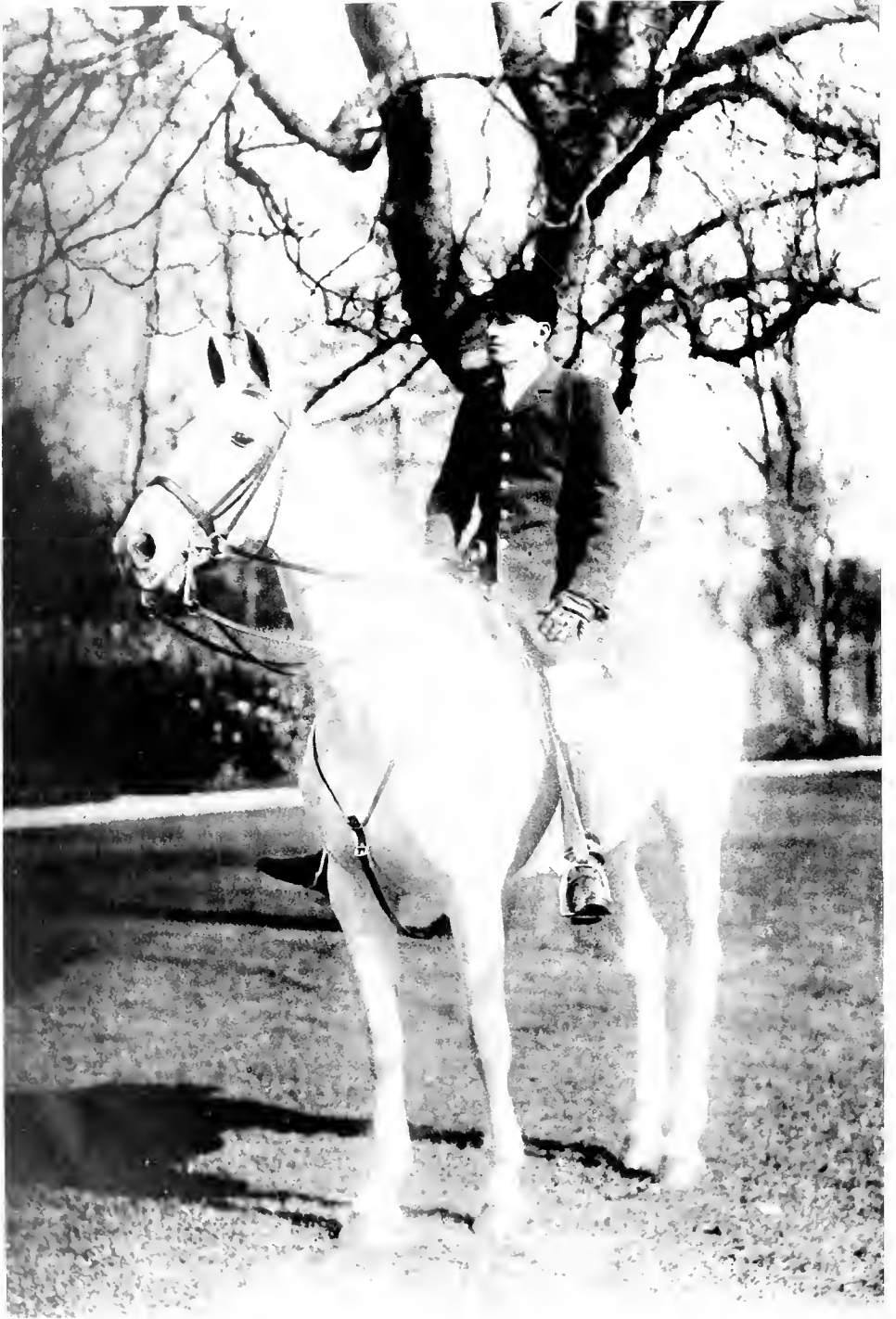




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A
HISTORY
OF THE
YORK AND AINSTY HUNT.

BY
WILLIAM SCARTH DIXON,
AUTHOR OF
"A HISTORY OF THE BRAMHAM MOOR HUNT," "IN THE NORTH COUNTEE," &c



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P R E F A C E.



THE difficulties attending the compiling a HISTORY OF THE YORK AND AINSTY HUNT seemed at one time almost insuperable. Diaries which were of incalculable value were either lost or mislaid, and during long periods of the Hunt's history no diaries were kept. The pages of old newspapers and magazines were drawn blank in many instances, and had it not been for the opportune discovery of diaries ranging over a period of thirty years, much of the earlier part of the history would perforce have been unwritten.

My thanks are due to Mr. E. LYCETT GREEN, Mr. PARRINGTON, Mr. PRESTON, Mr. BROOKSBANK, Mr. GUY ST. MAUR PALMES, Mr. F. W. SLINGSBY, and other gentlemen, for the information they have placed at my disposal, and for the untiring efforts they have made to procure further information. The Editor of the *Ficld* has also come kindly to my assistance, and has allowed me to extract many valuable items from the newspaper over which he presides.

It should be mentioned that the horse on which Mr. LYCETT GREEN is taken (*vide* frontispiece) is Grey Dawn,

on whom he made the historic jump over the Red House drain. The drain was in flood, and the old horse cleared it gallantly. The width from the nearest hind foot to the edge of the water on the landing side was 24 ft. 1 in., and the horse cleared 27 ft. 10 in., which is ten inches more than Mr. MYRTON'S celebrated jump on Baronet.

In Ferneley's picture of the meet at Red House all the horses are portraits of thoroughbreds from the stud of Mr. H. S. THOMPSON.

WILLIAM SCARTH DIXON.

YORK, JUNE, 1899.



CHAPTER I.

THE YORK AND AINSTY COUNTRY.

'Come, I'll show you a country that none can surpass,
For a flyer to cross like a bird on the wing.
We have acres of woodland and oceans of grass,
We have game in the autumn and cubs in the spring.'

ONCE it was the fashion to decry the York and Ainsty country, and not so many years ago the late Mr. Bromley Davenport, whose spirited writings are well known to most sportsmen, wrote, with somewhat questionable taste, in my humble opinion, about a man deserving to be condemned to hunt for the rest of his days with the York and Ainsty. Even when it was purely a plough country, when the little grass there was in it was mainly confined to riverside meadow, the York and Ainsty was a happy hunting ground, as many a gallant soldier will testify who had his early hunting when quartered at York, *Consule Planco*, and from its earliest history good runs have been as prevalent as with other, and at one time, more fashionable packs.

The York and Ainsty country is a somewhat straggling one, very irregular in shape, extending thirty-five miles in length, and varying considerably in width. Thirsk is its most northern point, and it extends nearly to Selby ; on the

east, the road beyond Melbourne and Bubwith Bridge marks its farthest boundary, whilst Pateley Bridge is the farthest point westward. The curious shape of the country seems to point out its origin from a number of other countries, but, though it sometimes entails a long ride, and frequently a railway journey to get at the more distant fixtures, the peculiar nature of the country must be looked upon as an advantage, for perhaps there is not another country of its extent that stands so much hunting as the York and Ainsty. Writing of the country in 1883, 'Brooksby' says:—'Starting northward, just north of the Badsworth, it runs up between the Bramham Moor and the Holderness, is narrowed at York between the Bramham Moor and Lord Middleton's, throws a limb in between the Bramham Moor and the Bedale, and carries its head northward between the Bedale and Lord Middleton's till it reaches the Sinnington.'

When Bromley Davenport wrote in terms of contempt of the country, and even later when Brooksby wrote of it, it was to a great extent a plough country, grass was not frequently met with to any extent, and it was consequently a difficult country to get over for a man who was used to the pastures of the midlands. The strong thorn fences, with a drain of greater or less width at one side or the other, took some jumping out of the stiff clay, and if a man was in a hurry at them with a half-tired horse, disaster was sure to result. Since then, however, the aspect of the country has changed considerably, the low prices which corn has fetched of late years has caused a great deal of the ploughed land to be laid down to grass, and taking the country all round, fully half of it is now grass. Indeed, in some parts of it, there is a much larger proportion of grass than there is of tillage, and the consequence is that runs over an entirely grass line are not infrequent.

Perhaps there is not such a level country in England. On the north, south, and east sides a hill is unknown, and only here and there are there to be found a few gentle undulations. In the west part of the country, however, there are plenty of hills, and about Knaresborough and Harrogate, where the country joins the Bramham Moor, there is a considerable tract of moorland. Though there are considerable woodlands in parts of the country, it can by no means be called a woodland country, and the bulk of the coverts are gorse or thorn, so that a gallop in the open is almost a certainty whichever part of the country may be visited.

The country is hunted four days a week, viz., on Mondays, Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays. The Monday country is that part which lies to the north of the Ouse and is nearest to York. There is a good deal of plough in this part of the country, and the most southern portion of it is a strong clay. Farther north, about Alne and Aldwark, the land is of a more sandy character, and rabbit holes frequently cause grief. The fences in this part of the country are stiff and strong, and big drains are scarcely so prevalent as they are in other portions of the country. Still, it will not do to leave the water jumper at home, as there are the Blue Beck, the Alne Beck, and the Huby Drain, all of them sufficiently formidable obstacles which it will not do to play with, and which, as many a gallant sportsman has discovered to his cost, are rather awkward to negotiate at twice. The Alne Beck is, when full, a bumper indeed, and on one occasion, not so very long ago, it was the scene of an exciting incident. Late in the day Mr. Lycett Green drew for a fox and found him at home in Derring's Wood, and they ran hard over a big country till they got to Alne Drain, which looked sufficiently cold and forbidding. But the bitches

were over it, and with a bit of luck horses might get over it too; at any rate, there was a strong body of sportsmen who were determined to try. Mr. Lycett Green, Major Onslow, Will Gray, and a lady, whose name I forget, got over all right, though not quite without a scramble, and it of course goes without saying that they did not make the landing any the better for those who had to follow. The result was that seven good men and true were in it with their horses, floundering about in the chilly bottom, and as the far bank was plumb, horses naturally went to the side where they could get out easily, and when they were joined by their owners it was on the wrong side. One and one alone got in and was able to ride out, though of course on the wrong side, and that was a lady who was served by her light weight. One gentleman had a very curious experience, which I am sure he will forgive me for relating. He was riding his horse, not perhaps *quite* so fresh as he might be, hard at the drain, and when on the edge of it, the horse changed legs and stopped so suddenly, that his rider was shot over his head to land on his feet at the other side, whilst so great was the impetus, that the horse, relieved of the weight of his rider, jumped the drain and landed safely.

Hawkhills, Stillington, Beningbrough Hall, Blue Bridge, Sutton-on-the-Forest, Strensall, Aldwark, Alne Station, Skelton, and Myton Hall are amongst the principal fixtures in the Monday country. From Hawkhills, where there are some good though not very large woods, is a nice galloping country, and though there is some plough, it does not ride so heavy as some of the plough farther north and south. Near Stillington there is a very good gorse covert, one of the best in the hunt, or for the matter of that in any hunt, for it is beautifully situated,

and there is a good line in every direction. It is on the North Skeugh farm, and was planted during the mastership of Mr. H. D. Brocklehurst, after whom it is sometimes named Brocklehurst's Whin, and was re-planted about 1890. The country about Aldwark and Alne is a very sporting one, and one, moreover, which takes some crossing. The principal coverts are Alne Forest, Aldwark Wood, Harbour Plantation, and the coverts about Linton. Myton is on the edge of the Bedale country, the river Swale being the boundary, but it is not often that it is crossed. Farther north, however, the York and Ainsty frequently cross into the Bedale country. Strensall soon gets bounds into Lord Middleton's country. There are some good coverts in the neighbourhood, notably the Oak Wood, Lilling Green and Suet Carr, the latter a rough open common, which generally provides an enterprising fox. Skelton Spring, the Moorlands Coverts, Court House Wood, Overton Wood, and Coldstream Gorse are good coverts, which can be drawn from either Skelton or Beningbrough. From Blue Bridge there are the New Parks Coverts and Dodholme Wood, part of the ancient forest of Galtres, of which, however, there is now no trace save the old hunting box which James I. was wont to occupy during his hunting expeditions in the forest, and which is now a farmhouse. There are a few good coverts about Sutton, but generally when hounds meet there, they get to Suet Carr before the day is over.

The Tuesday country is on the Ainsty side, and is that part of the country which was at one time hunted by the Bramham Moor, and was given up to the York and Ainsty, conditionally, by Mr. James Lane Fox. It is a long and rather narrow strip, laying between the Nidd on the north, the Wharfe on the south, and the Ouse on the east. South-westerly from Bilbrough the Tadcaster road

is the Bramham Moor boundary, but farther north, what is known as the old cut, divides the two countries. The Tuesday country differs very much in character from the Monday country. The enclosures are smaller, and the fences are quite as formidable. At one time most of this country was under the plough, but there is more grass every year, and at least three-fifths of it is now grass. In wet weather it rides very deep, and in such a flat country it seems needless to say that the drains are frequent and wide. The Copmanthorpe Drain, the Colton Drain, and Bow Beck have taken tithes of a hard-riding field many a time in the past, and scarcely a day goes over without someone getting a wet jacket in the Tuesday country. More formidable, perhaps, than either of the drains mentioned are the Rufforth Drain and the Red House Drain. There are plenty of places in the former that do not afford much difficulty to a bold horse, but then foxes are not always so accommodating as to cross at those places. At nearly every fence there is a drain of greater or less width. As the fences are so close together, and as, moreover, they all take some doing, it will be readily admitted that the answer of a sportsman who knew the country well, and who on being asked by an intending visitor what sort of a horse he should bring into the Ainsty, replied, 'the best you've got,' was a very apposite one.

The principal fixtures are The Kennels, Red House, Skip Bridge, Street Houses, Oxton Hall, Acaster, Nun Appleton, and Askham Bryan. From The Kennels, Kennel Wood and Askham Bogs are the principal coverts drawn. The latter is a big covert, boggy, and with plenty of rough ground in it, and a lot of trees, chiefly beech. It is a favourite place with foxes, and has been frequently drawn successfully twice, or even oftener, in a day. It

forms a rare sheet-anchor on a Tuesday, for if hounds have got to the end of their afternoon draw, and have only had an easy day, they are generally taken on to the Bogs on the chance of an evening gallop, and it may be added, that the evening gallop generally comes off under these circumstances. At any rate there is generally a fox there, no matter how hard the covert may have been hunted.

From Red House and Skip Bridge, practically the same country is drawn. Red House Wood is a well-known and favourite covert, large in extent, yet it is a covert from which foxes generally go away well, and many a good run has had its starting point at Red House Wood. It is close to the Nidd, and occasionally, though happily not often, confusion is cast into the ranks of their followers by hounds crossing that river. For there is no bridge, and though there is a ford, it is a slow process getting across the river by that means. So that when hounds do cross, if there is anything like a scent, those who are over first see very little of them till they check, or kill, or otherwise account for their fox. From Street Houses, Colton Whin, a famous covert, which has done well ever since it was planted some years ago by the late Colonel Telford, Pickering Wood and the Steeton coverts are drawn, and from Acaster, Stub Wood, Copmanthorpe Wood and Brocket Hagg are good strongholds. From Askham there is Askham Whin,¹ a very fine covert, not far from Askham Richard; and Rufforth Whin and Grange Wood are also well-known coverts reachable from this fixture. Bolton Percy and Nun Appleton are practically

(1) Askham Whin is also known as Swann's Whin, and was planted by Mr. R. Swann. It is now the property of Sir Andrew Fairbairn, who sets an example which may well be followed by other covert owners. Though not a hunting man, Sir Andrew subscribes liberally to the hunt, and his covert is *never* closed to hounds. Indeed, practically, it is under the management of Mr. Lycett Green.

in the same country. In the immediate neighbourhood of Nun Appleton there are plenty of woods and plantations, and Bolton Percy and Hornington Willow Beds are good coverts, which generally hold a fox. From Oxton Hall there are some nice plantations to draw, and then Pallethorpe Whin¹ is a tower of strength. The Steeton country generally is tried in the afternoon of an Oxton fixture.

On Thursdays the hounds go westwards, and a special train has generally to be requisitioned. This part of the country is generally lighter to ride over than the rest of the York and Ainsty, as it is also the most hilly. Nearest to York are Thorpe Green and Kirby Hall, round both which places there are numerous woods and plantations. The country is a sporting one, and there is a fair proportion of grass, but there are some formidable fences in places, and the Jordan, with its difficult approach and rotten banks, is a constant source of tribulation to those gallant spirits who scorn to turn round. It is, indeed, much easier to get into than to get out of, for the bottom is muddy and holding. Allerton Park and Goldsborough are also within reach of York, but they are rather a long ride, especially as it is within the range of possibility that hounds will go from, rather than towards, home. There is a lot of wood about both places, and Goldsborough is by no means a good place to get away from, though I have seen more than one good run from it. From Allerton Park there are good coverts to be drawn in the Lylands, Shepherd's Wood, and some coverts on the Grass Gills Farm. Ribston Hall is another fixture in this locality, and Ribston Great

(1) This covert is being laid this year. It has got very open at the bottom, and Sir Angus Holden has given Mr. Lycett Green *carte blanche* to put it into a fit and proper condition for a fox covert.

Wood and the adjoining coverts and plantations are good strongholds for foxes. Hunsingore has a nice bit of country round it, perhaps as easy as any in the York and Ainsty hunt, and there are good coverts between that place and Cattal. But the typical part of the Thursday country lies farther west, beyond Knaresborough, and it is the best of it too, though there is a good deal of hilly ground, some strong woodlands, and a bit of moor to encounter in places. It is there that a stone wall-jumper is required, for in the neighbourhood of Farnham, Ripley, Nidd Hall, Burnt Gates and Sawley, the walls take some doing, and as they get near to Pateley Bridge they are unjumpable. Burton Leonard, Bishop Monkton, Copgrove, Swardcliffe Hall and Roecliff, added to the places already named, make the principal fixtures in this district. The country varies a good deal and about Cayton, which is generally drawn from Ripley Castle or Nidd Hall there is a fair quantity of grass. The Sawley country, fine wild country though it is, does not find much favour with the bulk of those who hunt with the York and Ainsty. And much as is to be said in favour of it—its picturesqueness, its wildness, and its stout foxes—it must be admitted that it is not a good place to get away from. The woods seem almost interminable, the moors are not always the best of riding, and there is a good deal of rough ground to get over before one can fairly get to hounds when they do go away from the woods, as they frequently do, and face a good country to boot. Still, notwithstanding these drawbacks, spring hunting in Sawley is very enjoyable.¹

(1) Sawley is principally hunted in the spring, and to hunt it regularly in mid season, like the low country, would be impracticable. When cubs are plentiful, it is a good place for early cubbing, and may perhaps be best compared to Lord Zetland's high country, which they do not hunt except in the early autumn and spring.

It now remains to describe the Saturday country, which may be said to consist of three parts, namely, the extreme north of the country, that part of it which lays to the east of the Ouse, and the extreme south-eastern part, some of which, as is the case with some of the country in the extreme north, is loaned to the York and Ainsty. To begin, then, with the northern part, all of which is beyond a reasonable riding distance of York. Raskelf, Sessay station, Brafferton, Pilmoor, Thirkleby and Helperby Hall are the principal fixtures in this district, which abounds in woods of considerable size. Nevertheless, foxes are of an enterprising disposition, and from all the places named good runs are frequent. There are several nice coverts within reach of Raskelf, most famous amongst which is Peep of Day, a gorse which has been well looked after by Mr. Frank Green of late years. Sessay Wood is a covert that will live in hunting history, for long before the York and Ainsty hunt was established, Sir Mark Masterman Sykes's hounds had a great run from it, an account of which will appear in its proper place, and for many a year the first Duke of Cleveland roused the echoes of Brafferton Spring. In this district, too, are the strong coverts of Newbrough, which are really in Lord Middleton's country, or at least the bulk of them are, and which are hunted by the York and Ainsty by permission. It should be added that in this northern part of the Saturday country is the Sun Beck, so that here a water-jumper is as much required as in any portion of the hunt. The line from the Sessay coverts to the famous Hambleton Hills is a fine one, and frequently of late hounds have run to Hambleton and Wass as they were wont to do in the days of Sir Mark Masterman Sykes and Colonel Thornton.

The second division of the Saturday country is in the

more immediate neighbourhood of York, and indeed comes quite close to the city. It extends from Heslington on the north to Osgodby on the south. The extreme eastern point of this district is Elvington, and roughly it may be said that it is bounded by the river Derwent. There is a greater proportion of plough in this part of the country than in others, and it is a very deep country to cross. In wet weather the fields by the side of the Derwent are frequently under water, and of most of the land in the district it may be said that it is wet. There are also considerable woods at Moreby, Escrick and Wheldrake, woods from which foxes at times take a great deal of driving. The Holly Carrs, at Escrick, is a favourite place for foxes, and they will run round and round the big woods with a persistence which is tiresome to an eager field. It is, however, a famous place for cub hunting, and I have seen more than one good run from Escrick. Nearer to the Ouse, the Naburn, Moreby and Stillingfleet woods are the chief coverts in the neighbourhood of these places, and good woods they are. Unless the ground is very wet, the country round about here does not carry a very good scent, and the river is rather a drawback, as foxes have a way of hanging a good deal to it, and crossing it, when they are just about beaten. Kelfield, farther south, is a good covert and is in the best of this district. Skipwith, Riccall, and Osgodby are the other principal fixtures in this division. Skipwith Common is about seven hundred acres in extent, a dead level, and rather rough travelling. It is not particularly boggy, but there are lots of holes about, which are well calculated to upset a horse. About Osgodby and North Duffield, when off the common there is some very fair country, with a fair proportion of grass. The district which has just been described has its big water jumps, like all the

others, and Peel Beck and the Stillingfleet Drain afford plenty of opportunities to the ambitious.

The best part of the York and Ainsty country, however, is that which has yet to be described, and which lies to the east side of the river Derwent. This is known as the Melbourne country, though Melbourne is only a very small part of it. One side of the Melbourne country, that to the west of Melbourne Hall, is 'sticky' enough, but fortunately foxes seldom run over it, but show their good taste by taking a good grass line. There is not much of this country which belongs to the York and Ainsty proper, but Melbourne, Bubwith Bridge, Foggathorpe, Laytham Whin, Aughton Nurseries and Aughton Ruddings are coverts within the limits of the York and Ainsty country, all of which have a place in history. The remainder of this division consists of the Howden, Spaldington, Wressle and Brighton coverts, which are lent by the Holderness, and some of which are occasionally hunted by them. This Melbourne side is the finest part of the York and Ainsty country. It is perfectly level, is mostly grass, and generally carries a good scent. The enclosures are large, there is plenty of room, and the fences, though they require a good hunter and a bold jumper to negotiate them safely, are perfectly fair. Here again a water-jumper is required, for at one side or other is sure to be found a widish drain, and Hell Dyke, which separates the York and Ainsty and Holderness countries, could, if it were able to speak, tell a tale of disaster and disappointed sportsmen who have got in instead of over. Then when Hell Dyke has been crossed, the Charity Drain has generally to be encountered, and though not so formidable an obstacle, it is quite wide enough for a half-tired horse. There is just about enough of this country to serve for a day a fortnight, and perhaps an extra day per month thrown in, and it is a pity there is not more of it, for I know of no country so good. As an instance of

what it is capable of, I may say that the great Melbourne run, an account of which will appear in its place, was a ten-mile point, that only two ploughed fields were crossed, and that, during the whole of this hour, the fox ran up the middle of the fields, and met nothing to head him. One great charm of the country is its wildness, for it is possible to hunt all day and never see a team in a field or scarcely on the roads, of which there are happily very few.

Before leaving the subject of the Saturday country, it should be added that Oldstead Wood and Wass, which are now hunted by the Sinnington, are included within the northern part of it.

It will be seen from the foregoing description that the York and Ainsty cannot now be called either a woodland or a plough country, though there is a good deal of both woodland and ploughed land within its borders. The poorer land, however, is slowly but surely going more and more to grass, and some of it has laid itself away. If things remain as they are, and as there is every prospect of their doing, the farmers are likely to depend more and more upon their stock, and less upon cereals, and this will have the effect of bringing all but the best land back to grass. One word more about the York and Ainsty country. There is perhaps no country which is so little troubled with that curse of modern fox-hunting, barbed wire. That a good deal of it is used goes without saying, but the farmers take it down when the hunting season approaches, without fee or reward, like the good fellows and good sportsmen that they are.

Surely, after all that has been said, the York and Ainsty is not such a bad country to be 'banished' to.





CHAPTER II.

THE EARLY HISTORY OF THE HUNT.

‘There is only one thing better than tradition, and that is the original and eternal life out of which all tradition takes its rise.’—*Lowell*.

THE early history of all hunts, or of nearly all, is enveloped in a great deal of obscurity. Even in the case of hunts of comparatively recent formation, such as the York and Ainsty, this is the case. There has been some sort of hunting community out of which the more modern establishment has been evolved and the records of which, if they have ever existed, have long been lost. The York and Ainsty dates from the year 1816, but long before that date the whole of the country which is now hunted by that pack was thoroughly well hunted by one or other of the historic packs which still exist, or by some which have long been given up, and the very memory of which is almost forgotten. Previous to that date, the Bramham Moor hunted up to the walls of York on the south side, whilst Sir Tatton Sykes, who at that time managed his brother's hounds which were kennelled at Eddlethorpe, hunted up to the walls on the east side. Then the horn and holloa of Lord Darlington, and the merry cry of the famous Raby pack, roused the echoes of Brafferton Spring, though Sir Mark Masterman Sykes hunted Sessay

Wood; and in what is now known as the Thursday country, Sir Thomas Slingsby kept hounds and hunted the Goldsborough district, so that before the formation of their own hunt, the residents in the York and Ainsty country got plenty of hunting.

It would perhaps be scarcely accurate to say that in those days York was a hunting centre, yet that a few people came to York for the sake of the hunting is not only possible but highly probable, and we know that such was the case a very few years after the formation of the York and Ainsty pack. For York had a pack of hounds of her own even in those days, a pack which doubtless showed excellent sport, and which had, moreover, a long and doubtless interesting history, could it be discovered. This was the York City Harriers, who, in their later days, were kennelled at the Brown Cow, a hostelry long since done away with, and which was situated close to or on the site of the old railway station. Curiously enough, there is no record of this pack, of the masters or the huntsmen, or of the sport which they showed. But one thing is certain, and that is, that when they were given up and sold in 1830, they had been in existence for upwards of a century. The late Colonel Telford's stud-groom, whom many of my readers will remember, was in his early days whipper-in to the pack, which not only hunted hare, but occasionally had a turn with a fox if they came across one.

The Hambleton foxes were rattled by Colonel Thornton, whose hounds seem to have achieved a well-merited reputation, but the country which he hunted is now impossible to define exactly. He seems to have been somewhat of a bird of passage as regarded his sporting exploits. It need scarcely be pointed out that the York and Ainsty do not hunt the Hambleton district now, though they occasionally run there, and some of their best runs of recent

years have found them in the Devil's Parlour, or within hail of that picturesque place, with a fox that has been found at Pilmoor or Sessay.

A run which finished in the Hambleton district upwards of a hundred years ago, though it has little to do with any part of the country run over by the York and Ainsty, may be interesting, as showing the kind of sport which was enjoyed in the country in the brave days of old. It is best given in the chronicler's own words:—

‘Mr. Willoughby's foxhounds, on Wednesday last, had one of
 ‘the longest and severest runs ever known in England.
 ‘They unkennelled a fox in Skusely Wood, which was
 ‘killed seven miles below Hamilton, on the Moors, after
 ‘a run of four hours and ten minutes, with only one short
 ‘check. The ground they went is calculated at least fifty
 ‘miles, over a very deep and strong country. The only
 ‘persons in at the death were the two whippers-in, Lord
 ‘Carlisle's stud-groom, and a gentleman of the name of
 ‘Leatham.

‘The exact account of this extraordinary run is as follows:—
 ‘Found at fourteen minutes past ten o'clock on Skusely
 ‘Moor; ran some rings there; then to Swarthdale Springs,
 ‘to Hovingham South Woods; then to Hairyholm (Airy-
 ‘holme) and Wiggenthorpe (Wiganthorpe), and ran some
 ‘rings there; then to Duncomb Park, and on to the
 ‘moors for eight miles near Hamilton (Hambleton), and to
 ‘Scawton; then to Old Byland and near Hornby, where
 ‘the hounds ran out of scent into view, which lasted about
 ‘four miles.

‘Killed handsomely at fifteen minutes past two o'clock, after a
 ‘chase of fifty-one miles, and four hours and one minute's
 ‘hard running. Thirty couples of hounds went into the
 ‘field; nineteen were in at the death.’

Mr. Willoughby was afterwards the sixth Lord Middleton, and hunted for a couple of seasons the vast country which is now divided between Lord Middleton and the Holderness.



The discrepancy in the time will be noticed, and the estimated distance and the pace, of course, must be taken considerably *cum grano salis*. Twelve-and-a-half miles an hour for four hours is rather open to doubt, whilst it must have been a very good fox indeed which stood before hounds for four miles in view after such a preliminary "dusting" as he had got. But allowing for these minor incidents, this must have been a great run, and some of it was over country which is familiar to those who have hunted on the north side of the York and Ainsty country during the last few years.

The great Sessay Wood run is one which lives in history as one of the best runs of the century, or indeed in the annals of fox-hunting. This fine run took place with Sir Mark Masterman Sykes' hounds on April 7th, 1806, and is perhaps the best April run on record. The account given of it in the *York Herald* of the following Saturday is so quaint that I give it verbatim:—

'The sports of the season having now closed, we would
' think ourselves greatly deficient in our duty were we
' not to return our acknowledgments to those noblemen
' and gentlemen who have furnished this department of
' the *York Herald* with their communications and patron-
' age. We believe that we may not hesitate to state
' that the Chase in our publication has given much
' satisfaction to a numerous and respectable list of its
' readers. It is therefore our determination to continue
' during the future hunting season this very desirable
' feature in our paper, and as such, hope for a continuance
' of information from our former friends as soon as the
' sports of the field commence.

'But before we conclude, we beg leave to remark
' that we never knew, nor indeed has there ever been
' known, in the memory of man, a finer season for that
' noble sport, fox-hunting. We may say, without delusion,
' that our county has always been pre-eminent in this
' diversion, always remarkable for hard riders and good
' sportsmen. The Duke of Leeds, the Earl of Darlington,

‘the Hon. L. Savile, Sir Mark Masterman Sykes, and
 ‘Mr. Fox Lane have rivalled each other in determined
 ‘and continued good sport. Among these, although we
 ‘allow in general, the old adage “comparisons are
 ‘odious,” Lord Darlington’s and Sir Mark’s hounds are
 ‘certainly the best. Could old Meynell have seen the latter
 ‘go the pace as on Saturday and Monday last they did,
 ‘he would have forsworn for ever the “green fields of
 ‘Melton.” We may assert without flattery that Monday
 ‘was the finest day’s sport ever remembered in the
 ‘annals of York fox-hunting.

“How sweet was the joy on a high scenting day
 When from Sessay’s old cover they holloa’d away,
 While the pack in high glee pursued the bold fox
 Who, running up wind, climbed Hambleton’s rocks.”

‘For out of a field of 150 sportsmen who started with
 ‘the hounds, the following were the only ones up at the top
 ‘of Hambleton, viz.:—Will Carter, the huntsman, Sir F.
 ‘Boynton, Messrs. Treacher, Hawke, Best, Lascelles, and
 ‘Mr. Batty, the farmer. The rest, in sorrowful mood we
 ‘may fairly say, did not get to the top. Could the
 ‘Emperor Napoleon have beheld,—first of all the beauty
 ‘of the prospect from the top of the stupendous White
 ‘Mare, then the gallant sportsmen, despising all dangers
 ‘to reach the summit, he would gladly have relinquished
 ‘his throne of thorns to have joined in the diversion
 ‘of this glorious day, more glorious, as less culpable
 ‘than the plains of Marengo or of Jaffa, and would he
 ‘not have relinquished his Vin de Champagne or de
 ‘Bordeaux for humble port, when filled to the brim in
 ‘“Success to Fox-Hunting.”’

This is a very curious account of a run, for beyond the place where hounds found and the place where they finished, little or nothing is said about the run itself. It is a very good type, however, of the sort of hunting information which is to be found in old newspapers and magazines. The Emperor Napoleon was busy at the time planning the Confederation of the Rhine, but it is very

questionable, even had he had leisure to indulge in a gallop from Sessay Wood, whether he would have found it to his taste, for the country takes some getting over, the Sun Beck is wide and deep, and Napoleon was a wretched horseman.

Luckily we have a spirited description of the run in verse, from the pen of one who was there, and who, as was his wont, was amongst the first flight—the Hon. Martin Bladen Hawke:—

‘SESSAY WOOD: DESCRIPTIVE OF A RUN WITH SIR MARK
MASTERMAN SYKES’ FOXHOUNDS.

“Deus nobis, hæc otia fecit.”—*Virgil*.

- ‘ Though an easterly wind, and the sun shining bright,
No pack ever hunted with such gay delight,
As when lately at Sessay¹ we joyously met,
Of horses and riders a desperate set.
Famed Sessay, whose woodlands have long been renowned,
Whose foxes themselves with such honour have crown’d,
Again we invite thee thine aid to impart,
And trust to good luck for a fortunate start.
- ‘ Each breast was expanded with joy at the thought,
And each bosom the flame now ardently caught;
The face which, unmoved, such rapture could view,
Were unworthy the pencil of me or of you;
But happy indeed am I now to relate,
That nothing was wanting our wish to complete.
A huntsman² so keen, and a country so good,
A pack so renowned and so famous in blood;
These, these are the joys we should follow through life,
And drive far away hatred, envy, and strife.
- ‘ Now see but how nobly the covert they try:
Hark! surely ’twas Myrmidon’s musical cry.

(1) Sessay Wood has, almost from time immemorial, been renowned for affording the best foxes and the longest runs; and in Colonel Thornton’s days of celebrity, it was the most favourite covert in his Hunt.

(2) The huntsman’s name was William Carter, father of Tom Carter, who was afterwards huntsman to Sir Tatton Sykes.

Now Sempstress, my bitch, have at him again,
 And soon he shall find all his efforts are vain.
 In Brafferton Spring long disdaining to stay,
 Right over the common he's holloa'd away;
 And such a head carried as fairly beat all,
 Till within a short space of Thirkleby Hall.¹
 The check they then met with gave time to the rear,
 To recover their wind from a burst so severe;
 But a minute could scarcely the vacancy fill,
 Ere a holloa was heard towards Hambleton Hill.

'On a prince of the blood, though of Russia's race,
 Gay Martin² appears 'mongst the first in the chase;
 Yet from riding so hard, should his favourite flag,
 His tongue will not fail an excuse for his nag;
 And though strange it appears, perhaps you may not know it,
 'Tis a privilege granted to him as a poet.

'Now Treacher,³ depending on bottom and speed,
 Seems determined to try famed Arabia's breed;
 And though once on the plains of Newmarket he flew,
 And a forfeit received, to his excellence due,
 Yet I'm greatly afraid, on this glorious day,
 That himself must the forfeit to foxhunting pay.

'Though with others' misfortunes it's cruel to jest,
 I could not but laugh at my friend, Francis Best;⁴
 From his fall I was happy to find him no worse,
 For, like Richard, he only exclaimed for his horse;
 But wherefore repine? for 't has always been known,
 That *rulers* have sometimes a way of their own.

'Now sobbing and panting and heaving for breath,
 Just trying to live, and be in at the death;

(1) Thirkleby Hall was the seat of Sir Robert Frankland Russell.

(2) The Hon. Martin Hawke was uncle to the Lord Hawke. His horse's name was *Prince Brangradion*, but doubtful whether of so hardy a race as his namesake.

(3) Treacher was an officer in the Life Guards, residing in London. His horse, by an Arabian, was called Sweepstakes, it is supposed from the circumstances of his receiving two forfeits at Newmarket. Mr. Treacher afterwards hunted the country one season.

(4) Rev. Francis Best, of North Dalton. His fall happened at a very small ditch. Poor *Ruler*. '*Optimus ille est, qui minimus urgetur.*'

With Lascelles¹ and Patch 'tis so nearly who-op,
 What late kept him back now can scarce keep him up.
 "Get out of the way there, you piteous sinner,"
 Cries Boynton,² whilst cramming his horse at a spinner;
 "I've a uniform on, my good friend, d'ye see,
 And the collar shall ne'er be dishonoured by me;"
 But scarce had he uttered this valiant threat,
 Ere Obi and he took a grand somerset!
 So fragile indeed are all our best joys.
 What one moment gladdens, another destroys;
 Though the world, I acknowledge, has various ways
 With pleasure to sweeten life's tedious days,
 And each in his turn is content to appear,
 And preside at the head of his favourite sphere;
 Yet pray, my friend Clough,³ do for once let me ask,
 When you mean to accomplish this arduous task?

' Now Johnstone,⁴ beholding the pack with delight,
 Now eager to catch at the glorious sight,
 Cries, "Tolston⁵ and I sure no power shall part,
 He's the prop of my fame, and the pride of my heart."
 For the prize he's indebted, friend Perry, to you,
 Such tributes of friendship are certainly due.

'T has of late been the mode, and I will not retrench,
 In each entertainment to give something French;⁶
 You've your *souffé à la Reine*, your *crème à la France*,
 But what French we had here was *à la distance*.
 In each different hunt some hard riders are found,
 And with Bramham's famed pack I believe they abound;
 But it's easy to rise in the temple of fame,
 When hounds are a week in destroying their game;

(1) Robert Lascelles, of Northallerton. Patch was the name of his grey horse.

(2) This was Sir Francis Boynton. His horse was black, and was called Obi.

(3) *Prima sit curarum, ut id quod fingimus fieri possit.*

(4) George Johnstone, in the Fifth Dragoon Guards, then of Tavistock Square, London.

(5) Tolston. This horse was valued at five hundred guineas, and sold a short time before the period of the run, by Mr. Wentworth, for the moderate sum of eighty guineas.

(6) Captain French, of the Carabineers.

So I hope Mr. York¹ will no longer deny
That from home he must travel his hunter to try.

‘Young Clifton² set out from his father so grave,
With this admonition: “Your steed, sir, pray save,
And should Traacher betray you, or Hawke, to ride hard,
All such wicked counsels I’d have you discard.”
But instruction so good was quite thrown away,
For he swears he beat Hawke at the end of the day.

“‘What a capital leaper,” exclaims Captain Pierson
(Whilst at every fence he hangs on by the ears),
“Is my little horse,” and I fairly agree,
That his equal you seldom or ever can see;
For if you had chose to have followed his track,
You’d have gone the whole chase on a moderate hack;
And I really think, in a literal sense,
That he constantly took a rood from each fence.

‘Oh! Bower of Welham, what desperate play,
You made o’er the heath when they holloa’d away;
But now that a few small enclosures we face,
No longer you glory in Jollyboy’s pace.’³

‘Lo, puffing together in terrible plight,
John Bell and Sir Mark⁴ nearly beat out of sight;
And though it don’t happen such weights should be first,
Or beat the whole field in a desperate burst,
Yet their laurels this day, you will surely allow,
Were honestly gained by the sweat of their brow.
Though Billsden and Howell, and Red House Wood, too,
As coverts of note have been equalled by few;
Yet Corsica’s mountains, and Lombardy’s plains,
Were never yet echoed in fox-hunting strains,—

(1) Mr. Richard York, of Wigbill Park, near Tadcaster.

(2) Thomas Clifton, of Lytham Hall, co. Lancaster:—

‘He thanked his sire, yet all the day
His bosom burned to disobey,
And every time the pack he saw,
Scorned in his heart the foolish law.’

(3) Jollyboy was Mr. Bower’s horse.

(4) ‘John Bell and Sir Mark’:—

‘*Sudet multum, frustraque labore
Ausus idem.*’

Such a country was this, at least Torre¹ so declared,
And of his having travell'd you all must have heard.

‘ See Thimbleby’s squire ’ on his sweet Lady-fair,
Who has so long been accustomed to hunting the hare;
That unus’d to the system in which we pursue,
He now and then gladdens himself with a view.
If Weatherby’s volume you ever should read,
Richard Watt,³ you’ll believe, has made it his creed;
And I think it most likely he’ll gain by the race,
More honour than ever he will by the chase;
So I hope that his Shuttlecock⁴ nimbly will fly,
Nor be wanting the aid of a battledore nigh.

‘ A Liverpool trader,⁵ who lately arriv’d
From the hills of the west, thought with us to have lived,
And though mounted on Firelock, whose speed seldom fails,
The rate of the pack he now greatly bewails;
But happy the man, when for home he repairs,
In wine he can drown both himself and his cares.

‘ On Rudgier placed, and straining each nerve,
Now fearing he’ll tumble, now dreading he’ll swerve,

(1) Major James Torre, of Snydal, son of the Rev. James Torre, and elder brother to the Rev. Henry Torre, of Thornhill, near Wakefield.

(2) Sir Robert Frankland Russell. A most perfect hunter in every respect; but the *tout ensemble* certainly put one in mind of a pilgrimage to ‘ Agnes Altar ’ more than an admirer of the chase.

(3) Richard Watt, of Bishop Burton.

(4) Watt’s Shuttlecock was a great favourite, and expected to win the St. Leger. ‘ For his success ’ (thus writes the author), ‘ he has my best wishes, but

“ *certum voto pete finem.* ” ’

Shuttlecock was a bay colt by Schedoni—sister to Trumpeter. As a three-year-old he won a match with Mr. N. B. Hodgson’s Brafferton, at York. There were four better favourites than him when the numbers for the St. Leger went up. The race was won by the favourite, Mr. Clifton’s Fyldener, by Sir Peter, Shuttlecock finishing third. Shuttlecock was only a disappointing horse, and ran second several times as a four-year-old. From what can be gathered, the three-year-olds of 1806 were not a very grand lot, and the St. Leger of that year was remarkable for the slowness of the pace.

(5) Mr. Allanson, a very respectable wine merchant, from the flourishing town of Liverpool.

Behold Major Topham,¹ so eas'd up in leather,
 He boldly defies both the wind and the weather;
 But though now he is left such a long way behind,
 He can boast that he saw a most beautiful find;
 Then in future, my friend, since you funk at a fall,
 Pray stick to the lap-dogs of Falconer's Hall.

‘Having now passed a country twelve miles in length,
 Nor failing in speed, nor lessened in strength,
 A sight so stupendous at once caught the eye,
 As scarce can be equall'd 'neath Britain's mild sky.
 First, see where the sun his bright splendour displays,
 And gladdens the hills with his all-cheering rays!
 Now echo, resounding down Hambleton's vale,
 In mystic delusion repeats the glad tale,
 And each gallant hound seems eager t'aspire
 To the far-famed renown of his glorious sire;
 The craggy descent, nor the deep, thorny brake,
 Can his bold resolution slacken or shake;
 In fancy each moment he catches his breath,
 The long wish'd-for signal of poor reynard's death.

‘How grand was the sight to those fortunate few,²
 Who, soaring above, could contemplate the view!
 And whilst we enjoy, in the pride of our hearts,
 That pleasure which nought but the chase e'er imparts,
 Each pitiful group in the valley below
 Was destined to suffer the torture of woe.
 Such ever must happen to those who depend
 On *skirting* and *craning* t'accomplish the end.

‘Then take this advice, my good friends, ere we part,
 And deeply engrave it on each hidden heart:—
 “That to ride well to hounds, and a sportsman be counted,
 Take care, first of all, to be gallantly mounted;
 The eye of a lynx, and the breast of a lion,
 You should also possess, like the famous Orion.

(1) Major Topham, of Wold Cottage. Major Topham was a man of note in his day, and some further notes respecting his career will be found later on.

(2) See *ante*, page 22, for the names of those who got to the top of Hambleton.

And if added to these you can muster a hand,
 You may always retain the pack at command:
 So you've only to wish, to prove my words good,
 For an Easingwold fox, and old Conqueror's blood."¹

The name of another well-known sportsman, Colonel Mellish, is also associated with the York and Ainsty country, though no records are in existence which relate the particular part of the country which he hunted. It is particularly to be regretted that there is nothing known of the sport that he showed, or the hounds that he bred, for Colonel Mellish was one of those who did well whatever he put his hand to. He was a scholar as well as a sportsman, and many of the Peninsular War despatches were from his pen. As a gentleman rider he took high rank, and there were some good men amongst his contemporaries, notably Mr. Osbaldeston. A good soldier, a fine judge of racing and match-making, he was also one of the boldest horsemen of his time, and in Leicestershire, and in his native Yorkshire, he could hold his own with the best of the light weights, notwithstanding that he always rode a good fourteen stone. He was also eminent as a cattle breeder, and in everything he touched showed remarkable talent, save that he was an inveterate plunger, and the cards and the 'bones' practically ruined him, or at any rate dissipated his princely fortune to a great extent. How interesting would an account of his experience as a master of hounds have been from his own pen—a pen that was deemed by Wellington worthy of writing his despatches.

Some time between the years 1815 and 1818, the exact date is not forthcoming, Sir Thomas Slingsby gave

(1) Conqueror's blood, which was once, as the author believes, reckoned the first in the kingdom, and the repute in which an Easingwold fox was held, gave occasion to the above sentiment.

up his hounds, and the Goldsborough country was un hunted for a short time. Then we have the authority of 'Nimrod' for saying that the Hon. Captain Butler kept hounds for a season or two at Nun Monkton, and he is stated by that great authority to have originated the pack. In this, however, 'Nimrod' was scarcely correct, though Captain Butler's keeping hounds may have had something to do with the formation of the present York and Ainsty country, and although he undoubtedly played a leading part in the formation of the country as it now exists.

No doubt that the fact of Sir Thomas Slingsby giving up his hounds had aroused the keen sportsmen of the York district that they were in some danger of losing some of their hunting, and at the same time the improved state of agriculture, the increase of enclosures, and the systematic preservation of foxes, which was coming fast into vogue, rendered it necessary that there should be some clearer definition of hunting countries, and that the vast areas which have been hunted over by the Duke of Cleveland and Sir Mark Masterman Sykes should be curtailed in extent. Everything, indeed, pointed for the time being opportune for the establishment of a hunt which, ever since its formation, has taken a foremost place in the annals of the sport, and which has indeed a brilliant, if also a somewhat tragic history.

So, the time being ripe in 1816 a deputation from York waited upon Mr. James Lane Fox, of Bramham, and requested him to allow the proposed new pack to hunt that part of the country which had hitherto been hunted by the Bramham Moor, which lay to the south of the city. Mr. Fox, who had plenty of country, assented, on the condition that whenever the York and Ainsty Hunt should be given up, this part of their country should revert to the

Bramham Moor, and it may be added that the cession of country was practically one in perpetuity, for ever since its formation the York and Ainsty Hunt has prospered.

A Committee was then formed to superintend the management of the hunt, kennels were built at Knavesmire, and the Committee commenced to get some hounds together. The Committee consisting of Captain Butler, Mr. William Clough, and Mr. Chaloner, commenced their labours at a very favourable time for getting a pack of hounds together. The Duke of Cleveland, who was a bit of a poacher where hunting was concerned, had made considerable encroachments on that country, reaching from Hornby Castle to the high moors, which was hunted by the sixth Duke of Leeds; and that gentleman, rather than enter into any dispute with his neighbour, gave up his hounds. Eighteen couples of these were purchased for the newly-formed York and Ainsty pack, and Will Danby, who was afterwards to become so closely associated with the country, brought them by road from Hornby Castle to the new kennels at Knavesmire. The carpenter who had been employed to put up the benches in the new kennels did not know much about such work, and made them far too light, so when Danby arrived with his hounds they all rushed on to the benches, and the result was that they gave way. Mr. Clough, who was present, used such powerful language that Danby was frightened, and thinking that it was like being no place for him he went off in the night, and took service with Mr. Tom Hodgson, for whom he whipped-in for many a year. At first, the Committee had only a limited subscription to work with, and I have been told that in the earlier years of the hunt's history, there was a good deal of 'rough and ready' about the way in which things were done. An occasional burst with a hare, if foxes were not readily found, was indulged

in, and no regular huntsman was kept. I give the information as I had it, and it is quite possible that the new pack has somehow been mixed up with the City Harriers, who were always wont to hunt a fox if they could conveniently come across one without purposely drawing a fox covert.

But however near the way things may have been done at first, it is certain that the 'rough and ready' system did not last long. Neither did the Committee, for in 1821, Mr. George Treacher took hold of the pack and hunted it for two seasons. On his retirement, Messrs. George Lloyd and Robert Chaloner were co-masters for a couple of seasons, and then Mr. George Lloyd commenced a long and prosperous mastership. Mr. Lloyd is said to have taken hold of the reins of office in 1825, but it is probable that the more active duties connected with the management devolved upon him before he became nominally the master. At any rate, such is the impression conveyed by an anonymous writer in the *Sporting Magazine* of March, 1825. This gentleman says:—'The hounds that hunt in this part of Yorkshire are known as the York and Ainsty hounds, and are a subscription pack, under the direction chiefly of Mr. Lloyd, of Acomb, a village near this city.' Unfortunately, the tourist quoted has not given us any history of the doings of the pack during his visit, and his tour would have afforded much more entertaining reading had he given us one or two of those runs in the neighbourhood of Easingwold, where he tells us that he saw the best sport, or, one of those excellent runs on the Boroughbridge road to which he refers, instead of a whole page of reasons, which certainly do not appeal to us of a later generation, why he does not do so. Few of my readers will be found to agree with him that

'the record of a fox-chase is an especial tame thing,' and that 'the calling to mind of chases, however brilliantly run even a month ago, although it may not be beyond an effort of memory, is certainly beyond that of feeling.'

The banker poet, Rogers, hit off the sportsman's spirit far better than did this contributor to the *Sporting Magazine*, when he pictures the old squire, no longer able to take part in the sport he loved so well, 'scouring the country in his elbow chair,' and we should have preferred 'one day from Sessay Wood, and Brafferton Spring, and another from Skip Bridge, Providence Green, or Askham Bogs,' to any amount of moralising or quotations from Juvenal. However, we have to be thankful that we have the opinion of a man who evidently knew something about hunting, respecting the pack in its early years.

'So far as I have been able to judge of these hounds,' says he, 'from what I have seen of other packs, I should be led to assert that they are one of the fastest packs in Yorkshire;' and whilst he speaks very favourably of the management, he suggests that a little more activity on the part of the huntman would be of advantage.

Who the correspondent of the *Sporting Magazine* was I have not been able to discover, but in the following season, a greater man than he came to visit the York and Ainsty country, viz., Mr. Charles James Apperley, known to all hunting men as 'Nimrod.' The York and Ainsty occupied a good deal of his time during his famous Yorkshire tour, and the hounds pleased even his fastidious eye. Naylor, who was Mr. Lloyd's first huntsman, was a capital man in the kennel, and the hounds had even then, at so early a period of their history, achieved a high reputation on the flags.

The country in 'Nimrod's'* day was very different to what it is now, and his description of it affords interesting reading. 'I consider it favourable to hounds and unfavourable to horses, on account of the wet, and in many places boggy state of the land, in addition to its being nine-tenths ploughed. In another respect it is unfavourable to horses: it is so very flat that hounds are lost sight of if suffered to get two fields ahead; so there is no riding to points, as in most other provincial countries. The fences—the common hedge and ditch, not often bound—though they occur frequently, are not difficult; but a brook-jumper is often wanted, as in parts there are many wide drains. Few of the gates in the north are practicable, as they far exceed the usual height.'

Though 'Nimrod' speaks well of the hounds in the kennel, he appears to have only had indifferent sport with them, some of those untoward incidents which go to mar a day's sport constantly cropping up. It is perhaps best to let him tell his own tale:—

'Saturday, the 11th. Met the York and Ainsty at Hulby, eight miles from York, in the direction of Boroughbridge. Unfortunately we had no sport. Our first fox was lost by the ignorance of the second whipper-in, who never attempted to turn the hounds, which ran over three fields with their heads up—the fox having turned short back. He was also ably seconded by a well-mounted gentleman in scarlet, who was of course equally at sea. The hounds being disappointed and the scent bad, they did not settle again, and we lost him. After chopping another, we found again in Oldwork (Aldwark) Wood, but the scent got worse and worse. I viewed the fox across the field about ten minutes after we found, and although the hounds came to holloa immediately, only one of them, Remus, could speak to it. This country was close, and some of it loose in the soil, and not looking

* 'Nimrod's' tour took place in 1826.

‘favourable for scent; but taken altogether, I did not dislike it; and I thought that part of it which I had ridden across on my road to the covert, was capable of showing a fine run.’

Hulby, of course, is Huby; and ‘Nimrod,’ who was staying with Sir Bellingham Graham at Norton Conyers at the time, would pass over some of the best of the Monday country as he rode to the meet. Those who have carried the horn in the York and Ainsty country will cordially endorse the remarks about the bad scenting properties of the loose soil about Aldwark.

‘Tuesday, November 21st. Met the York and Ainsty at Pilmoor, ten miles from Norton Conyers, a common situated between two very large coverts—a wild fox-hunting place, but not a November fixture. In the spring it must often afford runs. On this day our hounds divided and made bad work of it. I got off with the smaller lot; but seeing that nothing could be done, and that the fox was making back for the coverts, I trotted gently on the line. We again found, and had a hunting run through a horrible country, composed of fields of about two acres each, enclosed with strong blackthorn fences—nice chance for horses’ legs! Fortunately for my horse he cast a shoe, and I went home; but rather a singular adventure occurred. I had ridden about two miles in quest of a blacksmith, when I met a person on foot (Mr. Dale, of Creakhill). “I think I have got your shoe in my pocket,” said he. “Did you ride over the rails out of Pilmoor with Mr. George Swann?” On telling him I did, he informed me that my horse pulled off his shoe when he landed on the other side. Had it not come off a fall would have been the result.’

It is curious to compare the description of this part of the country with the former statement that ‘the fences are not difficult.’ The face of the country has, of course, altered considerably since ‘Nimrod’ jumped the rails at

Pilmoor, but it is by no means a bad country now, though it is necessary to look sharp, as it is not the best place in the hunt to get away from.

'Nimrod' now went farther north, and he did not pay another visit to the York and Ainsty country till March :—

'Thursday, 15th. Met York and Ainsty at Nun Appleton village, ten miles from York. We hunted a fox that had stolen away from one of Sir William Milner's coverts for some distance, but owing to a false holloa, and two or three other awkward circumstances, we could do nothing with him. Found again on Askham Bogs, but the day was stormy and we had not any scent.' There was a large field out, several of whom belonged to Lord Harewood's hunt.'

'Nimrod' was certainly very unhappy in his experiences with the York and Ainsty in the field, but even the short accounts he has to give, relating as they do to moderate sport, make one wish all the more that his predecessor had not been quite such a 'superior person,' and had told us of some of those good things which seemed to fall to his lot so plentifully.

'Nimrod's' visit was productive of an incident which probably inspired one of the most amusing passages in 'Handley Cross.' A gentleman rode up to Naylor, the huntsman, and said, 'Now Naylor, you must mind what you are at to-day: 'Nimrod' will be out, and will have you in black and white.' 'Lord bless you, sir,' was the huntsman's reply, 'I have forgotten more than 'Nimrod' will ever know.'

It is disappointing that there is not more forthcoming about the history of the hunt during Mr. Lloyd's mastership, and of the earlier years of his rule nothing much is known. But even thus early in the annals of the hunt there is a tragic incident to relate. On November

4th, 1825, in Mr. Lloyd's first season, one of the leading members of the hunt, Mr. Henry de Yarburgh, of Heslington Hall, was seized with gout in the stomach in the hunting field, and died the same night.

I am able, thanks to the kindness of Mr. E. C. Brooksbank, to give a little information about the hunt during the thirties and forties. This information is taken from the hunting diaries of Mr. Richard York and Mr. E. York. These gentlemen kept their hunting diaries fully and carefully, and though they generally hunted with the Bramham Moor, they occasionally had a day with the neighbouring pack. The first day I have to record is a good day in the Ainsty, which took place in the season of 1830-31:—

‘Tuesday, November 9th. Acaster Mill. Found in Stub Wood,
 ‘ran to Brocket Hagg, through the whin, down to Acaster
 ‘town end, down to the river side, and all along the Ings
 ‘nearly to Low Acaster; turned up to the right to Brocket
 ‘Hagg, and killed him in Copmanthorpe Wood. One hour
 ‘twenty minutes. Found in the Dog Kennel Spinney, at
 ‘Nun Appleton; ran over the park, through the Bridge
 ‘plantation, by the keeper's house, and lost him in
 ‘Mr. Markham's garden at Bolton Percy. Found in Palle-
 ‘thorpe Wood, ran by Beanland's house, past Oxton, up
 ‘to Oxton House, crossed the York road at Tadcaster town
 ‘end, almost to the windmill; turned to the right, through
 ‘Catterton Spring, almost to Billbrough Moor; turned to
 ‘the left, and crossed the York road at Brettan Abbey,
 ‘through Pickering, up to Laycock's buildings, and lost
 ‘him in Mr. Markham's garden at Bolton Percy. Forty-
 ‘five minutes; very fast.’

This was an excellent day's sport, and it is not a little curious that two foxes should be lost in the same place on the same day. It seems probable that there was a snug earth in Mr. Markham's garden, known to the foxes but not to the earth-stopper, albeit that would probably be

Will Clark, who was famous in this capacity. But history has nothing to say on this score.

On the following Tuesday they were at Red House, but they had to give up hunting on account of the rain, which Mr. York describes as the hardest he ever saw. November 23rd found Mr. York again meeting them, this time at Askham Bogs, and they had a hard but rather uneventful day, foxes ringing about between the Askhams and Billbrough. The next run recorded is a good one:—

‘Thursday, December 2nd. Naburn. Found in Naburn Wood, ran by Deighton, and to ground in a rabbit-hole between Deighton and Wheldrake. Thirty minutes. Found in Richardson’s whin, ran down to Naburn Wood, turned short back by Deighton, down to Wheldrake Common; ran two rings round the plantations, and then away over the road, over Kexby Common, down to the edge of Kexby Wood, almost to Elvington, and to ground in Wheldrake Common. Three hours five minutes. Very good day.’

‘Thursday, December 16th. Red House. Found in Red House Wood, ran by Scagglethorpe, leaving Nether and Upper Poppleton on the left; crossed the York road, leaving Knapton on the left, and lost him near Mr. Fearby’s house at Poppleton Villa. One hour four minutes. Tried Chaloner Whin. Found in Askham Bogs, ran up to the Ginger Beer Shop, where he was headed, and went back through the Bogs, and away by Acomb plantations, up to the fir trees on the hill; turned short to the right, and went through the nursery grounds between Acomb and Holgate, over the road and Severus Hill; turned to the left, leaving Mr. Fearby’s house on the right and Knapton on the left, and went straight forward half way to Hessay; crossed the Boroughbridge road opposite Nether Poppleton, past Scagglethorpe, leaving Red House Wood on the right, over the road below Monkton church; crossed the Boroughbridge road a little to the left of Skip Bridge inn, through the corner of Wilstrop Wood, over the low side of Marston Moor; crossed Hessay Moor, leaving

‘Hessay on the left, almost to Knapton, where, it having
 ‘been dark some time, we were obliged to give it up. Two
 ‘hours forty minutes. Very good run.’

There was not much to record on the following Tuesday when they met at Acaster Mill; and on January 11th, when they were again at Red House, they were obliged to give up hunting on account of the severe frost. A week later they met at Askham Bogs and had two very fast gallops. The first of these was from Little Askham Whin, for they could not draw the Bogs on account of the ice, by Bilbrough Gravel Pits, and to ground after a fast fifteen minutes. The second fox was found in Pickering Wood and ran by Colton, and back through Pickering Wood and by Pallethorpe and Oxton, hounds eventually losing him at Mr. Markham’s garden at Bolton Percy. A run in the beginning of March must finish the record for this season :—

‘Tuesday, March 1st. Nun Appleton. Tried the Dog Kennel
 ‘Spinney and Sicklepits. Found in the Bridge plantation,
 ‘and killed there. Tried the new woods and coverts near
 ‘the keeper’s house, Pallethorpe and Steeton plantations.
 ‘Viewed a fox from a field near Street Houses, ran to
 ‘Bilbrough Moor, almost to Catterton Spring; turned to
 ‘the left, and crossed the road near Tadcaster Bar, up to
 ‘Oxton; turned to the left through Pallethorpe and
 ‘Pickering, leaving the Wild Man on the left, almost to
 ‘the New inn; turned to the right, leaving Colton on the
 ‘right, over Brumber Hill, past the windmill by the
 ‘keeper’s house, almost to the river side; turned to the
 ‘right, over the Foss at Bolton Percy, past Bolton Lodge,
 ‘and killed him in the open field near Hornington Old Mill.
 ‘One hour thirty-six minutes. Remarkably fine run.’

