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A  
HISTORY  
OF THE  
BRAMHAM MOOR HUNT.

BY  
WILLIAM SCARTH DIXON,  
AUTHOR OF  
"IN THE NORTH COUNTRY," &c.



LEEDS:  
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*This Edition is limited to Two Hundred Copies.*

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## PREFACE.

WHEN Sir Walter Scott reviewed Colonel Thornton's Sporting Tour in the *Edinburgh Review*, he took occasion to handle the gallant colonel pretty severely for going into such minute detail respecting his sporting adventures. 'To stuff a quarto with his personal exploits 'of shooting and fishing,' says Sir Walter, 'all detailed with 'the most unmerciful prolixity, is a tyranny surpassing that 'of William Rufus, who, though he turned his liege subjects 'out of their houses to make a park, did not propose that 'they should pay £1 15s. for the history of his hunting,— 'a proceeding which, in our opinion, would have justified an 'insurrection against Nimrod himself.' It is on the score of want of detail that I would find fault with Colonel Thornton. A Yorkshire Master of Foxhounds, whose hounds were famous and who won many large bets by their prowess, might at any rate have left us something more than the mere record of these bets; and had he done so, my task of writing the history of the BRAMHAM MOOR HUNT would have been much easier. For though I cannot say with certainty that Colonel Thornton hunted the Bramham Moor country, there is little doubt but what he occasionally, at any rate, hunted some of it.

This reticence on the part of Colonel Thornton was by no means singular. Masters of Hounds all over the country hunted and bred hounds, and talked of the sport

that they loved, loud and long, over their port; they showed the best of sport with the good wild foxes which were then to be found in the unenclosed parts of the country, but they never wrote about what they did, or only rarely and to private friends. Even hunting diaries seem to have been kept but seldom till the commencement of the present century, and indeed it is only by a rare chance that one comes across any reliable hunting history which dates back more than a hundred years. That this is a great loss to the present hunting community must be admitted. The ways of our forefathers were often wise ways, and it would be interesting to know how much we are indebted to those good old sportsmen who, 'with their 'broad-lapped coats, top boots, black cap, and their pigtailed 'sticking out,' roused the echoes in the early days of the Georges. This want of information with respect to the Bramham Hunt is especially unfortunate, as it is one of the oldest of the Yorkshire Hunts, nearly, if not quite, co-existent with the Sinnington, which owes its existence to the Duke of Buckingham, who doubtless found his rough moorland country and the sport he enjoyed thereon a more satisfactory way of spending his time than in 'Clievdens' 'proud alcove,' or amidst the intrigues of corrupt politicians, and a still more corrupt Court.

Anything like a continuous History of the Bramham Moor I have found to be impossible, and the difficulty of the task has been added to by the fact that many papers relating to the Hunt were lost when the house was burnt down at Bramham Park in 1828. But then there is the fact that for at any rate one hundred years they have only been in the Lane Fox and Lascelles families, and this certainly facilitates matters as regards the later history.

For a long time the Bramham Moor has occupied an unique position amongst what are known as provincial packs, and its high reputation dates a long way into the last century, a reputation of which all Yorkshire sportsmen are justly proud. For at Bramham the 'System of Meynell' was early adopted; and if that system was first adopted in the Quorn country during the long Mastership of the great Hugo Meynell, it is equally certain that it was adopted about the same time in the kennels at Wothersome.

My task has been a difficult yet a pleasant one, and I have to thank many gentlemen for the information they have so kindly placed at my disposal. Foremost amongst them is Captain Fox, who has spared no pains; Mr. Lascelles, of Sion Hill, and Mr. Thomas Parrington have likewise been of great assistance; whilst I am indebted to Dr. Todd, of Selby, for the sight of some interesting manuscripts and letters. The chapter about hounds is principally written from data furnished by Tom Smith, who has been most painstaking in giving me information about his favourites.

The publisher also desires to express his thanks to Captain Fox, Sir Walter Gilbey, and Messrs. Dickinson and Foster, of New Bond Street, for placing at his disposal the original pictures, from which the Illustrations in the book have been taken.

WILLIAM SCARTH DIXON.

YORK, *April*, 1898.









# The Bramham Moor Hunt.

## CHAPTER I.

### THE BRAMHAM MOOR COUNTRY.

“FROM Skipton-in-Craven to Selby, and right up to the walls of York.” Such is a rough outline of the country hunted over by the earlier Masters of the Bramham Moor, and up the year 1816. What a glorious expanse of country over which to hold rule! Wide spreading moors and unenclosed grass land, mingled here and there with plough; a sparsely-inhabited district; no railways and no big fields: what a paradise for a master of hounds to find himself in! Over the unenclosed land hounds would run from morning till night, without a fox perhaps ever coming across anything to head him all day. Not much jumping to be done in a great deal of the country in those days, though here and there a wide drain would try the mettle of the men and horses of the brave days of old. There would be plenty of ‘boggy bottoms’ to try them, too, for it is by no means always plain sailing in an unenclosed

country. Very different is the aspect of country now: westward, factory chimneys and collieries have rendered hunting impossible, or nearly so, and from being one of the most thinly-populated districts in the country, the Bramham Moor district has grown beyond the expectations of the most sanguine. During the last sixty years the growth has been immense, and in 1891 the population of the West Riding was 2,464,415, whilst sixty years previous it had been short of 800,000. This has naturally had its effect upon hunting in more ways than one. The area of the Hunt westward has been considerably circumscribed by increased industrial operations. Then fields have become larger and larger with each year, and sometimes they reach almost unwieldy dimensions; whilst in some parts of the country, foot people, who were scarcely ever seen in the olden time, crowd every coign of vantage, and carriages fill the lanes; both tending to make foxes run shorter than they were wont to do, and to give the huntsman many an anxious minute.

In 1816, a deputation from the city of York waited upon Mr. James Lane Fox, and asked him to cede a portion of the country which had hitherto been hunted by the Bramham Moor to the newly-formed York and Ainsty pack. Mr. Fox, who had really more country than he could hunt, and who, moreover, never thought it likely that the country would undergo such great changes, conceded that part of the Ainsty which lies to the east of the Tadcaster road, there being some stipulation to the effect that if the York hounds were ever given up, this country should again revert to the Bramham Moor.

Shortened as it is on both sides, the Bramham Moor country can still afford plenty of room for four days a week. Its extreme eastern boundary is the Tadcaster road above mentioned, the country running northerly as far as Wilstrop

Wood; the nearest point to York being the Wild Man, whence the Bilbrough coverts are hunted. This part of the country is hunted on Fridays, the most southern part of it being Tadcaster Bar, whilst Walshford Bridge and Skip Bridge are the northern boundaries. The most western point of the Friday country is Deighton Bar. The Friday country is perhaps the best in the whole Hunt, although there are some very pretty pieces of country on the Monday side, of which more anon. The eastern side of this Friday country is decidedly the best; to the west are the big woods and coverts of Ingmanthorpe, rare strongholds for foxes, but rather too close together for the best of sport. The Ingmanthorpe coverts are also not very good to get away from; there are two or three drains which it is impossible to jump, and the wait for one's turn at a bridge is not conducive to amiability of temper, especially when hounds are running hard. So perhaps it is as well that the Ingmanthorpe foxes should have acquired a habit of ringing a little at first, for by so doing they enable the field to 'take their places.' But it must not be supposed that the Ingmanthorpe foxes always play at what is called in the North Riding 'boggle about stack.\*' I have on occasion seen an Ingmanthorpe fox make a good point, and when one does set his head to a distant point, you want to have the best hunter in your stable under you, and your heart does not want to beat too loudly against your waistcoat if you mean to hear Tom Smith's whoo-whoop.

The Thorp Arch Woods are also large, but foxes do not hang about so much there, and they are generally stout and 'enterprising.' One of the best runs I ever saw with the Bramham Moor, or for the matter of that with any other pack, was from Thorp Arch Wood, an account of

\* *Anglicè*—running round and round.

which shall be given in its proper place. The other principal coverts in this part of the Friday country are Hall Parks, Champagne Gorse, Walton Wood, and Hatfield's Plantation,—all of them notorious in the Bramham hunt as the starting points of famous runs. Armitage's Wood, which is generally the first draw from Deighton Bar, should not be omitted. There is one formidable place in this part of the Hunt, known as Boggart House Drain. It is wide and it is deep, the approach to it is none of the best, neither is the landing quite what may be wished when you get to it. I say 'when you get to it' advisedly, for it is easier to get into Boggart House Drain than over it, as many an aspirant to fame has discovered; and I doubt not that there are hidden somewhere in its depths as many stirrup-irons and leathers, and spurs and hunting-crops, as would fit up a small saddler's shop. But that notwithstanding, there is always a fair number of the Bramham field prepared to have a try at it whenever it comes in their way.

Eastward lie the Wighill coverts and Shire Oaks, which is generally the first draw when the meet is at Wighill village, and farther east are the Catterton coverts and Healaugh. These are in the middle of a piece of very fine country, and although there is some heavy plough to be encountered here and there, there is a nice proportion of grass. The fences are big and the drains wide in this part of the country, and a stout and clever horse is necessary to get near hounds when there is a scent. Catterton Drain may be said to be the *bête noir* of this part of the country, and in some places it is not jumpable. Where this is the case, a bridge is generally handy and useful, for Catterton Drain is scarcely the sort of place one cares to tackle at the end of a fast half-hour, with a horse that is more than a little blown. Still it is only fair to say that it is generally taken as it comes by the first flight when it comes in their way.

To the north lie the Tockwith, Bilton, Marston, and Hutton coverts, all of them noted strongholds. Collier Hagg, which is close to Hutton, is not the best place in the world to get away from, for unless a man is pretty handy to the bridge when a fox goes away, he may get left. This part of the district extends to Wilstrop Wood on the north, and Bilbrough on the east, and in it is some of the strongest country to be found within the confines of the Bramham Moor Hunt, or for the matter of that, in England. A well-known sportsman, a man of wide experience, and himself one of the hardest riders of his time, always avers that the line between Hutton Thorns and Wilstrop Wood is the stiffest he ever crossed. The Bilbrough coverts are nicely situated, and generally hold good stout foxes. There is a good deal of plough and some good grass, and foxes not infrequently run over the road into the York and Ainsty country, when a good gallop is generally the result, as there is rather more grass on the York and Ainsty side of the road.

The principal fixtures on the Friday side of the country are The Wild Man, Tockwith, Bickerton Bar, Deighton Bar, Wighill Park, Wighill village, Thorp Arch, Marston, and Walton village.

Large as are the fields in the Friday country, when they are usually swollen by a strong contingent from York, they do not reach in numbers the fields which turn out on Mondays, when hounds meet within easier distance of Leeds. At some of the Monday fixtures there will be found at least three hundred horsemen, whilst the roads will be lined with carriages, and every hill covered with foot people, many of whom never miss going out when hounds meet within reasonable distance.

The extreme eastern boundary of this district may be put down as a line drawn through Kirk Deighton, reaching

from the Nidd on the north to the Wharfe on the south, and these two rivers may fairly be said to be the northern and southern boundaries of the district. The western boundary is Farnley Park. This part of the country is more hilly than the Friday country, and there is not so much plough in it. In the western part of it there are big moors, and rough withal, and Lindley Moor, Almscliff, and the High Moors recall to some extent the appearance of most of the country in 'the brave days of old.' It is a better scenting country than the Friday country, indeed it is, I think, the best scenting country the Bramham Moor have. The fencing is a little lighter than it is on the Ainsty side, and though there are some big drains in places, they are nothing like so numerous, nor as a rule so formidable, as are those in the more eastern part of the country. But there are two or three that take some doing, notably the Crimple Beck, which indeed in some places is unjumpable. In the western part of this district there are some stone walls, but principally the obstacles are strong hedges, and a ditch at one side or the other. A horse, to have any chance to live with hounds here, must be a well-bred one, for the benty grass of the intakes carries a rare scent, and the hills take some climbing.

The principal fixtures are Weeton, from which Rougemont Carr, a fine covert on the banks of the Wharfe, is generally drawn; Stockeld Park, Wood Hall Bridge, Harewood Bridge, Kirkby Overblow, Huby, and Clap Gate. The chief coverts besides that already mentioned are Devonshire Whin, a fine gorse close to Stockeld Park; Swindon Wood, Walton Head Whin, Riffa Wood, a rare stronghold for foxes, and in the middle of a good country; Almscliff Whin, one of the snuggest of gorse coverts, under the lee of Almscliff Crag, the very look of which speaks eloquently to a foxhunter of good gallops and of stout foxes. Cocked Hat Whin

and The Punch Bowl are also favourite coverts which come in handy for an afternoon draw from many places.

The remainder of the country is hunted as occasion requires, and there is no hard and fast line drawn between the Wednesday and the Saturday country. Taking first the south-east corner, which extends to the river Ouse on the east and the river Aire on the south, embracing the Selby district. There is much fine sporting country in this district, though it is not so well stocked with foxes as it was in the early years of the Hunt, when many a notable run was enjoyed over it. In some places, of course, foxes are still well preserved, and good sport is frequent, but in some fine coverts there is a scarcity. One of the strongest range of coverts in the whole of the Bramham Moor Hunt is Byram Park, which lies at the extreme west of this section of the country. Interminable woods, with rectangular rides cut in them, follow each other in rapid succession, and one covert looks as like another as peas in a pod, so that a man may ride miles, and unless he has a good eye to country, and has been there a few times, he will scarcely know where he is when he finishes. It is quite possible for hounds to be running about Byram Woods for a fortnight without getting away very far. Still, I have seen some fun in Byram Woods once or twice, although it is a place I should not go to of my own choice if there were hunting to get elsewhere. As is generally the case where there are such big woods, woods ranging for miles, the foxes of Byram have the credit of not being very good ones, and they certainly show a remarkable love of 'home, sweet home.' But sometimes, when a fox of this character rises to a sense of what an expectant country requires of him, he makes a good point and beats hounds at the finish. There have been a few good runs from Byram when scent has served.

The country about Birkin is of a very different character,

and Birkin Willows is as pretty a fox covert as a man need wish to put an eye on. A fine riding country is on all sides of it, and many a good gallop has had its starting point there. Farther to the east is a similar country round Burn. Bishop Woods are a great stronghold, and foxes are generally plentiful there, and it is questionable whether there is a better place for cub hunting in the whole of the Hunt, and certainly there is not on that side of it. Gateforth Common Wood, though a big covert, is one from which foxes generally go away smartly, at least such has been my experience the few times I have been there; and there is a bit of very fair country towards Gateforth village, Hambleton, and Thorpe Willoughby. The Boot and Shoe Woods are also good coverts which always hold a fox, and in the early days of the Hunt hounds used to stay at the Boot and Shoe to hunt that part of the country. There are some good coverts and nice country about Monk Fryston, which lie in between the Boot and Shoe and Gateforth: the coverts and the country being very similar to what they are in the latter locality. There is one big drain that takes a little getting across. The Towton and Saxton coverts lie to the north of this division, close to Stutton and Grimston Park. There is a good deal of heavy plough in this part of the country, and when hounds run fast over it, as they do sometimes, the long rises and heavy clay soon make horses give up pulling. Renshaw Wood is perhaps the best covert that is hunted from Towton. It is a long wood on a hill side which slopes down to the river Cock, and at the southern end of it is a field which is known as the field of the White and Red Roses. For it was close to Renshaw Wood that the heaviest part of the fighting took place at the battle of Towton, on that dreadful Palm Sunday, when no quarter was







given or asked, and 38,000 of England's best and bravest were slain. Renshaw Wood, which that day provided a hiding-place for many a soldier of the defeated Lancastrian army, is now famous for the many good runs which the Bramham have had from it. Towton Spring is also a good covert in this neighbourhood, as is Saxton Carr; and Grimston Willow Beds is another good covert within easy distance of Towton.

Tadcaster and Stutton Willow Beds are the most northerly coverts in the south-eastern district, the former being close to the river Wharfe, and the south-western extremity of the district is found at Peckfield Lodge, where New Field Whin is a good covert, and whence the Ledsham Woods are easily reachable. Hook Moor is some two-and-a-half miles to the north of Peckfield Bar, and is a favourite meet at that side of the country. Though there are some very big woods in the neighbourhood, and a man requires to keep his eyes open if he wishes to get a good start with hounds, it is a nice sporting country, and foxes do not dwell so much as one would think. Huddleston Woods, Parlington, Micklefield, and Ringhay, are the principal coverts, and there is a wood called Daniel Hartley from which many a good run has been seen. The only other fixture in the south-eastern district of the Hunt is Becca Mill, from which some capital sport is generally seen. Its woods lie to the north of Parlington, and as an instance of how the face of the country has altered in comparatively recent years, I may mention that the late Mr. George Lane Fox remembered the now enclosed and cultivated country round Becca as open moor and pasture.

By far the worst country that the Bramham Moor hounds hunt over is the south-western portion. Much of this is on a light soil; there is a large proportion of land under plough, and it is plough of the worst scenting kind

that there is to be found, rivalling the cold fallows of the Craven country. Of course it is not all alike, and there is here and there a bit of good country. Bramham Park and Harewood Park are great strongholds for foxes, and there is some fair country round about those places; but to the west of Harewood the stone walls, as well as the heather to be found in almost every field, tell what the country was like not so very long ago. They go on as far as Poole, to the south of Otley, and Otley Chevin is one of their farthest fixtures west. There is a lot of good rough country about here, though most of the hunting is confined to woodland and moor. There is not a great deal of moor, however, in the south-western district, but there is some about Guiseley. Taken on the whole the south-western portion of the country is easy to get over; there are very few drains, and these not formidable when measured alongside such places as Boggart House and Catterton, neither are the fences very big. It is a part of the country, too, in which a man who is fond of seeing hound-work will find plenty of pleasure, for hounds almost always have to work for their fox, and unless they have plenty of nose they are of no use there.

The north-west portion of the country, that which lies to the west of the Monday country proper, is a good wild sporting country, and one in which great runs are sometimes seen. It consists chiefly of moors, but they are moors over which hounds can be ridden to. As in most moorland countries the foxes are wild and stout, and take some killing. At Blubberhouses the country is practically all moor, and hounds do not very often go there. Indeed there is a good deal of the Bramham country, or what is known as the Bramham country, on this side, which is not easy of access, and which is practically unhuntable, and very few foxes are found west of Haverah Park and Swarcliffe,

where, by the way, is some nice grass country by the side of the Nidd. Beckwithshaw Bar is one of the principal fixtures in the north-west portion of the country, and stout foxes are those which hail from Beckwithshaw Woods.

On the hills and the moors of the extreme west hounds seldom get, and it may safely be said that they never meet there. But occasionally a 'stout hill fox' will pay a visit to the country where his legitimate enemies hold sway, and then, if there should chance to be a scent, there is a run worth talking about. Such a run was that which took place on the fourteenth of March, 1881, an account of which may perhaps as well be given here, as marking the possibilities of the rougher portions of the country. The account I give is from Tom Smith's Diary, which he has kindly placed at my disposal.

'March 14th. Met at Buttersike Bar with seventeen couple  
 'of hounds. Trotted off to Almscliff Whin. Found and  
 'went away pointing for the moors, but turned to the left  
 'within a field of Riffa Wood, leaving it to his left, went  
 'up to Stainburn. Here he got headed and left the gill  
 'to his right; through the willow garth, and down to  
 'Leathley, where he crossed the Washburn into the lake  
 'plantation. Through there and away over Farnley Park  
 'into the Otley plantation; through it and away, leaving  
 'the Workhouse on his left, and on past Weston, leaving  
 'it on his left; through Denton Park, and on over a fine  
 'country over the Bow Wood Gill, when they pulled him  
 'down in the middle of a grass field on the Middleton  
 'estate. Time, 1 hour and 25 minutes; distance, 9½ miles,  
 'straight, 14 miles as hounds ran,—a fine run over a fine  
 'country. The dog hounds hunted their fox remarkably  
 'well, and killed him handsomely; Viceroy making one  
 'good hit up the side of a ploughed field by Otley  
 'Workhouse when the whole of the pack had overrun the  
 'line, and Musket and Viceroy again hitting it off cleverly  
 'under a wall shortly before they ran into him.'

One can almost hear Smith cheer Viceroy after reading this graphic account of a famous run. It may be added that in the reference which Brooksby makes to this good run, he says, 'By good luck their fox took them along the narrow valley of the river Wharfe, and kept them on smooth meadows for miles, when a quarter of a mile on either side would have put them on rough, almost impracticable ground.' Brooksby tells of another run over a similar line which took place during the same season, of which I may as well give an account here, again drawing on Smith's Diary for particulars.

They met at Stockeld Park on February 9th, and after killing their first fox, they went to Cocked Hat Whin for their afternoon fox, and a good one he proved.

'Went to Cocked Hat Whin, found a brace of foxes there, and three or four couples went away with one towards Addlethorpe, the body going away with the other towards Spofforth, but bore to the left over the Hagsgs up to Spaceyhouse Whin, which he left to the left, and went over the railway and Crimple, pointing for Harrogate. Turned to the left through Haverah Park and Boar Hole, and away up to Swarcliffe, where he beat us. I think it quite possible we changed at Haverah Park. It was fast up to Haverah, and the frost not being out of the ground, the scent got worse as we got on to the high ground; but it was a good fox and a good run:—a nine mile point, and fourteen as hounds ran. Most of the hounds got to us at Haverah, but Struggler and Gulliver never got up to us, and were left out.'

Brooksby omits to state the effect the weather had on the scent, and adds that it was surmised that the fox had got into the crags. Probably his account of the run is from hearsay. He gives it as a 10½ mile point, but nine is nearer the mark.

It only now remains for me to allude to the most

southern part of the country, and about this there is not much to say. It is a network of railways, and coal-pits follow one another throughout the length and breadth of it. Of course such a country is ill-adapted to fox hunting, at any rate in its best aspects; yet somehow there is a good deal of fun in this part of the country at times. Indeed, given a scent, a good fox, and a good pack of hounds, and there will always be plenty of fun for the sportsman, no matter what the country may be like or what difficulties there may be to contend with. Amongst the coal-mines there are any number of hunters on foot, but the miners are rare good sportsmen, and as a rule are well behaved and do what they are asked to do. They like to get hold of a rabbit if one gets up within their reach; but after all that is only human nature, and I fancy most of us would 'eave 'arf a brick' at *Lepus cuniculus*, if he came temptingly near us, and the 'arf brick' were handy, and could be used with precision.

Taken on the whole the Bramham Moor country must be regarded as a good one, and though it has its drawbacks, amongst which may be reckoned the multiplicity of the coverts and their nearness to each other, factors which tend at times to make foxes run short; and though there is in some portions of it a larger proportion of plough than is fashionable or liked by many of the modern school, there is no lack of sport with the Bramham Moor, and the Bramham Moor hounds make as good an average as any pack of hounds in the country. Indeed, difficulties only seem to exist in order that they may be overcome, and given anything like a scent, the Bramham Moor foxes are not given to hanging about and running short. At any rate, those that try the experiment on once seldom live to repeat it.



## CHAPTER II.

### THE ORIGIN AND EARLY HISTORY OF THE HUNT.

'A pack of such hounds, and a set of such men,  
'Tis a shrewd chance if ever you meet with again;  
'Had Nimrod, the mighti'st of hunters, been there,  
'Foregad! he had shook like an aspen for fear.'--

*Killruddery Fox Chase.*

THE origin of fox-hunting is one of those things over which men may speculate, but about which little will ever be known. No doubt in the olden time a fox was looked upon as vermin, and men went out to hunt him with nets and other things which are enough to turn the hair of a modern sportsman grey with horror. Sporting as were the people of the country, hare-hunting and stag-hunting were their favourite sports, and it was not till within the last two hundred, or at most two hundred and fifty years, that fox-hunting was carried on as a country gentleman's sport. The Sinnington claims to be the oldest-established Hunt in the kingdom, and boasts of a continuous history since the time when the Duke of Buckingham retired from the Court to spend his time in hunting on his Kirbymoorside and Helmsley estates. But it is fair to presume that what the Duke of Buckingham was doing in Ryedale, other gentlemen were doing in other parts of the country, and that about







the same time fox-hunting began to be looked upon with favour by English country gentlemen, and foxes regarded as likely to show more sport than hares. The earliest record of fox-hunting on anything like the same lines as it is at present conducted took place in Yorkshire, and within the Royal Forest of Pickering, so early as the year 1495. In December of that year, one Roger Hastings, a squire who lived within the Manor of Pickering, and who seems to have been a somewhat self-assertive gentleman, got into trouble through slaying the king's deer. Squire Hastings, who lived at Kingthorpe, had unmistakably slain his lord's venison, but he seems to have got off pretty easily, and we frequently hear of him afterwards. It seems that he went out ostensibly to hunt foxes, and there is something quaint and almost pathetic in the account of his misdemeanour in the old records. 'Item idem Rogerus Hastynges, Armiger xvj<sup>mo</sup> die Decembris anno domini Regis nunc x<sup>mo</sup>. In Standall infra Forestam juxta Pykeryng venavit ad vulpes, et sub colore illo venavit ad ferinas domini Regis.' A fine subject for a painter would this turbulent sportsman and his retainers make, and it is quite likely that he may have been one of the first men to hunt the fox in what we would now call the legitimate manner. The covert in which he went to hunt foxes still exists in Capt. Johnstone's hunt, and it forms an interesting link between the past and present order of things in the fox-hunting world. What seems of most importance in connection with the raid of Roger Hastings was that his going out to hunt the king's deer, under the colour of going fox-hunting, marks the fact that in his day fox-hunting was becoming recognised as a country gentleman's recreation, though many years were to elapse before it came to the front as the one winter sport preferred above all others. Had Roger Hastings gone with nets as fox-hunters in the earlier days were wont to, he would not

have caught the king's deer; his success in this matter being due, doubtless, to the staunchness of his hounds.

When the Duke of Buckingham hunted the wild moors of Bilsdale, Farndale, and the neighbourhood, and by so doing practically founded the Sinnington Hunt, we may well imagine that it was rather a rough-and-ready establishment. Tradition in the dales tells us that he hunted fox and stag as they might chance to turn up, but in all probability there was not much choice in the matter, for deer had become very scarce in the Royal Forest of Pickering many years before that, and it was disafforested in the early days of Charles I. because of the scarcity of the deer. Hunting would doubtless suffer during the wars of King and Parliament, and the sport, as well as the material advancement of the nation, would feel the effects of the internecine struggle. But the spirit of sport always has, and it is to be hoped it always will, overcome all difficulties, and when the country once more was settled, hounds began to be kept all over the country. That there was something of the modern style about the Duke of Buckingham's hunting is pretty evident from the fact that his death was the result of a chill incurred whilst digging out a fox.

Whilst the Duke of Buckingham was hunting the wild foxes of north-east Yorkshire, there were other noblemen and gentlemen who recognised the value of 'the little red rover' in a sporting sense. The Charlton Hunt, at Goodwood, of which the unfortunate Duke of Monmouth was a member, was the fashionable Hunt of the day. The master was Mr. Roper, who cast in his lot with the duke, but made his escape to Holland, whence he returned with William III., once more to resume the mastership of the pack with which his name is so closely associated.\*

\* It is, I believe, a fact that Mr. Roper lived to the extreme old age of eighty-two, and he died in the hunting-field, though, I believe, it was not from

The pages of Fielding tell us how fox-hunting became a part of the life of our country gentlemen during the half-century which succeeded the accession of William III., and there can be no doubt but that in the days of Queen Anne the sport of fox-hunting in its modern development had its origin. But I must protest against Squire Western being taken as a type of the fox-hunter, even of those days. There were doubtless plenty of sportsmen of his type throughout the country, as there were many rough-and-ready sportsmen at a later period, when refinement had become more general. But in the days of Queen Anne, noblemen and gentlemen and statesmen followed hounds as noblemen and gentlemen and statesmen do now; and I believe it is on record that the great Lord Bolingbroke amused himself by hunting the fox when, on his return from exile, he was no longer permitted to enter the political arena. About this time, country gentlemen of position mostly kept hounds, and though their hunting would scarcely be considered as orthodox by their successors of the present day, it cannot be denied that to them we owe a great deal. The best of our hunting literature comes from the earlier Hanoverian period, and with all our modern improvements we have had none who have written more learnedly or with greater charm about our field sports than William Somerville, who was born before Queen Anne ascended the throne. Beckford's Book, which came somewhat later, must still be looked upon as *the* hunting classic.\*

the result of a fall. Some few years ago the Duke of Richmond revived the Hunt, and the Goodwood hounds were carried on in first-class style, and showed excellent sport. But the country is ill-adapted for fox-hunting in its modern development, and after a time the hounds were given up. It seems a pity that a country with so historic a record should not be hunted; but when the Duke of Richmond, who had hunted the country at his own expense, gave up, there was no one forthcoming to take them on under similar conditions, and a subscription could not be raised sufficient to cover the expense.

\* Peter Beckford's Thoughts upon Hunting was published in 1781, thirty-nine years after the death of Somerville.

And it is to the time of Queen Anne that we must look back for the origin of the Bramham Moor Hunt, and as it seems fitting to us of a later generation, it was a Lane Fox who was the first to hunt over that wide and sporting district which has achieved such a high position in the annals of the chase, and which is known as the Bramham Moor. That Lord Bingley owned hounds and hunted the fox, dragging him to his kennel in the early morning, as was then imperative, and that he showed good sport to his friends and neighbours, we have every reason to believe; but history, as might be expected, has little to say about his doings, or the doings of any of his contemporaries in the way of sport, and the silence of history is much to be regretted. But though the Bramham Moor Hunt undoubtedly had its origin when Anne was queen, and when Lord Bingley, who was a friend and contemporary of Bolingbroke's, ruled at Bramham Park, the real history of the Hunt may be said to have begun when he was succeeded by his nephew, Mr. James Lane Fox, one of the foremost sportsmen of his time, though history records it of him that he was not a 'thruster.' But Mr. James Lane Fox,—'Jemmy Fox of Bramham' as he was called by his contemporaries and friends,—did not succeed as M. F. H. when he succeeded to the estates of his uncle, and it was some few years before he took up his abode on his Yorkshire estate. During those few years, Sir Thomas Gascoigne, of Parlington, hunted the country, or rather part of it, and Sir Walter Vavasour, of Hazlewood, succeeded him; but about the limits of the country they hunted, or what kind of establishment they kept up, or what sport they showed, history is provokingly silent.

Sir Thomas Gascoigne, however, was a capital sportsman, and was the first master of the country which is now hunted over by Lord Middleton, his rule over that country







beginning in 1764, whilst for many years the Vavasours have held a high reputation as sportsmen in sporting Yorkshire, so that there is every reason to believe that things would be managed in the then approved fashion, and that sport would be good.

But it is equally certain that they would be, regarded from a modern standpoint, a funny lot of hounds that Mr. James Lane Fox took hold of when he commenced to hunt the country. For in those days, especially in the provinces, there was not much care taken in breeding hounds, and even at a comparatively recent date many men neither knew nor cared whether a hound was 'straight' or not. In the middle of the last century, however, hunting was to undergo a great change. To begin with, the features of the country were gradually but surely changing; wide commons were enclosed and cultivated, and many big woods were, for one reason or another, cut down. Consequently, the gorse covert came more and more into request, though it was long before it prevailed to any great extent. That a change was imminent in the hunting world was certain, but it perhaps became an accomplished fact sooner than would have been the case, owing to the ability with which Mr. Hugo Meynell, polished gentleman and keen fox-hunter, ruled over the destinies of the Quorn. Mr. Hugo Meynell was certainly the father of modern fox-hunting. He was the keenest of the keen about hound-breeding, and a great authority on the subject, and to him was due not only the improvement in breeding and kennel management, which has been celebrated as 'The System of Meynell,' but he was the man who introduced that straightforward riding which adds such a charm to the sport when not indulged in to an undue extent. Fortunately for Mr. James Lane Fox he was a great personal friend of Mr. Meynell's, and he quickly saw that the system which his Leicestershire friend

had adopted, was the only one by which a kennel of foxhounds could be managed with satisfaction to everyone. So he at once followed the lead given him. It was also his good fortune to be very intimate with Mr. Peter Beckford, than whom no one, either before or since, had a greater knowledge of all appertaining to the hunting and management of a pack of hounds, whether foxhounds or harriers. Mr. Fox, as I have already intimated, was not a hard rider, but as a breeder of hounds he was one of the foremost men of his day, and it is a matter for regret that his hound lists have not been preserved. Fortunately I am able to give a couple of good runs which took place during his mastership, and I would that there were a few more records of similar runs.

Here is the first one, which took place in 1806.

‘Mr. Lane Fox’s hounds,’ says the record, ‘have had likewise  
‘good sport throughout the season, but on Saturday they  
‘had one of the most splendid days ever remembered.  
‘Meeting at Red Hall, near Gledhow, they tried all the  
‘neighbouring coverts without a challenge, when crossing  
‘over Blackmoor to Hell Wood they immediately found.  
‘The fox instantly broke covert, going away in a most  
‘gallant style over the country. Crossing West Woods  
‘to the right, over Rigton Hills and the brook in the  
‘bottom, skirted Collingham town, and from thence down  
‘to Keswick Ox Close, where, crossing the river, he passed  
‘through Mr. Scott’s park and pleasure grounds at Wood  
‘Hall, where he was viewed. Thence ran on direct to  
‘Stockeld, where, without hanging a moment, he broke  
‘away over the finest country in the world—Leicestershire  
‘not excepted—in a direct line for Harrogate. Then  
‘turning to the left, passed near Spofforth village, and  
‘running from thence to Kirkby Overblow, went to ground  
‘in a crag, the whole pack being within a few yards of  
‘his brush. This run, whether considered for the extent  
‘of ground reynard went over, the straight line he took,

‘or the fineness of the country he chose, will not often  
 ‘be equalled in the annals of sporting. The field was  
 ‘unusually small, perhaps from the unpromising appearance  
 ‘of the morning, it being a hard frost; but small as the  
 ‘field was, it was considerably lessened by the country  
 ‘riding deep, and the severity of the fences. It may  
 ‘truly be said

‘A chosen few alone the sport enjoy.’

A capital run, this, and over a fine line, but unfortunately no record has been kept of the time it occupied. The account I give of it was copied from the ‘Sporting Magazine’ of 1807, and at the foot of the run are MS. notes to the effect that Sir Walter Vavasour died November 2nd, 1802, and Sir Thomas died in 1826.

Good a run as this was, the following was a better. It took place on December 19th, 1807, and is certainly to be looked upon as a typical Bramham Moor day. The account I give is copied from an old letter, and I am unable to say whether it has ever appeared in print:—

‘Mr. Fox’s hounds had a remarkable run on Saturday last,’ so runs the record, ‘though the frost was hardly out of the  
 ‘ground. They met at Dog Kennel Whin, which they  
 ‘drew without success. Then proceeded to try Hetchel  
 ‘Spring and School House Whin without a single challenge,  
 ‘but on putting into Hell Wood a fox immediately stole  
 ‘away, and facing the strong enclosures towards Thorner,  
 ‘turned to the left, passing over Rigton Hills nearly to  
 ‘Keswick Ox Close, and thence to the right by Collingham  
 ‘town, over the open fields to Clifford Moor. Crossed the  
 ‘north road and Mr. Thompson’s Park at Wetherby Grange,  
 ‘whence, finding the pack close at his brush, he boldly  
 ‘dashed into the River Wharfe, and running through Horn  
 ‘Bank over Walton open fields, by the Whin up to Walton  
 ‘Wood. Thence by Mr. Stapleton’s plantations to Bilton,  
 ‘by Healaugh town, leaving Shireoaks to the right, over  
 ‘those enclosures and deep severe country up to Bilbrough.

‘Over the moor, crossed the road at Streethouses, down  
 ‘to Bolton Percy, turned to the left to Stub Wood, into  
 ‘which covert reynard was viewed not above a field before  
 ‘the pack. Here they unluckily changed, and going away  
 ‘with a fresh fox were with difficulty stopped running in  
 ‘a direct line for the river below Sir William Milner’s  
 ‘Park at Nun Appleton. In a direct line from point to  
 ‘point it exceeded twenty miles; the ground they went  
 ‘over above five-and-twenty, in two hours and eighteen  
 ‘minutes, and what is remarkable, this game fox hardly  
 ‘owned a covert and never tried an earth. The scent laid  
 ‘very well, and they always kept going, though certainly  
 ‘not their best pace. Mr. Hawke, on King Cole, Mr. Jadis,  
 ‘on Speculation, and Mr. Clough, on Conqueror, deserve  
 ‘honourable mention, nor should Capt. Sotheran, on Rocket,  
 ‘be omitted, who showed what wonders a heavy weight can  
 ‘perform when possessed of a good eye to country.’

This was a wonderful run indeed, the finish being over quite the cream of the Ainsty. It will be noticed that it is stated that hounds crossed Billbrough Moor, and anyone who takes the trouble to follow the run on the map, and who knows the country, will recognise how the face of it is changed since this good run took place. What was then common and moor is now under cultivation, and where there was heavy plough there is now a larger proportion of grass, a proportion which seems to be gradually increasing. I have not been able to learn any further particulars respecting Capt. Sotheran, but I may remark that the Bramham Hunt has always been remarkable for its hard-riding welters. Several of the huntsmen have been heavy men, and in recent days there have been heavy men found who could always get through a run.

What his contemporaries thought of Mr. James Lane Fox’s establishment may be gathered from the following extract from the ‘Statesman,’ a daily paper of some sixteen

short columns, which was published in the early part of the century. It is curious to note that three parts of a column on the front page of the issue of Monday, April 6th, 1807, is devoted to fox-hunting;—Lord Darlington's, Sir Mark Masterman Sykes', the Bramham, Lord Fitzwilliam's, Lord Vernon's, and the Belvoir, all coming in for brief notice. This is what is said about the Bramham Moor:—

‘Mr. Fox Lane, *take him for all in all*, may bid defiance to  
 ‘all his neighbours. Hounds as high mettled as the riders  
 ‘who follow them, fly over the Wolds with a speed not to  
 ‘be exceeded, while in their *cold hunting* may be found  
 ‘the most perfect system which the sagacity of the animal  
 ‘can furnish. Every keen sportsman will find, in point of  
 ‘riding, such *phymatics* in this Hunt as will not leave  
 ‘them idle.’

High praise, this, and well merited, as the runs above given amply prove; and the remarks that applied to the Bramham Moor in 1807 apply to them equally at the end of ninety years.

Mr. James Lane Fox hunted the country for many years, and when his health began to fail he retired, giving the hounds up to the second Earl of Harewood, than whom no keener sportsman ever followed the Bramham Moor, or for the matter of that, any other pack. A friend of mine professes his admiration of ‘a good lang day,’ and the Earl of Harewood would have been a master after his own heart, for, like Lord Darlington, he would hunt till dark, and was no believer in going home to luncheon. It was a stipulation with Mr. James Lane Fox that the hounds should not leave Bramham during his lifetime. His son, a very heavy man, hunted as a matter of course, but he did not care much for hounds, preferring Newmarket and racing to hound-breeding. Hence on his father's death the hounds went to

Harewood, and with them went ten servants' horses, saddles, bridles, and rugs, all complete; the stipulation being that they were to return to Bramham as they went, if required.

As Colonel Thornton, of Thornville Royal (now known as Allerton Park), was a contemporary of the Squire of Bramham, and as he kept hounds, this may perhaps be the best place to give a short notice of his hunting exploits. That his hounds hunted over some portion of what is now the Bramham Moor country is certain, though whether special permission was given, or whether he ever had a regularly-defined country, is more than I am able to state.\* There is little record left of his hunting, though we hear plenty of his fishing and shooting. Falconry, however, seems to have been his favourite sport; and when the country about Thornville Royal became more cultivated, he sold it to Lord Stourton, and went to live in Wiltshire. This was in 1808, and serves to mark the date of the alteration which was taking place in the Bramham Moor country. Notoriety was what Colonel Thornton loved, and though he raced, and hunted, and shot, and was no doubt an accomplished falconer, he seems to have done everything more for the love of being talked about than for the love of sport itself. Always ready to back himself or any of his belongings, and a shrewd hand at making a match, it is through the bets he made about his hounds or his foxes that his hunting is now remembered. And even the record of what his hounds did when he won bets over them is all too scanty, and we should like to have some history of the undoubtedly excellent sport which he showed. The first item of interest is in connection with a bet made with Sir Harry Featherstone.

\* Col. Thornton seems to have gone pretty much where he liked during the few years he kept hounds, and he probably kept hounds more for the sake of display than for any real love of the sport.

Colonel Thornton, we read, received a piece of plate from Sir Harry Featherstone and Sir John Ramsden, Barts., as a compromise to a bet made in honour of a Hambleton fox. Colonel Thornton, by his original bet, engaged for three hundred guineas p.p. to find a fox at Hunt's Whin, or in the Easingwold country, that, after Christmas, 1779, should run twenty miles; the day to be fixed and the morning to be approved by Colonel Thornton, and to be determined by Sir John Ramsden and Sir Harry Featherstone, or the company.

## CERTIFICATE.

'We, the undersigned, do declare that on the day appointed  
'for the decision of a bet, made by Colonel Thornton with  
'Sir John Ramsden and Sir Harry Featherstone, that a  
'fox broke off in view of hounds and the company, which  
'fox was killed after a continuous burst (there not being  
'one check), by the different watches, for two hours and  
'thirty-eight minutes; and we, being the only gentlemen  
'present, do believe the said fox to have run at least  
'twenty-eight miles. Colonel Thornton being a party  
'concerned, gave no vote.

'LASCELLES LASCELLES. VAL. KITCHINGMAN.

'HENRY KITCHINGMAN. WM. DAWSON.

'RANDOLPH MARRIOTT.

'There were only eight horsemen out of seventy up.'

Of far more interest to us than the mere record of Colonel Thornton's bet, would have been an account of the run itself. Where that stout fox was found, the country he crossed, and the incidents of the run, are, however, all buried in oblivion. There can be no doubt about this having been a good run, and the *bona fides* of the arbitrators is not to be disputed; but I fancy they must have rather over-estimated the distance, or their time must have been

incorrectly stated in the printed record. It is allowed that hounds run much faster now than they did a hundred years ago, and an average rate of a mile in something like five minutes and a half would take some doing now. It is a little over ten miles an hour, and a ten miles run within the hour, though it has been exceeded, is something to talk about, even in these days of highly-conditioned hounds. Colonel Thornton, at the time this bet was made, was only a young man, some twenty-three or twenty-four years of age.

The next that we hear of Colonel Thornton and his hounds is in connection with another bet. It was, during the last century and until far into the present one, a custom for hounds to join. That is, two neighbouring packs would bring so many couples each out, and the lot would hunt together, or rather in lots, for it seems needless to say that hounds that are strangers to each other never pack properly. But that was a matter of small importance, and sportsmen of a bygone day were very keen about such meetings, and would talk about 'our Trouncer' being first up with great glee. The record in question bears date March 15th, 1783, and is dated from Thornville. It runs to this effect:—

'The Earl of Effingham and Colonel Thornton agreed to each  
'produce twelve couples of hounds to run a match for  
'five hundred guineas. The Earl of Effingham to produce  
'twelve couples of Confederate hounds; Colonel Thornton  
'to produce twelve couples of his hounds; to run down a  
'fox near Wetherby on the 19th of March, 1783. Whichever  
'hounds appeared by the arbitrators to have the superiority  
'shall receive a forfeit.

'Arbitrators { The Hon. FREDK. LUMLEY.  
Mr. THOMAS LLOYD.  
Mr. BAGLEY.

'The run being very short, and not less than three hundred  
'people present, it could not be determined.'



But the match was not to end in a draw; the Earl and the Colonel went to Wetherby that same afternoon, and drew up articles for a fresh match, which ran as follows:—

‘Wetherby, March 19th, 1783.

‘The Earl of Effingham engaged to produce twelve and a half couples of Confederate hounds to run against the same number of Colonel Thornton’s, for a cup to be purchased at their joint expense. To meet at Borough-bridge, and try the Hunt’s Whin or Hambleton country.

ARB. ID.

CERTIFICATE.

‘We, the undermentioned, do declare that having met in order to see a match run between the Earl of Effingham’s and Colonel Thornton’s hounds, on the Confederate hounds not appearing, the tryers declared the cup forfeited. We also further declare that the hounds found at twenty-seven minutes past nine, and except for the space of half-an-hour, taken in bolting the fox from a rabbit-hole, had a continuous run till five o’clock, when we had an entope; and after repeated views, we killed him at fourteen minutes past five by the different watches.

A. WALKER.

W. VAVASOUR.

W. MILLS.

— FARSIDE.

— MILTON.

LASCELLES LASCELLES.

WILLIAM TATE.

G. DAVISON.

JOHN FAWCETT.

J. WRIGHTSON.

JOHN BROOK.

A. WILKINSON.

J. BAGLEY.

ROBERT ROYDS.’

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The question naturally arises when one reads these runs, and considers the country over which they took place, whether Colonel Thornton is entitled to a place amongst the masters who have ruled over the Bramham. He certainly

seems to have hunted a good deal of what has always been recognised as part of the Bramham country, but whether there was special leave given for his day at Wetherby there is now no means to determine. Hunt's Whin would seem to have been in what is known as the York and Ainsty Monday country, a good deal of which was afterwards hunted by the Duke of Cleveland. It must therefore be left an open question whether Colonel Thornton is entitled to the distinction of being a master of the Bramham Moor; for one or two runs, and the fact that he kept hounds in the country, are scarcely sufficient data to go upon, and it must be remembered that the clear definition of the boundaries of hunts came at a later date, and when hunting began to be conducted on more regular lines.









### CHAPTER III.

#### UNDER THE EARLS OF HAREWOOD.

It is much to be regretted that the materials for a history of the Bramham Moor Hunt during the period the hounds were under the mastership of the Earls of Harewood are of so meagre a description. Searching through the old Sporting magazines and newspapers has not resulted in the bringing of very many facts to light, and some of these are of the vaguest. Here and there I have been able to pick up a little information, but some of it has no date, and in other instances the lack of particulars is most tantalising. Then, for some occult reason, one who could have thrown a little light on the subject has refused to do so, so that I am unable to devote as much space as I should wish to that very interesting part of the history of the pack when it was kennelled at Harewood.

It is a curious circumstance that Nimrod twice set out to see Lord Harewood's hounds; once when Payne was huntsman, and once when Treadwell carried the horn; but he never got to see them either time. Of the first time he writes: 'I was disappointed in not seeing Lord Harewood's hounds. It is an old-established pack, and of course there

'is no want of the means to do the thing well; and money  
'is almost a *sine quâ non* in fox-hunting. A strange thing  
'happened last season with these hounds. The huntsman  
'imprudently capped them into a very rapid mill stream,  
'and three or four couples were drowned. A young gentle-  
'man named Markham gallantly plunged in to their assistance,  
'and very narrowly escaped their fate. He succeeded in  
'saving one of them.'

The Mr. Markham would be the man who afterwards distinguished himself so much in India, and who died just as he reached the Crimea. This occurrence seems to have taken place during the earlier years of the mastership of the second Lord Harewood, and I have found some record of a run which belongs to the same period. It is a very interesting one, as it shows that long good runs into the York and Ainsty country were not peculiar to a later date.

On Monday, November 25th, 1822, they met at Tadcaster Bar, and after drawing a covert or two blank, they went to Shire Oaks, where they found a 'traveller.' They drove him out at the Healaugh side, and past the Hall, and then they ran along the riverside nearly to Tadcaster, and back to Shire Oaks. They did not, however, enter the covert, but leaving it on the left pointed for Catterton, and turned left-handed to Duce Wood. Thence they ran to Nova Scotia, which they left on the left; and next they made Bilton village, passing between it and the wood, with the former on the right hand. They crossed and re-crossed the York road, the time up to this point being a trifle over forty minutes, and 'with never a check from the find.' The crowd of horses on the road brought hounds to their noses, but they hunted through them, and leaving Bickerton village on the right, pointing for Wetherby, and keeping to the left of the Wetherby road for some distance. Then crossing the road they ran down to Sugden Wood, and crossing the

North Road, pointed for the river Nidd. Bearing left-handed, however, they crossed the Crimple Beck, and running over Ribston Moor crossed the Nidd at Ribston Bridge, running straight for Goldsborough Wood. Through Goldsborough Wood they ran, and over Goldsborough Moor, nearly to Flaxby village, but turning to the right, they ran through Flaxby plantation. After passing through the plantation, the fox was viewed bearing back for Goldsborough Moor, over which hounds ran him, and through Goldsborough Wood again, pointing for Plompton. He was beginning to ring now, and swung round by Goldsborough Hall, and through the pleasure-grounds, pointing for Knaresborough; and finally they rolled him over in Hay Park, after a capital run of three hours.

The record of such a run as this makes one wish that there were more like it to follow.

Will Bamford, who succeeded Payne, showed some excellent sport, and in another place it will be told of the confidence he had in his hounds, and how well they repaid him for that confidence. He had two excellent whippers-in to assist him, in Stephen Shepherd and Will Scott, both of them good horsemen, active and clever, but neither of them, I believe, having the slightest ambition to become a huntsman.

Of Stephen Shepherd, who was father of the Stephen Shepherd who hunted the Bedale during the mastership of the present Earl of Feversham, a good story is told. Bamford unfortunately broke his thigh, and Stephen had to hunt hounds. He showed excellent sport, indeed such sport as had never been known in the country for years, and he said nothing about it. But at last it began to be a subject of enquiry, and then the mystery was solved. Some of the hounds were seen to be very lusty after a few weeks, and it was then admitted by Stephen that he had only taken out

the very best hounds, and that ten couples had never been hunted at all. Well might the best hounds work rather light.

Wednesday, November 24th, 1842, was a sad day in the annals of the Hunt. On that day hounds met at the Cross Roads, Clifford Moor, and had a long, hard day, running to ground at Grimston Hill. They dug their fox out, and set off for home late in the afternoon. After some talk with Bamford, Lord Harewood trotted on in front of hounds, and when they got to Bramham village they found him leaning against a gate, dead. Lord Harewood was a keen sportsman, like most members of his family, and he came forward at a very opportune moment to carry on the hounds. He was not a scientific hound-breeder, indeed for that part of the business he cared little, but he was very painstaking in hunting the country thoroughly, and no day was too long for him, whilst he would always dig for a fox if he thought hounds deserved him, and under these circumstances he stayed to the end.

Lord Harewood was succeeded by his son as master, and in the beginning of the next season Treadwell carried the horn.

One run which took place about his time I am able to give, though I cannot name the exact date of it. They met at Beilby Grange, and found in Dog Kennel Whin; and after running by Peckfield and Scarthingwell, they lost in the dark at Nun Appleton. It was a severe run over a big country, and a lot of horses gave out; but Mr. George E. Lascelles, of Sion Hill, got to the end on the kennel-pony, and declining all the offers of hospitality at Chestnut Grove, he rode on home, where, with huntsman and hounds, he arrived late at night; as may well be imagined, when it is taken into consideration that it was quite dark when they stopped hounds at Nun Appleton.

In 1842 Nimrod wrote, 'I much regret I am unable to







‘say much of Lord Harewood as a master, inasmuch as I shall adhere to the determination with which I set out, and only speak of those with whose hounds I have hunted. One half-hour would have given me the opportunity here, when on my Yorkshire tour. I got within a few miles of Lord Harewood’s fixture for the day, but was, with almost the entire field, driven back by a snowstorm. From all I have heard, I must endeavour to see his lordship’s establishment.’

But Nimrod’s visit was never paid, and singularly enough, there seems to have been no one else to write a word about Lord Harewood’s hounds. I came across a brief account of a day’s sport, in *Bell’s Life*, for January 27th, 1822, in which it states that Lord Harewood’s hounds had a good day on the preceding Wednesday, running their first fox for an hour and twenty minutes, and killing him; and marking their second fox to ground, after a severe run of two hours and twenty-five minutes, but where they met, or found, or killed, are impenetrable mysteries.

This makes up the sum of what I have been able to gather about the history of the country during a very interesting period, and I have only given the past extract to show how little satisfied people in the shape of hunting intelligence not so very many years ago.

The mention of a pleasant function must close this chapter. The Bramham Hunt Ball, which took place at Wetherby in January following Mr. George Lane Fox’s acceptance of the mastership of the hounds, was the place selected to present Lord Harewood with an equestrian portrait of himself, in recognition of the service his father and he had rendered to the country during the twenty-six years of their mastership. The presentation was made, on behalf of the subscribers, by Mr. George Lane Fox, and it

is needless to say that hunting men turned up in strong force to cheer the recipient.\*

In the portrait Lord Harewood is mounted on George, who was supposed to be the best hunter in the country in his day. The terrier was a present from Sir Walter Scott, and was a pure-bred Dandie Dinmont, rejoicing in the historic name of Pepper. He was a famous dog, and went all distances with hounds; and when he could not travel home, he would quarter himself on some farmer for the night, and return in the morning. Pepper is buried in the east garden at Harewood.

