

THE DESERT NEWS.

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FOX HUNTING IN ENGLAND.

(CONTINUED.)

At eleven the hounds were led out to the cover, and the whole field followed slowly and irregularly, and at some distance. There were about a hundred and fifty mounted for the hunt. Perhaps one third of these were scarlet coats, while hounds and top-boots, and another third had black coats and some of them black boots; and the remainder of the field was made up of half a dozen ladies, a few stout old gentlemen of seventy or so on stout old cobs of discreet age, little boys on smart ponies, farmers and tradesmen and their clerks mounted on whatever they could get, and men of every intermediate grade and with all sorts of horses. A certain amount of self-diffidence, mounted at all, but good on their pins and ready for a run, were hanging about for a chance to pick up a whip or a horse, or a dog, or a horse, or brush a muddy coat, or turn an honest shilling in any way that might offer in the chances of the day. Some of these fellows, rigged out with cast-off clothing, and their better, sported red coats, black velvet caps, and leather leggings. One added to all this gorgeousness the refinement of bare feet.

The hounds were taken into the cover, a brambly, tangled wood near by, which had probably been planted and made a little wilderness to serve as a cover for foxes. They soon found a fox, drove him to the open, and followed him out of the wood with a whimpering sort of cry which was disappearing after the notion that the "full cry" of the hounds had given, and which is heard in the very different fox-hunting of our Southern States. The run lay up a steepish hill, several fields wide, and then an open country. One bold rider (not a light one) mounted on a steaming black horse, and took the right of the cover, and made a splendid leap-up hill, over a stiff-looking hedge, and landed at the tail of the pack. The "master" and his assistants had got away with the fox. The rest of the field went to the left, waiting their turns through a farm-gate. Once through, some twenty of them dashed up hill, cleared a cleyer hedge, and kept the pack in sight. The rest took an easier place, where a farm laborer had pulled away the stakes by which a gap had been filled. Here there was very much light jumping, and much more of waiting until predecessors had cleared the field, and then the other gaps were found, and it was not many minutes before all were through; but during these minutes the fox, the hounds, and the leading rider were putting a wide space between themselves and us, who were at the tail of the field. Yet there were some in the party who did not look like laggards, and whose horses were good enough for any work such a country could give them.

Even when across the gap, these men went with the rest of us, by gates and lanes, toward a point to which it was their duty to know, and the fox would double back, and the knowing ones were right. Gradually, as their judgment indicated, they left the roads and took to the fields. This course was taken by three well-mounted young ladies. I followed the gate-openers for about half an hour, when, coming out on a high-road, I concluded that, with seventeen miles to ride home, it was only just to my little mare to give the thing up and head for Leamington. The hounds were far away on my right and quite out of sight.

Having come to look on and learn, I had probably seen and heard all that day had in store for me, surely enough for one's first day at fox-hunting. When I had ridden for a few minutes I saw, far across the fields, the hounds were turned to the left and were making for my road. Pressing forward, I came up in time to see them cross to the front, and so turning away over the grass, seeing out the scent as they ran. There had been a check, and "the field" was well up in the chase, riding over the ditch, and over the carriage-way, and over ditch and hedge into the higher field, beyond and away headlong after the hounds, every man for himself, and every man for the front, and on they went over another hedge and out of sight. In the middle of the light were two ladies, riding as well as boldly as the men, and two men were brushing their hats in the road, their empty saddles, looking well up with the run. More than satisfied with this climax of my first day's experience, I trotted out for home. The result of the run I never heard, and I leave its description where I lost sight of it. A mile farther on I did see a fagged-looking fox making his rapid way across my road, and as he came up under the hedge toward a thick to the right, and I halted to listen to what sounded like the hounds' horns over the hill to the left; but possibly the conclusion I drew was not a correct one.

I wish that words could give an idea of the life and action of the headlong flight I had just seen, but the inadequacy of all I had read to convey it to me makes it seem useless to try. Photography and description may, in a measure, supply the place of travel; but he who would realize the most thrilling intensity of eager horsemanship must stand in a bare-bound English lane and see with his own eyes, and for the first time in his life, a hundred gayly dressed and splendidly mounted fox-hunters flashing at full speed across his path; and it is worth the while to see.

Rain never fell on a more lovely country than that part of Warwickshire through which my way lay. For ten miles of the seventeen it rained, gently as it rains with us in April, not in a shower, more green April than this was in Christmas week. The all-prevailing joy was filled with berries, and the laurel was already in bloom.

No born Englishman could have cared less for the roasting rain; and wet to the skin, tried to the bone, and stiff to the marrow, I have rarely been more exuberant than when I gradually regained the use of my legs in the half-mile walk to the hotel, resolving that not even the glories of American citizenship should ever keep me away from England in winter, were I only able to afford the luxury of regular hunting. But the exuberance was moral rather than physical. I had not been so tired for years—stiff as an old horse, after over thirty miles of really hard riding (the last seventeen miles in two hours). The cure was a hot bath and a dish of hot soup, followed by a top-lip sleep of three hours on a sofa before a blazing hot fire, a sharp half-hour's walk, a very plain dinner, and a couple of hours' chat with my interested East-Indian in the smoking-room: the cure was complete; and all that was left of the day's sport was its brilliant recollection.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)