

A HISTORY
OF THE
OLD BERKS HUNT

1760-1904

By **F. C. Loder-Symonds**
AND **E. Percy Crowdy**





JOHN A. SEAVERNS



EVELYN LAURA, COUNTESS OF CRAVEN.
The Owner of the Hounds.

A HISTORY
OF THE
OLD BERKS HUNT

From 1760 to 1904

With a Chapter on Early Foxhunting

BY
F. C. LODER-SYMONDS
AND
E. PERCY CROWDY

WITH PORTRAITS AND PHOTOGRAPHS

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TO EVELYN,
COUNTESS OF CRAVEN,
IN GRATEFUL REMEMBRANCE OF HER GENEROSITY
TO THE HUNT, AND OF MANY HAPPY DAYS PASSED
IN THE HUNTING FIELD WITH THE LATE
LORD CRAVEN,

This Book is Dedicated.

February, 1905.

THE Compilers of the "History of the Old Berks Hunt," in presenting their book to the Public, hope that it may prove of interest not only to readers now resident in the Old Berkshire Country and the surrounding districts, but also to those who have known it in years gone by; and to whom the events and incidents related may bring back the memory of happy days that are past.

It has been an object with the Compilers to throw as much light as possible on the early history of Foxhunting in England and a chapter upon early Foxhunting has been added. Some interesting facts relating to the early history of other packs, such as the Ledbury, Bicester, Heythrop, Vale of White Horse, Old Berkeley, South Oxfordshire, Craven, &c., are noted.

They trust, too, that it may not prove altogether disappointing to those who have so readily given their kind assistance, the descendants and present representatives of the good sportsmen of bygone days whose deeds are recorded therein.

NOTICE OF THANKS.

The Compilers of this "History of the Old Berks Hunt" desire to thank the present, and all former Masters, and the representatives of Masters who have passed away, for the cordial assistance they have received from them all without exception. Their best thanks are also due to the Proprietors of "Baily's Magazine," to the Editor of "The Faringdon Advertiser," to the Authors of the "History of the Essex Hunt," Messrs. E. K. Lenthall, Frank Morland, John Blake, G. H. Dawkins, Miss Aldworth, and many others.

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A HISTORY
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CHAPTER I.

THE EARLY HISTORY OF FOXHUNTING.

THE present condition of foxhunting in England, with its accompanying division of the length and breadth of the land into territories or countries hunted regularly and systematically by particular packs of hounds, with a complete organisation for the preservation of foxes and the promotion of sport, is a very remarkable result of the action of the old love of sport which we have inherited from our savage ancestors, and which has in this manner adapted itself to modern conditions. This development has had an enormous social influence upon country life, and has proved itself of no small importance in shaping the national character. How many of that first batch of gallant yeomen who sprang to arms

five years ago in the hour of their country's difficulty, and who did such splendid service for their native land in South Africa, were trained in the hunting field! The social influence of a sport, which is at once the most aristocratic and the most democratic of all pastimes, can hardly be over-rated. Fox-hunting provides a neutral ground upon which all classes meet and learn to mutually respect and know each other. Any facts relating to the first establishment of one of the oldest recognised English hunts must be of interest to so many, that we deem no apology necessary for offering to the public these notes relating to the history of the Old Berks Hunt.

Foxhunting in the modern sense is a product of the eighteenth century. In the well-known book, "The Gentleman's Recreation," published in 1697, a description is given "Of the various Stiles of Hunting." These "Stiles" are described in the following order:—

- 1st Of Hart-Hunting.
- 2nd Of Buck-Hunting.
- 3rd Of Roe-Hunting.
- 4th Of Rain-deer-Hunting.
- 5th Of Hare-Hunting.
- 6th Of Coney-Hunting.
- 7th Of Fox-Hunting,
- 8th Of Badger-Hunting.

9th Of Otter-Hunting.

10th Of Squirrel-Hunting,

11th Of the Marten and Wild Cat.

Foxhunting is thus described, though much less is said about it than of the more important buck and harehunting.

“ Fox-Hunting is very pleasant ; for by reason of his hot strong scent he maketh an excellent cry : and as his scent is hottest at hand, so it dies soonest. Besides which he never flies far before the hounds, trusting not on his Legs, Strength, or Champion ground, but strongest Coverts. When he can no longer stand up before the hounds, he then taketh Earth, and then he must be digged out.”

Some curious details follow as to the habits of the animal when coursed by greyhounds, for these we must refer our readers to the work in question. Another sporting writer repeats the story in the *Universal Magazine*, published in 1747, with the addition that he himself saw a fox behave in this way.

The account continues :—

“ The Fox is taken with Hounds, Grey-Hounds, Terriers, Nets and Gins.

“ Of Terriers there are two sorts. The one is crooked legged, and commonly short haired ; and these will take earth well, and will lie long at Fox or Badger. The other sort is shagged

and streight legged ; and these will not only Hunt above ground, as other hounds, but also enter the earth with much more fury than the former ; but cannot stay so long by reason of their great eagerness. The times of entering these terriers is when they are near a twelve month old ; for if you enter him not within this time, you will hardly after bring him to take the earth. And to encourage the young Terrier the more put in an old one before him, that can better endure the fury of the Fox or Badger ; and be careful that neither of them be old when you engage your young Terrier with him.

“ Now to say the truth, there is not much pastime or pleasure in Hunting of a Fox under-ground, for as soon as that subtle creature perceiveth the Terriers, if they Bay hard, and lie near unto them, they will bolt out immediately, unless it be when the bitch hath young cubs, then they will sooner die than stir.”

We entirely concur in this estimate of the pleasure of this form of “ Hunting,” Our author continues :—

“ But it will be necessary to stop up his earths, if you can find them, the night before you intend to hunt ; and the best time will be about midnight, for then the Fox goeth out to

seek his Prey. You may stop his holes by laying two white sticks across before them which will make him imagine it is some Gin or Trap laid for him ; or else you may stop them up close with Black Thorns and Earth together.

“The best Hunting a Fox above ground is in January, February, and March, for then you shall best see your hounds Hunting, and best find his Earthing ; besides which at such times the Fox's Skin is best in season. Again, the Hounds best Hunt the Fox in the coldest weather, because he leaveth a very strong scent behind him ; yet in cold weather it chills fastest.

“At first only cast off your sure Finders, and as the Drag mends, so add more as you dare trust them. Shun Casting off too many hounds at once, because Woods and Coverts are full of sundry Chases, and so you may engage them in too many at one time. Let such as you set off at first be old staunch hounds, which are sure ; and if you hear such a hound call on merrily, you may cast off some other to him ; and when they run it on the full cry, cast off the rest ; and thus you shall compleat your Pastime. The words of Comfort are the same which are used in the other Chases, attended with the same Hollowings and other Ceremonies.

“ Let the Hounds kill the Fox themselves ; and worry and hare (*sic*) him as much as they like. Many Hounds will eat him with eagerness. When he is dead, hang him at the end of a Pikestaff, and holloa in all your hounds to Bay at him ; but reward them not with anything belonging to the Fox ; for it is not good ; neither will they eat it.”

In this description we see clearly that fox-hunting was only an occasional sport. It was necessary to cast off “ Finders,” because the other hounds would be sure to run riot. Here, too, we see the influence of buck hunting. The hounds would not eat the fox, “ because it is not good.” In the same work we read that “ The greatest subtlety a Huntsman need use in the Hunting of the Buck, is to beware of Hunting Counter or Change, because of the plenty of Fallow Deer, which use to come directly on the hounds.” Probably this book was a little antiquated when it was written, and was even then based upon the traditions of the past. Bucks can hardly have been very numerous in England in 1697, and foxhunting was even then becoming a recognised amusement of country gentlemen, though an “ Essay on Hunting ” published in 1733 treats of hare-hunting alone.

The typical country gentleman of 1711 is

thus described by Addison in *The Spectator*, in a well-known passage :—

“ My friend Sir Roger (de Coverley) has been an indefatigable man in business of this kind, and has hung several parts of his house with the trophies of his former labours. The walls of his great hall are covered with the horns of several kinds of deer he has killed in the chase, which he thinks the most valuable furniture of his house, as they afford him frequent topics of discourse, and show that he has not been idle. At the lower end of the hall is a large otter’s skin, stuffed with hay, which his mother ordered to be hung up in that manner, and the knight looks upon with great satisfaction ; because it seems he was but nine years old, when his dog killed him. A little room adjoining the hall is a kind of arsenal, filled with guns of several sizes and inventions ; with which the knight has made great havock in the woods, and destroyed many thousands of pheasants, partridges, and woodcocks. His stable doors are patched with ‘ noses ’ that belonged to foxes of the knight’s own hunting down. Sir Roger showed me one of them that for distinction sake has a brass nail stuck through it, which cost him about fifteen hours riding, and carried him through half a dozen counties, killed him a brace of geldings, and

lost above half his dogs. This the knight looks upon as one of the greatest exploits of his life. The perverse widow, whom I have given some account of, was the cause of the death of several foxes ; for Sir Roger has told me that in the course of his amours he patched up the western door of his stable. Whenever the widow was cruel the fox was sure to pay for it. In proportion as his passion for the widow abated and old age came on, he left his foxhunting ; but a hare is not yet safe that sits within ten miles of his house. There is no kind of exertion which I would so recommend to my readers of both sexes as this of riding, as there is none which so much conduces to health, and is in every way accomodated to the body, according to the idea which I have of it. Doctor Sydenham is very lavish in its praises, and if the English reader will see the mechanical effects described at length he may find them in a book published not many years since under the title of the ‘*Medicina Gymnastica*’.”

In 1715, however, Addison published in the *Freeholder* a far less sympathetic account of the Foxhunter, in the form of an amusing skit upon “That rank of men who are commonly distinguished by the title of Fox-hunters. As several of these have had no part of their

education in cities, camps, or courts, it is doubtful whether they are of the greater ornament or use to the nation in which they live. It would be an everlasting reproach to politics should such men be able to overturn an establishment, which has been formed by the wisest laws, and is supported by the ablest heads. The wrong notions, and prejudices which cleave to many of these country gentlemen, who have always lived out of the way of being better informed, are not easy to be conceived by a person who has never conversed with them."

This essay of Addison was part of a systematic attack upon the country party, supporters of the "October Club," by a keen Whig partisan, a member of the rival political club, the "Kit-Cat," and must therefore be taken with a grain of salt. We must remember, too, that at this time jeers at country gentlemen were very popular with the Wits in Town, as we see, for example, by the characters of "Bob Acres," and "Squire Western."

Addison's picture of Sir Roger de Coverley, and it is a very charming one, is probably a very accurate portrait of the country gentleman of the day. Several circumstances combined to make the position very agreeable

in the eighteenth century. There had been an almost continuous rise of prices, and therefore of rents, from the time of the discovery of the treasures of the New World. Country life was still of a simple nature. The great rise of the manufacturing industries of the country had not yet absorbed a large proportion of the services of the working classes; so that wages had not advanced in proportion to the general rise in prices. That cruel burden, the "Estate Duty," had not been imposed. A heavy income tax was raised, it is true, on the rent of land in the form of "Land Tax"; but it had not yet occurred to legislators to argue that this was no tax at all, for the reason that it had been imposed for a long period, and that it must therefore be supplemented by an "Income Tax." Thus it came about that a larger proportion of the incomes of the country gentlemen of those days could be expended on the amusements of the field. Private packs of hounds became fairly numerous, though foxes were very scarce, so that foxhunting was chiefly carried on in the neighbourhood of great woodlands, where alone foxes could be found; and when found, he was more of a wild animal and would endure before hounds for a longer time than the preserved fox of modern days. At the

commencement of the eighteenth century no distinct breed of foxhound existed. Hounds were kept to hunt deer, hares, foxes, martens, or otters, as occasion might offer. We are expressly told in the work already quoted that "there are in England and Scotland two kinds of Hunting Dogs, and nowhere else in all the world. The first kind is called 'Ane Rache' and this is a foot scenting creature of all wild beasts, birds and fishes also. . . . The second is called in Scotland a 'Sluth Hound,' being a little greater than the Hunting hound." We are also told that "The best way of entering hounds is at the Hare, for thereby they will learn all doubles and turns, and better know the Halloo and will be tender nosed and better scented, by using the beaten Ways and Champion Grounds."

The following is a description of the old English hound by Whittaker in the beginning of the eighteenth century:—

"This valuable Hound is distinguished by its great size and strength. Its body is long, its chest deep, its ears long and sweeping, and the tone of its voice peculiarly deep and mellow. From the particular form of its organs, it is endued with the most exquisite sense of smelling, and can often distinguish

the scent an hour after the lighter Beagles have given up. Their slowness also disposes them to receive the directions of the Huntsman; but as they are able to hunt a cold scent, they are too apt to make it so, by their want of speed and tedious exactness. These Dogs were once common in every part of this Island, and were formerly much larger than they are at present; the breed, which has gradually been declining, and its size studiously reduced by a mixture of other kinds, in order to increase its speed, is now almost extinct."

These, no doubt, are the hounds Shakespeare had in mind:—

“My Hounds are bred out of the Spartan
 Kind
 So flewed, so sanded; and their heads
 are hung
 With ears that sweep away the morning
 dew;
 Crook-knee'd and dew lap'd like Thes-
 salian bulls
 Slow in pursuit, but match'd in mouth
 like bells
 Each under each.”

—*Midsummer Night's Dream*, iv. i.

In the latter part of the eighteenth century the process of differentiation was nearly com-

plete. Many packs of hounds were kept to hunt the fox alone ; while the science of fox-hunting had become pretty much what it is at the present day, when Beckford published his celebrated "Thoughts on Hare and Fox Hunting," the first edition of which appeared in 1782.* Hunting still, however, remained a matter of purely private interest until the nineteenth century. It is singular how few are the references to hunting in the early numbers of the *Sporting Magazine*. Cock-fighting, prize-fighting and duelling evidently excited far greater interest in those days. Later on the growing interest is well shown by the more frequent allusions. Readers

* The author of this work, Peter Beckford of Stepleton, Dorsetshire, was born in 1740. He was the son of Julines Beckford, whose brother, William Beckford, was the celebrated Lord Mayor, and father of the author of "Vathek," who lived at Fonthill Abbey. These two brothers came to England from Jamaica with large fortunes. Five years after the birth of Peter his father purchased the house and manor of Stepleton-Iwerne, Dorsetshire, together with certain sporting rights in Cranbourne Chase from Thomas Fownes. Mr. Fownes was an excellent sportsman, and kept hounds with which he hunted the fox. Cranbourne Chase was an old royal hunting ground, and doubtless at that time afforded plenty of game of sorts. Peter was educated at Westminster School. After his return home he commenced to keep harriers, but he soon deserted the hare for the fox. He says, himself: "By inclination I was never, indeed,

began to ask for hunting notes, and the Editor appealed to his subscribers for contributions to enable him to meet the new and growing demand. The increasing popularity of the sport was not accepted, however without considerable opposition. Indeed, at one time it seemed probable that the new pastime would be altogether stopped by the opposition of the owners and occupiers of land. In the first decade of the nineteenth century a whole crop of actions for trespass took place, as, for example, the following :—

In the *Sporting Magazine* of 1807, mention is made “of a most excellent hunt” by “The Gentleman’s subscription hounds,” formerly Lord

a hare hunter. I followed this diversion more for air and exercise than for amusement, and if I could have persuaded myself to ride on the turnpike road to the three-mile stone, and back again, I should have thought I had no need for a pack of harriers.” He also says of his country: “The hare hunting is so bad that, did you know it, your wonder would be how I could have persevered in it so long, not that I should forsake it now.” Peter Beckford was a most accomplished man, and it was said of him by a contemporary writer that “never had fox or hare the honour of being chased to death by so accomplished a huntsman; never was huntsman’s dinner graced ‘by such urbanity and wit.’ he would bag a fox in Greek, find a hare in Latin, inspect his kennels in Italian, and direct the economy of stables in exquisite French.” Besides his sporting writing he was the author of “Familiar Letters from Italy to a Friend in England.”

Berkeley's, in the neighbourhood of Windsor, In 1809 these hounds were managed by the Reverend and Honourable William Capel, his huntsman being Thomas Oldaker. On July 24th, 1809 an action at law was tried before Lord Ellenborough and a special jury, between Lord Essex and Mr. Capel, for trespass by the latter gentleman, while hunting in the woods of Lord Essex. The defence was that the fox was found on land not belonging to Lord Essex, and that Mr. Capel in pursuit of a "noxious animal" was entitled by old hunting law to follow in "Quick pursuit" until killed. The reply of Lord Essex's counsel was that the destruction of a "noxious animal" was not the real object of the trespass, and that even if such were the law, it could form no excuse for Mr. Capel coming accompanied by a couple of hundred bankers, stockbrokers and other wealthy men from London. At this point Lord Ellenborough stopped the case, saying "that it was against all reason and conviction;" and he directed the jury to find for the plaintiff, which they promptly did, assessing the damage at forty shillings, in each of the half-dozen other cases which were pending on the result of the test action. Lord Ellenborough then pointed out that one shilling was all the damage claimed, whereupon

the jury reduced the amount to that sum in each case."

After this, a whole crop of actions arose against Mr. Capel and his friends, and even against the huntsman, Thomas Oldaker. Amongst others, the Marquis of Abergavenny brought an action against Mr. Capel. Many letters appeared in the sporting press complaining of the growing antipathy to hunting, and it seemed for the moment as if the sport would be stamped out, just as it was beginning to become generally popular. In 1811 a singular proclamation against the Belvoir Hunt was issued by Sir William Manners: "The Lord of the Manor of Grantham having for years suffered incalculable damage from the depredations of the Belvoir hounds, prosecutions will be commenced against any persons hunting with the said hounds and trespassing on any of the lands belonging to Sir William Manners, and situated in any of the following parishes" (then follows a list of thirty-four parishes). A Mr. Robinson also brought an action for hunting trespass against the Duke of Rutland, and more actions were brought against Mr. Wood, successor to Mr. Capel, as Master of the "Old Berkeley hounds"; while in Sutherland, an "Anti-foxite club" was formed by the "Nobility, gentry and

farmers." It speaks volumes for the real merit of foxhunting that such determined opposition as it encountered in the beginning of the nineteenth century should have been fairly lived down.

A former Lord Wilton, quoted by the Duke of Beaufort in the Badminton series, says it was not until 1750 that hounds were entered solely to fox. We shall show, at any rate, that the country now known as the "Old Berks" has been continuously hunted by a regularly established pack of hounds entered solely to fox, from 1760. The Old Berkshire Hounds may well claim, therefore, to rank amongst the oldest packs in England. The name Old Berkshire dates back to at least 1809.*

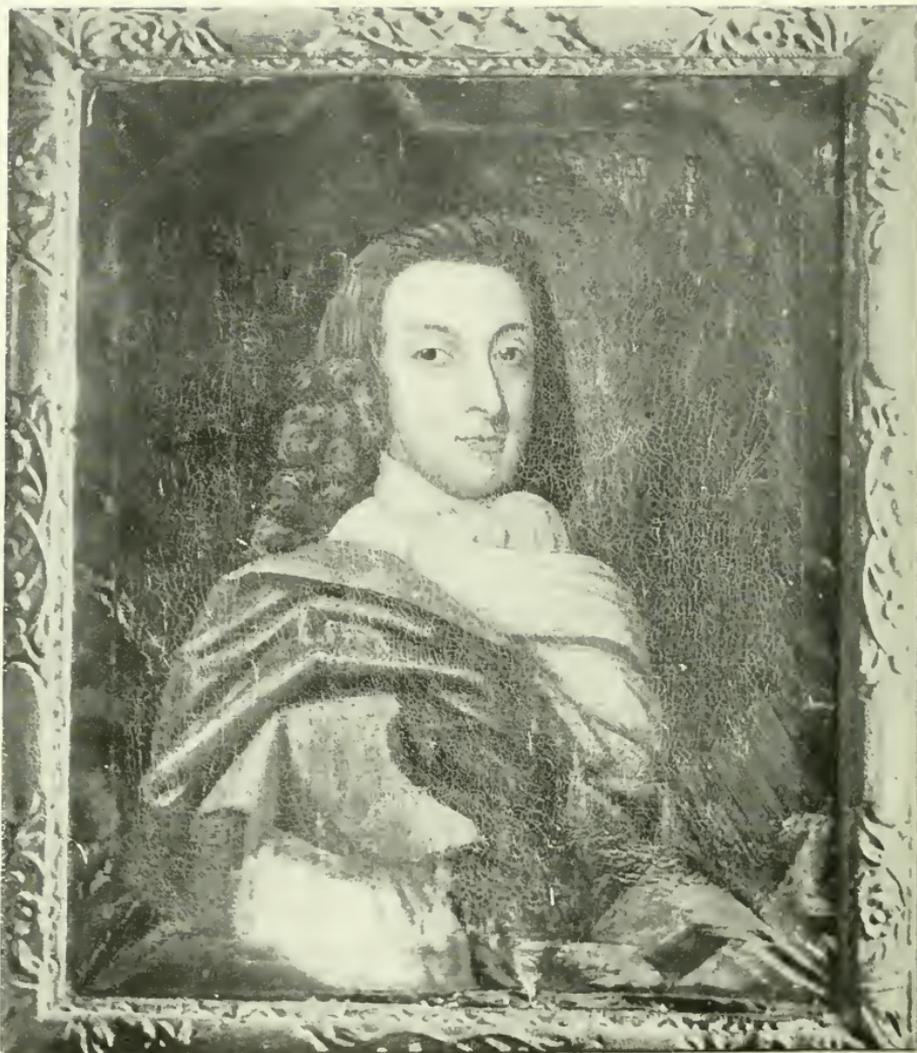
* It is the custom to speak of the Old Berks Hunt and Old Berks country, but of the Old Berkshire Hounds.

CHAPTER II.

THE REVEREND JOHN LODER, 1760 TO 1805.

A PACK such as we have been describing had been kept for years by the Rev. John Loder, M.A., of Oriel College, Oxford, Rector of Hinton Waldrist, and Lord of the Manors of Hinton and Longworth.

The Loders were an old Berkshire family. Landowners at Princes Harwell in the time of Queen Elizabeth, Robert Loder, who died in 1644, was a benefactor to the parish, whose name is still had in remembrance there. His son, John Loder, married Mary Barrett, and with her obtained the seat and estate of Balstone Park near Newbury. This John Loder was the owner of Balstone Park, of the whole parish of Hinton Waldrist, of a great part of Longworth, of Barcote, and of Inglesham near Lechlade, all in Berkshire. Balstone Park was settled on his son Charles, who married Elizabeth, eldest daughter of Sir Jonathan Raymond, Bart. Charles Loder left a daughter, Anne, who married Thomas



Mr. JOHN LODER.

Founder of the Old Berkshire Hunt, Master 1760 to 1805. From a picture in the possession of Capt. Loder-Symonds, about 1755.

Whitly. The Rev. John Loder was the grandson of this Charles by another daughter, Mary, who married her cousin, the Rev. Seymour Loder, Rector of Hinton. John Loder was born in 1725. He inherited Hinton, and a great part of the parish of Longworth; Barcote being left to his younger brother Charles.

John Loder's father died while his son was still young, and he appears to have commenced keeping hounds almost as soon as he came into his property. His country naturally was formed from the preserves of his friends round Hinton, and as his residence was on the northern boundary of Berkshire, it equally naturally crossed the Thames into Oxfordshire, and included the extensive coverts of his intimate friend Mr. Maximilian Western, of Cokethorpe. Tar Wood, close by, was in the Oxfordshire country of the Duke of Beaufort, who only hunted it for a portion of the year, so Mr. Loder had no difficulty in obtaining permission to draw it when the Duke's hounds were in their home country. Although many changes have taken place since John Loder commenced keeping hounds nearly one hundred and fifty years ago, the boundaries of the present country remain pretty much what they were in those early days.

For the following account of a run, which

lasted for five hours and ten minutes, with Mr. Loder's hounds in 1766, we are indebted to Mr. Walter Money, F.S.A. The lines were written by the fourth Lord Abingdon.

AN ACCOUNT OF A CHASE WHICH TOOK PLACE
IN BERKSHIRE IN THE YEAR 1766.

Hark, Hark, Jolly Sportsmen, awhile to my tale,
Which to gain your attention, I hope will not fail,
'Tis of lads and of horses, and of dogs that ne'er tire
O'er stone walls and hedges, thro' dale, bog and briar.
A pack of such hounds, and a set of such men,
'Tis a great chance if ever you meet with again.
Had Nimrod the stoutest of hunters, been there,
Egad he'd have shook, like an Aspen, for fear.

In seventeen hundred and sixty and six,
The beginning of March for our hunt we did fix,
At five in the morning by most of the clocks,
We rode from Brightwalton to try for a fox.
The Betterton squire, and the bold Johnny Boot,
While some went on horseback, and some went on
foot,
Bob Ready, Jack Loder, the huntsman so stout,
Sam Southby, with others and so we set out.

We had cast off the hounds for an hour or more
When Wanton set up a most terrible roar.
"Hark to Wanton," cries Tom ; and the rest were not
slack,
(For Wanton's no trifler esteemed by the pack).
Old Bonny and Collier came readily in,
And every dog joined in the musical din ;
Had Diana been there, she'd been pleased to the life,
And some of the lads got a goddess to wife.

Ten minutes past nine was the time of the day,
When Reynard unkennelled, and this was his play :—
From the Common of Beedon to Langley he stray'd,
By Bradley he passed, not at all was dismayed,
To Thatcham wood hence, and to Wollington then,
The steep hill he had climbed, but was stopp'd by
the men.

Through Shaw woods he passed, leapt the Major's
high wall,
And seemed to say—little I value you all.

By bushes and groves up to Donnington Bourns,
Tom Stanbroke and Wildface kept leading by turns.
The earth it was open, but Reynard was stout
And could have got in, but he chose to keep out.
To Squire Henshaw's Palace away then he flew,
And at Winterbourne Common we had him in view ;
He shot through the village, and thinking no harm,
He pass'd by us all up to Winterbourne Farm.

Through Chaddleworth Woods like an arrow he
passed,
And came to the village of Catmore at last ;
There cunningly Reynard jumped into the Church,
And thought he had left all the dogs in the lurch.
But soon to his cost, he perceived that no bounds
Could stop the pursuit of the staunch mettled hounds ;
His policy here did not serve him a rush,
Five couple of hounds were hard at his brush.

“ I'll recover the ground,” to himself then he cried,
But 'ere he could reach to the farmer's backside,
He found both of speed and of cunning a lack,
Being waylaid and killed by the rest of the pack.
At his death there were present all those I have sung,
Save Johnny, who riding a jackass was flung.
Thus ended at last a most capital chace
That lasted five hours and ten minutes space.

We returned to the Berkshire plentiful board
 Where dwells hospitality Southby the lord ;
 We talked of the chace, and we toasted the health
 Of the man who ne'er varied for places or wealth.
 " Johnny Boot baulked a leap," said Tom Stanbroke,
 "'twas odd ;"
 "'Twas shameful," cried Sam, " by the great living
 G . d ."

Said Wildface—" I holload ' Get on though you fall,
 Or I'll leap over thee, thy grey gelding and all.' "

Each glass was adapted to freedom and sport ;
 For party affairs we consigned to the court ;
 Thus we finished the first of the day and the night,
 In gay flowing bumpers and social delight.
 Then, till the next meeting, bid farewell each brother,
 For some they went one way and some went another.
 And as Phœbus befriended our earlier roam,
 So Luna took care in escorting us home.

Of the persons mentioned, we may note that " Wildface " was the *nom de plume* of Wil-
 loughby, Earl of Abingdon ; " The Betterton
 Squire " was Mr. Ferdinando Collins, grand-
 father of the late Rev. John Ferdinando
 Collins of Betterton. " Johnny Boot," Mr.
 John Boote of Wantage, owned the property
 now known as " Stirlings," where he lived.
 " The Betterton Squire " married Catherine
 Boote. " Bob Ready " was brother-in-law to
 the Rev. John Loder, " The Huntsman so
 bold," Mr. Loder having married Barbara
 Ready. Sam Southby, was one of the family
 of the Southbys of Appleton, Hodcot, Chievely

and Winterbourne, a younger branch of the Southbys of Carswell. Sam Southby lived at Winterbourne Manor, lately owned by the Fisher family. He was a Lieutenant in the Berks Militia and married a daughter of Mr. Blandy of Oakash, Chaddleworth. "Tom Stanbroke" lived at Furzen Hill, Stockcross, now part of the Benham Estate, where the Stanbrokes remained as owners until some time after 1837. The line of this five hours and ten minutes run of 1766, seems to have been from Beedon Common, through Langley, and by Bradley Court, then skirting Thatcham woods on to "Wollington," which must be Woolhampton, where there is a steep hill as described; here the fox was headed, and is next heard of at Shaw where he scaled "the Major's high wall," the garden wall of Shaw House, then belonging to Sir Joseph Andrews, Major in the Berks Militia; he then made for the "Donnington Bourns," that is the Mill stream and Lambourne river, neither of which were bridged at that time, and ran over Snelsmore Common to Bussock Court, "Squire Henshaw's Palace," thence to Winterbourne Farm, Sam Southby's place, on to Chaddleworth woods, and ultimately to Catmore.

On December 20th, 1791, another version, or adaptation, of these lines was sent to Mr.

Loder by the same Lord Abingdon. In this later version they are entitled "The Irish Hunt." A run is described which took place from Kileredry in 1774. The names of the sportsmen, and circumstances of the hunt are of course changed, but in other respects the verses are identical. This "Irish Hunt" version was published in the *Sporting Magazine* in 1808; Lord Abingdon had then been dead about eight years. Probably the lines were found amongst his papers by his son the fifth earl, who had just come of age, and were sent to the magazine by him. Lord Gage, Lord Abingdon's executor, died in 1808, and the lines may have been amongst his papers.

As time went on Mr. Loder received two great additions to his country. One on the east and the other on the west. On the west, the Gloucestershire country about Fairford had been hunted by Mr. Napper, who gave up keeping hounds; and by arrangement with Mr. Beach and other owners the country was placed at the disposal of Mr. Loveden, of Buscot, who asked Mr. Loder to hunt it. On the east, hounds had been kept for some time by Lord Abingdon. In 1784 Lord Abingdon proposed to give up keeping hounds, and Mr. Loder wanting at the time to increase his pack, wrote to him about hounds



WILLOUGHBY BERTIE, 4th EARL OF ABINGDON.

From the picture by Gainsborough in the possession of the Earl of Abingdon.

and country. He was answered in the following generous and sporting letter, offering not only the young entry and the coverts, but all the hounds and the "whole tote" to "my brother confederate."

RYCOTE, June 19, 1784.

DEAR SIR,—I received your letter, and just before I did so, I had it in my intention to have written to you on the very subject of it. Finding that my Attendance in Parliament and other avocations will not suffer me to follow the pack in the manner I would otherwise do, I have come to the resolution of giving them up entirely, and this being the case, I thought I could not do better than to assign them over to my Brother Confederate, with the expectation that should I hereafter want and call for their Breed, that you will of course furnish me with the Blood again.

I have therefore directed Kitt to carry over the whole tote to you, old as well as young Hounds, and to say to you from me, that they, as well as the hunt itself, are very much at your service.

Possibly I may sometimes have a brush with you, but as I have said I mean not to keep any more hounds. Fishing will be my sport principally, and if you will at any Time join your patience with mine upon this occasion, I shall be very glad of your Company. Having helped compleatly to run down the great Fox of the nation, I am content to give up the Sport, and Remain with great Respect,

Your Friend and Servant,

ABINGDON.

P.S.—Lady Abingdon unites with me in many thanks for the congratulations you send upon the birth of a son and heir.

The allusion of Lord Abingdon as to his having assisted to "completely run down the great Fox of the nation" refers to the great debate in the House of Lords on the 5th of December, 1783, when the "Coalition Ministry," of which Fox, though not nominally the head, was regarded as the principal member, was defeated. The occasion was the introduction of a bill by Fox, to vest the government of India in Commissioners. The rejection of this bill by the Lords was followed by the resignation of the ministry, when the King sent for Mr. Pitt, who thus became Prime Minister, though only 24 years old. Mr. Fox was not again in office until after his rival's death, twenty-two years later.

Hounds had probably been kept for generations by the Earls of Abingdon. In the seventeenth century James, second Earl, High Steward of Oxford and Lord Lieutenant of the county, was "Lord Chief Justice, and Justice in Eyre of all his Majesty's Forests, Parks, Chases, Warrens, &c., on the south side of Trent." His nephew Willoughby, third Earl was the owner of the celebrated horse "Marske," sire of the still more celebrated horse "Eclipse."

The Hon. Captain Peregrine Bertie, R.N., brother of the fourth Earl, also kept hounds at

one time. He lived at Frilsham, Berks, Mr. Tom Floyd's place. These hounds were sold to Mr. Warde, when the latter went to Bicester. Captain Bertie was M.P. for the City of Oxford. He died in 1790. Thus the Abingdon family provided hounds both for the Old Berks and Bicester countries.

Lord Abingdon never ceased during the rest of his life to take the greatest interest in the hunt, and the following letters of his, selected out of many, seem worth quoting. In answer to an enquiry about a servant, he writes :—

DEAR LODER.—I have been over to Annesley and found him in tolerable health, but not one word transpired on the score of foxhunting, and the Sef-tonian Domains. He gave me an extraordinary good character of James Headach; who is a very civil fellow, and has had a great deal of experience in the character of a Whipper-in, Huntsman, Farrier, and is an excellent shot; and very understanding in Curs of every denomination. I know the man, and have had some talk with him. He was here yesterday, his ambition is not to lead but to conform to any situation he adopts, but he has a Wife and two small children, and can't serve for a song. You must therefore inform me, if you wish to hire him in the Hintonian service to what amount you can screw, for there are Times when a man can hardly keep himself, much less a wife and brats, a good servant is a valuable commodity, and you have ever been fond of taking Time as well as something else by the forelock. You do right to open the campaign with vigour, and to ascertain country; for let your hounds

be ever so good, a country makes them more valuable in case you want to put them into your pocket. I hope this will find you sound in wind and limb after your Excursions; We are to have the Devil and all his Works in Port Meadow Tuesday next. Evolutions upon Evolutions, leading to Revolutions upon Revolutions, when the Devil must take the Hindmost. Suppose you come over and peep at them from my Tower. In all Times and all seasons believe

yrs sincere and devotedly

ABINGDON.

(About 1787.)

This letter is endorsed in the handwriting of Mr. Robert Symonds, "Lord Abingdon's opinion that a country may be disposed of with the hounds." The contrary opinion was held by Beckford, as appears in the following memorandum received at a later date:—

You ask my opinion on the rights claimed by Foxhunters. I will give it as concisely as I can.

Three distinct rights are to be considered, Original, Acquired, and by Sufferance.

Original Right undoubtedly belongs to the proprietors of the Covers, &c., where foxes may be supposed to lie, but when once a pack of foxhounds is established in a country with the consent of those Proprietors an acquired right is then obtained, of which the said pack cannot afterwards be deprived, unless by an uncommon misconduct on the part of those concerned in the management of the hounds, the Proprietors themselves should think fit to deprive them of it. This is the case of all the old established hunts in the kingdom.

Right by sufferance, is where a neighbouring Pack avails itself of a vacancy, the Country at that time, by some accident or other, being without any hounds. A blot is no blot till it is hit; and this possession is no longer than it remains undisputed. Should the Duke of Rutland part with his Foxhounds, Sir Gilbert Heathcote may hunt the country, but should the Duke, or any other gentleman in that neighbourhood, claim the country, with the consent and approbation of the Proprietors, Sir Gilbert must return from whence he came. You ask if the purchase of a pack of hounds can establish a right. MOST CERTAINLY NOT.

The hounds are moveable at the will of the purchaser and may be carried into a distant country, consequently there can be no inherent right in them, when so removed. When Mr. Blair disposed of his foxhounds to Lord Craven they were removed into Berkshire, and I took possession of the Country.

Covers must be regularly hunted to establish an exclusive right. Mr. Farquharson has bought Mr. Wyndham's hounds, and may hunt that country. But since the hounds have been removed into a distant and distinct country, in consequence of which none of the Wiltshire Covers will be regularly hunted and the greater part of them not hunted at all, should Mr. Wyndham or any other gentleman of that neighbourhood, at any time think proper to establish another pack (provided it be with the consent and approbation of the proprietors before mentioned) Mr. Farquharson must resign the Country. Should you ask on what these rights are founded, I shall answer you in two words. On common sense.

Stapleton, Nov. 26th, 1806.

But to return to Lord Abingdon's letter.

Mr. Loder answered that he left the question of wages in Lord Abingdon's hands, and adds "I return you innumerable thanks for yr kind enquiries after my Health, and for an abundance of and comfortable presents. I am much better but cannot lay on bruised side, neither is the other quite easy; Time I trust before ye Sporting Season will render me tolerably sound again; Shall be fearful of mounting a horse again during this very dry harsh weather, Tho' excellent for haymaking."

Mr. Loder was now hunting a great extent of country. It extended from beyond Fairford in Gloucestershire to Thame and Stokenchurch in Oxfordshire. He was, as was usual in those days, in the habit of taking the hounds with him to hunt the more distant parts of the country, and of remaining some days in the neighbourhood. He frequently stayed at Fairford, and for the eastern portion of his hunt, Rycot, and Wytham, were often his headquarters, as the following letters will show:—

DEAR SIR,—You know not only my House, Stables, and Kennel, but my Foxes, my Ox, and my Ass, and whatever you find upon the premises at Rycot are at your service. I was in great hopes of being at Hobdays myself this week in company with Sir Willoughby Aston who pines to crack a bottle with you.
 After which I expect to be at leisure and shall snatch the earliest opportunity of joining you

in the field. I write in haste, and have only to remain

your most truly devoted faithful and affectionate friend,

Novr. 1787

ABINGDON.

P.S.—Do you want anything I can procure for you in London?

These were the “good old times” of “three bottle men.” Men then rose early, hunted early, dined early. We get a glimpse of the life they led in the following letter:—

DEAR LODER,—Dining with a complete set of Bacchanalians two days running (Such as Sir Willoughby Aston & Master Jacky Crosdill) occasioned a delay of one post in Reply to yrs of 30th Instant. The season is not too far advanced for your curs to do as yet Wonders, but if regularly and journally drinking of Bumpers per Dozens to his Diversion, will yield the Squire of Hinton good sport in the Field: thirty Brace of Scalps, in addition to those already nailed on the Stable door, would soon make their appearance. A variety of circumstances too tedious to mention put a spoke in the wheel of my inclinations to meet you on the tenth instant. Cussan’s stubborn illness is another misfortune. He is attended by three Physicians, enough to kill the Devil, you will say, and must void by force of medicine some enormous gall-stones before he has a chance of doing well. He is of a liberal generous disposition. He had heard a good deal of your character, and had set his heart upon Courting your Acquaintance, but at present it is decreed otherwise, we must with Christian Patience submit,

“For what can’t be cured
Must be indured.”

P.S. The plan I should chalk out for you would be this. To send your hounds to Rycot, and for yourself to make Wytham your Headquarters. There is plenty of the Old Strap at your Service, & it is only ordering King to knock you down some rabbits and game of every Denomination & your table will be well supplied. There are Fish in the River (if you can get them out). Norreys and Willoughby, if you can obtain Slatter's sanction (?) might club with you in Chaise Hire, and return with you to Oxford after the Hunt at Rycot. If this meets your Approbation, give old Kitt a hint to put their little *Grass Nags* into corn condition, and to ride them regularly about the Manor to make *them* rather more *Sweet-ly Sober* than your Huntsman.

Leaving this suggestion to your superior judgement, Will, and Pleasure, I remain, most faithfully yours, &c.,

ABINGDON.

P.S. You will manage the affairs of the boys with Dexterity, and not let them know a word of the matter till the time of journeying to Rycot, or else adieu to all learning.

N.B. Let me hear from you soon, that I may quicken their *Majestys* at Wytham.

(Date about 1790).

John Loder's huntsman was one John Sweet, and frequent allusions to his want of sobriety occur in this correspondence. Of the two sons mentioned the eldest Montague, Lord Norreys, was the "Son and Heir" alluded to in the first letter. He became the fifth Earl, and was the grandfather of the

present, the seventh Earl, the owner of "Sir Bevis," who won the Derby, in 1879, for Mr. Acton. The second Willoughby, born in 1784, became a captain in the Royal Navy and was lost in the wreck of H.M.S. *Satellite* on the Goodwin Sands, in 1810.

Another proposal to draw the Rycot Coverts produced the following amusing reply in verse :—

You are heartily welcome to Rycot, Dear Sir,
 And we hope you will stick here as close as a Burr,
 For you give us great pleasure whenever you come,
 But I'm sorry to say I've got no *Old Rum*,
 So your *Julep* won't be quite so good as I'd wish,
 But we'll treat you to plenty of Game and of Fish,
 And Dumplings in Broth—your favourite Dish.
 Broth with dumplings, fish, woodcocks, hen, pheasant
 & hare,

I think you will reckon a good bill of fare.
 For Desert you'll have pineapples, walnuts and pears,
 And a bottle of old Port to drown all your cares.
 My Cellar contains too, some excellent Sherry,
 That without being *Pitched* will make your heart
 merry.

Bitch Foxes besides, for your hounds to pursue,
 Which will also afford some amusement to you,
 To Crossdill, myself, and the rest of the crew.
 Your gun may between whiles procure you diversion
 And I hope you'll not find it too great an exertion ;
 You can't fail (to be sure) of finding it pleasant,
 To bring to the ground a woodcock, or pheasant,
 For who knows but you may with ye help of old
 Jock

Knock down for my Lady another Woodcock.
The last (she declares) was so good that you brought
her,

For another, the same, it has made her mouth water.
When we've finished our bottle a rubber of whist
To pass through the evening may sometimes assist ;
With a tune on the Harp and the Violincello,
On which Signor Crosdillo doth much excello ;
For whether he's sober or whether he's mellow,
I think in the world he's not got his fellow.

His " Brave Boys " he brings forth with so charming
a tone,

Its a pity he has no brave boys of his own
So superior a genius as his to inherit,
Such, taste, execution, expression, and spirit,
Not to mention on other occasions his merit.)

At tea if you're sleepy, to bed you may steal
Without supping, for supper's an unwholesome meal ;
Should you chance to be hungry, some oysters and
cheese,

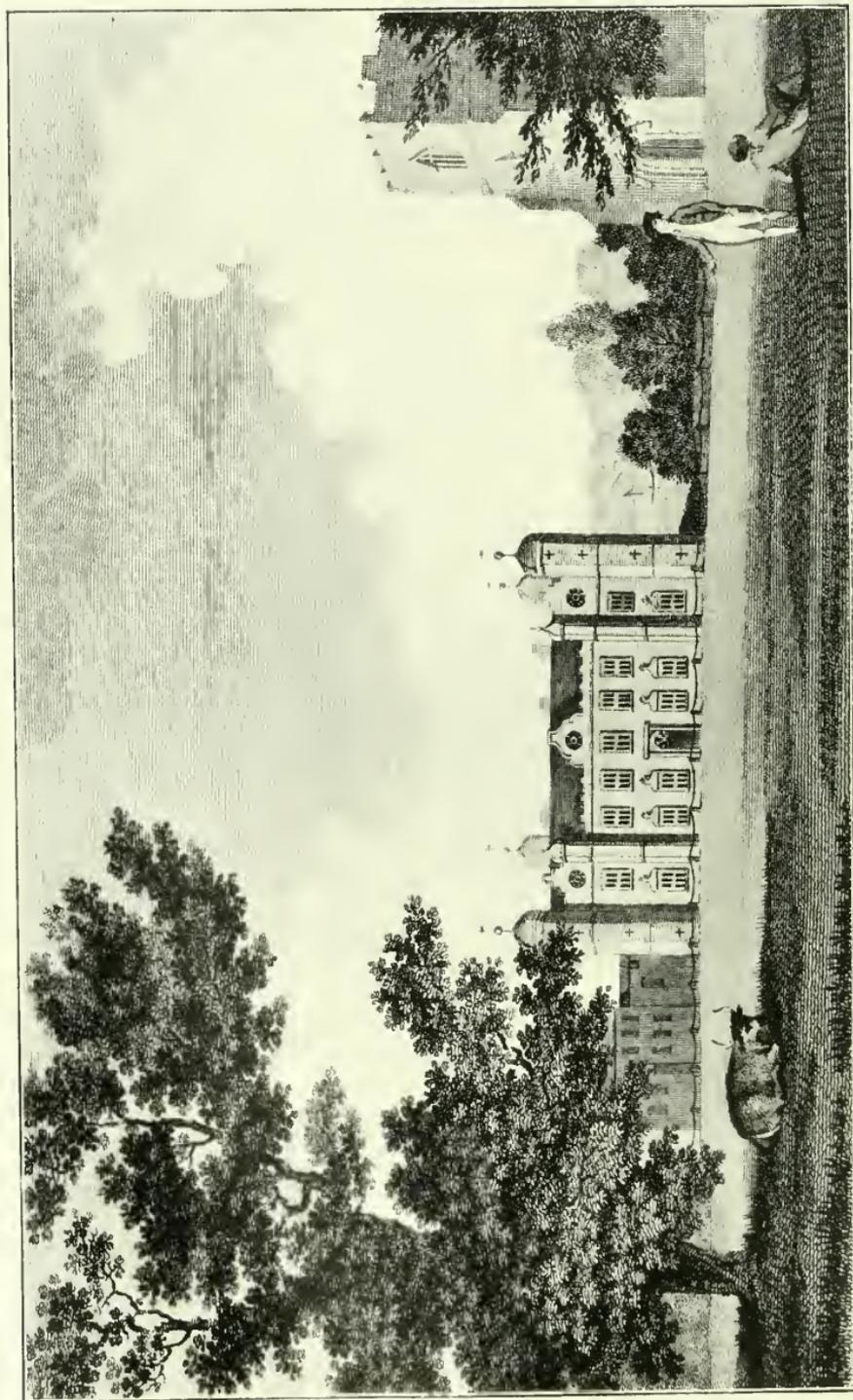
With a good tiff of Punch, you may have if you
please ;

Or anything else this house can produce,
Dear Sir, You may freely command for your use.
This is said in good earnest, as sure as a Gun,
By your very Affectionate Friend

ABINGDON.

Rycot House was built by Lord Williams of Thame, who entertained Queen Elizabeth there. Sir Henry Norris, 1st Baron Norris of Rycot, married Lord Williams' daughter, Margery. The house is said to have had stabling for one hundred horses.

Happy gatherings those must have been



Rycott House, the Oxfordshire seat of the Earls of Abingdon, now pulled down, where the 4th Earl maintained a kennel for Mr. John Loder.

in the grand old mansion of Rycot, with the handsome, genial, accomplished and sporting earl as the host. A few years after, a portion of the fine old house having been burned down, the rest was pulled down, and with it the beautiful domestic chapel of the Quartermaines.

Rycot is about ten miles east of Oxford, and is now in the South Oxfordshire country.

This Lord Abingdon was not only a sportsman and boon companion, but an excellent musician and composer of music. He was also, like his father, an owner of race-horses, and ran many matches at Newmarket, the well-known "Abingdon Mile" being named after him. He frequently ran horses at Oxford. In 1788 he ran in the Hundred Guinea Cup there a horse called Oxoniensis, a chestnut by Pontifex. He was a good speaker, and made a speech in the House of Lords in 1788, in opposition to the Bill for the Relief of Insolvent Debtors.

The following letter from him relates to a domestic event, which had a great influence upon the future of Mr. Loder's hounds, as well as the rest of his property.

1795.

DEAR LODER,—I am quite delighted to find so much original dash in your letter. I hope it is ominous, and that the same spirit will be infused into

the Foxhounds. Your daughter's return (the lost sheep not fleeced of her wool) must make old Hinton alive again. I told Crossdill that she had lost her mate, who answered, "That he was sure he did not kill himself by talking." You recollect we met the gentleman at your house when he was so replete with taciturnity. How delightful instead of the stinking Breezes of the Metropolis to be amongst the Hay-meadows in the sweet meadow fields. . . . I am glad to find you intend to couple your daughter again, as it would be a grand loss for the community that the Valuable Blood of the Loders should be lost. God grant that she may make an Election congenial with your wishes. Adieu. My best Regards and respects attend your family. Lady Charlotte and Miss Bertie request also to be kindly remembered to all under your hospitable roof & I remain most truly and most unalterably your most faithful & devoted friend, &c., ABINGDON.

P.S. Let me know when I shall send you half a Buck. My Friend is still frightfully ill, and under the care of the celebrated Dr. Munro. I shall be at Wytham before the Race, and your kennel shall be fumigated and whitewashed in due season.

Maria Loder had married in 1799 Maximilian Western the eldest son of Maximilian Western of Cokethorpe, near Witney, whose death is here alluded to. He left no children, and his widow married in 1796 Robert Symonds.

Mr. Loder was now getting old, and he was no longer able to take the active part he had been accustomed to take with hounds. Lord Abingdon continued to send his old friend

cheery letters, and to lend him active assistance with the hunt. He writes from London:—

Feb. 28th, 1795.

DEAR LODER,—Grinder, not the Attorney but the Dog, was sent to Kitt Lipscomb and ordered to be left at the Star Inn, Oxford, with a Terrier, at the same time. Lord Berkeley's Huntsman who lives near Uxbridge, talked of near four or five & twenty couple of boney young Hounds he should draft, when he returned into Gloucestershire. I am glad that you have weathered out a season, that seems (exclusive of the general carnage, carried on by European Powers) to have swept off both young and old. I had hopes to have gripped you by the paw at Rycot, but it has been decreed otherwise I need not tell you that you are Lord and Master of my Domains. . . .

Poor Lady Charlotte is ill with the Influenza, but getting better, both herself and Miss Bertie (whose scrawl you'll naturally decipher) unite with me in kind remembrances to you and Mrs. Loder and I rest with unalterable attachment your ever faithful and devoted friend,

ABINGDON.

P.S. . . . Should you accidently come to Town, after you have finished your Nymrodian Campaign you will find a spare bed at my house in Upper Brook Street.

This Lord Berkeley is alluded to in the "Badminton" volumes on hunting, as follows: "When the last Lord Berkeley kept hounds his country stretched from Bristol to Wormwood Scrubbs, a distance, that is, of some 120 miles." It is quite clear, however, that his

country did not include any of that part then known as Mr. Loder's and now as the Old Berks and South Oxfordshire.

The old friendship was now drawing to a close. The last communication was the following humorous account of a hunt:—

SWAN INN TETSWORTH.

MEMORANDUM OF A MOST MEMORABLE FOX
CHASE.

Imprimis.

Mr. Sweet was quite sober, and shew'd extraordinary generalship and courage, sticking to the hounds as if he had been sew'd to their tails, and bringing up his auxiliaries with uncommon judgment, to the destruction of Reynard.

Secundo.

We plucked the brush deep in the Quarters near Wernall Gate. The mangled body was hung on a bush the usual time, the dogs quenching their thirst, at a beautiful fountain near, when the Petherwin Candidate was called upon to say Grace, in the absence of the Berkshire clergyman; and the remains amidst the shouts of triumph, were instantly devoured,

Tertio.

The Sober Sweet was after great vocal exertions last seen with a cup at his mouth at the honest Woodman's house not a vast way from Hell-Copse.

This a true entry, duly signed and sealed, in the presence of

[Seal] ABINGDON.

[Seal] J. SHAW.

[Seal] NORREYS.

N.B.—Please to send Pretender, and the small pony with the hounds on Monday morning next

to Bolters Wood, where Pollicott will meet them, and conduct them to their Spring Salad.

The last passage is interesting as showing the way meets were arranged. The hunting was a private matter for the Master, and his personal friends, and they went where they could hear of a fox.

Lord Abingdon predeceased his old friend ; and the next communication about the hunt is the following letter from his successor the fifth earl, the Norreys of the preceding letters, and the son and heir upon whose birth Mr. Loder had sent his congratulations to Lord Abingdon in 1784.

FIRLE, Feby. 14th, 1800.

DEAR SIR,—Colonel Parker has written several times to Lord Gage respecting the Rycotte Hunt, and wishes me very much to let him have it but I cannot reconcile myself to giving it to anybody but yourself, from whom I have received such repeated kindnesses.

Lord Gage in compliance with my wishes has written to Colonel Parker to say I consider the Rycotte Coverts as yours, tho' you may not chuse personally to attend your Hounds.

I beg my best compliments to Mrs. Loder.

I remain, Dear Sir,

Very sincerely yours,

ABINGDON.

Lord Gage, who lived at Firle, was this Lord Abingdon's guardian. The young Earl married Lord Gage's sister.

The "Sober Sweet" remained the rest of his life at Hinton, and left a son, who died there in 1864.

The next point of interest is the nature of the hunting establishment kept up by Mr. Loder. The hounds were kept at Hinton. The stables then extended across what is now the kitchen garden. The kennel was situated in the enclosure, now an orchard, but still known as "Dog House Piece." The old boiler house still remains. In the year 1799 Mr. Loder paid the following taxes, as appears from a receipt signed by the collector, J. Salisbury:—

Duty on male servants, £16 10s.

Duty on horses for riding, £26.

Duty on dogs, £24 18s.

In the year 1799 Mr. Loder sold a draft of between twenty and thirty couple of hounds to Mr. Bowes of Beckett, Shrivenham, under an arrangement which will be more fully described in the next chapter. The above return relates to the hunting establishment after the sale.

Mr. Loder married, first, Barbara Ready, by whom he had a daughter, who died unmarried; second, his cousin Mary Carne, by whom he had one daughter, Maria, who married, first, Maximilian Western—who died

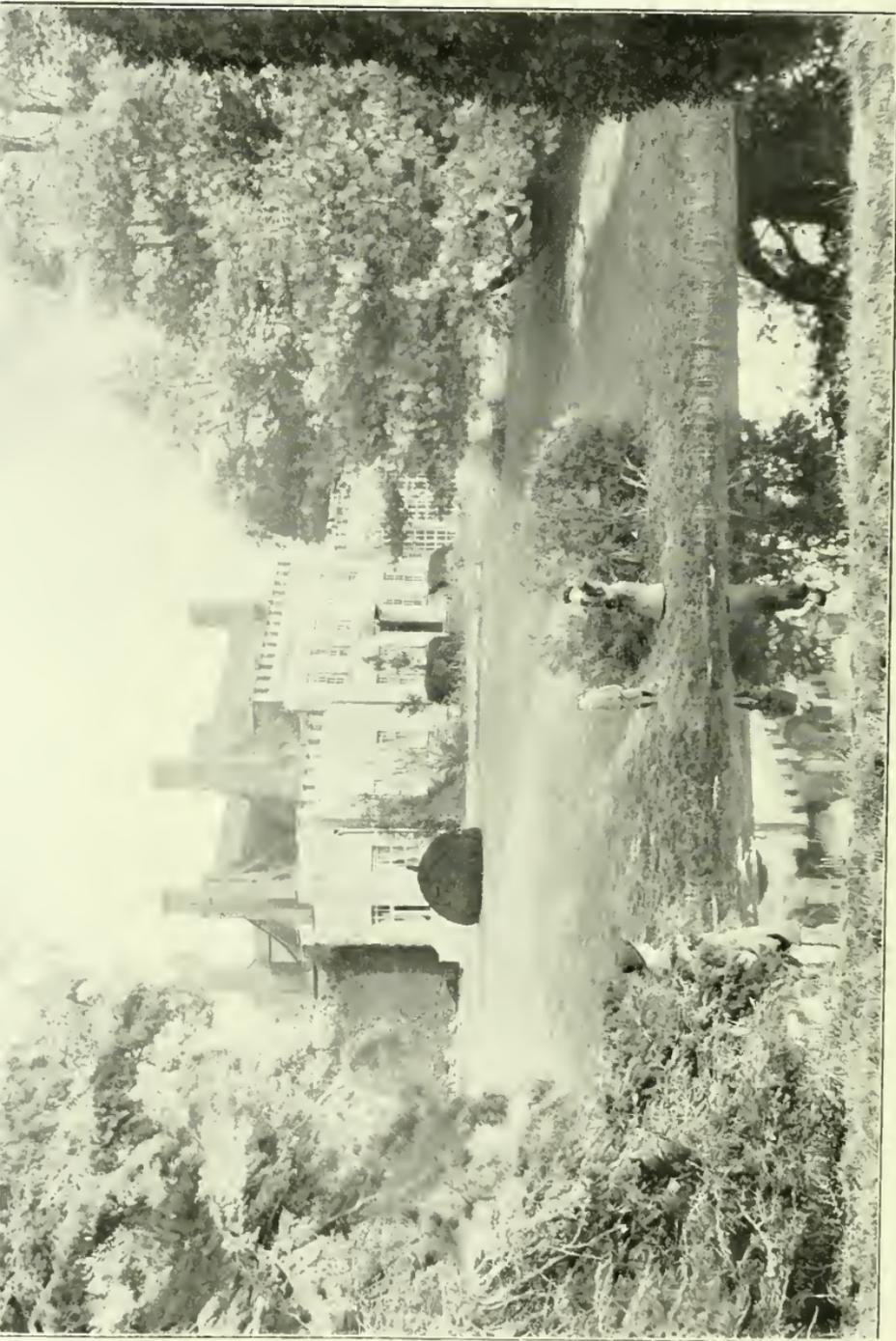
after one year of married life—of Cokethorpe, Oxon ; second, Robert Symonds.

