



A
CENTURY OF FOXHUNTING
WITH THE
WARWICKSHIRE HOUNDS

by Castor

1791-1891

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JOHN A. SEAVERNS

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A CENTURY OF FOXHUNTING

WITH THE

WARWICKSHIRE HOUNDS,

BEING A SKETCH HISTORY OF THE HUNT

FROM 1791 TO 1891.

BY CASTOR.

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P R E F A C E .

I N the chapters constituting this little book I attempted week by week, in the *Banbury Guardian*, during the past season, to give a brief account of the existence and progress of the Warwickshire Hounds since their establishment just a century ago. The interest which was taken in their doings during the appearance of my weekly instalments, tempted me to think the whole might be acceptable in a re-published form. This I now issue, tendering at the same time my most sincere thanks to the many kind friends who have come forward and given me much help and encouragement during the preparation and publication of my work.

CASTOR.

Restoration Day, 1891.

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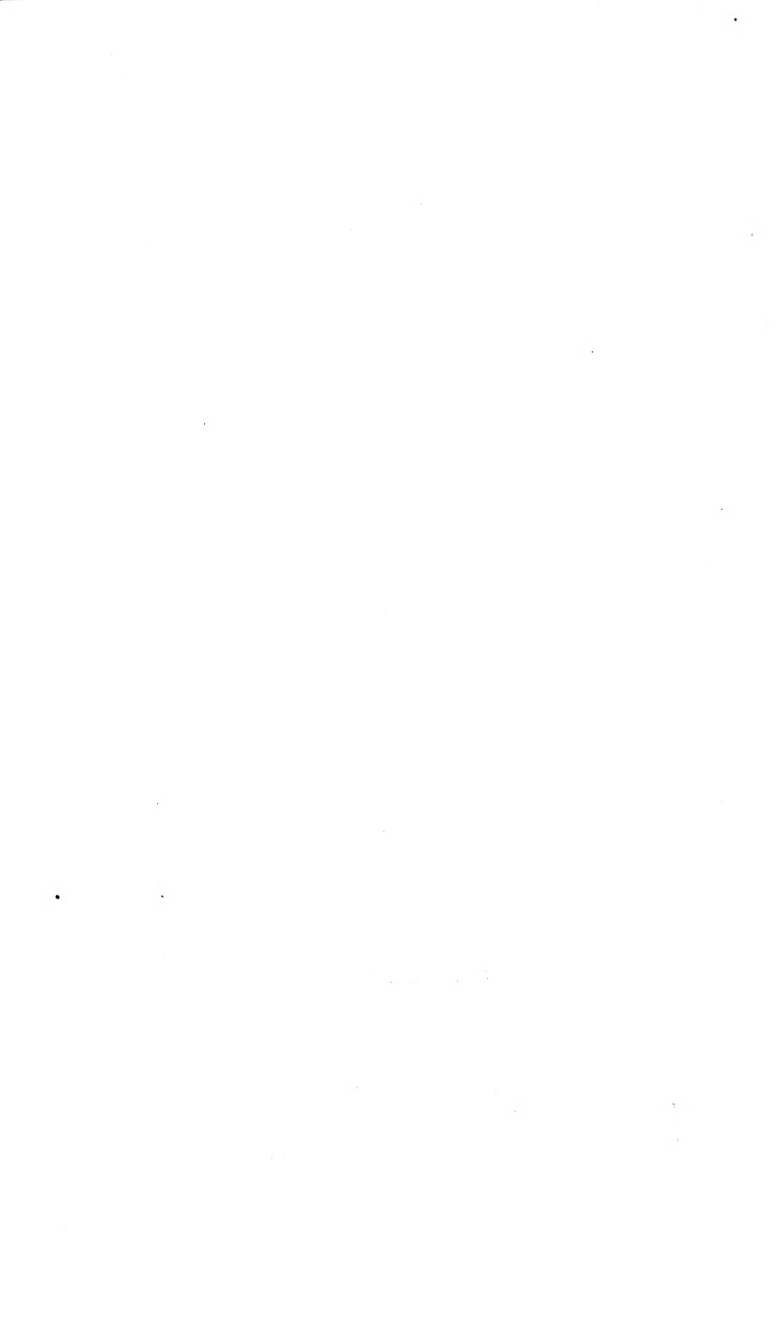
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THE WARWICKSHIRE HOUNDS.

CHAPTER I.

INTRODUCTION — SOMERVILLE, THE WARWICKSHIRE
HUNTING POET—EARLY PACKS OF FOX-HOUNDS—
MR. WRIGHTSON'S—A DAY'S SPORT IN 1780—THE
CELEBRATED JOHN WARDE.

AS in our national annals it has been the lot of the
“Heart of England,” as Warwickshire may justly
call itself, to stand out in particular prominence, owing
to the deeds done within its borders, or by the great
ones to whom it has given birth ; so I venture to think a
foremost place may be given it in the history of hunting,
on account of the sport of which it has shown itself
capable, and the illustrious names which have
appeared at different times in connection with
the chase over its lands, during the period which has
elapsed since the time, when, just a hundred years ago,
the great John Warde was sowing the seeds of fox-
hunting in the county. In giving a sketch of the pro-
gress of the sport since that time, I trust my readers
will acquit me, at start, of presumption enough
to attempt a history of the hunt in the full acceptance
of that word. Much material, has of course, disap-
peared for ever. Many, I have no doubt, of the most
brilliant runs have never been put on paper. The
history of a hunt lives and dies, to a large extent, with
its followers, but if I can give but a sketch of the
career of the pack, now known far and wide as “The
Warwickshire,” during the century of its existence, I

Introduction.

EARLY DAYS.

shall have provided satisfaction to myself and I trust some little entertainment to my readers. As the native county of the immortal William Shakespeare, Warwickshire is known wherever the language, to the literature of which he is such an adornment, is spoken, and thousands each year visit his birthplace and tomb at Stratford-upon-Avon. Within a few miles of the resting place of our national poet is the burial place of another, who, although of course far behind Shakespeare as a poet, is conspicuous in the history of the chase, and whom Warwickshire as a hunting county may account itself proud to possess. I refer to Somerville, who in his well-known poem, "The Chase," displays a knowledge of the art of hunting which may be looked upon as remarkable, considering that he wrote before the chase of the fox had become an established national pastime. He was born in 1692, and lived at Edstone, near Wootton Wawen, in Warwickshire. It is probable that "The Chase" was written during the reign of the second George. Not only must he have had a practical acquaintance with the fox-hunt, but from certain lines in the poem, it would appear that the breeding of hounds to follow the fox alone had come into vogue. He says :—

A diff'rent hound for ev'ry diff'rent chase
Select with judgment ; nor the timorous hare
O'ermatched destroy.

This would make those who place the commencement of thus breeding hounds in 1750, to have under-estimated the age of the custom. Somerville died in 1742, but although buried in his parish church no monument marks the spot. It is uncertain whether we can consider him as the first master of fox-hounds in Warwickshire or not. That he hunted hounds is undoubted, from the tombstone of his huntsman, J. Hoilt, in Wootton Wawen churchyard. Hoilt died in 1802 at the age of 85, and as the stone states that he had been huntsman to Somerville and others nearly 70 years,

Somerville, the
Warwickshire
Hunting Poet.

'The Chase.'

His Huntsman.

he must have commenced at an early age. His epitaph EARLY DAYS.
is as follows :—

Here Hoilt, and his sports and labour past,
Joins his loved master Somerville at last ;
Together wont the echoing fields to try,
Together now in silent dust they lie—
Servant and lord, when once we yield our breath,
Huntsman and poet are alike to death.

Somerville's residence at Edstone was close to the fox-covert Austywood. It was a perusal of his poem that first gave the well-known master, Earl Fitzhardinge, a love of the chase, and indeed no one can read it without being struck and charmed with the knowledge of the details of hunting displayed therein.

Early Packs of
Fox-hounds.

During the last century a few hounds were to be found in the kennels of almost every country squire. With these he would provide his neighbours with an occasional gallop after a hare, or a fox or two. In time the advantages of breeding hounds according to the chase in which they were to be used became recognised, as is seen in the lines of the Warwickshire poet quoted above. While many continued to keep the more diminutive for following the hare, there were fewer who established packs for the pursuit of the nobler animal. The first pack of fox-hounds of which we have any authentic account in Warwickshire is that kept by Mr. Wrightson, of Cashworth, in Yorkshire. He had two kennels, one at Swalcliffe Grange, and the other on the other side of the country, at the White Lion Hotel, Stratford-upon-Avon. This hostelry was a conspicuous place in the earlier days of the Warwickshire Hunt. It was one of the principal resorts of the sporting characters of the country, and well may we imagine the merry evenings spent round the festive board after a fine day's sport, in the good old days, when three bottles of port were looked upon as the ordinary sequence of a good dinner. The date at which Mr. Wrightson hunted Warwickshire was about 1780. The Warwickshire Hunt, however, can hardly be said

The first War-
wickshire Pack
on record,
1780.

Mr. Wrightson.

Mr. JOHN WARDE
1791.

to have commenced until a decade later, from which date there is an unbroken succession down to to-day. Mr. Wrightson is said to have been a good sportsman and to have spared no expense, as far as expenditure on hunting a country went in those days. He was assisted by a huntsman and two whips, whom he provided with four horses a-piece.

The first recorded day's sport in Warwickshire.

A brief account of a day's sport enjoyed by him in 1780 has been preserved, and is, no doubt, the earliest account of a hunting run in Warwickshire in existence. Alveston Pastures first provided a brace, but both were lost. Easington Grove was then tried and a fox turned out, which, after running a ring for an hour, was killed. Another fox was found in Honington Spinnies, which took them over Idlicote Heath, and over a good bit of country, at a fast pace to Shutford Hill, where he gave up his brush. Of the length of time for which Mr. Wrightson hunted in Warwickshire there does not seem to be any record. The Earl of Thanet and Mr. Willoughby also provided sport with their hounds during these early days. Of the latter I shall have more to say when I come to the period, when, as Lord Middleton, he took the head of affairs in Warwickshire in succession to the celebrated Mr. Corbet.

The celebrated John Warde.

For some seasons previous to that of 1791, the celebrated John Warde hunted in Warwickshire, having his kennels at Newbold, five miles from Shipston and six from Stratford, and from this time downwards we have an uninterrupted chronicle of the chase in this country. Mr. Warde was at the same time hunting in Oxfordshire, what is now the Bicester country, and took Warwickshire in addition. Called "the Father of the Field," he may, indeed, be looked upon as the first great M.F.H. He kept hounds for 57 years, and the length of his services to the chase was only equalled by the energetic manner in which he went through with everything

connected with the sport. He was, indeed, "a fine old English gentleman, one of the olden time." Popular with all classes, it is little to be wondered that fox-hunting found no opposition among the farmers in the countries in which he introduced it. Followed as his successor in Warwickshire by Mr. Corbet, who was equally a gentleman in thought, action, and word, the Warwickshire agriculturists soon became attached to the sport, and ardent supporters and preservers, and it is gratifying to note that this loyalty has ever been maintained. The following are some of the countries hunted by him during the 57 years of mastership. Up to 1776 he hunted round Squerries, his seat in Kent; up to 1780 round Gatten-den, in Berks; up to 1798 in Oxfordshire, and during some seasons Warwickshire. In 1797 he went to the Pytchley country. From 1808 to 1814 he hunted in the New Forest, and from 1814 to 1826 in the Craven. This, however, must only be taken as quite a skeleton list, and the dates as approximate ones. There are other countries which can claim connection with him. While in the New Forest an unfortunate outbreak of madness destroyed his pack. The beginning of fox-hunting saw large powerful hounds bred. Indeed size was a point which was much considered. As a breeder of such hounds Mr. Warde was celebrated, his hounds being noted equally for their hunting properties. He built a number of kennels, and said he could do so for less money than any man. In his stable, however, he cannot be considered as successful as in his kennel. He never gave much money for horses, either for himself or his men. His huntsman, it is true, usually rode a useful sort of horse, but his whips were badly mounted. He only gave 35 guineas for Blue Ruin, a horse for his own use, bought off a distiller at Maidstone, with the character of being violent in harness, and Coxcomb, the best hunter he is said to have ever owned, was knocked down at about the same price to him by Mr. Richard

Mr. JOHN WARDE
1791.

His Hunting Re-
cord.

His Hounds.

His Horses.

Mr. JOHN WARDE
1791.

Tattersall at "The Corner." He was a strict disciplinarian in the field, but it was generally done by wit and ridicule. In fact he was as noted for his wit as he was for his sport.

A characteristic
anecdote.

The following anecdote is a characteristic one of this prince of masters. When he was hunting the country now comprised in the Oakley, the Duke of Bedford, who also had a pack of fox-hounds, appointed them to meet one day at a covert on his own estate. Mr. Warde, thereupon, wrote a polite note to the Duke informing him that, according to the rights of fox-hunting, he could not draw the appointed covert *although it was his own*. In consequence of this the Duke altered his fixture, and the first time Mr. Warde drew that covert he and some friends who were staying at Woburn attended the meet. Mr. Warde rode up to his Grace and taking off his hat said—"My Lord Duke, I am extremely sorry that my duty as the present occupier of this country, compelled me to establish my right to draw this covert; having done so I now concede it to your Grace, so long as I hunt the Oakley country, and have no doubt it will afford you good sport."

His wit and anecdotes.

To a friend who had been making some remarks upon the big heads of his hounds, he replied that they were of such a weight that, having got their noses well down to the ground, it was not very easy for them to raise them up again. Notwithstanding his great hunting achievements in all parts, and the large number of appointments he fulfilled, of a sporting and social nature, far and wide, he managed pretty often to run to his seat in Kent to see how matters were progressing, and many landlords would find benefit by remembering more often his sage remark that "the best manure is the landlord's heel." Although in the latter part of his career he was wealthy, he was not always so, and once threatened to give up hunting in consequence of a succession of bad harvests and arrears among his

tenants. The next week £1,000 was placed to his credit in the bank by "A friend of fox-hunting," who was afterwards found to be his wife.

Mr. JOHN WARDE
1791.

He was one of the party technically known as "The Old Lot" who met annually at Tattersall's Derby Dinner at "the Corner" and the gatherings were always enlivened by his wit and anecdotes, in the telling of which he excelled greatly. He would give a stirring description of the race that he drove from London to Oxford, and how, as he crossed Magdalen Bridge, he heard the horn of the other coach coming down Headington Hill. The last surviving member of "The Old Lot" was Mr. Fitzroy Stanhope, who died early in the sixties. A few of Warde's sayings have become almost proverbs, and are worthy of ranking as such. "Never buy a horse from a rich man who hunts" was a warning he gave, another containing a warning never to believe a word any man might say about a horse he might have to sell. "The age of a horse is in his legs" was another, and of breeding hounds, he remarked "Breed your hounds with bone and nose; without the one they will tire, without the other they will slack." He died in 1838 at the ripe age of 86 years and in him, there can be no doubt, passed away one of the best of gentlemen and one of the ablest, as he was one of the earliest, of masters. When he withdrew from Warwickshire in 1791, the scarcely less celebrated—and as far as Warwickshire is concerned, perhaps more celebrated—Mr. Corbet brought his hounds into the country. But Mr. Corbet fills an important page in the history of "the Warwickshire" and with him I shall therefore start afresh in the next chapter.

Some of his sayings.

CHAPTER II.

THE CELEBRATED MR. JOHN CORBET—TROJAN—HIS LEAPING POWERS—THE EXTENT OF THE COUNTRY—A GREAT RUN FROM WOLFORD—MR. CORBET'S WAY ACROSS COUNTRY—WILL BARROW—HIS HORSEMANSHIP—HIS EPITAPH.

When, in 1791, Mr. Warde deserted Warwickshire, there came to the head of its fox-hunting affairs, one of the most celebrated masters of the old school, in the person of Mr. John Corbet, of Sundorne Castle, Shropshire. He was the contemporary of the equally celebrated Mr. Meynell, of the Quorn, and under him Warwickshire rose into a front rank position and flourished as a hunting county. His name will ever be associated with Warwickshire and indeed the county owes him much. He was the pattern of masters. Liberal-handed in his management of affairs, he was at the same time noted for his kindness of heart and gentlemanly conduct, which was displayed both in and out of the field. He was, in fact, a thorough English gentleman, and there can be little doubt that it is largely to his courteous and kindly treatment of all who appeared at his meets, that the loyalty Warwickshire yeomen have invariably shown to the chase is due.

Mr. John Corbet.

His character.

His early days.

He commenced his career as a sportsman in his native county by keeping a pack of foxhounds, but there being two other packs there he changed to harriers. He, however, afterwards returned to foxhounds and hunted

in various parts of Shropshire. He had had some experience of Warwickshire before he took it, as, as far back as 1778, he hunted the district around Meriden. The echoes of Staffordshire round Lichfield and Shenstone had also been awakened by the sound of his horn. The fame of his pack may be largely attributed to the reputation enjoyed by a single hound—the celebrated Trojan. It was just previous to the taking of Warwickshire by his master that the feats of Trojan were attracting the admiration of those who followed him, and gaining for “Mr. Corbet’s” a worthy place in hunt story. He is said to have been the offspring of a Pytchley hound, Trueboy, and a harrier bitch Tidings, which was in a pack of harriers purchased for Mr. Corbet at Tattersall’s. Mr. Corbet, however, came very near losing his treasure. He was in the habit of entering his puppies to hares, and Trojan refusing to look at them was very nearly drafted. This was, no doubt, evidence of his excellence, and when put to his proper sport he proved a most perfect hound. During the eight or nine seasons which he hunted (1780-88) he was never lame and never remained in the kennels when it was his turn to hunt. He always came back fresh and gay with his stern up, even on the hardest days. His leaping powers have been the most notorious of all his qualifications, although it has been suggested, that it was the advantageous comparison with his companions which made him shine in this particular, rather than any very exceptional merit of his own. Two instances of noteworthy jumps by Trojan, which have been handed down, are, however, worth recording here. One was in his first year, the other in his second. In the latter instance, a fox found at Chillington, in Staffordshire, was run to Weston (Lord Bradford’s) and back to Chillington, leaping the park wall of considerable height. The pack followed, but all who attempted the leap fell back with the exception of

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Trojan.

His powers.

His leaping performances.

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Trojan, who cleared it and alone marked the fox to ground. In the case of the former there is additional credit attached to it, for, by his powers, he alone kept up the sport and preserved an admirable run from being nipped at its very commencement. They found at Perry Woods, near Birmingham, the fox making for Lord Dartmouth's park, into which he entered over the high brick wall, Trojan alone following. The rest of the pack and the field went round and entered by the gate, only to find that Trojan and his game had crossed the park and left it over the wall on the opposite side. They accordingly made their exit in the same way as that in which they had effected an entrance, and, being told that a single hound had been seen entering a wood, rightly surmised that it was Trojan. He was quickly heard carrying on the scent and the pack joining, a capital run was the result, the kill being near Halesowen in Worcestershire. With regard to Trojan's pedigree, there seems to be some degree of doubt as to whether there was such a hound as Trueboy in the Pytchley kennels during the years 1778-80.

The extent of
hunting War-
wickshire.

The eccentric and celebrated Tom Moody was a short time in Mr. Corbet's service, but it is not certain whether it was during the period he held Warwickshire. In those days the hunting country of Warwickshire meant Warwickshire. That is to say, it comprised the whole county. Tile Hill, Princethorpe, Newbold, Newnham, Combe, and all the Dunchurch country, afterwards given up to Lord Anson and the Atherstone, were drawn by Mr. Corbet's hounds. He hunted without subscription, except £5 a year from each of the members of the club for earth-stopping. His kennel generally consisted of 70 couples of hounds, the packs being classed according to age. The dogs were large and stout animals, but the bitches seem to have been the more preferable for hunting purposes. He resided during his tenure of Warwick-

Mr. Corbet's
Kennel.

shire at Clopton House, near Stratford-on-Avon. He had kennels at Stratford, and also at Meriden for that part of the country, and at the end of every season the hounds were removed back to Sundorne. During the whole of the time he hunted Warwickshire, the well-known Will Barrow was his huntsman, but of this individual, more anon.

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The earliest run which we find recorded of Mr. Corbet's, is one which is well worthy of a premier place. The meet was at Wolford Heath on December 8th, 1795. A fox found made a good start over Lemington Heath, passed over Norton Common and Evenlode Heath to Longborough Lees. His next point was Donington, which he left for Scott's Brake, after which he took them to Eyford and Halford Holt and over the Cold Aston Downs to within two miles of Farmington Grove. Here he turned and went through Saperton Grove and over the finest part of the Gloucestershire hills to within four miles of Cheltenham and ten of Gloucester, where he was rolled over, having proved himself well worthy of the district from which he hailed, and which, in the early days of "the Warwickshire" was said to be always depended on to show sport worth following.

His earliest re-
corded run,
1795.

The first hour and a half was a complete burst and was succeeded by the same time in cold hunting. Then there was a brilliant fifty minutes running, as hard as possible, out of scent into view, finishing with the climax, at Sandewell Park close to the fashionable spa, against which Leamington had not then risen as a threatening and dangerous rival. The distance was 35 miles. Of the hundred who were out, the fingers of one man were sufficient to sum up the number at the death. They were Mr. Corbet, who was not at the meet but who joined after the first burst was over, Major Pigott, Mr. R. Canning, Captain Hawkes, Mr. W. Greendle, the huntsman and the first whip. Mr. Hill

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came up not much after the end, and Mr. Thos. Handley, of Barford, on a clever chesnut, and Mr. Joseph Russell, of Grove Fields, on a brown splint-legged horse, were also in good places.

His way across
country.

Mr. Corbet had a peculiar way of crossing country. Although he would not leap, he would gallop as fast as any, and showed no small share of nerve, as well as hand. In fact, there is little doubt that he possessed the art of galloping, in which lies half the secret of seeing what hounds are doing. Those who believe that a place at the finish of a hard run is only to be acquired by flying at all obstacles presented, may smile to be told that it may be almost equally obtained by showing them the shoulder. That this was, and we may say still is, the case, may be seen by the fact that Mr. Corbet generally saw his foxes pulled down. Neither must he be allowed to lie under the reproach of lack of nerve, for riding, as he did, at a splitting pace along rough lanes and stony roads, does not fall far short in the demands it makes upon that quality of a man, of the negociation of a bullfinch or ox-rail. Neither, indeed, did Mr. Corbet enjoy an immunity from falls. Several, and some of them awkward ones, fell to his lot during the season. Like another worthy master of the Warwickshire of more recent times, he was not ashamed of owning to a knowledge of every gate in his country, and, after what has been said above, I do not think my readers will see the slightest cause for shame in either case. It is, indeed, astonishing how well some can ride to hounds and enjoy an excellent day's sport, and at the same time indulge in only a minimum of fencing.

On coming to a fence he did not like the look of, but which he meant to attempt, and seeing one he knew going at it, he would say, "Thank ye, sir. I am very much obliged to you, you'll just catch my horse." This just catching the horse displayed a laudable loyalty to the master, as it often cost the individual the run. There is

however, an exception to every rule, and Mr. Corbet, or rather his hunter, made one in the Woford run just described. When the hounds viewed their fox their worthy master was so delighted, that he instantly clapped his spurs to his horse, and not being able to stop him, as was his custom, at the next gate, he cleared it on his back. When the run was over he remarked, "I have done more than I meant to do."

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Scarcely less celebrated than Mr. Corbet was his huntsman, Will Barrow, whose brother Jack was first whip, the second being one Jack Jones. With regard to civility he and his master were "as the poles asunder." If a man were seen in the midst of the hounds, Mr. Corbet would call out "Pray, sir, hold hard; you will spoil your own sport." The remarks of Barrow under the same circumstance had best be left unchronicled. When the hounds were well settled on their fox Mr. Corbet would call out, "Now, gentlemen, ride over them; now ride and catch them if you can." Barrow was never so happy or good-tempered as when "his lasses," as he called the bitch pack, were running on a good scent, and when this was the case nothing in shape of a fence that there was a chance of getting over or through would turn him off the line. He is entitled to a high place in the annals of British horsemanship. There is no doubt as a horseman he excelled, and thanks to himself his horses were as clever as he. In this he owed his education to Mr. Childe, of Kinlet, Shropshire, who was also great in the art. He "rode like a gentleman," although, as I am aware, the vagueness of this term, has been discussed. Though short in stature, through want of length of leg, he sat his horse in a perfect manner, and with an ease that almost amounted to gracefulness. Equally perfect was his hand, and as regards nerve, there was nothing lacking. The line might be over the stiffest of the many stiff parts of Warwickshire, but still he kept it, and it is doubtful whether his falls

The celebrated
Will Barrow.

Mr. Corbet's
civility.

Barrow's Horse-
manship.

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would number more than a couple during the season. As regards his horses, I have already mentioned that they fully did credit to the hand that guided them. A high compliment to Barrow is to be found in the remark made by his first master, Mr. Childe. Barrow, he said, was the only servant he ever had or knew, fit to trust with his own horses mouths, having so gentle and good a hand on his bridle. By his own horses he meant, of course, those he himself rode. Mr. Corbet might well feel, then, that he had a huntsman who would be worthy of the good horses he might buy him, and the three chestnuts Barrow rode were splendid animals and equal to far more than his weight, which with his clothes was not ten stone. Perhaps the best of them, by King Fergus, was one which would have killed him if he had thrown him to the ground. But he never did—his rider took good care of that. It is not at all unlikely that the knowledge of his horse's power and his own risk, helped to make him his favourite, for such he was always considered. Two other horses he rode were a grey, a flier, and a black gelding, Joe Andrews, which was as stout as steel.

His Horse.

His last days and
epitaph.

His last days were spent with Mr. Corbet's harriers at Sundorne, by a fall with which he met his death." After his death £1,400 was found in odd places about his bedroom. His epitaph in Sundorne Parish Churchyard is as follows :—

Of this world's pleasure I have had my share ;
For few the sorrows I was doomed to bear ;
How oft I have enjoyed the noble chase
Of hounds and foxes, each striving for the race !
But the knell of death calls me away ;
So, sportsmen, farewell ! I must obey.

CHAPTER III.

STRATFORD-ON-AVON AS A HUNTING CENTRE — THE HUNT CLUB. — “THE BLACK COLLARS” — CUSTOMS OF THE CLUB — A MEMORABLE RUN IN 1801—ANOTHER SEVERE DAY FROM WOLFORD.

I have already referred to the sporting character of the White Lion Hotel, at Stratford, in the merry old days when John Warde presided over the sport of the locality. Merrier days however, were still in store for it when Mr. Corbet came from a neighbouring county and made it his centre. He established there a hunt club on an extensive scale. In the early days of fox-hunting, which may be taken as the final quarter of last century and the first of this, the social aspect of the sport had not arisen. The field was not then graced by the many fair ones, who, now-a-days, not only do not disdain to appear at covert-side, but can give some of their stronger companions a good lead on a stiff line.

Stratford-on-Avon as a hunting centre

The followers of Mr. Corbet's hounds were men, and men only, and as, in the morning, they bore each other company in the field, so, in the evening, they were mainly dependent upon their own good-fellowship for the enjoyments wherewith to finish up the day. When Mr. Corbet brought his hounds to Stratford-on-Avon, Leamington was a mere village, the only pretensions to a spa it possessed being a range of baths newly erected by Matthew Wise, Esq.

The social aspect.

Leamington.

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The accommodation provided for visitors, however, was of a very humble character, and the place still retained its rural appearance. Stratford, on the other hand, was quite established as a hunting centre, and it was here that the hunters who selected Warwickshire as their ground of action, congregated, and found, round the table of the hunt club room, amusement for the time which Leamington now offers them the possibility of passing with the fairer sex, in whatever social attractions they may find in its winter season. Stratford, however, was not very well situated, being quite on the outside of the country, and its position was much to its disadvantage when other places, more central for the best Warwickshire meets and those of neighbouring hunts, rose into competition with it.

The Hunt Club.

The White Lion was kept by Bill Barke, a conspicuous figure with the hounds, both on account of his person and the frequency of his attendance in the field. He was a big fellow, quite a welter. The members of the club dined in a room called the "Tempest" in honour of Shakespeare. Once a fortnight there was a strong muster at dinner, when Mr. Corbet made it his custom to be present. The members, too, were most hospitably received at his residence, Clopton House. On the night of the great Wolford run, described in the last chapter, Mr. Corbet dined at the club and threw the head on the table. It was preserved in a glass case and was an ornament in the room for forty-five years, at the expiration of which period a sale took place on the occasion of the house changing hands, and, on the day of sale, the object which had such pleasant and early associations, vanished for ever.

The Uniform.

The evening uniform of the club was black stockings, breeches and waistcoat, and a scarlet coat with handsome gilt buttons with the letters "S.H." upon them, and a black velvet collar. This last appendage gained the

members of the club the name of "Black Collars," and as such they are referred to in the poem of "The Epwell Hunt." It corresponded, in fact, with the white collar badge of the Pytchley Hunt, and seems to have been also a part of the dress in the field, as it figures in a coloured plate by Thomas Weaver of John Corbet and his hounds. And a happy party the "Black Collars" seem to have been. A quarrel at the club was unheard of, and the good day's sport which the country provided to such a master as "the Warwickshire Squire" would send them back well prepared, in mind and body, for the substantial fare which was such an important item in English country life in the "good old days." Old Trojan retained a place in their memory and the toast, "The Blood of the Trojans," always followed that of "The King," at the club. Mr. Corbet was called "The Father of the Trojans." The "Trojans" of course, were the Warwickshire Hounds.

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The "Black
Collars."

Toasts at the
Club.

A custom existed at the club of buying horses by handicap. A Mr. Best gave 750 guineas for a horse, Confidence, who had run well for an hour and ten minutes in a trying country, and then done a good timber jump. The next morning some members assembled at covert planned a decoy for the purchaser. Picking out a very high rail in the corner of a field they sent Will Barrow, whose powers I have already referred to, to jump it. When he had done so, they cried out, "Now, Mr. Best," and to their surprise he cleared it with a yard to spare.

Buying horses by
handicap.

The commencement of the season was always ushered in in a marked manner. The members of the club congregated once more at Stratford, and on the first Monday in November, Lord Willoughby de Broke entertained the master and a numerous party to dinner. The day which is usually honoured in connection with Guy Faux and his Gunpowder Plot, was also a great day in Warwickshire, and, unless it fell upon a Sunday,

The commence-
ment of the
season.

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1791-1811.

Mr. Corbet's
plate at the
races.

Mr. Corbet would reserve some favourite covert for it. A day or two previous to this the hunt races were held at which he gave a plate of £50 to the farmers. The conditions were that they should ride half-bred horses, which had regularly hunted with the Warwickshire hounds, and who had never won a race. They were to carry 21 stone, in two mile heats, and to be ridden by gentlemen.

Amemorable run
from Compton
Wyniatates,
1801.

A memorable run was that which, on the 10th of December, 1801, originated in a meet at Lord Northampton's seat at Compton Wyniatates. With the first fox nothing worth noting was done, but a second, found in the gorse by the side of Epwell White House gave them a day's sport, which those—and they were few—who saw it to its end would remember for the rest of their days. He went away over the rabbit warren, and took a circle round Compton House into Tysoe Field, and then returned almost to where he was found. He then made for Shutford Hill, and after taking a somewhat devious line and touching Tadmarton, he arrived at Wroxton Abbey, from which he passed right on to Banbury town. Here he lay down in a garden and was viewed by most of those present. But he had some splendid sport in store for them yet, and being started again gave a clipping run over a very fine district to Bourton-on-the-Water. Here, however, the run did not end, and he took them off again with a great extent of fine country before them. At a quarter past five o'clock, the hounds were still running hard, and as it was getting dark, they were stopped by the huntsman on a hack. They had run four and a quarter hours, the distance being at the very least five-and-thirty miles.

The finish

I doubt if, in the whole course of its existence, "the Warwickshire" can show many runs to equal this one, for the extent of the country traversed. Let my readers get a map and note the points for themselves.

The ordnance survey inch map, if handy in sufficient size will show at a glance what a splendid day's work was done. Start with the find near Epwell White House, on the ridge of the Edgehills, then account for the little circle round Compton Wyniates and work the line, somewhat of a see-sawing nature, on to Banbury. Those of you, and I hope they are many, who have followed "the Warwickshire" over this much traversed part, will know that a very fair piece of work had been done over a country with hills abounding. Then, placing one end of your rule on Banbury, let the other drop, if your map allows it, at Bourton-on-the-Water, right down in Gloucestershire, some four or five miles south-west of Stow-on-the-Wold, and you will see at once the amount of work done by "the Warwickshire" that afternoon. If he went as straight as the line of your rule, the points of this part of the run lie 22 miles apart. It is a pity that the place where the hounds were stopped is not chronicled, and the absence of particulars between Banbury and Bourton, is also to be regretted, although the lack of this information is easily understood. We do not know in what direction he left Banbury, or what line he took to get to Bourton, but the very shortest—and he must have been a straight-running individual—would take them through Broughton, Tadmarton Heath, Hook Norton, Great Rollright, leaving Chipping Norton one mile to the left, and so on through Salford, Cornwell, Wick Rissington, to Bourton-on-the-Water. And it must not be forgotten that the end was not here, although it is doubtful if he took them much further.

A merry night would they have had at the club after such a day as this, but the "Black Collars" on this evening were scattered far and wide. Most of the horses were tired after leaving Banbury, and not one returned that night to the stable he had left in the morning.

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—
The conjectured
course.

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1791-1811.

In those days there were no railways, which now help the hunter back to his own roof, after a few negotiations at awkward junctions with ill-fitting branch trains. The choice then between a ride of some miles in the dark and taking advantage of local hospitality, or quarters at the nearest hostelry, rarely resulted in the first-named being selected, and a night out was not at all an uncommon sequel to a good run.

Another run
from Wolford.

My next item is also a severe one. It also stands near the one just described, too, as far as chronology is concerned. It originated in the meeting place that gave such a good run in 1795, viz., Wolford.

The reputation
of Wolford.

Two brace were afoot immediately, the place, therefore, fully sustaining its reputation of being always ready with the material for sport. Three of them got away quickly but the hounds kept with the one in the wood, which finally broke for Barton Grove. He went forward for Weston and Sutton North, near Compton Wyniates, Epwell, and on to Sibford, fifteen miles from covert. He then turned for Brailes and on to Halford Bridge, then for Idlicote and over a fine country for Sutton, and on to Wichford Wood. Here the hounds would have killed him but they were halloed to a fresh one by a footman. Catching the scent, they hunted him over a first-rate country to Wolford, and were stopped by Jack Barrow, the first whip, going into covert. The time was six hours.

The severe na-
ture of the run

Here, again, I recommend my readers to the map to properly appreciate the character of the run. It will be seen that, as regards time, it beats the former by two hours, but it must be remembered that it was the work of two foxes and would, but for the interference of the footmen, have ended at Wichford. The area was more confined than in the Bourton run; there was more backward and forward work. Still, for severity, it does not fall far behind it. Jack Barrow was the only one who finished the day on the

same horse he started on, but it was at the cost of the horse, for he was of no use afterwards. The reputation of the meet drew an unusually large field, all mounted in their best style. Alas for their fine "get-up" at the end of the day! Will Barrow tired a couple of horses. Mr. Morant, who, I ought to have mentioned, rode better than any in the Bourton-on-the-Water run, also exhausted two horses; as did also Mr. Fisher, of Idlicote.

Mr. Corbet's famous horse Trojan (his master evidently could not forget his famous hound) was never known to have stopped before, and it is good evidence of the severe nature of the work on this day, that he came to a stand-still at Wichford. Mr. Corbet tried to lead him but he could neither go nor stand. Mr. John Venour was one of the best men over Warwickshire at this time. His horse stopped in the same field as Mr. Corbet's, and a young horse Mr. W. Barke was on pulled up at Brailes Hill.

From the top of Brailes Hill on this day were seen groups of sportsmen leading or drawing their horses home. At different periods of the run the hounds touched five miles of Banbury, two of Chipping Norton, and six of Stratford, and the extent travelled must have been fifty miles.

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1791-1811.

Men and horses
in the run.

CHAPTER IV.

THE CANNINGS—THE WEIGHT REDUCING EFFORTS OF FRANCIS CANNING—ROBERT CANNING, THE “CRACK MAN” OF THE HUNT—HIS EXPLOITS AND HORSES—MR. JOHN HAWKES—MR. MORANT GALE—HIS HARD RIDING—MR. JOHN VENOUR—A RUN FROM WELLESBOURNE, 1804.

The Cannings.

I think, perhaps, I have now sufficiently progressed into Mr. Corbet's period of mastership to introduce my readers to some of the worthies who followed his hounds over Warwickshire. The position of “crack man” must, I think, be yielded to Mr. Robert Canning, of Houndshill. He and his brother Francis, who lived at Foxcote, shone brilliantly in the country, and welter weights as they were, their performances were all the more creditable. They were comparatively uneducated in the art of riding to hounds, their education having been obtained on the Continent, where working a horse across country is not, as a rule, to be added to the attainment of severer knowledge with the same facility that it is in England. The elder brother, Francis, was the heavier of the two, but such was his zeal that he took every possible means to reduce the weight which would tell against him when the hunting season came round. Both he and his brother are referred to in the poem “The Epwell Hunt,” to which I shall make more reference directly. Goulburn, the author, says—

Robert Canning comes next, the crack man of the hunt.
 Let him ride what he will, either hunter or hack,
 Sure by some means or other, to be with pack ;
 At the end of the day, almost always alone,
 And scarce ever behind tho' he rides sixteen stone.
 In his wake pressing close and with much the same plan,
 Frank, his brother, keeps up, tho' a heavier man.

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And so they were, as a rule, well up at the finish, notwithstanding their weight. Francis used to make a practice of walking a certain distance every non-hunting day in winter. In summer time he would walk excessive distances, often 30 or 40 miles a day, without regard to temperature. That his constitution must have been of a Herculean nature will be seen by some of the feats he performed with the idea of reducing his weight. On one excessive hot July day he walked 35 miles swathed in flannel. On another occasion he accompanied Lord Dormer on a tour through the Highlands. The journey of course, was made largely by road conveyances, but Canning, seizing an opportunity to help to bring about the much desired reduction in weight, declined to avail himself of riding, and walked the journey throughout, a total of 1,600 miles. A loss of weight was the result, but a loss of frame was, of course, not to be so easily acquired, and reduce his flesh as much as he would, his frame was such that he could not enter the scale under 15 stone. His stud, with which he had extraordinary success consisted of five or six hunters, and his stables are described as being excellent. He also possessed the admirable trait of character of knowing how to treat his horses, and invariably thinking of them as well as himself in his enjoyment of the chase. Sometimes, even, he would walk by their side many a long and dirty mile to reach home after a severe run. His horses had, of course, to be selected in accordance with his weight, and with a few exceptions his style of animal was coarse. Large heads, large hips, in fact large everything, were the points of his horses, but they were

Mr. Francis Canning.

His weight-reducing exploits.

His Horses.

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nevertheless, generally capable of pace. Notwithstanding his deficient education in the art, he possessed a fine bridle hand. It was, in his case, a natural faculty, and rarely, indeed, was horse or rider defeated. Near to hounds they were generally to be seen, notwithstanding the weight of both. I have made a passing reference to the Epwell run, and quoted the remarks of the author of a poem founded upon it. Francis Canning greatly distinguished himself on that day on a horse much under his weight and only five years old. It was named "The General," and passed afterwards to Sir John Dashwood King, who sold it to Mr. C. J. Apperley (known far and wide as "Nimrod," and of whom, as a "Warwickshire" man, I shall speak again) at 160 guineas. "Nimrod" was lucky enough to drop into a brilliant run the first time he rode him and "The General" passed to the Earl of Warwick at sixty guineas premium.

Mr. R. Canning.

So much of the elder Canning. Great as he was, no doubt, both in deeds as well as in figure, he was surpassed by his younger brother Robert in the former, and was run rather close by him in the matter of weight.

The "crack man",
of the Hunt.

To Robert Canning I assigned at start, the place of "crack man," and although in my remarks upon his brother, my readers may have thought I was putting him into that much to be coveted position, there is no doubt Robert could give him a start and beat him. As a sportsman as well as a horseman he has rarely been surpassed. He was not harassed by so many fleshy considerations as his brother, but he had, nevertheless, weight and frame sadly against him. He stood 6ft. 4in. without his shoes, and his weight in the saddle was not very far behind that of his brother Francis.

As regards his mounts, they were, no doubt, superior to those of his brother Francis, but he did not pay the same attention to them as we have been able to

credit the other with doing. He always rode the same horse all day, and yet managed to sufficiently distinguish himself with hounds, to gain the place of honour into which all authorities place him. But the horse is not the only thing necessary in riding to hounds. Certain qualifications the rider must have, or no matter how excellent the steed, the rider will be a rare spectator of the end of severe pieces of work. Robert Canning, like his brother, possessed by nature these necessary faculties. His eye was perfect. Hedge, ditch, gate, brook, and even river, were all passed by him and left behind, generally without having given much trouble to either horseman or horse. The places he would go through were astounding. On an obstacle presenting itself, a "come up" was heard and the pair of them were generally safe on the line on the other side. An example of the hand he possessed is to be found in a piece of water work he performed. A flooded brook presented itself, and Robert Canning went at it and leapt it; his horse rising at it out of the overflow.

Mr. JOHN CORBET
1791-1811.

His Horsemanship.

There were two horses in particular upon which he distinguished himself. These, with a few others, were those upon which he did the chief part of his work. One was a chestnut gelding, called "Favourite," which was apparently quite two stone under his weight, but which carried him brilliantly. The other was a stallion, called "Knowsley," and equally below his weight. It was deficient in its fetlocks, and had the appearance of a fourteen stone man's horse at most, whereas his rider was two or three stone over that in the saddle. But it was a finely constituted animal, and had an excellent temper. His remarks upon weight-carrying horses are worth noting. Referring on one occasion to his own horses he said, "Narrow horses, like Favourite, provided that they are *deep*, can carry me; but it matters not how thick a horse may be if he have not depth of brisket, commonly called girth."

