

THE
TRINITY
FOOT BEAGLES
1862-1912



66 $\frac{19}{15}$

A. WALKER.

BOULSTON
HAVERFORDWEST

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THE TRINITY FOOT BEAGLES



Waterbeach, Feb. '09. A yokel and his dog capture our exhausted hare, and evade William Henry Wiggin by crossing the river.

THE TRINITY FOOT BEAGLES

AN INFORMAL RECORD
OF CAMBRIDGE SPORT AND SPORTSMEN
DURING THE PAST FIFTY YEARS

COMPILED BY

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AUTHOR OF

'THE GREEN FINCH CRUISE' AND 'THE MISADVENTURES OF A HACK CRUISER'

ILLUSTRATED

LONDON
EDWARD ARNOLD

1912

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PREFACE

My apology for compiling these annals is that we thought they would be interesting. "We" consisted of T. Holland Hibbert, Master; Peter Clarke, Whip and Secretary; and myself; and the inspiration came to us homeward bound on the box seat of the Beagle Brake, coming, I think, down the steep descent of Castle Hill towards Magdalene Bridge. Further conversations revealed the fact that there had been an abortive attempt to construct a History, and that the materials were at our disposal. So a letter to *The Field* was drafted, and signed by the Master, in which we said that a movement was afoot to compile a history of the Trinity Foot Beagles. We stated that a considerable amount of material had already come into our possession, and that any reminiscences of the condition of the pack and of sport attained, records of memorable runs or incidents in any way connected with beagling, would be welcome.

It was added that at the unanimous wish of the present Executive, the Rev. F. C. Kempson had undertaken to edit and arrange the materials.

The response to this appeal is to be found in the text. Whether the matter is as interesting as we have thought it would be is for others to determine.



12:15 pm

From Drawing by A. H. Penn
in T.F.B.C. Book.

The willingness of the response brings us to the second function of a Preface—acknowledgments.

With so many kind and helpful contributors it is difficult to know where to begin, and invidious to select names, but some must be mentioned. Mr. Charles Hoare and Dr. Fenwick have helped us to piece together an outline of the almost forgotten Foot Drag; Lord Ernest St. Maur has taken great pains over the hunting in the days of "Pat" Currey; and we are indebted to the Regius Professor of Greek, Dr. Henry Jackson, for the personal memoir of our Founder, which is an evident labour of love. The other lengthier and more detailed contributions are Mr. P. Burges's



From Drawing by A. H. Penn in T.F.B.C. Book.

account of "Mother" Hunt's time, Mr. J. S. Carr-Ellison's of his (and my own) day, and Mr. Kenneth Walker's Reveley yarn. But the shorter Memoranda and letters are no less valuable in their way, and as it is impossible to name all here, I have adopted the device of printing in capitals the name of every contributor as it appears in the Index.



From Drawing by A. H. Penn in T.F.B.C. Book.

In the matter of illustrations I have to thank Mr. C. P. T. Hawkes for some pen-and-ink sketches of his time, and the T.F.B. Club have provided a number of clever sketches from their Minute

Book. Special thanks are due to Miss Burges for the initial letters of the chapters, and for three drawings which occur on pages 68, 108, and 110.

The sources of photographs are too numerous to mention, or to make it possible to thank contributors separately. By the way, the taking of the "official" group on the Backs (it used to be in Hills and Saunders' garden) is rather an event sometimes, and I have a sketch by me of the photographer trying with the aid of a tin trumpet to personate the Master so that the hounds may hold their heads up and look pleasant.

There are two other "after thoughts." I have suspected T. H. H. of drawing a very unflattering caricature of myself as "Our Host at Manea" (see p. 201) and then rubbing it out. I have since asked him and he says, "I didn't draw 'Our Host at Manea,' but I *did* rub it out before you saw the book and before I knew you well enough to know you would not mind!

You nearly saw it, I remember, and it did make me hot avoiding it.—T. H. H."

The other relates to veterinary details in the "Farmers' Book," Chapter VIII., to wit, the prescription for mange. I have tried it myself—I mean for my dogs—which is but fair, seeing that two puppies brought it from the kennels. My gardener asked for some for himself as he was getting bald!



From Drawing by A. H. Penn in T.F.B.C. Book.

All beaglers should wish good luck on his marriage to T. Holland Hibbert, in whose Mastership this work was begun, and to G. W. Barclay, whose season is just beginning as it appears.

We are living among changes of which no one knows the end, though we can see that those who inherit the feudal tradition of public service must adapt themselves to new conditions. Should any under these circumstances object to our writing lightly of trivial things, will they remember that truth is sometimes spoken in jest?



From Drawing by A. H. Penn in T.F.B.C. Book.

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Handwritten text, possibly a signature or scribble, located below the illustration.

PHOTOGRAPHER IMPERSONATING THE MASTER!

THE TRINITY FOOT BEAGLES

CHAPTER I

THE BARBARIANS

There was a youth, and a well-belovéd youth,
And he was a squi-er's son.

Old English Ballad.



It is beyond doubt that primæval man hunted wild animals for food, and later, perchance, learned to cook them: that was in the days of barbarism. As time went on, and men learned to grow crops and to keep sheep, the necessity of hunting disappeared, but not the joy of it. For example, the Patriarch Isaac was a lover of savoury meat: this, as is shown in Holy Writ, could be more easily procured from among the kids of his flock than from the beasts of the wild, and when skilfully dressed, was quite as good to eat. Yet he had a son,

Esau, who was a cunning hunter and man of the field, and preferred the more difficult and adventurous methods of stocking the family larder because they were "good hunting." Esau was, moreover, a thorough sportsman in his good qualities as well as in his defects; unfortunately he is not the only sportsman who has sold his birth-right for a mess of pottage; but he had none of the meaner vices of his more respectable brother, whose enlightened self-interest outran the limits of common honesty.

In our days there are the same diverse types, though their conditions of life are not what they then were; for now it is the tillers of the soil and the keepers of sheep, farmers and landowners, who are by instinct and tradition sportsmen, while the mantle of Jacob has fallen upon the town-dwellers who frequent shops, offices, counting-houses, and other like places. Hunting dates back, as we have seen, to the days of barbarism, and if its proper connections be in truth barbaric, then Matthew Arnold was right in dubbing the English gentry who still hunt, kill, and eat wild things (and who are therefore survivals of barbarism), "Barbarians"; while the respect-

able black-coated folk of orderly business habits he calls "Philistines." Jorrocks distinguishes, after his inimitable and immortal fashion, between "Peerage Folk" and "Post Office Directory Folk"; but the line of class cleavage no longer corresponds with that between Esau and Jacob. For there were both sporting and serious-minded people in Peerage and also in Post Office Directory circles: for example, Roger Swizzle and Sebastian Mello were the two apothecaries at Handley Cross. Under whatsoever social system we may have lived, may live, or may be about to live, Esaus and Jacobs, hunters and stay-at-homes, Barbarians and Philistines are likely to survive as long as mankind continues; and while this is so, the diverging of thought and habit will exhibit itself in the microcosm of University life. Before, however, we begin to consider this matter which so intimately



A PHILISTINE.



A BARBARIAN.

concerns such a history as ours, it may be well to consider more broadly some of the peculiar characteristics of English sport.

England, or rather the British Isles (for we must be just to poor old Oireland!) are the first, or indeed, in the narrower sense of the term, the only hunting country in the world. It sounds like a paradox to say that this is due to our poverty in beasts of chase; but it is the truth. Cave lion, elephant, rhinoceros, Irish elk, and buffalo went out in the Stone Age. In the Middle Ages there were deer and boar in abundance, and even wolves and bear. We have now only the fox and the hare, except for Exmoor and the New Forest, where wild red and fallow deer still survive. And so "bold Reynolds" has come into the kingdom of his "betters"; but for this poverty he would still have been treated as mean thieving vermin, and the hunting of him had been as shabby a business as ferreting rats out of a pig-stye. As things are, though still a thief he has risen to be "Thief o' the World," and the hunting of him "the sport o' kings and the image o' war with only twenty per cent o' the danger"; and we must own that Muster Reynolds has fairly won his spurs if you consider the number, speed, and quality of the hounds, and the skill and horsemanship that are needed to make him cry "*Capivi*"! And what a brave show the sportsman makes clothed in scarlet with other delights, such as tops cleaned, as Mr. Delmé Radcliffe did not say,¹ with "champagne and abricot jam," so that, as with King Solomon's throne, "the like has not been seen in any kingdom."

Compared with fox-hunting, the taking of the hare must always seem somewhat tame, and the turning out of

All the King's horses and all the King's men

to chase so small and timid a creature, may seem akin to breaking a butterfly on the wheel: nevertheless it must be confessed that to

Trace the circling mazes of the hare

is truly, though the truth was said in sarcasm, "a highly scientific amusement," and when "Sarah" is hunted afoot with beagles it is more than that, it is good, hard, strenuous sport. One does not hunt to run as thrusters hunt to ride, for plugging over a heavy plough

¹ What he did say, and I have it on the authority of his own grandson, was that the then correct colour for tops was something between that of champagne and of apricot jam.

on your behind legs is not the exhilarating thing that it is to be going one's best on a good horse in that indescribable state of super-confidence known as having ones "blood up": contrariwise one runs to hunt. But incidentally the running is good, and you must be young and sound to keep going day after day; and you run to see "good hunting." Beagling, therefore, is a sport for youthful Esaus, not only because of the wholesome and comparatively inexpensive exercise which it provides, but also for the knowledge of hound lore which it affords. Not that it is impossible for the middle-aged and heavy to see the fun: on the contrary, as hares seldom run straight, it is possible for such to forecast the line and so bring themselves in by the use of their brains. The Universities therefore being a place of meeting for undergraduate youth and crabbed donnish age, beagling should be a form of hunting peculiarly fitted for those sportsmen, usually of modest means, whose studies or whose life-work takes them to Oxford or Cambridge. This brings us to consider the position of sport in the Universities.

During the Lent Term of 1912 a long, sympathetic, and carefully written article appeared in the *Cambridge Review* dealing with the "Ethics of Sport," from the point of view of the large part which sport appears to play in University life; it concluded, *mirabile dictu*, with the following paragraph:—

"Another charge which is frequently brought against sport is that it tends to brutalise those who participate in it. As regards certain forms of amusement which are commonly called sport, the charge is a just one. Killing for the joy of killing (*sic*) is morally unjustifiable, and the day which sees legislation against fox-hunting and the shooting of birds will be a creditable one for the English nation. Such 'sports' should be relegated to the memories of the past: they are utterly unworthy of their name."



MIDDLE-AGED AND HEAVY.

The explanation of course is that the article was written by a Philistine, to be read by brother Philistines who have adopted and developed a vast system of athletic contests, which have nothing to do with field sport; and he bewrays incidentally the animus of the Philistine towards the Barbarian—Jacob's sense of smooth respectable broadcloth superiority over his red-necked brother Esau. A close study of the article will reveal the fact that this natural perennial feeling as between the two types of human nature is reinforced not only by the fact that the Universities are run almost entirely by Philistines and principally for Philistines, but also from the classic traditions of the Academic World.

Our Public Schools and Universities attach, and rightly, at least as much importance to the development of "character" as they do to the imparting of either useful or ornamental knowledge:

Mens sana in corpore sano,

to use a hackneyed expression, is the finished product of the system. And the lines on which this goal is approached are classic and stoical: the moral functions of "sport" being those learned from the Hellenic athletes and philosophers. The Barbarians on the other hand are young squires who come from a landowning race whose traditions are rather mediæval and feudal than classic, and it is for this reason that the squires are "barbarous" sportsmen rather than "cultured" athletes. One of our most painstaking contributors, Lord Ernest St. Maur, of Trinity Hall and Burton Hall, Loughboro', who is of course an unmixed "Barbarian," contributes an anecdote which is not only amusing but interesting, because it is typical of the uninterest and ignorance with which we feudal Barbarians are regarded by the classic Philistine.

"I remember on one occasion," he says, "I was exercising the pack with Charlie Thompson, when I met one of the Dons of my College, who stopped and asked me what the 'curious coloured dogs' were that I had with me. I told him they were beagles—small hounds. He asked what we kept them for. On telling him that we hunted hares with them, and followed them on foot, he expressed great surprise and said, 'Do you mean to say that human beings

follow a hare on foot with those little short-legged dogs by way of sport ?'

"On being told that this was so he said, 'Marvellous! but of course with no expectation of capturing the hare. Greyhounds I know *do* capture hares, and, I believe, were used by the Ancients for that purpose; they are fleet of foot, and dogs capable of great speed, but it seems impossible that *these* dogs could ever hope to overtake a hare.'

"I tried to explain to him that beagles ran by scent, and not



by sight, and that we not infrequently did 'capture' a hare. He thanked me civilly for my information; but I feel certain that he was by no means convinced, and looked upon the pack of beagles as another sign of the eccentricity of the ordinary (*sic*) undergraduate."

This story exactly presents the attitude not so much of the average Don to undergraduate eccentricity as of the ordinary Philistine, whether Don or undergraduate, to the barbaric beagler. Beaglers are not exactly eccentric *as* undergraduates, it is more true to say that we are eccentric *to* them. A recent Master, T. Holland Hibbert, found this out for himself. I used sometimes to look in at

8 Bridge Street where he kept with Peter Clarke, who was junior whip and secretary, in my spare time between giving a ten o'clock lecture and the hour for starting in the brake. This by the way sometimes led to an offer of luncheon consisting of bun loaf, butter, and cold water, to which I contributed the sandwiches I had brought in my pocket, and once he found me a whisky and soda; though it was, strictly speaking, "agin his conscience." Peter Clarke, who was treated as a sort of fag, used to be sent out to buy the bun loaf. After our luncheon we were one day going round to the Pitt to join the brake when "T" said, "You know all these people in the street think we're mad. There's a fellow who used to sit next me in the 'Labs.' ['T' took the Natural Science Tripos] who said, 'I say, what do you wear those things for that I saw you in the other day?'" He meant of course the T.F.B. uniform, and did not know a velvet hunting-cap when he saw one!

The gulf that is fixed between Barbarian and Philistine is further widened by the fact that when the former do play cricket they form a club of their own, and go out to play their humbler Barbarian brethren in the outlying villages.

But we have not yet exhausted the weight of the academic prejudice arrayed against us.

The Universities were originally, as were also Winchester and Eton, and some other pre-reformation schools, ecclesiastical foundations. There have been many ecclesiastics including Bishops who have been keen sportsmen, nevertheless the official view is that the "sporting parson" is inconsistent with sacerdotal propriety; for "Jacob" lived even in so sporting a period as the Middle Ages, and there existed then as now the allied prejudice against military service. The *Spectator* has drawn attention to an Eton Statute (Number XIX.), clean contrary to the Beagles, which runs as follows:

No Scholar, Fellow, Chaplain or other Minister or Servant of the College shall keep or have hunting dogs, nets for hunting, ferrets, falcons or hawks.

The *Spectator* complains that notwithstanding this "the Eton Beagles still remain in defiance of the Founder's prohibition of Sport." All this is trotted out in the "humanitarian" interest, of which more

anon; but the intention of the Founder was not humanitarian—as the prohibition is directed against persons who were in those days all tonsured “clerks,” and the motive was not very far removed from that of the Puritans, who disliked bear-baiting, as says Lord Macaulay, not because it gave pain to the bear, but pleasure to the spectators. Of course the ecclesiastical atmosphere of all such ancient foundations is a thing of the past. The prejudice, however, survives though the rational motive for it is long forgotten.

The result of all this is that Sport holds no recognised position in University life, and that the Barbarians form a minority, self-sufficient and aloof, like “Stalky and Co.,” who instead of saying, “Yes, Sir!” and “No, Sir!” and “Oh, Sir!” and “Please, Sir!” and playing cricket and football for their house at appointed times, went exploring in Colonel Dabney’s coverts and made friends with his retainers. And the analogy is the closer in that from the way that M’Turk reported the keeper for attempted vulpicide, he at least was as full-blooded a Barbarian as the Colonel himself.

The aloofness is a fact in my judgment as regrettable as the over-exaltation of athletics. The latter are of course free from anything like professionalism in the ordinary sense. They are as high-toned and whole-souled as their Greek prototypes who, so we were told at school, gained no prize other than a quickly corruptible crown of laurels. But it always seemed to me that the victors of those days made a fairly good thing of it. They received handsome testimonials from their fellow-citizens, and had the further joy of being made a fuss of; and the case is not altogether different with a modern game-playing blue. He is a personage with grounds for a good conceit of himself, he is interviewed and illustrated by the enterprise of modern journalism, and, if he turn dominie, sometimes gets a rather better mastership than he could ever aspire to on learning alone. The sportsman on the other hand, who matches himself against the cunning of animate and the forces of inanimate nature, has no reward beyond the pleasure of the sport itself, the triumph of endurance, and of survival where there is danger, and perhaps something extra good to eat, such as a snipe or pheasant. The sportsman moreover, in his contests with nature, develops his powers of observation

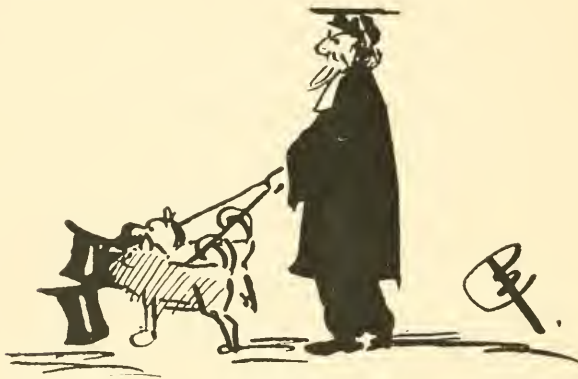
and self-reliance, his sympathy of hand and eye, and his patience, sometimes under conditions of risk such as never occur in any mere game. Fortunately there are signs of reaction, though in a somewhat unexpected quarter. These show themselves in the effort to teach open-air life, observation, resource, etc., to boys from elementary schools under the guise of "scouting," which has much in common with field sport. Above that grade Education with a capital E does nothing. This is a pity, although practical difficulties can be freely acknowledged. Field sports occupy much space, while all the games of all the boys can be played, under the eye of discipline too, in one or two fair-sized flat grass-fields.

None the less, except for humanitarian objections which will be met and answered later, it would seem that from the point of view of "character" the field sports of the Barbarians form at least as good a school as the games of the Philistines. I will indeed venture further, and say something of the character to which the former have already attained in spite of their aloofness in our cold, miscomprehending little world.

"These men are not vicious," said a man who knew, anent the Barbarians, to another so deeply Philistine that he thought all hunting men went to Oxford. "They have been brought up to country life, and while up here must find some outlet for their country tastes." I must apologise to my brother Barbarians for printing the truism with which this paragraph opens, but my point is that the Philistines are abysmally ignorant in these matters, and I speak from experience, as I count several Philistines among my friends, and some of them have at least a subconscious sentiment to the contrary. All sport, at least all English sport, has a quality of horsiness; horses have a concern in horse-racing; horse-racing is mixed up with the ignoble herd of touts and sharpers, therefore all sport is tainted, and they call it "Nehushtan," poor dears! All sportsmen are not sharps like Soapey Sponge, Jack Spraggon, or Sir Archibald Deepecarde, nor flats such as Waffles or Sir 'Arry Scattercash, but natural honest men like John Jorrocks, who in spite of his vulgarity and "samples o' tea" was a good-hearted old fellow at bottom; or the vastly superior hero of "Nimrod's" rather dull and humourless *Life*

of a *Sportsman*. The best witnesses, however, to the character of University Barbarians are the Proctors; and of the attitude of the latter to the former I have a tale to tell.

It has been said that wheresoever Englishmen are gathered together, there you will find a race-course, and to this rule Cambridge is no exception: University Steeplechases are held at Cottenham in both October and Lent Terms. Now, steeplechasing is formally prohibited by edict of the University, and yet the Cottenham meetings are held, with no pretence of secrecy, under Grand National Hunt



A PROCTOR.

By S. P. Cockerel in T.F.B.C. Book.

Rules, and bills announcing the date, place, and terms of admission are posted up on the public hoardings and the windows of motor omnibuses. The edict is, in fact, treated in the usual English fashion; that is, it is not enforced, but held in reserve until the evils which it is intended to suppress make their appearance. But this is not a mere assumption, the *ipsissima verba* of a Senior Proctor may be quoted to demonstrate the fact.

As Cottenham attracts what are technically known as "People,"¹ it is made an occasion for one or more balls. Balls keep the young out of bed and out of bounds long after midnight, when they should be refreshing themselves for another day's lectures; wherefore balls

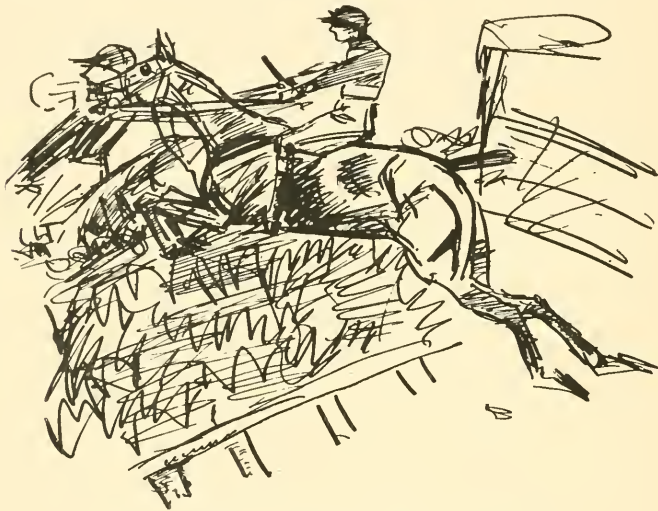
¹ Classifiable as sisters, cousins, and aunts.

may be arranged only with the knowledge and consent of the Vice-Chancellor. These balls have various titles. There may be a Hunt Ball or Drag and Beagle Ball, or a Pitt Club or Athenæum Ball, which are all alike except for the crest at the head of the circular and the name of the *Hon. Sec.* who sells the tickets, and the Committee which "reserves to itself the right, etc. etc." On one occasion it was proposed to call one of these functions a "Cottenham Steeplechase Ball," to which proposal the Vice-Chancellor, as Miss Jane Austen would have said, "readily assented." Notices of the holding of this ball were therefore publicly displayed, and read by the Senior Proctor, who was pained, and sent for the Master of the Beagles, and there was an interview, of which I cannot give a verbatim report, but only the headings.

Steeplechasing (*ut supra*) is forbidden by edict. A ball not merely held in honour of, but openly *named after*, such an event was too cynical a disregard of the law. It was difficult to believe that the Vice-Chancellor could have sanctioned the revels under such a name. The Proctor understood that it was to have been a "Pitt" ball.

But no! the Beagle Master had the matter in black and white, with the V.C.'s sign-manual thereto. Would he produce it? With glad alacrity! The putting in of the permit was something of a facer. A Proctor cannot well veto a Vice-Chancellor's dispensation. Yet if the matter went through, a great step would be taken toward repealing the edict by contrary custom. So long as "Cottenham" was conducted as at present, there would be no interference, but the Proctorial Body would be hampered in the putting down of horse-racing should need arise. He explained the difficulty quite frankly. Would the Beagle Master help him out of a hole? An he would, the Drag and Beagles would attain to an odour of even greater sanctity than they occupied at present. Would it put any one to any inconvenience if the gathering were rechristened the Drag and Beagle Ball? If this were agreed to he, the Proctor, would himself pay the cost of printing fresh bills and tickets. To this reasonable and courteous proposal the Beagle Master cheerfully assented, and the business concluded with every expression of mutual civility.

Now it seems to me that any class of young men who can be on such terms with the Higher Authority must form a desirable and wholesome element in the world in which they move, even though they be not in the first flight when the Tripods lists come out. In the matter of character the Barbarians have done better than "Bogey." But this is not all. Cottenham is an "open" meeting and does attract, as the Beagle Master himself said, some "perfectly awful



H. C. BACKHOUSE (T.F.B.) RIDES AT COTTENHAM.
By "A 1" in T.F.B.C. Book.

touts." And that a body of very young men, only a year or two removed from schoolboys, should so manage the assembly as to merit the very high compliment conveyed in the above interview, suggests that in years to come they may do the State some service, if not in the Cabinet, yet in the less showy but quite useful public business of their own countryside. Wherefore the University, whose function I take it is as much to send Men into the world, as to pick out a few pundits for home consumption, ought to take up a more interested and encouraging attitude towards the Jesus Lane Barbarians. But it does not: it has not even a "corporate mind" on the subject!

I once consulted two Dons on the situation, both men in a position to know something of the matter, and received the following contradictory judgments.

No. 1

The undergraduate who hunts, whether with foxhounds, Drag, or Beagles, is an essential waster, and but for the most guilt-edged of good behaviour could not be tolerated. Nohow!

No. 2

The undergraduate who hunts has, owing to his Chesterfieldian character, such great potentialities for good that his aloofness from the general body of University doings is "selfish" and a loss: he is a valuable academic asset run to waste. Contrariwise!

Thus "Tweedle Dum" and "Tweedle Dee." To whom the following answers should be given:—

TO TWEEDLE DUM

The judgment on the Barbarians that they are of no use to their university or colleges either as athletes or intellectuals, that is as not being good Philistines, is narrow-minded and wrong. A young man with brains, and Barbarians have brains, is not meant merely to glorify his college by Tripos and Scholarship, nor one of brawn to humiliate his *Alma Tanta*¹ by becoming a victorious blue: but to be educated with a view to his future use in the wider world. I have always understood that I was to "praise famous men and our fathers that begat us"² for that they founded an University for the benefit of undergraduates, not because they begat undergraduates for the benefit of the University. The Barbarian attends his lectures when suitable, or coaches when they are not, passes his examinations and pays his fees at least as regularly as the average Philistine, and will be tolerated as long as he continues so to do; and the former certainly needs no more of the margin that is wisely granted for

¹ *Tanta* is Latin for "aunt," from the French *tante*. *Alma Tanta* is, of course, the Sister University.

² Ecclesiasticus xlv. 1.

high spirits, noise, and an occasional change of headgear with a good-humoured and forbearing police than does the latter.

TO TWEEDLE DEE

Any class of young men of naturally "good influence" who set themselves deliberately to exercise it with a conscious intention of doing good would become a set of insufferable prigs. Their aloofness is due to deep-seated causes going back to the difference between Esau and Jacob, which difference was so fundamental that it manifested itself even before they were born. So perhaps (?) the aloofness is better as it is, and is best left alone anyway, especially if the undergraduate is meant to be useless now in order that he may be useful hereafter—an opinion not far removed from common sense.

However, perhaps we should be wiser if we didn't bother ourselves over such high matters as the place of Barbarians in a modern University, which is a subject proper to the "heavy" Reviews. Things are what they are, the consequences of them will be what we will be, and moral observations in a Beagle Book are not likely to make much difference. We Barbarians are sons of Esau, country bred and used to country ways, and we must find something congenial to do while we sojourn among the courts and cloisters of Jacob. So what sport is to be found by such

As range the bleak East Anglian plain
Whose centre is in Jesus Lane?

For those who care for coarse fishing there are plenty of pike in the rivers and drains of the fen.

Shooting, except such poor and otherwise dubious sport as is to be had on the introduction of touts and dog-stealers, is scarce, though there are places not to be too particularly indicated where snipe and duck may be found. There is plenty of good shooting about, but that is so good that it is out of the question for undergraduates. In fact, Cambridgeshire shooting bears considerable analogy to

. . . the little girl
Who had a little curl
Right in the middle of her forehead,

Who when she was good
Was very very good,
But when she was naughty she was horrid.

Hunting, however, is simple. All you have to do is to find where hounds meet, pay your cap or subscription, and turn up. If it be fox-hunting you must have a horse, but that, if you can pay for him, Mr. Hopkins will provide over the telephone. It is cheaper if you hunt regularly to bring a horse or horses up from home. I once tried to persuade my father that if he would let me bring the horse I rode at home up for the term, the amount he would save on his keep at home, and what I should save by hacking him out to beagle meets instead of driving, would exactly balance the cost of keeping him; but he did not see it. Perhaps he thought that with a horse I should not do enough work, and in that case I have no doubt that he was right. But to hunt with beagles is within the reach of such Barbarians as are even poor, five pounds a term being the utmost that can be spent on the actual hunting. And further, except for occasional train meets, the beagler who is industrious can put in a fair morning's work, as the brake seldom starts before 12.15. From 1 o'clock to 5 is spent in beagling, and then after a pleasant tea at the inn the brake takes you home to bath and dinner, when if not too sleepy you can resume your work.

Economy, however, is not the only advantage of beagles over foxhounds for the young. With the latter an undergraduate can never be more than a private subscribing member, whereas with beagles he may become a whipper-in, if not a Master, and so have a finger in the pie; and an undergraduate of means can have all the interest and invaluable experience of hound management and yet get in a day a week with the Fitzwilliam; and between the two an observant young man can educate himself for the responsible business of a Master of Foxhounds, and this is as it should be, for an University is, in the language of ancient times, a *studium generale*, or place where you can learn anything, and therefore as the general includes the particular, a place where you can learn to be a Master of Foxhounds; and as Cambridge affords, unofficially perhaps and unbeknownst to herself, these educational opportunities, something has been done for

the Barbarians after all! And further I know a case in which the advantage has been deliberately made the most of.

Once upon a time there was a young man whose father sent him up to Cambridge. He was not to spend too much time in fox-hunting, but diligently to learn hound-work with the beagles, of which by diligence



EARLY STAGES IN THE EDUCATION OF AN M.F.H.
A T.F.B. MEMBER GOES A PROPER CROPPER WITH THE "FITZ-BILLY."

By "A1" in T.F.B.C. Book.

he rose to the mastership, and handled his hounds regularly four days a week, getting up at six in the morning so as to ride and yet put in some work for an examination. On the other two days he went fox-hunting. After a four years' course at Cambridge he was to go into a Cavalry Regiment. "And then," he said, "father thinks I will do to come home and take the hounds." A fine career for a young Barbarian! These last words are not "wrote sarcastic": I mean what I say. The man who can manage all the multifarious businesses

connected with the hunting of a pack of hounds with tact and efficiency, and makes time to take some part in county business, is doing much to oil the wheels of life and make his countryside a kinder and more genial and therefore a happier and better place for all sorts of men to live in. The same qualities are wanted in other and more strenuous spheres, and new openings are being made.

A Radical War Minister has turned the old Volunteers into a Territorial Army. It may for lack of men under the existing system of voluntary enlistment be but a skeleton army, but the skeleton may yet make flesh and stand on its feet as genuine an army as that of Ezekiel's vision. In the meantime he has done his best to utilise the natural genius for leadership which the English gentleman possesses, by turning all the old school cadet corps and the poor "Bugshooters" into Officers' Training Corps, and at Cambridge there are opportunities of learning the work of every branch of the Service. Naturally cavalry work specially interests those who hunt and love horses, and the cavalry unit of the Cambridge O.T.C. is most zealously taken up by the "bloods," who turn out at unearthly hours to learn their work before breakfast.

There is other work for poor Barbarian "younger sons" who have to turn out and earn their livings, and whose experience and tradition of leadership is available for that administrative work which is the "white man's burden." Also, as life at home becomes more socialised, there may be more of such work for men with the instincts and training of a country gentleman to do at home, and should Barbarians take some of the headship now in the power of the capitalist Philistine, the future might not be so bad. Here is a story which shows how the matter appears to working-class men who have practical experience of Barbarian government—I mean blue-jackets. An ex-naval officer, a shipmate of mine on a yacht, fell in with some bluejackets at a seaport town on the East Coast. In the course of a general review of their conditions of service they said explicitly that they wanted full-blooded gentlefolks for "officers." The working class were "all right," and gentlefolks were "all right," but the middle classes were "rotten." Sometimes they had middle-class officers who came into the Service to make a living. There

were officers in the Army, and these did not make a living, so why should they in the Navy? Etc. etc. Money seems to come into the estimate here, but the motive of the demand seems to be "Set some one over us who is in no way 'on the make.'"

I have further heard it rumoured that if the rank and file of railway workers were officered by the class which naturally produces "officers," instead of by "non-coms.," who have climbed over their shoulders to place and power, there would be less trouble. It sounds as if there were "something in it." At any rate a wholesome feudal relation between gentle and simple is one that need not be confined to the Navy, the Army, and landed estates, or, if you want a specific instance, the excellent relations which exist between T.F.B. and Mr. Robert Floate. A Barbarian of these parts, F. Bagnall of Little Shelford—there is no reason for suppressing his name—told me that he was talking to some local railwaymen, all socialists, who were grumbling that the Services were not more democratic—they wanted the men to elect their own officers—when an old Radical platelayer in the corner said, "Ah! but you know men will follow a gentleman anywhere." And being myself a cleric with Barbarian traditions I am fain to hope that, as thank God is the case with a good many old members of T.F.B., a fair percentage will accept the burden of the cure of souls. It is fitting that a *padre* should understand his people, and therefore that among the sons of Esau the priest should himself be of the Tribe.

What, you may ask, is the point of all this rambling discourse? I answer that we are concerned with the history of the Trinity Foot Beagles, and that a history is no mere chronicle of events, but is concerned with their meaning. "T.F.B." is the central feature of field sports in our unsympathetic University, and those who beagle are representatives of the whole body of Barbarians who come hither for their education, after which they are meant, equally with the Philistines, to go out into the world and do something. Now I grant that there are some life jobs which are best done by Philistines, but am also convinced that there are others which call urgently for Barbarians: a class who have proved themselves in after-life to have been not altogether wasters.

So far we have only had to concern ourselves with Philistine prejudice, but there are also the attacks of the Humanitarians, who contend in copy-book phraseology that

Barbarians practise Barbarity.

Beaglers having a clear conscience and not concerning themselves with controversy may be content to ignore the challenge, although it often takes the form of

Beaglers practise Barbarity

that is a specific attack on the form of hunting which is our immediate concern, and in face of which attack our feelings have been accurately expressed by Mr. H. S. Gladstone in his beagling diary, in his comment on the *Spectator's* observation on Eton beagling to the effect that:—

“The most cruel forms of sport seem indeed to have always been a staple form of amusement in the school.” And that “these Eton brutalities (*sic*) are condemned by the modern spirit of humaneness.”

On which Mr. Gladstone says:—

“I cannot say that I feel guilty of brutality as ‘condemned by the modern spirit of humaneness.’ My education has taught me that beagling is the most scientific and sporting way of taking the hare.”

And so say we all!

Though so many Cambridge beaglers have been old Etonians, we are not, of course, directly concerned with the barbarity of Eton sport, but the only sport there practised being the hunting of hares afoot with beagles, beagling is stigmatised as a sport of peculiar cruelty, and all beaglers are involved. Also, if this book should fall into the hands of Humanitarians, for review or otherwise, there will surely be some sort of outcry against ourselves, and I propose to meet the accusation, remarking that those who are bored with the subject are quite free to skip the rest of this chapter. Wherefore to begin!

There are so many sportsmen in the world who are humane men, in thorough sympathy with animal life, and who detest mere wanton

destruction, that that modern spirit of humaneness which is opposed to all "blood-sports," as they are elegantly called, does not represent the common consent of civilised man on the subject, but is the expression of the sentiment of a mere party. The sportsman has therefore, *prima facie*, some *locus standi* among decent folk. But for a satisfactory solution there must be discussion: no head counting can conclude the matter.

It so happens that, as I write, a copy of the *Animal World* falls into my hands, which contains a sympathetic review of a book which pictures the bodily suffering and mental agony of the hunted hare, and side by side with it a Natural History article on the manners and customs of the youthful cuckoo: which latter must appear from the humanitarian standpoint peculiarly brutal. The young cuckoo when first hatched is a poor creature, but he grows rapidly, and as he does so his back becomes somewhat hollow. With the wings raised this forms a sort of cradle into which the cuckoo, still blind and naked, hoists his fellow-nestlings one by one. As soon as each victim is comfortably seated the cuckoo, with a powerful leg-drive from the nest bottom, neatly projects it into the outer world to die of cold and hunger. So far we are dealing only with Nature as left to herself; but listen to what follows.

The naturalist who tells the tale wanted films wherewith to display the matter through the bioscope. So he sallied forth to the nest at what he hoped would be the right time, but was too late: all the fledgling sedge-warblers were already on the floor, and the cuckoo had the nest to himself. Was the naturalist daunted? Not a bit of it! He got a fledgling sedge-warbler from a nest adjacent and put it in with the cuckoo, expecting, as this bird was older and stronger and had its eyes open, that he should witness a very superior tussle—and he was not disappointed. The cuckoo got to work at once, and struggled and wriggled till the warbler was on his back, and then—shove! But by this time the warbler began to realise that he was in a tight place and fought for dear life: he caught himself on the edge of the nest and worked his way back into the nest again, and so the struggle continued, while the naturalist took mental notes and kept the bioscope camera ticking. The records

obtained were, I believe, thoroughly successful; indeed the *Animal World* published a selection of them, one showing the half-fledged warbler clinging like grim death to the margin of the nest.

Now I will ask any unbiassed person whether such an exhibition in any material feature differs from a cock-fight? Here were two birds set by the hand of man to struggle for life. It is true that when defeated the borrowed warbler found soft falling, into the naturalist's handkerchief arranged like a net under a trapeze-artist, and was restored to his own nest when the show was over. But (and this of course is from the humanitarian point of view!) the poor little bird did not know that it was only a sham fight: it fought and struggled and was in terror as truly as if failure actually meant exposure and death. Of course in setting two cocks to fight the interest is emotional, the motive being the excitement of the fight and of backing your opinion with cash. When you set a blind cuckoo to fight a half-fledged sedge-warbler the interest is more intellectual; but from the humanitarian standpoint is it any the less brutal? I trow not. But that is not all. There remains the bioscope which shall preserve the incident for the delight of children at a popular lecture: not before bad little Barbarian Eton boys who are born in the country and bred up among grooms, gamekeepers, and other such vassals, but good little Philistines from Kensington and Bayswater, who being fed up with plum-pudding and pantomimes are in the latter part of their Christmas holidays taken to polytechnic lectures to improve their minds and keep them out of mischief. Of course, if you really go into the matter, the ousting of the sedge-warbler by the cuckoo cannot be "cruel" unless the ordinary proceedings of Nature, and therefore the Author of Nature, can be condemned of cruelty. This last is of course absurd,¹ and the habits of the young cuckoo being the work of God are good and edifying to observe. But if so, then the hunting habits of dogs who pursue game by scent, being also according to nature, must also be edifying to observe, and there can be no brutality in the act of

¹ There are those who say that Nature *is* cruel and that therefore God cannot be good. But this is drifting into too deep water. A Beagle Book is not the place for theological discussions.

Those human beings who set them to it,
And ride or run to see them do it.

You cannot consistently weep over the cruelties inflicted on the hunted hare and make a display of the murderous habits of little cuckoo.

It was the worthy Philistine, Dr. Watts, who once inserted in a hymn the lines—

Let dogs delight
To bark and bite,
It is their nature to.

Those lines are the full justification of fox-hunters and beaglers who, as I have said,

. . . set them to it,
And ride or run to see them do it,

though the Doctor evidently considered the doings of such too base for the Philistine proprieties of a black-coated respectability; and I doubt if he saw the necessary consequence of his *dictum*, which if Socratically driven into a corner he would have had to admit. Thus:—

SOCRATES. You say, sir, that as the pleasure of dogs in barking and biting is in accordance with their nature, their so doing is not to be interfered with.

DR. WATTS. Most certainly.

SOC. Your saying, however, implies that you regard such barking and biting as base and vulgar, and therefore to be regarded by man, who is of a higher order of being, with no more than a contemptuous indifference.

DR. W. That, sir, was the impression that I desired to convey.

SOC. Being a writer of hymns, am I to infer that your Doctorate is in the faculty of Divinity?

DR. W. Your assumption is correct.

SOC. Then I suppose you would maintain that all things are as God made them, and that so long as they follow the dictates of nature they are good and admirable?

DR. W. Most certainly: no Christian man could do otherwise.

SOC. You have already said that the barking and biting of dogs is in accordance with their nature. Do you mean that in so doing they are as God made them?

DR. W. Yes, that must be so.

SOC. Being as God made them, the barking and biting of dogs is good and admirable?

DR. W. Ye-es.

SOC. Yet you have implied that men are to regard, or rather



SOCRATES AND DR. WATTS.

ignore, as base and vulgar, that barking and biting of dogs which, as the work of God, is good and admirable. They are, in short, to despise the work of God?

DR. W. (*after an awkward pause*). Sir, I had not hitherto thought of the matter in that light. But I now see that the barking and biting of dogs, being according to nature, cannot be base or vulgar, but when well and worthily done, is deserving of the admiration of men of sense and piety.

SOC. I congratulate you, sir, on your candour. Nothing is more

becoming to a man of learning and piety than that, having unwittingly placed himself in a false position, he should honourably confess his mistake. Were you then to call upon a pack of hounds to follow with their musical barking the trail of those beasts which they are naturally qualified to pursue, and on overtaking the same to bite and slay them, you must see that in directing them you would be doing nothing contrary to reason or morality. I grant, sir, that such action might not commend itself to your personal taste, and that your habits of life have not trained you for such activities, but I hope that when you hear of others, such as those junior members of your University whose birth and training has been among such pursuits, and who maintain, as I have heard, a pack of most excellent beagles, you will confess their sport to be wholesome, manly, and laudable, and themselves a credit to whatsoever society they may belong.

It may further be premised that in the struggles of nature animals do not and can not suffer as we might do in their place. The problems of animal psychology are too technical and too complicated for discussion here, but it may be said:—

(1) That pain is the disagreeable *consciousness* of injury.

(2) That the possession of a *consciousness*, such as alone makes pain possible, by animals is at best very doubtful.

The same lack of consciousness precludes the possibility of the mental agonies of fear. It is, of course, true that animals display the outward cries, expressions, and gestures of these emotions, but these can occur reflexly, and may be, and probably are, older than the conscious states associated with them in man. It is very questionable whether animals experience pain. And be it remembered that animals do not think, but that their actions are based on the inherited impulsive response to recurring situations which we call instinct. A hen partridge is often in the presence of danger, and always shams cripple in the same way to decoy the enemy away from her young. She must act on impulse and not on a thought-out scheme of mimicry. And creatures which have not much conscious thought can have no more conscious feeling.

The argument here briefly indicated clears nature, and therefore

by implication the sportsman, of cruelty. Nature's killing is not cruel, but frees wild life from the troubles of old age, disease, and natural death; and the sportsman does no more than take his part in such killing, and in so doing gains his sympathy with wild life, of which, by the way, he mitigates the conditions by the close time which he grants his game in the breeding season.

Having said thus much I may venture to carry a sting in my tail. The man who believes himself to be inflicting pain on brute creatures, even if they actually feel none, and takes pleasure in what he thinks he is doing, is brutalising himself. But such an one is never worthy of the name of sportsman who though a killer never, *pace* the *Cambridge Review*, "kills for the joy of killing." And if no sportsman then no beagler, for all beaglers are sportsmen.

Having thus, I hope, cleared the air, we may proceed with the annals of beagling and other sport at Cambridge.



CHAPTER II

THE FOOT DRAG

Both mongrel, puppy, whelp, and hound.

Oliver Goldsmith.



HERE are various ways of beginning a history: the Gryphon, for example, told Alice to "Begin at the beginning, go on till you come to the end, then stop." Alice, if you remember, was requested to repeat *You are Old Father William*; and the plan is excellent both for little boys and girls who have to learn repetition and say it off in school, standing primly with heels together and hands behind their backs, and for village concert nuisances who think they can

recite. But with a history things are different, and with histories such as that of America, or Oxford, or Socialism, or the Trinity Foot Beagles the method is impossible, because they have not ended, but are still going strong, and probably will be for many a day to come. Even with a novel the plan is not always good. The author starts with a description of the terraced lawns and pleasant glades of a country house in summer, or the back blocks of Australia, or a house in the Five Towns, or an Indian bungalow, or the Sahara, or the cabin of a cargo schooner, according to the scenery he can best describe. The stage being prepared, enter a He and a She, who after various complications are to be married and live happily ever after. Or they are



COURTNEY
TRACY.



W. E. CURREY.



ROWLAND HUNT.



LORD ERNEST ST. MAUR.

already married and beginning to live happily ever after when a *Tertium Quid* of some sort intervenes and makes everybody miserable including himself. But often you are so bored with the preliminaries that you never get into the tale at all. Sometimes, however, you start a book in the middle, get gripped, go on to the end, and then search erratically in the earlier chapters to find how they arrived at the situation with which you started. Some story-tellers know this trick and formally begin in the thick of the fray and then hark back. Homer knew it, for example, and so begins the *Odyssey* with his hero's entanglement with

Καλυψὸ δία θεάων

and then sets him a-telling that fascinatrix in the first person singular how he got there. In an actual history such as ours it is more natural and even necessary to begin in the present, which is the middle, not the end, describe the going concern, and then piece together its history from the fragmentary memories, letters, and other scraps of information which constitute the original documents.

The Trinity Foot Beagles are a subscription pack managed by undergraduates and hunting such of the country round Cambridge as is suitable, on four days of the week and a bye, in the October and Lent Terms. There is no formal constitution, no committee, nor any meeting of the subscribers, nor a balance-sheet, nor is there any positive connection with Trinity College. Any member of the University of any college whatsoever can find out where hounds meet and put in a first appearance. If he is pleased with the sport he can continue to turn up, provided he pays a subscription. He then receives a card of the meets, to which he



A FIRST APPEARANCE.

can either find his own way or pay for a place in the brake which starts from the Pitt. He can make friends with his fellow-subscribers, or can keep to himself; he may get caught up into the company of the zealous, who include Master and Whips, or he may form one of an independent coterie of more *dilettante* sportsmen. If keen and capable he may become a Whip or, with sufficient means, even Master, or he may remain a private beagler all his days. The pack has consisted since 1888 of about twenty-two couple of working hounds divided not into a "dog" and "bitch," but into a "fast" and a "slow" pack; with kennels in a by-lane off



A MASTER.

the Histon Road which have been in occupation since 1880: in charge of Bob (Mr. Robert Floate), who has been kennelman since 1883. The hounds are thoroughly well hunted and show excellent sport; good discipline is kept in the field: all who go through gates are careful to shut them, and the hunt is on the best of terms with the farmers. There is a certain amount of etiquette as to dress and so on, but not now so strict as it was twenty years ago. Master and Whips turn out in a smart and workman-like uniform, the usual velvet hunting-cap and green velveteen coat, with hunting-stock, white breeches, and black stockings and shoes. An ex-Master wears his old coat with a tweed cap if he come back from his estate, or regiment, or business as a more or less critical onlooker. Pleasant dinners and other social amenities are by the way. The pack is well represented at Peterborough and other hound shows, and more puppies are bred than can be drafted into the pack.

As to cost. The private subscriber pays thirty shillings per term, and a further twenty-five if he takes a place in the brake; so that with petty



AN EX-MASTER.

disbursements such as tea at the inn, which is a great feature of driving days, two terms' sport cannot cost more than £7. The tradition of making beagling a sport for undergraduates of no more than moderate or even of limited means is therefore well maintained. Whips pay a subscription of £10 for the season, and the Master the difference between his income in subscriptions and from the sale of surplus puppies and the cost of maintaining and hunting the hounds, which difference, of course, must vary with the Master's care for economy and his success in attracting subscribers; but in



FEARFUL HEAVY WEATHER.

Anon. from T.F.B.C. Book.

any case it must cost the Master more than it does his whips. This also is thoroughly just, for the amount of fun you get out of such a pack increases the more you have to do with it, and it is but right that your share of the cost should increase in proportion.

Two sorts of country are hunted in, or rather three—plough country, woodlands, and the fen. The fen is sheer flat black peaty soil reclaimed from a state of swamp in which it must have afforded marvellous wild-fowl and mixed rough shooting. In its present cultivated condition it is perfectly open, the peat-like soil is not sticky to run in, the fields are divided by dykes full of water which have to be jumped clean, hares are few and strong, and the vast open space of the fen is strangely and compellingly attractive, so that

the fen is a beagler's Paradise. The remaining plough and "woodland" are euphemistically termed, by the fen folk at least, "high country," and this the wildest local patriotism could hardly describe as picturesque. There is hardly any grass, but only cold, grey, and most adhesive plough. What I here call the "woodlands" are really fruit gardens, that is, orchards of standard trees with a pretty dense undergrowth of currant and gooseberry bushes planted between the rows. The number of these thickets which have been planted in the Histon and Cottenham districts has greatly increased since the big jam factory has grown up at Histon Station, and the beagling thereabouts has become very like woodland fox-hunting in miniature.

I have said that on the whole sport is good, but had better give a more detailed description from among material collected, which includes a poem¹ describing a good day, and a prose extract from Mr. H. S. Gladstone's diary of a representative bad one. Here are the verses:—

THE TRINITY FOOT BEAGLES

Of all national sports,
 Of all manner of sorts,
 There is one which must stand quite alone;
 You may talk of a chase,
 Or of rowing a race,
 But beagling will e'er hold its own.
 And I'll vow that the Trinity Pack
 Can never be thought to be slack,
 When the men at its head
 Are the best ever bred
 At getting hounds back on the track.

Chorus (please).

Oh! well I recall
 Those grand days at "The Hall,"
 When we gaily set off in a thaw,

¹ It has been a great surprise to me to discover how much poetry is written by beaglers.

Down some small crowded street,
 To a far-distant meet,
 Where we straightway proceeded to draw.
 Just think of the fine hunting morn
 And the merry "toot toot" of the horn,
 With a loud "Tally-ho!"
 As we see the hare go
 From a field which the hounds haven't drawn.

We shall have to go fast
 (If we hate to be last),
 For "Pussy's" a clinker to-day;
 Look! There she goes now,
 By the edge of that plough,
 While the hounds are quite three fields away.
 There's a check! Well, they won't stop for long!
 Look! there they are off again strong!
 For close to that gate
 They have hit it off straight,
 It's seldom that Walker¹ casts wrong.

Chorus.

It's the deuce of a run,
 And I'm pretty well done,
 But "Puss" can't be far off her death;
 It's lucky, by gad!
 For I think every lad
 Has pretty well used up his breath.
 Why now, in that field on the right,
 One can see a most glorious sight:
 Hounds are in the same field,
 And poor Pussy must yield,
 And our pups shall be blooded to-night!

Chorus.



"PRETTY WELL DONE."

¹ Nigel, younger brother of Kenneth Walker. Both in succession Masters of T.F.B.

THE TRINITY FOOT BEAGLES

Oh! Haste to that yell,
 Which is Pussy's death-knell,
 E'er the hounds begin breaking her up;
 When the trophies are got
 We soon give the whole lot
 To the pack—and a bit to each pup.
 Well there! It has been my endeavour
 To show that our beagles are clever.
 And I think that the most
 Of you'll join in the toast
 Of "The Trinity Beagles for ever!"

CHORUS

Then Hurrah for the Trinity Beagles,
 They're as swift and as clever as eagles;
 And a man must run hard
 If he'd not be debarred
 Seeing "Pussy" rolled o'er by the Beagles.

HUGH S. GLADSTONE.

From the literary standpoint better work has no doubt been done. Many of the Ingoldsby Legends, for example, show greater ingenuity in rhythm and originality in rhyme, and the swiftness of the eagle is a standard for comparison warranted by Scripture itself, but I doubt if ever any one would have employed the imperial bird as a model of cleverness for any man or beast except a beagle, with which "eagle," of course, rhymes perfectly. Verses have also been written containing more of the essence of poetry. However, it is a vivid presentment of a good run, it is full of the zest of sport, and it has genuine "local colour."

"The small crowded street," for example, is Bridge Street, and no other in the world,¹ and one can see the brake threading its way

¹ The Lane is also small. But it is aloof and leisurely, and never thronged. *Oli profunum vulgus et arceo*, said Horace, and had he gone to Cambridge instead of Athens would have loved and sung of Jesus Lane.

through the medley to the music of a yard of tin, and so out to Swavesey, or Willingham; or best of all to Overcourt Ferry, where we cross, brake and all, on a floating bridge or "grind," with its quaint bits of chain, with a T-shaped handle at one end, and a disc at the other for hauling on the hawser which warps the huge grind over, and put up at Mrs. Hemington's pleasant inn. I once stayed there for a term to read after I had taken my degree, and shot snipe and fished for pike,¹ and came in now and again to a coach, and to do "Lab." work. But I am getting reminiscent and personal. Yet it is to the point that the poem has made me so, and I maintain that in spite of faults in technique it is good descriptive stuff, and thus in some sense at least literature. Now for the prose from the Gladstone diary:—

"On Monday, November 15, met at Bottisham Swan. Drawing on the left of the Newmarket Road from the village, we got a hare on foot, which took us over the Wilbraham Road, where we lost her after about twenty minutes' run. Drawing again towards Bottisham, and crossing over to the other side of the Newmarket Road, we were some time in finding, and at last as we were nearing Wilbraham a hare got up in some turnips, and took us towards Wilbraham, and then across the Wilbraham road towards Bottisham, where after about twenty minutes' run we lost her. After this we drew till we went home.



"Scent was perfectly terrible. A most rotten, joyless day."

Who does not know those days, and were they ever better described? The tedious repetition of the names of places and all the boredom of the details of a run of days gone by help to rub it in, "A most rotten, joyless day"! And yet where there is

¹ I once caught one. Experts get good sport.

never disappointment there is no sport. Good days are those which exceed expectation, or they would not be good; and the red letters of the good days would not stand out in bold relief were there not the deep black shadows of the rotten, joyless ones.

"Comparisons are odorous," as a general rule. Nevertheless, one can never describe anything that happens at Cambridge without the question arising, "How do they manage these things at Oxford?" This topic of perennial interest descends even to the smallest matters, and such material details as, for example, kitchen management. I remember once in my early youth, when I was making abortive attempts to enter Woolwich, passing through Oxford on my way up to town from my home in Herefordshire. It was *Exeat Day* as we should call it, and swarms of undergraduates got into the carriage and talked weird slang about "toggers" and other obscure mysteries. I remember feeling on that occasion a sort of secret pride, and saying to those undergraduates in my thoughts, "You are 'Varsity men, no doubt, and that is a very fine thing to be, but I shall be an officer, and wear a blue tunic and a helmet with a gold knob atop, and spurs; and I shall ride through my native county with my Battery on the march, when we go to the Black Mountains for target practice, while you will be mere civilians!" That was an "odorous" comparison, such as one is wise to keep to oneself, for the comfort of one's secret self-conceit is apt to be spoiled by publication; and the world so seldom takes us at our own valuation. I, however, sacrifice myself to history, and confess the consequent fall! I also remember in the midst of the pandemonium one of the undergraduates saying, "I wonder how they manage at Cambridge on these occasions," and my thinking, "Yes, of course, there *is* a place called Cambridge, and it has a station with a platform, and something of the same sort must be going on there too." The thought was the more vague because I "was Oxford," as schoolboys say, in those days. Why such isolated and trivial events stand out so vividly from an otherwise blurred memory I cannot say, but they do; and this one is worth preserving, because it shows how utterly different from one's expectations actual life is. Who could have then dreamt that I should have come to be a 'Varsity man and a civilian, and to make com-

parisons (I hope, inodorous) of beagling at the two Universities with my intimate knowledge of the matter from the Cambridge side?

In most matters, inter-University comparisons are less than inodorous: they are, from an almost exact correspondence, insipid. Take rowing, for example. Exactly the same round of events recurs every year on both the Isis and the Cam. The only differences are that Oxford has barges and we boat-houses, that the tow-paths are on diverse sides of the rivers, that *our* sisters, cousins, and aunts have further to go, to Ditton Corner and the Pitt Lawn, to see the summer races, and that we take our freshmen out in crock eights, while the Oxford rowing authorities employ fours. Add to this the hackneyed remark that Cambridge has nothing which corresponds to "the High," and the fact that Oxford has no "Jesus Lane" and a certain difference of "manner";¹ and that is all the difference there is till you come to beagling and field sports generally. The root of the difference is made manifest in the three following letters received in answer to my inquiries (for the inevitable comparison) as to beagling at Oxford.