After the year 1800, Mr. Loder himself took no further part personally in the management of the hunt, all arrangements being made by his son-in-law, Mr. Robert Symonds, who acted as "Field Master." He died in 1805.

CHAPTER III.

THE REV. ROBERT SYMONDS, 1800 TO 1807,
AND 1808 TO 1814.

MR. ROBERT SYMONDS, who acted as field master for his father-in-law, Mr. John Loder, 1800 to 1805, and as master, 1805 to 1808, and 1810 to 1814, was the fourth son of Thomas Symonds of Pengethley, in the county of Hereford. His mother was Miss Chester of Gloucester, a considerable heiress. His brother Edward, whose diary we have already quoted from, was the sixth son. Pengethley is one of those properties which often "jilt their owners," that is to say, it very often passes through females. In the time of Charles the First it belonged to Sir Edward Powell of Pengethley, and Fulham in Kent. He was one of James the First's baronets, and left his two estates to his sister, who married Mr. William Hinson, who took the name and arms of Powell, and was again created a baronet. His granddaughter, who inherited Pengethley, married Sir John Wil-



Hinton Manor, the property of Captain F. C. Loder-Symonds, first home of the Old Berkshire Hounds 1760 to 1814

liams, Knight, who also took the name of Powell, and was made a baronet; and also in strict conformity with family precedent, left daughters only. One of these daughters married Mr. Thomas Symonds, son of Robert Symonds, High Sheriff of Herefordshire in 1685 and great-great-grandfather of Robert the Master, whose great-grandmother was a half-sister of the Duke of Chandos. A family reminiscence of the Duke remains in the shape of a valuable receipt for tobacco, which he gave to his nephew, Robert Symonds (uncle of the Master). This receipt is designed to prevent the injury which, as is well known, generally results to the nervous system from the use of the noxious weed. As foxhunters often smoke, and always require their nerves to be in the best possible condition, it would be extremely unkind to withhold this invaluable recipe, which is as follows:—

“LORD CHANDOS’S MIXTURE FOR TOBACCO.

“Lignum Aloes, Storax, Amber, Sassafras Bark, each three ounces, Sage, Rosemary, Lavender flowers each three ounces, to one pound of tobacco.

“N.B.—This mixture is thought to prevent ye tobacco from injuring ye nervous system.

“Lord Chandos was advised to it at Constantinople, by ye Physician to ye Grand Turk, and was assured it was what ye Turk used with success, having recd some injury by ye too frequent (or rather almost continual) use of tobacco by ye pipe.”

Robert Symonds, the Master, was one of seven sons, all said to have been good-looking, and all devoted to the sports of the field. Their father was rather disturbed at the prospect of having to support so many active, but idle young men; and as a measure of economy he put down the deer in his park. A friend asking him one day what had become of the deer, he replied, "There are too many 'Bucks' in the house to allow of any outside." He died in 1794 and his sons were left to their own devices. Luckily they had a neighbour and friend who was able and willing to help them. Pengethley was only a few miles from Holme Park, now the seat of Lord Chesterfield, but then the residence of Charles, eleventh Duke of Norfolk.

Holme Lacy was acquired by the Duke by his marriage with Frances, daughter and sole heir of Charles Fitzroy Scudamore. The eldest of the Symonds brothers was Thomas, High Sheriff of Herefordshire in 1798, and member for the city from 1800 until his death in 1819. The Duke appointed Thomas Registrar of the Herald's College, an office which he delegated the same day to a deputy, thus making it a sinecure. He appointed Joseph, the next brother, who was a clergyman, to the Rectory of Dinedor, a parish

in Herefordshire adjoining Holme Lacy. Joseph's son Thomas he made his private chaplain. Robert, the Duke nominated in 1801 to the Rectory of Abbeydore, also in Herefordshire, and at that time one of the best livings in the county. Robert, whose clerical office had hitherto sat lightly on him, had already been appointed by his father-in-law to the Rectory of Hinton, though only a deacon. He now took priests orders at once, and applied to be inducted to the living of Abbeydore by the Bishop of Hereford. At this time he was living in Berkshire, and the bishop thought that the duties of Hinton, to say nothing of the management of his father-in-law's hounds, afforded him sufficient occupation, and thereupon made some objection to inducting him. The Reverend Robert said the objection was altogether frivolous; that he would undertake to hunt hounds on Saturday, and then ride over to Abbeydore (a distance of about a hundred and ten miles) in time to take the service there on Sunday morning. Anyhow, he was duly instituted, but he only held the living one year—probably he found his "country" after all too extended.

When their father died in 1774, Robert Symonds, with his brother Edward, set up a

bachelor establishment at Treago, a charming old country house near Ross, which they rented from Mr. Rowland Hill. There they took a few couple hounds from Pengthley, with which they were accustomed to hunt foxes in the winter and otters in summer. They at once set about increasing their pack, which they ultimately did by a draft from the Ledbury.

With these hounds they hunted in Herefordshire and on the Cotswolds, their country extending as far as Rendcomb, near Cirencester, where it adjoined Mr. Loder's. Robert Symonds had often hunted with Mr. Loder's hounds when an undergraduate at Oriel College, Oxford, and now meeting him again, soon became engaged to his daughter, the young widow of Mr. Maximilian Western, of Cokethorpe. Mr. Loder was at first opposed to the match, but Mr. Symonds presented him with a dog hound of such surpassing merit, that he became reconciled and gave his consent.

Edward Symonds has left a carefully kept hunting diary ; and, as in this, reference is made to most of the packs of hounds, both fox-hounds and harriers, which were then hunting the district between Hereford and Oxford, probably some extracts may be of interest, at least to the present representatives of persons men-

tioned. Amongst other things the allusion to bleeding hounds in the spring, as if it were a matter of course, is curious. Another remarkable thing is the way they travelled about the country in a gig or on horseback, thinking little more of a journey from Herefordshire to London by road, than we do by express train.

When in search of hounds, he says:—

May 31st, 1794.

Set off for Mr. Newman's* at Knaves Court, Jim and self. Saw him and a fine pack of hounds. Dined at Brentwood, three miles from Mr. Newman's. Supped and slept at Romford next day and came to Town. Mr. Newman had disposed of the hounds we were in search of.

June 7th. Dined in lodgings with Jerry Hawkins. Set off in evening in Gigg to Windsor, where we slept.

8th. Walked round Castle lawn.

Went into chapel saw King and Queen and Princesses. Left Windsor at one, baited at Henley, dined at Bonsor and supt at Star, Oxford.

9th. Breakfasted at Star, played billiards with Austin, lunched at Lucas's rooms, left Oxford at 2 and dined and sup'd and slept at "Bull," Burford.

* Mr. Newman had a very well-known pack of hounds, and hunted from Knavestock, in Essex. His huntsman was Richard Fairbrother, whose portrait appears in the 1796 edition of "Beckford." Fairbrother is said to have been at that time the best huntsman in England. The horse on which he is represented as seated, called "Jolly Roger," is an old favourite, having carried him through some of the severest runs ever known.

10th. Hawkins and self went to course afterwards; dined at Bibury. Parted after, he going to Alvescote, and self to Frogmill.

11th. Messrs. Lawrence, Skyrme, Parsons, and Tom Crommeline came to breakfast, and all went to course together. Saw races and returned to Frogmill together.

18th. All party went otter hunting at 6 in morning, dined at home, with addition of Mr. Wm. Lawrence, and Rogers (brother of the banker poet), Parry of Mynde.

19th. Otter hunted and fished. Dined at Treago. All before party, and in evening Peyton and Elton came in and had a jolly evening.

Xmas presents, 1794. Mrs. Tom Crommeline a turkey, Ditto Ben Saddler, Ditto my mother and chine, Dr. Chester a hare, Sir George Cornwell a cock, Edmond Stock a couple of cocks, Bror. Tim a turkey, Bror. Clarke, a chine and a couple of fowls. Griffiths, Gloucester, a hare. My Mother a pig. Bror. William a pig.

March 14. Paid for a dog horse to Wm. Thomas at Monmouth 15s.

Decr. 29th. Met Lawrence's hounds with Dick Willis.

Decr. 30th. Hunted with same in Vale, expences £4 4s.

Jany. 1st, 1795. Went to Fairford, and hunted with Loder's hounds. Davy and self stayed there.

7th. Hunted at Compton Scrubbs, (nr. Shrivenham Berks).

19th. Hunted and found Fox in Ballingham Wood. Killed in Half Wood (Herefordshire).

28th. Dan Evans for a dog horse had Octr. 16s. Fido at Treago, for breeding up Pickle, 5s.

29th. Went to Tetsworth to Loder's hounds.

February. Twice at Bis'ter with Ward's hounds.

(Mr. John Warde, the founder of the Bicester hunt, was a very celebrated hunting character at the end of the 18th and beginning of the 19th centuries. In 1772 he kept hounds in Normandy, in the forest of Rouen, where he resided one year. On his return to England he kept hounds at Squerries, his place in Kent. In 1776 he moved the hounds to Yattenden, in Berkshire, where he had his kennel. He, himself, living at Frilsham near. Here he hunted regularly until 1778, when he bought the pack of foxhounds belonging to the Hon. Captain Peregrine Bertie, R.N. After this he hunted a part of the season in Berkshire, and a part, from Weston-on-the-Green, Oxfordshire, where he also had kennels. In 1781 he removed to Baynton, near Bicester, where he built a kennel and stables, and thus laid the foundation of the "Bicester" hunt. In May, 1798, Mr. Ward gave up the Bicester country, and took the Althorp and Pytchley, making his residence at Boughton Hall, where he built kennels. He left Boughton Hall in 1806, for Great Harrowden, near Wellingborough, the seat of Lord Fitzwilliam, where he also built a kennel. In 1808 he gave up the Pytchley, selling his hounds to Lord Althorp, for £1000 reserving two or three couples of favourite brood bitches, from which he established another pack. In the spring of 1808 he went to the New Forest, buying some hounds from Captain Cooke who hunted in Suffolk. He hunted in the New Forest until 1814, when rabies broke out and deprived him of 42 couples of hounds. In 1814 he took the Craven country and purchased the Manor House of Hungerford, where he again built a Kennel. He hunted the Craven until 1826 when he had a severe illness and sold his hounds to Mr. Horlock, who hunted in Wilts.)

Sept. 12th. Hunted first time with the Harriers

from Hampton Court, Killed six hares. (Hampton Court is now the seat of Mr. John Arkwright, Lord Lieutenant of Herefordshire.)

16th. At Faringdon, with Loder's hounds.

March at Banbury, with Browne-Bigge, Cho'lmley, &c., hunting with Wards. Exs. £4 4s.

27th. Paid butcher Davies for breeding up hound, 5s.

Ap. 16th, 1796. Met Ledbury hounds at Old Gore from Pengethley. Dined at King's Arms, exs, horses, servants in full £1 15s.

11th. Went to Green Dragon, Hereford, with Skyrme. Corse Lawn with do, hunted next day with Ledbury, Corse Grove.

Pd. Bradford for dog horse for hounds, 10s. 6d.

21st dined at Fownhope with Letchmere. Gave man for showing the Elks at Holm 1s.

26th. Hunted Otters up Gavian from Monmouth.

May 2nd. Gave old Powles for attending otter hunting 2s. Killed three otters above Treago. Mr. Richards and self.

Sept. 5th. Ledbury Hounds brought to Treago. Scudamore, and Roberts of Marcle, came to draft them.

(Colonel Scudamore of Kentchurch, M.P. for Hereford 1776, to 1800. Great grandfather of the present Colonel Scudamore of that ilk. Sir Thomas Scudamore in 1401 married Alice daughter of Owen Glendower, the celebrated Welsh Chieftain, and the Scudamores were so suspected of complicity by Henry IV. that one member of the family—Philip, was sent to the Tower. On the 11th March, 1405, a great battle was fought close to Kentchurch. On that day some forces of Glendower tried to take Grosmont Castle, then held by Henry Prince of Wales. Henry sallied forth with his gallant little band, and killed 800 Welshmen, the first great

disaster to the rebel chieftain, who hurrying up fresh forces from Harlech, received a worse beating at Brecon. Glendower ended his days in the old Ivy Tower, still the most conspicuous feature of Kentchurch Court. The Ruins of Grosmont Castle, on the opposite bank of the lovely river Monnow also belong to Colonel Scudamore.)

8th. Drew the Gell. Holloways bank, found fox in Harewood, earthed in do.

9th. Ledbury Dogs went back.

October 26th. Scudamore's election for Hereford.

27th. Hunted with Mr. Foley's Hounds.

31st. Hunted near Malvern Hills, could not find a fox. Went to Lord Somers's to sleep. (Eastnor Castle, now the seat of Lady Henry Somerset.)

Novr. 3rd. Hunted own hounds at Collen Park near Newent. Went with me from Glo'ster Captns. Butler and other officers, Rogers, Quarrington, and bror. Clarke. Killed a fox.

16th. Hunted Breedon Hill, with our foxhounds, present, Messrs Roberts, Higgins, Terrett, Hill, Cooke Adams, Haviland, Dr. Whitford. Killed a fox.

17. Hunted again, snowed hard.

19. Hunted the Tunnell Grafton Woods.

21st. Hunted with Redmarley Harriers. Dined at Terrett's.

25th. Went to Redmarley, met hounds on road and saw them kill a hare.

Decr. 1st. Called on Terrett. The hounds were to have drawn Cemhills next morning, but frost too hard. The Fox hounds came from Mr. Cottewles, near Pershore, by the Haw to Marcle. Saw Hounds at Marcle.

13th. Hunted first day after the frost, Dymocks Green and Cowberrow Park, did not find.

15th. Wall Hills, did not find.

Jany. 1st, 1797. Hounds drew Cowberrow Park, Coples Wood, &c. Earthed two foxes.

5th. Hunted Stoke Park. Killed and earthed.

7th. Hunted with Smith's Hounds, dined at Glo'ster.

18th Feby. Drew Badgeworth Wood, Chatcomb, and Hillcott, Killed a Marten in Hillcott.

23rd. Killed a brace of foxes found in Combe End, or in Withington Wood.

March 1st. Returned to Frogmill. (Frog Mill is an old sporting inn at Shipton Solers, Gloucestershire, and is still in existence.) Met Jim Browne, Petit, Lawrence, Richards, and Browne of Salperton.

2nd. Hunted Gayting Woods.

13th March. Paid Earth Stopping at Frogmill.

Harris for Star Wood and Chedworth, £2 2s.

Morse Rencombe by Mrs. Tombs £1 1s.

Keeper at Mr. Rogers 10s. 6d.

Shellard, for stopping at Hillcott, 6s.

Laight for Withington, 16s.

Hall, for Cowley and Elston, 5s.

Hughes for Chatcombe (To be paid).

Wincombe, do.

Mr. Jno. Mills to pay for Sidebotham, &c.

April 22nd. Jim and self went to Meend to Bleed the Hounds.

It is noteworthy that foxhounds are always mentioned by the names of their owners, as "Ward's," "Lawrence's," "Smith's," "Loder's," with the single exception of the "Ledbury Hounds." This gives that pack an origin, as an established hunt, far anterior to the date mentioned in *Baily's Hunting Directory*. Harriers are, however, mentioned differently,

as the "Hampton Court Harriers," the "Redmarley Harriers."

Robert Symonds having married Mr. Loder's daughter, 1796, came to Hinton, bringing with him his hounds and his brother Edward who had hunted the hounds in Herefordshire and on the Cotswolds. Edward Symonds was a character such as is admirably portrayed by Addison as "Will Honeycomb." Born a sixth son, with a very small fortune, he chose to devote himself to the sports of the field, with an ardour which a far larger portion would hardly support. A general favourite with every one, very skilled in everything appertaining to horses and hounds, good-natured, and agreeable to all, he was "no man's enemy but his own."

The two packs, Mr. Loder's and his son-in-law's, were hunted together. The Herefordshire hounds were called "Welsh hounds" by the Berkshire sportsmen. They were smaller and slower than the original pack, but Robert Symonds held that they had much better noses. Upon one occasion, when a fox had been killed after a sharp burst down in the Vale, the "Welsh Hounds" had been left behind, and one of the field remarked to the Master, "You will admit your Welsh hounds would never have caught this fox." "I will

admit nothing of the sort," said Robert ; " but I know this, if we had only had the Berkshire bow-wows we never should have found him." Whatever may have been the respective merit of the hounds, there must have been some good in hounds that could kill foxes in the country of big woods and hills from which they had come. After 1800, Mr. Loder left the entire management of the hounds to his son-in-law. In that year a misunderstanding arose about the precise terms of the sale of a draft to Mr. Bowes of Beckett in the preceding year ; the following memorandum, which exists in the handwriting of Mr. Robert Symonds, shows clearly his view of the transaction. The other side is clearly set forth in the letter written by Mr. Barrington Price at Mr. Bowes' request :—

Memorandum respecting the Terms on which Mr. Price purchased the drafted hounds of Mr. Loder in the year 1800 for Mr. Bowes.

About the year 1797 Mr. Price called at Hinton to ask Mr. Loder whether he had not some intention of disposing of his hounds. It having been mentioned to him (Mr. P.) that he had. Mr. L. told him, he had not, nor cd he without consulting his friend Lord Abingdon, with whom he was connected both in the hounds & country. Mr. P. then requested Mr. Loder to give him the 1st refusal of them for Mr. Bowes shd he ever wish to do it. Mr. L. promised him he wd. N.B. This conversation took place in the court yard

under the little parlour window. Mr. Symonds was present.

In the latter end of the year 1799 Mr. Symonds gave up his hounds to Mr. Loder. The packs of course were joined. In a short time however, it was found very expensive keeping so many dogs, & it being too large a pack, not being able to take out more than $\frac{1}{2}$ of them at a time, and hunting only three times a week, those left at home were useless. A draft therefore was determined upon by Mr. Loder, from 20 to thirty couples; and they were to have been sent to Tattersall's, but recollecting the above promise to Mr. Price, it was thought right to give him the refuse of them. Accordingly Mr. Symonds mentioned it by Mr. Loder's desire, which he did the next day he saw him in the field (which was as they came home together either from Eastleach, or Farmington grove near Lechlade). Mr. P. said he would mention it to Mr. Bowes. The consequence of which was a second conversation, in the fields likewise on the third of Feby 1800, respecting the terms Mr. B. wd take the hounds, provided Mr. Loder wd give him up some part of his country near Beckett to make a country with the Wiltshire which he could have. Uffington Wood was the first place mentioned afterwards Coxwell Woods. Mr. S. said he thought Mr. Loder would have no objection to give up Uffington Wood but as to Coxwell, he knew he cd not without consulting Mr. Loveden for whom he hunted the whole Gloucestershire country & to whom it really belonged by an agreement with Mr. Beach and other Gentlemen to whom the covers belonged, which was in the time of Mr. Nappers hunting it, and was as follows, viz. as long as Mr. Napper or his hounds hunted the Glo'stershire and Stow country Mr. Loveden's Covers shd belong to that hunt; but if he gave up, and his hounds were not continued there

the whole of the Glo'stershire country, which Mr. N. had was to be considered as Mr. Loveden's and as belonging to the Berkshire Hunt, should there be a pack on that side of the country. Mr. Loder therefore accepted it at the request of Mr. Loveden, on Mr. Nappers giving it up; and hunted it entirely for him till Sir Thomas Mostyn was invited (in defiance of and contrary to any law of Fox-hunting) by some gentlemen of the neighbourhood to bring his hounds into the country. This was done without consulting or even the knowledge of Mr. Loveden, or Mr. Loder. Sir Thomas wrote a letter to Mr. Loder afterwards, apologising, by saying that he was invited as above, and actually informed by them that Mr. Loder had given up the country. Mr. Price assured Mr. Symonds there would be no difficulty respecting the consent of the proprietors of the covers to be given up viz. Uffington and Coxwell Woods, provided Mr. Loder consented to it; in consequence of which Terms were proposed; nothing however was agreed upon. In the course of a day or two another hunting took place, when it was settled for Mr. Bowes to have from 25 to 30 couples of the largest of Mr. Loder's hounds fairly drafted on the following terms. To give a draft at six months for three hundred guineas on delivery of the dogs, and a further sum of one hundred guineas if they were kept three years, but any time before the expiration of the three years Mr. Bowes to have the power of returning them and the three hundred guineas to be repaid to him; the whole country both Mr. Loder's and Mr. Bowes' to be neutral during the three years, the two packs to be considered as one, and to give every assistance to one another, both in hunting, preservation of foxes, earth stopping, &c., Mr. Loder to have any small draft hounds bred by Mr. Bowes, and *vice versâ*, Mr. B. to have the large hounds bred by Mr. Loder.

If Mr. Bowes drafted any of Mr. Loder's hounds before the expiration of the three years, they were to be returned to Mr. Loder. Mr. Loder whenever he wished the hounds sent particularly to hunt the neighbourhood of Hinton to give Mr. Bowes a fortnight's notice.

Mr. Price now proposed Mr. Loder giving up Faringdon Grove to Mr. Bowes, saying that Coxwell Woods and the whole of the country to be given up near Beckett would not afford a day's drawing without it. Mr. Symonds replied that Mr. Loder might say the same thing of it with respect to Hinton, as it certainly interfered more with that hunt than the Beckett, as it was double the consequence to Mr. Loder as it was to Mr. Bowes, it being so immediately connected with the Hinton country; indeed, Mr. S. mentioned, on the very proposal of it, that if Mr. Loder agreed to it he had better give up his hounds and all his country at once. (N.B.—This conversation related to the covers to be given up to Mr. Bowes after the three years and which were then to be considered as his own.) Mr. Price, however, pressed so very much, Mr. Symonds said so far, that if Mr. Loder approved of it, and Mr. Hallett the proprietor would consent to it, he thought it might be considered as a neutral cover, and accommodate both parties if fairly hunted. This division, therefore, of the country was to take place at the expiration of the three years, but during that time the whole of it was to be neutral, with the consent of the proprietor of the different covers.

It was likewise agreed that *if either party gave up their hounds either before or after the term, the country should be considered as belonging to the other continuing to keep his hounds.*

February 7th. Mr. Symonds called on Mr. Hallett of Faringdon and Mr. Loveden of Buscot by

Mr. Loder's desire to mention the above and ask them if they approved of the plan and terms with respect to their covers. Mr. Hallett was not at home; Mr. Loveden was, and approved of the whole (present during the conversation Mrs. Loveden and Mr. Townsend of Glos'tershire). Mr. Symonds afterwards saw Mr. Goodlake, a friend of Mr. Hallett, to whom he related the above and who promised at Mr. S.'s request to mention it to Mr. Hallett, viz., that Mr. Bowes was with his permission to have the privilege of drawing Faringdon Grove, jointly with Mr. Loder.

N.B.—Mr. Loder has not permitted his hounds to draw that cover since the agreement took place, not having yet seen Mr. Hallett to know if he approved of it or not.

Feb. 10th. The hounds were sent to Beckett on the above terms. Mr. Price now proposed, in order to prevent any future misunderstanding, or disagreement, and the words he made use of were, "Let us understand each other, do you not come near us with your hounds, and we will not come near you. Mr. S. understood him to mean that the division should take place at once, the same as agreed to be at the end of the three years; and the country not to be considered neutral. Mr. S. agreed to this, and always considered that the Wantage road from Faringdon to that place was the division of the country, Faringdon Grove only on the Hinton side being neutral with the consent of Mr. Hallett.

So much for Mr. Symonds' version of the matter. Mr. Bowes's is shown in the following letter:—

BECKETT, August 28th, 1800.

SIR,—Mr. Bowes having the gout in his left hand, has employed me as his amanuensis. He has expected

the pleasure of seeing you every day for this week past, but finding you quitted the place yesterday without seeing him, he desires me to state to you what he thinks on the subject we talked over at Beckett, and his ultimate opinion respecting the terms on which he bought Mr. Loder's hounds, which are the following :—

1st—Pusey Furze to be a neutral cover for ever, and every other cover more distant from this place which Mr. Loder has ever hunted, to be neutral for the space of three years, in which time, should Mr. Bowes give up the hounds, you were to give him the three hundred guineas back which he gave for them, he of course losing the Harriers which you had in exchange, and if he kept the hounds beyond those three years, he was to pay one hundred guineas more, and if you gave up the hounds then he was to have the whole country.

2nd—Cokethorpe and the Bampton Covers were to be his to endeavour to make an exchange with the Duke of Beaufort for Bradwell Grove. He is extremely sorry that there has been the smallest misunderstanding between you and me, and he affirms that I regularly conversed with him, upon any plan you proposed, and he is positive that Pusey Furze was to be the line drawn and that you were not to hunt Hatford, Rosey, and that line of country to Uffington Wood. He says he should be ashamed of asking for more country than he is entitled to, but that it is really quite ridiculous to suppose that he should give 300 guineas, a pack of Harriers, and 100 guineas more if he kept them beyond three years without any country to hunt, and that it appears much more ridiculous (if Mr. Loder has still a claim on these hounds and which you affirm) that Mr. Bowes, who is Mr. Loder's representative, should allow *you* to hunt all the country.

His claim is upon such a solid foundation, that he is willing to let it rest upon the opinion of such gentlemen who has the covers in question, and by their decision, as you seem to differ so much from me, he means to abide. He is therefore now (unless you come and settle the business) under the necessity of appealing to the gentlemen of the country and they must determine whether it stands to common sense that I could ever have made such an absurd bargain as to give you 300 guineas, &c. for hounds for Mr. Bowes to keep them in Beckett Kennell, without having any country at all. I am ready and wish to meet you before any of the proprietors of covers respecting the claim you make. Had you put anything upon paper, which in Mr. Bowes's presence I begged you to do, nothing of this sort could have happened. Mr. Bowes will be glad to settle this difference upon the most amicable terms with you, so that each may be of mutual assistance to one another, but he will never give up his claim as far as Pusey Furze, as it was for that reason alone he bought the hounds. Mr. Bowes hopes to see you as soon as convenient, and I am

Sir, Your Obedient Servant,
BARRINGTON PRICE.

In the end Mr. Goodlake lent his assistance, and the difference was amicably adjusted. Mr. Bowes did not keep the hounds, however, beyond the three years, but exercised his option of reselling them to Mr. Loder. He then interested himself in retaining for Mr. Loder a portion of the Wiltshire country, he had obtained permission to draw, as the

following letter from Mr. Calley, of Burderop, will show :—

BURDEROP, SWINDON.

SIR,—When Mr. Bowes gave up his hounds he requested me to preserve my Wood for you, as I had done for him, to which I readily complied. But as the hunting season has now commenced some time, and I did not hear from you to stop the earths or any information of your hunting days, I concluded that from the very great distance of my cover from your kennel, you had abandoned the idea of hunting this country. Therefore, as I have a great many foxes in my wood, which of course are very inimical to the game, I gave orders to my Keeper to catch them wherever he could, that I might hunt them with my Harriers. Last Saturday week I turned out one in the Vale near Cold Harbour, which showed very good sport, but saved himself in a drain, near the Village of Hannington, and I doubt not is now returned to the cover here. I have at present one which we caught last Friday, which I shall have turned out again and I doubt not but that he will afford us some sport, when your hounds come next Saturday. You may rely on having the earths well stopped, as often as you chuse to hunt here; but unless the country is hunted as regular as by Mr. Bowes it will not be worth my while to preserve so great a stock of foxes.

I am, Sir, Your Obedient humble Servant,

THOMAS CALLEY.

To the Rev. R. Symonds.

Robert Symonds did the work of Master in the field until his father-in-law's death in 1805, when he succeeded to the hounds and everything else in right of his wife. His

huntsman was William Bull, whose son was living in Hinton until a comparatively recent date, the proud possessor of the horn his father had carried. The son used to tell in the village the following story of a part he once played in a hunt. Mr. Symonds had a party of hunting men in the house, and they were to draw Uffington Wood the next day. The wine had circulated freely, and the guests commenced to chaff the Master about the next day's sport, and said there would be no fox for them to hunt. Mr. Robert Heysham offered to bet a dinner that Uffington Wood would be drawn blank. Robert Symonds took the bet at once, and after dinner sent for Bull. "Bull," said he, "Mr. Heysham says we've no foxes. I've bet him we find in Uffington Wood." "All right, sir, I expect we shall find right enough." Bull was of the same opinion as the Dean's butler in "Dandy Dick," in which Mrs. John Wood used to amuse us so much at the Court Theatre. "If a gentleman of your honour's quality makes a bet I consider he should at least bet on a 'suttinty.'" Bull did not know if there was a fox in Uffington Wood or not, but at any rate he did know where one was to be found. His son was sent off at an early hour in the morning, with a bag over

his shoulder. The wood was reached in due course, and the "bagman" turned out, and after a spin down the Vale was killed; "and so," said young Bull, "the hounds had their dinner and the Master got his'n, all through me."

A writer in *The Sporting Magazine* describes the country hunted by Robert Symonds as extending from Stokenchurch, on the Buckinghamshire side of Oxfordshire to Bath, but he does not state how far the country was drawn down the Thames Valley. In any case the country could only have been hunted by shifting quarters, and hunting different parts at different times.

In 1807 Mr. Symonds and Mr. Robert Thornton Heysham dined together at the "Old Hummums," in Covent Garden (possibly the very dinner of Bull's story), and at the dinner Mr. Symonds sold the hounds to Mr. Heysham. In 1807 Mr. Symonds rented Marcham Park, probably to be able to accommodate his hunting friends. He lent it for a time to his brother, Colonel Symonds, then M.P. for Hereford, and afterwards put Mr. Heysham into it. In 1808 Mr. Heysham resold the hounds to Mr. Symonds and went to reside at Hinton House, in Hampshire, where he was still living in 1825, when the

Hampshire country was visited by "Nimrod." "Nimrod" mentions Mr. Robert Heysham, Mr. William Heysham, a welter weight, and Mr. Frederick Heysham as hunting regularly with those hounds. Mr. Robert Heysham had a thin-tailed horse called "Pavilion." He sold him to Mr. North, afterwards Lord Guilford. When Mr. Symonds repurchased the hounds from Mr. Heysham he had a partner, in the shape of Mr. Thomas Duffield, this being the first appearance of the Duffields, who were afterwards to play so prominent a part in the Old Berks country.

At this time the name "Old Berkshire Hounds" is first heard of. The following account of a run appeared in the *Globe*, of November 11th, 1809. It was reprinted as an old extract of interest in the same paper, November 11th, 1903:—

FOX CHASE.—On Thursday last the "Old Berkshire Hounds" had a capital and extraordinary run. They unkennelled their fox in Headington Furze soon after ten, and after pressing him at a very sharp pace, he swam the Cherwell in the neighbourhood of Woodeaton, came up the meadows on the Oxford side to Holywell Church, where he was so dead beaten that his only refuge remained in climbing on the roofs of houses like a cat, from which, however, he was soon dislodged, and then ran up Holywell street in full view with about three couple of hounds close at his brush. He then turned

short to the right, went into the back part of Wadham College, and was finally taken in the parlour of Mrs. Wall in Holywell, and there bagged. So singular a foxchase was, perhaps, never witnessed by the oldest inhabitant, and a large concourse of people assembled to see him given to the hounds in the fields near Iffley.

The name "Old Berkshire Hounds" was not at that time, however, universally adopted. An account of the same run appeared in *Jackson's Oxford Journal*, of November 11th, 1809. It says:—

On Thursday last Mr. Symonds's Hounds threw off at Stow Wood and found almost immediately. The fox after running some time crossed the Cherwell, and came down the Parks at the back of Holywell, when he entered the garden belonging to Mrs. Dennis. He was seen on an out-house by a person in the yard and driven off, when he ran up the street as far as Wadham College back gate and passed through the college into the house of Mrs. Wall. Shortly after the horsemen arrived, and Reynard was taken alive, and given to the hounds near St. Clement's turnpike.

The partnership between Mr. Symonds and Mr. Duffield, however, had a very short duration. Mr. Duffield, like his sporting ally, had hunted more important game than the fox. Marcham Park, which had been let for some time, was now occupied by the owner, Mr. George Elwes, eldest son of the celebrated millionaire, miser Elwes. Mr. George

Elwes had only one child, a daughter, and the following letter will show what happened:—

CARLISLE, Feby. 9th, 1810.

DEAR SYMONDS,—The fame of our exploit has no doubt by this time reached you. Should that however not be the case, you may fancy my dear Emily and myself as happy as two people can be. Our enterprise was most hazardous, but executed by all parties in a most superior style, and in spite of all difficulties, we were married at Gretna this morning early, after a journey of thirty-seven hours. Our wheels broke twice in the last few miles, which rather alarmed us, and we are now stopping to repair, as not one of the wheels could have gone ten miles further. Emily bore the fatigue of the journey in a way I could not have believed possible. I know not what steps were taken on discovery of our flight, as we have heard nothing as yet. I, however, expect a line to-morrow.

Owing to accidents with the carriage, and the Blacksmith's cursed exorbitant demands, I shall find my stock exhausted before my return to Town, I should be therefore obliged if you would see Cox and arrange matters, so that I may receive another hundred, or a draft for that amount at Ferry Bridge, where we shall stay until I hear from you, which I hope will be as soon as possible. I will write again in a few days, and tell you more of our future plans. Emily desires her best remembrances to yourself and our friends at Hinton.

Believe me ever most sincerely yours,

T. DUFFIELD.

The actual flight took place from London, not from Marcham. The sequel was as

follows : — The important letter to Ferry Bridge was duly sent and acknowledged, and the young couple returned to town, where young Mrs. Duffield's friends, Mrs. Jardine and her daughter, Mrs. Wild, Mrs. Hamilton and her uncle, Mr. John Elwes, hastened to call on her, bringing her affectionate messages from her mother. The father, Mr. John Elwes, played the part of the stern parent for a time, when all was forgiven, and the bride's own scruples having been solaced by another marriage (though the first was quite legal) in "Mary-le-Bone church," "all lived happily for ever after," as the story books say.

The wedding seems, however, to have ended the hunting partnership, and Mr. Symonds carried on alone until 1814, when he sold the hounds to Mr. William Codrington. Some of his horses went to Tattersall's : "Hopewell" by Elkington fetched 150 guineas, "Applegarth" was bought in. The hounds then left Hinton where they had been for fifty years or more. They had good sport in those days. The following run was described to the writers by Colonel Adam Blandy, who had the account from his father, who took part in it.

There was a quarry on the "Race Farm" at Kingston Bagpuize, where a fox lay. The

quarry was shallow, and the fox was bolted by pounding the surface, which made the sand underlying the stone fall. The fox led straight across the vale, through Uffington Wood, to Ashdown; where he was killed close to the house, a distance of seventeen miles as the crow flies. The Master was not out himself, and Mr. Blandy returned to Hinton to give an account of the excellent sport they had enjoyed. Mr. Robert Symonds came out to meet the hounds and servants, who were naturally rather late, with a loaf of bread, a chunk of cheese, and a bottle of brandy, in his arms. He stood at the top of the steps at his front door, while Mr. Blandy recounted the events of the day. Mr. Symonds was naturally of an excitable nature, and when he heard of the fox being bolted from the quarry by stamping, he burst into a peal of laughter, and down rolled the loaf of bread amongst the hounds. When the story got to Uffington Wood, the cheese followed the bread; and when the kill at Ashdown was told, the bottle of brandy slipped from under his arm, and was smashed on the stone steps, much to the chagrin of the hungry hunt servants. Mr. Symonds maintained a very close connection with the hunt until Mr. Codrington retired in 1824, when he again sent his horses to auction. One "Fisherman"

was bought by Mr. Harvey Combe for 170 guineas. After the sale Mr. Symonds said to the purchaser, "You have got a good horse there, but I'll tell you something about him you don't know, he's at least a year older than you think." "And I'll tell you something about him you don't know," responded Mr. Combe, "There was another hundred in my pocket for him if it had been necessary." A few couple of hounds were sent to Robert's nephew, Mr. William Symonds, the writer's grandfather, who lived at Elsdon, near Lyonshall, in Herefordshire, and kept there a small pack of hounds. These hounds ultimately came to an untimely end. They ran a fox to ground in Radnorshire. No terriers were up, but a countryman produced a little terrier which soon bolted the fox, which was killed. Mr. Symonds was not out himself, but his huntsman was so pleased with the little dog that he bought him from the owner, an old woman who kept a turnpike, and took him with him to Elsdon. The dog soon developed rabies and bit the hounds, and unfortunately before they knew what was the matter, a youth who acted as whip was bitten and died. The whole pack had to be destroyed, and were shot by Mr. Symonds himself through the bars of the kennel. When the cruel work

was over it was found that one favourite hound, "Beauty," had escaped by crouching out of sight against the side of the kennel immediately under the gun. She lived an honoured pet for many years, the playmate of the writer's father, and his brothers and sisters.

At Elsdon, too, besides hunting, Mr. Symonds carried on pisciculture, a science little understood in the early part of the nineteenth century. A few breeding trout were kept in a small spring with a gravel bottom, which also supplied the house with water by means of a hydraulic ram. It is very rare for trout to breed in a pond in this way, but they invariably did so in this case, and the young fry were turned out into one of three very large pools, made by damming up a stream which ran through the property. In three years' time they attained the weight of two or three pounds, when they were killed and the pool restocked. Mr. Symonds' son, Mr. I. F. Symonds of Okeleigh, inherited the taste for fish breeding, and was one of the first to practise the art of the artificial impregnation of the ova of trout and salmon. He worked in conjunction with the late Mr. Frank Buckland, and many of the ova sent by the latter to the antipodes were collected

by his friend Mr. Symonds of Okeleigh. Mr. Frank Buckland was a noted wit: on one occasion a lady sitting next him at dinner, thought proper to talk "fish culture" to him. She said, "How remarkable the instinct is of the salmon, Mr. Buckland. I believe they always, after their wanderings in the sea, return safely to their place of birth." "I sincerely hope they do, madam," was the reply, "for many thousands have been born in my kitchen!"

"Nimrod," writing of the present "Old Berkshire Country" in 1825, speaking of the scarcity of foxes, says, "Lord Abingdon and Mr. Symonds' earths, however, will always stock their side of the country."

Hunting with Mr. Symonds through the whole of his hunting career was his friend Mr. Passand, of Shipton-on-Cherwell, Oxon., and his son, who constantly brought their horses, and stayed at Hinton. Mr. Passand was many years older than Mr. Symonds, and in 1830, being then 76 years of age, he began to think it was time to be making arrangements for quitting this world. He therefore obtained the promise from his old friend that he should be buried at Hinton. Whereupon he had his tomb prepared and sent it to Mr. Symonds with the request that he

would kindly take care of it until it should be wanted. Mr. Symonds was puzzled to know what to do with the thing, a great square granite tomb of unusual size; so having plenty of spare stalls in his stables at the time he had it placed in one, and there it remained for sixteen years. Mr. Symonds died in 1836. Immediately over the entry of his burial in the parish register appears the record of the interment of William Bull, for many years his huntsman.

Mr. R. Symonds left a son and two daughters, of whom the youngest married the late Mr. P. Cotes.

His brother Edward lived at Hinton for the rest of his life, and died there in 1842.

Hunting regularly from Oxford at that time was Mr. Venables the saddler, who was also landlord of the "Bear," a noted place for dinners in those days. Mr. Venables was noted for his greyhounds; Peake, then landlord of the "Mitre," and Tom Barnett, who kept a livery stable in Holywell. Tom was a character and very popular with the undergraduates. He once went down to Christ Church with his little account and knocked quietly at the "oak" of one of his good customers. On being told to come in he entered and found a small wine party going

on. Being a favourite he was asked to sit down and help himself; and after he had had some wine he told some excellent stories. He then rose to go, whereupon one of the party said with more point than politeness, "Well, Tom, you are the biggest liar in Oxford." About three or four minutes afterwards he returned, again knocked, and putting his head in at the door said, "I beg your pardon, gentlemen, but my son Tom is a prettier liar than me."

CHAPTER IV.

MR. WILLIAM CODRINGTON, 1814 TO 1824.

MR. WILLIAM CODRINGTON, of Wroughton House, Wilts, who now took the hounds, was the senior representative of the old family of Codrington. They originally came from Codrington in Gloucestershire, whence the name. Various members of the family have rendered their country important services by land and sea, and they have received two baronetcies in consequence. Mr. Codrington took the hounds to New House, which he rented from Mr. Blandy. There he lived with his friend Mr. W. Wyndham, who afterwards hunted the Craven 1828 to 1829. Tradition has it that each of these two old bachelors insisted upon keeping up his own separate establishment; to such a punctilious degree was this done, that it was said they occasionally sat down to dinner together, and found a leg of mutton at each end of the table! The record remaining of Mr. Codrington's regime is but a scanty one.

A writer in the *Sporting Magazine* says: "Mr. Codrington hunted a great part of the South Oxfordshire country, particularly that part round Thame and Tetsworth, and he frequently met at the 'Three Pigeons.' He had a good killing pack of hounds; but as many of his meets were near Oxford they were always overridden by a lot of young fellows on hack hunters, who only came out to lark. He thoroughly understood the science of hunting, but, as I told you when speaking of him in the South Wilts country, was too heavy to ride; and he was constantly saying to his horse when in covert, 'Whoa, horse, whoa, horse; stand still;' and if he came to a small gap he would say, 'Walk, horse, walk, damn you! If you jump I'll sell you.'"

The following letter written by him shows some of the difficulties of fox preserving in those days. The date was about 1820.

New House, Tuesday morning.

MY DEAR SIR,—I saw Mr. Graham in Oxford last Saturday, who told me that Harry Fathers told him there was a litter at Tubney wood; if that is the case, I conceive he would not wish any more cubs to be put down there. I really cannot say where it will be best to turn them out, as I fear there are very few friends to foxes in your neighbourhood, but perhaps you had better consult with Mr. Graham. The wood will be the best place if there should be none there already. I fear anywhere about the Warren

will be of little use, as, every fellow who goes rabbit shooting with a gun of an evening is an opportunity of destroying them. I am going from home for a few days ; otherwise would have ridden over to Abingdon for the chance of seeing you ; I know of no place in any other part of the country where they can be turned out with any chance of safety, so that you had better use your own judgement after consulting with Mr. Graham. With many thanks for your good intentions towards preserving foxes,

I remain, Yours most truly,

WILLIAM CODRINGTON.

Mr. Codrington gave up the country in 1824, when he returned to his own place in Wiltshire, taking the hounds with him. He hunted from Wroughton House, the country now known as the South Wilts, until the year 1838, when he went to the New Forest, which he hunted until his death in the spring of 1842.



HARVEY COMBE, Esq.
Master of Old Berkeley Hounds 1820 to 1840. Hunted Old Berkshire
Country 1824 to 1827.

CHAPTER V.

MR. HARVEY COMBE, 1824 TO 1826.

ON the retirement of Mr. Codrington the country was left without a master and without hounds, and there did not appear any immediate prospect of either being forthcoming. Overtures were therefore made to Mr. Harvey Combe, the master of the Old Berkeley, who consented to hunt the Old Berks country in addition to his own.

Mr. Harvey Combe was the eldest son of Mr. Harvey Christian Combe, of Cobham Park, Surrey, the head of the great brewing firm of Combe, Delafield and Co., London. This Mr. Combe was born in 1752; he was elected Alderman of the Aldersgate Ward in 1792, Sheriff of London in 1793, M.P. for the City 1796 to 1817. In 1798 he was Governor of the Irish Society, in 1799 Lord Mayor of London, and he was for many years Lieutenant-Colonel of the 10th regiment of "Loyal London Volunteers."

This Mr. Harvey Christian Combe was a

noted Whig, and a supporter of the Prince Regent in his patronage of the prize ring. "Alderman Combe" was one of the two referee's umpires in the great fight in 1782 between "Gentleman" Humphrys and Mendoza, the other umpire being Sir Thomas Apreece.

He married his cousin, Alice Christian Tree, by whom he had a large family, Harvey the Master, Matthew, who died unmarried, General James Combe, Richard Combe, of Pierrepont, Surrey (well known on the turf), Boyce, and by his second wife, Charles Fox Combe, father of Mr. Charles Combe, now of Cobham. Mr. Harvey Combe succeeded his father at Cobham and as head of the firm in 1818. He had hunted the Berkeley country for three years before he was called upon to hunt the Berkshire, and he brought with him into Berkshire the old Berkeley pack, each hound marked on the near side with a B. As huntsman, came Tom Oldaker, with his brother Bob as whip, sons of the celebrated Thomas Oldaker, for many years huntsman of the Berkeleys, and whose portrait was published in a well-known engraving, in which he is represented on horseback amongst his hounds, and holding in his hand a huge horn with a double circular curve. This picture was pub-

lished in 1810. Mr. Harvey Combe's hunt servants still wore the old straw-coloured livery of the Berkeley Hunt. Both the great Hunts of the West had adopted yellow as a part of their livery; that of the Beaufort being blue and buff. Upon one occasion, at a hunt luncheon, the Prince Regent proposed the toast:—

“Buff and Blue and Mrs. Carew,”

to which the fair and witty lady at once replied with—

“Buff and Blue and all of you.”

Mr. Combe made his Berkshire quarters at the house vacated by Mr. Codrington—New House—and brought his hounds there, Wadley being taken by his friend and supporter, Mr. Majoribanks. A subscription of £700 was guaranteed, the balance being provided by Mr. Harvey Combe and Mr. Majoribanks.

Mr. Combe was now hunting an enormous extent of country. The country taken over from Mr. Codrington was already very large, and there was now added to it the extensive Buckinghamshire country of the Old Berkeley Hunt. This immense increase of country necessitated an increase in the size of his pack, and Mr. Harvey Combe purchased the hounds with which Sir Joseph Astley had hunted in Norfolk. He also said that nothing would

give him greater pleasure than to go into Mr. Warde's kennel with five hundred guineas in his pocket and to leave them behind him, on condition of picking five couple of hounds, but the deal did not come off.

A meet of these hounds took place at Cold Harbour, Blunsdon, on Monday, February 21st, 1825, which was described by "Nimrod" (Mr. Apperley) in the *Sporting Magazine*, as follows:—

On Monday 21st I met the Old Berkeley hounds at a place called Cold Harbour, ten miles from Faringdon on the Malmesbury road. This is a place of no small note being recorded in song, as the tomb of the late enemy of mankind:—

Some say the devil's dead
And buried at Cold Harbour.
Others say he's still alive
And 'prenticed to a barber.

The latter if we may judge from circumstances, is more likely to be the case, and the former but the fiction of the poet. The country about Cold Harbour is very fine, being chiefly grass and nothing appears wanting to afford sport but a better show of coverts. This is therefore called an uncertain draw; and on this day we travelled over a large space of country, and did not find until quite late in the day, at the Great Coxwell Woods, within two miles of Faringdon, which are never without foxes. We soon whipped off, partly on account of the advanced hour, and partly because the place was fixed upon for the forthcoming Wednesday's draw.

On Tuesday 22nd, these hounds met at Ashdown

Park, which they draw upon sufferance from Lord Craven and Mr. Warde. Here was almost the largest field I ever saw in my life in any country but Leicestershire—amounting to at least three hundred horsemen. This was partly to be accounted for by a wish to see what may be described as a new pack of hounds; and partly owing to the fixture being within reach of Mr. Warde's and Sir John Cope's hunts, as also of the Oxford sportsmen.

Ashdown Park being so justly celebrated in the annals of coursing requires little notice from me. There is a curious old mansion house, situated in the midst of a wood, which though built by the famous Inigo Jones, bears ample testimony to the bad taste of an age long since passed by. It is said to have been a sort of hiding place for the family in times of difficulty and trouble.

We found our fox immediately, and he afforded us a capital run. After taking a turn or two in what is called the Kennel Wood, he broke at the upper end of it, over the downs, pointing for Aldbourn Chase Woods; being headed, which caused a trifling check, he turned to the left by Baydon village along the edge of the woodlands to Ringwood, across the enclosures to Membury Banks, over the earths by Membury House, for White hill; and was killed at Solely Farm, in the parish of Chilton about three miles from Hungerford, and twelve from the place where he was found.

The hounds having slipped away over the downs with their fox when they first found him, several of the horses were over-matched in their pace to catch them, which accounted for the many falls I saw as soon as we entered the enclosures, although the fences were quite easy. The finish also was extremely pretty, having run from scent to view, and

killing him in an open field. A curious and somewhat amusing scene at this time presented itself. Two farmers, anxious for the honours of the day, rode into the midst of the pack, quite regardless of the hounds, and began to contend for the brush. Mr. Combe followed them, and I thought another brush, if not another "Who—Whoop" would have been the consequence. Although no great difficulties presented themselves, this day's sport was very creditable to the Oldakers, and their hounds, and a great treat to those who saw it. The time was an hour and twenty-five minutes. On the following day we met at Uffington Wood, instead of Coxwell Wood, as previously fixed. As the distance between these places is six miles, some little dissatisfaction was expressed by those who went to the latter place, although of course a whipper-in was waiting there to announce the change. Appointments with hounds cannot be too rigidly observed; and nothing but weather should alter them.

Uffington Wood is a beautiful place for a find. Above it is a range of downs, and below it is as fine a vale as can be found in Leicestershire, or in any other country. Over this vale our fox took, and we killed him after a bad beginning but an excellent finish, in all thirty-seven minutes. Uffington Wood can never be without foxes so long as a farmer and his wife, by the name of Spackman, are in existence, for they feed them as they would part of the stock on their farm. The worthy dame was this day in great alarm lest we should kill her vixen fox as she called it, which I fear we were guilty of doing, but there is no help for such things in the middle of February.

There was a person riding well to hounds during this run, who is deserving of notice here, not only in honour of himself but of the horse he rode. His

name is Bob Westall, many years huntsman to the Highworth harriers; and his horse, or rather gallo-way, was purchased out of the Wantage coach in the year 1805, now twenty years ago! Such is the natural goodness of this well-shaped little animal, who is quite a harlequin at his fences, that "condition" has always been considered a superfluity, and he has been taken to the field, in almost a state of nature. I was credibly informed that all the preparation he had for hunting was a blast from Bob's horn, which brought him to the gate to be saddled!

Having never seen it when Mr. Codrington hunted it, I was unconscious that I was living within fifty miles of so fine a country as the one I have been speaking of. Consisting chiefly of dairy farms, there is a very large proportion of grass, of course favourable to scent; and though the ground is apt to be deep, the fences are practicable, and there is nothing to prevent a good hunter being with hounds. Some parts of it resemble Leicestershire. There is the large ox fence, there is the bridle road, the guide post and the wind-mill; and here and there a good rasping brook. One brook was pointed out to me over which Mr. Barry Price once showed the whole field "the trick" upon his famous horse "Monarchy," though then riding eighteen stone.

The Old Berkeley country exceeds all others with which I am acquainted in extent. It begins at Scratch Wood, seven miles from London, and extends without any interruption, to Cirencester in Gloucestershire, upwards of eighty miles. Having said this it can easily be imagined how amused Mr. Combe must have been at a gentleman riding up to him and asking him in what London paper he advertised his fixtures. This gentleman was no doubt little aware that the difficulty Mr. Combe labours under, is to conceal and not to publish his

fixtures, in the *home country*. Let us picture to ourselves the following paragraph in the *Morning Post*—“The Old Berkeley Hounds meet to-morrow morning at Scratch Wood, seven miles from London.” Half London would be there; and if the fox took one direction, some of the sportsmen might have an opportunity of imitating my Lord Alvanley’s example who, hunting in the neighbourhood of London, rode at a fence and landed in the second light of a *melon frame*.

The Saturday previous to my joining them these hounds had a day’s sport which ought to be recorded in the *Sporting Magazine*. They met at the village of Poulton, and drew Poulton Gorse, the Driffeld Coverts and Sir James Musgrave’s Coverts blank, but found him in Bibury Gorse, and he immediately went to the ground. Found immediately after at Williamstrip, and I will give the run as I have heard it from a friend who saw it.

“The fox,” says my informant, “broke and appeared determined to go away, but was either headed, or turned of his own accord after he had run about two miles, and was viewed back to Williamstrip. Before the hounds got back to the halloo their fox was some way before them. Beautiful cold hunting up to their game, which had waited for them in Williamstrip, and most judicious, quick, and decisive casting, highly creditable to the huntsman, brought them up to their game. A beautiful crash through the covert followed, and he then broke away most gallantly; first pointed for Bradwell Grove, turned quickly to the left; crossed the brook leaving the grove to his right, boldly mounting the hill, and facing the open country in a direct line for Farmington Grove, at a racing pace over all that fine country, crossing Bibury racecourse within a short distance of the grand stand, then by Lord Sherbourn’s new

road from Aldsworth, leaving that village on his left. Then in view for ten minutes, only two fields in front of the hounds, crossed the turnpike road from Cheltenham to London, close to Lord Sherbourne's lodge, and killed him cleverly just in the act of jumping a wall, about a mile short of Farmington Grove. About ten miles and forty-seven minutes, out of which about seven minutes were lost by a check. Mr. Creswell, of Bibury, lost a horse, which dropped down dead after the run.

“It is gratifying to Mr. Combe, Mr. Majoribanks and the rest of the subscribers to the Old Berkeley hounds (and particularly in these fox-destroying days) that there is not a landed proprietor on their new country, who is at all inimical to their sport; but, on the contrary, each of them is anxious to promote it; and this is still more to their credit, as very few of those who reside in the neighbourhood ever go out with the hounds. Amongst the foremost of these preservers are Lords Abingdon and Craven, Mr. Pryse Pryse, Mr. Symonds, Mr. Courtenay, Colonel Warneford, Mr. Strickland, Mr. Whitfield, Mr. Blandy, Mr. Duffield, and Mr. Mills as trustee to Mr. Thomas Mills Goodlake (son of the great champion of the long tails), who is very zealous for the sport, and who in three years' time will be in possession of one of the finest estates in the country.

“‘Nimrod’ says that in the year in question, up to the end of February, the hounds had not experienced one blank day, generally finding their second fox.” He continues,—“The subscription to the Old Berkeley hounds does not exceed £700 per annum, the remainder being made up by Mr. Harvey Combe and Mr. Majoribanks. The well-known Mr. Tilbury finds six hunters and a hack for the Oldakers for a given annual sum, but they are never short of a horse, as Mr. Combe has always a good stud. They are both

capital performers across country in every sense of the word. They are quick at turning to their hounds, quiet with their horses, and very difficult to be stopped. There is also a strong dash of the foxhound in their countenances, and though it is a wise son that knows his own father, I think we may be certain that they were got by old TOM; and it is only to be lamented that there was not a larger litter of the sort. They ride in straw-coloured plush, the Old Berkeley livery, and I think the distinction a good one, as they can always be known in a crowd, or at a distance."

Mr. Combe himself, "Nimrod" thus describes:—

Of a robust frame composed chiefly of muscle, he is quite in the form for hard work, and no exercise fatigues him. He is said to travel more miles after hounds than any other man in England, Mr. Osbaldiston excepted; and either before or after hunting, milestones are no object to him. When by night he of course travels in his carriage, but at other times he is remarkable for getting across country in his gig, in which he performs great distances in a short space of time, by availing himself of relays of horses. Over a country too, Mr. Harvey Combe is always in his place, and is allowed to be a good judge of hunting, which indeed his experience and devotion to the sport cannot fail to have made him. In the field he is like most other masters of hounds, in high good humour when things go prosperously, that is to say, when he finds a fox, has a good scent, and kills him after a good run; and he bears adversity full as well as the rest of them. Both he and Mr. Majoribanks are, I understand, very popular in their new country, and doubtless will

continue to be so. They are kind and considerate to every one, and as managers of foxhounds, one good quality attends them—they have pretty good accounts at their bankers!

“Nimrod” met Mr. Combe at the House of Mr. Mills at Shellingford, and says of him.

I can assert that he is as straightforward in the evening as he is in the morning, and that he is one of the best companions I have ever sat down with in my life, full of animation and anecdote.

Many sportsmen from the “Old Berkeley” home country came with the master to hunt in the new country; Mr. Nicoll, Mr. Roberts, and Mr. Batch, were mentioned as staying at the “Crown,” at Faringdon. After a gallant attempt for two seasons to hunt his enormous country; Mr. Combe in 1826 gave up the Old Berks country and retired to his old quarters at Rickmansworth, whence he continued to hunt the Old Berkeley until 1834. He also continued to hunt the South Oxfordshire country by arrangement with Lord Kintore, during his lordship’s mastership of the Old Berks. In 1834 he gave up the Old Berkeley, but only to resume the reins again in 1835, when he bought Osbaldeston’s celebrated pack at Tattersall’s for £4,600. He finally resigned in 1840. Mr. Harvey Combe most strongly objected to people smoking in

the hunting field as "no hounds could be expected to run with such a beastly smell."

In 1838 a writer in the *Sporting Magazine* wrote of him :—

"On Tuesday, January 30th, this sturdy veteran threw his hounds into Sowley Wood, a covert of 600 acres, and at the end of three hours and five minutes, in spite of the frost, they killed their fox in the cleverest style imaginable.