His Horses.

Mr. JOHN CORBET
1791-1811.

Added to their superior horsemanship, their knowledge of the country helped to give them a chief place in crossing it. They were admirable pilots, and when a far-going fox had taken the field some distance, and somewhat out of their latitude, the Cannings were as good in bringing them home as they had been in leading them there.

Mr. Hawkes.

Riding to hounds at this time came rapidly forward as an art to be cultivated, and an acquisition much to be desired. A contemporary with the Cannings, and one who, with them, did not a little to advance the art, was Mr. John Hawkes of Snitterfield. He was one of the first to exemplify the superiority of thoroughbred horses in the hunting field, if ridden with that refined skill, for which he himself was famed. Not only in Warwickshire, however, did he shine. Equally conspicuous, and perhaps more so, was he in Mr. Meynell's country. He was the author of a pamphlet called "The Meynellian Science of Foxhunting." As rider and as sportsman he stood high. He did not, however, confine his equestrian performances to the field, but went in as well for racing. He rode in a hunting cap, leather breeches, and boots, and looked the sportsman. Although he had hunted much with Mr. Meynell in Leicestershire, and said that that country—then, as now, the fashionable hunting ground—spoilt every other country, he afterwards lived and hunted many years in Warwickshire. This country ranked third at that time, giving Northamptonshire the place next to Leicestershire. As to whether this position is maintained, I hope to have something more to say before I have finished. Mr. Hawkes, however, used to say there was not sufficient room in it to show a run. One day, when he was out on his horse "Featherlegs," Walton Wood was the draw and provided a fox which, with only two momentary checks, took them over Lighthorne, Long Itchington, and Upton to Watergall, one-and-a-half miles from Southam, where he was

His remark upon
Warwickshire

A run from
Walton.

killed. Mr. Hawkes was not in at the death ; in fact, so swift was the run that only three out of a large field were, and Mr. Robert Canning said to him, when they came together again, "Now, Mr. Hawkes, can Warwickshire show a run?"

Mr. JOHN CORBET
1791-1811.

Another old Leicestershire man was Mr. Edward Morant Gale, who lived at Upton House, Edge Hill. He was a regular hard going rider, and my readers will doubtless remember that he figured conspicuously in the two severe runs I described in my last chapter. He is spoken of as :—

Mr. Edward
Morant Gale.

A Meltonian of old well versed in their creed ;
O'er riding all scent for the sake of a lead.

There is to be seen in this couplet a little bit of sentiment regarding Leicestershire which I shall elucidate, I hope, when I have to deal with another poetical effusion. In addition to foxhunting Mr. Morant Gale had kept a clever pack of harriers. He was, however, a terrible sinner, both against horse and hounds, with regard to his speed. Speed ! speed ! speed ! That was the one thing he wanted, and the one thing he would have, no matter the length of the run. There was scarcely a horse living that could take him through an hour. During a brilliant run with Mr. Corbet he was on a horse by "No Pretender," and at the end of fifty minutes hard work disappeared. The field saw no more of him, but that was nothing very extraordinary, as the pace at which he tore away from covert generally resulted in his equally speedy discomfiture. On the occasion referred to he was found after the death sitting on his saddle under a black-thorn hedge, both horse and rider presenting a most woeful appearance. His hat was gone, his face was bleeding, and his clothes were torn. He was, however, very good natured, and joined in the laughter at his appearance.

His hard riding.

Mr. JOHN CORBET
1791-1811.

On another occasion he made a bad start from covert, and, not able to bear being left in the rear so early, pushed his horse along at a pace, which was simply impossible for anything like an hour's duration. Naturally he met with many falls, one of which sent him on to his head on a heap of stones. Fearing a slight concussion of the brain, he sent for a doctor upon his return home. The doctor evidently shared his apprehension and took the necessary precautions. He left him for the night, promising to return in the morning and see how he was progressing. He called, but concussion or no concussion, Morant had gone to the hounds.

Mr. John Venou

Another, whom I had occasion to mention in connection with the run from Epwell White House, was Mr. John Venour. He was one of the best men over Warwickshire. He particularly distinguished himself on a little horse named Hero which was sold him by "Nimrod," when that well-known sporting writer was in his teens. He was by Hero—a son of Herod, out of a Welsh pony, but so restive that no man would venture on him. Mr. Venour had him for £28.

A run from Wel-
lesbourne,
1804.

The sport during the first few years of this century was as good as any ever experienced. A succession of good runs was generally to be enjoyed at any part of the season. On December 7th, 1804, a fox found in Wellesbourne Pastures took as many of the field as could follow him, an excursion into the neighbouring counties. He crossed Wellesbourne Wood for Walton, and then passed by Compton Verney towards Edgehill. About half a mile to the right of Kineton he turned by Oxhill to Pillerton, and, passing near Marton, and over Eatington Park, crossed the Stour at Newbold, and entered Worcestershire. Taking them by Armscott and Whimpstone Leys, he left Worcestershire for Gloucestershire. Preston Bushes and Quinton were left to the right, and Meon Hill was crossed. The Vale of Evesham then became the ground of action.

The fine old pastures of Mickleton, Norton, and Aston, were the closing scenes of this drama, which finished with blood about a mile from the Broadway, before an audience of fifteen, out of about a hundred at the find. The run was one of three hours' duration, there having been only one check, and that only of five minutes.

Mr. JOHN CORBET
1791-1811.

Many and various are the spots which witness the finishes of runs, and a list of such during the history of any hunt would, doubtless, be interesting and curious. On Easter Monday, 1803, a Warwickshire finish took place in Lady Hertford's ornamental dairy, where

A Warwickshire
finish.

The pack, heedless of the damsels' screams,
First ate the fox—then drank the cream.

Another severe item was experienced in 1806, when, starting from Bearley Bushes, the hounds killed their fox after four hours and fifty minutes.

CHAPTER V.

THE CELEBRATED EPWELL RUN—SOME MORE WAR-
WICKSHIRE WORTHIES.

The Epwell Run.

At this juncture I may be allowed, perhaps, to bring in the famous Epwell run. An excellent piece of running from this rendezvous has already been described and it has been, no doubt, the originating point of many other admirable days, both in Mr. Corbet's time and since. One run, however, has come down to modern times as "The Epwell Run" on account of a poem written upon it by Edward Goulburn, Esq., and called "The Epwell Hunt." I am sorry that the exact date of the run is not to be discovered. The poem bears the date of 1807. "The Warwickshire" met at Epwell on November 14th and December 7th. Either of these dates may, therefore, be the auspicious one. I am sorry that I cannot fix it nearer than this, and those of my readers who like time and place exact in all transactions must forgive me. The gorse was the first to yield a smart preliminary to the great event which was to follow. It was sharp enough to thin down a field of some two hundred to decent dimensions. But a very few moments ensued after the death of this individual before another fox was off and away, and took his admirers back to Epwell. The exact geography of this bit of business is vague, but we need not trouble about it for it is the afterwork which lives in the history of "the Warwickshire" as "the Epwell run." Let us take to the map once more. Epwell may be said to have formed

Mr. Goulburn's
Epwell Hunt.

the starting point of the run, for finding no hope of refuge there he settled down into a real bit of going, starting first of all through Swalcliffe Plantations. The Plantations were left for a gallop over the Heath, which the author calls Hook[Norton, but which, was no doubt, Tadmarton. Scent was splendid and over the Heath the pace increased accordingly, the field being gradually diminished in consequence. Swerford was his point, and the nice hill work to be met with proved the quality of the wind of both horse and rider. The high road was crossed at lightning speed, and a descent made upon Heythrop—a place which has since acquired happy hunting associations. Scent improved, and even the brilliancy of his powers could not save him, and “the Warwickshire” rolled him over, as they have many another equally stout fox, just as he was going to ground in the park. This was the run as Mr. Goulburn has handed it down in his poem, “The Epwell Hunt, or Black Collars in the Rear.” The quotation from Somerville’s *Chase*, which he heads the composition with, is appropriate and significant—

“ A chosen few *alone* the sport enjoy.”

The parts which give an idea of the work done are as follows :—

As Epwell’s wide heath, t’other day I pass’d over
 The hounds I perceived were then trying the cover,
 Enraptur’d I heard them, and spurring my horse,
 Soon discovered the pack, which had found in the gorse.
 Two hundred smart sportsmen enliven’d the scene,
 All determin’d to ride, and professedly keen,
 Tho’ the morning was cold, and the frost overnight,
 Made the country around, in a terrible plight ;
 Yet Reynard broke cover, disdain’g to stay,
 And in view of the horsemen, went travelling away.
 But a sad country took, much against all their wills,
 And led them a dance, over heart breaking hills,
 Then led to some furze, remain’d dodging about,
 Till Wanton at length, forced the vagabond out.
 Thus routed his foes, he determin’d to face,
 And again took them off at a rare splitting pace ;
 O’er a strong and stiff country, went forward in style,

Mr. JOHN CORBET
 1791-1811,

The line of the
 run.

Mr. JOHN CORBET
1791-1811.

With the hounds at his brush, in full view for a mile ;
Was next seen in a Bottom, and there headed back,
And whilst climbing the steep fell a prey to the pack.
The burst—perhaps Melton will smile when he reads—
Was so *quick*, that it took *something out of the steeds* ;
Nay, to speak the whole truth, many found it too fast,
And various crack riders were looking aghast.

The first work of
the day.

Such was the little work which acted as the *lever de rideau* to the main item of the day's programme. As I before remarked, topographical particulars are altogether missing, but I trust many of my readers, know what a burst from Epwell means. You will need a good mount, my friend, when you meet "the Warwickshire" between Banbury and the ridge of Edgehill. Grass vales abound ; it is a continual up and down, with a little taste of water, as you cross the brook which is usually found at the bottom of each. After this piece of work, with scarcely time to remount, the larger matter commenced, and we may imagine the condition in which the majority had to face it.

The great run.

I return to the words of the author.

Tally-ho ! with a vengeance, for strange to recount,
Scarce allowing a moment, our nags to remount,
Another stout Reynard went boldly away,
And for Wimberton made a most desperate play.
How headed, and forc'd his first point to decline,
To Epwell push'd forward as straight as a line ;
Finding there nothing left for his life but to run,
He resolv'd to die game and show them some fun ;
So through Swalcliffe Plantations, he rapidly went,
Passing Hook Norton Heath, with a fine burning scent,
Where a few of the boldest, put on a wry face,
And the young ones no longer complain'd of the pace ;
From thence quite determin'd to give us our fill,
For Swerford he made, and went straight up the hill ;
Cross'd the road at a speed that made some people stare,
And was fatal, poor Fretwell, alas, to your mare ;
Close push'd, towards Heythrop despairing he roves,
But in vain, for the scent ev'ry moment improves ;
Till at length, having gone twenty miles right on end
At a rate that the oldest man out never kenn'd,
Having fill'd the whole country with falls and disasters,
Nearly kill'd all the nags, and well pickled their masters,
He was kill'd in the park just when going to ground,
About twenty-three miles from the place he was found !

* * * *

MR. JOHN CORBET
1791-1811.

Then let Leicestershire vaunt of its far renowned speed,
 Let them jostle and cross, for a start or a lead,
 Upon selling their nags, more than hunting intent,
 And scarce know the meaning of what is called scent ;
 All declaiming at once, such a shout, such a yell,
 Doing only what monkeys might do just as well ;
 Where sport depends quite, upon knowing the cover,
 And the very best run in an half hour is over ;
 May such hunting as this never fall to my lot,
 Let them race, if they like it, I envy them not ;
 The blood of old Trojan is all I desire,
 So give me the Hounds of the WARWICKSHIRE SQUIRE.

Such is the enthusiastic ending of a composition which is decidedly above the average of rhyming accounts of hunting runs. The "Warwickshire Squire" is, of course, Mr. Corbet, and the "Blood of old Trojans" I hope by this time, does not need to be interpreted to my readers. The sentiments expressed towards Leicestershire are the same as were seen in a couplet given in my last chapter. The "Meltonians" were accused by their brethren in the less fashionable, but more hunting, countries of entertaining the conception that riding to hounds were only a form of steeplechasing. That the only essential was speed—that the hounds only played the part of paper or flags and marked the course, and, finally, that the ultimate and much to be desired end of the day's work was to ride at as great a pace as possible, to be in at the death, and to sell the horse ridden at as handsome a premium as possible. There is no doubt that this was the true state of things as far as a large section of men in Leicestershire were concerned, although of course my readers well know—I hope, in many cases, from experience—that the "Cream of Leicestershire" always has been, and doubtless always will be, a much desired site, for at all events a portion of the season, apart from its fashionable and social aspects.

Riding to sell.

But other countries were not entirely free from sinning in this respect. Excessive hard riding, with

Mr. JOHN CORBET
1791-1811.

Mr. Reginald
Wynniatt.

His hard riding.

an eye to a sale was often to be met with in Warwickshire, and the sinners were not invariably Meltonians. Mr. Reginald Wynniatt, of Gloucestershire, was a very hard and jealous rider with "the Warwickshire," and in order to sell a horse would go at anything. He was, as a rule, a good hand in lifting a horse over, or taking him through, places, although in the Epwell run he fell at a brook, and although he tried hard to make up, the sport had been too swift. He possessed a rare nerve and was a powerful rider. He had a wonderful mare 15 hands high, but long and wide, which he sold for 200 guineas. As I have just said, in order to effect a sale, he would make a horse go anywhere. Hunting one day with Mr. Osbaldeston's hounds, this behaviour brought about a natural sequence, and he got a very hard fall near Winwick Warren. He was carried on a gate to a farmhouse, where he lay quite insensible. Two friends were there and asked the farmer how it had happened. The farmer replied that the mishap had been entirely due to the horse. This reference to his horse's character had the effect of a powerful restorative on poor Wynniatt. He opened his eyes, said, "It was not the horse's fault at all," and then relapsed into insensibility. The two friends then went in search of the horse, which, when they had found, they began to gallop and lark with over the neighbouring fences. A third friend coming up asked what they were doing, when they replied "Poor Wynniatt can't live and his horses must go to Tattersall's, so we thought we would take the opportunity of trying this one to see if he is worth buying."

Mr. Edward
Goulburn.

I ought, no doubt, before this to have introduced more particularly the author of the poem to my readers. He was Mr. Edward Goulburn, who commenced life by entering the navy. After a short experience he

Mr. JOHN CORBET
1791-1811.

determined to change nautical for military service, and, forsaking salt water, he entered the Guards. But here he was not to find his feet, and he made a somewhat unusual change from the army to the bar, becoming ultimately a commissioner in bankruptcy. Although he had laid aside the scarlet for the silk as regards his sterner occupations, he was still an ardent patron of both in a sporting sense, and hunting and racing were his chief amusements. In the famous run, which is always connected with his name, and for a knowledge of which we are indebted to him, he rode a five-year-old. He went at a pace technically known as "a score," but at Swerford Hill his horse refused a nasty oak stile, and retirement from the run was the consequence. He was a frequent follower of "the Warwickshire," and on one occasion seeing a Worcestershire squire laughing violently, he went up and said to him "*Quid rides.*" The squire was a better sportsman than linguist, and, allowing his ear to deceive him, replied, "My Magog horse."

Mr. Fretwell.

Of Mr. Morant Gale I have already spoken. He was one of those in the Epwell run. The Cannings, too, did justice to themselves. Mr. Fretwell, whose name my readers will see in the lines quoted, was well known in the hunt. He was a specimen of what may be looked upon as a departed character—the English sporting yeoman. He was quite of the old form and fashion. The countries he patronised were the neighbouring Duke of Beaufort's, and Mr. Seagreave's, the former especially. He was popularly known as Tommy Fretwell, and he and his old white mare were noticeable objects whenever he was out. He was never conspicuous as a horseman but his knowledge of foxhunting was nevertheless sound. He was, in fact, a real enthusiast and on a short stable managed to make a frequent attendance on hounds. He was generally esteemed and was of particular value in the preservation of foxes in his countries.

Mr. JOHN CORBET
1791-1811,

Lord Alvanley.
Sir Grey Skip-
with.

Lord Alvanley was a frequent attendant in Warwickshire. In the Epwell run, he rode his horse "Ploughboy" and kept well with the hounds the whole day. Sir Grey Skipwith, afterwards a Member of Parliament, went well over Warwickshire for a quarter of a century. He was well mounted and although he enjoyed the pleasures of the chase in a quieter manner than many of its followers, he was generally well placed at the finish. Mr. Goulburn thus describes him on the Epwell day :—

Sticking close to the hounds, observe steady Sir Grey,
Riding equally hard in a quieter way ;
Sufficiently forward, yet still keeping bounds,
His wish to ride after, not over the hounds.

A good line to
Ufton.

On one occasion after a meet at Farnborough (this place, by-the-way, produced some admirable sport in the early days of "the Warwickshire," as I shall instance more fully directly) the fox took them a capital spin to Ufton Wood. There was a stretch of twelve miles over grass with only one ploughed field, which, Sir Grey said, for the honour of Warwickshire he would not go into. He was one of the most respected members of the hunt. His horses were always well bred, and ridden with all the ardour of youth, and he was a true friend of fox-hunting in every sense.

Lord Clonmell.

Lord Clonmell, who lived at Allesley, must also be remembered among Warwickshire worthies, although he never appeared to wish to be a first flight man. He was, however, an ardent sportsman and a dear lover of the chase, riding sometimes twenty miles to cover. On the Epwell day he came to a standstill at a nasty stone wall and a ditch. He rode a horse named "Michaelmas" on that occasion. He is not credited with an abundance of nerve, and indeed a couplet, which has come down in connection with his name, seems rather rough upon him when it says :—

A sportsman so keen that he rides miles to cover—
To look at a place, that he dare not ride over.

Mr. Holyoake, of Tettenhall, Staffordshire, was also an ardent sportsman and generally joined "the Warwickshire" during the season, as did also Mr. T. Pemberton, of Birmingham, who had some very famous horses. He was generally in the front and went in good style all the time. Mr. Gillibrand was another good sportsman who frequently joined the hunt during the season, and his horse experienced a bit of hard work during the Epwell business.

Mr. JOHN CORBELL
1791-1811.

Other names.

While on the subject of the Epwell run I must not forget to mention Mr. Stubbs, of Beckbury, Shropshire, a conspicuous member of the hunt, and who got the brush in the Epwell run. Let me introduce him in the words of the author of the poem :—

Mr. Stubbs.

With his hat in his hand, looking out for a gate,
Neither looking nor riding by any means straight,
Mr. Stubbs, a crack rider no doubt in his time,
But who hunting on Sunday once deem'd it no crime,
Making desp'rate play thro' some fine muddy lanes,
And by nicking and skirting, got in for his pains ;
High waving the brush, and with pleasure half mad,
Roaring out, " Yoicks, have at 'em ! we've kill'd him, my
lad ! "

The reference to hunting on Sunday needs to be explained. For some time this gentleman had kept a pack of fox-hounds, which he was so anxious to provide with sport that he kept a supply of caged foxes to avoid a blank day. In feeding these one Sunday morning, he managed to let one escape. Observing the runaway, he exclaimed, " What ! you thought you had me, eh ? but I'll be a match for you," and so saying, he immediately let loose the hounds, and a run of some twenty miles or so ensued, the death taking place in a village when the inhabitants were just returning from Church. He was one of those, who, like the master, managed to cross the country without much fencing, but his pace was proverbial, and he usually managed to be up not long after the sport was concluded. He had good staying powers, too, and no

An impromptu
run.

Mr. JOHN CORBET
1791-1811.

A peculiar habit.

day appeared too long for him. He would often recommend his companions to draw for a fresh fox when the day was far advanced, reminding them there was a moon to kill him by. A peculiar habit he contracted gave rise to a somewhat amusing incident. He almost invariably kept one eye shut. In the ring at Newmarket one day he made a bet, and lost it. Although depending upon one eye for general observation, any surprise or alarm usually had the effect of opening the other. Being accosted somewhat suddenly by the winner of the bet for the money, his second eye opened, and the stranger, on looking into his face, apologised for having made a mistake and rode away, observing that the gentleman he had bet with had only one eye. Mr. Stubbs was a constant attendant at Warwick Races and was held in universal estimation. His hair became prematurely white and gave him the appearance of having years to which he never attained, as death put an end to his sport at the age of 54, on the 18th of December, 1815, at Rumour Hill, near Stratford.

CHAPTER VI.

ANOTHER BUNCH OF WORTHIES—SOME MORE SAMPLES
OF SPORT—RETIREMENT AND DEATH OF MR. CORBET.

Mr. Boycott, of Rudgehall, Shropshire, afterwards
Master of the hounds now known as the Albrighton,
was a leading man in Warwickshire in the early portion
of Mr. Corbet's time. As soon as a fox had started he
was on the move, and a stiff gate or two was accounted
nothing in his eyes. He was one of the earliest of hard
riders, and could do more with a poor horse than many
of his contemporaries could accomplish with a good one.
He was also a great coachman.

Mr. Boycott.

Mr. Charles Gould was one of the many good horse-
men who hunted over Warwickshire. He was son of
the Colonel of the Notts Militia, and nephew of Lord
Dormer. He excelled both as regards nerve and hand,
and was as successful in his selection of young horses as
he was in their education as hunters. Mr. Walter
Giffard was a beautiful horseman. He was a relation
of Mr. Robert Canning, and was no discredit to his
kinsman. His pace was of the first quality, and as a
creeper he excelled, pushing himself and horse through
almost impossible places.

Mr. Gould.

Mr. Giffard.

Mr. Richard Bradley stands conspicuous in the
young days of "the Warwickshire." He was a horse
dealer and had seventy or eighty first-rate hunters in his
stable at Newbold, near Shipston-on-Stour. He was one
of the finest riders in England, and his skill in the art
sold him scores of hunters at very long prices. Many a

Mr. Bradley.

Mr. JOHN CORBET
1791-1811.

“ Hunter-
making Harry.”

time has a brilliant piece of work by Bradley, entrapped a partaker of the run into the purchase of the hunter which had been so conspicuous. A large figure was bound to be asked and agreed to, but all too soon did the purchaser find that, although he had bought a horse, without Bradley's hand he could not make him a hunter. Bradley was proof against any remonstrance in such cases and would reply, “ I am very sorry, sir, you cannot ride him, but I only sold the horse, I cannot sell the rider.” He, at this time, probably sold more hunters than any other man in England. Having referred to Bradley, I must not omit to mention in connection with him his boy or rather man, Harry, or as he was generally known, “ Hunter-making Harry.” He was, if possible, more of a celebrity than his master. About nine stone weight in his saddle, he cleared almost everything that came in his way, no matter what kind of animal he was on. He was exceedingly clever and would take a horse over the country in a manner that would take the eye of an intending purchaser, and as a rule the animal changed hands. In many cases, however, the purchaser found that ownership was not the only change it had undergone in the transaction, and that, as with the master, so with the man, the hand of the vendor should have gone with the horse. Harry was a horseman by nature, and it is said he could make a hunter after a tuition of three days. He possessed a firm seat, a good hand, and an undaunted nerve, and seldom, despite the hazardous character of his actions, got falls.

Mr. Lockley.

Mr. Lockley, who passed more than half his life on horseback, was also an attendant on “ the Warwickshire.” He was one of the most extraordinary men in the saddle in England. His weight was a little under 15 stone. He would go well in any country. His horses were not always of the first water, for dealing was one of his weak points, and often a low price over-

came his better judgment and tempted him into a speculation which did not always prove favourable to him. This, however, was only occasionally the case. In many instances the transactions proved in time to have been much in his favour. An example of this was his thoroughbred horse Confidence (by Weasel, by Herod, dam by Young Eclipse) which was a superb hunter and about the best he ever had. He gave 100 guineas for it when at foot, and after several seasons sold it to Earl Sefton for 600 guineas. When the Earl retired from the field the horse came again to Mr. Lockley, and after a capital day with "the Warwickshire," left him again at 750 guineas. He possessed the qualities necessary to make a good rider. His seat was firm and easy, his hand steady, and his temper fine. He was quick to hounds and country, and, knowing the evil of having lost ground to make up in a run, he always kept near to the pack.

Mr. JOHN CORBET
1791-1811.

Mr. Walsh Porter was another very fine man in Warwickshire, and distinguished himself particularly on his two little bay mares. They were but little over fourteen hands high, but were lengthy and well bred. One of them went to him from Mr. Wynniatt, and the other he purchased off Sir Grey Skipwith at 200 guineas. There was one peculiarity that gave his riding an individuality. He always used a long stirrup-leather, and, as he was 6ft. high and his mare so low, it gave him a remarkable appearance. His feet hung down much below his mare, and, as he crossed the country in a gallant style, there seemed considerable danger of his coming to sad grief at the fences. But he was a good jumper and knew how to take his horse over. Like others I have dealt with, his hand was excellent. He resided quite on the outskirts of the country and so came in for an immense amount of travelling during the season.

Mr. Walsh
Porter.

Mr. JOHN CORBET
1791-1811,

Mr. Roberts.

Despite all that has been written previously about Warwickshire welters, I think the first place for weight alone must be given to Mr. Henry Roberts, who resided near Stratford-on-Avon, and was constantly with "the Warwickshire." He could not have been, it is said, under 20 stone, but he, nevertheless, rode well to hounds. Mr. William Hooper, of Moreton-in-the-Marsh, met "the Warwickshire" pretty regularly, particularly in the Wolford part of the district. He hunted on an old Waterloo horse which bore him twenty seasons, the united age of horse and rider being 114.

Mr. Hooper.

Mr. Kynaston.

Mr. R. Kynaston, who hailed from near Chapel House, Oxfordshire, should perhaps have been mentioned among those Warwickshire worthies who stand grouped round the famous Epwell run, and whom I dealt with last week. He hunted in Warwickshire during its early days and was at the meet at Epwell on the morning in question, on his horse "Whalebone," but he did not see the celebrated run, his horse having lost a shoe and thrown him out of the sport during the preliminary business.

Other followers
of Mr. Corbet.

Among others who appeared in the field with Mr. Corbet were Lord Willoughby de Broke, whom I have referred to before in connection with an opening dinner which he gave each season to the members of the club; the Earl of Aylesford, of Packington Hall; the Earl of Warwick; Mr. Holbech, of Farnborough; Sir E. Smythe, Sir John Mordaunt, General Williams, Mr. Curtis, Mr. Fetherstone, Lord Villiers, Sir J. Shelley, Mr. Cattell, Mr. H. Robbins, Mr. T. Handley, &c. I am aware that this is but a skeleton list of names and regret that I cannot clothe it with the flesh of anecdote. Some of them I may possibly have occasion to refer to again, but they are all worthy of mention in connection with the great man, of whose field they formed part. During Mr. Corbet's absence abroad, the Earl

of Craven, Sir R. Puleston, and the celebrated Col. Wardle acted as his *locum tenens* with the hounds.

MR. JOHN CORBET
1791-1811.

A run from Wel-
lesbourne,
1808.

Let me give my readers a little more taste of the quality of the sport enjoyed under Mr. Corbet before I finish with the period of that celebrated master. A famous day's sport was that enjoyed on a certain day in 1808 from a meet at Wellesbourne. A fox was turned out of a small covert close to the wood and went off at a clipping pace. He first of all traversed Wellesbourne Wood and went on to Walton, then, as now, the abode of a staunch supporter of the hunt. He appeared to be making for Kineton Holt, but turned to the right and went straight to Black Marton. From here he visited another supporter of the hounds, who was afterwards to become their master, and took his pursuers quickly through Mr. Shirley's Park at Eatington. He crossed the Stour at Newbold, and ran across Armscott Field, Blakewell Field, and over Meon Hill. Leaving Mickleton to the left, and going by Norton Burnt House, he arrived at Weston, where he got into a hedge. "Bob" Canning, however, was to the front, as usual, and whipped him out, and the hounds pulled him over in fine style in the presence of about five or six, which were all out of a large field who could survive the pace. They were the worthy master, Mr. R. Canning, Mr. H. Robbins, Mr. R. Bradley, Mr. T. Handley, the huntsman, and a whip. Their horses, however, were done up. Mr. Robbins was obliged to leave his horse at Mickleton for the night. Mr. Bradley, the dealer referred to above, acquired one addition to his stable, from the run, as he purchased for a large sum, the horse which had carried Mr. Handley to the end. My readers will be able to trace on their maps the nice little horsehoe-shaped piece of work accomplished.

Another piece of business which was of almost equal severity, and, but for the interference of a sheep dog,

Mr. JOHN CORBET
1791-1811.

A run from Ufton
Wood.

would doubtless have had an equally satisfactory finish, was that which began, at three o'clock one afternoon, about this time at Ufton Wood. He gave them a good line through Chadshunt to Edgehill, which he went over, and passing Upton, got close to Epwell White House. At this point he turned a little to the left, and went over Brailes Hill, and straight into Long Compton Field. Here the shepherd's dog came into the question, and fought poor Reynard until he carried almost as much scent as the fox himself. The hounds hitting upon the scent of the dog, were led away from their true sport, which entirely escaped them. Nevertheless, a good run had been enjoyed, and the day was very far from being unsatisfactory. Mr. Corbet, Mr. T. Cattell, Mr. H. Robbins, and a few others saw it throughout.

A run from Idli-
cote.

A season or two previous to the retirement of Mr. Corbet, the hounds had a run worth noting from Idlicote. Honington Spinnies quickly provided the material for sport, and it was at once evident that a gallant member of the tribe was on foot. He broke away to Idlicote, through Hell Brake into Whatcote Field, and then into Tysoe Field. At a rattling pace he left this, and went by Battleton Farm, Gaydon, Thistleton Farm, and over Kineton Big Field. He next crossed the brook in the valley, and ran up Burton Dasset Hill, where he went to ground. This was a smart staightforward run of 15 miles, right across the Warwickshire plain, and done in good time. In Kineton Field, Messrs. Cockbill and Bradley were leading the way, but Mr. Hawkes, of Snitterfield, and Mr. Kynaston afterwards got well up. Mr. Hawkes was riding his well-known horse, "The Printer," and cried out, "They are going the right pace now, I will shew you what blood can do." And he kept his word, inasmuch as he was in a good position at the end of the run. It was not so severe a

thing as many experienced in Warwickshire, but it was done in very good time, and most of the horses were beaten at the finish.

Mr. JOHN CORBET
1791-1811.

Farewell to Mr.
Corbet.

I have now arrived at the time when I must, with a certain amount of regret, take farewell of Mr. Corbet. I say with regret, because in dealing with his period I have had to present to my readers a time when fox-hunting was in the full enjoyment of popularity, unsullied by the antagonistic elements which have since affected it, happily, however, in Warwickshire only in a minimum degree. I trust I have been successful in depicting to my readers, to some extent, the happy times which those who followed Mr. Corbet over Warwickshire enjoyed.

Owing to ill-health Mr. Corbet came to the determination during the season 1810-11 to resign the hounds of which he had been so long a successful master. His last fixture was on Saturday, February 9th, 1811. He advertised his hounds and most of his hunters for sale. The hounds consisted of 60 couples and were all bred by himself. The hunters, twelve in number, were disposed of at Stratford by auction on the 28th of February, 1811, realising 1,220 gs., two of them going for 250 gs. apiece. Mr. Corbet was presented with a very magnificent silver vase by the Warwickshire sportsmen. Of his character I have already made some remarks. He was peculiarly adapted to the position he filled. The whole field met with the most civil and obliging treatment from him, particularly the farming element. It was his custom not to fix any of his principal meets for Saturday, as it was Warwick market on that day, and many of his yeoman followers, having to attend there, would have been prevented from enjoying the sport.

His Resignation
1811.

Wolford Wood had for long been infested by fox-catchers, who took them by means of the trap. To put a stop to this Mr. Corbet found out the men and agreed to give them £40 a year to discontinue

Fox-catchers at
Wolford.

- Mr. JOHN CORBET
1791-1811.
- Death of Mr.
Corbet.
1817.
- His character.
- His public offices
- His ancestry.
- their practices. To this they agreed and received the amount regularly every Christmas Day.
- The rupture of a blood vessel on the brain removed, on the 19th of May, 1817, at Muddiford, Hants, this most celebrated of fox-hunters, and most worthy member of society. His age at death was 65, and in him died one, who, with the strictest moral and religious principles, combined the best affections of the heart. As a friend, husband, father, master, landlord, or, in fact, in whatever character he might be called upon to fill, he displayed those genuine qualities which a mere superficial good nature can never supply.
- For some years before his death he retired into the enjoyments of a quiet life, but in earlier years he had filled various public offices in his own county of Salop. Among them were those of High Sheriff, treasurer to the infirmary in 1775, lieutenant-colonel of the county volunteers and local militia, and, on the death of Lord Clive, in 1774, one of its representatives in Parliament.
- The funeral took place at Battlefield on the 31st of May, when Mr. Corbet was laid in the family vault amongst tokens of most universal respect.
- The first Corbet was a knight in the time of William the Conqueror, and is reported to have been "a cunning marksman against hart or doe." Another Corbet, Robert, fought with King Richard at Acre, where he won the admiration of his lord, and obtained permission to bear two ravens for his arms. In Norman French "Corbet" signifies a raven. The family motto was "Deus pascit corvos." Peter Corbet is described as a mighty hunter in the reign of Edward I., who gave him letters patent, authorising him to take wolves in the royal forest. The sporting proclivities so early displayed in his long line of ancestors, seem to have been continued down to the celebrated member, to whose memory in connection with the Warwickshire Hounds, I have just done honour as fully as the power within me lay.

CHAPTER VII.

LORD MIDDLETON AS MASTER—SOME SPORT FROM FARNBOROUGH.

When Mr. Corbet severed his sporting connection with Warwickshire in 1811, Lord Middleton became the possessor of his hounds for 1,220 gs., and assumed the reins of government in the country. Quite in the early days, when Mr. Willoughby, he had hunted hounds in Warwickshire, and was, therefore, not entirely new to the work. To follow such a master and such a man as Mr. Corbet, was a sufficiently difficult task for any one. Lord Middleton possessed many of the qualifications necessary to hunt such a country as Warwickshire. His finances would bear the strain, which must necessarily be placed upon them, and as regards the work in the field, both as a rider and a sportsman he was quite qualified for the leading position, which the retirement of Mr. Corbet had rendered vacant.

Lord Middleton
as Master.

His stud was said to be equal to any in the kingdom. It was, therefore, with anticipations that the change of masters would not make much difference to the sport, that Warwickshire men welcomed Lord Middleton to their country.

His first meet was at Itchington Heath, on the 11th of February, 1811. We have, however, no record of the first bit of sport he was enabled to show his followers. He marked his assumption of the leadership of the hounds by giving a dinner at the Sun Rising Inn, at Edgehill, to upwards of three score farmers and other guests. Every person present accorded his lordship a

Commencement
of his régime.

LORD MIDDLETON
1811-1821.

warm welcome and promised him support in the preservation of foxes. Lord Middleton, too, continued to treat the parties connected with the fox-catching at Wolford, in the same liberal way as his predecessor. He also continued for a few seasons to give the plate of £50 at the Warwick races, but as it gave rise to many disputes, he afterwards discontinued it. He divided his hounds into two packs, dogs and bitches, Mr. Corbet having classed them according to age. During his second year he announced that the hounds would remain permanently throughout the season in the Warwickshire country, and not as they had hitherto been, removed to other districts for part.

As a breeder.

Lord Middleton was a reputed breeder of dogs, of spaniels most notably. As regards hounds, however, his efforts might, perhaps, have been characterised with a little more success. There were many points which are considered essential to the hound which were not conspicuous in those of his breeding,—elegance of neck and shoulder, strength of thigh, protuberant bodily muscle. He paid, perhaps, rather too much notice to legs and feet. But his pack was always in splendid condition. A favourite hound of his was Vanguard (by a famous hound Vaultier, presented to Lord Middleton by Lord Vernon, out of Mr. Corbet's Traffic), but such was the extraordinary treatment and indulgence he gave it that he allowed it to enter his dining room and be fed during dinner. The natural result was that he made it stout and slow in the field.

Some unpopular
acts.

Despite, however, all the qualifications which Lord Middleton possessed for making a successful master his *régime* in Warwickshire can hardly be said to have been a popular one. One or two little acts,—not apparently very important ones—tended to cause dissatisfaction among those whose goodwill and

unfailing support are very essential to successful seasons. He gave up the Meriden country, which, although, of course, it left him at more liberty to attend to other parts, was a fine woodland district and had afforded capital sport in the spring. He also gave up the Combe and Dunchurch side. He caused, too, a little dissatisfaction by refusing to have accounts of the runs with his hounds published, so that those of his supporters who were prevented from regularly attending his meets lost sight of the work the hounds were doing, and very naturally their interest in them dropped accordingly. Another act which was not at all conducive to popularity among sportsmen, was the breaking up of the club at Stratford, which, under Mr. Corbet had been such a feature of the country. All these little acts tended to cast somewhat of a cloud upon Warwickshire and the merry days and evenings of the "Black Collars" seemed to have become things of the past.

LORD MIDDLETON
1811-1821.

I have already referred to Farnborough as a trysting-place which showed some good sport in Lord Middleton's time. I propose to give some specimens of the experiences which his lordship's followers had at Mr. Holbech's seat. Within a fortnight of the commencement of Lord Middleton's rule he took his hounds there, and a fine old fox was found at Burton Dassett Hill, going away over the country and through Knightcote Bottom at a tremendous rate. Pressed by the hounds, who had got away on good terms, he turned to the right and went over Fenny Compton Field, through Wormleighton Bottoms and on to Boddington Hill. Being driven through that cover, he made for Hardwick Field, and the pace became killing as he travelled from here to Red Hill Wood. Here the first check occurred, which, as the pace had been almost unequalled, was somewhat of a relief than otherwise. Just as it seemed that the run was going to be taken up, a second fox started, and, the hounds

Farnborough as a
trysting-place.

LORD MIDDLETON
1811-1821.

getting divided, the day's work was comparatively spoilt. It was, however, an excellent thing as far as it went, and worth recording.

A first-rate run.
1814.

The next item I have from Farnborough is of the first water, and the conclusion was as satisfactory as the run had been. The meet was on December 23rd, 1814. No doubt in the intervening three years the many excellent draws round Farnborough had provided something worth remembering, and if they were all as good as that I am about to record, Mr. Holbech would have ample cause for satisfaction at the sport he was enabled to give the hounds, of which he is remembered as a constant and ardent follower. On the day in question Mollington was drawn and a game fox dashed away for Itchington. Sinking the vale at Radway, he came up by the Round House and took the hill. Passing Compton Wyniaties he went over a splendid tract of country nearly to Hook Norton Lodge, and from here took a line which, according to the writer, reached nearly to Aynho. He then made for Whichford, where he turned for Rollright Coombs, crossed the hill by the turnpike gate to the other side of Long Compton for Barton, and passed quickly through Barton Grove and village. He then crossed the roads between Wolford Wood and Stowe, near to the Fourshire Stone, and then went away for Bourton-on-the-Hill. The gallant "Warwickshire," however, would not let him escape, and had him when he reached Evenlode in the county of Worcester. The distance was 23 miles, and the time was two hours and twenty minutes.

The line.

I have inserted the run above exactly as it had been handed down to us, but if my readers will run through it on their maps, they will see that the line given by the writer, and the distance calculated by him cannot be reconciled even supposing the fox ran "as the crow flies" from point to point. Let them take, if possible, the Ordnance Survey inch map, and with a rule follow

the course. Starting at Mollington he took a north-westerly direction across the valley, worked along Edgehill and by Compton Wyniates to Hook Norton Lodge. Here the writer makes him go an excursion nearly to Aynho. This must be a mistake for some other place nearer Hook Norton, for to have done this he must have gone right across Oxfordshire and back, a journey which would have left only a few miles for the rest of the lengthy run. I think we may therefore leave Aynho out of consideration and, allowing for a more local intermediate point, take him from Hook Norton Lodge to Whichford Wood. Roll-right Coombs and Barton will be easily found at no great distance from each other. Passing near the Fourshire Stone his line enters the neighbouring counties, pointing for Bourton-on-the-Hill. The end came, in a manner I shall describe, near Evenlode, in the county of Worcester.

LORD MIDDLETON
1811-1821.

It was just getting dusk when the pack viewed their fox, when Mr. Cockbill, who was on a bay horse, named "Sidentail," and Zac Goddard, the first whip, on a chestnut horse named "Little Surprise," and bought from Mr. Corbet's stud were close together in the front. Mr. Cockbill took a lead over the last fence, an awkward hog-backed stile and ditch. When he had safely landed, he halloo'd to the whip to hold hard as the hounds were all singing with their heads in the air, and had come to a sudden check. The pack quickly repassed over the stile, with the exception of a one-year-old bitch, Bauble, who in taking her leap endeavoured to alight on the top of the stile, but tumbled over. She regained the stile, and it was seen that Reynard had taken refuge in a neighbouring tree. Bauble seized him by the hind quarters but could not pull him down. Zac caught him by the back of the neck and dragged him from his hold, and thus "the Warwickshire" secured their well-earned booty.

The death.

LORD MIDDLETON
1811-1821.

Mr. Cockbill and Zac Goddard were the only two present at the finish. Mr. Holbech was the first to come up, and was followed soon afterwards by Lord Middleton, and a few others whose horses had not quite come to a standstill. Mr. Bayzant rode very hard to Barton, where he gave up.

A day in a fog.

