

Chapter Eleven

Postscript:

After the flooding, the Shepherds Meet continued, but at a different venue.

The 1938 meet saw for the first time sheep taken by road, owing to the demolition of the Old Dun Bull hotel, the former meeting place, Manchester Corporation arranged for the shepherds and sheep to be taken to Bampton where that years meeting was held.

The meet continued and still does to this day (2011) although the venue has changed from time to time. The shepherd's meet still appears on the Ullswater Foxhounds fixture card and prior to the hunting ban in 2005 the valley echoed to the cry of hounds in pursuit of the fox, as they always had done. But with the demolition of the Dun Bull comes the end of our story of the Mardale Hunt, below are a few hunting reports from the later years. My family attended many meets before 1936 and after and the consensus of opinion was despite the best efforts of the organisers "it wasn't the same anymore"

Some Hunt Reports post 1936

The Ullswater completed the three week tour of their southern ground by going from Longsleddale to Bampton for the shepherds' meet weekend, and on Saturday provided the first real jingle for years at the top end of Mardale. Anthony Barker loosed his hounds on Bransty, and before long their music was echoing across the lake which has gathered the thousand waters to its bosom to such an extent that hunters who have banished from the haunts of raven and fox during "Hitler's years" stared amazed at the vast expanse. But the more pressing business of the moment banished ponderings on the whereabouts of the bar parlour of the old Dun Bull or the yew girt church, as through the waters above them swam a big dog fox with a dozen hounds breasting the waves not far behind. Reynard crossed the narrowest part of the lake to the foot of Riggindale, but his bath failed to baulk the splendidly fit hounds, and he became victim number one. Somewhere on the top of Harter Fell Sam Thompson and some Longsleddale colleagues saw another grand hunt and after a second fox had been killed in below them, a third went to ground in High Holes earth and had to be left. On Monday a screaming hunt ended in Naddle Forest and when the huntsman located hounds all was over but whether they had killed is unknown.

24.11.1945



Ullswater Foxhounds at St Patrick's Well, Bampton

Mardale weekend at Bampton was ruined by the conditions, and shepherd, who walked over the fells from Longsleddale and Kentmere with flocks of strays deserved medals for braving mist and torrential rain. The gathering on Saturday was smaller than usual and hunters saw little. The Ullswater under huntsman Joe Wear and Tom Robinson, their new whip roused a fox on Branstree but disappeared into the mist towards Swindale Head and were collected later. Mondays meet had to be abandoned.

30th November 1946

The big field at Mardale on Saturday saw a grand day's sport, with two fine hunts. A fox found near Hob Ghyll went through Branstree, where hounds divided into two sections. One lot went over into Swindale, came back by the forest to Walla Crag and holed their fox at Mardale Banks where he was accounted for. Meanwhile the other hounds had been away into Longsleddale and when they returned by the top of Mosedale the rest joined in on a fine hunt from Branstree to Harter Fell, down to Smallwater under Harter Fell again and into a borran under Little Harter fell. Reynard bolted and was overtaken.

On Monday, the other side of the dale was tried, and a fox was soon away from Lad crag which went out by Foreigndale and White Bog as though for Howtown but turned back up the top and eventually went to ground in Foreigndale to be bolted and rolled over.

27th November 1954

Three kills and plenty of hunts marked Mardale Shepherds Meet on Saturday, moving off from St Patrick's Well, Bampton hounds put a fox out of Hobghyll and forced it down to the lakeside, where it eventually went to ground to be bolted and overtaken. Branstree then produced more than one fox and one section of the pack ran by Harter Fell, Blea Water, and Riggindale, down to Chapel Hill before the fox went to ground. He refused to bolt and was accounted for. Shortly afterwards another was run to ground within 50 yards of

the same place, being brought in off the tops by three or four hounds. Before long he bolted, but after giving a fast run to Holme Pasture went into the borran there and this time fell to the terriers. It was 7pm before a big dog fox was drawn to complete a fine day's hunting.

29th November 1957

On Monday after Mardale Shepherds Meet the Ullswater hounds hunted from Thornthwaite Hall and, as usual were taken to the opposite side of the valley. Starting from Burn Banks they put a fox off right away and headed for Measand, before climbing into Foreigndale as far as White Bog. Reynard then turned back across the top of Foreigndale for Little Water and headed for Cordale to go to ground in a soil hole. He soon bolted and was overtaken after another fast run. The terrier did not emerge from the hole and before long a second fox bolted. When hounds got on to the line, they ran it well and eventually killed this fox in Heltondale. Meanwhile several hounds were running in Whelter and went out by Kidsty Pike before this fox retraced it's steps down to the shores of Haweswater and followed the waters edge all the way to Burn Banks, with scenting worsening and gradually failing altogether. Hounds from the first hunt ran another fox round Whelter and this also came down to the reservoir before crossing the dam and going in to a bad borran at Walla Crag, where it had to be left.

6th December 1957

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29th November 1997

With the closure of the St. Patrick's Well at Bampton, supporters of the Ullswater pack instead gathered at the Haweswater Hotel for the traditional Mardale shepherds meet. Ken Weller and his staff welcomed the huge gathering of people who again turned up for this popular event.

