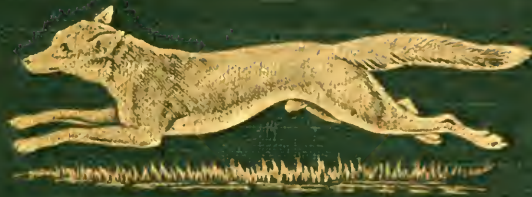


POEMS OF THE CHASE



SIR REGINALD GRAHAM, BART.



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POEMS OF THE CHASE





# POEMS OF THE CHASE

*Collected and Recollected*

*by*

SIR REGINALD GRAHAM, BART.

LONDON

ARTHUR L. HUMPHREYS

187 PICCADILLY, W

1912



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# POEMS OF THE CHASE

## THE MELTON HUNT.

1813.

**I** SING Fox-hunting, and the gen'rous rage  
Which spurs the noble youth of this new age,  
With careless toil, all for their country's good,  
To rid us of those vermin of the wood  
That nightly steal, and for their luncheon hoard  
The poultry which should smoke upon our board.  
Such feats advent'rous through the hard-run day,  
From dull November to all-charming May,  
Call for the poet's best and readiest rhyme  
In strains at once familiar and sublime.  
Oh! could my muse resemble such a chase,  
And with the riders keep an equal pace,  
Though cautious, bold; cool, yet with ardour fired;  
Free, without check; impetuous, yet untired.

Ye knowing sportsmen, foremost of the lead,  
Who keep no turnpike, and no fences heed;  
Who crack the echoing whip, go off in style,  
Enjoy the sport, and pace through every wile,

## POEMS OF THE CHASE.

Now found, now lost, and now again in view,  
The cunning fugitive ye close pursue!  
Ye booted senators, who for me frank,  
Claiming post after post an unpaid thank;  
Who, with yourselves, bring thousands yearly down  
To glut the cravings of this sharp-set town,  
Whose trickful tradesmen, farmers, rogues ingrain,  
Thrive by your wants, and by your losses gain,  
Scramble who most at sight your bills shall share,—  
'Take in a hunter,' and the booty's fair!  
Be candid, hunters, if, once framed in Greek,  
Faintly your foreign dialect I speak,  
Up to your phrases, if I'm found unable,  
Not tutor'd in the science of your stable.  
Besides our tribe, you know scarce hunt at all,  
Save for preferment, and the well-cribb'd stall;  
Yet by your partial notice made thus rich,  
Raised by your favours to my honour's pitch,  
I'll try to set the table whilst you quaff,  
If not on roar, on a facetious laugh,  
Whilst spice of Latin shall with harmless jest,  
Like poignant Cayenne, give my olio zest.

Not as their fathers erst 'with early horn,'  
Our modern hunters now 'salute the morn.'  
'Tis noon, ere these in scarlet bright array  
Commence th' achievements of the dubious day,

## THE MELTON HUNT.

Each on his steed, sleek-coated and high-fed,  
From sire to dam in calendar well bred ;  
For in the jockey's heraldry the stud  
Must boast descent from ancestry of blood ;  
As well you might a hobby-horse bestride,  
As mount a roadster of no lineal pride.  
Here blacks, browns, bays, and chestnuts, most renown'd  
For spirit, temper, shape, price, fill the ground ;  
Each brags his favourite's prowess in the field,  
' My grey mare to no better horse shall yield ;'  
But Forester's fine eye and single glance  
Finds out the latent blemish as they prance ;  
Deep skill'd to scan the solid worth that lies  
In horses, men, and their true qualities.  
Hear him but talk, what music on his tongue :  
It cheers the old, it fascinates the young ;  
Look in his face, no doubt the counterpart,  
The honest, liberal sentiment of heart.  
Hark ! forward how they bear ; nor them restrains,  
Or driving blast, or storm with drenching rains.  
What springs they make, o'er ditches, post and rail,  
And dash and plunge through Belvoir's stick-fast vale :  
In at the death 'tis glorious to arrive ;  
To claim the brush no mean prerogative :  
Thrown out, and some thrown off, besplash'd with  
mire,  
A motley group—peer—parson—grazier—squire.

## POEMS OF THE CHASE.

Home safe return'd, how changed! Studious they dress,  
In newest fashion for the sumptuous mess;  
Set out with Lucry's complete bill of fare:  
Fish by the mail—delicious, costly, rare;  
High-season'd dishes,—fricassees—ragouts,  
All that the sav'ry pamp'ring art can do.  
They eat like hunters, frequent bumpers drain  
Of flavour'd claret and of brisk champagne.  
Flush'd with the grape, like Persia's prince grown vain,  
They thrice each bullfinch charge, and thrice 'they slay  
the slain,'

WHERE SMITH WOULD DRAW, what lengths with fresh-  
men go.

To break them into passing show!

'Saddle white Surrey for the field to-morrow.'  
But, ah! unlook'd for, to their spleen and sorrow,  
The next day 'comes a frost, a killing frost,'  
All's at a stand, and all their pleasure cross'd.  
To town some scamper, and the odds are even,  
Who first get seats in Chapel of St. Stephen,  
To do their duty there, State flaws detect,  
Invent new laws, and trespasses correct;  
The frost now gone, they're down again in mind,  
And motion quicker than the verging wind.  
To sober whist, some soberly betake,  
Though deep the rubber, deeper yet the stake,



## THE MELTON HUNT.

Fix'd as staunch pointers to a practised set,  
Well read in Hoyle, on every deal who bet :  
And cards play'd out, what a confusèd din  
Of blame, or praise, as the sets lose or win :  
' You played the Knave, you might have played the  
Deuce.'—  
' You drew and forced my Queen.'—' Pray, spare abuse.'  
' You cut my hand to pieces, threw away  
Your highest diamond, and you call this Play?'—  
' There a cool fifty goes ! Before we part,  
Take my advice, get Bob Short's rules by heart.'  
So oft began the midnight conversation,  
So closed as oft in mutual altercation.

But now a scene how brilliant hath ta'en place,  
Where beauty, elegance, and softest grace,  
Of highest female rank—resistless can  
Charm and control that lawless creature, man :  
Improve his morals, harmonise his heart,  
And tenderness to fortitude impart :  
School of Politeness, be our club hence named,  
For kindest conjugal attention famed,  
Each well deserving that pure bliss of life,  
The sweet endearments of a lovely wife ;  
Be Benedict of Beatrice possess'd,  
Like Cavendish, Powlett, Worcester, Plymouth bless'd,  
Like Forester . . . . .

## POEMS OF THE CHASE.

. . . . I leave a lengthen'd space  
Where bachelors forlorn may find a place ;  
Aylesford and Dartmouth, gallant Craven, May,  
All-polished Mayler, and Sir Robert Gay.

This round of labour ruddy health insures,  
To courage stirs, to hardiness inures ;  
Thus train'd, my masters, you would meet the foe  
Furious to battle, as to covert go.  
A cavalry already form'd the French to rout,  
And Tally-ho ! your frantic war-whoop, shout.  
But hold ! our furrows in the blade look green,  
Our burden'd ewes their tender lambs do yearn,  
Timely you cease, of damages afraid,  
Nor injure lands for summer crops new laid ;  
Pastures revive—foxes shall breed and rear  
Strong and inviting cubs for next LEAP year.

This poem was composed in the year 1813, when Mr. Assheton Smith was Master of the Quorn, by the Rev. Dr. Ford, Vicar of Melton Mowbray for forty-five years, and very popular with the members of the Melton Hunt on account of his wit and social qualities.

## A LAMENT FROM THE RUFFORD HUNT.

APRIL 1861.

**I**T falls, that blow we first began to dread  
When the foul primrose reared its monstrous head,  
When first arose from bank and mossy dell  
The flaunting violet's disagreeable smell,  
When vicious lambs commenced their savage bleat.  
Oh! when they're roasted, won't revenge be sweet?  
When angry farmers first were heard to shout,  
'Now then, "'ware wheat," where are your eyes, you lout?'  
It falls that blow, and I of heart bereft  
Feel as though Bendy<sup>1</sup> hit me with his left;  
Hit me just after I had freely dined,  
And in that spot which schoolboys call the wind.

The season's over, we have heard this morn  
The last sweet note of gallant Percy's<sup>2</sup> horn;  
And sweeter still, the last melodious sound  
Of deep-toned music from the eager hound.  
All now is mute save one word whispered low  
To horse and man alike, and that is 'Woe.'  
Oh, boots beloved, and must we meet no more,  
Must seven sad sultry summer months pass o'er  
Ever your brown tops, lustrous with white of egg,  
Shall clasp this slender but rejoicing leg?

---

<sup>1</sup> Bendigo, the famous pugilist of those days.

<sup>2</sup> Captain Percy Williams, formerly of the 9th Lancers, was Master of the Rufford Hounds from 1841 to 1861.

## POEMS OF THE CHASE.

And ye, whose name would be from scruples weak  
A breach of etiquette for lips to speak,  
Must we too part, must these unhappy knees  
Wear the long garments of inglorious ease?  
For the last time thy buttons now I see,  
(Mothers of many a pearl they've been to me).

And when shall we three meet again, I cry,  
These buttons with their button-hook and I?  
Oh, for that time when he who for our chins  
Brings boiling water, and 'puts out our things,'  
With smiling face shall draw our blinds and say,  
'John's just gone off, sir, with the white-legged bay.'  
Oh, for the cantering hack, the genial weed,  
The cheery friend who joins us as we speed;  
Oh, for that hour when once again we greet  
That rosy visage at our merry meet—  
Behold the sight with which none ever vied,  
The hounds, the horses, and the men who ride!  
Oh, then once more in ringing words we'll thank  
Those English squires whose coverts ne'er are blank,  
While cap in hand across the heavy clay  
Welfitt<sup>1</sup> once more shall cheer the pack away,  
While our hearts leap with wild, exulting joy,  
And all is happiness without alloy!

---

<sup>1</sup> Major Welfitt, Master of the Rufford from 1861 to 1867.

‘ROUSE, BOYS, ROUSE.’

*By JOHN CAMPBELL of Saddell, 1826.*

**R**OUSE, boys, rouse, 'tis a fine hunting morning ;  
Rouse, boys, rouse, and prepare for the chase ;  
Let not the time fly that's spent in adorning,  
But on to cover hie at a good pace.  
There when you find, sir,  
The country's divine, sir,  
The fences are whackers, the brooks are not small ;  
But were they larger, sir,  
Boldly we'd charge 'em, sir,  
Nor care a farthing, sir, how oft we fall.

Now for the fox, he is driven, sir ;  
Hark how the valleys re-echo the call ;  
'Tis Osbaldeston's<sup>1</sup> voice reaching the heavens, boys,  
Hallooing 'forrard' loud as he can bawl.  
Then there's such spluttering,  
Spurting, and sputtering,  
Each one so anxious to be in the van ;  
At the first rattling leap,  
Ox-fence or field of deep,  
Onward the good ones creep—catch them who can.

---

<sup>1</sup> Mr. George Osbaldeston, Master of the Quorn from 1817 to 1821 and from 1823 to 1827.

## POEMS OF THE CHASE.

White<sup>1</sup> on the 'Wright,' sir, is in the first flight, sir,  
And quite out of sight, sir, of those in the rear ;  
And with him goes Neville, and Berkeley,<sup>2</sup> that devil  
Who of good or evil knows no hope or fear.  
Molyneux<sup>3</sup> strives at,  
What horse scarce dare rise at,  
Bold Plymouth<sup>4</sup> bullfinches close at his side ;  
Musgrave<sup>5</sup> on Antelope,  
Baird<sup>6</sup> upon Jenny Hope,  
Over the grassy slope forward they ride.

Coke<sup>7</sup> on the pony, sir, scarce has a crony, sir,  
Standish<sup>8</sup> has distanced the crowd very far ;

---

<sup>1</sup> 'That well-known performer over a country or over a course, Mr. John White,' later on Master of the Cheshire Hunt from 1841 to 1855.

<sup>2</sup> Admiral Sir Maurice Berkeley, afterwards Lord Fitzhardinge, of Berkeley Castle.

<sup>3</sup> Lord Molyneux.

<sup>4</sup> Lord Plymouth.

<sup>5</sup> Sir James Musgrave, Bart.

<sup>6</sup> Sir David Baird, Bart.

<sup>7</sup> Mr. William Coke, of Norfolk, owner of 'Advance.'

<sup>8</sup> This was the gentleman of whom 'Nimrod' wrote: 'Among the best of them was Mr. Charles Standish, who, I am sorry to say, preferred the pleasures of the Continent to those of the Chase, of which at one time he was both a lover and an ornament.' About the date of this poem the Old Club at Melton was occupied by those celebrities, 'the four M's': Maxse, Moore, Maher, and Musgrave. During his Melton period (which evidently did not last for long) Standish lived a good deal in the jovial society of the Old Club, but he seems to have been some-

‘ROUSE, BOYS, ROUSE.’

Whilst at a pace, sir, that few men dare face, sir,  
Without checking pace, sir, drives Valentine Maher.  
Prince of the heavy-weights, Tweeddale,<sup>1</sup> is bruising:  
Maxse,<sup>2</sup> on Cognac, cannot be beat;

---

what critical about the failings of those with whom he caroused, if we may judge by the following stanzas, of which he was the author:

Adieu to the land where the foxes are flyers,  
Where the fences are bigger than anywhere else,  
Where none value their necks, and if the horse tires  
Decline for the animal, not for themselves.

Where the pace of each steed and his fencing is noted,  
And the pride of all rural top-sawyers condemned;  
Where the system is humbug, and a head that ne'er quoted  
A sentence worth knowing sells a horse to a friend!

Let White, half a dandy, for fear of a failure,  
Drink no wine after dinner on purpose to bet;  
Swear Brudenell's a sportsman, Osbaldeston a tailor,  
And curse poor Cave Brown and his rascally set.

Let Molyneux backbite the friends whom he flatters,  
Let Standish persuade him this course will succeed;  
Let them both talk of horses and Church and State matters,  
And think they're top-sawyers in justice and breed.

Let Maher sell his horses at handicap auction,  
Ride hard on a good one and well on a screw,  
Hint that Catholics only (unlike our persuasion)  
Are sincere in their claims and in horse-dealing too.

Let Campbell convince us the Scotch are a nation  
As rich as they're honest, as kind as they're brave,  
Whose sons can drink whiskey and ride like damnation  
With himself at their head—What more would you have?

<sup>1</sup> Lord Tweeddale.

<sup>2</sup> Mr. Maxse rode 'Cognac' nine seasons.

## POEMS OF THE CHASE.

Poor Johnny Campbell's<sup>1</sup> horse long since refusing,  
In struggling convulsion fits dies at his feet.  
But our pace is the best, sir ; the fox is hard prest, sir ;  
The hounds run with zest, sir, heads up and sterns  
down ;  
He can't reach yon cover ; no, no, 'tis all over—  
Hark how the death-pealing tallies resound.  
Dined—o'er our claret  
We'll talk of the merit  
Of ev'ry choice spirit that rode in this run ;  
But here the crowd, sir, can be just as loud, sir,  
As those who were foremost enjoying the fun.  
Faster and faster they tell each disaster  
Of bunglers and tumblers, and tailors who shun ;  
While we drink round, sir,  
And drink to these hounds, sir,  
Who over such ground, sir, could show us such fun.

---

<sup>1</sup> Mr. Campbell, of Saddell, the author. He was riding a friend's horse, and the animal having unfortunately died, Mr. Campbell, hoping to conceal the disaster, begged the owner to put a price upon him ; but that gentleman declining to do so, Mr. Campbell was obliged to reveal the calamity.



HUNTING WITH LORD LONSDALE'S  
HARRIERS.<sup>1</sup>

1850.

**T**HERE was an Earl of ancient name  
Who hunted the fox, but preferred him tame ;  
Though his sire had been a hunter free  
As bold as e'er rode o'er a grass country.

This sire once mounted his high-bred horse,  
And viewed the wild fox from the hillside gorse ;  
The son has come down by the second-class train,  
Worried a bagman and home again.

'Tis half-past twelve by the railway cloaks,  
And the Earl has called for his horse and his fox ;  
And behind the Earl there rides the Earl's groom,  
And then comes a man with a big birch broom,  
Clad in the Earl's discarded breeches,  
Who will tickle the fox when he comes to the ditches.

The Earl's admirers are ranged in Brown's Yard :  
They all wear top-boots and intend to ride hard ;

---

<sup>1</sup> The 2nd Earl of Lonsdale kept a pack of harriers in the Vale of Aylesbury about the middle of the last century, when the above rhymes appeared in caricature of the proceedings.

## POEMS OF THE CHASE.

Whether wily fox or timid hare,  
Be the game to-day, they none of them care.

Well was it the Earl had called for his fox  
And brought him from 'Tring in a little deal box ;  
For three hours and more they drew for a hare,  
And drew in vain—'all was blank despair.'  
'Then,' cried the Earl to the elder Brown,  
'Open your box and turn him down.'