A very different day was that experienced from Farnborough somewhere about the following year. The morning was so foggy that the men out could not recognise one another at the distance of two horses' lengths. So thick was the morning that sport was considered impossible, but the ardent Mr. Morant Gale had come for sport, and sport he meant to have, if it were by any means possible. He recommended that those out should whistle to warn any one approaching them of their whereabouts, and said, "I don't ever wish to see more than twice the length of my horse before I leap." And then looking upwards, ironically observed, "Anyone with a keen eye can see the sky through this bit of a fog. Hoicks! hoicks! have at 'em, my lads!" To satisfy those who were clamouring for sport, Lord Middleton threw into Mollington Wood. No sooner had they entered than a fine dog fox went briskly away. The hounds kept well together at starting, followed by Mr. Morant Gale and Goddard. When they reached Hanwell brook, Mr. Gale charged it, but his horse did not attempt to jump, and both fell into the water. At Hanwell Spinnies the hounds were lost and became divided. The whole field were riding in all directions, following the sound of any one who might be before them. Towards four o'clock as Goddard was returning along the Claydon road, he heard some hounds growling at each other, and on riding up to them, found they had killed their fox and eaten all but his head. He alighted and took the head from them, and with great difficulty, by fastening the head to his whip, and trailing it along

the ground, he kept the hounds together and led them home. What country they took, or exactly where they killed, no one could tell, as most of the field had ridden miles out of their way, and never seen the hounds from the time they were thrown into covert.

LORD MIDDLETON
1811-1821.

About the same period another Farnborough fox gave a day's sport of a severe nature, which, had he been a straight running animal, would have given us another extensive geographical description to record. After several rings about the covert he shot away for the New Inn, Wroxton, and then turned back to Hornton, where he ran three or four more rings, and, after being got away again, was turned up near to Edgehill. This does not seem much to chronicle but the fox was ringing for at least three hours without more than three or four checks. The ground covered was at least twenty miles and all the horses were beaten. Indeed, out of a large field, there were not more than half a dozen at the death. Mr. Morant Gale, as might be expected, tired his horse, No-Pretender, a favourite and famous old hunter, and he died soon afterwards. Mr. Lawley (afterwards Sir Francis Lawley) also beat his horse. He jumped off his back, when he could get him no further, left him standing in a field near Hornton, and ran on foot to the place where the fox was killed. When he returned he found the horse standing on the spot where he had left him. The day was full of disasters.

A ringing fox.

The last specimen of sport provided by Farnborough that I have is of a straighter character, and consequently a greater extent of country was traversed, although the distance was not much greater than in the one just given, and the run was not of so severe a character. It was one morning in February of 1817, that "the Warwickshire" came to Farnborough. There was a very sharp frost in the morning and it was

A straighter running animal.

LORD MIDDLETON
1811-1821.

after one o'clock when the hounds were thrown off. There was a good deal of snow on the ground and no one out anticipated much sport. However a fox was turned out, and after ringing a little, started at a killing pace for Edgehill. He then pointed for Compton Wyniates, went over Brailes Hill and on for Weston House. Leaving this to the left, he passed on for Whichford Wood, where the snow was very thick, and ran, nearly as straight as a line, for Barton-on-the-Heath. The pace then slowed and finally, almost beaten, he lay down in a field. He was started again, but was killed almost immediately, near Moreton-in-the-Marsh. The distance was nearly twenty miles and the run lasted two hours and fifty minutes. The huntsman and whips kept with the hounds, but of the field only very few followed far, and Mr. Holbech was about the only one who was up at the death, which occurred in the dark.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE FAMOUS DITCHLEY RUN — A FEW WORDS UPON
SCENTING WINDS—SOME “WARWICKSHIRE LADS”
—A DAY FROM UFTON WOOD—RETIREMENT AND
DEATH OF LORD MIDDLETON.

A notable run was that which “the Warwickshire” had during the year 1816 from Idlicote. A little preliminary business was transacted, with a kill towards Compton Wynyates, and at the second find, in which originated a good day’s sport, about one hundred and fifty were present, among them a sprinkling of Meltonians. Gilk’s Brake was the spot at which, after several blanks, Reynard was found at home, and from here he went straight away for Sibbard. He then turned to the right for Eathorpe, passed over the Thurlaston Hills,* and made for Ditchley, where he earthed, twelve miles from Oxford. Everybody got a fair start, but Mr. John Lucy, whose name will ever be remembered in connection with “the Warwickshire,” was the only one who went with the hounds to the end and was up when they lost their fox. Lord Molyneux and Mr. Hugo

The Ditchley run
1816.

* In introducing this run into this history as it appeared week by week in the *Banbury Guardian*, I inadvertently transcribed some topographical errors, which I now correct. “Eathorpe” should be Heythrop, and the hills are not the Thurlaston Hills, which, as my readers doubtless know very well, are situated in the Dunchurch district, but the Oxfordshire hills upon part of which Chipping Norton is situated. They are so described in another account of this run I have seen. This will make an otherwise inexplicable piece of work an intelligible run. Running first to Sibford (pronounced locally “Sibbard”) he turned to the right for Heythrop and crossing the line of hills sank down to Ditchley Park, near Spilsbury, on their south side.—CASTOR.

LORD MIDDLETON
1811-1821.

Campbell came up in about ten minutes after the fox had gone to ground. Sir Charles Mordaunt, on a horse he had given 450 guineas for, to Mr. Manning, went well to Eathorpe, where his horse came to a standstill. He left him at Lord Clonmell's, at Weston, and sent for veterinary surgeons from Kineton, Stratford, and Worcester, but he died two or three days afterwards. Not one of Lord Middleton's men, capittally mounted as they were, could get within reach of the hounds, which were left in the Duke of Beaufort's Kennels at Heythrop, for the night. Mr. Alfred Lloyd, of Goldicote House, went well to the end of the day and then rode his horse back to his abode at Goldicote in the evening. The pace throughout the whole of the run was exceptional and the country a most severe one. It speaks much for the condition of the hounds that they were able to run as they did.

Scenting winds.

It is worth noting that during the run it hailed and rained with a cutting north-east wind. I have a recollection of reading somewhere that the celebrated Epwell run, described a few chapters back, was run under somewhat similar conditions. I, however, refrained from mentioning the fact then, because I could not turn up the authority where it occurs. Upon the subject of "Scent," I do not wish to be tempted to say much; it is a subject in which we may soon lose ourselves. In drawing attention, however, to the similarity between these two severe runs—the Epwell and the Ditchley—as regards their meteorological conditions, I venture to opine that, as regards atmospheric bearings upon runs, a north-east wind will be found to have been more productive of long and severe runs than a wind from any other quarter. The fact, I suppose, is that it generally brings frost, and scent is generally good after a frosty night, provided, as Mr. Beckford said years and years ago, that the frost is not in the act of going at the time. I have no doubt that what may be called "model hunting days" are, as a rule, more

to be obtained with the wind between S. and E., but with that from the N.E. quarter, a bit of hard running may often be looked for. It has been thought that a westerly wind destroys scent from the saline particles which it carries from the Irish Channel and Atlantic Ocean. Both north-west and south-west winds are also bad, the former being perhaps the worst of all winds. A writer on the subject has said that he can only remember three good scenting days with a north-west wind and each was just before a severe frost. The fact is, I suppose, that they are usually accompanied by sleet and rain which impedes scent while falling, although after it is over an improvement is generally manifest. I have an account of a run in which this is well illustrated. Hounds had been running hard and scent had become very poor, when a smart storm of hail and sleet came on, which nearly stopped them. Immediately this was over, scent improved and the hounds ran bravely on. I believe this was a Warwickshire run, and that I have it among my notes for introduction into this account of the pack, but I cannot lay my hands on it just now, although I have no doubt it will turn up in its proper place. This^o much, *en passant*, upon a subject which is at once "extensive and peculiar." I must now return to Lord Middleton and the Ditchley run.

LORD MIDDLETON
'1811-1821,
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The run from end to end would not fall far short of a score of miles. Lord Molyneux, who, as I have just recorded, was up soon after the finish, was one of boldest and best of horsemen and had had a good experience of crack countries. On the day in question he rode his capital old horse, "Oxford." The saying "Molyneux tries at, what scarce horse will rise at," will sufficiently indicate his style of going. Mr. C. J. Apperley, the well-known "Nimrod" of sporting literature, was also in the run. He was on a horse lent him by a friend with the particular request that

Lord Molyneux.

"Nimrod."

- LORD MIDDLETON
1811-1821,] he would "see what he was made of." The animal dropped in for a severe test, but according to his rider stood it well. He went to within the last six miles, when a sheep hurdle proved his barrier, and, in company with others whose horses had done enough, "Nimrod" turned for home. In 1802, Mr. Apperley hunted in Leicestershire, but the following year he came to Warwickshire, taking up his residence at Bilton Hall, near Rugby, whose roof has sheltered many another worthy follower of local packs since that time. He seems to have hunted in Warwickshire for some eighteen years, after which he moved to Hampshire, and commenced to employ his pen for the amusement and instruction of his fellow sportsmen. Before his death he passed some time at Calais. Mr. Campbell, whose name occurs above in connection with Lord Molyneux, was a leading man in Warwickshire in Lord Middleton's time and was a first-rate man over country. Mr. John Lucy, who distinguished himself by being actually up when the fox went to ground, was another of the foremost men in Warwickshire. His name is worthy of being handed down with the history of "the Warwickshire," and may there never come a day when Warwickshire may forget it or the family of which he was a member, and which has ever been associated with the hunt.
- Mr. Campbell.
- Mr. J. Lucy.
- Mr. Sheldon. I must not omit the name of Mr. Sheldon, of Brailes, among those of the "Warwickshire lads" worth recording during Lord Middleton's period. He was one of the best. His father, Mr. Ralph Sheldon, of Weston, was a perfect sample of an old English gentleman.
- Mr. H. Wyatt. And who are we to put as the star of Lord Middleton's time? Without in any way disparaging the many conspicuous sportsmen and riders who followed "the Warwickshire," I think the chief place must be assigned to Mr. H. Wyatt. Next to Mr. R. Canning he is said to have been the best man Warwickshire saw in its early days. Singularly, too, he was not much behind Mr. Canning in the matter of size, being only about an

inch shorter. He was 6ft. 3in. and weighed 15 stone. He commenced hunting in Mr. Corbet's time and also continued after Lord Middleton had left, but I think he may be taken in connection with his lordship's period. He was a most daring rider and a most gallant horseman. No matter what perplexities fell to his lot in the course of the day, he soon recovered his ground, and whenever he was out, no matter how big the run, he generally saw the best part of it and might be looked for at the finish. His horse "Morgan Rattler," long and wide, but not tall, was a rare animal and could take him over all sorts of places.

LORD MIDDLETON
1811-1821.

The Earl of Warwick, when Lord Brooke, was often seen with Lord Middleton's pack. His stud was selected with great care and judgment, and his hunters generally cost high prices. He usually hunted half the season in Warwickshire and half in Leicestershire. He was a good sportsman and a capital rider to hounds. After he met with an accident when riding in the Oakley country he was not often seen in the field. He had a famous grey horse which was a great favourite, and upon him he frequently held a prominent place in the field.

Lord Brooke,

Among others who went well with the hounds were Mr. John Biddulph and his relative Sir Wm. Parker; Mr. Shuckburgh, of Bourton; Mr. Frank Lawley; Mr. Russell, of Blockley; Mr. Pickering; Mr. Augustus Berkeley; Mr. Lloyd, of Drayton; and "Dick" Bayzant.

Other names.

A very decent day's sport was one provided by Ufton Wood during the year 1817. Two or three foxes got up together, but after a little skirmishing round cover, one went away for Itchington Heath. The dew was very heavy on the ground and scent indifferent. At Itchington the fox went into a brake of gorse and waited for his followers, taking them away again, with an improved scent and at a good pace, for Kinton. When he left there the field was for some time delayed by cold hunting up to Pillerton Gorse. Scent

A run from Ufton
Wood.

LORD MIDDLETON
1821-1825.

again improved and they ran him on to Tysoc. There he turned to the right and took them to Idlicote Heath, being killed just before he could reach the covert at that place. Altogether the work he gave the field amounted to some three hours in point of time. The pace was continually fast and the field, which at the end was a very select one, was considerably beaten, Mr. H. Campbell, Sir C. Mordaunt, and Mr. Augustus Berkeley were up at the death. Mr. Napier rode a famous black horse of Lord Clonmell's, but did not get him to the death. He left the horse in a field and ran alongside the huntsman, whose horse was also knocked up, to the place where the fox was killed. Mr. Campbell, who did so well in the Ditchley run, was the first up and got the brush. The noble master stopped at Idlicote.

Accident to Lord
Middleton.

One day at the end of the season 1820-21, the meet was at Admington, and a good number was present. As Lord Middleton was galloping round the field his horse crossed its legs, fell, and threw him, afterwards rolling upon him and injuring his shoulder and thigh. Fortunately he sustained no serious injury, but it dismounted him, and he resigned the hounds. The hounds he gave to his friend Sir Tatton Sykes, and his stud of hunters was sold about two years after his actual resignation, at Leicester, fetching high prices. During Lord Middleton's time and that of his predecessor the hounds were sometimes at covert by seven and generally by eight o'clock, so that, in those days, sportsmen with some miles between them and the fixture had to stir themselves betimes.

His retirement.

In the first year of Lord Middleton's mastership, they killed 49½ brace of foxes, which was the greatest number killed within the same period of time during his lordship's management. No one could sit a horse better than Lord Middleton, but he worked according to his humours. Sometimes he would jump everything in his way and beat the whole field, and at others he would stay behind and lead his horse over

His horseman-
ship.

everything. During his *régime* he built kennels at Stratford and had temporary kennels at Kenilworth.

LORD MIDDLETON
1811-1821.

Will Barrow hunted the hounds for a day or two after Lord Middleton took to them and was then succeeded by Will Don, who was with them for one season. Tom Steeples followed, also for one season, and then came Harry Jacksons, who remained with Lord Middleton until 1818. He was excellent in the kennel, although, perhaps somewhat slow in the field. He had been huntsman to Lord Vernon before coming to Warwickshire. A severe fall disabled him and he retired with an annuity from Lord Middleton. Zac Goddard, Tom Smith, and Jack Stevens were his Lordship's whips. The men were always splendidly mounted.

His staff.

Lord Middleton died on the 19th of June, 1835, at his seat, Wollaton House, Nottinghamshire, at the ripe age of 75 years. His title was derived from Middleton in Warwickshire, a county with which, as the leader of its sport for ten years, he is mainly associated.

CHAPTER IX.

MR. SHIRLEY AS MASTER—THREE SAMPLES OF HIS SPORT—SOME OF HIS FOLLOWERS — MR. HAY'S SHORT MASTERSHIP — A RUN FROM BOWSHOT—SOME MORE WARWICKSHIRE MEN—MR. NEWTON FELLOWES—MORE SPORT WORTH RECORDING.

Mr. Shirley.

After Lord Middleton resigned "the Warwickshire" in 1821, as described in my last chapter, there came a succession of short masterships and a somewhat varied display of sport. Lord Middleton having given his hounds to his friend, Sir Tatton Sykes, the country, which had been hunted without subscription, found itself not only called upon to provide the wherewithal for sport but also to find the hounds. The difficulty was overcome by Mr. Shirley, of Eatington Hall, undertaking the management until some other leader could be found. He purchased the Cranbourne Chase Hounds, consisting of 24 couples. They were as pretty and steady a pack as ever left a kennel, although somewhat small. A new kennel was built at Butler's Marston and a subscription of £2,000 was raised.

Jack Wood.

The celebrated Jack Wood, who had been huntsman to Lord Althorpe and Sir Charles Knightley in Northamptonshire, and to the Duke of Beaufort, now entered the service of "the Warwickshire" in the same capacity. "Nimrod" says that there was no finer horseman than Jack Wood. He had a graceful seat and light hand, and rode like a gentleman. He was, however, somewhat unlucky and included a broken leg, thigh, and collar-

bone in his list of disasters. Bill Boxall was the first whip.

I have three samples of Mr. Shirley's sport to present to my readers, two of them being from Edgehill. The first was at that place in the year 1822. The fox went away at Knoll End, but the hounds did not get upon terms with him till they got to Arlescote, when a pretty brisk pace was assumed, and kept up by Warmington and over the fields to near Wroxton New Inn, where the Banbury Road was crossed. Shutford was the next point, the spiunies being brushed through and the line carried on to Swalcliffe. From here he made a straight line to the Bodicote brook, which he crossed, and, passing over the Banbury Road, made his last point at Aynho. The Master, Mr. Fellowes, Lord George Forester, Mr. J. Lucy, Mr. Cockbill, Mr. Cockbill, jun., and a few others were up at the death. There were a few casualties at the brook, which was a nine yards jump and was brimful. Mr. Cockbill, jun., on a capital little brown mare by "Knowsley," out of a thoroughbred mare, cleared it, as did also Lord Forester, although the bank gave way and his lordship's horse slipped in. Lord Forester, however, threw himself over the head, seized the bridle, and extricated his horse. Mr. J. Lucy's horse also went in, and, having thrown his rider on to the bank, swam out on the wrong side.

MR. SHIRLEY.
1821-1825.

A run from Edgehill.

My next item of work from Edgehill is dated December 22nd, 1823. It was a dull morning and there was a splendid field. The hounds had scarcely begun to try when a good fox was found by the Round House. He made off first of all for the Warmington earths, but, being stopped, he made over the fine scrap of country which lies between it and Wroxton Abbey. Leaving that fine old seat behind him, he went over the hills by Shutford and on nearly to Bloxham. Here, however, he turned to the left, and, leaving the village about a mile on his right, bore direct for Banbury. He

Another.

Mr. SHIRLEY.
1821-1825.

went straight on past the town to Middleton Cheney, where he was killed. This stout old fox took them, all points considered, a journey of some seventeen miles and provided a capital thing of two hours and forty minutes. Mr. Shirley, Mr. Napier, Mr. John Lockley and Mr. Cockbill, jun., on his little brown mare, had the best of the fun.

A run from Alveston.

On the twenty-first day of the next month, Mr. Shirley met his followers at Alveston Pastures and gave them the bit of work which I have selected as my third specimen of the sport of his time. A fine dog fox broke, and took a good line across country, his first point being Charlecote Park. From here a good bit of running ensued until Leamington was reached, where he was headed. He then sprang forward at his best pace, dashed through the Avon, made for Leek Wootton, and was finally killed on the turnpike road. It was a hardly contested chase of some two hours and twelve minutes, and the ground covered must have represented a distance closely approaching thirty miles, as he was headed several times. But very few were in at the death, and the whole of the horses were more or less distressed by the severity of the pace. When the hounds crossed the Avon, the only gentlemen who followed to the bank of the river were Captain Russell, Mr. H. Wyatt, Mr. Napier, Mr. W. Pickering, Mr. F. Holland, and Mr. Smith of Evesham, with Jack Wood, the huntsman. These crossed at Guy's Cliff Mill and were in at the death.

Mr. Cockbill.

One who figured conspicuously in Mr. Shirley's runs, and those of his predecessors and immediate successors, was Mr. Cockbill. He attended Warwickshire meets for full thirty years. He was a very heavy weight, but a good sportsman, having an uncommonly good eye to hounds and generally a relay of good mounts. He was a strong horseman, but, as a rule, rode with a martingale to his bridle. "Don't talk to me," he

would say, "of the danger and inconvenience of a martingale. With it I can make my horses put their feet where I like; without it they generally put them where they like, and then I get a tumble, and I fall heavy."

Mr. SHIRLEY.
1821-1825.

Mr. Ben Holloway was another Warwickshire man of about the same time. He was a good leader and a capital judge of hunters. He was also known in Oxfordshire. Mr. Handford, a nephew to Mr. Lockley, with whom I have already dealt, was another man who shone at this period. He was another of the heavy weights, as he stood six feet and weighed nearly sixteen stone. Few, however, could equal him over a rough country. Mr. Francis Charlton must also be named as a good man in the country. The Rev. Mr. Hancox was one of the sporting members of "the cloth" to be seen in Warwickshire at the time of which I am writing. He appeared at the meets for many years and was undoubtedly a fine horseman. But he had, unfortunately for him, a bad eye to hounds and persisted in taking a line of his own, with the result that he only saw about ten per cent. of the runs.

Mr. Holloway.

Mr. Handford.

Mr. Charlton.

Rev. Mr. Hancox

Mr. Lyster, of Rowton Castle, Shrewsbury, was a conspicuous leader on a small but wonderfully clever mare called "the Doe." In a run from Wolford Wood during Mr. Shirley's time he was in a leading place and charged the obstacles presented in fine style. One in particular was the Evenload river, the mare landing with only her hind legs in the water and springing out without wetting her rider. Mr. Lyster on this occasion was in at the death, his only companions being Mr. Biddulph, of Chirk Castle, Lords Forester and Chesterfield, Mr. Simpson Bridgeman, the Rev. Richard Goddard, and Mr. John Hesketh Lethbridge.

Mr. Lyster.

Mr. Shirley resigned at the beginning of 1825, and was presented with a handsome piece of plate. A request was made to Mr. Fellowes to hunt the

Mr. HAY.
1825-1826.

Resignation of
Mr. Shirley.

Mr. Hay.

A sharp run from
Bowshot.

country, but he declined, and it was arranged that Mr. Hay, of Dunse Castle, in Scotland, but who was then residing at Wellesbourne, should be Mr. Shirley's successor. He had already kept hounds in Berwickshire, and himself took the horn, hunting the country with great energy and in excellent form. Jack Wood was retained as kennel huntsman, and Bill Boxall as first whip. Mr. Hay had a score of good hunters, with not a low-bred one amongst them. He was popular in the hunting world, and brought men from all parts, thereby adding much to the popularity and reputation of Warwickshire. He may almost be said to have established Leamington as a hunting resort. He was a good sportsman and rider to hounds, and, although he did not present the same abilities in making sport as his predecessors, that which was provided was quite the average.

The only bit of sport during Mr. Hay's very short tenure of the country that I have for my readers is what occurred from a meet at Walton Park, on the 17th of December, 1825. There was a fine burning scent, and in the first burst the hounds ran away from everyone, the field having to go round to a bridge over the river which was flooded. A second find took place at Bowshot after two o'clock, and after three attempts to go, Reynard put his head straight for Edgehill, and took them over a fine bit of country in good style. When the hounds got upon the hills they got a fresh fox, and it being impossible to stop them, they went off with him at a ripping pace. Mr. Hay followed the line of the hounds until it was quite dark, when, not knowing the country, he was obliged to give in. Bill Boxall succeeded in getting hold of a part of the pack, but some of the hounds were out all night. Mr. F. Holland, Mr. Patrick on a famous little mare, Mr. Cockbill, jun., Mr. Dewes, and Mr. Meyrick had the best of the run. Mr. Meyrick

went gallantly on his favourite old horse "Jack," but he declined at the last. The horses were all distressed, and would not face a small fence, until a puff was afforded them. Mr. H. Wyatt, Mr. H. Campbell, Mr. Fellowes, and Mr. Sheldon were all unfortunate in not getting away. Mr. Seagrave and Mr. Hay were well up to hounds. Major Bridgeman was thrown head first into a wide brook, but he got out, remounted, and occupied a good place at the end. Mr. S. Bradshaw had a forward place. He was on a little grey horse, once the property of Mr. Hornihold, a former master of "the Worcestershire." There were several other well-known sportsmen out on this capital day, many of whom were unfortunately thrown out, and the horses of others were so much beaten that they were reluctantly obliged to turn their heads homewards.

Mr. HAY.
1825-1826.

Amongst the regular men of Mr. Hay's time were Lord Avonmore and the Hon. Mr. Yelverton. Sir Loftus Otway was another. He was generally a good way in the rear and was in consequence commonly called, "Sir Lost and Out-of-the-way." Mr. Chandos Leigh, of Stoneleigh Abbey, was one of the resident supporters of Mr. Hay. Major Moray, from the north, was a rider who was thought much of in Warwickshire, and in Mr. Hay's time showed them what he could do over the strongest part of the country, once in particular distinguishing himself in a brilliant fifty-five minutes from Oakley Wood. In addition to several, whose names have already been given in connection with earlier masterships, there should be mentioned among Mr. Hay's followers, Col. Robbins, of the 7th Hussars, Mr. and Mrs. Shakerley, of Cheshire; the Marquis Herrera, who rode a cream-coloured pony called *Café-au-Lait*; Mr. Harry Williams, of Leamington; Mr. Knightley, of Offchurch, and his friends;

Some of Mr.
Hay's followers.

Mr. NEWTON
FELLOWS.
1826-1830.

Col. Davenport, Mr. Buck, Mr. Francis Holland, Mr. Leader, Mr. Whitwick, Lord Mountsandford, Mr. Edmund Willes, Mr. Wise, and Mr. Fred. Heysham.

Mr. Newton Fel-
lowes.

Mr. Hay's tenure of office only lasted for one season, and consequently in 1826 Warwickshire had again to find a master. This time Mr. Robert Newton Fellowes, who lived at Talton, near Shipston-on-Stour, and who had declined to take the mastership at the resignation of Mr. Shirley, acceded to the invitation to take the reigns of government. He had a subscription of £2,000 a year and retained Wood as his huntsman. He was a good sportsman, though "Nimrod" saw a fault in him in being tempted sometimes to accept an offer for the purchase of one of his servant's horses after a good run. "Nimrod" remarks that "Masters, and, of course, their servants, should ride to hunt, not to sell."

A fine run into
Oxfordshire.

On December 29th 1828, the hounds met at one of their most westerly appointments, viz., Mitford Bridge. It was in a part of the country, however, which generally showed admirable sport and on this day it did not fail to do so. They found close to Barton and ran to the further end of Long Compton without a check. They crossed the Rollright road, and passed into Oxfordshire and through Over Norton village towards Chapel House. Leaving this to the right they swept gallantly across the open to Heythrop Park. The pack pressed him hard as he was headed and took for Sandford Park. When near to Sandford he turned again to the right and shortly afterwards was viewed for the first time. The kill took place near Kiddington, after a severe run right into Oxfordshire. The scent got stronger the further they went, and the time taken was one hour and fifty minutes. It was one of the finest runs "the Warwickshire" had had to record for years. The Duke of Beaufort, Lord Dillon, and others joined in

the run towards the end. Lord Clonmell, Mr. Shirley, Mr. H. Campbell, and Mr. John Lucy had good places and the huntsman kept his place throughout. The pack returned thirty miles to kennels the same night not a hound being missing.

Mr. NEWTON
FELLOWES.
1826-1830.

On January 8th of the following year Wolford Wood provided a stiff run over a heavy country. He took his line into Gloucestershire, passing over Adlestrop Hill and near to Stow-on-the-Wold, going on to near Cheltenham, upwards of fifteen miles from the place where he was found. The time was over two hours, the chief part of it being cold hunting. Lord Clonmell, Mr. Pole, Mr. Fellowes, the Master, and others, with the huntsman, were up at the death. Mr. Abraham Pole, who stepped into a vacancy in the mastership of the Vine Hounds in Hampshire for one season, was a spirited subscriber to "the Warwickshire" and a good sportsman.

▲ stiff run from
Wolford.

I have already given some account of the sport which was experienced from Mr. Holbech's seat at Farnborough under Lord Middleton. Here is a day's work from the place under Mr. Fellowes. It took place on November 3rd, 1829. The fox went away to Mollington, over Boddington Hill, through Prior's Hardwick, to the left of Prior's Marston, through Griffin's Gorse, and through Hellidon Village. Then he turned and went through Charwelton Spinnies to Preston Capes and to Church Wood, where the hounds were stopped. A good two hours save ten minutes in a grass country which it would be difficult to equal. Say not my readers so?

▲ a good grass
line.

On the 7th of the same month, "the Warwickshire" had a most severe run from Oxhill to Over Norton, lasting one hour and three quarters, and on the 16th those who met them at Oakley Wood had another good day to chronicle. On that occasion a gallant fox went away from Lighthorne Rough in the

▲ run from Ligh-
thorne Rough

Mr. NEWTON
FELLOWS.
1826-1830,

direction of Hill Farm. He then turned to the left, and skirting Compton Verney House, bounded to the right in the direction of Brickkiln Gorse, and, after passing Red House, went at a rare pace across Brook-Kinghampton fields for Butler's Marston. Here there was a short check, but they were soon off again to Pillerton Hersey, and leaving Oxhill to the left they were taken towards Hell Brake. Here he put on his speed to the utmost, and finally took refuge in an ice-house at Compton Wyniates, into which singular retreat he was followed by some of the hounds. This represents a nice enjoyable piece of work in the heart of the Warwickshire country. There is no need for me to recommend my readers to their maps in this case, for the different points are doubtless "as familiar in their mouths as household words," and they will be able to follow the line in their minds equally as well as on their maps.

At the commencement of the season of 1829 there were, among the followers of "the Warwickshire" at Leamington, Sir Edward Mostyn, Sir E. Antrobus, Mr. Shakerley, Colonel Nicholls, Mr. Cresvelt, Mr. Cardwell, Mr. G. C. Antrobus, M. de Normandie, &c. The Duke of St. Albans had joined "the Warwickshire" some two years before, making Leamington his head-quarters. Ladies occasionally patronized the meets in their carriages. At a meet at Oakley Wood about this time it is recorded that Ladies Mostyn and Ongley, Mrs. Nugent, Mrs. Hook and the Misses Gregory were present in their carriages. The following of the chase was, however, still left to the sterner sex.

Ladies at Meets.

CHAPTER X.

CAPTAIN RUSSELL AND SOME OF HIS SPORT—MR. THORNHILL—SPORT AND INCIDENTS DURING HIS TENANCY OF OFFICE.

In 1830, Mr. Fellowes was followed by Captain John Russell, nephew to the Duke of Bedford. He resided at Upton House near Banbury. Bill Boxall became his huntsman, and Tom Day, from the service of Sir George Sitwell, filled the post of first whip. He entered upon his duties with high pretensions. He was a capital sportsman, and in society his name was well-known. I might say at once, that the anticipations he raised of sport were fully realized. At a meeting held at Warwick during the second season a subscription of £2,100 was guaranteed for one year, and his proposition to hunt the Woodlands twice a week was agreed to.

Captain Russell.

Let me give my readers one or two items which occurred during his three years tenancy of office. First of all, a day from Ufton Wood on December 17th, 1830, which gave them a capital couple of hours and ten minutes on the Warwickshire Plain, only one slight check occurring during the event. It was some time before the necessary article could be got, but when at last a break took place, the pace immediately assumed was a spanking one, and a fine hunt followed. Whitnash Gorse, Chesterton Wood, and Lighthorne Rough were some of his points, he taking a capital line down the centre of the Plain. The Plantations at Compton

A day from
Ufton Wood.

CAPT. RUSSELL.
1830-1833.

Verney were skirted, and the line laid in the direction of Brickkiln Gorse. But the end was near and came in Walton Wood, his next point. Although not recorded as one of the "great runs" as regards extent of country taken in, it was a smart piece of work and afforded the well mounted and capable men in a large field an opportunity of showing what they could do. There were only a few in at the death.

A run from Rad-
bourn Grove.

On February 7th, 1831, the field which turned out at Ladbroke proved to be the most numerous and brilliant one of the season. It included some well-known sportsmen from Sir J. Gerard's and Mr. Osbaldeston's Hunts. They drew Radbourn Gorse and a fine fox was viewed away and went at a first-rate pace for five-and-thirty minutes over a splendid grass country. By a most circuitous route he reached Watergall where he went to ground. He was, however, dug out, and the hounds held back until sufficient law had been given him. Another twenty minutes was the result, without the field, brilliant as it was, seeing either fox or hound until they came to Farnborough, where Reynard had secreted himself in a farm yard and the game ended. One incident of the run is worth recording as displaying great presence of mind and activity. Mr. Brown, a veterinary surgeon of Warwick, was going very fast at a high hawthorn hedge and did not observe that there was water the other side until he got to a few yards of it. He loosed his bridle and caught the bough of an oak tree. His horse dropped into the water at a distance of nine yards and a quarter from the place he took up and swam to the opposite side. He immediately came back to his rider who remounted and continued the chase, neither horse nor man receiving injury. On March 25th of the same year, "the Warwickshire" were due at Whimpstone Bridge, but the snow was thick on the hills, and the anticipations raised were not very great. The material for sport was, however, ready to hand and they were soon away after as good a fox as ever crossed a country.

An incident.

An unpromising
morning.

He continued his career with a pace as straight and unflinching as it was fast. He was finally run into at Newcombe's White House after passing Weston Wood a second time. The time was three minutes over an hour, and the distance, as the crow flies, fourteen miles.

On the 3rd of January, 1833, just before the close, that is, of Mr. Russell's term of office, a run from Radbourn lay in what all Warwickshire sportsmen, I trow, know the meaning of—a direct line to Edgehill. The grass is first-rate and the horses must be good whose riders see the fun throughout. The fox found ran at a splitting pace to Watergall and to Burton Dassett Hill, but here he handed his cards to another but equally game one, who ran at a merry pace to Edgehill by Knoll End. From Edgehill he passed to Shenington and thence to Epwell White House, a famous spot in the chronicles of "the Warwickshire," where he went to ground.

Mr. Russell gave up the hounds at the end of the season of 1832-33, his horses being sold at Tattersall's on the 27th of May and bringing good prices. He died at 32, Lansdowne Place, Leamington, on Sunday, 27th of April of the same year. During the three seasons he reigned over Warwickshire he acquired great and deserved popularity. He possessed the sound judgment and energy of a first-rate sportsman with the conciliatory and polished manners of a gentleman, and was much beloved for his gentleness of deportment and excellent temper. For many years he had served in the navy.

Mr. Thornhill, of Houndshill, near Eatington, followed Captain Russell and also had a three years reign, during which brief period, however, he had many good things to record. Bill Boxall remained as his huntsman, his whips being Tom Day and Jack Ransom. He had a subscription of £2,250. His *régime* commenced most successfully. The sport was little short of brilliant. His staff was most efficient. Boxall, who had during

CAPT. RUSSELL.
1830-1833.

A direct line to
Edgehill.

Retirement of
Mr. Russell.

Mr. Thornhill.

Mr. THORNHILL.
1833-1836.

a spell of ill-luck been voted slow, regained his former fame. One judicious point Mr. Thornhill made was of fixing his meets at some distance from the coverts he meant to draw. As, for example, Princethorpe for Debdale, Gaydon Inn for Ladbroke and Radbourn Gorse, and thus reducing the disturbance which the coverts received from people assembling at them before the hounds arrived. The first mentioned covert, Debdale, provided some of the finest runs of Mr. Thornhill's opening season. One fox—it being to all appearances the same—gave them three good runs into Northamptonshire from there, finishing once at Crick, and another time at Watford. The third time, however, after running for about an hour on almost exactly the same line as he had done before, he was pulled down in the open.

A gallant member of the tribe.

A brilliant day from Meon Hill.

December 2nd, 1833, is said to have been the most brilliant day "the Warwickshire" had seen for years. The meet was at Ilmington village, the fine dog pack being out. Foxcote was the order for the day, but complaints having been received of an annoying individual at Meon Hill the hounds were taken there. After drawing one or two little plantations, a fox was started with the hounds on capital terms, taking his way into the beautiful vale of Evesham. Lower Quinton was left on the right and Pebworth on his left, and he passed through Marston Grounds and crossed the brook, just skirting Marston village and leaving Dorsington on his right. From this point he went on for Ullington Farm where he found himself distressed and tried threading two or three of the farm yards and out buildings. He then boldly faced the large enclosures of Pebworth and skirting the Gorse made a good run for life, but was most gallantly run into in the open on the top of Rumer Hill. It was a brilliant run of one hour and five minutes, without a check or the hounds being cast once during the whole time. The pace throughout

was great. Mr. Thorahill and Captain Smith lost two valuable horses during the run. The horse of the former slipped his hind leg into a rut and broke it, while that of the latter broke his back in a deep ditch. Mr. Woodward, Mr. Smith, Tom Day, and Mr. Shirley's groom, on a young horse of his master's, were the only persons with the hounds for the first fifty minutes, owing to the pace, and the large fences, but the sharp turn at Ullington let all the field in to witness the finale of this admirable piece of work. The head of the fox was preserved in a glass case in the Hunt Room at the Warwick Arms Inn, Warwick, with an account of the run underneath.

On the 23rd of the same month the meet was at Bishop's Itchington, and a fine fox was soon viewed away for Itchington Heath. He made for Chesterton, rounded the wood, and went as though making for Chadshunt, at a slapping pace, which was unfortunately broken by some checks. He was, however, recovered in Lighthorne Rough, where the scent was breast high, and the hounds were within fifty yards of the fox, the pace being most severe. Compton Verney was evidently his point, but this appears to have been forsaken, and a change in the opposite direction resorted to for safety, and passing through Chesterton Wood in the direction of Harbury, he went on over Ufton Bottom to the Wood, where at four o'clock the hounds changed and were stopped. The last bit was over one of the severest, deepest, and stiffest bits of country in England. Mr. Vyner, Captain Mitchell, Boxall and Day were amongst the first. This may not seem a very great accomplishment, as we have not had to describe a far-reaching line, such as has been the case in some of our previous events, but some of the oldest sportsmen considered this one of the most brilliant affairs ever witnessed, and the end saw the field in a terrible state, horses and riders being all over the place. The time was one hour and ten minutes.

Mr. THORNHILL.
1833-1836.

Two unlucky incidents.

A stiff run from
Itchington.

Mr. THORNHILL.
1833-1836.

Some more Farn-
borough sport.

I have now another sample of Farnborough sport, and sport indeed! The meet was on the 12th of February, 1834, and it was, therefore, an item of the same season as the foregoing. There was a brilliant field, and just as the hounds were about to throw off, a fox was halloed away from Mr. Holbech's magnificent terrace in the direction of Mollington. The hounds were soon on his line, and he took them gallantly along the line of the brook in the valley between the Banbury and Southam Road and the Banbury and Warmington Road. Leaving Warwickshire for Oxfordshire, he passed through Hanwell Spinney and ran, as for a time was supposed, into a drain near the Neithrop side of Banbury. The time so far had been twenty minutes. Now a check of about ten minutes ensued when a farmer whipped up the fox from the grass out of a ditch and away he went at his very best pace over Wroxton Grounds with the Park to the right. Then turning to the left he crossed over Crouch Hill and ran down to Wykham Mill. Here, as Mr. H. Horley was riding by the side of the dam, his horse "Shakespeare" swerved and fell backwards into the water. Captain Lambe came up at this time on a chestnut and assisted Mr. Horley to get his horse out of the water. They overtook the hounds about half-an-hour before they lost. Mr. Horley and Lord Howth had a good start together and cleared the first brook abreast, five successive times.

An incident.

A good line.

But to follow the chase. The fox took his line along the right bank of the Wykham brook, and a short check occurred in one of the meadows. The hounds returned over the brook—which was cleared by Lord Howth—and there was some doubt as to whether the fox had crossed or not. Picking up, however, the line again, some beautiful running ensued, by Broughton, near the Castle Gardens and over the Park. Then up the fields and

over Claydon Hill with North Newington on the right. Thus he went on straight until he reached the road to Upton which he crossed and turning sharp to the left ran, with Shenington on the right, close to the village of Balscote, which he left to the right. At this point a check of five minutes occurred, after which he ran at a very severe pace with Shutford close on the left, and, just touching the Shutford earths, ran over the hills, with Epwell village to the left and Epwell Gorse to the right, until he reached Compton Wyniates ponds. There a fresh fox went away in view with the hounds after him for three or four fields, when they were whipped off and taken back to the hunted one, but he had found a safe place of refuge for the night. The time from Farnborough to Compton was two hours and forty minutes and from the line the fox took twenty-two miles of country must have been traversed.

During the season 1833-4, which included the items given above, the sport was exceptionally good. It was said that Mr. Thornhill's hounds had the best sport of any in England, and that Mr. Drake's stood second. So much for local fox-hunting.

My next item is also of the "immense" order. It emanated from Lighthorne on the 24th of February, 1835. There were a couple of hundred sportsmen on the Green. Chesterton Wood was drawn and a fox found which was soon killed. Itchington Heath provided a gay and fine old fox which crossed the grounds in noble style as though Ufton Wood was his point. He was, however, headed and circled back to the covert, but, being driven out again, he went at a rattling pace to Chesterton Wood, from which he made his way to Itchington Heath, and, skirting one corner, passed to Gaydon Spinney and went on to, and up the Burton Hills. Along these he went to Farnborough and from here to Clattercote and then, with a turn towards the right, to Mollington. Great Bourton village was then skirted and Hauwell brook made for,

Mr. THORNHILL.
1833-1836.

A good season.

An immense run
from Itchington

Mr. THORNHILL.
1833-1836.

down the side of which he ran for a mile. He then passed by Little Bourton and over the valley to Wils-cote, after which he passed over the Cropredy hills to Claydon where he was lost. It was supposed that he went into a drain here, but in consequence of a labourer in a turnip field calling "Forward," the hounds were thrown off the line and were not able to hit it again. The nags were pretty well done. Of the two hundred who were out, only the master and some five-and-twenty others were present to the end of the day. The time was three and a quarter hours and it was one of the best hunting runs ever witnessed. The scent was not particularly good, yet the hounds hit it off cleverly and shewed to what perfection they could be brought by proper kennel management and training. The greater part returned home through Farnborough and gladly accepted Mr. Holbech's hospitable invitation to rest and refresh themselves and their steeds for a short time.

A piece of water
work.

On April 4th, 1835, the meet was at Ufton Wood and a find took place at Print Hill, the fox taking them to Weston Mill. Here the field came to a standstill owing to the swollen state of the stream, the water being spread over the low ground on the margin of the river. The hounds and fox crossed and went on. Mr. Augustus Berkeley tried to open the gate near the Mill, but the water was too deep and too rapid, and a countryman whom he offered a couple of sovereigns to open it, refused to do so. Mr. Russell distinguished himself by swimming it with his horse, the water being some seventeen or eighteen yards wide. He rode after the hounds and caught them at Cubbington Wood, and was up when the fox was killed, only two-and-a-half couple of hounds remaining.

The next season's
sport.

The season 1834-5 did not perhaps contain so many lengthy runs as the preceding one, but it was still a very successful one. It finished on the 4th of April, 1835. Ufton Wood was drawn blank, but Print Hill

provided a clipping run of fifty-five minutes to Waverley Wood, where they ran into him. The field was small but select. Mr. Thornhill, Lord W. Lennox, the Hon. A. Berkeley, and Messrs. Russell, Brooke, and Wilkinson were among the pinks.

Bill Boxall left at the close of this season, and was succeeded by Tom Day, Jack Ransom becoming first whip, and Jack Day second.