Mr. Combe bred at Cobham some well-known race-horses, "Cobham," The "Nob," "Harmony," The "Drummer," "Rosalind," &c. Of these "Cobham" was a favourite for the Derby in 1838, but was not placed, being tailed off at a quarter of a mile from the starting post. A dispute then arose between Mr. Combe and his trainer, John Scott, which caused a good deal of excitement at the time in racing circles, and the correspondence which ensued was published in the sporting papers. The following extracts will show the drift and the result of the discussion :—

To Mr. JOHN SCOTT,

SIR,—I have reason to believe that my horse Cobham was unfairly treated previously to his race for the Derby, at Epsom on Wednesday last. This you acknowledged to me, adding that you could not account for it. I have therefore taken possession of the horse, and I shall keep him in my own stable till I can see or hear from you.

I beg to add that I have engaged him in the Goodwood Cup, being determined to give the public the earliest opportunity to judge of his merits. I am Sir, your Obedt. servant,

H. COMBE.

Mr. Scott naturally resented the imputation thus cast upon him, and he did not lack supporters, and the published correspondence closes with the following testimonial :—

JOHN SCOTT. We have read the statement of correspondence you have sent us, and we are perfectly satisfied that you have done all that is necessary for your justification ; and having no reason to doubt your integrity shall continue our countenance and support, as heretofore. We are, &c.,

WESTMINSTER. GEORGE ANSON.
CHESTERFIELD. JOHN BOWES.
WILTON.

Mr. Combe was never married. He died in 1858, leaving the bulk of his fortune to Mr. Charles Combe, son of his youngest brother by his second wife. Mr. Charles Combe served in the 3rd Bombay Cavalry in Persia, and through the Indian mutiny, under Sir Hugh Rose. He now resides at Cobham Park.

The lineal representative of the family is Major Harvey T. B. Combe, of Oaklands, Battle, Sussex.

CHAPTER VI.

LORD KINTORE, MASTER 1826 TO 1830.

ANTHONY ADRIAN, seventh Earl of Kintore, who now took the country vacated by Mr. Harvey Combe, was born in 1794. He had been a pupil with Mr. Barry, at Sparsholt, Berks, and wrote in after years of the happy days he had then passed in "that ere vale." Afterwards he had been an undergraduate at St. Mary Hall, Oxford. He had thus hunted for years over the country he afterwards became Master of, in the time of Mr. Robert Symonds and Mr. Codrington. He was a rider bold to rashness, greedy for fences ; and he was also celebrated as a boon table companion. On succession to the title on his father's death in 1811 or soon after, he had commenced keeping hounds at Keith Hall, his seat in Aberdeenshire. Of this early hunting, reminiscences remain at Keith Hall in the shape of pictures of famous hounds, as "Nosegay," entered in 1817, and described by "Nimrod" as "a perfect hound." "Factor," who was sire to a good many hounds in Mr. Villebois' pack,



ANTHONY ADRIAN KEITH-FALCONER, 7th EARL OF KINTORE.
Master 1827 to 1830, from the painting at Keith Hall.

entered in 1821. This hunting establishment was broken up in 1825, when the following letter appeared in the *Sporting Magazine*:—

SIR,—I regret exceedingly to find Lord Kintore parting with his hounds, for barring a little heat of temper, which every master of hounds is subject to, occasioned by over-anxiety for the sport of the field, a greater genius, or a greater slave to foxhunting, either in kennel or in field, never hunted hounds. I understand after leaving the Turriff country last October (where a rare coincidence one day occurred, when he met at Dalgaty, a largish woodland, his hounds immediately challenged to Roe deer, which they were well rated from and stopped; a leash of foxes were then on foot, and the two and twenty couple then divided and each lot killed their fox). And that he afterwards in Forfarshire, during the following month of November, either ran to ground or killed, every fox they found; but so fond is he of hunting that I do not despair of seeing him at work again at no very distant period.

Yours, &c.,

A SOUTHERNER IN THE NORTH.

Lord Kintore was accustomed to give very high prices for his horses, and at the sale of his stud in Scotland, on his giving up in 1825, the following prices were reached: "White Stockings," sold to Lord Lyndock for £411. "Provincial," his brother, was bought in at £330. "Bolivar," the finest of the three brothers, but with only three legs, went to Captain Hunter for £60. His advent to the Berkshire country

is thus described by a contemporary in the *Sporting Magazine* :—

His lordship has brought his own hounds from Scotland, a distance of 500 miles. In this as in everything else he undertakes, I wish him from my heart success ; for I know that a more liberal, hospitable, warmer hearted man than his lordship breathes not ; and this without any fear of being accused of flattery by those who know him. What his judgment and talents may be in the field I profess myself unable to decide, for I never met him in the field at the head of his own hounds ; but if voice may be considered as any requisite in a master of hounds, his cheery halloos over the mahogany are a proof that he is not deficient in that respect, as those can witness who were present some time ago at a public hunt dinner, and heard his “Yoicks, Lambton, forward Ralph, my boy !”

He took Wadley House from the trustees of young Mr. Thomas Mills Goodlake, and brought his hounds there ; his windows looked out on the old White Horse, and he always called his country “The Vale.”

A run during his first season is thus described by “Venator,” in the *Sporting Magazine* for 1827 :—

SIR,—On Thursday the 7th of February, I was one of a field of nearly one hundred, who met at Stanford, to enjoy a day’s sport with Lord Kintore’s hounds, which have hunted the vale of Berks and Wilts during the present season. The morning seemed propitious, the hounds looked gay, the country a grass vale, and all united to inspire with hope and expectation a lover

of the noble science of fox hunting. I could not help admiring the condition of his pack—light and airy—yet with substance to get over the difficulties of the vale in which they were placed. They drew their first covert, Kingstone Spinney, without finding, and proceeded towards Uffington Wood, but before they reached it a fox jumped out of a small spinney, and, turning his head towards the vale, seemed determined to give his pursuers a taste of the difficulties of his native country. He went away by Uffington village over the meadows towards Challow, and after a ring of fifty minutes without a check, succeeded in making good his point to Uffington Wood. Here some difficulties arose from the endeavours of the wily animal to baffle the hounds. It was evident that he had left the wood, but nothing could be made of him beyond it. At last he jumped up in a ploughed field, went back to the wood, sank into the vale through Uffington Common, crossed the canal over the brook to Rosey, by Fernham and Little Coxwell, and succeeded in gaining the Coxwell Woods. Here he was supposed to be safe, but the gallant pack would not be defeated, and poor Reynard was obliged to run for his life; after a second race of an hour and ten minutes over a beautiful but severe country, he was killed. Of the field of nearly a hundred who began the day, there were present at his death only Lord Kintore, one of his whippers, Messrs. Mills, Barker, and one or two other gentlemen. In conclusion we may say with Shakespeare

“Such a day,
So fought, so followed and so fairly won”

has seldom been witnessed. The number of beaten horses was of course great, and some it is to be feared have seen their last day's sport. In the first run amongst the gentlemen at head were to be seen

Lord Kintore, Messrs. Douglas, Bunce, &c. In the second chase Messrs. Mills, Codrington, Barker, were well carried till nearly the end of the day. One word to the noble huntsman of this pack and I have done. Let him not try his horses' speed against every puny whipster. His Lordship has the conduct and the disposition of his hounds to attend to. It is not for a general to expose his life against every common trooper; neither in casting nor in going from covert to covert should more be taken out of hounds than can be avoided; upon their pluck and spirit depends the event of a hard day. With a little more consideration for himself and his pack the Earl of Kintore will rank amongst the first gentlemen huntsmen of the present day.

Lord Kintore gave up the hounds seventy-four years ago, and naturally no living member of the hunt remembers his mastership, but one or two can remember the man. The present Mr. E. K. Lenthall, of Besselsleigh, walking with his father in London, in 1843, met Lord Kintore, and was presented to him; Lord Kintore then introduced his son, Lord Inverurie, with the words "Inverurie is a very good fellow, his only fault is that he is not quite keen enough about hunting." A few months after this interview Lord Inverurie was killed hunting. He had been living at the Inn at Brixworth, the village where the Pytchley hounds were kept, and hunted regularly with them. On the day on which he was killed he was riding a favourite mare, said to have been exceedingly clever at

timber. She carried him splendidly from the Hemploe Hills, a fast twenty minutes with the first fox. Another fox was found in Yelvertoft Gorse, and Lord Inverurie did not get a good start, a very essential thing in that country where hounds are extremely fast, and the rider intends to be first, or very near it. In passing under Winwick Warren he rode at a strong flight of rails which his mare failed to clear, and fell heavily on him heels uppermost. He was carried to the house of Mr. Lovell, a yeoman, where he died shortly afterwards, never having spoken. Mr. George Payne, the Master of the hounds, and the Duke of Montrose remaining with him to the end.

In the fine old church at Brixworth there is a tablet in memory of him, merely saying that he is buried near that spot. He was a lieutenant in the 17th Lancers, a gallant rider to hounds, and as indeed his father's son could not have failed to be, a great favourite with the hunt. The rails must have been a formidable obstacle, for the previous year a man named Sawbridge had been killed riding over the same flight.

The memory of Lord Kintore's jumping feats still linger in the old Berks country. He rode a horse called "Whitestocking," which he was currently reported to have given £800 for.

On this horse he rode at a gate on the swing near Besselsleigh, although hounds were not running, and jumped it clean. The gate was known for ever after as "Lord Kintore's jump."

Lord Kintore was exceedingly hospitable, and kept nearly "open house" at Wadley. There is a story to the effect that he entertained a lot of hunting farmers once, regaling them with Scotch ale with such effect that they were all laid out on the floor. He then had them carefully wrapped up in horse rugs and laid out in a row on the lawn to recover by morning.

Upon another occasion he entertained twelve Berkshire squires. The squires proved better men than their tenants, for they saw their host under the table, when they coolly rang the bell, and when the butler answered it, said, "You had better help his Lordship up to bed, and then bring some more wine, please." The guests then continued their potations, and prolonged their convivial evening to such an extent, that the host recovered, got up, and rejoined the party. His guests saw him floored once more, sent him up to bed again, rang for their horses, and departed, having greatly enjoyed themselves! His Lordship thought the event worthy of record, for he chalked the names of the guests and the wine they drank

up in the cellar, and there the record remains, it is said, unto this day.

At his hunting box in Scotland, which he called "The Peat Stack," on all the china, glass, and plate, was a fox's head engraved, with the motto "Floreat Scientia," and he had the same device on his travelling carriage.

His old servant, John Walker, however, said of his master, that as a huntsman he was better in theory than practice. To hunt the western portion of his country he had a second kennel at Cricklade.

"Nimrod" (Mr. Apperley) tells a story of his shouting to a countryman on the other side of an impracticable place, "Catch my horse," and then tumbling head over heels into the next field. After a hard day once he came up to an ugly, hog-backed stile on his tired horse, and looking at it said: "Hang the man who put this up, he deserves to have it broken," and forthwith he rode at it and smashed it all to pieces. In a fast run of ten miles from Crab Tree, near Highworth, to Uffington, in which several horses were killed, one or two in the field, his Lordship jumped Sevenhampton Brook,* a feat which "Nimrod" says has never been performed before or since. Captain Robertson was a great friend of his and often stayed with him at Wadley.

* The River Cole.

Upon one occasion, when the hounds met at Wytham, Lord Kintore had arranged to send a horse over to be tried by Mr. Motte, a brother-in-law of Mr. Blandy, of Kingstone. Mr. Motte got to Wytham, and found the hounds drawing; meeting a countryman, a local blacksmith, he gave the man a shilling to find the horse and bring it to him. The man found the horse in charge of a groom; he told him he was sent for the horse, and as the gentleman was in a great hurry he would ride him; just then the hounds found, and went away to Tubney, over a stiffish line of country. The blacksmith went too, and his Lordship's horse knowing his business, kept up with the best of them, and saw the fox killed outside Tubney Wood. There the Master caught sight of his horse with its rider the blacksmith, whom he rode towards to find out what was up. The smith bolted, and his Lordship gave chase; the man made for the wood, threw himself off the horse, and disappeared. Lord Kintore caught the horse, but naturally did not understand what had happened, until Mr. Motte came up. Mr. Motte was so delighted at the way the blacksmith went, that he at once bought the animal, but he had to undergo a lot of chaff from the Master, for tipping a smith half a crown to try a horse for him.

Lord Kintore soon found out that the country he had at his command was larger than he could hunt properly, so he arranged that Mr. Combe should continue to hunt the South Oxfordshire country, and in 1828 he invited his friend, Sir John Cope, who was then hunting in South Berkshire, to bring his hounds into the Old Berks country, and to have two separate fortnight's hunting. Sir John's servants were then Thomas Toccock, huntsman; Joe Paice, first whip, and young Robert Toccock second. They went about Christmas, and had a capital run of sport, and killed their foxes, though the weather was not good for hunting, being frosty, though not so hard as to stop hounds. Sir John Cope's hounds hunted from Abingdon and had some excellent runs. One day they found in Wittenham Wood, whence, after running for two hours from fox to fox, in the wood, they went away over the downs by Blewbury, Ilsley, Compton, and Eling into Fence Wood, where the Huntsman, who had changed horses three times, was the only man up with the hounds, being last mounted on Mr. Blackall Simmonds' second horse, a famous chestnut. Horses were seen planted about the downs like trees, ridden to a standstill, and one or two never saw their stables again. They had another severe day

from Kingstone Inn Gorse, running over the Wantage country by Uffington Wood, over the White Horse Hill, where they ran into an old dog fox on the downs after a severe run of two hours. Lord Kintore went well, as did George Montague, on a horse lent him by a friend in the country. Thomas Tocock rode a horse called "Winky-boss"; Joe Paice was mounted by Mr. Duffield; and Robert Tocock on "Badcock," a first-class hunter, lent to Sir John by Mr. Gosling the banker, who was then laid up with a broken thigh. Colonel Adam Blandy, the late chief constable of Berkshire, was in this run, and is doubtless the only survivor.*

Sir John Cope's hounds, and some of the horses, were kept at Marcham Park, and the others at Abingdon. Mr. T. T. Morland, and Mr. Blandy rendered Sir John all the assistance they could, being genuine sportsmen, and anxious to see what the hounds would do in a new country. Several of the gentlemen who hunted regularly with Sir John went down with their horses, amongst them being Mr. E. Golding, of Maiden Erlegh; Mr. George Montague; Mr. T. Stonor, afterwards Lord

* He has, however, since these lines were written, gone over to the majority.

Camoy's ; Mr. T. Howard, of Yattendon ; Mr. Cobham, of Shinfield ; Mr. R. Pocklington, a Suffolk man, and many others, so that they filled Abingdon with servants and horses, and made the place quite alive.

The following letter shows that different parts of the country were hunted at different times, the only way in fact so large a country could be hunted at all.

WADLEY, 12-30-1829.

DEAR SIR,—I regret very much two nights of black frost have prevented us to-day from meeting at Coxwell. Next week I am going into Sussex to buy Southdown ewes to send into Scotland but hope in ten days to be at work again.

The hounds will hunt the East country in the autumn.

Yours very truly,
KINTORE.

About 1829 Lord Kintore became doubtful about continuing the hunt, and Mr. Thomas Duffield, who from the retirement of Mr. Codrington, had acted as President of the Hunt Committee, asked Mr. Pryse Pryse, of Buscot, to take the Mastership, which elicited the following reply :—

BUSCOT PARK, Decr. 2nd.

DEAR DUFFIELD,—I feel most flattered at being considered by yourself and my brother members of the V.W.H. as worthy to succeed the Earl in the management of the hounds, and I thank you for your

handsome letter. Could I undertake it with comfort to myself, and with a chance of doing the thing as I think it ought to be done, I would in a moment obey the call with pleasure, but I am unfortunately so hampered in various ways that I must, tho' reluctantly, decline the engagement. Have a turn yourself; I will gladly subscribe to you, and perhaps we could make some arrangement here about kennel and stables for this part of the country; and your own would do for the other ground, for I agree with you, that all the country should be hunted, and I would by no means give up the Lydiard Woods. My advice is, let Kintore go on quietly as long as he likes, which I think will be to the end of the season. I am sure he is anxious to do so if he can, and to shew us all the sport in his power, and it is not his fault he has not a better lot of hounds. He is to have a few couple from Will Long, which I hear are likely to be of service to him.

Hoping that we shall soon meet in the field.

I remain, dear Duffield, yours very truly,

PRYSE PRYSE.

In 1830 Lord Kintore gave up the country, taking his hounds and servants to Keith Hall, his own place in Scotland. There he took to farming on a large scale. Before leaving Wadley he sent the following letter to one of his predecessors in office, hunting with whom he had first learnt to love the vale:—

WADLEY, May 25th, 1830.

DEAR SIR,—I regretted missing you and your son the other day, when I called purposely to thank both for "The earths well stopped and foxes plenty" since

I have hunted the Vale, and in tendering my hearty thanks for the same I beg to add that even in my mother country there is beef and mutton, and something to wash it down at the "Fox's Head," viz., Keith Hall, N.B., with a hearty welcome when either of you choose to draw it.

From your obliged and faithful friend,

KINTORE.

To the Rev. Robert Symonds,
Hinton, Kingstone Inn.

In a letter to Mr. T. T. Morland, dated April 8th, 1837, Lord Kintore mentions that he was still hunting his own hounds in the Turriff country, and that his pack had been smashed up by kennel lameness, "that confounded malady"; he had, however, just bought Murray of Broughton's Dumfriesshire hounds, thirty-two couples of old hounds and eight couples of puppies, for which he gave 200 guineas. "So I shall once more 'Yoaxy' for him, boys."

In 1838 Lord Kintore was created a Baron of the United Kingdom. He married first, 1817, Juliet, fifth daughter of Robert Renny, Esq., of Borrowfield, N.B.; second, Louisa youngest daughter of Francis Hawkins, Esq. He was the grand-father of the present, the ninth Earl of Kintore.

CHAPTER VII.

THE HON. HENRY MORETON, 1830 TO 1832.

ON Lord Kintore's retirement the country was taken by the Hon. Henry Moreton, eldest son of the first Earl of Ducie. Mr. Moreton took up his abode in the house known as The Elms, on the right hand side of Lechlade road, going out of Faringdon, and lately occupied by Mr. William Dundas.

On February 25th, 1831, he, in conjunction with the members of the hunt, gave a great ball at Wadley House, lent for the occasion. The ball was thus described in the *Sporting Magazine* of the year :—

“ On the 28th February, 1831, the Hon. Mr. Moreton and the spirited subscribers to his hounds gave a grand ball at Wadley House. No less than 300 persons partook of the cheering viands, and old English hospitality revelled within its lordly walls, flinging us back to the liberal days of our forefathers. The affability and urbanity of the Lady of the Mansion, conjointly with her Lord,* was most conspicuous and made glad their numerous guests. The members of the Hunt in their scarlet costumes gave a rich and

* The late Mrs. Goodlake and Mr. Thomas Mills Goodlake.



The Hon. HENRY MORETON.
Afterwards 2nd Earl of Ducie, from a painting
at Tortworth Court. (Master 1830 to 1832.)

pleasing variety in the happy dance, keeping in mind the glories of the field among the fair eyed maids of Berkshire; and long must be remembered the delightful evening.

We are glad to hear that Mr. Moreton has had some most excellent sport during the present month—February—in the Vale of White Horse country.

Mr. Moreton had a narrow escape of his life the other night. He was returning home from hunting on a favourite hack when, owing to the darkness of the night, the animal came in contact with a gig, the shafts of which penetrated the flank of the horse and killed him on the spot. Mr. Moreton was thrown under the carriage but, we are happy to state, received no serious injury."

"Nim South," who visited the country in 1831, called it "a canal of a country." He says, "It is forty-five miles in length and only fourteen in breadth."

Mr. Moreton used to convey his hounds to the meet in a van with four post horses. His kennels were in a field close by the town of Faringdon, near the present brick kiln. He also kept up the secondary kennel at Cricklade used by Lord Kintore.

Mr. Moreton hunted his own hounds with great zeal, and was a good rider, scarcely less courageous than Lord Kintore. He is said to have been exceedingly passionate, and not very judicious in his language. He once jumped into a road at the same time as his

whip, and remarked, "D—n it, sir, I was over first." He was assisted by Jem Hills, who came to him from the Duke of Beaufort. He is said to have quarrelled with Hills tremendously, and once made him get off his horse and walk home.

Mr. Moreton was once nearly drowned in the Thames, near Buscot, with a lot of bank notes in his pocket to pay election expenses, many of which were damaged and spoilt.

He soon found, like Lord Kintore, that the country was inconveniently large to be hunted as thoroughly as demanded, and complaints of neglect arose in both the eastern and western extremities. It was too large to be hunted from one centre, and the question of division arose. Mr. Moreton, like Lord Kintore, had always rather favoured the western portion, and he now arranged to give up the west and centre forming the new country now known as the "Vale of White Horse." This course was naturally much objected to by the supporters of the original hunt, and Mr. Thomas Duffield took up the cudgels for the supporters of the original hunt. Young Mr. Goodlake wrote as follows:—

MY DEAR MR. DUFFIELD,—I have this instant received your letter. I had been cruising with a friend in his yacht (with Mr. J. Loder Symonds in his R.Y.S. cutter "Emerald").

I cannot think that it will be possible to reunite our country if once it is divided into two separate countries. I have written to Lord Radnor, who will subscribe, I think, if the country is kept together. At any rate, could we not get enough cash to hunt three days a week, and to take the country from Tadpole to Wittenham? I think I could get the leave of the principal covert owners except Mr. Pryse, and then we should have the original country hunted by Mr. Codrington. But I conclude we shall meet so soon that I shall finish by sending my best wishes to Mrs. Duffield.

Yours very sincerely,

THOMAS M. GOODLAKE.

Ultimately Mr. Duffield sent the following circular letter to the owners of coverts and supporters of the hunt:—

MARCHAM PARK, Sept. 21st, 1832.

SIR,—A misunderstanding having arisen as to the future hunting of the vale of Berks, a meeting of the proprietors and gentlemen interested will be held at the Crown Inn, Faringdon, on Wednesday, the 26th inst., at 2 o'clock. The favour of your attendance is earnestly requested.

I am, Sir, Your obedient servant,

TH. DUFFIELD.

To that letter Mr. Hippisley sent the following reply:—

MY DEAR DUFFIELD,—Mr. and Mrs. Tuckfield and their son being with me only for the day prevents my meeting you at Faringdon. I have desired Henry on my part to consult with you, and to join you in any measures you may wish to adopt.

Enclosed I send you a plan of country I once fancied might be of use ; probably it never will be. It has only the merit of showing at one view the country of which it professes to give particulars.

Yours in haste, very sincerely,

HENRY HIPPISELEY.

Lambourne Place,

Wednesday morning, 26th Sept., 1832.

The "plan" is a very neatly drawn and detailed map of the country contained within the following limits. All the coverts and natural features of the country are marked, and a great deal of pains must have been expended on it.

Extreme boundaries ...	Burford to Oxford, 17 miles.
North and South ...	Oxford to Highclere, 35 miles.
East and West ...	Highclere to Marlboro', 17 miles.
West and North ...	Marlboro' to Burford, 30 miles.

The plan contains the present "Craven" country as well as the Old Berks, and was therefore probably drawn out about 1827, when the "great" Mr. Warde had sold his hounds to Mr. Horlock and the pack had gone into Wilts.

A very carefully compiled schedule of all the coverts in the double country is appended. The plan is only of interest as showing "what might have been." It is now in the possession of Mr. Morland of Abingdon.

The meeting was attended by all the chief

owners of coverts in the "Vale of Berks," with the exception of Lord Radnor and Mr. Pryse Pryse, and after consultation together the following resolution was passed and signed by all those present :—

We, the undersigned proprietors of coverts, formerly hunted by Mr. Symonds, considering that any attempt to divide such country to be an infraction of the laws of foxhunting, do hereby consent, on an appeal made to us by several gentlemen of the country, to preserve our coverts exclusively for such pack as may be supported by them.

With a view, however, to promote an amicable arrangement for the present year, we suggest that this meeting be adjourned till Wednesday, the 3rd day of October next at the "Crown Inn," Faringdon, at two o'clock, and we pledge ourselves in the meantime not to stop the earths on our properties for either party.

(Signed)

BARRINGTON.	THOS. M. GOODLAKE.
P. PUSEY.	H. HIPPISEY.
FRA WARNEFORD.	E. M. ATKINS.
WILLIAM BENNETT.	G. BUTLER.
THOS. DUFFIELD.	J. CROWDY.
ROBERT SYMONDS.	T. W. VILETT.
J. L. SYMONDS.	T. T. MORLAND.

The adjourned meeting was duly held on the appointed date, and the following resolution was passed by the owners of coverts present :—

CROWN INN, FARINGDON,

3rd October, 1832.

We, the undersigned, referring to a resolution adopted by us at a meeting on the 26th ultimo, do hereby express our determination to abide thereby, and to allow our coverts to be drawn only by the hounds now supported by the original country, subject, however, to any temporary arrangement for the present season which may hereafter be made by the parties interested.

(Signed)

BARRINGTON.

WILLIAM BENNETT.

FRA WARNEFORD.

R. THROCKMORTON.

PHILIP PUSEY.

THOS. M. GOODLAKE.

THOS. DUFFIELD.

E. M. ATKINS.

HENRY HIPPISELY.

At a further meeting to arrange the temporary division the following arrangement was entered into :—

CROWN INN, FARINGDON,

3rd October, 1832.

At a meeting this day the following arrangement was entered into between Messrs. Pryse and Codrington on the one part, and Messrs. Goodlake and Duffield on the other part. That a division of the country should be made for this year only. The bridle road from Faringdon through part of Fernham until the carriage road commences towards Uffington, thence along the carriage road through Uffington into Ickleton Way, and up the bridle road by the White Horse Hill, and continuing the bridle road to Lambourne, forming the boundary throughout. The earths at Uffington Wood, Wainey Hill and Rivey to be put to for Mr. Moreton, and those at Coxwell Woods and Buscot for Mr. Parker.

These resolutions became of great importance some twelve years later, as will be seen further on.

Mr. Moreton had now left for Cricklade; after one season there he went to Cirencester, where kennels were built for him by Earl Bathurst and lent to him gratis. Lord Bathurst also subscribed £300 a year to the new hunt.

It is remarkable that the name "Vale of White Horse" should have migrated with the master to the new country, although the "White Horse" himself necessarily remains in the lofty position he has adorned since the time of the great Alfred, and is in the Old Berks country. The hunt now, however, consists of practically the identical country originally hunted by Mr. Loder eighty years before, and which has been continually hunted by the same hounds ever since; and the name Old Berkshire Hunt was used by Robert Symonds as early as 1809 and is therefore exceedingly appropriate.

Hunting with Mr. Moreton before he left Faringdon were Mr. T. M. Goodlake, who had two good stallions, and his brother-in-law Sir Edward Baker, Bart., Mr. Pryse Lewis, Mr. Tom Morland of Sheepstead, Lord Folkestone, Mr. Lenthall of Besselsleigh, Mr. Thos. Duffield, the two Aldworths of Frilford, &c.

Mr. Moreton succeeded to the title on his father's death in 1835. He continued to hunt his new country as Lord Ducie until 1843. The *Sporting Magazine* of that year says: "We hear Lord Ducie has given up the Cirencester country in consequence, as asserted, of the lukewarmness of the resident gentlemen and the scarcity of foxes." Lord Ducie then devoted himself to agriculture. His kennels were visited by "Rodney" in 1841, who says: "I never saw a more even pack. They are like one family in size, but I do not consider, with the exception of 'Wildair,' that there is a hound in the kennel that could fairly be described as first-rate; pig heads and crooked shanks are very numerous, and it is self-evident that just as great a mistake has been made in drafting only for size as is often made when no regard is paid to size.

The following description of a run with Mr. Moreton was written at the time by Mr. Duffield:—

"Found at Steventon Copse; after a double or two in cover went for Milton Hill; ran some time about Mr. Hopkins's plantations, through Mr. Barrett's grounds back to Steventon Coppice; along the Hill-side to beyond Black Bird Farm, crossed the brook pointing for Hendred Cowleys; turned again up the hill and kept along the side of it almost to Ardington; turned short down into the vale to the Cowleys and

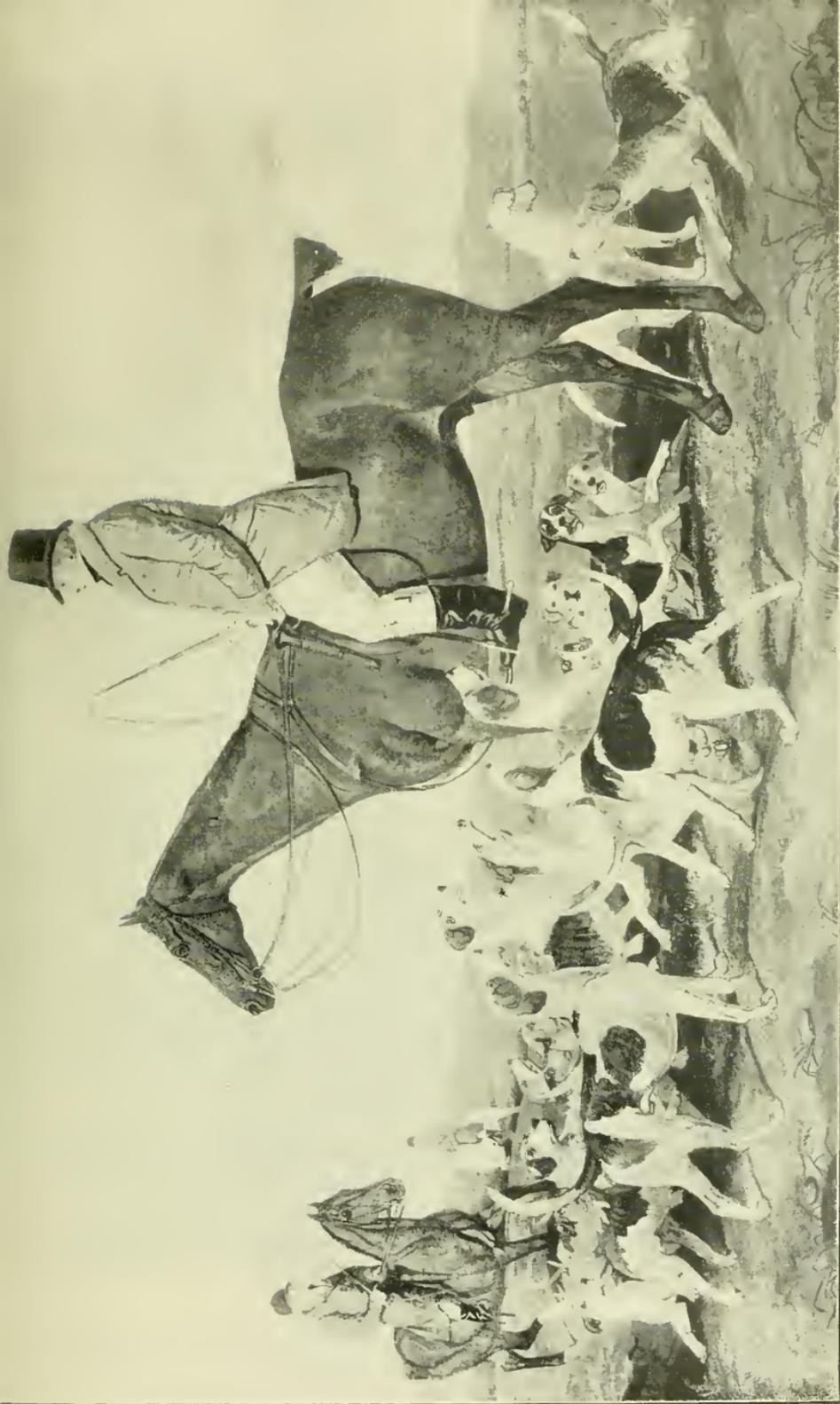
across Steventon Common to the canal, turned short along the bank to bridge, across the bridge through the Hulgroves and straight between Mr. Hall's farm at Hanney, and Drayton Knoll to the Ock side, opposite Frilford Roxhill; skirted the Ock, crossing the Wantage road at Noah's Ark nearly to Garford; crossed the Ock and ran about a mile up Frilford Field; turned short to the left to Fyfield Wick and was killed in Mr. Roberts's yard. One hour and thirty-five minutes: not one ploughed or stubble field."

Lord Ducie married, 1826, Elizabeth, elder daughter of John second Lord Sherbourne, and had issue Henry John, the present Earl, and nine other sons and three daughters. He died 1853.

CHAPTER VIII.

MR. JOHN PARKER, 1832 TO 1833.

ON Mr. Moreton's migration to the newly formed Vale country in 1832 some little difficulty was experienced in finding a master for the old country. The country had been splendidly hunted by three wealthy masters in succession, viz., by Mr. Combe, Lord Kintore and the Hon. H. Moreton, who none of them spared either pains, or expenditure, in any matter relating to the hunt, and it was not found easy to find another master equally able and willing. At last on the recommendation of Mr. Duffield the country was given to Mr. John Parker. Mr. Parker was a gentleman farmer in Worcestershire, and he had held a commission in the Worcestershire militia. He was known as a first rate sportsman, and was very popular with his brother officers, and on the retirement of Mr. Hornyold of Blackmore Park, from the mastership of the Worcestershire hounds, was appointed to succeed him. He found his means inadequate to carry on the



Mr. JOHN PARKER,
Master of the Old Berkshire 1833 to 1834. From the painting by T. Woodward

hunt in Worcestershire with the subscription he received ; and accepted the proposition, of the committee of the Old Berks Hunt.

The country he took over was very much reduced, for not only had the present V. W. H. hunt been divided off, but a further great loss of territory occurred on the west. In consequence of the Oxfordshire country having been rather neglected for some years, great dissatisfaction prevailed. Lord Kintore had asked Mr. Harvey Combe to hunt it, and a claim was now set up that it was a distinct country, having been formerly hunted by Colonel Parker and others ; and with the assent of Lord Abingdon, and other owners of coverts, it was taken away from the Berkshire Hunt in 1832. It was then hunted by Mr. Lowndes Stone for two seasons and by Mr. John Phillips for one. Mr. Parker's country was smaller therefore than the present Old Berks country, for he had not any coverts beyond Faringdon.

The separation of the Oxfordshire country did not, however, meet with universal satisfaction, even in Oxfordshire, for years after the Right Hon. Joseph Warner Henley, M.P., wrote as follows :—

DEAR MORLAND,— . . . I did not think it according to foxhunting law, when that Worcester-

shire man and Lowndes Stone split it ; but it was no business of mine

Faithfully yours,

J. W. HENLEY.

Waterperry, *April 18th*, 1845.

Mr. Parker hunted his own hounds, although he was a very heavy man. He lived and kept the hounds at New House. He was described as being the "best man on a bad horse in England." He is said to have impoverished himself by keepng hounds. He soon found it impossible to hunt the Old Berks country on the subscription given him ; and he gave up after one season. He left a high reputation as a sportsman behind him in Berkshire, Sir Richard Sutton particularly, thought very highly of him ; but the management in other respects formed too great a contrast with the previous regimes to give general satisfaction.

Mr. Parker once drove the coach from Worcester to Ludlow ; but he was such a daring man that he frightened all the passengers ; until at last no one would ride with him.

On leaving Berkshire Mr. Parker took the Lincolnshire South Wold country, where he is said to have given great satisfaction.

An account of Mr. John Parker appears in the May, 1904, number of *Baily's Magazine*. In it the writer says :—



WILLIAM PLEYDELL BOUVERIE, 3rd EARL OF RADNOR.
Master 1834 to 1836.

It is somewhat sad to have to relate that his services as a sportsman to his county did not win for him in his retirement the pecuniary aid which his circumstances were in need of, and I find that at the age of seventy-six he was admitted into the Worcestershire County Asylum at Powick, where he spent the last six years of his life. The governor of the Asylum tells me that he was described as a "reduced gentleman," and that he was in a very feeble state of health, showing marked signs of senility. He was very much lost and had little memory of recent events. He was continually talking about hunting and shooting. He died on January 28th, 1875, having been in the Asylum nearly six years.

CHAPTER IX.

THE EARL OF RADNOR, 1833 TO 1834.

THE retirement of Mr. Parker did not naturally, diminish the difficulty that had been already experienced in finding a Master. At last Lord Radnor consented to fill the breach, and took over the reins of office.

Sir William Pleydell-Bouverie, third Earl of Radnor, was the great-grandson of Sir Jacob de Bouverie, second Baronet and first Viscount Folkestone, whose eldest son William married, 1747, Harriet, only daughter of Sir Mark Stuart Pleydell, of Coleshill, Berks, by which alliance the estate of Coleshill came to the Radnor family. Lord Folkestone's son by a second marriage, Philip Bouverie, took the name, and inherited the estate of Pusey, Berks, and became the grandfather of the late Philip Pusey, M.P., who was the first elected President of the Royal Agricultural Society, the first President, the Duke of Richmond, having been nominated by the Crown in the Charter of Incorporation. Mr. Philip Bouverie-

Pusey's brother, Edward, was the celebrated Dr. Pusey, who gave his name to an important movement in the Anglican Church.

Lord Radnor, the Master, married, firstly, in 1801, Catherine, only daughter of Henry, Earl of Lincoln; and, secondly, in 1814, Anne Judith, third daughter of Sir Henry St. John Mildmay. He died in 1869, and left two sons, Jacob, fourth Earl, the grandfather of the present, the sixth Earl, and the Right Hon. Edward Pleydell-Bouverie, who was afterwards President of the Old Berks Hunt Club.

Lord Radnor continued to keep the hounds at New House, where Mr. Blandy, of Kingstone, managed them for him. He used to drive over to the kennels, which were inconveniently far, about twelve miles, from his seat at Coleshill, in a light curricule and pair. Will Todd, who came to him from the Duke of Beaufort, was his huntsman. Two noteworthy runs happened during his "reign." One with a fox found at Shellingford, and the other from a coppice adjoining Bagley Wood, passing Wytham Great Wood and over the Thames. It was said at the time that this was the first occasion on record that this had been done. They killed in fine style on Bladon Heath adjoining Blenheim Park.

Dashwood in the *Sporting Magazine* for 1834 in his annual report of the season's fox-hunting says of the Old Berkshire :—

“ Lord Radnor's excellent pack, *I have the best authority for saying*, are doing what hounds have never done before in their country, and finishing a season beyond all precedent in the recollection of Berkshire sportsmen. They have to thank their talented manager, Mr. Blandy, I believe, for not a little of the distinguished success that has hitherto marked their proceedings, and I am sure they could not thank a more sporting individual, or one more deeply interested in the prosperity of all that belongs to Lord Radnor and his fox-hounds.”

Reading between the lines and taking into consideration the “italicising” the words “I have the best authority,” it may reasonably be inferred that the paragraph so far as it regards Mr. Blandy at least, emanated from Lord Radnor himself. It was in this case a very delicate way of conveying his appreciation of his services, and his thanks to his friend for his assistance. Lord Radnor held the mastership for one year only, giving up the country in April, 1834.



"CANNON BALL" with "PRUDENCE" and "BATHSHEBA."

From the picture presented to T. T. Morland, Esq., by the Old Berks Hunt, April, 1857; and now in the possession of B. H. Morland, Esq., Sheepstead House, Berks.

CHAPTER X.

A COMMITTEE, 1834 TO 1835.

MR. THOMAS THORNHILL MORLAND,
1835 TO 1847.

ON the retirement of Lord Radnor no master appeared to be forthcoming, so a committee was appointed consisting of the following gentlemen, to make arrangements: Messrs. John Phillips, Walter Strickland, Thomas Stonor and Thomas Thornhill Morland. Mr. Phillips was then hunting the Oxfordshire country recently separated from the Old Berkshire. In April, 1834, the committee called a meeting at Abingdon, when the following resolutions were agreed upon:—

Resolved that the countries lately hunted by Lord Radnor and Mr. Phillips be united, and that they shall be hunted three days a week. Three days a fortnight in Oxon, and of these three days the fixtures shall be alternately in the hill and vale; and the hounds shall be hunted by a servant.

That on the part of Oxon it is agreed that they shall be at liberty to separate their country upon giving notice in any year.

That the same resolutions apply to Berks.

That a subscription be entered into for the purpose of hunting the above countries.

That Messrs. Stonor and Phillips on the part of Oxon, and Messrs. Morland and Strickland on the part of Berks, be requested to further the objects of the meeting.

(Signed) W. STRICKLAND,
Chairman.

The Committee purchased eleven couple of hounds from Mr. Phillips; a draft of ten couple from Mr. Moreton (the V.W.H.); eleven couple from the New Forest; seven couple from the Heythrop, and with a few couple from the Craven, Mr. Codrington, Sir John Cope, and Mr. Osbaldiston, made up a pack of forty-eight couple altogether. They carried on the business of the hunt until the end of November, 1834.

On the 28th of that month a meeting was held at Sheepstead, when the following proposal was offered by Mr. Morland:—

That upon receiving £1,100 he will undertake the entire expense of hunting the country, and the maintaining the establishment from April 1st, 1835, to April 1st, 1836, and continue the same upon receiving the same annually until further arrangements be deemed necessary to be made.

That should such arrangement be desirable, the hounds, horses and kennel to belong to the country. That whilst this understanding lasts the establishment to belong to Mr. Morland, he taking to it at cost price.

Resolved: "The committee on behalf of the Club accept Mr. Morland's proposition and in so doing return him their thanks and those of the Club for the trouble he has taken and the interest he has shown in their behalf. The above proposition is not to interfere with the regulations agreed upon at Abingdon for hunting the two countries."

(Signed) T. THORNHILL MORLAND.
THOS. STONOR.
WALTER STRICKLAND.
JNO. SHAW PHILLIPS.

Thus Mr. Morland became master. His "reign" was to last for twelve eventful years. The country he undertook to hunt extended from Faringdon, to Stonor Park, near Henley.

Mr. Thomas Thornhill Morland was a grandson of Mr. William Morland of West Ilsley, who died 1773. His father, Mr. Benjamin Morland, married, first, Miss Harriet Baster and, second, Miss Thornhill, daughter of Mr. Edward Thornhill of Kingstone Lisle, by whom he had three sons, Thomas, the master, Benjamin, who succeeded his brother as squire of Sheepstead, the father of the present Mr. Benjamin Henry Morland; and George Bowes, the father of Mr. John Thornhill Morland, and the late Mr. Edward Morland, of Abingdon.

When he became master, Mr. Morland had just married Louisa, daughter of Mr. Martin-Atkins of Kingstone Lisle. He built kennels

at Sandford, and took the hounds there. His first huntsman was Richard Hills, who came to him from Mr. Harvey Combe and the "Old Berkeley" at Rickmansworth; Willy Hawtin was Whip. After about two years Willy Hawtin became huntsman, Stephen Shepherd being whip.

The subscriptions from Oxfordshire soon fell off, and Mr. Morland was obliged to intimate that he could not continue to hunt that country in the way he had done, under the altered circumstances. Mr. Lowndes Stone writes:—

BRIGHTWELL, Thursday, 1836.

"DEAR MORLAND,— . . . In regard to your letter about the hunting, I perfectly agree with you that it would be quite absurd and impolitic for you to hunt our country in the way you did last year, considering the small subscription our gentlemen subscribe, but I think they will never be able to keep a pack of hounds on this side of the country, for independent of money concerns, I think there is not country enough for even three days a fortnight, for since I have known it I have never heard such a bad account of foxes. . . . Should you give up this country or not, I shall be happy to put puppies out to walk for you as far as I can.

Believe me in haste, ever yours,

W. C. LOWNDES.

The great difficulty was the hunting the wooded hill country, and he arranged that Major Fane should hunt this, Mr. Morland

lending him ten couple of hounds. Major Fane writes :—

SHIRBURN LODGE, NR. STOKEN CHURCH,

Novr. 20, 1837.

DEAR MORLAND,—The hounds arrived safe and well this day, about two o'clock ($8\frac{1}{2}$ couple, $1\frac{1}{2}$ couple were sent later), which we all in this part of the country feel most uncommonly obliged to you for. I am in hopes they will be none the worse when we return them back to you. If you can some future time let us have about six couple more, it would be a very great advantage to us, as I think we ought to take out twelve couples and have some in reserve, as the flints perhaps will not agree with their feet. I cannot at present give you an answer about the mare, as Henry Heyward is in London and I do not know what he may have arranged.

Believe me, yours most truly,

J. W. FANE.

In 1841, Mr. Morland arranged for Mr. Phillips to draw some of his Oxon coverts, and accordingly the latter gentleman drew Shotover. Elsfeld and Woodeaton he lent to "Squire Drake" and the Bicester. Mr. Drake writes :—

DEAR MORLAND,—You were good enough to render me great assistance last season on the Wood-eaton side of your country. Should you not want it this year may I ask the same permission? . . .

Very truly yours,

T. T. DRAKE.

In 1845 Lord Parker arranged to hunt the Oxon country, and he addressed the following letter to Mr. Morland:—

MY DEAR MORLAND,—It is now settled that I should keep the hounds to hunt the Oxon country, and you would be conferring a great favour if you would allow me to hunt Nuneham (on sufferance of course) as my country is so very small.

Believe me, yours very truly,

PARKER.

9, Conduit Street, March 24th, 1845.

Mr. Morland then wrote to Sir John Johnstone, and asked him to ascertain whether the Archbishop of York, the owner of Nuneham, had any objection to Lord Parker's drawing his coverts. The reply was as follows:—

DEAR MORLAND,—I had no opportunity of consulting the Archbishop and also Mr. Harcourt (both of whom I thought ought to be seen) on the subject of your letter till this evening.

There is no objection on the part of either to the arrangement you propose making with Lord Parker with reference to the Nuneham coverts, but I do not believe his Grace would wish the number of foxes to be increased beyond the usual number, a single litter, and I know he is anxious that the coverts should not be disturbed during the month of January or during very wet weather as the Oxford hacks cut up the park so much.

Believe me, yours truly,

J. JOHNSTONE.

In another letter it is said—"The Archbishop is as fond of hunting as ever."

Upon finally giving up the Oxfordshire country Mr. Morland had many letters of regret from Mr. Lowndes Stone, the Right Honourable Joseph Warner Henley and other Oxfordshire landowners. Mr. Henley wrote from Waterperry, 1845 :—

I am sorry you are giving up the Oxfordshire country. . . . I have to thank you for much amusement afforded as well as your uniform kindness and courtesy to everybody while you have had the management.

In the spring of 1842 Lord Ducie gave up the Vale of White Horse country, and was succeeded by Lord Gifford. Under the arrangement of 1832, by which a considerable portion of the eastern end of the old Berkshire country had been lent to the Vale, during his mastership, now came to an end. Mr. Morland very properly, and at the request of his supporters, asserted his right to retake possession. The claim was not admitted by Lord Gifford or the gentlemen of the "Vale." A dispute arose in consequence, which lasted for two years. In the meanwhile, as already described, the Oxfordshire supporters of Mr. Morland determined to exercise the right of breaking off the connection with Berkshire, reserved to them in the agreement made

at Abingdon in 1835. The result was the establishment of the South Oxfordshire Hunt with Lord Macclesfield as master. It was indeed an age of change. Masters no longer moved their hounds to distant neighbourhoods to hunt for a time. The movement of the formation of the present conveniently-sized countries was in full swing. It was demanded by the increased interest taken in hunting; and had been rendered possible by the better preservation of foxes. The natural result of the process of change was, that boundary disputes and differences as to country became very numerous; so much so that a serious proposal was made by a writer in the *Sporting Magazine*, for the formation of a tribunal on the lines of the Jockey Club for their settlement. In the Duke of Beaufort's country a dispute arose between the Duke and Mr. Horlock in 1838 as to the right to draw certain coverts. Mr. Horlock had purchased, in 1826, a magnificent pack of hounds from his friend, Mr. John Warde, with which he hunted the Wiltshire country. By arrangement with the Duke he hunted a considerable country, which had undoubtedly once been hunted by the Badminton hounds. In 1838 the Duke wanted the country back; the reply was that it had been given up as useless and devoid of foxes.

Mr. Horlock, by preserving the hunting regularly, had caused it to be restocked with foxes, and urged that under the changed conditions and after hunting it for so long, he could not be expected to give it up again. This view ultimately prevailed.

Mr. Morland's difference with Lord Gifford was more serious : it created so much excitement at the time, and is often referred to with so much interest now, that we give the correspondence in full as it was published by Messrs. Baily at the time.

One of the first things Mr. Morland did was to consult his friend, Mr. Drake, who said :—

DEAR MORLAND,—I never did hear of disputes about hunting coverts being referred to Masters of hounds. You stand upon your arrangement made in 1832. If any owner of a covert withdraws his permission to you to draw his coverts, my decided opinion is that no man ought to consent to draw it without your approbation and then only upon sufferance. Every country has its boundary, and if foxhunting is to be supported, that law must be abided by.

June 21st.

Yours ever,
T. DRAKE.

Correspondence between Messrs. Morland, and Cripps, Dutton, &c., when Lord Gifford takes the V.W.H. Country.

Friday.

DEAR MORLAND,—We saw Lord Gifford after I saw you on Thursday, at 12 o'clock, and you shall

hear the result directly. He seems very anxious to meet us in a fair way, and as far as his means will allow him, will do all he can. I do trust that we shall be able to arrange satisfactorily with him; the only thing will be that we must put up with a scratchy pack for a season or two. But how much better is a scratch pack with a master, than a scratch pack with twenty masters!

I do think we shall arrange it; but I cannot help suspecting there is some queer feeling up in the Highworth district about it. I have no doubt but that as regards the two ends, Highworth and Cirencester, a division would give us better hunting for a time than a pack; but if we do not sink all this individual benefit, for the sake of keeping the country entire, we deserve to be left without hunting at all. I should say the thing will be certain to be arranged; and I trust, although you would be a gainer in country by a division, you will wish us well through our negotiations. You shall hear Thursday.

Yours very truly,

RAYMOND CRIPPS.

SHEEPSTEAD, July 19th, 1842.

DEAR CRIPPS,—I am glad to hear you are likely to get Lord Gifford to hunt your country. I do not imagine you will have any difficulty about the Highworth country. You are aware that country as far as Tadpole Brook belongs to the country I now hunt; and by an agreement I now have, which was made and signed by all the owners of coverts west of Faringdon, it was divided, by consent, as long as Lord Ducie hunted the Cirencester and Minety country, and it now comes back to the original country, and I have been called upon to take possession of it and, of course, I must do so; at the same time, I assure you I have not, and I believe neither

have the owners of coverts, any wish to prevent a similar agreement between Lord Gifford and myself ; but until that takes place I do not feel justified in relinquishing my right, &c., &c.

Yours,

THOS. THORNHILL MORLAND.

RAYMOND CRIPPS, Esqre.,
The Bank, Cirencester.

DEAR MORLAND,—We had a satisfactory meeting yesterday, and arranged for Lord Gifford to hunt the country hitherto hunted by Lord Ducie. No one except Crowdy seemed to know anything about the arrangement of 1832, and a resolution was adopted, which I now enclose. I do not think Lord Ducie is aware of any such arrangement as was alluded to, and, curiously enough, Lords Barrington and Radnor and Mr. Pryse seemed to approve of the country being hunted by Lord Gifford. Any correspondence had better be with Mr. Dutton, the chairman of the meeting.

Yours, &c.,
R. CRIPPS.

(Copy of the Resolution above alluded to.)

Mr. Morland's letter, claiming certain coverts, having been read—

Resolved : " That the majority of this meeting, not having been aware of any such arrangement as that alluded to in the letter, Mr. Morland be requested to forward a copy of any agreement he may hold, to the chairman of this meeting."

(Signed) JAS. DUTTON,
Chairman.

July, 1842.

DEAR MR. DUTTON,—I received a letter from Cripps, enclosing me a resolution which the gentlemen of the Cirencester country came to at a meeting at Fairford, by which I perceive you are desirous of seeing a copy of the agreement which was entered into in the year 1832, at which time there was a temporary division of the Berks country; I therefore send you a copy. Cripps tells me that the meeting was surprised, and considered it rather curious that any such agreement could exist, as Lords Radnor and Barrington and Mr. Pryse appeared so anxious for Lord Gifford to hunt their coverts. I thought it better to send those gentlemen a copy of my letter to Cripps, with his answer, and I now send you copies of their replies. I also wrote to Mr. Calley, the owner of Tadpole, and send you his answer.

Yours, &c.,

THOS. THORNHILL MORLAND.

BIBURY, Aug. 2nd, 1842.

DEAR MORLAND,—I beg to acknowledge the receipt of your letter, with the documents enclosed, which I will lose no time in laying before the persons interested. Allow me, however, to observe that the agreement is only signed by two individuals on our side of the country, Lord Barrington and Col. Warnford, of whom the latter is since dead.

I remain,

Yours, &c.,

JAS. DUTTON.

SHEEPSTEAD, Aug. 3rd, 1842.

DEAR MR. DUTTON,—The temporary division was made and signed by Mr. Pryse Pryse and Robt. Codrington, the latter acted as secretary to the V. W. H. Club. I do not see what difference the

death of Col. Warnford can make; and I hardly know who else there was at the time to attend a meeting, as an owner of coverts, on the Tadpole side of the country.

Yours, very truly,
THOMAS THORNHILL MORLAND.

(This letter was sent with the preceding.)

CIRENCESTER, Monday.

DEAR MORLAND,—Cripps thinks that it would not be very easy to get a meeting together now, but I think I am safe in saying that we all in these parts recognise the countries hunted by yourself, and Gifford, as one; and that the present division of them is only for mutual convenience. At our last meeting a claim was put in, on your part, to a sort of slice of the country going somewhere towards Tadpole Brook, I believe, which was objected to, because had it been carried into effect it would have left all this part of the country without hounds at all.

Yours, &c.,
JAS. DUTTON.

SHEEPSTEAD, Aug. 16th, 1842.

DEAR MR. DUTTON,—I have just received yours of yesterday, wherein you state, “that the gentlemen in these parts recognise the country hunted by yourself, and Gifford, as one, and that the present division of them is only for mutual convenience.” I fear that, in the situation in which I stand, I cannot consider the recognition sufficient, and I must therefore refer you again to my letter to Cripps of July 19th.

I am, &c.,
THOS. THORNHILL MORLAND.

P.S.—I think if you, or R. Cripps, would meet me some day, perhaps we could arrange matters in a few minutes. At any rate, a few words would be more to the purpose than many letters.

BIBURY, Tuesday.

DEAR MORLAND,—A little conversation will, as you say, be better than a great deal of writing ; so, as I cannot conveniently leave home this week, I will be at your races on the 30th, where you will be, I conclude. In the meantime, I will look over attentively all the documents in Cripps' possession.

Yours, &c.,
JAS. DUTTON.

BIBURY, Sept. 8th.

DEAR MORLAND,—On consideration, I should think that the correspondence which has passed between yourself and me, and also that which has passed between yourself and Lords Barrington, Radnor, &c., would always of itself form sufficient evidence that, having taken this opportunity of asserting your claim to the country east of the Tadpole Brook, you are induced to waive it for the present to accommodate us. Besides, I should think that all existing agreements were just as valid now as they were when first signed, having been made not by yourself and Ducie individually, but by the gentlemen of the country generally. I do not see the mere fact of Lord Gifford having succeeded Lord Ducie renders them one bit less valid than your having succeeded Lord Radnor did some years ago ; if, however, a fresh signing and sealing should be thought necessary, that can only be done at a general meeting.

I have to apologise for not having written sooner, but circumstances rendered the delay unavoidable.

Yours, &c.,
JAMES DUTTON.

SHEEPSTEAD, Sept. 13th, 1842.

DEAR MR. DUTTON,—Upon my return I find yours of the 8th. If you think that the correspondence

which has already taken place between yourself and me, as well as the letters received from Lord Radnor, Barrington, &c., &c., are sufficient evidence of asserting my claim to the country east of Tadpole Brook, I do not see there is any occasion for the correspondence to be lengthened; but it must be understood that I retain the Coverts called the Furze Hills, and the little Coppices,* to myself.

Yours, &c.

THOS. THORNHILL MORLAND.

P.S.—I send you a copy of Mr. Calley's letter, which, perhaps, you will like to keep with the others.

BIBURY, Tuesday.

DEAR MORLAND,—I write a line to acknowledge the receipt of your letter, and also to thank you for the copy of Calley's which shall be duly preserved amongst the "Archives of the Hunt." I thought that the Furze Hills, and the coppices adjoining, had, for the last several years, been drawn by you exclusively.

I remain, dear Morland,

Yours truly,

JAMES DUTTON.

Copy of Correspondence referred to in Mr. Morland's letter to Mr. Dutton of July.

GROSVENOR STREET, July 28th, 1842.

DEAR MORLAND,—I think you are quite right to put in your claim to the Highworth country, which clearly belongs to you, as far as Tadpole Brook; and I am glad you did so. At the same time, having established your right (which I hope is admitted) you

* Called the Fernham and Brick-kiln Coppices.

perhaps have done well to waive it on the present occasion.

