

RIDING TO HOUNDS.

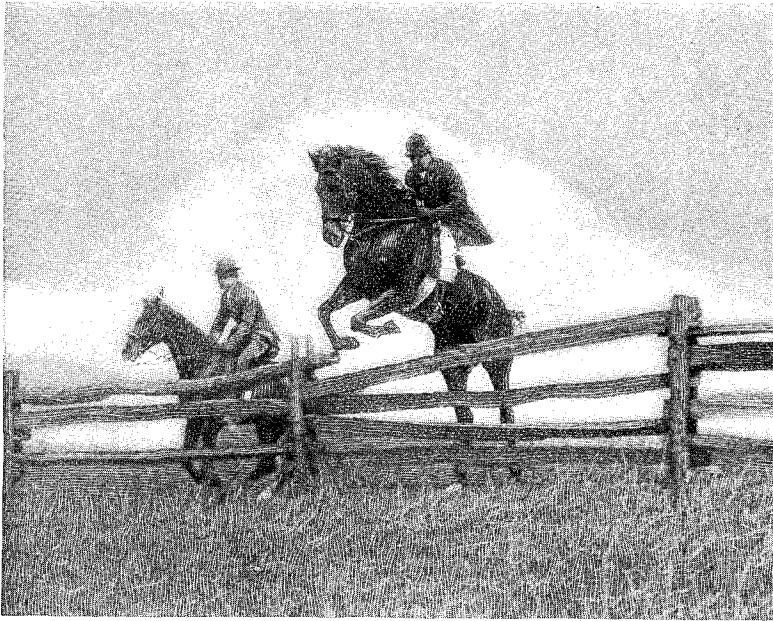
BY RICHARD NEWTON, JR.

WHY MEN WHO "RIDE STRAIGHT" TO HOUNDS THINK THAT THEIRS IS THE KING OF OUTDOOR SPORTS—THE STORY OF A TYPICAL DAY'S RUN ON LONG ISLAND, TOLD WITH PEN AND CAMERA.

DURING the last twenty years or so, the sport of hunting—using the word in the only sense in which people who ride to hounds understand it—has grown, in the United States, from very modest beginnings among a few enthusiasts in New Jersey until today we have a long list of first rate packs of fox-hounds, with well appointed clubhouses,

and the Elkridge and Deep Spring Valley Hunts in the South, are perhaps the best known.

Although those who ride to hounds are enthusiastic followers of the sport, it can never become a really popular one, as is golf or baseball. Besides its heavy demands upon the leisure of its devotees, if a man wants to ride twice or three times



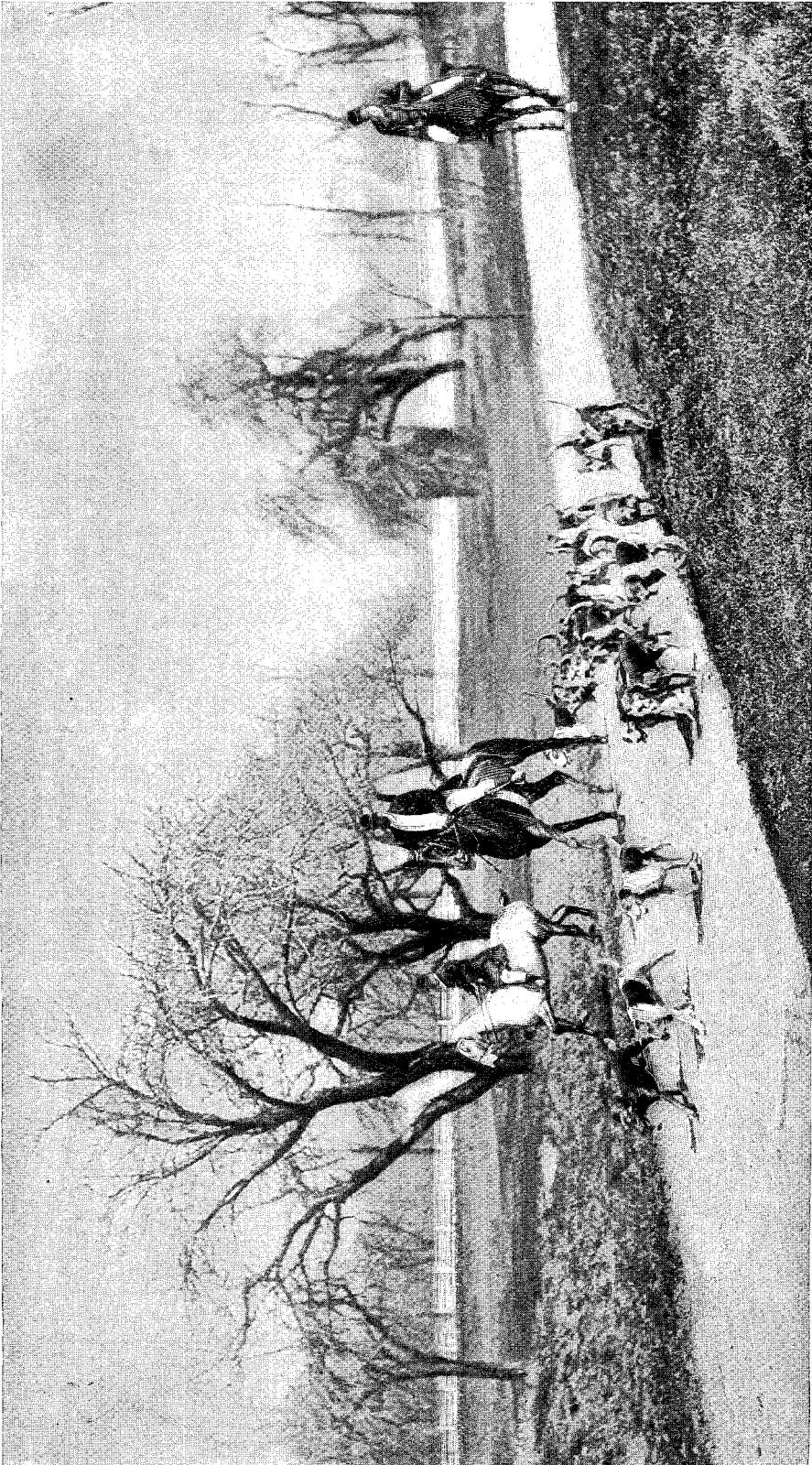
WITH THE MEADOW BROOK HOUNDS—JUMPING ONE OF THE STIFF LONG ISLAND FENCES.