During the next season (1835-6) the hunting was indifferent. The scent was poor, and foxes were not plentiful. Day, however, quitted himself well in his new post. Mr. Thornhill gave up the hounds at the end of this season.

Mr. THORNHILL.
1833-1836.

Mr. Thornhill's
last season.

CHAPTER XI.

THE FOUNDATION OF THE PACK BY MR. NEWTON FELLOWES—HIS SUBSEQUENT ENTRIES—THE PACK UNDER CAPTAIN RUSSELL AND MR. THORNHILL.

The foundation
of the pack.
1827.

I have now arrived at a point in my history when I may say something about the hounds themselves. Upon the resignation of Lord Middleton, the country had to find a subscription and a pack. When Mr. Newton Fellowes took possession of the office of master in 1827 he got together a pack which was the foundation of the Warwickshire pack as it has been since that time. It consisted in all of 53 couples, 40½ being old couples and 12½ young ones. The principal packs resorted to were the Duke of Beaufort's and Mr. Osbaldeston's, and indeed the sires of half the pack were from these two kennels.

Sires from the
Duke of Beau-
fort's.

Let us look down the list of these hounds as got together by him. The hounds to be attributed to the Duke of Beaufort's were Duncan, a five-year-old hound, by his Duncan—his Wary; Falstaff and Fallacy, a four-year-old couple, by his Waterloo, out of Friendly; Ornament, another four-year-old hound, by his Nectar, out of Ominous; Rocket, Rivers, and Rosamond, all three being also four-year-olds, by his Hermit out of Rumsey; Dorimont, Danger, Dairymaid, Diligent, Dalliance, Damsel, all three-year-olds, by the Duke's Dorimont out of Bridesmaid; Denmark, Duster, Dealer, two-year-olds, by the same hound out of Juliet; Benedict,

Basker, Bodadil, also two-year-olds, by the Duke's Rubens, out of Brilliant; while Bertram, Barmaid, Bashful and Bonnylass, by his Boxer out of Virulent, Nimrod by his Nimrod out of Friendly, Platoff and Prattle by his Platoff out of Whynot, and Pilgrim, Pillager, Playful and Policy by his Platoff out of Comedy, form the Duke's contributions to the one-year-olds.

THE PACK.
1827-1835.

The hounds attributable to Mr. Osbaldeston are Destiny, a four-year-old by his Pilot out of Diligent; Bachelor, Cardinal, Caliban, Comedy, Curious, Comus, and Chariot, all three-year-olds, and all by his Chorister, Bachelor being out of Blemish, the next four named out of Whynot, and Comus and Chariot out of Friendly; Honesty and Heroine another three-year-old couple by his Caliban out of Hyale; Actress, also a three-year-old by his Jasper out of Active; Jovial, Joker, Joiner, and Jessamy, two-year-olds also by Jasper, but out of Lucy; Valiant, Volatile and Vocal, also two-year-olds by his Valentine out of Virulent; Wildfire and Warble, another two-year-old couple by his Rasselas with Whynot as dam; while the one-year-olds contain Emperor by his hound of that name out of Judy, Benefit and Butterfly by his Vanquisher out of Blemish, and Vaultier by the same hound out of Parasol.

Sires from Mr.
Osbaldeston's.

Seven hounds are attributable to Lord Sondes' pack, five of them being by his hound Ottoman. They are Minister a six-year-old out of his Madcap; Alfred, a five-year-old out of Atropos; Orator, a five-year-old out of Whynot; and Virulent and Viola, also five-year-olds out of Vengeance. The other two were a five-year-old couple, Bajazet and Beatrice by his Bajazet out of his Rarity. The other packs used were Lord Middleton's, the Brocklesby, the Belvoir, Sir E. Smythe's, Mr. Meynell's, Mr. Oxendon's, Sir H. Mainwaring's, Mr. Muster's, and Mr. Warde's.

Sires from Lord
Sondes'.

Other Kennels.

THE PACK.
1827-1835.

Warwickshire
Stud Hounds.

There are fifteen stud hounds mentioned in the list of Mr. Fellowes' pack which were probably purchased by the Warwickshire Hunt from Mr. Shirley when he resigned the country. Of these the hound mostly used was Whynot, a bitch by Lord Harewood's Cinder out of his Wanton, and entered in 1821. In addition to the hounds given above she was the dam of Waterloo by Warrior, another hound in the list in question by Mr. Hornyhold's Waterman out of his Lilliput, and entered in the same year as Whynot. Comedy, a bitch by Sir E. Smythe's Ransom out of Conquest, and entered in 1822, was dam to four of the hounds given above as attributable to the Duke of Beaufort's kennel and to Cymbeline and Cowslip, two five year old hounds by Sir H. Mainwaring's Bangor. Another reference to the hounds given at the opening of the chapter will show that Lucy was dam to four two-year-olds by Mr. Osbaldeston's Jasper. In addition to these she was dam to Gaiety, a four year old by Guardsman, also in the list of stud hounds. Lucy was by the Brocklesby Wildboy out of their Warble, and was entered in 1818, Guardsman being bred by Sir Bellingham Graham, and entered four years later. He was sire to Lapwing, a three-year-old in Mr. Fellowes' list out of Lapwing, who was bred by the Duke of Beaufort and entered in 1818. In the hounds attributable to Mr. Osbaldeston's and the Duke of Beaufort's above, it will be seen the five are from Friendly. This bitch was entered in 1820, being by Lord Middleton's Denmark out of his Frantic. Three of the hounds from the Duke of Beaufort's will be seen to be of a dam, Juliet. She was by Mr. Osbaldeston's Jargon out of Mr. Chaworth's Violet and was entered in 1821. She was the dam, too, of Judgement and Judy, two three-year-olds by Benedict. Active, the dam of Actress by Mr. Osbaldeston's Jasper, was by Sir E. Smythe's Admiral out of his Careful, and was entered in 1821. Rumsey, dam to three four-year-olds by the Duke of Beaufort's Hermit

was by Lord Middleton's Bachelor out of his Rarity and was entered in 1819. Blemish, dam to three of the hounds attributable to Mr. Osbaldeston's, was by Lord Sondes' Bajazet out of his Rarity, and was entered in 1823. Hyale, the dam of a couple by Mr. Osbaldeston's Caliban, was entered in 1821, and was by Lord Althorpe's Horsa out of Lord Sondes' Laundress. Ominous, the dam of Ornament by the Duke of Beaufort's Hectar, was entered the same year and was by Lord Althorpe's Orpheus out of his Purity. The two remaining hounds in the list of those supposed to have been bought from Mr. Shirley are Daffodil and Dairymaid. Daffodil was bred by the Duke of Beaufort and was entered in 1818, while Dairymaid was entered in 1825, being by the Duke of Beaufort's Dorimont out of the Warwickshire Barmaid.

Such were the principal elements of the pack as established by Mr. Newton Fellows in 1827. His entry for the following year consisted of nine and a half couples, Rocket, by the Duke of Beaufort's Hermit out of Rumsey, entered in 1824, being the sire of three and a half couples. In the list for 1829, which consists of twelve and a half couples, the same hound appears as the sire of five couples. He also appears in the lists for 1830 and 1831; in the first as the sire of three couples, and in the second as the sire of two and a half couples. As he appears as the sire of four couples in the original list of 1827, it will be seen that he was an important member of the pack. In Mr. Fellowes' list for 1828, he does not appear to have used any other kennel for breeding purposes, but in that of the next year there appears three sires from the Duke of Beaufort's:—his Boxer and Rubens, who also appear in his first list, and his Vanguard. To these three are to be attributed five couples. In Mr. Russell's list for the next year (1830), Rubens and Vanguard also appear, the former as the sire of Remnant, out of the Duke's Waspish, and the latter

THE PACK.
1837-1835.

Mr. Fellowes'
subsequent en-
tries.

THE PACK.
1827-1835.

Mr. Russell's entries.

as the sire of Voucher, out of the Duke's Echo, and of Vaulter, out of the Warwickshire Diligent. Diligent, it will be seen by a reference to the opening of this chapter, was by the Duke's Dorimont, out of Bridesmaid. She was entered in 1825. Mr. Russell also used Col. Berkeley's pack, Bugler being by his Pagan out of his Bravery and Welcome by his Woldsman out of his Rocket. The Duke of Beaufort's Workman appears as sire of two and a half couple in the list for 1831. One hound, Harbinger, is attributable to the Surrey being by their Harlequin out of their Welcome. A hound, Hadrian, by Lord Tavistock's Hercules out of Mr. Ward's Misery, was bought by Mr. Russell as a five-year-old in the spring of 1831, and appears in the list for that year as the sire of a couple, Hercules and Hopeful, out of Prudence. Two Belvoir sires appear in the same list. The Belvoir Solomon by the Belvoir Roderick out of their Songstress was bought by Mr. Fellowes as a nine-year-old in 1829, and appears as sire to Solomon, out of the Warwickshire Benefit, entered in 1827. The Belvoir Whipster, by their Lifter out of their Wanton was bought by Mr. Russell as a five-year-old in 1830. He appears as sire to Watchman, Willing, and Wisdom out of Warwickshire Wildfire; Warspite out of the Warwickshire Rosebud; and Woldsman out of the Warwickshire Rally. In the list for 1831, we find Winifred by him out of Wildfire, and Woodbine by him out of Rosebud. Another couple appears in the same list by him out of Butterfly and another by him out of Benefit. It will be seen, therefore, that Mr. Russell had a good opinion of his purchase. The same might be said of Hadrian, referred to above, as he appears in the same list as sire of Hadrian out of Rally, Harasser out of Bonnylass, Jessamy and Jessica, out Jessamy, Richmond and Rosamond out of Rosamond, and Vengeance out of Hadrian. Four hounds in this list are attributable to Lord Scarborough's kennel,

THE PACK.
1827-1835.

viz., Challenge by his Rattler,—his Captious; Governor by his General—his Ruin; General by his General—his Syren; and Solomon by his Justice—his Sylia. From Sir H. Goodrickes Manager—his Rarity appears one hound, Midnight. The Warwickshire sires in the list are Benedict, Bachelor, Pilot, Blucher and Ranter.

Mr. Russell only hunted three days a week, and so he reduced the number of hounds. Mr. Thornhill, however, restored them on his accession to the mastership in 1833. His entry for that year consisted of seventeen and a half couple. Among the sires are hounds from Mr. Muster's, the Belvoir, Mr. Osbaldeston's, and Lord Tavistock's. Myrmidon, by Lord Tavistock's Marmion out of his Hopeful, and bought as a five-year-old by Mr. Russell in 1831, appears as sire to three-and-a-half couple. Only three Warwickshire stud hounds appear among the sires, viz., Benedict, entered in 1826; Bobadil, entered also in 1826; and Champion, entered in 1829. In the list for 1834 the Belvoir is also strongly represented, six couples out of seventeen couples being attributable to sires of those kennels. Mr. Drake's and the Duke of Beaufort's are the only other kennels which appear in the list, the Warwickshire sires being Benedict, Nimrod (entered in 1827), Bluecap (entered in 1831), and Myrmidon. The list for 1835 contains thirteen and a half couples. The Belvoir are again represented among the sires, this time by Lucifer, who appears as sire to two couples out of Doia, a bitch by Mr. Horlock's Dragon—his Dowager, and bought as a two-year-old by Mr. Thornhill in 1833; and by Rummager, who is sire to a couple and a half out of the Warwickshire Whimsey, a bitch entered in 1831. The blood of Mr. Horlock's also finds an introduction in Famous, a bitch by his Farmer—his Banquet, who was bought as a five-year-old by Mr. Thornhill in 1834, and who appears as the dam of Famous by the Warwickshire Woodman. Other kennels are represented in the sires

Mr. Thornhill's
Entries.

THE PACK.
1827-1835.

by Mr. Drake's Murmerer and the Cheshire Chanter. The blood of Lord Anson's appears in Termagent, a bitch by his Dragon—his Twilight, who was bought as a five-year-old by Mr. Thornhill in 1833, and who is in the list as dam to a couple by the Warwickshire Hermit.

A very dull chapter I am afraid the foregoing has been to those who find no interest in this part of the history of a pack, but we may now lay aside the stud book for a time, and in my next chapter I shall return to matter of more general interest.

CHAPTER XII.

A COMMITTEE OF MANAGEMENT—MR. B. GRANVILLE
 —THE QUALITY OF THE SPORT—WARWICKSHIRE
 NAMES — THE DIVISION OF THE COUNTRY AND
 ESTABLISHMENT OF “THE NORTH” PACK.

To hark back to the end of Mr. Thornhill's *régime*, he retired at the end of the season 1835-6 and Mr. Smith, of the Craven Hunt, and previously of the Hambledon, was spoken of as his successor. This, however, did not come about and the hounds ultimately came under the management of a committee consisting of Mr. Shirley, Mr. Townsend, Mr. B. Granville, Mr. Holden, and Mr. Barnard. The lease of the kennels at Butler's Marston having expired, the hounds were moved to Wellesbourne. There were also kennels at Lillington, near Leamington, which had been erected during Mr. Russell's mastership at a cost of £200. Mr. B. Granville was to act as field master, and, in fact, may be looked upon as the actual master. The number of hunting days were to be two a week with an occasional bye-day. Tom Day continued to act as huntsman. The new authority did not commence very auspiciously as an attack of madness visited the kennels and left destruction in its wake. The rule of Mr. Granville was, like that of his immediate predecessors, a three-years one, but I have not the amount of sport to chronicle in connection with his term of office that I had with some of the others. In fact, the

A Committee.

Mr. B. Granville.

- Mr. GRANVILLE. sport during this period, if it cannot actually be classed
 1836-1839. as bad, certainly fell very far short of the excellency
 which it had attained during earlier years.
- A grass line to On November the 30th, 1836, the meet was at Bishop's
 Southam. Itchington, decidedly one of their best fixtures. Rad-
 bourn Gorse provided a leash of foxes, one of which,
 after giving the hounds half an hour's amusement in
 covert, afforded a capital scurry of some twenty minutes
 to Southam, on the outskirts of which he was killed.
 The pace was tremendous and the line as straight as a
 bird could fly, grass abounding all the way.
- A poor season. The following season (1837-8) was one of the worst
 that had been experienced for years. The commence-
 ment was far from favourable, and for about six weeks
 in the depths of winter hunting was totally suspended.
- Another day at The best day was on March the 15th when the meet
 Bishop's Itch- was again Bishop's Itchington, and the famous Rad-
 ington. bourn Gorse was the appointed draw. On the way, how-
 ever, to that place the hounds were put into Watergall,
 and a burst of twenty minutes was obtained without a
 check over the parishes of Wormleighton and Boddington,
 leaving Boddington Hill Gorse on the left, and
 skirting Lower Boddington up to Warden Hill, where
 the gallant fox gave the large field the slip. A large
 crowd had assembled at Radbourn to witness the draw,
 and upon the hounds not arriving there, they were so
 exasperated that they took sticks and dogs and beat
 the Gorse from end to end. A short time afterwards
 was the Warwick Race Meeting, and when the hounds
 came, with the large field that event generally produced,
 to their favourite Gorse, the result of the crowd's
 behaviour was that it was found to be blank.
- Behaviour of the Among those whose names may be recorded as
 crowd at the followers of "the Warwickshire" during this period
 Gorse. were :—Lord Douglas ; Lord Howth, who will be
 remembered as figuring in some water jumps in a
 previous run ; Lord Hopetoun ; Lord Ongley, and
 his brother the Hon. Sam Ongley ; Lord Vivian ; Si_r
- Warwickshire Among those whose names may be recorded as
 Names. followers of "the Warwickshire" during this period
 were :—Lord Douglas ; Lord Howth, who will be
 remembered as figuring in some water jumps in a
 previous run ; Lord Hopetoun ; Lord Ongley, and
 his brother the Hon. Sam Ongley ; Lord Vivian ; Si_r

Edward Mostyu ; Sir John Gerard, who had most perfect horses ; Sir Robert Brownrigg ; Captain Lamb, a big man and owner of Vivian and many other good horses, which were always ridden for him by the well-known Captain Beecher ; Captain Serancke from Hertfordshire ; Mr. Bertie Matthews ; Captain " Dick " Magennis, who had only one arm ; Mr. De Burgh, who formerly kept staghounds near London ; Mr. Barnard ; Colonels Gooch and Trevelyan ; Mr. Sanderson, of Leamington ; Mr. Andrew Whyte ; Mr. Hyde Clark ; Mr. J. T. Charlton ; Mr. J. W. Little ; Mr. R. Greaves of Stratford ; Mr. Way ; Mr. Philip Benuett of Suffolk ; Captain Hibbert of Bilton Grange ; Mr. Ivens ; Mr. H. Horley of Upton, one of the hardest men in the country and who, like Lord Howth, will be remembered in connection with some water work during a previous run ; and Mr. Mytton and Bob Clifton, who generally kept the pace alive. These are the names to be chronicled as forming parts of the Warwickshire fields. I regret that the list is to such an extent, a bare one, and that I have not been able to garnish it more with the individualities of the different persons mentioned, but it is a far cry back to " the thirties."

Mr. GRANVILLE.
1836-1839.

When Mr. Corbet hunted Warwickshire his country may be said to have roughly comprised the whole country, although in those early days the boundaries were not fixed with the exactitude with which they may now be told, and there is some difficulty in fixing the dates and the varying districts of the early days of " the Atherstone," which comprised a slice of north-west Warwickshire. After Mr. Corbet's retirement the more northern portions of the county began to be deserted, and the attentions of the succeeding Warwickshire masters were mostly devoted to the grass districts of the south. The sound of the horn was rarely heard in the woodland districts of the north, and naturally some considerable dis-

The extent of the
Country.

Neglect of the
woodlands.

DIVISION OF THE
COUNTRY.

“Nimrod’s”
opinion.

satisfaction arose among those who had been in the habit of finding good sport there for a period of the season. In 1826, “Nimrod” wrote:—“Warwickshire is not, neither do I suppose it ever will be, what Warwickshire was. Bericote Wood, the best draw, is now given to Lord Anson; Frankton Wood, the very best covert of these woodlands, is now drawn by Lord Anson; ditto, Debdale, a gorse on Theophilus Biddulph’s property, whence his lordship has had such fine sport these last two seasons. It may be said they cannot be given to a better man, which I readily agree to. But what is to become of the Meriden country, the finest woodland in the world. The country that, when Mr. Corbet hunted Warwickshire, produced such sport—such real sport to real lovers of fox-hunting. I answer it is gone. The Warwickshire woodlands are now termed the Kenilworth country, which may be said to be a bad exchange. In short, Warwickshire is shorn of its leaves, and they never, I fear, will break forth again.”

Division with
“the Ather-
stone.”

It will be seen, therefore, that in looking back at his old country “Nimrod” did not see much to arouse within him enthusiasm for the future. A large slice of the north district had been handed to Lord Anson’s Hunt, now “the Atherstone,” and the indifference displayed by those in authority towards parting with what in the old days had been favourite draws, was viewed by “Nimrod” with concern. Five years, however, after he wrote as above, “the Atherstone” relinquished the district south of Coventry, and the following places were added to the Warwickshire country:—Weston Wood, Wappenbury Wood, Waverley Wood, Bericote Wood, Bubbenhall, Bagginton, Princethorpe, Ryton Woods, and Cubbington Woods.

Still, however, there was a large portion of northern Warwickshire which was never visited by the hounds, and the many good sportsmen who resided within easy reach of this district, and those who took

up their abode for a portion of the year at the rapidly rising town of Leamington, naturally began to give vent to loud expressions of disapproval at being left in the cold. The result was that in 1834, Mr. Robert Vyner, of Eathorpe, established a pack of hounds to hunt the practically vacant district, receiving hearty support from Mr. Bolton King, of Umberslade, a Warwickshire sportsman worthy of remembrance, and other county gentlemen. During the first season he resided at Solihull, where he had about thirty couples of hounds, but the next year he removed to Leamington. He can hardly be said to have founded a separate country, as a reservation was made that the district should be returned to any future master of "the Warwickshire," who might desire to hunt the whole of his country. In 1838 Mr. Thomas Shaw Hellier succeeded Mr. Vyner, and like him hunted the hounds himself until 1843, when he removed to Lincolnshire. This again left a vacancy in the parts of Warwickshire hunted by him, and Mr. Wilson, of Gumley, came forward and filled it for about two seasons, when the district was divided between "the Atherstone" and "the Warwickshire," and hunting matters in North Warwickshire re-assumed the position of earlier days.

The North Warwickshire country as it now exists was not established until some eight years later, but as I am now writing about the division of the country, I may be allowed, perhaps, to anticipate a little in point of time. For several seasons a great portion of the country was without hounds. In 1850 it was arranged with Captain Thomson, the master of "the Atherstone," that he should hunt it as far as Hampton Coppice, Stonebridge, and Packington. The other portion was to receive the attention of "the Warwickshire" two days a week. This made, however, somewhat heavy demands upon "the Warwickshire," making their

DIVISION OF THE
COUNTRY.

Mr. Vyner's Pack.

Mr. Hellier.

Mr. Wilson.

Establishment of
"the North
Warwickshire."

DIVISION OF THE
COUNTRY.

Complaints from
Leamington.

Meeting at War-
wick.

Demands upon
"the Warwick-
shire."

hunting programme consist of six days a week, and the Leamingtonians soon began to complain that they did not receive their due in the way of handy meets, and threatened to start a pack of their own. The complaints were particularly loud during the Christmas season of 1851-2, and in March a meeting of owners and occupiers of lands and coverts, and of gentlemen interested in hunting was held in Warwick to consider a proposition emanating from Leamington to establish a second pack. The feeling of the meeting was strongly against the idea, and a letter was said to have been received from Lord John Scott, expressive of his decided objection to a second pack. After some discussion the following resolution was adopted:—
"That the Warwickshire Hunt under the present management shall continue to hunt all the country, as now hunted by them, five days a week, if sufficient money be forthcoming and there be sufficient foxes; if not, then four days a week as at present."

It will be seen by the concluding words of this proposition that "the Warwickshire" had found it necessary to curtail their list of hunting days from the arrangement made in 1850, when every day in the week, Sundays excepted, had its fixture. The extra days of course meant extra expense, and the portions of the field from Leamington, which were loudest in their demands for more attention, were, no doubt, composed, as urban contingents generally are, of those who, though they like to parade at the meets, dislike to pay substantially for sport which their lack of hunting abilities prevents them from seeing. And besides it is very uncertain whether the sport to be found in the north was sufficient to justify the hunt deserting the well-stocked coverts of the south for it. No doubt in the earlier days good stout-running foxes were to be met with in abundance in the woodland districts, and I am happy to believe they are in these later days admirably preserved there, but at that

time the country had not been hunted, or at best only irregularly hunted, for some years, and let the attentions of a hunt be withdrawn from any district for any length of time, and unsportsmanlike methods of putting an end to the lives of members of the tribe will be sure to creep in.

On the 23rd of March in the following year another meeting was held at Warwick and a division of duties was proposed, Lord Willoughby de Broke to give three days a week to the southern district and Mr. Henley Greaves to devote himself for three days a week to the northern parts. This proposition was not, however, carried out in its entirety, for within a few weeks another excellent sportsman had appeared upon the scene, in the person of Mr. Selby Lowndes, who had been showing good sport in part of the Duke of Grafton's country, which he had just returned to Lord Southampton. This gentleman arranged to hunt the north country twice a week during the next season, with an occasional bye-day, according to the supply of foxes, making Leamington his head-quarters. The boundaries of the two countries were to be as follows :— Between Dunchurch and Leamington, the River Leam ; from Warwick to Rowington, the Birmingham and Warwick Canal ; from Rowington to Wootton Wawen, the Birmingham and Stratford Canal ; from Wootton Wawen to Alcester, the road from Wootton to Alcester ; and from Alcester the turnpike road to Birmingham.

This is roughly the foundation of the North Warwickshire country. After two seasons Mr. Selby Lowndes moved to the Atherstone country, and Mr. Baker succeeded him, and entered upon his successful mastership.

DIVISION OF THE
COUNTRY.

A division of
duties.

Mr. Selby
Lowndes.

Division of War-
wickshire.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE RISE OF LEAMINGTON—ITS EFFECT ON THE
WARWICKSHIRE COUNTRY—THE SPA AS HUNT-
ING QUARTERS—A DAY IN THE FIELD IN 1838.

Leamington.

In an earlier chapter, in speaking of Stratford-upon-Avon as Mr. Corbet's centre, I made a reference to Leamington, at that time a mere village, although destined to develop rapidly into a town of no mean proportions. At the point of my history which I have now reached, that developement had to a very large extent taken place. Substantially-built houses had taken the place of some three score humble cottages, which had formerly constituted the comparatively insignificant village of Leamington Priors. Thanks to the medicinal properties which existed in the mineral springs to be found there, the population was increasing by leaps and bounds, having risen from 543 in 1811 to 12,864 in 1841, and in 1851 having still further increased to 15,724.

I have thought fit to introduce this reference to Leamington here, because the state of affairs is explanatory to some extent of the agitation for an additional pack of hounds in Warwickshire, which I dealt with in my last chapter. The rise of a fashionable Spa in the heart of Warwickshire at this period when the continental Spas were not sufficiently accessible to attract people from the English watering-places, naturally put a new aspect upon the fields of the local pack when the

meets were within reach of Leamington, and might almost be said to have constituted a crisis in the history of the pack. Had the master of "the Warwickshire" bowed to the demands of resorters to the new centre of fashion he would have moved to Leamington, and have devoted his attentions to the districts which they could reach with the least exertions. But it was sport to his supporters and not amusement to the gay birds of passage that he felt himself called upon to provide, and hence, while meeting their requirements as far as he felt justified in doing, as was set forth in the last chapter, "the Warwickshire" continued to keep to the more southern half of the country, where, both before and since, regular and excellent sport had, and has awaited them.

An assembly room, pump room, theatre, and, of course, hotels had risen for the amusement and accommodation of the visitors, and, as an old book says, "provision was made for the gay as well as for the sick and drooping." As a Spa no doubt Leamington was advancing by most creditable strides, and naturally as a hunting quarter advanced too. There is some doubt, however, whether its successful increase in the first direction did not militate somewhat against its attainment of full popularity from the sporting community. Hunting at the time when our good Queen's reign was only a year or two old had not attained the position of a fashionable pastime and the pursuit in which society contrives to kill time. The hounds were followed and supported mainly by men who hunted with all the seriousness they would have devoted to sterner occupations. The hunting months of the year were to most of them the only portions of their lives in which they found its full enjoyment, and every hunting day contained moments too precious to be wasted. To these the attractions which were offered by a fashionable Spa were gilded toys beneath their notice, and greatly clashed with

LEAMINGTON.

Demands from
the Spa.

The Spa as a
hunting quar-
ter.

LEAMINGTON. the repose and quiet with which a hunting man shakes
 off one day's work in readiness for that of the next.
 Action of the hotel keepers. Added to this the hotel keepers adopted a course,
 which, also adopted by their brethren in that place, has,
 I believe, affected seriously another town within a
 score of miles of Leamington, which through a stroke
 of luck some centuries ago has been placed in a most
 enviable position to attract strangers and visitors. To
 make hay while the sun shines is a maxim which un-
 doubtedly should be followed, although it should also
 be remembered that the gathering-in of the financial
 harvest may be rushed at too hastily. The rapacious
 character of the Leamington hotel keepers soon spread
 abroad and the emptiness of their houses when they
 might reasonably have been expected to be full is to be
 ascribed so their desire for quick returns for their en-
 terprise. The leading hotel was Copps', which was
 fitted up at enormous expense. Here a club was
 started by Lord Eastnor, of which I may say, that its
 earliest days were its most successful.

A Club.

Some opinions of
 the Spa.

To revert to the social elements which I thought
 antagonistic to the success of Leamington as a
 sporting centre, I may quote the remarks of a corres-
 pondent writing during 1834-5, who described it as a
 "Half-hunting, water drinking, waltzing, and amateur
 playing place," and who hints that the contingent it
 sent into the field of the local pack did not, as a
 rule, conduce to the peace of mind of the master, or the
 enjoyment of the sport by those who hunted for
 hunting's sake. Singularly enough I have found
 another communication from one who had made it his
 quarters for the same season, and who extols it highly,
 referring in terms of approbation to the balls and
 dinners which were promoted by the members of the
 hunt. It is very likely, therefore, that he would be
 classed by the correspondent first referred to, as one
 of those whose presence was more acceptable in the
 social circle than in the field.

It must not be imagined, however, that the prospects of a sojourn at Leamington during the hunting months was altogether disagreeable to the hunting man. Many excellent sportsmen took up their abode there. I have been led to make these remarks because the position of Leamington at its rise, and its relations to the Warwickshire hunt were somewhat peculiar. A new town rises rapidly and becomes the seat of fashion right in the centre of a hunt's country. Yet the hunt remains deaf to the demands from it for more attention in the way of handy fixtures; the headquarters remain as before; districts surrounding the town are not hunted with very much greater regularity than before; and the result is a division of the country and the establishment of a second pack. This was the state of affairs as shown in my last chapter. In this one I have attempted to elucidate the situation by reminding my readers that Leamington rose as a watering-place, not as a hunting quarter. The Warwickshire hunt in remaining faithful to the sport-providing districts and deaf to the demands from Leamington, was faithful to the charge which is committed to every hunt master or committee,—that of providing the best sport with the greatest regularity to the supporters who hunt for the sake of the chase. The result, the introduction of a second pack and the establishment of the North Warwickshire country, was no doubt a desirable one all round.

The aspect of hunting has since these early days entirely changed. The social element now pervades the whole, and "the North" pack having got the formerly deserted districts into good working order again, Leamington may now be looked upon as a very desirable winter abode.

To put before my readers a picture of Leamington as a hunting centre in its early days, when Copps' was fresh in its glory, I might introduce an account of a day in the field from Leamington given in an old and

LEAMINGTON.

The position of
Leamington.

A day in the
field.
1838.

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now defunct magazine, called *The Sunbeam* under the date of 1838, and for which I am indebted to the kindness of a correspondent. I ought to say, in introducing it, that he suggests that for Radsley, the scene of the meet, we should read Badsley which is a moated hall, while the name of Radsley in this locality is unknown to him.

I introduce the article in its entirety, without, I hope, any need of apology.

Those who have travelled in Warwickshire will remember the site of that beautiful watering place called Leamington, and those who have that tour still before them will find it about two miles distant from the ancient and picturesque city of Warwick, so famous for its baronial castle, which throws its vast shadow across the Avon, and appears in its stern and warlike structure to bid defiance to time, as its reflection but mocks the current of that classic river. In the hunting season, the huge stone hotels of Leamington assume the character of vast hunting lodges. Early in the morning the large quadrangular courtyards at Copp's or the Regent, surrounded by solid stone stabling, having loose boxes and all the requisite conveniences for hunters, are alive with the movements of grooms and stable boys. High bred silky hunters are next led forth, and light compact servants, in suitable livery slowly depart with them for the covert, riding some and leading others.

At a later hour nimble valets are flying about the passages of the hotel, bearing on their arms buckskin breeches and gloves, newly cleaned, top-boots, the tops white as milk; and polished spurs follow in the hands of others, and are carried within the various apartments.

Seats at the breakfast table are gradually occupied by fresh looking gentlemen, in loose morning gowns and slippers, all attired for the hunt, excepting coats and boots, who deliberately partake of cold pheasant or mincemeats, dry toast and coffee, make a few quaint observations to each other on the nature of the weather and its aptness for the scent, and on rising some cast themselves into spacious elbow chairs by the cheerful hearth at each end of the breakfast hall, while others disappear as quietly as they entered.

At ten o'clock the scene without becomes animated. Covert hackneys are led to the entrance, and gentlemen in scarlet coats, bright coloured cravats, buckskin breeches and gloves, top-boots, and having heavy, long-lashed hunting whips are seen mounting and cantering off to the field, while the bright eyes of ladies look forth from casements, and now and

then, some gallant hunter will be led up to mount or pass with majestic steps beneath the windows, the easy yet graceful position of his rider indicating to the practised eye the finished sportsman. The streets between their slabbed side walks and stately houses present a gay procession during the departure for the hunt, and then in contrast, seem as silent and lifeless as the aisles of a church.

Toward evening straggling parties are seen threading the streets in various plight, showing symptoms of the run; dismount at the hotels; and their horses, drooping their heads, with hollow flank and weary carriage, are led to the stables. Then succeeds the savoury dinner, the quickening champagne, the heart-restoring port. Cheeks that were pale with hard riding, now rival the ruddy hue of the hunting coat, and conviviality reigns over the board.

Such were the scenes which Leamington presented at the period of a late visit.

I rode from Copp's Hotel on a beautiful morning, the meet was appointed at Radsley, an old hall in the vicinity of Warwick. A small wood adjacent to the hall was known to harbour one or two old foxes, and the fine sporting morning, together with the assurance of sport, would, it was thought, call out a strong field.

A white frost had silvered the tree and cast a light, gossamer drapery over the hedges. In each little inequality of the road the water which had collected was crystallized, yet the open county was barely affected. It was in all respects such a day as a fox-hunter loves. The jolly sun infused a cheery smile through the atmosphere, the birds twittered in the hedges which were painted with the red hawthorn berry, and the green holly decorated the landscape, as though it were dressed out for Christmas Day.

My gallant horse, who knew, as well as his rider, what was before him, trotted easily along the road-side, reserving his energies for the field. and as I sat carelessly in the saddle, my heart dilated with the freshness of the air and the richness of the landscape.

As the landscape opened to my view from the opposite side of the town, I observed the sun had mounted high in the heavens; and a group of scarlet coats, just turning a bend of the road, admonished me, as they disappeared behind the hawthorn, that I had loitered on my way. I pressed forward, therefore, on a moderate but continued trot and overtook several of my friends at the mouth of a green lane, which, turning abruptly to the left from the main road, leads to Radsley Hall. Here the ground was soft, and in places muddy, so we picked our way down it at a careful walk. It was one of the green lanes which are the chosen haunts of vagrant gypsies, who encamp beneath the shelter of the hedge sides and the borders of small woods, from which they supply themselves stealthily with fuel

LEAMINGTON.

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—

and game. It abounds in old oaks and decayed trunks, which may formerly have afforded a green canopy to the bands of that merry freebooter, Robin Hood, and now fain would protect themselves in their grey and withered age, beneath a green mantle of youthful and vigorous ivy.

The lane, carpetted with close thick turf, led a winding course to an old-fashioned ivy-covered park entrance. An undulating green park, with clumps of ancient trees, was now before us, and a canter across it brought us in front of the hall. The park was scattered over with gentlemen in scarlet, mounted on gallant hunters, waiting the coming of the hounds, which were shortly to be assembled in front of the hall; and by the border of the wood, which afforded shelter from the keen air, neat grooms moved to and fro with led horses, of deer-like shape and movement.

I was led by one of my companions to the drawbridge, for the old hall was surrounded by a moat, and was introduced to its possessor, who advanced upon the bridge, and invited us to partake of a second *déjeuner*, an invitation which curiosity, rather than appetite, led me cheerfully to accept. The building was gray with age; but like most of such remnants of the feudal times, it had combined the firmness of the fortress, and its aptness for defence, both in turret and loopholes, with the conveniences of a family residence, and not a stone had shrunk from its place, although the lighter graces of its architecture had mouldered away.

We passed along a stone-arched passage, hung here and there with stag's heads and antlers, and emerged as from a cavern into a lofty Gothic hall. From thence we entered a wainscoated apartment of cedar, where a centre table was spread out with cold viands, and graced by tall silver coffee-pots of quaint, old-fashioned form. In one of the spacious window recesses a group of ladies looked out upon the gay scene of the park, and one of the younger, I observed, was equipped in a riding-habit for the field.

Old-fashioned family portraits looked forth from the dark cedar panellings in the costumes of successive ages, one decided feature giving a general dominant character to all alike, but exhibited in each under various modifications. There hung the hearty old squire, who had once surveyed these lands as his domain, his portrait now entailed with the estate. The aspiring youth, to whose armed yet elastic step, these halls had echoed as he departed for the wars, and the blooming high-bred maiden, whose soft eye had gazed from these casements over the velvet park, her mind weaving some cobweb tissue of silver fancy, scarcely more airy and evanescent than her own career. Upon the latticed window was emblazoned in stained glass, the family arms. On all sides, indeed, you beheld the insignia

of an ancient and honourable line, and it was gratifying to behold the plain, unostentatious disposition of the present possessors.

The huntsmen and whippers-in appeared in front of the hall with the full pack of hounds, and we went forth to mount. The attitude of the horses showed their various tempers; some standing with quiet indifference, others arching their necks and bending their sinewy forms, and others again rearing in the air as the foot was placed on the stirrup. The skilful horsemen mounted without embarrassment, and the huntsmen and whippers-in surrounded by the full pack of dappled hounds, trotted over the green park for the wood on its borders, the full field of horsemen following in gallant array.

Some gentlemen entered the wood with the huntsmen and hounds at the extreme end, to draw its full length, while others grouped around the skirts of it, taking care not to get in advance of the hounds. For a time all was silent save the chattering of jays and magpies, as the feathered tribe were startled from the lower world, and sought refuge in the tree tops, or the crash of boughs as the horsemen penetrated the wood, where you caught a glimpse of the scarlet coats, and heard the musical voices of the huntsmen encouraging the hounds.

The horses by the covert side showed their usual ardour and instinct, standing with heads aloft, and turned from side to side, catching every sound, while their riders lounged in the saddle with an air of cool nonchalance and abandoned rein, but not with inattentive ear, such quiet deportment signalising the most experienced sportsman and sagacious hunter.

Younger and more fretful horses required all the art and careful management of their riders to subdue their fire, which chafed, irritated, and would have carried them beyond bounds.

Hark! to the tongue of a hound! the voice of a second! the long blast of the horn as the huntsman collects the pack upon the scent. "Yoi-oik! all right!" from a hundred throats! The wood echoes with the cry of the horsemen, the crash of boughs, and the jubilee of the hounds.

Hark! the view halloo! gone away!" rings from the end of the wood as the huntsman emerges from it and leaning his head aside, with finger in his ear, rings out the "Yoi-oik! tally-ho! tally-ho!" and the full mouthed pack burst into the open country.

I felt my chest swell and my blood mount as I dashed amid a throng of others by the skirt of the wood. Lagging hounds burst from the thicket as we swept by its term, and the branches crashed before horsemen gallantly flying the hedge and ditch to join the struggle for the lead.

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We careered through the park, leaped its high fencing, and were soon miles away over the country. The scent was strong, the pace severe, and the field gradually became thinner. Some had been daunted by the park palings, and turning in search of a gate, were lost to both eye and ear, others had thrown somersaults over the fence, and many had fallen back on the side from which they leaped.

Now the practiced riders showed their craft, contending for the post of honour. Each choosing his line, pursued it as straight as the crow flies, gathering his horse up as he approached a dangerous fence with yawning ditch beyond, and aiding him in his leap by a timely lift of the hand, saving him over heavy ground, urging over the more elastic turf, selecting with a quick eye the spot for a leap and charging the spot chosen with unfaltering nerve.

So sped those who were in the front rank, while the country behind them, hill and valley, common and meadow, were strewn with horsemen entangled in the fences, or pursuing in hopes of coming up during a check.

Some knowing old fellows, crafty sportsmen, bold riders in their day, but now become too bulky for the field, well judging the course the fox would take, had cut off through lanes and by-ways, and appeared in front of us by a wood in which they viewed the fox take covert. Huntsmen and hounds penetrated to dislodge him.

In the meantime, many gentlemen riding into the court-yard of an old country seat hard by delivered their horses to attending stableboys while buxom maids flew to and fro from the servants' hall with foaming tankards of ale, receiving half-crowns and compliments from the bespattered gentlemen, which conjured roses to their cheeks in harmony with the flush excited by the chase over the faces of the hunters.

"Yoi-oik! stole away!" reaches to the court-yard. Maids and tankards fly in all directions, and the gentlemen hastily mounting, scour into the open country.

The fox was a sturdy one. Some peasants had seen him steal from the wood with his brush still undrooping, and the mettle both of horse and hound were now put to the test. As the run continued, many wearied steeds began to fall short in their leaps, and muddy ditches were explored by horse and rider. Near by me a gallant animal, unable from exhaustion to cover his leap, fell with his breast upon a pleached hedge. A stake pierced him to the heart and broke. His rider, unconscious, in his ardour of what had happened, would have spurred him on as he reeled back from the hedge, but another moment and the noble animal sank heavily on the field, the blood pouring from the wound, and with a low moan expired.

The horses were now done, the chase became slow and toilsome, and the brave fox gaining another covert, took to

ground—when twilight descending upon the country gained him the victory.

Homeward then we turned on a slow trot in jaded parties, branching off by green lanes and by roads upon various routes, stopping at the nearest country inn to procure gruel for our horses to support them on their return.

The lamps of Leamington were a welcome sight gleaming through the dark as we drew near the town, and gladly did we deliver our weary horses to the care of the anxious grooms.

Welcome the light of lamps, the glow of the hearth in exchange for the chill, murky night air ; and welcome the festive board, round which the feats of the day were thrice done over and the brave fox was toasted, at that moment, even beyond ladies' love.

LEAMINGTON.

CHAPTER XIV.

MR. R. J. BARNARD—THE BUILDING OF THE KINETON
KENNELS — SOME SPORT AND SPORTSMEN — SIR
WILLIAM DON AND HIS RIDE TO LONDON.

Mr. R. J. Barnard To take up once more the thread of my narrative in the order of masterships—an order which my readers must have begun to think I had wandered from for good—I have to deal with one of the most honoured of Warwickshire sportsmen, Mr. R. J. Barnard, of Wellesbourne, afterwards Lord Willoughby de Broke. He had always been a staunch supporter of the hounds, and when in 1839 he took up the reins of office laid down by Mr. Granville, it was as no stranger either to the country or to the hunt that he assumed the command of the field. In his management he found great assistance in Mr. Hugh Williams and Mr. Townsend.

