a Chairman and Secretary, held regular monthly meetings, kept minutes of its proceedings; took full charge of the property and finances of the club,

and proceeded to get it into sound and regular business running shape, which the Board soon succeeded in doing, and in which condition it has continued to the present time.

In October, 1888, Jared Darlington was elected Treasurer, and William H. Corlies was re-elected Secretary of the Club, and they have retained these positions to this time.

Of recent years the club employs, during the hunting season, an Assistant Huntsman and a Whipper-in, to help in the hunting of the hounds in the field, as well as in the care of them, and these positions are well filled by Samuel McClure and Charley Miles.

CHAPTER XVII.

FEATURES OF THE CLUB.

THE club members have always kept up their friendly relationship with the farmers of the county, by avoiding injury to grain or sod fields, and every effort is made to prevent the riding over such fields in soft weather. Any damages done to fowls, sheep, or other domestic animals by the hounds of the pack, or to fences and enclosures by the hunters, are promptly paid for by the club.

The prejudice of the old members of the club

against any unfair treatment of the fox, by bag hunting, digging out when he had been run to earth, and the destroying of their harbors, has been instilled into the present membership, and such unsportsmanlike practices are not indulged in or countenanced by this club.

The serious opposition to bag hunting is that it encourages the digging out of foxes; and if the fox is not killed in the bag run, he is so scared by his capture and confinement, that he quits the part of the country he has been living in, and where he has given sport to hunters. This is the reason fox hunters seldom dig out foxes on their own grounds or runs; and those who do dig them out, as a rule, do the digging on the grounds of other hunters, and this has always been considered a mean act and not honorable. Then another objection is, that a captured fox which has been confined for a week, ten days, two weeks, or more, as is generally the case, in a damp cellar or in a close room on a board floor, is not in fair running condition to be thrown down before a pack of hounds for a run; and the fifteen, or twenty, or more minutes given him as a start is of little advantage to the fox, merely giving him time to shake himself together or to fill himself with water at a running stream, a disadvantage to him, and if in a strange country he certainly cannot de-

termine how or where to run. But the fact is, in most instances, the fox will run off into cover, and there sit down or waste his time until the released hounds get well on him. In almost every case the run is short; if the fox knows the country he may hole and escape, if he does not he is surely killed.

Then this digging out of foxes induces bag hunting from country taverns, for the benefit of the landlords in the sale of liquors to the indiscriminate crowds that assemble on such occasions; for, rest assured, the hunt has been well advertised in the days the fox is in captivity. In times past where the fox was speedily killed, it was openly charged that he had been crippled before being turned out, in order that the run would be short, to assure the return of the crowd to the tavern for the further benefit of the landlord. In former years these tavern fox hunts were much more frequent than now, but there are still many country taverns, and if the digging out of foxes is encouraged, there is no reason why the frequency of tavern hunts should not be revived. These hunts were always a source of annoyance to farmers of the neighborhood, for, in the irresponsible mass participating, there were many riders who had no regard for the rights of the land owners, and fences, lawns, and grain fields were injured recklessly.

A few men who keep hounds boast of the number of foxes they have dug out in a season; some ranging up to large numbers; and they, no doubt, furnish bag foxes to other hunts where the preservation of foxes is not properly considered by the members.

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE PRESENT MEMBERSHIP.

THE following is the present list of active members: Henry E. Saulnier, J. Howard Lewis, George M. Lewis, William H. Corlies, A. J. Cassatt, William H. Miller, George E. Darlington, James L. Fisher, Carroll Smyth, William Wayne Jr., Charles E. Mather, Jared Darlington, Walter M. Sharples, Henry R. Hatfield, Walter S. Massey, William B. Bullock, Jos. Lapsley Wilson, William G. Huey, Lincoln Godfrey, J. Howard Lewis Jr., John Wyeth, Samuel D. Riddle, John T. Dohan, Joseph M. Dohan, Henry D. Justi, William Little, Dr. Charles A. Dohan, Simon Delbert Jr., William A. Stotesbury, Leander W. Riddle, Ivan Fox, William M. Kerr, John H. Hawkins, Frederick T. Chandler, Henry L. Hipple, William W. Whitney, Thomas R. Tunis, Edwin Corlies, Washington W. James, William S. Bunting, Alfred L. Hawkins, Harrison K. Caner,

