

CHARLETON.

EIGHTY YEARS' REMINISCENCES

BY
COLONEL ANSTRUTHER THOMSON

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS

IN TWO VOLUMES. VOLUME II.



ANSTRUTHER THOMSON.
CHARLETON. CO. FIFE

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JACK THOMSON.

*Who sprang to lift me when I fell,
And heaved my Sheltie up as well?
That Devon common drain could tell—
Jack Thomson.*

*Who hunts upon the edge of frost
Rather than let a day be lost?
Ae man, but in himself a host—
Jack Thomson.*

*Who rides the country up and down,
With smile like morn for peer and clown?
Most genial lad beneath the crown—
Jack Thomson.*

*Who makes the shire one family—
A freen to all in each degree—
Gars Whig and Tory brithers be?—
Jack Thomson.*

*“John Thomson’s bairns” means easy free—
Auld Fife phrase for guid company—
Our common father yet is he—
John Thomson.*

ANONYMOUS.

CONTENTS

CHAPTER	PAGE
I. THE PYTCHLEY PICTURE AND DINNER	1
II. ATHERSTONE: THIRD TIME—THE WELSH HOUNDS	40
III. TORQUAY AND JACK RUSSELL	64
IV. COLONEL GARDYNE AND THE FIFE HOUNDS	93
V. THE RUN FROM FORTH TO TAY: SNOW HUNTS	131
VI. JACK RUSSELL	157
VII. FIFE	179
VIII. FIFE TO FOLKESTONE, AND PERTH TO LANGWELL BY ROAD	197
IX. FIRST SCOTTISH TOURNAMENT	208
X. A HUNTING TOUR	233
XI. PETERBOROUGH HOUND SHOW	251
XII. BATH AND DEVONSHIRE	265
XIII. MY RETIREMENT FROM COMMAND OF FIFE LIGHT HORSE—THE DUKE OF CAMBRIDGE AT DYSART	280
XIV. FAREWELL DINNER AT CUPAR	298
XV. JUBILEE 1897	308
XVI. WILL SHORE AND THE DUKE OF BUCCLEUCH'S HOUNDS	326
XVII. FIFE LIGHT HORSE EMBARKED IN THE <i>CYMRIC</i>	338
XVIII. FIFE YEOMANRY IN SOUTH AFRICA	347
XIX. THE KING IN SCOTLAND	357

LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS

CHARLETON. <i>From a Photograph by James Gay, Elie</i>	<i>Frontispiece</i>
ARMS OF ANSTRUTHER THOMSON, CHARLETON, CO. FIFE	<i>Vignette on Title-page</i>
J.A.T. ON IRIS. PYTCHLEY, 1870. <i>From a Painting by Sir Francis Grant</i> . . .	<i>Facing page</i> 13
THE REV. JACK RUSSELL	,, ,, 83
CLEMENTINA ADAM, WIFE OF JOHN ANSTRUTHER THOMSON OF CHARLETON (MY MOTHER). <i>From a Miniature at Charleton</i>	,, ,, 89
LORD WORCESTER ON "BECKFORD," 1871. <i>From a Painting by Wheeler</i> . . .	,, ,, 137
WITH THE DUKE OF PORTLAND—PERTH TO LANGWELL, 1885. <i>Photographed at Dingwall</i>	,, ,, 205
COLONEL, FIFE AND FORFAR LIGHT HORSE, 1891. <i>From a Photograph by G. B. Rodger, St. Andrews</i>	,, ,, 266
HONORARY COLONEL, FIFE AND FORFAR IMPERIAL YEOMANRY, 1903. <i>From a Photograph by Miss Gwenydd Erskine</i> . . .	,, ,, 348
J. ANSTRUTHER THOMSON, 1902. <i>From a Photograph by Mrs. C. Babington</i> . . .	,, ,, 360

CHAPTER I.

THE PYTCHLEY PICTURE AND DINNER.

I BOUGHT four black horses—"Sandboy," "Nigger-boy," "Traveller" and "Piccadilly".

16th July.—Went one day to dine at Richmond—Star and Garter—with Frank Grant and John Coupland, M.F.H. Quorn. Mrs. Callender went on the box of my coach. Lord and Lady Crawford were in the gardens, before their marriage.

14th August.—Started from London on the coach to drive home to Fife. First night stopped at the Peahen Inn at St. Albans; stopped there Sunday; on Monday, lunch at Woburn; slept at Newport-Pagnel; next day arrived at the cottage at Brixworth; remained there three or four days; 20th, drove to Rugby; slept there; next day put coach on rail down to Kendal and Oxenholme, and drove on to Windermere Hotel, Bowness; stayed there Sunday; next day to Coniston; went to see Furness Abbey; had lunch at Grassmere, and on to Derwent Water; to Keswick; Troutbeck; Ullswater, lunch; Penrith.

We had lovely weather all the time and it was capital fun, but very hard work. We had to pack the coach ourselves as the men had to look after the horses, and in the afternoon we rowed on the lakes.

The horses did capitally—never had a scratch or a sore neck, and got so quiet that they would all drink out of the same trough on the roadside.

On starting from Penrith knocked over a wheelbarrow in the street ; drove on to Carlisle ; put coach on rail to Edinburgh ; put up coach and horses at Scott & Croal's, and went ourselves to the Windsor Hotel, Miss Brown's, in Shandwick Place ; over the ferry to Burntisland, and got home on Saturday, 20th August. Wife improved much in health during the journey.

25th September.—Started again in coach ; left Charleton ; had lunch at Dunnikier ; stopped at Pitfirrane, and remained there Sunday ; took Arthur and Lady Halkett, Miss Hill, and slept at Bridge-of-Allan ; next day called at Sir W. Maxwell's at Keir ; had lunch at Callender ; on to Trossachs ; met coach on narrow part of road—just tipped hind wheel and frightened all the passengers. Next day Arthur and Lady H. went by steamer, and home *viâ* Loch Lomond. We went on to Lochearnhead—a capital inn. Sir John Macgregor was staying there. Next day lunch at Lawers with David Williamson, and on to Perth ; slept there and home next day.

5th October.—Went to Edinburgh for races on 6th, and were trotting gaily down hill past Piershill barracks, crossing the railway, when a train came out of the tunnel and gave a scream. “ Niggerboy ” stopped suddenly, the pole caught him on the quarters, and knocked him head over heels. He pulled his neighbour after him. The pole broke, both the

wheelers tumbled down, and all four horses disappeared under the coach. One of them screamed like a dying hare. There was nothing visible but the point of the pole and our toes at the edge of the footboard. The 17th Lancers' coach was close behind us. They pulled up, all jumped down, seized the wheels and pulled the coach back, and nothing was broke except a tirret trodden off one of the leaders' collars. "Niggerboy" had a few scratches, where the others had trodden on him.

Fortunately Henry Montgomery appeared in an open cab, so he took Mrs. Thomson with him and went on to the races. A 'bus with three horses overtook us. The driver pulled up and said, "Hullo, Captain, what's the matter?" I said, "We've broke our pole. You have two, you might lend us one." He said, "What shall I do with one pole and three horses?" Mr. Croal then arrived in a gig and said, "By all means lend the Captain a pole, and you go on with two horses". Mr. Croal was standing on the road by his gig, when a fellow with an American trotter came down the road about twenty miles an hour, caught the wheel of the gig, and turned it right upside down. "Where the h—ll are you coming to?" "Why the devil don't you get out of the way?"—and went on without stopping. We got the pole belonging to the 'bus, but it was rather too large, so we borrowed a kitchen chopper at a public house, and pared it down to fit, and set sail again, and I got to the races in good time.

About 20th October, Charles Hewitt, Henry

Sanders and John Drage came from Northamptonshire to stay at Charleton. Hounds met at New Inn. Charlie Gardyne was Master.

A fine old Scotch farmer, George Wilkie, lived at Nottingham farm. I said to Sanders, "If you want to see a fine old Scotchman, go to that house". He rode up and rattled at the door with his whip. A lass came with no shoes or stockings, and bare arms. He said, "I say, got a bit of bread and cheese in the 'ouse?" The girl looked at him and said, "Nae bread and cheese for the likes of you," and went into the house again. So he never saw my old friend.

We went over to Hopetoun one day and hunted with the Linlithgow and Stirling Hounds. Lord Hopetoun was always glad to see followers of the Pytchley Hounds, of which he had been master.

"1869-1870.—Remained at Charleton that winter till the 21st January, 1870, when I returned to the cottage at Brixworth. Got a few days' hunting; and the dinner took place at Northampton on the 10th of February. It was pretty hard frost at the time, and a snowstorm three days afterwards.

"PRESENTATION TO J. ANSTRUTHER THOMSON, ESQ.,
LATE MASTER OF THE PYTCHLEY HUNT.

"On Thursday evening last upwards of 200 gentlemen sat down to dinner at the George Hotel, the occasion of this large gathering being the presentation of a testimonial to J. Anstruther Thomson, Esq., late Master of the Pytchley Hounds. A

number of pheasants were sent by General Bouverie for the dinner, as a compliment to the occasion.

“The testimonial consisted of a portrait of Captain Thomson, by Sir Francis Grant, President of the Royal Academy. The likeness is a very striking one. Captain Thomson is represented on his favourite hunter ‘Iris,’ and is surrounded by six or seven of his favourite hounds, one of them being the well-known ‘Governess’. The horse and hounds are as good likenesses as the portrait, and the minutest details are carried out with wonderful fidelity and exactness. In the background is an old tree, with the branches bare of leaves in the winter season, the locality being well-known to the members of the hunt. The picture is said to be Sir Francis Grant’s best work of the kind, and by those who have seen it this will readily be believed, as it seems to be almost faultless as a work of art. It is a rare thing to find an artist who excels both in portrait painting and in animal painting, but in this picture both are so good it is difficult to say in which department the artist has been most successful.

“The chair was occupied by Colonel Loyd-Lindsay, the vice-chair being filled by Matthew Oldacre, Esq. Amongst those present were: The Earl of Rosslyn, the Right Hon. H. G. Liddell, M.P., the Hon. Fitzpatrick Vernon, Sir Charles Isham, Bart., Sir Algernon Peyton, Bart., General Sir Frederick Horn, Bart., the Right Hon. George Ward Hunt, M.P., Sackville George Stopford, Esq., M.P., Major Fairfax Cartwright, M.P., Albert Pell,

Esq., M.P., Major Whyte-Melville, Mr. H. O. Nethercote, Mr. R. Lee Bevan, Mr. W. Smyth, Mr. W. Truman Mills, Mr. — Watson, Colonel Higgins, Colonel Jenyns, Lieut.-Colonel Thomas Arthur, Colonel Maddocks, Captain Percy Williams, Captain Douglas, Captain Percy, Mr. George Ashby Ashby, Mr. Allen A. Young, Mr. H. H. Hungerford, Mr. Lionel Stopford, Mr. W. G. Duncan, Mr. P. Thursby, the Rev. C. F. Watkins, Mr. Ewins Bennett, Mr. John Ogilvie, Mr. T. Bennett, Mr. Lewis Bennett (Reading), Mr. Hugh Haig, Mr. Gervase Wright, Mr. J. Shield, Mr. Robert Cartwright, Mr. James Montgomery, Mr. W. Allan Woodross (Garvald, N.B.), Mr. J. W. Morrice, Mr. Alderman Gates, and Messrs. A. B. Markham, John Woods, R. H. Hewitt, Henry Sanders, Alfred Jeffery, J. Tressler, A. W. Doig, W. Manning, B. F. Drage, George Turner, Matthew Oldacre, Robert Battams, William Shaw, John Shaw, Broughton Shaw, Thomas Smith, Richard Ratcliffe, T. B. Turnell, Lucas Foster, Henry Higgins, H. Atterbury, J. K. Elliott, J. T. Smith, T. Wallis, T. Phillips, T. Drage, W. Drage, sen., John Cooper, H. J. Little, H. Higgins, jun., W. Goodliffe, Elworthy, Andrew, G. H. Burnham, N. P. Sharman, Edward Sharman, W. H. Wykes, W. Smart, W. A. Judkins, John Judkins, J. W. Whitton, Walter Shaw, Thomas Shaw, W. West, C. F. Goody, H. Atterbury, F. J. Field, T. Ratcliffe, Wm. Jeffrey, M. A. Boeme, H. Cooper, W. Porter, Edwin Tresham, R. C. Andrews, John Parsons, P. Allen, John Dyke,

John Walker, T. Davis, J. T. Green, M. P. Manfield, Watts, J. G. Topham, H. Maskelyne, J. Blake, A. C. Phillips, W. Daniels, Bedford, J. Pawlett, F. Beers, T. Phillips, W. G. Phillips, B. Phillips, J. Bennett, John Hargrave, N. Lang, V. T. Barford, John Simpson, James Fitt, G. Lewis, John Merry, George Wilkinson, J. Newton, G. J. Grimsdick, Edward Scales, W. Whitehead, Dryland, W. Willows, Everett, L. Bagshaw, John Bagshaw, Wm. Bell, Jeyes, A. S. Smyth, John Pye, Gage, G. T. West, B. West, John Newton, Thos. Pell, J. Biggs, John Wood, John Elkins, F. Atterbury, John Hinckley, jun., John Manning, W. Smart, C. Goodie, W. George, jun., T. Payne, W. Cowley, T. Norton, Joseph Hanson, Wilkinson, J. Cooper, G. N. Wetton, E. Craddock, Howes, George Everett, Charles Smith, W. Colledge, Richard Stuchbury, W. Dix, J. E. Boehm, A. E. Boehm, Harper, Alkin Watson (Weedon), George Ambidge, John Perkins, jun., John Mason, W. Oswin, John Roddis, George Howe, Robert Derby, W. Earl, H. Hensman, J. E. Richardson, W. Saull, John Eunson, F. Marshall, W. Finney, J. H. Douglas, T. R. Wood, W. Barber, Firr, Bulling, John Green, Bell, Howes, etc., etc. Mr. Newdegate, M.P. for North Warwickshire, and Mr. W. P. Adam, M.P., each intended to be present, but were unavoidably prevented. The usual loyal toasts were given by the Chairman and duly honoured.

“The Right Hon. George Ward Hunt gave the ‘Army, the Navy, the Militia, and Volunteers,’ and

said it might be said that the toasts was not a necessity at a fox-hunting dinner, but if they would look at it a moment they would see that such was not the case. The late Duke of Wellington attributed the prowess of his officers in the Peninsular War to their education in the hunting field, where they had gained that decision, judgment and self-reliance which was always of great use in a campaign. Long might our army be officered with fox-hunters. Their sailors were not inferior to their soldiers, but he did not know whether the day was not coming when that toast would have to undergo some modification, for under the present Government the army and navy seemed to be getting gradually smaller and beautifully less. They were told, however, that the more they were reduced the more efficient they became, and in a short time they might expect them to arrive at the highest point of efficiency, namely, *nil*. If that was the case the country might trust to the efficiency of the volunteer forces, represented in this county by the militia, the yeomanry, and the volunteers, of whom the county was justly proud. He would couple the toast with the name of Sir Henry Horne for the army, Colonel Maddox for the militia, and Colonel Loyd-Lindsay for the volunteers.

“Sir Frederick Horne responded for the army, and said his own experience of forty-two years in the army confirmed the truth of the Duke of Wellington’s opinion as to the value of the hunting field as a training for the army. During the thirteen years

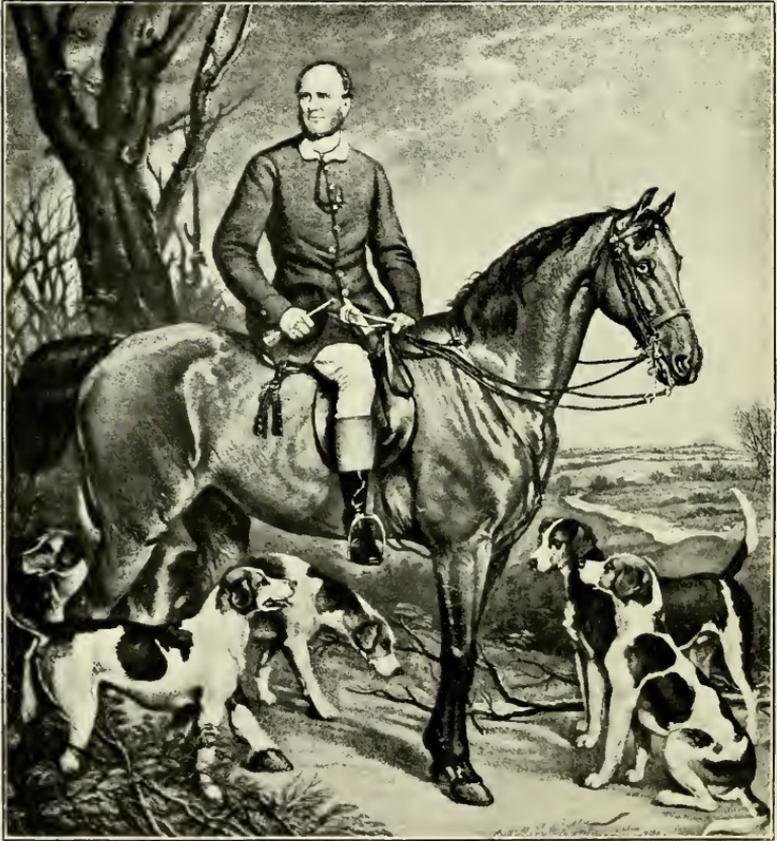
he himself commanded a regiment his rule was general leave to all officers who wanted to go fox-hunting, for he always found that they returned to their military duties with more zeal and more cheerfulness. The effect of hunting was to raise the spirits and increase the courage of those who engaged in it.

“The Chairman now rose to give the toast of the evening, and, in doing so, he said: ‘I have now to propose the most important toast of the evening. But before paying this tribute of respect from the chair, and before presenting the testimonial, which it is my duty to present, I wish to mention some friends of our own, and some friends of our guest, who are unavoidably absent, but who wish to express their satisfaction at the compliment now being paid to Mr. Anstruther Thomson. The first letter which I will read is one from Lord Spencer. It is written to Mr. Liddell, whom all will gratefully remember in connection with this dinner, for its success is principally owing to his exertions. Lord Spencer says: “My dear Liddell,—Nothing would have given me greater pleasure than to have been able to accept the invitation which the committee of the ‘Pytchley Testimonial Fund’ so kindly made to me through you. You know how fond I am of our Pytchley hunting, and to be among the various members of the county at a dinner given to Thomson would be a great pleasure to me. I always admired his excellence as a sportsman, and, as a personal friend, should much like to be present on an occasion so

interesting to him. I cannot, however, leave my duties here, and I must, with regret, decline the proposal—Very truly yours, SPENCER.” My next letter is from a gentleman very well known in these parts. I allude to Mr. Owen Wallis, who belongs to a class, and is, indeed, an ornament to a class, with whom our guest is most deservedly and most highly popular, I mean the farmers of Northamptonshire. Mr. Wallis says: “There are not, I think, more than two or three others better qualified than myself to offer an opinion as to the hunting of the Pytchley Hounds, for it was my good fortune to commence my small hunting career under the celebrated John Musters, of whom I have a vivid recollection; and I consider myself equally fortunate in having finished it under the no less celebrated John Anstruther Thomson. In my judgment, the first was, and the latter is, the most perfect master of his craft I have ever met with. Marvellous horsemen both, they nevertheless rode to hunt, and did not hunt to ride, as is too often the case with professing sportsmen, Masters of Hounds sometimes included.” I have other letters of friends which I might read, but I won’t further call your attention to those who are absent, when I can so much more agreeably point to those who are present. And when I look round upon the company assembled in this room, I am struck with the singular happy concurrence of men of all classes and vocations, all of them useful and honourable in life. We are assembled this evening in company with some of

the best farmers, in one of the best-farmed counties of England. What body of men could be more fit to pronounce an opinion on the merits of fox-hunting, or better fitted to speak of the qualities of our guest? We are in company with legislators from both Houses of Parliament. Who is there more competent to speak of the well-known advantages of cordiality and good feeling which spring up in the hunting field than those who have to govern the country? Authors and writers are not so plentiful that we can speak of them in the plural, yet we have one here, the most popular of our popular favourites. The author of *Holmby House*, a tale of old Northamptonshire, can throw a halo of chivalry and poetry round the noble sport. We are amongst soldiers. I should like to know what soldier there is who can't be enthusiastic, if not eloquent, in praise of fox-hunting? Who are the men who have led our companies and headed our squadrons in presence of the enemy? Who are the men who have fought in India and in the Crimea? Are they not men trained in the games of this country, of which fox-hunting is the highest and noblest of all? And lastly, gentlemen, we are in a company who are all of them fox-hunters, be they soldiers, sailors, farmers, or authors, and who can be more fit than such a company to drink the health of J. Anstruther Thomson, who has just now been well described as a master of the craft? Gentlemen, this gathering, besides being in honour of Captain Thomson, is a demonstration in favour of the noblest of man's

amusements, but it is one which few become masters of, and only one in a hundred is able to conduct to the satisfaction of those who join in it. Mr. Bright once said he would stand at Temple Bar, and that the first 300 men who passed would be better Members of Parliament than those who then sat in Westminster. But, good or bad, they would be a troublesome lot to manage, but not more so perhaps than the assembly which the Master of the Pytchley has to control many times in a season. In the rifle-shooting world we know the term "all comers," and the character is not unknown at the covert side. Let him be rich or poor, on foot or on horse, he is welcome to all that the best of us can get, and if he should happen to get a good start, and can keep it, he is as happy as any man need be in this world. Such is the unselfish sport of fox-hunting. Gentlemen, I will no longer detain you from the toast which you are ready to receive and anxious to welcome, "The health of Captain Anstruther Thomson". I must, however, present to our guest the picture which we all look at with so much pleasure as being a true and faithful portrait of our esteemed friend. It is a tribute of respect carrying with it the best wishes of no fewer than 375 gentlemen who have subscribed for it. It is a testimonial from neighbours and friends in return for the unceasing efforts which he made to promote the sport of fox-hunting, and it must be gratifying to him to know that the compliment originated with the large class of farmers whom he has done so much



J.A.T. ON IRIS.
PYCHLEY, 1870.

to make his friends. Please to accept this picture as a mark of the esteem of your many warm friends and well-wishers in Northamptonshire. And now, gentlemen, when I ask you to drink the toast, I congratulate you upon the admirable likeness which has been painted by Sir Francis Grant of one of the best sportsmen in England.'

"When the chairman requested Captain Thomson's acceptance of the testimonial, the curtain was withdrawn from before the picture, which was placed at the west end of the room, and the exposure of it was received with prolonged and deafening cheers.

"Captain Thomson said: 'Colonel Loyd-Lindsay, I thank you most truly and most sincerely. Any words which I may find to express my feelings, I assure you, appear to me to be very cold and very feeble. At the same time I assure you that, although the expression of my thanks may be imperfect, my gratitude is very great. I can only repeat to you my thanks again and again. I see around me a vast and influential assembly of all ranks, and of all professions and opinions, and I am, indeed, surprised and astonished that you should have done me the honour to have assembled in such numbers on this occasion. I also see around me many old friends and many old comrades, who, for the sake of days long gone by, have come here to rejoice with me this evening. Your presence here this evening has, however, another significance, and a very important one, for, as our worthy chairman has said, you have come here to make a demonstration in favour of

fox-hunting, and by your presence here this evening you give your countenance and support to the great national sport of fox-hunting. I need not put you in mind of the joys of the chase, or recount to you the advantages of fox-hunting, either commercially or socially, but, as far as I am individually concerned, had it not been for fox-hunting I should probably have been unknown to most of you, and certainly I should never have had the honour of standing in this position. A few years since, when Lord Spencer resigned the mastership of the Pytchley Hounds, our old friend, Major Whyte-Melville, wrote to me, saying he thought I should like to gallop over the grass grounds of Northamptonshire, and hunt the fox in Rockingham Forest. I had no doubt that I should like it, but I reflected that if the pleasures were great, so were the responsibilities, and I hesitated before I durst venture to accept so large an establishment. My wife, however, had the casting vote, and she gave it in favour of Pytchley. Of course I knocked under, and became Master of the Pytchley, and when I got there I found that the difficulties and responsibilities had not been a bit over-rated, for I am sure the Master of the Pytchley Hounds will always find plenty of occupation both for body and mind. When I first began to hunt hounds, twenty-two years since, my old friend, Percy Williams, my brother soldier and brother huntsman, gave me a bit of excellent advice. He said, "Keep your temper, and stick to the line". I never forgot that, but have always tried to act up to it. I always tried not to be

too much elated by success, or too much depressed by adversity, and I stuck to the line as long as you would allow me. I endeavoured to hunt the country fairly, good places or bad. I tried to do my duty to you as well as lay in my power, sometimes under very difficult circumstances, and I can only say I have been treated with the greatest kindness by everybody, and I have never intentionally made use of a single word which could hurt the feelings of any one. If, from any misunderstanding, any one has ever felt hurt from any action I committed, I can only say I hope they will forget and forgive as freely as I do, and remember that I was often placed in circumstances of considerable provocation. Now, gentlemen, there are two things very desirable for a Master of Hounds to have, and I am sorry to say I was not blessed with either of them: one is a comfortable house handy to the kennels, and the other is a considerable balance in the bank. Now I have not got a large income, and I have got a large family, and they all inherit my fox-hunting propensities. The youngest of them, indeed, has already succeeded in galloping her pony to a stand-still; they all want to go out hunting at once, and that adds to the difficulties, and increases the expenses. As to the house, through the kindness of Lord Overstone and Colonel Loyd-Lindsay, I was located at Pitsford, but that was too far from the kennels, and I went to Brixworth, where I found an excellent landlord in my old hunting friend, Mr. Drage, but unfortunately the landlord was better than the house. It was so small,

we could scarcely scramble into it, and I got into my present house, but, as I had to build most of the house myself, as the house grew larger the balance got less, and now I have a tolerably good house I have no further use for it. The want of a house, however, was not my reason for giving up the hunt. As you all know, Mrs. Thomson had a very severe illness. I felt I could not, with justice to you, or with satisfaction to myself, continue to hunt the Pytchley Hounds. I, therefore, reluctantly sent in my resignation. A few days afterwards a body of gentlemen, amongst whom was our worthy vice-chairman, did me the honour to present me with a requisition, in which they said, "We, the undersigned farmers, graziers, and others, have heard with extreme regret of your intention to give up the mastership of the Pytchley Hounds. We earnestly request you will reconsider your determination, but whatever the result may be, we wish to express the high esteem your undeviating gentlemanly conduct has won from us." I can but say this was one of the greatest compliments I ever received in my life. I do not remember what the number of signatures was, but there were five or six sheets of paper, and one of these contained 111 signatures. I then heard from our worthy vice-chairman, for the first time, that it was your intention to present me with some other mark of your regard. I never, however, for one moment supposed that it would grow into a thing of such value and magnitude as that magnificent picture you have now presented to me. I need not tell you that

24
I value it, as a beautiful work of art, painted by so distinguished an artist and so good a sportsman as the President of the Royal Academy, and I am proud to have the privilege of calling him a fellow-countryman and an old friend. I can hardly remember the day when the name of Frank Grant was not familiar to me. I need not tell you I shall value that picture as an heirloom which will descend to my family, but I will tell you what I value more than all—I value your good opinion, and accept your gift as a testimony of that good opinion, and as a mark of your kindness, which so much exceeds my merits. I can only conclude with the same simple honest words with which I commenced—I thank you. I can only add that I shall always have a pleasing remembrance of the grass fields of Northamptonshire. Wherever I may be I shall have a grateful recollection of your kindness, and shall always be ready to join in the cry of “Pytchley for ever”.

“Captain Thomson rose and said, ‘Pytchley for ever’. Those were the last words he addressed to them before he sat down, and more appropriate words he could not use in proposing to them ‘The health of Mr. Craven, and success to the Pytchley Hounds’. Although no longer officially connected with the Pytchley Hunt, he would do anything to serve it at any time, and by any means in his power. When he sent in his resignation about this time last year, Mr. Craven took the hounds, and during the short time he had had them he had shown a courage, a determination, and a power to endure fatigue which

were rarely seen. Another quality for which Mr. Craven was remarkable was his punctuality, a virtue in which he was very deficient. Whatever the distance might be, or however bad the weather, Mr. Craven always attended, and was always at his time. Mr. Craven took the hounds under trying circumstances, and he was glad to bear his testimony to the manner in which he had hunted them. He had shown several days' good sport, and, with a little more experience, he felt sure Mr. Craven would get to the head of his profession. These were troublous times for fox-hunting, for they had heard of places where coverts had been burnt and a pack of hounds had been poisoned on account of a personal quarrel with the master. Now personal quarrels ought never to be introduced into the hunting-field. Other places were worse than they were, but even in the Pytchley they were not quite free from reproach. They had heard of places where there were no foxes where there ought to have been, and they had heard of dead foxes where live ones ought to be. He would beg them earnestly to get rid of those evils and to give their cordial support to their master, and if they did that, he had no doubt the master would do his duty to them. He wished Mr. Craven every success, and could not conclude without expressing the hope that Mr. Craven would keep the hounds as many years as he had done, and be surrounded with as many kind friends and good sportsmen as he saw around him then.

“Mr. Craven, in returning thanks, said it was no easy task for him to follow in the footsteps of

a gentleman who had no equal as a huntsman. Previous to coming there Captain Thomson had had several years' experience as a Master of Hounds, and they could not expect him, an untried man, to get in the same groove at once, but from the cordial welcome he had received he felt sure, however, that they would not be hard upon him. They had not had a very good season up to the present time, but he thought they had done as well as their neighbours. They were just getting into the best part of the season when an accident happened to his huntsman. The height of his ambition had always been to handle a pack of fox-hounds, and if the sportsmen would only give them room, and not run over them, they would hunt the fox without any assistance from him. He begged to thank them for the manner in which the toast had been received, and would only assure them that as long as he had anything to do with the Pytchley Hounds he would do his utmost to keep up their prestige.

“The Vice-President proposed the health of a nobleman who was exceedingly fond of the noble sport of fox-hunting, and who formerly held the honourable position of the Master of the Pytchley Foxhounds, his Excellency Earl Spencer. Although now absent from the country, Earl Spencer did not forget to be a contributor to the Pytchley pack, and always gave strict injunctions to his keepers as to the preservation of foxes.

“A. A. Young, Esq., proposed, ‘The House of Lords,’ in a very able speech, and after alluding to

the non-political character of the speeches which were expected to be delivered on that occasion, he said that meeting had not been convened, but had arisen from the spontaneous individuality of every person who wished to do honour to a gentleman whom they all delighted to honour. Gentlemen had assembled from all parts of the country, from the north of North Britain, and from the southern counties of England, while all Northamptonshire was present to offer a testimonial to a gentleman whose portrait was so much like himself, that whether he looked on this picture or on that, he hardly knew the difference. The House of Lords was not an inappropriate toast for an occasion of that kind, for as he believed a hater of fox-hunting had no virtues, he believed that a lover of fox-hunting was a representative of all the virtues, and was a man who entertained loyalty to his Queen, and reverence for all the great institutions of his country. There was such a thing as blood in the human race as well as in the breed of horses, and long might it flourish. In the past history of this country, noblemen had not been wanting who joyfully laid their heads upon the block when they believed that the interests of their country were at stake, and should the institutions of this great country ever be again at stake, whatever might be the cause, whether social, political or religious, he hoped there would never be wanting noblemen who would be ready to follow the example of their ancestors, and to say *dulce et decorum est pro patria mori*. With that toast he would couple the name of Lord Rosslyn.

“ Lord Rosslyn acknowledged the toast, and said he could assure Mr. Young he had no ambition to be amongst the number of those blockheads to whom he had so feelingly alluded. Whatever might be the political opinions in the House of Lords, there was one sentiment which the members had all in common, and that was a love of fox-hunting. There was, in fact, no other body which contained so many lovers of fox-hunting, so many preservers of foxes, or so many good riders. The House of Lords, however, had grave duties to perform that were not connected with fox-hunting, and should the time ever come when the House of Lords should be called upon to stand between the momentary excited passions of the people and the great principles on which the constitution of the country was based, he hoped the peers would be as firm and as loyal to their duty as their ancestors had been. As to the cause of their meeting there that day, he would only say that he had known Captain Thomson for the best part of his life, that he went out hunting with him at the beginning of his hunting career, that he followed him to Northamptonshire and found a wife there, and had seen better sport in the Pytchley country than in any other he had ever seen in his life.

“ W. Smyth, Esq., proposed ‘The Members for the County and the Town,’ and said all present would agree with him that, however great a difference of political opinion might exist among them, they all endeavoured to do their duty conscientiously and to the best of their ability. With the toast he

had to couple the name of the senior member for the Northern Division of this county.

“ The Right Hon. George Ward Hunt responded, and said : ‘ When I came here to-night I did not feel that I came here in the capacity of a member for the county, but I came here as an admirer of the noble art of which our distinguished guest is so great a master. I was anxious to pay a tribute of respect and gratitude to him for the sport he has given me and my neighbours for so many years past. I must confess I am somewhat surprised that the toast which has just been given has found a place in the list this evening, for we are met to do honour to our guest, and celebrate the art of fox-hunting. Few persons will recognise me as having met me often of late in the hunting-field ; that, however, is my misfortune, and not my fault, for it has been the pleasure of some part of this company to send me to a distant hunting-field, where I have been hunting with a very different kind of pack to that of the Pytchley, and over a very different sort of country. To give you an idea of how different it is, I may tell you that at one of the meets of the hounds—I allude to the St. Stephen’s pack—I have heard one of the leading sportsmen describe the leading institution of Northamptonshire as the “ Pitchley ”. The St. Stephen’s country is a very different country to the Pytchley, and to my own feelings is not so pleasant a one. It is a stiff country, and I have seen some very ugly falls ; but it has some attractions which the Pytchley Hunt has not. For instance, we never fail to meet. No frost

ever stops the hounds, and we have very few blank days ; and it must possess very great attractions to some, for I can say this, that although I have never seen all the members for the county and the borough at the meet of the Pytchley, yet the St. Stephen's pack manages to attract them all at the same time. The St. Stephen's pack is in the same condition as the Pytchley ; we have lately had a change of mastership, and we have not only a new master, but we have an entirely new pack of hounds. You know it is a different thing the taking up an old pack, and getting a scratch lot of dogs together, and last season we had the advantage of seeing collected together, at our first meet, dogs of all sizes and colours. In fact I heard some very ill-natured people remark that some of the dogs had been at the "ratting" business before. In all hunts there was a difference of opinion how sport should be conducted, and I should not like to give you my opinion how the St. Stephen's pack hunted the last season, but I am told the new master was exceedingly well satisfied with the performances of his hounds. He said, at all events, they had one very great run over a very severe country, and killed their fox, and he was consequently much delighted. Critics, however—and they had critics in the St. Stephen's hunt, and he was one of the number—said the master lifted the hounds. Now, I have got that weight that I am obliged to ride to hunt, and not hunt to ride, and I must confess I am an admirer of that style of hunting in which the hounds and not the huntsman hunt the fox. The master was very proud

of his pack, for he had no skirters and very few babblers, but there was a great deal too much "too-tooting," and if the hounds did not go at once at the call of the horn, the whips were very severe upon them. I have no doubt that as the hounds get more seasoned, and as they get to understand a little more of the noble science of hunting, some of these faults may be corrected. It may surprise you, that although this is the month of February, we are only at the commencement of the season, and it may be we may kill a good many May foxes. We have the same master as last season, and I have no doubt he will carry out the same old system of lifting his hounds, and not leave them to find the scent themselves. I was at the first meet the other day, and saw some new dogs there, and some of them were more extraordinary importations than those which appeared the last season. There was an importation from the Tipperary kennel, which I hardly think any Master of Hounds would like to see hunting with his pack. It was at the covert side I learned that the master intended to draft the Tipperary importation, and if that be the case, I hope at the first meet next week I shall have greater pleasure in meeting his hounds. I am exceedingly grateful to you that, amidst the exciting topics of this day, you have found a place for those who follow the St. Stephen's pack. I used to say there was no ill of mind or body which a good gallop across the country would not cure. That was when I could get something to carry me, but with the pack I shall have to hunt the rest of this season,

the hunting is of a kind which often causes many ills both of mind and body. I shall, however, derive pleasure in thinking that in pursuing the arduous labours of that chase I shall have the good will and good wishes of the members of the Pytchley Hunt.'

"Major Whyte-Melville proposed 'The Duke of Grafton, the Hon. George Fitzwilliam, W. Tailby, Esq., Robert Arkwright, Esq., and Masters of Foxhounds in the country,' and alluded to the sacrifices which were made by both landlords and farmers, in order to promote such a noble sport. They were, however, greatly indebted to the Masters of Foxhounds, whom they made responsible for everything. The noblemen and gentlemen whose health he had proposed had won the respect and affection of all classes, who knew anything about them. The toast was coupled with the name of Captain Arkwright.

"Captain Arkwright returned thanks, and said he commenced hunting twenty-two years ago under their honoured guest, Captain Thomson."

Song composed by Tom Firr, and sung by him at the Northampton dinner. Tune, "The Fine Old English Gentleman".

I'll sing you a song, a fine new song,
 Made by a mad young pate,
 Of one of the finest 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.

REMINISCENCES OF

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,
 His superior in shape and make
 I'm sure you never knew ;
 First go from his head to his tail,
 And down to the fetlock,
 Put fiteen 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 holloa away
 On the other side ;
 And now all your 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 "
 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 fences big, the country's deep,
 And the pace begins to tell;
 In another twenty minutes
 A wager I will bet:
 The cock tails 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—
 Woo-hoop,¹ he dies, a pluckt 'un,
 And the Master he is there.
 Now here's success to Captain Thomson,
 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.

John Robinson wrote rather a nasty article in *Land and Water* describing the dinner, to which Charles Newdegate replied in the *St. James's Gazette*.

"NORTHAMPTONSHIRE.—There was a remarkably scanty attendance of Northamptonshire squires at the dinner last week, when Captain Anstruther

¹The "woo-hoop" is to be holloed in the usual way when a fox dies.

Thomson's portrait was presented to him. Of course the county members were there, *ex-officio*, but there were really barely a dozen other country gentlemen, to use the term in its ordinary signification. There were a good many strangers, and a large attendance of farmers, but not so many of the latter as might have been expected, considering the great popularity of Captain Thomson amongst that class. With the squires the style of hunting adopted by the late M.F.H. was not very popular. By some speakers at the dinner a great deal was made of the difference between 'hunting to ride' and 'riding to hunt,' as if the pleasures of hunting and riding were distinct, or even opposed to each other. Captain Thomson, though a brilliant horseman, for no one in England has a better seat or better hands, had the misfortune not to show much sport last year, when all the packs in the neighbourhood were lucky. He appeared to be a perfect master of the art of fox-hunting, yet his hounds were never quite up to the mark, and were more ready to follow than to hunt; but they were not always ready enough to follow, for I have seen them hang in cover for a long time after the fox had gone away and the huntsman was blowing his whistle with all his might. The truth is, that a whistle is a very bad instrument for getting hounds out of cover; the sound is so shrill that unless they can see the huntsman they cannot perceive whence it proceeds. The long journeys by road and the long days' hunting the hounds so often had may have

contributed to take the spirit out of them and make them generally slack. They never seemed to have any dash on to begin the day's work as if they liked it. I cannot but think that a good opportunity was sometimes lost because the first whip was afraid to take any responsibility on himself. For instance, at the beginning of a day, when there could be no question whether the fox was a hunted one or not, I have seen Roake stop the pack when they had got away from Sywell Wood on good terms with their fox, because Captain Thomson was not up. When he did come up, the hounds were laid on again, but it was then too late. On the other hand, no master of hounds or huntsman ever made himself so popular with the Northamptonshire farmers. Though he led the field over very stiff fences, and through the roughest places, his style of hunting was favourable to horses that were not in tip-top condition. He knew every one that was in the habit of hunting with the Pytchley, and his genial manner made him justly and universally liked. It is sometimes said that the death of the fox is the test of good hunting. For my part, I would only admit such a test with qualifications; for the chance of a really good run it may be sometimes right to risk losing 'the line'. Of course this is to be taken as the expression of my own opinion, and not as committing any one else. Captain Thomson has many ardent admirers, and, after all, the question is one of taste. The best sportsman is he who shows the best sport, and what is not sport is a question of

taste. Of the after-dinner speeches it may be said that some were too political, some dull, and others good. Mr. Watkins, the rector of Brixworth, made a rambling speech, which concluded with a quotation from one of Sir Walter Scott's poems. Unfortunately, the quotation had no reference to anything that Mr. Watkins had said, and had nothing to do with the occasion. The best speeches are those of the chairman, Colonel Loyd-Lindsay, and of Captain Thomson. The latter was quite justified in saying that he 'had endeavoured to hunt the country fairly, good places and bad'. I will go further, and say that a fairer Master of Hounds never lived. Whatever the hour, whatever the distance from the kennels, Captain Thomson would persevere as long as there was a chance of sport; so that no one from Lilbourne to Oundle Wood could say that his interest was neglected. Mr. A. A. Young, in proposing the health of the House of Lords, took a 'high-faluting' line, and talked of 'many noble lords who were ready to lay their heads upon the block should their country's necessities require it,' concluding with *dulce et decorum*, etc. Lord Rosslyn, in returning thanks, declared that he had 'no wish to be one of the blockheads'. Major Whyte-Melville proposed the health of the Duke of Grafton, the Hon. George Fitzwilliam, Mr. Tailby and Mr. Arkwright. Those who knew Major Whyte-Melville personally, and by his writings (and what Northamptonshire man does not?), hoped that he would have spoken at some length on subjects he is so well acquainted with.

Unfortunately, he cut his speech very short. Tom Furr, late second whip to Captain Thomson, now huntsman to the North Warwickshire, sang an amusing song. The Right Hon. G. W. Hunt, M.P., spoke very well, though he trod on rather dangerous ground when he complained of Mr. Gladstone lifting his pack too much. Mr. Hunt's temper, however, is so imperturbable, that no one could quarrel with him if they tried. Sir Francis Grant's picture is considered a great success. It represents Captain Thomson on 'Iris,' the horse he bought in at £500; the hounds 'Singer,' 'Rallywood,' 'Dragon' and 'Bondsman' being round him."—From *Land and Water*.

"SPORT *v.* FLASH.—5th March 1870.—There is something consolatory in the remembrance of former pleasure and of former woe; a sort of satisfaction in the consciousness of having enjoyed the one and of having survived the other, which is better than the languor of satiety or the verjuice of remorse. The number of a publication for the 19th of last month, which calls itself *Land and Water*, has fallen into our hands. Our eye wandered on to the second column, and there it fell upon 'Hunting' with 'Leicestershire' beneath. 'Naturally enough,' the notice begins, 'after twelve days' incessant frost, we have little or nothing to recount,' and then something about 'being puzzled to condense our subject'; for which the beginning of the sentence sufficiently accounts, as well as for 'yawning over the fixture card'; while the writer's apparently unsuccessful attempt 'to conjure up visions

of a flying twenty minutes from Barkby, or a screaming burst from Ranksborough,' when 'writing after dinner,' excites our unfeigned compassion. As we read on, the question grew upon us, 'could no kind friend—a wife, for instance, especially if the lady has any literary qualifications—have persuaded this dyspeptic penman to have taken a blue pill and gone to bed, instead of labouring through so bilious a production?' The only complaint about Leicestershire is that the writer has been hustled by second horse-men, who knocked over, he declares, sundry naval and military captains, while breaking, we suppose, or breaking down their masters' horses. They are not, poor fellows, the only beggars to be found on horseback; but we cannot boast of such experience of their ways and manners across country as the penman of *Land and Water*. He seems unpopular among his companions, for he proclaims, with indignation, that they let the gates slam in his face.

"The indigestion, from which our subject was evidently suffering, must have reached its climax while he was inditing his notice of Northamptonshire. The county has sinned, in his opinion, whose farmers—and farmers *only*, with few exceptions—*Land and Water* believes (a great mistake) have ventured to dine together for the purpose of presenting Mr. Anstruther Thomson with a portrait of himself, painted by Sir Francis Grant; and this, just when *Land and Water* was beginning to sicken. He must have gone to the dinner, in the

humour, which Pope (not Pius IX.) describes, as prone to

Damn with faint praise, assent with civil leer,
And without sneering teach the rest to sneer.

Poor human nature! what a pity it is, that such men are not made entirely of clay; for clay is a disinfectant, and that cannot be thought of *Land and Water* as he appears in print. The speeches at the dinner have not, we believe, been published; if they had, it would be curious to ascertain how far *Land and Water's* description of them is accurate. 'Some,' he writes, 'were too political, some dull, and others good.' One, that of Mr. Whyte-Melville, was too short—a very singular comment, considering the manifest distaste which *Land and Water* felt for the whole proceedings. 'Tom Furr, late second whip to Captain Thomson, now huntsman to the North Warwickshire, sang an amusing song.' As second whip he must have been a good deal among the second horsemen, but did not let the gates slam in *Land and Water's* face, we conclude, and hence this commendation. But now he is promoted, and is always so well with his hounds, that if ever *Land and Water* goes out with the North Warwickshire, Furr will probably share the fate of his late master, be civilly treated to his face, but find himself shot in the back, whenever the next number of the periodical, which has cost us sixpence, appears.

"Beckford was the first author who convinced the fashionable world that fox-hunting had taken its place among the recognised pastimes of English

gentlemen; and it is curious to observe the wide contrast of style between *Land and Water*, and the first classic among sporting writers. The difference between their opinions with respect to the essentials conducive to the noble sport is still more striking. 'It is sometimes said,' writes *Land and Water*, 'that the death of the fox is the test of good hunting. For my part, I would only admit such a test with qualifications. For the chance of a really good run it may be sometimes right to risk *losing the line*.' Has *Land and Water* ever read Beckford's book? If he has, when he had penned these lines, he may have been conscious of an indignant ghost at his elbow; he adds, 'Of course this is to be taken as the expression of my own opinion, and not as committing any one else'. There is a condescension in this which is almost kind; but the vision is still upon him, and he becomes apologetic: 'Captain Thomson has many ardent admirers, and, after all, the question is one of taste. The best sportsman is he who shows the best sport, and what is not sport is a question of taste.' So our scribe finds refuge in taste, for which, it has been said, no one can account. Is not this just the fashion in which most of the modern heresies have been, at first, timidly promulgated? Perhaps *Land and Water's* real taste is for a paper-chase, led by a 'well-disciplined second horseman,' who knows 'every little place that can be secured by turning a trifle out of the direct route,' and who will leave the hand-gates open, where the fences are inconveniently strong. Our critic seems to have an eye to business,

and may know that the manager of the periodical he patronises could supply the material for this sport on economical terms out of the copies regularly returned by the newsmen.

“ Envy and detraction will never cease ; they are of ancient growth, and have pursued eminent sportsmen scarcely less keenly than great generals. Mr. Assheton Smith was in his best days positively detested by many of the gentlemen in pink, whose successors now appear with nosegays in their button-holes by the covert side on fair weather mornings. With these carpet sportsmen such Masters of Hounds as Assheton Smith and Anstruther Thomson never will be really popular ; for, as some of the speakers at the Northampton dinner seem to have said, these exquisites ‘ hunt to ride,’ but do not ‘ ride to hunt,’ and are seldom popular with the farmers. It is no unimportant qualification in a Master of Hounds that he should stand well with the farmers ; they have a good deal to do both with the land and the water of the midland, as well as other counties, and have scarcely less to do with the preservation of foxes—a very unimportant item in the opinion of *Land and Water*, who, but for the name of the thing, might be satisfied with a drag, should his supply of paper run short, owing to the excessive popularity of his periodical. We do not presume to know upon whose production we have been commenting ; but we cannot help regretting that, in these days, when gentlemen in pink form an increasingly large disproportion to genuine sportsmen, scribes should be found to decry the

most eminent of the few gentlemen who really both can and will hunt their own hounds better than most professional huntsmen.”—From the *St. James's Gazette*.

Criticism of Grant's picture and engraving of J. Anstruther Thomson and "Iris". Grant on engraving :—

"29 SUSSEX PLACE,
" 11th April, 1871.

" MY DEAR THOMSON,—

" I have seen the print. It is well drawn and carefully executed and the likeness kept. But I regret that it was not brought to me whilst in progress. I fear it would be difficult to alter it now. I should have, I expect, made the coat tell as a dark against a light sky.

" Yours truly,
" F. GRANT."

1871.—My sister, Mrs. Montgomery, writes, "Is there any chance of your sitting to F. Grant again? If so, could you or any one hint to him that to make the likeness perfect he ought to throw a shade on the side of the temple bone to make the forehead more broad and square across the eyebrows. Many have remarked it, and it is that form that gives the organ of thought, form and observation, that gives your character. If you will look at your father's picture you will see what I mean, *viz.*, across the bone of the eyebrow is broad, broader than the temples above. I suppose he will put a touch of light into the horse's eye before the engraver gets it, or the farmers will not be satisfied."

“20th August, 1873.—The photograph of the picture is very good; only to my mind your figure is a little too round, not straight enough in the lines, which does not make it sinewy and nervous enough—in fact there are no bones in the body; sleeves and all ought to have a more severe outline. But one must know a skeleton to make a good drapery or folds with character, and I fear our President (with all deference) has ever had a dislike to anatomy, and when charm of colour is taken away it comes out. Please send me the sketches at your leisure.

“ Believe me,

“ Yours sincerely,

“ J. E. BOEHM.”

“2 DRUMMOND PLACE, EDINBURGH,

“3rd April, 1870.

“ MY DEAR WOODS,—

“ Will you do me the favour to write another note to Mr. Graves, the publisher, and ask him to put on his list one three guinea engraving for a subscriber and one artist's proof, £10 10s., the account for both to be sent to me. The former is for a lady, ‘an old friend’ on the subscription list, and is to be sent to No. 16 India Street, Edinburgh. The latter I hope you will do me the favour to accept of from me as a mark of my gratitude for your services as honorary secretary and in remembrance of many good days' sport and many acts of friendship. I am sure you will be glad to hear that Mrs. Thomson had a little daughter eight days

ago. She and her baby are going on as well as possible.

“ I hope to be at my Atherstone sale on the 20th April. I hope Mrs. Woods and all your family are well.

“ Ever yours,
“ J. A. T.”

“ CHAPEL BRAMPTON,
“ 28th June, 1872.

“ MY DEAR SIR,—

“ By this day's post I had a letter from Mr. Green saying the artist's proof engraving would be forwarded to me when the frame is ready. In thanking you again for your very great kindness, I can say (and with great sincerity) that that picture of yourself will be most highly valued by me, not only as the portrait of the best sportsman it will ever be my lot to see, as Master of the Pytchley Hounds, but also as the universal friend of the farmers of the hunt.

“ I am so pleased to hear your son is better. I hope he may soon be restored to perfect health. I should say the visit to Scotland may help to strengthen him; he must have grown past his strength. I hope Mrs. Thomson and the rest of your family are quite well.

“ Shall you be at Atherstone next season? I should enjoy a day with your hounds once more. . . .

“ With kind regards and many thanks,

“ Believe me to be,

“ Yours very truly,

“ JOHN WOODS.”

1870.—Mr. Wetton, the postmaster at Northampton, was a capital sportsman; he had a farm near Northampton and a fox cover, where he was always proud to have a fox. Before I left he made me a most valuable present—all the engravings of the old *Sporting Magazine*.

“NORTHAMPTON,

“1st March, 1870.

“MY DEAR SIR,—

“It gives me very great pleasure to forward the accompanying set of sporting prints, of which I beg your acceptance, hoping they will afford some little amusement to the younger members of your family, whom I have so often admired in the hunting field.

“Heartily wishing you all every conceivable happiness, allow me to remain,

“Yours very faithfully,

“GEO. H. WETTON.

“J. ANSTRUTHER THOMSON, Esq.”

CHAPTER II.

ATHERSTONE: THIRD TIME.—THE WELSH HOUNDS.

1870.—On the 20th January Oakeley wrote to me saying that Curzon had decided to give up the Atherstone Hounds at the end of the season; that he did not wish to leave Cliff or the country, and that he had offered to take the hounds. He went on to say, "Nothing would please me more than that you should come here if it can be managed, and I would much rather not take the hounds myself. I enclose you the minutes of the meeting, by which you will see that *I* am bound and not you, though if you become Master you put yourself into my shoes as long as it suits you to remain."

"At a meeting of landowners and the subscribers to the Atherstone Hounds, held at the Red Lion Hotel, Atherstone, Thursday, 17th February, 1870. Present: G. Moore, Esq., in the chair; Viscount Curzon, M.P., Hon. F. Curzon, Sir George Chetwynd, Bart., W. E. Oakeley, Esq., J. Anstruther Thomson, Esq., A. Cox, Esq., G. Turner, Esq., H. Blackwood, Esq., C. H. Bracebridge, Esq. The chairman read the minutes of the last meeting.

"Mr. Oakeley proceeded to give his decision as to hunting the country, and stated that having con-

“As to hounds buying, Percy Williams will be our best commissioner, and he won't want an honorarium, like Walker, whom we can call in if required; but we should pay P.W.'s rail fare.”

Curzon agreed to let me have Mancetter Manor-house furnished for the rest of his lease.

Having commenced arrangements for the Atherstone country, I took a house in Edinburgh in Drummond Place.

On 30th March went with Geo. Fenwick to Duns, and hunted with Lord Wemyss' Hounds, the last day they hunted, and back to Edinburgh at night.

On 16th April, Borthwick Hall; Henry Hope, Master, Linlithgow and Stirling Hounds; Atkinson, huntsman. Found a brace of foxes; the body of hounds went away with one, and ran into a field full of lambs. One of the hounds killed a lamb. Four couple of hounds were left back in the covert running another fox. I remained with Jack Carter, trying to stop them. The other lot checked and all came back to the covert. They had just begun to run nicely together when the master galloped back, and shouted, “Atkinson, stop the hounds”. Atkinson was quite deaf. He looked at me, but I made no sign. The master got in front of him, and again said, “Stop the hounds,” which was done. He then rode into the middle of them, and pointing at one said, “Hang that hound”. Atkinson said, “Hang him, sir, it couldn't be him, he's the best

hound we've got". "Well, if it wasn't him, it was him," pointing to another. By this time Alec Kinloch had come up, and the master said, "Captain Kinloch knows which it was". Alec named the hound, which was immediately seized, and a pair of couples put on him. All the field were sitting on the other side of the wall. A little feeble voice squeaked out, "I, sir, as one of the committee, object to that hound being hanged". I ventured to say, "Don't you think if you went on hunting the fox you wouldn't kill any more lambs?" The master turned upon me and said he was responsible for any damage done, but I was not. I turned round and rode away, and luckily met the Duke of Buccleuch, and asked him to intercede for the hound. The result was that the second whip had a pain in his stomach, and he and the hound were sent home in disgrace. Henry Hope turned his men out in great style with leather breeches. Atkinson was not a dandy. The first day cub-hunting they killed a fox in a ditch at Hopetoun; Atkinson said, "Now then, Bob, jump in and baptise those breeches".

On going into Moir's stables one day I saw two very pretty little brown horses. Johnny Brady said, "Captain, will you buy these two cobs?" "What do you want for them?" "£200." "Nonsense, I'll give you more than you gave for them." "What will that be?" "£100." "Make it guineas and you'll get them." So I bought them, took them home, and put the girls on them ("Jasper" and "Jacinth"). I sent them with "Iris" to the Islington

Horse Show. Miss Millard rode them for me, and I sold "Jasper" for £200. "Jacinth" carried a whipper-in next year, but was not so successful.

I went to Brixworth on 18th April. Oakeley and I then commenced to get together a pack of hounds. The Gogerddan hounds, Colonel Pryse's, in North Wales, were for sale, so we commissioned John Walker, late huntsman to Sir Watkin, to report on them. Oakeley afterwards went himself to see them.

"PLAS TANY BWLCH,
"CARNARVON, N.W., 13th April.

"MY DEAR JACK,—

"I saw the Gogerddans on Tuesday. In the first place, Colonel Pryse, the master, is about the most varmint, hard-bitten, good-looking chap you ever saw in your life, keen about every sport. He has killed with his hounds in this wild country fifteen and a half brace of foxes, two days a week. He killed a lot of foxes in the frost, all the men being on foot. And now for the hounds. In condition, I have seen no pack look like them; they beat even Quorn, Grove or Cotswold. They have lots of power, are very straight (as far as I know) with capital ribs and bone, but a small pack. They are very level for a mixed pack. The biggest dog is under twenty-three, and the smallest bitch with one exception is over twenty-two. They seem right in every way, and no toes down, generally good feet, but a few with moderate ones. But what will you say?—on principle, not a dew-claw has been taken off any

of them, and I am sure we had better not touch them now. And now about men. I tried to get the huntsman for a feeder, but he won't have it; though both here are devoted to their pack and will do anything to stay with them. The whip would like to come to you. He is a good-looking, smart chap, aged thirty-one, a widower, with two children. He would leave them behind him. He weighs ten stone; seems to have a good way with hounds; and Colonel Pryse gives him the highest character in every way. He says he has a good voice, is a capital rider, and is careful of his horses, and considering the country hardly ever tires one. He has acted almost entirely as feeder, and I never saw such condition. On the whole, I should take him if I were you, as he knows the hounds, and from what I saw they are rather queer-tempered ones in kennel. I have settled he shall come up on Tuesday, and see you at the kennels on Wednesday morning. Colonel Pryse, now the rain is over, wants to have another hunt or two, next week, as the foxes have been killing lambs; and I could not say I would have them sooner, as I asked him to keep them in the first instance until the 23rd. He brought in his young entry, and made me pick a couple and a half. They are very late; but I picked a real nice bitch and two fair little dogs, and do not think I took the worst. You ought to try and run them as much as you can in one lot next year.