A fair average of sport seems to have been enjoyed in the beginning of the season of 1831-32, but it was not till November was half over that anything took place calling for record here :—

‘Tuesday, November 15th. Acaster Mill. Tried Stub Wood, ‘Acaster Whin, Brocket Hagg, Dog Kennel Spinney, and ‘Sicklepits at Nun Appleton. Found in the Bridge plantations, ran a short ring by Appleton and back, and lost ‘him. Found in Pallethorpe Wood, ran by Steeton plantations, past Steeton Hall, turned to the left past Mr. Morritt’s ‘house at Colton, crossed the York Road near the New inn, ‘over Bilbrough Hill, leaving Normans on the left, over the ‘Askham road; turned to the left up to Angram, over the ‘bottoms almost to Robin Hood’s Wood, over the Healaugh ‘Road, and lost him near the old moat in Todd’s ground. ‘One hour eight minutes.’

November went out well and a good start was made in December, as the following records show :—

- ‘Tuesday, November 20th. Aldwark Bridge. Found in Aldwark ‘Wood, ran in it for some time, and then away a short ring, ‘by the old covert, and back into the wood; then away by ‘the water side to Linton, almost to Newton; over the ‘road down to Linton Woods, almost to Alne, and back ‘to Aldwark Wood, and killed him. Two hours eight ‘minutes.’
- ‘Thursday, December 1st. Red House. Found in Red House ‘Wood, ran by Scagglethorpe, over the drain, crossed the ‘York road, over Hessay field, almost to Rufforth Mill, ‘then turned to the left by Rufforth plantations, over the ‘York road, straight down to Water Poppleton, then along ‘the Ings, past Red House into the wood, and killed him. ‘One hour eight minutes; very fast indeed.’

They had a smartish scurry from Askham Bogs on the 27th, running by Copmanthorpe and over Brumber Hill to Nun Appleton, where the fox beat them. Then came three good days in January, accounts of which must be given in full :—

- ‘Thursday, January 12th. Red House. Found in Red House ‘Wood, ran away by Monkton Church, turned to the left ‘along the drain side to Scagglethorpe, and back to Red ‘House Wood, through it, and away by Monkton Church,

‘over the drain, turned to the left and ran parallel to the
 ‘York road down to Nether Poppleton; turned short back,
 ‘and ran over the park at Red House, and killed him in
 ‘the wood. One hour forty minutes.’

‘Thursday, January 19th. Askham Bryan. Tried Little Askham
 ‘Whin. Found in Askham Bogs, ran to Askham Whin,
 ‘Grange Wood, over both the great drains, leaving Rufforth
 ‘on the right, up to Marston; turned to the right to
 ‘Marston Woods, straight down to Wilstrop Great Wood,
 ‘ran round it, and then through the low side, and away
 ‘almost to Skip Bridge, down to Moor Monkton, and lost
 ‘him at Cock Hill. One hour fifty-five minutes’ very good
 ‘hunting.’

‘Tuesday, January 21st. Askham Bogs. Found in Askham
 ‘Bogs, ran by Copmanthorpe and over the common, and
 ‘lost him at Acaster Whin. Found in Stub Wood, ran by
 ‘Brocket Hall over Brumber Field, leaving Colton and the
 ‘Wild Man on the right, over the Catterton drain, past
 ‘Oxton, and to ground at Tadcaster town end. Thirty-five
 ‘minutes; most capital run.’

A hard day’s sport in the Thursday country must finish
 up the account of this season:—

‘Monday, February 27th. Thorp Green. Tried the wood near
 ‘Thorp Green. Found in Kirby Hall plantations, ran
 ‘round them several times, and to ground near the lodge.
 ‘Tried the plantations over again, Lylands and Broadfield.
 ‘Found near the keeper’s house, ran over the park and
 ‘through the pleasure-grounds, then skirted Lylands and
 ‘Broadfield almost to Marton; turned to the left over the
 ‘north road, and lost him near Arkendale. Tried Flaxby
 ‘plantation. Found in Goldsbrough Moor, ran to Piker-
 ‘shaw, Goldsbrough Hall, Moor, through Green Dick,
 ‘crossed the road near the New inn, leaving Hopperton to
 ‘the right, almost to Whixley; turned to the left through
 ‘Broadfield, and lost him in Lylands.’

On the following Thursday they met at Askham Bogs,
 where it is noteworthy that there were so many foxes that
 the hounds divided in all directions. There was not much

sport however, and nothing took place which calls for record. The last day of which an account is given is Monday, March 29th, when they met at Skipwith Bridge and had a day about the Holly Carrs and Skipwith Common, ending with blood.

The season of 1832-33 was productive of some fine sport, though the best of it came late in the season. On October 25th, they had a good run from Askham Bogs, by Askham Whin, Acomb Grange, and Rufforth to the Boroughbridge road, killing on the drain side on Hessay Moor, at the end of an hour and seventeen minutes. They had a woodland day at Naburn on November 3rd, and twelve days' later they had a hard day in the Thursday country, finding a fox late in the day at Lylands, and running by Marton, Ferrensby, and Loft-house Hill, nearly to Brearton, where hounds were stopped at dark. On December 17th, they had a good thirty-five minutes from Askham Bogs, by Chaloner Whin, the Acomb Nurseries, and Severus Hill, pulling their fox down near Poppleton Lodge. A month later they were at Red House and had a ringing sort of day, running about Scagglethorpe, Acomb, and Grange Wood all day, and finally the fox crossed the river. But they were to have a better day from Red House than this, of which an account will be found in its place.

'Thursday, February 7th. Arkendale. Found in Coneygarths, 'ran to Scriven, over Farnham Bottoms, leaving the Mires 'on the left to Walkingham Warren, over the hill by 'Staveley Quarries, up to Burton Leonard. Down to 'Bishop Monkton, turned to the left past Hollin Hall, 'over the road, straight up to the pleasure grounds at 'Studley, up to Fountains Abbey, over the park, past 'the house, down to Laver Banks, ran a short ring 'over the hill in view, and killed him in the brook near 'Laver Bridge. One hour thirty-four minutes. Remarkable 'fine run.'

‘Tuesday, March 5th. Askham Bogs. Tried Askham Bogs, found in Little Askham Whin, ran towards Angram, and then to Normans; turned short back over Askham Field and to ground near Great Askham, bolted him and ran to Great Askham and lost him. Tried Grange Wood and Little Askham Whin, Steeton plantations, Pickering and Pallethorpe, Bolton plantations and the New Wood. Found in the Bridge plantation, ran across Nun Appleton park to the Sicklebits, leaving Low Acaster on the right to Stub Wood, took one turn in the wood, and then away by the water side to Low Acaster (where he got into drain under the road, but came out directly), and killed him. Forty-one minutes.’

Two days later they had a good run of an hour and twenty minutes from Copgrove, killing their fox at Staveley village; but one of the best runs of which there is a record was from Red House on the following Tuesday, albeit the line would cause considerable disappointment to the bulk of the field:—

‘Tuesday, March 11th. Red House. Found in Red House Wood, ran in it for some time, and then away to Scagglethorpe almost to Poppleton, turned back again by the water side, through Red House Wood, crossed the water below Beningbrough village, straight to Court House Spring, through it and away over Newton Field to Beningbrough Park, crossed the river at Nun Monkton where a couple of hounds killed their fox, and rest of pack ran over Nun Monkton Park, away by Thorp Wood to Green Hammerton, over the hill and down to Kirk Hammerton, crossed the lane below Mr. Thompson’s house, leaving the mill on the right, crossed the water at Wilstrop village and lost him just below Wilstrop Great Wood. Two hours forty-five minutes.’

On March 21st, rather a curious incident took place. They met at Scriven and ran a fox from Scotton Banks into a cellar in Knaresborough, whence he was taken and turned down in front of hounds, and eventually

killed near the Crimple Bridge. A run in the Thursday country seems a fitting one with which to conclude the history of this season:—

‘Tuesday, April 2nd. Cayton Gill. Found in Cayton
 ‘Gill, ran by Cayton Hall, by Stainley Quarries, leaving
 ‘Burton Leonard on the right down to Burton Wood,
 ‘through it and out along the brook side, nearly opposite
 ‘Newby Hall. Turned to the left and ran by Bishop
 ‘Monkton and Stainley to Cayton Gill, across it and
 ‘lost him at Ripley Park. One hour thirty-two minutes.
 ‘Found in Walkingham Warren, ran towards Staveley
 ‘and then turned short back through Farnham Mires
 ‘almost to Brearton. Turned to the left over the hill,
 ‘leaving Copgrove on the right, past Burton Leonard,
 ‘down into the bottoms opposite Newby, turned to the
 ‘left up to Hollin Hall, crossed the Ripon road by
 ‘Markenfield Hall into Studley Park, and to ground at
 ‘Markershaw. One hour four minutes. Very good day.’

The season of 1833-34 was distinguished by some very good sport, especially from Red House, from which place there were several good runs. Early on in the season they had a useful day at Ferrensby, and a week after (October 10th) they had a good day from Askham, with plenty of good hound work, but rather uneventful in other respects. On November 7th, they had a pretty thirty-five minutes from Red House Wood, over the drain and by Scagglethorpe, and back through the wood, a line which is very familiar to followers of the York and Ainsty in the present day, finally killing near Monkton Church:—

‘Saturday, November 9th. Providence Green. Tried Hunsin-
 ‘gore plantations. Found in Ribston plantations, ran
 ‘to Langshaw and lost in Goldsborough Moor. Tried
 ‘Goldsborough Moor, found in Goldsborough Wood and
 ‘ran to the Moor, Flaxby Plantations, up to Claro Hill,
 ‘crossed the North road by the end of Allerton Park
 ‘wall, through Shepherd’s Wood, skirted Lylands and



‘Broadfield almost to Little Ouseburn. Turned short
 ‘back by Whixley Hall down to Gilstrop, crossed the
 ‘great North road to Ribston plantations, Langdon, over
 ‘Goldsborough Moor and the Common Field, past
 ‘Goldsborough Hall, over the park, through the wood,
 ‘and Ribston Spring and the pleasure grounds, and
 ‘along the water side nearly to Walshford Bridge.
 ‘Turned to the left up to Whincup’s house, where he
 ‘ran through the drain and the whole pack after him.
 ‘Then through Ribston plantations and Langshaw,
 ‘Goldsborough Moor, Green Dick up to the New inn.
 ‘Turned to the right through Ribston plantations and
 ‘Langshaw nearly down to Walshford Bridge, over
 ‘Ribston Park, by the House, through the Spring, across
 ‘the low end of Goldsborough Wood, through the Moor,
 ‘Green Dick, through Ribston plantations, where we
 ‘viewed him. Then through Langshaw, and ran into
 ‘him in the great drain between Goldsborough Moor
 ‘and Flaxby plantation. Three hours eight minutes.
 ‘Very hard day.’

Well might Mr. York call this a very hard day, and though there was no great point made, it was a good sporting run in a country which does not find much favour with the generality of hunting men. Another very hard day was soon to follow :—

‘Thursday, November 14th. Copgrove. Found in Burton
 ‘Wood, ran towards Bishop Monkton and killed him.
 ‘Tried the plantation beyond Burton Wood. Found in
 ‘the Round Carrs, ran to Burton Leonard, down to
 ‘Burton Wood, over the bottoms towards Rawcliff,
 ‘turned to the right by Staveley town end, past Walking-
 ‘ham Warren, over Farnham Bottoms and Scotton Moor.
 ‘Crossed the water into Bilton Banks, ran the whole
 ‘length of the covert to Bilton Hall, almost to Knares-
 ‘borough town end, turned to the right to Bilton village
 ‘and up to Harrogate, where we hunted up to him at
 ‘the back of the Granby, and went away in view towards
 ‘Bilton village, and killed him close to Harrogate
 ‘turnpike bar. Two hours fourteen minutes.’

On December 5th they had a good day from Red House, killing a brace of foxes after sharp runs; and a month later, when hounds met at the same place (January 7th) we are told that the hounds were shamefully overridden. On the 28th of January, they had a fast forty-five minutes from Askham Bogs, over a fine line, rolling their fox over near Marston Rectory, and on February 11th, came a great day from Red House:—

‘Tuesday, February 11th. Red House. Found in Red House
 ‘Wood, ran a ring towards Cock Hill and back through
 ‘the wood, and over the water to Beningbrough, and
 ‘stopped the hounds near Court House. Tried Grange
 ‘Wood, found in Swann’s Whin, ran by Little Askham
 ‘and up to Bilbrough, up to the hill top, turned short
 ‘back again by Normans, almost to Angram, turned
 ‘to the right by Swann’s Whin and then went forward,
 ‘leaving Great Askham on the right, turned straight
 ‘across Askham Bogs, over the road and down over the
 ‘drain, turned to the left by Bishopthorpe, through the
 ‘Palace Gardens, and along the river side behind
 ‘Middlethorpe. Turned up by the Grand Stand and
 ‘across Knavesmire, through Knavesmire Wood and
 ‘ran parallel with the York road over Copmanthorpe
 ‘Field, through Copmanthorpe Wood and straight away,
 ‘leaving Colton on the right, over Brumber Field, and
 ‘turned short back at Appleton town end, and killed
 ‘him at the Boat House near Appleton. One hour
 ‘thirteen minutes. Most capital run.’

‘Tuesday, March 18th. Red House. Found in Red House
 ‘Wood, ran over Monkton Moor, leaving the village on
 ‘the right, crossed the Nidd half-way between Monkton
 ‘and Skip Bridge, leaving Nun Monkton on the right
 ‘almost to Widdington. Crossed the Ouse just above
 ‘Newton town end, along the Tollerton beck side to
 ‘Linton Woods, past Youlton and Alne, leaving Thol-
 ‘thorpe on the left, skirted Hagg Moor up to Helperby
 ‘town end, turned short back again down to Myton,
 ‘over Myton pastures to Aldwark village, over Aldwark
 ‘Moor and by the end of the wood down to Linton

‘village, where he was viewed before the hounds, and
 ‘was killed in the river at Linton Lock, but unluckily
 ‘sank before they could get him out. Four hours five
 ‘minutes. Most capital run.’

They had another teaser in the district north of the Ouse two days later, and it seems that long severe runs were common in the latter part of the season:—

‘Thursday, March 20th. Eighth Milestone, Easingwold road.
 ‘Found in New Parks Spring, ran straight away to Huby
 ‘Fields, over them and past Stillington House down to
 ‘the brook, and all along the side of it to the bridge,
 ‘where he crossed and ran into him just below Brandsby.
 ‘One hour twenty-three minutes. Tried St. John’s Well
 ‘and the Roans plantations. Found in Suet Carr, ran
 ‘through the Roans plantations and up to Lilling, past
 ‘Sheriff Hutton, down into the vale of Stittenham, along
 ‘there about two miles, and then turned up past
 ‘Stittenham Wood, over the hills into Mowthorpe dale,
 ‘past Garthorp and into Castle Howard park, where the
 ‘hounds were stopped, there being so many foxes.’

They had another good day from Skelton a week later, finding their fox in Overton Wood, and running by Court House Wood, across the Easingwold road, and over Hall Moor and past Huby, losing their fox at Moxby, after a very fast gallop of an hour and five minutes.

The next season did not begin with any very great doings. They had a moderate day’s sport at Ferrensby on October 7th, and on the 9th they had some useful hound work, and killed a brace of foxes in Swann’s Whin. A week later, after an uneventful and wild morning, they found a fox in the Bridge plantation at Nun Appleton, and after a ringing run they killed him in Lady Milner’s garden. October, however, was an uneventful month, and November was little if any better, and it was not until December set in that there was anything of importance to record:—

‘Thursday, December 4th. Copgrove. Found in the round little
 ‘Carrs near Copgrove, and ran by the house and over
 ‘the brook. Turned to the left, parallel to the drain
 ‘almost to the river, then turned to the right and ran
 ‘straight away to Roecliff, over the common field almost
 ‘to Minskip. Then ran all along the bottoms to Staveley,
 ‘where he turned short back, and killed him by the brook
 ‘side. Forty-four minutes, very fast. Went after a fox
 ‘that was viewed near Burton Wood and ran to the
 ‘Carrs and back, and killed him in the covert near the
 ‘house at Copgrove.’

On the 6th they had a good run with their afternoon fox, after a fair morning's work. They found on Wheldrake Common, and ran by Elvington to Dunnington Hagg, where they were stopped after a very fast thirty-five minutes. On the following Tuesday they had a good run, the fox crossing the Ouse; and it is worthy of notice that during the period under consideration it was a common thing for foxes to cross the river backwards and forwards:—

‘Tuesday, December 6th. Acaster Mill. Tried Acaster
 ‘Whin, Brocket Hagg, Copmanthorpe Wood, Askham
 ‘Bogs and Chaloner Whin. Found in the Nursery near
 ‘Askham Bogs, ran over the hill past Great Askham
 ‘Whin to Grange Wood, crossed the Wetherby road
 ‘half way between Rufforth and Acomb, leaving Knapton
 ‘on the right, straight down to Poppleton, crossed the
 ‘river, through Overton Wood, almost to Court House
 ‘Spring and Shipton, turned and killed him at Primrose
 Hill. One hour three minutes. Very good run.’

I wonder what men would say now if they were to begin their day's sport at Askham and finish near Shipton. Luckily foxes do not cross the river so frequently now, for if they did but few would see the sport. Not many years ago, however, hounds crossed from the north of the Ouse, and then crossed the Nidd, and killed their fox alone. Here is another run with a fox who was fond of the water:—

‘Saturday, December 20th. Linton. Found in Linton Woods, ‘ran almost to St. John’s farm, then turned to the left ‘and ran past Linton village and down to the river side. ‘Crossed the river to Widdington, and ran all along under ‘Thorp Woods and passed Wragby, and crossed the ‘Nidd between Skip Bridge and Moor Monkton, as if ‘he was going to Wilstrop, but turned to the left, ‘straight down past Monkton Church to Red House ‘Wood, through it and over the park at Red House, ‘by Scagglethorpe, turned to the left and crossed the ‘water to Overton Wood, Skelton Spring, past Skelton ‘village, and lost him at Fairfield. One hour fifty ‘minutes.’

On January 27th they had a splendid run from Red House, one that would bear comparison with any of the great runs which have taken place from that famous stronghold for foxes. After the usual short ring by Scagglethorpe, they crossed the river into Overton Wood, and ran by New Parks and Huby Whin, across Stillington Park and by Marton Abbey, hounds finally being stopped at Spelloe. Well might Mr. York make the remark that the horses were very tired. It would be quite an eleven-mile point, and there were various twists and turns in it which would make it measure out to three or four more at the very least.

On February 12th they had a useful day’s sport at Nun Appleton, killing their afternoon fox at the back of the post office at Tadcaster, after a forty-minutes’ ringing run from Steeton Whin, in which Mr. York tells us that there was very great overriding of hounds. There seems to have been average sport in March, and the last day of which there is any record is of April 16th:—

‘Thursday, April 16th. Escrick. Tried the plantations in ‘the park, Common Wood, Holly Carrs, and little ‘coverts near Escrick and Wheldrake Common. Found ‘in Langwith Whin, ran to Wheldrake Common and back, ‘and away on to Telmires and back to Wheldrake ‘Common, and lost him on Telmires.’

The season of 1835-36 was a long one, commencing in September and not being brought to a close until late in April. Red House, as usual, occupies a prominent place in the annals of the season, but the Red House foxes scarcely showed so much enterprise as they had done in the two previous seasons. On September 22nd they met at Acaster, and after some good hound work, killed a brace of foxes in Acaster Whin. After that they seem to have had a fairly successful cub-hunting, and the sport seems to have been fair on the whole; but nothing calls for note till November 17th, when they had a hard day from Red House. They ran their second fox from the wood, over Monkton Moor, by Skip Bridge, and into Wilstrop Wood. Here some time was spent, hounds running hard all the while, and it is far from unlikely that they changed foxes. They got away at last, and ran over Marston Moor, finally losing their fox close to Marston church. It is worthy of notice that this year the Red House foxes seemed to make quite a different point to what they had done in previous seasons.

On December 1st they had what was probably the run of the season; at any rate it is the best run with the York and Ainsty of which Mr. York gives an account, though they did not kill their fox. It will be noticed that it is a Bramham Moor fixture, and in those days both packs advertised for the Wild Man, the York and Ainsty fixture of Street Houses being a comparatively modern departure:—

‘Tuesday, December 1st. Wild Man. Tried Steeton planta-
 ‘tions and Pickering Wood. Found in Pallethorpe Wood,
 ‘ran towards Bolton Percy, and then turned short back
 ‘to Oxtou, where a fox jumped up before the hounds
 ‘and ran by Tadcaster Bar, through Catterton Spring,
 ‘Catterton Whin, past Healaugh Manor, leaving Wighill
 ‘village on the left, across the Avenue, leaving Wighill
 ‘Park on the right, through Walton Wood, Sunnithwaites,
 ‘skirted Hall Parks, straight away to Noble Wood,

‘through it and by Swinnow Hill, over Ingmanthorpe
 ‘Park, and by the corner of Sugden Wood, by the
 ‘little covert, and by Geldart’s plantations. Over the
 ‘Hall Garths, past Matson’s house, crossed the North
 ‘road opposite Matson’s, crossed the Nidd about a
 ‘quarter of a mile above Walshford Bridge. Past
 ‘Whincup’s house, straight away to Green Dick and
 ‘Flaxby plantations, turned to the left by the brick
 ‘kilns, over Goldsborough Moor, and on to Goldsborough
 ‘Park and Goldsborough Field, along the Nidd side up
 ‘to Knaresborough town, where he was viewed in the
 ‘Nursery gardens, turned short to the right over Hay
 ‘Parks, leaving Arkendale on the right and Ferrensbly
 ‘on the left, to Spellow Hill, where we lost him. Three
 ‘hours eight minutes. Most extraordinary run.’

It does not seem too much to say that this was one of the finest runs ever seen over any country. To begin with, it was a sixteen-mile point, and as hounds ran it could not have been much less than twice that distance. Every variety of country was crossed, and most of the early portion of it was in the cream of the Bramham Moor country. Hounds, too, would finish fully five-and-twenty miles from home, and it would be interesting to know how many gallant sportsmen got to the end, and what were the hounds that distinguished themselves. Long runs are generally not very fast, but in this particular instance the pace must have been a good one. It is, of course, open to doubt whether it was the same fox, and the probability is that they changed, perhaps more than once. But there was not much chance of changing horses.

The Goldsborough foxes, in the year under notice, were good ones, and many a good run was seen in a country which is now not a favourite one with the followers of the York and Ainsty. On the 10th of the same month they had a good run in this district. Finding their fox in Flaxby plantation, they ran by Claro Hill, Nineveh and Allerton Park, and then through Broadfield and by the end of

Lylands to Marton, and over the Boroughbridge road at Ouse Head; thence they ran by Renton and over the Ouse at Low Dunsforth, and they were stopped in the dark at Aldwark village. January 19th is worthy of passing mention, although nothing of very great importance took place. They met at Holgate, found an afternoon fox in Dringhouses brick-kilns, and after a ringing run, killed him near the kennels, then at the white cottage opposite Knavesmire. On February 2nd there was a hard day from Red House Wood, the first fox running from the wood by Wilstrop and Tockwith, and over the river to Old Thornville, whence he took a line to Kirk Hammerton, and after re-crossing the river he was lost about Cock Hill. A ringing fox from Swann's Whin kept them going till dark, and they were stopped between Askham Bryan and Askham Richard. The last run which calls for notice this season was also from Red House:—

‘Tuesday, March 21st. Red House. Found in Red House
 ‘Wood, ran to Moor Monkton, and back by the church,
 ‘leaving Hessay on the right, past the Red Lion almost
 ‘to Grange Wood, turned short back by Jolly's farm
 ‘and killed him at Acomb. Fifty-eight minutes, very fast.
 ‘Found in Askham Bogs, ran all along the Healaugh
 ‘road to Swann's Whin, Hutton Hall, Arthur Sanders,
 ‘Marston Fir Trees, turned short back again over the
 ‘earths and lost him between Hutton and Angram.
 ‘Forty-five minutes, very fast. Very good day.’

The season of 1836–37 was remarkable for the good sport which was seen in the Thursday country, the better part of the runs which I have to record having taken place from Providence Green. The first day which calls for notice is October 25th, when they met at Askham Bogs: They had a smart run in the morning from the Bogs, by Acomb, Bishopthorpe, the Archbishop's gardens, Middlethorpe and Knavesmire, and back to the Bogs, through which they ran

to Dringhouses, where they killed. A sharp run from Swann's Whin, and a kill at Askham Bryan, made up a good day. On November 14th, when they met at Red House, they had a good run with their afternoon fox from Swann's Whin, running him by Hutton, Healaugh and Marston, and finally they were stopped at dark at Bilbrough:—

‘Saturday, November 26th. Providence Green. Found at
 ‘Old Thornville Willow garth, ran by Cattal and over
 ‘Rudgate, by Hunsingore plantation, crossed the North
 ‘road near the New inn, skirted Flaxby plantation and
 ‘Goldsborough Moor, crossed the Knaresborough road
 ‘near Flaxby, straight away over Hay Parks, leaving
 ‘Ferrensby on the right, and ran to ground in a drain
 ‘between Lofthouse Hill and Farnham. Fifty-five minutes,
 ‘very fast. Very good run.’

On the 20th of the following month they had a good run from Flaxby plantation by Claro Hill and Lylands, and then, after a bit of ringing about Kirby Hall and the adjacent coverts, by Thorp Green to Whixley, where they were stopped, it being quite dark. On January 17th they had a good day's sport from Red House, the most notable feature of which was a sharp ring from Askham Bogs, by Lavender Grove, and back to Bishopthorpe, where they killed in the palace gardens, doubtless greatly to the satisfaction of good Archbishop Harcourt, who, if he was not there taking a ‘constitutional,’ would want to ‘know all about it’ from those who were:—

‘Tuesday, February 28th. Providence Green. Tried Hunsingore
 ‘plantations, found in Ribston plantation, ran to Golds-
 ‘borough House and lost him near the mill. Found
 ‘in Goldsborough Wood, ran down to the river and
 ‘crossed to Scaliber up to Birkham Rocks, Braham
 ‘Wood, down to Ribston village, over the moor up to
 ‘Braham Wood, down to Ribston village, over the
 ‘moor up to Braham Wood, Thickhill, Grimbold Crag,
 ‘through Birkham, almost to Belmont, turned to the

‘left to Rough Arthington (? Rudfarlington), down to
 ‘the Crimple, and stopped the hounds going into Plump-
 ‘ton Rocks. Here part of the hounds divided and ran
 ‘through Deighton Spring and lost their fox at Kirk
 ‘Deighton.’

Much of this good run was in the Bramham Moor country, a part seldom now run into by the York and Ainsty hounds. In the olden time foxes, if not stouter than they are at present, at any rate seemed to cross the rivers more frequently than they do now, though in these later days they cross them oftener than the field relishes. The next run is remarkable for a curious incident such as seldom takes place with hounds, but of which I know of one or two instances, one of which is referred to later on:—

‘Tuesday, March 7th. Askham Bogs. Found in Askham
 ‘Bogs, ran over the Askham Common field, over Bilbrough
 ‘Hill, skirted the Moor, through Mr. Fairfax’s plantations,
 ‘Catterton Spring, over the drain, almost to Mr. Brooks-
 ‘bank’s, turned to the right by Horse Wood and Healaugh
 ‘Manor, Duce Wood, over the hill by the church, Angram
 ‘to Swann’s Whin, where the hounds divided. Part went
 ‘a short ring to Bilbrough and back and lost, and the
 ‘rest ran by Great Askham and towards Acomb and
 ‘back to Great Askham, where a chimney sweep caught
 ‘the fox and held her till the hounds came and killed her.’

For which piece of gratuitous interference, it is probable that the chimney sweep would not receive many thanks at the hands of the executive, as the fox seems to have been a vixen. The last day of which there is an account took place late in April, and was perhaps the last day of the season. It was a good day for the time of year, and was remarkable for the way in which foxes stuck to houses and gardens at the finish:—

‘Wednesday, April 10th. Goldsborough Moor. Found in
 ‘Goldsborough Moor, ran by Langshaw and Ribston
 ‘plantations and to ground in a clump of trees near

‘the high road. Tried Goldsborough Wood. Found
 ‘again in the Moor and ran to ground under the kitchen
 ‘garden at Goldsborough. Found again in the Moor,
 ‘ran to Langshaw, and killed him in the hothouse at
 ‘Ribston Hall.’

The season of 1837-38 found the Goldsborough country beginning well, for they had a lot of good hound work in Goldsborough Wood on the 29th September, and after knocking the cubs about there for three hours, they went away with one to Ribston, and killed him on the river bank. It was not long before there was to be another good day in what is now the Thursday country, and of this a full account must be given:—

‘Saturday, October 21st. Green Hammerton. Found directly
 ‘in Shipton’s Rash, ran up to Green Hammerton, turned
 ‘short back and ran by Thorp Woods, down to Widdington
 ‘and killed him. Twenty-five minutes, very sharp. Found
 ‘at Kirby Hall, ran a short ring and stopped the hounds,
 ‘being an old fox that had gone away. Found at Thorp
 ‘Green, ran, skirting the Kirby coverts, along the river
 ‘side by Widdington, Thorp Woods, straight down to
 ‘Nun Monkton, where he was viewed away from Mr.
 ‘Butler’s garden, and across the park, through the little
 ‘coverts and Widdington Wood, straight back up wind
 ‘to Kirby Hall, where he laid down in the park, and ran
 ‘into him at the edge of the long plantation. One hour
 ‘forty-five minutes. Very good day.’

Good as it was, however, it was nothing to be compared with the following, which was a typical Red House day, and was certainly one of the best runs of the season.

‘Thursday, November 16th. Red House. Found in Red
 ‘House Wood, ran by Monkton church, over the moor
 ‘to Wilstrop, through it and away by Marston Grange,
 ‘skirted Marston Whin, Bilton school, past Skilbeck’s
 ‘house, Bickerton far drain, turned to the right down
 ‘through Munster Hagg Wood, crossed the river by Ripley’s
 ‘house, crossed again and again near Cattal Bridge up

‘to Old Thornville, past Kirk Hammerton, crossed the
 ‘river again below Kirk Hammerton, up to Wilstrop,
 ‘through the wood and away over Monkton Moor to Red
 ‘House, crossed the Ouse near Beningbrough, by the
 ‘park side, skirted Court House Spring, over Newton
 ‘Fields, and ran him to ground in a drain between
 ‘Linton and Tollerton. Three hours. Very good day.’

On the 21st they had a fair day's sport from Nun Appleton, finding plenty of foxes, and with their afternoon fox they had a smart little scurry from the New Wood to Naburn Lock, where they killed. On December 12th they again crossed the river Ouse from Red House, running by Beningbrough, Overton and Skelton, and finally losing their fox near Shipton. It is by no means unlikely that this was the same fox as they had run on November 16th, as hounds would most likely change in Red House Wood on that day. Indeed, though the fox that they found at first was an amphibious sort of animal, and had crossed the Nidd four times before he came back to Red House, he had got such a dusting that he was scarcely likely to try the water again.

‘Thursday, January 4th. Providence Green. Found in Ribston
 ‘plantation, ran two rings to Langshaw and back, and then
 ‘away by Ribston Park, crossed the river half-way between
 ‘the two bridges, turned to the left over the Crimple,
 ‘crossed the road near Matson's house, along the riverside
 ‘to Cowthorpe, over Cowthorpe fields to Cowthorpe Woods,
 ‘where the hounds divided (part went to Ingmanthorpe
 ‘Willow garth and were stopped), then down, skirting
 ‘Munster Hagg Wood, over Rudgate, down to Tockwith,
 ‘over Bilton Bream to Marston Whin, Ratcatcher's, along
 ‘the hill above Marston to Arthur Snowdon's, Robin Hood
 ‘Wood, turned to the left across the bottoms between
 ‘Hell Hole and Hutton, leaving Angram to the right
 ‘nearly to Ringle Wood. Turned to the right by Little
 ‘Askham Willow garth, crossed the road half way between
 ‘Normans and Little Askham, up to Bilbrough, crossed the
 ‘York road half way between the New inn and Street

‘Houses, down to Colton Hagg, Copmanthorpe Wood, past Greenlands, turned to the left short of Brocket Hagg and ran him to ground in Acaster Whin. Dug him out and killed him. Three hours fifteen minutes. Most extraordinary run.’

If ever hounds deserved a fox it was after such a run as this, and Mr. Lloyd did quite right in digging for his fox when there was a chance of getting him, whilst hounds were ‘angry for him.’

They do not seem to have had much sport during the remainder of January and February, but they had a good day from Providence Green in the middle of March, though it was a somewhat unlucky one. They found their second fox in Goldsborough Moor, and ran by Flaxby, and back to Langshaw, and through Goldsborough Moor, by Flaxby village, Shepherd’s Wood and Lylands, and to ground in a hollow tree in Allerton Park. They smoked him out, but a heavy snow storm came on and enabled him to make his escape. The following days in April will speak for themselves:—

‘Monday, April 9th. Providence Green. Tried Hunsingore plantations. Found in Ribston plantation, ran to Langshaw and lost him. Found in Goldsborough Wood, ran over Ribston Park, by the house, crossed the river pointing to Scalliber, crossed back again and ran up the water side to Goldsborough Mill, turned to the right over Goldsborough Park, through the Moor, Langshaw, Ribston plantation, crossed the North road half way between Walshford and the New inn, over Hopperton bottoms, Gilstrop, up to the corner of Broadfield, turned to the right over the hill above Whixley Hall, down to Little Ouseburn, almost to Kirby Hall, turned to the right and ran into him in the middle of a field at Thorp Green. Capital day.’

‘Monday, April 23rd. Escrick. Tried Gilbertson’s Wood and the little coverts down to the Common Wood. Found in the Holly Carrs, ran by the park and lost near the

‘ church. Fried Naburn Wood, Moreby Wood, Heronslaw
 ‘ and Bentley Woods, and the Rash below the Holly Carrs,
 ‘ and little coverts below Deighton. Found at Wheldrake
 ‘ Common, ran by Langwith Moor, and lost him at
 ‘ Richardson’s Whin.’

The season of 1838-39 began with favourable cubbing. At Hunsingore, at Red House, at Flaxby and at Acaster, as well as at other places, there were cubs in plenty, and hounds rendered a good account of them from the very beginning of the season. On November 1st they killed a leash from Nun Monkton, each after a smart little run. On the 15th they had a sporting run from Skelton Spring, by Shipton, Hall Moor, New Parks and Plainville, to Shipton, where they lost their fox; and it is worth remarking that Mr. York noticed some barley in stook during the run. As the neighbourhood is not a late one, it shows pretty clearly that the harvest was exceptionally bad. Sport improved in December, and the following was a really good day:—

‘ Tuesday, December 11th. Red House. Found in Red House
 ‘ Wood, ran by the park and across the drain to Hessay,
 ‘ over Hessay Moor, up to Marston, over the hill and
 ‘ lost near Bilton church. Thirty minutes, very sharp.
 ‘ Tried Swann’s Whin and Grange Wood. Found at
 ‘ Askham Bogs, ran by the old whin to Grange Wood,
 ‘ over Rufforth Moor to Angram, Normans, turned back
 ‘ by Askham Whin to Rufforth Grange and lost near
 ‘ Marston. One hour forty-five minutes.’

They had a fair day’s sport two days later from Providence Green, finding plenty of foxes, one of which they ran from Goldsborough Wood, over the river by Birkham, and to ground at Abbey Crag. But on the whole the months of December, January and February were wild and stormy, and sport was only indifferent. In March, however, there were some good runs, three of which I give:—

‘ Tuesday, March 5th. Red House. Found in Red House
 ‘ Wood, ran to Monkton church and stopped the hounds,

‘as he was considered to be gone too long. Tried
 ‘the Nun Monkton coverts, Widdington Rash and Thorp
 ‘Woods. Found in the plantation near Thorp Green,
 ‘ran to Green Hammerton, then turned back nearly to
 ‘Thorp Green, up the hill to Whixley, Gilstrop, Hopperton,
 ‘crossed the North road near the New inn, down to
 ‘Green Dick, Goldsborough Moor, Goldsborough Wood,
 ‘Ribston Hall, along the water side, all the way skirting
 ‘Goldsborough field, past Scruton’s Mill, over Hay Parks,
 ‘crossed the road near Scriven Bar, over Scriven Park,
 ‘over Scotton Moor, turned to the left to the banks,
 ‘crossed the water into Bilton Banks, out of the high
 ‘end of the covert and away along the brook side at
 ‘the back of Bilton, up to the road between Harrogate
 ‘and Killinghall, where the hounds were stopped, as the
 ‘fox was seen to go into Birk Crag ten minutes before
 ‘the hounds.’

‘Thursday, March 14th. Kirk Hammerton. Tried Old Thorn-
 ‘ville Willow garth. Found in Hunsingore plantation, ran
 ‘to Walshford and along the river side to Hunsingore
 ‘Mill, Cattal, Old Thornville Willow garth, Kirk Ham-
 ‘merton; turned back by Providence Green, Gilstrop,
 ‘Hopperton, crossed the road between Walshford and the
 ‘New inn, down to Ribston plantation, through it, and
 ‘away over Ribston Park; over the wooden bridge by
 ‘Ribston village, straight away to Braham Wood, Braham
 ‘Hall, along the bottoms to Spofforth; crossed the Crimple
 ‘by Spofforth Mill, Spofforth Castle, over the Hags,
 ‘leaving Aketon on the right, over Rudding Park, Follifoot
 ‘side, and killed him by the brook side between Spacey
 ‘House Whin and Bainbridge’s. Two hours ten minutes;
 ‘most capital run.’

It is not a little curious that at a time when many excellent runs which the Bramham Moor hounds had on the Ainsty side of their country during the early part of the century finished in or were run over much of the neighbouring York and Ainsty country, on the other side of the country the York and Ainsty were continually running over the Bramham Moor borders, as was the case in the last run recorded,

crossing some of their best country. Of late years they have run into each other's country a good deal, but it has been principally on the Ainsty side. The next day was one of misadventure, and as such is certainly worthy of record. It reads very like a good day spoiled by a combination of circumstances, amongst which might be reckoned an unruly field:—

‘Thursday, March 28th. Acaster Mill. Found and killed in
 ‘Acaster Whin. Found in Stub Wood, and the fox went
 ‘away, but they did not cast for him, not believing the
 ‘persons who said they had seen him. Tried Sicklebits.
 ‘Found in the Bridge plantation, and lost directly from too
 ‘much noise. Tried the rest of the Nun Appleton coverts,
 ‘Scotland Wood, Pallethorpe, and Colton Hagg. Found
 ‘in Askham Bogs, ran to Dringhouses, over Hob Moor,
 ‘over Acomb Hills, by Mr. Jolly's farm, crossed the
 ‘Wetherby road near Knapton, by Rufforth plantations;
 ‘crossed the road near Rufforth Mill, up to Hutton, back
 ‘by Ringle Wood, over Rufforth Moor, skirted Askham
 ‘Whin, and the fox was viewed by Askham Mill, but the
 ‘hounds were not suffered to proceed further.’

Probably it had been discovered that they were running a vixen, and it must be borne in mind that they had been through quite plenty of coverts in which a change of foxes could have taken place. April opened with a brilliant run:—

‘Monday, April 1st. Wigginton Bar. Tried Hall Moor and
 ‘Skelton Spring. Found in Overton Wood, where the fox
 ‘crossed the river, and the hounds were stopped. Found
 ‘again in Overton Wood, ran by Court House to Bening-
 ‘brough, and lost him. Found in Court House Spring,
 ‘ran by Tollerton, past the Woodman inn to Alne Whin,
 ‘by Shires Bar up to Easingwold; turned to the right, and
 ‘crossed the great drain by Spring House, away to Hagg
 ‘Moor, over it to within two fields of Brafferton Spring,
 ‘turned to the left by Helperby, and killed him by the
 ‘water side at Myton. Two hours thirty minutes.’

The latest record that I can find for this season is that they met at Escrick on April 18th, and had a blank day.

The season of 1839-40 opened promisingly. Cubs were plentiful; Red House, Skelton, Nun Appleton and Scotton being especially well provided with the 'raw material,' and hounds had very satisfactory sport amongst them, getting plenty of blood. They were not long before there was something to talk about, a severe day taking place early in November:—

'Tuesday, November 11th. Copmanthorpe. Tried Copmanthorpe Wood, Brocket Hagg and Acaster Whin. Found in Stub Wood, ran towards Nun Appleton, turned to the right short of Appleton by Woollas, Copmanthorpe Wood, Copmanthorpe Field, crossed the road near Buckle's inn, up to Bilbrough, past Normans, turned to the right by Little Askham, and ran him to ground at Great Askham. One hour five minutes. Bolted him, and ran to Swann's Whin, Angram, along the bottoms by Ringle Wood, along the drain side by Rufforth Mill, Hessay Moor, Marston Wood, Marston Grange, down to Wilstrop, turned short back to Marston Grange, where the hounds were stopped, the horses being tired.'

'Tuesday, December 3rd. Aldwark Bridge. Tried Aldwark Wood and Moor, and Tholthorpe Whin. Found in Spring House Wood, ran towards Alne, and then back by Tholthorpe, over Hagg Moor, to Brafferton Spring; ran three times round it, and then away towards Helperby, crossed the w. 'er just above Brafferton, Ellenthorpe, crossed the road to Norton-le-Clay, Hutton Moor, and stopped the hounds at Givendale, near Ripon, at dark.'

These were two hard days, and hounds would have a long journey home in the dark from Ripon. It is rather a pity that there is no time for either of these runs, of which the latter must have been a very fine one, for it is a fine point from Alne to Givendale. A fortnight later they had a fine run, this time in the Hammerton country:—

'Thursday, December 10th. Green Hammerton. Tried all the Green Hammerton coverts and Kirby Hall. Found in Broadfield, ran to Ouseburn, and lost him. Found in

‘Lylands, ran to Marton, Grafton; turned to the right over
 ‘the York road, and ran parallel with it to Aldborough,
 ‘along the water side to Boroughbridge, Devil’s Arrows,
 ‘over Roecliffe Common field, over Staveley bottoms, and
 ‘ran into him in a stackyard near Minskip. One hour.
 ‘Very good day.’

The best sport, however, seems to have taken place in January, two days in which month would have given a character to any season:—

‘Saturday, January 4th. Scriven. Found in Scotton Banks,
 ‘ran to Gates Wood, over the river to Bilton Hall, almost
 ‘to Harrogate; turned to the left, and crossed the road
 ‘about a quarter of a mile on the Knaresborough side of
 ‘Harrogate, down to Rough Arthington (? Rudfarlington),
 ‘over the Crimple to Rudding Park, out at the Spacey
 ‘House door, leaving the larches about half a mile on the
 ‘right, crossed the bottoms above the highest Spofforth
 ‘Hagg covert, by the old pump, almost to the Kirby drain;
 ‘turned short back and ran a short ring on the Hagg, and
 ‘then crossed the road between Kirby and Spacey Houses,
 ‘down into Swindon bottoms, Crompton’s Whin, Peter
 ‘Harland’s, Clap Gate, leaving Owl Head on the right,
 ‘down to the river opposite Cartick Whin, and ran to
 ‘ground in the river bank opposite the backwater at
 ‘Harewood. One hour thirty-five minutes. Very good day.’

‘Thursday, January 30th. Whixley. Tried Broadfield. Found
 ‘in Lylands, ran by Shepherd’s Wood to Flaxby plantation,
 ‘back by Claro Hill, and killed him by the road side near
 ‘Allerton Park. Found in Flaxby plantation, ran over the
 ‘hill by Flaxby village, leaving Coneysthorpe on the right;
 ‘over Hay Parks, by the windmill, pointing for Gibbets,
 ‘turned to the left by Mr. Dew’s drain, over Knaresborough
 ‘pasture to the Abbey Crag, over the water into the bottom
 ‘of Birkham; turned to the right over the Knaresborough
 ‘and Plumpton road at the top of the hill, Rough Arthing-
 ‘ton (? Rudfarlington), skirted Bainbridge’s plantations,
 ‘crossed the Harewood and Harrogate road at the top of
 ‘the hill near Pannal, almost to Pannal Crag; up the
 ‘valley, and crossed the road near Harlow Hill, over the

‘common to Birk Crag, over the bottoms, leaving Haverah Park on the left, straight away to Greystone Plain, Fellis-cliff, past Kettlesing, Swardcliff, by Darley, and gave it up at Cinder Hill, the fox having gone into Rayner Crag. Three hours; most extraordinary run.’

The last entry in connection with this season is for April 8th, when they met at Red House, and had a fair day’s sport for the time of year, their last fox leading them from Stub Wood by Acaster Whin, Acaster, Bishopthorpe and Dringhouses to Acomb, where they were run out of scent.

An event took place this season, which, though it had practically nothing to do with the actual history of the York and Ainsty Hunt, should not be passed by unnoticed. Sportsmen whose memories take them back thirty years remember the great sport which Sir Clifford Constable used to show with his staghounds; and in those days the chase of the carted deer found great favour in Yorkshire. In 1840 Sir Clifford Constable was the High Sheriff of the county, and a meeting was held at the Black Swan, Coney street, the Sheriff of York in the chair, at which it was resolved to ask Sir Clifford to bring his hounds to York, so that the citizens of York might have a day’s hunt with them. A deputation, headed by Mr. C. J. Hanson, waited upon Sir Clifford, who at once signified his consent.

Wednesday, March 11th, was the appointed day, and the fixture was Heslington Field. It may easily be imagined that a large crowd assembled, and the gentleman who reported the proceedings estimated the number of ‘horse, foot and artillery’ at ten thousand, and in all probability his estimate was a moderate one. It was, however, scarcely complimentary of the same gentleman to say that the scene reminded him of the Epping Hunt, and I rather fancy the hard riding citizens of York would not like the allusion.

With such a crowd it was hardly likely that there would be much sport, for it almost goes without saying that the stag was a good deal mobbed, and this is a thing which stags do not care for. The first stag was enlarged close to Grimston Bar, and ran first in the direction of Murton, and turning to the left he crossed the Murton road midway between that village and Osbaldwick, hounds now running smartly. They crossed Bad Bargain lane, and leaving Heworth to the left, crossed the Stockton road, and ran over Heworth Moor into the Rev. J. Acaster's park, the stag curiously enough avoiding the deer there, and crossing the Malton road close to Monk Bridge, they ran along Monk Gate up to Aldwark, and took their stag in the Black Swan yard, Peasholme Green. There was too much of the town element about this hunt for it to have been interesting, but it would be a source of great entertainment to many who had never seen a hunt before. The second stag was uncarted opposite the Grimston New inn, in a field adjoining the Hull road. First they ran him towards Elvington, and crossed the Elvington lane, but bending a little to the left they ran over Dunnington Common and through Kexby Wood, leaving the village to the left, down to the Derwent, which they crossed half a mile from Kexby Bridge. They ran about a mile at the far side of the river, and then turned and re-crossed it close to Kexby Bridge, and crossing the Hull road they ran on to Gate Helmsley, where they took the stag in a pond. It was a run of an hour and ten minutes, and was run at a fair pace all the way. The whipper-in, Will Ellerton, tried to swim the Derwent with hounds, but in mid-stream he parted from his horse, and whilst he got out at the right side, his horse swam back to the side he had come from. The Eddlethorpe foxhounds, then under the mastership of Sir Tatton Sykes, met at Gate Helmsley that morning, and had not long left Kexby Wood, which they drew blank,

when the staghounds appeared on the scene. It would have been curious had foxhounds and staghounds met when running. It remains to add that there was any amount of lane riding, for the stag obligingly ran parallel to the lane most of the way; and a gentleman who was present tells me he shall never forget the wild charge they made down the lanes, nor how a poor little terrier was literally crushed to death under the hoofs of the horses.

The season of 1840-41, the last season of Mr. Lloyd's mastership, was a brilliant one, characterised by many of those long and severe runs for which the York and Ainsty had now become famous. The season began well, and early on they had some nice runs. On October 10th they had a useful day's sport from Street Houses, a fox from Steeton plantation leading them a nice gallop by Pallethorpe and Hornington before they killed him at Bolton Lodge. Then on the 29th they had a good day, their second fox, from Farnham Mires, showing a capital though somewhat ringing run of an hour and fifty minutes, by Copgrove, Stainley, Brearton, Farnham Bottoms and Walkington Warren back to the Mires, where they killed him. The first good run in the Ainsty of which there is any account was rather a disappointing one, as, after crossing a lot of stiff country, their fox gave them the slip:—

‘Tuesday, November 24th. Askham Bogs. Found in Askham
 ‘Bogs, ran to Dringhouses and back through the Bogs,
 ‘past the windmill, through Swann's Whin, Angram, Hell
 ‘Holes, along the bottoms by Healaugh church, Snowdon's
 ‘Whin, almost to Nova Scotia, turned to the right over
 ‘the hill, crossed the York road between Bilton Church
 ‘and the Ratcatcher's, over Bilton Bream, Marston
 ‘Grange, through Wilstrop Wood, over Monkton Moor
 ‘to Red House. Went away by the church and stopped
 ‘the hounds, it being a fresh fox from Red House. One
 ‘hour fifteen minutes. Tried Red House to find the run
 ‘fox but could not, he having crossed the river at Monkton
 ‘town end.’

The following account of a fine day's sport is taken from *Bell's Life in London* for February 7th, 1841. Mr. York does not appear to have been out, and it is not until a fortnight or more later that there is anything to record from his diaries:—

‘BRILLIANT RUN WITH THE YORK AND AINSTY FOXHOUNDS.

‘This old-established and well-supported pack of foxhounds
‘met on Monday last at Skelton. The weather was rather
‘unpropitious owing to the frost, which had again set in
‘that morning, with an easterly wind. Nevertheless, the
‘field was numerous, the hearts of Yorkshiremen being in
‘the right place. On the hounds being thrown into covert
‘a dog fox immediately broke covert towards Overton
‘Wood. Finding the hounds pressed upon him, he pro-
‘ceeded over the deep country to Beningbrough, and from
‘thence to Court House Spring, which he merely skirted,
‘and determined not to take too much out of himself,
‘onwards he went in a straight line to the Great North of
‘England railroad, which he crossed near to the Angel
‘ian. Here he was viewed, and was headed. However,
‘nothing daunted, he soon returned to his own line.
‘“Hurrah for Brafferton Spring. Give your horses time,
‘or you'll not see the end of him,” hollas old Will. In
‘this instance the old one was taken in, for reynard, deter-
‘mined that no one should know whither he was steering,
‘shifted his position to the other side of the Easingwold
‘road from York. Here again he was viewed. The hounds,
‘after crossing the road, began to run for him, and the
‘pace was tremendous up to Hawkhill. Despising the
‘covert, he pursued a straight line by the town of Easing-
‘wold, towards Crayke, and after a run according to
‘Mr. Lloyd's watch of an hour and twenty minutes, he
‘was pulled down at Oulston, thereby crowning with glory
‘one of the finest day's sport that has been witnessed for
‘ages in any country, the distance from point to point
‘fourteen miles. The country was deep, and the enclosures
‘small; two or three brooks were in the line, which added
‘variety to the leaps. The worthy master of these hounds,
‘Mr. Lloyd, was up at the finish, with his first-rate hunts-

‘man, Will Danby, and the whip, Tom. We also noticed
 ‘Messrs. Gascoigne, Creyke, Prescott, Roper, Healey, Read,
 ‘Gilbert, Wilson, Gooch, Thompson and Place. The dinner
 ‘at the club afterwards was well attended, when the health
 ‘of the master and success to the York and Ainsty hounds
 ‘was drunk with enthusiasm.’

Making allowances for the hyperbole which appears here and there, this is a good account of a sporting run, and it may well have been the run of the season. It took place on February 1st, 1841, and in the following week a meeting was held at Etridge’s hotel, to consider how Mr. Lloyd’s services in hunting the country should be acknowledged.

At this meeting the chair was taken by Mr. R. Gilbert, and it was resolved, ‘That a dinner be given to George Lloyd, Esq., and that a subscription be entered into for the purpose of procuring a piece of plate, as a tribute of gratitude for his services as master of the York and Ainsty foxhounds for the last sixteen years.’ The proposition was received with enthusiasm, and a large amount was subscribed in the room; Lord Wenlock and the Hon. R. B. Lawley putting down their names for twenty-five pounds each, and Sir Tatton Sykes and other forty gentlemen for five pounds each.

Other good runs this season are as follows:—

‘Tuesday, February 16th. Red House. Found in Red House
 ‘Wood, ran to Monkton church, and then went back
 ‘with another scent to Red House and lost him, the fox
 ‘having gone to Wilstrop. Tried Grange Wood, found
 ‘in Askham Whin, ran towards Grange Wood and turned
 ‘to the left over Rufforth Moor to Angram (where part
 ‘of the hounds turned back to Askham Whin and everybody
 ‘with them), along the bottoms at the back of Hutton,
 ‘crossed the York and Wetherby road below Marston,
 ‘through Marston Wood down to Wilstrop, nearly to
 ‘Skip Bridge inn, over Monkton Moor to Red House,
 ‘through it and down to the water side and up the
 ‘banks to Monkton, and stopped the hounds going over
 ‘the road near Monkton church. Very unlucky day.’

‘Tuesday, February 23rd. Wild Man. Found in Pickering Wood, ran to Pallethorpe, Oxton, Catterton Spring, Normans, over Bilbrough Hill, and lost near Colton. Went after a fox that was viewed at Steeton Hall, and ran to Pallethorpe, Oxton, Hornington, and stopped the hounds near Pallethorpe in order to go after a fox which was asleep in a tree at Nun Appleton, which they poked down into the hounds’ mouths, which were waiting underneath the tree!’

It would be interesting to know the reason for what was apparently an unsportsmanlike action. There are some things which are known only to the master and his huntsman, which not infrequently cause them to act in what is, apparently, an unusual manner with respect to the killing of a fox or the stopping of hounds, and this is doubtless one of those occasions when they have had some particular and ample reason for the line of action pursued. Mr. Lloyd and Will Danby were too good sportsmen to do an unsportsmanlike action:—

‘Tuesday, March 9th. Askham Bogs. Found in Askham Bogs, ran by Acomb and Knapton and killed near Mr. Spence’s house. Found again in Askham Bogs, ran by Copmanthorpe, down to Acaster, and killed him in Mr. Dixon’s garden at Bishopthorpe. Twenty-eight minutes. Very good day.’

The last day of which there is record, and probably the last day of the season, was April 10th, when they met at Moreby, and had a ringing run from Moreby Wood, by Naburn, Moreby, Stillingfleet, into the Holly Carrs, where, after running for some time, they marked their fox to ground, and he was bolted and killed.

Mr. Lloyd was afterwards presented with a handsome dinner service, and in connection with this a rather heartless practical joke was played upon him. Some young fellows, who should have known better, issued invitations to dinner in Mr. Lloyd’s name to about twenty of the leading hunting men; and to Mr. Lloyd’s dismay and astonishment, he found

twenty unexpected guests at his house, for whose coming he was totally unprovided. It was a senseless joke at the best, but Mr. Lloyd was the last man in the world who should have been made the victim of it.

Perhaps there was no man more fitted to take hold of a newly-established pack of hounds, and rule over a newly-formed country than Mr. George Lloyd, and it must have cost him a considerable amount of money, as well as time and trouble, for the subscription in his day only amounted to one thousand three hundred pounds per annum. That everything was done well, we have the testimony of so fastidious a critic as 'Nimrod.' A long period under one master means a great deal for any country, and more especially to one which has only just been formed, so the York and Ainsty Hunt owes much to the services of Mr. Lloyd, who certainly placed it in the first rank amongst the hunts of the day. In manners Mr. Lloyd was mild and courteous, and it goes without saying that such a man was popular with all classes of society. An anecdote is told of him that he once particularly requested his field not to ride over certain wheat fields which were near the coverts they were first going to draw. A young farmer, and a very hard rider, at once said that riding over wheat did it no harm, that he should ride over any wheat that came in his way, and that everyone was welcome to ride over his. The master replied that no doubt the opinion he had expressed was correct, but that every person did not think so, and he finished by saying, 'I know you *won't* ride over the wheat when I have asked you to respect the owner's prejudices.'

Mr. Lloyd, in his day, was one of the best men in Yorkshire, which is no small praise, and though in later life he rode some fifteen or sixteen stone, he was always with his hounds. He has left the name behind him of a keen sportsman, a genial, courteous gentleman, and a good master of hounds.



CHAPTER III.

MR. RALPH CREYKE, MR. S. BATEMAN, AND
SIR CHARLES SLINGSBY.

ON Mr. Lloyd's retirement Mr. Ralph Creyke assumed the reins of office, with Will Danby still as huntsman. His first season was characterised by a large influx of strangers who came to York for the hunting season, amongst them being Lord Eglinton, who brought with him a fine stud of hunters. He was the owner of the Flying Dutchman and other famous horses, and was a fine horseman. His visit to York was the subject of a paragraph in the *Doncaster Gazette*, in which it was casually remarked that Mr. Ralph Creyke had already shown some good sport.

Early on in Mr. Creyke's first season (1841-42) there was a good run, and as had frequently happened during the rule of his predecessor, it took place in the Goldsborough country; or to be more correct, it began there. They found in Goldsborough Wood, and went away at once, crossing the river to Ribston Spring. Thence they ran by Braham Wood nearly to Deighton Spring, and crossing Crimble beck they ran by Spofforth, Stockeld, to Sicklinghall, where they were

run out of scent. On November 2nd they had a twisting sort of run from the Bridge plantation at Nun Appleton, by Bolton Percy, Pallethorpe and Hornington, and back by Bolton Percy to Nun Appleton, where they lost their fox. November seems to have been a bad scenting month, and there is nothing of much interest to chronicle until the middle of December, though they had a hard day on the seventh of that month, running a fox from the Kirby Hall plantation, along the river side by Low Dunsforth, to Aldborough, just before reaching which they turned short back by Dunsforth and Aldwark Bridge to Kirby Hall. Then they ran the same ring again, and were finally stopped at Kirby Hall.

‘Tuesday, December 14th. Providence Green. Tried Cattal and Hunsingore plantations. Found in Ribston plantation, ran towards the high road, then turned to the right almost to Walshford, over Ribston Park, crossed the river below the wooden bridge, over Ribston Moor up to North Deighton, over the Knaresborough road, skirting Deighton Spring, leaving Hannam’s on the left, over the bottoms to Stokeld Whin, Linton Spring, skirted Devonshire Whin, Woodhall, past Rudsdale’s house, down into the bottoms, half-way to Owl Head, up the hill over Sicklinghall Moor, back to Woodhall, Lime Kiln earths, Linton Spring, Sickling Hall Wood, over the low part of Spofforth Haggs, crossed the road at the top of Sicklinghall, Woodhall, and stopped the hounds between Woodhall and Linton.’

It would seem as if there had been a fortnight’s frost, for there is not an entry in the diary again until Dec. 30th :—

‘Thursday, December 30th. Ribston Park. Tried the gardens and Goldsborough Wood, Langshaw and Ribston plantation. Found in Flaxby plantation, ran to Goldsborough Moor and away by Flaxby over the low part of Hay Parks, turned to the left over Goldsborough Field, Scruton’s Mill, over the park and moor and to ground

‘near Flaxby. Dug him out and killed him. Viewed
 ‘another fox out of the hole and ran him to Flaxby
 ‘plantation, moor, wood, and along the water side and
 ‘back by Ribston, and stopped the hounds near Allerton
 ‘New inn.’