\* Writing to a friend a few years ago, Mr. Fox says: 'This morning a very old friend, the Rev. Jacob Marsham, formerly curate to his father at Kirkby Overblow, and a quick man after hounds once a week, sent me a pin made of a fox's tooth given to him by the old Lord Harewood in 1837. They found at Birk Crag, and killed on Blubberhouse Moor—one hour and ten minutes.'





## CHAPTER IV.

### THE RULE OF MR. GEORGE LANE FOX.

‘Of our Fox and our Hunt let us sing, -

Our Fox of all foxes is King.’—

*Hunting Song.*

‘Fox shall in Britain’s future annals shine.’—

*Byron.*

IN the spring of 1848, Charles Treadwell removed with the hounds to Bramham Park, where Mr. George Lane Fox, senr., had built kennels for his son—kennels which the Bramham Moor have occupied ever since, and which it is to be hoped they will occupy for many years to come. With the hounds came the ten servants’ horses, with saddles, bridles, &c., as they had been sent to Harewood twenty-six years before. The new master was keen, and from the first he was fond of hounds, and in Treadwell he had an admirable mentor. The hounds had gone back a good deal during the few years which preceded Treadwell’s arrival at Harewood, for scientific hound-breeding was not much in his predecessor’s line, and the Earl of Harewood, though a very keen sportsman, was not an enthusiast for hound-breeding. So that when Treadwell took hold of the pack, he found them, to use his own expressive words, ‘all uncles, and

aunts, and cousins.' A keen judge of a hound, and one of the most scientific breeders of his time, he soon set to work to improve matters. Shortly after his arrival at Bramham, a capital opportunity occurred of getting some fresh blood. Mr. Wyndham, who had bought the famous John Warde's hounds, was giving up keeping hounds, and his pack was sold at Tattersall's. Treadwell, who, when he hunted the South Wilts. country, had got to appreciate the value of this blood, was eager to have some of it, and so was his master, and the result was that four couples of the best of them came to Bramham. These were the seven-year-old hounds:—Beggarman, by Mr. Wyndham's Selim—his Boundless; Fearnought, by Mr. Smith's Saffron—Mr. Wyndham's Fairy; and Trinket, by Mr. Smith's Traveller—Mr. Wyndham's Harmony. The two-year olds:—Brusher, by Mr. Wyndham's Corsican—his Buxom; Cautious, by Mr. Wyndham's Corsican—his Harmony; Corsican, by Mr. Wyndham's Corsican—his Rhapsody; and the unentered Dashwood, by Mr. Wyndham's Saxon—his Dimity; and Singwell, by Mr. Wyndham's Saxon—his Beeswing. This was a purchase which made a great mark in the kennel, and many of the best of the Bramham hounds trace their descent from the blood of old John Warde.

If Mr. George Lane Fox had an excellent mentor in Treadwell, it is equally certain that the latter had an apt pupil, and he came to be one of the finest judges of a hound, and one of the most successful breeders of his own or any time. Backs, and shoulders, and ribs, were indispensable at Bramham, but there was not any prejudice about colour, and a well-shaped and well-bred hound would not be drafted because he was not of 'the bright Belvoir tan,' which is a *sine quâ non* in some kennels. In one particular only were the Bramham Moor of those days, after master and huntsman had got them into shape, deficient, and that was that they

were somewhat lacking in cry. In their hatred of a noisy hound, both Treadwell and his master carried their principles rather too far, and Treadwell has been heard to say that he hated a hound that spoke twice where once would do. A pack that does not 'say' much, and a huntsman who is not constantly hallooing and blowing his horn, soon teach a field to be quick, and to dash for a start; and perhaps it was the seventeen years of Treadwell's method that so surely confirmed that quickness for which the Bramham field became proverbial.

But to return to the season of 1848-49. It was on the morning of the fourth of September that Mr. Fox and Treadwell commenced their first campaign together against the Bramham foxes, and began a connection which was only terminated by the death of Treadwell—a connection which it is scarcely necessary to say had a remarkable effect, not only on hunting in Yorkshire, but on the hunting world at large, for there is not an important kennel in England where some of the old Bramham blood is not to be found.

The first day of the cub-hunting season seems to have been a satisfactory one, though the account of it in Mr. Fox's diary is brief:—

'Sept. 4th. Parlinton. Ran in covert for three hours. Cub 'got to ground in the quarry in the park, bolted and 'killed him. Rode Gift.'

The opening day of the regular season was on October 30th, when the fixture was at Bramham kennels. It was a rather inauspicious opening, for Jupiter Pluvius was in the ascendant, and a pouring rain fell all the day. Mr. Fox's account of the day is of the briefest, and the probability is that under the circumstances there was not much to record. We read that they 'found foxes in Blackfen,' that there was 'no scent,' and that they found at Potterton.

The heavy rain of Monday had improved the scent, for on the following day they had a capital run:—

‘Oct. 31st. Boot and Shoe. Found in one of the Ledsham plantations; a quick run in the woods, ran to ground on the railroad near Micklefield, dug, killed. Found in Billy Bell Whin; away over the road, across Ledsham Park up to Newfield, to the left across the Ferrybridge road, and ran into a drain on the Monk Fryston road. Very quick thirty minutes; bolted, ran a mile, and killed. Rode black horse.’

There is, unfortunately, very little account left of Mr. Fox's first season as master, and his diary ends with November 13th. There are accounts of two days which are so typical of what has often taken place on a moderate or bad-scenting day in the Bramham country, that I give them in full, knowing that they will prove interesting to those who love hounds and their work under difficulties:—

‘Nov. 3rd. Towton. Found at Scarthingwell; ran to Renshaw, and lost near Hazlewood. Second fox at Hazlewood; ran by Aberford, Ringhay, Huddlestone, nearly to Sherburn, to the right into Micklefield Wood, to Hook Moor, and after a long hunt with no scent, came up to him in a turnip field near the Parlington Park wall. Had him dead beat in the field, but not light enough to kill. Rode Wynyard.’

‘Nov. 10th. Tadcaster Bar. An excellent show of foxes, but no scent; after persevering all day, *walked a fox to death.* Rode grey horse.’

The italics are mine, and I need not remind those who follow the Bramham Moor what an artistic piece of work ‘walking a fox to death’ has always been in that country when scent has been bad, and how the maxim that there is always a chance of killing your fox if you persevere, has been faithfully adopted as the rule in life of successive



Bramham huntsmen. The last entry in Mr. Fox's diary for this season is a characteristic one:—

‘Beilby Grange. Bad scent. Good show of bad foxes.’

The season of 1849-50 was a long one, and was distinguished by some excellent sport. A late start was made, at any rate the first entry in the diary is dated October 22nd, when it is stated that they met at Harewood, found a good show of foxes, and killed one. The opening day would seem to have been Monday, October 29th, when they met at Rudding Park, though it is not exactly specified in the diary that it was the opening day. Hounds, however, at that time would seem to have commenced their season on the last Monday in October. If this were the case it is likely that the cub-hunting commenced fully a month sooner than there is account of. They had a fair day's sport at Rudding Park, and a good show of foxes. At Rudding Park, however, the foxes would not leave, but a smart burst of eighteen minutes from the New Whin at Spofforth Hagg to Swindon Wood, and other thirty minutes' hard running in covert, ending with blood, made up a good day for the time of the year. The third week in November seems to have been a remarkable one in the annals of Yorkshire hunting in more ways than one, and Mr. Fox's experience of two days in it must be told in his own words:—

‘November 19th. Stockeld Park. Found a bad fox, could not  
 ‘kill him. Second fox from Cocked Hat Whin; away  
 ‘leaving Kirkby Overblow to the right, across the Punch  
 ‘Bowl, through Swindon Wood, over the river below  
 ‘Harewood Bridge. Left Rawdon Hill on the right,  
 ‘Harewood Woods on the left, pointed for Bramhope.  
 ‘Turned to the right down to Otley Wood, came back  
 ‘along the valley, leaving Arthington Whin to his right;  
 ‘turned over the hill straight to Eccup, ran by the reservoir,  
 ‘skirted Wigton Knowl, kept outside the woods nearly to

‘the Leeds road, turned in at the door in the wall; came  
 ‘up to him in Grey Stone Whin, forced him out, and raced  
 ‘him round the Park nearly to the lodges, and killed him.  
 ‘Two hours and thirty minutes; the first hour and forty  
 ‘minutes made an example of all the horses. No fault  
 ‘could be found with the working or lasting and condition  
 ‘of the hounds.’

This was indeed a wonderful run, over a big country that takes some getting over, and small wonder is it that ‘the first hour and forty minutes made an example of all the horses.’ The other run is worthy of mention here, though it took place with the York and Ainsty, which pack Mr. Fox frequently visited when they were within reach, and his own hounds were not out. On Thursday, the 22nd, they met at Copgrove, and this is what Mr. Fox had to say about what took place:—

‘Curious day of bad luck. Hounds all away running well.  
 ‘Field wrong side of the covert at Copgrove; having found  
 ‘in Farnham Mires, checked; five couple slipped away  
 ‘unobserved by the huntsman, and were not caught for  
 ‘some time. Did not kill.’

This run will probably call to the recollection of some of my readers a similar occurrence which took place not far from Crayke a season or two ago, when hounds slipped short back after a smart burst from North Skeugh Whin, and each of the two divisions which were riding parallel to each other thought that the other had the hounds, and we had a stern chase till we came up with them near Hawk Hills. December seems to have been a capital month for sport, and on the 12th and 26th excellent runs took place:—

‘Dec. 12th. Church Fenton. Found in Meek Wood; ran very  
 ‘fast in the direction of Aberford Woods, turned by Little  
 ‘Fenton, back of Church Fenton, nearly to the river;  
 ‘turned to the left through Ulleskelf. Long check, cold

‘hunting through Grimston Park, viewed him at the back  
 ‘of the road near the turnpike, and killed him at the back  
 ‘of Towton village. One hour and twenty minutes, first  
 ‘forty minutes fast. Second fox found at Tadcaster Willow  
 ‘Garth; ran him by Renshaw, Heyton Wood, Becca,  
 ‘Potterton; left Saw Woods on the right, Morwick on the  
 ‘left, lost at Killingbeck. A fine hunting run, two hours  
 ‘and ten minutes.’

‘Dec. 26th. Milford. Fox away from the wood before hounds  
 ‘came. Found in Brex Wood; away to Gateforth and  
 ‘Birkin, down to the river. Turned to the right to Byram,  
 ‘got on a fresh fox; hung about the park for a time, then  
 ‘went away for Buttress Hill, Milford, to Sherburn station,  
 ‘and lost. Good day’s hunting.’

This run took place just before a storm, when there is often a holding scent such as there seems to have been on this occasion. It will be noted that this run took place over part of the Selby country, which was, in the earlier days of the Bramham Moor Hunt, so famous for a fine show of stout foxes, but which of late years has been rather short of what an old friend used to call the ‘raw material.’ There does not seem to be anything of much importance to record in connection with the Bramham during the month of January, 1850, but Mr. Fox relates a curious incident which took place when he met the York and Ainsty at Acaster. They had a fair day’s sport, running their second fox from Pallethorpe Whin to Healaugh, over the river to Blackfen. During the run, the whipper-in, Stephen, was suddenly seized with a curious illness, and lost his senses, and when he came to himself, he found himself at Riccall village, far enough from the line of the run. Whether he ever had any return of the attack, or what was the cause of it, I have not been able to discover.

February seems to have been a good month. On the 4th, they had a good day from Garforth Bridge. They had

a lot of knocking about with an 'unenterprising' fox to begin with, and finally lost him in the park at Temple Newsam. Then came a sharp scurry from Preston Pits to Kippax, ending with a kill, and then followed the run of the day, which I give in Mr. Fox's words:—

'Another fox away, got a long start of us; hunted through Preston Pits, up the valley, leaving Garforth Bridge on the right, by Barrowby, Parlington, Hollins, nearly up to Micklefield, through Ledsham Park, back to Kippax; through the park, and to ground in Preston Pits. Two hours, twenty-five minutes.'

On the 9th, they had a very good forty-three minutes from Bland's covert, which is, or was, close to the Micklefield coal-pits, losing their fox between Huddlestone and Renshaw, probably owing to the high wind which prevailed. On the following Friday, they had a great run again from the Milford country:—

'Milford. Found two foxes in the wood; went away with one, a small fox, to Monk Fryston, Micklefield Wood, Ringhay, Led Mill, Castle Hill, and Saxton Carr. Left Church Fenton to the left, skirted Rither Woods, lost him between Bishop Woods and Cawood. Three hours and ten minutes, fine hunting run.'

March was a wild, stormy month, with severe frosts, and consequently sport only moderate. Mr. Fox's comment on the weather was—'The ground very hard from constant dry weather, the frost every night most severe, the thermometer being as low as twenty-two in the night; a bright sun all day.' Hounds do not seem to have been much stopped, but scent was bad, and at times they had to go home, or could only make a late start. On the 27th, we learn that there was 'very hard frost, snow, and thunder; went home,' and on the following day they could not hunt till noon, and

then did no good. The season was brought to a close on Saturday, April 13th, at Dobb Park, when they had a fairly satisfactory day:—

- ‘A fox viewed away from Bolton Crag, did nothing with him.
- ‘Second fox found on the Rigton Moor; ran very sharp
- ‘towards Birk Crag, turned to the right by Little Almscliff
- ‘into Lindley Wood, ran him to ground, bolted and killed.’

1850-51. A very early start was made this season, for on Saturday, Aug. 10th, at Parlinton, ‘by particular desire,’ they killed a cub. They were not out again till Sept. 2nd, when they again met at Parlinton, and ‘found a good lot of cubs, and killed one.’ Nov. 1st found them at Deighton Bar, where a moderate day was redeemed by a good gallop with an afternoon fox. The account given, however, is of the briefest:—

- ‘Found at the back of the house at Ingmanthorpe, lost. Found
- ‘another at Cowthorpe, lost. Found at Wilstrop Wood,
- ‘went away to within two fields of Red House Wood,
- ‘turned to the left, and killed him. Forty-five minutes.’

On November 23rd, Sir Richard Sutton, then master of the Quorn, came out to have a look of the Bramham; but as is usual when anyone pays a visit to a pack of hounds at a distance, there was nothing done worthy of record, and the ominous words, ‘no scent,’ close the account of the day’s proceedings. It is worth recording that the meet was at Monk Fryston, and that there were plenty of foxes in Milford Woods, Bishop Woods, and at Byram. There was a lot of frost in December, but on the 28th they had a typical Bramham Moor run:—

- ‘December 28th. Scarthingwell Park. Found in Patefield,
- ‘ringing about, no scent. Second fox in Renshaw; ran
- ‘twice up and down the wood, hunted the fox down the
- ‘lane, through the back of Mr. Kendall’s, Towton Spring,

‘Patefield, Saxton Carr. Nearly caught him on the island  
 ‘in Scarthingwell Park, went away a great pace to Ulleskelf,  
 ‘crossed the river, hunted with a cold scent nearly to  
 ‘Copmanthorpe.’

January was a capital month, one good run following another. From Grey Stone Whin, on the 4th, they had a sporting run of three hours, losing a stout and game fox on the banks of the river at Arthington; and on the 6th, a clipping hour and forty minutes from the Punch Bowl, over Spofforth Hagg, by Bramham and Birkham, and across the river opposite Goldsborough, and over the river again, and by Plompton Rocks, ending with a kill on the Knaresborough road. Gave the hard riders something to talk about, as up to Birkham Wood, for the first forty minutes, the pace had been a cracker. On the 11th, they had a good day, the cream of which was a gallop from a hedgerow, near the Tadcaster and Leeds road, through Tadcaster town, where they crossed the river above Brooksbank’s Bridge, and by Shire Oaks, killing in Angram bottoms, just below Healaugh.

The month wound up well, as it had begun well, and perhaps the best day was the following one:—

‘January 20th. Cross Roads, Bramham. Found in Heyton  
 ‘Wood; ran some time in covert, and killed. Second fox  
 ‘at Becca; ran a very sharp burst by Kiddal Lane,  
 ‘Whittle Car, Bramham Park, skirted Blackfen and the  
 ‘open Raikes, away over the north road tunnel; turned  
 ‘to the right into Hazlewood, and lost in Heyton Wood.  
 ‘Twenty-three minutes. Found third fox at Renshaw;  
 ‘went away to Towton village, turned to the right, nearly  
 ‘back to Renshaw, back to the left to Scarthingwell  
 ‘Park, out towards Sherburn; round by Saxton, Renshaw,  
 ‘Grimston Hills, and killed near Towton Spring. An hour  
 ‘and twenty minutes’ hard and good work.’

On the 12th of the following month, they had a wonderful

hunting run, of which Mr. Fox speaks with the greatest enthusiasm, as well he might:—

‘February 12th. Bishop Woods. Found in the middle of the  
‘wood; went away near Jackson’s, through Lawn and  
‘Paradise Woods to within a field or two of the river;  
‘turned to the left across Ulleskelf Common, leaving the  
‘railroad and windmill on the right, by Church Fenton  
‘village, back to Bishop Woods; through the wood, out  
‘at Scalmer, over the dam opposite Hamilton’s, through  
‘Brayton Barff, across the canal. Through Byrne Whin  
‘to Staines Wood, gave him a turn in the wood, forced  
‘him out, and killed in a field between the wood and the  
‘river. Two hours and ten minutes, a first-rate performance.’

The season ended at the Cross Roads, Bramham Moor, on March 29th; but there was no sport worth recording, scent being very bad. There was, however, a capital show of foxes, as they found at Becca, Parlington, Hook Moor, and Patefield; a capital show for the last day, which is worth referring to as showing how they preserved foxes in the early fifties.

Though Mr. Fox was busily engaged at home with his own hounds, he found time to visit the packs of his neighbours; and during the season in question he had a day or two with the Badsworth, as well as with the York and Ainsty. He also paid a visit to Sir Tatton Sykes, who then hunted the country over which Lord Middleton now presides. It was on March 5th that Mr. Fox paid his visit to Sir Tatton’s hounds, and at this time old Tom Carter, who, it is said, could not or would not blow a horn, was his huntsman. Carter was getting into years, and Sir Tatton Sykes was then fast approaching his eightieth year. Where hounds met, Mr. Fox does not say; but I have heard the tale told that Sir Tatton rode up to the fixture, gave his horse for some one to hold, and went into the farmhouse,

where he had a glass of ale and some apple pie, to both of which he was very partial. After he had refreshed himself, he came out, and Carter proceeded to draw. They drew till about one o'clock, and then Sir Tatton, turning to Mr. Fox, said, 'There are very few of your namesakes 'about, Mr. Fox,' and gave the order for home. Some one, I am not sure whether it was not Mr. Reynard, of Sunderlandwick, remarked to Sir Tatton that the day was still young, and that as Mr. Fox had ridden a long distance to see the hounds, it was a pity for him to have to go home after a blank day. Sir Tatton, who was courtesy itself, at once took the hint, and told Carter to draw on; and they soon found, and 'had a pretty thirty-five minutes to ground 'in Sutton Wood:' that being all that Mr. Fox has to say about it in his diary.

There is no account of the cub-hunting season of 1851-52, the first day of which an account is given being November 1st:—

'North Deighton. Found, went away to Stockeld, came back 'to the covert (Deighton Spring). Several cubs, no scent 'to force them out. At last an old fox went away, crossed 'the river, through the garden at Ribston, touched upon 'Goldsborough Wood, turned into the open on the Ribston 'side, and they pulled him down. Thirty minutes. Found 'again in the Cocked Hat Whin, hunted with a cold scent 'nearly to Spacey Houses.'

On the twelfth of the month they had a moderate day in the Gateforth country, the only incident of note being that they lost a good young hound on the road home, in Anguish, by Albion, a son of Mr. Foljambe's Albion. December was a better month than November, and there was not so much frost as there had been in the previous month, which was a very broken one. They had a hard day on the 8th, when they met at Deighton Bar, and after running their first fox



from Deighton Spring to Walton village, where the run practically ended, they found again in Coked Hat Whin, and ran on to Plompton Rocks, where they changed, and hunted till dark without getting hold of a fox. On the 11th they had another hunt till dark, of which the following is the account:—

‘December 11th. Stockeld Lodges. Stockeld and Woodhall  
 ‘blank. Found at Swindon Wood, went away up the hill  
 ‘to Kirkby, down into the Punch Bowl, up again across  
 ‘Spofforth Hagg, through Stockeld Park to Linton village.  
 ‘Fifty-five minutes; very pretty. Fox doubled under the  
 ‘river bank, causing a long check. Hit him off to Wood-  
 ‘hall, Devonshire Whin; left off in the dark.’

On the 13th they met at Arthington, and after a couple of bursts, in both of which they killed their fox, they found in the Pleasure Grounds, and were again beaten by the dark. Two days later they met at Stutton Mill, where they ‘killed a fox in the garden at Grimston, to please Lord ‘Londesborough.’

The run of the season, certainly the best run that the early part of it could boast, took place on Christmas Eve:—

‘December 24th. Gateforth. Found on the Common, ran a  
 ‘pretty thing near to Selby town. Our second fox was a  
 ‘glorious fellow. Went away from Brex Wood to Milford  
 ‘Woods, skirting the covert, ran nearly to the back of the  
 ‘village, crossed the railroad, went very near Rither Woods,  
 ‘turned to the left up to Church Fenton, to Ulleskelf, along  
 ‘the meadows to Grimston Park, through the shrubbery  
 ‘at the back of the stables, down into the meadows, and  
 ‘crossed the river; went through Oxton, and killed him  
 ‘near the side bar from the turnpike road. One hour and  
 ‘forty-five minutes; a splendid run.’

What a line and what a run that was! And it does not require a very vivid imagination, after reading the Squire’s

account of it, to picture the delight of master and man as they returned home, or to guess at what their conversation and mutual congratulations would be like.

Five days later they again ran till dark, this being the fourth time within three weeks hounds had been stopped when darkness came on.

On January 7th they had what was then happily of but rare occurrence in *any* part of the country—a blank day. It took place at Byrne, and is one of the very few blank days of which I find mention in Mr. Fox's diaries. On the 18th, when they met at the Boot and Shoe, they had 'one of those remarkable long days, proving the condition of hounds, and tiring all the horses. Found at Newfield, and ran for five hours,' changing foxes several times, and ending without a kill. They had a good day at Stutton Mill on the 28th, the afternoon run being one of those for which the Bramham have ever been famous. A fox had stolen away, and got a good start from somewhere in the neighbourhood of Heyton Wood, but Mr. Fox is not very explicit as to where he went away from. They hunted up to him in Renshaw Wood, and getting on good terms with him there, they rattled him along over a good country, and finally rolled him over in the garden at Hazlewood. On the following day, when Mr. Fox hunted with the York and Ainsty at Nidd Rock House, after a fair morning's sport they found a third fox at Scriven, and 'a boy knocked him on the head with a stick,—inglorious end!'

The following run, which, it will be noticed, took place on St. Valentine's Day, was a great run, though perhaps it scarcely takes rank with the run with that 'glorious fellow' from Brex Wood on Christmas Eve. The reader may judge for himself:—

'February 14th. Beilby Grange. Found in Hetchell, ran towards Saw Woods, no scent. Second fox at Westwoods.

‘Went away very fast, through Lady Wood, Lunn Wood, ‘Dog Kennel Whin, Norwood Bottoms, and Whittle Carr ‘to Becca. They had a slight check, hit him off to Heyton ‘Wood, just skirting it and Bullen Wood, through Renshaw, ‘skirting Towton Spring and Patefield, and crossed the ‘railroad, leaving Church Fenton just at the right-hand. ‘Left Rither Woods on the right, ran to the river near ‘Cawood, turned up the bank, crossed to Nun Appleton, ‘and lost him in the dark at the back of the house. Two ‘hours and fifteen minutes; fine run.’

March was cold and dry, and productive of little sport, and the season came to a close on April 10th, when hounds met at Pool; the only note of the last day which the diary contains.

Shortly after Mr. George Lane Fox took hold of the Bramham Moor hounds, it became advisable to turn them into a subscription pack. Subscriptions flowed in liberally, and the subscription list is a wonderful one, when it is taken into consideration that the country was then not so thickly populated; and with fewer people hunting, it certainly compares favourably with the subscription lists of many Hunts in the present day. I give a list of the subscriptions for the season 1852-3, that my readers may form their own opinions on the matter.

## BRAMHAM MOOR HUNT, 1852-3.

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.		
Lord Harewood	-	500	0	0	A. Montague	-	50	0	0
G. L. Fox	-	500	0	0	R. S. Oliver	-	50	0	0
E. Lascelles	-	50	0	0	R. E. Payne	-	50	0	0
W. Beckett	-	50	0	0	L. W. Wickham	-	50	0	0
T. D. Bland	-	50	0	0	E. York	-	50	0	0
T. G. Clayton	-	50	0	0	T. Fairfax	-	50	0	0
D. Cooper	-	50	0	0	James Brown	-	50	0	0
J. Cooper	-	50	0	0	Sir John Ramsden	100	0	0	
T. C. T. Gascoigne	-	50	0	0	W. Ramsden	-	50	0	0



‘12th. Wighill Park. Found at Walton Wood, ran hard in  
 ‘the wood for fifteen minutes, went away to the river,  
 ‘crossed at Newton Kyme, went by Tolston Wood, the  
 ‘bottom of the Raikes, by the lodges in Blackfen, through  
 ‘Potterton, and killed him in the open between Barwick  
 ‘and Scarcroft. One hour and fifteen minutes. Very fine  
 ‘run; most of the field were thrown out by the river.’

Fair sport seems to have been enjoyed during November and December, day after day there being good average runs. A couple of these may be given as examples:—

‘November 17th. Cross Roads, Bramham Moor. Found at  
 ‘Becca Moor, away through Hazlewood, Headley Bar,  
 ‘killed him by the Tadcaster and Bramham road, pointing  
 ‘for Oglethorpe. Thirty minutes; fast. Second fox in  
 ‘Hallowell Lees, ran to ground. Found again in Blackfen.  
 ‘Gave him a turn round the wood, came away to Lindrick  
 ‘Hills, skirted Westwoods, pointing for Rigton, turned to  
 ‘the left by Ruler to Scarcroft, to ground in Mr. Worde-  
 ‘sallow’s plantation. Forty-three minutes. Very good.’

‘December 17th. Church Fenton. Found in Rither Woods,  
 ‘went away towards Bishop Woods, turned to the left,  
 ‘skirted Patefield, checked on the rail near Towton Spring.  
 ‘Thirty-five minutes. Hunted a ring round Patefield,  
 ‘Towton, Grimston, crossed the river at the railroad bridge,  
 ‘hit him into Bolton Percy village, lost. Two hours, thirty  
 ‘minutes.’

‘December 18th. Woodhall. Found, ran a ring to Linton,  
 ‘Devonshire Whin, crossed the river at Cardwick, ran to  
 ‘Harewood, out towards Eccup, turned to Alwoodley, and  
 ‘killed at the Grey Stone Whin. The river very high.  
 ‘Ned Johnson and B. Atkinson the only people that forded  
 ‘it and got with hounds. Treadwell and others rode by  
 ‘Harewood Bridge. Came back, found again at Woodhall,  
 ‘ran a smart forty minutes’ ringing, and killed. Good scent.’

On December 21st they had a singular experience. They met at Burn, and tried all day without finding: an

occurrence much commoner in these days than is desirable; and as they were going home at four o'clock, a fox was viewed at the corner of Stainer Wood. Late as was the hour, and notwithstanding that it was shortest day, hounds were laid on, and away they went at a clipping pace, over Barlow Moor, and by Gambleforth to Drax. By this time it was dark, and everyone lost hounds, which were stopped by some farmers; Treadwell getting them home all right.

Two days later, Treadwell had the misfortune to sprain his leg, and had to go home, and his misfortune kept him out of the saddle for some days. Nor was this the only misfortune which befell the establishment, for on January 11th, as he was riding one of the kennel hacks to meet the York and Ainsty, at Ribston, Captain Fox's horse fell, and hurt his knee so badly that he had to return home in Lord Lascelles' carriage.

January seems to have provided a fair average of sport, and February was ushered in with some excellent runs:—

'February 5th. Woodhall. Found directly; killed. Found  
'again at Stockeld Park; ran to Woodhall, Woolley Head,  
'across the Punch Bowl to Swindon Wood, left Weeton  
'on the left, and killed by the river, close to the railroad  
'opposite Pool Station. One hour; very good.

Frost put a stop to hunting after the tenth of the month, and it was not till March 1st that they were able to take the field again; then the country was in an unfit state for riding, and as often happens immediately after the break up of a frost, there was only poor sport. Next day, however, they did better:—

'March 2nd. Cross Roads, Bramham Moor. Still bad riding.  
'Found; ran some time with a bad scent, snowing at  
'times. Found second fox at Hook Moor; ran him  
'through the woods away at the Micklefield end to  
'Stourton Grange, through Garforth village, pointed back

‘to the Boot and Shoe, and killed him by the side of the  
 ‘road between Peckfield Bar and the plantations. He had  
 ‘laid down quite beat. One hour, thirty minutes.

On the 12th, we read that they had a beautiful find in a tree near Weeton, and lost their fox after a fair gallop; and on the 18th, when a very severe frost prevented them starting till noon, they found a very white fox in Fairy Cars, and lost him. They found the same white fox again at Hutton Thorns on the 30th of the month, and again he beat them, and then he disappears from history. He does not appear to have given any very great run, and on the two occasions on which he is mentioned, it is noted that there was no scent. They finished the season on April 11th, when they had a fair day; but on the two preceding days they were out, sport was so good for the time of the year that I give them in full:—

‘April 8th. Alwoodley Crag. Fox seen crossing the road;  
 ‘laid the hounds on, hunted to Wigton Knoll, through  
 ‘Harewood Woods, out by the big whin; bad scent.  
 ‘Came up to him again in Alwoodley Crag; hunted him  
 ‘about Scotland Wood, away nearly to Chapelton, and  
 ‘killed. Tried Moseley, Cookridge, and Black Hill, but  
 ‘did not find.’

‘April 9th. Beckwithshaw. Found at Birk Crag; a quick scurry,  
 ‘ran to ground. Found again on Rigton Moor; ran very  
 ‘well at the back of Pannal to Harrogate Clump, left the  
 ‘Common on the left, crossed the Leeds and Thirsk line,  
 ‘through Spacey House Whin, pointed for Spofforth Hagg,  
 ‘turned to the right over the Harrogate line, which caused  
 ‘a very long check. Hit the fox off, he having been seen  
 ‘to go over Rudding Park wall, came up to him at the  
 ‘back of the house; after dodging about, he went out to  
 ‘the Bleaching Ground Whin, came out again, and they  
 ‘caught him as he tried to jump the wall back into the  
 ‘park. The first fifty-five minutes good; altogether a good  
 ‘day’s sport.

Well might Mr. Fox write at the end of his diary,—  
 ‘A very satisfactory winter;’ and these were two famous  
 days’ sport for the last week of the season.

There is now a hiatus in Mr. Fox’s diary, and there  
 seems to be no record of the season of 1853-54. I have  
 searched the columns of old newspapers and old sporting  
 magazines, for some records of the hunting during the period  
 which elapsed between the end of the season 1852-53 and  
 the middle of the season 1854-55, but to no purpose. It  
 is curious to find how little was written of the Bramham  
 Moor Hunt in the earlier years of Mr. Fox’s mastership,  
 and had it not been for his carefully-kept diary, anything  
 like a history of the doings of the pack would have been  
 impossible.

1854-55. The diary recommences on January 1st, 1855,  
 and capital sport was enjoyed till frost put a stop to hunting  
 on the 29th, keeping hounds in the kennel for more than  
 a month. The best run in the month was just before the  
 frost, when, as I need not tell the initiated, there is generally  
 a good holding scent:—

‘January 26th. Bickerton Bar. Found in Cowthorpe Wood;  
 ‘ran a ringing fox towards Ingmanthorpe, back over the  
 ‘river towards Cattal, back along the bank, and killed.  
 ‘Found second fox at Marston Whin; went away through  
 ‘Wilstrop Wood straight to the river Nidd; crossed, pointed  
 ‘for Thorpe Green, turned to the right through Nun  
 ‘Monkton, crossed the river again close to the ferry, left  
 ‘Red House on the right, the fox running the river bank.  
 ‘Came to a check at farm buildings about a mile from  
 ‘Red House, the first time hounds were spoken to for an  
 ‘hour. Hit him off, but the scent became worse and  
 ‘worse. We hunted by Hessay, left Marston on the right,  
 ‘and Hutton; this gallant fox walking away from us after  
 ‘a capital run. The hounds, in consequence of the river,  
 ‘having the best of it.’



Treadwell took hounds out on March 1st, and killed a fox in Micklefield Woods, and on the following day they met at Bickerton Bar, and found in Marston Whin, losing their fox at Thorpe Green, in all probability the same that had shown them such a good run on January 26th. March was wild and stormy, and the ground soon got dry, but fair sport was occasionally had, quite up to the average for the month. The season concluded on the 14th of April, when they met at Arthington, and had a fair day, of which I give the account:—

‘Found in Bramhope; ran a ring to ground in a drain; bolted  
 ‘him, and hunted him very prettily by Arthington, through  
 ‘Harewood to Scarcroft. A very good fox ran away from  
 ‘us, scent not good enough to keep near him.’

1855–56. Good cub-hunting was experienced in this season, though the ground was hard and dry; and scent was fairly good throughout. A commencement was made on September 8th, and the hearts of master and huntsman were gladdened by a great show of foxes all over the country. Mr. Fox was laid up with a bad knee for four weeks, and the first entry in his diary relates to November 9th, and fair sport seems to have been shown till the 30th, when a run took place such as is not seen more than once or twice in a man’s lifetime, a run which I take leave to think may rank with the famous Warwickshire run from Pool Fields Osiers, the Waterloo run with the Pytchley, and the Melbourne run with the York and Ainsty. No good ever arises from comparing one good run with another, and it is difficult to do so without some injustice. The kind of country crossed, the day, and many things, have to be taken into consideration, and so I do not intend to make any comparison, leaving my reader to do that for himself. But I think he will allow that I am right in claiming for this run a place amongst the great historic runs of the century.

‘Wighill Park. Found in Marston Whin; ran a smart burst  
 ‘to ground. Found again at Hutton Thorns, went away  
 ‘for Askham, turned for Grange Wood, pointed for York,  
 ‘bearing again to the left, crossed the Ouse opposite  
 ‘Fairfield, and the Foss at Huntington, and killed at Mr.  
 ‘Lloyd’s house at Stockton.\* One hour and forty-five  
 ‘minutes; eleven and a half miles straight, seventeen the  
 ‘way hounds went. The fastest and best run that could  
 ‘be seen in this country. Horses: The Courtier, Workman;  
 ‘the former carrying me through the run. C. Fox † rode  
 ‘Fusilier, and he died.’

They ran through the York and Ainsty and Lord Middleton’s countries; and I am inclined to wonder if this was the gallant fox that walked away from them on the 26th of January in the same year. For a man of Mr. Fox’s weight to get through such a run on one horse (and anyone who knows the country does not require telling that there was never a chance of a change, nor even of a nick) is wonderful indeed, and shows him to have been a consummate horseman, as indeed he was. And what a good horse the Courtier must have been, for we find him out in his turn again on the following Friday!

There was good sport through January and February, and in March they found a good fox, which again led them into the York and Ainsty country.

‘March 10th. Harrogate. Found at Birk Crag, hunted up the  
 ‘Haverah Park coverts to Boar Holes, turned to the right,  
 ‘ran very fast to Rennie Crag, on to Swarcliffe, crossed the  
 ‘river, hunted into the corner of the wood at Ripley Castle,  
 ‘turned out to the left, leaving Thornton on the right, and  
 ‘ran to ground with the fox almost in their mouths at  
 ‘Sawley. Two hours and fifteen minutes; a splendid run.’

\* Mr. Lloyd, who was master of the York and Ainsty, came running out of the house, exclaiming ‘Whose hounds are these? Whose hounds are these? They are not mine; where have they come from?’

† C. Fox was a cousin, a light weight, and a good horseman.





This was indeed a splendid run, much of it over a fine grass country, and as wild as man need wish to ride over. The season ended on April 5th, at Bramham Park, where they had a fair day's sport, killing one fox and running another to ground.

The year 1856 was remarkable for a very interesting presentation which took place, the history of which is unique. Farming in the early fifties was very prosperous; and Mr. Fox's tenants approached him on the subject of their rents, which they said were too low, and which they were willing should be raised. Mr. Fox, of course, could not consent to such a course; and they then commissioned Sir Francis Grant to paint his portrait, which they presented to Mrs. Fox. The horse is Courtier,—the horse he rode through the famous run already related. He was a remarkably high-couraged horse, such as many would not care to ride, and was a purchase from the late Newcombe Mason. The hound is General, by Streamer—Belvoir Guilty. The inscription at the foot of the portrait runs as follows:—  
 'This portrait of GEORGE LANE FOX, Esq., was presented  
 'to Mrs. Lane Fox by the tenantry on the Bramham Park  
 'estate, as a memorial of their landlord's liberality.'

1856-57. The earliest record of the season is an entry relating to October 27th: but they would probably start cub-hunting earlier than that. The season was like its predecessor, a very good one, and excellent runs seemed to be the rule, and not the exception. Yet the season is a black one in the annals of the Hunt, for it was during it that that good sportsman, the third Earl of Harewood, met with the accident which resulted in his death.

The entry which follows is an interesting one:—

'December 12th. Bickerton Bar. Unluckily for me, I was  
 'obliged to go to Oxford. Hounds found at Ingmanthorpe,  
 'ran a ring, then away to Walshford Bridge, Ribston,

‘Goldsbro’, Leylands, left Grafton village on the left, and  
 ‘lost their fox in some buildings in Boroughbridge. The  
 ‘first part of the run hunting, from Leylands the pace  
 ‘good. Everybody much pleased at the manner in which  
 ‘the dog pack did their work.’

Then on January 7th they had a real old-fashioned  
 Bramham Moor day with a stout Bramham Moor fox.

‘Garforth Bridge. Hard frost; doubtful hunting. Tried Kippax  
 ‘and Temple Newsam,—blank. Found in Parlington Hollins,  
 ‘went away to Hook Moor, pointed for Lotherton, back to  
 ‘Parlington, away to Hawk’s Nest, pointed for Micklefield,  
 ‘turned to the left back to Parlington. Away at Barwick  
 ‘end of the Hollins, along the brook side to Becca,  
 ‘Hazlewood, away by Headley, and lost in the little  
 ‘covert near Bramham Willow Garth, having hunted and  
 ‘run at times hard for two hours and twenty-five minutes.  
 ‘We found late, and were beat in the dark. Rather too  
 ‘hard for horses and hounds.’

They had another very hard day from Riffa on the 10th.  
 After a sharp burst with their first fox, they had a capital  
 hour and five minutes with their second, which they found  
 in Rudding Park, and killed opposite Spofforth Castle.

‘January 24th. Stockeld Park. Found in the patch of whin  
 ‘by the railroad, ran into Sicklinghall Wood, went away  
 ‘to the right, over Spofforth Hags, nearly to Kirkby  
 ‘Overblow, partly down the hill, up again to Woolah Head,  
 ‘crossed the river, and he beat us, scent failing on Rigton  
 ‘Hill. Found our second fox at Woodhall, went away  
 ‘across the river at once, over Rigton Hill, Spring Wood,  
 ‘Norwood Bottoms, just touched upon Whittle Car, left  
 ‘Potterton on the left, through the old wood at Parlington,  
 ‘and the hounds snatched at him as he got through the  
 ‘wire fence at the back of the house. We had some delay  
 ‘on account of his artful dodging in the garden; but the

‘hounds hunted him out, forced him into the park, and ran  
 ‘into him. The pace was firstrate,—one hour and ten  
 ‘minutes up to the garden at Parlinton. Poor Lord  
 ‘Harewood was severely hurt by falling over a sheep-net  
 ‘at Stockeld.’

Lord Harewood died from the effects of this fall on the 22nd of the following month; and it is needless for me to say what a gloom his sad death cast over the country in which he was so deservedly popular. Of course the hounds did not hunt until after the funeral. When they resumed operations, March had set in, and was a capital month too, and there was also some excellent sport in April. Hounds hunted till late, the last day being on the 20th, and Mr. Fox briefly sums up the season as a good one.

1857–58. Cub-hunting began on September 1st, and went on merrily till October 28th, when the regular season began at Becca Hall, where they had a great show of foxes, and a lot of knocking about before getting hold of one. Up to Christmas, sport was of the best, one good day following another. Perhaps the best day up to the end of the year was St. Stephen’s day, when they met at Wetherby Grange. It was at any rate a long one, and a hard one.

‘Found in the old wood. An immense mob of foot people.  
 ‘Fox headed at every point, and at last killed in the park.  
 ‘Trotted off to Keswick Ox Close and Hollin Hall Whin—  
 ‘blank. A fox was viewed going into Wike Whin. We  
 ‘ran him through Scarcroft, over Birkby Hill, crossed the  
 ‘Leeds road, and ran to ground in a drain near Roundhay.  
 ‘Forty-five minutes. Found in Saw Woods, went out  
 ‘towards Bramham, back through the wood, away pointing  
 ‘for Scholes, left it on the right, pointed for Parlinton,  
 ‘turned to the left, left Barwick on the left, Saw Woods on  
 ‘the left, and when running close to the fox, were brought  
 ‘to a check by a sheep-dog. Hit him off after a time.  
 ‘Through Whittle Carr, Blackfen, the Raikes, Hallowell

‘Lees, away to Headley Bar, crossed the road, and stopped  
‘in the dark, going into Hazlewood. An hour and fifty  
‘minutes; fifty-five minutes to the long check.’

Another good day in a fine country should not be omitted.  
On January 16th they met at Harewood Bridge:—

‘Found in Rougement Car Whin, went away pointing for  
‘Swindon, turned to the left over the hill, down into the  
‘valley, running very fast to the railway tunnel on the  
‘road to Riffa; hunted on, when the wind being very  
‘strong he turned back for Weeton, was viewed, ran him  
‘to ground in a drain on Barrett’s farm, he bolted, killed.  
‘Found in Woolah Head, no scent. Found at Stockeld,  
‘ran to the railroad between Deighton and Stockeld,  
‘pointed for Wetherby, turned to the right for Woodhall,  
‘away again towards Sicklinghall, back to the left, down  
‘to the river, crossed above Woodhall Bridge, and killed in  
‘the lime-quarry. Fifty minutes; very fast. Horses beat.’

The season finished on April 20th at Birk Crag, where  
they had a very satisfactory day, killing one fox and running  
a brace to ground. Mr. Fox’s last entry for the season runs  
as follows:—‘Hunted one hundred and twenty-seven days  
‘with foxhounds, from September 1st to April 17th. A fair  
‘season.’ Mr. Fox was unable to be out on the last day,  
owing to indisposition.

1858–59. A successful cub-hunting season commenced  
on August 28th, and concluded on October 20th, hounds  
killing nine brace of cubs in the fourteen days they hunted,  
and having an occasional good run in the open. They  
commenced the season proper on October 25th at Garforth  
Bridge, when they had a capital run from Kippax Park, to  
ground in Renshaw. An hour and three minutes, and a nine-  
mile point. Average sport was enjoyed up to Christmas, one  
of the best runs taking place on December 13th, when they  
met at Bardsey. They did not do much in the morning.



but their afternoon fox led them a merry dance from Dog Kennel Whin, by Hetchell, Bardsey, and Wike, and through Harewood Wood to Alwoodley, where he saved his brush by going to ground. It was a capital fifty-five minutes, and without a check. On the 22nd they met at Garforth Bridge, and 'found that good old fox in the whin at Kippax,' but after running hard for a few minutes, scent began to fail, and they ran the line out to nothing at Renshaw. A week later they had a hard day from the Boot and Shoe, finding their fox in Parlington Old Wood at a quarter to three, and racing him for fifty minutes, a ring back into the Hollins. Then they hunted him on to Aberford, and finally had him dead beat, but he managed to escape them.

The new year was ushered in with a good day, but misfortune attended it; and as is often the case, misfortune did not come singly.

'January 1st. Cross Roads, Bramham Moor. Found in Hazle-wood. A great number of foxes on foot. Hounds running very hard, at last went away through Bramham Park to Westwoods, back to the gardens, and killed. Hounds at work without ceasing an hour and forty-five minutes. Found at Oglethorpe Whin, ran prettily to Newton and Tadcaster, hunted on to Grimston, Renshaw, and Patefield. One hour and a quarter, and lost. Unlucky day. W. Markham broke his leg; W. Milner three ribs.'

There was that very unusual occurrence,—a blank day, on March 12th, at Pool; but it was easily accounted for by the wild and stormy weather which prevailed about that time. A few days later some distinguished visitors hunted with the Bramham, and as is seldom the case when men come from a distance to hunt, they were lucky enough to fall in for a good run over a nice line. Here is what Mr. Fox has to say about it:—

'March 18th. Marston. Found in Hutton Thorns, ran a bad ringing fox for an hour, lost. Found in Marston Whin,

‘ran a smart scurry, lost. Found at Collier Hagg, ran towards Angram, turned over Marston Hill, back by the village, left Hutton Thorns on the right, pointed for Calvert’s Whin, turned to the left to Red House Wood, to ground. A very good forty minutes.’

The distinguished visitors were Mr. ‘Jack’ Thompson and Capt. Percy Williams. The season ended on April 9th, when they had an uneventful day from the Boot and Shoe.

1859-60. The season commenced auspiciously at Bramham Park on August 29th, when, notwithstanding that the morning was hot and dry, the young hounds got blood. Rain fell shortly afterwards, and an exceptionally good cub-hunting season took place, something like fifteen or sixteen brace of foxes being killed. On October 29th a circumstance occurred which might have been attended with serious consequences. Hounds met at Spacey Houses, and had not a very great day’s sport, but they killed a brace of cubs. ‘Somewhere,’ says Mr. Fox, ‘the hounds picked up poison; three couples began to reel about and tumble over. Old Bantling nearly died. Two couples more were taken ill on the way home. Treadwell got them home in a cart. They all recovered after medicine.’ There is no more mention of the mischance, nor is it accounted for in any way.

On December 3rd they had a clipper.

‘Stutton Mill. Found in Tadcaster Willow-bed, a bad fox, ringing about Grimston Park. At last he went away, and we killed near Tolston. Laid the hounds on to another seen going towards the Willow Garth, hunted him away to Renshaw and back, and lost. Got on to another in Grimston Hills, went away down the park, came up to him in the fields near the Ulleskelf Station. Ran him hard into the park, hunted him away to Jackdaw Crag, Hazlewood, and Hayton Wood. Here we changed, and ran a fresh fox hard by Becca and Potterton, and Treadwell stopped them with difficulty in the dark near Scholes. Riot and Dorothy would not be stopped.’

They were a good deal bothered with frost in the latter end of January, and all through February; but Mr. Fox was keen to steal a day whenever there was an opportunity, and they had some capital runs when there was no chance of making a start till noon. March came in well; and taken on the whole, the month was a good one, the following, perhaps, being the best day's sport in it:—

‘March 3rd. East Keswick. Found in Wike Clumps; ran a  
 ‘smart burst towards Keswick, back to Harewood, across  
 ‘the park, back to the right through Hollin Hall Whin,  
 ‘down to Cardwick. Found in the willow bed; went away  
 ‘to Cardwick, up to the right, skirted Hollin Hall Whin  
 ‘into Harewood Park, running fast to the Grey Stone, out  
 ‘at the end of the woods pointing for Eccup; turned to  
 ‘the right for Arthington, up the hill again pointing for  
 ‘Cookridge, kept to the right, leaving Bramhope on the  
 ‘right, and caught him just before he reached the wall of  
 ‘the Chevin Park. One hour and fifteen minutes. A  
 ‘capital run; horses all beat.’

Another day in March is worth recording, though there is nothing very grand about the sport.

‘March 26th. Harewood Bridge. Tried Riffa, Almscliff Whin,  
 ‘Rigton Moor, Thurtle's Whin, Walton Head: blank.  
 ‘Found in Spacey House Whin, a fox with his forelegs  
 ‘injured, having been in a trap. Found in Herbert's  
 ‘larches, ran to Spacey House Whin; killed: a wretched  
 ‘fox without a single tooth. Found in the Cocked Hat  
 ‘Whin and killed a fox: skin and bones, no teeth, hair  
 ‘falling off him. The hounds refused to eat him. Some-  
 ‘thing curious: evident that the foxes were not right.’

The foxes to which Mr. Fox alludes were evidently suffering from mange; and the really curious part of the thing is that it seems, so far as I can gather, to have been an isolated case. The season, which ended on April 19th

with a fair day's sport at Bramham Park, was a good one, though there was a lot of bad weather and frost, and Treadwell had a score of fifty brace of foxes killed.

1860-61. Those whose memory takes them back to the year 1860 do not need to be reminded of the sunless summer for which it had such an ill reputation; and as a natural consequence of that sunless summer and consequent late harvest, September was well advanced before the Bramham Moor took the field. They had a short, but fairly prosperous cub-hunting season. At the latter end of it Lord Palmerston was a guest of Mr. Fox's, and would, he said, dearly have liked a gallop, but he was obliged to go to London. The regular season commenced on Monday, November 5th, when they had a fair day's sport from Spacey Houses, the cream of the day being a very pretty forty minutes from Bathing House Whin to ground between Beckwithshaw and Rigton Moor. On Friday following, when they met at Thorparch, they found a fox in some *standing oats*,—sufficient proof of the lateness of the season. Frost came early. On the 17th hounds' feet were cut with it, and two days later they were confined to the kennel. They were at work again in a couple of days; and then one good run followed another, till frost put an end to hunting for upwards of a month. Nearly every day is worthy of record, but I have only space for a couple of these grand December runs.

'December 1st. Harewood Bridge. Found in Swindon Wood; 'hunted him very prettily to Almscliff, and killed. Fifty 'minutes. Found in Rougemont Carr; did not get well 'away with him, held on to Swindon Wood, away to 'Walton Head, hung in covert for some time, ran fast very 'nearly to Kirkby Overblow, back across part of the 'Haggs, skirted Spacey House Whin, along the back of 'Pannal to Harlow Carr. The hounds unfortunately 'divided in a quarry above Pannal, and did not catch the 'leading hounds till we got to Harlow Carr. Hunted

‘through the plantation, leaving Birk Crag to the right, and carried him on about three miles, pointing for the Nidd. A good run, but getting late, and our horses not *anxious* to go on, we stopped. One hour and a half to Walton Head, one hour to Birk Crag. Very good and severe day.’

On the 10th, they met at Cross Roads, Bramham, and what they did that day is not likely to be forgotten, by those who were out. There was not much scent, and as usual under those circumstances, the fox hung about, and they hunted him into Bramham village. He looked in at the door of Miss Ledgard’s house, and some hounds went in and jumped through the drawing-room window. The sport on the 15th is worthy of record for the curious circumstance which took place :—

‘Boot and Shoe. Killed a lame fox from the small wood near Newfield. Found near the Boot and Shoe, and lost. Found in Micklefield Wood, and ran a ring round the woods, then away by Led Mill to Bullen Wood, turned away from Heyton Wood, and killed a few fields below Jackdaw Crag. One hour, five minutes. A most curious occurrence, whilst the hounds were running into their fox, a fresh one jumped up, and was killed at the same moment.’

Very severe was the frost which set in two days later, and on Christmas-day the thermometer was nine degrees below zero. Sport was good when they got to work again, but February was rather a broken month. March, however, did well, and it opened with a glorious day’s sport :—

‘March 1st. Tadcaster Bar. Found and killed in Catterton Wood. Found in Shire Oaks; went away very fast towards Wighill, back towards Catterton, turned to the left to Healaugh village, came to a check at the gravel pits; very fast, twenty-five minutes. Hunted slowly on towards Wighill, turned to the left to Healaugh House,

‘through the policies, viewed the fox over Brooksbank’s  
‘Bridge. A tremendous storm of wind and rain came  
‘on, still the bitches kept their noses down. Treadwell  
‘persevering, hunted through Tadcaster town, and down  
‘the Ings, killing the fox on the banks of the river behind  
‘Grimston. Two hours, ten minutes.’