“Yours ever,

“E. OAKELEY.”

We bought the lot for £250, and engaged Jim Edwards as whipper-in.

Colonel Pryse wrote :—

“Of the entry, I may say I think they will all be good. Those that I have had most luck in catching foxes or rather being out when foxes were caught, are: ‘Lashwood,’ wonderful for a puppy; ‘Lady,’ ‘Lavish,’ ‘Lifter,’ ‘Leader,’ ‘Ranker,’ ‘Primrose,’ ‘Rustic’.

“If the others babble a little over hares and rabbits, have a little patience. I know they will make good hounds with one good cub-hunting. Of the three mentioned, I consider ‘Restless’ as fine a bitch as I have had in for years. The two dog hounds are likely to make good working hounds.

“(Signed) PRYSE”.

The huntsman came to Witherley with the hounds; he was a tall, dark, silent man, rather like a gipsy. The Atherstone people were very curious to see the hounds, and ask questions about them. His only answer was, “They will catch the fox”.

Lord Curzon’s sale of the Atherstone hounds took place on 28th April. We bought several lots. We got drafts from Bramham, Belvoir, Cotswold, Fitzwilliam, Fife, Grove, Oakley, Pytchley, Quorn, Rufford, Southwold, Tailby, Portman. We got together 150 couple; and then did a good deal of dog dealing for some weeks, and reduced them down to eighty couple.

Lord Curzon’s hounds had suffered much from

kennel lameness, and the kennels were decidedly unhealthy. When the water was high in the river all the drains were stopped, as there was very little fall. We set to work to remedy this. We raised the benches four feet from the ground, with a sloping platform for the hounds to walk up, and were careful to have the cesspool frequently emptied, which had the desired effect.

I got possession of Mancetter Manor-house on 2nd August. On 5th August went out to exercise with thirty-five couple of bitches in Arbury Park. Jim and I were riding ponies, Stephen, "School-boy". The deer kept jumping up among the ferns. The hounds behaved pretty well for some time, but some of the young ones got too far away from me, cocked their ears, and made a bolt after a fawn. The old ones stopped for a minute, but hearing the cry away the whole concern went behind a round plantation. I galloped round the other side, met them and succeeded in stopping them the first time; but there was such a lot of them that the stragglers broke away again, and we had three packs running hard. Stephen was run away with to the other end of the park; Jim galloped his pony to a stand-still. I thought I had better have one hunt than three, so I blew my horn, and got almost all the hounds together and hunted a doe into one of the canals. She was swimming and all the hounds swimming after her. I jumped off my pony, ran into the canal, caught the deer, got my arm round her neck and stopped the hounds. One

of the keepers was standing by; I gave him hold of the deer, jumped on my pony and galloped to the gate (about 200 yards). I had almost got there when a half-tired doe galloped in front of me and rammed her head through the palings. The hounds were all round her, and killed her. I got the hounds all out of the park except three, and they ran another doe into the lake and drowned it. Stephen got them and brought them on. This was about seven in the morning and we went quietly home. It was very hot.

At four in the afternoon we coupled all the worst reprobates, and went back to Arbury; trotted them among the deer to let them see them. There were some paddocks with high fences for the mares and foals. I trotted into one of them, shut the gate, and let the men crack into the reprobates till they dropped their sterns and understood the meaning of "Ware haunch". I said to Stephen "What was that red bitch that ran at the head of them?" He said, "That was 'Tidings,' an Atherstone bitch; she has often done it before". "Are not you a d——d fool to let me come among the deer without telling about her?" I wrote to Charlie Newdegate, who was in London, and told him what had happened. He wrote back, "It was lucky that it was in my park".

Having laid the foundation of the new Atherstone pack, I went home to Charleton in June to attend to my duties as Colonel of Fife Mounted Rifles. My first duty was to request that their

designation should be "Fife Light Horse," and that they should be armed with breech-loading carbines. This alteration was confirmed by the War office.

The 13th were quartered at Edinburgh this year. Colonel Jenyns and Valentine Baker had just made up the "Non-Pivot Drill". Jenyns invited me to bring over some Fife Mounted Volunteers. I took over about twelve non-commissioned officers. He gave us lunch at Piershill, mounted us on troop horses, and had a field-day for our instruction. I adopted this drill at once two years before it was introduced as cavalry drill.

The inspection took place at Cupar on the 8th July; and Mr. Swan, the Provost of Kirkcaldy, lent me Springfield House. Colonel Jenyns and Stanley Clarke and their wives came to stay with us, and they lent us the band of the 13th for the week. The inspection took place on the racecourse; Colonel Bulwer the inspecting officer. We had a capital ball and a concert under the leadership of Lieutenant H. Lindenberg.

On 20th July I judged the horses at the Highland Society's Show at Dumfries, and there was a committee on horse-shoeing, of which I was the president. M. Charlier gave a lecture, in French, on his system of shoeing, which was translated to us by Professor Williams. I practised Charlier's shoeing for many years, and found it of great service with horses with hard feet and narrow heels.

Lord Craven was very kind to us, and allowed me during cub-hunting to send all the horses to his

stables at Coombe. Jack and I also went to stay there, and in the evenings we assisted Lady Craven to tear up rags to make "charpie" for the wounded soldiers in the Franco-German War. We sent the hounds to Cryers Farm at High Wood, and put them into a cattle shed, but that was not a success, for it was damp under the straw and most of them were taken ill.

Walker wished to know how the Welsh hounds turned out, so I wrote asking him to come to Mancetter, and I would mount him. We had only a small house, and no housekeeper's room, so we invited him to dine with us. He was most amusing and agreeable, and his manners most polite and gentlemanlike. It happened to be at the time when Mr. Chaplin gave up the mastership of the Blankney Hounds. In the course of conversation Mrs. Thomson said, "I see in the papers that Mr. Chaplin has given up the mastership, but they will always have his best wishes". "Allow me to remark, madam, that good wishes will not maintain hounds and 'osses," was Walker's reply.

Next day we went to Rugby and hunted with the North Warwickshire. John Darby mounted us both. He asked me if I had any objection to meet Frank Beers at dinner. I was delighted to do so; he joined the party, and after dinner Walker returned home.

We had pretty good sport all through the season and hunted on foot during the frost. On 3rd March I was riding "Comus". He was very fresh and

plunged awful, and strained my groin. I could not get my second horse, and "Comus" was taken ill and died a few days after.

At the end of the season, 6th April, Hugo Meynell gave us a day at Bagot's Park with the Atherstone Hounds. Jack and I went and stayed with him at Cross Hays. The hounds and horses came in the morning by train to Rugeley station; Mr. and Mrs. Oakeley, and a lot of people. It was very dry and very little scent. I sent Morris on to the end of the wood, and when I began to draw heard him holloa; got up to him directly and hunted steadily up nearly to Chartley. I ought to have gone on with it. Went back to Great Wood and found another fox, and ran to ground. I took the hounds away two fields off. Turner, Lord Bagot's keeper, put a terrier into the drain, and a beastly little vixen fox ran bang into the hounds' mouth. It was most unfortunate, and we all went home very dejected.

Hugo was very ill at the time, and died at the end of May. Bob Harper and I attended the funeral, and a very sad one it was.

1871.—The last day of the season was unfortunate. On going to draw Hartshill Hayes the hounds had just got into the covert when the keeper ran up and said, "Don't go there, I have got my traps down". It was too late. As I rode down the ride I noticed the hounds pick something off the twigs at the side of the rides. We had just got into the road, luckily near home, when some of them began

to stagger. "Frantic" died on the spot; "Modish" as soon as we got home, and "Racer" soon after; "Bacchanal" was very ill, and others were taken ill.

Stephen Dickens left at end of season and went to North Staffordshire. He was a most respectable man, a capital horseman and useful on the field, but he had a very weak voice and was not much use as kennel huntsman—he had begun in a bad school. Jim Edwards, the Welshman, was no use in the shires. He never could get out of the crowd. Apparently he left before the end of the season, for Morris was whipping-in the latter part of it.

My groin was very painful, and the Atherstone doctor said I was ruptured. I went to London to see Sir Henry Thompson. He said, "If you rest you will get well, and if you go on riding you won't". There was only one day more to the end of the season, and I got all right with rest.

1871.—Fife Light Horse assembled for drill at Cupar on 11th July. Chandy Pole came to stay with us, and brought his yeomanry uniform. Charlie was also in the ranks. During the drill week my boy had a very bad cough. He rode a horse, "Ivanhoe," which was a pretty hard puller, and tired him.

On 13th July, the night of the Light Horse ball, Jack said he was tired and would go home. We were staying in George Pagan's house. I went with him. While he was undressing he began to spit blood. I ran back to the ball-room and got Dr. Dewar; went to Caw the chemist and got lead pills.

He was laid up for a month in George Pagan's house, who kindly had put us up for the drill week. I slept on the floor in his room. He got better and we went home. On 12th August I engaged a trained nurse (a man) to attend on him, and afterwards Robert Rowatt, who had been footman to Colonel Gardyne at Finavon.

Colonel Babington was Master of the Fife Hounds for the second time; Jack Shepherd, huntsman; and Will Kilgour and Harry Goodall, whips. At the beginning of the season 1871, on 8th September, I went to Atherstone, and stayed with Bob Harper, and commenced cub-hunting. I had to give up about the end of September, and to winter at Torquay on account of my boy's health, and sent the horses to Tattersall's on 12th October. Had a capital sale, ten of them fetching £2,305.

"Messrs. Tattersall will sell by auction, near Albert Gate, Hyde Park, London, on Monday, 16th October, the following well-known horses, the property of John Anstruther Thomson, Esq. (Master of Atherstone Hounds), who is unable to hunt the hounds this season:—

Johnny Brady	£200	Marmion	£150
Balzatrix	200	Mermaid } Very clever, fast, f 62	
Bridegroom	360	Lioness } and good fencers. \ 50	
Crown Prince	370	Little Wonder, has carried	
Iris	380	a young lady with hounds. 85	
Ranger	190	Waverley (black), would make	
The Wren	175	a charger.	
Zero	120	Tichbourne, up to great	
Roderick Dhu	160	weight.	

These horses have all been ridden by himself, are in first-rate condition, and fit to go.

“Also to be let, furnished, for six months, the Manor-house, Mancetter. Apply to Mr. Pye, Witherley Kennels, Atherstone. The horses may be seen at the kennels, Atherstone, on Thursday, 12th October, 1871.”

I made over most of the servants' horses to Oakeley at cost price. Jim Bailey, huntsman; Will Nevard, whip.

Among the lot was a horse called “Marmion,” which Oakeley bought from Henry Hope. He was a restive horse, and made a little noise; was very good-looking. Lord Vivian had helped me in the sale, and when “Marmion” had got up to his reserve I turned away. Presently Vivian came to me and said, “I've been trying all day to buy one of your horses, and I've got one at last”. I ran up to Oakeley, who was in the gallery, and said, “What shall we do? Vivian has bought ‘Marmion’.” The first thing to do was to tell him that the horse made a noise; and then we agreed that he should keep him at half price.

Vivian sent the horse down to Glyn, his place in Cornwall. One day on going to exercise the man hit him on the shoulder with a switch. The horse ran away up the hill, and stopped with his head over a high gate, turned round, and ran away again. There was a sharp turn in the road and a ravine filled with evergreens. The horse jumped at the corner and fell in among the evergreens. They found the horse at the bottom unhurt, without the saddle, and the man stone dead. It is supposed that he had struck against a tree.

“Iris” was a bright bay with a wall eye, 16.2 high, got by “King Arthur”; his dam, “Black-foot”; by “Blacklock”. I bought him from John Darby for £177. He was then four years old, only half broken, and a very hard puller. He used to gallop across a field; when he got near the fence, whip round (always to the left side), and run away back across the field. I used to ride him with a running rein on the curb on the off side, and rode him slantways at the fences, so that when he turned to the left his head was straight for the fence. He never made a mistake at the fences and could jump a house. He could carry any weight, and was the strongest horse in hindquarters that I ever had. He was very quiet in the stable, but very high couraged, and would not bear being touched with a whip.

I was riding him one day in the forest when he was very troublesome. Tom Percival of Wansford said, “If I were you I wouldn’t be bothered with that brute any longer”. I said, “Wait a bit”. It took two years to get him quiet, and I should never have succeeded had it not been for the care John Pye took riding him during the summer.

I had one serious fight with him, and he beat me. Luckily Dick was hunting the hounds. They ran into Tailby’s country. I was jumping a brook, not very wide, a gap with a broken-down hedge on the other side. Just as I was jumping Nat Langham nicked in before me. “Iris” jumped on to the stump of a root and fell on to his knees. As soon as he got up he turned round and jumped back to

the same side. He did this over and over again, do what I would or could. The hounds ran away and I remained. I tried over and over again; he was covered with foam and roared like a bull with rage. He fell back into the brook with me four times and wet me through, but he always jumped up again without my getting off. He would always jump over, but would not go a step further. He was in such a state of fury, exhaustion and fever that I thought he would die, so I desisted. I took my knife and scraped him all over, put on my overcoat, for I was covered with mud, waited till he got calm, and then got on and walked quietly towards home, about fourteen miles. When he got cool I turned into a field, cantered across it, and jumped the fence at the end, and across two or three fences quite nicely. I got to Sulby, put him in the stable for a few minutes, and went into the house. Lady Elizabeth Villiers gave me a cup of tea and we jogged home quite pleasantly, and we never quarrelled again.

“Iris” was bought by Mr. Padwick for his son at the sale of the Pytchley horses. After the sale he came to me and said, “I don’t know if he will suit my son. If not, I will give you the refusal of him to get him back.” He had been sold for 385 guineas. A few days after, on the 18th, I had a letter from Mr. Edmund Tattersall saying, “‘Iris’ will not suit Mr. Padwick. Come up and get your old favourite back.” The letter had been misdirected and had missed one post. I got into the

train; went straight to Mr. Padwick's house; he was not at home; went to the stable, and asked where "Iris" was. "He has just gone away; he is sold." "Who to?" "Mr. John Leigh at Luton."

I was going down to Luton a few days after to judge the puppies, and on going round the stables saw "Iris" with all the hair clipped off his forelegs. I said to the groom, "What are you going to do to 'Iris'?" He said, "We are going to fire him to-morrow". "What for?" "To strengthen his joints." The hunt horses were a pitiful sight, many of them having been recently fired.

In the afternoon Mr. Leigh drove me round the park to see the cattle. I asked him to let me have "Iris" back again. He said, "I must have a little time to consider, but I gave Padwick more for him than he gave you". I said, "Whatever you gave him, I will give you". He said, "I gave him £500".

During the day I had a deal of talk with Mr. Leigh's brothers and others about "Iris," and told them that he was a difficult horse to ride, and about his refusing a brook with me. Tom Leigh laughed, and said, "Oh, he won't suit John".

Next day I got a letter saying that I might have him. I sent John Pye to fetch him, and he never was fired. On the 7th June I sent John Leigh a cheque for £500. I was anxious to get him back, for my "testimonial" friends had decided that my portrait should be painted on "Iris".

After Sir Francis Grant had finished his picture

I took "Iris" home to Fife, and hunted there that season with Colonel Gardyne. Next summer I sent him to the horse show at Islington, and got second prize. He went straight from Charleton to the show and was not looking well. Sir Watkin Wynn's "Speculation" was first, but "Iris" was the better horse of the two.

Next season I took the Atherstone Hounds in partnership with Mr. Oakeley. One day at Bosworth "Iris" got staked, but not badly. I again sent him to Islington and got first prize. He also got the first prize at Peterborough and Wetherby shows.

"The following autumn I had to give up after the cub-hunting season, and again had a sale at Tattersall's. "Iris" was again sold for £380. He was lame at the time, having been pricked in shoeing. He was bought by Mr. Thomas. I said that I would deliver him sound, and of course intended to keep him till he was sound. On going to the stable I found that he was already taken away. Mr. Thomas had him examined by a vet., who said that he had many maladies. However, he sent him home to South Wales.

"CORDRIGLAN, CARDIFF,

"23rd October, 1870.

"DEAR SIR,—

"I bought, at your sale at Tattersall's on Monday last, your horse 'Iris'. At the time of sale he was lame, and you know Edmund Tattersall warranted him sound verbally, and you said at the

same time 'you would warrant him sound'. He is *still* lame, and I have had him examined by South of Bond Street, who did not give a very satisfactory certificate. I have now got the horse down here, and this morning have had him examined by our local vet., who says that 'at present he cannot say whether the horse will be permanently lame or not'. I write to ask you, therefore, how we stand. Do you still consider yourself liable to have him returned? I must tell you candidly I am extremely fond of the horse, and would not part with him for any consideration, and if I thought it was only a 'bruise' in his foot I would not trouble you any further. I heard you say 'he had never been lame before'. Would you oblige me with a line stating your opinion of the horse's lameness, and from what cause, and if you consider him returnable as unsound?

"I believe 'Iris' was a great favourite of yours. Be assured that he has fallen into good hands.

"Believe me,

"Yours very faithfully,

"GEORGE THOMAS."

I replied :—

"MANCETTER MANOR, ATHERSTONE,

"26th October, 1870.

"DEAR SIR,—

"I received your letter last night on my return home, and I happened to be in Tattersall's office when Mr. Pain opened your letter on Monday. I am not surprised to hear that 'Iris' is not yet sound, as it must take some time for his foot to

grow. I don't know if I am bound to take him back, but I am quite willing to do so if you wish it, and there is not another hunter like him in England.

“According to my intention and the terms of my warranty he should never have left my possession till he was sound. I said I would warrant him sound and *deliver* him sound, and I expected that whoever got him would have spoken to me on the subject. I intended to take him home, and as soon as he was sound write to whoever bought him to send their V.S. and satisfy themselves as to his soundness. The moment the sale was over I went to the stable to ask who had got him, but I found he was gone, and I could not find where, and by your taking him away you prevented me from delivering him sound as I intended.

“I have no doubt about his getting sound, but every time you show him to a V.S. who gives a certificate of unsoundness you detract from his value, and if they remove his shoe and pare his foot for their own information, it will take more time to get him sound than I anticipated.

“I don't want him back, for I don't know what on earth to do with him at Torquay, where I go next week; but if you wish to get rid of him, and will put him into my stables no worse than when you bought him, Tattersall's shall return your cheque.

“I will tell you all about him that you may judge of his previous soundness. I got him four years old. The first season I had him we had a

difference of opinion as to jumping a brook with hedge on other side. He jumped the brook well enough, but I could not prevent him turning round and jumping back again. The consequence was we tumbled in four times, and in his struggles he chipped the speedy cut place on his knee. You might think it was done in his action, which is not the case.

“He won the first prize for hunters and best of any class at Peterborough, 1868, and again at Wetherby same year. As Islington he was second last year and first this year, and each time was examined by a different V.S.

“About four years ago he had a slight thickening of the sheath of the tendon on his off leg, but he never was lame with it, and it got almost as fine as the other.

“He was sold at Tattersall’s, May, 1869, to Mr. Padwick for £375, who resold him to Mr. John Leigh for £500, and I gave Mr. Leigh £500 to get him back again. After the Islington Show this summer he was put into a loose-box on sawdust for two months, when he was taken up to be shod. The sawdust had worked into the nail holes of the outside heel of his near foot and festered, which caused the smith to cut his foot down. His shoes were removed about a fortnight before he went to Tattersall’s. On the Monday previous he went short, and his shoe was taken off and his foot put into a poultice for two days. Cartwright the V.S. happened to be here on some business for Mr. Oakeley. He examined him and said a nail was

driven too close and his foot too much pared down. When his shoe was again put on he was quite sound. I rode him on the Thursday, and he never went better. I also gave Lord Wenlock a ride on him, and he wanted to buy him on the spot! I rode alongside of him from the station to Tattersall's and he was sound then, and he was sound on Saturday morning, but he began to go short on Saturday afternoon. On Monday his shoe was removed, and he went worse than before; and you know what has been done with him since.

“It is a very long story, but now you know all about it, and I am willing to do anything you like. Only please give me as long warning as you can if you intend to send him back, as I have to go to Scotland on Friday to take my family to Torquay next week.”

I sent John Pye down to bring the horse back or a cheque.

“CORDRIGLAN, CARDIFF,
“3rd November, 1870.

“MY DEAR SIR,—

“John Pye has been with me this morning, and he will tell you what passed. I have written to-day to Messrs. Tattersall to tell them to send you cheque for ‘Iris,’ as I intend keeping him. I regret that you should have had trouble in this matter.

“In great haste,

“Believe me,

“Yours very truly,

“GEORGE THOMAS.

“J. ANSTRUTHER THOMSON, Esq.”

Next year I saw him at the horse show at Islington. Mr. Thomas sent him, not knowing that he could not compete, having already won the first prize. An elderly man in a livery coat was riding him. They asked him to have a jump. When he got near the fence his rider raised his hand with a switch in it. "Iris" nipped round, jumped the barrier over the heads of the spectators, hit his head against one of the iron posts which support the gallery, which knocked him down and spread all the spectators in every direction. He was then sent back to his box and no more seen. That was the last time I saw him.

CHAPTER III.

TORQUAY AND JACK RUSSELL.

I TOOK a house at Torquay, St. Michael's, close to the station. The Fortescues lived at Oxton, just up above us. We went there on 18th November, 1871.

I received the following from George Whyte-Melville :—

“22 ONSLOW GARDENS, LONDON,
“ 17th November, 1871.

“ MY DEAR JACK,—

“ I have been writing a hunting song for *Bailey's Magazine* for a *houndsman*, as poor Sutton used to say. May I dedicate it to you? I send you a proof in case you should think it *too rotten*.

“ Ever yours very truly,

“ G. J. WHYTE-MELVILLE.”

“ P.S.—I helped to hunt a deer yesterday for three hours. He ran some ten miles, but the country was light, and the pace parliamentary.”

I replied that I should be very proud, but did not approve of two expressions. “You cheer ‘Bachelor’ with ‘Yo-ge-ote’; in Walker's hound

language and in mine that means 'stop'; and hounds have 'broth' not 'soup'."

"22nd November, 1871.

"MY DEAR JACK,—

"Many thanks for corrections to the ditty—great authors differ in all sciences, as in history. I think, but will not be sure, that *The Diary of a Huntsman* in its vocabulary gives 'Yo-ge-ote,' 'Try here again'. Apperley ('Nimrod') makes Osbaldiston, in the famous *Quarterly Review* run, cheer a hound that hits off the line with, 'Yo do it, Pastime,' as she feathers her stern down a hedgerow. But I do not consider him so trustworthy as yourself, who are second only to the original 'Nimrod,' inasmuch as the whole of his country between the rivers must have carried a worse scent than Harleston Heath itself.¹

"The 'soup' I cannot do without, on account of the rhyme; and you *must* remember Jorrocks' reply to the churchwardens when they indicted him for a nuisance, and asked him why he stacked dead horses: 'Soup, soup'. You see how well I have got up my derivations. As soon as the wind blows from the south, and the frost goes, I am due in Dorsetshire.

"Yours ever,

"G. J. WHYTE-MELVILLE."

¹ A bad scenting covert in the Pytchley country.

THE KING OF THE KENNEL.

Dedicated to John Anstruther Thomson, Esq., by G. F. Whyte-Melville.

“Clara fuga, ante alios, et primus in aequore pulvis.”

The sire from the Belvoir, the dam from the Quorn,
The pick of their litter our puppy was born ;
And the day he was entered he flew to the horn,
But rating and whipcord he treated with scorn.

Gently, Bachelor !
Have a care ! Have a care !

So eager to find, and so gallant to draw,
Though a wilder in covert a huntsman ne'er saw,
'Twas a year and a half ere he'd listen to law,
And many's the leveret hung out of his maw.

'Ware hare, Bachelor !
'Ware hare ! 'Ware hare !

On the straightest of legs and the roundest of feet,
With ribs like a frigate his timbers to meet,
With a fashion and fling and a form so complete,
That to see him dance over the flags is a treat !

Here, here, boy ! Bachelor !
Handsome and good !

But fashion and form without nose are in vain,
And in March or mid-winter, storm, sunshine and rain,
When the line has been foiled, or the sheep leave a stain,
His fox he accounts for again and again.

Yooi ! Wind him, Bachelor,
All through the wood !

He guides them in covert, he leads them in chase,
Though the young and the jealous try hard for his place :
'Tis Bachelor always is first in the race—
He beats them for nose, and he beats them for pace.

Hark forward to Bachelor !
From daylight to dark !

Where the fallows are dry, where manure has been thrown,
With a storm in the air, with the ground like a stone,
When we're all in a muddle, beat, baffled, and blown,
See ! Bachelor has it ! Bill, let him alone !

Speak to it, Bachelor !
Go hark to him ! Hark !

That time in December—the best of our fun—
 Not a mile from the gorse, ere we'd hardly begun,
 Heading straight to the river—I thought we were done—
 But 'twas Bachelor's courage that made it a run.

Yooi ! over, Bachelor !

Yooi ! over, old man !

As fierce as a torrent, as full as a tank,
 That a hound ever crossed it his stars he may thank !
 While I watched how poor Benedict struggled and sank,
 There was Bachelor shaking his sides on the bank.

Forward on, Bachelor !

Catch ye who can !

From the find to the finish, the whole blessed day,
 How he cut out the work ! how he showed us the way !
 When our fox doubled back where the fallow-deer lay,
 How he stuck to the line, and turned short with his prey !

Yoi-yooite, Bachelor !

Right, for a crown !

Though so handy to cast, and so patient to stoop,
 He'll dash at his fox like a hawk in her swoop ;
 When his bristles are up you may swear it's who-whoop !
 And he carries the head marching home to his soup !

Sess ! Sess ! Bachelor !

Lap and lie down.

Jack was better, and we got out hunting sometimes quietly. He passed a good deal of his time at Glynn with the Vyvians, who were very kind to him.

I used to go out hunting with Mr. Trelawny, and often went to Ivybridge. Will Boxall was huntsman ; Dick Yeo, whipper-in. The terriers were carried in panniers on a pony ridden by a boy, Fred Back, who afterwards was huntsman to Mr. Calmady at Tetcott. I bought "Bachelor," a brown horse, from Pettrick (Pedrick) at Exeter for £90, and John Darby sent me "Benedict," a good

match for him. He also sent me a beautiful chestnut thoroughbred horse, "Sarchedon," but he had a big knee and sometimes went lame.

We stayed a few days at the hotel at Penzance. Western Hounds met at Logan Rock on 8th March, 1872. Rained torrents till 12 o'clock. A nice useful pack, rather small; hounds looked well, very handy and very sensible; drew the rocks wonderfully well, creeping into every hole and climbing like squirrels (Lord Portsmouth's drafts chiefly). The huntsman, named Thomson, a Yorkshireman, a good-looking, very little fellow, with blue eyes and a long nose; stoops very much and full of action, both legs and arms; never quiet for a moment; on a little well-bred horse with snaffle bridle. He trotted to the edge of a precipice and craned over in a way to make your hair stand on end. His coat sleeves were very loose and his arms waving, and he always looked as if he would fly away. He has a good voice and good hound language, but the wind and waves make such a row a man's voice is not heard far. He was very active on foot and ran like a lamplighter. He hunted Mr. Morgan's hounds near Aberystwith, and before that was with Sir E. Kerrison.

The field consisted of five Mr. Bolithos, Reginald Trelawny and his son. Jack rode a bay mare that went in the carriage belonging to the hotel. I rode a black mare of Richard's (the fly man). She was drawing a cartload of oats the day before. She was a capital fencer.

When we got to them they were drawing the

Logan Rock and looked like seagulls, some of them right up against the sky ; two or three fishermen in blue jerseys climbing like cats and keeping near the water's edge ; the huntsmen on foot on the top and hounds between them.

Drew several miles of cliff. At last hounds showed a drag at the top and a fisherman shouted "tally ho," being close to the fox on ledge of rock. The fox ran up a ravine to the top ; unluckily hounds viewed him and opened such a chorus ; chased him down again and he got into a cleft of the rock and we had to leave him. Trotted inland and drew some brakes blank ; went and refreshed at Mr. Samuel Hervey's, a fine old farmer and very keen on the hunt. Found a fox in a brake ; hounds never found him properly, a single hound flashing along the rack way ; when they went away they ran miles together, It was very suspicious, and from what I heard after I think he came by rail. A good deal of grass, low stone-faced banks, wet and boggy in places, rough gorsy field and not a tree to be seen, lots of stones and ruined pumping engine houses.

Ivybridge, Tuesday, 12th March.—Started from Torquay at 7.40, to meet the Four Burrow Hounds. A fine bright morning. Uniack, Dr. Ratclyffe Hall and his son, Whitehead. At Newton met Mr. and Miss Widborne, W. Hole, etc. When we got to Brent saw fog on the hills, and at Kingsbridge road could not see at all. Rode on to Biddicombe Bridge Inn, kept by Gregory, huntsman of Torquay Harriers ; left Morton and chestnut horse there ; rode on to

Ivybridge on brown horse; thick fog and torrents of rain; sat shivering for an hour. My horse was so cold he wished to lie down; at last trotted off to Cleve. Cleared about one o'clock; trotted back to Rutts Brake.

A useful, boney, diligent pack of hounds; plenty of tongue. Nineteen and a half couple. Babbage rode a rat-tailed slow horse in the morning. When they went on the moor the squire gave him his second horse, a nice bay mare, and unfortunately she broke down. Limpetty, Trelawny's old huntsman, rode his second horse, a short bob-tailed Irish-looking black. Williams' own horses very clever.

I went to Lukesland, Colonel Granville's, to dine and sleep. George Williams, Henry Williams, Edward Williams, Robbins Forster, Sydney, Davy and Tucker were out. Mr. Lamb now lives at Ivybridge; a good sporting lot.

Mr. Trelawny's hounds at Brent Station. Went on with Colonel and Mrs. Granville, Sir Chas. Staveley, Mr. St. Aubyn and Mr. Calmady. Rode Mr. Widborne's mare, "Alice Grey". A fine morning, found on Brent Hill, got away directly and ran to Bloodypool Brake; got to ground in the drain; put the terrier in and bolted a brace.

Annen, Sir W. Carew's keeper, was holding Dick's horse, he being on foot in the covert. When the fox went away he ran off and took the horse with him. Boxall started with four couple, Dick running after his horse. I turned back and found the rest running a fox at the other end of the covert;

stopped them and set off after Boxall. But some hounds left behind threw their tongues and my lot broke away again. The fox had gone away and they ran as hard as they could go. I could not get over the fence, and had to go to the gate and could not catch them, I got into a lane after galloping about seven fields, found I was before them, went back and found they had killed on Stranger's Rocks, a heap of stones. I cut off the brush, chucked her up, picked up the head and trotted after the field. I said, "I must tell you what I have done, squire, in case you should think I have been poaching". He was quite pleased.

Found in Dowland Brake, fox had gone; two hounds flashed on and the boy stopped them. A single hound got away and the usual splutter commenced; up a very steep hill; ran on to the river and checked among some stones opposite an engine: Boxall held them up the next hill and got a line on the top (said to be a fresh fox); set to and ran hard and crossed the river again. Mr. Bowden, Dick Yeo, Miss Bulteel, myself and Mr. Lamb nearest the hounds. Many of the field had never crossed the river and nicked in again. On the top of the hill hounds overran the line or were driven off it. A hound on my left hit it off; I whistled and Dick put them on heel way; Rendell and I stopped them. Just then Hole and Parker viewed a fox over the next bog; carried the hounds right on to it, and ran very fast till we got to some beastly bogs on the side of a hill with a brook at the bottom. Dick,

Miss Bulteel, a man in black, myself and Tucker (F.B.H.) crossed at once, the rest going on above the bog, led by Calmady, Bowden, etc. Hounds got out of our sight. On getting to top of the hill saw them near the river, Calmady's white horse, Dick and Miss Bulteel having got to them. We were down wind and the turn towards us; galloped down to Dartmoor Bridge Road, near Holne, and stood still till they came to us and ran the road towards Holne; I being first crossed the road and ran on to the edge of the moor.

Boxall hunted the line into the village but never could get out. Next day we were told the fox came out of the farm-buildings. About one hour; a real good run. Mr. Wildborne's mare carried me capitally and no sign of surrender. After the hounds got free of the horses, they ran well, but are very silent. No one went better than Miss Bulteel on a grey pony; Dick Yeo's mare carried him capitally; about fifteen miles home.

One day with Mr. Trelawny's hounds we had a good run—forty minutes—and ran a fox to ground. In the middle of the moor I looked at my watch. On the way home I saw Colonel Granville standing on the top of a little hill. On galloping to meet him, my horse pecked over a big stone and I nearly tumbled over his head. On getting near the railroad station one of the children asked me, "What o'clock?" I felt, and said, "By Jove! I've lost my watch!" I turned round and galloped back to the moor (about four miles) to where Colonel Granville

had been standing, got the print of my horse's feet, and walked on "spooring heel way," and picked up my watch.

1872.—In the beginning of January I went up to Atherstone for a few days, and wrote a report of the proceedings to my boy at Torquay.

"CLIFF,

"MONDAY, 15th January, 1872.

"MY DEAR JACK,—

"Pretty hard frost this morning; met at Red Gate. I rode an old horse of Newdegate's and a thoroughbred mare of Harry Boucherett's; lots of people out. Found in a little square cover near Lindley House which we drew in the frost; ran into Lindley Gorse. Three foxes came in, out at top end and up to Ambion. I cut on and viewed him away before the hounds got in; ran up to Stapleton Rough and lost him; went on to Kirkby and got on him again, and fresh found him; ran to Stapleton village and back fast to Ambion. Here we had seven or eight on foot, and changed and holload for a long time—so long that I ate bread and cheese and sat at the fire in old Bradfield's house—and at last came away towards Bosworth, and stopped the hounds on account of Sir A. Dixie's death.

"We came down to the brook where I tumbled in with 'Whalebone' last year. Charlie Newdegate told me the mare would not jump water, so of course I expected to tumble in again, but I did not. Bailey funk'd it and positively stopped, and Will

and I had to stop the hounds. We then found at five minutes to four in Sibson Wolds, and ran a ring over Welsborough Hill to Congerstone, and stopped in the dark. Hounds too fat; Bailey holloas too much and cannot ride as well as I expected. I shall go with the Pytchley on Wednesday, and have telegraphed to John Darby to mount me. Baxter was out to-day on his grey horse, which is much improved, and he looked very respectable. Bob Harper was the greatest swell out, with a new black coat, blue bird's-eye neck cloth, a bouquet, and faultless boots and breeches. I am going to lunch with him to-morrow. Blackwood was out with his wife in the pony carriage. They dine here to-day, and Donkey Perkins and the Admiral.

“I think I have spun my yarn now.

“Your aff. father,

“J. ANSTRUTHER THOMSON.

“Old Dick has a cold and is rather seedy. Young Dick very fat, and his breeches so tight it must be a struggle to get out of them.”

Rev. Jack Russell was staying with us at Torquay. I wished to see the staghounds on Exmoor, so he wrote to the master, Fenwick Bisset. He replied:—

“BAGBOROUGH, TAUNTON,

“16th January, 1872.

“MY DEAR RUSSELL,—

“I can't understand any sane man (unless he lives at Oare or Simonsbath, where he can turn into his snuggery at any moment and leave the

hounds to get home as they best can) wishing to ride over Exmoor Forest at this time of year. And if you had been at Cloutsham one quarter as often as I have been since stag-hunting, and knew how almost impossible it is to get one of those infernal hinds away, you would scarcely try to take Jack Thomson there by way of seeing a run over the moor. Besides, I don't like having special meets in *that* country for my friends, if I do not likewise have them when asked by my still better friends the farmers. It is *no use* going to Cloutsham for Thomson or any one else. It's twenty to one against getting a hind away, and if you do, what pleasure can there be in riding over that country as it is now? Now, please, be satisfied with Winsford Hill. I have just come home after killing a young hind which had gone to sea below Quantox Head. That makes three deer up here killed in seven days of infernal weather and bad luck, and the hounds will go home on *Saturday next*, meeting at *Middle Hill* on *Thursday*. Next week, *Tuesday* will be *Haddon*, and *Friday* *Mountsey Hill Gate*. John will not return with them, but Thomson is welcome to ride any of my horses, and, if you like to take him to Rhyll, the place is at your service, notwithstanding Bellew's notice to quit.

“Yours sincerely,

“W. FENWICK BISSET.

“If you intend to go to Rhyll write in good time. If Thomson will ride one of my horses write to Payne.”

Thursday, 14th March.—Hoo Meavy. Mr. Leamon's hounds at Mr. Deacon's house. Rode chestnut horse from Lukesland with Calmady; a very wet morning. Brunskill and young Arthur White overtook us at Carnwood; met Babbage and Boxall; got on to Mr. Scobell's house. Calmady and I put our horses in; the others went on, hounds having gone on, and drew two coverts before we got to them.

Two thin, delicate-looking old men, twin brothers, seventy-two years old, with white hair, very gentle and courteous in manner, red cut-away coats, white cords, black boots, caps and gloves, most respectable, and nothing slang about them. They are so like you can hardly tell them apart, and both mounted on low, well-bred bay horses. The huntsman has a good voice and a cheery view-holloa and a high-pitched horn, rather squeaky. He is a good horseman.

Hounds are small and light; many light-coloured ones among them; don't look high-bred fox-hounds; rather sharp noses, and feathery on their sterns and breeches. Very close hunters and, like all hounds not whipped-in, as obstinate as mules, and take no notice of anybody except the master. They are handy and obedient to him, and go through coverts quietly and don't stop behind.

Sam Lang assists on foot. He is 6 ft. 2 in. high and broad in proportion. He stands on the opposite hill and telegraphs. One day, the master not out, Sam was mounted and by good luck killed a

bad fox. Going home he met some farmers, "What 'a dune, Sam?" said they. "What 'a dune? —ax they," pointing to the hounds; "they 'a gotten 'im in they bellies."

We found in a big wood, opposite Yannuton Rocks, and ran a few times round the cover and away over Ringmoor Down, and it looked quite like a run, but he was headed, and turned into a small gorse and back again into the wood, where we ran about two hours; three or four foxes on foot. Foot-people had the best of it, and I sat on a rock with old Arthur White, a fine old sportsman. At last nine couple of hounds hunted a line away over the top of Leather Tor. Babbage, Boxall, Trelawny, etc., were on the right side; I was not. I got into a road to cross the river, and when I got to the right side hounds were going over the rocks of Leather Tor, Babbage on his grey leading and about half way up. I saw a road over the moor about half a mile to the left, got into it, and galloped to the top of the next hill and pulled up. Hounds crossed within 100 yards of me, and I was half a mile before any one. We ran fast over some beastly rocky ground. Colonel Radcliffe and Brunskill here caught me. On again, past some cottages; checked among some sheep; got on a tramway some distance; boys said, "Fox gone quarter an hour"; turned to the right up a gully and crossed tramway again. Trelawny and Harrison (42nd) caught us and three hounds. Hunted up to the granite works; picked every inch out, all over stones, through quarries,

swearing to every step; hunted it away at the top and began to mend in pace over the top of Ring Tor. The others went to the left; I went down wind and over the top and came opposite a gate in a moor wall and got away again alone; had good galloping to Merivale Bridge. There I was in the same field with them and pulled a shoe off in a boggy place. I stopped and walked back and picked up my shoe before Colonel Radcliffe came up; hounds then going up the opposite hill. I showed him where to go, and went to look for a smith. Trelawny and rest came up on the road. No smith within two miles. I borrowed a hammer and tacked on the shoe, but could not clench it, and it came off again. Hole and Parker came up; they all had gone too far on the Tavistock road and galloped nearly to Peter Tavy. Colonel Radcliffe turned with the hounds between Cogh Tor and Rose Tor and ran the fox to ground in Mist Tor. I got my shoe on near Tavistock and went back to Merivale Bridge. It was beginning to get dark, and I heard old Leamon blowing on Mist Tor with the hounds. He was seven hounds short; he said, "Brother will bring them home". I waited for him, and he showed me the way by Waukhampton, Sheeptor, Ringmoor Down, Beliver Bridge, Corn Wood. I got to Ivybridge at 7.15; Biddicomb, 7.30; Lukesland, 8.10. Calmady and all the others did not get away, and went home.

The two Mr. Leamons were wonderful men, and I should think no one ever kept foxhounds for so

little money. They did most of their own kennel work, and one morning, when both were old men, they arrived at a fixture with the pack some fifteen miles from the kennel punctually at eleven o'clock. The owner of the house where the meet was went out and said, "Why, Mr. Leamon, you are here to a minute, after your long ride". "Yes, we were up early this morning, killed and skinned a horse, lit the copper fire, and got everything ready for feeding on our return."

When past sixty years of age, one night after hunting one of them said to the other, "I have been thinking neither of us can have much longer to live in this world, and it will be a terrible thing for the survivor to have to remain here alone. Don't you think one of us ought to marry?" "Yes," was the reply, "I have thought so for a long time." "Well, do you know of any lady?" "Yes, I do. Is there any one you fancy?" On comparing notes it appeared they had both selected the same woman, the manageress of the hotel at Okehampton. "Well," said one, "we have lived together all these years without a wry word, and it's a pity we should fall out at our time of life." So they tossed up which should marry her. The winner rode down to Okehampton next morning, and was accepted. All three lived together, and the wife nursed both brothers in their last illness, was left their money, and is, I believe, alive now, as she was only about thirty years of age when this happened.

An account of the Ivybridge Hunt dinner:—

"Once a year the veteran M.F.H., Mr. Charles

Trelawny, is joined by the friends of Four Burrow Hunt in hunting the moor about Ivybridge for a week. The gathering for 1872 has been celebrated this week. The dinner was held at Mallet's London Hotel, Ivybridge. The company included all the most noted foxhunters of the two counties, and they chose for their president Mr. W. Horndon, who had on his right Mr. C. Trelawny, Captain Anstruther Thomson (late Master of the Pytchley Hunt) and Colonel Coryton; and on the left Mr. George Williams (Master of the Four Burrow Hunt) and Mr. Edward Scobell. The vice-chair was filled by Mr. W. F. Collier. . . .

“The chairman gave ‘Fox-hunting, and the health of Mr. Trelawny’. Their worthy master had for thirty years been the author of innumerable days of pleasure and diversion to a vast number of people, and secured to them all those advantages which attached to the hunting-field. His name was held in reverence all over the country, and although they were remote from the aristocratic fox-hunting districts, nowhere was the sport followed with more enthusiasm. Towards their worthy master they all had the warmest possible feelings.

“Mr. Trelawny was received with the most enthusiastic cheering, and said he really felt, as he did always on these occasions, delighted and exceedingly obliged to them for the hearty, cheery manner in which they were so kind as to drink his health. It told him that never, with all the perplexities of his position, had he seriously hurt any

man's feelings. They now had with them one whom they felt proud to have in their company—a man of mark in all England, Captain Anstruther Thomson, who, although coming from the plain country of Leicester, had got over the rough country of Dartmoor in the cleverest manner, always to the front ready to assist the hounds. He therefore begged them to drink that gentleman's health.

“Captain Thomson, in responding, said: ‘Although I confess that I left the great grass fields and the flying fences of the midland counties with great regret, I congratulate myself very much that my lot has fallen among so many kind friends and good sportsmen. I have renewed many old acquaintances and made many new friends; I have added somewhat to my stock of fox-hunting knowledge, and I have seen many men and many things which you can only see in the western counties. First of all, I have seen my dear old friend, Jack Russell, whose absence to-night I much deplore. I hear that he has ricked his back, but I trust he will soon recover, and follow the chase with his usual vigour. I have seen Lord Portsmouth's hounds, a first-rate pack, and one which would do credit to any country. I have seen Mark Rolle's, also a very workman-like establishment; and Mr. Westlake's, the South Devon. Although somewhat short of foxes, they are under the management of a very skilful sportsman. I have seen the Four Burrow in their own country—a most useful working pack. Their country is not *like Leicestersheere*, as the whipper-in malici-

ously remarked when he thought I had tumbled into a ditch full of water. Luckily for me it was the man behind me. Well, the country is not quite like Leicestershire, but it is one where you may see a good deal of sport. And now Mr. Williams has brought his hounds here and treated us to such a day's sport to-day that he deserves our warmest thanks. I then went a little further south and saw the western hounds draw the Logan Rock, and scrambling over cliffs where nothing but the seagull had ever perched before. I then saw them find a fox in a gorse inland and account for him in good form. I have seen another thing that you can see nowhere except in the western counties: two old gentlemen, twin brothers (Messrs. Leamon), seventy-two years of age, hunting hounds, whipping-in to each other, and conducting the whole operation in a business-like, respectable and systematic manner, without any flourish about it, and able to give a lesson to many swells in more swell countries. And now I have seen the squire's hounds. I have also seen two dogs go out hunting on horseback, a sight which you can see in no other country. I have seen the squire's hounds run in such a form that I begin to have some faith in your moors, and to understand why you all talk of them with such enthusiasm. Last, and not least, I have had the privilege of renewing my acquaintance, and I trust obtaining the friendship, of the worthy squire of Coldrennick, who combines a cordiality and dignity which captivates your affection and commands your respect. Long



THE REV. JACK RUSSELL.

may he gallop over the wilds of Dartmoor with the energy of a boy, and preside over you with the courtesy of an English gentleman. I thank him for his kindness to me ; I thank you for the honour you have done me, and the cordiality with which you have received me."

After dinner they knocked for horses, being bound to deliver them alive next morning. The owner was allowed to have one bid. They put up my horse and I bought him in at £65. I sold him next day to Mr. Davy for £65.

Some time after this Jack Russell and I were staying with Mark Rolle. We hunted one day with his hounds. Mr. Lancaster, who had a pack, offered to mount us both next day. Rolle sent us over in a carriage. It was a rum establishment. Chubb was the huntsman, and Tom Wilton, now the hound dealer at Shepherd's Bush, whipper-in, and George Roebuck, feeder, who had been with me at Brixworth. Mr. Lancaster broke at the end of the season, and the men got no wages.

We got back to Mark Rolle's, and when we sat down to dinner Russell got on his horse with saddlebags, and rode home to do his Sunday duty. I said to him, "I have never heard you preach". He said, "Come over to-morrow ; I have the afternoon service at Swimbridge".

I got a gig next morning and drove over to Dennington to lunch, and went to church with him. He had a fine deep voice, and his reading was most impressive, and his preaching earnest and straight-

forward. Mrs. Russell was not well and did not come down to dinner. Next morning it was snowing hard. He came into my room at eight o'clock, and said, "There is not a pack of hounds within twenty miles to-day. Ever seen the Doones Houses? Well, let's go there."

After breakfast he mounted me on an old thoroughbred mare with one eye and a long coat, and off we trotted. After going a couple of miles, I said, "Don't go so fast, I can't keep up with you". He said, "Change with me, I know her ways," and I got on his little black horse, the one he was painted on.

The Doones Houses were about twelve miles over the moor, and the snow melted by degrees. When we got there he said, "May as well see Lynmouth, about six miles further," so on we went and had lunch with a charming lady, whose name I forget. When we got out of the village he started and galloped the whole way back to Dennington, view-holloaing like a boy.

Mrs. Russell came down to dinner to meet me—I believe the last time she ever dined downstairs. After dinner I got into a post-chaise, drove to Barnstaple, got into the train, and arrived at Torquay at 11 P.M.

20th March.—Poltimore's Hounds, last day they hunted. Melbury drive end, 12.45. Went to Exeter on Tuesday. Sold Lady Erskine's horse to Pedrick. He gave me a mount on a one-eyed grey horse.

Met Lord Digby and Marker at the meet at

11 o'clock. Went up to Melbury, had some food and saw the house and garden; a beautiful new library just built. Ilchester and his brother-in-law came from Abbotsbury. Jack Evans appeared with a smiling countenance.

Hounds fine drawn and very fit. Bob Wright first whip from Lothians; he goes to Lord Middleton's. Smith, second whip, goes to T. Hammond. Woodcock, second horseman, goes as second whip to Cotswold.

Drew some outside places blank; found in Rag Copse. Melbury beastly "dumbly" place, very deep. Hunted him round about. Hounds first-rate in their work, very cheery and very diligent.

Evans has a fine voice and a good horn. The men have good hound language. Hunted up to him at last, and to ground in a hedge, close at him; hounds dug like badgers. Evans said, "We will leave him and go and find another". Just then the hounds pulled him out. I said, "I want to see if you look as solemn as you look in the picture". "Now then, sir, I'll show you the right thing," and held the fox up with a shining face and his mouth wide open.

In the month of March I was staying at Eggesford with Lord Portsmouth, and we agreed that it was a pity that no further steps had been taken to form the Hunt Servants' Benefit Society. I wrote to the following Masters of Hounds—Leconfield; G. Lane Fox; Macclesfield; James Hall; Poltimore; J. Chaworth Musters; Ports-

mouth ; Francis Scott ; H. Chaplin—and we sent out this circular :—

“ HUNT SERVANTS’ BENEFIT SOCIETY.

“ A meeting was held at York, on 3rd August, 1871, when a committee was appointed, but no further meeting took place. The rules and regulations have been carefully drawn up, the rates of subscriptions have been advisedly fixed by an experienced actuary. The society will consist of honorary members and benefit members.

“ The objects of the society are to provide to benefit members : (1) A weekly allowance in case of sickness or accident ; (2) To provide an annuity after the age of sixty-five years ; (3) To make a provision for widows and children. These payments are calculated on the bare subscriptions of benefit members, and will be considerably increased by the contributions of honorary members.

“ Persons may become honorary members on payment of a donation of £5, or an annual subscription of £1, which will form a fund for the purpose of increasing the payments to benefit members.

“ Huntsmen and whippers-in of any pack of foxhounds or staghounds in the United Kingdom may become benefit members on paying an entrance fee of £1, and an annual subscription according to scale, to participate in any or all of the three provisions before stated, the subscription to be paid on the 1st of January.

“ Mr. Anstruther Thomson consents to act as interim honorary secretary.”

The first meeting was held at Tattersall's, May, 1872. Patron, H.R.H. Prince of Wales; president, The Duke of Buccleuch; vice-presidents, Duke of Beaufort, Duke of Grafton, Duke of Rutland, The Marquis of Waterford, The Master of the Buckhounds. Messrs. Herries & Farquhar, 16 St. James's Street, will receive donations, or they may be paid to Messrs. Tattersall, by P. O. order to the Knightsbridge Post Office.

I stated at the meeting that the subscriptions amounted to £2,000, but I should not be satisfied till they amounted to £20,000. The funds of the society now invested (1901) amount to £52,362 14s. 3d.

1872.—We left Torquay on the 1st of May and returned to Mancetter. Jack went to stay at St. Pierre with the Lewises. He went out with Mrs. Lewis and was riding her horse. He jumped a bank, but did not do it well, so had another try and tumbled over it, and the horse rolled over him. Two or three days after he broke a blood-vessel and was laid up for a month. I immediately went to him. Mr. and Mrs. Lewis were very kind and did everything they could for him, and he got better by degrees. He came back to Mancetter and we returned to Charleton for the summer.

I went to judge the horses at the Highland Society Show at Kelso, and while there got a telegram to say that he was again laid up. I returned home at once; this time he was not very bad. On 9th October I took him to London and consulted Sir W. Gull and Comberbatch, and settled

that he should go to the Nile for the winter, and I engaged Dr. Page to go with him. He left London on 1st Nov. The weather was not good, and they had a very troublesome and fatiguing journey to Brindisi and not a very good passage. They were joined by Sandbach, whose father had been at Eton with me, and hired a dahabeah—the *Zenobia*—a very good vessel. He was able to get out shooting, and succeeded in killing a crocodile and made a good collection of birds.

He left Egypt in April, 1873, and when he got to Rome, Dr. Pantalione wrote to me that I had better come to him, he had lost so much weight. I left home on the 6th May; left Dover on the 8th, and went to Florence without stopping; missed him there; returned to Milan and learned that he had gone to Cadenabbia, and I got to him there on the 12th, and found him much more ill than I expected. We left Cadenabbia on the 21st May to come home; got to Calais about the 7th June, but it was so rough that we did not cross for three days. On arriving in London he had an attack of pleurisy. I got a house in Onslow Square, No. 9, and he died there on the 4th July. He was buried at Kilconquhar on the 8th July. John Pye came up from Atherstone to London and was a great help to me, and went down to Charleton with us.

Letter from my mother to my wife:—



CLEMENTINA ADAM, WIFE OF JOHN ANSTRUTHER THOMSON
OF CHARLETON.

(MY MOTHER.)

“79 ONSLOW SQUARE,
“20th August, 1873.

“MY DEAR MARIA,—

“When putting away some old letters I found one from you in which you say you should like to know the *routine* of my days at Charleton. I do not think I ever answered that letter, and in truth I had no routine more than every one must have who has a husband whose wishes she must consider, and who has a house, children and servants to look after; but if you care to know how I passed my time, I will tell you as far as my memory serves me, for it is now a very old story.

“After leaving my room of a morning I had no fixed hour for anything but meals. We breakfasted at 9 and dined at 5 or 5.30 in early days. After breakfast I ordered dinner, etc., etc., and John's father rode over his farm; then I possibly wrote letters or went into the garden or read my book. We rode out, or if J. was hunting, which was only twice a week, or he had gone up to one of the farms or to Cupar, I either spent my time in the garden or drove out and visited my neighbours occasionally.

“In summer evenings we used to have pleasant walks making plans for improvements. In winter read, and I worked or played on the piano. We had often the doctor or the minister or sometimes a stray man came to dinner, for in those days a man would come in or send his groom before with

saddlebags and come and stay a night or two. All visitors came for a night or two, either offering to come or by invitation, but company dinners were unknown. The old Colonel and the sisters often came over from Coates, and we went there.

“We used to go to visit for a couple of days in the county, for, as there were no railroads, few strangers came amongst us. My father and aunt and my brothers (when on leave) were very much with us, and Blair Adam was another home to the children in later days. In 1810 we spent a winter at my father’s in London, when Eleanor was a year old, and after that I was never out of Scotland for thirteen years. We used to visit in E. Lothian and in Perthshire, and I think I have slept in most houses in Fife.

“Sometimes these visits *were stupid* enough, but sometimes very pleasant—Dunikier, Balbirnie, Birkhill, Mount Melville, were the most frequent, and, nearer home, Largo, Kilconquhar, Gilston, but not much at Balcarres. Mr. Lindsay and John’s father did not suit each other, but Mrs. L. and I visited.

“In early days Sir Robert was the only inmate at Balcaskie, and a three o’clock dinner was rather a penitence—another three o’clock dinner at Innergellie. Mrs. Lumsden was our aunt, a dear kind old lady, but the laird was a very rough old soldier.

“As the children grew up, of course, more of my time was occupied with them. They had their fixed hours with the governess, some of them rode,

others walked with their governess, and then dinner hours were later, so they dined and early visitors lunched with them.

“We twice had a house in Edinburgh for the winter. They had masters, and they always spent the evenings and all their spare time in the drawing-room, and often they danced in the evenings (always when grandpapa was with us), and the little things had a window with their own little table and toys so as to be my companions. John can tell you of these days.

“Perhaps you will think I lived a very idle life. I did not. I read a great deal and worked, and as I had to spend many months on the sofa before some of the children came I could not get out much.

“My uncle, Lord Keith, paid us a visit, and the Flauhauts twice, and the Willoughbys offered, but a storm on the Forth stopped them. It was before the days of steamers. Lord Willoughby gave John’s father shooting, so he used to go to the Highlands every year.

“In ’29 we went to Leamington for his health. He had always suffered much at times, and, as John knows, we latterly saw few people but my father, aunts and brothers, and a blessing they were to me.

“It was always my father’s desire to cherish the affection between my brothers and myself, and it has proved a comfort while they were spared, and John’s father fully shared in it; and we tried to

follow it out with our children, and I cannot tell you the blessing this has been to me for more than forty years now.

“May you be so blessed and helped and strengthened as I have been under some very sore trials. God bless you.

“Y^r. affec.

“C. A. T.

“I might have said that we sometimes made short tours to the Highlands; and when the hounds were joined with the Forfar Hounds, Jack would go there and I went once or twice. Dewar of Gilston was the family we saw most of and liked. The second daughter married Major Parsons; the third¹ Sir J. Anstruther of Elie. The eldest was my particular friend.

“I am afraid this will be difficult to read, and it is not worth your taking much trouble.”

¹ She afterwards married Dr. Marsham, Warden of Merton College, Oxford.

CHAPTER IV.

COLONEL GARDYNE AND THE FIFE HOUNDS.

IN 1872 Colonel Greenhill Gardyne was master and huntsman; one of the best masters I ever saw—long-suffering, patient and conciliating, very keen, knows well where the fox goes, and gets over a country in real good form; about 6 ft. 1 in. high, but light for his weight; can't manage his voice, and shouts instead of holloas.

He was well pleased with his season in Fife, and said, "The lairds treated me with great consideration, and gave me £100 more than they promised, which was very generous of them". He lived at Ramornie during his mastership.