The hounds were taken to draw Riggindale and a fox was soon well found. It did a circle of Dudderwick before being brought back to the Wall End borran, where they marked.

The next fox was hunted down to Heron Crag and then back in below, where there was a major check. They eventually marked to ground. Scenting had never been good and, when the hounds drew the far side of the valley in the bright sun, it failed altogether, so nothing more was done.

Cumberland and Westmorland Herald **4th December 1999.**

After the traditional Mardale shepherds' meet at St. Patrick's Well, the atrocious weather conditions made it a poor day for hunters and hounds. The storm continued throughout the day and, although a lot of ground was covered, the hounds did not find until they were drawn down behind the hotel.

However, scenting remained very poor even then and, since they were getting into the draw for the next meet, the day ended.

Most of the followers retired to the Haweswater Hotel, where the annual auction and singsong took place. They were also reminded that there would be a hunt supper dance at Glenridding village hall on Saturday, 9th December.

C and W Herald 2nd Dec 2000

LOOSED ON TIME

The Mardale shepherds' meet came a poor second to the Rugby World Cup final and rightly so but with a job to do the hounds were loosed on time. There was a fair following despite the rugby match and the crowd swelled as the day went on.

All was quiet through Branstree, but a slow drag high out in Hop Ghyll resulted in the emergence of a fox, which came off Artle Crag Pike. Two hounds brought it back to Hop Ghyll.

The rest of the pack was soon with them and they ran well for Selside Pike and Black Bells, where a few hounds split off on a fox, which took them down the Swindale Valley. However, these few eventually ran out of scent.

The main body of the pack enjoyed better fortune, going through Captain Welter Bog at top pace before heading in by the Mosedale quarry and on through for Longsleddale and Buckbarrow Crag. They killed their fox at the Chimney Hole borran.

C and W Herald 6th December 2003

CHANGE IN DRAW

Snow and ice on the high fell caused a change in the draw from the Mardale Shepherds Meet, with the hounds being walked on to the Howes where a fox was halloed away, at the top end.

Running up Howes Beck, they turned out through the fields short of Stanegarth to

run for Low Hullock, Beck, they turned out through the fields just short of Stanegarth to run for Low Hullock How. They marked their fox to ground just short of Skew's where it was accounted for.

They drew up on Cawdale where a fox was marked to ground beyond Ivy Crag. It was caught soon after bolting.

Another fox bolted after being found laid in and was hunted sown Cawdale to Carhullan. It headed through the fields to Vaugh Steele, where it turned back for High Howe. The hounds lost time in the fields but worked things out nicely before marking under a wall from where the fox was bolted and, after loosing them briefly in the farmyard where he had lain down was caught by the farm.

C and W Herald 4th December 2004

Joe Bowman

Arguably the most famous Lakeland Huntsman after Peel, Joe Bowman was the eldest son of Matthew and Mary Bowman of Matterdale, in his boyhood days he worked on a farm before becoming a miner at The Greenside Mines in Patterdale.

The Ullswater foxhounds were formed in 1873 after the amalgamation of two smaller packs the Patterdale and Matterdale. In 1889 a Mr. J.E Halsall became Master of the Ullswater and appointed Joe Bowman as Huntsman. Bowman had already hunted hounds, the first recorded date being 14th November 1879 at the age of 22. He finally retired (having once retired in 1911 returning in 1914) in 1924 serving for 41 seasons.

He married a Miss Martin of Dockray with whom he had a large family. He died in 1940.

Chapter Twelve

SONGS.

JOE BOWMAN

Down at Howtown we met with Joe Bowman at dawn,
The grey hills echoed back the glad sound of his horn,
And the charm of it's note sent the mist far away
And the fox to his lair at the dawn of the day.

Chorus

When the fire's on the hearth and good cheer abounds
We'll drink to Joe Bowman and his Ullswater hounds,

For we'll never forget how he woke us at dawn
With the crack of his whip and the sound of his horn.

Then with steps that were light and with hearts that were gay
To a right smickle spot we all hasten away,
The voice of Joe Bowman, how it rings like a bell
As he cast off his hounds by the side of Swarth Fell.

The shout of the hunters it startled the stag
As the fox came to view on the lofty Brook crag,
"Tally-Ho" cried Joe Bowman, "the hounds are away,
O'er the hills let us follow their musical bay".

Master Reynard was anxious his brush for to keep,
So he followed the wind oe'r the high mountain steep,
Past the deep silent tarn to the bright running beck,
Where he hoped by his cunning to give us a check.

Though he took us oe'r Kidsey we held to his track,
For we hunted my lads with the Ullswater Pack
Who caught the fox and effected a kill,
By the silvery stream of the bonny Ramps Gill.

Now his head's on the crook and the bowl is below,
And we're gathered around by the fire's warming glow,
Our songs they are merry, our choruses high,
As we drink to the hunters who joined in the cry.

When this song is sung at Ullswater, the third verse should be given as follows:

The shout of the hunters it startled the stag,
As the fox came to view on the lofty Brook Crag,
"Tally-Ho" We're away, o'er the rise and the fell,
Joe Bowman, kit Farrar, Will Milcrest and all.

