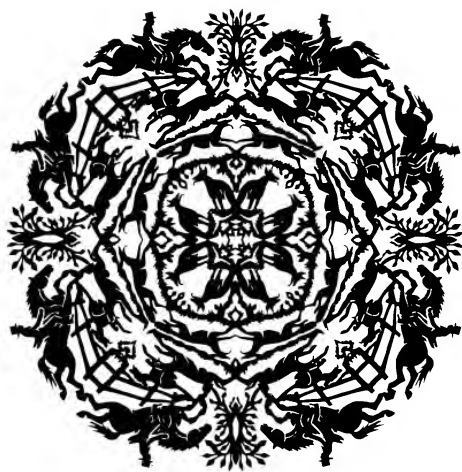


Anthony - Pax - Hayward



JOHN A. SEAVERNS





(Being the story of the Hurworth Hunt and other packs, together with biographies of Northern Sportsmen and Sportswomen, old records, diaries and songs, reminiscences and illustrations, collected from many sources).

EDITED BY

J. FAIRFAX BLAKEBOROUGH

(Author of "England's Oldest Hunt," "Cleveland and its Hunt," "Northern Racing Records," "Life in a Yorkshire Village," "The Yorkshireman and the Hoss," etc., etc.)




STOCKTON-ON-TEES :

THE YORKSHIRE PUBLISHING PRESS, 24 TRENT STREET.

LONDON :

HUNTER & LONGHURST, 9 PATERNOSTER ROW.

THE THROW OFF.

 T is often alleged that the Nimrod of to-day prefers a short, sharp burst of twenty minutes over a nice jumping country to a long, slow hunt, full of hound work and echoing with music. There is some truth in the charge. The evolution which has brought about this disaffection for meandering has had its influence upon journalism. One of the arts of the scribe of to-day is the power of condensation. Be terse, be pithy, be brief, in short be anything but long-winded. Such is the prevailing cry in the face of which I am flying.

I set out to write the history of the Hurworth Hunt, and, as I worked out the line, I found that the characters and events in the story embraced sportsmen and sport over almost the whole of the North. The chronicling of facts regarding both are essential to the completeness of the history of the pack and its *personnel*. So the book goes forth under the more comprehensive title of *Northern Sport and Sportsmen*. I have chosen this course rather than that of condensation, believing, in my conceit, that much in these pages will be found worthy of preservation, even though such matter is connected only by a slender thread with the history of the Hurworth Hunt, and will rather justify the title.

Northern Sport and Sportsmen is issued in parts at a "popular" price for a dual reason. (1) Many of my good farmer friends have expressed regret at their inability to purchase previous sporting works from my pen, owing to their

ii.

(to them) prohibitive prices. Many of us, who cannot afford half-a-guinea for a book we should like to possess, find it less difficult to procure it, as it were, on the "easy payment system."

(ii.) I hope that the *Northern Sport and Sportsmen* may live as a monthly magazine after its present purpose is achieved. That remains to be seen.

J. Fairfax Beckwith.

Norton-on-Tees,
Nov., 1912.

CHAPTER I.

THE HURWORTH COUNTRY AND AN HISTORIC RUN.

Jorrocks : Wot 'ounds have you been with?

Pigg : A, a vast, yen way and another. Ar ken all the hounds amaist: Tyndale, and D'orm, and Horworth, and all.

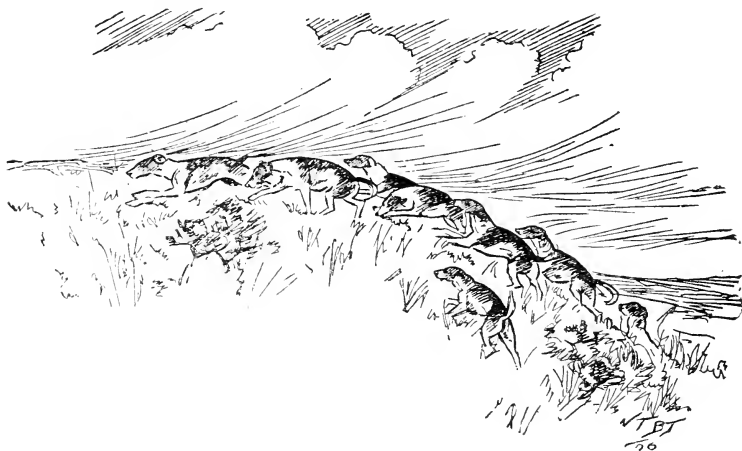
Jorrocks : Ah, but those'll be Scotch dogs—a country I knows nothin' whatever on—have you been in any *civilised* country?

—*Handley Cross.*



CONSEQUENT upon his ignorance of the location of the Hurworth domains and the broad Northumbrian accent of the immortal James Pigg, Jorrocks was led to suppose that the country was in the wilds of Scotland, or, at any rate, not within the realms of what he called 'civilisation.' Intercommunication, the increase of sporting literature and the growing custom of gadding from country to country nowadays, brings Shires and Provinces very close together, and had John Jorrocks lived to-day he would have been better versed in the story and tradition, past and present, of the Northern packs. We must not, however, find fault with him for having placed the Hurworth without the pale of civilisation, for we have often heard Hurworth followers similarly exclude portions of their territory and anathematise them. For instance, on those occasions, a few seasons ago, when foxes seemed to have a *penchant* for running to the hills,

and when we frequently found ourselves on Carlton Bank top, on Thimbleby Moor, behind Slapestones and on the heatherlands above Arncliffe, many gave a sigh of relief when they found themselves once more in the vale, and said "Thank God we're back to civilisation!" The Hurworth country does not, however, include very much hill and moor; indeed the hills form the boundary line and divide the country from the Bilsdale territory. Still, the close proximity of the Cleveland and Hambleton ranges naturally results in occasional journeys of the big grey-hound foxes from the heathery heights to low-country



Hounds leaving Arncliffe Wood for the open moor.

woodland and whin covert in response to the vixen's love-call. When such a traveller is found at Winton, Cotcliffe, Stank, Welbury, Faulkland's, Rounton, or elsewhere, he points his mask straight for the beautiful range of hills ayont, and it invariably means "sit down and ride for a great hunt has commenced."