Jack Shepherd, kennel huntsman; Harry Goodall, second whip, a great long quiet son of Stephen Goodall's, a very fine horseman, rather wanted quickness, but very careful with his horse, and would have made a very useful man with hounds. He enlisted in the 2nd Life Guards and became rough-riding corporal-major, and led the musical ride at the tournament in the Agricultural Hall. I frequently saw him when I went to the barracks. One day he said to me, "I should like to see a hunt again". At that time Gardyne was hunting Mr. Jarvis's hounds

in Lincolnshire, Mr. Jarvis being abroad for the season. I happened to meet one of Colonel Gardyne's sons, and said, "Tell your father that Harry Goodall would like to see a hunt again". Colonel Gardyne kindly wrote to Colonel Ewart, who granted Goodall three days' leave. He went down to Doddington and went out hunting next day in his red stable jacket, leather breeches, boots and forage cap, and rode at the head of the hunt all day. He was extremely popular with every one, and had a very good time of it. He died of consumption in the regiment about 1899.

Colonel Gardyne re-established the Forfar Hounds in 1867, there having been no pack in that country for some years. The keenness of the field and the severity of the climate is well described in the Scottish ballad by Mrs. Gardyne, of which I quote some verses:—

A SCOTTISH BALLAD.

20th January, 1870.

The frost lay east, the frost lay west,
The frost was in the ground;
The loch was ice, the hills were white,
The fields were iron-bound.

The Master looked his window forth,
An' O his face was wae:
"It's vain to dress, it's vain to mount,
We's ne'er can hunt the day".

Tramp, tramp! upon the frozen ground
The horses' hoofs ring out;
The red coats gleam—the horsemen seem
To gather all about.

An' up rode four braw gentlemen
 A' ready for the chase,
 There was Ramsay, Rait and Airlie's Earl,
 An' Lindsay's pleasant face.

"Shame on ye, laggards," cried Rait, irate ;
 "Come forth, my merry men !
 Wad ye sit a' day by the ingle neuk,
 Nor hunt the Tod frae's den ?

"The Guynd lies fresh and soft this morn,
 All open to the sea ;
 An' it be frost o'er hill and dale,
 It's no be frost wi' me !

"An' five-and-twenty Angus men
 Are ridin' at my back ;
 Good men and true, o'er fence and field,
 But where—ah ! where's the pack ? "

An' up an' spak' our Master then :
 "O haud your tongues," quo' he ;
 "Ye are na blate, that ride wi' Rait,
 An' speak sic words to me.

"Now gang your ways, fair sirs," he said,
 "Ride canny o'er the braes ;
 Ye's a' gang hame that hither came,
 An' hope for better days."

A. A. G. G.

When Colonel Babington was Master in 1864, Painting got some hounds from the Cotswold kennel. Among them was a light-coloured dog called "Wiseman," rather oversized, high on his legs, and not very good about his feet, capital shoulders, a long neck, and rather a sharp nose. He was capital in his work and very rough in his temper. He did not much improve the Fife Hounds in appearance.

Colonel Gardyne when master was very anxious to have a picture of him, and happening to mention

this one day when dining at Mr. Melville's, a gentleman present, a stranger to him, said he would be happy to paint it. To this the Colonel consented on learning that the speaker was a portrait painter who had come to paint a picture of Mr. Whyte-Melville. The artist accordingly went to the kennel, found no one at home except the feeder, who put a pair of couples on "Wiseman," who was very cross and came out with his tail between his legs and his ears back as if he was going to be hanged.

The portrait was painted, a faithful likeness, couples and all, and sent home. On seeing it the Colonel suggested that the expression was not quite happy, and that the couples should not have been introduced, and returned it to be altered. The painter altered the expression slightly, cocked up the ears, painted out the couples, but leaving the collar, and returned it to the astonished master, who at least possesses a unique picture of a foxhound.

"RAMORNIE, LADYBANK,

"12th January, 1873.

"MY DEAR THOMSON,—

"Will you take the hounds next season? I only took them for one year as an interregnum. I may go or the hunt may turn me out. Supposing they don't do that, I am too grateful for the kindness shown to me by all you Fifers, great and small, to throw the thing up in a hurry; and, indeed, I like it very much, and I know it is bad for a country to have any uncertainty about masters, and therefore I have not hinted to any one of this proposal to you;

but I am, I think, deserving well of the country in making it. You would be the right man in the right place, and all might go on smoothly, without any one feeling the change, except in so far as it is for the better. Had there been fewer foxes I should not have gone on. As it is, I could not afford it always, as it is a very tight fit now ; but seeing so good a man as you out of place, I feel that it is much the best thing, and the right thing to do. I should give up with nothing but pleasant and grateful feelings towards the ' kingdom ' and its inhabitants.

“ I remain,

“ Yours very truly,

“ (Signed) C. G. GARDYNE.”

In consequence of Colonel Gardyne's resolution, a meeting took place at Cupar, 4th February, 1873. At the meeting, in referring to my exchange of letters with Colonel Gardyne, I stated that in my reply I asked the Colonel to do entirely as he liked best, and said I by no means wished him to resign ; and should he go on with the management, assured him I would do all in my power to help him, adding at the same time that if Colonel Gardyne determined to give up the mastership, I was willing to become the Master of the Hounds with a subscription of £1,000 a year exclusive of my own amount, the country to be hunted at least two days a week, and oftener should the subscription be increased.

Having agreed to take the hounds on the 1st May, I commenced to build the kennels at Harles-

wynd (the old kennels at New Inn being thirteen miles from Charleton added a good deal to the day's work). There were some ruinous buildings at Harleswynd and two cottages. I drew the plan myself and my forester, William Johnstone, carried out the work. The kennels were finished and fires lighted on 26th September. Cub-hunting commenced on the same day at Ladybank. Hounds were moved from New Inn to Harleswynd on 1st November.

I engaged Tom Hastings as kennel huntsman; Jack Shepherd remained as second whip, and Fred Whitehall came as second horseman.

Hastings came from Mr. Egerton in Kent. I had known him for some years previously. He whipped-in to John Atkinson when Sir David Baird and Sir Alex. Kinloch were masters in East Lothian; after that he whipped-in to Bob Worrall with Warwickshire Hounds. He was a good horseman and capital whipper-in, and a very pleasant, useful servant. He caught cold hunting on foot in the snow, and at the end of the season, April, 1878, got inflammation in his lungs and had to leave. I got him a place as groom to go to Pau with Lord Howth. He was put on there as whipper-in, and sent me the following amusing letter:—

“24 AVENUE PARTE NEUVE,
“PAU, BASSE PYRNEESE, *April*, 1870.

“HONBLE. SIR,—

“I thank you very much for your kind letter, and should have answered it before, but have

been waiting till I could give you some sort of a description of the hounds and country—and the hounds when I came here were in such form as I never saw hounds before. I will tell you of two days. The first: I was out with them at exercise the first day. We left the kennels with twenty couple, all old hounds and all in couples, and for an hour we got on pretty well. But such a noise you never heard, it was nothing but yelling and cracking whips all the way. There was more row in that hour than we made in Fife all the five years I was there; and I could not *parlez vous* Francie and the huntsman could not speak a word of English, but I could make out that some of the hounds were good at running cur dogs. And I soon had proof of it, for we turned a sharp corner, and about 100 yards in front of us was a bullock waggon and such a nice cur dog, and as soon as the hounds saw him they began to dance on their hind legs, the huntsman began cracking his whip in front, his horse began dancing, the whip did the same behind, then one or two of the hounds said ‘Bow Wow,’ and away the lot went full cry, and they ran poor cur about three-quarters of a mile and rolled him over. They did not quite kill him, but he got a great fright. And these are hounds that came from Major Brown, the same blood that he gave £100 each for at Lord Poltimore’s sale, and I was glad when I saw them in the kennel safe. The second day was just such another. The first part was pretty quiet. I gave some of the worst a stripe with the whip, and I began to think we should get

safe home, but, bad luck to it, we met a French servant at exercise with two horses and three pointers, and in two minutes we had three packs of hounds running a dog each in view, the huntsman galloping up the road blowing his horn as well as he is able, the whip following cracking his whip and yelling "Get to him, get to him," and they did get to him (that is, the pointers). They never looked near the huntsman, and after about fifteen minutes I got the huntsman to stand still, then I jumped off my horse and met one pack close to their dog, knocked the leading ones over into the ditch, and in a few minutes got all stopped but a couple; then I took off my coat and thrashed them as long as I was able, and they have never run a cur since. If they look at one and I say "Ware Cur," that is plenty; and they are a very useful lot.

"The fields are not a bit bigger than your stable-yard, and nasty rotten banks, and all the country covered with gorse from six inches to two feet high, but hounds get over it. It is all very well at the time while hounds are running, and we cannot help riding and cheering them, but when it is over every sportsman must be ashamed of himself galloping after a bunch of dirty straw. But last Saturday we had something like the real thing. We ran a drag about twenty minutes, then turned a fox out of a bag and ran him an hour and three-quarters—a real good hunting run—and killed him. We have a fox every day, but they always run like a rabbit.

"I am glad to hear you have had good sport,

and hope you will have a good finish to the season. But I am sorry to hear from Major Patton you have lost Tophorn. He also told me Miss Thomson had not been very well. I hope she is better. Will you kindly make my duty to Mrs. Thomson, Mr. Charles, Mr. William, and all the others, not forgetting Master Arthur; and I wish you all a Happy New Year. I am glad to say my wife and family are all well now, but the children have been ill. And thanking you for your kind inquiries about myself. I am well; I feel no pain in the chest, and do not cough, but I have had a slight cold. The weather has been wretched, nothing but rain, snow and frosty mornings, and I am out so much. I have eight horses here and eight at the kennels, and the kennels are two miles from here, and I have the hounds to feed as well as the horses to attend to, so I have not much chance of taking care of myself. But I hope we shall soon get better weather, then it will not be so bad for me. I stop in as much as I can, but going backwards and forwards to the kennels is the worst, and I hunt three days a week.

“I hope, honourable Sir, you are well yourself, also Mrs. Thomson and family, and am

“Your obedient servant,

“THOS. HASTINGS.”

At the end of the season he was discharged. I don't think he had a very good chance, for everybody was against him. I then got him a place with Mr. Cotton, Isle of Wight Hounds, for the season.

Dick Roake got him on with Mr. Hargreaves in the stable with Old Berkshire Hounds, but he could not keep straight with his money, and kept back the men's wages.

He was sent to Tattersall's with some horses to be sold. After the sale he was found at his brother-in-law's house—a public—with his head leaning on the table, stone dead, having poisoned himself. He was a member of the Hunt Servants' Society for allowance to widow, but having destroyed himself had forfeited his claim; but the members of committee of Hunt Servants made up the sum by subscription and sent it to his widow. I think he was servant to Lord Fitzhardinge when he was at college, and he went out with General Beatson during the Crimean War.

1874.—There was a report that the mastership of the Buckhounds would be offered to Francis Lord Rosslyn. He wrote to me:—

“EASTON LODGE, DUNMOW,
“29th January, 1874.

“MY DEAR JACK,—

“I hear *privately* that Hardwicke is going to resign the Buckhounds, and that they will probably be offered to me. I don't wish to do anything in a hurry which might entail subsequent regrets; and I know no one whose judgment I value so much as yours, and I therefore write for your advice.

“In the first place, the kennel has been decimated by rabies, and Hardwicke has acted, in my

opinion, with more courage than prudence in not destroying the whole pack. This of itself would be a critical question to deal with at the outset. Then it implies nine months' residence in London out of the twelve, which I should *hate*, and compulsory and constant attendance on the Treasury Bench. Then as to the hunting, I should hate that worst of all; and I believe the farmers would *gladly* see the whole thing abolished. The salary has been raised, and is sufficient. I can't afford to spend a shilling of my own, for I have given up fox-hunting as the easiest economy I could practise. Then Ascot has outgrown itself, and the enclosure is a labour in itself not easily credited.

"My lady would like the *entrée* at Court, and I should be a P.C., but for all practical purposes I should be a loser. Then there is the recollection of my dear father, and to provoke comparisons with him would be sadly against me—Louis le grand, and Louis le petit! Don't tell *anybody*, but write me as soon as you have time, and especially what you think about keeping the hounds after the recurrence of rabies for six months.

"Frank Goodall is both blind and deaf.

"Yours affec.,

"ROSSLYN."

"MY DEAR FRANCIS,—

"I have been thinking all day about the Master of the Buckhounds, and its pros and cons.

"An appointment of that sort ought not to be

lightly refused. The question is, Are the social and political advantages sufficient to counterbalance the duties, some of which may not be agreeable to you? In the first place, the position for Lady Rosslyn and her daughters is everything to be desired, and for yourself also. What the duties on the Treasury Bench may be, I do not know, but nothing that you cannot perform with ease. With regard to the hunting, I can say more.

“If you accept the position, you must *do the duty—you must come on parade*, and not leave the huntsman entirely to his fate. As to hunting, it has never been so well done since your father was Master, and it ought to be done as he did it. He used to say that if any foreigners were at Windsor, and came to see the establishment, that it ought to be worth looking at. I do not mean to say that you can do it as well as he did, for I never knew any one who could; but I am sure you can do it as well as anybody else, and better than it has been done lately, and it is so long ago since he was Master that there are not many left to draw comparisons.

“I was out the year before last. The men were not well mounted, no two of the horses the same pattern; the first whip on a hot beast that commenced proceedings by kicking a hound head over heels—a most ignoble proceeding for a hunt horse. The horse department you can do as well as any one.

“Goodall is a delicate man, but he is a respectable, good servant, very civil and pleasant, and a

first-rate kennel huntsman. As to the rabies, I should trust to his judgment, as he has seen a good deal of it; but if there are many more cases, the whole lot should be destroyed, and it is not a very difficult matter to make a new pack. As to the hunting, you will not have the same pleasant companions as you have in the shires. I do not think the farmers do wish it to be abolished, and I think that it ought to be kept up in good form.

“As to the stand at Ascot, I think you will not dislike the patronage, and you can have the satisfaction of giving me a stand-ticket. I have never been in it since your father was Master.

“Ever yours aff.,

“J. A. T.”

Lord Rosslyn was not appointed Master of the Buckhounds; but Her Majesty was pleased to appoint him Lord High Commissioner at the General Assembly. He having held a commission in the Fife Light Horse, the members of the regiment were anxious to pay him the compliment of forming a guard of honour. General Sir John Douglas, commanding the forces in Scotland, was pleased to approve of this.

Garrison Order, May 27th.—“Saturday, 30th, being appointed for the celebration of Her Majesty’s birthday, the troops in garrison and the Fife Light Horse will parade in the Queen’s Park, in review order, at 11.40. At twelve o’clock a royal salute will be fired of twenty-one guns from the castle;

the troops will afterwards march past. The escort to accompany the Lord High Commissioner on the 30th will be furnished by the Fife Light Horse. (Signed) G. Peacocke, Colonel, A. A. G."

The Royal Dragoons were quartered at Piershill, and the escort on the first day was commanded by Captain Middleton. On Friday, 29th, the Fife Light Horse arrived by special train at Granton, and crossed in the luggage boat. The Dunfermline troop joined them at the Dean Bridge, and the regiment marched by Princes Street and the Calton Hill, and formed up in front of Holyrood Palace. At 8 p.m. the regiment paraded, dismounted and lined the passages at the palace during Lady Rosslyn's drawing-room.

On the 30th they attended the review in the Queen's Park, and were entertained at luncheon by the High Commissioner, in the great gallery, at 3.30. He also took the opportunity of presenting a piece of plate to Sir Arthur Halkett, on his giving up the management of the West of Fife Hounds.

The regiment embarked at Granton at 5.30, and returned home. Three members of the regiment imagined that their religious principles would be compromised by taking part in any ceremony connected with the Established Church of Scotland, and therefore sent in their resignations.

At that time the High Commissioner's coach went with six horses. It was very old and very heavy. I agreed to see all the horses and carriages properly turned out. Scott & Croall provided horses,

and very good ones ; but I had seen no one who could drive properly. I knew a man in London, named Timms, who used to drive for Charlie Ward, and had driven a three-horse 'bus over London Bridge daily. He was a first-rate coachman, and a big, stout, good-looking man, and looked quite the character in a cocked hat and silk stockings. He did his work very well, and in consequence got the situation of head coachman to the Duke of Portland. One day the state coach going out somewhere, four-in-hand, the rotten old pole broke, but no harm was done.

Sir Frederick Hamilton joined the Grenadier Guards in 1831, General, 1876, and Colonel of 21st Foot. Served in the Crimean War ; present at battles of Alma, Balaclava and Inkerman (slightly wounded and horse shot) ; was in command of Grenadier Guards after Inkerman ; C.B., medal with four clasps, Officer of Legion of Honour, 3rd Mejedie and Turkish Medal. He married Miss Louisa Anstruther, daughter of Sir Alexander Anstruther, of Thirdpart.

In 1874 Sir Frederick Hamilton stood for the county of Fife. His opponent was Sir Robert Anstruther. He was not a good candidate ; he had only lately come to live at Pitcorthie, and was not known in the county. He was by no means eloquent. He read his speeches, which were excellent on paper, and he was by no means ready at "heckling". He had long been known by the nickname of "Froggy".

I went round the country and helped him as much as I could. Among other places, we went to Auchtermuchty. The meeting took place on the steps of the town hall. When Hamilton had finished his speech, the Provost said, "Sir Frederick will answer any questions," and turning to James Murray, a fish cadger, said, "Jeems, have you any question to ask?" Jeems became deadly pale, clenched his fists, and glared in Hamilton's face. "Sir Frederick, you're a sodger?" "Yes," said Hamilton quietly. "You've stud in the deadly breach?" "Yes." "And what's your opeenion of honorary Colonels?" "I am one myself." "Yes, but what's your opeenion of the principle of honorary Colonels?" "It is my only reward for forty years' service." The mob cheered this. Some other questions were asked about licensing laws, etc., and then Jeems Murray made a sort of salute, touching his forehead, and said, "And, indeed, Sir Frederick, I'm no weel pleased with you ava." The polling day was on the 11th February. Sir Frederick Hamilton was defeated by Sir Robert Anstruther with a majority of 609.

The following poems were written by Torrens, a cousin of Sir Robert Anstruther's:—

TUNE—*Froggy would a-Wooing Go.*

"Froggy" would a-woeing go—

"Heigh ho!" cried Robert—

Whether "my lady" would let him or no,

To canvass the county, and what for no!—

Chorus—With his Tory talkee, gammon and spinage:

"Tally ho!" cried Anstruther Thomson.

But "Froggy," I fear, 'twill prove no go—

"No go!" cried Robert—

For you're a Tory from top to toe,
And for Tories in Fife we don't care a blow.

Chorus—With your Tory, etc.

Then "Froggy" he put on his Sunday vest—

"My eye!" cried Robert—

Until I'm returned I'll take no rest,
And I'll speak and I'll argue and do my best,

Chorus—With my Tory, etc.

To Anster' he went in a two-horse shay—

"Heigh ho!" cried Robert—

And in the town hall he said his say
In an affable, chaffable sort of a way,

Chorus—With his Tory, etc.

Pray, cousin Bob, are you within?—

"Aye, aye!" cried Robert—

"Aye, I'm at home and I mean to win:
If you want to get votes you'd better begin

Chorus—With your Tory, etc."

"Froggy" has got both "kith and kin"—

"Heigh-ho!" cried Robert—

A brother-in-law come home from Cochin,
Who lived in a cage, and who's backed him to win,

Chorus—With his Tory, etc.

But "Froggy," my mannie, just hide your "heid"—

"Heigh ho!" cried Robert—

For the man the electors of Fifeshire need
Is the lad that has given your knightship a lead,

Chorus—With no Tory talkee, gammon and spinage:

"Whoop-whoop!" cried Anstruther Thomson!

HOW FROGGY'S WOOING SPED.

A Sequel.

"Frog's" progress thenceforward was weary and sad—

"Heigh ho!" cried Robert—

An' aince on his journey he met wi' a Rad:

Quoth he, "How d'ye feel," said puir "Frog," "Awfie bad,"

Chorus—Wi' my Tory talkee, gammon and spinage:

"Yoick, Yoick!" cried Anstruther Thomson.

To 'Mughty he went, but it didn't avail—

“Heigh ho!” cried Robert—

For the folk told him there that he'd better turn ta

So awa' “Froggy” gaed by the very next mail,

Chorus—With his Tory, etc.

Now of “Froggy's” reverses to fill up the cup—

“Heigh ho!” cried Robert—

They'd to put him to bed, and to cover him up,

Or a Liberal mob would have gobbled him up,

Chorus—And his Tory, etc.

Sir Thomas of Cambo's a good man and true—

“Heigh ho!” cried Robert—

But, Sir Thomas, your share in this contest you'll rue,

For, believe me, you never will pull your man through,

Chorus—With his Tory, etc.

Then “Froggy,” my mannie, ye'd best mak' your boo—

“Bye, bye!” cried Robert—

For the betting against you's 100 to 2,

And Fifeshire prefers an *old* friend to a *new*,

Chorus—With *such* Tory talkee, gammon and spinage :

“Gone away !!!” cried Anstruther Thomson.

Sir Frederick Hamilton's brother-in-law, General Philip Anstruther of Thirdpart, an artillery officer, was taken prisoner by the Chinese and put into a cage.

“MY DEAR BURGOYNE,—

“I write an account of how I was taken, and how I have since fared, which I know you will be kind enough to have copied and sent to my brother for transmission to my mother. I make it out from a little diary which I have kept ever since my arrival here.

“On Wednesday, the 16th of September, 1841, I started, at about ten o'clock, to the North gate of Tinghae, to get the valleys on the great north road

put down accurately in my survey. I went about 1,000 yards from the gate to a place where there are several houses and gardens, and from whence a road branches off to the westward. I went along this road and ascended the pass between the hills, then turned to the left, getting up a knoll, from the top of which I got a set of bearings. I then went down the western side of the pass, and passed a small joss-house on the right, thick trees overhanging both sides of the narrow path making it quite dark.

“I determined, as soon as I got clear of this dangerous-looking place, to retrace my steps, but on getting to the other end of the grove I became aware that we were followed by a crowd of Chinamen. I took no notice, but turned to the left, meaning to go up the hill again, keeping to the open ground.

“We had hardly turned when a Chinese soldier rushed out from the crowd with a weapon in his hand, with which he struck at my old lascar, the only man I had with me. He avoided the blow and ran up to me in great alarm. I took from him the iron spade with which he used to dig the hole for a tent-pole, and met the soldier, driving him back; but a great number of others charged me and my poor old man, and it was evidently a hopeless job. I charged them, and they got all round me, and then my poor old man ran back about eighty yards, when he was met, and I saw them pounding his head with large stones as he lay with his face downwards.

“I saw that attempt at flight was useless, and set to work to make the rascals pay for it, and

fought my best, but of course numbers prevailed and I was sent down. Instead of dashing out my brains, they set to work to tie my hands behind me and my ankles together, tied a huge gag on my mouth, and then quietly took a large bamboo and hammered my knee-caps to prevent the possibility of an escape.

“I was then put into a palanquin, which was evidently kept ready for some such contingency, and we hurried off to the north-west, and fetched a circuit round to the south-west angle of the island of Chusan, to a village about six miles from Sapper’s Point, where we waited till nightfall, my conductors comforting me by drawing their hands across their throats as they pronounced the ominous word ‘Ningpo’.

“At about 7 p.m. we got into a boat with a cover, and I laid myself down and slept many hours till we came to Ningpo, where I was forced to get into a cage made of wood one yard long, one yard high, and two feet wide; a ring was put round my neck (of iron), and my hands put into handcuffs locked to a stick about one foot long, which was fastened to my neck ring. Very heavy leg-irons were now riveted on to my ankles (they weigh about 18 lb.), and I wore them for four weeks.

“On the 19th and 20th I was carried up to the mandarins and was questioned about our steamships. I offered to draw one for them, whereon they became very friendly and ordered a bigger cage for me; this was 3 ft. 6 in. by 2 ft. 1 in.

“I was asked to draw a map of Chusan Bay, town and suburb, which I did with the ships and tents. I was then told to draw a map of London and a number of other maps, and we got very friendly indeed, so much so, that the cage was discarded and the irons removed; this was on the 26th of October.

“On the 10th of March we were delivered over to our own comrades on board the *Wellesley* (74), a peace having been made, and we sailed for Canton, where, however, the war broke out afresh, and we attacked Canton, and it was ransomed for 6,000,000 dollars, and our army and navy returned to Chusan, and we wintered at Ningpo, where I occupied my old quarters for a second winter.

“P. ANSTRUTHER,

“Major-General.”

The following account of a meet of the Forfarshire Hounds in Fife appeared in a local paper:—

“On 19th March, 1874, the Forfar Hounds met by invitation at Dairsie Bridge. Wednesday night was sharp and clear, the glass rising, and every indication of a frost; but we know from experience that it takes a good many degrees to keep the Fife Master at home, and as he will probably be called upon to pronounce the verdict ‘Yes’ or ‘No’ for his own country on the morrow, we went to bed perfectly happy. A bright glorious morning was this 19th of March—some would say too gaudy for fox-hunting. The hounds arrived punctually at eleven

o'clock, and seldom has such a field been seen in Fife as assembled this day to do honour to the Forfarshire visitors. Most hunting men know Captain Carnegie of Lour by reputation—the popular Master of the Forfarshire Hounds—and some, not many years ago, have seen him sailing over those grand Northamptonshire pastures. ‘Who is that man?’ was the inquiry I made—well, no matter how many years ago—when walking down St. James’s Street one day with a military friend. ‘Oh, don’t you know!—that is Jimmy Rait, of the 15th, the finest horseman in England.’ A hard-bitten lot were those 15th in days of yore; and as we see him to-day, erect and firm in the saddle as ever, it is evident that time has dealt very tenderly with Colonel Rait of Anniston.

“The Carnegie family were well represented, for, besides the Master, we noticed Lord Carnegie, Captain Lindsay Carnegie of Kinblethmont and Mr. Claud Carnegie, Mr. Bruce Gardyne of Middleton, with several others whose names we did not ascertain. Colonel Thomson of Charleton, of course, was at the head of a strong Fife brigade. ‘There will be some hard riding at Dairsie,’ was a remark I heard more than once during the last few days; and any one who knows Forfarshire men is well aware that they will not forego the pride of place if they can help it, but there will be no jealousy in the unapproved sense of the term.

“The first covert drawn was Nydie, and a fox was found amongst the quarries on the hill. He breaks away to the south, but is either headed or changes

his mind, and turns back again through the wood at Kemback, making straight for the Eden. Will he cross the water? is the thought that suggests itself to many, for no fox has taken that line for the last fifteen years; but all doubt upon the subject is speedily removed as we see the Forfarshire Master plunge in and cheer his hounds forward on the opposite side. The scent is indifferent, but they work perseveringly and well up the hill through the heavy ploughland, never interfered with, but full of that support that is as necessary for hounds as for men, till they reached Craig-Sanquhar. They have worked up to their fox, and he is viewed on the cold frowning crag not fifteen yards in front of them; but they cannot press him here, though they drive him from his stronghold, and force him back again into the open country. If he has strength enough he may regain the covert at Kemback, but it is a heavy journey, and he must again cross the Eden. Coming to the railway, the hounds are so close to him that escape seemed impossible; but he struggles on, and saves his life in an open drain close to the river. The hounds richly deserved him, for they had worked well over a difficult country, and when I add that, owing to an accident to the van, they had walked upwards of twenty miles to the meet, their condition and endurance reflect much credit on their huntsman.

“Ladeddie is next tried and a fox found, and away at once, but he gets to ground in a few fields. Another has been seen back in the covert, and

though the Master hits his line they cannot make much of it, and we go on to the White Den. Here an old friend of the Fife soon leaves the gorse, and takes the line he has done on two or three former occasions, past Callange and over Kininmonth Hill ; but the scent, never good, has not improved as the day wore on, and he has plenty of time to gain a drain near Ladeddie.

“So ended the Forfarshire day in Fife, and as we said ‘Good-night’ to our friends we hoped that they had enjoyed their visit to the ‘ancient kingdom’ as much as those who had assembled that day to do honour to Captain Carnegy of Lour and the Forfarshire Hunt.”

1874.—Coming home one evening I had trotted on before the hounds and got to the kennel, put my horse in the stable, and found Adam Sloane, a helper, asleep with his head on the mess-room table. I said, “Jump up and give my horse some gruel”. He went into the stable, took up a bucket and gave the gruel to a horse which had not been out. I said, “What the devil are you doing?” He turned round and said, “Speak to me like that ; I’ll chuck the bucket at you”. I said, “Put the bucket down and get out of the stable”. There was a little pickaxe used for pulling up nettles standing against the wall ; he took it up and came to me. I picked up a fork and caught the pick between the prongs, pushed him back and caught hold of his collar. My horn was sticking in the breast of my coat ; he got hold of it and jobbed me on the back of the head with the

mouthpiece, which broke off and the end was then sharp. Luckily he always hit too high and tore the back of my cap, but he once hit me on the neck and made it bleed. I threw him down and sat on him, holding his hands, and called to George Isaacks, the kennelman, to run down to Ceres and fetch the policeman. I got tired of sitting on the beast. The only man about the place was an old chap who had been the minister's man. I called to him, "Come here, David, and hold this blackguard; I want to get home". David cautiously opened the door, poked his nose out and said, "Na, na, ye're stronger nor me, ye'll haud him yoursel'".

Sloane then began to cry and said he would be quiet; so I was fool enough to let him get up. He immediately picked up the pickaxe; I stepped into the stable and shut the door; old David was in the stable. Sloane said, "Whichever of the two comes out first I'll knock his b—— brains out," and walked away swearing. Just then I heard Tom Hastings' horn, and the hounds came home. I told him through the window what had happened, and he said, "Put that thing down and go into the mess-room". A few minutes after Sloane turned on Hastings. Fred Whitehall had his coat off and his arms bare mixing a bucket of gruel. He said, "Let me at him," went straight at him and gave him two black eyes.

As Hastings was there I took my hack and galloped home. The policeman came and hesitated to take Sloane into custody, as he had seen no

assault ; but Hastings insisted, and Sloane said, "I'll go if you let me get my jacket," and went upstairs, and not coming back Fred Whitehall said, "I'll bet he jumped out of the window". It was only nine or ten feet high.

In the middle of the night Sloane went to old David's house and made him let him in, and slept there till daylight and then disappeared. He was found by the police the following evening asleep on the side of the road near Burntisland, nearly thirty miles from the kennels. He was brought before Sheriff Beatson Bell, who said, "This is a very serious offence," and sentenced him to forty days *without* hard labour. He was let off very easy, and deserved six months. I learned afterwards that as soon as the hounds had gone out he caught one of the old dog horses in the kennel field, rode it down to the village, got drunk, and brought a bottle back with him.

A very hard winter ; stopped from 7th December to 7th January.

Snow Hunts.—Hunted seven times in the snow, and killed four foxes.

The destruction of lambs was awful this year. Guild, Lindores, 15 ; John Bell, Stenton, 4 ; Edmonstone, Lindefarm, 15 ; Hardie, Nydie, 15 ; Hill, Kenly, 2 or 3 ; Mitchell, Hiskmiln, 4. A nice old Highlander said, "He find the flavour of them in the mornin'".

Season commenced 26th September, 1873 ; ended 6th April, 1874. Hunting days, seventy ;

foxes killed, twenty brace. The hounds were very unsteady. I took the same pack out every day till they became more trustworthy, and then added a few of the wilder ones.

IMPORTATION OF FOXES FROM SCOTLAND.

1874.—Last summer the following advertisement appeared in the *People's Journal*, a newspaper widely circulated, published at Cupar in the county of Fife :—

To Gamekeepers.—Wanted a few brace of young foxes. Will pay a fair price for them. Apply, stating terms, to John Christison, Chale Abbey, Chale, Isle of Wight.

In consequence of this advertisement a box labelled “Live Stock, sender Findlay,” was despatched on 10th July to the above address. I then wrote to the editor of the *People's Journal* :—

“I have made enquiries about Mr. Christison, but as yet have been able to hear nothing about him, and as it is near the time when cubs make their appearance I venture to trouble you with this communication in the hope of bringing the subject to his notice. I beg to inform him that the county of Fife has been regularly hunted for many years, and if he refers to any of the sporting papers he will see that it has been hunted five and six days a week during the present season, and that foxes are quite as valuable, and blank days equally detestable, to all the fox-hunters in Fife as in the Isle of Wight, or any other part of the kingdom; and that we consider it most unsportsmanlike and ungentlemanlike to hold out any inducement to unprincipled

people to steal foxes, which must always be the result of such advertisements.

“Perhaps Mr. Christison has done this in ignorance, that he only knows that Fife is in Scotland, and that in some parts of Scotland foxes are not preserved. I am quite willing to give him the benefit of the doubt, but I do hope that he will not repeat his advertisements; and I would suggest to him that if he wishes to obtain Highland foxes that he should send his advertisement to the *John o' Groat's Journal* and the Inverness and Aberdeen papers, and others in the northern district, where I have no doubt he might obtain them without interfering with other countries which are regularly hunted.

“Yours very truly,

“J. ANSTRUTHER THOMSON,

“Master of Fife Foxhounds.

“CHARLETON, COLINSBURGH, FIFE.”

“IMPORTATION OF FOXES FROM SCOTLAND.

“I am afraid Mr. Thomson has had a great many blank days this season, or he surely would not have let the thoughts of losing a brace of cubs trouble his mind so long.

“I should be very sorry if I had had any foxes sent to me out of Mr. Thomson's country, and, if so, should be pleased to apologise, as I certainly should not do so intentionally; but as my advertisement was sent to the *People's Journal*, published in Dundee, and as *I did not* have any foxes from the

county of Fife, I think Mr. Thomson has made a slight mistake.

“I certainly feel obliged to Mr. Thomson for his advice as to what papers I am to advertise in when I require foxes, but I think it is quite time for him to tender his advice when I ask for it, as it is very probable that I know quite as much about Scotland as he can tell me.

“I am, Sir, yours, etc.,

“JOHN CHRISTISON.

“CHALE ABBEY, ISLE OF WIGHT, 31st March, 1875.”

“A copy of Mr. Christison’s letter to the editor of the *Hampstead Advertiser* has been forwarded to me, and in reply to him I beg to state that I have not had a blank day this season; if I had Mr. Christison ought to be doubly ashamed of himself. It makes little difference if I have lost one brace of cubs or twenty, the principle is the same, and I cannot afford to lose one fox *unfairly*. He states that I have made a ‘slight mistake’. I believe that I have made no mistake, and that I had all my facts correct before I made any statement. He says, ‘That he advertised in the *People’s Journal* published at Dundee’. The *People’s Journal* is also published at Cupar; his advertisement appeared in the Fife paper, and a copy of it was sent to me from the office at Cupar. He says, ‘That he did not have any foxes from the county of Fife’. I say he had foxes from the ‘Fife country,’ that is the country hunted by the Fife Hounds. The foxes in question were taken by four men, by name, Hay,

Findlay and Mackie (I forget the name of the other), out of a hole on the hill behind Kinneston Craigs, in the parish of Portmoak, county of Kinross, about two miles outside of '*the County of Fife*' but in '*the Fife country*'. They were sent addressed from 'Mawcarse Station,' in Kinross-shire, within about the same distance of the 'county of Fife'. I did not think it necessary to mention all these details in my former letter. He says, 'That he knows quite as much about Scotland as I can tell him'. He therefore knows that Forfarshire is regularly hunted by a pack of foxhounds four days a week, and as he advertised for foxes in 'the paper published in Dundee,' I have no doubt that the Master of the Forfarshire Hounds feels quite as grateful to him as I do, and although he has not asked for my advice I venture to repeat my suggestion that he should not repeat his advertisement in any country that is regularly hunted.

"Yours truly,

"J. ANSTRUTHER THOMSON,

"*Master of Fife Foxhounds.*"

"CHARLETON, COLINSBURGH, FIFE."

The first time I hunted on the Lomond Hills, in 1873, I said to Lewis Grant, the policeman, who was a keen foxhunter, "There are not so many foxes on the hill as there were last season". "Ah, but the Cornal¹ was a fine Gaelic scholar." Most of the shepherds, being Highlanders, were more keen to preserve foxes for him.

¹ Col. Gardyne.

In April Charlie went up for his army examination. His tutor, Faithful, wrote to me saying that he might pass very well, or perhaps not at all, and said it would be a good thing if I would go to London to keep the boys from going to the theatre. I went and stayed in lodgings in Jermyn Street, with twelve or fourteen candidates and their tutor. Mr. Stopford and I used to wait at the end of the Burlington Arcade and capture the boys when they came out to luncheon, give them their luncheon, and send them in again to Burlington House. The result in Charlie's case was quite satisfactory, for he passed seventh of the lot.

I saw in the papers that Lord Wolverton's bloodhounds were to meet on the 28th, at Boldre Wood, in the New Forest. I got up at five o'clock in the morning, put on a suit of flannels, took a thick stick, and got into the six o'clock train to Lyndhurst station, went on the top of the 'bus to Lyndhurst town, and set off to tramp to the meet. I was overtaken by Mr. Cumberledge, one of the Rangers of the Forest, whom I had formerly met.

On arriving at the meet the first person I saw was George Whyte-Melville. He said, "Hullo! this won't do; you on your feet!" He then went to Frank Lovell, who produced one of the keeper's ponies. It was a beautiful forest pony, about fourteen hands high, and could carry any weight. Lord Wolverton bought it the next day.

They proceeded to draw several large plantations, and had several deer on foot. One at last went away with about half the hounds on the line. The

huntsman got the rest of them, and galloped down the road just outside the covert. I followed him; on getting there he was in front of the hounds which were on the line. His lot hit the line heel-way, and went with such a bang, that they turned the whole lot on to the heel. If I had had a whip I might have stopped them, but only having a thick stick I was helpless. They ran some time in covert, and eventually got away. Just as they went away Merthyr Guest said to George Melville, "I have got another horse out, and your friend may ride him if he likes". He was a grand chestnut horse, up to any weight. I struggled on to him, and his second horseman got on my pony. George Melville said to him, "What are your orders?" "Stay out till dark, sir." We ran all day without much scent.

I then went home with Frank Lovell, with whom George Melville was staying. I had left some clothes at Lyndhurst station, and sent a message that they were to be forwarded to me. We arrived just in time for dinner, but no clothes. I was disguised in Lovell's clothes, which were a very tight fit; but had an excellent and agreeable dinner, and a post-chaise arrived at 12.30, bringing my portmanteau. I again doffed my flannels, went to the station, and got back to London and to my lodging in Jermyn Street at 4 A.M.

1874.—I was appointed Chairman of the Local Authority in Fife, and served all through the worst time of pleuro-pneumonia.

Lord Spencer again became Master of Pytchley

Hounds as successor to Mr. Naylor, who handed over to him twenty-nine couple of hounds and made him pay for the entry. I went down with him and Jack Squires, his huntsman, to the sale of the Craven Hounds. Squires was a very clever fellow and a capital huntsman. He had hunted wolves in Russia, but unfortunately was not quite steady. He said to me, "I have been foolish and got into trouble, but I have got a fresh start now and I mean to keep it". Soon after this Spencer wrote to me saying that he had to part with Squires after being in his service ten days. He then engaged Will Goodall, who had been first whip at Belvoir. He wrote: "I like what I see of Goodall. He is keen as mustard, very active and sharp, and I breathe much more freely than when in the atmosphere of Squires, from whom breezes occasionally emanated other than those of milk, which was his usual outward and visible beverage!"

I wanted some more hounds, and went to stay at Althorpe, and Spencer let me have three or four couple. I said to him, "I suppose draft price?" He said, "Oh! no! the Master of the Pytchley cannot charge an ex-Master anything," and made me a present of them.

22nd July.—I went to judge horses at the Agricultural Show at Newcastle and stayed with George Fenwick.

"CALDECOTE HALL, NUNEATON,

"*Saturday Night.*

"MY DEAR THOMSON,—

"No one will grieve more than you will at the sad end of poor 'Rainbow'. He never was better

in every way than he was yesterday, so fresh after the frost they could scarcely manage him. Last night Thornewell made the horses up, as usual, before they went to their supper, and when they came back from their supper about nine he heard a moaning in 'Rainbow's' box, and upon entering it he found him cast like a sheep upon his back in the angle of the box and his feet in the air. It took five men to get him up, he was so fast. We gave him some drinks and did all we could to save him, but he swelled to an enormous size and died quite easily about one o'clock. I have no doubt that he must have struggled violently, and ruptured something internally. I have sent him to the kennels, and asked John Pye to see him opened and ascertain what he died of.

"I cannot tell you how fond I was of the old horse; I think he was the best I ever rode. I feel quite to have lost an old friend.

" Believe me,

" Yours truly,

" H. TOWNSHEND."

"Rainbow" was an Irish horse, dark brown, 16.2 high. He was very strong and bold, with the finest possible temper, and was brought to Edinburgh by Peter Moir. He sold him to Richard Rayner, the Edinburgh riding-master. In 1865 I met him riding down to drill with the yeomanry at Portobello; I bought him for £100; he was then five years old. He pulled very hard, but could gallop and jump

well. He gave me several croppers, and if I rode up to look at a fence he always insisted on jumping it standing. One night, riding home in the dark through Cottesbrook Park, opening a handgate I could not reach the latch, and said "Stand up!" and he immediately jumped it. He took the second prize at Islington, 1866, ridden by Tom Furr. The day of the Waterloo run he had been out to exercise in the morning, but "Man of the Age" on coming out proved to be lame; "Rainbow" was sent on in his place. During the run Dick Roake brought him up to me at the brook beyond Glooston Wood and I rode him all the rest of the day, and back to the kennel, arriving there at ten minutes past ten. He was sold at Tattersall's in 1869, and Mr. Rennie bought him for £400. He afterwards became the property of Mr. Toynbee, who sold him to Mr. Townshend of Caldecote.

A few days before the sale at Tattersall's a very smart stout man with a white waistcoat came to Brixworth to see the horses. My stud groom, John Pye, had his coat off and was rubbing a horse's legs. The stout man said "Here! young man, here's half a sovereign for you; can you tell me anything about these horses?" John put the half-sovereign in his pocket and said, "I think I can," but still continued to rub the horse's legs. When he had finished he went into the house, put his coat on, and said, "Now, I shall be happy to attend to you". The stout man turned out to be Mr. Rennie's groom. After the sale John gave him back the half-sovereign,

and said, "Give it to your men to drink 'Rainbow's' health".

The year 1874 was an unfortunate year for the horses. Wyndham Anstruther bought a very fine bay horse in the Atherstone country and lent him to me. I called him "Sirloin," as Wyndham was the Hereditary Carver for Scotland. He was taken ill after hunting at Lucklaw Hill and died. I sent Wyndham a cheque, and he most handsomely returned me half of it.

One day I was riding a young mare which I bought from Gow. I was galloping up a stony lane at Chesters with the hounds all round me to get to a holloa, when down she blundered, up again and staggered on, and then down again, with her head doubled under her, and did not seem inclined to get up again. The only thing that happened to me was I bruised my big toe. The mare died a few days afterwards of lock-jaw, and we discovered that she had fractured her skull just above her eye.

I bought a very useful mare from Tom Richmond. She was sent out when not fit. When she got home she began bleeding at the nose and died.

I saw a good-looking chestnut mare in a plough and asked the farmer (Wilson of Mooredge) what he had done with her. He said he had put her in a dog-cart and she would not start. He said, "Ane o' the twa will dee the nicht". When she started "She flee'd like stour thundering terrible". I bought her and called her "Stour"—*dust*. She was a very good one and I sold her at Northampton.

11th November.—I went to Althorpe and Spencer's two *aides-de-camp* were there, Bay Middleton and Billy Beecher, and Tennant of the Royals. Next day Spencer gave me a mount on two capital grey horses, "Traviator" and "Plover's Egg". Met at Buttocks Booth; little scent and little sport; ran a brace to ground.

I had sent nine horses up to a sale at Northampton. Beecher bought "Beatrice" for Bay Middleton for £140. Bay won the military steeplechase on her and sold her for £250.

1875. 20th March.—Kilconquhar Station. Five Masters of Hounds present—The Earl of Eglinton, Ayrshire; Captain Carnegy, Forfar; James Hope, Midlothian; Sir Arthur Halkett, West Fife; and myself. Colonel Buchanan, Renfrewshire, was expected, but could not come. Found in Elie; ran by Gibliston and Kellie Law into Balcaskie; thirty-two minutes without a check. Found again in Kittle-naked; ran past Carnbee, Lochty, Lingo, Lathocker, Cameron, Watérless, Winthank, Mount Melville and Claremont, and got into a drain under the approach at Dunork. He bolted; all the earths were unstopped in Ladeddie, but they ran into him before he could arrive there. Time, one hour two minutes. Sir Arthur Halkett, Captain Carnegy and James Hope were there, also Jim Turnbull, two Drysdales, George Prentice, etc. The Ayrshire party stopped at Mount Melville, having to catch a train to go home.

8th April.—Hounds met at Scotland Wells.

We all, wife, children, hounds and horses, went to Leslie the night before. All drove to the meet. Found at "Calling Maggy" (a rock on the Bishop's Hill), and were defeated by holloas and wire-fences. Found again at Orphit Moor, ran to the "Tod-stones". Hastings and I were standing below the rocks when something whirling in the air, which looked like a pair of breeches, fell at my feet—"Mantle"—stone dead; the moment after another, "Matchless," almost fell on to me. She lay for some time and then got up and trotted away not much hurt.

One day this season hounds were running in Orphit Muir. I was on the top of the Lomond, had tied my horse to the rails and was sitting on a stone. Presently the stone began to *creep*, and away I went down the hill like a *toboggan*, with a shower of stones following me. One caught me on the back and knocked the wind out of me. Another hit me on the knee, which turned me out of the course, and I managed to catch hold of a projecting rock, and remained there, speechless. Tom Hastings came to my assistance, and with the help of his whiplash I managed to regain a firm footing.

CHAPTER V.

THE RUN FROM FORTH TO TAY: SNOW HUNTS.

1876. 17th January.—Charlie went to Mentone to join Lady Campbell. I went with him to Lord Warden Hotel, Dover, on 17th; crossed to Calais on 18th. Met Charlie Bethune and went on to Paris with him (Meurice's Hotel); next day to Lyons, Marseilles (Grand Hotel): lunch at Nice, and Mentone on the 21st. Lady Campbell and Clem were already there. I remained two or three days. Met Talbot Clifton, who had come out in his yacht. I left Charlie with them and went home without stopping. The cold all through France was awful. Charlie lent me his fur coat, which was my salvation. When I got to Calais it was so mild that I sat on deck all night. I got home again on 30th, and got out hunting at Pitscottie next day.

Season 1874 Sir Arthur Halkett commenced to hunt the West of Fife. I sent him Jack Shepherd and twenty couple of hounds. He was then living at Keavil, having let Pitfirrane.

“PITFIRANE,

“7th March, 1876.

“MY DEAR THOMSON,—

“We have had our meeting, and the hounds are to go on. George Prentice, Willy and Leslie Drysdale, Fred Bruce and W. P. Adam, a committee of management; I to continue as master; the hounds to be hunted by a huntsman.

“Lord Minto has promised his stables and kennels, etc., at Lochgelly House provided none of his people are to occupy the place during the hunting season, which is not likely. It is a capital place, has boilers, men’s rooms, and a furnished cottage for headman, which the forester who is in it says he will let. £490 subscribed. I am to continue to look after the proprietors, the keepers and the coverts, and to be present in the field as often as possible. I think that will work.

“We had a ‘fell hunt’ yesterday in a snowstorm. Found a brace at Dunearn; got away with one to the Binn, and having to coast round the walls, I kept viewing him away from all the woods, through the gorse cover at Meadowfield, across the road in the bottom to the Grangehill, through the flower garden of Mr. Johnstone’s villa, that we pass in the railway, and on to Kinghorn. I could get no farther with them than Johnstone’s garden wall, and when we got to Kinghorn the four hounds that were leading all the way, ‘Reginald,’ ‘Falstaff,’ ‘Saffron’ and ‘Benjamin,’ were not to be found. We had a line across the railway, when a man said he had seen the

fox go over Kinghorn Links, so away we posted, and never could hit on a line, nor did we see any more of these hounds. They all came home last night but 'Reginald'.

"Yours ever,

"ARTHUR HALKETT."

"PITFIRANE,

"13th March, 1876.

"MY DEAR THOMSON,—

"I hope I shall be able to come to the show this time, especially as there is to be such good company. I think I must enter a hunter or a jumper, and we shall send three pups and two terriers.

"I found Willy Adam at home on Friday. We drew all his woods without finding; deep snow; and your little brown mare I was riding dropped a hind leg in a hole and got staked high up inside the thigh and cut some arteries. She bled like a pig, and I could not get any one to come. The more I blew my horn for help the more delighted Jack became, and kept holloaing on the hounds. I had to leave her at Blair Adam and have sent for Gray from Edinburgh. It is a lockjaw sort of place.

"We went south and found near the Hill of Beath, and ran a tremendous pace past Lumphinnans and Lochore up to Constable's, where he turned sharp south again, and then by Navity over Benarty to the rocks above Tods. Found a fresh one, and ran till dark, and didn't get home till 9.30.

"I go Thursday to Willy Wauchope's for the

79th ball, and to London on Tuesday, 21st, to give evidence about a new mineral railway, and hope I shall get back for the show. Those two couple of hounds we missed the snowy Monday killed the fox all right on the beach at Kinghorn. A surfaceman cut off his brush and the drill-sergeant skinned him. They caught him in the sea.

“Yours ever,

“ARTHUR HALKETT.”

Season began 18th September, 1875. Hunting days, seventy-eight; foxes killed, nineteen and a half brace; blank days, one; frost, eight. Season ended 24th April, 1876.

A hound show took place at Haddington in July, 1876, chiefly got up by Mr. Baird-Hay of Belton. I wrote and asked John Walker, Sir Watkin Wynn's huntsman (who entered me to hounds in 1830), to come and judge for us. The other judges were Mr. Waldron Hill, Master of the Otter Hounds, and Alec Kinloch of Gilmerton. All the Masters of Hounds in Scotland and the North of England supported the show. Lord Eglinton, Ayrshire; Sir John Marjoribanks, Berwickshire; Major Browne, Northumberland; James Hope, Lothians; George Fenwick, Tynedale; J. Johnstone, Dumfriesshire; Colonel Buchanan, Lanark and Renfrew; and Colonel Anstruther Thomson, Fife, sent hounds.

In the class for unentered hounds, Tynedale were first, Fife second, and Tynedale third. In that for stallion hounds, Fife were first with “Woodman,”

Lord Eglinton second with "Silence". "Silence" had the credit of having killed a fox single-handed. "Woodman" when a puppy was one of six couple that had killed a cub when the body of the pack passed them running another fox. "Woodman" picked up the dead cub and galloped on with it in his mouth. Financially the show was not a success. The expenses were considerable.

Charles Pattison was at Oxford when I was Master of the Bicester Hounds and had hunted with me. He was a Suffolk man and had settled at Toronto, and had a large farm and bred a lot of horses. He wrote to me saying that he proposed to send some horses for sale in England or Scotland. I replied that I would have nothing to do with money matters, but if he sent them to Edinburgh I would see that they were properly taken care of and sold to the best advantage. I arranged with Mr. Gow, the dealer in Edinburgh, that they should be assigned to him and sold on commission. I then wired to Pattison to send ten. He wired back "Cob, hunters, carriage or cart". I replied, "Hunters, big, strong, good colours". Pattison shipped them in the *Phœnician* on the 18th September from Montreal.

I went over to Glasgow to see them on arrival and took Skrimager, the veterinary surgeon, with me. The first horse that was taken out had to be slung as there was not room to get the box into the hold. He was a beautiful bay horse. They hoisted him and then let the truckle go with a run, and I thought

he would be dashed to pieces, but they stopped the windlass with his knees within two inches of the pavement. The rest were safely landed in the box. They had a capital passage, had never been off their feed, and were looking beautiful—better than our horses at home. We did very well with some of them.

Cost		Sold for
£50	Rurie	£130
33	Lofty	85
40	Gray horse	74
24	Chestnut	100
40	Bay mare	80
55	At cost price I kept a bay horse	55
40	Black horse at	60

Three or four of them were small light horses. The arrangement with Gow was, he was to charge half price for their keep till sold and to have half profit. This being about the first lot that came over the expense was very great, as he had to fit up the ship on purpose. It cost about £20 a horse.

I wrote Pattison, "Send them bigger". He replied, "I have sent the two best horses in the country, cost £90 each, a very big price in this country". He sent six in this lot. They had a dreadfully bad passage; one of the best horses was chucked overboard, and the other died the day after they landed. The others had all the hair rubbed off their quarters and tails and looked wretched. They had to be kept a long time before fit to show and only fetched about cost price. That ended the speculation as far as I was concerned.

While Pattison was staying with me he got a



LORD WORCESTER ON "BECKFORD",
1871.

telegram, "Louisa girl doing well". (The telegrams cost four shillings a word.) He wired back, "Hallelujah".

1876.—Hounds met at Teasses Toll; found in Carhurlie Den; ran well for thirty-five minutes and killed; ran another fox to ground at the Lime Hills.

On 6th November there was an advertisement of a large importation of Canadian horses. I went over to Edinburgh, dined at the club, and started off with James Gow, the Edinburgh dealer, and his man Mike, and arrived at Liverpool on the morning of the 7th, but there was nothing among the horses that we cared for. I got into the train and went to Market Harborough; attended dinner and presentation to James Topham on 7th.

I went to Dingley with Harry Hungerford after the dinner; next morning by train to Welford. Mills gave me a mount on "Reindeer" with the Pytchley Hounds at Cold Ashby. After hunting I got into the train to Rugby, and then on to Oxford and Chippenham on my way to Badminton. I had received a letter from the Duke of Beaufort saying that he had gout in his elbow and could not ride, and that if I liked to come to Badminton I might ride his horses for a week.

I had had no dinner, and at Swindon ate some cold beef and pickled cauliflower, which was mouldy and made me sick all the time I was at Badminton. I got a post chaise at Chippenham and arrived at Badminton about two o'clock in the morning, and found the Duke and Salisbury Ewart playing at

cribbage in the billiard-room. With his usual kindness he sat up till I arrived and had a pot of hot soup on the fire for me.

9th.—Next day hounds met at Doddington Ash. I rode “Slippers” and the “Last Man”.

10th.—Newton Lodge, Chesters.

11th.—Hullavington, “Balloon” and “General”. I had two horses every day, and Jim Walker, the duke’s second horseman, to look after me. The “Last Man” was one of Percy Williams’ horses.

I went to London after hunting, to Onslow Square, my mother’s. On Monday I went to Tattersall’s. Bought a very good-looking chestnut horse called the “Quack Doctor”. Next day, Tuesday, 14th, put “Quack Doctor” into the train, and met the Queen’s Stag hounds at Hillingdon. Frank Goodall told me he had to keep the hounds very high in consequence of the long distances home. I found that my horse could gallop and jump well, but I could not take any liberties on account of condition, so I got behind and trotted on the line. Charlie was quartered at Windsor, so I went and slept there the 15th. London next day and back to Edinburgh by night train. Thursday, 16th—Fife Hounds; Kelly Toll. Thick fog and little scent. Found a brace on Kelly Law; ran a ring. “Home Rule” bolted with me and ran into a bog covered with water; pitched my head into it, wet me through, got my face covered with mud, and my horn full of dirt. As soon as he was out of it—he was in up to his shoulders—he ran away up the hill.

It was very steep, so I thought it would stop him, but he went over the top and down the north side—very steep and a high wall at the bottom. I felt that he meant to have it and expected a howler. Luckily there was a boggy place near the wall, and he went into it up to his knees, bang against the wall, cut an awful gash on his knee, and he had a big knee all the rest of his life.

27th November.—A capital run; met at Montrave; a wild rainy morning. Sir R. Anstruther, Colonel Bertie Balfour, Reid, McCalmont, and Ridley of the 7th Hussars, Captain Middleton, Charles and Robert Christie, etc., out, and Colonel Babington.

Drew Clatto Den blank, went on to Kilmux. As soon as hounds were in covert, they hit two lines, part of the pack going back to Clatto; the rest came away very fast at the west end. Tom Hastings went to stop the other lot. Our fox went straight through the wood at Torloisk, down by the strip at Milldeans Sawmill, and went out as if for Rameldrie. After running a field or two he turned sharp to the left. He then came down to the covert at Drummie, which he passed without touching, and went over the Star Moss into Lochmuir. He then crossed the railway as if going to the Lomond Hill, but being headed at the New Inn turnpike turned short to the left, much to the disappointment of Captain Middleton, who was well with them. The fox jumped the park wall into Balbirnie, ran straight through the covert in front of the house, past the stable and

across the park, and finding the door open opposite Sweetbank, popped through it and crossed the river Leven, which was in flood, ran over the farm of Auchmuty to the covert at Warout, and on to Woodside, where we had our first check.