From a photograph by John C. Hemment.

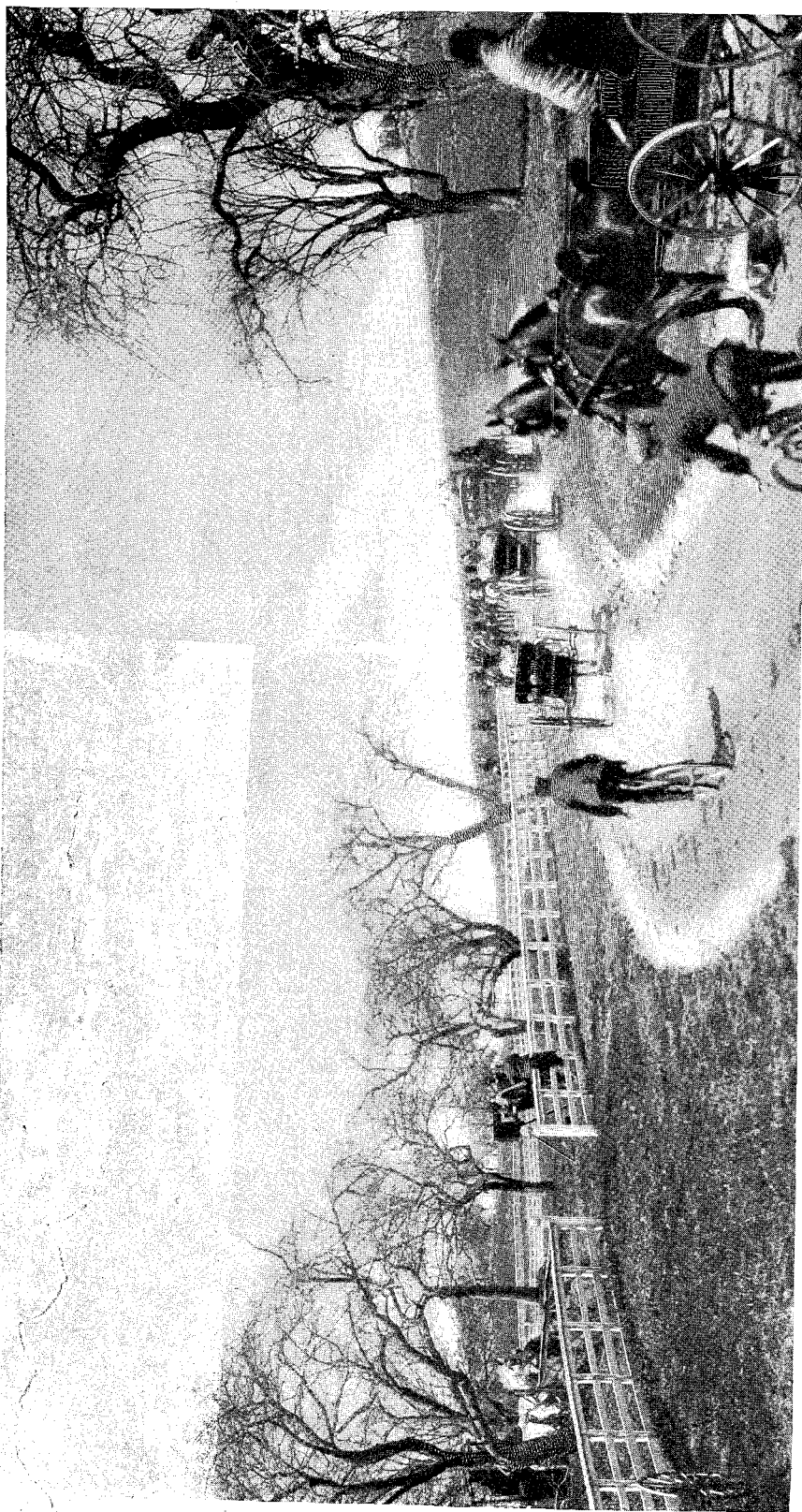
kennels, and stables scattered all the way from Massachusetts to North Carolina. Besides many others that might be mentioned, the Myopia and Agawam near Boston, the Essex, Monmouth, and Ocean County Hounds in New Jersey, the Meadow Brook on Long Island, the Genesee Valley Hunt in New York, the Radnor and Rose Tree Hunt in Pennsylvania, the Richmond of Virginia, and

a week during the hunting season, he must keep several hunters, and the expense is a severe tax upon any but a tolerably well filled purse.

In this country the majority of the runs are "drag hunts," on a scent laid by the "drag man" several hours before the hunt begins. This form of hunting is in vogue because it does not require a large source and it allows the hunters to follow the hounds, and



WITH THE MEADOW BROOK HOUNDS—MR. ELLIS, MASTER OF THE HOUNDS, AND WHIP MURPHY GOING TO THE MEET.
From a photograph by John C. Hemment.