A Snapshot in Arneliffe Wood.

There are some sportsmen and sportswomen, however, who, so soon as they reach the foot of Arncliffe, Thimbleby, or Silton, say "No thank you," and turn their horses' heads homewards. They have exaggerated visions of bogs, open drains, precipices and what not. I once heard a very able hunter-judge say that no horse could be called a perfect hunter till he could gallop over a moor without putting a foot wrong. If this *is* the case then there are very, very few perfect hunters, but, despite this, the moors do not present nearly the dangers or difficulties to horse and rider most folk, who have not followed hounds over them, imagine. Bog a horse once, and let him fall into an open drain once, and he'll be very careful on future occasions. By drawing rein at the foot of the hills, those who have funk'd taking the rough with the smooth have probably missed some of the greatest runs recorded in Hurworth Hunt annals. Of this, however, more anon.

As I have said, the Hurworth domains contain very little moorland, and you may ride a whole season without ever having occasion to jump a stone wall. With the exception of Arncliffe, heretofore mentioned, and Thimbleby, a little further on round the bend in the hills, there are no extensive woodlands in the Hurworth country. Arncliffe, of course, is a hill-side wood like Thimbleby, and it cannot be said the draw is a very favourite one nor that very much sport has its origin directly from this covert, though foxes are well preserved therein.

We all of us know those long waits and funereal rides along Arncliffe's boggy paths, where once the Carthusian monks paced and where now, thanks to the preservation of the late Sir I. L. Bell and his son, Sir Hugh Bell, the badger's pad marks are not infrequently seen. One passes the ruins of Mount Grace Priory several times during the course of each

season and hounds pass by the remains of St. John's well, rich in tradition.



Mount Grace: situated within the shadow of Arncliffe wood.

When one recalls the situation of Byland, Rievaulx, Mount Grace and other Yorkshire monasteries and abbeys, one cannot help but be struck by the eye the early fathers had for the picturesque, for shelter, and for localities likely to provide them with food. The Carthusian order, of which Mount Grace was one of the nine monasteries in England, did not, I fancy, eat flesh, and their life was much more severe than most others. The monks at Jervaulx and elsewhere had quite a good time hunting and hawking, whilst Chaucer paints us a word picture of these old-time, sport-loving monks:

A monk there was, a fayre for the maistrie,
An out-rider, that loved venerie :
A manly man, to ben an abbot able.
Ful many a deinte horse had he in stable :
And when he rode, men might his bridel here,
Gyngle in a whistling wind as clere,
And eke as loude as doth the chapell belle,

Greihounds he hadde as swift as fowel in flight :
Of pricking and of hunting for the hare
Was all his lust, for no cost would he spare.

If you would pursue the subject of hunting and hawking archbishops, bishops, priests and monks, I would refer you to a most interesting chapter in Mr. Cuthbert Bradley's *Hunting from Shire to Shire*. I shall have more to say regarding Arncliffe later and would just add that it is almost unstoppable, possessing as it does a thousand and one earths amongst huge crags and boulders. Foxes, when they *do* break away, frequently go out at the top, and, as this means either a gallop over the rough moor to Raindriff (out of Hurworth boundaries) or to Slapestones, Arnim Green or Black Hambleton, they are allowed to go their way in peace till some unfortunate day when the Bildsale come across them sunning themselves in the heather.

These big greyhound foxes take a lot more catching than the half-tame, hand-reared, ignorant-of-locality animals one occasionally finds in the low country (I am not referring specially to the Hurworth in this respect).

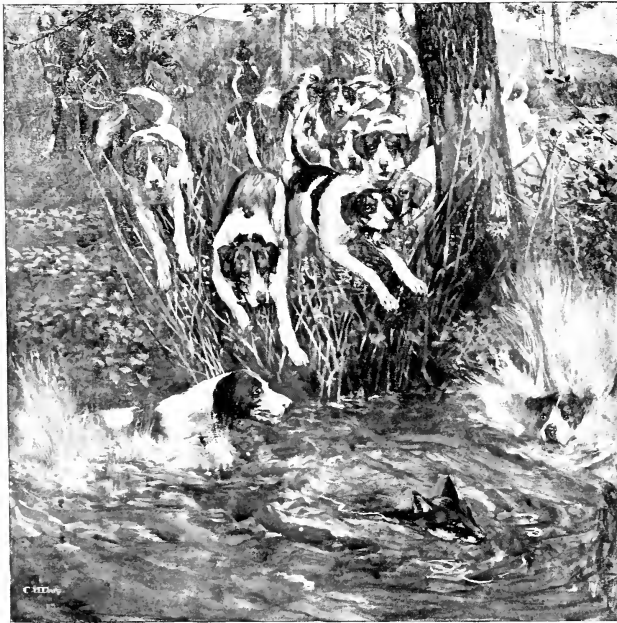
The Hurworth is a "clay country," more so even than the Cleveland, where they have an ancient couplet :

Cleveland in the Clay !
Bringeth in two souls and beareth one away.

