

November, 1872, we were staying a few days at the Leathers, at Middleton, near Belford, for shooting. George Lascelles (brother of Lord Harewood), Bob Tennant, and Captain Northcote, and one of Lord Tankerville's sons (George, I think) were there, and we had good sport, killing 200 pheasants and 4 woodcocks, on November 13th, in the home coverts, a good mixed bag, including 15 woodcocks, on 14th, in Detchant Wood, and 40 brace of partridges on 15th. It was on one of these days that ———, who was at that time a rich financier, was observed to be blazing away, irrespective of whether any pheasants were going over his head or not, and on being asked what he was shooting at remarked placidly: Oh, was I shooting? didn't know it! fact is I was composing an *epic poem*." I suppose he was *really* absorbed in some financial calculation. He was very amusing but a very dangerous shot, so much so that the ladies used to ask when we came home in the evening: "How many people has ——— shot to-day?" A still more dangerous shot was one of Gregson's young sailor boys, Arthur. One day in the back avenue at Low Lynn he shot at a rabbit running *back* up the avenue just as his father and grandfather came round a corner; he killed the rabbit but peppered his father and grandfather severely. Gregson was shot in the knee and roared with rage and pain for about five minutes (though he wasn't really hurt). When he had quite finished

bellowing, the dear old Rector very quietly remarked: "He has shot me too." He was rather dangerously wounded in the neck, close to the jugular vein, and it swelled up enormously. A man was sent to gallop into Berwick for a doctor, and the Rector was all right in a few days. The contrast between the excitable father and the placid grandfather of the culprit was very striking. The same boy very nearly blew my head off the same day, as getting over a wall just in front of me, he let his gun off, close to my face. The shot must have gone within a few inches of my head, causing me to remark: "Steady, my boy, it only takes *two* shots like that to go to a *funeral*." I don't remember ever peppering any one myself except poor little Johnnie Smith, and that was of course not my fault as I could not possibly see him, and he had no business to be there.

Any allusion you might make to hunting in your book would be incomplete without some reference to that grand old sportsman, the old Lord Wemyss, who hunted the Northumberland and Berwickshire county for many years, living at Lennel, near Coldstream. He told me that at one time he kept harriers as well as foxhounds, and one evening at dinner made a bet with some friend that on the following day, whatever the weather was, he would kill a hare with his harriers, a fox with his foxhounds, and a salmon with his rod. He went out early in the morning with the harriers and soon