I

CHRIST CHURCH, OXFORD,
Nov. 10, 1910.

DEAR SIR—In answer to your letter, the Ch. Ch. Beagles are confined to Christ Church. They are not exactly a subscription pack, as they are supported by a grant out of the College Amalgamated Club subscription, *i.e.* one subscription to cover all College games and sport, beagling, hockey, football, rowing, cricket, etc. The Master and Whips are always House men. The Ch. Ch. is the oldest of the three Oxford packs. The present pack was started in 1875. There had previously been a pack of beagles in 1859, which had given way to a pack of harriers by 1866. The harriers were given up by 1872, and the kennels were empty till 1875. In 1886

¹ A witty description of the difference is ascribed to the late Dr. Mandell Creighton as follows: "An Oxford man walks down the street as if the world belonged to him: a Cambridge man as if he didn't care a damn who the world belonged to." A critic laughs at this as I write. She says it is a "chestnut." But it is a good chestnut, and must stand!

the whole pack, with the exception of puppies at walk, had to be destroyed owing to dumb madness. The standard was then raised from 13 to 15 inches.

We have now fifteen couple, with few exceptions stud-book hounds. Our kennels are at Garsington, five miles from Oxford. Our kennelman is Jim Clinkard, whose family have held the position for many years. We hunt Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday—half days; *i.e.* we always leave Oxford at 1.15 P.M. wherever the meet.¹

Our country is mostly South Oxfordshire, but we also have a few meets in Bicester and Old Berks country.

The other two packs, as in your letter, are the New College and Magdalen, and the Exeter.

I hope you will find this information sufficient, but I shall be glad to let you know about anything else you need.—Yours sincerely,

(Signed) F. W. M. CORNWALLIS.

II

NEW COLLEGE AND MAGDALEN BEAGLES

Master:
Lord Congleton.

13 BROAD STREET, OXFORD,
Nov. 18, 1911.

DEAR SIR—In reply to your letter, I have written the following few remarks about our beagles. If you would like something fuller, I can easily let you have it

The New College Beagles were started in 1896 by P. W. Nickalls: they were supported entirely by members of the hunt and confined to undergraduates of New College. In October 1897 H. R. Ward took them over, and in January 1898 C. P. Nickalls (now Master of the Springhill) became Master; in 1899–1900, M. A. Sands; 1900–1, Hon. J. F. Trefusis; 1901–2, Hon. H. L. Bruce. In 1902 it was found that the Members of New College could not afford to run the pack by themselves, and Magdalen College accepted the offer to join with them. From that time onwards the pack has been the joint property of the two Colleges, and has been known as the “New

¹ Looks as if they never cut 12 o'clock lectures!

College and Magdalen Beagles." A few outside followers from other colleges have occasionally been allowed to join at a subscription of £2:2s. per annum. In 1908, thanks to the efforts of the Master (Mr. M. V. B. Hill) and many old members of the hunt, new kennels were erected on a fine site at Camner, above Oxford, and hounds were moved from the old kennels at Tilbury in October 1909. From thenceforth the pack has steadily improved: hounds are a nice level lot, just over 15 inches. They hunt five days a fortnight (Wednesdays, Saturdays, and alternate Mondays) round Oxford, in the South Oxfordshire, Heythrop, and Old Berks countries. There is a very fair proportion of grass in the country, and scent is usually good. Hares are very strong even in the earlier part of the season. Twenty to thirty followers is the average field. Most meets are within ten miles of Oxford, and the field finds its way out by brake or motor.—Yours truly,

(Signed) CONGLETON.

III

EXETER COLLEGE, OXFORD,
Nov. 13, 1911.

DEAR SIR—I received your letter asking for information about the beagles.

They are rather a scratch lot, and we run them on about £140 a year. We hunt twice a week round Woodstock, and have about two meets a season in Blenheim Park.

As a College pack our beagles have been going for about ten years. We have had excellent sport this year, but in places it has been spoilt by the great number of hares.

We seldom leave Oxford before 1 o'clock, and do not often get more than three hours' hunting. We ask for a subscription from Exeter men of 5s. to 10s. a term, and £1 a term from out-college members. By this system we get nearly the whole College to subscribe. If there is anything else I can tell you, please let me know.—Yours truly,

(Signed) HUGH B. HILL.

Here there is scope for reasonable comparison. The difference lies in the relationship of field sports to College life, a difference which cuts both ways; also there are symptoms that at Oxford more deference is paid to lectures.

At Exeter¹ almost every member of the College supports the pack. To do so is as necessary a piece of College loyalty as to support the Boat Club. At Christ Church the Beagles are on the "Amalgamation," and take rank among the College games. New College maintains a pack at its own cost, and charges for five years, and then admits Magdalen as a high contracting party to join forces with them. I have further a dim idea that other colleges have from time to time maintained packs of beagles, and especially that there was a pack at Oriel in the seventies and early eighties.

That colleges should take a corporate interest in sport, which is maintained for its own sake, as there can be no competitive tests between colleges, is a fact to be envied: the weak point would seem to be that it puts the sportsmen at other colleges who cannot afford fox-hunting at a disadvantage, as two of the packs but grudgingly admit out-college men to share their sport, and Christ Church excludes them altogether: it would seem better for such to be able to hunt with a pack which has no connection with any college than to mix up in the affairs of a foundation other than their own. Again, the maintenance of a pack of beagles in whose doings only a minority will even take an active and understanding part, is an effort for so small a community as an average-sized college, and available resources are not used to the best advantage, that is, in the most economical manner, in keeping up three separate establishments, when a single institution able to put two alternate packs into the field and hunting four days a week would provide as much sport for all who wanted to see it. I note also that all three packs seem to gravitate towards South Oxfordshire country, which may mean the inconvenience of overlapping.²

However, the system which grows up naturally in any place is

¹ Exeter, as I since hear, is joining forces with Balliol.

² A second letter from Mr. Cornwallis informs me that there is some overlapping of country between the Christ Church and New College packs, but that the Exeter country is quite isolated.

probably that best suited to that place. A bird in the hand is worth two in the bush, and a live dog is better than a dead lion, or for that matter than one which may some day be begotten and born. So also a system in actual existence is in spite of its drawbacks better than an imaginary replica of one without those drawbacks, which you see in working elsewhere: it is an ill business to swap horses in the midst of a stream. The incorporation of love of sport into College life is a most enviable trait of Oxford life, but it would be absurd for us to attempt to imitate it. Our own tradition of independence and self-support should never be sacrificed. Moreover at Oxford, as has been said, they have no "Jesus Lane."

Here then is beagling at Cambridge as a going concern, free and independent, well appointed and well organised on a basis of tradition without red tape. We have a good pack of hounds well suited to the country, well-built kennels, good strenuous sport, and Bob Floate as a perpetual retainer, and a most agreeable network of dining societies. How did it all begin?

The actual origin of the Trinity Foot Beagles, like that of the Universities themselves and the British Constitution, is "wrop in mystery." This must be so, because all institutions that, like T.F.B., are sound and permanent have started from small and tentative beginnings, and have so been able to grow to the actual conditions by which they are surrounded. There is no flourish of trumpets, and no records are kept, because those who are concerned with humble beginnings have no idea that they are "making history." Natural growth, moreover, allows for mistakes which can be turned to profit as valuable experience. Those ventures, on the other hand, which spring into being ready-made in an atmosphere of puff and paragraphs are in great danger of coming to nothing. They are much too "well thought out" to be adaptable. Trinity Foot Beagles, therefore, being of the order of things that have "kinder growed," all we can do is to observe the first visible signs of growth as recorded in chance saved letters and the confused memories of "oldest inhabitants," and from these, with the help of analogy and well-tempered imagination, to reconstruct the past. Where shall we begin? With the first actual record? With the evolution of

hunting as we know it, and the point in its development at which beagling sprang into being? Or where? What say you to motive?

"I was always keen on hunting something," writes a beagler, J. S. Carr-Ellison, who was Master of "T.F.B." in the eighties, and afterwards for a time amateur Whip to a pack of North Country foxhounds.

The same was true of myself; I am a hereditary Barbarian. My earliest memories are of my father in a red coat. I still recollect him coming in pink to see me at a Cheltenham dame school while he was getting a day or two with the Cotswolds, and the smell of his cigar. Then came my own pony, on which I rode with him to the meet, and was afterwards chaperoned by his groom on covert hack for such sight of the fun as was compatible with getting home in time for nursery dinner. Then came "bad times," when there were no horses or ponies, and I and some schoolboy neighbours used to follow the hounds, North or South Herefordshire, on foot. Sometimes we trained to the meet, but as often walked, and always came home afoot, sometimes as much as ten miles. I did not see as much of the sport as I should, for I am very near-sighted, and in those days the fact was not discovered, so that I had no glasses, and all was a blur; but still I was keen, and the taste for hunting was never crowded out. Then good days came again, and I rode a horse and was also given a single-barrel gun; and, having proper glasses, could see what I was doing. Then followed Cambridge days. Here I knew no way of getting sport of any kind, so having always loved and been used to boats of all kinds I took to rowing, consoling myself with an occasional afternoon's hacking, and once with a day's rook shooting. For the latter I forgathered with two home friends, George Atlay (St. John's) and R. Harington (Clare). I had, I remember, a great tussle with my boat captain¹ to get free to go, and only did so on condition of getting back to go out in the eight late in the afternoon. So Atlay and Harington went forward in a trap with rifles, cartridges, luncheon, etc., and I followed after on "jolly Jack nag," who was, by the way, the most ill-conditioned screw I have ever ridden. Yet, brute as he was, I made him go to a

¹ A *strict* Philistine. I remember him objecting to a man as an improper person to hold authority in the Cains Boat Club on the ground that he kept a dog-cart!!!

tune he little cared for, to get back in time for my river slavery. All three of us afterwards became more or less "sporting parsons." Atlay went out to the Universities' Mission in Central Africa, where, needing a holiday, he went off for a shooting expedition, and his camp being rushed by some tribe on the warpath he was killed. Hurried as the matter was, it is known that he deliberately did nothing to defend himself, as his doing so would of course have compromised the Message he went out to give. Harington became a keen beagler, and is now a parish priest somewhere in our native parts. My boat captain, by the way, clearly regarded my desire for sport and my taking desperate measures with a horse to secure it as neither sane nor proper, though he ate some of the rooks in a pie afterwards. But we will return to rowing, as it leads by devious courses, though you might not think it, back to beagling.

If you work your way into Park Street, whether from Round Church Street or Jesus Lane, you will find yourself on a well-worn track which debouches on Jesus Green and Midsummer Common, where it leads to the grinds, by which, if a rowing man, you cross daily to your boat-house. In crossing the Common an isolated block of mean buildings and little gardens, bordering the tow-path, confronts you, enclosed by a whitewashed brick wall, on which is inscribed in vast and once conspicuous letters

R. CALLABY, DOG FANCIER

The whole enclosure is, goodness knows why, called Fort St. George, and is by the grind which takes you on to the Caius Boat-house and to the Third Trinity, Magdalene, and other dressing-rooms. The upper end of the enclosure is a public-house with a bowling-green. The remainder was Mr. Callaby's premises, where dogs could be bought or kept, where there was a rat-pit, and rats at sixpence a head, on which you could try your terrier, and stalls in which "tow-path gees" could stand while waiting for the coaches who should bestride them. In those days there were no bicycles and much more (and worse) tow-path riding than is now the case. Some of us rowing men would go in, while waiting about in sweaters and shorts

to try our dogs. Mr. Callaby himself was quite a link with the past: he wore a top hat, a white spotted blue choker over a Gladstone collar, a short black cut-away coat with side pockets, and tight-fitting trousers. His dress was just that of "The Fancy," in the days of Tom Sayers and the Benicia Boy. He had very thick leather gloves for handling his rats. He was very old and skinny in the eighties, and is now, of course, dead, and his establishment broken up. Yet the big black letters of his name and vocation are still on the wall just as they were. The place carried one back to the coarser days of the early Victorian and half-mythical aquatic undergraduate, who was some sort of a survival in amphibious guise of the athlete sportsman of the Road and Regency days, and drank and fought with bargees at riverside inns, and kept fighting dogs. The type is caricatured in Verdant Green. All this testifies to an innate desire in man to hunt something somewhere, if it be only, as Lord Randolph Churchill said, a rat in a barn. This



brings me to a necessary digression.

I had among my pupils a thoroughly nice little man who was poor, belonged to a small college, and was in every way undistinguished. He played Rugby football of a technically humble sort, but was a countryman and at heart a sportsman, to whom hunting or "killing somezing"¹ was a necessity of life. To satisfy his instincts he kept ferrets in the backyard of his lodging-house, and secured facilities for ratting in farmers' stackyards. Somehow he came to confide in me, told me of his ferrets, and consulted me as to their health and care, and confessed to a desire for beagling, and wished to know how to proceed. I told him, "You have only to go out, and if you like it pay your subscription. You need not go

¹ The quotation is from the following yarn, a French criticism of the English character:—

"In ze morning 'e get up and 'ave cold tob. 'E come down and 'ave rosbif for ze breakfast. 'E go to ze vindow and 'e say, 'Mon Dieu! 'tis a fine day; let us kill somezing!'"

when meets are far out and the early start will interfere with your work [he was a medical student and had to work hard], but can pick the near meets, when you can slip out on your bicycle a little late if necessary." He never went, I suspect because he was a decent fellow, sensitive and somewhat shy of introducing himself to a field the major part of whom are a made-up party of fairly intimate friends.

The point for the moment is that the sporting instinct will find vent somewhere, and that undergraduates, whose opportunities of sport are necessarily few, will, if they can do nothing else, at least go ratting either in Mr. Callaby's and other like rat-pits, or in the stackyards of the surrounding country. But where this is the case there is always a desire for more reputable and legitimate sport, which desire is exactly supplied by beagling. It is therefore a remarkable coincidence that the wall which still bears the name of "Callaby" should mark the site of the first identifiable kennels of the Trinity Foot Beagles.

In this early stage they were not known as "T.F.B." or even as "The Foot Beagles," and were just a "bobbery pack"—

Mongrel, puppy, whelp, and hound.

This was in the early sixties. But I had better give the original documents.

EXTRACT OF LETTER BY MR. W. W. ROUSE BALL,
Fellow of Trinity College.

"I have been told by old members of the College that they understood that a pack was kept by some Trinity undergraduates in or about 1849, and was dispersed about 1855 or 1856. I have, however, failed to get any precise information, and I cannot say if this was so."

This contribution is valuable, as it corroborates other verbal traditions of some sort of a pack of hounds having been kept for hunting on foot, for many years before the days of W. E. Currey and Mr. Courtney Tracey. The *Farmer's Book*, whose heterogeneous

material has formed the chapter on Management, has a continuous list of Masters and Whips from 1870, and I have managed to fill up the blank spaces before this as far back as to 1862. But spaces are left for a Master and four Whips (should any beagler with antiquarian tastes be able to disinter ancient documents) to such high and far-off times as 1840, so that evidently some legend of the older pack was preserved down to the time of J. S. Carr-Ellison (1888-89), in whose hand the framework for records of those early days is written. But the tradition is so vague, being nothing but nameless hearsay, that there seems nothing for it but to accept defeat, and start from the memories of the "Foot Drag," which begin after the first interregnum in the early sixties.

MEMORANDUM FROM CHARLES R. G. HOARE, Esq.,
of Newlands, Hatfield.

"To throw back nearly half a century with my notes of those times long destroyed makes any information I can give you untrustworthy for accuracy, and I have no talent to make it amusing.

"The first beagles I knew of at Cambridge were some four or five couple which my brother, R. G. Hoare, kept with old Callaby, the dog-dealer, in 1864 and 1865. He used to run a drag, and, except that he had two couple of blue mottled hounds, I cannot say anything of them. In 1867 Mr. W. E. Currey, of Lismore Castle, Ireland, then a young Don at Trinity, now, I am afraid, dead, brought his pack over from Ireland, etc."

Here we must stop, as the rest of the Memorandum deals with the pack hunted by "Pat" Currey, who was the founder of the Beagles as at present existing, and whose times are dealt with in the chapter next following. There was an interregnum of two or three years between the Foot Drag and Currey.

A letter from Mr. Charles Hoare to his son, Mr. David Hoare, of Barclay's Bank, Cambridge (a former Master of T.F.B.), throws more light on the subject.

LETTER

NEWLANDS, HATFIELD,
Dec. 18, 1910.

DEAR DAVID—I see they are preparing a history of the Cambridge Beagles. I wonder if any one will remember your uncle, Robert Hoare, who had some five or six couples about 1863 to 1865, with which he used to hunt a foot drag. Before that he used to have a few couple of hounds whilst he was with a private tutor at Southreps, with which he and a farmer named Wood used to pursue the Norfolk hares.

The pack which has gone on till now was originally brought to Cambridge while I was up, I should say in 1867 or 1868, from Ireland, by Currey, a Don at Trinity, commonly called "Pat" Currey.

I suppose you will hear all about the book, and you can make use of this information if you like.

I remember some years ago a book came out on *The Drag* by, I think, Pease, and, if I had known it, I could have given him the tip on the start of that, as Harcourt Vernon, who was on the Eastern Circuit, and used to dine or breakfast with me when the Assizes were at Cambridge, told me about himself and A. C. Barclay, owner afterwards of Bertram, going over and fetching the first hounds from Bishop's Stortford in a cab, and their first run over Cottenham Pastures, and the very lively dinner at Magdalene College the same evening.—Yours affectionately,

CHARLES HOARE.

ANOTHER LETTER

NEWLANDS, HATFIELD,
January 5, 1911.

DEAR SIR—I have tried my memory to the utmost, but beyond the very bald facts I am afraid I can do nothing. Of those whom I can remember as running with Currey's hounds who are still alive are F. W. Buxton, the present Lord Lawrence, and, I think, E. G. Bevan, of Hemingford, St. Ives, Hunts, used to come with them. The hounds got from Bishop's Stortford were a much older story.

[If the reader will refer to the previous letter he will find much the same information, so that this letter would have been superfluous did it not give one or two fresh details. I had mistaken the narrative for an account of the arrival of an early pack of beagles at Cambridge, through a careless reading of the text, and had written to Mr. Hoare again in my thirst for further and fuller information.—F. C. K.]

It was the foundation of "The Drag," a generation before my time, and the dinner you mention at Magdalene College was after their first drag, run over Cottenham Pastures, then all new double post and rails.—Yours truly,

CHARLES R. G. HOARE.

LETTER FROM MR. COURTNEY TRACEY, M.O.H.

KIRKSTYLE, WEST END, SOUTHAMPTON,
December 12, 1910.

DEAR SIR—In answer to your letter of November 30 (1910) respecting the Trinity Beagles, I shall be very glad to give you any particulars I can remember, but I kept no diary, and can only speak from memory. You would help me much if you could let me know when I left Trinity. I was there in 1862, and founded the pack, in which I am still much interested.—Yours truly,

COURTINAY TRACEY.

ANOTHER LETTER

KIRKSTYLE, WEST END, SOUTHAMPTON,
Undated.

DEAR SIR—I am sorry I have been so long in answering your letter of December 27 respecting the Trinity Foot Beagles. I hoped to have found some notes on the subject, but have quite failed.

[Oh, these lost notes! The burning of the Library at Alexandria and the destruction of mediæval books at the "blessed Reformation" are as nothing to them.—F. C. K.]

When I started them my Whips were Bagnall, of St. John's, and Sir Henry Boynton, Bart., of Magdalene. There was a small

meeting, at which we all subscribed a little money, and I collected hounds where I could: some from my father, who kept a few couples at Edenbridge in Kent, some I bought in London, some near Cambridge, and some from an Oxford pack—I believe the Christ Church.¹

We had no uniform, and hunted all round Cambridge, the Observatory, Harston, Bottisham, and round Shelford. In summer the pack was broken up amongst various friends. When I went down I heard no more of the pack for some time, but they came down to Mr. Muggridge one Christmas, and, owing to some misfortune, I was written to and hunted them round Tunbridge Wells for a few weeks.

I did not even meet "Pat" Currey. I am enclosing the only photograph I have of those days, so please return it. I have hunted with many packs of beagles, but for the last twenty-two years have been Master of a pack of Otter Hounds.—Yours very truly,

COURTNEY TRACEY.

LETTER FROM DR. FENWICK TO T. HOLLAND HIBBERT

LONG FRAMLINGTON, R.S.O., NORTHUMBERLAND,
November 15, 1910.

DEAR HOLLAND HIBBERT—I am afraid I have been rather long in answering your letter; and I don't know that I have much "valuable information" to give you.

What was called "the Foot Drag" existed till (I think) Jan. 1864. Very little was known of them, and they were supposed to hunt a drag; but I have reason to believe that they generally hunted hare, but kept matters very quiet as they feared trouble with the farmers.

However this may be, it was, I am pretty sure, in Jan. '64 that Tracey (now a Master of Otter Hounds) bought the pack and hunted hares with them for the rest of the season, Bagnall whipping in to him. There were only about five or six couple of hounds, and at the end of the season Bagnall bought them from him and also got some fresh hounds, and he hunted them the next season, Lloyd and

¹ The earlier Christ Church pack, which just about this time were turned into harriers. *Qy.* Was it when the change was made that hounds were disposed of and some bought for Cambridge?

I whipping in to him. We used to meet at 1.45 or 2 P.M., and had some very good fun, though we did not kill a great many hares. Our principal meets were Station Bridge, Histon Observatory, Cherry Hinton, and Coton so far as I remember. Once or twice we went to Swaffham Prior and Comberton, and those days we met at 11 A.M. and rode. After that season they were given up for certainly one or two seasons; but somewhere about '67 or '68 Currey, a Fellow of Trinity, brought a pack over from Ireland, but how long he kept them I have no idea. It is rather a pity you had not gone to him for information; he lived in Cambridge, and only died last year.

I am afraid that is all the information I have for you.

I am glad to hear you have been having such good sport. . . .

Yours very truly,
(Signed) J. C. J. FENWICK.

ANOTHER LETTER

LONG FRAMLINGTON, R.S.O., NORTHUMBERLAND,
January 18, 1912.

DEAR SIR—I don't know that I have much more information to give you about T.F.B.

There was certainly an interregnum of one season (I think two) between Bagnall's Mastership and Currey's; possibly over three. After leaving Cambridge, Bagnall went to live for a time in Northamptonshire and was engaged, and I believe still is, in the iron trade. His present address is Avishays, Chard, Somerset. He was, like myself and Currey, an old Harrovian.

Lloyd was a Rugby man and was ordained soon after taking his degree, and shortly after got the living of Abington, near Northampton, which he resigned a few years afterwards, in order to take up a new parish in Northampton with an immense accession of work and practically no stipend. He also made a somewhat similar sacrifice later in life to relieve an old clergyman. He had two other livings during his time, and eventually retired, and died at Eastbourne. I rather think his youngest son is a Fellow of King's, but I am not sure.

[His name does not appear in the *Cambridge Review* Residents' List.—F. C. K.]

As regards myself, yes, I am a Northumbrian. I started practice in London soon after graduating, and was for two and a half years Medical Registrar at St. George's Hospital, when circumstances induced me to return to the North, and I was for eighteen years Physician to the Durham County Hospital, after which I gave up practice and came to live here.

My next dealings with T.F.B. were through my son, who was a contemporary of Kenneth Walker, and I have always been glad to see them, and give them a day or two on my ground, and I hope to do so again.¹

I used to know Professor Jackson and Currey very well; but I cannot remember either of them coming out with the Beagles in my time. Of course I had gone down some time before Currey brought over his lot, but I once had a day with them when up at Cambridge for some reason.

When Bagnall was Master the hounds were kennelled in a yard belonging to a public-house at the Backs, just opposite the Madingley Road end, probably the Merton Arms, I think in Tracey's time at Callaby's.

I think I have answered all your questions as well as I can, and I don't know of any further information that I can give you.—Believe me, yours very truly, (Signed) J. C. J. FENWICK.

This letter gives a great deal of additional information, and is especially useful in clearing up the problem of Bagnall's Mastership, whose reply to inquiries is as follows:—

LETTER

AVISHAYS, NEAR CHARD, SOMERSET,
March 5, 1912.

DEAR SIR—My cousin, Fred Bagnall [of Little Shelford.—F. C. K.], has forwarded me your letter asking for particulars relating to a little

¹ This refers to the Reeveley visit in the latter part of the Long, which since K. Walker's time has been an annual event.

pack of beagles which I kept at St. John's in 1865. I had about six couples, and we hunted hares. We could only get leave to go to a few places, and could very seldom kill a hare.

Our record day was at Swaffham Prior, on a farm occupied by a Mr. Watt, when we killed two hares, running each for about an hour. We ran over part of Newmarket Heath with one hare. The hares in those parts are very strong. We rode ponies that day. [The first recorded Riding Day.—F. C. K.]

The beagles were a scratch lot, but there were some very good ones among them. The puppies from one sold at high prices and took a number of prizes.—I am, yours truly,

(Signed) H. H. BAGNALL.

This letter, taken by itself, would give one to suppose that Mr. Bagnall's was a private pack, having no connection with the Foot Drag, especially as only hares were hunted. But Dr. Fenwick's second letter makes the point clear that this was the "Foot Drag." The number of hounds further corresponds. This last is of importance, as it will be seen in later chapters how unreliable *memory* of events of thirty years past is, and what extraordinarily conflicting statements one receives concerning what is evidently the same incident.



THE MASTER OF THE
FOOT DRAG.

The affairs of this early time are, however, simple and easily pieced together. A small scratch pack was kept without much formality by first Robert Hoare, then Courtney Tracey, and finally Bagnall, the series closing in 1865, and so leaving an interregnum of one season, 1866-67, before the present pack was started by Currey. But several points are obscure. Was there an interregnum between Hoare and Courtney Tracey, and were they different packs? It is clear that Mr. Courtney Tracey made a new start of some sort, and no reading of the documents can carry us any further, nor can their contributors be further

importuned. We must, therefore, fain be content with what we have got, which, by the way, clearly shows no connection with the older legendary pack to which Mr. Rouse Ball alludes. That there was such a pack is, however, suggested by the fact of there being a corresponding pack at Christ Church at the same period. As I have said, the two Universities have a most extraordinary faculty for doing the same things at the same time, and in those days the Eton Hunt already existed, and Old Etonians must have come up to both places with a demand for University beagling.

At any rate we see that there were then, as always, those filled with the "barbarous" love of hunting, and how from that motive beagling arose and has since become organised, and that there are now an increasing number of poor man's hunts all over the country. What is bred in the bone must come out in the hoof.

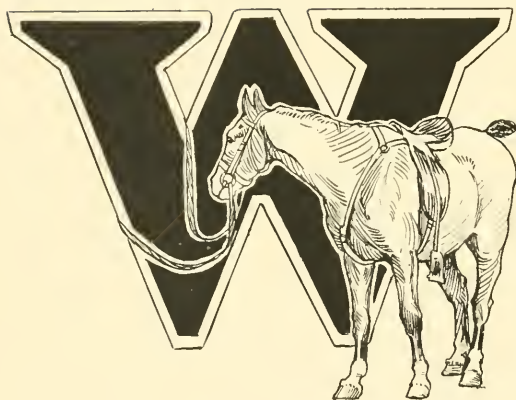


CHAPTER III

"PAT" CURREY

God rest you, merry gentleman!

Old Carol.



WITH the Mastership of W. E. Currey the continuous history of The Foot Beagles, as they were originally called, begins, and there are traces of the early traditions of those days in our present constitution. Beagling had heretofore been spasmodic, because sport seems always to have been provided by private individuals who happened

to own packs of "little dogs," and to bring them up to Cambridge. The result of this, of course, was that, when the owner of the pack went down, he as likely as not took his hounds with him, and unless a successor with a pack could be found "the scheme fell through." There was, for example, no beagling between 1855 and 1862, and there was a second interregnum of one or two years before Mr. Currey brought his pack up from Ireland. The vicious system, or rather non-system, of private ownership still continued, but efforts were made to secure continuity by purchasing the pack when Currey gave up, and so the tradition arose that though each Master

bought the pack from his predecessor, it was almost an unwritten law that he would sell it to his successor and not take it away with him when his term of office expired. The Master still owns the hounds, but they are handed on from Master to Master without payment, each being bound to hand on as many hounds as he receives. There is still no committee and no formal guarantee. A more constitutional system might in theory be better, but that which we have works quite well; and when no one man has been found



THE FOOT BEAGLES OF THE LATER SIXTIES.

ready to take the financial risks, the Mastership has been “in commission.”

The unique feature of the period with which we now have to do is that Currey was not an undergraduate but a “Don”—a Master of Arts and Fellow and Assistant Tutor of Trinity. Though, as I have said, unique, Currey’s connection with the Beagles is really only another example of the truth that all the sport that is enjoyed at Cambridge springs out of home training and traditions. Of those of us who have such traditions, very few become Dons of any kind, and

of these fewer still concern themselves with beagles.¹ Currey was true to type, but he was *primus inter pares*, on account not only of his seniority, but also of his exceptional qualities of both intellect and character. That such a man should have his place in our history is a fact of which Cambridge Beaglers must always be proud. We have also to be grateful to his old and very distinguished friend "The General," who is none other than Dr. Henry Jackson, Litt.D., O.M., and Regius Professor of Greek, who has contributed a Memoir. Professor Jackson is not himself a sportsman, and knew, as he said, nothing of Currey's abilities in that line. But in many ways the information he gives is for that very reason the more valuable. We know from other sources his capacities as a sportsman: Dr. Jackson testifies to the manner of man he was. It is also a privilege to us that it falls to our lot to preserve in permanent form the memory of his life and character.

MEMOIR OF WILLIAM EDWARD CURREY

BY PROFESSOR HENRY JACKSON, LITT.D., O.M.

I am asked to write something about William Edward Currey, the Founder of the Trinity Foot Beagles. It is to me at once a pain and a pleasure to comply; for he and I were friends during forty-eight years, and his memory is very dear to me. Of his management of the pack I shall have little to tell; for I was never a member of the club.² But I knew something of some of Currey's many interests, and I appreciated his humour, his playfulness, and his charm.

Currey came to Trinity from Harrow in October 1859. I remember well how one day in his freshman's year I saw him tugging at an oar in a First Trinity Boat, and wondered who and what he was. But it was not till November 1860, when he was beginning

¹ A Caius Don, for example, who is a distinguished classic, and who played Polo for the 'Varsity, goes off quietly to the Shires for his hunting.

² Followers of the Beagles have never formed a club or any sort of close corporation. Dr. Jackson's real meaning is, of course, clear, but it seems best to append a note to avoid misunderstanding. Beagling friends have formed dining and other sociable clubs, but—"that is another story."—F. C. K.

his second year and I my third, that I met him at breakfast at George Otto Trevelyan's. At Easter 1861, Currey was elected to a scholarship; and thenceforward I played with him and I worked with him during ten happy years. When I think of him as an undergraduate and a bachelor, I am amazed at the multiplicity of his occupations. He rowed: he ran with the Foot Drag: he hunted: he was, I think, one of the first to join the newly established Rifle Corps: he was a footballer before the Association game was invented and played both the Harrow and the Eton Game: he acted, and acted well, at the A.D.C.: he never neglected his music: he was a member of two successive whist clubs which cared more for good fellowship than for the niceties of the game: he was a member of a tea club which had a joyous existence of a single term. There were picnics up the river, at which he sang “The Widow Malone” and “The Shannon Shore” with a delicate brogue, which added a grace to the ditties of Lever and Thackeray. In the informal debates which make so important a part in undergraduate life Currey had a certain air of unreadiness; I have heard him begin—“Gad! I don't know what to say!” But he always had something to say which was worth listening to, and his merry quips and dainty Irishisms enlivened discussion, and often advanced it. The first half of the sixties was for some of us a very good time, and “Pat,” as we called him, did much to make it so.

With all these distractions, Currey meanwhile read classics steadily and effectively, and Long Vacations spent with a few Harrow friends in Scotland, Wales, or Ireland bore excellent fruit. He was fourth, bracketed with the late Provost of King's, Augustus Austen Leigh, in the first class of the Classical Tripos of 1863. He was elected to a Trinity Fellowship in 1865, and held it till it lapsed in 1873. As an undergraduate he was supposed to be a good scholar, but not a superlatively good one. Obviously he was not a professional prize getter; and no doubt his contemporaries took for granted that a man so various could not be a distinguished specialist. I think that they underrated him: but I think also that between his Bachelor's Degree in 1863 and his Master's in 1866 his powers greatly developed and matured. During these years he was taking private pupils, and

he may have found, as I did myself, that "the teacher listens and learns with his class." Anyhow, when in December 1866 he and I were appointed to be Assistant Tutors, and we began to discuss together the details of our work, I found him a very remarkable scholar. In particular I delighted in the tact, insight, and judgment which he brought to bear on all matters of interpretation. The four years of our alliance as members of the classical staff of the College were very pleasant to me, and they were not without result. Our experience as "coaches" had taught us the value of translation papers, both as exercises and as means of testing and directing the students' work; so we immediately added translation papers to the compositions supplied by the College. Our venture was completely successful. For, whereas previously classical men had depended for their training upon "coaches," and had regarded teaching given by the College as a hindrance or a superfluity, within a year from our appointment experience had shown that College Lectures could provide for the reasonable needs of very nearly all the candidates for the Classical Tripos.

During these years Currey continued to take part in some of his undergraduate amusements, for it was characteristic of him that he could combine several occupations, and do justice to all of them. For example, when he was examining for the Classical Tripos, he would fix a certain amount of work to be done in a certain number of days, and, having saved a day upon his calculation, would joyfully say to me, "General, to-morrow I shall pursue": and here I may note that he had quaint tricks of speech; thus hunting was with him "pursuing," and the beagles were "the little dogs." He still acted at the A.D.C. He still sang songs at picnics at Haslingfield. He still played whist, not for love of the game, but out of sociability: and for the pleasure of his company whist players still forgave his ignorance of "Cavendish" and "Clay."

It was, I think, in the first year of his Assistant Tutorship, 1867, that he started the Foot Beagles.¹ I knew little of the official

¹ They were not at first nominally identified with Trinity, and one of the meet cards of those days, contributed by Lord Ernest St. Maur, is headed simply The Foot Beagles.—F. C. K.

doings of the pack: but sometimes when Currey took “the little dogs” for a walk, I went with him to the Merton Arms and accompanied him and them in staid procession along Queen’s Road. I believe that on one such occasion, when Dr. Percival Frost was walking up the avenue into Clare with his specially privileged dog, the pack shocked the College porter¹ by giving chase and bolting through the College into the street. I liked to see on the screens a notice signed by Currey as Master of the Beagles side by side with another signed by him in his capacity as Assistant Tutor; and I remember how once, when I followed him into the lecture-room, I found on the desk a notice of a meet which had dropped out of his note-book. At that time nothing did more than Currey’s Mastership of the Beagles to bring don and undergraduate into closer and healthier relations. When, as sometimes happened, Currey was laid up with gout, his place as Master of the Beagles was taken by his faithful friend J. F. Muggeridge, familiarly known to some of us as “the henehman.”

I fear that we sometimes shocked traditional proprieties. The then Vice-Master of Trinity once said to me,² “I believe that I passed you in the street to-day; I never recognise any one who wears a billy-cock hat”: and I fancy that Currey disliked the traditional tall hat as much as I did, and came under the like condemnation. Possibly some may have been disturbed when, in Hall, instead of saying stiffly, “The pleasure of a glass of wine with you,” he called out to me across the table, “General, let’s liquor!” Charles Astor Bristed, in his *Five Years at an English University*, an admirable picture of Cambridge in the early forties, reckons “irony,” that is to say, self-depreciation, as a marked characteristic of Cambridge. Currey was eminently ironical in this sense of the term. But unluckily Cambridge men do not always understand Cambridge irony, and I remember an instance in which Currey’s irony was gravely misapprehended. A College tutor once told me that he

¹ Later they shocked the Master in person by following a hunted hare into the Clare Court (see p. 80). It is interesting to note that Clare has had the same Master as now since before even the Foot Drag began.—F. C. K.

² If he was shocked at “bowlers,” what in the world would he have said of some of the hatless and dishevelled “seallywags” of these latter days?—F. C. K.

never sent his pupils to Currey's lectures because he had been told of a saying of his, "I know nothing of Cicero's letters, but I suppose that, with a good stout crib, and a fortnight's start, I can teach the men something." The pupils were the losers: Currey was an excellent lecturer, he made a careful preparation of his lectures, and he had a "start" which was not to be measured by weeks or months or years. And I can imagine that some who did not know him may have misunderstood his subtle *dictum* that "the gentleman is one who behaves as such when he is drunk."

It is said that "no one is a hero to his *valet de chambre*": but Currey was idolised by his servants and the servants of his friends. They would do anything for him. His bedmaker said of him, "Mr. Currey must not marry: he will never find any one sufficiently easy-going!"

Early in 1870 it became plain to me that, though he continued to do his College duties as well as ever, he was becoming restless; and I was not surprised when, in the autumn of that year, he applied for and obtained an Inspectorship of Schools. I know very little directly about his work during the next thirty years, but it was easy to see that he was deeply interested in it, and in the people with whom it brought him into contact; and I can have no doubt that they in their turn, like every one else, were attracted by his gracious personality. When his services in the Education Department ended, the presentations made to him and to Mrs. Currey at a meeting presided over by his old friend and pupil Mr. Walter Durnford, then Mayor of Cambridge, testified to the regard which his subordinates felt for him.

During the years of his Inspectorship of Schools he still found time for music, sketching in water-colours, and books. In one of his districts the railway porters knew him as "the gentleman who fiddles," because he was in the habit of having himself locked up in a compartment, that he might practise on his 'cello. His studies during this period were various. He took up again Arabic, which he had begun during an expedition on the Nile, in the middle of the sixties. From Arabic he proceeded to Hebrew. Once, when he had temporary work at Cambridge, I found him in one of the libraries

studying the Arabic of Palmyrene inscriptions. From time to time he returned to the Greek and Latin classics. He often spent his vacations on the Continent, choosing places where he would find good music and good pictures: and in this way he acquired a very competent knowledge of the most important modern languages. Once, in the Engadine, he attacked Romansch.

His æsthetic and literary interests were methodically and seriously cultivated. But he did not talk much about them, and he had no inclination to write. Once I persuaded him to join me in a little note published in the *Journal of Philology*; and I think that he printed in the same periodical a Greek inscription which he had seen in the course of his travels. I have always admired the ease and simplicity of the compositions and versions which he contributed to a volume of *Translations* from and into Greek and Latin, planned by us in 1868, and brought out by us in company with Sir Richard Jebb in 1878. I believe that this is the sum total of Currey's literary output. He read because he liked to learn: but, if I may use his bedmaker's phrase, he was "too easy-going" to be a maker of literature.

For some years he was Chief Inspector in charge of the East Anglian District, living, first at Colchester, afterwards, on the death of F. W. H. Myers, at Cambridge. I think that his promotion, and the special responsibilities which it carried with it, pleased him; and I know that he was glad when Cambridge became once more his home. He liked his opportunities of meeting old friends, of frequenting libraries, and of associating with musicians. About a year before his retirement he had a very serious illness, from which he never altogether recovered. He spent the winter of 1907-8 in Guernsey, where he had a cottage. His intention had been to return to Cambridge in the spring: but the alarming illness of his wife and the operation which she underwent compelled him to prolong his stay till far on in the summer of 1908. In the autumn he was in poor health. Then, when he was convalescent, Mrs. Currey's health gave way. His last illness was short, and he died at his house in Mill Road on the 3rd of December 1908.

I doubt whether any one could convey to those who did not

know him any notion of Currey's fascinating and elusive personality. I know well that I cannot. He was affectionate, lovable, chivalrous, a very delightful companion, and a very true friend. H. J.

In the above Dr. Jackson has, as he says, drawn very largely on a Memoir written by him for the *Cambridge Review*. The following letter, which accompanied it, is valuable as preserving several extra touches :—

TRINITY COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE,
June 16, 1911.

DEAR MR. KEMPSON—Here is the MS. And now I have some requests to make.

(1) Please acknowledge.¹

(2) Please send me any criticisms and suggestions.² You will understand that I want to do this little notice *as well as I can*. For it will be the only record of a quietly remarkable man. The sad thing is that, though there are men alive who knew Currey before 1865, such as H. Yates Thompson, Belper, and Cobham, the men with whom he and I lived in College during the years 1865–70, J. H. Swainson, A. J. Butler, W. P. Crawley, and J. W. Clark, are dead; so that a great deal of what I write appeals to no one.³

(3) When you print, please return my MS., and send me more proofs than one. I want to have at any rate one spare proof which I can show to my wife, who knew and appreciated "Pat." Also I am fastidious: and, though I have done my best to get the MS. into final form, I can never be sure that I shall not see something which can be mended.

I am very grateful to you for giving me an opportunity of saying something about the friend who used to sign his letters,

"Yours, world without end, PAT."

Yours very truly,
(Signed) HENRY JACKSON.

¹ Done!—F. C. K.

² None seemed necessary, so I sent none.—F. C. K.

³ This is "Cambridge irony," and no one will agree with it!—F. C. K.

Finding that the Vice-Provost of King's, Mr. Walter Durnford, had been one of Currey's pupils, I sent him Professor Jackson's Memoir, asking if he could add anything from his own recollection, and received the reply following:—

LETTER FROM MR. W. DURNFORD, VICE-PROVOST OF KING'S COLLEGE

KING'S COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE,
Feb. 22, 1912.

DEAR MR. KEMPSON—I really do not think that I can add anything to Professor Jackson's reminiscences of “Pat” Currey which you sent me, and which I have returned, as you requested, to the Professor.

I coached with W. E. Currey for the Classical Tripos, I think in 1867, and got to know him well in that way. I came to him from Henry Jackson, who gave up his private pupils, I fancy, on being appointed Examiner for the Classical Tripos. Currey was a delightful teacher, perhaps rather too easy-going for the ordinary undergraduate, especially for one who had been under the sterner rule of Professor Jackson. I thoroughly enjoyed my time with him as a pupil. A little later I saw a good deal of him when we were both acting at the “A.D.C.” in a burlesque called *Atalanta*, when “Pat” Currey played the part of “O'ron,” got up as a stage Irishman, and sang Irish songs in a magnificent brogue.

I left Cambridge in 1870, and when I returned in 1899 was delighted to find my old friend established there as H.M.'s Senior Inspector for the Eastern Counties. His health was then frail, and his official career was nearing its end; but his humour, his patience, and his incorrigible cheerfulness still survived.—Believe me, yours sincerely,

(Signed) W. DURNFORD.

Currey's easy-going “undonnish” qualities seem to me to be quite true to type. Those who come of agrarian and sporting stock, and are brought up on such traditions, never conform altogether and *con amore*, whether as undergraduates or as seniors, to the conventions of academic life.

In an interview with Dr. Jackson I saw one of Currey's water-colours, which was amateur work of the best kind. I also learned that, when Currey was inspecting schools somewhere in the Shires, he made many of his journeys on horseback, and sometimes was able to combine the inspection of a school and a day with the hounds.

Mr. Charles R. G. Hoare, of Newlands, Hatfield, helps us out with some records of Currey's hunting:—

“In 1867 Mr. W. E. Currey, of Lismore Castle, Ireland, then a young Don at Trinity, now I am afraid dead, brought his pack over from Ireland. I am afraid I can give little information as to the hounds. These were certainly larger than those I had been used to run with—Mr. Tanqueray's, of Hendon, which he got from Mr. Honeywood, of Mark's Hall, Coggeshall, and are the subject of a well-known print, ‘The Merry Beaglers,’ in which the Messrs. Honeywood and a friend, Mr. Phellips, are depicted—and I should say smaller than the Trinity Beagles when I saw them some years ago. They would not, I fancy, be much thought of in these days of Hound Shows, but they were a useful, hard-working lot of little hounds, and Currey left them a great deal to themselves. He used to ride an extraordinarily clever cob of about 14·2 or 3, a marvel over fen ditches or anything else. Mr. Currey was a very kind and genial Irishman, a good horseman, and, I should say, a very good hare hunter, and I never remember him taking advantage of his field, who were toiling on foot.”

Scholar, sportsman, artist, humorist, good comrade, and, of course, gentleman, I do not think any of those who belong to the historically obscure Foot Drag days can feel unfairly passed over if we treat their times as tentative and experimental, and, especially as there was an interregnum, grant to Currey the title of Founder. His position, as I have said, is unique, and that will be our best method of expressing the fact. Professor Jackson, moreover, though he disclaims all knowledge of sport, tells us more of our Founder as a sportsman than he himself realises. An Assistant Tutor who takes his duties seriously has, as is clearly shown, plenty of work to do, and Currey had his literary and artistic hobbies as well; and that in

spite of all this he should have made time to hunt, shows of itself what a true sportsman he was: and he has earned the gratitude of every beagler in that he gave of his hard-won hunting time to showing sport to undergraduates. It is of course true that for Dons as for undergraduates beagling has this advantage over fox-hunting, that it does not monopolise a whole day. But a Don can manipulate his time so as to get a day a week free, and on that day to hunt, so that this in no way detracts from our debt.

The memory of Muggerridge, the “henchman,” is also valuable. He also is dead, and we have few records of him except one letter, *re* the carrying on of the pack when Currey gave up, which is reproduced later. It shows something of the intimacy and affection which can exist between Dons and undergraduates who are alike sportsmen and have the same home tradition. Among such, difference of age counts for little. The relationship was of course made easier by two facts—one fundamental, the other accidental. The one is, that nowhere can I find any trace of our annals having been soiled with the doings of the low-caste “sporting man.” The other is, that the Fellow-Commoner still survived. He was the University equivalent of the parlour-boarder of the private schools of Thackeray’s time, who paid double for everything, and dined at High Table. We may laugh at the arrangement now as a sort of snobbish molly-coddling, but the position must certainly have helped to bridge the chasm between seniors and juniors. These fine gentlemen, *teste* Lord Ernest St. Maur, used to come out with the Beagles, but not regularly.

I append here Lord Ernest St. Maur’s recollections of the sport of the period. Old runs are recorded, but the record of each is of commendable brevity, and in bulk they give a good picture of the average sport of that day, which differs very little from sport now except that in those days there were fewer meets, and those, with few exceptions, within walking distance of Cambridge. Also the unwritten law that beagles must be hunted afoot was not then observed. It must be remembered that beagling as we know it—that is, as an organised subscription sport—is of recent development; in the earlier days it was as private and personal as shooting.

RECORDS OF THE "FOOT BEAGLES" PRESERVED BY
LORD ERNEST ST. MAUR, TRINITY HALL

BURTON HALL, LOUGHBOROUGH, Jan. 1911.

*Some account of the Foot Beagles at Cambridge, collected from
my Diary, 1869-70.*

Having hunted a pack of fourteen-inch foot beagles while at a Private Tutor's in Wiltshire, between the time of leaving Harrow and entering at Trinity Hall, it was only natural that I should become a follower of the pack known as the (Trinity) Foot Beagles, then belonging to "Pat" Currey (W. E. Currey, M.A., Assistant Tutor of Trinity College, 4th Classie 1863, a Fellow 1865, and one of H.M. Inspectors of Schools subsequently). "Pat" Currey, as he was called by his friends, was a strongly built, fine-looking man, with a beard, and good features, about 5 ft. 11 in., as far as I can recall him to my mind, as I never saw him after leaving Cambridge. During the vacation he took the pack of beagles over to Ireland, his father living at Lismore Castle, as agent for the Duke of Devonshire. Currey had been at Mr. Rendall's, of Harrow, before coming up to Cambridge.

It was on Feb. 16, 1869, that I first went out with the "Foot Beagles." I have some of the cards of the meets still, and I notice that was the name of the pack in those days. There was no uniform



From T. F. B. C. Book.

for Huntsman or Whips, and the hounds were then kennelled at the Merton Arms Inn, then on the outskirts of the town. The pack consisted of about 18 couple of hounds, average height about 15 inches, or rather more; they had a good deal of colour, about three or four couple being black and tan. The first day I was out a farmer

objected to us hunting over his land, and we stopped the hounds, but soon found another hare, which ran for an hour and then took to the railway, and hounds were whipped off. On Feb. 20 I see we killed the first hare very soon, and again the second hare ran the railway line, and hounds were stopped on a train approaching; we met on the Fulbourne Road that day. We seem to have had a blank day on Feb. 23 at Swavesey.

On March 3 we met at Waterbeach, 9 couple of hounds inside an old coach, and 14 people outside. We do not seem to have had much sport, but several of us found the fen dykes both wide and deep.

On March 11, met at Comberton. Unfortunately the drag-hounds crossed us, and the beagles got on the drag and ran it heel-ways. Currey, being mounted on his cob, was able after some time to stop them.

March 13, met at Fulbourne Station and ran for 2 hours and 10 minutes, crossing the old disused railway cutting, and lost our hare. This is one of the few railways that was constructed and then disused; the sleepers and rails, I understood, were taken up, and sent out to the Crimea for use of the allied forces during the war. We had, I notice, 30 people out that day running with the beagles; a cap was taken, I believe one shilling a head, unless one was a subscriber of £1. About this time I remember Charles Dickens came to Cambridge and gave a reading from one of his novels. His son, H. F. Dickens, now a K.C., was then an undergraduate at Trinity Hall.

I see on May 12, 1869, I went to the opening service of the *new chapel*, St. John's College.

I met the beagles on Oct. 22, at Barton Tollbar; ran all about there, over Coton Hill, for 2 hours and 15 minutes, but did not kill.

On Oct. 25, 1869, met the beagles at the second milestone, Ely Road; drew a long time without finding, then found a fox, which we hunted some time. He went to ground several times in drains, but the beagles could get through too, and bolted him more than once. We nearly caught him at last, but stopped, the hound being in the

Cambridgeshire Hunt country. We then found a hare, and after running her 1 hour and 30 minutes, whipped off in the dark.

On Oct. 30, met Currey and the beagles at Coton, Charlie Thompson riding, as he was lame; found a hare on the hill, ran slowly for over an hour with a very poor scent and killed; only two other men out with us.

On Nov. 6, met Currey and Thompson with the beagles at Merton Arms, drew at Histon; found and ran our hare fast at first, then very slowly, and she laid up; after some time managed to put her up again, and ran into her in a hundred yards; time from find to kill, 55 minutes.

Nov. 9, met the beagles at Barton, ran for 25 minutes and killed. Found again, ran fast for 50 minutes and whipped off in small covert at Coton.

Nov. 16, met beagles at Hardwicke; drew for a long time without finding, but eventually finding, we ran for 50 minutes, and killed at Barton. Thompson was hunting the hounds on a pony, Muggeridge junior whipped in to him.

Nov. 18, met the beagles at Coton; did not find till 4 P.M., then ran for about 15 minutes and lost.

Nov. 20, found at Histon in some asparagus beds; ran several rings round there, then nearly into Chesterton, and whipped off in the dark; after running about 2 hours, on a bad scent, she laid up several times.

Nov. 25, met the beagles at Swavesey; after a long draw, found a hare, ran to Longstanton very fast, but had to whip off, as we got among a lot of fresh hares. Walked home.

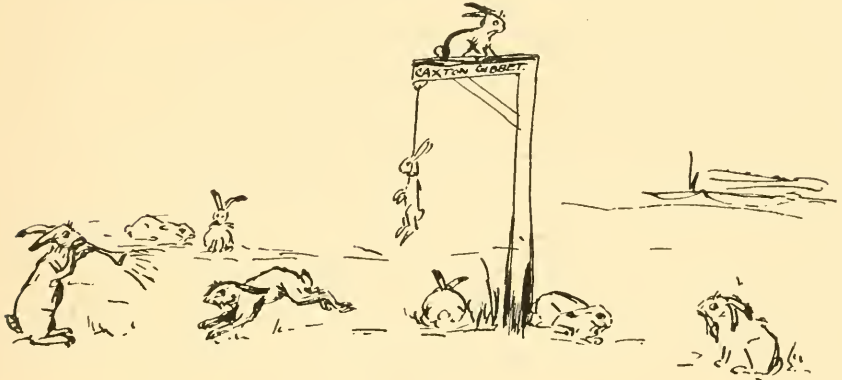
Nov. 30, met the beagles at Fulbourne Station; only Currey and four of us turned out; did not find; walked home.

During the Christmas vacation I took my old pack, the Lydiard Beagles, and had good sport with them in the Pewsey Vale, Wiltshire, thus keeping in good running condition.

Feb. 8, 1870, met the beagles at Fulbourne Station, Charlie Thompson hunting them; only W. H. Rodwell, H. C. Howard, of Trinity, and Alexander, who after helped me to whip in, were out. Found at once; ran very slowly at first, then getting a view at her

ran very fast for 40 minutes, when hounds suddenly checked and we lost her.

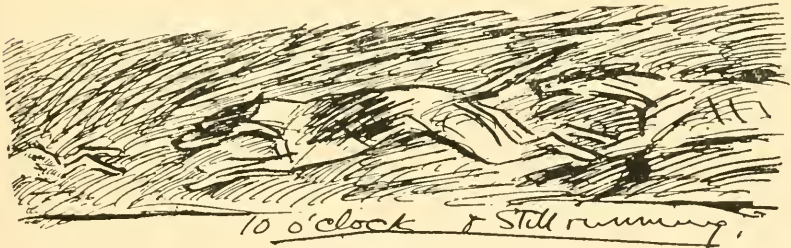
Feb. 24, had a blank day with the Beagles at Fulbourne.



TOO MANY HARES.

This drawing refers to a day at Caxton Gibbet in the spring of 1907 when there were “Swarms of hares. No scent. Blowing a gale. Hounds could do nothing. Whoo-ooop for the leveret!” But it is typical, and with the poor little leveret on the gibbet, symbolical of all such days. From T.F.B.C. Book.

Feb. 26, met beagles at second milestone, Ely Road. Got our first hare very soon. Found again, ran two rings, then up the railway line to Histon Station; shot back again and lost, after 1 hour 45



From T.F.B.C. Book.

minutes; a bad scent; H. C. Howard and Stafford Howard, C. Thompson, Alexander out, and six others.

March 1, took the beagles from the kennels with Currey to Coton,

but unfortunately got on the drag scent; ran straight to Lord's Bridge Station, then lost many of the beagles; some came home by themselves later on, and some went with the drag to Granchester.

March 2, Thompson and I took the beagles to Coton, no one else out; ran for over an hour and lost. Very hot day, ground very heavy.

March 3, beagles met at Comberton, a riding day; ran well for 50 minutes and killed.

March 5, met the beagles at Swavesey; C. Thompson, H. C. Howard, and his brother Stafford Howard the only others out.



A RIDING DAY.

By Miss Burges.

Found a hare, ran fast for some time; hare laid up three times; she was put up again, and a greyhound coursed and killed her after 1 hour and 10 minutes; a lot of roughs out, which quite spoiled our sport.

March 10, met the beagles at Fulbourne Station. Mr. Payne, the farmer, found us a hare close to the line: she ran down to the large dyke, crossed it, and then back to the station across the bridge, over the dyke, and then up into the open country; then down the hill to Mr. Townley's,¹ where fresh hares getting up. Thompson, who was

¹ Now dead. Lord-Lieutenant of Cambridgeshire.

riding, whipped off the hounds after running 1 hour and 30 minutes. Lord Arthur Butler, Henry and Stafford Howard, Alexander and March all out.

March 12, met at Coton ; could not find a hare.

March 14, met at Histon Station ; found at once in an orchard, ran two rings, then across the park and gardens, and killed after 40 minutes. Found again just outside the park, ran several rings, and kept recrossing the railway line ; then away to the Ely Road and beyond Histon, where we viewed her one field ahead of hounds, when she was at a drain and probably went to ground, after 1 hour and 50 minutes.

March 18, met the beagles at Fulbourne Station ; found on the grass common, ran two rings, crossing the road several times ; she laid up in some cabbages, and putting her up the hounds ran into her ; time, 1 hour 30 minutes. Found again, and after running again for an hour and a half stopped hounds in Mr. Townley’s coverts. Mr. Townley was riding with us, and entertained us after the hunt.

March 24, met at Barton Tollbar, a riding day ; found 2 hares, and killed them both.

March 30, met beagles at Granchester, a riding day ; we found very soon, running pretty fast now and then, but the ground was hard and dry, and we did not kill.