It strikes me, however, that you ought to have Coxwell Furze Hills distinctly added to your present country.

Truly yours,

RADNOR.

HOUSE OF COMMONS, July 28th, 1842.

DEAR MORLAND,—I perfectly remember the meeting at Faringdon, some years ago, at which the arrangement was made for dividing the country now hunted by you, so long as Lord Ducie hunted that part he has now given up, and which it is proposed should now be hunted by Lord Gifford. It is only right, therefore, for the sake of preventing any further disputes on the subject, either that you should take possession of the whole of the old country, or that some arrangement of a similar nature to that entered into with Lord Ducie should be agreed upon in Lord Gifford's case.

Believe me, yours very sincerely,

BARRINGTON.

NORFOLK HOTEL, BRIGHTON,

July 22nd, 1842.

MY DEAR MORLAND,—With regard to your letter to Raymond Cripps, a copy of which you sent me, I think it is a very good letter, and that you were perfectly right to send it; indeed, I am sure you would have been quite wrong if you had not made your claim. You can make what use you like of the above opinion. At any rate, you are quite right in taking possession of your part of the country, and I would not let Lord Gifford have it without a new and clear understanding. I am, as you know, all for the rights of the Old Berkshire country for posterity.

Yours very truly,

FOLKESTONE.

H. OF C., July 20th, 1842.

DEAR MORLAND,—I got your letter this morning, before I left Buscot. We are quite right, depend on it, and so thinks Fred. Berkeley, who, as well as myself, approves of yours to Cripps. You will see by my letter to you of yesterday that I stated pretty accurately to Crowdy what your communication to Cripps would be.

Yours truly,
PRYSE PRYSE.

BLUNSDON, ST. ANDREWS,
Aug. 5th, 1842.

DEAR MORLAND,—There can be no doubt that Codrington's country extended to Tadpole Brook; and I consider my covert at Tadpole still belongs to the country formerly hunted by him. I think, therefore, you have done perfectly right in laying claim to that and the other coverts west of Faringdon, which will prevent any dispute at a future time. It does not appear that the owners of coverts on this side of Highworth were consulted when the division of the country took place, which was decidedly wrong. I think that the same agreement ought certainly (if Lord Gifford takes the country) to be entered into with him as with Lord Ducie—that you only give up this side of the country to him as long as he hunts it, and that, when he, Lord Gifford, resigns, the agreement should cease, and be fresh entered into with the next person taking the country.

Yours most sincerely,
JNO. J. CALLEY.

*Correspondence—Lord Gifford and Mr. T. T. Morland
—about Buscot and Coleshill.*

CIRENCESTER, April 5th, 1843.

MY DEAR MORLAND,—Having hunted this country one season, I am enabled to compare my own

strength with that of the country, and on that comparison I am obliged to admit that I am unable to do justice to the Buscot Woods. I have been informed that you would not object to assist me to show sport to the gentlemen of that district. Under these circumstances, I am induced to make you the following offer, viz., as regards these coverts of Mr. Bennett's of Faringdon that are in my country; Mr. Pryse's coverts, and Lord Radnor's, including also all coverts belonging to any other person within that line of country. That you should have my permission, with, I believe, the full assent of all the owners, to hunt those coverts alternate weeks (your first week commencing on Monday, Oct. 30th) up to Christmas; that after Christmas you should have the same permission, the period only being altered to alternate fortnights, up to the end of the week concluding with Saturday, March 18th, 1844.

I think it better that I should state, that if during one of your weeks or fortnights I should run up to that district, I shall not consider myself precluded from drawing any of those coverts for a second fox; but you may depend upon my having at all times the greatest consideration for your interest, being most anxious for the general sport of the country, knowing that it is the most certain and effective preserver of foxes.

Yours, &c., &c.,

GIFFORD.*

* This letter was written at the suggestion of Lord Ducie, who had, on the 18th of March, obtained Mr. Morland's assent to assist Lord Gifford in hunting the country. Mr. Morland was led to suppose that the arrangement would continue so long as Lord Gifford hunted the country; therefore, anticipating the receipt of this letter, gave notice of his intention to relinquish some country which had been lent him in Oxfordshire.

SHEEPSTEAD, April 8th, 1843.

DEAR LORD GIFFORD,—I shall be happy to act in concert with you in any way calculated to promote sport, and with this view will, with pleasure, hunt the Buscot and Coleshill coverts alternately with you through the next season, in the manner suggested by your letter of the 5th inst.

Of course, in entering into this arrangement it will be understood that the old countries remain as they did, and that, in fact, it is simply an arrangement between ourselves. I mention this, as I consider the coverts in question belong to the county which I hunt; and being in the position of a trustee, I am bound to do nothing which might affect my successor. In your letter you mention the coverts of Mr. Bennett of Faringdon. This I presume, is a mistake, and that you mean the coverts of Mr. Bennet, of Hardwell, as the coverts of Mr. Bennett of Faringdon have been drawn by the hounds hunting the eastward portion of the country ever since the temporary division of 1832 took place, and I have invariably drawn them.

I am, &c., &c.

THOS. THORNHILL MORLAND.

(*Private.*)

SHEEPSTEAD, March 16th, 1844.

DEAR LORD GIFFORD,—I received yours of yesterday. I do not recollect any satisfactory arrangement we came to about Buscot when we last met; far from it, as from what I gathered in conversation with you, the impression on my mind is that, whatever your own wishes on the subject, there are gentlemen, supporters of your hounds, who do not approve of my hounds drawing Buscot, which I told you I considered, after all that had passed, very illiberal on

their parts. I have well considered the business over, and in consequence of the uncomfortable feeling which appears to exist between the two countries, I have made up my mind to ask no favours, but to insist upon my rights; and next season to take possession of the coverts which belong to my country and to draw them with my hounds, unless a satisfactory, a fair and sportsmanlike arrangement can be made, and which I feel convinced is practicable, if attempted in a neighbourly way, to the mutual advantage of both countries. I, in consequence, determined to open my mind to the Secretary of the V.W.H. Club, and on Wednesday last when I met Mr. Crowdy I did so.

You must recollect I was asked quite at the end of the last season to hunt the Buscot coverts; and to enable me to do so I was obliged to give up my Oxon country, which notice I was obliged to send in before the 1st April.

Having given up that end of my country, it is quite impossible for me to go on with my hounds, without an accession to it on the other side.

I must add that I cannot quite understand you when you say that you regret Buscot this year, as you are aware that, by our arrangement, you had the power of hunting it alternately with me up to the 18th March.

Believe me, &c.,
THOS. THORNHILL MORLAND.

(*Private.*)

SHEEPSTEAD, March 16th, 1844.

DEAR LORD GIFFORD,—The enclosed may possibly be considered as expressed in rather strong terms; but I feel assured you will take it as it was meant, which is in all friendship. I have been induced to unburthen my mind in this, I trust, distinct

manner, as I feel convinced that, unless a thorough understanding, in the strictest sense of the term, is entered into between the gentlemen of the two countries, jealousies and disagreements will be constantly engendered between neighbours, to the mutual discomfort and disadvantage of all parties.

Yours, &c.,

THOS. THORNHILL MORLAND.

CIRENCESTER, May 1st, 1844.

DEAR MORLAND,—I did not answer your last letter, because I wished Folkestone to settle the business; he does not like to interfere, and all that can now be done, I suppose, must be for the good of all parties on amicable terms. In your official documents you mention “Coverts which belong to my country.” Now I am in a state of ignorance as regards these coverts, as they may be, after the way I have been treated since I hunted the V.W.H. country, either the Lydiard Woods or Williamstrip, as I now consider myself not secure of any covert, as my country is, I am told, a cribbed one.

Now if we two as friendly masters of hounds can come to any arrangement between us I am willing to agree to anything.

Folkestone mentions the renewal of the letter I sent last year. That I am very willing to do; the only alteration I should like to make would be that the word “alternate” should be left out, as the Highworth party last season took it into their heads that I was to hunt it as well as you; whereas, if you agree, I should wish you to hunt Buscot after cub-hunting, which, I believe, I have the right to do by the letter of last year, only should not feel myself precluded from drawing it for a second fox.

I am going into Devon, and if you agree with

my propositions I shall be very glad, and also any alteration you may suggest for both our good I will willingly agree to.

Believe me, &c.,
GIFFORD.

SHEEPSTEAD, May 4th, 1844.

DEAR LORD GIFFORD,—I duly received yours of the 1st. The coverts referred to in the official documents are all on this side of the River Thames to Cricklade; and from thence on the east of the the Tadpole Brook, including Burderop. Your letter appears to be written in such a proper spirit that I assure you I shall have great pleasure to come to a friendly arrangement, and which, I believe, will be advantageous to both of us as well as to the country in general.

The boundary which I propose is the River Thames to the River Cole, and from thence the Cole to be the boundary; in fact, all the coverts in Berkshire to come into this division and to be hunted by the Berks hounds.

The earths at Sevenhampton to be stopped for me, and those at Beckett and Buscot for you. Let this be considered the arrangement between you and me, and, of course, it must be understood that by this arrangement I do not prejudice the claim to the old country. As far as I am concerned you are quite at liberty to have some cubhunting at Buscot up to the 20th Oct. if you require it; and moreover, if you run up to Buscot, by all means draw the woods for a second fox. I am all for showing as much sport as possible in the country.

If this arrangement does not meet your wishes, I suppose the owners of coverts must settle the matter for us, as in 1832.

Believe me, &c., &c.,
THOS. THORNHILL MORLAND.

THE GRANGE, Thursday, May 9th, 1844.

DEAR MORLAND,—I quite agree with your arrangement, which, I believe, only includes Buscot, and that the rest of the coverts, viz., Crouch, Beckett, Water Eaton, Tadpole, Sevenhampton, Stanton, Burderop and Stainswick, are still to be drawn by my hounds; and that by our private arrangement Buscot and Coleshill are to be yours as long as you and I hunt the country. I shall be quite delighted to meet your views, and I cannot help what the country may say, as I am sure we have both done for our mutual good. If the country choose not to agree with me, I suppose, as you say, it must be settled by the owners of coverts. Be so good as to give me a line to say if I understood you right about the arrangement I have mentioned in the first part of my letter, as I did not quite understand about the boundary of the Rivers Thames and Cole, having no map here. You mention the earths at Beckett to be stopped for me. Do you also mean upon your present arrangement to claim Beckett? If so, I must at once decline going on with my present country, as it will be quite impossible for me to give satisfaction for three days a week with such a scrap of country. The reason I write this is, that because having no map here, you made a division of which I am totally ignorant, not knowing what coverts you wish. I understood plainly from Folkestone that the only arrangement you wished was a renewal of my letter of last year. I thought I would do more by giving you up Buscot, or rather that after 20th Octbr. you should draw Buscot, the word alternate being left out. I must state candidly that I could not, in justice to myself or the country, give up more than Buscot and Coleshill on the present terms. If more is wished to be taken from me I shall as candidly state that I cannot go on with the country; and I have no hesitation in

stating that I shall give up before the next season commences. *I have not enough now of country to hunt three days a week without Buscot*, but I should certainly try to do it for both yours and my own sakes, although there might be a scarcity of foxes.

Yours, &c.,

GIFFORD.

May 24th, 1844.

DEAR LORD GIFFORD,—The boundary I proposed gives me Lord Barrington's coverts and Compton, in addition to Buscot and Coleshill. I am certain I am not asking too much when I require this division; indeed, I do not consider myself at liberty to agree to any other division without first consulting the wishes of others. Your hounds were only at Shrivenham twice last year, and one of those days was blank, therefore it cannot be of consequence to you. I have reason to believe more foxes were made away with in the neighbourhood of Compton than either your hounds or mine killed in that district.

Yours, &c.,

THOS. THORNHILL MORLAND.

CIRENCESTER, May 24th, 1844.

DEAR MORLAND,—I could not answer your last letter before, as I had some engagements in Devon, which prevented my returning here till yesterday.

I find that in justice to myself and the country that I cannot agree to your division; I therefore leave it in the hands of the country. I have written to Dutton on the subject, and shall therefore have nothing more to do with it; but I shall still consider myself master of the country marked out and given me by Lord Ducie.

You must well know that for three days a week I have not country enough to hunt, after my arrange-

ment with you last year about Buscot ; and I thought by renewing that arrangement things would have been kept on an amicable footing ; at least I was led to think so by Lord Folkestone, although in my own mind I was sure that if short of foxes in Bradon we should not be able to do without Buscot ; but yet I was willing to try and take the whole blame upon myself of giving up Buscot upon the same terms as last year.

I shall now, unless things are settled to my satisfaction, give up my present country.

I am, &c., &c.,
GIFFORD.

*Correspondence between Messrs. Dutton and
Morland.*

CIRENCESTER, Saturday, June 1st, 1844.

DEAR MORLAND,—I regret to hear that the dispute between you and Gifford is not yet terminated. Why should not the arrangement of last year remain in force? As Buscot was not thought to have been sufficiently hunted last season, you and Gifford might hunt it alternately. Of course, I only suggest all this as a private arrangement between yourself and Gifford, and not to interfere with any existing claims whatever.

Believe me, &c.,
JAMES DUTTON.

102, GLOUCESTER PLACE, June 5th, 1844.

DEAR MR. DUTTON,—Your letter arrived here yesterday, but I did not return from Ascot in time to answer it by return of post.

I regret as much as yourself that the dispute between Lord Gifford and myself is not yet terminated ; and I fear from Lord Gifford's last letter

the only way to settle the dispute will be a reference to the owners of coverts in the old country. Of course, you are aware of the proposal I have made to Lord Gifford.

Yours, &c.,

THOS. THORNHILL MORLAND.

The Hon. JAMES DUTTON,
Taynton, Burford.

BIBURY, Saturday.

DEAR MORLAND,—I have received your letter and am sorry “my flag of truce” is repudiated. As an interested party in the sport of this country, and with the consent of the gentlemen similarly interested, whom I have consulted, I now write, in my own and their name, to make the offer of this case being referred to masters of hounds, as the only proper and sportsmanlike way of settling a dispute between the sportsmen of each country; for although in your letter you make use of the term “masters of coverts,” I conclude you mean the same thing as myself; for I have yet to learn what owners of coverts have to do with a dispute between two masters of hounds. Of course, the arrangement for the arbitration must be a matter to be settled between us, but my idea is that each should choose one, leaving it to them to choose their own referee. Direct your answer to me at White’s Club,

And believe me, &c., &c.,

JAMES DUTTON.

102, GLOUCESTER PLACE, June 11th, 1844.

DEAR MR. DUTTON,—Your letter of Saturday reached me here on Monday, where I have been for some days, and I regret to find that our views respecting the division of the countries are still opposed to each other. Our former correspondence

on this subject, in 1842, was brought to an end by what I considered an admission on your part of my right to the old Berkshire country, which had been temporarily divided by the owners of coverts in 1832. After your admission of my right I did not at that time care to retake possession of more than one of those coverts, viz., the Furze Hills, which I insisted upon taking as a proof of my right. Last year, you are aware that, in consequence of Lord Gifford's inability to do justice to all the country which he held, I, at his request, hunted Buscot and Coleshill; and not supposing that this arrangement would again be disturbed, gave up my Oxfordshire country. I was perfectly willing to have continued the same arrangement, but to my surprise, when I called upon Lord Gifford in January last, he informed me that the gentlemen of his hunt were dissatisfied at his giving up Buscot and that therefore he must break off the former arrangement.

Upon this I consulted with my friends, and all agreed that I must maintain my right and take possession of the coverts which were, by sufferance, temporarily allowed to Lord Ducie by the division of 1832. On intimating my intention to Lord Gifford, he proposed that I should retain Buscot and Coleshill, in addition to which I demand Beckett and Compton, thereby making the Rivers Thames and Cole the division. If this is conceded I am willing to let Lord Gifford, as long as he hunts your country, make use of the other coverts west of the Cole, on the understanding that it is on sufferance, and not to prejudice the right of any person who may hereafter succeed me in the Berkshire country.

If the coverts at Beckett and Compton, with those at Buscot and Coleshill, are not conceded, I must assert my right to the whole of the Berkshire

country, which I think is indisputable and appears to me to have been acknowledged by you. This division is just and fair to both countries; and you must be aware that Lord Gifford only brought his hounds once to Beckett all the last season, and therefore my taking these coverts so essential to my division can affect you very little.

I cannot assent to the proposal that the question should be referred to masters of hounds, as there are no fixed rules or a committee as in the Jockey Club, by which differences of this sort can be adjusted. The masters of coverts, in this case, are surely the more proper judges; by their consent the division of 1832 was made, and acted on by Lord Ducie. They alone can say whether that division was temporary or permanent, and in what country they consider their coverts are situated. This is, I conceive, the only question to be decided, and to them, therefore, let it be referred, and by their answer I am willing to abide. If, on the other hand, you have any other grounds on which to support your claim, perhaps you will be kind enough to inform me what they are.

I am, &c.,

THOS. THORNHILL MORLAND.

The Hon. JAMES DUTTON,
White's Club, St. James's.

WHITE'S, Friday, June 14th, 1844.

DEAR MORLAND,—As my mediation has proved ineffectual, I have now only to refer the matter to Gifford, who, between ourselves, ought to have arranged it in the first instance, and I have for that purpose forwarded him your letter. Permit me, however, to correct one error. I positively deny ever having acknowledged your right. I had no power to do so; but if you refer to my letter of

September 8th, 1842, you will see that I only acknowledged that you had asserted your claim at the proper time, and that you had for the present consented to waive it, to accommodate us. I am leaving town to-day, to return next week, but as the whole matter must now be left between yourself and Gifford, I do not think that you and I need correspond further on this subject.

Yours, &c.,
JAMES DUTTON.

102, GLOUCESTER PLACE, June 12th, 1844.

DEAR LORD BARRINGTON,—I beg to enclose you a correspondence which has taken place between Lord Gifford and myself. I have no doubt your Lordship recollects the meeting at Faringdon in 1832, the temporary division of the country then made, and acceded to and acted upon by Lord Ducie, then Mr. Moreton.

There is little doubt you recollect the correspondence which took place when Lord Gifford came to Cirencester. I am anxious to know whether, having regard to all these circumstances, your Lordship does not consider that the division of 1832 was only temporary, and that the whole was to revert to the Berkshire country whenever Lord Ducie might retire. It has become necessary for me to assert such right, as I may have to take possession of all the coverts within that country (unless an amicable arrangement is made, of which, I fear, there is now little chance), and I wish, therefore, distinctly to understand whether your Lordship considers the Beckett coverts as belonging to Berkshire country, and if so, whether I

have your exclusive permission to draw them as long as I hunt the country.

I am, &c., &c.,

THOS. THORNHILL MORLAND.

Viscount BARRINGTON,
Cavendish Square.

20, CAVENDISH SQUARE, June 13th, 1844.

MY DEAR MORLAND,—In reply to letter of the 12th, I may say that I perfectly well recollect the meeting of proprietors of coverts at Faringdon in 1832, and the arrangements for dividing the Berks country, which were not to prejudice the old country, but were entered into solely for the benefit of Mr. Moreton, now Lord Ducie. Indeed, I remember Mr. Pryse saying that he gave Mr. Moreton the privilege of hunting Buscot because he was the son of his old friend Lord Ducie, and he would not allow his coverts to be drawn by anyone else. I certainly do consider my Beckett as belonging to the Berkshire country, and under all the circumstances of the case, I believe I am consulting the wishes of many of my neighbours, as well as my own inclination, by your having my exclusive permission to draw the Beckett coverts.

Believe me, my dear Morland,

Very sincerely yours,

BARRINGTON.

CIRENCESTER, June 17th, 1844.

MY DEAR MORLAND,—I cannot in any way agree to the proposal contained in your letter of the 11th of Dutton, viz., that I should consent to refer the claim you are endeavouring to establish to those whose views you have already ascertained to be in accordance with your own.

You would likewise make me consent to the greatest mischief that could be aimed at in fox-hunting generally, by subscribing to the doctrine that owners or occupiers of coverts could take those coverts from one hunt and add them to another at their own will and pleasure; so that no master would know from one season's end to another what did or did not belong to his country. You may drive, by the course you are pursuing, the masters of coverts to destroy foxes, or to warn me off; that is an affair between them and myself; but if any other master of hounds attempts to draw those coverts, which I conceive to belong to my country, I shall consider it as personally offensive to myself.

I remain, yours truly,

GIFFORD.

P.S.—To save all further controversy, I will consent to no other except that which has been already offered, and which in foxhunting matters has always been considered the most desirable, namely, a reference of our dispute to Masters of foxhounds.

SHEEPSTEAD, June 26th, 1844.

DEAR LORD GIFFORD,—I did not write to you immediately on receipt of your letter last week, as I was desirous, before doing so, of consulting some of my friends, for I cannot treat the question as if a personal question between yourself and me. If we could so treat it, I have no doubt everything could be easily arranged to our mutual satisfaction. With respect to a reference to Masters of hounds, I quite agree with Mr. Dutton that such a reference, in ordinary cases, may be considered by some the most sportsmanlike mode of arranging matters; but I cannot find any precedent for referring a question like the one in dispute. I have in my former letters

stated the circumstances upon which my claim is founded, which is simply this, that a temporary division was made by the owners of coverts, which was not to be disturbed as long as Lord Ducie hunted the country; that upon his giving up the hounds I was called upon to claim the original Berkshire country. This I did, and in my last letter to Mr. Dutton I asked him if he had any evidence against my claim to be kind enough to let me know, and not having been furnished with any counter-statement, I confess there appears to me nothing to refer, and I shall feel not only justified, but obliged, to draw the coverts in question, and in doing so I must beg you distinctly to understand that nothing is intended personally offensive to you.

Believe me, yours truly,

THOS. THORNHILL MORLAND.

STEVEN'S HOTEL, July 1st, 1844.

MY DEAR MORLAND,—I should have answered your letter before, but it having been directed to Cirencester caused some delay in answering.

I repeat the offer so constantly urged by me to leave the matter to be amicably settled by Masters of hounds, as I totally deny the justice of your claims, and require evidence of such claims to be produced and submitted to reference. Taking the law into your hands, and drawing coverts of which I am in possession as the successor of Lord Ducie, would be a most offensive proceeding, which I should not be inclined to tolerate.

I remain, very truly yours,

GIFFORD.

SHEEPSTEAD, July 1st, 1844.

DEAR LORD GIFFORD,—It appears to me that it is impossible for you and I alone to refer the question in such a manner as to arrive at a conclusion which shall be satisfactory to all parties. I therefore shall put it into the hands of the gentlemen of the country, and will take the opportunity of sending them a copy of our correspondence. They are the persons most interested and they may settle the business, or refer it in whatever they please.

I remain, yours most truly,
THOS. THORNHILL MORLAND.

Mr. Morland then forwarded copies of the correspondence to the owners of coverts, with the following circular letter:—

SHEEPSTEAD, July, 1844.

DEAR SIR,—I send you copies of correspondence which has taken place as to the extent of the countries hunted by Lord Gifford and myself; and as we cannot ourselves decide the question, it appears to me that some third party must decide between us. You will see by the correspondence that Lord Gifford thinks that any reference which takes place should be made to Masters of hounds, and I should agree with him, if the question to be referred involved only a personal difference of opinion between us; but as it appears to me that it is not so much a personal question with us as with the gentlemen owning the coverts constituting the countries, I suggest that two or three gentlemen residing in each country should meet; and if they did so I have no doubt some arrangement might be made before the hunting season commences which would be satisfactory to all parties.

Believe me, yours truly,
THOS. THORNHILL MORLAND.

A meeting took place at Faringdon on September 4th, 1844, when there were present the following gentlemen : Philip Pusey, Esq., M.P., in the chair ; Viscount Barrington, M.P., Thos. Duffield, Esq., E. Martin-Atkins, Esq., Jno. James Calley, Esq. (for himself and Col. Freke), Sir Robert Throckmorton, Bart., Henry Hippisley, Esq., George Butler, Esq., John Calley, Esq., Daniel Bennett, Esq., David Archer, Esq., Rev. John Trenchard, John Bennett, Esq. (for himself and Thos. Tuckey, Esq.), Hon. George Barrington, Thos. Price, Esq. (for T. M. Goodlake, Esq.), and James Crowdy, Esq.

The following resolution proposed by Lord Barrington, seconded by Sir Robert Throckmorton, and carried unanimously, was signed by the chairman and all the gentlemen present :—

That having considered the correspondence between Mr. Morland, Lord Gifford and others, relative to the country hunted by Lord Gifford and now claimed by that nobleman as part of his country, this meeting is of opinion that such country originally formed part of the country now known as the Old Berkshire Country, which includes to the westward Burderop, Swindon, Tadpole, Water Eaton, Hannington, Crouch Hill, Buscot, Coleshill, Stanton, Sevenhampton, Shrivenham Compton, and Hardwell.

That in 1832 it was conceded temporarily to Lord Ducie by resolutions of that date, and has been sub-

sequently hunted by Lord Gifford under that arrangement.

That, under these circumstances, it is the opinion of this meeting that Mr. Morland, as Master of the Old Berkshire Hunt, should resume possession of the country in question, the same having become important to the existence of the Hunt, and that the owners of the coverts in the disputed country be requested to reserve them exclusively for the Old Berkshire hounds, and that due intimation be given to Lord Gifford of the resolutions now come to.

That, inasmuch as it may be desirable, with a view to the promotion of sport, that some concession should be made in favour of Lord Gifford, this meeting is of opinion that such concession of Coverts as may be mutually agreed upon between Lord Gifford and Mr. Morland should now take place, and that in case of such arrangement taking place, Mr. Atkins and Mr. John J. Calley be requested, on the part of the Old Berkshire Hunt, to negotiate with Lord Gifford on the subject, and conclude any arrangement which may be satisfactory to all parties, provided that no such concession shall compromise the rights of the old country as now declared.

That, in our opinion the line by which the Old Berkshire country should be from time to time subdivided, is a matter to be decided by the owners of coverts solely, and not by the Masters of foxhounds who may have temporary occupation of the country.

That the Chairman be requested to forward a copy of the above resolutions, and also of the resolutions of 1832, to Lord Gifford; and that

The thanks of the meeting be given to Mr. Morland for the very temperate manner in which he has asserted his claim to the country in question.

Messrs. Atkins and Calley did not meet with any success in their negotiations, and relations became very strained between the two hunts, as will be seen from the following letters :—

CIRENCESTER, Dec. 5th, 1844.

SIR,—As I was getting on my horse yesterday morning to go to cover I received a letter from Lord Radnor, stating that your hounds had drawn Stainswick, which coverts, by an agreement that you were party to, had been assigned to my division of the country.

I did not think, either as a sportsman or a gentleman, you would have infringed the rules of fox-hunting, or the courtesy due from one Master of hounds to another.

I can only now look upon you as an insignificant tool, under the control of Lord Radnor, not having even the spirit to publish your intention.

When next you presume to repeat such conduct, by drawing any coverts belonging to my hunt, I hope you will give me and the gentlemen of the V.W.H. the usual notice, that we may have the opportunity of witnessing the sport.

I have the honour to be,
Your obedient servant,
GIFFORD.

SHEEPSTEAD, Dec. 7th, 1844.

MY LORD,—I have just received your Lordship's letter of yesterday's date, which I will forward by to-night's post to Mr. Pusey, the chairman of the meeting at Faringdon, under whose directions I have since acted.

I believe my appointments for next week will be advertised, but if not, I now send them to your Lordship.

I have the honour to be,
Your Lordship's obedient servant,
THOS. THORNHILL MORLAND.

Monday	Buscot Park.
Wednesday	Bagley Wood.
Friday	New Bridge.

Lord Gifford's letter drew the following protest from Lord Radnor :—

COLESHILL HOUSE,
Sunday, Dec. 8th, 1844.

DEAR LORD BATHURST,—I have just received your letter, and am very sorry to find that you have not been able to send me the correspondence you spoke to me of.

I have seen a copy of the letter sent by Lord Gifford to Mr. Morland, dated the 5th. In it he calls him an "insignificant tool, under the control of Lord Radnor."

From what I told you on Thursday, you know that there is not the slightest ground for the allegation that he has acted under my influence or at any suggestions of mine. The assurance I then gave you I now repeat, and beg you to convey to Lord Gifford. From the first to the last I have taken no lead in the matter; I was not present at the meeting at which Mr. Pusey presided; I did not sign the resolutions there adopted. Lord Barrington, who was there, had my authority to sign them for me, in case they were assented to by Mr. Pryse; but believing, as I did, that the hunting of my coverts should follow the course he adopted, and be in the same hands as the hunting of his, he was desired there to declare (and I believe

did declare) that I must be guided by him. In a letter addressed to Lord Gifford by me, on the occasion of his coming to Buscot, on the 22nd Oct., I intimated the same thing. Since then I have been all along awaiting the result of the correspondence which I knew to be going on between Mr. Pryse and him; and though for some time in possession of the letters signed by Lord Barrington and Messrs. Bennett and Tuckey, withheld them, I believe, to the annoyance of the writers, till the occasion arose when it became necessary to produce them; and that occasion arose without any privity or previous cognisance of mine, for though I certainly approved of the determination to do what was then determined on—and it was doubtless understood that I should approve—it was taken in my absence and without my knowledge.

Under these circumstances, you will perceive I think that a very ample apology is due from Lord Gifford, and I will only add that if that apology is not given—though I will not say that I will not even in that case give such effect as I can to Mr. Pryse's final arrangements—it cannot be expected I shall feel particularly anxious to promote the sport of Lord Gifford and his friends, and particularly well pleased to see them in my coverts.

I hope your coolness and good sense will allay the ferment and correct what I cannot help calling the wrongheadedness of the advisers and concoctors of Lord Gifford's letter.

I am, yours truly,
RADNOR.

Lord Gifford placed Mr. Morland's letter of December 7th in the hands of Captain Berkeley, who enquired of Mr. Pusey whether Mr.

Morland was acting under his instructions. Mr. Pusey replied as follows:—

PUSEY, Dec. 10th, 1844.

MY DEAR BERKELEY,—It is perfectly true that whatever Mr. Morland has done since our meeting at Faringdon has been done with my entire concurrence, either previous or subsequent. I certainly, as you say, am not versed in such matters, but when this unpleasant dispute became known, Barrington, Throckmorton and myself called a meeting at Faringdon in the hope of affecting a friendly arrangement. You are doubtless aware of the resolutions passed at that meeting, which I communicated to Lord Gifford; and also that when our proposal to appoint two arbitrators on each side was rejected I endeavoured, though unauthorised, to bring about a settlement, proposing at once the utmost terms of concession to Lord Gifford's hunt which I could hope would be acceptable on our side of the country. Having distinctly stated them to be the most I could venture to offer, I was certainly disappointed, on attending at Cirencester for the purpose of concluding the arrangement, to find further concessions required, which put an end to what seemed to have been almost completed. It has been our wish throughout to bring about an arrangement which should not interfere with the sport or annoy the feelings of Lord Gifford or any Gloucestershire gentleman. There is one point, however, arising out of your letter which I am bound to advert to, although I do so with sincere regret; I mean your expression as to rough usage. Lord Gifford had also spoken of gentlemen coming up from your part of the country to see Mr. Morland's meet at Buscot. I have no choice, therefore, but to state to you the course which Sir R. Throck-

morton and myself had determined to adopt, if the weather had allowed the Buscot Woods to be drawn yesterday morning. We should have attended there as magistrates, and if any indication had been given by word or act of an intention to provoke a breach of the peace, we should have called upon the party so offending to give surety of good behaviour on the spot; and the same course will be adopted on any future occasion. I sincerely trust that no such unpleasant duty will be forced upon us, and will only add my regret that a matter which, when I was summoned to Cirencester, seemed on the point of arrangement, should now lead to so much that is unpleasant between neighbours and friends.

I remain, my dear Berkeley,

Very truly yours,

PH. PUSEY.

In this letter clear warning was given of the course which would be adopted if a breach of the peace should be provoked by either party.

Amongst the owners of coverts in the Old Berkshire country at that time were three men of great character and ability. Lord Radnor was the Chairman of the Faringdon Petty Sessions, and being a Whig, was naturally a bit of an autocrat. Lord Barrington, M.P., was Chairman of Quarter Sessions for Berkshire, and also of the Great Western Railway. Mr. Pusey of Pusey, the elder brother of the celebrated Dr. Pusey, was Member for the county, and one of the leading men of the day, amongst other things being one of the

founders of the Royal Agricultural Society. The ferment showed no sign of abatement, and Mr. Morland's meet at Buscot, which had been fixed for December 9th, but had been postponed on account of frost, was now fixed for the end of the month. Whereupon Lord Gifford fixed a meet of his hounds for the same time and place. Mr. Pusey thereupon laid an information before the magistrates at Faringdon, whereupon Lord Radnor and the Rev. Mr. Cleaver, J.P., issued a warrant to arrest Lord Gifford. The warrant was put into the hands of a constable named Darby to execute. Darby proceeded to his Lordship's residence at Cirencester on December 29th, and sent the warrant upstairs to his Lordship, who came down and asked how it was it had not come before, as he had expected it. He then enquired when he was to go, and was told that he was to appear at Faringdon that day at three o'clock. He then said he would like to see Lord Bathurst, and was allowed by Darby to go for that purpose. The constable told him he had better be provided with two gentlemen as sureties. Lord Gifford returned at one o'clock, accompanied by Mr. Cripps and Captain Jones, and they all left Cirencester in a carriage, the constable being on the box. Darby on the road pointed out Buscot, when

Captain Jones said: "That is where the horse-whipping was to have taken place, and if one had not done it another would." They changed horses at Fairford, when Lord Gifford said he thought it had been a friend coming to call him out. They arrived at Faringdon about half-past three, and went before Lord Radnor and Mr. Cleaver, who they found at Mr. Crowdy's house.

Mr. Pusey then made an information, and gave evidence that he believed Lord Gifford would, on the Monday following, commit a breach of the peace at Buscot by assaulting Mr. T. T. Morland. After Mr. Pusey had given his evidence, Lord Radnor asked Lord Gifford if he had anything to say, when Lord Gifford replied that he had nothing to say. Lord Radnor then said it would be their duty to call upon Lord Gifford to enter into recognisances with sureties to keep the peace for six months. Lord Gifford said, Very well, Mr. Cripps and Captain Jones would be his sureties. The recognisances were then taken. A conversation took place in an undertone about the letters which had been mentioned, when Mr. Pusey said he could not help hearing what was being said, and all he could say was that he was there to answer upon oath any questions Lord Gifford liked to ask him. Lord Gifford replied that he had no question to put.

Lord Gifford afterwards applied to the Higher Court to quash the proceedings of the Faringdon magistrates, and the appeal was heard in the "Bail Court" on January 29th, 1845, before Mr. Justice Williams, sitting "in Banco." Mr. Smith appeared for Lord Gifford, and urged that Lord Gifford, being a Peer of the Realm, was not subject to the jurisdiction of the magistrates in such a matter, and secondly that the warrant was bad, because it contained the recital that Mr. T. T. Morland was in danger of personal violence, whereas no information had been laid by Mr. Morland.

Mr. Pashley, who appeared for the magistrates, was proceeding with his argument in support of the jurisdiction, when Mr. Justice Williams said: "Really, Mr. Pashley, I do not think I am called upon to enter into the discussion in this case, because I see no reason for my interference on two grounds: First, it is clear the noble Lord, I am happy to observe, is not in custody. In the case of the *Queen v. Dunn*, cited, the first observation that arises is that he was in custody, and that being in custody, according to the never-failing rule of the Courts, they are bound to examine and enquire whether he is in custody on good and sufficient grounds. Lord Gifford upon the present occasion is not in that predicament;

but if he had been here as a prisoner, I am certain that the ground of his commitment and the power of the magistrates to commit him would, if necessary, be taken into consideration. At present there is no such urgency. I can't help expressing a wish that if there really be any warfare intended, time and opportunity to reflect will prevent any occurrence of that kind. Then the next reason why I feel no ground for interference is this, that if there be a recognisance void in law, supposing—what I hope and trust and believe will not be the case—supposing it should be put in force against Lord Gifford, then the foundation of that would come in question, and if the recognisance be nothing worth, he would be nothing damaged; therefore I do not see that I am called upon to interfere. Rule refused.”

The interest shown at the time in the case by the public is denoted by the fact that the *Times* devoted nearly two columns of its law report to the details.

On January 22nd a further meeting was held at the “Crown” at Faringdon, when it was resolved—

(1) That Mr. Morland be requested to defer no longer taking possession of the country lying between the River Cole and Tadpole Brook and, with the consent of the owner, of all the coverts within the

limits of the country belonging to the Old Berkshire hunt.

(2) That a copy of this resolution be sent to Lord Craven, with the expression of the hope that as the covert at Compton has for a very long series of years been considered as belonging to the Old Berkshire country, and as it is totally separate from the country now hunted by Lord Gifford, he will not disapprove of Mr. Morland drawing the same.

Also, We, the undersigned, desire to express our cordial approbation of the temperate and gentleman-like conduct of Mr. Morland through the whole of the dispute on the subject of the Old Berkshire hunt.

RADNOR.	DAVID ARCHER.
BARRINGTON.	WALTER STRICKLAND.
PHILIP PUSEY.	J. J. CALLEY.
D. BENNETT.	REV. J. TRENCHARD.
R. THROCKMORTON.	HENRY HIPPISELY.
E. MARTIN-ATKINS.	A. L. GODDARD.
HENRY CALLEY.	T. M. GOODLAKE.
HENRY FREKE.	THOS. BENNETT.
GEO. BUTLER.	JAMES CROWDY.

Efforts were now made to mediate between the two parties by several persons, amongst others by old Mr. Goodlake, who in a letter addressed to Mr. Raymond Cripps, says :—

I assisted in the year 1800 to adjust a slight difference, with respect to part of the same country, between Barry Price and Bowes on the one side, and Symonds I have no doubt but that I can bring about a conciliatory conference to fix the most convenient boundary to each hunt for the benefit of the sport of both, if it be desired by those concerned in the welfare of the Cirencester kennel,

but the owners of coverts must be parties to it at least for the purpose of justification.

Mr. Bartholomew Wroughton, of Woolley Park, also wrote to Mr. Morland as follows :—

19, PARK STREET, July 15th, 1845.

MY DEAR TOM,—I walked and talked yesterday with Lord Bathurst and was pleased to find him prepared to settle the hunting affair in a most kind and friendly spirit, and freely acknowledging the right of the Berkshire hunt to all on the east side of the Thames and Cole, and not disposed to cavil at the question of right anywhere else. I therefore am disposed to hope that now that the irritation of last year is in a great measure removed, that you will offer to relinquish the country beyond those rivers. It is clear that this district is a burthen to you, and that the sport of both sides would be benefited by its being hunted by another pack. You will say that you, as a master of hounds, have no right to give away country, but you can state your opinion of what would be a satisfactory settlement of this dispute, and you can express your willingness to hunt the country, so defined, if you receive adequate support. It may occur to you that I, not being a member of the B.H., have no right to meddle in these matters. I find my care for hunting fast diminishing, but my regard for the kind and friendly relations of my neighbours is by no means on the wane, and if I could see this matter settled satisfactorily I should be very happy to join you on your subscription, as well as occasionally in your sport. The gentlemen of the B.H. made a miserable mess in 1832, and they, if left alone, will never get out of it. You having now for some years taken all the labour, and a very undue share of the expense

of hunting the country, and having nobly supported their rights, and perhaps more than their rights, during the last winter, are in a position to take a lead in the present settlement, and not to look to any Noble Lords or gentlemen for advice or directions; and if you now at once define the boundaries of the country, as far as your opinion of what they ought to be, and your determination of hunting it goes, you will insure a continuance of the friendship and goodwill which the management of the B.H. has already gained you, and propitiate all those who may have been in some degree infected with a contrary feeling, whose good opinion is worth having. I hear you are coming to London on Monday. Do not answer this letter; keep me out of sight unless or until I can do you good by moving. We will talk about it in London. I shall not talk about this.

Yours very sincerely,

B. WROUGHTON.

These efforts of friends, who had themselves taken no part in the dispute, met with success. Mr. Morland placed his case in the hands of his brother-in-law, Mr. Martin-Atkins, who opened negotiations on the basis of the Thames and Cole boundary. This was accepted and a meeting was arranged at Swindon, between Lord Barrington and Mr. Martin-Atkins on the part of the Old Berks, and Lord Bathurst and Sir Michael Hicks-Beach on the part of the Vale, to make the settlement; which it was agreed should take the form of a recommendation to the owners

of coverts in both hunts. The following letter gives Mr. Atkins's account of the meeting :—

KINGSTON LISLE,

Monday Night, Sept. 15th, 1845.

DEAR TOM,—We were late at Swindon this afternoon, and I could not conveniently write to you from thence, so I send a special messenger, who I hope will arrive in time to catch you at home. Lord Barrington and I kept our appointment, as did Sir M. Beach, but Lord Bathurst failed; Beach supposing he was late for the train. We nevertheless made the best of it, and set to work, the upshot of which I trust will bring matters about.

The arrangement we came to was in accordance pretty much with the form you sent me, with the exception of the Sevenhampton coverts being neutral, which Beach seemed to think would not go down with his people. I therefore did not press it, and after all, if it is better for the mutual sport of both packs, the masters of the hounds can arrange about it according to circumstances.

The form of what we drew up and signed stands as follows :—

“ SWINDON, Sept. 15th, 1845.

“ In consequence of the differences which have lately existed between the Old Berks and the V.W.H. hunts, we the undersigned meet at the request of owners of coverts and other persons interested in the welfare of the two hunts, for the purpose of defining the line which should in future be deemed the boundary of the two countries, and are of opinion—

“ 1st: That the Rivers Thames and Cole should form the boundary; all the country to the southward of the former and to the eastward of the latter

to be hunted by the Old Berkshire, and on the opposite sides of the said rivers by the V.W.H.

"2nd : That the earths at Sevenhampton, Crouch, Stanton, Buscot, Coleshill and the Beckett coverts should be stopped and put to for both packs.

" (Signed) BARRINGTON.

" M. HICKS-BEACH.

" E. MARTIN-ATKINS."

Then follows on the same sheet what we think will be quite sufficient if generally signed, which we do not (with two or three exceptions) doubt will be the case without any further meetings :—

"We, the undersigned, fully agree to the foregoing arrangement, and consider the country to be permanently divided accordingly."

Beach says they mean to hunt three days a week so long as the country will stand it. From what I told him he considers Burderop belongs to their side, it therefore stands so.

I should think in another week or so each pack may go to work on the new arrangement.

Yours affectionately,

E. MARTIN-ATKINS.

The arrangement was accepted with the exception of a protest signed by two members of the V.W.H., Messrs. James Dutton and J. Raymond Barker.

Sixty years have passed since this dispute arose, and no survivor remains of those who took part in it. The correspondence between Mr. Morland and the V.W.H. was all published at the time, and the matter is still a subject of conversation in the Hunt, though

but few have any accurate knowledge of what took place. We therefore think it right to state the exact facts.

In 1846 the "Earth Stopping Club" was established, the originator being Mr. "Tom Price," a very well-known character in the Hunt at that time.

The Hon. George Bowes, of Paul's Walden, Herts, who lived at Beckett, married, in 1805, Miss Thornhill, of Kingston Lisle, whose elder sister was mother of Mr. T. T. Morland. Mr. Bowes died in 1806, and his widow married, in 1811, his friend Mr. Barrington Price, whose son was Mr. Tom Price. The original terms and members of the club were as follows:—

Old Berkshire Hunt.

Resolved—That a club be formed for the purpose of defraying the Expenses of Earth Stopping, and for the preservation of Foxes, &c.

That each member shall pay one sovereign annual subscription.

That any member paying two sovereigns shall be a Vice-President of the Club.

That a President shall be chosen annually.

That Edwin Martin-Atkins, and John Aldworth be elected Secretaries.

That a Committee be appointed to receive subscriptions and to transact the current business, consisting of a President, Secretary, and twelve members, any five to form a quorum.

That any future candidate be balloted for by the Committee, three black balls to exclude.

Annual subscriptions to be paid on or before Nov. 1st in every year.

That the Club dine together every year, the day and place to be decided by the Committee.

President for 1846.

WALTER STRICKLAND.

Secretaries.

EDWIN MARTIN-ATKINS. JOHN ALDWORTH.

Committee.

Thos. Mills Goodlake.	James Morrell.
John Shaw Phillips.	Thos. Price.
William Aldworth.	Edward Christy.
Henry Elwes.	George Davey.
James Crowdy.	J. Thos. Bennett.

Members.

Earl of Radnor, V.P.	D. Bennett, V.P.
Hon. G. Barrington.	John Bennett.
Hon. P. Barrington, V.P.	Thos. Bennett.
T. M. Goodlake, V.P.	John S. Bowles, V.P.
J. S. Phillips, V.P.	James Reynolds, V.P.
J. Loder Symonds, V.P.	L. Dunsford.
William Strickland, V.P.	Thos. Tuckey.
W. Aldworth.	J. B. Empson.
John Aldworth, V.P.	Avery Whitfield.
William Blandy, V.P.	C. Neate, V.P.
Henry Dixon, V.P.	Philip Coxe, V.P.
Henry Elwes, V.P.	George Davenport.
James Crowdy.	Alex Whitfield.
E. M.-Atkins, V.P.	John Whitfield.
G. B. Morland, V.P.	Captain Hall, V.P.
G. F. Crowdy.	Pryse Pryse, V.P.
Chas. Turner, V.P.	John Oliver, V.P.
Jas. Morrell, Jr., V.P.	Sir. R. Throckmorton, V.P.

Thos. Price, V.P.	H. Hippisley, V.P.
Ed. Christy, V.P.	John Barrett, V.P.
W. S. Kinch.	H. Hayward, V.P.
Sir E. Baker, Bart, V.P.	Edmund Currie, V.P.
George Robins.	Earl of Abingdon, V.P.
Henry Crowdy.	William Graham, V.P.
John Horrocks, V.P.	Thos. Graham, V.P.
Henry Maskelyne.	Arthur Blackwood, V.P.
Thos. Faulkner.	B. B. de Herne, V.P.
Viscount Barrington, V.P.	William Beechey.
Cornelius Hammans, V.P.	Thos. Laycock.
Mark Stone.	J. Wheeler.
Matthew Stone.	William Trinder.
George Stone.	James Banting, V.P.
Thos. Kimber.	George Butler, V.P.
George Davey.	Wharton Wilson, V.P.
William Dewe.	William Flanagan.
Charles Godfrey.	Arthur Venables, V.P.
Edward King.	Christ. Waddell, V.P.
John Cripps.	Joseph Prior.
Philip Pusey, V.P.	

The Club will dine together at Faringdon on January 7th, and at Abingdon on March 2nd.

The following verses on the Berkshire Hounds in Mr. Morland's mastership appeared in the "Sportsman" of February, 1843. They were attributed to an Oxford undergraduate.

A PEEP AT "THE BERKSHIRE."

BY CASTOR.

Just chancing this morning through Brightwell to stray,
 I suddenly heard "Tally-ho!" "Gone away!"
 When quick in a body "The Berkshire" flew by,
 Their fox just away, and "Forward" 's the cry:
 Two hundred of horsemen in the scene take a part,
 All cramming or nicking to get a good start.

See ! who have we here on that fiery steed,
 Who o'er hedge and brook seems determined to lead ?
 'Tis "Dare-devil George" who thus heads the throng ;
 "Old Billy," as usual, well larking along.
 That style not a moment while running he'll slack,
 Then go across country the nearest way back ;
 And this happy task, *proh pudor!* I speak,
 Master Billy performs about three days a week.

Next close at his side, at a rare lasting pace,
 Comes the Squire of Culham, ever in a good place ;
 As a horseman he's good—once hunted the pack—
 But wisely resigned, not having the knack ;
 Still on him keep an eye, he'll make a good guide,
 He knows what they're doing, and the right time to ride.

Here's good-natured Billy smiling cheerfully round,
 Who doats on the fox, and delights in the hound ;
 Whose very existence on hunting depends—
 The horse and the hound his chief pleasure and friends ;
 And who'd live in the chase with lasting delight
 From the break of the morn to the coming of night.

With breeches and boots as neat as can be,
 The swell of the hunt, dark O(live)r see,
 Who, like many swells, will frequently show
 To "tigers" and "ruffians" the way they should go.

On his grey comes "The Major," so flash and so prime,
 A regular clipper, one who always "keeps time" ;
 Though a hunter he rides, still she has to feel
 The press of the collar, and hear the coach wheel ;
 For his acmé of pleasure's to be on the road,
 With four spanking tits and a good heavy load ;
 "Hie! stop, Coachman, stop Sir! what are you about?"
 "I can't sir, I'm late and full in and out."

Squire H(ammersl)y next, in a very fair station,
 A mighty great man, in his own estimation—
 Too fond of the “ Long-tails ” ; yet, give him his due,
 When hounds go the pace, pretty near 'em is Hugh.

The Manager now in our eye let us scan,
 Who seems of 'em all to have found out the plan ;
 First this one then that one as Manager came :
 The first was a bad one, the next was the same—
 The horses, the hounds, and the story were lame ;
 And Morland alone to give has the forte
 Both great satisfaction and plenty of sport ;
 And where is, I ask—aye search the world o'er—
 The Master of hounds that could wish to do more ?

With elbows well squared and without any noise,
 But quiet and cool, comes the Lord of Camoys ;
 Who just for a day has deserted Sir John,
 To see how the Berkshire affairs are going on.

Behind him, his voice rising higher and higher,
 And all in a bustle, comes Brightwell's great squire.
 “ By G-d, sir, what hounds ! they can do the trick ;
 I wish those cursed Tories like this we could lick :
 Master Morland must put us now in the front rank,
 For Brightwell ne'er yet knew the meaning of blank.”

His chesnut nigh gruell'd in keeping his place,
 But still shov'd along at a cruel great pace ;
 In clerical boots, Parson B(caucham)p we see :
 To-day with old Buggy perhaps rather too free.

Now Billy the Brewer comes craning along,
 Whose nerves, like his beer, are not very strong ;
 But if there's a race, a hunt meeting or fair,
 Sure, by some means or other, the Brewer is there.

With hat doubled in—a sure sign of a fall—
 Comes sweet Mrs. V—r—t, the last of them all.
 “Holloa! what’s the matter—what makes you behind?”
 “My horse made a blunder, I fear he’s going blind”;
 Then, regarding as naught the mishap of the day,
 So cheerful and chatty she canters away.

These I managed to pick from the rear or the front,
 As local attendants or men of the hunt;
 But with them there came, in numbers no few,
 From Oxford renown’d, a most odd-looking crew:
 A Peer and a Dealer here charge side by side,
 To *set* one another determined to ride.
 Now a Proctor gets spilt, and over him rolls
 A Freshman, too sure to be “hauled o’er the coals”;
 “So, this, sir, ’s the way you think to get knowledge,
 By breaking no less than the head of your college!”
 Rebuked thus he rises; his pitiful plight
 Affording his friends most unbounded delight.
 On a very hot young one a cadger here crams,
 And hear him in trouble most awfully d—ns,
 (“A Parson in posse” quite shocking to hear)
 At the brute which to-day he is trying to steer.

From Christ Church came dandies, all polish and shine,
 On clippers from Quartermaine, coming it fine.
 Now some freshmen rush by in toggery new,
 Which was cut in a style quite wondrous to view;
 In short, there were Gownsmen in numbers of course,
 And mounted on every description of horse.

Some dealers from Oxford with them rattle by,
 Who steeds for young Nimrods are wont to supply.
 Ned Wheeler, ’mong others, appears in our view,
 Just warming the blood of “a bit of a screw”;
 Here, funking along on a nag of high figure,
Lord Oxford behold! looking bigger and bigger;

Young Venables with him, most sadly abusing
His fame as a *leg*, a *hedge*, by refusing.
On a hunter comes Seckham, next Simmonds and Co.,
With many more jobbers I really don't know ;
And others from Oxford enjoying the run—
Some here for business, and some for the fun.

The hounds long ere this from Brightwell had fled,
And for Nuneham like lightning were streaming ahead
The cracks had all well settled down to their work,
While some were already beginning to shirk :
When having no longer a sight of the pack,
I rattled away on my thorough-bred hack.

“Dare-devil George” was Mr. George Montague, who was afterwards Master of the South Berks. “Good-natured Billy” was a son of Mr. Lowndes, “Brightwell’s great Squire,” who was an ardent Whig. “Sir John” was Sir John Cope, then hunting the countries now known as South Berks and Mr. Garth’s. The “Squire of Culham” was Mr. John Phillips, who had hunted the country for a year before Mr. Morland took it over. “Dark Oliver” was Mr. John Oliver, of Abingdon. He owned the property at Black Acres, on which the “New Covert” was planted by Mr. Van de Weyer. “The Major,” John Fane, to whom Mr. Morland had lent ten couples of hounds to hunt the Oxfordshire hill country. “Sweet Mrs. V—r—t” was Mrs. Viret, who lived at Wat-

lington, as did also "Billy the Brewer," whose name was Bell. "Lord Oxford" was a soubriquet by which Quartermaine the horse dealer was known by the undergraduates of the day.

Several changes occurred amongst the hunt servants in Mr. Morland's time. Hills and Hawtin we have already mentioned as having hunted the hounds. They were followed by Cox and Jones, the latter of whom continued under the succeeding Master.

Mr. Morland's mastership just brings us down to living memory, and the following stories are still told by those who took part in the events described. A curious incident took place at the conclusion of a good run in the Oxfordshire part of his country. The hounds had found in the Cokethorpe coverts, and had gone a ringing run at a very quick pace, without a check, to Rock Farm, near Burford. The fox there took refuge on the top of a slated barn, in the valley between the porch and barn. The fox had shown so much sport that all were anxious that he should get off. The hounds were sent round to the other side of the barn, where there was a waggon loaded with straw standing against the barn. Stephen Shepherd, the whip, climbed up the barn and over the ridge and tried to dislodge the fox and make him go away on the side furthest

from the hounds. The fox, however, ran up the barn, past Shepherd, and down the other side, where he was killed. Shepherd followed and tried to slide down the stone slates on to the loaded wagon, but slipped, rolled over several times, and fell headlong amongst the hounds, tearing their fox. Happily he escaped with a few bruises.

There were a lot of singularly good foxes in Tar Wood (which was drawn by the Heythrop and Old Berkshire in alternate months, from 1840 to 1845. The celebrated run of the Heythrop from Tar Wood on Christmas Eve, 1845, is of course historical, and has been immortalised in most spirited verse by Mr. Egerton Warburton. Several followers of the Old Berkshire hounds took part in it, amongst others Mr. Edmund Kyffin Lenthall, of Besselsleigh, who was in it with his brother, the late Mr. Kyffin. Mr. Lenthall wrote the next day a most excellent account of the great run to his brother Frank, who was then studying the law in London. Mr. Lenthall's account confirms the accuracy of Mr. Warburton's verses in a most remarkable way, and is so interesting in itself that we make no apology for giving it in full, especially as the greater part of the run was over the Old Berks country. We gladly avail our-

selves, too, of Mr. P. Egerton Warburton's permission to reprint his late father's lines for the purpose of comparison. On their way to the meet Mr. Lenthall and his brother passed the brother-in-law and horses of Mr. Horrocks, of "long cloth" fame, who then lived, for hunting purposes, at Appleton Manor, which he rented from Mr. Southby. "Are you not coming to Tar Wood?" they asked. "No," was the reply, "there will be no sport there. We are going to hunt with the Vale at Lechlade." Each party went its way, though destined to meet again that day, under very curious circumstances. What followed Mr. Lenthall shall tell in his own words, written forty-nine years ago.

BESSELSLEIGH, Dec. 25th, 1845.