ADOW BROOK HOUNDS—SPECTATORS FOLLOWING THE HUNTSMEN TO THE BEGINNING OF THE RUN.

From a photograph by John C. Hemment.

partly because most men want a good gallop with plenty of fencing to make it exciting, and also to know that they will not spend perhaps a whole day in the saddle, only to have the fox escape them by taking to earth. At one of the best known clubs, however, two distinct packs are kept, one of imported English foxhounds, exclusively for drag hunting, the other, native bred Virginia dogs, used for real foxes.

It was not so long ago when to make fun of drag hunting, and to deride people who followed a pack of dogs on the trail of an aniseed bag, was a favorite diversion of the newspaper humorist. Not a dozen years ago, the announcement of a meet was hailed with mockery and a pink coat held in wondering scorn, with the added sting of being called an "English fad." Now a fad is the transient amusement of the ennuyé individual who wants to do the "latest thing" correctly. It is true that the sport came to us from England, but what game save our own baseball have we not borrowed? The development of hunting, and the persistence with which its devotees follow it through all weathers, prove the genuineness of their devotion and its merit as a sport. Not a few of our boldest and cleverest riders find in it a salutary change from active and arduous business life.

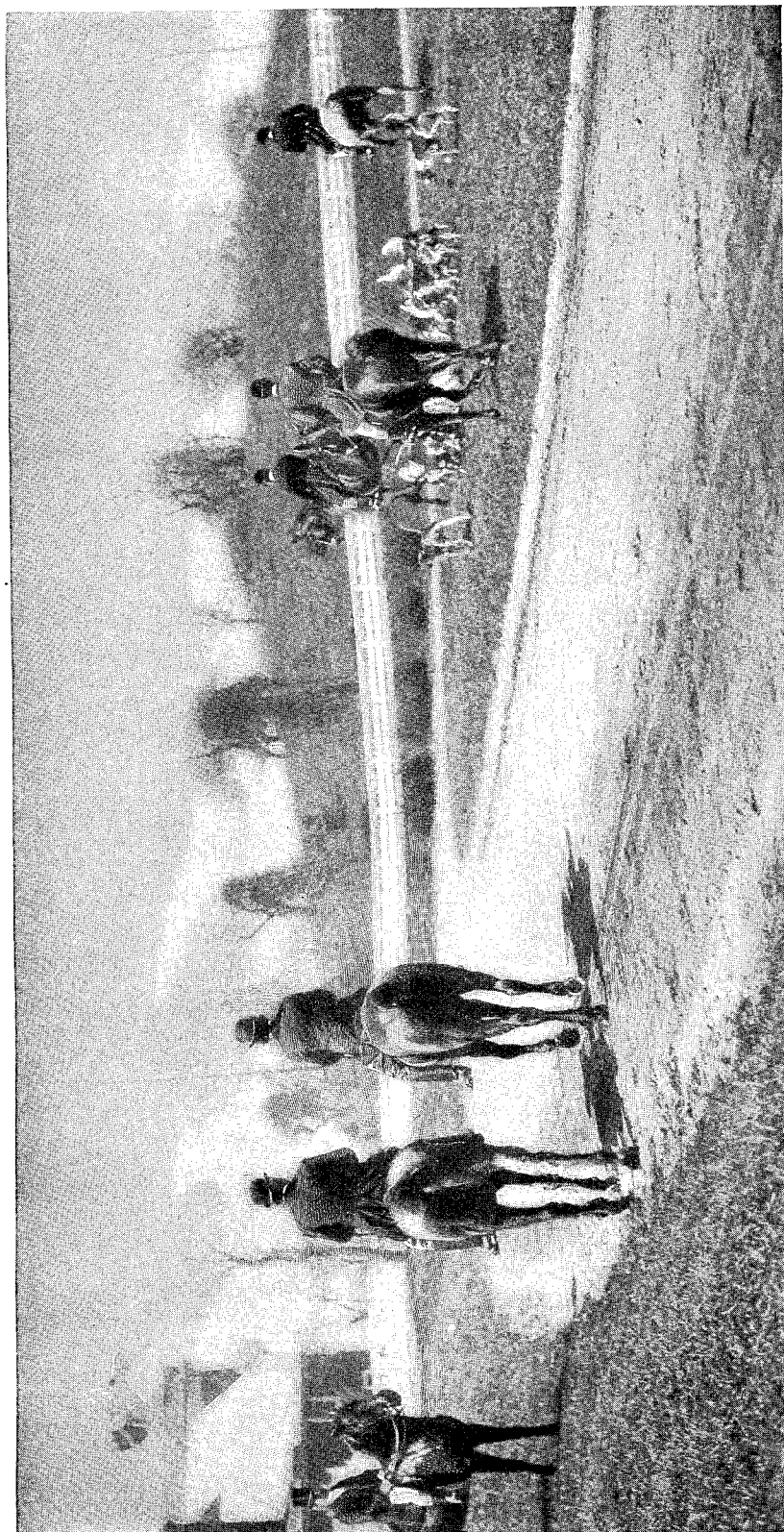
Drag hunting may require less skill on the part of the hounds, as the scent is laid through open country to get fast galloping, and the fencing hardly checks hounds at all; while a cunning fox will double and turn on his track, using every faculty with which his shrewd nature is endowed to elude his pursuers. But in no way does it lessen the test of nerve and skill on the part of the rider who follows "straight."