Nov. 2, 1870, met at Barton Tollbar ; Currey was hunting the pack, about 20 men out ; found after drawing for an hour, at the bottom of the hill ; ran quite straight for 20 minutes towards Hardwicke, then turned and came back to where we found ; viewed her, raced her up to the top of the hill and killed her after a fast 45 minutes, without a cheek, and without her once laying up.

Nov. 11, met at Fulbourne ; found, and ran for 25 minutes and lost ; found again, but could not do much ; snowed a little.

Nov. 16, a riding day ; found a hare at Newton, ran very prettily for 1 hour and 15 minutes, and lost in Colonel Wales’ coverts ; about 20 of us were out.

I did not hunt with the Foot Beagles again, till they were brought into Leicestershire by Mr. Edmund Paget during the vacation. Our relations with the farmers round Cambridge were

friendly, and they were glad to see us on their farms, though in these days we had no farmers' dinners or other festivities by way of making any return to them for their hospitality to us.

We appear to have generally hunted with the beagles two or three days a week, but in March 1870 they seem to have been out four days out of five.

When we had one man mounted it seemed a great assistance, as he could watch the hare running the roads, which they often did, and could stop hounds if a fresh hare got up in view.

The time of the meets was 1.30 or 2 o'clock—and of course a hare is much more difficult to kill at that time than if she is hunted at an earlier hour.

We seldom had any opposition to our hunting, by farmers or others. Once, I remember, in the fen we had been running some time, and our hare was about close, and squatted; some rough fen men joined in, and one of them sent his lurcher after the hare. This roused the anger of the beaglers, and I remember one of the undergraduates hurled a large stone at the dog with great precision, and knocked it over. The owner was furious, and we expected a fight. The stone-thrower told the man he was no sportsman, and to go home with his d—d dog. The fen man then told us we were all trespassers, and he should summon us. And it really did transpire that the land belonged to him—anyhow, that one field did. This shows that sportsmen should be rather particular when hunting in a neighbourhood where one does not know the boundaries of the farms, or the owners of land by sight. We, however, heard no more about being summoned.

Here follow some observations from the same contributor, on the habits of hares when hunted:—

“It is curious how hares vary in their habits, according to their surroundings, and in the manner of evading pursuit. In a bank and ditch country like Essex I have known a hare in front of beagles run the ditch round three sides of a field to avoid being seen. I was on another occasion hunting beagles in a country where hares were coursed, and on the hounds coming to a shed I

cast round in every direction without being able to hit off the line. I discovered one hound was missing, and at last saw her come out of a ditch. I went to her and found she had been digging at a rabbit hole. I got a spade, and on digging down nearly a yard found the hare, which we had been running over an hour. The farmer told me that the hares there were perpetually being coursed by greyhounds and lurchers, and often went into drains, under gateways, and into holes. We often see questions in *The Field* newspaper about hares swimming. This they will often do when hunted, crossing canals and rivers, but they will also do it when not hunted. I was standing on a canal bridge over the Kennet and Avon Canal in Wiltshire (which is a very wide canal) one summer's evening about 8 o'clock, when I saw a hare canter down to the canal bank and swim across, without anything being in pursuit of her; and she appeared to be in the habit of thus crossing the water, so quietly did she do it."

The following is from Archdeacon Scott, of Tunbridge Wells:—

"On Dec. 10, 1868, I remember a run from Fulbourne. Starting near the Asylum we ran to the Gogs, and got into the Duke of Leeds' park. There appeared to be hares by the dozen, and the dogs got scattered in all directions, keepers swearing at us frantically. We began to think we should *never* get our bow-wows again."

Here are some further "remains" gathered out of letters, line upon line; here a little, and there a little:—

"Currey was busy examining sometimes and doing other College work, so that I whipped in more often to Charlie Thompson. Thompson sometimes rode a clever white cob, and perhaps Currey rode the same, but I cannot remember this distinctly now, though I remember to have seen him riding, as he sometimes came out late and joined us while hunting. He and Thompson often rode home to kennels with the pack after hunting, so as to be in time for Hall, which they would have been late for if going home on foot. This appeared to me rather hard on the hounds after a hard day's hunting in that heavy plough country."—LORD E. ST. MAUR.

“H. E. Gordon, the 'Varsity cox (“Son” Gordon we used to call him), was one of the Whips. This was in the winter of 1868-69.”—
ARCHDEACON SCOTT.

There is another note which shows that in earlier days undergraduates were less narrow and specialised in their sporting and athletic sympathies. Many of the men who row must also be fond of sport, and some of them sometimes have some spare days; one wonders more of them do not put in such time with T.F.B. J. B. Close used to be “at home” to beaglers and boaters on Sunday afternoons when he lived at Little Shelford (*vide* Chapter X.).

From Archdeacon Scott, J. S. Snelgrove, of Kingswood, Tunbridge Wells, has gathered some seraps of information.

The Archdeacon really knew nothing about hounds or hunting at the time, but was asked to come out sometimes and bring a whip, which he did, being always ready (as he still is) for anything going in the way of games or sport, if he has the time. Mr. Snelgrove doubts if the hunting at that date were very scientific or much organised. The Archdeacon is, he says, a very jovial person still, but seems to have got out of touch with things. He did endeavour to open up what Jorrocks calls the “bonded ware’ouse of his knowledge,” and has told us in writing that

“One day the hounds met——”

and that is all. “He was afraid,” says Mr. Snelgrove, “even if he wrote anything, lest some critical eye of his own time might see it and say, ‘What does he mean by writing this rot of what he knows nothing about?’ So we must be content with knowing that one day undated the hounds really did meet.”

This chapter must close with statistics furnished by Lord E. St. Maur, who has been one of our kindest and most persevering contributors.

LETTER

BURTON HALL, LOUGHBOROUGH,
January 1911.

DEAR MR. KEMPSON—I have found a list of the Foot Beagles, also a letter¹ written by Muggerridge to my old friend Harry Duberly, who frequently came out with the beagles, which shows that “Pat” Currey offered to sell the pack in the autumn of 1869 to the followers of the beagles at Cambridge; but he eventually kept them and brought them back to Cambridge. I enclose also one of the old cards of the meets. The “cap,” which I remember was collected at the meets, was, about 1870, done away with, I think, and a subscription of £1 a term substituted.

Did the brothers Henry and Stafford Howard buy the pack from “Pat” Currey, and has that same pack been handed on as the Trinity Beagles to the present time?

Yours sincerely,
(Signed) ERNEST ST. MAUR.

As to the question in the above letter, I may say in advance that hounds seem to have passed from hand to hand always by sale till Lord Milton’s time. The continuity of the pack is the problem of the chapter following, and is somewhat obscure.

THE FOOT BEAGLES

1869–70

Master.

W. E. Currey, M.A.

Huntsman.

C. M. Meysey Thompson.

Whips.

J. F. Muggerridge.

Lord E. St. Maur.

¹ Held over till the next chapter.

Followers.

Hon. E. T. St. John.
 H. H. Bouverie.
 Timons.
 Muggeridge.
 W. H. Rodwell.
 H. C. Howard.
 E. Stafford Howard.
 Everard.
 Alexander.
 Russell.
 Butler.
 Darwin.
 Lord Arthur Butler.
 Marshall.
 Walford.

Browne.
 (*Mostly Trinity*)

H. Duberly, jun.
 Royds.
 Forth.
 Nankiwell.
 J. S. Kane.
 J. Newbold.

(*Trinity Hall*)

H. W. Blunt.
 (*Pembroke*)

And others I cannot remember.

Hounds (12 couples).

Barmaid.
 Bashful.
 Bloomer.
 Buxom.
 Countess.
 Cruiser.
 Flourisher.
 Gambler.

Gamecock.
 Gaylass.
 Gladsome.
 Goneaway.
 Governess.
 Gravity.
 Harbinger.
 Hasty.

Hemlock.
 Honeybee.
 Melody.
 Milliner.
 Noble.
 Ruby.
 Silver.
 Vocal.



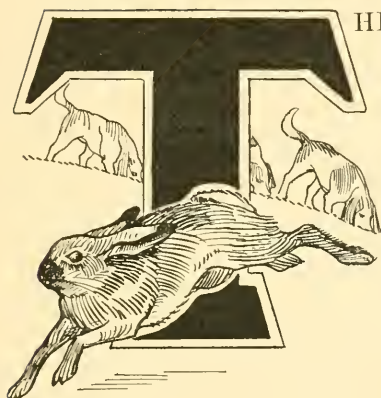
J.P.F.
 75

CHAPTER IV

THE ANCIEN RÉGIME

Now from the Merton Arms drew out
Their chequered bands, the joyous rout.

Adapted from Sir W. Scott.



THE present chapter opens naturally with a letter from J. F. Muggerridge, the "Henchman," to H. Duberly, written in September 1869. It is of interest not only for the matter which it contains, but also as one of our very few original documents. The proposal to buy the hounds was abortive, as Currey carried on for another season, but it shows that the pack was founded, and that there was a determination that beagling should be continued under less precarious conditions than heretofore. The seed of permanency was most certainly sown by Currey. His success is probably due both to his seniority and his genial, attractive personality. Beagling, like all other hunting, "brings folks together as would not otherwise meet," and in such cases it is by no means certain that they will "mix." Undergraduates under such circumstances are peculiarly shy, and a kind, genial Irishman, who by age and position was above their lines of cleavage, was just the man to weld them into a permanent though informal society, and his greater experience must

have been invaluable in establishing sound traditions of hunting lore. The value of this is the more evident in that we are told that Muggerridge, though a most loyal and devoted "henchman," did not possess any very great store of hunting experience.

It is interesting in this connection to note that the next great step in the history of T.F.B., when proper kennels were provided, was the work of a senior man. "Mother" Hunt did not come up to Cambridge straight from school, but had done some "knocking about," and had seen something of "life," in America amongst other places, before coming up to Magdalene.

LETTER FROM J. F. MUGGERIDGE TO H. DUBERLY

TUNBRIDGE WELLS, KENT,
Sept. 21, 1869.

DEAR DUBERLY—I have had two letters from Currey about the beagles. The first was written some time ago, though I have only just received it on my return from the Continent. In it he said that he did not think he should bring up the pack again to Cambridge, and that perhaps he should give it up altogether. I at once wrote back to him and asked him to let us have the refusal of them in case he sold them, as I thought the Cambridge men would be only too glad to buy them; and I have now just received his second letter in reply to mine. From what I can make out, he says he will bring the pack up to Cambridge again if we will guarantee sufficient money to keep them through the summer months, which, according to his estimate, will be about £20 extra; I daresay we should have to pay £25. On the other hand, I understand him to say that he will sell us the pack for £40 (13½ couple of hounds), which is not at all dear; but then we shall have to add to that their keep, which for the first year will bring it up to quite £80 + their journey from Ireland + their taxes to £97, which is more, I think, than we can raise amongst the "lovers of true sport." I think, however, that we could manage the first proposition, either by doubling the subscription (and I fancy we shall have many more subscribers this season) or by those most interested in the sport making up the difference amongst them-

selves; in either case I think the £25 could easily be raised. Please let me have your opinion as soon as possible, and believe me, yours very sincerely,

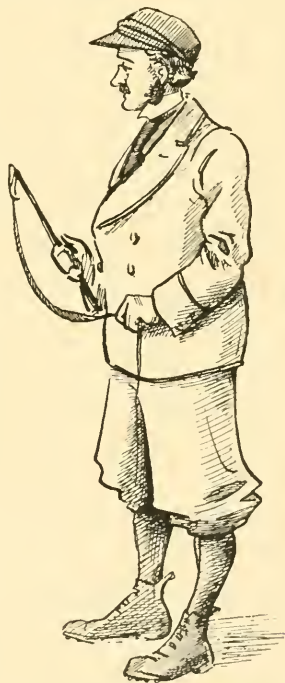
J. F. MUGGERIDGE.

P.S.—I hear that the Cambridge Harriers have been given up. Is this true?

The expectation of an increased body of subscribers shows plainly that the Lovers of True Sport were indeed forgathering, and, as subsequent events prove, that Currey's work of founding a permanent tradition was fully accomplished. For many years to come, to be precise, until Lord Milton's Mastership in 1892, the hounds continued to be the property of the Master, who, having bought them from his predecessor, could do what he liked with them, and Mr. Harry Howard, on going down, took his hounds home with him, so that a new pack had to be raised;¹ but raised it was, and since then the unwritten law grew up that the outgoing Master should hand the pack over at a fair price. Ownership still continues, and the Master can breed, buy, sell, and put down as he pleases, and can keep surplus puppies to form the nucleus of a private pack; but he receives the hounds free, and *must* hand on to his successor as many hounds as he receives, as has been already said.

In the days with which we are concerned the pack had not settled down to what may be called "strict" beagling. There was no uniform for Master and Whips except a soft green cloth cap, and the Master often rode a cob, which made it hard work for Whips afoot to turn hounds to him. Also, there were no proper kennels, but hounds were boarded out in hen-yards, and unsystematically fed on College scraps. P. Burgess tells us in one place that

¹ Whether he took them *all* away is a little obscure, as will be seen later.



A WHIPPER-IN UNDER THE ANCIEN RÉGIME.

each hound cost one shilling a week, and in another that they cost two. Mr. Rouse Ball says that they paid ten shillings (!) a week each, which was, as he himself says, expensive; but it included the cost of their conveyance to the meet in an open, two-wheeled market cart, with no other shelter than a pig-net.

The hounds took their *pension* at one part of this period at the Merton Arms, opposite Magdalene, and at another at the Plough and Harrow, Madingley Road. There is some uncertainty as to details—my informants have only their memories to rely on—so that sometimes statements are conflicting.¹ Under such circumstances it is supposed to be a historian's duty to exercise his critical faculties in sifting the evidence; but this I do not propose to do. On the contrary, I shall content myself, like Uncle Remus, by giving you the annals of this uneventful time "as they was gun ter me." The discrepancies are quite small, and the reader may enjoy exercising his own wits upon their "reconciliation."

When Mr. Currey gave up his work at Trinity and became H.M. Inspector of Schools, the Mastership seems to have gone into "Commission" for a season—W. H. Rodwell hunting the hounds and of course acting as Master. The arrangement was probably beneficial, as, once a tradition is formed, it has a better chance of establishing itself under an oligarchy than under a monarchy.

The subjoined letter from H. C. Howard, who became Master in the year following, is our evidence. It was written in 1895, and therefore presumably to K. Walker, who was then Master, or rather huntsman, as the Mastership was again in Commission at that time, and there was then an attempt to get a history of T.F.B. written, which, however, came to nothing.

LETTER FROM H. C. HOWARD

GREYSTOKE CASTLE, PENRITH,
May 12, 1895.

DEAR SIR—I am sorry to have been some time replying to your letter, but have been away from home. I cannot quite recollect

¹ Mine host of the Plough and Harrow, Mr. Free, sen., who drove the hounds out in the van for many years, and whose son now does so, says that the hounds were never kept there, but always at the Merton Arms.

who hunted the T.F.B. before I took them, but I daresay I could find out.

I think it was in 1870 that a Committee consisting of—

W. H. Rodwell,
Alfred Tabor,
E. Stafford Howard (my brother),
and myself,

took the hounds, and as far as I remember Rodwell hunted them for a season.¹ After that I hunted them till the end of the 1872-73 season.

Then G. H. Longman took them. He would be able to give you a good deal of information. My Whips were—

E. Stafford Howard,
G. H. Longman,
G. Macan,
C. J. Cropper.

The pack I had at Cambridge I brought home with me after leaving, and I rather think George Longman also took his pack away.

Yours truly,

(Signed) HENRY C. HOWARD.

This letter seems finally to dispose of Lord Ernest St. Maur's question:—

“Currey's pack consisted of about sixteen couple of 16 in. beagles, a good many being black and tan. I wonder if any of the old blood remains in the present pack?”

REMINISCENCES OF C. J. CROPPER

1872-3-4

My two first years at Trinity, Harry Howard was Master, Stafford Howard was a Whip, also George Longman who had hunted the Eton

¹ These are the names entered in the Beagle Book started by J. S. Carr-Ellison, but the entry is in K. Walker's hand, and was probably copied from this letter, and is not therefore independent testimony.

Beagles, and towards the end of my first Easter term Harry asked me to carry a whip.

He gave us all whips engraved with his and our initials, and I have mine still. Harry was never great on his legs, and he used to ride a cob called Tom, and a horse called Ploughboy who was a fine hunter.

There was no kind of livery, and the T.F.B. button was not even thought of till 1874. It was somewhat hard work turning hounds to a mounted huntsman, but we did it as well as we could.

In those days, when farming was on top of the wave, there were two packs of harriers hunting the country—Mason's harriers and Hick's harriers—and it was not by any means easy to get the meets arranged for three days a week. We used to spend Saturday afternoon in the Corn Exchange trying to fix up meets with the farmers for the next week or two, and got the cards out on Sunday.

The field was very small, about 10 to 20; often less. We had a small waggonette which carried six of the Committee, and two ponies used to take us to the meet as fast as they could scuttle. The rest got to the meets on foot or in pony-traps; there were no bicycles.

On one occasion we met in the Backs, and proceeded to draw the fields where Grange Road is now and the football ground.

We didn't find till we got to the place where Newnham now stands; in those days there were no houses beyond the King's and Trinity Gardens. We had quite a good hunt in the direction of Coton, over the Trinity cricket ground, through Burrel's field, and, I think, through Trinity Gardens across the Backs road and down to the river just by Clare Bridge. When we got on to the bridge, there was the hare in the water, and somehow she scrambled up the ivy, got on to the bridge, and ran into the court. By this time Harry Howard was off his horse, and running down the avenue blowing his horn to get the hounds back and over the bridge. He got some of them back, and ran across the bridge with them and laid them on, on the grass in the court-yard. As he was doing so the master, Dr. Atkinson, came out, but I can see him now in his tall hat and frock coat running across the grass, where Harry was laying on his hounds. He was in a blue rage: "such an outrage had never been committed

in the history of the University." Harry couldn't see it, and wasn't for drawing off the hounds. "Do let me kill my hare." "If it is the hare you want, I'll buy you another and send it in this very afternoon." But the Master got more and more angry, and managed to turn us out, beagles and all; some of us in real fear that our University career was over. But the Master, I suppose, cooled down, and nothing more was heard of it. What became of the hare we never knew.

Riding days were a huge joy, and then we did turn the hounds in rare style. We had a great day at Foulmire, another beyond Six Mill Bottom, and another at Willingham Fen, a bitter cold day, with sleet, I remember well, because the horse I rode got into a deep fen dyke, and there I had to wait for more than an hour till the farm men brought ropes and the horse was hauled out—a bitter cold job.

Harry Howard went down in the spring of '73. The pack was his own, and he took the whole of them down to Greystoke and showed great sport with them there, until 1876 when he became Master of the Cumberland foxhounds.

George Longman was then appointed Master; but we had no hounds, so we had to find a pack. A small pack of twelve couple or so were for sale near Maidenhead, belonging to Mr. Ricardo. George Longman and I made a journey to see them, saw them hunt and bought them. How the finance was arranged I cannot remember. They were bonny hounds, all black, white, and tan, and three or four of them broken haired. I took some of them home and he took the rest to Farnboro' Hill, his father's house.

When autumn came we had them all together at Farnboro', and had ten days of hunting on the Hampshire Commons.

Then we had to get them to Cambridge. We hired a van to take them from Waterloo to King's Cross. Somehow there wasn't room for all, and I well remember having five couple of them, along with George and myself, inside a four-wheeler, and our luggage on the top.

The pack did very well, but I didn't see much sport, as I sprained my leg early in the season and, except for a riding day or two, saw nothing of them.

Our Committee were—George Longman, Lord Ebrington, “Nutty” Leake, George Macan, Mowbray Howard, Peter Clowes, Rorey McLeod, and myself.

Not only is the Clare story one of our best yarns, but it also brings us into contact with one of the most venerable figures in Cambridge, that of Dr. Atkinson, who was elected Master of Clare in 1856 and who is Master still, the jubilee of his Mastership having been observed with great state and anciencey some five years ago. Think of it! His Mastership extends over more than the whole of our history, for it goes back beyond the days of the Foot Drag to the legendary pack of whose existence nothing remains but the vaguest hearsay. This being so, the “outrage,” now ancient history, and the time ripe for telling tales out of school, I craved the Master’s version of the event, however uncomplimentary, approaching him of course indirectly through the Tutor, Mr. Wardale, to whom I sent an abbreviated version of the tale, receiving the following kind but disappointing reply:—

LETTER

CLARE COLLEGE, *Feb. 24, 1912.*

DEAR SIR—I saw our Master to-day and asked him about your story, but he had no recollection of it at all.

I am bound to say that it strikes me as a curious one. If the hare got into the Court, it would naturally go right through by the front gate, and if not the hounds would surely have killed it long before the Master¹ could come out and interfere. Besides, it is impossible, I think, for it to have got up on to the bridge on the College side of the river, and it must have plunged in and then turned back. Is it not more probable that it only swam the ditch into the garden on the other side, and was being chased about there when the Master appeared?

I throw out this suggestion, as on the face of it the story

¹ Of the College. It is confusing to have two *dramatis personae* filling such diverse functions in a scene and yet bearing the same title.

(amusing as it is) seems likely to create some distrust of its being recorded precisely in these details.—Believe me, yours sincerely,

T. R. WARDALE.

Now is it not annoying to have one's best tale raked so mercilessly by the Higher Criticism? But we will not be down-hearted! Our critic accepts the main fact that a hare was hunted on some part of his College precincts, and that the yarn is amusing. The last is enough. No good tale should be sacrificed, even to irresistible criticism. Even if it be demonstrated that King Alfred never entered a neatherd's cottage, and so can never have let the cakes spoil, the tale must never be expunged from children's histories, and though Sir R. Whittington, Knt. and Lord Mayor of London, never had a cat, yet will the tale of the cat continue to be told, and so with the Clare tale day.

But our critic lays himself open to criticism. His difficulties are *a priori*, that is, based on what a hare is likely to do, and he calls the hare "it"! Is not that enough? But there is more. He expects a hunted hare to behave as a sober, betrousered man, whereas she is not merely a she but a super-she. What she will do, where she will go, and how she will efface herself, are matters so mysterious that the incalculable ways of woman are obvious and elementary in comparison. Further, from "internal evidence" of the language (you see I myself know something of the jargon of historical critics), Mr. Cropper's narrative bears the stamp of truth. So far as intention is concerned all beaglers' narratives, seeing they have nothing to do with fishing, are above suspicion, but Mr. Cropper's tale is not merely that of a truthful man, but that of a chronicler who is both an eye-witness and also possessed of a clear and accurate memory.

Seriously, it is a matter of regret that Dr. Atkinson should have no recollection of the incident, and our critic might have maintained that therefore no such event could have occurred, but this he has not done. It may be that Mr. Cropper has got the wrong tiger, and that it was some other "Don" who protested so vigorously. But every man's mental record is at many points a blank, and this is probably the true solution of the difficulty.

But what became of the hare? Here there is room for great freedom of opinion. She might have gone to ground in one of the staircases, to ultimately make a Sunday dinner for some bedder or gyp. Or she may have got through and turned into King's, and so back over another bridge, or she may have swum the river and so escaped by Scholar's Meadow to open country, or some long-haired Fabian—or whatever answered to a Fabian in those days—may there have screened her from the brutal attentions of an embryo Squirearchy, or (and this would have been poetic justice indeed!) she may have run into the Clare kitchens and so found her way to High Table to be eaten by the Master and Fellows! Who can tell?

After writing the above there came *another* letter from Mr. Wardale as follows:—

LETTER

CLARE COLLEGE, *March 1, 1912.*

DEAR SIR—I asked our College Butler, who has been here since 1866 and has an extraordinary memory for old stories about the College, whether he remembered about the Beagles and the hunt in Clare. He at once replied, "Yes! It must have been thirty-five or forty years ago they *killed* (!) the hare in the Master's garden across the river, and the Master was terribly angry about it."

I asked him whether the huntsman requested leave to pursue the hare, and he said that the hounds were eating it when the Master came out. I am interested, and you will, I think, be so also, as it agrees with the suggestion which I made in my letter to you as to the scene of the incident.—Believe me, yours sincerely,

(Signed) T. R. WARDALE.

Now what are we to make of this? "What the Butler saw" was clearly that which Mr. Cropper describes, but they did not see eye to eye, for the Butler saw it in the Master's garden and also the hare being "broken up," whereas the original narrative places it in the Court, and laments that the hare was not brought to hand. The whole episode, or rather the telling of it, makes a most interesting

study in the psychology of memory. We carry away with us a vivid recollection of some incident, and in recalling the scene unconsciously fill in details of the mental picture from the imagination. It is now clear that the indignant senior was the Master and no other; also that there is nothing impossible in any of the Cropper details.

The following notes from H. R. Cooke really belong to Mother Hunt's time, but they are of interest at this point as showing what a hare can do, and the second especially, in connection with the Clare episode, as showing how she can climb ivy.

MEMORANDA BY H. R. COOKE

I

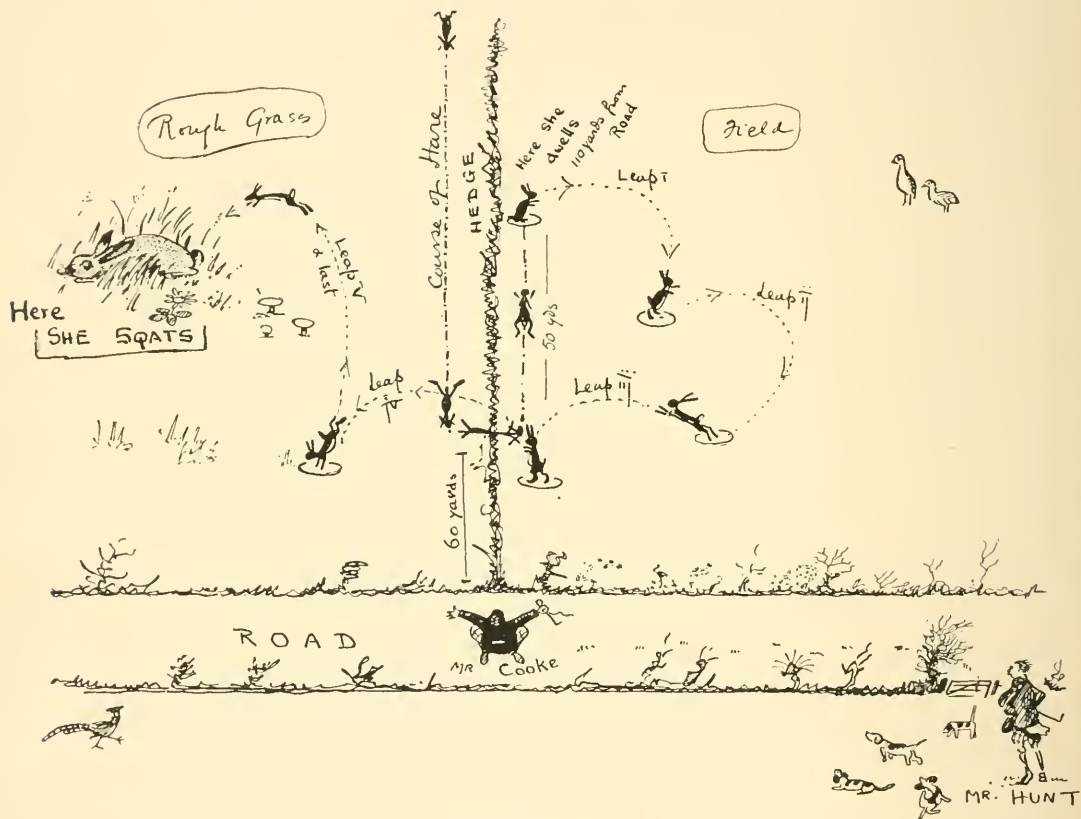
One day an unusual incident took place. During a good run in the Waterbeach country the hare crossed a long straight road. The scent being catchy, Hunt holloa'd to Cooke (one of the Whips) to run down the road and endeavour to view the hare. Cooke did so, and having run about three-quarters of a mile down the road he viewed the hare, very much beaten, coming slowly across a rough grass meadow straight towards him. As Cooke heard hounds running he did not holloa, but hid behind the hedge and watched the hare's movements. She continued slowly in her course in a straight line till she got to within 60 yards of the road, when she turned round and ran back on her own line about 50 yards, squatted for a moment, and then made five tremendous leaps, as shown in this diagram.

In a few minutes hounds came in sight running pretty hard to the point where the hare turned back and flashed right over the road. Quite possibly the hare might have eluded her pursuers, but unluckily for her a tail hound put her up, and the pack catching a view, killed her in the same field.

This episode can be vouched for, and may be interesting as showing what hares can do by subterfuge. I believe this is not an isolated instance, but a hare is not often *seen* performing such a trick.

II

On another day an amusing occurrence took place. A large field turned up at the meet, and a good hare was quickly found.



THE HARE'S STRATAGEM.

Copied faithfully from a sketch plan by H. R. Cooke, with Mr. Cooke and "Mother" Hunt in the positions indicated in the MS. Mr. Cooke says that the hare turned on her own tracks, but draws her coming down one side of a hedge and up the other. Perhaps there was no hedge.—F. C. K.

There was a capital scent, and hounds having run hard for forty minutes took the line into a grass field at the back of a large kitchen garden bounded by a wall perhaps 16 feet high, near Trumpington. Suddenly hounds threw up their heads, and apparently could make

nothing more of it, though the Master cast all round and persevered for some time. Suddenly there was a holloa back, and it turned out that one of the field, an excellent sportsman, had viewed the hare crouching amidst a cluster of ivy on the top of the wall. How the hare got up there will always remain a mystery, as there were no buttresses by which she could have climbed up, but even more mysterious still is how the sportsman in question came to view her there as he was extremely short-sighted, and was always obliged to wear the strongest glasses, and even then his sight was much impaired.

These episodes show how unaccountable are the ways of poor Sarah, and therefore that the Clare College Mystery may never be solved. Whatever it be, however, it is fact of geography that Clare College affords a convenient short-cut through from the Backs to the centre of the town. The beagles had once before bolted through the College when taken out sedately to exercise by a Trinity Tutor, and the tale is told by a Regius Professor. Here is another tale also old enough for telling out of school, which, however, refers to boating men. The tale was told me by a *particeps criminis*.

A party of these heedless and high-spirited creatures, being in training and "full of beans," seized a hand-barrow when out for their early run and rushed with it heedlessly through the College on their way back to breakfast. At the same moment the Dean was traversing the cross path in his surplice to early Chapel, where (*i.e.* at the crossways) he arrived at the same moment as the hand-cart. The front of the barrow caught the Dean *a tergo* just above the knees and seated him neatly in the body of the cart, and the *momentum* was such that their wild career was only checked as, *adstanti janitore stupefacto*, they shot through the main gate into the street. Followed explanations and apologies. But no one knew what had become of the hand-cart.

It remains to be repeated that all these tales are very ancient history, and are told out of school; to note that many good sportsmen, including beaglers such as Sir Hyde Parker and R. F. Fox, have hailed from Clare; and to wish the venerable Master many further years of happy life.

The following yarns are also from C. J. Cropper. They both involve "Gentleman" Hoppet, who was a great character, very tall and thin, with a grey moustache, gold-rimmed folders on his nose, and always dressed in a black coat and silk hat. I wonder if he wore them when he walked out to see the hounds at Childerly gate; I can imagine him wearing no other. I have a tale of my own concerning him which may as well be preserved here, though it has nothing to do with beagling.

An anxious inquirer, wishing to know whether anything could perturb the great man's dignity, asked what he should do if the College caught fire. "I should go into the middle of the court," said he gravely, "and use my discretion."

LETTER

ELLERGREEN, KENDAL,
December 12, 1910.

DEAR HUNTSMAN¹—One more beagle story occurs to me. In the early seventies Leake, now Chancellor of Lincoln Diocese, was parson in Barnwell. He was a very good preacher, and one Sunday some of our gang said we would go and hear him preach. This entailed being marked in Hall, as no one might miss "Hall" on Sunday. We all walked round by Hall and called to old Hoppet to mark us in. He came up to me with a sly grin just showing. "What is it?" he said, "is it a bye day with the Beagles?"

You know the story (not a beagle one) of old Swell Hoppet, who, in the Christmas vacation, one day walked out to a meet of the Cambridgeshire at Childerly gate? He got to the meet and walked on to the cover they were to draw. He stood all alone by the cover side, and presently a fox went away close by him. He saw it go, but held his peace. Presently a Whip from afar saw the fox and came screaming down the cover side to where Hoppet was standing. "Why on earth didn't you holler?" shouted the Whip. "I would if I'd known," said Hoppet, "but I thought it was a squirrel!"

¹ T. Holland Hibbert, who is C. J. Cropper's nephew.

Hoppet's reign lasted well into the nineties, and I have preserved a back view caricature of him, drawn by myself, which appeared in the *Granta* somewhere about that time, and here redrawn.



"GENTLEMAN" HOPPET.

Here follow two letters which do not give much information, but rather tend to make the history of the pack obscure. However, they help out on various details, and here they are:—

LETTER FROM VISCOUNT EBRINGTON

BYDOWN, NR. BARNSTAPLE,
February 26, 1895.

DEAR SIR—I was never master of the T.F.B. When I went up in October 1872 the Master was H. C. Howard, since Master of

the Cumberland and at one time M.P. (1885-6). He used to ride, the rest of us running. His Whips were: G. H. Longman, C. G. Cropper, and G. Macan, now a barrister. I think that Howard started this pack in 1870 or 1871, and that the hounds were his, he hunting them at home in the vacation.

In 1873 Longman was Master on foot, and I whipped in with those above named, P. Clowes, T. N. Leeke, Redditch and Mobray Howard, Harry's brother, also helping in the field. Longman used to take the pack home with him, so I suppose he made some arrangement with Howard. There were only 8 or 10 couple.

In 1874 Vickers, a Shropshire man, succeeded Longman. I think he had been Master of the Eton Beagles, and a man called Hornby used to help in whipping in.

I am afraid I know nothing of the pack before 1871 or after 1874.—Yours truly,

EBRINGTON.

LETTER FROM G. H. LONGMAN

BEAREHURST, HOLMWOOD, SURREY,
Jan. 22, 1911.

DEAR HIBBERT—I am sorry to have been so long answering your letter of the 9th inst., and am afraid that I have not any real information to give you even now. I have no records in my possession of the doings of the Trinity Beagles during my Mastership, but I succeeded Harry Howard in, I think, the season 1873-4, and hunted the Beagles during that season. I am not, however, quite clear in my mind whether I did not become Master in the autumn of 1872, though I *think* not. I know, however, that I did not hunt the Beagles at Cambridge during the season 1874-5, when I was succeeded by a man called Vickers. There was no regular established pack which belonged to the Hunt in those days, and the nucleus of the pack during the whole of my time at Cambridge belonged to Harry Howard, although I believe I brought up a few small hounds myself, which were not of much use, and I well recollect somebody (I think it was Charlie Cropper) having to carry one of them for some way across Waterbeach Fen, the hound in question having

been half-drowned in one of the ditches. When Howard went down I think he lent the Beagles to Trinity, and I subsequently bought most of them from him, and kept them at home at Farnborough Hill in Hampshire. I *believe* that the Trinity Beagles were originally started by one of the Trinity Dons, whose name I quite forget, and I think that Harry Howard preceded him. Howard, however, could tell you this himself. If I had any journals, I rather think I handed them over to Vickers, but this is very uncertain. If there are any definite questions you would like to ask, I will do my best to answer them.

With regret that I am unable to help you more, and every wish for the success under your Mastership of the Trinity pack.—Believe me, yours sincerely,

GEORGE H. LONGMAN.

Lord Ebrington's letter marks the last of the riding Masters. Mr. Longman's shows again how easily memory can fail one over details. It is clear from the books that H. C. Howard held the hounds on through the season 1872-3, and also that the late V. W. Vickers took them over in the October term of 1874, so that Mr. Longman's Mastership is fixed as extending over but one season, 1873-4. The most confusing matter is that of the actual pack. The outgoing Master is sure that he took his pack away with him, and C. J. Cropper is not only of the same mind, but knows where the new pack came from, viz. a Mr. Ricardo of Maidenhead, and the succeeding Master feels sure that though he introduced new blood the bulk of the pack was handed on to him. It is quite clear that in September 1873 a pack was assembled in Hampshire, and that when they came up for the Term some of the hounds crossed London in a four-wheeler. Also C. J. Cropper seems to have the clearest memory of what happened all those years ago, so probably the bulk of the pack was new, but it may well have been stiffened by some of Howard's hounds. It is only the German pundits who can solve such a knotty historical point, and I give it up!

All contributions concur in testifying to Vickers' great running powers, which were remarkable for so tall a man: long-distance runners, especially over heavy country, are usually light weights.

It is interesting to note that he got tucked up, and so rode occasionally to save himself, as did also his successor, Cecil Tennant, but from a different motive: it enabled him to control hounds, and keep them clear of ewes in the lambing season. Even then a mounted huntsman was felt to be not quite the thing, and Tennant only rode when he felt bound. Both yarns show kennel practice of a very primitive kind, and the great need for "Mother" Hunt's reforms.

LETTER FROM H. CAVAN IRVING

BURNFOOT, ECCLEFECHAN,
March 1911.

DEAR SIR—I saw that you were writing a book about the Trinity Foot Beagles, in the *Field*, but I never got as far as writing to you.

C. A. Tennant wrote to me and gave me your address, which I handed on to H. S. Gladstone.

I first ran after the Beagles (rather than with) in 1873 or 1874, when Longman hunted them. C. C. J. Cropper whipped in to him, also G. Macan (whom I saw in Temple Church last Sunday).

I was not aware that Longman took the pack away with him, but I did not know the hounds then.

Then Vickers took them on. I saw a lot of him. I doubt I cannot put you in communication with him, as I am pretty sure he died some years ago.

Vickers was a very good sportsman. He ran far too much, and latterly he saved himself by riding occasionally; his pet nag (his own) was the "Colonel."

There was a Scarlett, who came from Gigha in the Highlands. He was Vickers' closest pal.

A. W. Turner, of Caius, was another of our lot; a good sportsman. Harry Howard whipped in to Longman before our time.¹

We, in my time, wore a green cloth ("superfine") cap with a peak. I have mine yet, if you cared to see it.

¹ Sorry to contradict, but, contrariwise, Longman whipped in to Howard.

One incident I remember. The Beagles were asked over to Water-beach, it was a far-away meet, and after the hunt our host went into the stable, and found three of our fellows (they were not of the Committee) stark naked, as they had jumped into the fen ditches. Some had something to put on, but one wrapt himself up in his ulster and drove back so clad to Cambridge.

Of farmers. There were two brothers, good sorts, one Tom Baker at Barton, the other Charles at Shelford. Vickers used to go into the Corn Exchange every Saturday during the season (and often in the summer) to arrange with the farmers about meets, and sometimes we gave them a bit of dinner after market.

Of hounds. Those (Whips, etc.) of later date have no idea of the filth and muck that surrounded the kennels in our day, in the yard of a public-house, and of what was boiled up in the pot for the hounds. Apparently nothing could be wrong. So they needed a dose of medicine. This was done on Sundays; the oldest gown served as apron; and then the process began. One or two collared the hounds off the bench, one held, one opened their mouths, another the spoon; but there was a shaggy old hound (he had a bit of an otter hound in him) "Rallywood," he never got a dose; while there was a bitch, "Dollymop," who came up and licked the spoon as often as she had a chance.

I had two of them here with me, "Blackberry" and "Ruler"—the latter a great character. If he came to a ditch which he considered too wide, or a close fence that he could not crawl, he would wait for somebody to lift him over; but many times he put us on the right scent on a cold plough, though if hounds were running he was generally the last.

I cannot think of anything more just now, it is thirty-five years ago; but after I went down and lived here, I kept up my hunting on foot, and went out often with the Carlisle Otter-hounds, when they hunted this (Dumfriesshire) country; and afterwards when a pack of otter hounds was started here, they made me the first Master, but I did not remain so long.—Yours truly,

(Signed) H. CAVAN IRVING.

Vickers was apparently a keen fox-hunter as well as a beagler, as A. W. Turner (Caius) says that when he (V. W. V.) was absent fox-hunting, which was often, he used to hunt the hounds. The pack, he tells me, was still managed by a Committee.



"VALENTINE WHITBY VICKERS WAS OFTEN ABSENT FOX-HUNTING."

Teste A. W. Turner of Caius.

The drawing is of later date, by "A I" in the T.F.B.C. Book, but represents a beagler of considerable stature, and evidently one of the "cut 'em downs."

Here follow the recollections of Cecil Tennant, the last Master of this period. There are no records of Walter Cunliffe's year.

RECOLLECTIONS OF MR. CECIL TENNANT
Master 1878-9, 1879-80.

On my way up to Cambridge as a Freshman in October 1876 I happened to meet in the train a Yorkshire neighbour, young John Dent of Ribston, who had two couple of beagles with him. This was my introduction to the Trinity Beagles. I went out with them, I think, at their first meet that term, and continued to do so regularly till I handed them over to "Mother Hunt" at Christmas 1879. The pack consisted of some 12 couples of 15 to 16-inch hounds, which the kennelman took to the far meets in an old two-wheeled cart with sheep-netting over the back, and we conveyed ourselves in a very ramshackle waggonette, called the "committee cart," with a pair of weedy chestnuts, very hot and given to bolting. Walter Cunliffe was Master when I went up, and made me one of his Whips after a few weeks, and as he was first string for the "mile," he had to go into strict training in February 1877, and I then took the horn, as he had asked me to succeed him in the Mastership.

The pack was kennelled at the Merton Arms, I think, in Northampton Street, and a most primitive kennel it was, though at that time it seemed to serve our purpose fairly well.

There was a comfortable "chamber" with a good roomy bench, and a feeding-place communicating with it by a small "smoot" or runway blocked by a sliding door, and it was the Master's business (and pleasure) generally to feed the hounds, calling them by name from the bench, and admitting them to the feeding-place; and many a greedy hound, darting at the "smoot" when uncalled, has had the door dropped on his nose. A great catastrophe (particularly so to me on just taking over the hounds) happened just before Easter 1877. I had gone down, but John Beck, who was first Whip, asked if he might have a bye day, and the next thing I heard was that while running with a breast-high scent at Cantelupe Farm the pack got over the line and a train ran into them, killing about 3 couple of the leading hounds. To fill this gap I bought 3½ couple from Murray Marshall of Godalming, as he was just giving up his pack. These were Chancellor, Drummer, Harmony, Rattler, Restive,

Wonder, and Wizard, of which Chancellor, Harmony, and Wonder were in the pack when I left. I started the season of 1878 with 12 couple, $8\frac{1}{2}$ couple entered hounds and $3\frac{1}{2}$ couple unentered, and my diary records 34 days' hunting that season, and I can't find that we bought any new hounds, so they must have had a good doing. In the more open country, and also when there were young lambs about, the farmers were rather insistent that the Master should ride, so that from 1878 onwards I kept a horse and rode when I felt bound to, having a day with the drag (of which the T.F.B. Master was always an honorary member) and the Cambridgeshire as occasion offered. Our usual meets were the kennels, Grantchester (Mr. Lilley), Barton (Tom Baker), Shelford Station (Charles Baker), "The Five Bells" (Mr. Cole), Cantelupe Farm, Girton (occasionally), Milton level crossing, Rampton (Mr. Ivatt generally to ride), Harlton (Mr. Whitechurch), Comberton (Mr. Bonnett), Anglesea Abbey (Mr. Hailstone), New Inn (Huntingdon Road), Waterbeach Fen, The William IV. (Huntingdon Road); Barton Old Toll Gate, "The Old English Gentleman," Harston (Mr. Long), Mr. Thompson's farm on Comberton and Madingley Road, Horningsea (Mr. Banyard), Linton, Chesterton Manor (Mr. Ellis), Impington (Mr. French), Waterbeach Village (Mr. Long). I used to go to the Corn Exchange on Saturday afternoons, where all the farmers gathered, and arranged meets for following week or fortnight, and on most Saturday evenings during the hunting season two or three of our supporters used to dine with me at my rooms, 17 Malcolm Street, where hunting and port came in for much discussion, varied by Napoleon, a game much affected by them, and which they liked better than Loo; the two Bakers, Thomas and Charles, from Barton and Shelford, Mr. Cole from the Five Bells Farm on Huntingdon Road, Mr. Whitechurch from Harlton, and Edward Long of Harston being among the most regular attendants, and sometimes Mr. Banyard from Horningsea. The affairs of the T.F.B. were managed by the Master, assisted by the committee, who all carried whips and were responsible for providing ways and means; and, as far as I remember, we only once had to make up a deficit. The subscriptions generally produced about £100 to £120 per annum, being £1:1s. for each of the two hunting terms from

some 50 to 60 members. When I joined Walter Cunliffe (Trinity) was Master, and the other members of the committee were H. C. Irving (Trinity), Roger Cunliffe (Trinity), John Beck (Caius), and John Dent (Trinity).

In October 1878, none of the above being up, I called on W. B. Connop, E. C. Meysey-Thompson, H. Scarlett, H. Kelsall, all of Trinity, and R. T. Wilson of Jesus, to help me; and in 1879 Rowland Hunt (Magdalene), Haines (Trinity), and Johnson (Christ's), took the place of Scarlett, Connop, and Wilson. In January 1877 we thought it would be a convenience if the committee were distinguished in some way, and it was decided to wear green cloth hunting caps, but the feeling was against anything more in the way of uniform. So we stuck to our old shooting suits, which gave "Mother" Hunt a free hand, which was a great comfort to him. I can remember him coming out with one boot and one shoe on, having failed to find the proper match; and as his bedmaker was not much of a comfort to him, if he tore his knickerbockers he mended the hole up with a thorn for propriety's sake!

In 1876 we seem to have bred three pups, all turning out well, and they were in the pack in 1880—Flirt, Frolic, and Lapwing. In 1878-79 Whynot, Warlike, Warrior, Waspish, Wanton, and Workman, all out of Wilful by Marksman. They were entered in November of that year. In March 1879 were born Famous Finder, Firefly, Fair Maid, and Fanny out of Frolic by Harkaway—Frolic being the daughter of Novelty and Blackberry in 1876, so that by this time we had a nice lot of young hounds.

1877-78 was not a good season, as we were suffering from loss of the leading hounds at Easter 1877; and also it seems to have been a bad scenting year, though there was at any rate one notable exception, namely November 9, when we met at Mr. Ivatts's farm at Rampton for a "riding day." We found a hare near the farm-house, and ran through Long Stanton almost to Swavesey station, and crossed the "big drain" which brought four of us to grief, and one, I think Currie of Caius, was about an hour before he finally got out with the help of a plough-team, as the bottom was very boggy. After this hounds ran for two miles without a check, and we finally

lost the hare among Mr. Cole's sheep at Swavesey village. 1879 was a good scenting season, and the pack was in good fettle, and we killed 15 hares in 16 days up to Christmas, and I believe Hunt killed 16 more in as many days after that.

One day stands out from among the rest, namely November 5, when we met at the "Five Bells" on Mr. Cole's farm—first 30 minutes and then a kill, mostly very fast; secondly 40 minutes and a kill; and then finished up with 45 minutes and then again killed. Note in my diary, "a rattling scent all day and hounds worked very well." This was evidently a good week, as on November 7 at Cantelupe Farm we ran for 40 minutes, crossing the brook twice, and were beaten in an osier bed; after which there was a good run of 50 minutes, and they pulled her down in the middle of a large stubble after a grand course. This was followed by a good day from the Kennels, as after 50 minutes we ran her in view across the Magdalene cricket ground, and killed between the hedges on the Coton footpath. Not content with this we had another fast 35 minutes and killed. Noted in diary as a "real good day." At the end of the hunting season we used to get as many of the hounds walked as possible for health's sake, as the Cambridge Kennels were very hot during the summer, and also to save expense in food. I see in 1879 one of the Whips, Hunt, walked $3\frac{1}{2}$ couples, Haines 2 couples, Johnson 2 couples, and I had one couple and a litter of pups.

I have myself invaded the Merton Arms to secure a photograph, and with old Free's help identified some sheds in a cramped yard immediately behind the Inn, where pigs are now kept, as the old Kennels. These buildings lie on one side of an open space where is much builders' rubbish and some disintegrating cabs, and in the other corner is the old "School of Pythagoras." The Merton Arms is almost on the end of the Madingley Road. Since the new buildings of Westminster College have been put up Northampton Street has been opened up and given a place in the sun.

The poetic effusion—beaglers are much greater versifiers than you would think to look at them—of Harry Scarlett, written in 1876, forms, I think, a most fitting conclusion to the annals of this uneventful period. The footnotes are the author's, unless initialled. As to

getting through fences, I can remember in my time the mode of negotiating strong close-trimmed blackthorn hedges. You took a good run and a flying leap which landed you on your stomach on top of the hedge. The spring of the fence and an opportune flourish of the legs sent your heels in the air, and you slid off the hedge, landing on your hands on the far side. A neat conclusion to the manœuvre for an accomplished performer was to do a cart-wheel, like a gutter-snipe, and so finish right end up and smiling. Thornproof breeches were indispensable.

TRINITY FOOT BEAGLES

1876

BY HARRY SCARLETT

We went to the Kennels to start to the meet,
The Kennels are kept in a very back street.
There were Rover, and Rosebud, and Dickybird too,
And others, but really I can't tell you who,
For the rest of the names I can hardly remember
Since the pretty King Charles¹ was destroyed last November.

The worshipful Master² now striding comes out,
Who goes at each step half a furlong (about),
A yard long his body, his legs rather more,
And Valentine Whitby the name that he bore.
Well, we got to the meet and we came on her lair,
Or form, in the turnips, and put up the hare.
Lapwing starts like a rocket and runs like a deer,³
While Ruler and Dollimop bring up the rear.

¹ A hound called *Chancellor*, of doubtful parentage, drafted.

² Valentine Whitby Vickers, 6 feet 3 inches, who never appeared tired. Now dead.

³ It was not till 1895 or so, just twenty years later, that their speed became comparable to that of eagles. The improvement is evidence of great skill and diligence on the part of all concerned in maintaining the quality of the pack.

Now we stump over stubbles, now plod over plough,
And get through the fences I can't tell you how.



When with mud, thorns, and hills,¹ all
are pretty near beat,
And steam rises of mixed perspiration
and heat,
In fact, when all others are pretty near
dead
Still Valentine Whitby trots gaily
ahead.

Well, we catch her at last among bushes and ruts,
And Telltale² hangs on till he tears out the guts.
Then we stand till we feel rather cooler than warmer,
And give the defunct quarry's corpse to the farmer.
Then homeward we go feeling cheerful though damp,
While perchance one or two get a touch of the cramp,
But Whitby, whilst others run, stumble and grunt,
Puts his hands in his pockets and toddles in front.

¹ Must have been a day on the "Gogs."—F. C. K.

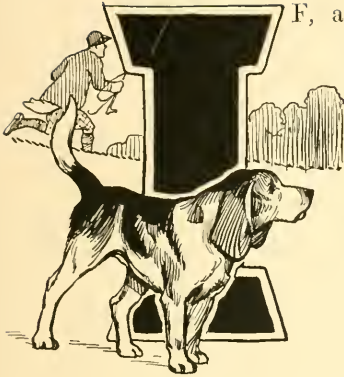
² A perfect marvel to "hang on": he brought a beat hare out of a culvert under a road, dragged out by the hind legs with the thong of my hunting crop.



CHAPTER V

MOTHER HUNT

My Mother !



F, as I think is clearly just, we must canonize "Pat" Currey (perhaps we ought to think of him as "Mr." Pat Currey, as he was not an undergraduate at the time, but a fellow and tutor), it is even more evident that we should regard "Mother" Hunt of Magdalene as our Consolidator. Blessed Rowland of Boreatton is to Saint Patrick of Lismore what Theodore of Tarsus was to St. Augustine of Canterbury, or Dr. John Caius (to whom I am "in private duty bound" or shall be *if* ever I preach the University Sermon) to Eadmund Gonville, Bishop of Norwich. Indeed by analogy of the latter case he might justly be honoured as co-founder. And it is but right that Magdalene, a College that has done more than any other in Cambridge to keep alight the lamp of sport, should have had the honour of his nurture. Great, however, as have been his benefactions he is not entitled to have this chapter quite to himself, as a corner must be kept for his Whip, secretary, and *fidus Achatus*, P. Burges, for, to continue our ecclesiastical similes, Mr. Burges was St. Lawrence to Mr. Hunt's Pope Callixtus. We are, by the way, indebted to the former for the greater part of the information contained in this chapter.

As a preliminary, the following letter from Mr. H. Haines, who whipped in to T.F.B. under Mr. Cecil Tennant in season 1879-80,

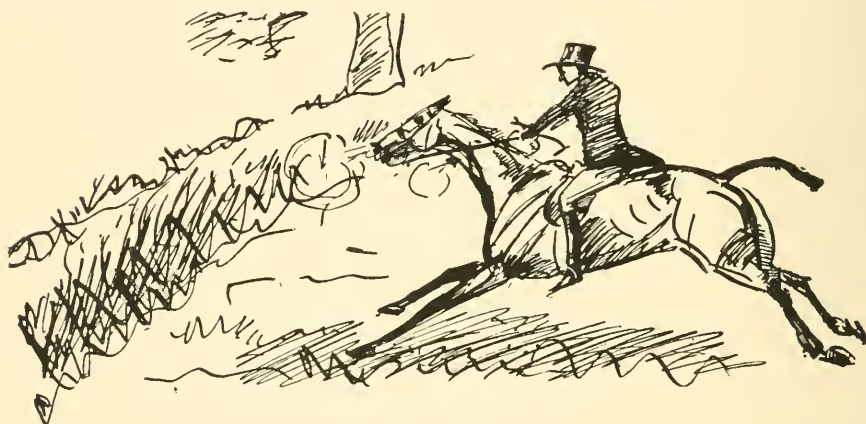
is of interest. It shows, as Mr. Haines says, how much hunting was done then.

LETTER

CAMBRIDGE, 1879-1882

To the Editor of Bailey's Magazine.

SIR—Although I have, of course, had no chance of really comparing the four years 1879-82 with other like periods of either university, I firmly believe that we had more hunting men up then



THE EMBYRO M.F.H.

In this case Mr. M. C. Albright, a latter-day member of T.F.B.C., and now Master of the first pack I ever hunted with—the South Herefordshire. Drawn by "A 1" in T.F.B.C. Book.

who afterwards graduated with the degree of M.F.H. than was the case during any other four years since. Now let us just run through the list of Masters of Foxhounds (and it is indeed a remarkable one) as follows: Lord Yarborough, Sir Watkin Wynn, Messrs. W. H. Wharton, Butt Miller, Lyeett Green, E. E. Barelay, Reverend E. A. Milne, and Rowland Hunt.

I may have left out one or perhaps two more: Messrs. E. Meysey-Thompson, Frank Mildmay, H. C. Bentley, and Cecil Tennant are names of the period too.

I do certainly think that those four years held a record as far as hunting men went. I little thought when I left in 1882, that ten

years later I should find myself hunting a small pack on the North-west prairies of Canada, yet such was the case, and some fair sport we had with wolf, fox, and jack-rabbit, but that is "another story."—Yours, etc.,

HENRY J. HAINES.

BROADVIEW, SASK., CANADA.

It is noteworthy in this connection that although the undergraduate who looks "horsey" has, except for the May term when men are to be seen about in polo kit, almost entirely disappeared from the streets of Cambridge, and no one drives even tandems or four-in-hand carriages, as the statutes call them, for pleasure, yet that far more men hunt than ever before. My informant is a "small" man who keeps no hirelings, and he told me that he had twenty-five privately owned horses "standing" with him, and complained bitterly that he had to board some of them out at hotels, so that profits were not all that they might be. He was something like the farmer who grumbled to his landlord that it was "a most desperate bad season, the crops were so heavy as he didn't know where ever he *should* put 'em!" This is, of course, without reckoning the large business done by Hopkins, or the horses kept at Huntingdon to save boxing expenses. The absence of all appearance of hunting from the streets is in part due to the fact that most of the hunting is done by train, but not all. According to present fashions, as practised by the "best people," it seems bad form to be seen in the streets in riding gear more than is absolutely necessary. Even for driving or motoring up to the station on a hunting morning the man who wears full dress will don a tweed cap, and carry his topper in a hat-box—you don't know that he is going hunting at all till you see his legs when he gets out at the booking-office.