So they turned him down in Aylesbury Vale,  
In sight of a fence called a post and rail,  
To suit the views of a certain gent,  
Who rather liked rails and thought he 'went' ;  
Over that fence the first to fly  
Was the gent, of course, but the fox was shy  
And would have declined ; but the Earl and his groom,  
'The Huntsman and Whip and the man with the broom,  
And two boys in the cart and the Browns, Sam and  
John,  
Wouldn't hear of his shirking and drove him on.

A pleasant line the captive took,  
Wouldn't have doubles, avoided the brook ;  
As you may imagine, he went by rule,  
Only taking the leaps he learnt at school.

## LORD LONSDALE'S HARRIERS.

Two hounds of Baron Rothschild's breed,  
Unmatched for courage, strength, and speed,  
Close on his flying traces came,  
And all but won the desperate game—  
When just as the Earl prepared to sound  
The dread 'Who-whoop!' he ran to ground;  
So they dug him out—and the Earl and his groom  
And the Browns and the gent and the man with the broom  
And the fox and the hounds are at Tring again,  
And the Earl has gone back by the four o'clock train.

## POEMS OF THE CHASE.

### THE QUORN HOUNDS.

1867.

**W**HEN will the Marquis<sup>1</sup> come : who can tell ?  
Half-past twelve or half-past one : who can tell ?  
Is he sober, is he drunk ; nipping like Mynheer von  
Dunk ?  
Will he ride or will he funk : who can tell ?  
Shall we have to wait again : who can tell ?  
In the wind and in the rain : who can tell ?  
While the Marquis, snug and warm, in the hall where  
toadies swarm,  
Leaves us to the pelting storm : who can tell ?  
Where'll he draw by way of lark : who can tell ?  
Gartree Hill, or Bradgate Park : who can tell ?  
Sport regarding as a jest, which will suit his fancy best—  
North or south, or east or west : who can tell ?  
Where, oh where, rings Goodall's<sup>2</sup> horn : who can tell ?  
Why came I with this cursed Quorn : who can tell ?  
Marquis, this is not a race ; can you look us in the face,  
And declare you love the chase : who can tell ?

---

<sup>1</sup> The 4th and last Marquis of Hastings (born 1842, died 1868) was Master of the Quorn Hounds from 1866 to 1868.

<sup>2</sup> Frank Goodall, huntsman to Mr. Tailby, who at that time hunted the adjoining country.

THE MIGRATION OF SPRING CAPTAINS  
INTO LEICESTERSHIRE.

MARCH 1851.

*By* REV. GEORGE SLOANE STANLEY,  
*Rector of Branstone.*

**I**N merry March, when east winds blow, and suns are  
hot and glaring,  
And everybody's nose is cold, and visage flushed and  
staring,  
Spring Captains who, in provinces, have hunted at their ease,  
To Melton or to Leicester Town drop down by twos or  
threes,  
On horses long, lean, lank, and screw'd, with martingale  
and snaffle on,  
Which not a man on earth would buy, and very few  
would raffle on.

They come from Chelt'nam's healthy springs, from Leam-  
ington's hotels,  
From garrison and watering-place, from York and Tun-  
bridge Wells ;  
From where old Thames flows proudly by Victoria's stately  
bowers,  
Or Severn rolls her mournful wave by Berkeley's feudal  
towers ;

## POEMS OF THE CHASE.

From where Brighton by the sea extends her long parade,  
From London's Crystal Palace, and the Burlington Arcade.

They come from Wiltshire's breezy downs, from Dorset's  
grassy vales,

From wolds whence Beaufort's Duke looks forth o'er his  
own hills of Wales ;

From combes and valleys clustering fair round Devon's  
steep hillside,

From where the 'Trent, thro' many a shire, conducts his  
silver tide ;

From heaths and pastures scattered wide over our pleasant  
land,

From forests not as yet profaned by Seymour's ruthless  
hand.

E'en Scotland sends her gallant sons, and at a pinch none  
harder,

And Erin's exports, full of fun and military ardour,  
With horses which would race all ours and beat them in  
a jiffy too,

But something always interferes, because there is an 'if'  
or two ;

If fences were but all stone walls, and were not high but  
wide ones,

For at ditches they are novices, and at a brook but shy  
ones.

## SPRING CAPTAINS.

Then how these gallant heroes ride, the clamour and confusion,  
The fuss they make, the rush they make—oh, dear! how they amuse one;  
How they press on each other's backs, and crowd the gaps and gateways,  
And ride in circles round the field and any way but straight ways;  
And how they let their horses loose, and call to folks to catch 'em,  
'Their own legs being stiff, because horse soldiers never stretch 'em.

And then the falls they get and give, the way they balk and press one,  
And cross one at one's fences, and in other ways distress one.  
How glad they'll be and so shall we, their hunting tour being over,  
When April ends their miseries and lays them up in clover;  
And how they'll bet at Croxton Park, and if their luck won't pull them through,  
They'll sell 'Old Pat' and 'Limerick Lass,' and so contrive to pay their due.

Then o'er the strong mess claret, or frothy inn champagne,  
When they get to country quarters, they'll sit and talk again;

## POEMS OF THE CHASE.

How charging at Lord Wilton's<sup>1</sup> side they got of pace a  
notion,  
And where Lord Granby<sup>2</sup> led the way, they seconded the  
motion ;  
How Forester admired, and Gilmour<sup>3</sup> did not scout  
'em,  
And how their judgment helped the hounds, which could  
not hunt without them.

They will not mention where the brook runs by the  
covert's side,  
How 'one of theirs' had in the mud his scarlet jacket  
dyed.  
They will not say how Whichcote's<sup>4</sup> grey, when once he  
had made sail on him,  
O'er hill and valley made such way they could not see the  
tail of him ;  
How one was by the stile deposed, and how the rail had  
floor'd one,  
Both taken coolly in their stride, by Newport and by  
Gordon.

---

<sup>1</sup> The 2nd Earl of Wilton (born 1799, died 1882), a famous horse-  
man, who hunted from Egerton Lodge at Melton.

<sup>2</sup> Marquis of Granby, afterwards 6th Duke of Rutland, and Master  
of the Belvoir Hounds from 1857 to 1888. Lord Forester was Master  
from 1830 to 1857.

<sup>3</sup> Walter Little Gilmour, a well-known Meltonian.

<sup>4</sup> Sir Thomas Whichcote, Bart., of Aswarby Park.



## SPRING CAPTAINS.

And now farewell to all brave youths, until another season,  
To spin a longer rhyme than this would be quite out of  
reason.

Mind, when you come again next year, you come prepared  
for going :

Come one—come all, Goodall<sup>1</sup> will give your best of steeds  
a blowing.

The Belvoir hounds will faster run, the fences will grow  
larger,

And sport will satisfy your first as well as second charger.

---

<sup>1</sup> Will Goodall, the celebrated huntsman, so long at Belvoir.

## POEMS OF THE CHASE.

### A LEGEND OF GALWAY.

*By* GEORGE LAWRENCE.

**F**ROM the gorse of Ahascragh<sup>1</sup> the hounds broke  
away,  
With the 'grey fox' on foot and a warm scenting day.  
The cracks of Roscommon are here, and they swear,  
Come life or come death, to beat Valentine Maher.<sup>2</sup>

He's last through the clay and the deep of the vale,  
Not seen at the gap in the third post and rail ;  
And, still with the lead, the Roscommons ask, 'Where  
Is the pride of your country, bold Valentine Maher ?'

Then, smiling aside, the old huntsman spoke low,  
'With the grey fox on foot we've a day's work to do ;  
You'll have nerves of the strongest, nor steel must you  
spare  
If you ride to the finish with Valentine Maher.'

All the while his hot chestnut was chafing in vain,  
Till the foam from her nostrils speck'd breastplate and  
rein ;

---

<sup>1</sup> Ahascragh, Lord Clonbrock's place in Galway.

<sup>2</sup> Valentine Maher, of Turtulla, Co. Tipperary, and M.P. for that county. Born 1780; died 1844, unmarried.

## A LEGEND OF GALWAY.

But cool, as at first, 'Take your time, never care ;  
We'll catch 'em yet, Kathleen,' said Valentine Maher.

They near'd the Black River, they heard its dull roar—  
They mark'd the thick mist-wreaths that brood on its  
shore ;  
When his laugh, close behind them, rang cheery and  
clear—  
'Here's food for the fishes,' quoth Valentine Maher.

While they stood on the bank, and the boldest held  
breath,  
As he gazed on the torrent, three fathoms beneath ;  
When the best of Roscommon drew rein in despair,  
With a rush to the front came Valentine Maher.

He called upon Kathleen—one snort and one spring,  
She clove thro' the air like a swallow on wing.  
He turned in his saddle—'Now, follow who dare !  
I ride for my country,' quoth Valentine Maher.

The hounds left the valley—they strain'd up the hill—  
But one rider remains, and he sticks to them still.  
They check'd on the brow of Kilconnel, and there,  
To turn them and cast them, was Valentine Maher.

Where the coverts of pine over Athenry frown,  
Within one mile of home, the grey fox was pulled down ;

## POEMS OF THE CHASE.

And rock, hill, and valley sent back the death cheer,  
As they rang to the halloo of Valentine Maher.

So we'll drink with nine cheers to the old county's  
breed—

To the blood in the veins of both rider and steed;  
And here's, 'The next time that Roscommon shall dare  
Go straight across Galway with Valentine Maher.'

MELTON IN 1830.<sup>1</sup>

A DAY WITH LORD SOUTHAMPTON'S HOUNDS.

*By* R. BERNAL OSBORNE, M.P.

**M**IDST lowering skies, o'ercast and tinged with red,  
Sol, slowly rising, quits his ocean bed ;  
Chases the vapour of the night away,  
Illumines Melton, and proclaims the day ;  
Far in the East his glorious orb appears,  
And smiles at once on helpers and on peers.  
O'er gorse and wood alike, o'er hill and plain,  
On brooks, still bumpers from the recent rain,  
His brightest rays he cast, as if he meant  
To gladden nature, but to spoil the scent.  
Though bright his rising, soon his face he shrouds,  
Behind a mantle of o'erspreading clouds ;

---

<sup>1</sup>This sparkling poem was no doubt written by Bernal Osborne, author of the 'Chaunts of Achilles,' published a few years later anonymously, in which Lord Gardner is severely handled :

'But lo! where following on chesnut dark  
The grinning Gardner gallops down the Park ;  
Slow in the senate, tho' not wanting sense,  
Quick in retort, and quicker at a fence ;  
With him no hunter ever dare refuse  
His hand so perfect, damnable his muse !  
Strange, though for years I've listened to the crowd  
Who canvass character, the rich and proud :  
Of him alone, as yet I never heard  
One kindly action or approving word ;  
Sparing of cash, he ne'er outruns his bounds,  
And Suffield keeps whilst Gardner hunts the hounds.'

## POEMS OF THE CHASE.

And ere John Clod has drove afield his wain,  
His jacket's moistened with a drizzling rain.

Now Melton sportsmen for the chase prepare:  
Some curl their wigs—some merely curl their hair—  
And curse that rashness which has brought them  
down

So far from Crockford's, and the joys of town.  
Tenacious of his toggerly, Musgrave fears  
To spoil his garments worn for many years;  
And, though already mounted, back he goes,  
And changes old ones for still older clothes:  
(What's in a coat? When hounds run, he is wont  
To show its back much oftener than its front.)  
Nowhere a youth who goes too fast to last,  
On milk and soda-water breaks his fast;  
Here older hands, with stronger stomachs blest,  
With tea and brandy lull their nerves to rest.  
Now, trampling at the door, the pack appears,  
Impatient of delay he kicks and rears.  
Away! away! once mounted, on they ride,  
And soon are panting at the covert-side.

Hark to that cheering note! they've found him, see,  
The gorse is waving like a troubled sea;  
He's gone away; hark, halloo! to the cry:  
Like swallows skimming, o'er the fields they fly.

## MELTON IN 1830.

‘Give them a moment’s time—hold hard, sir, pray;  
You’ll stop his pulling ere we’ve done to-day.’  
Look at the gallant pack, away they sweep:  
The pace is killing and the country deep.  
Rollestone is far behind, and on our right,  
The house at Noseley just appears in sight;  
By Glooston Wood o’er Cranoe-field they pass,  
Where many a horse declining missed the grass.  
On, on they go, and at a trimming pace;  
See, Baird is racing for a foremost place;  
Yet, much I do mistrust me if his steed  
Can hold that pace, and always go full speed.  
White spurts and cranes, now skirting looks for balks,  
And gallops faster than our Rokeby talks.  
See Chesterfield<sup>1</sup> advance with steady hand,  
‘Swish at a rasper,’ and in safety land;  
Who sits his horse so well? or at a race  
Drives four-in-hand with greater skill or grace?  
And when hounds really run, like him can show  
How fifteen stone should o’er the country go?  
  
If not in person monstrous, yet in weight,  
Campbell comes crashing through a new-made gate:  
Now, ‘by his fathers’ gods’ you hear him swear,  
And much you wonder who those fathers were.

---

<sup>1</sup> The Lord Chesterfield mentioned was the 6th Earl, who died in 1866, Master of the Pytchley from 1838 to 1840, when Will Derry was his huntsman.

## POEMS OF THE CHASE.

Now Plymouth, at a brook, with Gilmour crams,  
While Drummond jobs his horse, and jobbing damns.  
With iron hand, and seat devoid of grace,  
You see at once the counter is his place ;  
Now on this side, and now on that he pitches,  
Strikes all his timber, fathoms all his ditches,  
Till, by a binder caught, a weight of lead  
He comes at last to anchor on his head.

Quite at his ease, yet stealing o'er the grass,  
From out the struggling crowd see Wilton<sup>1</sup> pass.  
Here Goodricke, perfect in his hand and seat,  
Rides like a sportsman who can do the feat ;  
And Stanley, who in courage may not yield  
To him of yore, who fought on Flodden-field,  
Forgets his weight, and labours all he can  
To show Perfection both in horse and man.  
Carried beyond excitement's wildest bounds,  
His horse forgetting, seeing but the hounds,

---

<sup>1</sup> In the 'Achilles' lines Lord Wilton also comes under the lash of Bernal Osborne :

‘Whilst on his switch-tailed bay with wandering eye  
Attenuated Wilton canters by ;  
His character how difficult to know,  
A compound of psalm tunes and Tally-ho !  
A forward rider, half inclined to preach,  
Though not disposed to practise as to teach ;  
An amorous lover with the saintly twist,  
And now a sportsman, now an organist.’



## MELTON IN 1830.

Kinnaird—that dear enthusiast of the chase—  
Heeds not how deep the ground, nor slacks his pace ;  
Will nothing turn or stop him ? nothing check  
That form of riding but a broken neck ?

Here Lowther<sup>1</sup> follows slowly on the track,  
And pines in secret for his ‘tailing pack.’  
(We speak of years gone by—for now we’re told  
Their style of hunting is not always cold,  
And that they draw till one.) We therefore pray  
‘That they, like other dogs, may have their day.’  
Since Lambert’s judgment has reformed the pack,  
Improved their breeding, and dispensed with Slack,<sup>2</sup>  
All head and legs no longer now they look,  
But stoop to pick a leaf from Goosey’s<sup>3</sup> book.  
The gallant Colonel, pottering at the gaps,  
First damns, then envies ‘those hard-riding chaps.’  
Gardner, who then for raspers ne’er would swerve,  
And thought all riding to consist in nerve  
And swimming rivers—owned the pace was good,  
But still would have it faster if he could.  
See Haycock flies along ; and few there be,  
Where all ride hard, can harder ride than he.

---

<sup>1</sup> The Colonel Lowther mentioned was son of the 1st Earl of Lonsdale, and lived at Bulcaythorpe, in the Cottesmore country.

<sup>2</sup> Slack was the former huntsman of the Cottesmore, well worthy of his name.

<sup>3</sup> Goosey was Lord Forester’s huntsman at Belvoir.

## POEMS OF THE CHASE.

With spurs and hand-whip Matuzevic<sup>1</sup> plies ;  
O'er ridge and furrow swiftly Zodiac flies :  
But though his steed be made of gallant stuff,  
'Tamnation, Zodiac, you will get enough.'  
Lyne Stephens onward holds a steady course,  
And Grantham gallops faster than his horse.  
Greene,<sup>2</sup> leaning slightly forward, passes by,  
But quickly turning shows how good his eye.  
Pinned in his shoulders, see old Johnny Moore—  
A gate half open—Rokeby slips before,  
Forgets his manners in his love of place,  
And slams the swinging gate in Johnny's face,  
Then, spurring onward with a graceful seat,  
Unlike Camilla, gallops through the wheat.

