

couple of whippers-in, were the hounds (the Atherstone pack), about forty of them, or, technically, "twenty couples," strong-limbed, large-eared, party-colored, whole-some-looking fellows. They attracted much attention and elicited frequent commendation, for they were said to be the very finest pack in England—as was also each of the three other packs that I saw. To the unskilled eye, and simply viewed as dogs, they were not remarkable; but it was a case in which the judgment of an unskilled person could have no value.

The horses appealed to me much more strongly. Certainly I had never before seen together the same number of the same average excellence; and some of them were fit to drive one wild with envy. There was, on the whole, less of the "blood" look than would be expected by a man who had got his ideas of the hunting-field from Leech's drawings, but there was a good deal of it, nevertheless, and in its perfection too; and where it was wanting there was plenty of bone to make up for it.

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 one hundred and fifty mounted for the hunt. Perhaps one third of these wore scarlet coats, white breeches, and top-boots; 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 riff-raff, not 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 hat, or catch 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 the cast-off clothing of their betters, 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 a cry which was disappointing after the notion that the "full cry" of the books had given, and which is heard in the very different fox-hunting of our Southern woods. The run lay up a steepish hill, several fields wide, and across an open country. One bold rider (not a light one) mounted on a staving black horse, went to 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 hounds. 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 clever 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 made it lighter. In the mean time other gaps were found, and it was not many minutes before all were through; but during these minutes the fox, the hounds, and the harder riding men were putting a wide space between themselves and us, who were at the tail of the field. Yet there was 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 thought by the knowing ones that the fox would double, —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, that the hounds had 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 go scurrying away over the grass, ncsing out the scent as they ran. There had been a check, and "the field" was well up. The road was lower than the fields, and was bordered by a ditch at each side. From this the ground rose a little, and on each bank stood a three-and-a-half foot thorn hedge. Neither leap was difficult, but the one out of the road was not easy. Here I sat and saw fully a hundred horsemen, dressed in the gay colors of the hunting-field and mounted as men rarely are mounted out of England, all, horses as well as men, eager and excited in the chase, flying over hedge and ditch into 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 thick of the flight were two ladies, riding as well and as boldly as the men, and two men were brushing their hats in the road, their empty saddles keeping 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 again, and sneaking off under the hedge toward a thicket to the right, and I halted to listen to what sounded like the huntsman's horn over the top 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 hedge-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 wet way lay. For ten miles of the seventeen it rained, gently as it rains with us in April; nor is our grass more green in April than this was in Christmas week. The all-prevailing ivy was filled with berries, and the laurestine was already in bloom.

No born Englishman could have cared less for the soaking rain; and wet to the skin, tired 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 log-like sleep of two 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.

(CONCLUDED NEXT WEEK.)

In Dubuque, Iowa, William Haley thought he wanted to die, and so bought a bottle of strychnine. He took it home, and upon getting there found he wanted to live. There was a roaring fire in the kitchen stove, and into it he threw the poison. Up blazed the stuff in an explosive way, burning his hair off, and injuring him so badly that for three days he hung between life and death.

## PIOCHE NOTES.

From the *Record* of March 15—

The Piechites are rejoicing over "no mails," owing to "no roads."

The past week has been a quiet one as regards mining matters, the most notable event being the striking of water in the main shaft of the Raymond and Ely, which occurred at about 1,200 feet from the surface. The water came in so quickly that it was found inadvisable to prosecute further the work of sinking, and a cross cut will be run to the ledge at a depth of a few feet less than 1,200 feet. Speculations are many and various as to the probable appearance of the ledge at or below the water line, and so dissimilar are the theories and predictions that it is not worth while to discuss them. We shall have to possess our souls with patience, and then "we shall see what we shall see." For our own part, we are sanguine of a favorable development of this and the mines generally of the district, and believe that though temporarily depressed ere long they will recover and retain their wonted prestige—the San Francisco *Chronicle* and *Call* to the contrary notwithstanding. We think we are justified in this belief by the strike in the Portland, which certainly shows that confidence may be placed in the mines beyond the Divide, while on this side the appearance of the American Flag are very encouraging, as also the Newark and Washington & Creole.

Grant Blake returned a few days since from an extended prospecting trip to Utah, in a section hitherto unexplored by those in search of the precious metals. We are not permitted at present to give the exact locality visited, for obvious reasons. Should assays from some of the ore brought in give satisfactory results, he will have all that half a dozen men of the most extravagant ideas ought to have. From a description of one of the discoveries it is immense, and can be worked like one would work a farm. The results of assays not having been ascertained as yet, we are unable to speak knowingly of the value of this wonderful deposit. Some fine specimens of saltpetre were also brought in, so there is hope. When that article won't save a man his is a hopeless case. Wood and water is found in abundance in the immediate vicinity of this deposit.

From the *Record* of March 18—

To-day we issue the first number of the eighth volume of the *Pioche Record*. The publication of our paper was commenced on the 17th of September, 1870, under the name of *Ely Record*, and was published weekly. Since then it has been gradually enlarged, and the issue increased by the successive steps of semi-weekly, tri-weekly and daily. In 1872 the title was changed from the *Ely Record* to that of the *Pioche Record*.

## WESTERN NOTES.

The *Havilah Miner* says that on the 12th of March, the daughter of a Mr. Bolles, of Kernville, only twelve years of age, was outraged and murdered on her return home from school by some unknown villain.

The Battle Mountain *Measure* for *Measure* says that a brute who stowed away with Piutes on a west bound train the other day threw a squaw and her child off the car, thereby killing both. He escaped.

Mr. Suidam, of Ventura county, proposes to furnish six hundred barrels of crude oil per month to any company who will undertake to refine it. There are said to be thousands of tons of crude petroleum oozing from the hillsides up the Santa Paula and San Antonio creeks.

The editor of the *Carson Tribune*, speaking of the recent "unpleasantness" in that city, and the subsequent newspaper controversy over the affair, says: "We shall endeavor in the future to avoid personalities in our arguments with contemporaries, and if smitten on the one cheek, either run away or turn the other cheek for a repetition of the blow."

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LEGAL NOTICE.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, THAT I, Alma Eldredge, Mayor in and for the City of Coalville, Summit county, Territory of Utah, will appear at the U. S. Land Office, Salt Lake City, Utah, before the Register and Receiver thereof, on the 31st day of March, A. D. 1874, at 10 o'clock a.m. of said day, to prove my right to enter the S 1/2, N E 1/4 and S E 1/4 Sec. 8, S 1/2, N W 1/4 and S W 1/4 Sec. 9, E 1/2, N E 1/4 Sec. 17 and W 1/2 N W 1/4 Section 18, Township 2 North, of Range 5 East, of the Salt Lake Meridian, in the Territory of Utah, in trust for the several use and benefit of the occupants of Coalville in said county and territory according to their respective interests under the act of Congress, approved March 2nd, 1867, at which time and place any adverse claimants may appear and contest my right to enter the said land as aforesaid. Witness my hand this 18th day of February, A. D. 1874.

ALMA ELDREDGE,  
Mayor.

s 5w 3 1m