The Kineton kennels.

One event must always be remembered as marking the first year of his reign, and that is the building of the kennels at Kineton. This took place in 1839, and as a token of hearty goodwill on the part of the farmers and residents in the country must never be lost sight of in the history of "the Warwickshire." I have referred to the support the hunt received from the agriculturalists in its very early days, and that this had by no means seriously diminished the following description will prove. By the hearty co-operation of all who could assist in any branch of the undertaking the kennels were put up at as little a cost

as was possible, and yet the structure was substantially and conveniently erected, and has continued to serve its purpose even down to this present day. The land was given by Mr. George Lucy, of Charlecote, and the design for the building was made by his brother-in-law, Mr. Hugh Williams, without the assistance of a professional architect. The funds for the actual construction were supplied by the members of the Warwickshire Hunt. The materials were drawn to the spot by one hundred and eighty farmers, who put into the field five hundred and fifty-three waggons. What a testimony to the popularity of hunting! It is a record any hunt might be proud to have to make. But it is considerably enhanced when we find that the time of the year during which the work was carried on was during the weeks when harvest is in progress. The first stone was laid on July 24th, 1839, and the building was completed and in use on the 15th of the October following. The buildings consisted of two houses, for the huntsman and stud-groom, and accommodation for other members of the kennel staff. The stabling consisted of ten loose boxes, three three-stall stables, and a bait-stable capable of holding four hacks and convertible also into two boxes. The kennels consisted of three principal lodging-rooms and two smaller ones with feeding rooms, boiling-house, flesh-house, &c.

“The Warwickshire” had a capital day from Ufton on the 20th of October, 1840. The well-known Wood was the meet, and there was a smart sprinkling of sportsmen. The hounds were put in the Wood, but Reynard did not seem to be at home at once. In about twenty minutes, however, an old fox obliged by coming forward, and went away for Print Hill. Before reaching that point he was headed and turned back across Ufton Bottom and over Mr. H. Horley’s Farm and close to Mr. Bradley’s kennels, and, leaving Harbury on the right, went on to Ladbroke village. Two admirable supporters of sport are named

Mr. BARNARD.
1839-1856.

Arun from Ufton

Mr. BARNARD.
1839-1856.

Mr. Bradley.

in this bit of description. I have already referred to the prowess of Mr. Horley. Round Mr. Bradley's name hangs a chain of sporting associations. He was ever to the fore when a sporting movement was in progress. His name was rarely absent from lists of supporters of steeplechases and similar fixtures, and he frequently provided his neighbours with some sport after the hare, and, I believe, occasionally the stag. At Ladbroke the old fox stopped to take a little breath and the check afforded his followers an opportunity of replenishing their stock of that most necessary equipment for a good run. In a short time they were off again, and went merrily away in full view across the beautiful grass-land which lies all down that side of the Warwickshire country. His line lay for Mr. Alder's, of Hodnel, and then inclined a little to the right and pointed for Watergall, but he afterwards turned and bore away to Boddington, as straight as a line, yet before he had reached the hill he was headed short back in the direction of the well-known Radbourn Gorse, skirting the end of which his point appeared to be Debdale. But still this was not to be reached, for before he got to the Southam Turnpike he inclined to the right for Napton, and on towards Shuckburgh. Before arriving at this famous spot, however, the hounds all at once threw up their heads and it appeared evident that the game old fox had gone to ground. Here the chase, therefore, ended. Reynard was now in Mr. Drake's country, and so the property of that well-known sportsman. Harry Taylor, the huntsman, very reluctantly gave him up, for, he said, the hounds deserved him. The time was three and-a-half-hours. It was one of the best runs in one of the best possible bits of country, many of the fences being raspers. At the finish were, Taylor and the first whip, Mr. H. Horley, Mr. T. P. Ward, Mr. W. Brown and his son. They and their horses were entertained by Mr. Serjeant, of Napton.

A good grass line.

At the hunt dinner held at the Warwick Arms Hotel, Warwick, on December 4th, 1840, were Lord Leigh, Lord Eastnor, and Messrs. R. J. Barnard, J. Drinkwater, H. Holden, J. Townsend, B. Granville, J. R. West, G. Smith, W. J. Harding, J. Little, D. Galton, and H. Williams. The only visitors were Sir J. R. B. Cave and Mr. W. Williams.

Mr. BARNARD.
1839-1856.

The Hunt Dinner
1840.

At one of the meets at Bilton Grange during the year 1844, three hundred well-mounted sportsmen met "the Warwickshire" and formed a good specimen of the fields which the hounds drew at this time. Among those out were the Marquis of Clanricarde, Lord Macdonald, Sir William Standley, the Hon. F. Craven, Captains Hibbert and Peel, and Messrs. J. Standley, Rowland, Errington, Bolton King, Little, Beech, Bradley, Wilson, Leigh, Skipwith, Hyde Clark, Saunderson, Thursby, &c. The hounds were in first-rate condition. Captain Hibbert dispensed hospitality to those who had assembled and a move was made and the hounds put into Hillmorton Gorse, from which a fox broke without delay. He went along Hillmorton Meadows, crossing the brook for the village of Clifton, through Mr. Smith's farm, and crossing the brook a second time, made in a direct line for Mr. Cook's Gorse, when there was a slight check. He then skirted the cover to the right and was making for Captain Hibbert's when the run came to an end after having lasted 35 minutes and having been a regular clipper. There were many falls.

A meet at Bilton
Grange.

Farnborough was still showing admirable sport, a run from there at the opening of the season 1844-5 having lasted for 40 minutes and finished with a kill, being, it was said, decidedly superior to anything seen for years. Indeed the sport with which the season opened was altogether of a most splendid description. The following season (1845-6) also opened most propitiously. On the third day of November the hounds had the opening meet at the kennels. The osier beds

Good sport.

Mr. BARNARD.
1839-1856.

near Kineton proved blank, but Pool Field Gorse provided a fox, who went off for Gaydon Inn where a slight check occurred, but it was only a brief one for they were soon off again through Itchington Holt and went straight on to Burton Dassett where they lost.

Names at Leam-
ington.

There was a large assemblage of foxhunters at Leamington for this season, including Lieutenant-Colonel Best, Colonel Rolt, the Hon. W. Middleton Noel, Captains Mulcaster, Reynolds, Lackie, and Hawkins, and Messrs. W. H. Fazakerley, E. Sanders, Welsh, H. Peyton, Tower, J. A. Bruce, J. M. Berry, H. L. Gaskell, Farrell, J. B. Phillipson, F. R. Price, H. Clifton, J. Duckett, Lindsey, Mark Wood and Napper.

A great run from
Weston House

On the 21st of January, 1845, a great run originated in a meet at Weston House, at that time the residence of Sir George Phillips, Bart. Mr. Barnard ordered the small spinnies round Rollright to be drawn previous to trying Whichford Wood. A fox was found in the first spinney after passing Long Compton village, and was chopped in covert. They then put into a small covert near the brook at Rollright Coombs, the hounds being put in at the bottom, near the brook, and drawing towards Rollright Hill. A fox dashed out with the pack after him. From first to last a sheet might have covered them all. Up Rollright Hill they went at a killing pace, first pointing to the left as if for Swerford Park, leaving Buryfield Farm to the right. They then turned to the right, and he gallantly faced the open, making straight for Heythrop, leaving Heath Farm to his right. He then went short to the left, through the Gorse below Walk Farm, which was to the left, and so on to the Chipping Norton and Banbury Road which he crossed half-way between Chapel House and Pomfret Castle. Here Ned Stevens gave the view "halloa." The pace, which had been tremendous throughout, increased. He over-ran the first earth and Redcap and the leading hounds raced him over the last fields and were within seventy yards

of his brush when, with a desperate effort, he reached the main earths at Heythrop in sight of his eager pursuers, and after a run of forty minutes without a check. The field at the finish I need hardly add was select. Ned Stevens, the huntsman, and Morris, the first whip, were well carried throughout. Lords Lovaine and Redesdale, Sir Charles Kent, and Messrs. Little and John Lucy, and the Hon. Capt. Foley and a few other members of the Warwickshire and Heythrop hunts comprised those who may be accounted as having seen the last bit of the run. Fortunately the country was light or not even the first-raters could have lived through this "flying" visit to Oxfordshire.

MR. BARNARD,
1839-1856.

On Christmas Eve of the same year the meet was at Cubbington Gate. It was a bye-day, but there was, nevertheless, a very numerous field. The Wood immediately provided the material and away they went gallantly for Wappenbury Wood, through which he passed in quick time, making for Frankton but he passed that on his left and went straight for Waverley Wood, where, however, he could not remain. He was viewed away in the direction of Ryton, which he passed and then crossed the Dunchurch road and made for Lewis' spinney, where he adroitly disappeared. One of his fraternity, however, was ready to take up the fun and went off at a tremendous pace for Frankton Wood, through which he ran in quick time. He then executed a double and retraced his steps to his old quarters, Lewis' spinney, where the fun came to an end. Altogether the run lasted nearly three hours. The country was heavy and the fences trying.

A bye-day at
Cubbington
Gate.

Among those who were staying at Leamington during the year 1846 were Mr. Mytton, who generally kept things lively, and Sir William Don. As they, with others, were sitting at dinner at the hotel about ten minutes before eleven o'clock, on the evening of the seventh of February of that year the conversation led to the various feats that had been performed

Sir W. Don's ride
to London.

Mr. BARNARD.
1839-1856.

across country and on the road. Sir William offered a bet of £500 that he would ride from Leamington to London before eight o'clock the next morning. The bet was accepted and at five minutes before eleven, without making any alteration in his dress, he was mounted on a grey horse belonging to Mr. Mytton and was on the road. The grey carried him gallantly fifty-five miles. A poster was then procured with some difficulty and went about twenty miles. This was succeeded by a pony, on which he continued and completed his match, arriving at the Burlington Hotel, Piccadilly, at half-past seven on the following morning. The match was performed in evening dress in the middle of a February night and on a road with which he was not acquainted. The actual distance was 97 miles and included eighteen toll-gates. It may fairly rank with anything of the kind on record.

Sir W. Don.

Sir William Don, of Newton Don, Bart., belonged to an old Scottish family, and was known as the "eccentric baronet." He was considerably over six feet in height, and his sporting proclivities having proved too much for his purse, he took to the stage, and was a very popular actor. At the Antipodes he was an immense success. He was a clever and versatile comedian, and one of his parts was, I speak from memory, Cousin Joe in "The Rough Diamond." He afterwards married Miss Emily Sanders, a well-known actress, and Sir William and Lady Don were favourites in their day all over the country. He died a good many years ago, and the title was taken by Sir J. Wauchope, now Sir J. Don Wauchope.

CHAPTER XV.

GOOD SPORT — SOME MEMBERS OF THE HUNT—A
 SPLENDID DAY FROM UFTON WOOD—LORD WIL-
 LOUGHBY DE BROKE—MR. H. SPENCER LUCY—
 MR. HENLEY GREAVES—GEORGE WELLS—JEM
 HILLS—THE BOUNDARY ROAD—A RUN INTO THE
 HEYTHROP COUNTRY—MR. GULLIVER.

The record of local foxhunting during the season 1846-7 shows that "the Warwickshire" took the premier place among local packs for the sport they had shown. Their season's work represented $39\frac{1}{2}$ brace, while "the Heythrop" showed $30\frac{1}{2}$ brace and Mr. Drake's $24\frac{1}{2}$ brace.

The season's re-
 cord.
 1846-7.

At the annual hunt dinner held on November 21st, 1849, with Mr. Barnard in the chair and Mr. Bolton King in the vice-chair, the following members of the hunt were present—Lord Guernsey, M.P., Lord Villiers, the Hon. W. H. Leigh, the Hon. Mr. Finch, the Rev. John Lucy, Mr. H. C. Wise, Mr. Mark Phillips, Mr. Parker, Mr. H. W. Allfrey, Mr. Gladstone, Mr. Darwin Galton, Mr. Cowan, Mr. Earle, Mr. Sheldon, Mr. J. Arkwright, Mr. Reid, Captain Musgrove, Mr. Granville, Mr. Clark Ramsey and Mr. Joseph Townsend.

The Hunt Dinner
 1849.

On the 26th day of the same month the run was one of the best ever enjoyed in Warwickshire and one, which, if the fox had not been repeatedly headed, would have resulted in a line, the extent of which, would have equalled and beaten the long runs I have already chronicled. The meet was at Napton-

A splendid run
from Ufton.

on-the-Hill, and a little preliminary business was done in the direction of Debdale, from a Gorse belonging to Sir. Francis Shuckburgh, but no sport ensued. Having been obliged to give up the first fox they sought a second in Ufton Wood, and a very gallant member of the tribe immediately obliged by going away in the direction of Debdale with the hounds close to his brush. Neither did he disappoint them in the good promise he thus held out. He crossed the Long Itchington road in good style and ran down to the Southam Brook which he immediately put between him and his pursuers. The Southam high road was passed over as though he had selected Ladbroke as his point, but deserting this place and leaving it on his right he kept his line straight towards Wormleighton. This course he kept faithfully until he found the canal across his path and then, evidently not being in the mind for so much water, he turned and kept alongside it for some time. Then he was unfortunately headed and turning to the right he laid his line for the new gorse covert at Ladbroke. Here his plans were again upset for he was headed once more. This time he turned for Radbourn, where he succeeded in making his way, and passing on he left Napton on his left and got to Shuckburgh, where he was viewed. Here he turned his head again southwards and leaving Priors Marston to the right went close to Griffin's Gorse and pointed for Boddington Hill. The scene of operations now became Northamptonshire. He turned the line to the left by Charwelton Hill and leaving Byfield on the right went on over a magnificent country for Preston. But even now he was not to be allowed to have a good straight bit of running in peace, for he was again headed at the Woodford Road, and turning back was killed close to Byfield. The entire run was over some of the best country of the two counties, and the work, it goes without saying, was of the severest

nature. The first forty-five minutes especially was very fast and was without a check. The run lasted three hours and ten minutes. The distance from point to point was 28 miles, but as hounds run it could not have been less than between 30 and 40 miles. Men and horses were beaten to a standstill and the huntsman only got up at the last by borrowing a farmer's horse. The run is allowed to have been one of the best ever seen in Warwickshire.

Mr. BARNARD.
1839-1856.

At this time, report says, "the Warwickshire" were enjoying some admirable runs and particularly some severe things on the eastern boundaries. The night was often far advanced before the hounds under Ned Stevens returned to the kennels. It is a pity more particulars of these doings have not been preserved, that I might have given my readers the benefit of them, although I should trust by this time they are all in a position to imagine what the country was capable of showing and the hounds were able to do.

Good sport.

In 1852 Mr. Robert John Barnard became ninth Lord Willoughby de Broke by the death of his uncle, the eighth baron, who left no more direct heir. Four years later he resigned the mastership of the hounds. This resignation, however, signified nothing further than retirement from the active control of the field and the establishment, as he still remained one of the strongest supporters of the pack, as is seen by his handsome subscription of £500. Fox-hunting in Warwickshire owes him a great debt for what he did for the chase in the county. During his term of mastership his men were Tom Day, Harry Taylor, Ned Stevens, Dick Morris, Ben Morgan, and Jack Jones. Perhaps the greatest sport was obtained while Ned Stevens carried the horn.

Lord Willoughby
de Broke.

Lord Willoughby de Broke was never a hard rider and was uncertain sometimes in his style of going and his manner in the field. He, however, loved the chase with all his heart. His best horse was a grey which

Mr. BARNARD.
1839-1856.

he bought from Mr. Gulliver. He was also a driver and was very fond of the box. His turn-out at the Four-in-Hand Drag Club was always in nice taste.

Meeting at Wellesbourne.
1856.

At a meeting held at Wellesbourne on January 23rd, 1856, a vote of thanks was passed to him for his long and efficient services and his very liberal and handsome intimation of future support. The chair was occupied by Mr. Mark Phillips and there were also present:— Messrs. Bolton King, H. Spencer Lucy, W. Finnie, O. Pell, C. Earle, H. K. I. Peach, G. Holland, H. J. Sheldon, H. Smith, Capt. Dallas, and the Rev. J. Lucy. The resolution of the North Warwickshire Hunt requesting the loan of Debdale, Print Hill, and Honington Coppice was read, and it was decided with one dissentient, that it was inexpedient to assent to it. It was unanimously resolved that a tender be made to the North Warwickshire Hunt of the privilege of drawing Red Hill, Widdicombe, Aston Grove, and Oversley Wood as neutral coverts, with the consent of their owners. Mr. Spencer Lucy was spoken of the successor of Lord Willoughby de Broke.

Mr. H. Spencer
Lucy.

In Mr. Spencer Lucy, who succeeded to the mastership when Lord Willoughby de Broke retired, the hunt had at its head the representative of a family which had been conspicuous in the county history since very early days. He was the second son of Mr. George Lucy, and succeeded to the Charlecote estate on the death of his brother eight years previous to his succession to the mastership of the hounds.

William Mawe carried the horn during Mr. Lucy's term of office, and his whips were William Enever, Alfred Munns, Richard Morris and Mark Jones. Mr. Lucy's *régime* was, however, an exceptionally short one as he only held the reins of office for two years. During his time and the time of his successor, Mr. Henley Greaves, the sport was not remarkable, and, indeed, I am afraid it cannot be classed as anything but poor. A country

The sport

with the reputation which Warwickshire has borne from its earliest days is not exempt from the vicissitudes which all countries experience, and there comes a period, either shorter or longer, to all, when a cloud seems to hang over its sport-providing qualities. Warwickshire's experience in this way, however, was happily to be of brief duration, and there soon came a revival of good times and sport in plenty. The sum guaranteed to Mr. Lucy at the commencement of his mastership was £1,290. He managed his establishment well, and the announcement of his intention to retire, which he made at a meeting at Wellesbourne in March, 1858, was received with great regret, and a vote of thanks was passed to him. An adjourned meeting was held on the last day of the same month, Viscount Villiers being in the chair, as he had been on the former occasion. There were two or three names mentioned as Mr. Lucy's successor, but after some discussion the offer of Mr. Henley Greaves, of Alveston, was accepted, and a sum of £2,000 was guaranteed.

Mr. Greaves held office until 1861. His huntsmen were William Mawe, Dan Berkshire, George Wells, and Will Derry; his whips being Morris and Jones, and James Maiden, William Ward, and William Wheatley.

The death of Wells in 1860 was very sad, as he was a capital man and possessed admirable qualities for the post he was called upon to fill. He was thirty-six years of age before he got possession of the horn, but he fulfilled all that was expected of him and showed some good sport in a country quite strange to him, and under great disadvantage as regards scent, which just at this time was poor. Before coming to Warwickshire he had been at Wynnstey for eleven seasons and for one season with Lord Southampton. He had also at one time ridden second horse in the Oakley country for two seasons. He was fond of his profession, but possessed a slender frame, which was a

MR. SPENCER
LUCY.
1856-1858.

Mr. Henley
Greaves.

George Wells.

Mr. HENLEY
GREAVES.
1858-1861.

The boundary
road.

Jem Hills.

A run from Wol-
ford.

Crossing the
road.

poor equipment for the wear and tear of a huntsman's life. He was only ill ten days before his death.

One piece of work of his is worth recording. The high road through Banbury, Bloxham, Chipping Norton, and Stow-on-the-Wold constituted the boundary between the Warwickshire and the Heythrop countries. The horn of the Heythrop was carried at this time by the celebrated Jem Hills. A rare old huntsman was Jem, and I almost regret that he was not in service with the pack on the other side of the road, that I might have been at liberty to have written more concerning him here. This said high road was the subject of a long standing joke between Jem and the hunt on the other side. It was a curious thing that for very many seasons no Warwickshire fox had been chased across the boundary, which Jem facetiously offered to have turfed that the hunt might be able to cross it. At last, however, on one auspicious day, when Mr. Greaves was master and Wells carried the horn, the meet was at WOLFORD WOOD and a stout fox went away, taking them in a line laid well for the enemy's country. Cornwell and Sarsden were his principal points, and he yielded his brush at Pudlicot Quarries, close to Shorthampton. The debt had been paid with a vengeance. The brush was presented to Jem as a memento of the long delayed visit of his neighbours, and he promised to have it mounted with a silver plate bearing the inscription "This is the brush of the fox which it took the South Warwickshire five-and-twenty years to kill." It is somewhat singular that foxes so rarely take a line into the Oxfordshire districts compared with the runs they make in either an easterly or westerly direction. My readers will remember in the earlier days one or two long runs into Oxfordshire, but they are few compared with the many good things I have recorded either into Gloucestershire and Worcestershire on the one side, or into Northamptonshire on the other. That runs into Oxfordshire

have not reached the extent that those into the other counties have is not so much to be wondered at, as running from the fine grass vales of Warwickshire into the cold, high lands which lie to the south of it, almost invariably checks the run and the scent is not held long ; but one would have thought that, for that very reason, foxes would oftener have made their points into a district which held out such promises of safety. However, it is all the better for the sport of "the Warwickshire" that they have not done so, and if the grand old foxes of the olden time did not find where their vantage ground lay, I think we may rest assured that their descendants in these—shall I say degenerate?—days are not likely to spoil the good long days, at present, I am happy to say, frequent, by making the discovery.

A little above I referred to Mr. Gulliver in connection with a grey horse purchased from him by Lord Willoughby de Broke. He was a well known figure in sporting circles at this time. He had a large breeding stud at Swalcliffe, in the Warwickshire country, which village, it will be remembered, was the site of the earliest known Warwickshire kennels. He also farmed largely. He was well known over the country, and an unlucky accident while shooting in his earlier days had marked him by depriving him of one arm. One of his best horses, was Big Ben, a thorough-bred stallion, a beautiful dark brown horse, standing over sixteen hands high. In 1860 he started thirteen times and won six and divided one. The next year he started twice and won both. He was bred by Mr. Saxon in 1858, by Ethelbert out of Phœbe by Touchstone, her dam Netherton Maid by Sheet Anchor—by Tantivy—Myrtilla by the Flyer. Two stallions, Neville and Grimston, were also conspicuous members of Mr. Gulliver's stock.

Mr. HENLEY
GREAVES.
1858-1861.

Mr. Gulliver.

CHAPTER XVI.

THE CONSTITUTION OF THE PACK—MR. BARNARD'S ENTRIES — TARQUIN—MR. BARNARD'S USE OF OTHER KENNELS—SAFFRON—MR. SPENCER LUCY—MR. HENLEY GREAVES.

Mr. Barnard's entries.

1838.

The length of time during which Mr. Barnard held the reins of office makes him an important factor in the history of the constitution of the pack. In the list of entries for 1838, which is given under his name, there appears only two Warwickshire sires, Woodman and Dexter. Woodman was entered in 1831, and was by the Duke of Beaufort's Workman out of the Warwickshire Brevity ; Dexter was entered two years later and was by the Belvoir Rummager out of the Warwickshire Daffodil. The sires from other kennels were Lord Seagrave's Draco, Lord Scarborough's Rasselas, Mr. Hall's Roderic, Mr. Whyndam's Cardinal, the Duke of Grafton's Cromwell and Harrogate, Sir John Cope's Comus, and Mr. Drake's Sultan. The Duke of Grafton's blood is introduced among the dams in his Harmony and his Rival, and also in Ruby, by the Duke's Rustic—his Rapid, who had been bought by Mr. Granville as a two-year-old in 1837.

1839.

Woodman also appears in the list for 1839, being, with Bluecap and Craftsman, the only representative of the home kennels among the sires. Bluecap was also entered in 1831. He possessed a strain of Mr. Osbaldeston's, his sire being Bachelor, whom Mr. Fellowes had got as a three-year-old and who was

by Mr. Osbaldeston's Chorister out of Blemish, who was by Lord Sondes' Bajazet out of his Rarity. Craftsman was entered in 1834 and was by the Belvoir Craftsman out of the Warwickshire Blossom. Other packs resorted to were Lord Scarborough's, the Duke of Grafton's, the Heythrop, and Mr. Smythe Owen's.

THE PACK.
1838-1860.

The kennels visited for the entries of 1840 were the Belvoir, Mr. Foljambe's, the Brocklesby, and the Duke of Grafton's. In this entry we find a notable hound, viz., Tarquin. He was by the Belvoir Champion out of Testy. Testy was entered in 1835 and was by Hermit out of Termagant. Termagant was by Lord Anson's Dragon—his Twilight, and was bought as a five-year-old by Mr. Thornhill in 1833. Hermit was entered in 1828 and was by Hannibal out of Vocal. Vocal appears in Mr. Fellowes' original list as a two-year-old, being by Mr. Osbaldeston's Valentine out of Virulent, while Hannibal is in the same list as a four-year-old, by Hannibal out of Darling. Tarquin was a big coarse hound, with a rough coat of a rusty-yellow or lemon pie. He was walked by Mr. William Potter, of Farnborough. He first appears as a sire in the home kennel in the list for 1844, when we find Crafty by him out of Cruel, a bitch entered in 1838, being by Sir John Cope's Comus out of Daffodil; and a couple, Ransom and Rustic by him out of Rally, who was also entered in 1838 and was by Mr. Hall's Roderic out of Barbara. In the list for 1846, Tarquin appears as sire to Blossom, out of Buxom, a bitch by Mr. Drake's Bachelor out of Vengeance, and entered in 1844; and to Traveller out of Rakish, by Mr. Villebois' Hannibal, out of Racket, and entered in the same year. The list for 1847 contains three couples of Tarquin's progeny:—Pyrrhus out of Prudence, another bitch of the 1844 entry by Hermit—Pastime; and Pontiff, Pilot, Pansy, Pleasant, and Priestess, out of Proserpine, who was by the Belvoir Clasper,

1840.

Tarquin

THE PACK.
1838-1860.

out of Pastime. Tarquin makes his disappearance from the stud book after the list of 1848, in which he appears as sire to Brilliant out of Brazen, a bitch entered in 1843 by Commodore out of Brazen; and to Termagant and Trimbush, out of Tragedy, another bitch of 1844, by Mr. Villebois' Hannibal, out of Termagant. Of this list of hounds claiming Tarquin as sire, five gained places in the home stud book, Rustic appearing in the list in 1847, Ransom in 1849, Traveller in 1851, Termagant in 1852, and Priestess in 1849 and 1855. Salesman, who was entered in the Vale of the White Horse Hounds in 1869, was one of the many whose pedigree might be traced to Tarquin. He was by the Heythrop Joker, out of the Vale of White Horse Spinster. Joker, I believe, came from Tarquin through Lord Fitzharding's Rambler. Salesman was very like Tarquin. He had a wiry growth, square head and plenty of jowl. Salesman had a peculiar habit of screaming, and when near a fox his back would be up like a sweep's brush.

Mr. Barnard's
use of other
kennels.
1842.

For the short list of ten and a half couples which represent the entries for 1841, Mr. Drake's, the Brocklesby, and the Duke of Grafton's were the kennels resorted to for foreign blood. The next list, however, (1842) is a longer, and is fair evidence of the faith Mr. Barnard had in going away from home for breeding purposes. It consists of seventeen couples but only two Warwickshire sires appear, and to these only two couples are to be attributed. The two are Commodore and Harper. Commodore was entered in 1837, being by Cryer—Matchless, and Harper in 1835, being by Hymen by Midnight. Commodore appears in the list as sire to Clamorous out of Welcome, a bitch by Lord Scarborough's Carver out of Whimsey and entered in 1836; and to Comus and Crier out of Rarity, a bitch by Mr. Osbaldeston's Racer out of Midnight and entered the same year. Harper is sire to Tuneful out of Testy, a bitch of the 1836 entries

by Hermit out of Termagant. The kennels which provided the sires for the remainder of this long list were the Vine, Mr. A. Smith's, Sir J. Mills', the Cheshire, the Berkeley, the Duke of Grafton's the Heythrop, Mr. Foljambe's, the Duke of Beaufort's, and the Brocklesby. Mr. A. Smith's kennel is very much *en evidence* among the dams, while representatives are also to be found in that column from the Duke of Beaufort's and the Duke of Grafton's. In the next year's list (1843) Commodore and Harper again represent the home kennel among the sires, in company with Jericho, who was entered in 1839 and was by Mr. Smythe Owen's Jericho—his Jezebel, and Singer, who was bought by Mr. Barnard as a four-year-old in 1840, being by Mr. Wickstead's Cannibal—his Singer. The order of things seen in the last list is quite reversed in this, as out of eleven couples eight couples are to be attributed to these sires, Lord Southampton's and Lord Fitzwilliam's being the only other kennels which appear among the sires in this list. Among the dams two bitches from the Duke of Buccleuch's kennel appear, and foreign blood is also found in Brazen, a bitch bought by Mr. Barnard as a five-year-old in 1840, and who was by Sir Tatton Sykes' Brusher—Mr. Foljambe's Willing. In the list for 1844, which contains nineteen and a half couples, we again find Mr. Barnard manifesting his belief in foreign blood, as fifteen and a half couples claim hounds in other kennels as their sires. The kennels resorted to were Mr. Drake's, the Duke of Buccleuch's, the Belvoir, Mr. Smith's, Mr. Villebois', the Berkeley, Lord Lonsdale's, the Duke of Grafton's, the Vine, and Sir R. Sutton's. Foreign blood among dams is found in bitches from the Duke of Grafton's Mr. Drake's, Sir W. Maxwell's, the Vine, and the Oakley, and in Priestess, who was by Lord Lonsdale's Platoff—Sir Tatton Sykes' Playful, and was bought as a brood bitch by Mr. Barnard in 1844. The Warwickshire sires in this list are Tarquin and Singer,

THE PACK.
1838-1860.

1843.

1844.

THE PACK.
1838-1860.

with both of whom I have already dealt; Albert, entered in 1841 by Mr. Drake's Artist—the Duke of Grafton's Captious; Harrogate, entered also in 1841, by Mr. Drake's Bachelor and the Duke of Grafton's Hostage; Hermit, entered in 1838, by Lord Segrave's Draco out of the Warwickshire Hopeful; and Hotspur, entered in 1840, by Halifax—Careless. Halifax was entered in 1833 and was by Mr. Osbaldeston's Boaster—the Warwickshire Harmless; while Careless, entered in 1838, was by Mr. Whyndam's Cardinal—the Warwickshire Bridesmaid.

1845.

This list, therefore, shows how fully Mr. Barnard believed in the extensive use of other kennels besides his own. This is equally shown in the lists for his succeeding years. In 1845, Commodore, Jericho, and Albert again represent the home kennel among the sires, with Marplot, who was entered in 1839, and was by the Duke of Grafton's Mortimer out of Woeful; and Rector, who was by Mr. Foljambe's Richmond—his Primrose, and who was bought by Mr. Barnard in 1840. Mr. Drake's and the Belvoir were the other kennels used.

1846-9.

The lists for 1846 and three succeeding years were all comparatively short ones. The kennels which appear during this period are the Duke of Buccleuch's, the Duke of Rutland's, the Vine, the Belvoir, the Heythrop, the Quorn, Mr. Drake's, Lord Fitzwilliams', Lord Redesdale's, the Oakley, Mr. Horlock's, Lord Southampton's, Mr. F. Smith's and Sir W. W. Wynn. Of these, those mostly used were Mr. Drake's and Lord Fitzwilliam's. This was particularly so in 1848, when five and a half couples out of eleven and a half were to be attributed to these two kennels. The home sires used during this period were Tarquin; Albert; Paradox, entered in 1842, by the Duke of Grafton's Paradox—his Parasol; Whipster, entered in 1843, by Harper—Woodbine; Fatal, entered in 1844, by the Belvoir Fatal—Warwickshire Virgin; Trouncer,

entered in 1844, by the Duke of Grafton's Talisman—his Florence; Rustic, entered also in 1844, by Tarquin—Rally; Regent, entered in 1840, by Craftsman—Resolute, a bitch by the Duke of Grafton's Harrogate—his Rival, and bought as a two-year-old by Mr. Barnard in 1839; Benedict, entered in 1845, by the Belvoir Fatal—the Warwickshire Bounty; Hannibal, entered in 1842, by the Berkeley Jasper—the Warwickshire Harmless; and Singer, entered in 1844, by the Singer mentioned above, out of Harlot.

THE PACK.
1838-1860.

The list of 1850 consisted of eighteen and a half couples and we find Mr. Drake's, Earl Fitzharding's, Mr. Foljambe's, Mr. A. Smith, Lord Southampton's, the Belvoir, Sir W. W. Wynn's, the Brocklesby, and Mr. Morrell's. The Warwickshire sires in this list are Benedict, Singer, Whipster; Grasper, entered in 1848, by Mr. Drake's Grasper out of the Warwickshire Clamorous; and Monitor, entered in 1847, by Rustic—Matchless. Mr. A. Smith's kennel is represented by Saffron who is sire to Sunbeam out of Mr. Morrell's Gratitude. He was by the Belvoir Splendour—the Duke of Grafton's Parasol. In the next year's list he occupies a place of prominence as sire to a hound named after him who became an important factor in the history of the pack. The Saffron of 1851 was one of a couple and a half by Mr. A. Smith's hound out of the Warwickshire Tuneful. Tuneful was entered in 1846 and was by the Belvoir Trueman—the Warwickshire Rhapsody. Rhapsody was entered in 1842 and was by the Vine Pilgrim—the Warwickshire Rally. Rally was entered in 1838 and was by Mr. Hall's Roderic—the Warwickshire Barbara. Barbara was entered in 1834 and was by Benedict—Bashful. Benedict, appeared as a two-year-old in Mr. Fellowes' original list, being by the Duke of Beaufort's Rubens—the Warwickshire Brilliant. Bashful appeared as a one-year-old in the same list, being by the Duke of Beaufort's Boxer—the Warwickshire Virulent, Saffron

1850.

Saffron

THE PACK.
1838-1860.

was an immense powerful hound of a rich tan and very good looking. He was also very good in his work, and used most extensively for breeding purposes. He was walked by Mr. Harry Over, of Pittern Hill. He was the sire of many hounds in the Duke of Beaufort's, Sir W. W. Wynn's, the Badsworth, the Albrighton, Col. Clowe's, Mr. Garth's, and other kennels. He makes his first appearance in the list of home sires in the list of entries for 1855, Mr. Barnard's last list, where we find him as sire to one and a half couples. He does not appear in the list for 1856. In 1857 he appears as sire to a couple. In 1858 the good opinion in which he was held is manifested by his being sire to six couples out of the fifteen and a half couples composing the list. In 1859 he is given as sire to four couples out of the short list a dozen couples. In 1860 he makes his last appearance in the list appearing as sire to two and a half couples. The other hounds mentioned as being of the same parentage as Saffron were Splendour and Sprightly. Splendour does not appear in any subsequent Warwickshire entries, but Sprightly appears among the dams in the list of entries for 1852, 1854, and 1857.

Mr. Barnard's
final lists.

For his list of 1852 Mr. Barnard used largely Lord H. Bentinck's kennels, and in his subsequent lists this kennel also appears as the one most largely used. Earl Fitzharding's and Mr. Foljambe's were the others from which he drew mostly during the last years of his *régime*. In his last list (1855) Mr. Morrell's Aimwell is a conspicuous sire.

Mr. Lucy's
entries.

During the two years Mr. Spencer Lucy held the reins of Government he seems to have followed upon Mr. Barnard's lines as regards using outside blood. In the list for 1856 Mr. Morrell's Aimwell is again conspicuous, and sires from Mr. R. Sutton's and the Duke of Beaufort's appear to have been largely used, while solitary sires are found from Lord H. Bentinck's, the Belvoir,

and the Brocklesby. The home sires are only three in number. In 1857 Lord Fitzharding's, Mr. Greaves', Mr. Morrell's, Mr. Foljambe's, and the Belvoir, with a bitch from Mr. Whebly's, represent other kennels.

THE PACK.
1838-1860.

Mr. Greaves'
entries.

The first two of Mr. Henley Greaves' trio of lists represent a change of method, for the names of other kennels are, with a couple of exceptions,⁹ conspicuous by their absence, and the master seems to have seen instead what could be done with the hounds he had at hand. The hounds principally used were Admiral, entered in 1852, by Lord H. Bentinck's Admiral—his Roundelay; Denmark, entered in 1852, by Mr. Drake's Rufus—his Diligent; and Gimcrack, entered in 1854, by the Belvoir Guider—the Warwickshire Telltale. In his last (1860), however, he appears to have gone to other kennels, and the names of the Duke of Beaufort's, Lord Fitzharding's, Lord Macclesfield's, and Sir W. W. Wynn's appear among the sires. Of the three Warwickshire sires used two of them bear the blood of Lord Fitzharding's, as Ajax, entered in 1853, was by his Farmer—his Arrogant, and Royal, entered in 1855, was by his Mussulman out of Rosy, who was by the Brocklesby Rallywood—Lord H. Bentinck's Ruthless, and was bought by Mr. R. Barnard as a four-year-old in 1853.

Not a very brilliant chapter this, I am afraid, but in it I have endeavoured to show of what material the pack was composed during the period under view, and to those to whose interest this does not appeal, I hold out a promise of good things in my next, when I come to the time when Mr. Barnard, as Lord Willoughby de Broke, and the Hon. W. H. J. North take command of the affairs of "the Warwickshire."

CHAPTER XVII.

LORD WILLOUGHBY DE BROKE AND THE HON. W. H. J. NORTH—TOM MATTHEWS—THE PACK—THEIR FIRST SEASON'S WORK—DEATH OF LORD WILLOUGHBY DE BROKE.—SOME PICKINGS FROM THE SPORT OF MR. NORTH'S SEASONS.

Mr. Greaves having taken the mastership of the Vale of the White Horse Hounds, the Warwickshire country became vacant on the 1st of April, 1861. At a meeting held at Wellesbourne towards the end of February, the matter of his successor was discussed and the names of Lord Willoughby de Broke, Colonel J. S. North, and Capt. H. K. I. Peach were mentioned as likely men. Captain Peach lived at Idlicote House, which had been the scene of the steeplechases on the 30th of the preceding month, on which day he had liberally thrown his house open. Messrs. Spencer Lucy, T. Wright, and Captain Peach were the stewards of the event. He was a prominent follower of the hounds at this period. He was not, however, to become their master, and the rumour which emanated from the meeting was only partially correct. A previous rumour which had gone abroad to the effect that Lord Willoughby de Broke and the Hon. Mr. North were going to act as joint masters proved to be correct, and on the first day of April they took over the affairs of the pack from Mr. Henley Greaves. Their accession to the place of command was altogether a most auspicious one. Lord Willoughby de Broke had already

Lord Willoughby
de Broke and
the Hon. W. H.
J. North.

served a long and important term in the office, and in Mr. North he had a colleague, who was not only zealously devoted to the chase itself, but who also found a delight in what is to many the "dry bones" of the subject—the details of kennel management.

There was just the tail of the season, 1860-61, to be completed, and so up to the 18th of April they had a little field work to do. Tom Matthews was huntsman, Jack Mason first whip, and Joe Hicks second whip. Joe Hicks however, was soon afterwards replaced by Dick Hall. By the next season, Lord Willoughby de Broke and Mr. North had got settled in their mastership, and it was very evident that the supporters of the hunt had not misplaced their confidence in consigning the reins of government to their care. A great improvement was manifest, indeed it was said that at the opening of the season, 1861-2, the hounds were in a more efficient state than they had been for some years. The efforts of their masters were ably seconded by Matthews as huntsman. Matthews came to "the Warwickshire" in 1860. He was a native of Shropshire, and inherited the sporting proclivities and capabilities with which his family is accredited. He served his tuition to the chase in his own county, Sir E. Smythe, of Acton Burnell, being his first master. He was afterwards in the employ of Mr. Smythe Owen, Lord Hill, and Mr. T. C. Eyton. He was with "the Worcestershire," and "the Cottesmore" for a time, and then went to Ireland. After some ten or twelve seasons in the Emerald Isle, he recrossed St. George's Channel and entered the service of "the Warwickshire" under Mr. Henley Greaves. Both in the kennels and in the field he was an excellent man. He rode steadily and never exhibited undue excitement or haste. He soon began to get the hounds to have a

LORD
WILLOUGHBY DE
BROKE
AND THE
HON. W. H. J.
NORTH.
1861-1862.

Tom Matthews.

LORD
WILLOUGHBY DE
BROKE
AND THE
HON. W. H. J.
NORTH.
1861-1862.

better understanding about their work, and about one one point in particular he exhibited a lot of patient perseverance. The hounds had got accustomed a little too much to the "hark halloo" kind of running and often had their heads up when they should have been down. Matthews soon commenced to work an alteration, and to make them understand that they would do better to keep their noses to the ground and look about less. The pack quickly appreciated his requirements and an improvement in their actions was soon manifested.

Improvements
and good sport.

The consequence of these improvements was that the sport of the season, 1861-2, was admirable, and that notwithstanding the variable character of the season, I shall just note one or two runs which may be said to represent the doings of the season.

On November 14th, the meet was at Shuckburgh, but scent in the morning was very bad. A slow hunting run was had from the well-known hill lasting for an hour and fifty minutes and ending in a kill. Three were then found in Ladbroke Gorse, and on an improved scent the hounds ran for three quarters of an hour, the fox going to ground in the new cover at Burton Dassett.

A good run from
Weston.

A meet at Weston Park, on the 17th of December, was the originating point of quite one of the old sort of runs. Weston Park provided a fox, but he was lost near Cherrington. A brace, however, was found in Whichford Wood, and the bitches got away at a very fast pace by Rollright Coombs and Wark Gorse, over the boundary into the Heythrop country, and passed Heythrop Park. Then through "the Ovens" with a turn to the right to Sarsgrove, where a short turn was made by the Lodge towards Dean. From here he went towards the Evenlode River, giving his followers the idea that he was off to the Forest, but he made another turn, this time for Chadlington and was fairly killed

in the open near the cross roads after two hours' work, the distance from point to point being some thirteen or fourteen miles.