This was indeed a remarkable run, and a triumph for the huntsman, whose patience and perseverance under such adverse circumstances are an example to all who carry the horn; and to their critics as well, for it is within the range of possibility that there were some impatient gentlemen out that day who dubbed Treadwell ‘slow’ when he was carefully sticking to his hunted fox. Both huntsman and hounds thoroughly deserved their fox. The season ended with a good day’s sport at Alwoodley Gates; and the long frost and late start notwithstanding, a rare good season had it been, one good day following another from the beginning to the end of it. They killed forty-nine brace during the season.

1861–62. September 2nd saw them at work again amongst the cubs, and they accounted for fifteen brace of them before commencement of the regular season. They commenced the regular season this year at Byram,—it will have already been noticed that the Bramham Moor did not open at any place regularly—and they had a good hunting run from Huddlestone Wood, killing their fox at the end of an hour and fifteen minutes, near Aberford Bar.

Fair sport was had through the month of November, and at one time foxes seemed to run pretty constantly into the Ainsty country. Indeed, on the 15th, when they met at the Wild Man, they spent a great portion of the day in their neighbours’ country, for they lost their first fox at Askham Bogs, and their second fox led them a ring by Oxtou and Palethorpe. A week later there happened a

curious series of misfortunes. Hounds met at Bickerton Bar. It was a stormy day, there was not sufficient scent to press a fox, and there was no sport worthy of record. Yet on that uneventful day from a sporting standpoint, two horses broke their backs, and another broke a leg. On Friday, December 20th, they had a typical Ingmanthorpe day, which is worth recording. They did not, however, meet at Ingmanthorpe.

‘December 20th. Tadcaster Bar. Found in Shire Oaks; ran  
 ‘by Nova Scotia, Bilton village, to Bickerton Bar, nearly  
 ‘to Tockwith; turned him, and pulled him down in a field  
 ‘on Skilbeck’s farm. Forty minutes; fast. Found in Hall  
 ‘Park Spring; ran to Ingmanthorpe Willow Garth,  
 ‘Champagne Gorse, Hall Park Spring, round again a  
 ‘larger ring, into a hollow tree near Hall Park; bolted,  
 ‘ran him round the covert, forced him out, and killed.  
 ‘Two hours and twenty minutes; first-rate hunting.’

The year ended uneventfully. Hounds, of course, were kept in kennel on the day of the Prince Consort’s funeral, and after that there was a good deal of frost and fog. The new year opened auspiciously, for though New Year’s Day was frosty, on the following day they had a good run, of which a full account must be given:—

‘January 2nd. North Deighton. Found in Deighton Spring;  
 ‘went away over the Crimple pointing for Spofforth, turned  
 ‘short to the left over the Crimple again; straight to  
 ‘Wetherby, leaving Stockeld Lodge two fields to the right,  
 ‘crossed the Wetherby road near the station, ran by  
 ‘Swinnow, by Ingmanthorpe Old Wood, and caught him  
 ‘below Geldart’s plantation. Fifty minutes; very fast; no  
 ‘check. Found in Ribston Moor Whin; came away  
 ‘along the Crimple bank, through Geldart’s plantation,  
 ‘Ingmanthorpe Whin and Wood, to ground in a drain  
 ‘close to Cowthorpe village; bolted, ran very quick to  
 ‘Wetherby, to ground in a rabbit-hole behind Mr. Ridsdale’s  
 ‘wall. A capital day.’

There was a good deal of frost in January, though hounds were not stopped for many days together, but the weather seems to have been very unsettled, and scent none too good. On February 7th, a curious incident took place, which I relate in Mr. Fox's own words:—

‘February 7th. North Deighton. Found a fox in Ribston Whin; went away to Armitage’s plantation, down to the river, crossed, hunted towards Hunsingore, went to ground in a hedgerow near Walshford Bridge. Found at Stockeld, went away over Spofforth Haggs towards Rudding, down to the Crimple below Follifoot, changed foxes, leaving our run fox much beat, ran on to Rudding Park; away again, bad scent. Jem came up with our run fox, the foot people having caught him. Turned him down, and killed.’

On the 28th they had a good hunting run, much of which was over the York and Ainsty country.

‘February 28th. Tadcaster Bar. Found in Catterton Wood; ran a ring, then away towards Oxton, leaving it on the right, ran down to the river and crossed; the hounds racing him to Grimston Hills, turned him, and killed him by the roadside. Forty-five minutes. Found our second fox at Hutton Thorns; ran at the back of Rufforth, left Swann’s Whin on the left, crossed Angram bottoms, left Healaugh village on the left, ran on the right of Nova Scotia; and lost near Bilton church. An hour and twenty minutes; good hunting run.’

They hunted on till late into April, the last day being on the 21st, when they met at Bishop Woods. They had an hour and five minutes’ hunting in the woods, and killed; then ended the day by drawing Brex and Milford Woods blank. The season was only a middling one, scent being indifferent on the whole, but they had some good sport in December and January. They killed fifty-two brace of foxes.



1862-63. The harvest was a late one, and much corn was uncut when the cub-hunting season started on September 20th, at Bramham Park. Although it was a short cubbing season it was a fairly successful one, ten and a half brace of cubs being accounted for. Fog and frost seem to have taken it in turns to hinder and embarrass hunting men. The opening day of the season was at Riffa, on November 3rd, and then they had to wait a considerable time for the fog to clear. It only partially cleared, however, and hounds, who had found in Riffa Wood, were soon lost. They ran straight to Boar Holes, where they were found at an earth, having marked their fox to ground. The day was a very moderate one, and is only mentioned as an example of the troubles which were to follow in November. They had one or two very good runs, notably a hard day on the 15th, from Plompton Bar. They were running hard all day, and finally killed a fox near Compton. Mr. Fox characterises the day's sport as 'excellent hunting.'

If November had brought store of disappointments, December began well, and went on even better. The first day they had in their Friday country in December was a forecast of what was to happen later.

'December 5th. Deighton Bar. Found in Ingmanthorpe  
'Whin; went away to Geldart's plantation, short back,  
'crossed the Boroughbridge road, pointing for North  
'Deighton; straight to the river Nidd, crossed between  
'Walshford and Ribston bridges, across Ribston Park,  
'over the river again beyond the house, through Bramham  
'Wood, left Plompton Rocks on the right up to Rudding  
'Park, ran on the low side, came to a check on the bleach-  
'ground. Fifty minutes; never cast. Hunted along the  
'Crimple side, and by Mr. Redcliffe's farm towards Spacey  
'House Whin. Here we were unfortunately hallooed away  
'with a fresh fox, and were beat.'

This was a good enough day, but beside that which took place on the following Friday it shows but as an indifferent one. It will be noticed that in both these good runs part of the York and Ainsty country was crossed.

‘December 12th. The Wild Man. Found at Catterton Wood; ‘hunted by Angram bottoms to Swann’s Whin; and at ‘the back of Askham, lost. Found in Duce Wood; ran ‘to Nova Scotia and Bilton Wood, headed back through ‘Nova Scotia, set to work running very fast to Shire Oaks, ‘round the wood; after being headed back once, went ‘away, leaving Healaugh village on the left. Had a very ‘long check at Hell Holes. The fox having pointed for ‘Swann’s Whin, and headed short back on his line, hunted ‘him slowly towards Bilbrough, viewed him going on ‘beyond the Whin, left the Wild Man on the left, ran fast, ‘leaving Colton Hagg on the left, Copmanthorpe station ‘on the left, nearly to Bishopthorpe. Hunted through ‘some gardens, crossed the Acaster road, down towards ‘the river, came up to him, and ran into him near the ‘palace. Two hours and forty minutes; an excellent ‘day’s sport.’

Frost and fog had been troublesome in the early part of the season, and with the new year there were floods to contend with. Scent was bad on the whole, and the sport was scarcely up to the average, but several foxes were ‘walked to death,’ of which the following is an instance:—

‘January 31st. Towton. Found in Patefield Wood and ‘Renshaw; no scent. Found in the little covert by the ‘Uheskelf drain; *walked* after him to Grimston, got near ‘him, hunted into Renshaw; began to mend our pace, ran ‘to Saxton Carr, left Scarthingwell on the right, and ‘Sherburn, and at Milford a sheep-dog killed him. The ‘men on an engine picked him up, and threw him down ‘to us when we came up, and hounds eat him. About ‘fifty minutes.’

The sheep-dog had evidently only anticipated matters ; and the incident of the men on the engine giving the dead fox up on the hounds making their appearance, is only another instance of that sporting spirit which pervades all ranks of society in Yorkshire. A bad scenting season was brought to an end at Bishop Woods on April 14th, where they found and killed a three-legged fox.

1863-64. Harvest was early this year, and hounds were enabled to make a start three weeks sooner than they had done in the preceding season. Most of the corn was cut in August ; and they commenced on the 31st at Bramham Park, finding a rare show of cubs in Blackfen, and though the morning was a hot one, and scent was wretched, they managed to get hold of a cub. They got hold of a fair number of cubs, and we find the remarks, 'No scent, but 'good hunting,' and 'No scent,' with frequency. Sport during November continued to be indifferent ; but the month wound up well, as the following extract from the diary proves :—

'November 30th. Scholes. Found in Temple Newsam, ran to 'ground. Found again, went away quick, leaving Garforth 'on the left, to the lime-pits, ran to ground in a rabbit-hole, dug, and killed. Bolted another fox out of the 'same place, hunted him slowly by Garforth, Borraby ; left 'Seacroft on the right, to Temple Newsam, across the park, 'through Belmont Wood, over by Halton, nearly to Killingbeck. Gave him up in the dark.'

Those whose hunting experience is a long one will have found in the course of it that occasionally in a bad scenting season, when one bad day's sport succeeds another,—when a brilliant gallop is almost unknown, and when the best that we can come across is a fair hunting run,—that one or two runs of exceptional brilliancy,—runs which go to the making of history, and which would even grace the best season on record,—take place. They also occasionally take place on a

very unpromising morning, when sport is little expected. Such was the case in the season under review, which, with the exception of the one or two runs of which I proceed to give an account, was the worst of the seventeen in which Treadwell carried the horn at Bramham Park.

‘December 9th. Brayton Barf. The Barf, Hambleton Hough, Gateforth, and Birkin Spring,—blank. Found in Birkin Willow-bed, ran him, leaving Birkin village on the right, Byram on the left, over Buttress Hill, nearly to Mr. Paver’s house, pointing for the Boot and Shoe. Turned to the right, left Lumley and South Milford on the right, nearly to Milford Woods, raced him a few fields towards the station, and killed handsomely. A fine run; one hour and fifty minutes.’

A good enough run that, but nothing to what was to take place on the following Wednesday, when it may be remarked the weather was unpropitious, and the country in which they met was not a very good one.

‘December 16th. Harrogate. Rough morning. Found in the Bilton Banks, ran a ring towards Bilton, Harrogate, and back. Did the same ring again. Heavy showers; not much chance of sport. Again the fox went out a few fields, the hounds got on good terms with him at the Bilton end of the banks, rattled him along down the banks, and crossed the river; ran him fast, away nearly to Nidd Hall. Treadwell and Johnson caught them after crossing the Scotton road. They went forward, leaving Cayton Gill on the right, by the house at Markington, over How Hill, into Studley. Ran by the abbey, out at the top of the park, back again across the park, again over the wall, and he dodged us somehow near the road between Studley and Bishopton. The park walls saved the life of this extraordinary fox. A wonderful fine run, and terrible day for hounds and horses. Twenty-seven miles home, arriving at the kennels at nine o’clock. Few people crossed the river, and therefore lost the run of the season.’

It will be noticed that part of this extraordinary run was over the York and Ainsty Thursday country, and that it finished in the Bedale country. It only wanted a kill at the end of it to make it perfect; and it does not require much imagination to picture the scene in Studley Park as hounds were scurrying their fox to and fro on that dark December afternoon. Nor does it require much imagination to picture the chagrin of those who did not cross the river, when they met their more enterprising friends on Friday morning at Marston village. How the latter would glow as they told the story! They would probably forget the stern chase they had before they got on terms with hounds after crossing the river; but they would *not* forget to describe how hounds had raced over the grass, nor to dilate on the merits of that gallant fox, and the glories of the wonderful run he had shown them.

They had another good run on the 30th, but sport was indifferent on the whole, and the only other extract I shall make refers to a good day in early February. There had been frost in January, but February opened all right so far as the weather was concerned.

‘February 4th. Cross Roads, Clifford Moor. Found in Wetherby Grange Wood, went away by Compton to Lady Woods, away by Lund Wood, fast towards Rigton, by Jenison’s Woods, to Langwith. Along the river bank towards Wetherby, back to Wetherby Grange, came away again by Compton, leaving it on the left, by Rigton, Hetchell, Dog Kennel Whin, Norwood bottoms, a good pace through Saw Woods to Mr. Skelton’s house, came up to the fox, raced him towards Merrick, turned back to Thorner, to ground. Dug him out, and killed. A capital run; two hours.’

It was seldom that the spade was used under Mr. Fox’s rule; but if ever hounds deserved a fox, it was after this

capital run. The season was brought to a close on April 19th at Harrogate, when they had a sharp scurry from Rigion Moor to Boar Holes. Mr. Fox sums up the situation briefly in the words: 'Bad scent most of the season.'

1864-65. On September 3rd, at 5 a.m., they were amongst the cubs again, meeting at Blackfen, where they found plenty of cubs; and after a hard morning's work, in close weather and with a bad scent, they got blood. It is not specified when the regular season commenced, and there is no account of any hunting between Saturday, October 29th, when they met at Harewood and had a fair good day, and Friday, November 4th, when they met at Bickerton Bar, and we read they had 'no scent.' This is a curious omission, if it is an omission, for Mr. Fox was always very particular in chronicling any circumstance which prevented his being with hounds, or which kept hounds out of the field. Stormy and bad-scenting weather seems to have prevailed in November; but in early December they did better. On the 5th they had a good day in their west country.

'December 5th. Arthington. Found in Darwin's covert at 'the bottom of the hill; ran a ring, then to Briary Spring, 'back again, and killed by the viaduct over the river. 'Found in the whin on the top of the hill; ran quick 'to the Grey Stone Whin at Harewood, back towards 'Rawdon Hill; lost. Found in Wike Clumps; ran to 'Schoolhouse Whin, and killed. A fox viewed coming 'away from Hollin Hall, ran towards Keswick, by Bardsey, 'left Ruler on the right, Spring Wood on the right, and 'lost him below Keswick.'

Not a very great day when compared with some that have been recorded in these pages, but still there was always plenty to do. On the 9th, hounds met at Tockwith, and had a fair day's hunting, which, however, was marred by an

awkward accident which befell Captain Fox. The diary records how 'Dick had a very bad fall over timber, and 'was taken home in a carriage. No bones broken, but much 'crushed.' There was a typical Thorp Arch day on the 16th:—

'December 16th. Thorp Arch. Found in Hall Park Springs, 'went away to Bickerton Spring, crossed the York road, 'pointed for Cowthorpe Woods. Scent failed. We got 'upon a fox, certainly the same, ran him to the river, nearly 'to Cattal Bridge, turned up towards Bickerton, back by 'Cowthorpe Wood, to the river side, came up again, left 'Bickerton on the left, by Hall Park Springs to Walton 'Wood; gave him a turn in covert, and killed outside the 'wood. Good hunting. Two hours and fifteen minutes. 'Found at Champagne Gorse; no scent.'

Frost and snow bothered them no little in December and January, but they had one or two very good gallops when they were out, one of which I give:—

'January 11th. Stutton Mill. Found in Grimston Hill; lost. 'Found in Renshaw, and after ringing about, ran him 'towards Ulleskelf, back into Grimston Park, and killed at 'the gates. Found in Heyton Wood, ran away towards 'Aberford, through Hazlewood, away to Jackdaw Crag, 'Stutton, Renshaw, away along the Cock side, nearly to 'Led Mill. Turned right back to Hazlewood, away again, 'and ran into a drain just as they were catching him, 'under the turnpike road beyond Headley Bar. One hour, 'twenty minutes. Good day.'

Again came frost and snow in the latter part of the month, to be continued in early February; but a day was stolen, and a good day it proved to be, between the storms, which Mr. Fox missed, much to his disappointment, as may be imagined.

'February 3rd. Tadcaster Bar. Was in London myself, and 'a stupid mistake about sending a telegram for me,

‘prevented my knowing that in Yorkshire snow had gone,  
 ‘whilst the Midland counties were covered. They found  
 ‘in Catterton, and could do nothing. Found late, after  
 ‘drawing miles of country, at Cowthorpe; went away for  
 ‘Tockwith, crossed the Nidd, went by Scathemoor and  
 ‘Hopperton, crossed the Boroughbridge road, through  
 ‘Ribston plantations nearly to the house at Ribston,  
 ‘turned him in the park, and killed him at the corner of  
 ‘the covert. An hour and ten minutes; a first-rate run.’

It was this year that the Grand National Hunt Meeting was held at Wetherby, and on March 31st, which was the day after the concluding day of the meeting, hounds met at Walton, and no doubt there would be a many strangers out on that day. There was nothing very brilliant in the way of a gallop, but visitors had a chance of seeing how the Bramham hounds could hunt under difficulties.

‘March 31st. Walton. Day after the Grand National Hunt  
 ‘Steeplechases at Wetherby. Tried all Ingmanthorpe,  
 ‘Cowthorpe, and Wighill,—blank. Found at Catterton;  
 ‘went away over the York road towards Appleton, back  
 ‘by Colton, Bilbrough, towards Askham, back to Catterton.  
 ‘Very dry; cold hunting. Two hours and thirty minutes.’

The season terminated on April 18th.

‘April 18th. Micklefield; 8 a.m. Very hot; thunder showers.  
 ‘Found in Huddlestone Wood; very bad scent; could not  
 ‘kill. A bad scenting season. All November and December  
 ‘very dry. A good deal of frost and snow in the middle  
 ‘of the winter, then dry north-east winds. By constant  
 ‘perseverance, Treadwell managed to kill fifty-five brace  
 ‘of foxes.’

This was Treadwell’s last season, and perhaps when the extraordinary difficulties which a succession of such awkward weather brings about are taken into consideration, it was his most successful one. He died suddenly on a Sunday evening







in June, when apparently in the enjoyment of robust health Mr. Fox alludes to him in the following words: 'On the 18th of June, Sunday evening, poor Treadwell died suddenly. He hunted these hounds in my service seventeen years, and six seasons before that with the Earl of Harewood, making twenty-three years with this pack. He was sixty-two years of age, and appeared a very strong man.'





## CHAPTER V.

### THE RULE OF MR. GEORGE LANE FOX (*continued*).

#### THE HISTORY OF THE HUNT FROM STEPHEN GOODALL TO GEORGE KINGSBURY.

AFTER a long and uninterrupted period during which little change has taken place, it not infrequently happens that changes come with rapidity, and that one break leads to a series. Such was the case with the Bramham Moor Hunt. With the death of Treadwell ended the first of the three periods into which Mr. Fox's mastership may be fitly divided, and now comes a time when changes, if not exactly frequent, were yet frequent for the Bramham Moor Hunt. During the twelve seasons of which this second period is comprised, four huntsmen carried the horn, namely: Stephen Goodall, Fred Turpin, Goddard Morgan (the brother of hard-riding Ben, by whom the Yorkshire woldsmen still swear), and George Kingsbury.

Stephen Goodall came over from Ireland, and assumed the command on August 1st, 1865, and he commenced his first season's cub-hunting on September 2nd, with Ned Johnson still occupying the place of first whipper-in.

1865-66. There is not much record of Goodall's first day's hunting in his new country, but it seems to have been a satisfactory one. They met at Blackfen at five a.m., 'found cubs, and killed a brace after work.' On the 8th, they had a 'screaming scent,' and when there is a really good scent in September, hounds run as they never do till the season gets well advanced, especially in the woodlands. The morning was a very hot one, and as they met at Stockeld Park, they did not throw off till six o'clock. 'They ran hard for thirty-five minutes, and killed. Again 'in Devonshire Whin, twenty-five minutes, and killed.' Twice does Mr. Fox allude to the good scent, which indeed seems to have been exceptional.\* They had another good morning on September 22nd, when Mr. Fox remarks that scent was not bad. They were at Harewood, where they found a capital show of foxes, and after a very hard morning, in which hounds seem to have given every satisfaction, they killed a leash. The cub-hunting was very successful, and the early days of November produced good sport. The first advertised day is not specially mentioned, but it would probably be Monday, October 30th, when they met at Alwoodley Gates, and had an uneventful day's sport. The first run out of the common took place about a fortnight later:—

'November 15th. Boot and Shoe. Found at the wood below Paver's house; lost him after a ring. Found in Fairburn Willow Bed; went away to Brotherton Willow Beds; 'two or three foxes, came away with one over the road, 'pointed for Buttress Hill, passed Lumley, nearly to 'Mr. Paver's, by Ledsham, pointed for Fairburn; again 'went to the left, and killed at Buttress Hill. Capital 'hunting run; two hours and four minutes.'

\* Speaking of a good scent in September, I once saw hounds get away with a good old fox in a moorland country, and they gave him such a dusting up before they killed him that horses had had more than enough. Moreover, they had not such another good run till well into November.

Ten days after there was a run in the western division of the country, which is worth recording for more reasons than one:—

‘November 25th. Spacey House Whin. Very wet; found in  
 ‘the whin; hunted towards Rudding and back, away by  
 ‘Pannal; no scent; gave him up. Came back towards  
 ‘Bathing House, saw a fox crossing the road, ran to the  
 ‘covert near the Rudding Farm; lost. Found in the  
 ‘park; ran round the house, away over the Follifoot road  
 ‘and railroad, turned to the right, went over the Crimble,  
 ‘leaving the viaduct on the left, straight to the Harrogate  
 ‘Gazeboo; forward, leaving Birk Crag on the left, and  
 ‘ran to a house on the Skipton and Harrogate road. No  
 ‘doubt the fox went into the house, but we could not find  
 ‘him. A good run; one hour and twenty minutes.’

Most men who have hunted for a long time can relate a somewhat similar experience, and foxes take to houses and outbuildings when hard pressed much more frequently than is supposed. Hounds continued to have good sport throughout December, the two following runs being nearly typical ones, and they certainly cannot be said to stand out as *very* superior to the many good runs which took place during the month:—

‘December 20th. Boot and Shoe. Found in Peckfield  
 ‘Plantation; hunted into the Ledsham Plantations,  
 ‘Micklefield Woods, and Huddlestone Wood, then ran to  
 ‘ground. Found another, and after ringing in covert  
 ‘for some time, killed. Found in Wheat Wood; ran  
 ‘through Ringhay, by the fox coverts to Huddlestone  
 ‘Wood and Micklefield Wood; away, leaving the village  
 ‘on the left, towards Stourton Grove, left it on the right,  
 ‘turned back, leaving Peckfield Bar on the right, ran him  
 ‘back to the woods, and killed. One hour and twenty  
 ‘minutes; a good day.’

‘December 22nd. Tadcaster Bar. Found in Shire Oaks; lost.

‘Found in Duce Wood; ran over Fairy Cars, turned to the left to Bilton, Nova Scotia, away again across Fairy Cars down to Hutton, left it on the left, and hunted to Wilstrop; came up to our fox, and gave him a turn round the wood, then away by the Rash up to Marston village, crossed the Wetherby road and back, pulling him down in the middle of a field next to Marston Whin. Two hours and fourteen minutes: good run.’

On January 29th there was one of those instances of the difficulty which exists in forecasting sport. They met at Riffa; the wind blowing a gale. They found at once, and raced their fox for twenty-five minutes up wind to Lindley Wood; here they turned down wind, and hunted back for a couple of miles, running their fox into a drain, into which he was followed by a hound, who bolted him, and he was killed. Mr. Fox calls this a brilliant run.

Good sport continued through January and February, and scarcely ever do the ominous words ‘bad scenting’ appear. Even when March came in, the good sport continued, and up to the end of the season good run followed good run. Indeed, to do justice to this season, I ought almost to give a history of every day, for the moderate days are very rare indeed.

‘February 8th. Wetherby Grange. Found in the wood; wild and windy; fox headed, &c. Found in Ray Wood; away on the river side, left Chestnut Grove on the right, crossed Clifford Moor to Westwoods, turned away to Compton, back to Wetherby Grange; crossed the river below the Flint Mill, hounds racing the fox on the side of the river to Thorp Arch. He went into the river, swam down the middle of the stream, and, unfortunately, a hound (Riot) seeing him land, seized him; Ned Johnson tried to get hold of him, but he got away; two hounds caught him in the water, and he sank. Good run; an hour and twenty minutes.’

‘February 16th. Thorp Arch. Found, and after hanging a little, went away to the station and down to the river; ran the Ings, crossed the road to Shire Oaks, left Catterton on the right, along Angram bottoms, nearly to Angram village; turned to the left to Fairy Cars, Nova Scotia, left Wighill on the left, passing Hall Park Springs, close by Walton village, back to the left to the field next Walton Wood. Here we had a long check in consequence of listening to a man. At last recovered the line, hunted slowly away, pointing for Wighill village; came up to him in a small spinney on Stephenson’s farm, ran him by Duce Wood, left Healaugh Church on the right, close to Angram, turned to the right, left Bilbrough Whin on the left to Catterton Whin, and caught him. Three hours, twenty minutes. A first-rate run; parts of it fast.’

I have two or three accounts of this run, but preferred to give Mr. Fox’s ‘plain unvarnished tale.’ There was a short check close to Angram village, hounds having run about eight miles straight without a check, and it should be added that they got a very good start with their fox, and nearly chopped him at first. After they turned to the left over Fairy Cars, the fox never touched one of the coverts named, and it was slow hunting all the way to Walton Wood. Here a rustic informed Goodall that his fox had gone on, and anxious to get on better terms with him, he cast hounds round the wood, and of course failed to hit off the line. He then went back to where hounds had last owned it. They picked up a line, Lexicon, Flasher, and Sportsman, particularly distinguishing themselves, and at little more than walking pace they hunted on to Wighill village. After that, the pace improved, and was as fast as anyone wanted, and faster than suited many, till the end came. Amongst those who had had enough was Goodall, and in his absence Mr. Fox took hold of hounds himself,



and made a good cast at a critical part of the run. Mr. Tom Fairfax, Captain Fairfax, Mr. E. Robinson, Lord Wenlock, Col. Markham, Mr. Ledgard, Mr. Brady Nicholson, Mr. Kendall, Mr. Wicklow (query, is this name meant for Mr. Wickham?), and Captain Lane Fox: all went well. It should be added that it is computed by one historian of the run that the distance covered was twenty-three miles.

‘March 16th. Marston. Hutton Thorns, blank; ditto Nova Scotia. Found at Duce Wood; went away, and unluckily killed a vixen. Found at Catterton Spring; ran, leaving Shire Oaks on the left, Duce Wood on the right, over Marston Sand Hill, back to Hutton Hall, Collier Hagg; left Angram on the left, Healaugh on the left, Duce Wood on the right, Shire Oaks on the right, to Healaugh Hall, into the park, out again towards Tadcaster, and though we saw the fox, we could not catch him. Scent bad; pretty hunting; lost him at Catterton Wood. Three hours and ten minutes.’

‘March 23rd. Thorp Arch. Found in Hall Park Springs; away towards Champagne Gorse, turned to the right to Walton Whin, and killed. Found in Champagne Gorse; lost. Found in Ingmanthorpe Woods; away to Horn Bank, down the railway by Thorp Arch to the river, back by the village to Champagne Gorse. Came up to a fox at Geldart’s plantation: hunted him into Ingmanthorpe Wood, to the whin, to Sandbeck Wood; changed foxes, ran quick to Horn Bank, back to a drain under the Walton road, bolted, and killed at Horn Bank. Hard day.’

‘April 7th. Alwoodley Crag. Found (after drawing Wheat Wood, Ireland Wood, Mosley Wood, &c., blank) at Cookridge; ran to Black Hills, back again, away to the rough stones on the Bramhope Tunnel, to ground. Another fox was viewed at the same time, and we got on him, and ran back by Cookridge, skirted Black Hills, fast to Alwoodley Crag, on to Scotland Wood, left Meanwood on the right, close to Chapeltown, pointed for

‘Roundhay, turned to the right, and killed at Gledhow.  
‘Good run; one hour and five minutes.’

This excellent season was brought to a close on April 18th, at Bramham Park, where they had a good day's sport for the time of year. It was a broiling hot morning, and there was a great Leeds crowd out. They found a fox at Blackfen, and ran him towards Becca, but he was headed, and killed near the Lodge. Then they had a smart little scurry from Westwoods, by Wetherby Grange, and over the river, marking their fox to ground at Thorp Arch. ‘A very ‘good season, constant sport, and hunted foxes well, killing ‘seventy brace,’ is the master's summary of the season.

1866-67. Next season commenced on September 8th, when they met at Bramham Park, at five o'clock in the morning. It was a very backward season, and most of the corn was uncut and sprouting. The very wet weather was, however, favourable for scent, and a capital cub-hunting season was brought to a close on October 27th, with a total of fifteen brace killed. The regular season opened on October 29th, at Beckwithshaw Bar, but nothing was done, the day being very wild and windy. The opening week of the season was, however, productive of good sport, and on Friday, at the Wild Man, they had a lively day, killing two brace of foxes. The first they chopped; but the second they killed in the open, after a burst of twenty-five minutes; the third they ran thirty minutes, and killed in the open; and the fourth, which they found in Walton Wood,—which, by the way, was full of foxes,—was killed after forty minutes' good work in covert. On the following day, they had forty-five minutes from Riffa without a check, killing their fox in Dog Kennel Wood,—a first-rate run.

On Wednesday, November 7th, Captain Lane Fox met with a serious accident which laid him up for a long time. The morning was a wild one, and so terrible was the gale

that they gave up hunting. On the road home, the mare he was riding took fright at Wetherby Grange Lodge when he was opening a gate, and whipping round suddenly, she began to plunge violently, and Captain Fox being taken by surprise, was unseated, falling on to his head with great violence. He had a severe concussion of the brain, but the doctors were hopeful after the first few days, and on Monday he was so far out of danger that Mr. Fox was once more able to get out with hounds. There was a touch of frost in November, and hounds were stopped a few times; but December was an open month, and during both months the average of sport was high. Three December days may be given as a sample of what took place nearly every day:—

‘December 8th. Kiddal Lane. Drew Barnbow Wood, blank.

‘Found at Parlington Hollins; away through the garden, across the park, over Hook Moor to Payne Hall Wood, Wheat Wood, Daniel Hartley, the fox coverts, pointing for Led Mill: back by Lotherton to Payne Hall Wood and Ringhay, hunted slowly to Huddlestone Wood, and ran a fox to ground in Castle Hill, near the Boot and Shoe. Two hours; dug, and killed.’

‘December 26th. Boot and Shoe. Found at once; went away towards Micklefield coal-pit, turned to the left by Peckfield Bar to Kippax. Twenty minutes; very fast. He ran two or three times up and down the garden, then away for a few fields, pointing back, and was run into very smart. Found in Newfield; away towards the North Road, turned to the left, crossed Ledsham Park to Peckfield Bar, turned to the left, left Sheep Carr Wood on the left, to Plaster Pit. Here he laid down, and we killed. Forty minutes; top pace. Found in Micklefield Wood; away through Huddlestone Wood, straight over the open, leaving Huddlestone Hall and the fox coverts on the left, to Saxton village. Thirty minutes; came to a long check; hunted to ground at Castle Hill: good day’s sport.’

‘December 29th. Harewood Bridge. Found in Rougemont  
 ‘Carr; away towards Swindon, turned over the hill and  
 ‘down into Weeton bottoms, and caught him. Seventeen  
 ‘minutes. Found in Swindon Wood; ran ten minutes in  
 ‘covert, then away, leaving Kirkby Overblow on the right  
 ‘to Herbert’s Larches, down into the Higgs, pointing for  
 ‘Spofforth, crossed the Spofforth road and railroad, left  
 ‘Follifoot on the left, crossed the Crimble, left Braham  
 ‘Wood on the right, and ran straight to the Nidd, crossing  
 ‘and running to ground on the opposite bank of the river.  
 ‘One hour and five minutes out of covert: a famous run.’

What a bold fox this must have been to have crossed the Nidd after such a dressing as he had got!

After Christmas, or to be more correct, after the new year set in, good runs were few and far between. Here is one, however, which is worth recording:—

‘March 16th. Bardsey. Found in Hetchell, went away to  
 ‘Scarcroft, left Thorner on the left, Mr. Skelton’s house on  
 ‘the left, to the coverts behind Scarcroft; here a long  
 ‘check. Hit him off towards Merrick, hunted him nearly  
 ‘to Barwick, turned to the left to Saw Wood, straight  
 ‘through the wood, left Thorner on the left to Hetchell,  
 ‘Rigton, left Bardsey on the left, through Scarcroft  
 ‘plantations, by Eltofts, and ran into a drain in the bottom  
 ‘close to Thorner; bolted and killed. A capital run; two  
 ‘hours, fifty minutes.’

The last day of the season took place on April 15th at Parlinton, where they found plenty of foxes, but there was no scent; and they did not kill, though they hunted up to seven o’clock. It was a good season up to Christmas; after that, there was not much sport. Sixty-three brace of foxes were killed.

There was a good deal of frost early in the year, and in relation to the frost an amusing incident took place. Captain Fairfax, afterwards the master of the York and Ainsty, had

got together a pack of harriers some time in 1866, and these he hunted from Newton Kyme. Tired of the long enforced idleness, one afternoon in January Captain Fairfax got his hounds out, and proceeded to try for a hare in the pleasure-grounds at Newton Kyme. He thought that he could easily keep within touch of his harriers in the snow, for jumping was of course quite out of the question. But he was in for something bigger than he anticipated. Instead of a hare it was a fox they found in the pleasure-grounds, and at a rare pace the little hounds rattled him along straight to Bramham Park. There Captain Fairfax happened to get to them, and managed to get them stopped. Mr. Fox heard them running, and went out to see what it was; and he afterwards wrote an account of what had occurred to the Hon. 'Bob' Grimston. This was an opportunity not to be missed; and that gentleman wrote to Newcome Mason,—'George Lane Fox has 'been out with the harriers on foot. What a come down!'

Goodall left at the end of this season, going to the V.W.H., whilst Turpin, who had been in that country, came northward. In the sporting magazines and newspapers of the day we read that 'Goodall continues to delight his field 'by his energy and perseverance'; but he had rather too much energy for Mr. Fox, who did not care to see his hounds galloped for miles without a line. He was thoroughly miserable at times when he saw the methods of Goodall, who did not settle down with time.

1867-68. Fred Turpin made a rare start amongst the cubs, Blackfen being the place where the start was made. They had a rare morning's work, killing a leash. It was an exceptionally good cub-hunting season, hounds getting hold of twenty-one brace of foxes. The first open day was on Monday, November 4th, at Riffa; and a very good day it was, Turpin killing a leash of foxes, as he had done on his first morning's cub-hunting:—

‘November 4th. Riffa. Found in the wood, killed. Went  
 ‘away to Stainburn Gill to ground. Found in Swindon  
 ‘Wood, ran a ring, then away to Walton Head Whin to  
 ‘ground. Found in Cocked Hat Whin, ran a ring, then  
 ‘away towards Kirkby Overblow, down into the Punch  
 ‘Bowl, straight to the river, turned to the left up the hill,  
 ‘skirted Clap Wood, left Cocked Hat on the right, turned  
 ‘again to the Punch Bowl, crossed it pointing for Harewood  
 ‘Bridge, left Swindon Wood on the right straight to  
 ‘Rougemont Carr, and killed. The last time away from  
 ‘the whin, an hour and forty minutes. Many horses tired.’

On the 11th, though they had not a very great day, Mr. Fox’s remarks thereon are worth quoting, as showing how his huntsman and hounds had pleased him:—

‘November 11th. North Deighton. Found, went away, a ring,—  
 ‘no scent. Found at Stockeld, lost. Found at Woodhall,  
 ‘hunted a ring, crossed the river, ran by Compton to  
 ‘Wetherby Grange, and killed. *Good work,—well done.*’

During Turpin’s temporary absence, owing to illness, the hounds were hunted by Ned Johnson, who still continued to hold the first whipper-in’s situation. One of Ned Johnson’s days is worth giving:—

‘November 29th. Marston. Found in Hutton Thorns, ran to  
 ‘Collier Hagg, back by Rufforth to Wilstrop, then a ring  
 ‘out towards Tockwith, back to the wood, and lost. First  
 ‘forty minutes, good. Found in Marston Whin, ran to  
 ‘Wilstrop, Skip Bridge, back through the wood, left  
 ‘Hutton Thorns on the right, Angram on the left, by  
 ‘Billbrough, Colton Hagg, and stopped the hounds near  
 ‘Stub Wood. Two hours and twenty-five minutes’ good  
 ‘hunting.’

Turpin was soon at work again, and he had a capital day the first time he was out after his illness. A few days afterwards he showed famous sport, though it was in some respects a disappointing day:—







‘December 16th. Harewood Bridge. Found in Rougemont Carr, went away straight over the Punch Bowl to within a field of the Cocked Hat Whin. Thirty-six minutes; very fast. Few horses could live with the hounds. A long check; then, unfortunately, a fresh fox was hallooed, and we lost. Found in Walton Head, killed beyond Spacey House Whin. Found at Swindon Wood, ran into Weeton bottoms. Two couples and a half went back by Walton Head, and killed their fox; the body of the pack lost theirs.’

On Christmas Eve they had a good gallop, though it had a disappointing finish for huntsman and hounds:—

‘December 24th. Church Fenton. Tried most of the Ryther woods, blank. Found in a little covert below Ryther, ran to ground in the village. Found in the willow bed opposite Nun Appleton, went away very fast to Ulleskelf Common, crossed the railway, ran to the back of the paddocks at Grimston, turned to the right, crossed the river near the railway bridge, ran up to Oxton village, turned to Pallethorpe, back to the willow bed near Bolton station, close to him, ran to the little wood near Steeton Whin. Fifty minutes. Here we had several foxes on foot, and lost him.’

‘January 13th. Stutton Mill. Found in Tadcaster Willow Bed, away through Grimston Hills, Renshaw to Towton, and killed. Found in Patefield Woods, ran twice round the covert, and killed. Found in Renshaw, ran to ground. Found in Heyton Wood, away by Bullen Wood, pointed for Renshaw, back to the left, through Hazlewood, Hayton Wood, Bullen Wood, Renshaw, Towton, back to Renshaw, came up to him. Away again to Towton Spring, Patefield Wood, nearly to Church Fenton station, back to the right to Scarthingwell, crossed the water, through the park, away pointing for Saxton, turned back, and pulled him down as he tried to jump the park wall. Two hours’ good work.’

‘January 20th. Boot and Shoe. Found our first fox at Plaster

‘Pit Wood, and killed near Burton Salmon. Thirty-five minutes. Second fox, Micklefield Wood. A smoking ‘twenty-five minutes, and killed. Our third fox we saw ‘going into Daniel Hartley’s, ran to Lotherton, Aberford, ‘back to Payne Hall Wood nearly to Micklefield, back to ‘Parlington by Scholes, left Merrick Hall on the right, ‘across Whin Moor to Eltofts and Scarcroft, whipped off in ‘the dark. Two hours and thirty minutes. Rare good day.’

‘February 17th. Sicklinghall. Found in Devonsbire Whin, ‘crossed the river at Woodhall, ran to ground. Found at ‘Woolah Head, hunted him by Sicklinghall village, nearly ‘to the Cocked Hat Whin. Turned to the left, got on ‘better terms, ran to Clap Wood, across the Punch Bowl, ‘over Wescoe Hill, across Weeton bottoms to the railway. ‘Turned back over the hill to Rougemont Carr, by Hare- ‘wood Bridge, back to the left again, over Wescoe Hill ‘into Weeton bottoms, and lost. An hour and thirty-five ‘minutes to Rougemont Carr. No doubt we changed at ‘Harewood Brick-kiln. Two hours, five minutes, altogether. ‘Good run.’

The season ended at Bramham Park on April 17th, where they killed a brace of foxes, but had not much sport. ‘The early part of the season was very good, the end of ‘February wild and stormy, March and April very dry and ‘hot. No rain. Killed  $66\frac{1}{2}$  brace of foxes. A fair good ‘season’s sport. Stopped by frost twelve days.

1868–69. The hot, dry summer of 1868, which was almost without rain, caused the earliest harvest that had been known for many years. The land was dried up, and cracks both wide and deep appeared on the clay lands. Harvest, excepting in backward districts, was pretty well out of the way by grouse-shooting came in, and masters of hounds might have started hunting in July, had it not been for the excessive heat. They waited for rain, but no rain came, and on August 29th Mr. Fox and the Bramham

Moor took it as it was. They went to Westwoods, meeting at 4-45 a.m., and fell in for a heavy morning's work and a rattling scent. They had forty-four couples out, and these got on the line of an old fox to begin with, and raced him at a merry pace over Lindrick Hills, where they managed to get them stopped. Then they had forty-five minutes with a cub, and killed him; and after a very good morning's work, they got hold of another at 11-45 a.m.

The regular season opened at Woodhall Bridge on Monday, November 2nd. It was a very wild morning, with a bright sun, so it is not to be wondered at that they had nothing very great in the way of sport, though a couple of sharp bursts, one ending with a kill, gave a foretaste of what might be expected on a more favourable day. Scent was not good during November, and, indeed, there were no great runs before Christmas, though in December there were one or two pretty gallops:—

‘December 9th. Buttersike Bar. Found in the plantation  
 ‘above Riffa, ran very fast round the wood, going down  
 ‘the brook-side, then away to Almscliff, took a wide ring  
 ‘on the moor, back, leaving Almscliff on the left, away  
 ‘towards Beckwithshaw, again back over the moor, below  
 ‘Almscliff to the railway, on to Buttersike Bar, Thurtle’s  
 ‘Whin, up the valley to Almscliff, and got to ground. One  
 ‘hour and thirty minutes: a good run.’

‘December 12th. Towton. A pretty ring from Saxton Carr  
 ‘over Scarthingwell Park, pointing for Cole Hill, back to  
 ‘the right, and lost below Barkston Ash. Found in  
 ‘Renshaw, ran to ground. Found in Heyton Wood, away  
 ‘towards Aberford, ran to ground. Found in Hazlewood,  
 ‘gave him a turn in the wood, away across Becca, by  
 ‘Barwick to Saw Woods, and killed at 4-55 p.m. A capital  
 ‘run; one hour.’

January began better; enough rain had fallen to sadden the ground, and all over the country sport improved with

the new year. The Bramham had a good day on the 6th, perhaps the best day they had had up to that time.

‘January 6th. Bramham Park. Found in the gardens, went  
‘away to Westwoods, back to Lindrick Hills, &c., gave  
‘him up, and went to Saw Woods. Found, came away to  
‘Blackfen and Becca Moor, changed foxes, went away  
‘towards Hazlewood, turned to the left, went by Headley  
‘Hall to Jackdaw Crag, nearly to Renshaw. Back by  
‘Headley Hall to Becca and Blackfen, into the gardens,  
‘round the gardens, away by the cascades, and killed in  
‘the bottom at Lamb Garth. Three hours’ good hunting.’

The runs on the 18th are worth noticing, not for any merit that they possess, but because they show how curiously foxes are sometimes affected by foggy weather:—

‘January 18th. Peckfield Bar. Thick fog. Went to Kippax,  
‘and waited till 11-30, then moved off to Micklefield Woods.  
‘Found in Daniel Hartley’s, hunted a large ring, and killed  
‘in Ringhay. One hour and five minutes. Found in Payne  
‘Hall Wood, and ran to ground. Went away with another  
‘fox towards Aberford, left Parlington on the left, Becca  
‘Mill on the right, by Potterton, and killed by the side of  
‘the Leeds road before reaching Blackfen. Very slow  
‘hunting, and curious how the foxes tired.’

‘January 23rd. Bardsey. Found in School House Whin, ran  
‘to ground in a quarry near Keswick Ox Close. Twenty  
‘minutes. Found in Bardsey Bank, ran two rings, snow  
‘falling; then away to Langwith, back by Jerrison’s Wood  
‘to Westwoods. Hunted up and down the wood several  
‘times, then at last got away with a tired fox, and just as  
‘we were getting up to him near Chestnut Grove a fresh  
‘fox jumped up, and away they went back to Westwoods:  
‘very unlucky. They were four hours and fifty minutes  
‘running.’

‘January 30th. Hook Moor. Found at Stourton Grove, ran,  
‘leaving Parlington on the right, to ground in some

‘broken-in coalpits near Orsthorpe. Forty minutes. Tried  
 ‘Barnbow, Parlinton, and Becca,—blank. Found in Saw  
 ‘Woods, went away to Thorner, turned to the right, left  
 ‘Kiddal Lane on the left, to Potterton, Becca, Blackfen,  
 ‘left Whittle Carr to the right, to Norwood Bottoms,  
 ‘Ragdale, and Dog Kennel Whin. Here we had him  
 ‘before us dead beat. The hounds were hallooed away to  
 ‘a fresh fox, and ran two rings, getting to ground in a  
 ‘quarry at the end of Norwood bottom. Two hours and  
 ‘fifteen minutes; an hour and five minutes to Dog Kennel  
 ‘Whin: very good.’

Here was hard luck indeed on two occasions, and had either of these runs ended with blood, they would have been satisfactory in every respect. They only show how careful men should be in hallooing.

The dreadful accident at Newby Ferry, when Sir Charles Slingsby, Mr. Robinson, Mr. Lloyd, Orvis, and the two boatmen were drowned, cast a gloom over the whole of Yorkshire, and the Bramham Moor were kept in the kennel till February 12th, when they had a very good run of three hours and ten minutes from Catterton Wood:—

‘February 15th. Spacey House Whin. Found the short-tailed  
 ‘fox; away towards Rudding, left the railway on the left,  
 ‘across the Hagg, turned to Walton Head, Swindon  
 ‘Wood, pointed west, but turned below the hill, back to  
 ‘Buttersike Bar and Walton Head. Forty minutes; pretty;  
 ‘and lost. Found in the Cocked Hat Whin, lost in  
 ‘Stockeld Park. Found in Limekiln Wood, ran into the  
 ‘garden, and killed behind the house at Woodall. Another  
 ‘fox viewed away from Limekiln Wood; we laid on the  
 ‘hounds, hunted to Linton Quarry, back to Devonshire  
 ‘Whin, came up to him, away to Linton Quarry, straight  
 ‘to Ingmanthorpe Whin, through the old wood, left Cow-  
 ‘thorpe Woods on the left, Tockwith on the left, and lost  
 ‘near Marston village, at 5-15 p.m. Two hours and fifteen  
 ‘minutes’ good run.’

In March they went into the York and Ainsty country by invitation, and had a fairly good day's sport:—

‘March 9th. Buckle's Inn. Found in Askham Bog, ran forty minutes in covert, at last went away as if for Grange Wood, and caught him. Found at Colton Hagg, ran to Catterton, lost. Found in Steeton Whin, ran a very smart burst, and killed near Oxton.’

The last day of the season was April 9th, the fixture being Bramham Park. A fair day's sport was enjoyed, though they failed to kill. They found their first fox in Lindrick Hills, and ran hard in Westwoods, but when they got on to the fallows, scent failed. A second fox jumped up in a field near Spring Wood, and with him they had a nice fifty minutes by Hetchell, Dog Kennel Whin, Blackfen, Becca, Potterton, and nearly to Saw Woods. The season had been a very open one, but scent as a rule had been indifferent. Some good hunting runs had taken place, and one or two very fast ones, so that, on the whole, sport had been fair. The season's record was  $69\frac{1}{2}$  brace of foxes.

Fred Turpin came to an untimely end just as he was beginning to get known in the country. How it happened is not known, but he had a fall from his horse as he was returning home from York one evening, and the fall was a fatal one.\* He was succeeded by Goddard Morgan, a brother of Ben and Jack, and one of that family of huntsmen whose names have been famous for generations.

1869-70. Morgan's first day was not a promising one, for the weather was hot and the ground like adamant, when, on the ninth of September, he took twenty-eight couples of bitches, ten couples of which were young ones, to the Brick-kiln end of Westwoods, at five a.m. He had good reason to be pleased with his start, however, for he found a good litter of cubs, scent was better than could have been

\* It is generally supposed that he took a fit of some kind.

expected on such a morning, and they got hold of a cub by 8-30. The cub-hunting went on merrily. Cubs were plentiful, and hounds accounted for them well, and by October 11th they had killed fourteen and a half brace. On that day Morgan had a nasty fall, his horse rolling on to his ankle, and he was not able to go out for a week, during which time hounds were kept in kennel. When they got to work again they made up for lost time, for before the first of November they had added seven and a half brace to the score. It is not often that frost and snow have to be chronicled in the cub-hunting season, but in 1869 there was much wild weather, and things looked badly at times, though hounds were never really stopped. The last day's cubbing was a good one. They met at Fairburn, and had a lot of fun from Byram and Newfield, scent serving well. They killed two brace of foxes, and had one or two fast bursts.

The regular season opened at Bramham Park on Monday, November 1st, and there was a capital show of foxes, hounds killing a brace, but there does not seem to have been anything very particular about the sport. On the Saturday, Morgan again hurt his ankle, this time so badly that he was some time before he could get into the saddle. So Mr. Fox hunted his own hounds, and excellent sport he showed. His first day was a good one. It was on Monday, November 8th; the fixture, Riffa. He began with a quick forty minutes from Almscliff Whin, running by Thurtell's Whin and Pannal, and to ground in a drain near Beckwithshaw. A fast, if rather ringing, thirty-five minutes from Walton Head Whin, ending with a kill, made up a very good day. The weather still continued unsettled, and on the Wednesday they were driven home by a snowstorm. The storm did not last, however, and hounds were never kept in kennel; and though the weather was wild and unsettled, there was a fair average

of sport. But on the 19th the fun began in earnest, and Mr. Fox had a succession of fine runs such as must have delighted the heart of any huntsman:—

- ‘November 10th. The Wild Man. Found in Catterton Wood, and ran from the wood to the spring and back several times. At the end of thirty-five minutes, got away close to a fox, pointing for Mr. Brooksbank’s. Bearing to the right, left Shire Oaks, Duce Wood, and Healaugh village on the right. Came to the first check between Hutton and Angram, hit him off to the right, left Swan’s Whin and Askham village on the right, and ran to ground in an earth in a field near the York kennels. A capital run; one hour and thirty minutes out of covert.’
- ‘November 20th. Wike. Went to the whin at Harewood (Swan Bushes), found, away towards Eccup, turned to Wigton Knowl, left Wike village on the left, straight to Keswick, left Rigton on the right, to Westwoods. Hunted him through the wood to Dalton lane; here the body of the pack turned back with a fresh fox, and four couples of hounds crossed the lane and killed their fox. One hour and ten minutes. Found again at Hollin Hall Whin, and ran to School House Whin and Scarcroft, and gave it up.’
- ‘November 22nd. Harewood Bridge. Found in the Punch Bowl, ran up the hill towards the Haggs, back by Kirkby Overblow, across the Punch Bowl into Swindon Wood; very quick. Several foxes on foot. Came away into the Punch Bowl, up the hill and over the Haggs, leaving the Cocked Hat to the right; lost. Found in Swindon Wood again, away to Walton Head, back to Swindon, away again over the Punch Bowl, ringing about nearly to Woolah Head, back to Swindon, away to Walton Head, back to Swindon, and after a good rally in the wood, killed an old fox. A very hard and good day.’
- ‘November 27th. Kiddal Lane. Found at Potterton, ran very fast through Becca, Blackfen, Bramham Park, to Westwoods. Away, leaving Beilby’s on the left, to Lindrick Hills, the Raikes, Blackfen. Away, leaving the Cross



‘roads on the right, to Headley Hall. Left Jackdaw Crag on the left, and came to a check near the spinney on the side of the Cock, opposite Renshaw. One hour, thirty-five minutes; very good pace. Hit him off at last, and hunted to Castle Hill, turned to the right, and marked a line pointing for Lotherton, but he had beat us. Got on a fox at Heyton Wood, and hunted away to Aberford; back again, away towards Renshaw, and on pointing for Jackdaw Crag gave it up. A very hard day.’

‘November 29th. Kirkby Overblow. Frosty. Got on the line of a disturbed fox near Spacey House Whin, marked him into Rudding Park. Found on Spofforth Hags, ran him a smart burst to Rudding, across the park, nearly to Bathing House Whin, turned up towards Spacey House Whin, and caught him before he reached it. Twenty-eight minutes. Found in the Cocked Hat Whin; scent very bad.’

‘Hunted my own hounds (Morgan laid up fourteen days; killed seventeen foxes, and had capital sport.’