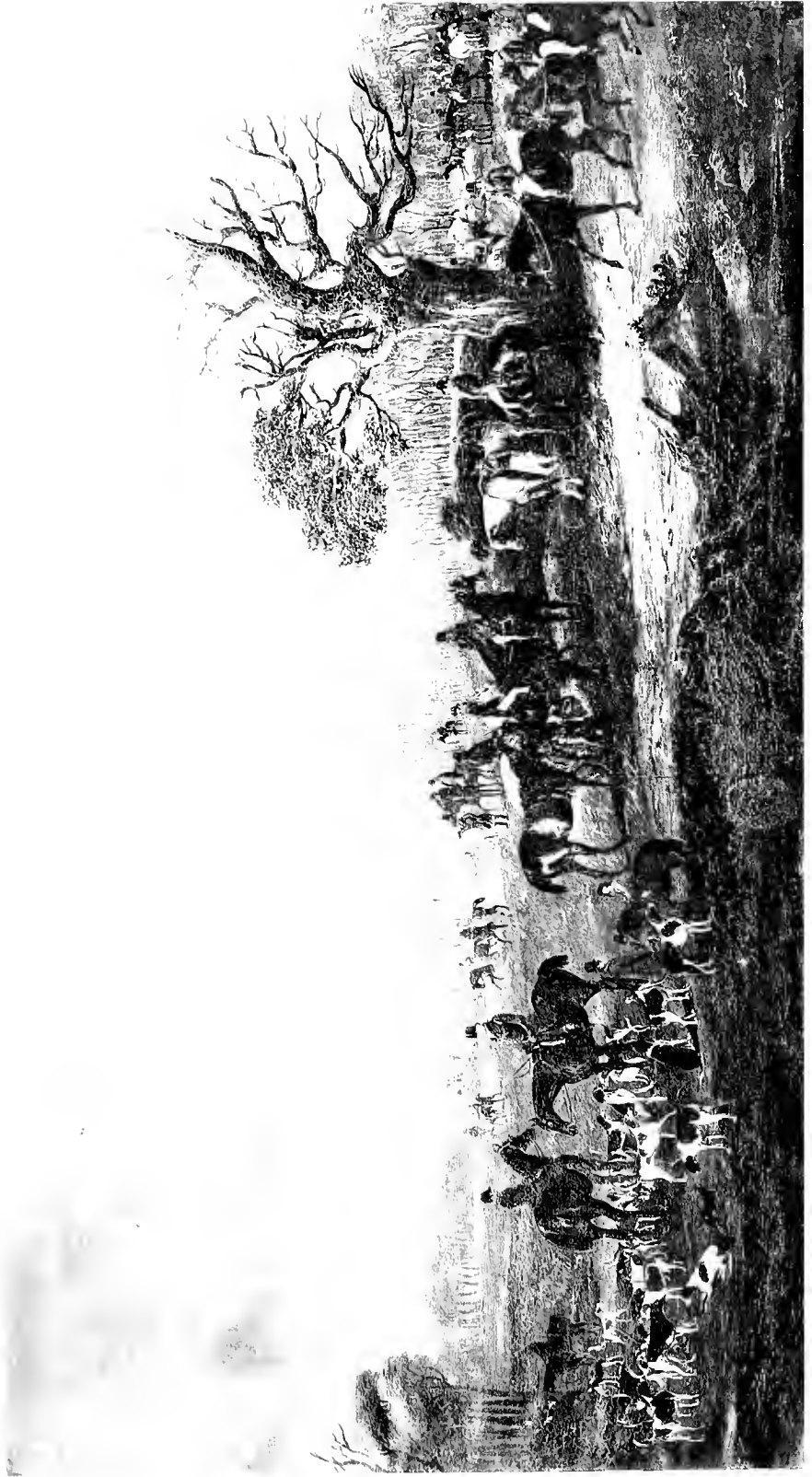
On February 15th they had a pretty little run from Red House Wood. First they took a ring out by Moor Monkton, and back through the wood, and then they ran by Scagglethorpe and Knapton, and killed their fox on Severus Hill.

‘Tuesday, February 22nd. Wild Man. Found in Pickering,
 ‘ran to Steeton plantation and lost. Tried Pallethorpe
 ‘and Hornington Willow garth. Chopped a fox in the
 ‘plantation near Martin’s house. Found in the New
 ‘Wood, ran by Bolton Percy, Hornington, Oxton, Tad-
 ‘caster town end, crossed the road pointing to Mr.
 ‘Brooksbank’s, turned to the right to the Wood House,
 ‘Shireoaks, where the hounds divided (part went to earth
 ‘in Catterton Whin., (Catterton) Spring, over Billbrough
 ‘Moor, over the hill to a willow garth at the edge of
 ‘Askham Field, where he jumped up before the hounds
 ‘which were stopped, as someone supposed he might
 ‘be a fresh fox.’

There is nothing more to record of this season, which seems on the whole to have been an indifferent one, and it certainly did not come up to its immediate predecessors for good long runs with straight-necked foxes.

The season of 1842-43 was decidedly a better one, though there was not much to talk about till after October went out. They had an useful day’s sport on October 15th from Street Houses, and a week later Askham Bogs showed them plenty of foxes, but they failed to get hold of one. November, however, opened auspiciously :—

‘Tuesday, November 1st. Red House. Found in Red House
 ‘Wood, ran by Cock Hill, almost to Hessay, turned to



‘the right down to Wilstrop Wood, through it and crossed
 ‘the river at Skewkirk, up to Kirk Hammerton Hall,
 ‘turned short back along the water side, crossed again
 ‘and lost him near Skip Bridge. Very good scent.’

This was a good day's sport, but it fell far short of the run from Copmanthorpe Wood a month later:—

- ‘Tuesday, December 6th. Acaster Mill. Tried Acaster Whin
 ‘and Stub Wood and Brocket Hagg. Found in Copman-
 ‘thorpe Wood, ran by Buckle's inn, Swann's Whin,
 ‘Angram, Robin Hood Wood, Arthur Snowdon's, Nova
 ‘Scotia, the Loft, Sunmythwaite, Walton Wood, Wighill
 ‘Grange, along the water side to Brooksbank's wall,
 ‘crossed the water to Newton, and to ground under a
 ‘stack at Tollerton village. Two hours twenty minutes.
 ‘Very good day.’
- ‘Thursday, January 5th. Ribston Hall. Found in Goldsborough
 ‘Wood, ran to Ribston gardens, Pikeshaw, Langshaw,
 ‘Ribston plantation, Selcarrs, Lund House, over the
 ‘river to Matson's, Armitage plantation, Geldart's covert,
 ‘Wetherby town end, Sandbeck and Swinnow Woods,
 ‘Moss carrs, over Ingmanthorpe Park, Gants, Cowthorpe
 ‘Fields, over the river at Hunsingore, Selcarrs, Cranberry
 ‘Carr, Hopperton, over the road down to Ribston
 ‘plantation, where Danby and the body of the hounds
 ‘came up and where we viewed him. Then ran two
 ‘rings round Goldsborough and Ribston and lost him.’
- ‘Monday, February 27th. Skelton. Tried Skelton Spring.
 ‘Found in Overton Wood, ran a ring in it and then
 ‘away by Primrose Hill to Beningbrough, over the water
 ‘to Nun Monkton, Widdington Woods, Thorp Wood,
 ‘past Thorp Green, leaving Whixley on the left, past
 ‘Allerton church, down to Flaxby covert, Claro Hill,
 ‘Coneysthorpe, over Hay Parks, and lost him near the
 ‘windmill. The other part of the hounds which had
 ‘divided at Flaxby covert ran over Goldsborough Moor
 ‘and Wood, Ribston Park, over the river to Ribston
 ‘Moor, Braham Wood, leaving Spofforth on the left, up
 ‘the Hagg's to Kirkby Overblow, where the hounds
 ‘were stopped. Most extraordinary run.’

On March 14th they had a good run of an hour from Sellcarrs by Goldsbrough Moor, Flaxby plantation, Ribston plantation, Walshford, Lund House, Hunsingore, Cattal and Thornville, killing at Kirk Hammerton Park. A good hunting-day in much the same locality is the last day in this season which calls for notice:—

‘Tuesday, March 28th. Ribston Hall. Found in Goldsbrough Wood, ran by Ribston plantation to Walshford and lost him. Found in Flaxby covert, ran to Goldsbrough Wood, moor, mill, over the fields, over Hay Parks, Scriven, Scotton Moor, Brearton, Findal Wood, and lost near Nidd Hall. Very good hunting.’

Little of any moment seems to have taken place under the eye of the diarist in the early part of the next season (1843-44), and it is not until quite the end of October that there is anything which calls for notice. On the 31st of that month they had a fair day’s sport from Little Askham. They began by chopping a fox in the whin, and then they ran another nicely by Angram, Normans, Askham Bryan and the Bogs, losing him eventually at Mr. Swann’s. A month later (November 28th) they had a good day from Red House, but failed to get blood. The last run over the park, by Scagglethorpe, Poppleton, Grange Wood, Knapton, Askham Whin, Askham Bryan and Copmanthorpe to the railway at Colton, and back by Bilbrough to Little Askham, where they lost their fox, was a good hunt.

‘Tuesday, January 16th. Askham Bogs. Found in the whin, ran by Angram and Bilbrough, round the hill and back to the whin, and then away to Rufforth Moor, by Rufforth plantations, leaving Hessay on the left, and lost him at Cock Hill. Very hard day.’

‘Tuesday, January 23rd. Red House. Found in Red House Wood, ran to Cock Hill and lost him. Tried the wood again and Grange Wood. Found in Swann’s Whin, ran to Angram and killed him. Found again in Swann’s

‘whin, ran to Grange Wood, Rufforth plantations, crossed the road near the Red Lion, Poppleton, crossed the river and killed him at Tanfield.’

‘Tuesday, March 12th. Askham Bogs. Found in Askham Bogs, ran a ring towards Acomb and away by Knavesmire Wood, Bishopthorpe, Copmanthorpe Field, Brocket Hagg, over Brumber Field, and lost him near the New Wood at Nun Appleton. Tried the Nun Appleton coverts. Found in Copmanthorpe Wood and killed him in Brocket Hagg.’

The most notable thing in the early part of the season of 1844-45 was a real good morning’s cubbing in the middle of September, at Red House. For three hours did they rattle the cubs about in that stronghold, and then they got hold of one. Two good days before Christmas call for special notice :—

‘Tuesday, November 19th. Street Houses. Tried Pickering, Steeton plantations and Pallethorpe. Went after a fox that was viewed at Oxton, ran to Shireoaks and lost him. Tried Hornington Willow garths, found in Appleton New Wood, ran by the windmill, Brumber Field, Colton Hagg, Askham Field, round the Bogs to Knavesmire, and killed him in the open field near the railway bridge near the high road.’

‘Tuesday, December 3rd. Acaster. Tried Stub Wood and the whin and Brocket Hagg. Found in Copmanthorpe Wood, ran towards Colton Hagg, turned short back over the railroad and ran very fast down to Stub Wood, almost to Low Acaster, turned back to Appleton, skirted the New Wood, over Brumber Hill, Pallethorpe, Pickering, crossed the road near the Wild Man, and ran into him in the open field near Bilbrough. One hour twenty-nine minutes. Very capital day.’

In the beginning of January they had an useful day from Providence Green. They found in Goldsborough Wood, and ran by the moor, Hay Parks, Ferrensby, Lofthouse Hill, and Minskip, whence they ran back to Lofthouse Hill, and killed.

On the 25th they had a good day from Whixley, killing a brace, and a few days after frost set in, and there is no account of any hunting from the 4th to the 27th of February.

‘Thursday, February 27th. Copgrove. Tried all the Copgrove
 ‘coverts and Walkingham Warren. Found in Farnham
 ‘Mires and to ground near the house at Copgrove. Tried
 ‘Lofthouse Hill Whin and Scriven plantations. Found
 ‘in Scotton Banks, ran by Scriven, Coneygarths, Farnham
 ‘Quarries, Gibbetts, Ferrensby, over Hay Parks, past
 ‘Eccles House, between Arkendale and Coneythorpe,
 ‘Claro Hill, Shepherd’s Wood, outside Allerton Park
 ‘wall, Broadfield, almost to Whixley Park, down to
 ‘Hopperton, turned back by Allerton Park wall, Shepherd’s
 ‘Wood, past Nineveh, crossed the North road and stopped
 ‘the hounds near Arkendale, being very late.’

March was wild and blustering, and there were several storms. A good run on the eleventh was spoiled by a heavy fall of snow. They found in Askham Bogs, and ran by Copmanthorpe, Brockett Hagg, Stub Wood, and to ground under a tree root near Acaster. The fox was soon bolted, and they ran on smartly to Acaster Whin, where the snow overtook them and saved their fox.

The two last entries for this season are made on April 7th and 8th. On the former day they killed a fox after a good deal of knocking about in the Holly Carrs, and on the latter they ran a fox from Askham Bogs to the back of Acomb, and back to the Bogs, and lost him at Greenlands.

Though Mr. Creyke soon retired, Will Danby kept on in his place, and so when Mr. Bateman succeeded in 1845, he had the advantage of a huntsman of experience who thoroughly knew the country. Mr. Bateman was very keen, and perhaps no man took a livelier interest in hunting than he did. When a young man he rode hard enough, as indeed he was obliged to do, for like many a good sportsman he had no knowledge of country, and it has been said of him

by one who knew him well, that if he were turned round three times in a field he would not be able to find the gate by which he had entered it. He was very keen about hounds, and was careful to preserve a record of what took place with them. His hunting diary, which was most carefully kept, was practically a history of the hunt for upwards of fifty years, but it has unfortunately been destroyed or lost,—a loss to the hunting world which it is difficult to appreciate. Mr. Bateman was very popular, and during the eight years of his mastership he showed excellent sport, whilst after he retired he was one of the most consistent supporters of the hunt. He died at an advanced age in 1891, and until the last he was always to be seen in his carriage at the more handy fixtures.

One of the first great public incidents which took place during his mastership was the dinner which the hunting men of Yorkshire gave to Sir Tatton Sykes. This dinner took place in the De Grey Rooms, on Tuesday, January 19th, 1847, and the invitations were strictly confined to hunting men. The chair was taken by Mr. R. Gilbert, and Mr. Bateman and Mr. Rudstone Read were vice-chairmen. It is curious to read over the names of those who were present to do honour to Yorkshire's typical sportsman, for amongst the sixty-four who sat down to dinner were some of the foremost sportsmen of their time:—Lord Hawke, who was master of the Badsworth; Sir Charles Slingsby, Mr. Creyke, and Mr. Hill of Thornton, either had been, were, or were to be masters of hounds; and amongst others may be named Lord W. Thynne, Baron Osten, the Hon. A. Bosville, the Hon. Captain Duncombe, the Hon. B. R. Lawley, Sir Charles Strickland, Mr. Bower of Welham, the Rev. J. Bower, Mr. Digby Cayley, Mr. Darley of Aldby Park, Mr. J. Dent, Mr. Garforth, Capt. Healey, Mr. E. H. Reynard, Mr. C. Reynard, Mr. Scrope, Mr. Strickland, Mr. H. S. Thompson,

Mr. H. Willoughby, Mr. York and Captain Yorke. At that time Sir Tatton Sykes was hunting what is now Lord Middleton's country, from the kennels at Eddlethorpe, and carried the horn for six years longer, when he was succeeded by Mr. H. Willoughby, afterwards Lord Middleton.

The earliest record of sport under Mr. Bateman's rule which comes to hand is of a September morning, at Askham Whin, where we read, they 'found a litter of cubs, and killed one.' They also had a good morning amongst the cubs at Brafferton on the 27th; and the following month began with such a day as would gladden the heart of any master of hounds, for it showed what good stuff there was in the kennel:—

Thursday, October 2nd. Ribston Hall. Tried Langshaw.
 'Found in Ribston plantation, ran a ring by Langshaw
 'and back, then away over Ribston Park, Goldsborough
 'Moor, Pikershaw, Langshaw, Ribston plantation, up to
 'the North road. Turned to the right to Walshford,
 'Hunsingore, Lund House, over the river by Cowthorpe
 'town end, over Cowthorpe Field, down to Ingmanthorpe
 'Willow garth, ran him very hard in it for some time,
 'and into a hole under a bridge, where the hounds
 'scratched him out and killed him.'

From November 18th to the 29th there seems to have been a stoppage from frost, but on the latter day they had some very good sport:—

'Thursday, November 29th. Copgrove. Tried the covert near
 'the kennel, found opposite the house, ran by Burton
 'Leonard, Iredale Wood, Stainley Quarries, Brearton,
 'Scotton, and lost him at Coneygarths. Found in
 'Farnham Mires, ran to the Warren, Copgrove, Burton
 'Leonard, Stainly Quarries, Brearton, and lost him at
 'the Mires. Very beautiful hunting.'

On December 9th they killed a fox in the streets of York, or rather on the outskirts of York, for the Mount was not built up in 1845 as it is now:—

- ‘Tuesday, December 9th. Askham Bogs. Found in Askham
 ‘Bogs, ran to the old whin and back by Jolly’s house,
 ‘and then by Askham, and lost him at Billbrough. Tried
 ‘Steeton Whin, found in Swann’s Whin, ran to Askham,
 ‘Acomb Hills, Nursery grounds, and killed him in York,
 ‘on the Mount. One hour five minutes.’
- ‘Saturday, December 27th. Shires Bar. Found in Alne old
 ‘whin, ran up to the station, turned to the right to
 ‘Crankley, back by the old whin, crossed the road near
 ‘Shires Bar, Hawk hills, Black Woods, Stillington Whin,
 ‘over Huby Field, Huby Whin, Sutton, ran the road
 ‘and crossed the Foss below Moxby, almost to Farlington,
 ‘turned up the hill and ran into him in the open field
 ‘at Sherriff Hutton. One hour forty five minutes. Most
 ‘capital day.’

January was a good month, and one hard day succeeded another, hounds being frequently stopped at dark. Two days must serve as a specimen of the general run of sport :—

- ‘Tuesday, January 27th. Red House. Tried Red House
 ‘Wood. Found in Grange Wood, ran towards Askham
 ‘Bogs, turned to the left short of Jolly’s house, crossed
 ‘the Wetherby road near Knapton, straight away to the
 ‘Red Lion, crossed the road to Poppleton, Scagglethorpe,
 ‘over the great drain, skirted Red House Park, then
 ‘the wood, past Monkton church, almost to Skip Bridge
 ‘inn, over the road to within a field of Wilstrop Wood,
 ‘over Marston Moor, Hutton Thorns, leaving Hutton
 ‘Hall on the left, Ringle Wood, Askham Whin, and
 ‘turned him up in the open field half-way between the
 ‘two Askhams. One hour forty-five minutes. Most
 ‘capital run.’
- ‘Thursday, January 29th. Ferrensby. Found in the whin,
 ‘ran by Spellow Hill, Nineveh, and to ground near
 ‘Grafton, bolted and killed him. Found in Flaxby covert,
 ‘ran to Goldsborough Moor and back, and away to
 ‘Allerton, to Shepherd’s Wood, Nineveh, Marton, Broad-
 ‘field, Lylands, Shepherd’s Wood, Allerton Park,
 ‘Hopperton coverts, Broadfield, and stopped the hounds
 ‘at Shepherd’s Wood, the horses being tired.’

On the third of the following month they had a very good forty-five minutes from Stub Wood, by Acaster, over the Copmanthorpe drain, and by Askham Mill and Grange Wood, killing at Acomb; and two days later they had a capital day's sport, and one, which for one incident alone, would be likely to live long in the memories of those who were fortunate enough to be present:—

'Thursday, February 5th. Skip Bridge. Tried Widdington Wood, Shipley (?) Rash, Thorpe Woods and Kirby Hall, Broadfield and Lylands. Found in Shepherd's Wood, ran by Broadfield, Whixley, crossed the road by Little Ouseburn, Thorp Green, skirted Kirby Hall, Thorp Woods, Widdington, straight down to Nun Moakton, where the fox and hounds were in the river together, and killed him as he was trying to get through the palings at Beningbrough Park. Fifty-five minutes. Very good day.'

'Thursday, March 5th. Scriven. Tried the new Scotton Moor whin. Found in the Banks, crossed the water to Willow Banks and to Killinghall, where the hounds were stopped. Found again in the Banks, and the fox crossed the water, when the hounds were stopped. Found in Farnham Mires, ran over the bottoms to Lofthouse Hill, Butterhills, Scriven, Farnham, Farnham Mires, Brearton, Nidd, down to the river banks, back again to the road, and to ground near Nidd. Bolted and killed him.'

On April 1st they had rather a disappointing day from the huntsman's standpoint. It was in the same country as was the day's sport just recorded, a part of the country, by the way, which was very productive of sport during the earlier years of Mr. Bateman's mastership. They found in Scotton Banks, ran down to the Nidd and Scriven, and finally lost their fox at Hay Parks. The second run was a very good one. They found in Flaxby plantation, and ran hard by Goldsborough, Ribston, Walshford and Lund, and



were running hard for their fox when a violent thunderstorm came on and deprived them of the blood they so well deserved.

Though this was a good season there was not a great 'list of slain.' Mr. York records that in fifty-nine days they found ninety foxes, of which they killed above ground, seventeen; killed on the earth after digging, seven; and ran to ground, ten; leaving fifty-six to be accounted for, and of these many doubtless owed their lives to the friendly darkness. Of course, this is not the full record of the season, but it is interesting, as showing how difficult the good wild *old* foxes were to handle, even when such a past master as Will Danby was carrying the horn.

There are no diaries forthcoming from the spring of 1846 to the autumn of 1851, but from other sources three good runs are given. The first of these took place on Tuesday, March 14th, 1848. The fixture was Dringhouses, and there would seem to have been a rare crowd, for the chronicler estimates the field at three hundred horsemen, and says that a friend of his who had hunted with the York and Ainsty for upwards of thirty years told him that it was the largest field he had ever seen. Askham Bogs were first tried, and a capital fox it was that hounds found there, provided that they never changed. They were not long in getting to work, for hounds had no sooner found than the fox broke on the Tadcaster road side, which then, as it generally is now, would doubtless be lined with people on foot and in carriages. The fox crossed the road in spite of this, and hounds ran him hard to Colton Hagg and on to the York and North Midland railway. At the railway the fox was headed, and turned away for Colton village, and hounds ran him hard over the Tadcaster road again, and past Bilbrough village. Leaving the village to the left, they ran on to Catterton Spring and skirted Healaugh Manor, leaving Shire

Oaks to the left. The pace was now a cracker, and the large field was considerably thinned. They now crossed the Tadcaster and Wighill road, and ran along the Ings nearly to Thorparch. Thence they hunted past Walton Wood, which was left on the right, and crossing the Wetherby road not very far from Deighton toll bar, they ran on to Tockwith. From Tockwith they ran hard to Marston Whin, through which they forced their fox, and then they ran him on to Healaugh, and through Shire Oaks. Mr. Brooksbank's park was then crossed, and they pointed for Thorparch again, and leaving Tadcaster on the right, passed Catterton village and pointed for Nova Scotia. Here the fox was probably headed, as he made a sharp turn past Bilton Hall and Hutton village, leaving Angram to the left. The pace now began to slacken a little, but up to this point it had been fast. Hounds, however, stuck well to their work, and rolled their fox over near Askham village. The chronicler concludes, 'Time, four hours and ten minutes, over a very heavy country. The distance gone over would be fifty miles at least. One or two crack riders acknowledge this to have been the fastest run it had been their fortune to witness across any country. Out of the large field only fourteen were up at the death. Will Danby rode well throughout the day, and was one of the fortunate ones at the finish, with the whole of his hounds except three or four.'

This was a great run, though it was not very straight, but it by no means covered fifty miles of country. It is to be regretted that we have not a more detailed account of it, for it was one of those runs which are so typical of the time and country. For instance, it is a long stretch from Thorparch to Deighton toll bar, and again from that place to Tockwith. These long points make it difficult to measure the run with any degree of accuracy, but in all probability from thirty-five to forty miles would be covered. Our

historian does not say anything about the roads being convenient, but no horse could have carried a man all through such a run without a bit of ease. It was in favour of horses that hounds occasionally took a good ring, and that there was consequently sometimes the chance of the inside turn. It is not to be wondered at, however, that, in the words of the historian, 'veterinary surgeons were in great request in York on the following day.' In estimating this run it must not be forgotten that not only did it take place over the deepest and stiffest part of the Ainsty, but that, in those days, the country was much more difficult to cross than it is at present. There was a much greater percentage of plough, and but little of the land was drained.

The next good run of which there remains a record took place in November, 1849, in the Thursday country. The account, which is taken from *Bell's Life* of November 11th, is only a meagre one, and I give it in full:—

‘YORK AND AINSTY HOUNDS.

‘MR. EDITOR.—These hounds had a good run on Thursday
 ‘week. Met at Tewin (Scriven) Park, and on putting
 ‘into Scotton Banks a fox slipped out, away to Rawson’s
 ‘Banks. It was not long before the hounds were on to
 ‘him, and away by Scotton to the north of Brearton
 ‘village. Here he turned towards Farnham Mires, to
 ‘Walkingham Warren, thence by the Dark Walk at
 ‘Copgrove to Loftus Hill. Here he turned back and
 ‘made for Walkingham Warren, by Piel’s house, having
 ‘tried an earth there which he found stopped. At this
 ‘time the hounds were not a hundred yards behind him,
 ‘but a check occurred of two or three minutes, which
 ‘allowed reynard to get as far as Burton village before
 ‘the hounds ran into him. The pace throughout was
 ‘good, with the exception of the check. The numerous
 ‘by-lanes allowed a large field to be in at the death.
 ‘After crossing a fox near Scriven Park, they tried
 ‘Gateshill, which was blank, as also Loftus Hill. As
 ‘the hounds had twenty miles to go home, they ceased

‘hunting about two o’clock. Old Danby, the huntsman, looked as fresh as ever, and I understand the new whip gives every satisfaction. Wishing good sport to these hounds, I am, yours, D.’

Another good run took place in the early part of the following year, this time in the Tuesday country. They met at Askham Bogs on February 29th, and for a wonder drew the Bogs blank, a fact which was commented on as ‘astonishing.’ Chaloner Whin, a covert which no longer exists, was also drawn blank, as was Colton Hagg, and then they trotted off to Pallethorpe Wood. Here they found, and were soon away in the open, running hard for Copmanthorpe. Leaving the village on the left, they pointed for Bishopthorpe, which they skirted, and ran over the Archbishop’s farm to Knavesmire Wood. Hounds ran hard through the wood, and pointed first for Askham Bogs, but swung round to Knavesmire, across which they viewed their fox. They pointed for York, but turning to the right they ran over Scarcroft and crossed the Bishopthorpe lane, and ran into their fox on Clementhorpe Ings, about fifty yards from the river Ouse. The run occupied an hour and five minutes, and was over a very heavy country, and it seems scarcely necessary to add that very few were up at the finish. It would be over a seven-mile point, so that the computed distance of ten miles would not be far from being correct. A run which finished in the same place now would cause a strange commotion.

The season of 1851-2 commenced with some good cubbing. At Lylands, on October 1st, they killed a brace, though scent served them none too well. On the 18th they had a good day at Ripley, and ten days later they had another useful day, finding a good show of foxes in Steeton, Pallethorpe and Nun Appleton, and getting blood after a lot of hard work. In November they had some fair sport, but



nothing that calls for particular notice; but they had some very good days in December:—

‘Tuesday, December 2nd. Red House. Found in Red House Wood, ran by Moor Monkton, over the Nidd and crossed back by Skip Bridge bar, back over Monkton Moor, and killed him near Red House Wood. Found in Askham Whin, ran by Angram, turned short back by Parker’s, Grange Wood, Jolly’s farm, Acomb water-works, Poppleton villa, along the water side to Poppleton, over the river to Skelton Spring, Overton Wood, Beningbrough, and over the water to Red House, where the hounds were stopped.’

‘Tuesday, December 9th. Acaster. Found in Stub Wood, ran three fields and killed him. Tried Brocket Hagg, Found in Copmanthorpe Wood, ran to Brocket Hagg. Woollas, Brumber Wood, Appleton New Wood, Low Acaster, Rudding Green, Woollas, Colton Brecks, Copmanthorpe road, and lost him near Bishopthorpe. Found in Colton Hagg, ran to the new whin, Bilbrough Hill, over Bilbrough Moor, Catterton Spring, and lost near Tadcaster.’

‘Saturday, December 13th. Fairfield. Found at Fairfield, ran to Overton Wood and lost him. Tried Overton Wood and Skelton Spring. Found in Stockton Moor, ran by Wigginton and Haxby parallel with the high road to Haxby Whin, past the Scottish firs, over Suet Carrs, leaving St. John’s Well on the left, and ran him to ground at Moxby. Forty-four minutes. Best pace without a check.’

They had a good day from Arkendale on the second of March, finding plenty of foxes, and having a lot of hard work with them; their third fox, from Goldsborough Moor, giving them a good deal of woodland work about Ribston before they killed him in the river:—

‘Saturday, March 13th. Goldsborough Hall. Found in Goldsborough Wood and stopped the hounds from a vixen. Found in Goldsborough Moor, ran to the wood,

‘over the river to Scalliber, Ribston Spring, Ribston
 ‘village, over the river to Ribston plantation, Sellcarrs,
 ‘Cattal Grange, Old Thornville, Green Hammerton,
 ‘Shipton Rash, Thorp Woods, almost to Nun Monkton,
 ‘turned back along the river side to Skip Bridge, over
 ‘the river to Skip Bridge inn, back over the river and
 ‘along the bank nearly to Skip Bridge, where they
 ‘crossed again and killed him behind Skip Bridge bar.
 ‘Good hunting run.’

There is nothing more of any importance found in the diaries for this season, but in the following one, which was Mr. Bateman's last season as master, they made a capital start amongst the cubs, finding plenty of litters at Ribston, Lylands, Brafferton, Scotton and Nun Appleton. November passed by without much incident, but they had a good day late in the year, and a rather curious incident in connection with the second run:—

‘Thursday, December 30th. Askham Bogs. Found in Askham
 ‘Bogs, ran to Jolly's farm, and to Hessay Whin, a short
 ‘ring by Rufforth, and killed him at Hessay. Forty
 ‘minutes. Tried Colton Hagg, found in Stub Wood,
 ‘ran by Brocket Hagg and to Appleton, where the fox
 ‘was caught in a snare.’

‘Tuesday, January 18th. Street Houses. Found in Steeton
 ‘Whin, ran to Oxtou, along the river to Hornington,
 ‘Pallethorpe, Steeton, and to ground at Oxtou. Tried
 ‘Steeton Whin again and Colton Hagg. Went after a
 ‘fox that was viewed near Colton, and to Steeton Hall,
 ‘Brumber Hill, Pallethorpe, Steeton Whin, over the road
 ‘to Catterton Spring, up to Tadcaster, turned short back
 ‘almost to Shire Oaks, Catterton Whin, Catterton, over
 ‘Bilbrough Moor, Hill, Colton, Pickering, Pallethorpe,
 ‘Oxtou, through Pallethorpe, Steeton Whin, and lost
 ‘near Bilbrough Hall. Very hard day.’

The last day of Mr. Bateman's mastership of which I can find an account was on April 12th. The fixture was Sessay Wood; and they drew Sessay Wood, Fawdington

Moor, Brafferton Spring, Pilmoor, Aldwark Wood and the Linton coverts without finding; this being one of the very few blank days of which I find a record in 'the good old times.'

Sufficient has been said to show that Mr. Bateman showed excellent sport during the years that he ruled over the destinies of the country. At the end of this season he retired, and Sir Charles Slingsby assumed the reins of office.

The retirement of Mr. Bateman, and the succession of Sir Charles Slingsby, brought about other changes. Sir Charles, who had had considerable experience with a pack of harriers, with which he had shown excellent sport, was anxious to hunt the hounds himself, and Will Danby was getting advanced in years, and a four-days-a-week country was almost too much for him. So when Mr. Bateman retired, he retired also, and the members of the hunt showed their appreciation of his long and valuable services by giving him a handsome testimonial. Danby went to live at Acomb, but he was soon in harness again. Mr. Wilkinson, the master of the Hurworth, was in want of a huntsman, and to him Danby went, and he was kennel-huntsman during the early part of the time that Mr. Parrington hunted that pack.

The time was now come that the old kennels at Knaves-mire Gate would no longer answer the requirements of the hunt, and the growth of the city in this direction made it desirable that they should be moved farther afield. So a lease was secured of the present kennels at Acomb, and commodious kennels were erected, which were subsequently added to and improved by Colonel Fairfax and Mr. Lycett Green.

Larger kennels were required by Sir Charles, for he was an enthusiastic hound breeder, and a very successful one to boot. He at once set about importing new blood into the pack, and from his first season he bred largely. The

consequence was that he soon got effected a considerable improvement in the pack, for, as all hound breeders know, it is only by breeding largely that the standard of excellence can be raised, or if once raised, be retained.

As a huntsman Sir Charles had few equals and no superiors. He was patient and persevering, and would never leave a fox if a hound could own a line. Lifting hounds was a practice which he never resorted to save in the direst necessity, and as he trusted his hounds implicitly, they trusted him; and the result was that he soon had a close hunting and killing pack of hounds, who rendered a good account of themselves over the ploughs which prevailed in the York and Ainsty country in Sir Charles Slingsby's day.

Few huntsmen have such an influence over hounds as Sir Charles had. He spent a great deal of time amongst them in summer as well as in the hunting season, and he had a peculiar falsetto note on his horn which they would fly to whatever they might be doing, even if they were running another fox hard at the time. And if Sir Charles was a good huntsman, he was also a good master, and an adept at keeping a large and hard-riding field in order. He was not a man of many words, and a few very mild words of remonstrance were sufficient to bring the unruly to order. It is told of him that, on one occasion, a hard-riding gentleman jumped in amongst the pack, and somehow came to grief,—in plain English he 'cut a voluntary.' Sir Charles merely remarked, 'I am very glad,' and took no further notice of the incident.

On another occasion hounds had come to a check, and there was an open gateway just in front of them. Sir Charles was casting his hounds, when up came Mr. Edward Robinson full gallop through the gateway amongst them. 'Would you believe it?' remarked Sir Charles, quietly, 'that man has been hunting all his life.' On another occasion he offered

an officious stranger his horn, remarking that there could not be two huntsmen.

He was a very fine horseman, and with his own hounds was a very hard man, always with them, and ready for any emergency; but when he was hunting with other packs he scarcely rode so hard. As a gentleman jockey he had a fair measure of success at local meetings, and often rode in the Thirsk Hunt Cup and similar races. He steered his own horse, Egg Sauce, to victory in the Thirsk Hunt Cup in 1859, and it is needless to say that it was a popular victory in every sense of the word. Two years later, on Mousetrap, he was second to Sir George Strickland's Lady Bird, who was ridden by Mr. Thompson, and who only won by a length.

In those days the Thirsk Hunt Cup was an important event; indeed, it was well nigh the most important event of the meeting, and it shows what was the class of horses that ran in it when Sir Charles hunted hounds on Egg Sauce and Mousetrap. They were hunters in the best sense of the word that took part in such races in those days, and it is much to be regretted that races on similar lines cannot be run now. It is, however, impossible to revive these hunt races, as someone would be sure to farm them with a cast-off racehorse.

Sir Charles soon began to show good sport, and within a week of the commencement of the regular hunting season he had a splendid run in the Monday country, of which the following is an account:—

‘ November 7th, 1853. Met at Aldwark Bridge, A very thick
 ‘ morning, but cleared away about eleven o'clock. Trotted
 ‘ away to Aldwark Wood, drew it blank, went on for the covert
 ‘ where a fox of the right sort was unkenelled, who went
 ‘ away with hounds at his brush for Linton village, left
 ‘ it on the right, turned short to the left for Linton Spring,
 ‘ which he skirted, then through Linton Whin and Linton
 ‘ Ings, turned short to the right over Tollerton brook,

‘left Tollerton village on the left, went away over the
 ‘York and Easingwold road pointing for New Parks,
 ‘turned to the left, away up to Spring Wood, through
 ‘which he ran, and they pulled him down in the next
 ‘field, after as quick a thing as has been seen, without
 ‘a check. Time, thirty-five minutes. Distance from point
 ‘to point, about six miles and a half. Amongst the
 ‘number that went well was the gallant master, Sir
 ‘Charles Slingsby. This is his first season as master
 ‘of these hounds, and he led the van throughout. Mr.
 ‘Bateman, Mr. Robinson, Sir Warwick Moyser, Mr. Brown,
 ‘Mr. Lloyd, Mr. Batty, the huntsman, William Orvis,
 ‘who is thoroughly up to his work and a very quick
 ‘hand over a country, and rides well to his hounds,
 ‘followed. The two whips, Shepherd and Boxhall, came
 ‘next, the rest of the field widely scattered.’

Other good runs during Sir Charles Slingsby's first season are taken from Mr. York's diary:—

‘Thursday, November 10th. Skip Bridge. Tried Widdington
 ‘and Nun Monkton and Thorp Woods, Shipton Rash
 ‘and Thorp Green. Found at Kirby Hall and lost him.
 ‘Tried Lylands. Found in Shepherd's Wood, ran by
 ‘Lylands, Broadfield, Little Ouseburn, Thorp Green,
 ‘Shipton Rash, and down to Widdington Wood, where
 ‘we ran till dark, but could not get hold of the fox.’

‘Thursday, February 9th. Providence Green. Tried all the
 ‘Cattal coverts. Found in Ribston plantation, ran to
 ‘Langshaw, Flaxby, Hopperton, almost to Whixley, back
 ‘to Hopperton and to ground opposite the house at
 ‘Allerton. Dug and killed him. Found in Flaxby
 ‘plantation, ran to Goldsborough Moor, Langshaw,
 ‘Ribston Park, Walshford, Hunsingore, back over Walsh-
 ‘ford Bridge, Matson's, Geldart's coverts, Ingmanthorpe
 ‘Whin, Sandbeck Wood, and stopped the hounds near
 ‘Swinnow.’

‘Tuesday, February 21st. Red House. Tried Red House
 ‘Wood and Hessay Whin. Found in Grange Wood,
 ‘ran to Rufforth and lost him. Found in Swann's Whin,
 ‘ran to Grange Wood and lost him. Found in Askham

‘Bogs, ran by the two Askhams, Swann’s Whin, Angram, Hutton Hall, Hutton Thorns, and killed him in the open field at Hessay Moor side. Very good day.’

‘Thursday, February 23rd. Farnham. Tried Lofthouse Hill Whin and Farnham Mires. Found in Preston bottoms, ran by Farnham, Gibbets, Ferrensby, Lofthouse Hill, Arkendale, crossed the North road near Nineveh, Marton and Grafton, leaving Lylands on the right, and killed him in the open field between Whixley and Broadfield. Two hours. Very good hunting run.’

Unfortunately Sir Charles did not keep a hunting diary of any kind, and record of the sport which he showed during the next few seasons is very scanty. Indeed, from 1853 to 1859 I have been able to find no record of runs, though there is no doubt that during the period many good runs took place.

The next run I have to record took place in the early part of 1859, an account of it appearing in *The Field* for March 5th of that year. The writer, however, has been too eager to tell us of a conversation with an imaginary Major Bostock, and to treat of a great deal more irrelevant matter, to remember to tell us the exact date. The fixture was Pilmoor, whence Sir Charles at once proceeded to Sessay Wood. Here they found at once, and in a short time they had their fox in the open, and Sir Charles had the pack on his line. They were running top pace as they crossed the Sun Beck, which, as it usually does in these later days, held a gentleman and his horse. First they ran to Thormanby, and crossed the grass bottoms at a racing pace. The railway bridge saved a good few falls in the Thormanby Beck. They rose the hill to Carlton Husthwaite, whence they turned a little to the right, and ran by Angram and Thornton into Newburgh Park. Here the pace slackened considerably, but hounds still stuck to their fox, hunting him over a very rough country to Gilling Park, where they rolled him over not far from the

Temple. Time, one hour and twenty minutes. This run, the writer of the narrative says, was the run of the season, and it was certainly good enough to be the run of any season, if the distance, pace, and variety of country crossed are considered. Such being the case, it is a pity that the writer did not take pains to give us a more detailed account of the *run*, instead of interlarding his brief account with 'Major Bostock,' and a whole string of superfluous exclamations, such as 'Yoicks!' 'Tallyho!' It should be remarked that the morning when this fine run took place was mild and springlike, and the ground was very dry.

The next run of which I have any account comes from the same pen, and curiously enough it took place in the same country. I give the account verbatim:—

'The York and Ainsty met on the 7th (January 7th, 1860)
 'at Sessay Station. A more unpropitious morning never
 'dawned for hunting. If your readers will remember
 'that last year when I penned you a run, I prefaced it
 'by saying everyone voted "the day more fitted for
 'primrosing than hunting." I am sure everyone said
 'the 7th was more fitted for skating or arctic voyagers.
 'No York men came to the scratch. For two hours we
 'cooled our heels at Sessay Station, when Sir Charles—
 'pluck to the backbone—at noon determined to throw
 'his hounds into Sessay Spring. The bound in was
 'electrifying, a joyous sound increasing in the clear air,
 'a whimper, and then a full chorus. Away we go, never
 'heeding danger, though it was a case of hammering the
 'hard fields—a lady on a clipped dun to the fore, shaming
 'the pink-coated masculines, who held reins already
 'and said "Oh, it was too hard." Away to Thirkleby.
 'Here he turned to Carlton, thence to Thornton, and by
 'Newburgh Park to Gilling Castle and back to Gilling
 'Wood, and we ran him to ground under the temple of
 'this well-known wood. Up to Newburgh Park from
 'Sessay Spring the distance was twelve miles. Time:
 'one hour and three minutes, after a good old-fashioned
 'run. Twelve miles in an hour and three minutes, in



‘a very severe frost, and without a single casualty, is a feat almost unparalleled in hunting. Though many availed themselves of the excuse of danger and went home, too early by far for British volunteers, many called for their second horses in vain during the run; the pace was too quick. That week was good for scent, for the York had a clipper from Whixley and the Bedale from Bamlett’s Whin.—EBORACUM.’

‘Eboracum,’ whose style is not so florid as in his earlier letter, still shows that he is not a keen observer. For instance, he says that after cooling their heels for *two hours*, Sir Charles threw off at noon. Now hounds met in those days at 10 30 a.m., so that they only waited an hour and a half. From Sessay Wood to Gilling is a ten-mile point, and the run was undoubtedly a fine one. It would probably be about twelve or thirteen miles as hounds ran, and the pace seems to have been something like that in the famous Melbourne run of later years. With the going as it was, there seems no reason to dispute the time.

Sir Charles Slingsby, like other masters of hounds, had his own troubles, and there were some grumblers amongst his supporters. These seem to have been amongst those who lived in York, or close by, men who complained that so many of the fixtures were made far away from them. The complaint appeared in the public prints, but there seems to have been nothing more about it; and it is only an instance of how difficult it is to make the rank and file of hunting men understand that a master of hounds has to hunt his country according to the circumstances which prevail at the time.

Again there is a period of a couple of years without record, and then our friend ‘Eboracum’ takes up his parable again. As there are several items of interest in his account, I give part of it verbatim:—

‘THE YORK AND AINSTY.

‘I generally, year by year, give you a good run with the ould
 ‘York and Ainsty, and their heaven-born huntsman, Sir
 ‘Charles; and though I wish it otherwise, because my
 ‘enemies cry out that “it is all partiality, favour, and
 ‘affection,” it must needs be from Pilmoor. The morning
 ‘of Saturday last broke a rare scenting one,—“a southerly
 ‘wind and a cloudy sky” with a vengeance, for a heavy
 ‘curtain of mist seemed to enshroud all things. We had
 ‘a fair sprinkling of all colours, pinks, blacks, and all hues.
 ‘The meet was at Thirkleby Park, the seat of Lady Frank-
 ‘land Russell. Few better sportsmen than the late Sir
 ‘Robert ever rode to hounds in Leicestershire, “when
 ‘George the Third was king.” His apt pencil has pourtrayed
 ‘those scenes in the well-known sketches published. His
 ‘widow, I believe, is as anxious as ever tyro first fledged
 ‘with the Pytchley was to show sport, but yet it is a
 ‘curious coincidence that though plenty of foxes are tally-
 ‘hoed away at the beginning of the season, there are none
 ‘at the end. It is no fault of her son-in-law, Sir William
 ‘Galwey, the respected member for Thirsk, who has the
 ‘shooting, for he has a plentiful supply of old Cæsars at
 ‘Brafferton Spring Wood, which is the *pièce de resistance*
 ‘for all these parts. However, Thirkleby was blank, and
 ‘so was Lady Down’s plantation, called, I believe, Spring
 ‘Wood, and the field looked blank, for many had come a
 ‘long mile to do honour to this once-famed meet.’

But this is quite enough of ‘Eboracum,’ whose high-falutin nonsense, erratic English, and plentiful repetition of holloas (there are some seventeen of them in about as many lines), make very sorry reading. They found a fox in Sessay Wood, and after running a couple of rings round it, they were out in the open with the fox, according to ‘Eboracum,’ five minutes ahead, a statement which requires to be taken *cum grano salis*. But which way the fox took at first it is impossible to say. ‘Eboracum’ devotes that part of the space allotted to him to hyperbole instead of to history, and the first place we are landed at is Thirkleby Beck. Then

they crossed some badly-drained land, 'narrowly escaping some infernal wire fencing', and ran by the hall and across Thirkleby Park, pointing for Hood Hill. Thence they turned left handed by Bagby, and crossed the Felix church road, pointing for Upsall Whin, and ran into their fox at Buttercombe plantation.

This was a good run, and 'Eboracum' seems certainly to have been lucky with the sport he saw from Pilmoor and Sessay. No time is given, but it is a far cry from Sessay Wood to Upsall. It will be about a nine-mile point, and the line is a very stiff one, so that it is easy to imagine that there would be a squandered field.

This same season of 1861-62 was a remarkably good one, perhaps one of the best that Sir Charles had. It seems to have been a good scenting season all over, and the following account of the last day but one of the season shows that the York and Ainsty had their share of its good things:—

' THE YORK AND AINSTY.

' These hounds have had what may be termed a brilliant season.

' Sir Charles Slingsby, the master, hunts them himself, to

' the admiration and satisfaction of all who follow him.

' His urbanity in the field to both high and low has become

' a household word through the part of the county he hunts.

' His men are civil to all, and persevering beyond all praise,

' and do their utmost to show sport. Of the hounds I need

' only say they have killed about forty brace of foxes,

' besides running many to ground. On the Thursday (the

' last day but one of the season), they met at Burnt Gates,

' a few miles west of Ripley. The weather was thick and

' hazy, and the surrounding hills were covered with snow.

' Drew all the coverts in that district blank. Trotted down

' to Farnham Mires, two miles east of Ripley. On the

' shortest notice found reynard at home. Went away with

' a burning scent in a northerly direction for that far-famed

' covert, Walkingham Warren. (*En passant*, allow us to

' say a word or two of it, as well as of its worthy proprietor,

‘ James Brown, Esq., M.P., Copgrove. As a country gentle-
 ‘ man, landlord, and a preserver of foxes, he is one of the
 ‘ ornaments of his class; *and this covert has been drawn*
 ‘ *eighteen times during the season, and always held one or more*
 ‘ *foxes.*) From Walkingham Warren, reynard being hardly
 ‘ pressed, broke away to the west in a direction for South
 ‘ Stainley, but being headed, doubled, ran eastward *via*
 ‘ Copgrove, bearing for Staveley; skirted Staveley Carrs,
 ‘ and made for the river Ure opposite Newby Hall; finding
 ‘ it much swollen, he bent east towards Boroughbridge,
 ‘ rather slow over the heavy fallows, but scent good, and
 ‘ onward they pursued him; the Boroughbridge road was
 ‘ crossed near Roecliffe, where there is more grass land.
 ‘ Those who had any steam left in their horses were obliged
 ‘ to put it on, for the pace was increased, and Fallacy,
 ‘ heading the lady pack a few lengths, drove the varmint
 ‘ before her at railway speed. Oh, Fallacy, Fallacy! what
 ‘ a libel is thy name, for never hound ran more true to the
 ‘ line of a fox! On nearing Copgrove, and in view of those
 ‘ who were forward, for nearly a mile Fallacy coursing poor
 ‘ reynard like a greyhound within a yard of his brush, fore-
 ‘ told his speedy death. Within a mile of the place from
 ‘ whence he came, he was pulled down in the centre of a
 ‘ large field of wheat. The baronet and his men were
 ‘ where they always are at the finish. The field were also
 ‘ well up, including a certain “fair ladye” who graces the
 ‘ Thursday meets, and whose management of her noble
 ‘ steed is the admiration of those who have the opportunity
 ‘ of seeing her. Time, one hour and twenty minutes, almost
 ‘ without check. Distance, eleven to twelve miles, and
 ‘ ground very heavy’

It is to be regretted that this correspondent, who does
 not give his name did not take the trouble to preserve some
 more records of this fine season. The run which he relates
 was a fine one for the time of year, or for the matter of that,
 for any time; for though it was a ring, it was a very wide
 one, and over a fine and varied country.

Of the following season there is no account worth
 naming, and of the sport little remains on record; but they

had one day in the early part of the season when mishaps were extremely plentiful, even in the York and Ainsty country, which generally has its share of them.

They met at Skelton on November 17th, the morning very frosty and the ground very hard. It is stated that during the day a brace of foxes was found, but that there was little done with them. The Hon. Captain Lawley got a very serious fall, and had so bad a concussion that he had to be removed to Mr. H. S. Thompson's house. His brother, Lord Wenlock, also got a very nasty fall, his horse treading on him in the scramble, and inflicting a nasty wound on his neck and a laceration on the flap of the ear. He, however, was able to get up and go on again. Mrs. Walker, of Hawkhill, also took a fall, but was little the worse. Then two gallant officers of the 10th, Mr. Fife and Mr. Ponsonby, came down, the former twice, and the latter three times, but were happily not much worse. Major Wombwell was also amongst those who came to grief, but he sustained no injury beyond the shaking. Altogether it was a day of disaster, and it may be remarked that such days are not quite unknown in the country in the present day.

Then comes a hiatus in the history of the hunt, and but little remains of an interesting time, when the country was well stocked with stout foxes, and when sport was of the best. We are indebted to Colonel Meysey-Thompson for preserving two or three incidents which took place between the season of 1862-63 and Sir Charles Slingsby's last season. One anecdote of the curious loss of a fox near Sheriff Hutton shows what a fox will submit to when thoroughly exhausted. They had run a fox hard from Stillington to Sheriff Hutton, and they lost him mysteriously in a road, out of which there are some very high banks, and they could never hit off the line again. Nor was it likely that they would do so, for all the time the fox was

snugly resting in a travelling tinker's bag, that worthy having caught him as he was climbing the bank out of the road. I may add that this is not the only instance of a fox being handled in this manner, as Mr. John Andrew, the first master of the Cleveland Hounds, relates in his diary, how, after a very hard run, a member of his hunt got off his horse and took the fox up, presumably for another day.

During this period the Whixley fox used to show them a lot of sport, and at the same place he beat them for three years in succession. They found him in various places, for a good *old* fox by no means always frequents the same quarters; but wherever they found him, to Whixley Park he took them, and at Whixley Park he beat them. One can almost imagine a clever 'old customer' like this enjoying being hunted. But like many another hero of history, from Cæsar and Napoleon downwards, he played the game once too often,—his secret was found out, and he was killed. What he did was this. He jumped the wall into Whixley Park, and ran through a little drain that ran under the wall and into the road. Then, crossing the road, he went into the middle of a field which is behind Whixley Manor House. He then slipped back to the wall which surrounds the grounds at the Manor House, and ran along side it to the flagged footpath between the Manor House and the churchyard. This flagged footpath was handy, and was, of course, utilised by the fox, who returned to the little drain under Whixley Park wall, a drain just large enough to hold him. Of course, hounds ran him into the middle of the field, and then checked. A forward cast to Thorpe Green was naturally the first cast to make, and by the time that that was unsuccessful, there was little chance of hitting off his line backward on account of the steaming horses. It may be said, how was it that he was never seen on the footpath? He was seen, and his secret was known by many, but it was

never divulged till his end came. And his end came by a hound or two dropping on to his hiding place, as it were, almost by accident.

Another fox which gave them many a good run was the famous white fox. He was a native of Thorpe Green, and was one of a litter which were all well marked with white. This one, however, appeared to be quite white, and Sir Charles tried to save him, as some gentlemen try to save an odd white pheasant which has got into their preserves, and would never hunt him if he could help it. But one day the end came. They found him at Lylands, and ran with a breast-high scent by the Moor Farm, and over the Moor lane and past Grass Gills, leaving High Dunsforth to the right, and down to Aldwark Bridge, and into Hawthorn Bank, where they killed him. It was not till Sir Charles got to them that he knew it was the white fox he had been running, as he was never viewed in the run.

There was a white fox, or nearly a white one, some years ago in the Cleveland country, which showed a lot of sport, and which was finally killed at Carlton Grove, after a very good run from Eston Lighthouse. Mr. Priestman, too, the master of the Braes of Derwent, had a very curious coloured fox a year or two ago. It was most like a sandy tortoise-shell cat in its markings. The rest of the litter were all of the normal colour. This was a vixen, and Mr. Priestman was in hopes of getting a litter from her, but unfortunately she died.

Colonel Meysey-Thompson tells us that Sir Charles always considered a run from Red House, in which hounds went right away from their field and killed in the park at Nun Appleton, as the best run he ever had during his mastership. It is a capital point, and over some of the best country in the Ainsty, and it is a pity that there is no accurate account of it extant.

Nothing remains now but for me to tell what is known of Sir Charles Slingsby's last season,—the season of 1868–69,—which was fraught with such tragic consequences. Of the latter part of this season there is a plentiful record, for the Special Commissioner of the *Field* paid a visit to the country in the fore part of the year 1869, and has left a very interesting account of his experiences. These I am enabled to give through the courtesy of the editor:—

‘THE YORK AND AINSLEY HOUNDS AND COUNTRY, BY “CECIL.”

‘ . . . On Wednesday night the county ball was held, and the
 ‘ attendance was large. The following morning the hounds
 ‘ met at Acaster, which is about four miles from York, and
 ‘ although the rain fell copiously all the day, there was an
 ‘ extensive muster, including Lord Wenlock, Lord Downe,
 ‘ Sir Lionel Pilkington, Sir George Wombwell, Mr. George
 ‘ Lane Fox, Mr. Read, Mr. Johnstone, and very many others.
 ‘ Stub Wood held a fox, but the hounds did not get away
 ‘ on good terms with him. They then ran nearly to Nun
 ‘ Appleton, from thence in the direction of Copmanthorpe,
 ‘ when he turned pointing for Askham Bogs, which, how-
 ‘ ever, he did not enter, but making his way back towards
 ‘ Copmanthorpe, after running upwards of two hours, they
 ‘ killed him in the open.’

‘THE YORK AND AINSLEY IN THE FIELD.

‘ It may be fairly questioned whether the man who sticks to
 ‘ one particular pack, knows each hound in it, can trace
 ‘ each one's ancestry, and has a mental catalogue of their
 ‘ good and bad deeds,—or he who ranges from pack to pack,
 ‘ from country to country, noting the different styles and
 ‘ characters of hunting that are brought into play by various
 ‘ accidental circumstances,—most enjoys the pleasure of the
 ‘ chase. There is much to be said on both sides; but giving
 ‘ the stay-at-homes every credit for loyalty to their pack
 ‘ and their country, I must confess that the Bohemian
 ‘ element is so strong in my nature, that continually finding
 ‘ in the same coverts, running over the same country (were
 ‘ it the finest in the world), and jumping the same fences,
 ‘ would, in time, begin to pall.

‘ Entertaining these notions, it will readily be understood
 ‘ that a tour on unknown ground, and hunting with strange
 ‘ packs, known to me only by the fame they have acquired,
 ‘ would be to me perhaps the next best thing to receiving
 ‘ a handsome legacy. I confess it was with high antici-
 ‘ pations of pleasure that, at the commencement of the
 ‘ present week, I found myself at York, with the prospect
 ‘ of a campaign amongst the neighbouring packs. At the
 ‘ same time I cannot help expressing my surprise that, in
 ‘ a town like York, where hounds can be reached nearly
 ‘ every day in the week, there should be so little horse
 ‘ accommodation for strangers. In nearly all hunting
 ‘ countries decent mounts are to be obtained, and though
 ‘ not valuable ones, still fair rideable hunters are let. As
 ‘ far as my own experience goes, and from all I can hear,
 ‘ an influx of half a dozen strangers would take up every
 ‘ nag that is here to be procured; and as to quality, perhaps
 ‘ the less we say about them the better. I speak feelingly,
 ‘ from being obliged to meet Sir Charles Slingsby at Blue
 ‘ Bridge on Monday last, on an animal that, I am certain,
 ‘ though let as a hunter, would not have kept within hail of
 ‘ the pack half a dozen fields over that country if there was
 ‘ anything of a scent. She was, however, equal, as it
 ‘ proved, to the occasion. But let all intending visitors
 ‘ take my advice, and not trust to York for finding them in
 ‘ horseflesh. Monday opened damp and mild, with very
 ‘ little air and less sun—quite like a hunting morning, in
 ‘ fact—and long ere breakfast was over, the sight of horses
 ‘ passing Harker’s on their road to covert would have told
 ‘ even the uninitiated that such it really was. Half an hour
 ‘ later the occasional glimpses of pink, as the wearers
 ‘ crossed the road, quieted all doubt as to the finding the
 ‘ way to covert, and many miles of the road had not been
 ‘ traversed ere I found myself in pleasant chat with one
 ‘ or two others bound for the fixture. Our road lay by
 ‘ Rawcliffe and Fairfield, which we passed not without
 ‘ a thought of sorrow that the late owner, who so gallantly
 ‘ held his own in this very country on the big jumping
 ‘ Barney by Barnton, was even then awaiting his last sad
 ‘ journey. Brighter thoughts, however, resumed their
 ‘ sway when Mr. G. Thompson came cantering up, and,

‘turning his thorough-bred out of the road over a bit
‘of timber, did some very useful schooling on him for
‘a field or two; then we reached Blue Bridge, on each
‘side of which the brook was so flooded and swollen
‘as to quite counteract any idea of facing water for that
‘day at least, unless boats were called into requisition.

‘The meet was rather select than large, most present
‘being well mounted—all of course strangers to me; so,
‘until I have had a little more time in the country, I
‘will not pretend to give the names of those present.
‘In a field just off the road sat Sir C. Slingsby with
‘the dog pack round him, and wonderfully well I thought
‘they looked. We were not, however, indulged with a
‘long view, as the handsome bay he rode was quickly
‘put in motion, and we trotted away to New Park coverts,
‘a fine wild-looking string of woods. Anything more
‘foxy in appearance I have not seen for a long time,
‘but we drew through a great extent of them in vain.
‘Not a whimper was heard, nor the slightest sign of a
‘drag. On from covert to covert we went, through the
‘wet heavy clays of this the roughest of the York and
‘Ainsty country, still unsuccessful. Occasionally crossing
‘a field or two, where a little jumping could not be
‘avoided, was our only amusement, and one or two
‘scrambles enlivened us, and in no wise hurt those who
‘performed. When, however, we trotted away to Sutton
‘Park, Mr. Christopher Sykes was near meeting with a
‘bad accident in the road, as a drain gave way under
‘his horse and brought him down—a very nasty tumble
‘indeed, and it was lucky no mischief ensued. All the
‘plantations in the park were drawn blank, and then we
‘made our way over a very fine piece of country to
‘Stillington, and drew the woods there with as little
‘success as before; beyond this Sir G. Wombwell told
‘me the country is still better, and carries a good scent
‘right away to the hills. It really is a pity that foxes
‘are not more plentiful in it. The farmers are said to
‘be well inclined to hunting, and capital fellows; and
‘Mr. Batty, one of the staunchest of them, was with
‘us. He was riding a wonderfully good-looking chestnut,
‘with a great appearance of blood about the fore

‘quarters, and a back short enough and limbs good
 ‘enough to carry any weight; but a weedy one would
 ‘not go far under Mr. Batty.