Now some, alas! before their horses fail,  
Flight after flight succeeds of post and rail.  
Then Langton-hill appears—the crowd decline,  
And keep their riding till they've had their wine.  
Now Brudenell<sup>2</sup> leads, and well does Langar show  
The rattling pace that strength with blood can go.

---

<sup>1</sup> Count Matuzevic was a Hungarian in great favour at Melton, and is one of those depicted in the engraving of the 'Melton Breakfast,' by Sir Francis Grant.

<sup>2</sup> Mr. Greene, of Rolleston, Master of the Quorn from 1841 to 1847.

<sup>3</sup> Lord Brudenell was in the 11th Hussars, and later on became the 7th Earl of Cardigan, the hero of the Balaclava Charge when in command of the Light Brigade. He lived at Deene Park in Northamptonshire, and died in 1868.

## MELTON IN 1830.

Wilton and Gardner next their station took,  
And Derry, following close on Billy Coke.  
Sloping to meet them stood, exposed to view,  
An awkward piece of timber, stiff and new ;  
No other place will do but this alone :  
No choice is left—go at it, or go home.  
Langar leaps short, and see, on high his tail,  
'Turned in the air, proclaims how strong the rail.  
Over they go, together rise again,  
For Brudenell tight in hand retains the rein.

Here Leporello fell ; a harder fate  
Attends his falling—where he fell he sate.  
Now Billy Coke, who never lost a chance,  
Down the hill's side came rattling on Advance,  
And though he saw the willows, still he took  
His line, and crammed him straight at Langton Brook ;  
But vain the effort—gazing on the flood,  
Narcissus-like, upon the bank he stood,  
'Then struggling headlong fell ; and see, he's done—  
He washed his master, but he lost the run.  
More on the left, see Wilton kiss the plain ;  
Then 'Time !' to Pugilist was called in vain.  
Without a pause by Bowden now they fly,  
The pace so good you scarcely hear the cry.  
With speed unchecked, see bravely o'er yon hill  
Brudenell alone maintains his station still.

## POEMS OF THE CHASE.

Here's Dingley Gorse : ' By jove, they run in view !'  
On Reynard struggles, on the pack pursue :  
The earths are open—will he reach the covert ?  
Who-whoop ! he sinks exhausted—all is over.

How are the mighty fallen : lulled to rest  
By fifty minutes of Southampton's<sup>1</sup> best !  
Some deep in ditches lie, 'midst brambles toss'd ;  
Others, more prudent, are by farmers cross'd ;  
These lost their start, from those, the hounds had  
turned,  
Yet something still from Brudenell all have learned ;  
And now for once a Melton field must own,  
Fairly and cleanly, they were all ' cut down.'

The backward crowd are still the first to chide,  
For all can censure where but few can ride.  
Let those blame others who themselves excel,  
And pass their judgment who have ridden well.  
Each timid skirter thinks it is his right  
To hurt your feelings and display his spite.  
If blest with iron nerves, ' You ride for fame,  
And seek in hunting nothing but a name ;'

---

<sup>1</sup> Lord Southampton (3rd Baron) was Master of the Quorn from 1827 to 1831, with Dick Burton and then George Mountford as his huntsmen ; and Master of the Grafton from 1842 to 1861, with George Beers as huntsman. He died in 1872.

## MELTON IN 1830.

If tender of your person in the chase,  
'You love the hounds, but still refuse to race.'  
'Look at him now,' on all sides it is said,  
'I always knew it, damn him, he's afraid !'  
These blame the system, master, hounds, and all,  
And swear the huntsman does not like a fall.  
Not prone to cavil or to take offence,  
Some in good nature pardon want of sense,  
And think a smiling and unmeaning face  
Can Ewart stop, or Willis, when they race.  
On t'other tack some err, and make their boast,  
Hounds run the hardest when they're damned the most.

Who to Southampton could in judgment yield ?  
With a light hand he ruled a stubborn field ;  
Now firm, now gentle, as occasion proved,  
And on all sides alike both feared and loved.  
Come then again, resume thy proper place :  
Manage the kennel and direct the chase ;  
An equal balance keep, the skirters chide,  
And check Spring Captains<sup>1</sup> when they try to ride.

---

<sup>1</sup> The Spring Captains are alluded to in the 'Achilles' verses as follows :

'Pinks at their buttons, simpers on their lips,  
The thinnest bridles and the thickest whips,  
Survey yon group, each mounted on a screw,  
Their heads all bushy and their coats all blue ;  
Spring Captains these, who with the whitebait come,  
Then leave for "Stables" and a barrack-room !'

## POEMS OF THE CHASE.

For want of practice all our talent's lost ;  
Hounds never run, but still the same they cost.  
What shall we do without thee?—for I hear  
The country's vacant in another year.  
Old times, old sport bring back, and once again  
Melton shall flourish 'neath thy golden reign.

‘WE HAVE SEEN A RUN TOGETHER:’

1833.

*By JOHN CAMPBELL, of Suddell.*

WE have seen a run together,  
We have ridden side by side ;  
It binds us to each other  
Like a lover to his bride.  
We have seen a run together  
When the hounds run far and fast,  
We have hearkened by each other  
To the huntsman’s cheering blast.  
How gay they bustled round him,  
How gallantly they found him,  
And how stealthily he wound him  
O’er each break and woody dell.

’Twas from Keithwisk Broom we view’d him,  
As he stole along the vale ;  
Though we cheerily hallooed him,  
’Twas to him a deadly wail ;  
By Lintrose we did pursue him,  
Despite each fence and rill,  
Till his heart began to rue him  
On Haliburton Hill.

## POEMS OF THE CHASE.

Oh, how they sped together,  
O'er the moor among the heather,  
Like birds of the same feather,  
And their music like a bell.

By Auckter House we hied him,  
Still haunted by their cry ;  
Till in Belmont Park we spied him,  
And we knew that he must die :  
Through the hedge he made one double,  
As his sinking soul did droop,  
'Twas the ending of his trouble,  
When we gave the shrill Who-whoop !  
Oh, now then let us rally,  
Let us toast the joyous tally,  
And a bumper to our ally,  
The gallant John Dalyell.

The above was composed by Campbell, of Saddell, in Argyllshire, on the occasion of a famous run with Mr. Dalyell's hounds in Forfarshire.



IN MEMORIAM:  
THE COTSWOLD HUNT.

MAY 1871.

**L**OW moans the wind round Sudeley's walls,  
And sighs through Ginting's grassy glades,  
On every leaf a trembling falls,  
In darker gloom the twilight fades.  
O'er hill and dale the sad winds go,  
And to each woodland, whispering low,  
They tell the secret of their woe—  
Colmore is dead!

West Wood and Queen Wood heard the tale,  
Through Dowdeswell passed the mournful cry;  
Chatcomb took up the wail,  
And Hilcot sadly made reply.  
Through Cowley's groves the message went,  
O'er Birdlip's inn the news was sent,  
And every beech in Cranham bent  
Its lofty head.

Far spreads the wild lament around,  
O'er Rendcomb's friendly tower it broke,

## POEMS OF THE CHASE.

Till Withington had caught the sound  
And Chedworth mourns in every oak.  
Round Hazelton was heard the moan,  
O'er Puesdown's heights the words have flown,  
Echo repeats in plaintive tone—  
Colmore is dead !

Cold the true heart, the generous spirit fled,  
Low lies in earth the Master's manly frame ;  
But memory, vainly sorrowing for the dead,  
Long on the Cotswold hills shall cling to Colmore's  
name.

Mr. Cregoe Colmore, formerly of the 7th Hussars, was Master of the Cotswold Hunt from 1858 to 1871. On his death in that year, Sir Reginald Graham, Bart., became the Master until 1873.

## THE COSTON RUN.

WITH THE BELVOIR HOUNDS, JANUARY 17TH, 1863.

**B**UT little need was there to-day  
By Coston Thorns awhile to stay ;  
For scarce the eastern side we gain,  
Scarce tighten girth and bridle-rein,  
Ere Cooper's halloa sounds, away !  
A gallant fox brooks no delay.  
Hold hard ! a pause—the eager pack,  
Their bristles up, no courage lack,  
But clear the covert at a bound,  
And earnest seek the open ground.  
A moment feather here and there,  
A moment sniff the tainted air,  
Then, dashing to the scent, they show  
No common pace they mean to go.  
Without a check they hold their own  
Along the grass to Garthorpe town,  
Then mount the hill, and quietly gain  
The spinney crowning Saxby plain.  
Away—at undiminished pace,  
By Freeby village on they race ;  
Then seek the heavy fields which lie  
Left of the wood of Brentingby,

## POEMS OF THE CHASE.

Where many a rider, stayed perforce,  
Was glad to breathe his faltering horse.  
For thirty minutes now had stood  
The fox before he reached the wood.  
Will he its friendly shelter try?  
Not he, his motto's—do or die.  
He leaves it boldly on the right,  
And urges on his headlong flight,  
Aspires to reach his own abode,  
And crosses o'er the Melton road.  
For now, on Melton spinney bent,  
He shapes his course with best intent,  
Descends the hill which thither leads,  
And hastens o'er its molehill meads.  
For distant now not many a rood,  
That spinney can aloft be viewed.  
But, ah! the wind is in his teeth.  
A shift he tries to save his breath;  
He dare not, cannot onwards stay,  
But tacks and holds another way.  
For Waltham makes an effort bold,  
And gains the village's stronghold.  
A vain attempt to further fly,  
Exhausted nature must deny.  
A last retreat—last hope of all—  
He seeks beneath a sheltering stall.  
Must the brave beast, his labours o'er,

## THE COSTON RUN.

His blood upon the threshold pour?  
He died—as heroes oft have done,  
Fresh from the laurels they have won.  
For few the foxes who could stay  
Before the hounds who ran to-day,  
Near fifty minutes, and the pace  
From end to end, almost a race.  
Those hounds, who first and foremost shone,  
Old Rallywood would not disown.  
For stoutness well might they aspire  
To all the merits of their sire.  
To hunt, to race, to hold the lead,  
None e'er can beat his matchless breed.  
But if no fox they hunt—beware!  
They love to hunt the timid hare.  
Yet only half my story's told,  
If I forget the riders bold,  
Who, starting from the covert-side,  
Throughout the chase did foremost ride.  
They scarce exceeded half a score;  
They might be less, they might be more,  
For every one who hunts, we know,  
Comes out with the intent to go;  
But when the fences bristle thick,  
Looks out for squalls, and loves to pick.  
The Melton men, ah! where were they,  
With Tailby on the grass away?

## POEMS OF THE CHASE.

Not here to criticise the plough,  
And struggle through the holding slough ;  
And so but half a score did see  
As good a run as well could be.  
No matter then to mention name,  
Are they not known enough to fame ?  
Suffice it—they enjoyed the fun,  
Rode straight to hounds and saw the run.  
And may they all again essay  
To ride as well another day.

## THE GALLOPING WHIP.

**I**F life is a business, existence is fun  
When duty and pleasure and sport are in one ;  
And so he wears ever a smile on his lip—  
'Tis a Labour of love to the Galloping Whip.

The moon of September's his light in the morn,  
When the cub's to be killed and they've carried the corn ;  
The moon of December's his lamp for the trip,  
As home with the pack goes the Galloping Whip.

For hours never vex him, and work cannot tire,  
That dapper pink fits on a framework of wire ;  
He'll go without sup, and he'll go without sip  
From daylight to dark, will the Galloping Whip.

The phiz of bold Reynard is shaped on his mug,  
Mouth wide as an oxer, as deep as a jug ;  
That feature was fashioned to scream, not to nip,  
And a bumper's no charm for the Galloping Whip.

The last to leave covert, he'll cheer on the pack ;  
Twenty couples are out, then away with a crack ;  
In a mile he has given the quickest the slip—  
The wind from their sails takes the Galloping Whip.

## POEMS OF THE CHASE.

When we're jammed in a corner, the timber too strong,  
The bullfinch too thick, and our courage all gone—  
Hie! give us a lead, and over he'll flip;  
But it's little improved by the Galloping Whip.

Does he ride for repute? No! his eye is ahead;  
He works for his huntsman, and works for his bread.  
Wherever he steers men are glad of the tip:  
The bruisers delight in the Galloping Whip.

Ever sparing of rate and indulgent of youth,  
His cheer urges Faulty get forrard to Truth;  
But a rioter determined will never outstrip  
The swift-venging thong of the Galloping Whip.

They've run twenty minutes as close as a wedge.  
By Jove! they have split—two lines since the hedge:  
Old Regent is right. Up the furrow they rip;  
And round swing the rest with the Galloping Whip.

A game fox is sinking. The Whip isn't here:  
Look, a cap down the wind: 'Charles has him, I swear!'  
And Reynard, poor devil! is well in the grip  
Of Whitecollar Will and his Galloping Whip.



## A LEGEND OF THE QUORN COUNTRY.

*By* W. DAVENPORT BROMLEY, M.P.

1852.

**W**HEN careful of his goods or spouse,  
A strong man armed doth keep his house ;  
It may be termed for him a bore  
To find a stranger at his door,  
Who binds the strong man at his ease,  
Pockets his cash and all he sees ;  
And tho' he does not take his life,  
Is far from civil to his wife.  
The ex-strong man looks on the while,  
Without the least desire to smile ;  
At least, I take it, such would be  
The case did such things chance with me.  
There lived, I do not deal in dates,  
A champion of the heavy weights,  
Who over Leicestershire had done  
Great things, in spite of sixteen stone ;  
For many years had been admired  
For going when the rest were tired ;  
Who feared no timber, liked a brook,  
Could calmly at a bullfinch look ;  
And thought himself in all his glory  
Just at the period of my story ;

## POEMS OF THE CHASE.

But often, when we feel most sure,  
We're apt to be the least secure ;  
And Gilmour, happy and content,  
With long-established precedent,  
By all men honoured and respected,  
Was rivalled when he least expected.  
'Twas in November's dreary sky,  
Strange meteors were seen to fly ;  
And rumour spread throughout the land,  
That some convulsion was at hand ;  
And presently the fact was known  
That one, who weighed near seventeen stone,  
Light of hand and firm of seat,  
Arrived at Quorn, was hard to beat.  
Well! all men deemed the fact absurd,  
And Gilmour laughed at what he heard ;  
And not until he saw the man,  
The sinking in his boots began.  
When first he showed beside the gorse,  
Colossal seemed his coal-black horse ;  
His frowning brow and deep-set eye,  
His heart's resolve did not belie ;  
Not oft he smiled, but if a trace  
Of mirth did flit across his face,  
No joy, I ween, it did impart,  
But chilled the shuddering gazer's heart ;  
And Gilmour, at that harrowing look,

## A LEGEND OF THE QUORN COUNTRY.

Down to his very small-clothes shook,  
When towards him with the lightning's speed  
The stranger spurred his fiery steed.  
'My name,' he said, is Peter Miles,  
And there is none like me  
From Land's End to Northumberland,  
And all the North Country.  
You Melton men, you Leicestershire knaves,  
Come ride with me, say I,  
Five minutes over Skeffington,  
And then lie down and die.  
I heard of you, Sir Gilemore,  
I know you're all my eye,  
I'll cut you down, and hang you up,  
Aye! hang you up to dry.  
Yes! funking wretch! I know you,  
How you shudder at a rail,  
How you shun the bristling bullfinch,  
And at a brook turn tail.'  
But he who was not wont to brook  
A hasty word or angry look,  
Now, with a meek submissive face,  
Yielded the trophies of the chase,  
Without a blow resigned his sway,  
And Miles, triumphant, leads the way ;  
Thenceforth from gates and brooks he shrunk,  
Thenceforth by all was called a funk ;

## POEMS OF THE CHASE.

Such is the fate of human glory,  
Such the sad sequel to my story.  
I cannot tell the year of grace  
In which these things were taking place ;  
But this I know, a portly Squire  
Now bruises over Leicestershire ;  
Whom Sutton loveth to commend,  
His guide, philosopher, and friend ;  
And none with him dispute the right  
To lead the field from morn to night.  
But though among the thrusting train,  
You seek for Gilmour's<sup>1</sup> face in vain ;  
Wait till the second horsemen pass,  
You see a form—'tis his, alas !  
The heavy-weight who funks the stiles,  
And trembles at the name of Miles.<sup>2</sup>

---

<sup>1</sup> Mr. Walter Little Gilmour, a Scotch gentleman who hunted from Melton for very many years ; heavy, tall, and an excellent horseman, he remained undefeated in Leicestershire until the advent of Miles, many years his junior.

<sup>2</sup> Colonel Charles Miles, formerly of the 17th Lancers and generally known as Peter Miles, a famous sportsman and a welter weight ; he came to Leicestershire as a youngish man, where he attracted the admiration of Sir Richard Sutton (Master of the Quorn from 1847 to 1855) by the marvellous way in which he rode to hounds. Davenport Bromley was author of the above poem, also of a charming book entitled *Sport*, published in 1885, in which Miles is depicted as the hero, negotiating oxers and sailing over ridge and furrow. For many years, later on in life, he lived at Burton Hill, near Malmesbury, in the Beaufort country. Born 1823 ; died 1892.