Dr G.F Walker of Southport

* * * * *

A "revised" version was subsequently produced but by this time the original version had "taken root", below is the revised version.

Joe Bowman

We're away to the meet and a hunting we'll go,
For no sound is as sweet as the glad Tally-ho,

With the Patterdale hounds we travel along
Awakening the country with laughter and song,
When to Howtown we came with Joe Bowman at dawn;
The glad hills echoed back the glad sound of his horn
The charm of its note sent the mist far away,
While the foxes to cover ran off in dismay.

Chorus

When the fire's on the hearth and good cheer abounds,
We'll think of Joe Bowman and his Ullswater hounds,
For we'll never forget how he woke us at morn
With the crack of his whip and the sound of his horn.

Then with steps that are light and with hearts beating high
A right smittle spot we all hastened to try,
The voice of Joe Bowman rang out like a bell
As he cast off his hounds by the side of Swarthfell.
The shout of the hunters it startled the stag
As the fox came to view on the lofty Brock Crag.
Now the hounds are away and a hunting we go,
While the distant hills echo our glad tally-ho.

Master Reynard said now, "If my brush I would keep
I must follow the wind o'er the high mountain steep,
Past the deep silent tarn, to the bright running beck,
Where I'll try with my cunning to give them a check."

The old hunting parson would follow with glee
If he thought the next parish would pay for the spree,
And ere once again to my fells I retire,
"I'll call on the Master, the jolly old Squire"

But his plans were in vain and we held to his track
For Truman and Towler were leading the pack,
Who caught up the fox and effected a kill
By the silvery stream of the bonny Ramps Ghyll
Now his head's on the crook and the bowl is below
And we're gathered around by the fires warming glow,
Our songs they are merry, our choruses high,
As we drink to the hunters who join in the cry.

In Reminiscences of Joe Bowman (Skelton, 1921) it is claimed the following song was a favourite of Bowman's ...

What a Merry, Merry, Jovial Cry

See Bowler how he drives the quest,

Of all our hounds he is the best,
He'll soon deprive her of her rest
Hark, Linkin's drawing nigh,
Take time brave boys, "Hark Dunster, Hark
See how, see how, hark to him hark"
Hark, hark, together, she darrels through yon heather
As light as any feather-what a merry, merry jovial cry.

I see her climbing up yon hill
Through yon gap unto the fell,
She does not all her sport excel;
Yon crag she's just gone by.
Up yon road, across yon trod
By yon hedge side she's running wide
"Hark, hark unto her" See how they due pursue her,
Right up yon hill they view her, what a merry, merry jovial cry.

Now, what's to do, we're at a loss,
She's up yon field or else across;
Come try your hounds around the moss
"Ill warrant that they'll hit her by.
"Dashwood, that's it" right through yon pit,
I hear a shout "Whats is't about?"
Its "Hark, hark to Rally" she's hit her up yon valley,
O, what a pleasant sally, what a merry, merry jovial cry.

She won't last long, look o'er the lea
They're viewing her hard down by yon tree;
Make haste, run hie, I plainly see
They will kill her very soon.
Down by yon wall right through yon hole,
Run hie thee Ned "Ware dead, ware dead"
Go hop it is all over, they have killed her in yon clover
By gum, she's been a rover, what a merry, merry jovial cry.

HARE HUNTING SONG

The morning is charming, all nature looks gay
Let's away my brave boys, let's a-hunting away;
The pride of all pastimes is in hunting the hare
We have not so much as a moment to spare.

Chorus

Hear the lively tuned horn, how melodious it sounds,
How melodious it sounds, how melodious it sounds
To the musical notes of those merry-mouthed hounds.

She's down in the stubble; you'll find her below;
"Hark, hark," cried the huntsman, "Hark to her, see how,"
"See yonder she goes," and the hounds in full view,
Such harmony Handel himself never knew.

Chorus

Gates, hedges, and ditches to us there're no bounds,
To us there're no bounds,
All the world is our own while we follow the hounds.

O'er fields, o'er mountains, o'er woodlands we fly;
The horse in full speed and the hounds in full cry;
So matched are their mouths, and so steady they run,
Like an octave of music or the rays of the sun.

Chorus.

Hear the lively tuned horn, how melodious it sounds,
How melodious it sounds, how melodious it sounds
To the musical notes of those merry-mouthed hounds

The old hounds push forward, a very sure sign
That the hare though a stout one begins to decline,
A race of two hours or more she has had,
But she's down, "Look about you, we have her here, dead".

Chorus.

What a glorious death to be honoured by hounds, to
To be honoured by hounds, to be honoured by hounds,
And with shouts, and with shouts of both hunters and hounds.

Chorus.

Here's a health to all hunters, may long be their lives,
May they never be crossed by their sweethearts or wives;

May they rule their own passions and be always at rest;
For the happiest of men are always the best.

Chorus.

And be free from all care which so many surrounds,
Which so many surrounds, which so many surrounds,
And be happy at last when they see no more hounds.

Unknown.