By the way, pure memory, as we have already seen, is not by any means always to be trusted. Last summer I chartered a weight-carrying hack from Hopkins for the term, to coach from on the tow-path, and the man who brought him round said, "It's many a time I've 'eld an 'oss for you to get up, sir, when you've had a red coat on." This I denied, but was flatly contradicted. I only hunted occasionally

(three times to be accurate) from Cambridge, and have never worn pink except on the stage, when I represented the March Hare in theatricals in Herefordshire, for which I borrowed my father's coat which was just a bit short in the sleeves. Black was all I ever ran to. If you consider this as a digression your complaint must be to Mr. Burges's address, who pinned the interesting but not over relevant letter cut from *Bailey's* on to his "copy"; which "copy" here followeth.

I

ROWLAND HUNT

A PERSONAL RECOLLECTION OF HIM, BY P. BURGES¹

It is so long ago that it seems like writing an obituary notice—but at the risk of being a bit prosy to those who did not know him I venture to go into his life before he came up to Cambridge.

He was born in 1858. He is the head of one of the oldest families in a county (Salop) which prides itself on ancient lineage. Richard de Venator was the founder of the family which also produced a well-known Parliamentary leader in the Civil Wars, Colonel Hunt. The family's crest is a dog of very uncertain breed, which Hunt once described as possibly a gunning "Ponto" in those days, but he would draft him on sight as a beagle. Hunt's uncle, Ward Hunt, was Chancellor of the Exchequer in Beaconsfield's Cabinet in the 'seventies. So much for family history.

Hunt went to school at Eton, 1871-77, and made himself famous by winning the School Steeplechase in 1876 as a non-favourite, with consummate ease: he lost one shoe early in the race. He also, much to every one's surprise, won the walking race, walking in bare feet on a grass track.

He was one of the best exponents of the Eton (field) Football Game in his time, and was Keeper (Captain) of the Field Game. He also won the School Diving, and House Racquets with the

¹ The MS. of this valuable contribution has been looked over and bears corrections in Mr. Hunt's own hand, so that he is demonstrably an accessory before the fact. If, therefore, you hope that anything herein stated may contribute to the gaiety of nations by causing a sporting libel action you will probably be disappointed!—F. C. K.

present Lord Darnley as his partner, and was also in the School Shooting XI.

Hunt succeeded to the Mastership of the Eton Beagles in 1876. His Mastership was a memorable one, as he not only improved the pack, but also showed most extraordinary sport and knowledge of hunting and hound work, killing, I think, 15 hares in the first season and 17 in his second.¹

On leaving Eton he went to America for two years, where he roughed it on a ranch, and was laid up for weeks with a badly broken leg which gave him trouble for long after.

On his father's death he returned home to Boreatton Park, and shortly after came up to Magdalene. I think he must have made a compact with the Dons there, or else Magdalene was a very easy-going place in those days,² as he certainly never wasted much time in attending lectures, chapel, or hall. I believe he did go in for and pass Part I. of the Little-go, which quite satisfied his aspirations for academic honours.

He was also in the Northants Militia for ten years.

I do not propose going into how he became Master of the Beagles, as that is dealt with in another chapter, but to try and give some of the many anecdotes of him.

The main point in his character and one of the principal items of his success as Master was due to his extraordinarily taking manner and personality which, combined with his tact, won the hearts of the farmers and his field. This is perhaps the more remarkable, as he made use of the most quaint and extraordinary expressions to one and all. The facsimile on p. 106 of an invitation to lunch is an instance, and the expressions he used to farmers must have seemed very extraordinary, but they got used to it, and there was nothing they would not do for him. His principal difficulty was to fill the numerous invitations showered on him—so much so that he took to having bye days once a week as long as the hounds would stand it, usually close home and often in the morning. The following cutting

¹ Only one term each season.

² It, *i.e.* Magdalene College, certainly went easy five years later, and one of the chief grievances against it was that it would take no "migrants."—F. C. K.

from *Punch* bears on this: a sporting Cantab., writing to *The Field* about the T.F.B., said, "The above pack, under the able Mastership of Mr. R. Hunt, have shown excellent sport this season, but owing to lectures they are unable to meet before 1 P.M., and consequently lose the best part of the day." Owing to lectures! Isn't this melancholy! The Master of Trinity really ought to have consulted the Master of the Beagles before arranging the curriculum of studies for the term.

Hunt was notably a bad dresser—he didn't care what he wore. I well remember, one day in The Pitt, some one told him he must really get a new suit of clothes, and Baily said, "I will sell you these, 'Mother,'" the "these" being a *very* well-worn suit of black, the

Dear Peter

Come & lunch at one

Ever yours ^{long} Dog-bitches

FACSIMILE (see p. 105).

owner being in mourning, "How much do you want for them, 'Baal?'" said Hunt. "30 bob" was the reply. "They are mine, send them round to my rooms," said Hunt, and old "30 bob," as the suit was called, I think, lasted out my time.

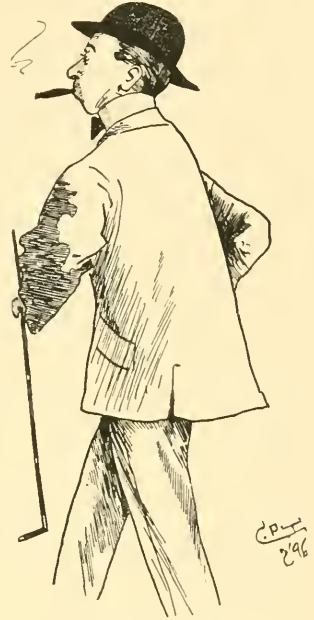
He had a perfect mania for wearing beagling shoes—he would wear nothing else, always made by Gane of Eton.

The Captain of his Company in the Militia said he fairly flabbergasted them by one day appearing in them on parade. The shoes, I may say, were generally the worse for wear, and one of the privates in his Company, a bootmaker, as all the men were, was overheard to say, "I never seed such a thing, an orficer in shoes and a-walking on his blooming welts." But, *tempora mutantur*, etc., who would now recognise in the smart, grey-headed Member for Ludlow Division of Salop, so well known in the House, the "Mother" Hunt, as seen in

Jesus Lane, attired in old "30 bob" and a dilapidated pair of beagle shoes? But I suppose home influences have done it, as after his marriage a slow but steady improvement in appearances and dress took place!

It was Hunt's custom on Sunday afternoons to go up to the Kennels and have a look round, and he was generally accompanied by a band of keen beaglists.

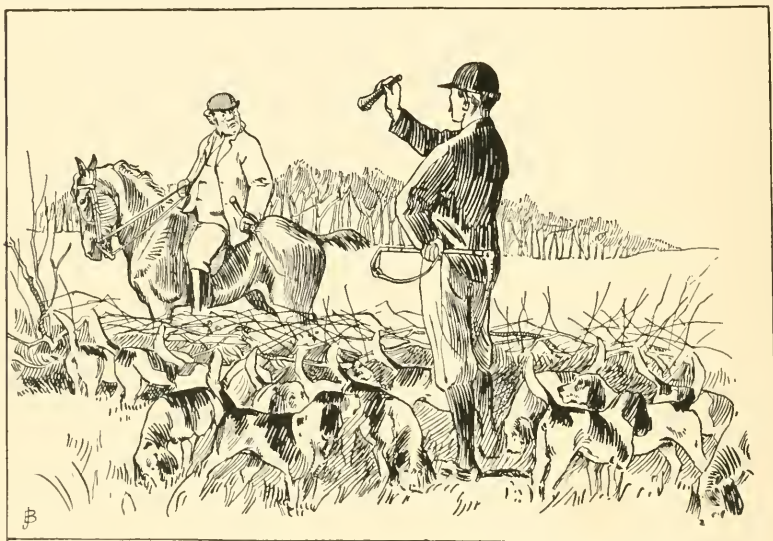
On one of these occasions I had a party to lunch which included among them, I think, Barclay, Hunt, and a freshman (Hardeastle) and others. My rooms then were at the top of 26 Jesus Lane, and we went out in twos and threes up the Lane. I was last but one, and Hardeastle still upstairs. When I was a few yards outside the door, which had two steps up to the entrance passage, in which was an enormous bowl of goldfish, the leading pair had got to the passage to the A.D.C., round the corner came the Proctor, Howard. We all turned and fled but, instead of running down the lane, my door being open, like a rabbit, and with as much sense as that furry quadruped, with head down I bolted into the house, meeting Hardeastle in the doorway with my head in his stomach. Down he went on his back and the rest of the crowd on top in a heap. We all struggled up, leaving Hardeastle gasping on his back and the Proctor standing on the pavement. In our struggle for the stairs we collided with the goldfish and down they went. In a few minutes Hardeastle came up and said the Proggins would like to see us, so down we went. The passage was strewed with trampled billy cocks (caps, like silver in Solomon's days, being accounted of no value in those times), and Mrs. Kempton, my landlady, and daughter pursuing goldfish, which were flapping on the floor, with a fire-shovel and depositing them in a bucket. The Proctor asked our reason for being out without the



SUNDAY AFTERNOON.
OFF TO THE KENNELS.

Represents a beagler of the 'nineties.
By C. P. T. H.

usual trimmings on a Sabbath, and we suggested they were hardly the thing to go to the Kennels with. However, he would have none of it, and asked our names and fined us double for running away and being caught, and double that on account of its being a Sunday. Harcastle said, "I was not outside the door." The Proctor's reply was, "Your body was not, but your feet were and your *animus* was the same as that of the rest of the party, except that you had not the



"HI, YOU ELDERLY YELLOW-BELLIED OYSTER! HAVE YOU SEEN THE HARE?"

opportunity of exercising the *animus domum revertendi* as the rest did." Turning to me he said, "I fancy you are a B.A."¹ I pleaded guilty to the impeachment, and was horrified to learn that on that account my fine was doubled all round. His subsequent conduct, however, deserves to be held up as an example to his successors in office, as he let us all off with 13s. 4d., and I received the following letter, which was nice of him, to say the least of it:—

¹ A Bachelor's fines are doubled, presumably on the ground that he is "old enough to know better."—F. C. K.

MR. HOWARD'S LETTER

TRINITY COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE,
23rd February 1880.

DEAR SIR—Under the present rules I am bound to fine you, but if you have anything to say in mitigation, I shall be only too glad to hear it.—Yours faithfully,

F. G. HOWARD.

P.S.—It may interest you to know that every Sunday during this term I shall be returning to college down Jesus Lane between 1 and 2 o'clock.

One of the first meets Hunt had was at Mr. Baker's farm at Barton, who was out on a cob. Hunt lost the hare, and seeing some one on the other side of the hedge shouted at him, "Hi, you elderly yellow-bellied oyster! Have you seen the hare?" The farmer was naturally surprised at this address, but Hunt explained that it was one of his most endearing epithets, and smoothed matters over.

On another occasion Hunt lost a hound and advertised for it. The result was he was besieged by every cad in Cambridge coming to his rooms with dogs and curs of all descriptions from collies to lap-dogs. I have a shrewd suspicion this was a plant by some of his friends.

A curious thing happened after a good run near the Rifle Butts. The hare was lost in some gardens partly surrounded by a wall with some ivy on



ANSWER TO AN ADVERTISEMENT.
"Be this one o' your dawgs, sir?"

top about 10 feet high. Hunt was completely beat, when one, Barlow, who was supposed to be as blind as the proverbial bat, said, "I see the hare," and there she was, crouching in the ivy on top of the wall. How she got there, or how Barlow,¹ of all the field, should have spotted her, beat us.

We once had a good hunt with a fox, I think, at Mr. Ivatts of Rampton; but we did not kill, and the details I have forgotten.

There was one very curious trait connected with Hunt which I



nearly forgot, viz. when running his back shirt-tail used to gradually work out, first a corner and then the whole. As he wore white shirts of great length one used to see this white flag streaming away behind. He never took any notice of it, and the cry of, "Mother, your shirt's out," was usually met by, "D—n my shirt," followed by a struggle with his disengaged hand to tuck it in, one side being generally left out. I think he later invented an arrangement of safety-pins to fasten front and back together "as we were so blamed particular," but said it was not a satisfactory arrangement at certain periods.

The following story shows what an extraordinary person he was.

¹ Cf. page 86.

The celebrated "Mr. Manton"¹ invited the Pack to a day on her ground near Newmarket, where we went by train. It was an early start and cold morning, and his Whips having turned out extra smart, we were horrified to find Hunt had a two-day's beard on him and was not looking his best. He assured us it would be all right, and when the cab from the station got out into the country he stopped it, pulled a razor out of his pocket; one of the cushions was held against the window as a reflector, and he proceeded to have what he called "a dry shave." The razor was blunt, the beard strong, the looking-glass indifferent, and Hunt's hand shaking with cold. The result was a succession of jumps, cuts, and d—ns, and when he had finished he looked as though he had been pulled through a thornbush, and by the time we arrived at "Mr. Manton's" his white tie looked like an irregularly red spotted bird's eye. I think Her Grace was much astonished at Hunt's appearance. We had a great spread, and I fancy a goodish day. Hunt was going lame, and a yokel, seeing him, made the remark, "That bloke won't go far, he's got a wheel down." But lameness made little difference to him once hounds were fairly running.

Hunt used to have supper for his beagling friends on Sundays, and on one occasion said to the writer, "I have to go home on business, so shan't be at supper. I have asked the usual crowd, and one or two quiet freshmen who come out with the Beagles that I want to be civil to." The "usual crowd" was a pretty hot lot. All went well till supper was over, when the usual ballyrag began with throwing the various fruits on the table and, as ammunition ran short, the chickens and viands. But there was one heavy projectile consisting of about 2 lbs. of the thick, hard end of a tongue, and whoever possessed this was till he had discharged it master of the situation, and immediately it fell there was a wild fight for it. In the midst of the row the landlord put his head round the corner of the door, and was on the point of expostulating when the tongue hit the panel of the door and split it from top to bottom. The worthy landlord retired in a hurry, and the tongue eventually went through

¹ Duchess of Montrose, who built S. Agnes, Newmarket, as a memorial of her second husband.

the window and into the middle of a crowd of people coming out of a small church just opposite (Magdalene Street). The room was practically wrecked. There was not an atom of glass or crockery left, the furniture broken, and the walls covered with remains of apples and oranges. The "quiet" freshmen were in the thick of it, and enjoyed it as much as the rest! All Hunt said on his return was: "You seem to have had a pleasant evening in my absence, and my landlord has given me the sack."

So much for these stories which one could go on telling, with the help of those who took part in them, till the cows come home.

Hunt was keen on all sorts of sport—hunting, fishing, and shooting. He was an exceedingly good rifle shot, and even in those long ago days there were two things which he thought and talked about to his pals, and they are both things that are in the forefront of discussion to-day, viz. Universal Compulsory Military Training, and Tariff Reform, though not known by that name then. As far back as 1892 he published a pamphlet entitled "Socialism or Protection, which is it to be?" advocating protection of our industries and preferential trade with our colonies. Hunt maintained that in the case of a serious war every one who could shoot would have to go out. He said to me, "You and I will both go." He went with Lovat's Scouts, and was in some very heavy fighting. As may be imagined his quaint descriptions of his adventures were most amusing. My share was two years garrison duty at home. As to the Tariff Reform, was he not persuaded in a bye-election to come forward and fight and win a seat which borders on Wales for many miles, and was held by the Radicals for some years before the Home Rule split? It was the *first* seat won in an agricultural division on the full Chamberlain programme, and although he only retained his seat by a decreased majority in 1906, he more than trebled it in January 1910, and was unopposed at the last election in December 1910—an eloquent tribute to his popularity in his own county.

After leaving Cambridge he was Master of and hunted the Wheatland Hounds for many years with wonderful success. As an instance of his keenness, the writer was staying with him many

years ago when there was a heavy fall of snow. He said, "We will hunt on foot." We went to the Kennels, and I shall not easily forget the face of his Kennel Huntsman (Kyte) when he said, "I am going to hunt on foot." We drew a wood (Thatchers) near the Kennels and found. There was fortunately little scent; but we hunted some two or three hours, when we were all beat to the world, and having collected the hounds with difficulty took them home. Nor shall I ever forget the night of 17th January 1881, when at 11 P.M. in bright moonlight, the ground covered with snow, and 25 degrees of frost, we sallied out to shoot the covers in Boreatton Park, having impressed the reluctant menservants as beaters. We managed to secure about 30 head of rabbits, pigeons, and pheasants, and alarmed the whole neighbourhood. The keepers turned up rather late, trembling with funk as they thought they had a gang of poachers to deal with, the head keeper with a gun, and on being questioned about it, said he had been stalking "Mr. Kewke" (Cooke) as he was the biggest!

Hunt was co-Master of the Shropshire Hounds and hunted them, leaving them to go out to the war in South Africa in July 1900. He was a very bold rider to hounds, with an ugly seat, but perfect hands; and to see him driving at great hairy fences on his Arabs, which at one time he swore by, was a sight for the gods. He won the Wynnesstay Cup at Bangor on Bertie, a horse of his own breeding. And now he has cast all sport to the winds and given himself up heart and soul to politics. Long may he be member for the Ludlow Division of Salop, but his many friends would like to see him in the field of sport again.

The above was accompanied by the following letter:—

THE RIDGE, CHIPPING SODBURY,
April 11, 1911.

DEAR MR. KEMPSON—I am sending you herewith Hunt's personal memories. He has been through it and approves of it, and has made a few alterations.

Mrs. Hunt, writing with it, says she is delighted, and that there is only one thing she cannot agree with, viz. the improvement in

his dress! She says that he wears his best clothes gardening, and his worst to go to the House of Commons. I retaliated by saying, " *Luckily* you did not know him in his Cambridge days!"

At the end you will find two more stories, which may or may not be worth inserting, and a note of Cooke's, which is interesting.¹ I also enclose another "Snipey" story.—Yours sincerely,

(Signed) P. BURGESS.

Mr. Cooke's notes are incorporated in Mr. Burgess's copy: the other stories will be saved up for a *bonne bouche* at the end. We go on with the history of the period, also from Mr. Burgess.

Mr. Tennant took over the Mastership in 1878 from Mr. Vickers (?), and continued as Master during part of Lent Term of 1880. Hunt hunted the hounds a few times during this term, and whipped to Tennant. The writer at that time was not a subscriber, but being a friend of Mr. Tennant's went out a few times with him. Mr. Tennant's Whips at that time were Mr. Meysey-Thompson,² Mr. Haines, and Mr. Musgrave. Mr. Tennant sometimes rode himself, and though it was an advantage to runners to be able to "run" the rider, who could be seen at a distance, the rider was able to lift and cast the hounds far quicker than when he was on foot, and the field got a bit left.

Mr. Tennant went down in 1881. Mr. Meysey-Thompson was 1st Whip, and Mr. Haines 2nd Whip. He offered hounds to Mr. Haines, who would have succeeded to the Mastership, but he was not inclined to do so.

Mr. Rowland Hunt came up to Magdalene in February 1879. He had been an extraordinarily successful Master of the Eton Beagles—he killed 15 hares his first half and 17 his second—and there being no one keen to take up the Mastership at Trinity, he was, after some opposition, asked to take it, which he agreed to do provided he was given a free hand in dealing with the Paek, and was supported by a larger number of subscribers. As soon as it was

¹ Cooke was also a Salopian and one of Hunt's Whips.

² Mr. M.-T. was up during Hunt's Mastership, but did not continue as Whip.

known that he had taken the Mastership, subscribers, at that time largely Etonians, began to come in, and though he began with the old Pack he soon drafted the old and bad hounds and began buying, and at once started looking for a site for new Kennels.

At this time the hounds, about 15 couple, were kenneled at a pub opposite Magdalene, the Kennels being a miserable hole with a yard about 10 feet square. They were irregularly and badly fed at 2s. a week per head, mostly on scraps and odds and ends, and were full of mange and eczema. Many hounds were old and past work, some riotous and much addicted to rabbits and red-legged partridges. They varied in size from 14 inches to 16 inches, but were mostly on the small side. There were a few good hounds among them, but very few.

Hunt had the two old Whips to start with—Haines and Musgrave—who were both Whips under Tennant. The former was an exceptionally good runner. He appointed E. M. Lawson Smith (who had recently so distinguished himself in the Eton and Harrow Match by practically winning the Match for Harrow), H. R. Cook, afterwards 'Varsity High Jumper, and P. Burges, all of Trinity, as Whips; and Hunt began training them as well as his hounds—the Whips' idea at first being that they were out for amusement and to see the run. They were speedily cursed in Hunt's flowery language and taught their job. Roughly speaking, Hunt's principle was one Whip with him to turn the hounds at casts, the others wide on the wings of the hunt and as far forward as they could get to view hares and whip off hounds from fresh hares. They were provided with whistles, and neither they nor the field were allowed to holloa. Hunt rarely if ever holloaed unless he had a beaten hare in view, and the result was that the hounds fairly flew to him when he did open his mouth, a fact which more than once saved the hounds from trains, as on hearing the holloa they flew to him in a body.

Hunt found a piece of vacant land,¹ a portion of some land near the Histon Road being laid out for building, and after much negotiation agreed to buy it at £125. He then proceeded to raise money by subscriptions to build Kennels and get a van, the hounds

¹ The land was bought early in 1880.

at this time being taken to meets in a market-cart with a pig-net over them, exposed to all sorts of weather, each hound having to be lifted in.

He got subscriptions enough to pay for the Kennels but not for the land. Burges volunteered to buy the land and to resell to the Committee at any time. The Kennels, therefore, for several years legally belonged to Burges,¹ and he received £5 a year rent, and actually had a Parliamentary vote in respect of them. In 1898 this arrangement was put an end to by the purchase of the land from Burges.

The Kennels were finished for the October Term 1880.² There is no doubt they were badly built, and several alterations had speedily to be made.

The Kennels were finished and paid for (largely by Hunt) and a new era began.

Prior to 1881 the hunt servants' uniform consisted of a Lincoln green cloth soft cap, but in 1881 it was decided to attire them in green coats of velveteen, the button silver, with "T.F.B." in black on it. The old cap was retained as a matter of sentiment, but was abolished in 1882 in favour of a soft green velveteen cap. Hunt would not have the hard cap now in use, as he could not put it in his pocket! White breeches did not come in till after Hunt's time. Hunt was averse to this uniform, as he said it did not matter a d—n what you wore as long as the hounds ran, and that high-class clothes were not in his line, which was most certainly true! The first hunt coats were made by Bainbridge in Trinity Street.

Hunt had meantime ordered the Beagle van, which was made to his own design, and was built by his village carpenter at Baschurch, Salop. It was not a great success. Its appearance was against it, being a cross between a hearse and a baker's cart. It was not very low on wheels, and the hounds had a plank to walk up. It ran heavily and the wheels did not track. The horse was hired and was more fit for hound soup than his job. The hire of horse with his driver were paid at so much per meet, depending on

¹ Burges, in a letter to N. O. Walker, says that his father bought them. See p. 213.

² I think this is correct.—R. H.

distance. The van arrived in due course, and Cooke and Burges volunteered to drive it to the Kennels. They little knew what they were taking on, as they were chaffed from start to finish, such remarks as "That's not the way to the cemetery!" "Next turning to dissecting room!" "The mourners are waiting!" and similar chaff of the same nature. However, the van arrived at its destination and proved a great improvement on the pig cart, and the way the hounds made for it after a long day showed how they appreciated a ride home under cover.

Some little trouble was experienced with occupiers of houses¹ adjoining the Kennels objecting to the noise and smell of the hounds, but Hunt managed with his usual tact to pacify them.

The next thing he did was to set to work to cultivate the farmers. He attended each Saturday Market, and he had every Saturday at his rooms (which were large and nearly opposite Magdalene) a cold lunch spread for any farmers who cared to go, and also to take any friends. This speedily won the farmers, and Hunt was inundated with requests to come to farms which the Beagles had never been to before.

It is hard to remember the many farmers who supported the hunt in those days, and extended hospitality to all comers. Those that recall themselves most to the writer were Mr. Lilley, who lived close to Cambridge; Mr. Ivatt of Rampton, where we had many riding days; Mr. Ellis, Mr. Baker, Mr. Bonnett, Mr. King, Mr. Fison, Mr. Banyard, Mr. Mason of Waterbeach, and many others whose names, after a lapse of thirty years, have lapsed from the writer's memory. Hunt's charm of manner and tact were such that he made personal friends of all the farmers on whose land he hunted, and many years after, to the writer's knowledge, his memory was very green, and possibly he is remembered to this day, though many of his old friends must have gone to the Happy Hunting Grounds by now.

As an instance of his tact, there was a farmer at Waterbeach who had the strongest aversion to the Beagles, and said he would shoot them if they came on his land. This farm had been a thorn

¹ The *Farmers' Book* memoranda show some signs of this. It is found advisable to "keep in with" Histon Road neighbours by dealing with them where possible.

in the side of past Masters, as hares constantly took a line over it and hounds had to be whipped off. Hunt's first encounter with him was on the occasion of killing a hare close to his house. What Hunt did is a mystery, but he refused to be annoyed with the man's abuse and eventually the farmer became an ardent friend of his, and we enjoyed much good sport over his land.

In 1881-82 further Whips were added to replace those leaving—these were Mr. E. E. Barclay, who hunted a pack of beagles of his own for many years, and has been Master of the Puckeridge for over thirteen years, Mr. Watkin Wynn, now Sir Watkin Wynn, and Mr. Stainer.

Mr. Barclay¹ was the best heavy weight runner the writer ever saw—he stayed in the most wonderful manner, and one never seemed to be able to get on terms with him.

While mentioning Mr. Barclay there is a story worth repeating, which though not bearing on beagling was confirmed many years after to the writer when he was beagling at Isleham Fen with Barclay, by the farmer who was the subject of it.

There was at that time a celebrated cab-driver called "Snipey" Clark. He was a confirmed poacher and used to drive undergrads out to shoot on various farms which he said the tenants wanted the game shot over.

One day he came to A. G. Steele and Ivo Bligh (the present Lord Darnley) and said a Mr. White had expressed hopes he would bring down some guns to shoot snipe which were fairly shouldering one another on his Fen. The day Clark chose was a Cambridge Market Day. In due course they arrived on the ground and started off with Snipey as beater. A hare got up which was shot and put by Snipey in his game pocket, oblivious of the fact that there was a large hole in it (the pocket).

Things went well and a nice few snipe were bagged, when an infuriated man rushed down on the party and in no measured language asked them what the blank blank they meant by shooting on his land. Snipey said, "This is Mr. White's farm, isn't it?" "No," said the man, "and there is no farmer of that name in the district." The shooters apologised humbly for their henchman's

¹ His son, G. W. Barclay, is now Master.—F. C. K.

mistake, and were just moving off when the farmer said, "I hope you have not shot any hares." "No," said Snipey at once. "Then what the devil is this?" said the farmer, holding up Snipey's coat out of the hole in which the hare's head was hanging. "That's an 'are," said Snipey. "We brought it with us for lunch." "Good God!" was all the farmer said and walked off home.

As before related, the writer met this farmer many years after when he confirmed the story, and when asked why he had walked off, said he was so overcome with laughter which he did not wish to show that it was the only thing he could do.

The stories of Snipey in those days were many, but not being on beagling we cannot well drag another in.¹

Among the subscribers and supporters of the hunt in those days, the Dons were represented by Mr. Rouse-Ball of Trinity, and Mr. Gunton of Magdalene, the former being a very regular runner.

Apropos of Mr. Ball, Frank Baker of Trinity, one of the most ardent supporters of the hunt, was gated by him for non-attendance at his lectures, and being out the next day Baker thought he would propitiate the Don by a sip from his flask. The day was a thirsty one, and Baker was much chagrined to have the flask returned empty. "And even after that," said Baker, "he never offered to let me off my gate—no more whisky for Ball!"

The above recalls another unfortunate *contretemps* which happened, I think, to Antrobus. There was a bye morning meet, so he wrote a letter in The Pitt to his lecturer saying that in consequence of a severe headache he was unable to attend the lecture, dated it the next day, and posted it in the Message Box ten minutes after the last clearing time so as to be delivered the next morning, when he went out with the Beagles. Unfortunately the messenger was late and delivered the post-dated letter the same night. The writer had a *mauvais quart d'heure* with the lecturer, and was "at home" at six for some time after.

The largest bag Hunt made in any one day was at Haverhill

¹ Beagling or no beagling, Snipey deserves such immortality as we can give him, and so I asked for more Snipey stories and have got two. They follow later.—F. C. K.

when he killed seven hares; two of these, however, had either wires round them or were run into wires during the course of a run. The writer has a dim recollection of a beagle being "wired" on this or some other occasion, and more than once hares were picked up by lurchers or shot in front of hounds by some ardent shootist, but whether at Cambridge he cannot recollect.

Hunt's energy and work soon made itself felt. In his first season, 1880-81, he accounted for 67 hares, and in the second he killed 88 and a fox. The latter was hunted by permission of some mounted members of the Wheatland Hunt who were out, on its being found on Mr. Hunt's estate at Plaish in that country,¹ these gentlemen wishing for a bit of a ride and never anticipating Hunt would account for the fox. This, however, he did after a run of 1 hour and 40 minutes, the fox being run into in a cattle-shed, and several of the hounds came out the worse for wear from the *mêlée* that ensued. It was little thought at the time that Hunt was killing his first fox in a country which he afterwards hunted for many years, and with such ability as Master of the Wheatland Hounds.

Some of the hares were killed during the vacation, as Hunt took the hounds home with him and several of his Whips stopped with him to help. The result of this sport was that the Beagles became the fashion, the subscribers increased by leaps and bounds, and the fields became large, but by Hunt's tact and authority they were well in hand and very keen.

Among many good runs, three recall themselves to the writer even after this lapse of time.

1. The Shelford run in Lent term 1880. The hare was found near Shelford station and took a wide circle nearly up to Gog Magog and back nearly to Shelford, and thence in a straight line to the G.E. Railway, Newmarket branch, cutting it between Cherry Hinton and Fulbourne, and then running almost parallel with the line, was killed in the goods yard at Cambridge station. There was a large field out but few saw it to the end; among others at the finish were Cooke, Burges, Haines, Musgrave, Bailey, and others.

¹ The hounds found a hare, but a fox got up out of a hedgerow just outside Oakwood Covert.—R. H.

2. The Swavesey Run, Lent term 1881. The meet was Swavesey village at Mr. Long's. After two ringing runs of some duration, both hares being killed, a hare was found close to the village: she ran straight to Long Stanton, about three miles, then gradually swinging to the right crossed the Madingley Road about the fourth milestone from Cambridge; here luckily E. E. Barclay met us on horseback, and viewing the hare over the road went on with the hounds and pulled her down on the top of the hill—the point was about seven miles. From the top of the hill the field could be seen stretched out for two miles. Hunt led the field from start to finish—his rage will be recollected by those present when, at a check, he asked a deaf stone-breaker where the hare had gone to, and after much shouting was told "To Bath." Among those who saw this run from start to finish were Cooke, Shearburn, Steele, Mildmay, Stainer, Baker, Burges, Lawson-Smith.

3. This very fine run was made from Mr. Mason's farm at Waterbeach. After one wide ring the hare ran straight towards Ely and lay down near some old brick works. On getting up again she ran in view across the fen for about half a mile and was killed close to Ely.

Before closing this short account of the Hunt period one must not forget the riding days. These were mostly at Mr. Ivatt's of Rampton. It was a sorry day for the Cambridge hirelings; the field, generally about twenty to thirty, distinguished themselves mostly by the number of tosses they took. One day was memorable. The field was seventeen, and the aggregate number of falls was thirty-five. Two of the gallant sportsmen did not admit a fall, but one had four and several two or three, the writer among them. One sportsman, the present Sir W. W. Wynn, ended his tale of woe by jumping into a large heap of very rotten manure in which his head disappeared.

The writer had one riding day to himself. He had been laid up with rheumatism of the knees, brought on by wading in icy water in the Fens in the pursuit of the wily snipe, and after being laid up ten days and just able to walk, Barclay offered him his horse "Guts" to ride out with the Beagles near the Backs. Now "Guts" was up to sixteen stone and the rider was nine; furthermore "Guts" was full

of beans and benevolence, and on the hounds finding he went exactly where he liked, his rider, in a long yellow ulster and trousers, having no more control than a tom-tit over a steam roller, and away he went, fortunately not through the pack, and by dint of laying on to one rein he was got round in a curve which, to the rider's horror, looked as though it would bring him in front of the targets on the range at which firing was in progress. By dint of further efforts the curve was brought behind the Butts. His rider thought he heard bullets whistling over him, but it was probably only the wind whistling in his ears. Having at length got him on the road he consented to pull up to a strong trot, and took his saddened and beaten rider back to his stables in the lane.

To these reminiscences Mr. Hunt appends the following note:—

“I remember the Butts day well, and the bullets whistling. I think on the whole, during my two years, we had very good sport. As we met at 1 or 1.30 p.m. the time was rather short, and therefore the Beagles were held on and lifted, more than would be perhaps justifiable under ordinary circumstances; but, as Mr. Jorrocks says, ‘Hounds that don't stand lifting are not worth having.’ I found that it was quite easy to lift hounds for half a mile and put their noses down at any given point, but I have never been able to explain to any one else how it was done.”

I have also picked up the following scrap of information from an old Magdalene man who was not a beagler. Mr. Gunton, a beagling Don, was Dean at Magdalene, and just as in ancient China¹ there was a Confucian who was called the philosopher of the four stops, so Mr. Gunton might be dubbed the don of the four “veries.” He was, my informant tells me:—

1. Very good company.
2. Very clever at writing elegiacs.
3. Very fond of Newmarket.
4. Very quick with the Chapel services.

Does not that read like a survival of eighteenth-century dandom?

¹ Unearthed by Mr. E. V. Lucas.

Here follow "Mother" Hunt's personal reminiscences, which would have an interest of their own however much the matter overlapped that of the Burges Narratives.

PERSONAL REMINISCENCES OF TRINITY FOOT
BEAGLES

BY ROWLAND HUNT

I took over the Trinity Foot Beagles from Mr. Cecil Tennant. The books in which the accounts of runs were kept had unfortunately been lost and no accounts of runs were kept. I think that I began to hunt the Beagles towards the end of the autumn term of the year 1880, and hunted them during 1881 and 1882. When I first took them they were kept at a public-house by a publican and were not well fed and looked after. It was very unsatisfactory, and we got up a subscription and built Kennels on the outskirts of Cambridge, and had our own man to look after them. I had some trouble with the neighbours from the noise hounds made. I bought some very good hounds from a Mr. Jackson, somewhere in the south of England, and also bred some. Harkaway and Vestal were two of the very best hounds. In my time the hounds were drafted and bred entirely for nose, tongue, drive, and perseverance, and we also tried to keep them between 14 and 16 inches inclusive. They were a very good pack of beagles when I left Cambridge, and the last season at Cambridge killed eighty-eight hares and a fox, but this included a certain amount of days during early autumn and the Christmas vacation, when I hunted them at home in Shropshire. The fox was killed accidentally as they changed from a hare, and though there were some farmers out riding they were not stopped. This was in the Wheatland country in Shropshire about Christmas time. About fifty minutes very fast.

Mr. Fellowes of Shotesham let us have a few couples of hounds which were too small for him. They were, I believe, pure harriers, but very good in their work. The farmers were extremely good to us and we had very little trouble, and a blank day was almost, if not quite, unknown. The hounds were taken long distances in a van as

they hunted three days each week. We had one or two riding days in the season, and I remember the present Sir Watkin Wynn jumping into a manure heap and having to be scraped. Mr. Butt Miller, who had the Oakley and V.W.H. many years, began hunting, I believe, on riding days with the Trinity Beagles.¹

I am inclined to think it is on the whole more difficult to catch a hare with 15-inch foot beagles than to catch a fox with foxhounds. It is perhaps easier to catch a hare in a flat plough country than in a grass country, because a hare gets tired much sooner on the plough. Men who begin hunting by hunting beagles learn an enormous amount about hunting, and are apt to be slow² at first when they change to hunting a fox.

I should say that we had very good sport during the two years I hunted the Trinity Beagles, but they were, I think, rather good scenting years, and having generally a good many men out, we got a considerable amount of help. I once killed a hare with five old hounds which had been taken on to the meet in the carriage, the rest of the pack having gone to the wrong meet. The run was two and a half hours, and we killed in Wixhall Moss (Salop). The best run that I can remember was in Shropshire. We found close to Loppington Tollgate, ran two very big rings, and then straight for about seven miles, killing in the open close to the Yesters, almost all grass, a very wet day, brooks swollen, and a parson very nearly got drowned.

(Signed) ROWLAND HUNT.

This matter was also passed through Mr. Burgess's hands, and he returned it with the following criticisms.

LETTER

SCHOOL OF MUSKETRY, HYTHE, KENT,
March 3, 1911.

DEAR MR. KEMPSON—Thanks for return of my MSS., and am glad to find it meets your approval.

¹ This is quite true ; B. M. is my brother-in-law.—P. BURGESS.

² The same criticism was made by a regular follower of the Cambridgeshire, Mr. Arthur Hurrell, whom I remember well in my young days. On my remarking that T.F.B. was a good school for M.F.H.'s, he said it made them too slow.

I return Hunt's draft. It is curious to me how Hunt recalls many little incidents almost word for word as I did—Wynn falling in the manure heap, etc.

Hunt's remarks *re* hare and fox hunting are interesting coming from him. I think my dates *re* Hunt's commencement are right, Cooke has checked them.

I am here till 28th at School again, 105 officers of Special Reserve.—Yours sincerely,

(Signed) P. BURGES.

The following "Visitation Articles" issued by Mr. Burges, with the answers of Mr. Rowland Hunt, are of interest in showing the pains taken in piecing together the information contained in this chapter, and also as bringing out one or two fresh points.

MR. BURGES'S QUESTIONS.

1. Did you come up in October 1879, and did you hunt with Tennant that term, and did you whip for him?

2. Who approached you to take over Mastership?

3. When Tennant was Master did you hunt the hounds any days in his absence?

4. How many hounds did you draft when you took over, and where did you buy any?

5. Where did the black-and-tans come from, the "Cygnet" lot? I fancy you bred "Cygnet."

6. Do you know what the hounds cost *you* out of pocket? I would think £300 a year, but I know you never kept any account.

MR. HUNT'S ANSWERS.

I went up to Cambridge in February 1880, and did whip for Tennant a few times.

Tennant asked me to take the Beagles, but Meysey-Thompson was first Whip and I whipped to him when he hunted them.

I believe I hunted the hounds two or three times when neither Tennant nor Meysey-Thompson could come out.

I cannot remember how many hounds I drafted, but I bought several couples of very good hounds from a Mr. Jackson who lived somewhere in the south of England.

I cannot remember where the black-and-tans came from, but I bred "Cygnet."

I should think the Beagles cost me altogether £200 a year.

7. Add anything else you can think of. I got some good hounds from Mr. Fellowes of Shotesham.

Having narrated the more weighty matters we can now find space for one or two more "Hunt" and "Snipey" stories, all contributed by Mr. Burges.

Two more "Hunt" stories:—

I

On another occasion we were sitting round a fire, among us being a first term freshman who had a long nose and a very freckled face. Hunt was staring at him in an abstracted manner, when the freshman said, "I wonder what you are thinking about me, Mr. Hunt?" Hunt promptly replied, "I was thinking how singularly like a speckled-bellied thrush you were." It is needless to add this nickname was speedily attached to the freshman, and for good.

II

Many years ago, at his own station at Baschurch, Hunt and his wife were going by train, when there appeared a young gentleman full of importance, who, from his features, dress, and ornaments, was of Jewish extraction, wearing a top hat and carrying a gigantic dressing-bag. Hunt was very amused at his appearance and I suppose showed it, as he came up to Hunt in a furious rage and abused him in no measured terms, and ended up by saying, "You are no gentleman," and asked for his name. Hunt listened to his abuse with an amused smile, and when he had finished said, "My curious little long-hatted friend, we don't put up a little, blue-faced, crooked-nosed, rotten little turnip like you to judge gentlemen in these parts." The little man went to the stationmaster to find out his name, and was told that he was the squire of the parish, and if he hadn't been so small he would probably have been fired into the road by Hunt. The people at the station were intensely amused.

"SNIPEY" STORY No. 2

Two undergraduates, one C. Wright the cricketer, went out with Snipey to ferret rabbits at a farm. The farmer and Snipey did the

ferreting and there was a miserable little boy to carry the rabbits. The farmer was very particular, counting the rabbits as they were shot. At the end of the day Snipey was in a great hurry to get off, and said, "Jump in, or we shall be late." "Hold hard," said the farmer, "there's only thirty-four rabbits here and we killed thirty-six." A discussion ensued, the guns agreeing to the bag. "Where are the other two?" said the farmer to Snipey. "How should I know?" he replied. "But you keep your eye on that boy, he's an artful young stink."

In pulling off the gun cases at Cambridge the rolled horse cloth came down and out fell two rabbits. "How did the rabbits get there?" said Wright. "Well, it is a mystery," said Snipey, "but my old woman said in bed last night, 'I have just dreamed we were having boiled rabbit for dinner,' and I expect that dream will come true."

No. 3

Six of us banded together to hire a day's cover shooting at Saffron Walden, and drove over in a waggonette and pair with Snipey. Many amusing things took place, but after lunch we were walking some low scrub and a rabbit went back. Ivo Bligh shot at it, and from behind a bush about fifty yards off, well in the line of fire, sprang Snipey into the air with a wild yell and his trousers round his ankles—he had stopped behind without telling any one. We rushed up, and Bligh said, "Are you hurt?" "Well, you rattled up my old buckskins a bit, but they are pretty tough and it don't matter, Honourable," as he called Bligh. We paid Snipey and Lawrence, the dog man, thirty shillings a head for our shoot, and afterwards found out it was an outlying cover of the Essex Union Hunt, and they had taken our money and let us shoot what didn't belong to them.

One day last season (in February 1911) a sportsman came out to the Trinity Backs meet mounted on Reuben, a grey cob of Hopkins, who (the sportsman, not Reuben) turned out to be father of a beagling undergraduate, and himself a beagler of Mother Hunt's time. He was up for some time, and spent a fair amount of it at The Pitt,

where he told tales. One day I asked him to write something, and he sat down at once and produced the following:—

UNIVERSITY PITT CLUB,
Undated.

I remember a good day with T.F.B. (one of many) when R. Hunt was Master, a wonderful scenting day, killed 4 hares, hounds going up



"THE COLONEL," O. S. CURTIS, AS HE REAPPEARED WITH T.F.B. IN LENT 1911.

to them like Waterloo winners; field not exactly bang up with hounds.

Another day, a riding day, when we lunched with a hospitable farmer, I came out and my horse was gone. Took the last one, and found an undergraduate on mine. He said, "Oh, yours, is it? I didn't know." One horse was much the same as another to him, E. Barclay, now Master of Puckeridge, an extraordinarily good runner, though a very heavy weight.

(Signed) O. S. CURTIS.

This accords with a letter from P. Burges, in which he remarks that E. E. Barclay was the most powerful and enduring heavy-weight runner he had ever known. Hunt also, he says, "was the most extraordinary runner to beagles I ever saw—he was the same at Eton—but he could not quicken. He tried the Three Miles at Fenner's, but could not go fast enough."

O. S. Curtis, as I have said, spent a good deal of time at The Pitt, and told tales, among them the tale of how Weston had been impersonated. Weston was a pedestrian.¹ He was an American who made a walking tour through England and lectured at the principal towns, and he was, I remember, a great topic of conversation at my preparatory school. Crowds used to go out and meet him and march in with him. One day he was to walk from Newmarket into Cambridge, a route which was a geographical godsend to the practical joker. On the day appointed a man came striding in through Barnwell from the Newmarket Road, gathering, snowball like, a vast rabble of followers, till suddenly he bolted into The Pitt, and—at least so I should imagine—"immediately the doors were shut." Later in the afternoon Mr. Weston walked into Cambridge almost alone. The undergraduate who told me said that Curtis had done it. I told Mr. Burges that I had met Curtis, who, so I was told, had done this thing, and received the following reply:—

"Curtis, commonly known as 'The Colonel'—his father was an American—was a regular Beaglist, but no great runner. If he told you [he didn't, some one else did!—F. C. K.] that he impersonated Weston his memory is at fault! He undertook to do so, and then funked, luckily, as he would have been spotted for certain. B. Haig of Trinity did Weston. I practically arranged the whole show, and it was one of the finest frauds ever perpetrated. There have been several accounts of it—notably Brookfield's in his reminiscences—in which he puts me down as Weston.

"I saw Curtis at Lord's not long ago. His wife was a sister of an old friend of mine, Gandy, behind whom I rowed many successful races for Third Trinity B.C."

¹ Just as "Rhoda had a pagoda," but at an earlier date.

One thing leads to another, and here we see—

- (1) What tricks memory can play.
- (2) "How small the world is."
- (3) That P. Burges was a rowing man.¹

In those days there was no such gulf between boaters and beaglers as now exists—more's the pity!

Two other great hoaxes may be alluded to, though they have no direct connection with T.F.B. In the seventies the Shah of Persia visited England. Some undergraduates somehow got hold of a pink (delivery) telegraph form, and made out a telegram to the Mayor saying that the Shah was coming down, and in an unguarded moment, when the Mayor's office was empty, left it on the table. Re-enter the Mayor. Telegram found. Immediate *exit* to confer with Vice-Chancellor. All available chickens and *crème-brûlées* ordered to Fitzwilliam Museum for an impromptu luncheon. The Colonel of the C.U.R.V., now Master of Corpus, calls out guard of honour of "bug-shooters." Dr. Champion, Rector of St. Botolph's, invites miscellaneous friends to view the procession from his churchyard. All to the station, where the stationmaster says he has heard nothing of the special. University authorities chide stationmaster for inattention to business, calling him a fool or words to that effect. A crestfallen throng returns down the Hills Road, *en route* for the centre of the town.

This I tell you as the late Canon Slater of St. Giles' told it me. He knew all the actors in the farce, and said that it would be by him but moderately indiscreet to mention names. One of them was a man who afterwards took an active interest in theatrical matters, and was himself Mayor of Cambridge.

The other case happened early in the present century, when a number of undergraduates went up to town, telephoned to the Mayor, visited Mr. Clarkson, the wig-maker, and came down as a non-existent uncle of the Sultan of Zanzibar and his suite, and were received with red carpet and other royal honours by the Mayor of that date. The

¹ As was also Curtis, who went down to the Lent Races on his son's bicycle and saw I. Trinity B.C. make a bump, rather than go with his son to Cottenham!

most trying moment was when they were asked to meet a learned lady who could speak Arabic. The boys who did this were very good boys, so good that they were on friendly terms with a Senior Dean and a Divinity Professor, who being told about it could not sleep for spasmodic asthma. I met the "uncle" two days afterwards at luncheon, so of course my version is accurate. Some one told me afterwards that the Senior Dean crept about back streets for several days lest some one should inform him of the occurrence officially. Also that one of the Trinity porters heard a "damn" as one of the Saracens stumbled, but did not give the show away.

But we have told enough tales of sport and pleasantry, and must return to the last fragment of Mr. Burges's beagle narrative, relating to "Mother" Hunt's last season.

"Hunt's remaining seasons were equally good. He had bred a large number of black-and-tan hounds which were a remarkable feature of the pack—among them was one celebrated hound 'Cygnet,' of the squeaky voice; another wonderful bitch was 'Barmaid,'¹ who I believe was still in the pack during Mr. Pease's Mastership, and 'Bismarck,' an ugly, coffin-headed, but good hound. But Hunt's favourite hound was old 'Harkaway,' who was like a miniature foxhound, and had rounded ears. He was bought by Hunt somewhere, and on leaving Hunt bought him from the pack for £25, more as a gift to the Committee's finances than for the value of the hound, as he was very old. Hunt kept him till he died.

"Hunt went down after Lent Term 1883, and was succeeded by Mr. Watkin Wynn.

"He left the hunt with a fine pack of hounds, with Kennels built and equipped, hunt servants properly arrayed, and last, but by far from least, a name among the farmers which is recollected to this day, not only on account of his boundless hospitality, but because he became a personal friend of every farmer over whose land he hunted. Who does not recollect Mr. Ivatt of Rampton, and riding days galore, Mr. Ellis, Mr. Baker, Mr. Bonnett, Mr. King, Mr. Banyard, Mr. Mason of Waterbeach, and many others, and their kindness and hospitality in those days?"

¹ I remember her myself.—F. C. K.

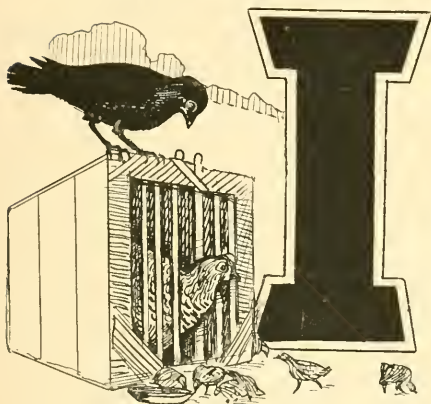
Thus ends the Golden Age of T.F.B. Not that fine sportsmen have not been seen since—there have been many—but once an institution has been placed on a good basis, there is nothing more to do than to carry on. There have been many useful reforms in detail, but that is all there ever can be. The pack has gone on since then on essentially the same lines, and it can do no better.



CHAPTER VI

“BOB”

“Am I not Christopher Sly, Old Sly’s son of Burton Heath; by birth a pedlar, by education a card-maker, by transmutation a bear-herd, and by present profession a tinker?”—*The Taming of the Shrew*.



HAVE tried to find a poetic quotation for the head of each chapter in our history, but for “Bob,” our Kennelman, I am fain to fall back on Shakespearian prose, for: Is he not Bob Floate, old Floate the keeper’s son of Storrington? By birth a “character,” by trade a butcher, in default a bird-searer, by transmutation a plumber, and thence by desertion Kennelman to the T.F.B.? Where, by the way, he has lived happily ever after, though it is only in the last few

years that he has become the father of a family and is married.

More than one old beagler who has written to me with words of encouragement, and what is better, deeds, in the form of valuable information, has suggested what I had also myself thought of, viz. that Bob could spin some yarns. But he could not be expected to write them; they must be obtained *viva voce*, and shaped as best I can manage. So one day I went up to the Kennels to interview Bob, and found him, as a wind-up to the hunting season, dosing the entire pack with worm-pills, and, though desperate busy, he began spinning yarns forthwith. I started him off by talking of mange,

which had afflicted two puppies, Garlic and Gossip, that had been sent me to walk, and of their successful cure. I had also cured a deerhound of my own with the T.F.B. prescription, only to have him cut up by a train a few weeks after. That was enough to fairly loose Bob's tongue. He knew what sort of dogs they was. "Why, two of them saved my life once, sir!"

He had taken the hounds to Earl Fitzwilliam's one vacation, when as Lord Milton he was Master of T.F.B., and had lodged with the keeper. They had been shooting bucks in the park, one in particular, for an annual present to some local municipality, and



From T.F.B.C. Book.

one night one of them—"It was rutting time, and you knows what that is, sir! When they've got their 'orns all big and *wunnerful* strong"—one of them chased Bob, who fled, and eventually—I cannot remember all the details—managed to divert his attention to two chained-up deerhounds, while he (Bob) climbed some railings. He then went on to say that many of

them stags was wonderful savage. "We used to lay out beans for them, and one of 'em turned over the barrow that stood by. Oh! 'e did put it all about, sir! and the keeper he gives me a gun and tells me to wait. 'But mind, whatever you do, don't shoot close,' he says. And the old stag, 'e comes again and turns the barrow over an' all. And when 'e turns to go off I gives 'im thirty yards, and then—oh dear! oh dear! you should 'a' seed the fur a-flyin' out all round 'is tail! Dust shot it were, sir! Both barrels! Oh yes, sir!"

Here Bob paused for much-needed breath, and I took the chance to explain that I wanted a methodical account of his life and remembrances, and of how he became Kennelman to T.F.B. Bob showed himself as willing as any other beagler to contribute what he could, and from the sample he had put in I had high hopes of "copy." But for the present Bob had much to do. The administration of vermifuge to an entire pack is a bigger business than the



J. S. CARR-ELLISON.



P. BURGESS.



H. S. GLADSTONE.



K. WALKER.

giving of brimstone and treacle to the whole Squeers establishment, and some other day—[here I made a suggestion, would he come out to Shelford, dine with my servants (all immensely respectable females; I wonder what they'll make of Bob), and tell me what he knew]. “And I've got tales of Mr. A. and Mr. B. as I'll tell you what nobody couldn't ever believe, sir!” You might suppose, therefore, that the interview adjourned forthwith; but no! Once Bob's tongue (which is at best an “unruly member”) has taken charge, and is well stocked with yarns, it is not easily stopped, especially if stimulated with judicious questions. Yes, it was Mr. Milne who had brought Bob to Cambridge; leastways he (Bob) had, when fifteen years of age, run away from a plumber, to whom he had been apprenticed, in order to come and be with Mr. Milne and the Beagles. He had been 'prenticed to a butcher as well as to the plumber, so I gathered that Bob's boyhood did not lack incident. Indeed, he went on talking while attending to his work till, with the help of a pencil stump and the back of an envelope to aid my memory, I managed to comb out the following:—

Bob's father was keeper¹ to Lord Zouche at Storrington in Sussex, where he was reared in the best traditions of feudalism and, his father being strict, of the dignity of labour. Every morning he and his brother had to earn their breakfast by cleaning out hound kennels, those of the Storrington Beagles, and then they had a long walk to school. School days over, Bob went 'prentice to a butcher, and one day, after the slaughter of a bullock which he was set to eviscerate, his master came up from behind and rubbed some of the “innards” in Bob's face. Bob gave a graphic description of their



¹ Bob says “keeper,” Mr. Milne, kennelman to the Storrington Beagles; perhaps he “made himself generally useful.”

BOB AND THE BUTCHER.

flavour, which cannot be repeated, but which so enraged him that he turned to defend himself, and "I didn't mean to do it, you know, sir! but as I turned, my knife went right into 'im, sir, just 'ere, sir (marking a place just below the collar-bone), and come out be'ind, sir!" This can have meant no less than a perforated lung or a severed subelavian artery. But the butcher seems to have been a man of determination: he seized Bob by the collar, dragged him to the house, and, allowing five minutes to pack, drove him summarily home.

Thereupon his father set him to scare jays, jackdaws, magpies, and the like from the pheasant coops, and he was hidden in a ditch with a gun which he was solemnly warned to discharge only in the air. "And I 'ad to stop there all the while as they was a-shootin' in the woods. So I didn't see as I shouldn't have a shoot too, sir; so I waits and watches a old jackdaw till he comed and settled on the oud coop, and then I ups and takes aim"—Bob always accompanies a tale with appropriate action, which, alas! cannot be preserved—"but as I shoots the gun drops, you know, sir (I hadn't never shot a gun off afore, you see, sir), and the old jackdaw 'e just ups and flies off. And then I gets up out o' the ditch and goes to see where the shot 'ad gone, and, oh, there were a mess! I finds a 'en as I 'adn't noticed, and about six little pheasants." I cannot keep up the style of the original, but the hen and all the pheasants were dead, the coop riddled with shot holes, and Bob, his father being a stern man, in a state of nervous perspiration. He carefully removed all carcasses and hid them in a ditch, stopped up all the shot holes in the coop with dirt, and returned to his ambush—his lay being that, beyond discharging a gun and scaring a jackdaw, he had seen nothing and done nothing and knew nothing.