On January 10th, 1862, a fair day's sport was enjoyed from a meet at a spot which in past years had given some days scarcely to be equalled, viz., Farnborough. Mollington Wood was successfully drawn and a sharp twenty minutes was run by the Warmington and Shotteswell turns, and back over the vale, passing close to Angel's Piece, the fox being lost on the other side of the Banbury Road. Another find, however, took place in Angel's Piece, and a ring was made by Mollington Hill and on to Cropredy, and then back to ground near Mollington Village. A third find took place in the Old Brake, the fox taking them away over the railway by Fenny Compton Wharf to Wormleighton, leaving Claydon on the right, and on to Appletree, over the brook, pointing for Aston-le-Walls, which was left on the right, and passing Byfield Reservoir and the back of Lower Boddington, he took them through the clergyman's garden at Upper Boddington and on to Boddington Hill, skirting the cover. Here he ran very short, dodging up and down the spinnies and was run into just outside the cover, after a run of one hour and twenty-five minutes.

A good two hours and twenty minutes was enjoyed from Chesterton Wood on the 14th of February. The meet was at Ladbroke, but the sport was not to begin without hindrance. A fox was unfortunately chopped in the Gorse, and Watergall, Itchington Holt, Harbury Heath, and Whitnash all proving blank, the hounds had a good bit of travelling to do before they could begin the work of the day. At Chesterton Wood, however, a brace was found, but there was then a long delay before one was got away. After being headed, he faced the open and got away clear by Lighthorne Village, passing through the Roughs and on by Bishop's

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WILLOUGHBY DE
BROKE
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A fair day from
Farnborough.

good time from
Chesterton
Wood.

LORD
WILLOUGHBY DE
BROKE
AND THE
HON. W. H. J.
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1861-1862.

Gorse and Chadshunt to Kineton Holt. Here a brace of foxes were before the hounds and it was thought a change was effected. They ran on up Edgehill by the Sun Rising and were stopped in the dark near Shennington, after having run the time mentioned at the commencement of the paragraph. Had hounds been able to have run on, there is no doubt but what I should have had a considerable run to have chronicled.

A run from
Whichford
Wood.

On Friday, March 28th, Whichford Wood was the meet and a fox was found at once, and after a couple of rings, got away by Long Compton, passing between Little Rollright and the Stones to Little Compton, skirting Barton Grove and going on for Wolford Wood. He turned, however, to Chastleton Grove and went on Adlestrop Hill. Here they met "the Heythrop" and the two packs joined together and killed the fox, after one hour and twenty-five minutes, the pace having been very good. A second find took place in Weston Heath. He ran fast through Whichford Wood, up the ridge of hills, past Hook Norton Hill Gorse, and on to Swalcliffe. Near to Mr. Gulliver's house a sheep dog coursed him and he was lost, after a very fast spin of one hour and forty minutes. The fox was found dead in a field the next day by Mr. Gulliver, not far from Wigginton Heath. The last meet of the season was on the 22nd of April, 1862, the season's work having consisted of 101 days, with 40½ brace to hand.

Death of Lord
Willoughby de
Broke.

In the month of June, 1862, the sad event of Lord Willoughby de Broke's death left the Hon. Mr. North alone at the head of the hunt. His death was quite sudden, as he was at the meet of the Four-in-Hand Club at Hyde Park, on Saturday, the last day of May, and died on the following Thursday. In previous chapters I have referred to the important part he played in the history of "the Warwickshire," but in chronicling the sad event which

out so short his second term of mastership, I would reiterate that he was as greatly esteemed as he was widely known, and that his mastership was one of the most successful as it was one of the lengthiest in the history of the pack.

Before the commencement of the season 1862-3, Mason was succeeded in the office of first whipper-in by Robert Worrall, who was Kineton bred. The 110 days which composed the season's work showed curiously enough $40\frac{1}{2}$ brace, exactly the same as the preceding season. The season does not seem to have been marked by any run of the "tremendous" order, although it contained some very good hunting. It commenced on November 3rd at Walton House. On the 11th of the same month the hounds went to Weston House. Whichford Wood, in which "the Heythrop" had spent three hours the day before, held a brace. The hounds got quickly away to Rollright Coombs, where another fox got up and both were eventually lost. Barton Grove and Weston Heath were blank, but a find was effected in the spinney by the lodge at Wolford Wood. They got away at a very fast pace through Aston Hales, over the railway by Rook's Coppice, and on to Bourton Wood. Through this they went, and, with a turn to the right and leaving Blockley on the right hand, ran him to ground close to Northwick Park after a good three quarters of an hour. Another very fair three quarters of an hour from the same locality was enjoyed on the 9th of December. The meet was at Brailes. They ran a brace to ground on the Hill after the usual ringing about, and then drew Greenhill blank. A fox, however, was found in Whichford Wood, and got away with a wretched scent, running a ring by Rollright Coombs, back through the Wood to Weston, and back to the Wood. Suddenly the scent changed, and they raced him by Rollright and Hook Norton, and killed him in the open close to Nill Gorse.

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Some sport in the
Weston district.

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A good day from
Goldicote.

Perhaps one of the best things of the season, after some preliminary hindrances, was the day from Goldicote on December 29th. Wellesbourne Wood, Alveston Pastures, and part of Walton were drawn blank, but a find was made in Bowshot, which, however, came to nothing. A fox turned out of Lighthorne Roughs, however, got away to Chesterton Wood, where they undoubtedly changed. He ran by Chesterton Windmill to Harbury, thence through Itchington Holt, on through Gaydon Spinnies, and over the flat to Burton Dassett, and passing Fenny Compton ran to ground at Farnborough, the time having been two hours and twenty minutes.

A nice run from
the Burton
Hills.

A nice hunting run, however, was that enjoyed from the Burton Hills on March 6th. A fox was found at once on the Hills, and ran with a middling scent by Harbury, over the railway, to Ufton Wood, and passing through it, was killed just on the outside.

A fair day from
Kineton.

The season of 1863-4 opened at Walton on the 2nd of November. Fred Smith and George Hayger had replaced Bob Worrall and R. Hall as whippers-in. On the 10th of December a very fair day indeed was enjoyed from Kineton. They found in the Holt, and ran very fast to Knoll End. Here there was a check for a moment, and they then went away very fast by Hornton to White's Bushes, where a long check ensued. They then hunted him slowly to ground near the road between Hanwell and Bourton. The run to White's Bushes was a good fifty minutes.

More sport from
Weston.

An excellent day commenced from a meet at Weston House on December 22nd. Whichford Wood, the Cow Pastures, and Coomb's, were blank, but they found in Long Compton Wood and ran a ring into Whichford Wood, where they changed foxes and got away fast through the Coombs and along the Hill by the Rollright Stones to Bourton Grove. Going through it he pointed for Wolford Wood, but turned for Chastleton, and passing the Grove went by Broadwell and crossed the Evenlode at Cawthorn, and so on to Addington Ashes.

They then recrossed the Evenlode, and crossing Adlestrop Hill past Chastleton Camp, ran back over the Vale to Wolford Wood and cut him. It was a capital hunting run, parts of it being very fast.

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On December 26th a good line was made from a meet at Wroxton Abbey. They drew blank up to Garrett's Bushes where a brace was found. They got away very fast by Wigginton Heath and went as if for Swalcliffe. They then turned for Hook Norton, and passing Hook Norton Lodge, lost him close to Whichford Wood, after a fast fifty-five minutes.

A Wroxton meet.

February 17th, 1864, saw an admirable hunting run. The meet was Wellesbourne, and a fox was found in Walton Wood, but with this nothing was done. They found again in Frizhill and ran through Moreton Wood, back to Bowshot, where the hounds divided. One lot slipped the whipper-in and were not stopped till they got to Bricknell. The body were stopped after going through Moreton Wood. The others having come up, they drew Fletcher's coppice and had a capital hunting run with an improving scent by Poolfields, Chadshunt, and Kineton Holt, to Edgehill, along the top and through Arlescote Wood, and over the flat to ground at Burton Dassett.

An admirable
run from Wal-
ton Wood.

On March 31st the meet was at Lower Shuckburgh. Matthews being ill Mr. North made his first attempt at hunting hounds in the open, and seems to have made a successful effort. They found three in the Gorse and ran away for the hill and on by Grandborough, Wolscot and Willoughby and the old Gorse, then over the brook, and leaving Wolfhampton and Braunston to the right, checked almost exactly at the same spot where they had done on many previous occasions. The master, however, hit off the line at a bridge, and they ran on pointing for Ashby St. Leger's and killed him at Bragborough. The season closed on the 29th of April, the hounds having killed 33 brace in 123 days.

A day from
Shuckburgh.

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Bad scent.

The season 1864-5 opened on November 7th at Walton. J. Sullivan had replaced Hayger as second whip, otherwise the staff remained the same. The scent throughout this season was very bad, except for a period lasting from December 5th to the 20th and on some rare occasions afterwards.

A good run from
Wroxton.

On Friday, November 4th, the meet was at Wroxton and the master again hunted the hounds. A find in Lord's Spinney gave them a good thirty-five minutes to Cropredy, where they lost, but more work was done with one afterwards found at Withycombe. He went away through the Park, past Drayton, leaving the Barleymow close on the right, and on close by Hanwell. Then on and over the brook and across the turnpike road by Hardwick, down to the railway, across which and the canal he went. He had now entered the Bicester country. Passing Williamscothe he gave them a check for a few minutes, but they hit the line again at the other side of the lane, and going on passed the far end of Chipping Warden and turned into Edgcote Park, running him to ground in the main earths on the hill after a run of one hour and forty-five minutes.

A day from
Shuckburgh.

On December 5th, the first fair scenting day they had had that season, the hounds met at Ilmington and had a succession of short runs. On the 8th of the month the meet was Lower Shuckburgh. They found several in Caldecote Spinney and got away with one up to the hill. They then turned sharp back and went away for Flecknoe and over the brook, leaving Braunston to the left, by Staverton Wood, and on to Badby village. Here there was a longish check, but they finally went away through Badby Wood and Fawsley Park and eventually marked him to ground in a drain in a farm yard between Fawsley House and Badby Wood.

Fifty minutes
from Chester-
ton.

On December 15th, the meet was Chadshunt and a find was effected, but the field rode the hounds off the line. Another find, however, took place in Chesterton

Wood and they got away very fast to Itchington Holt. Here they dwelt for a few minutes, and afterwards ran as hard as they could go to Burton Dassett where he went to ground in Knott's Spinney after a good run of fifty minutes.

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On December 20th the meet was at Wolford Wood and the field reached the astonishing number of *two*. This extraordinary turn out at a Warwickshire meet was accounted for by the fact that the ground was covered with snow, but Sir Charles Mordaunt and Mr. Miller, who did not allow their comfort to lessen their ardour for the chase, were rewarded with a good hunting run of one hour and twenty minutes, which extended first of all towards Adlestrop, then back to the Wood, out again through Aston Hales, and passing Ditchford, to ground in Paxton Blakemore.

A unique field.

On January 16th, 1865, an extensive run was obtained from Charlecote Park. Three were found in the Gorse and the hounds ran off very fast by Sherbourne, through Grove Park and on to the canal. Up to here the time was thirty-five minutes. They then hunted him slowly by Kenilworth and lost him in Woodcote Park.

An extensive run
from Charle-
cote.

On Tuesday, January 17th, after a couple of short hunting runs in and out of Wolford Wood they found an afternoon fox at Weston and ran up to Barton, they then turned back through Wolford Wood, then by Adlestrop and on by Chastleton Grove, where it was thought they changed, and afterwards to ground near Long Compton. On the 7th of the following month a very fair day was enjoyed over almost exactly the same ground. They found in Whichford Wood and ran back through Weston Park, over the road, then to the right along the brook to Whichford village, through the Wood to Barton Grove and to ground at Adlestrop. During this season the hounds hunted six days a week. The season's work

More sport in the
Weston district.

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showed a list of 121 days and 31 brace of foxes handled.

I have given here what I think is a fair sample of the sport "the Warwickshire" enjoyed at this time. In my next chapter I have to deal with the important work the Hon. Mr. North did in the matter of breeding and the constitution of the pack, and I also have to chronicle some of the doings of his private pack.

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE HON. MR. NORTH'S ENTRIES—SOME WARWICKSHIRE SIREs—THE SAFFRON BLOOD—A NOTEWORTHY BITCH—PETERBOROUGH PRIZE-WINNERS DESCENDED FROM CARELESS—THE PICK OF THE PACK—SOME SPORT IN THE ALCESTER DISTRICT—A WARWICKSHIRE DAY AT LIGHTHORNE—REMOVAL OF THE HON. MR. NORTH TO THE BICESTER COUNTRY.

In my last chapter I touched in passing upon the important work which was effected in the kennels during Mr. North's presidency, and I propose to indicate the principal features of the constitution of the pack and the entries during that period. We remember that in Lord Willoughby de Broke's earlier lists, other kennels appeared in comparatively large numbers. In the list for 1861, over which his lordship appears in conjunction with Mr. North, the same characteristic is observable. Of the fifteen and a half couples composing it, seven and a half claim sires in the Belvoir Kennel. A couple have sires in Sir W. W. Wynn's pack, and the parentage of one hound is obtained in the Duke of Beaufort's. The Warwickshire sires which appear are Gimcrack, Champion, Stormer, and Wellington. Gimcrack was entered in 1854 and was by the Belvoir Guider—Telltale; Champion was entered in 1857 and was by Lord Fitzharding's Challenger—Tidings; Stormer was entered in 1858 and was by the famous Saffron—Waspish; while Wellington, also entered in 1858, was by Watchman (Lord H. Bentinck's

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Woldsman—his Rachel, and bought by Mr. Barnard as a three-year-old in 1853) out of Songstress. The dams in this list are, with one exception, of the home kennel. The exception is the Duke of Beaufort's Fearless, which appears as dam to Hymen by the Duke's Harlequin. The Saffron blood is found among the dams in Songstress and Singwell, entered in 1858, by him—Waspish; Winifred, entered in 1857, by him—Woodbine; and Spinster, entered in 1855, by him—Sanguine.

Mr. North's
entries.

After the first list the name of the Hon. W. H. J. North appears alone at the head of the lists. Of the sad event which was the cause of this my readers are cognisant. Mr. North threw himself most heartily into this part of the business of mastership, ably assisted by Matthews, who was well up in breeding matters. Pedigrees were dived into, and no efforts spared to improve the constitution of the pack. His efforts were not fruitless and a marked improvement took place.

1862.

In his list of entries for 1862 the most conspicuous sire is Champion, who also figured in the previous year's list, as appears above. Wellington and Stormer also reappear. The other home sires are the Saffron of 1859 by old Saffron—Ruthful, and Forester, also of 1859, by Denmark—Fearless. Other kennels represented in the list of sires are Lord Southampton's, the Duke of Beaufort's and "the Cheshire." Four sires appear from Lord Southampton's, viz., Comus, Dorimont, Sportsman, and Seaman. In three of them we get the Belvoir blood, already extensively introduced into the Warwickshire kennels, as Comus was by the Belvoir Comus—Lord Southampton's Careful; Dorimont by the Belvoir Chaur—Lord Southampton's Destiny; and Seaman by the Belvoir Guider—Lord Southampton's Stately. Lord Southampton's Sportsman was by his Sultan—his Sophie. The Duke of Beaufort's sires were Foiler,

entered in 1858, by his Falstaff—his Telltale ; Contest, entered in 1857, by Lord H. Bentinck's Contest—the Duke's Mischief ; and Archer, entered in 1858, by his Abercorn—his Pensive. Three couple of hounds are attributable to Lord Southampton's, two couple to "the Duke's," and two couple to "the Cheshire" who are only only represented by one hound, Rockwood, by the Brocklesby Rockwood—the Cheshire Costly. The dams are all of the home kennel. The Saffron blood is found among them in Sportly, who, entered in 1859, claimed Saffron as her sire out of Ruthful.

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Champion appears in the list of entries for 1863, 1863. being sire to two and a half couple. Forester also appears, being sire to one couple and a half. Saffron II. and Wellington are also met with, the former with one couple and the other with a single hound. The only fresh stud sire is, therefore, Bouncer, who was entered in 1860 and was by the Duke of Beaufort's Banker—Rapture. He is sire to a couple and a half. Lord H. Bentinck's Stormer, Mr. J. Baker's Chieftain, Sir W. W. Wynn's Nelson, the Duke of Beaufort's Harlequin, Lord Portsmouth's Lancaster, and Lord Fitzharding's Ottoman are the sires from other kennels. Mr. J. Baker's Dewdrop, and Sir W. W. Wynn's Mistletoe are the only dams from other kennels. The Saffron blood comes in among the dams in Songstress and Singwell, before referred to.

In the list of entries for 1864 Wellington and Lexicon, 1864. of the home kennels, are the principal sires, as to the former of these four couples and to the latter three couples are to be attributed out of a total of fourteen couples. Their entries, therefore, constitute half of the complete list. With the parentage of Wellington I have already dealt. Lexicon was entered in 1861, and was by the Belvior Lexicon out of Warwickshire Winifred. From Winifred he got the Saffron blood, as she was entered in 1857 by Saffron out of Woodbine. The Saffron blood also appears in Saffron II.,

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who is sire to a couple and a half, and among the dams in Songstress, entered in 1858, by Saffron out of Waspish; Racket, entered in 1861, by Stormer out of Rakish, Stormer being entered in 1858, by Saffron out of Waspish; Lapwing, who, entered in 1862, also gets the Saffron blood through Stormer, being by that hound out of Lapwing; and Lofty, entered in 1861, by the Belvoir Lexicon—Winifred, Winifred being entered in 1857, and was by Saffron out of Woodbine. To these four dams, six couples of the list are attributed. There is only one other Warwickshire sire in the list; this is Rallywood, and as he was by Stormer out of Rakish, the Saffron blood finds another introduction here similar to that which it does in the case of Racket. Only one hound, however, is attributable to Rallywood. This is Harper, who is by Rallywood out of the Warwickshire Harriet. Other kennels appear to have been used by Mr. North for his entries of 1864 to only a minor degree, as the Brocklesby Blucher, with a couple and a half, Lord Portsmouth's Lancaster, with three couple, and the Holderness Napier, with one hound out of the same hunt's Rosy, are the only occurrences of names of other packs. The Holderness bitch just mentioned is the only dam of that year from other packs. The short list of nine and a half couples, which comprise the entries for 1865, contains a sire whose pedigree goes back to the hounds taken by Lord Middleton when he gave up the Warwickshire country. This is Orpheus, who was entered by Lord Middleton in 1858, and was by Lord Fitzwilliam's Ottoman out of Lord Middleton's Tragedy. Two and a half couple are to be attributed to him. Mr. Drake's Furrier, Mr. Meynell Ingram's Trojan, and Mr. North's Magnet and Singer are the representatives of other kennels, the solitary Warwickshire sire in the list being Banker, who has three and a half couples attributed to him out of

1865.

Singwell. Banker was entered in 1860 and was by the Duke of Beaufort's Banker—Rapture. In Singwell we find the Saffron blood, as we do also among the dams in Lapwing as already explained, and in Bonnybell, who was entered in 1862 by Lord Southampton's Dorimont out of Bluebell. Bluebell was entered in 1859 and was by Bashful out of Saffron.

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There can be scarcely any better testimony of the excellence of the blood which had been introduced into the pack than that which is given by the particulars I am about to record. In 1864 Mr. North bought a bitch from Mr. Hall, of the Holderness, called Rapid, by the Holderness Napier out of their Rosy. Napier was by the Belvoir Notary out of the Holderness Cowslip, and Rosy was by Lord Henry Bentinck's Roderick out of the Holderness Careless. In 1867 Mr. Lucy put forward a bitch called Careless by Mr. North's Castor (which he had bought from the Belvoir as a stud hound by the Belvoir Comus out of their Rosy) out of Rapid. This bitch was the dam of Clasher, by Nestor, by Nimrod, a hound bought by Lord Willoughby de Broke and the Hon. Mr. North in 1862 at Mr. Baker's sale of "the North Warwickshire," but not of his black and tan blood. From this bitch Careless are descended no less than fourteen prize-winners at Peterborough. They are as follows:—1888, Safety (1884) by the Bramham Smoker—Rival*; 1887-9, Coxcomb (1885) by Furley—Choral*; 1889, Stentor (1885) by the Bramham Sailor—Frailty*; 1887, Pedlar and Petulant (1886), by Proctor*—Abbess, and Playful (1886) by Proctor* out of Ada; 1887, Trueman and Trusty (1887) by the Brocklesby Tapster—Roundelay*; 1889, Huntress (1888) by Harper—Frailty*; 1889-90, Student (1888) by Stentor*—Flora; 1889, Harpy (1889) by Harper—Rosary*; 1889-90, Hermit and 1890 Heiress (both 1889) by Harper—Ruthless*; and 1889 Sympathy

Careless.

Peterborough
prize-winners
descended
from Careless.

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(1889) by Stentor*—Famous. The dates in parentheses are the years of entry. The hounds to which asterisks are attached are those through whom the descent from Careless can be traced. The hounds, which may have said to have been the pick of the pack during Mr. North's time were Saffron (1859), by the old Saffron—Ruthful; Talisman (1862), by the Duke of Beaufort's Archer—Tempest; Lavender and Lapwing (1862), by Stormer—Lapwing; Bedford (1862), by Lord Southampton's Comus—Beatrice; Ferryman (1863), by Forester—Tempest; Banker (1860), by the Duke of Beaufort's Banker—Rapture; Orator (1863), by Lord Fitzharding's Ottoman—Rakish; Gamester (1861), by the Belvoir Gamester—Bonny Lass; Rallywood (1861), by Stormer—Rakish; Nelson (1863), by Sir W. Wynn's Nelson—Careless; Brusher (1862), by Saffron II.—Brilliant; Magnet (1862), by Wellington—Mindful; Ajax (1862) by the Duke of Beaufort's Foiler—Artful; Remnant (1861) by Sir W. Wynn's Royal—Comfort; and Harriet, Heedless and Hasty (1860) by Lord Fitzharding's Hotspur—Hopeful. The following were prize-winners at Birmingham:—Talisman, Lavender, Lapwing, Termagant, Saffron II., Lightning, Bedford, Ferryman, Banker, and Orator.

The pick of the pack

Oil Painting of the hounds.

An admirable oil painting was executed in 1864 showing the Hon. Mr. and Mrs. North and the hounds and hunting staff in front of Wroxton Abbey, on the steps of which appear the late Baroness North and the Right Hon. Col. J. S. North. The picture has found a place on the walls of the Abbey, whose noble proprietor, still a regular attendant at the meets of the pack, and one of their most ardent followers, can, on the canvass of the picture, be brought face to face again with the "Warwickshire beauties," who not only sustained but added to the reputation of the pack, at the time he rode as master. The Hon. Mr. North is seen mounted on Queen Mab and the Hon. Mrs. North, scarcely less

ardently attached to the pack than her husband, is depicted as riding St. George. Matthews is on Peter Grey, and F. Smith and W. Hemming, the whips, on White Leg and Chief Justice. The hounds, which occupy conspicuous places in the painting, are Termagant, Saffron II., Remnant, Ajax, Gamester, Magnet, Lavender, Lightning, Brusher, Bedford, Orator, Nelson, Promise, Rallywood, and Singer. Gamester was good in dry weather and was a wonderful leader over dry fallows. Rallywood was good at finding. In writing of the Saffron of 1859 I have called him Saffron II. He does not appear as such in the stud book, and there are other names I know which I have used in connection with two or more hounds and have not so distinguished between them; but in the case of such important hounds as the Saffrons, I thought it desirable to put some distinctive mark in every case and preferred that adopted to repeating their years of entry. The old Saffron was still in the kennels in Mr. North's time, although of course not as a working hound. He still, however, retained good scenting powers and would often go out with the pack. It was interesting and amusing to see how, on a poor day, perhaps, when there did not seem much to be done, Saffron would leave the others and make for home alone.

In 1862, Mr. North formed a pack out of drafts from "the Warwickshire," "the Belvoir," "the Holderness," Sir W. W. Wynn's, and other packs, with which he hunted that part of the Warwickshire country on the other side of the Avon, round Alcester, three days a week, the master of "the North Warwickshire" and "the Worcestershire" kindly giving him parts of their countries, and he continued to hunt that country about once in three weeks with the Warwickshire hounds. Finding the distance from Kineton too great for the hounds to travel he made a kennel at Alcester

HON. W. H. J.
NORTH.
1862-1866.

The Saffrons.

Mr. North's
private pack

HON. W. H. J.
NORTH.
1832-866.

and removed his own hounds there with a part of the stud of hunters in 1865, taking Tom Matthews as kennel huntsman and Fred Smith and W. Hemming as whippers-in. Among his meeting places were Billesley Hall, Coombe's Hill, Harvington Cross, Bidford Bridge, Studley, Cooke Hill, Irons Cross, Binton, Crab's Cross, Goomb's Hill, Oversley, Welford, Coughton Court, Ragley Park, &c. The days in the Alcester district were Monday, Wednesday, and Saturday in each week, "the Warwickshire" proper hunting the usual Monday, Tuesday, Thursday, and Friday, so that altogether there were seven hunting days a week, as both packs were out on Mondays. By arrangement with the master of "the North Warwickshire" Mr. North gave up his right to Austy Wood in September, in exchange for Sernal Park, at first only during cub hunting but afterwards for the whole season, Mr. North retaining his right to Austy Wood in November, January, and March. By arrangement with the Master of "the Worcestershire," the Lench Woods were made neutral. Both their arrangements, however, were only in force during their respective master-ships and by yearly letters. Zac Boxall was engaged as huntsman for "the Warwickshire" upon the removal of Matthews to Alcester, but he never took the field on account of an accident, and James Wilson, from Durham County, replaced him, with Jack Woodley, formerly of the East Dorset and Joe Morgan from Lord Middleton, as first and second whip.

A meet at Coughton Court.

A good many excellent days were enjoyed in this district, and great credit was due to Mr. North for the excellent manner in which he hunted it. Of course the greater part of the work was in the woods, but before leaving Mr. North's period I can give an account of one or two days in the open. On Saturday December 10th, 1864 the meet was at Coughton Court. They found in the park and ran for

nearly an hour in covert. They got away at last over Dane's Bank and pointed for Coughton Court, but turned away for Studley and on for Rough Hill, where they possibly changed foxes. They then worked him through New Coppice, and ran on through Astwood Bank and turned back into New Coppice, but did not dwell a moment. They crossed the Redditch Road to Hunt End and on to the old Hare Mill and Callow Hill and Norgrave House to Webb Heath, leaving Foxlydiate House on the left. They crossed Holyoak farm and on to Hewell Park, over the river and out of the Park for a field or two, and then he doubled back and they ran him in view for a field, and killed him in the open at the corner of the Park. There was only one check and the hounds were never cast. The time from New Coppice was one hour and twenty minutes. During this season (1864-5) the private pack had hunted the Alcester district on the Wednesdays and Saturdays. On April 21st, 1865, the hounds moved into the kennels at Alcester.

On the 9th of December, 1865, they met at the kennels, Alcester. After a fair morning they found an afternoon fox in Coughton Park and got away through Billingborough and turned back by Hanging Well and on by Sambourne to New Coppice, through Rough Hill to Old Park and on to Ipsley, then they pointed for Hewell but turned back by Skilts Wood, through Rough Hill again by Sambourne to Astwell Bank, where he got amongst the out-houses and was lost. He was heard of next morning, when he nearly frightened an old woman to death.

On Wednesday, December 13th, Studley was the fixture. They found in Sernal Park, and ran out at the top, over the Skilts, and by Umberslade, Tunworth and Hockley. It was a very long and severe day, and unfortunately they did not kill him. The 30th of the same month saw the hounds again at Studley.

HON. W. H. J
NORTH.
1862-1866.

The private pack
at Alcester.

A couple of days
from Studley.

- HON. W. H. J. NORTH.
1862-1866.
- They found at once in Studley Osiers and ran like mad past Spernal Park, Alne Wood, and Wooton and then turned for Great Alne and killed him in the mill dam at Grey's Mill. The time was forty-five minutes without a check, and it was one of the fastest runs ever seen. On the 27th of January, 1866, they met at Aston Cantlow, and some more very fast work was done with an afternoon fox from Alne Wood, through Spernal Park, Studley Osiers, over the road, right down the centre ride of Coughton Park to Sambourne. There was a momentary check there, but they again went on at a fearful pace and killed him in the road at the bottom of Rough Hill. From Sambourne to Rough Hill the hounds ran clean away from their followers, who were only up in time to save the head. It was the opinion of the master that it was the best forty-five minutes he had ever seen, and that he could never remember having seen his hounds run so fast as they did on this occasion. The run from Studley to Grey's Mill described above was completely beaten by it.
- Some fast work from Alne Wood.
- At Irons Cross. On Monday, February the 5th, they met at Irons Cross and found in Bevington Waste. Again they ran at a tremendous speed to the Lenches and back over the flat to Goomb's Hill, through the Slad Woods and over the flat through Weethley Wood, under Thorn Hill into Pearson's Wood, over Ragley Park, and killed him as he got into Lady Wood, after two hours and forty minutes.
- At Coughton Court. The season ended at Coughton Court on April 5th. They found in Coughton Park and ran out by Billingsborough as if for Alcester. They then turned over the road through Coldcomfort, by Thorn Hill, left Weethly Wood to the left and on over the flat, when close to Inkberrow a violent storm came on and they lost their fox. They found again in Coldcomfort and were stopped after running in it for two hours.

Before leaving the doings of "Mr. North's" in the Alcester country I might give one sample of good days in the Woodlands. The meet was on November 11th, 1865, at Goomb's Hill. They found in Slad Wood and ran up to Rouse Lench, back through Slad Wood and on to Rough Hill, skirting the waste to Cockman's Wood, by the side of, Weethly Wood to Pearson's Wood, through Thorn Hill to Cook Hill, down to the corner of Coldecomfort to Square Coppice and over the flat to Coughton Park, and there checked for the first time. Then out of the park by the Spinnies, nearly to Coughton Court, and turned for Sambourne. He then turned back through Coughton Park; where it was thought they changed, probably for the second or third time. They then got through Billingborough and down to the Court, then back by the Spinnies into the Park to Hanging Well, up Astwood Bank to Sambourne, and were stopped near Coughton Park after four hours' running.

HON. W. H. J.
NORTH.
1862-1866.

A woodland day.

"The Warwickshire" had a very good day from Lighthorne on February 12th, 1866. They found a brace in Chesterton Wood and got away for Oakley, but turned for Lighthorne Roughs. Through it and on through Hell Hole and round Moreton Wood. Through Friz Hill and Combrook, over Pillerton Hill, and back through Chadshunt and on to Itchington Holt. Through it and back by Verney's Gorse into Chads hunt, after which they were stopped, the horses being beaten. On the 28th of January Wilson had such a severe fall that he could not hunt again, and Jack Woodley carried the horn for the rest of the season.

A day at Lighthorne.

Accident to Wilson.

It was during January, 1866, that Mr. North agreed to take the Bicester country in succession to Mr. Drake, who had resigned, and later in the year the agreement took effect, and he moved his private pack there from Alcester. Upon the announcement of his impending resignation by Mr. North, a meeting of subscribers was held at Wellesbourne, there being

Retirement of Mr. North.

HON. W. H. J.
NORTH.
1862-1866.

Meeting at Wel-
lesbourne.

present :—Sir Charles Mordaunt, Bart., Colonel Campbell, Captain Lomax, Captain Peach, and Messrs. E. Bolton-King, Gustavus T. Smith, H. Spencer Lucy, T. A. Perry, J. F. Starkey, R. Allenby, G. Hawkes, H. J. Sheldon, W. H. Allfrey, J. Holford, and E. C. Robertson ;—names, the majority of which I am glad to see still mentioned very regularly in connection with “the Warwickshire,” although some have found what the Indians believed to be “the happier hunting grounds.” At this meeting the following resolution was passed unanimously :—“That this meeting has heard with great regret Mr. North’s intention of resigning the mastership of the Warwickshire Hounds, and they consider the best thanks of the country are due to him for the very liberal and popular way in which the country has been hunted during his management.” This gives expression in minute-book language, but language which at the same time is very sincere, to the sentiments of all who were connected in any way with the Warwickshire country during Mr. North’s term of office. Not only was he popular on all sides, but the ability and perseverance he brought to bear upon the affairs of the pack and the energy he threw into the working of the country, have rendered him one of the most important of what I may call the later dynasty of masters. Although his tenure of the office extended only over five years, the work accomplished during that period has given it more importance than many a master would have invested a much longer one with, and it is with a feeling of only having done him scant justice that I close this chapter of my history with the departure of the Hon. Mr. North from Warwickshire to the Bicester country.

▲ successful
mastership;

CHAPTER XIX.

MR. H. SPENCER LUCY'S SECOND TERM OF OFFICE—HIS
CROSS-COUNTRY FEATS—ROBERT WORRALL—SOME
DAYS WORTH RIDING.

I did not think, when preparing my matter for Mr. Lucy's period of mastership, that my notice would be an obituary one. It is singular that scarcely more than an hour before I heard the sad intelligence of his death, I had been entering in my book some notes for use when I came to his time. Warwickshire men do not need me to tell them what an ardent sportsman passed away in his sudden death. My readers are already acquainted with him as a Warwickshire master, in the short period for which he reigned over the affairs of the pack after the resignation of Lord Willoughby de Broke. Upon the removal of the Hon. Mr. North to the Bicester country, Mr. Lucy again took the mastership with a guarantee of £1,900. The family of the Lucys have formed a part of county history since very early times, and a taste for sport is generally to be seen in those who have handed down the name through this long period. Mr. H. Spencer Lucy was no exception. He was an excellent judge of horse and hound, and a capital and ardent shot. As a steeplechase rider he was also well known, and was, naturally, a good cross-country man. He was the second son of Mr. George Lucy, to whom, my readers will remember, "the Warwickshire" are indebted for the land on which their kennels stand. Like many other

Mr. H. Spencer
Lucy.

An ardent sports-
man.

- Mr. H. SPENCER
LUCY.
1866-1876. masters he had handled harriers, whose doings extended over the borderlands on the western side, in fact, about the same ground as Mr. North's private pack had operated upon. Mr. Lucy kept his establishment well and the turn out in his time was always admirable.
- The subscription. This, however, was not entirely done by the subscription, liberal as it was, and Mr. Lucy had to supplement it, it is said, to the amount of another £1000. The guarantee was afterwards raised to £2,400. In riding to hounds Mr. Lucy could go very straight when he liked and at water had scarcely an equal. On one occasion he distinguished himself by jumping Tysoe Brook on his horse Goldfinder, leaving the field behind and having the hounds all to himself. At another time he did a similiar feat at Broughton Brook.
- Some water feats. Mr. Campbell of Monzie was also very difficult to beat at water. He was, indeed, a very hard-going man.
- Mr. Campbell of Monzie.
- Robert Worrall. In 1866, Robert Worrall, who had previously ridden as first whip to "the Warwickshire" for a season, returned to the country as huntsman. But his connection with the pack did not end here. As I have before stated, he was bred at Kineton, and had been five years as a kennel boy there in his youth. In 1853, he became second horseman to Jones, the huntsman, and in 1856 went as second whip to "the North Stafford." The next year he became first whip to "the West Kent" and also served in that capacity to Mr. Drake and "the Warwickshire," returning in 1863 to Mr. Drake as first whip and kennel huntsman. 1866 saw him again in Warwickshire, this time carrying the horn, and in 1869 he commenced a seven year's service with "the Vale of the White Horse," moving from there in 1876 to "the Old Berkeley," which he was with for nine seasons, when he went to "the Craven" for a couple of seasons. He has, therefore, seen sport in many countries and still, I am glad to say, has strength and youth enough to see more. He was an admirable hand with

the hounds, and his days are not too distant for those of my readers who have followed the pack for some years, to remember the many excellent runs, for the pleasure of which they have been largely indebted to his work.

Mr. H. SPENCER
LUCY.
1866-1876.

I may just note one or two of the principal things "the Warwickshire" did during his time. On December 13th, 1866, they ran from Ufton Wood to ground at Boddington. This was a grand run over a splendid grass country as my readers, I have no doubt, know well. The next day they met at Swalcliffe and found a fox at Wigginton Heath. A run without a check to Swerford Osier Bed, in the Heythrop country, followed, the member of the tribe, which was tailless, being pulled down in the field beyond, after thirty-three minutes.

A good run from
Ufton Wood.

From Wigginton
Heath.

On December 17th of the same year they had a fine day's sport from Billesley Hall and were running all day, and after settling to a hunted fox ran a very fast fifty minutes and killed. It was too dark to count the hounds. He was killed between Oversley Wood and Alcester, seventeen miles from the kennels.

A fine day from
Billesley Hall.

On the 21st of the same month, the meet was at Kineton House, and another fine day ensued. They ran into their fox by moonlight at Farnborough, Mr. Bolton King, Mr. Harry Over and the huntsman being the only ones up when the fox was killed. On February 22nd they had a good day from Farnborough. It was a fine scenting day and after a good run the fox was killed, a second from Chamberlin's Gorse being run to ground at White's Bushes without a check.

A moonlight kill
and a meet at
Farnborough.

On October 25th of 1867, they met at Alveston Pastures and after running in covert for three hours got away with an old fox and ran for fifty-five minutes as though they were tied to the fox, over a rough country, running into him one field from Pillerton Gorse. This was a grand performance. The bitch pack was out, and only the huntsman and one whip were up when the hounds killed their fox.

A rough line from
Alveston.

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LUCY.
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A great run in
the Banbury
country.

Another good day from Billesley Hall was enjoyed on the 29th of the same month, when a fox was killed at Little Alne after a good hour and ten minutes. On the 30th the meet was at Wroxton. There were several foxes—it rarely happens that there are not—at Claydon Hill Gorse and one was run to ground in a drain near South Newington. A small osier bed was then the beginning of a great thing, for a fox found there took a strong line and a tremendously long one past Crouch Hill, to the other side of Banbury, and on past Chacombe. Near to Thenford, he turned to the left over a fine country for Chamberlin's' Gorse. One field before reaching this the stout fox fell a prey to the bitches, after running for one hour and forty-five minutes. The huntsman presented the brush to Lady Willoughby de Broke. She rode the stiff run very straight and no one went better. She fully earned the mark of distinction she received.

A capital fox
from Eating-
ton.

December 16th, was also a good day. A capital fox from Eatington Grove, ran them past Pillerton, Butler's Marston, and over the Warwick Road, where the Kineton Railway Station stands. Then he pointed for Chadshunt, and left it just on the left, going to Knightcote, and being lost between that place and the Burton Hills. It was a fine hunting run, over a strong country and only wanted a kill to make it perfect. It was said that he was seen by a man to go to the earths on the Burton Hills.

At Billesley Hall
again.

Still another fine day from Billesley Hall was that which awaited those who met the pack there on the 20th December. A fox was killed in the morning, and after two hours' hard work they found in a pit and ran him to Great Alne, where they pulled him down after 43 minutes at their best pace.

A fast run from
Bowshot.

On December 21st, the meet was at Brailes, but the frost made the going very bad. They drew homewards and found in Bowshot late in the day. However, to make up for lost time, they ran like

mad for forty-five minutes, finally pulling down their sport at Lighthorne Rough. It was a capital gallop, although it began so late.

Mr. H. SPENCER
LUCY.
1866-1876.

Good things were enjoyed at this time from Shuckburgh. I suppose, however, my readers do not want to be informed of this, as Shuckburgh and good sport have always been, and always will, I hope, be synonyms. One day I have about this time saw a fine run. It is, however, dateless. They found in the wood but lost. Ladbroke was then drawn and provided a run over a very big country to Staverton Wood in the Pytchley country, where he was killed. It was a fine run of just over an hour.

A Shuckburgh
day.

January 11th, 1869, and Billesley Hall again, is the commencement of another good thing. There was a small field out. They found in the covert near Red Hill and ran over the road to Withycomb Wood, then recrossed the road through the Night Cap and Oversley Wood. Then over the river and through Ragley Park, past the Hall and through Weethley Wood and a part of Bevington Waste, and leaving the Lench Woods on his left, he went over the field where "the Worcestershire" met the same morning and turned to the right over the Worcester and Stratford turnpike for Grafton Wood, but one field from this he was headed by a man with some cattle. He now bore to his left and pointed for Worcester, but the bitches ran into their fox in the middle of a stubble field, close to Flyford Flavell. This was a very fine run of two hours, chiefly over the Worcestershire country. Mr. G. Hawkes of Talton had a pad of this stout fox. It was very strange that "the Worcestershire" had just killed their fox in a wood near the road leading home and Mr. Hawkes went to them and begged a pad of their fox; so that he carried home a double trophy. This was quite one of the old sort. He was a tremendously large fox and the hounds fairly hunted

More sport at
Billesley Hall.

Mr. H. SPENCER
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him to death. The funeral of Mr. Campbell took place the same day and so the master was not out. There were about a dozen at the death. The distance was about 18 miles, as the hounds ran, and the finish 30 miles from the kennels.

A long run from
Hampton Wood

On February 1st, the meet was at Charlecote Village. Mr. Lucy was not out and Lord Willoughby de Broke acted as field master. They found in Hampton Wood and ran to Warwick Park, up wind, which was very rough, without a check. They ran into him in the open, only the huntsman and whips being with them. There was a large field, but they got thrown out and were unable to find the hounds afterwards. The time, from find to kill, was thirty-nine minutes.

A good thing
from Tysoe.

A splendid piece of work, although it may be described as an after thought, occurred about this time. The meet had been in the Brailes country. Foxes were scant, and on the way home, not in the cheerfulest of minds, a large fox was discovered in a small gorse near Tysoe. Hounds then went at a ripping pace, without a check, up the hill past Upton, across Camp Lane, straight over the valley, leaving Farnborough House on the left, and straight down to ground within two fields of Cropredy station. There were five or six horses in the air together as they went over Farnborough Brook.

CHAPTER XX.

SOME MORE OF MR. SPENCER LUCY'S SPORT—HOUND
SLAUGHTER IN THE WARWICKSHIRE COUNTRY
—A GOOD RUN FROM FENNY COMPTON—A FLYING
VISIT TO THE HEYTHROP COUNTRY—AN EXTRAOR-
DINARY FOX FROM BOWSHOT—A FAIR DAY FROM
MITFORD BRIDGE—FROST—THE STAFF.