The Mardale Hunt

The morn is here, awake, my lads
 Away, away
The hounds are giving mouth, my lads
 Away, my lads, away
 The Mardale Hunt is out today
Joe Bowman strong shall lead the way
 Who ne'er has led his hunt stray
 Away, my lads, away
 Our Bowman is a huntsman rare
 Away, away
 His Tally-ho's beyond compare
 Away, my lads, away
 We always find him just the same
At Grasmere Sports you'll hear his name
 His Mardale Hunts will live in fame
 Away, my lads, away

 The Mardale pack is on the trail
 Away, away
 The fox is heading thro' the dale
 Away, my lads, away
Hound Miller's on the scent, I'm told
 So fast it lads thro' frost and cold
 Away, my lads, away
 The mountain breeze is pure as gold
 Away, my lads, away

 On Branstree Fell the fox is seen
 Away, away

The hounds are off, the scent is keen
 Away, my lads, away
The music sweet to dalesman's ear
When hounds give mouth so loud and clear
 So off my lads and lend a cheer
 Away, my lads, away

The air is keen, our hearts are light
 Away, away
We scale with glee the frowning height
 Away, my lads, away
The fox has slipped and made his cave
 So in we send the terrier brave
The fox will bolt his brush to save
 Away, my lads, away

Our terrier Frail will win or die
 Away, away
So too will Wallow Crag, say I
 Away, my lads, away
On Roman fell in mountain cave
 We lost alas, a terrier brave
For good old Frisk we failed to save
 Away, my lads, away

Who'd weary with a sport like this
 Away, away
Or who a Mardale Hunt would miss
 Away, my lads, away
Our hardy fellsmen, hunters born
Will rally to the huntsman's horn
Nor heeded be by rain or storm
 Away, my lads, away

Who'd hunt the fox with spur and rein
 Away, away
To have a mount we'd all disdain
 Away, my lads, away
We love our hill, our tarns, our fells
We ken our moors, our rocks and dells

We love our hounds, we love our sells
Away, my lads, away

When darkness comes to Mardale, hie
Away, away
For who the 'Dun Bull' dares decry
Away, my lads, away
Hal Usher kind will find a bed
To rest our limbs and lay our head
We're welcomed, housed, and warmed and fed
Away, my lads, away

In winter Mardale's drab and drear
Away, away
But 'tis not so if Hunt is here
Away, my lads, away
We trencher well, we trencher long
We meet in dance, we meet in song
For days are short, and nights are long
Away, my lads, away

We're lads from East and lads from West
Away, away
And North and South, but all the best
Away, my lads, away
With Auld Lang Syne and Old John Peel
With foaming glass and nimble heel
We'll drink to all a health and wealth
Away, my lads, away

Winston Scott

MARDALE MEET HUNTING SONG

Now listen my lads and let the roof ring,
For a song of the chase I'm going to sing
To Joe Bowman the huntsman, hearty and hale,
And his far famous pack - the hounds of Mardale.

Chorus

*Tally Ho, Tally Ho, Tally Ho, with a ding.
Let the wilds of old Mardale with Tally Ho ring,*

*If for hunting and song you try Mardale's meet
Then tha's lucky me lads, ta git yame on thi feet.*

Come join the glad chorus and off with a swing,
Let the wilds of old Mardale with "Tally ho" ring
Tho the flowers of the forest are withered and gone,
Old Joe's on the mountains, so boys follow on,
Tho storm sweeps the mountains and thunder resounds,
Joe Bowman, despite them will follow the hounds.

Now were on Reynard's track with the hounds in full cry,
O'er hill and down dale and then up to the sky,
To the bold beetling crags of the mist and the storm,
Where Reynard seeks earth, Hark away, tis the horn,
Joe Bowman is calling, draw deeper your breath,
And let every good hunter be in at the death.

Now list' to the wail of that wild "Tally ho".
For Reynard has given his brush to the foe,
No more will he roam these lone mountain glens,
Or steal off at night with the farmer's old hens.
The rover is dead the chase now is o'er
So let us return to the Dun Bull once more.

We return to the inn as the shades of nightfall,
The landlord and Molly are there in the hall,
The rafters re-echo with wild hunting lays,
And Mardale's old in is all in a blaze.
Old farmers, young shepherds, keen hunters - drink deep,
For tonight we are met Mardale's revels to keep.

Now some take to singing and some take to cards
While others recite rash rhymes of the bards
Old Joe and his cronies oft meet in the snug
Where they drink, spin their yarns, and give Molly a hug
Then all take to washing down supper with ale
And toasting long life to the maids of Mardale.

Dark and wild grows the night, and louder the din
Till you'd think that the Devil had taken the Inn
With laughter and song, and calling for more

Confused and combined in one glorious uproar
Each neighbour, a brother, a companion and friend
What a pity this jollification must end.

As the flush of the dawn illumines the sky
The roar of the revellers is starting to die
A dozen, contented, sleep under a table
While a few go to bed-when they find they are able
Old Joe ever talking, unsteady, yet steadfast
Plays cards with the heroes and sits up for breakfast.

When breakfast is over, old Joe with a smile
Goes off to the church in gay hunting style
And holds up his head like one of the best
As he walks up the aisle with the horn in his vest
The parson looks pleased, and blurts out 'What Ho'
For the parson-God bless him-is fond of old Joe.