The frost came in earnest now, and they were not out again till December 6th, when Morgan made his reappearance in the saddle; but at the end of a week he was obliged to lay up again, and Mr. Fox again carried the horn. And some rare sport he had, as the following two extracts from the diary show:—

‘December 17th. Wighill Park. Found and killed in Nova Scotia. Went away with another towards Clay Field earths, back to the left, and lost near Marston Whin. Found in the whin, away, leaving Marston on the left, pointing for Angram, turned to Hutton, and lost. Found in Hutton Thorns, ran a few fields and back, and killed. Another fox in the covert, got away with him, going very fast, pointing for Swann’s Whin. Turned to the left, leaving Grange Wood and Knapton Whin on the left, came to a long check near Poppleton, hunted on to the railroad, back nearly to Grange Wood, pointing for Hessay, turned to the right over the railroad and York

‘road to the side of the drain, came up to him, raced him  
 ‘back to Hessay village, and pulled him down. One hour  
 ‘and twenty minutes: capital run. Wanton and Cheerful  
 ‘seized him.’

This was a really good run; and it will be remarked that Mr. Fox knew which hounds killed their fox, which is more than some amateur huntsmen do. It was evidently the bitch pack that gave this good run.

‘December 20th. Riffa, blank. Almscliff, ditto. Found in  
 ‘Swindon Wood, hunted towards Walton Head and  
 ‘Herbert’s Larches, lost. Tried Spacey House Whin and  
 ‘Rudding Farm, blank. Went to the Cocked Hat. Found  
 ‘at once, and away towards Kirkby Overblow, turned to  
 ‘the right to the Hags, a long check in consequence of  
 ‘a sheep-dog. Hunted very slowly towards Spofforth,  
 ‘pointed for Stockeld, back to the right, and walking  
 ‘slowly on the line came up to him a field from Clap  
 ‘Wood. Raced him over the Hags to Spofforth Castle,  
 ‘left Follifoot on the left, crossed the Crimple, pointing for  
 ‘Bramham Wood, turned him, and killed at the bottom of  
 ‘old Plompton Whin. Twenty-five minutes: very fast.’\*

Morgan was able to get out again on the 23rd of December, and he was not long at work before he had one of those long, hard days which were so frequent with the Bramham Moor:—

‘January 3rd. Church Fenton. Found and killed in Paradise  
 ‘Wood. Drew the other Ryther coverts blank. Found in  
 ‘Towton Spring, ran to Grimston Hill, back to the left over  
 ‘the turnpike road, across Grimston Park to the river.  
 ‘Through Tadcaster Willow Garths, by Shann’s house to  
 ‘Oglethorpe Whin, ran hard in covert for an hour and  
 ‘fifteen minutes, and killed at 5-15 p.m. in the dark. An  
 ‘hour and five minutes up to Oglethorpe; two hours and  
 ‘twenty minutes from find to kill.’

\* I take this to mean ‘twenty-five minutes, very fast,’ from Clap Wood. The run from Cocked Hat Whin, with all the time spent in the check, would last much longer.

‘January 7th. Bickerton Bar. Found in Marston Whin, ran  
 ‘a sharp burst to ground in Clayfield earths. Found in  
 ‘Wilstrop several foxes; after ringing for ten minutes, got  
 ‘away and hunted towards Hutton Thorns, getting on good  
 ‘terms before reaching the covert. Running by Marston,  
 ‘pointing for Angram, turned to the right by Clayfield  
 ‘earths to the Loft, nearly to Hall Park Springs, back in  
 ‘front of the house at Wighill, by the corner of the Loft.  
 ‘I think we changed our fox, and ran one by Duce  
 ‘Wood to Bilbrough to ground. One hour, fifty minutes:  
 ‘capital run.’

‘January 19th. Deighton Bar. Found in Smiler’s Gorse, came  
 ‘away at once, pointing for Kirk Deighton, hunted slowly  
 ‘through Geldart’s plantation to Ingmanthorpe, turned to  
 ‘Wetherby town. Here we had two foxes; got close to  
 ‘one, and ran on fast to Champagne Gorse, through without  
 ‘stopping, left Hall Park Springs on the left, skirting the  
 ‘corner of Walton Wood, leaving it to the left, on to  
 ‘Wighill Ings, left Shireoaks on the left to Oxtou, and a  
 ‘field from Pallethorpe viewed our fox. Ran back through  
 ‘Oxtou, and lost in a severe snowstorm near Shireoaks.  
 ‘A capital run: two hours.’

They were not much bothered with frost after this, and the game went merrily on, one good run following another, and scarcely a week passing by without something good taking place. Under the entry for March 5th we find the characteristic remark: ‘Found, and killed two ‘tame foxes in Stockeld Park’; but as a rule foxes were ‘enterprising,’ and the words ‘a capital fox’ are of frequent occurrence. A famous season for sport was brought to a close on April 20th, the fixture being, as usual, Bramham Park. It was a broiling hot day, but hounds had fair sport, killing one fox, and running a brace to ground. Mr. Fox sums up the season in the following words:—

‘This has been an excellent season. November, December, and  
 ‘January, particularly good sport; February, rough and

‘frosty; March, rough and dry; April, very dry. Hounds  
‘hunted 111 days, and killed 117 foxes.’

1870-71. Hot and dry weather characterised the first weeks of the next cub-hunting season; but, nevertheless, hounds got hold of a fair lot of cubs. A start was made on August 31st, and it was not till the first week in October that rain fell in any quantity to soften the ground.

‘October 8th. Walton Wood. At last, after an extraordinary  
‘dry and hot time, a heavy rain. Found, and ran for fifty-  
‘six minutes hard, and killed. Found in Hall Park Springs.  
‘After running hard for thirty minutes, left the covert, and  
‘ran into a short drain; got him out at once. Then got on  
‘another fox in the wood, and after an hour and ten minutes’  
‘good work, killed. A first-rate morning’s work.’

The first advertised day was Monday, October 31st, when they met at Riffa, and had a fair day’s sport, finding plenty of foxes. They ran their first fox from Riffa, marking him to ground under the road near the railway at the far side of Rigton village, and afterwards they killed a leash of cubs, one in Riffa, and the other brace at Swindon Wood. On November 25th occurred one of those curious incidents which only take place now and then:—

‘November 25th. Tockwith. Found in Wilstrop Wood, away  
‘towards Marston, bearing to the left, pointed for Marston  
‘station, the country very wet. Marston drain a bumper,  
‘pounded the field. On galloping round, they thought the  
‘hounds had turned back to the right when they had  
‘turned to the left, and gone to Skip Bridge, back to  
‘Wilstrop, Marston village, and Marston Whin. A curious  
‘scene,—a large field, all lost. Having collected together  
‘again, drew Hutton Thorns blank. Found in Marston  
‘Whin, went away to Bilton, turned to the left, pointed for  
‘Askham, hunted into the gardens at Hutton Hall, and  
‘killed. Another fox went away from the gardens. We  
‘hunted him by Hutton Thorns, nearly to Wilstrop, and  
‘gave it up.’

A day in December must be given, as it was perhaps the best they had before Christmas:—

‘December 16th. Wighill village. Sharp frost, hard on the roads. Found in Shireoaks, ran a ring, hunted to Tadcaster town end, into Brooksbank’s park, and lost by the river. Found in Catterton Wood, went away to Oxton village, Tadcaster, and lost, pointing for Wighill. Found at 3-5 in Duce Wood, away through Healaugh village, pointed for Hutton, turned to Nova Scotia, back through Catterton Spring, left Oxton on the right, turned at the river, and stopped hounds at dark between Catterton and Shireoaks, having unluckily changed our fox by the river-side. The pace for an hour and ten minutes, first-rate; horses all tired.’

Soon after this frost set in, and hunting men experienced one of those old-fashioned winters which those who have not a large stud of horses ‘eating their heads off’ profess to enjoy. It was a change to the exceptionally open winters immediately preceding it, and it was not at all appreciated by hunting men. From December 20th till January 7th, hunting men were frozen out, then they stole a day; afterwards came other ten days’ frost, to be followed by three days’ hunting, and another fortnight’s frost. About the middle of February the weather grew more settled, and then they had some grand sport.

‘February 13th. Stockeld Park. Found in the wood, lost near Wetherby. Found in Devonshire Whin, ran into Woodhall, through the covert, crossed the river above the bridge, skirted Keswick Ox Close, hunted over Rigton Hill to Westwoods, ran in covert for some time, turned to the left, and killed in Gunter’s park. Two hours, ten minutes.’

‘February 25th. Plompton. Found in Birkham Wood, ran down to the river, and killed. Found in Braham Wood, away towards Plompton, back to the right to Ribston

‘Moor, Deighton Spring, caught him in the quarry by the  
 ‘Crimple. Found in Stockeld Park, away very quick to  
 ‘Deighton Bar, hunted on through Geldart’s plantation to  
 ‘the river, turned up by Walshford Bridge, hunted twice  
 ‘across the river, along the bank by Ribston village, and  
 ‘lost the line of him pointing for Plompton.’

If the sport during the latter end of February had been satisfactory, still better was that which took place in the early days of March. Here are three days, one following the other, which are quite sufficient to stamp the month in the memories of those who saw them :—

‘March 1st. Spofforth. Found in Tickhill, away to the river,  
 ‘turned to the right, and caught a bad old fox at Grimble  
 ‘Crag. Found in the covert near Rudding by the tunnel,  
 ‘away to the Follifoot road, headed back, went under the  
 ‘viaduct, up the hill, turned over the cutting in the railway,  
 ‘the horsemen having to go round, never caught them till  
 ‘they were found at a check on the moor. They went by  
 ‘Beckwithshaw, left Harlow Carr on the right. A large  
 ‘flock of sheep had puzzled them. We hit him off, and  
 ‘hunted towards Fewston, but he had run away from us.  
 ‘Trotted back to Walton Head Whin, found, went away  
 ‘very fast by Thurtle’s Whin, left Pannal on the right, by  
 ‘Beckwithshaw, skirted Harlow Crag, pointed for Boar  
 ‘Holes, turned to the left away over the open, as if he  
 ‘meant to go for Almscliff, but bent to the right, leaving  
 ‘Little Almscliff on the left, nearly to Fewston, turned to  
 ‘the right, and lost him close to Boar Holes. We found  
 ‘this good fox at 3-30, and ran him an hour and fifteen  
 ‘minutes. All the horses were beat. A curious thing that  
 ‘both these foxes went to the same point on the moor. The  
 ‘hounds did not get home till nine o’clock.’

‘March 3rd. Thorp Arch. Hot as summer. Found in Hall  
 ‘Park Springs, hunted to Bickerton village. Found in  
 ‘Wilstrop Wood, hunted over the river and back, lost on  
 ‘the river bank. Found in Hutton Thorns, ran a ring, then

‘away, hunting nicely to Wilstrop, down to the river, left  
 ‘Tockwith on the right to Marston Whin, hung in covert  
 ‘a long time, then away to Clayfield earths, nearly to  
 ‘Hutton, back for the whin, turned to the right, and killed  
 ‘at the back of Marston village. Two hours, ten minutes.  
 ‘Killed at 5-45.’

‘March 4th. Stutton Mill. Found in Tadcaster Willow-bed,  
 ‘ran very fast along the river side, turned back by Grimston  
 ‘Park to Grimston Hills and Renshaw. Forced him out,  
 ‘and killed in the field outside the covert. Twenty minutes.  
 ‘Tried Patefield and Saxton Carr, blank. Found in Heyton  
 ‘Wood, hunted away to Ringhay, and ran to ground in  
 ‘Payne Hall Wood. Found in Hazlewood, went away  
 ‘very fast over Spence’s farm to Blackfen, turned across  
 ‘Bramham Park, the Raikes, past Bramham Bar, Headley  
 ‘Hall, back to Hazlewood, nearly caught him in the garden;  
 ‘hunted through the woods, Heyton Wood, away across the  
 ‘park to the garden, pointed for Jackdaw Crag, bent to the  
 ‘left to Headley Bar, back to the right, and killed him in  
 ‘the middle of a field. One hour, twenty-five minutes.  
 ‘Killed at 5-45.’

The season finished at Bramham Park on April 12th. Plenty of foxes were found, and they ran one to ground, and killed another. Mr. Fox sums up the season as follows: ‘Fair sport after the frost, but bad hunting weather most of the winter, and a very dry spring.’ The hounds were out ninety-six days, and killed fifty-four and a half brace of foxes; ran to ground twenty-four brace. Morgan left at the end of the season, and was succeeded by George Kingsbury, who came from the Blackmore Vale, but who had been whipper-in to the Bramham for some seasons.

1871-72. Kingsbury began his first season under the disadvantage of the master being unable to be out. Mr. Fox had had a bad fall from his hack, and injured his shoulder, and it was not until October 20th that he was able to get out, and even then he had to ride with his

arm in a sling. The cub-hunting commenced on Sept. 6th, and was successful, foxes as usual being plentiful, and hounds getting well blooded before their opening day, which was on Monday, November 1st, at Bramham Park. They had not much sport on this opening day, for though they found plenty of foxes, they were of the ringing kind; or to put the matter in a fairer light, there was not scent enough to press them. They, however, managed to kill a fox. On Saturday, at Stockeld Park, they had a good day. They killed a cub at Sicklinghall in the morning, and in the afternoon they had a good gallop from Limekiln Wood, covering a considerable extent of country, and finally, after a run of two hours and forty minutes, marking their fox to ground opposite Ribston Hall. Mr. Fox must tell of that great run from Almscliff Whin at the end of the month:—

‘November 27th. Buttersike Bar. Found in Thurtle’s Whin; several foxes, one ran rings, and was killed. Found in Almscliff Whin; away to Stainburn Gill, nearly to Leathley, back by the river to Riffa. Forward to the moors, leaving the rock a mile on the right, and hunted to ground in a drain near Beckwithshaw. Fallacy had got into the drain unseen, and as we were coming away, bolted him; we ran to Almscliff Whin and Riffa, where he was seen close before us, beat; but we were hallooed away on a fresh one, ran to Lindley Wood, gave him a rattle in the wood, away fast by Spring Wood to Almscliff, North Rigton, Weeton bottoms, Wescoe Hill, to Swindon Wood; broke away with a fresh fox, and stopped them on the top of Kirkby Overblow Hill. Four hours; all horses beat; terrible hard day.’

A hard day, and a disappointing one indeed for hounds and huntsman; and that last change in Swindon Wood was most provoking. December was a good month all through, the weather keeping open, and scent being good on the average.







‘December 16th. Alwoodley Gates. Found in Scotland Wood and the Crag; got to ground. Found in Lord Harewood’s covert, at Black Hills; ran some time in covert, and killed. Found in one of the Arthington coverts; came up the hill to Waterhouse Whin into Harewood, nearly to the Grey Stone, away west, left Eccup on the left, through Alwoodley Crag, Scotland Wood, pointed for Leeds, turned to the right, and killed him nearly in the town below Meanwood Park. One hour, thirty-two minutes; good day’s sport.’

January opened well. They had a good hunting run from Duce Wood on the 5th, losing their fox in the York and Ainsty country, near Appleton Windmill; and on the following Friday they had a very smart gallop from Hutton Thorns, killing their fox at one of the Cowthorpe coverts. Good average sport, interrupted twice for a day by frost or fog, characterised the whole of the month, but in the beginning of February they had a clipper:—

‘February 2nd. Marston. Found in Hutton Thorns; away fast to Rufforth, nearly to Angram, over the Marston Hill, back to the village; left Hutton Thorns on the right, through Wilstrop to the river, crossed, and crossed back near Shewkirk, lost at Wilstrop. One hour, ten minutes. Found at Marston Whin; away to Healaugh, Nova Scotia, Bilton, Bickerton, Champagne Gorse, Ingmanthorpe, Cowthorpe, crossed the river at Walshford Bridge, to Ribston and Goldsbrough Moor and Wood. Hounds ran three and a half hours, and were stopped at dark.’

‘February 26th. North Deighton. Found in Deighton Spring; ran to Stockeld, and to ground at Wetherby. Found between Deighton Spring and Ribston Moor; ran round the village to the river, back to Smiler’s Gorse and the Spring, towards Stockeld, to Kirk Deighton; lost. Went to a halloo near Ingmanthorpe Whin; away very fast by Deighton Bar to Spofforth, left Braham Wood on the

‘left, pointed for the river, turned to the right down to  
 ‘the Crimple, leaving Ribston Whin on the right, along  
 ‘the brook side, down the common, turned across, left  
 ‘Smiler’s Gorse on the left, to Kirk Deighton, and gave  
 ‘it up at 6 p.m.’

Mr. Fox does not tell us anything about the state of the horses after this long hard day over a severe country, but it may well be left to the imagination. As had been the case in the previous season, March came in with some grand sport, and the following run may almost be looked upon as the run of the season:—

‘March 1st. Bickerton Bar. Found in Cowthorpe Wood; got  
 ‘well away with our fox, left Ingmanthorpe Willow Garth  
 ‘on our right, Champagne Gorse on our right, also Walton  
 ‘village, Walton Wood, on the left; first check at the  
 ‘floods in the Ings, hit him off to the right, ran on fast  
 ‘nearly to Thorp Arch; crossed the river, a bumper,  
 ‘opposite Inglebank, went straight over Tolston and  
 ‘Headley Manors, and killed at White House Farm  
 ‘Quarry. One hour and eighteen minutes; a grand run:  
 ‘nine miles from point to point.’

‘April 5th. Hook Moor. Found in Payne Hall Wood; away  
 ‘very fast to Heyton Wood, then hunted to Bullen Wood,  
 ‘and back through Heyton Wood and Hazlewood to  
 ‘Hallowell Lees; came up to our fox, and ran back to  
 ‘Heyton Wood, where we lost. One hour and twenty  
 ‘minutes. Found in Becca; ran very fast to Parlington  
 ‘Hollins, across the park back to Potterton, Becca,  
 ‘Bramham Park, into this garden, to Hallowell Lees,  
 ‘away over Spen Farm to ground in New Blackfen. Two  
 ‘hours, thirteen minutes; very severe.’

The season ended the next day at Bramham Park; ‘a very fine day, and a large collection of people.’ They had a fair day’s sport, and killed a leash of foxes. The season was a very good one. They hunted one hundred

and seventeen days, and killed fifty-one and a half brace of foxes; marking twenty and a half brace to ground.

1872-73. If Kingsbury had the luck to fall in with a good season for his opening one as huntsman, his second season was still better, and such sport is seldom equalled as took place in the season which commenced by knocking the cubs about at Blackfen, in the early morning of the 6th of September. Indeed, good run followed good run so closely that there is the greatest difficulty in making a selection, and did space permit, I should feel inclined to give nearly the whole of the season. Sport was excellent; hounds were well blooded in the early days of the season; and as early as the 4th of October there was sport which was worthy of December and January.

‘October 4th. Micklefield. Found in Castle Hill, old fox.

‘Found in Ledsham covert, ran nicely for a time round the  
‘plantations, and lost. Found in Newfield, away to the  
‘Ferrybridge road, back past Ledsham vicarage, straight  
‘to Sheldon Hill and Kippax Park wall. Here the fox  
‘turned back to Ledstone village and down to the river, ran  
‘to the right along the Ings to Castleford turnpike-gate,  
‘turned him, chased him, and killed. Fifty-five minutes:  
‘a capital run. Dog pack.’

A wonderful day, indeed, so early in the season, and the curious thing is that these good days continued. It was not a case of an isolated good scenting day, for the runs in October read like the middle of the season. Here is one more of them:—

‘October 26th. Riffa. Found plenty of cubs. Ran very hard

‘in covert for one hour. Tried upon foiled ground for  
‘another hour, but could not catch one. Found a fox in  
‘a willow-bed in Weeton bottoms, ran over Wescoe Hill  
‘to Swindon Wood, hard round the wood three times, away  
‘into the Punch Bowl, up the hill, leaving Kirkby Overblow  
‘on the left, to the Cocked Hat Whin, gave him a turn in

‘covert, away nearly to Stockeld, back to the whin, and  
‘killed. One hour and twenty minutes: a good day’s sport.’

Every month of this season had its good days, and perhaps March was the worst scenting month in it, and sport was worse in that month than in any other. Still, there was a day in March which is worth recording, even at this distance of time. Here are a few runs which may be given as a specimen of the sport in this exceptional season. There are many more like them.

‘November 2nd. Alwoodley Crag. Found in Creskeld Wood,  
‘away towards Otley, to ground under the railroad. As  
‘we came back to draw Arthington, met a travelling fox,  
‘ran three fields, and killed. Found in the pleasure-ground  
‘at Harewood, away by the castle very fast to Cardwick,  
‘turned to the right, straight past Bardsey to Scarcroft  
‘Whin. Forty minutes. Hunted slowly through the  
‘plantations and Black Moor, away pointing for Shadwell,  
‘turned to the right, past Wigton Moor into Harewood,  
‘near Loftus Gate, chasing him in covert, and killed before  
‘he reached the Grey Stone Whin. One hour, thirty-five  
‘minutes: a real good run. Seven couples of young bitches  
‘out: *all up*. Killed at 4-40.’

‘November 16th. Becca Mill. Found in Parlington Old Wood,  
‘ran rings, then away to Scholes, and lost. Found in  
‘Parlington Hollins, ran to Hawk’s Nest, back through  
‘the Hollins, along the bank to Becca Mill, turned to the  
‘right, left Potterton on the right, Saw Woods on the right,  
‘running well over Whin Moor. Left Shadwell on the  
‘right, and bending to the left, ran into an overflow drain  
‘running from a shallow well, the hounds close at him.  
‘Two couples went into the drain. They all came back  
‘but Fallacy, and we did not succeed in getting her out  
‘till four o’clock the following (Sunday) afternoon. This  
‘was a good run: an hour and forty-five minutes.’

On the 23rd, they met at Harewood Park, and there Mr. Fox was presented with a handsome Testimonial.

The presentation was made by Lord HAREWOOD, who said:—

‘Mr. LANE FOX:—I am proud that the honour devolves upon me this morning of presenting to you this token of our esteem. We all tender to you our heartfelt acknowledgments for the manner in which you have supplied the hunting needs of this country for the last five and twenty years. And we feel that the sport we have had has been in a large measure owing to the great care and attention which you have given to the breeding of foxhounds, which have, we are proud to think, placed the Bramham Moor hounds in a position second to that of no other pack in the kingdom.’ His Lordship, after some further remarks, presented the Testimonial, &c.

Mr. LANE FOX, in returning thanks, said:—

‘My Lord HAREWOOD:—The very kind manner in which you have spoken of me, and the too-flattering address which you have just read, and the sight of the magnificent service of plate now presented to me, have dazzled me, and overwhelmed me with nervousness and confusion. I approach with fear and trembling the difficult task of properly expressing my heartfelt thanks to all my kind friends and brother sportsmen for giving to me the handsomest Testimonial ever presented to a Master of Foxhounds. I must beg you to be good-natured to me, as you have ever been, and not to criticise my feeble efforts too severely, because I will admit that, for the first time in my life, I regret that in my school-days I was more partial to rat-hunting than to reading; consequently I have no language at command that can possibly convey to you the intense feelings of pride and pleasure which at this moment fill my heart.

‘Ladies and Gentlemen, I know it is not the custom of hunting men in this country to loiter about the feeding-room

‘in the morning, but I will ask you to allow me briefly to  
 ‘dip into the history of the old Bramham Moor country,  
 ‘that I may show how I tumbled into the proud position  
 ‘I now hold. Fox-hunting has for many years been, and I  
 ‘trust ever will be, the leading winter pastime of Yorkshire-  
 ‘men. Somewhere about eighty years ago my grandfather,  
 ‘James Fox, established a well-appointed pack of fox-  
 ‘hounds, and, by the kind permission of the landowners, was  
 ‘allowed to hunt and claim the fox-hunting right of hunting  
 ‘over a large extent of country between Bingley and Selby,  
 ‘Leeds, York, and Knaresborough; and this district of  
 ‘Yorkshire he called the Bramham Moor country. When  
 ‘failing health caused him to give up the pleasures of the  
 ‘chase, my father not wishing to hamper himself with a pack  
 ‘of foxhounds, the then Lord Lascelles offered to take the  
 ‘country. James Fox made him a present of hounds and  
 ‘kennel-horses, and for many years that good sportsman,  
 ‘whom some of us remember as the old Lord Harewood,  
 ‘taught us lessons of keenness. He was so truly fond of  
 ‘hunting, that on a frosty morning he would have his horses  
 ‘turned up to go out. He would hunt all day, and when  
 ‘overtaken by darkness would say, “We shall have the moon  
 ‘up soon!” He never wanted to go home. The late Lord  
 ‘Harewood continued to hunt the country until his duties  
 ‘as Lord Lieutenant of the West Riding, and other public  
 ‘duties, allowed him no time to attend to the work of a  
 ‘master of foxhounds, and he at once gave back the hounds  
 ‘and kennel-horses to my father, who, though at the time in  
 ‘bad health, gladly took them back, knowing that I was  
 ‘anxious to fill the position that my grandfather had held.  
 ‘These friendly and neighbourly arrangements were carried  
 ‘out without the assistance of a committee, or a pen being  
 ‘put to paper. I mention this to show what friendly terms  
 ‘the families of Lascelles and Fox have always been upon,



‘and as the proceedings of this day show, are upon at  
‘present; and I trust as long as a Fox and Lascelles are  
‘to be found in the country the same friendship will exist  
‘between them. This is now the twenty-fifth year of my  
‘reign, and I will say that I have always met with the  
‘greatest kindness, forbearance and indulgence from all  
‘classes. A master of hounds must expect many disappoint-  
‘ments and petty troubles. I have, as my friend Lord  
‘Harewood said, given much time and attention to the  
‘breeding and management of foxhounds, and you have  
‘made me feel I have been successful. In the field I  
‘imagine I am often very impertinent, but I hope I have  
‘never intentionally given offence to any man, or made  
‘use of any remark that might not be freely forgiven. The  
‘book that you have given me, containing an address and  
‘the signatures of all my friends, is indeed a treasure. The  
‘kind expressions towards me in that address will for ever  
‘ring in my ears like the beautiful music of a pack of fox-  
‘hounds. Those kind expressions will cheer me to the end  
‘of my run through life. Those kind expressions are more  
‘valuable to me than all the gold that glitters before us.  
‘The beautiful service of plate, every separate piece of  
‘which is a work of art, says a great deal for the Committee  
‘who chose it; and I think I may be here permitted to pay  
‘a passing compliment to the Messrs. Garrard, of the Hay-  
‘market, the designers and producers of this artistic and  
‘tasteful Service; and may we not be proud that such work  
‘is done by the hands of British workmen? who can still,  
‘and I trust ever will, hold their own amongst all nations.  
‘This splendid Testimonial, of which I am so proud, will be  
‘handed down to my children’s children, and will be the  
‘means of reminding them that it is a part of their duty in  
‘this life to be friendly towards their neighbours, to preserve  
‘foxes, and to love Yorkshire. I will say no more, but wish  
‘you all good health, good luck, and good sport.’

‘November 30th. Kiddal Lane. Found, after drawing Potter-  
 ‘ton, where we killed in covert by the blacksmith’s shop,  
 ‘in Saw Woods; away at once to Whittle Carr, Norwood  
 ‘bottoms; left Thorner on the left to Heltofts, left Scarcroft  
 ‘Lodge and plantations on the right, past Wike village,  
 ‘through the Clumps into Harewood, along the Temple  
 ‘Wood, past the Grey Stone to Carr Wood: very fast.  
 ‘After this, slow hunting nearly to Briary Spring, where  
 ‘we lost all line of this capital fox. The pace to Harewood  
 ‘Park wall was tremendous:—up to Carr Wood, one hour  
 ‘and eight minutes: to the end of the run, one hour and  
 ‘thirty minutes. Nine miles straight.’

‘December 30th. Wescoe Hill. Fog. Found in Riffa, ran a  
 ‘ring, and lost. Found; that is, struck the line of a fox  
 ‘in Weeton bottoms, away to Rougemont Carr, left it on  
 ‘the right, to Harewood Bridge, a ring to the left, then  
 ‘away towards Wetherby, back over the Punch Bowl; left  
 ‘Kirkby Overblow on the right, nearly to Parkin’s Wood,  
 ‘back to Walton Head Whin, came up to our fox, away to  
 ‘Beckwithshaw, turned to the right, came up to him in a  
 ‘field near some new buildings, ran him into the garden  
 ‘at the back of the house on Harrogate Common. Hounds  
 ‘viewing him, he jumped the wall, Levity and two or three  
 ‘after him, and rolled him over on the middle of Harrogate  
 ‘Common. Two hours and forty minutes: a capital run.’

‘January 11th. Alwoodley Crag. Drew Mosley Woods blank,  
 ‘but found in Bramhope tunnel; ran very fast towards  
 ‘Otley Chevin, turned back, and killed above Pool.  
 ‘Twenty-five minutes. Found at 2-30 in Waterhouse  
 ‘Whin, ran hard to Harewood, through the woods, out  
 ‘towards Hollin Hall, and over Harewood Moor to  
 ‘Cardwick, up the river to the castle, back again, and up  
 ‘and down the hill two or three times. At last, getting  
 ‘near a tired fox above Sturdy’s Willow-bed, ran him hard  
 ‘in the dark nearly to Keswick Ox Close, and killed at five  
 ‘o’clock on the river bank, three fields above the wood.  
 ‘Moon just up.’





- ‘February 10th. Stockeld Park. Found and ran to ground  
 ‘near Spofforth Bridge. Found in Devonshire Whin, away  
 ‘through Limekiln Wood, crossed the river below the Ox  
 ‘Close, over Rigton Hill, past Spring Wood to Horn Farm  
 ‘Lane, turned to the left to Westwoods. Thirty-three  
 ‘minutes: very fast. Ran hard in the wood, over Dalton  
 ‘Lane, and back twice. Ran him into the drain at the  
 ‘bottom of the ride at Lunn Wood. Altogether, one hour  
 ‘and seven minutes; bolted and killed. Drew Dog Kennel  
 ‘Whin blank. Found and killed a lame fox in Norwood  
 ‘bottoms. Found another fox, and killed in covert. Found  
 ‘in Blackfen, ran very fast round the wood, through Well  
 ‘Hill, Lindrick Hills, to Westwoods, Lunn Wood, back  
 ‘through Peekhill Rash, and killed in young Peekhill  
 ‘Rash. Thirty-five minutes: no check.’
- ‘March 13th. Westwoods. Went out at one o’clock. Found,  
 ‘had a smart rally of twenty minutes, and killed. Then  
 ‘ran incessantly, going away to Compton and back, then  
 ‘to Spring Wood, Peekhill Rash, Lindrick Hills, West-  
 ‘woods, nearly to Rigton, back by Compton Woods again,  
 ‘and killed, after three hours’ hard work. Dog pack.’

Mr. Fox was High Sheriff this year, and the Assizes interfered with his hunting in the spring. He was at York and Leeds in the execution of his duty, but he managed to get away for a day from the latter place, and had a moderate day’s sport on March 29th, from East Keswick. But the day had its pleasant memories, as he relates how ‘a party of very good fellows, who hunt on foot, gave me ‘a new horn.’ And here it may be added that there is no surer test of a master of hounds being the right man in the right place, than his popularity with those who hunt on foot,—often as keen critics of what they see, and not infrequently better sportsmen, than those who turn out in all the glories of the war-paint.

One day in April must be given before I close my account of this really wonderful season:—

‘April 16th. Bilton Banks. Found and ran up the banks, away towards Birk Crag, turned by Saltergate Hill, back to the river, opposite Ripley Castle, and lost. Fifty minutes: hunting well. Tried the banks again. Found in Birkham Wood, away to the road, to ground in a drain. Found in Braham Wood, ran smart away to the river, crossed below Goldsbrough Mill, through Goldsbrough Wood towards Ribston, back up the river side, crossed, and back to Braham Wood; hunted slowly over the dry fallows towards Spofforth, turned to the right along the Crimple side, got up to our fox in the rocks, and pulled him down before he could reach Birkham Wood. One hour and forty-five minutes.’

They finished the season at Bramham Park on the 25th, when, in contrast to the hot weather which had usually prevailed on their closing day, there were frequent snow showers. They had a fair day’s sport, running one fox to ground, and killing a brace. ‘Quite a first-rate season’s sport,’ writes Mr. Fox; ‘hounds killing their foxes well.’ Very wet until the end of March. Killed fifty-three and a half brace; ran twenty-three and a half brace to ground.

1873-74. The next season commenced on Saturday, August 30th, at Harewood, when they took out forty and a half couples, of which ten and a half couples were young ones. They had a fair morning’s work, and managed to get hold of a brace. The cub-hunting season was an uneventful one. Hounds found plenty of foxes, and were well blooded; and when the season opened on Monday, November 3rd, it was a well-trained and good-looking lot that Kingsbury took into the field. Mr. Fox was away from home when the season opened, and Captain Fox was left in command. Nothing of much importance took place during the early days of the hunting season. The ground was dry, and as a rule scent was only moderate. But now and again there was a good run, such as that which took

place in mid November, and which I give here—a run sufficient of itself to redeem any month in which it occurred from mediocrity, as anyone can see if he takes the trouble to follow it on the map.

‘November 12th. Stutton Mill. Found in the small willow-bed, ran to Oglethorpe and Ingle Bank, to ground. Found our second fox in Tadcaster Willow-bed, went away at once past the station, left Smaws on the right, Oglethorpe on the left, Clifford on the left, past Compton and Keswick to Harewood. The beaten fox ran through the lodges in the village, past the church, down the North Park, and we *killed him* below Rawdon Hill. Two hours, ten minutes. Twelve miles from point to point.’

I should not omit to add that the italics are not mine. Another good day’s sport took place in this month, and is well worth preserving:—

‘November 17th. Spofforth. Found in Deighton Spring, away to the river near Walshford Bridge, crossed twice, then towards Hunsingore, back over the river, left Cowthorpe village on the left, to Ingmanthorpe Willow Garth, Old Wood, and Whin, and killed in the open, two fields from the whin. One hour and thirty minutes. Found our second fox in Stockeld: very fast to the Wetherby end of the steeplechase-ground, up to Linton, back towards Wetherby, crossed the river, and killed near Chestnut Grove. Forty minutes: capital pace.’

Scent continued to be moderate, owing principally to the dry weather, and there is only one run which took place before the new year came in to which I need draw attention. There was nothing very particular about the day itself, it was simply a good hunting run. But for me it possesses a special interest, for it was my first day with the Bramham Moor, so perhaps I may be forgiven if I allude to it briefly. The fixture was Thorp Arch, and well might Mr. Fox say that there was a large field of holiday people. We went

through Wetherby, and tried some of the coverts about Deighton Bar, if memory serves me rightly. At any rate, we found in Ingmanthorpe Wood, and ran sharply down to Cattal, where they crossed the river, and swinging a little to the left they hunted over Cranberry Carr, and on to Hopperton, where they lost. They found another fox at Hatfield's plantation, and killed him after a short run at Hall Park Springs. The first run was a nice one, though it was only at a hunting pace; and I can remember being much impressed with the way which hounds worked, and with their quickness. It was rather a novel experience to see hounds both quick and close hunters, as were and are the Bramham Moor in a remarkable degree.

Plenty of good hunting runs characterised the month of January, which was a very open one, but great runs were scarce. Hounds worked well, and continued to account for their foxes in a satisfactory manner. One day may be given :

‘January 30th. Bickerton Bar. Found in Cowthorpe Wood, ran a ring to ground. Found in Hutton Thorns, away to Hessay, back towards Marston, to Wilstrop, away close at him towards Marston, turned to the right down to the Rush, and to ground at the river bank. Fifty-five minutes. Bickerton and Hall Park Springs blank. Found in Walton Wood; away, two rings, then left Walton Wood on the left, pointed for Thorp Arch, down to St. Helen's Ford, along the Ings, past the Moat House, turned up to Ingmanthorpe, back to Hall Park Spring, pointed for Thorp Arch, and lost near the station. One hour and thirty minutes.’

‘February 23rd. Harewood Bridge. Found in Rougemont Carr, crossed the river, came back and found in Riffa, ran to ground, bolted, killed. Found in Swindon, hunted a ring, then to Walton Head, Spacey House Whin, Rudding, Spofforth Haggs, Walton Head, back past Spacey House Whin, and killed in Mr. Payley's place at Harrogate.’



There were a few frosty days in February and March, but hounds were not stopped much, and had fair sport during both months.

‘March 13th. Deighton Bar. Found in Ingmanthorpe Whin, away to Horn Bank, Walton, Hall Parks, Champagne Gorse, back to Horn Bank, and ran him over the river to Flint Mill, killing in the water. Old Dairymaid swam back with the fox in her mouth, and brought him out dead.’

In the middle of April (the 11th) they had a very good day from Kiddall Lane. After three little spins to ground, they found a fox at Potterton, and ran by Parlinton, Barnbow, back to the Hollins; and by Potterton, Becca, Heyton Wood, Hazlewood and Hallowell Lees, to Oglethorpe Whin, where they nearly killed, after two and a half hours' good hunting. But unfortunately there was a brace of foxes on foot, and they hunted one of them back to Hallowell Lees, where they gave up at seven p.m., having luckily not very far to ride before they reached home. Their last day was on April 24th, when they met at Cookridge at seven in the morning, of course not advertising. They had a capital day's sport for the time of year, running a brace to ground early in the day; and then they found in Whittle Carr, and ran merrily through Blackfen and into the park, where they rolled their fox over. The season was a very open one, hounds being stopped but seldom. It was, however, a very bad scenting season, owing to the dry weather which prevailed throughout. But there was plenty of good hunting, and hounds did their work well under circumstances which at times were very trying. They were out one hundred and thirty days, killed sixty-seven and a half brace of foxes, and ran twenty-one and a half brace of foxes to ground; so that, notwithstanding its drawbacks on the score of bad scenting days, it must have been a satisfactory season to both master and huntsman.

1874-75. The season of 1874-75 began on Monday, August 31st, but before the Bramham started there is an interesting entry in the diary which refers to a visit to another pack. 'On the 13th August,' writes Mr. Fox, 'having had a 'good look at the hounds in the Grove kennels the day 'before, Lord Galway commenced hunting in Blyth Wood, 'at 4-30, and kindly mounted Lords Macclesfield and 'Wenlock and myself. We had no scent in the wood, 'but after a time went to some small coverts, got some 'cubs on foot, forced one away, going through some *standing barley* to Bawtry Hall, and killed. Caught the train at Bawtry at 8-42, and were in this kennel at 11-45.

Twenty brace and a half of cubs was the register, and they had some rare sport during the latter end of the time. On October 14th, they had a capital morning at Garforth Bridge, killing a brace, and on the following day they had a hard morning, and killed, though scent was very moderate. They also had a good day in the Stutton country on the 17th.

The regular season began well at Harewood Bridge, on Monday, November 2nd. They had a smart scurry with their first fox from Rougemont Carr to Wetherby, and killed; and then, after running a brace of foxes to ground, they had a good hunting run of an hour and twenty minutes with a ringing fox from Swindon Wood, and killed him in Weeton bottoms. During the early weeks of November, the weather was dry, and on the 23rd frost made an appearance. A day was stolen on the 24th, but nothing much was done, and hounds were kept in the kennel till the 30th, when they had a good day:—

'November 30th. Kirkby Overblow. Found a good number  
'of foxes in Swindon Wood. Bad scent out of covert.  
'Hunted to Kirkby Overblow, Punch Bowl, Swindon,  
'round again, away to the Cocked Hat, pointed for  
'Sicklinghall, back towards Kirkby, and lost. Found in

‘Oulah Head, away towards Woodhall, Clap Wood, The Walls, back again towards Sicklinghall, to Devonshire Whin, and killed. Hard day.’

And, it may be added, a very satisfactory one after the enforced idleness. December was practically an idle month, and hounds were only out three times, viz.: on the 5th, the 7th, and the 9th, and after that it was not until January 6th that they were able to hunt. They met at the Cross Roads, Bramham, and had a lot of knocking about, but they did not manage to kill. But they had got to work again, and the good sport was not long in coming.

‘January 15th. The Wild Man. Found in Catterton Wood, ran to Steeton, got into a drain. Found in Catterton Spring, ran him to Bilbrough, over the Cat Lane earths, back nearly to Duce Wood, turned towards Shire Oaks, chased him to the right to the old Manor House, and in view into the Catterton drain, and I believe he was drowned. One hour and twenty minutes. Found in Shire Oaks, ran to Healaugh Hall, back through the brick-kiln, away through Catterton Wood, fast to Steeton Whin, turned to the right to Oxton, and back to Catterton Spring, ran hard in the coverts, and killed in the wood. One hour and ten minutes. Hard day.’

‘January 18th. Weeton. Found in Riffa, hunted away to Stainburn Gill, Leathley, and back towards Riffa, turning again, and going to ground in a drain near Leathley. Tried Lindley Wood, blank. Tried Riffa again, and trotted on to Rougemont Carr Whin. Found a few minutes past three, went away, leaving Swindon on the left, Kirkby on the left, Cocked Hat on the right, close to Spofforth, along the Crimble beck till opposite Rudding. Forty-five minutes. Headed by a sheep-dog, turned back to Follifoot, through Rudding to Spacey House Whin, over the railroad, pointing up the hill, turned to the right past C. Redcliffe’s house, into the quarry, down to Bathing House Whin, again turned on the Crimble bank, and raced

‘into him under the viaduct. One hour and thirty minutes :  
 ‘a grand run and hard day. Five and a half couples  
 ‘slipped away at Rougemont Carr, and the whipper-in  
 ‘never caught them till they got to Woodhall, therefore we  
 ‘had only twelve couples to do the work.’

Sport now came thick and fast after the frost, and one good day succeeded another till selection is difficult. Two days in February, one in March, and one in April, must, however, suffice for this season:—

‘February 12th. Hounds were advertised to meet at Welton,  
 ‘but in consequence of that day being fixed for the funeral  
 ‘of poor Kit Wilkinson, I altered the fixture. The thaw  
 ‘had set in, and I sent hounds to Bishop Woods at twelve.  
 ‘I had a bad cold, and riding was bad, so I did not go  
 ‘myself. Dick was out. They found and killed in the  
 ‘woods. Went away with another to Thorpe Woods, and  
 ‘on to Selby. Turned back along the Dam Head, and  
 ‘ran to Hambleton; back to the wood. Away again;  
 ‘a ring, and back all round the wood; away towards  
 ‘Sherburn; turned to Ryther Woods, ran through them,  
 ‘and back to Paradise Wood; then away past Church  
 ‘Fenton, over Ulleskelf Common. Hounds beating the  
 ‘horses, ran on to Patefield, Towton Spring, and Grimston,  
 ‘where George, the huntsman, and Dick stopped them as  
 ‘they were going down to the river; their horses beat.  
 ‘Three hours.’

‘February 26th. Tadcaster Bar. All the country on this side  
 ‘the river covered with snow, but at the place of meeting  
 ‘none. Found and killed in Catterton Spring. Got on  
 ‘another, going to Shire Oaks; ran up the wood and  
 ‘caught him. Another went away, and we ran him down  
 ‘to the river side; going up the Ings, turned to the right  
 ‘and pointed for Walton; turned back into the wood, ran  
 ‘him round the wood, and killed. Found in Marston  
 ‘Whin; away towards Tockwith, turned past Bilton  
 ‘Grange, through Bilton village, Nova Scotia, over Clay-  
 ‘field, and to ground in Marston round hill. Found again





‘in Bickerton Spring; away, leaving Bickerton and Ing-  
 ‘manthorpe Willow-garth to the right, pointing for the old  
 ‘wood, headed by a shepherd. Back through the Willow-  
 ‘garth into Lingcroft; gave him a turn in the covert.  
 ‘Away towards Cowthorpe village; turned to the left  
 ‘nearly to the old wood, left Geldart’s plantation on the  
 ‘left, down to the river, sharp along the bank behind  
 ‘Cowthorpe village, turned up to the woods; hunted prettily.  
 ‘Back again towards Cattal Bridge; then, bearing up  
 ‘towards Toekwith, turned back to Hagg Wood. Came  
 ‘up to him, and ran hard to Marston Whin. Here they  
 ‘ran hard in covert, and nearly caught him. I think he  
 ‘got to ground, and we gave it up at 5-40. A hard day.’

‘March 8th. Wescoe Hill. Found in Riffa. Away towards  
 ‘Bailey’s Whin; doubled back, ran below Wescoe Hill,  
 ‘along the bottoms to Rougemont Carr. Hunted him on  
 ‘to Whitehead Crag. Here he had waited. They turned  
 ‘up the hill, and began to run hard past Clap Wood, over  
 ‘the Hags to Spofforth Castle, racing him into the  
 ‘gardens behind the town. He crossed the street, through  
 ‘Godfrey Long’s fields, and they killed him in the Crimple.  
 ‘Captain Benyon jumped in, and caught him as he was  
 ‘sinking. A good run—an hour and fifteen minutes.  
 ‘Found at Stockeld a bad fox; potted about, got at him  
 ‘in Devonshire Whin, and hunted him through Lime Kiln  
 ‘Wood, down to the river, over Linton Quarry, and killed  
 ‘in the open. Forty minutes.’

‘April 7th. Rudding Park. Killed a fox under the wall.  
 ‘Found in the rough ground near Spacey House Whin.  
 ‘Away over the railway, through Bathing House Whin,  
 ‘Abbey’s plantation; back through Rudding, on to the  
 ‘Hags; back through Herbert’s Larches, and killed on the  
 ‘tunnel. One hour and five minutes. Found in Swindon  
 ‘Wood. Away at once over Dunkeswick Hill, across  
 ‘Weeton bottoms, left North Rigton on the right, Almscliff  
 ‘on the left, straight over Stainburn and Lindley Moors to  
 ‘Norwood Edge. Here he turned to the left into Lindley

‘Wood,—hounds working well through the wood,—then  
 ‘along the Washburn side. Came up to him, chased him  
 ‘back to Lindley Wood, and rolled him over at the bottom  
 ‘of the hill. One hour and thirty minutes. A fine run,  
 ‘and rare day’s sport.’

They finished the season at the kennels on April 28th, this being about the latest date on which they ever hunted during Mr. Fox’s mastership, the lateness of the finish being occasioned by the long frosts and consequent backward season. It was an unsuitable day for hunting; there had been a long spell of dry weather, and the morning was very hot. They met early in the morning (at eight o’clock), and in spite of the unfavourable weather, they finished the season with a good day’s sport, marking one fox to ground, and killing a brace, one of them after a smart run from Dog Kennel Whin.

The weather up to the time of the frost was prejudicial to sport, and there were heavy complaints about bad scent all over the country, the Bramham Moor getting their share of bad scenting days as well as their neighbours. But after the frost there were some excellent runs, as the extracts from Mr. Fox’s diary show. Hounds were out one hundred and fourteen days, killed fifty-eight brace of foxes, and ran twenty-eight brace to ground. Frost kept them in the kennel twenty-nine days.

1875-76. September 6th found Kingsbury and his hounds at Hazlewood, where the cub-hunting commenced under brilliant conditions. They had a good morning’s work, and killed a brace, and from all over the country came the report of a ‘good show of cubs.’ With a plentiful supply of foxes, and a fair scent, the cub-hunting season was an especially good one, and when the regular season commenced at Harewood Park, on Monday, Nov. 1st, they had killed the respectable number of twenty-one brace.



On the opening day they had a good gallop from Swindon Wood, killing their fox at North Rigton after fifty minutes' pretty hunting. A second fox from Riffa Wood beat them through a bit of bad luck. They had run him through Norwood Edge on to the road, beyond Fewston; here Ranter and Foiler marked the fox down the road, but Kingsbury unfortunately missed them, and cast the other way, only discovering when it was too late that the fox had gone for'ard. The next time they were out they had a cracker, which must be told in Mr. Fox's own words:—

'November 3rd. Cross Roads, Bramham Moor. A very wet  
 'night. Rain ceased, but rather thick. Found in Hazle-  
 'wood, ran hard; lost. Found in Hayton Wood. Away  
 'towards Hazlewood, turned short to Aberford town end,  
 'crossed the Cock, ran a great pace, leaving Lotherton on  
 'the right, pointing straight for Sherburn, leaving Cole  
 'Hill to the right, then turned to the right, came past the  
 'fox coverts. Thirty-five minutes; very fast. Left Ringhay  
 'on the left, close past the back of Lotherton House, and  
 'on to Hayton Wood. Through the wood into Hazlewood.  
 'Here I think we must have changed. There were two  
 'lines; but hounds went on to Becca, across the park, left  
 'Parlington Bank on the left, Barwick on the right, Barn-  
 'bow on the right, to ground in the old place at Manston.  
 'Two hours fifteen minutes; very severe.'

The month of November was a good one for sport, and one good run succeeded another. On the 6th they had a capital day from Bardsey, killing a leash of foxes, the last of which, 'a traveller,' stood before them for three hours. Well might Mr. Fox call it a hard day. Six days later they had a good day from the Wild Man, killing their first fox in the York and Ainsty country, whilst with their second they had a rare gallop of an hour and thirty-five minutes, with a glorious finish at Hall Park Springs, where they ran into him. On the 29th, when they met at Huby, they had

a good day, killing their first fox, and running their second to ground. With their third they had a good run, chasing him hard for forty-five minutes, and then hunting more slowly till dark, when they gave him up in Rougemont Carr. A good fox had evidently saved his life by 'effecting 'a change' in Weeton bottoms. The month went out with frost and snow; but there was not sufficient of either to prevent hounds having a by-day at Cross Roads, Clifford Moor, on the 30th, when they had a very good day for hounds, killing a brace of foxes after a lot of work.

Frost interfered a little with sport during December, but not to any great extent, and the month began with what ought to have been a brilliant day, but which was a very disappointing one:—

'December 1st. Micklefield. Found in the wood. Away to  
' the Pontefract Road; turned to Hook Moor into Parlington  
' Park, pointing for Aberford. Over the paddocks to the  
' Willow-garth and Bank; over the brook. Hounds divided  
' unseen; six and a half couples turned back, running hard  
' through the old wood and across the park. Not aware of  
' the division, I followed, and the huntsman ran our fox  
' past Hook Moor to Daniel Hartley's, Huddlestone Wood,  
' and Micklefield Wood, where we saw him beaten, but so  
' few hounds gave him a chance. We ran on with a fresh  
' fox to Wheat Wood, Coburn Hill, Ringhay, away nearly  
' to Led Mill, turned to the right to Bullen Wood, and got  
' off his line. The other lot (twelve couples) ran to Barwick  
' and Potterton, and never caught us. Having got our  
' pack, we found in Hazlewood, ran hard away to Aberford,  
' Becca, Barwick, Potterton, through Parlington Hollins to  
' ground in the earth in the deer park. Fifty minutes.  
' Very disappointing, as the earth ought to have been  
' stopped.'

Here was a chapter of accidents such as sometimes happen, and which is one of the biggest trials that come in the way of master of hounds and huntsman. For it was

a really good scenting day, and it is unnecessary for me to tell men of experience that a really good scenting day is of rare occurrence, and that there are plenty of seasons in which not one is to be found. After such a scent there is generally a little frost, and this was the case now; though on the 3rd they were able to hunt at Bickerton Bar, when they found 'Bob-tailed George' at Nova Scotia, and were beaten by him as usual, though they got blood before they got home. They were going again in full swing on the 9th, and had sport up to the average, or rather over it, till the 13th, when they had a splendid run:—

'December 13th. Harewood Bridge. Found in Rougemont Carr; lost. Found in Swindon Wood. Away very fast up the hill; past Kirkby Overblow to Parkin Wood and Spacey House Whin. Not a horse near them until they reached Almscliff. Forty-five minutes. Forward over Righton Moor to the west end of Haverah Park, and on to the Harrogate Road. Turned back; left Beckwithshaw Bar to the right, and lost near Thurtle's Whin. A fine run—two hours ten minutes. Sixteen miles. A rare fox, as the pace up to Haverah Park was great.'

Fairly good sport continued till the end of the month, when they had a fine day's sport to celebrate the close of the year:—

'December 31st. Deighton Bar. Found in Ingmanthorpe Old Wood. Hunted to the river side, to ground below Walshford Bridge. Found on Goose Moor, ran to Cowthorpe Woods and towards Cattal Bridge; lost. Tried Wilstrop; blank. A fox jumped up in turnip field adjoining Marston Whin. The hounds, led by Friendly, raced him away towards the village; turned to the right, crossed the York road, ran over Clayfield earths, past Nova Scotia, pointed for Wighill village, and came to a check near the village, owing to a fox having crossed the line, and two scents. We went towards Shire Oaks, but finding the mistake, trotted back, hit off the line of the run fox, and hunted

‘him slowly back through Nova Scotia and Marston Whin,  
 ‘and killed him well below Marston village. Time from  
 ‘find to kill, one hour and fifty minutes. The burst, nineteen  
 ‘minutes. Very fast indeed; the fox could never recover  
 ‘himself.’