## A LEGEND OF THE QUORN COUNTRY.

### MORAL.

Such is the lot of mortal man,  
Where Gilmour ended, Miles began ;  
And Miles in turn must yield his sway,  
For every dog will have his day

## POEMS OF THE CHASE.

### TOM FIRR'S SONG.

I'LL sing you a song, a fine new song,  
I Made by a mad young pate,  
Of one of the present hunters  
Of the present date ;  
To see him o'er a country go,  
At such a slashing rate,  
And some of his performances  
To you I'll try and state.  
'Tis that slashing horse called 'Iris,'  
One of the present date.

He is second to none in England,  
Which all of you must know,  
Either in the hunting-field  
Or at the hunter's show ;  
Now, for instance, at Peterborough  
To touch him there was none,  
And likewise at Weatherby  
He was there pronounced A1,  
Was that slashing horse called 'Iris,'  
One of the present date.

If you put him under the standard  
You'll find him 16·2,

## TOM FIRR'S SONG.

His superior shape and make  
I'm sure you never knew;  
First go from his head to his tail,  
And down to the fetlock,  
Put fifteen stone upon his back,  
He is firm as any rock,  
Is that slashing horse called 'Iris,'  
One of the present date.

To see him at the covert-side,  
So quiet does he stand,  
And when he hears a hound speak  
He'll give his bit a champ;  
And when the hounds have found the fox,  
And settled on him steady,  
No matter in what country  
To go he is always ready,  
Is that slashing horse called 'Iris,'  
One of the present date.

Hark! there's a halloa away  
On the other side;  
And now all you bruisers,  
You'll have a chance to ride;  
But wait a bit, and let the hounds  
Get fairly on his line,  
And if you keep near the 'wall eye'

## POEMS OF THE CHASE

It'll take you all your time.  
'Tis that slashing horse called 'Iris,  
One of the present date.

And now along the vale  
Like pigeons they do fly;  
There is some timber in a corner  
Nearly five feet high;  
Now, says one, the first who goes  
Will come down with a crack—  
But he is over like a pigeon,  
With the Master on his back,  
Is that slashing horse called 'Iris.'  
One of the present date.

Still on they go like lightning,  
Now there is no time to dwell,  
The fence is big, the country's deep,  
And the pace begins to tell;  
In another twenty minutes  
A wager I will bet:  
The cocktails they begin to stop,  
And the swells begin to fret  
At that slashing horse called 'Iris,'  
One of the present date.

Now from scent to view they've raced him  
He cannot longer wear—



## TOM FIRR'S SONG.

Who-whoop! he dies, a plucked 'un—  
And the Master, he is there.  
Now, here's success to Captain Thomson,<sup>1</sup>  
Wherever he may go;  
His equal in the hunting-field  
We never more shall know.  
For he is king of all live sportsmen  
Of the present date.

---

<sup>1</sup> Song composed and sung by Tom Firr, the celebrated Quorn huntsman, on February 10th, 1870, at a Hunt dinner given at the George Hotel, Northampton, to Captain J. Anstruther Thomson, on his giving up the Pytchley Hounds, of which he had been Master from 1864 to 1869. The testimonial consisted of a portrait, by Sir Francis Grant, representing Captain Thomson on his famous horse Iris, surrounded by two couples of hounds—Singer, Rallywood, Bondsman, and Dragon.

## POEMS OF THE CHASE.

### OLD OULTON LOWE.

*By* R. EGERTON WARBURTON.

**B**AD luck to the country! the clock had struck two,  
We had found ne'er a fox in the gorses we drew;  
When each heart felt a thrill at the sound, 'Tally-ho!  
Once more a view-halloa from old Oulton Lowe.

Away like a whirlwind toward Calveley Hall,  
For the first thirty minutes Pug laugh'd at us all;  
Our nags cured of kicking, ourselves of conceit,  
Ere the laugh was with us, we were most of us beat.

The Willington mare, when she started so fast,  
Ah! we little thought then that the race was her last;  
Accurst be the stake that was stain'd with her blood;  
But why cry for spilt milk? May the next be as good.

'Twas a sight for us all—worth a million, I swear—  
To see the Black Squire<sup>1</sup> how he rode the black mare;  
The meed that he merits, the Muse shall bestow;  
First, foremost, and fleetest from old Oulton Lowe.

---

<sup>1</sup> The Black Squire was the Rev. James Tomkinson, of Davenham.

## OLD OULTON LOWE.

How Delamere<sup>1</sup> went it were useless to tell,  
To say he was out is to say he went well ;  
A rider so skilful ne'er buckled on spur  
To rule a rash horse, or to make a screw stir.

The odds are in fighting that Britain beats France ;<sup>2</sup>  
In the chase, as in war, we must all take our  
    chance  
Little Ireland kept up, like his namesake the nation,  
By dint of 'coercion' and great 'agitation.'

Now Victor and Bedford were seen in the van ;  
Cheer'd on by the Maiden who rides like a man,  
He screech'd with delight as he wip'd his hot brow :  
'Their bristles are up, sir ! they're hard at him now.'

In the pride of his heart, then the Manager cried,<sup>3</sup>  
'Come on, little Rowley boy ; why don't you ride ?'  
How he chuckled to see the long tail in distress,  
As he gave her the go-by on bonny brown Bess.

---

<sup>1</sup> Delamere was Lord Delamere of Vale Royal.

<sup>2</sup> Britain and France represent Mr. Brittan of Chester and Mr. France of Bostock Hall. Little Ireland was Mr. Ireland Blackburne of Hale.

<sup>3</sup> Sir Henry Mainwaring was 'Manager' of the Cheshire Hounds for nineteen years, and Joe Maiden, the huntsman, from 1832 to 1845.

## POEMS OF THE CHASE.

The Baron<sup>1</sup> from Hanover halloa'd 'Who-whoop!'  
While he thought on the Lion that ate him half up;  
Well pleas'd to have balk'd the wild beast of his dinner,  
He was up in his stirrups, and rode like a winner.

Oh! where 'mid the many found wanting in speed,  
Oh! where and oh! where was the Wistaston steed?  
Dead beat! still his rider so lick'd him and prick'd him,  
He thought (well he might) 'twas the devil that kick'd him.

The Cestrian chestnut show'd symptoms of blood,  
For it flow'd from his nose ere he came to the wood.  
Where now is Dolgosh? where the racer from Da'enham?  
Such fast ones as these! what mishap has o'erta'en 'em?

Two gentlemen met, both unhors'd, in a lane  
(Fox-hunting on foot is but labour in vain):  
'Have you seen a brown horse?' 'No, indeed, sir; but  
    pray,  
In the course of your ramble, have you seen a grey?'

As a London coal-heaver might pick up a peer,  
Whom he found in the street, with his head rather queer,  
So Dobbin was loosed from his work at the plough,  
To assist a proud hunter, stuck fast in a slough.

---

<sup>1</sup> Baron Osten, a Hanoverian and an officer in the English Army who had a perilous adventure with a lion when serving in India.

## OLD OULTON LOWE.

I advocate 'movement' when shown in a horse,  
But I love in my heart a 'conservative' gorse.  
Long Life to Sir Philip!<sup>1</sup> we'll drink ere we go—  
Old times! and old Cheshire! and old Oulton Lowe!

---

<sup>1</sup> This run took place with the Cheshire Hounds on February 16th, 1833, from a famous gorse covert belonging to Sir Philip Egerton, Bart.

## THE DUKE OF GRAFTON'S HOUNDS.

A RUN FROM HALSE COPSE.<sup>1</sup>

*By* SIR HEREWALD WAKE, *Bart.*

**N**O worthier theme than hunting can a poet's soul  
inspire,  
The stirring music of the chase shall tune my Muse's  
lyre ;  
Men, hounds, and horses I will sing, and ever as you listen  
Your pulses shall beat faster yet, your eyes with fire shall  
glisten.

For you shall hear the story how Reynard fate defied,  
And ran a gallant race for life, how gamely Reynard died ;  
For with that day's achievements all the countryside  
resounds,  
And I will sing the praises of the Duke of Grafton's  
hounds.

At Astwell Mill the fixture was, and to that fixture came  
A company of sportsmen true, and not unknown to fame.

---

<sup>1</sup> This run took place when the 6th Duke was Master, and Frank Beers the brilliant huntsman until about 1890, when his health gave way and he died in the prime of life.

## THE DUKE OF GRAFTON'S HOUNDS.

The Duke and Lord Charles Fitzroy,<sup>1</sup> George Pennant,<sup>2</sup>  
too, was there,  
St. Maur,<sup>3</sup> with his hard-riding spouse, had come the sport  
to share.

Campbell and Grosvenor,<sup>4</sup> Byass, Bull, and Fuller to the  
fore.

Wake and his Wife, the Wisemans, too, Robarts,<sup>5</sup> and  
many more ;

And all of them well mounted were on nags of bone and  
speed,

And well for them their horses could both leap and stay  
at need.

Through Helmdon on to Stutchbury we wound a devious  
way,

The Spinneys drawing blank, alas! no fox lay there that  
day.

Halse Cope in order next we drew, and every stout heart  
sank,

When Beers' 'Come, come, come away,' proclaimed  
another blank.

---

<sup>1</sup> Lord Charles Fitzroy, the present Duke.

<sup>2</sup> George Pennant, afterwards the 2nd Lord Penrhyn, and Master for many years.

<sup>3</sup> St. Maur, the present Duke of Somerset.

<sup>4</sup> Grosvenor, now Lord Ebury.

<sup>5</sup> Mr. A. J. Robarts, of Tile House, was joint Master with the Hon. E. D. Pennant from 1891 to 1895.

## POEMS OF THE CHASE.

But scarce a bowshot off there yet one more coppice  
stood—  
Little Halse Copse, the cognomen of that now far-famed  
wood,  
Which held that day so stout a fox that had but fate  
been kind  
He might perchance have saved his brush and left us far  
behind.

The hounds were soon upon his drag, old Rattler feathered  
high,  
Then gave his deep-tongued challenge and the others  
scored to cry.  
Full soon was Pug unkenelled when he heard the  
warning notes.  
That swift into a chorus swelled from five-and-thirty  
throats.

Our fox soon showed himself to be bred of that right  
good sort,  
Erst wont to show our ancestors such rare old-fashioned  
sport.  
He scorned to run the covert long, but broke away in  
style,  
And gained a well-earned start, perhaps of nearly half a  
mile.



## THE DUKE OF GRAFTON'S HOUNDS.

Beers galloped round and gave his horn a spirit-stirring  
twang.

The hounds streamed out of covert, then their diapason  
rang

Both loud and deep as o'er the plough with lightning  
speed they went,

And sportsmen saw with half an eye there was a burning  
scent.

What racing and what bustling now was there to get a  
place,

And lucky was the aspirant whose horse could go the pace ;  
The hounds soon settled on the line, and then like wild-  
fire ran ;

It now appeared to be a case of catch them if you can.

And fortunate it was that day, as well for horse as hound,  
The ploughs rode light, the going good, the turf was firm  
and sound,

Or else with such a holding scent and with a fox so stout  
Before the finish every nag must fain have given out.

Ten minutes' burst, and then we thought we had a check  
at last,

But Beers sat still and watched the hounds complete their  
patient cast,

## POEMS OF THE CHASE.

When down the fence they hit him off, the line was  
turning now,  
The fox, no doubt, had headed been by yonder man at  
plough

A few short turns well puzzled out, they're off again at  
score ;  
Though going fast, yet 'tis a ring, a fact we much deplore.  
Halse Copse again appears, which we had hoped to leave  
behind,  
Though thankful for the chance to give our nags a little  
wind.

But with a crash the gallant pack fly o'er the opposing  
fence,  
And still maintain their dashing speed through blackthorn  
thickets dense ;  
Their blood-tipped sterns a moment wave, and then they  
disappear,  
And the fast-receding music of their bell-like tongues we  
hear.

This is no time to loiter nor to think of drawing rein,  
So spur we down the covert-side or from the chase  
refrain ;  
For he who took a pull that day, if but for half a minute,  
To breathe his horse beside the wood, was never after in it.

## THE DUKE OF GRAFTON'S HOUNDS.

For five-and-thirty minutes we'd been going well and fast ;  
And thought the pace was much too good a longer time  
to last ;

But, as it proved, a harder test for horses was in store,  
Although the veriest glutton then had hardly asked for  
more.

We barely reached the farther end, when, going down the  
wind,

We viewed our fox, who had not dwelt for all too close  
behind,

Beers and his beauties, swift of foot, poor Reynard stoutly  
push

Through brier and brake, and clamouring make him  
tremble for his brush.

The Whip's view-halloa now is heard, and Beers becomes  
aware

Of Reynard's course, and lifts his voice and pipes both  
shrill and clear ;

A louder pipe and shriller than that possessed by Beers,  
Unless it be a whistle blown by steam, one never hears.

The hounds, their tongues still throwing, dash out, and by  
that sign

Frank knows full well his steadfast pack has never left  
the line.

## POEMS OF THE CHASE.

He cares not now to lift them, and indeed he has no need,  
For as they run they try our panting horses' utmost speed.

And well for him it was just then whose nag had got  
some breeding,  
For those on cocktails saw with grief the chase was swift  
receding,  
And would-be thrusters urged and spurred their nags  
without remorse,  
Until they found themselves on foot, and crying 'Catch  
my horse.'

With dirty coats and broken hats the natty field was  
fleckered,  
And some found to their cost that day a sportsman's life  
is chequered,  
And not a few aspiring souls who needs must foremost be  
Were scratched about the eyes and nose and chin most  
piteously.

O'er ridge-and-furrow fields we flew as fast as we could go  
The whitethorn fences in the Vale uncommon hairy grow ;  
Nigh every fence a bullfinch is, and where the light of day  
Peeps through a space most usually a lawyer stops the way.

Just here and there a flight of rails confers a fairer leap,  
But such the pace that few can now afford to hold them  
cheap.

## THE DUKE OF GRAFTON'S HOUNDS.

The gates are few and far between, the seeming friendly  
gap  
As oft as not will prove a most uncompromising trap.

The biggest and the blackest place is often safer far  
Than where the wide hiatus doth a fence's outline mar.  
Although of leaping ditches wide one's hunter may be fond,  
But few in an emergency can clear the darkling pond.

Now Stuchbury's pleasant pastures lie stretched beneath  
our feet,  
The going on those headlands sound was really quite a  
treat,  
And well-bred horses caught their wind as swiftly on  
they sped,  
For by a field and more than that the flying pack now led.

By Allithorn and Weston and over Banbury Lane,  
And on towards Moreton Pinkney the pace we still  
maintain,  
A few red coats and habits and one or two in black  
Are still seen popping up and down behind the fleeting  
pack.

Now on the broad and level sward we gallop while  
we may,  
For through these verdant meads a brook, the Tovy,  
winds its way.

## POEMS OF THE CHASE.

The Tovy is both wide and deep, and should we chance  
to fall,  
No fear but what there's room enough to hold us, horse  
and all.

Some willows mark its winding course, its rotten banks  
and steep;  
Keen horses prick their ears and snort, all eager for  
the leap;  
Now hustle horse and harden heart, cram firmly on your hat,  
And straightway catch him by the head and go at it,  
full bat.

And so the first flight over swing as if 'tis in their stride,  
Not so, however, those who dare or know not how to ride;  
Some take a header off their nags and much amusement  
yield  
To those who with much caution form the rearguard of  
the field.

Beyond some second horsemen and a farmer here and  
there  
Who comes to show a four-year-old or exercise his mare,  
And some little boys on ponies, 'tis but just I should  
explain,  
There are not many out this day who actually crane.

## THE DUKE OF GRAFTON'S HOUNDS.

So stiff the line had been, in short, the field was soon  
well weeded ;

From funklers and from skirters both the chase had long  
receded ;

Far back along the roads they come like bands of border  
raiders

Who fly the justly angered foe and ply their cruel  
persuaders.

The Squire on wheels,<sup>1</sup> his pair of roans with smoking  
sides appear,

Has made his point right skilfully and now the hunt  
draws near ;

He waits where we must cross the road, his chuckles are  
immense

To see the ditch is deep that guards a stiff upstanding  
fence.

Our horses blown, we looked about to choose the softest  
place

Where if we fell we might repose with ease if not with  
grace.

‘There’s nothing here to stop you,’ the observant Squire  
said—

Two nasty falls ensued—laughed he, ‘from going on your  
head.’

---

<sup>1</sup> ‘The Squire on wheels’ was the well-known Bob Oliver.

## POEMS OF THE CHASE.

The hounds had now been doing all that lay within  
their power

Across a splendid country, mostly grass, for full an hour,  
Yet captious critics, spite of that, would signally have  
failed

To find a fault to cavil at, for not a hound had tailed.