Hunting begins generally with the coming of October (when the crops have been harvested) and ends only when frost ruins the going—usually about the time of the Christmas holidays. Many of the clubs have a spring season of a month or six weeks, beginning in March, but this is more uncertain. Cards are issued in the autumn, announcing the time and place of meets for the month; but the schedule for the spring season often reads: "Weather permitting, hounds will meet at such and such a place."

In the beginning, a good many years

ago, the farmers looked askance at the "dudes from town" who came out by train or drove from their country places to the meet, and who often rode ruthlessly over the fields, frightening the cattle and perhaps breaking through some timber fence, instead of clearing it. Worse than any actual damage done to property, however, was the owner's wounded pride at the invaders' neglect to ask permission for their uninvited intrusion. Riders have been literally held up at fences by irate farmers, armed with pitchforks, and in righteous wrath bidding the hunters to "come on if they dared and get what they deserved," perhaps suggesting the days of '76, when the sturdy New England yeoman held at bay, with whatever weapon came first to hand, the redcoats who profaned his native soil. Others, less violent, might be heard threatening dire vengeance in the local courts upon the trespassers, with the wish expressed very audibly that "every ninny would break his blamed neck over the fences"; while panic stricken towheads would cling frantically to their mothers' skirts in kitchen door-yards, watching the hunt with as much awe as a stampede of real centaurs would cause.

But happily, through experience and wise judgment on the part of the "masters," right of way is now asked, and where not obtained farms are carefully avoided; broken rails are replaced the next day, and a "damage fund" is kept to repay owners for careless or unintentional riding over spring wheat, or the crushing of a row of cabbages. Moreover, the hunting set in any district brings a great deal of ready money to the natives by the purchase of their produce, to say nothing of the added value of real estate, which has often fairly jumped with the building of handsome homes, and spacious stables near the different hunting centers. Nowadays, the small rustics wait to try to catch a glimpse of the drag man going by, just as eagerly as the city bred urchin follows a hand organ and monkey; while farmers and their farm hands, perched on haystacks, sheds, or any good points of vantage, watch the hunt as it dashes by, and cheer a particularly clever or showy jump made by a horse near them. The women, too, stop in their laborious duties and wave a sunbonnet, or call to the children to hurry and see.



Mr. Roby

Mr. H. L. Herbert

Mr. Raymond Herbert

Mr. R. F. Ellis

WITH THE MEADOW BROOK HOUNDS—

From a photograph

And after the run is over, and steeds and riders are "hacking home," teamsters will often draw up their horses, and, dropping their usual reserve of manner toward all city bred people, will ask with real interest if the fox was caught. For although, as has been said, most of the runs are drags, very often a live fox is liberated at the end, or with the last "check," and hounds will readily change

to climb the first tree, but the nearest being a large one, and his legs and arms extremely short, he only succeeded in partially claspings the trunk; and there he hung, his little fat legs tucked up under him, hardly a foot from the ground, and his little fingers holding on by clawing the bark. With such frantic shrieks did he rend the air that some riders on a near by road, concluding that a murder



WITH THE MEADOW BROOK HOUNDS—WHIP MURPHY AT THE KILL.

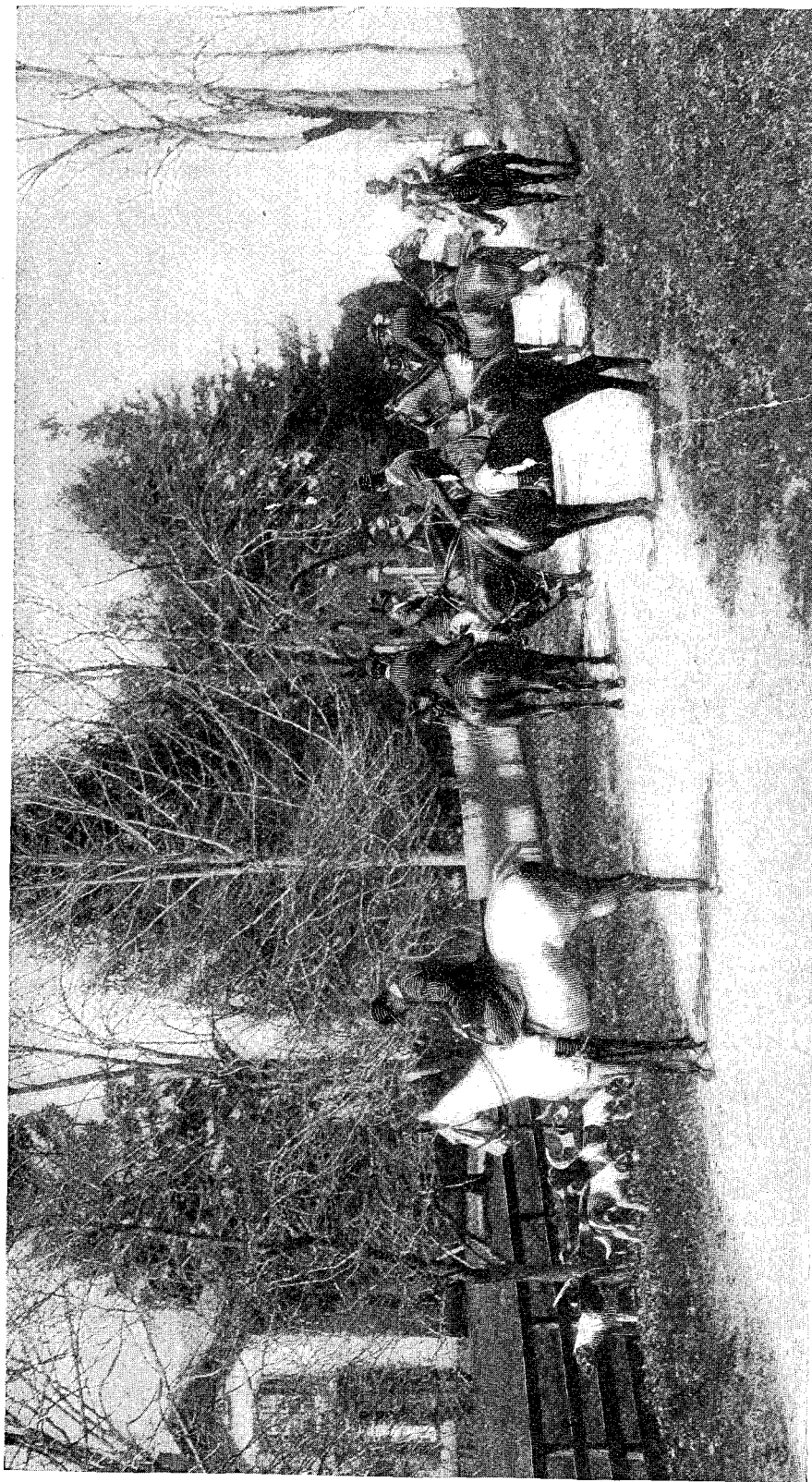
From a photograph by John C. Hemment.