“Hopeful,” “Marksman” and “Fencer” showed a line down the side of the road, and a note on the horn brought the rest on. The fox crossed the farm of Pitteuchar, ran up the side of the Lochty burn for two miles until opposite Sheddoway, where he crossed. The water was very deep owing to the floods. Mr. Ridley, 7th Hussars, who had already given the field a lead by jumping the five-barred locked gate on the Leslie railway, jumped off his horse and ran through the water up to his middle. Sir R. Anstruther, Haig, Ritchie, Christie and I crossed about fifty yards higher up and Colonel Balfour lower down without leaving their saddles, but many of the field got wet jackets. Forward over the farm of Fosterton, across the branch line to Dunfermline and over the river Orr, hounds being well to our left, and about a mile further on the fox crossed the road we were in. Hounds about a field behind him, ran up into a corner, where there was a flock of sheep and checked for a minute. A woman at a house told me where he had gone. I then discovered I had lost a shoe; kept on down the lane to Dunnikier (leaving Balbeggie to our left). At Dunnikier I rode into the stableyard. Met Melrose bringing out a horse, followed by Towney on his feet. I said, “I’ve lost a shoe, lend

me that quad". The horse was very fresh and the girths loose. He would do nothing but plunge, and the saddle slipped on to his tail, and when I got to the other end of the park I had to get off and put the saddle straight. Meantime the hounds had run across the park of Dunnikier, across Hayston farm, nearly to Kirkcaldy, and were coming up the den that leads from Kirkcaldy to Dunnikier. When I got to the west lodge at Dunnikier some of the hounds were swimming in the pond, and "Winnifred" standing on the island looking into the water. I tried all round about, and thought that she was not looking after nothing, but could make nothing of it.

Mr. Oswald wrote about four months later :—

"DUNNIKIER, 4th March, 1877.

"MY DEAR JACK,—

"The mystery is solved, and the gallant fox who brought you here in the beginning of December is *no more*. On Thursday we were curling on the pond here, and under the ice we saw the dead body of an animal, and many opinions were hazarded as to what it could be ; Some declared it to be a dog, some a hare, some a fox. Sainty and I determined to have a post-mortem examination as soon as weather would permit, so after an arduous struggle with the ice yesterday, we reached the spot and found the dead body of *the fox*. We gave him an honourable burial. We tried to preserve his brush, but the hair came off ; with the exception of the tusks no memento is left of the good fox. The hounds were right ; I saw them

swim to the island. I think he must have hid himself in the reeds and was so exhausted that he could not get out.

“Hounds had killed him in the water and he had sunk.

“J. T. OSWALD.”

April, 1877.—The 7th Hussars ball in Edinburgh. It was capitally done in every respect. Two days after I went on to the Lomond Hill with the West of Fife Hounds, and stuck in the snow several times.

To Edinburgh. Drove Randolph Wemyss's coach to the Lothian Hunt Steeplechases—an old “Defiance” coach with two pair of Croall's job horses; they had no mouths. Randolph had made a very pleasant party—Captain Reid and his wife, pretty and pleasant; Byng and Lawley, 7th Hussars; Harry Gibson Craig; Captain Campbell, Ballyveolan. We got back at a quarter to eight.

Thursday, 19th April.—Lour Races. I rode a steeplechase against Charlie Gardyne. He rode “Fifer,” late “Quack Doctor,” the chestnut horse which I had bought at Tattersall's and sold to Gow in Edinburgh. I rode “Tophthorn”. He jumped all the fences like oil, and won by a length and a half. Gardyne weighed 13st. 3lb. and I 13st. 13lb. without our saddles. We had a beautiful day and a good meeting. Our race caused great “sensation” and they cheered awfully.

The run from the Forth to the Tay.—30th

November, 1877.—The meet was at Lundin station. Drew the covert at Lundin, and did not find; got a line along the hedge outside the covert and ran down to the sea; turned to the west and ran hard through Durie, and went to ground in a drain about two fields to the north of the house, at the foot of a steep hill. We bolted the fox by letting the water down from the hill. Hounds got a rare start and ran hard up to Torloisk; ran right through the wood and through Milldean Strips up to Rameldrie; breasting the hill it seemed as if he was going to Downfield. Then we came to a bank with a wall on the top of it and a rail running into it at right angles. My horse, who was rather blown, turned round and jumped the rail, so I was still on the wrong side. Meantime the hounds had got down into Ramornie, and we could only hear the cry, but not see them. They crossed Annfield through Melville Woods and ran clean away from us. After some time we got intelligence that they had gone past Lindores, Dunbog and Glenduckie. We persevered on the line, and the hounds came to us when we had got within one field of the Tay. Whether they had killed their fox or not we could not tell, as they had been there long before us, and it was now getting dark.

Through some mistake I had only one horse out, and he being tired, Bob Anstruther lent me his second horse. It was something like twenty-four miles from Charleton at the finish, and after leaving the hounds at the kennel I had still seven miles to go. When about three fields from home I was just

congratulating the horse on having come so well, when down he came a crasher, tore all the buttons off the knee of my breeches and gave my funny bone a nasty smash. Curiously enough he did not break his knees, but took a great piece of skin off the point of his shoulder, and was not seriously hurt.

The following poem is by John Shairp, Principal of the College of St. Andrews, my old schoolfellow at Edinburgh Academy :—

Hark, hallo! brave hearts!—
 'Twas the hounds I heard—
 With the sound of their going
 All the land is stirred;
 They have made every peasant
 From work stand still,
 With gazers they've crowned
 Every crag and hill.

And the ploughman cried loud:
 "By my team I stood
 And heard them crashing
 Yon old fir-wood;
 Down yon ash-tree river-banks,
 Where the sunbeams slant and fall,
 Flashed the dappled hounds,
 Making the dens musical:
 For sweeter they be
 Than any chime of bells
 The melodies that linger
 All the year in yon dells,
 Till the hounds come by and awake them."

And the pedlar answered
 From beneath his load:
 "At noon they went streaming
 Right o'er my road;
 From the farmsteads the lasses
 Rushed out to see
 How they skimmed like swallows
 Over plough and lea;

As they went to the hills
 What a head they bare !
 Like snow drift scudding
 On the stormy air—
 And few were the steeds could o'ertake them."

Forward waved the shepherd :
 "They are west away,
 On the moorlands startling
 The plover grey ;
 Ever on as they sped
 More mute they grew,
 And the riders waxed fewer,
 And yet more few,
 Till only one hunter attended."

And the widow, as she sat
 On her lone cottage floor,
 Heard their cry through the dark
 On the midnight moor.
 And at morn came the worn hounds
 Home, one by one,
 And the huntsmen knew
 That the chase was done—
 Never knew how nor where it ended.

My mother, aged ninety-two, died on 29th October at 79 Onslow Square, London, and was buried at Kilconquhar on 2nd November.

" EASTON LODGE,
 " DUNMOW, 4th November, 1877.

" MY DEAR JACK,—

"I have seen in the papers that you have lost your mother, and I cannot, although I know that at her great age (ninety-two) such an event could not have been unexpected, refrain from writing you a few words of sympathy. I can never forget all your kindness to me when my dear father died.

And this brings it all back to me again—more than eleven years have elapsed. Who could have foretold that so long a life would have been her portion. Her end was I trust painless, and her charm and grace of manner can never be forgotten by those who knew her. I should like to say a thousand things to you, but I know that you will believe in my affection for you without many words. My lady desires me to assure you that she sincerely joins with me in all that I have written.

“ Believe me,

“ Affectionately yours,

“ ROSSLYN.”

28th January, 1878.—A frosty day; no one out. I rode “ Bachelor ”; only Hastings and myself were with the hounds. Ran to Balcarres; the fox and hounds went bang over the face of the rock. I rode along the walk to the tower and heard a voice below say “ This is grand ”. When I got down I found Rosie on “ Beauty ” without a saddle. We galloped on and in the Double dykes met a fish cadger. “ Have you seen the hounds? ” “ Yes, they’ll be at Pittenweem by this time. ” It was pitch dark. When we got to the end of the Double dykes we heard “ Who-whoop! ” and found John Bell and Carnegie. They had picked up the fox and chucked it on the top of the hedge. They were riding out to go to tea somewhere, heard the cry, and just got up in time to see the hounds catch their fox.

From Rosie's Journal.—"I and Kitty Babington started with 'Beauty' to go to Gibleston. When we got to Balcarres we heard some 'holloaing' on and hounds running. I got on the pony and left Kitty and joined the chase. It was *scrumptious*. We ran from Balcarres all along the Double dykes, turned to the left and then down to the little lane to Balcaskie, and hearing 'who-whoop' galloped on to the road again, and found they had killed him. It was quite dark, and we did not get home till seven o'clock. I got the brush. We left some hounds on the rock at Balcarres Craig. Next morning about ten o'clock papa and I walked to Balcarres to try and get down the hounds. They were all together on a ledge—"Marksman," "Harriet," "Purity" and "Rambler". We had taken a halter and a bag of bread, so we 'clomb' the mount for some way and then papa went on to them, while I stood on a big ledge about six or eight feet lower down. Papa then caught 'Purity' and tied the halter round her neck and slung her down as far as the halter would reach, then I caught her and lifted her on to her legs, gave her some bread and let her go; and so on with all of them. We got them down beautifully before the other people (with ropes, pulleys, etc.) came up. They were perfectly ravenous, having had nothing to eat for fifty-two hours. We fed them as soon as we got them here, and Fred came down soon after and took them back to the kennels."

1878.—One day cub-hunting at Durie, Captain Christie rode close after me all the morning. I got

rather bored with him, and jumped a high rail into a potato field thinking I would get rid of him; but he would not be denied, and flew over it, landing on his horse's neck. He came up to me and said solemnly, "Do you always ride about people's policies in this manner?" I said "Oh, yes, I always go wherever I like, but I won't come here if you don't like it". "I did not say I did not like it." Next morning I received the following letter from him:—

"DURIE, 17th September, 1878.

"DEAR SIR,—

"The woods and grounds around my house I wish you to consider as available to you in the pursuance of fox-hunting, whenever circumstances bring you to the vicinity. The denseness of the cover, small in extent, affords shelter to the fox.

"I am, dear Sir,

"Yours truly,

"ROBERT CHRISTIE.

"To COLONEL THOMSON, Charleton."

My dear old friend George Whyte-Melville was killed out hunting. He and I were blooded by old John Walker on the same day in 1830, and were at Eton together. Archie Little sent me the following account of the accident: "He was galloping across a heavy ploughed field and his horse fell with him as if shot. Whether he crossed his legs or stumbled where the field had been cross-ploughed, no one knows. Poor dear Melville fell with great force on his head and was killed on the spot. His widow is

anxious that he should be buried here. He often said, 'As the tree falls, there let it lie'. I think it possible that you might attend the funeral. Pray come to Upton." Mr. Whyte-Melville wished the funeral to take place at St. Andrews, but Mrs. Whyte-Melville was so anxious that it should take place at Tetbury, that he agreed. Lady Catherine was very ill at the time. As soon as I heard of George's death I went to Mount Melville. Mr. Melville said Lady Catherine was so ill that he could not leave her. I said, "I will attend the funeral and report to you all that happens". I went from London with Lord Wolverton, Francis Lord Rosslyn, and Robert Grimston.

These verses, the last written by Whyte-Melville, were published in the *World* the day we attended the funeral :—

Falling leaf and fading tree,
 Lines of white on a sullen sea,
 Shadows rising on you and me ;
 The swallows are making them ready to fly,
 Wheeling out on a windy sky—
 Good-bye, Summer—good-bye, good-bye !

Hush !—a voice from the far away—
 Listen and learn : it seems to say
 All the to-morrows shall be as to-day :
 The cord is frayed, the cruise is dry,
 The link must break and the lamp must die—
 Good-bye, Hope—good-bye, good-bye !

What are we waiting for ? Oh, my heart,
 Kiss me straight on the brows, and part :
 Again !—again ! My heart ! my heart !
 What are we waiting for, you and I ?
 A pleading look—a stifled cry—
 Good-bye for ever—good-bye, good-bye !

After the funeral I had a long talk with Mrs. Whyte-Melville, and was truly sorry for her. I went home with Little to Tetbury Upton and remained that night and returned to London next day.

A meeting was held in Lord Wolverton's house, Carlton Terrace, and a committee formed for the purpose of getting up a suitable memorial. Lord Wolverton, Mr. Frederic Chapman and myself were elected secretaries. The subscription was liberally responded to and we collected about £2000. We put up a cross and tombstone over the grave at Tetbury; a memorial window in the Guards' Chapel in London; a fountain at St. Andrews; and gave £500 to the Hunt Servants' Benefit Society. A great many huntsmen and hunt servants subscribed to the memorial.

Mrs. Whyte-Melville requested me to ask Boehm to make a bust of George. It happened that Boehm sat in church in the pew behind Melville, so he knew every hair on his head, and he made a very beautiful bust, of which he gave me a small copy in terra-cotta. Some time after I said to Boehm, "We have not a likeness of George on horseback". He made a pen-and-ink sketch. Mrs. Melville sent me his coat and hunting-whip, but his boots had been given away. I went to many boot-makers in London, but could get no information. On going to Mr. Bartley in Oxford Street, he said, "We did not make them, but they were the same pattern as those the Hon. Robert Grimston wears". I went straight to Mr. Grimston's house. He was out hunting, and while I was at the door his valet came upstairs with a pair

of boots in his hand. I said, "That is just what I want". I stuck one of the boots up on the window and made a sketch of it, which I took to Boehm, and he finished his sketch, which was a very admirable likeness.

In 1877 the Devon and Somerset Staghounds got rabies. All the young hounds and suspicious ones were killed. Sixteen couple of the old ones were chained up, each separately; a wire-fence ten feet high placed round the kennel field, and they went to exercise every second day with wire muzzles on. They were kept so all through the summer. When hunting began rabies again broke out, and the whole lot were destroyed.

12th August, 1878.—I went down from London to "The Feathers" at Minehead; took chestnut horse and Charlie's deaf helper; found Elmhirst and his wife staying there; dined with them. Next morning rode to Cloutsham Ball. Mary, Jack Russell's housekeeper, had driven over with Arthur Heal's daughter.

This was the new pack and they killed a lot of sheep. Poor Fenwick said, "I have not heard that d——d word 'Ware sheep' for sixteen years". I forget what we did. We rode home about twenty-five miles, got wet through, and home about ten o'clock. Mary would not let us go upstairs for fear of dirtying the carpet; pulled our boots off in the kitchen, and Jack got cramp in his leg. At dinner he said, "What tipple will you have?" I said, "Cider, of course". He said, "Mary, I'll have

cider too". She said, "Cider beant good for you, ye'll get cramp in the night". He got his cider, and we sat and chatted and drank whisky and hot water till the middle of the night.

Saw the foxhounds in kennel next day. Harry Seabright, huntsman. Returned to London in the evening.

1st February, 1879.—Snow hunt at Ayton Hill; ten degrees of frost; seventeen miles to covert; got there 11.30; two ladies in a sledge and the field on foot; five inches of snow; deep drifts; very clear and still. Lots of foxes, but a long time before we got hounds to settle, and never could get a view. "Marksman" hunted a line by himself, digging his nose into the snow at every pad-mark; the other hounds rushed at him and knocked him off the line. Kept touching it up to Glenduckie, a large wood, and not so much snow under the trees; ran hard and three foxes broke. I went away with one, but having only eight couple, went back to the other lot. Ran back to Ayton Hill, and got a view at him round the hill, and away as hard as they could go into Glenduckie again. When I got to the top of the hill I saw the fox on the top of Higham Hill going towards the Tay, past Barnbreich to the banks of the river. The drift ice was thirty or forty yards broad. Hunted on ice along the edge of the water, sometimes in mud, the tide being low; sometimes a drive along the footpath and then on the ice again, nearly three miles, where a broad tidal ditch runs at right angles into the river. When the hounds

got to the corner of the ice they looked for a moment and plunged into the river. It was only about two miles across to Forfarshire. The Tay was coming down like a torrent and huge blocks of ice crashing against each other. All the hounds were in the water except "Rummager". Just then I noticed the spoor of the fox in the mud where he had turned up the ditch. I whistled and "Rummager" threw his tongue. The body of the hounds immediately swam back, hunted up the ditch, got a view, ran up the road and into the town of Newburgh, and killed him in the street. Only Fred Whitehall and I present. A capital hunt.

The requisites for snow hunting are a thorough knowledge of the country—gates, gaps and ditches; a quiet horse that will jump standing, his feet stopped with gutta-percha and rough-shod; leave his head loose when riding over ice and do not go too slow; not too large a pack; no hounds that are inclined to hang on the line. Scent varies as much in snow as when the ground is clear. I have been out with eleven degrees of frost, and a clipping scent; some days four or five inches of slush and water, still a fair scent. The worst is when the snow is melted and the ground carries, but *the bone* is not out of it. Foxes are very difficult to find in snow, as they see so far and are off without waiting to be found, and they lie in all sorts of places. When there is much snow on the branches it falls and spoils scent in cover, and on bad scenting days hounds are often a long time before they will settle to it, repeatedly

crossing the line without taking any notice of it. I have not had a hound injured in snow hunting but by accident.

18th May.—George Cheape, Jim Turnbull and I agreed to go and have a tod hunt in the Highlands. Turnbull being Lord Moray's factor, got leave from him. I started by early train; met Jack Shepherd at Thornton with four couple of hounds and four terriers, a sack of meal and a black pony called "Rag". George Cheape joined us at Stirling, having come down from London. We went by train to Callander, put the sack of meal on the pony's back and walked four and half miles to Milton, John Stewart's. He is famous for his Highland cattle and gets many prizes at the shows. Turnbull came down later. He lived in the keeper's house and we dined there. It was a hundred yards off and called Blairgarry.

Having fed the hounds and put the pony straight, we took the terriers and walked up to the top of Ben Ledi and tried the cairns, but there is such an extent of them that it would take a whole pack to draw them. Next morning we got up at daylight and took the hounds and again went up the hill. Tunnard, who was staying in the neighbourhood, met us there. It was very cold in the morning. We tried all the glens and walked till we were tired, and saw nothing. The following day we drew all the glens west of the house. I rode my pony as far as I could and left him at a farm-house. We then walked on and on till we were tired. Turnbull's servant had

a pedometer, and said we had walked twenty-three miles. The sun was very hot, and it was about three o'clock in the afternoon. We were obliged to keep the hounds in couples, there were such a lot of dead lambs on the hill. I had my left arm in a sling, having a bony lump on the top of my shoulder, caused by a cropper about a fortnight before. I was lying on the top of the hill with the hounds all round me. I heard a ghillie who was in the glen at the bottom of the hill shout out, "Here's a tod! Here's a tod!" I uncoupled the hounds and the fox came up the hill within a hundred yards of me. Away the hounds went, and I said, "Good-bye, old boys, I'll see you again next season". I did not know where they would go to. I ran over the crest of the hill and down the other side. It was very steep and my legs ran away with me. The heel of my right boot hit me on the inside of my left knee and over I went on to my bad shoulder. It hurt awfully, and I could only lie still and groan. When I got a little better I got out my telescope and saw three shepherds on a hill about two or three miles off, looking east; they turned round so I saw their backs, and concluded that they saw the hounds beyond them. I got up and limped up the hill and over to the valley where we had started from. After a little while the leading hound appeared. There was little scent and they were only going slowly. I stopped him and waited for the others and got them all together. I then went down to a farm-house where I had left the pony and got back to the kennel. There was nobody

about the place except Mrs. Campbell, and I had to feed the hounds and then do up the pony, and the other men did not come in for some time. I was pretty well tired and fell asleep directly after dinner. I welted one of the hounds for running a hare, and he would not come on with me and was left out all night. Next day he came to the kennel while the hounds were out, and finding none there, trotted on to Callander and went on till he got to Doune. He there lost his way and remained wild on the hill. He would not let any one come near him. He did no harm, killed no sheep as far as we could learn, and at last was shot by one of Lord Moray's keepers.

Poor Jim Turnbull met with an awful death. He and a companion were sailing in a small boat on the Forth. At St. Colme the boat upset and they both got on to a rock. The steamboat to Aberdour passed near them and took no notice of their signals as they thought they were people bathing. The tide was rising and they were both drowned in front of Turnbull's house.

CHAPTER VI.

JACK RUSSELL.

1879.—In March the Rev. J. Russell came to visit us at Charleton.

“TORDOWN, 14th March, 1879.

“MY DEAR JACK,—

“I am just starting for Trafalgar Lawn, and will report progress before I close this letter. I have so made up my mind to start on Monday morning for the Land o' Cakes, that I shall not only be grieved on Bury's account, but sadly disappointed on my own, if I cannot do so. As you do not hunt till Wednesday, I shall take it quietly, and sleep in London; if I *do* make a start of it on Monday night, a young widow, whom I am engaged to marry—not to myself, but to another—will, I know, take me in and do for me. She is a sister of Froude Bellew's wife, and a big 'un for a youngster! All kind regards.

“Yours for ever affectionately,

“J. RUSSELL.

“Trafalgar Lawn, 5.45. Bury is mending, though not well enough to leave his bed, but he wishes me to go to you on Monday, and so I shall start accordingly, at least I hope so.”

He arrived in Edinburgh on the 18th and attended the New Club ball.

19th.—Thick fog; met at kennels at twelve o'clock.

23rd, Sunday.—Mr. Russell preached at Pittenweem. Pat Carnegie was at Charleton.

On 24th had Jack Russell photoed at St. Andrews.

25th.—Met at Lathockar; very hard; and went to Lour.

26th.—Went to Finavon to dinner.

27th.—I went to Edinburgh with Jack Russell. He went home, and I returned to Finavon.

“TORDOWN,

“Monday morning, 31st March, 1879.

“MY DEAR JACK,—

“You will have received, I hope, my laconic epistle announcing my safe arrival at the South *Molton* station on Saturday, but I got *home* all right, and yesterday went through my usual duties in Swimbridge Church. Another letter arrived from Lady Portsmouth yesterday *begging* me to dine and sleep at Eggesford to-day to meet Lord Camperdown, whoever he may be, so I am off again! and to-morrow go to Ivybridge, where Parker writes me they have been free from any impediment to hunting since the 24th of February! Lucky dogs! Eh?

“I can't find words strong enough to express my thanks to yourself and Mrs. Thomson, including

'Rosie,' for all your kindness to me; but I am very grateful, as I ought to be, for it, and wish I could return it in kind at once. But a few more months and we shall be in the heart of the stag-hunting season, when you have promised to bring them *both* to my little Alpine cottage, and when Mary and I will try to take care of you all.

"She, the said Mary, desires me to return you her very best thanks for your most liberal, kind and handsome present, which, she says, will 'last her her life'. I will give you some sort of an account of our sport at Ivybridge as soon as I can.

"With best and kindest love to you all,

"I am, my dear Jack,

"Ever yours affectionately,

"J. RUSSELL."

"TORDOWN,

"Tuesday, 8th April, 1879.

"MY DEAR JACK,—

"I will send off the two terrier puppies by train to Charleton to-morrow morning, and 'hope they will arrive fresh'. Take your choice of them, and send on the other to Pat Carnegy with my best wishes to the missus and himself. We hadn't much *sport* last week at Ivybridge, but the meeting and the dinner were both a great success. I was staying at Delamore, where you were often *toasted*. Please put a few potatoes into the hamper and send it back—not that I want the hamper, but I do the potatoes.

“ I walked my pony from hill to hill last week, for I was in too much pain to allow him to *gallop*, and saw as much as I could of the different runs, and perhaps as much as most of the other noble sportsmen. But I am now mending fast, and hope to be well enough to *ride* a run yet before the season is over.

“ Again thanking you all for my pleasant Scottish outing, and with best love to you all,

“ Believe me, my dear Jack,

“ Yours affectionately,

“ J. RUSSELL.

“ Just off to a parish meeting.”

“ COLLIPRIEST, TIVERTON,

“ 26th June, 1879.

“ MY DEAR JACK,—

“ I hope that you and yours got back in safety yesterday morning to your old earth in Fifeshire. I came here last night at ten o'clock, thinking the school meeting was fixed for to-day, but the gathering is to take place to-morrow, after which I mount my horse for *dulce domum*.

“ I go to London again to marry Lord Rock-savage on the 16th of July. Let me know *for certain when* you are all—two couple—coming to me for the stag-hunting. No time for more, but every kind wish to you all,

“ Yours ever affectionately,

“ J. RUSSELL.”

“TORDOWN, BARNSTAPLE,
“28th July, 1879.

“MY DEAR JACK,—

“When are you all coming to me?

“*Private.*

“The Prince of Wales comes to Dunster Castle on Thursday the 21st of August to hunt with the staghounds near Porlock on the 22nd, and will be off again on the 23rd to Devonport, and Colonel Kingscote writes to say, and so does Mrs. Luttrell, that I am to meet him there. That circumstance, however, need make no difference to you or yours, for Mary will take care of you for the few hours I shall be absent. The Prince says that he ‘will not come at all if his advent is advertised in the papers,’ hence I head this paragraph ‘Private’.

“Now, you are to make your own game, and I will help to play it with you. I have three horses for the girls, all of which will carry them well, I *believe*—two of them will, I know. You will bring your own horses, and they shall each have a large loose-box in which to disport themselves, and I have a little carriage—it has seen some service certainly!—to drive Mrs. Thomson about, and show her some of our pretty views.

“The Staghound fixtures as they now stand are: Tuesday, 12th August, Cloutsham; Friday, 15th August, Hawkcombe Head. I want to keep the latter for Friday, 22nd, but the first four days are always in the Porlock country, and therefore within easy, very easy, distance of Minehead and Dunster, but

horses and carriages will be at a premium all the time. 'The Luttrell Arms' is the Dunster hostelry, 'The Feathers' the Minehead ditto. Now *I* have said *my* say, let me hear yours. All kind love and regards.

"Ever yours affectionately,

"J. RUSSELL.

"My horses shall meet you anywhere, and on any day you will name."

"TORDOWN, BARNSTAPLE,

"9th August, 1879.

"Many happy returns of this day to you, my dear Jack! I drank it this morning in a cup of tea before I left my bed, and I will drink it again, in a glass of the old Falernian, before I retire to it this evening.

"My plans for the coming campaign are as follows. I shall hunt with the Staghounds every day from home till Friday the 21st. On that day I am ordered to accompany the Prince from Dunster Castle to Hawkcombe Head, and, of course, shall go there the day before, and return with the party (unless the hounds finish on this side of the moor to Dunster), and come home next day. This is the only engagement I have, or shall make, before you and yours come here. I can take you all in, in a small way, very comfortably, horses and man-servant.

"Let me know for certain, as soon as you can, when you will be here. The sooner the better for me, for I want to look upon your genial Scotch faces again. The horses are all crying 'Come and ride

me'. I drove the old black horse down to Black Torrington (sixty miles) with Mary by my side yesterday, and he is fit to jump out of his skin this morning.

"My love to all. Just off to So. Molton to see my lawyer.

"Yours ever affectionately,

"J. RUSSELL."

"TORDOWN, BARNSTAPLE,

"Wednesday Morning, 13th August, 1879.

"MY DEAR JACK,—

"Mary will square everything for your reception here on Monday by the five something train, and I will meet you with a trap at the station, and shall be *delighted* to welcome you all here. On Tuesday we can have a quiet day here. I was yesterday particularly requested, by Mrs. Luttrell, to go to Dunster, I suppose to give them a little insight into the ways of Royalty before the Prince's arrival.

"Just going into the Barnstaple Flower Show with an 'up country man' who is staying here.

"We had no sport yesterday, did not find till four o'clock, ran to Dunkerry Hill Gate—two miles—and then and there, I was told by one of the field, the hounds were whipped off—scent very bad—thousands of people on the Ball and in the Field. We did not get home till near ten o'clock—rode all the way there and back. A jovial sportsman, named Arnold, was at Cloutsham, asked particularly when

you are coming here, and gave me a sovereign towards the damage fund. Bissett's father died last Wednesday; he will be out, and I hope at Dunster Castle next week.

"You must come here by the Great Western Line from Paddington or you will be detained in Barnstaple no end of time. I will telegraph to you at Charleton by-and-bye. Boxes all ready for your horses, and lots of old hay, corn and beans—*vetches* if you approve—I always give them after hunting.

"Love to you all,

"Ever yours affectionately,

"J. RUSSELL."

On 16th August sent George Kemp with "Johnny Brady" and "Home Rule" to Tordown. We, wife, Kit and Rosie, followed on the 18th. Staghounds met next day at Mounsey Hill Gate; fog and wet and no sport. Jack mounted Kit on his old black horse—he was very slow and short of wind—and Rosie on a pony which he borrowed somewhere. He also borrowed a four-wheel pony trap which "Johnny Brady" went in, and I rode "Home Rule". We drove over to Lynton on the 21st, and joined Tom Arnold (Atherstone) at the inn.

22nd was the Prince's day; Hawkcombe Head. We drove over in pony carriage and met the horses there. An immense crowd of all sorts. Met Charles Williams Bassett. Had not seen him since he lent me a horse at the Portsmouth Arms with Portsmouth's hounds in 1872.

“Dragon” says: “The numbers present were estimated at 15,000, and of horsemen 1,200 to 1,500. They came from nearly every hunt in England. When Arthur Heal arrived on a well-bred chestnut, and his whip, George Southwell, with fifteen couple of hounds, a knot of sportsmen gathered round them—Earl Fortescue, Lord Ebrington, Colonel Anstruther Thomson and two daughters from Fife, Mr. and Mrs. Froude Bellew, and Mr. Nicholas Snow, those well-known M.F.H.’s. The Master (Mr. Fenwick Bissett) unfortunately was not out, so the treasurer, Mr. Sam Warren, took his place. At a quarter to twelve arrived a carriage and four with postillions in scarlet jackets. In the carriage were the Prince, Prince Louis of Battenberg, Lord Charles Beresford, Rev. John Russell, and their host, Mr. Luttrell of Dunster Castle. They drove slowly round so that they might be seen by all, and had a hearty welcome, and then drove off to a house to get their horses.’

On trotting back to the moor we found Heal in Lord Lovelace’s big covert tufting with three couple and something seen before them, which the practised eye of the natives proclaimed to be a stag. They tried to drive him out, but it was no use, but a young stag came sailing up to us. The hounds were brought, but he was not their game, so trotted off to the deer park at Oare. Several stags were soon on foot, and one was sailing away towards Badsworthy Wood. I don’t know where they ran to, but it was a sort of semicircle, and luckily the Prince nicked in and saw the finish in the river near the Doones Houses. The

stag turned up the stream with the hounds in view ; they drove him up and down the stream and pulled him down. Arthur got hold, and gave his knife to the Prince, who gave the *coup de grâce*. There was a crowd in the path in front of me, and I scrambled down a steep place to where the Prince was standing. He had a patch of blood on his cheek, one of the farmers having taken the liberty of "blueding him". His horse was on the other side of the water, and he plopped in and waded across. "Dragon" adds : "Colonel Anstruther Thomson astonished even the natives by riding his horse down where some were even afraid to lead".

We stayed that night at the inn at Exford. Ro's pony had lost both its fore-shoes, and she had wandered away towards Barnstaple ; luckily some one overtook her and sent her back. She did not get in till nine o'clock. The beds were very small, and the house full of people carousing, so we had not a very good night. One of the girls slept on the floor.

23rd.—We returned to Tordown.

24th, Sunday.—Attended Swinbridge Church.

25th.—Went to Anstey ; Froude Bellew's to lunch.

28th.—We rode to Minehead to The Feathers Inn and got wet through. The pony-carriage with luggage was a long way behind us, so I sent the girls to bed and I dressed the horses to keep myself warm.

29th.—Staghounds met at Crowcomb.

30th.—We went to St. Audries, Sir Alexander Hood's.

31st, Sunday.—Quantoxhead Church.

1st September.—Hunted Quantoxhead.

2nd.—Went to Exeter, to Lidford, Launceston and Tintagel Castle; and on the 4th went to Hanford, where Lord Wolverton was living, while his house was building at Ewerne. He had a beautiful pack of bloodhounds. John Boore was his huntsman, who had been my second horseman in the Pytchley country. We saw the house where Beckford lived, and went out cub-hunting with Lord Portman. Joe Moss was his huntsman and Bob Pickard first whip; he had been with me in Fife. They killed a roe-deer. I went over one day and saw Blackmoor Vale Hounds (Sir Richard Glyn's) in the kennels. Old Lady Wolverton, a charming, stately old lady, asked Ro what she would like to be. She said, "I should like to be a whip". "A what? my dear!"

The following is extracted from *Bailey's Magazine* for September, 1879: "The portrait of that excellent M.F.H., Mr. Anstruther Thomson, appeared in the *Sporting Gazette*, and was duly placed in the window of the office. It was about the time of the Peace trial (for murder). Two little boys were heard to say on looking at it, 'Why, here's old Peace in his "black cap"'. "

5th February, 1880.—I was in London and was going to stay at Audley Wood with Tom Pain, and hunt next day with the Vine Hounds (Harry

Deacon, Master). The Fife Hounds met on the same day at Elie. Rosie was riding my horse "Victor," a very hard puller and a roarer. Hounds ran very hard to Kilbrackmont, about thirty-five minutes. Colonel Babington and Rosie were first all the way. Hounds ran through the covert at Kilbrackmont. Rosie galloped away straight across the field and got an awful fall over a wall rather up hill and into a road. Her groom, Woods, on "Bachelor," instead of following her, went straight up the field and through a gate. When he got round to where she was, she had just got upon her feet and the horse was galloping away. The blood was pouring down from her face. He jumped off his horse, and asked her if she could come home in a carriage, then he left her in charge of Mr. Balfour and rode home for the carriage.

Her mother wrote: "I sent for Doctor Lumgair, and I got towels and sponges, sal-volatile and eau-de-Cologne. As I was going out I met Mr. Balfour in back drawing-room, who relieved me by telling me that it was a severe cut.

"I drove in the brougham to Mr. Scott's house. She was lying on a bed, Ella Erskine with her. She told Ella that she did not wish me to see it, so I was sent downstairs to wait till she walked down, bare-headed (hat torn to pieces). She was bleeding and did lose a great deal of blood. At the door of Charleton stood Doctors Lumgair and Palm. She walked to my bedroom and was placed upon the sofa. They chloroformed her. She took an unusual

amount of chloroform to send her off. Ella Erskine had followed us, and up to this time was in the room. I thought it unnecessary that she should remain longer, so she left. They then stitched up the wound with silver wire and gave her brandy. I got her undressed (the doctors staying in the house) and I and Christie helped her into bed. I shall sleep in your dressing-room. The maid will sit up to-night with her. The doctors are coming to-night at seven o'clock to cut off the half of the silver wire now sticking out."

"LARGO, 5th February, 1880,

"Thursday Evening, 9.30 p.m.

"MY DEAR SIR,—

"I was at Charleton when your telegram arrived to-night, and was sorry I could not reply in course. I will telegraph in the morning, which you will receive before this; however I cannot in a telegram give you particulars.

"Miss Rosie's horse in attempting a stone wall failed to get over it, and rolled over, throwing her on her face. I fear she had struck on a stone. Her face is a good deal cut, her lip on the right side from the nose is completely cut through, and it is separated also along the bottom of the nose to the left side. It was all hanging down and is a very dirty lacerated wound. Immediately on receiving intelligence of the accident, Dr. Palm and I drove along, put her under chloroform, and carefully stitched it. The parts are very much swollen, but to-night she seems very comfortable and complains little, *if at*

all. Had the wound been a clear incised wound it would have been little trouble, but it is a nasty ragged, dirty wound, and I fear may not heal nicely without leaving a considerable blemish; however in that I may be mistaken. It is beautifully put in position with silver stitches, and the edge of the wound with a hare-lip needle, and I earnestly hope it may do well. She has slept a little this afternoon, and feels, on the whole, better than might have been expected; but of course the most critical part is to come. However you may keep your mind at rest so far that there is no injury to any internal organs, and that I am not apprehensive as to danger to her life.

“If all goes on well, I will not telegraph, but should the least anxiety occur I will at once make you aware of it. I would have telegraphed this afternoon, but Mrs. Thomson assured me it was unnecessary as she was to do it herself.

“I am, in haste,

“Yours very sincerely,

“GEORGE LUMGAIR.

“COLONEL ANSTRUTHER THOMSON.”

I came away next day from Audley Wood, down to Edinburgh by night mail, to Markinch on Saturday, and drove home. I found her in bed quite cheery, but she could not speak, and could only suck milk or soup through a tube. Dr. Lumgair treated her with great skill, and she soon got better, but had a very big lump on her lip. The chief difficulty was to keep her from laughing. Some years after she had

an operation on her lip, and it was restored to its natural size.

End of May 1880.—We were in London, 113 Queen's Gate. Had team, "Squirrel," "Yarborough," "Skrimiger" and "Nimrod". Mr. Whyte-Melville and Mr. Russell were anxious to meet each other. Their combined ages was 170—Russell, eighty-six; Melville, eighty-four. I invited them to go to Ascot Races. Mr. Russell came to stay with us in Queen's Gate; Mr. Melville stayed with his grand-daughter, Lady Massereene, in Park Lane.

I asked Melville how many days he would like to go to the races. He said, "Every day". I asked Russell. He said, "I should like to go every day too, but I have to meet a parson on Thursday, who is going to take my duty in August when stag-hunting begins". However, on Wednesday he said, "Parson can't come to-morrow, so I'll go every day too". I drove the coach and horses down to Slough the day before the races and left him there. A capital meeting, and the old gentlemen very cheery and enjoyed it much.

One evening we dined at Lord Macclesfield's. After dinner he filled a glass of port and said, "Mr. Russell, your good health; may you live for twenty years longer". "Thank you, my lord, but why do you limit me?"

The following day we dined with Mr. Villebois, who was celebrating his golden wedding, and I had the pleasure of telling Mrs. Villebois that I had danced with her before she was married. She asked me,

“How did you manage that?” “You were staying at Buxton when I was a schoolboy at home for the holidays, and you were good enough to allow me to dance with you.”

One night we dined with Mr. Lane-Fox, Chandos-Pole, Lords Wenlock, Macclesfield, Harewood, and usual party. After dinner we heard of the dynamite explosion in St. James's Square. Chandy Pole and I walked down to Sir Watkin Wynn's house, found all the dining-room windows broken and the area full of rubbish. Sir Watkin was not well at the time and had to be on the sofa. We rang the bell and asked how he was. The servant said, “Sir Watkin has gone to bed and says he don't care a damn for anything”. We then went on to Scotland Yard. The inspector on duty was the one who took charge of the four-in-hand meetings, and as he knew Chandy and me he allowed us to go in. A cab was standing in the lane covered with bricks and could not be got out. I don't know what had become of the horse. A deal of damage was done and walls blown down.

I went to see Bill embark at Southampton for India, and wrote to his mother :—

“21st August, 1880,
“Saturday morning.

“Started to catch 10.30 at Victoria, found that it went from London Bridge, and had to wait till 11.45. Met W. Burn. He started from Duke Street, drove to Waterloo, then to Victoria, then to London Bridge, was too late and returned to Victoria. They

put on their uniforms in the train, and we arrived at Portsmouth harbour about 2.30.

“Prince Leopold was in the train. Went on board at once and got luggage into cabins. Bill’s cabin, No. 25 in ‘Pandemonium’; three places; Langford (Marines), his companion, a nice pleasant fellow. Cabin about 9 ft. high, and about 10 × 12.

“‘Pandemonium’ is a large space in the middle of the ship on third deck. When the ship is crowded they sling cots in it; at present it is vacant. The air is pumped in by a steam-engine, and makes a draught all through the ship. The lights in Bill’s berth are just above the water mark.

“The Prince of Wales came on board with the Princess, Prince Leopold, Mrs. Cornwallis West, Prince Edward Saxe-Weimar, General Higginson, etc. They mooned about the ship. Bill and I were standing together. The Prince stopped and shook hands with me, and said, ‘Any one belonging to you going out?’ ‘Yes, sir, my son.’ He held out his hand to Bill, and asked where and what regiment. Bill on duty is very different from Bill at home. He picked himself up to attention, and answered, ‘Lucknow, sir.’ ‘Yes, sir,’ as sharp as a sergeant-major. He said, ‘I must keep up the credit of my regiment,’ and had a nice pair of white kid gloves, and his cap on three hairs, but one tuft crept up behind in spite of his diligent burnishing. The worst of it was we could get nothing to eat as the bar was shut up.

“We met Sir Henry Fletcher, George Moncrieff, Sir Archibald Lamb (his brother is in Rifles), Lord

Alexander Russell and wife (he had two sons on board), Lord Raglan (son in Rifles), Vans Agnew (son in Rifles), David Kinloch from Hythe, St. Lawrence (quartered Portsmouth), Farren (Grenadier Guards), R. Lloyd Anstruther and his wife (Rifles), Major Buller (Rifles). There were lots of people, and they allowed almost everybody to go on board who had no business there.

“The Queen came after the Prince left and walked round the ship. Lord Churston presented all the Rifle officers to her. She went away about 6.30, and then we were told that they would not sail till next morning. Officers on leave on shore to be on board at seven o'clock. Bill and Burn applied for leave, and we started off in search of dinner at George Hotel, and they went on board again about 10.30.

“On Sunday morning I got up at 6.30, walked down to ship, and got there at a quarter to eight. Found Bill dressing. He announced his intention of wearing a beard, as it is difficult to shave when the ship rolls. His marine had dressed and gone out, and he declared he was a capital fellow. Langford came in while I was there and I was introduced, and he seemed very nice. We then went to breakfast all together. They are charged three and sixpence per day, eat and drink as much as they like—port, sherry, claret and one pint of beer; if they don't drink, they pay two shillings and sixpence for food.

“They have little printed bits of paper called ‘chits,’ on which they write what they want extra,

and their names, and the stewards keep them as checks to be settled when the mess bills are paid. Burn got a pot of jam, to show the process. At nine o'clock visitors left the ship. We only had a few minutes to shake hands and say good-bye, and then had to go on shore. Just then Prince Edward of Saxe-Weimar (he commands the district), Lord Raglan, General Higginson, Mrs. Cornwallis West, arrived. Prince Edward gave Lord Raglan leave to go on board to see his boy. They began to loose the ropes and the ship moved. Some one said, 'They will take Lord Raglan away'. I was standing next the Prince. General Higginson had introduced me to him. He said, 'He is going to Spithead in the ship, and will return in the tender'. Then he said to me, 'Should you like to go?' I said, 'No, sir, the fewer good-byes the better'. By this time the gangway was up, and the ship floated gently away. All the men were crowded on the side of the ship. Prince Edward said to me, 'There are so few people here we shall not be able to make a cheer'. They had not allowed any one to come in except those belonging to the ship, and they were gliding away silently. I said, 'We ought to have a cheer just to start them, sir, will you begin?' 'No, no,' he said. 'Shall I do it, sir?' 'Go on.' So I held up my hat and shouted my best, and we made as much row as we could. I hope Bill saw my hat up. I think he did, but I could not then distinguish him.

"All the men in the ship gave three real good ones, and the band played 'Rule Britannia' and then

'Auld lang Syne' as long as we could hear; and the ship glided, as the Prince said, 'like a great white swan,' out of our sight. The captain's name is Parsons; the tonnage is about 6,000, and the horsepower 3,000. She is a very fine ship. Farrar and I walked back to the George Hotel."

I returned to London and next day started for Porlock.

"PORLOCK,

"TUESDAY, 24th August, 1880.

"MY DEAR WIFE,—

"I do wish that you were here. It is a lovely place and would do you good. But it is a far way from home, and I came down on a wild-geese chase. I intended to have left London at 11.45 if your telegram came in time. I got it at 1.30, and started at three. When I got to Swindon I looked in the *Field* newspaper, and saw Staghounds Hunt, Monday instead of Tuesday. The *Sporting Gazette* had advertised Tuesday. I was in the depths of despair, and would have turned back if I could.

"I got to Minehead in the dark, and came on here in a 'shay' from 'The Feathers'; arrived 9.30, and found Jack Russell had gone out to dinner with the Kinglakes. My horse had been left ready all the morning. Mary, Jack's housekeeper, said, 'You had better go down to Dr. Kinglake's too,' and trotted off with me. They gave me food and were very kind. I had not seen Mrs. Kinglake for thirty-three years. She is very pleasant and nice. Her mother and

George Loch's mother were sisters, and we used to be great friends.

"Jack is full of plans to keep me here for a month, and I should like to stay for Friday's hunt, as I have seen nothing yet, and we are going to ride up to Oare, Nicholas Snow's, to-day, and dine with the Kinglakes.

"The hounds meet at Triscombe Stone, Friday. There is a church to be opened at Minehead which the Rev. has to attend. My idea is to go on to stay with Froude Bellew, near Dulverton, that night, and after hunting, Friday, go to Taunton, and get home as soon as I can. The Rev. proposes to ride from here to Triscombe, and lead my horse (pretty well at his age) rather more than twenty miles. He is rather in trouble with the clergyman who has taken his duty, who is not satisfied, as there is no fruit for the children; so they have split, and he wants some one, or must go home for next Sunday. On Friday he goes to his old friend, Rev. W. Luttrell, at Quantox Head.

"I slept in a butcher's house, Dick Riddler, a keen stag-hunter. The rooms so low I can just stand up, but clean as new pins; the windows so near the ground that I had to sit on the floor to shave.

"Love to all the babes,

"Yours affectionately,

"J. A. T."

We rode to Nicholas Snow's, "Stars of the West," and got him to go out cub-hunting. He

gave us some tea at two o'clock, put a horn in his pocket and got on a pony, dressed in trousers and shooting jacket; his man on another pony in his stable dress. He is a real workman with hounds. He trotted a long way along the rides in a huge wood and never a hound left him. He then waved his hand and they rushed into the wood and found directly. Next day I hunted with staghounds. I rode a little chestnut mare of Jack Russell's and slept at the Rev. Wm. Luttrell's. Captain L. bought the mare. I went to London and home next day.

CHAPTER VII.

FIFE.

CHARLIE went to Pau, and lent me his groom, Collier, and two horses, the chestnut mare and "Congress".

I wrote to him from Barleythorpe :—

"6th February, 1881.

"I have had a fair week of it and have been out five days. We could not hunt in Essex till Monday. Pat mounted me on his grey horse. We ran two hours to ground and dug.

"Tuesday, I had 'Congress' down from London to Romford. It was such a fog we could not hunt till two o'clock, so I sent him home again and rode a chestnut of Carnegy's. We did nothing.

"Wednesday, I went back to London.

"Thursday, started with Collier, 'Congress' and mare. Eight o'clock, got out at Kettering with the mare. Woodland Pytchley (Elmhirst, master and huntsman); ran hard for fifty minutes. I never saw an inch of it till they checked. They did not catch him. I came on to Oakham by train, one mile from here. Collier came early. Baird has taken the whole concern in for me, and gave me a second horse both yesterday and Friday.

“Friday, Quorn. Great Dalby. Elmhirst gave me a mount on a capital horse. We ran fast and well for about thirty minutes, and then hunted in the Belvoir country among a host of foxes for many hours. Had six miles back to Burdett’s cover and a bad fox over a deep country; got a good bucketing and lost him. ‘Croppy’ was out, Brocklehurst, Chandos-Pole, Duke of Portland, and a big field near 200. Yesterday, Cottesmore, Beaumont Lodge; ‘Congress’ first horse; ‘Peppercorn,’ Baird’s, second, a real good one. ‘Congress’ is a nailer, he is very fit, goes the pace, and does not make much noise. We came to a brook; the fellows all went right and left for better places, and most in and out. I went straight at it and jumped it well. He did not quite land his hind legs and dropped on his knees, but never lost his balance, and recovered all right. I only rode him while hounds were running, as Baird’s horse walked, which he would not.

“Baird is a capital Master and the whole thing well done and workmanlike. He don’t say much, but he is very kind and thoughtful. In the middle of the day, as he trotted past me, he said, ‘You had better send your other horse home,’ so he got a short day.

“This is a nice place and very comfortable. Hugh Lowther and Lady Grace dined here last night and Dick Tryon and his wife the night before. We have just come back from church in Oakham. It has become a little Melton and is full of hunting men. There are six degrees of frost this morning;

it was raining when we came in last night. I hope the frost is not coming back. I have a fine programme for the week if it comes off right.

“Monday.—Cottesmore, Greetham Inn, chestnut mare.

“Tuesday.—Cottesmore, Tilton, ‘Congress’.

“Wednesday.—Belvoir, Croxton Park, Westley Richard’s horse.

“Thursday.—Cunard, Botteston, Mr. Fernie’s horse. (He was at St. Andrews in summer and out cub-hunting a few times.)

“Friday.—Pytchley, Oxendon, chestnut mare.

“Saturday.—Fitzwilliam, Lilford, ‘Congress’.

“On Thursday I shall go to Jim Bailey’s at Ilston after hunting, and Saturday to R. Arkwright’s at Knuston. There are moreover three balls—Leicester, Harborough and Holt—this week.

“Your aff. father,

“J. ANSTRUTHER THOMSON.”

I got home on Ash Wednesday, 2nd March, 1881. 7th.—A tremendous fall of snow and tremendous drifts. I tried to ride to kennels; found men cutting drifts six feet deep at Newburn cross-roads. Sent Jimmy Bell back with my horse and walked on to the strip near Gilston. I walked over the tops of trees and saw a man coming from West Gilston. I met Jack Davis and told him I was going on to the kennels. He said, “If you do you won’t get back to-night; it has taken me all day to get here,” so I turned back with him.

8th.—Started with three men on horses with spades to ride to kennels; we had to go across fields. When we got to a fence we cleared away the snow and jumped it.

Last day of the season, 25th April. The worst I ever experienced. Fifteen and a half brace of foxes killed; twelve to ground.

On going into the Agricultural Hall (1881) during a horse show I saw the Rev. Mr. Inge riding a cob. I stopped to speak to him and went into the committee room. A few minutes after he was supported into the room by two policemen, having had a fit; he was laid on a sofa and had some tea and brandy, but he could not speak plainly. Fortunately he had kept his carriage waiting and his servant. After a time he recovered a little and I went home with him in the carriage to Cox's Hotel in Jermyn Street. His sister-in-law and her daughter were staying there with him. I asked the servant who was Mr. Inge's doctor. He said *Mr. Hayden* and he lived in Chapel Street, Belgrave Square. I got into the carriage and went there, and fortunately hit the right house, for I had no number. A young gentleman came to the door. I said, "Does Dr. *Hayden* live here". He said, "Dr. Eden did live here, but he now lives in Piccadilly". I went there and found an elderly gentleman dressed for dinner. I said, "I believe you used to attend the Rev. George Inge?" He said, "Good God! you don't mean to say that Mr. Inge is still alive; I have not seen him for seventeen years". I said, "He is alive, but won't

be so long if you don't come to see him". He said, "Excuse me a minute, for I have some friends come to dinner". He got into the carriage with me and went to Jermyn Street, and after seeing Mr. Inge said, "He will recover and be able to get home". He did get home and lived about three months, and he left me fifty pounds in his will, and Mrs. Charles Inge sent me one of his old hunting whips as a memorial. He was a most charming and eccentric old gentleman and a thorough sportsman. He never was married, and on his elder brother's death succeeded to the estate, and at his death was succeeded by his nephew, late Master of the Atherstone Hounds.

24th June, 1881.—The Master of Hounds' dinner at Boodle's having been abolished, Lord Waterford gave a dinner at his house, King's Street, St. James's Square.

28th.—Lord Macclesfield's puppy show at Shirburne. I mistook the train and went to Oxford. Had lunch with Francis Atkinson. Guy Atkinson drove me on in his trap to Shirburne. Arrived too late for the show; all the party had returned to London. Saw the hounds and returned to Oxford and back to London.

9th July.—Royal Volunteer Review at Windsor. I got General Ellis, who was then Adjutant-General, to ask the Duke of Cambridge to take me as an *aide-de-camp*, as I was the only volunteer cavalry Colonel in the service. General Ellis said, "I have done all I can for you, but the Duke has already refused

several Lord-Lieutenants". Prince Christian, the Ranger of Windsor Forest, reserved a space for the Four-in-Hand Club. I hired a team of black horses from Nightingale at Streatham (they were capital good ones, and Macclesfield had driven them to Ascot Races), and sent them on to Hounslow. Our party, I think, was Edward Harman, Fay, Frances Atkinson, Harry Erskine, Kit and Rosie. There were not many coaches went down. I think Aveland and Fred Villiers.

After the review coming home in the dark was an awful job—the crowd on the road, the troops, the bands, the row. My horses pulled like demons, my fingers were sore and my arms ached. I drove all the way with my foot on the reins, but we got through without any grief.

30th June.—Mary Baird's wedding. I asked her who was going to marry her, and suggested Jack Russell. She desired me to ask him, and he came up to stay at Mrs. Baird's. Next morning when he came down to breakfast he said, "When I left home I desired Mary to put up my Sunday coat, but she has made a mistake, and put up my hunting one" (it was a long frock coat, made of rough cloth). He looked at the sleeve, and said, "Never mind; it's a black one".

The wedding was to take place at St. Peter's. I walked there with him and went into the vestry. A curate pulled off the hunting coat and squeezed him into a cassock, then put something round his neck, and something hanging down behind. He said,

“Must I put on all these things?” “Certainly,” said the curate. “If my people at Swinbridge saw me with all those things on they would cut out of the church. Well, well, *when you are at Rome, you must do as the Romans do.*”

After the wedding I walked down St. James’s Street, and saw the Prince of Wales returning in state from a levée. He immediately recognised Russell, and sent an *aide-de-camp* to bring him into the palace.

October.—Charleton. Having seen Knowles’ arrangements at Coulston Bassett for drying stacks with a fanner, I got a fanner from his man at Tithby and arranged the pipes in the stackyard. Put up thirty-five acres of barley and covered it with the rick cloth. Unfortunately a tremendous storm of wind and rain came on and blew down the poles which supported the sheet. The stack was too big and the whole concern heated. We took it down and threshed it. The barley was rather discoloured, but I think it was sold to the distillery at Cameron. All the bottom of the stack was the most beautiful ensilage, but at that time we did not know what ensilage was.

Season 1881.—A very late harvest. Bob Vincent, first whip; Harry Shipway, second; George Kemp, second horseman.

1st day, 3rd October.—Pitscottie; dry and little scent. Harry was riding “Schreiber”. The horse was looking beautiful. Trotting across a field, all of a sudden he gave a scream and fell down dead.

Killed a fox in Cairngreen with a snare round his leg. Hounds would not eat him. Ran another to ground.

31st October.—Montrave. Seven degrees frost ; bad scent ; ran hares and did nothing.

George Cheape was Master of the West Fife Hounds and received the following characteristic letters from General Bruce :—

“GLENDUGLIE, 1881.

“MY DEAR CHEAPE,—

“I particularly want the puppy ‘Careless’ remitted to her private parade and under the watchful eye of the huntsman. Like all the breed, they are wilful until their drill is over, when they are my heart’s delight.

“She’s a cheery well-grown pup, but will not come to call, and has taken to hunting hares and whatever else she can find, though she finds her way home cleverly enough.

“Points of fingers very cold—glass marked eight above zero, and has been lately in Perth below—and much below zero. Bad for ‘huntsman, horse and hounds’.

“With best wishes,

“Ever yours,

“R. BRUCE.

“Ladies send kind regards to Mrs. Cheape, and hope she is well. Excuse this scraggy writing, but my pen obeys disobedient fingers.”

“MY DEAR CHEAPE,—

“There’s a deuced fine fox here, with a brush as big as a bearskin cap. He looks into the windows now and then.

“I know where the rascal lives ; but till you get him away from the stone and wire fences, horses must needs be led, but he will break away west over the hills (open).

“I was very near *letting drive* at him, but couldn’t do it for my life. He has carried off neighbours’ ducks, and maybe some of mine, but they haven’t found heart to tell me.

“May I request an early answer?

“He is as bold as brass.

“Yours ever,

“R. BRUCE.”

The following is from the *Fifeshire Journal*:—

“*A Brilliant Run with the Fife Foxhounds.*
5th November, 1881.—The meet was at Aytonhill on Saturday. The hounds were taken to Balmeadow Wood, and finding immediately got away with an old fox through Collairnie Woods up to the Mount Hill. Here Mr. Cairns of Parkhill, who happened to be passing in his dog-cart, espied the fox away on the east side of Moonzie Hill. The hounds were at once laid on, and away we went. Scent was, however, cold, and it was only by a series of skilful and fortunate casts forward that the line was kept past Lordscairnie and Hillcairnie to Clubstone. Here there was a check ; but, hitting off

again, the hounds ran briskly to Craigsanquhar, and, taking a line over the stiff walls in that quarter, bent round by Fingask to the wood at the curling pond. Hereabouts we must have started a second fox, for with a hot scent we ran a brace to Foodie, where one went to ground. The huntsman dismounted, thinking the run was over, and a spade was sent for, when some of the hounds were seen running hard on the west side. 'On you go, and kill the other fox!' exclaimed our veteran Master; and although by this time most of the horses had already had enough of it, on we went. Those who could, galloped; those who could not, trotted after. From Foodie we ran quite straight and without a check past Cairnie Lodge and Pitbladdo, till within a mile of the Mount, which evidently was Reynard's point; but, being hard pressed, he turned sharp to the south, and was finally run down in the middle of Cupar Muir quarry, not far from Springfield. We found at 11.30 a.m., and it was an old dog fox that we killed at Cupar Muir at 3.30 p.m. For the last forty-five minutes the hunt was very hot, and was without a check. Amongst those present at the meet we observed Mr. Rigg, Mr. Christie, Mr. A. Gillespie, Mr. D. Carnegie, Mr. J. Carnegie, Miss Millar, Mr. T. Richmond, Mr. Walker, and Miss Wedderburn, Birkhill, on a pony."

27th March, 1882.—I went up to York to stay with Jim Babington. The 16th Lancers were quartered there. They had a regimental steeplechase on the 29th. George Fox mounted me next

day with his hounds. He told Mr. Binns of Leeds that I wanted to see Lord Fitzwilliam and his hounds. Mr. Binns said, "I'll find a horse for you, but there ain't to be no cheques—it's a compliment".