They ran so well together and they carried such a head  
That almost every hound in turn appeared to take the  
lead.

They dwelt not at their fences, and though terrible the  
pace,

Not less their tuneful voices they would now and then  
upraise.

It could not last much longer: when we got upon the  
plough

The pack were to their noses brought; our fox was  
sinking now.

The scent began to fail a bit, and though 'twas far  
from dull,

Most of us were uncommon glad to take a little pull.

For light weights and for ladies too, although their nags  
be blown,

'Tis possible to leap a fence or two and not come down;



## THE DUKE OF GRAFTON'S HOUNDS.

But welter weights, however big their horses, must look out ;

Or at this juncture they would catch a purl beyond a doubt.

Beers, who had ridden straight and well, now eyes each favourite hound,

As puzzling out the line, they gain, but slowly gain, some ground,

Content at having pressed his fox, sits as a statue still,  
And takes no notice of the 'halloo forrard' on the hill.

And well is he rewarded and patience wins that day,  
For from the field the hounds again begin to slip away ;  
And if they had been lifted, 'tis likely, I maintain,  
They never would have settled on their fox's line again.

To Canons Ashby osier-bed we galloped fast and hard ;  
Nor did that holding covert much the furious hunt retard,  
For Reynard when he reached it, all too hot to lie in hiding,  
Nor turned nor stopped, but bustled through along the  
centre riding.

Then up by Canons Ashby town for half-a-mile or more,  
Our beaten fox we viewed at length still travelling on  
before ;

## POEMS OF THE CHASE.

Sterns down, heads up, the pack upon the line now cease  
to stoop,  
But course their fox, just one short turn, a snatch, and  
then Who-whoop.

Thus died as good and stout a fox as ever stood in  
front  
Of fleetest hounds in England found, the Duke of  
Grafton's hunt :  
An hour and thirty minutes' ran, his fame shall ne'er  
diminish,  
For he was pressed, and sorely pressed, from find unto  
the finish.

He made his point, but all too late, for on his footsteps  
flying  
Still pressed the pack so fleet of foot ; he never ceased  
from trying  
To shake them off ; in vain he sought some refuge to  
discover,  
And in the open did his stout pursuers roll him over.

His race was run, his course was done, his gallant efforts  
ended,  
Whate'er his former life had been, his death was truly  
splendid ;

## THE DUKE OF GRAFTON'S HOUNDS.

With tuneful tongue his requiem sung the pack that ran  
and caught him,  
And Beers will ever hug himself to hand that day he  
brought him.

When home returning from the run which so much sport  
afforded,  
That day's achievements I resolved should not go un-  
recorded ;  
So pass the bottle round and let each sparkling glass be  
filled, boys :  
Here's to the fox the Duke's dog pack at Canons Ashby  
killed, boys.

POEMS OF THE CHASE.

HUNTING SONG OF SIR HARRY  
GOODRICKE'S TIME.

1832.

**T**HE lark forgets her summer song,  
The rose forgets its bloom,  
And murky clouds are borne along  
To aid the wintry gloom.

The woods, where Nature hung her lute  
To teach sweet birds her tone,  
Are hush'd; the sylvan groves are mute;  
The hills are pensive grown;

The dancing ripples of the lake  
Are changed to sullen waves;  
The solitary water-crake  
Its cheerless bosom laves.

But joy awakes the sluggish morn,  
The mists now melt away;  
The huntsman blithely winds his horn,  
The willing hounds obey.

## SIR HARRY GOODRICKE'S TIME.

Sir Harry's<sup>1</sup> forward in the field,  
Greene,<sup>2</sup> Gardner,<sup>3</sup> sportsmen true :  
And more to whom bright fame must yield  
The praises justly due.

Lord Wilton,<sup>4</sup> Stanley,<sup>5</sup> Errington,<sup>6</sup>  
Seem scarce to touch the rein,  
As gallantly they rush along  
O'er hill and grassy plain.

'There's Greene, as usual far before,'  
Cries handsome Edward Thynne ;<sup>7</sup>  
'Kinnaird,<sup>8</sup> and Rokeby,<sup>9</sup> and Gilmour—<sup>10</sup>  
By Jove ! I must nick in !'

He said, then urged his gallant steed,  
No fence for him too high ;  
He look'd the true bold hunter bred—  
'Yoiks, yoiks, the fox shall die !'

---

<sup>1</sup> Sir Henry Goodricke, Bart., Master of the Quorn Hounds from 1831 till he died in 1833.

<sup>2</sup> Mr. Greene, of Rolleston, afterwards Master of the Quorn Hounds from 1841 to 1847.

<sup>3</sup> Lord Gardner, died 1883.

<sup>4</sup> Lord Wilton, died 1882.

<sup>5</sup> Mr. Massey Stanley, Mr. Errington's brother.

<sup>6</sup> Mr. Errington, afterwards Master of the Quorn Hounds from 1835 to 1838.

<sup>7</sup> Lord Edward Thynne.

<sup>8</sup> Lord Kinnaird.

<sup>9</sup> Lord Rokeby.

<sup>10</sup> Mr. W. L. Gilmour.

## POEMS OF THE CHASE.

Maher<sup>1</sup> and Moore<sup>2</sup> still take their stand  
High in the list of fame,  
And friendship wreathes the social band  
With Musgrave's<sup>3</sup> sporting name.

Melton again, that sportsman's town,  
Boasts many a noble guest ;  
Statesmen and heroes of renown  
The exulting soil have pressed.

Long, long may we those names enrol,  
And Goodricke's lend a grace,  
For fame to waft from pole to pole  
The triumphs of the chase.

---

<sup>1</sup> Valentine Maher, died 1844.

<sup>2</sup> Mr. John Moore, son of the Archbishop of Canterbury.

<sup>3</sup> Sir James Musgrave, Bart.

## THE DREAM OF AN OLD MELTONIAN.

*By* W. DAVENPORT BROMLEY, M.P.

I AM old, I am old, and my eyes are grown weaker,  
My beard is as white as the foam on the sea,  
Yet pass me the bottle and fill me a beaker,  
A bright brimming toast in a bumper for me!  
Back, back through long vistas of years I am wafted,  
But the glow at my heart's undiminished in force;  
Deep, deep in that heart has fond memory engrafted  
'Those quick thirty minutes from Ranksboro' Gorse.

What is time? 'The effluxion of life zoophitic  
In dreary pursuit of position or gain.  
What is life? 'The absorption of vapours mephitic,  
And the burning of sunlight on senses and brain!  
Such a life have I lived—though so speedily over,  
Condensing the joys of a century's course,  
From the find till we eat him near Woodwellhead Cover,  
In thirty bright minutes from Ranksboro' Gorse.

Last night in St. Stephen's so wearily sitting  
(The member for Boreham sustained the debate),

## POEMS OF THE CHASE.

Some pitying spirit that round me was flitting  
Vouchsafed a sweet vision my pains to abate.  
The Mace, and the Speaker, and House disappearing,  
The leather-clad bench is a thoroughbred horse ;  
'Tis the whimpering cry of the foxhound I'm hearing,  
And my 'seat' is a pigskin at Ranksboro' Gorse.

He's away ! I can hear the identical holloa !  
I can feel my young thoroughbred strain down the ride,  
I can hear the dull thunder of hundreds that follow,  
I can see my old comrades in life by my side.  
Do I dream ? All around me I see the dead riding,  
And voices long silent re-echo with glee ;  
I can hear the far wail of the Master's vain chiding,  
As vain as the Norseman's reproof to the sea.

Vain, indeed ! for the bitches are racing before us—  
Not a nose to the earth—not a stern in the air ;  
And we know by the notes of that modified chorus  
How straight we must ride if we wish to be there !  
With a crash o'er the turnpike, and onward I'm sailing,  
Released from the throes of the blundering mass,  
Which dispersed right and left as I topped the high railing,  
And shape my own course o'er the billowy grass.

Select is the circle in which I am moving,  
Yet open and free the admission to all ;



## THE DREAM OF AN OLD MELTONIAN.

Still, still more select is that company proving,  
Weeded out by the funker, and thinned by the fall :  
Yet here all are equal—no class legislation,  
No privilege hinders, no family pride :  
In the 'image of war' show the pluck of the nation ;  
Ride, ancient patrician! democracy, ride!

Oh! gently, my young one; the fence we are nearing  
Is leaning towards us—'tis hairy and black,  
The binders are strong, and necessitate clearing,  
Or the wide ditch beyond will find room for your back.  
Well saved! we are over! now far down the pastures  
Of Ashwell the willows betoken the line  
Of the dull-flowing stream of historic disasters ;  
We must face, my bold young one, the dread Whis-  
sendine.

No shallow-dug pan with a hurdle to screen it,  
That cocktail imposture, the steeplechase brook :  
But the steep broken banks tell us plain, if we mean it,  
The less we shall like it the longer we look.  
Then steady, my young one, my place I've selected,  
Above the dwarf willow 'tis sound I'll be bail,  
With your muscular quarters beneath you collected,  
Prepare for a rush like the 'limited mail.'

Oh! now let me know the full worth of your breeding ;  
Brave son of Belzoni, be true to your sires,

## POEMS OF THE CHASE.

Sustain old traditions—remember your leading  
The cream of the cream in the shire of the shires!  
With a quick, shortened stride as the distance you measure  
With a crack of the nostril and cock of the ear,  
And a rocketing bound, and we're over, my treasure,  
Twice nine feet of water, and landed all clear!

What! four of us only? Are these the survivors  
Of all that rode gaily from Ranksboro' ridge?  
I hear the faint splash of a few hardy divers,  
The rest are in hopeless research of a bridge;  
*Væ Victis!* the way of the world and the winners!  
Do we ne'er ride away from a friend in distress?  
Alas! we are anti-Samaritan sinners,  
And streaming past Stapleford, onward we press.

Ah! don't they mean mischief, the merciless ladies?  
What fox can escape such implacable foes?  
Of the sex cruel slaughter for ever the trade is,  
Whether human or animal—YONDER HE GOES!  
Never more for the woodland! his purpose has failed him,  
Though to gain the old shelter he gallantly tries;  
In vain the last double, for Jezebel's nailed him!  
WHO-WHOOP! in the open the veteran dies!

Yes, four of us only! But is it a vision?  
Dear lost ones, how come ye with mortals to mix?

## THE DREAM OF AN OLD MELTONIAN.

Methought that ye hunted the pastures Elysian,  
And between us there rolled the unjumpable Styx!  
Stay, stay but a moment! the grass fields are fading,  
And heavy obscurity palsies my brain:  
Through what country, what ploughs and what sloughs  
am I wading?  
Alas! 'tis the member for Boreham again!

Oh, glory of youth! consolation of age!  
Sublimest of ecstasies under the sun:  
Though the veteran may linger too long on the stage,  
Yet he'll drink a last toast to a fox-hunting run.  
And, oh! young descendants of ancient top-sawyers!  
By your lives to the world their example enforce:  
Whether landlords, or parsons, or statesmen, or lawyers,  
Ride straight as they rode it from Ranksboro' Gorse.

Though a rough-riding world may bespatter your breeches,  
Though sorrow may cross you, or slander revile,  
Though you plunge overhead in misfortune's blind  
ditches,  
Shun the gap of deception, the handgate of guile:  
Oh, avoid them! for there see the crowd is contending,  
Ignoble the object—ill-mannered the throng;  
Shun the miry lane, falsehood, with turns never ending,  
Ride straight for truth's timber, no matter how strong.

## POEMS OF THE CHASE.

I'll pound you safe over! sit steady and quiet;  
    Along the sound headland of honesty steer;  
Beware of false holloas and juvenile riot;  
    Though the oxer of duty be wide, never fear!  
And when the run's over of earthly existence,  
    And you get safe to ground, you will feel no remorse,  
If you ride it—no matter what line or what distance,  
    As straight as your fathers from Ranksboro' Gorse.

MELTONIAN SONG.

1831.

**T**HAT Sire of the Chase—our crack Nimrod, old  
Meynell,

Once said to a famed brother sportsman at Quorn,  
That 'the fame and the fun of a Le'stershire kennel  
Should cease—when the sun ceased to gladden the morn.'  
He's gone, but each year proves how true the prediction;  
Unmarred is our sport—undiminished our fame,  
He's gone, and this day shows his words were no fiction,  
For 'hunting' and 'Le'stershire' still mean the same.

CHORUS (*after each verse*).

Then round with the bottle, and let it not tarry,  
While we hail, while we honour the man of our choice;  
In a bumper, come pledge me—the gallant Sir Harry,  
Whom we love in our hearts, as we hail with our voice.

Other masters we've had, in the days of our glory—  
Osbaldeston, Sefton, Tom Smith, and 'The Graeme,'  
Southampton the last, not the least in our story,  
Giving Melton its mainspring and Le'stershire fame.  
And if for a season our joy has been clouded,  
A day like the present's too happy for pain;  
In the prospect before us what pleasures are crowded.  
For oh, in our Goodricke we've Meynell again.

## POEMS OF THE CHASE.

The Coplow again shall be famous in story,  
And high be the deeds we shall do from Seg's Hill ;  
And Melton once more, in the blaze of its glory,  
Under Goodricke shall flourish—under Goodricke shall fill ;  
Again shall our coverts like Courts be attended ;  
Again shall our 'field days' boast many a star,  
The friends shall return who have Melton befriended,  
Thynne, Forester, Kinnaird, Moore, Maxse, and Maher.

And Alvanley also—shall Melton forget thee ?

Oh, never—while wit and while wine have a charm ;  
Thou too wilt return, blithe as ever we met thee,  
And with joke, fun, and glee, still sad sorrow disarm ;  
And Chesterfield too, and our honoured De Wilton,  
With Plymouth and Stanley shall come in the train,  
And the Lord of the Chase, and the Monarch of Melton,  
Shall be Harry of Ribston, success to his reign.

This song was sung during the short reign of Sir Harry Goodricke, who was Master of the Quorn from 1831 to 1833. Possessed of large estates in Ireland, Norfolk, and the West Riding of Yorkshire, with an invincible passion for hunting, and immense popularity, he was welcomed as successor to Lord Southampton on his retirement. Mountford was his huntsman and Will Derry one of his whippers-in. Everything promised a long and brilliant career with the Quorn, but in the summer after his second season he went over to Ireland for otter-hunting on his property there ; he contracted a chill and died very suddenly. He was buried at Ribston in Yorkshire on the 4th of September, 1833, aged 33.

Meynell, Osbaldeston, Sefton, Assheton-Smith, and Southampton are mentioned as former Masters ; 'The Graeme' is an allusion to Sir Bellingham Graham, who also hunted the Quorn country from 1821 to 1823.

## THE TARWOOD RUN.

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

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

The Miller, when he heard the pack,  
Stood tiptoe on his loaded sack,  
He view'd the fox across the flat,  
And, needless signal, wav'd his hat;  
He saw him clear with bounding heel  
The water that had wash'd his wheel;  
Like phantom fox he seem'd to fly,  
With speed unearthly flitting by.

The road that leads to Witney town  
He travell'd neither up nor down;  
But straight away, like arrow sped  
From cloth-yard bow, he shot ahead.

## POEMS OF THE CHASE.

Now Cokethorpe on his left he past,  
Now Ducklington behind him cast,  
Now by Bampton, passing Lew,  
Now by Clanfield, on he flew.  
At Grafton first his course inclin'd,  
And Kelmscote now is left behind :

Where waters of the Isis lave,  
The meadows with their classic wave,  
O'er those meadows stealing on  
Toward the Bridge of good St. John,  
He near'd the stream as if to swim,  
Then schem'd a feint to puzzle Jem ;  
His footsteps in the margin sink,  
And taint the sedges on the brink,  
Then springing back, he seem'd to say,  
'Those who like to cross it may.'

Now clamorous on the tainted track  
Close follow the deluded pack ;  
Each hound impetuous stems the tide,  
And shakes himself on t'other side ;  
But Jem, who view'd him, wide awake  
To every dodge a fox can make ;—  
His wily tricks to circumvent  
Recall'd them to the missing scent,  
Nor aid save that, throughout the day,  
From Huntsman or from Whip had they.



## THE TARWOOD RUN.

Away ! but with abated speed,  
O'er fallow brown, o'er verdant mead,  
O'er soil deep furrow'd by the plough,  
No child's play is the struggle now ;  
Now over palèd park he bounds,  
A trespasser on Milward's grounds.  
To Lechlade now the pack he leads,  
Now close by Little Hemmel speeds ;  
To Fairford thence he wended straight,  
Still struggling to the last with Fate,  
Though now the pack approaching nigh  
He heard his death-note in the cry.  
They view him now,—now seem'd their race  
The very lightning of the chase :  
The fox had reach'd the Southropp lane ;  
He strove to cross, but strove in vain ;  
The pack roll'd o'er him in his stride,  
And onward struggling still—he died !