The month of January, 1876, was an open one, and hounds showed rare sport, scent being good nearly every day they were out, and it was not till February that storm and frost began to interfere with hunting to any appreciable extent. One good day in January must be given, and then I must take my readers to the end of February.

‘January 21st. Marston. Tried the Thorns, blank. Found in  
 ‘Collier Hagg. Away to Healaugh village, past Duce  
 ‘Wood; lost. As we were going to draw Marston Whin  
 ‘a fox was viewed coming up to the York Road near  
 ‘Bilton. We got near him, leaving Bilton on the left, to  
 ‘the Loft, Duce Wood, past Healaugh village, towards  
 ‘Angram bottoms. Hunted back past Duce Wood to the  
 ‘Catterton drain, along the bank, through Little Shire  
 ‘Oaks to Catterton. Came up to him; ran him fast back  
 ‘up wind, and lost at Nova Scotia. Good hunting; two  
 ‘hours. Drew the Loft. Found in the small covert at the  
 ‘bottom of Wighill Park. Rattled him through Walton  
 ‘Wood away to Inman’s. Turned to the right back to  
 ‘where we found, into Walton Wood; turned him about,  
 ‘ran him a few fields towards Wighill village, and killed.  
 ‘Hard day.’

February, as I have already intimated, was wild and stormy, and when hounds were out they were much bothered by high winds, and scent was bad all the month. They had one good day, however, and killed a leash of foxes in a good country.

‘February 28th. Kirkby Overblow. Found in Swindon Wood.  
 ‘Ran round Kirkby and into the Punch Bowl, and lost.  
 ‘Tried Clap Wood, and whilst drawing the Cocked Hat

‘Whin, a fox, like our run fox, came out of the little wood.  
 ‘Ran sharp to Sicklinghall Wood, and killed an old dog fox.  
 ‘Found on the wall at Stockeld, and killed an unhealthy  
 ‘fox. Found in Limekiln Wood. Ran past Woodhall,  
 ‘Woolah Head, pointed for Clap Wood, on past Kirkby to  
 ‘Swindon. Here a long check; hounds being held into  
 ‘and round the wood, hit him forward. Ran nearly to  
 ‘Buttersike Bar, then to the left to the bottom of Dun-  
 ‘keswick hill, bearing to the right over Weeton bottoms,  
 ‘crossed the railway, and killed above North Rigton. One  
 ‘hour thirty minutes. Good run.’

March was, on the whole, a stormy month, and scent was only catchy. They had some good runs, but there was nothing out of the common. Hounds, however, hunted well, and accounted well for their foxes. Scent was also considerably affected by frost and snow, though there was never sufficient of either to prevent hunting. A late start was, however, not infrequently entailed; and a late start in the month of March is not always conducive to sport. April, however, made up for all the shortcomings of the two previous months. They hunted all the month, and had some famous runs.

The month began with a very hard day for hounds at Bramham Bar. Foxes were numerous, and had ‘got together,’ and they were running first one and then another all day, ending by marking one to ground in Blackfen. They had a rattling good day on the 5th, when they met at Led Mill, and killed a brace, in spite of the hot, dry weather; their second fox being run into at Hayton Wood, after a very fast thirty minutes. An hour and five minutes from Bickerton Bar, two days after, ended with a kill; and notwithstanding the hot weather which prevailed, hounds continued to show rare sport, and to kill their foxes.

‘April 17th. Buttersike Bar. Found on Rigton Moor; ran  
 ‘very fast towards Riffa, turned at Bailey’s Whin, ran

‘down to Weeton station, over the railway, turned to the  
 ‘right under the viaduct, came to slow hunting; passed  
 ‘Riffa to Stainburn, Lindley Moor, back to the right to  
 ‘Almscliff, Bailey’s Whin, Weeton station; changed our  
 ‘fox, ran on past Rougemont Carr to Dunkeswick, back to  
 ‘Rigton village, got up to a run fox in Riffa, and ran  
 ‘sharp to ground at Almscliff. Hard day, and good run;  
 ‘at work nearly three hours.’

‘April 27th. North Rigton. Found on the moor; ran to  
 ‘Almscliff, and came to a check at Rigton village, hunted  
 ‘towards Thurtle’s Whin, and slowly back to the moor.  
 ‘The fox jumped up in the heather in front of hounds,  
 ‘and they chased him very fast to Moor Park, turning to  
 ‘the right before they reached the wall, down Beckwithshaw  
 ‘bottoms to Dickinson’s Wood; a severe burst of twenty-  
 ‘five minutes. Cattle brought them to a check, and they  
 ‘hunted on, leaving Pannal to the right, up to Harlow  
 ‘Carr, which the fox did not enter, but turned to the right  
 ‘pointing for Harrogate, but bending to the right, hounds  
 ‘hunting him well to the mill at Pannal; here we lost  
 ‘his line, but hit him off in the plantation next to  
 ‘Thurtle’s Whin; came up to him and killed. Two hours  
 ‘and fifty minutes’ good work.’

Well might Mr. Fox say it was ‘good work’; and few such brilliant runs have been seen late in the season. The last day of the season was Saturday, the 29th, when they met at Bramham Park, and had a fair day’s sport to wind up with, killing one fox and running a brace to ground. The season was a good one on the whole. Up to February sport was above the average, and in April it was exceptional, the latter month being a very wet one, and wet ground favours sport in the Bramham Moor country. They hunted one hundred and twenty-nine days, killed sixty-three brace of foxes, and ran thirty-nine brace to ground.

1876-77. Hazlewood, on September 4th, saw the opening of the next season. It was by no means a nice morning to

turn out early, as it rained hard, but they found a good litter of cubs, and after a lot of work they managed to get hold of one. The cub-hunting season was a satisfactory one, scent serving fairly all the time. They were out thirty-two times, killing twenty-one and a half brace of foxes, and running seven brace to ground. The regular season commenced on November 1st, at Woodhall Bridge, but scent was bad and sport indifferent, though they managed to get hold of a ringing fox. The first good run took place on the 6th, when they met at Weeton. Their first fox was found in a rushy field near the meet, and they ran him hard for an hour by Almscliff and Riffa, and over the river opposite Rawdon Hill, pulling him down at Harewood Bridge after a sharp gallop of an hour. Their second fox was found in Swindon Wood, and after two hours and five minutes of good hunting, by Spacey Houses, Thurtle's Whin, and Pannal, and over Beckwithshaw bottoms nearly to Harrogate, and back nearly to Almscliff, they killed him midway between North Rigton and Thurtle's Whin. Sport throughout the month was of average character, scent not being so good as could have been wished; and the early days of December did not show much improvement. But they had a typical Bramham Moor day on the 8th, for an account of which I must turn to Mr. Fox's diary:—

‘December 8th. Deighton Bar. Found in the Willow Garth; away towards Bickerton, back past Lingcroft to Ingmanthorpe, ringing round the coverts; then away to Hall Park Springs and Walton Wood. Away with a fresh fox, back again to Ingmanthorpe, Hall Park Springs, Boggart House, Hatfield's covert, Ingmanthorpe Willow-garth, round again to Geldart's covert, down towards the river, left Cowthorpe village on the left. Close at their fox into Cowthorpe Wood; changed, ran on to Tockwith, down to the river nearly to Cattal Bridge, back to Cowthorpe Woods, and into Lingcroft. Here we

‘ran him for some time, and to ground. A very hard and  
‘disappointing day, running from 11-30 till 4.

A wet December meant good sport, and several excellent runs were enjoyed till frost put a stop to sport just before Christmas; and two days deserve special mention:—

‘December 15th. Marston. A large field out after the  
‘Yeomanry Ball. Found in Hutton Thorns; hunted with  
‘bad scent to the railway near Skip Bridge, round to  
‘Wilstrop, away to the Rash, came up to him, and raced  
‘him to ground in Wilstrop Wood. Found in Marston  
‘Whin; away over the road to Bilton, left the house on  
‘the left, and Bickerton Spring on the left, turned short  
‘over the York road, down Bilton fields nearly to Tockwith,  
‘back towards the whin, and leaving it on the right chased  
‘the fox into a short drain at Marston village, got him  
‘out quickly, and killed. Thirty-five minutes; very fast.’

‘December 18th. Kirkby Overblow. Found at Swindon Wood;  
‘hunted to Dunkeswick hill, into Weeton bottoms, turned  
‘to the right, left Walton Head on the left, past Herbert’s  
‘Larches, left Rudding Park just on the right; came up  
‘to him in the rough ground near Spacey House Whin,  
‘and hunted him back through Rudding Park down to  
‘the Crimple. Got off the line, got on him again in  
‘Rudding Park, hunted to the tunnel and back, past  
‘Bleach Ground Whin to Plompton Rocks, back to  
‘Rudding, and lost. Hard day; very wet.’

The last run on the Marston day is a capital object-lesson for masters of hounds on the vexed question of digging; a question upon which, if I may make bold to say it, has more nonsense talked about it than any other in connection with hunting. Actuated, no doubt, by sportsmanlike feeling, but without the slightest regard for the hounds, without whom they would have no sport at all, there are some who argue that it is wrong to dig under any circumstances, and who talk of ‘murder’ when a fox is dug out and given to



hounds on the earth. This is not the place to go into details upon the question, but Mr. Fox would have done scant justice to his hounds had he not given them this fox, when they were 'angry' for him after such a run.

Variable weather distinguished January, and sport was unequal, scent being very indifferent at times. On the 6th they had a pretty gallop with an afternoon fox from Parlington Hollins, marking him to ground in a drain near Scarcroft after a very nice forty-five minutes. On the 8th, too, they had a good old-fashioned day. They met at Weeton, and ran their second fox, a stout one, though somewhat inclined to ring, from Riffa to Harrogate, where they pulled him down behind the Granby at the end of two hours and ten minutes, during which time a lot of big country had been crossed. What took place on that day week must be given in full:—

'January 17th. High Harrogate. Found in a small covert 'called "Knox," near the Harrogate and Ripley road; 'away towards High Harrogate, then turned to the left to 'Bilton Banks, crossed the river above the mill at Miss 'Rawson's end. The horsemen were thrown out, having 'to go to the railway bridge. Hounds ran over Farnham 'Mires, then past Gibbet Wood, over Hay Park, past 'Arkendale to Stourton Park. The huntsman found some 'of the hounds that had failed to get over the park wall, 'and on getting into the park, the body of the pack were 'hunting through the deer. The whole pack then together 'rattled along over the park, and killed him near the 'house. Eight miles straight on the map. Came back, 'found in Birkham Wood; away at once over the river 'to Goldsbro' Wood, the Moor, Green Dick, Ribston 'plantations, back to the Moor, turned him two or three 'times, and changing foxes, gave it up. Hard day.'

This was a remarkably good day, and it is to be regretted that there is not any record of the time of the first run.

which was over the best part of the York and Ainsty Thursday country.

February was an open month, and good runs were the rule, amongst which may be mentioned a fast fifty minutes from Langwith on the 7th; a good fifty minutes from Huddlestone Wood, ending with a kill at Grimston Lodge, on the 17th; and a capital hour and a half's hunting on the 19th, when, in a gale of wind, they found a fox in Swindon Wood, and hunted him well by the Punch Bowl, Clap Wood, Sicklinghall, Stockeld, Spofforth and Braham Wood, pulling him down not far from Ribston Moor. Two days are too good to be epitomised:—

February 9th. Wighill village. Found in Catterton Wood; 'ran to ground in the garden at Bilbrough. Found in 'Hutton Thorns; away very quick past Rufforth, Hare- 'wood's Whin, left Poppleton on the right to Red House, 'through the wood, turning to the left up to Hessay, Hare- 'wood's Whin, left Grange Wood on the left, Collier Hagg 'on the left, Marston village and Whin on the left, Bilton 'and Nova Scotia on the right, to Healaugh; turned to 'the left back to Marston Whin. Most severe run; hounds 'always going on fast. Two hours and fifteen minutes. 'Two or three foxes in the whin; we nearly caught one, 'but he slipped out, and we lost him in Marston village. 'Horses all tired.'

'February 23rd. Tadcaster Bar. Drew Catterton and Duce 'Wood blank. Fox jumped up in a ploughed field outside 'Collier Hagg; away fast towards Rufforth, turned back 'past Swann's Whin; slow hunting past Healaugh 'village, leaving it on the right, past Duce Wood, through 'Shire Oaks, then getting nearer to him, and killed in 'Mr. Brookshank's park. One hour and twenty-five 'minutes. Found our second fox in a tree near Tom- 'linson's house; away at his brush, ran fast to Shire 'Oaks and Catterton Wood, straight to Bilbrough Hill; 'checked in Col. Fairfax's garden, hit him off, ran into a

‘drain under the turnpike road near to Ann Buckle’s,  
 ‘Reckless got in, and was fast under the road. We were  
 ‘two hours getting her out. She was nearly drowned, but  
 ‘came round. We also got the fox. Twenty-five minutes  
 ‘to the check; very fast.’

The next day was very stormy, but they had a good day’s sport from the Coek Bridge, for all that; and then came frost and snow, which put a stop to hunting till March 2nd. March was not a particularly good month. The weather was boisterous and stormy, and nothing took place which requires special mention. In April, however, there were some good runs, two of which I give:—

‘April 7th. North Deighton. Found in Deighton Spring;  
 ‘away to Ribston Moor, left Smiler’s Gorse on the left,  
 ‘Kirk Deighton on the right, pointed for Stockeld; turned  
 ‘to the right, left Deighton Spring on the right, skirted  
 ‘Braham Wood, checked near Birkham Wood. Very fast;  
 ‘forty minutes. Ran on over the river to Goldsbrough  
 ‘Wood and Moor, through Flaxby, away over Hay Park,  
 ‘back to the left to Goldsbrough Wood and Moor, and  
 ‘lost. Very hard run; the day hot, the ground deep.  
 ‘The huntsman’s horse, Black Binns, died on the road  
 ‘home. He had been lame, and was short of work.  
 ‘Heart found to be diseased.’

‘April 11th. Deighton Bar. Found in Ingmanthorpe Whin;  
 ‘ran to ground near Wetherby, near the railway cutting.  
 ‘Found in Lingcroft, ran to Goose Moor, Geldart’s planta-  
 ‘tion, Old Wood, Willow Garth, Cowthorpe Wood, left  
 ‘Tockwith on the left, and lost in consequence of a sheep-  
 ‘dog having turned him at Bilton lane. Forty minutes.  
 ‘Found in Walton Wood; away towards Wighill Church,  
 ‘down to the river side, up to St. Helen’s Ford, pointed  
 ‘for Walton village, turned to the right, and ran to ground  
 ‘outside Walton Wood; very pretty. Got up to a fox in  
 ‘Ingmanthorpe Willow-garth; away to the Old Wood,  
 ‘Sandbeck Wood, Swinnow, past the Boggart House, got

‘on good terms, ran him hard through Hall Park Springs,  
‘pointed for Bickerton Bar, turned to the left, ran through  
‘the Willow Garth, left Goose Moor on the right, Armitage’s  
‘Plantation on the right, North Deighton and Deighton  
‘Spring on the right; pointed for Spofforth, crossed the  
‘railroad, was headed from Stockeld Park, turned back,  
‘and got to ground in the railway cutting. A very severe  
‘day; horses much beat.’

The season closed on the 14th, when they met at Rawdon Hill, and killed a leash and ran one to ground. Taking it in the whole, it had been a good season. Hounds were out one hundred and twenty-five days. They killed sixty and a half brace of foxes, and ran twenty-nine brace to ground. It is not a little remarkable that in all their best runs they touched upon the York and Ainsty country. It is by no means infrequent for hounds to cross the Tadcaster road, which is the boundary-line between the two Hunts on the eastern side of the Bramham country in either direction, but in this particular season the Thursday country of their neighbours was crossed with equal impartiality, and perhaps the run of the season was that which took place on January 17th, when they killed their fox in Allerton Park.





## CHAPTER VI.

### THE RULE OF MR. GEORGE LANE FOX (*continued*).

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WITH TOM SMITH AS HUNTSMAN, 1877-85.

SMITH had not a very encouraging start, for the harvest of 1877 was a very late one, and it was not till the middle of September that he made a beginning amongst the cubs. Then there was a good deal of rainfall, and the drip off the leaves did not at all tend to the improvement of scent. It was altogether a trying situation for a young huntsman to be in, for it must be remembered that it was Smith's first attempt with the horn, though he had had a good schooling under some of the best huntsmen of the day. He had the additional disadvantage of the master's absence on his first mornings.

1877-78. Notwithstanding all these drawbacks, however, he made a capital start, and it was not long before Mr. Fox could write in his diary of a 'good, cheerful morning.' On the 15th, Smith was sent to Byram to commence the cub-hunting season. Byram, on a pouring wet morning, was not a cheerful start, especially as scent was wretched. They found

a few foxes, however, notwithstanding the stormy morning, and at last, by dint of perseverance, they got hold of one. Scent was bad during the whole of the month, and perhaps their best morning was that at Westwoods, to which I have already alluded as a 'good, cheerful morning.' They had a lot of hard work, and killed a brace handsomely. October was a wild, stormy month, and scent continued to be indifferent, and at times wretched. On the 27th, Smith had an opportunity of exhibiting that patience for which as a huntsman he soon became famous. The fixture was Garforth Bridge, and after killing a brace of cubs, and running one to ground, they had a run with a twisting fox, who managed to save his brush. Here is Mr. Fox's account of the run:—

'Found in the Boot and Shoe plantations; ran a ring, then  
'away hunting slowly past Ledsham, nearly to Buttress  
'Hill and Milford Junction; turned back, got nearer to  
'him, left Lumley on the right, and ran fast back to the  
'woods, and got to ground in an earth. Very good hunting;  
'two hours and thirty-five minutes.'

Of the hunting part of the run, when hounds had really to work hard for the line, Smith writes: 'Hunted it at  
'a walking pace, the fox twisting about in all directions, the  
'bitches hunting it, inch by inch, beautifully.' Of the run  
and of the fox as well he has something to say. 'Very  
'disappointing for hounds, as they richly deserved their fox.  
'A most difficult brute to hunt, being headed so many times  
'by people getting potatoes and by ploughmen, and managing  
'not to be seen.'

Curiously enough, in neither Mr. Fox's nor in Smith's diaries is the first day of the regular season named, though it probably took place on the Monday after the run just recorded, when hounds had a moderate day's sport from Riffa, with a bad scent, but that notwithstanding, they







managed to get hold of a brace. On November 2nd, they had a long hard day without blood, losing their last fox, a good one, near Healaugh village at dark, after a good hunt. They had also a capital day on the 10th, at Bardsey. In the morning they killed a ringing fox, and chopped another in covert, and then they found in Wike Whin. At first it was rather slow hunting, but after the fox had tried some quarry-holes over the Harewood and Wetherby road, they got on better terms with him, and rattled him along by Wike and Harewood Park, pointing for Wigton Moor, then back into Wike Wood, where some time was spent; but at last they got away again, and ran past Wike Whin, School House Whin, and Bardsey, and over the Leeds and Wetherby road up to Spring Wood. Then happened an awkward thing for hounds. They had just hit off the line after a check, and would no doubt soon have got up to their fox, when a fresh fox jumped up in view in a turnip-field. Him they ran hard, and would doubtless have killed, had he not saved his brush by going to ground in a quarry-hole. Smith's first really good run took place on the 23rd.

‘November 23rd. Tadcaster Bar. Tried Bilbrough Whin and  
 ‘Catterton, blank. Found in Shire Oaks; and with bad  
 ‘scent hunted rings, and ran to ground in a drain. Found  
 ‘in Duce Wood; went away fast over Healaugh Gravel  
 ‘Pits and Fairy Cars to the hill above Marston, near the  
 ‘York road; turned to the right, ran over Walton's farm,  
 ‘leaving Healaugh village to the right, past Shire Oaks,  
 ‘pointing for Tadcaster, left it on the right, crossed the  
 ‘York road at Bow Bridge, headed for Oxtan village;  
 ‘bearing to the left skirted Steeton Whin, left Colton  
 ‘Lodge on the right, and killed him two fields from Colton  
 ‘Hall. A good run; one hour and twenty-five minutes.’

In this run a curious circumstance took place. After they turned back to the right at Marston Hill, a fresh fox jumped up out of a hedgerow, and hounds caught a view

of him, and ran him hard for three fields. Then they divided, and it is Smith's opinion that they picked up the line of their hunted fox again. A brilliant day's sport from Harewood Bridge took place on December 3rd, -decidedly the best that took place before Christmas.

'December 3rd. Harewood Bridge. Found in Rougemont Carr; ran two slow rings over Dunkeswick hill and back, then away along the river side, turned up for Riffa, and pulled him down a field from the wood. Two hours. Found in Swindon Wood; away into the Punch Bowl, up the hill past Kirkby Overblow to Walton Head, hung in covert for a time, away back for Swindon, pointed for Harewood Bridge, turned to the right, and ran as if for Woolah Head, hounds catching him below Netherby. One hour and twenty-five minutes. Well done!'

Scent was only moderate throughout December and January, but hounds hunted well, and killed a fair proportion of foxes, without there being anything in the way of great runs to chronicle. One thing, however, the bad scenting days fairly established, and that was the perseverance of the new huntsman, whose patience was much appreciated by Mr. Fox, and who may be said to have made a very good start in his new vocation under trying circumstances.

They had a very hard day on January 11th, when they met at Bickerton Bar. They met with plenty of foxes, and were running all day. Their second fox was found in Ingmanthorpe Old Wood, and they ran him over the Wetherby road nearly to Horn Bank, thence to Hall Parks and Walton, where the fox was headed, and they changed, and after slowly hunting their fresh fox to Thorp Arch, he beat them by getting to ground in the main earth. They found again at Lingcroft, and after running over a good deal of the same ground that they had crossed in the morning, they finally were stopped at Cowthorpe at dark.

On the 16th they met at Wike, when there was a very bad scent, and as the day seems rather typical of many which took place during the season, I cannot do better than give Smith's account of it:—

‘Met at Wike with eighteen and a half couples of hounds,  
‘Went to Eccup Whin, drew it and Alwoodley Crag,  
‘blank. Found a fox at Scotland Wood, but the scent so  
‘bad could do nothing with him. Found again at Wigton  
‘Moor; and went away pointing for Harewood, but bore  
‘to the right for Wike Whin, but it was such a wretched  
‘scent that hounds could not hunt it. Got up to a fox at  
‘Wike Whin; and went away across to Blackmoor, and  
‘after running round there, went away, leaving Kidhurst  
‘to the right, and up to Bardsey station; here he turned  
‘to the left through School House Whin, and within two  
‘fields of Vickers' field turned short back to the right by  
‘Bardsey village, and over the Leeds road up to the railway,  
‘and killed him just before reaching Kidhurst, which made  
‘a good finish to a bad day.’

On the 28th they had a good hunting run. The meet was Beckwithshaw Bar, and as there was snow on the high ground, they went to Rougemont Carr for their second fox. Him they ran over a nice country for an hour and thirty-five minutes, pulling him down at Rudding Park wall. Then came a day or two of frost, and hounds were kept in kennel till February 2nd, when it had thawed sufficiently to get them out, and they killed a brace of foxes. It was not long before frost interfered with sport again, but before it did came the best day's sport of the season, of which the following is Mr. Fox's account:—

‘February 8th. Deighton Bar. Found in Ingmanthorpe Whin.  
‘Hunted about the coverts there, away past Champagne  
‘Gorse, left Walton on the right, Thorp Arch station on  
‘the right, on to Walton Ings, and ran to ground on the  
‘river-side below Esedike. Forty minutes. Found in Cow-

‘thorpe Woods. Away to the village, pointed for Ingman-  
 ‘thorpe, left the Willow Garth on the right, back past  
 ‘Cowthorpe Wood, crossed the river and back again,  
 ‘chased him into the river again, and killed him in the  
 ‘middle. Thirty-five minutes. Found in Lingercroft. Away  
 ‘through the Willow Garth, over the York road, left  
 ‘Bickerton Spring on the left, passed Bilton Grange to  
 ‘Tockwith and nearly to Wilstrop. Here a long check.  
 ‘Hit him up to Marston Whin, came up to him, got him  
 ‘away fast to Wilstrop, down to the river, turned to the  
 ‘left, ran the bank of the river past Skewkirk Bridge, back  
 ‘past Tockwith and to Marston Whin, killing him in  
 ‘covert. Two hours twenty-five minutes. Killed at 5-25.  
 ‘Hard day.’

Smith, in his record of this good day's sport, relates that he took out twenty-one and a half couples of hounds, and that every hound was up at the finish, which speaks volumes for their condition. There was a good deal of broken weather in February, and though hounds were not stopped much, sport was considerably affected. March, too, was wild and dry, and before the end of the month the fallows were so hard that hunting was certainly carried on under difficulties. They had one very good day in the middle of the month, when they met at the Spacey Houses. They found their first fox in Beckwithshaw bottoms, and after hunting him an hour, they lost him near Pannal. The weather was wretched—‘high wind, and dust flying,’ says Mr. Fox in his diary—but for all that they had a good and satisfactory hunt with their second, or rather with their third; for they found a vixen in Walton Wood, which, of course, they left. Spacey House Whin provided the run. Thence they ran to Rudding Park, past the Coked Hat to Kirkby Overblow wall, where the fox was headed back past Clap Wood. But he made his point after all, and they ran him down the hill towards the Punch Bowl, and down to the river. Here they had a long

check, and thought that the fox had gone to ground under the river bank. Crossing the river, however, they hit off the line again, and hunted up to Harewood Bridge, where they came up to their fox dead beat, and rolled him over after two hours' good hunting.

The season was brought to a close on April 11th, when they met at Bramham Park. The day was hot and dry, and there was a mob of people; but they killed a brace of foxes for all that, and had something like a pretty hunt after the second. It was a bad scenting season, taken on the whole, and there were no great runs; but hounds hunted well and accounted well for their foxes. They were out one hundred and thirteen days, killed seventy and a half brace of foxes, and ran thirty-two and a half brace to ground. Of the season Mr. Fox says:—'Hounds did good work; hunted and killed their foxes well.'

1878-79. — The next season, of which the master's summary is that it was a bad scenting season, commenced on September 4th, when Smith took fifty-six couples of hounds into Westwoods, sixteen and a half of them being young ones. The weather was hot, and there was not much scent, but they managed to get hold of a fox after a good deal of work. There is nothing much in connection with the cub-hunting to record till October 14th, when they met at Swindon Wood. They found plenty of foxes, and killed a cub in the open. Then they found a leash of cubs in Thurtle's Whin, but could do nothing with them. An old fox was afterwards found near Pannal, and they hunted him up to Swindon Wood, where, in all likelihood, they changed. Anyhow, they ran back to the railway, and a train coming along whilst hounds were on the line, ran over Beatrice, injuring her so much that she had to be destroyed, and at the same time causing hounds to lose their fox. They hunted again, but did nothing to speak of.

On the 19th Smith was unable to go out, being laid up with a bad knee, and the whippers-in took the hounds on to Peckfield Bar. They drew Kippax Park, found three or four foxes, and got hold of one; but after that they went home, as Mr. Fox sent to stop them. This would probably be the first fox ever killed by Frank Bartlett, who is now huntsman to Lord Fitzwilliam. Hounds were in the kennel a week, and then Mr. Fox took them to Ryther Woods, Bartlett again acting as huntsman, but they had not a very great day, and the cub-hunting season was brought to a close without much more in the way of incident. Twenty and a half brace of cubs killed, and seven and a half brace run to ground, makes a fair register. They had one hard day, which I ought not to omit, as it was something rather out of the common for the cub-hunting season. It took place before Smith was laid up:—

‘October 18th. Wilstrop Wood. Found cubs, and after work  
 ‘in covert, killed. Found in Hutton Thorns. Hunted him  
 ‘in covert for some time, at last got him away, and killed  
 ‘in the open. Found an old fox in Marston Whin, ran him  
 ‘to the river: stopped hounds. Found in Bilton Wood.  
 ‘Away to Bickerton and Ingmanthorpe Willow Garth. Here  
 ‘turned by a sheep dog. Hunted him through Champagne  
 ‘Gorse, Hatfield’s plantation, back again to the Willow  
 ‘Garth, left the old wood on the left, through Swinnow up  
 ‘to the railway, back to the Willow Garth, and ran to  
 ‘ground at dark.’

The regular season opened at Woodhall Bridge, when they had a ringing sort of a day, and did not kill; and early in the month snow fell and hindered sport considerably. Scent was indifferent when hounds could again get out, and they were much bothered to the end of the month. On the 25th they had a fair day from North Deighton—an hour and twenty minutes from Stockeld Park; a kill not far from Deighton Springs, after a good deal of knocking about by

Wetherby Lodge, Linton Spring, Wetherby station, Ingmanthorpe, Armitage's plantation, North and Kirk Deighton,—putting a nice finish to it. Hounds hunted well, and it was a good hunting run.

On December 2nd they had a long, hard day; just the sort of day in fact that is usually the precursor of a long spell of frosty weather. They met at Harewood Bridge, and found in Swindon Wood, running up to Walton Head, where they had a long check. Hitting off the line again, they hunted in the direction of the Harrogate road, where the field drove them clean off the line, and no more good was done. Another fox that was found on the railway bank went to ground immediately; and then they found again at the Bleaching Ground, and had a good hunting run with a holding scent. They ran to the railway and back, and along the beck side to Brown Hills, turning to the left through Plompton Rocks, and marking their fox to ground in Abraham's Whin. Here some hounds had gone on with the line of another fox, and they went on after them, catching them up, and hunting past Ribston Whin and Deighton, and through Armitage's plantation to Ingmanthorpe Old Wood; thence past Swinnow they hunted into Hatfield's plantation, where they got on to the line of a fresh fox. Him they ran hard for few fields and back to the covert, where they were stopped in the dark. They ran nicely till they got close to Armitage's plantation, where they had a long check, and from thence to Hatfield's plantation it was very slow hunting.

Then came the frost, and hounds were only out a very few times from December 6th to February 7th. On December 31st they went to Wetherby Grange Wood, and had a very hard day, and though there was not much scent they managed to kill a brace of foxes, finishing their day in Westwoods, where they ran first one fox and then

another, and finally were stopped by the darkness. On the following day they had another long and hard day's sport from Bardsey, and were practically running all day, and constantly changing foxes, and they had to go home without blood. They stole a day on January 15th, but again they met with disappointment. There were plenty of foxes, but not scent enough to press them, and they did not get hold of one, though they marked one to ground. They were eventually stopped at dark close to Barker's plantation.

What hunting man does not remember the dreary time that he experienced in December, 1878, and the two following months! Indeed, the season now under review was the most unsatisfactory one that I can remember, and the Bramham Moor hounds were stopped no fewer than thirty-eight advertised days. From the 7th to the 22nd of February they were kept going, and then came a couple more days of frost. Perhaps the following was the hardest day they had up to the second February frost, though it was a sufficiently disappointing one:—

'February 10th. Woodhall Bridge. Found in the wood near  
'the house; away to Sicklinghall, turned to the left past  
'Clap Gate into the Punch Bowl, turned to the left by the  
'river-side to Woodhall and Devonshire Whin, changed  
'foxes, and lost at Woodhall. Found at Stockeld Park;  
'lost. Found, or a fox was viewed, on the Haggs near  
'the Cocked Hat; away pointing for Parkin's Wood, turned  
'to the left to the walls into the Punch Bowl, down to the  
'river through Woolah Head. Hounds divided; fog was  
'thick; we went with ten couples past Clap Wood to the  
'walls; came to a check. Good run; one hour. Went  
'to look for the other hounds. They had crossed the  
'river, and the huntsman found them at Scarcroft.'

It was half way between Woolah and the Punch Bowl that hounds divided, and probably the mischief was due in the first place to a sheep-dog that coursed the fox. Eleven







couples and a half went down the hill, and it was this lot that had the run. They had crossed the river somewhere near the bridge, and ran on, leaving East Keswick to the left, and Vickers' field to the right, and between School House Whin and Wike Whin, and over the hill nearly to Scarcroft, whence they bore to the left towards Shadwell Moor. No one was with them, and that was the last that was heard of them. Both the whippers-in's horses were beaten to a standstill, and Mr. George Lowther, like the good sportsman he was, helped Smith with the hounds he had with him up to the edge of Blackmoor, where they got together, the other hounds coming up a couple or two at a time, and finally they were all got together again. Mr. Tennant then helped Smith with them as far as his house, and sent a man on to help him home.

They hunted a day or two when snow was on the ground; and on one of these days, February 21st, they had some good sport. Meeting at Tockwith, they found in Wilstrop Wood, and after a ring, they ran away briskly by Marston Whin and Bilton Spring, nearly to Bickerton Spring, and killed. They found a ringing fox in Shire Oaks, and ran him by Catterton, Duce Wood, Nova Scotia, Wighill, Walton Ings, and down to the river bank, whence they hunted back to Shire Oaks, and then on to Healaugh, where scent failed altogether. It was only a moderate scenting day, but there was some good hunting. On March 3rd they met at Stutton Mill: there was a wretched scent, but hounds literally walked a brace of foxes to death, making, as Smith observes, 'a good finish for hounds after 'so much hunting.' Here is a good old-fashioned run which took place late in the month:—

'March 28th. Tadcaster Bar. Found in Shire Oaks; hunted  
'a ring, and lost. Found in Duce Wood; hunted past  
'Hell Hole and Bilbrough on to Askham, between the

‘villages pointed for Grange Wood, came back by Collier Hagg, Healaugh, Angram bottoms, Catterton, Oxtun, to Steeton, and killed. A good hunting run of two hours and forty minutes.’

A good hunting run it was, certainly, but scent served badly, and especially in covert. Indeed, in Steeton Whin they could do little with him till Smith got off his horse and went to their assistance. Then he got a view at him, and the end soon came.

The last advertised day of the season was on April 19th, when they met at Wothersome and killed a brace, one of which, unfortunately, was a vixen. They were out other four days, and finished the season at Parlington amidst thunder showers, and as was to be expected under such climatic surroundings, they did not do much good.

So ended one of the most disappointing seasons that the Bramham Moor ever had. Frost and snow interfered with them from the middle of November, when they were first stopped, till the latter end of February; and when they were able to hunt, they were bothered with a succession of bad scenting days. Indeed, it may be said that there was not a single really good scenting day in the season; and it must be borne in mind that of the ninety-seven days which hounds hunted, many were ‘stolen’ ones. They killed fifty-eight and a half brace of foxes, and ran twenty-five and a half brace to ground.

1879–80. The summer of 1879 was one of the wettest on record; corn ripened slowly, and indeed did not ripen at all in some places, and not since 1860 had there been such a gloomy outlook for harvest. There was no chance of making a start with the cub-hunting until late in September, and even then all the corn was not cut. They began cubbing on the morning of the 27th at Westwoods, where they found plenty of cubs, and had a good morning’s

work killing a brace, and at times running with a good cry. Very different was this season's cub-hunting to that of the preceding one, and October was a capital month, hounds having some first-rate sport, and killing their foxes well. Corn was still standing in the Parlinton district on the 13th: sufficient proof of the lateness of the season. They continued to have good sport day after day till the 22nd, when they had a day which would not have disgraced December.

'October 22nd. North Deighton. Found in the Spring a very 'good show of cubs. After fifty minutes' *quiet* and *good* 'work, killed. Went to Stockeld Park. Found; went 'away through the coverts, left Spofforth on the left, over 'the railroad pointing for Deighton, turned back over the 'line to Stockeld Park, away on the Sicklinghall side over 'the Hags, pointing for Cocked Hat Whin, turned to the 'right, and killed at Spofforth station. Fifty-five minutes; 'pretty run. Found in Limekiln Wood; ran a ring, to 'ground on the river banks below Woodhall. Good day.'

Two days later they met at Wilstrop Wood, and had a good day, but Smith unfortunately had a bad fall on some hard cobbles, and broke his shoulder. He was in consequence *hors de combat* for some time, and Bartlett carried the horn again, showing capital sport.

On the last day of October they had a very pretty forty minutes from Ingmanthorpe Old Wood, killing at Braham Wood; and they had a smart burst on their opening day at Cross Roads, Bramham Moor, on November 3rd, but they did not get hold of their fox. Bartlett, however, handled one in the afternoon after a somewhat ringing run. Perhaps Bartlett's best run was from Tadcaster Bar, just before Smith was sufficiently recovered to take the horn again himself:—

'November 7th. Tadcaster Bar. Found in Bilbrough Whin;

‘ran to Bilbrough Hall, and killed. Tried Catterton, blank.  
 ‘Found two bad foxes in Shire Oaks; scent bad, and  
 ‘could not get them away for a long time; at last away  
 ‘to Walton Wood, and killed. Found in Walton Wood;  
 ‘ran very fast straight to the river, turned up to St. Helen’s  
 ‘Ford, nearly to Walton village, turned to the left, chased  
 ‘him to the wood, and ran to ground in view. Forty-five  
 ‘minutes.’

It was a disappointing run both for hounds and huntsman, for the fox was dead beat, and in another minute they must have had him.

Smith was at work again with his arm in a sling on the 12th, but he had not a very good day. Hard frost put a stop to hunting on Saturday, 15th, but on Monday they were at work again. They had fair sport till the snow came again on the 22nd; one of their best days being on the 21st, when they met at Thorp Arch, where they found at once. The fox was viewed a considerable distance, and went up a tree on the river’s bank. The keeper climbed the tree and put him down, and then he swam the river, and they let him go this time. They were soon on to another, which they chopped at once.

Ingmanthorpe Willow Garth provided the next fox, and him they ran past Lingercroft and Cowthorpe to Ingmanthorpe Old Wood, and past the Whin to Geldart’s plantation, where a heavy storm put an end to the run. They found in Bilton Wood the fox that gave them the run of the day. At a good pace they ran past Wighill to Hall Park Springs and Champagne Whin, and over the York road down to the railway near Wetherby; thence by Ingmanthorpe Whin they ran in the direction of North Deighton, past Smiler’s Gorse, and over the river to Ribston, where they lost after a good hunting run of an hour and a half. They were only stopped by frost one day this time, and hunted on without interruption till the 29th.

‘November 29th. Peckfield Bar. Found in the Boot and Shoe  
‘plantation; ran to Newfield, and lost. Found in Huddle-  
‘stone Wood, and killed. Found another, and hunted  
‘away to the quarry and back, then away to Castle Hill,  
‘over Ledsham Park, past Ledsham village, to Newfield;  
‘back again to Huddlestone Wood and Quarry, chased him  
‘to the wood, and killed. Good hunting. Two hours.’

Then came the frost in earnest, as it had done in the previous season, and hounds were only out nine times in December, and of these five were stolen days; and on some of them they had to go home early, as it was impossible to hunt. Here is a typical hunting day of December, 1879:—

‘December 30th. Wike. Found in Wigton Moor. Hunted  
‘towards Harewood. Found in the Carr Wood, after drawing  
‘all round the park. Hunted a short time in snow; lost.  
‘Found in Wike Whin. Ran rather well in snow, pointing  
‘for Keswick, up to the Hollins Hall, Wike village, and to  
‘ground near Scarcroft. Snowing fast.’

The new year opened with a brighter prospect, and sport was good in the opening days of 1880. On January 2nd they killed a brace of foxes, the second one after a capital hunting run of three hours from Champagne Gorse to Hutton Hall. They had another fair day from Parlington on the 6th, killing a brace of foxes; and on the 9th they killed a brace in the Tockwith country after plenty of hard running, though both foxes ‘zig-zagged’ a good deal. Then came a hard day:—

‘January 10th. Paper Mill. Found at Smaws. Ran to the  
‘river, and through Tadcaster, down the Ings to Grimston,  
‘and killed in the park. Found, and killed another in the  
‘park. Found in Renshaw; away to Patefield and Saxton  
‘Carr, towards the village, turned to Castle Hill and Bullen  
‘Wood, back to Castle Hill, Renshaw, and to ground  
‘above the Cock Bridge.’

Mr. Fox makes no comment on this day's sport, but Smith alludes to it as a hard day. The last day before the renewed frost may as well be given, especially as it shows how well hounds hunted under difficulties:—

‘January 14th. Collingham Bar. Fox jumped up out of hedge-  
 ‘row on Rigton Hill side. Away past Hetchell to Scarcroft  
 ‘and Wike Whin, back to Scarcroft plantations, and ringing  
 ‘about. Got up to a fox in Hetchell. Away to Thorner,  
 ‘Norwood bottoms, nearly to Saw Woods, turned to  
 ‘Bramham Park, Lindrick Hills to Westwoods, and after  
 ‘rings, killed.’

There was only a moderate scent, and the fallows were quite hard with frost, and hounds had to work for their fox, and thoroughly deserved him. On the following day the storm which had been threatening for some time began in earnest, and the York and Ainsty were driven home by snow. Then for nearly three weeks did the Frost King prevail, and it was not until February 3rd that hounds were able to get out again. Then the morning was anything but a promising one, and, to use Mr. Fox's words, it ‘was thawed sufficiently to go out.’ Scent was bad, and sport moderate, but they managed, by dint of perseverance, to kill a brace of foxes. The next day scent was still bad, but after an hour and fifty-five minutes' good hunting, from Clap Wood, they killed a fox at Stockeld. Then came a day's frost and fog, which effectually put a stop to all proceedings. They were at work again on the following day, the 7th, when they met at the Cock Bridge. On this day scent was good, and perhaps foxes were ‘fat and scant of breath.’ At any rate, they had a smashing day amongst them, accounting for three and a half brace, a leash of which were killed. With two or three of these foxes they had smart scurries, but there is nothing about the day's sport which calls for minute record. For a few days scent continued moderate, but still hounds



killed their foxes well, and towards the end of the month there were a few really good days, of which I give a couple:—

‘February 23rd. Monk Fryston. Found in Gateforth Common.  
 ‘Ran hard down the covert, crossed the canal, ran below  
 ‘Burn, turned back, ran past Haddlesey, Birkin Spring  
 ‘and Byram, and killed on the Hillam side. Good hunting-  
 ‘run. Two hours.’

It may be remarked that Smith makes the time of this run two hours and twenty minutes, and adds that ‘we went over a lot of country.’ This shows how difficult it is, even for the most accurate, to time a hunting-run correctly. No man knew more about hunting than Mr. Fox, or was more careful over minute detail than he was, and the same may with justice be said of his huntsman, yet in this run we find a discrepancy in the time of twenty minutes. Of course the huntsman would, in a large covert like Gateforth, see when hounds had a line much sooner than anyone who was standing outside the covert, and this may, in some measure, account for the difference in the time.

‘February 25th. Plompton Bar. Found in Bilton Banks. Ran  
 ‘into a drain near Starbeck. A hound was missing.  
 ‘When we moved off, the hound and the fox came out.  
 ‘Ran up to Harrogate, and lost in some buildings. Found  
 ‘and killed in Bleach Ground Whin. Tried Spacey House  
 ‘Whin and Rudding Park—blank. A fox jumped up in  
 ‘some whins near Herbert’s larches, and they ran him hard  
 ‘past Parkin’s Wood, left the Cocked Hat on the left,  
 ‘passed the walls, across the Punch Bowl to Swindon  
 ‘Wood. Eighteen minutes; no check. Through the wood,  
 ‘but he dared not go up wind; turned, and ran to  
 ‘ground close to Kirkby Overblow. Thirty minutes. A 1.’

The weather was wild in the beginning of March, but sport was fairly good, and on the sixth they had one of the best days of the season;—

‘March 6th. Tolston Lodge. Got on the line of a disturbed  
 ‘fox near Smaws, hunted to Oglethorpe Whin, Clifford,  
 ‘Low Mill, Ingle Bank; viewed him and chased him to  
 ‘Newton Kyme, and killed by the railway. Fifty-five  
 ‘minutes. Found in Wray Wood, ran into Grange Wood,  
 ‘round, and killed. Found another, and away through  
 ‘Mr. Wickham’s plantation nearly to Compton; turned to  
 ‘the left, running hard nearly to Clifford; turned to the  
 ‘right, and in the turnpike-road was chased by a cur dog  
 ‘into Thompson’s farm buildings. Hit him off, hunted to  
 ‘Westwoods, ran hard in covert and back to Beilby Grange  
 ‘Wood, through it and away nearly to Collingham, past  
 ‘Compton to the low end of Westwoods, up the wood, away  
 ‘to Spring Wood, Dog Kennel Whin, and past Wothersome  
 ‘Dam to the gardens, and killed. Good scent and good  
 ‘work. Three hours.’

Sport continued to be good all through the month of March. On the 12th they had a splitting five and thirty minutes’ ring from Horn Bank, killing at Flint Mill; and a week later they had two hours’ nice hunting, beginning with a fox that was viewed as they went to draw Deighton Spring for their afternoon fox. They rattled him along to Horn Bank, where he was headed, and they ran him back to Hatfield’s plantation and Noble Wood, where there was a brace of foxes on foot, and they probably changed. They ran to Thorp Arch Hall again, and then back through Walton Whin and Champagne Whin and up to Boggart House, pulling him down behind Walton village. There was a burning sun, and dust was flying, so that there is much credit to all concerned in such a good day’s sport. The season was brought to a close on April 14th, at Almscliff, where they had a very good day for the time of year. They found the fox that gave them the run at Farnley, and ran him well up to a drain under the road below Riffa. They bolted him, and ran hard through Riffa and past Wescoe

Hill down to the river, where he got to ground again, and they were obliged to leave him. 'A great disappointment for 'hounds,' writes Smith, 'as they were racing for their fox.'

The season was on the whole a disappointing one, as hounds were prevented hunting twenty-five times by the weather, but when they were able to get out they had a good average of sport, killing their foxes well. Scent could scarcely be said to have been good, but there was an abundance of holding scents, and after all it is these that go to the making up of a good season. They hunted ninety-five days, killed sixty-three brace, and ran twenty-two and a half brace to ground.

1880-81. The season commenced in September in a somewhat disappointing manner, for on the Friday before Doncaster they went to Hazlewood and did not come across any cubs, though they came across some old foxes, and after a lot of work had to go home without blood. Next day they had better luck at Westwoods, and after a hard and good morning's work, they killed a brace. They had a good day on October 1st, at Woodall Bridge, killing two brace of foxes, with the last of which they had a merry gallop from Stockeld Park, running into him in the open at Deighton Bar. On the average, sport was good throughout the whole of the cub-hunting season, but on the 27th they were driven home by heavy snow. I give what was perhaps their best day prior to the opening of the regular season,—certainly it was the hardest:—

'October 22nd. Wilstrop. Found in the wood, ran to the  
 'river and back, and killed in the Rash. Found in Hutton  
 'Thorns, hunted past Hutton Hall, Walton's farm, Angram  
 'Bottoms, came up to a fox near Duce Wood, ran through  
 'Shire Oaks, past the old Manor House, turned to the right  
 'back to Shire Oaks, through again, away to Nova Scotia,  
 'Bilton village, the wood, the Loft. Got up to a fresh fox,  
 'and ran him hard by Nova Scotia, Hutton Hall, nearly to

‘Grange Wood, turned past Angram to Bilbrough, and  
‘stopped hounds at 4-30. Hard day.’

Scent was good till the last fox turned down wind at Grange Wood, and then, Smith says, ‘though very tired, he  
‘walked away from us.’

The snow to which I referred previously, did not last long enough to keep hounds at home, and they continued to show good sport all through the early days of November, and soon they were to have a clipper.

‘November 12th. Deighton Bar. Found in Inghmanthorpe  
‘Whin; away past Swinnow, Champagne Gorse, left  
‘Bickerton on the right, Toekwith on the left, Marston  
‘on the right, Hutton Hall on the right, and leaving  
‘Collier Hagg on the left, turned towards Healaugh;  
‘leaving the village on the left, hunted through Nova  
‘Scotia into Bilton Wood. Here there was a fox, and it  
‘was thought to be a fresh one. We lost a fine run.  
‘One hour and thirty-five minutes; the first forty minutes  
‘very fast. Found in Walton Wood several foxes, and  
‘after running a ring over Inman’s farm, got away  
‘towards Wighill village, ran fast past Healaugh, Angram  
‘bottoms; left Bilbrough on the right, turned and left  
‘Askham on the right, nearly to Rufforth, turning to the  
‘right, and losing him beyond Hutton Hall. The hounds  
‘were alone seen chasing the fox, and no one knows  
‘how they missed him. A very good run. From finding  
‘first in Walton, two hours; from Walton to Bilbrough  
‘very fast,—about thirty-five minutes. Bad luck not  
‘catching him.’

Before getting to Hutton Hall the hounds ran near to Collier Hagg, and up to the Angram road, and here fox and hounds were all seen in a field together. What became of him, however, was never found out. He might have clapped or ran the road, probably he did the latter, for when the first flight, who had been thrown out by the Angram drain, came

up to them, they were running a stale line back. It was a grand day's sport if it could only all have been seen.

It was not long before the frost came in earnest, and caused a stoppage of a week, and after it broke up there was a succession of bad and indifferent scenting days till December 13th. On the 3rd they had a fair hunting day at Tadcaster Bar, and hounds behaved to perfection, hunting well and closely with a wretched scent, and though they failed to kill a fox, they marked one to ground.

'December 13th. Wescoe Hill. Riffa, blank. A ringing fox  
'from Almscliff Whin; scent bad; killed below North  
'Rigton. Tried Beckwithshaw Bottoms and Thurtle's  
'Whin, blank. Found in Walton Head Whin; ran very  
'fast into Spofforth Hags, left Kirkby Overblow on the  
'left, across the Punch Bowl, heading for Harewood Bridge,  
'turned to the right, left Swindon on the right, up the hill  
'to Walton Head. Twenty-six minutes. Long check, the  
'fox having skirted the whin and gone to Kirkby village,  
'where we lost him. Found in the Punch Bowl; away  
'to the river, past Harewood Bridge to Rougemont Carr,  
'over Dunkeswick Hill, left Swindon to the right, Kirkby  
'on the left, across the Punch Bowl to the river, and  
'crossed. Stopped hounds near Cardwick. One hour and  
'ten minutes; dark.'

The cause of the long check was that the fox had skirted Walton Head Whin, and run the road, in a drain under which he had gone to ground. Intelligence to this effect was brought to Smith, but when he arrived at the drain, it was to find that the fox had been bolted by some busybodies, and practically the run ended at Walton Head Whin. In a few days frost came again with renewed energy, and put a stop to hunting till December 24th, this being the only day hounds were out from the 17th to New Year's Day. And Christmas Eve was a day to remember, for it was one of the severest days of a season in which severe runs were plentiful.

‘December 24th. Wighill village. Tried Shire Oaks, blank.  
 ‘Went to Hutton Thorns. Found; and away at once to  
 ‘Hessay, nearly to Harewood’s Whin, turned to the right  
 ‘past Rufforth, Hutton Hall, over Marston Hill, Fairy  
 ‘Carrs; left Duce Wood on the left, pointed for Deighton  
 ‘village; came to a check by the drain before reaching  
 ‘Wighill coach road, hit him off, and ran back, leaving  
 ‘Bilton on the left, past Marston and Hutton Hall, Collier  
 ‘Hagg, and Swann’s Whin; forward, leaving Grange  
 ‘Wood on the left, Askham on the right, to the Bogs,  
 ‘skirting the corner on to Copmanthorpe, turned to the  
 ‘right, ran hard to Bilbrough. Our fox was in Colonel  
 ‘Fairfax’s garden, slipped out, ran a ring round the village,  
 ‘and got to ground in the small planting. The first fifty  
 ‘minutes to near Wighill was most severe, and few could  
 ‘live with hounds; the country very deep. They continued  
 ‘to run on, and, I believe, a fresh fox jumped up in front  
 ‘of them as they ran over Marston Hill. Hounds (the  
 ‘bitch pack) ran without ceasing for three hours,—deserved  
 ‘their fox. All the horses were tired; it was a tremendous  
 ‘hard run.’

There is little doubt but what hounds changed at least three or four times. That they changed at Wighill, somewhere between the village and the coach road, was Smith’s opinion, and at Marston Hill there was no mistake about it, as the fresh fox jumped up in view in a field of turnips.

They had three days in the early part of January; on the 1st killing a brace of foxes after good runs from Hook Moor, and on the 5th they had a fair day from Cross Roads, Bramham Moor, running a brace to ground. The remainder of January was spent in grumbling at the prolonged frost, and wondering when we should get to work again; and it was not till February 3rd that hounds were able to make another appearance in the field. Then after the sudden thaw the riding was bad. That, however, could have been put up with if scent had been satisfactory, but

as is usual after a prolonged storm, scent was wretched, and sport moderate the three days that hounds were able to hunt, before another spell of sharp frost came to 'take the 'other away.' It lasted for three days, and then came a run to talk about, one of those great runs which happen now and then.