E. Shirley Borden, Emanuel Hey, Edward B. Chase, Walter T. Roach, Samuel A. Rohrer, Francis G. Taylor, J. Herbert Ogden, William L. Barker, Harry J. Doyle, John C. Grady, Walter D. Griscom, E. Sanford Hatch, William S. P. Shields, William H. Sayen, W. F. Presgrave, E. A. McFarland, G. W. Rudolph, John F. Huneker, William E. Carter, William Conway, G. D. Gideon, General Edward Morrell, Dr. Edward Martin, Frank W. Baker, J. M. Bullock, W. B. Bratton, Irwin N. Megargee, Dr. Theodore L. Adams, Dr. Charles H. Schoff, F. H. Fleer, H. Percival Glendinning, Edward Crozer, George R. Fox, Frank T. Downing, C. H. Bean, Victor J. Petry, Ernest R. Yarnall, Dr. J. N. Risley, General George R. Snowden.

The honorary membership list has not been increased from the one given for 1893.

From the time of the election of the Board of Directors before alluded to and organized by the election of a Chairman and Secretary and the appointment of a House Committee the Board has been holding its regular meetings, minutes of which have been fully kept. The club has also been holding monthly business meetings very regularly, and the organization is thoroughly complete.

Mr. Simon Delbert was a very active member

of the House Committee, and the club house contains many reminders of his good taste and judgment in its furnishing and arrangement of its contents. He has also bred at his country home some very good hounds for the kennel.

THE ROSE TREE CLUB HOUNDS.

The kennels contain thirty-two long-eared American hounds for active hunting on the three regular days of each week; and ten young hounds of the club's own raising, now in training. The present disposition of the club is to again raise its own puppies by breeding from good American stock. The names of the older hounds are as follows: "Jerry," "Charlie," "Roamer," "Tom," "Ringwood," "Reynard," "Trim," "Loafer," "Racket," "Black Lead," "Rattler," "Rowdy," "Sailor," "Nero," "Buck," "Hunter," "Fashion," "Sweetheart," "Blossom," "Betty," "Screamer," "Clipper," "Slipper," "Rose," "Quinine," "Queen," "Milo," "Jack," "Delaware," "Jeff," "Traveler," and "Kie"; and the young hounds are named: "Bert," "Duke," "Silver," "Princess," "Colonel," "General," "Milo," "Bonnie," "Hey," and "Man."

A true American fox hound, when once he strikes the scent of a fox track, will never leave it for the track of any other animal; and when running a fox on a hot scent cannot be called

from and it is difficult to beat him from it. Every old hound runs with his own ambition to kill, and if the pack by chance gets lost from him, will run as hard alone as he will in company.

Hounds run best with their own pack, and when brought in contact with other packs in the field, the younger hounds become excited, unsteady, and wild in their work.

One of the members of the club, Mr. Edward B. Chase, is keeping hounds for his own amusement at his home in Upper Darby township; and we understand he is undertaking the selecting of hunting packs of fifteen American fox hounds for each pack, by breeding, purchase, and training, so the hounds shall bunch together in hunting and running. We have no doubt, with his energy, determination, experience, and skill, that he will succeed, and he should be encouraged. The advantage will be found to be great, for the lack of attention to the selecting of hounds spoils many a large pack; as a few bad hounds in a pack will ruin young hounds and make them run off on a dog or any other animal track they strike, as quickly as on a fox track, and will also teach them to worry sheep, hogs, and fowls. They are also sure to make a straggling pack in the field, from indisposition to run in with the good hounds that follow the fox closely.