This gallant fox in Tarwood found,  
Had cross'd full twenty miles of ground.  
Had sought no shelter for his flight  
In covert either left or right ;  
But nigh two hours the open kept  
As stout a fox as ever stept !

That morning, in the saddle set,  
A hundred men at Tarwood met ;

## POEMS OF THE CHASE.

Though rumour says of that array  
Scarce ten liv'd fairly through the day.  
Till midday's sun had made the ground  
Fit treading for the foot of hound,  
Compell'd their pastime to delay,  
They whil'd in chat an hour away :  
How bitter overnight the frost !  
How many a joke without it lost !

Ah ! how shall I in song declare  
The riders who were foremost there ?  
A fit excuse how shall I find  
For every rider left behind ?

It seem'd while passing Cokethorpe by,  
As though there was no fence to fly ;  
Though slash'd and sluic'd with many a drain,  
Yet seemingly one open plain ;  
And he who clears those ditches wide  
Must needs a goodly steed bestride.  
From Bampton to the river's bounds,  
The race was run o'er pasture grounds ;  
Yet many a nag of blood and bone  
Was heard to cross it with a groan ;  
For blackthorns stiff the fields divide  
With watery ditch on either side.

## THE TARWOOD RUN.

By Lechlade's village fences rise  
Of every sort and every size,  
And rotten bank and tottering wall  
Were crumbled by the frequent fall.  
Some planted deep in cornfield stand,  
A fixed incumbrance on the land :  
While others prove o'er post and rail  
The merits of the sliding scale.

Ah ! much it grieves the Muse to tell  
At Clanfield how Valentia fell ;  
He rode, they say, like one bewitch'd,  
Till headlong from the saddle pitch'd ;  
There, reckless of the pain, he sigh'd  
To think he might not onward ride ;  
Though fallen from his pride of place,  
His heart was following still the chase ;  
He bade the Huntsman to forbear  
His proffer'd aid, nor tarry there ;  
' Oh ! heed me not, but ride away !'  
The Tarwood fox must die to-day !'  
The rear pulled up with one accord,  
Assiduous to assist a Lord ;  
Some say their steeds were sorely blown,  
Such idle falsehoods I disown.

## POEMS OF THE CHASE.

Valentia fell—nor he alone,  
Here Jem in mid-career was thrown ;  
His heels they in the breastplate swung,  
His head low down on earth it hung ;  
While Spangle on a blackthorn lay,  
Like dewdrop quivering on the spray ;  
Soon man and horse regain'd their feet,  
And struggling up, Jem reach'd his seat.  
Poor Spangle's lustre worn away—  
'Thou laggard groom ! why this delay ?  
'Oh ! Juliet ! where are thou ? where ?  
A thousand guineas for the mare !'  
With words more touching, grief more true,  
Could Romeo her absence rue ?  
Those meadows by the Isis bound,  
Jem reach'd ere he his Juliet found ;  
Well thence, with such a prompter's aid,  
Till Reynard's death her part she play'd.

Fair Beatrice ! as yet I ween  
But little sport that mare had seen ;  
Now guided by the hand of Jack  
She never lost again the pack.  
Charles, brought to sorrow in the run,  
Came struggling up ere all was done ;  
In dyke o'erflowing 'Fungus' fell,  
A plant that loves the water well ;

## THE TARWOOD RUN.

For minutes ten, or thereabout,  
He bath'd—and then he flounder'd out—  
By application of spur rowel  
Charles rubbed him dry without a towel.

As on the pack by Kelmscote flew,  
What meant those coats of scarlet hue ?  
Who were they by the neighb'ring wood,  
Who heedless of the scurry stood ?  
The Valley of the White Horse pack,  
While idle steeds their riders back,  
Impatient range the covert round,  
Their morning fox as yet unfound.  
That huntsman's horn and echoing cheer  
Was music sweet to straggler's ear ;  
And they who felt the pace too hot  
Sought gladly there a resting-spot.

Thus Fleets, when they no more can bide  
The fury of the wind and tide,  
If chance some tranquil port they spy,  
Where vessels, safe at anchor, lie,  
There seek a shelter from the gale,  
With helm revers'd and slacken'd sail.  
Thus patriots, faint of heart, who deem  
Some honest measure too extreme,  
No longer to their colours true,  
Take refuge in the 'juste milieu.'

## POEMS OF THE CHASE.

The speed of horse, the pluck of man,  
They needed both, who led the van ;  
This Holmes can tell, who through the day  
Was ever foremost in the fray ;  
And Holloway, with best intent,  
Still shivering timber as he went ;  
And Williams, clinging to the pack  
As if the League were at his back ;  
And Tollit, ready still to sell  
The nag that carried him so well.  
When younger men of lighter weight  
Some tale of future sport relate,  
Let Whippy show the brush he won,  
And tell them of the Tarwood run ;  
While Rival's portrait, on the wall,  
Shall oft to memory recall  
The gallant fox, the burning scent,  
The leaps they leapt, the pace they went ;  
How Whimsey led the pack at first ;  
When Reynard from the woodside burst,  
How Pamela, a puppy hound,  
First seized him, struggling on the ground ;  
How Prudence shunn'd the taint of hare,  
Taught young in life to have a care ;  
How Alderman, a foxhound staunch,  
Work'd well upon an empty paunch ;  
How Squires were following thee, upset,

## THE TARWOOD RUN.

Right honourable Baronet ;  
How, as the pack by Lechlade flew,  
Where close and thick the fences grew,  
Three Bitches led the tuneful throng,  
All worthy of a place in song ;  
Old Fairplay, ne'er at skirting caught,  
And Pensive, speeding quick as thought ;  
While Handsome prov'd the adage true.  
They handsome are that handsome do !

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

This run took place on December 24th, 1845, with the Heythrop hounds, of which the 2nd Lord Redesdale was at that time the Master, Jim Hill the Huntsman, Jack Goddard and Charles the Whips. With the exception of touching one corner of Boys Wood, the fox ran in the open for one hour and forty-two minutes, distance about twenty miles. 'The Tarwood Run' stands alone among the historic runs of the last century, some of which lacked a satisfactory finish. This descriptive poem was from the delightful pen of Mr. R. Egerton Warburton, of Arley Hall, in Cheshire, born 1804, and died 1891.

## POEMS OF THE CHASE.

### HUNTING FROM A RAILWAY CARRIAGE.

**I** FORGET where we found—I've a bad head for names,

It was somewhere 'twixt Rugby and Marton,  
There were all sorts of fences, and very few lanes ;  
But I felt we were after a smart 'un.  
Like a shot we passed over the Harbury road,  
In the gateway I just missed a cow,  
And beyond the next railing, as o'er it we strode,  
I was ten paces clear of a plough.  
Down that furrow with water, 'tis soundest I know,  
On yon headland I'll save my horse trouble ;  
I don't like the look of this fence, though it's low ;  
Thank goodness, we're over that double !  
The ditch with a rail, near that oak-tree, was wide,  
But the pace is too good to look round ;  
He extended himself, and took off in his stride,  
And went on to the next stake and bound.  
Now I fancy I see Tom catch hold of his hounds,  
As we head for the wood in the hollow ;  
Where we know we shall find on our afternoon rounds,  
Yes! they've hit off the line, and I follow  
Towards the branch line from Daventry now well in sight,  
Marked plainly by telegraph wire,



## HUNTING FROM A RAILWAY CARRIAGE.

But the crossing is near at the gates, painted white ;

Thank goodness ! just what we require.

Hello ! here's a teaser, without a weak place,

And a dike on far side, brings our ride to a check,

We are down, a real purler, the quad's run his race,

And I hear myself murmur, 'I've broken my neck !'

\* \* \* \* \*

There are gallops each season we love to think o'er,

And we price them at ten pounds a minute ;

But this harmless attempt at the Image of War

Costs a penny a mile, while you're in it.

## POEMS OF THE CHASE.

### ODE TO 'NIMROD.'

OF Nimrod's fame, in days of old,  
Full many a poet's verse hath told ;  
Oh ! for an abler pen to praise  
The 'Nimrod' of our modern days—  
'Nimrod,' unrivall'd in the chase ;  
Unequall'd with the pen to trace  
The deeds of many a day gone by,  
Which else would wither, fade, and die ?  
What ardour fires each sportsman's breast,  
When hunters summer'd, hounds at rest,  
Thy pages cheat the tedious day,  
And lull the chase-less hours away ;  
While memory sweetly feeds on all  
Those scenes thou only canst recall.  
See we each well-known covert's side,  
Each favourite hound, the huntsman's pride ;  
Each friendly voice, each note, each cheer,  
Again with thrilling ardour hear,  
And picture still, in fancy's glow,  
The wild, the maddening Tally-ho !  
Thus o'er and o'er again we trace  
The various pleasures of the chase--  
Those fleeting moments, which, though past,

## ODE TO 'NIMROD.'

Described by thee, shall ever last.  
Health to thee, 'Nimrod'! may'st thou live,  
Enjoying all that health can give :  
May many a run and many a glass  
Enrich the years thou'rt doom'd to pass :  
Ne'er may misfortune, ne'er may care  
Thy nerves unstring, thy spirits wear :  
May'st thou, midst good ones' jovial mirth,  
Live long, before thou'rt run to earth !

Charles James Apperley was born near Wrexham in 1778 ; married early in life, lived at Bilton, near Rugby, for some years, then took to farming, and for that purpose moved to Beaurepaire, near Basingstoke. His writings under the name of 'Nimrod' became celebrated in the hunting world from about 1820 to 1840. It was in 1832 that he awoke one morning to find himself for ever famous as the writer of a 'Leicestershire Run' in the *Quarterly Review*—a production which has never been surpassed in sporting literature. No doubt in his particular line he was without a rival at that period, long before 'the Druid,' Surtees, or Whyte Melville appeared on the scene. Flattering notices of various hunting establishments procured for him many patrons among the Masters of Hounds, some of whom certainly were not averse to being complimented in print : in return, 'Nimrod' enjoyed the hospitality of the hunting celebrities in that day, and abundant evidence on the subject is to be found both in his *Yorkshire Tour* and *Northern Tour*. Whether he was much of a customer across country is not quite clear, but there can be no doubt that he always went well over the mahogany ! At one time his literary contributions brought him an ample income ; but when at last difficulties drove him from England, he went to live at Calais for some time. Eventually he returned to London, where he died on the 19th of May, 1843.

## POEMS OF THE CHASE.

### TO THE MEMORY OF THE LATE DUKE OF DORSET.

1815.

**B**RIGHT beaming the sun is, and fresh the spring  
morn,  
And sweetly the thrush pours his notes from the thorn ;  
The cry of the hounds, as it swells on the gale,  
Awakes the blithe echoes of hill and of vale ;  
The game is uprou's'd, and begun is the chase—  
O ! who is that Hunter whose skill and whose grace,  
As swiftly o'er plain and o'er barrier he flies,  
Engages unrivall'd all hearts and all eyes.

'Tis Dorset's young Lord, of a race as renown'd  
As ever to hunter or warrior sound,  
To chase or to battle rush'd forth to the field,  
To make or the game or the foeman to yield :  
And mark you his steed, o'er the fallow so deep,  
Ill pace with his rider's proud spirit can keep,  
All weary and fainting, he totters—he falls :  
And the death-cry of sorrow is heard in our halls.

Weep, Lord of fair Powerscourt, weep in the shade,  
Thy noble young guest on his death-bier is laid ;

## THE LATE DUKE OF DORSET.

From the chase of Killiney he ne'er will return,  
And Erin's soft maids long shall sigh o'er his urn :  
No more on thy hills shall be heard the gay sound  
Of merry-toned bugle or cry of the hound,  
But the raven shall scream, and the sea-mist abide  
Cold and dark o'er the spot where the young Dorset died.<sup>1</sup>

---

<sup>1</sup>The Duke's horsemanship was the subject of much admiration. While on a visit to Lord Powerscourt, at his beautiful seat in the county of Wicklow, and hunting with his Lordship's hounds, his horse, after leaping a wall, fell, and rolling over the Duke caused his death. The 4th Duke of Dorset, born November 15th, 1793, and died February 14th, 1815, aged 21.

## POEMS OF THE CHASE.

### THE HUNTSMEN.

1811.

SEE, seated round the winter's fire,  
The heroes of the chase ;  
See, many an honest heart is there,  
And many a cheerful face.

Friendship, amidst the jolly throng,  
Their generous ardour leads,  
And tunes the rustic huntsman's song,  
Or tells of former deeds.

For now, when toils of chase are o'er,  
With many a near escape,  
To Bacchus, jovial god, they pour  
The nectar of the grape.

For Bacchus gives fresh strength to all,  
Fresh vigour to the mind,  
And fills the wearied huntsman's hall  
With luxury refined.

And while the bottle passes round,  
Or jug of sparkling ale,  
Each joins the merry, jovial sound,  
Each tells his fav'rite tale :

## THE HUNTSMEN.

How Reynard pass'd the river's flood,  
The valley and the mead ;  
How Basto check'd him at the wood,  
Or Tartar took the lead.

Each tongue relates with ardent breath,  
'Midst loud, applauding cries,  
Who came the foremost to the death,  
And gain'd the noble prize.

How Dick, the parson, jolly soul,  
Did dash through thick and thin ;  
And Tom, the huntsman, reach'd the goal,  
With Jack, the whipper-in.

But now they fill their glasses high,  
While mirth lights every face,  
And toast with many a joyful cry,  
'The champions of the chase.'

## POEMS OF THE CHASE.

### ODE TO JOHN WARDE.

*By MR. S. NICOLL, Master of the New Forest Hounds.*

**A** BIRTHDAY ode to Britain's King  
The Poet's paid each year to sing ;  
To celebrate each patriot's name,  
Each hero's warlike deeds proclaim :  
Could I but in heroic verse  
My country's glories thus rehearse,  
My muse addressed should ever be  
To thee, fair land of liberty ;  
But bad's my metre, worse my rhyme,  
To read it were a loss of time ;  
But he'll excuse to whom I sing,  
For I'm no poet—he no king.  
On this the birthday of John Warde,<sup>1</sup>  
Let me in humble verse record  
How high he stands in sporting fame ;  
How great his skill, how great his name ;  
How in the kennel and the field  
To none, since Meynell's death, he'll yield

---

<sup>1</sup> John Warde, of Squerries, Kent, a well-known M.F.H. for fifty-three years. Born 1752, and died 1838. This ode was dedicated to him by his admirer, Mr. Nicoll, who was Master of the New Forest Hounds from 1814 to 1828 ; also celebrated for a witty tongue and caustic pen.



## ODE TO JOHN WARDE.

His knowledge of the noble sport ;  
How well to choose the pack, the sort  
Of every hound ; how nice he breeds,  
And how the pack with judgment feeds.  
The large and lengthy dog he seeks,  
One on the scent who truly speaks,  
And leaves from power far behind,  
The small 'Pygmalion' squeaking kind.  
To kill their game, full well he knows,  
As well as pace, they must have nose.  
To take a lesson from his book,  
And at his system fairly look,  
Would Quorndon's hero<sup>1</sup> only deign,  
He would not hunt his fox in vain ;  
But no, with him 'tis all the pace,  
His hounds stand staring in his face,  
And seem to say, 'My noble Master,  
You cannot have us go much faster,  
For we, on flying all intent,  
A mile behind have left the scent.'  
You, Pytchley's Lord,<sup>2</sup> with pack unsightly,  
Listen no more to Squire Knightley ;<sup>3</sup>  
Skim from your lot all scum and froth,  
Too many cooks have spoilt your broth ;

---

<sup>1</sup> T. A. Smith, Master of the Quorn.

<sup>2</sup> Lord Althorp, Master of the Pytchley.

<sup>3</sup> Sir C. Knightley, Bart., of Fawsley, Master of the Pytchley.

## POEMS OF THE CHASE.

Use your own judgment in the chase,  
And breed from nose as well as pace.  
And you, great Lord of Warwickshire,<sup>1</sup>  
To this my counsel lend your ear,  
You'll ne'er acquire a sporting name,  
Whilst in a bag you find your game.  
You, too, Great Duke,<sup>2</sup> dressed all in blue,  
A word in time I'd have with you :  
Your fields are wild, your Huntsman slack ;  
In no condition is your pack ;  
The proudest peer in all the land,  
The science you don't understand.  
Why then your thoughts on hunting fix ?  
You'd better stick to politics.  
To Bicester now my muse takes flight,  
For Mostyn's<sup>3</sup> hounds are my delight,  
And Stephen's<sup>4</sup> system in the kennel,  
Borrowed from the school of Meynell,  
Brings hounds so nobly to the post,  
That if by chance in chase he's lost,  
Or at a check he does not come,  
No fault's in him, but in his bum ;  
But, Mostyn, now the pack's your own,

---

<sup>1</sup> Lord Middleton, Master of the Warwickshire.

<sup>2</sup> Sixth Duke of Beaufort, Master of the Beaufort Hunt.

<sup>3</sup> Sir T. Mostyn, Master of the Bicester.