'February 9th. Stockeld Park. After three days' sharp frost, 'it suddenly broke up. Found in Devonshire Whin; hunted 'a ringing fox for an hour, and killed. Found in the 'Cocked Hat Whin a brace of foxes; hounds dividing, 'six couples pointing west, and the body turning short in 'covert, away at his brush over the Hagg, leaving Parkin's 'Wood to the left, past Herbert's Larches; left Spacey 'House Whin on the left, the Viaduct on the right, over 'the Crimple, up the hill heading for Beckwithshaw, and 'straight for Haverah Park, through the Boar Holes, 'straight on past the line of fir trees, headed for Hamps- 'thwaite, and lost in Swardliffe Park. One hour and forty 'minutes. Nine and a half miles straight; hounds ran 'fourteen miles; dog pack; a fine run.'

A fine run indeed, and if it had not been that the frost was not quite out of the ground, and that hounds had to work for the line when they got on to the higher ground, they must have killed their fox. It is also quite likely, Smith thinks, that they changed foxes in Haverah Park. There was not much sport after this fine run until towards the end of the month, and scent was generally moderate, especially on the plough, which was thoroughly saturated now that the frost had broken up, and carried a good deal. On the 18th they met at Thorp Arch, and had a good day. They killed a ringing fox at Wetherby to begin with, and then they had a smart burst from Walton Wood, killing in the Loft at the end of fifteen minutes. Another fox went away from the Loft, and after a nice hunting run of a couple of hours, they killed him at Walton Lodge Farm. Mr. Fox has a

note to the effect that Mr. J. M. Richardson was out, and was pleased with his day, which was certainly a good average.

March was ushered in by frost and snow, and it was not till the 7th that they could get to work. On that day they met at Stockeld Park, and had two hours and forty-five minutes' 'excellent hunting' from Plompton, by Birkham Wood, Follifoot, and Stockeld, to Kirk Deighton, where the fox beat them fairly. The run of that day week, which was a great one, will be found in Chapter I., where it is given from Smith's diary.

A capital season, in spite of the bother caused by the weather, was brought to a close on Saturday, April 16th, when they met at Buttersike Bar, and had a good day, killing a brace of foxes, the last of them an old dog fox. During the season they hunted one hundred days, killed fifty-nine and a half brace of foxes, ran twenty and a half brace to ground, and were stopped by the weather twenty-eight days. They hunted on many a day when it was 'near the way' from a riding standpoint, and therefore the excellence of the season is all the more marked. It is worth notice that most of their brilliant runs were on the Ainsty side and in their Friday country.

1881-82. Seventeen couples of young hounds, and twenty couples of old ones, were taken into Westwoods at five o'clock on the morning of the 7th of September, to begin the season, and after five hours' hard work they got on to the line of a tired cub, rattled him along smartly for a few minutes, and made a good finish by killing him. This was lucky, for the morning was anything but favourable, and they could only drag on the line of a fox at first.

Cub-hunting proceeded merrily, and good sport was the rule, and moreover there was no sign of prolonged frost. November was a little stormy and wild at times, and once some snow fell, but not sufficient to prevent hunting, and



sportsmen rejoiced once more in the prospect of an open season. One good day in November I must give, and as Mr. Fox's diary gives rather a meagre account of a day that has one or two noteworthy circumstances about it, I shall give Smith's account of it:—

‘November 18th. Met at Bickerton Bar, with twenty-two  
‘ couples of hounds. Found three or four foxes in Bickerton  
‘ Spring, some of them without brushes, and ran one across  
‘ to the small square covert between there and Hall Parks,  
‘ and killed it. Came back to the Spring, got up to another  
‘ fox, and ran him a ring nearly to Bilton Hall; turned to  
‘ the left, pointing for Tockwith, but bore round to his left  
‘ back into the Spring, where he beat us. Then drew Bilton  
‘ Wood blank. Found a brace of foxes in the Loft, and  
‘ came away with one leaving Bilton Wood and the village  
‘ to his left, bore to the left over the York road, leaving  
‘ Tockwith to the right, and on past Bickerton village,  
‘ pointing for Champagne Whin, but turned to the left  
‘ through Hall Parks, and leaving Walton Whin to his left,  
‘ bore to the right, leaving Champagne Whin to the left to  
‘ within a field of Ingmanthorpe Willow Garth, when he  
‘ turned to the right to Cowthorpe coverts, where we killed  
‘ him. Both these foxes were without brushes. Then went  
‘ to Walton Wood, found a good show of foxes, and after  
‘ running round the wood a time or two, came away for  
‘ Walton village, but turned to the right by the Round  
‘ Hill, leaving Walton Whin to his left and Champagne  
‘ Whin to his right, over the road, round by Swinnow Hall,  
‘ across the park and back over the turnpike up to the  
‘ railway; turned short to his left, and ran straight to Hall  
‘ Parks, leaving Walton Whin to his right, and at Hall  
‘ Parks he got coursed by a sheep dog, and he met the  
‘ hounds, and they killed him. Time, one hour and five  
‘ minutes. A good day's sport. A most unruly field in the  
‘ morning, trying their best to spoil sport.’

This was a capital day, and I need scarcely say that it is a very unusual thing to kill a brace of ‘bob-tailed’ foxes

in one day. Equally rare is it for that ubiquitous and tiresome animal, the sheep-dog, to be of any assistance to hounds. Time after time is it written in the diaries of hunting men, 'coursed by a sheep-dog, and did no more good'; so that the unique occasion when the sheep-dog contributed to the overthrow of a fox deserves special mention.

The season went on in a satisfactory manner, one good day's sport succeeding another, and many of the runs were exceptionally brilliant. In the Harewood Bridge country there were some splendid days, and the Ainsty side also contributed its quota to the general total of good sport. It is difficult indeed to select typical runs of this excellent season, when nearly every day provided its good gallop. They began December with a hard day from Wighill village, when, after running one fox to ground, and hunting with frequent changes for the rest of the day, Smith stopped them at dark. On the next day they met at Cross Roads, Clifford Moor, and after killing a brace, they had a clipping forty minutes from Wike Whin to ground at Bardsey. Here follow a couple of good days in December:—

'December 5th. Follifoot. Found in Bleach Ground Whin.  
 'Away, heading for Spacey House Whin, turned to the  
 'right, ran in and out of the railroads, heading for  
 'Spofforth, but crossed the Crimple; ran to Birkham Wood  
 'and Grimbold Crag, crossed the Nidd to Goldsborough  
 'Wood, ran into stick-heap at Ribston. Fox bolted, hounds  
 'chased him over the park and round plantations, back  
 'past the house, over the river, and killed by themselves  
 'in the middle of the grass ings. One hour and fifteen  
 'minutes. Found in Deighton Spring, away leaving North  
 'Deighton and Kirk Deighton on the right, past Ingman-  
 'thorpe Whin, headed for Cowthorpe Woods, turned to the  
 'right through the Willow Garth to Duck Pond. Changed  
 'foxes, ran back through old wood to Ingmanthorpe Whin,  
 'left Wetherby station on the right, along the railway side,

‘past Boggart House, left Walton on the right, checked  
‘near Walton Wood. The fox had been headed short,  
‘recovered his line, hunted down Rudgate, making his  
‘point again for Walton Wood. They rattled him hard  
‘round the wood, away to the little covert at the bottom of  
‘Wighill Park, and killed. One hour and thirty minutes.  
‘A good day’s sport.’

A few days of sharp frost made men fear that there was about to be a repetition of the severe winters which had been experienced during the few previous years, but the frost soon broke up, and they were only stopped a day or two, resuming operations on

‘December 16th. Wighill village. Hounds went on at twelve.  
‘The frost broke up quickly. Found in Catterton Spring.  
‘Ran nearly to the Wild Man, left Ann Buckle’s on the  
‘right, round Swann’s Whin to Collier Hagg, Hutton  
‘Thorns, Hutton Hall, past Marston village to Marston  
‘station, to ground under the railroad. A fresh fox bolted,  
‘and hounds ran hard to Poppleton, Grange Wood, Hessay  
‘Whin, Hutton Thorns, and back to the drain at Marston  
‘station. A couple of hounds had remained back in the  
‘drain, bolted the fox after we had gone on, and killed  
‘him. He was given up and broken by the pack, finishing  
‘a most severe run of two hours and fifteen minutes.’

There were other two or three frosty days in December, but not much to take notice of, and good runs continued. January began well, and one good run after another kept hunting men in the best of spirits, though some perhaps began to wonder how they were to get through the season without replenishing their studs. On the 9th they had a very nice hunting run from Riffa, killing in the gardens at Woodhall after a run of an hour and ten minutes, an eight-mile point; and on the 20th they had a severe day from Bickerton Spring, finally losing their fox after two hours and fifteen minutes’ continuous running, having changed foxes more than once.

‘January 30th. Wescoe Hill. Snow two inches deep all over that country. Took hounds back to Plompton, where it was clear. Found in Braham Wood. Ran three fields to ground. Found in the small covert outside Stockeld. Ran into the park, and killed in the wood. Another fox viewed. Away, and hounds ran hard for Linton, turned to the right past Devonshire Whin to Clap Wood, past the Cocked Hat, over Spofforth Hagggs, left Follifoot on the left to the Crimple side, chased him along the brook side, and killed him near the Bleach-ground. Fifty-five minutes. A pretty run.’

Evil fortune befell the pack early in February. On the 4th of the month they met at Led Mill, and after a fair run with their first fox, and losing him, they went to Huddleston Wood, where they found at once, and ran their fox in view down the railway cutting. An express train chanced to be coming along at the time, and dashed right into them, with the result that three couples were killed on the spot. These were Viceroy, Solomon, Shiner, Champion, Marksman, and Nimrod, all of them hounds of the highest class. Sailor was caught on his head by part of the train, but he was apparently no worse; but Grappler, a very fine hound, and a great favourite of Smith’s, had a narrow squeak, for he was knocked senseless, and Colonel Gunter nursed him in his arms for half an hour before he showed any sign of returning consciousness; he eventually came round. The rest of the hounds went on and killed their fox in the quarry at Huddleston Hall. A week later they had a good day.

‘February 11th. Hook Moor. Trotted to Kippax; found in whin, ran round park, and killed in garden. Tried Newfield, blank. Found at Boot and Shoe planting at five minutes past two; hunted to Castle Hill, back through Ledsham Park to Newfield and back, to the plantations, Castle Hill, over the railroad, through Micklefield Wood,

‘just touched Huddleston Wood, back over the line, and  
‘again through Boot and Shoe planting, along the park,  
‘turned to the right, went below Paver’s house nearly to  
‘Steeton, headed for Buttress Hill, came back to Newfield,  
‘ran him in covert, forced him out, and killed at quarter-  
‘past five. Three hours and ten minutes; good hunting.’

Smith might well call him ‘a most odd-running fox,  
‘twisting about in all directions,’ and hounds must have  
hunted him with wonderful perseverance.

‘February 20th. North Deighton. Found; hunted to Ingman-  
‘thorpe Whin, and killed. Found at Stockeld; lost below  
‘Wetherby. Found at Woodhall; away fast to Wetherby,  
‘and back to Lime Kiln Wood, then again up wind  
‘through West End planting; left Clap Gate on the left,  
‘across the Punch Bowl, through Swindon Wood, over  
‘Dunkeswick Hill and Weeton bottoms to ground in  
‘a drain. Pulled up tiles, fox bolted out, and slipped  
‘through the hedge, and away back to Swindon, where  
‘Smith stopped the hounds at half-past five. The run up  
‘to the drain, an hour and twenty minutes; good run.’

Good sport prevailed throughout March, and though the  
ground was very dry scent served fairly well, and they had  
several very good days, one of the best being the following:—

‘March 10th. Thorp Arch. Found in Walton Wood; away  
‘past Hall Park Spring to Boggart House drain, turned,  
‘left Walton on the left down to the river, ran along the  
‘Ings, crossed to Newton Kyme, over the Tadcaster road,  
‘leaving the Workhouse on the left, and killed him beyond  
‘Tadcaster Willow Beds. Fifty-five minutes; good run.  
‘Found a fox in a tree near Duce Wood; away close at  
‘him, left Healaugh Church on the right, over Angram  
‘bottoms up to Bilbrough, made a bend to the right, and  
‘killed near the Wild Man. Twenty-five minutes; fast.’

This capital season was brought to a close rather earlier  
than usual, the last day being on April 8th, when they met

at the North Lodge, Bramham Park. They found in Wetherby Grange Wood at least four or five foxes, with one of which they went away to Westwoods. Here there were several foxes, and they probably changed. At any rate, they ran to Lindrick Hill and into the gardens, where they marked a fox to ground. But there was another fox there, and him they ran through Blackfen, and leaving the Cross Roads, Bramham Moor, to the left, through Becca and Potterton, finally lost him pointing for Parlington. Smith then held them on into Becca, where they soon got up to a fox, and after giving him a good dusting in covert, they rolled him over. A more satisfactory 'last day' could scarcely have been wished for. They had plenty of running, finished the day with blood, and left a grand show of foxes for another season. They hunted one hundred and seventeen days, killed fifty-one brace of foxes, ran thirty-one and a half brace to ground, and were only stopped hunting five days, three of which stoppages were due to frost and the remainder to fog.

1882-83. It was scarcely to be expected that such an open season would be followed by one as open, and indeed weather difficulties commenced with the opening day's cubbing, which took place at Byram Park on September 7th, when they had to wait from half-past five till eight o'clock for the fog to clear. When it did clear they had a good morning, finding a good show of cubs, and killing a brace. The cub-hunting season was a very good one, foxes being plentiful and hounds working well and accounting for them handsomely. About the middle of October they had some very good sport. On the 13th they met at Woodhall Bridge, and after running a leash to ground they went on to Deighton Spring, where they found a strong litter of cubs, and after a lot of work in covert they got away with one of them, and after a nice forty-five minutes in the open, they rolled him over beside the Old Mound near Kirk Deighton.

On the next day they also had good sport. The fixture was Wetherby Grange, and after killing a brace of cubs in Langwith they went to Keswick Ox Close, and after some hard work in covert they got a fox away by the river side, and killed him in the open. Another good litter in School House Whin afforded them plenty of occupation, and after running a fox to ground in the covert, they rattled one along to Harewood, ran him over the park, and killed him in Simpson's ride.

The weather remained open, and throughout November hounds showed good sport. They had a fair day on the first, when they met at Bramham Park, killing their first fox in the Raikes. Then they found in Blackfen, and ran hard by Tolston and the Beehive to Newton Kyme and over the river, and hounds were stopped. A third fox was found in Hallowell Lees, and took them to Bowcliffe, where he beat them, and a fourth was killed in the gardens at Bramham. At Lotherton, on the 4th, they had a fair day, killing their afternoon fox after a sharp burst from Saw Woods. On the 8th from Becca, and on the 15th from Peckfield Bar, they had good runs, and accounted for their foxes by running them on both days.

‘November 17th. Wighill village. Found at Shire Oaks.  
‘Away, left Tadcaster on the right, Catterton on the left,  
‘ran parallel with the York road to Wild Man, turned to  
‘the left through Bilbrough Whin, again made his point,  
‘ran forward over Bilbrough Hill, crossed the York road,  
‘ran through Colton Hagg, and killed two fields beyond  
‘Copmanthorpe Wood. One hour and twenty minutes.  
‘Found in Walton Wood. Ran hard in covert, and killed.  
‘A good day's sport.’

Smith describes the run from Shire Oaks to Copmanthorpe as ‘a good sporting run,’ and remarks that it was an excellent day for hounds. The next day there was a very sharp frost,

and they could not hunt till noon; and when they did hunt it was to find scent of the worst, and they did not do much good. The frost did not last this time, and no stoppage took place. On the 22nd they had a fair day, finding their fox in the Punch Bowl, and killing him near Herbert's larches, after a lot of running; and on the 29th they had a good run of an hour and twenty minutes by Beckwithshaw, North Ripton and the Punch Bowl, down to the river, killing their fox below Woodhall Bridge.

December was a month of disappointments and worries for the hunting man. Frost set in on the first, and though it only lasted two days it returned on the evening of the fifth, and deep snow prevented any hunting till the 20th. Then they were able to hunt till Christmas-day, but nothing of any note took place. On the 26th there was another fall of snow, but it was not so heavy as to prevent hunting; and on the 27th and two days later they had famous sport:—

‘December 20th. Bickerton Bar. Found in Marston Whin.  
 ‘Away for Bilton, headed for Tockwith, back towards the  
 ‘whin, then turned down the hill and ran straight for Red  
 ‘House Wood, catching him by the little planting a field  
 ‘short of the wood. Fifty minutes. A good run, hounds  
 ‘beating horses. Found in Wilstrop. Away, leaving  
 ‘Marston station to the left, over the York road, and  
 ‘pointing for Red House; turned back, was headed at the  
 ‘York road, and ran hard to the river. The fox crossed  
 ‘above Poppleton, and we had to stop hounds. Fifty-five  
 ‘minutes. A first-rate day.’

The river was very full owing to the breaking up of the snow, or probably hounds would not have been stopped as they were close at their fox, and in another field they must have come up to him. They had some long hard days during the early ones of the New Year and up to the 27th, when snow again interfered a little with hounds.



Of the January runs I can only give a couple: -

‘January 12th. Marston. Found many foxes in Hutton  
 ‘Thorns; and got away towards Rufforth Mill, turned to  
 ‘the left, then headed for Marston, but ringing to the right  
 ‘ran hard nearly to the station, and turning for Hessay,  
 ‘came round again to Marston, and set to work at a  
 ‘rattling pace to Wilstrop, through the wood, down to Skip  
 ‘Bridge, crossing on the right hand, and chasing their fox  
 ‘hard; killed in the open close to Green Hammerton.  
 ‘Found in Marston Whin; away over the York road,  
 ‘turned towards Bilton, hunted through the Loft and across  
 ‘Wighill Park, got on good terms at Walton, made a short  
 ‘turn at the village, and rattled him through Hall Park  
 ‘Springs to Ingmanthorpe Willow Garth and Old Wood,  
 ‘and killed in Marston Whin. A very good and hard day.’

After leaving Ingmanthorpe Old Wood they ran through Deighton Whin, where they had a narrow escape of changing, as a brace of fresh foxes went away. Luckily, however, they stuck to their hunted fox, and so were able to bring a long hard day to a satisfactory finish.

‘January 15th. Woodhall Bridge. Tried Woodhall, blank.  
 ‘Got on the line of a disturbed fox at Devonshire Whin;  
 ‘walked after him, pretty hunting past Sicklinghall, and  
 ‘leaving Stockeld on the right, Spofforth on the left,  
 ‘crossed the railway, hunted on the Crimple bank and to  
 ‘Deighton Spring; got up to our fox, rattled him away  
 ‘pointing for Braham, turned to the left to Spofforth, past  
 ‘the station, and away over the Hagsgs straight for Clap  
 ‘Wood; leaving it on the left, passed Clap Gate, turned  
 ‘to Woodhall, and twisting him round Lime Kiln Wood  
 ‘drove him out, and killed him in the open before he  
 ‘reached Linton village. An hour to Deighton Spring,  
 ‘then forty minutes’ top pace; a most capital run. Found  
 ‘in the old tree at Woodhall; ran to Barrowby to ground.  
 ‘Thirty-five minutes.’

This was a very hard day for hounds and horses, and

the country was deep. Snow again bothered them towards the end of the month, and when it broke up the country was very much flooded; so much so, indeed, that when they went to hunt at Clap Gate on the 29th, they could not cross the Wharfe at Woodhall Bridge. A hard frost set in on the 31st, but was speedily gone, and February fully vindicated its title as being the Foxhunter's month, for though weather was wild and wet, there was an abundance of good runs.

'February 12th. Harewood village. Trotted on to Rougemont Carr. Wet and wild. Found the fox going over Dunkeswick Hill, and no scent at all. Found in Swindon Wood; away into the Punch Bowl, up the hill to Walton Head, past Spacey Houses, Thurtle's Whin, up Beckwithshaw bottoms, bearing to the left to Almscliff, down the hill, and turning to the right ran on to Baily's Whin; left Riffa on the left, past Stainburn, headed for Lindley Moor, and making a large sweep to the right, came back to Almscliff, past the rock nearly to Baily's Whin again, viewed him in the bottom, ran back to Almscliff Whin, and to the rock, where he got in. One hour and fifty minutes; good run.'

This was a good day's sport, the first hour having been run at a very good pace. Good sport continued to the end of the month, and after a fortnight or thereabouts of frost and snow in the early part of March, hounds were again at work, and had one or two very good days. Frost, however, bothered them sadly all through the month, and they frequently had to 'steal' a day, and as is often the case under circumstances like these, they met with bad-scenting days and indifferent sport. At the end of the month they had a good day, particulars of which I give:—

'March 30th. Wighill village. A fox viewed outside Shire Oaks; could not run a yard. Found in Collier Hagg; no scent. A fox jumped up in a field as we went to

‘Wilstrop, and was killed. Found in Marston Whin; ran  
 ‘nicely to Wilstrop and Tockwith, hunted back to Hutton  
 ‘Thorns, then ran fast nearly to Poppleton, turned towards  
 ‘Red House, and up to the left to Marston station; into  
 ‘a drain. A good run; an hour and five minutes.’

April was hot and dry from the commencement of the month, and the season was brought to rather an early close at Otley Chevin; but after April set in sport was only poor, and nothing took place worthy of record. The season was a satisfactory one, taken on the whole, though frost interfered considerably with sport at times. There were, however, no lengthened periods of storm such as occurred a few years earlier, and again a few years later. Hounds hunted one hundred and nine days, were stopped by frost seventeen days, killed fifty and a half brace of foxes, and ran twenty-seven and a half brace to ground.

1883–84. A late harvest and a late start with cub-hunting are synonymous in a country like the Bramham Moor, and there was not much of the country cleared when Smith took the old hounds to rattle Byram on the 10th of September. Scent, however, served well, as it generally does in the Bramham country after a very wet time, and hounds did well amongst the cubs, accounting for them satisfactorily.\* They commenced the regular season on Friday, November 2nd, when they met at Thorp Arch. They met with ‘fog, as ‘usual,’ to use Mr. Fox’s words, but they had not much scent, and spent most of the day about Cowthorpe.

On the 21st, when they met at the Paper Mill, they had a good day, killing a leash, and running one fox to ground. At first matters were not very promising, for scent was very bad, and after they had marked a fox to ground in the river bank, they found a second fox with whom they could do

\* During the cub-hunting season, Sir Watkin and Miss Winn visited Mr. Fox, and saw a fair day’s sport at Bramham Park on October 13th.

nothing. A third fox they killed directly in Ingle Bank; and then they found on the river bank near to Wray Wood, and after dodging about for some little time, they killed him in Jackdaw Crag. They chopped a third fox in Wetherby Grange Wood, whence they got away on good terms with another, and ran hard past Clifford and Bramham, and past Hallowell Lees to Hazlewood, not far from which hounds had to be stopped, as they were pointing for Bullen Wood, at which place a shooting party was due next day. It was rather a disappointing finish to what would otherwise have been a good, and perhaps a great run, for hounds ran fast.

‘November 26th. Spacey Houses. Found in Almscliff Whin; ran fast to Harewood Bridge, crossed the river up to the pleasure grounds, Carr Wood, out at the top of the covert pointing for Eccup, turned to the right, and ran back through the wood; to ground in an earth in the park opposite the house. Fifty minutes; good run. Found in Riffa; hunted to Almscliff, left North Rigton on the right, passed Thurtle’s Whin, pointed up the hill above Pannal, turned down through Spacey House Whin, Rudding, Plompton, Birkham Wood, and to ground on the banks of the Nidd, opposite Goldsbrough Mill. Two hours; pretty hunting.’

The weather continued very open, and though there was one morning in early December when the roads were hard, the frost did not prevent hunting, and went away entirely the next day. Good sport continued, and it is difficult to make a selection from the many good days of which I have an account. A few, however, must be taken, and so good was the average sport that they may almost be taken haphazard, for from November to the end of February good runs were the rule. After that dry weather set in, and there was not much to record.

‘December 21st. Bickerton Bar. Found, or got on the line of a disturbed fox at Marston Whin; lost. Found in

‘Wilstrop Wood; away past Marston station, left Hessay  
‘on the right, nearly to Harewood’s Whin, then towards  
‘Poppleton, turning to the right towards Red House  
‘Wood, brought him back fast towards Poppleton, turned  
‘him, and running hard, he crossed the river, and ran to  
‘ground in view. A severe run; an hour and twenty  
‘minutes.’

Smith speaks of the going as being very deep, and thinks there is no doubt that hounds changed foxes in some of the small coverts near Poppleton.

‘January 4th. Deighton Bar. Found in middle of field opposite  
‘Swinnow Wood. Away past Champagne Gorse to Ing-  
‘manthorpe, turned to the left past Swinnow to Wetherby  
‘town end, then to the right straight to Deighton Spring,  
‘through it to the Crimple, along the side, and killed by  
‘the farmyard just over the Boroughbridge road. Fifty  
‘minutes; good run. Found in Champagne Gorse, ran  
‘towards Bickerton Bar, turned to Hall Park Springs, past  
‘Walton to Horn Bank, to the right away down to Swinnow.  
‘Gave it up, fog becoming too thick. Fifty-five minutes;  
‘good.’

‘January 11th. Bickerton Bar. Found in Wilstrop Wood.  
‘Away at a good pace to Hutton Thorns, gave him a turn  
‘in covert; away, past Rufforth, pointing towards Angram  
‘and back, and killed near Rufforth village. Found a fox  
‘in a hedgerow near Hutton Hall, and leaving Marston on  
‘the left hunted over Marston Hill, past Clay Field earths;  
‘back, leaving Hutton Hall on the left, past the Thorns,  
‘ran hard past Marston station pointing for Red House,  
‘turned to the left and ran hard to Skip Bridge Whin,  
‘where our fox got to ground. A good run; an hour and  
‘twenty-five minutes. A fox jumped up in a field next  
‘Marston Whin, but scent failed.’

‘February 29th. Thorp Arch. Found on railway bank. Hunted  
‘slowly to Hatfield’s planting, got up to him, ran to Old  
‘Wood and Ingmanthorpe Willow Garth. Several foxes.

‘Away towards Cowthorpe, then towards Armitage’s  
 ‘planting, back to Ingmanthorpe, and killed. Found in  
 ‘Bickerton Spring, ran to the Loft, over Wighill Park,  
 ‘through Walton Wood, past Hall Park Springs to Ing-  
 ‘manthorpe, and killed at Kirk Deighton. Fifty-five  
 ‘minutes’ pretty gallop.’

The season was brought to a close on Thursday, April 10th, when they met at Cross Roads, Clifford Moor, at eight o’clock; but though they found plenty of foxes they could do nothing with them as the ground was so dry. During the season, the most open on record,—as they were never once stopped by frost and only once by fog,—they hunted one hundred and twenty-four days, killed fifty-two brace of foxes, and ran thirty-seven brace to ground.

1884-85. The summer of 1884 was a very dry one, and when hounds began the cub-hunting season the ground was so hard that in some countries there was a talk of stopping till rain came, and I believe in one or two cases this was done. The Bramham Moor commenced their season on August 26th, making a start from the kennels at the early hour of 2-30 a.m., the venue being Byram. They did not get many foxes on foot, but they managed to kill a cub. Then a wonderful thing took place, for they went out three mornings running, and never killed. They got hold of one on the fourth morning (the fifth they had been out) at Westwoods, after a very hard morning’s work, and after being disappointed with their first fox; and then the cub-hunting went on merrily enough, hounds killing their foxes well. Foxes, however, were not good to find, and the reason of it was that during the dry summer they had got into the way of living in the drains, which, of course, were comfortable enough. On one occasion they ran a fox to ground in a drain, and bolted *five*.

They commenced the regular season at Bramham Park

on Monday, November 3rd, after what Mr. Fox describes as the driest season ever remembered. The ground was as hard as iron, and a water-famine seemed imminent. They had not a great day's sport, but they killed a leash of foxes.

The dry weather continued all through November, and, of course, had a prejudicial effect on scent, but they had one or two good days for all that:—

‘November 12th. Beckwithshaw Bar. Found several foxes; ran to ground. Found on Rigton Moor; away very fast for Moor Park, to the right along Beckwithshaw bottoms to Pannal, to the left to New Harrogate, past the cricket ground, and killed before he reached Harlow Carr. Forty-one minutes; no check; a very excellent run; few saw it.’

This was a good run indeed, grass all the way, and there is little wonder that the company grew very select long before the end came. So hard and dry was the ground that, when a sharp frost came on the 29th, it really made little difference, and hounds were able to hunt at Stutton Mill, where they had a hunting-run ending with a kill.

On the first of December snow came, and though it was only for a short period, it had its effect on scent, which was very bad for a few days.

‘December 19th. Walton. Found in Marston Whin; ran, leaving Wilstrop on the left, towards Marston station, swinging for Skip Bridge, then to the right to Moor Monkton, where the fox crossed the river, and hounds were stopped. Tried Wilstrop and Cowthorpe, blank. Found in Champagne Gorse; hunted to Bickerton, Nova Scotia. A fresh fox jumped up, and ran to Duce Wood. Dark. Smith's horse slipped up, and he has hurt his shoulder.’

Smith got his fall as he was going through a gateway, and he was unable to hunt hounds again till the 29th. Nothing much took place during the few days that hounds

were hunted by Charles Hawkes, until the last day he hunted them, which was on St. Stephen's-day. They had a capital day's sport, and singularly enough Hawkes hurt his shoulder, and had to take hounds home in consequence:—

‘December 20th. Bickerton Bar. Fried Marston Whin, blank.  
 ‘Found in Hutton Thorns; away at once towards Hutton,  
 ‘turned to the left past Rufforth, left Harewood's Whin  
 ‘on the right, passed Hessay, pointed for Red House  
 ‘Wood, turned up to Marston station; to ground under  
 ‘the railway. Forty-five minutes; fast. After we had  
 ‘moved off to draw again, the fox bolted. Charles, riding  
 ‘fast to get hounds on to their fox, forgot the big drain;  
 ‘his horse failed to clear it,—he was pitched on the bank,  
 ‘and hurt his shoulder badly. Hounds killed the fox.’

They ran up to Hessay station, racing all the way, and close to the station they ran into their fox. A sharp frost came on at night, and for once in a way a frost was opportune, for there was no one able to take hounds on to Bishop Woods on the 27th, if that had been a hunting day. The weather was very unsettled in the latter part of December and the beginning of January, though there were no long stoppages. The unsettled weather affected sport considerably, and it was not till late in the month that they had a really good day:—

‘January 27th. Frost all gone. Met at Kirkby Overblow.  
 ‘Found in Swindon Wood. Ran a very fast ring nearly  
 ‘to Parkin's Wood, round to the right, and to ground in  
 ‘the hanging covert above Punch Bowl. Twenty minutes.  
 ‘A fox viewed. Away, ran across the Hagg to Spofforth,  
 ‘Follifoot, over the Crimple, turned to the right to ground.  
 ‘One hour. Found in Linton Spring Wood; killed in  
 ‘Stockeld. Found another in Devonshire Whin; ran to  
 ‘Stockeld, then a ring and away, leaving Wetherby on the  
 ‘right, past Ingmanthorpe Whin, and to ground close to  
 ‘Cowthorpe in the old drain. Good run; one hour.’



‘January 30th. Bickerton Bar. Found in Marston Whin; ran to Bilton, the Loft, past Duce Wood; killed near Catterton. Twenty minutes. Found in Hall Park Springs; killed in covert. Away with another towards Walton, past Boggart House, Hatfield’s planting, to Champagne Gorse, over the road to Ingmanthorpe Willow Garth; the Old Wood, pointed for Kirk Deighton, then to Geldart’s planting, nearly to Cowthorpe; turned at Goose Moor, back to Ingmanthorpe Willow Garth, and killed. One hour and ten minutes. Good day.’

Speaking of this day, Smith says that there was a very wild field out, and hounds were terribly overridden in the first run, so much so that he thinks it was very creditable on the part of hounds to kill in such a satisfactory manner. Of the last run, he says, ‘It was a very good finish to a capital day’s sport.’ I should be inclined to think that this was the best day they had had up to the date.

‘February 7th. Kiddall Lane. Found in the thick hedgerow, near the old hall, a lame fox; killed. Found in Saw Woods; ran to ground in Thorner, bolted; killed. Found in Mr. Naylor’s grounds near Seacroft, ran into Mr. Wilson’s coverts; turned up the hill, and ran fast past Merrick to Barnbow, headed for Barwick Mill, turned back to Seacroft, back to Merrick, and back to where we found, and lost. Found at quarter to four at Kirkby Hill; ran up to Thorner, short back to Eltofts, Seacroft plantings, Wike Whin, turned to the School House Whin, left Bardsey on the left, Ruler on the right, to Norwood bottoms; left Bramham Park on the right, Westwoods on the left, to Boston Spa, and killed in Padman’s garden. A good hunting-run of an hour and thirty-five minutes; horses tired.’

Perhaps the run of the season took place on the second of March, and that notwithstanding that their fox fairly beat them:—

‘March 2nd. Woodhall Bridge. Found in the Punch Bowl, a

‘ringing fox, no scent. Found in Rougemont Carr. Ran  
‘ring, no scent. Found in Swindon Wood. Away at once,  
‘the fox being viewed as we left the wood; crossed the  
‘Punch Bowl, left Kirkby on the left nearly to Parkin’s  
‘Wood, turned to Walton Head, left Swindon on the left,  
‘up Dunkeswick Hill, over Weeton bottoms, past the station  
‘nearly to Almscliff, left it on the right, passed Baily’s  
‘Whin, left Riffa on the left, and straight for Lindley Wood,  
‘leaving it on the left. Lost the line, scent failing entirely.  
‘A tremendous run, one hour and ten minutes. Few horses  
‘with them. A grand line, and grand fox. Dog pack.’

Smith’s diary says that it was on the edge of Leathley Moor that they lost their fox, and he gives it as a nine-mile point, and eleven miles as hounds ran.

The season finished on April 14th, when they met at Alwoodley Crag, and finding in Scotland Wood, ran to Meanwood and back to Weetwood, and killed. They had a smart burst with their second fox; finding him in Mosley Wood, and running to ground at Dr. Clifford Allbutt’s house. They hunted one hundred and twenty-one days, and were stopped fourteen. They killed fifty-seven brace of foxes, and ran forty-four and a half brace to ground. It was a bad scenting season on the whole, but they had several good runs, and as is not infrequent in a season when the weather is so changeable and unsettled, the good runs came on unlikely days.

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This practically brings the diaries to an end, for Mr. Fox only kept his until the December of 1885, and Smith his until 1889, when he only kept it for a part of the season. The History of the Hunt from this date to 1896 I shall have to give from other sources; and though the diaries will be called upon when they are available, it will be better to leave this part of the History for another chapter.







## CHAPTER VII.

FROM 1885 TO 1896.

THE ten seasons which the present chapter covers will necessarily be briefly treated, as but little has been written about the Bramham Moor during the period, and information is but scanty, especially during the earlier portion of the time.

1885-86. The season commenced on September 7th, when the old hounds were sent on to Byram, and had a rare morning amongst the cubs, getting hold of three, scent serving well. Two days afterwards they were at Byram again, as there was so much corn standing in other parts of the country that they could not hunt elsewhere. Byram answered well to the call made upon it, and again they found cubs, one of which they killed.

On November 11th they had a good day. They met at Wescoe Hill, and found in Riffa, running hard in covert for half an hour. Then they forced their fox out into the open, and ran him fast by Lindley Wood, killing at Snowden Carr after a fast fifty minutes. A second fox was found in Rouge-mont Carr, and him they hunted up to North Rigton. Here

there was a long check, the fox having turned into Huby village. Getting on the line again they ran fast past Baily's Whin, and killed within a field of Lindley Wood. This was a good run of an hour and twenty minutes, and made up a capital day's sport.

I must now give some extracts from Mr. Fox's diary; two of them descriptive of excellent days' sport, and the other interesting as the last entry in a diary which has been kept with the greatest care, and which reaches over a period which but few hunting diaries cover:—

'November 20th. Deighton Bar. Found in Ingmanthorpe Wood. Away fast to Sandbeck Wood, and swinging to the right left Ingmanthorpe on the left, and ran straight past Cowthorpe Woods to the river, crossed, and ran to Hunsingore. Scent changed. Ran to Ribston, back to Hunsingore; nearly caught him, but he beat us and got to ground. Found in Armitage's plantation. Ran to ground by Walshford Bridge. Found again, hunting run, but were beat. First run very fast.'

'November 30th. Weeton. Found fox. Headed from Rouge-mont Carr twice. Went to Swindon. Found. Ran nicely to Stockeld to ground. Found on the Haggs a fox that had been on his legs and killed. Found in Cocked Hat Whin, and ran to Stockeld to ground. Found in Limekiln Wood. Away very fast to Swindon Wood, nearly to Harewood Bridge; along the river side, up the hill to Clap Wood, and again round by Kirkby to the Punch Bowl; two lines. Dark, and horses tired; stopped hounds. A very hard day. One hour and eighteen minutes.'

'December 28th. Woodhall Bridge. Found. Ran to West End Planting, Sicklinghall, Stockeld, to the railway, and lost. Very stormy; came over the bridge. Tried Keswick Ox Close and Langwith, blank. Found at Wetherby Grange; gave it up.'

They hunted on till April 17th, when they brought the

season to a close at Beckwithshaw Bar, whence they had a fair day's sport. They found in Harlow Carr, and drove their fox out over the Harrogate road straight to Birk Crag; but they soon had him in the open again and ran nicely, pointing for Killinghall Moor. There he was headed, and they made a short turn to Birk Crag and Beckwithshaw, and back again to Birk Crag, where they ran into him after a smart gallop of thirty minutes. A second fox was found in Killinghall, and him they took away smartly through Birk Crag and Beckwithshaw and over the road into Haverah Park. Here they made a sharp turn to the left over the wall on to Rigton Moor, where they ran a ring, and then over the ditch on to Stainburn Moor, where they killed. Almscliff Whin held a fox, and him they ran by the Crag and through Baily's Whin to Huby, and there they lost. Bates's Wood, at Pannal, provided the last fox of the day. He went away at once in a westerly direction to the edge of Moor Park, where they made a sharp turn to the left, and crossed Rigton Moor into Almscliff Crag, where the fox undoubtedly went to ground, as though hounds had a line over the moor it was undoubtedly a stale one.

The season was a satisfactory one, and throughout sport was good and scent served fairly. They hunted one hundred and nine days, were stopped by frost twenty-nine days, killed sixty brace of foxes, and ran thirty-one brace to ground.

1886-87.—The following season was a good one, though again there were many disappointments owing to the weather. Indeed, perhaps such a series of disappointing seasons scarcely ever was known as that which is treated of in this chapter.

The opening day was on Monday, November 1st, the fixture being North Deighton. Deighton Spring held foxes, and with one of them they raced away smartly to the covert at the opposite side of the road, and pointed for Stockeld

Park ; but after crossing the Harrogate railway they turned short along the line side, re-crossing it at Spofforth and ran over the Crimple Beck, running into their fox on the beck side after a pretty burst of twenty-five minutes. They then went to Stockeld Park, where they soon found, and after a good deal of work in covert they ran a fox to ground between Wetherby Park and the railway. Cocked Hat Whin was next tried, and here they found, and ran hard over Spofforth Hags to Spofforth. Turning over the Hags they crossed the Harrogate railway and pointed for Follifoot, but turning short to the right they ran down to the Crimple Beck, over Spofforth Beck, and across the railway again nearly to Stockeld, where the fox began to run short, and they rolled him over.

On January 29th they had a cracker. They met at Wike, and after a short spin with a fox there, which resulted in hounds being beaten, they went to Harewood. In the plantation near Eccup reservoir they found three foxes, and one was chopped at the start. With another they got away smartly, and ran him hard by Greystone and through Burdon Wood, giving the field the slip completely. Through Rawdon Gill they ran, and by dint of hard riding Smith and the first flight got to them when they got to Burdon Bank. From there they ran over Arthington Park, through Bow Shaws, Breary Spring, and over the Leeds and Otley road to Bramhope Moor. Here the pace, which had slowed down a little, began to quicken, and they ran due west to None-go-by-us, leaving the house on the right, and pointed for Rawdon Hall in Airedale. Headed here, the fox turned down towards the river at Apperley, and they ran him to ground in Apperley Crag Wood. He was barely a hundred yards in front of hounds when he reached the friendly earth. It was a ten-mile point, and out of a large field only fifteen were up to hear Smith's 'who-whoop.' The season finished



at Bramham Park on April 15th, but they had only a moderate day's sport. They found in Blackfen, and after an hour's running in the woods they killed. They found again in Westwoods, and ran about them and the neighbouring woods all day with a moderate scent.

During the season they hunted ninety-nine days, killed sixty-six brace of foxes, ran to ground twenty-nine and a half brace, and were stopped twenty-seven days.

1887-88.—The next season was remarkable for an almost unprecedented incident in the history of the Hunt. They had a blank day for the first time for many years. But though the weather was more troublesome than it had been the two previous seasons, and scent was only catchy, they had some good sport, and accounted well for their foxes.

The opening day was at the Cross Roads, Bramham Moor, on Wednesday, November 2nd. After drawing Oglethorpe Whin blank, they found in Bramham Willow-beds and ran across to the Westwoods, where there were several foxes on foot. They stuck well to one however, and ran him through Pickle Rash on to Lindrick Hill. Here they turned back to Westwoods, where there were again three or four foxes astir. They rattled away merrily through the wood to Lindrick Hill, and through Bramham Park and Whittle Carr to Blackfen, where the fox got to ground. Hounds hunted well and stuck to their fox well under difficulties. There was another fox in Blackfen, and after a couple of sharp turns in covert they ran over the Park and through Whittle Carr, pointing for Saw Wood, and then scent failed.

On April 13th the season finished at Hook Moor. They found in Ledsham plantations, and ran sharply through Ledsham Park back to the plantation and to ground. They went away with another, which they ran fast to Castle Hill and back. Then a fresh fox jumped up in view, and hounds divided. One lot went by Newfield, leaving Ledsham

village on the left, and ran smartly on to Buttress Hill, where they were run out of scent on the dry fallows. The other lot ran a ring round Ledsham Park, and were stopped. Castle Hill, Micklefield Wood, Daniel Hartley, Westwoods, Ringhay, Hayton Wood and Hazlewood were all drawn blank, and hounds then went home after a very hard and disappointing day. They hunted one hundred and ten days, killed fifty-nine and a half brace of foxes, ran twenty-four and a half brace to ground, were stopped thirty days and had one blank day.

1888-89. The weather did not interfere so much with sport during the next season, when hounds were only kept in kennel about a third of the time that they had been in the preceding ones. There was a fair scent throughout the season, and sport on the whole was satisfactory. I have been unable to get particulars of any run during this season in which hounds were out a hundred days, having been stopped twelve days by frost. They killed fifty-nine and a half brace of foxes, marked twenty-two and a half brace to ground, and had not a blank day.

1889-90. Still more propitious was the weather in the season under notice, and taken on the whole it was a very good one. They commenced cub-hunting on September 3rd, and the regular season on Monday, November 4th, when they had a good day's sport, of which I give Smith's account :

‘November 4th. Woodhall Bridge; the opening meet. Found  
 ‘a lot of foxes at Woodhall, and killed a brace. Took  
 ‘another away, and ran to ground beyond Sicklinghall.  
 ‘Found again in Stockeld Park; had a nice thirty-five  
 ‘minutes to Walton village, and hunted slow after to  
 ‘Walton Wood to ground. Found in Smith's Whin. Ran  
 ‘a ring nearly to Kirk Deighton, through Armitage's and  
 ‘over the river, and stopped hounds. Found a nice show  
 ‘of foxes in Deighton Spring; took one away a twisting  
 ‘run to Kirk Deighton, and killed. A fair, good hard  
 ‘day's sport.’

On January 31st they had a very good day. The fixture was Tockwith, and after drawing Wilstrop Wood blank, they proceeded to Marston Whin, where they soon found, and were as quickly in the open, running at a great pace over the York road and past Marston village, pointing for Hutton Thorns. Bearing to the left a little, they looked once like making for Wilstrop Wood; but instead of crossing the road they kept on in an easterly direction, running at a capital pace, and bearing to the right they ran on by Rufforth and Knapton, below which village they pulled him down after a severe forty minutes over a big and deep country. As they went to draw Hutton Thorns they got on the line of an outlying fox, and ran him fast, pointing first for Askham. They soon turned, and ran in the direction of Healaugh, and turning sharp back again passed through Swann's Whin and Askham, and out to Hutton Thorns and back again to Rufforth, and finally they marked their fox to ground between Angram and Healaugh after a good but somewhat twisting run.

During the season they hunted one hundred and fifteen days, killed sixty-seven brace of foxes, ran thirty-three brace to ground, and were stopped nine days.

1890-91. From this date I have little more to go upon than my own notes and a few statistics which have been furnished by Smith. The season under notice, which is the first in which I hunted regularly with the Bramham Moor, was a very good one, though for one reason or another I chanced to miss their best things: a circumstance which is not entirely without parallel amongst hunting men. The weather played havoc with the season in some measure, as hounds were confined to the kennel twenty-eight days. They hunted one hundred and six days, killed sixty-seven brace of foxes, and ran thirty-five brace to ground. They had one blank day. Two very good gallops in February may be given as

specimens of a good season. On the 27th of that month they met at Bickerton Bar, and after drawing Marston Whin and Wilstrop Wood blank, they found two, if not three, foxes in Hutton Thorns. One of these they soon had in the open, rattling him along at a good pace in the direction of Marston, but bending to the right they carried a good head through Wilstrop Wood and on to Tockwith. Leaving that village to the right they raced on over a big country to Marston Whin, through which they drove their fox without a pause, and they ran into him two fields farther on, after a very pretty forty-five minutes. A second fox was found in Nova Scotia, and at a good pace they ran through Bilton Wood and on to Bickerton Bar. Here the fox made a short turn to the right past Bilton Hall, and pointed towards Wighill, hounds finally marking him to ground at Healaugh. My notes say that these were two very good gallops.

1891-92. A lot of satisfactory sport with a good serving scent, is Smith's opinion of this season, the epitome of which is as follows:—They hunted one hundred and five days, killed sixty-five brace of foxes, ran twenty-seven and a half brace to ground, and were stopped twenty-six days.

One run this season was a typical Bramham Moor run, and was one of the best I saw that season. Indeed, take it all round, it is a run which stands out as the ideal of what a run should be, for hounds hunted steadily, and raced when scent served. They met at Thorp Arch on Friday, November 6th. A fox was hallooed away from the Hall Wood as hounds were moving off, and at first there did not appear to be much scent, for hounds had to work hard for the line. They hunted on steadily and patiently till they crossed the Harrogate and Church Fenton railway at the Trust Farm, and then the pace began to improve, and they were soon going at a good hunting-pace along the Wharfe side to Etedike. Here they checked, and there was a halloa

forward to Shire Oaks. Hounds soon picked up the line, though there was some suspicion that we had left our fox in some thorns at Esedike. They ran a ring round Shire Oaks, and soon made it too hot to hold the fox, forcing him out in the direction of Wighill village, which they left on the left hand, pointing for Walton. Bearing to the right, they left Wighill Park on the left and ran hard to Duce Wood. Here there were two or three foxes, and Smith hovered a moment to see whether his fox was left in the wood. But hounds came out carrying a rare head, and it was 'catch them who can' as they crossed Catterton Drain, which was not jumped by everyone, and raced along to Catterton Spring. The pace slackened a little as they ran on parallel to the old Roman road to Billbrough Whin, but it was quite fast enough for those who were there, and horses began to jump short and falls came with nearly every fence up to Ainsty Spring. From here two or more foxes went away, and hounds were soon away with one over the road, by the Wild Man, and into the York and Ainsty country. Leaving Street Houses to the left, they ran nearly to Colton Hagg House. There they turned left-handed, and hunted slowly past Billbrough village (quite fast enough for the few who were left, though) to Askham Richard, and then, with a left-hand turn, back to Ainsty Spring, where they ran into him after a capital run of three hours. Very few were there when the fox was eaten, and a large part of the field was left at Wighill village.

1892-93. 'A real good season, and capital work for 'hounds,' says Smith of the next one, though for one reason or another, hounds were not out so many days as they had been in the previous one. They hunted ninety-nine days, killed sixty-eight brace of foxes, ran twenty-four and a half brace to ground, and were stopped twenty-four days.

A good day's sport in this season, though it must by

no means be thought that it was the best, or even the best in the Friday country, was that on March 3rd, when the fixture was the Wild Man. They found their first fox in Billbrough Spring, and at racing pace they ran him past the hall to Angram village, where he took refuge in a drain. Here they left him, but they had not got a couple of hundred yards away from the drain mouth before he bolted of his own accord, and they ran hard for a few minutes and again marked him to ground in a rabbit-hole midway between Askham and Billbrough, whence they speedily scratched him out and killed him. Then they went to Collier Hagg, and in the New Plantation adjoining they found. Running first to Hutton Hall, they worked through the gardens and over the road, and thence hunted a somewhat twisting line to Marston Whin. Not much time was spent here, and they were soon running at an improved pace to Bilton, and over the Park to the York and Wetherby road, which they crossed. Leaving Tockwith on the right they ran down to Munster Hagg, and bearing right-handed all the time, passed Broad Oak down to the banks of the Nidd. They ran merrily along the grass on the river banks to Cattal, and over Nether Carr and past Stank House to Tockwith village. Here they made a short turn back, and ran parallel to the road to Munster Hagg, and then crossing the Bickerton and Cattal Lane they ran on to Ingmanthorpe Willow-garth, and pulled their fox down on the beck side between that covert and the Ingmanthorpe New Plantation. It was a pretty hunting-run of two hours, in which a lot of good country was crossed, and it made up a good day.

1893 94. Wild weather and at times a catchy scent were the chief characteristics of the season now under notice, but frost did not interfere so much with sport as it had done in the few preceding seasons, hounds only being confined to the kennel eleven days. They hunted one hundred and one

days, killed seventy-one and a half brace of foxes, and ran thirty-one and a half brace to ground.

On Monday, December 4th, they had a capital day's sport from Kirkby Overblow. The first draw was Walton Head Whin, and here a crowd of foot-people had taken up their stand on the down-wind side of the covert, which was, of course, the likeliest place for a fox to break. So Smith took up a firm position, and refused to put his hounds into the covert until they moved, and gave the fox a chance. The foot-people moved, and hounds had not been five minutes in covert before a fox broke at the very place where they had been standing. Hounds could only pick out a line at first, but as soon as they got over the field where the ground had been foiled by the foot-people they started to run hard, and racing their fox over Spofforth Hags, they left Parkin's Wood on the right, and twined to the left over the Hags road, and crossed the Wetherby and Harrogate railway at the tunnel end. Touching Rudding Park they ran over Follifoot Bridge and through Bleaching Ground Whin, leaving the Knaresborough and Leeds railway to the left and crossing the Plompton road. Here a slight check took place, the fox having threaded the garden hedges in the neighbourhood. But Smith caught sight of him, with arched back and draggled brush, and racing from scent to view, they rolled him over in the open at Forest Moor after a brilliant forty minutes. They drew Abbey's plantation blank, but Smith had barely got hounds out of the covert when a fox was seen to get out of a hedgerow. He was a twisting customer, and took a very 'devious' line to Harrogate Stray. Then they turned down to the railway, where they had a very narrow escape, as a train was coming out of the station best pace. Smith, however, managed to avert the disaster, but of course some little time was lost. Hitting off the line, they hunted back to where they had found, and then, bearing

to the right, they crossed the railway again, pointing for Spacey Houses. Holding to the left they ran through Spacey House Whin, and over the edge of Spofforth Hags. Here they turned to the left, and ran back to the Harrogate and Wetherby railway, which they crossed and recrossed three times, and then, swinging to the left, they ran down to the Crimble Beck, and alongside of it for three miles, sometimes at one side and sometimes at the other, the pace being first-rate now. Bearing to the right they crossed the Harrogate and Spofforth road, and ran by Forest Moor to the Knaresborough railway, where they got a view at their fox, and rolled him over within a quarter of a mile of Starbeck station, after a sporting run of an hour and ten minutes.

