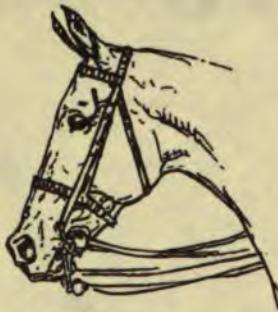


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*A THIRD OF A CENTURY*  
*WITH THE*  
*HIGH PEAK HARRIERS.*

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COMPILED FROM MR. NESFIELD'S HUNTING DIARY

BY T. A. M.

(REVISED BY THE MASTER.)

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*No. 93.*

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BUXTON:

C. F. WARDLEY, "HIGH PEAK NEWS" OFFICES.

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1892.

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## P R E F A C E .

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Mr. Nesfield having, to the great regret of every hunting man in North Derbyshire, decided to retire from the Mastership of the High Peak Harriers, has allowed me to look through his hunting journals, with the view of making a few extracts ; but I find this a difficult task, as I should like to "extract" the whole.

Mr. Nesfield has hunted the hounds for thirty-two seasons. The greatest number of days in any one season was fifty-three, in 1876-7, the smallest, twenty-four, in 1879-80. The total number of days is 1235.

The greatest number of hares killed in any one season was fifty-seven, in 1876-7, the smallest, eight, in 1886-7. The total number of hares is one thousand exactly. This is such a strange coincidence that I submit the figures hereafter.

The hounds are dwarf fox-hounds, twenty-inch standard. The pride Mr. Nesfield has always taken in their appearance has been more than justified. Hear what "G. S. L.," one of the best hound judges, said in *The Field* in November, 1887 :— "Nothing can be much more perfect and symmetrical than some of the little Belvoir hounds that Mr. Nesfield showed me, as although not over twenty inches, they are full of stuff and bone, and without a particle of weediness about them." Again, "These are as neat as might be expected, particularly 'Sentiment'—such a charming little bitch, exactly twenty inches, with a head, neck, and shoulders that one might sit and study for an hour," and, concluding his description, "Hounds bred like this should certainly be good looking and good workers, and the only thing that Mr. Nesfield ever feared was that so much Belvoir blood as he has introduced might detract

from the music that is loved so fondly by all harrier men. He has not found it so though, as the tongues of these Belvoir bred ones are like bells, as they race through the Derbyshire Dales, or over the flats on the moors. I saw the whole pack together, just twenty-two couples, and their appearance is quite exceptional for harriers, and certainly very beautiful—mostly Belvoir tans, all very level, of about a twenty inches standard, the dog hounds a little larger; but their bone for such little ones struck me so forcibly, and with it all the quality of Belvoir hounds combined.”

This beautiful pack Mr. Nesfield hands over to his successor (Mr. H. F. Herford) in trust for the country; but, although he retires from the Mastership, we hope to have him hunting among us for many years.

Mr. Herford, I am sure, will not mind my saying that, in succeeding Mr. Nesfield, he has “a good 'un to follow and a bad 'un to beat.”

T. A. M.

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JOURNAL.

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Monday, the 11th day of June, 1860.

On this day I met “Billy” Greaves at Mr. Thornhill’s kennels, and, together, I, as Master, he, as secretary, we took possession of the High Peak Harriers and brought them down to the new kennels at the back of Castle Hill. I engaged old James Raymond Hensburgh as temporary huntsman, a very knowing sporting old cove, but too old for any work out of the kennel. For my part, as the hounds want no hunting, and if they did I could do it myself, I don’t care whether he is too old or not. I propose to hunt two days a week, with a bye-day when wanted.

## A Third of a Century with the High Peak Harriers.

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FIRST SEASON, 1860-61.

14th October.

Took the hounds for the first bye day on Leech Fen and Ramsley Moor, but did not find a hare. They, however, got what I wanted—a good jacketting amongst the heather. Took A. and M., and proud *we* were; for the first time as Master I rode the old “Commodore,” who looked and went as well as he did the first day the Squire started the pack twelve seasons ago. I would he were twelve years younger.

29th October.

Bakewell. First advertised day, but sport spoiled by fog.

6th November.

“Trueman” and “Ringwood” accused of sheep killing!  
*Hang them!*

Thursday, 21st November.

Should be in red letter. Met at Flagg. J. Heathcote set a hare near the village on the Sheldon road. She went away towards the Sheldon side, with a burning scent, at a racing pace, then across the Flagg pastures on the Taddington ridge, left Chelmorton on the right, past the Duke of York and across the railway, ran in view round the hill and killed on the road, after forty-eight minutes. Intending to go home; up came Selim and a party from Buxton. Obligated to give

them a chance. A glorious run ensued. No one saw a yard—hounds flew like birds for Brierlow, *heard* them across Chelmorton Flat, saw them up the hill and right away for Taddington, and then they ran for an hour and a half, when I got them whipped off. The whipper-in was lost. Lord Denman helped me home as far as Ashford. Fed the hounds. To dinner dead beat but greatly elated. [There was sport in those days.—T. A. M.]

Tuesday, 11th December.

In the middle of a good run ——, who had seen just nothing, coolly informed me "They were running a black cur, sir." Killed soon after, and made —— cut off the *black cur's* tag, and, as he is sure to boast of it, and swear it was the best and hardest run of the season, I will take a conspicuous opportunity of having my revenge. Black cur, indeed!

2nd February.

Hunter's Mere. Remarkably fine run along Taddington top across to the Brushfield side and round back to Taddington.

5th March.

Met at Buxton. Found near Parks Inn, and had a tremendous and beautiful run of one hour thirty-five minutes, and lost. Had I known the country it would have been different. [This is very interesting in view of the change of mastership.—T. A. M.]

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SECOND SEASON, 1861-62.

Thursday, 24th October.

Gave Thornhill a bye-day. Torrents of rain. No one came. No hare. Shall cut my throat.

Saturday, 30th November.

Met at Pike Hall. Lord Hartington, E. and G. Cavendish, Thornhill, &c. No hare at Gotham. Found on Watson's, and went away at a tremendous pace for Aldwark, but she turned down-hill and raced past Wragg's, straight for the dale. There we were all thrown out! The hounds, however, carried her right through, in spite of lots of hares, into Thornhill's woods on Hartle Moor, through them, and killed in F. Potter's farmyard. [I make this about a seven mile line without allowance for divergences.—T. A. M.]

Tuesday, 3rd December.

A very hard frost and the road so slippery I had difficulty in getting to Taddington, where we had to meet. Doubted whether we should attempt to turn out, but, as the wind was south, I did, and was rewarded. A wonderful run was the result, one hour thirty minutes over all the best Taddington ground. We ran into her in a fallow and then she gave a second run of fifty minutes and beat us. She went right through the village and crossed to the Brushfield side. We were too far behind to make her out.

Tuesday, 24th December.

Met at Duke of York. First run a good thirty-five minutes and killed. A second hare got up at the same moment and gave us one of the finest runs I ever saw—fifty-five minutes at a racing pace, perfectly straight, and a kill. We found in the Duke of York wood, ran over the Sterndale side, re-crossed the turnpike down to the Flagg road, crossed it, and killed in the plantation above Monyash.

Saturday, 4th January.

Met at Newhaven. Trotted off to the cross road to Parwich, and had a rattling run of one hour and ten minutes through Hillacre down to the Gotham road, to the right on

towards the Duke's Wood, thence nearly to Parwich, and lost at Cobbler's Nook. A first-rate commencement of the New Year.

Saturday, 18th January.

Met at Wilton's. Found immediately below the house, and had a most extraordinary run of two hours and five minutes, running to ground in the rocks on Swaffield's farm. We found opposite Wilton's, ran nearly to Arbor Low, then back to Parsley Hey, down the railway, over to Swaffield's, on to Gould's, then parallel with the Dove on to the Cronkstone road, down which we ran straight to Needham, and then over the left to Swaffield's again. First-rate!

Friday, 21st March.

Hunted with the Oldham Harriers at the Duke of York. Mr. J. L. Becker was Master, and became a fast friend of mine. He was well known at Buxton. They are all the old "Southern" Harriers—long ears, heavy and slow, a deep melodious, but monotonous tone, and a fine thin stern. They seem to have first-rate noses, but they fail in their casts, in fact, lose so much time when they come to a fault that I question their ever killing a real, good, wild High Peak hare. We had a very good run from Cronkstone to Chelmorton, in spite of an indifferent scent.

Saturday, 29th March.

My last day—and a brilliant one. Met at Parsley Hey. First run over Swaffield's, one hour, to ground on railway. Second run, found above the railway, ran over Swaffield's, over to Abbot's side, to Wilton's Clump; then to Parsley Hey, over the turnpike to Monyash plantation, where she was run by a sheep cur, back towards One Ash, then over the road to Bateman's Plantation, rattled her through, raced in view to Wilton's Clump again, and up the railway over the turnpike in

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view, when she, too, ran to ground in Wilton's Limekiln. Too late to dig her out. Every horse dead beat; two hours and five minutes. [This was one season when an old friend of T. A. M.'s—Mr. R.—hunted with the High Peak, and whom Mr. Nesfield described as one of the best men across country he ever saw. On one occasion Mr. R. was riding a horse which threw his head up badly, so he crossed the reins under the horse's chin. Forgetting this, and finding he was jumping on to a cross wall, he pulled his horse into the wall instead of away from it, and broke the poor brute's neck on the spot. Another time he fell against a wall and cut his head open badly. Taking the paper in which his sandwiches were wrapped he stuck it over his wounds and went on. He used to sing a real good song in the "swatest" brogue. Here's one:—

THE LITTLE RED DOG.

The thrush had scarce hail'd the dull morn with her note,  
The lark had scarce shaken the dew from her throat,  
When the Squire, spurred and booted, came to my bed-side,  
And vowed that that day I a hunting should ride.

Well, I groaned, rubbed my eyes, but immediately rose,  
And from under the blankets popped into my clothes,  
And then to the parlour I hastened down,  
Though for one little nap I'd have given half-a-crown.

But when I got down—turf an' 'ounds! what a sight!  
It made the heart bound within me for delight,  
There was roast beef and boll'd beef, which made me to sing,  
This hunting, I see, is not half a bad thing.

Then I mounted a pony that stood at the door,  
And followed the Squire, who rode on before;  
We never drew rein till we came to a wood—  
This hunting, I fear, is not quite so good.

Then such cracking of whips, and such yelping and barking,  
Some crying "Hallo," to some crying "Hark in,"  
Till they frightened the life out of blackbird and thrush,  
And a little red dog jumped up out of a bush.

"Tally-ho!" says the Squire, wid the Divil's own shout,  
"Tally-ho!" says myself, and I looks all about:  
Though who "Tally-ho" was sure nobody knows—  
It's calling the huntsman or groom I suppose.

Now this little red dog—they called him a fox—  
And he scampered away o'er hills, valleys, and rocks,  
And the hounds they went after, I thought it ill done  
And not at all fair to set forty at one.

Now my pony loved hunting as well as the Squire,  
He capered about like a frog in the fire;  
I whipped him and spurred him to make him be-quiet,  
But nothing would do—he must join in the riot.

Well, we came to a fence, perhaps so high or more,  
My pony stopped short—and I went on before,  
And when he had landed me safe on the shelf  
He went on and joined in the hunt by himself.

Another Irishman asked T. A. M. one day, "And what sized walls d'ye jump?" "Oh! anything over four feet is a very good jump." "I quite agree wid ye—the people who say they jump six feet walls don't know what they're talking about—but a heavy man like you ought to have no trouble in crossing a stone wall country." "Indeed!" "Yes, if ye come to a wall that's too big to jump, ye just turn yer horse round and make him back and the wall'll tumble down!"]

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THIRD SEASON, 1862-63.

Saturday, 18th October.

Commenced my third season with a bye day in the afternoon on Ramsley Moor. Killed a leveret, and had two short but pretty runs from Fox Lane plantation, losing in Smeeliff Wood. It was just the exercise I wanted. The hounds are in good condition, my own entry very promising. One bitch, "Crafty,"

THE HIGH PEAK HARRIERS.

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from Sir T. Boughey's, also a great beauty, but too light in bone and muscle.

Tuesday, 28th October.

First advertised day of the season. Met at Duke of York. All the Oldham and Buxton men out in scarlet and green and black, and right well mounted, too. Three carriage loads of Buxton ladies. We found near the Hurdlow Lane, and ran a ring on both sides the turnpike, more to the delight of the ladies than myself. At last they took off straight for Flagg. The hounds ran with an improving scent at a rattling pace to the village. We went through it, turned to the left, and positively flew to Taddington High Mere, on over the hill, and within sight of Shacklow. Here we came on five confounded hares, and a serious check was the result. Time, one hour five minutes; the fastest and straightest I ever saw. Finally the Oldham huntsman put her up, and in ten minutes we ran into her. Everyone astonished and delighted.

Saturday, 15th November.

Met at Pike Hall. Good field. Found near the Bank Farm, ran to Gotham, then into Parwich, thence to Tissington, and lost; two hours. The best hunting run we ever had. This hare was picked up dead next day in the field where I lost her.

Saturday, 3rd December.

Met at Duke of York. Had another splendid field, and a wonderful run of an hour and three-quarters, and a kill. Sent her to Belvoir.

Saturday, 17th January.

At Flagg. A sprinkle of snow. Found above the village, ran to the Duke of York, and then on to Hurdlow village, thence to Chelmorton Flat and to ground. A burning scent and the fastest twenty-five minutes I ever rode to.

Tuesday, 3rd February.

Met at Chelmorton Thorn. Thornhill, Lord G. C., and three sons; Reynolds, and Oldhamites from Buxton, and several others. Soon found, and had a first-rate run of one hour thirty-five minutes, and killed below Chelmorton, to my infinite joy.

Saturday, 7th February.

Met at Parsley Hey. A field of forty. Found on the Monyash side of Abbott's plantation, and had a twenty minutes' run. Got into the gorse and lost. Found a second near the Cronkstone Wharf. Had a rattling good hour and five minutes round by the Duke of York, Cronkstone heather, and back to the Duke of York, where we killed.

Tuesday, 10th February.

Met at Hunter's Mere. Hounds very wild, and would not settle to first hare. Found a second near to the new plantation. A ripping run all round Monyash and Flagg to the right of the Duke of York, when we lost at the end of two hours. A soaking rain all the time.

Saturday, 27th February.

Got pit-holed!

Saturday, 7th March.

At Duke of York. Found on Bagshaw's farm, near Brierlow. Had a brilliant run of fifty minutes, and a kill. She ran for the Duke of York, and thence to Chelmorton Thorn, where we killed. The last three miles at coursing pace in view. Found again Wall's hare. Had a capital run, but a cow dog ran her, and we ran the cur, and we lost.

Tuesday, 31st March.

Met at Elton for a wind up. We had several nice bursts about Aldwark, but it was so hot and bright nothing could be

done. At last at four o'clock we found in the Aldwark belt, ran to Buxton's home plantation, thence straight back to the belt, then over the rocks and as straight as a crow could fly to the Grange, forty-five minutes, and a check. We again hit it off, and ran over the road to Hopton side, but it was a cold scent and a bad country, and I lost. If we had killed it would have been about the smartest thing of the season. On the whole we have had better runs than ever, but fewer kills. This I believe to be owing to the high winds that prevailed so long.

---

FOURTH SEASON, 1863-64.

I commence my fourth season with eighteen couple of hounds. The only fault to be found is the pack are by no means as level as they ought to be. I hope to remedy this in another season or two, but this is not easy to do.

Saturday, 24th October.

First advertised day. Found on the Taddington Hill. We met at the High Mere. Ran to the plantation down to Waterloo, to Taddington village, thence to Priestcliffe under the Priestcliffe hill, back through the churchyard, up the hill nearly the way we came, and killed in the open over the road towards Flagg. Fifty minutes, first-rate.

Thursday, 5th November.

Met at Bakewell. A pelting rain all day, but the Oldham men were out, so I put a good face on and turned out. Found in John Bank. Ran up to Green Cowden over Taggs, down to the toll bar and into Ashford grounds. She tried the river and funk'd; doubled through the village into John Bank. Moved her away again to Green Cowden, when the field overpressed the hounds, and I lost her.

Thursday, 12th November.

Met at Green Cowden. Some nice running but no great sport. Afterwards I was entertained by the gentry at a dinner held at the Rutland Arms.

January.

Frost set in on the 1st and utterly stopped hunting. No snow. Then came a frosty foggy sort of unkind thaw, and now here we are, on the 18th, without a chance of getting out unless the wind, which has got a point to the south, continues.

Thursday, 21st January.

First day after the frost. Met at Hunter's Mere with a capital field. Had a nice hunting ring round the Duke's plantation, and up to her near the Heatherfield. She then went straight away, at a fearful pace, for the Two Spinneys, over the Taddington road, to the High Mere; crossed the hill to the Whale road and back to the Flagg road, when we came to a check. Never on good terms again. A wonderful run of one hour. ——'s horse dropped on the road, and my lancet, used by Greaves, alone saved his life. Several others led home.

Saturday, 23rd January.

At Elton. Found in Buxton's field, ran to Aldwark Rocks, and over the valley back to Barnsley's. She again made her point for the rocks, and went as straight as a line over Aldwark top land, across the railway, past Brassington, half way to Carsington, when we lost. One of the finest runs I ever saw. One hour fifteen minutes.

Tuesday, 2nd February.

Met at Parsley Hey. Found near Abbott's; ran to the turnpike, down it to the wharf, up the road to One Ash, thence to Flagg, and lost. A marvellous run. No man could live with them. One hour's run in a torrent of rain.

THE HIGH PEAK HARRIERS.

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Saturday, 20th February.

Ashford. Frost !

Tuesday, 23rd February.

Taddington. Do.!!

Thursday, 25th February.

Monyash. Do.!!!

Saturday, 27th February.

Newhaven. Do.!!!! Took the hounds and came back again. [I wonder what that last ! really meant.—T. A. M.] [It merely meant, I took the hounds under the hopes of hunting but could not.—R. N.]

Saturday, 1st March.

Chelmorton Thorn. Same as Saturday. Go it. [Not equal to the occasion.—T. A. M.]

Thursday, 3rd March.

Met at Hunter's Mere. Foggy and east wind, a good hunting run late in the afternoon.

Saturday, 5th March.

Met at Pike Hall. Chopped a hare. Dense fog, and had to return home. East wind.

Tuesday, 8th March.

Advertised for Flagg. Snow!!!!

Thursday, 10th March.

Advertised for Newhaven. Deep snow and frost. [I have quoted these days to show that those of us who have grumbled at the weather this unhappy year of 1892 only suffer as did our predecessors.—T. A. M.]

Thursday, 24th March.

Met at Duke of York. Sharp white frost, bright hot sun, and east wind. Had, however, the best run possible. Found near Hurdlow village. Ran over the railway down to Cronkstone Grange, into the heather fields, and killed in the open. Fifty minutes.

