

Hunting

Burnley Gazette 21 March 1863

Pendle Forest Harriers

These hounds closed a very successful season in Pendle Forest on Saturday last, with as good a day's sport as any they have had during the season. The meet was at Sabden-bridge at eleven o'clock, prior to which Mr Nicholas Grimshaw proceeded to meet Major Hargreaves and the gentlemen of the Hunt, to inform them that he had obtained another fox in addition to that hunted by the same hounds a week or two ago; everything being agreeable, it was arranged that one of the foxes should be set at liberty in Sabden valley, below Dean wood; the hounds to be kept back sometime to enable "Mr Reynard" to get a-going; no sooner was he set at liberty than he went merrily away up the valley, skirting the stream towards Newchurch, occasionally halting to have what he much needed – a refresher in *aqua pura*. Like all bagged foxes strange to the country, he was at loss which way to take, making what is very rare with a fox many doubles before he ultimately made off. After he had been on foot about forty minutes, the hounds were put on his track, and right merrily did they go to the 'Forward! Forward!' of Tom the huntsman, and for a time they run their line beautifully; but the racing pace they went was soon checked by them having over-run the scent when a judicious cast back was made by the huntsman, when the well-known cry of a few of the hounds soon proclaimed Reynard had been there, and "hark to mariner" was the cry; after taking a turn to the left he had gone in the direction of Woodhouse, but being again thwarted very likely by some of the foot-passengers who were squandered about, he doubled again to the right and made direct for Cock Clough Wood, where it was thought there would be some difficulty in dislodging him owing to the cover, but the scent here being very good, the strong cry of the hounds soon told that Reynard was close at hand, which proved too true, for they soon ran into him in a stream of water 'where he was performing his ablution'. Major Hargreaves was fortunate enough to obtain the brush, but all felt sorry he had not been able to get a little further away. This fox was caught on the Cheviot Hills the fortnight previous, and, if he had got his face once well on "Old Pendle", no doubt both hounds and horses would have got such a pipe-opener they would not have soon forgot.

A halt was made for a little time, to enable them to turn out the other fox that gave such bad sport a month ago; he was turned out in the fields adjoining Bank-house, near the place he was liberated before, and from going pretty nearly down his old track in the direction of Fence Church, it was though by many he was making direct to the cellar he so fortunately domiciled himself before, but making a turn to the right, he went in the direction of Fence House; the hounds now being on his track in full cry, would very soon have dispatched him, as he made a very poor attempt owing to his long confinement to get away; but fortunately for him, a hare jumped up, which, with the exception of two dogs, the pack followed. These two hounds, having viewed "Master Reynard" going down Fence House meadow, set off in hot pursuit when as good a course as was ever seen took place between them. The fox was several times rolled over but the

hounds felt no inclination to dispatch him, in fact after Reynard had bitten one of the dogs he turned tail, and the other not relishing a single-handed course in such company, also bolted, leaving this lucky fox for a second time to escape, having taken shelter in an out-house at Fence House, much to the chagrin of a well known Burnley sportsman on foot, "who, being nearly alone in his glory", was fully intent, knife in hand, on obtaining the brush.

The horsemen knowing which would make the best sport followed the pack in pursuit of the hare, and they were well repaid, for she made 'what has been the rule instead of the exception in the Pendle Forest this season, a first rate run, she started off in the direction of White Lee, across the Fence and Higham road, leaving Higham on the right, and made direct for Hunter Holme, the hounds hunting her beautifully, and going so fast that many of the horses cried 'peccavi'. She was apparently squat, but on hearing the cry of the hounds, she jumped up and nearly run the same line back again, the hounds pressing her very hard. Upon her arriving at Moor Cote fields, a temporary check enabled the scattered horsemen to get up, but having been viewed by the crowd, the hounds were immediately laid on in the direction of Hadden's Well, where she took the old road for Sabden Fold, and followed it for about half a mile; the hounds at this point not being able to hit her off, another stand was made, near where puss was sat, but she, finding the hounds too near, tried to steal away, but being again viewed, the hounds were again in full pursuit going as fast as when she was first put up, in the direction of Woodhouse, which she was successful in making, but finding her premises too warm, she ascended Woodhouse Doles, the hounds close at her heels. The horsemen not being able to follow up the hill, the hounds had it all to themselves, hunting their hare magnificently, two or three times round the hill, when making a double to descend again, the pack, with the exception of one dog, got off, but this dog viewed the hare and brought her down the hill in gallant style, and ran into her close to a man on foot, who picked her up alive, when Major Hargreaves, the noble master, presented her to Mr Nicholas Grimshaw, in appreciation of the good hunt she had afforded; the hounds having run her from start to finish for nearly two hours. Major Hargreaves, Captain Stoodley, Captain Patrick, Captain Dugdale, Lieut Turner, Messers Catterall, Dewhurst, Nicholas Grimshaw, Smith, J.O. Folds, Wm. Grimshaw, G. Sutcliffe and Mercer acquitted themselves first class in following the hounds, and Tom the huntsman was here, there and everywhere, encouraging his dogs whenever required; we are glad to find him this season showing more patience with his dogs than formerly, which is required in a country like Pendle Forest. May next season be as good a one as the past.