I wish I could reproduce Bob's acting—it was no less—of the scene when his father reappeared, but I cannot. He had had a shot. His father had heard it, so that was admitted. Had he scared anything? Yes, there was a jackdaw which has certainly flown away. Then the coop was found empty, and explanations were demanded, and were not forthcoming. Bob had no knowledge of the existence of hens: he had merely loosed off his gun as aforesaid and a jackdaw

had flown away. Closer inspection then showed fresh earth smeared on the coop, and the removal of the earth revealed shot holes, and then, “What have you done with that ‘en?”

“What ‘en? I ain’t seed no ‘en. I only . . .” etc., *ut supra*.

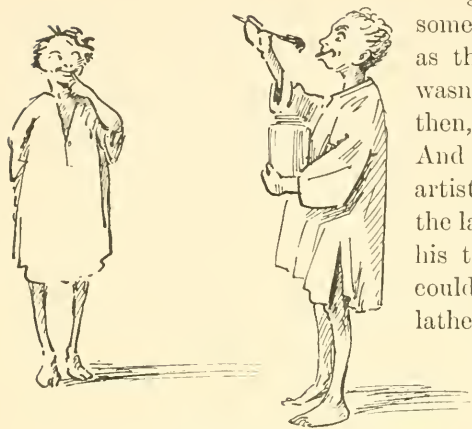
The situation is not unlike that of George Washington, who when confronted with the maimed cherry-tree said: “Father, I cannot lie” (or words to that effect), “I did it with my little axe.” But Bob did not reach to such heights of self-accusing veracity; he stood rather on the rights of a Briton in the dock, where no man is bound to incriminate himself.

“If you’ll show me where you’ve put that ‘en, I won’t ‘it yer,” promises his father. Here was a point at which it appeared prudent to plead guilty. So, having guarantee of safe-conduct, Bob led the way to the ditch, where he crawled as slowly as possible under the brambles. “I wanted to get the ‘en out, you see, sir, without lettin’ ‘im see nutbin’ o’ no pheasants.” Gradually the hen came out, and alas, a pheasant chick was entangled in her feathers, so the whole black truth was made patent by *habeas corpus*. Then the deluge. He was granted immunity on production of the hen, but this did not cover six young pheasants. So corporal punishment was followed by two days’ confinement to quarters without even bread and water. Which proves again that honesty is the best policy. No man is bound to incriminate himself, but if he finds it policy to do so in hope of a mitigation of sentence it is better to make a clean breast of it at once rather than to plead half guilty. Don’t admit the hen and deny the chickens. This tale has a sequel.

Under stress of confinement and hunger it is hardly surprising that bad boy Bob became desperate, and with the aid of his brother planned a night attack on the larder, where they had discovered a most beautiful and tempting pot of clear greengage jam. Having secured this and taken it upstairs it was for Bob to have the first spoonful. At this point in the narrative he lapsed into pantomime; his head was thrown back, his eyes screwed up with anticipation, and his lips protruded as if to suck the delicious jam from an imaginary spoon. He then made the motion of putting the spoon into his mouth, and the form of his visage changed. “And then I

give the spoon to my brother, and you should 'a' seed the face 'e made when 'e got it in 'is mouth, sir! You see, sir, it warn't no greengage jam at all, sir, but some o' this 'ere old green sof' soap as they'd set out a purpose; but I wasn't going to let my brother see then, not till 'e'd 'ad a spoonful hisself."

And Bob, who is something of an artist, did not "let on" to me either till the last minute, so well did he keep up his tale. Then he told of how they could not get rid of the stuff, which lathered in their mouths so that sleep was denied them; of how like in colour and transluceney green soft soap is to greengage jam; of how they were, of course, found out; and told how the punish-



GREENGAGE JAM.

ment fitted the crime of larder thieving, and how Bob was then allowed a little breakfast.

After this came the tale of his apprenticeship to a plumber; of how he did not like plumbing; of how his mother packed his box and helped him to get clear away; of how "they" was after him, and how his mother pointed out that pursuit was useless, as even if he came back he would not work. One man can bring back a renegade apprentice, but ten cannot make him plumb. So Bob came to his true vocation in the Histon Road, and to his many and varied duties, whose details are to be culled from memoranda in the *Farmers' Book*, and which may be found in Chapter VIII. And here you may observe a more important truth, which is that although a youth of character and unique vocation must of necessity break away from the commonplace career that his parents devise for him, none the less what he learns in his enforced apprenticeships often stands him in good stead. Bob's experience with the butcher has been most valuable in fitting him to prepare horseflesh for the boiling eopper, and that with the plumber, painter, and glazier has made him handy

in the painting, whitewashing, and other like jobs, which keep the Kennels in good order and repair, and skilled for the annual varnishing of the hound van.

At this juncture Bob proposed a visit to “the field” to see some puppies which he was to feed. This field is the latest addition to T.F.B. “plant,” and consists in a paddock effectually fenced in and divided into two good grass runs by a fence which no hound can get through or over. In the outer paddock is a kennel for puppies, and in the inner four separate kennels for brood bitches, built of wood and covered with felt, and three of them with enclosed concrete yards. These last have been fitted out at the expense of Mr. Ian Straker, the Master for 1911-12, and are another instance of how the liberality of individuals has contributed to the permanent property of the hunt.

On our return the pack was physicked, Bob still talking, and seeing the meat hanging outside the cookhouse, I asked, as a leading question, if he ever had any himself, and discovered that sometimes (“of course when I knows it’s good, sir”) he salts a bit down, and as his friends see him eat they say, “Oh! that do look good!” Thus provoked he entertains his friends to a bite of boiled beef. This they praise greatly till they are told where it comes from, and then they may chance to be a little annoyed, and, such is the power of suggestion, unwell.

The new field was, he said, a most useful addition now that hounds do not go out to walk for the summer, and with such walking Bob does not hold. They come back in all sorts of shapes: some “as fat as moles,” others with hardly a hair on their bodies (“jess like frogs they is”), others little else than hair, and others again “just about right.”

Here the interview ended with promise of more at a future date, and almost immediately after I received the following long-expected letter from Bob’s first master, the Rev. E. A. Milne, now Master of the Cattistock.

LETTER

CHELFROME, DORCHESTER,
March 17th, 1912.

DEAR SIR—Yes, I imported “Bob” to Cambridge as a boy. His father was, I think, Kennelman¹ of the Storrington Beagles in

¹ This was clearly combined with ordinary gamekeeping.

Sussex. Even as a boy he was always a character. The best thing that I know about him was when he was found killing rats in the manure pit with Gerald Buxton's, my First Whip, best and most valuable retriever, which I had allowed him to keep at the Kennels. Sometimes I had the pack down at Shenley,¹ Bucks, in the Christmas vacation. Bob used to come too, and I remember him falling into the Canal one day when it was half frozen over.

We frequently drove a team of four in the "Beagle Cart" in my day. Mr. Gunton, who was Senior Proctor, used to run with us.



One day he sent round to ask for a place in the Beagle Cart on a day when we were breaking the 'Varsity rules by driving four horses. I went to see him and explained matters. His answer was:—

"If you won't upset me I will come. I think it cruel only to drive two horses on such roads."

My last year Rowland Hunt came to stop with me. After dinner one night it was suggested we should have a stag hunt with the Beagles. There and then we wired off to Porter of Thames Ditton to send two deer and never thought more of it. On arriving from hunting next day my man met me at the door and said that there were two deer in the hall of my lodgings—in crates!



T.F.B. HUNT A DEER.
Anonymous from T.F.B.C. Book.

¹ Where Mr. Milne was Rector until 1900, when he took over the Cattistock.

They were removed to Free the van-driver's farm, to be hunted the following day at Five Bells. “Mother” Hunt was missed and was found painting the hocks of the animals with aniseed, and so much did he put on that one could wind them all the way to the meet. We “took” them both, but the hounds at first would not run them nor the aniseed.—Yours very truly,

(Signed) EDGAR A. MILNE.

Bob using a valuable retriever for hunting rats on a muck-heap—he was still but a boy, remember—is quite of a piece with his shooting of the jackdaw. The other tales are also interesting. What, for example, could be more typical of undergraduate inconsequence than to wire for two deer in the middle of dinner and then to forget all about it? It is also pleasant to hear more of Mr. Gunton of Magdalene, Dean of the “four veries,” and at this epoch Senior Proctor. He was still a Fellow of his College in 1891, *teste* the “University Calendar,” but must have given up beagling soon after the Milne era, for neither he nor any other Don beagled in my undergraduate days.

Travelling one day on seafaring business to Ipswich, for Pin Mill, by what our Shelford porters call the “Pampisford, Linton, Bartlow, 'Aver'll, Sudbury, and Colchester train,” I chanced at Long Melford to pick up a young Hyde Parker, a latter-day beagler of Magdalene, and to be introduced to his father, the Rev. Sir W. Hyde Parker, Bart. So naturally as we jogged along, two Jesuits in disguise, for we were both in *mufti*, our talk fell on T.F.B. and this history, and so led to the discovery that Sir William had whipped in to the present Rev. Master of the Cattistock when he had been Master of T.F.B., which resulted in a promise of the contribution here following:—

NOTES *re* T.F.B.—1883–85

BY THE REV. SIR W. HYDE PARKER, BART.

For the season of 1883–84, E. A. Milne, always known as “Jack Milne,” became Master, having whipped to Wynn (Sir Watkin

Williams Wynn, Bart., M.F.H.) the previous season. J. M. was ever the essence of keenness, and immediately set to work to improve the Kennel management and the hounds. The former was thin and bad. For many years the Kennelman had been "old Jackson," who always wore a funny, round, sham-sealskin cap, and looked like a retired bargee. Whether he deserved the bad moral reputation he had is open to doubt, but his roughness, neglect, and dirt in the Kennels at this time were undoubted. J. M. soon determined to end this, and engaged the well-known "Bob Floate," who still flourishes. He came from Storrington, where in those days the well-known Rev. J. Faithful had a large cramming establishment, which included among its attractions a pack of beagles, of which B. Floate's father was the Kennelman.

When "Bob" was established the next thing was to improve the Pack. When "Mother Hunt" went down he had an excellent lot for work, but he took all the best of them away and hunted them for some seasons from (old) Boreatton, his estate in Shropshire. In Wynn's time nothing much was done to improve the remainder, but in '83 E. A. M. bought two lots of hounds, besides stray lots, one lot coming from T. Riley Smith (afterwards Master of Stag-hounds and Suffolk Foxhounds), and another lot which included many blue-mottled hounds from somewhere in Leicestershire, and after a good deal of drafting and a heavy loss from distemper—during which the new hounds were taken to Free's farm (Free, in those days, horsed and drove the hound van)—a very useful lot remained. The cream in the season of 1883-84 was composed of Dexter, Ransom, Gaddy, Bashful, Harkaway, Fairmaid, Vanity, Madcap, and Wilful. The latter was one of Riley Smith's. He had a short stern and was a clinker on a cold scent.

The hunt staff, or, as it was called then, "The Committee," consisted of three Whips—G. Buxton, A. W. Drury, W. Hyde Parker. The latter was a Clare man, but there was usually one out-college Whip.

G. Buxton was a great runner, and ran in the Three Miles against Oxford, and used to get us to run with him when training on the track, but his stride was tremendous! He had a very well-broken

and highly-trained retriever, which he thought he would keep at the Kennels. His face was a study on one occasion, when, on entering the Kennel yard, we found "Bob" killing rats with it in the manure bin. G. B. resides in Essex, and is a well-known man with the Essex Hounds, and used often to act as Field Master in Mr. Green's Mastership.

"Jack Milne" also enlarged the area over which hounds hunted, and was the first to obtain for them permission to hunt Chatteris Fen—an excellent piece of country. He had great prudence and tact for a youngster in persuading objectors, *e.g.* a certain Mr. Caldwell of Impington (if memory serves right as regards names) was a very hard nut to crack, but taking W. H. Parker with him, he went and bearded him in his den, and with great patience won the day, after a very bad five minutes to begin with, and afterwards Mr. C. thought all the world of him.

Milne continued Master the following season—'84-'85—and W. Hyde Parker continued with him, but Buxton and Drury having gone down, their places were taken by C. F. Young and W. Heber-Perey. Charlie Young added weight to the Committee, whatever else he may have done, and Heber-Perey¹ was a wonderful jumper, and won shillings and half-crowns frequently by getting out of the "Committee Cart," and jumping fences out of the road, which looked unjumpable on foot. In this season the hounds improved much, the cream consisting of Fairmaid, Ruby, Wilful, Viscount, Beauty, Boreatton, Lapwing, Lustrous, Warwick, Ghostly, Buttercup, Fidget, Harkaway, Dexter, Ransom, Vandex, and Chanter.

I don't suppose there ever were much keener Masters than "Mother" Hunt and "Jack" Milne, nor have the twenty-seven years which have elapsed made any difference to the keenness of the latter, though the former doesn't any longer pursue.

Milne had a lot of young hounds to enter his second season, and said we must be at it by daybreak, meeting at Granchester; Mr. Lilly, who lived there then, being a great supporter. This meant breaking "our gates," and it took a lot of explanation to make the

¹ A. W. Heber-Perey married a daughter of Lord Portman's, and acts frequently as field-master of Lord P.'s hounds.

ordinary College Don understand why you should break your gate at 5 A.M. to go beagling, and there was a look of incredulity prevalent during the interview.

E. A. Milne and W. H. Parker both took holy orders, and in later life both had harriers and foxhounds; the former being still



PITY THE POOR BEDDER.

“Yes, Sir, lup at five hevery mortal morning.”—Drawn by C. P. T. Hawkes.

Master of the Cattistock Hounds, which he has hunted since 1900. He has the well-earned reputation of being one of the most successful hound breeders of the day, as a three-tiered sideboard in his dining-room covered with cups and trophies won by his hounds of late years shows; nor will it be much disputed if it is stated that he is one of three or four best amateur huntsmen in the country, and in some of the most important essentials there are none to beat

him and few to equal, notably in patience, perseverance,¹ and endurance. The Cattistock country is one which stands a lot of hunting, which often extends from the middle of August into the first days of May, and requires the keenest of sportsmen, such as Milne, a veritable devotee of the chase. Many of those who in later life become Masters of Hounds serve an apprenticeship with beagles. In the case of the Masters of the Cattistock the T.F.B. were a direct factor in the case, for when Rector of Shenley in Bucks in the winter of '95 he heard they were wanting to find quarters for the T.F.B. pack during the Christmas Vacation, so got them over to Shenley, and hunted them there,² riding to them. They had excellent sport, and the farmers took to the idea; so the same course was pursued the following winter, and this led to the beginning of the North Bucks Harriers, of which Milne was Master until 1900, when he took the Cattistock.

When E. A. M. went down from Cambridge, several friends subscribed to give him a present in remembrance of the sport he had shown, and the money he had spent on the Beagles, in the shape of a gold watch, which he wears to this day.

The foregoing tales have had the undesigned effect of bringing together a number of ecclesiastics who love hunting and sport generally, viz. the present Master of the Cattistock, Sir W. Hyde Parker, who has also been a Reverend Master, a College Dean and Senior Proctor, and the compiler of these annals. Mr. Gunton, of course, is dead, but there is among those who remain, and we are but samples, evidence that the “sporting parson” is not quite so extinct as some would suppose and very probably wish. The term “sporting parson” is objectionable, of course, as even Jack Spraggon knew the difference between the “sportsman” and the “sporting man,” and the term conjures up such ideas as that of Chaucer’s degenerate Friar—

¹ There is an apocryphal distich to the effect that—

Patience and Perséverance
Made a Bishop of his Reverence.

Is this prophetic of the present Master of the Cattistock?—F. C. K.

² I had a house at Leighton Buzzard that winter, and once more helped to turn T.F.B. hounds to E. A. M.—W. HYDE PARKER.

Who knew the tavernes well in every towne
And everych hostiler and tapestere.

And "tapster" in those days was, I believe, feminine, and meant a barmaid. The sporting man is a low-caste gambling pothouse fellow, and of parsons of that sort one hopes there are none. But Chancer presents also another type in the monk who, whatever his departure from the rule of "poverty," which is not our concern now, "loved venerye" and was a sportsman proper who—

Yaf not of that texte a pulled hen
That seith that hunters ben noon holy men.

And whatever we may think of his luxurious fur-lined clothes, and the choice ambling palfrey of his pilgrimage, his judgment as to the compatibility of holiness and hunting is surely sound, as the following examples amply prove.

English Bishops in the Middle Ages enjoyed special hunting privileges in the Royal Forests. Juxon, the Bishop of London, who attended King Charles the Martyr on the scaffold, kept his pack of "good" hounds. Bishop Andrewes, who was a saint, and like many saints of a playful, witty disposition, would rise from his private devotions and propose going out into the park to shoot a buck,¹ and Parson Jack Russel, though perhaps no saint, was a straight, clean-living English gentleman who did his duty in accordance with his lights. Personally, I once knew a parish priest who had a far more extended and intensive view of his sacerdotal duties, and who also "loved venerye" and "yaf not of that texte, etc." He was what would colloquially be called a pronounced "ritualist." He went abroad to visit the souls of his cure in his cassock, kept his Fridays strictly, and was a celibate, and, though you may not agree with his views, you must admit that he lived up to them. He had also a prejudice against servants of any kind, indoor or out; this last was not a principle but a "freak." He groomed his own horses, cooked his own food, dusted his own rooms, and when you were staying with him valeted you himself, hating "paid hands" as vigorously as does any "hardy Corinthian" yachtsman. Once when I had shoot-

¹ The Bishops of Winchester to this day maintain a deer park at Farnham.

ing in the neighbourhood he put me up, horse, trap, and all, and coming in in the evening I would find him with an apron of sack-cloth over his cassock, and a black skullecup, making sauces in the scullery. We dined in the kitchen, which was monastically clean and dainty, with two pairs of jack-boots treed and symmetrically displayed on the cold cooking-range. Gentle and simple met at his table on quite equal terms. He was, by the way, heir in tail to a great place, and once told me that he was much exercised as to what he would do if ever he came into the kingdom, the house being so large that servants would be unavoidable. His solution was to keep a librarian for the servants to wait on, and to build a bungalow for himself in the Park!

In the hunting-field he was, I believe, something of a thruster; and, though not like Catherine of Cleves,

Either lovely or young,
Had a rather sharp tongue;¹

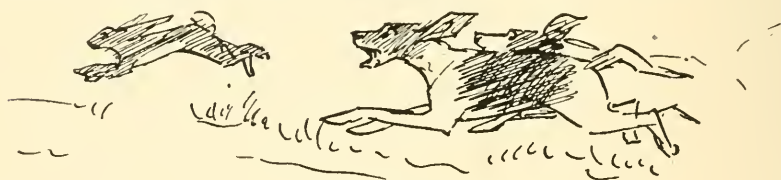
and his speech was the more pungent in that he kept well within parliamentary limits. He used it to tell home truths publicly and audibly to such as seemed to him to neglect the amenities of good sportsmanship, and cared little or nothing for what people thought of him. He was, by the way, the only man I ever met who said "Much obleeged," which, as every one knows, is an ancient and buckish pronunciation of the word "obliged."

But what has all this to do with T.F.B.? The fox-hunting hermit was not even a Cambridge sportsman, let alone a beagler; he came from Oxford. True enough! But wherever we hunt, and with whatever sort of hounds, the sons of Esau are one brotherhood, and it may be hoped that such an example may encourage those of the family who have graduated with T.F.B. to continue to be sportsmen in practice after they have taken Holy Orders. If time given to sport be taken from duty one is sure they will not, and we take off our hats to such self-denial. But there is a time for work and a time for play, and all work and no play makes Jack as dull when he is a priest as it did when he was a boy. So one hopes that country

¹ *Ingoltsby Legends.*

parsons at least will keep up their sport, both for their own sakes and to shame those who seem to regard sport as not "nice for a clergyman," for no better reason apparently than that it is not sufficiently effeminate!

It is, however, time to return to Bob, as I actually did return to him several times before I could gain a second interview, as, like Baal, he was often otherwise engaged. He had gone on a journey to Reigate, or an ex-Master had come up and hounds were being paraded for his inspection, or some of "the gentlemen," as Mrs. Floate calls the Master and Whips, had taken hounds out to exercise and come back without "Guilty," and so Bob was gone out into the byways of the Histon Road to look for her. At one time Bob was



"FULL CRY."

Drawn by C. de M. Grant in T.F.B.C. Book.

ill. His digestion was, I believe, more or less seriously deranged, and this, no doubt, was the reason why the scheme of his coming out to dinner came to nothing. However, at last I found him free, and we went down to "the field" to see the new puppies and to provoke Bob to talk. I had high hopes of the promised tales of Mr. A. and Mr. B. "what nobody couldn't ever believe, sir!"—so high that I felt sure they would have to be anonymous; but they were really of the "big gooseberry" order, and Bob did not tell them, so depressing is the influence of a disordered stomach, with anything like his former spirit which he showed when discoursing of jackdaws and greengage jam. Neither Mr. A. nor Mr. B. had done anything worthy of fine, imprisonment, or rustication, or which would have been libellous had it been here given under their names. But both of them had in their day had Bob and the hounds down for the vacation.

On the first occasion nothing happened until the labours of term called Bob and his charges back to Cambridge. Then the hounds had to be taken to the station in the twilight of a January morning. They were late for the train, and did some sixteen miles at a hand gallop. Then nose-bags were got for the horses—they were post-horses from an inn—and hens began to emerge and share the feast. These hens had apparently roosted under the van when standing in the inn yard over night, and had stuck to their perches on the axle trees all through the next morning's rush for the station. Then the light improving they had waked up and come down quite unconcernedly to breakfast. Afterwards there was a hunt, and several unauthorised persons such as ostlers and railway porters had roast fowl for dinner.

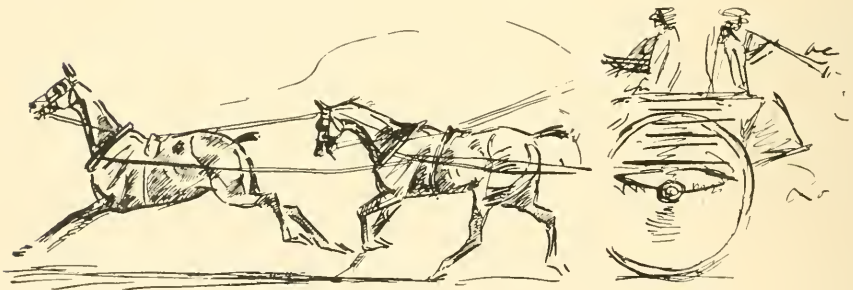
In Mr. B.'s reign after a morning's home beagling Bob was found a gun and taken out rabbit shooting. The Master's terrier was with Bob, and being called across to his owner the dog misconstrued his orders or made a mess of it somehow. There was a sound as of a gun going off, and the dog fled howling. Bob naturally thought that in the heat of the moment he had been shot at; but, as a matter of fact, a cartridge had been thrown at him, and the cap impinging on an eye-tooth had exploded. Bob was very particular about the eye-tooth, but of course nobody quite saw what had happened. The dog took no real harm, as a cartridge exploding in the open does not burst with the force of a shell. It was, I believe, quite a common accident for the old pin-fire cartridges when dropped to fall on the pin and go off, but for a central fire to do so is extraordinarily rare. None the less the poor dog suffered considerably from shock, and that he should have been gun-shy for some time afterwards was hardly surprising.

These are the two tales which “nobody couldn't ever believe.”

There is an apocryphal story afloat to the effect that two of Bob's children were christened Foreman and Fretful, or some such names, after his favourite hounds. It is quite true that they were all christened at once, and that T.F.B. officials stood sponsor. Bob said that he held the eldest himself as she was old enough to “take notice” and be frightened, and from the accompanying pantomime I

judged that he held the kiddy's head over the font in his hands with its body gripped under his arm, much as he would have held a beagle for veterinary treatment. Bob has only married and become father in middle age, and so, as he explained to me, he is in some ways comparable to "one of these 'ere race 'osses"!!!

I venture to record that he has for some time had intermittent bad health. He has not saved, and has never, I am told, had so much money as two pounds in his possession at one time, and should his work become too much for him it is doubtful whether he can make adequate provision for incapacity even by stamp-licking. He has been a faithful as well as an original servant to many generations of beaglers, and should he have to go on the shelf we ought all to help to do something for him.

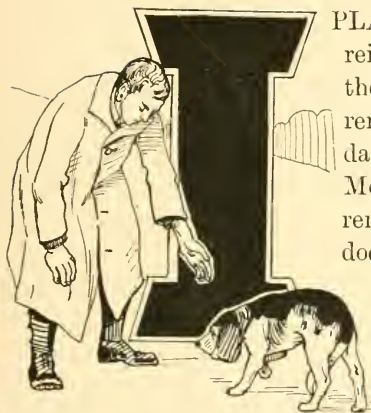


CHAPTER VII

“FRESHER” PEASE AND “JUDY” CARR-ELLISON

Bravo ! Bravo !
Punchinello !!

Song.



PLACE these two Masters together because they reigned in my own undergraduate days, and therefore at a time of which I have a personal remembrance, and also because it was in their days that T.F.B. took on a new lease of life. Most of the work of Hunt and E. A. Milne remained, as indeed it does unto this day, as does also Bob, who even then had made himself something of an institution; but hounds, though they last somewhat longer than undergraduates, grow old and eventually die or are “put down.”

This is also the period in which verbal tradition began to take shape in permanent “scriptures,” much of the material being collected by Pease, and arranged and copied out by Carr-Ellison, who was the first Master to devote his abilities to the cause, and to exhibit genius as a chronicler which gives him a place among such as Giraldus Cambrensis and Leofric, the Mass-Priest; the result being the “Farmers’ Book,” which is a most valuable collection of miscellaneous matter providing material for a separate chapter.

This is also the period in which T.F.B. first came strongly under

North Country influence; which is important because the Border counties are a great if not a "fashionable" hunting district, and one particularly where amateur hound management and hunting afoot flourish. There is the country of classic John Peel who hunted a pack of foot foxhounds in the Cumberland Fells, of Surtees who wrote of Jorrocks, of Pigg, of Soapey Sponge, Jack Spraggon, and Facey Romford; and of these Pigg, whose cousin Deavilboger was a man of substance somewhere in the hinterland of "Cannie Newcassel," was clearly a Northumbrian type. I remember further seeing in *The Field* of those days accounts of the doings of the Darlington Foot Harriers, and Darlington is pre-eminently the Pease country, and the Peases, howsoever divided in politics, are united as mighty hunters before the Lord.

Among North Country members of T.F.B., besides Allgoods, Carr-Ellisons, and Peases, are to be numbered Dr. Fenwick, Mr. Harry Howard, of Greystoke Castle, and his brother Stafford Howard, Mr. H. Cavan Irving of Ecelefechan, Mr. C. J. Cropper of Kendal, Mr. Alan Burns, and in later times Mr. Hugh S. Gladstone of Capenoch, Dumfriesshire, Mr. Ian A. Straker, and no doubt many others. Of these, J. S. Carr-Ellison and A. M. Allgood have since acted as amateur hunt servants with foxhounds, the former as Whip and the latter as Huntsman, thus reversing their status at Cambridge. The following note by J. S. Carr-Ellison shows very clearly how in his case, and the same must be true of others, the T.F.B. profited by the lore and traditions of Northumberland.

NOTE

BY J. S. CARR-ELLISON

Some of my happiest days have been spent beagling among the range of Cheviot Hills in Northumberland, and also in the neighbourhood of Cambridge, but beagling on the hills in Northumberland was much more sporting than it was in Cambridgeshire, and taught one to be much more self-reliant, and to study nature more. For on the lonely hills, with only three or four people out, there was not the

same help to be got at a check, from holloas, or by information, as from some one out of a following of 50 or 60 or perhaps more. And so one had to depend more on one's own eyes, and think, too, which way a hare would most likely go, and watch the sheep to see if they had been suddenly disturbed (or scarred as we locally term it) by the hare running past them. Then, too, the country though steep is all fine sound grass land, which is easier to run over than the Cambridgeshire ploughs, especially when they are heavy after a frost, and you carry nearly half a field on each boot. I had very good sport beagling there, and I remember one exceptionally fine run of $3\frac{1}{2}$ hours (never changed), and killed an old Jack hare at the finish. I think Alan Burns (Trinity), who was my 3rd Whip when I was Master in '88-'89, and Guthrie Watson, who was staying with us at Hedgeley, were out.

The reference to the weight of the Cambridgeshire plough is amusing to such as remember the writer running over it. He was rather under the middle height, and slow, and his feet, or at any rate the very wide welted shoes that covered them, were noticeably large in proportion, and he ran with bent knees, lifting his feet but little from the ground, perhaps because he lifted so much ground with his feet. His running, however, or rather jogging, was such that he could keep up the same pace from the first find till dark, and four days a week, and he never seemed to tire, but would shog steadily on with plenty of spare wind for voice and horn, casting his hounds at a check while the field were all glad enough of a breathing space. His big broad shoes no doubt acted as skis do on snow by preventing his sinking into the wet heavy clay, but the amount they picked up was incredible, and after he had been going for half an hour over wet ground, he made a perfect picture, and one which I have ventured to draw.

I remember, too, that when after a hard run we had broken up our hare, there was often the query, “Any chap got a drop of whisky?” Flasks were willingly proffered, and, one favoured one tasted, we would then spread out at once and draw for a fresh hare. Beaglers never “trained” or did anything “athletic,” and the

high standard of abstemiousness of these modern times did not then obtain.

But it is time to let the Northumbrians tell their own tales.

MR. A. F. PEASE'S REMINISCENCES

C. F. Young was Master for the season 1885-6, but had only hunted the hounds up to Christmas as he was not in residence in



J. S. CARR-ELLISON AT A CHECK.

the Lent term, and A. W. Heber-Perey, his first Whip, acted as deputy Master. L. O. Meyrick would probably have been offered the Mastership, but he was drowned¹ when canoeing on the Backs

¹ It is from this date that the Proctors made the wise rule that no undergraduate should boat on the Upper River who had not passed the tests of the C.U. Swimming Club.

the following term, and C. F. Young asked me if I would take them. The pack which I purchased were an extraordinary lot; they varied in size from 13 to 17 inches. They all did their best to hunt, but in pace the variations were even greater than in size. As far as I could learn the members of the T.F.B. had never bred their own hounds, and really there was no accommodation for this in the kennels.¹ I weeded out some of the slowest, bought a few fresh hounds, and one of my Whips, Mr. G. A. Miller, presented one or two couples to the pack, so that, although they were still an uneven lot, they ran well together, and there were no longer old bitches giving tongue and bringing back the leading hounds at every check.

In my first season we killed 35 hares and in the second 49,² all at Cambridge, as, although I took the hounds home one Christmas, frost and snow made hunting impossible. As far as we could learn, the 49 was a record for those days, except “Mother” Hunt’s year. He killed 86, but not all at Cambridge.

The best hound in the pack was “Warwick,” bred by Mr. Edward Barclay. He was very well bred but looked like a pointer. He was the best worker I have ever seen, almost always running at the head of the pack, untiring at a check, and often picking up the line on a dry and dusty road when no other hound could smell anything. Often when quite beat as to where to cast, I have just stopped and let “Warwick” do what he thought best—and a very good best it was.

The next best hound was “Harkaway,” rather a heavy hound, but owing to his fondness for water he suffered from rheumatism.

“Vandon” was another wonderful hound; he never missed going out with the pack while I had them.

I can remember the characteristics of many other hounds, but few of their names, and should only weary by giving too much detail; suffice it to say that the pack was an ugly though sporting one. I killed my first hare close to Quy church, a black hound, more like a terrier than a beagle, jumping on to her after she had laid up in the hedge.

¹ The purchase and fitting out of “the field” has effected incredible improvement in this respect. T.F.B. are now great breeders.—F. C. K.

² And a fox.—F. C. K.

The best run we had was at Chatteris, when, after making one ring on the high ground, the hare went down into the fen and ran in a semicircle, the diameter of which was about five or six miles, so that as hounds ran it must have been at least ten miles.

The hounds pulled her down on the far side of one of the big drains, and G. A. Miller and one of the field swam across and brought the hare back to the rest of us. It was still quite early, but the pace had been so hot that no one wished to draw again.

Another remarkable day was when we went to hunt the fox at Stretham, where no foxhounds could hunt on account of the "lodes,"¹ and where rumour reported they were being dealt with by powder and shot. We soon found a fox on some cabbages, and after running him for 2½ hours he hid up in a hedge back after

being coursed by a collie. At first we thought he was dead, but he first bit one of the Whips, and then met his teeth in "Ranter," the only beagle that attempted to go for him.

Then he sat in the ditch with

the hounds all round him, and not one daring to touch him. H. H. Clay, however, gave him his quietus with his riding-whip. During the run we had either swum or been ferried over three canals. At one place we had the luck to find a barge turning. We jumped on at one end, ran down it, and jumped off at the other end. That was the most bloodthirsty field I have ever seen, almost every one praying for a bit of fur of any kind, but the hounds would not touch the varmint although I cut him up almost into mincemeat.

Now as to those who ran with the beagles in those days. The Whips my first season were—

H. H. Clay,
G. A. Miller,
W. E. Pease,

and my second season—

G. A. Miller,

¹ Dykes large enough to be navigable by moderate sized barges.

W. E. Pease,
R. W. Fox,
J. S. Carr-Ellison,

and no Master could have been supported more keenly than I was. G. A. Miller and W. E. Pease used to run, if we had a straight thing, in deadly competition, the former being faster on grass and the latter on the plough. Their after careers show what thorough sportsmen they one and all were.

Among keen followers of the hounds were—H. Budgett, A. M. Allgood, F. Whitbread, M. O. Smith, C. D. Miller, E. G. Lawrence, E. R. Cousins, J. B. Seely, and many others.

Before closing I must recognise the way in which we were supported by landowners and farmers. I used to arrange my Meets at the Saturday Market, and no pack ever had less difficulty with the owners and occupiers of land, and I still have in mind many kindnesses and hearty welcomes accorded to the T.F.B. and their followers.

When I went down I handed the pack over to J. S. Carr-Ellison with all the records of the hunt.

Which records, as I have said, J. S. Carr-Ellison copied out, arranged, and preserved, and many of them are incorporated in the present volume. Here, by the way, is Carr-Ellison's tribute to the times of his predecessor:—

“As I think I have mentioned elsewhere, when I went up to Trinity in October 1886, Arthur Francis Pease (“Fresher” Pease) was Master, and his Whips were H. H. Clay (Jesus), W. E. Pease (Trinity), and G. A. Miller (Trinity), and capital sport Pease showed, and his Whips were all keen and good runners. Clay, I remember, was not so fleet, but very good at skirting work, and viewing a beaten hare at a critical time, and he thoroughly understood the game. I was made an Extra Whip in the Lent Term of 1888, and was a very proud man when Pease told me I could get my green coat and cap, and a prouder man still when I was offered the Mastership for the succeeding season.”

Curiously enough, Carr-Ellison gives his version of the fox-hunt, which supplies some important details and also some useful criticism. Such incidents have occurred more than once. "Mother" Hunt, for example, ran a fox in the vacation in his own country. Sometimes it is of malice prepense and aforethought, but at others involuntary. In Holland Hibbert's season also (meet at Trinity Backs) we

hunted a hare out towards Barton and checked in a turnip-field. I, who, potter and skirt, viewed her very beat in some grass, and hoisted my cap on my stick for a view, when a fox got out of the roots. Hibbert was lifting his hounds to me, but they crossed "Mr. Reynolds'" line and were off. No one could get round them, and they ran first to Granchester, and then a left-handed ring towards Madingley, where they were stopped somewhere near the old Windmill, I believe. Here is Carr-Ellison's account of the Pease fox-hunt:—



"I remember one day, when Arthur Pease was Master, we hunted a fox. He had got word of an outlying fox in a portion of the country that the foxhounds never came to hunt, that had been doing considerable damage. I don't remember where it was exactly, but think

it was somewhere in the Cottenham country. We were all on foot and spread out well, about three fields wide. I was about a field away from hounds, and was walking over a stubble when I saw something lying. I saw it wasn't a hare and went closer to look what it was. I got quite close to within 3 yards, and then up jumped an old fat fox. Hounds were got on the line and we had a good run of about 9 miles in a horseshoe direction, and ran up to him eventually in a hedgerow quite stiff and done. The beagles would not tackle him, so he was despatched with a hunting-crop. The beagles would not break him up. There were several yokels up at the finish, and that was the reason the fox had to be killed, because if we had left him they would only have killed him. It was

a fine run, and fast at times. It is curious how differently beagles hunt the line of a fox to the line of a hare. They are not nearly as keen on it, being unaccustomed to the scent of fox, and they don't pack together the same way, and the music is not nearly as good; only a few hounds throw their tongues, and that in an uncertain, jerky, shrill way. Hunting a fox or running a drag with beagles are not conducive to the steadiness of a pack.”

So much for fox-beagling, which, if very good fun, and, as is of course the case in the Fen, no breach of the unwritten law, is none the less, as above remarked, not *quite* in accordance with the canons of “science,” which would enter every pack of hounds to but one quarry. But I must let Carr-Ellison continue his own yarn.

“I was always keen on hunting something or other, and when I went up to Trinity in October 1886, A. M. Allgood of Trinity Hall (he is now hunting the Haydon Foxhounds in Northumberland and showing good sport), who was one of the few men I knew up, and who lived at Ingram in Northumberland, only four miles away from Hedgeley, said to me, when I told him I did not know what to take up in the way of outdoor sports, ‘Why not try beagling? They are meeting to-morrow at Quy Hall.’ So I agreed to go, and have never regretted it, and gave up all my time during the winter months to it from then till I went down. It is a fine healthy sport, and under Allgood's tuition I soon learnt something of the etiquette, etc., and also a lot of the lore of hunting.”

I myself also was always keen on hunting something, and when I came up to Caius an old gentleman, as I should then have called him, though I don't suppose he could have been much older than I am now (and I now like to feel that I have not quite said “good-bye” to my youth), was my fellow-passenger. He was a Colonel Carr, commanding the depôt of the 36th (Herefordshire) Regiment at Worcester and a friend of my father's; he was also a sort of uncle once removed, having married the sister of my aunt by marriage. So (ordering myself, I hope, lowly and reverently to my

better) I ventured to make some sort of conversation, in course of which I learned that he was coming up to meet a brother and nephew, the latter going to Cambridge for the first time. The nephew was going to Trinity and his name was Carr-Ellison. Coming of a tribe which attaches great importance to all relationships and remote collaterals, and also being a bit lonely, I ventured to look him up and went once to breakfast. When I called I found him in his bath after beagling. Nothing more came of it at the time as I had already let myself in for rowing, except that an old schoolfellow of his, who was also a Caius man, was a fellow guest at breakfast and told me that his nickname of "Judy" dated from his school days at Fettes. But the incident bore fruit later. In my second Christmas vacation I had a fall out hunting with the Ledburys through my horse tripping in a rabbit hole. I pitched on my head, made a concertina of my best hat, and my horse rolled over me. I was badly shaken and bruised, and having rather a stiff shoulder which made rowing impossible for the time, determined that now I would begin beagling, my very slight acquaintance with J. S. Carr-Ellison emboldening me to face the ordeal of joining what was otherwise a crowd of rather "hefty" strangers. They were really quite nice and kind, but an undergraduate is very chary of plunging alone into a strange world. Life, of course, is full of such coincidences but they are none the less interesting. Had not the London and North Western Railway brought me into contact with Colonel Carr I should perhaps never have beagled, and then it would never have fallen to my lot to write this history. Indeed, had I not gone on from Rugby to Willesden instead of getting out at Bletchley, and so arrived at Cambridge by a train later than I had intended, I should never have travelled with Colonel Carr at all; so on that trivial mistake the writing of this history and much else in my *Kismet* hang. But I forget! I am supposed to be "giving the floor" to Monsieur "Judy" himself, and must keep my own yarns till afterwards. I will try not to interrupt again!

THE REVISION AND ENLARGEMENT OF THE PACK

WITH SOME NOTES ON HOUND MANAGEMENT

At the end of Pease's time there were a good many hounds that were quite done, in fact they were “has beens”; and as I did not see the good of keeping on old hounds or useless ones (as they eat quite as much as good ones), I got rid of a good many, I put down some, sold some, and gave some away. I had not quite a strong enough pack to do three days a week properly, I found out, so during the October term I bought a small pack (in numbers), about $9\frac{1}{2}$ couples, that I had seen advertised in *The Field*, at a moderate price, from a Mr. Wynne in Cheshire. They were just about the size I wanted. Of course it was rather a risk buying a pack without seeing them, but under the circumstances that could not be avoided. I was quite excited to see them on their arrival at Cambridge. There were some nice-looking ones among them, and I don't think there were more than one or two that were not good hunters. There were $2\frac{1}{2}$ or 3 couples black-and-tan hounds among them. Chancellor, Captain, and Annabel were, I think, three black-and-tans. Some good bitches were Mischief, Meddlesome, Favourite, and Faney, but I have, I fear, rather forgotten their names.

The first day we could, Allgood and I had a bye day to see what they were like, how they hunted, and how they were as to levelness, pace, etc. With what we saw that day we were quite pleased, and after this, now having about 22 couple of hounds in kennel, I divided them into two packs for hunting purposes, so as to get them level for pace and also size as much as possible, and I was also able to draft a few more of the hounds I had taken over from Pease, so as to leave about 22 couple. I then hunted four days a week, Monday, Wednesday, Friday, and Saturday, and I nearly averaged killing a hare for every day I hunted, and on the whole we had a good season.

On non-hunting days I used to take out some or all of the hounds for exercise, jogging along the roads; the distance we went depended on what I considered they required.

I am a great believer in having hounds fat before you start conditioning, and then plenty of long slow work on the roads to harden

their feet, and work the fat into muscle. Careful feeding is very necessary, so as to keep back the greedy ones and give the shy feeders a chance, but Bob Floate I considered a very good feeder and a capital kennelman. Everything hounds get to eat, no matter whether they be foxhounds, harriers, or beagles, should be of the best, the best oatmeal, best dog-biscuits, good horse-flesh properly cooked, plenty of green stuff mixed in their food, and some sulphur, plenty good bedding on their benches, plenty of water used to clean out their sleeping chamber and the outside yards, and a plentiful supply of good (running if possible) water for them to drink.

Now as to entering young hounds, if it is possible they should be entered and know something of what is expected of them before they hunt with the pack at Cambridge, which, of course, means their being entered by the Master or one of his Whips in vacation time. They should be taken out with a small pack of staunch, steady old hounds, no babblers or skitters, and taken to where there are no rabbits, if possible. Puppies are light-hearted, and a rabbit jumping up in front is certain to have a following of them, and sometimes of old hounds too, especially at the beginning of a season. Another thing to my mind in favour of entering puppies before term time is, that if they know their work, they are not so apt to be frightened by the number of people following them, and the noise of whips cracking. In my time I am sure we made far too much noise, too much shouting, too much horn-blowing, and too much whip-cracking. I found the whistle a very good thing, and my whips and two or three others I could depend on carried them. It saved confusion, and besides it is difficult to holloa melodiously when you have run over a mile or more of Cambridgeshire ploughs.

[The practice of starting with hounds fat (moderately fat, of course) is in thorough accord with the principles of physiology. Thick fat is essentially a reserve on which to work.—F. C. K.]

The last paragraph shows the importance of some training analogous to "cubbing" as a preliminary to the regular hunting season. This is now done regularly at Reaveley, and notes on this subject are reserved till further on. Here follow some further

INCIDENTS AND OBSERVATIONS

I. FIELD DISCIPLINE

In the season 1888-9 there were some capital runners used to come out regularly with us, men who loved the sport. I particularly remember E. Vaizey, C. D. Miller, Phillips, and many others. There was one bad habit members of the T.F.B. had in my time, and which I did my best with some success to get them out of, and that was, when hounds were drawing for a hare they (*i.e.* the field) would very frequently walk along in groups of four, five, or six, talking or laughing and paying no attention to what was going on. I stopped the hounds drawing one day, and told them as soon as they had finished their conversation I would be much obliged if they would spread out and help me to find a hare, otherwise I should take hounds home. This had the desired effect.

II. A RUN

(Per mare et terram)

I remember one day that same season when I was Master (1888-89) getting a thorough ducking in the Cam; fortunately there were no after ill-effects. We were hunting somewhere down in the Fen country, I forget where, and our hare, though not very hard pressed, swam the river. It was a very cold day, and I happened to have a good many of the new hounds I had bought from Cheshire out, and also some puppies. They would not go into the water, and as there was no bridge within nearly half a mile, I had to face the river. I am no swimmer, but fortunately A. M. Allgood (my first Whip) and his brother, W. L. Allgood (who was also at The Hall), were with me, so I said, “You chaps will have to help me across.” They were capital swimmers, and one swam on each side of me holding me up by one arm. We would have got on capitally if it had not been for the young hounds, who came to my voice and persisted in swimming right over me and knocking me under. I was glad to touch bottom at the far side. We ran a bit of a left-handed circle, when our hare recrossed the river, this time fortunately nearer to a

bridge, and if I remember rightly she beat me at the finish by lying up in a field of mustard. As bad luck would have it that day, I had not taken a change of clothes, so the horses *did* travel home that night. I remember we nearly ran over a pig and a child at one corner in a village. The men in the Committee cart said it was one of the most perilous drives they had ever had."

This *is* remarkable. Cambridge beaglers are always most methodical in the matter of taking out a "dry change." A usually immaculate member of the Athenæum, in heterogeneous "woolies," wolfing bread-and-butter of "doorstep" cut and quality in a pottey little inn, is a sight for the gods.—F. C. K.



A SWIMMING DAY. By A. H. Penn.

The day represented is December 6, 1907, when T.F.B. swam the Old West River.
But one swimming day is much like another.

III. RUN (WITH APPENDIX)

It is not easy to recall accurately things that happened full twenty-two years ago, but I remember one or two incidents which were rather amusing. We had met one day at Orwell Brewery, and had had a fair good hunt, and finished the run by running our hare to ground in a conduit underneath a farm road which connected two fields—I remember there was a lot of water in the drain, and we had difficulty in keeping back the hounds, as they were keen for blood; eventually we got a long stick and poked our hare out, practically dead, through being hard run, and also, no doubt, partly from the effects of the cold water. We had tea and some of the Orwell beer, which was pretty strong stuff, and started gaily off in the Committee cart. I was driving and Allgood was on the box beside me. In those days the waggonette we always drove (*i.e.* the Master, three Whips, and generally three or four others) to the meets in was rather a ramshackle affair, and had no brake, and very seldom any lamps, and the horses were always going far too near the wheels, so that their heels struck the wheels. My own idea was that Porcheron, or whoever we hired from, used to purposely send us out with rather a short pole, so as to make the horses' feet hit the wheels, and thus induce us to drive slow. I am sorry to say this had not the desired effect, as I don't think I often averaged more than six minutes per mile. Well, I fear I have rather wandered from my yarn about the drive home from Orwell Brewery. Everything went well until going down the hill from Orwell to Shelford, which is fairly steep. It was getting darkish, and we were going at a hand canter down the hill, when suddenly a string of farm carts appeared coming towards us, returning from Cambridge market; as usual on these occasions the carters were congregated in the front cart—I had no lamps, nor had they. Allgood and I holloed at them like mad, and the first four or five pulled out of our way, but the last cart did not do so sufficiently, and the hub of the cart-wheel caught my splinter bar and just broke it near the roller bolt. Having no brake, the only thing was to keep the horses going faster than the waggonette, and as the horses had got rather out of hand, Allgood took one rein and I had the other,

and we kept our hunting-crops at work. We met numerous farm carts, and then there were shouts from the two drivers of "Pull your rein, Major," or "Pull that rein of yours, Johnnie," as the case might be. We eventually reached Cambridge all right, having done the distance under forty minutes, but it was rather a weird drive, as the horses were going at about an angle of forty-five to the waggonette. Thank goodness the harness held; if it had not we should have had a nasty smash. The other fellows in the waggonette afterwards told us that the language on the box-seat was awful.

IV. RIDING DAYS

At the end of each beagling term it was generally understood that there would be a riding meet, which was usually held in a grass country if one could get it. Long Stanton, or Five Bells, Huntingdon Road, were, I remember, two favourite riding meets. No one was supposed to come out except by invitation of the Master. These meets were quite good fun, but, I think, were very bad for the hounds. Beagles hate being pressed and driven beyond their proper pace, and are not accustomed to hearing horses galloping behind them. It tends to make them flashy and wild. I hope the riding meets are a thing of the past.

[Riding days have long been given up.—F. C. K.]

V. FINANCE

The subscription for members, in my time, was one guinea per term, and after one had spotted a strange face out more than twice or so one used to ask him or get him asked to become a member. Every member received weekly a card of the meets. I know I increased the membership and had about sixty-five paying members per term. The Whips paid no extra subscription, and I got no guarantee or anything of that sort. If I remember right it cost me about £35 for my year of Mastership. I do not remember whether "Fresher" Pease handed me over the hounds for nothing when he gave them up, and whether I did the same to A. Hall, my successor,¹

¹ K. Walker has entered in the list of Masters that Lord Milton (now Earl Fitzwilliam, 1892) was the last Master to buy the hounds from his predecessor.

or whether I handed over Hall the same number of hounds as Pease handed over to me, and got paid by Hall for the surplus, but think something about this must appear in the books I left.

VI. PERORATION

I found the hunting knowledge I gained with the T.F.B. of the greatest value to me afterwards when I became amateur Whip to the late Walter Selby, who hunted a rough but very sporting country, in the north-west corner of Northumberland, where foxes take some killing, and also when I whipped for nine seasons to a very sporting pack in Roxburghshire, The Jed Forest Foxhounds. Beagling teaches you the easiest way and the quickest to run up a hill, and also teaches you not to burst over a heavy plough and to stick to the furrow, and what is easiest for a man is easiest for a horse. Hunting beagles teaches you to have patience, and to leave your hounds alone. When I was up, at the end of each hunting term, the Master of the T.F.B. used to be glad to let any member of the T.F.B. have a few couple of the hounds to take home and hunt, if he knew that they would not be spoilt. If they were properly taken care of it was much better for them than remaining at Cambridge, and as the Master generally took ten or twelve couple himself and Floate the kennelman, there was an additional reason for securing walks for the remainder of the pack. Allgood and I got some to take north with us from Arthur Francis Pease, who was Master the first two years I was up, but I will mention this again later on.

It would be very interesting to know how many men at present hunting foxhounds in Great Britain or abroad, or acting as amateur Whips, learnt their hunting with beagles, and still more interesting if one could learn how many of them were first entered with the T.F.B.

Beagling is a fine sport, and a healthy one, and within the reach of the poor man's pocket, and nothing is finer than to hear a real musical pack, on a good line, on a good scenting day, throwing their tongues for all they are worth. Never keep a silent or nearly silent beagle; they are quite out of place. If you are breeding your own hounds, you must first go for nose, staunchness, and

music; if you can get good looks too, so much the better. To my mind, fifteen inches is quite big enough for a plough country, and fourteen for a grass country. They can do with less bone in a grass country than in a plough country, but wherever you may be hunting try and have some good shoulders and neck, straight legs, and round feet, and good muscular loins; other points I don't think matter so much.

I hope the T.F.B. may flourish and have good sport for very many years to come.

(Signed) J. S. CARR-ELLISON.

VII. EPILOGUE

(From a letter dated December 8, 1911.)

I think it is now nearly seven years since I paid my last visit to Cambridge, and it was funny walking about and knowing no one.

The only men who recognised me were one or two cab-drivers and touts, who used to help with the Beagle cart, and I was pleased to hear them say as I passed, "Why, that's the cove as ran to Newmarket and back, and he don't look any older."—
J. S. C.-E.



A "BLOOD" OF THE LATER EIGHTIES.

Running to Newmarket and back was fashionable exploit among sporting undergraduates at that time. It was a sort of dim echo of the pedestrian feats performed by the "bucks" in the Regency days.

Carr-Ellison has left a book among T.F.B. archives which is a careful diary of all the days' hunting during his Mastership. It is a great pleasure to me, who saw many of those runs, to turn them over and see which of them I remember: yet even to me only a few stand out clearly. The first day I was out that season, for example, at Harwiche village, when I was publicly complimented on the condition in which Ransom and Ranter had come back from their summer walk. And a day at Brinkley Hall

to which I drove out tandem with a man who was not a regular beagler. I remember that as it was a very pleasant day; I paired off with “somebody staying in the house,” and we saw most of the run from a sheltered corner in a half-cut haystack. The pleasure of the day was, however, spoiled by the man I took with me, who swanked abominably about the tandem “we” had driven out. He never touched the reins himself, and if he had would not have come out of it much better had he taken charge of a submarine. The tandem, by the way, was Porcheron’s “Buffalo Girl” and “Cigar.” The Committee folk went in a four-in-hand driven by H. Pike Pease, and Mr. King, our host, regretted that I had not put up at his stables so that we could have had a driving competition to see which of us could go round his circular drive without getting a wheel on the central grass plot. But this isn’t a beagle run, and I fear lest it may be nearly as boring. Read an account of any fictitious run, like those in Surtees with imaginary names, and they are just as good as real runs through a real country, to those who don’t know the country. They are a capital cure for insomnia. For that reason I have kept the accounts of runs down to very modest proportions. Still the Carr-Ellison runs are worth skimming for “incident.” Here is the cream:—

Oct. 17. FEN DITTON.—“Oh for some rain.”

Oct. 19. WATERBEACH FEN.—“Oh for some rain.”

Oct. 22. BOTTISHAM LODGE.—“I will not go out again, I think, till we have rain.”

Oct. 24. MR. LILLEY’S FARM, COTON.—“Did not go out on account of hardness of the ground, as we can have no sport, and it is only knocking up the hounds.”

Oct. 26. HAUXTON MILL.—“Could not really stop hunting any longer, although we have had no rain as yet.

I am writing this some time afterwards; I rather forget the exact details, but I well remember what a rotten day we had.”

These entries strung together are like the way other phases of life

are treated. The next entry tells of rain and heavy going and all being well. But then a "blackguard" with a greyhound interferes, which is how life treats us.

Jan. 21. NEW BARNS FARM, ELY.—" . . . As there were so many hares and scent was so bad I decided to whip off, and so we jogged pretty quick back to Ely and just caught the 4.32 train. A lot of 'Varsity men out. Four or five farmers riding, including old Porter, who were a great nuisance, and a lot of yokels who knew nothing about the sport and consequently holloed every hare and rabbit they saw. So ended one of the rottenest day's beagling I've ever seen."

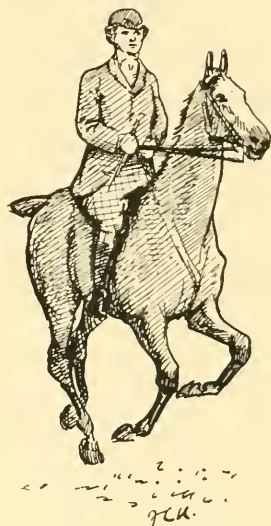
Feb. 20. COTON.—"A very fine run over a nice country of one hour forty-five minutes. T—— came up and was very cantankerous. He threatened to prosecute, etc. Was very polite to him. Utter nonsense as he had given me leave last term to run over his land. Said he did not think it was sport, but simple 'murder.' Should like to know what he calls sport. Probably a gun and 'long-dog.'"

The rest is a purely business-like record of runs, the only other of interest being at Twentypence Ferry (March 4), in a most inaccessible fen, where they hunted one hare for four and a half hours, mostly at a walking pace, whipped off at 6.10 P.M., and did not get back to Cambridge till 8.30!!

What the present history most lacks is contributions from private beaglers; this is more or less inevitable, but something of a pity. Having always been a private beagler myself, I am therefore emboldened to say what I remember of the sport and of those who took part in it during the period with which we are now concerned.