The service now ended-all slip from the pews
And gather round Joe under Mardale's old yews
Where they laugh at his fun as he spins them a tale
For they're all very proud to have Joe in the dale
The parson all smiles giving our hero a dig
Sets him back to the Inn as far as the brig.

The day being fine and the hunters alive
The landlord takes Joe and his pals for a drive
By the shores of the lake to the castle o'er the ford
Described by old Joe as 'The house of the Lord'
'Tis a castle where dwells a prince of all sport
For Lowther's gay Earl is the very best sort.

They swing through the gates past the lodge with a roar
And drive for an hour before finding the door
Joe hammers it hard till it flies open wide
And remarks to the flunkey 'Keep his Lordship inside'
Then they roll through the park where the bold blustering Kaiser
After hunting one day gave old Joe a fiver.

They return by the long lonesome road in the night
By the church the yews creak and give Joseph a fright

The fire glows as they dine on roast duck and green peas
And the breath of the mountains deeply moans in the trees
Then they drink till their eyes grow as heavy as lead
Wish each other good-night and go early to bed.

So here's to old Joe and his rattling pack
May we meet them next year when we hope to come back
For of north-country hunters destined for fame
Here's another like Peel, but Bowman's his name
For in life and in death where're hunting abounds
His spirit will ever go after the hounds.

When death has overtaken us and we are laid low
'Neath the green waving grasses, in spite of the foe
Should we hear the horn calling we'll whisper 'Hurray'
And dream of the hunting we had in our day
So here's to all hunters now under the sod
For the life of a hunter's the life of a god.

Dr W S Eaton, of Ennerdale

**This song reproduced from *Reminiscences of Joe Bowman* by Skelton 1921
would for certain have been one of the many sung at Mardale.**

ULLSWATER FOXHOUNDS SONG OF VICTORY

Come; gather round, my hearty men
Who this day's sport has seen;
We'll raise a chorus from our hounds,
A chorus wild and keen.
Dead is the fox.

The bugle call'd; up flock'd the hounds
With open fangs all gory,
Eager to peel out to the skies
Their sonorous cry of glory.

With off-lift cap in Fairfield's lap
To the corse we gathered nigh;
Each valiant hound sat on the ground,
Nose pointing to the sky.

With a deep, deep draught of purest air,
Bowman his lungs did swell,

Then placed the horn unto his lips
And roused each slumbering fell.

'Ere the long loud blare had died away,
Hounds voiced forth music glorious;
This was their song, their swelling song,
The song of hounds victorious.
Dead is the fox.

The snow-capped crags of Helvellyn's crest,
High street's rough bields notorious,
And Langdale's famed towering peaks,
Echoed this music glorious.

With melody the welkin rings,
And space around it fills;
And every hunter's honest soul
With noble rapture thrills.

And every fox in our domain
Dreads the triumphal cry,
Fearing that 'ere to-morrow ends
One victim more will die.

Away o'er hill, away o'er dale,
Flows this music glorious;
A mighty hurricane of sound,
Is the song of hounds victorious,
Dead is the fox.

A good lament always went down well at a hunt supper; this one seems fitting for the song collection

THE PLACE WHERE THE OLD HORSE DIED

In the hollow, by the pollard, where the crop is tall and rank
Of the dock leaf and the nettle growing free
Where the bramble and the brush-wood struggle blindly o'er the bank
And the pyat jerks and chatters on the tree.
There's a fence I never pass in the sedges and the grass,
But for very shame I turn my head aside,
While the tears come thick and hot, and my curse is on the spot
'Tis the place where the old horse died

There's his hoof upon the chimney, there's his hide upon the chair
A better never bent him to the rein;
Now, for all my love and care, I've an empty stall and bare;
I shall never ride my gallant horse again!
How he laid him out at speed, how he loved to have a lead,
How he snorted in his mettle and his pride
Not a flyer of the hunt was beside him at the front
At the place where the old horse died.

Was he blown I hardly think it. Did he slip? I cannot tell
We had run for forty minutes in the vale
He was reaching at his bridle; he was going strong and well
And he never seemed to falter and to fail;
Though I sometimes fancy, too, that his daring spirit knew
The task beyond the compass of his stride,
Yet he faced it true and brave, and he dropped into his grave
At the place where the old horse died.

I was up in half a minute, but he never seemed to stir,
Though I scored him with my rowels in the fall,
In his life he had not felt before the insult of the spur
And I knew that it was over, once and for all
When motionless he lay in his cheerless bed of clay
Huddled up without an effort on his side -
T'was a hard and bitter stroke, for his honest back was broke,
At the place where the old horse died.

With a neigh so faint and feeble that it touched me like a groan
"Farewell", he seemed to murmur, "ere I die";
Then he set his teeth and stretched his limbs and so I stood alone,
While the merry chase went heedlessly sweeping by.
Am I womanly and weak if the tear was on my cheek
For a brotherhood that death could thus divide?
If sickened and amazed through a woeful mist I gazed
On the place where the old horse died.

There are men both good and wise who hold that in future state
Dumb creatures we have cherished here below
Shall give us joyous greeting when we pass the golden gate;
Is it folly that I hope it may be so?