Next morning I went by train to Leeds, having dined and slept at Mr. Wickham's, Chestnut Grove. Got Mr. Binns' horse and trotted off to Richmond to meet the hounds. Kennet was hunting the hounds. Binns' horse got a shoe off, so Kennet gave me his second horse. They did not find till very late, and did nothing. Admiral Morton, Lord Fitzwilliam's brother-in-law, was in command, and was very kind to me. He took me to see Lord Fitzwilliam, and I dined there. I heard a good report of Kennet, so I engaged him. Got into the night train and went home.

Monday, 3rd April, 1882.—Abernethy Station, 12 o'clock. "Squirrel," J. A. T.; "Yarborough," George; "Brigstock," Harry; "Paddy," Vincent. Eighteen couple; rather windy. Went straight to Glenfarg; found directly. I was up wind of them, and they were top of Balmanno Hill before I got out of the cover. Met "Abelard," "Gaylass" and two others, "Pirate" and "Sailor," hunting a line back towards Glenfarg; tried to stop them, but could not. Went down the hill and along the bottom and up again at Glenearn. Never got up to them, but kept on the line to Ardargie; got intelligence there and turned south, ran a ring and back through Glenearn Wood, on to the round covers on the hill. Here "Bob" got a view and so did "Abelard". I never got up to them till here. They said the fox was in

the cover, but I could make nothing of it. "Sophistry," "Carver," and some others came back with bloody faces. I looked everywhere on foot, but could find nothing. A shepherd, Robertson, told me that he thought they had killed him near Ardargie, for he saw the hounds "cluster". Got my horse, broke Mr. Wood's padlock to get on the hill again with the help of Ardargie keeper, Thorburn, and found the head, hind legs and brush. A capital run for hounds. Got some tea at John Richmond's; rode "Squirrel" to Balbirnie; got there eight o'clock. Hounds home 10.15.

13th April.—West Hounds at Damhead; a torrent of rain and gale of wind. Started by early train; met Wemyss at Thornton; telegraphed to send hounds home, and went to Wemyss Castle—lucky job. The shepherd put his ewes into Clow Wood; ten of them died from eating wet blackberries. If we had been there the hounds would have had the credit of it.

May 1882.—Bob Vincent came from Badminton, where he was first whip. He was a useless chap and not honest. He got an iron bed on tick and sold it to Harry Shepway and left all his bills in Cupar unpaid. Before Vincent left I was riding up to the kennels. Alexander Milne, my tenant at Newbigging, stopped me on the road, and said, "I hear Vincent is going to leave. He's owing my wife twa pund." I said, "What for?" "Butter and eggs. He's bin eating eggs a' winter at tip-pence the piece—a greedy deevil." I told him that

Vincent's wages were not paid, and if he went to Mr. Flockhart he would get his money.

Hunting days, seventy ; brace killed, eighteen and a half ; brace to ground, eighteen ; days frost, two ; days absent, nine.

14th January.—Charlie married Agnes Guthrie, third daughter of James Guthrie of Craigie, and Elinor, daughter of Robert Stirling. Married in Eton Place ; troop of Life Guards present.

The Life Guards were sent to Egypt in 1882. Charlie embarked in the *Persian Monarch* for Ismalia, on 1st September. He took "Congress" and the chestnut mare with him. The squadron consisted of seventy-five men and fifty horses. About forty of these were bays and a few chestnuts.

On 9th September he wrote :—

"I have not been ill for one second since we started. This is a detestable boat, full of cockroaches, bad accommodation and execrable food. Then the company is good and the liquor excellent. We are 12 officers, 320 soldiers, 90 sailors, and some ship's officers. We have stables at 6 ; breakfast, 8 ; stables, 10-12 ; lunch, 1 ; stables, 2.30-3.30 ; stables 5-6 ; dinner, 6.30 ; bed about 9—and they are real stables too. It is so hot the men take their shirts off, and the sweat pours off the horses. Ours are on the upper horse deck, which is a little cooler than the one below. We have only lost one horse at present. He died yesterday of congestion of the lungs. We have eight (altogether) unwell, and standing on

deck ; the others are very well. My mare was very bad last night, but is all right to-day. We don't know where we are going to, but I think there is little doubt we are going to Ismalia."

He was sent to Cyprus with the remount horses, and arrived in Egypt the day after the battle of Tel-el-Kebir, so had all the bother and none of the glory. Bertie Balfour was wounded at Tel-el-Kebir and died of his wounds in London on the 24th of October.

Season 1882.—Commenced 16th September, Kemback ; twenty-five and a half couple. Kennet, kennel huntsman ; Harry Shipway, second whip. Found directly ; killed one cub ; ran another to ground on banks of Eden ; hot and dry ; did no more good.

18th.—At Sandriggs. Found in John Bell's potatoes ; ran very hard at times ; galloped all day, but could not catch one. Beat by potatoes, there being hundreds of acres, where you could not see a hound, and not scent enough to force them out.

Monday, 25th.—Kilmany. A most disastrous day ; found plenty of foxes in Kilmany ; no scent, and could not catch one. In the afternoon went to the big wood at St. Fort ; found directly ; ran a ring in the wood ; checked and never got on it again. When the hounds came out they rushed to a stream of water and lapped greedily. Next morning they were all taken ill with severe vomiting, and many of them with swelled legs.

On Wednesday met at Lundin Station. Kennet

sent on fifteen couple and remained at home with the sick ones. "Flighty" was blowing so hard I sent her home in the carriage. Found at Lundin; ran a fox to ground at Sunnybraes; bolted it and killed it. "Priestess" was there at that time; went on to draw Largo Den and never saw her again. On Thursday "Hamlet" died and several others; had them examined, but found no trace of poison. "Puss," my terrier, was running with the hounds and came home to Charleton with me. He was taken ill. The other terrier was shut up during the day, and went home with the hounds to the kennel. He was all right, which rather proves that the mischief was done while out hunting.

One day I was drawing the moor at Wemyss and Randolph was about 100 yards from me; presently I hear a voice shout "Harry, Harry, help, help!" It sounded a long distance off. I found that Randolph and his horse had tumbled down an old coal-pit; it had been covered with fir branches. Randolph was clinging to the side of the pit; the horse had disappeared. I jumped off, got hold of a branch, put my foot down; he got hold of my ankle and climbed up. We could not see the horse, but the stirrup iron shined. The pit was about thirty feet deep; the branches had gone down under the horse, so he was not hurt. They got men and spades and began to dig, but found that it was a built shaft. They then let a miner down with a rope and at last succeeded in pulling the horse up.

October 25th.—Bay Middleton was married in
VOL. II.

London. After the wedding I went down to Exeter and slept there, and next morning went on to see Jack Russell at Black Torrington. He was in his bed and very ill. His niece, Miss Riccard, was there and Dr. Linnington Ash attended him. I left next morning intending to go home to attend Bertie Balfour's funeral, but I missed the train at Exeter, so I went to see Major and Mrs. Talbot. He was employed there buying horses for the artillery. Got back to London that night.

28th.—Went down to Gatwick to Carnegy's and remained there off and on till the 6th November.

21st.—Edmund Tattersall gave me a mount with Queen's Staghounds at Iverheath. Ro rode "Yarborough".

24th.—Ro and I went to Audley Wood to stay with the Pains.

25th.—The Vine Hounds at Heriot Park. Harry Deacon, master. I rode Pain's "Jumbo".

26th.—Sunday, Basingstoke Church.

27th.—Hargreaves Hounds, South Berks, at Hockwood Park. Rode "Jumbo" again. Dick Roake, huntsman.

Gatwick again, Reading and Knuston; did not return to Charleton till 21st December. Colonel Babington was acting-master in my absence.

1883.—The puppy show took place at the Colinsburgh Agricultural Show on 15th April. George Fenwick and Captain Green Thomson were two of the judges. Also Will Dale, who is now huntsman to the Duke of Beaufort, and had been with Ran-

dolph Wemyss in the Burton country, and Nicholas Cornish, huntsman to Mr. Fenwick in Tynedale country. He began his hunting career as a boy running after my beagles when I was quartered at Exeter; his father was a farmer.

The day after the show I had one more hunt to let them see the hounds in the field and went up the Lomond Hill. Found in the blown down trees in one of the Conlan strips. The fox, instead of running up the hill as I hoped and expected, ran down the hill towards Leslie, all through Waldegrave Leslie's lambing ewes, and got to ground in a drain. The confusion among the ewes was awful. They galloped about; some of them charged a wire fence, and "Fencer" walked about with a lamb in his mouth. A Highland shepherd came down the hill foaming at the mouth and shouting like a lunatic.

I got the hounds away as soon as possible and went up the Lomond Hill. Found in Orphit Moor; hounds were running in two places; lots of roe-deer on foot. A fox went away at the bottom of the wood with two couple of hounds. I was on top of the hill and cut down whistling. Cornish said to Dale, "He will never get them away". But they did come away, and in two fields were all together. The fox went to ground in a little drain near Mr. Ireland's House; bolted him and ran nearly down to Falkland House, then up the West Lomond and back again, and hounds were close at him when he got into the Todstones.

A few days after I got a bill to the following effect :—

To 1 lamb killed.

To 4 ewes hashed.

To 250 ewes disturbed, at 1s. 6d. each.

Waldegrave was very nice and kind about it. I wrote to him saying I could not admit the last item, as if I did I should have to pay eighteen-pence for every ewe in Fife, and I just let them wait a little. I got a letter from him saying, "My factor wishes to have this account settled; come over to lunch some day". I went over, had a capital lunch, and he walked down with me to the factor's house. He then left me and said, "Go in and settle it in any way you like". I paid for the lamb and the "hashed ewes" about seven pounds.

At the commencement of 1883 my wife was very ill, and died at Charleton on the 12th of February. In spring I went abroad with my two eldest daughters. We went to Pau, where I heard of the death of my dear old friend, Jack Russell. We went on to Madrid, Seville, Gibraltar, Tangiers, Tetuan, Malaga and the Alhambra.

We returned home in July.

CHAPTER VIII.

FIFE TO FOLKESTONE, AND PERTH TO LANGWELL BY ROAD.

1884. Monday, 25th February.—Fife hounds at Teasses Toll.

Tuesday, 26th.—I went to breakfast with Jim Turnbull, and crossed at Queensferry. Lothian Hounds at Dundas Castle. Atkinson was on sick list; Russell hunted the hounds. Turnbull mounted me; got a howler over a rail and spoiled my hat. Ran into Hopetoun and killed.

Wednesday, 27th.—Went from Edinburgh to Doddington. Charlie Gardyne had Jarvis' hounds for the season while Jarvis was abroad.

Thursday, 28th.—Burton Hounds. Shrub, master, and hunted them himself; has a good voice, but not much use. Had a tired fox running down a fence parallel with him, but afraid to jump it, so fox escaped. Will Goddard, whipper-in; Gardyne mounted me.

Friday, 29th.—A bye-day with Gardyne; he gave me his whip's horse, and I whipped in to him. Had a capital run; found in a spinney close to Doddington, and ran to Eagle Wood. A lot of the hounds were short of work, so the hunt ran in two lots—Gardyne

and the good ones on the line, and I had to bring on the rear-guard. Went to a wrong holloa in Eagle Wood and lost our fox. Tom Brown, Gardyne's whip, coming out on a pony met our hunted fox, but we were too far off.

Saturday, 1st March.—Went to London, 113 Queen's Gate, and stayed Sunday with Mrs. Hamilton Gray. Went to Mr. Byng's church.

Monday.—Down to Gatwick, to Pat Carnegy's.

Tuesday.—Essex Union. After hunting went to London, and on to Canterbury Barracks, Bill being quartered there in 13th Hussars.

Wednesday.—Sussex Hounds. Swoorder, master. Bill got two hirelings and borrowed a waggonette with two ponies. We drove about twenty miles. I was mounted on a big chestnut horse which had run away and killed his rider. First field I got into he ran away with me; luckily there was a boggy place at the end of it, and I landed him in it up to his knees. I then rode him into the covert and found he would make no mistake at the grips. We did not find for a long time. Bill and I changed horses. I got a weedy thoroughbred. We were going down a broad grass ride with a rail across it; Bill jumped the rail, and I saw him no more till after dinner at barracks. We went on close to Folkestone and found at Mr. Brockman's; ran towards the town and then turned up the hills. The horse could gallop well, but we were beat for want of daylight, and I had an awful journey home.

6th March.—Went to London and bought a nice

chestnut horse from Frank Geary's son. Down to Langley to see Arthur.

7th.—Put my horse in the train down to Leicester ; got a hireling from Hames and went out with the Quorn. It was the day when the Duke of Portland and Mr. Behrens bought the Quorn Hounds. After hunting I got into the train with my horse to Bingham, and went to Wiverton. On the 8th, I rode my horse to Piper's Hole, hunted with Belvoir and then rode on to Ashwell, and stayed Sunday with the Blairs, and saw the Cottesmore Hounds in the kennel in the afternoon.

On Monday got into the train with my horse to Hinckley station, and met the Atherstone Hounds. Drew gorse blank. Castleman had a horse of Hames' on trial, which pulled too hard for him, so Oakeley said I might ride him. I tied his head to his breast-plate with a bit of whip-cord and he went first-rate. Found at Sutton Ambion. Coming away there was a stiff stile. I had just got to it when Mrs. Harry Townsend came at it at 100 miles an hour and rather skew ways ; her horse tipped it, and gave her an awful fall ; tore her skirt off, and she appeared with boots and breeches and a short frock coat. I jumped her on to her horse, and wrapped the rags round her legs ; but she was so dilapidated that she had to go home. I was very sorry for her. I went home with the Oakleys to Cliff that night ; John Madocks was there.

Next day to Rugby and home. I was out with ten packs of hounds, and went from one

end of England to the other, and only saw one fox killed.

18th April, 1884.—Crossed to Belfast with Pat Carnegie; on by train to Dublin. Pat stayed with Captain Reid. I stayed in Royal Barracks with Tyvie Burn. I left Royal Barracks in 1847, and they were just in the same state then as now, out of repair and dirty. Colonel Malet was in command of 18th Hussars. We had two rooms; I had one and Burn and McCallan, his brother-in-law, the other. Randolph Wemyss went with us to the kennels at Kells to see the Meath Hounds; Jack Press, huntsman.

Punchestown Races.—Jim Babington on “Soldier Bill” won the military race. Cosmo Little got a bad cropper.

23rd.—Lunch at Viceregal Lodge. Walked in the garden and had a long chat with Spencer.

24th.—Crossed to Holyhead and slept at Crewe. Home next day.

August 1884.—The Duke of Portland always took four pairs of harness horses to Langwell for the shooting season. Chandy Pole suggested that instead of sending them by train they should drive them, and asked me to come with them. I went, and met him in Perth at Salutation Inn. He sent his brake harness and one man there by train. Another came with the horses', a capital chap named Richmond, and Joe Turner, the Duke's factor at Kilmarnock, made all the arrangements.

The party was Jack Campbell and his wife,

George Gore, Bill Bentinck, Chandy, Turner, and myself. We sent one team on to Birnam and stopped there to lunch, changed horses, and on to the inn at Blair-Athol, where we slept, the other team having gone on by rail to Dalnaspidal. As we passed Middlehaugh, Amy Fergusson and her sister gave us Athol brose.

Next morning we changed horses, Dalnaspidal, and on to Newtonmore, where Mr. Wood had the shooting, and he entertained us hospitably. We passed Belville, Charlie Macpherson's. Aviemore or Boat of Garten, lunch.

We stayed at the Station Hotel, Inverness, and were photographed next morning. Called at Evan-ton. Munro, the Raith keeper with one leg, was landlord at inn.

Tain.—I there left them and returned home by train.

Charleton, 13th.—Started with Charlie and Agnes to drive to Wemyss pottery. A tremendous thunder-storm. It became quite dark. A flash of lightning in front of the horses made them start and we turned back. Next day we started for the potteries again, and "Swindon" got a shoe off, and I left the carriage at the blacksmith's shop. While in the pottery the boy ran in and said, "Please, sir, the horse is dead"; and dead he was, so we had to go home by train.

21st.—I went to stay at Dysart.

22nd.—Colonel Keates, R.A., arrived next day. A steam launch came to take him to Inchkeith for inspection. We went with him, Rosslyn and Milli-

cent, Harry, Fitzroy, and Mr. Brougham, their tutor. After having inspected Inchkeith we went on to look at the Forth Bridge, then being made. It was pitch dark when we got to Dysart and low water. The men on the pier shouted "You can't get in here". We then tried the rocks. Lady M. said, "They won't do, for I have bathed there". Rosslyn said, "Take me back to Edinburgh, and I will sleep at the New Club". I said, "I must get home to-night and I'll jump overboard". Harry suggested, "Get a pilot boat," and in a moment a boat came round the corner and landed us two at a time. We scrambled over the rocks up to the house, and had some supper. I got my pony and galloped home.

25th.—Ro and I started by night train to Annesley. Lord Harrington's hounds met there. Mr. Sherbrooke sent two horses on for me, and Mrs. Musters lent Ro her horse. We arrived at 7 a.m.

27th.—West Hallam. Harrington mounted both me and Ro. We went home on the night of the 29th, dressed in the Pullman, and went straight to the meet at Ladybank.

Newcastle Fair on 27th.—I went up in the night, met Johnny Brady who had about fourteen horses. Sam Hames was there. Brady had two good chestnut horses. He wanted £250 for each of them. I could not leave "Fairyring," so bought him and another for 300 guineas. "Topsail," the other one, was restive and not much good.

7th September, 1884.—I went to Charlie Wright's at Kirby for Doncaster Races. He had

two coaches and let me drive one of them. We had two teams each; distance about sixteen miles. Wright had 110 horses. His head groom was a German and was always called Billy. He ran away from Germany to avoid conscription, came to Yorkshire, and worked with a farmer for two-and-six a week. Wright took him into the stable and he worked up to be head man. He talked horsey language with a German accent.

As we were leaving the course H. Chaplin passed us in a carriage. I called out to him, "You are coming to help us in Scotland next week". He waved his hand.

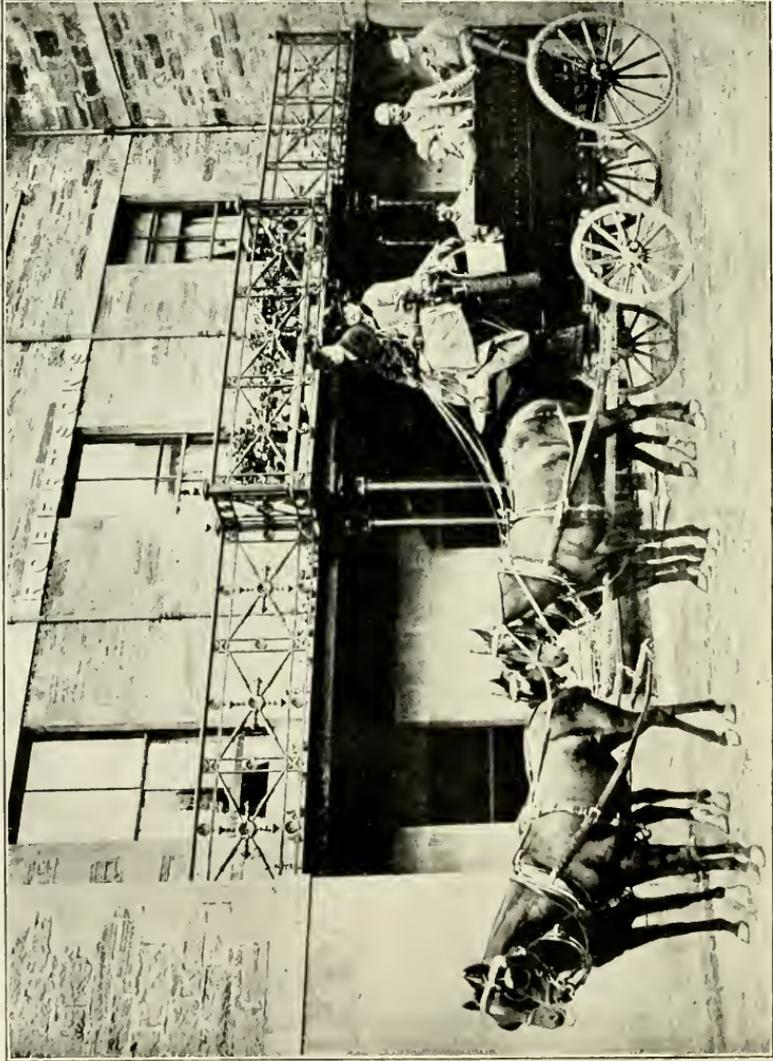
The party at Kirby consisted of Nicholas Charlton (newly married); Amcotts-Wilson and wife; Arthur Tempest and wife; another Wright and wife (she is Mrs. Charlie Wright's sister); Mr. Nesfield (Mrs. Wright's father).

13th September.—W. Skene invited me to come to Pitlour to meet Sir Stafford Northcote, whom I had not seen since we were at Torquay in 1871.

On the 10th we went over to Granton. Lord Hopetoun met us there with his carriage and four horses with postillions. He put Sir Stafford, Skene and me inside and jumped up on the box himself. Some one read an address of welcome to Sir Stafford, and Mr. Raimes made a capital speech. We then proceeded to Hopetoun, when addresses from all Conservative associations were presented on the steps in front of the house. Lord Waterford and Mr. Chaplin were there.

16th September.—Conservative meeting in the Corn Exchange, Edinburgh. After the meeting I went home with Bill Blackwood to Gogar. Next morning the hounds met at Hopetoun. Bill Blackwood mounted me, and Hopetoun mounted the others. They killed a cub, and Waterford said that he had never been blooded. I said, "We will do it now," but he carefully kept out of my way. Harry Chaplin came out later, his trousers wrinkled up to his knees, and he looked very uncomfortable. He told me that if I had not spoken to him at Doncaster he would not have come.

1st June, 1885.—I started with Kit and Rosie to go to Wiesbaden. We slept the first night at Brussels, next at Cologne, and the third arrived at Wiesbaden. We found Mrs. Carnegy of Lour, Mrs. Craigie Halkett and her daughters there. We put up at the White Rose. General Conolly was there. I had known him many years, and remember him riding a steeplechase at Leamington. He was very unwell, and died very suddenly in the hotel. The police came and took possession of all his things. His servant was a Corfu man, and he gave me the address of General Gray at Bath. I wrote to him and he came out at once. He was rather a helpless chap in a strange country, so I had to go about with him. We went to the burial-ground with a commissioner, who said, "Wir wollen ein Grab kaufen," and we chose a corner place. We then went in search of a clergyman. His name was Matzukelli. After talking to him, he said, "Was your brother at



J. A. T.—THE DUKE—“DOGGIE” SMITH—GEORGE GORE—J. TURNER—R. CHANDOS POLE.

WITH THE DUKE OF PORTLAND—PERTH TO LANGWELL.

Calcutta?" I said, "Yes, commanded the bodyguard". He said, "I knew him; I was the senior military chaplain at Calcutta". We then had to go to Frankfurt to see the British Consul for an order to get Conolly's things. He was placed in his coffin dressed in black trousers, silk stockings, and white shirt, and the coffin was closed in our presence. Gray, myself and the landlord of the inn attended the funeral.

I went to consult Dr. Maurer about my eyes. I could see pretty well with my left eye. After reading letters on the opposite wall of the room, he said, "You can see as well as I can". He gave me some stuff to rub on my eyebrow, but I never saw any result from it.

We went to Homburg for a few days, and found John Balfour and Mary there, Jim Hay and his wife, Mrs. Yarde Buller (Charlotte Chandos-Pole) and her daughter. Returned to Wiesbaden. I left Kit and Ro there, and got back to London on the 28th.

August, 1885.—Started again from Perth to drive to Langwell. Chandy Pole, George Gore, Doggie Smith, Bill Bentinck, Turner and I. The Duke of Portland joined us at Blair Castle, where we stayed the night. He was very seedy first day or two. Next morning sent the horses on to the lodge at Dalnacardoch. The tenants had not yet come there. The Duchess of Athol and daughter came with us on the coach and we had lunch at the lodge. They then returned home by train from Dalnaspidal, and we went on to Kingussie.

I went to dine with Charlie Macpherson at Belville. Next day we went to lunch at Moy, The MacIntosh's (his lady had a babe the same night), and then on to Cawdor Castle. Next day, Inverness—slept at Station Hotel. Lunch at Dingwall, where Ronald Ferguson was canvassing. We were photographed there. Slept at Tain, and next day to Golspie. Here all the others went on by train to Langwell, leaving Chandy and me to bring on the coach.

The only people in the hotel were Kennedy, the Scottish songster, and his daughters. I gave him the words of the "Slippy Stane," as he had never heard it and was keen to get Scotch songs; but he did not live to sing it. We met Lady Rosslyn and Dr. Duncan coming out of church. The Duchess of Sutherland had a baby the night before. We dined at Dunrobin. The Duke and Chandy had been at Eton together, and I was allowed to see the baby.

Captain Reid was adjutant of the volunteers, and he had a pack of beagles. Next morning we ran a drag round the house at Dunrobin.

9th August.—It was my birthday; sixty-seven years old. When we arrived at Langwell we found all the party coming up from the river, having caught some good fish.

On the 11th we walked over to Braemar. Chandy and one other remained to shoot there. I had shot there with Ralph Anstruther in 1837.

On the 12th the Duke and George Gore shot

together and Capel and Doggie Smith. As I could not shoot, Lady Margaret Gore said that she would show me how to catch a salmon, but she got never a bite ; so we hunted rabbits with a terrier dog, and her hound language was excellent.

The Duke sent me and Bill Bentinck to the deer forest one day, and if we found a stag with the velvet off his horns we might shoot him. We saw hundreds of deer but never a fit one. It was very interesting lying on the heather watching them. Old Duncan, the head forester, had been with old Lord Kintore when he had the hounds at Turriff. I left on 15th, and returned home.

CHAPTER IX.

FIRST SCOTTISH TOURNAMENT.

1886.—I had been trying for a long time to devise some means of improving the horsemanship of the regiment, and when at the Islington Tournament that spring it occurred to me to try and form a musical ride. On meeting Major Tully (secretary of the Islington Tournament) I told him my intention. To this he replied, "It's perfectly impossible; you will never get any troops together for a sufficient amount of practice". I said, "You will see". I then applied to my son, who was in the Blues at Knightsbridge, for assistance. Mr. Godfrey, bandmaster, lent me the music; Mr. Weir, riding-master, sent a programme of a simple ride, and gave me much valuable advice. He recommended me to form two rides, one cantering and one trotting, as some canter more easily than others, and it is less for the man to remember. That year the 2nd Life Guards performed the ride at the tournament. I watched the movements and made notes. Mr. Burt, riding-master of the 2nd, kindly allowed me to be present at a ride in the riding-school at Regent's Park barracks, and explained it carefully to me. The ride of the 2nd Life Guards was led by Corporal Goodall

(formerly whipper-in to the Fife Hounds when Colonel Gardyne was master).

About this time I received the following letter from Dr. Caverhill, East Lothian Yeomanry :—

“Since our visit to Wemyss Castle last year, where such friendly relations were established between the members of the Fife Light Horse and the East Lothian Yeomanry, there has been a feeling prevalent in the regiment that such friendly contests in cavalry sports might become an annual institution. For some time I have had an idea that a military tournament similar to that of the Agricultural Hall in London might be organised, and become an annual gathering. On communicating with the secretary in London, I am glad to find he is very enthusiastic in its favour, and promises either a grant of money or bronze medals, if carried on under their rules and regulations.”

The tournament took place in the Waverley Market, Edinburgh, in July. Only the Fife Light Horse and Lothian and Berwickshire Yeomanry competed in the ride. The trotting ride was led by Sergeant-Major Thom, and the cantering ride by Sergeant Morton. The judges were Sir Arthur Halket, Colonel, Fife Militia Artillery, and Captain Farmer, 4th Hussars. They decided—Trotting ride, No. 1, prize £20; Cantering ride, No. 2; Lothian Yeomanry, No. 3. In consequence of only two regiments competing the second prize was withheld, but an honorarium of £10 was given to the

second and third rides. The first ride was only one point better than the second. At the conclusion of the ride Major Tully came across the hall and said, "I retract all I said to you at Islington; it is perfectly marvellous what you have succeeded in doing, and I sincerely congratulate you". We took £1,600 at the doors, and after paying all expenses gave the balance to military charities.

1886.—I went over to Balcaskie to see Robert Anstruther, who was not well. He was in the drawing-room reading the newspaper. He said, "When I shut one eye I can't see at all". I took up the paper, shut my left eye, and said, "By Jove, I can't either". It was the first time I found out that I was blind. For some time I had wiped the right eye of my spectacles thinking that the glass was in fault.

I was staying with Mrs. Musters, in June, and she advised me to go and consult Mr. Bell Taylor at Nottingham, as he was very famous as an oculist. I found his rooms, passages and staircase crowded with people. When I got into his room he said, "Well, sir, what is the matter with you?" I said, "I have a cataract in my right eye". "Lucky it is nothing worse." He then looked through a glass (his own eye looked as if he could see through you) and said, "Yes, that eye is fit to operate on; I'll do it now if you like". I said, "Don't you be in a hurry. How long do you want to keep me here?" "About a fortnight or three weeks". I said I had to go to Perth for ten days' drill. He said, "Come

when the drill is over," and I departed. When I got home I could see quite well with one eye, so I thought I would not go to him at present. I wrote to him saying so. He replied, "I advise you to come, for your other eye will become worse, and it is advisable to have one good one".

In August, I said to Rosie, "Pack up your portmanteau and come to Nottingham with me". I wired to say I was coming. We arrived there at 10.15 P.M. and rang the bell at his house. He came out himself and said, "I have got a comfortable lodging for you close by. *Will you have it done to-night?*" I said, "I have come here on purpose, and will do anything you like, but we have had no dinner".

We went to the lodging: got some tea and a mutton chop. How I did curse that mutton chop afterwards! While at tea he put some cocaine into my eye with a paint brush. I then went upstairs; found a lamp with a great bowl of water in front of it; lay down on the sofa, having taken my coat off, and expected to have my head cut off. He put a thing like a tailor's thimble to keep my eyelid back and fumbled about my eye without causing any pain. I clenched my teeth. He said, "You need not do that; I have half done; I only want to smooth down this edge". He then said to Miss Sulley, the nurse, "Tell Miss Thomson to come and see". Ro was all the time in the next room and very anxious. She came and looked, and said, "I can't see any difference". I was then put to bed, a bit of cotton wool

with boracic acid over my eye and a tape round each wrist so that I could not touch it in my sleep. I was kept in a dark room about a fortnight and then got out with a brown paper shade over my eyes.

Bell Taylor was a most amusing and eccentric man. He lived about four miles out of the town. In the morning he breakfasted on porridge and treacle, walked about his garden composing medical lectures or political papers. (He was a keen Conservative.) He then mounted a tricycle and rode into Nottingham. He had about thirty tricycles and bicycles in his coach houses. He had a small wooden house at the top of the hill where he left his bike, got into a cab and went to his hospitals—I think he had two or three houses with patients—and then to his rooms, which were full. He had lunch at three o'clock in the kitchen, which was very prettily got up with coloured glass and tiles, and had two nice white horses in loose-boxes close by, with looking-glasses so that they could see themselves. He used to come and sit with me about ten o'clock. I said, "Have you had a busy day?" "I have seen a hundred and ten fellows and operated ten times." At eleven o'clock he mounted his bike and rode home to his country house.

I got home. Began hunting with a patch over my eye and never missed a day.

End of the season 1886 and 1887.—Captain Cheape having given up the West country and having become Master of the Linlithgow and Stirling

Hounds, I issued the following to members of Fife Hunt:—

“FIFE HOUNDS.

“At the last meeting I offered to hunt the present East country two days a week for (£1,200) twelve hundred pounds. I do not think that it is either right or expedient that the West country should be abandoned. I consider that it is my duty to do the best I can for the whole country. I therefore make the following proposal:—

“I will agree to hunt the country, including Cullalo, Lochgelly and Blair Adam, three days a week, for (£1,600) sixteen hundred pounds. If there is a deficit, I should wish for five or six subscribers to guarantee me two-thirds of the deficit, and I will pay the other third myself, the deficit not to exceed £150. I could undertake this with my present establishment. The question will then arise for the proprietors of the hounds, What is to be done with the West pack? Or I would hunt the whole country four days a week for (£2,000) two thousand pounds, with same condition as to guarantees.

“If the gentlemen in the West see any prospect of again establishing a pack, I will keep the hounds for them during the summer, and give up Cullalo, Blair Adam and all the country to the West.

“J. ANSTRUTHER THOMSON.

“1st April, 1887.

“I would suggest that the guarantees form themselves into a committee to obtain subscriptions.”

6th May, 1887.—John Gilmour wrote: “It is quite impossible to communicate with all the subscribers in time to enable you to make the necessary arrangements. If you will accept of my personal guarantee I will undertake £1,850 be forthcoming for next season. Guarantees for the possible deficit of £150 to be named afterwards.”

I then commenced to make arrangements to hunt the West country. I rented a cottage and a small farmyard at Cowdenbeath for £20. David Wilkie, the tenant, was a capital, respectable old man, and I kept him on as orra man. His wife was very tidy and cooked, and their daughter was very nice and useful in the house. Jack Capel, my second whip (brother to Ben Capel the Belvoir huntsman), married her. George Palmer was kennel huntsman.

We all lived in the same house. I had one room. There had been a “creep” of the colliery under the house and all the doors were off the square. At 6 a.m. the siren used to sound to rouse the workmen. David used to bring me a tumbler of milk and a slice of bread, and after feeding the horses we all went to work as masons and carpenters. We made a partition across the barn; one side a lodging house, and the other side a feeding room with a portable boiler in it; and we made a courtyard with upright larch poles.

I usually stayed there two days, and when the men left off work at five o'clock got on a horse and rode home—twenty-five miles. We got the place into something like order during the summer.

The season commenced on 31st August—the earliest I remember. Hounds all commenced cub-hunting from Harleswynd kennel. West pack went to Cowdenbeath on 6th October after hunting at Blair Adam.

18th September.—Ran a fox to ground on the hill behind Pitlour. When I took the hounds away Jack Shepherd heard something moaning, went back, and found “Old Mariner” very much injured. He had gone to ground after the fox, and the hounds had bit him all over his hind legs and flanks. He was so bad we were obliged to kill him.

1st December, 1877.—Met at Path of Condie. Horses, “Plum Pudding,” J.A.T.; “Tom-Cat,” Jack; “Jubilee,” George; “Alec,” J. Capel. Seventeen couple. Fine morning, but windy. Drove Donaldson to Ladybank and on by train to Bridge of Earn. Found at Invermay; ran hard through “Silly Whinny” to Clow. There hounds ran clean away from us. After gaping about for half an hour we got word that a policeman saw them cross the road near Greenhill going towards Craig Rossie, about six miles off. John Richmond and I and Capel set off across the hill on a sheep track. Luckily we hit on a hand-gate on the march fence, as it is all wired, and on getting to top of hill we saw nothing but sheep and carrion crows. After blowing and holloaing for some time a single hound came to me covered with blood. I said to myself, “It’s all right; they have killed him.” Another came with his chest all covered with blood. I saw that there was more

blood than would belong to a fox, and said, "Surely they have killed a sheep". I jumped off and smelt the blood and it was not fox. After blowing for some time, thirteen couple came to me, all from the bottom of the hill. Jack Capel said to me, "I see something at the bottom of the hill in a ditch; it looks like a dead fox." After pointing it out to me, I said, "It's not a fox," and we started to scramble down the hill. It was very steep and we had great difficulty in getting down. We found "Matron" dead, lying on her back, and her belly and legs looked as if they had been riddled with shot. She had been worried by the other hounds and the holes were caused by the hounds' tushes. She was quite stiff, and the hounds just put their noses under her and turned the body over. Probably the fox had got to ground about top of hill and "Matron" had gone in after him, and they had all rolled down the hill together fighting. For some days afterwards the hounds were very unsettled and quarrelsome.

I sent hounds home to Cowdenbeath with George Palmer and Capel. I went and dined at Dron with J. Richmond. Gordon drove me into Perth to catch the night train. I slept at Edinburgh, and went on to London next day.

31st December, 1887.—From the Fife paper:—

"The Fife Hounds met at Largo on 14th December, and found in Pitmuir Hill. The fox started through Kielsden and Balcormo Wood, and through a flock of sheep, and on to Bonnyton Wood, crossed the road south of Teasses Toll, the hounds rattling him

along at a killing pace. Leaving Greenside and Cassindilly to his right, he crossed the old deer park of Struthers, and leaving Chance Inn to his right, he ran through the Tomb Den, and over the Pitlessie road, through Crawford Priory policies, crossed the River Eden, and running north he entered a big culvert running under the railway embankment, which was big enough to let the hounds in, and they soon pushed him out, and he pointed for the Eden again, but doubled back and ran through Springfield Wood, jumped the wall, when one hound spied him, then another, and another, and all was up but shouting. But crossing the railway in front of an approaching train, which necessitated the hounds being stopped until the 'Iron King' had sped by, gave him an extra lease of life; but the hounds were quickly on his line, racing him like a pack of ravenous wolves, with their 'hackles' standing on end like porcupine quills, through Crawford, and over the road to the Tomb Den, where they rolled him over just as he scrambled over the wall. Then what a scene! The Colonel pops over the wall, with a face wreathed in smiles, and the stiff and lifeless body was taken from the hounds and hung on a branch of an adjoining tree, and Jack Shepherd, with a most determined and cut-throat appearance stamped on his features, takes his knife and severs the head and brush from the body, and then with a ringing whoop the Colonel throws his lifeless form to the yelping curs around him. 'Whoop! Tally-ho! loo-loo-loo!'

A foxhound, "Singer" by name, was sent from the Fife kennels to Captain Cheape's kennels at Golfhall. He got loose at Gogar station, being insecurely tied up, and was found dead on the line. He was the very best, both in work and appearance; always first, either in chase or on the road, with the best nose and finest temper. He was four years old, by Fitzwilliam "Shamrock" out of "Stylish".

"SINGER."

(Killed *January*, 1888.)

Poor "Singer" has ta'en his last journey on earth,
 No more shall "the Kingdom" behold him;
 Ah! wae was the day that he crossed o'er the Firth,
 And left bonnie Fife in the gloamin'.

The pride of the kennel, "Fitzwilliam" his race,
 The brave son of "Shamrock" and "Stylish";
 No hound in the pack could come near him for pace,
 Nor touch him from find to the finish.

Tied up in the station 'twas wretched to be,
 With chain, leather collar and muzzle;
 They thought they had fixed him, but "Singer," you see,
 Ere long had discovered the puzzle.

Away down the platform, swift over the ground,
 Right gladly he now puts the pace on,
 With only one thought in his head, I'll be bound,
 "I am out of that 'cussed' old station".

Right into the darkness, straight onward he flew,
 Quite heedless of aught that might follow,
 But no friendly voice that he trusted or knew
 Sang out now, "'Ware engine, old fellow!"

With thund'ring roar, rushing on through the night,
 The red fires of the great engine shine;
 "Heu baick, there now, 'Singer,'! ah! 'Singer,' heu baick!"
 Alas! "Singer" is still "on the line".

On the line, ay, but not on one that he knew,
 That he'd puzzled out many a time ;
 With a snort and a hiss straight on the train flew—
 And poor "Singer" lies dead on the line !

No more o'er Fife pastures his tongue will he throw,
 Or respond to the sound of the horn ;
 The Master is sorrowing sadly I know
 For the best hound that ever was born.

"What, won't it do, 'Singer' ? Now isn't that right ?
 Heu baick into covert, heu then,"
 And soon bursts the music, so cheery and bright,
 With a "Tally-ho, for-ard" again.

With never a check, while "Singer" is leading,
 For the good hound is never "at fault" ;
 He'd carry the scent through sheepfold and sheiling,
 And ne'er pause, though the others may halt.

First in at the death ! "Whoo-op !" He rolls the fox o'er
 Ah ! 'tis hard to believe he is dead ;
 And sadly we'll hunt o'er plough, pasture and moor
 Where our "Singer" so often has led.

In Elysian fields fair, those far hunting grounds,
 'Midst clear rivers, green valleys and rocks,
 Who knows that there may not be horses and hounds,
 And perhaps just the ghost of a fox ?

"Woo-oo-oo-oo-oo-op ! Now old man !"
 Well, this one thing for certain I know,
 That "Singer" is leading the first of the van
 If they sound *there* the glad "Tally-ho !"

I was elected a member of the Caledonian Hunt in December, 1845, while quartered in Ireland, and was next in succession to Sir Hugh Hume Campbell. In 1888 I sent in my resignation, having been a member for forty-three years. I received a letter from Sir Thomas Erskine :—

"CAMBO, CRAIL, SCOTLAND,
"January, 1888.

"My DEAR JACK,—

"On Tuesday evening your absence from the hunt was universally regretted; who started it I cannot say, but all present took up the cry (like hounds taking up a line on the way to cover). Well, they said to me, 'Will you ask him to become an honorary member?' I said, 'It would hardly come well from me. As you all know, he is one of my dearest friends; should such a proposition not come from the club?' Then they said to Stair, 'Will you write and ask him?' He thought it over and said, 'It is no use paying an empty compliment; it is a delicate question'. Then he said to me, 'If you will undertake to find out Jack's wishes nothing will give me greater pleasure than to carry out the wishes of the club'. We had a large meeting—eighteen, I think—and the motion of getting you back was unanimous. The question of precedents was gone into; that is all right. So now I have done what was put upon me to the best of my ability, and whether you accept or not, I am glad to have had the chance of letting you know the opinion of a very representative meeting of the hunt. Of course if you accept I shall be much more glad.

"I am,

"Very affectionately yours,

"THOS. ERSKINE."

Present at the dinner: Lord Stair, John Hamilton of Dalzell, Dick Oswald of Auchencruive, Sir G.

Boswell of Blackadder, Robert Hamilton, Sir Wyndham Anstruther, Sir Hugh Campbell, Sir T. Erskine, George Cheape, Hastings Anderson, Lord Elibank, Carmichael, Lord Stormont, Sir E. Blair, Sir J. Gibson Craig, etc.

I gladly accepted, and they did me the honour to elect me an honorary member. The only members on whom this honour had been conferred were Colonel Maclean of Ardgour, who had been a member for sixty years, William Sharpe of Hoddam, and William Hagart on resigning the secretaryship after many years' service.

When the Glasgow Bank broke, our secretary, Sir John Gillespie, lost a lot of money. I happened to be Preses. One night after dinner Sir Hugh Dalrymple said, "Why should not we make Gillespie a present to help him through his difficulties?" That was approved of, and I sent out the following circular :—

"CHARLETON, COLINSBURGH, FIFE,
"February, 1879.

"At the last meeting of the Caledonian Hunt many members expressed a wish to show their regard and sympathy towards their secretary, Mr. Gillespie, in his great misfortune caused by the failure of the City of Glasgow Bank. It has been suggested that the sum of £1,000 be presented to him by the members of the hunt. A subscription of £15 each would amount to £1,150. Many members have expressed their approval of this arrangement, and I propose to

bring the subject formally before the next meeting on Tuesday, 11th March.

“I therefore request your attendance on that day at a quarter before seven o'clock at the New Club, Edinburgh. If you are not to be present, will you have the goodness to let me know your views on the subject with as little delay as possible.

“I have the honour to be,

“Your obedient servant,

“J. ANSTRUTHER THOMSON,

“*Preses.*”

All the members, with one or two exceptions, replied in favour of this. All the subscriptions were punctually paid, except one. I had the pleasure of sending Gillespie a cheque for £1,000. He was very grateful, and said it came most opportunely, as it enabled him to meet the payment of his insurance policies. He became blind, but still remained joint secretary with his son, who was very popular, but died quite young. Sir John died in 1901.

23rd February, 1888.—My grandson, John Arnold St. Clair, was born. On Monday, 22nd March, we gave a ball at Charleton in his honour, which was most successful. Danced in the dining-room; supper in the drawing-room; all the doors were opened, so there was free egress everywhere. Supper came up back stairs, in the “Far West,” and the bath was full of ice and champagne bottles. We got Jamieson to come from St. Andrews to take charge of the wine. Rupert Leigh, Le Terrier, 15th Hussars,

Pitman and Dr. Caverhill stayed here for it. Hunt servants—Jack Shepherd, Will Goodall and Jack Capell in red coats, knee-breeches and white stockings—attended at the door to receive the company. George Chalmer and his wife drove all the way from Inchdairnie for it. Wallace, bandsman F.L.H., played the piano, and his two sisters violins.

26th April.—My last hunt as M.F.H. Met at Dunearn, twelve o'clock. I came over from Edinburgh. Johnny Goodall gave me a mount on "Essex," as all my horses were preparing to be sold. Rosie was out, but I forget where she came from. Found directly, clipping scent, and ran well to Raith, about seven miles. Unfortunately there was a roup of wood going on, which headed the fox; and the people kept moving on over the ground I wished to try, so I could make no more of it. Went back to Dunearn. The keeper told me he had seen a fox go into a patch of gorse about two miles off; found there directly. Got away close at the fox, and ran into him in the open at the side of the road near Balmullo. Rosie and I went back to Cowdenbeath with the hounds. Had tea, and got into the train and arrived at Thornton at seven o'clock, where we had to wait two hours. I laid down and fell asleep. At 8.30 Mr. Orchardson said, "This is your train". Just as I was going out he said he had applied for a licence for another refreshment-room, and hoped I would support him. The engine gave one snort. I said to Rosie, "Run for your life". She flew to the end of the platform, but the train was off and all

the lights out except in the station-master's office. I said to him, "You must give us an engine and run us down, special, to Kilconquhar". He said, "I have not got one. There is a goods train going to Markinch; you can go by it, and sleep at Balbirnie." That would not do. Mr. Orchardson had a pony and trap, but the minister had got it out to do some duty at Dysart, and had remained to dinner. It was past eleven when the pony returned. It then had to be fed. At last we made a start and got home about two in the morning. Mr. Orchardson sent for his pony next day. So ended my last day, and one of the longest I ever experienced.

26th May.—The second tournament in the Waverley Market, Edinburgh. General Annesley preferred that it should be called an "assault-at-arms". The 15th Hussars were quartered at Piershill, Colonel White in command. Quartermaster Swan presented the Swan Trophy to be competed for by four members of any auxiliary cavalry in Scotland—heads and posts, tent-pegging, lemon-cutting and jumping. Only three squads competed. Result: Fife, 147; Lothian and Berwick, 142; Forfar, 111. Sergeant-major Thom, Sergeant Millar, Sergeant Blyth and Corporal Webster were the Fife team. In the three competitions—heads and posts, tent-pegging and lemon-cutting—Fife was twenty-two points better than Lothians, and thirty-eight points ahead of Forfar. In the jumping competition Sergeant Millar's horse tumbled over the bar, which reduced Fife's majority by seventeen

points. The arrangements were better, on the whole, than at the first tournament. The Lord High Commissioner, Lord Hopetoun, attended one day. But the financial result was not so satisfactory, for we just managed to pay our expenses. The judges were Major Taylor, late 11th Hussars, Captain Hamilton, 14th Hussars, Captain Smithson, 13th Hussars, Major Anstruther, R.A., and Major Tully.

The annual drill of Fife and Forfar Light Horse took place at St. Andrews on 11th July. Colonel Duncombe, late 1st Life Guards, commenced as inspecting officer. The *Fife Herald and Journal* printed a special newspaper during the drill week. Captain Gilmour asked me to write an article for it, so I wrote the first chapter of the "History of Fife Light Horse," and continued to send it weekly to the paper. Colonel Wauchope of Niddrie also wrote a most instructive letter of advice to recruits going on active service.

In 1888 Charlie and Agnes went to Australia to visit Henry Loch, who was then Governor at Melbourne. They sent their children, Grizel and Johnald, who was only about one year old, to Charleton in charge of a German nurse who would not take proper care of them. She used to take the babe in the perambulator to Colinsburgh and leave him in the street while she went to chatter in the shops. The consequence was that in January, 1889, he got a very bad attack of bronchitis. He was insensible for several days, had convulsions and symptoms of water on the brain. I sent to Edin-

burgh for Dr. Caverhill and Dr. Muirhead. On Sunday night I met them when they came out of the sick-room ; they did not speak to me, but shook their heads. I went to bed, and expected that it would be all over before the morning. Caverhill had to leave by the first train on Monday. I got up to see him. He came out of the sick-room and said, "These bad symptoms have abated"; and from that moment the child began to improve, and eventually got quite well.

My youngest boy, Arthur, wrote the following letter to his sister :—

"STORRINGTON, SUSSEX,
"28th February, 1889.

"MY DEAREST RO,—

"Many, many happy returns of your buff-day. I hope this letter will arrive on March 1st, as it is meant to. I got a letter from Kit yesterday. She says that she is going up to Charleton on Sunday night to keep the peace between Johnald's two nurses while Pup and Olive go for their tour. I never expected it to come off so soon (at least to me it seems soon), if at all!

"Since my letter needs padding, as it certainly does, I will fill it up with a 'jingle' which suggested itself to me *à propos* of Kit's keeping the peace between the nurses. You must read it so as to make it scan, or else it will lose all its charm.

Once upon a time,
In eighty-nine,
There lived a boy called John,
Who had two nurses,
Who with curses
Fought at Charleton.

The one called Anna
With her manner
Riled poor Parker much,
While the brow of Parker
Soon grew darker
As the other gabbled Dutch.

The one was taller,
The other was smaller,
But still the strife waxed hot ;
The crisis came,
But all the same
Neither yielded a jot.

The one did scold,
So the other told
The master of that place,
And with many a tale
Did her foe assail
In the stating of her case.

One played double,
And a high old muddle
Therefrom did ensue ;
And many a tear
In her eye did appear
When of this her master knew.

The other did long
Her assailant to wrong
Whenever a chance should come ;
So one gave warning
That very morning,
Which seemed to us rather rum.

But all the same
They were both quite tame
When parted from each other,
So they settled to stay
To the end of May,
Till the advent of his mother.

But for those twelve weeks
There are sure to be piques,
And both are sure to look glum ;
But we'll keep 'em together
With the help of a feather
And Judson's stickfast gum.

Now from this you'll see
 That it's foolish to be
 Without great Judson's gum;
 If you put it to use
 It'll save much abuse
 To riddle de gum-tum-tum.

(*Advertisement.*)

“(These last four pages are consequently the advertisement sheets.) You've no idea how beautifully I made it read, but I'm afraid you will have great difficulty in so doing.”

1888.—I gave up the Fife Hounds on 1st May and was succeeded by Captain Middleton. He had hunted a pack of harriers for ten years. At the meeting I said that if I went on I did not want any more hounds. The meeting was anxious to give him a good start. A committee was named to arrange about getting some more hounds, consisting of myself and two others. George Cheape had twenty couple of dog hounds for sale, one- and two-year-old hunters, not half broken, and had not been out hunting since Christmas. My co-committee men bought them without seeing them and without consulting me, and Middleton drafted sixteen couple of my old hounds *which could hunt* to make room for them. When they began cub-hunting these unbroken hounds would hunt rabbits and speak to anything. The old hounds on going to the cry and finding it wrong very soon would not go to a cry at all, and there was no body of old hounds to carry on, and very soon they would not hunt anything. The cry every day was “no scent,” but it

really was no hounds that would hunt, and this went on pretty well all through cub-hunting.

Middleton was a capital horseman, everything well done and well turned out, but he never forgot his harrier training. He had a beautiful voice which he made little use of, and the same toot-toot of the horn went on all day.

I sent him my whistle, which I had used for thirty-six years, and wrote :—

“ MY DEAR JACK,—

“ I send you a Christmas present, the most useful I can think of for you. I have had it thirty-six years and it has been invaluable to me. It has killed hundreds of foxes, and I hope will help you to kill many more. If you will use it only as a view-holloa it will save your voice and hounds will come to it more readily than they will to a horn. When you have done with it, hand it on to your successor, as I should like it to be an heirloom to the Master of the Fife Hounds.

“ J. ANSTRUTHER THOMSON.

“ *December, 1888.*”

“ BALCASKIE, PITTENWEEM, N.B.,

“ *20th December, 1888.*”

“ MY DEAR COLONEL,—

“ I beg to thank you for your Christmas gift, which arrived all right. I would have written at once, but expected to see you yesterday and to have personally thanked you. I will carry out your request and hand it on to my successor.

“ Hoping to see you here to-morrow, and that we shall have some sport on Saturday,

“ I remain,

“ Yours sincerely,

“ J. A. MIDDLETON.”

I gave him my whistle, but he did not use it, so I asked him to send it back. I had it gilt and attached to a gold chain, and gave it to my daughter Rosie for a wedding present. I have seen him sit and blow his horn to get hounds away, and they would jump on the top of the wall and jump back again into the covert when I knew that one sound of my whistle would have brought them all flying out.

He had a very bad illness and had to give up riding for some time, and after that was really not fit to hunt a pack of hounds. His death was very sad and sudden. He was very popular and liberal, and did a great deal for the benefit and amusement of his neighbours. He instituted the “point-to-point” races and took much interest in the Cupar Cricket Club. In former days he was a first-class cricketer and lawn-tennis player.

October, 1888.—From the *Fife Journal*:—

“ Colonel J. Anstruther Thomson, who retired a few months ago from the mastership of the Fife Foxhounds, was presented at Cupar on Tuesday week with ‘Fairy Ring,’ a favourite horse of the Colonel’s, and with a handsome silver casket bearing the names of 170 subscribers and containing a cheque for 560 guineas.

“Colonel Balfour of Balbirnie made the presentation. After referring to the pleasure it afforded them to see that the proceedings were graced by the presence of ladies, who were heartily welcome, he said they were all aware that some months ago his friend on the left (Colonel Anstruther Thomson), who had been the moving and managing spirit of their established county pack so long, had determined to retire from the management. There was at that a universal feeling of regret, accompanied by a spontaneous desire on the part of his friends that some small token of their admiration of him and the esteem in which they held him as a county gentleman would be appropriate, and that their appreciation of his abilities as a Master of Foxhounds should be recognised. As they were all well aware, his able mastery of the foxhounds had been well noticed in the midland counties and in the Pytchley Hunt, and they did not need to go further than that. But they were proud of him as being a county man. He had always been foremost in all that related to the interests of the county, civil, agricultural or military. In short, in all their social arrangements, and in everything that pertained to county business, they had always had his advice, his opinion and his presence, and he was sure they were all glad to have him among them on that occasion. For himself, he was proud to have been authorised by those of his friends whose names were engraved upon the casket before him to present the same to Colonel Anstruther Thomson, along with his favourite horse ‘Fairy Ring’ and 560

guineas, as a small token of their esteem and admiration for him. It was their earnest hope that he would continue in good health, and not only himself but all at Charleton. It was a great pleasure to them all to see him so well. No doubt he had thought it right that the hard work of the mastership of the hounds should devolve upon somebody else."

CHAPTER X.

A HUNTING TOUR.

(From my daughter Olive's Diary, 1889.)

FRIDAY, 1st March, 1889.—Sent Henderson and Peter Donaldson with "Fairy," "Harbinger" and "The Swell" to Wiverton. Father and I left Edinburgh by the 9.50 train. Changed at Grantham, and they stopped the express for us at Bingham. We arrived at Wiverton Hall at about 6.50 and found Mrs. Musters and Mary, both kind and nice. After we had begun dinner George Musters appeared, having driven his hunter for (I believe) the first time. He does not appear to have had much control over it, as he was quietly forced into a "public" and nearly "couped" going round the corner.

Saturday, 2nd March.—Meet at Belvoir Castle. A bitterly cold morning, frost and a little snow. Father was rather slack about going, but I insisted, so we started very late to ride to the meet, a good and weary ten miles. I rode "Harbinger" in my new habit; he, "Fairy". We arrived at twelve. The first person we met was Mr. Nicholas Charlton. We then saw Gillard and the hounds. He had been ill and was feeble. Enormous pack of very good-looking hounds (I think thirty-three couple); whip,

Will Jones. Not a very large field; Major and Mrs. Amcotts. "Fairy" trod on a hound ("Royalty") going through the first gate. Gillard was very good about it. We found at once two foxes, whip pursuing one wildly trying to guide it towards the vale instead of the hill where it intended to go. However, it went its own way, and we had to go to the hill woods, where there was a good deal of snow. They bumped about for some time and at last jogged to a wood, and did not find, and as it was hailing in our faces we decided to go home to Wiverton. He went up to London that night, and on arriving at barracks found Bill was being "feasted" by his brother officers, previous to his departure to Australia, being appointed *aide-de-camp* to Lord Kintore.

Sunday, 3rd March.—He lunched with Lord Kintore and dined with Bill.

Monday, 4th March.—Father arrived by an earlier train and walked up from Bingham. The trap was sent for his things, and just before dinner Mark, the butler, rushed in saying, "Please, sir, I am very sorry, but you can't dress for dinner as only the shafts have returned". It seems that a cart had run into the Musters' trap and it had broken in two, the carriage part going into a ditch, the horse quietly jogging home with the reins and shafts. After some time the men appeared explaining matters.