Saturday, 2nd April.

Last day at Newhaven. Presented me with a horn and flask, with the inscription:—

PRESENTED TO  
R. W. M. NESFIELD, ESQ.,  
MASTER OF THE HIGH PEAK HARRIERS,  
BY THE MEMBERS OF THE OLDHAM HUNT,  
APRIL, 1864.

Thus ended my fourth season—up to Christmas by far the best I ever knew. Subsequently the continued frost, fog, and snow almost shut us up.

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FIFTH SEASON, 1864-65.

I commence my fifth season with nineteen and a half couple of hounds. The young ones are promising, but "Judgment" and "Jovial" too big.

Saturday, 29th October.

First advertised day. Met at Elton. A S.E. wind and drizzle. Flashy scent. Killed one hare.

Saturday, 5th November.

Bakewell. The usual row and bad sport till we got to Hunter's Mere. We then found and ran to Blore's farm over the Monyash road for the new plantation, down to the left as if

for Monyash, and killed in the open, near the Bakewell road, after the fastest thirty minutes I ever saw. It was impossible to live with the hounds.

Tuesday, 8th November.

Duke of York. Found near the whin; ran towards Duke of York, then down to Flagg, thence to Chelmorton Thorn, right through the village, and forward into Deep Dale. There I viewed her slap over, but of course we could not follow. The pace was first-rate and the country perfect. Time, one hour fifteen minutes.

Saturday, 31st December.

Hounds met at Aldwark. Gouty and could not go. A hard frost, but the hounds threw off, there being a good field, but too hard to ride. Thus ended the worst half-year we ever had. The mischief done this day to the pack ought to act as a caution. Some of them will never get over it. N.B.—1865. The above is true, "Sinner" and "Stormer" both lamed for life.

Tuesday, 10th January.

Met at Hurdlow. A very good run over the railway, round by Cronkstone, past Duke of York, and up to Hurdlow. Driven home by a gale of wind and rain.

Thursday, 15th January.

At Flagg. A beastly wet day and high wind. South wind and good scent. A wonderful run, twice making a large ring between Monyash and Shacklow, then right away past Taddington High Mere, and ran to ground in the old limekiln to the left of Chelmorton Thorn.

February.

All prospect of hunting is utterly over. Frost, snow, thaw; frost and snow.

Saturday, 25th February.

At last I got the hounds out, but the snow drifts were so deep and the ground so hard, it was dangerous work, but we had some running (especially in Haddon fields), and it did the hounds good.

Tuesday, 28th February.

Met at Bakewell. A good field. No hare below Cowden. A good deal on Tagg's. Too many hares and too many people to kill. Ran into and through the Lathkill Dale—a very pretty run.

Saturday, 11th March.

Newhaven. A remarkably good run; if we had killed, a perfect run. Found near Pike Hall; ran to the plantation on the left, over Gotham heath, through the Duke's wood, straight across Cold Eaton down to the Dove and out of it by the Spur, and over to the cross roads. Here, by halloa-ing, we lost, though lots more running and bothering took place. [Never halloa till you've counted twenty, and then *don't*.—T. A. M.] [Right my friend.—R. N].

Thursday, 30th March.

At Monyash. We had three first-rate runs. The first we lost by getting split; the second by a fresh hare; the third we ran to ground on the railway embankment at Parsley Hey. The best day of the year. Did not get home till eight; dead beat.

Saturday, 1st April.

Newhaven. A field of forty, including seven ladies. First run, a fast thirty minutes, and kill in Hillacre. The second, a good hunting run over Gotham, and lost. Thus ended well the worst season on record.

Saturday, 8th April,

We had a bye day at Newhaven. It was so hot it was quite out of the question to expect to do anything. Everything

THE HIGH PEAK HARRIERS.

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this season has been dead against us ; the first half we had no scent, and the second half no hunting. Then the hounds had an excess of young ones, and that added to the evil. However, we must hope for better things.

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SIXTH SEASON, 1865-66.

My entries this year are only four, including one beautiful foxhound bitch from Belvoir. The total pack is eighteen and a half couple, and are much better seasoned than last year. I commenced

Wednesday, 27th September,

with a day on the moors, and killed two hares. I started at seven and was back at twelve. The heat intense and the moor as dry as a stick, not a drop of rain having fallen for a month.

Monday, 9th October.

I again went up to the moor ; a slight shower had fallen in the night, the first drop of rain since the first week in September. There was not a particle of scent. [Think of this in drowned-out Autumns.—T. A. M.]

Saturday, 21st October.

First advertised day. At Elton. A second hare gave us a capital run of three-quarters-of-an-hour over Upper Aldwark and Brassington Moor, and I lost her on the railway near Ballidon.

Tuesday, 24th October.

Duke of York. Found a second hare below Duke of York, and ran below Flagg at a rattling pace, and killed in the open (on foot) in twenty-five minutes.

Saturday, 28th October.

Newhaven. Found on Gotham Heath, and, after a brilliant run of an hour, killed in Cold Eaton farm (on foot). We ran nearly to Cobbler's Nook.

Saturday, 4th November.

Bakewell. Found under Eagle's Cliff Rock, and went straight away to John Bank, Tagg's, over the Sheldon Moor, viewed her. The mob hustled her, and I, of course, lost my temper—and hare.

Saturday, 25th November.

Winstor toll bar. Very wet; but had a wonderful run from near Buxton's barn through the top plantation to the Ash Trees, thence to Grange, under the railway to Minninglow, then back to where we found her. Here we ran up to our hare, and so we went on till she foiled the ground, and fairly beat me, at the end of two hours.

Tuesday, 28th November.

Flagg. Another vile wet day, and S.E. wind. Found in the pastures; had a splitting thirty-two minutes, and a kill, then home, soaked.

Saturday, 2nd December.

Elton. I was at Belvoir. They say it was the best day on record. As it seems to me, they ran my hare of the 25th. They did not kill her.

Tuesday, 10th December.

Taddington High Mere. Had a capital run from above Flagg, through Chelmorton village, and back to the Thorn. Then they checked. I cast and hit it off, got thrown out, and I caught them again at fault beyond Flagg. I again lost and found her, the same a third time, and a fourth, when I killed her in the Slag Pits, after a run of one hour twenty-five minutes.

Tuesday, 19th December.

Monyash. Found near Melland's; ran brilliantly to Abbot's Gorse—a long check. Hit her off on the turnpike back towards Monyash, thence again to Abbot's Gorse, down the road to Hurdlow Wood and Wharf, over the heather fields to the left, thence leaving Cronkstone Grange on the left over the hill, back to the heath. Here the two foxhound bitches, "Ruby" and "Fairmaid," distinguished themselves; they took up the scent and killed in Cronkstone Wood; two hours twenty-eight minutes. [How many foxes could stand before Belvoir bitches like this?—T. A. M.]

Saturday, 20th January.

Met at Gotham Gate. Found near Cliff House, had an excellent run round Hillacre, and killed. During this run I got a bad fall over a hurdle in a lane near Biggin; it leant to me, and "Prince" caught his legs in it and turned right over, falling on me, and hurting my left ankle very much. I rode on afterwards in much pain. The second run was wonderful. We found in a seed field of Dakin's, on the Pike Hall side; ran hard across the flat towards Newhaven, up to Hillacre, where she ran a ring as usual, but got her away. She made straight down the hill for the Elton road, which she crossed as if for the Dale, but turned to the left on to the Bakewell road, under Fryden Arch, to Bolderstone Hollow, up the valley to the left, on to the railway, down it for a mile; three platelayers turned her to the right; then straight away for Arbor Low Ring, on to and up the Parsley Hey road, and then for Bateman's plantations. But it was no go, poor puss dropped down dead, one hundred yards ahead of the hounds, and thus ended a wonderful run of one hour twelve minutes.

Saturday, 17th February.

Pike Hall. Snow on the ground. A quest taken up opposite Wragg's which increased to a rattling pace—in fact I

never saw hounds run harder. They went beyond Mouldridge Grange, turned up the valley to Minninglow, into the plantation, viewed and killed near Cobbler's Nook; twenty-five minutes.

Saturday, 24th February.

Aldwark. Excellent field, between forty and fifty. Found on D. Holmes'; went away at a tremendous pace, but soon lost. Did not find again till we got to Wragg's. We then had a brilliant run of fifty minutes, and killed. Through the top plantation, over to Minninglow and beyond it, back to the railway, and killed near Pike Hall; one of the best runs of the year. Unfortunately, it turned out to be the last. Going home we heard that the cattle plague, long desolating many parts of the kingdom, had broken out on our friend Archer's, at Meadow Place, virulently; also at Hartington, Curbar, and elsewhere. I at once determined to give up hunting any more. I did so more from sympathy than from fear. Thus ended the best season I ever knew in my life.

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SEVENTH SEASON, 1866-67.

The entry this year is excellent, including three foxhound bitches—one of the Duke's, one of the Duke of Beaufort's, and one North Warwickshire.

Saturday, 29th September.

Sent hounds on the moor, but, being gouty, could not go. They killed three hares and had excellent sport, the young hounds entering well.

Saturday, 3rd November.

Met at Wilton's. Never found on his or Banks' land, which we drew for three hours and a quarter!! Found on the

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flat, ran by Bateman's wood, over Arbor Low and through the plantation; a ring over the same and right away to One Ash dale, where we were at once floored; a brilliant thirty minutes.

Tuesday, 13th November.

Bakewell. My audit. Not out till two. They had a capital run over Green Cowden and killed two hares. I had also a good run from the Duke's plantation through the dale and back, but no kill.

Saturday, 17th November.

Winstor toll bar. Capital field, fourteen from Chatsworth. I was at Derby, to my disgust; a forty minutes' run and kill.

Tuesday, 27th November.

Met at Ashford. Quested from John Bank, then got off to Hunter's Mere. Had some excellent running and a kill.

Saturday, 1st December.

Hurdlow House. Hard frost and a slight sprinkle of snow. Too hard to hunt, and returned, but met good field, so let hounds go to show themselves. They found a hare, and went off like lightning, without a word said, and we never saw a yard of the run.

Tuesday, 11th December.

Monyash. Frosty again, especially in the valley. Two hares set, to my great satisfaction. First, gone away; second found above Monyash, and flew through the village to One Ash, and lost in a turnip field; foiled by sheep. Second hare on Newbold's. Ran over Green Cowden, through the plantations to Encliffe Wood, round back by Shutes'; over Burton Moor to Hunter's Mere, by Blore's farm to the field where we found, thence over Martin's, and whipped off in the dark after a two hours' run.

Saturday, 15th December.

Pike Hall. A soaking rain from morning till night, the wind S.W., *but the glass steady*. Found near Pike Hall, flew to Buxton's Wood and lost; twenty minutes. Found on Barnsley's flat and ran to the rocks, at a great pace, and lost. Then had an excellent run from Wragg's to Buxton's wood, over Brassington Moor, through D. Holmes' yard, over High Aldwark and lost (after a first-rate forty minutes' run) near where we found.

Tuesday, 18th December.

Duke of York. I was at Belvoir. They had excellent sport and killed four hares—two too many!

Saturday, 22nd December.

Newhaven. A very bright morning with tendency to foggy frost. Found on the heath, and ran towards Pike Hall, along the heath towards Cobbler's Nook, back under the hill on the flat towards Newhaven; then up to Hillacre, and through to Gotham, and lost in the fog; one hour forty-five minutes.

Saturday, 29th December.

Parsley Hey. Found near the Wharf, ran hard for fifteen minutes and lost at the Moor (as usual) below Banks'. Found again in Cronkstone road, ran to Abbot's Gorse and back, and killed in the open. "Columbine" did it single-handed. Going home I had a heavy fall off the "Prince." So ends an excellent half season (twenty-two days and twenty-three kills).

January 1st.

The year commenced with a hard frost, and we had no sport worth speaking of till

Saturday, February 2nd,

At Aldwark, when there was a fair run across Smerrill Dale, but, changing hares, could not kill.

Tuesday, 5th February.

Sheldon. A first-rate run from Once-a-Week over by Monyash and Blore's, round by the plantation (where we chopped a hare), and right through the dale up to Taddington High Mere and round again, when I lost, after two hours.

Saturday, 9th February.

Pilsbury. An enormous and most unruly field. Found on Cronkstone Heath, and though another hare split the pack and a cur helped to spoil us—still we had a good run by Hurdlow, below Duke of York, to Abbot's Gorse, and lost.

Thursday, 12th February.

Duke of York. Nasty day and small field, but capital sport. First hare we ran for an hour, and killed at Hurdlow. The second gave us a twenty-five minutes' brilliant burst, and we killed her near Chelmorton Thorn.

Saturday, 23rd February.

Elton. A most likely day. First-rate scent. Found near Elton, and ran to below Winster toll bar, then back to Aldwark, and killed, after one hour twenty minutes.

Saturday, 2nd March.

Cold Eaton. A very hard frost. First run was to Biggin, and back into the dale. Riding very dangerous. Found again in the Duke's plantation; ran to Hillacre, by Gotham and the heathy land. A capital hunting run of one hour thirty-five minutes, and kill.

From this time until March 26th we had nothing but frost and deep snow.

Saturday, 30th March.

Newhaven. Last regular day. Wet and windy. A very good run over the railway to Smerrill Dale and back, and

lost. Found again near Biggin and had a ripping half-hour, when the most extraordinary snowstorm came on and nearly smothered man and beast.

Tuesday, 2nd April.

At Cronkstone, by special invitation. Found near Monyash, and had about the best run of the year, killing in Blore's belt, after one hour and forty-five minutes.

Saturday, 6th April.

Had our last day by invitation at Smerrill Grange, but it was too wet and filthy for anything. We trotted off to Pike Hall and found. The hounds ran hard, but we got into Gratton Dale and never got out for hours. I came home with half the pack, and Charles, with the remainder, an hour afterwards. Thus ended the season, and a capital one, too. We were stopped by frost seven weeks, but we had excellent sport when we did hunt.

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EIGHTH SEASON, 1867-68.

Commenced my eighth season with eighteen couple of hounds, of which six couple are this year's entry, and a more promising lot could not be.

Saturday, 21st September.

For my first day I started at 7.30. Had some very good running on the moor near Robin Hood; killed two hares, and back by 12.30.

Thursday, 10th October.

Bye-day at Sheldon for the Wakes. Had a capital fifty minutes from Sheldon Moor to Tagg's, down to Green Cowden planting, over Martin's, to the Hunter's Mere road, then down

the lane to the Over Haddon side as if for the Lathkill banks, on to the village, over Newbold's and the Bakewell road to Green Cowden's Rake, then over Tagg's, and lost on the Sheldon road.

Saturday, 26th October.

Elton. Good field. ——'s horse kicked slap into the whole pack, and poor "Jessica" had to be put away. Lots of running on the top of Buxton's big wood. Ran to the Grange, down to lower plantation, where I got left behind on the hill. Away for Grange toll bar, over the hill near to Winster toll bar, and lost, just as I caught them up.

Saturday, 2nd November.

Breakfast, sumptuous, at F. Potter's; tremendous field, multitudes of the "Plebs." Had a very good run indeed over the Aldwark top to Pike Hall, thence to Wragg's, where we changed hares and lost. Found again, and had a race from the Belt to Cobbler's Nook. Here I had a bad fall rounding the lane end, "Prince" falling as if shot, with me under. Lost.

Saturday, 9th November.

At ——'s. North wind, but bright. No scent, no sport, no kill, no hares at ——'s.

Tuesday, 12th November.

Over Haddon. Newbold's breakfast. Good field. Lost first hare by coming in contact with a dead donkey and three live goats. How they did stink!! Found *the* old hare, and gave her a first-rate one hour thirty minutes, and lost again in the old way, by getting on a fresh hare.

Saturday, 30th November.

Winster toll bar. Foggy, close, soaking rain. A burning scent, and two first-rate runs over High Aldwark. Then a stinging frost set in. No hunting till

Thursday, 18th December.

At Green Cowden, at last. A good field and good sport, but no kill. We ran all day! having a capital spurt over Hunter's Mere and Newbold's.

Saturday, 28th December.

Newhaven. Great field. A very sharp frost; nevertheless, excellent sport. Second run, one hour fifteen minutes and kill, over Gotham Heath and Parwich Moor.

Monday, 30th December.

Met at Hurdlow. Drew to Cronkstone, thence to Banks', and never a single hare. [I wonder what Mr. Turner or Will Heathcote would say if this happened now-a-days.—T. A. M.] On the whole a good half-season.

Saturday, 18th January.

Wragg's. Such a storm of wind and rain as I never before beheld. In spite of it we had a good run of one hour ten minutes, and ran to ground in the quarry at Minninglow.

Tuesday, 21st January.

Flagg. No hare. Snow. Found at Once-a-Week. A good ring over to the Magpie, thence to Green Cowden, forward to Over Haddon, along the whole side of Lathkill Dale nearly to Monyash, and lost at Once-a-Week, after two hours ten minutes.

Saturday, 25th January.

Pike Hall. Dangerous to ride. Found near Wragg's, and had a most excellent run to Brassington Moor, thence to Upper Aldwark, and lost. One hour ten minutes. A second run of thirty-five minutes, and lost in the village. Either she was picked up or ran to ground.

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Saturday, 1st February.

Aldwark. A gale of wind; notwithstanding we had an hour and twenty minutes, and a kill. Would not *swear* it was not a rabbit they killed.

Tuesday, 18th February.

Chelmorton Thorn. There had been a catch frost. Found at once, and had a brilliant run, Chelmorton village being the north extremity and Melland's plantation the south. One hour twenty minutes, and kill. I think we changed hares.

Saturday, 22nd February.

Smerrill. Great breakfast. Crossing the dale hounds broke away on a quest; lost four; two more lame. Bad scent, poor run, and no chance (with a noisy field) of a kill.

Saturday, 21st March.

Elton. Nice run, but got into the dale. *Floored* with hares. Got hounds back to Aldwark. An excellent run, fifty-three minutes, and kill. As warm and mild a day as Summer.

Saturday, 29th March.

Last day at Newhaven. J. Kirkham gave us breakfast. Immense field, excellent sport. First run, fifty-five minutes, and kill; second, an hour and three quarters, and whipped off at 6 o'clock. A rare finish to a rare season. Bar lame hounds, all in excellent trim.

Forty-two days hunting, thirty-two hares accounted for.

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NINTH SEASON, 1868-69.

Monday, 18th September.

The hounds met me at the Pole after the Duke left, and I commenced my ninth season well. The hounds are in excellent

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condition—eighteen couple old and young, the latter bought and exchanged, as I had not one puppy left alive. We had a capital thirty-five minutes, and kill over Leach Fen.

Tuesday, 27th October.