For never man had friend more enduring to the end,
Truer mate in every turn of time and tide.
Could I think we'd meet again, it would lighten half my pain
At the place where the old horse died

G. J. Whyte-Melville

The following song "post date's" the **Mardale Hunt of the Dun Bull era**, but it was almost certainly sung at the **Mardale meets** which followed.

PLACEFELL HUNT

Noo the ho'nds they came t' White Lion Inn, 'twas on a huntin' morn
And Ant' was pr'od to see the cro'd all waiting for the horn;
He leuked at clock, and it said ten, so off went Ant', wid ho'nds and
crush.

Chorus:

So we're trampin', in the moring, wid la'al Barker and his pride,
Trampin' on the mountains is a sport you can't deny;
Yer can see la'al Sunshine there, and la'al Countess what a pair,
So give us a hunt on Placefell in the morning.

Noo thro' t' fell yat and up the bro' these ho'nds they hed t' try,
Cos Barker's voice says yer can gar, bold Reynard 's ligin' high;
So up they spread, la'al Countess said, "Bold Reynard's nearby",
But Tramper's pace was up t' crag face, he'd seen bold Reynard fly

Chorus:

Then doon the top fra't Grey Crag rock to Sandwick he did try,
But ho'nds were fit with yan day's rist, they made that bugger sigh;
He went tho' slack wid noted pack nut very far behind,
And doon by Lang Crag end he went cos ho'nds hed fo'nd their stride.

Chorus:

Noo doon t' hill git t' Lakeside path, bold Reynard made his way;
He thou't he'd git t' Birkfell earth and see another day;

But hunters there said, "Ho, git away, you can't hide here today".
So on t' Silver Point he went and de'd t' natural way.

Chorus:

Noo off we set for t' White Lion Inn t' celebrate day,
And t' fox was hung on t' ceiling creuk in t' good old-fashioned way;
We seun gat garn wid chairman fine, he's dun this job for years.
But keep yersels in order folks, we hev'n't lang to stay.

Chorus:

Noo just t' close with this last verse I think I owt t' say,
"Good luck t' ho'nds for many years, and Barker bright and gay;
Good luck to aw yer folk that's here, and them that's far away,
And may we hunt on other days but Boxing Day this year".

Chorus:

Anthony Barker was huntsman to the Ullswater Foxhounds between 1941 - 1946, which gives some idea, of the date the song was written.

Jack Burrell

HAWESWATER TODAY

Haweswater has still an abundance of wild life; there are forty breeding species of woodland birds at Naddle, including pied flycatcher, wood warbler and redstart. In the mountainous head of the valley there are large birds of prey. Red deer and fell ponies roam the fells, particularly to the west of the lake. There is a rich flora, stretches of juniper scrub, and heather moorland. The pastures and meadows, the oaks and elms, yews and sycamores of the valley floor have gone, but there still remains a wild and beautiful countryside around and above the reservoir to be cared for and enjoyed.

THE MARDALIANS LAMENT

The farmsteads are empty; their roof tiles are gone,
The strong, hardy Dalesmen have left one by one,
There's nothing to show where their old dwellings stood,
Save whitening stones fathoms deep neath the flood.

Dear was the forest where we wandered so free
Or rested a while on some old fallen tree,

Dear were the meadows reaching down to the shore,
But the fair maids of Mardale will tread them no more.

The quaint little church, nestling neath the old yews
Has been plundered of altar, pulpit and pews
The dead laid to rest have had their last say
But their souls have been moved to some place far away.

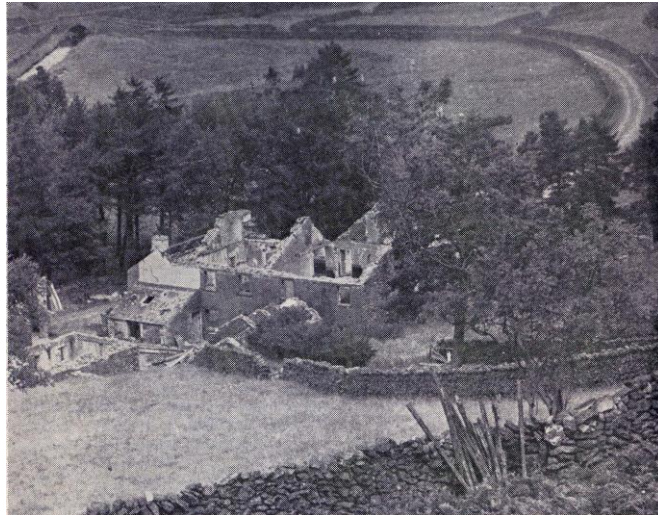
And the hardy shepherd with his strong trusty crook
Would tramp the fells for his flocks to look,
With his dog and his whistle in wind and in rain,
Are sounds we will search for, but alas all in vain.

At the old Shepherds meet, ah! What golden days
When the shepherds would meet to reclaim the strays
Within the "Dunny's" stout walls what tales they would tell,
But alas! The old "Dunney" has been drowned as well.