<sup>4</sup> Stephen Goodall, his huntsman, who rode twenty stone.

## ODE TO JOHN WARDE.

Why don't you have them left alone?  
Nor let the parson and Sir Ned  
Thus screech, and whoop, and ride ahead;  
Exert yourself, your judgment's sound,  
Draft from your pack each silent hound;  
Breed from the hounds that you like best,  
And Chanticleer among the rest;  
Then, if Griff Lloyd don't interfere,  
You'll perfect be another year.  
A Forester to be so bold!  
In such contempt these hounds to hold:  
Unusual quite, but condescend  
To come down here and learn to mend,  
And then with me you must agree,  
More perfect hounds can never be;  
Whether in open or in cover,  
They hunt so true, they're never over;  
For, as we wish our pack to shine,  
We've only those who hold the line:  
Good scent or bad, to them the same,  
They never fail to kill their game.  
To you, John Warde, our thanks are due,  
For all our sport we owe to you;  
Blest with your superior science,  
We bid the sporting world defiance.  
This day you're in your sixtieth year,  
And scarcely forty-five appear;

## POEMS OF THE CHASE.

And what you say, I hope is truth,  
The ladies think you quite a youth.  
May we for many years attend  
In this same house, our worthy friend  
In this same social, friendly way,  
Thus celebrate his natal day :  
Then fill a bumper to the Squire,  
And put my poem in the fire.

## DEATH OF TOM MOODY.

THE NOTED WHIPPER-IN, WELL KNOWN TO THE  
SPORTSMEN OF SHROPSHIRE.

*By* WILLIAM SHIELDS.

**Y**OU all know Tom Moody, the whipper-in, well;—  
The bell just done tolling was honest Tom's knell!  
A more able sportsman ne'er follow'd a hound  
Thro' a country, well known to him, fifty miles round;  
No hound ever open'd, with Tom near the wood,  
But he'd challenge the tone, and could tell if 'twas good;  
And all, with attention, would eagerly mark.  
When he cheer'd up the pack—'Hark! to Rockwood,  
hark! hark!

Hie! wind him, and cross him!  
Now Rattler Boy!—Hark!'

Six crafty Earth-stoppers, in hunter's-green drest,  
Supported poor Tom to an 'Earth' made for rest;  
His horse, which he styl'd his 'Old Soul,' next appear'd,  
On whose forehead the brush of his last fox was rear'd;  
Whip, cap, boots, and spurs, in a trophy were bound,  
And here and there follow'd an old straggling hound.

## POEMS OF THE CHASE.

Ah! no more at his voice yonder vales will they trace,  
Nor the Wrekin resound his first burst in the chase!  
With 'Hie-over!—now press him!  
Tally-ho!—Tally-ho!'

Thus Tom spoke his friends, ere he gave up his breath—  
'Since I see you're resolv'd to be in at the death,  
One favour bestow—'tis the last I shall crave,  
Give a rattling View-hallo thrice over my grave!  
And unless at that warning I lift up my head,  
My boys, you may fairly conclude I am dead!'  
Honest Tom was obey'd, and the shout rent the sky,  
For ev'ry voice join'd in the 'Tally-ho! cry.  
'Tally-ho!—Hark forward!  
'Tally-ho!—Tally-ho!'

This ballad was composed in allusion to the death and burial of Tom Moody, the celebrated whipper-in. He was in the service of Mr. Forester, of Willey, in Shropshire, for about forty years, and died at the close of the eighteenth century in 1796.

## THE BILLESDON COPLOW RUN.

FEBRUARY 24TH, 1800.

*By the* REV. ROBERT LOWTH.

WITH the wind at north-east, forbiddingly keen,  
The Coplow of Billesdon ne'er witness'd, I ween,  
Two hundred such horses and men at a burst—  
All determin'd to ride, each resolv'd to be first.  
But to get a good start over-eager and jealous,  
Two-thirds at the least of these very fine fellows  
So crowded and hustled, and jostled and crossed,  
That they rode the wrong way, and at starting were  
lost.

In spite of the unpromising state of the weather  
Away broke the fox and the hounds close together ;  
A burst up to Tilton so brilliantly ran,  
Was scarce ever seen in the mem'ry of man !  
What hounds gained the scent, or which led the way,  
Your bard, to their names quite a stranger, can't say ;  
Tho' their names, had he known, he is free to confess  
His horse could not show him at such a death pace.  
Villiers, Cholmondeley, and Forester made such a sharp  
play,

## POEMS OF THE CHASE.

Not omitting Germaine, never seen till to-day ;  
Had you judged of these four by the trim of their pace,  
At Bibury you'd think they'd been riding a race.  
But these hounds with a scent how they dashed and they  
fling,

To o'er-ride them is quite the impossible thing !  
Disdaining to hang in the wood, thro' he raced,  
And the open for Skeffington gallantly faced ;  
Where, headed and foiled, his first point he forsook,  
And merrily led them a dance o'er the brook.  
Passed Galby and Norton, Great Stretton and Small,  
Right onwards till sweeping to old Stretton Hall,  
Where two minutes' check served to show, at one ken,  
The extent of the havoc 'mongst horses and men !  
Such sighing, such sobbing, such trotting, such walking,  
Such reeling, such halting, of fences such baulking ;  
Such a smoke in the gaps, such comparing of notes,  
Such quizzing each other's daub'd breeches and coats.  
Here a man walked afoot who his horse had half killed,  
There you met with a steed who his rider had spill'd ;  
In short, such dilemmas, such scrapes, such distress  
One fox ne'er occasion'd, the knowing confess.  
But, alas ! the dilemmas had hardly begun !  
On for Wigston and Ayleston he resolute ran,  
Where a few of the stoutest now slacken'd and panted,  
And many were seen irretrievably planted.  
The high road to Leicester the scoundrel then crossed,



## THE BILLESDON COPLOW RUN.

As Tell Tale<sup>1</sup> and Beaufremont<sup>2</sup> found to their cost ;  
And Villiers esteem'd it a serious bore  
That no longer could Shuttlecock<sup>3</sup> fly as before.  
Even Joe Miller's<sup>4</sup> spirit of fun was so broke  
That he ceased to consider the run as a joke.  
Then, streaming away, o'er the river he splashed ;  
Germaine, close at hand, off the bank Melon<sup>5</sup> dashed !  
Why The Dun proved so stout in a scamper so wild—  
Till now he had only been rode by a Child.<sup>6</sup>  
After him plung'd Joe Miller, with Musters so slim,  
Who twice sank, and nearly paid dear for his whim,  
Not reflecting that all water Melons must swim.  
Well soused by their dip on they brushed o'er the bottom,  
With liquor on board enough to besot 'em.  
But the villain, no longer at all at a loss,  
Stretched away like a devil for Enderby Gorse,  
Where, meeting with many a brother and cousin,  
Who knew how to dance a good hay in the furzen.  
Jack Raven<sup>7</sup> at length, coming up on a hack  
Which a farmer had lent him, whipp'd off the game  
pack,

---

<sup>1</sup> Tell Tale—Mr. Forester's horse.

<sup>2</sup> Beaufremont—Mr. Maddock's horse.

<sup>3</sup> Shuttlecock—Lord Villiers' horse.

<sup>4</sup> Joe Miller—Mr. Musters' horse.

<sup>5</sup> Melon—Mr. Germaine's horse.

<sup>6</sup> The Dun—formerly the property of Mr. Child.

<sup>7</sup> Jack Raven, the huntsman.

## POEMS OF THE CHASE.

Running sulky old Loadstone<sup>1</sup> the stream would not swim,  
No longer sport proving a magnet to him.  
Of mistakes and mishaps, and what each man befell,  
Would the Muse could with justice poetical tell!  
Bob Grosvenor, on Plush,<sup>2</sup> tho' determin'd to ride,  
Lost at first a good start, and was soon set aside ;  
Tho' he charg'd hill and dale, not to lose this rare chase,  
On Velvet, Plush could not get a footing, alas !  
To 'Tilton sail'd bravely Sir Wheeler O'Cuff,  
Where, neglecting thro' hurry to keep a good Luff,  
To Leeward he drifts—how provoking a case !  
And was forc'd, tho' reluctant, to give up the chase.  
As making his way to the pack's not his forte,  
Sir Lawley,<sup>3</sup> as usual, lost half of the sport !  
But then the professed philosophical creed,  
That 'All's for the best' of Master Candide,  
If not comfort, Sir R. reconcile may at least,  
For on this supposition his sport is the best.

Orby Hunter, who seem'd to be hunting his fate,  
Got falls to the tune of no fewer than eight.

---

<sup>1</sup> The huntsman's horse.

<sup>2</sup> Mr. Robert Grosvenor's horse.

<sup>3</sup> Sir Robert Lawley.

## THE BILLESDON COFLOW RUN.

Basan's King<sup>1</sup> upon Glimpse,<sup>2</sup> sadly out of condition,  
Pull'd up, to avoid of being tired the suspicion.  
He did right, for Og very soon found  
His worst had he done, he'd have scarce glimpsed a hound.  
Charles Meynell, who lay very well with the hounds,  
Till at Stretton he nearly arrived at the bounds,  
Now discover'd that Waggoner<sup>3</sup> rather would creep  
Than exert his great prowess in taking a leap;  
But when crossing the turnpike he read, 'Put on here,'  
'Twas enough to make any one bluster and swear.  
The Waggoner, feeling familiar the road,  
Was resolv'd not to quit it, so stock still he stood.  
Yet prithee, dear Charles, why rash vows do you make,  
Thy leave of old Billesdon<sup>4</sup> to finally take?  
Since from Seg's Hill, for instance, or perhaps Melton  
Spinney,  
If they go a good pace you are beat for a guinea.  
'Tis money, they say, makes the mare to go kind—  
The proverb has vouch'd for this time out of mind;  
But tho' this truth you admit the full force,  
It may not hold so good of every horse.

---

<sup>1</sup> Mr. Oglander, familiarly known as Og.

<sup>2</sup> Glimpse, Mr. Oglander's horse.

<sup>3</sup> Waggoner, Mr. Charles Meynell's horse.

<sup>4</sup> He had threatened never again to follow the hounds from Billesdon, as no horse could carry his weight up to them in that part of the country.

## POEMS OF THE CHASE.

If it did, Ellis Charles need not hustle and hug  
By name, not by nature, his favourite Slug.<sup>1</sup>  
Yet, Slug as he is, the whole of this chase  
Charles ne'er could have seen had he gone a snail's pace.  
Old Gradus,<sup>2</sup> who's fretting and fuming at first,  
Disqualified strangely for such a tight burst,  
Ere to Tilton arriv'd ceas'd to pull and to crave,  
And tho' freshish at Stretton he stepped a Pas grave,  
Where, in turning him over a cramp kind of place,  
He overturned George, whom he threw on his face ;  
And on foot to walk home it had sure been his fate,  
But that soon he was caught, and tied up to a gate.

Near Wigston occurred a most singular joke :  
Captain Miller avow'd that his leg he had broke,  
And bemoaned in most piteous expressions how hard,  
By so cruel a fracture, to have his sport marr'd.  
In quizzing his friends he felt little remorse,  
To finesse the complete doing up of his horse.  
Had he told a long story of losing a shoe,  
Or of laming his horse, he very well knew  
That the Leicestershire creed out this truism worms,

---

<sup>1</sup> Slug, Mr. Charles Ellis's horse.

<sup>2</sup> Gradus, Mr. George Ellis's horse.

## THE BILLESDON COPLOW RUN.

‘Lost shoes and dead beat are synonymous terms.’  
So a horse must here learn, whatever he does,  
To die game, as at Tyburn, and ‘die in his shoes.’  
Bethel Cox and Tom Smith, Messieurs Bennet and Hawke,  
Their nags all contrived to reduce to a walk.  
Maynard’s Lord, who detests competition and strife  
As well in the chase as in social life;  
Than whom nobody harder has rode in his time,  
But to crane now and then now thinks it no crime,  
That he beats some crack riders most fairly may crow,  
For he liv’d to the end, tho’ he scarcely knows how.  
With Snaffle and Martingale kept in his rear,  
His horse’s mouth open half up to his ear,  
Mr. Wardle, who threatened great things over-night,  
Beyond Stretton was left in most terrible plight!  
Too lean to be pressed, yet egged on by compulsion,  
No wonder his nag tumbled into convulsion.  
Ah! had he but lost a fore-shoe, or fell lame,  
’Twould only his sport have curtail’d, not his fame.  
Loraine,<sup>1</sup> than whom no one his game plays more safe,  
Who the last, than the first, prefers seeing by half;  
What with nicking and keeping a constant look-out,  
Every turn of the scent surely turn’d to account.  
The wonderful pluck of his horse surprised some,  
But he knew they were making point-blank for his home.

---

<sup>1</sup> Mr. Loraine Smith.

## POEMS OF THE CHASE.

'Short home' to be brought we all should desire  
Could we manage the trick like the Enderby Squire.<sup>1</sup>

Wild Shelley,<sup>2</sup> at starting, all ears and all eyes,  
Who, to get a good start, all experiments tries ;  
Yet contriv'd it so ill as to throw out poor Gipsy,<sup>3</sup>  
Whom he rattled along as if he'd been tipsy  
To catch them again, but tho' famous for speed,  
She never could touch them, much less get a lead.  
So dishearten'd, disjointed, and beat, home he swings,  
Not much unlike a fiddler hung upon strings.

An H.H.,<sup>4</sup> who in Leicester never had been,  
So, of course, such a tickler ne'er could have seen,  
Just to see them throw off, on a raw horse was mounted,  
Who a hound had ne'er seen, or a fence had confronted.  
But they found in such style, and went off at such score,  
That he could not resist the attempt to see more :

---

<sup>1</sup> Where Mr. Loraine Smith lives.

<sup>2</sup> Sir John Shelley.

<sup>3</sup> Gipsy, Sir John Shelley's mare.

<sup>4</sup> H.H., a member of the Hampshire Hunt.

## THE BILLESDON COFLOW RUN.

So with scrambling and dashing, and one rattling fall,  
He saw all the fun up to Stretton's white Hall.  
There they anchored—in plight not a little distressing,  
The horse being raw, he, of course, got a dressing.  
That wonderful mare of Vanneck's, who till now  
By no chance ever tir'd, was taken in tow:  
And, what's worse, she gave Van such a devilish jog  
In the face with her head, plunging out of a bog,  
That with eye black as ink, or as Edward's famed Prince,  
Half blind has he been, and quite deaf ever since:  
'But let that not mortify thee, Shaeaback.'<sup>1</sup>  
She only was blown, and came home a rare hack.

There Craven, too, stopp'd, whose misfortune, not fault,  
His mare unaccountedly vexed with string-halt;  
And when she had ceased thus spasmodic to prance,  
Her mouth 'gan to twitch with St. Vitus's dance.  
But how shall describ'd be the fate of Rose Price,  
Whose fav'rite white gelding conveyed him so nice,  
Through thick and through thin, that he vow'd and  
    protested,  
No money should part them as long as life lasted?

---

<sup>1</sup> A nickname given to Mr. Vanneck by his Melton friends.

## POEMS OF THE CHASE.

But the pace that effected which money could not,  
For to part, and in death, was their no distant lot :  
In a fatal blind ditch Carlo Khan's<sup>1</sup> prowess failed,  
Where no lancet, nor laudanum either, availed.  
More care of a horse than he took could take no man,  
He'd more straw than would serve any lying-in woman.  
Still he died ! Yet just how, as nobody knows,  
It may truly be said, he died 'under the Rose.'  
At the death of poor Khan, Melton feels such remorse,  
That they've christen'd that ditch, 'The Vale of White  
Horse.'

Thus ended a chase, which for distance and speed  
Its fellows we never have heard of or read ;  
Every species of ground every horse does not suit—  
What's a good country hunter may here prove a brute ;  
And unless for all sorts of strange fences prepared,  
A horse and his rider are sure to be scared.  
This variety gives constant life to the chase,  
But as Forester says, 'Sir, what kills is the Pace.'  
In most other countries they boast of their breed,  
For carrying, at times, such a beautiful head ;

---

<sup>1</sup> Carlo Khan, Mr. Rose Price's horse.



## THE BILLESDON COPLOW RUN.

But these hounds to carry a Head cannot fail,  
And constantly too, for by George there's no Tail.  
Talk of horses and hounds, and system of kennel,  
Give me Leicestershire nags and the hounds of Old  
Meynell.<sup>1</sup>

The run celebrated in these verses took place on February 24th, 1800, in the last year of Mr. Meynell's reign. They found in the Coplow about two o'clock, and lost him at Enderby Gorse, a chase of two hours and fifteen minutes, the distance said to be twenty-eight miles. The poem was written by the Rev. Robert Lowth, son of the Bishop of London of that day, who was one of the field, having come from Hampshire on a visit to Melton at the time.