1894-95. The most disastrous season, perhaps, so far as the weather was concerned, was this one. For eight weeks hounds were never out of the kennel, and they were stopped altogether thirty-four days. It was, however, a good season for sport, especially after the storm. Hounds hunted ninety-five days, the shortest season I have had to record; they killed fifty-one brace of foxes, and ran thirty-seven brace to ground.

Of two runs in this season I am able to give a brief account from a letter written by Mr. George Lane Fox to a friend:—

‘My hounds,’ says he, ‘people think, have had very good sport. You will have heard of the run from Parlinton Hollins to the Electric Railway Station, killing close to the engine at Gipton Wood. Fifty minutes; one check. But *the* run was on December 3rd, from the little covert near Weeton station to Riffa. Left Leathley and Farnley on the left, passed Lindley Hall, turned from the wood, and ran straight for Almscliff; and leaving North Rigton on the right, rattled along the valley, and killed at the quarry



‘between Thurtle’s Whin and Pannal. Fifty-five minutes. I hear all the horses were fairly beat. One or two of the “thrusting scoundrels” say it is a disgrace to their horses and the Hunt. My old-fashioned opinion is that it was a real good run, and most creditable to the hounds. They were never checked and never spoken to. Nobody could touch them, even the roadsters were beat.’

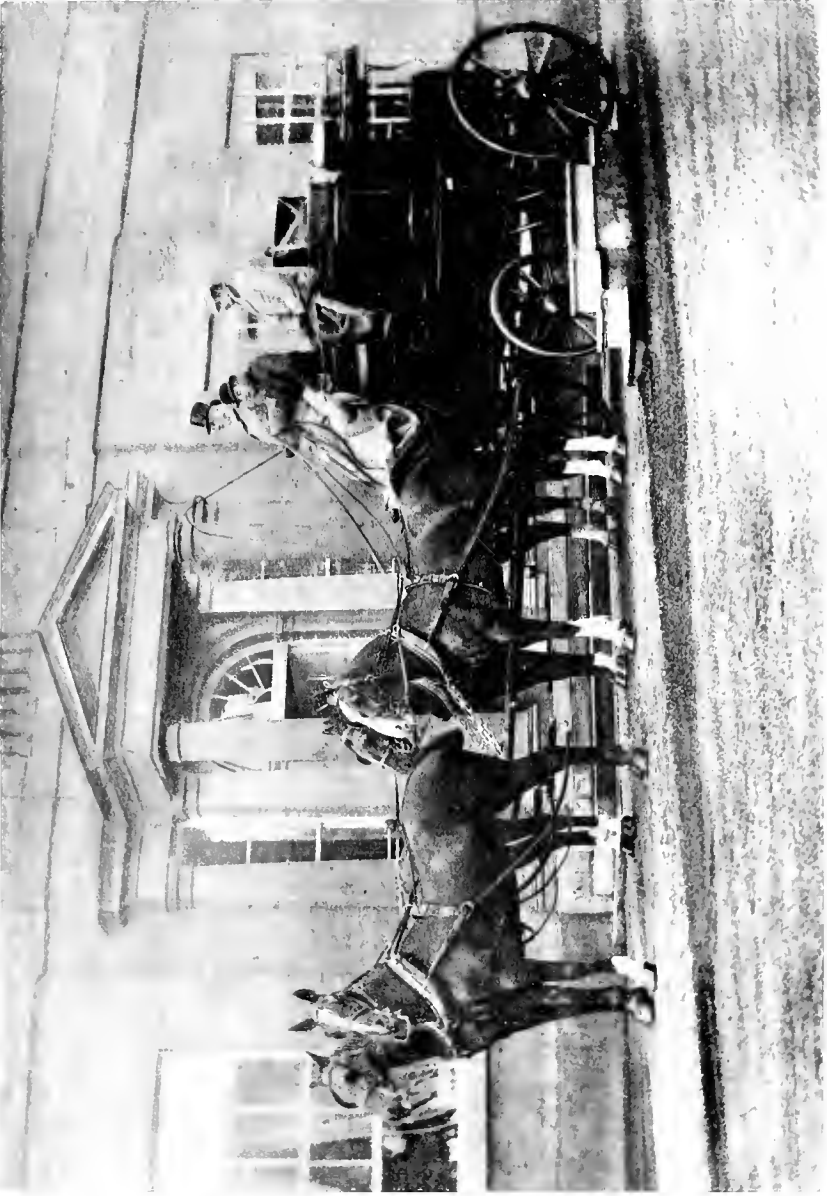
1895 96. This season, the last of which I shall have to speak, was a remarkably open one; but it was also a most unfortunate one, for that fell disease, mange, had broken out amongst the foxes, and as a matter of course sport suffered. Foxes were bad to find; they had two blank days, and frequently drew most of the day before they did find. But, notwithstanding these various drawbacks, they had some excellent runs. They hunted one hundred and nine days, killed thirty-five and a half brace of foxes, and ran thirty-two brace to ground, and they were only stopped four days.

Perhaps the run of the season was that which they had in the first week of the New Year. The fixture was Tockwith, the date, Friday, January 3rd. They drew Wilstrop Wood and all the coverts in the neighbourhood of the meet blank, and were proceeding to draw Hutton Thorns when an outlying fox was viewed a field from the covert, and so good a start did they get with him, that he was only some twenty yards in front of them when they entered Hutton Thorns. He made the best of his way, though, and had put some little distance between his pursuers and himself before he broke at the Rufforth end of the covert. Crossing the road he pointed for Marston station, but after crossing the drain they turned to the left and ran past Marston village and by Clump Hill, pointing for Marston Whin, which they left half a mile to the left, and crossing the Wetherby road ran across Fairy Carrs and over the hill between Nova

Scotia and Healaugh village down to Duce Wood. Here a large herd of cattle caused a check, and hounds were brought to their noses as they hunted on at the other side of them through the small enclosures behind Healaugh village. These difficulties overcome, they ran on at an increasing pace, crossing the Catterton drain at the Hell Hole. Bearing left handed, they raced over Normans Farm to the Askham road, along which the fox ran to Angram lane end. Thence they ran over the Angram road into the York and Ainsty country, and into Swann's Whin, where there was at least a brace of fresh foxes. Hounds stuck to their hunted fox however, and rattled him back over the Angram road, leaving Askham Richard to the left, and on to Bilbrough; leaving the Hall on the left, and crossing the Catterton road to Ingrish Hill. Here there were two lines, but Smith got them together without loss of time, and they just got a look at their fox. They skirted Bilbrough Whin, and ran into the old Roman road, down which they kept for some distance, and then turning to the right they ran on in the direction of Catterton village. The fox was now twisting and turning in every field and down every hedgerow, but he managed to reach Catterton Wood, where they pulled him down after a brilliant gallop of an hour and twenty minutes. It was not quite straight, but it could only be seen by riding the line, and the skirters were clean out of it. As hounds ran it would be something like thirteen or fourteen miles.

With this run I must bring my account of the doings of the Bramham Moor in the field to an end, hoping that I have not wearied my readers too much with a record of sport, which for such a difficult country, is unique indeed.









## CHAPTER VIII.

### MR. FOX AS A HORSEMAN AND COACHMAN.

'Here's to the arm that can hold 'em when gone,  
Still to a gallop inclined, Sir!  
Heads in the front, with no bearing-reins on,  
Tails with no cruppers behind, Sir!  
Let the steam pot  
Hiss till it's hot;  
Give me the speed of the Tantivy Trot.'

*Egerton Warburton.*

MR. FOX was a thorough horseman in the best sense of the word. He thoroughly understood all the details of the stable as well as of the kennel, and I have heard him tell how, when a boy, and hunting on his rough-coated pony,—for in his early days it will be remembered that clipping was only in its infancy,—his father insisted on him 'dressing' the pony himself when he came in from hunting, and used to watch the operation, seated on the corn-bin, to see that it was done properly. Mr. Fox held that it was the right way to train a lad to be a sportsman, and I think there is no one of experience who will not agree with him. No milk-and-water sportsman was he, and he was justly severe against some of the modern methods which prevail. 'How many men are 'there in this big field,' he once asked, 'who could attend 'to their horse, and make him comfortable after a hard day,

'if it so happened that he finished in an out-of-the-way place, and could not get home that night?' 'Now-a-days,' he added, 'it is usual, as soon as a boy is born, to provide him with a second horse, and a portmanteau of sandwiches, and a sherry cask.'

Mr. Fox was never at any time what is known as a 'bruiser,' and he had not much sympathy with those whom he used to call the 'thrusting scoundrels,' who ride regardless of spoiling sport; but he liked to see a man ride well up to hounds, and he himself was a fine horseman. His weight of course handicapped him a little, but he rode good horses, had a remarkable eye to hounds, and though he did not go out of his way to seek them, if big places came in his way he did not 'gallop round.' He had beautiful hands, and liked a horse with a bit of temper about him, recognising, doubtless, that high-spirited horses carried him best through a run. But no matter how unruly a horse might be, he never 'did anything' with Mr. Fox on his back,—the secret, of course, being the beautiful light hands for which he was famous. During the London season he frequently visited the late Newcome Mason's establishment, and he dearly loved to have a gallop on one of the pullers, if there was one of that sort in the stable. It is needless to say that in Mr. Fox's hands he was as steady as could be wished.

An instance of Mr. Fox's consummate judgment as a horseman is given on a preceding page, where it is related how he got through that good run from Marston to Stockton on the Courtier. His cousin, who was a light weight and a good horseman and well mounted, killed his horse, whilst the Courtier was able to come out again in his turn.

It has been said that the hands of a horseman are born with him, and that, like poets, they cannot be made, and there is a great deal of truth in the saying; but in all probability the fine hands for which Mr. Fox was distin-

guished were much improved by the practice he got in driving coaches from a very early age. Mr. Fox, it must be remembered, was the connecting link, if I may be allowed to use such a term, between the old and the new methods of quick travelling. Gentlemen of a preceding generation travelled in their own carriages drawn by post-horses, and it was not till 1786, a little above a hundred years ago, that the real glories of the road began. In a few years the improvement in public conveyances was so great, and the service was so much better, that they became generally used by all classes, but it was not till Macadam had rendered himself immortal by his new system of road-making, that the words of Nimrod, 'Coach travelling is no longer a disgusting and tedious labour, but has long since been converted into comparative ease, and really approaches to something like luxury,' could be said to apply literally.

Mr. Fox's first experience of a stage coach has been told before, I believe, but the story is such a good one, and is, moreover, so typical of the change which was rapidly coming over the country with the development of the coaching system, that it must be given once more, and in the squire's own words: 'I was shivering under the archway at Wetherby, when ten years old,' he writes, 'my father having sent me to meet the Glasgow mail, just put on the line from Doncaster, running via Pontefract, Aberford, Wetherby, &c. "Coachey" was at breakfast. My father's servant was ordered to book me an inside place to London on my way to Eton, and to give the guard a guinea to look after me. A stout fellow with red face came up, and said, "Are you young Fox?" "Yes." "Why, you've booked inside! "a gentleman rides upon t'box; come wi' mea!" He went to the office, and said, "This young gentleman has made a mistake; he wants outside to London, not inside; give us back two guineas." (Inside fare was four guineas, outside

‘two). He handed the two guineas to me and said, “There, “spend that when you get to school.” Dear old Jack! I did not forget him. My father was told that I had been seen on the box of the mail, talking to the coachman. He wrote me, regretting that I should have to travel by a public conveyance, but to sit cheek by jowl with the coachman was the vulgarest thing I could do, and desired me not to do it again. My father could only travel with four post-horses in a chariot by Barker. How sudden the change was! Old Jack let me “take hold” of quiet teams as soon as I was strong enough, and I did love the old Glasgow mail. Several times I have driven her from Alconbury Hill to the Cross Roads, Clifford Moor,—one hundred and forty-five miles.’

Within a very few years coaching became a chosen and favourite occupation with gentlemen, and Sir St. Vincent Cotton, the Duke of Beaufort, Mr. Foljambe, Sir Charles Ibbotson, and others too numerous to mention here, used frequently to drive the public coaches, and great coachmen as the gentlemen I have mentioned undoubtedly were, none of them were superior to or keener than Mr. Fox. Indeed, it was with him fox-hunting first, and coaching next. As he truly said, ‘The love of driving is born in some people, but there are plenty who cannot learn;’ and curiously enough he seems to have been the only enthusiastic coachman in the family, and he remarks himself that he does not know one of his relatives who cared for driving.

It is to this love of driving which is born in some people that the modern revival of coaching is to be attributed, and though Mr. Fox did not take a very active part in it, his interest was keen, and he had every sympathy with it, and he had one or two journeys on the coaches which ran out of London during recent years, notably the Tunbridge Wells coach, when Mr. Charles Hoare drove it.



How dearly Mr. Fox loved the rattle of the pole-chains may be better gathered from two extracts from those letters which I have had the privilege to look over: 'A well-appointed coach, not too full, or the dear old mail, was a pleasant mode of travelling, and the pleasure of rattling along, stage after stage, bound to keep time, roads in good order, to a creature born with love of coaching in him, was delightful.' . . . 'How charming four horses, trotting at a good pace, well able to do the work, just feeling the workman's hand, getting over the ground without any appearance of being in a hurry.'

Mr. Fox's anecdotes respecting the road, and his graphic descriptions of the old stage coachmen, are very interesting, and one would fain linger over them, as indeed one would over anything that emanated from his pen, so graphic and terse are his descriptions; but a couple more extracts must suffice; one an anecdote of the road, and the other a description of a coachman named Conway, who was the son of a clergyman, and who used to drive the Leeds and Manchester mail. 'He drove the mail to the end,' writes Mr. Fox, 'forty-four miles in four hours to a minute, over Blackstone Edge. He was a splendid fellow: no talk, no nonsense, his attention devoted to his job; his power great, nerve grand, and most delicate hands.' Whoever, that has sat on a coach or handled a team, cannot see Conway handling his horses over Blackstone Edge, after reading this vivid description of him!

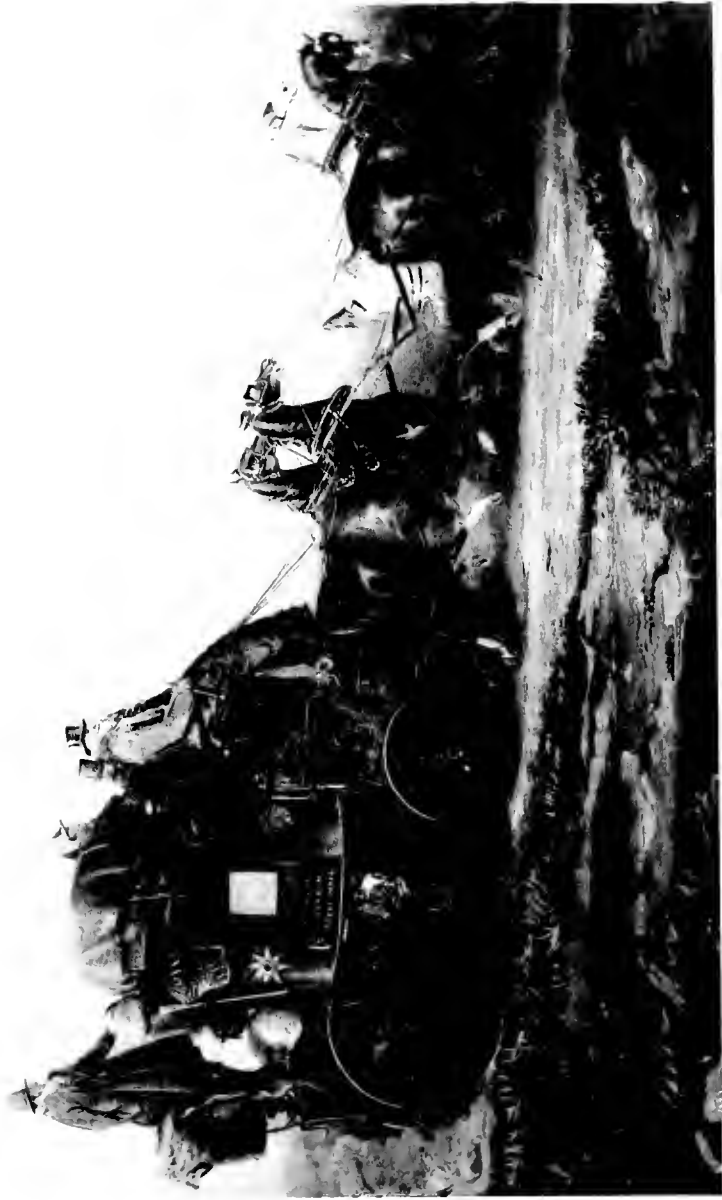
On one occasion when the squire was driving the mail, an outside passenger gave him half-a-crown, of which he was very proud; as was his friend, the late Mr. George Lowther, when a clergyman gave him the same sum once when he got to his journey's end at Bridlington.

But to the anecdote, which is as follows: 'Your leader that cantered off reminds me of a skewbald leader of Billy

‘Cooper’s. “First time I have seen him trot for a fortnight.” ‘What has been the matter?’ “Why, John Bastard was ‘coming up, and he drove quietly until we got nearly to ‘Charing Cross, when a man in a trap tried to pass, Johnny ‘let go his whip, and the horse has never settled till to-day.” ‘Johnny,’ adds Mr. Fox, ‘was neat with his whip, and it ‘often did harm.’ A hint this that young coachmen will do well to bear in mind, for when a man can handle his whip well, and it is by no means an every-day accomplishment, he is rather apt to show his capabilities in that line.

It would be an impertinence to say that in all matters connected with the management of a country Mr. Fox was thoroughly at home, and the management of a country is often a more difficult task than the management of the hounds in the kennel and the field. There are conflicting interests to keep balanced, shooting men and shooting tenants to oblige, and countless other things to do, which call for the exercise of the greatest self-denial. A master of hounds has no bed of roses, even in so sporting a country as the Bramham Moor, and doubtless much of the diplomatic part of the work was irksome to a man of Mr. Fox’s straightforward nature. He has been heard to say, when sorely put on, and feeling that he would like to give expression to his thoughts, that the position of a master of foxhounds in these days was nearly as degrading as that of a Member of Parliament. He could, however, and sometimes did, hit out rather hardly when a man laid himself particularly open to reproof.

The following letter shows how masters of hounds are sometimes treated, and also shows that Mr. Fox at least knew how to reply to impertinent suggestions. I, of course, suppress names, date, and locality, as no good purpose could be served by making either public.





‘Bramham, April, 18—.

‘Dear Sir,—A master of hounds is a servant, and must expect to be treated to fault-finding. I regret that you do not approve of my mode of hunting the country, but your pamphlet, though it informs me that you found the remains, and that your dog disturbed a fox, that from tittle-tattle with other people you were able to inform me that —— and —— did not allow their foxes to be destroyed: am much obliged to you for stale news. But do not suppose all this throws me off the line. Business is business,— you wrote to say you had twenty foxes, and many litters of cubs bred on your ground last summer. My foxhounds, at the earliest opportunity, drew your coverts blank. Again I arranged a meet purposely to draw your coverts,—again blank. If you had twenty foxes when you wrote to me, you and your keeper are pretty clever to have got rid of them so quickly.

‘I believe my hounds—excuse me standing up for what you call “my dogs”—“’Ounds, sir!” as Jerrocks said to the lawyer.

‘I agree with you about the great pleasure of seeing pointers or setters work, especially on a moor, and how delightful to see the clever performance of a good retriever. If I was your age again, I should enjoy shooting over dogs as I have done before you were born, and still support fox-hunting, a fine sport, and giving enjoyment to many.

‘I thank you for offering to educate a foxhound for me. You may be good at breaking pointers or retrievers, you may train a poodle dog, but you are ignorant about foxhounds and fox-hunting. I have to break one hundred foxhounds, that is, I have to secure the service of a clever man who can do it. I have bred hounds for —— years with great care, and in this bad-scenting country could do nothing without “nose.” Sportsmen do not find fault with my hounds. They are celebrated for hunting a cold scent, and chasing hard when near their fox. This has been a bad scenting season, but the number of foxes my hounds have killed makes them (the hounds) laugh at your sneers, luckily for the people who enjoy a cheerful day out hunting.

‘The greater portion of the landowners do not permit  
 ‘their servants to interfere with foxes. Before you were born  
 ‘—— Woods, —— Wood, ——, ——, &c., were full  
 ‘of foxes, and rare sport hounds had, and how the farmers  
 ‘enjoyed it! Then came the selfish gun, poison, and blank  
 ‘days. Many good farmers with capital gave up their farms,  
 ‘and I venture to say the neighbourhood was not benefited.

‘Present my compliments to your friend, “the hunting  
 ‘“man and rare sportsman, and a member of your Hunt,”  
 ‘and tell him I should be glad if he will tell me how to  
 ‘hunt the country. I know some people will be more happy  
 ‘without a fox or a cheery hunt. I only wish ——, his  
 ‘friend, ——, ——, and if you like —— had £10,000,  
 ‘a year in Norfolk.’

‘I have run into a pamphlet, and apologise.

‘Yours truly, G. LANE FOX.’

The last gentleman alluded to in the letter, I need scarcely say, was the recipient of it.

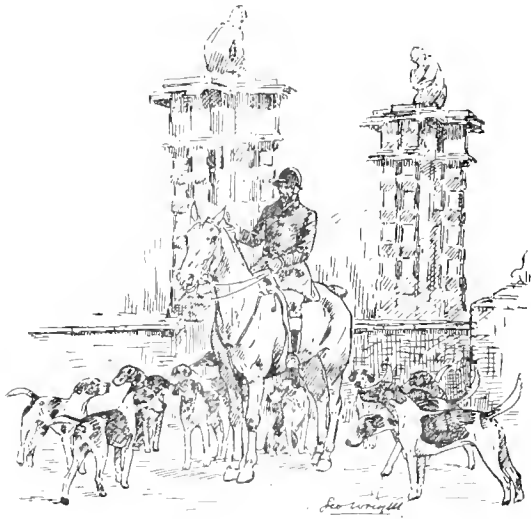
As it is somewhat connected with the troubles which masters of hounds have to encounter, and the unjust criticism they have to put up with from the ignorant, I may perhaps be forgiven if I give an extract from a letter of Sir Charles Knightley’s on the subject. It is unnecessary to say that Sir Charles, who hunted the Pytchley country for one season, was one of the hardest men in the shires, and that on those two well-known hunters of which Dick Christian speaks, Sir Mariner and Benvolio, he was a very awkward customer to tackle. His opinion upon the question of sport, therefore, is especially entitled to respect, as he was a riding as well as a hunting man:—

‘Do we ever see runs like those of old in the present day?  
 ‘If not, what is the cause? Hounds never were better  
 ‘than now, or altogether better managed. The sole reason  
 ‘is this: where in former days there were fifty men out  
 ‘there are now three hundred. Formerly five or six men

used to ride hard, and if they knew but little of hunting, they generally knew when hounds were on scent and when not. At present everybody rides hard, and out of three hundred, not three have the slightest notion whether they are on or off scent. Although probably there are not three horses which could live with them through a clipping run, there are an ample number good enough to ride over them, and prevent their settling to a scent. When hounds are up to the mark they are apt to have a little fling and fly in them, and to go over it, and if they have room will come back again and catch hold of it; but how is it possible with three hundred red-coats close to their stems? When there is a lack of sport one man abuses the hounds, another the huntsman. A few days ago I overheard one man, speaking of Derry, say, "He is a slow fellow, and does not know what to do with his hounds when he comes to a check." The next week I was out with Mr. Drake I heard another sportsman say, "There's no chance of sport with these hounds; that fellow Wingfield will never let his hounds alone, and is always lifting them, so that they will never put their heads down." If they had but room neither Derry nor Wingfield would be found fault with. It is difficult to know what to do with an immense ungovernable field. If you do not cast your hounds the steam of the horses and the noise of the crowd will prevent their hunting through it, and if you do cast them too much they are always looking for the huntsman. If therefore there is want of sport, let people attribute it to the right cause, which is the jealousy and *ignorance of the sportsmen*, and not the badness of the hounds, or want of science in the huntsman. If hounds were let alone and not ridden upon, they would rarely miss a day's sport. I remember a flash day at Brooksby Gate. Jack Raven took the best pack, eighteen couples, almost without a fault. They were so overridden they had not one atom of sport. The same day old Stephen Goodall went out with the wildest of the young hounds who wanted work, and a few old hounds:

‘Gayman, Stormer, &c. They found near Prestwold.  
 ‘Stephen said, “Let them alone: let ’em lose him if they  
 ‘“will.” They had a hunting run of three hours, and  
 ‘killed him. Sixteen miles from point to point. I mention  
 ‘this to show that if about two hundred and fifty of the  
 ‘Nimrods of this day would go to the splashing shop  
 ‘instead of going a-hunting, they would save themselves  
 ‘a world of trouble, anxiety, and expense, and would allow  
 ‘those who really love hunting to have a constant and  
 ‘uninterrupted fund of enjoyment.’

Which homily I leave for the careful consideration of  
 culprits and others, in the hope that they will profit thereby.







## CHAPTER IX.

### BRAMHAM MOOR HUNTSMEN.

THE Bramham Moor Hunt has generally been fortunate in its huntsmen. They have almost always been men who have spent long years in the country in one capacity or another; and this, it need scarcely be said, is a very important factor in the well-being of a pack of hounds. Of the earlier huntsmen but little record remains, and until Treadwell's time there is not much to be learnt about them beyond their names, and in some instances, the length of their service.

The first huntsman whose name comes down to posterity is Martin Walkerley, a heavy man with a remarkably fine voice; and as that is specially mentioned of him, it is to be presumed that he was not chary in the use of it. He was huntsman to Mr. James Lane Fox, who, though never himself a hard-riding man, was particularly careful to have his servants well mounted, a tradition which, it need scarcely be said, is maintained to this day. In the kennel he was a good man, as indeed he had need to be with so particular a master, and he showed good sport, as is evidenced by the old records of the Hunt.

Luke Freeman, it may be stated here, was huntsman to Sir Thomas Gascoigne, though whether it was when that

gentleman hunted the Bramham Moor country, or later when he hunted that country which is now divided between Lord Middleton and the Holderness, I have not been able to ascertain. Indeed, the mention of these heroes of a bygone day is very infrequent, and the information about them is of the vaguest, whilst a date is scarcely, if ever, to be found.

Luke Freeman may, however, be mentioned incidentally here, as it is a well-known West Riding name. That he was a good huntsman we have excellent authority, for Tom Grant, who hunted the Goodwood hounds so ably during the latter part of the last and the early years of the present century, speaks of some capital hounds that went from Sir Thomas Gascoigne to Goodwood, and relates that Luke Freeman was an immense weight for a horse to carry, but was a very clever huntsman:—‘As good there might be, ‘but better, never!’ High praise this from a brother professional.

The first of Lord Harewood’s huntsmen of whom I have been able to learn anything was George Payne, who was many years with the pack, and carried the horn for six or seven seasons. For reasons which I have given in the preface I have been unable to give as many particulars respecting this huntsman as I could wish. That he was not a hound man I think seems to have been pretty generally acknowledged by his contemporaries, though he was ‘uncom-  
‘moñ keen.’ It was the riding part of the business that came more especially in his line, and if Nimrod is to be believed, he carried his keenness to the verge of rashness. Nimrod, it is true, was a ‘superior person’ who did not find much good out of the shires, but that, notwithstanding, there seems to have been a general concensus of opinion by those ‘old ‘hands’ whose memories have been rubbed up, that as a huntsman Payne was not a conspicuous success.

Will Bamford, who was the immediate predecessor of





Treadwell, carried the horn for many years, and was with the second Lord Harewood up to the time of that nobleman's untimely death. He was a good horseman, and an indefatigable and persevering huntsman in the field, and a rare hand at killing his foxes, though as a scientific hound-breeder he does not bear a great name. He was as keen as the second Lord Harewood, which is saying a great deal, and no day was too long for him. He had implicit confidence in his hounds, and once made a bet that they would kill forty brace of foxes before Christmas, and the season luckily remaining open, he was enabled to win his bet. After the death of Lord Harewood he retired, and was succeeded by Charles Treadwell.

Treadwell was the son of a man who had made for himself a great name as a huntsman in the difficult country presided over so long by Mr. Farquharson. For his father he acted as whipper-in, and on the retirement of the squire and old Jem Treadwell, he hunted the South Wiltshire. Like many as aspirant to fame he found that hunting a pack of foxhounds was not quite such an easy task as it looked; and a story is told of him which would-be huntsmen may well lay to heart. The squire and old Jem retired at the same time, and when relieved from the cares of office, and in a position of greater freedom than responsibility, they were wont to go out on their cobs, and criticise the proceedings confidentially. Instead of being the criticised, they became the critics. No doubt the younger bloods had thought old Jem slow, and perhaps he had lost the dash of his youth, so they would, as is the manner of the impatient, talk freely to the coming man of getting on, &c. On one occasion, Mr. Farquharson and old Jem went to see the South Wiltshire. There was a very bad scent, and Charles, in a hurry to kill his fox, and pressed by the hot spirits, impatient as usual, made one or two very wild casts when

his hounds came to a check. The squire shook his head, and said, 'I am sorry for you, Treadwell, that your son Charles should act in such a manner; he is a foolish young man.' 'He is, squire,' replied old Treadwell. Then came another check, and a wilder cast than ever. 'Treadwell,' said the squire, 'your son Charles is a fool.' 'Yes, squire, he is a born fool,' replied the old man. Anon came another check, and after a mad cast forward, the fox, who had slipped back, was lost. The squire approached his old huntsman with a look of commiseration on his countenance, and said, 'I am sorry to have to say it, Treadwell, but your son Charles is a d——d fool.' 'You are quite right, squire,' replied the old huntsman, disgusted at the display his son had made, 'he *is* a d——d fool.'

So spake these old veterans of Charles Treadwell in his first season as a huntsman; but he soon grew to be a past master in his profession, and his moderate start only served to accentuate his future success. He continued to hunt under Mr. Horlock for a few seasons, and then he went to the Quorn, under the mastership of Lord Suffield. After he had been here one season, Lord Suffield sold his hounds to Mr. Robertson, of Lady Kirk. It will be remembered that this was the pack which the great Ralph Lambton had made famous, and which could not take kindly to the ways of a Leicestershire field, and sold to Lord Suffield. But in their new country they did well, and it was with them that Treadwell first came prominently before the world as a skilful huntsman. For six seasons he and his pack made the lives of the Berwickshire foxes a burthen to them during one half of the year, and then Mr. Robertson retired, and Treadwell went to Lord Harewood. For six seasons he hunted the hounds for Lord Harewood, and then he went on to Bramham when Mr. George Lane Fox succeeded to the mastership. During the twenty-three years in which he

carried the horn he showed excellent sport, and he also did much to bring the pack to that state of perfection which it has ever since maintained.

A heavy man, Treadwell always managed to be with his hounds, and Mr. Fox never found him an expensive man to mount; and though he was a man who would ride up to his hounds, he never rode jealous, nor, to use the words of his biographer in 'Baily,' tried to 'cut down the cornets.' He did not like hounds to have much cry, and was wont to say that he hated a hound that spoke twice where once would do. The consequence was that he got his hounds very light tongued, which is scarcely an unqualified advantage in a woodland country. He was quick and rather cheery with his hounds, and on a bad-scenting day, when hounds could just own a line after getting through a fence, he would carry them on to the next without hesitation. Nor was his confidence ever misplaced, as the fine record of sport which he showed during the twenty-three years he hunted the Bramham Moor country amply proves, and in 'Baily's Magazine' he is fittingly spoken of as 'that truly great man 'in his profession.'

On Treadwell's death, in June, 1865, Mr. Fox engaged Stephen Goodall, who had been fourteen years in Ireland, where, at the time Mr. Fox engaged him, he was hunting the Duhallows for Lord Doneraile. Goodall showed good sport in his way, and was energetic and persevering, but his way was not the way of the squire of Bramham. In the kennel he was a good man, as indeed what Goodall is not? and he was, like most of his family, a fine horseman. But he was one of the flash school of huntsmen, who thought he could catch his fox himself, and who was constantly galloping in the contrary direction to that in which his fox had gone in his endeavour to do so. To do him justice he killed a fair number of foxes, and gave his field plenty

of galloping; but Mr. Fox could not put up with the wild casts he made. 'There goes the stag,' he would say, when Goodall was galloping with his hounds in the contrary direction to that in which the hunted fox had gone, followed by an excited field. After a couple of seasons, Goodall, who by the way was the brother of Will Goodall of the Belvoir, and Frank Goodall who hunted the Royal Buckhounds, left, changing places with Fred Turpin, who was for some time with the Fife when Mr. Anstruther Thompson was master, and who went from Scotland to the V.W.H. Turpin's career in his new place was but a short one, but he made a very favourable impression, and would doubtless have made for himself a name in his new country had it not been for his sudden death. He was found in an unconscious state near Chestnut Grove, and it is believed that he had taken a fit. He, however, never recovered consciousness.

His successor was one of the famous Morgan family. This was Goddard Morgan, son of old Jem Morgan, whose name in hunting history will ever live. He was huntsman to the Old Berkeley till he was seventy-six years old, and Goddard started his career by whipping-in to him when he was hunting for Mr. Conyers, who, it seems unnecessary to say, was one of the foremost sportsmen of his time, and with whose name hunting in Essex is inseparably connected. He afterwards whipped-in to the Belvoir, and then he went back to his father as first whipper-in to the Old Berkeley under Lord Lonsdale's mastership. Subsequently he hunted that country under Lord Lonsdale, and afterwards Lord Malden. From the Old Berkeley he went to the Bramham Moor. In the kennel he had no superior, and he was undoubtedly a fine huntsman; but some of the hard-riding spirits thought him getting slow, and perhaps he was not quite so quick in getting away from the big woods as some of his predecessors. At any rate he left after three



seasons and went to the York and Ainsty, and after that to the Berwickshire, where he hunted for Mr. Watson Askew for several seasons. On leaving Mr. Watson Askew he practically retired, though he acted as stud-groom to Lord Derwent, then Sir Harcourt Johnstone, for a short time.

Morgan was succeeded by George Kingsbury, who had whipped-in to him and his predecessors. Kingsbury commenced by riding second horse to Treadwell, and then he went for a time to the Blackmoor Vale. He then came back to Bramham in the capacity of second whipper-in, and was quickly promoted to the place of first whipper-in. He was very quick as a whipper-in, indeed he sometimes took upon him the huntsman's place, and went away with hounds when he should have stopped behind. When Morgan left, Kingsbury had been back to Bramham six years, and though young, it was determined to give him a chance. Indeed, he was a great favourite alike with master and field, and when he took the horn he proved himself a capable huntsman. After hunting hounds for six seasons he retired.

He was succeeded by Tom Smith, who is a descendant of a long line of huntsmen who have made their name famous in their native Brocklesby country. Smith commenced by riding second horse to Philip Toccock, when he hunted the Brocklesby, and he afterwards acted in the same capacity to his father in the same country. A season as second whipper-in to his father gave him his first chance in the more practical part of his profession, and after that he went as second whipper-in to the Burton, and there he remained for five seasons. From the Burton he went to Sir Watkin Wynn, where he was first whipper-in under Charles Payne for seven seasons. That he got a good schooling under that distinguished huntsman there is no doubt, and that he profited by it those who have hunted with him can bear ample witness. From Sir Watkin Wynn he came to the

Bramham Moor, and when he came into Yorkshire he had no fewer than eight huntsmen's places offered to him.

It is needless for me to say much about Smith as a huntsman. Quiet and painstaking in the kennel and in the field, he is very patient, and he always knows what his hounds are doing, whilst on a bad-scenting day his skill is marvellous. He always gets to his hounds, yet he does not 'ride jealous,' and perhaps I may best sum his capabilities as a huntsman up by saying that from first to last he enjoyed the thorough confidence of Mr. George Lane Fox and his family.





## CHAPTER X.

### SOME WELL-KNOWN SUPPORTERS.

---

- 'Each tongue relates, with ardent breath,  
'Midst loud applauding cries,  
Who came the foremost to the "death,"  
And gained the noble prize.
- 'How Dick, the parson, jolly soul!  
Did dash through thick and thin;  
And Tom, the huntsman, reached the goal,  
With Jack, the whipper-in.'
- 

WITH 'the System of Meynell,' which, as I have shown, was so closely identified with the early history of the Bramham Moor Hunt, was also introduced that hard, not to say jealous riding, which may be said to have developed under the rule of the first great master of the Quorn. As in the kennels at Wothersome, Harewood, and Bramham was to be found one of the best packs in England, so in the field were to be found some of the hardest riders and the choicest spirits of their time. To most of them nothing came amiss. They were equally at home over the stone walls and moors of the west as they were over the drains of the Wighill and Selby

countries, and when they went into the latter districts they never made the excuse that they had 'left their water-jumpers at home.' Indeed, in the Shires or out of them, it would have been difficult to have found a 'harder' or more sporting field than that which followed the fortunes of the Bramham Moor.

Perhaps the pride of place should be given to 'the old offender,' which was the name by which Mr. Tom Fairfax of Newton Kyme was known amongst his hunting friends; a name, too, which seems to have been pretty well deserved from what can be learnt of his doings in the field. 'Resolved to be first,' was his motto, and it was his boast that, from twenty to seventy, he would never allow any man to go in front of him at a fence. He was as fine a horseman as he was a hard one, and no horse ever refused with him. In his dress he was rather peculiar, for instead of the orthodox top-boot he wore boots which came up to his thigh, something after the fashion of the celebrated Lord Alvanley, with whom he was a contemporary. Spurs he always eschewed, and he used a straight cutting-whip instead of a hunting-crop. One of the most jealous riders of his time, he kept going longer than falls to the lot of most men, and he occasionally harassed his son, Colonel Fairfax, when the latter was Master of the York and Ainsty, as he had harassed the Lords Harewood and the Lane Foxes in the days of his youth.

He was a very abstemious man, in an age when abstemiousness was not a conspicuous virtue, and he was athletic withal. Like a distinguished statesman, he was partial to the felling of trees, and was very skilful at this occupation. Indeed, there were Yorkshiremen who would have backed him against the statesman in question, and it is highly probable that he would have had the best of it. Descended from a long line of soldiers and statesmen, Mr. Fairfax

inherited the literary ability for which some of his ancestors were distinguished, as well as their pluck and hardihood; and the verses which are given elsewhere are not only sporting in tone and character, but they are well turned and graceful, and show remarkable powers of satire.

Foremost amongst the hard riders of his day was Mr. Fenton Scott, a typical Yorkshire squire of the olden school, an ardent believer in Englishmen and English ways, more especially if the Englishmen hailed from Yorkshire. A patriot of a type now extinct was Mr. Fenton Scott, as the following anecdote goes to prove:—

A dinner was given at Leeds at which the Dutch Minister was a guest, and speaker after speaker had flattered His Excellency with a fulsomeness which was very offensive to the downright and plain-spoken Mr. Scott. At last it was his turn to speak, and he proved quite equal to the occasion. ‘Mr. Chairman,’ said he, ‘I say — all foreigners, ‘and,’ looking full at the Dutch Minister, ‘especially — ‘the Dutch.’ The feelings of the guests at that meeting had better be left to the imagination of my readers, for they beggar description. I may add, however, that Mr. Fenton Scott was something of a fire-eater, and was always ready to back up his words and actions with his pistol. He had fought many duels; and it is related of him that on one occasion when he considered himself insulted, he took up a joint of veal and threw it at the gentleman who had offended him. Of course a hostile meeting was the result, and Mr. Fenton Scott was shot in the leg. ‘I would not have ‘cared if the beggar had not shot me in the sound leg,’ was the remark he made. He was a bold horseman, one who stopped at nothing, and was very keen.

On one occasion Mr. Scott went to hunt with the Belvoir. The horse he was riding was a bit of a screw, but he could both gallop and jump, and after hounds had been running

some time, he pounded the field, which, as may be believed, was no easy matter. When they once more got to Mr. Scott they found him seated on a gate, with his horse tethered to it, and the fox laid over his knees. 'Here's your fox, 'Mr. Goosey,' were the words with which he greeted the huntsman.'

Another keen sportsman who frequently hunted with the Bramham Moor in the olden time was Sir John F. B. Johnstone, a bold dashing man to hounds, but not a particularly fine horseman,—his son, Lord Derwent, and his grandson, the present Master of the Hackness Hounds, being his superiors in this respect. The Maxwells, Joe and Henry, from Scarthingwell, relatives of Lord Herries, could always take their own part. They were big fine-looking men, standing over six feet, and with Mr. Edwin Lascelles, brother to the third Earl of Harewood, made a trio it were bad to tackle when hounds ran hard over a big country. And here I may remark that though it is a big country to cross, and has a large proportion of plough, the Bramham Moor country has always been famous for the heavy weights that could hold their own in it, however fast the pace.

Another fine horseman and bold rider whose name is closely associated with the Bramham Moor hounds, was Mr. Edwin Markham, of whom it can be said with truth that to him naught came amiss. He was hard as nails, and was a prominent man in the Hunt. His father, General Markham, was a distinguished soldier, as well as a distinguished fox-hunter, and I may remark *passim* that the combination is well known in the present day. He was Colonel of the 32nd, and was sent for out of Central India to the Crimea, when things were not going too well with our army there, but died as soon as he reached, or just before he reached, the seat of war.

Of the late Mr. Egremont Lascelles it may be said that

no keener sportsman, and few better horsemen, ever crossed a horse; yet, strange to say, he gave up riding hard when quite a young man, after going for some seasons with the best of them. A light weight, and an elegant horseman, it was a sight to see him sailing over a country in that effortless style which is so rarely to be found, even in the first flight. Quite as keen, though heavier and perhaps not quite so elegant in style, was his brother, Mr. George Edwin Lascelles, who, I am glad to say, is still amongst us, taking as lively an interest in the sport of kings as he did in the days of his youth. A good man, especially on a rough horse, Mr. Lascelles in his younger days could

‘Tame the wild young one, inspirit the old;  
The restive, the runaway, handle and hold.’

and in its proper place it is told of him how he got to the end of a famous run on a kennel pony.

The ‘Cheeryble Brothers\*’ were very keen, and no men were more popular in the Bramham Moor country than these warm-hearted and charitable gentlemen, who were as well known by the title I have given them as they were by their patronymic of Cooper. The brothers were well nigh inseparable, and they hunted a great deal. But into the Wighill country they would not come. Over the stone-walls and fences of the west they could do well enough, but the wide and deep drains of the Ainsty were to them anathema. It is related of them that on one occasion they got into the Wighill country in spite of themselves. Where hounds met that morning I am not able to say, but the fox, with the perversity of his kind, and without consulting the convenience of the ‘Cheeryble Brothers,’ made straight for the Wighill country. Catterton drain and its tributaries were becoming unpleasantly near, and James, who had gone well

\* Messrs. William and James Cooper, of Gledhow.

up to this point, seemed inclined to stop. Not so William, who, acting on the 'In for a penny in for a pound' maxim, shouted to his brother, 'Come on, James, don't be cowardly!' The two went on to the end, but I have not been able to learn whether they ever conquered their aversion to a 'big 'drain country.'

The Yorks of Wighill were also very prominent sportsmen in their time. Mr. Edward York, whose son hunted the York and Ainsty for part of a season \* was a big man and a fine sportsman, but he never rode hard. He, however, always got to the end of a run, though he rarely jumped a fence, and no man knew the run of foxes better than he did. He was a hospitable man, keeping almost open house as his father had done before him.

Mr. 'Abraham' Brown, of Beilby Grange, now known, by the way, as Wetherby Grange, was a great supporter of both Lord Harewood and Mr. George Lane Fox. He bought Beilby Grange and went to live there, taking with him a useful stud of steeplechase horses. Of course there is always something which wants schooling in a stud of chasers, and Mr. Brown soon became highly popular amongst the younger members of the Hunt by the liberality with which he placed his horses at their disposal. He was himself a good man to hounds. It seems scarcely necessary for me to add that he afterwards sold the Grange to Col. Gunter, who is now generally seen out with the Bramham Moor whenever they are within reachable distance of him.

Harder riders and better fellows than the Gascoignes, Dick and Tom, it would have been difficult to find, even in hard-riding and hospitable Yorkshire. They were both in the Blues, and they brought half that sporting regiment to Parlington, whence they hunted right merrily, and I have

\* Col. York, of Hutton Hall, took the York and Ainsty in 1885, and died during his first season.







no doubt, upon occasion, caused master and huntsman to lose their tempers when scent did not serve. For they were hard-riding men, those same Blues, though they found their match amongst the country squires of the West Riding. And, by the way, may not the hard and straight riding which prevails in the Bramham Moor, York and Ainsty, and neighbouring countries, be in a great measure attributed to the friendly rivalry which has existed between 'the soldiers' and their civilian friends, a rivalry which is as ancient as hunting itself? And so may it long continue, provided always that hounds are not overridden, and masters' patience is not tried too much.

The Olivers of Lotherton were good men and true, 'uncommon fond of hunting,' and found worthy rivals in the Blands of Kippax, and the Ramsdens of Ledstone. The brothers, Stanhope and Martin Hawke, were also regularly to be found at the Bramham Moor fixtures, and always together. The elder of the two bred and owned that good racehorse, The Marquis, who won the Two Thousand and St. Leger of 1862, and succeeded to the title as fifth Lord Hawke. He was a very fine horseman, with the best of hands, and always with hounds. His brother Martin, however, never had much of an eye for a country, but he was hard enough, and would go anywhere that Stanhope, whom he always selected as his pilot, went. An eye to country, however, it was not his lot to possess. He was killed in the hunting-field, his horse falling across some rails over which he had followed his brother. This sad accident took place with the York and Ainsty hounds on the 19th of November, 1857. It is not a little curious that in the Badsworth Hunt song there should run a verse to the following effect:—

'And next him, on Morgan, all rattle and talk,  
Cramming over his fences comes wild Martin Hawke,

He'll break his neck, sure, either sooner or late,  
For he'd rather ride over than open a gate.\*

It is related of Martin Hawke that he always had a keen eye for anything relating to sport, and that he had little regard for anything else. On his return from the Grand Tour, which in his younger days it was *de rigueur* for every gentleman in his position to make, he was asked what he thought of the Continent, and what he had seen there? His reply was that *he had seen a very good pointer at Vienna!*

The keenest of the keen, as he was the most hospitable in a country famous for its hospitality, was Mr. Lamplugh Wickham, of Chestnut Grove. He kept open house, and there was always 'oceans' of claret for the followers of the Bramham Moor, whether natives or visitors, in which to drink the favourite and time-honoured toast: 'Bramham Moor and five-and-twenty couple.' Claret Grove was the name which Mr. George Lane Fox bestowed upon this hospitable mansion. Mr. Wickham was not only keen and a good man to hounds, in which respects his descendants follow his excellent example, but he was one of those men who are invaluable in a Hunt. If any little thing wanted smoothing down, or there was anything which required doing for the benefit of the Hunt, Mr. Wickham was the one to take it in hand, and bring it to a successful issue.

The Leeds contingent was not such a strong one in those days when railway accommodation was not, but there were some good men and true from the capital of the West Riding who threw in their lot with the Bramham Moor.

\* Another member of the Hawke family met with his death by a fall from his horse. This was Chaloner, third son of the first baron. The song from which the quotation is made was written by Mr. Martin Hawke, who, 'with George Osbaldestone, was the life and soul of the Hunt Club at Beverley,' in the early days of the Holderness. He was uncle to the Martin Hawke who was killed.





Foremost amongst these was Lawyer Payne, who, though no great horseman, was very fond of the sport, and always ready to lend a helping hand whenever his services were required for the benefit of the Hunt. Many a memorandum is to be seen in the old records to the effect that 'Mr. Payne 'was to be consulted,' or that 'Mr. Payne said';—in this respect the Leeds solicitor making common cause with Mr. Lamplugh Wickham whenever money was to be collected for a specific purpose, or anything was to be done for the good of sport. It is always a sign of a man being a 'good fellow' when his friends know him by some other name than his own. Mr. Payne was known as 'Champagne,' and the famous Champagne Gorse was named after him. The history of that well-known covert is as follows:—

Mr. George Lane Fox promised to give the land for the covert if the Hunt would find the money to plant it. Mr. Payne at once offered to find the money, and such was his persuasive eloquence that he was not long in getting it. It would have been a sad mistake had not his name been perpetuated in connection with it, for no better sportsman ever followed the Bramham Moor.

Amongst other Leeds supporters was Dr. Chorley, a capital sportsman, who, however, was handicapped by the circumstance that he had only one leg. This, of course, is sufficient to account for the fact that he was not a great horseman, but it did not affect his keenness in the least. Mr. Jowett, too, was a very good man, and so at a later date was Mr. Robert Goodson, a heavy man and a bold rider, who was always mounted on the best of horses. He was scarcely to be called a fine horseman, but he was always in front, and sometimes so much so as to call forth sarcastic reproof from the master. His death took place a few years ago in the hunting-field.

Though not contemporaries with most of the celebrities

of whom I have spoken, this seems a fitting place to mention two good sportsmen whose names occur to the mind as soon as the Bramham Moor hounds are mentioned. I allude to the late Mr. George Lowther and the late Mr. Tom Kennedy. Mr. Lowther was as devoted to hunting as is his brother, Mr. James Lowther, to the turf, and he knew as much about hounds and hound pedigrees, and was as keen of talking about them, as Mr. James Lowther does about the thoroughbred. Never a fine horseman in the best sense of the word, and never a hard man after I knew him, there was no man keener, and I do not know of anyone who saw so much sport. A capital pilot if you chanced to be thrown out, he seemed to have an instinctive knowledge of the run of a fox, as well as a very sharp eye to see when hounds turned. There was no better judge of the capabilities of a Hunt servant than he was, and he was quick to recognise merit in the subordinates. He was not one of those sportsmen who postpone their hunting operations till November, for though he was an all-round sportsman, hunting with him ever stood first. It was never too early in the morning for him to go cub-hunting, and he was generally attended by Mrs. Lowther and some of his family. I remember him asking me once on a fine October morning if I was going to the second October Meeting at Newmarket, and I shall never forget his reply when I answered in the affirmative: 'I think the October Meetings are the best,' said he; 'but they have one great drawback. If it is a fine hunting morning as you walk or ride across the heath, you feel that you ought to be doing something else, and that you have no business to be racing when there is a prospect of hounds running.' It seems almost superfluous to add that Mr. Lowther was a fine 'whip,' and that he used to run the Bridlington coach for many years. There is an anecdote told of him when driving the coach which I perhaps may



be permitted to repeat, as I do not think it has ever been told in print:—

On one occasion a parson occupied the box-seat, and Mr. Lowther, who liked an appreciative listener, began to tell him a good deal of the history of some of the country houses they passed on the road, as well as of the families to whom they belonged or had belonged. On their arrival at Bridlington, the parson, who was evidently a man of not much discernment, congratulated Mr. Lowther on 'being a 'most intelligent man for his station in life,' and handed him half-a-crown, which was received with becoming gravity and an amusement which can be better imagined than described.

Mr. Tom Kennedy began to hunt rather late in life, and his *début* was not a very promising one, for he fell with a regularity which became monotonous during his first season. But he possessed that invaluable attribute of the horseman—a nerve that nothing could daunt, and having naturally light hands, he soon became one of the best men of his day; a day, alas! which was all too short. As well as being a good man to hounds, Mr. Kennedy was a fine polo player, and one of the finest judges of the game in his day; and he was also an excellent tennis player as well as an Alpine climber. As a rider to hounds he was absolutely without fear, and his horses soon found that there was no such word as 'refuse' known to him. His ideas on jumping were of a liberal nature, and he seemed to think no place impracticable. Considering the width of his views on the subject of jumping, he got very few falls, a fact to which his fine hands contributed no little. He was the most unselfish of men, and would lose his place in a good run to succour a friend who was down. None who knew him will fail to endorse Lord Harrington's opinion, expressed in a sympathetic article in 'Baily,' that 'he was the best sportsman

‘and the most unselfish one, in the true sense of the word, ‘that he had ever met.’

This seems a fitting place to insert a spirited hunting poem, which, though it treats of the York and Ainsty, contains allusions to most of the sportsmen who were well known in the Bramham Hunt at the time:—

THE SECOND EDITION OF A POEM BY F. FORD, ESQ.,  
REVISED AND ENLARGED BY A BROTHER SPORTSMAN.