Once Mr. Alec Park was asked the nature of the Hurworth soil and he described it as "Chanelly-clay," to the amusement of those who heard the description. Originally the country

was described as consisting mainly of plough land, but, when the price of cereals sank to such a low ebb, a considerable portion of the stronger land was laid away to grass and now there is a much larger average of pasture than tillage. There are some very delightful bits within the boundaries of the hunt. Take, for instance, that fine stretch from North Kilvington to the Tees. Close your eyes, fancy yourself on a good horse, with the rider in good tune (for "nerve" is really enthusiasm backed up by health), and a straight-necked fox sailing ahead over the line under good scenting conditions with hounds singing away behind! Better still than the delight of imagination—practically realise the actual charm of it, and you will agree with men of experience in many parts of England that there are few finer stretches of country in the United Kingdom.

One of the great charms of this wide expanse of vale is that a man, with a useful hunter under him and his heart in the right place, may ride his own line without meeting with any obstacle to turn him back. As he throws fence after fence behind him, and warms with indescribable joy and exhilaration to his work, the further he goes and the more satisfied he becomes with his occupation and the *locale* of it. He has the added satisfaction of knowing, too, that almost every field he crosses is farmed by a sportsman, who, even though he may not ride to hounds himself, is fond of the game and is a Nimrod at heart. Mr. W. Forbes always declared that "the Hurworth farmers were the best set of fellows in the world," and he spoke from long and wide experience. Where such happy conditions prevail one always feels it in what may be described as the spirit of the hunt, and in the Hurworth country strangers are always struck by that spirit—the true atmosphere of sport which may only be a sidelight but still has its influence over the whole.



The Tees! A not infrequent occurrence in the Hurworth Country.

The Hurworth country may be said to carry a good scent, especially when it rides deep ; in fact, it can usually be taken for granted that when the going is up to the hocks the Hurworth are having great sport, though some other packs cannot run a yard. Perhaps nowhere could a better example of the mysteries of scent be discovered than in this little corner of England. The Hurworth, an inland clay country, the Cleveland bounded by the sea and adjoining the Hurworth. The one pack may be "going strong and well" and the other finding the conditions absolutely inimical to scent.

The River Tees is often a drawback to sport in the Hurworth country, though not so much nowadays, perhaps, as at an earlier period in the history of the Hunt, when the country around the Tees was so much relied upon for sport. Throughout all time, however, many are the foxes which have had to thank its waters for their liberty. The Tees rises above the wild moors of Milburn Forest, on the borders of Westmoreland,

Where Tees in tumult leaves his source,
Thund'ring o'er Caldron and High Force.

Continuing its journey eastward through Teesdale, it passes Barnard Castle and Piercebridge (now the headquarters of the Zetland Hunt) to Croft, onwards to Yarm (below which it is joined by the Leven), thence to Stockton.

With regard to otter-hunting the Tees has a better character, for an old couplet has it :

An otter in the Wear you may find but once a year
But an otter in the Tees you may find at your ease.

Speaking of the Tees reminds me of an experience related to me by Mr. Parrington. He says the river rises four feet in a few minutes, and without any intimation. In Mr. Parrington's day, there was always a breed of foxes at Eyreholme Scarr, on

the Yorkshire side of the water, and it was customary for the keenest sportsmen living thereabouts to walk thither after dinner and watch the cubs playing about. When the water is low, the river is very narrow here, and, on one occasion, Mr. Parrington and old Mr. John Colling (grandfather of Mr. Bob Colling, of Middleham racing fame) had had dinner with Dr. Cockcroft (a brother of the present Middleham doctor, and a very able physician), and afterwards walked on to Eyreholme Scarr to see the cubs. None were seen about, however, and it was thought the earth had been tampered with. The doctor said he would swim across and give his diagnosis, so walked into the gravelly bed of the river, "peeled," and swam over the narrow bit. Whilst he was making his examination, "a fresh" suddenly came down and carried off the medico's clothes, leaving him on the opposite side as naked as when he was born. Those on the further bank saw the humour of the situation, but they also saw that something would have to be done. So Mr. Colling went to Hurworth, and told Col. Scurfield of their friend's predicament. A boat and some clothes were procured, and the doctor, who, by the way, was a great otter-hunter, was brought safely, if shivering, to his friends again.

On another occasion, when Mr. Parrington wanted to cross the Tees at Worsall (where Marmaduke Theakston,* son of the then Rector of Hurworth, was drowned, on December 26th, 1823), his great friend, Mr. Maughan, who lived at Worsall, and was one of the best friends the hunt had amongst the farmers, said he would pilot him. There was already a bit of flood, and, as

*There is a mural monument on the east side of the south transept of Hurworth Church bearing the following inscription:

"A.D. 1831. This monument is erected by the Rev. John Theakston to the memory of his beloved wife, Dorothy Theakston, and of their two sons, Marmaduke and John. John Theakston died Octr. 8th, 1799, aged 4 years. Marmaduke Theakston, A.M., died Decr. 26th, 1823, aged 32 years. Dorothy Theakston departed this life Jany. 2nd, 1826, aged 71 years. The Rev. John Theakston, B.A., departed this life the 1st day of Aug., 1832, in the 88th year of his age, having been rector of this parish 48 years."

they were crossing the river, a sudden rise took place, and the water began to run in at the top of Mr. Parrington's boots. "You may know this ford all right, Maughan," said Mr. Parrington, "but I'm saying my prayers all the time." "I think we'd be better out," reiterated Maughan, and Mr. Parrington agreed with him. Fortunately they did succeed in reaching the other side. As will be mentioned hereafter, the Wilkinsons used to train their horses during the summer to swim the river.

There have been many "experiences" in the Tees, all of which add excitement to the sport; but there is not a bit of doubt that the river does spoil the Hurworth country to a very great extent. So soon as foxes find they are pressed, they seem to instinctively make for the river, and frequently beat hounds.