DEAR FRANK,—I will now, after having eaten a good luncheon, fulfil my promise of detailing the account of yesterday's hunt. Monday morning the ground was covered with snow about an inch thick, which, together with a sharp frost underneath, made us almost think that Hill had delayed his visit to Tar Wood till it was too late; towards the middle of the day, as with you, the wind changed, and we had heavy rain, with a very high wind indeed; but yesterday that had gone down, and it was a very white frost, which, however, soon gave way under a bright sun. We left father dressing, about nine o'clock (when we started), with the intention of following us, and going round by Ensham to meet the

hounds; as he had made up his mind that they would go to Coggs, or Ensham. We got to cover-side before old Jim had brought his hounds up, about a quarter past eleven. We then threw off and drew towards the lower end of the wood, when, before a single challenge, "Tally Ho Away" was the cry. Hill got his hounds out of covert, but was obliged to lift them to a hollow two or three fields off, when they settled down well, going off to Cokethorpe, where we got to the first ford. They then turned for Ducklington, and crossed the road, when the line was direct for Barley Park. Headed from thence, he turned towards Boys Wood, but not lingering a moment, he passed by Claywell Farm and away for Aston Field, by Cote, and leaving Bampton to the right hand about a quarter of a mile, then all along the grass to Kelmscott and Grafton: a most difficult country to get across, regular steeplechase fences. Then to Lechlade, where we viewed the cratty one, seemingly quite fresh, and a noble one he was. He then turned close by the town, and nearly jumped into the middle of the V.W.H. pack which met at Lechlade that morning. Turning from them he bore to the right, then back to the left straight for Bibury, and finally we ran into him, in an open field, about four miles on the other side of Lechdale and I should think about two miles from Bibury. The distance, I believe, is about seventeen miles from point to point, and the greater part was very fast, at least, considering the nature and the state of the country. If the hounds had gone faster no horses could have lived with them. The field was not a large one at first, and as you may imagine, was very considerably lessened by the end. Not a few were the accidents by flood and field. Lord Valentia was half killed, unable to ride. One man got his leg broken; another fell on his head and

had to be sent home in a post-chaise ; another riding by my side, going fast, fell, horse and man, as if they had been shot, the man under. I looked back as I was going out of the field and saw that he never moved, but I don't know, and I think I saw about three horses in deep ditches, the owners standing on a high bank, reins in hand, as if they were fishing. My horse went well ; the only mishap was in taking a fence he fell, his hind legs into it. He recovered his legs but I could not recover my seat, and rolled off ; he did not run away, so I was soon on him again. It was an awful day for the horses, but they are both sound to-day ; but I suppose it will take some time to put them in order again. We called at Buscot coming back, to claim Pryse's hospitality, but found he had taken his departure last Sunday. We got home about 6 o'clock, both very well satisfied with our day. Of course, the governor got to Tar Wood half an hour after we left, and so never saw the hounds.

There, I think I have given you a pretty long letter. I'll have your bed aired. We shall be glad to see you and hope you will enjoy yourself while you are here.

Ever yours,

E. K. Lenthall.

To F. K. LENTHALL, Esq.,
98, Mount Street,
Grosvenor Square, London.

In another letter Mr. Lenthall says that the man who was riding near him and fell with his horse was Mr. Sidney Hawkins.

TAR WOOD.

A RUN WITH THE HEYTHROP, 1845.

He waited not—he was not found—
No warning note from eager hound,
But echo of the distant horn,
From outskirts of the covert borne,
Where Jack the Whip in ambush lay,
Proclaimed that he was gone away.

Away! ere yet that blast was blown,
The fox had o'er the meadow flown;
Away! away! his flight he took,
Straight pointing for the Windrush brook.

The Miller, when he heard the pack,
Stood tiptoe on his loaded sack,
He view'd the fox across the flat,
And, needless signal, waved his hat;
He saw him clear with easy stride
The stream by which the mill was plied;
Like phantom fox he seemed to fly,
With speed unearthly flitting by.

The road that leads to Whitney Town
He travelled neither up nor down;
But straight away, like arrow sped
From cloth-yard bow, he shot ahead.
Now Cokethorpe on his left he passed,
Now Ducklington behind him cast,
Now by Bampton, now by Lew,
Now by Clanfield on he flew;
At Grafton now his course inclined!
And Kelmscote now is left behind!

Where waters of the Isis lave
The meadows with the classic wave,
O'er those wide meadows speeding on
He neared the bridgeway of St. John ;
He paus'd a moment on the bank,
His footsteps in the ripples sank,
He felt how cold, he saw how strong
The rapid river rolled along ;
Then turned away, as if to say,
"All those who like to cross it may."

The Huntsman, though he viewed him back,
View'd him too late to turn the pack,
Which o'er the tainted meadow press'd,
And reached the river all abreast ;
In with one plunge, one billowy splash,
In—altogether—in they dash,
Together stem the wintry tide,
Then shake themselves on t'other side !
"Hark, hollo back !" that loud hallo
Then eager, and more eager grew,
Till ev'ry hound, recrossing o'er,
Stoop'd forward to the scent once more ;
No further aid, throughout the day,
From Huntsman or from Whip had they.

Away! away! unchecked in pace
O'er grass and fallow swept the chase ;
To hounds, to horses, or to men,
No child's play was the struggle then !
A trespasser on Milward's ground
He climbed the pale that fenced it round,
Then close by Little Hemel* sped
To Fairford pointing straight ahead,

* Little Lemhill.

Though now, the pack approaching nigh,
He hears his death-note in the cry.
They viewed him, and then seemed their race
The very lightning of the chase!
The fox had reached the Southropp lane,
He strove to cross it, but in vain,
The pack rolled o'er him in his stride,
And onward struggling till he died.

This gallant fox, in Tar Wood found,
Had crossed full twenty miles of ground,
Had sought in cover, left or right,
No shelter to conceal his flight,
But nigh two hours the open kept,
As stout a fox as ever stept!
That morning in the saddle set,
A hundred men at Tar Wood met;
The eager steeds which they bestrode,
Paced two and fro the Witney Road.
For hard as iron shoe that trod
Its surface the unyielding sod,
Till mid-day sun had thawed the ground
And made it fit for foot of hound,
They champ'd the bit and chew'd the reign,
And paw'd the frozen earth again.
Impatient with fleet hoof to scour
The vale, each minute seemed an hour,
Still rumour says of that array
Scarce ten lived fairly through the day.

Ah! how shall I in song declare
The riders who were foremost there,
A fit excuse how shall I find
For ev'ry rider left behind.

Though Cokethorpe seem one open plain,
'Tis flashed and sluiced with many a drain,

And he who clears those ditches wide
 Must needs a goodly steed bestride.
 From Bampton to the river's bounds,
 The race was run o'er pasture grounds ;
 Yet many a horse of blood and bone
 Was heard to cross it with a groan,
 For blackthorns stiff the fields divide,
 With watery ditch on either side.
 By Lechlade village fences rise,
 Of ev'ry sort and ev'ry size,
 And frequent there the grievous fall
 O'er slippery bank and crumbling wall ;
 Some planted deep in cornfield stand,
 A fix'd encumbrance on the land,
 While others prove o'er post and rail
 The merits of the sliding scale.

Ah ! much it grieves the Muse to tell,
 At Clanfield how Valentia fell,
 He went they say like one bewitched,
 Till headlong from the saddle pitch'd ;
 There, reckless of the pain, he sighed
 To think he might not onward ride ;

Though fallen from his pride of place,
 His heart was following still the chase ;
 He bade his many friends forbear
 The proffered aid nor tarry there ;
 " O heed me not, but ride away ;
 The Tar Wood fox must die to-day."

Nor Valentia there alone,
 There too in mid career was thrown
 The Huntsman—in the breastplate swung
 His heels—his body earthward hung,
 With many a tug at neck and main,
 Struggling he reached his seat again :

Once more upon the back of Spangle,
His head and heels at proper angle
(Poor Spangle in a piteous plight),
He looked around him bolt upright,
Nor near, nor far, could succour see,
Where can the faithless Juliet be?
He would have given half his wage
Just then to see her on the stage;
The pack those meads by Isis bound
Had reach'd ere Jem his Juliet found;
Well thence with such a prompter's aid
Till Reynard's death, her part she played.

There Isaac from the chase withdrew
(A horse is Isaac, not a Jew),
Outstretch'd his legs, and shook his back,
Right glad to be relieved of Jack;
And Jack, right glad his back to quit,
Gave Beatrice a benefit.

Moisture and mud the "Fungus" suit,
In boggy ditch, he taking root,
For minutes ten or there about,
Stood planted, till they pluck'd him out;
By application of spur rowel,
Charles rubb'd him dry without a towel.

Say, as the pack by Kelmscote sped,
Say who those horsemen cloth'd in red?
Spectators of the chase below,
Themselves no sign of movement show;
No wonder, they were all aghast
To see the pace at which it past;
The "White Horse Vale" of well known fame
The pack to which it gives a name;
And there they stood as if spell-bound,
Their morning fox as yet unfound;

Borne from that wood, their huntsman's cheer
Drew many a Tar Wood straggler near.
And he who felt the pace too hot,
There gladly sought a resting spot.
Himself of that "White Horse" availing,
When conscious that his own was failing.

Thus ships, when they no more can bide
The fury of the wind and tide,
If chance some tranquil port they spy,
Where vessels safely sheltered lie,
There seek a refuge from the gale,
Cast anchor, and let down their sail.

The speed of horse, the pluck of man,
They needed both who led the van ;
This Holmes can tell, who through the day
Was ever foremost through the fray,
And Holloway with best intent
Still shivering timber as he went ;
And *Williams*, clinging to the pack,
As if the League were at his back ;
And Tollitt ready still to sell
The nag that carried him so well.

A pretty sight at first to see,
Young Pretyman on Modesty ;
But Pretyman went on so fast,
That Modesty took fright at last ;
So bent was she to shun disgrace,
That in the brook she hid her face ;
So bashful, that to drag her out
They fetched a team and tackle stout.

When younger men of lighter weight
Some tale of future sport relate,
Let Whippy show the brush he won,
And tell them of the Tar Wood run,

While Rival's portrait, on the wall,
 Shall oft to memory recall
 The gallant fox, the burning scent,
 The leaps they leapt, the pace they went ;
 How Whimsey led the pack at first,
 When Reynard from the woodside burst,
 How Pamela, a puppy hound,
 First seized him struggling on the ground ;
 How Prudence shunned the taint of hare,
 Taught young in life to have a care ;
 How Alderman, a foxhound staunch,
 Worked well upon an empty paunch ;
 How Squires were following thee, upset,
 Right honourable Baronet ;
 How as the pack by Lechdale flew,
 Where close and thick the fences grew,
 Three bitches led the tuneful throng,
 All worthy of a place in song.
 Old Fairplay, ne'er at skirting caught,
 And Pensive, speeding quick as thought,
 While Handsome proved the adage true,
 They handsome are that handsome do.

Then long may courteous Redesdale live :
 And oft his pack such gallops give !
 Should fox again so stoutly run,
 May I be there and see the fun.

R. E. E. WARBURTON, 1845.

Another fox had given remarkably good runs from Tar Wood with the Old Berkshire hounds between 1841 and 1844. The covert was at that time looked after by that fine old sportsman, the late Mr. Nathaniel Blake, and his son Mr. John Blake, who knew the fox

well by sight, as did also an old labourer named Bury. In 1844 M. Morrell's harriers ran this fox into the wood under the eyes of Bury, who recognised him. The hounds separated and ran great riot and, Mr. Blake believes, mobbed and killed the fox, for he was never heard of again.

In 1843 another fox ran a big ring, very fast, from Tar Wood to Eynsham, where he was killed. Mr. John Blake was first up with Willy Hawtin. Hawtin dismounted to perform the obsequies, Mr. Blake holding his horse. Mr. Blake remarked, "I should like the brush, Willy." Just then Mr. Henry Elwes, who was a pupil at Handborough at the time, ran up on foot and in amongst the hounds, and secured the brush. Towards the end of the season the hounds met at Sheepstead, and Mr. Morland invited Mr. Blake to breakfast. After breakfast Mr. Morland said, "I have something for you," and then rang the bell. The servant brought in the "mask" of the fox killed at Ensham Hall, beautifully mounted, which he gave Mr. Blake as a souvenir of the run. Mr. Blake's theory is that the three Tar Wood foxes whose deeds we have told were all of one litter. Mr. Morland himself went well, particularly when mounted on his favourite horse, "Bob Logic," a big chestnut with white

stockings, who never seemed sick or sorry, for he was always out.

Another favourite horse was a dark brown called "Cannon Ball." Upon Mr. Morland's retirement a portrait of this horse with two hounds, "Prudence" and "Bathsheba," was painted; and the picture, together with a silver hunting horn, was presented to him by the members of the Hunt. The horn bears the inscription, "Presented to T. T. Morland by the members of the O. B. Hunt, April 5th, 1847."

In 1840 a visit was paid to Mr. Morland's kennels at Sandford by "Rodney," who says of them, in the course of an article in the *Sporting Magazine*: "Mr. Morland's hounds can boast of some of the best blood. We find here the Beaufort, the Grafton, the Moreton, Osbaldestone, Codrington, Horlock, Yarborough, Lambton, T. Assheton Smith, Mills, Wyndham, and Wickstead, and where can better blood be found?" He says, however, of the kennels that they "are much too confined and in every respect too small." Probably Mr. Morland thought "Rodney's" strictures just, for he soon after built new kennels at Sheepstead, and moved the hounds there. To those kennels, as a boy, the late Mr. Charles Duffield was a constant visitor, and

there, as he said himself in after years, he first acquired his love for hounds, in the kennel as well as in the field. When Lord Parker started the "South Oxfordshire Hunt" Mr. Morland sent him seven and a-half couple of hounds, with their pedigrees, for his book was very carefully kept.

In the winter of 1847 he met with a severe carriage accident, and towards the end of the spring of 1847, his health began to fail, and he caught a severe cold while superintending the digging out of a fox close to Sheepstead cottage. The fox was killed at Frilford, but Mr. Morland had seen his last hunt. He gave up the country and sold the bulk of the pack to Mr. James Morrell, his successor. He died September, 1848. By a curious coincidence Mr. John T. Morland, the present Clerk of the Peace for Berks, was out for the first time on the day his uncle, Mr. T. T. Morland, saw his last fox killed, and bid farewell for ever to the hounds and the sport he had loved so well.

In the field Mr. Morland was always courteous, and if he had to rebuke, did so with a studied politeness that was very effective. An old member of the hunt remembers that upon one occasion, when he with some other eager young men were a little too

forward, the master said, "Gentlemen, it would be quite as well if you would kindly give the hounds a little more room. Probably, gentlemen, that last check was caused by the perspiration of your horses!" He had a very shrill and rather squeaky voice, and never used the horn. He carried instead a shrill whistle, which the hounds knew well, and would turn to at once.

The "Old Berks" Hunt has never made public its subscription list until recently, but probably the following list of subscriptions for 1838 may be of interest :—

Lord Abingdon	... £50	Messrs. Jowett	... £10
Lord Radnor	... 50	Heath	... 25
Lord Folkestone	... 25	Horrocks	... 25
Lord Norris	... 10	Earl	... 25
Messrs. Hammersley	15	Strickland	... 30
Lowndes	... 5	Duffield	... 100
Henley	... 25	Atkins	... 50
Symonds	... 25	Stonor	... 50
LowndesStone	50	Lowndes	... 25
Blackstone	15	Currie	... 25
Peel	... 25	Knapp	... 20
Bennett	... 26	Graham	... 15
Pusey	... 50	Phillips	... 30



Mr. JAMES MORRELL.
Master 1847 to 1858.

CHAPTER XI.

MR. JAMES MORRELL, 1847 TO 1858.

MR. MORLAND left no children. He was succeeded by his brother, the Rev. Benjamin Morland, whose son, Mr. B. H. Morland, is now the owner of Sheepstead, and was formerly Joint Hon. Secretary to the Hunt.

Mr. James Morrell, who now took the hounds was the great-grandson of Mr. Jeremiah Morrell of Wallingford, who died in 1766. His father, Mr. James Morrell, of Headington Hill, had established the well-known Oxford Brewery, and also kept a pack of harriers. Mr. Morrell, the master, was born in 1810, and his father entered him early to hounds, for beside constant practice with his father's harriers, he was only nine when he saw his first fox killed by the Berkshire hounds, then hunted by Mr. Codrington. His father's harriers consisted originally of fourteen couple of the old southern breed; on one occasion they had a buck turned down in the presence of half Oxford, on the very hill where Mr.

Morrell's splendid house, Headington Hill Hall, now stands. In 1836 young Mr. Morrell took the hounds in hand, and hunted them for eleven seasons. They showed excellent sport, and not a few Oxford men dated their first experiences of the chase from the cheery gallops they had with "Jim Morrell." On November the 9th, 1838, they had a run which is described at length in the *Sporting Magazine* of that year. They found at Stonehill Farm, near Abingdon, and ran across Sutton Moor, and by Didcot to Hagbourne Down, where they came to a check, by which some few of the stragglers came up with the pack. An old hound then hit off the scent, and away they went again, leaving Chilton on the right, through Churn Gorse, and several small patches of furze on the Ilsley Downs to within a mile of Ilsley, where they killed; the distance point to point being twelve miles, and the time one hour and ten minutes. Mr. Morrell increased the size of the pack chiefly by draughts from Mr. Drake's, the Heythrop, and the Blackmore Vale, and it consisted at last of twenty-two couple of small foxhound bitches, and "Hannibal," who had a strong touch of the harrier about him, and who never failed to get the ladies right at a pinch.

Mr. Morland's retirement offered a favour-

able opportunity for Mr. Morrell. His father had died in 1855, and Mr. Morrell had succeeded to the Great Oxford Brewery and the splendid income derived therefrom, he therefore gladly seized the occasion, and on March the 21st the harriers were parted with, and Mr. Morrell took from Mr. Morland the Old Berkshire country which Lord Kintore and "Merry John Walker" had made famous. Foxes latterly had been short, and the last season, John Jones had drawn Buscot, it is said, twenty-one times. Mr. Morrell took over from the last master his huntsman, John Jones, and 24 couple of hounds. He also took half Mr. Drake's draft with Mr. Anstruther Thompson of the Atherstone. Forty couple he purchased from Sir Richard Puleston (the Shropshire); these hounds had such a habit of singling out one of their number and worry-him that, it is said, the Baronet had in vain offered a reward of £200 to any one who would devise a cure. Will Todd, who took charge of them for Mr. Morrell, did not know of the habit when the hounds were bought by Mr. Morrell. They passed the first night at the Kingstone Inn kennels, and Will, when he heard what was going on, procured a great bell and rung it, and flogged them till he almost alarmed the whole neighbourhood. Next day

he kept them out in the yard, and let their unhappy quarry go in and out of the lodging house as he liked ; and they got so frightened that at the first tinkle of the bell, whose rope was at his bed head, they would be quiet in an instant.

Mr. Morrell took Tubney House as a hunting residence, and built kennels there. For the ten years his mastership lasted he dispensed at Tubney the most open-handed hospitality.

Mr. Morrell not only understood the science of hunting, but though a very heavy man went well himself. With a good start and when mounted on "Memnon," "England's Glory," "Sir Warwick," "Marlborough," or "Wild Rose," he required a lot of beating. In the celebrated run from Appleton Common to Wytham, neither his huntsman Clark, nor any of the crack featherweights out could catch him. He was once steward of an Oxfordshire steeplechase meeting ; there was a big water-jump to which the well-known "Jim Mason" rather demurred, whereupon Mr. Morrell jumped it clean on his horse "Little Wonder." In the race which followed, only two contrived to get clear over.

In John Jones's time they had an exceptionally fast thing from Bablock Hythe to Abingdon Town End seven miles straight.

In 1853 John Jones left and went into Lincathgowshire, Jim Stacy, the Whip, following his fortunes. Thomas Clark then took up the horn for Mr. Morrell. Clark was sent up to the sale of Sir Richard Sutton's hounds, with orders to buy the lot in which should be the celebrated hound "Hercules." When the lot was put up it was knocked down to Clark for 200 guineas. Young Sir Richard Sutton came up just as the hammer fell and wished Tattersall to put the lot up again, which he of course declined to do. Clark bought there altogether eight couple; he also secured Sir Richard's excellent van, into which he put the hounds, and then drove them back to Headington. Mr. Morrell was so pleased at having secured "Hercules" that he "tipped" Clark a fiver on the spot.

Thomas Clark had been huntsman to Mr. Villebois who hunted the Craven. Mr. Villebois died in 1851, and to each servant in his employ at the time of his death, left a year's salary. This Clark lost, for wishing to get into a better country, he had just before given notice. Mr. Villebois left his whole hunting establishment to the Craven country, and the hounds were hunted for a season by a committee, of whom Mr. Philip Wroughton, of Woolly Park, was President; funds then ran

short, and the hunting dropped to two days a week, and at last the hounds were sold. Major George Willes of Hungerford Park, and Captain H. R. Seymour of Crowood, then took the country, and began with some hounds given to them by Mr. Assheton Smith. The northern part of the country they gave up to Mr. Morrell, who hunted it every Saturday, sending his hounds up in the van purchased at Sir Richard Sutton's sale.

Clark showed his first great run on November 28th, 1853, when they ran from Hatford, through Faringdon Grove to Appleton Common; another excellent run the same year was from Wytham to Buckland. On November 22nd, 1854, the meet was at Cokethorpe; they found at Boy's Wood, ran through Lew, Haddon, Black Bourton, Alvescot, Clanfield, over Radcot Bridge, skirting Faringdon Grove, and to ground in Rivey main earths. Another run was described as "short in its record though sweet to all who could live through it," viz.: found at Hendred Cowlease and killed in Hinton Park. In 1856 they found at Buscot and the hounds were stopped near Cirencester. February, 1858, found at Betterton and killed on Appleton Common.

A curious incident that occurred at Yelford is related by Mr. Lenthall. The hounds ran

their fox down the village street of Yelford. Just as they passed, a big yellow Tom cat belonging to the clerk's wife jumped over the hedge in front of the hounds. Poor pussie was instantly mopped up, and Clark, coming up at the time, caught sight of the cat in the middle of the pack. Giving "Whoo Whoop" he jumped off his horse, throwing the reins to Mr. Lenthall, and went in to perform the funeral rites of the supposed fox. When he found the mangled remains of poor murdered Thomas, he pitched the carcass over the hedge in disgust, and mounting his horse took his hounds home without saying a word.

Some of the members of the hunt considered that Clark was rather too keen upon blood, and in other respects Mr. Morrell met with some of those annoyances which are generally the lot of a master of hounds. The result was that in the spring of 1857 he determined to give up the country. The hunting establishment was advertised for sale, and Clark found a new birth with the Duke of Beaufort. There his reputation as a murderous huntsman followed him. Letters signed "A WILTSHIRE YEOMAN" appeared in the sporting papers, but Clark was ably defended in the correspondence which followed by the Duke and Lord Valentia.

Mr. Morrell was offered £2,000 for his hounds, an offer which he refused, and they were sold under the hammer of Mr. Tattersall at Tubney, on April the 12th, 1858. The sale was so admirably reported in the *Field*, that we give the description in full.

The Tubney Sale.

This long talked of sale came off on Wednesday last. The early part of the day was cold and drizzly, but it brightened up by noon, and there was nothing to mar the great parliament of masters and huntsmen which went into committee "on the flags" that day, as to the merits of the Foreman, the Hercules, the Hector and the Sunderland blood in the kennels. The Duke of Beaufort was prevented by his duties at Court from attending; but the former class had Lord Suffield, Lord Southampton, Lord Macclesfield, Lord Willoughby, Hon. F. Sandilands, Mr. Percy Williams, Mr. H. Greaves, Mr. Anstruther Thompson, Mr. Baker, Mr. Tailby, Mr. Duffield, Mr. H. Hall, Mr. W. Hall, Mr. Villebois, Mr. Cregoe Colmore, Mr. Rigden, Mr. Brockman, Mr. Scratton, Mr. Arkwright, and Mr. Selby Lowndes as its representatives. The huntsmen and the kennel huntsmen numbered about three-and-thirty, headed by that patriarch of seventy-five, Jim Morgan, the sire of the hardest riding family in England, who has injured one arm so often that he still says, "As I cannot open gates I must jump over them," and acts accordingly. Those Nestors of the chase, Tom Sebright, George Carter and Will Long, were there, and the list included Henry Harris, late first whip to the Old Berkshire, who had just received his commission as huntsman to the second pack, which is being

formed by Mr. H. Villebois in Norfolk. Although there are so many changes everywhere, and some of them are not likely to be for the better, the Old Berks Hunt is not to be suffered to die. Only two evenings before the sale the subscribers met, and £800 a year was guaranteed to Mr. Duffield of Marcham Park, and Will Maiden, who won his spurs over this country some three or four seasons since, was engaged at once as first whip. The huntsman is not yet chosen, but the country, which has lost but little by the slaughter of foxes at Nuneham, will be hunted about five days a fortnight. The new master went to work in earnest at the sale, and ere the last tap of Mr. Tattersall's hammer was heard, he was master of twenty-three couple and a half of hounds at 484 guineas.

Considering the way in which the hounds have been looked over for the last ten weeks, the bidders were much shyer and fewer than we expected, though those who did bid had to give their price. The result of all (including 65 guineas for a very handsome green hound-van, which went to Berkeley Castle) was 6,127 guineas, or 2,581 guineas for the eighty-two and a half couple of hounds, thus giving an average of some 33 guineas a couple (the young hounds having about 7 guineas the best of it), while the thirty-two horses made nearly 100 guineas each. There had been a good deal of betting as to whether the hounds would make over the £2,000 which was offered for them over in Ireland in a lump sum two months ago; and also as to whether the horse average would be over £100, or both events coupled; and it will be seen that the takers gallantly won.

The highest price given for any of the old hound lots was 200 guineas, twice over given by the Duke of Beaufort. One of these lots, No. 8, comprised

Honesty and Harlequin, the prize cup puppies of the great "Hercules out of Spangle" entry of seven last year; so that Tom Clark will carry some of his most cherished blood with him to Badminton. The dam, who has spread her fine Sunderland blood far and wide in this kennel, was sold for 50 guineas; and she too goes to the Duke's, where the retired Trumpeter has departed already as a parting and well-deserved keepsake to Clark from his old master. Mr. Duffield went as high as 130 guineas for one lot, and the French gave 120 guineas for another—nearly thrice as much per couple as, we believe, they ever gave in their lives before.

Lord Stamford recruited his puppy entry, which has been sadly cut up by distemper, with no less than three lots of unentered hounds, at 150 guineas each; and another lot fell to Lord Southampton's nod at the same price. Firebrand and Harriet, the cup puppies of this year, went in the Quorn lots, and so did Sophy, Selim, Royal, Hecuba, and Helen, who all got such honourable mention at the same puppy show. Mr. Morrell bought five lots of hounds at an average of 108 guineas, and Languish, with five Hercules puppies for 25 guineas. Seven of the horses also returned to the place whence they came, including Sir Warwick (190 guineas), Rob Roy (170 guineas), and Chesterfield (100 guineas), &c.; the favourite of the stud, England's Glory, had Marlborough to share the premiership in price with him, which in that instance was 280 guineas, the elegant Harkaway being third at 250 guineas. Eleven of the horses fetched 150 guineas and upwards, but the biddings were very slow until Harkaway came out. Dick, the nine season patriarch of the stable, went for 22 guineas, while Bravo, the only horse that went to Badminton, fetched 150 guineas. The magnificent black Marlborough brought just 20 guineas less

than he did at Mr. Henley Greaves' sale last year ; but the fast heavy-weights of the day did not come to look after him, as they thought him, in spite of his splendid jumping, to have hardly pace enough. He goes, too, along with Fisherman (140 guineas), a wonderful specimen of a well-knit weight carrier, and on whom, as well as Chesterfield, Mr. Morrell has been foremost among the best of the Old Berkshire Hunt, to Colonel Wyndham's country. Mr. Henley Greaves bought four horses, the highest price being 55 guineas for that rare trotting hack Tom Thumb, while Mr. C. Simmonds, the well-known dealer beloved of Oxonians, gave 150 guineas for a perfect paragon in a small compass, to wit, Jenny Lind. The sale occupied nearly three hours, and Mr. Tattersall's rostrum was pitched under a tall elm behind the kennels ; a couple of waggons were the only coigns of vantage, and many an Oxford fellow and undergraduate joined the circle round him, which was of sadly small compass till the horses arrived and speedily enlarged it for themselves. The sale was an exceedingly successful one, though frightfully slow at intervals. By six o'clock most of the company had gone with the exception of a few huntsmen, who lingered round the spot which has done so much for their forest craft.

Although Mr. Morrell has had only ten years of mastership, and those at times clouded with vexation, undeserved and bitter enough to make many a less staunch sportsman throw up the cards, we may truly say that no one has done so much, not only by his magnificent outlay in the field, but by his public spirit in bringing masters and huntsmen together at

hound shows, to promote that good feeling and chivalrous pride in the sport which enables it, in this most utilitarian age, to keep its hold on all English hearts, whether they beat beneath the waistcoat of the feeble octogenarian or the reckless pony-loving schoolboy.

A handsome testimonial was subscribed for Mr. Morrell on his retirement, and presented to him at Abingdon in the following November.

Mr. Morrell, who was a J.P. and D.L. of Oxfordshire was High Sheriff in 1853. He married in 1851, the daughter of the Rev. W. Everett, B.D. He died in 1863, leaving an only daughter and heiress, who married her second cousin, Mr. George Herbert Morrell, M.P., now in her right, of Headington Hill Hall.

When the retirement of Mr. Morrell was announced, a meeting of members of the Hunt was held at the "Crown" inn, Faringdon, the meeting taking place on Thursday, January 21st, 1858. There were present: The Honble. E. P. Bouverie in the chair; Messrs. E. M.-Atkins, Sir R. Throckmorton, C. P. Duffield, W. Throckmorton, D. Bennett, J. H. Lovell, G. F. Crowdy, G. J. Haines, H. St. John Medley, G. Davey, and R. Tuckey. It was resolved that an advertisement should be

inserted in *Bell's Life*, inviting communications from gentlemen willing to hunt the country, and that application should be made to Mr. E. M.-Atkins, Kingstone Lisle, President, or to Mr. G. F. Crowdy, Hon. Secretary.

Another meeting was held at Kingston inn, on Thursday, March 4th, Sir R. G. Throckmorton in the chair, when it was unanimously agreed to invite Mr. W. Selby Lowndes, of Whaddon Hall, Bucks, then Master of the Atherstone hounds, to hunt the country. It was also agreed to present Mr. Morrell with a suitable testimonial in appreciation of the efficient and liberal manner in which he had hunted the country for the past ten years, and a committee was formed and subscription list opened with that object.

The question of the mastership remained open until just before Mr. Morrell's retirement, when Mr. Duffield stepped in to fill the gap. A subscription of £800 was guaranteed.

Hunting with Mr. Morrell were the Hon. George Barrington, of Beckett Park; Right Hon. E. P. Bouverie, President of the Hunt; Mr. T. M. Goodlake, of Wadley, a strict preserver; and his son, Major Gerald Goodlake, V.C., a great coursing man; Colonel Pryse, of Buscot, also a staunch foxhunter; Mr. J. S. Phillips, of Culham, Master of the South

Oxfordshire, always in a good place ; Mr. Henry Elwes, of Marcham Park, who rode at Goodwood and Bibury, who died early ; and his brother, Mr. Charles Duffield, afterwards Master of those hounds ; Mr. C. Dundas Everett, of Besselsleigh, a brother-in-law of Mr. Morrell, frequently at Tubney ; the Earl of Strathmore, from Becket, owner and rider of the steeplechasers, The Switcher, St. Leger, and others ; Lord Valentia, from Bletchington, who was a host of fun and a very nice man, whose droll sayings would fill a book ; he was very often at Tubney, was a bruiser over a country, and latterly he rode in spectacles ; Mr. E. Martin-Atkins, of Kingstone Lisle, who looked well after the foxes ; Captain D. Bennett, of Faringdon House, who looked well after Faringdon Grove, a little hollow place out of which fourteen foxes, old and young, were once found ; Mr. J. S. Bowles, of Milton Hill ; Mr. Walter Strickland, of Cokethorpe, both very good preservers ; Mr. Davey, of Buckland, a gentleman farmer, well-known on a grey, looked after the poultry fund ; Mr. John Aldworth, of Frilford, a great sheep breeder, and one of the best sportsman in the country, was joint secretary to the Hunt. He and his brother William lived at two beautiful houses, their own property, which stand side

by side, and it was then a crack breakfast meet ; Mr. Brown, of Compton ; the Rev. Mr. Jenkins, of Longworth, who had an entire grey horse, afterwards ridden by Stracey, the Whip, on which he is painted in the Hunt picture ; Mr. Jenkins was a noted character of the day, and many stories were current about him in the Hunt. Upon one occasion, it is said, he was remonstrated with by Dr. Wilberforce, Bishop of Oxford, on account of his fondness for hunting. Mr. Jenkins replied, " I quite appreciate, my Lord, the force of your remarks, but after all, every man must have some amusement ; now I don't care for dancing and other frivolous amusements such as other men enjoy ; I think, by-the-bye, that I saw your lordship's name in the list of those who attended the last State ball." " Quite true, Mr. Jenkins," said the Bishop, a little taken aback, " but I assure you I was never in the same room with the dancers." " Just my case, my Lord, I am rarely in the same field with the hounds." Mr. Jenkins, however, paid such heed to his Bishop's remonstrance that he gave up attending meets ; but he found his health, required him to continue riding exercise, and it was soon remarked that whichever direction he and his horse took, with this laudable object, they

invariably fell in with the hounds. Colonel Adam Blandy, of Kingstone; Dr. Batts, of Oxford; Dr. Burgess, of Fyfield, a capital man, commonly called Bursar Burgess, looked after Bagley Wood, went well, but a little jealous; George Tollit, of Oxford, then kept his hunters, and went out regularly, but unfortunately he would go racing, which spoilt his hunting; and Mr. Figg, who kept a livery stable, was quite a character; he was a round little man; Bob Croft, of the Haymarket, once insulted him terribly by saying that if they cut off his arms and legs he would make a capital garden roller; then there were the two Whitfields, farmers, who lived near Kingston Spinnies, both good preservers; Mr. W. T. H. Graham, the elder of Fitzharris, Abingdon, father-in-law of Mr. C. Duffield, and his sons; Mr. G. F. Crowdy, of Faringdon, who was joint Secretary with Mr. Aldworth, of Frilford; and Mr. William Lenthall, of Besselsleigh, and his sons Edmund and William; and many others.



Hills & Saunders, photo.

CHARLES PHILIP DUFFIELD, Esq.
Master 1858 to 1863 and 1884 to 1889.

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CHAPTER XII.

MR. CHARLES PHILIP DUFFIELD, 1858 TO 1863.

MR. CHARLES DUFFIELD was the third son of Mr. Thomas Duffield, of Marcham Park, by his marriage with Emily, only child of Mr. George Elwes, of Marcham Park. The romantic story of his marriage has already been told. Mr. George Elwes was the eldest son of the celebrated millionaire miser, John Elwes, who represented Berkshire in three successive Parliaments, and who died at Marcham Park in 1789. Mr. George Elwes had married a Miss Alt, a Northamptonshire lady, and a grand-daughter of the celebrated Mr. Hastings, one of the founders of our Indian Empire. Mr. Elwes' second son, John, a Lieutenant in the second Troop of Horse Guards, purchased the Gloucestershire property, still belonging to his descendants. Mr. Thomas Duffield's father was Michael Duffield, who married Alice, daughter of Jeremiah Crutchley, of Sunninghill, who represented Horsham, Grampound, and St. Mawes in different Par-

liaments between 1784 and 1802. Mr. Thomas Duffield was the second son: his elder brother, George, of Sunninghill Park, took the surname and arms of Crutchley only, by royal licence in 1806, and became the grandfather of the present Mr. Percy Crutchley, of Sunninghill Park.

Mr. Thomas Duffield had been for a short time, just before his marriage with Miss Elwes, Joint Master with Mr. Robert Symonds, and since his residence at Marcham he had been a most liberal supporter of the Hunt, and had kept harriers himself. He represented Abingdon in the Parliaments elected in 1832, 1835, 1837 and 1841. He then resigned his seat, which was regarded as a perfectly safe one, to make way for the Solicitor-General, Sir Frederick Thesiger, who had failed to secure re-election. The "Free and Independent Electors" of the borough rather resented their seat being dealt with in this fashion, and it became evident that the contest between Sir Frederick and his opponent would be a very close one. Indeed, towards the close of the poll it seemed that the votes were equal, when a certain Mr. Copeland, who resided at Windsor, and who was a member of a very old Radical family in Abingdon, came down to vote, his vote being the last one recorded.

When asked by the Presiding Officer for whom he voted, he said: "Thesiger; no, I mean Caufield." The Poll Clerk, immediately on his uttering the word Thesiger, entered the vote, and it was immediately claimed by both the election agents, but the Presiding Officer gave the vote to Sir Frederick, it having been recorded before the voter corrected himself. The vote is said to have carried the election.

Mr. Thomas Duffield also served as High Sheriff for the county. The following amusing story of him during the year of his shrievalty is related in a book called "The Wanderer Brought Home; or the Life and Adventures of Colin," by the Rev. B. Richings, M.A. Colin had been a vagrant, but became "converted," and gave the reverend gentleman and the public the benefit of his experiences. In the year of Mr. Duffield's shrievalty this nomadic individual wandered into Abingdon, and made up his mind to beg, "as his stomach recoiled at peas and turnips." The first gentleman he accosted was none other than Mr. Thomas Duffield. Taking off his crownless hat, the vagrant begged in orthodox fashion. The stern reply was: "Can you read?" "No, Sir," said the man, for before his face was a board: "Take notice, all vagrants found

begging in this borough will be prosecuted with the utmost rigour of the law." "Oh," rejoined the Sheriff; "if you could have read that board, it would have directed you where to get relief. However, I shall give you a note to take to one who will relieve you." He then wrote the following note to the Mayor of Abingdon: "Mr. James Cole: The bearer having solicited alms of me in the public street, I deem him unworthy of any relief. Please to detain him in custody 'til to-morrow, when at ten o'clock I shall appear against him as a rogue and vagabond, that he may be committed to hard labour for three months. Yours, T. DUFFIELD." "Can you read this?" enquired the Sheriff. "Yes," said the beggar; "it is to let the bearer have some bread and cheese, some beer and sixpence, and pass him on his journey." "You said you could not read," said the gentleman; and probably the way the man had construed the note confirmed his opinion of his ignorance. However, the tramp was to go to the constable, and the constable was to take him to the Mayor. The Sheriff's horse came up, and he rode away. Left in the street, the wanderer was struck with a sudden impulse, and he substituted for Mr. Duffield's note the following: "To Mr. Cole, Mayor. The bearer of this having

solicited alms of me in the street, I deem him an object worthy of relief. After he has given satisfactory answers to your questions, please to relieve him, and place half to the account of yours, T. DUFFIELD." Going direct to the Mayor, the tramp was entertained in the kitchen with cold beef, bread, and ale. Presently the bell rang and the visitor was summoned to the Mayor's presence. Hastily putting the remains of the viands between his skin and jacket (for shirt he had none), he went before his Worship, and was gratified to find that the Sheriff was not there to have his revenge. "The Mayor," says the man in the account of his roguery, "told me he had been rummaging his wardrobe, and had found a few necessaries; and as he thought they would fit me, I was to try them on there and then. I wished to go out to wash myself first, but all my excuses were unavailing. The good-natured Mayor smiled, and pushed the clothes towards me, telling me to put them on; and never was there a clown in a show, that acted Billy Button, better equipped than I was, when I got his Worship's cast-off clothes. The following garments constituted the suit given me by the worthy Mayor: A pair of strong shoes, with buckles; a pair of fine white cotton stockings; a pair of black breeches,

with buckles at the knees ; a scarlet waistcoat, very old fashioned, made with lapelle pockets ; a good black coat, very little the worse for wear, with a silk velvet collar ; a good hat, a fine shirt with a frill, and a white cravat. The Mayor assured me that I looked well, and the clothes fitted as if I had been measured for them. He then gave me ten shillings on his own account, ten shillings on that of the Sheriff, and five shillings which he said he had begged of Mrs. Cole, which was £1 5s. ; also a bundle of linen, with some necessaries, and a clean napkin, in which to carry the bread and meat. I thanked his Worship for all favours, and took the road to Oxford. I was stared at by everyone as I passed. Even the children ran after me to have a look at the showman." It is to be feared that Mayor Cole and Squire Duffield wreaked their vengeance on all vagrants for some time afterwards.

Mr. Duffield's eldest son, George, was accidentally killed in 1833. He had been out shooting hares in Garford field with a keeper, who rejoiced in the not inappropriate name of Jelly. His gun went off as he was getting through a hedge and killed him on the spot. The news was brought to his father in a terribly dramatic manner. A private road at

that time passed in front of Marcham House, close to the hall door. Mr. Duffield had given strict orders that farm carts were never to pass that way. He was at the hall door when a cart came by, and angrily demanded why his orders had been disobeyed. No answer was given. The labourers with the cart silently removed a rick-cloth with which it was covered, and exposed to the horrified parent's view the dead body of his eldest son.

Mr. Duffield had also by his marriage two other sons and five daughters: Henry, who took the name of Elwes, died in 1833 without issue, and Charles, who took the hounds on Mr. Morrell's retirement; Caroline, the eldest daughter, who married Mr. Edwin Martin-Atkins, of Kingstone Lisle, Berks, a name well known in the Old Berks Hunt; Maria, who married Mr. Best, of Donnington, Berks; Anna, who married Mr. John S. Phillips, of Culham; Susan, who died, 1841; and Elizabeth, who married Mr. H. J. Ashurst, of Waterstock, Oxon.

In 1838 Mr. Duffield married *en secondes noces*, Augusta, second daughter of Colonel Rushbrooke, M.P. for West Suffolk, and had, besides three children who died unmarried, a son, Thomas, of whom we shall have more to say hereafter.

The new Master bought twenty-three and a half couples of hounds at Mr. Morrell's sale at Tubney, giving 130 guineas for one lot, and 480 guineas for his total purchase. As huntsman he engaged the celebrated John Dale, who came to him from the Vyne, which he had hunted for two years, after having hunted the Surrey Union Hounds for eleven seasons. John Dale came of a yeoman stock, and upon several occasions went back to his hereditary pursuit of farming. The keenest of the keen in hunting, in his youth he had been a *protégé* of Lord Kintore, who wrote to him when quite a lad, telling him to take Foster as his example in the field. He said: "There is more in Foster's eye and little finger than in all the other Hampshire huntsmen put together," adding, "but Foster served a good apprenticeship." At a later period, speaking of Foster, Lord Kintore said: "He was cheerier than any man I have ever seen in covert, the nearest to him being John Dale." Dale commenced with the "Brookside Harriers" as an amateur whip, where he found his own horses, and had no wages; he then went to the "Vyne" for a season, when Mr. Donnithorne Taylor was Master; and after that went as Whip and huntsman to Lord Kintore at Keith Hall when only twenty years of age. Then he

had another turn with the "Vyne," with Mr. Fellowes ; also with the " Lanarkshire and Renfrew," when Mr. Cunningham was Master, for one season, besides being with the " Oakley " with old George Beers. He had thus had plenty of experience before coming to Mr. Duffield. A correspondent of *Baily's Magazine*, writing of him when with the " Old Berkshire," says : " It was a treat at this time to hear him "draw Tar Wood before it was half grubbed " up ; and when there was a drag, the way he "cheered his hounds, with little running com- "ments, quite in a style of his own, must be "heard to be appreciated, it cannot be de- "scribed. To a certain extent it would have "reminded Hampshire men of Dick Foster in "his best days." Mr. John Free, of Hungerford, used to say that he would almost as soon have a blank day with John Dale at Coxwell Furze Hills, near Faringdon, as a find with some hounds.

On his leaving the " Old Berks," Mr. Charles Duffield gave Mr. and Mrs. Dale a silver tea-service, and he also received a silver cup and 100 sovereigns from his numerous friends who hunted with him. He then went to the Vale of White Horse with Mr. Wharton-Wilson for one season, and then kept the " Crown " at Faringdon for a short time. After that he was

a farmer in Sussex, under Blackdown Hill, and used to hunt with Lord Leconfield and Tom Saddler, and his daughter also hunted, and went wonderfully well; but as that did not answer, he went as huntsman to Lord Radnor in 1871. He remained with Lord Radnor twelve years. He died in 1902, in his 85th year, near Warminster. His son, Will Dale, has followed in his father's footsteps, and is now huntsman to the Duke of Beaufort at Badminton.

As whip Mr. Duffield engaged Will Maiden, who came to him from Lord Southampton. Maiden had also seen good service under his father with the "South Wold," and in Ireland. He left the "Old Berks" in 1862 for the Old Berkeley, when he was succeeded by Will Brice, from the Tedworth. As second whip he took on William Lockey.

Mr. Duffield completed his pack with drafts from various sources, and built new kennels for them at Oakley House. There followed, to use the words of that fine old sportsman, Mr. E. K. Lenthall who is still going, and long may he yet continue, "Five years of rare good sport. Charlie Duffield's cheery look and winning smile spread sunshine around him. He had a shake of the hand and a kindly word for everyone."

Just towards the end of cubhunting an

unfortunate accident occurred in the field. Mr. John Heath, of Ringtail, was killed near Coleshill on October the 22nd. He rode fast at a low fence, the mare he was riding did not rise. He was thrown violently forward on the pommel of his saddle and so seriously injured that he died. He was 31 years of age.

On Wednesday, November the 3rd, 1858, was Mr. Duffield's opening meet. The hounds met at the kennels. At Oakley House a sumptuous and substantial breakfast was provided by the generous master, to which ample justice was done by about two hundred sportsmen, good and true. "Amongst others, there were present, Mr. C. P. Duffield, Messrs. E. M. Atkins, E. Atkins, J. S. Philipps, Hugh Hamersley, C. D. Everitt, Rev. Dr. Randolph, W. Aldworth, J. Aldworth, Hayward Aldworth, G. F. Crowdy, George Davey, Greene, St. John Medley, W. Graham, G. Cozens, W. Pinniger, J. Penstone, H. Frampton, Wm. Gould, T. B. Myers, N. Ballard, W. Medley, A. Medley, and many others. 'Wickscrubs' was first drawn. A fox was soon found and gave a fine hunting run of about an hour over a beautiful country. He went across Lyford Field, by Denchworth and Hanney, and was killed at Hendred Cowlease. Another fox

was soon on foot, and gave another good run over an equally beautiful country, when the hounds were whipped off on account of the lateness of the hour. John Dale gave every satisfaction, showing really good hunting sport. Whips, horses and hounds were all that could be desired."

The completion of Mr. Duffield's first season, 1859, was celebrated by a dinner given to the Master at Abingdon, which was reported in the columns of the *Faringdon Advertiser* as follows: "The close of one of the most brilliant seasons this Hunt has ever experienced was celebrated on Thursday, April the 26th, by a dinner given to Mr. C. P. Duffield. The banquet was held at Abingdon in the Council Chamber. One sentiment, that of intense satisfaction with the sport afforded, animated the whole assembly. The chair, in the absence of the President of the Hunt, the Rt. Honble. E. P. Bouverie, was taken by Mr. E. H. Morland, of West Ilsley. There were present at the dinner, Mr. C. P. Duffield, E. M.-Atkins, E. K. Lenthall, Hon. and Rev. A. Spencer, Rev. J. Randolph, J. Blandy-Jenkins, T. Parr, G. P. Hammett, Rev. C. D. Everitt, Lieut. T. Duffield (5th Dragoon Guards), Major Blandy, J. Aldworth, J. Morland, E. Trendell, Mayor of Abingdon, G.

Haines, W. Graham, R. Aldworth, Rev. W. Aldworth, H. Bowen, M.D., J. Rix, A. D. Brettell, H. Stone, James Empson, A. Whitfield, T. Mallam, Wm. Kimber, B. Sharpe, H. Godfrey, J. Kent, Wm. Badcock, Wm. Gould, H. Peacock, Copeland, Gibbs, Wm. Palmer, John Blake, Lord, Edmonds, Walters, John Adams, John Dyke, Wm. Pinniger, W. A. Medley, John Wallis, W. Penstone, Painter, T. B. Myers, H. Godfrey, and many others. The vice-chairs were taken by J. B. Barrett, Esq., and G. F. Crowdy, Esq., the Honorary Secretaries of the Hunt."

The opening meet and breakfast at Oakley became an annual institution during Mr. Duffield's mastership. In 1860 two foxes were killed and, curiously enough, each finished just in front of Kingstone House.

Foxes were plentiful and sport was good. In one season John Dale accounted for sixty-eight brace of foxes, not chopping or digging out one. A great run occurred in 1862. The hounds found on the canal bank at Childrey, and ran their fox straight away through Kingston Lisle, over the downs to Ashdown, and then through Baydon without a check to Membury Fort, a few miles from Marlborough, when they killed. Mr. Duffield described this run as the best he ever saw. Mr. P. Crowdy,

then a boy, was out on his pony and saw this run throughout.

Mr. Duffield had no difficulty in keeping the most perfect order in the field; the only difficulty he ever had was occasionally with over-eager undergraduates who attended the meets near Oxford. In this he was assisted by his half-brother, the redoubtable Mr. "Tom" Duffield, whose command of classical hunting language was proverbial. "Charlie" could also rise to the occasion when really necessary. The following story was related in St. Petersburg by a man now high up in His Majesty's Diplomatic Service, who said: "I formed one of a party of undergraduates; the hounds had found in Bagley Wood, a place bad at any time to get a fox away from, and equally bad to be left on the wrong side of. We were all rather jealous of one another and anxious to get away well, and so managed to head the fox just as he was trying to go away. Thereupon the Master rode up to us, and, taking off his hat, said in the politest, but most cutting tones, 'Gentlemen, I must say that if you do not know a great deal more about Latin and Greek than you do about hunting you must be great fools.' The reproof was heard by many of the field and stung amazingly." A somewhat similar anecdote

dote shows the real nature of the man in a truer light. At the time of his second mastership there was at Abingdon a training establishment for gentlemen anxious to enter the army through the militia. One of these young gentlemen, presumably of a rather touchy disposition, thought he had been too roughly called to order by the Master, and his companions persuaded him to write and demand an apology. By return of post he received a reply in the following terms:—

MY DEAR SIR,—I have not the slightest recollection of the incident you mention. I can only say that I am sincerely sorry, if in the excitement of hunting I said anything which gave you annoyance, and can only hope that you will forget it as thoroughly as I have already done. I hope to have the pleasure of seeing you frequently out with the hounds in future.

Very truly yours,
CHARLES DUFFIELD.

The Master's health was drunk in bumpers that night by the aspirants for military honours, and he was unanimously voted "a real good sort."

Mr. E. Martin-Atkins, the President of the Hunt Club, died in 1859. At a meeting of the members held at the Queen's Arms Inn, Abingdon, on October the 17th, 1859, on the proposition of Sir Robert Throckmorton,

seconded by Mr. D. Bennett, the Rt. Hon. E. P. Bouverie, M.P., was elected President of the Hunt in his place. On the proposition of the President, seconded by Sir Robert Throckmorton, the following resolution was unanimously passed: "The members of the Old Berks Hunt, on this the first occasion of their meeting since the lamented death of E. Martin-Atkins, Esq., their President, cannot refrain from expressing the unfeigned sorrow they feel at the loss of one so conspicuous in their neighbourhood for those qualities that adorn the country gentleman and sportsman; and in respectfully tendering to Mrs. Martin-Atkins and her family their heartfelt sympathy in their affliction, the members hope they may be permitted to assure her how eminently their late President had secured the regard, respect and esteem, not only of those immediately connected with him in the Hunt, but of all who lived within the sphere of his influence."

With the spring of 1863 Mr. Duffield's most successful Mastership came to a close as brilliant as the opening. On Monday, February the 7th, 1863, the hounds met at Black Bourton. A fox was found at Lew and closely followed to Witney, on through Leafield, Wychwood Forest, and killed in the

open after a capital run of one hour thirty-five minutes.

The following Friday the meet was at Buscot Park. The Bushes, Buscot Wood, and Oak Wood were drawn blank. The hounds were then put in at Badbury Hill, and a brace of foxes were soon on foot, one starting for Buscot, and the other was followed by the hounds to Brimstone Farm, on to Coleshill, doubling back to Great Coxwell, then through the Furze Hills, and from thence to Cole's Pits and on to Rosey. From Rosey he went over the Sand Hills to Uffington Gorse, and then made a ring round Fernham back to Shellingford Copse. Thence Reynard started for Hatford, but turned back to Wicklesham, where he was killed after a first-rate run of one hour forty minutes, the latter part being very fast and over a stiff country.

A handsome testimonial was subscribed for, and was presented to Mr. Duffield on his retirement at a dinner held at the Crown Inn, Faringdon, on Thursday, April the 9th, 1863, the Rt. Hon. E. P. Bouverie being in the chair. The testimonial took the form of a silver tankard and two cups, with a large picture of the retiring Master for Mrs. Duffield. A handsomely prepared list of the subscribers

names was also presented. At the dinner it was announced that Mr. E. K. Lenthall had become Joint Secretary of the Hunt with Mr. G. F. Crowdy, in place of Mr. Barrett, resigned.

A dinner was also given to John Dale, which took place at the Hind's Head, Kingston Bagpuize, on Friday, April the 24th, 1863. Mr. John Blandy-Jenkins presided, and on behalf of the Hunt presented Dale with a handsome silver tankard and a purse of 100 sovereigns.

Mr. Duffield sold his hounds to Mr. Wharton-Wilson, of Ablington (now Sir Matthew Wharton-Wilson), who had just taken the Vale of White Horse country, the price being 800 guineas. John Dale accompanied his old favourites as huntsman. Mr. Duffield continued one of the warmest supporters of the Hunt, and one of the most regular followers of the chase for the rest of his life. He became Joint Master again with Mr. Victor Van de Weyer, in 1884, Mr. Duffield acting as "Field Master." To the end his universal popularity remained, or rather continually increased. To his hunting friends he was always "Mr. Charles"; to his personal friends invariably "Charlie Duffield." He died in 1889. At the first meeting of the hunt after his death the general feeling was

well expressed by Colonel Charles Edwards :
“A thrill of sorrow passed through all the country-side when we heard that Charlie Duffield was no more.” “It don’t seem like hunting now, somehow, without Mr. Charles,” a gallant yeoman who had hunted with him from boyhood was heard to mutter *sotto voce* at the covert-side.

Mr. Duffield married, in 1862, Penelope, daughter of Mr. William Graham, of Fitzharris, Berks, and left three sons : Charles John, now of Marcham Park, Percy Thomas and George Francis. He left also one daughter, who married Mr. Charles Eyston, third son of the late Mr. Eyston, of East Hendred, now Joint Secretary of the Hunt.

CHAPTER XIII.

MR. HENLEY GEORGE GREAVES, 1863 TO 1866.

MR. HENLEY GEORGE GREAVES, of Elmsall Lodge, in the county of Yorkshire, was the only son of Mr. Henley George Greaves, of Hemsworth Hall, York and Cottesmore Hall, Rutland. This Mr. Greaves at one time rented Kingstone House from Mr. Blandy-Jenkins, and his son, Henley, was born there in 1818. Mr. Henley Greaves had already hunted five different countries before he took the "Old Berkshire," his last being "the Vale of White Horse," which he had hunted for two seasons, 1861 to 1862. He married in 1841 the second daughter of Mr. Fountain Wilson, of Melton Park, and had two children, Mr. George Richard Greaves, late of Western House, Bucks, and Maria, widow of the late John Shaw Phillips, of Culham. Mr. Henley Greaves was a giant and exceedingly heavy, and was humorously known as "Magni Dolores." He was once called as a witness in a horse case at Oxford to prove that the horse in question was a roarer. Mr. Huddleston,* the

* Afterwards Baron Huddleston of the High Court of Justice.



Mayall, photo.

HENLEY GRAVES, Esq., 1862.

Master 1863 to 1866.

then leader of the Circuit, examined him. Mr. Greaves gave evidence to the effect that he had ridden the animal in question, who commenced roaring as soon as he started. Mr. Huddleston, manipulating his kid gloves as was his wont, giving a sly look at Mr. Greaves, who filled the witness-box, winking at the jury asked: "Did the horse roar, sir, before you got on him?" "Certainly not," was the reply. "Indeed," replied the Counsel, "he could not have known that you meant to ride him, or he would have roared pretty loudly." Shouts of laughter greeted this sally, in which the jolly welter weight joined.

Mr. Greaves's Huntsman in the Vale was Tom Tipton who went, when his Master gave up the country, to Mr. Villebois, and afterwards to the South Berks, where he finished his career with Mr. Hargreaves, having been so severely injured in the head by a fall that he was obliged to give up hunting. His Whips were: Fred Gosden and Tom Squires.

Mr. Greaves's total record as a Master of Foxhounds was as follows:—

The Cottessmore	1847 to 1852.
Essex	1853 ,, 1857.
Warwickshire	1858 ,, 1861.
Vale of White Horse	1861 ,, 1863.
Old Berks	1863 ,, 1866.

Before he took the Cottesmore Mr. Henley Greaves had lived and hunted in the Badsworth country in the latter part of the long Mastership (forty-three years) of Lord Hawke. While there Mr. Greaves was always a liberal supporter of the hunt, and it came to pass on leaving the country he found himself the creditor of the hunt to the tune of £500. Mr. Greaves offered to take ten couples of hounds, of his own choosing, in lieu of the debt, which the committee accepted. These hounds formed the basis of his Cottesmore pack. With the hounds went Lord Hawke's huntsman, Butler.

Butler was a very capable servant, but had a very rough tongue, and Mr. Greaves found himself obliged to get rid of him. Mr. George Lane Fox speaking of him before he entered Mr. Greaves's service, said: "Butler was a clever man; he could breed a pack of hounds, he could break a pack, he could hunt a pack, and he could kill his fox, but he could never make H. . . a sportsman." Butler had a son, a particularly smart servant, who was huntsman to Sir Reginald Graham.