‘After Mr. Walker’s coverts had also been drawn
 ‘blank, a tremendous storm forced us all to take shelter
 ‘under his hospitable roof, and as the day was wearing
 ‘late, many turned their horses’ heads for home as soon
 ‘as the weather gave them an opportunity. Sir Charles,
 ‘however, persevered, and though 8 to 1 had been offered
 ‘in the field against finding, stood the friend of the
 ‘taker by getting on a fox in Oldham Wood, and running
 ‘him about twenty minutes. Scent proved very bad
 ‘however, and night and darkness coming on, they had
 ‘to give him up. This is, I hear, the second time that
 ‘part of the country has been drawn unsuccessfully,
 ‘though the pack have not actually had a blank day
 ‘for seven seasons. It is a great pity foxes are so scarce
 ‘here, as it is open and wild, thinly inhabited, and there
 ‘appears very little to turn a fox from his line; it is
 ‘said also to carry a capital scent. There can be no
 ‘doubt that at the present moment there is unusual
 ‘difficulty in finding, from foxes lying so much out in
 ‘fields, drains, and hedges; still they must be very
 ‘scarce for such an extent of country to be drawn blank.

‘Tuesday saw us at Copmanthorpe, with a much better
 ‘prospect of a find, for the celebrated Askham Bogs hold an
 ‘apparently unlimited supply, though, strange to say, cubs
 ‘are never bred there. A main earth within a short distance
 ‘however keeps up the supply, and as soon as the corn
 ‘is cut they betake themselves to its shelter. This is a
 ‘large covert, principally of birch wood, nearly two
 ‘hundred acres in extent, long and narrow, and not at
 ‘the present time just the best in the world to get away
 ‘from, owing to a causeway through it being out of repair
 ‘and impassable. You are sure of a large and good field
 ‘at Copmanthorpe, as the Tuesdays in the Ainsty country
 ‘have become quite a proverb; and week after week has
 ‘shown such a succession of brilliant things, that no one
 ‘who hunts at all thinks of missing them. Tuesday last,
 ‘though cold and rainy, with every appearance of a regular
 ‘walking day, was no exception. Amongst a field

‘ numbering 150 at the least, I was enabled to make
 ‘ out the following:—Mr. G. Lane Fox (Master of the
 ‘ Bramham Moor), Hon. Egremont Lascelles, Lord Nevill,
 ‘ Col. Thompson, Mr. Bateman, Lord Wenlock, Major
 ‘ Preston, Miss Eveline Milner (who goes in magnificent
 ‘ style), Mr. W. Craik, Mr. Robinson (a very hard one,,
 ‘ Mr. E. Lloyd, Mr. Fenwick, Sir G. and Lady Wombwell,
 ‘ Capt. Oliver, Capt. Gunter, Capt. Irving, and several
 ‘ officers of the 15th Hussars, now quartered at York.

‘ Our first move was, of course, to Askham Bogs, but
 ‘ the water was so much out that it proved nearly
 ‘ impossible for hounds to draw the covert, and only a
 ‘ portion was tried. Just as Sir Charles had got the
 ‘ pack out and was leaving, there was a ‘holloa away’
 ‘ on the other side; but if the hounds had gone to it,
 ‘ in all probability no one could have got to them. It
 ‘ was, with some little hesitation, disregarded, and a long
 ‘ trot brought us to Copton Gorse.’ Here we heard that
 ‘ a single hound had brought away a fox from the Bogs,
 ‘ and was running him beautifully in the direction of
 ‘ the kennels, and that was the cause of the holloa.
 ‘ Copton Gorse was nearly drawn through, when ‘gone
 ‘ away’ was the cry, a fox breaking in the direction
 ‘ from which we had come—men, as usual, when they
 ‘ can do so, scarcely waiting for the hounds, but getting
 ‘ forward on the line. Little time was lost, however,
 ‘ ere the ladies were streaming away from covert, and
 ‘ over a grass field or two they seemed as though they
 ‘ meant running. When they got on plough the scent
 ‘ proved scarcely a holding one, and horses being fresh
 ‘ and men anxious, gave them but little room. Having
 ‘ worked him up to the turnpike road to York, near
 ‘ Simson’s Cross—which was wonderfully patronised, and
 ‘ as full as it could hold of horsemen, who had
 ‘ got forward up the lanes, as well as carriages—
 ‘ they came to a check, and Sir Charles, judging rightly
 ‘ that he was headed, made a wide cast back towards
 ‘ Copmanthorpe, and again got on the line of his fox,
 ‘ who had gone to the right of that place. Still continuing
 ‘ on the right, they now hunted prettily to Brees² Farm—

(1) ? Colton.

(2) ? Breck’s.

‘ a noted breeding place—and from thence turned over
‘ the railway, where the hounds were with some little
‘ difficulty stopped to avoid a passing train. No damage
‘ was done, however, and once across they settled down
‘ to hunt, picking the line out inch by inch across a very
‘ nice country, and one that would take a little doing
‘ when the pace was strong. Thus, sometimes hunting,
‘ at others held forward quietly on the line, they made
‘ it out to Appleton Mill, working beautifully, and their
‘ huntsman displaying great patience. Besides want of
‘ scent, not a few difficulties in the shape of sheep and
‘ cattle beset them, and the slightest wildness would have
‘ been fatal. From the Mill they worked in the same
‘ style to Nun Appleton, and when the grass land of
‘ the park was reached, set to and ran as though they
‘ meant killing. The fox, however, who could not go
‘ ahead from the water being so much out, dodged
‘ backwards and forwards through the hedges and planta-
‘ tions, and at last contrived to beat them after a hunting
‘ run of some duration, never going very fast, but displaying
‘ the working powers of the pack to perfection. All agreed
‘ that the land was so wet, and with so much surface water
‘ about from the drains and ditches being full and unable
‘ to carry it off, that there was little chance of sport until
‘ we had a few dry days.

‘ Many went home at this point, the rest crossed the
‘ river, which was literally over the bridge, and saw the
‘ coverts and plantations about the park drawn blank.
‘ “Where do we go next?” was the query. “Stubb Wood”
‘ “And then?” “Home, if we don’t find; and it is an
‘ even chance against it, as the place has been so much
‘ disturbed lately.” “There will be no scent if we should
‘ find; but it is as well to go on, and see what they do.”
‘ A lucky resolve. Scarcely were they over the boundary
‘ ere a hound spoke, then another, then a chorus that made
‘ the trees rattle again. “Good scent in covert,” remarks
‘ one. “There is a chance yet,” says a lady who is ever in
‘ the first flight, and everybody is on the look out for a
‘ view. “By Jove, they are away!” is the simultaneous
‘ exclamation, as the bitches swing out of covert without
‘ a word, and mute as a dream, race across the pasture.

'The fox had broken within two hundred yards of us, and
'not a soul saw him. There is no mistake about it this
'time. Those who know they have blood and condition fit
'to cross land up to their knees and hocks, take hold of
'their nags and go straight at the boundary fence, a rough
'hedge and wide drain on the landing side. Those who
'doubt their capability (much the larger portion, by the
'way), make for the gate in the corner, and race up a field
'road that would be called heavy going in any other
'country. There is a line of gates, but no time to open
'them, for not a hound has spoken, and they are streaming
'away as though tied to their fox, so there is nothing for it
'but to pull out on the land, and charge the fences by the
'side. A man on a chestnut wants the fence, his mare
'prefers the gate, so they compromise the matter by taking
'the post in their stride, luckily without a spill. By Brocket
'Hagg we speed, the pace still faster and faster. The fences
'don't look very large, but, unaccountably, men come down
'at them, and falls are as plentiful as blackberries in
'autumn. Riding to the hounds—except for a very few of
'the best mounted—is out of the question. Every one
'takes the firmest line he can find, and those who attempt
'to cross wheat land are lucky if they can raise a trot.
'Copmanthorpe Wood is reached, passed, and on to Colton
'Hagg they sail, luckily hanging there a little—a very
'little—but just enough to let a few, who could not quite
'live in the first flight, get with them again. It was said
'afterwards they here divided, another fox being seen, and
'despite our drawing it in the morning, I am inclined to
'think so, for it appeared a short pack came away. Out
'they are, however, and pointing as though he meant
'Askham Bogs; but, like the first fox, he is headed, and
'turns to the right for Copmanthorpe, down a green lane,
'which even the best are glad to take advantage of. A
'moment they waver; but ere the horses are pulled from
'their stride, three couple top the fence, drop their sterns,
'and are racing once more for Copmanthorpe Wood. A
'green lane luckily again serves us for a few hundred
'yards, and a loose horse or two are to be seen amongst
'the division that will ride the direct line. One horse,
'unable to get his forelegs out of the deep ground, comes

‘down in galloping, and gives his rider an awful crasher.
‘At Copmanthorpe Wood our fox dares not linger, but with
‘the pace still as hot as ever, they press him towards the
‘railway, on which everyone is glad to get firm galloping.
‘For a mile or more they rattle him, and then, in the
‘open, and within twenty yards of the line there is a
‘snap, a tumble, and all is over. “Thirty-three minutes,”
‘says Sir George Wombwell, after having taken time with
‘Orvis; and the heaving flanks and distended nostrils tell
‘what a clinker it has been. The very fastidious may say
‘we had a check just after leaving Colton Hagg, but it was
‘scarcely worth calling such; and had not the railway
‘given the nags a chance, I firmly believe the bitches
‘would have run into their fox and eaten him ere any one
‘got near them. A more dashing, brilliant performance I
‘never saw, and in such a country (deep plough) I scarcely
‘ever knew hounds go so fast. For a man to see the quality
‘of hounds, no better day could have been selected, as they
‘worked through difficulties with great patience and perse-
‘verance in the first run, and proved they could race as
‘well as hunt in the second. We know that the handomest
‘hounds are not always the best in work, but I am pleased
‘to hear that the youngsters with which Sir Charles
‘Slingsby was so successful at the great Yorkshire Show
‘are amongst the best of the entry. One bitch was un-
‘fortunately ridden over or jumped upon during the scurry,
‘and appeared as though seriously hurt in her loins. To
‘say that the whole turn-out is in the best style is needless,
‘and when I tell my south-country friends that Sir Charles
‘more resembles the late Robert Cockburn, as a huntsman,
‘than any man I ever saw, they will not be surprised at the
‘sport he has shown. Orvis, the first whip, though his
‘head is becoming frosted, seems wonderfully hard and
‘active, and as fond of jumping as a boy of sixteen.

‘Now for the country. What I have seen of it (I
‘hope to see a good deal more yet) strikes me as being
‘thoroughly adapted to fox hunting, and when in a firmer
‘state it must be a very nice one to ride over. The
‘coverts are not too large and a good distance apart,
‘the fences mostly jumpable, yet still enough to show
‘what a hunter is made of; in parts, I hear, there is

‘much more grass, which of course makes it still better,
 ‘but for plough, what I saw carries a wonderful scent.
 ‘I should here state there was a brace of foxes in Stub
 ‘Wood, notwithstanding its being so recently disturbed.
 ‘This covert is the property of Lord Wenlock, but it
 ‘is shot over by the Hon. Egremont Lascelles, who looks
 ‘well after the vulpine interest.

‘The glorious sport I witnessed has, I fear, led me
 ‘to such a length that I must conclude, still hoping that,
 ‘while engaged with neighbouring packs, I may yet find
 ‘time to send my readers an account of many such a
 ‘scurry with the York and Ainsty.’

H. H.

It was on Tuesday, the 2nd of February, that Sir Charles Slingsby handled his last fox. Hounds met at Stub Wood, and found at once. Scent served as it had done in the Tuesday country all the season, and hounds ran a cracker to Copmanthorpe village, and then twisted back to Copmanthorpe Wood, finally running into their fox on Mr. George Simpson's farm, at Colton Bridge. Mr. Simpson has or had the brush of that fox, than which there is no more melancholy relic.

For fifteen years did Sir Charles hunt the York and Ainsty, and though that hunt has always been particularly happy in the masters who have ruled over its destinies, it may perhaps be said that the period of Sir Charles's mastership formed the halcyon days of the York and Ainsty hunt. A blank day was seldom if ever known, and though in some districts there was a scarcity of foxes, yet we have it on record that for seven seasons they had not a blank day. Then the country was not so thickly populated, and it was altogether wilder, foxes were stout, and *old* foxes seem to have been plentiful. I wonder how many *old* foxes—foxes three and four years old—there are now, not in the York and Ainsty country alone, but throughout the length and breadth of the land. Certainly there are not so many

as there were in the fifties and sixties, before the breech-loader became a fetich. Then there was not such a thing as a cycle in the land, and barbed wire was unknown; and though happily the York and Ainsty are not much troubled with that pest at the present time, yet none is surely better than a little. Yes, we may endeavour to disguise the fact as we may, but it will obtrude itself for all that,—in spite of the popularity which hunting enjoys at the present day, and of the strong hold which it undoubtedly has acquired as our leading winter sport, the fox is an animal not held in such respect as he was when Sir Charles Slingsby carried the horn in the York and Ainsty country.





CHAPTER IV.

THE ACCIDENT AT NEWBY FERRY.

'Eleven good men in the laden boat,
Eleven good steeds o'er the ferry float;
Alas! e'er their ferryman's task was done,
Two widows were weeping o'er father and son!

'Let Yorkshire, while England re-echoes her wail,
Bereft of her bravest, record the sad tale;
How Slingsby, of Scriven, at Newby fell,
In the heat of the chase that he loved so well.'—

EGERTON WARBURTON.

THOSE who were living at the time will never forget the thrill of horror which ran through the whole of the country when the sad accident on the Ure deprived Yorkshire of some of her best and bravest sons. From one end of the land to the other, in all classes of society, nothing was talked of but the upsetting of the ferry-boat on a river, of which most of those in whose mouth its name was almost hourly, had scarcely even heard. Perhaps it would not be too much to say that no social calamity of recent years has caused so great a shock as did this fearful accident.

Bramham Moor and neighbouring packs did not hunt till after the funeral, whilst the day of the funeral was kept as a day of mourning almost throughout hunting England.

The accident itself has been so frequently and so well described that it has been thought advisable not to give another and at best a garbled description of what has already been so well done; and thanks to the courtesy of the editor of the *Field*, I am enabled to produce the contemporary reports, which, next to the narrative of an eye-witness and participator in the tragedy, seems to be the best thing to do. Those who wish to read a graphic and thrilling description of the accident I would refer to Colonel Meysey-Thompson's account of it in his recently-published book, *Reminiscences of the Court, the Camp, and the Chase*. Colonel Meysey-Thompson greatly distinguished himself by his gallant efforts to save life, and with Sir George Wombwell and Captain Key, makes up the three men now living who were actually on the boat.

‘THE FEARFUL ACCIDENT WITH THE YORK AND AINSTY.

‘SIR.—Believing that facts, incidents, and records attending
 ‘the dire calamity with the York and Ainsty Hunt will
 ‘be read throughout the country with interest, and being
 ‘an eye-witness of the whole proceedings of this eventful
 ‘day, I will endeavour, to the best of my ability, to unfold
 ‘the tale, though the result is enough to “harrow up
 ‘your soul.”

‘The morning was glorious and summer-like when
 ‘the meet took place here (Stainley). At 10-30, to a
 ‘minute, the hounds appeared, headed by the lamented
 ‘master, on his old horse Saltfish (a twelve-season hunter),
 ‘and accompanied by a number of his most intimate
 ‘friends, who had been staying at Scriven overnight.

‘Punctuality was a leading motto with the York and
 ‘Ainsty. It was the dog pack; the writer said, “I
 ‘expected the bitches;” and in reply Sir Charles Slingsby
 ‘observed, “a by-day last Friday had thrown them out
 ‘of their regular turn.”

‘After this I asked him what I could offer him, when he
 ‘said, “Just one thimbleful of your home-brewed cherry
 ‘brandy.” This I handed him; therefore I have the

‘melancholy reflection of thinking that I was his last
‘cupbearer. After a few minutes of the usual greetings
‘by the assemblage—a very numerous one, containing
‘representatives from the leading families of the county—
‘we started to draw a small covert close to the house.
‘I may be allowed to say that of the field a very large
‘proportion were, without the least exaggeration, the
‘finest and bravest horsemen in Yorkshire. I mention a
‘few:—Mr. J. Brown, Mr. Shiffner, Sir Geo. Wombwell,
‘Major Stapylton, Lord Downe, Lord Lascelles, two of the
‘Molyneuxes, two of the Vyners, with a goodly number
‘of the fairer portion of creation.

‘Finding this home covert blank, we went to Cayton
‘Gill, a short mile from hence, west. Found and chopped,
‘on which I said to Sir Charles, “Foxes are not over
‘plentiful here; how does it happen?” To which he
‘remarked, “The fox was fast asleep; I had to crack my
‘whip over him twice before he would move.”

‘From there we came down eastward, and on crossing
‘the bridge over the North-Eastern Railway here, Sir
‘Charles changed horses, from the ill-fated Saltfish to
‘a new roan one, had from Darby of Rugby—I believe
‘his first mount.

‘During this short interval, and while on the bridge,
‘Sir Charles, Mr. Brown, and myself had a conversation
‘as to what covert should be drawn next. Farnham
‘Myers was named, but Mr. Brown thought Burton Whin
‘would be nearest, and that we possibly might find. I
‘supported it, saying that going round that way would
‘not cause a delay of ten minutes.

‘We decided to go, drew it blank, and, expecting
‘Walkingham Warren or Farnham Myers would be our
‘destination, were surprised to find that Greenwood’s
‘Whin, near Bishop Monkton, had been fixed upon, con-
‘trary to the consultation before alluded to.

‘Greenwood’s Whin lies about a mile north-east of
‘Burton Whin. Almost before the hounds had entered
‘the covert, the fox went away, bearing for Bishop
‘Monkton. Being advantageously placed, he came near
‘me, crossing a lane, and, doing my best to keep the
‘people back, I got some five or six couple of the hounds



‘well over before the huntsman or Sir Charles came up.
‘The fields being small, with some impracticable fences,
‘the leading hounds had every advantage of getting
‘well to work.

‘After going a few fields further, the hounds made a
‘pause, and were out of sight in a little valley. Sir
‘Charles came up to me at the moment, and, thinking
‘the fox had doubled back, he gave just two blasts with
‘his horn to stop them. Looking ahead at that instant,
‘I espied one or two hounds leading at some distance,
‘and called his attention to them, when horses and hounds
‘went straight to Burton Wood as fast as hounds and
‘horses can go.

‘The scent was good, and he was soon obliged to
‘depart; he pointed for Roecliffe Whin, but, being hard
‘pressed, only got in that direction as far as the Borough-
‘bridge Lodge in Copgrove Park. He now turned west,
‘pointing for Walkingham Warren, still closely pressed,
‘when he doubled, and got into a plantation on the west
‘side of Copgrove Park called the Black Walk. Here
‘the baronet again changed his horse from the roan to
‘the ill-starred old Saltfish; the hounds going up this
‘Black Walk—I believe with the fox in view. There
‘is a small wicket gate at the west end, where I assisted
‘Sir Charles through, the hounds breaking covert at the
‘same moment. Just below there is a ford over Stainley
‘Beck; part of the pack flashed across the stream, and
‘I believe Sir Charles had viewed, as he with his usual
‘authoritative “Here!” “Here!” had them back in an
‘instant, showing the tractability of this unrivalled pack.

‘They ran on the south side of this beck, a few fields
‘to the west, towards Stainley; then turned north,
‘skirting Burton Leonard on the east, and thence again
‘direct to Burton Wood. The writer, with the second
‘whip, going to the down wind side, viewed him away,
‘the hounds close upon him, when he took his line as
‘direct as possible to the fatal river Ure, for the third
‘or fourth time during this season.

‘Being from Burton Wood, and knowing the country,
‘I was very forward; but before reaching the river, Sir
‘Geo. Wombwell, Mr. Lloyd, Mr. Robinson, Capt. Key,

‘and others passed me as well as the huntsman Orvis,
‘in doing which the latter touched me, remarking, “This
‘is a run, Sir!”

‘In going on I spoke to Mr. Lloyd and also Mr.
‘Robinson, all full of health and jollity; and in five
‘minutes afterwards this band of brothers were sent “to
‘that undiscovered country from whose bourne no traveller
‘returns.” I did not make to the place where the hounds
‘crossed, but direct to the ferry, being there amongst
‘the very first.

‘I had noted the time on finding, 12-40, and while
‘the fatal craft was being unmoored and brought over,
‘I looked at my watch, 1-40, and said to those around
‘me, “The run was one hour to a second.” It was a
‘sort of double ring, but the last two miles straight,
‘and according to the map, as near as I can calculate,
‘eleven or twelve miles distance. Possibly you may say,
‘“something too much of this;” but, the belief that the
‘smallest incident that can be recorded of Sir Charles
‘during that eventful day will be read with the greatest
‘interest by high and low throughout the country, is, I
‘trust, a sufficient apology.

‘In order to give those unacquainted with the locality
‘an idea, I will endeavour to describe it. Opposite
‘Newby Hall, the seat of Lady Mary Vyner, the river
‘Ure runs from west to east; the width is about sixty
‘yards; the edge of the west bank very precipitous, the
‘depth on that day in the centre perhaps four or five
‘fathoms, the stream then going at a fearful rate; the
‘opposite or east bank, where the boat was moored, not
‘being so steep. Some 300 or 400 yards below there is
‘a weir, and below that a ford, say 200 yards, then
‘impassable with safety. The hounds crossed between
‘the ferry and the weir; over the latter every one was
‘washed like so many herrings, but they soon recovered,
‘and, true to their kind, picked up the scent on the
‘opposite bank, and were in full cry during the time
‘of the catastrophe.

‘Immediately the boat came to the western shore it
‘began to fill; and, seeing Sir Charles and Orvis coming
‘down the field, I said, “make way for huntsmen, and

‘for God’s sake don’t overload.” They made way, and
‘the two, with their horses, were allowed the prow of
‘the vessel. In a moment it was again crammed full.
‘I again remonstrated, and probably was one means of
‘helping young Mr. Thompson to make up his mind to
‘come off at the last moment.

‘Eventually the boat was freighted with eleven horses
‘and thirteen men, including Sir Charles Slingsby, his
‘huntsman Orvis, Sir George Wombwell, Mr. Lloyd,
‘Mr. Robinson, Capt. Key, Mr. Clare Vyner, the two
‘boatmen, and some others.

‘The next I saw of Sir Charles was his hauling up the
‘flap at the end of the vessel, used as a landing, and I
‘heard him call out for the same to be done at the other
‘end. She was pushed off, and at first, from being over-
‘weighted, dragged the ground, but soon floated, when
‘almost in the twinkling of an eye the dreadful catastrophe
‘occurred.

‘Now the causes. In the first place overloading, the
‘stowage and tonnage not being over the capacity of three
‘horses. Next, the chain of the boat was fixed “down
‘stream”; when too late, it was found that it should be
‘“up stream.”

‘Sir Charles, with his horse, was at the east corner.
‘Immediately the boat began to lean, Saltfish jumped
‘over, but one of his hind legs became entangled with
‘the chains.

‘The next thing I saw was Sir Charles about the
‘horse’s head, both struggling for life, and in a few seconds
‘I saw him buffeting in the boiling gulf. He turned on
‘his back, and seemed to be making for some overhanging
‘trees on the north shore. I called to him to “cheer up,”
‘and to an upgrown fellow on land to throw a rail or
‘hedge-stake from an adjoining fence; still he stood
‘inanimate, and did nothing, though Sir Charles was
‘within ten yards of the north shore. The current was
‘taking him down at a rapid rate, and he soon got into
‘the middle of the stream. Up to this time I had not
‘taken my eyes off him. Glancing up the river, I saw the
‘overwhelming of the barque, and old Saltfish break from
‘it; then, seeing his master with his red coat in the water,

‘the horse sailed like a dog direct to him. I thought
 ‘Sir Charles was hoping to be saved by him, and on the
 ‘two getting together he made a last grasp at the horse
 ‘on the near side, when (the writer thinks) he got hold of
 ‘the bridle, and pulled his head under water. Be that as
 ‘it may, they both instantly sank, the honoured master to
 ‘rise no more alive! Peace to his remains!

‘My next move was back to the ferry. The first objects
 ‘in sight were Mr. Clare Vyner, Sir George Wombwell,
 ‘and, I think, Capt. Key; Sir George being in the centre,
 ‘standing on the boat, which was keel upwards. How
 ‘they had escaped from the boiling cauldron, and the
 ‘life-and-death fight with horses and men underneath,
 ‘goodness only knows.

‘They stood erect, but gaunt, haggard, and like statues.
 ‘Then I learned the worst of this sad affair—the number
 ‘of men and horses missing, and the time occupied from
 ‘the beginning of the tragedy to the end, not more than
 ‘two or three minutes—a vivid illustration of sacred writ,
 ‘that “in the midst of life we are in death.”

‘Thinking the bodies would soon be over the roaring
 ‘weir at Boroughbridge, I galloped off, and fortunately
 ‘found the police at their office, and gave them instructions
 ‘to start all the boats up the river. They did so, and
 ‘assisted in securing three bodies that afternoon. The
 ‘next touching incident was the hounds coming through
 ‘Boroughbridge *en route* for kennels, with the second whip,
 ‘William Powter, there being only one dog missing. I
 ‘gave him some little refreshment, and sent him on his
 ‘way, charged with the most melancholy intelligence to
 ‘Mrs. Orvis of her husband and the master being drowned
 ‘in the fatal Ure.

‘I then started for home, dark and dreary all the way,
 ‘and, thanks to my horse, arrived safe; but how I got
 ‘there, and with what feelings, may be imagined, but
 ‘cannot be described.

‘On the following day an inquest was held over five
 ‘of the recovered bodies, one boatman being still missing
 ‘(but afterwards found). The jury sat in the dining-room
 ‘at the hall, and a verdict of accidental death was given.
 ‘The scene of the accident was visited by large numbers,

‘and for twenty miles round, sorrow, if not distraction, was
‘visible on the face of every inhabitant.

‘As to the Messrs. Vyner, all praise is due to their
‘fortitude and tact shown under these direful circumstances.

‘THOMAS CLAYTON.

‘Stainley House, Ripley, Yorkshire, Feb. 8.’

The following, from the pen of a gentleman well known in Yorkshire, and a friend of the deceased men, will also be found interesting :—

‘SIR,—As there will probably be an account in *The Field* next
‘week of the sad event, I should like to give you a few
‘particulars which have not appeared in the papers at
‘present. My information is chiefly obtained from Capt.
‘Key, who was in the boat. The general particulars, as
‘regards the number in the boat and their names, are
‘quite correct. The first thing that happened was this :
‘Capt. Key had no sooner got into the boat than he began
‘to feel sure that something was going wrong, so without
‘further thought he jumped out of the boat and swam to
‘shore. He had nearly got to land, being a good swimmer,
‘before anything occurred ; and when he reached the land,
‘and was able to look about him, one or two had gone
‘down. The first man to climb out of the boat was
‘Mr. Clare Vyner, who assisted to pull in Sir G. Wombwell,
‘Capt. C. Molyneux, Mr. White, of the 15th Hussars, and
‘Major Mussenden, 8th Hussars. The latter had one of
‘the most extraordinary escapes ever man had. Twice he
‘sank right among the horses, and twice rose. His head
‘was kicked, and his coat nearly torn off his back ; but he
‘was the second time pulled into the boat. No one can
‘quite tell whether Sir Charles Slingsby’s horse pulled
‘him in, or whether he jumped in after him. That, how-
‘ever, was the origin, if you may call it so, of the accident,
‘for a lot of fellows rushed to that side of the boat, hoping
‘to pull him in again, and, naturally enough, it turned over.
‘They said it was a touching sight to see poor Slingsby’s
‘old horse, Saltfish, following him about in the water. He
‘was the only man who tried to reach the opposite side,
‘and if he could have got hold of a stirrup-iron would

‘possibly have done so, as old Saltfish got out himself
‘eventually.

‘Poor old Robinson was on his horse’s back, and went
‘under with him, and came up again apparently quite
‘calm and collected, without any fear whatever. He could
‘not swim, and had always said that in a river he should
‘stick to his horse. When, however, his horse began to
‘sink, and he felt himself going, they said his screams
‘were terrible. My idea is that the horse was blown with
‘the previous gallop, which prevented him from struggling
‘in the water.

‘The men who deserved all credit were Robert Vyner,
‘W. Ingilby (of Ripley), and Richard Thompson (of Kirby
‘Hall). The two first jumped into the river at the peril of
‘their own lives, and tried to save poor Lloyd. They got
‘him within a few yards of the bank, and then had to
‘leave him. In fact, Ingilby was nearly drowned himself.
‘R. Thompson jumped in, and tried to swim across to
‘save Slingsby, who was making for the opposite bank;
‘but when he had got halfway across, the water was so
‘cold that he began to think he should be no use, so he
‘turned back, and was with difficulty pulled out. We can
‘fairly say of all three deceased men (slightly paraphrasing
‘one of Warburton’s hunting-songs):—

“Few sportsmen so gallant, if any,
Did Yorkshire e’er send to the chase,
Each dingle for them had a cranny,
Each river a fordable place;
Each knew the best line from each cover,
Each knew where to stand for a start;
They have perished, regretted all over
The country each loved in his heart.”

‘I may add that two out of the three were good
‘swimmers—Sir C. Slingsby and Lloyd; poor Robinson
‘could not swim.

‘JOHN H. LEGARD.’

‘THE FEARFUL ACCIDENT WITH THE YORK AND AINSTY.

[FROM AN EYE-WITNESS.]

‘It was a beautiful morning on Thursday, February 4th,
‘when the York and Ainsty met at Stainley House.

‘We chopped the first fox in Cayton Gill, but found
‘again in Monkton Whin, at 12-40. There was a splendid
‘scent, but the fox twisted about a good deal, and, though
‘the pace was tremendous, yet, after an hour’s running,
‘the fox crossed the river at Newby, just in front of the
‘hounds, and only about two miles and a half from where
‘he was found.

‘The river was very high from the floods, and a very
‘strong stream was running, in consequence of which
‘the fox was carried over Newby weir, and the whole
‘of the hounds also; but they all got out safely, and
‘took up the scent immediately on the opposite side.
‘There is a ford just below, with posts marked with
‘different distances up to the height of five feet, so as
‘to show when the river is fordable; but on that day
‘the river was so high that not even the posts were
‘visible. We were all, therefore, obliged to make for
‘the ferry.

‘The ferry-boat was overloaded, and no sooner did it
‘get into the stream than the water began to rush in
‘over the sides, Sir Charles Slingsby’s horse, old Saltfish
‘(whom he bought the first year he took the hounds,
‘fifteen years ago), finding there was something wrong,
‘jumped into the water. Sir Charles held on to the
‘reins to induce him to swim alongside, but, not calcu-
‘lating sufficiently the force of the stream and the weight
‘of the horse, he was overbalanced and fell in. (I have
‘seen several papers state that there was then a rush
‘made to one side; but the horses were so closely packed
‘on board, like bullocks in a bullock-truck, that they
‘could not have moved from any cause.) The boat
‘then swayed once or twice, and finally turned completely
‘over, for several seconds leaving nothing to the view
‘but the bottom of the boat. It seemed impossible that
‘any could be saved, but by degrees heads began to
‘appear; and Mr. Clare Vyner, having scrambled on
‘to the upturned boat, gallantly assisted all he could
‘reach to gain the same haven. The boat, being still
‘held by the chain, acted as a breakwater, and therefore
‘all those that came up near the boat had no stream to
‘contend against. Unfortunately, Sir Charles Slingsby

‘ was some way down the stream, in the full force of
‘ the current. He struggled gamely to reach the boat,
‘ but it was hopeless. If he had only turned and swum
‘ with the stream, in all human probability he would
‘ have been saved; for when he was finally exhausted
‘ he sank (still struggling to reach the boat) close to the
‘ north shore, whither he had been carried by the stream,
‘ but where, unfortunately, there was no one to help.
‘ Old Saltfish followed his master like a dog to the very
‘ end, and at last swam past him, unfortunately with the
‘ near side next to Sir Charles, who with his last effort
‘ tried to grasp the horse’s neck; but the mane being
‘ on the opposite side, he only succeeded in catching the
‘ bridle. Both immediately sank—Sir Charles never to
‘ be seen again alive, but the old horse rose again to
‘ the surface, and then swam ashore.

‘ Mr. Robinson—who was always extremely nervous
‘ in crossing ferries, as he was unable to swim, and
‘ always entertained a horror of being drowned—according
‘ to his usual custom, never got off his horse on entering
‘ the boat, and when it upset he rose several yards down
‘ stream, still sitting on his horse. He looked calmly
‘ round, as if to choose the best landing-place, when his
‘ horse suddenly sank, either from being exhausted before
‘ he came to the top, or from the reins being touched
‘ to guide him ashore. After two fearful shrieks, Mr.
‘ Robinson went down.

‘ Captain Key, being the last on board, succeeded in
‘ jumping clear of the boat as it turned over, and
‘ fortunately being carried against the chain, was able,
‘ by making use of it, to reach the shore in safety. Sir
‘ George Wombwell, who may consider this as the most
‘ fortunate of his many narrow escapes from death, came
‘ to the surface on the up-stream side of the boat, against
‘ which he was carried, and was promptly rescued by Mr.
‘ Clare Vyner, though he himself was too far gone to
‘ make the slightest effort to save himself, and was even
‘ unaware by what means he was saved.

‘ In the meantime those on shore had promptly done
‘ all in their power. Whips were knotted together; but,
‘ as the river was at least eighty yards from bank to

‘bank, and those in the water were more than half-way
‘across, every endeavour to cast them within reach failed.
‘Every pole that could be found was thrown, but to no
‘purpose. Four strong swimmers tried their best in vain.
‘One, Mr. Preston, of Moreby, had not waited to take
‘off his boots, and it was with difficulty he was rescued
‘by those on shore. Mr. Ingilby, of Ripley Castle, and
‘Captain Vyner, of Linton Spring, succeeded in reaching
‘Mr. Lloyd, who was doing his best to gain the south
‘shore. They had brought him almost in reach of those
‘on the bank, when he suddenly sank; and they, exhausted
‘by the long run, the extreme coldness of the water, and
‘the force of the current, were unable to make another
‘effort to recover him. They were obliged to receive
‘assistance from the shore to save themselves.

‘Mr. Richard Thompson, of Kirby, swam off to the
‘help of Sir Charles; but the latter being carried further
‘away from him by the current, Mr. Thompson was
‘obliged to give up all hope of reaching him, and was
‘himself helped out by getting hold of two whips tied
‘together, one end being thrown to him from the bank.
‘As soon as he was a little recovered he ran down the
‘bank and swam across a canal to an island, where the
‘river makes a bend, in hopes that the body of Orvis,
‘the huntsman, which was being carried down by the
‘current, might be washed within reach. Unfortunately,
‘Orvis was carried to the other shore, and the weir being
‘only fifty yards below, he could make no further effort.
‘The two Gardeners were never seen alive after the boat
‘was upset.

‘Thus, Yorkshire has lost by this unprecedented catas-
‘trophe Sir Charles Slingsby, perhaps the best gentleman
‘huntsman that has ever lived—one whose genial manners
‘and kind disposition endeared him to all who had the
‘good fortune to come in contact with him; Mr. Robinson,
‘who was not only the finest horseman and best rider
‘to hounds I have ever known, but the least jealous
‘person that ever followed hounds over the country; Mr.
‘Lloyd, the best man of his weight (he rode fully 16 stone)
‘that ever crossed this deep plough—one whom no fence
‘was too strong for; and lastly, poor old Orvis, the

‘cheeriest of huntsmen and the most civil of servants.
 ‘Four better-known men, and whose loss would be more
 ‘deeply mourned for, could not be found anywhere.
 ‘*Requiescat in pace.* The days of the York are numbered
 ‘for the present—never, I am afraid, again to equal the
 ‘last few years.’

The foregoing extracts are from *The Field* of February 13th, 1869. A curious incident with respect to the accident, which is referred to by Col. Meysey-Thompson, should be mentioned here. His father, who was attending a Board Meeting of the Directors of the North Eastern Railway Company, was informed of the catastrophe at exactly 2-30 p.m., which was twenty-five minutes after the capsizing of the boat, as shown by the watches of those who were drowned.

A subscription was got up at once for the widows and families of the drowned ferrymen, and within a month of the accident, the handsome sum of £265 was collected for them.

It was also very rightly considered that a memorial should be erected to the memory of Sir Charles Slingsby, and the Vicar of Knaresborough made an appeal that a stained-glass window should be placed in the parish church. This suggestion was heartily approved, and a window was placed in the church at a cost of some £400. Messrs. Clayton & Bell, of London, designed the window, the subjects being taken from the lessons of the day on which the accident took place. There are two from the Old Testament and two from the New, the former being ‘The deliverance of Israel,’ with inscription, ‘Seeing the salvation of the Lord’; and ‘Healing the bitter waters of Marah,’ inscription, ‘I am the Lord that healeth thee.’ The New Testament subjects are ‘Jesus asleep in the storm,’ inscription, ‘Master, carest Thou not that we perish?’ and

‘Jesus rebuking the wind and the sea,’ inscription, ‘Peace, be still.’

There was also a memorial window placed in the Royal Pump Room, at Harrogate, but this was to commemorate the discovery of the mineral Spring at Harrogate some two hundred years previously by Sir William Slingsby, as well as the untimely fate of his successor.

It goes without saying that a subscription was also commenced for the widow and family of Orvis, and in a very few weeks,—within a month indeed of the accident,—close upon £600 was raised.

Another memorial of the accident is Sir Charles Slingsby’s hunting cap, which was petrified in the Dripping Well, at Knaresborough.

The York and Ainsty did not hunt any more that season, but the Bramham Moor and the Holderness each had a day in the country by invitation, when enormous crowds turned out. The Bramham Moor had their day on March 9th, when they met at Buckle’s inn. They found in Askham Bogs, and ran hard in covert for forty minutes, and then drove their fox out into the open and killed him near Grange Wood. A second fox from Colton Hagg beat them after running to Catterton, and then they had a sharp burst with a third from Steeton Whin, killing him at Oxton.

The Holderness came down the next week, the following account of their doings being taken from *The Field* of March 20th:—

‘THE HOLDERNESS IN THE YORK AND AINSTY COUNTRY.

[FROM OUR SPECIAL COMMISSIONER.]

‘Some few weeks ago I intimated that, as the York and
 ‘Ainsty hounds would not hunt again this season, the
 ‘neighbouring packs would be invited to come and have
 ‘an occasional day in their coverts. This arrangement

' has been so far carried out that the Bedale have met in
' the northern part, and Mr. G. Lane Fox last week brought
' his hounds into the Ainsty side, and, I hear, had a very
' capital day, though, from being away in Holderness, I
' was unable to meet either his or the Bedale. It is a
' curious thing that on the day Mr. Fox's hounds were
' here, and able to race into their foxes with a burning
' scent, we in the Holderness country could not run a yard.
' But such is the uncertainty of hunting; and there are
' places over which hounds will run, let the day be good,
' bad, or indifferent.

' As had been arranged, Mr. Hall brought his pack to
' York on Tuesday last, and Dringhouses, about a mile
' from the city, and just beyond Knavesmire, was selected
' for the fixture, the time being twelve o'clock, to allow of
' their coming by train that morning. From about eleven
' York looked as though it had been taken possession of
' by a besieging army, who in their scarlet uniforms had
' scattered themselves entirely throughout the city. The
' station was crowded by horse-boxes from all parts—
' sixteen or over, I believe, coming by the Hull and
' Beverley line, and every one of them full; while not a
' few of the inhabitants, who did not venture to the meet,
' patronised the station to see the arrival of the scarlet
' crowd. From the time I have named a continuous stream
' of horsemen—mounted on every description of nag, from
' the slashing three-hundred-guinea hunter to the unpre-
' tending pony—poured along Micklegate, and through the
' bar into the more open suburbs; and when the hill
' beyond the racecourse was reached, and the contingent
' from Bramham Moor and the southern side met us, the
' crowd was immense. Long lines of carriages, with all
' the principal families of the neighbourhood, were inter-
' spersed with the humbler flies, gigs, and carts from the
' town; and amongst the latter class many a fair damsel
' looked all the brighter for the pleasure derived from
' seeing a meet of hounds for the first time, while in the
' carriage company the brilliant toilets of the ladies caused
' a pleasing relief to the "pink" of the men. How many
' could have been present it is impossible to say, and I
' heard it variously estimated at from three up to six

'hundred horsemen. My own impression is that five
 'hundred would be about the mark. The carriages
 'extended nearly from Dringhouses to the hill opposite
 'Copmanthorpe; and as to the foot-people, their name
 'was legion, every hill or point of vantage within sight
 'being occupied by a dark mass, with a chain of skirmishers
 'extending from one group to the other. It almost made
 'one tremble for Mr. Hall's beautiful bitches, as they
 'trotted gently up through the dense crowd of carriages
 'and horses; and Mr. Hall must have been pleased at
 'the reception given them. In the crowd it was not very
 'easy to make out who was present, and greetings were
 'going on for nearly the whole of the day between friends
 'who had never run against each other until that moment.
 'One veteran sportsman from Holderness said to me:
 '"This beats everything I have seen, even in Leicestershire."
 'Besides Mr. Hall and Misses Emily and Frances Hall,
 'we had Mr. and Miss York, Mr. Brown and his two
 'nieces, and another lady, whose name I could not learn.
 'Mr. G. L. Fox was there from the Bramham; Sir G.
 'Wombwell, Major Wombwell, the Hon. Egremont Las-
 'celles, Mr. Rudstone Read, Mr. Bateman, Capt. Oliver,
 'Capt. Gunter, Capt. Telford, Mr. Whitehead, Mr. Pease,
 'Mr. Lambert, Capt. Lawson, Mr. Grimston of Kneswick,
 'Mr. Lightfoot, Mr. S. Key, Mr. A. Walker, Mr. Holliday,
 'and Mr. G. Crawshaw. I also noticed Major Dusker, well
 'known with hounds in the South of England, amongst
 'the infantry division.

'It was decided that we should not draw the famed
 'Askham Bogs, but trot away to Swan's Whin, some three
 'or four miles distant beyond Acomb. When we had
 'nearly reached this, Sir G. Wombwell got forward, and
 'stopping the crowd in a road, left Backhouse free to
 'draw the Whin with his pack. There is some capital lying
 'here, and it took them a long time to work through; so
 'that ere a note was heard, the crowd had edged up to
 'the covert. The hand-gates by the side being very much
 'crowded, a great many tried their hands over the fences,
 'and no small amusement was caused by a lad whose
 'horse jumped higher than he expected, and put him
 'down. Of course the horse was soon caught, and when

‘his owner walked up and saluted him with a crack over
‘the head, which the steed seemed to take quite as a
‘matter of course, there were roars of laughter.

‘“There he is!” said Sir George, as a fox just looked
‘out of the gorse, and again retired; but, though he was
‘on foot, not a hound spoke, and grave doubts were
‘entertained regarding the scent. Presently a note or two
‘told us they had at last hit on the line, but still very
‘little was done with it. Then the fox made a small circle
‘round the crowd, and again entering the gorse, picked
‘up a companion, and breaking close under our noses,
‘they went away across a couple of fields. In company
‘with such a crowd there is nothing for it but to make
‘the most of the time at starting, if you do not wish to
‘be ridden down and killed; consequently Backhouse and
‘his flying ladies had but little chance given them. Our
‘foxes had divided after a field or two, and one went away
‘to the left, with, I fancy, three couple of hounds on his
‘line; but the other bore down some deep wet meadow
‘lands into the rough country below Rufforth and Marston,
‘threading the deep Marston drain several times in the
‘course of his journey. This formed a very nasty obstacle,
‘and to make matters better, I, in company with several
‘others, chanced to encounter three good-sized fields in
‘succession that had been turned up very deeply with the
‘steam-plough, and, as they were also strongly fenced, had
‘we gone quick across them it would have left its mark.
‘As may be imagined, the riding was somewhat of the
‘wildest; and one fellow, on a rushing young one, was
‘dashing at the fences as though he meant to knock every
‘one out of his road. How many more of the same
‘character they had in other parts of the field I know not
‘—a good supply I should say, judging by the number
‘of spills. Scent served us but indifferently; and as the
‘fox ran dodging about, those who would not have done
‘wrong on any account, at times found themselves before
‘the hounds. Luckily, the country traversed is one of the
‘stiffest pieces in the Ainsty hunt, and the fences certainly
‘relieved a little of the pressure. The bitches worked
‘industriously and well, and kept picking it out, inch by
‘inch, by the right of Hutton Thorns, and away by Wilstrop

‘Wood, after having skirted the village of Marston, nearly
‘to Hessay, and then he turned on the right to Knapton,
‘and ringed round again towards Rufforth, and we finally
‘gave him up between Rufforth and Knapton. The scent
‘was very cold, and though Backhouse and his pack tried
‘all they knew to bring him to hand, it was of no avail.
‘So many falls and so many loose horses I never saw
‘anywhere with hounds going slowly: at one part of the
‘drain seven men were floundering about side by side, and
‘one man I saw catch a couple of horses and restore them
‘to their owners in the same field. Several got badly
‘stubbed—one, I was sorry to hear, so much so that
‘veterinary aid had to be called in. There was no one
‘charged these rough fences in better form than a
‘Mr. Johnson, I believe from Durham, who is such a
‘welter weight as you do not often see; and powerful as
‘his grey is, it is astonishing how he goes in such style
‘under him. I hear that on Tuesday week he cut out all
‘the work in a very quick thing.

‘We then tried Grange Wood blank, and once more
‘back to Swan’s Whin, which has often afforded two or
‘three good foxes in a day. On the present occasion,
‘however, it only held the brace seen in the morning; and
‘though everyone thought Colton Hagg was the next
‘draw, as it was said the Bogs were missed in the morning
‘on account of vixens, the hounds on reaching the York
‘and Tadcaster road were turned away on the left, and
‘thrown into Askham Bogs. This covert takes some little
‘time to draw, especially by hounds that are not used to
‘it, and we stood chatting for a considerable time in the
‘road ere a challenge was heard. Luckily, from falls and
‘other causes, the immense field of the morning had now
‘been considerably reduced, and there was some little
‘chance, if we got away, of a man being able to ride
‘without being knocked heels over head. Some few
‘minutes, very possibly ten, had been chatted through, when
‘one of those sudden impulses that seize us was observable,
‘and each man got his horse by the head and edged his
‘way through the crowd, prepared for a start. I never
‘heard of anyone who saw the fox break, but the magic
‘signal, “he’s away,” was passed from one to the other.

“Then cigars were thrown down in a hurry,
 And bridle-reins gathered up tight;
 Each thought we were in for a scurry,
 And each resolved to be right.”

Just as we reached the level meadow by the Bogs, out they flashed. There was no mistake about it. He was away, and with a fair start too; still the bitches chime along merrily, and, despite a man on a big brown horse who will ride right in the centre of them, and the whole field being a little eager, they settle well down, and as we rise the hill for Askham Bryan, get more room. Here is a stiffish hill to climb, and half-way up is a newly-cut and plashed fence on a very high bank, and every probability of a good ditch beyond. Those who keep their eyes ahead twig the stopper, and turn short to the right, through a gate and up the hill, where there is a much more negotiable place; while, what is termed in “Ask Mamma,” “the honorary obligation division,” keep straight on. Just as the first flight are getting well over the easier obstacle, there is a thundering crash on the left, that tells the newly-plashed one has performed its mission, and a man on a brown horse is splendidly grassed. Then they held it well over the road, and across a long pasture bending a little to the right; and as we jump a couple of very respectable ones, the bitches throw up in a fallow just before us. But they are not pressed to hunt, and, ere the warning “Hold hard” of the first whip is scarcely uttered, they have hit it off in a twinkling, and are once more holding their own across some nice large fields, slightly on the incline, and with fences that it is by no means safe to tamper with. The field is now scattered, every man who means business nursing his horse and riding his own line wide of the hounds; and as they stream away we feel that we are at last in for a good thing. Thus we run all across the Grange Farm and by the Grange Wood, and, as we come to a piece of teasels and a thin plantation, are very glad to get a moment’s “puff” as they check for an instant. But little time is, however, allowed, and they are soon at work again, though not quite so fast as before, and

‘some nasty drains are crossed and a pretty piece of
‘country passed over, until we reach the Knaresborough
‘and Harrogate rail, where another check occurs. Over
‘this they are cast by a bridge on the right, and away
‘down some coldish grass fields, with fences lighter than
‘in the first burst, for which we are especially thankful,
‘as the pace, though not racing, has told its tale in a
‘most unmistakable manner, and lots of grief has
‘occurred—some of it, I am sorry to say, falling to the
‘share of a lady. A lot of the field are making free
‘use of a green lane which runs parallel with the line,
‘when those who are riding to hounds, descending a
‘hill, are suddenly brought short up by a wide impracticable
‘beck or drain, with a stiff bullfinch on the landing side.
‘The lane riders now have a great deal the best of it,
‘and nearly all those in the fields—myself, unfortunately,
‘amongst them—have to go back a considerable distance
‘into the lane; and thus by the time we are over the
‘Hop Beck, by Scagglethorpe Bridge, the pack are far
‘ahead of us. Some few, I believe, got over or through
‘the beck, more to the right, but those who had hugged
‘the lane all along had decidedly the advantage. Of
‘the hunting from here I saw but little, and it was only
‘as they were working him through a fir plantation,
‘just short of Red House, that I got to them again;
‘and then in a field or two, and just as they were entering
‘Red House Woods, the order was given to whip off,
‘as the late Sir Charles Slingsby’s sister, Mrs. Leslie,
‘was residing there.

‘All must approve the motive which caused the hounds
‘to be stopped, but none can help regretting that they
‘did not run into their fox ere such a cause became
‘necessary, for never did a pack of hounds hunt truer
‘or better; and though the pace was, I believe, quite
‘as fast as any one wished it, they had to hunt as well,
‘and their noses were in continual request during the
‘run. In fact, it was just such a gallop as a lover of
‘hounds enjoys, quite fast enough to keep man and horse
‘going (it proved a great deal too fast for many—one,
‘I hear, died in the field), and yet the hounds had to
‘hunt as well as run. The distance by the ordnance

‘map is as near as possible eight miles, and the time
 ‘occupied exactly forty-five minutes; that will prove,
 ‘with a stiff deep country to cross, that there was but
 ‘little loitering. Our fox was a real straight-backed
 ‘good one; for though he passed within a short distance
 ‘of Knapton Whin and another covert, he disdained to
 ‘turn from his line for either. This I attribute in some
 ‘measure to his getting a really fair start. There is no
 ‘doubt that, had the order to whip off not been given,
 ‘he must have died before going much further.

‘Of course, with all the bruisers, or nearly all, of
 ‘two different hunts, and a strong contingent from almost
 ‘every pack in Yorkshire thrown in, there was a little
 ‘cutting down; but I can only say that each party met
 ‘foemen worthy of their steel. Perhaps from their horses
 ‘being more up to the blind ditches (they don’t farm so
 ‘well here as in Holderness), had one taken an average
 ‘number of the best men of each lot, the hats of the
 ‘Yorkites would have commanded a trifle the best price
 ‘as they returned; but the hatters from here to Hull
 ‘must have a brisk time of it for the next few days, I
 ‘am certain. All jealousy with ladies is, of course, out
 ‘of the question, and I may say that the Misses Hall went
 ‘brilliantly throughout, and Miss Frances’ brown horse,
 ‘Braggadocio, performed *à merveille* with her. Mr. Hall
 ‘was again on my favourite Stomach Ache, and, as he
 ‘always is, despite his weight, in a good place throughout.

‘In conclusion, I may say that the Ainsty is one of the
 ‘finest hunting countries in the world, and the Holderness
 ‘hounds in every way worthy to contend with its game
 ‘foxes; and, should they ever visit it again, may I be
 ‘there to see.
 H. H.’

Mr. Robinson’s and Mr. Lloyd’s horses were sold on Thursday, March 4th, and the space in front of the Club, in Blake street, where the horses were then sold, was so crowded that those who were on foot had small chance of seeing what was going on unless they had come early and never left their point of vantage. The reputation of the studs brought a representative gathering of hunting men

together, amongst those present being Lord Henry Bentinck, Lord Middleton, Sir George Wombwell, Lord Wenlock, Mr. Vyner, Mr. Wickham, the Hon. Egremont Lascelles, Mr. Hope, Captain Leslie Slingsby, Mr. G. S. Thompson, and Mr. Rudstone Read.

The following are the prices realised:—

MR. LLOYD'S HORSES.

	Guineas.
Cayenne, chestnut gelding, 8 yrs.- Lord Wenlock	- 30
Harold, bay gelding, 8 years - Mr. G. Turner	- 275
Woodbine, bay mare, 8 years - Mr. Fenwick	- 250
Topthorn, brown gelding, 8 years Mr. Gascoigne	- 290
Gipsy, brown mare, 10 years - Mr. Gascoigne	- 260
Bay gelding, 8 years - - - Mr. Younger	300

The last horse was the last one which Mr. Lloyd ever bought, and he had only had him a very short time, and had never ridden him to hounds. He made just a hundred pounds more than he had cost.

MR. ROBINSON'S HORSES.

	Guineas.
Brunow, chestnut gelding, aged - Capt. Leslie -	- 280
Kildare, chestnut gelding, 6 years Sir G. Wombwell -	210
The Evening Star, bay mare, 8 yrs. Lord H. Bentinck -	170
Tipperary, bay gelding, 8 years - Sir G. Wombwell -	240
Domingo, chestnut gelding, 5 yrs. Mr. Hope - - -	190
Laddie, brown gelding, 7 years - Mr. G. S. Thompson	360
Cock Robin, chestnut gelding - Lord H. Bentinck -	340

Laddie was a purchase from Lord Combermere.

Sir Charles Slingsby's horses were sold at Scriven Park the following week, in a blinding snowstorm. Again was there a large attendance, and good prices were realised on the whole. Some of the servants' horses were stale and a little worn, which, of course, materially interfered with the average, and the young stock, being only in a healthy growing state and not at all made up for sale, did not bring

big prices. The brood mares made bad prices, and were not a very fashionable lot. The following is a list of the prices and purchasers:—

	Guineas.
Pony, d., aged - - - - - Mr. Rhodes -	8
Sir Arthur, chestnut gelding, aged Mr. Nelson -	18
The Vet, bay gelding, aged - Mr. Barston -	23
Breastplate, brown mare, aged - Sir G. Wombwell -	32
The Knave, bay gelding, aged - Mr. Barker -	36
Rosalind, brown mare, aged - Mr. Cradock -	65
Fenian, brown gelding, aged - Mr. Oliver -	11
Bay yearling colt, by Valentine, dam half-bred - - - - - Mr. Richardson -	10½
Brown yearling filly, by Carbineer, dam by Wild Dayrell - - - Mr. Croft -	23
Bay yearling colt, by Whirlwind, dam by Barnton - - - - - Mr. Fenton -	35
Brown gelding, by Scandal, dam by Barnton, 3 years - - - Mr. Mulgrave -	100
Grey mare, by Voltigeur—The Maid of Derwent, 4 years - Mr. Brown -	40
Bay gelding, by Fugleman, 4 years Mr. Oatley -	32
Brown gelding, by Elcot, dam by Barnton, 4 years - - - - - Mr. Jessop -	65
Quadroon, brown mare, aged - Mr. Monk -	35
Opal, bay mare, aged - - - - - Mr. Brown -	60
Spaniard, bay gelding, aged - Mr. Atkinson -	20
Brown gelding, 6 years, by Elcot, dam by Barnton - - - - - Capt. Benyon -	105
Sultan, brown gelding, 7 years, by The Hadji - - - - - Mr. Holliday -	50
The Dane, brown gelding, 5 years Major Mussenden	160
Rugby, brown gelding, 6 years - Capt. Gunter -	200
Merryman, bay gelding, 6 years - Capt. Benyon -	160
The Robber, brown gelding, aged Mr. Lloyd -	90
Daddy Longlegs, brown gelding, aged - - - - - - - Mr. Vyner -	200
Snowball, grey gelding, aged - Mr. Brown -	310
Cascade, brown mare, aged - Mr. C. Vyner -	90
Conjuror, bay gelding, aged - Mr. Vyner -	160
Rosamond, bay mare, aged - Mr. Cannon -	430

BROOD MAKES.

	Guineas.
Bay mare, by Barnton, dam by Sheet Anchor - - - - Mr. Davis - -	22
Bay mare, by Wild Dayrell - - Mr. Davis - -	26
Grey mare - - - - - Mr. Walker - -	20
Bay mare - - - - - Mr. Goodall - -	17
Kelso, brown mare - - - - Mr. Rouse - -	20½
Bay mare, by Kettledrum, 5 years Mr. Lodge - -	46





CHAPTER V.

SIR GEORGE O. WOMBWELL AND THE HON. EGREMONT
LASCELLES.

SIR George Wombwell began his mastership with Peter Collinson as huntsman and Will Powter as first whipper-in. The season began inauspiciously, and a dread fatality seemed to have come over the country, for before the cub-hunting season was fairly in swing, poor Will Powter met with a fatal accident. Hounds were at Askham Bogs, and had been running about the coverts all the morning, but though there was a large field out, no one saw the accident happen, and the first intimation that anything was wrong was the horse galloping riderless. Powter's body was found near a gap, with a half open hurdle stuck in it, and a rather blind ditch. He had been over the place, which was nothing of a jump, several times in the course of the morning, and it is surmised that the horse, a nervous, irritable animal, had been caught by something and had kicked his rider off, dislocating his neck, as there was nothing to lead to the supposition that the horse had ever been down. An account in a newspaper of the time says that Powter's cap was delved, and a bruise was on the left side of his head, and intimates that he died shortly

after he was found, without recovering consciousness. My information was received from a gentleman who was hunting on the day of the accident, and I give the two accounts, which, however, do not differ in any essential detail.

With Collinson a stranger to the country, and with whippers-in who were also strange to it, Sir George Wombwell was heavily handicapped in his first season, and it was not distinguished by any succession of great sport. In it, however, a historical run took place, the best that took place during Sir George's mastership. The exact date, unfortunately, I am unable to give. They found in Ribston Park and killed in Bardsey village in the Bramham Moor country. They crossed the river twice, the canal and two railways, and killed their fox in a cottage garden where a woman was dying, so they took him to the other end of the village to break up. They never changed foxes, and every hound was up at the finish. The late Mr. George Lane Fox was out, and said it was a historical run, and one of the best he had ever seen.

The next season began well and they had a very successful cub-hunting, killing twenty-three and a half brace, and having some good sport with them. Their opening day was at Strensall, on Monday, October 31st. They found a litter of cubs which had not been disturbed before in one of the Strensall coverts, and soon had hold of a brace of them. Then they went to the Oak Wood, where they found, and went away at once for Haxby. Turning to the right, close to the village, they ran in a northerly direction to Sutton-on-the-Forest, and ran into their fox in the hall gardens after racing fifty-five minutes. They then went on to Stillington, where they found a fourth fox, and killed him after a sharp spin. On the following day they had a good gallop from Skip Bridge, ending

with a kill, but there are no particulars forthcoming, nor can I learn anything more of their doings whilst Collinson carried the horn.

Collinson retired at the end of his second season, and was succeeded by Tom Squires, who showed brilliant sport. Four days which he had in his first season must be produced from *The Field*, almost in their entirety.

‘BRILLIANT WEEK WITH THE YORK AND AINSTY.

‘On Tuesday (December 28th, 1871), the hounds met at Aldwark
 ‘Bridge, and a fox was found at Aldwark Wood, which
 ‘gave a short run for forty minutes, when he was lost about
 ‘the village. Ordered back to the wood, where another
 ‘fox was found, which made in the direction of Linton,
 ‘passing through several small coverts, and swinging round
 ‘to Aldwark Moor, along the low country between Aldwark
 ‘and Youlton, crossing the Aldwark road towards the
 ‘Grange, where he was headed back, and crossed the river
 ‘Ouse a little above Aldwark village. The only point of
 ‘crossing being the bridge, about a mile and a half lower
 ‘down, the field immediately made their way thither.
 ‘Soon after crossing the bridge a few of the laggards had
 ‘the good luck to be in advance, and viewed a fox taking
 ‘a line for Ouseburn, which they “holloaed” immediately,
 ‘bringing up some of the hounds; but the huntsman,
 ‘perceiving that this was a juvenile portion of his pack,
 ‘felt assured that the more experienced hounds were on the
 ‘right track, and his judgment was confirmed by his shortly
 ‘afterwards coming up with them, showing indisputable
 ‘marks of a “kill.” The truth was, that the gallant hounds
 ‘ran into their fox whilst the field was making its way by
 ‘Aldwark Bridge, and must have killed him whilst the
 ‘second one was viewed, as a man in a cart had taken
 ‘possession of the remains. Being on the west side of the
 ‘river, near Kirby Hall, the seat of Mr. H. S. Thompson,
 ‘orders were given to try the coverts in the park. A fox
 ‘was found in one of the plantations, and after passing
 ‘through several small plantings, he took a circle and went
 ‘to ground in a flood bank. Time now being of some





‘consequence, it was suggested that a covert not far from
‘Ouseburn should be tried, instead of digging out a fox,
‘and a thoroughly successful draw was the result. The
‘hounds burst into full cry instantly, and away they rattled
‘towards Thorpe Green to Poole Spring, hanging to the
‘left through Widdington Woods. Here they turned, and
‘taking a straight line through Kirby Hall plantations,
‘within a short distance of Aklwark Bridge, where he
‘crossed the river, when the hounds were stopped. The
‘speed was racing for forty-five minutes, and only the river
‘and the evening setting in saved the fox for another day.
‘It was a heavy day for hounds, horses and men, and very
‘few witnessed the termination of it.