Tuesday, 5th March.—Hard frost; had thought of hunting with the Quorn, but too hard, so we put "The Swell" into the Musters' dog-cart and drove off

to Melton, over ten miles. There we put up "The Swell" and got a very nice fast hireling (roarer) and drove on to Barleythorpe, ten or eleven miles. We arrived at about three and found Rosie and Mrs. Baird just going out. They gave us food, as we were starving, and we then walked to Oakham, where we met Mr. Baird, Mr. Marshall, etc., and returned to Barleythorpe. We then had tea and drove home to Wiverton again.

Wednesday (Ash), 6th March.—Father and I drove to Bingham in the M.'s brougham and pair, and then trained to Nottingham and proceeded to walk to Dr. Bell Taylor, 9 Park Row. There was a high wind and a good deal of dust which got into our eyes. Dr. Bell Taylor was *of course* engaged, so we had to wait ages. At last he was ready, so father and I descended to his consulting-room. He put belladonna into father's right eye and then proceeded to talk "shop," and I began to feel sick and tried not to listen. I seized hold of Whyte-Melville's *Riding Recollections* and said I would wait upstairs until we were released, which I then did, and got deep in my book. He presented father with a book he had written on the diseases of the eye and me with *Riding Recollections*.

Thursday, 7th March.—Meet at Croxton Park. Nasty wet morning. Father came into my room and said, "Do you still mean to go, Oll?" "Yes," I answered, "but I will take Peter (our groom) and *not* Mary." At breakfast they all chaffed me awfully, and would not believe I really meant to face the

elements. I was, however, determined to go, but begged Mary to stay at home, but she insisted on going too (much against her will *and* mine). She would not believe I could drive, and I am sure never expected to reach home in safety. So we started about eleven to drive to Croxton Park, about twelve miles. I drove "The Swell" in their cart. We got there in a blinding and bitter snowstorm and saw *nothing*. We careered wildly about and were told the hounds had just trotted off ten minutes ago; we also saw two or three late Meltonites, which cheered us immensely, so we drove along gaily expecting to find them quite soon. Thus we careered until well on in the afternoon, when weary, wet, disgusted and starving we decided to put up in Harby and have some food. I suggested going to the Crown Inn, which we had previously passed; Mary, however, assured me that the White Hart was *far* superior in every way, so we went there and were greeted by a fat old woman and lame boy who helped us to put "The Swell" in. I then asked for gruel. They had a tin of Neave's baby food which *they* called oatmeal. I said, "Have you not got any real Scotch oatmeal?" "This is far better than they hever 'ave in Scotland; they don't know what hoatmeal is there," replied the old woman. I felt that to convince her would be hopeless, but did my best, and also mentioned that *I* was Scotch. Ever afterwards she looked upon me as a kind of civilised savage, and marvelled at my being able to talk English so distinctly. Her gruel was *very* inferior, but I got a feed of corn for "The

Swell," which he ate. We, in the meantime, refreshed ourselves with boiled eggs, and Mary had ginger-beer. For the whole treat, horse and all, we were asked *sixpence!* The place had long since ceased to be an inn, their licence having been taken away, so the old woman apologised for not being able to supply us with spirituous liquors. We then wended our way Wivertonwards. Father said they had had a stupid day, with the snow in their faces and hardly any one out. So we did not miss much.

Friday, 8th March.—Father, I, horses, Henderson and Peter left Wiverton in the morning and trained to Great Dalby to hunt with the Quorn. (Tom Firr, Alfred Earp, William, son of Jack West.) I rode "Fairy," and the Duke of Portland mounted father on "Black Friar," and also second horse out. We trotted on to Gartree Hill, where we hoped to find the hunt, but to our disgust we were told that they had found and were running *hard*. Owing to our train being a quarter of an hour late we were naturally not in time for the meet, and to our disgust we were never able to catch them up again. So we were obliged to joggle along with all the second horsemen and a few fellow-sufferers, among whom were Miss Margot Tennant and Mr. Arthur Coventry. There was a heavy downpour and thick mist, so we gave it up as quite hopeless, and proceeded to go to Barleythorpe. Just as we were within sight of it we were joined by Mr. and Mrs. Baird and Rosie, who had had a capital run with the Quorn right into the Cottesmore country.

Saturday, 9th March.—Meet at Ridlington; drove in a hireling waggonette. We saw the Blairs at the meet, also Miss Margot Tennant, Miss Sheffield, Launcelot Lowther, Allan and Peggy Finch, Major Brocklehurst, etc. Muriel rode her grey, father "The Swell". Rosie and I pursued in the hireling, and having a very rash and keen driver we went remarkably well and saw a good deal. They had a fast run to Normanton.

Tuesday, 12th March.—Launde Abbey. Mr. Baird sent a mare on for me, but Rosie was going to Ashwell, so mounted me on her gallant quad "The Emperor". A tremendous (and amusing) crowd out. Mr. Jack Follett, Mr. Hugo Haig, and hundreds of others. A long ride home by myself, which I enjoyed. Did not care much for the day as a hunt.

Friday, 15th March.—Father and Mr. Baird hunted with the Quorn at Hungerton. Drew Billesden Coplw blank. Found first fox at Lord Morton's cover, and ran, but not for long. Found again at Scraftoft, and had a good run, ending near Leicester; nineteen miles to ride home. Found and eventually lost their fox.

Saturday, 16th March.—Meet at Stapleford, Mr. Hornby's place. *Enormous meet*. Mr. Baird nobly mounted both father and me; he on the grey, me on "Polly," whom I liked very much. She was very pleasant to ride and jumped nicely with a lead. We found quite soon, and ran well but slowly over some of the best country. Rosie on "The

Emperor" went well as usual. We eventually went to Burley-on-the-Hill, and after drawing for ages found again, but could make nothing of it, so presently we jogged home to Barleythorpe. I enjoyed the day *immensely*.

Monday, 18th March.—Breakfast quite early, Major Wickham, father and I. Lady E. appeared just as the fly arrived, and they found they had allowed about two minutes to get to Oakham in. However, they did just catch their train. We (father and I) proceeded by train with the horses to Kettering. There we drove to the Royal Hotel and took rooms. We jogged on to Hardwicke to hunt the Pytchley. Got there too early. Presently Bill Goodall and the long-eared hounds appeared; whips, Jack Isaacs and Alfred Wilson. Presently up drove Mr. Nat Langham, Mr. Austin Mackenzie, (Woodland) Pytchley. Mr. A. Mac. begged us to go home and stay the night with him, which we, however, declined. Captain Bay and Charlie Middleton, Whitehead, Lucas Foster, Count Hatzfeldt and Mr. Cecil Legard out. Found in Roehill gorse, ran up to Finedown village, and lost him. Drew Cockroost. Tom Jolly reminded father of the day on which he had drawn it twice and found both times. They drew Orlingbury spinneys also blank. Old Mr. Allan Young (an old pal of father's) was driving about in a pony-carriage. We went into his house and got some food, so did another girl. I do not know her name, but father said he thought she must be a parson's daughter because she rode with a

crupper! We then went to catch up the hunt at Hardwicke Wood. Trotting down by the side of Sywell Wood I was going on first, and suddenly heard a kind of crash, and on looking round found "The Swell" upside down with my poor father underneath him in a ditch. He said afterwards he could not quite make out what made "The Swell" fall, but he supposed he must have slipped, and in falling father saw the horse's eyes! I was horribly frightened. However, mercifully, father was not badly hurt. He had a deep cut on his chin, probably where "The Swell's" fore-foot hit him, and which bled incessantly the whole of that day and night. He also broke one of his back teeth, which annoyed him awfully. He got on again at once, and we soon caught up the hounds in the wood. They crossed over the road at the end of Sywell Wood and ran nicely over some fields. We finally lost in a village, through which we had that morning passed. It then being pretty late and scent apparently bad, we two decided to return to Kettering, which we accordingly did. We afterwards heard that they had found again in Poor's Close, and ran for an hour and a quarter, killing at the same village.

That morning the landlady had asked me what we would have for dinner. I replied, "Oh, we shall not want either soup or fish, just give us chops and a couple of poached eggs; that will be enough without pudding". To our astonishment, however, we were feasted with not only soup and fish, but also an entrée, leg of tough mutton, partridge and four

puddings—sweet omelette, damson tart, baked custard and stewed rhubarb. After we had succeeded in ploughing our way through this lengthy repast, we sank down exhausted into armchairs and read the papers. Presently the servant came to announce Mrs. Tiney¹ and Mrs. Pickett, and much to our joy dear Nay appeared with her nice sister. They stopped and chatted for some time and then left us for the night. We went to bed early.

Tuesday, 19th March.—Father rode “Harbinger”. Hunted with Woodland Pytchley at Dob Hall. Mr. Austin Mackenzie, W. Haynes, W. Neil, John Bagshaw, etc., out; all very pleased to see “the Captain” again. Found in Brampton Wood. Fox ran bang through all the horses. Hounds ran it in view across two or three fields and round back into Brampton Wood again; eventually killed in a barn near Carlton; ignoble pursuit; a good pack of hounds. Drew Carlton purlieu, and as father was trotting along middle ride the fox appeared and ran parallel with him for about five fields, crossing just in front of him. Ran back towards Brampton Wood while he continued his ride to Harborough, where he found me and Tiney waiting for him.

Tiney and I left Kettering by the midday train and waited at Harborough until father arrived, starving, and in a downpour of rain. Tiney and I had dined off a sponge-cake and oranges, and had to our grief nothing to give him, so he had to go hungry and weary to Rugby. There he and I deposited

¹ Olive's former nurse.

Tiney, and the luggage horses and men, and drove in a hansom to 4 Albert Street, to visit Mr. Heysham (honorary treasurer of the Hunt Benefit Society). A very nice old man, but suffers terribly from gout. He fed us sumptuously on tea, cold chicken and tongue. We then went on to see Mr. Hugo Haig in his bachelor rooms. He was delighted to see us, and showed father the letter (afterwards printed and in all sporting papers) he had written to Captain Soames about the Pytchley Hunt fund. On our return to Rugby station we met Charlie Guthrie and a friend on their way back from hunting. He nobly offered me a mount and asked us to stay with him at Newton. We also saw Mr. Melville Cartwright. We eventually arrived at Atherstone about six and were met by John Pye. Drove in a fly and pair to Cliff House, where we found Mr. and Mrs. Oakeley, both most cordial, cheery and kind.

Wednesday, 20th March.—Meet at Clifton. We drove on to the meet. Mrs. Colville in a bath-chair drawn by a donkey and pursued by a hospital nurse and boy. Father rode a nailing black horse of Tom Alkin's; jumped like a cricket-ball. He found it very difficult to remain on, as he bounded so. I rode a bay mare with huge mane, the property of Mr. Alkin's niece; saddled with an enormous and uncomfortable howdah and prominent right side pommel. Mare pulled dead and had a light bridle on, I could not hold her a bit, which I at once discovered. Drew Clifton Rough blank and then Mr. (Harry) Townsend's new cover also blank. He

(Mr. H. T.) was much downcast in consequence. Brick Hill cover (Thorpe), blank. Found in Thorpe gorse. A single hound spoke to the line. First whip, Ned Farmer, stopped it, but two more escaped and would not be stopped. Bevan then started and holloaed, and proceeded to hunt with those three hounds regardless of the rest of the pack, which were eventually rushed on to where the three were. My mare became wildly excited, and tore along with me with her head in the air bang into a blind ditch, and of course down we both came. I jumped up immediately and never let go the reins and proceeded to scramble on by a gate, simply plastered with mud and a horrible dirty sight. Thus my *début* in the Atherstone country! A certain Mr. Wilkinson kindly came to my rescue. He is blind of an eye and rides quite beautifully, and was ever after known as my deliverer. He was always willing and good about helping one in difficulties. They of course lost their fox, and we all went to Thorpe and were fed on mutton pies and brown sherry by the Inges. I was introduced to them and to Maud Russell. I here borrowed a real and double bridle and the mare went better, but still pulled fearfully, and I was *not* coachman at all that day. We drew Amington (Fisher's) blank, then Newton gorse, where we found scent doubtful; only succeeded in running a ring back into the gorse and then jogged home, having had a howler and thoroughly rotten day. Bevan, huntsman; Ned Farmer whipping-in to him. Fred Claydon bound up in straps, having strained himself

going to Norfolk Hounds. Mr. Fountaine (Di Follett's brother) is master.

Friday, 22nd March.—Meet at Three Pots Inn ; drove on. I rode Mr. Foxwell's nice brown mare, good hunter with pleasant manners and good mouth ; J. A. T., big bay horse of Mr. Drackley's ; had been steeplechased the week before ; behaved like a demon and ran away all day. Drew Burbidge Wood ; crowds of stockingers, who greeted father with "Ullo, Captin, got back to your hold 'aunts, ave yer ! Could not we drink yer 'ealth this fine morning ?" Very large field. Nettie Townsend and her father, Mr. Jack Follett and Hugo Haig, Mr. and Mrs. Young (Green T.'s sister), etc. Three Pots spinneys blank ; Woolvey blank ; Attlebury blank ; Lindly *blank*. Too disgusting and disheartening. Horrid jogging day on a most uncomfortable and tiring saddle. We at last ended at Caldecot, where we had tea and saw some of their beautiful rooms and the electric lightings thereof, and drove home in a more cheery state. How I *hate* a blank day. Lady de Clifford dined at Cliff. Cribbage as usual.

Saturday, 23rd March.—Meet at Corley. Father rode "Fairy," I "Harbinger," very fresh. Mr. Pierrepont rode a horse with a silver tube in its throat for roaring. We all, Mr. and Mrs. Oakeley, Ted and Cis, Mr. and Cis Callender, father and I, drove on to Arbury ; lovely old place, belonged to Rosie's godfather, Mr. Newdegate. Got on our horses there and trotted on to Corley, the meet. Crowds of

Charity School children in uniform, straw hats and aprons. Found a lame fox, a very pretty find. Fox ran snapping past H. Callender and J. A. T., who said, "He don't go right". One of the hounds actually had hold of him as he bundled into a hole, and so just saved himself. They then proceeded to dig for the poor little thing while the pack went to draw again. Found another fox, who made a line for the next wood. Cut off a corner of ploughed field. Huntsman all wrong. Wrong side and wrong way. Bucketed along road; no good. After some time they let the bagged lame fox out. Most disgraceful proceeding. Enormous yelling crowd of running boys and men. Fox let out miles away from pack. General scuffle getting out of wood after them. "Harby," quite wild with excitement, plunged and rushed at a nasty blind ditch. Cis Oakeley just in front of me, so had to pull him rather to the left. He quite lost his head, and apparently never even noticed a horrid strong binder, so down we both came, on his right side. I of course hung, notwithstanding my safety skirt, but comforted myself that it must break directly and that I should then be free. But not a bit of it. I had, out of youthful folly, substituted lace instead of the orthodox tabs and buttons, and the consequence was that the lace (a champion) held me suspended upside down like a huge pendulum. "Harbinger" behaved like an angel, and only jogged slowly. Had he chosen to gallop, I must have been smashed, probably killed. He trod on my hand and knocked my mouth with

his hind leg. I kept on wondering how long it would last and how much I should get trodden down before any one would come. It all seemed *such* ages. I must have looked too ridiculous for words, walking on my head and hands backwards, being buffeted forwards by "Harby's" hind feet and back by his front legs, while *my feet* were perched proudly on the saddle. Every one thought it was a dangerous accident, consequently most of the field stopped and Mr. Rowley Beach and another gentleman came to my rescue. I said, "It is no use *trying* to lift me, please undo my habit!" By degrees I was let down and felt very jumpy. After many struggles and kicks I was hoisted on to poor old "Harby's" back again, and we pursued the fast vanishing hunt. Through Corley again and they eventually killed. "Harby" pulled and plunged like a demon, in fact his fall has hopelessly demoralised him. Found again at Cowlees, through Arbury, fox in view for one field, ran through Annesley Park, Stockingford.

Tuesday, 26th March. — Cliff, Atherstone. Packed, etc.; early lunch. Drove in hired fly to Nuneaton; went by train from there to Leamington, where we had to change stations and wait hours. At last we reached Swindon and put up our horses at Deacon's while we went to the Goddard Arms, a most charming and comfortable hotel.

Wednesday, 27th March.—Up early and left Swindon by the 8 A.M. train. Just as the train was moving father received a wire from the Duke to say they would wait for next train. However it was

then too late to change, so off we went. Got out at Daunsey and went to the inn where we waited hours. We got on our gees, I on "Fairy," father on "Harbinger," and dawdled down to the meet at "Swallets Gate," the same place where they met 22nd February, 1871, the day of the Great Wood run. The first people we met were Colonel and Mrs. Helm. Nelly and Captain Atherley, Colonel Peter Miles and two or three others were all we knew at first. After hours of weary waiting, Lord Worcester trotted up with the hounds, followed by the Duke and most of the field. We all proceeded to draw a gorse. "Fairy" awfully fresh and peacocked along and was much admired by the Duke. Father committed me to the care of Tom Morgan, Captain Spicer's huntsman, who told me a good deal about Vincent, etc. Drew gorse; chopped fox there. Found Great Wood; fearful ride. Henry Baker (Hardwicke) came and talked to us. Good run; killed at Webb Wood. Followed Lady Cholmondeley. Drew Dauney Strips; did not find. My hat came off. Lord Dangan lent me his pin. We arrived at Chippenham and joined Nay and drove to Badminton, leaving our horses to follow with Henderson. We got to Badminton about seven. The Duchess came down the passage to welcome us saying, "How glad I am to see you". She took us into the ante-drawing-room, where we chatted, and then took us upstairs and into my room. Then I and Nay unpacked and dressed. Dinner very late, about nine. The Duke took me in. Mr. Holford

the other side. Billiard-room after dinner. Bed very late. Duke, Duchess, Lady Edward, Mr. Blgrave, Mr. Holford, Mr. Mellidew, Major McAlpine.

Thursday, 28th March.—Badminton. At breakfast Lady Edward asked me if I would care to drive in her cart, so off we started at about twelve. Meet Lower Woods. Lord Worcester mounted father on a charming chestnut called "Speculation," with perfect manners and most pleasant to ride, and four years old. Lady Edward drove me in a nice little cart with charming piebald pony called "Paintbox". His one fault was he would not stand still for one single second. Got home very late for luncheon; others had finished.

Friday, 29th March.—Father hunted with Captain Spicer's hounds and rode "The Swell". Duchess drove me in the victoria. She had to pay calls and visit poor people in the village. Tom Morgan, huntsman.

Saturday, 30th March.—Meet Burton village. Father rode "Harbinger," who rushed like a demon; I "Fairy". Duke, Lord Worcester, Lord and Lady Edward; Dr. Noble Smith mounted by the Duke on Lord E.'s horse, *much* to the latter's annoyance. He *thrusted* wildly and made his quad very hot. Found in Oldlands covert, crossed the Foss and ran to Dunley. Scent bad. Found again at Lord's Wood; ran through Lady Wood and nearly as far as the steeplechase course at Sherston; finally lost in Leigh Delamere cover.

Monday, 1st April.—Lord Edward mounted me on a beautiful chestnut. Father rode "The Swell". The Monument. Good run. Enjoyed myself immensely. Up to Grittleton.

Tuesday, 2nd April.—Prince Ernest Hohenlohe-Langenberg arrived. Father and I rushed upon him and the Duke unawares in the middle of the big stairs, so my curtsey was far from an easy task, but I got through the dreaded introduction far better than I had ever dared to hope possible. The Duke and Prince came down about 9.30 and the Duchess and he were presented to each other, and *at last* went in to dinner.

Thursday, 4th April.—Lord and Lady Fitzhardinge arrived. We all drove over to the racecourse. Father, Captain Hugh Owen, Miss Neville, Mr. de Winton and I in one waggonette. I forget how the others went, but I remember that the Duchess and Lady Fitzhardinge sat all day in a hay waggon and were photoed sitting in state. Prince Hohenlohe was also photoed on the coach with the rest of us. We had a sumptuous banquet in a tent, and had a glorious day altogether. Mr. de Winton won his race. There were a good many falls. Father and I walked across to the water jump (which was the most exciting) with Lord and Lady Trafalgar, both very nice and know Bill well.

Friday, 5th April.—Meet Shipton Moyne. The Duke drove father and the Prince on, Lord Edward, Mr. Butt Millar, Miss Neville, Lady Edward and I in waggonette and pair, to meet. All rode except

Miss Neville and I. We drove in a waggonette with a nice keen coachman, and saw a great deal. We viewed the tired fox when every one else had lost him, and so helped the hunt considerably, and were proportionately delighted with ourselves. We got home about four, I think, and found that Nay had got all the things packed and ready. Mr. Butt Millar, father and I had early dinner, and then Nay and I started off and drove to Yate station, where the Duke had requested the night express to stop for me.

CHAPTER XI.

PETERBOROUGH HOUND SHOW.

ON 2nd July, 1889, I was President of the Peterborough Hound Show, and went to stay at Wiverton with Mrs. Musters. Nicholas Charlton and his wife were there. I went in a cab with Jarvis "(Two-penny)" from the railway station. He said, "You will have to make a speech". "What shall I talk about?" "Wire—curse it!"

After the luncheon I said: "At end of last season I was out with twelve different packs of hounds and saw some of the most distinguished huntsmen, both professional and amateur, and to my mind the prevailing fault is the *silent system*. If a huntsman goes into a big wood and changes his direction without some noise, his men cannot tell where he is or his hounds either, and then the hounds are driven about without knowing where to go to. You had much better hear the cheery voice of a huntsman than the harsh rate of a whipper-in. Some of you older sportsmen may remember old Tom Seabright in Bedford purlieus carrying his hounds, 'Come forward, come forward!' through multitudes of fresh foxes without changing his fox; and I have seen and heard Jack Musters, when his

hounds were toiling along after a fox, scream with his high-pitched voice. They would raise their hackles and race each other. Who says, then, that there is no merit in a huntsman's voice? Wire fences have destroyed the fun of riding across country, and the silent system the cheeriness of running in covert."

After the lunch Nimrod Long and several huntsmen came to me and said, "We agree with every word you said".

For best three couple of dog hounds the president had the privilege of presenting a cup, so I had the pleasure of sending Willoughby de Broke a cheque that he might get what he liked.

Next day I intended to go to London, and having an hour to spare in Nottingham, I left luggage at station and went to see Bell Taylor. I said, "I don't see quite so well as I did". "I see what it is; I'll soon put it right for you". I lay down on the sofa and he touched my eye with a needle. He said, "The membrane which surrounds the cataract has thickened". They call this operation *scratching*. He gave me a cup of soup, put a rug over me and sent for my luggage, and I fell asleep.

I went into the same lodging, Miss Sulley's, and telegraphed to Olive to come to me. I could only dictate my telegram, so they made a mess of it, called her Oliver and sent it to some place in Lancashire. Fortunately Nicholas Charlton and his wife came to see me and he put it right for me, and

Olive turned up. I was only kept in bed two days. When we went home Mary Musters joined us at Bingham, and went to Charleton with us.

“26 CIRCUS, BATH,
“3rd August, 1889.

“MY DEAR OLD JACK,—

“I have been blowing my horn and gathering from the ferny coombes of Devon the old pack I used to hunt with in days gone by for the annual meet at these kennels. So from the 26th to the 31st I expect the following good and true line hunters to occupy our benches for that week: H. Fortescue, Fitz Taylor, Hine, Dick Clarke of Welton Place, and E. V. Harcourt of Nuneham Park. All have accepted, and I only want *you* to make our party complete. Now, *if you object*, I'll promise that not one word about hounds, horses, foxes or runs shall be mentioned in your company; otherwise, the chances are the pack will run riot on that scent. Lord Worcester will be cub-hunting busily and I'll find a good cover hack to carry you every day. So bring a pair or two of your walnut breeches and some jack-boots, and there you are.

“In your speech at Peterborough you called for better room for the ladies—*place aux dames*—and put me in mind of Father Prout of Watergrass Hill, Co. Cork. He was preaching to a crowded congregation of peasants when three fashionably dressed ladies entered and *stood* behind the congregation listening to his eloquence. He stopped short and called out, ‘Boys, why don't you give three *chaires*

for the ladies!’ ‘Three cheers for the ladies!’ sung out the clerk, and instantly the congregation rose and made the rafters ring again with their cheers.

“Your sincere old friend,
“E. W. L. DAVIES.”

10th January, 1890.—I went up to Barleythorpe.

11th.—Cottesmore Hounds at Bisbrooke. Gosling mounted me on a nice bay horse.

13th.—Holywell. Farquhar mounted me on a chestnut horse. Came home lame.

14th.—Launde Abbey. Baird mounted me on his grey horse.

16th.—Left Barleythorpe and went to Bywell. George Fenwick ill in bed. I did not see him. Owen Wallis was there.

17th.—Tynedale Hounds met at Bywell. Nicholas Cornish, the old huntsman, had become game-keeper to Hugh Fenwick, and was out hunting on foot. I told him I had come to see Armstrong’s factory. He said, “A fine place that, sir”. “How do you know?” said I. “I sent my son into it as an apprentice, and he worked on till he became a foreman. One of the firm was sent out to China in charge of an arsenal and my son went out as second. After a time the principal died, and my son got the appointment, worth £2,000 a year.” While at Bywell I heard of Sir Robert Dalyell’s death very suddenly at the New Club. He was buried on the 23rd at St. Andrews. I went home for the funeral.

4th March.—Forth Bridge opened by the Prince of Wales. Randolph Wemyss gave me two tickets. I took Miss Elsie Macleod to see it. It was blowing a hurricane and bitterly cold. We took plenty of plaids and a carriage apron. We got on the lee side of one of the iron pillars, rolled the plaids round us, and remained there. Hats flew away by the dozen, and the ladies' petticoats got up to the point from which they would not go down again! The Prince came slowly across the bridge in a train, and on its return we got under the shelter of the carriages and walked alongside of them.

14th.—Lord Loughborough came of age. They gave him a dinner at Dysart. I went to stay at Dunnikier for it.

26th August.—My dear friend Francis Lord Rosslyn died at Dysart, and was buried at Roslin Chapel.

George Cheape was at this time Master of the Linlithgow and Stirlingshire Hounds. He went to America to look after his property, leaving Mrs. Cheape in command, and asked me to go over sometimes to help her. Ned Cotesworth was huntsman, and his brother whipped-in to him. They had pretty good sport all the season. I often went over and rode George Cheape's horses, and stayed in Edinburgh at the New Club. At the end of the season the horses were sold at Leicester, and Mr. Cross succeeded as master.

In May there was an exhibition at Edinburgh, and a prize of £100 was offered for the best musical

ride. Fife, Forfar, and the Lothians and Berwickshire Yeomanry competed. Fife was first, Lothians second, and Forfar third. Fife was ten points better in the performance of the ride, but the Fife and Forfar only rode on their own hunting saddles and the Lothians had the regulation saddle. The judges took seven points off because our saddles were not high off the horses' withers! and the Lothians were allowed to attend the tournament at Islington.

Hunting Tour with Rosie, 1891.

16th February, 1891.—Went on Monday to Bywell. Rosie was already there. Took Donaldson with "Fairy," and a roan horse of Charles Rogers' of Balgove; sent them direct to Wiverton.

Tuesday, 17th February.—Bywell Hall, Northumberland. Morpeth Hounds met. Drove to the Wagon Inn; got our horses there. J. A. T., the "Tumbler"; R. A. T., Kitty's horse, a clinker. The "Tumbler," a good confidential horse; the hounds, a racing-looking lot; sixteen couple. Jack Rance, the huntsman, an energetic chap and a good horseman, but with one prevailing fault, of riding away from his hounds and blowing for them to come to him. Drew all the best coverts blank, till about three o'clock. Then we got on a disturbed fox in some plantations; very little scent; made a mess of it. Found again in one of Mr. Perkin's gorses, and ran like blazes across the river at River Green Mill; ran to ground finally. I left them at Molt-

combe Wood and jogged back to Stamfordham. Tea and changed and drove home; got in at nearly eight o'clock. Hounds were not quite accustomed to their huntsman, J. Cookson, the master, having hunted them himself formerly. Awfully hot riding; ground very dry; a big field.

Wednesday, 18th February.—The Braes o' Derwent. Siddle Dickson, huntsman; sixteen couple thoughtful-looking hounds with long ears sitting in a semicircle watching him. The whipper-in a grubby-looking youth in strange attire—an old red coat, a cap stuck on to the back of his neck with its peak in the air, and a bright blue satin necktie and "gills," a pair dogskin gloves with broad black embroidery on the backs, and a short whip which cracked like a pistol. They went into acres of woods on the banks of the river (the Tyne). Found directly, and they all barked at once, and ran like fun, and George Fenwick and I and a chap with fourteen buttons at his knees (an innkeeper) got away with four couple of hounds. The body of the hounds was a long time in coming, and when they came the huntsman accounted for his delay by saying "his horse had got ditched," and he had to pull him out, and he was very lame in consequence. They then drew a tremendous wood, where they found at once. Dickson view-holloaed as long as they would run. He has a grand voice. We went home early. Rode the same big chestnut horse of George Fenwick's I rode last year. Very few people out; all sportsmen; not a dressy field.

The establishment consists of twenty-five couple of hounds and three horses; two days a week; Colonel Cowan, the master.

Thursday, 19th February.—Wiverton, Notts. Left Bywell in brilliant sunshine, and arrived at Wiverton in a horrible cold thick fog.

Friday, 20th.—Lord Harrington's hounds met at Wiverton. Colonel Gardyne got "Mermillo," as Ro would not let me go out. They did nothing much.

Saturday, 21st.—Belvoir met at Piper Hole and had a clinking day. So foggy and beastly we did not go.

Monday, 23rd.—Quorn met at Willoughby. Very hot day; got baked going to covert. Rode "Fairy"; Ro, roan horse. Found in Ro-hoe, and hunted a fox steadily over the ploughs for nearly an hour. Tom Firr got the hounds well away through the crowd. Drew Wynstay gorse blank and found in Owthorpe. Ran about the hills, through Colston Basset (where we left them), and finally got to ground.

Tuesday, 24th.—Lord Harrington at Stragleshorpe. Drove there with "Mermillo" in the dog-cart (J. A. T. and Ro). They drew . . . blank, and got on a disturbed fox at Cotgrave gorse. They ran away from us, so we came back to lunch. The whip, Jack Brown, got his thumb bitten off by the fox or terrier after they had run to ground.

25th.—Belvoir at Croxton Park. Kane Croft, first whip. I rode "Fairy".

26th.—Left Wiverton ; went to Girsby. Raunsby, M.F.H., Southwold ; Arthur Fortescue, the parson.

27th.—Brockleby Hounds at Sudbury. Met Colonel Richardson and Lady Yarborough, who asked us to come to Healing on Monday.

28th.—Burton Hounds. Rode "Fairy". Wilson, master ; Bentley, huntsman. Rode home with Elsley and Dobson.

2nd March.—Went to Brocklesby by first train. Met at Healing. Richardson mounted us both.

3rd.—Very cold ; returned to Girsby. I did not go out. Met Rawnsley at South Willingham.

4th.—Yarborough Hounds at Linwood. Rode "Fairy". Came home lame.

5th.—Southwold Hounds at Girsby. Found a fox in a pit. Ran a cracker for an hour and killed. Rode Rawnsley's young horse. Found another fox in a pit and killed him. Rode another young horse. The country is very open, and very often the fox is in view the whole time. When Captain Dallas and Captain Fox were joint masters they bought twenty-five couple of my hounds at Bicester. Jack Morgan was then huntsman of the Southwold.

6th.—Went to Doddington to stay with Jarvis.

7th.—Skillingthorpe plantations. Jarvis' hounds ; a beautiful pack ; all bred from two bitches. "Link-boy," a beautiful dog.

9th.—Jarvis' Hounds. Rode his horse "Coconut".

10th.—Rufford Hounds at Kelham. Went by train with Jarvis to Relford. Rode "Fairy".

Came home very lame. Launcelot Rolleston, master and huntsman; a nice workmanlike concern.

11th.—Put "Fairy" in the train and sent him home to Charleton.

12th.—Jarvis' Hounds at Aysthorpe. Rode "Cocoanut". Found on the banks of a river and ran into Skillingthorpe plantations.

13th.—Ro went to Wiverton with Donaldson and the roan horse, which jumped capitally. I went to the Bell Hotel at Leicester, and on the 14th bought "The Rake". Had lunch with Edward Baldock and his wife. Put "The Rake" into the train to Harby and went to Wiverton.

16th March.—Quorn at "Ab Kettleby". Rode "Mermillo". Got gruel at Broughton.

18th.—Croxton Park, the Belvoir. Rode chestnut horse of Gale's; Ro "The Rake". Went to London afterwards to Charlie Babington's, Gloucester Place. Bill and Clayre arrived from Australia.

19th.—Had lunch with Bill and went to the stores.

20th.—Went with Charlie B. to Alfrey's brewery. Had three bottles of porter for lunch, and saw the horses. He has the management of them; it is very well done (about 100).

21st.—Went down to Essex Union at Billericay. Courage gave me a mount. Went to Carnegy's at Gatwick, and back to London on 22nd. On 24th went down to Oakeley's at Cliff. Sent Donaldson and horses to the inn at Twycross.

25th.—Atherstone Hounds at Willesley. Ro rode the roan horse; I rode a hireling of Crisp's at Atherstone, a very good horse. Mrs. Colville bought him for her son (now General Sir Henry Colville). Sam Hayes very feeble.

26th.—Atherstone, Arley village. We rode two white hirelings from Leamington, and had Kelly's brown horse for second horse. Not much good. Rode to kennels, and drove to Cliff.

27th.—Good Friday.

28th.—Brinklow. I rode Drackley's brown horse, and Ro rode "The King," also Drackley's.

29th.—Wyken. A bitter cold day; did not do much and finished at Lindley. I rode Kelly's big horse and Ro the roan. Drackley said he would mount me next day with the Pytchley. Just as he was galloping away I shouted, "Put the horse in the train at Nuneaton".

Monday morning, 31st.—I took my own saddle, for Drackley's tackle was not of the best, and when I got to Nuneaton found no horse. I went on to Rugby to Captain Beattie's, and met his son Charlie at the door. I said, "Father in?" He said, "He's not up yet; he's not very well". I said, "I have got a saddle but not a horse; Drackley has disappointed me". He went up to see his father and came back saying, "It's all right". He lent me a real nice horse. It had been returned to him for swishing its fences, but it was a clipping fencer. The Captain came out later in the day.

1st April, 1891.—Atherstone Hounds, Twycross.

Mr. Atherston Brown lent me a clipping horse, a very hard puller, but a grand jumper. I got on capitally with him; but jumping into a lane he jumped so far that he landed in the ditch on the other side. Ro was riding "The Rake," but he lost a shoe or something, and she got a roan, a four-year-old of Drackley's. It had never been out hunting before and refused every fence; luckily they were not very big ones. She always managed to make him scramble through, and caught us in the next field.

2nd.—We went to Bay Middleton's at Hazelbeech and sent Donaldson and the horses to Weedon.

3rd.—Pytchley Hounds at Brockhall. Bay mounted us both. J. A. T., "Mayo"; Ro, "Goldfinch". Lord Spencer asked us to come to Althorpe, but had to put us off on account of Lord Granville's death. Drew Brockhall blank, and Harpole Hill. Found Nobottle. Ran well along the spinney. No good on the plough. Found again in Sanders' gorse. Ran somewhere and back again. Found a mangy fox in Buckby Folly; got to ground; drew spinney blank and went home. Had tea at John Cooper's.

6th.—Grafton Hounds at Yardley Chase. Horses came from Weedon. "The Rake" for me, roan for Ro. Hounds were running hard when we got to the wood. We never heard a man's voice for an hour. Got out of the wood on a stale scent. Hounds worked capitally. Smith very quiet. Ran with a

catching scent over deep ploughs. Left them at Olney. Very cold; thunder and lightning, and snow at Yardley Hastings. Rode home with Britton, Sanders and Horsey. Met Fred Welch at Northampton station and returned to Hazelbeeck.

7th.—Cowper's Oak, Oakley Hounds. John Horsey mounted me on a nice young black horse. Rosie went to Leamington steeple-chase with Bay and Mrs. Middleton. Hounds ran well. Tom Whitmore got a bad fall; hurt his knee and had to go home. Met R. at Rugby; dined with the Beatties, and slept at the George Hotel.

8th.—Atherstone Hounds at Coombe. I rode "The Rake"; sent him home. Oakley let me ride his big horse. Elmhurst lent me a black mare which I rode into Rugby.

9th.—Cliff. Atherstone point-to-point race.

10th.—Left Cliff, and went to George Hotel, Rugby.

11th.—Castle Ashby, Oakley Hounds. Rode Horsey's black horse. Lawrence hunting the hounds. Ro rode the roan. Mr. Tanqueray was out and bought the roan. Left him at Horsey's stables, and sent him to Tanqueray's on Monday. Went to London on Monday to Bill and Clayre.

14th.—Hertfordshire Hounds at Hatfield. Sworder M.F.H., with a top hat. Tanqueray lent me roan horse. Charles Harris, huntsman. Dog hounds light in condition. Found in the park; good cry and good scent; ran hard. Harris nice voice

and good horseman. A cheery concern. Ran an hour and killed.

15th.—Returned to Edinburgh; stayed at New Club.

17th.—Olive and Ann Dundas¹ gave a ball at the Windsor Hotel.

¹ Now Lady Dickson Poynder.

CHAPTER XII.

BATH AND DEVONSHIRE.

31st May, 1891.—Went to Bath. The cattle show, 3rd to 8th. Met Moore-Stephens, Lord A. St. Maur and Dr. Grace. John Cooper judging horses.

17th June.—Married at St. Andrew's Church, by the Rev. Edward Davies, to Isobel, second daughter of General Bruce of Glendouglie. We went to Dunster, Porlock and Lynmouth.

20th.—Watersmeet, and on to Ilfracombe on the Katerfelto coach. Near Coombe Martin we passed Charles Basset driving in a dog-cart. The coachman pointed to me with his whip and shouted, "Friend of yours on board, sir". The coachman was a great sportsman, and roused his horses by "Heu in, there, heu in!"

22nd.—Left Ilfracombe by train to Bideford and coach to Clovelly. Found a cottage to sleep in, and fed at the inn, which was quite full.

23rd.—Drove to Holsworthy, where Calmady met us, and went to stay at Tetcott, a charming house built altogether of wood, and all on one floor.

24th.—Went out otter-hunting with Calmady's hounds. We drove four miles to the Tamar, but did

not catch one. Sir William and Lady Williams came and Mr. and Mrs. Hole.

25th.—Show at Holsworthy; rain and thunderstorm. Found Major Burrowes (“Buggins”), 13th Light Dragoons, judging with Captain Williamson. They went to Tetcott after the show, and we went to Ashbury and put up there to make room for them.

26th.—Back to Holsworthy for puppy show. Littleworth, Lord Portsmouth’s huntsman, and Mr. Coryton, judges.

29th.—London, Hodnet, Adderley, and home on 3rd July.

8th July.—Fife Light Horse drill at Cupar. Fell over a tent rope and hurt my knee, and was laid up for four days.

15th.—Inspection by Colonel Duncombe; rode “Fairy Ring”.

18th.—Highland Society Show at Stirling. We went to Claude Hamilton’s at Dunmore for it. Colin Mackenzie, Macpherson Grants and General and Mrs. Briggs staying there, the Fergusson Buchanans and “Ken” Fergusson.

26th March, 1892.—We went to Wiverton.

28th.—Quorn at Six-Hills.

29th.—To Bentley Manor and Bickmarsh.

31st.—Warwickshire Hounds at Dorsington. Mrs. Cheape gave me a mount on a grey horse; very little scent. In the afternoon hunted up to a big wheatfield and checked there. Heard a view-holloa. Willoughby galloped up the hill above the river and found the Cotswold whipper-in. He said,



COLONEL, FIFE AND FORFAR LIGHT HORSE.
1891.

“You’re hunting our fox, my lord”. Willoughby replied in plain and forcible English. Just then we saw a fox two fields off on the other side of the river, and Rushout, the Cotswold Master, and his field all standing still within two fields of the fox. Willoughby shouted out, “Where is there a ford?” I stopped back to see what had happened. His tail hounds hit a scent and ran hard up and down the sides of the river and killed the fox. It was pretty late and we returned to Bickmarsh. Willoughby had some tea and the hounds went home.

1st April.—Mrs. Cheape had a beautiful pack of beagles. Her whipper-in was a Scotchman, and a capital runner. He was sent to church on Sunday afternoon, and Mrs. Cheape asked him how he liked the English service. He said he had enjoyed it, for when the congregation made the responses “it *minded* him of the beagles”.

5th.—Returned to Bath.

7th.—In the afternoon we went to Pump Room Hotel to see Captain Spicer’s coach start for Devizes, and found him and Lady Margaret Spicer and her mother, Lady Westmoreland.

11th.—I went to Sydling to stay with Chandy Pole.

12th.—Cattistock Hounds (Chandy Pole) met at Hook Park.

13th.—We went to Spye Park on Spicer’s coach. “Mousy” St. Maur, Duke of Somerset, drove it to Bath, and I drove it out to Spye—two of the oldest coachmen in England! It snowed and blew and

was awfully cold, and my wife went inside. Lady Westmoreland was staying there.

14th.—Returned to Bath.

18th.—We went to Sydling.

19th.—I hunted at Bridport with Chandy, the Colefoxes' place.

20th.—Met near Sydling. Chandy gave wife a mount, a lovely white horse called "Foot-it". Scent bad; not much sport.

21st.—Another hunt with Chandy. Middlemarsh, the Blackmore Vale Hounds. Left Evershot station and went to London.

26th.—Returned to Bath.

27th.—Badminton Steeplechase. Trained to Chippenham, and from there on the Devizes coach; Walters drove. "Towney" Oswald went with us. It poured most of the time.

30th April.—We went to Adderley for Sunday. Spent the afternoon with Reggie Corbet in the kennels; a lovely pack of hounds. Young Charlie Littleworth, huntsman.

In September, 1892, the Duke of Cambridge came to Edinburgh to inspect the Carabineers in Duddingston Park. I took "Sultan" over, a beautiful black horse, who had been my son's charger in the 2nd Life Guards. Colonel Macgeorge was in command of the regiment, and I went to luncheon at Piershill after the inspection. General Annesley was the general in command of the Scottish district.

My youngest child was born on the 19th of October and named Rachel Jean.

Rosie was married to Colonel Burn in December, 1892. They went to India for their honeymoon. His old regiment, the 18th Hussars, was at Umballa, and they went to stay with them.

She wrote the following account of her tour :—

“RAILWAY HOTEL, CAWNPORE,
“17th February, 1893.

“I have not written to you for an age, and we never get any letters by any chance as we are always on the move. We have been having a lovely time since I wrote last from Umballa. I forget if I told you about my jackal hunt. It was such fun. I went out really (on an Arab pony lent me by a kind man in the 18th) for a paper-chase, which is the nearest they can get to a hunt in those stations ; but as it fell through, I went off with the Bobbery pack, which I descried in the distance—about four couple of terriers, a decayed foxhound, and one overgrown beagle.

“Two of the 18th became fired with emulation and came too. The whip was a native mounted on a half-starved grey pony, and dressed in bare legs, white cotton flowing drawers, a long black coat, and on his head a purple velvet ‘pork-pie’ trimmed with gold embroidery ; he also blew a horn. I enjoyed my hunt and galloped just behind the one foxhound all the time, as he was the only hound who ever threw his tongue at all, and it *sounded* like business. We finally killed a jackal, after running over awful ground for about three miles. I was so delighted I

clamoured for the brush, which I at last induced the purple velvet-headed whip to tear off with his hands, as no one had a knife. It has since transpired the jackal was a bagman. The brush I mean to cling to in spite of its *awful* smell, which is a sort of mixture of fox and onions, and our bearer was anxious to pack it up (uncured) among David's clean shirts, but was finally induced to put it in his own clothes-box.

"We left Umballa on the 4th February and went down to Delhi for a night. From there we went to Lucknow for the race week. Lord Roberts was very nice, and on Sunday he took a big party of us round the Residency and explained all about the mutiny to us, and told us his own experiences at the time. It was the most interesting thing I ever heard, and such a chance hearing it from his own lips. We left Lucknow on Sunday and came on here to Cawnpore. We have settled to come home on the *Rome*, which leaves Bombay on the 8th April. Lord Roberts and his party are going on her; also Mrs. Gough and several other people we have made friends with out here. So it ought to be rather nice if it keeps calm. To-morrow we are going out pig-sticking here; the first meet of the season. I expect we shall go on from here to Benares on Sunday, and thence to Calcutta."

On another occasion they went out on elephants.

"Ours went perfectly wild and bolted off in all directions, while every one fled before us. It's bad

enough being bolted with on a horse with a saddle, but on an elephant without a saddle it's *too* much. The mahout nearly chopped its head off with his goad thing, while several men plunged spears into its trunk, while Ty and I simply *clung* on to its sides like leeches, quaking with terror. I never shall forget it. At last they got the devil of a beast to stop and kneel down, when we flung ourselves to the earth and said grace. They had to shackle him and send him home."

In September, 1893, Lord Roberts was staying in Fife, at Raith, and the following account of his visit to Charleton is from my daughter Olive's journal:—

Saturday, 30th September.—Meet at Charleton. Ronald Ferguson brought Lord Roberts from Raith with him, and also M. d'Estournelles de Constant (French *chargé d'affaires*) and Colonel Rowan Hamilton. I ran with Evelyn Anstruther, but did not see very much, though we were quite undefeated in the gallant way we charged every obstacle and panted right up to the rock on the craig. Poor Evelyn stuck on the top of one extra high wall surmounted with barbed wire and I had literally to lift her down off it. She remarked, "Detty, dear, I do wish you could remember that *my* legs are not as long as yours". After killing a fox at Lahill, Captain Middleton took the hounds towards Gilston. Found a fox in the Knock Hill, Falfield, where there was

an obstacle over which Mr. Murray Honey came to great grief and cut his cheek badly. Lord Roberts also got his nose very severely scratched by a tree. Ronald lost his hat, and I think Colonel Hamilton's horse refused. Anyhow, M. d'Estournelles was the only one perfectly triumphant. On being introduced to my father, he took off his hat with a courtly sweep. My father said, "You must excuse me, sir; I cannot move my cap, for my eye is stuck in it". (He had a single eyeglass screwed into his hunting cap.) "Ah, then you will know me when you see me again," was M. d'Estournelles' answer. The Raith party lunched at Balcarres and then came on here to Charleton.

In the meantime Isobel, Evelyn Anstruther and I had had some food, and sat out basking in the sun on the steps in front of the house. It was a most lovely sunny day, and it seemed strange to think that precisely a week before (Saturday, 24th September) we had all been shivering in bitter east wind and a snowstorm. When the Raith quartet arrived we showed them my father's picture painted by Sir Francis Grant and presented to my father by the Pytchley Hunt in 1870. They also greatly admired the picture of my brother Charlie in his Life Guards uniform, painted by Mr. Lorimer, and the statue of Arthur by Dalou. Isobel presented her baby Rachel, and M. d'Estournelles inquired whether she had any little "bothers". Isobel, thinking he must mean teething fits, croup or such like, answered, "Oh, no; hardly any". It then turned out that he

had meant to say *brothers*. When Lord Roberts said good-bye, the baby seized him by the nose (which had already been barked by a branch). He gently disentangled himself and remarked, "There is plenty to take hold of!"

In July, 1894, we let Charleton to the Peases of Darlington and we spent the summer at the farm. On the 27th October I was very ill, and in November went to London to consult Dr. Fenwick, and was laid up at the Norfolk Hotel. We went on to Bath.

My daughter Olive spent the winter in Italy with an American friend who afterwards married an Italian marquis. She wrote my wife an amusing account of a day's sport in Italy:—

"HOTEL EXCELSIOR, VARESE,

"ITALY, 2nd December, 1894.

"The laird will be amused to hear that we have been out hunting. It was an odd performance, and I must tell you about it. My host promised to choose two *good* hirelings for us from Milan, and we were given an introduction to a certain Mme Leonini, the Mrs. Cheape of Italy. She came and called on us on Thursday and was most kind and helpful about the hunt, promised us a hearty welcome, arranged about trains, time and horse boxes—in fact godmothered us completely. Friday morning we arose at cock-crow, trembling with excitement, and got booted and spurred a whole hour too soon. Began to write letters, forgot the clock, and as near

as possible missed our train. We sent our horses and groom on by first train and Etta¹ and I went attended by the stately Rossignoli.

“At Varese station we met Mme Leonini and her husband, who originally started the pack. He is a very nice man, with a nice voice, and rides beautifully. They are very rich, and have perfect hunters, nearly all Irish thoroughbreds. Mme Leonini is the only woman who hunts here. She does hostess to the concern, so we were under her chaperonage. Marchese Durini also went with us. He is mad about *le sport*, and I am going to present him with one of the laird's *Hints to Huntsmen*.

“We spent over an hour in the train, and then went to a funny old-fashioned inn which used to be a palace at Gallerata, where we found a *table d'hôte* breakfast in a long low room and the assembled field—about twenty of the *jeunesse dorée* of Lombardy, all *extremely* smart and would-be English, many in caps and red coats. They were all presented to us in a row, with the table between. We exchanged endless bows and sat down utterly bewildered with the many titled names. I made at once for the Master (Marchese della Terre), and told him how much I had all my life looked forward to a hunt in Italy. Everybody was kind and nice and rather shy.

“The Master amused me by consulting our wishes as to what hour we should like him to start,

¹ Marchesa Etta de Viti de Marco.

quite regardless of any regulation due to the real field. M. Leonini mounted us in safety on our hirelings, and off we started for the meet, about two miles from the town across country. They hunt all over a colossal huge heath and many woods. When we arrived we found a cart with the *daim* (a kind of small white deer which bounds like a kangaroo). They let it loose and off it hopped, very slowly I thought. About twenty minutes afterwards the hounds appeared with their English huntsman, Jacks. Ask the laird whether he ever heard of him. He was a stud-groom at Rugby, I think, and is a very good horseman. Fourteen couple quite good English hounds, rather undersized I thought; one English, one Italian whip—both fools. Very good scent. We all started pretty well abreast as if for a race. Etta kept as close to the huntsman as possible and went gallantly, frightening me to death, as it is a dangerous country, full of bogs and holes, and she was far too excited to look where she was going to. My quad galloped me bang into a blackthorn with spikes about a yard long, which tore my new habit in a heartrending manner. After quite a good, though short run, the *daim* was *just* saved, and stuck into the cart for another day, dead beat, poor beast.

“After that all the smart nobles changed horses, and as there was nothing else we proceeded to hunt a drag. Jacks, the huntsman, was formally presented to me, and of course said that he knew the laird the moment I told him I was his child. I do not think

he is very much of a huntsman, but it is not fair to judge after one day like this. Well, we returned to the inn at Gallerata, and to our intense surprise found ourselves *famous*, and we were overwhelmed with *complimenti*, and the Master (Marchese della Terre) besought us to allow him to mount us in future, and so did another misguided man. It was altogether too ludicrous for words. We returned by train and all dined at Villa Leonini that evening. Next day Marchese Durini came with his brake and four-in-hand and took us a most heavenly drive right round the big lake. He is quite a coachman, only in his pathetic endeavours to be *Inglese* he keeps vociferating '*Pull up!*' the whole time. I grieved him terribly by revealing the fact that London had furnished him with an ordinary pair whip instead of four-in-hand one. He is going to take us again soon I hope, and we are going to have some rides together. He is braver than my last coach-driver, but then this was a much easier team.

"Infinite love to the laird.

"Ever yours affectionately,

"OLIVE."

Christmas 1894.—We were at Wiverton. On 4th January, 1895, we went to Doddington for three days and returned to Wiverton.

On the 15th went to Newton, Charlie having let it to us for four months. It was hard frost and very cold, and a most inconvenient house and very dark. The stove would not burn, so we bought a laundry

stove which is now at Newbigging. It was frost and snow.

28th.—Went to London to see Dr. Fenwick. Coldest day of season. George Fenwick started a toboggan near Hill Morton. We used to hire Goodman's mare and tax-cart for two-and-six a day. Rosie and Charlie Musters were staying with us, and we were all photoed in the cart.

16th February.—Went to East Haddon and stayed with Charlie Guthrie. Frost continued till the 25th.

26th.—Pytchley Hounds met at Stamford Park; drove there, and saw Will Goodall. We then sent home for "Clansman" and hired a little trap.

Isobel used to hire a capital pony from Sam Darby, which carried her well. Muntz "piloted" her, as I could not ride, and only drove about. There was a tremendous storm of wind. Many of the fine old elms at the school were blown down. Alice Graham Stirling came to stay with us. I drove her to the meet of North Warwickshire at Dunchurch, got a chill, and had to take to my bed for a day or two.

8th April.—We drove "Clansman" to Cliff. On 10th to Crickets Inn. Had lunch at Thorpe and drove in to Atherstone. Put horse and trap on train back to Newton. On 13th got home to Newbigging.

In June John Gilmour lent us Kinlochbeg for a fortnight. On 20th went by rail to Oban, stayed a night, and next morning sailed in steamer for Onich.

Gilmour's steam launch met us there, and we steamed up Loch Leven to Kinlochbeg. The housekeeper took great care of us, only gave us too much to eat. We had two ponies to ride up to the hill, and every comfort. The water was very low, so there were no fish. Isobel borrowed John Gilmour's boots and waded across the river to sketch the house. The horse-flies were awful.

On 1st July we sailed down to Ballachulish and went to Inverness and on to Novar, and went to stay with Randle Jackson at Swordale. He was standing for the county, and we could always tell the politics of the people he met by the manner he saluted them. We went to a camp and review at Invergordon. Met General Rowlands there, Cluny Macpherson, John Peter Grant of Rothiemurchus, Rev. Norman McLeod, chaplain, etc. Home next day.

6th.—Perth troop sports at Picton's Hill.

Fife Light Horse inspection ought to have been at this time, but was postponed on account of the Fife election, which took place on the 10th. John Gilmour defeated; majority, 716. Inspection having been postponed, I knew that the Duke of Cambridge was coming to stay at Dysart during his inspections in Scotland, and requested that he would make the inspection.

I issued the following order :—

“*Fife Light Horse*.—Regimental Order.—His Royal Highness the Commander-in-Chief has noti-

fied his intention of inspecting the regiment during the third week in September, when he comes to Scotland for his annual inspections. His Royal Highness will also present the long service medals. The regiment will assemble for drill four days previous to the inspection. The exact date of assembly will be issued as soon as possible.

“J. ANSTRUTHER THOMSON, *Colonel*,
“*Commanding Fife Light Horse.*

“CUPAR, 30th July, 1895.”

And commenced arrangements that the inspection should take place in Edinburgh.

CHAPTER XIII.

MY RETIREMENT FROM COMMAND OF FIFE LIGHT HORSE
—THE DUKE OF CAMBRIDGE AT DYSART.

ON going to the orderly room on Friday, 20th September, I found a memorandum to this effect: "The officer named in the margin [Colonel John Anstruther Thomson] will retire from command of the regiment, and is permitted to retain his rank and wear the uniform of the regiment". On Tuesday following I was gazetted out. I was not treated with much courtesy by the authorities, having raised the regiment and served thirty-five years in it, thirty of which I was in command.

"HOPETOUN HOUSE,
"SOUTH QUEENSFERRY, *Tuesday.*

"MY DEAR JACK,—

"I got your letter yesterday on our return from Edinburgh. This is an awful blow. I am awfully sorry, the more so as even another week would have been a pleasure to us all, and you would have died in harness as it were, instead of going without even having a farewell parade of your own. What is to be done now? I understand about sending in an application for grant as you suggest, and will do so later. But I would rather like to hear

what they say to yours first ; if you are in the way of knowing, please put me on. I am, and I think the men are, very disappointed at not being inspected this year. I go home on Thursday.

“ Yours sincerely,

“ P. W. CARNEGIE.”

I had applied that the Fife Light Horse should be allowed capitation grant although they had not been inspected. An order came that they might be inspected within a month. I was gazetted out before His Royal Highness arrived at Dysart, and he then said that he could not inspect a regiment without a Colonel. According to Volunteer regulations the application of a Colonel to continue in command for another year should be sent in *after the inspection*. But General Rowlands sent an order that it should be sent in *previously*.

It was now settled that His Royal Highness would present the long service medals at Dysart on Saturday, 28th September, at 10 A.M., and my wife and I went to stay there for it. In the morning John Gilmour came to Dysart, and the Non-Coms. and men who were to receive long service medals. Mr. Waldegrave Leslie also appeared. The Duke presented the medals. Waring also came, but, not having his uniform, hid himself among the bushes.¹

We then went to Edinburgh and the Duke went to inspect the Inniskillens at Piershill. He was joined at Edinburgh by Sir Evelyn Wood and

¹ Waring, 11th Hussars, our adjutant.

General Gipps, who was an old friend of mine, having hunted at Atherstone and Bicester. The Duke kindly took me in his carriage with Colonel Fitz-George and General Gipps. He made a most minute inspection, and then had lunch before going to Queen's Park for a review. I had to go to Waverley to meet wife, and found she had gone to review. Colonel Fitz-George had given me a pass to admit the carriage. Met Duke of Teck. The Duchess came with Lady Hopetoun and I was presented to her. On returning home Sir Francis Grenfell and General Rowlands met us at the Waverley station. The Duke and I were in the carriage when Grenfell appeared. The Duke said, "Here comes your executioner". Grenfell said, "Not me—him," pointing over his shoulder at Rowlands. He afterwards told us that Rowlands had forwarded my application without recommending it. We all returned to Dysart with the Duke, a salute being fired from the castle, twenty-one guns. Grenfell was General in charge of Auxiliary Forces.