The wind is at east, but seems surely to know  
That courtesy bids that it scarcely should blow,  
When the rest of the elements kindly conspire  
For once to give vent to the fox-hunting fire  
That burns in the breasts of the crowds that flock in,  
When the Ainsty are drawing Swann’s favourite Whin.  
High beats every heart, yet there breathes not a sound,  
“Save Chanter, who challenged: says Wilson, ‘He’s found.’”  
Then Restless and Dimity join in the cry,  
Nor the gallant fox needs further notice to fly.  
‘Gone away,’ echoes high o’er the crash of the throng,  
And hounds, horses and riders are streaming along;  
But the Muses, alas! so ill-natured are grown,  
That they won’t lend their horse, and we’ve none of our own;  
So we e’en must recount what we can, standing still,  
And sketch some of the talent from Bilbrough Hill.  
One who knows what a start is, leads off in the chase,  
And defies all the field to take from him his place.  
A vain-glorious boast, though, he silently feels,  
Whilst Thompson and Somerville press on his heels;  
Ah! too surely they’ll give him the slip unawares,  
For his black is no match for their flying grey mares;  
And thin as he is, they’ll e’en say he’ll look thinner,  
From the loss of his rest and the spoiling his dinner.  
Half a field wide, see Gilbert, with natural grace,  
“O’ertopping each fence, and securing his place”;

\* The lines in inverted commas are in the original edition. The rest is from the pen of Mr. J. T. Fairfax, of Newton Kyme.

So easy his seat, nor presume we to mock it,  
 When we warn him 'gainst chucking his neck from its socket.  
 On his favourite mare there's the dangerous Joe,  
 'And rattling Tom Dayrell, whom all of us know';  
 A true Marston Moor zealot, who'd charge his own church  
 Much rather than risk being left in the lurch.  
 Then Ridsdale appears, pressing on in the van,  
 And ne'er turning the head of rejected Sedan;  
 Never known from a brook or a bullfinch to swerve,  
 See him smoothly creep on, the true pattern of nerve.  
 A prime workman we hail, too, on you mealy nag,  
 Who'll lead them a dance ere they reach Brocket Hag;  
 Whatsoe'er be the pace, not a binder he breaks,  
 Though distinguished of old as the Swan-with-two-Necks.  
 There's no check, not a pause, they're increasing their speed,  
 Not a tail-hound the gallantest horse to impede.  
 Bill Scott, half persuaded he's riding a race,  
 Lays Ainderby out at a good four-mile pace;  
 And that miracle Wyndham, his poor mare must smother,  
 In spite of their contract to carry each other.  
 Johnny Forde, too, though placed in the very first flight,  
 Can't help cursing the oysters he'd eat overnight;  
 And fearing that Paddy can scarcely get on,  
 Now the scales have pronounced him a good thirteen stone.  
 But what horse in the front rank refuses so flat?  
 'Tis Tom Gascoigne, we'll swear to the coal-heaver's hat.  
 See, his cousins brush past him, nor notice dare take,  
 While the credit of Hawke and the Badsworth's at stake.  
*Par nobile fratrum!*—but Parlinton still  
 Sends another you'll mark by his loose *déshabillé*;  
 Yes, on Dobbin the generous Dick's crowding sail,—  
 Hair, neckcloth, reins, ribands, all loose in the gale.  
 Now Lloyd makes his start, nor need longer delay,  
 Having counted his sons, and his hounds all away;  
 He ne'er finds the fence that he scruples to face,  
 Though he'll not be seduced into quickening his pace;  
 For he knows well of old, on a high scenting morn,  
 That his horse is more easy to blow than his horn.

Now we catch 'em again, as for Colton they're making,  
 Earth and air, reins and tails, seem in sympathy shaking;  
 And we recognise clearly the resolute look  
 Of the gallant young hand who is charging the brook;  
 Though in houdahs through jungles accustomed to ride,  
 Bold Plymouth ne'er seems an offence to his pride;  
 See, he fearless confides to this Leicestershire sticker,  
 And calculates coolly on clearing the Vicar.  
 Then his seat, *a la ciel*, unobtrusively keen,  
 Comes a rector, whose hat would fain make him a dean;  
 He'll tell you this sport saved his life—that Gibbes knew it:—  
 Now we question, Are three-year-olds likely to do it?  
 But whatever befall him, he'll stick to the track,  
 For he knows he's in reach of the Boroughbridge pack;  
 And as for a gate, why he needn't to fear it,\*  
 With Jacob and Bentley, his sureties, to clear it.  
 And sure none would o'erlook that next merry young fellow,  
 Were his waistcoat less radiant with scarlet and yellow;  
 So laughing his mood, there no jump he looks grave at,  
 Though he don't like his fences as stiff as his cravat.  
 But why lingers yon slow bulky sportsman behind?  
 Both his horse and his dress of funereal kind:  
 'Tis strange, for he showed signs of life when they 'found,'  
 And he don't look a man that could make up his ground;  
 All in vain:—Nat, you dare him to join your third flight;—  
 No, he'll not budge a inch while a horseman's in sight;  
 For twenty-six seasons he's brought up the rear,  
 And professes a system of riding by ear;  
 But he knows by its name every Bramham Moor cover,  
 And he boasts there's no hedge that he hasn't led over.  
 But ah! surely ye know only half of the fun,  
 Who for ever were struggling the first in the run.  
 What tempers, what passious, it brought into play!—  
 Here rapture and triumph, there grief and dismay.  
 There were pips, purls and crowners, each after their kind,  
 There were fences of all sorts,—live, staring, and blind;

\* It is related of this reverend gentleman that when he made a detour to avoid paying the toll-bar, the two gentlemen said to him, 'We would have 'been your surety for three-halfpence.'

There was flying and creeping, and balking and spurting,  
 There was craning and cramming, and tailing and skirting.  
 Oh! it left far behind the famed hunt of the Trossachs,  
 We'll compare it to naught but the French and the Cossacks.  
 Now Spur, Walker and Wilks for the turnpike are dashing,  
 And Kitchinman recklessly hazards a splashing.  
 There's Judd, Hardman and Bartman and Cowper abreast,  
 And Strickland, whose bellows are none of the best.  
 But to name all the polls and the places they took,  
 Would be worse than the great Grecian bard's Second Book.  
 And the feats and the fates of the glorious few,  
 Our Parnassus could no longer offer to view.  
 So no more. Let's away,—but what's this that we meet,  
 With his scrambling posthorse and postillion's seat?  
 Some accident, surely;—the devil to pay;—  
 For 'the devil' is all we can get him to say.  
 A groom, on a chestnut, he always keeps nigh,  
 When we ask him, he tells us the devil knows why;  
 Now he rattles away round a fallow, full tear,—  
 When we ask him, he tells us the devil knows where;  
 But at night he'll recall all the run and the row;—  
 If you ask *us*, we must say the devil knows how:  
 But to this we'll agree, be his tale what it may,  
 That this sure may be counted the devil's own day.

The Rev. Thomas Dayrell, who is mentioned in the above spirited poem, was the Rector of Marston, and was a very hard man. He used to ride a roaring horse, one that made a great noise, but was as clever as they are made, and good-looking to boot. The story goes that once when the hounds met at Bishopthorpe the rector was riding this horse, and Archbishop Harcourt, who had a keen eye for everything good in horse and hound, immediately spotted him, and went up to his owner to have a talk about him. After hearing the archbishop's laudatory remarks, he replied that he was a good-looking horse, but that, unfortunately, he was a roarer. 'Ah!' replied the archbishop. 'What is the

'shortest time it has taken you to stop him?' 'Ten minutes, your Grace,' was the reply. 'Well, I've stopped them in seven minutes, Mr. Dayrell,' was the Archbishop's answer.

Archbishop Harcourt can scarcely be said to have been a follower of the Bramham Moor; but during the time that he ruled over the province of York, viz., from 1808 to 1847, he was sure to have been 'riding that way' when Mr. James Lane Fox and the Earls of Harewood were rousing the echoes in Billbrough Whin or Hutton Thorns. In the early years of his life he was an ardent sportsman, though that he never neglected the duties of his profession is evident from the eminence he attained in it. After he was appointed to the archbishopric I believe he never attended the *meet* of any packs of foxhounds, but when hounds met within reasonable distance of him, he generally took a ride that way for the sake of his health, and his knowledge of woodcraft enabled him to see a good deal of the fun. It is recorded of him that once when he was riding along a lane he viewed the hunted fox, and halloed. Hounds had checked, and the huntsman was almost at his wit's end, but he brightened when he heard the halloa, and exclaiming, 'That's gospel, by ——!' galloped on, and ultimately killed his fox. The story is an old one, and it may not be true, but I think there is likely to be some foundation of truth in it, for it is well known that the archbishop was as 'keen as mustard' as long as he lived. Another story has been frequently told of him, but it will bear repeating:—It is well known that the Rev. Sydney Smith, who, by the way, owed his first preferment in the Church to Archbishop Harcourt, who presented him to the living of Foston, was a bad horseman, and was wont to be very sarcastic about those of his clerical brethren who were his superiors in this respect. Indeed, he is said to have gone so far as to say that clergymen should not ride at all. The archbishop having heard of this,

asked him if he thought it was permissible for an archbishop to ride? 'Yes, your Grace,' replied the wit, 'provided he 'does not ride too well.' It is needless to add that Archbishop Harcourt was a fine horseman.

A name which must not be omitted from this chapter is that of the late Mr. Brady Nicholson, of Stourton Grove. Mr. Nicholson came of a hard-riding Lincolnshire family, and was as good a sportsman as ever buckled on a spur. Many years ago I had a slight acquaintance with him, when he used to judge at horse-shows. He was a fine judge, and a fine horseman, always in front and often alone. I have not been able to gather any particulars about him, but an anecdote about his brother, Field Nicholson, may perhaps be interesting. Field Nicholson, who lived at Melton Ross, was a prominent man with Lord Yarborough's hounds, and very hard. He was also very friendly with Charles Dickens, whose acquaintance he had made at Harrogate; and some of my readers may care to know that it was from Field Nicholson's house, at Melton Ross, that Dingley Dell was drawn. But this by the way. Field Nicholson, C. Dowson, the late G. Nelson, and one or two others, amongst whom I believe was the late Capt. Skipworth, went to have a day with the Burton when Lord Henry Bentinck hunted that country. The North Lincolnshire contingent were 'on the ride,'—that goes without saying,—and unfortunately there was only a catchy scent. Field Nicholson consequently was frequently rather nearer to hounds than he should have been, and this provoked Lord Henry Bentinck's ire, which, by the way, was no very difficult matter. Turning to William Nicholson, of Willoughton, who was one of the most prominent farmers in the Burton Hunt, and was a 'right-hand man' with Lord Henry, he asked, 'Who is that red-faced fool, Nicholson?' 'Nicholson, 'my Lord,' was the reply. 'A disgrace to the name! a

'disgrace to the name!' replied his Lordship. Afterwards he tackled the redoubtable Field Nicholson himself, but the latter was nothing daunted, and answered, 'You are mad, my Lord, because my £15 crock can beat your £500 horse!' As Nicholson had rather a curious lisp, and Lord Henry had a peculiar falsetto voice, it may be imagined that those who were present were witnesses to an amusing scene.

Another poem has come into my hands, the authorship of which I cannot learn, but certainly judging from internal evidence, it looks as if Mr. Tom Fairfax had had a hand in it, and that notwithstanding he is alluded to somewhat sarcastically:—

RECOLLECTIONS OF A RUN WITH LORD HAREWOOD'S HOUNDS,  
1846.

To the famed Harewood pack we are off with the lark,  
The meet's in a paddock nicknamed 'Wighill Park';  
But how changed is that meet in two fleeting years;  
How we miss well-known faces of yeomen and peers!  
Where's the gallant old earl? Where veteran Scott?  
Where's Pantaloon York? Where Fairfax? Who got  
The old English gentleman's title and name?  
Where others, whose feats are recorded by fame?  
Time has run them to ground; but bitter the tears,  
House of Gascoigne, are those we give to thy heirs.  
Lamented and loved, you'd stout hearts, open hand,  
But nor wealth, manly courage, nor youth could withstand  
Of the hunter of men that dire 'whoo-whoop'  
To which prince and peasant must equally stoop.  
But the first covert's tried, sly pug leaves the brake,  
Let us note a few horsemen that ride in his wake.  
No country in Britain like Bramham can boast  
Of well-mounted welters so goodly a host:—  
Thynne, Dayrell and Fox are never found slack,  
Nor Carroll, though he sits his horse much like a sack.  
But, *imprimis*, to light weights we'll give our attention,  
And Newton Kyme's Crichton will claim the first mention.



His garment of pink no longer is donned,  
 As he says that by all hunting ought to be shunned,  
 Unless six days a week you're provided with carrion,  
 And estate unencumbered by jointure and marrying.  
 If you don't mean to hunt, but ride for a lark,  
 Why not gallop your nag, my good sir, in your park?  
 For so jealous a rider might keep within bounds,  
 When he could not ride over, for lack of the hounds.  
 Then, snarling, comes Gilbert, a gallant, turned fifty;  
 He could ride in his day, but's become somewhat shifty;  
 Still he follows the chase because it's the fashion,  
 And with him an excuse for being aye in a passion.  
 Not so courteous Brown, who is in a good place,  
 And on Jacob Faithful is going the pace.  
 Then we've Maxwell and Markham, with true spirit burning,  
 A Lane, though a long one, not given to turning;  
 With Calcaria's lawyer, whose nerve must be good,  
 Hunting twice in a week, with one screw for a stud.  
 The Olivers twain, too, we can't but admire,  
 Although in the 'Blues,' they ride with much fire!  
 In Badsworth they're bred, where sport must abound,  
 As the country is hunted by both Hawke and hound.  
 From the regions of smoke we've both blood and bone,  
 Beau Atkinson well for the former is known;  
 Of natty appointments so ardent a lover,  
 One would swear in a band-box they'd brought him to covert.  
 Ned Jowitt, at starting, sets off with a dash,  
 Forgetting, in girth, he resembles Lablache;  
 But a drain stops him short, though no wider, in truth,  
 Than the brim of the hat he wore in his youth.  
 With his knees to his chin, and paunch like an apple,  
 See Fenton, the image of Sancho, on Dapple.  
 But who's in such haste on reeking-hot steed, sir?  
 What! not know our jovial friend, Billy Read, sir?  
 Of the law and the turf a component matter,  
 A limb of the former, and a leg of the latter.  
 And who goes so listless, of the field keeping wide?  
 'Tis the Squire of Fairfield, once of Ainsty the pride;  
 But quite sick of sporting, he fee'd his physician,

And was cured by conversion into a magician.  
 He takes it thus easy because, if thrown out,  
 His mesmerised servant can point out the route.  
 See Barlow's laird bruising along in the van,  
 Though backing a young 'un, why, catch him who can;  
 Full of pluck at a burst, of joke at a check,  
 As if his broad shoulders did not prop a neck.  
 Game Colton's Marine, too, is scorning to creep,  
 And at twelve miles an hour is ploughing the deep;  
 Whilst with whiskers well combed, and hat cocked genteelly,  
 The pink of good humour, rides Captain Bob Healy.  
 His neighbour, John Roper, comes up with such speed  
 That he clears both the fence and the head of his steed;  
 If he supped late last night and's well primed with champagne,  
 He'll recover his saddle, and do it again.  
 Johnny Clough to the left takes a line of his own,  
 Though he owes to the sport a warped nose and crooked bone;  
 Still he rides like a hero, but has nearly got spilt,  
 O'er a wall which, 'tis said, his grandfather built.  
 His partner in trade takes it easy the while,  
 With an eye to a gate for at least half a mile.  
 As the Swan's a mute fowl, and not given to riot,  
 This must sure be a goose, for its tongue's never quiet.  
 Whilst these with the hounds are enjoying the spurt,  
 Squire York has been robbing the lanes of their dirt;  
 Yet declares that of hunting he's not had his fill,  
 And anxiously asks if they've managed to kill?  
 Ah! bred in the bone is delight at brutes slaughtered,  
 For a Leeds butcher's axe on his 'scutcheon is quartered;  
 But his wish is accomplished, and pug finds repose  
 At length, in the maws of his clamorous foes.  
 Though the field at the time is consumptive and thinnish,  
 Some hundreds contrive to 'nick in' at the finish;  
 Return to their homes, and brag o'er their port,  
 Of fences ne'er faced, and invisible sport.  
 Whilst Lotherton Billy, in telling his wife  
 He ne'er before saw such a run in his life,  
 Lauds his glorious luck in escaping a pip,  
 For he rode down a field and encountered a grip!

The writer of the poem is certainly somewhat severe on many good sportsmen, but his satire is good humoured enough, and there is no sting in it.

The following quotations from the Badsworth Hunt song, written by the Hon. Martin Hawke, and a verse of which has been previously quoted, may fitly conclude the chapter, especially as Mr. Hawke has had the knack of hitting-off his hunting contemporaries in a few happy words:

‘Never heeding a tumble, a scratch, or a fall,  
Lying close on his quarters comes Scott, of Woodhall;  
And mark how he cheers them with ‘Hark to the cry!’  
Whilst on him the peer keeps a pretty close eye;  
And close on his heels see Bob Lascelles advance,  
Dressed as gay for the field as if leading the dance;  
Resolved to ride hard, nor be counted the last,  
Pretty sure of the speed of his favourite, Outcast.’

Mr. Lascelles, of Sowerby Hall, near Thirsk, is the gentleman alluded to in this verse. He was a very hard man, and was one of the half-dozen who saw the end of a long and hard run with Sir Mark Masterman Sykes’s hounds in 1806; the others being Lord Hawke, Mr. Traacher, of the Life Guards, Sir F. Boynton, Mr. Best, Mr. Batty, and Will Carter, the huntsman.

‘Then Bland and Tom Gascoigne I spy in the van,  
Riding hard as two devils at catch as catch can;  
But racing along to try who can get first,  
Already I see both their horses are burst.’

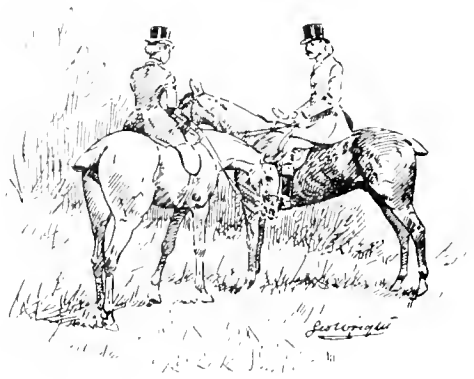
Mr. Thomas Davison Bland, of Kippax Hall, is the gentleman alluded to. According to Mr. Hawke’s estimate of him—and it must be remembered Mr. Hawke was a good judge in these matters—he was a very hard man.

The last verse I shall quote refers to two gentlemen from a distance who apparently took up their quarters in

the Bramham Moor country when the hunting season came round, and it is for this reason that I give it:—

‘See Starkey and Hopwood, so full of their jokes,  
From Bramham Moor come to be quizzing the folks;  
And when they return the whole chase they’ll explain,  
Though they saw little of it, to crony Fox Lane.’

The gentlemen alluded to in this verse are Mr. James Starkey, of Fellifoot, Westmoreland, and Mr. Hopwood, of Hopwood, Lancashire.









## CHAPTER XI.

### ON THE FLAGS AND IN THE SHOW RING.

'How gay they bustled round him ;  
How gallantly they found him ;  
And how stealthily they wound him  
O'er each brake and woody dell.

'Oh! how they sped together,  
O'er the moor, among the heather,  
Like birds of the same feather,  
And their music like a bell.'

A HISTORY of the Bramham Moor Hunt would be incomplete without some reference to the hounds, which, in the kennel and in the field, have had a world-wide reputation for upwards of a century and a half. Unfortunately there is not much to be gleaned about individual hounds during the earlier years of the Hunt. One of the earliest hounds of which I can learn anything is Ringwood, Lord Yarborough's Ruler—Bonnymaid, a narrow snipy-nosed blue-pied hound, that was a wonder in his work, and remarkably stout. He ran at the head of the pack for ten seasons, and when he was well advanced in years he led them over Saxton field at a great pace, never speaking.\* His blood went into the

\* Captain Fox tells me that Ringwood had plenty of cry, so that this would seem to have been a special occasion.

Duke of Buccleuch's kennel, but I have not been able to trace any hounds by him in the Duke's kennel-books; and as I have already said the Bramham Moor kennel-books only date back to 1841.\* In the Duke of Buccleuch's kennel-books the names of Lord Harewood's Benedict, Gilder and Merlin occur as sires, but of them or their pedigree nothing can be learnt.

The hounds purchased when Mr. Wyndham gave up have been noticed already, but a few of Mr. Lane Fox's early sires may be mentioned, and their pedigrees may be of interest to those who care for that most fascinating of pursuits,—scientific hound-breeding.

The first hound to be named is Streamer, by Mr. Foljambe's Rifler—Lord Henry Bentinck's Airy, a hound that was most likely obtained in a draft, for he figures as a two-year old in Mr. Lane Fox's first hound-list. He was used for several seasons at home, and was also used in the Duke of Buccleuch's kennel. Baronet (1851), by the Duke of Rutland's Prompter—Bonnymaid, by Lord Lonsdale's Limner—Bonnylass, was also a good hound. Another, that was descended from a bitch of Lord Harewood's, was Charon, by Lord Henry Bentinck's Charon—Resolute, by Badsworth Lubin, a famous hound in his day; her dam, Ringlet, who was bred by Lord Harewood, and was by Benedict—Rosebud. Both these hounds were a good deal used.

Later on there was a good hound in Grappler (1856), a rare bred one, by the Duke of Rutland's Guider—Susan, by Mr. Foljambe's Streamer; her dam, Blowzy, a bitch bred by Lord Harewood, by Lord Yarborough's famous hound, Bluecap—Careful. Roman, by General (by Ringwood, by Lord Yarborough's Ruler)—Rosamond, by Sir Richard Sutton's Albert, her dam, Rarity, by Mr. Wyndham's Remus—Blowzy, was also a good hound. These were both

\* There is a list of James Lane Fox's hounds in 1808.







exceptionally well-bred hounds, and did good service in other kennels as well as in the home one. Unfortunately, however, there is nothing forthcoming about their merits beyond what the Stud Book has to record.

Guider and Helen were a couple of remarkably good-looking young hounds, as their portrait shows. They were shown at Pontefract in 1860, and won for the best couple of unentered hounds. This Show, however, must not be mistaken for the forerunner of the Peterborough Hound Show, which was held in connection with the Cleveland Show until 1864. Guider was by General (the hound, it will be remembered, who figures in the presentation-portrait of Mr. Fox)—Cowslip, and Helen was by Mr. Percy Williams's Helpmate Bantling.

But it would be tedious to give a bare list of the hounds that have made themselves a name at the stud, so I will hasten on to a later period, when something more than mere name and pedigree can be related. When Smith went to Bramham he found a famous sire named Mountebank. He was by Mr. Leigh's Merryman—Affable, by Lord Poltimore's Archer. A big, fine hound, he was used a great deal both at home and in other kennels, but he was about worn out when Smith went, and he saw little of him in the field. A younger hound was Gaylad, by Gamester—Affable, and consequently a half brother to Mountebank. Gamester was by Gainer—Stately, and Gainer was by General. Gaylad was a powerful hound, with a good neck and shoulders, well ribbed, and with plenty of bone. He was a good hound in his work, and was a resolute hound from the first.

One morning, after a lot of work in Hazlewood, they went to Haighton, where they found a cub, and after a lot of work in covert, they forced a cub out into the park and into a pond, where hounds lost view of him. But Gaylad was all there, and catching sight of the fox swimming, he

swam after him, and brought him to land like a retriever. More than once is Gaylad mentioned as having done something good. In the same year (1873) was entered Monarch, an useful hound by Manager—Woodbine, who was much patronised by Mr. Foljambe and Lord Yarborough. Struggler, by Sampson—Gladsome, was a very good-looking hound, of whom much was expected as a sire, but he did not do much good.

In 1875 Damper was perhaps the best of the dog entry. He was a good-looking dog, and as good as he was good-looking. He was by Diver—Primrose. His sire was a son of the Blankney Damper, and on the dam's side he strained back to Lord Poltimore's Warrior. He was used a great deal, and his stock turned out well.

Musket (1876), by Monarch—Dulcet, by Fencer, descends through his grandam, Dahlia, from Lord Poltimore's Warrior. He was a capital hound in his work, and many hounds in the pack go back to him on one side or the other. His three sisters, Muslin, Myrtle, and Mistletoe made up an excellent litter, and it is a testimony to their good qualities that, with the choice there always was at Bramham Moor, they were all bred from.

Chanticleer (1877) was by Racer—Chorus, through whom he traced his descent from the Meynell Chorister. He was a big hound, standing fully twenty-four inches, but he was level and a good shaped one, and had a lot of bone. He was used a great deal both in his own and other kennels. The year 1877 was prolific in good hounds. The litter-brothers, Gallant and Gambler, by Gaylad—Primrose, could scarcely fail to make good foxhounds, for their dam was the dam of Damper, and it would be superfluous to again refer to the deeds of their sire. Gambler did a lot of good service in the York and Ainsty kennel, and several good hounds were sired by him. Then Harbinger, by Lord Portsmouth's

Harbinger—Damsel, by Rallywood; and Rasper, by Random—Graceful, by Gamester, were both good hounds that were in high favour amongst hound-breeders.

But amongst the entry of 1877 was a hound that was destined to make a greater name than any of these, good as they were; and wherever foxhounds are bred the name of Bramham Smoker is a 'household word.' He was by Dreadnought (by Blankney Damper—Ruin, by Rocket)—Starlight, by Sportsman—Wisdom, by Roman. He was an August puppy, and was scarcely looked at; indeed, it was thought that he would never grow into a hound. But he did grow into one, and Smith expresses it as his opinion that he was one of the very best foxhounds he ever saw. He was not a particularly handsome hound, just an useful one in appearance, but in his work he was a wonder. He had an exceptionally fine nose, and was full of drive. As an instance of his fine hunting powers may be given an incident which took place in a run, the date of which is not at hand, though there is no doubt about the fact. Hounds had run over the York road to Colton Whin, through which they drove their fox on to the lane leading to Copmanthorpe. On the lane scent failed, and no hound could own the line save Smoker, who carried it on for half a mile by himself, a circumstance which Mr. H. Preston will doubtless remember, as he was much pleased with the performance at the time. Smoker, it need scarcely be said, was a great success at the stud, and in most of the kennels in England there is some of his blood to be found.

In 1878, Grasper, by Gaylad—Famous, by Fleecer, stands out as an useful hound both in the field and at the stud. He unfortunately got 'stifled,' and was then sent to the Duke of Buccleuch's kennel, where he did good service.

Dancer, by Damper, a grandson of the Blankney Damper—Merrylass, by Mountebank, a very well-bred hound, was

used a good deal both at home and in other kennels, especially the Goodwood and the Heythrop; but even his good qualities pale before those of one of the same year (1879), Sailor, by Smoker—Mistletoe, a litter-sister to Musket. He was not a big dog, but he was a rare-shaped one, full of quality, and Smith says enthusiastically when speaking of him, 'a gentleman all over.' He was a good worker, as indeed with his fine pedigree he could scarcely help being, and as a sire he takes a foremost place amongst the hounds of his time. He was used all over the country, and his stock all turned out well. In the Pytchley country they swear by him, and with Mr. Wright, of the Badsworth, he was an especial favourite; also with Lord Willoughby de Broke.

Crowner (1881), by Chanticleer—Marigold, by Monarch, strains back to old Fencer on the sire's side, and to Mr. Leigh's Merryman on the dam's. He was a very good hound, and was used a good deal; but he was scarcely so good as Grappler, by Grasper (by Gaylad—Primrose)—Ruthless, by Rocket (by the Belvoir Rallywood, by Brocklesby Rallywood)—Rosamond, sister to those good hounds, Roman and Rifler. Many of the best hounds in the pack go back to this good and well-bred hound, and he also did good service in Lord Portman's kennel.

Conspicuous amongst the entry of 1882 were Sparkler and Ranger. Ranger was by Blankney Rallywood (by Rifleman, a son of Regulus,—Careful, by Belvoir Contest)—Sophy, by Struggler, a grandson of Belvoir Senator—Gravity, by Lord Portsmouth's Gainer, by Puckeridge Gulliver. He had a capital nose, and was a rare hound at head, and indeed he was, take him altogether, an excellent foxhound. Sparkler, by Sailor—Daffodil, by Dashwood, a son of Grove Druid—Musical, by Mr. Leigh's Merryman, was a big hound, standing fully twenty-four inches, and very full of quality.

Granby, by Grappler, who was used after his first season, as was also Smoker, an exceptional proof of merit,—Muslin, sister to Musket and Mistletoe, was a good hound that was used freely in the home kennel, though he did not take so well with other packs. In the same year (1883) there were a couple of large litters by the Duke of Beaufort's Render, a hound that was much used at Badminton. He was by Lord Portsmouth's Render, who was by Rocket, by Sir Watkin Wynn's Regent—Caroline, who strains back to Cottager on the sire's side, and to the Blankney Warrior on the dam's side. One of these litters was from Primula, by Racer—Primrose, and the other from Harmony, by Lord Portsmouth's Harbinger—Damsel, by Rallywood. The dogs were not much used, but all the bitches turned out well, and were bred from.

In 1885 there was a very well-bred hound put forward in Gleaner, by Grappler—Sorceress, by Sailor—Sophy. He was a fine hound, very level and shapely, but a trifle light of bone. He was a great favourite, and was much used, Mr. Chandos Pole being very partial to him. Next year three good hounds call for notice: the first being Coroner by Contest (by Chanticleer—Vestris, by Victor—Ruthless)—Sorceress, a very good dog, both in the field and on the flags. Then comes Hospodar, a hound that has made himself a great name at the stud. He was by Ranger—Heedless, by Lord Galway's Slasher, a son of Lord Portsmouth's Clasher—Artful, by Brocklesby Ambrose—Hasty, by Harbinger, straining back to Magic, litter sister to Mountebank. Hospodar was a thick-set powerful dog, and was certainly one of the best sires of his day. Nearly the whole of the Bicester entry one year were by him, and he was much used by Lord Chesham and Lord Willoughby de Broke. The prize unentered dog-hound at Peterborough, this year (1897), the Warwickshire Tuscan, was descended from him, through

his grandsire Warlock, who was a son of his. Spokesman was a rare-bred one on both sides. His sire was Lord Galway's Spokesman, by Bramham Smoker—Ransom, by Lord Coventry's Rambler, and his dam was Dangerous, by Sailor—Delicate, by the Grove Saracen, a son of the Puckeridge Saracen—Damsel, who strained back to Lord Poltimore's Warrior. He was an excellent foxhound, and a great favourite.

In 1887 Aimwell stands out as a good hound. He was by Brocklesby Autocrat, a son of Holderness Sambo and Alpine, who strains back to Ambrose through her sire Alfred—Haricot, by Rasper. He was a big powerful dog, rather on the leg, but a rare-made one, and he did a lot of good both at home and in the Duke of Buccleuch's kennel, whither he subsequently went. Salisbury, by Sparkler—Clara, by Lord Galway's Clasher, was also a very useful hound.

Albert (1888), by Brocklesby Artist, a litter brother of Autocrat—Clara, was a rich tan dog, with fine quality, that was used a lot, and that was about the best of his year. Folkestone, by Grappler—Fearless, by Lord Radnor's Forester, was another very good hound, but he unfortunately got lamed in his shoulder, and was sent to Mr. Langridge in Ireland, where he did a lot of good. Gainsborough and Gayman, by Gleaner—Rosemary, by the Duke of Beaufort's Render, were also a couple of very useful hounds, both in the field and at the stud.

Herald (1889), by Brocklesby Hermit (by Mr. Foljambe's Major—Hopeful, by Ambrose)—Handmaid, the litter sister of Haricot, is a badger pie, full of quality, and one of the most taking hounds in the pack. His elegance, combined with size and substance, make him an exceptionally good sire, and in the field he always ran at head. Roderick and Rasselas, by Ranger—Speechless, a litter sister of Spokesman,







were a remarkably useful and level couple that did well at the stud, several very good hounds straining back to them. Rambler, by Brocklesby Rubicon—Symphony, by Sparkler—Vestris, was another good dog of the same year, and one of the hardest, for though eight years old at the time, he scarcely ever missed his turn last season (1896-97).

Amongst the older hounds in the pack at the commencement of the season of 1896-97 may be mentioned Druid (1890), by Lord Galway's Druid, by Grafton Druid—Mermaid, by Musket, a powerful well-bred hound, with nice quality, and Driver, by Gayman—Dormouse, by Lord Galway's Clasher, a remarkably straight hound, with good ribs and shoulders, a good one in his work and with plenty of cry.

Herald's excellences are well represented by his son, Harper (1892), whose dam, Gracious, was by Grappler. A well-bred hound, he represents both quality and substance. A good hound and a rare worker is Speaker, by Spokesman—Handsome, who is in the same year. Amongst the younger hounds one that shows great promise is Dramatist (1894), by Rasselas—Darling, by Gayman. Coming from such a good strain, a great deal is naturally expected of him, nor will those who expect much be disappointed in him, for he is very shapely, and full of quality, with plenty of power and substance. Monarch and Marmion, by the Belvoir Discount—Midnight, by Coroner, Norman, by the Belvoir Noble—Gracious, and Rifleman, by Rambler—Handsome, are very promising young hounds that were entered in 1894, and that have proved themselves to be good in their work. Of them it is not difficult to predict success at the stud as well.

It has been stated that Mr. Fox never showed his hounds, but this is not correct. Mr. Fox was one of the earliest and staunchest supporters of the Foxhound Show, and, indeed, had it not been for him, it is highly probable

that it would have fallen through when Mr. Thomas Parrington resigned the Secretaryship of the Cleveland Agricultural Society, and that Society declined to continue the Hound Shows. All the time the Foxhound Show was held in connection with the Yorkshire Agricultural Society's Show Mr. Fox was an active supporter of it, and for many years he was President. After the Show went to Peterborough he took a great interest in it, but he never exhibited out of Yorkshire. He, however, visited the Show occasionally, and was President one year.

The first time the Bramham Moor appeared on the Show benches has been already alluded to. At Yarm, in 1861, Mr. Fox showed largely, and took some prizes, though I have not been able to get a correct return. They were highly commended for the best couple of one or two season hunters with Guider and Hero; the prizes going to Mr. Hill's Charon and Merrylass, and the Milton Hercules and Stately. In the class for brood bitches, which was a very good one, the Milton Harpy was first, and the Bramham Moor Royalty, by Belvoir Clinker—Royalty, was second.

At York, in 1866, some hounds were shown, but they gained no honours; but in the following year, at Thirsk, they were first with two couples of entered dog-hounds,—with Rector, by Rector—Blowzy; Stormer and Stripling, by Belvoir Stormer—Royalty; and Flasher, by York and Ainsty Comus—Baroness; and in the class for unentered bitches the second prize went to Sportly, by Gainer—Stately. In 1868, at Wetherby, they took no honours; but the following year, at Beverley, the first prize for unentered bitch went to Syren, by Sportsman—Bluebell. In 1871, when the Show was held at York, the Bramham were well to the fore. In the class for two couples of entered dog-hounds, they were second to the Brocklesby, with Rallywood, by Rocket—Rosamond; Striver, by Gainer—Stately;

Gamester, an own brother, two years younger, and Falstaff, by Fencer—Whimper. They were also first in the class for entered bitches with Syren, Dainty, by Fencer—Dahlia; Gracious, a litter sister of Gamester, and Wisdom, by Roman—Winifred, and they took second prize with Diver, by Mr. Chaplin's Damper—Ruin, in the class for unentered dog-hounds.

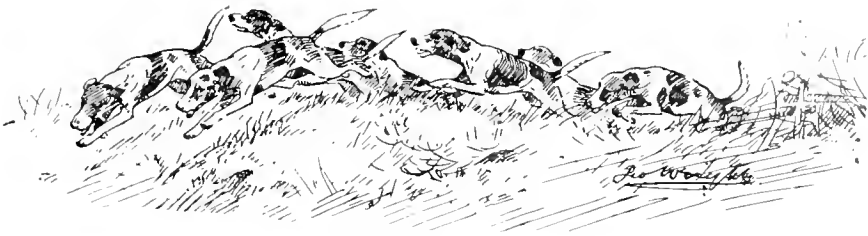
They were in good winning vein at Malton in the following year. Nobleman, by Lord Portsmouth's Nobleman—Dulcet, won in the class for unentered dog-hounds; and in the class for the best two couples of entered dog-hounds they were first with Guider, a litter brother of Gamester and Gracious; Statesman, a litter brother of Striver; Singer, by Sailor—Lawless; and Marquis, by Mr. Leigh's Merryman—Streamlet. Statesman and Gamester were first and second in the class for stallion-hounds; and in the class for two couples of entered bitches they were second with Gracious, Sunbeam, by Sportsman—Wisdom; Whimsey, by Fugleman—Welcome; and Magic, a litter sister of Mountebank.

At Sheffield, in 1874, no score was made; but in 1877, which was the last year in which the Foxhound Show was held in Yorkshire, and consequently the last year in which the Bramham Moor were exhibited, they had a capital record. In the class for unentered bitches they won with Cymbal, by Racer—Chorus, and a litter sister of Chanticleer. The class for two couples of entered dog-hounds was a wonderful one, and the judges were unable to come to a decision as to the respective merits of Lord Fitzwilliam's *The Mitton* exhibits and the Bramham Moor, so the prizes were put together and divided: an unique experience at a Hound Show. The hounds shown by the Bramham were Gimcrack, by Lord Portsmouth's Gainer—Dulcet, Struggler, by Sampson—Gladsome, Marquis, and Dulcimer, by Dashwood—Musical.

So it will be seen that the Bramham Moor took their

full share of show honours, and that in the show yard, as well as in the field and on the flags, they were well in the van. Indeed, in later days, when they have not courted show-yard honours, the Bramham Moor blood has been well forward at Peterborough, and in the Warwickshire kennel there is a great deal of the blood of old Sailor, who was much used by Lord Willoughby de Broke for two seasons.





## CHAPTER XII.

### PUPPY-WALKING AND THE BRAMHAM MOOR HOUND-SHOW.

THE making of a pack of foxhounds begins when they are out at walk. The Master may be a keen and scientific hound-breeder, sparing neither trouble nor expense in his attempt to secure the best blood in the kingdom. The huntsman may be his equal in zeal, and may take all the pains possible with his charges before they go out to walk and after they come back to the kennel; but unless the puppies are well walked all their labour will prove in vain, and it will be a mixed lot that they will have to take into the field.

The great improvement which is apparent in hounds all over the country is undoubtedly due in no small degree to the increased number of walks which are obtainable for puppies, and to the increased care which is taken in walking the puppies. For some reason there is now no difficulty in getting a puppy walked, and walked well; and in some Hunts that I know of walks are more numerous than puppies, and it is an easy matter to walk from fifty to sixty or even seventy couples of young foxhounds every year. This of course admits of a large choice when the day comes for drafting, even allowing for the ravages which distemper is sure to make.

As with everything else connected with hunting, there is much more generous and scientific management of the puppy at walk than used to prevail a few years ago, and there is now seldom to be seen the over-fed, clumsy, and 'crooked' puppy, whose appearance was at one time wont to trouble the mind of master and huntsman when the young lot came home to kennel, and made them wonder, not which they were to draft, but which they were to keep. In those days an unfortunate puppy was not infrequently shut up in a small outhouse as soon as he went to his quarters, and I have seen one chained to a barrel which did duty for a kennel. But that is a sight rarely, if ever, witnessed now-a-days, and the puppy out at walk generally has a 'good time.'

When the young puppy is first taken to his quarters, which is at a very early age, he should be kept for a time to a diet of milk, which is his natural food at that period of his existence. It would, of course, be to his advantage to give him new milk for a time, and those who do so will find their reward in his fine glossy coat, satisfactory growth, and generally healthy appearance. He should never be allowed to distend himself with large quantities of washy food, and the less churn milk and such like sour stuff he gets, the better will be his health. One very important thing is that he should lie warm and dry: many puppies suffering from a damp bed and a cold kennel to such an extent as to affect their growth, or even to kill them altogether. A hunting stable is a sufficiently good sleeping-place for them when they are big enough and sensible enough to keep out of the way of the horses; and if they are allowed to sleep in a hunting stable, and encouraged to follow the hunters when out at exercise, so much the better for both hound and horse, for the hound will get sufficient exercise to keep him out of the more troublesome of those mischiefs to which he is prone by nature, whilst the hunter



will get accustomed to having the hound he knows about him, and so will not be alarmed at, and so likely to kick, hounds when in the field. For this reason, if for this reason alone, every hunting man ought to walk a puppy wherever he has the convenience.

When the young foxhound gets past the milk stage, he generally feeds well on the scraps which are so plentiful about a farmhouse. Care, however, should be taken that he is not fed too heavily, and that he does not get too much flesh. Raw flesh is to be avoided under all circumstances, and a little boiled cabbage mixed up in his food will be found to keep his blood in order, and prevent outbreaks of mange, eczema, and other skin diseases. If ever oatmeal is given, it should be given in very small quantities.

One thing that is necessary to the successful rearing of the young foxhound is exercise. He should on no account be kept fastened up, or all the trouble that has been taken will be of no avail. It is also a *sine quâ non* that he should never be allowed to go about with the sheep-dog, who will soon teach him to chase sheep, and with a foxhound to chase sheep means, sooner or later, to kill them. But it is an excellent plan to walk out amongst the sheep with the foxhound puppy as a companion: he will get used to them, and will soon come to take no notice of them.

It is in the nature of puppies to be mischievous, but they are easily managed by a little firmness. It is better never to have a puppy at all than to hammer him with a broomstick as I have seen a puppy hammered, for the very venial offence of running away with a dishcloth which a careless servant had left within his reach. If ever a puppy should take to running sheep, or to any other mischief which becomes too troublesome, he should be sent in at once. The necessary discipline to bring him to his senses is better administered by a man who understands the breaking and

management of hounds. One thing the man who walks puppies should constantly bear in mind, and that is that in any case of illness, such as distemper, he must at once send to inform the huntsman, and not attempt to do any 'doctoring' himself. A little tincture of rhubarb will do no harm if a puppy is a little staring in his coat; but that is about as far as the average puppy-walker should venture in the way of administering medicine. To sum up the whole art of walking puppies in a few words:—it is wholesome food, warm and dry lying, and above all plenty of exercise, which go the building up of the perfect young foxhound.

One of the great functions of the year at Bramham Park, a function which was looked forward to by all the hunting world, was the Annual Hound Show, which was held in the month of August. It was a function unique in itself, and then the squire had always something to say witty and pungent about the affairs of the nation as affecting farming and fox-hunting. Prizes for the best puppies which had come in from walk were no part of the programme; Mr. Fox being of those who hold that there is considerable amount of luck in the gaining of such prizes. But every man who walked a puppy, and puppy-walkers who are *au fait* at the business are as plentiful in the Bramham Moor Hunt as leaves in Vallombrosa, was asked to the luncheon which was provided in a large marquee near the kennels, and there they met the Master and his friends and chief supporters. It need scarcely be said that Mr. Fox's speeches were always looked forward to with the keenest interest, for he never talked round any subject, and the practical advice he had to give about everything appertaining to the sport to which he had devoted so much energy during his life, was treasured up by all whose privilege it was to hear him. Luncheon and the speech-making over, the hounds were had out, and the young entry keenly criticised, and the day was

brought to a conclusion with a garden-party in the beautiful grounds of Bramham Park. A more enjoyable way of spending a summer afternoon could not well be imagined. Sportsmen met each other who had not come together since the lengthening days and April sun had brought about the summer of their discontent, and indulged in reminiscences of past sport, and anticipations of the forthcoming season.

A few extracts from Mr. Fox's speeches on the occasion of these reunions at Bramham Park may prove interesting.

The first is from the speech which was delivered on August 20th, 1886:—

'Once again,' said Mr. Fox, 'I am delighted to welcome you here. Once again I have the pleasure of thanking you for the manner in which you have supported my foxhounds and me. There are puppy walkers and puppy walkers. There is the man who gives his hound good exercise, and who takes him amongst his sheep, and whose wife won't grudge to give him a drink of milk. (Laughter and cheers.) Then there is the puppy walker who shoves his puppy in the pig-stye, and after a few weeks sends him back, and says, "He's eat a sheep!" (Laughter.) I am certain there is no such man in this tent. (Hear, hear.) Consider what capital fellows puppy walkers are. There are a great many gentlemen here who are not puppy walkers, and who want to get their names up as jolly good fellows and puppy walkers. I don't see why people should not do so. A foxhound gives an air of respectability to the place. Ladies are fond of walking puppies; they like them. It is marvellous how foxhunting has increased of late years. There is more interest taken in it, and I'll tell you why. Where twenty years ago one lady hunted, twenty hunt now, and where they go the men will follow them.' (Laughter.)

The next extracts I give are from the speech made in the Jubilee year, when some words of wisdom fell from the

Master. His political opinions are well known, and he was a very hard hitter on occasion, and there were some political allusions in the Jubilee year, as a matter of course. Those however may be passed over till we come to the practical side, and Mr. Fox's speech of August 20th, 1887, is worthy of the careful attention of all practical men:—

'I know in all directions,' said he, 'we hear that the 'large landed proprietors are very much reduced in circum-  
'stances. I have had several instances. A friend of mine  
'who keeps a pack of hounds in the south of England has  
'let his house, and now lives in the cottage adjoining the  
'kennels, declaring he will stick to his hounds as long as  
'he can. (Applause.) Another man, a son of a great friend  
'of mine, had large farms, scientific farms, splendid farms  
'thrown on his hands, and what did he do? He did not  
'run away to Monte Carlo, and put his hat on the table.  
'(Laughter.) No, he stuck to the land, and undertook it  
'himself, and worked like a farmer, attending to the cultivation  
'of his land, and riding over it day and night himself. (Hear,  
'hear, and applause.) Here is my friend, Lord Harewood  
'(applause), who sticks to his estates, and stands by his  
'tenants. He does not go to Monte Carlo, or up in a  
'balloon. (Laughter.) He stays at home, and stands by  
'his tenants, and though not so young as some of us he still  
'supports fox-hunting, knowing that it keeps good-fellowship  
'in the country. (Applause.) Can you get at your landlords  
'if they are wintering in Rome? (Laughter.) What is the  
'use of asking a fellow who is spending his time in Rome  
'or Paris for a new gate? (Laughter.) Wish you may get  
'it! (Renewed laughter, and applause.) I thank you for  
'walking puppies for me. I have a most capital entry, and  
'have had many masters of hounds to see them lately, and  
'they were very pleased with them. Great credit is due to  
'you for this. And I must not leave out the great credit





‘due to my huntsman, Smith (applause), who will show you  
‘this afternoon the young hounds, full of muscle—none of  
‘your Peterborough fat—full of muscle, and fit to go; and  
‘this is only to be attained by great painstaking and  
‘attention.’

Failing health prevented Mr. Fox from taking his accustomed place at the head of the table and greeting his guests in person the following year; and the speech from which the foregoing extracts are taken was the last of the many he made to his staunch supporters during the forty-eight seasons that the Bramham Moor flourished under his Mastership. But if he did not feel equal to making a speech he wrote a characteristic letter, which was read by Captain Fox to the assembled guests. This letter I give without curtailment:—

‘Age and influenza have nearly snuffed me out. I am  
‘not able to join your party at luncheon, but will ask you to  
‘tell them that I am as keen as ever to keep up the good  
‘feeling which exists in this neighbourhood between all good  
‘fellows who ride, walk, run or talk about fox-hunting. I  
‘have lived to see many changes. The great men of years  
‘back who determined to use the abilities that were given  
‘them to crush the Agricultural interest, invented the game  
‘of Free Trade, declaring that the whole world would derive  
‘benefit, and that our example, if we started Free Trade,  
‘would at once be followed. I have lived to see there is  
‘no such thing as Free Trade. It is false trade. The  
‘manufacturing interest has derived great benefit in conse-  
‘quence of steam and science, but the owners of land have  
‘been hit hard, and are reduced. For some years farmers  
‘have been asking their representatives in Parliament to  
‘help them. But what can they do? England has a very  
‘eccentric House of Commons. What are they? Have  
‘they any firm opinions? My advice is to stick to farming

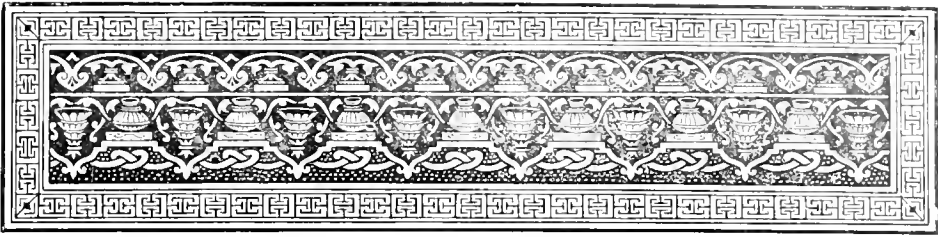
' as a very useful, healthy occupation, not a lucrative one ;—  
' to carry a "spud," not a gun. Thistles are increasing since  
' guns became the fashion. Let every cheery fellow remember  
' that by walking a puppy he is doing a generous thing. He  
' is liberally supporting fox-hunting, keeping money spent in  
' the neighbourhood, and encouraging the breed of well-bred  
' hunters, which will always be of value. Long life to all  
' puppy walkers !'

Though not able to be present at the luncheon, Mr. Fox was at the garden-party in the afternoon, where he was cheery as ever when he met his guests.

A pathetic figure indeed is that of the man whose life had been spent in his own neighbourhood, doing his utmost to provide good sport for his friends and neighbours, and ruling over an important country firmly and wisely for nearly half a century, taking his last public leave of the hounds and country he had loved and ruled over so well !







## CHAPTER XIII.

### DEATH OF MR. GEORGE LANE FOX.

THE hunting season of 1896-97 had a gloomy beginning, for on the opening day the Squire of Bramham passed away from the scenes in which he had been so long a ruling power. He had suffered from influenza more than once, and he had a pretty sharp attack in the latter part of the summer, but he got out again, and was as cheery as ever on the afternoon of the annual Puppy-walkers' luncheon, in August. On the Great Ebor day, when hunting men foregather more perhaps than on any other day throughout the racing season, many were the enquiries as to his health, and from the answers it was hoped that we might have him with us for a short time. He had begun to pay his regular visits to the kennel again, and was very keen about the young entry, but Smith thought him feebler, and he never really regained his strength. Towards the end of October it was evident to his anxious friends that the end would not be long, and on the second of November, at four o'clock, he passed quietly away.

With the death of Mr. Fox I bring the History of the Bramham Hunt to a close. I have endeavoured to show what his friends and he had made of the country and of the

pack. Difficulties with them only existed to be overcome, and now that they have all gone,—he, the head, the last of all,—the pack remains, as a fitting memento of what can be done by energy, skill, and the true sportsman's spirit.

\* \* \* \* \*

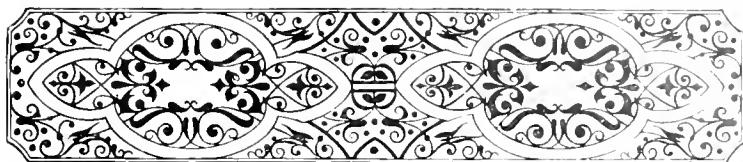
The History of the Bramham Hunt is to a certain extent the Life of Mr. Fox. Whatever he did, he did thoroughly, and his whole energies were devoted to the promotion of the sport he loved so well, and of which he was so distinguished an ornament. Any eulogy would be superfluous. From the extracts from his diary and letters which I have given, those who knew him can learn more about him than from whole pages of eulogy, and those who had not the privilege of his acquaintance may learn in some measure what manner of man he was from the same source.

How he was beloved and respected it is needless to tell. The crowds of mourners of every class who filled the pretty little church at Bramham on that dreary and wet November morning when he was laid to rest, speak more eloquently than any words can do on that point. Never perhaps was there such a representative body of all that was best in English sport assembled. From the Prince of Wales down to the humble follower of hounds on foot, every class was represented.\*

What better epitaph could a man have than a funeral such as this?

\* One foot hunter walked all the way from Leeds in the pouring rain to pay the last tribute of respect to the typical English gentleman who for eighty years had lived amongst his own people.

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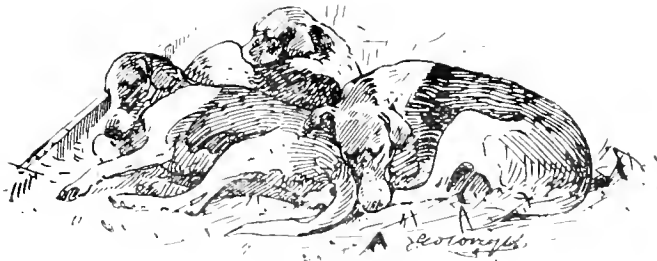


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