‘On Thursday, the 28th, the meet was at Ripley Castle.
‘The morning was very wet. A fox was found in the park.
‘Little was done with him, however, in consequence of the
‘wildness of the morning. The hounds then went on to
‘Cayton Gills, where they got on to a real wild fox, and
‘ran him very fast up to Sawley and on for the moors.
‘Found again at Monkton Whin. Away directly. Ran at
‘a clinking pace for twenty-three minutes up to the Dark
‘Walk, at Copgrove, where foxes were changed, and getting
‘on the line of a fox that had been gone some time, they
‘ran him slowly up to the village and lost him.

‘On Friday the hounds met at Nun Appleton. There
‘was a large field, including the Master of the Badsworth,
‘Mr. J. Hope Barton, and his huntsman, though we regret
‘to say they did not see the finish of this splendid day,
‘owing to a slight accident to Mr. Barton, near Rufforth.
‘In his pursuit of Squires, Mr. Barton found the York and
‘Ainsty a somewhat different country from the Badsworth.
‘The word was given to try Stonebridge plantation, and
‘without delay a fox broke away. After taking a circuit
‘round to Appleton, he succeeded, near to the village, in
‘evading his pursuers. In Stub Wood the hounds spoke
‘to a fox immediately, and in a short time he broke away
‘towards the river opposite Moreby Hall, and after running
‘on the banks, made a straight cut across the Ings land,
‘and the hounds, racing on his line, made one of the
‘prettiest sights conceivable. The old phrase of a sheet
‘covering the pack is somewhat trite, but it is literally true

‘in this instance, for all of them were in a body, and
‘running like racehorses. Unfortunately, the fox was
‘headed at Acaster Mill, and went straight back to covert
‘in an opposite direction, and after ringing about, the
‘word was given to try another—Brocket Hagg, which
‘proved a blank. Then to the noted Colton Hagg, where
‘one of the very best sort was found. Unhesitatingly he
‘went away for the fox-earths opposite Buckle’s inn; but
‘being disappointed, he crossed the hill, past Mr. Craw-
‘shaw’s farm, in the direction of Askham, keeping in the
‘low ground straight to the Bogs farm. Here he wheeled
‘quickly to the right and into the Bogs. Luckily for the
‘success of the run, a man holloed on the other side of the
‘covert, which drew away the field, and gave reynard a
‘chance of going off. He availed himself of the offer, and
‘went away past the Bogs farm, crossing Moor lane to
‘Acomb Wood, within a field of the kennels. Taking a
‘direct line for the farmhouse of the genuine sportsman,
‘Mr. T. Ellis, and within a field or two of Acomb Green he
‘crossed the turnpike road to Rufforth, to Knapton lane.
‘The hounds here flashed across the road, causing a timely
‘check, and enabling stragglers to come up; but Squires,
‘seeing the hounds in slight difficulties, drew them back
‘on to the road, where they immediately picked up the
‘scent, and continued on the road to Knapton village end,
‘which was skirted on the west side. Taking the line to
‘Rufforth Whin, he disdained to enter it, but continued in
‘the open, and made in the direction of Rufforth Mill, near
‘to a new house, the residence of Mr. Middlewood; but after
‘struggling gamely on for about a mile farther, he took
‘refuge under a gateway, where he was unhoused and
‘killed, after a splendid run of about an hour and seven
‘minutes, the last thirty-five minutes being racing pace.

‘Saturday, December 30th. Met at Raskelf Mill.
‘Sir G. Wombwell decided to draw the covert of that well-
‘known sportsman, Mr. Coates, which is significantly
‘designated “Peep o’ Day.” Found directly, and went
‘away at a racing pace in the direction of Newburgh, the
‘seat of the M.F.H. Before the hounds had gone two
‘miles the field was scattered in all directions, but turning
‘to the left, a friendly road permitted many of the stragglers

‘to join the front ranks. The fox from this point ran a ring back to the Whin, and got to ground in a rabbit-hole. Sir George, thinking it might injure the covert to have the fox dug out, decided to draw off the hounds; but the hounds had their triumph, nevertheless (saving the mastication), for, on the earth being subsequently opened to allow the fox to escape, he was found dead at the mouth of it. Found again in the brickyard (over at Sessay station), but storms coming on, could do very little with him. Found again at Sessay Wood. Ran him at a tremendous pace up to Brafferton Moor, where the scent entirely changed, and Sir George ordered the hounds home.

‘This closed the year 1871 with the York and Ainsty, and a finer week’s sport has never been enjoyed either in Yorkshire or in any other county.’

At the end of his third season Sir George Wombwell resigned, and he was succeeded by the Hon. Egremont Lascelles, who was well fitted for the post, having had a good training when his father was at the head of affairs in the Bramham Moor hunt. The stables had got into rather a dilapidated condition, at any rate improvements were necessary, and Mr. Lascelles at once built new ones, making another of those masters, of whom there have been so many, who have spent their money freely in improving the kennels and its surroundings. He kept Squires on and shewed excellent sport.

His only season began on September 6th, at Lylands, where they found a fair show of cubs, and, notwithstanding the bad scent, they killed. It was not long before Squires shewed what he was made of, for on the 24th they had a very hard day in Askham Whin, killing a leash of foxes, no small feat to do in that thick covert, especially when there was a soaking rain to contend with. It was, however, an unlucky season for poor Squires, who was to lose his life before it closed, and who began early on with

misfortune. In October he was so badly bitten in the hand by Commodore, that on the following day (October 9th), he suffered so severely that he could scarcely ride. On the same day Mr. Lascelles states that hounds "found a bagman fresh turned down, and killed him." On November 2nd, when the cub-hunting was brought to a close, they had a good day, but again Squires had a very bad fall, and hounds went home early on account of it.

The regular season opened on Monday, November 4th, at Aldwark Bridge, but they did not do much, and scent served badly. They had a good day from Skelton on the 18th, killing two brace of foxes, with one of which they had a good twenty-five minutes, and with another, after hunting slowly with a cold scent from Overton Wood to Court House Wood, they began to race, and rolled him over at the end of forty-five minutes from Court House. But the best day in November is as follows:—

- ‘ Thursday, November 28th. Buckle’s inn. Threw off at 11-20,
 ‘ on account of York ball. Drew Askham Whin blank, the
 ‘ earths not being properly stopped. Found at Colton
 ‘ Hagg. Away directly, with a good scent. Ran fast to
 ‘ the railway, past Colton village, Steeton Hall, Pickering
 ‘ Wood, over the road to Catterton (twenty-eight minutes),
 ‘ where a slight check; hunted on to Angram Bottoms,
 ‘ and turned back to Shire Oaks, and back to Catterton,
 ‘ Duce Wood, and Nova Scotia, where the fox was viewed
 ‘ close before hounds, and they ran fast over Marston Hill
 ‘ to ground in an earth on the Tockwith side of Marston
 ‘ Whin. Two hours twenty minutes in all. Probably
 ‘ changed foxes at Catterton.’
- ‘ Monday, December 2nd. Sutton Hall. Drew Sutton Park
 ‘ and Suet Carr blank. Found a brace in the Whin,
 ‘ apparently both turned-down foxes, and from the manner
 ‘ of the hounds, aniseeded. Killed one, and took the hounds
 ‘ away. Stillington blank. Found a good fox at Hawk
 ‘ Hills, but got a bad start with him. Ran well by Easing-
 ‘ wold, turned to the right under Crayke, back through
 ‘ Stillington, left New Parks on the left nearly to Alne

‘Whin, bent away to the left by Launde Farm, and lost
 ‘him going to Court House, having been delayed by the
 ‘railway. Two hours and five minutes, over a very heavy
 ‘line.’

On December 26th they met at Scotton Bar and had only a moderate day's sport. It was, however, distinguished by a very interesting incident. There was a great crowd out, and there were several foxes in Scotton Banks, hounds running there for an hour or more, and it was the opinion of Squires that they killed one. Then they went away with one and ran him a short ring into the country and back again. The fox was then holloed in Scriven Park, was pretty well mobbed by the crowd, and finally got up and on to the low roof of an out-house and dropped down into the enclosed duck pond, where he was killed by Sultan and Barmaid. Tuff, who was on the bank, made an ineffectual attempt to get hold of the fox, and his carcase floated out into the middle of the pond and looked like sinking, when Tuff drew the attention of Barmaid, who was swimming in the pond, to it, and she immediately swam to it and brought it to bank like a retriever. I should add that this was my first day with the York and Ainsty, and the pad of that fox, in the form of a paper-knife, is on my desk as a memento.¹

February was a good month, and they had some fine sport on the 13th in the Ripley country. They found a fox in Bishop Monkton Whin, and ran him smartly by Burton Leonard to the Warren, where three foxes went away with the hunted one. They then ran a ring by Staveley and Copgrove nearly to Roecliffe, and got up to their hunted

(1) It is not a little singular that three hunt servants out that day died a violent death: Squires being killed a few weeks later, whilst Truman Tuff fell downstairs and broke his neck, and Jim Trivick, who developed into a good huntsman, and who carried the horn in the Cleveland, Hurworth, and Ledbury countries, was killed just as his hounds were killing their fox at Malvern, his horse catching the tram lines and falling heavily, throwing Jim on to his head on the kerbstone.

fox in the covert. They soon got him away, but were disappointed at the finish, as the earths were open, and they ran him to ground in the breed-earths between Roecliffe and Minskip, just when they had worked up to him. Then on the 18th they had a good day from Skip Bridge, killing a brace of foxes, with the first of which they had a very smart forty-minutes from Skip Bridge Whin, killing him, after a rather ringing gallop, close to Knapton. On March 1st there is the first mention I find of mange in the York and Ainsty country, hounds having found a mangy fox in Simpson's Wood.

It was on March 13th that Squires met with his fatal accident. Hounds met at Grafton, and went away from the Whin with a good scent. There had been a hard frost in the morning, and it was rather slippery in places, though it was considered quite safe to hunt. In jumping an awkward stile into the road, Squires' horse fell with him, and rolled on to him, breaking his shoulder blade and three ribs, and from the effects of the accident he died a few days after, to the regret of everyone, for he was a popular man in the country.

Truman Tuff hunted the hounds to the end of the season, and one good day of his must be given:—

‘Monday, March 24th. Aldwark Bridge. Found a brace of
 ‘foxes in Aldwark Wood, ran a short ring and back to the
 ‘wood; got away on the other side, and ran a fair hunting-
 ‘pace towards Tholthorpe, and turning to the left, killed
 ‘between there and the Haddocks. One hour twenty
 ‘minutes. Dog fox. Found again in Court House, a brace.
 ‘Ran well by Newton-on-Ouse, turned to the left and along
 ‘the grass near the river to Aldwark Wood, where hounds
 ‘divided, and did nothing. One hour. On turning to go
 ‘home a fox was seen in the Ings. Put the hounds on, and
 ‘ran him well for forty minutes to ground near Linton.
 ‘A good day.’

The season was brought to a close on April 10th. They hunted one hundred and ten days, killed forty-six brace of foxes, ran twenty-one brace to ground, and dug one out.





CHAPTER VI.

COLONEL FAIRFAX'S MASTERSHIP.

THE mastership of Colonel Fairfax, which lasted for five seasons, marked an important epoch in the history of the York and Ainsty pack. After the sad death of Sir Charles Slingsby, hounds changed masters and huntsmen frequently, and under such circumstances the pack could not but suffer. Colonel Fairfax was just the man to put things straight. He began with the kennels, which had got into a somewhat dilapidated condition, as those who remember them in the early seventies scarcely require reminding. Patching was not at all to the Colonel's mind, and he determined to pull down and rebuild. So that, as the new stables for the servants' horses remain as a memento of Mr. Egremont Lascelles, so are the new kennels a memento of that love of order which was one of the distinguishing characteristics of his successor. Mr. Charles Hornsey, of York, at that time the agent for the Bilbrough estate, prepared the plans, and the work was proceeded with without delay, most of the expense being defrayed by the master himself.

Nor were Colonel Fairfax's energies confined to providing a comfortable and fitting home for the pack of which he had assumed the mastership. The pack itself was the constant object of his solicitude, and he set to work to improve it

with characteristic energy and marked ability. For Colonel Fairfax was not without experience as a master of hounds. At Newton Kyme he had kept a pack of harriers with which he had shown good sport, and as a breeder of hounds he had already had some practice. He was a great believer in the Belvoir blood, and was the first man who introduced it largely into the York and Ainsty kennels, thus commencing that good work which has been since carried out by Mr. Lycett Green and Arthur Wilson. Colonel Fairfax was amongst the first to recognise the merits of the Belvoir Fallible as a stud hound, a fact which deserves to be put on record as showing his fine judgment. He was, however, very bad to please with hounds, and on occasion he drafted without mercy, getting rid of hounds which many a master would be loth to part with. Yet, after all, this is the only way to get a pack of high-class foxhounds together, equally good on the flags and in the field. On one occasion Mr. Hornsey begged a couple of draft hounds for a friend who had a pack of harriers, and to his great surprise Colonel Fairfax sent him three couples, their only fault being that they were scarcely up to his standard for height. It was a very different looking pack that he left to his successor to what he had taken over, a fact which was chiefly due to the introduction of Belvoir blood, and the courage with which drafting operations were carried out; and it is perhaps not too much to repeat what I have said on a former occasion, that during the time he was master he did more to improve the character of the pack than anyone else who had held the reins of office.

Colonel Fairfax hunted his own hounds, which were turned to him by Truman Tuff and Jim Trivick, the former of whom was kennel huntsman. As a huntsman he was remarkably quick, and few could beat him at getting away on the back of his fox. Fine horsemen have been conspicuous amongst the masters of the York and Ainsty, and Colonel

Fairfax was a fine horseman, always with his hounds. It was a loss to the country when failing health called upon him to resign, and his resignation and his death, which took place a few years afterwards,¹ were regretted by everyone who had come in contact with him, and by many whose only knowledge of him was his reputation as one of those fine sportsmen of whom Yorkshire has had so many, and of whom her sons are so justly proud.

Of the sport which Colonel Fairfax showed let his diary speak.

1873-74.—His first day as master and huntsman of the York and Ainsty was Friday, September 5th, when they met at Overton Wood, at 6 a.m. The following is an account of the day's sport given in the diary:—

'Took out the young pack. Found plenty of cubs in wood, ran hard but could not kill, owing to having too few old hounds. Young ones did well excepting Fancy. A lot of old ones condemned. Went to Moorlands, found one old fox instead of three litters as reported. Went to Court House Wood, found some cubs but could do nothing. Scent poor. Radical, a good dog from Middleton's. Hall's, no use. Booth's Rallywood, a useful dog, but riotous. Layman, no use. Self, Cardinal; Truman, Durando; Jim, Bachelor.'

It will be seen from this account of the first day's cubbing that there was a difficult task set the new master, and it cannot be said that he had a very encouraging beginning. The beginning of the season was characterised by bad scenting weather, and though hounds found plenty of foxes, the dog pack were very unlucky in not killing their foxes at first. The drafting had to go on, however, but Colonel Fairfax was getting matters more to his mind, as is evidenced by the following quotation from the diary:—

(1) Colonel Fairfax died February 8th, 1884.

‘Tuesday, 16th September. Red House. Lots of foxes. Poor scent. Killed one in Skip Bridge. Dogs. All did well but Pirate, Falstaff, Fanatic. Drafted these.’

They had a useful day's cub-hunting in the Tuesday country on the 23rd, when they were at Rufforth. There was only an old fox at Rufforth Whin, but in Grange Wood there were several foxes, and after a lot of work they ran one to ground, bolted, and killed him. This was a famous day for the dog pack, and no doubt they profited considerably by it.

Notwithstanding all the difficulties which had to be contended with in the shape of bad scenting days, the record for September was a good one, for they killed ten-and-a-half brace in the fifteen days that they were out.

October began well, for they got hold of two brace in the first three days, and besides had a very nice gallop to ground from Hay Park. During the middle and latter part of the month some good runs took place:—

‘Tuesday, 14th October. Nun Appleton. Plenty of foxes. Ran one to ground near river from Sickle Pit. Found in Stub Wood, short ring to ground in wood. On to Colton, went away as if for Bilbrough, round by Colton House, down to Askham Bogs, which he would not have, and we lost him or he went to ground in a turnip field near Holiday's farm. Good gallop, thirty minutes. Waterford, etc., out. Carnival, Vulcan, Cardinal.’

‘Saturday, 18th. Fawdington Whin. One old fox, one cub in, killed the cub. Went on to Clark's Wood, found a good show. No scent. On to Galway's, found, away to Brafferton. Hounds divided, some went away for Helperby, saw no more of them. Whips no use. Came home by the 5-49 train. Did not get to the kennel till 8 p.m.’

‘Monday, 27th. Hawk Hills. Killed a cub after some good work. Found an old fox in Stillington, had a capital

‘hour and ten minutes with him, killing him at Moorlands.
 ‘Poor scent. Hounds worked well. Dogs. Best day we
 ‘have had.’

It is pretty evident that by this time the dog pack had got into good form, and their record for the cub-hunting season is a creditable one, especially when the complaints of their unsteadiness early in the season are taken into consideration. Hounds were out thirty-one days during the cub-hunting season, killing twenty brace of foxes and marking three and-a-half brace to ground (not dug). The dog pack, which was out fifteen days, killed ten-and-a-half brace.

The regular season commenced at Aldwark, on Monday, November 3rd, but they did not have a very good day though they found plenty of foxes, and killed one and marked other two to ground. Rain had been much wanted, but at last it came heavily, and on November 5th, when they met at Whixley, it rained in torrents. They had in consequence the best scent of the season so far and had a capital gallop from Lylands, never leaving their fox for an instant till he crossed the river at Boroughbridge. On the following Tuesday they had a good day. The fixture was Bishop Monkton, and in Monkton Whin they found a good fox that took them over a fine line to Hob Green, where he beat them. A second fox was found at Bishop Burton, and was marked to ground at the end of a very fast twenty minutes, bolted and lost:—

‘Monday, 17th November. Met at Shires Bar. Whin blank.

‘Found in Hawk Hills, ran smartly to Huby to drain,
 ‘bolted, and killed. Found again in Hawk Hills, away to
 ‘Creyke and Easingwold, where we lost him. Fair scent.
 ‘Found and went to ground in Carr, Stillington.’

‘Tuesday, 18th. Met at Skip Bridge. Did not find in the
 ‘whin. Found in wood, ran hard round it, crossed the
 ‘river twice, lost near Marston station. Trotted off to Hare-

‘wood’s Whin. Found. Away towards Knapton headed by
 ‘some steam ploughs, lost him. Found in Grange Wood,
 ‘ran a very smart thirty minutes to Fearby House, where
 ‘he disappeared. Good line by Rufforth, Angram Bot-
 ‘toms, Collier Hagg, Bilbrough village. Very fast, good
 ‘gallop. Our fox got into granary, was let out by a
 ‘workman afterwards’

On Monday the 24th, when they met at Aldwark Bridge, what would have been a very satisfactory day was spoiled by the foot people of whom we read, that owing to them the hounds lost their fox, just when they should have been killing him. A fair average of sport was had to the end of the month, and December opened well with a typical Ainsty day, in which there was a lot of hard work and a satisfactory finish:—

‘Tuesday, December 2nd. Met at Nun Appleton. Did not
 ‘find till we got to Acaster plantation, ran hard to Stub
 ‘Wood, lots of foxes on foot, ran slowly towards Askham
 ‘Bogs. Lost before we got there. Got on to a fox in
 ‘Bog, ran him hard in covert, and after a deal of hunting
 ‘killed him at the back of York, near Backhouse’s gardens.
 ‘Bitches worked well.’

On the 8th, when they met at Strensall, they had a long hard day. They did not find till they got to Hawk Hills, and then they had a long hunting run to Stearsby. This entailed a long ride home, and they did not reach the kennels till half-past seven o’clock. There was a fair average of sport for the rest of the month, and they were only stopped once or twice by frost. The month wound up with a good day, the good scent on which was followed by a frost:—

‘Saturday, December 27th. Met at Sessay. Clark’s Wood
 ‘blank. Found in Sessay Wood, nice run forty-five
 ‘minutes, killing him in Peep o’ Day. Found in Brafferton
 ‘at three p.m., away to Myton, crossed the river, through
 ‘Broadfield, to ground at Cattal. One hour, forty minutes.
 ‘Good day. Dogs.’

The frost did not last long, but it was frosty off and on till January 8th. Still hounds stole a day or two between the frosty spells, though it was somewhat slippery work riding. On Tuesday the 13th, they had a hard day, and for the master an unlucky day, of which I give the history in his own words:—

‘Tuesday, January 13th. Oxton. Found in covert, ran to
 ‘river, back through grounds towards Shire Oaks, and
 ‘stopped hounds crossing at Newton. Found near Steeton
 ‘Hall an outlying fox, ran hard through Steeton to Bolton
 ‘station, where we lost him. Pallethorpe, Steeton, blank.
 ‘Found in Colton, lost in Bog. Unlucky day. Boggled
 ‘Cardinal, cut Beatrice’s head, knocked off by a bough
 ‘myself.’

On the following Monday, however, they had a famous hunting run, though it was something of a ring. Still hounds covered a lot of ground, and if it was a ring, it was a very wide one, and such a one as would take a good horse all his time to go through in a forward place:—

‘Monday, January 19th. Stillington. Never found till we got
 ‘to Hawk Hills. Found there a good fox, away towards
 ‘Creyke, to left to Easingwold Town end, back to Hawk
 ‘Hills House, on towards New Parks, through a gorsy
 ‘field, very fast to Sutton, on towards Suet Carr, over the
 ‘road to New Parks, where he was seen, on to Stillington
 ‘earths, where we killed him. Two hours, fifteen minutes.
 ‘Real good hunting run.’

Thursday, February 19th, is a day which calls for notice, not on account of any brilliant sport that took place, though they had a sharp twenty minutes from Lylands, marking their fox to ground at Marton. But on that day they found at four p.m., at Thorpe Green, a mangy fox, which beat them, an incident which is interesting when viewed in connection with the recent experiences in the York and Ainsty country. March came in well, and the first week in that month was the best in Colonel Fairfax’s first season, so I give it in full from the diary:—

- ‘Monday, March 1st. Strensall. Found in moor, ran up to
 ‘Lilling, headed back and killed him. Went to Overton
 ‘Wood, found, ran to ground near Court House brick
 ‘kiln.’
- ‘Tuesday, March 2nd. Skip Bridge. Whin blank. Found in
 ‘Red House, raced to Skip Bridge Whin, stopped hounds
 ‘crossing river. Found in Grange Wood, rattled him
 ‘through Rufforth to Marston Hill and killed. Forty
 ‘minutes. Found in Colton, raced to Catterton and Shire
 ‘Oaks, lost. Best scent of season. Bob Swann went hard.’
- ‘Thursday, March 4th. Goldsbrough. Found in wood. Lost
 ‘near Cattal. Returned to moor, found, away through
 ‘Green Dick to Kirk Hammerton, over railway to
 ‘Widdington Wood, killed him near Kirby. One hour,
 ‘forty minutes. Good scent.’
- ‘Saturday, March 7th. Pilmoor. Brafferton. Found. Lost
 ‘near Clark’s Wood. Found in Sessay Wood, raced
 ‘towards Raskelf, back over the railway near Sessay
 ‘village, on to near Fawdington, viewed our fox. He
 ‘went on through Elmire to Cod Beck. Killed just over
 ‘the beck near Topcliffe. One hour, forty minutes. Good
 ‘scent, good week.’

The remainder of the month was wild and stormy. Big winds and heavy rains alternately caused scent to be but moderate, and nothing much in the way of sport took place. The season ended on April 2nd:—

- ‘April 2nd. Last day of the season. Little Ouseburn. High
 ‘wind. Found in Marton Whin, to ground near Aldborough.
 ‘Found in Lylands four foxes. Killed one after a scurry
 ‘round the wood. Got headed. Found brace in Golds-
 ‘brough Wood. No scent. Lost in Dent’s Wood. Drew
 ‘Hammerton Whin blank. Tremendous wind.’

Taken on the whole the season had been a satisfactory one, though there are not many runs which stand out as great ones to be recorded. Hounds were out 111 days and were stopped eight days, once from fog in November,

five times from frost in December, and once in January and March from the same cause. They killed forty-three brace of foxes and ran seventeen-and-a-half brace to ground; a very good record.

1874-75.—The next season was a much shorter one, for frost interfered considerably with sport. Still it must be looked upon as a very good one, as some excellent runs took place, one at least deserving a prominent place in history, whilst hounds still continued to account well for their foxes. They commenced the cub-hunting season on September 3rd, at Overton Wood. The morning was not a very favourable one, bright sunshine and storm alternating. In Overton Wood they could do nothing, though they found a small litter, so they went on to Court House Wood where they found another small litter, and after a good deal of work they killed one. It was the bitch pack that was out on this day, but the dogs were not so lucky at their first attempt, which was on Saturday, the 5th, at Escrick. They fell in for a bad scenting day, but we read that “they would have got blood had not Truman holloed a fox away just as we were on our beaten cub.” The dogs, however, were soon to have their turn, and on the following Saturday they had a remarkably good day for the time of year, as the following account shows:—

‘Saturday, September 13th. Stub Wood. Good show of foxes.
 ‘Fair scent, ran hard for forty minutes, then lost him.
 ‘Went to Willey’s Brockett; found; lost him. Went back
 ‘to Stub Wood, found and rattled him to the earth at
 ‘Acaster and back, and killed. Went to Middlethorpe
 ‘Wood, found a good litter, rattled them about the
 ‘Archbishop’s garden, and killed in a mangold field.
 ‘Dogs worked well.’

Two more days in the month of September, and three in October, stand out as good days in an exceptionally good cub-hunting season.

- ‘Monday, September 14th. Stillington Hall. Found good
 ‘show of cubs in Hawk Hills and Stillington. Got one
 ‘into small covert near keeper’s house at Hawk Hills.
 ‘He took a turn in the open and they pulled him down.
 ‘Bitches. Take two hours, fifteen minutes to get to
 ‘Stillington. Started at 5 a.m.’
- ‘Tuesday, September 22nd. Street Houses. Found lots of
 ‘cubs in Steeton Whin, away by Bramber House to
 ‘Pallethorpe earths, stopped hounds. Came back to
 ‘Steeton where we killed a cub. Went to Pallethorpe,
 ‘found a cub, away over the brook, killed in a hedgerow
 ‘near Swindel’s House. Good scurry for hounds. Found
 ‘four foxes in Pickering Wood, took one away towards
 ‘Wild Man, stopped the hounds at York road. Good day
 ‘for hounds. Bolton Willow Garth blank.’
- ‘Tuesday, October 20th. Acomb village. Found lots of foxes
 ‘in Bog, ran one to Askham village, lost. Found in
 ‘Colton, ran to Bog, and out, to ground in Copmanthorpe,
 ‘bolted him, he beat us. We went on with him to Colton,
 ‘through the whin, and he went to ground under the road
 ‘near Copmanthorpe. Swann’s terrier bolted him, and we
 ‘killed at 4-30. Dogs. Good day.’
- ‘Thursday, October 22nd. Scriven Bar. Went straight to
 ‘Lofthouse Whin, found and killed a cub. Away with
 ‘another over Hay Park, killed him near Arkendale after
 ‘a nice hunt of forty minutes. Good thing for hounds.
 ‘Bitches.’
- ‘Saturday, October 31st. Thicket Priory. No foxes. Never
 ‘found until we got to Skipwith Common, away to
 ‘Osgodby, Cliff Woods, to ground on common in rabbit
 ‘hole. Forty minutes, very fast. Dug him out. Dogs.’

This was the last day of the cub-hunting season, in which hounds had been out thirty-four times, and killed thirteen-and-a-half brace of foxes; not quite such a good score as the first season, but sport is not to be reckoned by the number of noses on the kennel door, and on the whole it was superior to its predecessor. The honours were pretty evenly divided, the dogs killing seven brace.

The season opened on Monday, November 2nd, when they met, as in the previous year, at Aldwark. There is nothing much to record, for though scent was good, circumstances were untoward, and only a poor day's sport was the result. Their first fox from Aldwark Wood crossed the river at Linton Lock, and hounds had to be stopped. Then a fox which had been got out of a drain that morning only ran some four fields before he was killed; and they had not much of a gallop from Court House Wood, where they found the last fox of the day, who beat them. On the following Monday they met at Strensall, where an incident took place which points a moral for a certain class of people who need not be further particularised. 'Found on the common; bagman, I think,' says Colonel Fairfax. It may be as well to point out here that it is impossible to deceive experts with a bag fox. Hounds cannot be deceived, and they have a way of communicating their knowledge to those who understand their ways. Many a man who wants it to be thought that he preserves foxes, when he does nothing of the sort, provides the Hungerford market variety, and flatters himself that no one is any the wiser. It would enlighten gentlemen of this class considerably were they to be behind the door where hunting men congregate, and to hear the comments upon their conduct. Later on in the day a lady's horse threw her, and galloping off amongst the hounds, caused them to lose their fox, so that on the whole there was a chapter of accidents on this day at Strensall. It was, however, made up for by the sport on the next day, which was very satisfactory to a huntsman, though it was not productive of very much incident. After a lot of hound work, they killed a brace of foxes. On the 14th they met at Crockey Hill, where they only found two foxes, and Colonel Fairfax remarks that the outlook for the season is not very cheering in that locality. There was a fair average of sport throughout

November, that is, when hounds were able to hunt, as there was a heavy snowstorm in the last week, and hounds were kept in the kennel four days. The frost brought an improvement in scent, however, and there was a good day to finish the month:—

- ‘Monday, November 30th. Myton. Found in gardens at Myton, nearly chopped him, got away at last by Helperby, through Brafferton Spring, along the railway, over the moor to Sessay Wood, out at east side to within a field of Raskelf Whin, where we pulled him down. Fifty minutes’ good hunting. Then went back to Alne Whin, found, away by village up to beck, Sam House Wood, turned over the beck back by Alne, beck flooded, so lost time in getting over and lost our fox. Good day’s sport.’
- ‘Tuesday, December 1st. Bolton Percy. Scotland Wood blank. Beck flooded. Pallethorpe blank. Steeton full of foxes, got away with one towards Harper’s, up to Matthews’, back and on to Bolton village. Poor scent. Drew Colton Whin, went away well up to Appleton and Colton road (here the fox was headed), hit him off again, by Steeton Hall, on to Pickering. Here a fresh fox got up and took us back to Colton, out towards Brocket, and lost him near Stub Wood. Hard day for hounds. No blood. It seems inclined to freeze, very cold showers, with piercing north wind. No scent whatever in the afternoon.’

The forebodings as to the weather were realised, for hounds were unable to hunt on the Thursday, and though they hunted a day or two on and off in the early part of December, they were practically kept in the kennel till January 6th, when they were able to take the field again, though it was very bad riding. They had a fair day’s sport considering. They met at Acaster, and found in Stub Wood, running by Copmanthorpe and Bishophthorpe to Backhouse’s gardens, and killed their fox in Mr. Richardson’s garden on the Mount.

Soon there was to come a good run, which I give in the Colonel's own words:—

‘Monday, January 11th. Hawk Hills. Found at once, killed
 ‘him after twelve minutes. Found in Fox Covert,
 ‘Stillington, returned to Hawk Hills, away for Huby, left
 ‘Sutton Whin on his right, one field over the Foss river,
 ‘turned north to the hills, by Stearsby, Whenby, to Colton
 ‘near Hovingham, where we killed him. Thick fog, all
 ‘the hounds there but Racket. The best run I ever took
 ‘part in. Time two hours, no check, hounds never cast.
 ‘Graves, of Sutton, two farmers, young Hotham (Artillery),
 ‘Captain Wardrop (3rd Dragoon Guards), York, servants
 ‘and self saw the run. Robinson, of Easingwold got
 ‘into Foss and blew his horse.’

There were several useful days' sport in January, one more of which must be noticed:—

‘Monday, January 25th. Alne Mill. Found in whin, killed
 ‘him near Tholthorpe. Found in Aldwark Wood, ran fast
 ‘by Linton Wood, Alne Whin to Aldwark village, lost.
 ‘Found in Overton Wood, away by Skelton Spring,
 ‘Moorlands, Launde House, back to Moorlands, killed
 ‘after a good hour. Castlereagh, Godman, etc. out.
 ‘Good day's sport.’

They had a good day from Roecliffe on February 4th, and then they were again troubled with frost. They were, however, able to hunt again on the 12th, when they had a capital day for hounds, killing their first fox, and running their second to ground. The latter was from Askham Bogs to Stub Wood, twenty minutes without a check, and we read that ‘Dawnay led the way.’ On the 18th they had a good hunt of an hour and fifty minutes from Lylands, killing in Flaxby Wood; but scent did not serve well, and hounds had to work hard for their fox.

‘Tuesday, February 23rd. Red House. Found, away at once
 ‘to Wilstrop, out at end, over river, Skip Bridge, all

‘through Nun Monkton country, back by Green Hammerton, killed him at Skewkirk. One hour, thirty minutes good run. Got on to a disturbed fox at Harewood’s Whin, took him through Grange Wood, Askham, Normans, Ingrish, lost near Ingrish House. Good day.’

The scarcity of foxes on the north side of York was the subject of comment more than once during the early part of March. The month was a fairly good one, but during the latter part of it the ground was dry and hard, and scent was moderate. They had one good day at the latter end of the month, though it was rather an unlucky one:—

‘Thursday, March 25th. Scriven Bar. Drew Scotton Bank, found, fox went over water, stopped hounds. On to Mires, found, ran into Warren, where we killed her, vixen in cub. On to Burton Whin, found brace, away by village, bending towards brook, over it, away to Brearton, Nidd railway bridge, down wood and killed him. A good hunting run. Racket worked well. On to Loftus, killed a dog, mangy. Hay Park, Gibbett’s blank, so home. Fair day for hounds.’

It may interest readers to learn that, two days later, when Colonel Fairfax was unable to be out himself, Truman took the hounds to Thirkleby, and found a wonderful show of foxes. There was a vixen in Thirkleby, and a brace of foxes each in Sessay Wood, Clark’s Wood, Raskelf Wood, and Brafferton Spring.

Hounds were out ninety-nine days, were stopped by frost twenty-four days, killed thirty-three brace of foxes, and ran eighteen-and-a-half brace of foxes to ground.

At the end of the season an enquiry was held which will be given in full, as it touches upon an important subject. During the season the scarcity of foxes in some of the coverts north of York had been the occasion of considerable comment, and the enquiry had to do with this scarcity.

- ‘ On Tuesday, April 27th, the following gentlemen met at
 ‘ Mr. Wilkinson’s farm, to investigate a charge brought by
 ‘ Herring, Mr. Haxby’s keeper, against Skipper, Sessay
 ‘ keeper, of setting traps in the boundary-hedge.
- ‘ Present :—Colonel Fairfax, Mr. G. Duncombe, Mr. Pierson
 ‘ (agent to Lord Downe), Mr. Daw (sub-agent), Mr. Robinson,
 ‘ Thormanby; Mr. Wilkinson, Cold Harbour.
- ‘ HERRING states:—“ I have seen trapping going on all the
 ‘ winter. Six weeks ago I saw a place where traps had
 ‘ been just taken up. I also saw a man dressed as a keeper
 ‘ setting two traps in the boundary-field. I could identify
 ‘ the man. He is not now here.” (Herring points out the
 ‘ field on an estate-plan shown him by Mr. Pierson.)
- ‘ *Question by the Court*: “ Were these traps set on the level?”
- ‘ *Answer*: “ Yes.”
- ‘ *Question*: “ In your opinion, were they dangerous to foxes?”
- ‘ *Answer*: “ Yes, very.”
- ‘ *Question by Mr. PIERSON*: “ Have you ever struck any traps
 in the boundary-fence between Mr. Webb’s and Lord
 Downe’s?”
- ‘ *Answer*: “ Yes, often.”
- ‘ SKIPPER, keeper, Sessay, being called in, denies trapping
 ‘ on the boundary, and states that, having heard reports of
 ‘ trapping on the boundary, he ordered one of his men on
 ‘ last Sunday week to look over the ground on the boundary,
 ‘ to go into Raskelf Whin and look for cubs. He went on
 ‘ Saturday night, and whilst he was concealed in the whin
 ‘ he saw a man with a trap in his hand coming towards
 ‘ him. The man walked up to where he was concealed, and
 ‘ on his asking him what he was doing, said he was going
 ‘ to catch a rabbit. On Sunday morning he saw the same
 ‘ man and two others digging rabbits in the covert at about
 ‘ nine a.m.
- ‘ BARNARD, the under-keeper, being called, tells the same story,
 ‘ and identifies the farm servant, who acknowledges his
 ‘ fault, and is reprimanded by his master.
- ‘ The Court are of opinion that trapping dangerous to foxes,
 ‘ has undoubtedly been going on, and beg that Skipper
 ‘ will be most careful with his traps for the future, also that
 ‘ he will caution his men to be very careful.

- ‘Mr. Wilkinson is much annoyed at his men, and will see that
 ‘they trespass in the whin no more.
 ‘The Court thank Herring for his evidence, and also hope that
 ‘he will keep a sharp look out that no persons trespass in
 ‘the covert on any pretence whatever.
 ‘28th April, 1875. ‘T. F. FAIRFAX.’

The season of 1875-76 commenced on September 6th, and sport during the month was not very good, though hounds accounted satisfactorily for their foxes. As a rule, though, scent was bad, the ground was very hard, and there were considerable difficulties to contend with. Still fourteen foxes in as many days was no bad record, and we read that the bitches had the most luck. They had twenty-nine days’ cubbing, and got hold of fifteen-and-a-half brace of foxes, so that they may be said to have begun the season well.

They opened the regular season at Hawk Hills on November 1st, and found a good show of foxes in all the coverts there, but had not much sport. But they had not long to wait for a really first-rate day:—

‘Thursday, November 11th. Street Houses. Ball day. Trotted
 ‘off to Colton. Found, away to Copmanthorpe, Bishop-
 ‘thorpe, back to Copmanthorpe Wood, over the earth
 ‘there, very fast over Appleton Beck to Low Acaster,
 ‘where he crossed the river for Long Rush, Moreby.
 ‘Luckily we got the hounds back. Hounds ran hard
 ‘and fast and would soon have killed him. Monkton,
 ‘Johnstone, Fox, C. Molyneux, Leeman, etc., went well.
 ‘Most of field choked off by the drains. Went to
 ‘Swann’s Whin, found, away to Rufford and back to
 ‘whin to ground. So ended a good day’s sport. Three
 ‘horses killed.’

Mr. Fairfax¹ died on November 24th, after a comparatively short illness, and Yorkshire lost one of her most notable sportsmen. Hounds did not hunt for a few days, and as

(1) The Master’s father.

soon as they got to work again they were bothered by frost and snow, and it was not till the end of the year that there was anything great to record. Then came two good days indeed :—

‘Monday, December 27th. Skelton. Fine hunting day, but
 ‘scent not so good as expected. Crowds of foot people.
 ‘Drew Skelton small coverts blank, on to New Parks.
 ‘Found, away to Huby, turned to his right and pointed
 ‘for Moorlands, came round by beck to New Parks
 ‘again, through Dodholme, to ground in a rabbit hole
 ‘on Mr. Layton’s land. One hour. Dug him out. Bitches
 ‘worked well. Went on to Court House, found, but
 ‘killed him in covert. Overton full of foxes, but it was
 ‘getting late, so we did no more. Good day for hounds,
 ‘just put the pack in good heart, getting blood after so
 ‘many hard days without it. Horses carried us well.’

‘Tuesday, December 28th. Acaster. Did not find in Stub
 ‘Wood, but a fox was holloaed just outside. He went
 ‘away as if for Nun Appleton, but turned to his right
 ‘towards Appleton, was headed at the common, turned
 ‘to Brocket Hagg, through it, away towards Copmanthorpe,
 ‘turned to the left to railway crossing near Colton Hagg,
 ‘did not cross, went parallel with line by Colton Brecks,
 ‘on to Appleton Mill, *very fast*. Here there was a check
 ‘in road. Forester took line up road. Two hares had
 ‘just gone that way, the old hounds did not seem to
 ‘like it. Fox had turned short to right behind us, got
 ‘on to him, hunted him to Kilby, owing to sheep, etc.,
 ‘we lost all trace. Went to New Wood on spec of
 ‘getting up to him, got on to him at once, away by
 ‘Wright’s house, over park, through Bridge plantation,
 ‘raced along Ings to Scotland Wood, and away to Bolton
 ‘station. One hour, forty minutes. Got D. Oliver’s
 ‘gardener’s dog, who bolted him, so the hounds got him
 ‘after a deal of work. Went to Steeton, found at once,
 ‘away by Harper’s nearly to Colton House, turned to
 ‘the left and ran to ground at cottages, Street Houses.
 ‘Fifteen minutes, good scent, good sport. Best scent of
 ‘this year. Romper worked well.’

It was an amiable trait in Colonel Fairfax's character that 'he loved a run best when a friend saw it too'; and frequently in his diary does he express his regret when his field, or some of them, have inadvertently missed a run. Of this, the following extract affords an instance:—

'Tuesday, February 8th. Red House. Found in wood, 'stopped hounds crossing river. Went to whin, found 'brace, got away with one over bridge to station. Some 'three couples of hounds took another fox over river 'to Wilstrop on to Harewood Whin, where we found 'them. Found in whin, away to Rufforth village, through 'farm buildings, away over marshes by Collier Hagg, 'Chapel Hill to Healaugh village, on to Nova Scotia, 'where I think he went to ground in the main earths. 'However, the hounds got on to a stale drag and we 'gave it up. A very good burst, forty-five minutes 'without check. Francis Johnstone, Bob Swann, etc., 'were the leading men. If we had killed our fox it 'would have been the best burst of season. Slingsby, 'Sir George Wombwell, and others were out of it I am 'sorry to say. Smith of Aldborough went well and got 'a cropper.'

Another good day in February must end the extracts from the diary for this season:—

'Tuesday, February 28th. Nun Appleton. Found in Bridge 'plantation. Took him round of park, and away by 'Appleton, Kilby, Colton Brecks, Bocket Hagg, and killed 'him near Stub Wood. One hour; good hunt. Went to 'Colton Whin. Just as we got to whin a fox came away, 'pointing for Copmanthorpe. Laid on hounds at once, and 'away over railway through Copmanthorpe Wood, leaving 'Greenland on the right, pointed for Acaster; left it on 'left to Stub Wood, through it down to river, where he 'was prevented crossing by a barge. However, he doubled 'back into wood, and made his point, and crossed opposite 'Moreby. We went round by Naburn, and came up with 'the hounds at Naburn Wood corner, having killed their 'fox. One hour twenty minutes. One of the best days I

'ever have seen in the Ainsty for hounds. Ground very deep, scent excellent. Rode a mare of Sir George's in first run; well carried. Dog pack worked well."

Frost bothered them in the early part of March, and we find Colonel Fairfax expressing his regret at the disappointment of the many who had drawn up at Skip Bridge on the 10th of that month, in the hope that hunting might be possible. 'There were many at meet disappointed, for which I was very sorry,' he writes, and then adds: 'N.B. Always go to meet.'

The season finished on April 20th, when they ran a good fox from Askham Bogs, and marked him to ground at Red House. Altogether they hunted one hundred and seven days, were stopped by frost eleven days, killed forty-three-and-a-half brace, marked twenty-one brace to ground, and had two blank days. The dogs killed twenty-four-and-a-half brace and ran seven brace to ground, and the bitches killed nineteen brace and ran fourteen brace to ground, so that the honours were pretty evenly divided, the bitches accounting for a brace and a half more than the dogs, who had the best luck in killing their foxes.

1876-77. The following season opened early in September, but after hunting a few days they had to stop on account of the late harvest. On Saturday the second, they commenced at Goldsbrough, but there was so much corn uncut round the moor that they had to go to the wood, and after working the wood well with no scent, they went home without blood. They had, however, the satisfaction of knowing that there was an excellent show of foxes. September was a fairly satisfactory month, as they were out fifteen days, and killed twelve brace of foxes, but there is nothing much to note about the sport. On October 19th, we read that Colonel Fairfax took the dog hounds to Scriven Bar for a change, the note in the diary stating, 'They have

had enough of Escrick side; will give the bitches a turn there.' And here it may be remarked that it is a very judicious plan to change hounds sometimes, especially when they have had a long run of ill luck. The dog hounds had a good day in their fresh country, for they killed a brace of foxes, and ran another to ground, and the entry acquitted themselves well and to the satisfaction of the master.

On the following Tuesday there was a somewhat unusual occurrence, which should not pass unnoticed. They met at Nun Appleton, and after killing a brace of cubs there, they went on to Askham Bogs, where they found and killed a cub. 'Nalton got him out,' writes the master; 'a most unusual thing to kill a fox in the Bogs.' I may remark that during the time I have hunted with the York and Ainsty I never saw a fox killed in the Bogs, nor have I heard of one being killed there during the last few seasons.

The cub-hunting season was a fairly good one; foxes had turned up well in most parts of the country, and they had killed twenty-one brace of foxes, the bitches killing the most, and they did their work the best. The condition of the hounds at the end of the cub-hunting season was by no means satisfactory, and is a subject of complaint on more than one occasion.

The regular season began on Monday, October 30th, at Strensall, when hounds had a fairly good and very hard day, not getting home till six o'clock. The weather in November was unsettled, scent was catchy, and early in the month there was snow, which, however, did not interfere much with sport, and as not infrequently happens when there is an early frost, the season was an open one:—

* Monday, November 13th. Alne Mill. Dog hounds. Snow all
 ' gone, country heavy. Felt seedy myself, but soon warmed
 ' up. Found a fox in whin very soon. Away very fast
 ' towards Myton. Lost him, most unaccountably, at Cass

‘farm, near Myton Moor; whether he went down road or
 ‘not, can’t say. Scent fair; hounds raced. On to Aldwark
 ‘Wood; found, ran round wood, and killed him. On
 ‘inspection, found to have some toes off from trapping.
 ‘On to Linton Woods. Found at once three or four
 ‘foxes; got on to one who took us a short ring towards
 ‘Tollerton, back to Linton Wood, out Alne side, and we
 ‘killed him near Youlton farm. Good for hounds. On to
 ‘Court House; found. Away to Newton-on-Ouse, through
 ‘the village, and stopped the hounds crossing the river.
 ‘On to park, where we had a fox sitting in a tree; put
 ‘him out, coursed him all along Ings, nearly to Overton
 ‘Wood, turned and dodged, and getting on to fresh foxes,
 ‘we missed him. So home. Fair day’s sport. Dogs
 ‘worked well.’

‘Tuesday, November 21st. Dringhouses. Fine hunting day.
 ‘Found in Bog, but fox got headed and came back to
 ‘Bog. So many foot people out that I would not go
 ‘back, but went on to Swann’s Whin, where we were a
 ‘very long time before we found. At last away he went to
 ‘Hell Hole, Healaugh, Catterton Bottoms, up to Bilbrough,
 ‘down nearly to Colton; here he turned for Askham, was
 ‘viewed at road, and went to ground in earth near Catterton
 ‘lane. Good gallop. Changed our horses, went back to
 ‘Grange Wood; found. Away; tremendous pace to Rufforth
 ‘village, over marshes to Collier Hagg, on by Chapel Hill,
 ‘where we changed; on to Healaugh village, to Duce
 ‘Wood, where we changed; on to Wighill village, where
 ‘we stopped the hounds. Bitches, twenty-four couples, ran
 ‘stout and well. Charles and I both well carried.’

From this it would appear that the unsatisfactory condition in which hounds had been early in the season, had disappeared.

December was not a very good month; the country was much flooded, and this, of course, interfered with scent. Still there was some fair sport, and there were several good scenting days when the floods did not interfere:—

‘Tuesday, December 19th. Acaster. Found in wood, and
 ‘killed him. Away with another towards Nun Appleton,
 ‘bent round and back to Brocket, out at end, away to

‘Middlethorpe, to ground. Never found again. Bogs
 ‘blank, Swann’s Whin blank. So home. Good day;
 ‘country terribly deep. Bitches ran well; Rocket rather
 ‘wild. Scent good on ground not flooded. Maxwell and
 ‘other Holderness men out. Gamecock carried me well, so
 ‘did Magpie, Charles. William got a bad fall over timber,
 ‘near Brocket Hagg,—his own fault. No foxes about
 ‘Swann’s Whin. Can’t understand it; they don’t like it.’

From the last entry it would seem that foxes had taken one of those strange dislikes to a covert which are so difficult to account for, and which may probably have their origin in hounds killing a fox in the covert, and leaving him to run another.

The new year began well, and they had a fair day’s sport on New Year’s Day, when they met at Skelton, and found plenty of foxes in Overton Wood. They ran hard a series of rings for a couple of hours, and then killed a fox near Fairfield. The following week came two great days, the latter probably one of the best and most satisfactory ever seen over the Ainsty, and one, moreover, which conveys an important lesson:—

‘Monday, January 8th. Melbourne Hall. Found foxes, but
 ‘they were either bagmen or had very recently been turned
 ‘down. Ran all round the place, but could not catch one.
 ‘Herries and some Holderness men out. Christie, of Mel-
 ‘bourne, very keen, and means foxes. On to Elvington,
 ‘blank. Wheldrake, blank. Found at three in Yarbrough
 ‘covert. Away at once, with burning scent, to Telmire;
 ‘back to Wheldrake, and away to Eserick park, to gardens
 ‘without check. Never saw hounds run faster or better.
 ‘Here we lost our fox, getting on to fresh one either in
 ‘park or in small covert outside. So home at six p.m.
 ‘Excellent gallop; just wanted blood to make it perfect.
 ‘Morris C. Molyneux, Starkey, B. Lawley, Whitehead, went
 ‘well; Charles and I rather out of it, our horses having
 ‘done a deal in the morning; got to the end, though, very
 ‘successfully. Wonderful evening scent.’

‘Tuesday, January 9th. Skip Bridge inn. Found at once.
 ‘Away to Red House, out at end without pause, through
 ‘park, over brook to Hessay, through orchards on to
 ‘Rufforth Hall, over brook as if for Marston, over road
 ‘York and Wetherby), Marston side of Thorns. Here
 ‘B. Lawley viewed him. On nearly to Hutton Hall, turned
 ‘to left over rushy grass fields back to Thorns. Here we
 ‘had our first pause. Bob Swann viewed him in covert.
 ‘He came out near Strangways, and Ellis vowed he
 ‘was a fresh fox. However, I just got a view of him,
 ‘and thought otherwise. Got the hounds on to his line,
 ‘and ran into him in the open, three fields on in our own
 ‘country. Time, fifty minutes, without check. Scent bril-
 ‘liant. Dogs worked well. Much pleased they went on so
 ‘well. On to Swann’s Whin. Some time before we could
 ‘get a fox that had been seen to go in to move. At last
 ‘away he went, as if for Collier Hagg, turned to his right
 ‘away by Nat’s house, back of Askham Bryan, Acomb
 ‘Wood, to ground in brick-kiln near Driughouses. Hounds
 ‘ran as if tied to him. We sent for Robert’s terrier, but
 ‘he could not bolt him, so home at two o’clock, well pleased
 ‘with the day. G. Fox, Lowther, Gunter, and others out.
 ‘Young dogs worked well, so did old Fickle. Hounds in
 ‘rare order for going. All we want is settled weather.
 ‘Lamed my chestnut horse. Charles’s horse, Magpie, did
 ‘not go so well as usual. Pepper and N. Grey for second
 ‘run. Never had a better day in Ainsty. C. Molyneux
 ‘went well.’

The latter was indeed a remarkably good day, and one that the Master might well love to linger over. The month was distinguished for fine runs, of which another must be given:—

‘Tuesday, January 23rd. Skip Bridge. Frosty day. Found
 ‘at once in whin, away to Wilstrop, through Rash, down
 ‘to Skewkirk, along river bank to Cattal, over there,
 ‘on through Dent’s belts, Scathe Moor, over railway,
 ‘forward for Whixley, turned to his left and ran him
 ‘into belt near Stourton. Here a fresh fox jumped up,
 ‘but luckily I had seen our fox enter the covert, so
 ‘recalled the hounds, and going with Gunter and Moorsom

‘back, the hounds hit upon their fox, Frantic pulling him out from under the ditch bank where he had squatted, so they bowled him over. Good run. One hour, twenty minutes. Seven and a half miles. Dick Oliver pleased. Drew Dent, Selcarrs, found, away to Cattal, but getting on to foiled ground did no more, so home. Dogs worked well, Forester and Frantic especially.’

There was fair sport in February, but the most interesting fact recorded in the diary is the great improvement made in a hound Colonel Fairfax had obtained from Mr. Platt. On his first appearance he says of him that he ‘is a failure, noisy, and tires.’ Three weeks later we read that ‘Gameboy, from Mr. Platt, is a most excellent dog; shall use him, most certainly.’ It would look as if Gameboy had been rather strange to the country at first, and probably his delinquencies on his first appearance were due to his shyness. No hounds by him, however, appear to have been entered.

The season ended on Saturday, April 15th, with a bye-day at Acaster, and a good day it was for the time of year. They began with a smart run from Stub Wood by Askham Bogs to Askham Mill, where they killed; and they had other two runs, marking both their foxes to ground after nice gallops, a good record for the middle of April. During the season they hunted one hundred and twenty-four days, were stopped by frost four days, and by fog one. They killed forty-eight-and-a-half brace of foxes, and ran fifteen brace to ground, and they had never a blank day.

1877-78.--A very late start was made this season, and it was not till September 15th that they were able to begin with the cubs. Even then all the barley was standing, and the standing corn interfered with operations for some weeks. They did some useful work on their opening morning, and got hold of a cub, Stub Wood being the venue. The young entry framed well, and Colonel Fairfax was now getting a very good pack of hounds together, the Belvoir Fallible

blood showing to great advantage; and frequently in his diary does the Colonel refer to the stoutness of the Belvoir and Milton blood. It will be remembered that this same season of 1877-78 was famous for some good runs in September, and many packs had runs during the early days of the cub-hunting which would not have disgraced February. The York and Ainsty were amongst these, and on the 20th they had a famous gallop from the Holly Carrs, by Simpson's Wood, Riccall, and over the common to Skipwith village, of which no one saw anything except Mr. C. Molyneux and the Master. They had another good day on the following Tuesday (25th), killing a fox from Askham Bogs, where the Colonel says he 'never saw so much water at any time of the year,' and he relates that when drawing, hounds were generally swimming.

Early on in the season there was quite a chapter of accidents, which, indeed, was not to be wondered at when the state of the ground and the blindness of the fences are taken into consideration; and on October 9th, when they met at Oxton Hall, we find that, amongst other casualties, Sir William Milner had a very bad fall, and Mr. Bateman was severely kicked. A note in the diary will be read with interest:—'Smith out; useful man; great assistance.' In the twenty-eight days' cubbing they killed twelve brace and ran four brace to ground.

The regular season commenced on Thursday, November 1st, at Scriven Bar, where they had a fair day's sport. They found a fox in Walkingham Warren, and killed him after a lot of knocking about, and then they had a nice gallop from Burton Wood to Bishop Monkton, and finally stopped hounds at dark. The field all got to the wrong side of the beck in this run, and though the Master got over all right on Skelton, others were not so successful, and there was a wet jacket or two.

On November 10th (Monday), they had a capital run with their afternoon fox, finding at Linton, and rolling him over at Myton Bridge, after a racing fifty minutes; and on Saturday the week finished well with a gallop from Osgodby to Skipwith Common, ending with a kill.

- ‘Thursday, November 20th. Bishop Monkton. Bitch pack.
 ‘Carry their condition better than dogs. Terrible wet
 ‘day. Found in whin, tremendous big fox, but he soon
 ‘succumbed. On to Burton Wood, found, away up
 ‘marshes, fox laid down, got up out of some rushes,
 ‘ran back to Burton, Dark Walk, on to big warren fields:
 ‘here we viewed him, but he slipped back, and we changed
 ‘foxes in Copgrove garden, and did no more with him.
 ‘Scent good. On to Roecliffe Whin, found three foxes,
 ‘away with one towards river, and killed. Lawson’s
 ‘coverts blank. Viewed a fox on our way to Loftus,
 ‘ran him to river by back of Roecliffe village, over line
 ‘to Boroughbridge, through town on to Aldborough, where
 ‘we lost him amongst houses. Four p.m., so we rode home.
 ‘Hard day for bitches. Dairymaid and Rocket rather
 ‘slack at end. Rocket a strain. A puppy followed us
 ‘home from Copgrove. Got home at 8-30 p.m.’
- ‘Tuesday, December 4th. Acaster. Lots of foxes in Stub
 ‘Wood. Found a good one in Copmanthorpe Wood,
 ‘straight to New Wood earths, Nun Appleton, on through
 ‘Bridge plantation, Sickle Pit, Wharfe mouth, back to
 ‘keeper’s house, killed in Belt. One hour, forty minutes.
 ‘On to Colton, where we did not find.’
- ‘Tuesday, December 18th. Copmanthorpe. Fine day. Found at
 ‘once in Bog, but lost him at back of Askham Bryan. Got
 ‘on to him again near Prest’s and hunted down to Colton
 ‘Hagg. Here we gave him up. On to Copmanthorpe
 ‘Wood, blank. Two foxes in Bean’s Brocket, away towards
 ‘Nun Appleton, turned at Green Lane and went fast to
 ‘Acaster Malbis, viewed him at Naburn Ferry, ran him
 ‘into Dawson’s Willow Garth, and killed. Away with
 ‘another fast to Copmanthorpe station, wood, to Simpson’s
 ‘farm, Colton Brecks, on to Appleton village, through
 ‘village towards Holme Green, on to Green lane; left



'Kennel Wood on right and belts, straight down to
'Wharfe mouth. Crossed here. I got into a small boat
'with my horse, Sir Walter. He took fright, knocking
'me over, broke my collar bone, and very nearly got
'drowned. However, a bargeman took him out, and going
'on I stopped the hounds at Cawood. So home. Good
'day's sport.'

Colonel Fairfax was laid up for some few days, and the hounds were hunted by Charles Haggar, who performed his new duties very satisfactorily; and on January 3rd, which was the first day that the master was out after his accident, we read that he was thoroughly satisfied with the way in which 'Charles did his work.' Colonel Fairfax was soon at work again, and showed a fair average of sport till the latter end of January, when he had a day which was rather out of the common:—

'Tuesday, January 29th. Copmanthorpe. Hard frost in night.
'No moving out of kennel till twelve noon. Doubtful
'then. Could not draw Bogs owing to ice. Found Bean's
'Brocket, raced to Colton Hagg, back over railway on
'to Colton Brecks farm, R. Kilby's, back by Appleton
'village to Brocket, through Brocket to ground near
'Holme Green in rabbit hole, on old moat. Dug him
'out. On to Stub Wood, found, raced into him near
'Brocket. Good day for hounds. Scent good. Ground
'hard; freezing. Bitches do well in Ainsty; quite as
'well as dogs.'