(From my Wife's Journal.)

27th September.—Left Northcliffe, St. Andrews (where we had been for the golf meeting), at four o'clock, and arrived at Dysart about six o'clock. The Duke had just come and his son, Colonel George Fitz-George. They, the two Lady Rosslyns, and Lord Rosslyn and Fitzroy Erskine were the only party. We played whist, and, actually, Lord Rosslyn and I won. The Duke gave me a shilling, and said,

“Now you can say you have taken the Queen’s shilling!” He played with Lady Rosslyn.

Saturday, 28th September.—At ten o’clock the Duke presented the long service medals to thirteen Light Horse men in the garden, Major Gilmour in command. It was most touching, as the Duke and the Colonel were both at their last military duties. He spoke so charmingly to the Colonel about it all. Immediately after they started for Edinburgh to go to Piershill. The Colonel was late at the station and I missed him, and had to go alone to the ground, and sit for about an hour and a half, very sadly, in my fly. At last he appeared. The Tecks were there with the Hopetouns, Princess Mary sitting in the carriage. The Duke of Teck came and talked to me and was very pleasant. The review was a splendid sight, and the cheers for His Royal Highness most moving. We travelled back in the royal carriage from the Waverley station. All the staff came to see him off. I sat by His Royal Highness and Colonel Fitz-George, who talked the whole way back, and the Colonel, the Duke and Sir Francis Grenfell all went to sleep.

Sunday, 29th.—The fog was so thick that I did not go to Wemyss in the afternoon or to church. The whole party attended the parish church with His Royal Highness, and all went to Wemyss but Sir Francis Grenfell, Colonel Fitz-George and me. They had to write letters. Sir Francis took me in to dinner, and I sat by the Duke. Captain Maurice Bourke came from the north, I think.

Monday, 30th September.—The Duke departed at about 1.45. His train was forty minutes late at Dysart. We went with the Rosslyn ladies to see him off and made our sad farewell, and had only just time to fly back in the victoria with Blanche, Lady Rosslyn, have luncheon and drive up again to our train, and returned to Newbigging.

A few days after we received the following invitation :—

“*Forfar Light Horse*.—Major Carnegy and officers request the honour of Colonel and Mrs. Anstruther Thomson’s company at the annual regimental dinner in the Royal British Hotel, Dundee, on Thursday, 10th October, at seven p.m., to meet Colonel Anstruther Thomson on his retirement from the service.

“*R.S.V.P.* to

“CORPORAL J. S. FAIRWEATHER,
“*Hon. Sec.*”

The Colonel had been unwell for some days, and got out of bed to go to Dundee.

Thursday, 10th October, 1895.—Letter came from Major Pat saying, “Hope you can come. If not, we are done—but we have often been before.” So the Colonel wired “Coming,” and we started from Cupar at 3.17, and went straight to the British Hotel, Dundee (Corporal Ricard’s). Found Annie Waring. Mrs. Carnegy came in soon after and Major Pat; all so delighted the Colonel had come. We went down to dinner at seven o’clock. I sat

between Major Pat and Mrs. Lindsay Carnegy. Mrs. Carnegy was next Major Pat on the other side, and then the Colonel with Mrs. Ritchie, the chaplain's wife, next him. Our table was across the end of the room and two long ones down the two sides. The toasts were as usual, then Captain Waring's, then the toast of the evening, "The Colonel, and Mrs. Anstruther Thomson," proposed by Major Carnegy. After remarking that Mrs. Thomson was the daughter of a soldier, and took a lively interest in all that concerned the Light Horse, he said: "The members of the corps all regretted having to say good-bye in an official capacity to Colonel Thomson, and sympathised with him on the unceremonious way he had been written off. They had hoped that he would have been with them for another inspection at least, and to have been inspected by H.R.H. the Duke of Cambridge, but they had waited too long. The other day Colonel Thomson wrote to him asking if he would go to Edinburgh with the regiment, and he telegraphed back he would go anywhere, but the authorities were a little too quick. They came in between the arrangements, and consequently the regiment did not go to Edinburgh. The Forfar Light Horse had now been nineteen years in existence, and he thought that Quartermaster Duncan, Sergeant-major Andrews and himself were the only persons identified with the corps who had been in it since the beginning. Turning to Colonel Thomson, Major Carnegy said he had to ask him to accept of a small present which would remind him of the good

times he had spent with the regiment." The gift consisted of a silver cup beautifully chased, and he had to ask the members to show their regard for the Colonel in handselling the cup by drinking from it as it was passed round. The cup bore the following inscription: "To Colonel John Anstruther Thomson on his retirement from the service. From the Forfar Light Horse. 10th October, 1895."

In reply, Colonel Thomson said: He had had the honour of being the guest at many complimentary dinners, and had received many valuable and valued testimonials; but he had never found so much difficulty in replying as he did that night. When last he addressed them he had the honour of being their commanding officer, but now things were changed, and he was there merely as a civilian, though he was permitted to wear the uniform and retain the rank. He deeply regretted having to part from them. One of the regulations of the Volunteer force was that commanding officers had to retire at the age of sixty, but he had been allowed to go on for seventeen years longer. He was grateful to the authorities, and trusted that their confidence had not been misplaced, for the regiment was in a higher state of discipline now than it had ever been. According to the Volunteer regulations he had sent in an application every year for permission to retain the command for another year. The General now commanding the Northern District had forwarded the application without recommending it. Therefore in due course he was gazetted out. He had enlisted

the first members of the Fife Light Horse, and had served thirty-five years in it. He might say that the Fife Light Horse were raised in twelve days. It was a positive fact that twelve days before the first Royal Review the Fife Light Horse had not a stitch of clothing, and had not attended a mounted parade. At the end of these twelve days, however, nearly 100 men marched past Her Majesty, and received her approbation as well as that of the Commander-in-Chief. He did not think he had been guilty of any act deserving the censure of his superior officers. The General commanding the district knew nothing of the efficiency of the regiment; but from the reports of the inspecting officers he had every reason to believe that they were pleased with its efficiency. The greatest compliment that could be paid to him by the Fife and Forfar Light Horse would be by its members maintaining it in a high state of efficiency, and it would be a pride to him to remember that he had assisted in establishing the corps. As to the Forfar troop, there was no fear of it, because it had the best Volunteer officer in the service, the best Volunteer Sergeant-major, an admirable drill instructor (who had the reputation of being one of the best swordsmen in the British army), and he could not forget his old friend Sergeant-major Currie, than whom no man ever did his duty better. Moreover, it embraced a body of young men imbued with a desire to attend to every hint given them by their commanding officer, and it received invaluable support from the lady of Lour, who took as much

interest in the welfare of the troop as the most efficient member of it."

Mrs. Carnegie and I wept; the men cheered tremendously; altogether it was most spirited. They presented a beautiful "loving cup," which went all round the table; more than seventy I believe drank the Colonel's health. Songs were sung, and we stayed till the end. The best dinner party I ever saw! The Colonel was so touched and gratified by their goodness.

October, 1895.—A few days after the Dundee dinner I received from John Gilmour the following letter:—

"ROYAL HOTEL, CUPAR-FIFE,
"15th October, 1895.

"DEAR COLONEL,—

"We have had our meeting of officers, and all seemed determined to do their utmost to carry on the regiment. I trust we may be able to carry out our desire. The unanimous wish and hope was expressed that you would allow your name to be submitted to the authorities as Honorary Colonel of the regiment. Please let me know your wishes in this respect, and I shall take the necessary steps to have this carried out.

"I hear the Forfar dinner was a splendid success.

"Yours very truly,

"JOHN GILMOUR."

8th December.—"Lieutenant-Colonel and Honor-

ary Colonel John Anstruther Thomson, formerly commanding, is appointed to the Honorary Colonelcy of the corps. Captain and Honorary Major John Gilmour is to be Lieutenant-Colonel."—*Gazette*.

8th January, 1896.—We returned to Charleton, Pease having given up the last six months of his lease.

1st July.—We went to stay with Crabbie at Wemyss Hall. Before leaving home I was running upstairs, the carpet slipped at the bottom of the stairs and down I went a crasher; bruised my shoulder very badly, and could not put my coat on without help for two years after.

On 6th July went to Wiverton for Peterborough Hound Show. The day after the show we drove over to Belvoir to see Mr. Scott, and found a large party at the kennels—Worcester, Wemyss, Charlie Wright, Jack Trotter, Ames, etc. The entry was excellent, the last one which Gillard bred. Sir Gilbert Greenall asked us to come in to luncheon. We went on to London, and on 14th went to Beenham Grange, to the Warings.

16th.—On to Hailes to Mrs. Buchanan.

18th.—To Manchester, where we saw Arthur, who was at work putting up an engine; and on to Clitheroe, where Charlie Wright met us with his coach and took us to Bolton Hall.

Tuesday morning, 20th.—We went to exercise with the hounds. Tom Morgan was in charge. After that drove a team down to post-office for the letters before breakfast. Out with hounds again in the

afternoon. Algernon Legard and his wife, Yerburgh and Heneage of 12th Lancers came. Miss Wright very pretty, and whistled charmingly.

On the 21st we were due at Perth, for the Highland Society's Show, to stay with Miss Rollo, at Rodney Lodge. Started from Bolton, Wright driving the coach, with Mrs. Legard and Isobel, and I driving the brake, with Mrs. Wright on the box. Wright had a plan of a loop of chain over the roller bolt instead of a leather trace. Going down hill the loop of chain jolted on to the splinter bar and touched the wheeler on the thigh. He immediately fired a salute. I checked him and he did no harm; but I did not like the look of him, and Mrs. Wright, who is very knowledgeable, said, "He has not done with it yet". When we were about two miles from Hellifield, going up hill, he again kicked and got his leg over the trace. Billy, Wright's head groom, was with us, but they could not get the trace undone. Mrs. Wright said, "Give me hold of the reins and you get down and help them," which I did, and at last got the horse loose; put one of the leaders in his place as wheeler, and off we started with about seven minutes to catch the train. Luckily Wright was in time and delayed it a little, and we got there four minutes after the time.

27th July.—Fife Light Horse inspection at St. Andrews. I rode Harry Erskine's grey horse. General Chapman stayed at Alexandra Hotel. The General is a little man and he had a big horse. His groom carefully put it on the high part of

the road so that the General had to step out of the gutter. He had just got his toe in the stirrup, missed his grip of the mane, and down he went on his back in the mud. His cocked hat and plume rolled away, and his white gloves were covered with mud. Luckily no one was present except Dr. Palm, Isobel and myself. The doctor jumped off, ran into the house and got him brushed over. Mrs. Chapman was looking out of the window, and ran downstairs with a clean pair of gloves. The General took it all very quietly, showed me his clean gloves, and said, "That is the advantage of having a wide-awake wife".

On 21st August slept at Central Hotel, Glasgow. Crossed to Belfast and arrived at Tankardstown to dinner. A nice house with a pretty garden. Francis Blackburne has 295 head of cattle; all his land in grass, and in his own hands.

26th.—Got up at 5.30 and went to Dublin for horse show. The Eyres had taken rooms in Dublin and were there for the first day; went away next day, and let us have their rooms. The show is a grand sight. Napper and Rathdonnel took me into the enclosure, where I met Lord Roberts. Borrowes kindly gave Isobel a place in the stand. Met Robert Watson, de Robeck, etc., but it was rather monotonous, for all the horses jumped so well. Next day, as we were leaving, we met a very tall, handsome woman. Isobel said she must be an actress, but she was Miss Maude Gonne.

31st.—Beaupark to tea with Lady Fanny Lambert and Honourable Bertha, maid-of-honour.

3rd September.—Olive lent us her horse "Potato". We got up at 5 a.m. and drove to Headford. John Watson and hounds there at seven o'clock. He had just run a cub to ground near a wasps' nest. A nice handy pack of hounds, and he is a real workman. Lady Headford was very kind. We went in to breakfast; met Colonel Thynne and his niece, Lady Katherine. Young Headford and Lady Beatrix and Miss Wilson Paton were hunting on bicycles.

22nd.—The Emperor of Russia landed at Leith and the Prince of Wales came to Dalmeny the day before. General Chapman kindly gave us tickets for the pavilion, so we were in the front rank and saw everything. It rained torrents all the time. Robert Lindsay, Scots Greys, was sent to Balmoral to do escort, the Emperor being Honorary Colonel of the regiment. Inniskillings were at Piershill, Green Thomson in command.

5th October.—Went to Bath; put up first night at York Hotel. Got rooms at 20 Circus, Norton Tomkin's drawing-room floor. My shoulder was pretty bad with rheumatism.

14th.—Badminton Hounds at Lansdowne. Isabel and I drove up with a pony. Will Dale, huntsman. Randolph Wemyss in London; hurt his knee. Back to Bath after hunting.

29th.—I went to Badminton. Randolph mounted me on "Swindon". He hunted the hounds; his knee was very bad. Met at Alderley; returned to Bath.

On 31st October left Bath and went to Sydling. Rachel was with us.

2nd November.—By-day at Uperne Wood. I rode "Mainstay," the strongest horse I ever was on; he bounded about like a lion. Isobel rode "The Drummer," a big grey horse.

3rd November.—Sydling opening day. Chandy had all the company to breakfast. He mounted me on "Nicholas," a very nice horse (afterwards bought by Sir Thomas Erskine). Isobel and Dorothy hunted on foot. We had a very good gallop, and ran to ground under a road.

4th.—Melbury. At the meet we heard of George Lane Fox's death. I rode "Drummer," but not having ridden for some time previous, three days' running made me so tired that I went home and went to bed. They had a good run; Dorothy and Isobel were sent home. She was riding a beautiful cob, "Stranger," and she was so tired she could only walk all the way home.

9th.—Blackmore Vale; met near Leigh. I rode "Matchmaker," a four-year-old grey horse; Isobel rode the grey "Drummer". All Merthyr Guest's men were mounted on grey horses, and most of the field. Spiller, the huntsman, not much good, and the other men useless. No holloaing allowed, and as there was a very bad scent we did nothing. Had a very happy time with Chandy; and left on 13th for the cottage at Badminton.

Randolph had become partner with Worcester in Badminton Hounds, but it was not a happy union.

Randolph said, "I have quarrelled with Worcester already". "What about?" "Breeding hounds." One of the first things he did was to discharge old Tom Morgan and engage Will Dale, who had been with him in the Burton country. In cub-hunting they had run into Hartham, Sir John Poynder's place. Randolph was galloping down a ride blowing his horn, hounds just running into their fox. There was wire-netting six feet high across the ride. Randolph's horse ran bang into it, turned head over heels, and knocked him out of time. Wilkinson picked him up. When he began to come round he said, "Where is the fox?" "All right, they killed him," so they brought the brush to show him. A clergyman came up and proposed to put him in a brougham and take him to the Rectory. He said, "No, no, you will want to read the burial service over me; I'm not dead yet, *I come from Fife.*"

Rosie and Tyvie Burn came soon after us, and Randolph was very good and mounted all of us. I had two capital horses, "The Colonel" and "Swindon". Tyvie was riding rather an old stumpy horse, and going through a village he asked a boy if it was the way to Badminton? "Why, is that 'ere horse going to be killed?" "No," said Tyvie, "why?" "I thought all the horses that went to Badminton were killed."

26th November.—Randolph sent us on to Chipping Sodbury, where we changed horses and drove on to see the Duke and Duchess at Stoke Park. The Duke was in Bristol at a meeting. The Duchess kind and charming. She said, "We

have given over everything to Worcester except this place". The Duke returned in time for lunch. He was rather more bent than last time I saw him and his hands very bad; but he was cheery and kind as usual, and that was the last time I ever saw him. Coming home we had tea at Alfred Grace's.

One evening the conversation turned on how many packs of hounds we had hunted with. Wilkinson took the list of hounds and read out the names, and each of us answered "yes" or "no". I think Randolph's score was fifty-six. When Wilkinson came to the Western Hounds, which hunt the Land's End, he said, "No one has been out there?" "Yes, I have," and that made my score up to 101.

One day when we did not hunt Randolph wrote these lines:—

Belvoir and Brocklesby, Badminton, Burton,
 B on the Button, wind up the horn;
 Over the rides, cheer up the chase, boys,
 No matter the kennel at which they were born.

Belvoir for tan, and Burton for wear, sir,
 Brocklesby keeping you well on the line;
 Badminton pies swing along cheerily,
 Finding a scent, be it wild, be it fine.

Shades of the Belvoir, Goosey and Goodall,
 Smith with the "Rallywood," Brocklesby's fame;
 Lord Henry Bentinck bred always for dash, sir,
 Badminton Hounds, a time-honoured name.

Each have their virtue, all are for hunting,
 Entries put forward soon die away;
 Like many a huntsman and many a sportsman,
 Leaves but a memory of a long bygone day.

Giants there lived in days which have gone by,
 Hounds were they better? or huntsmen?—well, well;
 Keep up your standard, breed only for nose, sir,
 And stoutness of course, for one can never tell

What sport in the future may somewhere await you,
 What runs we may chronicle, ride through and see;
 But always remember wherever you hunt, sir,
 To look for a Button that's marked with a B.

R. E. W.

BADMINTON, 30th November, 1896.

“It is rather a curious coincidence that the three great historic packs begin their name with a B. Lord Henry Bentinck, who I believe bred the best pack of foxhounds that ever hunted a fox, kept the Burton country, where he bred his hounds. ‘Brocklesby Rallywood,’ entered 1843, by ‘Basilisk’ out of ‘Rosebud’; ‘Basilisk,’ by Sir R. Sutton’s ‘Ringwood’ out of ‘Brazila’; ‘Rosebud,’ by ‘Victor’ out of ‘Frolic’. Will Goodall, of Belvoir, got him from W. Smith, huntsman at Brocklesby, when he was six or seven years old. He practically made the Belvoir Hounds at that time, and at one time Goodall took out hunting one pack of hounds all by ‘Rallywood’.—R. E. W.”

30th November.—Thirteen degrees of frost. Went back to Bath; stayed at Pump Hotel, and had another spell of massage and rubbing for a week, and again went to Badminton.

On 12th December went to Wiverton.

14th.—Quorn Hounds, Kinoulton. Knowles gave me a mount on a beautiful horse. Found in Curate’s gorse; had a capital run, and lost in Holwell village,

where I think the fox got into some of the buildings. Isobel rode Mary Muster's horse.

16th.—The Belvoir were at Welford village. Hard frost and thick fog. We went on, but Knowles did not send on a horse for me. Miss Musters sent on "Bruno" for Isobel, but it was no use. Hounds came about one o'clock, and went home again. We had lunch with Tommy Burns and his wife at a small public.

On the morning of the 17th there was an earthquake. All the washing crockery rattled and woke us. We left Wiverton, slept at Roxburgh Hotel, Edinburgh, and home next day.

CHAPTER XIV.

FAREWELL DINNER AT CUPAR.

IN November, 1895, the following account appeared in the *Fife Herald and Journal* of a banquet and presentation to Colonel Anstruther Thomson on his retiring from the command of the regiment after thirty-five years' service :—

“Colonel Gilmour occupied the chair. Among others present were Captain the Earl of Rosslyn, Sir Arthur Halkett, Lieutenant Sir Walter Corbet, Hon. George Waldegrave Leslie, Lieutenant Harry Anstruther, M.P., Captain Munro-Ferguson, M.P. The Rev. J. Burt, chaplain, Captain and Adjutant Waring, and Captain Crabbie, the new Adjutant. Major Middleton, Lieutenant George Prentice and Colonel Burn acted as croupiers. Lieutenant Harry Erskine, Surgeon-Captain Stuart Palm, Lieutenant Mitchel and ex-Lieutenant Gillespie were also present. Apologies were intimated from Mr. Cathcart of Pitcairnie, Mr. Bethune of Blebo, Mr. Robert Prentice, Sergeant-major Martin, Quartermaster Thomas Swan, and Mr. Wardrop (late trumpeter).

“Mr. Haig, whose name was received with marked cordiality, wrote: ‘Though unable to be present this evening from unavoidable causes, I beg

to have my name recorded as one who has always felt proud at the mention of the gallant Colonel's name in connection with fox-hunting or anything else, and I wish my health had permitted me to have seen the ovation that most gallant of men will receive at your hands this evening. As one who has seen him at his best negotiating big "oxers" and sailing over the broad grass fields of Northamptonshire, I can testify, as I think few can now in Fife, to the enthusiasm, I might say the hero-worship, his very name created as Master of the Pytchley or Atherstone Hunts. His mode of hunting and handling hounds—leaving them alone—is, as everybody knows, the orthodox way now in every hunting country, for has he not been the preceptor of the best huntsmen for the last twenty years, and his name will be remembered as long as fox-hunting lasts.'

"Sergeant Martin wrote: 'I feel I am not so well, and have to deny myself the pleasure of coming to the Colonel's dinner. I hope you will have a good night. We will never see his like again.'

"Colonel Gilmour, on rising to make the presentation, was received with loud cheering. He said: 'Gentlemen of the Fife Light Horse, I rise now to attempt to fulfil a duty which, great as I feel the honour to be, still is fraught with a responsibility that I assure you I do not under-estimate. That duty is to give expression to the feeling that animates all hearts here to-night—aye, and of so many who have not been able to be with us—the desire to convey to Colonel Anstruther Thomson our admira-

tion for him as a man and our devotion to him so long our Colonel, and our affection for him as a friend. . . .’ The Colonel in his remarks said that they had met that night not only as inhabitants of ‘the Kingdom,’ but as Light Horse men; and they felt a pride that no poor words of his could ever express in being privileged to entertain as they now did the head of an old Fife family who had so well fulfilled his part not in one line of duty, but in all. A smart officer, with experience gained in two of the crack cavalry regiments of the service, a proprietor who early recognised that his position called him to undertake duties not confined to those within his park walls, and, above everything to them, the man who had devoted thirty-five years of his life to maintain as a credit to the service and an honour to the county the gallant regiment of which all there were so proud. That, in a few words, was the record of a life spent not for himself alone, but a life giving an example of all that was best in a Britisher—an example of what had made Britain what she is. The exponent of all that was manly, straight and honest, be it in sport, as in every phase of general life, few indeed were the associations of men who could claim as the Fife Light Horse men could do that night such a man as their chief. It was not, however, his province to dwell on Colonel Thomson’s early life; that was not the place to do more than refer to the long and valued services in the county affairs performed by him. Nor need he speak to them of their Colonel’s name and fame as one of the greatest

Masters of Foxhounds of the century. All this would be handed down to many generations. In asking them to drink Colonel Thomson's health that night, and in making a presentation to him in their name, he might, however, in a word, call to their recollection that although the historian of their regiment, with becoming modesty he did not state the fact—the fact no less existed—that had it not been for the active part played by Colonel Thomson in 1860 the Fife Light Horse never would have existed, and, might he not most truly add, had it not been for his never-ceasing devotion to its interests ever since, the regiment, which now stood unique and alone at the head of the Volunteer service of the country, would long ago have ceased to be. But in the case of every one present, it was unnecessary to refer to the records of the regiment to feel and recognise that the Fife Light Horse had had for more than thirty years a commanding officer not in name, but in fact. The smallest detail had received his constant care; in times of difficulty his resource had made easy what to many other commissioned officers would have appeared insuperable. Yes, he said again that it was to those traits of character—all so great, but so rarely to be found in one man—that so many of them were able to meet as they did that night, members of the Fife Light Horse. The knowledge that Colonel Thomson was still to maintain his connection with the regiment as its Honorary Colonel had lessened to the members, as he thought it had lessened to Colonel Thomson himself, the sharpness

of past events; and knowing their Colonel as they did, they all felt that that connection would be, not as it so often was, purely an ornamental one, but that it would mean no slackening of the deep interest the Colonel had taken in the fortunes of the corps, whose existence would ever be associated with his name, and it was the earnest hope of all that for many years to come they might be privileged to welcome in their midst that presence of which they all were proud. That night they met purely as Fife Light Horse men, past and present, but it was only fair to say that there had been the greatest eagerness displayed not only by loyal volunteers in that county, but by many others, to share in that expression of regard and esteem for Colonel Thomson. He should like that night to say that none recognised the force of that desire more than the members of the Fife Light Horse; but they felt, with, he trusted, no undue measure of selfishness, that having for the past thirty-five years looked upon Colonel Anstruther Thomson as their own special property, they had a just right to keep him entirely to themselves that night.

“Addressing the guest of the evening, Colonel Gilmour then said: ‘Knowing, sir, as you do every officer, non-commissioned officer and trooper in the regiment, we feel you will accept as coming from the heart, however imperfectly conveyed to you, our honest thanks for all you have done during so many years for us as Light Horse men. But on your retirement from the command we feel there should be

something to mark in the future, when words may be forgotten, the esteem and the affectionate pride with which you have for so many years been regarded by all ranks. We therefore beg your acceptance of the casket which I now have the honour to hand to you, enclosing as it does a purse of sovereigns, the balance of the money subscribed by past and present members of the regiment. Our earnest hope is that you may be spared for many years to enjoy the reminiscences that we trust a look at this casket may awaken, and we feel very certain it will be valued by those who are dear to you as a proof—if proof were wanted—that from first to last during all these years you have gained, held and maintained the regard, the affection, the confidence of every member of the regiment you have so long and so well and ably commanded.’

“The toast to Colonel Anstruther Thomson’s health was then drunk with great enthusiasm, the band playing ‘He’s a jolly good fellow’.

“Colonel Anstruther Thomson, who on rising to reply was enthusiastically received, said he could hardly tell them how proud and gratified he had been to receive their kind invitation. He was very glad to see that many of his old comrades, veterans of the regiment, had rallied around him on that occasion, but how he would ever be able adequately to reply to the kind and eloquent remarks Colonel Gilmour had made regarding him he was utterly at a loss to say. Farewell dinners were generally melancholy festivals, and it was a hard task to part with old friends. When Colonel Gilmour told him

of their intention to entertain him that night, he felt half afraid of meeting them. But since then affairs had taken a different turn, and he trusted they might have a happy meeting and look on it in the light of what the ministers called an induction dinner, for he had again been admitted into the regiment, and as Colonel Gilmour had been promoted to his place as Lieutenant-Colonel, and they now had two Colonels, he thought they should get on better than ever. They had paid him the greatest compliment in making application for his appointment as Honorary Colonel. It was the honour which he most wished for, and as there was no limit as to age he hoped that his connection with the regiment would only end with his life. He did not think that he was getting treated with much consideration in only getting five days' notice before he was gazetted out after thirty-five years' service; but he had met with so much sympathy and kindness, not only from them but from every one he had met, that it had done much to smooth over any feelings which he had on the subject. He said, on another occasion, that the greatest compliment which they could pay to him would be to maintain the regiment in the highest state of efficiency, and he trusted and believed that they would do so. He thanked Colonel Gilmour and all the officers for the willing and loyal assistance which they had always given to him. He thanked them all for their zeal, energy and attention, without which they could never have arrived at the degree of efficiency which they now possessed, and he begged

of them not to relax in their endeavours, but to strive to be more efficient at every successive training. He congratulated them on the satisfactory number of recruits that season. He thanked them for the honour they had done him in inviting him to that banquet, and now how could he thank them for that most magnificent present? One of his earliest recollections went back to 1824, when his father was presented with a silver lamp by the members of the old Fifeshire Yeomanry when he retired from their command. That lamp was now a valued heirloom at Charleton, and he felt very proud that they, many of whom were probably the grandchildren of those men, should have done him the honour of presenting him with that gift. In the year 1862 the Cupar troop presented him with a very beautiful clock, and on the 11th of last month the Forfar troop presented him with that cup (pointing to a handsome silver cup on the chairman's table), and now they had put the crowning stroke on all with that valued and valuable gift. On an occasion such as this it was difficult to find words to express one's feelings, and he could only conclude with the simple and sincere words, he thanked them most heartily.

“Captain the Earl of Rosslyn, in proposing the ‘Past Members of the Fife Light Horse,’ spoke of the pleasure it gave the younger members of the regiment to have so many of the old veterans there, that they might see what the younger members were. The chairman was a new man in the colonelcy of the Fife Light Horse, anxious to do his best to

welcome the old members, so many of whom were leading men in the county. Among these old members they had Sir Arthur Halkett, who carried the colours of the 42nd at the battle of Alma. They had also the Hon. George Waldegrave-Leslie, than whom there was no more conspicuous member of the Fife Light Horse. Whether the subject was the Church, the scavenging of the streets, or the pollution of the Leven, he was invariably heard of. His presence filled them all with admiration, and though age did not bring slimness to the figure, he had that night donned the red coat of the Fife Light Horse and coupled with it a white waistcoat. Lord Rosslyn made humorous and complimentary reference to several other old members.

“Sir Arthur Halkett in replying said the former members of the Fife Light Horse felt as they looked on that large assembly and the familiar red jacket of the regiment that they were like the old cast troop horses who pricked up their ears at the sound of the trumpet and wanted to fall into the ranks once more. He never saw the Fife Light Horse without recollecting their dear old Adjutant, Abraham Crabtree, the most distinguished soldier and the most upright and straightforward man that he ever met in his life.

“Lieutenant H. T. Anstruther, in a speech full of sparkling wit and humour, proposed ‘The Adjutant, Captain Waring,’ whom he felicitously chaffed for wearing ‘the far-famed unmentionables of Prince Albert’s Own Hussars’.

“Captain Waring in a graceful reply said he could wish his successor, Captain Crabbie from the Scots Greys, nothing better than that he should spend the same happy time among the Fife Light Horse as he had done during the past few years.

“Major Middleton, who was received with prolonged cheering, gave ‘The Commanding Officer, Colonel Gilmour’. The Major spoke with great heartiness of the services rendered by Colonel Gilmour in volunteering, first as a gunner and then for twenty-one years as a Light Horse man, as testified by the decoration he wore on his breast. The Major urged the rank and file to loyally support the Colonel by influencing as many others as they could to join the regiment.

“Colonel Gilmour, who was also received with great cheering, thanked Major Middleton for his practical remarks, and further enforced them by stating that only by the co-operation of the men in the direction indicated could he hope to fulfil the position so long held by such a commander of men as Colonel Anstruther Thomson.

“The proceedings were marked by great enthusiasm, and the brilliant gathering broke up with ‘God save the Queen’ a few minutes past ten o’clock.”

CHAPTER XV.

JUBILEE 1897.

28th May.—Went to London. Charlie lent me his room in Hyde Park Barracks, and Isobel went to stay with her sister Blanche Elliot in Smith Square, Westminster.

29th.—Met the Oakeleys in Hyde Park Mansions, and they asked us to go on their coach to the meet of the Four-in-Hand Club. It was very wet, so we did not go on to Ranelagh.

31st.—Caledonian Hunt dinner at Savoy Hotel. Jubilee *levée*. I went to it with my two Majors. When we were presented the Prince shook hands with me, looked up at Charlie and Bill, and said, "Wonderful!"

1st June.—The tournament at Islington. 3rd Dragoon Guards; ride very good and very good places. Isobel and Blanche came to me there.

3rd.—Went to House of Commons with Isobel and Mabel Yeatherd. Met Harry and Cecil Anstruther, who offered us tickets for House of Lords' stand at Trafalgar Square, and Harry offered us tickets for House of Commons at Westminster Bridge. We accepted for the Lords. Met Muntz, Balcarres and Co., and had tea on the terrace.

4th.—Bill was quartered at Windsor, and had a house called "The Gables". Rosamond Anstruther was staying with them. We went to luncheon there and then went to the playing fields, and afterwards to the Brocas to see the boats go up. We dined at the barracks after, and met Tullibardine, Vaughan Lee and Drage, the veterinary surgeon.

5th.—We went down to Guildford to stay with the Gores.

8th.—We went to Aldershot, and had luncheon with Sainty Oswald, and saw stables, baggage, waggons and a maxim gun.

14th.—Went to London. Met wife at Reading, and went on to Beenham, to the Warings.

15th.—Breezy, but warm. We drove to Reading with Captain Waring for Ascot. Delightful day. Had luncheon in 2nd Life Guards' tent; Charlie was not there. Major Longfield looked after us. We met Chandy Pole, and sat on the Oakeleys coach. Saw "Galtee More" win. He had been the Derby winner too. Lord Coventry kindly sent us tickets for enclosure.

16th.—Sale of Beenham yearlings. The train was altered half an hour later to suit the Prince of Wales, so when the sale commenced hardly any of the probable buyers had arrived; consequently the horses were sold for less than their value.

17th.—Cup day at Ascot. Mrs. Waring went with us. We sat on the 2nd Life Guards' coach to see the Royal procession. Charlie, Captain Ames

and Captain Reggie Peel, and Captain Scobell, Scots Greys, came to talk to us, and Robin Lindsay. "Persimmon" won.

19th.—Returned to London.

21st.—Went down to lunch at Hounslow with the Greys, and saw the camp on Hounslow Heath. Dined at mess with Trotter, the Adjutant, Entwhistle, the Quartermaster, who was doing duty for orderly officer at Hyde Park Barracks.

22nd.—Jubilee day. Up at half-past six; got cab and paid double fare to Smith's Square. Started with Isobel to walk; got all right to the Horse Guards; there the crowd was dense and very difficult to get through. I espied an authority on horseback, covered with silver lace, and recognised Charles Howard in command of police. He asked me where we wanted to go. "National Gallery," said I. He said, "That is not very easy". A moment after he said, "I can help you". He called a mounted policeman, and said, "Take this gentleman to the National Gallery". The policeman walked on and we trotted after him up to the gate of our stand. It was a capital place, for we could see all the way up Pall Mall. The Lords' stand was certainly not filled with lords; chiefly, I think, with clerks, etc., and ladies' maids. Except Lord Lindsay, Kilconquhar and wife, and Captain Ker. The first and most imposing were Oswald Ames and four Life Guardsmen, and Lord Roberts riding by himself on a beautiful white horse. It was a grand sight. We had applied for permission for a detachment of Fife and Forfar

Light Horse to attend, to take part in the procession ; but when we heard that we should be massed with the Yeomanry in the Green Park, we gave it up, as the expense would have been very considerable. Pat Carnegy had made arrangements to mount the Forfar troop on horses which had been ridden in Middlesex Yeomanry, but had to cancel his agreement.

We dined with the Elliots, and started to see the illuminations. Isobel, Hugh Elliot and I got on very well, up Whitehall, Pall Mall, to top of St. James's Street, where we met the crowd from Piccadilly, and it was a struggle. Hugh got separated from us, and I never saw him again till next morning. Isobel hung on to me, and was almost frightened. The heat was suffocating. We got to the corner of the Berkeley Hotel, and found John Gilmour and all his family. He had just been made a baronet. We rested there till we recovered after our struggles, then went through Berkeley Square to Park Lane and Hyde Park Corner, where I put Isobel in a hansom, and she went to Smith's Square and I walked to barracks.

After the procession in the morning the mounted troops went to Hyde Park to feed the horses. The 2nd Life Guards arranged with Whiteley to provide refreshments for all of them. His vans were placed all over the Park. In the barracks every available space had a table covered with glasses and jugs of champagne.

24th.—Went to stay with Charlie Babington at

Havering Atte-Bower, near Romford. A tremendous hailstorm had destroyed all the crops and broken all the windows. We saw the storm, but it did not come within two miles of us. Next day we rode over to see Albyns, Sir William Abdy's place, a beautiful old Elizabethan house. All the diamond-paned windows were broken, as if boys had thrown stones; and the gutters were full of ice—frozen hailstones.

26th.—Went to Weald Hall, The Towers; a beautiful place and a beautiful lady.

29th.—I went up to London, and went with Charlie to Lady Susan Melville's, Belgrave Square, to see Clem Campbell, who had just arrived from abroad. She was looking so well. On coming downstairs—the stairs were very broad and the banisters very low—my foot slipped. I caught hold of the banisters and my feet flew up in the air. I went right over the banister, and landed on my back on the marble floor. I held on till I nearly touched the floor, and made my fingers bleed on the banister; but I was not hurt. Charlie rushed round, and seized me by my rheumatic shoulder to lift me up, which hurt much more than the fall. I alarmed the ladies a good deal, but I was none the worse.

July.—Fife Light Horse assembled for drill at Montrose. Mr. Millar most kindly lent me Rossie House for the week, a charming old place. He met us at the station on arrival, and said, "I have sent in a ton of coals and a barrel of paraffin; make

use of anything you require out of the garden". We invited Zaida and Rosamond Anstruther to stay with us. Pat Carnegy was very bad with a carbuncle on the back of his neck; but, as usual, would not shirk his duty, and did everything as usual.

2nd August.—My nephew, Arthur Gore, and I went to Perth and bought "Collier" for £20. A wonderful bargain. John Gilmour gave a great party and ball at Montrave. He employed Mr. Lowney to put up a magnificent ball-room, and he had a lot of bachelors under canvas, under command of Will Erskine.

7th January 1898.—Scots Greys' Ball in Edinburgh.

February 9th.—Arrived at Lichfield with our horses, to stay at White Hall with the Yeatherds.

10th.—Rode up to barracks with Mrs. Yeatherd. The "King's Own" quartered there.

11th.—South Stafford Hounds. Rode to the meet with Major and Mrs. Yeatherd. Frank Foster, field-master, very keen chap, on a mare with very thick legs. Huntsman, a long useful chap. Went home as soon as they found, for we wanted to go to Atherstone next day. Got into train to Polesworth station with Edward Burke; met Kelly and Mrs. Harry Townshead, John Alken, etc. Hounds looked well; Kinch seemed a handy man. Bob Cotesworth, first whip; he had just got huntsman's place, Vale of White Horse, Lord Bathurst's.

Sunday.—Lichfield Cathedral. Went to lunch at Frank Foster's. Kennels; useful and workmanlike.

Tuesday.—South Staffordshire, Bassets Pole. Lots of people, and a hundred bicycles on the side of the road. Sam Pole out. The keeper there came from Haddington, and came and talked to me about John Atkinson and old friends. Going through a gate got a wipe on the face with a branch ; cut my eye and bled like blazes.

Wednesday, 16th.—Atherstone Hounds, Cricket's Inn. John Alken met us in Tamworth, and drove us on. Hunted on wheels and went to luncheon with him at Bonehill.

19th.—South Stafford. Point-to-point races. Went in a 'bus with Yeatherds, Colonel Prior, Major Crofton. A most rotten course with artificial fences. Prior won the heavy weights' race, and Morris the light weights'. In the evening they had a hunt dinner in the barracks ; Colonel Prior in the chair. Sir Charles Foster attended, but had not got a red coat. Frank shirked it, which was mean of him. The regiment were very nice fellows. It was a capital party, and they gave me a tremendous reception, view-holloaing and cheering. [In Africa very many of them were killed, among them Major Yeatherd. Colonel Prior had just got a command, was taken ill and died before he ought to have gone out.]

On Sunday evening I was coming downstairs with heavy scrap-books and a candle with a glass shade ; my foot slipped and down I went ; bashed my head against the wall and cut a gash in it. Had to go to the doctor next day to get it patched up.

Went on to Radbourne same afternoon. Next day hunted with Chandy at Dovedale; went by train to Ashbourne. Rode about on the mountains; a lovely day, but never found a fox. Met Duncombe and lady. Next day point-to-point races. Met Duchess of Sutherland and Miss Chaplin. Charlie Garnet won the principal race.

Meynell Hounds, Bretby. Snowstorm all day. Last day Charles Leedham hunted.

25th.—Went to Ernest Paget's at Sutton-Bonington. I had not seen him since 1863, when he was best man at Bill Clowe's wedding at Oakover. He is now chairman of Midland Railway. Lady Paget very kind and charming; Miss Hylda Paget a first-rate sportswoman.

Next day Quorn, at Bardon Hill. Paget lent us his phaeton and a pair of horses, that pulled like devils, to drive there; about ten miles. Miss Paget rode there. Lonsdale and party came in lots of yellow carriages. He was hunting the hounds; Fred Earp, whipper-in, Tom Firr being still on the sick list from a fall (concussion of the brain). Colonel "Monny" Curzon came to Sutton-Bonington. He used to sit on my knee when a little boy at Gopsal. He is now 6 ft. 3 in. high and a capital fellow. He succeeded to Mr. Herrick's property near Loughborough. Arthur Coventry was also there.

On Monday Quorn Hounds met at Barkby Holt, and Mr. Cradock was presented with a silver cup for his services as secretary to the hunt. Met my old friend, Tailby, looking very fresh, and Tom

Firr was there. Rode home with Tom Firr and had tea with him at the kennels. He wanted to lend Isobel his fur coat. He said it had been given to him by a lady, but he did not put it on although he felt sure if he came to the meet without it "the first woman or *man* he would see would be her ladyship. And sure enough it was her ladyship. And she said, 'Why haven't you got your coat on, Tom?' I said, 'It's not cold enough, my lady'. She said it was *quite* cold enough. So next time I put it on, and I never felt so ashamed of myself in my life as I did that day riding through the village." Paget kindly sent us his carriage to meet us at Quorn.

On 30th put horses in train at Kegworth to Syston, and rode on to Melton Steeplechase. Went to Harborough Arms at Melton. The worst inn I ever was in; mutton chops hard as brickbats; we were obliged to eat eggs for dinner. Next day, train to Brine Baths, Nantwich.

1st April.—Cheshire Hounds, Poollane Smithy; old Reggy Corbet hunting them; a beautiful pack of hounds. Reggy a grand horseman, but very deaf. Lots of foxes, and ran about all day. Isobel drove to meet with a white hireling. Met Tom Boughey and Lady and Major Rivers Buckley, Lady Wynn, etc.

4th.—Hailes. Put my horse in train to Drayton and rode on to meet North Staffordshire Hounds. Met Major Harding on the road, who said, "You can meet hounds much nearer at Hawkstone". I

said, "That is to-morrow," so he went on with me. It was an awful long way, and we were late and got to hounds at Trentham. Duke was hunting them, but we never found a fox. I came home early, as I wanted my horse next day.

5th.—Hawkstone. Frank Hill greeted us cordially at the door. Presently Dick Yeo appeared with the hounds. He was whipper-in to Mr. Trelawny, Dartmoor, and I sent him up as second whip to Lord Yarborough in 1872. He introduced me to the master, Mr. Heywood Lonsdale. Hawkstone is a beautiful place all going to ruin; wonderful rhododendrons on a sort of terrace on the rocks. Plenty of foxes; and Dick Yeo as wild as a hawk! Stayed at Hailes on Good Friday, and home next day.

24th May.—Lord Leven, High Commissioner. Scots Greys had a capital tournament—vaulting and jumping excellent. Went to lunch with Mrs. Alexander; Colonel absent, his brother, Lord Caledon, having died.

The Greys' musical ride came over to Windygates Agricultural Show at Dunnikier; the ride was very good, and the tent pegging; heads and posts below average.

John Flockhart died on 29th December, 1898. George Fortune was appointed his successor as factor, and took possession of the house at Rosebank, with his sister to keep house for him.

6th March, 1899.—Charles Macpherson asked us to go to St. Boswells as his guests to have a hunt with the Duke of Buccleuch's Hounds. Mr. Con-

acher, North British Railway, allowed our horses to go through by fast train, so we all arrived at three o'clock, and found Mac and his wife just come in from hunting. Shore, the huntsman, was on sick list, having had a fall and concussion of the brain. I went to have a chat with him. While there the hounds came home, and Lord Henry Scott came to report to him the day's sport. They had killed a fox. George Summers was hunting the hounds. Lord Henry took me round the stable of the Duke's horses.

Next day we met at Mertoun; found in a beautiful gorse cover. Hounds ran in the fields parallel to the road for some distance, then crossed, but the populace in the road drove them too far over the line. Got the line again, but did no good. Found again in another nice gorse and ran into Floores, and hung about there; then went to Newton Don, a beautiful place, but no fox, and Stichel, and then we went home. Little scent; a very nice field and lots of pleasant people—Charlie Balfour, Scott-Plumer, Scott of Sinton, etc.

A good pack of hounds (dogs); George Summers first whip, acting as huntsman, a nice fellow and good horseman. Most of the field rode horses with bang tails, and they called them thoroughbred! The country very nice; a fair lot of grass, no wire, and the hedges beautifully kept.

8th.—Point-to-point races. Mindrum Mill. Went in a carriage with wife, Kitty Robertson and Aleck Gillespie. Met Lady Orr-Ewing and

Lady Marjoribanks. Very cold, and the only redeeming point was Charlie Balfour's luncheon.

9th.—Proctor's Smithy. Drove with Macpherson to Kelso Bridge; rode on from there. Charlie Cunningham and George Dove out. Found directly in a wood, and ran hard for some time in cover, went away, got a parallel road to serve us, and ran into a plantation; fox turned back right under our horses' feet. They ran into him at Lurdenlaw and Isobel got the brush. They found again and ran hard over Cherry Tree Hill and lost him. We then went into Beaumont Forest, found, and ran about to Sunlaws and Clifton. Charlie Balfour's mare fell down dead in the forest. Hounds ran hard; we did not get away from the forest and got into a sheep-fold. Went back to Kelso and home in carriage.

Saturday.—Ashkirk. Went in victoria with Mac. Very stormy wind; a wild hilly place. Found in a gorse, and lost him. Found again and ran sharp over the hill to a farm, and lost him. The hill spoiled with sheep drains. Isobel's horse got a shoe off, and as we were going back to Ashkirk, to blacksmith's, hounds ran back to us, and killed in the cover where we found. We left the carriage at the stable at Riddell and drove home.

On Sunday we went to Lady Orr-Ewing at Dryburgh Abbey, a lovely place and a comfortable house. Miss Lewis a real sportswoman. She caught a salmon before breakfast. She has four hunters, and is real good at the chase. [Since then

married to Captain Murray-Threipland, Grenadier Guards.]

On Monday hounds met at the kennels. They found in a gorse on a hill on George Ballingall's farm, and ran like blazes. We did not get a good start, and followed a gentleman in grey and nicked in with them again. They checked soon after; found again in a big wood with awful rides, and ran down to the river and then back again nearly to the kennels.

Tuesday.—We went to Duns. "Cocky" had a bad sore back, so was incapacitated.

Wednesday.—The Berwickshire Hounds at Pistol plantation. Isobel got a hireling, a little thoroughbred chestnut mare, very ragged coat and awful string halt, but could gallop and jump. Little scent, found a brace, went away, but came back to the wood. Lord Haddington and Lord Henry Scott came to breakfast at the hotel at Duns. Colonel Gough, 9th Lancers, got a cropper over a rail. Found in a beautiful gorse of Sir James Millar's; ran up to rail and back to the gorse. Hounds went away again; had a good gallop and killed a fox. Isobel was so tired that we went home. The mare pulled violently and could not stand still for a moment.

Thursday.—Went to Edrom; saw tomb of the Brymers¹ and went over the old house; very quaint and interesting. Mr. Simpson, the minister, a capital man. Back to tea at Swan Inn and into Edinburgh. Slept at our clubs. Berwickshire

¹ My great-grandmother was Rachel Brymer of Edrom.

Hunt very smart and good horses; middling pack of hounds; huntsman good keen chap, but don't take enough notice of his hounds; second whip, George Clarke, from Mrs. Cheape's beagles.

In 1897 my son Arthur went to Australia. After staying there about a fortnight he sailed to New Zealand. He there met the son-in-law of Captain Gardner of Birchwood (Major Pat Carnegy's cousin). He went on to Birchwood, twelve miles from a post-office, a lovely place surrounded with mountains. He expected to remain two or three days, but stayed on a month, and wrote to me from there on 7th May, 1898:—

“I had a ripping time. Captain Gardner reminds me much of Major Pat. He has named one of his properties Lour, and christened his son Carnegy. Mrs. G. is absolutely kind and full of fun. Three boys; Carnegy, the eldest, is married and lives three miles off. He manages the station; a big job, as they have 12,000 Romney sheep. The second boy, Struan, is eighteen and is learning the business. He works as a shepherd at the ordinary wage.

“Shepherding here doesn't mean sitting by a brook with a flute in one hand and a crook in the other, but riding all day long, driving seven or eight hundred sheep along a road to market, or climbing up hill, leading your horse and shouting to your collie dogs, of which every man has two, a 'huntaway' and a 'ringer'. The first is trained to drive them from you, the second to head them and drive them

back to you. The system works beautifully. I went out 'mustering' one day, which consisted in fourteen men on horses and as many good dogs as they could get going out at 4 a.m. and beating the hills for sheep. We worked till three in the afternoon and gathered about 8,000 from that one run. We then drafted and dipped them. They were short-handed, so I worked like a nigger. We dipped 2,200 a day ; not bad considering the size, weight and 'dourness' of the so-called gentle sheep.

"They do everything themselves. Every man is his own groom. I had an Arab given me for the time I was there, and I didn't have to ask leave every time I wanted a ride. Besides cleaning the stables I took over the dairy and made the butter, and boasted in the skill Mrs. Drumdrum had instilled into me. I dipped the sheep, helped to thresh, rode twelve miles for the letters in the rain, mended the silver kettle, measured the house, tested the water-wheel with a view to lighting it electrically (it's under consideration), and I've the promise of the job ; I fed the calf night and morning, constructed a manger, drank quantities of their best brown sherry, shot and hunted rabbits with my Arab and a mongrel dog. We went three picnics to the bush, river, stalactite caves, etc. We rode to two, and took four-in-hand to the third. Walked in the moonlight, got up at 6 a.m. regular, helped to carry sacks of oats, played euchre and crib, and in the evenings Captain G. used to read out Jorrocks to us. A free, happy, busy life, fun every moment of it.

“ Captain G. wrote to a friend in Dunedin to find out if I should have a chance of a job there. The reply was favourable, so I came here at once. [He got employment as a draughtsman in Leslie Reynolds’ engineering office.]

“ Captain Gardner kept a pack of hounds here for many years, but gave them up as he can’t afford it now. He also raised a regiment of Light Horse in Southland. He’s a great admirer of you, and regrets never having met you when ‘at home’ (which means in England out here).”

Arthur was one day shooting in *the bush* in New Zealand and got a man to carry his bag and show him where to find pigeons. He talked broad Scotch, but had been thirty years in New Zealand. Arthur asked him where he came from. The answer was “Glasgy”. Arthur then said, “D’ye ken Carn-tyne?” “Fine that,” was the reply, “when I was a lad I worked for Mr. Hamilton Gray in the Caroline pit, and I mind fine when the new manager came, a lang chiel called Tamson.” Mr. Hamilton Gray was Arthur’s grandfather, and I the “lang chiel called Tamson!”

Arthur wrote to his sister, Mrs. Blackburne :—

“TIVOLI, APIA, SAMOA,

“18th October, 1898.

“DEAREST OLIVETTE,—

“Here am I on a desert and savage island in the Southern Seas. Why? Oh, because I’m mad. I yearned to come to Samoa ever since you gave me *Vailima Letters* to read, and Fiji sounded

temptingly barbaric. In fact, they clubbed and ate three people there four years ago!

“One is right out of the world in these islands of coral and cocoanut palms, and I haven't had a letter for eight weeks—in fact, they are all waiting for me in Auckland, N.Z. So I know no news. I just managed to catch the mail which left soon after I arrived here, and scribbled off a short letter to the laird, telling him a brief account of recent events.

“That is, how one dark evening I fell ten feet over a precipice which skirted the road, and landed with my head on a rock. ‘A narrow squeak,’ the medico said. However, though I smashed my skull, ‘fractured it’ (gruesome-sounding name), I did not feel much the worse, and as I was at the time literally invaluable in Reynolds' office, a report having to be sent in, the experiments for which I had taken, etc., I went into harness three days after and worked on for a fortnight. By which time the urgency for work was over, and the expediency of a rest manifest.

“I could not ask Reynolds to give me an indefinite holiday, especially as he needed some one capable of running the place when he was away, so I told him how I felt and resigned.

“Enough of dull facts; now for fanciful ones. I've just got back from a trip to Savii, an island some thirty miles off—I and a chap called Peacock, whom I made friends with on the boat coming here from Fiji. We hired an English-speaking native and a boat with a sail and three men, taking calico,

prints and looking-glasses as presents. We travelled about and were entertained in lordly style.

“They killed pigs for us, which they roasted whole by inserting hot stones into their ‘inwards,’ and held high feastings. We slept in native huts. They showed us a dance which the girls did sitting tailor fashion, waving their arms; very graceful.

“I raised a frenzy by dancing a Highland fling and scottische which ended (unexpectedly) with a heavy thud on the floor. Natives are very handsome, not a bit African nigger type.

“One curious and pleasant custom is to lay one’s head in the lap of a princess and be massaged—a high honour. Politics very interesting here at present, as the king is dead and five chiefs aspire to reign. They have meetings every other day, at which they eat and talk a lot, to elect a king. I know Mataafa, the probable one, quite well.”

In May, 1901, the Royal Buckhounds were abolished. The King gave seventeen couple to Mr. Seymour, Master of the West Norfolk Hounds. The remainder were sent to Lord Chesham at Johannesburg. No competent person was sent out in charge of them and no one knew their names. They had better have stayed at home! Frank Goodall having lost his place as Royal huntsman, the King presented him with £1,000, and he was appointed huntsman to the Berks and Bucks Farmers’ Staghounds, which hunt the country that belonged to the Royal Buckhounds.

CHAPTER XVI.

WILL SHORE AND THE DUKE OF BUCCLEUCH'S HOUNDS.

I SENT Shore a copy of the Fife newspaper with my biography. He answered:—

“THE KENNELS, ST. BOSWELLS, N.B.,
“20th April, 1899.

“SIR,—

“I beg to thank you for sending me a copy of the *Herald* with the very interesting article to many, and more so to many who have known the subject of it.

“My recollection of it, although very young (fifteen), runs back to 1847, when you came to Ramsay of Barnton's to look at a chestnut horse, which I think you bought. And the next time I had the chance was at Drumdrill, shortly after my entering Mr. Balfour's service. This was in stirring the roe-deer there with some hounds, after the hunting season was over, and just before entering to the Atherstone the second time.

“I may be wrong, but I have often heard when at Balbirnie that it was at the *Skelpie cover* that the ‘blooding’ of Mr. Whyte-Melville and Colonel Thomson happened. But that does not matter now.

“I was very pleased to have the biography, and shall preserve it and the plate, which is a very living and true likeness of Scotland’s oldest and greatest fox-hunter.

“I was very sorry indeed that I was unfit for duty when Mrs. Thomson and yourself honoured us with the visit this season; but hope, in another season, we may be more fortunate. We have finished the season with very good sport the last two weeks. Our entry, although we lost many of the best, is going to be a very good one.

“I am quite better now, and beg to remain, Sir, your obedient and humble servant,

“W. SHORE.”

Will Shore sent me the following :—

“Old Will’s early history is this way. He was born in 1784; became second whip to Mr. Baird of Newbyth; was seven years second whip and seven years first under John King and old Frank Colleson. He was made huntsman in 1818, and hunted the hounds till the Duke bought them in 1825; but as the Duke was then a minor Mr. Baird continued to manage them until his Grace came of age in 1827. When Mr. Baillie of Mellerstain resigned the country, the Duke then took it and built the kennels (St. Boswells), and assumed command himself until his death in 1884. Williamson resigned in 1862. Tom Phillips hunted them one season, when Shore succeeded. Williamson died in

February, 1870. Williamson's remarks on men and things would themselves fill a book."

The present Duke of Buccleuch sent me the following anecdotes :—

"DALKEITH HOUSE, DALKEITH.

"Sept., 1900.

"*William Williamson, or Old Will.*

"He was hunting in East Lothian, and the hounds got away from every one but the second whip. Williamson came up to the second whip who was with the hounds in Binning Wood, and was hollering to the hounds. Williamson was furious, and rode up to him, and in a confidential whisper, grinding his teeth, said, 'Haud your tongue, man, and dinna let all the world ken that daft Jimmy is in Binning Wood!'

"Old Will bought some hay near Dalkeith, and wanted the farmer to cart it to the kennels at St. Boswells. The farmer said he would do so at 2d. a stone. Will said he would only give 1½d. a stone. After bargaining for some time, Will said he would split the difference and give 1¾d., which the farmer agreed to in order to have a joke against Will, and tell the farmers in Dalkeith market. I heard the story, and asked Will if it was true. He said, 'Perfectly true, and I saved his Grace 7s. 11d. by it'.

"He hunted one day with the Berwickshire when David Robertson was master; I think Morgan was huntsman. Williamson said there was a whip called 'Leicestershire Joe,' who was standing on an

eminence crying 'Coup, go long'. 'He might as well have been singing "Maggie Lauder".'

"Williamson did not like keepers, and said, 'I canna abide they game-keeping folk; they are all rogues and liars. But the worst of all is a Highland game-keeper; you may as soon think to reconcile the deil wi' redemption as a Highlander wi' a fox.'

"Williamson used to buy spoilt pieces, which he used to give away to farmers' wives and others. He promised a new gown to Mrs. Kerp, whose husband, Bob Kerp, was keeper to Lord Lothian, as he said she never complained of the foxes taking her hens. She said, 'Foxes never take my hens'. The gown arrived, and the next time the hounds were at Mounteviot she thanked him for it. He said, 'You never complain of foxes taking your hens'. She replied, 'I dinna keep hens!' So Old Will did not always have the best of it, as he rode away with a grunt."

"Nimrod" on his northern tour tells the following stories:—

"Williamson can blow up a bit now and then. On his hounds coming to a check on the Great North Road, he found a horseman in the middle of the Park. 'What the hell brings you here?' roared Williamson, and found he was addressing a commercial traveller on his journey from London.