Chelmorton. A very nice twenty minutes; spoilt by a violent storm of wind and hail. Plenty of hares.

Saturday, 30th October.

Met at Wragg's. Found on the rough a poor hare, and killed in twenty minutes. Then a deal of running, and finally ran to Ballidon and killed. I was ill and not able to finish.

Saturday, 5th December.

Newhaven. Good field. Found on Biggin side. Had a good hunting run, but rather ringy, round the Cold Eaton plantation, and killed; fifty-five minutes. Fog and rain prevented us getting any more worth having.

Tuesday, 8th December.

Taddington High Mere. Torrents of rain. No hare till Once-a-Week. Lost hounds and went home.

Saturday, 12th December.

Winstor toll bar. Found, and ran round by Elton to Thornhill's boundary, and killed; twenty-five minutes. Off to Aldwark. Found on the top rocks, and ran over Brassington Moor within a mile of the village; fifty-five minutes, and kill. The best run of the season by far. East wind and a frost on the surface.

Saturday, 19th December.

Pike Hall. Great field and great sport. First run, fifteen minutes, to ground near Gratton Dale. Then a splitting run by Minninglow to Ballidon; fifty minutes, and kill. Third run to ground in the Aldwark Rocks, and got out dead.

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Saturday, 26th December.

D. Holmes'. Great field. Had a good fifty minutes, and kill. Had more running afterwards, but rain, snow, and wind drove us in.

Tuesday, 4th January.

Met at Ashford Toll Bar. Ch——— W——— out; can ride. A vile day. No sport.

Saturday, 16th January.

Newhaven. Dense fog. Never saw a hound after finding. They killed.

Tuesday, 19th January.

Sheldon. Good field. First run, forty minutes over the Sheldon Moor, and killed. A second hare instantly went away and daled us. Third hare, a very good thirty-five minutes, to ground in Once-a-Week quarry.

Tuesday, 26th January.

Parsley Hey. But the old story: no hare. We did at last find below the railway, near Abbot's Gorse. The hounds ran hard, and then we could not cast over the line in consequence of a train. Never found again till we got to Once-a-Week, and then no sport.

Saturday, 30th January.

Aldwark. Great field. Two very smart runs spoilt with noise. A clipping hunting run in the afternoon, under Minninglow Arch, beyond Ballidon Rocks, and round Cobbler's Nook, where we lost.

Saturday, 5th February.

Pike Hall. Large field. Good sport, ending with an excellent run over Brassington, but lost by a view, making hounds throw up.

Tuesday, 16th February.

At Haddon Grove. Had an excellent run. The hare clapped on a hillock near Monyash. The hounds went on with a second hare I viewed, hunted beautifully, but lost. The first hare (which had had down pulled off her at starting) was then returned to and soon killed.

Saturday, 27th February.

Winster. Very windy; west, with violent snow blasts. Found in the Rake plantation, and ran to the Bonsall side, but made nothing out. Found below Buxton's wood, and ran above an hour, well at times, but scent bad, and hare short runner. We changed in Wragg's, and killed.

Saturday, 13th March.

Newhaven. Large field. Frost so hard as to make riding impossible. They found near Biggin and hunted beautifully by themselves, but the field never left the road. Afterwards they ran into Smerrill, and I came home without a hound.

Saturday, 28th March.

Last advertised day. A hard frost and two inches of snow prevented me sending the hounds. To my horror, down came Sir William to tell me fifty fellows were waiting for me, and nothing to stop us at Newhaven, where I expected hunting was just impossible. We went out for a couple of hours, but the hounds had been fed.

Saturday, 3rd April.

Had an extra day at Newhaven, and gave a lunch. Great field. Nice hunting, but not much scent, and no kill. So ended this great season. I wish we may never do worse. Horses better than might have been expected, and hounds never so well. Some capital puppies coming in. [A peculiarity of this season seems to have been that the best sport was on

the "Saturday side." I do not notice a mention of either the Duke of York or Flagg.—T. A. M.]

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TENTH SEASON, 1869-70.

I begin my tenth season with nineteen and a half couple of hounds. Three bitches ought to be drafted as too large. Jack Heathcote is keeper over Duke of York side, and I have turned out about a score of hares.

Monday, 18th October.

Met at Hunter's Mere. Hounds as wild as hawks. Found near the spinney, ran towards Somerfield, then to Once-a-Week, to ground in the quarry. Found again near Magpie, and killed to the north of Monyash.

Tuesday, 23rd November.

Taddington High Mere. Audit. Not out. They had some good sport, but no kill. A fox went away from Cronkstone Wood, but no scent.

Saturday, 27th November.

Newhaven. Found at Biggin Lane end, and went away at a tremendous pace over the turnpike and down to the Gotham Heath, and thence to the quarry. No good after this. She crossed the railway, and then, I have no doubt, went for Bateman's preserves, and so I did not persevere.

Saturday, 11th December.

Winster toll bar. Very wet. Had to go to Wragg's. Then had some excellent sport. A run from Wragg's hill to the Warren, and thence back by the Mouldridge Mere to Wragg's, and on to Buxton's barn. Then to the Belt, thence by the

rocks over Brassington Moor to Grange, and then down the turnpike to the start. My horse then slipped and fell over me, and I am now laid up.

Friday, 24th December.

Christmas Eve, and still laid up. Newhaven. Cold N.E. wind and a few flakes of snow. I knew it would be all right, and it was; two hours twenty minutes, and a kill.

Then frost and snow set in, and the first half of my tenth season ended. The hares were poor. Still the sport first-rate. My accident and the gout spoilt the ending, and will the beginning of the new year.

Monday, 2nd January.

A nice soft morning. Could not go myself. Met at Monyash. Two great runs, first, one hour and six minutes, and kill; second, two hours and ten minutes, and whipped off.

Saturday, 11th January.

Pike Hall. Got out at last, but could only potter along the lanes. Running all day. One kill, fifty minutes. A very fine day with very little wind. Not much scent.

Tuesday, 25th January.

Duke of York. Took the hounds and returned. As hard as iron. M—— went for first time on "Robin."

Saturday, 26th February.

Smerrill. Good field. Ground most dangerous, and no riding possible. Never was such a February.

Saturday, 5th March.

Parsley Hey. Snow on the ground; it melted, and we had a good scent. First run, sixteen minutes and kill. She never left the road, and ran into Flagg. Second run, found in Beardmore's field near the wood, and had a capital fifty

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minutes, and lost in the wood. I believe she went to ground in a rabbit hole.

Tuesday, 8th March.

Duke of York. First-rate day. Two hares killed; forty minutes and sixty minutes. I was in bed!

Saturday, 26th March.

Pike Hall. Lots of snow, but it melted by one o'clock; ground nasty. Had run of which I saw just nothing. They lost near the Grange Toll Bar. Some spins after, but no kill.

Saturday, 2nd April.

Last advertised day. At J. Kirkham's. An immense field, sixty horsemen. Bright and hot, but we found, and had a capital run, and killed on Hillacre Hill. Some running after, and left off at Cold Eaton.

Thus, since 1st January we hunted eighteen times only, and killed twelve hares. So vile a half season I should say was never known. Many of the days on which we did go out were utterly unfit.

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ELEVENTH SEASON, 1870-71.

My eleventh season commences with twenty couple of hounds. The entry good, but not so level as last year's; five couple of them. Thurlby returns as first whip.

Tuesday, 20th September.

Thurlby had the hounds on the moor, and killed two hares.

Saturday, 22nd October.

Elton. First advertised day. A soaking wet day. Gouty; not out. Good run. No kill.

Tuesday, 25th October.

Duke of York. A very good run and kill on the Earl Sterndale side. M—— had a fall on "Crasher," and we lost the best half, I having stayed behind to help her.

Tuesday, 1st November.

Flagg. Rising glass; fine day; good scent. Plenty of hares; two runs; one kill. A regular first-rate Flagg run of one hour forty-five minutes; sent her to Chatsworth.

Saturday, 5th November.

Elton. Good scent, but got into the Dale and lost four and a half couples of hounds. Afterwards had good hunting run through Aldwark to Longcliff, and lost.

Saturday, 12th November.

F. Potter's. Not out; gouty; frosty. No scent, but killed two hares. No sport worth having till

Tuesday, 20th December.

Hunter's Mere. Nice day. N.W. wind. Tolerable scent. Some good hunting; nothing first-rate. Ran second hare to ground; poked her out and killed her. Found a snare in Once-a-Week! on hound's leg. Frost and snow set in and lasted the year out, and so ended the worst half season on record. Hunted nineteen times, killed fifteen hares. Miserable.

January.

As we ended, so we began. Frost and snow—snow and frost. This continued until

Tuesday, 16th January,

When a thaw began, and we met at Bakewell. It was quite soft in the valley, but hard and dangerous on the hills. We had one kill and a good deal of pottering about, but no sport. Frost and snow again set in, and continued till

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Tuesday, 7th February,

When we met at Bakewell, and were lost in fog, and soon came home. Vile work.

Thursday, 16th February.

Met at Hurdlow House. Found on the heath, and lost in Abbot's Wood. Then found at the back of Cronkstone Grange, ran up to Swaffield's barn, down between the road and the Grange to Sparklow, over the knoll, and with a burning scent to Crowdicote, on to Hurdlow, over the embankment, where I got pounded, and lost them. The hounds ran on to Crowdicote, and eventually lost, or ran to ground in the rocks; one hour forty-five minutes. The best day for years.

Tuesday, 21st February.

Flagg. Another good day. First run to Once-a-Week, and over the Scales; one hour fifteen minutes, and lost. Second from Nall's to below the Waterloo; the straightest and fastest twenty minutes I ever saw, with a clean kill in the open.

Tuesday, 28th February.

Sheldon. I was in London. A wonderful run from Once-a-Week, by Monyash, to Middleton Rake, and killed.

Thursday, 2nd March.

Aldwark. Frosty and bright. Poor scent. A lot of running, and a very smart thirty minutes over Brassington Moor, but no kill.

From this time to the end of the season I was laid up with a terrible fit of the gout, and never left the house. The sport was miserable. East wind and bright sun. They never killed a hare, and so ended this most deplorable and wretched season. If I cannot get my nerves together, and a quiet good horse, I must give up. Indeed, I would now, if it was not for old Hensburgh, who is done, too.

TWELFTH SEASON, 1871-72.

I commence with eighteen couple of hounds. Too many old favourites are gone—notably “Gambler.” I have entries of pure Belvoir blood, one a dog, but too big.

Tuesday, 10th October.

Met at Duke of York. Beautiful warm day. Some nice sport, but no kill.

Saturday, 28th October.

Wragg's. South-west wind. Close ; incessant rain. The hares could not run a bit, and we killed three. Then I trotted off to Buxton's Low Wood, and had a nice run on the dale side, and whipped off at the Warren.

Saturday, 11th November.

Breakfast at F. Potter's. A thick snow, the hounds could only run in places, lot of spurts, but no kill.

Frost set in, and no more hunting till

Saturday, 16th December.

Pike Hall. Good runs, but always into the Dale.

Tuesday, 19th December.

Hurdlow House. Good field. Good hunting run, ran up to her, and hounds positively *trod* on her ; jumped up and beat us.

Tuesday, 26th December.

Bakewell. Swarms of hares which simply mobbed us out.

Saturday, 30th December.

Aldwark Grange. Turned out a fox which would not run. Then the hounds, of course, were as wild as hawks. Afterwards

we found and ran hard up wind and against the rain, both of which were violent. Too many hares by half; twice into the dale, which spoilt all, and ended as bad a half year as well could be.

Saturday, 6th January.

Parsley Hey. Found on Cronkstone Heath, and had a remarkable run of two hours eighteen minutes. I rode "Sir William," and M——, "Crasher," and we lamed both on the old railway. We found on the heath, ran three times over Swaffield's, then away past Cronkstone Grange and over Beardmore's farm, past the north end of Sparklow Knowl, to the railway, ran parallel to it for more than a mile, then to the right, and straight to Sterndale, where I spotted her. Up she got, and gave us another half-hour along the railway, to Hurdlow, through the hamlet, pointing to the Duke of York, and then we killed. First rate!

Thursday, 11th January.

Met at D. Holmes', Brassington Moor. Good field. Good scent. Two first-rate runs, each one hour and ten minutes. First over Brassington and Aldwark, second over Wragg's side. Killed both.

Saturday, 3rd February.

Gotham Gate. Foggy. Scent good. Big field. Found on the heath, and had a capital forty minutes over the Parwich side and lost. Then knocking about the Duke's wood, and no more sport.

Tuesday, 13th February.

Flagg. A burning scent. Had three tearing runs and three kills, more the pity. First, one hour fifteen minutes. Second, very good, over the railway and back to the Duke of York, thirty-five minutes. Third from Chelmorton Thorn, twenty minutes.

Saturday, 17th February.

Wragg's. Two good runs, and then a screamer of two hours fifty minutes, and kill, over all the best country between Pike Hall and Brassington Moor. [Think of that now—*two hours and fifty minutes*.—T. A. M.]

Tuesday, 27th February.

Over Haddon. First run very poor, and killed. Second, brilliant run, especially the finish. From Blore's Barn to Flagg, and killed, two hours twenty-five minutes.

Saturday, 16th March.

Aldwark. Had a very fast twenty-five minutes, and kill, on the Grange side, and a good hunting run on the other, and lost in the dale, where all the pack was scattered, and "Washington" was poisoned.

Saturday, 30th March.

Met for last day at Cold Eaton. One good run of twenty-seven minutes over Wild's farm, and kill. Then a long hunting afternoon, and not home till seven. So ended one of the best possible half-seasons.

[May I interpolate here a wonderful case of endurance by a hound. Towards the end of the season just past (1892), hunting to the south of Newhaven, a hound, "Dauntless," was lost. Fairclough feared she had fallen down one of the several disused lead mines, and tried every one he could find, but without getting any response, and reluctantly gave the poor thing up as dead. *A month and a day afterwards*, a farmer, having lost a lamb, also examined these mines, and heard a faint whine. There was no ladder in the neighbourhood long enough to reach to the bottom, so a miner volunteered to go down on a rope. He was rewarded by rescuing dear little "Dauntless" just alive, and that was about all. She was unable to stand or see. Now, I am happy to say, she has recovered her health and all her good looks.—T. A. M.]

THIRTEENTH SEASON, 1872-73.

I shall commence with about nineteen couple of hounds.

Tuesday, 17th September.

Took the hounds on the moor; not much scent. Killed two hares. "Playful" would not enter.

Saturday, 19th October.

Met for first advertised day, by request, at Newhaven. Good muster; nice day; tolerable sport. One nice run, thirty-three minutes, and kill. Then we went to the wood and had a spin or two. [I specially quote this day. In a country so liable to frost and snow, hunt whenever you can.—T. A. M.]

Tuesday, 22nd October.

Sheldon. First hare into Shacklow; second run right over the dale, but no kill. Not many hares.

Tuesday, 29th October.

Duke of York. Three good runs, especially the last from Cronkstone Heath. They flew to Abbot's Wood, then down the turnpike, over to the Monyash side, and back to Abbot's farm, where we lost; one hour. S.W. wind; not a holding scent. No kill.

Saturday, 2nd November.

Pike Hall. Drew Gotham Gate side, ran to Hillacre, and lost. Found on the heath, and had a beautiful run to the Duke's Wood; left it on the right, over Gotham Heath, and killed on the Cliff farm; one hour.

Saturday, 9th November.

Parsley Hey. Found below the railway, ran to Swaffield's, and lost. Found below Banks', and had a first-rate run over

his farm and below the turnpike on the Monyash side, and killed.

Tuesday, 12th November.

Great Low. First hare ran right into the hounds. Had to go to the Duke of York to find again. Very bitterly cold and rough on the hill. Had a good hunting run, and killed.

Saturday, 16th November.

Newhaven. Not much sport in the morning, but brilliant run in the afternoon, round the Bank farm, through Hillacre, to Gratton Dale Wood, where a swarm of hares got up. All thrown out but self and two others.

Saturday, 23rd November.

Elton. Very windy and wet, but good sport. First hare ran from below the belt to D. Holmes'. Seemed as if confused with the wind, and ran back. Killed her. Ran another just the same, and left her. [This illustrates a thing I have noticed—that hares occupy the same districts and run the same lines, day after day, and year after year.—T. A. M.] Trotted off to the Grange toll bar rocks, and found. Ran a ring to the toll side, in which M——— floored me, but I caught them up. Ran right over the village rocks, over Upper Aldwark and Brassington Moor to the railway, and then over Buxton's farm. Could have killed, but did not wish. One hour forty minutes.

Saturday, 30th November.

Sparklow. Found on the Knowl and had a splitting run over the hill and on both sides above Sterndale. Ran to ground in the railway embankment; one hour thirty minutes. Found again on the heath, ran over the Knowl across the valley to Needham, and killed on Swaffield's; thirty-three minutes, at a furious pace. [In this season, by the end of November, Mr. Nesfield had already killed thirty-three hares. *Mem. again: Hunt whenever you can.—T. A. M.*]

THE HIGH PRAK HARRIERS.

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Sunday, 8th December.

Duke and Ferrand at kennels.

Saturday, 21st December.

Went to Aldwark. Fog, and great snow drifts under every wall, so came to Over Haddon; found instantly, ran over Bole Hill and Shutes, and killed in the glebe; a good short run; twenty minutes.

Tuesday, 24th December.

Flagg. Long in finding. Started her on Nall's, and had a twenty-five minutes' race, and kill over Taddington. A couple of people just kept the hounds in view; the rest nowhere. I was utterly floored!

Tuesday, 31st December.

Hunter's Mere. First run, fifty-five minutes, and killed. Second, chopped. Third, two hours' running over all our best country. A brilliant end to a brilliant half-year.

*Met twenty-eight times and killed thirty-eight hares!!*

Saturday, 4th January.

Aldwark Grange. Torrents of rain and dense fog. Sport impossible. Daled! Home without hounds!!

Tuesday, 7th January.

Great Low. First run on the Knowl behind Cronkstone, forty-five minutes, and a kill. Just as they killed a second hare got up. Tail hounds "viewed" and split off, with old "Sunbeam," in full cry. ("Sunbeam" was a chestnut horse belonging to my good old friend, F. Gisborne, whom we named after his horse.) None of the field got off, but the hounds drew together at last and ran right off to Cronkstone Wood, and killed. Found number three on Cronkstone Hill, ran towards the Sterndale side, swung round Cronkstone farm, left big

wood to the left and went straight to Swaffield's on the left side, and over the next hill, and lost; one hour.

Tuesday, 14th January.

Flagg. Capital field. Found near the village; had a capital hunting run of one hour all over the old country, and lost. Found a second at Nall's; had a racing run of twenty-five minutes, and killed on the Taddington Lane side. N.B.—First hare picked up dead next day.

Wednesday, 22nd January.