There was a fair average of sport during the next month, though it began with a few days' stoppage from frost. There was not much inconvenience in this respect, however, and after being kept in kennel four days, hounds went on uninterruptedly till March 25th, when there was a sudden storm of snow and frost, which Colonel Fairfax characterises as 'very remarkable.' Hounds were only stopped one day, and a few days after they had a very good day:—

‘Thursday, March 28th. Roecliffe. Frost and cold snow
 ‘showers. Found in whin at once, away to river, stopped
 ‘hounds. On to Burton Wood, found, away to Bishop
 ‘Monkton Whin, out of whin to ground in quarry near
 ‘Stainley. On to Warren, found, did no good. Back
 ‘to Warren. On to Mires. Found, ran hard to Scriven,
 ‘on to Gibbet’s and Loftus Whin, out of Loftus, and
 ‘killed. Found again in Loftus, away by Farnham,
 ‘Warren, Copgrove, Burton Wood, over Ings to opposite
 ‘Newby, crossed Ure, and lost near Milby Whin. Good
 ‘day’s sport. Home by road through Boroughbridge.
 ‘Did not get home till 8-30. The young Ministers don’t
 ‘seem to relish a very severe day so much as the Milton
 ‘sort or Belvoir.’

An account of a good run in April must conclude the history of this season:—

‘Monday, April 8th. Dringhouses. A very blowy, cold, east
 ‘windy day, as dry and hard as possible. All York on
 ‘foot and carriages out, also A. Pennington and several
 ‘Holderness men. Drew the Bogs, found a brace, went
 ‘away with one towards Oldfield’s, over railway: stopped
 ‘hounds and trotted off to Acomb to Harewood’s Whin.
 ‘Found, away at west end to Rufforth church earths,
 ‘through village, hit it off near drain side, away like
 ‘mad to Clayton earths, and Nova Scotia. Here we
 ‘came up with him, took him away through Duce Wood
 ‘to Healaugh Manor, on to Shire Oaks, out at end, over
 ‘grass to near Tadcaster town end, by river, into Healaugh
 ‘Park, where they pulled him down in pond. Time,
 ‘fifty minutes, a very good run. Bitches worked well.
 ‘Went to Pallethorpe, Steeton, Colton blank. Found in
 ‘Bogs, but did no more.’

Hounds were out one hundred and nineteen days. They killed forty-one brace of foxes, and ran seventeen brace to ground. They were stopped ten days by frost, and fog interfered with them half a day. Happily there was not a blank day.

1878-79.—An early start was made the following season,

the campaign against the cubs commencing at 4-45 a.m. on Saturday, August 31st, at the Common Wood, Eserick. A very wet morning and a bad scent prevented them getting blood, and the sport was nothing to speak of, though the young hounds did as well as could have been looked for under such circumstances. The early part of the cubbing season was not distinguished by very good sport; foxes were fairly plentiful in most parts of the country, and hounds got plenty of blood. The record of the following day is well worth reading, more perhaps as showing the care and attention which the writer bestowed upon every minute detail connected with hounds in the kennel and in the field, than for sport which it describes. It will be noticed that if there was a scarcity of foxes in some places, Grafton was evidently not one of them:—

‘Thursday, October 24th. Grafton Whin. Good show of foxes.
 ‘Ran rings round whin, and killed one in open. Drew
 ‘all Croft’s coverts blank. Found in Dale, ran towards
 ‘Lylands, and lost near Croft’s coverts. Very heavy rain.
 ‘Trotted off to Thorpe Green. Found two cubs, and after
 ‘some good work ran into one in the open, near earths.
 ‘Found near Farrer’s. Ran up on to hill, Whixley way.
 ‘Here he was headed, and retraced his steps; swam the
 ‘pond at Kirby, and we lost him in road by lodge. Bitches
 ‘rather tired. Is Fallible, after all, a good stallion? We
 ‘shall see. Young hounds require patience and careful
 ‘handling in the field just now, or they may soon be tired
 ‘if galloped about after fresh foxes. Very wet day.’

Events showed that Colonel Fairfax need not have had a moment’s uneasiness respecting the hound whose merits he was one of the first to recognise. In 1881 five-and-a-half couples of hounds, descended from his sons or daughters, were put forward, and of these a couple-and-a-half were from the bitches who had tired a little on the day in question; whilst in the following year, ten out of the twelve couples

entered were by Fleecer, Fencer, or Latimer, sons of the Belvoir Fallible.

The regular season opened well at Sutton Hall, where there was an excellent show of foxes, and hounds kept changing all day. The result was a very hard day without blood, and as the country rode very deep, there were more than the usual number of falls. The next day is worthy of notice, inasmuch as hounds met out of their regular country at the request of the Archbishop:—

‘Tuesday, November 5th. Bishop Monkton—not Ainsty,—at request of Archbishop, as he had a meeting in York. How powerful are the attractions of hunting! Found in whin; ran to ground in quarry. G. Wickham viewed another fox. Laid them on; carried him through Burton Whin to Brearton village, where we lost. On to Warren. Found. Raced through Mires, over grass fields by Brearton to Bilton Banks, and on to a quarry of Miss Rawson’s, beyond Nidd. Here we made no more of him; lost. Some hounds crossed river, so we went back to look for them. Found all but Forester. Mason met with an accident, and is laid up.’

The season was a very broken one, and snow came early, hounds being stopped by it from November 11th to the 18th, and when they were able to hunt there was not much sport, Colonel Fairfax speaking of it as the very worst month for scent he ever knew. December was one long frost, and from the 6th to the 30th hounds were kept in kennel. Then came a good day’s sport, all the more welcome after such a long stoppage:—

‘Tuesday, December 31st. Buckle’s inn. Though the “bone” was scarcely out of the ground, we hunted with turned-up horses at Buckle’s inn. Monro, two Newtons, Mills, Nalton, Dykes, Allonby, Mr. and Mrs. Oliver, my wife and children, composed the field. We trotted off to Pickering Wood. Found at once. Ran up to Kilby’s, through Willow Garth, Stank Hill, nearly to Colton House, over to

‘ Marshall’s, into Street lane, down it back to Pickering,
 ‘ where we killed him. The beck so full, we had to go over
 ‘ bridge. Drew Pallethorpe; found. Raced to Bolton Willow
 ‘ Garth, back by Upton’s house on to Oxton, where he got
 ‘ to ground in the earth. Drew up coverts at Nun Appleton
 ‘ blank. On to Brocket. Found. Ran hard to Stub Wood.
 ‘ Here Forester got away alone, and we had some difficulty
 ‘ in bringing the others up. However, we carried him over
 ‘ Copmanthorpe Beck, over line at station, on to Colton,
 ‘ back over line to Copmanthorpe Wood, on towards Nun
 ‘ Appleton. Coming on dark, so we stopped hounds.
 ‘ Hard day.’

Then came frost on January 2nd, and though they tried to hunt on that day they could do no good; and with the exception of a stolen day on January 15th, they were not out again until February 7th, when the dog-hounds had a bye-day at Acaster, and killed a fox.

‘ Monday, February 10th. Hawk Hills. Dogs. Chopped a fox.
 ‘ Another went away at same time. Wadsley, instead
 ‘ of putting on the hounds, must needs throw him up for
 ‘ hounds, &c., so we lost time. Laid them on at last,
 ‘ settled to scent after a bit, carrying him through Little
 ‘ Ings Wood, then at best pace towards Crayke, round by
 ‘ Brandsbyside of Crayke, over the whin covert, turned to left
 ‘ back to Hawk Hills House, on fast to brick-kiln near New
 ‘ Parks, back to Hawk Hills, to ground in earths. Capital
 ‘ run; horses about tired. New Parks, blank. On to Court
 ‘ House. Found brace of foxes. Got on to one that took
 ‘ us by Josey Wood, round by back of Shipton to Skelton
 ‘ Spring, on to Overton Wood, where we ran foxes till dark.
 ‘ So home. Scent fair.’

‘ Tuesday, February 18th. Copmanthorpe. Snow an inch deep.
 ‘ However, by eleven it was all gone, and we put into
 ‘ Askham Bogs. Found at once. Away over railway as if
 ‘ for Acaster. He ran to ground, though, on farm near
 ‘ Bishopthorpe. Dug, bolted, and eat him. Back to Bogs.
 ‘ Found. Away fast to Acomb Woods, turned to brick-
 ‘ kilns, over railway, down to Bishopthorpe Wood, through
 ‘ Middlethorpe, and into Mr. Wilson’s house close to York,

‘where we killed him. G. Leatham, on Jorrocks, got a
 ‘nasty fall; Bates, Mrs. Wardle, Monro, went well. Having
 ‘had enough of Bogs foxes, who, owing to the wind, dared
 ‘not go the good line towards Grange Wood, we trotted
 ‘straight off towards Harewood’s Whin; blank. Grange
 ‘Wood, blank. Swann’s Whin, found. Away towards
 ‘Collier Hagg. Young hounds pushed on to the Hagg,
 ‘Blameless having gone on through Angram, with fox.
 ‘Soon set this mistake straight, though we never caught
 ‘her till Healaugh village. Here we got on fair terms with
 ‘our fox, raced him past Fairy Carr, Clayton earths, past
 ‘east end of Marston Whin, nearly to Tockwith; bent to
 ‘our left back by Bilton Hall, through wood, and missed
 ‘him in Nova Scotia owing to fresh scents of disturbed
 ‘foxes. Good day’s sport; ground very deep; horses all
 ‘done; Telford, &c., all going well.’

Two days later came more frost, and hounds were confined to the kennel till February 27th, when they met at Stourton, and though there was still a good deal of snow about, they had a very satisfactory day, killing a leash of foxes. In the beginning of the following month they had one of the best days of the season, the country and the sport being all that could be wished:—

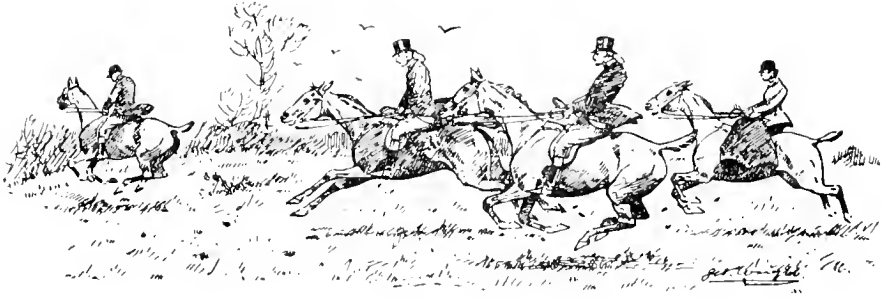
‘Monday, March 3rd. Strensall. Found on Common. Away
 ‘over Foss to railway, along line side to Flaxton station,
 ‘turned to the left, leaving Stittenham Wood on left,
 ‘through Foston, and lost at Barton Hill. Fine run.
 ‘Grimston carried me well. Back to Sutton Whin. Found.
 ‘Away fast, as if for Strensall, turned over the Foss, up
 ‘through Sheriff Hutton Park to Stittenham Wood corner:
 ‘here he was headed, turned over the Carrs, and we pulled
 ‘him down at foot of hill. Fifty minutes’ good work. The
 ‘second run, W. Smith, Swann, Lascelles, and others were
 ‘thrown out by Foss, but caught them at a check by
 ‘Stittenham Wood, caused by Telford jumping into the
 ‘pack at a road. Soon put it right. The ditches on the
 ‘Carrs were very deep and broad. Shepherd carried me
 ‘well. Lee, of Gardham, and Botterill, of Holderness,
 ‘were out, and went well. A very good day’s sport.’

The last day on which Colonel Fairfax hunted hounds, of which an account remains, was April 10th, though in the diary it appears that they hunted on the 12th at Stillingfleet. No account of the latter day's sport is given, but only the bare announcement that hounds met there, and probably there was not much to do:—

'Thursday, April 10th. Bishop Monkton. Very cold. East
 'wind, dry. Whin blank; Burton ditto. Cayton Gill blank,
 'till Ingleby's end. Found, and killed him. On to Park.
 'Found in Firs. Soon lost, near Clint. Clint blank. Back
 'to Nidd, blank; Mires and Warren ditto. On to Roecliffe.
 'Brace in whin. Away with a vixen, and stopped hounds.
 'So home, 4-55 p.m. Hunting over, though cold enough
 'for November.'

This was Colonel Fairfax's last season as Master. He had sent in his resignation early in January, and his successor, Captain Slingsby, was unanimously elected at a meeting held on February 19th. During his mastership, which was all too short, the best traditions of the hunt were preserved, and the sport shown was of a high order. He seemed to know instinctively the run of a fox, and he was one of that band of brilliant gentlemen-huntsmen to which Yorkshire has contributed so largely. In the kennel he was as good as he was in the field, and a careful study of the kennel-book shows what a mark his judgment had made in the pack during the short time in which he presided over its destinies. Indeed, it may be said that he initiated the policy which is followed in the kennel to the present day, and which has made the York and Ainsty the level and handsome pack that it is.





CHAPTER VII.

CAPTAIN SLINGSBY, CAPTAIN BROCKLEHURST, AND COLONEL YORK.

CAPTAIN SLINGSBY commenced his mastership with John Hollidge as huntsman, and after three years of service George Gillson came in his place, Hollidge retiring from the profession. It is to be regretted that there is not much forthcoming concerning the sport which was shown by Captain Slingsby during his four years of mastership. He kept no diary, and information from other sources is scanty. I have only been able to get an account of one run, but it was a run of exceptional excellence, one that will live amongst the great runs for which the country has been famous since its earliest days. It took place on January 6th, 1881, when Hollidge carried the horn. The fixture would probably be Burton Leonard, for they found their first fox at Burton Wood, and ran by Copgrove Hall, through Burton Leonard village, leaving South Stanley on the right and through the top of Cayton Gill, marking their fox to ground within a field of Clint. This was a good run over a fine wild country, and by itself would have made a good day's sport. Indeed, Captain

Slingsby thought of not drawing again, but some one suggested that they should draw Clint. Captain Slingsby agreed, and the moment hounds were in covert they found and went away smartly over the river Nidd, leaving Birstwith Hall on the right, and over Kettlesing Head and by Fewston reservoir, and finally they marked their fox to ground at West End, near the Rocking Stones, on the edge of Pock Stone Moor. The run was over a very severe line of country, as those who have ridden over Blubberhouses Moor do not need telling, and the field was well thinned out before the end came. It was about ten o'clock when Mr. Wilmot Smith, to whom I am indebted for an account of this run, arrived home. He was riding the late Mr. Clare Vyner's Mausoleum, a high class steeple-chase horse in his day. Another incident in connection with the run was that it took place before a very hard frost, and hounds were not out of the kennel again till February 3rd. Indeed, it froze very hard as they were returning home that night, and there was some difficulty with the slippery road in places.

During the time he hunted the country, Captain Slingsby showed good sport, and it was to the general regret of the hunt that he felt himself obliged to retire on account of failing health at the end of his fourth season. A good successor was found for him in Captain Brocklehurst, who retained Gillson as his huntsman.

1883-84.—Captain Brocklehurst's first season's cub-hunting was a satisfactory one, hounds killing nineteen brace of foxes. The regular season opened on Monday, November 5th, at Sutton Hall, but they had only a moderate day's sport, scent being very bad and the morning a wild one. It was not long before there was a change for the better, and a fortnight later they had a good hunting run of two hours forty-five minutes from Linton Spring,

whilst three days after that they had a run in which the bitches distinguished themselves. They found in Thorpe Green and ran hard for an hour, a ringing kind of run, and killed in a small spinney near Widdington Wood, the hounds scratching him out of a small rabbit burrow in which he had taken shelter.

There was a fair average of sport to the end of the year, and on St. Stephen's day, they had one of those provoking occurrences which crop up at times to the disappointment of all concerned. They met at Marston station, the morning thick with fog. However, they made a start, and found at once in Red House Wood a straight necked fox, who went away without pressing. The fog, however, was so thick, that hounds had to be stopped at Deighton plantation, and this on the best scenting day they had had so far.

The new year began well, and January was a good month, two good runs in which must be given:—

‘Tuesday, January 1st. Drew Nun Appleton coverts blank.
 ‘Found in Willow Bed at Bolton Percy, ran to Oxton
 ‘Hall, through the park to Catterton, from there he made
 ‘to Bilbrough, but turning short of Bilbrough Whin he
 ‘came to Steeton, as if for Pallethorpe, but turned short
 ‘after crossing drain and ran through Oxton Park again
 ‘to Shire Oaks, and we ran him to ground at Bilton in
 ‘main earths. One hour, forty-five minutes, running all
 ‘the time, and a very good run.

‘Thursday, January 10th. Ripley Castle. Drew Ripley coverts
 ‘blank. Went to Scotton Banks. A fox was seen, but
 ‘hounds could not own to it. Went to Coney Gorse. A
 ‘fox was seen between there and Cote Gill, through which
 ‘she ran to Gibbet's Wood, over the hill, and we checked
 ‘on the other side of the railway, where she lay down,
 ‘but jumped up close to the hounds, and they ran her
 ‘very fast for about ten minutes, through Lofthouse Whin,
 ‘where she made by Spellow Hill, through Grafton Whin,

‘and we ran into her about a mile from Aldbrough, a couple of fields beyond the Boroughbridge road. A very good run of one hour, twenty-five minutes. Playmate, Ferryman, Contest, Musjid did most work.’

February was a good month, especially towards the end of it, when one good run followed another. On the 5th they had a smart hour and twenty minutes from Askham Whin, killing their fox in the middle ride of Askham Bogs, a most unusual occurrence, this being only the second time I have found mention of a fox being killed in the Bogs:—

‘Tuesday, February 26th. Nun Appleton. Found close to the keeper’s house, ran a fast ring by new plantation and back again to keeper’s house, and ran him through Sickle Pits, past Nun Appleton House, and to ground in earths at Appleton Roebuck; fox only a minute before hounds. Found in Bolton Percy Willow Beds, ran through Nun Appleton Park, by keeper’s house, and down to river above Acaster, where he crossed. We got over Acaster ferry, ran through Long Rush to Moreby Wood, back to Stillingfleet Wood where I think we changed, and ran hard through Moreby Wood to Escrick Park gates, turned short to the right and through Kelfield, to ground in drain at farmhouse at Stillingfleet. Got him out and killed. Very good run.’

This was indeed a good run for the country, and the deep plough would take some crossing. The country was very deep this season, and at times it was almost unrideable, and on March 8th, when they had a good day from Alne station, there was quite a chapter of accidents. The Master got into a beck near Helperby, and Mr. Leatham got in up to his chin, whilst Mr. Lycett Green also ‘took a toss’ at a drain, and the awkwardness of the places may be gauged by the fact that the horses were in for a couple of hours. The season finished on March 29th, at Sessay station, the score of foxes killed being thirty-nine brace.

1884-85. - Captain Brocklehurst's second and last season commenced on Monday, September 8th, at Street Houses, where they had a very good morning amongst the cubs, of which there was an excellent show, and the young hounds went home well blooded, having killed a brace. In most parts of the country foxes were plentiful, and the cub-hunting season was a very good one, some capital sport taking place in the latter part of October, and November started brilliantly. The opening days of the regular season were as follows:—

‘Monday, November 3rd. Shires Bar. Found in Alne Whin
 ‘a brace, and ran one for Hawk Hills, but he turned to the
 ‘left, and we lost him pointing for Crayke. Came back to
 ‘Folly Wood, where fox pointed for Stillington Carr, and
 ‘we lost him close to Huby Whin; bad scent. Did not
 ‘find in Stillington Carr, but found three or four in Hawk
 ‘Hills. Got away close on the back of one who pointed for
 ‘New Parks. We bustled him along at a good pace, when
 ‘he turned back to Folly Wood, which he went straight
 ‘through, and went straight for Crayke village, which he
 ‘left on the left, and we lost him close to Peel Wood
 ‘between Brandsby and Newburgh. Good fox. One hour
 ‘forty minutes; going all the time; first part very fast.
 ‘Good run, and though we lost him he was seen dead beat
 ‘about five minutes before hounds. Hard day.’

‘Tuesday, November 4th. Buckle's inn. Found in Askham
 ‘Bogs, and ran straight for the kennels, leaving them on the
 ‘right, and to ground a few fields beyond. Found again
 ‘in Grange Wood. Ran a sharp ring of fifteen minutes to
 ‘ground. Found in Askham Whin. Found in Collier Hagg,
 ‘but turned to the right; passed Rufforth village on the
 ‘left, and then turned short to the left for Marston village,
 ‘leaving Hutton Thorns on the right, and through Marston
 ‘village as if for Bilton, where he turned to the right past
 ‘Marston Whin, leaving it on the left, and then turned to
 ‘the right, leaving Tockwith village on the left as if for
 ‘Wilstrop, but turned to the left, and we ran into him in
 ‘an orchard on a farm on the river bank near Cattal Bridge.

‘Fifty-five minutes; a clinker, and going all the time a splitter. Good six-mile point; hounds must have gone eight miles.’

On November 9th they had some bad luck, for at the end of a good day's sport Gillson jumped into a pond and was a good deal hurt, whilst his horse was so badly injured that it had to be destroyed. But sport was good all along, and the early days of December brought plenty of hard work for hounds and horses. They had a very good gallop on the 11th from a little covert below Spellow Hill, the first twenty-six minutes being all over grass, and at a first-rate pace. Then came rather a long check, but they got on the line again, and eventually killed on the river bank at Roecliffe. Then on the following Monday they had a good hour and forty-five minutes from Folly Wood, and though it was a ring it was a wide one, and they finally marked their fox to ground in the main earths in the covert in which they found, than which there can scarcely be a more annoying circumstance for a huntsman. The year went out well, and one of the concluding days was notable for the way in which hounds hunted up to their fox after scent had changed at the end of a fast burst:—

‘Monday, December 29th. Blue Bridge. Found in Blue Bridge Whin, and ran as if for Newton-on-Ouse, but lost after crossing railway. Drew Dodholme Wood, but fox slipped away, and did nothing with him. Found in New Parks, and ran very fast twenty-four minutes straight to within a couple of fields of Crayke Whin, where he turned short to the right down wind, and we hunted slowly by Plainville and through Moorlands to Skelton Spring. He came away from there, leaving Shipton village on the left, and ran into him between there and Launde Wood. One hour fifty minutes. First twenty-four minutes we raced without check, when fox turned down wind, and we only hunted slowly. Gillson hunted hounds very patiently.’

The season wore on and sport continued to be good, scent generally serving well, and day after day there was something to talk about. Nor was the sport confined to one district as sometimes is the case. North, south, east, and west the sport came, and there seemed little to choose between the various districts either for a show of foxes or for an average of sport. The following was, perhaps, the best day which took place during Captain Brocklehurst's mastership; unfortunately he was unable to be out:—

‘Tuesday, January 20th. Skip Bridge inn. Cold and hazy.
 ‘Did not find in Skip Bridge Whin. Directly hounds were
 ‘put into Red House Wood there was a holloa the far
 ‘side, and hounds ran at racing pace nearly up to Poppleton
 ‘village, but fox was headed close to the Red Lion inn,
 ‘where he turned to the right and crossed the railway to
 ‘the left of Hessay, and ran to within a field of Harewood’s
 ‘Whin, where he turned to the right, and ran leaving
 ‘Hutton Thorns a few fields on the left to Wilstrop Wood,
 ‘which he left on the right, and got to ground in river bank
 ‘by Skewkirk. One hour ten minutes; very fast and very
 ‘good run. Drew Harewood’s Whin, when a fox was
 ‘holloaed on the far side entering it. Hounds ran with
 ‘screaming scent through Grange Wood to Askham Bryan,
 ‘and over the road and on to Askham Richard, where he
 ‘turned short to the right, and back through Grange Wood,
 ‘and killed him in the open at Clark’s farm close to Acomb
 ‘Grange. Thirty-seven minutes; raced all the way. Very
 ‘good day, the best the York and Ainsty have had for
 ‘years.’

Captain Brocklehurst was prevented from being out by a bad fall he had had the day before, his mare having put her foot in a rabbit-hole and given him a severe shaking. It was hard luck to miss such a good day, a day such as has seldom been surpassed in the Ainsty district. It is, however, open to question whether it was a better day’s sport than that with an account of which this chapter commences. Captain Brocklehurst’s second season and his

mastership came to a close on March 20th, when hounds met at Copgrove and had a fair day's sport for the time of year, killing a brace of foxes.

Captain Brocklehurst was succeeded by Colonel York, whose reign was all too short. The new Master kept Gillson as huntsman, and during the short time that he held the reins of office, he showed that the hounds were once more in good hands. Of his cub-hunting there is no account forthcoming, but from Captain Brocklehurst's diary I have been able to gather a little information about the sport after the regular season commenced on November 2nd. The season opened at Hawk Hills, but they had not a very good day's sport, though hounds ran hard at night and had to be stopped in the dark. The best day of which there is a record took place early in December:—

'Saturday, December 5th. Thirkleby Park. Found a dead fox
'trapped in Thirkleby Whin. Ran into another in a few fields
'which had also been trapped. Found a brace in covert
'close to Thirkleby House, and ran by Bagby mill, through
'Balk to Hood Hill, and over the Hambleton Plain straight
'to Duncombe Park, in the middle of which they ran into
'him in the open, about a quarter of a mile from the house.
'An hour and forty minutes, and nine-mile point. After
'Hood Hill we saw our fox several times just in front of
'hounds; he just ran through a bit of the top end of Wass
'Bank, and came out about a hundred yards in front of
'hounds. A very fine run.'

Colonel York had been ill for some weeks, and on the Monday following this good run he died, much regretted. He was a good sportsman, but during his short mastership he had little opportunity of showing his ability as a master of hounds in the field. After his death the country carried on the hounds to the end of the season, a committee consisting of Lord Wenlock, Captain Slingsby, and Captain Brocklehurst managing. There was quite a good average

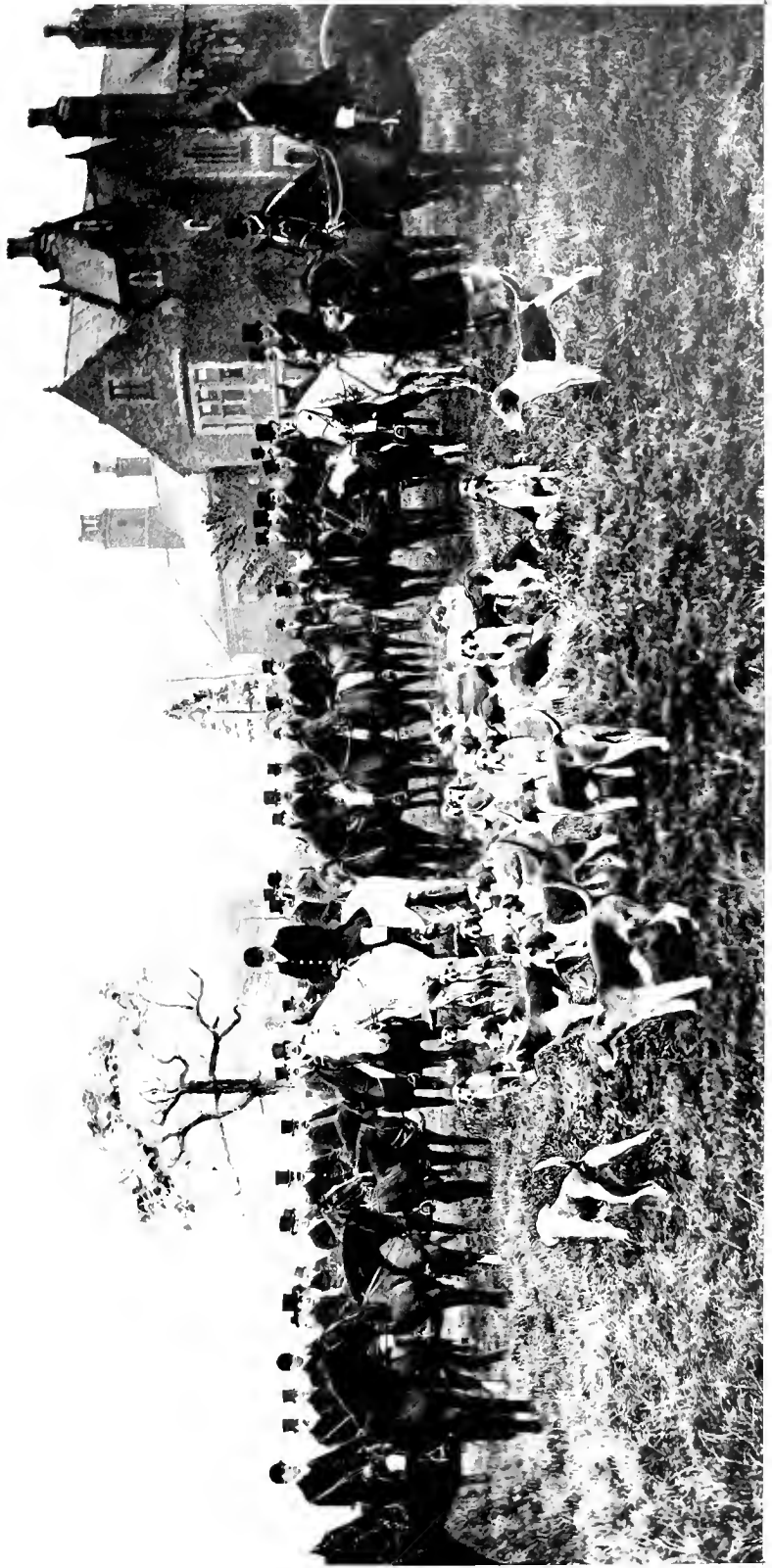
of sport, though frost interfered a little with hunting operations at times. The best run which took place during the rule of the committee must conclude this chapter:—

‘Tuesday, February 22nd. Marston station. Fine and warm, after a rather heavy fall of snow. Did not find at Deighton, but I viewed a long fox going away from south-west corner of Red House Wood, and we ran very fast by the church¹ and over the railway as if for Wilstrop, but ran through small covert and straight on just about half way between Hutton Thorns and Marston village, where he bore a bit to his left, and ran to drain side just before reaching Collier Hagg, where hounds turned short to the left, and leaving Rufforth on left and Grange Wood close on right, he ran as if for Acomb Grange, and we lost not far from Poppleton railway bridge, but went to a holloa at Knapton, but did no good. R. Parker² saw our hunted fox at Collier Hagg pointing for Angram, and it is there where we must have got on the line of a disturbed fox. It was a very fast fifty-five minutes up to Poppleton railway bridge. Best run I have seen in Ainsty.’

(1) Moor Monkton church.

(2) The Hon. R. Parker.







CHAPTER VIII.

THE RULE OF MR. E. LYCETT GREEN.

1886-87.—WITH the end of the season 1885-86 the Committee which had managed the hunt after the death of Colonel York went out of office, and Mr. E. Lycett Green was appointed Master, the services of Gillson being still retained as huntsman. The year 1886 was not a very early one, and it was not until September was well advanced that the new Master was able to take the field. On the 17th of that month a start was made at Rufforth Whin, and a good start it was, for there was a good show of foxes, and hounds killed a brace. The cub-hunting season was a successful one, foxes turning up well all over the country, and hounds accounted for twenty-three brace, nineteen brace of which they killed, before they had their opening day at Hawk Hills on Monday, November 1st. The opening day was only a moderate one, for though there were plenty of foxes scent was wretched, and little could be done with any of them.

There was soon to be a change for the better, and in November and the early days in December they showed excellent sport. On December 16th frost set in and lasted for five weeks, hounds not being out of the kennel again till

January 22nd. They came out very fresh and full of go after their long rest, and again, scent serving, they had a succession of good runs, the best of which came in February, and the following is probably as good a day as ever was seen in the Escrick country:—

‘Saturday, February 5th. Escrick. Found a good show in the
 ‘Holly Carrs. Rattled one round for some time, and
 ‘getting away, ran up to the Hackings. Could make
 ‘nothing out there, so went back into the park and got on
 ‘our fox again, the delay in going to the Hackings being
 ‘caused by hounds getting heel-way on the line. Ran
 ‘through the Sheep Walk Plantation and up to the Riccall
 ‘and York road. Turned back into the Holly Carrs, and
 ‘after some good work, killed. Thirty minutes. Found in
 ‘Gilberson’s Wood or Grey Reins, and ran fast up to the
 ‘Thicket Priory coverts. Leaving Simpson’s Wood on our
 ‘left, ran past Scruton Wood up to the back common at
 ‘Skipwith. Worked him slowly round the common with a
 ‘very poor scent, but getting on better terms with him,
 ‘owing to a view, ran him back nearly to Scruton Wood,
 ‘and killed in the open. One hour’s good hunting, hounds
 ‘going very fast at times, and working very well. Found
 ‘at Lacey Bottoms, and went a cracker up to Richardson’s
 ‘plantation (Deighton covert), and Gold Looking. Getting
 ‘away with him (hounds chopped another fox as they went
 ‘through the covert), ran very fast, leaving Wigman Wood
 ‘on our left, up to near the York and Wheldrake road.
 ‘After a check of a moment there, hit off the line and ran
 ‘a cracker on to Wheldrake Common. Took a sharp turn
 ‘to the right through Langwith, and after running three
 ‘fields, killed him in the plantation near Wheldrake
 ‘Common, at the Brinkworth end of it. Forty-five minutes;
 ‘very fast indeed.’

There was a week’s stoppage from frost two days after this good day’s sport, and then the game went on merrily, and a good hunting run took place four or five days after they were at work again:—

‘Saturday, February 19th. Melbourne. After drawing the fields and a good many of the coverts about Melbourne, found at last at Ross Moor (Storthwaite) a fox without a brush that went away at once. After running through the first covert, changed on to a fox with a brush, and ran him for three fields, and killed. Got the hounds quickly on the line of the first fox, and ran hard to Foggathorpe, nearly up to Laytham, and after running by Aughton Ruddings, turned short back to the right and hunted slowly back to Melbourne. Getting within a mile of Melbourne, scent improved for a time, and hounds ran hard up to the covert; came to a check in one of the Melbourne coverts. Got on the line again, and pointing straight through, made for the canal; turning to the left, ran the bank of the canal; turned again to the left, and owing to a view, got on better terms with our fox. Hunted back through Storthwaite and up to Melbourne Hall, where Seamstress (1886) rolled the fox over in a lane near the park single-handed. A run of two hours and fifteen minutes; wonderfully good hunting. It was not a fast run, but the fox (a vixen without a brush) was fairly hunted to death by hounds keeping their heads down and overcoming difficulties.’

The season ended on April 4th, hounds having killed thirty-four brace of foxes and ran eighteen brace to ground.

1887-88.—The next season Arthur Wilson, who had been first whipper-in under Gillard, came from the Belvoir to fill the place of Gillson, who went to the Durham. A start was made amongst the cubs on September 10th, Wilson taking fifty-two couples of hounds to Red House Wood. The morning was dry and hot, and scent was wretched, but there was a good show of foxes, and after a couple of hours’ hard work they got hold of a cub. Unsettled weather prevailed during the early part of the season, and in November there were some heavy gales. On November 14th they were like having a good day, but an accident spoiled it. They met at Huby, and did not do much in the morning with a twisting

fox from Haxby Whin. In the afternoon they found at Skelton Spring, and ran very fast to the left of Skelton village and over the Skelton and Moorlands road. In jumping into this road Wilson got a bad fall over some wire, and was so much hurt that hounds were stopped. It was on this day that the late Duke of Clarence first hunted with the York and Ainsty.

Wilson was unable to hunt the next day, and then there came a week's frost. Hounds took the field again on the 22nd, but the weather was still unsettled, and on at least one day in the week hunting was only just possible. Then came a really good day, though a somewhat unlucky one:—

‘ Monday, November 28th. Alne Station. Found in the Old
 ‘ Wood at Hawk Hills. The fox was up a tree, a small wiry
 ‘ fox, with a big white tag to his brush. Ran fast at first,
 ‘ leaving Crayke just on our left; hounds hunted him on to
 ‘ Peel Wood, Moonshine (1836) getting a bit forward with
 ‘ the line after we left the wood; hunted him up to Yearsley
 ‘ Moor and up to Gilling, got a nick at him there owing to
 ‘ a holloa; got away from Gilling Wood and ran straight
 ‘ up the avenue, leaving the castle just on our left hand;
 ‘ turned short to the right, and leaving Gilling village on
 ‘ our left, ran him up past Cawton Heights on to Stonegrave;
 ‘ turned to the left and went down into the low country,
 ‘ crossing the Pickering railway; hounds dwelt a moment
 ‘ at a drain before crossing the railway, but quickly hit off
 ‘ the line and pointed for Oswaldkirk; came to very slow
 ‘ hunting, but a holloa on the left got them on better terms
 ‘ with their fox; leaving Oswaldkirk on our right, ran past
 ‘ Ampleforth College and on to Ampleforth village, and
 ‘ came to our first really long check. Time up to then, one
 ‘ hour fifty-five minutes. Got on the line of what turned
 ‘ out to be a fresh fox, and turning to the left, ran over the
 ‘ railway, leaving Gilling Wood on our left and Ampleforth
 ‘ station on our right, and hunted him through the Newburgh
 ‘ coverts; took a line through them, and worked him slowly
 ‘ on to Crayklands Wood, where we stopped hounds after
 ‘ running three hours. From Hawk Hills to Ampleforth the

‘point was ten miles. We should, but for bad luck, have killed our fox, as he was seen to come out of a drain in the road at Ampleforth, where we changed foxes, dead beat. Had not the second whipper-in been there the villagers would have killed him with sticks. The fox was knocked over by one.’

Frost soon caused another stoppage, and from the eighth to the thirteenth of December hounds were kept in kennel. The thaw was a rapid one. On the night of Saturday, December 10th, there were fourteen degrees of frost, and on Sunday there were twelve degrees. The thaw set in on Monday night, and was so rapid that hounds could hunt on Tuesday at noon, when they had a nice hunting run of forty minutes from Stub Wood. On January 7th they had a typical Eserick day, running from morning till night with a holding scent, but they failed to kill.

The north side of the country did well this season, and excellent was the average of sport in that part of the country, foxes being bold and stout, and making good points. The two following days, added to the one already given, are certainly sufficient to stamp a season as a good one:—

‘Monday, February 6th. Stillington. Found at Stillington Carr, and ran fast for three fields towards Huby Old Whin; came to a long check; got on the line at length and ran to Sutton village; turning to the left, showed a line towards Farlington, and lost. Found at Haxby Whin and ran fast within a field of the York and Sutton road; turned short to the left and ran back to Haxby lane, over it, and pointed as if for Strensall; going through the small covert next the Oak plantation, and leaving Strensall village on our right, ran through the old fox covert; here hounds came to a slight check. Sportsman (1883) and Seaman (1882) hit off the line, and the body of the pack joining them, they swung to the right over the Farlington Beck and crossed the railway (Scarborough line) on to Strensall Common. Hunted him very well over it, and pointed for the Averhams. Turning short to the left, and

‘leaving Smith’s Whin three fields to our right, he ran up
 ‘the road as if for Flaxton; turning again off the road, ran
 ‘him over the railway near Flaxton station, passed Lilling
 ‘Hall on our left, pointed as if for Stittenham; turning to
 ‘the right, ran down the hill and up to within a field of
 ‘Foston covert, and ran into him in the open—a field to the
 ‘left and within half a mile of Bulmer Hagg. One hour
 ‘and fifteen minutes; ten-mile point; really good hunting,
 ‘fast at times and slow at others.’

‘Monday, March 26th. Sutton-on-the-Forest. Found in Hundred
 ‘Acre Farm Covert at Haxby. Ran up to Suet Carr, turned
 ‘short to the left and then worked on to Haxby Whin;
 ‘showed a line into Haxby Whin, got away with the fox
 ‘from there, ran fast as if for Sutton, but turning to the
 ‘right ran through Suet Carr on to the Oak plantation;
 ‘checked there, worked the line on into Strensall village
 ‘end and down to Foss Beck, where the fox had crossed
 ‘and recrossed; took a sort of line on to the old fox covert,
 ‘held them forward to the left, and in the end worked
 ‘round to the little covert near Strensall and Sheriff Hutton.
 ‘A fox had gone away from there without being seen.
 ‘Hounds settled down on his line and ran through the old
 ‘fox covert, and worked him over Sheriff Hutton beck;
 ‘turned short to the right, ran down the bank, and pointed
 ‘as if for Smith’s Whin; after going within two fields of
 ‘that covert, turned to the left over the lane and pointed
 ‘for Sheriff Hutton; after checking slightly, turned to the
 ‘left and ran up just to the left of Sheriff Hutton, over the
 ‘hill, and pointed for Stittenham Wood; after a slight
 ‘check, hunted the line on into Stittenham Wood and over
 ‘into the Oxclose pasture-garth; checked between the
 ‘covert and Castle Howard Park; getting information
 ‘there, ran him into the park and nearly up to the Castle,
 ‘and checked; after a wide cast, hit off the line into the
 ‘woods on the left; hunted him slowly on, till getting up
 ‘to him, killed in the open, on the edge of Sutton Wood,
 ‘near Castle Howard. Two hours thirteen minutes; hounds
 ‘worked wonderfully well. Some people were inclined to
 ‘think it was the same fox all through from Haxby Whin,
 ‘in which case hounds would have run over fifteen miles.’

It was Wilson's opinion that it was all one run, and in the account he gives of the run he says that the fox waited for them in a small covert near Strensall, and he gives the time as over four hours. It was nine o'clock when hounds got home. Sir Edward Green got a bad fall in the run and was rather hurt, and this prevented Mr. Lycett Green from seeing the whole of it.

The season was brought to a close on Thursday, April 12th, at Ribston, where, owing to Wilson's illness, Mr. Lycett Green carried the horn. It was a good day's sport for the time of year, though the fallows were dry and dusty. They found in Ribston Great Wood, and ran through Langshaw and Goldsbrough Moor, and finally marked their fox to ground on the river banks after a very pretty ring of about twenty-seven minutes. The record for the season was thirty brace killed and twenty-three and a half brace run to ground.

1888-89. — The bad harvest, which did so much to accentuate the difficult position in which farmers found themselves in the summer of 1888, had also its effect upon the hunting world, and it was not till September was nearly over that hounds were able to make a start amongst the cubs. A new departure was made this season, the master hunting the bitches, whilst Wilson still continued to hunt the dogs. The opening morning was at Moreby, and was a fairly satisfactory one. Wilson took twenty-five couples of the dog hounds out, and after a lot of work got hold of a cub. Three days later, on Friday, September 28th, Mr. Lycett Green hunted the bitch pack for the first time. The fixture was the kennels, and a useful morning's sport took place. They found in Knavesmire Wood, and ran for fifty minutes about Middlethorpe and Bishopthorpe, finally getting hold of their fox in Knavesmire Wood. Scent changed for the worse in the after part of the day, and a fox from Askham

Bogs beat them after a short ring. On October 15th Mr. Lycett Green had a very good day, particulars of which must be given, as it is seldom such a good run is seen early in the season:—

‘Wigginton Bar. Holding scent, not good over plough. Haxby
 ‘Whin and Wood blank. Found at Haxby Carr, but did
 ‘not get away with this fox, wishing to find cubs. Found
 ‘at Suet Carr. Ran down to Strensall and Sheriff Hutton
 ‘road; checked at the brickyards; got on the line, and
 ‘taking a turn over the Sheriff Hutton road, recrossed it,
 ‘and leaving the village just on the right, turned to the
 ‘left; came to a check, but hit it off again and ran up to
 ‘Farlington and Sheriff Hutton road, over it, and leaving
 ‘Farlington high covert on our left, hunted him beautifully
 ‘over a fine country pointing for Stearsby Hagg; came to
 ‘a slight check, but getting a view at a distance got on
 ‘better terms with him. Unfortunately, owing to some
 ‘rough places at the bottom of the hill, hounds got ahead
 ‘of us, and coming to a check, lost a bit of time. Hunted
 ‘it on again up to Brow Wood, the fox entering the covert
 ‘fifty yards before the hounds. The Master cast well
 ‘forward for his fox, and held them well round to the left
 ‘by Stearsby Hagg, but failed to hit on him again. The
 ‘impression of Mr. H. Preston was that he went to ground
 ‘in Brow Wood, two earths being open. Time, about fifty
 ‘minutes; about eight miles as hounds ran.’

This was a really good run, and it is to be regretted that hounds did not account for their fox.

On the last day of the cubbing season Mr. Lycett Green met with a nasty accident, his horse rolling over his foot and doing considerable damage. He was not long before he was in the saddle again, but he did not get a top boot on again the whole of the season, and for most of it he rode with only one stirrup. The season, which was a good one, opened on November 5th at Skelton, and all through November there was a fair average of sport. In December hounds also did well, and in that month some of the best runs took place:—

- ‘Tuesday, December 4th. Marston station. Good holding
 ‘scent, day fine, wind south-west, glass rising. Found at
 ‘Skip Bridge Whin, and after running round the covert,
 ‘killed inside. Found at Red House Wood, and ran a
 ‘ring round the Deighton side, back to the river, up to near
 ‘Nun Monkton Ferry, when the fox turned into Red House
 ‘Wood; got away a second time, ran up by the river side,
 ‘worked slowly up to Poppleton plantations, and crossed
 ‘Poppleton Green lane. A fox jumped up in front of
 ‘hounds, and they ran him nicely to Poppleton railway
 ‘bridge; crossed the railway there, and ran into Rufforth
 ‘Whin; got away immediately (some hounds sounded as
 ‘if they had got hold of a fox at the same time as the body
 ‘brought the line out, and turning a bit to the left and
 ‘then slightly to the right, ran over York and Rufforth
 ‘road, leaving Grange Wood on the right; ran up to
 ‘Clapper earths, on over Acomb and Askham road; turned
 ‘short to the right, and rolled the fox over, dead beat, in
 ‘Wilson (the huntsman’s) garden at the kennels. Time,
 ‘forty minutes from Red House Wood; good hunting.
 ‘Found at Askham Bogs. Ran over York and Tadcaster
 ‘road, leaving Bond Hill Ash on our left, Bishopthorpe
 ‘village also; turned to the right over the Copmanthorpe
 ‘drain twice, and pointed as if for Acaster plantations;
 ‘turned short back to the right, recrossed the drain and
 ‘Acaster road, ran straight on to below Bond Hill Ash,
 ‘and to ground. Time, twenty minutes; a nice little gallop.
 ‘Drew the Askham end of the Bog blank. Found at
 ‘Askham Whin, and ran to near Askham Hall; checked,
 ‘hit off line on Collier Hagg side of the whin; ran towards
 ‘the Hagg, turned short to the right, went close to the
 ‘covert and ran up to the Askham and Rufforth and
 ‘Askham lane; two lines; the body went on with theirs
 ‘up to near Askham Whin; Wilson stopped them in the
 ‘park, it being late; six couples took a line towards
 ‘Rufforth. Time, about forty minutes.’
- ‘Saturday, December 22nd. Melbourne. Scent good, day fine,
 ‘glass rising. All Melbourne coverts blank; Thicket Priory
 ‘Whin blank. A fox going away from Simpson’s just as
 ‘we were going to put into it; got a flying start with him.
 ‘Ran fast up to Wheldrake and Escrick road, across it

‘between Gilbertson’s Wood and Wheldrake, ran down the
‘hill, and turning to the left, leaving Lacey Bottoms on our
‘left, ran into Deighton plantations. Hounds were rather
‘bothered there by holloas, two or three fresh foxes being
‘on foot. Rattled the hunted fox round the covert, Wolds-
‘man 1886 nearly catching him; marked him to ground
‘in Richardson’s Whin (the first Deighton covert). Time,
‘fifteen minutes up to Deighton’s plantations. Found at
‘Wheldrake at once a brace in the rhododendrons, and
‘after rattling round the covert, got away at the Crockey
‘Hill end. The body of the pack got a heel-line and took
‘it into the covert, the leading couples going on with the
‘fox; ran over the Deighton road, turned again to the left,
‘and ran nearly up to Wheldrake; recrossed the road, and
‘leaving Wheldrake village on our right ran round into
‘the Langwith end of Wheldrake Common; ran the whole
‘length of the covert and through Mr. Bateson’s covert, at
‘the end of that came to a check; Stately 1887 and
‘Saffron 1888 showed a line to the left, Woodman 1885
‘coming up and speaking to the line; the body came up,
‘ran into another small covert, got on a fresh fox here, ran
‘fast over Telmire Common into Peel Bridge covert, lost
‘some time there owing to a short turn our fox made.
‘Time up to there, one hour thirty minutes. Got away and
‘hunted him beautifully through Deighton plantations, past
‘the Court House at Escrick, into the park, and stopped
‘hounds at dark when pointing for Sheep Walk plantation.
‘Time, two hours; beautiful hunting.’

The year wound up with a bye-day at Moreby on Wednesday, December 26th, when the dogs showed to great advantage on a not very first-rate scenting day. They found a leash of foxes in Kelfield Wood, and one of these they hunted beautifully for two hours. Once or twice they looked as if they had lost him, but they got on to his line again in Kelfield Wood, and hunted with remarkable steadiness through a lot of riot, and finally killed on Gamble’s farm. Falstaff, Gulliver, Silence and Tomboy distinguished themselves very much, both by their steadiness in hunting through

a lot of hares and their perseverance, and I remember being very much struck with the close working of the hounds all through the day. The first run might have been a good one had the fox not crossed the river, and the last was nothing but a ring round the Holly Carrs.

Then came frost, and hounds were kept in kennel for nearly a fortnight, missing seven days' hunting. They got to work again on January 10th, and had some excellent sport all through the month. An afternoon gallop with the bitches from Overton Wood to the drain bank at the far side of Gaping Goose lane, where a good fox saved his life by going to ground, was a cracker as far as pace was concerned, for they ran the five miles nearly straight in twenty-five minutes, and over that severe country horses would have quite plenty to do to keep with them. A few days later they had a good day in the same neighbourhood, but it must be admitted that fortune favoured them:—

‘Monday, January 21st. Skelton. Holding scent; glass high;
 ‘day still. Overton Wood blank. Trotted off to a tree
 ‘two fields beyond Blue Bridge Whin. Found the fox at
 ‘home. Ran slowly up to New Parks, got on terms there,
 ‘ran fast up to the left of Huby village, turned a bit to the
 ‘left, and then raced away up to Hawk Hills, and killed
 ‘our fox dead beat in the Old Wood. Twenty minutes with-
 ‘out a check, hounds racing all the way. Scornful (1887)
 ‘got a view just before Hawk Hills. Got on to another fox
 ‘just before drawing Folly Wood, ran fast through the
 ‘covert, and getting away on his back, ran up to Stillington
 ‘Park on the Huby side. Ran through the belt and over
 ‘the Stillington beck. Leaving Marton vicarage on our left,
 ‘Farlington on our right, ran over the parish of Whenby,
 ‘turned slightly to the left as if for Brandsby Dale, but
 ‘leaving Brow Wood on our left, ran into Dalby Bush and
 ‘lost after a good hunting run of fifty-five minutes. A
 ‘singular thing in the gallop of the morning and the run
 ‘of the afternoon was that both were up wind. Evidently
 ‘the fox in the afternoon was the same fox that had run

‘nearly the same line on October 15th, when the Master
 ‘hunted him from Suet Carr to Brow Wood. The best
 ‘runs, taking both together, we have had this season.
 ‘Those who spoke of the good scent forgot that both runs
 ‘being up wind, we could not judge what it really was.’

It is seldom that two foxes in one day take up wind, and it was doubtless due to this circumstance that there was such exceptional sport. Wilson speaks of the scent as fair, and thinks that the second fox must have got to ground somewhere, a surmise which was probably correct.

If fortune favoured hounds on this particular day, they had a turn of bad luck a month later, when they had a regular series of untoward circumstances to contend against. Still, with all the bad luck, the sport was good:—

‘Thursday, February 21st. Green Hammerton. Scent good;
 ‘glass high and steady. Wind north, day cold. Devil
 ‘Wood and Thorpe Green coverts all blank. Found a
 ‘brace at the Long Covert at Kirby, and ran one with five
 ‘couple of hounds for two fields, and lost our fox owing
 ‘to hounds making a short turn and no one seeing where
 ‘they threw up. The body of the pack took the other fox
 ‘a cracker up to Green Hammerton, and Wilson was
 ‘unable to stop them until just above Providence Green,
 ‘when meeting with the remainder of the pack, the Master
 ‘took them on to where the fox was last seen, Moonshine
 ‘(1886) having nearly rolled him over before being stopped.
 ‘Got on him nearly in view, and ran into him in the clump
 ‘of trees where Old Hammerton Whin used to be—about
 ‘twenty-five minutes. Found at Cranberry Carr, and ran
 ‘fast up to the river between Hunsingore and Cattal Bridge.
 ‘Forded the river at the place hounds crossed, and ran fast
 ‘up to Cowthorpe and up to near Bickerton Bar. Hounds
 ‘checked slightly there. Got on the line and ran over
 ‘Bilton Park, and on to Nova Scotia. Hounds divided
 ‘here. The hunted fox turned round to Wighill, and with
 ‘the remainder of the pack we hunted him through the
 ‘Loft at Wighill. Came to an unfortunate check below
 ‘the Loft, which caused some delay, and though hounds

‘worked him through on to Bickerton Spring, could make
 ‘nothing more out. About thirty minutes up to Nova
 ‘Scotia. Pace good. The couples that divided from the
 ‘body in Nova Scotia slipped away at the top end of that
 ‘covert and ran over the Ainsty, and were seen by the
 ‘huntsman’s second horseman with their fox close in front
 ‘of them just before they ran into Grange Wood, Moon-
 ‘shine (1886) leading them.’

From Cranberry Carr to Grange Wood would have been a great run if all the hounds had got away together, and it is within the range of probability that, as it was, Moonshine and her comrades accounted for their fox.

A good season was brought to a close on April 16th at Birstwith station, where they had a moderate day’s sport. During the season they killed twenty-nine brace of foxes and ran seventeen-and-a-half brace to ground.

1889-90.—The following season started early, and on August 31st Wilson took twenty-eight couples and a half into Stub Wood and had a good morning’s work, killing one cub and running another to ground. The cub-hunting season was a satisfactory one, foxes turning up well nearly all over the country, and they killed nineteen brace and ran eight brace to ground.

The regular season opened brilliantly, and with a little more scent the run would have been a historic one, for there was a good fox, and hounds did all that could be expected of them, working beautifully:—

‘Monday, November 4th. Hawk Hills. Scent very moderate
 ‘indeed in morning; good holding scent in afternoon.
 ‘Glass rising. Found a good show in Hawk Hills Old
 ‘Wood and got on a cub. Ran a ring slowly towards
 ‘Crayke and back into the same covert. Getting away
 ‘again, ran through Folly Wood on to Stillington Carr.
 ‘Got away to the right, worked on to Stillington beck;
 ‘checked, hit off the line; hunted very slowly, leaving

‘ Marton vicarage on our left, up to Farlington low covert.
 ‘ Leaving that on our right, worked him up to the left of
 ‘ Sheriff Hutton. The fox was said to be only three
 ‘ minutes ahead of us there. Scent improved slightly, but
 ‘ only for two fields. Hunted up to near Stittenham Wood.
 ‘ Did not mark the line in, though the fox was seen to go
 ‘ into the wood. Gave up after a beautiful hunt of an
 ‘ hour and forty-five minutes, nearly straight. Found at
 ‘ Sutton Whin, ran over Sheriff Hutton, and Strensall and
 ‘ York road and Farlington beck. Turned to the right,
 ‘ pointed straight for Smith’s Whin—hounds crossing over
 ‘ beck again—on to the York and Ainsty side of Strensall.
 ‘ Then straight up to the railway, leaving Smith’s Whin
 ‘ on our immediate left. Slight check, but viewed the fox
 ‘ on the common. Got hounds off the railway just in time,
 ‘ a train being close behind us. Ran fast up to the edge of
 ‘ the common, and turning to the left pointed for Claxton
 ‘ village, and went into the Averhams. Came out at the
 ‘ Claxton end of the wood. Ran through the small covert
 ‘ by the roadside, coming out near Harton Lodges. Turned
 ‘ to the right and pointed as if for Bossall. Swung round
 ‘ to the left, crossed over into Willow Bridge covert, and
 ‘ the plantation adjoining it. Here we had two foxes
 ‘ ahead of us. There was a holloa over the river, which
 ‘ was taken advantage of, and hounds took the line up on
 ‘ the other side. We got over Howsham Bridge. Hounds
 ‘ re-crossed the river, got on to a fresh fox, ran for two
 ‘ fields, when they crossed the river for the third time, and
 ‘ were stopped. About an hour. Nine mile point—ten
 ‘ miles as hounds ran.’

There was a good average of sport during November,
 but towards the end of the month there was some frost;
 all through December the weather was threatening, and
 hounds were kept in kennel five days in that month. Just
 before their last stoppage they had a day which gave those
 who saw it something to talk about:—

‘ Saturday, December 28th. Thirkleby. Good holding scent;
 ‘ day cold; wind east; glass high. Found at once behind
 ‘ the house at Thirkleby, and got away with a brace of

‘foxes in front of us, running slowly for the first half-mile. The fox we were hunting then we viewed just in front of hounds—a fine long fox of bright dark red colour. Hounds checked rather after crossing the road. Unfortunately, the other fox that had been in front of us previously, jumped up behind. Some of the field in the rear holloaed him, got hounds’ heads up, and sent the fox right into them. There was a great stake-wound in the fox’s shoulder. After breaking him up, hounds were quickly let on the line of the other fox, and settling well down, they ran nicely, straight up to Kirby Knowle and up to the hills by Cowesby Wood. Changed foxes after going up the hill, and ran the fresh fox right on to the moors. Ran on to beyond Kepwick (after having passed Mount St. John’s and Upsall Castle previous to Cowesby Wood and in the end gave up on Mr. Warner’s moor. Time, one hour up to the foot of the hills, over one of the finest bits of country imaginable. When we got there, a couple of hounds—Fencer (1887) and Gainly (1887)—got ahead of the body of the pack, and we had some difficulty in getting up to them over the hills, as they could not hear the cry. On the hill tops scent was wretched, and the thirty minutes spent in working on after a fresh fox over frozen ground was of no use, in spite of him being viewed just in front of them. Time from find to finish, one hour thirty minutes—nine miles as the crow flies, about twelve miles as hounds ran. We were said to have run through three hunts, namely, Sinnington, Bilsdale, and Hurworth. The fine country before reaching the hills was for the most part the Bilsdale, near where it joins the Hurworth and Bedale.’

There was a week’s frost after this, and then hounds got to work again, and the remainder of the season was very open. Indeed, there were only two stoppages from frost from January 6th till the season closed on April 1st. There was nothing exceptional about the sport in January and February, though hounds had some very good hunting runs. March was stormy and wild, and scent, as a natural consequence, was only moderate. They had, however, a good day

on the 6th, when they met at Allerton station. They found their fox at Cranberry Carr, and ran him to ground in Skip Bridge Whin after a very fine hunt of two hours. They finished at Goldsbrough Hall, whence they had a fair day's sport, but without adding to the noses on the kennel door. During the season they killed forty-one-and-a-half brace and ran thirty-and-a-half brace to ground.

1890-91.—Again was a good start made with the cub-hunting, and with the ground in good order and a plentiful supply of foxes everything went on briskly. September 1st was the first morning, and a very foggy morning it was and cold withal, whilst there was a wretched scent. Still they managed to get hold of a cub after some work, but they found him in a turnip field of Mr. Smallwood's, and ran him over a few fields into a potato field, and he never got out of it. They were not long before they had a scent. On the 20th they went to hunt the Deighton coverts, and after a lot of work, hounds running hard in covert for four hours, they killed. A curious circumstance with respect to this day is that it rained hard when they started to hunt, and so long as rain kept falling scent was good. The moment, however, that it ceased, scent began to fail. The young hounds had entered well, there was a good show of foxes, and as yet mange had not begun to show itself. During the cubbing they killed sixteen-and-a-half brace and ran four brace to ground. The following was probably their best day up to the commencement of the regular season:—

‘Friday, October 24th. Nun Appleton. Good scent in open; glass
 ‘falling. Found in Sickle Pit (Nun Appleton), and killed a
 ‘cub at once. Found a good show at Kennel Wood, and
 ‘after running round the covert, got away and ran up to
 ‘Appleton Common lane, and on to Brocket Hagg. Got
 ‘away from there and made a short ring, and back into
 ‘the covert. Went away a second time and lost in three

‘fields. Came back to Brocket Hagg and got hold of a
‘tired cub. Found at Stub Wood and ran up to York end
‘of Acaster village. Turned to the left over Bishopthorpe
‘and Appleton road and Copmanthorpe lane, and turning
‘to the right, ran hard, straight over the railway up to
‘Askham Bogs, down by the middle ride; turned to the
‘right up to Chaloner’s Whin. Slight check owing to a
‘drain; went to a holloa on the Dringhouses railway
‘bridge. Got on the line and ran parallel with the railway.
‘Crossed it, and ran down the other side to Backhouse’s
‘gardens, and killed in the far gardens near the waterworks.
‘One hour ten minutes. The first twenty minutes were fast,
‘and the point was straight. Singularly enough it was a
‘cub that gave us this quick gallop.’