The Dun bull has gone; no more shall we rest there,
The larders are empty; its cupboards are bare,
No more shall we feast, little reckoning the cost
For the rooms where we revelled forever are lost.

So, Mardale, farewell! The strangers have robbed thee
Of all that was dear to my comrades and me,
Of forest and church, of Dun Bull we're bereft
High Welters gaunt gables are all they have left.

Demolition.



The Roofless Dun Bull, awaiting final demolition



The remains of Mardale Church after the roof and windows were removed

Everyone felt it when they closed the church. There was an idea they should consecrate a piece of ground higher up on the hillside. Then one of the villagers said: "Who'se going to go there?"

A Mardale farmer's wife.

APPENDICES

Ullswater Foxhounds

The Ullswater Foxhounds were formed in 1873 after the amalgamation of two smaller packs: the Patterdale and the Matterdale. Mr.J.E.Hasell became Master in 1889. He appointed Joe Bowman as Huntsman (probably the most famous fell Huntsman after Peel). Joe Bowman had already hunted the Ullswater hounds, first doing so on 14th November 1879 (when he was 22). He finally retired (having retired once in 1911 and come back in 1915) in 1924, having completed 41 seasons. He died in 1940 aged 90.

Joe Wear became Whipper-in when Joe Bowman retired. He became Huntsman in 1933 and was with the hunt (as Whipper-in and Huntsman) for more than 40 years. Dennis Barrow, who followed him, was Huntsman for 25 years to 1996 when John Harrison was appointed.

Ullswater Huntsmen.

Abram (Abe) Pattinson 1872 – 1879
Joe Bowman (Auld Hunt) 1879 – 1911
George Salkeld 1911 – 1915
Joe Bowman 1915 – 1924
Braithwaite (Brait) Wilson 1924 – 1933
Joe Wear 1933 – 1941
Anthony Barker 1941 – 1946
Joe Wear 1946 – 1971

Dennis Barrow 1971 – 1996

John Harrison 1996 – date.

A "Fell Pack" was run on a financial shoestring when compared to a "mounted pack" whose supporters are expected to pay a high subscription for the privilege of riding to hounds. To give some idea of the running of a Fell Pack, here is an account of the Ullswater Foxhounds Annual General meeting of 1935 / 36

ULLSWATER HUNT'S GOOD YEAR
ANNUAL MEETING AT PATTERDALE
PACK TO BE IMPROVED.

The annual meeting of the Ullswater Foxhounds was held at Patterdale Hotel on Saturday. There was a large gathering of members and subscribers from over a wide area. Mrs. Anthony Lowther presided and Dr. J. R. K. Thompson joint master accompanied her. Messers. J. V. Allen and A. Walton joint hon. secretaries and T. Wilkinson hon. treasurer.

Following the adoption of the minutes the treasurer presented the accounts, which showed the hunt began the year with a balance in hand of £96. 3s. 6d and ended with a balance of £63. 13s. 3d. The chief receipts were: Subscriptions £264. 17s 6d: proceeds from Hunt Balls £166. 7s: other items £234. 2s 3d a total of £781. 8s.7d. On the opposite side were two items of extraordinary expenditure. These were the repayment of a loan of £80 and repairs to kennels of £154. 18s 6d.

On the adoption of the balance sheet Mr Ross. Master of the Southern Counties Otter Hounds and a prominent member of the Ullswater Hunt, said the committee was to be highly congratulated on the result. Considering the extra expenditure of over £230, which, he took it was not likely to recur. It must be gratifying to all concerned (Applause)

Mr. Allen in presenting the joint secretaries report gave some interesting facts concerning the hunt. He mentioned that last year there were 324 half-crown subscribers and said the small subscriptions were much welcomed by the committee. Mrs. Allen associated herself with the remarks of Mr. Allen and the report was adopted.

The retiring members of the committee were Messers. T. B. Nelson, K. Dobell, J. J. Leak, T. Martin and N. Gregg and there was a vacancy caused by the death of Mr. W. Baldry, Martindale. With the exception of Mr. Martin who had left the district, these were re-elected. Mr. S. Noble was elected for Bampton and Mr. O. Baldry to represent Martindale.

21-YEAR LEASE OF KENNELS

Mrs. Lowther reported that negotiations regarding the kennels had been completed and she was glad to announce that a 21-year lease had now been signed. Associating himself with the thanks to the committee, Dr. Thomson coupled with the vote the names of the secretaries and treasurer, and Messers. F. T. Kenyon for auditing the accounts free of charge. A committee mans work said Dr. Thomson was

no sinecure. He did a lot of unseen work without salary for which Mrs. Lowther and he were very grateful.

Mrs Lowther, referring to the 324 subscribers mentioned by Mr Allen, said they valued their help very much and she extended thanks to all for the support given. She paid a very high compliment to Mr Walton for his services and said it would be very difficult to do without him. With regards to walkers of hounds, she hoped to pay a visit to each one during the season. Speaking of the hounds, she said that Wear had about 28 second season hounds, but was short of third and fourth season hounds. They hoped, however, to have before long a first class pack.