Hunted at Belvoir. Snow there. None here.

Saturday, 22nd February.

Newhaven. Could not hunt there for frost, and snow under every wall. Went down to Wragg's and hunted. We could not ride on the hills, and every hare went into the dales. "Sunbeam" fell into a frozen mere; most amusing sight! M—— and I both roared. He, for the first time in his life, lost his temper, and said, "I see no fun in it."

Saturday, 8th March.

Flagg. Found on the Taddington side, and had the best thirty-five minutes possible. Near to the Thorn in a straight line, then into Duke of York plantation, over the railway; round Sparklow to the Duke of York, and killed. [How they must have gone, and what a country! Flagg, Chelmorton Thorn—round Sparklow, and back to Duke of York, in thirty-five minutes!!—T. A. M.] Second run forty-six minutes, and kill on Sparklow side, and ran right into a third without a run. The best day for long.

Thursday, 11th March.

Aldwark. Three hares in rocks, and ran them all day without a check! and, of course, no kill.

Thursday, 20th March.

Wragg's. Cold north-east wind, good scent. Marvellous run, and all, I believe, with one hare. Found in Buxton's field below the belt, and ran all over Brassington Moor for three hours forty minutes, and lost in Holmes' yard. [*Three hours forty minutes* on the finest old turf in the world—think of that now!—T. A. M.]

Tuesday, 25th March.

Great Low. North-east wind and hot sun. Moderate scent. Found, had twenty minutes, and lost on railway. Found second on Sparklow. Had a good run over Cronkstone farm and over Needham road to Swaffield's, and back to Cronkstone Ash spinney, and killed ; one hour ten minutes.

Tuesday, 1st April.

Aldwark. Last day. First run was a trapped hare with foot off—soon killed. Then a first-rate run over Brassington Moor. The hounds ran hard up to the railway—when I came up, knowing the gates were locked, I jumped off and threw my reins to Sir M. Blackiston, an excellent man with the Meynell, and proceeded to knock down the wall. M—— came up, and jumped the gates in and out of the railway—I shouted to B—— who was as deaf as a stone, "You and I had better shut up," to which he grunted, "Yes, I think so." [Those who know what the High Peak Railway gates are, will acknowledge this was a marvellous display of pluck and horsemanship.—T. A. M.]

So ended the best season on record, forty-seven days, fifty-one hares.

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FOURTEENTH SEASON, 1873-74.

Commenced with seventeen and a half couple of hounds, of which five couple are this year's entry, and promising ; but

I am weak in old hounds, having lost four. The Duke having stayed late at Longshaw, I began late on the moors.

Tuesday, 21st October.

Hunted at Sparklow. A soaking wet day. No sport, but killed one hare.

Thursday, 23rd October.

Elton. Had a capital run, and kill; one hour thirty-five minutes. It was a soaking rain. She clapped, and I watched no less than four or five hounds actually tread on her without finding her out. Not a particle of scent till in motion.

Saturday, 25th October.

First advertised meet at Newhaven. C——— W——— took us up in his drag. The gayest meet I ever saw with our hounds—thirty to forty horsemen. We had a very fast and pretty eighteen minutes, and kill; and then a good hunting run into the wood, which was full of hares.

Tuesday, 28th October.

Duke of York. Frosty. Found below the road, and ran towards Flagg, up to the Duke, and killed in the plantation. A brilliant thirty minutes. Then we drew towards Cronkstone. Only a leveret in the wood. Found on Banks'. No sport.

Saturday, 1st November.

Elton. Good field. Had a very good run towards Grange Toll, and lost. No scent in the afternoon. A hail storm.

Tuesday, 4th November.

At Parsley Hey. Steady glass. Foggy. A good scent. Unlucky at first. Found on Banks', and killed her at once. Second run: fast from Banks', up to Swaffield's, and killed. Then some pottering, and did not find for some time. Found on the heath, and had an excellent run—one hour thirty

minutes, and whipped off. We were all round and all over the Sparklow side.

Saturday, 8th November.

Gotham Gate. Found on the heath—fifteen minutes' race, and kill. She could not get away. Second run: from the wood very fast to Biggin, and lost. Then a chop, and immediately another find. She ran round Gotham on to the Parwich side and Belt's. Then straight for the Newhaven turnpike, over the big field parallel with the road, and killed on the railway, after a grand run with hardly a check. Fifty-seven minutes.

Tuesday, 11th November.

Jug and Glass. Found, and had twenty minutes, and kill. Later, some nice running on Wilton's Heath; I had not been there for years.

Saturday, 15th November.

Flagg. A fair thirty minutes, and lost on Sheldon Moor. Trotted off to the Duke of York, and had the fastest eighteen minutes I ever saw, and killed on the turnpike below Hurdlow House.

Tuesday, 18th November.

Over Haddon. Audit. Not out. One kill; one to ground, falling down a shaft.

Saturday, 29th November.

Newhaven. A fearfully wet and windy day. Had a capital run of one hour forty-five minutes over Hillacre ground, killing at Gotham Gate.

Tuesday, 2nd December.

Hurdlow House. Poor field and no hare. Drew Hurdlow plantations and all the heath. Sparklow produced a leveret no bigger than a rabbit; killed at once. Then drew Sparklow

farm, Cronkstone Wood, Banks', and Duke of York, in rain. Finally went to Once-a-Week, killed a leveret, and lost a hare after fifteen minutes' fast run in the dark.

Saturday, 6th December.

Pike Hall. First hare ran right through the dale to Smerrill; we did not follow. Second, a fast eighteen minutes, and kill. Third, very excellent hunting run over the dale, and Elton side, and lost.

Tuesday, 9th December.

Flagg. Good field but no go in them! Found in Spinney. They ran to the Scales farm, I never saw or heard the hounds, and fancied they had dwelt in the plantation, so never saw them for fifteen minutes. They ran right away over the hill, up the green lane to Once-a-Week, and on towards Monyash. I caught them coming back, and we ran her into Shacklow; thirty-five minutes and whipped off. Second, all but a chop, no scent in afternoon.

Tuesday, 16th December.

Parsley Hey. *A horseman only.* Almost impossible to ride. Hard frost. Had three runs, but little sport, no kill.

Saturday, 20th December.

F. Potter's. Into the dale! In a great rage. Bad luck. No kill.

Tuesday, 23rd December.

Duke of York. Two runs, no kill. First, past Chelmorton, and lost. Second, a good forty minutes over Duke of York and Chelmorton side. A pelting rain.

Tuesday, 30th December.

Hard frost, no hunting, and so ended a good half season.

Saturday, 3rd January.

Met at Daniel Holmes'. No field much, a soaking wet day. Two first-rate runs, the first from Holmes' rocks, round upper Aldwark to the belt, then down the turnpike to the right, over the far rocks to the railway, skirted it to the Brassington rocks, crossed the reverse side, nearly to the Grange Toll and Ashbourne road, then up to Aldwark village, and lost; one hour forty minutes. We changed hares, and ran all the afternoon, and no kill. On returning home very late, five o'clock, snow fell very heavily, and it was pitch dark, and there was lightning, we, *i.e.*, self, M——, and George all saw a most singular phenomenon—electric light on the tips of our horses ears and on the ends of our whips. It lasted till we got across Haddon Fields.

Saturday, 10th January.

Gotham Gate. Very wet. Two good runs from the wood. First straight to Hillacre and round by the heath. Second, from the wood over the Parwich side, and lost in the gorse.

Tuesday, 13th January.

Flagg. Good field. First run from Sheldon Moor to Taddington Wood, and kill; forty-five minutes. Second, a regular old Flagg run, twenty seven minutes, and kill. An excellent day's sport.

Tuesday, 3rd February.

Duke of York. No hare till we got to Chelmorton! The fastest ten minutes I ever saw, and kill. No second hare to be found in all the country, so drew Martin's and had a bit of a run. Bad.

Then came frost.

Saturday, 14th February.

Pike Hall. First run thirty minutes, and lost. Second, ten minutes, over Brassington Moor, and kill; a snare round her neck. Third run, very good hour above the rocks.

Tuesday, 17th February.

Elton. A wet night and morning, but dry day and west wind. As bad a scent as any this season. No kill.

Tuesday, 2nd March.

Great Low. A nice field. Had a beautiful quest, and ran first a ring round the Sterndale side, and then straight into Brierlow Wood; one hour twenty minutes. Second run, a very fast thing, but I struck my right foot against a stone post and was much hurt. This was followed by gout, and ended my season.

Saturday, 6th March.

Gotham. George hunted the hounds, not much sport. One killed in the Newhaven pond.

No sport worth mentioning till

Saturday, 4th April.

Last day. Advertised for Cold Eaton. Warned off by Ashbourne Bench on account of mad dogs. Sent hounds to Pike Hall, and rode there after breakfast in a snowstorm. An excellent Ballidon run. No kill, as usual, and so ended the season. The last half, though capital for running, the worst for killing I ever knew. We only killed twelve hares in twenty-three days.

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FIFTEENTH SEASON, 1874-75.

I have nineteen and a half couple of hounds and a good entry. The pack is therefore strong all round. "Rambler" ought to go, but I don't like to part with him yet.

Tuesday, 29th September.

Went up early to Leach Fen in the usual way. We killed four hares, but no good run. [I wonder if this peat moss, Leach Fen, is much known—the source of the two streams which join at Baslow; there is a curious legend attached to it:—That once upon a time a town stood there, but was swallowed up by an earthquake.

Leys Field wor a market town

When Chesterfield wor heath and broom.

Not quite the best of rhyme, and please don't hold me responsible for historical accuracy. I have been told that curious horse shoes have been found in parts of the fen, where he would be a bold rider who tried it now.—T. A. M.]

Tuesday, 13th October.

Ramsley. A beautiful twenty minutes, run to ground, bolted, and killed. Second run, thirty minutes, also to ground, and killed. Third run, thirty-five minutes, and killed in the open. Very hot. Excellent scent.

Saturday, 24th October.

A ripping race of fifteen minutes, and kill, from Grange Plantation over the fen to Ramsley. M—— got over the dyke first, and was up at the kill. No one else near her!

Tuesday, 2nd November.

Sparklow. Nice still day. Found on the heath. Ran towards farmhouse, over Cronkstone top, to the road; across Pilsbury Grange farm, and on to Banks'; brought her over the railway to Cronkstone Wood, and killed after forty minutes. Killed another after twenty minutes. A good beginning to the regular season.

Tuesday, 10th November.

Flagg. Good field; good scent. First, found and lost. Second, found and killed in twenty minutes, over capital

country. Then drew Duke of York plantation, and had a most excellent run of one hour five minutes. She ran parallel with the Flagg road, to the Monyash occupation road; over to the right, crossing the Monyash and Duke of York green lane, then up to the turnpike, crossed on left of the wood, over the railway at the back of Sparklow public-house, straight to Cronkstone, where we had a check of five or six minutes in a fallow field (thirty-five minutes). Hit her off on the grass, and carried on well over the knowl, down the hill into Cronkstone farm, and over the heath fields. Then to the right pointing for Hurdlow. Crossed the old and new railway, and ran straight to the Duke of York wood. I question whether she went in—I think under the rocks, and then perhaps into wood; but I voted her lost.

Saturday, 14th November.

Newhaven. Big field. Found in the Hillacre hedgerow. Race to Stanedge, and over the lower country across the railway; forty minutes, and kill. Second run only ten minutes, and kill. In the afternoon some bucketting in the wood, and a nice run from Gotham.

Saturday, 21st November.

Parsley Hey. Bad luck at first. Then found on Wilton's Heath, and had a very good run, and kill. After running in spurts for some time, she broke over the hill behind Wilton's, passed the Wharf, over the turnpike towards One Ash, crossed on to the Middleton Moor, and was killed in one of Bateman's woods. Foggy in the valley; beautiful bright day on the hills.

Tuesday, 1st December.

Duke of York. Too much snow. A lad gave a "view holloa," and the hounds broke away and ran like mad; we could hardly follow. Came down Flagg way. Found above the Monyash road, and had a brilliant twenty-six minutes, and kill. M—— cut us all down on "Chatsworth."

THE HIGH PEAK HARRIERS.

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Saturday, 5th December.

Jug and Glass. Had a very good run, past Wilton's, and lost in Bateman's woods, or rather whipped off from too many hares. More nice running, and one kill. Then frost! Snow!! Frost!!! and so on to the end of the year.

Thursday, 7th January.

George took hounds to Newhaven, but could not hunt. I was now ill with gout.

Tuesday, 12th January.

Sheldon. Foggy; poor sport; no kill; gout.

Saturday, 16th January.

Elton. First-rate run, to ground; two hours twenty-five minutes. Gout.

Tuesday, 19th January.

Duke of York. Gale of wind; one kill. Gouty.

Tuesday, 26th January.

Parsley Hey. Lots of snow on the ground, which balled dangerously. Found on Wilton's farm, and had a great run; one hour thirty minutes, and lost. Second, found in Cronkstone wood, and had another first-rater to Swaffield's, along his farm to the left, over Wilton's, crossed the railway to Bateman's plantations, over to One Ash, and nearly to Banks' wood. She was run down the turnpike, past Parsley Hey, by a cur, and lost! I rode "Baron," and was done up.

Tuesday, 2nd February.

Flagg. Too gouty to go. Wonderful day. First, thirty-five minutes, and kill in the open, without a check, from Flagg, round Taddington Hill, and over heathery land. Second, from Flagg to Duke of York, over railway, to Cronkstone. [I wish

50 A THIRD OF A CENTURY WITH

the master had been out this day, as a fuller description ought to be very pretty.—T. A. M.]

Then frost and snow fell.

Tuesday, 9th March.

At Flagg. Met at last. It blew a gale of wind, which, with snowdrifts, spoilt sport, though hounds ran hard at times.

Saturday, 13th March.

Elton. Snow again; no sport. Not out from influenza. [I wonder if this was any relation to our enemy of the last two years, 1890-1.—T. A. M.]

Tuesday, 16th March.

Sparklow. Very unlucky in morning. Hounds split, and half ran straight to Flagg with a fresh hare. Good run in afternoon, lost in wood.

Saturday, 20th March.

Newhaven. First-rate field. Very cold N.W. wind. Found on Hillacre, ran round Joe K.'s farm back to the hill, out on low side, over the turnpike, down the railway and green lane to Pike Hall: over to the right and killed on Gotham Heath. Forty-five minutes without a check.

Tuesday, 30th March.

Haddon Grove. Found at once a hare on foot. Ran all day. After the first hour and a half we changed, and ran into Lathkill Dale. I got the hounds out and came back, re-found my hunted hare, ran her past Bole Hill, over Sheldon Moor, and killed in the open.

Saturday, 3rd April.

Newhaven, to finish the season. An immense field. Everybody there. One nice fast gallop, and all over. A falling glass, a rising wind, and clouds of dust. Thus ended

the season, good in quality, awfully bad in quantity. We hunted thirty-nine times and killed thirty-nine hares, exactly one hare per time. Hounds and horses all good. Weather simply awful.

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SIXTEENTH SEASON, 1875-76.

11th September.

Went up to the Moor at nine o'clock with twenty couple of hounds. Had some very good running, and one kill. I have not quite completed my draft, but shall have at least twenty couple of first-rate hounds.

Saturday, 9th October.

Hunted a buck from F. Potter's, all in the Harthill woods, then past Beech plantations, over Gratton ponds and Smerrill Grange, and pulled him down in the road; one hour and forty minutes. [Mr. Nesfield has often spoken of this run to me as a curious thing, that harriers in full work should hunt and stick to a deer through woods swarming with hares. The deer in question was an outlying buck—not turned out.—T. A. M.]

Saturday, 23rd October.

First regular day. Met at Aldwark Grange. Good field. A very fast sixteen minutes over the top rocks, and killed. Good scent. Second run, moderate scent and weather changed. Third, good hunting run over Aldwark ridge, across the road to the railway, under it, and on towards the rocks, and lost on the turnpike; one hour ten minutes.

Tuesday, 26th October.

Sparklow. Found on the heath. Capital run; one hour forty minutes, and lost. Second, on the Knoll; thirty-five

minutes, to ground under the railway. Blew her out with the horn! and killed. I could see her—tried to poke her out with a pole, but could not—so I pulled out my horn. Two lads were helping me, and when they saw me about to use my horn, one said to me, "Gee us ho'd on it." I gave it him, and he only made a splutter and he handed it back, with the contemptuous remark, "Why, she winna blow!"

Tuesday, 9th November.

Duke of York. Snow; good hunting notwithstanding, but dangerous riding, and no kill.

Saturday, 27th November.

Newhaven. Deep snow. Came down to Over Haddon. Had a nice gallop, but very dangerous.

Saturday, 11th December.

Thaw at last. Met at Brassington Moor, and had two capital runs of one hour each over all the best country. One hare, I am sure, was picked up on the railway below Longcliff Wharf; lost the other.

Tuesday, 14th December.

Flagg. Frost in the ground, but good scent. First run, thirty-eight minutes, and kill. Found again in Flagg. Ran to Duke of York, and then over the cream of the country to Chelmorton, and killed; one hour. Excellent day. [I should *think* so! Those of us who know the country only regret we don't cross it oftener.—T. A. M.]

Thursday, 23rd December.

Sparklow. Six horses only! Killed three hares, but short runs only. Then found in Abbot's Plantation and had the run of the year. Over the big fields, across railway to gate going up to Cronkstone wood. Up the road to Swaffield's, and abreast of his fields we took the lower road, when R. W——and

M—— hung us all up at the biggest wall I ever saw jumped. They gained two fields, and kept it to the Dove. She crossed, and I, having come up, with difficulty got hounds and horses over. On up the Staffordshire hills into the Manifold valley. Along that stream till she crossed the brook. "Senator" took it up on the other side, but it was dark, and we whipped off; one hour ten minutes. [This is a five-mile point *as the crow flies*, but not the pleasantest thing in the world to ride down the side of the Dove valley.—T. A. M.]

Tuesday, 28th December.

Duke of York. Found in plantation. At last got away, and ran hard to Chelmorton village, and back by parallel line—changed hares, and ran with part of the pack over the railway, three and a half couple keeping to the old hare. Returned, and got with them, and had a brilliant run. Over the Monyash Road up to Abbot's plantation, and killed in the open. Total run, one hour forty minutes.

Saturday, 1st January.

Wragg's. Snow; did not go. Sent hounds; hounds could run; no riding; killed two hares.

Monday, 3rd January.

Bakewell. Swarms out on horses and on foot. Sport impossible. Lost hounds in Shacklow. Hard frost then set in, which continued till

Tuesday, 18th January.

Met at Flagg. Found on the higher lands; ran hard to Duke of York; out on lower side; ran fast to Chelmorton, and thence hunted to Flagg village, and killed near Nall's; one hour. Very capital day.

Thursday, 20th January.