The Hurworth country lies in Durham and North Yorks., and has been described as "oblong with a bulge in it." On the North it adjoins the South Durham; on the West Lord Zetland's; on the South the Bedale; and on the East the Cleveland and Bilsdale. When the Duke of Cleveland gave up hunting, the Hurworth took the Durham side of the Tees and Mr. Cradock the Yorkshire side of the old Raby territory. For long the Duke of Cleveland hunted pretty much where he liked, and the Cleveland had come as far as they wished to in what is now Hurworth preserves. Generally speaking, there were no boundaries in those early days, as is made evident in the ballad "*The Hurworth Fox Chase.*"

"Account of a wonderful run with Sir Charles Turner's foxhounds, nearly fifty miles, from Hurworth to Kilton." Such was the heading to the following verses, which appeared in the *Sporting Magazine*, in October, 1827, and which told of a wonderful run in 1775:

“*The Hurworth Fox Chase*” in 1775.

Attend, jolly sportsmen, I'll sing you a song,
 Which cannot help pleasing the old and the young ;
 I'll sing of a famous old fox and his wiles,
 Which led us a chase of at least fifty miles.
 I'll tell you a tale of such men and such hounds,
 With what courage they'd hie over all sorts of grounds ;
 See hounds vie with hounds, and how men with men *strive*,
 Old Draper might rue that he were not alive !
 At Hurworth, famed village, as soon as 'twas light,
 We feasted our eyes with a ravishing sight !
 Each sportsman had pleasure and joy in his face,
 There horses and hounds were all ripe for the chase.
 But first the Commander-in-Chief let me name
 The Lord of Kirkleatham, of true honest faine,
 A friend to good men, but profess'dly a foe,
 To villains with four legs as well as with two.
 We had not tried long before ' Rafter ' gave mouth,
 Esteemed by our pack as the standard of truth ;
 They quickly flew to him and instant declare
 That ' Rafter ' was right ; for a fox had been there.
 And, trust me, he proved a notorious blade,
 His name was ' Old Cæsar,' and plunder his trade.
 His namesake, in all the great battles he won,
 Spilt less blood by gallons than this rogue had done.
 Unkennel'd at Airyholme, he led us a round,
 In which we might run about four miles of ground ;
 Then back to the earth, but the stoppers took care
 To baulk him from making his quarters good there.
 Disdaining such treatment, he flourished his brush,
 And seemed to say—' Sportsmen, I care not a rush ;
 I'll give you a proof of such stoutness and speed,
 That old Nimrod himself would have honour'd my breed.'
 Through Hornby and Smeaton he now bent his way,
 Resolved to make this a remarkable day ;
 He then wheel'd to the left, to the banks of the Tees,
 But there he could find neither shelter nor ease ;
 Now, finding with what sort of hounds he'd to deal,
 And that his pursuers were true men of steel,
 He push'd to gain shelter in great Crathorne wood,
 With hounds at his brush, and all eager for blood.
 Now the field, all alive, how they smoked him along !
 So joyous the music, each note was a song,
 And all was melody, spirit and joy,
 Though strong emulation enlivened each eye.
 Next, passing by Marton and Ormesby great hall,
 He seemed to say—' Little I value you all ;'
 For many a stout horse was now slackening his speed,
 And to see them tail off was diverting, indeed.

Then, not to be thought a contemptible fox,
 He dared them to follow o'er Cleveland's high rocks.
 But the ascent was so steep, and so painfully won,
 That few gained the top before he was far gone.
 To Kirkleatham Hall he next bent his career,
 Hard pressed by the owner to end his life there ;
 Assuring him he and his friends would not fail
 All possible honours to render his tail.
 Now, no one but Turner being left on the field,
 And finding ' Old Cæsar ' unwilling to yield,
 At Kilton, thought proper to finish the strife,
 So called off the pack to give ' Cæsar ' his life ;
 But ' Bluebell ' and ' Bonny Lass ' would have a meal
 (Whose hearts were of oak, and whose limbs were of steel) ;
 So they soon ran him up to his friend at the mill,
 Where, triumphant, they seized him and feasted their fill.
 Then, just like attraction 'twixt needle and pole,
 All centred that evening at Kirkleatham Hall,
 Where the bottles of red, and the fox-hunter's bowl,
 Not only enlivened, but cherished the soul.
 Oh, long may our host continue to grace
 His mansion, the country, and likewise the chase ;
 And as long as old time shall be governed by clocks,
 May a Turner for ever prevail o'er a fox.*

Regarding this song, Sir A. E. Pease, in *The Cleveland Hounds*, says :

“ Now this ballad concerns Mr. Turner's hounds, and he finds this ‘ no contemptible fox ’ at Hurworth. I believe that Mr. Turner hunted the low-lying portions of Cleveland, the neighbourhood of Kirkleatham, and as far West as Hurworth. Packs were not advertised in those days, and were designated sometimes by their owners' names and sometimes by the name of the country they hunted. In those days Masters of hounds were not limited in the North to any exact boundary in hunting, but it became customary not to encroach on the hunting grounds of those who were in the habit of drawing the country ; and in Yorkshire at this early date, although the Earl of Darlington hunted the country pretty much as he liked, Mr. Turner's, *alias* ‘ The Cleveland,’ would find a large tract of country, now divided between the Hurworth and Cleveland, in which he could hunt without any interference from others.”

* Mr. Charles Turner and Lord John Cavendish represented York City from 1768-74-80. Mr. George Lane-Fox, a Tory, having formerly been one of the members.