I have already told the circumstances under which I started beagling. The first day I went out was in the Fen at Earith Bridge, whither I went by train, and saw T. A. E. Sanderson and Vaizey waiting for hounds in Mr. Ringrow's yard: they had evidently driven out, and I had done wrong to come by train. Of that, however, more hereafter. This was my first sight of fen country, and it was very strange after my home hills and woodlands. Sanderson was a frosty-faced, hard-bitten sort of fellow, and I spoke to him, but

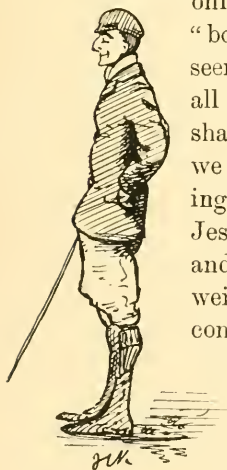
he was not cordial. The sport was ordinary and just find, run, check, run, kill (by the level crossing), and then find, run, check, run, and lose her and whip off for tea. During the second run it rained and I got wet through. The Olympians of the “Committee Cart” seemed quite kind and human, and offered me wraps and to drive me home. But there were not enough wraps, so I took train home *via* Ely. I remember feeling then, as I think all beaglers feel, that one was getting away from the life of the ‘Varsity back to that of home. No one could, I suppose, wish not to have lived his time at the ‘Varsity, and yet for a country-bred man there are things in ‘Varsity life that irk, and to get away behind a fast-trotting pony to ploughed fields and muddy lanes and farmers was a blessed relief. Beagling was good, but home was better, and I believe that most sporting undergraduates feel much more like schoolboys than ‘Varsity men about going down at the end of Term.



H. PIKE PEASE ON BENDIGO.

In those days there were no bicycles, at least only the high ordinaries called by us “bog-wheels,” on which no self-respecting person would be seen; neither was there a public Beagle brake—so that we all drove out in our own hired traps behind fast ponies, sharing two or three together. This cost more money but we got much more fun for it. Saunders had the Trumpington Street yard (now Hopkins’s) and Porcheron that in Jesus Lane (now closed). Saunders had the stoutest ponies and I usually dealt with him. He also had an enormous weight-carrier, a roarer, on which H. Pike Pease used to come out riding—he was really a Dragman—and I rode him once or twice with the Cambridgeshire. He was a wonderful horse with a perfect mouth.

J. B. Seely, now a Colonel and a D.S.O. for services in South Africa and a member of the Government, was a very prominent beagler. He is also a good sailor-



COL. J. B. SEELY.

man and member of most of the Solent Clubs and of one of the life-boat crews as well. He and Pike Pease stand side by side in my T.F.B. photo; now they glare at each other, I believe, across the Floor of the House, and both are victims of Mr. E. T. Reed. I remember sitting next Seely at tea at some hospitable farmer's at Littleport, and being gravely reproved by him for not properly appreciating the liver wing of a chicken.

Carr-Ellison alluded to beagling etiquette which he learned under Allgood's wing. In those days it was almost absurdly strict, yet no one was rude enough, or perhaps one should say kind enough, to show a new-comer transgressions or to explain the code. You were expected to pick the whole thing up by your native powers of observation.

The rules, which were never written down, and never spoken about, and never disobeyed, were as follows:—

As regards dress: one naturally went out beagling in a tweed jacket and cap, with knickerbockers or breeches, and the fashionable material for the latter was a dense drab cotton material known as "thorn-proof." "Thorn-proof" breeches were, of course, practical in those days more than now. For then close-cropped blackthorn hedges were negotiated by rushing at them, leaping in the air, and falling flat on your stomach across the top. In the rebound you got your heels in the air and your head down, landing on your hands on the far side. It was a sort of on-and-off header, and seems to have become a lost art. C. D. Miller was a great performer in that line. The unwritten law of dress was most exacting in details. To begin with, a soft cashmere scarf worn once round the neck and folded across in front without pin or ornament was the only neck wear. Linen collars were anathema, and College or club colours of any sort whatsoever, even pink and white of the Athenæum,¹ maranatha! You might not even wear them among your wraps for driving to and from the meets! A linen collar is not convenient when you run hard and get hot, and gaiters are clumsy and heavy, so that the rules were not wholly unpractical. But this does not account for the strict taboo of colours.

¹ In those days Beagle officials were not made "Athenæum bloods," but some members of that august society used to come out more or less regularly.

The truth is that we were in those days extremely, almost morbidly, sensitive of being regarded as having any connection with any form of athletics, and the appearance of a stray member of the “Hare and Hounds,” a paper-chasing athletic club, set all our defensive bristles erect in half a minute. He might be a magnificent runner and keep with the hounds all the way, but we would observe that he knew nothing of skirting, or of saving himself by any knowledge of the shifts of a hunted hare; his running was fine running, perhaps, but it wasn’t running *to hounds*, so he was felt to be no sportsman and therefore to merit no trophy. Beagling is hunting, and we went out not for exercise but to see hounds hunt hares, and to learn as much of the business as we could, including the names and characters of individual hounds; the exercise of running was a quite subordinate consideration, though, as a matter of fact, we ran strenuously. I don’t think we could have put the feeling into words, but that was what the plain cashmere scarf symbolised!

About this time some one invented the hunting stock, which served exactly the same purpose, both symbolic and utilitarian, as the plain scarf, and it was much smarter and more horsey, and we began to wear them, and also breeches of a more equestrian cut. Beagling is, as you must never forget, hunting, and hunting is horsey, therefore a beagler is horsey, although he does his hunting afoot.¹ Moreover, the more horsey one looked the more completely one was dissociated from the mere athlete. Such strict yet unwritten sumptuary laws are signs of youth, and of course everyone actively connected with T.F.B. is quite young. Even myself, the historian, and Bob Floate, the Kennelman, were quite young twenty and odd years ago.

One episode must be recorded from Pease’s year. We ran from Hauxton or somewhere to Foulmire, where there was nothing to eat at the inn and we ravenous, so we raided the family at tea, and G. A. Miller took bread and jam with biles in it out of a child’s hand and ate it. We were also very short of tobacco, and had a long tramp home, so we shared out what we had as carefully as shipwrecked mariners.

¹ If the T.F.B. hunt gets up races, they are not cross-country runs, but point to point races on horseback.

A very sociable feature of those days, as of these, were the inn teas, when beagling was over, as were also the train meets, which in



J. S. CARR-ELLISON WITH "HALF A FIELD ON EACH FOOT."

those days occurred more often. In those days fields were large, and the G.E.R. used to provide us with a form of open carriage called, I believe, an excursion saloon. Also in those days when we whipped off we used to race back to get the slop-basin to drink out of, and of course whoever got in first seized it.

In those days to ride a bog-wheel to the meet was *the* unspeakable crime. I think that it was the invention of the safety and the fashionable craze for bicycling that did much to rub the corners off our etiquette. This began almost immediately after I went down.

The historical part of this chapter speaks mostly of the doings of Carr-Ellison. But in all that he did to put fresh life into T.F.B. he was following on lines laid down by Pease. It is impossible to bring

this out, although old notes and memoranda make the fact quite plain.

“Fresher” Pease is no longer a fresher; he has already a son up at Trinity, and we are all growing old even if we don't feel it; and here is the last news of “Judy,” which seems a fitting close to the present chapter.

EXTRACT FROM LETTER DATED

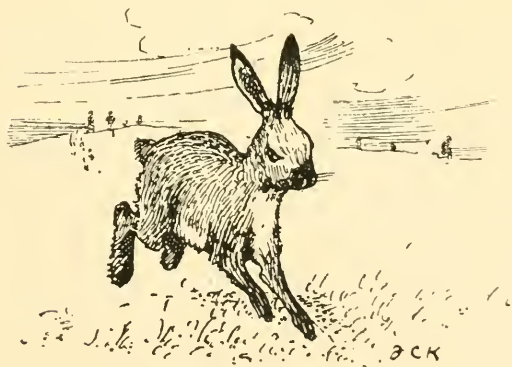
IMPERIAL HOTEL, NEWCASTLE,
Nov. 19, 1911.

My wife and I rather surprised our friends about a month ago by starting a family after being married eleven and a half years. They are both well, and I hope to take them north on Tuesday.

I am sure also that all beaglers will wish him and his happiness in all the ups and downs of life that are before them.

So then drink, puppy, drink!
And let every puppy drink
That is old enough to lap and to swallow!
For he'll grow into a hound,
So we'll pass the bottle round
And merrily we'll whoo-ooop and we'll holloa!

Hunting Ditty of the Eighties.



CHAPTER VIII

THE FARMERS' BOOK

Look 'ow quoloty smoiles when they seeäs me a passin' boy,
Say to thessén naw doubt "what ä man a beä sewer-loy!"

TENNYSON'S *Northern Farmer*.



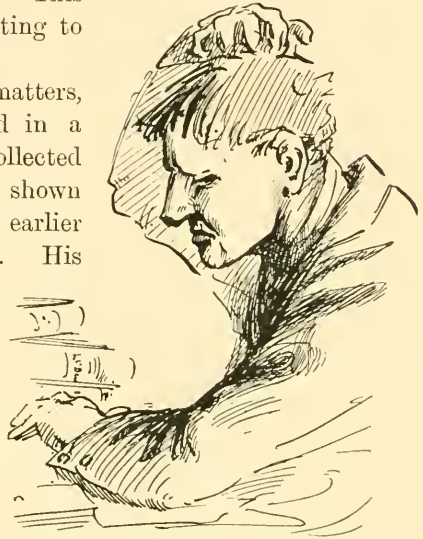
HE management of a pack of hounds is a complicated business requiring knowledge of a character both extensive and peculiar, the co-ordination of many details, and an infinite capacity for taking pains; and there are two indispensable factors—hounds and a country in which to hunt them. Hounds must be housed and fed, and as they get old and are "put down" others must be bred to fill their place. Housing means kennels and the land on

which they are built, and this means law-rates, taxes, etc. Feeding, and all the odd items of upkeep, means a kennelman and constant care and supervision if money is not to be wasted, and knowledge of the care of hounds if they are to be kept fit for their work.

As all this costs money, be your economy never so ingenious, there are therefore subscribers to be attracted and shown sport. They must be given proper notice of the meets, and in T.F.B. their conveyance thereto provided. They also expect tea to be ordered for them when the sport is over.

To secure country sufficient for three or four days a week the season through there must be dependence on the favour of the owners and occupiers of land, and inquiry must be made whether a meet at a particular time will be convenient, and those who provide the country treated with consideration. This means time, trouble, and tact, and getting to know your farmers.

The details of all these complex matters, as they relate to T.F.B., are preserved in a book of miscellaneous information collected together in Carr-Ellison's time, as is shown by the fact that all memoranda of an earlier date are copied in in his handwriting. His personal contributions, which are many, are distinguished by his initials. There are also many subsequent entries, of which, however, the greater number are entered by "K. W." (Kenneth Walker), and the volume is commonly known as "The Farmers' Book," as its principal object is to preserve information as to the details of meets and particulars of the farmers with whom they must be arranged—in which connection there are many shrewd and amusing observations on human nature, and on the gentle art of "buttering." The volume has, however, been used as a commonplace book for jotting down all sorts of memoranda, and there is much that, *mutatis mutandis*, must be valuable to those who are organising other packs, especially as beagling is a growing sport. The pages contain also many points of history interesting to ourselves.



A T.F.B. SECRETARY.

The entries do not date back before the time when we had our own Kennels, and as a record of management this is no drawback. Hounds "standing at livery" in the back yard of an old-world Cambridge inn, whose sanitation must have been what that of picturesque old buildings usually is, and fed on college scraps, from

the Magdalene kitchens I suppose, at two shillings a head, can hardly set a standard of management. The tale of how the newer and better order of things was due to "Mother" Hunt's *genius* and munificence has already been told, and of how the land on which the Kennels stood came to be Mr. Burges's property. He remained landlord till 1897, but the arrangement was not satisfactory, as there was no sort of trust and therefore no knowing what might occur if "anything happened" to Mr. Burges. The following entries in the book show what was done.

N.B.—Some of the memoranda are signed, others are not. In the latter case the author can often be detected by the handwriting.

To avoid confusion between extracts from the book and my own running commentary, I have throughout added my initials to the latter.

MEMORANDUM BY J. S. CARR-ELLISON

The land on which the Kennels are built is the property of P. Burges, Esq., formerly a Whip to the Trinity Foot Beagles. It was bought by him through kindness, as there was no place to build on.

R. Hunt built the Kennels originally, and I added and improved. The Kennels, being fixtures on the land, absolutely belong to P. Burges, Esq., and there is no lease of any sort; he can at any moment give the Master notice and pull down the Kennels. There is no fear of this, as I saw P. Burges and his solicitors about it.

Any spare money cannot be better invested than in improving the Kennels; a little spent now and again helps considerably.

The Kennels were re-cemented, and other repairs were done this summer (June 1888), A. F. Pease and I sharing the expense.

Water is laid on from the Waterworks. This they will charge for whether used or not. Care should be taken before going down for the Long, to give notice to the Waterworks to cut off the supply. It should be laid on again in September so as to be ready when the hounds come up.

In those days the pack was broken up at Easter, and all hounds put out to walk till the October term.—F. C. K.



RANSOME.



FORESTIER.



FORMAN.



"BOB" AND GUILTY.

EXTRACT

Any Master who wishes to enlarge the Kennels can buy the piece of land next door for £40 from Key (builder).—K. WALKER.

The next entry¹ shows how the cementing had to be done again, after ten years, and how the tenure of the Kennels was placed on a more secure footing. These notes cannot fail to bring home to one how much of his sport the private beagler owes to the liberality and public spirit of the successive Masters of T.F.B., especially such as have added to the permanent property or capital of the hunt. Such benefactions are one thing; the wisdom of a Master drawing freely on his own pocket for *current expenses* quite another. The latter is open to question however ungrudgingly we may admire his munificence. Such a proceeding tends to make the position difficult for successors of less ample means; also to pauperise the subscriber if his sport be provided too much below cost price. There should, of course, be some deficit, but it should not exceed what may be regarded as a fair subscription for a Master to pay, in proportion to the fun he gets out of being Master.

Having secured Kennels and a pack of hounds, the next institution of importance is the Kennelman. In which matter records go no further back than the first appearance of "Bob" (Mr. Robert Floate). The following are the *memoranda*:

Kennelman.—I brought my own, which I think much better than employing a Cambridge man. He lodged with Mrs. Warde, 82 Histon Road. Great care should be taken to procure a room close to the Kennels, as, if anything be wrong, he can see from the window. Bob had 18s. a week, and with that found everything. He had also all perquisites, such as manure, bones, etc.

This note, copied by J. S. Carr-Ellison, is evidently by the Rev. E. A. Milne. *Ut infra*.

Milne brought Robert Floate with him from Storrington in 1883, and he has also so far been taken on by each succeeding Master. He knows his business, is very willing, and a good servant *if* kept up to his work.

(Signed) J. S. CARR-ELLISON.

¹ *Vide* Chapter IX.

Very few servants will go on doing their best work if those who employ them let things slide. Servants are all human.—F. C. K.

Bob can save a lot of expense on Key's bill by doing all the limewashing and painting himself.

In summer of 1896 hounds were walked by different people, and Bob was given notice, with an agreement that he could come back if he liked next hunting season. Bob now lodges at Smith's next to Crake's pub. on the Histon Road, as Mrs. Warde is dead.—K. WALKER.

In other places in the book poor Bob's weekly accounts are sharply criticised as to writing and spelling, but D. G. Hoare testified *viva voce* to his complete honesty. His wages has been "riz" more than once since Milne's time, and he is now married and has his own house. In my time hounds were always walked in the summer, and Bob got his living elsewhere, minding a cricket ground, I believe. Hounds must have come up in divers degrees of condition,¹ and the system, the last relic of trencher feeding, has been definitely abandoned. This brings us naturally to the notes on hound feeding, general management, and kennel economy.

FOOD

Under this head the notes are very full, and need little or no comment. As regards summer feeding, I may say that one summer I had Ransome and Ranter (mother and son), and the next season two couple of hounds whose names do not come back to me even on reading the list. I was told to feed them on Indian meal porridge and no meat, and I did as I was told. In the latter part of the Long I gave them plenty of exercise on horseback, and was very much complimented on their condition. And one day when I was out I met Griffiths, then huntsman of the North Herefordshire, who admired them much, to my great satisfaction, as G. was a fine huntsman. Perhaps I was being "battered," but I was very proud of my charges at the time.—F. C. K.

Food may be classified as meal, biscuits, meat, and greens, and the following show clearly the best and most economical food-stuffs.

¹ See Chapter VI.

There are, here and there, differences of opinion. Where notes are not signed or dated I have placed them by handwriting.

Meal.—The very best Scotch oatmeal should be used, and should be boiled so as to be quite soft and squeeze easily in the hand. It should be made thick. . . . The price of the meal varies with the market, but you may take the average price to be 16s. per cwt. A hundredweight at a time is much the most convenient way of having it. Whatever oatmeal you buy, see the effect it has on the hounds; if not good it is certain to scour them.—J. S. CARR-ELLISON.

I found hounds did well on wheatmeal and maize mixed. . . . Hounds hunted four days a week regularly, and seemed to do well on the mixture.—K. WALKER.

I fed for the whole of this term (October 1898) on maize (2 buckets) and bran ($\frac{3}{4}$ bucket) with occasionally some wheatmeal. Hounds in splendid coat and condition. They had also plenty of meat and broth, well mixed so as to feed fairly sloppy.—C. F. MITFORD.

I found hounds best on maize meal and one-third oatmeal mixed; oatmeal being too expensive to feed entirely on. Hounds hunted from four to six days a week on it this season, 1902-3.—D. G. HOARE.

Biscuits.—The biscuits I got from P. Barr and Co., Miller's Buildings, Liverpool, price 10s. per cwt.; they are quite equal to any biscuit, and hounds do wonderfully well on them. I used to give the hounds one or two biscuits after their ordinary meal.—ANON.

I (and so did Pease) got my biscuits at Warren and Son, Cambridge, price 12s. per cwt. I got biscuits without any meat in them, as they don't require it when they have horseflesh besides. Plain biscuits (*i.e.* without meat in them) make a good change in their food, as meat is very apt to make them hot in their blood.—J. S. C.-E.

Greaves can be procured from H. F. Collier, Norwich, at 14s. per cwt. They are of very good quality.—K. W.

A very good summer food, I found, was Pike and Tucker's Hound Food, 13s. per cwt. They then need no meat or bran, and I found it quite as cheap as maize meal, and much better, especially for young hounds.

Greaves, unless very fresh, should never be used, as they are as good as giving them poison.—D. G. H.

Meat.—This is rather a gruesome subject, but the notes give some useful tips as to cost. As to quality of horseflesh, I remember Bob telling me when I was an undergraduate that he often culled a beautiful piece of steak for himself, “Oh yes, sir!”—F. C. K.

The meat is procured from G. Low, Horse-slaughterer, Newmarket Road, and the cost is 10s. per cwt. For that he gives you picked parts and sends enough so as not to go bad. Several meat-men will come for the contract, but it is best to stick to the same man as far as possible, so long as he treats you well.—ANON.

Low is dead and I get the horseflesh from C. D. Scott, Newmarket Road. He charges 10s. per cwt., and sends it up to the Kennels as wanted.—J. S. C.-E.

I found it cheaper to bargain for horseflesh. Generally one of the livery stable keepers knows where flesh can be got. Bob did the slaughtering and cutting up.—K. W.

Up till last season (1901-2) the meat used to come from Scott *at supra*. But his charge was 10s. per cwt., which came to £5 a horse(!). So we tried going halves with the Drag Kennels. They send up half a horse when they get one in and charge 10s. So even if some of the meat goes bad, this is cheaper than Scott's picked flesh, and as the Drag kennelman feeds his own hounds on the other half horse, be sure it is a good one.—A. BUXTON.

Never pay more than £1 a horse, as P. of Newmarket Road will always supply them at that price. Make Bob take a ticket each time meat is brought up, and how much.—D. G. H.

Entries of which it would be indiscreet to publish the exact text show the need of careful book-keeping in these unsavoury transactions.

In the lambing season, farmers will sell ewes that have died lambing very cheap (about 2s. 6d. a couple). But the subject is a sore one and must be approached carefully.—K. W.

The extracts which follow are very trivial, and for that reason important. They show the attention to detail involved in successful management.

Greens.—Bob used to have as many greens and cabbages as he liked out of Mrs. Ward's, his landlady, garden for which I paid £1 per year. This I thought exorbitant, but being so convenient, I never interfered.—ANON.

Bob gets the greens still and has them down in his account when he calls to get his wages paid once a week or fortnight.—D. G. H.

Sundries.—Wood was procured from a public at the corner of Victoria Road near the cemetery. The whole cost was £1 per year. The man kept the kennels supplied without orders.—ANON.

Coal and wood were procured from R., Grocer etc., Histon Road, who also supplied brushes, etc. Being a near neighbour, it is as well to keep in with him.—ANON.

Straw.—The straw I procure from X., Corndealet, Bridge Street. He will send it up, six trusses at a time. The price, of course, varies, but you may take the average retail price at 1s. per truss.—ANON.

I get my straw from J. Free, Plough and Harrow, Madingley Road, and so did my predecessor A. F. Pease. He (Free, not Pease!—F. C. K.) sends up six trusses at a time, and of course any quantity that is wanted.—J. S. C.-E.

Free has, for some time, driven the Beagle Hound Van, so it is well to patronise him.—ANON. (in another hand).

GENERAL MANAGEMENT OF HOUNDS

I have a letter from Lord Ernest St. Maur, in answer to one of mine in which I expressed some amusement at beaglers troubling about being back in time for Hall; Currey being a Don and a member of High Table, of course, made a difference. And a further letter from him, just received, reveals the fact that there were Fellow Commoners on the earth in those days, who of course sat above the Salt, and there were then no Club dining-rooms. Here is the letter; the italics are mine.—F. C. K.

BURTON HALL, LOUGHBOROUGH,
April 9, 1911.

DEAR MR. KEMPSON—

I suppose in the present day the undergraduate goes to the

meet in his motor car, and has a motor van for the beagles;¹ no bother about hurrying home on foot, probably does not dine in Hall after beagling, but has a "banquet" in his own rooms from the College kitchens. *I wonder if the Master ever sees his hounds fed after hunting.*—Believe me, yours sincerely,

ERNEST ST. MAUR.

The gastronomy of Cambridge beagling has a chapter to itself. Unofficial "Athenæum Bloods" do sometimes lunch in comfort and come out late in a "Pitt taxi." As to Masters' care of their hounds here is the answer, and I am sure that no one will be more pleased than my correspondent to hear that his hypothetical and very gentle satire on latter-day luxury is, so far as working beaglers are concerned, misplaced, as the following extracts show.—F. C. K.

When feeding, I always let the thin ones out first. By doing this they get first chance, and pick out a lot of meat. The fat hounds will not want nearly as much as the thin ones.

On hunting days they were never fed, but had their big grub at 3 o'clock the day before. On the morning after hunting, they always had some thin grub. This keeps them quiet and makes them sleep.

The kennels ought always to be clean and fresh by 9 A.M., and care should be taken not to let any water stand on the paving. Hounds are very apt to catch rheumatism, and too much care cannot be taken.

The water troughs should be well washed out before fresh water be put in. The bedding should always be dry, and if very wet, should be moved even if not at the proper cleaning time.—ANON.

When feeding, hounds should always be "drawn." It makes them twice as handy, and enables you to get those out first that want feeding up.

If hounds are wanted to hunt more than 3 days a week, they must have heaps of meat.

¹ A motor beagle van is out of the question. It would be far too expensive in initial cost, upkeep, and renewal. Time is money as a rule, but the difference in the time beagles are on the road is small.

Green food and sulphur ought to be given at least once a week.

Hounds *must* be in condition if hares are to be killed. The harder they are, the more days they can hunt, and the keener they are in breaking up the hare.

Use "Sanitas" or some disinfectant in the kennel freely, also have a post in the yard. It keeps the yard cleaner.

See the hounds fed sometimes after long driving meets. I have found the food laid out on the kennel floor before now when I have gone up unexpectedly.

Always tell Bob what hounds you want out next day or you will be sure to find some lame 'uns that he thinks sound enough.—K. W.

Some hounds that we had, had not had their dew claws cut. They were the first to go lame. This seems to show that puppies should always have their dew claws cut.

I hunted all through one frost. If you put salt down in the sleeping-rooms, and round the feeding-troughs when they come in from hunting, hounds' feet get as hard as iron.—K. W.

The following veterinary notes made by K. Walker seem worth preserving:—

Worms. R Santonini, grs. iv.
Areca nut, $\bar{5}$ $\frac{1}{2}$.

This makes one pill the right size for puppies six months old. Half this pill for small puppies. Give fasting three times a week.

Dysentery. R Carbolie Acid, $\bar{5}$ i.
Water, $\bar{5}$ xxx.

i.e. a teaspoonful of carbolie acid in $1\frac{1}{2}$ pts. of water. Give one tablespoonful of the mixture twice a day. In a bad case three times a day. Keep the hound from lapping cold water for a few days.

* * * The above were got from Worrall, Huntsman of Old Berkeley Hounds.

Distemper. R Digitalis Powder, grs. xii.
Tartrate of Antimony, grs. iii.
Nitro, powdered, $\bar{5}$ i.

Makes twelve pills. Give one every morning. Tie up hound in warm dry place. Feed on warm slops.

Yellows. R Calomel, grs. x.
 Ethiops Mineral, \bar{v} ij.
 Rhubarb Powder, \bar{v} iij.
 Castile Soap, \bar{v} $\frac{1}{2}$.
 Barbadoes Aloes, \bar{v} $\frac{1}{2}$.

For a beagle this makes two dozen pills. After a preliminary dose of castor oil give one pill night and morning.

Mange. R Oil of Turpentine, \bar{v} iv. Flowers of Sulphur, \bar{v} viii.
 Oil of Tar, \bar{v} viii. Train Oil, pint l.

* * * The above are from Antony, Devon and Somerset Stag Hounds.

Another recipe (out of H. S. Gladstone's Diary):—

R Sulphur, powdered, $\frac{1}{2}$ lb.
 Neat's Foot Oil, $\frac{1}{2}$ pt.
 Paraffin, 2 pts.

Give three dressings on alternate days. Then wash all over with dog soap. Epsom Salts as required.

Breeding.—Don't be afraid of breeding too many pups. The more you get the more you will have to choose from. It does not matter in a pack of beagles if a bitch does run mute, if she has a good nose breed from her all the same. If one does not get a certain number of hounds entered every year a time comes when the pack will consist of old stagers and no third or fourth season hounds.

It is absolutely necessary to get walks in the country for bitches that are going to whelp, as I have found out to my cost. It is always best to get as many walks, or promises of walks, for puppies as you can, as when it comes to the time for sending off the pups those who have promised to walk the pups find they can't do it after all. Always start in good time to look out for walks.

Every Master is bound to leave as many hounds as he took on, and should breed as many pups as possible.

It is to be hoped that future Masters will try their best to get the Trinity Beagles into the Stud-book. This can be done by breeding from Stud-book bitches and sending to Stud-book dogs. Every Master is an honorary member of the Association, and by

paying £1 becomes a member. He should then enter the young entry and in time the whole pack will be in the Stud-book, and hounds can be shown at Peterboro'. It much increases the value of the draft, as many people will not buy hounds which are not eligible. Hounds which have three of their grandparents in the Stud-book are eligible.—D. G. HOARE.

When hounds first came from walk I dressed them all over with paraffin and yellow sulphur (1 pint paraffin in $\frac{1}{4}$ lb. sulphur well mixed, added to which should be some spirits of tar).

At same time I gave them a good dose of sulphur in their grub. This is a safe plan, as very often hounds from walk are mangy and out of sorts.

When they first come into kennel they are sure to be very wild, and you can't exercise them too much or get them used to you. I used my first year never to miss being up at feeding-time.—ANON.

THE BEAGLE CART

Beagles being short-legged and slow need a van to convey them to the meet if it be any distance from home. In the early days, all meets being walking meets, they could foot it; though having to scuttle behind mounted men hurrying home to Hall was hardly fair. As the hunt became welcome farther afield a conveyance had to be improvised, and the obvious makeshift is a spring-cart with a pig-net and plenty of straw. With the new Kennels and decent management came a proper though seemingly not a well-designed van, now worn out and replaced.—F. C. K.

The Beagle cart is the property of the Beagle Hunt. It is kept at J. Free's, Madingley Road, winter and summer. Free takes the contract of taking the hounds to the meet. His contract with me was 10s. per diem every day he horsed the cart. For short meets, such as Five Bells, etc., he only charged 8s. 6d. He is a good old man, and knows the country and farmers well. He is also very obliging in lending his stables and buildings in case we want them for brood-bitches or as a hospital.

Free began driving the hounds out when the first covered van was built in 1880. I can well remember old Free. He had a perfectly round face, a bright red complexion framed in snow-white whiskers, and beady eyes. He looked like the typical ferocious Anglo-Indian Colonel Sahib of the comic papers, with the ferocity left out. He is still alive and well though considerably aged, and his son now drives out in his stead.

In March 1895 the Beagle Hound Van was given a coat of paint, and a tarpaulin nailed on the roof, which was very much wanted.—K. W.

This I can well believe from recollections of my own time, as also the need of paint. The top of a hound van is very like a deck, and it is a sure sign of old age when planking ceases to be watertight and needs covering with canvas or linoleum. The soundest and neatest job in such cases is to stick stout calico down on to the roof with marine glue and copper tacks, using plenty of glue and pressing the calico down on to it with a flat-iron. A beading can be tacked down on the margins, and the ragged edges trimmed off to make a neat job. Paint three coats. It would be better to use flexible paint, as this will not crack when dry. It can be prepared as follows: Boil 2 oz. hard yellow soap in a little water. While boiling add two pints best *boiled* linseed oil, hot. On cooling, add turpentine, $\frac{1}{2}$ pint, and oil of vitriol, half a wine-glass. This can be applied alone or mixed half and half with ordinary paint of any desired colour.

Canvas or very stout calico might answer, tacked down with *copper* tacks, without the glue, and painted as above. It would be more easily renewed.—F. C. K.

A new Beagle cart would be a tremendous boon to the T.F.B. If any Master had the money to spare, or felt that he could raise a subscription to buy one, he should not hesitate to do so.—H. S. GLADSTONE.

Next year the thing was done, and it is a great credit to the Shropshire carpenter that the old van had held out so long (twenty years).—F. C. K.

A new hound van was built for the T.F.B. in December 1900

by Thorn of Norwich. The cost was £50:8s., and this was partly defrayed by subscription by ex-Masters and Whips of T.F.B.—
W. E. PAGET.

The cart should have its roof varnished every summer to keep it in good condition. Make Bob do this as he has lots of time in the summer.—D. G. HOARE.

In the above “painted” is cancelled and “varnished” substituted. Personally I think painted canvas would be better.—F. C. K.

Here is a leaf torn out of a lecture note-book and lying loose among the T.F.B. papers, written by some Honorary Secretary unknown. It leads us from the hound van through rates, taxes, and tips to the important and delicate matter of farmers and the arrangement of meets:—

Hounds are taken to the meet at a cost of 10s. a time. It has been suggested that there might be a saving if Bob drove the van and we kept the horse ourselves. But though Free's bill is big, it saves us a great deal of trouble. He contracts to supply the horse always, and ours would be sure to go lame. (Our sometime Secretary clearly knew the law of Luck.) Also this plan would never give Bob time to clean up kennels when hounds were out.

I am sure that this is sound economy. There is no worse policy than that of “spoiling a ship for a ha'p'orth o' tar.” There is an insurance element in jobbing in that you know the worst. Holland Hibbert told me that he effected a saving by not having the van out for some of the shorter walking meets, and going on with the hounds on bicycles, and bringing them back. But this is as hard on hounds after a heavy day as the riding home with them which was the fashion of Currey's time. And Whips have told me that it is extremely difficult to keep hounds together on the road on a dark night, especially through the mean streets which have to be traversed in the last mile. The paragraph on rates and taxes is dry and is omitted; also the method of enumerating hounds for Inland Revenue, which is confidential.—F. C. K.

It is the custom to send £1 a term to Hopkins for the men who look after the brake horses.

The farmers are done slap up. They get two luncheons at

Cottenham and a big fizz dinner. This dinner might be made cheaper if the Master of the Drag were willing; but it is rather a big job to tackle. Still, if the Trinity kitchens would undertake a



THE MORNING AFTER THE FARMERS' DINNER, CIRCA 1896, ACCORDING TO C. PASCOE HAWKES, ESQ., WHO DREW THIS.

cheaper dinner at the Victoria Rooms, or somewhere else, money might be saved.

A comment in pencil in another hand says:—

The result of this would be a cold dinner. "Lion" more popular with farmers.

You ought to have no difficulty about getting meets. Don't be put off by "No hares" in the meet book; often there are hares to be found one year and not the next. Beware of Six Mile Bottom.

In pencil:—

Quite true. Hares far too numerous for it ever to be possible to hunt there for some years.

All the above are anonymous.—F. C. K.

The observations on farmers and meets requires more selection, and is more entertaining than the previous matter, which, though perhaps dull, is sound and useful, and so free from redundancy and vain repetitions that I have given it almost in full. The notes on meets should revive many pleasant memories. The confidential entries on the idiosyncrasies of the farmers are—well, there's a deal of human nature in farmers, and human nature is never all good, nor all bad, thank God. Farmers can be pompous, blustering, slim as "Brother Boer," pot-hunters of the blunderbuss and "long dog" order, greedy for a festive dinner, or hospitable sportsmen and thorough good sorts. All need humouring, the last as much as any, for they are often a bit sensitive, and are the last sort of men on whose corns one should even unwittingly tread.

The farmers on whose land we hunt are not all of the farmer class. Some few are squires of high degree, of one of whom, a most worthy Admiral, it is recorded that he is "not a bad chap but wants buttering." The world is small, and a Whip whose home is far away was given the book to play with and found the above entry. The Admiral was his uncle! This shows that one cannot be too careful, and all extracts on this head are divorced from their context, though most of the notes tend to show good qualities even under unprepossessing exteriors. All beaglers cannot have the overwhelming tact of a "Mother" Hunt, or talk of crops and prices with the demure seriousness of "Judy" Carr-Ellison. But any one can learn to apply the following wise rules, which are partly in J. S. Carr-Ellison's handwriting and partly in Kenneth Walker's, and most beaglers must have learned the rudiments of the game at home: I know my own father taught me.—F. C. K.

HINTS CONCERNING FARMERS

1. All farmers are "Esquires" and *must* be treated as equals.
2. If any row occur, apologise most humbly and ask to lunch next Market Day to talk it over.
3. Never pass a farmer in the street without stopping to talk.
4. In case of *minor* farmers, and also unpopular with farmers round, first try and soothe. If no go, take no notice and discontinue cards. *N.B.*—Take care to find out all about offenders before taking these measures.
5. Game should be sent to as many as possible, especially to those on whose land hares are killed.
6. Before beginning hunting go round and leave cards, or if possible see *all* farmers.
7. It is a good plan to have lunch at Cottenham Races, and ask all farmers.—(*R.S.V.P.*)
8. The hunt dinner ought certainly to be kept up.

The above are in Carr-Ellison's handwriting, though I doubt if they are his. But Rules 2 and 3 are exactly like him. Rule 5 has had a pen drawn through it, I think wisely. Undergraduates do not kill game on the land, and game bought or procured from home is a little "far fetched" and too like a mere "tip." These eight rules cover the whole ground, and whoever drew them up knew farmers. I think that many older and (*ex officio*) wiser men would lead happier and more successful lives if they learned and applied them. Many a man who is a mere candidate might have been "M.P." by now if he'd known half of them, and if ever I am a Bishop, I shall have them printed on a card, and give every priest who goes to work in any country parish in my diocese a copy. The University might also adopt them for those who do agriculture and will have to manage estates, and they might also be helpful to College Bursars. You will, of course, take these observations half in jest. I think them worth taking whole in earnest as well.

The remaining eight rules are, with one or two exceptions, positive rules for carrying out the above precepts. They are all

in K. Walker's hand except No. 16, which is initialed H. S. G.—F. C. K.

9 (*vide* 7). I got tickets from the Athenæum Club¹ for farmers' luncheon in the Athenæum tent at Cottenham for 2s. 6d. apiece.

10. Ditto, ditto for nothing.

11. See that every farmer gets a card. It does not cost much, and they think a great deal of it. Be especially careful to see that all sheep farmers get a card, and notice if you have a bye meet.

12. When you get to know the farmers you can ask them if notice that you are coming will be sufficient without writing for leave.

13. Take the bad country in its turn with the best. The farmers think themselves slighted if you always go to the "fen country."

14. Go regularly to the Corn Exchange.

15. If possible get one or two farmers to lunch every Saturday.

16. It is better than either 7, 9, or 10 for Masters of the Drag, Harriers, and Beagles to give a separate lunch between them for all farmers at Cottenham.

The Corn Exchange rule is a tradition which goes back to Foot Drag days. No. 13 is most important. It is, of course, a kindness for the farmers to allow us on their land, but it is also in many cases a great pleasure. There are many who accept hospitality from no sponging motive but from a most wholesome love of good fellowship, and who are still better pleased at a chance of dispensing it. I had charge of a fen parish, Manea, in the winter of W. H. Wiggin's Mastership, and the beagles came to us twice. I need not say that to myself they were red-letter days in a very quiet winter, but the farmers who came out were delighted. One of them hoped they would come again whether I were there or not, and asked what fee was charged for the sport provided!

There is a Rule 17, but goodness knows what it is doing in this galley; it relates to ordering tea at the inn on driving days after hunting.

Come we now to the notes on the various meets and on the

¹ In Trinity Street, not Pall Mall.

farmers and others who provide the sport. In this matter the book provides an *embarras de richesse*, and if everything was published just as it is put down, I could easily get my head broken, especially as I know something of several of the people mentioned from other points of view. As regards the meets there is really not very much to say, except that it is interesting to note their ups and downs in the matter of hares. Many of the meets in the book are lost to us now, as through many years of poaching and of game preserving hares have become extinct in some parts and swarm in others. Meets can be divided in two ways, according to distance or country. They are either walking, driving, or train meets, and the country is plough, fen, or gooseberry, and in some parts where good sport might be had, so much care has to be taken to keep hounds out of coverts that they are not worth going to. Madingley Woods are an especial *taboo*.

TRINITY BACKS, the country round the rifle butts, is variously described:—

Very nice country if you can find anywhere near cricket grounds. Poor near butts. Too many hares, all plough.—ANON.

I think it is a beastly country.—J. S. C.-E.

Good scenting country. Right number of hares. Have had good sport every time we met there.—K. W.

In recent times it has been quite good. T. Holland Hibbert thought it one of the best.—F. C. K.

CHESTERTON CROSS ROADS was good, but is getting built over. Towards Histon much of the country is now planted with fruit, which means "woodland" hunting. Sport, of course, not so good, but I see more of what there is now I am getting old.—F. C. K.

GRANTCHESTER is well spoken of, especially as good country "to see hounds walk." (I have seen the whole of a very fine hunt here without running a yard. It is undulating, and the fences are cut down.—F. C. K.)

FIVE BELLS was a regular meet when I was young. We never go there now. The following note in K. Walker's hand shows why.—F. C. K.

Five Bells is a plough country, and hares generally run to Frohock's covers. The T.F.B. *must not* interfere with the Cambridge-shire, and rather than cause any ill-feeling we ought to give up this meet.

WATERBEACH SLAP UP is noted as "capital country" and generally a safe find. If you run into the gardens and they behave well ptarmigan would go down well, being cheap and new to them.



Old Wiggins tries to get a horse out of a fen ditch at Waterbeach

This is one of the common operations of fen agriculture, and shows how T.F.B. can repay the farmers' kindness. "One good turn deserves another."—Drawn by A. H. Penn.

THE OBSERVATORY.—Hares are safer here from long dogs and guns than anywhere in the neighbourhood.

Fen meets give the best sport but are the most difficult to arrange: a curmudgeon on a hundred-acre holding can spoil a couple of square miles. There is also a good deal too much "long dog" work going on. I give one or two typical cases. Most fen meets are train meets, and then only such country as is close to a station is practicable.

WATERBEACH FEN.—Lovely country, nearly all grass, and hares as big and strong as donkeys. The most difficult country to keep in

with. The greatest care should be taken to keep the country. Coulson always has a hare and ought to have 10s. to £1 when you meet there.—ANON.

Hares almost extinct. Would be a good thing to put a hare or two down, as the worst poacher has gone.—A. F. P.

I doubt it—they are all coursers and poaching blackguards in that part.—J. S. C.-E.

Our best country. Hares just right. Grass. A beagler's paradise.—K. W.

SWAVESEY.—A ripping country all along the side of the railway. The very worst country for poaching in England. Every one has a lurcher and is proud to kill your hare. Horse-whipping is the only remedy. Very few hares indeed.—A. F. P.

There is no remedy in any of these places. The long dog firm have a lawful right on certain holdings, and have, of course, elastic conceptions of their neighbours' landmarks. There were several about when I was asked out to walk up partridges on that ground last September.—F. C. K.

As regards the farmers it is interesting to see how many of them are entered as thorough good sportsmen and most hospitable, and by no means remarkable that even these, being human, "by no means object to butter." We all like to have pretty things said to us, at least I respond more or less readily to such treatment, and if the farmers like butter the beaglers like bread and butter, and cunning hints are scattered through these pages as to where it is to be had *gratis*.

To the rule of giving no names I must make one exception, that of the late J. B. Close, an old rowing Blue, who lived at Little Shelford, hunted and rode his own horses on the tow-path when coaching First Trinity Boats, and took this club to the Head of the River. "J. B." was an all-round sportsman, and the entries concerning him are delightful, as follows :—

I. Has been very good to us. Very hospitable and knows well the inner wants of the beagler.

II. (on another page *but in the same handwriting*). Write to J. B. Close, Shelford House, and ask for a lawn meet.

We are all fairly human. [I have initialed any comments of my own based on personal knowledge.—F. C. K.]

A. was a yeoman known to me under circumstances having nothing to do with beagling. He had the name for being very close-fisted among the cottagers, and he liked being "top-dog," consequently he lived in a state of chronic friction with the parson, who was also prejudiced in favour of his own way. This village contained an atheist cobbler, whom A. chid for not attending church. A. admitted friction, but said that he should still attend, aye, if "the Devil himself were in the pulpit!" "Eh," said the cobbler, "I can quite believe you, Mr. A., you'd go and hear the Devil hisself so long as he did your dirty work for you, and (*ral.*) it'd have to be precious dirty work as you wouldn't do yourself!" At least, that is what the cobbler said that he said, and, as he was a man of unfettered speech, he probably did say it. Now for the entry *re* A. in the Meet Book.—F. C. K.

Good sportsman and fond of us. A queer chap, always asks you on other people's land, but never on his own. Be politeful. Keep him quiet in a gentle sort of way. Gets us a lot of good country.

Babbles a bit, and likes to hear himself babble at a Beagle Dinner, or anywhere else where there is any one to listen. But a thundering good chap, a very keen sportsman, and, what is more, knows something about it, and is a good friend to T.F.B.

A. always professes to get leave all round. Care should be taken that he does this.

B. always knows where a hare lies. One of the best. Had a pack of harriers some years back. Is very keen and good for a speech at the Drag and Beagle Dinner.

He used to come out mounted, and to this day I remember the mince-pies he gave us at tea, and the demure and lofty discourse maintained with him by J. S. Carr-Ellison on agricultural subjects. There was plenty of "butter," but it wouldn't have melted in J. S. C.-E.'s mouth.—F. C. K.

C. (a neighbour of B.) likes you to meet at *his* house once in a season.

Does you well. [So there was a second alternative to B.'s mincepies.—F. C. K.]

D. is sulky, but has come round.

E. is an A1 sportsman. Should be taken notice of.

F. Ditto. In reduced circumstances.

G. is rather a poacher. "You must not believe all you hear."¹

H. All right. He and . . ., his tenant, are not on very good terms.

I. Ill-mannered dog. Laps a great deal, does nothing.

J. has taken ——'s land and gives this meet. He is one of the best, and very good company at dinner. *Verb. sap.!*



SECOND LARGEST
RATEPAYER.

K. (an hotel keeper) has no longer a farm. He is a very good sportsman (breeds horses, etc.) and knows nearly every farmer in Cambridgeshire. Should be asked to lunch when you go to the Corn Exchange to see the farmers.

L. (1) Be careful. Good, but wants seeing.

(2) I think he is a capital old chap, very keen to have us. He likes to be given the hare when killed, and is very pleased with a present of game. His two sons are nice fellows and very keen.

I remember him myself and vote for second opinion.—F. C. K.

M. Be careful. No manners. All right.

N. One of the most ill-conditioned blackguards I ever met. Shot our hare in front of hounds. His father was all right, but the son is a devil.

O. Be very deferential to O., who is "second largest ratepayer in ——!"

P. will give this meet. Like the rest of the litter, he's one of the best.

Q. A1 chap. Pleased to see you. Very keen on breeding, especially shire horses. Does you proud after hunting.

¹ Refrain of a "Gaiety" song of the period.

R. (1) Very good chap. Very superior.

(2) R. warned us off.

I believe the explanation to be that R. has done very well, and "climbed," and that T.F.B. interfere with pheasants. R. and A. N. Other used to give us tremendous teas.—F. C. K.

S. Capital chap. Will walk pups. Very anxious to please. Always gets leave all round for us, and makes things straight.

T. As old S. says, he likes to be courted.

U. Very good chap, but gruffish manners. Anxious to see us. Will probably give tea to whole field, so do not order tea at pub. till last minute, on chance of U. asking us.

I remember him, and should say he was dry, but very keen.—F. C. K. 🍷

V. All right.

There is a great deal in this brief description. V., whom I know, is a hustling scientific farmer with holdings in many counties, and a keen sportsman when he has time. Once satisfied that beagling was straightforward sport, and that no unreasonable damage would be done, it would be "all right" ever after. A hard-working man "wi' a guid conceit o' hisselt," but no time for "butter."—F. C. K.

W. If you go right up the Fen, mind W., who does not want us on his land and sent me a lawyer's letter.

X. I had letter from X. of — warning me off his gooseberry (? raspberry) canes. He then asked for a ticket for lunch at Cottenham.

Y. A keen sportsman. Ask him to ride with you.

Z. (1) A County Gentleman. Very kind and hospitable. Does not, I think, object to butter.

(2) An invitation meet, but would probably give leave if you wrote and asked him. Nice country, but too many hares.

(3) Quite one of our rottenest meets. Huge fields about one hundred acres or more each. Hares always make for ground where there are never less than six hares in every field. Generally a lot of people who delight in riding over hounds' backs. The worst of it is you can't damn them.

(4) Let us go any time we liked, before or after Christmas. Gave

us tea at which he provided champagne, port, and very good cigars.

Here, then, is a procession or pageant of as many sample "farmers" as there are letters in the alphabet, and including all sorts and conditions of men, and some very ill-conditioned, "Peerage folks" and "Post Office Directory folks," from tatterdemalion "long doggers" to County Gentlemen, every one of whom is human, and is ticked off with a *not juste*. A typical farmer of substance, "A.," heralds the procession, and "Z.," a County Gentleman, brings up the rear.

The following extract from a record of a day over the above country is an interesting coincidence:—

"A lot of people out riding (some of whom should have known better), who rode over hounds nearly all day long, and played the giddy ass generally. So I stopped between four and five o'clock after a very annoying and very rotten day."

"The worst of it is you can't 'damn' them."

You might not suspect that any romance underlay the notes of sport and hospitality provided by Z. Two of those who are referred to in the notes "now live happily ever after," and, if you have ever read a fairy story, you of course know what that means!—F. C. K.

The last entry in the volume runs:—

"See new book"—which gives me furiously to think. I have not been shown the second volume, which must contain the *memoranda* for the fen meet at Manea, which it falls to my lot to arrange, so that I come into the procession of farmers myself! I wonder what they say of me. I only gave them sandwiches, bread and cheese, cake, beer, and whisky, stand-up fashion, before hunting, and the things normal people have at tea-time, viz. tea, bread and butter, divers cakes, and little buns and jam. No hot sausages, port wine, or cigars, and certainly no "bubbly" wine. And therefore:—

What T.F.B.

May say of me,

Is in a book
I may not look.

What Mrs. K.
Did say of they
Was, "Locust horde,
Who swept my board!"

Somebody drew a very unflattering caricature of "Our Host at Manca" in the T.F.B. Club book. Then some one rubbed it out, for fear of my seeing it and being cross, I suppose. But the outline could be traced over, and, such as it is, here it is! I really believe they enjoyed themselves, for they seemed glad enough to come again.

But this is meant to be a business chapter, and we must remember an important class that has not yet been considered—the subscribers. "The man who pays the piper has a right to call the tune," as says the proverb; but Trinity Foot Beagles are not run on those lines. The piper plays his own tune, and those who like it may contribute when the hat goes round. This scheme has many advantages. The contributor, an he called the tune, would have to guarantee the piper, which under existing conditions he does not do. The piper piping at his own risk keeps his independence, and the subscriber gets the tune he likes, as it is obviously "business" for the piper to study his audience. It may even be wise for him to find them chairs during the performance. "Some calls themselves Masters of 'ounds," said old Jorrocks, "when they pay the difference atwixt the subscription and the cost, leaving the management of matters, the receipt of money, payment of damage, and all those sort of particklers to the secretary." That is exactly how T.F.B. is managed, and, though John said, "That's not the sort of Master o' 'ounds I means to be," it works very well, as the appended balance sheet of Mr. M. E. Barclay's year shows.



OUR HOST AT MANEA.
The Rev. F. C. Kempson!

T.F.B. BALANCE SHEET

SEASON 1906-7

<i>Receipts.</i>	<i>Expenditure.</i>
Subscriptions—	Keep of hounds . . . £74 4 5
October Term . . . £140 5 0	Brake and Van bills . . . 61 7 0
Subscriptions—	R. Floate ("Bob") . . . 49 5 11
Lent Term . . . 109 0 0	Printing and Stationery . . . 28 0 1
Sundries . . . 26 11 10	Farmers' Dinner . . . 21 3 3
M. E. B. (<i>i.e.</i> "difference atwixt the subscrip- tions and the cost") . . . 10 19 2	Kennel repairs . . . 13 0 7
	Rates and taxes . . . 14 13 4
	Annual payment to the Parker and Ball loan . . . 15 0 0
	Sundries . . . 10 1 5
Total	Total
£286 16 0	£286 16 0

Doubtless this was an exceptionally prosperous year, for, barring the debt on the Kennels, there was even a slight profit. The difference between the October and Lent term subscriptions would presumably be due to Whips making their contributions at the beginning of the season. The balance sheet does not go into details, but it clearly distinguishes between what must be the inevitable expenses of all packs of beagles, and those which are necessitated by the special conditions of University life, namely, the brake and beagle van, the printing and the farmers' dinner. It must be remembered in regard to other expenses that the Trinity Beagles are the only hunt that can put two alternative packs in the field.

The subscription on which the hunt is carried on is 30s. a term, the special condition of University life cutting the hunting season in two. This is for private subscribers; Whips pay £10 a season each. Also the brake used on driving days is not included in the subscription, it is paid for by those who use it at 25s. per term. But the cost of conveying hounds to the meet is included in the subscription. As therefore these two items are lumped together under one head in "expenditure," while, under "receipts," hunt and brake subscriptions are not entered separately, it is none too easy to disentangle the details of finance. In J. S. Carr-Ellison's year, the

“difference atwixt the subscriptions and the cost” was considerably higher, about £30. In those days the subscription was £1:1s. a term, and there was no brake. Those who were members of the committee cart paid for it, and others hired their own conveyances. It was in E. R. T. Corbett’s time, 1893, that the subscription was raised, and it is remarked that the “extra 10s. does not seem to make much difference to the average undergraduate.”

But it is time to turn to the advantages offered to the subscriber. Sport shown must vary with the season, but the standard is high and in this direction there is nothing to complain of. Weekly cards of the meets are posted to such as have paid their subscriptions. A. F. Pease started this plan in Lent term 1888, and it has been carried on ever since.

The brake was instituted somewhere in the days of the Walkers and of H. S. Gladstone. This was a great convenience as the cost was much less than that of private hiring. Also by that time bicycles had come into general use, and I imagine that the average beagler was become less able to drive. At first members were allowed either to subscribe £1:5s. for the brake, or to pay 2s. a time. The latter system, however, gave much trouble to the secretary. There was also some *mauvaise honte* about demanding the fare. So this very convenient arrangement was given up. Privately owned motor bicycles and cars and “Pitt taxis” seem likely to put an end to brakes altogether.

For a subscription pack to be a self-supporting success, it is obvious that the feelings as well as the interests of subscribers must be as tactfully considered as those of farmers. Hunting “brings folks together that would not otherwise meet,” and the pleasure of knowing and mixing with other like-minded men is as fundamental a part of the attraction as, in the narrow sense of the term, the sport itself. I do not mean by this mere idle gossip. Man is social, and whatever he takes an interest in, he likes to talk about. In any case, newcomers must be made to feel that they are welcome. In ordinary life this is never a difficult matter, but the welcome which one undergraduate extends to another is a very delicate affair, and one in which seniors may hardly dare to intervene. The difficulty is not

lessened by the fact that regular beaglers tend to become a family party on very intimate terms, so that a new-comer who turns up without introductions may very easily feel "out of it" and be discouraged, and the more desirable the recruit, the more likely he is to feel thus. On this delicate matter, I feel the more bound to speak in that I know that a good many possible subscribers are lost in this way.

Now what is to be done? The evil hits the Master's pocket fairly hard, and yet he himself can do little, as in the field he and his whippers-in have their work to do, and the situation is made no easier by the fact that many followers, like Charles Lamb at his office, arrive late and go away early. Much can be done by the Master shaking hands with new-comers at the beginning of each term, and saying, "Pleased to meet you," or words to that effect. Farmers are not the only human beings who value the good opinion of the "quoloty," and appreciate these cheap yet valued attentions; and his greeting should be followed up, though not too effusively. But how? I answer that there is the T.F.B. Club, which is in fact if not in name a committee, in that the members frequently meet and "talk shop." Of these eight three are non-official and do not carry whips. These members should be keen and patriotically disposed to T.F.B., and should quietly and tactfully make themselves agreeable to the field. It might be an improvement if the secretary were not a Whip, as then he could the better know his field.

Perhaps, but this is going farther, members of the T.F.B. Club who are not Whips should wear the Club uniform with a different head-gear, and that all members of the Club should bear some small share in guaranteeing expenses, instead of letting the whole risk fall on the Master. This would be fairer on the Master, and would give them all an interest in securing a good body of supporters.

I feel that in saying so much at my age I have been greatly daring, and also realise that a freshman does not expect much, and can be left to find his own level. But all men do not start beagling as freshmen, and in making a new start in a new world want to be helped over their first shyness—it is nothing else. The matter is one which needs brains and care and some definite policy, mere

spontaneous civility is not enough; and the Master cannot do it all himself, he needs help. But it is the little things that tell.

It would probably be good policy to send a card of the first meets of each term to be placed on the screens of all colleges and clubs, with a note appended to the effect that it is open to members of all colleges to become subscribers if they wish.—F. C. K.

The drudgery of beagling is even yet not quite done. There are accounts of runs to be sent to the press. It is to the credit of the pack that accounts of runs should be sent to *The Field*, and I am



New Hunt Uniform

for T.F.B.

Mr Hall set the fashion
in Spectacles.

(Bathing-drawers by Whybro.)

Drawn by C. P. T. Hawkes.

sure, especially in connection with matter considered in preceding paragraphs, that it is "policy" to send in accounts to the *Granta*. And why not also to the *Cambridge Review*? The zeal with which this last duty is performed varies with the times. The burden of this should not be laid on the secretary, who has already quite enough to do.

Should any reader who is not a beagler read through to the end of this chapter he must realise, I think, how much work beagling involves, and if he be a "don" or a schoolmaster he may exclaim at the amount of time and energy diverted from what he will call "more important subjects." There are men who come up to the University to learn the principles of some definite profession whereby

they may earn their bread and butter; for such, that sort of work must come first. But there are also those who come up in order that they may be generally well educated; for such, and especially for those who are to enter the army, or to become men of affairs, or to manage their own estates, or be incumbents of country parishes, I can believe that the method, economy, tact, and management of men which are learned in keeping a pack of beagles, and dealing with farmers and subscribers, is no bad training. I am certain that it is infinitely better than any game.