While master of the Cottesmore Mr. Greaves had occupied Cottesmore Hall. On taking the Southwold he removed to Harrington Hall, but he left the Southwold after only one season, on account of the scarcity of foxes. While

with the Essex he lived at Marden Ash, Ongar. On leaving the Essex Mr. Greaves's horses and hounds were sold by Messrs. Tattersalls at Myless, the stud realising over £2,000 and the hounds £1,000. Treadwell, his huntsman, then went to the Quorn, where he showed brilliant sport as Lord Stamford's huntsman for six seasons. While Master of the V.W.H. Mr. Greaves lived at Cirencester. On taking the Old Berks he went into New House, the home of so many masters of the Old Berkshire. The Hunt built him new kennels at Bullocks' Pits, close by. These kennels remained the home of the hounds from 1863 to 1884, a period of twenty-one years, when the new kennels, built at Kingston Bagpuize by the munificence of Mr. Van de Weyer, were inaugurated.

Mr. Greaves undertook to hunt the country on a guaranteed subscription of £800 for three years. He brought his old pack with him into his new country. As Mr. Duffield's hounds had been purchased by Mr. Wilson, who had taken the V.W.H., there was thus an exchange of hounds between the two countries.

As huntsman, Mr. Greaves engaged Nicholls, who was not a success. The opening meet took place on November the 4th, 1863, when a large party met at New House, and were entertained at breakfast by the

Master. The coverts at Kingston, Hinton and Pusey were drawn and plenty of foxes found, but with no great result. After a few weeks, being dissatisfied with the sport shown by his hounds, Mr. Greaves consulted Mr. Charles Duffield who told him he would not have good sport so long as Nicholls hunted the hounds. "Then he shall go at once," replied Mr. Greaves. "I know a man from the Quorn, now hanging up his boots, who is just the fellow for this job, I'll send for him." He did so, and in a few days John Treadwell appeared upon the scene, soon to put quite a different face on matters. Nicholls claimed a year's wages from Mr. Greaves in lieu of notice, and went to law about it. The case was finally decided on May the 20th, 1864, by four judges sitting in the Court of Appeal, when judgement was delivered as follows: "A huntsman is a menial servant, and therefore, though he be hired at yearly wages, and with the right to receive perquisites—which cannot be fully received until the end of a year's service—the hiring is presumed to be subject to the condition that it may be determined by a month's notice at any time."

This was a "leading case" and no doubt settles the law still, though it is usual to give

hunt servants three months' notice when possible.

Treadwell had hunted the hounds for a very short time when the run took place which is still remembered as "The great Blowing Stone Run," but which would be more properly termed the Milton Hill run.

We believe that only two survivors of this run remain, Mr. Charles Morrell, who has since been Master of many packs (the Ledbury, 1871 to 1876; Worcestershire, 1876 to 1879. He then purchased the harriers which the late Mr. Everett, of Besselsleigh, had kept, and became Master of the S. Oxfordshire, 1884 to 1887); and the Rev. Samuel Mountjoy Smith, Vicar of Harwell, who is one of the oldest followers living of the Old Berkshire. The hounds met in March, 1864, at Steventon Green. They found in Milton Hill Gorse. The following is Mr. Morrell's account of the run :—

"From the gorse hounds ran very fast through Hendred Cowleaze, and over the canal by Wantage Road Station, nearly to Denckworth. There they checked; the fox had turned short to the left. John Treadwell cast to the right towards the village, but failed to hit the line of his fox, he then came back and recovered the line along the brook side (I remember all this well, as I was on a bad

water jumper and followed Tom Duffield down to the brook ; his horse hesitated and got over with a scramble and I got in and got my horse out just as Treadwell hit off the line, and so lost none of the run); after the check we ran slower, by Challow Station, through Sparsholt Copse, and up into Kingston Lisle. Here the fox made a turn, and Tom Duffield viewed him into a stone pit just outside the park. There Tom stood over him roaring like a bull for the hounds. John Treadwell always thought it was the same fox that he had run on the Monday before, finding him at Woodhill and losing him between Wantage and Milton Hill."

That capital sportsman and Veterinary, the late Mr. George Drew, of Abingdon, who had a mellow tenor voice, used to sing a song written by himself, on the Blowing Stone run. We give the lines in full as a tribute to his memory.

THE OLD BERKSHIRE.

Come, think on the sport which you all must love
best,

I've a theme that will put your high notes to the test ;
A run to describe, which most certainly will
Make you cheer for the Master of snug Milton Hill.

Chorus.

Then, hurrah, boys, hurrah !
Hurrah, boys, hurrah !
Three cheers for Old Berkshire,
Hurrah, boys, hurrah !

I'm sure that you all will remember the day
When from Steventon village we trotted away,
To Milton Hill Gorse. We've its owner to thank,
That it seldom or never was known to be blank.

Chorus.

Now the hounds had scarce spread themselves over
the gorse

When out of it rattled a gallant old fox,
With his head in the air, and one whisk of his brush,
Whilst hounds, Sirs, and horsemen close after him
push.

Chorus.

His point Hendred Cowleaze so quickly he made,
But being hard pressed not a moment delayed,
Then pointing for Norbrook, but here I must say
These covers afforded no shelter that day.

Chorus.

Past Wantage Road Station for Denchworth he took
To the left of the village, and over the brook ;
Some in, and some over, but every man bent
Upon seeing the finish wherever they went.

Chorus.

Down those beautiful pastures for Childrey they go,
A much better line I defy you to show ;
Here a slight check occurred, but they stuck to him
still,

So to better his fortune he made for the hill.

Chorus.

Now once in the open we all of us could
Plainly see that his point, Sirs, was Uffington Wood ;
But then his strength failed, he could not make his
home,
So died varmint, and game, at the Old Blowing
Stone.

Chorus.

Then fill up your glasses, let every man drink,
I shall deem him a muff who endeavours to shrink.
Here's success to the hounds, Master, Huntsman and
all,
Who are fond of the sport, whether great folks or
small.

Chorus.

Signed, G. A. D., March, 1884.

The "Master of snug Milton Hill" was the late John Samuel Bowles, J.P. and D.L., one of the leading men in the county at that time. He was himself in the run. Another participant was the late Lord Craven, who went, as was his wont, exceedingly well, and who jumped a stiff gate *up hill* on his second horse.

The Blowing Stone from which this run is named is a large "Sarsden" stone lying just outside Kingston Lisle Park, and it is believed that the village takes its name from it, *i.e.*, the King's stone. The stone has a natural small orifice running through it, which, when blown into by a sufficiently expert performer, gives forth a trumpet sound, which can be heard for a considerable distance. The popular belief is that it was used in olden times to arouse the country side. However this may be, the noise of the stone produced by irresponsible urchins proved such a nuisance to the inhabitants of

Kingston Lisle House that the orifice has long been closed by a board fastened by a padlock and chain. The following village lines on the stone are quoted in the "Scouring of the White Horse," by the late Mr. Thomas Hughes:—

"The Bleawin-Stwun in days gone by
Wur King Alfred's bugle-harn
And the Tharning Tree you med plainly see
Um is called the King's Tharn."

These "Sarsden" stones are common about the Berkshire and Wiltshire downs, and are of a nature quite different to any other stone found in the neighbourhood. Geologists say that they are the remains of a formation which once overlaid the chalk, but has since been swept away, leaving only these scattered stones to tell its history. Stonehenge is built with Sarsden stones.

The annual dinner of the O.B.H. took place in the Council Chamber at Abingdon, on Friday, April the 1st, 1864. There were present: C. P. Duffield, Esq., in the Chair, and Messrs. Henley Greaves, J. Blandy Jenkins, J. B. Barrett, B. Challener, the Mayor of Abingdon, J. Aldworth, P. Hammett, G. F. Crowdy, E. K. Lenthall Lowndes, G. B. Eyston Stone, T. Duffield, J. Morland, Treadwell, Moore, Philip Wynter, H. Stone, Wood-

bridge, Paynton, Badcock, Brooks, Beesley, Myers, Captain Bennett, and many others.

On Thursday, July the 23rd, 1864, the puppy judging took place at the kennels. A luncheon was provided by the Master at New House. The prize for the best dog was won by R. Campbell, Esq. ; for the best bitch, by Mr. J. B. Empson.

In 1864 the opening meet took place at New House, on Wednesday, November the 2nd. There were present : Mr. Henley Greaves the Master, Colonel Loyd Lindsay, Sir Francis Goldsmid, Bart., M.P., Hon. G. Craven, Messrs. E. M.-Atkins, C. P. Duffield, T. Duffield, W. K. Lenthall, E. K. Lenthall, John Phillips, J. B. Jenkins, D. Bennett, A. Sartoris, M. Lowndes, G. F. Crowdy, Hammons, Myers, R. Phillips Blake, J. Dale, A. Edmonds, J. Edmonds, H. Peacock, J. Dyke. After doing full justice to the breakfast provided by the hospitable Master, they adjourned to Harrowdown Hill, which was drawn blank. A fox was then found in Longworth Long Copse, which gave a pretty circling spin of half an hour ; when returning he was killed in the copse. The hounds then proceeded to Hinton. A good fox was found in Westfield Copse. He went away fast through Pusey, Buckland, Rivey, Barcot, along the bottom of

Faringdon Grove, by Stanford Place back to Wadley, where he went to ground. Thus ended an excellent day's sport.

On Friday, December the 9th, 1864, the hounds met at Longcot, found at Beckett, and killed at Compton. A second fox was found at the Furze Hills. He went by Wicklesham, Wickwood and the Brick Kiln to Faringdon, across the back of the town, through the station yard on towards Coxwell, then through Cove's orchard he made for Buscot, but without staying he passed through Camden and Pidnell farm on to Faringdon Grove and through to Haremore, where he was killed, after an excellent run of an hour and forty minutes. The first run would have been a good day's sport. The two together made an extraordinary day's hunting, and was "very gratifying to the master and all the field."

In January, 1865, a Hunt Ball took place in the Faringdon Corn Exchange; upwards of two hundred attended. Mr. Henley Greaves was prevented by mourning from attending.

A great run of three hours' took place on January the 13th, 1865. Fourteen riders took involuntary cold baths in Rosey Brook at once. Mr. Free, of Hungerford, lost a valuable horse, which died just after reaching

home. Mr. G. F. Crowdy met with a nasty accident, his horse fell at a fence near Hatford, and the rider was considerably injured and laid up for some weeks.

The annual Hunt Dinner took place at the Crown, Faringdon, on the 24th March, the Host being the celebrated John Dale, the former Huntsman to the Hounds. A run, which is described as extraordinary, took place on the 10th of November in the same year. A fox was found at Shrivenham. He went through Stainswick, Ruffins Wick, Idstone to Ashdown House : passing in front of the house he made for Rockley Copse, doubling back to Ashdown and on to Ashbury again then back a third time to Ashdown, through the coverts. Here poor Reynard had apparently had enough, and, in making for covert, he was killed at the Haugh, after a capital run of two hours. The year 1866 was that of the cattle plague ; the country was almost in panic, and the severest restrictions on the movement of cattle were introduced by the court of Quarter Sessions.

Mr. Greaves bade farewell to the Hunt as Master at the annual dinner at the Crown Inn, Faringdon, on Wednesday, April the 4th, 1866. His horses and hounds were

disposed of by auction at the kennels, by Messrs. Tattersall, on the 11th. There was a very good attendance. Amongst others Sir William Throckmorton, Mr. Garth, Mr. Drake, Mr. Wharton Wilson, Master of the V.W.H., Goddard, Huntsman to Lord Fitzwilliam; Clarke, to Duke of Beaufort; Payne to Sir W. Watkin Wynn, Messrs. Bennett, Bowles, Starky, T. Duffield, C. P. Duffield, J. Blandy Jenkins, E. M. Atkins, E. K. Lenthall, and a strong muster from the Craven country and from Oxford. Mr. Allsopp purchased many of the hounds, and Mr. Walker bought largely for the Leicestershire country. The day was very wet and cold, which appeared to damp the spirits of the company. Biddings were not at all spirited, and the sum total of pack and stud was much below the anticipated amount. The horses, twenty-four in number, realised £1561, an average of £65 each. The highest fetched 170, and the lowest 25 guineas. The pack consisted of forty-one and a-half couples of working hounds, with twenty-four unentered and six bitches with whelps, and made altogether £961.

For the last season the hounds had appeared to be slack, and refused to break up their foxes when they had killed them.

This much puzzled Treadwell, who wrote to all his hunting friends asking if they could explain the reason of it. No doubt this slackness had much to do with the bad price obtained. This was the last sale of hounds in the Old Berkshire country. From this time the constitution of the pack has remained the same, with the addition from time to time, of important drafts from well-known kennels.

New House was a most cheerful and hospitable establishment under the genial and jovial Master, and many, now scattered far and wide, still remember and talk of the happy days and nights they passed there. He once gave a large dinner, upon the occasion of a Hunt Ball at Faringdon. He had ordered an omnibus and four horses to take his party to the ball. Needless to say all the guests fared well under the roof of the hospitable Master; and the postboys, as well as the rest, in their case a little too well in fact, for when they started for Faringdon, in turning out of the drive from New House, at a sharp pace, they managed to run the omnibus against a post on the further side of the road with such force as to break the traces; whereupon the horses bolted and disappeared into the darkness, first pitching off the pos-

tillions. Mr. Greaves and his male guests, amongst whom were Mr. Edmund Lenthall Mr. Kyffin, and Captain Philip Wynter, managed to run the omnibus back to the house, when four of his own horses were put in, and the Master himself drove his guests to the ball. The hired horses continued their flight over New Bridge, and were found miles away in Oxfordshire the next morning.

During Mr. Greaves' mastership a pack of harriers was kept at Woolstone by the Hon. George Brudenell Bruce (known to his intimates as "The Duffer"), eldest son of the third Marquis of Ailesbury. Mr. Bruce had married Evelyn, daughter of the second Earl of Craven. His brother-in-law, the Hon. George Craven, afterwards Lord Craven, was associated with him in the management of the hounds. These hounds often hunted deer. On February the 13th, 1864, a stag was uncarted at Coles Pits, which ran by Wick Wood, the brick kilns and Wadley, through Hatford to Buckland Ashbeds, where he was taken, after a run of one hour and twenty minutes. "Bel Demonio" and "Jack of Newbury" were two stags, which always showed good sport with these hounds.

In 1865 a correspondence arose between Mr. Bouverie and Mr. Harcourt about the

Nuneham Coverts. In deference to the strongly expressed views of Mr. Harcourt the following resolution was passed by the committee of the Old Berks Hunt: "That this meeting, in deference to the strongly expressed wishes of Mr. Harcourt, acquiesces in his suggestion of making the Nuneham Coverts neutral between the Old Berks and South Oxfordshire Hunts, for a period of seven years, assuming that the latter Hunt will include the Baldon Coverts in the neutral zone, and the Old Berks conceding Sandford Brake to the same arrangement." This agreement was duly ratified and acted upon.

The seven years having expired a further arrangement took place in Mr. Thomas Duffield's time, when Nuneham Coverts and Sandford Brake were given exclusively to the South Oxfordshire Hunt for regular hunting, but were exclusively retained by the Old Berks for cub-hunting, a written agreement to this effect being executed. This latter arrangement is still in force in 1904.

CHAPTER XIV.

MESSRS. STARKY, ATKINS AND DUFFIELD,
1866 TO 1867.

MESSRS. ATKINS AND DUFFIELD, 1887 TO 1888.

No gentleman having come forward with an acceptable offer to hunt the country, the following letter was addressed to the committee by Messrs. Starky, Atkins, and T. Duffield :—

Messrs. Starky, E. M.-Atkins and T. Duffield being agreeable to take the country on the present terms, viz., £800 per ann. (and any surplus), paid half yearly for three years, to hunt three days a week, provided other arrangements could be made for stabling from twelve to fifteen horses within a reasonable distance from the kennels, which of course will remain in the present place, unless a convenient farm could be placed at our disposal.

We wish it to be understood that in case of Lord Uffington, Sir Wm. Throckmorton, or any good and capable man coming forward, the matter is to drop at once, and no notice need be taken of this letter.

(Signed) T. DUFFIELD.
JOHN BAYNTUN STARKY.
E. MARTIN-ATKINS.

Jan. the 6th, 1866.

No other gentleman having come forward this sporting offer was accepted.

The joint Masters retained the services of Treadwell as huntsman and Tom Squires as first whip, and purchased the Vine hounds from Mr. Arthur Whieldon. The hounds remaining in the kennel, by New House, which had been built by the Hunt when Mr. Greaves became Master. Mr. Starky took up his residence at the Road Side Farm, Southmoor. He was a generous, kind-hearted man, and an excellent sportsman; but, unfortunately, he took too much to racing, from which he derived anything but benefit, the result being that he had to sell his property, Spye Park, near Chippenham, which was bought by a Mr. Spicer, and is now owned by his son, Captain Spicer.

Mr. E. Martin-Atkins was a son of Mr. Martin-Atkins, of Kingston Lisle, who took a prominent part in the management of the Hunt in Mr. Morland's time. His father married Caroline, the eldest daughter of the late Mr. Thomas Duffield, of Marcham, and he was therefore a first cousin of his hunting partner, "Tom" Duffield, who was Mr. Duffield's son by his second wife, Augusta, daughter of Colonel Rushbrooke, M.P. for West Suffolk.

The opening meet was at Kingstone



THOMAS DUFFIELD, Esq.
Master 1866 to 1875.

Bagpuize, on Wednesday, October the 31st, 1866. An excellent breakfast was provided by the Masters at the "Hind's Head," the old inn at Kingstone. About two hundred were present, including the three joint Masters, the Hunt Secretaries, Messrs. E. K. Lenthall and G. F. Crowdy, Messrs. H. G. Greaves, G. Greaves, D. Bennett, C. B. Eyston, J. Barrett, C. P. Duffield, J. Bowles V. Van de Weyer, J. Aldworth, Bishop, J. Phillips, R. Lenthall, Everett, J. B. Lowndes, H. Maskeleyne, Rev. John Copeland, D. Jackson, Earl of Macclesfield, Messrs. Edmonds, Whitfield Wallis, W. Long, Badcock, Myers, Godfrey, Drewe, Blake, Woodbridge, Fisher, Hammond, Bullock, Nevell, Dyke, Beesley, Brooks, Pinniger, Adams, Tollett, and many others, amongst them being several ladies. A fox was found at Pusey. He ran to Longworth Furze, but on trying to break away again was headed and killed. A second fox was found at Harrowdown Hill. He went away to Appleton Common, where he was lost.

The hounds had a good day on Friday, November the 23rd, when they met at Step Farm. They first drew Eaton Wood, where a fox was chopped. They then trotted off to the Buscot Bushes where another was soon on foot. He took them by Badbury Hill to

Coleshill, then through the Ashen Copse to the woods about Strattenboro' Castle, through Watchfield, back to Coleshill, where he was pulled down. A second fox was found in Faringdon Grove. He turned out to be "an old 'un" of the right sort, and he took them through Wadley and Coles Pits to Balking, where he beat them.

There can be no doubt that a joint mastership must always be very inferior to a single mastership. A master should be an absolute autocrat, like the commander of an army. In this case Mr. Starky suffered from pecuniary difficulties, Mr. Atkins' state of health left something, and Mr. Duffield's language left much, to be desired. Some wag in the hunting field, alluding to the initials of the Masters' names, said, "What else can you expect from a 'SAD' lot"? The "mot" took and the syndicate became known as the "Sad" lot for ever after. The remark was, of course, made in jest, and was decidedly unjust, for each of the joint Masters was a thorough good sportsman, and they had only undertaken the country because no single Master was forthcoming.

A Hunt Ball was held at the Corn Exchange, Faringdon, on Thursday, January the 3rd, 1867, when about a hundred were present. The conclusion of the season was

celebrated by the usual Hunt Dinner, which took place at the Crown Inn, Faringdon, on Thursday, March the 21st, the chair, in the absence of the President of the Hunt, being taken by Mr. D. Bennett.

The opening meet of the next season was at Road Farm, where a large party met for breakfast on October the 30th, 1867.

Mr. Starky had been taking more interest in racing than hunting, and although he had owned some good horses in "Fisherman" and "Viridis," he came to grief, and his affairs reached a climax in January, 1868, which obliged him to leave the syndicate, his share in the hounds being purchased by his brother Masters.

A Hunt Ball took place at Faringdon on Thursday, January the 16th, 1868. The attendance, however, was not so numerous as usual. The Hunt Dinner was held at Abingdon on April the 2nd, when about fifty sat down. The chair, in the absence of the President, was taken by Mr. C. P. Duffield.

The opening meet took place at the kennels on Wednesday, October the 28th, 1868. A first rate breakfast was provided at New House. The first draw was Wick Scrubbs. A fox was quickly on foot and went away for Marcham, being headed by a crowd on

the Abingdon Road, he turned through Kingstone back to the Scrubbs, where he was lost. A second fox was found at Pusey Common. He went away through Hinton, Longworth, then through Wick Scrubbs to Marcham Field, where he was killed.

In January, 1868, the joint Masters gave notice of their intention to give up the country. During the summer Mr. Tom Duffield intimated to the committee his willingness to hunt the country on the same terms as before, viz., a guaranteed subscription of £800 per annum. This offer was accepted. Before the season commenced, Mr. Duffield had associated himself with a partner in Lord Craven.



GEORGE GRIMSTON CRAVEN, 3rd EARL OF CRAVEN.
Master 1868 to 1884.

CHAPTER XV.

THE EARL OF CRAVEN AND MR. TOM DUFFIELD,
1868 TO 1875.

THE RIGHT HON. GEORGE GRIMSTON, third Earl of Craven, who now became joint Master with Mr. Tom Duffield, was a member of a family who had long been well known as keen sportsmen. As long ago as 1740 hounds were kept by Fulwar, fourth Lord Craven. These hounds were continued by his two successors for half a century continuously. As was the custom in those times, they roamed about and had no definite country. Fulwar, Lord Craven, brought his hounds every season as far as Dummer, in Hampshire, and hunted round that district. His country seat, Ashdown Park, had long been the scene of the celebrated Ashdown Coursing meeting, which from the last quarter of the eighteenth century down to our own times, drew a great company of lovers of the "long tails" from all parts of England. Ashdown Park was built by the first Earl of Craven

about the time of the great plague. The commonly received story, however, of its having been built in this isolated spot, in a valley in the very centre of the Berkshire Downs, as a place of refuge from infection, is entirely without foundation. Such a course would have been completely contrary to the character of the first Earl of Craven, who was, like a gallant knight of old, "sans peur et sans reproche." In fact, during the height of the plague, while the architect Webbe, a pupil of Inigo Jones, and the workmen were busy upon his new house in the lonely Berkshire valley, he remained in London occupied in nursing the sick, and doing all he could to restore confidence to the panic stricken people, and to arrest the progress of the dire disease. A gallant soldier in his youth, he remained faithful to King James II. to the last, when all others, even his own children, forsook him. Lord Craven, as Colonel of the Coldstreams (in which he succeeded Monk), was in command of the palace guard at Whitehall when James determined on flight. Receiving the order to remove the guard, the aged nobleman absolutely refused to obey, until he received the command from the King in person.

This Lord Craven is supposed to have mar-

ried Elizabeth, Queen of Bohemia, daughter of James I. Pepys speaks of their appearing together at the theatre. She died in his house in Drury Lane. The Earldom of Craven died out with him, but was renewed in the person of the seventh Baron.

The second Earl of the new creation was the owner of "Wild Dayrell," winner of the Derby. The romantic story of Elizabeth, widow of the sixth Lord Craven, will be remembered. She married Christian Frederick Margrave of Anspach, a nephew of Frederick the Great. Her portrait, now in the National Gallery, is one of Romney's best, and shows her to have been a very beautiful woman. This portrait was reproduced in the Christmas number of the *Graphic* for 1901.

Not only did Lord Craven come of a sporting stock, but his own generation were equally devoted to the chase. He had recently married Evelyn Laura, daughter of Viscount Barrington, President of the Hunt, a lady who has always been a generous friend of the Hunt. His brother, the Hon. Osbert Craven, late Colonel of the Berks Imperial Yeomanry, is also a good sportsman and a first rate shot. One sister, Lady Evelyn, married Mr. Brudenell Bruce, whose harriers we have already spoken of; another, Lady

Blanche, married the ninth Earl of Coventry ; another, Lady Beatrix, married the fifth Earl of Cadogan ; and Lady Emily, the youngest, married Mr. Victor William Bates Van de Weyer, of New Lodge.

The opening meet of the Old Berkshire Hounds under the new *regimé* took place at the kennels on Wednesday, November the 3rd, 1868. Breakfast was provided at New House. There were present the Masters, Mr. T. Duffield and the Earl of Craven, Col. Lloyd Lindsay, V.C., Sir N. W. Throckmorton, Messrs. C. Duffield, T. J. Bowles, G. B. Eyston, A. C. Campbell, J. B. Starky, J. B. Lowndes, G. I. Haines, J. Morland, E. M. Atkins, W. and J. Aldworth, E. K. Lenthall, E. Morland, H. Maskelyne, Rev. J. Jenkins, J. Dyke, A. Edmonds, J. Edmonds, C. and J. Beesley, F. Drew, H. Peacock, J. Lichfield, H. Godfrey, T. B. Myers, R. B. Phillips, J. Dale, E. J. Trendall, F. Dandridge, R. Church, H. Newman-Stone, J. Blake, C. Simmonds, R. Badcock, C. Cox, F. Payne, Williams, J. Butler, Lyford and others. They drew Lyford Copse first and found at once. The fox ran by Challow to Woodhill and Grove, then back again to Lyford, on to Woodhill and to ground.

On Thursday, January the 7th, 1869, a Hunt

Ball was held at the Corn Exchange, Faringdon. The attendance was small.

An excellent run took place on Monday, January the 18th, 1869. The meet was at Childrey. A fox was found at Woodhill. He was quickly away across the farm and Wantage turnpike road, to and through the Sparsholt Home Coppice and Park, then up the hill, leaving Kingstone Lisle to the right and Mr. Atkins' gorse to the left. He then crossed the Blowing Stone Hill, nearly at the top, going straight on the side of the hill nearly to Fawler, leaving the coppice to the right, over the canal to Kingstone spinneys. The scent being good the pace continued very fast. Leaving Challow station to the left, he returned to his favourite haunt Woodhill, but was pressed on again to Grove, where he turned to the right over the canal, straight on to Letcombe Regis, up the hill to Letcombe Bowers, where a short check occurred. The line was soon hit off, and away they raced across the downs to a small plantation close to Lambourne, where he was killed after a run of three hours and eight minutes.

The Queen's Buck Hounds, under the Mastership of Lord Cork, met at Goosey Green on Tuesday, February the 23rd, 1869. The meet was fixed for noon, but for nearly an hour before people began to arrive from every

quarter, until there was a very large assembly. The well-known deer, "The Doctor," was uncarted at the rear of Mr. Whitfield's house, and started gallantly in the direction of Park Island. He went by Goosey Green, nearly to Bedlam Plantation, and then turned to the left to Hatford, then on pointing for Kitemore, he passed through the lower end of Wadley Park straight for Faringdon Hill. Being headed, he turned for Littleworth. At Wadley hounds were stopped to give the deer more law. Being laid on again, they went away for Barcote, and crossed the river above Tadpole Bridge. This occasioned a long check, the meadows being so deep. Meanwhile "The Doctor" crossed the Bampton road, and headed for Shifford, then passing Yelford to Cokethorpe, skirting the Windrush he ran to Witney, past the Railway station and into the clergyman's drawing-room. The account in the *Faringdon Advertiser* says:—"The clergyman finding his house thus burglariously entered by an intruder not likely to spare the furniture, sent for the police and had him removed to the police station to await the pleasure of Her Majesty, as expressed by the Master of Her Buck Hounds; which we believe to have been 'That "The Doctor" be removed to the place from whence he came, so that, after being well

cared for, he may at some future time again provide sport for Her Majesty's true and loyal subjects.' ”

The noble Master was not content with promoting sport by way of foxhunting alone. We read in the local paper that “The Ashdown Diversions” took place on Thursday, March the 10th, 1870. Present: the Earl of Craven, The Dowager Countess of Craven, the Hon. Osbert Craven, Lord and Lady Chelsea, Mr. V. Van de Weyer, and Lady Emily Van de Weyer, Mr. L. H. Palk, Hon. A. Stourton, Mr. Gerald and Mrs. Dease, Capt. and Mrs. Fletcher, Mr. and Mrs. E. M.-Atkins, Mr. Wroughton, Mr. Duffield, Mr. T. Duffield, Mr. and Mrs. Bennett, Mr. and Mrs. Starky, Mr. and Mrs. Augustus Campbell, The Misses Eyston, &c., &c.

A Handicap Sweepstakes was won by Mr. E. Wroughton's b.g. “Twig,” ridden by owner.

A Handicap Hurdle Race was won by Mr. Phillips' b.m. “Chilton Lass,” ridden by Mr. G. Drew, jun.

A Give-and-Take Race for Galloways, won by Mr. Tuckey's “The Widow” (E. Hopkins).

A Pony Race, won by Mr. Vockin's “Polly,” ridden by Butters.

A Scurry Race, Mr. Wroughton's “Twig.”

The opening meet, 1870, was at the kennels.

Breakfast was provided at New House. The hounds were thrown off into the Ashbed close by. A fox was found at once who took them through Hinton, Buckland, Hatford Wadley, to Faringdon Grove, and then back to Wadley House where he went to ground, and was left to run another day.

In 1870, the Rt. Hon. E. P. Bouverie resigned the office of President of the Hunt Committee, Lord Barrington (having been elected by the Committee of the Hunt to succeed him) taking his place.

Mr. Edward Pleydell Bouverie, who had been President of the Hunt since 1859, was the younger of the two sons of William, third Earl of Radnor, who was Master from 1833 to 1834, by his second wife, Anne Judith, daughter of Sir Henry St. John, who assumed the name of Mildmay in addition to his own on marrying the heiress of that family, and was born in 1818. Coleshill House was but fitfully occupied until the marriage of Mr. Bouverie's elder brother, Lord Folkestone, in 1840, when Lord Radnor gave up Longford Castle, his place in Wiltshire, to the newly-married couple, and went permanently to reside there. When Lady Radnor died, in 1851, it was arranged that Edward Bouverie should reside with his father at Coleshill as his country home, and from that date

down to his father's death, in 1869, he lived there, hunted regularly with the Old Berks and V.W.H. packs, and took a prominent part in all matters connected with the neighbourhood. Mr. Bouverie was a bold and determined rider, devoted to the sport, and always well mounted, although, from his excellent judgment, he seldom paid a long price for his horses. From his genial manners, his kindly heart, his frank address, his fund of anecdote and reminiscence, there were few more popular men in the country side. He was, moreover, a man of capacity and great industry, with many interests—general, literary, and artistic, though probably down to late middle life politics as a pursuit and hunting as a diversion, ranked first in his estimation. His father had been intimately connected with all the leading Whig politicians, and was well known as almost the only member of the House of Lords who heartily advocated the repeal of the Corn Laws, and he was thus early brought into contact with political life and its devotees. Mr. Bouverie was educated at Harrow and Trinity College, Cambridge, and entered at the Inner Temple, but in 1838 he was attached to Lord Durham's mission to Canada. On his return, after acting for a short time as *précis* writer to Lord Palmerston, he returned to the Temple, was called to the Bar,

and for a short time went the Western Circuit. When in London he was a frequent visitor at Holland House, where he met the many eminent men who resorted there. He twice unsuccessfully contested Salisbury, for which his father had sat from 1800 to 1828. In 1844, however, he was returned for the Kilmarnock Burghs, which he represented continuously until 1874, the General Election of which year brought his Parliamentary career to an end. He unsuccessfully contested the Borough of Liskeard against Mr. L. Courtney in 1880, but made no other attempt to enter Parliament. He was one of a small minority who voted in favour of Mr. Villiers' motion for the repeal of the Corn Laws, and soon began to make his mark in general business. In 1850 he was made Under-Secretary for the Home Department under Sir George Grey. He did not hold office in the Ministry of 1852, but in this year he was made Chairman of Committees. In 1855 he became Vice-President of the Board of Trade, and as such conducted through the House the Act permitting the establishment of companies with limited liability. In the same year he became Paymaster-General, and subsequently President of the Poor Law Board, which latter office he held until 1858. When Lord Palmerston's Government was formed in

1859 he voluntarily remained outside, nor did he subsequently hold office. When Speaker Denison vacated the chair in 1872 there were many in the House who thought that Mr. Bouverie would be put forward for the post, but the choice fell on Mr. Brand, a former Liberal Whip.

Mr. Bouverie probably did as much unpaid work for his country as an Ecclesiastical Commissioner and by serving on Commissions and Committees as any man of his time, and his independence, straightforwardness, and the recognition of the fact that he was no self-seeking office-seeker, procured him the ear of the House and a position of importance in its debates.

On his retirement from Parliament his capacity and energy found scope in the work of the City, and as Chairman of the Corporation of Foreign Bondholders he was instrumental in settling the debt questions of many foreign countries. He enjoyed London society, and was for many years a member of Grillion's Club, a coterie of the eminent men of the day. He was elected F.R.S. in 1863. At his father's death, in 1869, he went to live at Market Lavington, in Wiltshire, a property which had been given to him by his father in the lifetime of the latter, and on which Mr.

Bouverie had built himself a house. But though he hunted regularly for some years, and was still a keen supporter of the sport, he missed the handy meets and the familiar surroundings of his former Berkshire home. He served the office of High Sheriff in 1882, and became Chairman of Quarter Sessions in 1886. He was an alderman of the then newly-formed Wilts County Council down to his death in December, 1889.

In 1871 the usual Hunt Ball took place at the Corn Exchange, Faringdon, on Thursday, February the 2nd. The Hunt Club Dinner was held at the "Crown," Faringdon, on the 30th of March, Mr. C. P. Duffield in the chair. The opening meet was at New House, on Wednesday, November the 1st. The day proved to be very bad for scent. Plenty of foxes were, however, found at Pusey, and a brace were accounted for before the hounds returned home. Great excitement was caused in Faringdon, on Friday, December the 22nd, by the hounds running a fox through a part of the town. The meet was at Fernham. They found in the Furze Hills; ran through Fernham, Coles Pits, Wicklesham Copse to the rifle butts. Then turning to the left, the fox ran through the lower end of the town, and finally took

shelter beneath the hearth rug in a front room, at the residence of Mr. James Clarke, having jumped in through the window. Treadwell soon brought him out, and in a short time poor Reynard was broken up by the hungry pack.

In 1872, one of the best runs of the season took place on the 22nd of January. The meet was at Stanford Place, the residence of G. B. Eyston, Esq. A goodly muster partook of the handsome breakfast provided. Lord Craven was out for the first time since he had met with a nasty fall at Highworth. A fox was found in Coxwell Furze Hills. He went away to Faringdon, but was then headed back to the Furze Hills ; being closely followed, however, he ran quickly through the covert and went away to Fernham Copse ; on over the railway to Kingstone Spinneys ; thence to Feather-bed Lane, and, passing Mr. Fortescue's, he crossed over the Baulking Road. Here was a slight check. Treadwell soon got his hounds on again, and away they went to Rosey, and then on through Rogues Pits to Buckland Warren. Doubling back from there Reynard took shelter in Hatford quarry, where he was left for another day.

The Hunt Ball took place in the Faringdon

Corn Exchange, on February the 1st, 1872. A singular incident took place on February the 8th. The meet was at Badbury Hill. The hounds had run to Coleshill, and thence to Buscot. Treadwell was making a cast in the park, when suddenly the V.W.H. hounds came in sight in full cry, and in an instant the two packs amalgamated and ran the fox into and through the woods, and killed at the Bushes. The V.W.H. hounds had found their fox at Crouch, and ran by way of Inglesham to Buscot. Another curious occurrence took place at Buscot about the same time. The Old Berks met at Coleshill. Mr. Stuart Campbell was out. As it was probable the hounds would run to Buscot, luncheon had been prepared for the hungry hunters by Mrs. Campbell at the house. In the course of the day, however, the V.W.H. hounds ran their fox to Buscot, killed there, and then came in and ate up the lunch prepared for the other hunt. It was not until Mrs. Campbell enquired if any one had seen her son, that the fact of a strange hunt having been entertained came out.

The "Old Berks Hunt Steeplechases" were held at Baulking on March the 7th, 1872: 7,000 people are said to have been present. A mistake was made in the preparation of one of the water-jumps. The banks had been cut

away on either side, and water dammed up level with the field. It was remarked by several that this might lead to accidents, and in the first race "Waterwitch" galloped into the water, and coming in contact with the bank broke her neck.

The "Events" were as follows :—

The Berkshire Stakes of three sovs. each, for horses the *bona-fide* property of members of the Hunt Club. Won by Earl of Craven's "Wapiti," 12st. 7lb., Capt. Harford.

The Farmers' Cup. Mr. Hayward's br. g. "Coxcombe," 12st. 7lb., Mr. G. Drewe.

The United Hunt Stakes, for horses hunted with Old Berks, V.W.H., or Craven. Earl of Craven's "Yeoman," 12st., Capt. Harford.

Selling Stakes. Mr. F. Francis's "Duchess," 11st. 7lb., Payne.

Scurry Race. Mr. Welch's "Merry Monk," Mr. Ridd. In this race "General Lea," the property of Mr. D. Kennard, of Lambourne, fell at a fence, broke a blood-vessel, and had to be killed.

The Hunt dinner took place at Abingdon, in the Council Chamber, on March the 21st, 1872, Mr. C. P. Duffield in the chair.

The opening meet was at the "Roadside Farm," occupied by Mr. T. Duffield as a farm, on October the 31st. A fox was found in

“Wick Scrubs.” He ran through Kingstone and was lost. Another fox was found on Mr. W. Aldworth’s farm at Hanney and killed after a sharp little run. A third fox was found at Pusey and killed at Buckland, where also a fourth fox was found directly, but as the day was getting late, hounds were whipped off. There were out the Earl of Craven and Mr. T. Duffield (the Masters), Messrs. A. Sartoris, E. Martin-Atkins, E. K. Lenthall, J. Phillips, B. H. Morland, J. Thompson, J. B. Lowndes, G. F. Crowdy, J. T. Morland, E. Morland, and a host of the staunch yeoman element.

The opening meet of 1874 was again at “Roadside Farm.” After breakfast, “Bedlam” was drawn blank. A fox was found at Pusey, but soon lost. Another was found at Hatford and run to ground. A third fox started from Hinton, and after a half-hour’s ringing run, returned and was killed in the garden at Hinton. “Harrowdown Hill” was then drawn and provided a fourth fox, who went away through “Longcopse,” by Newbridge to Appleton Common, where he was killed after a capital run of forty-five minutes. Present: the Earl of Craven and Mr. T. Duffield (Masters), Sir W. Throckmorton (Master of the V.W.H.), Lord Clifton, Hon. O. Craven, Messrs. C. P. Duffield, J. Bowles, R. H.

Capper (Master of the Craven), G. B. Eyston, J. S. Phillips, J. Thompson, D. Bennett, P. Wynter, E. K. Lenthall, F. Martin-Atkins, A. Campbell, D. Gausson, J. Aldworth, E. P. Crowdy, H. Peacock, Nash, Williams, Edmonds, Godfrey, Wallis, J. Adams, Drewe, Worley, Fisher, Betteridge White, Moore, Davenport, Empson Franklin, Payne, Dandridge, Walters, Roberts, T. Whitfield, Sharpe, Pinniger, Roberts, &c.

On the death, 1874, of Mr. J. B. Lowndes, Captain Morland became Joint Secretary to the Hunt Club with Mr. G. F. Crowdy.

The second period of three years for which the Masters had undertaken to hunt the country having expired, a meeting of the Hunt Committee was held at the Woodman Inn, Fernham, when the offer of Lord Craven and Mr. T. Duffield to continue for another season was accepted, and a cordial vote of thanks for their past services unanimously passed.

The following account of a good run with Lord Craven and Mr. Tom Duffield is from the pen of that excellent sportsman, Mr. John Wallis :—

THE OLD BERKSHIRE.

January 11th, 1875.

At Challow Station, this day's meet,
With Craddock pleased his friends to greet,
And Treadwell with his lot so crack
With those he calls his little pack.
The London train arrives at last,
Not at eleven, but quite half past ;
The noble lord* comes down from town,
And mounts his horse,—The Yeoman brown.
With orders given for Woodhill cover,
We hear the sound, " Yoik ! over, over !"
But here to-day no fox can find,
Which leaves a blank to all mankind.
We're told his castle's in the air,
And so to Washborough's tree repair.
The Master (Mr. Tom) trots on,
And cracks his whip ; now for some fun.
Bold Reynard still is sound asleep,
But wakes and takes a flying leap.
The horn we hear, a thrilling blow,
The cheery sound all sportsmen know.
And now for Barwell Farm and Grove,
He turns his brush and on he strove ;
The scent breast high as on they fly,
The powers of every one to try.
A turn, he leads us to the left.
And takes a line of quite the best.
Now by Woodhill we are flying,
Challow is the point he's trying.
With many keen at each big fence,
And some as tho' they had no sense ;
Pullen, at rail and ditch intent,
Shatter'd the timber as he went.
As Woodhill now is left behind
At Challow works the hounds we find ;

* Lord Craven.

Just at this moment eight tail hounds
 Do catch a fox whilst out of bounds ;
 The body running still so well
 To break him up would prove a sell.
 The brother of the noble peer
 Calls to Edmonds, who is just near,
 He puts poor fox his horse astride,
 And takes him for his final ride.
 Now pointing for the rail we go,
 And how to cross it do not know.
 But stop, another fox is killed
 By four more hounds, his body mill'd ;
 So strange a story to relate
 He kept his kennel till too late.
 Whilst Eli* had his charge in turn
 Now let us to our run return.
 As still the pack, their line upon,
 We find ourselves the railway on ;
 A fence to jump and off we go,
 The pack have got more sport to show.
 As by the rail a mile or more
 Now on to Coles's farm we bore,
 Without a check, without a stain,
 We cross the railway back again.
 Now the canal, we pass it by,
 And on towards Sparsholt village fly ;
 A change he makes with sure intent,
 And straight to Childrey Bridge he went.
 Up to this time "Guy Fawkes" † did go
 As straight as any bird you know ;
 But now, alas, the worst of all,
 Our ‡ Master here gets such a fall.
 The wattle big, and strong bound heather,
 Bring man and horse both down together ;

* Eli Skinner, the 2nd Whip.

† "Guy Fawkes," Mr. T. Duffield's favourite horse.

‡ In this run Mr. Tom Duffield broke his collar-bone, his horse having fallen and landed him in a ditch. Seeing

A broken bone, sad to discover,
 Before this rattling run is over.
 The hounds still sticking to their line,
 Now cross the rail for the third time,
 Streaming on for Stanford village,
 All on grass, none under tillage.
 But Reynard, to the right he turns,
 And leaves forbidden ground which burns,
 Whilst now Park Island passing by,
 "Forard, forard!" still is the cry.
 "Black acre" now is left behind,
 Where a good fox sometimes we find ;
 Now on for Tagg's at Charney Wick
 Old Lavish leads us like a brick,
 And turning to the right once more,—
 The Denchworth plough, oh ! what a bore.
 The bound'ry ditch we have to leap,
 Which lands us in the plough so deep ;
 With some behind who feel so vexed,
 The field has now become select.
 The few that in the run are left,
 Have Little Denchworth on their left.
 We sigh and sob all through the plough,
 With Denchworth brook before us now,
 Some get in and some are over,
 And some another way discover.
 For West Hanney now we rattle,
 Like plucky soldiers when in battle.
 But turning to the left he will
 Take us straight down to Charney Mill ;
 Into the road we jump a ditch,
 Where hounds had run to such a pitch.
 Just now a little check occur'd

he did not rise, a stranger rode up to him and said :
 " I hope, Sir, you're not hurt ? " to which he got the
 reply, " You blank idiot ; do you think I should be such
 a —— —— as to lie here if I wasn't ? "

Which seemed so long had been deferred ;
Short time for those who want a breathing
As down the road the hounds are stealing.
Now straight for Lyford in full cry,
And passing Charney village by,
As time and pace begin to tell,
Poor Reynard should have made his will.
They cross the road to Brook's house,
And knock him over like a mouse ;
Whoop, whoop, to those who are near,
A welcome sound for all to hear.
This fox had lived for full two hours,
Before his keen and fleet pursuers ;
The incidents, to tell them all,
Are far too many to recall,
But if a few we may mention,
Take it for a good intention.
John Treadwell, then, from first to last,
Was never beaten, not surpassed.
The noble lord, his chief companion,
Rode in splendid style and fashion.
Jim* (the whip) who'd ridden Archer,
Rode so fast could ride no faster ;
Whilst Duffield (Charles), our late good Master,
Rode so smart, no man rode smarter.
Kyffin, Fox, Atkins, and Campbell,
Were at the end and in the scramble ;
While Crowdy P. in front was seen
With the well-known gallant Captain Green.
From reds to green we here must turn,
As Aldworth did a lesson learn,
By keeping on you see the fun,
And see the finish of the run.
From green to black now let us go,
And see what humble people know.
With Morland first, who went so well,

* Jim Hewgill, the 1st Whip.

Never swerved, and never fell.
And Fisher, too, with horse so stout,
With Pinnock there or thereabout.
Hyde, Adams, John, and his stout brother,
All went as well as any other.
Payne, Craddock, Albert Whitfield, Reade,
Each rode quite straight upon his steed,
And Wallis, on Old Sportsman bold,
Could have the mazzard, he was told.
This ends the run and ends the story.
May hunting reign in all its glory.

A most singular incident occurred on March the 29th, 1875, two brace of foxes being broken up simultaneously ; and what was more remarkable still, in each case one of the two foxes met with his death by drowning. The meet was at Challow. A fox was found near the station, and after a run of thirty-five minutes was killed at Sparsholt. During the run the pack divided, and the other portion ran their fox into a pond near Sparsholt. Both foxes having been thus accounted for, the reunited pack adjourned to Kingston Lisle, where a fox was quickly found, and run into the lake at Woolstone Lodge. Again the pack had divided, and again a second was killed, this time at Woolstone Wells. Probably this was a unique record for a single day's hunting.

The opening meet was on Wednesday, October the 27th, 1875. A brace of foxes

were killed, one at the "Lamb and Flag," the other at Hatford.

At the end of the spring season of 1875 Mr. Duffield resigned, and Lord Craven continued alone. Thus the partnership, which had provided excellent sport for the country for seven years, came to an end.

During Lord Craven's mastership, his huntsman was John Treadwell, with James Hewgill as 1st whip, and Joe Laurence, now huntsman to the Oakley, as 2nd whip.

Mr. T. Duffield's talent for the use of choice hunting language had not languished for want of practice. Indeed, it had become recognised as a joke in the country and notorious in the neighbouring hunts. The Duke of Beaufort, in the Badminton series, says: "Those who have enjoyed the pleasure of a gallop from, say, the Blowing Stone to Wantage, will never forget it; particularly if they should happen to have come across the path of the Master, Mr. Tom Duffield." Some Oxford undergraduates who had experienced his reproofs, took their revenge by dubbing the Old Berkshire the "Old Blasphemers," and the countryside became full of stories of the redoubtable "Mr. Tom." For instance, a fox had been killed, and a couple of yokels sitting on a gate were requested by

him to open the gate. Said one, nudging his companion, "Don't 'ee budge, Bill; zit scill, and let's hear 'un sware a bit." Upon one occasion a paragraph appeared in the local paper, the *Faringdon Advertiser*, the authorship being attributed to a popular and hospitable parson, the Rev. E. Penwarne-Wellings, who lived in the very centre of the Vale, and ran as follows: "We hear that so many members of the Old Berks Hunt got into Rosey brook on Monday last that the course of the stream was seriously impeded. At last the gallant Master himself got in, and then the brook was completely dammed." On one or two occasions a little difficulty was caused in the hunt by this want of restraint, but the difficulty was soon got over by the tact of the Hunt President, Lord Barrington, aided by the Hon. Secs., and the natural good sense and kindness of heart of Mr. Duffield.

Mr. T. Duffield did not long survive his mastership. He died at New House in 1888. Mr. Duffield had married Adela, daughter of the late Mr. Theobald Theobald of Sutton, Courtney Abbey, some time Master of the "Craven," who survives him, and has since married Colonel Blake. He left one daughter, who married, firstly, Mr. John Blandy-Jenkins, of Kingston Bagpuize, who died in 1901, and



Hills & Saunders, photo.

JOHN TREADWELL.

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secondly, Mr. Frank Oakes, son of Mr. Harvey-Oakes, of Stowmarket.

On Wednesday, February the 20th, 1878, a testimonial, consisting of a silver watch and teapot, and a purse of 700 sovereigns, was presented to the Huntsman, John Treadwell. The presentation took place at a dinner held in the Council Chamber at Abingdon; Mr. C. P. Duffield in the chair. Treadwell was the son of Jem Treadwell, who was entered to the sport under Mr. Codrington. Jem Treadwell was for many years huntsman to Mr. Farquharson, in Dorsetshire. John Treadwell first became known as a hard-riding whip in Hampshire. Then he went into Essex as huntsman to Mr. Henley Greaves. Afterwards he went to the Cottesmore with Mr. Greaves. He then became huntsman to the "Quorn" for five years under Lord Stamford. His uncle, James Treadwell, had carried the horn in the Quorn country just twenty years before. Treadwell rejoined Mr. Greaves in 1863, when he took the Old Berkshire country. He remained Huntsman of the Old Berks for nearly twenty years. He retired in 1882, and died at Kingston Bagpuize in 1895.

The authors of the Essex Hunt say of him :
"Of Treadwell's skill in hunting there is no

need for us to testify ; always a quick man, his Leicestershire experience made him even more so. No man could better force the foxes to fly from the fastness of Tubney Woods, while if a fox was to be forced from Bagley Wood, Treadwell was the man to make him go. For Tar Wood, in Oxfordshire, on the border of the Heythrop country, he had a liking, but he liked the Old Berks vale the best. That stretch of green recalled, no doubt, to his mind the glories of the Quorn, and in it he was at his best." He left a very full diary of his hunting experiences in the Old Berkshire country. This has been placed at our disposal by his widow, and records many good runs during his connection with the Hunt. So thorough was Treadwell's knowledge of the ways of his quarry that it was sometimes said of him : " He would almost hunt a fox without the aid of hounds." His popularity, especially amongst the yeomen and farmers, was unbounded, and he was the hero of many stories.

Keen as mustard, Treadwell often enjoyed an off day with one of the neighbouring packs, mounted by one of his numerous friends. Upon one occasion, after a successful day with the Heythrop, horse and rider found needful refreshment at the hospitable house

of Mr. Heydon, of the Hill Farm, Northmoor, Oxon, and it was late and very dark when they set out on the journey home. Whether it was due to the darkness of the night, or to the strength of Mr. Heydon's whiskey, is uncertain, but on the way home horse and rider suddenly found themselves in the moat at Stanton Harcourt. "I'm blessed if I knowed exactly what had happened," said Treadwell afterwards; "I felt myself going down and down and down, till I thought we should both have been out of sight altogether. The place didn't seem to have no bottom to it. I sat on my 'orse cos I'd been always used to. But I caught hold of the branch of a tree, and tried to hold us both up, but it wasn't much good, and I holload and holload, and at last they came with a rope, and I tied it round my horse's neck, and they pulled him out and me with him; and precious glad, too."

Upon occasion Treadwell's virtues induced some of his admirers to break into song. The following lines are by that veteran sportsman, one of the fathers of the Hunt, Mr. John Blake, of Oxford. Our readers will wish to see them, if only for the sake of author and subject, and their long connection with the Hunt.

JOHN TREADWELL.

You know John Treadwell,
 Now the coat he wears is black ;
 He sees lots of fun,
 If it is upon a hack.
 We meet him in the field,
 Tho' he doesn't hunt the pack,
 Yet he is welcomed by the Master
 In the morning.

In a run o'er the Vale,
 It was fun to have a look
 At the game old man
 Have a cut at Rosey Brook.
 It mattered not to him
 Which way a fox took
 That he found at Rosey Covert
 In the morning.

You know John Treadwell, &c.

His care was for his hounds,
 Not a d—— about his neck ;
 It was a treat to see him cast them
 When he came to a check ;
 He would hold them on the line,
 And if there was the slightest speck,
 Would show you as they *ketched* him
 In the morning.

You know John Treadwell, &c.

His fondness for the sport
 I am sure it never lags ;
 He's a topper in the field
 As good upon the flags ;

Of the good ones that he's bred
He seldom ever brags,
And they go home with their sterns up
In the evening.

You know John Treadwell, &c.

All you who love the sport
Will, I am sure, be pleased to hear
Old John has saved enough
To keep him while he's here ;
It is in a good investment,
So he has nought to fear,
He could fetch it out
On any Monday morning.

You know John Treadwell, &c.

Then here's to John Treadwell,
He is a good old soul ;
And like ourselves
He is fond of the bowl.
We hope it may be many years
Before his knell doth toll,
For you don't meet such a huntsman
Every morning.

You know John Treadwell, &c.

During Mr. Thomas Duffield's mastership Treadwell rode, among others, a chestnut mare, and a brown mare with a silver tail. He went well, in a way peculiarly his own, on anything ; but when mounted on either of these, or on the roan horse, " Merry Andrew," which carried him so well for so many seasons, he was, indeed, hard to beat over a country.

In January, 1871, the following resolution was passed at a meeting held at the Crown Inn, Faringdon ; Lord Barrington, M.P., in the chair: "That this meeting desires to thank Lord Craven most cordially for the efficient way in which he has hunted the country for the last three seasons, and gladly accepts his offer to undertake the management for a further term of three years." An increase was made to the amount of the subscription, in consequence of the expense Lord Craven had incurred in taking a residence (Kingston House) nearer the centre of the country.

The opening meet of 1879 was at Kingston House on November the 5th. There was a very large attendance. A fox was found at Stanboro's. During the run a nasty accident happened to the Master's second son, the Hon. Rupert Craven. His pony fell at a jump, and the hoof of the horse of some person following too closely struck the little fellow on the head. He was carried off to Kingston House at once and attended to by Dr. Daly and Mr. G. H. Maskelyne of Faringdon, and soon recovered.

Lord Craven was the keenest of Masters, and his hounds used to hunt in all possible weathers, and as late in the year as the state of the crops would permit. In 1880 the final

meet was on April the 21st, when they met at the "Fox and Hounds Inn," Littleworth. A fox found in the Grove was killed in the sheepfold at Mr. Chatterton's farm, Wadley. A second fox was run to ground at Pusey, where a third was quickly on foot. He made his way to Hinton and took refuge in the cellar of the house. Treadwell brought him out, and he was broken up on the lawn; making a total of fifty-five brace for the season.

It took a very hard frost to stop Lord Craven. Hunt he would if hounds could possibly travel to the meet. Upon one occasion the hounds ran a fox along the edge of the lake at Faringdon House, the sheet of water being crowded with skaters at the time; and it takes a good deal of frost to make that lake bear. Personally he was certainly the most popular Master since "Charlie" Duffield. The yeoman contingent was exceedingly strong, and the Master was always ready with a cheery greeting for everybody. "Hold hard, sir. Hold hard, Mr. Sharpe, sir, I say. Don't you know the rules. What the mischief do you mean by riding across roots like that when hounds are not running?" said he one day to the late Mr. Benjamin Sharpe, of Shellingford, who was showing the way across his own roots.

“Never you mind, my Lord. You come along with me. The owner won't find fault with us to-day,” was the reply. “I've got another bone to pick with you, Mr. Sharpe. What do you mean by stopping up my favourite gap down in the bottom yonder?” “Likes to see the gentlemen in the air, my Lord; likes to see the gentlemen in the air.” He was very good-natured, too, in meeting the wishes of this section of his supporters in another matter. Naturally, farmers who are up early and do a good day's work round their farms before the less busy followers of the chase are out of bed, look with a kindly eye upon the “Lawn meet,” where adequate provision is prepared for healthy appetites bred by country air. At this period meets at houses became very frequent. Indeed, the opinion was freely expressed, “the proper way for the ‘Old Berks’ to hunt is to meet at one gentleman's house and to leave off at another.” His lordship's keenness for sport made him chafe a little at the delay involved; but nevertheless he rather encouraged the practice, for he held that it was good for the Hunt, as tending to make it popular; and good for the country, as affording an opportunity for landlords and farmers to meet under very pleasant circumstances.

After the season of 1876 a cup was presented by Messrs. C. Pigou (15th Regt.) and C. F. Watkins (Scots Greys), who had been hunting in the country, to be run for by members of the Hunt and farmers residing in the country. The event took place at Middle Leaze Farm, Coleshill, on April the 8th, 1876. It was won by Mr. Goddard's Lottery, ridden by Mr. G. Drewe. 2nd, Mr. T. Fisher's Kingfisher, ridden by Mr. F. M. Butler.

A match was then run between Mr. G. Adams's Aylesbury, ridden by Mr. Percy Crowdy ; and Mr. Pigou's Grey Friar, ridden by the owner, and was won by the former.

A scurry race followed, which was won by Mr. G. Reade's King Bryan, ridden by Mr. H. Bayley.