Col. R. Chaloner, M.P., hardly agrees with Sir Alfred, and some years ago wrote to me :

“ My great-great-grandfather, William Chaloner, kept a pack of hounds here before the Cleveland hunt started. I have a picture of him in my dining room, in a red coat with blue collar (which, oddly enough, is now the dress of the Hunt). He was born on August 24th, 1745, and died May 8th, 1793, and it was his pack which is mentioned in two old songs quoted in Sir A. Pease's ‘The Cleveland Hounds,’ on pages 7 to 11, and 256. As regards this book, it will be seen Sir A. Pease has made some mistake, as, first, he says, on page 7, that ‘there is little doubt that it was the same pack as Mr. Turner's hounds. . . . commemorated in the following verses.’ He then finds two different verses of a song on a great run on January 29th, 1785 ; but on page 10 he refers you at the bottom to page 256, where in the agenda he gives what he describes as ‘an “old” copy,’ which is headed, ‘A song of a chase with William Chaloner Esq's Foxhounds, Guisborough in Cleveland, wrote by’ Sir A. E. Pease then says ‘from this it is clear that “The Cleveland Hounds” was then the title of Mr. William Chaloner's Pack.’ Why? Surely, the oldest copy, actually written by a man who was in the run, is most likely to be the correct one, and he never mentions the words ‘Cleveland Hounds,’ but distinctly calls them ‘Mr. William Chaloner's.’ Nor could they be Mr. Turner's hounds, if they were Mr. Chaloner's. Both Mr. Turner* and Mr. Chaloner had packs then. Major C. Ward Jackson, of Normanby, has some most interesting old diaries of that date, in which his ancestor relates odd days with both these packs. I enclose a copy of a letter written by Major C. Ward Jackson on the subject, which please return when read. This Mr. William Chaloner's son, Robert Chaloner, was the first master (joint master with Mr. George Lloyd), of the York and Ainsty.”

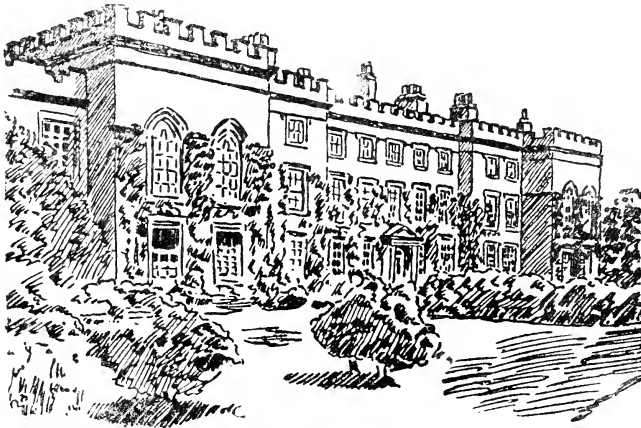
The following is the record of the run, as given in W. Pick's *Authentic Historical Racing Calendar*, 1705-1785 :

“ KIRKLEATHAM, Dec. 1, 1775.

Mr. Charles Turner's hounds hunted at Ayreyholm, near Hurworth, and found the noted fox Cæsar, who made an extraordinary chase : After

* It may be evidence, as well as explanation as to what persuaded Mr. Charles Turner to hunt so far from home, to point out that he owned the Neasham Estate, the purchase of which, from Sir William Blackett, Bart., is hereafter recorded.

a round of four miles, he led to Smeaton, through Hornby and Appleton ; then back to Hornby, Worset Moor, Piersburgh, Limpton, Craythorn, Middleton, Hilton, Seamer, Newby, Marton, Ormesby, then upon Hambleton, through Kirkleatham Park, Upleatham, Skelton and Kilton. Mr. Turner tired three horses, and only three hounds in pursuit, when he thought proper to call them off, it being near five in the evening, and invited the gentlemen present to his house at Kirkleatham, where they were most hospitably entertained. The chase was upwards of fifty miles."



Kirkleatham Hall: where the great run ended, where "Van Tromp" and "The Flying Dutchman" were bred, and where the Cleveland Hounds were at one time kennelled.

In *Cleveland and its Hunt*, by the present author, Sir A. E. Pease refers to this wonderful run in the Hurworth country thus :

"In *The Cleveland Hounds*, there is, on page 5, an old ballad describing a run on the 1st December, 1775, where 'Old Cæsar' yielded his brush after a run from 'Eyreholm' to Kilton-in-Cleveland. Colonel V. Straubenzie used to claim that he possessed the brush of 'Old Cæsar,' and I had some correspondence with him on the subject, but I think the following will show his claim was unfounded. Colonel V. Straubenzie's original claim was set out as follows :—

“My great uncle, who possessed the above-named brush, was cousin to the Master of the Hounds, and was at that time a Captain in the 17th Light Dragoons, and a great sportsman. Very probably he was on leave at Kirkleatham, and distinguished himself in the run, which would account for his having the brush. This valuable trophy is carefully locked up, so that I cannot copy the description of the run, but I am certain the places are the same as those mentioned in the ballad, and that the brush in question is that of ‘Old Cæsar.’ The ballad in question was written by a well-known sporting poet, the late Mr. Sutton, of Elton.’

“Now I think I can correct this statement in two particulars, or even three, and I think I got the information from Colonel V. Straubenzie at a later period. Firstly the brush was that of a fox killed in a great run in 1779, and to show that it was not only not ‘Old Cæsar’s,’ I give the places passed in the two runs, in parallel columns.

1775.
*Places mentioned
in the ballad.*

—
Eyreholme
Smeaton
Hornby
Craythorne
Marten
Ormesby Hall
Eston Hall
Kirkleatham Park
Kilton

1779.
*Places mentioned in
the Straubenzie description.*

—
Eston Nab
Mordale
Chalandor’s Park
Hutton Wood
Rousberry
Aryaum Gills
Kildale Covers
Borrow Greens
Battersby
and other places to Rudby

“The ballad in question could not have been written by Mr. Sutton, of Elton, for he was born about 1802, and it was written long before this. The authorship was always attributed to the Rector of Hurworth of that day, the Rev. Mr. Bramwell, father of Mr. Christopher Bramwell, senior, of Sunderland. The rector was an intimate friend of Mr. Charles Turner’s, and probably his host during the night previous to the run. Mr. Sutton was in the habit of singing this ballad, whence probably arose the mistake of ascribing it to his pen. It will be noticed that in both of these runs the country covered was partly within the boundaries of the present Hurworth Hunt—a Hunt with a long historical record.”