This chapter cannot be better concluded than in the words with which a former secretary concludes his remarks on a loose sheet in the book:—

“No time for more. I hope these notes may help a secretary who finds himself with a pile of papers he knows nothing about.

FLOREAT SCIENTIA

ET

T. F. B.”



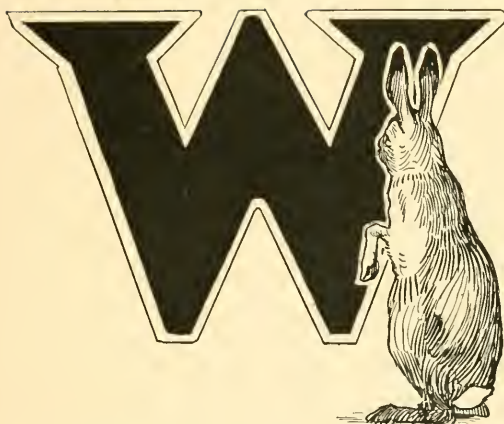
A MINOR FARMER.

CHAPTER IX

MODERN BEAGLING

The running huntsmen merry.

Wordsworth.



HEN once an institution, be it Club, League, Hunt, or Monastery, has established its traditions, it settles down into a routine and ceases to have a history: henceforward the thing that has been is the thing that shall be, year in year out, and there is little to record but names and dates, and in such a case as ours, runs. Go over any number of Minute

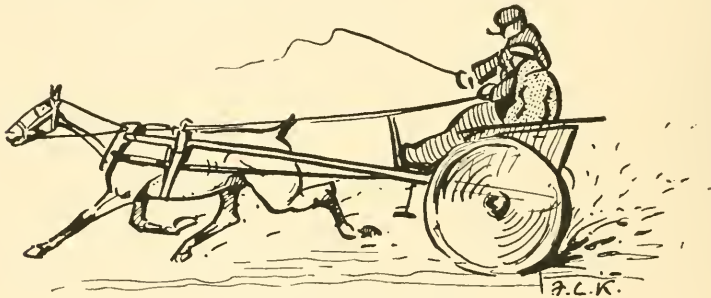
Books of any number of societies, and you will find that nine times out of ten everything worth reading is to be found on the first ten pages, and after that:—

“In the seventh month and on the six and twentieth day of the month began Og to reign over Bashan, and he did good (or evil)¹ in the sight of the Lord, and he reigned seventeen years in Zoar and was gathered to his fathers, and Nimrod his son reigned in his stead, twenty and three years reigned he in Zoar.” And he also did good or evil as the case may be, but good or evil of such humdrum sort that

¹ Probably both.

the details are not worth printing. And then Nimrod slept with his fathers, and Agag his son reigned in his stead, and so on *ad infinitum si non ad nauseam!*

With T.F.B. it is none otherwise. They drive out and beagle and usually have a tolerably good day, occasionally a "red letter," and sometimes a "rotten joyless" one. Occasionally a riding day is (or rather was) arranged for, and every season there are one or two swimming days, usually without pre-arrangement. Beagling over, one has tea, and drives home to bath, dress, and dine, and now and again the Proctor comes in to dessert, till May term comes round and a new Master takes office, when more green coats are ordered at the



IN THE GOOD OLD TIMES.

tailor's, and all is to do over again; the only difference being that the life of an undergraduate is shorter than that of a Palestinian king, and that though there were bad kings, sometimes very bad ones, in those parts, there have been no bad Masters of T.F.B., though one must suppose, as the rustic observed of divers brews of beer, that some were better than others.

To briefly review the matter. Before Currey's time there were intermittent packs of hounds followed on foot and hunting something animate or inanimate, the last of these being the "Foot Drag." Here followed the *Interregnum*. From Currey's time onwards, however, there has always been a subscription pack of beagles hunting hares, known first as the Foot Beagles and then as Trinity Foot Beagles. To "Mother" Hunt and P. Burges we owe the Kennels and green coats; to "Jack" Milne, "Bob"; and to "Judy" Carr-Ellison, the

double pack hunting four days a week. Since then there has been no new departure, though several useful reforms and improvements have been effected, and dilapidations made good.

A new hound van, for example, replaced the now decrepit vehicle which had done duty since "Mother" Hunt's time, and whose long and honourable service did, as has been said, great credit to the Shropshire carpenter in whose shop she was built. Various necessary repairs and improvements have been effected in the fabric of the Kennels, and what is more, the freehold of the site has been secured to the Hunt. Also a field has been secured of great use in hound breeding. Also Reaveley was discovered. And last, but by no means least, some genius invented the safety bicycle, and the unwritten law against "bogwheels" has succumbed to *force majeure*. More recently still motor bikes and "Pitt taxis" have appeared on the scene.

I hope, in parenthesis, that some of the older members of this era will not mind being included in the rising generation. All, I take it, are young who are not yet old enough to have sons up and supporting T.F.B. But no sooner do we cease to be young than we begin to wish to be thought so. So if there are any old enough not to be young and young enough not to wish to be thought young, they will soon outgrow that transient condition and forgive me!

To begin with bogwheels. I remember coming up for the May term of 1890 as a bachelor, and that these "safeties," as they were then called in contradistinction to the high bicycles which still held their own sufficiently to be called "ordinaries," began to pervade the streets, though 'Varsity men so far did not touch them. But one day A. M. Allgood said to T. A. E. Sanderson, who repeated the matter to me in after years, "Blow the bloods" (or words to that effect), "let us learn to ride bicycles." Which they did, defying convention, I believe, even to the extent of using them to go and look on at the Polo! The next milestone on the downgrade was when my wife and I were staying with a distinguished professor of mathematics in the Lensfield Road, and their niece, who was dining there, begged our moral support to overcome her uncle's and aunt's strong prejudice against a lady owning and riding a bicycle. Then Mr. Dunlop

invented the pneumatic tyre, and Society took to bicycling in Battersea Park, and rumour had it that to be in the movement you had to have a bicycle enamelled to match your frock! What ancient history it all seems now!

This craze had no direct connection with T.F.B., as coloured bicycles were of course a peculiarly feminine phenomenon. None



the less, beaglers, like every one else, learned to bicycle, and prejudice could no longer stand against practical convenience. "Five Bells," for example, on the Huntingdon Road, had always been a "walking meet," and the bicycle on such occasions was irresistible. From this to using them for driving meets was a very small step, and one that, moreover, saved money, and so the thing was done—done so effectually that bicycles were even used by Master and Whips for taking hounds out to exercise. One day I actually saw them thus taking hounds past "Hyde Park Corner" and up the Hills Road. Not having been in personal touch with T.F.B. since the late eighties,

the spectacle gave me quite a shock. In these last days, when I can again sometimes go out to see the fun, I myself bicycle to the meet, without shame indeed but with a feeling that the old driving days, even if they cost more, were better. To such a pass have things since come that when two brake-loads of modern beaglers came out to a driving meet, and one brake was starting home early, there were searchings of heart as to who should drive! So that, thanks to the insidious bogwheel, the country is "going to the dogs, sir!"

Since then I have seen a Whip in the Drag in full war-paint with mahogany tops and spurs riding a bogwheel home from Hopkins's stables! But to proceed with our annals.

There is a note appended to the list of Masters and Whips for the year 1892 to the effect that the Master of that year, Lord Milton (now Earl Fitzwilliam), was the last to buy the hounds from the preceding Master, which of course means that he gave the pack to his successors in trust for the benefit of the hunt. No details are obtainable, so that it is only possible to put the bare fact on record. Indeed the years from October 1889 to January 1895 were quite uneventful: at least no records or communications of any sort are forthcoming.

In January 1895, as no Master could be found to take on the hounds, a Beagle Hunt Committee was formed, consisting of the Huntsman, Whips, and three others, as follows:—

Kenneth Walker,	<i>Huntsman.</i>
R. F. Allgood	} <i>Whips.</i>
R. R. Crewdson	
A. C. Lupton	
W. H. M. Ellis	
C. E. Pease,	
A. B. P. Harrison,	
H. G. Carr-Ellison.	

At this period either things again began to happen, or at least of what then happened there are abundant records, chiefly *memoranda* left by Messrs. Kenneth and Nigel Walker, and Mr. Hugh S. Gladstone's very full diary. These deal with the repair of the

Kennels and the purchase of the freehold, with the beginnings of the annual visit to Reaveley in Northumberland, and to various other matters of interest. Did we adhere to chronological order Reaveley should come first, but "business first and pleasure after" is a wholesome motto, so I shall begin with the improvements in the Kennels and the purchase of the site.

MEMORANDUM ENTERED IN THE FARMERS' BOOK BY N. O. WALKER

When I became Huntsman in the Easter Term of 1897 the yard was in a shocking state. A subscription was started, and all the old Masters and Whips were asked to subscribe. About £43 was raised in this way and the yard re-cemented at a cost of £45. This was done by Key of Victoria Road, who guaranteed it for five years.

The next move was to get dwarf walls and railings put up in place of the old (wooden) palings. This Burges (the landlord) agreed to do for us and to charge 4 per cent on the expenditure. He also proposed to make a grant in perpetuity to the Committee or the Huntsman of T.F.B.

Mr. Burges's letter relative to this matter has fortunately been preserved, and it here follows *in extenso* :—

LETTER

ST. STEPHEN STREET, BRISTOL,
March 17, 1897.

DEAR SIR—Replying to your letter on the 10th inst., would you kindly obtain an estimate for the wall you require, and I will lay the matter before the Trustees to whom the land the Kennels are built on now belongs, and I feel little doubt that they will accede to your views. I cannot help thinking that, in the interest of the Beagles, the present arrangement should be placed on a more satisfactory basis. As matters stand, I and Mr. Rowland Hunt, when the Beagles were placed on their present footing (originally they were kept in the back yard of a pub. opposite Magdalene, and fed on college scraps at a shilling a head per week by the publican), raised subscriptions to build the present Kennels, get a van, etc. But we could not raise

money enough to buy the land, so my father bought it, and the understanding was that he would resell it, if required, at a reasonable price to the Committee, it being hoped that later on we could raise money to buy it. We were, however, unable to do this, and the consequence is that the Kennels have been built and a lot of money spent on land not the property of the Committee, and though during my lifetime nothing is likely to be done to disturb the Committee, it is clear that *legally* the Trustees of my father's estate could claim land, buildings and all. My view is that the simplest and most satisfactory course to adopt would be for the Beagle Committee or Master to take from the Trustees a grant of the land in perpetuity on ground rent; they would then be quite safe. The cost of this would not be more than £5 or £6. The ground rent would be the present rent *plus* such additional rent as would be required if the wall and railings were put up; and the cost of the transaction might also be added to that of the railings, unless you have money in hand to meet it. The only other course would be for the Committee to raise money enough to purchase the land out and out.

Ask your wall contractor to send me a full estimate and measurements of the proposed alterations; the railings, to make a good job, should be set in strong stone coping.—Yours faithfully,

(Signed) P. BURGESS.

NIGEL WALKER, Esq.,
Pitt Club, Cambridge.

Mr. Walker observes that the proposal to grant the land in perpetuity was open to many objections. What these were he does not say, but it must be obvious that a committee of undergraduates whose *personnel* is constantly changing, and any or all of whom might be "infants," could not conveniently become holders of real property. It has been found convenient for all permanent clubs and societies in the University to have senior graduates as treasurers and trustees so that financial continuity may be secured, and though the Beagles are not run on the lines of an ordinary club, yet it is obvious that their permanent property should be duly vested in Trustees; and the action taken by Mr. Walker in this matter is clear evidence of his wisdom

and business capacity, as his *Memorandum*, which continues as follows, abundantly shows:—

I managed to get Mr. Parker (of Mortlock's Bank), and Mr. W. W. Rouse Ball, of Trinity, to buy the Kennels from Mr. Burges at a price of £170, including the cost of the walls, etc. Mr. Parker and Mr. Rouse Ball are now our landlords, and hold the Kennels as security for the money advanced, till we have paid off the debt. A subscription was started to obtain part of the £170, and a certain amount collected, and at the end of the 1897 season the Committee paid some more money exclusive of the rent. As we pay 5% on the amount, it is obvious that the more money is paid off the smaller the rent becomes, till at last the Kennels will be the property of T.F.B. At that time the course I should propose would be that Mr. Parker and Mr. Rouse Ball should continue to hold the Kennels, but merely as trustees for T.F.B. If each Master were to take on the Kennels as his own property, it would cause infinite trouble and be an endless legal expense.

(Signed) NIGEL O. WALKER.

On the opposite page of the Farmers' Book is the following comment:—

What Mr. N. O. Walker says on the opposite page is quite correct, but he omits to say that each year the Master of the T.F.B. has to pay £10 of the Kennel purchase debt as well as 5% on the existing amount. It may at some time be feasible to raise a subscription to pay off more than this sum, some years. If not, it would appear that in fifteen years' time (A.D. 1914) the Kennels will be the property of the then Master. At that period it would be advisable to ask Messrs. Parker and Rouse Ball (or if dead their trustees) to hold the land as trustees.

(Signed) HUGH S. GLADSTONE.

Dated *February 2, 1899.*

So cumbersome an arrangement as conveying the freehold from Master to Master is manifestly absurd. The actual situation at the

present moment is that shown by the following communication from Mr. Rouse Ball:—

In 1897 the condition of the Kennels was such that a considerable sum had to be expended in order to put them in order. To raise the money, Mr. E. H. Parker and I agreed that if the members of the Hunt would subscribe £50, we would buy the land and the buildings on it for £125. It was arranged that this sum should be repaid to us at the rate of £15 a year, and that on its being cleared off we should hold the Kennels for the Master and Committee of the Beagles. We carried out the transaction through Barclay's Bank, guaranteeing it against loss.

By 1908 the whole of the sum advanced to us had been cleared off, and the land and Kennels were then conveyed to Mr. Parker, myself, and my former pupils, Mr. N. O. Walker and Mr. Anthony Buxton, for the use of the Beagles. In 1906 an additional plot of land in the vicinity of the Kennels had been bought for £100, and this also is held by us for the use of the Beagles.

The additional piece of land referred to is an oblong grass paddock on the opposite side of the Histon Road to the Kennels, and which is a valuable addition to the Hunt premises. It has been most efficiently fenced in and divided, and Kennels for puppies and brood bitches erected, as already described in Chapter V. Thus ends a prosaic but most important episode in our history; one which places T.F.B., so long as Master, Whips, and private subscribers can find money for current expenses, on a sound financial and business footing with all the necessary capital in the way of land and buildings.

It was about this time that the Beagle Brake ceased to be a "Committee Cart," and was open to all subscribing beaglers who cared to join it.

It has always been a problem to know what to do with such packs as the T.F.B. during vacation time. The obvious solution for vacations that fall in the hunting season is for the Master or some other "young squire" who has country at his disposal to take them home and hunt them there, and it is manifestly an advantage to

give the young hounds some experience analogous to cub-hunting before October Term begins. Fortunately beagles have no such well-defined territory as have foxhounds, and T.F.B. have shown sport in such diverse districts as Tunbridge Wells, Hampshire, Bridgnorth, and the North Country. The connection with the last has been long continued, and became marked in the period of the Peases, Carr-Ellisons, and Allgoods. J. S. Carr-Ellison has his



A LITTLE QUIET FUN WITH THE BEAGLE BRAKE.

This represents the brake at a later date, when Mr. E. Barclay was Master.

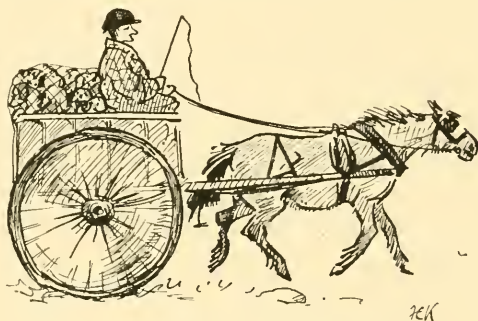
Drawn by A. H. Penn.

own tale to tell of early North Country visits, which ended in the annual season at Reaveley. As follows:—

I had very good sport with the beagles on the Cheviot Hills in Northumberland. Allgood had a few hounds at Ingram, and he and I bought a few more from Wilton the dealer at Hanwell, and though we did not kill many hares we had great fun. Then the next vacation we walked some hounds for Pease, and had better

sport. Allgood hunted our little lot till his people moved from Ingram to Nunwick in another part of Northumberland, and then I hunted them. We had some capital hunts, and generally accounted for our hare. The hill hares stood up longer before hounds than south country ones, being fed on hard hill grass, and they also had no heavy ploughs to tire them.

I used to keep the beagles, about ten couple of the best, during vacation, when I was Master, at my father's place, Hedgeley, in Northumberland, and having secured walks for the remainder of the pack, I used to take Bob Floate, the kennelman (who, I believe, is still with the pack), north with me. Bob was quite a character, and very handy about the place, and in the summer time was quite an acquisition to our village cricket XI.; he was a fast round arm bowler. Bob had never been in such a hilly country, and when I showed him one day where we were going to hunt, he



J. S. C.-E. BEAGLING IN NORTHUMBERLAND.

looked at the hills in amazement, and said, "Lor', sir, these be wunnerful 'igh 'ills, these be." Sometimes my meets were a long way away, as I liked, especially in the autumn, to get right away among the hills, and so clear of tillage ground; I used to drive the beagles about in a spring cart with a pig-net over the top, and very often if I was staying away overnight my luggage in a bag in beside them.

One time I had arranged to go and stay a couple of nights at Byrness in Redwater (not far from the Carter Fell) with that keen sportsman and popular man, Mr. Jacob Robson, Master of the Border Hounds. I had to borrow a light-legged cart-horse to drive the beagles, as my father's horses were engaged, and off I started one fine autumn day about the 20th of September 1888, dressed in my beagling kit, my luggage and a pair of saddle-bags and the beagles in the

spring cart. I drove 15 miles to a little village called Alwinton, on the Coquet, where an elderly cousin of mine, Arthur Carr (lately dead, poor chap), who was keen on hound work, was to join me, he having come from Newcastle-on-Tyne. I got to our rendezvous, Alwinton, about 1.30, but no signs of Arthur Carr, and he did not turn up till 4.30, and then we had 12 miles to go by a hill track to Byrness. There is no road for a cart the way we were going, so we put our things into the saddle-bags, and off we started, my cousin leading the mare. All went well till we were nearing the Ridlees, about 6 miles from Alwinton. It was now beginning to get dark, and the cart mare was getting tired, my cousin lost the track, and I soon heard them floundering about in some boggy ground, and heard other things too. Just at this time the beagles got on the line of a travelling fox or hare, and off they went, and I thought I had seen the last of them. However, they came back to my rate, and having got a guide at the Ridlees, to show us over the worst part of the moor, we eventually struck the main turnpike road a mile or so below Byrness, and were very glad when we got there. The next day we had quite a nice run, and killed a hare. When we were running we were astonished to see a man running in the opposite direction, away from hounds; we could not make this out at the time. When we went into Byrness after hunting, we heard a queer-looking man had come to the back door and asked for food; this he was given. Later that evening a policeman turned up on a bicycle, and on learning which way the man had gone, he went off, and captured his man the next day near Morebattle in Roxburghshire. The man had committed a vile murder in the parish of Birtley, Northumberland, and he thought when he heard the beagles running that he was being hunted down.

This was the beginning: a further note shows that it was through his younger brother, H. George Carr-Ellison, that the visit became an annual institution. (F. C. K.)

My younger brother George went up to Cambridge about '93, I think, and in time became a Whip, and it was he who persuaded the then Master, K. Walker, to bring the beagles up to Northumber-

land for the month of September. They took a farmhouse called Reaveley, and hunted the country round about, had good sport and a jolly time. They have been up nearly every year since. The last time I saw them was in 1908, when they came over and had a day or two at Hatterburn, near Yetholm, where I was then living. They have improved in looks since my time, and I was greatly pleased with their work. Barclay was Master.

As regards the first visit of the series we are fortunate in having Mr. Kenneth Walker's account in the form of a diary, which gives a quite vivid account of a most delightfully "simple life" of sport and hospitality, where rough shooting, fishing, cub-hunting, and such lighter joys as picnics and tennis-parties fill up all the spare time. It was originally intended for publication in *Baily's Magazine* under the title of a "Bedlamite in Barbaria."

A SPORTING TRIP TO NORTHUMBERLAND WITH THE TRINITY FOOT BEAGLES, SEPTEMBER 1895

Saturday, Aug. 31.—To-day we go to Northumberland. Amid a scene of great excitement a horse-box containing 20 couple of hounds, 8 couple of puppies, K. Walker (Master and Huntsman), A. C. Lupton (first Whip and Hon. Sec.), left Bardsey Station at 7 A.M.

Travelling in a horse-box is comfort combined with callousness as to the troubles of travelling. All the luggage, feeding-troughs, etc., goes in the luggage compartment of the horse-box; with rugs and papers it is as good as a first-class carriage. No one can come in, and one is shunted from one train to another without the trouble of changing.

We breakfasted at York and lunched at "Canny Neweassel," and arrived at Hedgeley station on the Alnwick and Cornhill branch at 2.30 P.M.

Here we were met by George Carr-Ellison, who had been the chief organizer of the trip (living elose by).

Bob, the kennelman, brought on the hounds, the luggage came in a farm cart, and ourselves in a bus.

After a drive of 3 miles we arrived at our destination, Reaveley

Farm. The farm is right up the valley of the Powburn, among the hills. We found all prepared for us. G. A. C. Shipman, a fellow Cantab., who had been stopping with Carr-Ellison, with the assistance of Mrs. Fenwick (our house-parlourmaid and cook), had put things straight.

Hounds were put in a kennel with the open front boarded up. A puppy-run was made out of the coach-house. No one lives near us but the shepherd, and 2 farm hands. On all sides of us are high hills, some up to 1000 ft., covered with bracken and heather.

By the time we had settled down a bit it was time for dinner, consisting of cold beef and beer. A pipe and so to our beds.

Beds! How little did we think of our future troubles with beds. Mine was a fold-up bed (usually about 2 A.M.), and well named it showed itself.

There are three bedrooms, two sitting-rooms, and a bedroom for Mrs. Fenwick. Mrs. F. shares her room with three cats and a dog, Nancy. Shipman shares his with Nell, the spaniel. Lupton and I share a room with his dog, Whiskey, and a harrier pup, Drummer, from the neighbouring pack of harriers.

Sunday, Sept. 1.—Up at 9 A.M.

Looked round the place, everything is going to ruin here. The river is in front of the house, about 200 yards off.

Carr-Ellison to lunch.

After lunch we tickled trout in the river, as the popular opinion in these parts is against Sunday fishing (with a rod).

Monday, Sept. 2.—Up at 7 A.M.

Met at Chesters, about 2 miles up the river, at 8. Very hot, no scent. Found a hare, but soon lost her. After drawing again for



A CARICATURE OF K. WALKER.

By C. P. T. Hawkes.

some time, we decided to go home. Just then Lanee Allgood, the Master of the Harriers, came up to talk to us, and he put up a leveret, which hounds killed after 15 minutes near the shepherd's hut. Blooded the puppies well. Johnny and George Carr, L. Allgood, and two strangers came back to lunch. Heat very oppressive, so after lunch I retired to bed with a touch of sunstroke. Mrs. Fenwick advises whisky "het." In the evening I fished and caught 3 small trout. Breamish trout seem to run about 10 to the pound. Cold beef and beer for dinner. Whisky not yet come from Alnwick.

Tuesday, Sept. 3.—Up at 8 A.M.

Went with the rest to shoot rabbits on Reaveley Glidders, a rocky hill the Carrs have given us shooting over.

Bag 12 rabbits, some of which we had for lunch at 2.30. Fished in afternoon. To bed at 9 P.M.

Wednesday, Sept. 4.—Up at 5.30.

Met at 7 A.M. at Greenshaw Hill, 3 miles up the valley. Found in a turnip field. Ran a ring and lost hare. Tried back and hounds hit her off again, and ran into her near the farm. Found a three-legged hare and killed her.

Mrs. Allgood, L. Allgood, G. and J. Carr-Ellison were out. Fished in the afternoon.

To dinner with Carr-Ellisons 4 miles off. In our oldest clothes for eel-spearing, but no eels were speared as none were seen. It turned out a bad night.

Thursday, Sept. 5.—Up at 8.30.

All went rabbit shooting. Mullins and Dunn, Carr-Ellison's keepers, helping. Johnnie joined us about 11.30. Bag 20 rabbits. Back to lunch at 5 P.M.

Border whisky from Alnwick has arrived. Fished in the evening. Normy Lupton arrived. J. and G. Carr to supper.

Friday, Sept. 6.—Met here at 9 A.M.

This was a "skirt" meet. As meeting so late the sun dries up the hills, and there is no scent. Ladies cannot get up for the early meets, some of them at least. There was a large field out, two Miss Carrs, J. and G. Carr, two Miss Cresswells, three Miss Brownes, Col. Ilderton, C. Carr, Col., Mrs., and Miss Buckle, etc.

While we drawing for a hare, the ladies, who were riding, began larking over a wire fence with wood on the top. Miss (Bobs) Cresswell's horse refused, but she stuck to it, and got it over. Horse proceeded to run away and got among some clothes-lines, which caught her in the throat and dragged her off. Her stirrup flew at least 4 ft. into the air, and she fell heavily, with her throat very badly cut.

Hounds were taken home, and every assistance given from the farm till the doctor came in 2½ hours after the accident occurred. Col. Buckle and Carrs to lunch. Fished in afternoon. Brevity put down.

Saturday, Sept. 7.—Shot at Hedgeley with Carrs. Bag, 10 brace and 3 rabbits.

Sunday, Sept. 8.—To church at Whittingham in village cart, back to lunch.

Monday, Sept. 9.—Have changed meets to Tuesday, Thursday, Saturday, so as not to clash with foxhounds. Shot rabbits on Reaveley Glidders. Dr. Fenwick rode in from Akeld to lunch. Comical, Gladsome, and Songstress put down.

Tuesday, Sept. 10.—Up at 6.30.

Met at Ingram at 8.30.

Found a hare on the glebe land, but soon lost her. No scent, too much bracken. G. Carr to sleep and dine.

Miss Phyllis Browne, Miss and Mr. Cresswell were out.

Wednesday, Sept. 11.—Slept on mat in sitting-room, as G. Carr had my bed.

Up at 2 A.M.

Cooked breakfast, and walked 5 miles to Glanton to meet my horse (from the Bridge of Aln). The Percy met at Callaly at 5 A.M. Back to lunch at Reaveley at 12. Went on to a picnic at Linhope given by Carrs. There were there four Carrs, ourselves, Miss Cresswell, Miss P. Browne, Mrs., Col., and Miss Buckle, Mrs. and Miss Shield, Mrs. and Miss Lambert.

Thursday, Sept. 12.—Up at 4 A.M. Met at Prendwick. Had two rare good runs and a kill. Hounds look in grand condition, and pups all entering well.

Among those out were Mr. A. Carr, G. and J. Carr, Frank Crispe,

Mr. and Miss Cresswell, Miss P. and Baby Browne. After hunting we were invited in to lunch by Mrs. Crispe, polishing off a big ham and about 2 dozen eggs and a barrel of beer.

Friday, Sept. 13.—Up at 7.30.

“Skirt meet” here at 9 A.M.

No scent. Found a hare which ran two rounds, and hounds could make no more of it. J. and G. Carr, Col., Mrs., and Miss Buckle, three Miss Brownes, three Americans, three Carrs, three Lamberts, and four Strangers. Lunch was served on the front farm wall. Shot in the evening.

Our food consists of stewed, curried, boiled, mashed, and soup rabbit, and a lot of hard work can be done on it.

Saturday, Sept. 14.—Up at 7 A.M.

We walked to Branton, where we met the Carrs, who drove us over to play Bedlamites *v.* Lorbattle at Mr. Coltman’s of Lorbattle Hall.

Was not out 0 1st innings, and made 5 and bowled second innings. Ground was very soft. We were beaten. Drove back to Branton and walked to Reaveley. Cis and self asked to lunch at Callaly to-morrow.

Sunday, Sept. 15.—Up at 8 A.M.

Cis and self walked to Whittingham Church, 5 miles. After church walked on with the Brownes to Callaly for lunch. The museum at Callaly Castle is a wonderfully good one, and very interesting. The stables are first-class, and built on very good plan. Played pat ball, and walked back to Reaveley, 7 miles, in Sunday boots over the hills.

Monday, Sept. 16.—Up at 3 A.M.

Walked over to Callaly to meet Percy at Beanley Wood. Cis and I managed to head the fox. The first time I have ever done such a thing. However, it was only cubbing, and no one saw us. Walked on to Whittingham and had breakfast at Bridge of Aln.

Trained to Alnwick. Hair cut, and got some flies. Went round Alnwick Castle, and was shut up in same dungeon by same man that I was shut up by 10 years ago. The only difference was that I was a little bigger, and there was electric light in the dungeon. Went over the Castle stables. Carriages and harness are good, but horses would disgrace a knacker’s yard at the Zoo. Splints, curbs, spavin in abundance.

Train back to Hedgeley.

N. Lupton went away, and T. Fenwick came from Callaly, and Buckle from Edlingham to sleep. Much rowdiness during the night. So Cis and Self got a ladder and climbed up from outside with water, for which we were both rolled on the gravel in front in our night costume. Mrs. Fenwick to the rescue with a broom.

Tuesday, Sept. 17.—Up at 4.30.

No one would turn out. However, with aid of a hunting horn, Mrs. Fenwick, and a big musical box in the hall playing "The Silver Churn," I managed to get them all up.

Met at Chesters at 6 A.M.

To-day we had the first rain we have yet had here. Rained all day, and we could not find a hare.

Shipman and Buckle left.

Wednesday, Sept. 18.—Up at 3 A.M.

Walked to Callaly to meet Percy hounds at 6 A.M. Breakfasted at Callaly at 10 A.M. Walked to Bridge of Aln, and trained to Hedgeley with Woodcock, who has come to stop. Walked up to Reaveley. Total, 15 miles along the road.

Thursday, Sept. 19.—Up at 5 A.M.

Walked to Branton, where we met G. Carr. He drove us over to Callaly, where the hounds had gone the night before. Met at Callaly Castle at 7 A.M.

Cis Lupton laid up, so had no Whip.

Very hot, and very little scent.

Deene Thrunton and Lorbattle Crags. Found a leveret, and had her dead-beat when puppies got on a fresh hare. Having no whipper-in, could not stop them. She ran the road for $\frac{3}{4}$ mile, Gamber taking the line the whole way, the only one who would acknowledge it. Hounds threw up in a stubble. Sun was very hot, and no scent, so I took hounds back to Callaly, where we had breakfast and stopped to lunch. The field were three Miss Brownes, J. and G. Carr, Fenwick, and four Strangers.

Drove back to tea at Hedgeley, and walked back to Reaveley.

Friday, Sept. 20.—Up at 8.30.

Fished down to Branton, and walked on to Glanton for bandages

for ankle. Tennis-party in the afternoon at Carrs'. G. Carr drove us back to Reaveley.

Saturday, Sept. 21.—Up at 6 A.M.

Met at Fawdon at 7 A.M.

Found a hare, hounds raced her down to the fir spinney over Fawdon Hill. They took a line out into the stubble, and back into the cover. Hare had gone down to the river and doubled straight back into the pack. Kill. Time, 15 minutes.

Found another hare in the bracken, but, like "them bloomin' violets," the bracken smells too strong, so there is no scent.

Found a third hare on Fawdon Hill. Ran her up the hill and round. Then she took a beat out into the vale. Hounds threw up in a stubble. I cast back up the hill, and in about 10 minutes hounds hit her off again on a grass headland. They ran hard past Fawdon sheep dip, up the Clinch, and straight over to the Ingram hill. After a severe pull up the hill I viewed her hopping about dead beat on the top of the hill. Hounds were turned to me by Mr. Pringle of Branton, and they got a view. She sunk the hill, and hounds raced for blood. Pringle was a good first on his horse, Self second, Cis third, the rest nowhere. When I picked her up she was quite stiff, like all dead-beat hares when killed. Gambler found her, worked hard all through the run, and was first into her at the kill. He is this year's entry, and ought to be a rare good one. Only fault is he is mute, but for beagles that makes no odds. Time, 45 minutes, not including checks. Hounds were so beat they would hardly get up to break her up. She had the biggest scut I have ever seen on a hare. It will look well nailed upon the door. We all lay down for about an hour and then walked home. The field were J. and G. Carr, two Miss Carrs, C. Carr, Harbottle, Scot, Pringle, P. G. Band, Miss Browne. Walked over to tea with Carrs in afternoon.

Sunday, Sept. 22.—Drove over in Mullin's cart with the old white cob to lunch at Long Framlington with the Fenwicks, 14 miles. Arranged a meet for Tuesday. Drove back to Callaly, where we had tea. Man drove back the trap and we walked home, 7 miles.

Monday, Sept. 23.—Got two horses from Bridge of Aln.

Cis and Self took hounds over to Long Framlington, where we were to stop the night and hunt next day.

Lunched on the way with Rev. — Shield at Whittingham, and inspected his basset hounds. On to Long Framlington, where we arrived about 6 P.M. Dr., Mrs., two Miss, Jim Fenwick, and Hodgson, Cis, and Self at dinner.

Whisky and smoke and so to bed.

Tuesday, Sept. 24.—Up at 5.30 feeling rather cigar and whiskyfied. Met at Framlington Gate at 7 A.M. Drew the hills and riverside moor for a tod. Drew blank for 3 hours. Then I took hounds over to the other hill, where we met L. Allgood, M.H., who told us where to find a hare. We found an old jack hare in a wood. After a rare gallop of 25 minutes all over old bent grass fields, with banks and flying jumps mixed, hounds ran into her. She must have been at least 10 years old. I never saw such a wiry-looking hare, even my old pig-sticker could hardly perform the “funereal obsequies.”

Screaming scent breast high. Hounds flew, Gambler leading them, with Gaudy and Garnish close behind. Only one check in the wood the second time round, when I got a toss in a blind drain.

Took hounds home to Reaveley *via* Bridge of Aln with Cis and J. Carr. We parted at Powburn with many mutual congratulations. Never were such hounds, such horses, such men.

N.B.—The Bridge of Aln whisky is good, also that at Powburn.

Mr. and Mrs. A. H. BROWNE
request the honor of
Mr. WALKER'S
presence on the occasion of
the marriage of their daughter
ETHEL SWYTH
with Mr. MILES HALTON TRISTRAM,
at the Parish Church, Whittingham,
on Wednesday, September 25,
at 1.15 o'clock,
and afterwards at
Callaly Castle.

An answer will oblige
to Callaly Castle,
Whittingham, R.S.O.

Wednesday, Sept. 25.—We were invited to above ceremony. Cis and I had to take our hunters back to Bridge of Aln on the way to the wedding. We had no best wedding garment, so had to do our best with what we had. I wore my old grey hunting coat, and a dress white waistcoat, buttoning up the coat to pretend it was a real waistcoat, jack-boots under the trousers, and J. Carr's old hunting hat that he had six seasons ago before he was Whip to the Percy. He had concertinaed it twice, and all the silk had been rubbed the wrong way. We rode to Bridge of Aln and walked on to Whittingham Church. After the wedding Cis went home, so I borrowed his gloves and stick and went on in the Carrs' carriage to Callaly. Drove back to Hedgeley to tea and walked back to Reaveley.

Fenwick came to stop.

Thursday, Sept. 26.—Brown of Bridge of Aln sent Cis and Self up two horses. We went to meet Percy hounds at Callaly at 11 A.M. Skirt meet. Selby did not really try for a fox.

Had a lesson in cooking entrées at Callaly from the cook for our big dinner to-night.

Present at dinner, J. and G. Carr, Cis, Fenwick, Crispe, and Robson, and Self. Great success, though no one would eat the rabbit entrée, as it had been skinned and cut up with my old pig-sticker hunting knife, and cooked in the mange mixture pan which had been cleaned out for the occasion. Before dinner we turned out a bagged hare which only stood up for 10 minutes. Just as well, as hounds and horses had both been fed.

Friday, Sept. 27.—Up at 5 A.M.

Met at Ingram at 6 A.M.

No scent, found two hares but could do nothing with them.



WEDDING GARMENTS.

Drove to Hedgeley with G. Carr and railed to Eglington. From there we walked on to Leamington Wood where Miss Buckle was giving a picnic. Enjoyed myself thoroughly. We walked to Whittingham and trained to Hedgeley. G. Carr drove us up to Reaveley.

Saturday, Sept. 28.—Met at Prendwick at 8 A.M.

Good scent, but as Cis was knocked up there was no one to whip in. Had two good runs but did not kill.

Great lunch at Mrs. Crispe's. There were out four Carrs, two Miss Carrs, two Miss Brownes, F. Crispe, Miss Cresswell. In the afternoon I walked to Glanton. Fenwick left.

Sunday, Sept. 29.—Tidied up the house, and paid a farewell call to the Carrs.

Monday, Sept. 30.—Back to Cambridge to hunt till term begins.

Everything wrong. No food for hounds. Bob's landlady away; no water laid on, though it had all been ordered. Cambridge is depressing.

From this trip I learned several things:—

1. Not to walk farther than necessary in jack-boots.
2. One must have a good temper if four or five men are all living together.
3. A bicycle would have been a godsend.
4. The Cambridgeshire plough leg muscle is no good for climbing Northumberland hills. It is quite a different breed of muscle.
5. A little Northumbrian speech (very poor).
6. Get fat in the summer so as to have something to draw on in the winter. Hard work on hard condition all the year round means a certainty of getting knocked up.

The advice for men and hounds to start a hard season's work with a little spare fat, is, from the standpoint of medical science, thoroughly sound. (F. C. K.)

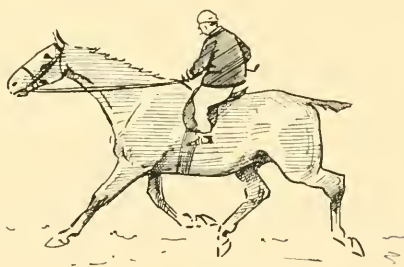
The foregoing diary was accompanied by a letter in which the author says that "the Carr-Ellisons were very good about the shooting, and gave us all the shooting round. We used to get twenty or thirty brace of partridge and black game and numerous rabbits, and we had miles of fishing, also from the Carr-Ellisons. It seems

hardly credible that such good sport can be had under such natural, not to say primitive, conditions in the British Islands of these days. Most men who must stay at home and yet wish to get clear of civilisation, succeed only by putting to sea in yachts of small tonnage and working their way round the coast without professional assistance. The two sorts of life have, by the way, much in common, including the need for a very good temper when several men dispense with the conventions and live *au naturel* at very close quarters."

As a matter of personal history it is not perhaps irrelevant to say that N. O. Walker, who is now a Director of "Pickfords," and has a house on the water's edge in Portsmouth Harbour, where his firm has some coasting trade in motor barges, has become a keen and capable amateur sailor-man, and is skipper and owner of the *Wild Duck*. The following is from a letter of his:—

"I wonder who is now living round Shelford. J. B. Close of course left some time ago, and has just died. His house, when I was up, used to be a great rendezvous on Sundays for boating and beagling men, and one Bagnall used to live at Little Shelford, a great man for spaniels. But I have not seen him for years. [F. Bagnall is still at Little Shelford.—F. C. K.] He married a Miss Dunn, whose brother used to receive us at Little Shelford in my days, when we hunted the country round the Monument between Little Shelford and Newton."

All beagling round the Shelfords is now given up, as there are now too many hares. J. B. Close was an old rowing Blue, who came up to coach First Trinity and take them head. He was of the cheeriest, and had a wonderful voice when coaching which would have been perfect for cheering hounds. He was a shortish, heavily built man, and used to ride his own huge hunters on the tow-path. I was myself also coaching boats at that time, and caricatures of us both appeared in the *Granta* and are here reproduced.



"J. B."

Close, Walker, and my humble self being all in various ways amphibians, gives me to think why we are so scarce, and why boating men who are country bred do not join the beagles, or, if they can afford it, go with the drag or foxhounds from time to time; as was the case in earlier days, when, for example, P. Burges was a Third Trinity oar. I once propounded the question to a mounted Blue on the tow-path, and he could give no reason except that nobody ever thought of it. So far as hunting was concerned, he had never been across a horse in his life till his tow-path duties compelled him, but beagling was sport that he greatly appreciated, yet it had never occurred to him to go out for a bye day with T.F.B.; and rowing men, though their life, as he said, is almost slavery, do get a certain number of days off in the hunting terms. When one came to think of it, he supposed that complete preoccupation with one sport was rather narrow-minded.

The following extract from Mr. H. S. Gladstone's diary marks the occasion of Mr. N. O. Walker's resignation:—

“No eulogistic effort of mine can truly tell the sorrow that we feel on the occasion of our Master's (N. O. Walker) retirement. Baffled only by an exam. and a paltry want of £ s. d., he has thought it his duty to resign a position which has been practically made by him. . . .”

The language of the above is perhaps a little flowery, and may make Mr. Walker blush; but it is none the less substantially and positively true. The comparison is another matter, for there were Masters in previous ages who did great things in their day. For example, Mr. Nigel Walker himself says: “The present state of the pack is in a very great measure due to my brother (K. Walker), and I had only to carry on his work.” The truth is that all institutions which are governed by tradition tend to settle down into easy-going ways, and that energetic and zealous men are needed from time to time to infuse fresh life into the good old ways. And it is evident that from this point of view the two Walkers deserve a place beside Currey, Mother Hunt, and others, who were restorers of paths to dwell in. So that, as I have said, the eulogistic remarks in the Gladstone diary are substantially and positively true.

Mr. Gladstone's diary, by the way, is a mine of information, and all old beaglers should be grateful that it has been placed at our disposal, as it is more intimate than any of the other documents that have come into our hands. It shows how a Whip feels under reproof, the nerves of a Master when he first takes command in the field, and that jealousy and irritation are not unknown. We do not absolutely need to be told this, because wherever human beings are gathered together, there these things must of necessity crop up. And the test of a gentleman is not that he never has angry passions, or at least *never* lets them rise, and is therefore the complete Stoic (if he were so he would be a prig and no gentleman), but that if he does let those passions rise, soon gets them under control again, and has the grace to be ashamed of himself, as in one case the diarist confesses himself to be. Here is the case in point:—

“Mr. A. B. C. has resigned his place on the Committee. He did so as he thought he had been badly treated; doubtless the appointment of Mr. D. E. F. as Master came as a blow to him, and I fear that Messrs. G. and H. showed scant regret for him. Be this as it may, I do not think our lost friend should do and say the various things he has done and said; which I expect, by the time this book¹ becomes interesting, he will be ashamed of.”

These are just the knocks which hurt most when we are young. There is nothing so vexing as finding that others don't take us quite at our own valuation, and the fact that though our own estimate may err on the side of optimism, yet the judgment of others may none the less be erroneous and unjust, makes the situation no pleasanter. However, “A. B. C. and I are still friends.” So the matter reveals no more than wholesome friction, by which we learn not to think of ourselves more highly than we ought to think. Here are the diarist's first experiences in office:—

Thursday, Oct. 14, 1897.—Found at Fulbourne. This was nothing more than a preliminary meet to get ourselves into training, and as I for the first time hunted in pink (I mean green) I practised hard to try and crack my whip, and at any rate look as if I knew how.

R. F. Allgood, who had been a Whip for two years and then

¹ *i.e.* the diary.

resigned "to give the others a chance," at this time joined the ranks of beagling poets by laying down in verse the duties of a Whip.

On hearing of my appointment as third Whip to the T.F.B. "Tick" Allgood sent me the following verses.—H. S. G.



I

Good luck to you and also to the others,
Whose worthy backs the new green coat now covers.
Well may they go through many a gallant run—
Oh, how I wish that I could share the fun.

II

Hark now to me and for a while just listen
How best that coat successfully to christen;
For skirting Whips the job is not so easy,
And on cold days you'll find it somewhat freezy.

In T.F.B.C. Book.

III

When at the meet avoid that loud whip cracking,
Till you spread out be sure such noise is lacking;
For on hard roads your lash is sure to break,
And puppy hounds you must not timid make.

IV

When hounds are drawing, with language fine
Instruct the "field" that they must keep in line,
Or else you'll find they will in bunches walk,
Joining perhaps in noisy "château" talk.

V

If, when alone, a hare you chance to see,
I think myself it's best to quiet be;
For lifted cap will substitute a holloa,
And now be sure the hounds you do not follow.

VI

Now you will be on either left or right,
Just wait a bit and keep the hounds in sight,

Till you can see which turn she means to make,
Quickly you'll then the same direction take.

VII

For every hare is sure to make her round
And then revisit the field where she was found ;
For in this term no travelling jacks you'll find,
Nor wanton does to paths of love inclined.

VIII

Now often when your hare, her circles once completed,
Is just the time the Master's skill's defeated ;
For information to you he'll apply,
And on your news with confidence rely.

IX

Go to the place where you *first* saw the hare,
Blow then your whistle, *do not move from there*
Till huntsman comes, then point to him her line ;
Then right or left again your steps incline.

However great one's zeal, one cannot attain perfection all at once, and a learner must be content to take reproof patiently and in good part.

"Several errors of mine were well sworn at by the somewhat officious 'Talpa' (a senior Whip). L. G. B. is most aggravating and discouraging. But when in cold blood one sees his excellent advice and appreciates what a rare good chap he is, though 'when heated in the chase' decidedly testy."—H. S. G.

But the learner takes sound advice in good part, perseveres and makes progress, till, like the Industrious Apprentice,¹ he eventually rises to the dignity and responsibility of Master.

¹ Here is the record of how he resisted the temptation to become an idle one :—

"On Oct. 26, 1898, I paid my first visit to Newmarket, going over with Tiek Allgood on a tandem (bike!). I returned with less than I went and was not particularly entertained. If racing is a thing that grows on one, I do not think I shall give it a chance."

Here is the final stage in the progress of the Industrious Apprentice:—

“Opening meet under H. S. G., day worthy of a novice, scent poor and hounds wild, numerous little fiends of boys making enough row to please Oscar Bennet in his ‘crowds’ for Julius Cæsar and the like, but for the sport!!! Met at Horningsea Gorse, got a hare away from the Gorse, but hounds were a long time in coming out. Our hare took us straight away across two ploughs towards Guy Fen. We worked a slow and doubtful line which got colder and colder, and at length chucked it after half an hour. Great doubts as to whether we hunted a ‘yellow dog’ or a hare, 10 to 1 on the former. Back to the Gorse where a ‘very red hare’ was viewed away to the right, got on to her, but only ran her as far as the Bailey’s Farm before we lost her, so tried the Gorse again. Our hare broke the same way again, and took us all along the river, and to the right across the road, worked a slow line round Bailey’s Farm, and then back across the road again to the Gorse; here we dallied for a while and then went home.”

The diary also contains records of another young huntsman’s first blood.

“Tumpington, *Oct.* 11, made famous by that Miles Rowland Backhouse killed his first hare here!!! Some there are who say it was lucky K. Walker was present, but it is question at present under consideration whether a huntsman should ask advice of his field.”

Answer.—“Yes.”—H. S. G.

Our last detailed records are those of W. E. Paget’s Mastership, and consist of a letter from Mr. Paget himself, and of some reminiscences of Mr. Godfrey Lawson, a Whip, and they carry us into the present century and to times which come almost within living memory. It was in Paget’s year that the new hound van was built by Thorn of Norwich. At this period there was a pack of University Harriers as well as the T.F.B., and for some time the two combined to hold a point to point meeting and give races to the farmers. This meeting was, of course, nothing like the event that “Cotttenham” is, but it seems to have been very good fun. The account of the meeting in 1897 is preserved in the Gladstone diary.

"The Harrier and Beagle Point to Point this year (1897) took place near Barton. As N. O. Walker superintended it, with B. Hardy as his 'collaborator,' I need hardly say it was a success. Tebbutt won three races and had a spill at the end. D. Harrison hurt himself very badly, and Whitfield lost his horse, so that it was rather a disastrous meeting for some. The only beagler who distinguished himself was Balfour, who won the Beagle Sweepstakes on one of Backhouse's numerous stud. Mather broke his collar bone."—H. S. G.

Seems to have been very good fun.

LETTER

NANPANTAN, LOUGHBOROUGH,
December 10, 1910.

DEAR HOLLAND HIBBERT—Let me congratulate you most heartily on the proposed history of the T.F.B. As my Mastership was of comparatively recent date, I am afraid I cannot give you much information which you have not already got.¹

When I first went up to Cambridge in October 1898, Mitford was Master, and Backhouse, Buxton (L. G.), Gladstone, and Barry whipped in to him. Mitford showed good sport and was well served by his whippers-in. Cooper was a quite exceptional runner, and Backhouse and Barry both hard workers.

Mitford was followed by Gladstone. After Gladstone came Kidd, who hunted them for one season. I was "down" for the two winter terms as I had broken my thigh cubbing, but from all accounts Kidd showed very good sport, was very keen, a hard worker, and a good hound man. At the end of his first season Kidd appointed Finch, Roberts, and myself as whippers-in, but then had to give up owing to illness, and asked me to take them on, which I did in May 1901.

I had the hounds for the season 1901-2, and for 1902 up to Christmas, when I went down. I think Godfrey Lawson could supply you with particulars of my Mastership.²

¹ Fears quite groundless. There is less information forthcoming ament the modern period than any other.

² He has done so.

When I took over the hounds there were a lot of big dog hounds, and, what was worse, a lot of them were mute. These I drafted, and generally aimed at getting the pack more level, about fifteen inches. Though I disliked big hounds, I found that if too small they could not stand the heavy plough and the constantly getting wet crossing the dykes in the fen country. The bitches were a very useful lot, and amongst the best were Fairmaid and her three daughters, Fretful, Frantic, and Friendly; also Garnish, a black-and-tan, and a wonderfully good hound in her work, especially as a road hound. Victory, Gaiety, Rarity, and Justice were also first-rate hounds. The two dog hounds to whom T.F.B. appear to have been most indebted for their best hounds were Victor, by Malpas, Mabel ex Malpas, Countess, and Boaster, bought from Mr. Wynn. This blood was combined in Gambler by Victor ex Guilty, litter sister to Garnish, and I consequently used him for my own pack, the Charnwood, and he bred me Fanciful, a very good-looking hound, and from my Rosebud, by T.F.B. Ringwood ex their Rosebud, he bred me a litter of four, three of them being red, and one of them was dam of Reveller, champion at Peterborough in 1909. I mention this because these were the first red or liver-coloured beagles I ever saw, and I am at a loss to account for the colour as there was no trace of it as far back as I can trace these hounds.

To Kidd belongs the credit of breeding what I consider the best-looking dog hound T.F.B. have ever had, viz. Forman, a perfect topped hound, with good shoulders, well set on neck and head, wonderfully sprung ribs, good back and quarters, and well carried stern. His top was hard to crab, and the only fault I could find was with his front; he was too broad and a little out at elbows, but this I put down entirely to having entered him too young—he was entered when little over six months old, and never missed coming out three days a week—no wonder his front feet went!

Fretful, his dam, was a beautiful little hound on harrier lines. She would be hard to beat at Peterborough now, but in her day ear and head properties were what were most considered in beagles.

I forgot to mention that I tried at the commencement of my Mastership to get the pack entered *en masse* in the Stud Book, but,

though they had offered to do so in previous years, the Committee could not see their way to doing it then. So the only thing was to use Stud Book sires, which I am glad to see has been since done.¹

[Here follow convivial particulars dealt with in the next chapter.]

I doubt if there will be anything of any use in this rigmarole, and I can only excuse its length on the ground of the great interest I have always taken in T.F.B.—Yours very truly,

(Signed) W. EDMUND PAGET.

I am sure there is no reason to apologise for so interesting a "rigmarole," giving the family history of so many members of the pack. It fits in moreover with

MR. GODFREY LAWSON'S REMINISCENCES

My first season was 1899–1900, when the Master was C. B. Kidd—now Master of West Kent F.H.—and Whippers-in, H. C. Wood and P. H. Cooper, now a clergyman.

Kidd was a very persevering if not a fast runner, and quite a fair huntsman, while both Wood and Cooper were excellent runners and whippers-in. Cooper used to have a beagling maxim of: "First cook your hare and then catch it!"

The next season, 1900–1901, W. E. Paget, well known with the Quorn F.H.—his father once having been joint M.F.H.—took on the hounds, with F. D. Finch as 1st and Arthur W. Rhymer-Roberts as 2nd Whippers-in. (Rhymer-Roberts had the sobriquet of "Poetic Bobs.") Paget was quite a first-rate huntsman. As regards running, he was a remarkably "game" plodder, seeing he had a chronic "game leg," which was due to an accident with the Quorn.

I remember the first time I saw him was in the summer term 1900, before he was Master, when he was driving the Pelican cricket team to a match in a brake, and as he had rather a disreputable cap on, I took him for one of Hopkins's stablemen! As a rule, how-

¹ Cf. entry in "Farmers' Book" by D. G. Hoare.

ever, he was, and is still, a "model of neatness," and is a particularly graceful horseman. It was not long before he augmented his force of "hound turners" by the addition of Godfrey Lawson and Humphrey G. Barclay, as 3rd and 4th Whips respectively, while James Winstanley Cropper acted as a very efficient secretary. A Beagle Club was also formed consisting of master, secretary, and whippers-in, *ex officio*, and two others, whom I think were W. H. Otter and P. H. Wykeham. The weekly dinners were sometimes great fun. Mr. Lawson introduced the custom of drinking lime-juice, and on one occasion, at a dinner in his rooms, a telegram was sent to King Edward VII. wishing him many happy returns of his birthday, or congratulating him on some such event, and the reply is, I fancy, kept in the famous Beagle Book.

The cornet and a fox-terrier called "Match" invariably joined in the post-prandial choruses, the accompanist usually being Mr. Otter or Mr. J. C. Newman ("Noggs"), who was famous for his *falsetto* voice (if not for his *false set o' teeth*!) and the many times a day he played "Whisper and I shall hear" or "Just one Girl" (with variations!) on various pianos in sundry friends' "digs." This hero was a member of "Maudlen" College, and I think about the best horseman "up" in my time. I remember that he was so fond of riding that he was the despair of his college "rowing bloods," one of whom, on the occasion of some boat races, besought him to "come and make hunting noises on the bank," in order to spur (!) on his college crew to victory.

Anent the story of J. C. Newman and the "rowing bloods" aforesaid, I have unearthed the following verses.

[Still poetry! but this is the last!—F. C. K.]

"NOGGS ET PRAETEREA NIHIL!"

(Tune—"Maudlen may make more row!")

Oh Noggs, we pray thee come and row
 For Maudlen and the cause!
 Quit, quit your hunting for the nonce
 And bravely "take up oars."

But if you cannot rise to this,
 At least do come and holloa
 Sweet hunting sounds, begarbed in coat
 Of pink with tails of swallow.

Your whoop is sure to cheer the "cox"!
 Your spurs provoke a spurt,
 Till friend and foe will cry, "By Jove!
 They're splendid through the dirt!"

So Noggs he went and loudly yelled,
 "Huick forrard!" "Gone—away!"
 "Loo in, my beauties!" "Roust him out!"
 "Oh hip, hip, hip—hooray!"

Of course the Maudlen crew "romped home"
 The easiest of winners!
 And Noggs has ever since been drunk
 (A "toast" at Maudlen dinners!)

This same Mr. Newman or Noggs, or Newman Noggs, is also an ardent sailor-man, for I find him among the members of the Cambridge University Cruising Club and also of several Norfolk Yacht and Sailing Clubs. (F. C. K.)

H. G. Barclay was a magnificent runner—the best during my three years, all things considered, though I think Harry Fordham of Royston could beat him for a short burst (*i.e.* "animated bust"). He was "one of the very best" and had a wonderful influence for good and is now in holy orders. He had a splendid old character of a greyhound called "Sailor," with which, together with any other "long-dogs" we could "beg, borrow, or steal," some of us used to go coursing (by leave of the keeper) in the Bottisham direction on the rare non-hunting days, and great fun it was. On one occasion Barclay was caught on a Sunday when "Sailor" had just run into a hare, but the sporting hare-owner (must have been an (h)ar(e)istocrat) allowed the matter to be settled by a contribution to Addenbrook's Hospital.