Newhaven. A mild wet day, and no one out except ourselves. Had two excellent runs. First hare from Hillacre

over the heath, and suddenly lost near Gotham Gate. Second run from Bank Planting to Biggin, then up to Hillacre, and on to the heath, finally killed where we found—bad on fallows. We then dressed and went to the ball.

Saturday, 5th February.

Aldwark. Very hard. Good running notwithstanding, but no scent on fallows and roads. No kill. A heavy snowstorm.

No more hunting till the 22nd. So much for a bright, fine Candlemas day! *Nota bene.*

On Sunday, the 13th, heard of the death of our real friend Thornhill. A lamentable loss. Stopped all hunting till after his funeral, which was at Stanton, on Saturday, the 19th. I attended, with deep sorrow, a real Squire's obsequies. God bless him!

Tuesday, 22nd February.

Sparklow. Blustering day. A violent hail storm, with thunder. A good run in the afternoon from Abbot's wood, on the Monyash side and Banks', and lost on the turnpike near Parsley Hey.

Tuesday, 29th February.

Flagg. Capital run, but lamed my "Baron," and lost half of it. It was from Flagg to Duke of York, then on to Monyash, lost, picked up the scent towards Once-a-Week, got on a fresh hare, and believe I killed the old one.

Saturday, 4th March.

Brassington Moor. Good field. A cold scent. Much hunting, but could not press our hare. At three found in fallow opposite D. Holmes'. Ran over the Aldwark hill, across the railway into the Minninglow valley, back across the railway pointing for Wragg's; forty-five minutes, and kill. The hounds left their hare and went off with another. [Mr. Nesfield has



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often expressed his opinion that hounds run to kill and don't much care for the breaking up. Often and often the keenest hounds at work wont join in the worry.—T. A. M.]

Tuesday, 7th March.

Chelmorton Thorn. Snow drifts. A brilliant forty-five minutes round the best of the Flagg country; then a short check, and finally lost in the snow on Chelmorton hill. One hour fifteen minutes altogether.

Tuesday, 14th March.

A regular gale of wind and wretched sport. Ran our hare to ground. Went home early. Then I got gout and hunted no more.

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SEVENTEENTH SEASON, 1876-77.

I now enter my seventeenth season, and our prospects are cloudy. We have lost Thornhill and Barker. I have a very nice entry. E. George and T. Coup as first and second whip.

Monday, 25th September.

Went to the moor. Met at the Mill; a wet windy day. Not much sport, but killed one hare.

Tuesday, 26th September.

Met at Barbrook, and drew Clod Hall. Found under Nelson rock, and had a very fast run, and kill. Had a fall. Very fine morning and good scent. "Amethyst" will make a good hound, but wants whipping in.

Tuesday, 24th October.

Robin Hood. Two good runs, one from the Moor, by the Toll Bar, under Nelson Rock, and back; and another from Outram's fields, same way, to "Gardom's" Rough, and lost.

Saturday, 28th October.

First advertised day, at Elton. First run soon over, and kill; second, thirty-five minutes, from Wragg's to the high land, ran along the top to the Pike Hall end, where she clapped, and we picked her up nearly dead, the hounds having gone off with another hare. Only M—— and the servants in it. A capital run.

Saturday, 11th November.

Aldwark Grange. A sharp frost. F—— and G—— said we could not hunt. We did! First, over rocks, twenty-five minutes, and killed; second, over Brassington Moor, and killed; third, thirty-five minutes, Dale side, and lost. A capital scent.

Tuesday, 21st November.

Sheldon. I was not out—had a rent day. Killed two hares, and ran a fox for one hour thirty-five minutes. The hounds ran right away and did not get back till night, some next day. They found in Once-a-Week, ran to Taddington High Mere, then to Chelmorton, round to Duke of York, through the plantation past Flagg, up to Nettly Lane, where the horses could not follow. [*What* a run! This means nearly ten miles, and over the finest country we have. If only foxes would stay on our hills!—T. A. M.]

Tuesday, 28th November.

Duke of York. First run, thirty minutes, from and to the Duke of York plantation, fast, and then hunted towards the Incline Wood, and killed; forty-five minutes. Second, a very fast thing from Monyash to Hurdlow, over the railway, and down the lane to the Incline. Rather blustery.

Saturday, 2nd December.

Parsley Hey. Not out, having gout in the elbow. First, twenty minutes' race, and kill. Then a grand run from Abbot's Gorse, over the Cronkstone Heath, Sparklow Knoll, past

Hurdlow, down the railway, away to Earl Sterndale, and back to Cronkstone Wood, and lost ; one hour thirty minutes. Said to be the best run of the year.

Saturday, 9th December.

Pike Hall. Found near railway crossing, ran like lightning to the Alsop Road, then to Gotham Gate and plantation, and lost. Second, a very fast twenty minutes over Newhaven, and killed. Then into Bateman's, and slaughtered four more.

Saturday, 16th December.

Aldwark Grange. Had a long run over the rocks, and, after a long check, picked her up again, and ran over Brassington Moor, and killed in the Ballidon lane ; one hour forty-five minutes.

Tuesday, 19th December.

Flagg Hall. Regular lawn meet. Excellent field, but very disappointing day. Foggy.

Saturday, 30th December.

Sparklow. Wet and foggy. Had two good runs—first from and round Cronkstone wood ; second, changed hares, ran her right away over the hills to Wilton's, and lost on the railway.

Thus ended the half of this season. We hunted twenty-nine times in all, and killed thirty-seven hares, many of them poor things.

Saturday, 6th January.

Newhaven. Good field. Found at once in Hillacre, and had a good thirty minutes, and lost. Fog and rain utterly destructive to existence, so returned home like a drowned rat.

Tuesday, 9th January.

Monyash. After some slow hunting, found in Duke of York wood, and ran over the railway, past Hurdlow and Heathy lane, over the left by High Needham farm, and checked at

Cronkstone Grange. The best twenty minutes of the season. M——, on "Placidus," and self on "Chatsworth," cut all down. Draggled on and left her where we found her.

Tuesday, 16th January.

Hunters' Mere. Nice gallop, and lost. Found again in the Rough. Crossed the Monyash and Flagg Road, when a fresh hare got up, and eight couple went with her. Five couple went on and the field with them; ran towards Duke of York, over the left and down towards Monyash village, and there lost. A very good run if we had had all the hounds.

Saturday, 27th January.

Newhaven, after the ball, and a miserable failure it was. One hare was found on the flat and ran to Balderston lane—check—and with a fresh hare back through Hillacre, and lost. Drew the whole country blank, the Duke's wood included. Row with —— . Home disgusted. Wet.

Tuesday, 6th March.

Great Low. Cold, but nice day. N.W. wind. Snow on hills. Found two hares. First, a fast twelve minutes and kill. Then returned to number two. Picked up a beautiful quest, in which "Racy" distinguished herself. Ran for *three hours*, a grand ring over the railway to Sterndale hills, and back twice, with some sharp bursts. The rest slow hunting, and lost.

Tuesday, 27th March.

Monyash. Found on Banks', near railway arch; ran to Gorse, over the Rake and the London road, nearly to Monyash, forwards by Hurdlow House, and back to the village, over the Monyash lane, and killed in the open; forty-five minutes, the fastest of the season. Second, found in big field between the Chimney and Duke of York lane, and ran past Flagg, along road, past Once-a-Week, over the left to Sheldon; five couple

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of hounds went with a fresh hare into Shacklow. The rest turned back and drove their hare right past Monyash, and killed in the open near the Mere ; fifty-five minutes ; very fast.

Saturday, 31st March.

Cold Eaton. Last day. An immense field, seventy or eighty. One good smart run of fifteen minutes and kill. Lots of running and scrambling about. Thus ended the season—the best on record.

Result.—Hunted fifty-three days : killed fifty-seven hares ; ran to ground, three ; sixty hares accounted for.

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EIGHTEENTH SEASON, 1877-78.

Monday, 24th September.

Commenced at the usual place, Barbrook Mill. I have twenty-one couple of hounds.

Saturday, 13th October.

Under Nelson's rocks. A gale of wind. Hounds wild. Sheep all over. Killed two lambs, and went home in a rage. "Champion" the worst.

Saturday, 20th October.

Sparklow. First regular day. Had one very good run, but thrown out by railway, and no kill. Foggy. "Champion" again killed a sheep. He must be hung!

Saturday, 27th October.

[I am sorry to find the entry in another handwriting, evidently from dictation, and this continues to the end of the year. This day's description winds up with "Then I got the gout."—T. A. M.]

Tuesday, 4th December.

Flagg. Foggy morning, but cleared out fine. Found in Duke of York plantation, ran down across the railway; from there across the Buxton road down towards Flagg, and back to the plantation. After a little while, straight away to Sparklow and on to Pilsbury, and back again to Cronkstone, where they lost, after running two hours thirty-five minutes. [Sad to think the Master did not see this good run.—T. A. M.]

Saturday, 8th December.

Wilton's. Out again for the first time. Found at the back of Wilton's, and had a nice run over to the Bateman side, then got among the plantations, and kept running from one to the other. Found another at the back of Wilton's, and had a capital forty minutes, crossing the turnpike by Parsley Hey, and running towards One Ash. [All the entries, the 27th October to the end of the year, are full of pencil notes in the Master's handwriting, showing that in spirit he was with his hounds. He sums up the half season in his own handwriting.]

Snow set in on Christmas Day and stopped hunting. And so ended the first half of the season. As to my share I may say it was a total blank. When, if ever, I shall again be fit to hunt I cannot tell. I have tried, so far in vain, to get some younger man to take my place.

Tuesday, 8th January.

Duke of York. Lots of snow on the ground, but found and killed a lame hare, then left for Flagg side. Found, and had a brilliant run all over our best country; ran to ground in an old shaft. "The Czar" out for the first time; George rode him; I left early and hacked him back. [I can't pass over this first mention of this beautiful chestnut thoroughbred, probably the handsomest horse and finest jumper Mr. Nesfield ever had. I remember seeing him jump a single rail in a gap, uphill, that must have been quite five feet high—but then he had not a very

heavy load to carry. He always seemed to me so like the chestnut in Mrs. Kennard's book, *The Right Sort*, and "The Czar" was the "right sort."—T. A. M.]

Tuesday, 13th March.

Duke of York. Fine day. Small field. Brilliant sport. Found behind Hurdlow House, and ran past Monyash chimney, straight to Once-a-Week, through it without a pause, and on to Taddington High Mere. Here Puss clapped; got up and raced back to the cross road near Flagg, and killed. Found again in Duke of York, ran down the road towards Hurdlow House. Over to the railway and down the junction, where there was a momentary check; on again to beyond Great Low Hill, then to Brierlow cross roads and on to Harpur Hill! Here our hare was coursed by a cur, and lost; forty-five minutes. Best day this year. [I think possibly a good sportsman at Buxton might have something to say about this run. It is hard to indicate whom I mean—suppose I take the first and last letters of the Greek alphabet, Alpha and Omega—or, to translate into English, A and the great O. I think I shall about draw that badger.—T. A. M.]

Saturday, 30th March.

Met at Cold Eaton to finish the season, and a sorry finish it was. The walls on both sides were covered with great snow drifts. We found, but it was not possible for hounds to hold on, and riding most dangerous. A poor field for last day.

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NINETEENTH SEASON, 1878-79.

24th September.

Commenced at Barbrook with a lovely morning and good sport. Killed three hares. I had thought my reign was over,

but it is not so. I have twenty-one couple, five bitches brought forward, all good. Three Belvoir, two my own.

Friday, 4th October.

Day after Bakewell show, at which I won first, second, and third prizes with "Miss Emma," "Alpenstock," and "Turk." Met at Robin Hood. Good field. Some time in finding. Found on Towdrow's, and had very good run at back of his plantation, and killed.

Saturday, 12th October.

Robin Hood. First, a short sharp run and kill. Second, a wonderful run. Found on Towdrow's farm, ran round the moor and into the Tang, on to the Curbar road, and to Barbrook Mill, along the brook over by the Batteries, and killed near the enclosure on the big moor. Two hours.

Saturday, 9th November.

Aldwark Grange. Sharp frost. Poor scent at first, then thirty-five minutes, and kill. Before we broke her up, a hare ran right up to the hounds, and off they went, leaving me alone. I nicked in afterwards. Capital run; one hour five minutes, and kill.

Tuesday, 3rd December.

Duke of York, roads like ice, and snow too thick to turn out. Went towards Flagg. Had a very fast sixteen minutes, and kill. Frost and snow set in and lasted till the last day of the year. On Christmas Eve the thermometer stood two degrees below zero. Then a rapid thaw commenced on New Year's Day, but it froze again, and we did not hunt till

Saturday, 8th February,

When we met at Pike Hall, and had but poor sport. Big snow drifts, and not nice riding.

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Saturday, 15th February.

Elton. Dense fog ; ran all day and saw nothing.

Saturday, 1st March.

Parsley Hey. First run, found near Monyash ; very fast ten minutes, and kill. Then a second run. Wonderful. Found in Banks' wood, over Swaffield's, and back again. Race through the gorse to Parsley Hey, and then straight by Hurdlow, over the Knoll to Earl Sterndale (four and half miles), and lost in the snow drifts. [There really seems to have been very little further sport in this unhappy season.—T. A. M.]

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TWENTIETH SEASON, 1879-80.

I have a numerous entry—two Belvoir bitches, four from Badsworth, and six of my own.

Saturday, 25th October.

Elton. A nice, calm, bright day. First run, thirty minutes, and kill ; two very good runs after. M—— on "Czar."

Saturday, 8th November.

Dethick. M——, hounds, and horses went overnight to Overton ; I was ill. Big field, but bad country and bad sport.

Tuesday, 11th November.

Monyash. I drove up. M—— and Co. were nearly *drowned*, and had no sport. [Day after day the remark "too ill to go myself," and for all the rest of the year the entries are in another handwriting.] The first entry in the Master's hand is

Saturday, 12th January.

Newhaven. Ground as hard as iron. Nevertheless, hunted. No sport, and lamed half the pack. I, as usual, laid up.

M—— off to Madeira! Frost set in again, and hounds never out till I know not when! I was laid up as rigid as iron. Went to Buxton. *Recovered*. Had just a look at them and *excunt omnes*.

Saturday, 19th January.

Winster toll bar. Unable to go. A fog. No hare there. Found, and had a great run, through Wragg's, over Aldwark ridge, by Minninglow, and ended on the Parwich road.

Tuesday, 22nd January.

Flagg. Lawn meet. Well done. First run, up to Taddington High Mere, over the heath on left, across the road to Scale, and killed, after one hour five minutes, a marked hare. I then went home, it being very wet and foggy. Second, they found again, and killed, near Duke of York, another marked hare, but the hounds ran on, and went over the railway, right away to beyond Great Low, and back to Flagg, and lost; first-rate. [This day was immortalised in verse, but I am not at liberty to quote, as it was for "private circulation" only; anyhow, the verses convey real good feeling and a right hearty welcome.—T. A. M.]

Saturday, 23rd February.

Wilton's. R. W—— with us. Found at back of Wilton's, and ran all over those hills, over the turnpike and railway, and back to the hills. I thought we had finished her, and stayed on the rocks, but no. She went right over the Dove to Sheen, back over the Dove above Swaffield's, and killed. A wonderful run. Bad luck for me. R. W—— and M—— up. Three hours (!). [But what a break-neck country to ride over. Poor horses climbing those hills must have thought their last days had come, and that they were going straight up to heaven.—T. A. M.]

TWENTY-FIRST SEASON, 1880-81.

I never expected to carry the horn again. Yet, here I am still. One friend and supporter more has had whoo-p said over him—Lord George Cavendish. I have a fair entry.

Saturday, 23rd October.

First advertised day. Met at Sparklow. Drew heath and wood blank—bad. Found three on knoll. Bad scent, though fine day; ran to ground.

Saturday, 30th October.

Gotham Gate. Being Newhaven fair, drovers' cattle and sheep bored us to death.

Tuesday, 2nd November.

Duke of York. Hard frost, 11 degrees—a poor scent, but excellent sport. First, from the planting to Melland's, round by left to Flagg road, up to the turnpike, and into the Duke of York wood, when I left her to run another day. [Not often, sir, that you have done this.—T. A. M.] Second, found near Housley Chimney, ran nearly up to Hurdlow House—headed—across the railway over the knoll, down to the heath, under the railway arch, and lost on the Monyash road.

Saturday, 6th November.

Aldwark. Good field. First, ran from D. Holmes' to Aldwark rocks, down to the Grange road and up to The Grange, and killed. Then a bad run from rocks, and *blew up George*. Next, a first-rate run from Wragg's, round the dale, past Mouldridge; nearly to Pike Hall and over to Wragg's, where George got a heavy fall into a quarry—lamed "Turk" badly, ran the same ring again and lost.

Saturday, 20th November.

Newhaven. Hard frost, but hunted. Long in finding, then Lord E—— *trod on hare!* Some good running to Dale.

Tuesday, 30th November.

Flagg. M—— out for first time since illness. West winds, still and fine; a capital scent. First, thirty-five minutes, and killed in Finney's shrubbery. First-rate pace. Second, fifty minutes, on the Monyash side of Flagg, over the Wheal farm, and killed. The bulk of the pack flashed over the green road, but "Racy" and "Parody" went on, and killed. [A beautiful bitch "Parody" was—a very heavily marked hound—the very type of a High Peak racing bitch.—T. A. M.]

Saturday, 4th December.

Brassington Moor. Found below the rocks, and ran over Upper Aldwark, with a bad scent; it improved, and we went over the turnpike, under the railway arch, round by Longcliff Wharf, back to the Rocks Dale, but lost, when we had a holloa forward, lifted the hounds to it and had a grand run over the Aldwark Ridge to near Pike Hall. Back past Wragg's house, down Grange road to the wood—to the belt—and killed where we found. One hour fifty minutes—first-rate.

Tuesday, 14th December.

Taddington High Mere. Found in the Wheal plantation, and ran straight into the dale, and had trouble to get out the hounds. Then drew right away to the Duke of York, in rain, but had a fall. Then found under the rocks—wretched scent; back to the planting and never got out again—very bad. Good field, including the Beagle youths.

Friday, 24th December.

Newhaven. A brilliant run *via* Biggin and Bank farm, past Hillacre, over the railway, back by J. Kirkham's, and then nearly to Parwich, and lost; two hours.

Saturday, 8th January.

Hard frost and fog; no hunting. I then got the gout, and was laid up till February. The weather continued appalling; frost, snow, and hurricane lasted till

Saturday, 5th February,

When hounds met at Wilton's. I could not bear a boot. [May I say I have seen the Master under these painful circumstances, ride to his hounds and keep the place with them he always prided himself on holding, and afterwards get off his horse and be unable to stand up.—T. A. M.] It was a dreadful day—snow, wind, rain, and fog. The field fairly bolted.