Hunting was stopped in January, 1881, by the very hard frost, which was very severely felt in Berkshire, and particularly upon the Downs, where several deaths occurred of people overtaken by the snow, which fell without warning and with extraordinary rapidity. Communication with London was suspended by the blocking of a train in the Molesford cutting. Mr. Thatcher, of Longcot, had sent four carts to deliver coal at the gas-house at Lambourne. The carts were in charge of a man named Patient, who was accompanied

by his master's son, Robert Thatcher, aged 11, a man named Goddard, and a lad of 17, named Daniels. Having delivered the coal, the party started on its return journey, leaving Lambourne at 1 p.m. Snow began to fall as they started, but Patient, being familiar with the Downs, anticipated no difficulty. He took the road by Compton House and Knighton Hamlet, as being the shorter and least liable to be blocked by snow. He appears to have reached and passed Knighton Bushes, and then to have lost the track in the blinding storm. The horses became utterly exhausted near the spot known as Honey Bush Corner. This was about 4.30 p.m. The party then lost their way completely, and the boy Robert becoming exhausted, Patient took him on his back and struggled with him for two hours and a half through the blinding hurricane of snow and wind. He then discovered his burden was a corpse. After a time he was compelled to leave the dead boy in the snow and crawl on alone. At last he got shelter in an empty house, and ultimately, with great difficulty, managed to reach the house of Lord Craven's keeper, Jesse Jones. Here Patient arrived about one o'clock at night. Jones received Patient with the greatest kindness, and organised, with the neighbours, a relief

expedition. They found William Goddard frozen to death not far from the body of Robert Thatcher. Daniels was still alive, having managed to protect himself to some extent by crouching against the horses ; but he was very ill. Two of the horses were found dead.

It was some time before hunting could be resumed after the great snow. Before the snow had entirely disappeared, however, the hounds had an excellent run, which was described as follows in the *Faringdon Advertiser*. "Old Berks Hunt: These hounds had the run of the season on Friday, February the 18th, 1881. The meet was at Kitemore, where there was a large muster. Having partaken of the hospitality of Mr. Finlay Campbell, a move was made to Rosey, which was drawn blank. Subsequently a fox was roused from a hayrick near Wick Wood. Making off at a rattling pace, he passed Wicklesham, through Faringdon brick-kiln and the nurseries, and down the meadows at the back of the town. Then he crossed the line near the railway station and on to the gravel-pits, leaving Little Coxwell to the left, and so by Ringdale to Uffington, where he crossed the Great Western Railway. Then he passed through the meadows to the right

of Mr. Thatcher's, pointing for Hardwell, but turned again and made for Stockham Farm, where he laid down, but being closely followed, he started again over the Manger road, as though for the spinnies. Changing his course again he made for Uffington Wood, but leaving it to the right, he went up the hill above Kingston Warren Farm, into the Ashdown Coverts, where he was killed after a splendid run of one hour and forty-five minutes. The going at times was exceedingly heavy, and the pace severe, the distance being about fifteen miles.

The Hunt Steeplechases took place at the Middle Leaze Farm, Coleshill, on Thursday, March the 17th, 1881. Stewards: The Earl of Craven (Master), V. Van de Weyer, Esq., C. P. Duffield, Esq.; with Mr. Percy Crowdy as Hon. Sec.

The Farmer's Cup was won by Mr. R. Aldworth's "Sorceress," ridden by Mr. Wm. Pullen.

The Hunt Steeplechase, by Mr. J. Jackson's "Yellow Jack," ridden by Mr. J. Cheeseman.

A Scurry Race, by Mr. C. W. Jousiffe's "Music," ridden by Mr. Cheeseman.

United Farmers' Hunt Race, by Mr. R. Aldworth's "Sorceress," ridden by Mr. Pullen.

It is chronicled that on Wednesday, April

the 8th, 1881, the hounds met at Besselsleigh and had a blank day, this being the first blank day experienced by these hounds for eighteen years!

A meeting of members of the Hunt was held at the Crown Inn, Faringdon, on Tuesday, December the 19th, 1881—present: Viscount Barrington, in the chair, Sir W. Throckmorton, Colonel Van de Weyer, Captain Loder-Symonds, Messrs. C. P. Duffield, D. Bennett, B. H. Morland, Finlay Campbell, F. M. Atkins, G. F. Crowdy, and others—when the following resolution was unanimously passed: “This meeting desires, in the most cordial terms, to tender to Lord Craven its best thanks for the very efficient manner in which he has hunted the country the whole period of his mastership.”

Lord Craven, in reply, regretted he could not continue to hunt the country in the same way, but offered to continue for another year if he was permitted to kennel the hounds at Ashdown and to hunt from there, an offer which was gladly accepted, Ashdown, it should be mentioned, being in the Craven Hunt.

The last meet of the season was on Friday, April the 14th, 1882, when the hounds met at Ashdown by special invitation from Sir Richard Sutton, Master of the Craven. It was generally known that Lord Craven intended to

hunt his hounds himself for the next season, and that meet was the last time, therefore, that the services of Treadwell would be required. He was about to end his long and honourable service of nineteen years with the Old Berkshire Hounds. An unusually large field was the result, quite 300 horsemen being present. Treadwell was offered the post of huntsman to the "South and West Wilts Hounds," but he declined the offer.

Lord Craven showed excellent sport during the following season. It was wonderful how so heavy a man managed to stick to the hounds as he did, and still more wonderful that flesh and blood could stand, even for a time, the work he went through in hunting the country from Ashdown. Nearly every day he drove the hounds down from his place in a van with four horses; every day, after hunting, he himself drove them back again. Nor would he rest himself, or change his clothes, until he had seen his hounds fed and cared for. Still with it all, the work was thoroughly well done; and even the most distant part of the country regularly hunted. In January Lord Craven agreed to hunt the country in the same manner for another year, but that was not to be. Monday, January the 15th, 1883, the hounds found a fox at Watchfield Common.

They pressed him hard to Coleshill, and back again across the Common. Then they hustled him by Mr. Fereman's house, through Longcott into Mr. Oliver Gerring's garden at Little Coxwell. Here the fox was beaten and lay down in the paddock until he was turned out by a large pig, which fairly hunted him, following and jumping a high wall after him. In crossing the field the hounds got on to the line of a fresh fox, and ran him through the Furze Hills to Fernham, then back to Coles Pits, and to the sports ground at Faringdon, where he was killed, after an excellent run of two hours and twenty-six minutes.

In January, 1883, Mr. Edward Morland retired from the post of Joint Honorary Secretary on account of ill-health. He had held the post for seven years, and a cordial vote of thanks to him for his services was passed. Mr. B. H. Morland, of Sheepstead, his cousin, succeeded him.

The last meet of the season was at Little Coxwell, on April the 16th, 1883. They had several short runs and killed one fox, making forty-nine and a half brace, against fifty brace the year before. This was the last occasion upon which Lord Craven appeared in the hunting field. The tremendous exertion of the season had been too much for him. He

became seriously ill. The news from Ashdown became worse and worse. However, at the opening meet of the ensuing season, which was at Tubney Tree, on November the 7th, the field was cheered by better news from Ashdown. The kennel huntsman, Robert Vincent, hunted the hounds, with Joe Lawrence and George Tofts as whips. The Hon. Osbert Craven acted as Master in the field. The rally was unfortunately of short duration, and Lord Craven died on December the 7th, 1883. His loss was sincerely and deeply mourned, not only by his wide circle of personal friends and the Hunt he had so long and admirably conducted, but by the whole country side. As his father-in-law, Lord Barrington, speaking at a gathering at Ashdown, some little time after his death, said: "He cared not for the excitement of a political career, for a life at Court, or for the amusements of a Capital. He was a typical country gentleman. He lived and he died in his own country among his own people, known, honoured, and beloved by all."

The executors of Lord Craven undertook to carry on the Hunt for the remainder of the season. All pecuniary difficulties being obviated by a very liberal supplementary subscription from Mr. Van de Weyer, while the

Hon. Osbert Craven undertook the duties of Master in the field.

On Monday, January the 7th, 1884, the hounds met at Steventon Green. On their way, to draw a little covert on the top of Steventon Hill, a fox was put up behind the hounds by some of the field when crossing a fallow. The hounds were turned back and quickly got on to his line. He went through the hop grounds and across the Illsley Road and over Milton Hill, through Mr. Bowles's shrubberies and on to the Gorse, which he just brushed through; then he turned and set his head straight back for the hop grounds, through them and on to the little copse the hounds were going to draw. The fox then crossed the Milton Road and the railway leaving Steventon Station to the left, through the enclosures between Milton and Steventon villages, out over the Abingdon Road, just below Steventon Green and into Steventon fields, which they crossed, hunting well and steadily at a good pace and nearly to Hendred Cowleaze; here they checked a minute or two, but he did not go into the covert, but bearing to the right ran over the grass grounds to the canal, which they crossed, where it runs under the railway. Here most of the field went wrong, going down the green lane and

under the arch, instead of getting on to the line by the canal. They then pointed for Wantage Road Station, but leaving this on the left went nearly to West Hannay, but leaving this and Little Denchworth on the right, passed Denchworth village, over the brook by Black Acres Farm, leaving it on the left and taking that fine bit of country on to Stanford Mill, crossing Mill Lane, along the side of the brook, then turning to the right over the allotment ground as if for Shellingford cross roads straight to Hatford Gorse, where they soon marked him to ground. Some men were rabbiting there, who said he could hardly crawl. They just moved the earth with their spades and the hounds very soon got him, and well they deserved him. The time was one hour and thirty-nine minutes. Distance, in a bee line, was $10\frac{1}{2}$ miles. This was an exceptionally fine run over a very good country. It closely resembles, in line and distance, the "Blowing Stone" run of 1864.

The mistake many of the field made at the railway must have been very disappointing, as they never had a chance of getting up again. At the last only about six were near the hounds, viz., Mr. E. W. Dunn, Mr. E. Robson, Major Price Blackwood, and Messrs.

W. Pullen, W. Goddard and H. T. Stone. Another contingent arrived before the fox was broken up, amongst whom were Messrs. Osbert Craven, John Eyston and Charles Eyston. Some of these hungry hunters, finding themselves and their horses pretty well done, proceeded, on their own account, to "draw" Stanford Place. The hospitable owner was found at home and delighted to provide refreshments in return for the tale of the chase.

In January, 1884, a badger having been seen at Coxwell Furze hills, the kennel terriers were taken there and after some fine sport succeeded in "drawing" one weighing 35 lbs.

It is a rather remarkable fact that all the Masters whose reigns we have now chronicled have passed away, while all those whose doings we have still to relate are still going, and long may they continue to follow the "sport of kings." Lord Craven was the only Master who died while in office since the original founder of the Hunt, Mr. John Loder, and he held the reigns for a longer period than any Master, with the single exception of the founder.

Lord Craven was succeeded in the title by his son, who was only 15 years of age when his

father died. Ten years afterwards he married the only daughter of Mr. Bradley Martin, of New York. Combe Abbey, his seat near Coventry, is a famous old house, which has its place in history. Had the plans of the plotters carried, it would have been more notable still. The gunpowder plotters designed to abduct the Princess Elizabeth, daughter of James I., from Combe Abbey, then the property of Lord Harrington.

It was arranged that while Earl Percy seized the young Prince Charles, Catesby should secure and carry off the Princess. The Catholic nobles of his neighbourhood were to be assembled at Catesby's place at Ashby St. Leger, and then, the scheme having been explained, they were to make a dash on the Abbey, overpower such of the guard as would not join them, seize the Princess, and hold her with a view to eventualities. However, the revelations of Lord Morley, son of Lord Monteagle, upset everything.

Hunting with Lord Craven, and subsequently, were :—Lady Craven ; Lord Barrington, the President of the Hunt ; the two ex-Masters, Messrs. Charles and Tom Duffield ; the three brothers from Besselsleigh, staunchest supporters of the Hunt ; E. K. Lenthall ; W. Kyffin-Kyffin ; and Frank Lenthall, Recorder

of Woodstock, an office which his ancestor, the great Speaker, held before him ; the Hon. Osbert Craven ; Mr. and Lady Emily Van de Weyer and Miss Van de Weyer ; Colonel White, who lived at the Race, Kingston Bagpuize, and hunted on wheels ; Mr. Finlay Campbell, of Kitemore ; Mr. Stuart Campbell, of Buscot ; Major Price Blackwood, of Tubney House, who rode straight, and drove a four-in-hand ; Messrs. Tom and Percy Craddock ; Robert and Philip Aldworth, of Frilford ; Mr. Walter and Mr. Edward Morland, of Abingdon ; Charles Taylor, of Bradley Farm, who had a celebrated horse called " The Count," that was said to have jumped every gate in the Vale ; Mr. John Wallis, of Shifford ; Messrs. Charles and John Edmonds, of Longworth ; Mr. William Edmonds, of Draycott Moor ; Mr. Edgar Powell ; Mr. George Adams ; Mr. Thomas Hyde, of Caldecott House, Abingdon ; the Hon. Mr. and Mrs. Agar, from Stanton Fitzwarren ; Mr. Edwin Martin-Atkins, of Kingston Lisle ; Mr. Frank Martin-Atkins, of Westfield House ; Mr. Tom Price ; Mr. John Bowles, of Milton Hill, and his son, Captain Bowles ; Messrs. Charles and James Beesley, of Charney ; Mr. D. Bennett, of Faringdon House ; Mr. W. Dore, of Bishopstone ; Mr. George Cozens, of Mackney,

Wallingford; Mr. Tom Drewe, of Drayton; Mr. Charles Eyston, of Hendred, his son Mr. Tom Eyston, and his brother, Mr. G. B. Eyston, of Stanford Place; Mr. Fox, of Bradwell Grove; Mr. A. Goddard, of The Lawn, Swindon, and his son; Capt. W. H. Hippisley, Scots Greys; Mr. Herbert Morrell, of Headington; Mr. Charles Morrell; Mr. E. Robson, of Stockhard; Mr. G. F. Crowdy, of Faringdon, and his two sons, Mr. Gordon and Mr. Percy Crowdy; Mr. T. Latham, of Little Wittenham; Mr. John Weaving, of Appleford; Mr. and Mrs. Orby Sloper, of Westropp House, Highworth; Mr. David Gausson, of Broughton Hall; Captain Dunlop; Captain and Miss Turner, of Lechlade Manor; Capt. Green, of Little Coxwell; Mr. Philip Southby, of Bampton; Captain de Robeck; Sir Robert Lloyd-Lindsay, V.C. (afterwards Lord Wantage); Mr. Philip Wroughton, from Woolley Park; Mr. T. Deacon, of Swindon; Colonel Harford, Scots Guards; Captain Philip Wynter; Mr. Edgar Hanbury, of Highworth; Captain and Mrs. Calley, of Burderop; Messrs. E. and W. Pullen, of Appleford; Mr. Moore, of Uffington; Mr. Jefferies; Mr. Joseph Lyford, of Sheephouse Field; Mr. George Cox, of Abingdon; Mr. F. Woodbridge, of Chimney; Mr. Joseph Tollit, of Oxford;

Mr. Walter Powell, of Barton Abbey; Mr. Edward Nash, of Hatford; Mr. John Fisher, of Hannay; the Messrs. Payne, of Abingdon; Mr. Monk, of Hendred; Lord Folkestone, of Coleshill House, who had some very fine horses; Mr. L. H. Palk (afterwards Lord Haldon) and the Hon. Mrs. Palk, of Shrivenham, Mr. Walter Tosswill, Major Walter Wynter, Mr. L. Parry, of Kitemore, and many others; amongst the "young entries" being Messrs. John and Charles Eyston, of Hendred, and John and Fred Loder Symonds.

On Fridays, and often on Mondays, when meets were on the southern side, a strong contingent from the Craven country used to attend, among whom were often to be seen Colonel Willes, of Hungerford, Master of the Craven 1856-57 and 1865-71; Mr. W. H. Dunn and his brothers, Major Dunn and Mr. E. W. Dunn; Rev. Charles Johnstone, of Enborne; Dr. D. Kennard, of Lambourne; Mr. Robert Peck, the trainer, of Russley; Mr. Philip Wroughton, M.P.; Mr. Basil Cochrane, of Chilton; Major Aldridge; Mr. J. H. Humphries; Mr. Hobbs, and others.

CHAPTER XVI.

MR. VICTOR WILLIAM BATES VAN DE WEYER
AND MR C. P. DUFFIELD, 1884 TO 1889.

SINCE the mastership of Mr. Henley Greaves the hounds had occupied the kennels at New House, built for him in 1863. These kennels left much to be desired in point of repair, accommodation, and situation. In the spring of 1884 Mr. Van de Weyer, in the most munificent manner, placed the sum of £2,000 at the disposal of the Hunt Committee to enable them to build new kennels in any part of the country that they might select. After full consideration, the site at Kingston Bagpuize was selected. A lease was obtained from Mr. Blandy-Jenkins, and the present kennels were erected. Mr. F. H. Barfield, of Faringdon, was the architect, and the kennels at Luton Hoo, the property of the late Mr. Gerard Leigh, were taken as a model. The contract for building was taken by Mr. John Wheeler, of Wantage. While the kennels were building Mr. Van de Weyer made an



Owen, photo.

VICTOR VAN DE WEYER, Esq.
Master 1884 to 1889.

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offer to hunt the country, in conjunction with Mr. Charles Duffield, for one season, upon a guaranteed subscription of £700, an offer which was most gladly accepted. Mr. Duffield, by the arrangement, was to be master in the field.

Mr. Victor Van de Weyer had previously hunted with the "Old Berks" for many years. He is a son of the late Monsieur Jean Sylvain Van de Weyer, who was for many years Belgian Ambassador at the English Court. Born at Louvain in 1802, Monsieur Van de Weyer was educated at that great Belgian University. From Louvain Monsieur Van de Weyer went to Brussels, where he was called to the bar. In addition to his practice at the bar, he held the post of Librarian of that city, and custodian of the manuscripts of the Dukes of Burgundy. When the revolution of 1830, which resulted in the separation of Belgium from Holland, broke out, Mr. Van de Weyer took an active part in it. He became a member of the Provisional Government, and was one of the deputation sent to offer the Crown of Belgium to Prince Leopold of Saxe-Coburg (afterwards Leopold I.). In July, 1831, he was appointed Minister Plenipotentiary at the Court of St. James's, which post he held until 1867, when he resigned owing to

failing health. From July, 1845, to March, 1846, he was absent from England, having taken office as Minister of the Interior in Belgium ; but he was not replaced during that time in London, a Charge d'Affaires carrying on the business of the legation. The remainder of his life he spent in England. He married the daughter of the late Mr. Joshua Bates, U.S.A., who became a naturalised British citizen. After his death in London, in 1874, his old University of Louvain honoured the memory of the patriot and diplomatist by the erection of a bronze statue, which stands on a conspicuous site in front of the railway station at Louvain. His son, Mr. Victor Van de Weyer, who was educated at Eton, married Emily, youngest daughter of the second Earl of Craven, and sister to the late Master. He had occupied, for some years, for hunting purposes, Kingston Lisle House, the seat of the Martin-Atkins family.

The late Lord Craven left his hounds to Lady Craven, with the expression of a wish that she might place them at the service of the Old Berks Hunt. Nobly has she given effect to this kindly wish. The hounds were purchased by her from Lord Craven's executors, at a valuation by the present Duke of Beaufort, and placed at the disposal of the new

Masters, upon the understanding that the number and quality of the pack should be maintained. For this purpose a special valuation of the pack was made, Mr. W. H. Dunn and Mr. T. C. Garth kindly acting as valuers. The valuation amounted to £1,400. This arrangement has ever since remained in force, and is equivalent to a very large annual subscription on the part of her Ladyship.

Mr. Van de Weyer engaged as huntsman William Povey, who came to him from Mr. Harvey Combe, in Surrey. Povey had formerly served with a pack in Cornwall, and had been both whip and huntsman to the Craven. He went from Berkshire to the New Forest, and after some years' service there was found drowned in a pit in the forest. Joe Lawrence remained as first whip ; he had been for a long time with the Old Berks. He then went to the Oakley for a time, but returned to the Old Berks ; after which he returned to the Oakley, of which he is now huntsman. George Roake came as second whip, a son of Dick Roake, for many years huntsman to Mr. John Hargreaves, of the South Berks. After leaving Berkshire Roake went to the Heythrop. Thence he went to the Savernake Forest Stag Hounds ; from there to the Duhallow ; after which he went to the Craven

as first whip, and is now huntsman to that pack.

Albert Maiden came as second horseman to Povey, and subsequently became second whip. He is now first whip and kennel huntsman to Mr. Butt-Miller, of the V.W.H. (Cricklade). Mr. Van de Weyer at once set about improving the pack. He gave Lord Portsmouth, when the latter reduced his hunting days, 600 guineas for ten and a half couples of hounds, being all the entered bitches in his Lordship's small pack. In 1884 he bought a few couple of entered hounds from Mr. E. Frewen when that gentleman sold the hounds with which he had hunted the East Sussex country. In 1885 Mr. Van de Weyer bought the Belvoir and Brocklesbury young drafts. He also established a hound book, in which certain pedigrees were very carefully recorded for his guidance in future breeding. No more energetic efforts could have been made to improve what was already a good pack.

In the summer of 1885 an outbreak of rabies unfortunately occurred in the kennel, which almost swept off the whole of the dog pack.

The disease was believed to have been started by a hound that had been bitten by a strange dog in the streets of Faringdon. Fortunately the young hounds had not been

in contact with the diseased pack, so they were not affected. A few of the best stallion hounds were isolated for a long time and preserved to restart the pack. Kind friends, too, came forward and supplied the Masters with what hounds they could, and later Mr. Van de Weyer was able to get several couple of useful hounds from the V.W.H. (Cricklade), when they were reducing their pack. Amongst these was "Grasper," who proved a useful stallion hound. In the middle of the season, 1885-1886, there was an outbreak of rabies in the bitch pack, but happily only those hounds were affected that were bitten by a fox in Coxwell Wood, who stood at bay and bit several. After the recent severe experience the disease was quickly recognised, the hounds affected destroyed, and the rest of the pack saved. There was one isolated case of a dog hound, "Monarch," who took the disease after a very long period of incubation. Povey thought his lungs were affected, and the Masters being together, in the kennel for sick hounds, Mr. Duffield stroked him with his bare hand; on being touched with a stick to put him back into his lodging-room, however, he turned on the stick and bit it like a wolf. He died and a *post mortem* was made by Professor Pritchard, who reported that the disease

was undoubtedly rabies. When we find this horrible disease making such ravages amongst dogs so carefully watched and tended as hounds; when we reflect how easily it is communicable to man and with what awful results; when we learn, moreover, that certain countries, like Norway and Australia have been kept absolutely free from the malady, by stringent restrictions upon the importation of dogs from abroad, the reason for the severe measures taken by the Board of Agriculture becomes apparent.

On Monday, March the 29th, 1886, the meet was "The Blowing Stone." At Kingston Lisle House, the field received a hearty welcome from the popular Master. After doing ample justice to the good things provided for them, they adjourned to Fawler Copse, which was drawn blank. A move was then made to Uffington Wood, where a leash of foxes were quickly on foot. One was chopped directly and another viewed away. The hounds were close on to him down Woolstone Wells to the village; then turning back up hill, as if for Uffington Wood, they swung round by Dragon's Hill, down the "Manger," up again and round the Camp; pointing for Ashdown, but bearing to the left was run to ground near Mr. Hippisley's

at Lambourne. This was a fast run in the face of a strong wind and blinding storm. They then drew the spinnies, and chopped a fox in the round spinney. Before reaching the long spinney another fox was viewed away across the road, and the hounds were well on to him directly. Making for the canal he turned to the left, then went straight away by Southfield Farm, on over the Childrey and Wantage roads, by the side of the railway for half a mile, then over the line, leaving Goosey to the left, and away to Denchworth, where a slight check occurred; quickly, however, Povey hit off his line in a piece of beans and away they went towards the railway, again crossing the line at Grove level crossing, and along the back of the village to the right over the road as if for Woodhill; but here both horses and hounds had had enough and so they whipped off and finished a most excellent day, the latter part being over the very cream of the Old Berks country.

In November, 1886, Viscount Barrington, President of the Hunt, died. He had joined Lord Aveland's shooting party at Grims-
thorpe, Lady Willoughby de Eresby's place in Lincolnshire, and was taken suddenly ill. George William Barrington, seventh Viscount Barrington, of Ardglass, county Down; and

Baron Barrington, of Newcastle, county Dublin, in the peerage of Ireland; and Baron Shute, of Beckett, in the peerage of the United Kingdom, was the eldest son of William Kepple, sixth Viscount, by his wife, Jane Elizabeth, fourth daughter of the first Lord Ravensworth, and was born in 1824. He was educated at Eton and Christ Church. For some time he was Private Secretary to the late Earl of Derby. In May, 1852, he stood for Buckinghamshire, without success, but obtained a seat for Eye, in 1866, and represented that borough until his elevation to the Upper House, in April, 1880. On the formation of Mr. Disraeli's administration of 1874, Lord Barrington became Vice-Chamberlain of Her Majesty's Household, and was made a Privy-Councillor. In 1885 he became Captain of the Yeomen of the Guard, an office he exchanged shortly for that of Captain of the Honourable Corps of Gentlemen at Arms. Lord Barrington was Lord Beaconsfield's most intimate friend, and in addition to his other offices, he held the post of *précis* writer of debates to the Queen. Popularity in the London social world and his mastery of all social matters, gave him a position few could rival. Lord Barrington married, in 1846, Isabel Elizabeth, only child

of the late Mr. John Morritt, of Rokeby Hall, York, and by her he left three daughters, Lady Haldon, the Countess of Craven, and the Hon. Florence Barrington.

At a special meeting of the Hunt a motion of sympathy with Lady Barrington, and of grateful appreciation of the services of the late Lord Barrington, was passed. Upon the proposition of Mr. Van de Weyer, Sir William Throckmorton was unanimously elected President.

The Hunt Club was indeed fortunate in having, in the very centre of the country, a man having every qualification that a President should possess. The representative of one of the old Catholic families, Sir William traces his descent from John de Throckmorton, who held the manor of Throckmorton soon after the Conquest. By marriage with Eleanor, daughter of Sir Guy de Spineto, in the fifteenth century, the Throckmortons became owners of Coughton, in Warwickshire; through the heiress of John Courtney, of Molland, Devon, they acquired that property, and by alliance with the Yates, the charming estate of Buckland, Berks, came to them. Sir Nicholas Throckmorton, Elizabeth's Ambassador to France at the time of the Huguenots, was a cadet of this family. Sir William

hunted with the Old Berks when Mr. Charles Duffield was Master. He then went to live at Coughton, and used to cross over to Ireland to hunt with the Meath and Westmeath. He became joint Master with his brother-in-law, the late Sir Gerald Dease, of the latter pack, for the last two years of Sir Gerald's mastership. The joint Masters gave up in 1868, when Sir William returned to Buckland. In 1869 he took the V.W.H. The first season he hunted them practically from Buckland, riding often long distances to covert, but afterwards he bought a house in the country, Cicely Hall, near Cirencester. Sir William bought from his predecessor in the Mastership (the present Sir Matthew Wilson, of Eshton Hall), the pack which that gentleman had purchased from Mr. Charles Duffield, his huntsman being Robert Worrall. Sir William resigned the Mastership in 1875, being succeeded by Lord Shannon.

Sir William Throckmorton was formerly well known on the Turf, and was a member of the Jockey Club and of the National Hunt Committee. At one time or another he carried off pretty well all the prizes at the meetings of the old "Bibury Club," but his first considerable success was the "Steward's Cup" at Goodwood, which he won in 1877,



Mayall & Co., photo.

SIR NICHOLAS WILLIAM GEORGE THROCKMORTON, 9th BARONET.
President of the Hunt from 1886.

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with "Herald," by "Laneret—Nightjar." Sir William maintained a small breeding establishment at Buckland, and bred many winners from his favourite mare "Annette," by "The Speaker—Lady Di." Amongst the various successes gained by her progeny we may mention "The Duke of York Stakes," "The Jubilee," at Kempton, both won by "Avington," by "Milton." At Hereford he won the "Shobdon Cup" with "Referee," and at Stockbridge he carried off the "Champagne Stakes," and the "Stockbridge Cup," with "Arcano," by "Mask," all out of "Annette." Sir William at one time commanded a troop in the Worcestershire Yeomanry. He is an excellent shot, and the most genial of hosts. Long may he remain to preside over the destinies of the Old Berks Hunt.

In the winter of 1888 the joint Masters intimated their intention of resigning at the conclusion of the season. At a meeting of the Hunt it was unanimously resolved: "That the members of the Old Berks Hunt, assembled at their meeting, desire to express their appreciation of the munificence of Colonel Van de Weyer to the country, particularly by his gift of kennels, and also of the sportsmanlike way in which he and Mr. Duffield have hunted the country for the last five seasons." It was

further determined that a suitable testimonial should be presented to the Masters, and a committee was formed to collect subscriptions. A sum of £500 was quickly got together, and suitable presents were chosen.

The presentation of the plate purchased took place at Buckland, on Thursday, June the 13th, 1889. It was intended that the presentation should have taken place at the Puppy Show, at Kingston Bagpuize ; but owing to the death of Mr. C. P. Duffield this arrangement was abandoned, and by the kind invitation of the President of the Hunt, Sir William Throckmorton, the subscribers assembled at luncheon at Buckland, when the presentation took place. The weather was delightful, and a large marquee was erected in front of the house, where a capital luncheon was admirably served by Miss George, of the Crown Hotel, Faringdon. A large company assembled, but the meeting had with it mingled feelings of pleasure and regret, of pleasure at having the opportunity of offering a handsome present to Mr. Van de Weyer as some acknowledgement for his munificence to the Hunt, and for the admirable way in which he had kept the pack going for the last four years ; of regret at the absence through death of Mr. Charles P. Duffield, the late popular Master in the field, for whom a

handsome present had also been purchased, and to whose memory the several speakers feelingly alluded.

Mr. Brown very kindly brought the hounds down, arriving during the luncheon, and as they were grouped in the pack, with the Master and the two whips, Sheppard and Maiden in pink, the effect was very picturesque and pleasing. Amongst those present were: Sir Wm. Throckmorton, Bart., in the chair, Colonel Van de Weyer, Colonel Edwards, Messrs. E. K. Lenthall, W. Kyffin-Kyffin, Hon. W. Barrington, P. Wroughton, M.P., Sir Henry Elliott, K.C.B., B. H. Morland, Rev. C. J. Johnson, E. W. Dunn, G. Orby Sloper, Major Parke, F. M. Atkins, G. F. Crowdy, E. Hanbury, Rev. W. H. Wall-Jones, H. Denis de Vitre, Captain Loder-Symonds, E. P. Crowdy, Alderman Taunton, E. Ormond, Major E. Morland, D. Ganssen, C. P. Noel, Major Aldridge, C. D. Batt, D. Kennard, J. Daly, A. E. Clarke, P. Aldworth, J. Blake, E. Powell, W. N. Powell, T. Wallis, C. Hobbs, C. Taylor, C. W. Edmonds, C. Edmonds, J. Boddings, W. Hall, C. Simmonds, L. M. Craddock, T. Lathom, W. Pullen, F. Morland, James Stuart, S. Reade, G. Drewe, C. Curtis, J. Gibbs, junr., E. Phillips, C. Belcher, C. Luker, A. H. Simpson, M. Wheeler, P. Craddock,

J. W. Craddock, H. Godfrey, A. Whitfield, C. Jefferies, E. Jefferies, H. Hutt, G. Jefferies, J. W. Pusey, H. Habgood, G. Abraham, G. A. Drewe, R. Eagle, C. Jousiffe, J. Dyke, J. Gibbs, C. Smith, W. Dore, A. Dore, G. Adams, J. Weaving, G. Reade, H. C. Chandler, W. Curtis, J. Reading, C. Reading, A. Dudgeon, A. W. Hanks, W. Heavens, E. Heavens, J. White, W. Frogley, A. Frogley, J. Rebbeck, C. Richards, E. Martin, T. W. Anne, J. Reason, B. Pike, A. Kent, J. Payne, W. Phillips, R. Tucker, H. Taylor, F. Taylor, J. Stratton, H. Whitfield, W. Whitehorn, W. Tyrell, J. Lacy, C. R. Deacon, C. Winsley, H. Dyke, B. Eagle, &c., &c.

The presents were selected in accordance with the wishes of the Lady Emily Van de Weyer and Mrs. Duffield. Colonel Van de Weyer's present consisted of two very handsome hunting trophies, forming centre pieces, each a seven-light candelabra. On each angle is a shield bearing the inscription, Colonel Van de Weyer's crest, and the letters O.B.H. On the top are hunting subjects, beautifully modelled, the one representing the "Find" and the other "Gone Away." The present for Mrs. Duffield consisted of a 24-inch silver tray, richly engraved with a very handsome pierced border, a modelled fox for each handle

and the inscription in the centre, also two 12-inch waiters to match, on which are engraved the family crest.

The following is the inscription on the plate presented to Colonel Van de Weyer:—"Presented by the members and friends of the Old Berks Hunt to Col. Victor William Bates Van de Weyer in grateful recognition of his consistent liberal support of the Hunt, his munificent gift of kennels, and the sportsmanlike way in which, in conjunction with Mr. Charles P. Duffield, he hunted this country for five seasons, 1884 to 1889."

And on that given to Mrs. Duffield:—

"Presented by the members and friends of the Old Berks Hunt to Mr. Charles Philip Duffield, of Marcham Park, in grateful recognition of his invaluable services as Master, and untiring zeal in the interests of the Hunt during the five seasons of his hunting the country, in conjunction with Colonel Van de Weyer, 1884 to 1889."

Besides his generosity in building the new kennels, Mr. Van de Weyer left a permanent mark on the country by planting in the centre of the vale, where woodland is scarce, a new blackthorn covert at Black Acres, near Challow Station. This covert has turned out a great success, and is very seldom drawn blank.

CHAPTER XVII.

MR. EDWARD CYRIL BROWN, 1889 TO 1891.

MR. E. C. BROWN is a younger brother of Mr. Walter Brown, J.P. and D.L., of Brentelgh Hall and Tostock Place, Suffolk. He was born in the parish of Tostock, in Suffolk, in 1857, and was the second son of the late Mr. George James Edward Brown, of Tostock Place, Suffolk, who married, in 1854, Catherine Mary, daughter of Mr. William Mills, J.P., of Saxham Hall.

Mr. Brown was early entered to hounds. He commenced keeping harriers in 1877, when only twenty years of age; these he hunted for two seasons. He then acted as second whip to the Suffolk Hounds, Mr. John Josselyn being Master (for the third time), and Tom Enever huntsman. After two seasons Mr. Josselyn gave up the hounds, and Mr. E. W. Green became Master. Mr. Green resigned in 1883, when Mr. Brown took the hounds and hunted them himself. In 1885 Mr. Brown gave up the mastership to Mr. J. M. King,



Gillman & Co., photo.

EDWARD CYRIL BROWN, Esq.
Master 1889 to 1891.

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but continued to hunt the hounds for Mr. King. In 1887 Mr. King determined to hunt his hounds himself, so Mr. Brown took the mastership of the North Cornwall, which was then vacant, and hunted them for two seasons. In 1889 the Old Berkshire became vacant by the resignation of Messrs. Van de Weyer and Duffield, and Mr. Brown offered his services upon condition that he should be allowed to hunt the hounds himself, and was accepted by the Committee, a subscription of £1,000 being guaranteed. Mr. Brown, following as he did a Master of such local popularity and munificence as Mr. Van de Weyer, had a difficult task to fulfil. He found the unavoidable expenditure greater than he had anticipated, so he sent in his resignation in 1891, declining an offer to hunt again for another season upon an increased subscription of £1,200. The hounds were then taken by Captain John Orr-Ewing, then residing at Kitemore, near Faringdon. Mr. Brown remained to hunt them for the new Master, and continued to do so until Captain Orr-Ewing's resignation in 1893. Mr. Cyril Peter Hoblyn took the North Cornwall Hounds in that year, and invited Mr. Brown to hunt them for him. In this post Mr. Brown remained for two years; since then he has been engaged in agricul-

tural pursuits, and lives at the Manor, Purton, Wilts.

For the first three seasons that Mr. Brown was with the Old Berkshire, Tom Sheppard was his first whip and Bert Maiden second whip. Of them Mr. Brown says: "Better men I did not want." Bert Maiden had been second horseman to Povey, Mr. Van de Weyer's huntsman. Mr. Brown made him second whip. He is now first whip and kennel huntsman to Mr. Butt Miller, of the V.W.H.

Mr. Brown married Isabel, second daughter of the Rev. Charles Terry, M.A.; he has a son and two daughters.

Mr. Brown proved to be a most efficient huntsman, and good sport was experienced during his mastership. The following runs were among the best:—

On Friday, January the 24th, 1890, the meet was at Longcot. There was a good muster, including many from neighbouring hunts. Hounds first drew the Bowers, found directly, and after bustling through the Becket Coverts for some time, gave him up. Mr. Brown then tried the water walks and the island, but without success. He then drew along to Penny Hooks and Swansnest, blank, then trotted off to Bourton; found, and went away by

Shrivenham Station, pointing for the village, but turned along by the canal as far as Chapel Wick, when he turned and made for Ashbury. The field had now become scattered. The majority made either for Knighton Crossing or Shrivenham Station ; but the signals being at danger, they were kept waiting some time. A select few, however, were fortunate in crossing the line by Chapel Wick, and did their best to catch sight of the pack, going at racing pace. When just below Kingston they crossed the Ashbury road, and went up the hill to the right of the village, and away for some distance over the Downs ; but not liking to face the wind, the fox swung round to the right by Little Hinton, through Bishopstone, and descending the hill, made across the vale to Stainswick Covert ; then on to Beckett, where he was given up after a capital run of one hour and forty minutes.

On Monday, February the 8th, 1890, met at Littleworth. The morning was bright after a sharp frost. Trotted off to the Little Coxwell Furze Hills, and found directly, the fox making his way directly to Mr. Heading's Gorse. Scent, however, was very bad, and he had to be given up. Drew the Furze Hills again, and very soon sent another out over the road towards Ringdale. Bearing to the left,

he passed Fernham village, and passed over the main line by Baulking to Baulking Vicarage, when he doubled back again over the line, through Baulking Green, and on to Oldfield, where he turned and went over Rosey Brook to Shellingford, and there was lost. Drew Rosey blank, and also the Wilderness, Shellingford Covert and Kitemore. Trotted on to Wicklesham, and partook of Colonel Edward's hospitality. Drew the Furze Hills again, this time blank, and also the Fernham Copse and Uffington Gorse. The next draw was Kingston Spinnies, where one of the right sort was at home. The sun had gone down, and as is often the case after a frosty morning, scent was bad until the sunshine faded, after which it improved, and hounds ran well. It was four o'clock when the fox broke covert, the hounds running sweetly through Sparsholt Copse; then to the right, over the railway, by Coster's Farm, crossing the Baulking lane, pointing for Rosey Brook, which he crossed before reaching Stanford, turning to the right over the Wantage road, between Stanford Mill and village. Then he made through Buckland Warren, into the ash-beds; out again by Eastfield, pointing for Park Island, then doubling back through Bedlam, where he was viewed, to the Turf Pits and Cherbury Camp, and on into Pusey Garden,

well nigh done. But the moon was now well up, and the hounds were whipped off, after a capital run of one hour and forty minutes, with any amount and variety of fences, and many empty saddles. Mr. Gunnis hospitably entertained at Pusey House those who were up at the finish, but the field had dwindled down to a very small number. The Master, as well as several of the field, found the water in Rosey Brook very cold on this occasion.

The last day's sport in the season of 1890 was on April the 8th, when the meet was at Appleton Manor, where Mr. J. Weaving had a hospitable and hearty welcome for all. Found in the Eaton Hangings and killed after a short spin. Found another in Appleton Common, and ran him through Tubney Wood, but eventually he had to be given up. The field were invited to Besselsleigh Manor, where they were most hospitably entertained by Mr. E. K. Lenthall. The season's sport was said to have been an unusually good one. Fifty brace of foxes had been killed and seven and a half brace run to ground.

The season of 1891 was concluded by some Hunt Point-to-Point Races, which took place on Saturday, April the 3rd, over a course selected by Messrs. E. C. Brown, Edgar Powell and George Adams. The Stewards were Mr.

E. C. Brown, Colonel C. G. Edwards, and Captain Orr-Ewing. The Hon. O. Craven acted as starter and Mr. C. P. Noel as judge. Invitations to the number of 700 to lunch were sent out to landowners, farmers and others, and 481 sat down in three relays in Rantipole Barn, kindly lent for the occasion by Mr. George Adams. The starting point was close to Rantipole Barn, and the course went round a tree not far from Carswell Marsh Farm, back to the winning post, which was close to Haremore Covert. The events were as follows:—

Red Coat Race; sweepstakes of 2 sovs. each; nine started. Won by Mr. Gunnis's "Blue Peter" (owner). 2nd, Captain Orr-Ewing's "Lord of the Sea" (owner). In this race Colonel Edwards met with a very nasty accident. At the first fence his bridle came off, but remounting, he started in pursuit at a great pace with snaffle only on, his mare jumped at a gate, but hitting the gatepost fell heavily on the other side. Captain Barry, Mr. Osbert Craven and Mr. Percy Crowdy galloped to the spot, and found Colonel Edwards on his back and the mare on her side, with Colonel Edwards' head right underneath her. They carefully withdrew him from his dangerous position, and he was attended by Drs. Spackman and Kennard and removed in a carriage to Wicklesham.

Farmers' Welter Race ; 20 sovs. and 7 for second. Won by Mr. Sidney Read's "Bonny Brown (E. S. Reading). 2nd, Mr. Curtis's "Meg" (owner).

Farmers' Light Weight Race ; 20 sovs. and 7 for second ; seven ran. 1st, Mr. J. Wheeler's "Kitty," 12st. 7lb. (owner). 2nd, Mr. Gibbs's "Hohenlinden" (owner).

CHAPTER XVIII.

CAPTAIN JOHN ORR-EWING, 1891 to 1893.

CAPTAIN JOHN ORR-EWING, who now took the hounds, was the fourth son of the late Sir Archibald Orr-Ewing, first baronet, who had represented the county of Dumbarton in Parliament from 1886 to 1892, his mother being Elizabeth Lindsay, only daughter of Mr. James Reid, of Berridale and Caldercruix, Lanark. Captain Orr-Ewing had served in the 4th Dragoon Guards, and had resided for some years at Kitemore, Faringdon, Berks, which he rented from Mr. T. M. Goodlake, of Wadley. He married, in 1885, Ellen Clarissa, daughter of Mr. J. Howard Kennard, and has four children.

Upon taking the Old Berks country, Captain Orr-Ewing received a guarantee of £1,200 per annum, with any surplus which might be subscribed up to £1,350. He arranged with Mr. E. C. Brown for that gentleman to remain in the country and to hunt the hounds for him. His opening meet was at Tubney Tree, in



Elliott & Fry, photo.

CAPTAIN JOHN ORR-EWING.
Master 1891 to 1893.

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November, 1891. There were present : Captain and Mrs. Orr-Ewing, Master Orr-Ewing, Mr. and Miss Duffield, Mr. Shaw-Phillips, Captain and Mrs. Hippisley, Mr. Herbert Morrell, Mr. Kyffin-Kyffin, Colonel Edwards, Messrs. G. Greaves, F. Morland, C. Morrell, Eyston C. Eyston, F. Martin-Atkins, B. H. Morland, A. M. Case, E. P. Crowdy, J. F. Downing, P. Wroughton, M.P., Edgar Powell, P. Aldworth, J. H. Tollit, E. Robson, J. Blake, J. Weaving, E. Phillips, J. Phillips, J. Wallis, C. Edmonds, W. Edmonds, Lyford W. Pullen, E. Pullen, C. Taylor, Saxby J. Clark, W. Whitehorn, W. Floyd, T. Dewe, Tripp, and others, including several ladies. The dog pack was thrown off and quickly found at Tuck Pen : after a quick burst to Hanney Bridge the fox was lost. They soon found again at Marcham, and ran to Appleton Common, then back to Fyfield, and on to near Roadside Farm ; here the fox was lost, and the field was most hospitably entertained by Mr. E. Powell. New House Covert was then drawn blank, but two brace were quickly on foot in Stanborough. One was run to Lyford, where hounds were whipped off at dark.

On Friday, January the 29th, 1892, the hounds met at Step Farm, and were trotted off to Haremore. A halloa from Sheppard an-

nounced Reynard's departure. Breasting the hill, he passed close to Haremore Farm, past Stanford Place and on to Kitemore; here a slight check enabled the field to get up with the hounds, and the huntsman giving them a lift, soon set them going again towards the village of Shellingford, and right through it, across the meadows to Rosy Covert; all getting over the brook safely. The fox on reaching Baulking Hill, turned short, and running near the brook for two fields, recrossed it, and in consequence several gallant sportsmen here made acquaintance with the watery element. The fox then turned straight for Stanford, where he was viewed. From thence it was a case of slow hunting for some distance, past Hatfield on the left and into Buckland Warren. Leaving the Warren he made for Bedlam, but hounds were too close for him to stay, so he went on at a good pace for Cherbury Camp, where there was a slight check, but hounds soon picked up the line again and hunted him into the covert near Kingston, where the fox was viewed dead beat; but luckily for him a fresh fox jumped up, which diverted the main body of the pack, and he was eventually killed a few fields from Frilford. This run was given by an unmistakably small fox. Time by chronometer, two hours and

twenty-two minutes. Distance, fifteen miles on map by careful measurement.

On Monday, April the 4th, 1892, the meet was at Windmill House, near Wantage. That excellent sportman and most generous supporter of the Hunt, the late Mr. Kyffin-Kyffin was out, apparently quite well, and in his usual cheery spirits. The hounds had a run in the early part of the day, and in the afternoon, when it was hot, they drew the Kingston Spinnies, and found the fox going away for Baulking. After leaving the spinnies Mr. Kyffin came to a fence, which his horse refused to take, and he got behind, but made up the ground and joined the field again at Baulking. He was making his way towards the green at a walking pace, when he suddenly fell off his horse. One of Mr. Reade's men saw him fall and ran to help him up, and several gentlemen soon were with him, but in a few minutes he breathed his last. The day's sport was of course at once brought to a close, and the hounds hunted no more that season. The body was taken into Mr. Robert Whitfield's house. Dr. A. E. Clark, of Faringdon, was sent for. He gave it as his opinion that death was due to apoplexy. Mr. Kyffin-Kyffin, who was a keen foxhunter and a generous supporter of the Hunt, was the second son of the late

Mr. William Lenthall, of Besselsleigh, his brother Edmund the present "Father of the Hunt," being the eldest, and the late Mr. Frank Lenthall, Recorder of Woodstock, an office formerly held by his kinsman, the great speaker of the Long Parliament, was the youngest. It was Speaker Lenthall who replied to the peremptory demand of King Charles I. with the memorable words, "Sir, in this house I have neither ears to hear nor eyes to see, but as this house is pleased to direct me." The Lenthall family is a very ancient one and derives in direct male descent from Roger de Lenthall, of Lenthalls Earls, and Lenthalls Starks, in Herefordshire. This Lenthall was Sheriff of Notts and Derby in 1232. William Lenthall, the Speaker, who was born in 1591, purchased the Manor of Besselsleigh. His son, Sir John Lenthall, Governor of Windsor Castle, a Colonel in the Parliamentary Army, M.P. for Gloucester and Abingdon, was buried in the chancel of the church there in 1682. In 1789 W. Lenthall, of Besselsleigh, married a daughter and co-heiress of Sir Thomas Kyffin of Nacuen, Carnarvon, a descendant of Einion Effel, youngest son of Madog, last Prince of Powys.

On March the 2nd, 1893, an interesting event took place, when the Royal Buckhounds

met at Baulking Green, in the Old Berks country. The Master, Lord Ribblesdale, in his admirable book on the Queen's Hounds, gives as an extract from his hunting diary the following most amusing account of the day's sport :—

March 2nd, 1893. Posted from Swindon to Kitemore, near Faringdon. Orr-Ewing put up hounds, horses and men at the kennels; self, horses and Samways (2nd horseman) away at Kitemore. A very wet night. However, it had faired up by the time we started. Water out all over the place. Forded the redoubtable Rosey Brook on our way to the meet, a lively but not inviting stream.

Van de Weyer, who, I suppose, has often been in it in old days, had prepared me for its peculiarities. This morning it was running bank-high and out over the banks. Took a mental but futile note of the look of the ford we crossed by. A great gathering at the turn-out (the meet was at Baulking Green). Foot people for miles round. I was told that many had started at 4 a.m. to get there. Waggon, musicianers and cock-shies. Might have been a country race-meeting by the look of things. Serried ranks of spectators drawn up on neighbouring high grounds commanding Rosey Brook. We were all hospitably entertained by several capital farmers, Mr. George Reade, Mr. Robert Whitfield, and Mr. Thomas Matthews, living at Baulking: my host had very pretty daughters.

Sloe gin, I think it was—very good and fashionable heliotrope colour. Found the Beaufort contingent all landed up, well mounted, and ready for anything.

Turned out Blackback soon after twelve o'clock, amidst great and general confusion. "Fast-asleep,"

who was very fresh, nearly threw me off by shying at the Aunt Sallies, just as I was going to address the foot-people on the situation. By the time I had recovered one stirrup and my hat, Blackback was out of the cart.

After going two fields parallel to the brook the hill-folk turned him down over Rosey, which he crossed at some conventional willows—a nasty flooded-looking place from where we were. The knowing ones now made off for the ford. However, the heliotrope kept a good many in the path of glory. The country being very deep and much water out, I gave him very little law—also on the principle of, “For God’s sake start us, Captain, before the whiskey is out of us!”

The willows presented a scene of wild confusion. For a hundred yards each side of where the hounds crossed there was no reasonable fair take-off, the water being out over the banks. I think all the hunt servants, more or less, got in. The fact is, we are more accustomed to boating than water-jumping. Mr. Harvey (the huntsman) on “Romeo” appeared to make a sort of duck and drake job of it, but did not part, greatly to his credit. The spluttering about was tremendous. Waterspouts filled the startled air. Everybody got in; Charles Rich, according to his own account, climbed up one of the willows, after driving Moore’s old grey, that he was riding, into the water up to his neck. I could not understand what he did next, but they got over somehow on right side together, Charlie being wet up to his middle. “A d——d good performance, I call it,” he said to me afterwards, which, as he weighs 19st. and is no climber, I think it was.

Self and Goldsmith on a well-bred white horse, and one or two more rode up the brook. Goldsmith found a place with a little rise to it, good take-off and friendly bush. It was no very great width

anywhere, so we got over. Luckily, hounds had gone no pace meanwhile, and dragged along into the wrong country, of course, Lechlade way out of the Vale. The chase now led us to the Thames, running strong and high, only to be crossed by an unholy white spar bridge near Hart's Weir. For once the men and hounds managed to get over first, then came Jim Rich and one or two of my Wiltshire friends, burning to distinguish themselves. Jim's fool of a horse slipped and got cast on the bridge, hind-leg hitched through the spars; all passage blocked. A nice predicament for me and large and brilliant field! At first we gave the usual advice. "Take care!" "Look out!" "Mind where you are going to!" His brother Charlie, again, on the right side, urging him to shove the blooming horse into the river and let him swim for it. Jim seemed to think it a good joke, and if it had to happen it was as well it should happen to a Rich. They have a talent for rescues and emergencies, and are the sort of Deal fishermen of the Beaufort Hunt. Meanwhile, there we all were. After hoping against hope, I started *magna comitante caterva* for the nearest bridge, four miles off. By this time I was on William, and directly we got to the high road we set off at a strong pace. The high road had all the requisites—hard, wide, well kept, and no grass siding to lure one off it. After galloping for fifteen bright minutes or so we at last saw scarlet specks bobbing about a mile away from us, half-right. Thank heaven! hounds looked as if they were only just running. After some difficulty in persuading William of my good intentions, for he fancied by this time he was taking the good news from Bruges to Ghent, I turned out of the road, with Sturges on his white horse and two of the second horsemen, who had kept "following on" with their usual dash; the rest of our party being beaten off by our superior dis-

regard for our horses' legs. We made straight for them over quite a nice line of hunting country. To my surprise, or rather not to my surprise, there were both Charlie and James Rich.

Just as they were resolved on putting Charlie's first council of perfection into effect, the animal had recovered the leg which was over the edge of the bridge. Not liking the look of the swirling, starchy water, he made a great effort, ably assisted by Charlie, who had hold of the root of his tail, the others meanwhile hauling at other coigns of vantage. Up to this point I think they had enjoyed this more than anything. We had to go back over the spar-bridge, and another horse did just the same thing. This time the body servant of a young lady, with a deep silver lace band hat, and the old drab Zouave gaiter. However, I was the right side, having exerted my prerogative of Master, please, and bidden Jim sternly to the rear. Charlie was with difficulty restrained from staying to see if he could not get this one in, and lustily roared the same advice to Hatband.

After dragging on a mile or two we had a long check, the floods and our ignorance of ponds and bridges having played the dickens with us. Just as we were settling down into the doldrums of stag-hunting, a baker's cart brought up tidings of great joy. The baker had met the deer at some cross-roads about two miles away. Harvey at once subjected him to a severe cross-examination as to his acquaintance with the look of a deer, perhaps remembering the story of the yokel who took a squirrel for a fox—"He wor but a little one, and he run up a tree." The baker stood it well, and offered to go with us as a sort of hostage, declaring he would chance it, which, I suppose, referred to the afternoon delivery.

Harvey having satisfied himself of the baker's *bonâ fides* and natural history, started off at a hard-held gallop, blowing his horn. We wanted a little enlivening. The baker's roan pony leading us to such purpose that his loaves kept being jerked out from time to time. The baker must have forgotten the cross-road, for when he came to it on he went. "Hold hard!" we all shouted, like one man, whilst I added the conventional, "You're all over the line." On this he pulled up so short that one wheel went into the ditch and a large wicker basket flew out.

However, it was all right, and that thick-shouldered Cardigan hit it off and took it down the road at least two hundred yards; none of the others seemed to own it. We slotted him out of the road, and then hunted up to him rather nicely over a fair country, through the park and young plantations of Buscot Park, to a large piece of water (the reservoir) in which Blackback was swimming serenely about. In went the hounds and I began to feel nervous. Bartlett's (the second whip) fine tenor of entreaty and remonstrance now rent the air—it is always one of his great moments—though I never saw any effect produced on the hounds.

Harvey, meanwhile, blew his horn, trotting prominently up and down the bank, whilst all who knew how cracked their whips. My Wiltshire friends were quite entranced with the spectacle, and declared with one accord they would have come miles to see it alone. Blackback, meanwhile, was veering unconcernedly about in the middle, very little in front of Notion, who, ever since she once got a nip at a deer in the Loddon, has much improved in her swimming. There was no boat-house, and I was beginning to be really uncomfortable, when, greatly to my surprise and satisfaction, out went Blackback on the far side.

We ran into him in a deep ditch three or four fields further on. Jim Rich had an arm round his neck in a trice, as if he had been at it all his life. There can have been only twenty or thirty people up with us at the end.

All my Beaufort guests were there, I am glad to say. William had had quite enough of it. He tires himself from his implacable energy. I gruelled him at Faringdon, where I had some poached eggs. Inn (the Crown, kept by Mrs. Craddock) full of talkative and happy hunters. We all thought Joe Moore's horse was going to die when we got him into the stable. A stiff brew of hot ale and whisky was being administered when I left. It was as much as I could do to get William home the two or three miles I had to go to Kitemore. He dwelt like lead upon his own footsteps. We were both very glad to see Samways. Only a couple short, I think, and the men's horses did pretty well, in spite of their moderate performance at Rosey Brook.

Rocksavage (the Marquis of Cholmondeley) out, and preserved a knowing air of mystery throughout. It is a pleasure to see him ride over a country. Ease and power combined. His horse always gets the best possible chance, and always seems to take it. He said he thought the hounds were fat. I daresay they are. They certainly are good ones to eat.

Not a very brilliant point, but we circumvented a lot of country, and I think the people of the district all enjoyed it. We were treated with great hospitality and kindness. Brown, who hunts the Old Berkshire, and Orr-Ewing, the Master, had thought of everything possible to help us in every way.

The Queen's Hounds had not been in this part of the world for seventeen years, when Lord Cork brought them down.

Lord Ribblesdale was Master of the Buckhounds from 1892 to 1895. He once published over his own signature in a London magazine an amusing account of an interview with Parnell. It happened that he travelled in the same compartment with the Irish leader from London to Holyhead. The first efforts of the peer to draw the statesman into conversation were met with the latter's well-known reticence. He presently thawed, however, under the influence of his genial companion, and talked at some length upon the "Irish Tenants' Arrears Bill," which was then the great subject of political interest. When the account of the interview appeared Parnell never questioned its accuracy, merely saying, with a twinkle in his eye, that it was got by false pretences.