A splendid run was enjoyed on January 21st, 1870, from Chadshunt, and that notwithstanding the unfavourable state of the ground. The meet was fixed for Wroxton New Inn, but in consequence of the hardness of the ground it was moved to the place named, where it was thought the going was better. Here a fox was soon forthcoming, and took them, in a first-rate line, over ground which has often been the scene of good runs. Making off in a south-easterly direction he entered the Farnborough Valley, up which he ran. Then taking his course up to Hanwell, in almost the same manner as one of my previous foxes did, he crossed the Banbury and Warwick Road to Drayton, and running through the allotments, passed Withycombe and was lost in the Broughton Road. The distance could not have been less than fifteen miles, and with a kill, it would have been a perfect day's work.

A splendid run
from Chadshunt.

It is a most regrettable thing when such dastardly acts of disloyalty as hound-slaughter have to be chronicled in any country, but when that country has such a bright account to give of its past as "the Warwickshire" has, the deed seems all the darker. That Warwickshire, with its "Century of Fox-

Hound slaughter

Mr. H. SPENCER
LUCY.
1866-1876.

hunting," has so few instances of disaffection to record, is a matter for much congratulation. A case, however, occurred at about the time of which I am writing. On Monday, February 20th, 1871, the meet was Pebworth village, and as the hounds were passing through Quinton Lane on their way to the *rendezvous*, two of the dogs fell dead. At Pebworth two more expired and shortly after three others died. They were conveyed to the Red Horse Hotel, at Stratford, and afterwards taken to Kineton for a *post-mortem* examination. It was said that three also died as the pack was going through the village of Teddington. It is quite unnecessary for me to make any remark upon the state of feeling aroused by this event. This case, however, does not stand alone, for within a comparatively short time we find a repetition. On December 8th, 1874, the hounds met at Admington House, and started in the direction of Preston Bushes. Here they were put in, but it was shortly afterwards observed that some of the dogs showed symptoms of poison, to which it is stated, nine succumbed. A similar fate had awaited some of Lord Coventry's hounds while hunting in the same neighbourhood about the time of the earlier instance given above.

A good run from
Fenny Compton.

One of the best things of the season of 1872-3 was, perhaps, that from Fenny Compton on February 14th. Watergall was blank but Ladbroke Gorse provided no less than three. The hounds were quickly off with no less than two or three hundred starters, a number, however, which was quickly reduced. The line, it is almost superfluous to say, was over a grass country, with rails and big ditches in abundance, and as the latter on this occasion were mostly full of snow, falls were plentiful. He laid his line to Upper Radbourn and then turned for Prior's Marston, where a short check occurred, which, however, was scarcely long enough to give breathing time. After 25 minutes, a "view halloa" was

given on Marston Hill and the hounds went on, if possible, with greater vigour, to Hellidon, crossing the valley by Catesby, the point being evidently Staverton Wood. Being hard pressed, however, he turned to the left, running across Newbold Grounds, in front of Mr. Page's house, to the bottom, and crossing the brook to the spinney at Upper Shuckburgh. Here he was viewed by a keeper crossing the corner of the Park, and he managed to earth almost in view of the hounds. This season was one of the best known for many years in Warwickshire. They killed 46 brace, and only used the spade on two occasions.

The next season (1873-4) had not advanced far before "the Warwickshire" paid a flying visit to their southern neighbours "the Heythrop." On December 2nd the meet was Weston House, and in ten minutes a fox was going from Weston Heath covert as straight as possible to Stourton, where he got to earth. Whichford Wood, however, soon provided them with a second, and off they went to Long Compton Wood, where it is probable that a change was effected, although many of those out thought not. From the corner of the Wood he went away at a great speed and bearing to the left across the London Road nearly to Long Compton Bank and leaving the King's Stone to the right, went over some capital grass and light ploughlands, with some stiffish fences. Putting the steam on at high pressure he hardened his heart to do Chaysell brook, a ten or twelve feet jump, with some ugly banks at places. Only three attempted it. One was a most plucky middle-aged farmer, on a game-looking grey horse, which unfortunately refused at the last moment and unseated his rider, who did not make a second attempt. Lord Camperdown then sent his horse at it, and arrived dry on the other side, but his horse was in the water. Mr. Frederick Walker, of Shipston, was the third, and he managed it, and reached the opposite bank right and dry,

Mr. H. SPENCER
LUCY.
1866-1876.

A good season.

A run into the
Heythrop
country.

A water incident.

Mr. H. SPENCER
LUCY.
1866-1876.

both as regards man and horse. The remainder found a bridge. The brook being crossed, a half-circle was taken towards Chipping Norton, but within two fields of the town he turned and raced by the back of Over Norton, as if for the Shipston road. Turning again to his left, he made for Long Compton Hill, and ringing round to his left, made up his mind to give them another turn at the Chaysell brook. This time a trio got over, Lord Camperdown and Mr. Walker making their second passage successfully, and Orvis the huntsman, equally successful, joining them. Swinging round he again made for Over Norton, within three fields of which he turned to his right and crossed Rollright Bottom, and finished this capital piece of work by getting to earth. It was a strong run of two hours with few checks.

The brook again.

An extraordinary
fox from Bow-
shot.

Another good couple of hours was experienced on January 2nd, from Bowshot Cross-roads. The field was select and workmanlike in character. Bowshot covert was drawn, and in less than two minutes a fox was off with a good start. It was a rare scenting morning, there having been a slight frost overnight and the atmosphere being perfectly calm. The ground was good and the pace dashing across some fine and strongly fenced meadow land. Hell Hole Covert was his first point, and without dwelling here he rattled away to Walton. Thence to the right and with a circle back to Bowshot and Hell Hole. He then set his head straight and sailed away over a big country to Moreton Morrell. From here he made the running even stronger than before, and, apparently not the slightest distressed, passed Newbold Pacey and turning to the right held his way, with the same amount of go, to within two miles of the Fir Tree Hill. Leaving this to the left he dashed through Oakley Wood and would not condescend to seek refuge, but put on a fresh spurt to Peach Brook, passing which he pointed towards

Leamington, even now appearing as fresh as ever. Within half a mile of the Royal Spa he got to ground, and assuredly if ever a fox deserved to save his brush he did. Three fields before he was lost the hounds were running him in view, but he was evidently only easing himself for a fresh effort, for he spurted again and fairly out-paced his pursuers, racing away clean out of sight in the open. There was neither covert nor visible drain about the spot where he was lost, and so extraordinary was his strength and behaviour throughout, that had the run taken place in the old times, his pursuers would doubtless have concluded that they had been coursing the evil one himself, and would have gone home, silent and shivering with fright, and seen to the horse-shoes over their stable doors. The time was as near as possible two hours, and there was no check of any account. Those at the finish were select and few. Sir Charles Mordaunt ably took the place of the master, Mr. Lucy not being out, and Mr. Holland Corbett and Jem Adams, an old footman, should be mentioned as being well to the front. There were several hard men from the Heythrop country present.

On the sixth of this month a very fair day was had from Mitford Bridge. Frost made the morning not a very promising one, but a fox was soon off in capital form towards Weston Heath. He disdained to spoil sport here and turned as if for Barton Grove, but then turned again to the left and crossed Wolford Heath, through Little Wolford, and over an ugly brook, which fortunately had a good supply of bridges, or the field would have been out of it as completely as they were in a run given in my last chapter. Only one essayed it—young Frederick Walker, and he got a regular souser. After this the pace increased. The hounds were running in view and the pace became of the hottest description towards Wolford Wood. He was, however, run into in the open, having given

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A brave finish.

A fair day at Mitford Bridge.

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Two incidents.

them about an hour's excellent work to bring about that end. Two exceptional incidents I may mention in connection with the run before leaving it. The first is that the mask was given to a plucky boy, the son of Mr. Hiron, of Shipston, who, knowing the country well, started from Mitford Bridge, on foot, cut the hounds off without heading them at every turn, and was at the finish very little beaten. The other was that a lady, who, capitally mounted, rode with a lot of dash, always in the front rank, in spite of stiff fences and a good deal of plough, was first up at the death, and then—*mirabile dictu*—refused the proffered brush.

good opening.

The sort of run which tries the mettle of the steeds was that which followed the opening meet of the season 1874-5. Mr. Bolton King most sumptuously entertained the field, and about mid-day a fox was found, and gave them a ring over a good country and lasting for two hours, which ended in Chesterton Wood.

King Frost.

The sport of 1874-5 was sadly interfered with by the fox-hunter's arch-enemy, King Frost. A few lines, written about the season in Leicestershire may be given as showing the general state of affairs during the season :—

November's first day saw a run ;
The rest of November saw none ;
All December in frost,
Half January lost,
Ere hunting had fairly begun.
The sport then for three weeks was rare,
Rarer soon till it vanished in air ;
Three weeks more of snow,
Till the March wind did blow,
And the end of the chase was despair.

I think my readers can scarcely fail to be struck with the adequate description these lines also give of the season just past (1890-1).

As I mentioned last week, Worrall left at the end of the season 1868-9, and on the 20th of May was invited by the farmers and tradesmen of the Warwickshire country, to a complimentary dinner at the White Lion Hotel, Banbury, and was presented with a silver horn and a purse of 108 guineas. Mr. S. Berridge, of Drayton, presided and made the presentation, and the unanimity with which the subscriptions were forthcoming testified to the esteem, which those who followed the hounds in the field, felt for the man who had so admirably worked them. During the following season Mr. Lucy hunted the hounds himself two days a week, Tom Hastings, who in Worrall's time had been first whip, taking them on the other two days. This, however, did not work altogether satisfactorily, and at a meeting of subscribers held at Wellesbourne at the end of the season, it was decided to guarantee an extra £300 for the engagement of a first-class huntsman. James Young was engaged and hunted one season, Charles Orvis, Scott, and Fryer being the whippers-in, but after that season Young left, and the horn was handed to Orvis, who carried it with great credit to himself for the rest of Mr. Lucy's mastership and a portion of the time of Lord Willoughby de Broke. He always brought the hounds out in the best condition and handled them well while at work. Mr. Lucy afterwards arranged to hunt the country north of the Avon himself on a fifth day.

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Presentation to
Worrall.

Charles Orvis.

CHAPTER XXI.

TWO AFTERNOON FOXES—A GALLANT RUN FROM EATINGTON GROVE—A POETICAL CONTRIBUTION—SOME OF THE REGULAR ATTENDANTS—MR. LUCY'S ENTRIES—TAGLIONI—OLD WILLIAM BROWN.

An afternoon fox
from Ladbroke.

On Thursday, March 16th, 1876, the meet was at Shuckburgh, and those who did not go home to report "no sport," because scent was bad and there was very little to be done all the morning, received quite a sample of the old sort. It was a quarter past four when a fox, after about three quarters of an hour's persuasion, left Ladbroke and pointed for Napton, but turning to the right went past Prior's Hardwick, Stoneton, and to within two fields of Boddington Hill Gorse. He then turned to the left, over the Wormleighton Hills and across the fine vale between Boddington and Byfield, straight to Griffin's Gorse, which he did not enter. Here the field got a view of him, going on for Badby Wood. But he turned again to the right, past Charwelton, over the Banbury and Daventry turnpike road, past Hinton House; again crossing the turnpike road near the village of Byfield, back over the brook to Boddington, when he made another turn. This time he went short to the right and ran to within one field of the village of Prior's Marston. It was now half-past six o'clock, and, as the horses were all tired, the hounds were whipped off when not many hundred yards behind their fox.

A gallant run was that which awaited the field at Eatington Grove, on the 4th of January, 1876. In the latter part of the day a brave fox helped to efface dark thoughts which were associated with the place. He left the Grove straight for Kineton Holt, by Eatington Village and Pillerton. At the Holt there was a slight check, after which Edgehill became the point. Up this and down again by Arlescote, he made for Warmington, and after some hard running took them again to the hills and to Upton, where, with the help of some sheep, he gave them the slip. The distance altogether was twenty-five miles.

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A gallant run
from Eatington
Grove.

I have not had any poetical descriptions of recent pieces of work to adorn these pages with, but I have been favoured with one upon the run just given, written by one who was in it, and upon whom the mantle of the poet Goulburn, of "Egwell Hunt" renown, had evidently descended.* Let my readers, however, judge upon this for themselves. "The pack's dreadful fate" refers to some hound-poisoning incidents at Pebworth.

A poetical ac-
count.

Let the Quornite so proud toast the memory that haunts,
Barkby Holt, or the Punchbowl, or famed John o' Groats ;
While the Pytchley man swears, " My dear fellow, of
course,

" No run equals our run from Waterloo Gorse ;"
Let the Heythrop man boast of their gallop so good,
When they killed near to Fairford their fox from Tarwood ;
But we Warwickshire men to ourselves fairly prove
That no run much surpassed ours from Eatington Grove.
'Twas an afternoon fox, and sad, sad to relate
Of the morning's fell work, and the pack's dreadful fate ;

But away with such memories, shameful and sad,
Away to the cover that made us so glad,
And away with the fox, which so quickly we drove,
From his snug, cosy kennel in Eatington Grove ;
How gallant the field, which in pomp and in pride,
Followed Orvis's lead, through the quiet woodside ;
How scattered that field, 'ere yet evening's shades fell
If you've patience to read, I'll endeavour to tell.
Scarce had Orvis's cheer sounded twice through the wood,
When a whimper was heard, which was quickly made good

* The author, I believe, was Mr. H. Lupton, of Stratford-on-Avon.

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By the whole of the pack, and the sweet chorus grew,
As quick to their leader the gallant hounds flew.
He's away! tallo-ho! and as straight as a bolt
Never doubting he points straight for Kineton's good Holt.
'Tis a seven mile point, yet away with stout heart,
Pug points for the cover as straight as a dart.
Past Eatington Village, by Pillerton's side,
The gallant hounds stream and the eager steeds stride;
With Orvis close to them, Sir Charles on his grey,
By steam-plough or fences will not be said nay;
'Tis a pleasure, I vow, when the ground's steep and
strong,
To see that good five-year-old bear him along.
Spencer Lucy, the master, too, goes like the wind,
And in deep ground, or sound ground, is not far behind;
Lord Willoughby, too, as one safely may swear,
When hounds run their keenest is sure to be there,
And her Ladyship with him, not far in his rear;
While George Smith, of Ailston, still keeps pretty near;
John Mordaunt goes happily sailing along,
Be the ground ne'er so deep or the fences so strong;
While on good "Charlie Foster" not far from the pack,
Shirley galloping on, on no fence shows his back.
But the cover is reached, and a slight pause ensues,
While a number discover the loss of their shoes;
But away once again, and believe me my friend,
Not a nag once stood still from the find to the end.
In the Holt, as they cautiously picked the line through,
Horses came to a walk, all the respite they knew;
And though "just cast a shoe" excused nags that were
done,
With no hat one man went to the end of the run.
But away once again they seemed ready to kill,
And go screaming along, straight away to Edge Hill,
And if I might borrow a couplet from Scott,
I could tell how of riders a fair goodly lot,
Tightened reins and, in sooth, it was quite in despair,
When they saw straight in front Edge Hills' crest rise in
air;
But still on, on again, for no check here occurred,
And away once again, straight as flight of a bird.
For'ard still raced the hounds and the pace was the best
Along the steep slopes to the said Edge Hills' crest.
Then down once again, close by Arlescote below,
Straight pointing for Warmington, on the hounds go,
And they scream o'er the line, o'er those pastures of grass,
Though no longer we stick to them here, for alas!
It much grieves me to say for the sake of our shire,
That down hear we hear horrible murmurs of "wire,"
That terrible word quite sufficient to quell
The ardour of those who had followed so well.

By necessity turned here, at best pace we strode,
 To nick in with the pack, half-a-mile down the road.
 Here kind fortune befriends us, we meet them again,
 And to keep with them now every muscle we strain.
 And for'ard, still for'ard, in capital style,
 Their keenness unchecked, they race mile after mile ;
 Whilst Pug still holds his own, till the sun going down,
 He bends to the right, near to Warmington town.
 And distance unheeding, the pace, too, that kills,
 Once again with rare courage he faces the hills.
 Here I steal a look backwards as Orvis comes by,
 And say " but eleven bold riders I spy."
 He replies, " a bit more, sir, to this lively tune,
 " And little the counting we'll need pretty soon."
 And panting and sobbing, near done by this time,
 Once again our good nags up those dreadful hills climb,
 And scarce pausing a moment for breath at the top
 It is for'ard again. Will those hounds never stop ?
 And this fox must his colours have nailed to the mast,
 " No surrender " his motto. A check comes at last,
 And oh ! welcome the respite ; the nags nearly done,
 The sun sunk to rest, and its light all but gone.
 And how gladly at last the pursuit we all yield,
 To Upton House close in the very next field.
 Of the finish I scarcely know what I must say,
 For the fox had earned life, and the hounds earned their
 prey ;

Though Pug owed his escape, at the last to the sheep,
 And its being too dark for a look 'ere a leap ;
 But whichever you think, we had chased him in vain,
 And the gallant fox lived to be hunted again.
 But, oh ! think after this what a swell he will be,
 How sought after for ball and for afternoon tea,
 How he'll stroke his sharp snout, and curl gaily his brush,
 And protest that for Orvis he cares not a rush,
 While the cubs gaze with awe, and the vixens admire,
 The bold rover who led us half over our shire.
 'Twixt the points I have mentioned, his courage and wiles
 Had forced us to follow nigh twenty-five miles,
 And the size of the fences, deep ground, and the pace,
 Had scattered our field o'er near half of that space ;
 For of all those bold horsemen, so proud and elate
 At the find, at the finish were left only eight,
 And the man who was nearest the hounds at the last,
 Was George Smith, of Ailston, his roan unsurpassed.
 Next to him, bravely carried the whole good run through,
 Was Lupton on " Burton," who's scarce fifteen two,
 Though his stature be small, when it comes to a pinch,
 He proves his heart large, and how good is each inch.
 Sir Charles Mordaunt next ; in a wonderful way
 He was borne to the end on that five-year-old grey ;

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While Orvis was next, and I scarcely need tell
How he stuck to his hounds and went boldly and well.
Lord Willoughby then, with "his fair lady wife,"
Who bravely kept on to the end of the strife;
While good "Charlie Foster" was close at the end,
With another of Shirley's he'd mounted a friend,
I don't know his name, if I did I would tell
Who he was, for he went undeniably well.
But Pegasus hardly will bear me again,
To relate when each fell, when each tired one drew rein;
And in fact, I don't know, for as one may surmise,
I went through that run with but one pair of eyes.
I looked at the finish—"Oh where! and oh where,"
Was the keen Corbett-Holland, he was not up there.
John Mordaunt I heard near to Kineton stood still,
And Annesley drew rein at the foot of Edge Hill.
Percy Hodgson spurred on, in a grand disbelief
In his cobs' finite powers, and at last came to grief;
Aye, sad that my Muse is compelled to tell how,
He received as they rolled, a sharp kick on his brow;
But the run he'll remember to life's latest day,
For he carries for ever the mark of the fray.
Clifford Chambers, who always goes boldly and straight,
Stopped somewhere, but where, I can't certainly state.
And Lewty, did ever you hear such a prank?
Was last seen at work shoving his steed down a bank.
Alas! that consumption so ruthless and grim,
Should have seized, 'ere next season, a victim in him.
Fifield Pitt, too, I saw going straight as a bird,
But where he stopped going, I've never yet heard;
Though he says, and I doubt not his words are quite true,
That he found near the Holt that he'd only one shoe.
Next day a friend said "My dear fellow I think,
"That each glass of port wine, which in future you drink,
"Will improved be in flavour, in fact I may say,
"You will find in each bottle a sweeter bouquet,
"For, remembrance made sweet by the good rosy wine,
"After dinner how oft you'll again ride the line."
He was right, and how oft when the wine has been best,
Has that good run imparted additional zest,
As I've raised the bright glass to a toast of my own,
And, quietly drinking, have tossed the wine down.
And I've noticed sometimes that mine host's eyes will shine
As he thinks to himself "ah! he likes the good wine.
"My best vintage is not lost on him to be sure,
"How he raises his glass like a brave connoisseur,
"While the ruby wine sparkles so clearly and bright,
"Just balanced midway 'twixt his eye and the light."
But you're wrong my dear fellow, most kind-hearted
host
For it was not your wine, I was drinking a toast.

I was drinking "Good luck to the hounds we all love,
 "Their master, his lady, and Easington Grove."
 Now to make my conclusion where others commence,
 I will venture, and hope I may give no offence,
 To dedicate this, now my scribbling is done,
 To the lady who rode to the end of the run.

Mr. H SPENCER
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With this sketch of a run and its riders I must leave the field work of Mr. Lucy's period, to note one or two other matters connected with his mastership. Before doing so, however, I may record some of the names of those who were among the regular attendants at his meets. To begin with two of the oldest sportsmen, I name Mr. John Lucy and Mr. Bolton King. The former had hunted for over half-a-century, and the latter had ridden with every master since the days of old John Corbet, but, I believe, not with that celebrated master. The Rev. Mr. Hawkes was still to be seen, too. As an instance of his extraordinary activity, it may be said that he once married a couple, christened a baby, had his fortune told, and was in at the death of a fox before one o'clock. Then there were Lord and Lady Willoughby De Broke, Lord Conyers, Sir Charles Mordaunt, Mr. John Mordaunt, Mr. Everard, of Ladbroke Hall, Lord Somerville, Lord Leigh, Lord Paget, Lord St. Lawrence, afterwards Earl of Howth, Lady Pole, of Todenham, the Earl of Camperdown, the Hon. W. R. Verney, Sir F. Shuckburgh, of Shuckburgh, Capt. Lomax, of Kineton, Capt. Painter, Capt. Eyton, of Barford, the Rev. W. Miller, of Radway, a hard rider, Mr. Greaves, of Barford, Capt. Allfrey, of Alveston, Capt. J. F. Starkey, Capt. Armstrong, of Kineton House, Captain Robertson, Col. Campbell, of Wellesbourne, Mr. G. Hawkes, of Talton, Capt. Paulet, of Wellesbourne, Mr. G. Granville, of Wellesbourne, Mr. Bolden, of Leamington, Mr. Perry, Mr. T. Alford, of Leamington, Mr. Thursby, Mr. Forbes, Mr. Smith, of Goldicote, Mr. and Mrs. Jessop, of Idlicote Hall, Mr. Hunt, of Leamington, Mr. Norris, of Swalcliffe,

Some regular at-
 tendants.

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—

Mr. Milward, Mr. Key, of Leamington, Mr. Bryden, of Leamington, a good old sportsman, Col. Stracey, Mr. Robertson, of Leamington, Mr. W. Chamberlayne, of Stoney Thorpe, a hard man, Mr. Chamberlin, of Adderbury, Mr. Little, of Newbold Pacey, a grand old sportsman, the Rev. J. Lucy, of Hampton Lucy, Mr. Berkeley Lucy, Lord Mountgarrett, of Leamington, Col. Little, Mr. H. Brassey, Capt. Montgomery, of Leamington, a hard man, Mr. Fisher, of Banbury, Col. Blackburn, Mr. G. Duppa, of Leamington, Mr. George and his wife, one of the best ladies in the hunt, Miss Davey, of Leamington, Mr. Brown, of Warwick, Mr. Sheldon, of Brailes, Mr. Woodmas, Mr. Flower, of Stratford, Mr. M. and Mr. R. Phillips, of Snitterfield, Major Manley, of Upton, Mr. Gulliver, of Swalcliffe, Mr. Welshman, of Southam, and Messrs. Harry Over, of Pittern Hill, a capital sportsmen, S. Berridge, T. Berridge, E. Scriven, Knott, Fairbrother, H. Hawkes, J. Hawkes, J. Griffin, Wilson, Fletcher, T. Wright, of Tiddington, D. Sargeant, of Long Itchington, Bawcutt, of Burton, W. Cowper, of Farnborough, Godson, of Edgehill, Anderton, of Sugarswell Farm, G. Hitchcox, of Hinton House, F. Wood, of Bodicote, W. Eldridge, J. Eldridge, French, of Hanwell, Page, of Warmington, C. Savage, of Warmington, W. Coles, of Edgehill, T. Russell, of Ladbroke, Potters (3), of Farnborough, Garrett, of Tadmarton, Baker, of Brailes, Garretts (2), of Brailes, T. Page, of Adderbury, &c. This is a long list, but I hope my readers will treat with leniency the omission of names which must of necessity, after this space of time, have been allowed to slip.

Mr. Lucy's en-
tries.

With regard to breeding matters during Mr. Lucy's time, he does not seem to have followed the plan of some of his predecessors and gone so extensively to other kennels for sires. His own sires are generally the most conspicuous in his lists. In that for 1866, we find eleven couples, the sires being the Warwickshire Bluecap,

1866.

Bunker, and Nimrod, and the Hon. W. North's Rallywood. Bluecap was entered in 1858 and was by Admiral—Bracelet, and Banker was entered in 1860 and was by the Duke of Beaufort's Banker out of Rapture. The list for 1867 is a longer one. We find among the sires the Hon. W. North's Castor, three from Mr. Drake's, and Saffron II., Nimrod, Sorcerer, and Trimmer of the home kennels. Castor was bred at Belvoir, and was by their Comus out of their Rosy. He went to Stratton Audley in a young draft and was entered at those kennels. He was a famous dog in his work and was good looking. Trimmer also carried Belvoir blood, as he was by their Trusty out of the Warwickshire Gadfly. He was entered in 1861. Sorcerer was entered a year later, being by the Cheshire Rockwood out of Sportly.

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1867.

Castor.

The four couples of Mr. Drake's secured by the Warwickshire Hunt at his sale were valuable acquisitions. In addition to these was a stallion hound, Banker, which Mr. Drake had given to his first whip, Robert Worrall, who took him to Warwickshire when he went to Mr. Lucy as huntsman. He was by Mr. Drake's Hector out of his Bounty, and grandson of Lord Scarborough's Hector. In the list for 1868, which consists of seventeen couples, Banker is the sire of three hounds out of Warwickshire dams. Other foreign sires are Mr. North's Castor, the Quorn Hector and Nelson, and the Duke of Grafton's Nimrod. Foreign blood is also introduced among the dams in Crimson, by Lord Henry Bentinck's Rebel—his Concord, bought by Mr. Lucy as a four-year-old in 1866; and Columbine, by the Brocklesby Vaulter—their Columbine, bought by Mr. Lucy as a two-year-old in 1866. In the sires we get it also in Raglan, by the Belvoir Rallywood—their Pastime, bought as a five-year-old by Mr. Lucy in 1860 from Mr. Drake; and Regent, by Mr. Drake's Sparkler—his Rosy, bought as a three-year-old by Mr. Lucy in 1866. In the list for

Banker.

1868.

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1869.
- 1869 we find one hound by Mr. Drake's Banker out of the Warwickshire Tragedy. Mr. Drake's Guardian is a conspicuous sire in this list. We find two couples by him out of dams of his kennel. The same blood is also found in two couples and a half by Hector—Sanguine, Hector being of the 1867 entry by Mr. Drake's Hector—his Crimson. Sanguine was entered in 1862 and was by the Cheshire Rockwood by the Warwickshire Sportly.
1870.
Clasher.
- In the list for 1870 we find one important entry, that of Clasher, who with Coaxer and Charity appears as being by Nestor—Careless. He was a good looking dog with a great deal of bone, and was very good in his work. He was a remarkably good drawer and almost always found the fox first. It is most interesting to note that he went back to the celebrated old Saffron. This was through Nestor who was by Nimrod—Racket, Racket being by Stormer—Rakish, Stormer being by Saffron—Waspish. The blood of Mr. Drake's is again conspicuous. We find one hound by his Guardian out of Spangle, and two couple by him out of Torment. Spangle was by Mr. Drake's Rascal—his Spangle and was bought by Mr. Lucy as a two year old in 1866. There are two couples by Nestor out of Midnight, who was by Mr. Drake's Furrier—his Matron and was bought by Mr. Lucy as a three-year-old in 1866. The Duke of Grafton's Senator appears as sire to one hound out of Mr. Drake's Sybil, who was by Mr. Drake's Freeman—his Skilful and was bought by Mr. Lucy as a three-year-old in 1866. Other blood is found among the dams, besides in Spangle, Midnight and Sybil already mentioned, in Nancy by the Belvoir Nimrod—Sir W. W. Wynn's Stately, and bought by the Hon. Mr. North as a two-year old in 1865.
- A private pack.
- 1871.
- In 1871 Mr. Lucy formed a private pack which he sold to the Warwickshire Hunt when he gave up the country in 1876. In the list of entries for 1871 we find seven couples from Lord Middleton's kennels, one couple

by Lord Hastings' Bloomer—his Charmer, and half-a-couple by Lord Kesteven's Shiner—Lord Hastings' Handsome. Hector and Nestor again appear among the home sires. The list for 1872 is a short one. Foreign blood is drawn from Mr. Drake's, Lord Portsmouth's, "The Cotswold," and "The Vale of the White Horse." The Warwickshire Hector and Raglan are the principal sires.

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1872.

In the list for 1873 Lord Middleton's, "The Belvoir," and Lord Hastings' are the kennels from which foreign blood was drawn, and we also find one hound by the Ledbury Cloudy, who was by the Worcestershire Cruiser—the Ledbury Charity, and was bought by Mr. Lucy as a four-year-old in 1871. Wildboy, Nestor, and Mercury are the home sires used. In the list for

1873.

1874 Clasher appears among the sires, having Cheerful and Columbine, two good-looking bitches out of Precept. Among the sires, too, we find Lord Hastings' Sportsman, who had also appeared in the previous year's list, and was bought by Mr. Lucy as a four-year-old in 1871, being by Lord Hastings' Sailor—his Bridesmaid. Among the bitches we find the Ledbury Volatile, by the Brocklesbury Hannibal—the Ledbury Vocal, bought by Mr. Lucy as a two-year-old in 1871.

1874.

In Mr. Lucy's last list (1875), Clasher is again conspicuous, and we again find Lord Hastings' Sportsman. "The Vale of the White Horse" and Sir W. W. Wynn's are the other kennels used. We also find foreign blood among the bitches in Lord Potimore's Sanguine, by his Stripling—his Needful, bought by Mr. Lucy as a five-year-old in 1872; and Lusty, by the Grove Looby—Lord Hastings' Lofty, bought by Mr. Lucy as a four-year-old in 1871. The Ledbury Cloudy, too, reappears.

1875.

Mr. Lucy was a good master, one excellent point about him being that he always took the part of his huntsman against the field in any difficulty. At Mr. Drake's sale he bought Long-eared, afterwards

A good master.

Mr. H. SPENCER
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Taglioni.

named Taglioni, for 45gs. She carried Worrall for three years, and is said to have only thrown him twice. The reason she fetched so low a price at the sale was that a rest of some months after a fall had given rise to an impression that she was spoilt. This, however, was not the case and she was afterwards sold for 375gs. to a man who would not take more than three times that amount to part with her again.

William Brown.

Before leaving Mr. Lucy's period, I must not forget to mention a character of whom all those intimately acquainted with the pack must have a lively recollection. I refer to old William Brown, the stud-groom. Brown ruled the stables with the hand of an autocrat, but that he was as valuable as he was eccentric the unexceptional turn-out was always an ample testimony. At the same time, he was, in his own opinion, the supreme man in all the affairs of the stud, and would brook no interference with his ideas and arrangements from master or man; and woe-betide the luckless youngster who, perhaps, had been sent out to "qualify" a young horse, with strict injunctions to bring it home at a certain time, and who, meeting with his master in the course of the day, had been told to keep it out a little longer. Any enjoyment which might be derivable from the extra time out would be spoilt by the prospects of an interview with Brown upon his return home. Brown had begun life as a gentleman's coachman, and it is said had left the place he occupied previous to entering Mr. Lucy's service, because his master had presumed to make some trifling interference in the arrangement of the reins. As is generally the case, however, his eccentricity was simply the accompaniment of excellence and skill in his work, as all who knew his stables will, I think, be most ready to admit.

CHAPTER XXII.

LORD WILLOUGHBY DE BROKE—HIS LOVE OF SPORT AND
ENERGETIC MANAGEMENT—LADY WILLOUGHBY'S
HORSEMANSHIP—PRESENTATION TO CHARLES ORVIS
—SOME GOOD SEASONS—PICKINGS FROM THE RUNS
OF LORD WILLOUGHBY DE BROKE'S EARLIER
SEASONS.

And now I have arrived at the period of the present noble master, and how shall I pen all the good things which might be written of his prosperous rule? One feels almost inclined to follow the example of many writers of our country's history, who, when they reach the reign of Queen Victoria make a brief reference to the prosperity which characterises it and conclude with the sentiment, "Long may She Reign." And as regards the sentiment I may well follow in their steps, and my readers will echo the hope that for long may he reign o'er the Warwickshire Hounds. But he must by no means be brought on to the stage and taken off again without some reference to what he has done for the hunt, and the debt which the country owes him in consequence. Mr. Lucy resigned the office of master in 1876 and Lord Willoughby De Broke consented to fill the vacant post, giving four days a week with a subscription of £2,200, of which he returned £500 to the hunt committee. His father, as Mr. Robert John Barnard and as the ninth Lord Willoughby De Broke, had been a notable master, as my readers remember, in earlier days, and his Lordship

Lord Willoughby
de Broke.

His accession to
the mastership.

LORD
WILLOUGHBY DE
BROKE.

His sport.

has worthily followed in his father's steps. He may be said to have been born and bred to the sport and to the hunt, as he was born during his father's first mastership, and long before he went to Eton had taken to the noble science, and was a straight-goer in the field. When he afterwards went to Oxford he had plenty of opportunity to feed his love of hunting, and he rode in the last Oxford and Cambridge Steeplechases ever run. He also handled the willow successfully, and was a prominent member of the I Zingari team that went to Ireland. He has plied the rod too, and Norwegian waters have known him more than once, while his name has also been well-known at Hurlingham and the Gun Club. But all these play inferior parts to the one great sport. It is fox-hunting, and fox-hunting alone, in which Lord Willoughby finds the desire of his heart. The question as to which is our national sport presents no vexed problem to Lord Willoughby's mind, for he is one of those ardent followers of the chase who find the difficulty more in conceiving what an existence would be like in a nation without fox-hunting. This being so, who else could be more fitted for the vacant mastership? Lord Willoughby was not slow to show the hunt that they had the right man in the right place. He is a bold and judicious rider, always in the van, and always anxious to show sport. His men are splendidly mounted, and his handling of the hounds all that can be desired. His Lordship married in 1869 Geraldine, daughter of Mr. Smith Barry, of Marbury Hall, Cheshire, and Fota Island, Co. Cork, and without flattery I must speak of her Ladyship as one of the best horsewomen ever seen in the country. She has followed conspicuously some of the stiffest runs, and is ardently attached to the pack and its affairs.

Lady
Willoughby.

Lord Willoughby immediately determined to devote all his energies to bringing the pack to the pink of perfection, and how well he has succeeded is within the

LORD
WILLOUGHBY DE
BROKE.

knowledge of my readers. Before referring, however, to kennel matters I will venture to give a few samples of his sport, as I have done with his predecessors. But I must give my readers a warning. I am now on more familiar ground. The nearer we get to the time of writing the better known are the doings of the pack. I cannot, of course, pretend to give anything like an exhaustive account of the sport of the past fifteen years, neither have I pretended to do so in the case of earlier periods. The runs I have given are simply pickings to show the class of runs enjoyed at the time, and if I venture to do the same with Lord Willoughby's period, my readers must not be disappointed if I omit some admirable piece of work which they have taken part in. My space is limited and I must content myself with pickings from here and there.

Lord Willoughby de Broke in taking office retained Charles Orvis as huntsman, with W. Shepherd and J. Boore as whips. He began with a good cubbing, foxes being plentiful, and his first season (1876-7) can boast of several good specimens of sport. They had a good run from Shuckburgh on the 7th of December, and ended the old year with a fast thing from Ufton Wood on the afternoon of the 29th, finishing at Cubbington Heath. On the 15th of March they had a fast twenty-five minutes from Calcot Spinney, but the country was very heavy all the spring and scent by no means of the first quality.

The season 1877-8 was exceptionally good. On the 15th of November, 1877, they met at Birdingbury Hall and had a very fair run, and on the 29th another was enjoyed from Calcot Spinney. Towards the end of December they had a very fast thirty minutes from Watergall, and on the 17th of that month they had a capital run from Debdale to Stoneleigh Deer Park.

Friday, December 21st, 1877, was one of the days which live in the memory of those who saw it, although

Sport in 1876.

Sport in
1877-8.

A memorable
day from Wrox-
ton.

LORD
WILLOUGHBY DE
BROKE.

From Page's
Gorse to Idli-
cote.

on this occasion the glory of the day came, as is often the case, late, and many had departed for home. The meet was Wroxton Abbey, and there was a large field. A Wroxton fox met his fate in the gardens. Another from Chamberlin's Gorse gave a gallant forty-five minutes over the valley nearly to Farnborough and back, leaving Mollington to the right, and pointing for White's Bushes at a very fast pace. Making again for Wroxton, he saved his brush in a drain about a mile from the covert where he was found. The country was good, but a brook early in the run prevented all except the few who could take it from seeing exactly what was done. But this was not the work of the day. In the middle of the afternoon, from Page's Gorse, in the neighbourhood of Farnborough, there stole away a fox of the grand old sort. At a tremendous pace, the bitch pack followed up the hill and over the Banbury road, and near to White's Bushes. Then again over the valley, and without a check to Edgehill, along the crest of which they ran. Then he sank the vale, and settled for a good stiff line over that glorious bit of country as his final effort. Some three or four miles of the vale did he give them, or rather the few who had been able to survive, before darkness descended and saved him near Idlicote. The distance from Page's Gorse to Idlicote is nine miles on the map, and ten minutes under the hour was the time taken. Lord Willoughby, Sir C. Mordaunt, Mr. John Mordaunt, Mr. George Norris, Mr. Bacchus, Mr. Frank Wood, and Mr. Merry, were those at the finish. Orvis was in his place throughout. One who rode it says of it that it was one of the finest the old hunt can boast of. Lady Willoughby was not in the big run as she was amongst those who had gone home. She had, however, ridden exceedingly well throughout the earlier run on Dynamite, which was sold at Tattersall's a few months later for 250gs.

The year 1878 was commenced well with a fine run of forty-five minutes from Calcot Spinney to Shuckburgh, on the 4th of January, in which the Master and his brother, the Hon. and Rev. W. R. Verney, with Captain Pritchard-Rayner, were in front throughout. On the 24th they met at Lower Shuckburgh, when the Empress of Austria, piloted by Captain Middleton, with Prince Lichtenstein and Count Almassy, was present. On this day there was nothing done in the morning, but in the afternoon they found at Shuckburgh Hall and got away in the direction of Staverton Wood; but he turned to the left, and went straight for Flecknoe, where he turned to the right by the village, and went over those splendid grass fields between Braunston and Staverton. The Braunston Brook was crossed and the line laid for Welton Place in the Pytchley country, which was seven miles, as the bird flies, from Shuckburgh. Here the fox saved his brush in the open earths.

On April 2nd, 1878, Orvis was presented with a silver horn and a purse of 230 sovereigns in recognition of his indefatigable exertions to show sport, and his courteous behaviour to all the field during the seven or eight years he had hunted "the Warwickshire." The money was presented in a purple velvet purse beautifully embroidered, the work of Lady Willoughby de Broke. The presentation was made by Lord Camperdown at a dinner at the White Lion Hotel, Banbury.

In May, 1878, Shepherd left and went as first whip to Sir Bache Cunard, and J. Boore and C. Loman whipped-in to Orvis. The season 1878-9 was productive of some admirable sport. Hardly a week passed without a run of the real good sort, which must have gladdened the heart of the noble master, and been an ample reward for the untiring exertion he had made to

LORD
WILLOUGHBY DE
BROKE.

The Empress of
Austria in the
Shuckburgh
country.

Presentation to
Orvis.

Sport in
1878-9.

LORD
WILLOUGHBY DE
BROKE.

“Warwickshire
Fridays.”

An afternoon fox
from Chester-
ton Wood.

improve the pack. That his efforts were not in vain the capital and name-making runs which Warwickshire showed that season are strong evidence. On the Fridays the meets were generally on the Banbury side, where good grass lands are to be found, and the sport on these days became proverbial, “the Warwickshire Fridays” being quite features in local hunting arrangements. Here are one or two specimens of the sport of that season. It opened on November 4th, at Charlecote Park. Whatever might be said of the work of the morning the opening day was very far from being a mere social outing. In the afternoon there came a piece of work which would delight the heart of the most fastidious sportsman. How often it happens that the real work of the day comes when the wind has been already taken out of horse and man by the morning’s work, and possibly no second horse is forthcoming. It was an afternoon fox found in Chesterton Wood that gave them the noble run I am about, very scantily, I am afraid, to put into black and white. After leaving the Wood he made Bawcutt’s cover his point, and from here took them over the wind-trying Burton Hills, by Avon Dassett, to Mollington Wood. Then he sank the valley of the Cherwell by Cropredy, near to which station the hounds were stopped, every horse being done. This is the bare outline of a run of twelve miles, the characteristics of the country being hill and dale, which even early in the day would test severely the enduring powers of man and steed. A run over very much the same line was had on the 11th of the same month. It originated from Bishop’s Gorse, and only the noble master, Mr. Muntz, and Orvis could live for the first twenty minutes, when they ran to Bawcutt’s Covert, whence they turned in the direction of the Burton Hills and hunted at a slower pace to Edgcote, the floods being out in that direction.