from the artificial to the real scent. The dogs give tongue gaily as the scent becomes stronger, and the fox often breaks cover and runs in the open until he is caught—or perhaps till he takes to earth, if he knows the country, or eludes his pursuers by crossing water.

In a day's sport there often occur funny and amusing incidents that can be laughed over afterwards at the dinner table. One day, out with the Essex, hounds were running very fast and giving tongue freely through a beautiful open field, towards the edge of a wood, where a very small and very fat young Jerseyman, having strayed out to gather acorns, was suddenly nearly scared out of his diminutive wits by a large pack in full cry passing directly in his path, followed by horses and strangely dressed men, who came thundering along and almost rode him down before he was seen. In sheer desperation he frantically tried

was taking place, gave up the chase, and scrambling over to the woods, hastened to aid the luckless urchin. But at each word of comfort and kindly assurance he would only yell the louder, as if to show his utter distrust of all mankind. A farmer, being also attracted by the disturbance, came up and told the would be rescuers to go along and never mind, as the small boy "would come down when he was ready." As this seemed to be the only solution of the problem, the riders started off to make up for lost time, perhaps luckily to meet the hounds crossing the road somewhere ahead, or to find them at the next "check." A little further down the road, some country women, who were asked if they had seen anything of the pack going by, drawled out that "they didn't know anything about any hounds, but a circus had gone by through the fields about fifteen minutes before."

Another time, near the same locality,



WITH THE MEADOW BROOK HOUNDS—A GROUP OF HUNTSMEN AND WHIPS WAITING FOR THE START OF THE RUN.

From a photograph by John C. Henning.

hounds had faltered and gone astray in the scent and were very carefully but fruitlessly working a small swamp, closely adjoining a farm house, while the master, whips, and riders were slopping around in the thick, black New Jersey mud, doing their best to cheer and encourage the dogs. An old woman leaning in the doorway close by soliloquized very audibly for the benefit of all concerned that in her sixty years of life there she had seen most every kind of "critter" in that swamp, "but it did beat all to see a lot of fellers in red coats, white pants, and silk hats slopping around in that bog in the steady rain, looking for pollywogs, for all she knew."

With the Essex hounds in New Jersey there is to be found a beautiful stretch of country, with limitless possibilities for new runs over the rolling hills covered with peach and apple orchards, up hill and down dale, through wide meadows, over clean fencing and flying small brooks, with many a big drop over a high fence into a country lane below, which tries the nerve and skill of both horse and rider.