Mr. Charles Turner Lozzy Wilkinson

Tommy Wilkinson Squire Colling
Matthew Wilkinson

At Kirkleatham Hall after the great run with Mr. Charles Turner's Hounds.

From an old engraving.

Mr. T. Parrington has an interesting old oil painting showing the Wilkinsons and Mr. Charles Turner toasting the blood of "Old Cæsar," at Kirkleatham, after this wonderful day's sport, and there are copies (or the original?) of the picture at Neasham Abbey, also an engraving differing somewhat in detail. Through the courtesy of Mr. W. Turnbull, of Whitby, a copy of the engraving is reproduced in this work.



CHAPTER II.

LORD DARLINGTON'S ERA.



S will be seen from the Wilkinsons' diaries, which follow, the Hurworth Hounds were, at the time of the great run mentioned in the preceding chapter, virtually harriers, and, with the exception of an occasional chance run after a fox on their part, the nobler quarry was left to Lord Darlington, whose name is inseparable from the early history of hunting in general and in this part of the world in particular. For over 150 years foxhounds were kept at Raby Castle. About the year 1791, the Earl of Darlington, who became Duke of Cleveland in 1832, hunted a tremendous area of country, embracing practically the whole of the County of Durham and nearly half of Yorkshire, including the now Badsworth country. In the early diaries of the old Raby Hunts one finds records of them meeting in various parts of Durham, afterwards ceded to the famous Mr. Ralph Lambton, and also of them having sport from Newsham Banks, Dinsdale Woods, and Neasham (for long the headquarters of the Hurworth and the home of the Wilkinsons). He also hunted what are now the Bedale and Zetland countries, and even the now York and Ainsty territory was not free from his sporting incursions.

There appeared in *Baily*, for April, 1872, a very interesting article on the Old Raby Hunt, which mentions so many Nimrods afterwards connected with early sport in the North, and particularly with the Hurworth, that I make no apology for

quoting a portion of it here. The writer, after speaking of the expanse of country in which Lord Darlington hunted, says :

“ To do all this he was so many weeks at Raby Castle, so many at Catterick, or Newton House, near Bedale [where now lives that good sportsman Mr. W. Russell], for the country around Boroughbridge, and then went on to Bilham to hunt the now Badsworth country, which he continued to do till 1809, when he retired Northwards. . . . Hunting with him were Sir Harry Tempest Vane, who purchased ‘ Hambletonian,’ by ‘ King Fergus,’ winner of the St. Leger, in 1795, from Sir Charles Turner, and rode him in the Park on the Sunday after he won the celebrated match over the B. C., for £3,000, in which Frank Buckle so fairly out-generalled Fitzpatrick, who rode ‘ Diamond,’ by making play across the flat where Hambletonian’s stride told, that it was said *he* won the race rather than the horse, and the game little ‘ Diamond’ would even then have beaten him had the winning post been slightly further off. The descendants of the magnificent bay are well known in the hunting fields of England through ‘ Belzoni,’ his great-grandson, who got more and better hunters than any horse.

“ To return to the men of that day, another good one was Jack Read, also Col. John Trotter, of Haughton-le-Skerne and afterwards Staindrop. The father of John Trotter, M.D., of Durham, Dale Trotter, of Upleatham, and Charles Trotter, of Stockton, all well known for inheriting their father’s love for horse and hound, was not only a contemporary but a regular man with Lord Darlington. He walked 15 stone and always rode and hunted thoroughbred stallions. Amongst these were ‘ Adonis,’ ‘ Brown Bread,’ and ‘ Raby.’ He rode them as chargers and they also covered mares during the summer. He once bought a horse out of a plough team for £30, which he called ‘ Cincinnatus,’ and sold her to Sir Mark Sykes for 600 guineas ; and Col. Healey (of the N. Yorks Militia) lived a great deal at Middleton. He was a brother of the Capt. Healey who had only one arm, also a wonderful horseman, and known as ‘ The Lasher.’ The Duke of Leeds, from Hornby Castle, Major St. Paul was another regular. The Hon. Col. Arden, of Pepper Hall, brother of the well known Lord Alvanley, one of the most witty men of his day ; Mr. Milbank, of Thorpe Perrow, a son-in-law of the Duke, was always in front, as was also Mr. George Serginson, of Camp Hill, near Bedale, when there was anything to do and near them Mr.

Newton, living now and for many years past at Kirby-in-Cleveland but then in the Bedale or Ripon country, and Mr. Henderson, of Durham, now M.P. for that City; Sir Bellingham Graham, from Norton Conyers, always hunted with Lord Darlington when he was in the Bedale country, and left when they went back to Raby to go to his residence at White-well to hunt with Sir Tatton Sykes. Sir David Baird, who hunted from Sedgfield, was a very hard rider, of whom Mr. Lambton said that he never knew so hard a man do such little mischief. Mr. Best, a tenant of Lord Barrington, who had property in the County of Durham, Mr. Geo. Richmond, of Heighington, Mr. Hodgson the post-master of Staindrop, Mr. John Colling, of Hurworth, now a hale, hearty veteran, who on more than one occasion 50 years ago swam the Tees. Mr. Thomas Maude, of Selaby, than whom no better man across country was never seen, and his younger brother William Maude, the late Colonel of the South Durham Militia, riding such a weight that he would never undergo the test of the scales, was one of the most determined welters that ever mounted a horse, and equally honoured in the field as in every position of life. The Revd. Mr. Newton, of Wath, was a first-rate man across country; also the Hon. Capt. Powlett, uncle of the present Lord Bolton. Mr. Gerard Wharton, of Gainford, and of the Albany, for many years well known at Melton, was an intimate friend of the Duke. Mr. John Monson, of Bedale, a son of the man who had a whin named after him, was a very fair performer and conspicuous rider.