On November 21st they met at Pillerton Toll Bar, and had an exceedingly good day. They found in Oxhill Gorse and ran by Idlicote, over the Stour, leaving Shipston just on the right, and killing in the open close to Todenham. It was a splendid run, all grass, the time being one hour and ten minutes. The field were all far and wide, barely a dozen being up at the death. The afternoon was also worth remembering, a fox from Spencer's Gorse giving them a good hour and quarter to Sibford, where the pack was stopped in the dark. They were also destined to meet with good sport the following day. Broughton Castle was the fixture and the first fox was run to ground in ten minutes. The ever to be depended upon Claydon Hill, however, was ready with another, who gave them one hour and a half at a good pace, finally giving up his brush near Clattercote Reservoir in the Bicester country. A third was forthcoming in Angel's Piece, and after running a ring of one hour, he, too, was pulled down by the gallant pack.

LORD
WILLOUGHBY DE
BROKE.
—
At Pillerton and
Broughton.

On February 7th, 1879, the meet was Wroxton, a hard and long run was the work of the afternoon. A long frost had made the steeds unfit and the going bad, and the hard piece of work, which began in Chamberlin's Gorse and lasted for two hours, told on every horse. The master at last got up to his hounds, and stopped them near Farnborough. It was thought they had changed more than once.

A hard run from
Wroxton.

April 8th was another very severe day. The meet was the far-away one of Coughton Court. They found at Rough Hill, and ran, leaving Coughton Park to the left, to Weathley Wood. Through this they went and over the open to Round Hill in Worcestershire, and then off at a great pace to Grafton Wood, a very large wood in Lord Coventry's country. Here they were stopped, as they were thirty-five miles away from home, and the horses were all tired.

A severe day
from Coughton.

LORD
WILLOUGHBY DE
BROKE.

The opening of the next season (1879-80) was not very promising. A good day or two was enjoyed during the latter part of the cub-hunting, but November was very bad. The season was not, however, altogether destitute of good things.

A good thing
from Debdale.

Some splendid sport was obtained by those who met the hounds at Ufton Wood on January 8th, 1880. A find at Debdale took them to Leicester's Piece, making across the fine grass lands as if for Stockton. At the river Leam the field came to a stop, the time having been thirty minutes and the pace killing. The river was not negotiable and the hounds having charged it, got clear away and hunted the fox alone for twenty minutes, pulling him down two fields before they reached Debdale. The field, much disconcerted, had to gallop back a mile to Kite's Hardwick Bridge, wondering where in the world the hounds had gone, and whether they would drop in with them again that day. The death, however, was not entirely unwitnessed, as some stragglers fell in with them, and prevented the entire demolition of the fox, before Orvis, or anyone else, could get up. A small remnant of the field appeared in about twenty minutes. Amongst those first to get to the river were Lord and Lady Willoughby de Broke, the Hon. Chandos Leigh, the Hon. Hubert Leigh, Mr. Caine, Mr. Boddington, and two others whose names I have not.

A day from
Broughton.

The next day's sport was also excellent, and as the meet was at Broughton, it goes without saying, as the French have it, that the field was of the same quality. Broughton covert was blank, but Claydon Hill did not fail; and a good one from there went for Shutford, and after a ring of thirty-five minutes was killed in Wroxton Park, the pace having been good throughout. A covert in the Park gave them game, which sent them spinning away, with a good promise

which was not fulfilled, as he was soon lost. Chamberlin's Gorse was moved to next, and made amends by providing them with a rattling one, which went by Mr. Falkner's farm at Bourton, and on to Angel's Piece, where two or three failed to negotiate the brook. He went to earth at Hanwell, but not caring to be dislodged, made an exit on his own account, by some channel of which the field was ignorant, taking them off at a good spin to Bourton Fields. He again earthed, but this time was killed; in the presence of only a few, however, as darkness had descended, and sent many home.

LORD
WILLOUGHBY DE
BROKE.

In 1881 Orvis left for "the Holderness," and Lord Willoughby de Broke decided to hunt the country himself, with the assistance of Jack Boore as kennel huntsman, with what success my readers are all familiar.

Lord Willoughby
takes the horn.

A couple of hours' work, which was calculated to take the smartness out of the riders, was that which began with a meet at Kineton on Friday, November 24th, 1882. Kineton Holt was blank as also was the Oaks Plantation, but at Watts' Gorse, one, evidently of the good old sort, was found and soon persuaded to move off. With the right pace he gave them first of all the Radway Brook and ran up to Knole End, and without waiting passed to Arlescote Spinney and went over Camp Lane and down Ratley Bottoms. From here he turned towards Upton House and went on to the Sun Rising. Here he took a short rest by laying down at the bottom of the covert, but did not tarry long, and, keeping one field below the hill, ran till he got about half-way between the Round House and Miller's Gorse, when he topped the hill, crossed the road, and left Ratley to the right. Then he went down to the Hornton Brook and up the hill as if for Horley. Then bearing to the right, he crossed the Horley Brook to the Lankcomb earths, which he found shut against him. On he went across the Banbury Road,

A notable day
from Kineton.

LORD
WILLOUGHBY DE
BROKE.

and, leaving Shotteswell to the right, ran down to Angel's Piece. He was now pressed hard, but struggled bravely and saved his brush in a drain in Mollington Village. The distance must have been 20 miles and the pace was good all the time, which, as I stated in starting, was two hours. But this was not all the work of the day. After a brief rest, the noble master went on to Page's Gorse and a fox went away at the bottom as if for Angel's Piece. Being headed he took the vale below Shotteswell, bearing up to the right of Hanwell and down nearly to the Banbury Workhouse. He then crossed the road and went over to the brickyards on the Broughton Road, when he turned back to Withycombe Covert, and he gave up his brush. These two runs made up a day well worth remembering. They were the best hunting runs seen for a long time.

A clinking day
from Idlicote.

Tuesday, January 16th, 1883, was a clinking day. The meet was at Idlicote and, a new covert at Oxhill was the first to provide sport. He went out for Kirby's farm, across Bourland Farm, away past Piller-ton Spinneys, and by Fulready to Idlicote. Then away for Whatcote, and leaving this to his left, he went by Kirby's Farm and straight up to Compton Wyni-ates Windmill. Here he was headed and turned across the bottoms by Tysoe, and went straight on, by the old Lodge, to the Sun Rising, where he was run into and killed. The time was two hours and seventeen minutes. The work was hard and falls numerous, and the brook, which was presented in the course of the run, caused seven or eight loose horses. But, like the day given above, this was not all; for another find took place at Tysoe and the hounds went off again, but at such a pace that it was impossible to live with them. No one was in it for a mile and a half, when Lord Willoughby got up, and the fox was killed at the Old Lodge.

A capital thing on the Shuckburgh side was that which occurred on the 25th of the same month. Ufton Wood was the meet, and one from that place was killed in Mr. Rice's garden, at Southam. Ladbroke was next tried and almost as soon as the hounds were in, one of right sort went away close to Hodnell Hill, where he turned to the right pointing for Nun's Bushes, but, with another turn to the right, and leaving Ladbroke village to the left, he went at a rattling pace, over the hill and the Welsh Road. Here he bore a bit to the right and crossed the canal leaving Napton on the left. Then straight over the grass and the big fences, which are the characteristics of Shuckburgh, to that place. Over the hill, without a pause, and on to Catesby, where he gave them the first check. The time up to now was 55 minutes. Here there were fresh foxes on foot and the line was hit off, and one ran close to Badby Wood in the Pytchley country, where he was lost. The distance was nine miles from point to point or about twelve as the hounds ran. It was a capital thing and there were only a few in at the death.

LORD
WILLOUGHBY DE
BROKE.
From Ladbroke
to Badby Wood.

The very next day was productive of a good two hours. Broughton Castle was the fixture, and there was a good field. An outlying fox was found near the Broughton brook and was halloed across the road, pointing for Bradshaw's Mill, and ran parallel with the brook nearly as far as Prickett's Mill. Then he turned over the brook for Wykham Park and went for Crouch Hill. Turning to the right he went through Wykham Park again, over the brook, where the leading hounds sighted him, and went away for Bloxham. Turning to the right he left Broughton Castle close on the left, and went on close to Withycombe, where he turned short to the left as if for Wroxton. Then turning to the right over the Banbury road between the Workhouse and the Barleymow, he went along the valley at a rattling pace, leaving Chamberlin's Gorse to the

A couple of hours
from Broughton.

LORD
WILLOUGHBY DE
BROKE.

right and Hanwell to the left. He went on at a sharp pace towards Angel's Piece, and, turning to the left, made for Page's Gorse. He went on close to Shotteswell, and just as the hounds were on him, a snowstorm came on, and he saved his life. It was a capital run. There was a little after-event from Page's Gorse, but nothing to chronicle.

CHAPTER XXIII.

SOME SPORT OF RECENT YEARS—FROSTY SEASONS—
ACCIDENT TO LORD WILLOUGHBY.

What an old sportsman called the best thing he had known for twenty years, was the day which “the Warwickshire” commenced at Bitham House, on Friday, December 21, 1883. Like many other days which have earned an excellent character, it was the work of the after-part which gave it. There was a large field and, in the words of the song, it was “a beautiful hunting morning,” Reynard was found at home in an adjacent covert, and across the hill he went with Fenny Compton as his point. He was, however, soon headed, and turned sharp to the left into covert. The hounds were soon on the line again, and a capital gallop began in earnest in the direction of Northend, over a beautiful country. Still bearing to the left they pushed him along the railway, skirting which he came over the road and bore round for Miller’s Gorse. This, however, he did not enter, but reached Page’s Gorse, which provided him with an effective refuge. This was the end of the first chapter of the day, and although it was a good one, better things were in store in the second, which opened immediately afterwards in White’s Bushes. Breaking away from here they ran straight for Miller’s Gorse, but he did not reach this, as he turned to the right, and crossing the road went away for Arlescote. This was comparatively slow hunting,

A good day from
Avon Dassett.

A capital line
from White’s
Bushes.

LORD
WILLOUGHBY DE
BROKE.

but once in the vale, a run of the genuine sort commenced. Below Warmington they passed at a merry pace, and leaving Page's Gorse to the left, went over a good line right into Mollington Wood. Here he did not stay a moment, but passed straight through, over the Farnborough and Southam Roads, straight down to Claydon Crossing. Here they had a somewhat

A narrow escape.

narrow escape, as the down train was passing, and at the same time the hounds checked. But the driver had his iron horse well in hand, and pulled it to a standstill while the hounds were casting. The check was not destined to be of very long duration, and they were soon off and ran by Claydon, over the canal and the Aston brook, which obstacle stopped the fun for a good many. Still keeping straight a-head this grand fox led the field at a good pace by Appletree, over the Daventry Road a quarter of a mile south of Chipping Warden, and crossing the Cherwell ran into Edgcote Park. Pushing him along the Park, they ran him into the covert near the keeper's house. Through this he rattled, and after executing a short ring he went to ground exactly one hour and fifty-five minutes from White's Bushes. The line was an exceptionally fine one, as I need hardly remind my readers, and the distance must have been ten miles. Taking the two events together the hounds were running, except for one short interval, for three hours and a half. Among those who went well and were present at the finish were Lord Willoughby, who throughout was in his place with the hounds, Col. Molyneux, Capt. Benyon, Mr. Jenkins, Major Waterhouse, Mr. G. Norris, Mr. F. Wood, and Mr. F. Page. It is hardly necessary to say that the stiff fences and the water obstacles scattered the large field far and wide, and only about a dozen were left to tell, from personal observation, what were the concluding items of one of the finest hunting runs ever seen, and hunted as well as hounds could possibly hunt.

The opening meet of the season 1884-5 was at Walton House on November 3rd, and produced a fine run of just over an hour, over fully ten miles of country. After a little skirmishing with some cubs from the wood, a fox was started from a small spinney on the way to Brick Hill Gorse. He went as if for Walton Wood, but turning to the right ran a ring round to Brick Hill to where he was found, the work with him finishing at Combroke but with indifferent scent. They then trotted to Pillerton Gorse, where one of the right sort was on foot. He broke across the Banbury and Stratford Road down to Fulready, and then recrossed the road and pointed for Walton Wood, and turning to the right, ran through Brick Hill straight on to Kineton Holt, and finally to Miller's Gorse, Edgehill, where the hounds were whipped off in the presence of only the noble master, Sir Charles Mordaunt, the Hon. Susan Verney, who went well throughout, Mr. Caine, and two gentlemen from Leamington, out of a large field.

LORD
WILLOUGHBY DE
BROKE.

An opening meet
at Walton.

The run which began in Ufton Wood after a meet at Long Itchington on Thursday, December 11th, was one of those which grace only very occasional pages in one's hunting diary. After knocking about for something like a quarter of an hour, he broke gallantly and crossed the turnpike road as if for Harbury Station. After passing Bull's farm he turned straight to the left, crossed the Southam brook, which thinned the field in a quick and business-like fashion, he crossed the turnpike road just beyond the brick-kiln under Ladbroke Hill, and leaving Ladbroke Gorse to the right, crossed the Southam and Byfield road to the canal near Napton. At this point a check occurred for a minute or two, but it only seemed to have the effect of increasing the pace. The field had been reduced to almost a bare half-dozen, and even the fittest who survived could scarcely make out what was being done, and their going was not improved by having to

An exceptional
run from Ufton.

LORD
WILLOUGHBY DE
BROKE.

take the brow of Shuckburgh, which the pack tore over, leaving the Shuckburgh Coverts to the left. Straight to Braunston Gorse they went, but no further, for here he entered, and, although in view, he achieved his purpose and gave them the slip. The distance from point to point was close on fifteen miles. The honours of the run must fall to Mr. Caine, but the noble master was in the whole of it and finished on a farmer's horse. Sir Charles Mordaunt, Mr. Hibbert, and Mr. Dalglish were also in it throughout.

A capital run
from the Kennels.

A dozen miles point to point was the character of a run from the Kennels on Friday, January 16, 1885. Kinton Holt was the first successful draw and off they went to the Oaks and back on excellent terms. They forced him away to the other side, and went on over the brook, leaving Herd Hill on the right, and on near to Oxhill. Here he turned to the right as if for Pillerton old covert, but leaving this on the right he went straight to Oxhill Gorse. He, however, altered his mind about entering and played a better card, for he checked them in the same field. His line, however, was soon caught up and worked towards Kirby Farm, where another check occurred. Again they picked it up quickly and went on, pointing for Compton Wyniates. A turn to the right, however, took them close to Idlicote. Bearing to the left they crossed the Shipston Road and ascended Brailes Hill along which they ran, but which they had pretty much to themselves as frost and snow, which had not quite departed, played sad pranks with the few who were left in. They passed Sutton and Cherrington but were caught up by Weston House, where the blood they so richly deserved escaped them among the shrubs. It was a capital and straight-going run down to the south-west corner of the country.

The Seasons
1885-6-7.

The season 1885-6 was not a particularly lively one, being interrupted by long continued frosts as was also the following one (1886-7). In fact one worthy follower

of "the Warwickshire" remarked on one occasion that the Siberian winters they were having at this time rendered sport impossible even with a pack like theirs. A similarly good run to that just given, and over the same line of country, but in the reverse direction, was run on February 8th, 1887, when an afternoon fox started at Compton Wyniatas, was killed on the green near Kineton, after nearly an hour's work.

Of the season 1887-8, a day which will for a long time be remembered, was a Shuckburgh Thursday on the 15th of March. The morning could not be called inviting, and recent snows made the country somewhat unnegotiable. Nevertheless a good number turned up at the meet to try what could be done, but to ride with the hounds and to ride with the field were two widely different things that day. A fox was found at Shuckburgh, and went off towards Prior's Marston, and the hounds followed, on a good high scent and at a great pace, by Prior's Hardwick and Stoneton to Wormleighton Hill. At this point he, without doubt, went to ground, and the hounds, who were all alone, indulged in some digging-out operations on their own account. Their efforts might have been successful, had Reynard waited, but, no doubt finding the quarters too warm, he passed through the earths and went on pointing for Watergall. The hounds hit his line and were quickly after him, running in view down to a small spinney adjoining the road from Banbury to Southam. They checked for a minute or two at the bridge and again at Wills' Pasture. But it was not destined to be effectual on the fox's side, and a quick pace was resumed across Lower Hodnel, Lower and Upper Radbourn, and into the parish of Hardwick, and back to "Doles brickyard," which, early in the run, had, through the snowdrifts, effectually stopped the horsemen; and, singularly enough, it was not until this second passage

LORD
WILLOUGHBY DE
BROKE.

A. Shuckburgh
Thursday.

LORD
WILLOUGHBY DE
BROKE.

that the noble master and his followers regained their position. The hounds had the run pretty well to themselves, for it soon afterwards came to a conclusion with blood at Prior's Marston. But the disappointment of the morning was more than made up for by the gallant thing of the second part of the day's work, when experience had taught the riders that they must drive well ahead and banish ideas of "gate-ing" and "cutting" if they would not again lose the pack. It was a Shuckburgh fox, and he took them at a rare pace down to the boundary brook, and by Newbold Grounds up to Catesby. They still drove ahead, as if for Badby Wood, which they reached and passed through, and went on nearly to Preston Capes, finally having to give him up after some twisting and turning near Charwelton. It was, however, a capital run, mainly a grass one, and presenting by no means easy fencing and water-work, which latter especially made it a lively one for a great many out.

The sport during this and the following season was of a very good character and was well maintained, as my readers, no doubt, know from experience. After a good cubbing, [the season 1889-90 opened capitally, and sport was admirable. On November 12th, the meet was Idlicote and a first-rate day ensued. Getting the hounds on the line of a fox, they went from Idlicote House as if Easington Park was his point. Two fields from here a fox jumped up in a stubble field and went away at a clipping pace, up the Stratford Road for some distance, and then by the Oxhill covert, without a check, by Compton Wyniates, Broom Hill and past Epwell White House where he contrived to save his brush after one hour and thirty-five minutes. From point to point the distance was eight miles, but as hounds worked it, it was somewhere near twice that distance.

A first-rate day
at Idlicote.

From Ufton to
Badby.

An extraordinarily good run was that which took them from Ufton Wood to Badby Wood, on Thursday

January 30th, 1890. Starting in a north-easterly direction at a great pace he ran to Long Itchington and turning there, went to the right of Stockton and below Napton. In this district some ringing work occurred and the fox nearly gave them the slip, but catching a firmer hold upon his line, they followed it along the Shuckburgh Hills and did a rush northward from these to Sawbridge New Covert, which they entered and where they no doubt changed. Then crossing the canal and leaving Shuckburgh on the right, they went for Charwelton and turned into Fawsley Park. Here they encountered a fresh one, which took them direct for Badby Wood. About this place, however, the work came to an end and nothing further could be done. The hounds were running for four hours and must have done something like five-and-twenty miles. The very next day they had a good couple of hours' work, running one from Swalcliffe Common, near Wigginton Heath, by Bloxham, back as if for Hook Norton, but turning to the right by the lodge, they went by Swalcliffe Grange, with Swalcliffe to the left, for Shutford, touching Claydon Hill and turning into Wroxton Park, where he ringed a bit and went back for Lower Tadmarton, getting to ground on Wigginton Heath.

On Tuesday, February 4th, a large field met at Mitford Bridge and finding in Bull's Gorse would have enjoyed a capital day had it not been marred by an accident to the noble and popular master. Lord Willoughby fell at some rails and fractured his collar-bone, but such is the enthusiasm which always possesses him when a fox is before his hounds, that he got on his horse again and rode single-handed until he saw his sport safely to ground at Aston Hall. This mishap kept his Lordship from his place for a short time, during which Jack Boore handled the hounds. One of the best bits of work which his Lordship so missed was a day on the 7th of the same month, when

LORD
WILLOUGHBY DE
BROKE.

Accident to Lord
Willoughby.

LORD
WILLOUGHBY DE
BROKE.

An admirable
run from Hon-
ington.

Re-appearance of
Lord Willough-
by.

Jack found a gallant animal of the old sort in Honington Spinney. Away he went for Idlicote House, heading for Fulready, but changing his mind he moved his head round for Eatington Park, and going through the Grove and Fir Grove, passed through Alveston Pastures, without stopping to meditate on his next move. At Loxley he shifted his line and again crossed the pastures, and after taking a little wind at Fir Grove, laid it for Alscote Park. Leaving this and sinking the vale he successfully arranged a long check and nearly check-mated the pack, and although they picked his line up again, another fox dipped his fingers in the pie and considerably complicated matters, but they stuck to their fox and displaying all the powers and qualities of the Warwickshire pack, and being splendidly handled by Boore, they finally pulled him down close to Admington. The distance up to Loxley was about 17 miles and the pace was very fast. The time was two hours and a half. Lord Willoughby re-appeared in command at the Long Itchington meet on Thursday, February 27th, and gave the large field which welcomed him some capital gallops on the grass which abounds on that side of the country.

CHAPTER XXIV. AND LAST.

DINNER TO LORD WILLOUGHBY DE BROKE—THE RECENT SEASON—A GREAT FROST—RUN FROM IDLICOTE TO BANBURY—LORD WILLOUGHBY'S SUCCESSFUL EFFORTS—EVIDENCE OF HIS POPULARITY—BANBURY AS A HUNTING CENTRE—THE RANK OF WARWICKSHIRE—CONCLUSION.

Rarely, perhaps, has so large and enthusiastic a gathering taken place to do honour to one man in the Warwickshire country as that which met in the County Hall, at Warwick, on the evening of Saturday, March 29th, 1890, to mark the esteem in which Lord Willoughby de Broke is held, and the appreciation his services have met with during his fourteen years of management. Mr. E. P. R. Knott, of Fenny Compton, occupied the chair and proposed, in most eulogistic terms, the toast of the evening, which was drunk amid cheers, hunting cries, and musical honours. Over three hundred hunting men and agriculturists came from all parts of the country to do honour to their master. It is so fresh in the memories of my readers that I need hardly say any more about it, but an account of his Lordship's rule without a reference to such testimony of popularity as this presented, would scarcely be complete.

Dinner to Lord Willoughby de Broke.

The season 1889-90 was a remarkably good one. There was a lot of capital sport, 47 braces of foxes having been killed and 27 brace run to ground.

The Season 1889-90.

LORD
WILLOUGHBY DE
BROKE.

The Season
1890-91.

A hard season.

A great frost.

From Idlicote to
Banbury.

And now to speak of the season just past (1890-1). But how? Do my readers ever remember such a season. The autumn was an iron one, and those who attempted to see anything of the cubbing got their bones pretty well shaken out of their bodies. But a moist November, it was said, would put all things right. November came, but the moisture is still a thing of the future. When "the Warwickshire" kept their appointment at Goldicote on December 8th who thought that it would be the last meet until January 26th? Who thought that the frost, which had so evidently got hold of the ground on the former date, was not going to loosen its grip until seven solid weeks had slipped away? Nearly two months out of the middle of the fox-hunter's time, during which the hunters were eating their heads off, and their owners disconsolately watching the increasing degrees of frost with never a chance of a thaw. And when at last the face of the country was again seen, we were not to have even then an unbroken time of it. With the driest and hardest February of recent years, and the blizzard of March, although we had a country full of foxes ready to kill, and one of the best packs in the land ready to kill them, very little could be done, and the end of the season put a not unwelcome end to the anxieties and uncertainties which had been the foxhunter's portion. But one piece of work which they managed to do I must tell, and that was how, on February 17th, they met at Idlicote, found in the Grove, and killed their fox within a few fields of Banbury town. It was a run which will long be remembered by those who were in it, indeed, one rider said it was one of the best things he had ever seen, and as he rode it all and has seen as much of the Warwickshire runs as most men in his time, and probably more, we may take it that it may be ranked with some of their best doings. After some knocking about in the

Idlicote country, their fox put on a splendid speed and made for Compton Wynyates, which he passed and ascended the hills. After a little hesitation they went on through Epwell Plantations, to the right of the village and over the valley to Shutford, beyond which they viewed. Broughton then was his point. Touching the moat he turned through the village and went over the fields to Crouch Hill, and passing this was pulled over in sight of the town of cakes. The time was a little over two hours and the distance quite a dozen miles from point to point, and, of course, as they ran it, more. This did not, however, end the day, for after accepting Mr. Fane Gladwin's invitation to refresh themselves, they moved to the keeper's wood at Wroxton, and turning one up, ran him back to Broughton, over the brook, by Lower Tadmarton, rounding as if for Bloxham, but marking him to ground one field beyond the road to that village, after a splendid gallop of five-and-twenty minutes. This was undoubtedly *the* run of a very broken season. In the intervals, when hunting has been possible, Warwickshire has shown that it still has sport in it. May next season enable Lord Willoughby's followers to draw and to taste it "direct from the wood."

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WILLOUGHBY DE
BROKE.

An after-gallop.

A change of masters does not always affect the great matter of breeding to the same extent as it may do other affairs of the hunt. It very often indicates not much more than a change in the field management, but it was not so when Lord Willoughby took "the Warwickshire" in hand. He determined to raise them to the pink of perfection and energetically set about doing so. His first lists contain drafts from "the Belvoir" and "the Brocklesby" and bear all the evidence of a careful selection, and the sparing of no pains in going far and wide for the introduction of blood, which would improve the *status* of the pack. How well he has succeeded their results

Lord Willough-
by's successful
efforts.

LORD
WILLOUGHBY DE
BROKE.

at the Peterborough shows during late years speak louder and plainer than can my pen. When he took the country there was a poor entry, and he was told that the country was a bad one for walking puppies, and that he would not be able to get thirty couples accepted. In three years, however, he had so aroused the interest of his neighbours, and infused his enthusiasm for the advancement of the pack into all parts of the country, that he found no trouble in sending out close on ninety couples. And Lord Willoughby has never tired of urging upon puppy-walkers their importance in the affairs of a pack. He has almost, on occasions, seemed to place them even in a more important position than the master himself. The farmers, he has said, are the backbone of every hunt, as they are of the whole country; and the farmers have repeatedly displayed the esteem they feel for his Lordship in return. There is the recent dinner just referred to, while in March 20th. 1884, they presented him, at the White Lion Hotel, Banbury, with a silver-mounted riding whip. At the annual meeting of the hunt held not long afterwards, he was presented with a silver horn. In 1887, Lord Willoughby had held the reins of office for eleven years, and had devoted the whole of his time to the hunt without asking for any increased subscription. At the annual meeting of that year it became apparent that the affairs of the hunt had grown so during the period, that the members were putting too large a tax on his Lordship's generosity, and an increase of £700 was proposed. It is evidence of the popularity his Lordship enjoys in his country that within a month £870 was raised. Lady North, the Hon. Mrs. North. and the Hon. Miss North had raised a ladies' subscription, while the farmers had also come forward and helped substantially. This enabled the guarantee to be raised to £2,500.

His remarks
upon puppy-
walkers.

Presentation to
Lord Willough-
by.

An increased
subscription.

It is evident to all my readers that I am near the end of my run. Of material, I know, there has been plenty untouched, but time and space are limited, and when this is the case you must treat lightly what you handle. I warned my readers at start that this was only a "sketch" history, and if they have found it but "sketchy" in nature, they have done no more than their author expected. Before closing I should like to make a brief reference to the hunting-quarters character of the town where these chapters have first seen the light. I have before referred to Stratford and Leamington in this respect, but have not mentioned Banbury. Stratford lies rather wide of Warwickshire meets, while to some extent the same may be said of Leamington, whose immediate neighbourhood is not the best of the Warwickshire country. The Royal Spa has advantages for other packs, I know, but for that of which I am writing it seems to me that Banbury is by far better suited. At all events you can generally manage three out of their four days a week. On Monday they are generally in the home country round the kennels, most of which is within easy reach of Banbury by road. On Tuesday they are furthest away, and, as a rule, are on the west of their country, but this includes the Brailes district, which is not very much out of the way from Banbury. Thursday is the day for the Shuckburgh side, and a convenient Great Western slow train leaves Banbury well in time to enable you to reach the appointment for the day. On Friday, they are in the Banbury country, and are meeting within a few miles of the town. In addition, however, to these there are other packs equally handy. The Heythrop and Grafton are generally within reach twice in the week, while the Bicester Saturdays are looked upon as belonging to the town as much as the Warwickshire Fridays. In fact, if you and your stable can stand it, you can fre-

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BROKE.

Banbury as a
hunting centre.

Warwickshire
days.

Other local packs

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quently manage five hunting days out of the six, and by going further a-field, meets of "the Pytchley," and "the North Warwickshire" can be added to your engagement book. Banbury is only two hours from London by two lines of railway, half-an-hour from Oxford and the same from Leamington, if the sojourner cares for an occasional change. "Good accommodation for man and beast," as the old inn signs used to say, is to be found there, the Red and White Lions being ever ready in this respect, the whiter animal of the two being all the more appreciative of the needs of the hunting man and steed, as its proprietor, and, of late years, his son, are regular attendants on the local packs, and a mount that will carry you is always to be found in its stables.

Hunting
quarters.

The *status* of
Warwickshire.

In an earlier page I promised to make a further remark before closing as to the position of Warwickshire in the list of hunting countries. At that time Leicestershire occupied the premier place, Northamptonshire being second, and Warwickshire third. Now, my readers, what is the verdict now! I suppose we daren't lay a finger upon the glorified Leicestershire, but may we transpose the second and third? I have half a mind to do it. Of late years especially, "the Warwickshire" have so gone ahead, that for speed and for hunting capabilities I venture to maintain they can hold their own against any. The loyalty of the inhabitants of their country gives them plenty of sport, and as regards the country, well, let a fox from Shuckburgh or Ufton settle determinedly on a line down that side of the country, and then, when he has seen him pulled down after a ten mile point-to-point, ask one from Northamptonshire what he thinks of it. Or give him a Wolford or a Whichford fox with his nose for "the wind-breaking" hills, and learn what he thinks of the mettle that's needed in a Warwickshire steed.

Conclusion.

And now, though far longer delayed than I imagined

LORD
WILLOUGHBY DE
BROKE.

it would be at the commencement, I feel that the time of conclusion has arrived, and I must say *au revoir* to my readers. Through the kindness and help of several I have been able to embody more in my work than I saw before me at starting. To those who have so kindly helped me, and to the many who have given me every encouragement during my work, I can only very inadequately express my thanks. I am glad that through this most extraordinary winter, when hunting has been impossible for weeks, and, of course, hunting notes equally so, to have been able to give my readers week by week something in their place, and if the pleasure they have derived from reading my weekly chapters has been but half that I have found in their compilation, then my scribbling has had its due reward. For myself I fain would extend them, but when these words see light May will be fortnight old, and hunting matters should be allowed a little rest; so wishing that another season may find Lord Willoughby still at the head of "the Warwickshire" with all the requirements and conditions of sport ready to hand; that prosperity may ever wait upon him and his pack, and on all those who, throughout his country, so heartily support him; and that next season may bring about a renewing of all happy old associations, I say, to each and all of my readers, "*au revoir*."

Good wishes.

Au revoir.

APPENDIX A.

APPENDIX A.

BOB CANNING AND MR. MORANT GALE.

The following letter by the Rev. G. Miller, of Radway, appeared in the *Banbury Guardian* of January 1st, 1891.

To the Editor of the BANBURY GUARDIAN.

SIR,—To Robert Canning, of Hound's Hill, "Castor" is, I am sure, right in ascribing the position of "Crack Man" of his time in the Warwickshire hunt. Many anecdotes I have heard my father relate of the prowess in the hunting field of "Bob Canning," as he was usually called, and whom he always considered to be the very best man he had ever seen out with the hounds.

The poem on the Epwell Hunt I have often heard quoted, and I should very much like to know where a copy of it could be seen.

The couplet on Mr. Edward Morant Gale, I have always heard quoted in a slightly different way:—

A Meltonian of old, and well versed in their creed,
Who would leap at a haystack for the sake of a lead;

And well do I remember the description given by my father of Mr. Morant Gale's appearance after the run, described by "Castor" as he sat by his horse with his clothes torn to ribbons under the blackthorn hedge. Mr. Morant assumed the name of Gale at the death of a relative who left him a considerable fortune. He

married Eliza, daughter of Gore Townsend, Esq., of Honington Hall. He held large West Indian estates, and being interested in the Indians, he backed Molyneux the black prize-fighter against the well-known Cribb. The encounter took place at Shenington Glebe farm at the back of the Temple pond at Upton, while the Rector of Shenington was away from home. Cribb won the fight. After his wife's death he left Warwickshire and went into Hampshire. One of his most noted horses was Sprawlo Brazilius, commonly called "old Sprawlo." Well do I remember Mr. Evelyn John Shirley, a short time before his death, and my father speaking of this horse and relating many an anecdote of their old hunting days, while I stood listening with intense interest.

GEORGE MILLER.

APPENDIX B.

APPENDIX B.

THE GREAT RUN TO BOURTON-ON-THE-WATER.

The following letter and note on the run from Compton Wyniates to Bourton-on-the-Water, in 1801, which will be found on page 18, appeared in the *Banbury Guardian* of January 8th and 15th, 1891, respectively.

Lighthorne Rectory, Warwick,

January 2nd, 1891.

DEAR SIR,—Do we not read somewhere of “ancient runs devoid of truth.” I hope “Castor” will not fall into the error of maintaining these if there is not authority for them. I cannot help being sure that the great run which he described, as commencing at Compton Wyniates and ending at Bourton-on-the-Water must be a mistake. Bourton-on-the-Water must be an error, I think, for Bourton-on-the-Hill, or Little Bourton, the other side Chamberlayne’s gorse, especially as he says that there is no record of the names of any places which the hounds passed through between Banbury and his Bourton. It is quite impossible that any *one* fox could go so far, and unless they walked after him no horses could have done it either. I should be glad if he would give his authority, which, I suppose, is the old book, “The Warwickshire Hounds,” and let us know if there is any corroborating evidence. If there is not, I hold that the fox ran to

Banbury, and then on over the high road, and down the valley by Chamberlayne's Gorse, which, as "Castor" well knows, is a very natural and usual run for a fox to take.

Yours, &c.,
W. R. VERNEY.

To the Editor of the BANBURY GUARDIAN.

APPENDIX B.

I must thank the Rev. G. Miller and the Hon. and Rev. W. R. Verney for their interesting notes. Respecting the latter gentleman's suggestion concerning the Bourton-on-the-Water run, I am afraid I cannot coincide with his opinion respecting the finish. There is only a very few miles difference between Bourton-on-the-Water and Bourton-on-the-Hill, certainly not enough to affect the severe nature of the run. As regards Little Bourton, I am aware that it would be a very natural line for a fox to take, but I hold in this case it would reduce the run too considerably. The hounds ran for four hours and a quarter having gone a distance of at least thirty-five miles, according to an account given at the time by "A Veteran Foxhunter." They were stopped by the huntsman, who had followed them on a hack, at a quarter past five, as it was getting dark. So far as we can learn none of the field lived to the end of the run. We are told that most of the horses were tired soon after leaving Banbury, and that no horse got to the stable he came from that morning, while most of the sportsmen were compelled to spend a night out. This would not have been likely to have been the case had the run finished at Little Bourton, and I really see no reason to curtail the run to such an extent.—CASTOR.

APPENDIX C.

APPENDIX C.

SOME WARWICKSHIRE REMINISCENCES.

The following letter appeared in the *Banbury Guardian* of April 16th, 1891.

To the Editor of the BANBURY GUARDIAN.

DEAR SIR,—I have been so much interested in "Castor's" history of foxhunting in Warwickshire that I venture to write a few lines to notice that he has omitted the celebrated Hillmorton run which took place in the period when my father, the late Lord Willoughby de Broke, then Mr. Robert Barnard, was master. The fox was found at Hillmorton and ran perfectly straight to the Hempton Hills in about 50 minutes, over the finest country in the world. Ned Stevens was then huntsman. My father was riding "Comet," who carried first him and then Stevens through the run, and came home at night nothing the worse. Two of my uncles, Squire Fortescue, of Fullapit, and the Rev. Fitzwilliam Taylor, of East Ogwell Rectory, who are both alive and well, were out and went to the end. After they got to the Hempton Hills there was a great deal of running up and down with a beaten fox before the fox was killed. A good many sportsmen (?) who had been out of the real run made too much use of their horses then; and report says that 18 died that night. They were bled at Dunchurch in the old barbaric fashion which probably was the cause of their deaths, if they actually took place.

This shows the folly of the old system of bleeding. It is the rarest thing in the world now for a hunter to die of over exhaustion in the hunting field. When my father got back to Compton, where he was staying, he and my uncles dined at a small table, the large party in the house having nearly finished dinner. The late Sir Hugh Williams asked many questions anent the run, and when my father said that they had killed him, got up and waving his napkin over his head shouted, "Victory! Victory!" Old Lord Willoughby who was not much of a foxhunter, though a staunch preserver, said "Sit down Hugh," and looking up at the old naval picture by Louthembourg of the battles of the Nile and Camperdown, added, "Why you make as much fuss as if England's navy had won a great Victory." The late Rev. H. C. Knightley, of Combroke, was also out and of course reached the end. He had also a dinner party who waited dinner for him, such stern stuff were host and guests then made of, till 10 p.m. The head of this old fox was preserved in a glass case in the Muniment Room at Compton Verney, and was viewed with the greatest reverence and respect by my brother, the present Lord Willoughby, and myself, for many years. Alas! it has disappeared for ever.

I may mention another run which has often been spoken of to me by the present Sir Charles Mordaunt. It occurred in the second mastership of the late Mr. Spencer Lucy, and was from Ladbroke to Eydon Gorse in forty-five minutes. In another run which took place in Mr. Lucy's mastership, in which he carried the horn himself, Worrall being away or unwell, I had the good fortune to participate. He got away after two short rings from Shuckburgh Hill and ran to Welton Place in forty or fifty minutes. From thence over the Kilsbury Tunnel and perfectly straight in the direction of Market Harborough to within three or four miles of Husband's Bosworth. I

APPENDIX C.

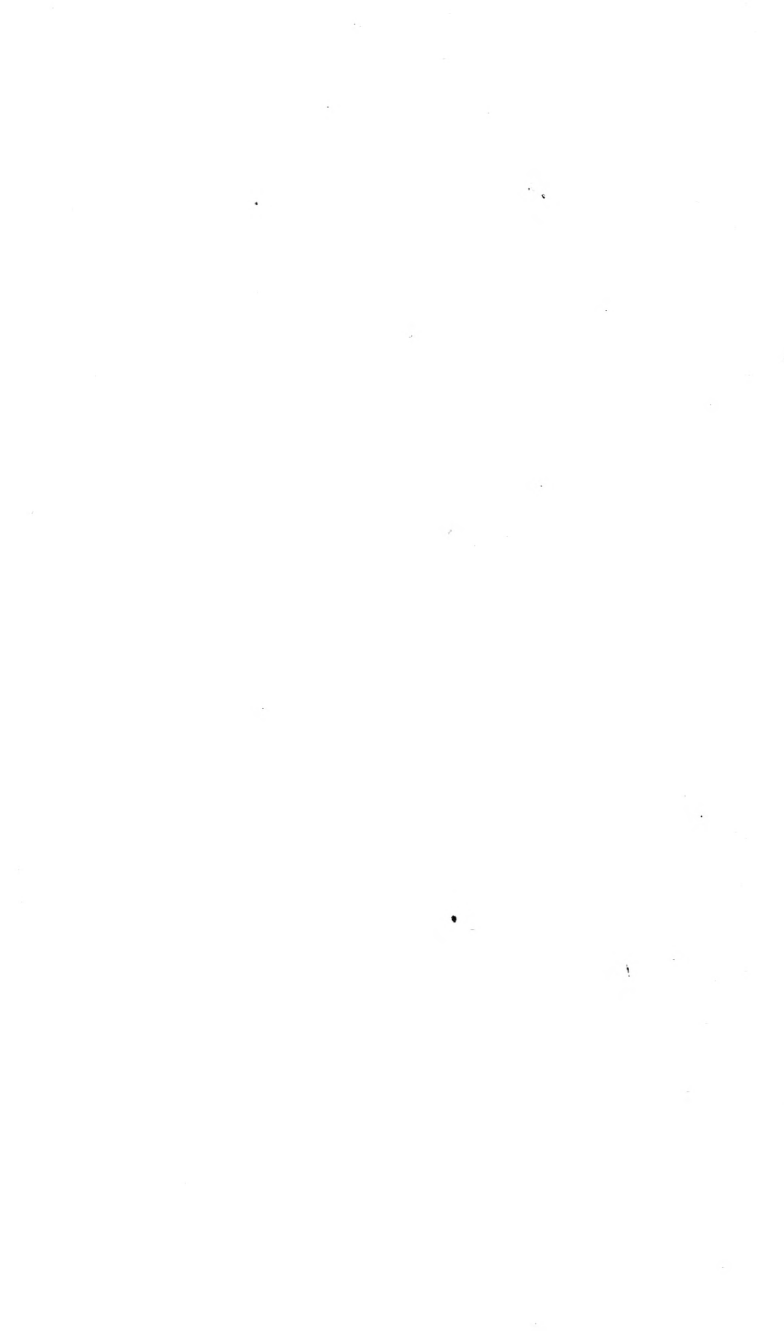
was riding two of the best horses in England, but got a very bad start and did not see much of the first and best part of the run, in which the late Mr. Stanley, of Leamington, and Squire Chamberlayne of Stoney Thorpe, held the pride of place. When I got on "Corsica," Lord Willoughby's well known bay mare, I passed plenty of good men who had had enough. I remember passing the late Mr. Bolton King, who had only one horse out, as was his custom, and I asked him which way the hounds were. He pointed forward, and said, "I could go on, but I will not risk killing my mare," like a good sportsman as he was. I jumped the last fence that was jumped that day, and, like a silly young fool, decided to go to the Market Harborough Ball that night instead of going home with the hounds, which would have been, of course, the right thing to do. I asked Mr. Lucy to leave word at the Lodge, at Compton, that I was not coming back, and he passed there and left my message with old Vincent, the stud groom at eleven o'clock at night. When I got to the ball, in Lord Melgund's dress clothes, I found I was not half such a hero as I expected to be, and the mare was so stiff next day that I made up my mind there and then never to sleep out again, a vow which has been religiously kept. We did not kill the good fox, or it would have been the finest run that ever was seen. Mr. Lucy was riding "Goldfinder," and of course was there; but I cannot remember who else got to the end.

W. R. V.

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