Amongst hounds that I remember at this period were: Gracious, Rector, Marquis, Trumpeter, Forman, Firelight, Fretful, Friendly, Racquet, Rarity (all tan), Lawless, Garnish, Garston, Victory, Gambler, of which Trumpeter, Racquet, and Lawless strike me now as having been the best in the field. Trumpeter was a bit wild, but I think I never saw such a "glutton for work" among any kind of pack I have ever hunted with. Forman was not at this time, in *my* humble opinion, as good as he looked (I think he was the finest-looking beagle dog hound I have ever seen), as he was rather apt not to "throw his tongue" sufficiently.

I remember him once leading the whole pack off after a cur dog when Paget and I were exercising down the Backs on bicycles during the May week, and I could not stop them till we lost our cur (which in the course of the hunt had turned up Silver Street, and then doubled back!) through his bounding over an unjumpable (to beagles) garden gate.

These proceedings were a source of great surprise to Hazlerigg, who happened to view the chase roll by! Among the followers of the T.F.B. whom I recollect were: Arthur M. Luckcock ("squint eye"!), Mapplebeck, John Dormer (also a fox-hunter from the Cleveland country), H. D. Bentinck (afterwards a whipper-in), M'Intyre (a keeper of whippets!), Robin Barclay (a running Blue and some time Whip), Graves, Montgomery ("Gaunt"!), Tommy Russell (whipper-in), Stanning, Harry Longman (Whip), S. S. Steel (who once told a private detective that he was "John Jones, of Jesus," and was also a well-known follower of Mr. Scott-Plummer's hounds in Selkirkshire), Edwards, Williams, J. C. Newman, Lord O'Hagan, Harry Fordham, Tony Buxton (afterwards Master), Van. Duzer, Walter Rothschild, A. W. T. Channell [also a good sailor-man.—F. C. K.], David Hoare, and C. Hoare. David Hoare was the greatest celebrity, having started his hunting career when still at Harrow, where he, his brother (who went into the Indian Army), and another boy combined to keep a cry of four couples of beagles on the quiet, with which they used to hunt a drag, as hares were too scarce in the neighbourhood of the farm where the pack was kennelled (in a pig-sty!) and there was seldom time to go very far afield. David at Harrow was called

"Seppy" as he was Hoare "Septimus," and it is on record that he once or twice took one of his hounds through the Headmaster's house! Quite a daring "cast"! I remember he once very kindly helped me to take T.F.B. to Dawson's farm (on Caxton Gibbet Road) on bicycles at the end of the term when practically every one "had gone down," and we had an excellent day, when two hares were accounted for—one by the help of an ubiquitous collic, which seemed to greatly please Quinten Gurney, who was the only member of the field! Wilfred Lucas, Bird, Northen, Gwynne, and A. D. P. Campbell (a Whip who always said every hare was a fresh one!). Jim Cropper was the best man, I think, of all whom I remember at running "to" hounds.

I. Met at Earith Bridge, March 1, 1902, 60 minutes.—On this occasion I hunted hounds as 1st Whip in H. G. Barclay's (Master) absence, and we had a great day—would have lost hounds altogether in dark if Tony Buxton had not managed to keep in touch—did not get back to Cambridge till nearly 10 P.M.! So much for a "tea-total horn carrier"!

II. Thriplow to Foxton.—Mr. Barclay had a riding meet—rode "Plumber."

[This is the last "riding day" recorded.—F. C. K.]

III. Trinity Backs, Oct. 11, 1901.—My first hare, hunting hounds.

A great thing in connection with the T.F.B. was Harrier and Beagle Races,¹ of which I have a card dated March 6, 1901. The meeting was held near the Five Bells on the Huntingdon Road, and we had to ride twice round the same course. The stewards were: E. C. Henn-Gennys (then Master of the Harriers), W. E. Paget, G. Hargreaves, Hon. V. B. Ponsonby (Master of Drag), Prince P. de Caraman Chimay, starter; Henn-Gennys, Clerk of the Scales; G. Hargreaves, Judge; C. B. Kidd. There were five races—the Harrier Point-to-Point, the Farmers' Point-to-Point, the Beagle Sweepstakes (5s.), Open Sweepstakes, Farm's Sweepstakes and Matches.

The entries in the Beagle Race were:—

- | | | | | | |
|--|---|---|---|---|--------|
| 1. W. E. Paget's br. g. The Chef | . | . | . | . | Owner. |
| 2. G. Lawson's br. g. Father Christmas | . | . | . | . | Owner. |

¹ As before described, now extinct.—F. C. K.

3. H. G. Barclay's br. g. Gallott	Owner.
4. R. V. Gwynne's ch. g. Scandal	—
5. W. Hesketh's br. g. Hector	Owner.
6. H. E. Howard's br. g. Haakim	H. Longman.

I think every horse refused some time during the race! Several beaglers owned horses—J. C. Newman's "Banker" (a very good old chestnut) being a great celebrity.

Harry Fordham was a great "Thruster."

Sam Steel was possessed of a famous horse called "Puff and Blow," supposed to have carried his great weight magnificently in what he described as a great hunt—the "point" being from Mark's Wood to Avesley Wood, both in the Fitzwilliam country!

I was possessed of three different mounts during my three years, viz. "The Laird," "Father Christmas," and "The Plumber." "The Plumber" was a splendid little horse, and "Father Christmas" quite useful. A joke we played once or twice on passing Girton on the way home in the brake, was to walk the horses and then sing, "When we are married"!

Paget was succeeded in the Mastership in the middle of season 1901-2 by Humphrey Barclay, I remaining 1st Whipper-in and Secretary, which I had become at the beginning of that season—the other Whips being D. G. Hoare, T. W. Russell, and H. D. Bentineck. A. D. P. Campbell (famous for the good mutton-chops he always gave his guests) was also a Whip at one period during my three years at Trinity.

Here the history of Cambridge Beagling practically ends, having been brought down to times almost within living undergraduate memory. Further records consist in stray entries in the T.F.B. Club records, and are of such lighter sort as to be dealt with "after dinner" in a last frivolous chapter. To all things there is an end, and at Cambridge it comes quickly. Whether you think ending sad or not is a matter of temperament, and depends on which of two little girls that my mother used to know you most resemble, one of whom was a pessimist and the other an optimist. When they had had a particularly good time the pessimist used to say: "All gone!"

Never no more again!" But the optimist: "All gone! More to-morrow!"

So far as Cambridge days are concerned I am sure the optimist is right, for though "never no more again" is written across 'Varsity life for most of us, there is none the less "more to-morrow," as the world is wide and life still before us. Here is a yarn of the last day of a season written by Mr. W. H. Barry in his own hand in the Gladstone Diary. The diarist records that he himself being Secretary was too busy with accounts to go out himself, and that "W. H. B." was very keen about writing the record.

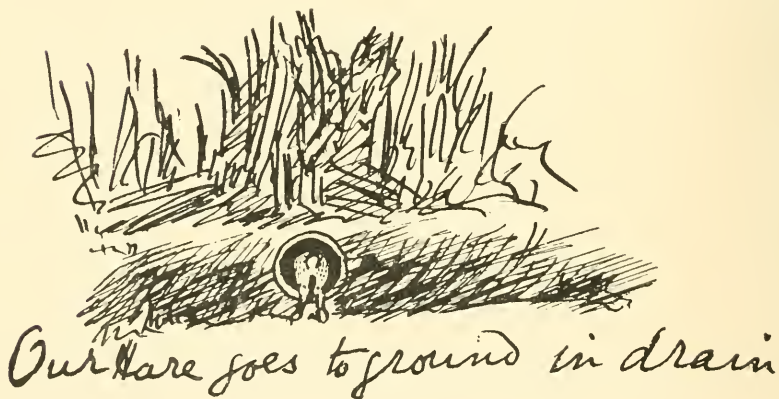
TO FINISH THE SEASON

To begin the day, there being only Nigel and Self, we drove out the old hound van in great form. Having sampled Cole's beer we went on to Lay's farm, and soon found a "jelly" in the meadow next the gardens, and ran all along the outskirts of the village back to the gardens, then across the dry plough, could make nothing of her. There being now five of us, we retired to the White Horse for lunch, and amongst other things got outside a pint of shandy gaff, which afterwards we regretted very much. Starting again, we soon found a hare in a rough grass field, on the far side of the dyke, bordering the railway. Scent had improved a great deal, and they pushed her along at a very fair pace left-handed nearly to Fen Drayton. We here walked up to her and ran very fast back again and across the large grass meadows between the railway and the river. She turned right-handed, crossed the railway back again over the dyke, and up to the village allotments. She here got up all amongst them, and ran back across the dyke and railway into the meadows again. When we got up to them they were in the lane between the railway and Holywell, and though we cast all round we could make nothing of her, and I think she must have squatted in one of the fences on the side of the lane. It was a very pretty hunt indeed, all over grass and hounds running very well together all the time. We were handicapped in not seeing quite where they threw up, otherwise I think we might have killed her as we had run very fast for a long hour.

Having again (!) paid a visit to the White Horse, we drove back

rather sorrowfully, as I believe this is the last day Nigel and I will have with the beagles at Cambridge. Would that we could have many more, but at any rate it was pleasant to end up with a really good hunt, which I think we shall remember for many a long day.

“All gone, never no more again!” at Cambridge; but we hope that for all good sportsmen there will be “more to-morrow” elsewhere.



CHAPTER X

AFTER DINNER

How very good it is to think
The world's so full of meat and drink.

R. L. STEVENSON.



WHEN Mr. John Jorrocks enunciated his great dictum that "All time wot ain't spent in 'untin' is wasted!" it is clear that he made it with certain reservations in favour of dinner, a subject on which his views are preserved to us in some detail, such as that the oldest port wine is not necessarily the best, that cheese is an efficient material for filling the

chinks, and that one should always sleep and breakfast in the same house as one dines. Indeed, he even went so far as to promise James Pigg never to go hunting on "a drinking day." Few men who hunt or love any kind of sport fail at some time or other to discuss gastronomy, the proverbial saying, "As hungry as a hunter," accounting for the fact. And was it not because he was famished that Esau, on seeing Jacob sod the red pottage of lentils, sold his birthright for a mess thereof?

"W'ere I dines I sleeps, and w'ere I sleeps I breakfasts," is as

sound a maxim as has come from the mouth of any sage, but it cannot be literally followed by the young, as they are not free so to do; for wherever members of the University *in statu pupillari* may dine, their elders insist that they shall return within their College gates, or lodging-house doors, by midnight, so that, however pot-valiantly they may sing,

“We won’t go home till morning,”

they seldom put the threat into execution (an they did there would be serious consequences); and once having slept elsewhere there is not much point in returning to the banquet hall for breakfast—indeed there have been occasions when it could hardly have been tidied up in time. This of course relates to those prehistoric ages in which our Founder gave his definition of a gentleman as “One who behaves as such even when he is drunk,” and one cannot suppose that a T.F. Beagler ever transgressed that rule. Since then one Master has introduced lime-juice as a festive cordial, and on one occasion twelve running huntsmen broached but one bottle of champagne, and even then there was a glass or so left over for the waiters!

But in those earlier days, as Lord Ernest St. Maur shows, even sporting undergraduates did not dine out of Hall nearly so freely as is now the case. In those days the dinner was earlier, and men used to “wine” after Hall in their rooms, just as their more conservative seniors still do in Combination Room.

I remember once hearing the late Master of Trinity Hall, Dr. “Ben” Latham’s, account of the change. He was paying calls, and so was I, and he began discoursing to his hostess on the degeneracy of the modern undergraduate who “dwank no wine”! When he was young dinner in Hall was much earlier, say five o’clock; and afterwards, when the High Table adjourned in state to the Combination Room, juniors would also forgather in each other’s quarters for their wine and dessert. They did not, said Dr. Latham, drink excessively, but—“we talked a gweat deal.” The manner of the thing must have been much like the illustration on the cover of a publication, long out of print, called



T. HOLLAND HIBBERT.



G. W. BARCLAY.



AT REAVELEY.

T. LAWSON. W. DE GEIJER. W. E. GADDUM. R. FALCONER. T. HOLLAND HIBBERT. M. C. ALBRIGHT.

PAULO POST-PRANDIALS ;

OR,

ONLY SOME LITTLE STORIES AFTER HALL.

When the wine had gone round two or three times, and talk was no longer in spate, chapel broke up the assembly, and, prayers done, each man went to his rooms and read. But, said the old Master, all that was of the past. Dinner was now much later, and after it men just had a "cup o' corfee and a cigawette," and then, if they had nothing better to do, "Vey went to ve featre." They were in too digestive and sleepy a condition for work. Both "corfee" and "cigawettes" were, from the speaker's tone and expression, marked symptoms of decadence.

The whole discourse, by the way, started from a case he had just come across of a man whose excuse for cutting his coach was that he had been to the theatre.

No, he continued, men did not drink wine now; at least, they kept no stock. They had wine when they gave a dinner, but, *O tempora! O mores!* it was ordered in for the occasion, and the consumers being unseasoned and the wine bubbly, very little went to their heads. He always knew when men gave dinners, because when he was tutor they used to come and ask leave.

"And I used to say, 'What do you want to give a dinner for?' and they'd say they were coming of age or something; and I'd say, 'Let me see! Didn't you come of age last term? Never mind, you can have your dinner; but wemember you mustn't come of age again till next term!'"

Dr. Latham, by the way, was an ardent oarsman, rowing regularly at five in the Ancient Mariners, and he was always keen to secure men who showed promise of oaranship rather than horsemanship. There is, or was in my young days, an apocryphal tradition¹ to the effect that he always looked a candidate for admission over with special regard for his legs. If the candidate seemed likely to shape well, and would promise to "wow" and not "wide," hopes would be

¹ *My* authority was one "Box" Davies, a Welshman, who was up at the Hall in the early eighties, and with me afterwards at St. George's Hospital. Where *he* got it from *I* don't know.

held out that perhaps a little scholarship might be found. If, however, the candidate's legs looked unsatisfactory, he would say, "I see you wear tight twowers" (the emblem in those days of pronounced horsiness). "I think you'd better go to Magdalene!"—of course, the Magdalene of the high and far-off days of "Mother" Hunt.

To return, however, to the convivial habits of beaglers. The records go back behind even those days to the times of the Merton Arms *régime*. That, remember, was in days when after dinner wining was as inevitable as dinner itself, and when dons, at least other than such youthful innovators as Dr. Henry Jackson, still wore tall hats.¹ There was no formal beaglers' wine club, but H. Cavan Irving tells us that the then Master, Valentine Whitby Vickers, "was great on nuts, and often after Hall they came to my rooms, which were quite near the Dining Hall at Trinity, and when most of us were drowsy and half-asleep, Vickers would call out, 'I say, Mister, have you any more nuts? And the port is nearly done.'" This homely tale belongs to a simpler time, before such affectations as the "sinful life" were invented, when men dined from a joint and drank solemnly of vintage wines afterwards. When such men made a FEAST in those days, the fare was the same; but special pains were taken that the saddle should come from a four-year-old down-fed wether, and the wine was such as the host, or his father before him, had nurtured from its youth up in his own cellars. Those men were epicures in their own way, and are perfectly presented, with the help of the late Mr. George Du Maurier, in a certain back volume of *Punch*. Two gourmands, one fat and the other lean, are sitting in a club and talking.

First Gourmand. I say! that was a beautiful saddle of mutton Tom gave us last year.

Second Gourmand. Yes! I often wish I'd had another slice of that saddle of mutton.

The very plain dinner of very special quality was part of a definite, and in its way excellent, system of self-indulgence, in which the palate's capacity to discriminate vintages was not to be marred

¹ There is still one habitual tall hat of Victorian pattern surviving, that of Mr. Aldis Wright, Vice-Master of Trinity.

by highly seasoned dishes. A parson cousin of mine once dined with Mr. John Corlett, "Master" of the *Pink Un*. There was, he told me, nothing for dinner but turbot and venison, but very marvelous Madeira "sack" to follow. No doubt there are still numerous survivals of this school of high living and plain thinking. I myself was brought up in those traditions, and I think that they were bound up with the fact that, though smoking was not treated as the "filthy" hole-and-corner habit it had been in quite early Victorian times, still one could not smoke where and when one pleased as we do now, and one never expected to finish one's dinner with a cigarette or smoke of any kind. Tobacco was reserved till the ladies had retired for the night, and it was *de rigueur* to change one's coat, so that one should not smell of tobacco; to smoke when drinking the wine of those days was almost as great a sacrilege as it would even now be to play bridge in church.

Fashions change slowly, and there are places where the older ways still survive. I have stayed in a house for partridge shooting of the old sort, which began with zest on "The First," and where the son of the house and myself were both tainted with modernism, in that we had hammerless ejector guns. Such September shooting had used to be honoured with the best after-dinner vintages, and our host kept up the old traditions. But as soon as the wine had gone round the son went out and came back with cigarettes and matches, which he handed round on his own account. I was, in a sense, the son's guest, and knew him well enough to refuse *pro tem*. But another guest gravely took a cigarette, laid it by his glass, and went on with his wine. The son, not taking the hint, then pressed matches upon him; he took one and laid it carefully beside the cigarette. When coffee came in and he had said "No more wine, thank you," he took up the cigarette and lit it with the match, to the vast delight of the seniors, and the comparative discomfiture of the son.

To such times do the after-dinner habits of the early beaglers belong, and though not on all points a *laudator temporis acti*, I like those old ways, though there is much to be said for lighter meals and less liquor, the quick coffee and smoke and an adjourn-

ment to bridge or gay half-childish games, such as Dumb Crambo and impromptu charades.

A decade later we begin to see signs of the general transition. There was then a beaglers' wine club, The Inseparables, with a distinctive coat. The coat was a plum-coloured velvet jacket with silver braid with the arms of Trinity, two clasped hands and the motto "*Quis Separabit?*" on the pocket. It was confined to



T. F. B. C.

beagling Trinity men, and so shows that the tradition of wining after Hall was not dead; for it is only so long as men dine in College that after-dinner clubs and societies must (for sheer convenience' sake) be confined to members of one college. The entertainment consisted of wine and fruit after the old fashion, blended with "smokes, cards, and a sing-song," which are of the newer time. The authority for this statement is J. S. Carr-Ellison, who adds: "I believe the Inseparables died out shortly after my time. I know that my brother [H. G. Carr-Ellison, Whip in Kenneth Walker's time.—F. C. K.] had a different dining jacket, green velvet with a silver hare about the collar." This was the coat of the T.F.B. Club, which remains unto this day, and of which more hereafter. Suffice for the present to say that the inauguration of this Club marks definitely the end of the old after-dinner wine tradition, which, whatever its drawbacks, was for many reasons more elastic and sociable, because more homely. The change has been helped forward by the development of club dining-rooms, which has considerably diminished the extent of private undergraduate hospitality. A change, of course, in no way confined to beagling circles.

Before that time, as every one knows, there was no alternative to dinner in Hall, always a hurried and comfortless form of "stoking," other than a meal in one's own rooms supplied from the College Kitchens, or dinner in a pretentious and exorbitant hotel. There was nowhere where one could turn in on the spur of the moment

and find a comfortable luncheon of modest proportions and reasonable price, with some one to talk to, and an emergency dinner was to be had only at the Prince of Wales¹ ("Brevet's"), which became also a sort of "pirate" college kitchen, where there was a *table d'hôte*.

Some few years later opportunities for sociable luncheon sprang up. King's started a luncheon in Hall after the manner of a Club, and first Trinity and then other colleges followed suit. The advantages of the system were well expressed by a member of one of the smaller foundations, who complained to his tutor that no such amenities were, in their case, provided. "I so much dislike luncheon alone," he said, "that I always have to ask some one in, and so pay for two luncheons. Now, if luncheon were provided in Hall, sir, I should have a neighbour to talk to who paid for his own luncheon." The Pitt Club, the Union, and, later, the Hawks—the only Clubs with a large enough membership and premises—started luncheons and later dinners. More recently, the Pitt, the only Club of the three now closely concerned with sport, has fitted out a most convenient private dining-room where various clubs, societies, and informal coteries² can forgather. And so the modern social system of dining, rather than wining, is fully established.

With regard to the clubs to which beaglers have belonged, there was a time when many of them were at the Hawks. I remember being told, by whom I cannot remember, that H. Hastings Clay, in the earlier eighties, was active in getting beaglers into that society, and so making it a centre of sport; and it is an interesting and undesigned coincidence that one of the Masters of those days, A. E. Milne, was a member of the Hawks and not of the Pitt: though now, of course, the former is purely athletic and "Philistine," and the latter the only home for "Barbarians." Also the dining-rooms have increased the practical importance of clubs in the scheme of things.

No discourse on Cambridge Club life would be complete without

¹ The "Prince of Wales" is now defunct, and the premises occupied by a pastry-cook.

² The Ancient Mariners, for example.

some allusion to that small but exalted institution, the Athenæum, originally, I believe, a sort of debating society for high-caste undergraduates of literary sympathies, whose *symposia* are to this day called "Teas." The relation of this club to T.F.B. is of some interest. The following entry occurs in Mr. H. S. Gladstone's diary:—

"In October 1897 I was elected a member of the A.D.C. (Amateur Dramatic Club), but did not take it up. On February 1, 1898, a similar honour was done me by the Athenæum, which I likewise refused. 'Cut your coat according to your cloth' is a motto to be remembered."

This indicates what was certainly the fact, that membership of that club involved the possession of more than average means; and a Master of that period told me that beagling was held to be the poor man's sport, and that T.F.B. officials set their faces against membership of clubs which could in any way, directly or indirectly, interfere with that very wholesome tradition. And when I told him that in these days Master and Whips were made "Athenæum bloods," more or less *ex officio*, he shook his head. Then comes a further entry in the diary.

"Being elected a second time to the Athenæum, I wrote home for parental permission, which was, I am delighted to say, granted me. 'Miles' (M. R. Backhouse), Clem (C. Mitford), and Melville Balfour were all elected at the same time; so beaglers were in force."

The event is recorded in the T.F.B. Club Book by a neat coloured drawing of Athene's literary owl, signed H. S. G. The bird, with round spectacled eyes and a big cigar, is drawn in brown ink, and is remarkably like Jack Spraggon, who, be it remembered, was sufficiently literary to dictate the account of the Puffington run to Sponge. She, the owl, stands on a red morocco copy of *Beckford*, and is blazoned in a red and white device, which is intended for the Athenæum colours,¹ though the ink is too deep a red. Below is the aspiration—

Let us hope this bird of omen will be
One of good omen to T.F.B.

and the record that it was "drawn on the occasion of the Master

¹ Pink and white.

and two first Whips, also Mr. S. E. Baldwin, being elected members of the Athenæum."

Thus began the new tradition, of which Mr. Gladstone gave me the following account in conversation. Up to that time members had been very wealthy. Also at the *symposia*, or "Teas," every toast had to be drunk in a bumper, which, with many toasts, made the night unnecessarily "wet." On attending the first banquet, he (H. S. G.) flatly refused to conform to this rule, and later he and others had succeeded in keeping certain merely wealthy candidates out of the Club. The subscription, as I am informed, has since been reduced, so that "means" should not be so essential to membership.

This does not mean that Mr. Gladstone persuaded the "bloods" of his day to copy too closely at their feasts the intellectual placidity of the dinner of the Four Masters hereinafter recorded; there was still plenty of life. For example, at a "going down" dinner of a beagler at about this time, things were not merely lively but, as the diary records, "uproarious." And no names are mentioned even in the original, "as the days may come when we may be glad to say, etc., etc." These are, taken broadly, words of wide prescience. Youth does many wild things of which it would be afterwards glad to have left no written record which might perchance be brought up against it in after life. But in this case I am fain to confess that nothing very desperate happened. "Candle-shades were worn as hats"—true, but so do the grave and reverend signors of Trinity dress their heads with paper gauds from crackers on Christmas night in Hall. Also Queen Victoria's health was drunk with musical honours—

For she's a jolly good fellow !

and the fun is said to have been so fantastic as to "beggar description." "At 11.15 the Proctor came in, and M. said to him, 'You are always asking for my name; now, what's yours?' To which he replied, 'Gray of Queen's!'" A. told him he was a good sportsman. . . . He proved to be of the grit A. said he was, and took no names." To many generations of Cambridge men the name of "Joey" Gray is familiar, and his sportsmanship is known *urbi et orbi*; and that

he saw fit to take no names is of itself evidence that nothing very desperate occurred, and that no one need have minded his name appearing, for there is nothing immoral in noise and high spirits. Dr. "Ben" Latham, who was a really good old man, saw no more than youthful effervescence in such festivities, and there is nothing more; nor is there any desperate wickedness in driving hansoms down Jesus Lane in dress clothes, with cabby as "fare."

The mention of Dr. Latham brings up the dinner of the Four Masters, given by Dr. Latham and recorded by H. S. Gladstone. "We sat down," he says, "the Master of Trinity Hall, the Master of Jesus ('Black Morgan'), the President of Queens' (Dr. Ryle, a Divinity Professor, afterwards Bishop of Winchester and now Dean of Westminster), the (late) Master of Selwyn (Bishop Selwyn the younger), Newall the Astronomer, one other, and H. S. G.!¹ The latter felt nervous. . . ." He talked the politics of the day with Newall, and history with Professor Ryle; both, but perhaps particularly the latter, "must have been interested and elevated—WHO SAID AMUSED?"

Now, I think that Mr. Gladstone ought to have enjoyed himself, as all four "Heads" at least (I know nothing of the Astronomer) were the best of company. Of "Ben" Latham I have already told a tale. He was with his dog "Wob" a well-known figure in Cambridge in my time, and much beloved by all Hall men, whom he used to invite to his house to play billiards, and while play was going on would come in and talk to them. Of one he asked what Tripos he was taking, and was told the "General Tripos," to which he answered, "Oh! the Genewal Twipos. Well, I think you'd better sit down for a bit and keep quiet!" The undergraduate in question I knew as a droll if somewhat disreputable fellow, but with all his faults he was devoted to the old man. The "General Tripos," by the way, was a bogey to many beaglers.

I used, as an ordination candidate, to attend Professor Ryle's lectures on the History of the Jews, and he made them delightful; though of what use the knowledge would be to me in the execution

¹ "H. S. G." being a Master of Hounds, ought not this to have been called the dinner of the *five* Masters?

of my functions I have not yet found out. I once saw him on the Backs on a hot "Scarlet" Sunday afternoon in May Week in the black silk cassock, scarlet gown, scarf, and velvet square cap of a Doctor of Divinity, and carrying a large cream silk umbrella with a green lining. It was an exceptionally gorgeous colour scheme and strongly suggestive of Gilbert and Sullivan. He had been in Miss Evans' house at Eton, and *Annals of an Eton House* records that he was "a most charming little boy."

Dr. Morgan, Master of Jesus, was known as Black Morgan in contradistinction to the late and famous tutor "Red Morgan," of whom ("Black" Morgan) a Jesus man¹ older than myself told me that he was, as a rule, very lenient (in his tutor's days) to those who were hauled for ordinary escapades. But once when a man came up for something dishonourable and shoddy, he greeted him all down a corridor which led to his rooms with "You're a d——d cad, sir! You're a d——d cad, sir!! You're a d——d cad, sir!!!"

Bishop Selwyn, Master of Selwyn, had been, as his father also, a great rowing Blue. He also, by the way, had been in Miss Evans' house at Eton. In later years he was a cripple and used to go about on a hand tricycle which he steered with his back, but he retained his boyish spirits as long as he lived. About that time a son was born to him at the Lodge, and seeing one of the tutors² going out through the gate, threw up the window and shouted right across the Court, "I say, Hudson, he's got a good long back! Do to row Seven!!"

Now I maintain that any one, even the youngest of beagling "Athenæum bloods," should have spent a very pleasant evening in such company.

One of the advantages of after-dinner gossip is that there is no obligation to stick to the point, one may ramble freely, and I think it time that we should drift into farmers' dinners in my time and *teste* J. S. Carr-Ellison:—

"The Drag and Beagle Dinner to the farmers and those on whose land the two packs hunted was generally great fun, and it was

¹ Dr. Dixon, who rowed in Jesus boats in the days of Hockim and the elder Fairbairn, during their long period of headship.

² The Rev. Robert Hudson.

always a merry evening. I am sure that it did good, and that it was appreciated by the farmers."

In those days the dinner was given in a room in Green Street, which began life as the Debating Hall of the Union, and we were set round the tables two and two (*i.e.* two farmers together and then two 'Varsity men), so that every man had a farmer for a neighbour on one side and an undergraduate on the other. I have often wondered why ordinary dinner-parties are not arranged in that way, as then every guest would have both a man and a woman to talk to. After dinner came speeches in which there was plenty of "butter," and I remember the speech of one of those of whom the Farmers' Book records that he was "quite fond of getting on his legs." During dinner old "White-headed Bob," the blind fiddler, used to play tunes, and of course there were songs. I remember being commandeered on to my legs and the only thing I could think of (I can't sing for nuts) was "Three Jolly Post Boys," and of course we had "We'll all go a-hunting to-day," which, I think, Sleath-Green, Master of the Drag, sang. J. S. Carr-Ellison had a fine repertoire of Irish songs of the Ballyhooly kind, of which the refrain of his best was—

Every man provides his donkey
In the Ballylooby Horse.

And Willoughby (the Hon. G. H. D., Master of the Drag) had a great song about one

Mrs. Grády,
A widow Lády,
Has a daughter whom I adoré.

No one could attend the dinner who did not pay for a farmer as well as himself, and so the farmer who sat next to one was in a real sense one's personal guest, and I think we all felt the obligation not merely of providing good eating and drinking for those on whose land we hunted, but also of exerting ourselves to be agreeable. And so we really did enjoy the dinner.

In those days there were A.D.C. smokers, which were a sort of amateur music-hall show. For these you could get a pass in from any member, and a fair number of beaglers used to attend. "Mrs. Grady" was a most popular turn, and so was a man who

mimicked a Scotch Presbyterian minister and a young Oxford High Church curate; and there was a mock conjuring display, somewhat on Pelissier lines, in which an undergraduate named Audley Miller, *very* broad in the beam, was made to disappear, which he did by crawling off the stage behind a plank laid edgeways and about six inches deep.

Mention must here be made of an obscure and ephemeral institution called the Puss Club. This was discovered through the Minute Book being left derelict in a Malcolm Street lodging-house. The landlady, having found it, gave it in to Dr. Morley Fletcher, who ordered it to be carefully kept in the Pitt safe, where he told me I might see it. The book contained little information except that the members wore a claret-coloured coat, and presumably because the members were more or less enthusiastic beaglers, perhaps less rather than more, as Lord Ronaldshay—a moving spirit—was Master of the Drag, a roast hare was always *pièce de résistance* at the banquet. Naturally a club drawing its members from so small an area did not long survive the going down of its first founders. Still the point is of interest as taking us outside official circles.

LETTER

EDEN HOTEL, CAP D'AIL,
ALPES MARITIMES, FRANCE,
January 21, 1911.

DEAR SIR.—Your letter of the 18th *re* the T.F.B. has been forwarded to me here. I fear my recollections of the Puss Club are somewhat dim. I think it was restricted to members of Mr. H. O. Davidson's (formerly "Vanity" Watson's) House at Harrow, of whom there happened to be five or six up at Cambridge about the years 1894-97. I think we dined more enthusiastically than we beagled. We used to hold a dinner two or three times a term, I believe, to which we invited guests. In common with most dining-clubs of that time (University undergraduate dining-clubs, I mean), we had a distinctive dress in which we dined, *i.e.* a magenta-coloured smoking-coat. I am not sure who was the genius to whom this garment owed its creation.

I regret that I have no livelier recollections to give you of so important an institution; my information will, I fear, prove to be even scantier than the "minutes."—Yours truly,

(Signed) RONALDSHAY.

But of all festive institutions connected with the T.F.B., the T.F.B. Club is both the last and the greatest. It has, moreover, the advantage of having kept permanent memoranda, which form a most valuable contribution to recent history. They are contained in two books bound in beagle-green morocco, and the records extend over just twenty years. They contain, of course, no matters of serious import, but beyond the dry statistics of when and where dinners were held, and who were present, they record many lighter and more cheery incidents, chiefly in the form of entertaining and often very clever pen-and-ink sketches. These books come in, therefore, most opportunely as covering the more recent period of our annals, for which little or no other information has come to hand.¹

As to each age there attaches some special feature of interest, to the beaglers of the first decade of the twentieth century belongs the honour of giving to the world the lighter side of the sport. The records are full of drawings of various degrees of technical merit, but as a whole presenting a veritable Comedy of Beagling. These drawings are of value not only for their intrinsic humour, but also because they show that, though the science of hunting is by no means lost sight of, yet it never obscures the fact that one goes beagling, just as one goes boat-racing, shooting, or cruising, for fun. To do otherwise is

Propter vitam vivendi perdere causas :

i.e.

To drown sport in its own technicalities.

The T.F.B. Club, like all sound institutions, "kinder grew" like Topsy. For some time there had been a Committee, the Mastership being in commission, and what more natural than that the Committee should dine together? Then came a time when a Master

¹ The beaglers of this period are, of course, not yet old enough to be reminiscent.

was willing to take the whole burden on his shoulders again, so the Committee was dissolved. But the dissolution of a Committee is, of course, no excuse for abandoning so excellent a custom as dinner, so on November 9, 1892, in the Master's (R. S. Hicks) rooms, The Club was formed, rules were drawn up, and five members, viz. the Master, the Whips, and one other, mutually elected themselves the original members, to wit:—

R. S. Hicks—*Master*.

W. E. Rogerson—*First Whip*.

H. C. Browning—*Second Whip*.

E. R. T. Corbett—*Third Whip*.

D. H. Doyne.

A. M. Allgood was still "up," and was unanimously elected, but declined to become a member, and Mr. A. N. Watney was chosen to fill the one vacant place.

RULES OF THE T.F.B. CLUB

1. That this Club be called the Beagle Club.
2. That the Master of the Trinity Foot Beagles for the time being shall be the President.
3. That the Committee shall consist of the Master and the three Whips of the Trinity Foot Beagles; any two of which, and the Master, shall form a quorum.
4. That the Club shall consist of not more than six members.
5. That the Club shall dine once a week in one member's rooms.
6. That the member in whose rooms dinner is held shall have the privilege of inviting one guest.
7. That the Club dress be white waistcoat, green velvet coat with lighter green silk facings, and silver hares on each side of the collar.
8. That any former member shall have the privilege of dining with the Club.
9. That one black ball in three shall exclude, and that the President shall have a casting vote.
10. That a general meeting may be called at any time by the President.

To complete the formal history of the Club—

In 1895 the Mastership again went into commission, and the following entry occurs:—

January 18, 1895.

Owing to the formation of a Committee in place of a Mastership, it is necessary to alter rules—

4. That the Club is increased, and limited to *eight* members.

Also Rule 11 was added to the effect that

All members of Hunt Committee become members of this Club.

(Signed) { F. C. FENWICK.
R. F. ALLGOOD.
R. R. CREWDSON.

Thus things continued until 1898 when the following memorandum is entered:—

At a Committee Meeting held on Tuesday, October 23, 1898, the following resolutions were passed:—

(1) That the Committee dissolve itself and become a dining-club as before, and the Huntsman be absolute Master.

(2) That the dining-club consist of eight members, and that an Entrance Fee of £2 be paid on the election of each new member.

(3) That the annual subscription for a Whip be £10 inclusive of all privileges.

Since this last reform the constitution of the Club remains unchanged, the only other alteration being that, instead of having one guest of the evening, the host is allowed to ask as many as he



PROPOSAL FOR A FANCY DRESS DINNER. COSTUMES FROM "THE FRENCH MAID,"
A MUSICAL COMEDY OF THE PERIOD.

Drawn by H. S. G. From T.F.B.C. Book.

pleases. From this date begins the tradition of Whips paying a higher rate of subscription than the ordinary private beagler. Entries record that it was some weeks before members all turned out in correct mess uniform, the last offender being Mr. Doyne, who broke Rule 8 by not wearing a white waistcoat.

The only events in club history to be recorded are that G. Lawson tells us that in his day lime-juice was introduced at the Club dinners, and there is an entry in book opposite a dinner held in Lent Term 1907, which states—

“Among twelve gentlemen three-quarters of a bottle of champagne were drunk. O ye gods! what would our grandfathers say?” In spite, perhaps because¹ of, such preternatural sobriety, members accuse one another of terminological inexactitude. It is recorded, for example, that on that very day “our hare, when dead beat, goes into a ruined cottage and runs out between the Master’s legs, much to his disappointment”; the truth of the tale being made the more vivid by a circumstantial diagram. Artistically, it is not good enough to call a drawing. But there follows, with the Master’s initials—

“This is an absolute lie. I was nowhere near the door; I should have had the sense to shut it if I had, I hope; some other blighter let her out, but she was finally killed.—M. E. B.”

This introduces us to the T.F.B. pictorial records. The first drawing is a sketch of Frolic, “late T.F.B.,” and the only recorded lady guest. Though what she was doing, and where passing her old age, is not recorded. As drawn, she is much too large for her head; her girth also is ample, and her expression one of placid repletion, which is how a guest should look after dinner. This was at a last dinner of the season, on March 15, 1893.

The next item of interest is the appearance as a guest of C. Pascoe Hawkes on November 15, 1895, and beside the signature a neat little drawing of a Whip turning hounds. Later in the term he was asked again, and draws another and more flamboyant Whip, also turning a hound, this time with greater spirit, for his attitude is one of almost Bacchanalian fury, and the tail-end of a hound *ventre à*

¹ *In vino veritas!*

terre is most wisely making a hurried *exit* from the page. At the first dinner of the Lent Term he again turns up and contributes a sketch of Mr. Cecil Lupton as a "flying squadron" on a fairly bony old crock, calling upon a hound, who seems to be improperly mixed up with the crock's legs, to ware riot. A fresh hare is making a rapid departure.

The moral of the foregoing seems to be that if you like being asked out to dinner you should draw funny pictures in your hosts' Minute Book; but do not be too prodigal: the artist's rule should be, one dinner, one sketch. Mr. Hawkes's drawing should be well known to such as read the *Granta*, as he drew various figures which constantly head recurring news, such as Lawn Tennis, Rowing Notes, etc. Several of his works are published in this book other than those contained in the Club records. He was subsequently elected a member of Committee, and therefore of the Club.

The next contributor to the collection is Mr. H. S. Gladstone, whose work is not of such technical excellence as Mr. Hawkes's; but his drawings are full of spirit and movement, and he displays an especial knowledge of the fashions of the period, as may be seen from a study of a wood nymph and from the millinery of the lady beaglers who are listening to what Mr. Kenneth Walker had to say to the empty hound van at Little Shelford. There is also a rough but life-like sketch of Mr. Gladstone out partridge-driving when he should have been beagling. Being young and an undergraduate, he has but one gun and no retriever, yet he is clearly doing great execution, though one of his birds is an obviously active and vigorous runner.

At this point the Club enters a note of disgust with one of its members for wanting "amalgamation," though the sentiment is afterwards cancelled. This is the only documentary evidence of a movement set on foot at the time for incorporating the T.F.B. with the Amalgamated Athletic Clubs at Trinity, which, by the way, is the position occupied by the Christ Church Beagles at Oxford. Mr. H. S. Gladstone told me of this in course of conversation, and was under the impression that Mr. Rouse Ball, one of the trustees, was a supporter of the proposal. Mr. Rouse Ball, however, himself told

me that he was against it, as the Beagles, in spite of their name, are really a University and not a College institution, which is of course the right way to look at the matter. Had the change been effected, the whole character of the Hunt, which depends so largely on its complete independence and comparative informality of constitution, would have been changed. Moreover there is no natural connection between field sports and College *esprit de corps*, and as Trinity men have told me, their foundation is too big to foster such sentiments.

After this there is a blank period when nothing is recorded except when and where the dinners were held and who went to them; and then they found two new artist guests, C. de M. Grant and C. W. Jones. There are also many anonymous drawings, including a sporting artist,¹ whose power of presenting horses in motion is admirable, and in a style somewhere between that of Finch Mason and of Mr. G. D. Armour of *Punch* fame; and a series of drawings, signed with the monogram of A. H. Penn, who is the last and best of the T.F.B. artists. His style is natural and yet grotesque, and he has a quite unusual power of putting comical expression into both his faces and figures, he having the most invaluable of all gifts for such work—a droll imagination. This quality comes out with especial force in relation to an accident which happened to Mr. R. G. Buxton when out with the Fitzwilliam. The nature of the accident appears to have been concussion, and, in consequence, he is shown as being trephined, which, as every schoolboy knows, consists in boring a hole in the head (“to let out the fumes,” as Godonias said, or, rather, as Charles Kingsley says that he said). However, be that as it may, the

Genius of Paget about to trepan

is as nothing compared to the heroic surgery here displayed. To begin with, there are two operators at work at once, of whom one is sawing the patient's skull, and the other is punching a hole with a heavy hammer and powerful chisel; this second surgeon is fat and bathed in perspiration. So strenuous is the work that, though the

¹ I propose to name him “A1,” which both stands for Anonymous No. 1 and also as a tribute to the excellence of the work.

patient is under chloroform, he is tied down to the plain deal table with a stout rope lashing, as is most necessary, for he has got one leg free, with which he endeavours to kick the anæsthetist in the stomach, though a brawny assistant with stout hairy arms has got

Mr R. G. Burton, amid much regret & intense enthusiasm underwent on Feb 2nd, an operation for trepanning, as a result of his accident with the Fitzgibbon.



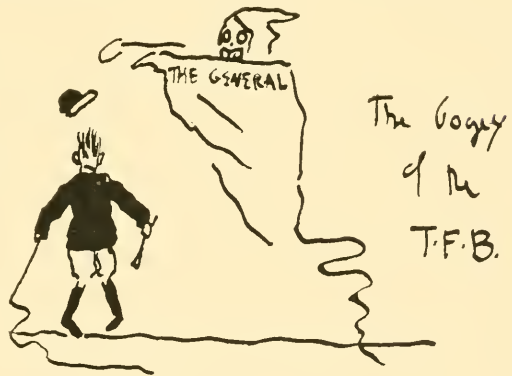
a good purchase on his ankle, and is hauling hard from under the table; while the anæsthetist, to keep at a safe distance, holds a spongeful of chloroform to the patient's face with a pair of domestic hearth tongs. Meanwhile, lest the patient's head should break the teeth of the first saw, another and greater one is being held in readiness by an attendant in the background, who is carefully sighting it to see if the teeth are in correct alignment. But this is not all, for a second pair of operators are waiting to take their shift, one with a centre-bit and the other with an axe, and both are watching, one with judicial calm and the other with a gleaming eye, a poker and pair of shears heating in a brazier. The style is something like that of Mr. Heath Robinson, but is, in my judgment, more genuinely comic in that it is nothing like so far-fetched. Possibly the whole incident is imaginary.

A more frequent and inevitable trial to beaglers, as to all undergraduates, is the examination bogey, symbolically presented by Mr. C. P. T. Hawkes.

Another page (see illustrations in the Preface) of Mr. Penn's work shows at least as keen a humour and presents

a typical day's beagling. The first sketch shows the beagler at 12.15 in stout brogues and a vast coat inimitably posed on the Pitt doorstep, while one of the page boys holds a bag of dry raiment twice his own size in readiness for the brake. Others show him between the hours of 1 P.M. and 6 P.M. actually engaged in beagling. The last discovers him at 6.30 P.M. in the inn parlour, with the usual stuffed wild duck and other ornaments, still devouring tea and bread-and-butter, with his big coat hanging on the door, while the Master from the door objurgates the "blighter" for keeping the brake waiting.

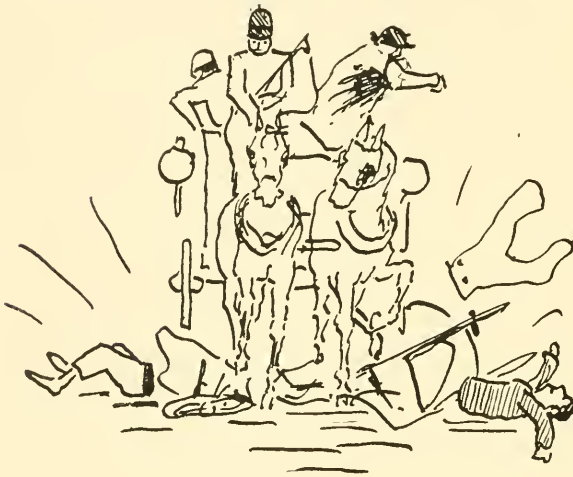
Another shows "a little quiet fun" in the beagle brake on the



N.B.—THE "GENERAL" IS AN EXAMINATION.

way to Fulbourne. The near side horse has turned round into a position impossible had there been a pole point, and there are one or two other technical faults, but the facial expressions of the driver and passengers more than atone for such trivial deficiencies.

Mr. Hawkes also contributes a drawing of an embryo beagler at school labelled "Mr. E. T. Murray, *et. 13*, and the Divining Rod." Mr. Murray being in the prone position, we have no record of his features, but the bearer of the divining rod is evidently Dr. Warre.



The Great Barnwell Murder.

N.O.W.

J.P.F.

The drawing is in more ways than one a "tailpiece," and is reproduced at the end of this chapter.

The adventures of the beagle brake, the perils of a swimming day, and occasions such as Cottenham, a riding day, or a bye day with the Fitzwilliam or the Cambridgeshire, when beaglers have witched, or at least set out to witch, the world with noble horsemanship, are among the more favoured subjects. Messrs. Hawkes and Penn both treat of the beagle brake as running over something. Mr. Penn is content with a dog. But it must have been an unusually solid dog, as the shock precipitates one passenger on to the road. The artist himself, who has the box seat, has had his cap lifted sheer off his head through his hair standing so stiff on end, while the Master's

face is distorted with fury as of a Buddhist devil-dancer. Mr. Hawkes shows it (the brake) as perpetrating the "Barnwell Murder." It is a cyclist this time and he is cut completely in half. The brake and its passengers are but little perturbed, but a Whip from the box seat is casting a spare pair of trousers down to the top half of the cyclist as a lifebuoy is cast from the bridge of a steamer to a man overboard. Though what use they could have been to the legless half of the murdered man is hard to say.

There is an anonymous sketch of the brake at night, which would seem to anticipate either the Post-Impressionists or the Futurists, more probably the former, as the sketch is Impressionist, and it was drawn *after*¹ dinner.

There are various sketches of beaglers out wild-fowling, and one of a day at Orwell Brewery, when the T.F.B. seems to have killed three brace of partridges, presumably Frenchmen. At the top of the page is the pack (1½ couple) going off to the right, to the left a silhouette of a partridge—at least it would have been a partridge, Mr. Hawkes says, had not somebody blotted it. Below are six hooks, from five of which hang partridges—at least circumstantial evidence shows that they must be partridges, though they look more like bustards. This is signed "H. S. G." Another page shows the Master turned "Commodore," and taking the artist, again "H. S. G.," duck-shooting in the Wash off Hunstanton.

So much for our comedy. But there is more than comedy in a beagler's life, as in every body of genuine sportsmen who live together in close intimacy, and, as the following letter in reply to a request for a contribution from a beagler who says that beagling meant much to him shows, that more is not for publication.

LETTER

DEAR MR. KEMPSON—I hope you will forgive my not coming out to see you, but, what with skating and beagling, I had my afternoons very much occupied. As regards an article for the Beagle Book, believe me, I was flattered by your request, but I hardly see my way to doing it. It *could* only be about Revealey.

¹ *Post* is Latin for after!

Now those who have been there know what it is like, and as for those who have not—well, I can't help thinking that one great charm of it is that the life there is *incognito*. The doings and sayings of a few more or less intimate people could not interest the outside world very much, but they are treasured by the few to laugh over in after years. That is my view, and I think you will understand.

[I think we all do.—F. C. K.]

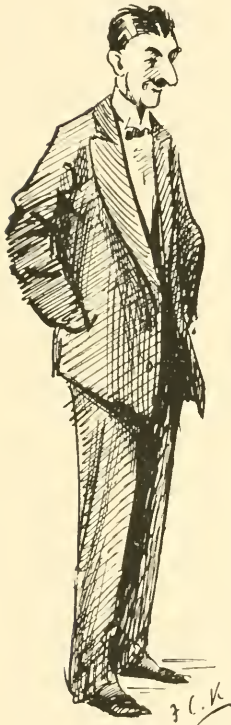
As regards the beagling itself. I fear it would take some one who is more of a professional and better acquainted with hunting jargon to deal with it.

[K. Walker has dealt with it admirably.—F. C. K.]

Believe me, I am sorry that I cannot assist, but you see how it is.

Please remember me to Mrs. and Miss Kempson.—Yours very sincerely,

W. DE G.



W. DE G.

But I think he has helped us much. He has expressed far better than I could have done the fact that there are some tales which must not be told, even out of school.

It remains to me to wish all good luck to four Masters :—

(1) William Henry Wiggin, in whose year the hounds first came to Manea, and I renewed my relations with T.F.B.

(2) Thurstan Holland Hibbert, in whose time this history was begun, and to whom we will wish "good hunting," and also that in other ways he will live happily ever after.

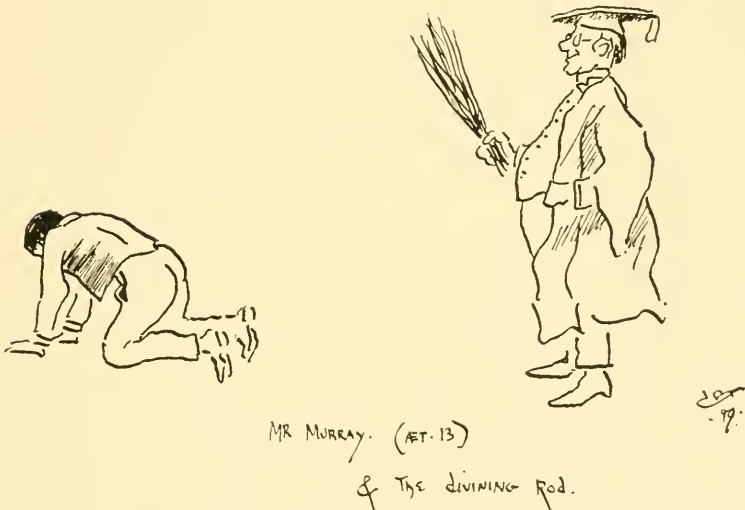
(3) Ian A. Straker, in whose times this book was written, and who is a benefactor.

(4) G. W. Barclay, in whose year the work is published, and to whom we wish all success.

Also to all the young squires now at school, in the nursery, and even as yet unborn, whom home influence and school discipline have made into gentlemen and sportsmen, those, that is, who, in the words of our Founder, would "behave as such even when . . ." But that is, of course, never.

Beagling is a noble sport, and the hospitality which sportsmen show one another when hunting is ever a joyous thing. Wherefore I venture to conclude this history, as Caxton did his *Morte d'Arthur*, with

"Here endeth this noble and joyous book."





From T.F.B.C. Book.

APPENDIX

LIST OF MASTERS AND WHIPS

I

THE FOOT DRAG

(1)

1862-6.

Master: R. G. Hoare.

(2)

Master: Courtney Tracey.

Whips: H. H. Bagnall, Sir Henry Boynton, Bart.

(3)

Master: H. H. Bagnall.

Whips: J. C. J. Fenwick, — Lloyd.

II

THE "FOOT BEAGLES"

1867-70.

Master: W. E. Currey, M.A.

Whips: — Alexander, H. E. Gordon, H. C. Howard, Lord E. St. Maur,
J. F. Muggeridge, W. H. Rodwell, C. M. Meysey-Thompson.

This is longer than Lord E. St. Maur's list. They did not, of course, all serve at once, but dates are obscure.

- 1881-2. *Master*: R. Hunt.
Whips: W. Watkin Wynn, — Galway, A. E. Green-Price,
H. Arkwright.
- 1882-3. *Master*: W. Watkin Wynn.
Whips: A. Heber Percy, E. A. Milne, G. Buxton.
- 1883-4. *Master*: E. A. Milne.
Whips: G. Buxton, R. Drury, W. Hyde Parker.
- 1884-5. *Master*: E. A. Milne.
Whips: W. Hyde Parker, C. F. Young, A. W. Heber Percy.
- 1885-6. *Master*: C. F. Young.
Whips: A. W. Heber Percy, J. Mills, J. Barnard, J. Miller.
- 1886-7. *Master*: A. F. Pease.
Whips: H. H. Clay, G. A. Miller, W. E. Pease.
- 1887-8. *Master*: A. F. Pease.
Whips: H. H. Clay, G. A. Miller, W. E. Pease, R. W. Fox,
J. S. Carr-Ellison (January 1888).
- 1888-9. *Master*: J. S. Carr-Ellison.
Whips: A. M. Allgood, J. H. Budgett, A. Burns, A. C. Hall.
- 1889-90. *Master*: A. C. Hall.
Whips: A. M. Allgood, C. D. Miller, M. Andrews, P. Conolly.
- 1890-1. *Master*: A. C. Hall.
Whips: P. Conolly, C. P. Dear, F. A. Vaizey, E. H. Pease.
- October 1891. *Master*: P. Conolly.
Whips: E. H. Pease, W. E. Rogerson, D. H. Doyne,
Viscount Milton.
- January 1892. *Master*: Viscount Milton.
Whips: W. E. Rogerson, R. S. Hicks, H. C. Browning.

- January 1899. *Master*: H. S. Gladstone.
Whips: M. R. Backhouse, P. H. Cooper, C. B. Kidd, S. A. Boyd-Rochefort.
- 1899–1900. *Master*: C. B. Kidd.
Whips: P. H. Cooper, H. C. Wood
- 1900–1. *Master*: W. E. Paget.
Whips: J. D. Finch, A. W. R. Roberts, G. Lawson, H. G. Barclay.
- October 1901. *Master*: W. E. Paget.
Whips: G. Lawson, H. G. Barclay, H. K. Longman.
- January 1902. *Master*: H. G. Barclay.
Whips: G. Lawson, T. W. Russell, D. G. Hoare, H. D. Bentinck.
- October 1902. *Master*: D. G. Hoare.
Whips: A. Buxton, A. D. P. Campbell, F. J. Barclay, R. W. Barclay.
- January 1903. *Master*: D. G. Hoare.
Whips: A. Buxton, J. F. Barclay, V. Lindemere, C. G. Hoare.
- 1903–4. *Master*: A. Buxton.
Whips: H. E. Backhouse, R. W. Barclay, C. G. Hoare, R. J. K. Barber-Starkey, C. R. H. Wiggin (January 1904).
- 1904–5. *Master*: C. G. Hoare.
Whips: C. R. H. Wiggin, Hon. J. M. Campbell, T. H. Barclay, A. Churchill, J. G. G. Rea (January 1905).
- 1905–6. *Master*: C. R. H. Wiggin.
Whips: Hon. J. M. Campbell, T. H. Barclay, A. Churchill, J. G. G. Rea, M. E. Barclay (January 1906).
- 1906–7. *Master*: M. E. Barclay.
Whips: J. G. G. Rea, M. C. Allbright, W. E. J. Paul, H. A. Birkbeck.
- 1907–8. *Master*: M. E. Barclay.
Whips: M. C. Allbright, A. G. Murray Smith, W. H. Wiggin, R. G. Buxton, T. Holland Hibbert (January 1908).

- 1908-9. *Master* : A. G. Murray Smith.
Whips : W. H. Wiggin, T. Holland Hibbert, W. F. Gaddum,
 G. R. Wiggin.
- 1909-10. *Master* : W. H. Wiggin.
Whips : T. Holland Hibbert, I. A. Straker, W. F. Gaddum,
 G. R. Wiggin.
- 1910-11. *Master* : T. Holland Hibbert.
Whips : I. A. Straker, A. R. Wood, W. P. D. Clarke,
 R. H. Parker.
- 1911-12. *Master* : I. A. Straker.
Whips : W. P. D. Clarke, G. W. Barclay, S. Barthropp,
 H. E. Parker.
- 1912-13. *Master* : G. W. Barclay.
Whips : S. Barthropp, R. S. Clarke, G. H. Allgood.



From T.F.B.C. Book.

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