“The ladies were Lady Augusta Milbank and her sister, Lady Arabella Vane, his lordship's youngest daughter, who rode in a scarlet habit. By the way, I must not omit Mr. Tom Shafto, who lived with his brother at Whitworth and stayed a good deal with his friend Frank Hartley, at Middleton Lodge, of whom the following story is told. Crossing over from Ireland in a Liverpool packet boat, a tremendous storm came on and the Captain told the passengers that they were in great peril. Mr. Shafto, accompanied by his friend Capt. Johnson, who on hearing of the danger immediately began to say his prayers. But it is said Mr. Shafto sat very silent, and after a long meditation said to his friend ‘I say, Bob, no more Uckerby Whin,’ showing his ruling passion in a significant way. I have not mentioned Mr. Chaytor, son of the first Baronet of the family, who rode hard on a chestnut mare for some few seasons.

“The Duke of Cleveland gave up hunting about 1840, and grubbed up the covers about Raby, and then the Bedale and Hurworth and others formed theirs round the old Raby country. He died in 1842 and left his racing stud to the Duchess, who, instead of selling them, gave them away to different members of the family.

“When Henry Duke of Cleveland succeeded his father, he first started a pack of staghounds, while he got up the covers, with Tom Flint, from the Belvoir, as huntsman. He then kept foxhounds for 19 seasons.”



CHAPTER III.

THE WILKINSONS AND THE HURWORTH: A VISIT TO NEASHAM.



PERFECT was the autumn day, so far as the weather was concerned, on September 14th, when I went to Neasham Abbey, the home of the Wilkinsons. It is a pretty walk from Dinsdale station, and all the way along farmers were busy with their hay—some leading, some cutting, all “despert thrang” (as we say in the North), for this was one of the few fine days we had had for weeks. Passing the home of Mr. R. Cresswell-Ward, a well-known owner of racehorses, and a good supporter of the Hurworth Hunt (of which he is now Honorary Secretary), I was confronted with a small inn boasting a not badly executed sign of “The Golden Cock.” I do not know the origin of the sign here, but its usual significance is that the lord of the manor had chanticleer as his crest, though, at the outset, this was simply a short way of informing passers-by that ale could be procured here, both on draught and in bottle, “cock” being still used in some parts to denote the spigot or tap in the barrel. I called here for direction, and because I have rather an affection for a few moments country tap-room gossip. I say this boldly, for much greater men than I have tarried at way-side taverns for amusement. There were some old wise-acres seated listening to a stranger endeavouring to thump a tune out of a woefully tuneless piano. He stopped almost as soon as I entered (for which I was devoutly thankful, much as I love music), and

joined the company in their stare at me. That fine steeple-chase rider, the late Bob Adams, used to describe this as "running the rule round people,"—i.e., measuring them up and down. I asked the way to the Abbey, and was told it was only five minutes walk. Then we discussed the Leger (I had just come from Doncaster), and I told them that on the Monday of that week I had seen Mr. Thomas Parrington. Two of the old men remembered him, and a somewhat younger man claimed that he did, which the other two disputed. "Thoo'd be a varry young 'un, that's all Ah can say," said one grey-beard, in a tone of voice pregnant with unbelief. I left them arguing the point, and passed down the village, accompanied by a farmer who was walking into Darlington, and who told me that "Neasham is supposed to be yan o' t' prettiest villages i' Ingerland." I did not agree with him, though the river Tees running through it certainly does give it a beauty and character, whilst its association with the Cooksons, the Neasham stud, and the Wilkinsons makes it of deep interest to Northern sportsmen. Before we reached the short drive up to Neasham Abbey we passed the "Fox and Hounds" hostel, which stands high on the river side of the road, and has a distinctly amateurish sign of a hunt in progress, and some horsemen jumping a steeple, which may possibly be meant to represent the Tees. My companion told me that it is no uncommon thing, when the river is flooded, for the beer barrels to be washed out of the "Fox and Hounds" kitchen into the sitting room. I remarked that the customers would no doubt follow them, but the joke was so weak that he imagined I had not grasped the import of what he had said, and repeated his assertion. We were soon at "t' Abba" (as he called the Abbey), and here one felt on hallowed ground, both ecclesiast-

ically and sportingly. At one time a Benedictine Abbey or nunnery, dedicated to the Ever Blessed Virgin, *did* stand here, and from time to time there have been interesting discoveries connecting the present with the monastic past.

During the construction of the cellar years ago, several skeletons and skulls were brought to light and, being decidedly more material and practical than sentimental, the workmen reported the bringing to light of each successive skull thus: "Wa've fun anuther 'ead" (i.e. head).

Some years later, when the Abbey drains were being altered, several skeletons were unearthed, one of which was thought to be the remains of a personage of some importance—possibly those of Dame Johanna Lawson herself. The said Joan, or Johanna, according to tradition, was something of a farmer and squire as well as an Abbess, and, for all one knows, she cast a line occasionally in the waters of the Tees hard by. If she was the robust type of Christian one is led to believe, I am inclined to think that she would be provoked to a spirit smile at the treatment of her remains—supposing they were hers.

The late Mr. Wilkinson, with a very proper reverence for the departed, gave instructions for another grave to be dug, and the bones reverently laid to rest again. On going to see how the untutored gravediggers were progressing with their work, he found that they had dug deep enough, but not a long enough tomb to take the skeleton. On pointing this out, he was horrified to see one of the men immediately chop the skeleton in two with his spade, saying as he did so, "We'll seean mak him gan in." One would not have been surprised to hear after this that the ghost of some prioress or nun walked the corridors of Neasham Abbey, or amongst the gardens, but I am told that there are no local legends of the supernatural.