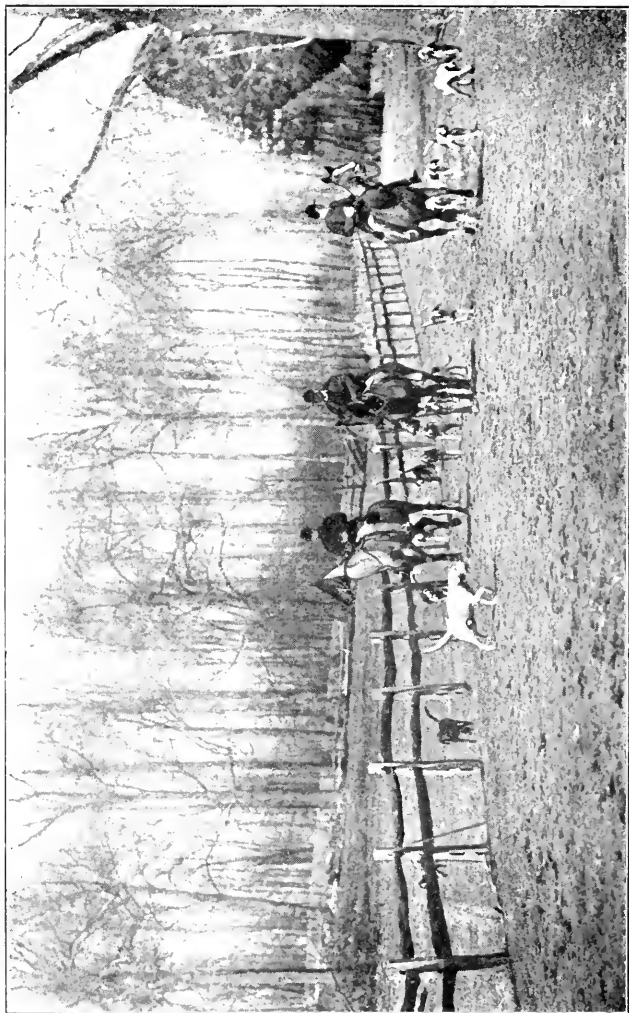
There should be harmony in the pack, and it should be composed of well-bred hounds of equal energy, steadiness, endurance, and fleetness of foot. A pack of ten or fifteen hounds of this character will give better results and satisfaction than a pack of twenty-five or forty hounds not well selected. They may require harder riding to keep in with, but the rider is not confused by the cry of straggling hounds.

LOCATION OF KENNELS.

The kennels are still on the lot on the west side of the Providence road from the club house, a part of the hotel property. The lot, besides being shaded by a fine chestnut grove, commands a beautiful and extensive view of the valley of the Crum. The lot, as now enclosed with its high board fence and race track, was originally fitted up for the Delaware County Agricultural Society exhibitions, in about 1865 (the Delaware County Institute of Science building, erected in 1837, and so used here until 1867, being located near it), and the annual autumn exhibitions of the society were held on this lot, using the Institute building for the exhibitions of contributions of handiwork by ladies, and of fruit, flowers, vegetables, seeds, etc. The track was used for exhibitions of trotting contests, with some running races. The outbreak

of the war, in 1861, ended the existence of this society for several years, and no further such exhibitions were held there. At other times the track was used for speeding and training horses and for private races, until the Rose Tree Hunt Club began to hold their annual fall race meetings there. At this time members of the club, by individual subscriptions, erected the grand stand, as now located, and the judges' stand; the only change that has been made was the removal of the roof or covering from the grand stand, which was done in the fall of 1900, for improvement, by a race committee; and the judges' stand was rebuilt.

The present kennels were erected on this lot within a few years after George W. Hill became President and acting Master of the Club—and these being the first kennels erected in this part of the country, they were erected more particularly for winter packing; the summer comfort of the hounds was not considered. The tight board fence enclosed the yard as now; and the slaughter house was erected adjoining the kennels, to be handy; and thus it continued until Mr. Hill's death, when the Board of Directors decided to also enclose a well-shaded space in the rear of the kennel, with a wire fence, to give fresh air, shade, exercise, and comfort to the pack in hot weather; and this was done through the Board's kennel



Sam McClure, Doc. Rogers, Charley Miles,
Assistant Huntsman, Huntsman, Whip.
With Rose Tree Fox Hunt Club Hounds.

committee; the present wire enclosure being the result, and has proven most advantageous during the last summer. Colonel Morrell heartily concurred in this improvement upon his taking his position as Master of Hounds, and at his instance a further necessary improvement was made by the addition of a puppy kennel and yard, which has been long needed. _____

CHAPTER XIX.

DIFFICULTIES IN HUNTING FIELD.

ANYONE reading the published accounts of fox hunts in this part of the country can form no idea of the pleasure in the sport or the difficulties attending it. A thorough familiarity with farm lands or wooded sections along the public roads is of very little good to you in a ride across country, where every feature of the landscape is so entirely changed that one appears to be in a strange land, and you are soon likely to be lost from hounds and companions and bewildered as to locations. But, the question is asked by the uninitiated, why cannot the hunter follow with his horse directly after the hounds and not get lost? He might, if the fox would keep to the open country, and you had a horse that could take every division fence, with endurance enough to last with the hounds, up hill and down, and with fleetness