"Having killed his fox on a turnpike road, he

saw a farmer come sailing down a large field of wheat. 'Ware wheat!' roared Williamson; 'what the devil do you mean, man, riding over the wheat?' 'Why, I was thinking.' 'Thinking! what's the use of thinking?—you should reflect.' 'But the wheat is my own.' 'So much the worse, there's the force of example!'

"One day he addressed his friend, Mr. Cosser of Dunse, 'Hold hard, Mr. Cosser, hold hard, I tell you. What the devil are you about, driving the hounds before you? The older you get, the bigger fool you get.'

"Williamson got a boy from the racing stable with very big ears, a red head and very red face. The other boys had nicknamed him 'Frosty'. The first day he appeared with a hunting-cap Will said, 'Tuck in your lugs, Frosty, tuck in your lugs; what will his Grace say?' (lugs = ears).

"Jock Hutcheson, his whipper-in, was a very clever fellow, but by no means sober. Will said of him, 'Talk of whippers-in doing what they're bid, Jock anticipates every thocht'; and then, referring to his weakness, he said, 'It's no just his ain faut; it's they birkies wi' bottles' (meaning young swells with pocket-flasks).

"One day on going to exercise he had a new silk lash on his whip. In passing a cart he flipped at the horse to make it get out of the way, and the lash flew off his whip. After looking for it in vain, he said, 'Weel, weel, a fule like me would break the Bank of England'.

“The Duke sent him to England, I think, to see some of the famous packs. On his return I asked him what he had seen. ‘Od, I saw naething better nor our ain!’”

In the summer of 1854 Williamson (Old Will) came to visit the Fife Hounds, and stayed with his friend, Mr. James Gulland, at Wemyss. They started to drive to the New Inn in a low pony-carriage, Will sitting on the back seat. The pony was old and quiet; but unfortunately the bolt of the shaft got loose; the pony got frightened and ran away. Williamson stood up and said, “Stop, let me oot!” and then jumped out, landing on his head and face, which was scored with scratches; he also put his shoulder out. The next day Lord Rosslyn rode over to inquire about him; found him with his bald head tattooed like a Red Indian, a blanket pinned round his neck, and the Gulland children feeding him with rice pudding with a spoon.

In the summer of 1899 it was proposed to have a camp at Castle Moffat for the Edinburgh Garrison Yeomanry and Volunteers. The site was decided on.

“*Fife Light Horse*.—The regiment will go into camp at Castle Moffat, near Haddington, from the 21st to the 29th July next, and take part in the manœuvres to be held there.”

I went over with Colonel Winter and Dr. Caverhill in search of quarters and went to the inn at

Yester and drove on to Garvald. In driving through the village Mrs. Thomson said, "That is the house I should like to live in. It was the Free Kirk manse. A few days after Dr. Caverhill wrote saying that he could get the manse. We went over again, saw Mr. Beattie, a charming old gentleman, and settled to take his house for £25.

Colonel Gilmour made a contract for building temporary stables for Fife Light Horse, and had many tons of timber already on the ground. Much to our astonishment, we heard that the whole concern was given up. Mr. Beattie had taken rooms for himself at Crieff Hydropathic, and I had to pay £15 to cancel my bargain with him; Gilmour had to pay his contractor £60.

27th.—From Beenham we went to London for a few days, and went to a cricket match at Lord's with Amy Fergusson; and on Sunday went to luncheon with (Henry) Lord Loch, the last time I ever saw him.

3rd July.—From London we went to Priory Hill, St. Neots, for Peterborough Hound Show. Mr. and Mrs. Rowley (she is Walter Corbet's sister). Capital party, C. Wickstead and his wife and Prior. First day, horse show; second, hound show. Beaufort got most prizes. Austen Mackenzie, one of the judges, bred the prize dog.

We intended to go on to Edinburgh by night train, and did not know what to do after the show was over. Merthyr Guest said, "My sister married Canon Alderson; go and dine with them," and he

introduced us to Mrs. Alderson. I found that the canon had been at Holdenby when I was at Brixworth, so we had many mutual friends, and had a most pleasant evening. Their house is in the Cathedral close. They sat up with us till twelve o'clock, when we went to the station. Got to Edinburgh next morning.

Isobel went to the Ladies' Club; I went to Dr. Caverhill. He was away himself, but his sister-in-law gave me breakfast. Off we went to Highland Agricultural Show. The Prince of Wales was there from Dalkeith. The first person we met was the Rev. Mr. Gillespie, who took us to see Professor Ewart's half-bred zebras; most beautiful animals, but I don't know what use they will ever be.

We had capital places at the show. I had written to the secretary some time before, and we were next to Sir Arthur and Lady Halkett. The show was grand. All the finest cattle in Scotland in the ring at once. After the show there was no chance of getting a cab, and the showyard was about three miles from the town. We went wandering on, very hot and tired, and saw a gentleman's brougham set some one down at a house. We asked the coachman if he was going back to Edinburgh, and he most kindly gave us a lift; but he would not tell us whose carriage it was.

24th.—Inspection at St. Andrews. General Chapman; Moulton-Barret, *aide-de-camp*. Marched past in field. Went to sands, rode "Collier," and left all the spectators behind.

19th.—I went with Dawson, the factor, to Carntyne. Stepping over a little ditch, it being very slippery, I slipped back, nearly up to my knee in mud ; I could not pull my foot out again, so I tumbled down, wet all my side and my arm up to the elbow. I went into Beardmore's and got his ambulance man to *scrape* me and washed my hands. But I had to get back to Edinburgh, so I went to Queen Street station, got into a carriage and got the guard to lock the door. I then took off my trousers and hung them out of the window ; took a newspaper and put it inside my drawers. Luckily, I had a pair of shoes and stockings in my little bag. On getting to Edinburgh I bought a pair of drawers ; and got some tea at the New Club and went to bed till my things were dry.

Aberdeen Hospital Saturday Fund.—It was the practice at Aberdeen to hold sports, the proceeds to be given to the funds of the hospital. This year the Provost had got permission for a detachment of the New South Wales Lancers to attend, a squadron of this regiment having been quartered at Aldershot for six months for cavalry instruction. Veterinary Lieutenant Young of Fife Light Horse, who is also veterinary professor of the college, got permission for a squad of Fife Light Horse to attend. Unfortunately it was on 11th and 12th August, when every Scotsman wished to shoot grouse. The Swan trophy was competed for in Edinburgh. Fife won. Forfar did not do so well as usual, so their Major would not allow them to compete at Aberdeen.

We went to Aberdeen and put up at the Imperial

Hotel. I found an invitation to dine at the Club with Sir Arthur Grant of Monymusk. Met Vet. Lieut. Young, Mr. Parker, riding-master of the Greys, and Lieutenant Rundle, in command of New South Wales Lancers. After dinner we went to a smoking concert, where we met many of the N.S.W. Lancers. It was not very lively, for they were all very shy, being strangers. Young was in the chair, and a very good chairman; later in the evening the Provost came. The Walers were very nice, smart fellows; capital horsemen. They were mounted on hirelings of Player's of Edinburgh, and had plain saddles and bridles, and many of them not properly bitted. Sergeant-major Robson was a very fine man, and good all round. Trooper Harkus won many prizes at the Islington Tournament. They beat us in every respect except jumping. The competitions were much too numerous for the number of horses. Our wretched horses had to go in every competition, and were so tired they could hardly gallop.

The Provost's lady was very kind. On Saturday morning she came in her carriage and took us to the University and other remarkable places in the town.

On Saturday the Lord-Lieutenant, Lord Aberdeen, was present. We came away after the morning performance, and went to Strathtyrum, where we met Lord Airlie and his charming lady. He went to the war in South Africa very soon after, and was wounded. The very first day he rejoined his regiment he was killed in action.

3rd June.—Went to Bath, Smith's lodgings, St. James's Square; very comfortable; nice people; awfully hot.

7th.—Went to London for Military Tournament; dined at Rutland House, and back to Bath. Lunched with Charlie at Regent's Park Barracks.

17th.—Had lunch with Clutterbuck at Combe Royal, and went to see Bath Harriers.

23rd.—Went to Badminton with Clutterbuck to see hounds; lunch at Portcullis. Duke had gone to London.

On 25th went to Beenham. On arriving at Aldermaston there was a gentleman's omnibus at the station. The porter put our luggage on the top, in we jumped and drove off, passed the turn of the road that goes to Beenham, asked the coachman where he was going, and he said to Captain Darby Griffith's. We said we wanted to go to Beenham. Luckily it was not far, so he took us to Waring's house. I gave the coachman my card, and told him to tell Captain Darby Griffith, who was an old friend.

26th.—Royal Review took place at Aldershot. Waring would not go, but he lent us his brougham to drive in to Reading. The Carabineers were quartered there. We went to lunch with Major Sprot. After lunch Mrs. Sprot took us to the review, and we sat on the Carabineers' coach and had capital places. Colonel Calvert, M.F.H. (Crawley and Horsham), was in the next carriage. After the review we had to walk right across the ground to get to Sprot's

carriage, on the Farnborough road. We wanted to catch the train for Reading. I said to the coachman, "How long will it take to get to the station?" "Eight minutes," he said. So off we started; no time for refreshments. One of Colonel Sprot's little girls, Mabel, ran out and gave us a handful of bananas. We met Hargreaves, late 13th Hussars, and his wife in the train. Got to Reading, and back to Beenham about 12.30.

CHAPTER XVII.

FIFE LIGHT HORSE EMBARKED IN THE *CYMRIC*.

23rd January, 1900.—Arrived Brine Baths, Nantwich. Very good hotel; nice people and very comfortable room; excellent stabling; very reasonable. Curtis, the head man, very knowledgeable; came from Northampton. Took two horses with us, "Collier" and "Cocky".

24th.—Isobel went to London to attend Lord Balcarres' wedding. Returned 9.3 P.M.

25th.—North Cheshire Hounds at Calveley. I rode "Collier" to the meet. A large field. Met Mr. Brocklehurst. Found directly and I went home. They had a clipping run and ran into North Staffordshire country.

26th.—Sound Heath, South Cheshire; young Reggie Corbet, huntsman; Alfred Earp, first whip; Tom McBride, second. Beautiful hounds; Reggie very nice with them. Duchess of Sutherland out. Storm of rain and snow going home.

28th.—I showed Isobel and Rachel Nantwich Church, and they lunched with Kitty Corbet at Hankelow afterwards.

30th.—Brindley Ley, South Cheshire. We met

Paddy Carr and Kenyon, and ran pretty hard ; got wide of them and went home then.

1st February.—Dined with Sir Thomas and Lady Boughey near Nantwich.

2nd.—Burley Dam, South Cheshire. Had a nice run ; got very hot, and lost a shoe ; very cold wind.

3rd.—Seedy, and stayed at home. Snow began and lasted till 13th, when we left Nantwich and went to Coton. There was a little snow at Althorpe Park station, where we arrived at three o'clock ; the horses did not arrive till 5.30. Heavy fall of snow in the night and next day drifts four feet deep.

16th.—Rode to Althorpe station with Ro. Kimberley relieved.

17th.—John Cooper and Buckmaster came to see me, and Cecil Legard.

19th.—Isobel and I started to ride to Brampton to see Harry Sanders. Torrents of rain ; sat in the coach-house at Miss Langham's ; borrowed a horse rug and galloped home.

20th.—Ro went to Hillmorton and met us at Catthorpe. On Wednesday, 21st, snow almost gone ; floods out. Pytchley Hounds at Catthorpe ; drove dog-cart ; got there late. Hounds had found and ran to Cave Inn. Like fools we galloped on to Coton, and all round it ; meantime hounds had gone back. Isobel's saddle was wrong, so had to stop at Mr. James's farm ; followed them to North Kilworth, but never got up to them. My horse seedy going home.

23rd.—Naseby. Rode on and got there with the hounds. Saw Oldacre on foot at the meet. Fen-

wick, Mills, Hazelhurst, Rokeby, Spencer, Goodman and many others out. Found at Naseby cover, ran to Kilby and lost him; found on Owthorpe Hills and ran to ground near Marston. Found again at Althorpe Thorns; but we went home with Lord Spencer and Mrs. Dawkins.

24th.—Drove hireling to Northampton. Saw Sanders, Britton, etc., and lunched at *café*, very clean and nice.

25th.—Guilsborough Church and went to lunch with Landon at Creaton, and tea with Legards at Cottesbrooke.

27th.—We went to Liverpool, North West Station Hotel, to look at the *Cymric*. The Fife Light Horse arrived and embarked on her.

28th.—We met Burton and the horses at Canada Dock station, and went on board the *Cymric* with them at eight o'clock. Met Walter Long and Lady Doreen at breakfast. They had received a telegram from their boy in the Scots Greys, who had been wounded and was going on well. Remained on board. Pat Carnegy, Gilmour and Mitchell were there. The *Cymric* is a beautiful ship; Colonel Melford was in command. Met Colonel Challoner (W. Long's brother) and had a chat with Lumsden, Puller, Brown, Johnny Scott, Dr. Dewar, Gardyne, F.L.H., etc. They all looked very well. They sailed that night. Next morning Gilmour wired to them, "Ladysmith relieved". We left Liverpool at two o'clock, and got to Rugby; got a fly and drove to Hillmorton to George Fenwick's.

Thursday, 29th.—Warwickshire. Hounds at Long Itchington. George Fenwick drove us there. He lent me his pony, a beauty, and John Darby mounted Isobel on Mrs. Fenwick's old grey horse. Hounds looked very well, and Jack Brown, a useful huntsman, with a good strong voice. Found in Itchington Holt; most infernal rides; ran a little bit and lost; little scent; drew again blank. Hounds then drew strips about Birdingbury, and then went on to Ufton Wood. George would not go on and we found Miss Victoria Davidson standing at the gate, so went in to luncheon, and stayed there all the afternoon. Cold enough driving home. Fenwick's house very comfortable; Kitty and Dolly both there.

2nd March.—Pytchley, Long Buckby. George drove us and Mrs. Fenwick on; the girls went with John Darby. Met Mr. Jeyes, formerly of Brixworth, Clarke, Simpson, Gees, etc., other old friends. Found in Vanderplank; very little scent. Ran up to West Haddon and killed in the garden next house to Owen Wallis'. Found again and ran to Ashby St. Ledgers, where they killed a fresh fox. Met Jack Stracey. They found again in cover, near East Haddon. A fat miller was running about looking for a runaway waggon. We met a sportsman driving it back and another leading his horse. Guilsborough Church. Albert Pell and his niece came to lunch.

5th.—The Pytchley, Chapel Brampton. Rode on to Harry Sanders and saw Mrs. Sanders, then

on to the meet; lots of people. Spencer in a red coat, John Haig, etc. Found in Sanders' gorse; ran past Brampton. Going through a gap my horse jumped a heap of rails on the ground and I tumbled off. Ran to Harleston Heath, and round and round. Found at Holdenby; ran to East Haddon; back to Spraton.

6th.—Drove hireling with Tyvie. Lunch with Mr. Markham, then into Northampton, and tea at Pitsford with Lloyds. Very cold, and seedy next morning.

7th.—Welford. Rode on; met at John Gee's house; found at Hemplowe. I was seedy, so we went home early.

9th.—Guilsborough, met at Renton's house; a pretty meet. Drew hedges blank, found near Creaton, ran to Spratton Sands. Tom Dryburgh out. Ran back to Sanders' covert; we went home.

12th.—Monday, Sywell. I thought Sywell Wood, but hounds met at the village. Drove hireling to John Drage's at Holcot. Sent carriage to Brixworth, "Coach and Horses". Rode on to Ecton, found there, ran round the house, and the fox got on the roof of a shed, and tumbled among the hounds. Saw John Drage, Britton, and Sharman. Rode back to Brixworth, had tea at "Coach and Horses," and drove home.

15th.—Lord Fitzwilliam's Hounds at Maidwell. Could not find our horses; drove Ro to Lamport to get her horse, and met the groom, Francis, at the bottom of the hill. Hounds had found, ran

round Cottisbrook, Hazelbeeche to Scotland Wood, and back to Purser's Hills. I lost a shoe, and got it put on at Maidwell. Hounds worked well; lots of tongue, and Bartlet a workman. Got gruel at Hazelbeeche.

17th.—Went to see John Horsey at Dallington; found him very seedy in bed; he has a nice pack of harriers.

Sunday, 18th.—We drove to Holdenby to lunch with Annaly. A very nice chap. Harold Lonsdale there. Very cold.

19th.—To London, 33 Clieveden Place. Very comfortable, and capital cook. Met General Bulwer; his sister lives in same house. Bad weather, and sore throat most of time. Had lunch with Mrs. King-Harman.

28th.—To Brigstock. Southampton sent to meet us at Kettering. The horses came from Coton by road to Kettering and slept there, at George Hotel, and met us next day at Boughton. Southampton the best of good fellows. Lady S. charming, and such a sportswoman! We drove to Boughton with Lady S. Lord Dalkeith is living there. Went to Geddington Chase, ran round it, and got to ground in the middle of the wood. Tom Weatherall out in a pony trap. Lord and Lady Dalkeith and children walked up to the keeper's house. Found again at Pedlar's Wells, but never got rightly on the line, and went away one field on a hare. Drew Boughton Wood and Grafton Park blank. Found top end Grafton Park, ran into

Snapes, where Isobel viewed the fox. Ran back to Boughton. We ought to have caught this fox, but made a mess of it.

31st.—Kirby. Found in one of the woods near Bulwick; got stopped by a wire fence, and when we got to them they had checked, and Southampton had tumbled over a wire fence. Found again and ran along the avenue at Rockingham. Mr. Mure tumbled over a rail and broke his ribs.

2nd April.—Went to Station Hotel, York. Francis was taken ill, and had to send him home next morning. Wired to Jim Hewett to come to Kirby Moorside. Rachel and Cooper joined us from London. Went to Kirby Moorside. The hotel very good; dined with Tom Parrington. Penn and Kitty were away hunting a stag at Windermere. We went to stay with them on their return at Kedholme Priory. [Penn Sherbrooke, master of the Sinnington Hounds.]

7th.—Byland Abbey. Penn has a nice pack of hounds and a nice way with them. Robin Hill whips in to him, and next season is to hunt the pack of hounds which were Francis Johnstone's. A very wild country, and did not find for a long time. Very dry and did no good. Met Houston, Sir George's brother.

9th.—Helmsley. Drew moors and bogs in vain. At last got a scent and ran about two fields and cast hopelessly about. On getting on my horse the button of my coat got under flap of the saddle, and I could not get further up. Some one shoved me

up ; my horse gave two jumps and I tumbled off, and was so giddy I sat under a tree, while Cobbler, Penn's second horseman, went to Helmsley and got a carriage and I was sent ignominiously home on wheels. Houston and Kitty were very good and kind to me. Hounds found again, but did no good. Kedholme Priory is very nice and pretty, and Penn and Kitty the kindest of hosts. Robin Hill was staying there, and I gave him my hunting-whip. Went to York next day and slept there ; and home on Wednesday the 11th.

John Horsey, Dallington, Barton, writes to my daughter Rosie :—

“I must tell you a little anecdote of your father. If I recollect right, in 1864 he drew the lower end of Nobottle Wood for his first Pytchley fox. I was not there to see him put hounds into covert, not knowing where he would start, but by the gate on the road through the wood, where also congregated a number of foot people, and amongst them a rough, noisy, talking keeper. A fox which had ‘found himself’ stole across the road, when Colonel Thomson came galloping up the ride blowing his whistle. The keeper said, ‘Well, I can remember Osbaldeston and every other master since, but I never heard a huntsman blow a whistle before, and I don't think much of him’. ‘Wait a bit, old fellow,’ I answered, for I had waited to take stock of the new master, whom I had not previously met.

“The last season (1895) Goodall had the hounds

at Althorpe I saw the same keeper—eighty years old, a pensioner—weeding the paths round the kennels. I said to him, ‘You remember Osbaldeston, don’t you?’ ‘Yes, and every other master since.’ ‘And whom do you consider the best of them?’ ‘Why, Captain Thomson, to be sure; there were none of them like him.’ ‘Why, you have altered your opinion since you heard him blow the whistle in Nobottle Wood.’ ‘Ah, I recollect, but I did not half know him then.’ I agree with the keeper: we shall never look upon his like again.”

CHAPTER XVIII.

FIFE YEOMANRY IN SOUTH AFRICA.

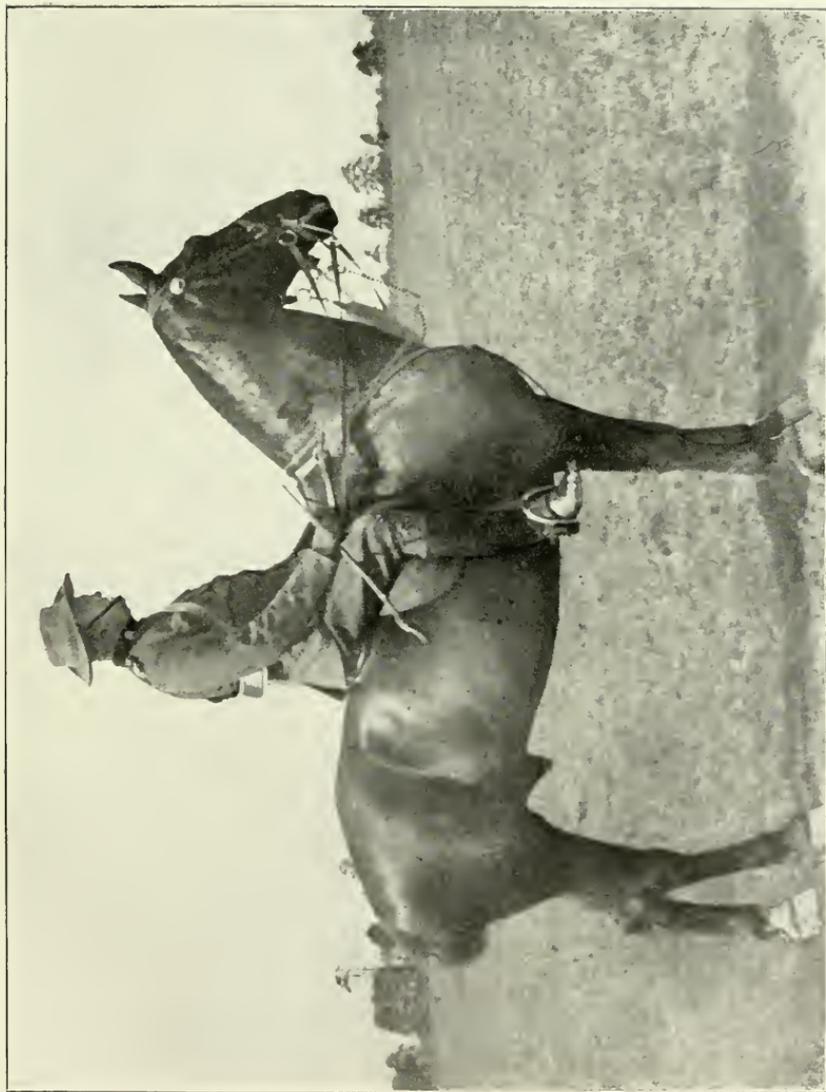
18th October, 1901.—Forfar troop invited me to dinner. George Fortune and I went and stayed at Royal British Hotel. Major Carnegy in chair, about sixty veterans of Fife Light Horse in plain clothes, perhaps forty of present lot. A good cheery party and a good dinner. Invited guests: Surgeon-Major Dewar, Quartermaster-Sergeant Brown, Farrier-Sergeant Spreull, Sergeant Cargill, Sergeant Semple, Corporal Francis, Trumpeter M'Dougal, Sergeant-Major Currie, Sergeant-Major Philips, Regimental Sergeant-Major Vine, Sergeant-Major Simpson.

Mr. Scott, late Quartermaster, proposed my health. I said: "Last time I was in this room, now six years ago, you did me the honour to present me with a beautiful silver cup as a testimonial on my retiring from the command of the regiment after thirty-five years' service. At that time we little thought that the Fife and Forfar Light Horse would ever go on active service. We little thought that we should meet here as we now do to welcome our comrades on their return from the war and congratulate them on having done their duty. I am very

proud that I was the means of raising a regiment which has gallantly done its duty. I take no credit to myself for the Forfar troop with which we are more immediately concerned to-day. All credit is due to Major Carnegy, Sergeant-Major Andrew, and that grand old soldier, Sergeant-Major Currie. When my time was up I was delighted to find in my successor so smart, energetic and keen an officer as your present Colonel. There is this difference between the Light Horse and the Imperial Yeomanry: every man who joined the Fife Light Horse could ride more or less, so they knew at least some part of their duty. Many of the Imperial Yeomanry had never seen a horse before; the consequence was that they tumbled off by the dozen, but their pluck and perseverance was much to be admired, and at the end of the training they made a very decent show and gained the good opinion of their inspecting officer. Sir Archibald Hunter says in his report: 'The regiment is full of *esprit de corps*, smart, intelligent officers, good horsemen, fine physique, and mounted on useful horses. This regiment will prove a credit to its commanding officer, to themselves, and to their country.'"¹

Next morning went to Perth for presentation of medals. Pullar had invited the whole lot to lunch at the Salutation Hotel. He asked me to take the chair. Fortunately, Colonel Brown, who commanded 7th Brigade (Devon and Dorsets), to which Fife and

¹The Fife and Forfar Light Horse, now known as 40th Regiment, Fife and Forfar Imperial Yeomanry.



HONORARY COLONEL, FIFE AND FORFAR IMPERIAL YEOMANRY.
1903.

Forfar were attached, came from Montrave. The men were delighted to see him and gave him a grand reception, and he gave them an excellent character, "always cheery and willing," and spoke most highly of Pullar and Jack Gilmour and applied for D.S.O. for him. I proposed Pullar's health and mentioned his entertainment by Devons and Dorsets, described in *A Yeoman's Letters*. The presentation took place at 4.40. They paraded at 3.45 and it began to rain, so Fortune and I went home by next train.

Corporal Ross in his amusing book, *A Yeoman's Letters*, makes the following references to the Fife Light Horse (page 36):—

"This fine squadron of yeomanry under Captain Hodge had also joined Mahon at Pretoria on July 16th. . . . On 31st October the Fifes were having a warm time. When we got into camp we heard from our old friend Sergeant Pullar that their gallant and popular Captain Hodge, 12th Lancers, was severely wounded and had died the following night at Volkfontein and was buried the next morning. I doubt the Fifes will never forget that day. With *reveillé* the rain began to pour in torrents. The Fifes were told off for rear-guard. One tent had been left standing. Right and left of its entrance stood the firing party and the rest of the squadron. The sergeants presently emerged bearing on a stretcher, sown up in a military brown blanket, the mortal remains of their Captain. Then through the never-

ceasing rain, splashing through pools of muddy water, ankle deep we slowly made our way to the back of a farm about fifty yards away, where under some huge gum trees a grave had been dug. Several of the firing party who had no cloaks had their waterproof sheets over their shoulders and one man had a corn sack. Colonel Brown read the service, the rain splashing on his little prayer-book. The body was reverently lowered by means of a couple of ammunition belts from a machine gun. The three rounds cracked strangely in the rain-laden air, the water dripping from the rifles. The Fifes marched sorrowfully away leaving their beloved Captain behind them.

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“On Friday, 21st November, Krugersdorf, we entertained Sergeant Pullar at tea. This was really a grand, a sumptuous repast. Many a time has this gentleman given us biscuits in the veldt in our hours of need, papers also to read, so we meant to do the thing well and we did! A special invitation was sent to Sergeant Pullar by the corporals of the Sussex squadron, parade order optional. We formed a table of biscuit-boxes, which we covered with two recently washed towels. I managed to get a fine effect of table decorations by taking a spotted red handkerchief off my neck and laying it star ways as a centre piece. Then, having begged and borrowed all the tin plates, we covered the table with sardines, tinned tongues, pickles, condensed milk, jam, butter and cake. Sergeant Pullar having arrived with his

plate, knife, fork and spoon in a haversack, we sat down, on S.S.A. cordite mark iv. boxes, to a rattling good repast, to which we did ample justice. Then it rained, and we had to rig up our blanket hutches, and our guest sped back to his tent."

From Arthur Gore, 88th Connaught Rangers :—

"MYBURG, 18th December, 1901.

"I think I was in this same ungenerous spot when I last wrote. Since then I have been a good long trek. I was once more mounted and went off from Aliwal along the Jamestown road. We trekked about twenty miles that night. We were about 180 and waggons. The day after I was sent out with twelve men and fourteen pack mules to convey food to Lovat's Scouts, who were on a high kopje called Telemachus Kop. My orders were to take them to the bottom and they could send for them. Nobody came, so guarded by the Cape Policemen, I went on, having heard they were starving. After going about eighteen miles we came on them galloping off, and came to Zuurlaagte, where the regiment fought in July. My poor mare cut an artery in her fetlock and bled horribly. I was advance guard with a Cape Policeman and we got there all right. Next day four of our men went out to bring in a horse; about three miles out Fouchie caught two of them and shot them in cold blood. The way was very steep and one pack rolled down about two miles of precipice. Eventually we caught them up (Lovat's Scouts), and they fell to quickly on jam and biscuits, having eaten

nothing but tough mutton for ten days. Lovat is a most delightful person, and so is his brother Alastair Fraser. We all went down together and found the rest of the regiment had moved down three miles on to the battle-field.

“Next morning breakfast at six. Two decent-looking bodies turned up, and proved to be Colonel Scobell and his staff-officer, D——, both Scots Greys. After some discussion it was arranged that we were to move to Ladygrey; Lovat on the left, us centre, Scobell on the right. After marching three miles we came to Fouchie’s outposts, who galloped off. We got on another five miles and then halted. Meanwhile Fouchie had caught, wounded, and shot on the ground, three more men. Next day Scobell marched on with pack beasts, and left his convoy, which came into the valley where we camped, within three yards of where I was having my bath. It took four hours to pass. The Tasmanians were left to help guard the convoy. Meanwhile, aided and abetted by their officers, they spent their time in looting two farms, so that night I was sent to one of them, with twenty men, to prevent their burning it as they threatened. I slept in a wood shed, which was a palatial house after a week’s trekking. Next morning we were sent for in a hurry at 4 a.m., as the column moved off at five. I was riding old ‘Thady O’Flynn’ (he is four); he was very fresh and bolted and slipped his saddle over his shoulders and on to his neck. The twenty gallant folk thud behind, and the further (or faster) goes ‘Thady O’Flynn’.

Mercifully we stopped before we got to camp. We had been ordered off to Barkley East, about sixty miles, and horse rations were already out. We marched about twelve miles in the rain that day, up and up and up. It was very cold. Next morning we did a short march down into a valley. I rested until about five, and then went on for a twenty-mile march. It was very cold and very dark. No less than three horses died in my Cape cart alone. They were very poor, but still it was rather a nuisance. The head of the column got into camp at 10.30, the last at four.

“We lost three mules and two black boys, who fell over a precipice. Next day I went and stole two large and fat spare mules, and have had no more difficulty with the cart. Next morning we moved off at eight and had not got far before we met Scobell's column, and all turned back and retraced our steps to a place called Siberia, which we had passed the night before, and camped at a place called Clifford. Here it rained like anything, and they held a court-martial on a rebel called Besters, whom they had caught a day or two before. He had been in the C.P. and was afterwards a subaltern in the M.M.R. He was shot the next morning by the 9th Lancers, and behaved very well.

“We received orders to go to Dordrecht for provisions with the convoy and got there in two days. Philip (Ruthven) was there and dined with me. He is on sick leave.

“The troops with Scobell were 9th Lancers, 17th
VOL. II.

Lancers, Lovat's Scouts, Tasmanians, Cape M. Rifles (very nice) and Connaught Rangers, G.F.C. and 7 guns, about 2,000 men. We marched to Jamestown next morning, two days' march, then on to the Nek, where we parted from the column and came into Aliwal North for a few days' rest. Then the rest went out again and we were left. I came here for a few days to give the man who was here leave and return in about three hours. I should like to see the cutting from the *Radleian* that Llewellyn wrote. We were great friends. It was me that brought in the prisoner you mention. I suppose you saw about the havoc that was wrought at Stormberg lately. I was so sorry poor Lyons was killed. He was at Harrow and only nineteen; and Blandy, a friend of mine, was killed at Molteno.

"Please tell Uncle C. *how* glad I am, but he is all wrong about concentration camps. Most of the people have the habits of hogs and the morals of mice, and refuse to be clean. In their own houses the whole family sleep in one bed, and the guest too if he likes, and in camp they refuse to do otherwise."

In August, 1901, we were at the hydropathic at Peebles, and there met Sir Robert Menzies; very lame but as cheery as ever. He was one of the best walkers in Scotland until quite lately, and when ordered to resign the command of his volunteers, being superannuated, he offered to race any man up Schiehallion, and was allowed to go on!

“THE MENZIES ESTATES OFFICE,
“ABERFELDY, N.B., 11th February, 1901.

“DEAR MR. ANSTRUTHER THOMSON,—

“I have not forgotten the photo you asked for to place among the fox-hunters of Scotland, which I was for a good many years and with considerable success; and one day, I think in the month of July, I got seven brace old ones and four well-grown cubs. On another occasion I found a fox early in the morning close to here and ran him on into the wood at Logierait, ten miles off. We got him out of it again and ran him back again, and killed him at 3 p.m., after hunting him good twenty miles from where he was found and back to the cairn where he was killed.

“Yours faithfully,

“R. MENZIES.”

He hunted foxes on foot.

In 1902 John Bell of Balbuthie revived the sport of coursing in Fife. In former days it was a common custom in this county, and there were many clubs. My father built the house at Kilmany originally as the club house of the Kilmany Coursing Meeting. As the country became more enclosed the practice was almost given up.

Andrew Aiken of Carnbee was a keen courser. His greyhounds unfortunately one day killed a fox. He took it home and weighed it. When he met his friend James Clarke of Wormiston he said, “Jeames, I’se warrant you’ll no’ ken the weight o’ a tod?”

He used to go out walking on Sunday afternoon

with some of his friends. He would say, "Laddie, let out the tykes; maybe they'll gang wi' us, maybe no". A hare jumped up, and away went the tykes. "Hie, cutty, hie, cutty—Lord forgie me for hunting on the Sabbath!"

On another occasion he killed a hare on his way to Colinsburgh market. He hung it up on a tree. Some of his friends having seen this happen took the hare away and hung up a dead cat. A short time after he invited some of his friends to dinner. The first dish was always "cutty kail" (hare soup). After it was duly discussed and approved of, he said, "Aye, aye, yon was just the hare I killed going to Colinsburgh market!"

CHAPTER XIX.

THE KING IN SCOTLAND.

May, 1903.—It was decided that the King should hold a *levée* at Holyrood on the 12th of May, and the Queen a drawing-room the same day.

We took rooms at the Bedford Hotel in Princes Street, and sent the carriage and horses over to Edinburgh.

A hundred men of the 2nd Life Guards arrived at Piershill Barracks on Thursday, 100 of the 17th Lancers having encamped at Dalkeith to make room for them. My son Charlie, in command of 2nd Life Guards, was the Silver Stick-in-waiting, and he arrived in Edinburgh on Saturday afternoon.

On Monday we went to the Archer's Hall; about 200 on parade; many of them men with grey hair, which contrasted well with dark green uniforms. Conspicuous for their height and size were Lord Kingsburgh, Sir Simon Lockhart, Basil Montgomery, and Professor Ramsay. Sir James Fergusson was in command. Lords Aberdeen and Haddington were standard bearers. We drove down to Holyrood, and I knocked at the garden gates, and we were admitted on my asking to see Lord Balfour. We

found him on the lawn close to Holyrood Palace administering the oath of fidelity to the archers.

The King and Queen arrived in the afternoon at Waverley Station. We were asked by the Montague Johnstones to see them pass from the North British Hotel. Charlie as Silver Stick was close to the King's carriage; Major Longfield was in command of the escort.

The *levée* took place at Holyrood on Tuesday at twelve o'clock. Only three officers were allowed to go from each regiment. Major Mitchell, John Haig and I represented the Fife Yeomanry. About 1,000 officers were present. The court was at four o'clock. Only 600 ladies were to be admitted, and only those who had not been or were not going to a drawing-room at Buckingham Palace this year. There was a tremendous competition for permission to attend, and as *toques* and high dresses were substituted for the regulation court dress, many and various were the results. Lord Balfour was besieged with letters. One lady appeared with ermine trimmings, which were removed in the ante-room. An ermine tippet lined with white rabbit fur was tactfully turned inside out by the attendants, and the wearer did not discover what had occurred till the ceremony was over! Archers with their bows crossed were placed at intervals to keep the ladies from advancing too rapidly into the Presence Chamber.

Many ladies had started soon after one o'clock to be in time. My wife and Miss Johnstone of Alva

went together, and found the small rooms and doorways blocked on the way to the Picture Gallery, where there was more room. When the curtseying was over, tea was provided in the Picture Gallery, where there was great competition to see the gold teapots. It was all very well done, and the bright sunshine which began with the arrival of the King cheered up all the proceedings.

On Wednesday the King inspected the archers in the garden at Holyrood. Lord Kingsburgh was good enough to get me a pass to go into the garden. I there met Mr. Seton, who was the right-hand man of the archers, but having been unwell was not allowed to be on parade. He is 6 ft. 4 in. in height and eighty-one years of age. There was a bitter cold wind, which blew off some of the archers' bonnets. We got round the corner to shelter from the wind and sat on a window-sill till the King arrived with his staff. The Queen was also present with her suite. Lord Denbigh came to me, and said, "Do you remember when you knocked me over with a dead fox?" Fifty years ago I had killed a fox in the garden at Newnham paddock, and swung it round to make the boys stand back, and unluckily hit him on the head. He was then a schoolboy. I had a chat with Sir Henry Ewart, and Lord Colville came and said, "How old are you?" "Eighty-four." "So am I," he said.

After the inspection the King called Charlie (Silver Stick-in-waiting) and said, "I see your father there," and walked towards me. Charlie ran up to

me, and said, "The King wants to speak to you". I advanced, and there was a stone gutter just in front of me. The King looked down at it and said, "Take care". He then shook hands, and said, "Do you still go out hunting?" "Yes, your Majesty." I then had a good look at him. I said, "I am so pleased to see your Majesty looking so well". He smiled, and said, "Thank you, thank you". He then talked about the parade, etc., and bowed. I saluted, and our interview ended.

GOD SAVE THE KING!

THE END.



J. ANSTRUTHER THOMSON.

1902.

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CONTENTS.

	PAGE		PAGE
<i>BADMINTON LIBRARY (THE)</i> - - - - -	12	MENTAL, MORAL, AND POLITICAL PHILOSOPHY - - - - -	17
BIOGRAPHY, PERSONAL MEMOIRS, &c. - - - - -	9	MISCELLANEOUS AND CRITICAL WORKS - - - - -	38
CHILDREN'S BOOKS - - - - -	32	POETRY AND THE DRAMA - - - - -	23
CLASSICAL LITERATURE, TRANSLATIONS, ETC. - - - - -	22	POLITICAL ECONOMY AND ECONOMICS - - - - -	20
COOKERY, DOMESTIC MANAGEMENT, &c. - - - - -	36	POPULAR SCIENCE - - - - -	30
EVOLUTION, ANTHROPOLOGY, &c. - - - - -	21	RELIGION, THE SCIENCE OF - - - - -	21
FICTION, HUMOUR, &c. - - - - -	25	<i>SILVER LIBRARY (THE)</i> - - - - -	33
FINE ARTS (THE) AND MUSIC - - - - -	36	SPORT AND PASTIME - - - - -	12
<i>FUR, FEATHER AND FIN SERIES</i> - - - - -	15	<i>STONYHURST PHILOSOPHICAL SERIES</i> - - - - -	19
HISTORY, POLITICS, POLITY, POLITICAL MEMOIRS, &c. - - - - -	3	TRAVEL AND ADVENTURE, THE COLONIES, &c. - - - - -	11
LANGUAGE, HISTORY AND SCIENCE OF - - - - -	20	WORKS OF REFERENCE - - - - -	31
LOGIC, RHETORIC, PSYCHOLOGY, &c. - - - - -	17		

INDEX OF AUTHORS AND EDITORS.

	Page		Page		Page
Abbott (Evelyn) - - - - -	3, 19, 22	Baldwin (C. S.) - - - - -	17	Buckle (H. T.) - - - - -	3
— (J. H. M.) - - - - -	3	Balfour (A. J.) - - - - -	13, 20, 21	Bull (T.) - - - - -	36
— (T. K.) - - - - -	17, 18	Ball (John) - - - - -	11	Burke (U. R.) - - - - -	3
— (E. A.) - - - - -	17	Banks (M. M.) - - - - -	24	Burne-Jones (Sir E.) - - - - -	36
Acland (A. H. D.) - - - - -	3	Baring-Gould (Rev. S.) - - - - -	21, 38	Burns (C. L.) - - - - -	36
Acton (Eliza) - - - - -	36	Barnett (S. A. and H.) - - - - -	20	Burrows (Montagu) - - - - -	5
Adelborg (O.) - - - - -	32	Baynes (T. S.) - - - - -	38	Campbell (Rev. Lewis) - - - - -	21
Æschylus - - - - -	22	Beaconsfield (Earl of) - - - - -	25	Casserly (G.) - - - - -	3
Agacy (H. A.) - - - - -	20	Beaufort (Duke of) - - - - -	12, 13, 14	Chesney (Sir G.) - - - - -	3
Airy (Osmund) - - - - -	3	Becker (W. A.) - - - - -	22	Childe-Pemberton (W. S.) - - - - -	9
Albemarle (Earl of) - - - - -	13	Beesly (A. H.) - - - - -	9	Chisholm (G. C.) - - - - -	31
Alcock (C. W.) - - - - -	15	Bell (Mrs. Hugh) - - - - -	23	Cholmondeley-Pennell (H.) - - - - -	13
Allen (Grant) - - - - -	30	Belmore (Earl of) - - - - -	3	Christie (R. C.) - - - - -	38
Allgood (G.) - - - - -	3	Bent (J. Theodore) - - - - -	11	Churchill (Winston S.) - - - - -	4, 25
Alverstone (Lord) - - - - -	15	Besant (Sir Walter) - - - - -	3	Cicero - - - - -	22
Angwin (M. C.) - - - - -	36	Bickerdyke (J.) - - - - -	14, 15	Clarke (Rev. R. F.) - - - - -	19
Annandale (N.) - - - - -	25	Blackburne (J. H.) - - - - -	15	Clodd (Edward) - - - - -	21, 30
Anstey (F.) - - - - -	21	Black (Mrs. Hubert) - - - - -	9	Clutterbuck (W. J.) - - - - -	12
Aristophanes - - - - -	22	Blount (Sir E.) - - - - -	24	Cochrane (A.) - - - - -	23
Aristotle - - - - -	17	Boase (Rev. C. W.) - - - - -	15	Cockerell (C. R.) - - - - -	11
Arnold (Sir Edwin) - - - - -	11, 23	Boedder (Rev. B.) - - - - -	9	Colenso (R. J.) - - - - -	36
— (Dr. T.) - - - - -	3	Bonnell (H. H.) - - - - -	38	Collie (J. N.) - - - - -	12
Ashby (H.) - - - - -	36	Bonith (A. J.) - - - - -	38	Colville (Mrs. A.) - - - - -	9
Ashley (W. J.) - - - - -	3, 20	Bottomo (P.) - - - - -	25	Conington (John) - - - - -	23
Atkinson (J. J.) - - - - -	21	Bowen (W. E.) - - - - -	9	Converse (F.) - - - - -	25
Avebury (Lord) - - - - -	21	Brassey (Lady) - - - - -	11	Conybeare (Rev. W. J.) - - - - -	3
Ayre (Rev. J.) - - - - -	31	Bright (Rev. J. F.) - - - - -	3	— & Howson (Dean) - - - - -	33
Bacon - - - - -	9, 17	Broadfoot (Major W.) - - - - -	13	Coolidge (W. A. B.) - - - - -	11
Bagehot (W.) - - - - -	9, 20, 38	Brooks (H. J.) - - - - -	17	Corbett (Julian S.) - - - - -	4
Bagwell (R.) - - - - -	3	Brough (J.) - - - - -	17	Coutts (W.) - - - - -	22
Bailey (H. C.) - - - - -	25	Brown (A. F.) - - - - -	32	Cox (Harding) - - - - -	13
Baillie (A. F.) - - - - -	3	Bruce (R. I.) - - - - -	3	Crake (Rev. A. D.) - - - - -	32
Bain (Alexander) - - - - -	9, 17				
Baker (Sir S. W.) - - - - -	11, 12				
				Creighton (Bishop) - - - - -	4, 5, 9
				Cross (A. L.) - - - - -	5
				Crozier (J. B.) - - - - -	9, 17
				Cutts (Rev. E. L.) - - - - -	5
				Dabney (J. P.) - - - - -	23
				Dale (L.) - - - - -	4
				Dallinger (F. W.) - - - - -	5
				Daughlish (M. G.) - - - - -	9
				Davenport (A.) - - - - -	25
				Davidson (A. M. C.) - - - - -	22
				— (W. L.) - - - - -	20
				Davies (J. F.) - - - - -	22
				Dent (C. T.) - - - - -	14
				De Salis (Mrs.) - - - - -	36
				De Tocqueville (A.) - - - - -	4
				Dent (P. O.) - - - - -	32
				Devas (C. S.) - - - - -	19, 20
				Dewey (D. R.) - - - - -	20
				Dickinson (W. H.) - - - - -	38
				Dougall (L.) - - - - -	25
				Dowden (E.) - - - - -	40
				Doyle (Sir A. Conan) - - - - -	25
				Du Bois (W. E. B.) - - - - -	5
				Dunbar (Aldis) - - - - -	25
				— (Mary F.) - - - - -	25
				Elkind (Louis) - - - - -	5
				Ellis (J. H.) - - - - -	15
				— (R. L.) - - - - -	17
				Erasmus - - - - -	9
				Evens (Sir John) - - - - -	38
				Falkiner (C. L.) - - - - -	4
				Farrar (F. W.) - - - - -	26
				Fite (W.) - - - - -	17
				Fitzwygram (Sir F.) - - - - -	38

INDEX OF AUTHORS AND EDITORS—continued.

	<i>Page</i>		<i>Page</i>		<i>Page</i>
Ford (H.)	15	Jameson (Mrs. Anna)	37	Nesbit (E.)	24
Fountain (P.)	11	Jefferies (Richard)	38	Nettleship (R. L.)	17
Fowler (Edith H.)	26	Jekyll (Gertrude)	27	Newman (Cardinal)	28
Francis (Francis)	15	Jerome (Jerome K.)	38	Nichols (F. M.)	9
Francis (M. E.)	26	Johnson (J. & J. H.)	39	Oakesmith (J.)	22
Freeman (Edward A.)	4, 5	Jones (H. Bence)	31	Ogilvie (R.)	22
Fre mantle (T. F.)	15	Joyce (P. W.)	6, 27, 39	Osbourne (L.)	28
Frost (G.)	38	Justinian	18	Packard (A. S.)	21
Froude (James A.)	4, 9, 11, 26	Kant (I.)	18	— (W.)	33
Furneaux (W.)	30	Kaye (Sir J. W.)	6	Paget (Sir J.)	10
Gardiner (Samuel R.)	4	Keller (A. G.)	21	Park (W.)	16
Gathorne-Hardy (Hon. A. E.)	15, 16	Kelly (E.)	18	Parker (B.)	40
Geikie (Rev. Cunningham)	37	Kendall (H. C.)	24	Payne-Galloway (Sir R.)	14, 16
Gibson (C. H.)	17	Kielmansegge (F.)	9	Pears (E.)	10
Gilkes (A. H.)	38	Killick (Rev. A. H.)	18	Pearse (H. H. S.)	6
Gleig (Rev. G. R.)	10	Kitchin (Dr. G. W.)	5	Peck (Hedley)	14
Graham (A.)	5	Knight (E. F.)	11, 12	Pemberton (W. S. Childen)	9
— (P. A.)	15, 16	Köstlin (J.)	9	Penrose (H. H.)	33
— (G. F.)	20	Kristeller (P.)	37	Phillipps-Wolley (C.)	12, 28
Granby (Marquess of)	15	Ladd (G. T.)	18	Pierce (A. H.)	19
Grant (Sir A.)	17	Lang (Andrew)	6, 13, 14, 16, 21, 22, 24, 27, 32, 39	Pole (W.)	16
Graves (R. P.)	23	Lapsley (G. T.)	5	Pollock (W. H.)	13, 40
— (A. F.)	9	Laurie (S. S.)	6	Poole (W. H. and Mrs.)	36
Green (T. Hill)	17, 18	Lear (H. L. Sidney)	36	Poore (G. V.)	28
Greene (E. B.)	5	Lecky (W. E. H.)	6, 18, 24	Portman (L.)	40
Greville (C. C. F.)	5	Lees (J. A.)	12	Powell (E.)	8
Grose (T. H.)	18	Leslie (T. E. Cliffe)	20	Praeger (S. Rosamond)	33
Gross (C.)	11	Lieven (Princess)	6	Pritchett (R. T.)	14
Grove (Lady)	11	Lillie (A.)	16	Procter (R. A.)	16, 30, 35
— (Mrs. Lilly)	13	Lindley (J.)	31	Raine (Rev. James)	5
Gurnhill (J.)	17	Lodge (H. C.)	5	Randolph (C. F.)	8
Gwilt (J.)	31	Loftie (Rev. W. J.)	5	Rankin (R.)	8, 25
Haggard (H. Rider)	11, 26, 27, 38	Longman (C. J.)	12, 16	Ransome (Cyril)	3, 8
Halliwell-Phillipps (J.)	10	— (F. W.)	16	Reid (S. J.)	9
Hamilton (Col. H. B.)	5	— (G. H.)	13, 15	Rhoades (J.)	23
Hamlin (A. D. F.)	36	— (Mrs. C. J.)	37	Rice (S. P.)	12
Harding (S. B.)	5	Lowell (A. L.)	6	Rich (A.)	23, 31
Hardwick (A. A.)	11	Lucian	22	Richmond (Ennis)	19
Harmsworth (A. C.)	13, 14	Lutoslawski (W.)	18	Rickaby (Rev. John)	19
Hart (A. B.)	5	Lyall (Edna)	27, 32	— (Rev. Joseph)	19
Harte (Bret)	12	Lynch (G.)	6	Riley (J. W.)	24
Harting (J. E.)	15	— (H. F. B.)	12	Roberts (E. P.)	33
Hartwig (G.)	30	Lytton (Earl of)	24	Robertson (W. G.)	37
Harvey-Brooks (E. C.)	38	Maacaulay (Lord)	7, 10, 24	Robinson (H. C.)	21
Hassall (A.)	8	Macdonald (Dr. G.)	24	Roget (Peter M.)	20, 31
Hawes (H. R.)	9, 36	Macfarren (Sir G. A.)	37	Romanes (G. J.)	10, 19, 21, 24
Head (Mrs.)	37	Mackail (J. W.)	10, 23	— (Mrs. G. J.)	10
Heathcote (J. M.)	14	Mackenzie (C. G.)	16	Ronalds (A.)	16
— (C. G.)	14	Mackinnon (J.)	7	Roosevelt (T.)	5
Helmholtz (Hermann von)	30	Macleod (H. D.)	20	Ross (Martin)	28
Henderson (Lieut. Col. G. F. R.)	9	Macpherson (Rev. H. A.)	15	Rossetti (Maria Francesca)	40
Henry (W.)	14	Madden (D. H.)	16	Rotheram (M. A.)	36
Henty (G. A.)	32	Magnusson (E.)	28	Rowe (R. P. P.)	14
Higgins (Mrs. N.)	9	Maber (Rev. M.)	19	Russell (Lady)	10
Hiley (R. W.)	9	Mallet (B.)	7	Sanders (T. C.)	18
Hill (S. C.)	5	Malleson (Col. G. B.)	6	Sanders (E. C.)	9
Hillier (G. Lucy)	13	Marbot (Baron de)	10	Savage-Armstrong (G. F.)	25
Hime (H. W. L.)	22	Marchmont (A. W.)	27	Scott (F. J.)	8, 37
Hodgson (Shadworth)	18, 38	Marshman (J. C.)	9	Seeborn (F.)	8, 10
Hoening (F.)	38	Mason (A. E. W.)	27	Selous (F. C.)	12
Hoffmann (J.)	30	Maskelyne (J. N.)	16	Senior (W.)	13, 15
Hogan (J. F.)	9	Matthay (Tobias)	39	Seton-Karr (Sir H.)	8
Holmes (R. R.)	10	Matthews (B.)	39	Sewell (Elizabeth M.)	28
Homer	27	Mauder (S.)	31	Shadwell (A.)	40
Hope (Anthony)	27	Max Müller (F.)	10, 18, 20, 21, 22, 27, 39	Shakespeare	25
Horace	27	May (Sir T. Erskine)	7	Shaw (L. H. de V.)	15
Houston (D. F.)	5	Meade (L. T.)	32	Shearman (M.)	12, 13
Howard (Lady Mabel)	27	Melville (G. J. Whyte)	27	Sheehan (P. A.)	28
Howitt (W.)	11	Mervale (Dean)	7	Sheppard (E.)	8
Hudson (W. H.)	30	Merriman (H. S.)	27	Sinclair (A.)	14
Huish (M. B.)	37	Mil (John Stuart)	18, 20	Smith (F. H.)	10
Hullah (J.)	37	Millais (J. G.)	16, 30	Skirne (C. Fell)	9
Hume (David)	18	Milner (G.)	40	— (R. Bosworth)	8
— (M. A. S.)	3	Monck (W. H. S.)	19	— (T. C.)	5
Hunt (Rev. W.)	5	Montague (F. C.)	7	— (W. P. Haskett)	12
Hunter (Sir W.)	6	Moore (T.)	31	Somerville (E.)	16, 28
Hutchinson (Horace G.)	13, 16, 27, 38	— (Rev. Edward)	17	Sophocles	23
Inglow (Jean)	23	Moran (T. F.)	7	Soulsby (Lucy H.)	40
Ingram (T. D.)	6	Morgan (C. Lloyd)	7	Southey (R.)	40
James (W.)	18, 21	Morris (W.)	22, 23, 24, 27, 28, 37, 40	Spedding (J.)	9, 17
		Mulhall (M. G.)	20	Spender (A. E.)	12
		Myers (F. W. H.)	19	Stanley (Bishop)	31
		Nansen (F.)	12	Steel (A. G.)	13
				Stephen (Leslie)	12
				Stephens (H. Morse)	8
				Sternberg (Count Adalbert)	8
				Stevens (R. W.)	40
				Stevenson (R. L.)	25, 28, 33
				Storr (F.)	17
				Stuart-Wortley (A. J.)	14, 15
				Stubbs (J. W.)	8
				— (W.)	8
				Sturgis (Julian)	20
				Stutfield (H. E. M.)	12
				Suffolk & Berkshire (Earl of)	14
				Sullivan (Sir E.)	14
				Sully (James)	19
				Sutherland (A. and G.)	8
				— (Alex.)	19, 40
				Suttner (B. von)	29
				Sverdrup (Otto)	12
				Swinburne (A. J.)	19
				Symes (J. E.)	10
				Tallentyre (S. G.)	10
				Taylor (Col. Meadows)	8
				Theophrastus	23
				Thomas (J. W.)	19
				Thomas-Stanford (C.)	16
				Thompson (N. G.)	16
				Thomson (J. A.)	10
				Thomson (H. C.)	8
				Thornhill (W. J.)	23
				Thuillier (H. F.)	40
				Todd (A.)	8
				Tonynbee (A.)	20
				Trevelyan (Sir G. O.)	7, 8, 9, 10
				— (G. M.)	8
				— (R. C.)	25
				Trollope (Anthony)	29
				Turner (H. G.)	40
				Tyndall (J.)	9, 12
				Tyrell (R. Y.)	22, 23
				Unwin (R.)	40
				Upton (F. K. and Bertha)	33
				Van Dyke (J. C.)	37
				Van der Poel (E. N.)	37
				Vaughan (Capt. A. O.)	29
				Verney (F. P. & M. M.)	10
				Virgil	23
				Wagner (R.)	25
				Wakeman (H. O.)	8
				Walford (L. B.)	29
				Wallas (Mrs. Graham)	32
				Walpole (Sir Spencer)	8, 10
				— (Horace)	10
				Walrod (Col. H.)	12
				Walsingham (Lord)	14
				Ward (W.)	40
				— (Mrs. W.)	29
				Warner (P. F.)	16
				Watson (A. E. T.)	13, 14
				Weathers (J.)	40
				Webb (Mr. and Mrs. Sidney)	8, 20
				— (T. E.)	19
				Weber (A.)	19
				Weir (Capt. R.)	14
				Wellington (Duchess of)	37
				Weyman (Stanley)	29
				Whately (Archbishop)	17, 19
				Whitelaw (R.)	23
				Wilkins (G.)	23
				— (W. H.)	10
				Willard (A. R.)	37
				Willich (C. M.)	31
				Willoughby (W.)	8
				Wilson (B.)	8
				Winston (A. S.)	40
				Wood (Rev. J. G.)	31
				Wood-Martin (W. G.)	22
				Wotton (H.)	37
				Wyatt (A. J.)	24
				Wyllie (J. H.)	8
				Yeats (S. Levett)	29
				Yoxall (J. H.)	19
				Zeller (E.)	19

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