The opening day, Monday, November 3rd, was at Hawk Hills, where they found a sufficiency of foxes, but there is nothing much to record till November 8th, when they had a capital day from Escrick, the cream of which was a clipping twenty-seven minutes from Cliffe Wood, ending with a kill at the North and South Duffield cross roads. So fast was the pace that the fox laid down in a ditch just before they killed him. Unfortunately, very few saw the good thing, as hounds had slipped away without their huntsman.

They were soon to have a good hunting run, and, indeed, all through November sport was above an average:—

‘Tuesday, November 18th. Askham Bryan. Good holding
‘scent; day very hot and bright; glass rising. Found in
‘Askham Whin and ran as if for Grange Wood. Turned
‘to the left, ran round Askham Bryan, worked back
‘towards Askham Richard. Some wrong information took
‘us to Askham Hall stables, where a fox had been seen,
‘but hounds could make nothing more of him. Found at
‘Grange Wood, ran to Rufforth Whin, skirted the covert,
‘leaving it just on the right, and then ran up to the right
‘of Rufforth village, and up to Hutton Thorns—just twenty
‘minutes; hounds ran fast. The hunted fox broke on the
‘Wilstrop side and went straight up the Marston and
‘Rufforth road. Instead of crossing it he laid down

‘amongst some brickyard rubbish. Jumping up in view, ‘hounds coursed him back into Hutton Thorns, through ‘the covert, up to Rufforth. Came to a check. Leaving ‘Rufforth on our right, we turned back to the left, and ‘took the line of a fresh fox up to Rufforth and Hessay ‘line, over it, and Hutton Thorns drain, up to the small ‘plantation on Hessay and Marston road. Checked there. ‘Hit off the line, and leaving Marston village on our right, ‘worked back into Hutton Thorns. Hounds worked round ‘the covert for some time, and at length got away and ‘pointed for Collier Hagg. Got on the line of a bob- ‘tailed fox, and ran him up to Askham Richard and ‘Rufforth lane; crossed it and worked round the Askham ‘side of Grange Wood. Turned to the left, leaving Grange ‘Wood on the left, over Mr. Smith’s lane and the Knapton ‘and Rufforth road, and killed at the Moor End Farm at ‘the parish of Poppleton. The fox was so beat that he ‘laïd in a turnip field, and hounds worked right up to him. ‘A really good hunt at times, but mostly slow hunting. ‘Time, two hours. The fox had a bob-tail. Drew Rufforth ‘and killed an unfortunate fox with a trap on his leg.’

There was a succession of good sport, and then, as frequently happens after a spell of good sport, there came a long frost. After some preliminary warnings it came in earnest on December 15th, and though at times the hopes of hunting men were flattered, and there were signs of a change, there was not even the chance of stealing a day till January 25th, when Mr. Lycett Green took the bitches out to exercise, and as he passed the Holly Carrs he ran them through the covert, and after some very good work they marked a fox to ground, and dug him out and killed him. It was a lucky circumstance that the fox stuck to the covert, as the country was quite unrideable, the land being full of ‘bone,’ and, indeed, in some places the frost had not gone. On the following Monday it was impossible to hunt at Stillington, but they went on to Aldwark and had a fair day’s sport, killing a fox in the

morning, and winding up with a good thirty minutes from Aldwark to Alne Hall. In February sport was excellent :—

‘ Monday, February 2nd. Skelton. Holding scent, except on
 ‘ plough, which carried; glass falling; wind south-west.
 ‘ Found in Skelton Spring, ran over the road, leaving
 ‘ Shipton on our left. Turned to the right and ran up to
 ‘ the York and Moorlands roads; pointed as if for Nova
 ‘ Scotia; crossed over the road and turned short to the
 ‘ right; recrossed the road at Skelton and ran for Skelton
 ‘ Park; worked up to Moorlands; got on better terms with
 ‘ their fox, and after crossing the Moorlands and Skelton
 ‘ road, turned to the left, and ran nearly up to Plainville;
 ‘ turned to the right, and worked up to the York and
 ‘ Sutton road, over it, and leaving Haxby Whin on our
 ‘ right, ran through Haxby Wood and Carr. Leaving
 ‘ Hundred Acre Farm on our left, pointed for Oak
 ‘ plantation. Turned to the right, worked up to the York
 ‘ and Scarborough line above Haxby station; crossed over
 ‘ the river Foss near Towthorpe, and turning to the left
 ‘ ran up to the river side; recrossed the river at Strensall;
 ‘ came to a long check here; hit off the line near the
 ‘ village, and worked up to near the Oak plantation,
 ‘ where we had again another long check. Took the line
 ‘ down by the river Foss, and ran on into Strensall covert
 ‘ side, and though hounds showed a stale line, made
 ‘ nothing more of it. One hour and thirty minutes—good
 ‘ hunting run. Sutton Whin, Suet Carr, Haxby Carr and
 ‘ Nova Scotia blank. Found in Overton Wood, ran for
 ‘ three fields and lost.’

Though this was not a very brilliant run it was a very satisfactory one, and showed that the ground was getting into better order, and that when the plough had “saddened” a little there would be something to talk about. Nor was the good sport long in coming, for three days later they had a clipper :—

‘ Thursday, February 5th. Green Hammerton. Good scent,
 ‘ especially in the morning; glass very high indeed.
 ‘ Widdington Wood and all Widdington coverts blank.

‘ Found at Bog covert, Thorpe Green. Ran fast to Divil
 ‘ Wood, and through it. Three couples of hounds got a
 ‘ view at the fox as he crossed Widdington beck. Got
 ‘ the body up to them, and leaving the Widdington coverts
 ‘ on the left, ran through Carlton Wood and up to Nun
 ‘ Monkton, down towards the river. Hounds got a view of
 ‘ their fox opposite to Moor Monkton. They ran straight
 ‘ up to him and rolled him over after a good twenty-five
 ‘ minutes. Found at the Long covert, Kirby, and ran as
 ‘ if for Widdington Wood, but turning to the left he went
 ‘ over the river above Linton Lock. Another fox had been
 ‘ in front of us as well. Got on his line at Fish Wood,
 ‘ and ran hard to Divil Wood, through it and the Bog
 ‘ covert at Thorpe Green. He was viewed from there dead
 ‘ beat. Toiler (1889) got rather ahead of the body. Got
 ‘ her stopped, and ran back nearly to Kirby long covert,
 ‘ where a check took place. The fox was believed to have
 ‘ gone over the river, and to ground in the opposite bank,
 ‘ —about forty minutes. Found in Bog covert, below
 ‘ Great Ouseburn. Ran fast through Kirby Park, and ran
 ‘ up alongside Widdington Beck. Turned over it to the
 ‘ right, and pointed straight for York and Boroughbridge
 ‘ road. Turned slightly to the left, and ran up to Skip
 ‘ Bridge; checked; took a line over the road, and to the
 ‘ railway below Hammerton station. Went to ground
 ‘ in a hedge between the railway and Skewkirk Mill.
 ‘ Dug him out and killed. Bitches very keen, having
 ‘ pulled him out of the earth. Time, one hour; good
 ‘ hunting run.’

March came in with wild blustering winds, and it was pretty evident to those with weather wisdom that the storms were not yet done with, and on the 9th a keen north-east wind was blowing through snow. The following morning found the country covered, and on Tuesday and Thursday hounds were confined to the kennel. Then the game went on merrily again, and till the finish of the season sport was good:—

‘ Monday, March 16th. Aldwark Bridge. Very good scent;
 ‘ glass rising; wind north. The following coverts blank;

‘Reilly plantation, new gorse on Mr. Hawking’s farm,
 ‘Aldwark Moor, and the gorse covert on it, Aldwark
 ‘Wood and the Fox Covert next it, Youlton Whin and
 ‘Alne Whin. The coverts belonging to Aldwark were
 ‘only stopped that morning; vixens had begun drawing
 ‘out the earths. Got on a line in Hawk Hills old covert,
 ‘and worked it up to the Crayke end of the covert. As
 ‘soon as they were outside, scent improved, and they ran
 ‘fast until just below Easingwold. Turned short to the
 ‘right, leaving Easingwold to the left; Peep o’ Day also
 ‘on the left. Slight check; hit off the line; run up to
 ‘Newburgh (thirty-three minutes). Ran through the
 ‘covert above the Crow Wood; came to a check. Hounds
 ‘were cast over the park. Streamlet (1890) and Frenzy
 ‘(1890) struck a line across the park which the old
 ‘hounds did not seem to fancy. It turned out to be
 ‘right, however, and the body of the pack worked it up to
 ‘Heronsew Gill. Ran down to Ampleforth station, but
 ‘hounds never spoke to it after crossing the railway.
 ‘Drew the other Newburgh coverts and got on our hunted
 ‘fox in the one just below the keeper’s house, ran through
 ‘Pond Head Wood, over Yearsley Moor, down to the
 ‘plantations near Ampleforth station. Fox dead beat;
 ‘hounds close at him. Raced him nearly in view into
 ‘Gilling Wood. There he beat us owing to hounds
 ‘getting on a fresh fox. The pace was good for thirty-
 ‘three minutes, and the line one of the best. The best
 ‘day we have had (if they had only got him) this season.
 ‘A six-and-a-half mile point; as hounds ran, about nine
 ‘miles up to Newburgh.’

‘Thursday, March 19th. Sawley Hall. Holding scent on grass,
 ‘but none on plough. Found on low covert at Sawley,
 ‘and ran to ground at low end of Butterton Gill. Another
 ‘fox went away from the same place, past the white farm-
 ‘house on the top of the hill, as if for Bishop Thornton,
 ‘but being chased by a sheep-dog, turned short to the
 ‘right, and was hunted slowly down to Sawley Moor. The
 ‘line was picked out by inches down by Mr. Greenwood’s
 ‘keeper’s house, Warsill, through Swales’ Wood up to
 ‘Brimham Rocks, when pace improved a little. Leaving
 ‘the main earth at Brimham Rocks on his right, ran

‘through the Braisby Woods to the large covert just
 ‘above Summer Bridge, near Dacre Banks. Here we
 ‘probably changed. Ran for three fields pretty straight
 ‘to Hartwith, leaving the church on our right, to Spring
 ‘House Wood, which we skirted. Turned over the old
 ‘Pateley road to Broomhill Wood, through Cryers’ Wood
 ‘to ground in a drain in Warsill. Bolted him, ran fast
 ‘up to the top of Butterton Gill, to the far end of Sawley
 ‘Woods. He was viewed making back, and ran almost
 ‘straight back the same line, when we killed. C. Green-
 ‘wood made the Summer Bridge plantation and far end
 ‘of Sawley about five miles as the crow flies. This was
 ‘one of the best days we have had for hounds all through
 ‘the season, and the bitches worked wonderfully, the run
 ‘being about three hours, Waitress (1890) and Streamlet
 ‘(1890) doing extremely well.’

They hunted on till April 11th, when they again met at Sawley to finish the season, and again had an excellent day’s sport. They found the first fox in Sawley Wood, and ran him hard, with a good scent, for some time, and lost him just as they seemed certain to kill. Then came another run from Sir Henry’s Wood up to Kettlesing, where the fox went to ground. But better was to come. Rather late in the day they found in the Park Wood at Ripley, and ran very hard over a fine country to Winstanley Hurst. After the first twenty minutes they hunted on nicely to Scotch Moor above Bewerley, the stone walls giving them a lot of trouble, as they were quite unjumpable. Hounds were finally stopped, and it was after ten o’clock when the special arrived at York.

They were, however, to have one more last day, and on the following Saturday they met at Suffield by invitation from Captain Johnstone. They had a good moorland day, and killed one of the stout foxes for which Captain Johnstone’s country is so celebrated, this making up the complement to forty brace. They ran fifteen-and-a-half brace to ground.

1891-92.—Arthur Wilson left at the end of the season, and went to the Atherstone, Will Gray succeeding him; and during this season he hunted the dog pack. The season began on Friday, September 11th, at Deighton plantations, and after some good work they killed a cub. The cub hunting was especially good this year; day after day scent served well, and there were some runs in October which would not have disgraced December. Early on in the month there was a run which was long talked of as the cub-hunting day, and there were few better days on the Ainsty side during the season:—

‘Wednesday, October 7th. Street Houses, nine o’clock. Good
 ‘scent in morning; bad in afternoon. Found in Pickering
 ‘Wood and ran up to Steeton Hall. Turned to the left
 ‘and ran up to Street Houses. Turned to the left again
 ‘and ran through Steeton Whin, round by Steeton Hall,
 ‘nearly up to Colton. Turned back and went to ground
 ‘near Steeton Hall. Got on another fox in a pond place, and
 ‘ran him round towards Steeton Whin. Turned to the left,
 ‘ran through Pallethorpe and on to Bolton Percy Willow
 ‘Garth, back to Steeton and away to the York and
 ‘Tadcaster road. Got wrong information here, fox having
 ‘turned to the right. Went back to a holloa behind
 ‘Steeton, but made nothing out. Got away from Steeton
 ‘Whin, ran through Pallethorpe, on to the Willow Garth,
 ‘dusted a cub about there; took him over to Steeton
 ‘Whin, and killed.’

The first run was a very good one, and as the country was naturally very blind and the pace was great, there was a great deal of disaster. During the cub-hunting season they accounted for thirty-and-a-half brace of foxes, twenty-two brace of which they killed: a very good record for so difficult a country as the York and Ainsty.

The season opened on Monday, November 2nd, at Aldwark Bridge. They had a fairly good day’s sport, but it was rather spoilt by hounds changing, and some of them

crossed the river. However, they managed to kill a fox in the afternoon. On the following day they met at Knavesmire Lodge, when all York turned out to see them. Knavesmire Wood held a fox, and after a smart scurry he was killed in Mr. Lofthouse's cart shed at Bishopthorpe. Scent then changed for the worse, and though there were more foxes found, not much was done with any of them. Sport continued to be fairly good till the middle of the month, when they had a real old-fashioned day, which some of the horses did not forget in a hurry:—

‘Monday, November 10th. Stillington. Good scent; glass
 ‘rising. Found in Stillington Whin, and after a good cry
 ‘in covert, fox was supposed to have gone to ground.
 ‘Found in Stillington Carr, and after running hard in
 ‘covert, fox (headed twice) at length got away, and ran
 ‘hard up to Folly Wood. Here we viewed the hunted fox
 ‘very beat. A couple of hounds got ahead of the body.
 ‘Got the body of the pack up to them in two fields.
 ‘Hounds ran hard, leaving Huby Burn to the right, across
 ‘Huby and Tollerton lane; turned slightly to the right,
 ‘and then to the left; went through the west end of
 ‘Dodholme Wood and west end of New Parks straight up
 ‘to Blue Beck, below Blue Bridge Whin. Ran slowly
 ‘down Shipton road, Gainsay (1880) doing good work,
 ‘also Twinkie (1890). Hunted beautifully behind Shipton
 ‘village and into Skelton Spring. Got on a fresh fox
 ‘there, but they got stopped. Time to then, one hour
 ‘and thirty minutes from Stillington Carr. Getting away
 ‘on our hunted fox, ran into Overton Wood. Here we
 ‘changed, and going away with a fresh fox, ran by the
 ‘river back into Overton, away to Skelton Spring and on
 ‘to Overton village; down by the river, up to Beningbrough
 ‘and killed in the park. Hounds were running from
 ‘12-17 to three o'clock, off and on. Bitches never worked
 ‘better.’

The month went out with frost, and hounds were confined to the kennel for two or three days, but they got to work again in the beginning of December, and a fair average of

sport was enjoyed till the middle of the month, when there was an exceptionally good day, the best day of the season so far:—

‘Monday, December 14th. Sutton-on-the-Forest. Holding
 ‘scent; better in afternoon. Found in a hedgerow between
 ‘St. John’s Well Wood and Sutton Whin. Leaving the
 ‘whin to our right, ran round it, and going to the left of
 ‘Suet Carr, pointed for the Hundred Acre Farm covert.
 ‘Turned to the left, and after a slight check ran over to
 ‘the Strensall fox covert. The fox was seen about a field
 ‘ahead of hounds. Ran down to the Foss Beck, and
 ‘turning to the right, ran over the common to the left of
 ‘the new covert at Lilling Green. Turned to the right
 ‘and came to a long check. Hit off the line of a fresh
 ‘fox and ran up to Sheriff Hutton bridge. Crossed over
 ‘it and took a line in the direction of Sheriff Hutton
 ‘village and lost. No doubt our hunted fox went to
 ‘ground near the new covert at Lilling Green, two earths
 ‘being open. Found in Haxby Carr, ran to Hundred
 ‘Acre Farm covert and to ground six fields beyond.
 ‘Found in Haxby Whin, ran over York and Sutton road,
 ‘leaving Plainville just on our left. Turned to the right
 ‘and ran straight as if for New Parks, keeping the Huby
 ‘lane on our right hand. When within two fields of New
 ‘Parks, turned to the right over the lane, and ran up to
 ‘Sutton, over the park and on to Suet Carr, through that
 ‘covert, on to Hundred Acre Farm covert, through it and
 ‘straight away to Strensall, crossed the Foss Beck and
 ‘worked him slowly up towards Sheriff Hutton Park.
 ‘When two fields from Sheriff Hutton Park, fox was
 ‘headed by a dog. Hounds worked him to the right, over
 ‘the York and Scarborough line to the right of Flaxton
 ‘station. Turned to the left, and crossing Flaxton, worked
 ‘up the lane leading to Foston Whin covert. Here they
 ‘ran into their fox dead beat in a ditch, after a good
 ‘hunting run of one hour and thirty-five minutes. Wanton
 ‘(1891) made a very good hit just before we killed the fox,
 ‘taking a line by herself over the railway.’

This was probably the run of the season.

Frost set in on the 18th, and there was no hunting till Wednesday, December 30th, when they had a bye-day at Moreby. Scent was bad, as it frequently is after a spell of frost, and though they had a lot of knocking about there is not much to record. On the following day the glass began to rise, and they had a moderate day's sport, and on Saturday the frost set in again, and though they managed to steal a day, it was a hopeless case from the beginning. Hounds were kept in kennel till January 25th. On that day they met at the kennels for Naburn, and a very doubtful day it was. There was a good deal of 'bone' in the ground from the old frost; and then, as had been usual whenever a thaw had set in this winter, there were a few degrees of frost on the top to improve matters. However, Mr. Lycett Green elected to take it as it was, and a fairly good day's sport was the result, hounds getting hold of a brace. On the 27th it is recorded that they left a mangy fox in Overton, and it was about this time that the dreadful scourge was first beginning to show itself, though no one anticipated at the time that it would prove so serious a matter as it did. Scent did not favour hounds greatly in February, but though there were occasional frosty days, they were not much stopped. They had a rare day for hounds on the 25th, when they met at Goldsbrough Hall, and killed a brace of foxes after some good running. Long hunting runs frequently took place in March, and hounds hunted most perseveringly, killing their foxes well. The following is one of the best days of this kind that they had:—

'Monday, March 21st. Aline. Good scent in morning, not so good later on; glass rising; day fine. Youlton Whin and Aldwark Moor blank. Found at Aldwark Wood and ran fast through small coverts near Burton's farm. Turned to the left and ran nearly up to the keeper's house at Aldwark, past the hall and up to near the bridge. After a check skirted the right-hand side of the wood, and ran

‘over the small coverts near Fall Gates, through them up
‘to Linton Spring, through the top end of the spring the
‘fox close in front of them’, on up to Alne Mill dam, over
‘the park at Alne, leaving Youlton Whin on the left,
‘worked up to Hawking’s Farm near Cass Moor. After
‘a check there ran round to the right, leaving Flawith on
‘the left. Came to a check, but getting on better terms
‘with our fox at Aldwark Moor, ran into Aldwark Wood.
‘Got away from there, ran through the fox covert up to
‘Youlton, round by Youlton Whin, leaving that on the
‘right, past the keeper’s house at Aldwark, and killed our
‘fox dead beat in Aldwark and Cass Moor lane, opposite
‘Reilly plantation. Hounds worked wonderfully well.
‘They were running about three hours. The first twenty-
‘five minutes were fast, without a check. A really good
‘hunt. A brace of foxes in front of us several times.’

There was some good sport in April, and on the 4th and 9th they had very good runs for the time of year. On the former day they had a good hunt of an hour from Nun Appleton, finally losing their fox at Bilbrough, and on the latter they had a good ringing run from the Holly Carrs, killing their fox at the Temple Walk. The season finished on April 16th, at Wheldrake. The season, notwithstanding its broken character, was a good one, and hounds accounted well for their foxes, killing forty-six-and-a-half brace and running twenty-eight brace to ground.

1892-93.—For the history of the next two seasons I have to depend on my own notes, and the record will necessarily be a brief one. The harvest of 1892 was late, and it was not until September 15th that a start was made at Steeton, where, after a hard morning’s work, they killed a cub. On the 27th they had a good day at Nun Appleton, running one fox and another for an hour and three-quarters before they got hold of one. Late as it was there were several fields of beans to cut, and this interfered considerably with

cub-hunting operations. The weather during the opening weeks was wet and stormy, but nevertheless hounds showed good sport, and accounted well for their foxes. September, taken on the whole, was a good month after a start was once made, and all through October hounds did well, and brought a fair lot of foxes to hand. On October 22nd they had a good day at Thicket Priory. The country was in a dreadful state, the ground up to the hocks, and the Derwent had overflowed its banks to such an extent that it looked like an inland sea of some seven or eight miles in length and from three-quarters of a mile to a mile and a quarter in breadth. There was just a holding scent, the wet state of the ground causing some trouble. Nevertheless hounds hunted with great steadiness, and stuck well to their work, killing their first fox after thirty minutes' very pretty hunting. There was a good show of foxes, and a lot of slow hunting afterwards, but the country was so blind and deep that the pace was quite fast enough.

There was frost as well as wet weather to contend with during the cub-hunting season, and on the 25th the pools of water on the roads were a mass of ice, and there was a strong suspicion that the keen north wind was bringing snow with it. Hounds could hunt, however, and they had a fair day's sport, eight minutes at top pace from Rufforth Whin (after seventeen minutes' hard running in covert), to ground at Hessay, putting everyone in good humour with the prospects of the season. The cub-hunting season was brought to a close brilliantly on Monday, October 31st, when they met at Strensall. They found in the Oak Wood and ran with a burning scent over the grass to Strensall village. Here they made a sharp turn to the right, and leaving Oak Wood on the right, they ran over a big country to Suet Carr. That grief was plentiful over such a country so early in the season it is needless to say, and many a good man was

brought down by the blind drains which come so frequently in that country. Between the Low Carr and the High Carr there was a risk of hounds dividing, but Mr. Lycett Green kept them together, and in doing so he was charged and knocked over by one of the reckless division who had distinguished themselves earlier in the run by riding on the top of hounds. They ran hard to Sutton Whin, and then bearing right-handed up to Sheriff Hutton bridge, where they were close to their fox. A holloa in the lane told that the end was near, but the fox managed to struggle into a rabbit-hole at the end of a very fine run of thirty-nine minutes. A fast seventeen minutes from High Suet Carr, round by Sheriff Hutton and nearly back to the covert, made up a good day. Short as the cub-hunting season had been, hounds did well, killing fifteen brace.

The regular season opened at Oxtou Hall on Tuesday, November 1st. There was a strong frost, a forecast of what the weather was to be during the season, as it happened, and scent served none too well. Still there was plenty of fun, for hounds were never long without a fox, and a hard day was the result, though they failed to kill. Sport continued to be fairly good till November 24th, when they had a capital day from Allerton station. They did not find in the park, but just when they had finished drawing it a fox was viewed over the park wall. Mr. Lycett Green soon had the bitches on the line, and carrying a rare head they raced past Spring Bank and turned to the left past Flaxby village and through Flaxby covert. So quickly were they through the covert that those of the field who did not look sharp were hopelessly left. They then pointed for Kirby Hall, running between Whixley and Allerton villages. Kirby Hall, however, was never reached, for the fox made a short turn through the Dale plantation and ran on to the main earth at Grassgills, which he tried. It was well stopped,

and hounds ran on hard through the Twelve Acre and Gallabars. Then turning to the left they crossed behind Grafton and Marton and over Nineveh, running by Grassgills into the Dale, where they rolled their fox over after a capital run of an hour and a half. Foxes were plentiful in Lylands, which they went to draw, for as they chopped a fox almost as soon as they were put into the covert, another lot of hounds were running hard. Losing no time over 'funeral ceremonies,' Mr. Lycett Green soon got the lot together, and with as good a scent as had obtained in the morning, they ran through Broadfield and Shepherd's Wood and to within a field of Spelloe Hill. Turning sharp to the right over the Wetherby and Boroughbridge road, they ran by Grafton, and turned to the left to Ornham's Hall, where they checked for the first time. It was a brilliant gallop of forty minutes up to this point. They were soon going again, and ran hard behind Grafton and Marton to Nineveh, and thence through Shepherd's Wood to Lylands, and past Rabbit Hill and Ramshaw into Hopperton plantation. The fox was no dweller in covert, for he ran straight through the plantation, to the discomfort of those whose horses now wanted a 'pull' badly. He had, however, had about plenty, and was beginning to run short, and they ran a ring round by Hunsingore and back to Hopperton, and thence to Goldsbrough Moor, where hounds were stopped in the dark. The run lasted two hours and a quarter, and the pace was very fast at times. Only darkness saved the fox's life, but it is probable that they changed at least once, for foxes were very plentiful, and they ran through several coverts.

Frost set in at the end of the month, and for a fortnight men were watching the barometer and grumbling at the early stoppage. It was a strong frost, too, one of those which made it necessary to advertise 'the first open day.' So in the papers appeared the fixture 'First open day at

Naburn.' That open day was anxiously awaited, and when rain began to fall on Saturday, December 10th, hopes beat high. But it will be remembered that during all that tantalising winter, no sooner had the weather changed and a thaw seemed imminent, than it incontinently began to freeze again, and this was the case on the morning of Monday, December 12th. However, Mr. Lycett Green took it as it was, and notwithstanding the fact that it froze all day, they had a hard day and plenty of sport, though they did not kill a fox. Indeed, they changed several times, and finally were stopped at dark between Thorganby and Skipwith. The ride home on the slippery roads is an incident to be remembered.

Then came the frost in earnest, and hounds were unable to hunt again until January 18th, when they went on to Copmanthorpe Wood in an informal way, and had a very hard day, their fox saving his life by going to ground in the Bramham Moor country after three hours' hard running. Scent served well on the following day, when they met at Naburn, but the country was still in an unrideable state, and after a woodland hunt ending with a kill, they had to go home. It was not till Monday 23rd that the ground was at all fit to ride over, and even then it was full of 'bone' in places. They met at Haxby and had a capital day's sport. Eighteen minutes at racing pace from Haxby Whin, ending with a kill within half a mile of St. John's Well plantation, made a good beginning. Then they found in Suet Carr, and ran by Flaxton, West Lilling and Sheriff Hutton, pointing for Thornton-le-Clay. After running a few fields in this direction, they turned to the right and crossed a fine country by Lilling Hall and Lilling Green, and through Strensall Old Wood, two fields from which they rolled their fox over, after a fast fifty minutes. They found another fox, or rather other foxes, for foxes were running

about in all directions, in Overton Wood. They settled down with one and ran him smartly to Newton, where they marked him to ground. They soon got on the line of another fox and ran him sharply down to the Poppleton railway-bridge, where they checked. The fox had crossed the bridge, and as soon as hounds were held over it they began to run hard again, and were finally stopped at Poppleton village in the dark.

The good sport which was shown in the later days of January did not continue in the following month. Dry winds prevailed during the early part of the month, and scent was only moderate. On the 13th they had a sporting fifty minutes from New Parks, and on the following day they had a very good hunting run of an hour and forty minutes in the Ainsty, finding their fox in the open between Stub Wood and Brocket Hagg, and running into him close to Brocket Hagg after a ringing run, the first half of which was distinguished by some very fine hound work, whilst the last forty minutes was quick enough for anyone. The weather continued to be changeable during February, and 'hail, rain, snow and vapour' succeeded each other, whilst every now and again there was frost, but not sufficient to stop hunting. Early in March there were a couple of very good days. On the 6th they met at Strensall. They found at once in Low Suet Carr, and ran hard for half an hour to Sheriff Hutton bridge. Here they checked, and when they hit off the line again scent had changed for the worse. They hunted very prettily for another hour and finally lost their fox not far from Whenby. They found again in a field close to Haxby Whin, and after a brilliant gallop of thirty minutes, marked their fox to ground on Strensall Common. On the following day they had a smart gallop from Askham Whin, finally losing their fox not far from Marston station. The season was brought to a close on Thursday, March 30th,

at Thorpe Green, where they had a very good hunting run, ending with a kill. Though this was the last day so far as their own country was concerned, they were to be out once again before they retired into summer quarters. The Bilsdale sent them an invitation to go to Kirby Knowle, and a very good day's sport they had, finding a fox somewhere between Weston and Boltby, and after running for two hours and fifteen minutes, he beat them at Byland Old Abbey.

This was the first season that Mr Lycett Green hunted both packs.

1893-94.—They got an early start next season. The harvest had been got in good time, the cubs were well grown and forward, and on Tuesday, August 29th, they went to Steeton at five in the morning, and though scent was bad enough, they had a good deal of excellent hound work, and killed a brace of cubs. On Thursday they met at Hob Green at five a.m., but though rain had fallen, there was not much improvement in scent. Notwithstanding this, however, they had a satisfactory morning, and again they got blood. On the following day they were at Clint, and the dog pack had a long, tiring day, running a brace of cubs to ground, and unfortunately they had to go home without blood.

Monday, September 4th, found them at Moreby, five a.m. being still the hour of meeting. They found a good show of foxes, and after a good morning's work they killed a leash of cubs. The weather was hot and dry, but in the afternoon a heavy dew began to fall, so Mr. Lycett Green, bearing in mind what a disappointing day the dog pack had had on the Friday, took them to Rufforth Whin. Scent was much better than it had been in the morning, foxes were there in plenty, and after a lot of good work they killed a brace.

The cub-hunting season had certainly started auspiciously, and sport continued to be satisfactory. On the 20th they had their first spin in the open. They met at Allerton station, and after killing a cub in a small plantation near Allerton Park, they went away with either an old fox or a very enterprising young one, and after running him nicely for fifty minutes, they were stopped near Kirby Hall. They had another pretty gallop from Wheldrake Wood, running their fox to ground, after a wide ring, at Gipsy Corner. This run took place on October 3rd, and during the whole of the month there was a fair average of sport.

The regular season commenced on Monday, October 30th, at Alne Hall, when they had a capital day's sport. There were plenty of foxes in Hawk Hills, and no sooner had hounds found them than they divided, one lot going away in the direction of Alne Forest, whilst the body of the pack pointed first for Crayke. Then swinging round by Folly Wood, they got together again, and they hunted very nicely over a stiff country up to Huby village. The dry fallows brought them to their noses, and ultimately caused them to check, but they were soon at work again. Still they did not get away very well, for there was a good deal of fallow to contend with, and after crossing the Huby lane they checked again. They soon hit off the line, and scent improving, they ran at a better pace in the direction of Sutton-on-the-Forest, but turning to the right, they ran by New Parks to Launde House, where they ran into a very tired fox after an hour and five minutes' good hunting. There was at least a leash of foxes in New Parks, and after forty-five minutes' rather slow hunting, they marked one fox to ground between Bull Lane and New Buildings. Will Gray was unfortunately *hors de combat* for the opening day. He had been with the Bramham on the preceding Friday, and got a nasty fall, in which he fractured his jaw, and he was laid up for a considerable period.

When the rain came there was plenty of sport, and a fortnight later they had a good day's sport in the same country. The fixture was Hawk Hills, and they found at once in the far Old Wood. The fox went away like a shot, and as the wind was against the bulk of the field, but few got away on anything like terms with hounds. The pace was a cracker to New Parks, and there they checked; and as Mr. Lycett Green had to go round to avoid some wire, some little time was lost, and they did no more good with this fox. There was another on foot as soon as they were fairly in the New Parks coverts, and they ran hard for twenty-eight minutes, marking their fox to ground in a culvert between Shires House and Hawk Hills. Later in the day, when drawing St. John's Well plantation, Mr. Lycett Green's horse went up to the shoulder in a rabbit-hole, with the result that he lamed his ankle, and was unable to hunt for some weeks.

In the absence of the Master and Gray the duty of hunting hounds devolved upon Harry Chandler, who shaped well, and showed good sport, his best run probably being from Court House Wood, over the Ouse, by Red House Wood, and across the Nidd to Nun Monkton, where they killed.

The weather was threatening in the later days of November and the beginning of December, but there was no stoppage to speak of. On November 30th Mr. Lycett Green again resumed the horn, and there was a succession of good sport, which culminated with the Melbourne Hall day on December 23rd. This day was such an exceptional one that it deserves a chapter to itself.

On St. Stephen's day the fixture was the kennels, and a footman's day was enjoyed by the large crowds of holiday-makers from York, who, it should be said, behaved admirably. A smart gallop from Grange Wood to Hutton Thorns, where

they eventually marked their fox to ground, warmed us up after the somewhat dodging run of the morning.

In the early part of January Mr. Lycett Green found it necessary to approach the Hunt Committee on the subject of the increasing scarcity of foxes in the country, the following being a quotation from his letter:—

‘For the first time during the eight years I have had the
‘hounds, I am sorry to report a scarcity of foxes in the
‘country.

‘I did not find the litters of cubs I expected during
‘the cub-hunting, nor have they turned up since.

‘At the same time I feel sure I have only to make an
‘appeal to the land-owners and covert-owners, by whom
‘I have been so well supported, to be sure that they will
‘do all in their power to remedy this, however gloomy the
‘prospect may be at present. We have had mange now
‘for three years, and no doubt this must partly account
‘for the dearth of foxes. Various means have been tried
‘to stamp it out, without avail. It is no use going into the
‘causes as to why mange is with us; it is here, and we
‘must get rid of it. The only plan left I can now think
‘of is for all land-owners, covert-owners and others, to
‘co-operate, and permanently stop all their earths before
‘the breeding season.

‘In cases where mangy foxes have been known to use
‘the earths, to destroy, and disinfect the soil with lime.
‘By this I hope the healthy foxes will make new earths,
‘and the mangy ones will be easily killed.’*

* Mange in foxes is not got rid of in a hurry; and it is as well to note that it springs from various causes, and there are apparently several kinds of the disease. The means adopted by Mr. Lycett Green undoubtedly did good, but no amount of stamping out will eradicate the disease in a season or two. It is worth while to point out that every fox that is void of hair is by no means irrecoverably mangy; and I have seen foxes myself with short hair all over their bodies, or over parts of their bodies, which showed conclusively that they had been suffering from some sort of skin disease from which recovery was possible. Mr. Tom Smith, who hunted the Craven hounds so successfully for many years, tells of foxes recovering from mange, but he says it takes them quite two years to get their fur up again. So it is necessary for people to be very careful when putting down mangy foxes, as it is possible that they may destroy a fox that is only suffering from some mild form of eczema, or has even recovered from the disease.

The frost which had been threatening for some time came in earnest in January, and there was a week's stoppage. Then came a fair average of sport, hounds accounting well for their foxes. On the 15th and 16th they had fair sport, but the country was in a bad state for riding, and then there was a little more trouble with frost. Still hounds did fairly well, and in the early days of February they did very well.

On the 5th they met at Skelton, and after drawing Skelton Spring blank, they found an outlying fox between Skelton and Shipton. Leaving Josey Wood to the right, they crossed the York road and ran on to Haxby station, leaving the whin on the left. From Haxby station they ran down to the Foss and thence to Huntington, where they killed in a garden after a very fast run of an hour. Better was to come. They found again in Suet Carr and ran at top pace, pointing first for Strensall. They soon turned to the right, and crossed the York and Sutton road, and then turned left-handed as if for New Parks. They twisted about a little, crossing and recrossing the road, and then leaving Launde House to the left, they ran by Plainville to Moorlands, and thence nearly to Skelton village, finally running into their fox not far from Fairfield. It was a brilliant gallop of forty minutes. Grass or plough, it was all the same, hounds raced as if tied to their fox, and the field was very select when the end came. It was the best scent they had had since the Melbourne day, but they had not such a good fox.

There was a lot of wild weather and some heavy gales in February, and on the 17th there came a sudden spell of frost. The frost, however, went away as suddenly as it had come, and on the 24th they hunted at Moreby, and had a very sharp scurry of eighteen minutes from Heron Wood, killing in Moreby Wood. They had a fair day's sport on March 13th, beginning with fifty-three minutes from Colton Hagg to Dringhouses, where they marked their fox to ground,

bolted and killed. The second fox was found in Askham Bogs, and after a rather curious ringing run, was killed close into York, after a run of fifty minutes.

An incident which took place this season is worthy of record. On March 19th and 20th hounds went by invitation to hunt in the Holderness country, and though they were not favoured with the best of scenting days, they showed some good sport. On the 19th they met at Beeford. They found in the famous Dringhoe Whin, and it may be imagined that there was a 'wild charge' when they got away. They could only hunt, however, and hunt they did with the greatest perseverance, and finally they killed between Lisset Drain and the Manor House. They did better with their second fox, an outlying one which jumped up in Sandsfield, and as they got a flying start with him, they ran hard for a few minutes and finally killed him in the garden at Brandesburton rectory, after a run of twenty-three minutes. They found one or two more foxes, but scent had entirely failed by that time, and they did little more good. It was a long, hard day, hounds finished eight miles from the special train, and it was nine o'clock when it arrived in York. On the following day they met at Everingham, but did not do very much, scent being worse than on the preceding day, and foxes, though plentiful, were inclined to ring. At night they found a fox in Leak Wood, and for about a quarter of an hour they ran nicely over a good country, pointing for Beilby, but the fun was soon over, and after working out a line slowly to Everingham Park, they were beaten, and went home. It should be added that they had killed a fox in the morning, but had no sport with him.

1894-95.—No one that hunted is likely to forget this season, especially if they cast in their lot with the York and Ainsty. In the first place it was a season in which that dread disease, the mange, made its presence known in

an unmistakeable manner, and caused great anxiety to the Master and all connected with the management of the hunt. Then once again did one of the hunt staff happen a serious accident. The season itself, too, was one to be long remembered. The fore part of it was very open, and sport was of the best; then came eight weeks of idleness, but notwithstanding the long frost, I am inclined to think that it was one of the best seasons I ever saw with the York and Ainsty.

The cub-hunting began on Thursday, September 20th, at Naburn Ferry, where they had a long, hard and disappointing day, failing to get blood. After that the cub-hunting progressed favourably until Saturday, October 6th, when they had a most satisfactory day from Hagg Bridge. All the Melbourne coverts were well supplied with foxes, and after some capital work, in which the young hounds showed to great advantage, they got hold of a brace. The cub-hunting season was a fairly successful one, but just at the close Charles Brown, the second whipper-in, was kicked by a young horse, and sustained a compound fracture of the leg. It was hard luck, and he missed most of his first season in consequence.

The regular season commenced on Monday, November 5th, at Hawk Hills, but they only had a moderate day, and nothing took place worth recording. On the 13th they had a nice hunting run from Askham Bogs, killing in Backhouse's gardens at the end of an hour and ten minutes; and better was soon to come:—

‘Monday, November 19th. Beningbrough Dogs. Fair scent; ‘glass rising; day fine. Found at Court House Wood. ‘Ran fast over Newton and Cross Lanes road. Turned to ‘the left and ran up to Newton and Tollerton road, and ‘killed. Eight minutes, very fast. Got heel way on the ‘line of a fox from Blue Bridge Whin, and worked up to ‘Hawthorn Bank (Blue Bridge plantations). Killed a fox

‘in New Parks. Found in Sutton end of New Parks, ran
 ‘through Dodholme Wood, and back into New Parks, and
 ‘killed. Skelton Spring blank. Found in Overton, ran up
 ‘to York and Newton road, crossed it, turned to the right,
 ‘took a line up to Josey Wood, checked, got on the line,
 ‘ran past Court House, leaving that on the left, up to Cross
 ‘lanes; hunted slowly up to Blue Bridge Whin, and there
 ‘got up to our fox. Ran up to Hawthorn Bank and on to
 ‘New Parks. Got away on the Moorlands side, and ran
 ‘up the drain side as if for Launde Farm, turned to the
 ‘left, and crossing the drain, lost on the Haxby and
 ‘Moorlands drain between Plainville and Haxby. About
 ‘one hour; hounds worked well.’

On Friday, November 23rd, the Holderness came into the York and Ainsty country by invitation, and four days later there was a famous day’s sport in the Ainsty:—

‘Tuesday, November 27th. Skip Bridge. Bitches. Day cold
 ‘and still; glass rising. Skip Bridge Whin blank. Found
 ‘at Red House Wood, a brace. Got away and ran up to
 ‘Hagg Hill. Fox was headed here, and crossed to Moor
 ‘Monkton and Marston lane; turned to the left, and went
 ‘over the York and Boroughbridge road and over the rail-
 ‘way, leaving Marston station just on the left; came to a
 ‘check four fields beyond; hit off the line, ran up to
 ‘Wilstrop Wood and touched the corner of it. Cautious
 ‘(1890) brought the line out, and pointed as if for Wilstrop
 ‘crossing, but turned to the left, and ran up to the Tockwith
 ‘and Skewkirk lane. Leaving Skewkirk on the right, ran
 ‘up to Cattal Bridge and Tockwith road; leaving Cattal
 ‘Bridge on the right, turned up the Cowthorpe road, and
 ‘leaving the coverts on the left—(here two couples of
 ‘hounds got forward, and the body never caught them till
 ‘Lingcroft covert at Ingmanthorpe)—took a line on from
 ‘Lingcroft into Fleetwood, and went to ground. Fifty-one
 ‘minutes; nine-mile point. Hounds ran hard, with two
 ‘slight checks. Rufforth Whin, Grange Wood, blank.
 ‘Found on our way to draw the Bogs, ran to the left of
 ‘the kennels, and leaving Acomb Wood on the right,
 ‘ran up to Backhouse’s gardens; came away from there
 ‘and ran to the left of the kennels, crossed over the Acomb

‘and Askham road and on up to the stables at Askham
 ‘Richard Hall; turned to the right, and ran as if for
 ‘Grange Wood, but turned again to the left, and crossing
 ‘Rufforth and Askham lane, and leaving Askham Whin
 ‘on our left and Angram village on the right, crossed the
 ‘Askham road; turned to the right, leaving Hell Holes on
 ‘the left, and ran up to Healaugh village; leaving that
 ‘on our right, went to ground in a tree on the Catterton
 ‘side of Healaugh. Good hunt of one hour.’

‘Saturday, December 8th. Sessay station. Bitches. Bad scent
 ‘in morning, good in afternoon. Dalton Whin blank.
 ‘Found in Lord Downe’s new whin covert below Thor-
 ‘manby, hunted over to Sessay Wood, and came to a
 ‘check; leaving that covert on the right, ran over the York
 ‘and Gilling railway and up to Raskelf Old Whin; turned
 ‘to the right, and pointed as if for Raskelf village, but
 ‘turned again to the right, and hunted back into Sessay
 ‘Wood. Got our hunted fox very beat in the covert,
 ‘and after some good work got away on the Thormanby
 ‘side, and ran to ground in the big sand drain between
 ‘Thormanby and Sessay Wood. About one hour; bitches
 ‘worked well. Clark’s Wood blank, also Pilmoor. Found
 ‘at Brafferton Spring and ran fast over the York and
 ‘Thirsk railway and up to the York and Gilling branch;
 ‘came to a check; got on the line of the fox (a horse in
 ‘a plough dropped down dead here) and hunted slowly up
 ‘to Raskelf Moor plantation; turned to the right as if for
 ‘Raskelf village, and then to the left; crossed over Raskelf
 ‘and Thormanby road, pointed for Peep o’Day Whin, but
 ‘turning to the right, leaving the whin on the right hand,
 ‘ran up the hill, leaving Husthwaite on the left and Acaster
 ‘Hill on the right, to Beacon Banks; two lines here, but
 ‘hounds stuck to their hunted fox, and pointed at first as
 ‘if for Coxwold, but turning to the right ran into the back
 ‘of the kitchen garden at Newburgh Priory. As it was
 ‘getting dark we had to stop hounds, though we thought
 ‘the fox was in a stick-heap by the wall. Seven-and-a-
 ‘half-mile point, about nine as hounds ran; one and a
 ‘quarter hours. The hunted fox was seen to go down to
 ‘near Coxwold station and up the railway, dead beat.’

‘Tuesday, December 11th. Street Houses. Bitches. Scent
‘good as a rule till the end of the last run. Found at
‘Pickering Wood, a fox with a slight touch of mange.
‘Ran through Steeton on to Oxton; leaving that on the
‘left and Catterton Spring on the right, came to a check;
‘got on the fox again, and went back to Oxton, and turning
‘to the right, ran over to the river Wharfe; hunted up the
‘river bank in the Tadcaster direction, and the fox crossing
‘over, hounds were stopped. About forty minutes. Got
‘on the line of another fox at once. Hunted past Oxton,
‘leaving it on the left, up to the Steeton drain, and turning
‘to the left, crossed the York and Tadcaster road at Bow
‘Bridge, and on to the left of Catterton Spring, but did not
‘go on with the line into the covert. Found at Pallethorpe,
‘ran through Steeton and up to Oxton, and crossed the
‘York road at the end of Tadcaster; turned to the right,
‘leaving Catterton Spring just on the right, over the
‘Catterton drain; leaving the whin covert on the left, ran
‘on to Duce Wood; came to a short check; hounds got
‘away, and ran to the left over Healaugh and Wighill
‘village road and on to Nova Scotia; checked again; took
‘a line on the Bilton side; after going three fields beyond
‘Bilton and Healaugh lane, came to a check; hit the line
‘off back to the left and pointed for Wetherby and York
‘road; hunted slowly past Wilstrop Whin (White Sike
‘Whin); leaving that on our right, ran on into Wilstrop
‘Wood; hounds had a good cry in covert and got away on
‘west side close to their fox, who made a turn back up a
‘hedgerow out of which they pushed him, and getting a
‘view, rolled him over in the middle of a ploughed field.
‘One hour and fifty-five minutes. Seven-and-three-quarter-
‘mile point, about eleven miles as hounds ran. The bitches
‘hunted closely and well, and with great patience under
‘difficulties of bad scent and a fox sinking the wind when
‘dead beat.’

There was a continuance of good sport throughout December, but on the 22nd there was such a strong wind that, though hounds went on to the fixture, they were unable to hunt. During the next week they had a good day or two, and with the end of the year the frost came,—

and it was a frost. The Ouse was frozen over from Naburn lock to Ripon, and for two months fox-hunters had nothing but 'stable inspection' with which to occupy themselves. On one night there were as many as thirty-five degrees of frost. During the eight weeks, four days were stolen, but the ground was never really fit to ride over.

The long frost made February practically a non-hunting month, but March fully made up for all deficiencies, and it is seldom such a continuance of good sport is seen so late in the season. There was a touch of frost again early in March, and there was no hunting on the 4th and 5th. Then came a lot of excellent sport, of which two days only can be given:—

'Wednesday, March 6th. Naburn Ferry, at two o'clock. Bitches.
 'Scent good on the whole; ground hard in places. Naburn
 'Wood blank, Moreby Wood ditto. Found in Parson's
 'Wood, a fox slipping away very quick, getting a good
 'start of hounds. They ran him hard past Moon's plantation
 'and into the Holly Carrs, half way down the covert. Got
 'away at the Skipwith end and ran through Common Wood
 'and Hacking Wood, pointed as if for Harrop's plantation;
 'turning to the right, ran straight to Gilbertson's Wood;
 'turned to the left, and ran to Wheldrake and Escrick road,
 'pointing for the former village, hounds going a cracker,
 'and no one within fields of them; after going nearly to
 'Wheldrake and York road they came to a check; hit off
 'the line to the left, and ran down to the Lacey Bottoms
 'drain; turned to the right, and hunted over York and
 'Wheldrake road, and up to within twenty yards of Whel-
 'drake Wood, when the fox jumped up dead beat, and
 'hounds pulled him down. Fifty-five minutes; a good
 'hunt. Gloomy (1893) doing wonderfully, and throwing
 'her tongue well. Wheldrake Wood and Gipsy Corner
 'blank.'

'Tuesday, March 26th. Skip Bridge. Bitches. Scent good.
 'Skip Bridge Whin blank. Found in Red House Wood
 'and ran through the park, some hounds getting ahead of
 'the body. Then ran down to the river and along the

‘bank, turned to the right, and ran up to one of the
‘Poppleton plantations. Hounds got together here, as
‘there was a check. Got on the line of our fox, and ran up
‘to Deighton Whin. Just as hounds went in at one side
‘the fox that we had been hunting went away at the
‘Poppleton end. This fox had a patch of mange on one
‘of his quarters. He was a big fox, and very red, and was
‘noticed to be the same in these respects as the one that
‘had left Red House. Hounds were held down to the Red
‘House drain, and as soon as the first few couples got over
‘to the other side they started to run very hard, and soon
‘got ahead—a good deal—of the pack. Leaving Poppleton
‘lane two fields to the left, they turned right handed a bit,
‘crossed the York and Boroughbridge road, leaving the
‘Boot and Shoe on the right and Poppleton railway bridge
‘on the left; over the York and Poppleton railway, through
‘the corner of Rufforth Whin, on over the York and
‘Rufforth road; here we could see the leading hounds
‘driving along a field ahead, Grange Wood a quarter of a
‘mile to their right hand; turned slightly to the right, and
‘came to a very slight check when pointing for Askham
‘Bryan time up to there from Deighton Whin, twenty-five
‘minutes, but hit off the line again and ran to within a
‘field of Askham Bryan, and came to a check again; hit
‘off the line, got on a stale one near Askham Richard
‘Lodge gates for a few minutes; some information put us
‘right, and hounds struck the line to the right of Askham
‘Farm, and leaving that on the left, worked over the York
‘and Tadcaster road and on to Colton Hagg and Copman-
‘thorpe lane; hounds got on the line after going through
‘Copmanthorpe village, and crossing the railway there, ran
‘on over the Copmanthorpe drain and into one end of
‘Brocket Hagg; came away and worked on to the river
‘just above Acaster Selby, through Acaster Selby plantation
‘and nearly up to Kennel Wood at Nun Appleton; the fox
‘had turned short back and gone back on his old line, and
‘hounds worked him most patiently up to Stub Wood;
‘scent improved here, and they ran nicely up to opposite
‘Naburn Mill, and killed their hunted fox in Mr. Raimes’
‘field near his garden at Acaster Malbis. Three hours and
‘ten minutes. As hounds ran, nineteen miles; point,
‘eleven miles.’

Hounds hunted on until April 9th, when a brilliant season, albeit a short one, was brought to a close at Goldsbrough. They killed thirty brace of foxes and ran fourteen brace to ground,—a good record under the circumstances.

1895-96.—This, like the last, was a short season, though from other causes. The mange, notwithstanding all the efforts which had been made to stamp it out, was still very much in evidence, and though in some parts of the country there was a marked improvement, in others foxes were still scarce. A start was made on Saturday, September 12th, at Moreby, where they found a nice show of cubs, and got hold of one after some good work. On the 19th they had a long, hard morning at Thorpe Green, and a disappointing one to boot, for though they found plenty of cubs, they had to go home without blood. September, indeed, was a good month taken on the whole, and it wound up with a nice forty minutes' spin from one of the Hunsingore plantations, by Northlands and back to another of the Hunsingore plantations, where they killed. On October 14th they had a nice gallop from Strensall, and by the time the season opened the ground was in a very soft state, for during October there had been some heavy rains.

The season opened at Hawk Hills on Monday, November 4th, but though there was a fair show of foxes there was not much scent, and sport was only indifferent. Nor was there much improvement on the following day when hounds met at Nun Appleton, but an incident took place which is worthy of record. During the run a pony bolted with its rider and took off in the direction of the railway gates at Colton. It would have been natural to suppose that the gates would bring a pony to his senses, and that he would stop. But such was by no means the case. The pony charged the gate boldly, and got over all right with

his forelegs. But his hindlegs hung on the top bar, which was unyielding, and the natural result was that pony and rider parted company. There was an express train coming along at the time, and fortunately the rider stepped back instead of forward, otherwise he must have been killed. Meanwhile the pony galloped down the line, and when caught was found to have sustained no damage. It was a thrilling incident whilst it lasted, and one which those who were present are not likely to forget.

On December 3rd they had a good hunting run from Nun Appleton. They found in the brickyard plantation and coursed their fox to the Dog Kennel Wood, where he managed to get clear of their attentions, and they were soon brought to their noses. They hunted on to Acaster Selby, and then the fox began to ring about the Appleton coverts and Bolton Percy. Notwithstanding that scent was only indifferent and the ground was foiled, they hunted with the greatest perseverance, and getting up to their fox at last they rolled him over after a good hunt of two hours and a half.

There was a touch of frost on Friday night, but not sufficient to prevent them from hunting at Melbourne Hall on Saturday, and once more did the south-east side of the country provide a good run. They found in Laytham Whin and ran at a great pace by Seaton Ross, Seaton Mains, and the Dog Kennel Wood at Everingham, and ran into their fox at Holme-on-Spalding moor. Time, forty minutes. Mr. Boast's covert provided a second fox, and again they had a good run by Seaton Ross, Horsewell, and Thorpe Whin, to Londesborough avenue gates, where hounds were stopped at the end of a very sporting hour and fifteen minutes. There was frost for a day or two, but hounds soon resumed work.

The scarcity of foxes was now causing some trouble, and hounds frequently had a very long draw before they found.

Indeed, the season under notice was the one in which the effects of the mange were most severely felt; and since then there has been a gradual improvement. It was, however, deemed expedient to curtail the number of hunting days, and towards the latter end of the season this was done.

On Monday, January 6th, they had another good run in the south-east part of the country. They met at Bubwith and found in Mr. Stephenson's thorns. They got a capital start with their fox and raced him over the grass for seven or eight minutes, and then a lot of sheep caused a check. Mr. Lycett Green made a good cast, and hounds were soon at work again, running at a good holding pace by Melbourne down to the Pocklington canal. Here they made a short turn back past Melbourne, and ran by Storthwaite and Jefferson's covert to Ellerton. Thence they swung back to Melbourne, and hunted on slowly to Seaton Ross. Scent now improved, and they ran at a good pace by Laytham and Aughton to Ellerton village, where the fox ran the road for a considerable distance and beat them. It was a very good hunting run of two hours and thirty minutes.

On January 16th a sad accident happened. Hounds met at Sawley, and as they were proceeding from one covert to another, Mr. David Kirk put his horse at a big, strong fence. The horse was raw and did not know his work well, and the result was a fearful fall, Mr. Kirk breaking his neck. Mr. Kirk, who was a bold and fine horseman, was within three weeks of completing his seventy-seventh year. He was much respected, and was one of the oldest members of the hunt. Hounds of course were taken home immediately the sad result of the accident became known.

Perhaps the run of the season took place on February 1st, when hounds met at Ellerton Hall. Several coverts were drawn blank, and then Mr. Lycett Green proceeded to Brighton Common. Hounds began to be 'busy' in a big rushy field about half a mile from the common, and as a

hare had jumped up out of a grass tussock in front of them, some people talked of riot. But there had evidently been a fox there not so very long before, and the drag became hotter and hotter, till after crossing three fields the fox jumped up in view. Then the fun was fast and furious as they ran by Brighton village and then turned right-handed to Gunby, whence they ran back nearly to where they had found. Then taking a straight line, they crossed the Howden road, and ran over the cream of the country to Willitof. Thence they bore south-easterly for Spaldington, and checked for half a minute at Lord Londesborough's covert. Horses, however, were scarcely pulled up when Mr. Lycett Green's horn and hollar at the far side told that hounds had gone on, and they raced over the Gribthorpe pasture down to the Foulness, which they crossed about half a mile from Wetham Bridge. In the Common Wood there was at least a brace of fresh foxes, but they stuck to their hunted one, and shortly after leaving the wood, checked for the second time. The Master soon had them going again, pointing for Holme-on-Spalding moor. On they ran through Daubbottom Wood, and ran into their fox at Holme Water End. From first touching on the drag it was an hour and seventeen minutes; from the fox jumping up in view, an hour and ten minutes; and an eight mile point.

The season came to an early close at Summer Bridge on Monday, March 23rd.

With this season the York and Ainsty Hunt history must be brought to a close. During the three seasons that followed there were many good runs, though nothing that goes to the making of history like, for example, the Melbourne run, and everything that happened is within the recollection of those interested. The mange, though it has not quite disappeared, is at any rate got under, and the prospect of sport in one of the most sporting countries in England is cheering.



CHAPTER IX.

THE MELBOURNE HALL RUN.

HISTORIC runs are of rare occurrence, and it does not fall to the lot of a man to see more than one or two, unless, like the 'monks who live under the hill,' it is his business to hunt every day; and even in the latter case, the historic runs he will see are few and far between. The comparative merits of different runs often afford matter for keen argument when hunting men foregather; but those whose good luck it was to be out with the York and Ainsty on Saturday, December 23rd, 1893, are unanimous in expressing the opinion that they never saw a run to equal that which took place over the fine wild Howdenshire country.

The morning was a fine one, there was scarcely a breath of air stirring, the wind was in the south-west, and as Mr. Lycett Green drove up to the meet the question as to whether it was a typical hunting morning was discussed, and the Master prophesied a run. There was, however, one weather sign which was not very favourable, and that was that on the horizon there hung the faintest suspicion of a blue fog, that *bête noir* to the huntsman. There was not a

very large field; indeed, at that time, for some unexplained reason, Melbourne Hall did not find favour with the majority of the York and Ainsty men,—but still it was a fairly representative one, and the numbers were swelled by a few good men and true from the Holderness country, amongst whom was David Dalby, the first whipper-in. Mr. Lycett Green first proceeded to draw the Brickyard Plantation, having sent Gray on in the meantime to crack some big hedgerows. The plantation was drawn blank, and hounds were being taken to draw down one of the big hedgerows in the neighbourhood, when Gray came galloping up with intelligence. He had seen a fox wandering about in the fields about half a mile away, and evidently quite contented with himself and the world at large, to judge from his leisurely movements. At first Gray took him for a dog, so big was he, and he rightly thought that it would be a pity to disturb his equanimity sooner than was absolutely necessary. Mr. Lycett Green trotted on sharply to the place where Gray had seen the fox, and the moment hounds crossed the line they flew together with that ‘angry’ cry which means so much to the experienced ear. What a rush there was for the first fence! for everyone seemed intuitively to know that there was a great run toward. No time to look out for the thin place in the corner; the man who hesitated for half a moment was lost literally, and saw hounds no more. For a field or two hounds pointed for Laytham Whin, which they left a couple of fields to the left, and then bearing to the right they crossed the Laytham road to the right of Laytham village. A straight-necked fox was before them, and though he was running up wind all the time, he kept to the middle of the fields and never skirted hedgerow or turned from his point. Scant time was there to open gates, and few gates were there to open, as hounds streamed along over the big wild pastures by Aughton Ruddings and Harlthorpe, which

village they left on the right. They crossed the Market Weighton and Selby railway at the level crossing to the right of Foggathorpe station and ran on by Willtoft, just missing the small covert there, to Lord Londesborough's covert at Spaldington. Time up to this point, thirty-five minutes, all on grass. A momentary check took place here, and a couple of wheat fields caused horses to sob after so severe a burst.