Tuesday, 8th March.

Duke of York. Great wide deep snow drifts and very bad going. Found and chopped a hare on Banks'. We went there as having less snow. Then had a second run through Cronkstone wood, and killed after some moderate running round the knoll. All went back to the Duke of York, nearly blinded with snow and hail, and went home.

Saturday, 12th March.

Elton. Found at back of Horse Shoe plantation and ran fast to the Belt. She turned right back and ran hard to the Horse Shoe, over Aldwark to Grange wood, and out to the Winster road, and was killed after twenty-five minutes as fast as possible. Found a second, and had a good deal of running, but ringy. We ran up to her in the Rock, when she went off over Upper Aldwark, down below Wragg's, over the road to Elton Hillocks; then the hunting became very slow, and we pattered on to above Winster toll bar; one hour twenty minutes. An excellent day. [I have often noticed that hounds will run well on the Aldwark side, which is on limestone, but fail to do any good when they get on the Elton shale. There is no doubt the limestone soil holds a better scent than any other. At the beginning of this last season, 1891-92, hunting friends complained to me from all parts of no sport owing to bad scent, while we, day after day, had splendid runs.—T. A. M.]

Tuesday, 15th March.

Monyash. I record a real red-letter day. Big field. The Duke of Hamilton drove over to see us. First, found near Howsley's chimney. Hounds flew to the Duke of York; here we had a long check in the plantation. Hit her off at the house near the Duke. Over the railway, along it, over to reverse side on to the lower Buxton road, checked, and on into Chelmortan, and lost. Query if picked up. Second, drew again to Duke of York, no find, but Gould had one set below "The Thorn Tree." She ran down towards Monyash, turned to the right, forward to Arbor Low road, down it to Parsley Hey Wharf, then on past Wilton's on the heath; crossed rail, forward past Jug and Glass, nearly to Newhaven, and lost. A kill would have made this a marvellous day. [This run must have been eight or ten miles, as the crow flies; four and a half from extreme points.—T. A. M.]

Thursday, 31st March.

Presented by my friends with a magnificent testimonial on the close of my twenty-first season. Luncheon, speeches, &c. Then tried to hunt, but had no luck. Bad scent and too many hares.

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TWENTY-SECOND SEASON, 1881-82.

I again carry the horn! My entry of young hounds is the largest, and I hope the best I ever had, but I have had to draft many old hounds, and I fear one or two more—notably "Gambler"—will have to follow. He is shaken in the shoulder. Robert Fairclough in the place of George. He is a nice groom and understands hounds, but is no equestrian. [Altered that now.—T. A. M.]

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Tuesday, 1st November.

Deep snow. What a start!

Tuesday, 8th November.

Wilton's. A dense fog all day. Could not find, though hares reported. Then we got to Swaffield's. Lost in fog alone. Hounds got on railway, and "Dagmar" killed, to my horror. Went home with a heavy heart.

Tuesday, 29th November.

Duke of York. Tried to quest a travelling hare, but failed. Found in plantation, ran well over the Knoll, and lost. Found on the heath, and ran well through the wood and back, and lost. Then found in Hurdlow wood—evidently a hunted hare—ran towards Monyash, and killed.

Saturday, 3rd December.

Newhaven. Found on the flat two hares. Split, and made a mess of it. Could not find again till we got to Gotham Heath. Ran hard to Allsop wood; straight through, over Cold Eaton, up Biggin road; check, and lifted them. Hit it off in Parwich lane; ran round heath and back to wood, and killed; one hour twenty minutes.

Saturday, 17th December.

An awful day. Sent hounds, but we did not go. They could do nothing, and never found. I don't count this as a day.

Tuesday, 17th January.

Chelmorton Thorn. Foggy; poor field. Did not find till we got to the Duke of York. Had a very fast fifteen minutes, and lost near Monyash. Found at Cronkstone, and ran to Sterndale. Our hare then was run by greyhounds. The hounds

ran up to them and into a lime kiln, where we killed. Beasts !  
[T. A. M. *caught* it once for being the possessor of "Nancy."]

Tuesday, 7th February.

Monyash. Foggy. Big snow drifts. Found between Monyash and Hurdlow. Had fast gallop to Banks', and lost. Second, found again and ran hard, chiefly on Monyash side of London road. Ran up to her on a fallow near Monyash, ran her to Banks' again ; she clapped, and beat us after all, after hunting two hours and more—first-rate run. I was exhausted, "Czar" having pulled me to pieces.

Saturday, 11th February.

Elton. Big field. After a fast twenty minutes, and kill, found again under Barnsley's. Ran over village roads. I was behind ! Then over Upper Aldwark green lane to the heather fields, past rocks to cross roads, over Grange Mill road to Lord Scarsdale's side, worked back, then again to the Winster side ; one hour thirty minutes. Here a fox jumped up and ran us right up into the Via Gellia ! It was then over, and we got home at 6.30, tired. "Orphan" arrived. [Some of us well remember this huge, black thorough-bred. He had been brought up by hand and treated as a pet. An irreverent suggestion was made that "Organ" would be an appropriate name for him. Certainly his pipes were musical.—T. A. M.]

Saturday, 11th March.

Pike Hall. Found under Aldwark village rocks, and had as good a thirty-five minutes as I ever saw. Over Upper Aldwark to Longcliff—a momentary check. M—— and I got a good start and kept it, M—— leading. Then over the Grange road, straight and fast, to Hopton Warren, where I think she ran to ground under a fallen tree—but it may have been a rabbit.

TWENTY-THIRD SEASON, 1882-83.

The Duke having remained later than usual, I did not commence till 3rd October. I have a very good and strong entry, but must draft a few more. Hounds look very well. I have a new horse, "Clonmel," a very charming hunter. [This fine performer was given away this last past season, 1891-92. Ten seasons is a big record for a hunt horse.—T. A. M.] [My *first* horse, "Commodore," carried me eighteen seasons, when I gave him away 24th October!—R. N.]

Saturday, 28th October.

First advertised day, at Newhaven. *En route* a hare got up at Middleton Rake. [By-the-bye, what is the meaning of a Rake? It is applied in Derbyshire to the old lead workings. May I call attention to the extraordinary way in which the veins of lead run in nearly straight lines up hill and down dale. Near Perry Foot, a Rake can be traced in one line for miles.—T. A. M.] Hounds ran and killed her. M—— and I went, but it was the most remorseless rain, and, having so recently had gout, I returned, but drenched from head to foot.

Tuesday, 7th November.

Duke of York. Found below the rocks and ran up to the wood. Two hares went out. The bulk of the hounds ran towards Hurdlow, and killed in a few fields. I went with the rest and clapped the others on. They ran nearly to Flagg—up to Chelmorton Thorn, and checked; then on towards Taddington, but flung round the knoll, and lost near the village; three-quarters of an hour, as good a run as ever I saw.

Tuesday, 28th November.

Taddington High Mere. Fair sport. Going home I crushed my fingers on the pommel of the saddle, and then fell slap on my back leading down Green Cowden Hill. Gout!

Saturday, 2nd December.

Waterloo. Big field from Buxton. Dr. C——. A capital run above and below the hill and lost in Chee Tor. [Some of us well remember Dr. C—— jumping a boundary wall on the ridge of the hill, with perhaps three yards to land on, and then a precipice.—T. A. M.]

Tuesday, 16th January.

Duke of York. Dense fog in the valley, lovely bright sun and slightly frosty on the hills. A brilliant run from the plantation, dropped down towards Flagg, and then straight ahead to back of road below Great Low; over the turnpike and railway to Jericho; returned under rail, and lost in Duke of York; one hour fifteen minutes. The best run of the year, but no kill. We left her in the wood, to run, I hope, another day.

Saturday, 3rd February.

Jug and Glass. Found at once, and ran straight away at back of Wilton's, over the rail into Bateman's, and bothered about some time; finally picked her up, and killed (*at last*) on Wilton's. [The *previous* kill was on 11th November.—T. A. M.]

Saturday, 10th February.

Newhaven. Two hares went away from Hillacre; hounds divided near Pike Hall, the bulk went for the dale. I went on with four and a half couple over the best line, crossed Heath lane, and on to Gotham Gate and to Allsop road. Fairclough then came on with the rest. I cast over towards the wood, got on our hare, and killed. Fairclough had a fall with "Turk."

Tuesday, 13th February.

Duke of York. Barnes and sons out, M—— not. [This was a great day entirely. We had orders "not to let those young Barnes' cut us down," and I don't think we did.—T. A. M.] First run: found below the Duke of York on a

quest, dropped down to Flagg road, round by the White House, and as straight and fast as possible to the Monyash and Parsley Hey road, and lost; twenty minutes, first-rate. Barnes, M.P., jumped into a mere, and had to leave. [Talking of this day, Miss M—— said, "I am very sorry Mr. Barnes jumped into the pond, but, as he did, I'm *so* sorry I wasn't there to see," and again hearing that in trying to carry out the Master's orders, some of us had "rather" over-ridden hounds, "Yes, it was too bad, but you wanted me to look after you." "Oh no, Miss M——, we should all have had to look *after* you."—T. A. M.]

Tuesday, 27th February.

A first-rate Flagg run, and killed near Taddington High Mere; thirty-eight minutes. [T. A. M. has a very lively recollection of "catching it" this day, and, what's worse, he thoroughly deserved it.]

Saturday, 31st March.

Cold Eaton. Breakfast. Lovely day, but snow drifts under walls. Some nice running, but a poor scent; one kill. So ended a chequered season. More than an average of first-rate runs, but much less of blood. Hindered much by dense fog. [May I say this was "Smiler's" first season.—T. A. M.]

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TWENTY-FOURTH SEASON, 1883-84.

Commenced with a disturbance in kennels and stables. . . . I have a capital entry, two from Belvoir, and three from Badsworth. Several old hounds are drafted, leaving a total of twenty-one and half or twenty-two couple. There are fewer old ones than usual. [Through the moor season I regret to find almost daily, "Not out."—T. A. M.]

Tuesday, 23rd October.

Barbrook Mill. M—— out. Capital run, one kill. And so ended "cubbing," about the best on record. Hounds fit and well.

Saturday, 27th October.

Newhaven. First advertised day. Good field. Lords E. and F. C——. Lovely warm day. I rode "Clonmel;" was very weak.

Saturday, 10th November.

Aldwark Grange. Out myself for first time, but had to go home in the middle, too tired to go on.

Tuesday, 27th November.

Gout. M—— rode "Czar." Excellent run from below Duke of York to Great Low, across the railway and back, and kill. [This is a line of country we don't take half as often as we could wish.—T. A. M.]

Saturday, 14th December.

Elton. First-rate run from Aldwark plantation to Wragg's, then past the house to Elton cross roads, forward over Lord Scarsdale's to Grange Mill, turned parallel with Winster road, and ran up to her in a fallow. A storm of wind and rain came on and Fairclough lost his head, and we lost the hare. Nearly drowned going home.

Saturday, 21st December.

Newhaven. Found on Nottingham road—a poor run. On to Alsop wood, and ran beyond the village of Alsop. A magnificent run—lost. I was left in the wood! Furious!

Wednesday, 25th December.

Hurdlow House. Poor run in morning, and to ground under railway. Then to Duke of York, and had a beautiful run

over the best country, and lost going back to Sparklow in consequence of hearing the Buxton hounds close by. A lovely summer's day.

Saturday, 18th January.

Newhaven. Gout. Not out. Two real good runs. First, from Nottingham road past Hillacre, over heather and to the left for Parwich, and round by Gotham, and lost. Second, from the new belt right away to the village of Alsop, and back to the Duke's wood, and lost. [This village, Alsop, lies off the beaten track, but is worth seeing, It lies almost hidden in the bottom of a deep valley.—T. A. M.]

Tuesday, 11th February.

Duke of York. Found at once below Dicken's, ran towards Flagg and Finney's, down Heather lane, over Chelmorton road, to the back of Great Low, dropped down to where we found; through the plantation, over railway to Hurdlow, along the railway to Great Low, and killed on the line; forty minutes without a check.

Saturday, 29th March.

Cold Eaton. Breakfast. Big field for the last day. A poor scent, but some nice running. No kill. And so ended about the best season on record. [But, alas, the Master's continued absences make his notes very short.—T. A. M.]

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TWENTY-FIFTH SEASON, 1884-85.

October.

Began my twenty-fifth season. M—— (alas) having married, I am minus my eyes, ears, and arms—and ought to have given up. But still I hang on. I have twenty-one couple of hounds, very fit. Fairclough in command.

Saturday, 25th November.

First advertised day, at Newhaven. Gouty—only a big shoe and legging on. Bad scent, only poor sport, and no kill.

Saturday, 2nd December.

Elton. Good field and good sport. A quick thing over the Elton side and killed on the Aldwark road. Took up a travelling hare and, after a straggling run, killed her. [This season opens very badly. Hares weak and unable to run at all. Then the Master "got the gout," and his notes are mere records of the bare facts until the end of February, 1885.—T.A.M.]

Tuesday, 24th February.

Waterloo. Out for first time. Big snow drifts under the walls. A sharp run from the top, round Chelmorton Knoll, down to the dale.

Saturday, 28th February.

Brassington Moor. Ran for three hours, all over Upper Aldwark, and killed at last, although we had changed hares. Fairclough jumped the "Rover" into a quarry hole and lamed him badly. [T. A. M. has a very lively and grateful recollection of a lovely home-cured ham—only it wasn't fair to horses to ask them to carry so much extra weight.]

Tuesday, 31st March.

Flagg. A large field. More moisture, and a good scent. Had a clinker from Flagg to the Dale—then a check. Picked her up and ran round the chimney to Flagg; then straight as a dart to between Taddington High Mere and Chelmorton Thorn, and killed in the open; one hour exactly.

Saturday, 4th April.

Last day, at Cold Eaton. A very large field, fifty or sixty. Soon found, and ran to the Dale. Found on the cliff, ran down



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Gotham Gate beyond Alsop wood; check; picked it up and ran below the old Toll Bar, over the Dale to Cold Eaton, and round by the Spinney to the wood; viewed, and killed; one hour thirty-five minutes. Good finish. [I think this was the season when the Master of the Dove Valley gave a bye-day as a final wind up. A goodly contingent of the High Peak met him. After a good hunting run and kill, the whip, William, was sent away on a mysterious errand, and by-and-bye it was announced that "There is an old hare haunts the Water Meadows, and we'll just go and look for her." There was a blazing scent—I could run it myself—and four or five couple of hounds went off like the very mischief. The Master started, and a light-weight on a steeplechaser and one High Peakite got with him. Then came the bulk of the hounds, and then the field. This wonderful "*harr*," in endeavouring to shake off the stonewallers, crossed and soon re-crossed the brook, but no one got in. Then the Master and his two companions settled down to race up the meadows, with a jump every fifty or sixty yards, and, as a wind up, a stiff post and rail with a big ditch to you. All three got safely over, and then the Colonel pulled up with his face beaming. "Ah! now, that was a bit of good fun." But we never made anything out about *that* hare.—T. A. M.]

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TWENTY-SIXTH SEASON, 1885-86.

I have twenty and half of hounds. The young entry, four couple, are all first-rate—all bitches.

Tuesday, 6th October.

Met at Barbrook Mill. Found on the "nob" on Leech Fen, and ran straight as a dart to Linacre wood, and lost. Some running after, but no scent, and a pelting rain. I left.

Saturday, 17th October.

Robin Hood. Not much scent on the moor, but a nice morning. Found on the moor, ran past Stone Low, over East Moor, and right away to Holly Moor side—a first-rate run.

Saturday, 31st October.

M—— came for opening day. A remorseless rain, so I did not go. Only a small field. Had a nice run, and killed, and returned home early.

Saturday, 7th November.

Elton. Found too many hares in Wragg's plantation, and, having a bad scent, did no good. Had a fair run over Upper Aldwark, and a kill in the open. A foggy day. Got a bang on my left foot against a gate. Sure to have the gout.

Tuesday, 10th November.

Flagg. Too gouty to go. A good field, and brilliant run of one hour thirty minutes, but no kill. Most likely picked up.

Saturday, 26th December.

Newhaven. M—— out. Drew the Bank and Hillacre blank. Found on the flat and ran to the Parwich lane, turned to the left to the plantation at Cobbler's Nook; on to Minninglow, turned back, and killed on the Gotham Gate lane. A capital one hour fifteen minutes. [A very pretty run this was. It is very unusual for a Newhaven hare to cross to the Pike Hall country as this one did.—T. A. M.]

2nd January.

Brassington Moor. Found on the top of Upper Aldwark, and had a capital twenty-five minutes, and kill over the Longcliffe road.

Never out again till

THE HIGH PEAK HARRIERS.

79

23rd March.

Frost and snow. Snow and frost every day. Met at Bakewell; little sport. Driven in by rain.

Thursday, 1st April.

A first-rate run over the railway past Duke of York plantation, over the White House roads towards Monyash, turned up by Hurdlow House, and killed in the village.

Saturday, 3rd April.

Newhaven, to finish. A very fast run over the heath, and lost. Second, a good run over the heath, passed Alsop wood, on to Cold Eaton, and back to near Hillacre; a kill, but very dodgy and mobby. So ended the very worst season I ever remember, out only twenty-six times; killed only twenty-six hares. Dreadful!

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TWENTY-SEVENTH SEASON, 1886-87.

Horses and men the same as last year, with the addition of a horse, the "Traveller." Hounds twenty and a half couple.

Only killed one hare (and that chopped) all the "cubbing" season. The worst on record.

Tuesday, 26th October.

First advertised day, at Sparklow. Found at once, and had a capital thirty minutes, to the Dove, and back to Cronkstone Spinney, ran, as I thought, to ground, but not so. After an intermediate run over the same country, picked her up and killed her. Bitterly cold.

Tuesday, 2nd November.

Waterloo. Good field, fine day, and a blank!! From Waterloo to Duke of York. [I really think the best thing I can

do is to pass over this season altogether. The record is one of "Bad sport," "Frost and snow" all the time. Hounds only killed eight hares the whole season.—T. A. M.]

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TWENTY-EIGHTH SEASON, 1887-88.

I have twenty-one and a half couple of hounds ; young entry of five ; two Belvoir, three Badsworth ; all beauties.

Tuesday, 4th October.

Barbrook Mill. Came down from Longshaw. A lovely June day, too hot. Had a nice twenty minutes from the Fenside, and kill. Afterwards on Clod Hall ; no scent.

Tuesday, 18th October.

Barbrook. A very good run, and killed in cottage at Moor Hall.

Saturday, 22nd October.

Robin Hood. Fourteen degrees of frost ! Poor scent, of course. A nice run, in the midst of which we slaughtered a leveret. Went on to plantations, over the road to near Stone Low and back, and killed ; one hour. I rode "Cricket Bat," and had a crumpler over a big wall which he took unexpectedly at a stand.