---

<sup>1</sup> Hugo Meynell, the Master of the whole Quorn country (as it then was) hunted Leicestershire from 1753 to the spring of 1800, when he gave up upon the death of his eldest son. Meynell lived on until December 14th, 1808, when he died in London at the age of seventy-four, and was buried at Bradley, in Derbyshire. Thus ended the life of a Master of Hounds whose name will be remembered so long as fox-hunting continues to exist.

## POEMS OF THE CHASE.

### OLD LEICESTERSHIRE HUNTING SONG.

'T WAS on a dark day in December,  
The face of all nature looked black ;  
'Twas a day I shall ever remember,  
As I cantered away on my hack,  
Alike dirt and danger defying,  
Contusions, and bruises, and knocks,  
For sure there's no pastime on earth  
To be mentioned with hunting the Fox.

'Twas a nice bit of gorse that we drew,  
Each man on his best horse was there ;  
'Hark ! a whimper '—oh ! that will not do,  
'Tis a puppy, not steady from hare.  
Hark ! another, ' Yooi at him, my lads '—  
Now, gentlemen, pray keep behind ;  
'That's old 'Bridesmaid,' who never spoke false,  
And I'll bet ten to one it's a find !

Cigars are thrown down in a hurry,  
And bridle-reins gathered up tight ;  
See, all are prepared for a scurry,  
And each is resolved to be right ;  
'Tally-ho !' cries a clod from a tree,  
See the knowing ones gently creep on,  
And a terrible burst it will be,  
For right o'er a fine country he's gone.

## OLD LEICESTERSHIRE HUNTING SONG.

Now the fences make many 'look blue !'  
And there's no time to crane or to creep,  
O'er the pastures like pigeons they flew,  
And the ground rides uncommonly deep.  
'My stars, what a fall!—are you hurt?'  
'Oh, no, sir! I thank you—are you?'  
But who to enjoy such a burst  
Would be grudging an odd rib or two?

Now the pace is beginning to tell,  
And the field's getting mighty select;  
While those who rode horses 'to sell'  
Had already let out their defects.  
O'er the grass at a terrible pace  
For fifty-five minutes he'd stood,  
When we ended this regular race,  
And 'who-whooped' him, one field from the wood.

Now the stragglers begin to come up:  
'And where, my dear fellow, were you?'  
'Oh, sir! in the midst of the run,  
My poor little mare threw a shoe.'  
'And where was that gentleman in pink,  
Who swore at his tail we should look?'  
'Not in the next parish, I think,  
For he never got over the Brook!'

## POEMS OF THE CHASE.

### LOWESBY HALL.

*By* W. DAVENPORT BROMLEY.

GILMOUR, leave me here a little, and when John  
O'Gaunt is drawn,  
If you find the raw material, let Jack Morgan blow his  
horn.

'Tis the place, and all about it, as of old the magpies call,  
Boding evil to 'the lad,'<sup>1</sup> and flying over Lowesby Hall.

Lowesby Hall that in the distance overlooks the grassy  
plain,  
Swamp'd from Twyford to the Coplow by the everlasting  
rain.

Many a day from yonder spinny, in November moist and  
chill,  
Have I seen the wily animal steal slowly up the hill.

Many a night I've watched the vapours of my last remain-  
ing weed,  
When my spurs had ceased to animate my apathetic steed.

---

<sup>1</sup> 'The Lad' was the nickname of Colonel Hon. Henry Forester.

## LOWESBY HALL.

Here in search of sport I've wandered, nourishing a verdant  
youth  
With the fairy tales of Gallops, ancient runs devoid of  
truth ;

When I dipped into my prospects far as ever I could get,  
And felt the wild delirious joy of running into debt.

In the Spring the pink no longer clothes the sad Mel-  
tonian's breast,  
In the Spring his stumped-up horses are at last allowed to  
rest.

In the Spring, too, he must settle for the cursèd corn  
and hay,  
In the Spring the dire conviction comes upon him—he  
must pay.

Then my tradesmen all about my door most obstinately  
clung,  
And their eyes on all my motions with a mute observance  
hung.

So I said, ' My faithful tailor, do a bit of stiff for me ;  
' Trust me yet—my uncle's shaky, all his coin shall flow  
to thee.'

## POEMS OF THE CHASE.

O'er his greasy cheek and forehead came a colour and a  
light,  
As I've seen the nimble lamplighter turn on the gas at  
night.

And he said, 'I'm proud to serve thee, sir, as any gent  
in town ;  
If so shaky be thine uncle, thou shalt have the money  
down.'

Credit seized the glass of time, and dribbled out the  
golden sand ;  
Every day became more valueless my frequent note-of-  
hand.

Health revived my hardy uncle ; now, alas ! he coughed  
no more,  
And the day of his decease appeared more distant than  
before.

Many a morning have I waited, with my hopes upon the  
rack ;  
Vainly waited for the postman, and a letter sealed with  
black.

Oh, my tailor ! shallow-hearted ; oh, my tailor ! mine no  
more ;  
Oh, the dreary, dreary Bond Street ! oh, the Strand's un-  
happy shore !

## LOWESBY HALL.

Is it well to use me thus, sir; having known me, to decline  
Any further cash advances with security like mine?

But it shall be: thou shalt lower to the level of a dun,  
Seeking custom with acrostics, like the Moseses and Son.

As the tradesman so the customer, and thou shalt measure  
clowns;  
They shall pay thee, for thy corduroys, in ignominious  
browns.

I would use thee, if my passion might expend its real  
force,  
Little better than my dog, and something worser than my  
horse.

What is that which I can turn to? Can a gentleman  
descend  
To dig the gold which nature had intended him to spend?

Every ship is filled with footmen, and Australia overflows  
With the Piccadilly porters and the butlers whom one  
knows.

I had been content to perish on the sandy Sussex shore,  
Where Militiamen are marshalled and the Minie rifles roar.

## POEMS OF THE CHASE.

But the gentle voice of Cobden drowns the fierce  
invaders' drum,  
And the Frenchmen do not bluster, and Napoleon funks  
to come.

Can I but regain my credit? Can I spend spent cash again?  
Hide me from my deep emotion, O thou wonderful  
champagne!

Make me feel the wild pulsation I have often felt before,  
When my horse went on before me, and my hack was at  
the door.

Yearning for the large excitement that the coming sport  
would yield,  
And rejoicing in the cropper that I got the second field.

And at night along the highway in November dark and  
chill,  
Saw the lights of Melton shining from the top of Burton  
Hill.

Then my spirit rushed before me, and I felt the 'thirty-four'  
Percolating through my system—noble vintage! now no  
more.

Brother sportsmen and protectionists rejecting aught that's  
new,  
Oh! the future that's impending is a queerish one for you;



## LOWESBY HALL.

For I look'd into its pages and I read the book of fate ;  
And saw Fox Hunting abolished by an order of the State.

Saw the Heavens filled with guano, and the clouds at  
Man's command,  
Raining down unsavoury liquids for the benefit of land.

Saw the airy Navies earthward bear the planetary swell,  
And the long-projected railway made from Hanover to Hell.

Saw the Landlords yield their acres after centuries of  
wrongs,  
To the Cotton Lords, to whom, it's proved, all property  
belongs.

Queen, Religion, State abandoned, and all flags of party  
furl'd  
In the government of Cobden and the dotage of the world.

Then shall exiled common sense espouse some other  
planet's cause,  
And the rogues shall thrive in 'Tellus,' bonneting the  
slumbering laws.

Hark! my merry comrades call me, and Jack Morgan  
blows his horn,  
I to whom their foolish pastime is an object of my scorn.

## POEMS OF THE CHASE.

Can a sight be more disgusting, more absurd a paradox,  
Than two hundred people riding at a miserable fox ?

Will his capture on the morrow any satisfaction bring ?  
I am shamed through all my nature to have done so flat  
a thing.

Weakness, to be wroth with weakness, I'm an idiot for  
my pains,  
Nature made for every sportsman an inferior set of brains.

Here at least I'll stay no longer ; let me seek for some  
abode  
Deep in some provincial country, far from rail or turn-  
pike road ;

There to break all links of habit, and to find a secret  
charm  
In the mysteries of manuring and the produce of a farm.

To deplore the fall of barley, to admire the rise of peas,  
Over flagons of October, giant mounds of bread and cheese ;

Never company to dinner, never visitors from town,  
Just the Parson and the Doctor (Mr. Smith and  
Mr. Brown).

Droops the heavy conversation to an after-dinner snort,  
And articulation dwindles with the second flask of port ;

## LOWESBY HALL.

There methinks would be enjoyment more than at the  
festive board

At the hunger-mocking, kickshaw-covered table of a Lord.

There my heart shall beat no longer with my passion's  
foolish throbs,

I will wed some vulgar woman, she shall rear my race  
of snobs ;

Double-jointed, mutton-fisted, they shall run, for they  
shan't ride,

Hunting with the York and Ainsty, or the Harriers  
of Brookside.

Fool, again the dream, the fancy ! but I know my words  
are stuff,

For I count the swell provincial lower than the Melton  
Muff.

I to hunt with fustian jackets ! my remaining years to  
pass

With the refuse of Protection, in a land devoid of grass.

Tied to one perpetual woman, what to me were soil  
or clime ?

I who never could endure the same for ten days at a time.

## POEMS OF THE CHASE.

I who held it better to pursue the patriarchal plan  
Than tamely to submit to a monopoly of man?

Not in vain the distance beckons—what's that skirting the  
hillside?

'Tis The Fox! I'll bet a hundred—forward! forward! let  
us ride.

I'm before them and they curse me, but no matter, go  
along;  
Better fifty yards before the hounds than ten behind the  
throng.

Oh, I hear you! you may holloa! but my spirit knows  
no bounds;  
Curse the scent and hang the huntsman, rot the master,  
damn the hounds.

Oh, I see the crescent promise of my spirit hath not  
set.

You set of tailors! I can ride across the country yet!

Ha! ha! ha! was that an oxer? What? old Rambler, is  
he dead?

What of that? pick up the pieces; he was mortal; go  
ahead!

## LOWESBY HALL.

They've lost the scent—I did it! oh! of course; I  
always do!

Here's the Master black as thunder—I'll evaporate, adieu!

Plough the grass; erect wire fences; shoot the foxes;  
freeze or snow,

I can catch the train at Leicester; so to Euston Square  
I go.

POEMS OF THE CHASE.

THE SCALFORD RUN WITH THE BELVOIR  
HOUNDS.

JANUARY 4TH, 1862.

FROM A YOUNG FARMER'S LETTER TO HIS FRIEND.

**M**Y lad, have you heard of the run t'other day  
We had with the Belvoir, when you were away?  
From Scalford our fox, before ever a hound  
Had entered the covert, went off with a bound.

We raced him by Goadby, and oh! such a lark,  
How we rattled along nearly up to the Park,  
But turning by Stonesby to Coston he took  
Us along at a terrible pace to the Brook.

Then over the meadows by Garthorpe he flew,  
To live with the hounds took us all that we knew,  
Till done to a turn at the end of an hour  
We reckoned bold Reynard we had in our power.

But a bird in the hand is worth two in the bush,  
From the Spinney a fresh one went off with a rush,  
And great was the grief and the tailing of horse  
Ere at Barrow he gave us the slip near the gorse.

## THE SCALFORD RUN.

But few of the riders who started so brave  
Were able at last their credit to save ;  
And none could be there but the straight-going men,  
So fast was the pace that I counted but ten.

To those who rode through the whole run I can swear  
The Duke and his huntsman were certainly there ;  
I can tell you, my lad, too, that I did not lag,  
I got to the end, but I finished my nag.

THE LAMBTON HOUNDS.

**T**HO' midnight her dark, frowning mantle is spreading,  
Yet time flies unheeded where Bacchus resides ;  
Fill, fill then, your glasses, his power ne'er dreading,  
And drink to the hounds o'er which Lambton<sup>1</sup> presides ;  
Tho' toast after toast with great glee has been given,  
The highest top-sparkling bumper decides  
That for stoutness, pace, beauty, on this side of heaven,  
Unrivalled the hounds o'er which Lambton presides !  
Then drink to the foxhounds,  
Those high-mettled foxhounds ;  
We'll drink to the hounds o'er which Lambton presides.

Let Uckerby boast of the feats of the Raby,  
And Ravenscar tell what the Hurworth have done,  
But the wide-spreading pastures of Sadberge can swear to  
The brushes our fleet pack of foxhounds have won !  
Then that Sedgfield, our country, all countries outvies, sir,  
The highest top-sparkling bumper decides,

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<sup>1</sup>The County of Durham was hunted by the celebrated Ralph John Lambton from 1804 to 1838. He died on July 29th, 1844.



## THE LAMBTON HOUNDS.

That we foxes can fly, sir, or sinking must die, sir,  
When pressed by the hounds o'er which Lambton presides!

Then drink to the foxhounds,

Those high-mettled foxhounds;

We'll drink to the hounds o'er which Lambton presides.

Of their heart-bursting 'flys' let the Leicestershire tell us,  
Their plains, their ox-fences, and that sort of stuff;

But give me a day with the Sedgefield brave fellows,

Where horses ne'er flinch, or men cry, 'Hold, enough!

While the blood of Old Cæsar our foxes can boast, sir,

May Lambton their only dread enemy be:

And the green waving whins of our covers may toast, sir—

Oh! the hounds and the blood of old Lambton for me!

Then drink to the foxhounds,

Those high-mettled foxhounds:

We'll drink to the hounds o'er which Lambton presides.

## POEMS OF THE CHASE.

### THE DAYS WHEN I RODE WITH THE QUORN.

O H, bright are the fancies, and sweet the regrets,  
That arise at the sound of the horn ;  
The friends of my youth, and the years of my fun,  
The days when I rode with the Quorn.

When I cantered away on the quickest of hacks  
To Six Hills so late in the morn,  
And hunted unwearied o'er pasture and plough,  
What sport we had then with the Quorn !

What stories were told of the deeds of Tom Smith,<sup>1</sup>

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<sup>1</sup> Thomas Assheton Smith, born 1776, and died 1858, a Master of Hounds for just fifty years : eleven with the Quorn, seven the Burton, and thirty-two the Tedworth. Among his Hunt servants were Dick Burton, Jack Shirley, Tom Wingfield, David Edwards, and George Carter. He invariably hunted his hounds until the latest years, when he would have Carter out also as joint huntsman ; it was then the Tedworth yeomen were wont to say they were double-handed : ' Carter, he finds our fox, and the Squire, he loses him ; ' but in his best days a more determined fox-hunter never lived than Assheton Smith. He had no equal for courage, contempt of danger, passionate love of sport, and splendid horsemanship. Old Dick Christian (not a bad judge of such matters), who lived to quite eighty-five, always declared that no man living could ever beat him over Leicestershire. With an impetuous

## WHEN I RODE WITH THE QUORN.

Of the time ere Lord Stamford<sup>1</sup> was born ;  
We talked of Sir Richard,<sup>2</sup> and followed the Earl,<sup>3</sup>  
In the days when I rode with the Quorn.

How Treadwell would gloat o'er an oxer or brook ;  
We, boy-like, the obstacles scorn ;  
How we fell and got up, and were never the worse,  
In the days when I rode with the Quorn.

Were the horses then really so stout and so good ?  
The covers of thicker blackthorn ?  
The hounds truer-tongued, and the foxes more straight,  
In the days when I rode with the Quorn ?

---

and hasty temper, he, perhaps, lacked the *suaviter in modo* which goes so far to ensure popularity for the M.F.H. ; still, that charming classic, 'the Druid,' has left on record the opinion that, in spite of all failings, 'he was the mightiest hunter that ever rode across Belvoir's sweet vale or wore a horn at his saddle-bow.'

<sup>1</sup> The 7th Earl of Stamford was Master of the Quorn from 1856 to 1863 ; he died in 1883. Ben Boothroyd was his huntsman for one season, and then came John Treadwell, who remained for six years.

<sup>2</sup> Sir Richard was Master of the Quorn from 1847 until his death in 1855.

<sup>3</sup> 'The Earl' alludes to the Lord Wilton so famous in the history of Melton Mowbray, where he lived at Egerton Lodge, and died in 1882. He not only figured in the 'Achilles' Chaunt, but was also satirised in a poem called the 'Tommiad,' written about 1842, which describes how 'the Earl' once sold an old white horse, which he did not like, to a wine merchant for two hogsheads of Bordeaux ; much to the dismay of that convivial crew who dined at Egerton Lodge and had to drink the White Horse claret.

## POEMS OF THE CHASE.

And when we come back into Melton at night,  
Tired, happy, and draggled, and torn,  
Were the ladies then really more lovely and kind  
Than those who now ride with the Quorn?

Oh youth, make the most of your day while it lasts!  
No sunset can equal the dawn;  
I'd barter ten years of a peaceable life  
For a day when I rode with the Quorn.



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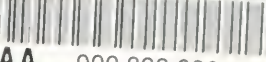
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