Hounds were going and on the grass again before horses fairly got a blow, and there was no falling off in the pace as they skirted the Spaldington new covert and ran over Fir Tree farm, where for a second or two they hovered; they cannot be said to have checked. They then pointed for McNeill's covert, and ran down to the river Foulness, crossing the Holme road at Wetham bridge. Thence they ran along the river side to the Bishopsoil drain, an awkward enough place to tackle at any time, and more especially after such a gallop. But those who were in the wake of hounds were not to be denied, and it would have taken something bigger and more formidable than the Bishopsoil drain to have turned them when hounds were running as they did on this memorable day. So a place was soon found, but whilst it was being looked for hounds had overshot the line and five couples of them had got forward; so that when Mr. Lycett Green came up to the body of the pack he had to hunt his hounds as it were. But scent was so good that even under such disadvantageous circumstances the pace was good as they ran past Bloom Hill and Yokefleet Grange to Sandholme, where they caught up the leading hounds, who had checked for a moment. Hounds were going again at once, but there were two lines, owing to the fox having tried a couple of drains. Mr. Lycett Green sent Chandler to one of them and David Dalby to the other, and by this means disaster was averted, and hounds got together without loss of time. They ran on at a good pace by Gilberdyke to Newport station, the time up to this

point one hour, and the distance, 'as the crow flies,' ten miles, whilst as hounds ran it would be about thirteen.

At Newport station hounds made rather a sharp turn for the Market Weighton canal, and then bearing left handed ran down to the Foulness, which they crossed at Wolsea farm, where, luckily, a ford was handy, and the field lost no ground, as indeed they could scarcely afford to do now. Harder than ever they ran past Throlam and Tollingham and on to the Market Weighton canal and the Land of Nod. At the Land of Nod they heard of their fox just in front of them, the first time that he had been seen during the run; and cheering was it to hear the worthy farmer sing out, 'You'll kill him before long!' for horses had had plenty, and there were but few men with hounds now. Crossing the high road close to the Land of Nod, they ran parallel to it for some distance in the direction of Highgate. Then Mr. Lycett Green viewed the fox as he jumped a fence, hounds viewing him as he crawled through the next one. Still he seemed to have plenty of 'go' in him. Holme Wood, with its open earths, was close at hand, and the Master had an anxious minute or two. But there was no cause for anxiety. Good as the fox was, hounds were not to be denied, and two fields further on they rolled him over in the open, within a field of Holme Wood and safety.

The time from the find was one hour and forty-five minutes, the point from Melbourne to Newport ten miles, and from Newport to Holme five miles. In the contemporary accounts which were written of the run, the distance covered by hounds was put at eighteen miles, but when the run was carefully traced on the map it was found to be over nineteen miles.

That the Melbourne Hall run ranks with the Billesdon Coplow run, the great Waterloo run with the Pytchley, and the Poolfields Osiers run with the Warwickshire, is undoubted.

Curiously enough comparisons have been made between the Warwickshire and Melbourne Hall runs, and the latter has been put down as second best. In the interesting *History of the Warwickshire Hunt*, we read, 'Major Chambers adds that after the great run with the York and Ainsty of December 23rd, 1893, he rode up to Mr. Lycett Green, congratulating him, and remarking that it was the finest run that he or anyone else out that day had ever seen, and that he is bound to say that though Mr. Green hunted the hounds himself and killed his fox handsomely in the open, his reply was at once, "The second best; that run we talked of with the Warwickshire was a greater run."'

Mr. Lycett Green has probably modified his opinion on the subject since then, and there can be no doubt, if the two runs are compared, that the York and Ainsty run comes out first. To begin with, the Poolfield Osiers run, which was at top pace and over a fine country, lasted two hours and twenty minutes, so it was a longer run than the Melbourne run by thirty-five minutes; but there was a check of quite a quarter of an hour in it, it was something of a ring, and the line was intersected once and nearly touched a second time. Then, undoubtedly, the Warwickshire changed foxes once, if not oftener, and therefore it may be looked upon as two runs. With the York and Ainsty there was no change, for an hour hounds ran straight on end, making a ten-mile point; then they turned, and ran another five-mile point. They only once touched a covert, and though they certainly did check, the checks were only nominal. Then they ran straight into their fox instead of dropping upon him after a long check, as the Warwickshire did; and taken on the whole it would be safe to say that a better fox never stood before hounds than the 'old customer' that Will Gray viewed that dull December morning, and that, even in sporting Yorkshire, a better run was never seen.

The pace in the two runs was about identical, something over twelve miles an hour, and the country crossed in each run was all that could be wished for. In the York and Ainsty run but one hound was missing, a fact which must have given great satisfaction to the Master and his men. In making the foregoing comparison between the Warwickshire and York and Ainsty runs I have had no wish to detract from the former, which was undoubtedly a fine run, and one, moreover, which is worthy of a foremost place in hunting history, but judged from the standard of 'one run one fox,' I think it must be admitted that the Melbourne Hall run takes pride of place. Never but once in my life have I seen hounds run as they ran on that day, and that was when the Cleveland met at Marton on Friday, February 13th, 1869. They ran for three hours and a quarter, finally killing their fox. The run was something like the Warwickshire run, inasmuch as hounds changed twice, if not oftener, and it was also something of a ring.





CHAPTER X.

ON THE FLAGS AND IN THE SHOW YARD.

YORKSHIRE has always been famous for its hounds. The old chronicles are full of long runs which have taken place over half a score of parishes, and which have given the bard a subject for his ingenuity. In Yorkshire dales are still to be heard, when occasion serves, songs of almost interminable length, in which the stoutness of the foxes, the drive and perseverance of the hounds, and the prowess of their followers are expatiated upon in more or less happy terms, but always to the delight of an appreciative audience, who are never tired of listening, and who are ever ready to prompt the singer if he shows signs of missing a verse. And the old pictures show that make and shape were kept in view as well as nose and hunting qualities; and though, perhaps, Colonel Thornton's hounds would not have cut a very great figure at Peterborough, we know they showed plenty of sport, whilst the portrait of Modish shows them to have been good looking according to the standard of their time.

Of famous hunting matches in which Colonel Thornton's hounds took part I have already spoken, but an incident relating to one of them should certainly be referred to.

Hounds were drawing a thick covert, and one bitch persistently spoke. The huntsman rated her, and the whipper-in, in attempting to put her over to him, hit her, and accidentally cut out her eye. But she stuck to her fox, worked him out of the covert, and finally killed him single-handed. I wonder was this Modish? She is varmint-looking enough for such a performance.

Hound-breeding has always been a study with masters and huntsmen of the York and Ainsty, and within a very few years of the formation of the pack they met with the approval of distinguished judges. Writing of them in 1826, just about ten years after the establishment of the country, Nimrod says, 'I think the York and Ainsty, as a pack, particularly clever, and possessing, individually, as great a share of beauty as is to be found in most kennels. They have size and power; and size and power without lumber or incumbrance, which, as far as the eye carries us in a kennel, is all we can desire to see.' This is high praise indeed, coming from such a judge, and when it is taken into consideration that they had only had a very few years to work in, the greatest credit was due to Mr. Lloyd and Naylor for the enterprise and judgment displayed by them.

For, as has been the general policy of York and Ainsty masters and huntsmen *ab initio*, the best kennels were resorted to, though it was for a later generation to import the 'bright Belvoir tan.' Early in the century there was no pack of hounds which had a higher reputation than the Raby, and we find the Raby, the Pytchley, Lord Lonsdale, and the Badsworth continually resorted to, whilst Bramham Moor hounds were also largely used. Nimrod refers to Boisterous by Lord Darlington's Brusher, a famous sire—their Countess, who was one of the old Pytchley sort; and to Tuneful by Lord Lonsdale's Roman—Badsworth Tempest, as being especially taking.



Barmaid (1869) was a hound that was especially serviceable in the field. She was by Lord Portsmouth's Barnabas—Wishful, by Lord Poltimore's Warrior, her dam, Vestal, by Belvoir Alfred. Vestal traces her descent from Mr. Drake's Bachelor, and she also strains back to Sir Tatton Sykes' Warrior and Mr. Hill's Pliant. Barmaid was a light coloured hare-pied hound, a wonderfully clever worker, and full of drive.¹ She was not much bred from, but the blood of her sire was a good deal used in the kennel, and a daughter of hers, Frantic (1874), was a useful bitch and a famous worker.

When Colonel Fairfax assumed the mastership, one of the best hounds in the pack was Duchess (1869) by Archer (1865)—Dexterous (1861), by Cardinal (1855), a son of Mr. Foljambe's Clasher (1847) and his Bravery (1849). She was black and white in colour, with great ribs, and she had wonderful drive and resolution. It is said of her that when casting to recover the line, she would have her hackles up as if going to fight, and Colonel Fairfax said that he had never seen a better hound. The name of Duchess appears on the mask of a fox at Billbrough Hall, with the name of several other bitches that distinguished themselves in a famous run on the north side of the country, one of the best that took place during Colonel Fairfax's mastership. Another bitch that was a very brilliant performer was Lottery (1873) by Brocklesby Bachelor (1863)—Lovely (1863), by Lord Portsmouth's Lincoln (1859).

Though the Belvoir blood had occasionally been used in the kennel, Colonel Fairfax was the first to use it largely or systematically, and he was a great believer in Fallible by Milton Furrier—Prophetess, by Rallywood—Prodigy, by Stormer—Precious, by Pilot, and used him largely. The cross was a judicious one, and the descendants of Colonel

(1) For a performance of Barmaid's see page 141.

Fairfax's favourite sire did well in the York and Ainsty country, and his stamp is still to be found in the kennel. In 1877 his name first appears in the kennel book, when four-and-a-half couples by him were put forward, a number which was increased to seven couples in the following year. It is interesting to note the history of some of these sons and daughters of his. Layman and Latimer were used, the former in his third and the latter in his second season, and Fleecer and Fencer, also sons of his, were used extensively in 1881. Indeed, out of the twelve-and-a-half couples put forward in 1882, ten couples were grandsons or granddaughters of the Belvoir Fallible, and there were four couples of them in the following year.

Latimer, Fencer, Fleecer and Layman were much used, and did much good in the kennel. From Fleecer came some especially good hounds, and the blood is still to the fore. In 1883 was entered, amongst others of his progeny, Fashion, whose dam, Vengeance, was by Vagrant (1871)—Buxom (1875). Vagrant was a son of the Brocklesby Royal, and Buxom was by Damper by Grove Druid. In 1888 Fashion had a good litter to Falstaff, amongst whom was Fluent, a bitch that was good in her work and a remarkably fine line-hunter. One occasion occurs to the memory on which she greatly distinguished herself. It was the opening day of the season: the ground was dry and the sun was hot, yet at first there was a scent. After a smart burst of about a quarter of an hour hounds came to the dry moderate-scenting fallows about Huby. Then it was that Fluent was seen to such advantage, and it was entirely due to her fine nose and patient hunting that they worked up to their fox and killed him.

Mention has been made of Falstaff, who was, take him all round, one of the best foxhounds I ever saw. He was by Belvoir Fencer (1880)—Glory (1881), by Bramham Moor

Gambler, her dam, Fugitive (1873), by Grove Dreadnought—Fairmaid, by Grove Furrer, the sire of the Belvoir Fallible—Dahlia, by Lord Poltimore's Archer. Here is a combination of good blood, and no higher praise can be given to Falstaff than to say that he was a *foxhound* in appearance and a *foxhound* in his work. In a large kennel like the York and Ainsty it is rare indeed that a hound is used at the stud in his first season, but so excellent a hound was Falstaff that Wilson did not hesitate to adopt this unusual course, and Fluent was one of his earliest puppies. He was much used in the leading kennels, and deserves a place with Bramham Moor Sailor and Holderness Gaffer amongst the leading hound-sires of the latter part of the century.

From Falstaff's dam there also comes Gaily, a daughter of the Belvoir Gordon, and the dam of Gameboy, a useful hound that has been used at the stud. Giddy, a litter-sister of Gaily, was also a very smart bitch.

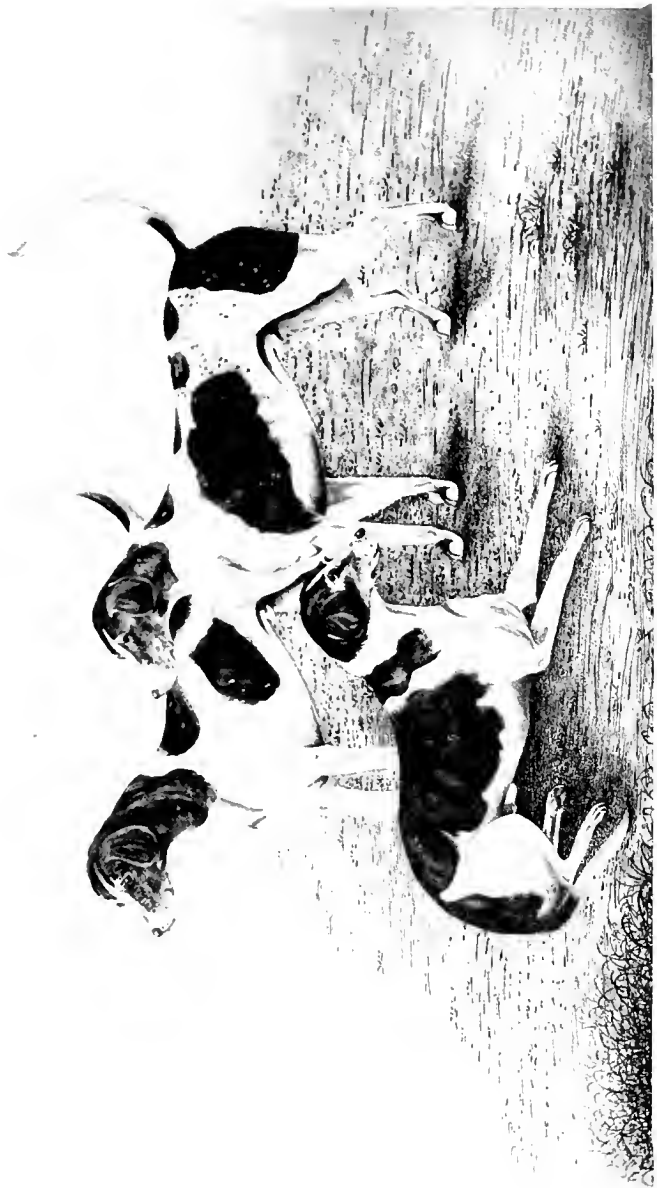
One of the best hounds at present in the kennel is Warwick by Belvoir Treasurer—Wedlock, by Belvoir Weathergauge, her dam, Vanish, by Fencer. Here again the Belvoir Fallible blood comes in on the dam's side. Warwick has great substance and power as well as quality; he is an excellent hound in his work, with perseverance on a cold scent, and drive and resolution when scent serves. He has also that most desirable quality, a good cry. He has been used a great deal both at home and abroad, and amongst his sons that have been put to the stud in their second season may be mentioned two very promising young hounds in Dreamer and Lucifer. The former is from Destitute, who was by Belvoir Dryden, a son of their Gambler, from Watchful, who was a daughter of Falstaff's dam. He is a remarkably fine hound in his work, with all the dash and perseverance of his family. Lucifer is from Holderness Lilac by their Bondsman, a son of their Solomon.

Sufficient has been said to show the lines on which the present York and Ainsty pack have been bred, and it now remains to trace their history in the Yorkshire show yards.

At the Cleveland show at Yarm in 1861 Orvis showed Lapidist by Bramham Moor Layman—Telltale, and Gaiety by Remus—Graceful, for the best couple of unentered hounds, but they were unplaced to Lord Middleton's Singer and Bauble and the Bramham Moor Charon and Crony. Five years went by before the York and Ainsty again put in an appearance in the show yard, and this time they met with better fortune. The venue was York, where the hound show of 1866 was held in connection with the Yorkshire Agricultural Society's Show. They showed largely, having Racer, Champion, Regent and Albion, in the class for the best two couples of entered hounds; Duster in the class for unentered dog-hounds, Dahlia in the class for unentered bitches, and Racer in the class for stallion-hounds. Dahlia took second prize to Lord Yarborough's Ranger. She was by Lord Poltimore's Archer—Dauntless by Ranger.

In the following year at Thirsk, Careful, Comely, Lovely and Dahlia were shown in the class for entered bitch-hounds; and in a very strong class which was much admired, they failed to get a place. Better luck attended the York and Ainsty in the class for unentered dog-hounds; for Rallywood by Racer—Lovely, by Lord Portsmouth's Lincoln, was a good second to Sir John Trollope's Seaman by Grove Furrier—Stately, by Belvoir Stormer. The sire and dam of Rallywood were shown, one in the stallion class and the other in the class for brood-bitches, but neither of them got mentioned; and the unentered bitch-hound, Famous, by Albion, also failed to get into the prize-list.

At Wetherby, in 1868, Sir Charles Slingsby was a successful exhibitor, winning in the class for unentered dog-hounds with Nestor by Lord Yarborough's Nelson—Comedy,



who descended on her sire's side from Lord Henry Bentinck's Champion, and on her dam's side from the Bramham Moor Ringwood. A rare litter must this have been, for not only do we find the winning dog in it, but it also contained the first and second prize takers in the bitch class, the handsome Nosegay and Novelty being placed at the head of a good class. Nosegay was a light lemon and white, and her sister a deep lemon in colour, so that colour was scarcely so much thought of then as now. Nestor was much admired in the kennel by one of the judges who happened to visit it, and he was consequently sent instead of his brother Nimrod, whose name appears in the catalogue. They were very well bred ones, but Nestor is described as being a plain hound, and he does not seem to have been used, though his brother Nimrod was the sire of a litter.

The show of 1869 was held at Beverley, and again did the York and Ainsty meet with a good measure of success. They were to the fore in the class for the best two couples of entered bitches with Nosegay, Novelty, their litter-sister Niobe, and Timely by Bramham Moor Rocket—Tuneful; the Brocklesby on this occasion occupying second place. Rallywood by Racer (1863)—Lovely (1863), Nimrod, Nestor, and Vaulter by Lord Yarborough's Vaulter—Lovely, were shown in the class for the best couple of entered dog-hounds, but they failed to get a place. They had better luck in the class for stallion-hounds, in which the veteran Racer, a six-season hunter by Racer (1855), a son of the Bramham Moor Ringwood—Dowager by Bramham Moor Rasselas, was the winner. Ringwood was by Lord Yarborough's Ruler, and Rasselas was by the Belvoir Rifle, so that Racer was a well-bred hound, and as well as being a prize taker he was a successful sire.

Sir G. O. Wombwell sent two couples of good-looking dog-hounds to the Yorkshire at Wakefield in 1870, in

Rallywood, Nimrod, Nestor and Duster, but the judges said Burton first and Brocklesby second. The bitches fared better, however. These were Novelty and Nosegay by Brocklesby Nelson—Comedy, and litter-sisters to Nimrod and Nestor; Timely by Bramham Moor Rocket—Tuneful, and Liberty by Racer—Lovely, a sister to Rallywood but two years younger. It will be seen that the bitches were bred on the same lines as the dogs, for Duster was by the Brocklesby Nelson. There was no getting away from the Burton at this time, and again the red ribbon went their way, the York and Ainsty taking second honours. In the next class for unentered dog-hounds they did better, and Peter Collison walked off with both ribbons. The winner, Beadsman, was by Blue Cap—Dauntless by Ranger, and Blue Cap was a son of that good hound the Grove Barrister. Damper, who was second, also went back to the best Grove blood, being by Grove Druid—Comedy by Comus, a son of Lord Henry Bentinck's Champion. The York and Ainsty were not to be denied this year, for in the class for unentered bitches they were to the fore with Fairmaid by Grove Furrier—Dahlia, by Lord Poltimore's Archer. Nor did their triumphs end here, for Racer by Racer—Dowager won in a good class of stallion-hounds. After such a succession of victories, the defeat of Novelty and Nosegay in the class for brood-bitches, in which the Brocklesby Gaiety was to the fore, was almost unnoticed.

In 1871, at York, the York and Ainsty were largely exhibited. In the class for old dog-hounds Damper, Dorimont, Bedford and Finder were shown, but it was a case of Brocklesby first and Bramham Moor second. They were also unplaced in the class for entered bitches with Fairmaid, Frisky, Nosegay and Damsel, the Bramham Moor taking first prize and the Brocklesby second. Neither Lightning

nor Merrylass could get into a place in the class for unentered bitches, and Racer was not good enough for the stallion class, whilst Dahlia was 'out of it' in the class for brood-bitches. But in the class for unentered dog-hounds they were to the fore, winning with Conqueror by Belvoir Contest—Columbine by Racer—Comedy, second to whom was placed that good hound the Bramham Moor Diver. Conqueror, however, did not do much good in the pack, and his name does not appear in the hound-list for 1873, but his litter-sisters Crafty and Countess both did well and were bred from.

At the Malton show in 1872 the York and Ainsty did not score, though they showed in three classes. In the class for stallion hounds, Dorimont, a very well-bred hound by the Grove Druid—Comedy by Comus, her dam, Vengeance, by Bramham Moor Ringwood, whose maternal grandsire was a son of Lord Henry Bentinck's Champion, encountered very strong opposition, the Bramham Moor Statesman and Gainer taking both prizes. In the class for entered bitches, Famous, Stately, Milliner and Dowager were shown, but it was a case of Brocklesby first and Bramham second; and in the class for brood-bitches the Brocklesby Gaiety won, Damsel, a litter-sister to Dorimont, failing to get a place.

In 1873 the show was held at Harrogate, and the York and Ainsty entered largely, but they did not show for some reason; and they had not an entry at Sheffield, Driffield, or Skipton. In 1877, when the last Yorkshire Hound Show was held in York, they showed largely again, but did not succeed in winning any prizes. Lictor and Listener, two of the Belvoir Fallible hounds, were unplaced in the class for unentered dog-hounds. Lictor was afterwards used as a stud-hound, but not so much as his litter-brother Layman. They showed a very level lot of working dog-hounds in Bluecap and Boniface by Damper, a litter-brother of Dori-

mont—Lord Portsmouth's Brimstone; Forester by Fairplay—Lavender, and Vagrant by Lord Yarborough's Royal—Victory. The latter was six years old, and perhaps this had something to do with the defeat of the lot in a very strong class. They were, however, favourably commented upon by the judges and by the critics surrounding the ring. Daunter by Damper (by Grove Druid)—Milton Dimity, and his son Boniface, were two good stallion-hounds to show, but they were not good enough; and neither were Famous, Trinket, Dairymaid and Barmaid good enough to win in a strong class of entered bitches; but Dairymaid ultimately made a good hound and bred some useful puppies. Lictor and Listener were shown for Mr. Parrington's Farewell Cup, but of course did not get placed.

Since the hound show migrated to Peterborough the York and Ainsty have not been seen in the show yard, in this respect following the example of the Bramham Moor.

Before taking leave of them on the flags, however, it would perhaps be of interest to notice a few of the best hounds of recent years, hounds that have distinguished themselves by excellence in their work.

A son of Falstaff's that should be noticed is Gayman, whose dam, Gossip, was by Bramham Moor Contest—Holderness Gadfly, by Belvoir Gainer. He has been a very good hound in his work, is a close worker on a bad scent, and has a lot of drive, and he is also the sire of some useful puppies. Twinkle by Belvoir Sapphire—Trinket, by Brocklesby Tapster, her dam, Welcome, by Belvoir Weather-gauge, is a rare bred one for work, and is a very good bitch, the dam of a useful hound in Drover by the Belvoir Druid.

Sontag by Belvoir Glancer—Snowdrop, by Milton Solomon, has been of great use in the kennel. She is a rare worker, and has been bred from, three couples from her having been put forward. Another good bitch in the same

year is Genuine by Belvoir Student—Garnet by Milton Remus, her dam, Gossamer, by Bramham Moor Gambler. She is very good on a cold scent, having remarkable perseverance, and she has been bred from.

Quite at the top of the tree is Woeful (1892) by Streamer—Whimper, by Falstaff, her dam, Wishful, by Oakley Warbler. Streamer was by Belvoir Gordon, a grandson of Weathergauge, and Falstaff strains back to Senator, of whom there are two crosses in Weathergauge's pedigree. Of him we read, 'Streamer was doing good work the whole day; a very good dog!' Of Woeful there is much mention made in Mr Lycett Green's diary. One entry reads, 'Woeful doing A1 as usual;' and another states, 'Woeful doing no end of work, as usual, working steady on a bad scent over plough and driving ahead on good scenting ground; steady through riot.' Than this there can be no higher praise.

Treasurer by Belvoir Treasurer—Thrifty, by Belvoir Grappler, her dam, Testy, by Brocklesby Tapster, is a capital hound on a cold scent, and is the sire of some good hounds in the Morpeth kennel, hounds which are always at hand to help a huntsman out of a difficulty. Honesty by Belvoir Hermit—Glory, the dam of Falstaff, made a hard-working and industrious hound when he steadied down, his nose and drive being all that could be desired. Dorothy by Belvoir Dryden—Watchful, by Wanderer, her dam, Glory, also distinguished herself by her drive and perseverance.

Amongst home-bred hounds that have been used as sires during the last few years must be named Steadfast, Marplot, Saffron and Talent. Steadfast was by Belvoir Gambler—Snowdrop, by Milton Solomon, her dam, Vanish, by Fencer, a son of Belvoir Fallible who has been previously alluded to. This is a rare combination of hunting and running blood, and Steadfast, who was a capital hound in his work, was a good deal thought of in other kennels as well as his own.

Marplot was by Belvoir Nominal—Muelin, by Milton Solomon, her dam, Mermaid, by Bramham Moor Minister who was a son of that great hound Mountebank. A good-looking hound himself, he is the sire of some good-looking ones, amongst which may be named Marvellous, the winning bitch at the puppy show in 1894. A handsome bitch she is too, always busy and full of drive, Saffron was by Holderness Solomon—Sylvia, by Bramham Moor Smoker, and comes of a rare hunting strain, for Holderness Solomon, who made himself a good name, was a son of that fine hound Milton Solomon. Saffron was a capital hound himself and has been a great deal used in other kennels. Talent by Belvoir Gordon—Toilet, by Belvoir Grappler, her dam, Testy, by Brocklesby Tapster, is a well-bred hound that has not been much used at home, a sufficient reason being that there is already so much of the blood in the kennel.

Hound pedigrees afford a fascinating study to the lover of the foxhound, and the breeding of the York and Ainsty hounds could be pursued to an almost indefinite length. Enough has been said, however, to show that the hounds have been consistently bred from the time the pack was established, and that, for the last twenty-five years especially, the very best blood in the kingdom has been resorted to. What Colonel Fairfax initiated, Wilson carried on and in a manner perfected; his long residence at Belvoir, where he was a favourite pupil of Frank Gillard, giving him exceptional advantages for knowing the best Belvoir strains. And since Wilson left there has been no falling off. The system of breeding, once adopted, has been carefully adhered to with satisfactory results. And not the least satisfactory subject for reflection is that the blood of the Belvoir Fallible, whose merits Colonel Fairfax was one of the first to recognise, is still found in abundance in the York and Ainsty kennel.





CHAPTER XI.

YORK AND AINSTY HUNTSMEN.

OF the hunting establishment of Colonel Thornton nothing much is known, save that it was conducted in that extravagant style which characterised everything which he did. But one thing we do know about it, and that is that it turned out at least one good huntsman. This was George Barwick, who entered under Colonel Thornton, and who was huntsman to the Hertfordshire in 1823, when, so far as I can gather, Mr. Broad was Master. Barwick did credit to his early training, for he was a remarkably able and painstaking huntsman, very patient on a cold scent, and he showed excellent sport in rather a difficult country. Contemporaries speak well of him as a good man in the kennel as well as in the field. About the greater part of his career, however, history is silent, and nothing is known save that he commenced his professional career at Thornville Royal, and attained distinction in his calling.

Who was the huntsman when the York and Ainsty pack was first formed history does not relate, but we have it, on the authority of Nimrod, that when Mr. Clough and

Mr. Chaloner were at the head of affairs, Mr. George Treacher hunted the hounds for a season, and that gentleman was Master for a couple of seasons, during which time he probably hunted the hounds himself.

When Nimrod paid his visit to the country in 1826, Mr. Lloyd was Master, and his huntsman was Naylor, who, in his early days, whipped-in for Sir Thomas Mostyn in Oxfordshire, so he would be trained in a good school under Tom Wingfield. According to Nimrod, he came to the York and Ainsty as huntsman in 1820, but according to another account Mr. George Treacher was hunting them then. The dates about this particular time are very conflicting, and there does not seem to have been any strict record kept, whilst the sporting newspapers and magazines of the time are barren ground indeed. Naylor, however, was evidently with the York and Ainsty some years, and that he was a capital man in the kennel Nimrod testifies, and Nimrod was a gentleman who rarely saw anything worthy of praise out of the Shires. He was especially good as a feeder, and as Nimrod refers to the great pains he took in feeding his hounds in small lots, it seems that that was not a prevalent custom in those days. In the field he was said to be slow, but we have only the travelling critic's authority for that, and it must be remembered that in his time most of the York and Ainsty country was under plough, and under those circumstances 'galloping casts' were not likely to account for foxes, and '*festina lente*' was a good motto for a huntsman.

Naylor was succeeded by Jack Wilson, a hard-bitten man, if we may judge from his portrait. He was in office several years and showed excellent sport, but where he got his early training I am unable to say.

Jack Wilson was succeeded by that famous sportsman and hunt servant Will Danby, than whom a keener hand



never buckled on a spur. 'Lord, sir,' said Will, on one occasion, to Mr. Tom Hodgson, when that gentleman told him that he hoped to raise his wages the following year, 'I want no more wages. I am as happy as a man can be. *Only let me be with the hounds, and I wish for nothing more!*' It is to be wished that there was more of old Will Danby's spirit astir at the present day, and in other ranks of life than that of the hunt servant.

Will Danby's first introduction to hounds was at Hornby Castle, where the Duke of Leeds kept a pack of hounds which showed rare sport in the country extending thence to the west moors. Danby's father was a farmer under the duke, but like another farmer's son¹ who made himself a distinguished name as a hunt servant, Will loved hounds, and was never happy when away from them. So he speedily became a favourite with Kit Scaife, a famous man for kennel discipline, who was the duke's huntsman, and who, when the hounds were given up, was private trainer and manager of the racing stud. It was a good school for a youngster to be in, and during the seven years that he was under Scaife Will learnt many a useful lesson.

When the hounds were given up he brought eighteen couples to the kennels opposite Knavesmire Gate, but taking alarm at the strength of language of one of his new masters, when the benches gave way under the weight of the hounds, he went off in the night, and after a few seasons with the Badsworth and Lord Scarborough's, took service with Mr. Tom Hodgson of the Holderness, to whom he whipped-in for several seasons. How Mr. Hodgson managed to hunt four days a week with such a small establishment as he did

(1) John Dale, the father of Will Dale of the Badminton. He was the son of a Hampshire farmer, and when the Craven were once in low water he whipped them in to them for nothing. He was subsequently huntsman to the Earl of Glasgow, the Old Surrey, and other packs.

is one of those mysteries which are difficult to unravel. But manage it he did, though it would have been well nigh impossible had he had a whipper-in with less energy, perseverance and love of sport than Will Danby. Wiry and tough as whalebone, Will seemed not to know what fatigue was, and so great was his love of hounds and hunting that nothing was a trouble to him that was connected with them.

Danby went from Mr. Hodgson to hunt the York and Ainsty, in which country he carried the horn for sixteen seasons. He was an excellent huntsman and a keen judge of a hound, but he preferred a close-hunting to a hard-driving hound, and hounds that were dashing and flinging forward were his abomination. On one occasion a gentleman had got him a draft of good hounds from the Milton, but they were not to Will's mind at all. Some time after he asked how the draft was doing. Will's laconic reply was, 'I hanged 'em all. I know that sort; would be over Knavesmire before I got through the gate.' What excellent sport Will showed during the time he was huntsman has already been shown, and he was a capital man over the stiff York and Ainsty country, which did take some getting across in those days. A bold rider such as Will was, riding over such deep countries as the Holderness and York and Ainsty when second horses were not so much in evidence as they are now, was sure to meet with plenty of accidents, and he certainly had his share. 'Flesh rents,' the Druid tells us, 'were innumerable. He has had three thigh wrenches, and all his ribs laid bare on his right side up to the breast bone. His left arm has been broken once, his collar-bone twice; his right shoulder has been put out; he has had a slight fracture of the skull above his left eye, in consequence of his horse catching in a sheep-net; and he also lay for three weeks in a state of coma, the result of a rheumatic fever from swimming a river.' Such an array of accidents was

enough to daunt any ordinary man, but Will Danby was not an ordinary man, and nothing daunted him. When Sir Charles Slingsby took the hounds Danby retired, and a testimonial was presented to him, but his retirement was not for long, and he soon went to hunt the Hurworth for Mr. Wilkinson. After he had been there a season or two Mr. Thomas Parrington hunted them, but still Will stuck to the hounds and was kennel-huntsman for a year or two, and then he finally retired full of years and honours. He was, I believe, upwards of ninety when he died.

An anecdote is told of Will, which is worth relating, though I have been unable to verify it. It seems that he was not very partial to hunting parsons, and especially was one of them an object of his aversion, for he was constantly seeking his advice on matters connected with the stable. On one occasion he began to ask Will what he should give his horse, at the same time explaining the symptoms minutely. Will eyed the horse, who had a very ragged coat, carefully, and said, '*I think, Mr. ———, you must keep your horses on chopped sarmons.*'

When Sir Charles Slingsby took hold of the hounds he engaged as his kennel-huntsman and first whipper-in Will Orvis, who had been in a good school under Mr. Conyers in Essex. Where Orvis first commenced his hunting career I am not able to say, but he was for some seasons first whipper-in to that fine huntsman, Jim Morgan, and when the latter left the Essex country to hunt the Essex Union, he was promoted to the huntsman's place. This was in 1848, and for five seasons he showed excellent sport in a country which tries the skill and perseverance of a huntsman no little. He then went to the York and Ainsty, where he won golden opinions from all who came in contact with him. He was a capital man in the kennel, as indeed he could scarcely fail to be; a quick man to hounds, with a

thorough knowledge of what they were doing, and as keen as Will Danby himself. Indeed, he would not have been so long with Mr. Conyers unless he had been, for keenness was a *sine quâ non* with that enthusiast.

As an instance of Mr. Conyer's keenness I may perhaps be pardoned for quoting the following anecdote from Mr. Tresham Gilbey's interesting *History of the Essex Hunt*. It was during Mr. Conyer's last illness, and Will went to his bedside on his return from hunting to give an account of the day's sport. One evening, when Mr. Conyers was failing fast, Orvis related how, after a remarkable run, the fox had entered the covert of Canfield Hart with hounds close at his brush, and not a hound could own the line afterwards. Mr. Conyers had listened with much attention and in silence, and when Will came to this part of his narrative, said, 'Will, why didn't you hold them on to Canfield Thrift?' A man who served under such a Master could scarcely fail to be keen.

Peter Collison succeeded to the post of huntsman, coming with a high reputation from the Cheshire. Collison's career was a unique one, and it is seldom a hunt servant has so few places. His father was a publican at Dalkeith, but hounds were his only thought, and he was lucky enough to attract the attention of Mr. Williamson, the Duke of Buccleuch's huntsman, and under this famous sportsman he made his start in life. After spending some time at St. Boswells he went to the North Warwickshire, whence he proceeded to the Bicester. After a season or two there he returned to the Duke of Buccleuch's, where he was for some seasons first whipper-in. His first huntsman's place was with the Cheshire, where he did very well, winning golden opinions; but he did not do so well in the York and Ainsty country, and after three seasons he retired altogether.

Tom Squires was the next huntsman, but he carried the



horn but a few short months, during which time he gained the good opinion of all who cast in their lot with the York and Ainsty. The whole of his career I have been unable to trace, but he was, I believe, at one time with the V. W. H., and thence he went to Lord Coventry. He left Lord Coventry's service, and was, for a year or two, in business as a publican, and then he came to hunt the York and Ainsty, this being his first huntsman's place. From the beginning he did well. He was very quick, a famous horse-man, though perhaps rather a hard man on his horse, and he was a capital all-round sportsman. Indeed, he took to everything in the shape of sport as naturally as a duck to water. He was a quick-witted man, with considerable powers of sarcasm, as may be gathered from the following anecdote. Hounds were going along the road to draw, and one of the field got in amongst them, with the result that his horse kicked a good hound and sent him sprawling. Before he could speak Squires said, 'Never mind, sir; don't apologise. We've plenty more at home.' Squires left a wide circle of friends and admirers behind him, and his untimely fate was much regretted.

When Captain Slingsby took the reins of office he engaged J. Hollidge as his huntsman. Hollidge had had considerable experience in Yorkshire, having whipped-in to both the Bramham Moor and the Badsworth. He was then with the Chiddingfold for a time, and after hunting the York and Ainsty for a season he retired from the profession. His place was taken by George Gillson, who had commenced his professional career at the York and Ainsty kennels. He was afterwards whipper-in at Brocklesby, and thence he went to be first whipper-in to the Quorn, under Tom Firr. After that he was with Lord Ferrers, who hunted part of the Quorn and Atherstone countries, and then he went to the York and Ainsty. After seven years' service in that

country he had a season with the South Durham, and then he went to the Cottesmore, where he has been ever since. Gillson showed good sport during his term of office, and is a capable man in the kennel and in the field.

Arthur G. Wilson was the next to carry the horn. He is one of those who leave the racing stables for the hunting field, for he was at Newmarket under Joseph Dawson, and rode in several trials in which Fred Archer and Wood took part. His father not liking the racing, Wilson left, and went as second horseman to the late Marquis of Waterford, and afterwards as second whipper-in to him when he hunted the Curraghmore. This was in 1872. In 1874 he was promoted to first whipper-in and stayed till 1879, when he returned to England, and went for one season to Colonel Anstruther Thomson in Fife. He had two offers of first whipper-in's place at the end of that season, but preferred to go to the Belvoir as second whipper-in. After a couple of seasons' service he was promoted to the first whipper-in's place, which he held five years, and then he went to hunt the York and Ainsty. After four years' service there he went to hunt the Atherstone, in which place he remained four years, but on Mr. Inge's retirement he left, and he is now hunting the Essex and Suffolk.

In the kennel Wilson is excellent, and as a breeder of hounds and an expert in hounds' pedigrees he is an apt pupil of Frank Gillard. In the field he is quick and patient, and he has shown good sport wherever he has gone.

His successor is Will Gray, who commenced as second horseman to Jack Backhouse when that fine huntsman hunted the Holderness, so that he had a good training to begin with. When Ash succeeded to the place of huntsman to the Holderness, Gray was promoted to second whipper-in, and in that capacity he served eight years. He then went to Sir Harcourt Johnstone's for a season, when Mr. Hill

was huntsman. His next place was with the Badsworth, where he was second whipper-in for four seasons, and then he came to the York and Ainsty, where he was first whipper-in till Wilson left. He then succeeded to the place of kennel-huntsman, and he hunted the dog pack one season, showing excellent sport.

It is not necessary to say much of Gray's qualifications to those who hunt with the York and Ainsty. For fifteen seasons he has been with the pack, and during that period he has made many friends by his unfailing courtesy and sportsmanlike conduct. He has his hounds in first-rate condition, and in the field he is always there when he is wanted.





CHAPTER XII.

SOME OLD SUPPORTERS.

By soldier and civilian has the York and Ainsty Hunt been loyally supported ever since the White House became the home of the pack. To write a history of all their gallant deeds would fill a small library; in the space at command it is impossible to do justice to the subject.

Prominent amongst the early supporters of the hunt, as indeed he was amongst the sportsmen of his generation, was Sir Bellingham Graham, of Norton Conyers. Sir Bellingham Graham soon took the reins of office, and was alternately master of the Badsworth, the Atherstone, the Pytchley, the Quorn, the Hambleton and the Shropshire. Sir Bellingham also patronised racing a little, and in 1816 he won the St. Leger with Duchess, beating a large field.

It is, however, as a hunting man that Sir Bellingham will be remembered, and perhaps no better heavy weight ever rode over Leicestershire. He always hunted his own hounds, and was a good huntsman as well as a fine horseman. Nimrod writes of him that 'he was intent and earnest in his pursuit, and without unnecessary harshness; but the result of his sportsmanlike conduct was that no man kept his field



in such order. And this was not effected, as Dryden says, by

"Rage and storm, and blasphemously loud,
As Stentor bellowing to a Grecian crowd,"

but, as I have said, by the natural influence which a man acquires when he has attained excellence in his calling, be that calling what it may.'

The only instance on record of Sir Bellingham giving his field or any member of it a 'blowing up' was a matter of arrangement. They had been a little unruly and foxes had been headed, an immense field giving a fox but small chance of breaking. So Sir Bellingham went to Captain Berkeley of the *Thunderer*, and asked him to post himself at the likeliest place for a fox to break, and he would give him a 'thundering good blowing up.' The Captain carried out his instructions and got the 'blowing up' in accordance with the programme, and it is to be hoped that the field profited by the lesson, though that may be open to question. When Sir Bellingham retired from the mastership of the Shropshire, in 1826, he came to reside on his Yorkshire estates, and subscribed liberally to the York and Ainsty Hunt, besides taking an active interest in its welfare. It should be added of him that, like the late Lord Macclesfield, he turned out a lot of excellent hunt servants, amongst whom may be named Will Staples and Jack Wrigglesworth, both of whom became famous huntsmen.¹

Mr. Richard York, of Wighill, though he was a resident in the Bramham Moor country, may be looked upon as a supporter of the neighbouring pack, the more especially as if it had not been for his carefully-kept diaries, much valuable information respecting the early history of the hunt would have been lost. That he hunted regularly with the York

(1) His son, Sir Reginald Graham, has been master of the Cotswold, the Tedworth, the New Forest and the Hurworth, so that father and son were masters of ten packs of hounds between them.

and Ainsty the diaries show, and there is no necessity to enlarge upon the fact that he was a careful observer and a first rate sportsman. He was not a hard rider, but he saw what was going on better than many a hard rider does, and it is evident that he was as keen as any of them, for he went out in all weathers and rode long distances.

Of Archbishop Harcourt and Mr. T. F. Fairfax I have already spoken in the *History of the Bramham Hunt*, but to what is said there may be added that the Archbishop, when rector of Bolton Percy, kept hounds there and hunted a part of the York and Ainsty country. Of Mr. Fairfax a characteristic story is told. He hunted six days in one week with six different packs of hounds, and slept every night in his own house. On Monday he met the Bramham Moor at Paper Mill Bar, on Tuesday he hunted with the York and Ainsty at Street Houses, on Wednesday he met Lord Middleton's at Lobster House, Thursday found him with the Badsworth at some place between Ferrybridge and Stapylton Park, on Friday he was with the Bedale at Leeming Lane, and he wound up the week with the Holderness at Holme-on-Spalding Moor. He was living at Newton Kyme at the time, so he would have some early starts and late arrivals home, for there was nothing for it but hacking in those days. In all probability this is a record, and as such is deserving of being preserved.

Sir William Milner was a famous sportsman in his day and hunted a good deal, but his name is more associated with racing than with hunting, most likely on account of the sportsmanlike manner in which he came to the rescue when there was some doubt as to Voltigeur's starting for the Derby. It is an old story, but it is one on which Yorkshiremen love to dwell, for it is typical of the sporting feeling which pervades the country. Just before the Derby Lord Zetland was applied to for some forfeits due from the

nominator of Voltigeur, and he was so annoyed that he refused to pay them, and there was talk of scratching the horse. Sir William Milner, however, slipped away to Weatherby's and paid the forfeits, with the result that there was nothing to prevent the horse running, and his victory set all Yorkshire wild with delight.

Racing men, especially Yorkshire racing men, have often been very keen foxhunters, and a trio of names which made a great mark on Turf history also occupy a conspicuous place in the annals of hunting. These are Ridsdale, Bill Scott and John Jackson. Ridsdale was born at Skelton-in-Cleveland, and entered gentleman's service. The late Alec Taylor, who lived with him when he was in the height of his prosperity, and when he kept such a brilliant establishment at Merton, used to say that he got his start in life by 'borrowing' seven and sixpence from a fellow servant and putting it on a horse that won at a good price. He soon became a leading bettor in the ring, and when in partnership with Gully made an immense fortune. Gully and Ridsdale were the leviathans of the ring in their day, and each of them had some good horses. Ridsdale's star, however, began to set when he quarrelled with the ex-prize-fighting member for Pontefract, and though he won immense sums at times he was also a heavy loser. He was also a very expensive man, and his establishment at Merton, where he at one time had a hundred horses, took some keeping up. The money which he won over St. Giles' Derby soon went, and he happened to incur the enmity of Lord George Bentinck as well as that of his old partner Gully. Things grew from bad to worse, and with the victory of Queen of Trumps in the St. Leger the beginning of the end came. The Merton establishment was sold, the horses went to the hammer, and after paying a substantial dividend Ridsdale retired to London, where he lived obscurely, never coming

amongst his old associates, and barely recognising them when they chanced to come across him. But curiously enough fate had one chance more for him. At the Merton sale there was a colt foal by Mulatto -- Arcot Lass by Ardrossan which did not attract a bid, and he was left over for the unfortunate owner to do what he liked with. And he sent him to Newmarket and won the Derby with him, his name being Bloomsbury. Even when he had won the Derby he was subjected to annoyances and troubles, for Mr. Fulwar Craven, who was second with Deception, objected on the score of wrong description, and when the Stewards decided in favour of the winner, he commenced an action at law. It was, however, generally believed that Lord George Bentinck was the moving spirit in both objection and action, and his interference in the matter has been the subject of much comment. The defeat of Bloomsbury in the St. Leger was another blow to Ridsdale's fortunes, and though he managed to keep his head above water for a time, he was ever afterwards getting gradually behind with the world. There might have been a chance had Bloomsbury won the Cesarewitch, in which Sam Chifney rode one of the finest races in his life, and always insisted that he did win. But the judge said otherwise, and Ridsdale gradually sank till he died in a stable in Newmarket with a halfpenny in his pocket.

As a hunting man Ridsdale had a deservedly high reputation. He was a fine horseman and a light weight, and always rode the best of horses, thoroughbred ones of course. It was his luck to pound the York and Ainsty field on one occasion, a feat not very easy of attainment then any more than it is now. The only way out of a strongly-fenced paddock was over a wide drain and a high stake and bound fence into a deep weed-covered watering pool on the landing side. Ridsdale, who was riding Sedan, never hesitated, but to use the words of Sylvanus, he 'amphibiated to his work



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at the tail of hounds as unconcernedly as if taking a canter up a grass field.' Of course, he had hounds to himself for some time.

No harder man or better sportsman ever buckled on a spur than Bill Scott, and there is no man whose name is engraved more deeply on the memory of sporting Yorkshire than the jockey who lived so long at Knavesmire Gate, and whose record in the St. Leger has never yet been lowered. The history of his life is the history of the Turf in the twenties and thirties, and until he won the St. Leger on his own horse, Sir Tatton Sykes, in 1846, on which occasion he rode his ninth winner in Doncaster's great race. Sir Tatton Sykes was bred, trained and ridden by his owner, and he narrowly missed being the first horse to win the treble event; for Sir Tatton Sykes was only beaten a neck in the Derby after having been almost left at the post, and there is no doubt but that Scott was the victim of a conspiracy, for he certainly did not ride with his usual judgment, and it was always stated that he was drugged just as he was leaving the paddock. We have the Druid's authority for saying that Ben Morgan rode in something like the same style over a country as Bill Scott, and no one was harder than Ben. One of Scott's hunters was the famous Ainderby, once the property of his friend Captain Frank Gordon of the 13th, the horse on which, with the assistance of the historic dog, he beat Queen of Trumps in the Scarborough Stakes at Doncaster. Scott once rode and won a steeple-chase match for a thousand pounds, but I can get no particulars of it save that it came off in the neighbourhood of Castle Howard.

Equally hard and as keen a sportsman as any of them was Mr. John Jackson, 'Jock of Oran' as he was called by his familiar friends. Before he came to Fairfield he was a hard and very jealous rider with the Bedale, and he fully

bore out his reputation when he cast in his lot with the York and Ainsty. The late Mr. Thomas Walker once pointed out to me a place where he pounded the field. It was a very wide drain not far from the road between Deighton lane end and Wheldrake. Jackson was a bold rather than a fine horseman, though he was probably above the average all round. He had some good race horses, the best being probably Tim Whiffler, who won the Chester Cup, the Goodwood Cup and the Doncaster Cup when he was a three-year-old, and ran a dead heat with Buckstone in the Ascot Cup the following year, no very mean performance even if he was beaten in the deciding heat.

Amongst the most regular followers of the York and Ainsty hounds was Mr. H. S. Thompson, of Fairfield, a good all-round sportsman, whose name is closely associated with horse-breeding in Yorkshire. At one time he had a great deal to do with the Rawcliffe stud, which was formed under such favourable auspices but which did not prove a very profitable investment to its shareholders. Mr. Thompson was a fine judge of the thoroughbred horse and also of racing, and no harder man ever got on to a horse. He had a liberal idea of the jumping powers of the horse, and no place seemed too big for him. Mr. G. S. Thompson, his son, whose fame as a gentleman rider it is not necessary to say was the pride of his county as long as he wore silk, relates that he was once out on a pony, a rather hard puller for a small boy, and that immediately hounds found, his father set off at score and put his horse at a gate. The pony would follow his stable companion and got a little out of hand, but fortunately the horse hit the gate as he rose at it, and it flew open and thus simplified matters.

Mr. Lumley Hodgson was also a keen sportsman and a good man to hounds. He was a very fine judge of a horse, and bred many good ones in his time, his yearlings often bringing big prices.



Mr. James Brown, of Rossington, who owned some coverts in the Thursday country about Copgrove, was one of the staunchest supporters the hunt ever had. His purse and his influence were always at the service of the good cause, and for many years he took a leading part in the internal management of the hunt. Sir Charles Slingsby and he were great friends, and Sir Charles only had to make a suggestion and it was carried out.

A familiar figure with the York and Ainsty for many years was the late Colonel Telford, who was not only a liberal subscriber, but who, in other ways, rendered effective service to the hunt. The hunt partly owes the fine gorse covert at Colton to him, Lord Downe sharing the expense of planting it with him. No man ever rode a finer class of horses than did Colonel Telford, and in his younger days he went well. Indeed, till late in life he was a good performer, and he deserves a foremost place amongst that galaxy of sportsmen who have done so much to bring the York and Ainsty to that eminent position they now occupy.

A few words must be added about the farmers. Ever since the establishment of the hunt the farmers have been amongst its staunchest supporters, and that fine sporting spirit which was so prominent in their predecessors is still to be found amongst the farmers of the present day, many of whom take their place in the first flight,—and keep it.

Amongst them may be named Mr. John Nalton, of Copmanthorpe, a genial comrade and a fine horseman. Few men were Mr. Nalton's equal at showing a horse in a ring or at making a raw one, and all horses went kindly with him. Although he went well to the front Mr. Nalton could scarcely be called a bruiser, and his nice quiet style of crossing a country was a treat to witness. His untimely death cast a gloom over the country, and no man was more deeply regretted. His horse fell with him when hunting

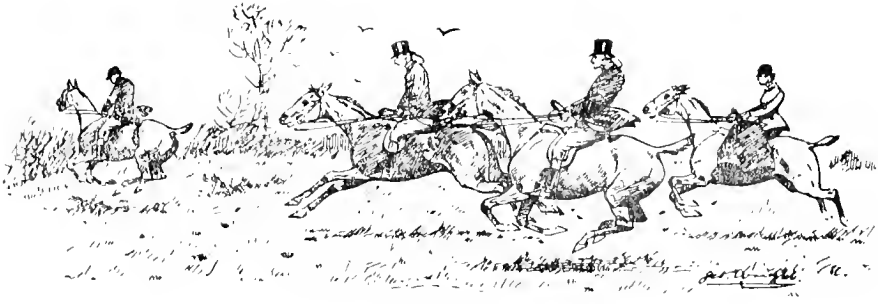
with the Bramham Moor on March 2nd, 1889, and he died ten days after of inflammation of the lungs. His ribs were crushed by the fall, and no doubt his chance of recovery was affected by his being taken home in a conveyance.

Mr. John Henry Graves, of Sutton-on-the-Forest, was another keen sportsman. In his younger days he was a very hard man, and he went well till his health began to fail. He was rather a bruising rider, and was always well mounted. He took a great and active interest in the sport, and was a strict fox preserver, whilst he possessed a great influence over others and kept many a waverer in the right path.

Mr. David Kirk was another typical York and Ainsty farmer. He was a bold horseman, and liked a raw unmade horse. He never gave great prices for his horses, but he soon made them clever. He was a light weight and a hard man. He was killed near Wensley, as has been already related, when within a few weeks of his seventy-seventh birthday.

The history of the York and Ainsty Hunt shows how, notwithstanding that difficulties have arisen now and again, as for instance with the serious attack of mange, the country has always presented a united face to those difficulties, and that masters and hunt servants, landowners and farmers have had but one end in view, and that end the showing of good sport. So long as this spirit remains in the country—and it is a subject for congratulation that, in these days of change, it does remain in the country—so long will the high standard of sport for which the York and Ainsty has ever been famous be maintained.





APPENDIX.

THE DUKE OF CLEVELAND'S HOUNDS IN THE YORK AND AINSTY COUNTRY.

SINCE the book went to press Mr. Frank Green sent me an old hunting diary of the Duke of Cleveland's, in which are records of some of the sport his hounds showed in the York and Ainsty country in the season 1807-8. A few extracts may prove of interest:—

'Monday, October 24th. Threw off at half-past ten at
'Goldsbrough Moor, soon found, ran various foxes in
'those woods for several hours, and the hounds hunted
'and stopped remarkably well when the foxes ran short.
'Killed; an old dog fox, and a young fox. A very
'stormy day with heavy showers of rain and hail, and
'very indifferent scenting. Had twenty-six couples and
'a half of old pack out; rode Flora; James, Hinton; and
'Bob, the Puleston mare.'

'Tuesday, October 25th. Met at Newton-upon-Ouse at half-
'past ten. Tried Beningbrough Whin and Cote House
'Spring, blank; then tried Overton Scrogs, found, ran
'some time in the wood, and at last lost him. Tried
'Aldwark Wood, found again, but lost directly. Miserable
'bad scenting, stormy, cold and damp. Had thirty
'couples of the young pack out; rode the Woolley mare;
'James, Silvertop; and Bob, Cavendish.'

‘Wednesday, October 26th. Threw off at half-past ten at
 ‘Brafferton Spring, tried it, blank; then Sessay Wood,
 ‘where we found, and after one ring in the wood, crossed
 ‘Pilmoor, through Brafferton Spring, and about two miles
 ‘towards Haddock warren, and lost him on Derrin’s
 ‘moor, near to Mr. Armstrong’s. A bad day’s sport;
 ‘very stormy, wild day, cold, and bad scenting. Had
 ‘twenty-three couples of old hounds out which behaved
 ‘uncommonly ill, and were wilder than the weather; rode
 ‘Lady Killer; James, Gabriel; Bob, Bumper; Mrs. Russell
 ‘on Brighton, and Will on Headlam.’

‘Saturday, October 29th. Threw off at half-past ten at
 ‘Farnham Bottom, tried it, Scriven Whin, Mr. Trapp’s
 ‘coverts, all blank; then Scaro Gyll, where we killed last
 ‘spring, found a brace, hounds divided, Bob stopped four
 ‘couples soon and joined us up Cayton Gyll, turned
 ‘away west of Ripley, through Hollin bank, down past
 ‘Ripley bridge, to Mr. Trapp’s earths, turned over the
 ‘Knaresborough road near to Crag Wood, headed back to
 ‘Scaro Gyll, crossed Cayton Gyll, when the scent died
 ‘away. A tolerable run but never pressed hard, though
 ‘we lost the hounds some time in a thick mist. A damp,
 ‘raw, misty day, tolerable scenting. Had twenty-six
 ‘couples and a half of the old pack out.’

‘Monday, October 31st. Met at Aldwark Bridge at half-past
 ‘ten, but on account of the thick mist I did not throw
 ‘off till twelve, when I tried Aldwark Wood and Mr.
 ‘Robinson’s plantations, blank; then tried Lylands,
 ‘where I immediately found several foxes, and soon
 ‘killed one, a cub dog fox, and went away with another
 ‘straight to Marton village, where he was headed and we
 ‘lost him. Fried Broadfield, found instantly, and ran
 ‘through Lylands, towards Marton village, and lost. An
 ‘indifferent day’s sport, very frosty, and thick misty
 ‘morning; afterwards cleared, with bright sun, cold air,
 ‘and indifferent scenting. Had twenty-eight couples and
 ‘a half of young pack out.’

They had another day or two in November, and then they did not visit the country again till March, when they

had much better sport than they had in the earlier part of the season. The following three days are the best, and are all good ones:—

‘Saturday, March 11th. Threw off at half-past ten at
 ‘Brafferton Spring, tried it, blank; then Sessay Wood,
 ‘where we found a brace or leash of foxes, and after
 ‘running some time in covert, we followed one which had
 ‘broke away some time before, and ran him about four
 ‘miles straight forward to Thirkleby, and earthed in a
 ‘drain, bolted and killed in view in two fields; an old
 ‘bitch fox. Tried Sessay Wood and Brafferton Spring
 ‘again, blank. Had twenty-four couples of the young
 ‘pack out.’

‘Tuesday, March 14th. Threw off at half-past ten at the
 ‘fourth milestone from Ripon to Ripley, tried Barsnip,
 ‘Cayton Gyll, and Crag Wood, all blank; then Newton
 ‘Hall plantation, where a fox and one hound, Dorset,
 ‘stole away; ran to Scaro plantations, over Kettlesing,
 ‘past Burton Yates (? Burnt Gates), over to Bransty
 ‘Woods, right up Nidderdale, past all Brimham Crags,
 ‘and at last lost him, going right west up to the moors,
 ‘after a good run of one hour and forty minutes, never
 ‘very quick, but beautiful hunting, in which Villager,
 ‘Crownor, Flourisher, Dorset, Dorking, Rally, Dragon,
 ‘Darter, Simon, and many others greatly distinguished
 ‘themselves. A cold clear dry day, tolerable scenting.
 ‘Had twenty-five couples of the young pack out.’

‘Thursday, March 16th. Threw off at half-past ten at Lord
 ‘Stourton’s park gate, tried some plantations east of the
 ‘park, Lylands, Broadfield, and Mrs. Robinson’s bank,
 ‘all blank; then tried Aldwark Wood, found handsomely,
 ‘ran to Linton Wood and earths, turned over Aldwark
 ‘Moor, right away to within one mile and a half of
 ‘Brafferton Spring, turned away for Alne, through
 ‘Tollerton village, and pointed for Cote House Whin,
 ‘headed short of Newton-upon-Ouse, down to Linton,
 ‘through Linton Woods, short of Aldwark Wood, and
 ‘earthed in a short drain near Aldwark village, where I
 ‘dug him, as Laura had got into the drain and had

‘bitten him, and we bolted and killed him in a field; an
 ‘old dog fox. An exceeding good run of an hour and
 ‘fifty-five minutes, very complete, as we chased hard at
 ‘first, surpassed many difficulties, recovered beautifully
 ‘and chased hard the last three miles; the chase computed
 ‘to be eighteen miles; Coroner, Broker, Baronet, Rich-
 ‘mond, Selaby, Tartar, and more especially young
 ‘Tichfield ran and distinguished themselves most
 ‘conspicuously. Had twenty couples of the old hounds
 ‘and young Tichfield. A very dry, cold, windy day; but
 ‘miraculously a good scenting day, when the hounds
 ‘chased with clouds of dust flying from them.’

APPENDIX II.

WILL CLARK.

WILL CLARK was an old earthstopper of the Bramham Moor and York and Ainsty Hunts, who resided at Tadcaster. He was interred at the expense of Mr. George Lane Fox, and the following epitaph on him was written by Mr. Thompson, of Tadcaster, the author of the poem on page 238 of the *History of the Bramham Moor Hunt*. Mr. Thompson was ‘Calcaria’s lawyer,’ mentioned in the poem.

EPITAPH.

‘Stop, gentle reader, drop a tear!
 For poor Will Clark lies buried here;
 So great his craft, and such his skill,
 Foxes by scores he’d helped to kill;
 And now how strange the paradox,
 He’s run to ground here by a Fox!
 Like him to fate we all must stoop,
 And life resign at death’s whoo-whoop.’



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