MEMORIAL TO MR C R FARRER

Suitable reference was made to the late Mr C R Farrer, whose association with the pack covered a good many years. Dr Thomson said before Mr Farrer died the committee felt they should show some appreciation of his services. About £60 had been collected, and now that Mr Farrer was no longer here he suggested that a memorial to him should be erected. The committee had gone into it and thought that as Mr Farrer was such an enthusiast, they should build a terrier kennel as a permanent memorial.

Mr A Parkin announced that Mr Danby had promised a silver cup to be awarded to the best working terrier of the fell packs. This Mr Parkin said was to encourage the breeding of good working terriers. It was decided to invite Mr R Daffurn, Greyhound Hotel, Shap, to become a member of the committee. Mr J Wilkinson, Deepdale Hall, proposed a vote of thanks to Mrs Lowther and Dr Thomson, and Mr S Fleming, Penrith, seconding, hope that both would be associated with the pack for many years to come. After musical honours had been accorded to the joint masters Mrs Lowther and Dr Thomson replied, and at the conclusion Mrs Robinson, Patterdale Hotel, served refreshments.

21.11.1936

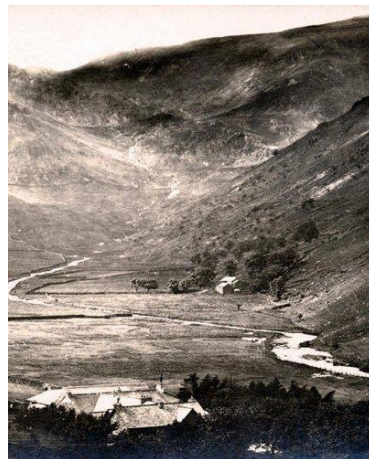
Mardale Then and Now



Pictured here is the hub of the community, with Goosemire Farm bottom right, Grove Brae farm and the Dun Bull Inn on the left and Chapel Hill farm and Holy trinity church top right.



The old lakes of Haweswater, which consisted of two lakes called Low and High water, with a small narrowing, called the Straits.

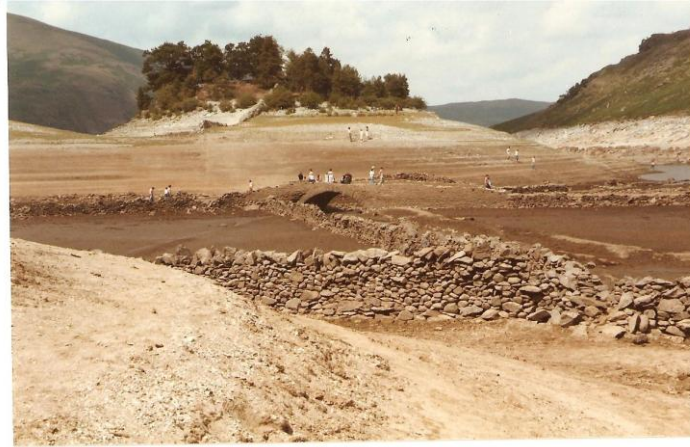


Mardale head showing the smallholding of Braken Howe farm and the Dun Bull Inn below.



Braken Howe farm as it once was, this is one of the first ruins to show when the water is low

And when the water goes down.



**Below, Mardale in the drought of 1984
(Copyright V. Hawse)**



**Mardale 1984
(Copyright V. Hawse)**

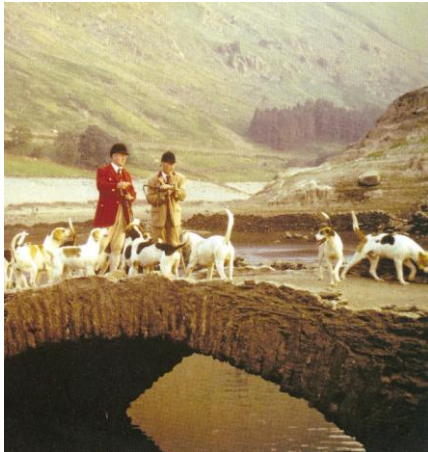


**Mardale 1984 (right)
(Copyright V. Hawse)**

**(left) Mrs. Hawse near the
ruins of The Dun Bull 1984.
(Copyright V. Hawse)**

Chapel Bridge below





Chapel Bridge before the flooding

**Huntsman Dennis Barrow,
Whip Graham Bland and the
Ullswater Foxhounds, Chapel
Bridge 1995**

And Finally.

It's now March 2012 and my insomnia persists, it's been a while since that night in October 2011, when I finished the book you have just read and I hope enjoyed. It has been something of a success, to the best of my knowledge having been downloaded in parts about 9000 times. Thank you to the 5 web sites who carried it and thank you to all the people who sent me e-mails, a few nice things have been said about it but for me the greatest praise was from the Shap Local History Society (keepers of all things Mardale) whose Chairman wrote to the effect that they were happy to be associated with it, thanks, it means a lot.

Parkinson's Disease is an insidious one, causing the sufferer to become increasingly reliant upon others for care, there is no cure and medication may slow down the progress of the illness but it does not stop it. As a sufferer I do not ask for your pity but if you see someone slowly walking along and obviously shaking in years to come, give them a nod or a word, they will appreciate it, it might even be me.

Ron Black.
March 2012