Tuesday, 25th October.

Barbrook. Another sharp frost and bitter cold wind. Found on the fen at once, and ran for thirty-five minutes without leaving it, and killed. A good deal more running from Grange plantation. *En route* killed a leveret, which saved the run hare. The young hounds have entered fairly well, although they rather hang about the horses, but the scent has been very bad.

Saturday, 29th October.

Newhaven. First advertised day. Nice, but rather windy day. Found two hares on Hillacre, and ran down to Pike Hall and Gotham lane, where they divided, and lost. Had a hunting run later on, and lost. Only a poor scent.

Tuesday, 1st November.

A fearful storm of wind and rain. Sent the hounds. They returned without throwing off.

Saturday, 5th November.

Elton. First hare too long gone. Second, found on Grindy's, and ran a nice circle round top end of his farm to ground in a "Puddin'-pie," pulled her out and killed her. A long continued run of one and half hours followed. No doubt we changed hares more than once, and did not kill.

Tuesday, 8th November.

Duke of York. Blank. Sparklow. An excellent run of forty minutes. Hare chased by a cur, and lost. [I wonder how many people recognize the meaning of the good old word "cur"—caretaker—sheep dog. North Derbyshire is one of the few districts I know where it is used in its proper sense, elsewhere it has degenerated into "mongrel."—T. A. M.]

Monday, 14th November.

Mr. Lowe, S.ED. of *The Field*, over to see kennels.

Tuesday, 15th November.

Hunter's Mere. Joined in the afternoon. Drew from Hunter's Mere to Chelmorton and back. Blank. Thank you, Sir W. V. H.!

Saturday, 7th January.

Out for first time after long frost. Crossing a fallow near Pike Hall, two hares got up, which so astonished "The

Traveller" that he gave a big jump in the air, and I struck my bridle hand violently against the pommel of the saddle and brought on gout. Had a very good hunting run of one hour thirty minutes towards Winster, roading a good deal—over to the Elton side, and lost near Grindy's wood.

Tuesday, 10th January.

Sparklow. Not out. Capital run over the Dove to Sheen and back, changed hares in the valley. [What a pity the Master hasn't said more about this.—T. A. M.]

Tuesday, 17th January.

Too hard to hunt.

From this time to the end of the season there was continuous snow and frost. I was laid up all the time with gout, and very ill besides. The hounds were only out three or four times, and killed three hares, winding up with a good day at Newhaven, on the last day of March.

I have the pleasure and pride of pasting in a notice from *The Field*, November, 1887:—

#### A HARRIER COUNTRY.

##### THE HIGH PEAK HARRIERS.

In many of the counties foxhounds and harriers hunt the same districts, and there has generally been a good understanding between the respective masters of such hunts. No sportsman devoted to hounds would encroach on his neighbour's privileges, and the few disputes that have arisen are mostly due to some madcap young squire, or new-comer into a neighbourhood, who has started a scratch pack of harriers and hunted fox with them whenever he got the chance. The old masters of harriers—such as Mr. John Chesshyre, of the Hertfordshire; Mr. James Dear, of Winchester; Mr. Steyning Beard, of the Brookside; Mr. Walter Flower, of Salisbury Plain, *cum multis aliis* of that class—were the very best friends of foxhunting in acknowledged hunting countries, and the sporting proclivities amongst the farmers were maintained by them. It will be an evil day for sport in general when but little remains to keep up

the alliance between foxhunting and the merry vocation of harriers. Such a state of things may come about as I shall have to mention in this paper; but there is still more to be urged in favour of the hare hunter, as some very wide expanses of country are entirely indebted to harriers for all the hunting that is to be enjoyed.

Fate, or accident, has brought me into such a country at the present moment, as, being under the necessity of staying a fortnight at Buxton, I was impelled by a natural desire to obtain knowledge to inquire about the hunting. It is a beautiful country, as nearly all English tourists know, and the wild scenery between the Miller's Dale and Bakewell, can perhaps be compared only to the grand ravines of Switzerland. It has, however, a sporting aspect very far superior to the ordinary continental tourist ground, as away in the distance are heather-topped hills, on which grouse are known to be plentiful, and here and there is a rabbit warren, with the river, just four miles from its source, running madly along, and well supplied with trout and grayling on its route by the fishponds of the Duke of Devonshire that appear in sight from the road. However, I shall be getting into the Province of "Red Spinner" if I say any more about fish; but the hillsides and country round present a wonderful English landscape of small inclosures and stone walls. It continues as a stretch of country somewhat of this description, relieved by woodlands, from Buxton to the confines of the Rufford country, the extent being of about thirty miles, and Mr. Harvey Bayly's present domain is the nearest touch of foxhunting existing in the district. It has, for perhaps centuries, been the hunting ground of the harrier, and some very old trencher-fed packs have been associated with these dales in years gone by.

At some future time, perhaps, I shall have the opportunity of tracing out the histories of some of the old packs, but the first impressions I obtained of Buxton as a sporting quarter came through a veteran still alive at the fine old age of eighty. He was at a private tutor's, at a village between Buxton and Manchester, and I think that village was called Disley; at any rate, the pupils at this select establishment of learning must have had a very good time of it, as they were each allowed to keep a hunter, regularly attended all the Buxton balls and races, joined in the cockfighting *re-unions* at Knutsford, and visited at all the swell houses in the country. I heard a deal about Buxton races from this veteran, when "Longwaist," "Euston," and "Recovery" fought out King's Plates here, and the description of the course and the *elite* of fashion who looked on, made it all appear like a small Ascot. Two or three days ago I was driving across a wildish common, and the coachman

turned round on his box and said, " This, sir, is where it is said they used to have races," and the descriptions of the veteran came so oddly perforce. Could a fashionable racecourse have altered so, I thought, and how a scene is changed in sixty years! The actors are all gone, but perhaps a few like the "veteran" remain, and grand stands, inclosures, and such like, I suppose, are swept away, to leave but a weird-looking common, tenanted by geese and old quadrupeds, "grazing" where once the turf was trodden by the greatest horses of their day. The veteran, was, however, a hunting man born and bred, and his first recollections of the chase in these parts was going out to find Captain Jack White's harriers, at Park Hall. He reached the park wall and heard hounds running, and he had but just got a view of them when a gentleman, wonderfully well mounted on a very blood-like hunter, popped out over the wall, and filled the veteran with admiration in consequence of his wonderful seat and hands. That was Captain Jack White, and his harriers, to judge by what my old informant says, were as neat as pictures, and with music enough in them to fill a dale with charming echoes. Captain White, it would appear, hunted just the country then which is now appropriated to the High Peak Harriers, as this pack meet occasionally at Park Hall. They only hunt a portion, however, of the thirty miles I have spoken of, as there is the Buxton or Peak Forest Harriers hunting from Chapel-en-le-Frith and all about Buxton; and further down there is the Dove Dale pack of harriers; whilst more in the Derby direction there has been the Barlow pack, the last, I am told, of the trencher-fed establishments, and they have continued in that condition up to the present season, when they have appeared in the list published in *The Field* as a regular pack of foxhounds, having been bought up and kennelled by Mr. W. Wilson, a gentleman from Sheffield. Rumours reach me, too, that they are wonderfully well bred, and that they may have more Belvoir "Senator" blood in them than the Rev. Cecil Legard could trace in his Stud Book, or that Frank Gillard could exactly swear to.

Being in the neighbourhood, I was very anxious to see the High Peak Harriers, as I had heard a great deal about them, and I was under the impression that it was formed entirely of the small drafts from Belvoir. I consequently wrote to the Master, Mr. R. W. Nesfield, for permission to have a look at them, and I received a most courteous invitation to do so. It was on this mission that I enjoyed the beautiful drive from Buxton to Bakewell, and I got a true sportsman's welcome from Mr. Nesfield, as, quite unknown to me at the time, my most recent contributions in *The*

*Field* related to his son-in-law's pack, the Badsworth, Mrs. Wright being Mr. Nesfield's daughter. For twenty-seven years Mr. Nesfield has been the Master of the High Peak Harriers, and, managing the Duke of Rutland's estates in Derbyshire, Mr. Nesfield can well rank with the old masters of harriers who have proved the firmest friends to fox-hunting; for, without this gentleman's assistance in keeping up the Derbyshire walks, the Belvoir could not have maintained its exalted prestige. This, Frank Gillard told me when he said his best puppies came from Derbyshire, and that Mr. Nesfield was always so kind in keeping an eye upon them, and in urging the tenants to take care of them. What may not breeders of foxhounds owe, therefore, to this fine old English gentleman! But I must correct the impression that the High Peak Harriers are Belvoir drafts. The Duke of Rutland gives Mr. Nesfield two young bitches every year, and these, of course, make up a fair amount of Belvoir blood; but the origin of Mr. Nesfield's pack dates to an authentic source of thirty-eight years, as it originally belonged to Mr. Thornhill, of Stanton; and this gentleman (one of the best sportsman, Mr. Nesfield says, he ever knew) was the master of the High Peak Harriers for eleven years, but, on his retirement, he gave the pack to the present owner. Mr. Thornhill got them originally (so Mr. Nesfield thinks) from the Marquis of Stafford, the present Duke of Sutherland, and this is corroborated by the fact that harriers have been kept at the Trent kennels. Mr. Thornhill never kept any lists, but in 1860, when the hounds fell into Mr. Nesfield's hands, they were bred a good deal from Sir Thomas Boughey's and from Colonel Fane's pack. There was a strain also of which there is no written record, and that strain Mr. Thornhill urged Mr. Nesfield never to lose sight of, and he has followed his old friend's advice. In 1860 it was represented by a hound called "Sampler," by "Senator" out of "Myrtle," and a large proportion of the High Peak pack trace back to him. Those of Colonel Fane's strain were mostly blue mottled, and there are some of these still on the kennel benches. Mr. Nesfield, however, is no believer in the two breeds of foxhounds and harriers to accept them—as they exist in these days at least—as if they did not start from one original stock; harriers have, at any rate, merged into foxhounds. He has bred a good deal during the last twenty-five years, sometimes entirely from foxhounds, but more generally to cross some of his old "Sampler" blood with Belvoir. His standard is 20in.; and here comes in the difficulty of breeding from foxhounds, as, with a 21in. pure Belvoir bred dog, with a bitch of similar breeding and under 20in., he has had a litter to comprise hounds of 24in.

and others of 16in. Nothing can be much more perfect and symmetrical than some of the little Belvoir hounds that Mr. Nesfield showed me, as, although not over 20in., they are full of stuff and bone, and without a particle of weediness about them; but to breed a complete pack of them would require more walks than even the Duke of Rutland possesses.

I must now accompany Mr. Nesfield to the kennels,—a compact set of little buildings, situated in a field close to the Bakewell railway station. The entry was not of such dimensions as I have looked over occasionally, as it comprised only two and a half couples, Mr. Nesfield explaining to me that his son-in-law, Mr. Wright, sent him swarms of pretty little hounds, until he did not know what to do with them, and he expected his kennel was getting as much Badsworth as Belvoir. Thus it happened that, of the entry, one couple and a half are from the first-named kennel, and the other couple are the Duke's annual donation. These are as neat as might be expected, particularly "Sentiment"—such a charming little bitch, exactly twenty inches, with a head, neck, and shoulders that one might sit and study for an hour; and what a bred one!—by the Fitzwilliam "Solomon," who gets about the neatest of all old George Carter's favourites out of "Special," by the famous "Fallible," out of "Speedwell," by "Woodman," brother of that old friend of mine, "Warrior," out of "Spinster," by "Saffron," son of "Senator." Her companion from the ducal kennel was "Plaudit," by "Playmate," out of "Ringlet," and she is another little neat one, but scarcely as perfect as "Spinster," Mr. Wright's contribution. Tom Furr and most Leicestershire men will know something concerning what their qualities should be, as one called "Charlotte," with stuff enough about her for a dog hound, is by the Cottesmore "Rambler," out of the Quorn "Charmer;" and, as I reminded Mr. Nesfield, last year, in a great Cottesmore run, graphically described by *The Field's* able chronicler of those parts, a few couple of hounds got away with a flying fox, and this was almost the *bonne bouche* of the season. Subsequently Neil, the huntsman, wrote me that the few couples of hounds spoken of in *The Field* account were all by "Rambler." Tom Furr can also say some glorious things of the Cottesmore "Rambler," and it was through his breeding from the old hound that some of his get came to Mr. Wright's in a Quorn draft. Then more Quorn comes in through "Gadfly;" a little bitch scarcely so much to my liking as "Charlotte," by their "Gamester," out of the Badsworth "Trusty;" and the other, from the Badsworth, namely, "Scandal," is by the Bramham Moor "Sailor," out of "Cheerful." Amongst the second season hunters, Mr. Nesfield has a couple of sisters of his own

breeding—namely: "Ringlet" and "Relish," charming little bitches, but a bit lighter in bone than those from Belvoir, and the good looks of "Relish" are taken off by a crooked stern. If one could breed fifteen couples like "Ringlet," it would be a very perfect harrier pack, but the process would be something like sifting earth for diamonds. This is her breeding, though by "Ringwood" out of "Parody;" "Ringwood" was by "Statesman," out of "Ringlet," and "Statesman" was by "Senator," a grandson of "Sampler," above mentioned as the representative of the strain that Mr. Thornhill so particularly regarded; but in breeding down this line there were several crosses introduced of the finest foxhound blood known; as, for instance, "Ringlet," the dam of "Ringwood," was by "Rambler," a dwarf son of the Belvoir "Rambler," brother to "Rallywood," by "Senator;" the dam of this dwarf foxhound being the ducal "Dewdrop" by "Stripling," out of "Dimity." I can also trace Sir Watkin Wynn's "Royal" in the two bitches above-named of Mr. Nesfield's own breeding, but the pedigree tree would take up too much space. A charming bitch of quite the "Sentiment" type described above is "Twinkle," by the Belvoir "Syntax," out of their "Treasure," and she is truly a representative of exquisite foxhound quality, compassed in twenty inches. Another little beauty is very nearly an own sister to the Badsworth "Advocate," and this is "Solitude," by the Fitzwilliam "Spanker," out of "Audible;" and, if one adds to these "Daylight," by the Belvoir "Founder," out of their "Dulcet" and "Tuneful" by the Belvoir "Weathergale," out of their "Tempest," there is a collection of beauties indeed not often seen in any kennel. The last-named bitch, "Tuneful," was entered at Belvoir amongst the beauties of the small pack, and as Frank Gillard could not get her off hare, he gave her to Mr. Nesfield.

The dog hounds of the pack are very typical, there being just a shade of difference between those with a predominating strain of Mr. Thornhill or Colonel Fane's sorts; as, for instance, "Gameboy," a blue mottled tan hound, is almost typical of what we used to expect in the true harrier. A beautiful little hound I thought him, but not quite of the same sort to the eye as "Sampler" and "Senator," brothers, containing the old strain, but with more Belvoir in them. "Ringwood," the sire of two I have mentioned, is quite a little foxhound, of twenty-one inches, with much more bone than many bigger hounds; and there is a little Badsworth hound, called "Merlin," quite a bantam in proportions, and very level. "Plunger" is another that took my fancy, but he is twenty-two inches; and three capital brothers are "Pirate," "Primate," and "Prompter," by

"Gambler," son of "Guider," and inheriting Mr. Thornhill's old blood, out of the Belvoir bitch "Pleasant," by "Saffron" (son of "Senator") out of "Precious," by "Pilot," out of "Blissful." Hounds bred like this should certainly be good looking and good workers, and the only thing that Mr. Nesfield ever feared was that so much Belvoir blood as he has introduced might detract from the music that is loved so fondly by all harrier men. He has not found it so, though, as the tongues of these Belvoir bred ones are like bells as they race through the Derbyshire dales or over the flats on the moors. I saw the whole pack together, just twenty-two couples, and their appearance is quite exceptional for harriers, and certainly very beautiful, mostly Belvoir tans, all very level, of about a twenty-inch standard, the dog hounds a shade larger; but their bone, for such little ones, struck me so forcibly, and with it all the quality of Belvoir hounds combined.

The greatest drawback that Mr. Nesfield deplures is that this grand harrier district may be no more in another fifteen or twenty years, as his best country, towards the Buxton side, is almost denuded of hares since the Hares and Rabbit Act passed. Formerly there was a good stock of hares, and the country he alluded to, being all grass and stone wall, and hares running as they will do in a moor country, it was simply charming; but now it all depends on finding a hare. On the Chatsworth side hares are still numerous enough, and on the Duke of Rutland's moors he has just one month on the heather, after the September and October shootings are over, and capital sport is obtained here—the heather being so good to teach the young hounds to get their noses down. He hunts twice a week, and is well supported by the farmers, who take great interest in the hounds and their work; the Dukes of Devonshire and Rutland doing their best to encourage this love of sport amongst their tenantry by subscribing liberally to the funds of the hunt. I have to thank Mr. Nesfield for a most enjoyable afternoon in his kennel. I can only hope that, when the proposed Act is brought forward to provide a close time for hares, a large number of Her Majesty's subjects, residing over a stretch of country that is quite thirty miles in extent, will be considered, as all the hunting they get depends upon it; and I suppose the wisdom of our legislators in this matter must have a great deal to do with the future welfare of the High Peak Harriers.

G. S. L.

TWENTY-NINTH SEASON, 1888-89.

I ought to have given up, but not being able to persuade anyone to succeed me, I continued. I have an entry of two couple of beautiful bitches, one couple from Belvoir and the other from the Badsworth (one by the Milton "Solomon.")

Saturday, 27th October.

First advertised day, at Newhaven. Had only a poor day of the "hillocky" order, and a kill.

Tuesday, 30th October.

Sparklow. No field. Had a capital thirty minutes, with good scent, and lost near Nelson's, in consequence of some young horses driving us off. Drew all over, including Duke of York, blank! and so home.

Tuesday, 6th November.

Chelmorton Thorn. Cold, but fine day. Drew the Knoll, Five Wells, and Waterloo woods blank—did not find till two. They had an excellent run of an hour over the cream of Flagg. Away past the White House, round the Duke of York plantation, over the turnpike, parallel with the railway, and lost close to the Duke.

Saturday, 24th November.

Newhaven. A gale of wind made hunting almost impossible. Went into the dale and had lots of running, but changed too often.

Tuesday, 11th December.

Duke of York. Found above the Duke, and dodged up and down so long I believed it a bagged hare; but at last we took off, and ran to the Duke, where she bolted in the coal-hole! Ran her back down the main road, and along the green lane, and then straight down to Flagg, and killed—one hour.

Wednesday, 26th December.