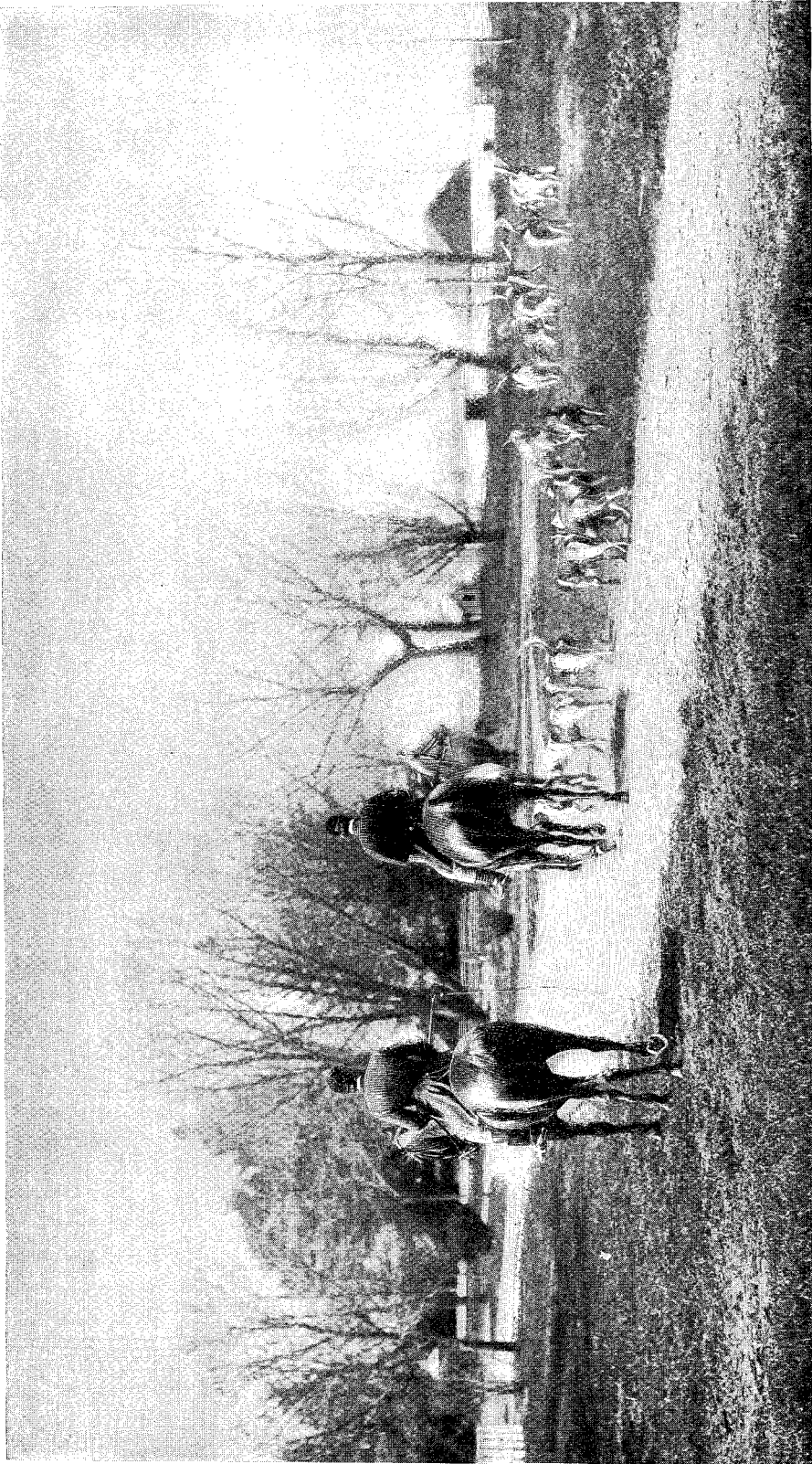
With the Monmouth hounds clean going, with big fencing and ditches, is encountered, but all the country being flat a fast pace is comparatively easy. The Richmond has furnished excellent sport on Staten Island, but has been very much interfered with by the rapidly growing suburban towns on the island—now a part of New York City—and the too liberal use of wire for fencing. This last is the greatest bane to the sport, as when it is rusted it is scarcely visible at a little distance. In places where it is used to strengthen weak fences by running a line along the top of the posts, it will turn a horse over in the nastiest of falls unless discovered in time to choose another place to jump.

The Meadow Brook country, on Long Island, made famous by its big fencing, hard riders, and very fast pace, suggesting steeplechasing to the visiting Englishman, is bounded on the north by the gently rolling and beautifully wooded Wheatley hills, which make an ideal hunting ground. Unless you are mounted on a first class horse and are prepared to jump five feet, at times, of cold, hard, unyielding timber, and to jump from the time hounds cast off and all through the

run, you need not start. As much of the land is fenced to keep stock in, it takes a deal of jumping, both clever and bold, to "go" the country. Many a visiting sportsman from abroad who thought he knew it all has acknowledged having his breath taken away by the line of big fencing that always loomed up in front after he had just safely negotiated the latest.

When the sport was in its infancy here, years ago, its followers pressed in to service anything in the way of horseflesh that could jump a bit with a little schooling; but now the very finest hunters are bred with the greatest care from imported Irish and English stock. Native bred horses, too, often with good strains of trotting blood in their veins, are making excellent hunters; while numbers of Canadian animals are brought yearly to New York, selling at high prices at auction, according to their reputations. The ever increasing number of horse shows that are springing up all over the country fully recognize that the jumping and hunter classes are their chief attraction, and cause the greatest amount of enthusiasm, alike among those who never saw a horse jump before, as well as with the veterans who know almost every horse by name, remember his performances, and eagerly watch the work of newcomers in the ring.

If any one doubts the enthusiasm of the hunting man or woman for the sport, the excitement and exhilaration of the run, intensified by the spice of risk that you may break your neck at the first fence, and the sheer delight in afterwards talking it all over, let him tear himself away from business and the noisy turmoil of city life, and on the morning of some beautiful October day take a Long Island train to the village where the meet is scheduled for that day. On the ferryboat, generally up forward in the open air, he will find several men in long covert coats, with perhaps a suggestion of a pink collar disclosed, carrying big English bags, and with a pair of spurs sticking out of some pocket. They are chatting gaily with a party of well groomed women, who all seem to know one another very well. In the cars they are joined by others of their kind, and horse talk reigns supreme—the prospect of a big run; debates upon the question whether the



WITH THE MEADOW BROOK HOUNDS—MR. R. F. ELLIS, MASTER OF THE HOUNDS, AND ONE OF THE WHIPS, JUST BEFORE REACHING THE SCRUB.

From a photograph by John C. Hemment.

going will be heavy or not; whether the country will be as "blind" as last week, owing to the leaves still remaining on trees and hedges; whether the "kill," or finish, will be in time for the late afternoon train back to dinner in the city; and all the delightful speculations that the possibilities of hunting can call forth.

At the little railroad station, at some crossroads, usually so quiet and sleepy, with the proverbial country store and its loungers hanging around, now even the ticket agent, with all the rest, has assumed an unwonted air of interest and curiosity. Handsomely appointed traps are picking up their friends; a superbly horsed break appears, carrying a gay crowd, while little road carts with sporty looking polo ponies are flying hither and yon. Over against that long row of sheds a dozen or more hunters are being held; girths are tightened, and owners mount, while up the road, coming in twos, are other hunters being led to the meet, hooded and blanketed. Greetings are being exchanged, and one constantly hears the inquiry, "What are you riding today, old chap?" Little bandy legged grooms are scurrying around, ducking under horses' heads, and touching their caps at every order. A little way up the road can be seen the hounds, and the pink coats of the huntsmen and whips, who are all keeping strict watch, lest any particular dog should break away and the whole pack be off.