The "Crown Inn" at Faringdon has very frequently been referred to in these pages, from the commencement of our history. It is situated in the very centre of the country, and provides most comfortable quarters for man and beast. The present owner and holder, Mrs. Craddock, is a great supporter of the Hunt, and has entertained the field at her own expense upon many occasions. The following conundrum is a Hunt "Chestnut": "Why is Mrs. Craddock like Queen Victoria?" Answer: "Because she is the legitimate owner of the Crown."

Mrs. Craddock will look most carefully after any hunting man staying at her house, while his horses will be equally well attended by the ostler, Albert Ayres, who was for twenty-two years stud-groom to Mr. Frank Martin-Atkins.



CAPTAIN FRANCIS WILLIAM FORESTER.
Master 1893, 1894.

CHAPTER XIX.

CAPTAIN F. W. FORESTER, 1893 AND 1894.

CAPTAIN ORR-EWING was succeeded in the mastership by Captain Francis William Forester, late of the 3rd Hussars, D.L. for Durham. Captain Forester is a grandson of Major Francis Forester, Royal Horse Guards, who married, in 1813, Lady Louisa Catherine Barbara, daughter of the Duke of Cleveland, from whom Captain F. W. Forester inherited a large fortune. Captain Forester had, when with his regiment, hunted the 3rd Hussar Foxhounds during the season 1889-1890. Those hounds hunted that part of the County of Cork formerly and again now known as the "Muskerry Country." He was also Master of and hunted himself the "County Limerick" Foxhounds during the seasons of 1891-2 and 1892-93. Captain Forester took up his residence at Buckland House, the seat of the President of the Hunt, Sir William Throckmorton. He hunted the hounds himself and took over the existing staff, viz., Joe Lawrence, first whip and kennel huntsman, and Albert Maiden, second whip. Unfortunately, at this

time the Old Berks country was terribly affected with mange, and consequently foxes were scarce, and long draws frequent. Mange had been, indeed, prevalent for some years, and it came to a climax in 1893-94. The summer had been a very dry one and the ground throughout the autumn was very hard. Cub-hunting commenced on September the 21st. The winter was comparatively mild and open, frost seldom interfering with hunting, which was, however, stopped on November the 21st by fog. In February hunting was stopped by frost from the 19th to the 25th. Hounds were out altogether seventy-five days and killed twenty-one and a half brace of foxes, of which seven and a half brace were affected with mange. Hounds drew blank no less than five days—a record in this undesirable direction in the Old Berks country. Perhaps the best run of the season took place on February the 7th. After a meet at Wicklesham they found at Coxwell Furze. Getting away on good terms over the road, hounds ran sharp for Beckett, then bearing to the left, crossed the Fernham and Longcott road and ran down to the railway at Iron Bridge Covert. Here they turned back to the right, and ran nearly to Fernham, on to the New Covert, then slower to Uffington, where he was viewed, and run

sharp to Kingston Spinney; then crossing the Canal, left Bath House on the left, and Uffington Wood on the right, to the top of the Downs, where he turned to the left and ran past the Punchbowl, and was killed about half a mile from Woolley Park, after a fine hunting run of two hours and five minutes.

Captain Forester is now hunting from Saxelbye Park, near Melton Mowbray. He married, in 1894, Aline Laura, eldest daughter of Sir Powlett Charles John Milbank and has issue.*

On January the 8th, 1895, Mr. George Frederick Crowdy, who had for thirty-eight years been Hon. Secretary, died at Faringdon. A son of the late Mr. Richard Wheeler Crowdy, and a grandson of Mr. William Crowdy, of Westrop House, Highworth, Wilts, he was born in 1818 and was a pupil of Dr. Bowles, of Sudbury House, Faringdon, at whose establishment many men of note, including the late Mr. T. Delane, of the *Times*, were educated. Mr. G. F. Crowdy had held many public offices, among them being that of Registrar of the County Court, to which he was appointed on its establishment in 1846. In the year 1888 he was elected as the representa-

* In 1905 he succeeds Captain Burns-Hartopp as Master of the Quorn.

tive of the Faringdon division on the Berkshire County Council, serving also on the Standing Joint and other Committees, and as Visitor at the County Asylum.

When the great Volunteer movement was originated in 1859, he was one of the first to join, and he served as an officer in the Faringdon company for twelve years. An ardent sportsman and follower of the chase, his experience of upwards of fifty years dated back to the mastership of Lord Kintore.

In 1857 he was requested by Mr. James Morrell, of Headington, as Master of the Hounds, to undertake the duties of Hon. Secretary of the Hunt, which he did, and continued to do so to the time of his death.

Indeed, it was due in no small measure to his unfailing tact, judgment and courtesy, that the Hunt prospered during the thirty-eight succeeding years in which he held office. In his younger days he was a bold and straight rider to hounds, and owned some good horses. His genial presence in the hunting field was much missed, and deep regret was felt for the loss of a cheery companion, a good sportsman and a kind friend. His delight in hunting continued to within a year of his death, and in his seventy-fifth year he could still hold his own in the hunting field.

At the next meeting of the Hunt Committee held on the 20th March, 1895, the following resolution, proposed by Sir William Throckmorton, Bart., and seconded by Mr. Edmund Kyffin, Lenthall, was carried unanimously.

“That at the first meeting of the Hunt Committee after the death of our excellent and much esteemed Honorary Secretary, Mr. Crowdy, we desire to express our sympathy with his family at their loss, and to record our deep feeling of gratitude for the long and faithful services he rendered to the Old Berks country for a period of nearly forty years.”

In 1897 Mr. William Thornton West, of Barcote, died. He was a most liberal supporter of the Hunt, and the annual breakfasts he gave to the Hunt will be long remembered.

CHAPTER XX.

MR. FREDERICK CHARLES SWINDELL
1894 TO 1898.

MR. FREDERICK CHARLES SWINDELL, who succeeded Captain Forester, was the son of the Mr. Swindell, for many years well known on the Turf, a man much respected for his invariably straightforward dealings. It is said that he left a considerable fortune to his son, upon the express condition that he should never bet ; a condition most religiously observed by his heir ; who though at one time an owner of racehorses, once told a friend that the largest bet he had ever made was a pair of gloves with a lady. Mr. Swindell had long been connected with hounds. In 1883 the late Marquis of Anglesey gave him a pack of French hounds, of the "Gascoigne" breed. These were very large handsome animals, after the bloodhound type. They had wonderful nose and tongue, but were very slow, and quite unable to catch the deer on Cannock Chase, where Mr. Swindell had permission



Dickinson, photo.

FREDERICK CHARLES SWINDELL, Esq.
Master 1894 to 1898.

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from the Marquis to hunt. Finding he could do nothing with these hounds, on account of their want of pace, Mr. Swindell, with the assent of the Marquis, gave them to Mr. Frank Thompson, of Burton-on-Trent, who hunted hares with them on foot! For Cannock Chase Mr. Swindell bought a draft of old and young hounds from the Bicester, and they very soon pulled down a deer.

In July, 1885, Mr. Swindell undertook to hunt a portion of the Puckeridge country. He got hounds together from various sources, converted some buildings into kennels, bought a stud of horses, and had his first morning's cubhunting on September the 5th, when they killed a cub in Graves Wood on the land of that first-rate sportsman, Mr. John Sworder, of West Mill.

In October of the same year, 1885, rabies broke out in his kennels. Mr. Swindell stopped hunting for a fortnight, and then, finding that there was no fresh outbreak, began hunting again. From October, 1885, until February, 1886, several smaller outbreaks took place. After February Mr. Swindell thought it was fairly stamped out, but in June it made its dire appearance again; and he then determined to destroy the whole of the bitch pack. Mr. Swindell now says, "This ought to have been

done in the first instance, and I should strongly recommend anyone placed in a similar position to adopt that course without the slightest hesitation." Fortunately, Mr. Swindell had foreseen from the first outbreak that this course might become necessary ; so he commenced to get another lot of hounds together. In this endeavour he met with the greatest help from other Masters, as indeed is invariably the case under such circumstances. Amongst others Mr. Swindell was greatly assisted by Mr. Ames, then Master of the Worcestershire, and Lord Onslow, who had the Ripley and Knaphill Harriers. To keep these new hounds quite separate from the infected pack, Mr. Swindell put up temporary kennels half a mile away, and hunted them on alternate days with the other pack. Fred Mitchell, who had been with Lord Ferrers as second horseman, and came with Mr. Swindell from Gloucestershire and Staffordshire, was his kennel huntsman at the time. His master says of his services, "I shall never forget the way he worked during the whole of that most trying time, with two separate kennels to look after." Mitchell went from Mr. Swindell to the "Albrighton." He was succeeded by James Budd, who remained with Mr. Swindell as kennel huntsman and first whip, until he gave

up the Puckeridge, in 1894. Budd then continued with the Hon. Lancelot Bathurst. He is now with the Cambridgeshire hounds.

In the establishment of a new "lady pack" Mr. Swindell says he was greatly assisted by the large number of good "walks" offered to him in the Puckeridge country. Altogether an enormous number of hounds passed through his hands at this period, but the final and gratifying result was that he again built up a very satisfactory pack of hounds.

Mr. Swindell's second whip was Henry Everett, who came to him from Lord Fitzwilliam, and remained until he died of rheumatic fever in May, 1889, to the great regret of the whole Hunt, who expressed their sympathy in a practical manner by raising a handsome subscription for his widow. Everett was a first-rate whipper-in, and a fine horseman, and would undoubtedly have made his mark in the hunting field had he lived. Henry Roake succeeded Everett. Mr. Swindell says he always considered him a first-rate man. He is now huntsman to the Quantock Stag Hounds. Roake was succeeded by Frank Press, who remained one season and was followed by Tom Morgan, from Lord Fitzhardinge. Morgan came with his master to the Old Berks country, and remained there for three years.

In 1887 Mr. Swindell accepted the offer of a fortnight's hunting from Mr. Nicholas Snow, then Master of the Exmoor Foxhounds. He took with him to Exmoor twenty couple of the "lady pack" and half-a-dozen horses for himself and Mrs. Swindell, Fred Mitchell being in charge of the hounds. They stayed at Porlock Weir, and killed their first fox on April the 7th, 1887, after meeting at Comers Gate, now in the Dulverton country. We believe that Mr. Swindell was the first M.F.H. to use the tattooing machine for marking hounds. He gives the following account of its introduction: "One day in 1887 I rode over to Chrishall Grange, near Royston, to see Mr. Jonas, the large sheep breeder, and there I saw the machine being used on the sheep. It struck me at once that it would be a great improvement to use it for marking puppies, instead of branding them in the old-fashioned way with a hot iron; this I have always classed with rounding hounds' ears as a most unnecessary piece of cruelty. I have never done it to hounds which were my own property. Some people will tell you that hounds with unrounded ears get them torn, but my reply to that is, go and look at Mr. George Fitzwilliam's pack at Milton. During the nine years I hunted the Puckeridge country I never remember a hound's

ear being badly torn." Mr. Swindell's opinion on this point is completely endorsed by Mr. Wright, the present Master of the Old Berks.

The Puckeridge Hunt built new kennels to replace the temporary ones built by Mr. Swindell. These kennels were built at Braughing on land given by Mr. Calvert of Furneaux Pelham, and Mr. Leader of Buntingford. Mr. Swindell put his hounds into them in May, 1886, and built a house for himself close by. He became Master of the Old Berks Hunt on May the 1st, 1894. He sold his hounds to the Hon. L. Bathurst, who succeeded him with the Puckeridge, at Tattersall's valuation of £1,200. He brought with him the reputation of being a first-rate sportsman, a reputation he did nothing but enhance in his new country. For residence he took Kingston House from Mr. Blandy Jenkins. As with the Puckeridge, he hunted the hounds himself; Joe Lawrence, who had been kennel huntsman and first whip to Lord Craven and Captain Forester, remained in the same position. Tom Morgan came with the Master as second whip.

Tom Morgan left in 1896, and Mr. Swindell then brought Jack Press into the Old Berks country, from the county Galway. He remained through Mr. Dunn's mastership, and with Mr. Wright. Tom Morgan went to the Surrey

Union when he left Mr. Swindell; he only remained there one season, and then returned to his old master, with whom he remained until Mr. Swindell gave up the Old Berkshire. During the season, '96-'97, Frank Huckvale acted as second whip.

In May, 1900, Mr. Swindell took over the mastership of the Taunton Vale Foxhounds. H. Price was his kennel huntsman and first whip, and E. Bailey, from the Aldenham Harriers, his second whip. These servants remained with Mr. Swindell for the two seasons he hunted the Taunton Vale. Upon his resignation he recommended Price to Mr. Wright, and Bailey went as first whip to the Old Berkeley (West). At the end of October, 1902, Mr. Barthopp, then Master of the "Hundred of Hoo Foxhounds" being on the sick list, asked Mr. Swindell to hunt his hounds for him; so the latter gentleman sent some horses down to the kennels near Rochester, and hunted the hounds during that season. In May, 1903, Mr. Swindell took over the Hursley country. E. Bailey, who was his second whip with the Taunton Vale, rejoined him as kennel huntsman and first whip. Joseph Davis, a son of the celebrated "Punch" Davis, who has been so many years with the Hertfordshire Hounds, being his second whip.

When Mr. Swindell gave up the Puckeridge Hounds in 1894, the members of the Hunt presented him with a testimonial, which took the form of a beautifully modelled silver fox, the pedestal being engraved with the following inscription :—

“ Presented by 222 members and friends of the Puckeridge Hunt, July, 1894, to Mr. Frederick Swindell, on his resignation of the mastership, and in acknowledgement of his able, generous and popular management during nine seasons.”

The opening meet of the season was at the kennels, on November the 7th, 1895. After a hearty welcome at Kingston House from the Master, Mr. Swindell, they started for Tuckpens, where a fox was quickly on foot. A ringing run followed.

A good day was experienced on Monday, January the 13th, 1896. The meet was at Wicklesham, where Colonel and Mrs. Edwards gave the field a hearty welcome. A fox was soon found in a turnip field near Coles Pits. He went away to the left of Fernham village, then turning to the right passed by Ringdale to Longcot, running very prettily parallel to the railway over Alfred's Hill to the brook, where there was a lively scene, and several got a soaking. From there over the

railway to Uffington Gorse, then swinging back over the line again by Baulking over the brook, back through Rosey Covert, again over the brook to Sheepcroft Field by Stanford in the Vale. In doubling back they crossed the brook yet again, where several other immersions took place, although the field by now was becoming attenuated by a rather severe application of the principle of "the survival of the fittest." Ultimately the gallant fox went to ground in Rosey Covert, where he was left. Run, one and a half hours, with plenty of jumping, and many riderless horses.

Mr. Swindell is an excellent sportsman, and he was particularly popular with the yeomen and farmers in the Old Berks country, who, upon his giving up the hounds, determined to present him with a testimonial. They then bethought themselves of the fox presented to him by the Puckeridge Hunt, and came to the just conclusion that so stout a fox should have a hound after him, so they presented him with a silver hound, with the inscription:—

"Presented to F. C. Swindell, Esq., by 193 tenant farmers of the Old Berks Hunt, in recognition of the unvarying courtesy and consideration they have received from him during his mastership. June, 1898."

At the same time a silver hunting horn was

presented to him by the keepers and earth-stoppers. The horn bears the inscription :—

“Presented to F. C. Swindell, Esq., on his retirement as Master of the O.B.H., by the keepers and earth-stoppers of the Hunt.”

CHAPTER XXI.

MR. EDWARD THOMAS WILLIAM DUNN,
1898 TO 1901.

Mr. Swindell was succeeded in 1898 by Mr. E. T. W. Dunn, the brother of Mr. William Hew Dunn, of Wallingtons, Hungerford, Berks, who has been twice Master of the Craven, viz., from 1877 to 1879, when he was Joint-Master with Mr. G. S. Willes, and from 1895 to 1900, when he held the reins alone. Mr. Dunn is a son of the late Major General William Dunn, R.A., of Inglewood and Wallington, Berks, and a grandson of Mr. Thomas Dunn, formerly of the County of Durham and latterly senior member of the Executive Council of Lower Canada, and who married in 1783, Henriette Fargues, daughter of M. Guichard. Mr. Edward Dunn had for many years hunted with the Old Berks, and was known as one of the hardest riders in the field, whilst as "Eddy" Dunn he is one of the most popular members of the Hunt. He has purchased the old Manor House of



Window & Grove, photo.

EDWARD THOMAS WILLIAM DUNN, Esq.
Master 1898 to 1901.

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Childrey and long may he continue to occupy it. Mr. Dunn retained the services, as huntsman, of John Press, who came with Mr. Swindell from the Puckeridge, and who is a son of the John Press who hunted the Cambridgeshire and Blackmore Vale for many years. Press was a bold and fine rider, very keen, and always anxious to show sport.

About this period many excellent descriptions of runs appeared in the columns of the *Faringdon Advertiser*, by "Black Bess" and "Rambler," to whose able pens we are greatly indebted.

In 1898 the final meet of the season took place in the Market Place at Abingdon, by special invitation of the Mayor and Corporation. An excellent luncheon was provided in the Council Chamber, at which the Mayor presided. The Master, Mr. Dunn, was unfortunately unable to be present owing to the death of a relative. The hounds afterwards drew Bagley Wood, always a difficult place to get away from, and upon this occasion, owing to the crowd of followers, it proved impossible. However, the crowd of mounted and dismounted sportsmen were rewarded at last by seeing a fine dog fox broken up, after ringing the changes for over two hours.

A large party assembled at Mr. Dunn's

invitation at the Kennels on May the 12th, 1898, to see the judging of the young hounds. Mr. Dunn, upon this occasion improved upon precedent by inviting several ladies. Possibly it was the desire of distinction in their eyes that made the entry unusually large. The judges were Mr. W. H. Dunn, Master of the Craven, Frank Gillard, late of the Belvoir, and Will Dale, of the Badminton. The first prize was taken by Mr. W. Painton's dog Stentor by Stormer—Songstress. For bitches, Mrs. Rickman's Rachel by Raglan—Sunlight. Couples, Mrs. Rickman's Rachel and Ruby by Raglan—Sunlight. Mrs. Rickman, however, generously gave up the prize to the next best, Random and Ranter, walked by Mr. C. Jefferies.

On Tuesday, December the 7th, 1898, the meet was at Fernham; found at Coxwell Furze Hills. After a ringing run at a most enjoyable pace, over a good hunting country, the fox came back to ground at Uffington Gorse. Mr. Ernest Reade had a nasty fall near Moor Mill and fractured his left wrist.

On Monday, February the 11th, 1901, the meet was at Stanford in the Vale, where there was a good muster on the Rectory Green. Refreshments were kindly dispensed by the Rev. H. A. Cotton. A brace of foxes were started from Rosey, and hounds got on to one which

went away by the Sands Farm, then turned back over Rosey Brook and on by Baulking, leaving Uffington Station on the left, crossed the brook again and on to Fernham Copse, where a fresh fox jumped up amongst the hounds, and was killed. Press soon got the hounds again on to the line of the hunted fox and they ran him over the Faringdon line on through Ashey Copse, over Cole's Pits, by Little Coxwell Furze Hills towards Badbury Hill to Watchfield, where they came to check ; after making a cast he was given up. Met with another fox in a tree near Kingston Spinnies and ran him towards Challow Station, back through Sparholt into Kingston Lisle Park, where he was lost. A capital good day's sport over a good country.

In the long series of twenty-six Masters, whose doings we have recorded, none was more popular with all classes in the field than Mr. E. Dunn, and when after a reign of three most successful years, he resigned, it was to the sincere and loudly expressed regret of the whole Hunt and country. His services to the Hunt did not, however, stop with his mastership. Difficulties with regard to barbed wire, and other matters, have been very greatly attenuated by the unfailing tact, courtesy, and personal popularity of Mr. Dunn.

It was universally felt throughout the Hunt that Mr. Dunn's admirable services should not be allowed to pass without some formal recognition, and a testimonial was mooted, quickly subscribed for, and presented to Mr. Dunn at a dinner held at the Crown Hotel, Faringdon, on June the 12th, 1901. In the unavoidable absence of Sir William Throckmorton (President of the Hunt), owing to an accident, the Chair was taken by Mr. Charles Morrell, of Milton Hill. Amongst those present were: Mr. E. W. Dunn, Col. Edwards, Mr. B. H. Morland, Col. A. D. Rickman, Mr. J. Cottrell Dormer, Mr. J. J. Eyston, Mr. E. Percy Crowdy, Mr. John Parsons, Mr. C. T. Eyston Rev. J. Edgell, Mr. E. O. Powell, Mr. John Duffield, Mr. Wm. Niven, Mr. E. Robson, Mr. J. F. Hutson, Mr. A. Fisher, Mr. P. Aldworth, Mr. J. F. Dowsing, Mr. F. C. Townsend, Mr. Strauss, Mr. E. Phillips, and a large gathering of farmers and others. The testimonial consisted of a handsome silver-gilt centrepiece and two smaller bowls of excellent design, on ebony stands, the centrepiece bearing the following inscription:—

“Presented to Edward William Dunn, Esq., by his friends and supporters on his resigning the mastership of the Old Berkshire Hounds, 12th June, 1901.”



Elliott & Fry, photo.

CHARLES BOOTH ELMSALL WRIGHT, Esq.
Master since 1901.

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CHAPTER XXII.

MR. CHARLES BOOTH ELMSALL WRIGHT, 1901
TO PRESENT TIME.

IT takes but little to raise a laugh in a court of law, and a company at the covert side is still more easily amused. When the name of the new Master was first bruited abroad, a member of a little group assembled at the corner of a wood, having casually observed, "I hear Mr. Wright has taken the hounds," some shameless punster responded with "Ah, yes, you see we were Swindell'd, then we were Dunn, and now we are going to be put to Wright." The retiring Master and his predecessor in office, both happened to be amongst the coterie, and their presence no doubt inspired the sally, for it will be noticed that the licensed jester, as in this case, always chooses the most genial and popular members of society as a target for his harmless and sometimes pointless joke, moved thereto no doubt by an unduly keen appreciation of the paramount importance of his own personal safety. In this case, of course, the

joke was the droll inapplicability of the double meaning to either of the two popular ex-Masters to whom it was addressed. The universal groan with which this atrocious liberty with the three names was received, varied with the command, given in a feminine voice, "Go away, you bold, bad man," though powerless to bring the flush of shame to the cheek of that hardened sinner, induced him at least to set spurs to his horse and rapidly get the far side of a particularly awkward "binder"—a remarkable feat for so weighty a follower of the chase as Mr. A—d—s, the culprit in question—there it is to be feared to repeat his offence as often as he could find a listener.

This play upon names may remind some readers of the startling announcement of the flunky, who at a Foreign Office reception some years ago, gave out in stentorian tones, His Excellency Count Shuffle Off, His Excellency Count Monster, His Excellency Count Beast! (Schouvaloff, Munster, Beust). Others of our readers, who must, however, alas! have long ago passed their half century, may remember an incident which occurred in an old Cathedral City of the West. It happened that the butler announced in rapid succession, the names, Mr. Bird, Mr. and Mrs. Bullock, Dr. and Mrs. Bull, Mr. and Mrs. Jay, whereupon, the host's

brother, then an "Utter Barrister," now a peer, the trusted friend and adviser of sovereign and workman alike, said with a twinkle in his eye, "Why, you have the whole zoological gardens coming." By the way, perhaps some philologist will kindly explain why many animal names are so common, whilst others, which might be deemed more worthy, are unknown. We have often met a Mr. Bull, but do not remember to have made the acquaintance of a Mrs. Cow. All Old Berkshire sportsmen know of Mr. Fox, but Mr. Horse, or Mr. Hound, are not to be found, even in the pages of the London Postal Directory. But we have overrun the line and must hark back.

Mr. Charles Booth Elmsall Wright, of Bolton Hall, York, who succeeded Mr. Dunn in the mastership, is a J.P. and D.L. for the county, and was High Sheriff in 1879. He is the eldest son of the late Mr. Charles Swaine Wright, and grandson of the Rev. Godfrey Wright, M.A., of Bilham House, York. Mr. Wright was born in 1848, and married in 1870, Edith de Cardonell, second daughter of Robert W. M. Nesfield, of Castle Hill, Bakewell, Derby. Upon his arrival in Berkshire he took up his residence at New House, the home of so many Masters of the Old Berks. As kennel huntsman and

first whip he retained the services of Jack Press, Frank Hayes remaining as second whip. After a time Jack Press gave place to Harry Price, the present kennel huntsman and first whip, who came from the Taunton Vale, and Frank Hayes left to be replaced by Charles Morris, who came from the Badsworth. Morris has now gone to the Pytchley and his place as second whip has been taken by H. Grange, who came from the Bedale.

Mr. Wright is a veteran of the Chase. He was blooded and got his first brush so long ago as 1852, and so has more than completed his half century in the field. When at Cambridge he hunted a great deal with the Oakley, under Mr. Robert Arkwright, and with the Fitzwilliam. On leaving college he hunted with the Badsworth, Lord Hawke being Master. Lord Hawke was followed by Mr. Barton, who lived at Stapleton.

Mr. Wright himself took the Badsworth in 1873, when he was only 25 years of age. His huntsman was Owen, but in 1874 Mr. Wright hunted the dog pack himself. Later on he hunted both packs himself. His predecessor, Mr. Barton, who had married a daughter of Sir John Ramsden, died in the hunting field in the very act of blowing his horn. The spot where he died, in the Bads-

worth low country has been marked by the erection of a cross. Mr. Wright gave up the Badsworth country in 1892; when the Hunt presented both Mr. and Mrs. Wright with their portraits. The ladies of the Hunt also presented him with a picture of his favourite horse "Viscount." This was a brown horse by Lonsborough—Countess. This horse, which he rode for years, never gave him a fall, and never had a bandage upon him but once, when he tore it off with his teeth.

After remaining for one season without hounds, Mr. Wright went to the Southwold country, taking up his residence at West Ashby. The Master of the Southwold Hounds, Mr. Rawnsley, allowed Mr. Wright to hunt his own hounds three days a fortnight, a most generous and unselfish arrangement, as Mr. Rawnsley had plenty of strength to hunt the whole country unassisted. Mr. Wright left the Southwold in 1895, and went to the Milton. He lived at Castor, near Milton, and hunted the country for Mr. George Fitzwilliam, who is still the Master.

Mr. Wright has done much to improve the composition of the pack by the careful introduction of new blood. The Milton is a favourite kennel with him, and he is particularly satisfied with the strain of Milton Solomon; a hound

entered in that kennel in 1881. Mr. Wright used this blood freely when with the Badsworth, and then learned its excellence. He was surprised on going to Milton himself to find it had been little used there, and he took steps to re-introduce it by buying brood bitches with that blood, from other kennels; and he has now largely imported it into the Old Berks; especially through Milton, Analyst by Belvoir Watchman out of Grafton Agile. Watchman was by Nominal out of Whimsical, Whimsical being by Milton Solomon, out of Wildflower. Belvoir Agile, also had a cross of Milton Solomon through Brocklesby Smoker, entered in 1887, by Milton Solomon out of Winifred. The latter bitch being by the great Belvoir Weather Gauge, whom Gillard says was the best and most sagacious foxhound he ever followed.

Mr. Wright also thinks very highly of the Oakley Pack, which he proved the use of when with the Badsworth. Some hound authorities allege that a degree of softness is attributable to the blood of Oakley Rhymer, this is not, however, Mr. Wright's opinion.

The Grafton is another favourite pack, particularly the Driver strain. One favourite hound, who did good service, Mr. Wright is fond of alluding to as "Old Driver." He was

by Oakley Driver by Burton Dorimout. Mr. Wright tried to preserve the skeleton of "Old Driver," as a specimen of a perfectly-shaped hound, but the old bones were too brittle, so he gave the remains of Milton Spanker, entered in 1874, the place of honour, and this hound's skeleton still ornaments the saddle room.

The Belvoir kennels have also been largely patronised.

This judicious introduction of fresh blood and the careful attention to performance of hounds in the field, has made its mark on the pack. Lady Craven writes: "I am sure all who are interested in the dear Old Berkshire pack must feel a deep debt of gratitude to the present Master for its most efficient condition. I am quite sure that the hounds have never been better."

Mr. Robert Arkwright gave Mr. Wright a beautiful unentered dog, "Trimmer," who was afterwards killed on the line. Trimmer was black and white, a colour Mr. Arkwright was then trying to get rid of; no better hound could be entered to fox. Black and white was at that time very prevalent in the Oakley kennels, which gave the hounds the nickname of "Oakley Magpies." This Trimmer was by Oakley Trimmer 77, who had a sister Triumph,

1st prize bitch walked by Mrs. Whitehead, Shelton Manor. This bitch once got away on a line by herself and killed her fox. A countryman got hold of the fox, and having cut off the head, was proceeding to do the same with the brush, when Triumph seized the opportunity, got hold of the head, and carried it back fourteen miles to kennels.

Mr. Wright is essentially a "hound man," he is never so happy as when in his kennels. In the field he likes to see his hounds hunt, and will never lift them if he can help it, a course which sometimes makes the hard-riding contingent a little impatient. As a lesson to those who will gallop to a cry, Mr. Wright tells the following anecdote:—

"In April, 1876, two foxes were on foot in Clark's Gorse. One was holloed away, and a couple and a-half of hounds and the bulk of the field went after him, to a stone quarry a mile away, where he went to ground.

"The other fox, hunted by the remainder of the pack, then broke, and was killed after an excellent run, seven miles away, having taken the few who were content to wait for the hounds over a perfect country."

Naturally, with so long a hunting experience, Mr. Wright has many interesting reminiscences to relate. Upon that most mysterious of all subjects, scent, he says:—

“Once in the spring of the year we were hunting very slowly on poor scent, until hounds got on to a large field which was being fresh limed. Hounds then began to run as if they could see the fox, and all the time they were in a cloud of lime dust, as several men were spreading the lime.

“Another time, after a long check—over forty minutes—for curiosity more than anything else I made a cast directly back, on some information I had been given; a very faint line was shown by a one-eyed dog, ‘Harper.’ This line was silently worked on until we got to a large field covered with rooks; here hounds could move on and throw their tongues, and we killed a fox inside Hampole Wood as stiff as a poker. Before the check hounds had come the best possible pace for fifty minutes, which accounts for the stiffness; but rooks generally save the fox, whereas in this case scent greatly improved.

“A curious instance of a holding scent once occurred when we were drawing Barnsdale Wood. The bitch ‘Skilful’ came out of the wood, trying to make a line only; I put her back into the wood, which was drawn blank; when counting hounds I found one short, ‘Skilful’ being missing. I then went back to where I had put her into covert, and saw her

in the valley nearly a mile away. I held hounds on to her, and we worked a line nicely for six miles, when our fox got up in view and we raced him to ground in an old ash tree stump four miles further on, poked him out and killed him in a mile. This fox must have moved before we got into the wood.

“Another curious contradiction of the recognised rules concerning scent took place on January the 8th, 1880, when all day hounds ran better down wind than up. It was, however, quite a ‘huntsman’s scent,’ and we killed our first fox after a very good fifty minutes. Our second fox, when very closely pursued and very beaten, fell into an ice house, and eight and a-half couple of hounds jumped in after him into the pit, fourteen feet in depth. We had to carry them out one by one, up a ladder. Our third fox, after another good run, bolted into a cottage and ran upstairs. He was turned out; but scent was too good, and he was killed in less than fifteen minutes from leaving the house.

“Hounds ran particularly well and fast that day, but the best day for pace I ever saw was January the 18th, 1878. Early in the day the scent was very moderate and we were slowly hunting a fox into ‘Sweet Shaw’ Covert; when in an instant there was a crash of music

and a fresh fox went away *viâ* Balne, Balne Hall Wood, across the river and then past Fenwick Hall, Bunfold Shaw, close by Kirk House Green, past Fenwick Wood, Moss Little Covert, Heywood Church, Sutton Common, Campsall Willows ; hounds here got view and raced him into Askern Village, killing in the large space in front of the 'Swan' Inn. Bitches all up. Time one hour and ten minutes. No one was ever near enough in any part of the run to help hounds."

Mr. Wright tells the following interesting stories of curious accidents to hounds :—

"I once had a bitch, 'Gracious,' who was knocked over by a train near Skelmanthorpe, and rolled down the embankment. A man named Conyers, who was nearly always out, had given up the idea of getting up to hounds, when this occurred and took charge of the bitch to bury her. He was asked in to tea by a farmer and when he went out to the bitch after tea found she was still warm ; although fifteen miles from his home he waited with her for three hours and left her sensible and in a comfortable place. The next morning he telegraphed to me and I fetched her home. For a year she was stone deaf and then recovered completely and was the mother of 'Dealer,' represented in the Badsworth Presentation Picture.

“Bad luck attended a brother and sister, ‘Tradesman’ and ‘Trespass,’ by Lord Coventry’s ‘Tradesman.’ The former fell down into a quarry fifty feet and broke his jaw only. The bitch got caught by a Midland express which cut her flag short off and dragged the skin from her stern and shoulders. Some stitches were put in and after rubbing with castor oil she was left with Mr. Edward Simpson, of Walton Hall. Both hounds were out in less than two months.

“Christmas Eve, 1883, was a day’s work out of the common. Hounds met at Bretton. The first draw was Lightcliffe, where we found and ran by Shelley, Moor Top Covert, to Bentley Spring, where we killed. We found again in Bank Wood, ran by Embley and to ground in Bretton Low Tile Yard, under the main road. Four hounds went to ground up the culvert. This was at 3.30. We started digging with some fourteen feet of soil above us, as the road ran upon a high embankment. The time wore on, workers fell off, and I only contrived to keep three colliers with me by very liberal payment. Not a breath of wind, but night bright and starry. These colliers worked a drift in for over twenty-eight feet and at last we got the four hounds out at 4.40 a.m. on Christmas Day. The four hounds were

Gulliver, Gallopin, Ferryman and Chaser. The remainder of the pack and the horses had been shut up at a farm near. We got the four dogs well rubbed and handled, and reached home as bells were ringing for the Christmas service, covered with mud. However, I was able to change and get to church before the service commenced.

“Another Christmas Eve experience took place the first season I was with the Milton Hounds. Hounds got away from us over the fens, near Ramsey, with a screaming scent, and although we joined them once, they beat us again, on account of the fen drains. It was very still and freezing hard, and we could only work to the sound down the green drifts. When it was quite dark I was lucky enough to hear them kill their fox on the banks of the Forty Foot Drain and afterwards to get them together. I got them home, no hound missing, at about 10.15, being absolutely alone. Before we killed I had not seen a hound for forty minutes. Of course it was too late to count.”

Mr. Wright says that all the years he has kept hounds he has only missed four days with them through ill-health or accident; those four days being when he was laid up with diphtheria.

On Saturday, the 19th April, 1902, a Point-to-Point meeting between members of the

V.W.H. and Old Berks Hunts took place at Highworth, in the V.W.H. country. There were only two events :—

(1) For subscribers to either of the Hunts. The winner to receive a Cup, presented by Miss Christy. The result being—Mr. C. F. Garrard's (Old Berks) "Cushalee Macree" (owner), 1; Mr. A. T. Fisher's (Old Berks) "Mercury," (Mr. D. G. Kennard), 2; Mr. J. Adamthwaite's (V.W.H.) "Siddington" (Mr. C. Goldsmith), 3.

(2) For Farmers of the two Hunts, seven from each—Mr. Guy Weaving's (Old Berks) "Toby" (owner), 1; Mr. L. Hoddington's (V.W.H.) "Lightfoot" (owner), 2; Mr. W. Pullen's (Old Berks) "Subtlety" (owner) 3.

It will thus be seen that the Old Berks Hunt was victorious in both events.

On Friday, the 27th February, 1903, the Craven Hounds met at Ashbury in the Old Berkshire country, by invitation of the Master, Mr. C. B. E. Wright; Mr. W. H. Dunn, the Master, with George Roake, the huntsman, and whips arrived with the hounds a few minutes before eleven, to meet a large field. An excellent day's sport ensued. The day proved one of the best of the season for scent, and these hounds, coming from a cold scenting country, fairly revelled in it. A fox



Old Berkshire Hounds. Opening Meet at Tubney House, the residence of John Parsons, Esq., 1902, C. B. E. Wright, Esq., Master; from a photo. by Messrs. Russell & Sons.

was soon found in Mr. Lawrence's double hedgerow just below Ashbury village. He pointed first of all for Dore's Withy Bed, up wind, but turned along Bagnall Lane. Hounds were fairly racing, and those who did not get on terms with them at this point, did not see much of the run. They ran along the vale without a stop to Hardwell Wood, where the good fox got to ground. Another fox was found on the edge of Mr. Smith's kale at Kingston Lisle, going away through the Hangings he ran straight down wind parallel with the canal, and made for Sparsholt Copse ; here hounds divided, the majority of the pack sticking to their original fox, and rolling him over close to Burton's double. A third fox was found in the gorse on the canal bank close to Uffington, which hounds raced to Fernham as fast as they could ; here they luckily checked for a few minutes, when Roake, holding his hounds on, hit it off again and ran over Alfred's Hill towards Longcot ; crossing the railway they were all on the metals when an express approached, but the driver pulled up his train in the most remarkable manner, stopping within two yards of the hounds (it is currently reported that it was a good day's work for that driver). Hounds then ran on into Hardwell Wood, and on to the White Horse Hill Gallop,

and subsequently they gave up at Odstone Folly. The hosts of the Old Berks were charmed with the day's sport shown by their guests of the neighbouring Hunt.

On Friday, the 12th February, 1904, a sad accident happened. Mr. David Kennard, surgeon, of Lambourne, with several other horsemen, came to a wide boggy ditch with a rather high bank on either side, on Mr. Cook's land below Bridgcomb Farm. He had to keep his horse back while the one in front of him struggled through. His horse followed, but became "bogged," and Mr. Kennard came off, when the animal, in struggling to extricate itself, kicked him on the back, injuring the spine and rupturing a blood vessel. Assistance was soon at hand, Mr. Selby Lowndes saw the accident, and called Dr. Gerald Kennard, to his father's assistance, when with the help of Dr. Powell, of Highworth, and others, the injured man was made as comfortable as possible in a cart and conveyed to Thornhill House, Kingston Lisle, the residence of Colonel Rickman, where he received every attention. However, he succumbed to the injuries he had received and died on the following Tuesday.

Mr. Kennard was an excellent horseman and rode well to hounds. He had hunted for

many years with the Old Berks Hounds, and his untimely death was felt by the Hunt.

On Saturday, the 19th March, 1904, the Old Berks Hunt Point to Point races took place at Barcote, when between two and three thousand persons assembled to see the fun. There were two races for Subscribers to the Hunt, and two for farmers and puppy-walkers in the country. The course was from Ranti-pole Barn, between Littleworth and Faringdon, over fields in the occupation of Messrs. G. Adams, G. Church, J. Tanner, T. Clack and H. Hutt. The Stewards were Sir A. Henderson, Bart., M.P., Col. C. Hippisley, Colonel Van de Weyer, Messrs. C. B. E. Wright, M.F.H., E. P. Crowdy, J. C. Dormer, C. J. Duffield, E. W. Dunn, J. Eyston, E. K. Lenthall, B. H. Morland, W. G. Niven, J. F. Parsons, E. O. Powell. Judge, Mr. R. G. Trollope ; Starter, Mr. E. P. Crowdy ; Clerk of the Scales, Mr. Fred Jenkins ; Stakeholder, Mr. Harley Bacon.

Before the races commenced a luncheon was given to upwards of five hundred farmers and puppy-walkers. The Master, Mr. Wright, presided, and on his right and left were Mrs. Cowans, Mr. J. C. Dormer, Miss Stewart, Mr. W. Van de Weyer, Mrs. Stewart, Mr. E. K. Lenthall, Mrs. R. G. Trollope, Mr. W. G.

Niven, Mr. R. G. Trollope, Mr. E. W. Dunn, Mr. J. Parsons, Colonel C. G. Edwards, Captain Thompson and Mr. H. A. Bacon and others.

Subscriber's Light Weight Race. Mr. W. G. Niven's Hilmarton, 12st. 7lb. (owner), 1; Mr. J. C. Dormer's Velocipede (owner), 2; Mr. E. Robson's Shamrock (Mr. A. Jefferies), 3. Eleven started.

Subscribers' Heavy Weight Race. Mr. J. J. Powell's Nothing II., 14st. 7lb. (owner), 1; Mr. W. G. Niven's Moonraker (owner), 2; Mr. A. Fisher's The Miller (owner), 3.

Farmers' and Puppy-Walkers' Light Weight Race, for twenty sovs., subscribed by members of the Hunt. Mr. B. Lay's Whiteface (Mr. R. Pullen), 1; Mr. H. A. Bacon's Brenda (owner), 2; Mr. G. Weaving's Burney (owner), 3.

Farmers' and Puppy-Walkers' Heavy Weight Race. Mr. G. Weaving's Stargazer (owner) and Mr. M. Caudell's Irishman (owner), dead-heat; Mr. W. Tarrant's Svengali (Mr. T. Brooks), 3. Ten started.

An excellent run was enjoyed by a large field on Monday, November the 21st, 1904, which was well described by "Valesman" in the *Field*. The meet was at Stanford-in-the-Vale and hounds ran for three and a quarter hours over the cream of the Vale country, with an eight-mile point, the going being

splendid, and scent good. The Vicar of Stanford-in-the-Vale dispensed hospitality to a large field at the meet, including many followers of the V.W.H. Soon after eleven o'clock the Master moved off with the dog pack and first drew a root field adjoining the village blank; also the osier-bed by Brooks Farm, and Park Island, with a like result; so hounds were taken to Victors Thorns, commonly known as the New Covert, owned by a past master of the hunt and a generous supporter of foxhunting—Colonel Victor Van de Weyer. Here there were at least a leash, and possibly two brace, one very soon going away towards Charney, hounds meanwhile running another in covert. The fox, however, went away towards Goosey, but turned sharp right-handed through the buildings on Stanford Park Farm; then left again and ran the vale between Stanford and Goosey villages up to the Challow road, where there was a short check; but two and a half couples put us right, though some cattle about a couple of fields further caused a serious check. However, the Master held on towards Oldfield Farm, by which the pack ran, turning under Baulking Hill down to Rosey Brook, along which they hunted slowly, marking the fox to ground in a rabbit bury on Upper Farm, belonging to

that good sporting farmer Sidney Reade, close by the Faringdon branch of the Great Western Railway, and about half a mile from Uffington station, the run having lasted fifty minutes. While bolting operations were proceeding the Master drew the Withey Bed close by Uffington station, but a fox was not at home. Meanwhile, however, the hunted one had been ejected, and, with a good field's start, took us at a greatly improved pace through Rosey Covert, crossing the brook by Oldfield Farm and on to Stanford and Goosey, where a check occurred. Again a couple and a half of hounds put us right, and, the rest coming up, ran back again into the New Covert, which was reached in thirty-five minutes from the second start. After running round the covert hounds came out on a stale line, which they could only walk after for about a field ; so the Master took them back into covert, and a fox was quickly away again (without doubt, a fresh one) by Goosey Wick Farm ; then left-handed by Park Island over Studfield Brook to the Stanford and Challow road, running over it about a quarter of a mile nearer Challow station than they crossed it during the first run. Right-handed by Oldfield Farm, the fox swung under Baulking Hill and over Rosey Brook, through the covert, and along the north side of the

brook to the ford below Read's Farm, or Baulking, where he was only a field in front ; but, making two or three sharp turns, caused the first serious check of about five minutes. The Master making a clever cast, we went away again by Sands Farm, Little Newbury Farm, Wick Wood, and then left-handed over the Faringdon line into Cole's Pits, where there was a long check of ten or eleven minutes. On hounds hunted, however, though slowly, towards Coxwell Furze Hills, which the fox skirted on the north side (some workmen turning him), and next crossed the Faringdon and Fernham road just short of Little Coxwell village. Here another slight check occurred, but the Master held hounds on towards the village and hit off the line towards Longcot ; but leaving it just on the left, the pack ran on through the Bowers and Beckett Park, and eventually marked him to ground in a stone drain close to Homelease Farm in Beckett Park, Shrivenham, after a run lasting for one hour and fifty minutes, it being then so dark that one could scarcely see hounds half a field ahead. Those at the finish were a select few of only seventeen, including the Master and hunt servants ; but every hound was up at the end, and it was a treat to see the way in which the huntsman and Master handled his pack

during what will stand out as one of the great hunts of the season in the Old Berks country.

Mr. G. B. Eyston, of Stanford Place, one of the oldest members of the Hunt, died on July the 30th, 1904. His recollections of the Hunt went back to the time of Mr. T. T. Morland, and he had kindly rendered considerable assistance in the compilation of this History, in which he took a great interest.

Mr. Wright is very fond of a coach, and always has a good team ; for several years he drove a coach between Buxton and Matlock.

Amongst those hunting at the present time are the following : Sir William Throckmorton, President of the Hunt, who comes out occasionally and is always a popular figure in the field ; Mr. E. K. Lenthall, who in his eighty-third year, still comes out frequently and sits his horse as straight and fearlessly as ever. Towards the close of last season, after a sharp twenty-five minutes from the "Turf Pits," Mr. Lenthall was heard to remark "A very nice little spin, but not quite enough jumping." The gentler sex are represented by Evelyn, Countess of Craven, from Ashdown ; Mrs. John Phillips, of Culham, the daughter of a former Master (Mr. Henley Greaves) ; Mrs. Wright, who is often out in her carriage driving her favourite "Wonder,"

a horse very properly so-called, for he has evidently survived a terrible accident which dislocated his neck ; Mrs. Rickman, of Kingston Lisle, a regular attendant in her pony cart ; Mrs. Charles Eyston, on her well-known and ever-green grey ; Lady Violet Henderson and her husband, Captain Henderson (1st Life Guards) ; the Misses Wroughton, from Woolley Park, whom neither distance nor weather ever seems to stop ; Miss Chamberlain, Miss May and Miss Violet Loder-Symonds. The Hon. Osbert Craven from Ashdown, but only occasionally now ; Mr. B. H. Morland, of Sheepstead, hale and hearty as ever, and formerly one of the Hon. Secretaries of the Hunt ; Mr. E. W. Dunn, the late Master, who is ever ready to further the interests of the Hunt ; Colonel and Mrs. Hippisley, on her good-looking bay horse ; Mr. and Mrs. Goddard, of Swindon, on greys ; Mr. John Eyston, of Hendred House ; Mr. Charles Morrell ; Mr. Charles Eyston and Mr. J. F. Parsons, of Tubney, the energetic Secretaries ; Mr. John Dormer, of Cokethorpe, formerly well known "between the flags" and a straight rider ; Captain Lawrence (Scots Greys) ; Captain Parsons (19th Hussars) and Mr. W. Parsons ; Captain Stewart (18th Hussars) and Mrs. Stewart ; Colonel Edwards, who comes out when he can spare time from

attending to county affairs, and has often entertained the Hunt at Wicklesham ; Mr. and Mrs. Cyril Cunard, of Faringdon House, always well-mounted ; Mr. Duffield and Mr. George Duffield, the two sons of the former Master ; Mr. Edgar Powell, a heavy weight, who generally contrives to be in at the finish ; Captain and Mrs. Schreiber, from Buscot Park ; Mr. William Niven, of Carswell ; Mr. and Mrs. Butler, from Faringdon ; Mr. W. H. Fox, of Bradwell Grove, though not so frequently as formerly ; Mr. A. K. Lloyd, M.P., from Hendred : Mr. E. Robson, of Stockham, a good horseman and hard rider ; Mr. and Mrs. Brown, of Eastrop Grange ; Mr. and Mrs. Selby-Lowndes, from Stanford ; Captain Wilbraham Taylor ; Captain Stone ; Mr. H. Millard and Mr. E. Pullen representing the farmers on the Committee—the latter is remembered as having in 1862 at the South Oxfordshire Hunt Steeplechases, held at Primrose Hill, Dorchester, ridden the winner of all four events decided : two of the races being won by his own horse “Monkey” ; Mr. and Mrs. L. Paine, from Ringdale ; Captain Courtenay Throckmorton ; Mr. Percy Crowdy, generally on a chestnut ; Captain William Van de Weyer and Mr. Nickisson ; Mr. Guy Graham ; Mr. Kennard ; Mr. Walter Cros-

land ; Mr. A. P. Gould, of Clanfield ; Mr. and Mrs. T. Faulkner and Mr. W. Battersby, from Kempford ; Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Palmer, from Fairford Park ; Mrs. P. Preston, of Milton Hill ; Mr. J. H. Parker, U.S. ; Mr. Charles Belcher, of Northcourt ; Captain Theobald ; Captain Battye ; Captain Wigan (13th Hussars) ; Mr. H. C. Sutton, who is always to the front in a good run ; Mr. G. W. Cancellor ; Mr. H. Bates, of Lamborne ; Mr. F. O. Townsend, from Abingdon ; Mr. Robert Loder-Symonds (Cheshire Regt.) and his young brother Thomas, who goes well on his pony ; Mr. Ernest Phillips ; Mr. S. C. Silver, an ardent sportsman ; Mr. John Kirby, of South Moreton, one of the veterans of the Hunt ; Mr. Tom Craddock, of Charney, ever ready to lead the way when something thick and black barred the way, and his son Richard, hard to beat ; Mr. Jenkins, from Woolstone, with his son (in the holidays), Harry Moore, from Uffington, a chip of the old block ; Mr. John Weaving, of Longworth, and his son Guy, an excellent man on a horse and keen as mustard ; Mr. Charles Jefferies, of Challow Marsh, and his nephew Arthur, from Goosey, who likes riding a going " 'un " ; Mr. J. Keevil, of Bourton ; Mr. Rayner Chandler, a good judge of a horse ; Mr. John Wheeler, of

Uffington, and his son ; Mr. Sidney Reade, of Baulking, who likes to be there ; Mr. Ernest Lidiard, of Faringdon, and his two sons ; Mr. B. Pullen, of Faringdon, ever ready to school an awkward one ; Mr. Harry Cook ; Mr. John White, from Uffington ; Mr. Hickman, from Bishopstone ; Messrs. Maidment, of Shellingford ; Messrs. Frogley, from Challow ; Mr. Whitfield ; Mr. Hanks ; Mr. F. Fletcher, of Carswell, and many other good men.

With the end of 1904 we finish our "labour of love," the record of nearly 150 years of good sport. May the years to come be as prosperous and as joyous for the country and for the Hunt as the years it has been our privilege to chronicle.

POST SCRIPTUM.

While these pages were passing through the press the Hunt sustained a sad loss by the death, almost in the hunting field, of Colonel Charles Edwards. On Monday, December the 5th, the hounds met at Challow Station. They found in Sparsholt Copse and ran to Kingston Lisle. Colonel Edwards was riding a young horse he was trying with a view to purchase ; when near Kingston Lisle he felt a severe pain in the chest. He dismounted and

went into Kingston House, where he rested for an hour, and was then driven to his house at Wicklesham in Mr. Prioleau's motor-car. He felt better upon arrival and was attended by Mr. H. Darwin Hey, his medical attendant ; but the pain in the chest returned, and he died at half-past four in the afternoon, from failure of the heart. All meets were countermanded until after the funeral, which took place at Little Coxwell, on Friday, December the 9th.

Colonel Charles Grove Edwards was the third son of the late Sir Henry Edwards, Bart., C.B., of Pyenest, Halifax, Yorkshire, whose forefathers had been settled in that part of the West Riding from a very early period. Sir Henry was well known for many years as Member for Halifax and Beverley, and as an intimate friend and staunch supporter of the late Lord Beaconsfield. Colonel Edward's mother was Maria Churchill, daughter of Thomas Coster, Esq., of Marchwood, Hants. He was born in 1843, was educated at Harrow, and Christchurch, Oxford, where he took his B.A. degree in 1865, and was called to the Inner Temple in 1866. He married, in 1871, Beatrix, fourth daughter of the late Henry Hippisley, Esq., of Lambourne Place, Berks. In 1884 Colonel Edwards was made Lieutenant-Colonel of the Prince of Wales'

Own Yorkshire Yeomanry, and in 1889 was appointed Honorary Colonel of the regiment. He was offered the command of the East Yorkshire Brigade of Yeomanry, but declined. At the cavalry manœuvres in 1896 he was attached to the staff of Colonel Liddell, who commanded the Second Brigade.

For seven years he had been Chairman of the bench of Magistrates of the Faringdon Petty Sessional Division. He had been a leading member of the Berkshire County Council, and Chairman of the District Council, since the formation of those bodies. It would be indeed difficult to speak too highly of the value of the work done by him in all these capacities. His death was mourned by the whole neighbourhood, and by none more sincerely than by his friends of the Old Berks Hunt.

APPENDIX.

MASTERS OF THE OLD BERKS HOUNDS.

Rev. John Loder	from 1760 to 1800
Rev. Robert Symonds	„ 1800 „ 1807 and 1808 „ 1814
Mr. William Codrington	from 1814 „ 1824
Harvey Combe, Esq.	„ 1824 „ 1826
Lord Kintore	„ 1826 „ 1830
The Hon. Henry Moreton	„ 1830 „ 1832
Mr. John Parker	„ 1832 „ 1833
The Earl of Radnor	„ 1833 „ 1834
A Committee	„ 1834 „ 1835
Thomas Morland, Esq.	„ 1835 „ 1847
James Morrell, Esq.	„ 1847 „ 1858
C. P. Duffield, Esq.	„ 1858 „ 1863 and 1884 „ 1889
Henley Greaves, Esq.	from 1863 „ 1866
Messrs. J. B. Starkey, E. Martin - Atkins, and T. Duffield	„ 1866 „ 1867
Messrs. E. Martin-Atkins and T. Duffield	„ 1867 „ 1868
The Earl of Craven and T. Duffield, Esq.	„ 1868 „ 1875

The Earl of Craven	from 1875 to 1884
V. W. Van de Weyer, Esq., and C. P. Duffield, Esq	„ 1884 „ 1889
E. C. Brown, Esq.	„ 1889 „ 1891
Captain J. Orr-Ewing	„ 1891 „ 1893
Captain F. W. Forester	„ 1893 „ 1894
F. C. Swindell, Esq.	„ 1894 „ 1898
E. W. Dunn, Esq.	„ 1898 „ 1901
C. B. E. Wright, Esq.	„ 1901

PRESIDENTS OF THE OLD BERKS HUNT CLUB.

Walter Strickland, Esq.	from 1846 to 1853
Edwin Martin-Atkins, Esq.	„ 1853 „ 1859
The Right Honorable Ed- ward Pleydell-Bouverie, M.P.	„ 1859 „ 1870
Viscount Barrington	„ 1870 „ 1886
Sir William Throckmorton, Bart.	„ 1886

THE OLD BERKS HUNT.



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SCALE OF MILES
London, Victoria, & Co. Ltd.

Map of the County of Berkshire



APPENDIX II.

THE MAP.

The shaded red line shows the boundary of the Hunt. The dotted shaded line shows boundary of country hunted in alternate months with the Heythrop Hunt, and for cub-hunting only in the South Oxfordshire Hunt. The general direction of the following runs, described in the book, is shown by red lines, viz. :—

Mr. John Loder's run of five hours and ten minutes in March, 1766.

The Heythrop Tar Wood run, 1845.

Mr. C. P. Duffield's run from Childrey Canal Bank in 1862.

Mr. Henley Greaves' run in March, 1864.

Hon. Osbert Craven's run (after the death of Lord Craven), in 1884.

LIST OF MEETS SHOWN IN RED FIGURES ON THE MAP.

- | | |
|---|---|
| <ol style="list-style-type: none"> 1. Tubney Tree. 2. Dog House Inn. 3. Marcham. 4. Cothill. 5. Abingdon. 6. Drayton. 7. Sutton Courtney. 8. Appleford. 9. Didcot. 10. Steventon. 11. Chilton Pond. 12. Scotland's Ash. 13. South Moreton. 14. Little Wittenham. 15. Bagley Wood. 16. Besselsleigh. 17. Henwood Farm. 18. Cumnor. 19. Appleton. 20. Sunningwell. 21. New Bridge. 22. The Kennels. 23. Lamb and Flag. 24. Buckland Cross Roads. 25. Littleworth. 26. Tadpole Bridge. 27. Faringdon. 28. Radcot Bridge. 29. Step Farm. 30. Badbury Hill. 31. Shrivenham. 32. Bishopstone. 33. Ashbury. 34. Woolstone. 35. Knighton Crossing. | <ol style="list-style-type: none"> 36. Longworth. 37. Fernham. 38. Wicklesham Lodge. 39. Shellingford Cross Roads. 40. Baulking Green. 41. Uffington Station. 42. Uffington Village. 43. Blowing Stone. 44. Childrey Canal Bridge. 45. Challow Station. 46. Goosey Green. 47. Stanford-in-the-Vale. 48. Hatford. 49. Charney. 50. Denchworth. 51. Letcombe. 52. Wantage. 53. Ardington. 54. East Hendred. <p style="text-align: center;">MEETS
IN OXFORDSHIRE.</p> <ol style="list-style-type: none"> 55. Clanfield. 56. Black Bourton. 57. Bampton. 58. Lew. 59. Curbridge. 60. Cokethorpe. 61. Yelford. 62. Hardwick Tree. 63. Beard Mill. 64. Stanton Harcourt. 65. Tar Wood. 66. Witney. |
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