Flagg. Grand field. No hare in Flagg. Off to Sparklow; found immediately: ran round to High Needham. She doubled to the hill and ran right over the Dove above Crowdicote, past Longnor, to ground on the banks of the Manifold. No riding to them—followed by the roads. [This day T. A. M. had a fox-hunting friend with him, who was disposed to think small beer of harriers. Hounds ran very fast to the top of the Dove Valley. The Master, Mr. Fox-hunter, and T. A. M. stayed on the crest expecting hounds to come back, and T. A. M. well remembers the Master's impatience when his darlings had passed out of his sight. "They are feathering down the river bank, sir—look as if they were going to cross!" "Nonsense!" "Gad, sir, they're over!" Then such a scramble down the slopes—Mr. Fox-hunter was rather left behind, but luckily hounds checked a little near Longnor and let us up. When this good hare crossed the Manifold, Mr. F. vowed and declared he was after his natural quarry, and had to be told very directly he was not to disparage a High Peak hare—over a five-mile point as the crow flies.]

Nothing worth quoting till

Tuesday, 26th February.

Hunter's Mere. A wonderful day. Found in the field at the end of Once-a-Week, ran over all the cream of the country on the Monyash side to the Red House, where I fancy we changed hares, as we ran straight to One Ash, and lost—two hours thirty minutes.

Saturday, 30th March.

Last day, at Newhaven. No hare till we got to Cold Eaton. A very poor scent. A good deal of running about the hill and no blood, as usual. So ended a fair season as to runs, but miserable as to blood.

THIRTIETH SEASON, 1889-90.

One horse, "The Slug," in place of "Orphan," dead; nineteen and a half couple of hounds; a fair entry. I sent the hounds on the moor on

Tuesday, 24th September,

But it was too wet and foggy for me to go, or for them to hunt. They met at Barbrook, as usual, but only stayed a short time.

Tuesday, 15th October.

Barbrook; very good field. Chopped the first hare, ran right into the second, and had a capital run with the third to Freebirch, where they killed, and a skunk of a beggar picked her up from the hounds and made off with her.

Saturday, 26th October.

Robin Hood. Two very good runs. First, from the moor below Pindar's past Stone Low, over by Hall's to the Fen, and on to Clod Hall, and killed; over an hour. Second from cultivated land by Pindar's, over the fen to Froggatt's, round by Freebirch, and killed on turnpike; fifty minutes. Last moor day—good sport.

Tuesday, 29th October.

Sparklow. First advertised day. A good field, excellent day, good scent. First, from the knoll, found at once; ran up to High Needham, over Swaffield's to the Dove, back to Cronkstone wood, and killed in the road below. Second, found on the upper heather, ran past High Needham road nearly to Parsley Hey, over the railway, through the cut, down belts on Critchlow's to Parsley Hey, over to the Monyash side, and on to the Monyash road, down it for a considerable distance, and lost. Told by a man where she had gone, and picked up the scent, but it was too late.

Saturday, 16th November.

A thick fog and soaking rain. Not out. E—— went on "Nellie" to Gotham Gate. Found at once; ran to Biggin, and on to the Jug and Glass; back parallel with railway, and killed in Stanedge plantation; one and a half hour; first-rate. [This is a very unusual line of country. Seldom a hare crosses from the south of Newhaven to the north.—T. A. M.]

Tuesday, 19th November.

Sheldon. Drew a long time on Monyash side. Blank. Found on dale side of Once-a-Week, and ran into Shacklow, and out and in again and again, and at last killed. Second, on hillocks at back of Rake; ran into the dale, and out, and right away to lower Monyash road, and lost. E—— rode "Clonmel."

Tuesday, 10th December.

Flagg. Good field. Found at the upper end, and had a capital run over the Taddington hill, past the Waterloo, round Chelmorton Knoll to the Flagg upper road. I have no doubt she was picked up by two loafing rascals. Home early.

Tuesday, 17th December.

Parsley Hey. Did not find on Critchlow's, though I think a hare had been about. Found over the left-hand road on Swaffield's, and had a scrambling run amongst the hills, and killed in the Spinney above Nelson's. Second, a hare went away just as we had killed, and gave us a very nice run round by High Needham and the heathy land above Nelson's, and round the knoll to where we found, when another hare got up, and we whipped off.

Saturday, 28th December.

Elton. A very hard frost. Should not have thrown off but for the good field. Could do nothing. So ended the first half of the season—good in quality, bad in quantity. [This was

T. A. M.'s first day after four seasons in the North. As a deliberate opinion, the High Peak show better sport on the average than fox-hounds. You don't get the exceptional run of six or eight miles straight that a fox will give you once or twice in a season, but a good High Peak hare will *kill* most foxes when it comes to racing, and nowhere in England is there such splendid turf to ride over as our immemorial Derbyshire pastures. A blank day is unknown, a poor one rare, and there is no standing shivering outside a cover. A little jack hare and the High Peak bitches will give anyone who can and will ride to them as much galloping and jumping as the soul of man, or at anyrate his horse, can desire. I recently aired this opinion to an acquaintance—a racing man and a light-weight—who, to my surprise, quite agreed with me, but by-and-bye it turned out he was a Master of Harriers himself. His theory was "drive a hare out of her country." He told me rather an amusing thing. One day, when bothered by an unruly field, he got hold of his hounds and hustled them straight across country as hard as he could go on an old steeplechaser for three or four miles. The field, that by this time was reduced to the most perfect manners, pronounced it a magnificent run. But there, this is hardly Mr. Nesfield's diary. Never mind, long live all harriers, and longer live the High Peak.—T. A. M.]

January began with a frost, first possible day was

Tuesday, 7th January.

Monyash. Found at the Hen Moor end, and had a capital run all over One Ash and Arbor Low into Bateman's, where we changed hares after a first-rate one and a half hours. A wettish day. Good field from Buxton. Home early.

Saturday, 1st February.

Barbrook Mill. Soon found behind the Ramsley reservoir. Good run over to Moorsthorp wood, round Lee Fen, and killed

near the cultivated plot. Forty minutes. Then a lot of pottering.

Tuesday, 4th February.

Sparklow. Good field from Buxton. Hare reported having been seen going into Duke of York plantation. Went there, but after questing, made nothing of it. Returned to the knoll. Had a capital one hour over the higher side and round by Hurdlow. As we were just running into her they changed and had another good run and back to pick up the old hare. Whether it was a fresh one or not I cannot say, but she gave us a similar round; then we gave up, but the hounds again went away, and with only Fairclough ran through Cronkstone right away towards Hartington, where he got them all but "Primrose" (she returned at night), and got home late. It turned out to be a fox. [Mr. Wilton, who has gone to happier hunting grounds, saw the fox cross his land with the hounds in the same field, but no one near them. They eventually ran him to ground in an old lead mine at Hartington. Fairclough's horse dead done, and I think his rider not much better.—T. A. M.]

Saturday, 8th February.

Elton. Fair, but cold day. Had an Elton run of half-an-hour, and lost. A catchy scent. Second, from Grindy's, and daled, ran her through, and over to Minninglow, and back into the dale, and lost. We had to ride a stern chase most of the way.

Tuesday, 11th February.

Monyash. Eye bad, and did not hunt. Soon found, and had a capital day, but no kill. [This was after the "old hare," a regular demon who haunts the One Ash side. She has been hunted many times, but so far has laughed at hounds. She will put our new Master on his mettle yet, I hope.—T. A. M.]

Saturday, 22nd February.

Brassington Moor. Soon found. Changed hares, and lost. Then found in the Belt. Hounds slipped away and had a

ripper, but we were at the wrong end, and never saw a yard of it.

Tuesday, 11th March.

Duke of York. Lovely day. Good field. Quested for a hare seen below the White House, but made nothing of it. Over to Sparklow, and had two excellent runs—first, one hour and ten minutes, and killed on Swaffield's; second, from High Needham over the heather, then to Swaffield's, and back over the knoll, across the railway to the Duke of York, and killed behind the Bull-i'th'-Thorn. One hour thirty minutes.

Saturday, 29th March.

Last day, at Newhaven. Capital field from Ashbourne and Buxton. Fine day, but too bright, and cold wind. Found near Alsop wood, and had a fast and good run, but no kill. *Sic transit.*

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THIRTY-FIRST SEASON, 1890-91.

Saturday, 20th September.

Met at Barbrook. Drew the fen blank. Found on the bank, and killed, but only a leveret. Then two very nice runs—first, from Pearson's oats, along the fen and back to the plantation, and lost; second, the reverse way, and lost. Awfully hot.

Tuesday, 28th October.

Duke of York. So sharp a frost it was impossible to hunt. First time such a thing ever happened on the first advertised day.

Saturday, 1st November.

Newhaven. First run somewhat spoilt by a leveret getting up *en route* and causing us to lose. Second, a very good fifty

minutes from Alsop plantation and back ; lost. Hares evidently thin on Newhaven—plenty on Cold Eaton.

Saturday, 8th November.

Elton. A first-rate run, and kill. Found on left of Green lane, round through the dale by Mouldridge to near the railway, down the road to Wragg's, across the mangold piece, left Elton on the left, over the road and up to Robin Hood's Stride, and killed—one hour forty minutes. [This was a very wonderful run. When near the railway the hare was "flecked" by a hound. Then they coursed her in view down the road for a mile and a half before she got away. When, at last, she dared to leave the road, hounds over-ran her, but were quickly got right, and hunted beautifully across Elton Moor. There was a longish check near Elton village, but Fairclough handled his hounds splendidly, and recovered the line on the Winster side. The scent then improved, and they went a good pace down the Elton valley—wonder if G. T. W. remembers the bog in the bottom? Hounds killed and broke up their hare before anyone could get near them. My heart was in my mouth to see the Master come over a drop jump on top of the hill.—T. A. M.]

Saturday, 15th November.

Aldwark. Had no end of running with ringing short running hares, and killed one after a niceish short run. Lots of hares. At last got away with one round Upper Aldwark and back to plantation ; then away over Brassington Moor, past Howard's, and over to the right along the railway side, and killed. A real good hunting run of one hour and twenty minutes.

Tuesday 25th November.

Robin Hood. Not out. [Hounds hit off a cold scent on the moor above Robin Hood, and worked splendidly but slowly for a couple of miles past Clod Hall, until they got on terms with their hare. Then they brought her back very fast on to the

Robin Hood side, when, just as they were about to kill, a fool of a mountain sheep jumped in front of the hounds—and there was a dreadful tragedy. The poor little beast was torn to pieces before Fairclough could stop them. Then came retribution and sad tribulation. Many a hound was fully convinced that uncooked mutton is bad for the digestion, while Fairclough's language was enough to give even an old railway man a few wrinkles.—T. A. M.]

Never out again in consequence of frost and snow till

Tuesday, 27th January.

Sparklow. Soon found and ran across Nelson's, where hounds split. I did not after this leave the road, being seedy. They had a capital run, but hare being run by a cur was lost near Hurdlow. Horses very fresh, and kicking all over the place. [An old friend of mine, a naval man, was riding with his wife. The lady's horse began to play the fool; "Oh, T——, what *must* I do if this brute kicks?" "Don't know," said the sailor, "I always tumble off."—T. A. M.]

Saturday, 31st January.

At Elton. Good field, lots of running, killed one. Hit my foot against a wall; gout, of course. [Very sorry, sir, but really you ought not to have jumped that boundary wall on a horse that had only seen stone walls once before. I wonder if I might tell a little tale about the Master. Some young fellow jumped some very dangerous timber in a gateway, a certain fall if touched; the Master followed him, drawing forth a severe but affectionate *episcopal* admonition. "Really, Nesfield, you ought to give up jumping timber at your age." "I never saw the —— thing till I was over it!!"—T. A. M.]

Saturday, 7th February.

Newhaven. Good field, and a four-in-hand team from Buxton. Soon found, and had a grand run all round Newhaven.

Then over to the Biggin side and right across to the Pike Hall crossing, and killed in the open ; one hour thirty minutes.

Saturday, 14th February.

Aldwark. Soon found, and had an excellent run all round Upper Aldwark and Brassington Moor, and killed below Howard's ; one hour forty-five minutes.

Saturday, 28th February.

Pike Hall. Hard frost and hot sun ; nevertheless, a good scent and a capital day's sport. Ran all day. No doubt changed hares more than once. Had a clean kill in the open.

Saturday, 7th March.

Newhaven. Good field. First found on Clowes', and killed in thirty-five minutes. Only a catchy scent. Second, found again, and ran right round by Gotham Gate to the railway and back, and killed in Clowes' gorse field ; one hour five minutes.

Saturday, 28th March.

Newhaven. Last day. Big field, but no hunting there on account of a deep snow, so went down to Pike Hall. Found it a little better, but could do no good.

Wednesday, 1st April.

A bye-day at Wilton's. Not out from gout. [This was a real good day to wind up the season. Found at 12.20 and ran without a check till 4.55, when I left them still running. No doubt they changed several times, but the best part of the day they were after the "old hare" of the Ash, and she gave us two real good bursts on that side, but each time managed to transfer hounds to an Arbor Low hare. Galloping and jumping enough for anyone.—T. A. M.]

THIRTY-SECOND SEASON, 1891-92.

Eighteen couple of hounds, with a good entry of three couple.

Tuesday, 22nd September.

First day on the moors. Met at Barbrook. I hacked chestnut mare for first time, and rode "Blazes." Killed one hare going up Lee Fen, then spent the rest of the day in Fox lane plantation.

Saturday, 24th October.

Robin Hood. A very good run, and killed in the "Radical Quarry." [This is a unique case in my experience. The quarry—not a very large one—is worked by the men on purely communistic principles; no wages are paid, all earnings go into a common fund, and all requirements are met out of this fund. I know nothing of the success or otherwise of the arrangements, but the men looked pretty much like other men, neither much better nor much worse.—T. A. M.]

Tuesday, 3rd November.

First advertised day, at Flagg. Out on wheels, being gouty. Good field from Buxton. No hare in Flagg; found in Duke of York plantation, where they killed a cat. Poor scent, but two good runs after we left.

Saturday, 7th November.

Newhaven. Found below the hillock, and ran into Smerrill. No hare till we got to the Duke's plantation; had a wonderful run round Cold Eaton, and right on to Parwich Lea farm, beyond Alsop-in-the-Dale, and killed. [This was really a run to talk about. Hounds went *too* fast across Cold Eaton with its big and solid walls, then swung round to the Ashbourne road, down it southwards for a quarter of a mile, then over to the Alsop side, and across the beautiful pastures I had often longed to cross, but had never previously had the chance. She

then dropped down to the village of Alsop, swimming a mere on her way, which probably lost her her life, for the little bitches, running with their hackles up in a way not often seen with harriers, gained so much on her that she never got away from them again. She did her best, but they ran into her in the open, after a run, even Leicestershire people would have praised, of one hour twenty minutes.—T. A. M.]

Tuesday, 10th November.

Sparklow. Good field. Too many hares, but killed one. At last they went away with one near High Needham, and had a capital run across the railway, through the Duke of York plantation, and killed. I got up just at the death. [May I supplement this with my own account. After a usual Sparklow run, being seedy, left at 2.30. Near the Duke of York heard hounds, and soon saw them coming towards me with only Mr. H—— near them. A man had viewed hare into the plantation. Hounds checked on the railway. Lifted them to the wood, but they came out on the Duke of York side immediately and crossed the lane, and straight on for three or four fields—viewed her, and after some very pretty hunting ran into her at Flagg moor. This is one of the very few occasions when I have known an holloa do any good.—T. A. M.]

Saturday, 21st November.

Aldwark Grange. Found near the belt, and had a first-rate run of one hour ten minutes. Ran very fast over Green Low and to Wragg's farm; on to Minninglow and back to Aldwark. Again over Green Low and Minninglow, and killed in the open below the Horse Shoe plantation—coursed into her. Second run, a fair half-hour, and killed within fifty yards of the same place, again on her legs.

Tuesday, 24th November.

Chelmorton. Blank. Did not find till we got nearly to the Duke of York. Had a capital run over the Flagg pastures,

near to the "Thorn," and then by Flagg up to the "Duke," and whipped off—good. [This hare took almost exactly the line which was afterwards chosen for the point to point steeplechase, and a lovely country it is, too.—T. A. M.]

Tuesday, 8th December.

Monyash. Gout; not out. No kill. A wonderful run. [This was a day after "the" hare. Found in the wood above One Ash. Ran small ring towards Arbor Low and back. Then nearly to Middleton Thorn, and back across the dale; through the wood where we found, and down Fern Dale. Climbing up from there, Fairclough's horse chucked it, after two and a half hours' work, so I lent him mine to kill his hare, but another jumped up, so as soon as possible I changed back again. A real good day over a lovely country.—T. A. M.]

No more hunting till

Saturday, 6th February.

Newhaven. A ringing run and kill. I then came home. They had another capital one hour and fifteen minutes, and lost.

Tuesday, 9th February.

Monyash. Found, and killed in a belt on the south side of Monyash, and immediately found and killed a second. Bad. Found a third, and had a capital run, over Arbor Low, round by Parsley Hey to young plantation at Sparklow, and down to Monyash, and lost. I then returned home. A splendid run of two hours. [Again the old hare.—T. A. M.]

Saturday, 13th February.

Brassington Moor. Good run, but lamed "Blazes," and went home. After this another hare got up and gave them a capital forty minutes. No kill.

Again frost and snow set in.

Tuesday, 29th March.

Duke of York. Sunny and bright. I was unwell, and soon left. [Was the water in that mere *very* cold, Master Willie?—T. A. M.]

Saturday, 2nd April.

Met at Newhaven for the last day of the season, and for the last day of my Mastership, which I have held for thirty-two years, and not without success. A grand field. We found immediately in the first field near the main road, and ran through Hillacre, over the heather fields, across the road from Pike Hall to Gotham Gate, past Cobbler's Nook, and killed between Ballidon and Parwich—one hour thirty-five minutes. Awfully hot. Very tired.

So ended my sporting life.

[The hare killed on April 2nd was exactly the thousandth hare Mr. Nesfield had accounted for in his third of a century. I give the figures year by year.—T. A. M.]

THE HIGH PEAK HARRIERS.

Season.	No. of Hunting Days.	Hares Killed.
1860-61	38	25
1861-62	43	26
1862-63	41	23
1863-64	39	26
1864-65	30	11
1865-66	39	31
1866-67	39	34
1867-68	42	32
1868-69	46	35
1869-70	41	36
1870-71	31	21
1871-72	40	32
1872-73	47	51
1873-74	49	37
1874-75	39	39
1875-76	44	44
1876-77	53	57
1877-78	48	45
1878-79	36	42
1879-80	24	28
1880-81	36	28
1881-82	42	34
1882-83	36	23
1883-84	44	45
1884-85	38	39
1885-86	26	16
1886-87	34	8
1887-88	26	20
1888-89	40	19
1889-90	37	28
1890-91	34	26
1891-92	33	39
<b>Total</b>	<b>1235</b>	<b>1000</b>

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