And now the master, riding up magnificently mounted on a big, slashing bay, seeing every one ready, starts up the road. The horsemen closely follow—perhaps twenty or more of them—with a few grooms riding "green ones," horses that are to have their first experience in the hunting field after careful training over hurdles. Traps of all description fall in closely behind, mingling with a few young farmers in buggies, driving trotters. Up the road they all go for a mile at a slow trot, until, at a pair of bars by an old orchard, where the master has turned and raised his hand, every one pulls up. Many take advantage of the pause to tighten their hats on and to settle themselves more firmly in their saddles. The horses are restless at the restraint, until the huntsman, with a cry, deftly turns the hounds, and in an instant they are off through the orchard, while the riders

take their turn over the bars after the whips and the master. Through the orchard they scatter, the riders ducking and bobbing their heads to avoid the low branches.

The carriages, meanwhile, are tearing along the road, with their occupants eagerly watching for their first glimpse of the run. And now suddenly, parallel with the road, and two fields back, are seen the hounds streaming away in full cry, running so true together that daylight hardly shows between any of them. Over the post and rail fence the horses fly, to scatter somewhat over the field as a big four railer looms up ahead of them. Each man is mentally trying to pick out his particular panel, where he can jump at a safe distance behind others in front of him. Over they all are, although one big horse was heard to rap rather too hard for safety, and now they are all sailing away over a snake fence and up a hill.

"He's down!" was heard, as a thoroughbred was seen to turn a complete somersault and send his rider plowing into the soft earth. But the horse is up and off with his reins dangling.

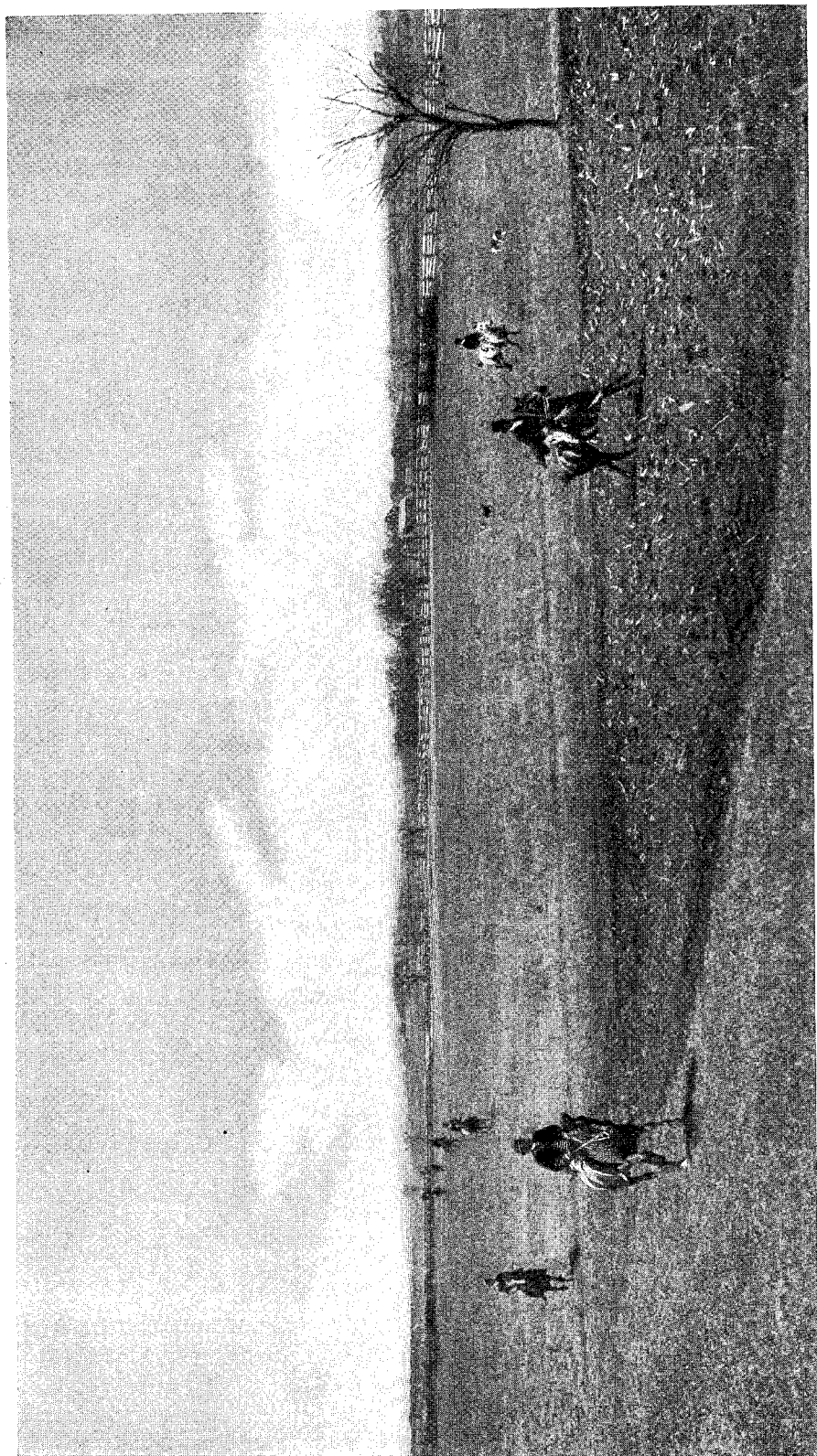
"Is he hurt? Who is it?" is called from the traps.