enough to stay with them; and then you had sufficient grit in yourself to stick to it. But quite all this no fox hunter has ever been known to have in a long, fast, hard run, kept up for hours; and he must occasionally cut to keep in the hunt. Then, another difficulty, the fox will not keep to the open country, and you are soon confronted with a tract of woodland filled with a thick growth of underbrush, to ride through which faster than a walk,—if you are not torn from the saddle, or do not have your eyes, face, hands, and clothes torn, and your hat or cap gone, you are lucky. Still more, in approaching this thicket you find a mass of green briars through which it is impossible to force your horse to get to the fence separating you from the wood; and as if this were not enough, over the fence gracefully dangles innumerable grape vines with hangman nooses ready to slip over your neck and suspend you from the saddle. If you have hunted the country before and know a wood road through this labyrinth, you are likely to ride to it; and if you do not know such a way you will think discretion the better part of valor and ride around the wood tract, seeking a better riding course. In the meantime the fox and hounds have gone through this barrier, in your way, and you are fortunate if they have not turned in an opposite direction from the one you take to

get in with them. Then another little trouble may confront you in this county, with its five large streams of water running through it, and its many mill powers. The fox, hard driven, has taken to a mill dam, or to the broad, deep creek, swimming through the water or crossing on ice, not strong enough to bear your horse; so, rather than risk losing your valuable animal, and perhaps your own life, you ride for a bridgeway or ford; and when you have safely crossed,—where are your fox and hounds? You must ride hard, listen, and find out by the best judgment you can exercise. Wind splitting steep hills, broken rocky sections of ground, marshy meadows, a slippery hillside, or a barbed wire stretched on the top of a line fence, and such trifling obstacles, are also likely to be in your path. Still, it is a glorious sport, and these difficulties only add zest and excitement to it, and make a man of the rider.

The use of huntsmen, assistant huntsmen, and whippers-in undoubtedly creates a reliance on these employés, on the part of the hunters, to keep them in touch with the hounds. But it sometimes happens that even these trained hunters get knocked out in our hilly country, and any fox hunter who will be frank with you will admit that he has been knocked out in his hunts oftener than is pleasant to own up to.

CHAPTER XX.

THOSE WHO FOLLOW THE CLUB HOUNDS NOW.

AMONG the active and good riders who now follow the Rose Tree hounds are the Master of Hounds, Colonel Edward Morrell; Carroll Smyth, Harrison K. Caner, Henry R. Hatfield, J. Howard Lewis Jr., Simon Delbert Jr., William A. Stotesbury, Ivan Fox, William M. Kerr, John H. Hawkins, Alfred L. Hawkins, E. Shirley Borden, Emanuel Hey, Edward B. Chase, Walter T. Roach, H. Percival Glendinning, Edward Crozer, George R. Fox, Irwin N. Megargee, Victor J. Petry, Ernest R. Yarnall, Dr. Charles H. Schoff, Dr. J. N. Risley, and others.

There are several lady riders who sometimes follow the hounds, and among these are Mrs. M. and Mrs. R., both excellent and fearless riders who take the fences with the best of them.

OTHER CLUBS AND HUNTS IN THE COUNTY.

There are two other organized hunting clubs in Delaware County, the Radnor and the Lima; and several other hunts, the Elwood Powell, of Springfield township; the Pinkerton, of Edgmont township; the Hickman, on the edge of Chester County; the Speakman, of Chadd's Ford; and the

Stewart, of Chester city, each having from fifteen to twenty hounds.

These clubs and hunts all use American hounds.

Charles E. Mather, M. F. H., of the Radnor Club, maintains a pack of English hounds at his farm near the Brandywine, in Chester County.

POPULARITY OF THE ROSE TREE FOX HUNTING CLUB.

Many of its members do not ride with the hounds, but get their pleasures from the club's annual races and its monthly meetings and suppers.

The long-continued, popular, and successful existence of this club is largely due to the good fellowship in it, and to the social disposition of the members, and their kindly treatment of each other, as well as to the liberality and pleasure exhibited in entertaining, and in the cordial manner in which the club receives strangers and guests, freeing them of restraint by the hearty welcome given. And to these may be added the indisposition of members to depart from old traditions or to permit any innovations or new rules for the government of the club to creep in that would mar the harmony existing among its members. Absence

of conventionality, and a firm adherence to the well established characteristics of the club, and to the old rural form of entertainment, both in the dining-room and in the club house, will keep the membership full and preserve the popularity of the club for years to come.









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