"Yes, he's all right"—as the rider, hatless, is seen running across the field after his mount; but unless some man ahead can catch and hold the horse, the dismounted sportsman will be hopelessly left behind, so fast has the pace become.

The field is beginning to scatter, and those few men who always ride in the first flight are looking around to see how close behind their friendly rivals are, or to note the face of a newcomer with mingled curiosity and interest to see how he "goes."

Now they are lost to view, and after a mile or more along the road the carriages come to the first "check," the drag man having lifted the scent. The hounds are bunched around the huntsman and master, panting and lolling their tongues, while many of the riders have dismounted to ease their horses, which are covered with foam.

After a few moments' rest, up the road they start again, where the hounds are once more thrown off, the men following. Over hill and dale they go, sometimes appearing to the road riders as tiny specks in the distance, the touch of pink visible afar. Only a few of the carriages



WITH THE MEADOW BROOK HOUNDS—THE "RUN IN" AT THE FINISH OF THE HUNT. THE TWO LEADING HORSEMEN ARE MR. H. L. HERBERT AND MR. ROBY.
From a photograph by John C. Hemment.



WITH THE MEADOW BROOK HOUNDS—THE MASTER AND A WHIP LEAVING THE FIELD AFTER THE KILL.

From a photograph by John C. Hemment.

and the followers on horseback are to be seen, many of them having taken cross-roads that led them astray, and the pace having told on others. A few of the greatest enthusiasts, who follow every hunt, are waiting on the top of a commanding hill, where they know the drag man will finish the run.

There he is, in the middle of the field, with the "worry meat" in a bag, and the hound wagon is waiting in the road to drive the tired dogs back to the kennels. After a few moments the cry of the huntsman is heard away down in the woods, and soon the hounds emerge in a long line and surround the drag man, jumping and leaping for the morsels of meat held high in the air. And now a few of the best mounted and cleverest riders come in sight, and challenge the master for a final spurt to be the first in. The pace has been extremely fast, and a few have been "hung up," while others have missed the trail.

Quickly grooms are scraping out the dripping horses, while others are being blanketed and led to their different homes. The men, sometimes with scratched faces, or showing by the mud on their shoulders that they have "come a cropper," are putting on top coats, taking a pull at their hunting flasks, and praising their different mounts.

Soon they are on fresh mounts or climbing into their traps, and are off to that comfortable house over there, where the hunt breakfast is to be. As the men

slowly jog up, smoking and chatting, what a sense of healthful pleasure and delight they feel, and what high spirits they are in! The excitement and danger, with the satisfaction of coming through without mishap, can scarcely be equaled at any other time.

With some of the stains removed, and with famous appetites—and a healthy thirst, too—men and women are prepared to do ample justice to the collation. Afterwards, from the mere enthusiasm of excessive spirits and energy, there are hunting songs and informal dancing, winding up with a hunt quadrille. Too soon the time comes for the return to town. With all sorts of jolly adieus, the city visitors are whirled away to the station, in little traps, or in a break and four. And through the failing light and the hush of nature, in the quiet autumn evening, they go rattling by, past little country homesteads and quiet farmyards that were settling down to sleep. On the train the run is gone over again, each man asking the next if he took that "whopper" of a fence just before the finish, with the drop into the road.

After this day's experience, among the young fresh faces that glow with health gained from a pastime that calls out nerve as well as skill, if there is any one who still questions the charm of the sport, let him keep his pessimistic thoughts to himself; for no greater enthusiasts can be found than the men who ride straight to hounds.

"BLOOD IS THICKER THAN WATER."

BY JOHN PAUL BOCOCK.

A BRILLIANT BUT ALMOST FORGOTTEN EPISODE OF OUR NAVAL HISTORY, WHEN AMERICAN AND BRITISH SEAMEN FOUGHT TOGETHER IN CHINESE WATERS, AND COMMODORE JOSIAH TATTNALL FIRST SPOKE A PHRASE THAT HAS BECOME HISTORIC.

"BLOOD is thicker than water," said Sir Edward Chichester at the banquet to Mark Twain, in London, last June, when the English sailor described to a delighted audience how Englishmen and Americans fraternized at Manila. Captain Chichester forgot to name the gallant American naval officer who in June, 1859, first used that famous phrase, risking his life and his men's lives to help British seamen in the bloody battle of the Peiho. That Sir Edward did not mention Tattnell is not surprising in view of the fact that the official records of our Navy Department give no account of the Taku incident, although the British naval records do. And now that British and American sailors have once more fought side by side, at Samoa,

it is time that the story of Commodore* Tattnell's heroism forty years ago should be made so plain to his fellow countrymen that there need never be any more misapprehension of the facts, on either side of the water.

There have been few more stirring episodes in our naval history than Tattnell's part in the affair of the Peiho. On March 15 of this year, when the commander of the British cruiser Porpoise called on Admiral Kautz in Samoan waters and congratulated him that then "for the first time" America and England had "fought together," he, too, forgot the Peiho and the thrilling scene on the deck of the British gunboat Cormorant in 1859, when Tattnell's Yankee tars rushed to the bow



THE TOMB OF COMMODORE JOSIAH TATTNALL IN BONAVENTURE CEMETERY, SAVANNAH, WHICH WAS FORMERLY THE TATTNALL FAMILY ESTATE.

* Tattnell's actual rank in the navy roster was never "commodore"; it was never higher than "captain." But as flag officer he had the honorary rank of commodore.