The Abbey was probably founded by one of the Barons Greystock, who held the manor of Neasham, and from whom it passed by marriage to Lord Dacre, and through the co-heir of Dacre to Howard. In 1670, Lord St. John, of Basing (afterwards Marquis of Winchester), held the Abbey and afterwards sold it to Sir William Blackett, Bart., who again conveyed it, in 1698, to Charles Turner, Esq., of Kirkleatham, for £11,000, whose great-grandson, Sir Charles Turner the second, sold the estate to William Wrightson, Esq.

Dame Joan Lawson, the last prioress, surrendered the monastery into the King's hands on Dec. 29th, 1540, before Thomas Leigh, one of the commissioners, and survived the dissolution for twenty years. On Sept. 1st, 1540, Henry VIII, by letters patent, granted to James Lawson, merchant, of Newcastle (to whom his sister, the prioress, had, in 1537, given a lease of the possessions of the Abbey), for £227 5s., the house and site of the dissolved monastery of Neasham, the church bells and burial ground, and all the houses, granges, barns, buildings, cartilages, gardens and orchards, within or adjoining the site and circuit of the monastery, as well as possessions in adjoining parishes.

On the death of James Lawson, descendant of the above, in 1664, the inheritance devolved on his aunts, Frances and Anne, the former of whom married Richard Braithwaite, Esq., of Burnishead, in Westmoreland. The latter was the wife of Henry Jenison, of Wynyard, whose descendants figured conspicuously amongst the pioneers of racing in the North. Richard Braithwaite was a scholarly man and is generally admitted to have been the author of *Drunken Barnaby*, in which occur the lines :

Drunken Barnaby at Neasham.

Thence to Darlington, where I boused,
 Till at length I was espoused.
 All night long by th' pot I tarry'd
 As if I had not been marry'd.

.

Thence to Nesham, now translated,
 Once a nunnery dedicated.
 Valleys smiling, bottoms pleasing,
 Streaming rivers, never ceasing,
 Deck'd with tufted woods and shady,
 Gracéd by a lovely lady.

In his later days Braithwaite lived at Appleton, near Richmond, upon what his biographer calls "an employment, or rather a second marriage." He died there May 4th, 1673, and was buried at Catterick, "leaving behind him the character of a well-bred gentleman and a good neighbour."

Hutchinson speaks of a stone coffin at Newbus Grange, which had originally come from the Abbey and which was then in use as a pig-trough, and Mackenzie records that "at Mr. Ward's house, at the Hill top, there is a piece of sculpture fixed in the wall which seems to represent the Marys weeping at the foot of the Cross."

There are two figures of Crusaders in Hurworth Church which were taken from the Abbey, and Mrs. Wilkinson has in her possession a Crusader's sword, which was dug up during one of the excavations mentioned.

The three brothers Wilkinson, of whom much anon, began to build the present house on the site of the Abbey and it was added to by future generations of the family. As one would expect, there are manifold signs of the sporting proclivities of the Wilkinson family, past and present, throughout the house. Fox mask, and otter and badger vie with one another in the entrance hall. There are pictures of the Hurworth Hunt of years ago, and of the Wilkinson trio, who did so much for the

Hurworth country. I was told that the three brothers, living so near the river, were excellent swimmers, and during the summer they used to train their horses how to cross, so that they would be prepared for the hunting season. Their *modus operandi* was this. They divested themselves of their clothing, got a cat, put it on a barrel in the river, then, with terriers and their horses, they swam into the water, crossed and recrossed, and accustomed the horses to landing and swimming. So, except when the Tees was at flood, and was really not safe to cross, they were rarely beaten by foxes taking the water. The present Hurworth M.F.H. (Lord Southampton) also swims the river, but Mr. Forbes never cared for this.

Bound up with the history of the Hurworth are the names of various members of the Wilkinson family. They were the founders of the hunt, and for many years carried it on practically at their own expense. From what one can gather, they cared little or nothing for show and pageant, and were of that hard-bitten type of old Nimrod, who were in the saddle all day long, took their bottle in the evening, and were ready again at daybreak for the chase. We don't breed that class of men nowadays.

If one goes far enough back into the history of most of the old established packs of foxhounds, we discover they had their origin as harriers. Hare hunting boasts a much more respectable antiquity than the chase of the fox, and up to not much more than a century ago Reynard, the fox, occupied a much inferior place in the venatic social scale to the hare.

Tradition has it that these harriers annoyed Lord Darlington, and he made arrangements with the masters that if they would let him have their covert and give up "thistle-cutting," he would give them some coverts on the Cotcliffe side of the

country, and also Fighting Cocks, so that they could hunt the nobler quarry. So the harriers became transformed into foxhounds, and neither Lord Darlington nor his favourite bit of country was disturbed. Soon after this the newly-formed Hurworth added the country between Crathorne and Yarm, which used to be hunted by the Cleveland, and also by Mr. Ralph Lambton, in the early part of his career. The Hurworth also ventured further into the Cleveland domains in these pre-boundary days, as witness the following extract from a speech made by Mr. John Andrew, at the Cleveland Hunt dinner, in 1843:

“I was quite astonished that we did as well this season as the last, as I feared a scarcity of foxes. We have had some excellent sport, and in six days running we killed twelve foxes. It is well known that the Hurworth Hounds hunted this country several weeks and never killed a fox.”

I quote the foregoing from Sir A. E. Pease's book on *The Cleveland Hounds*, and in answer to an enquiry, Sir Alfred wrote to me: “The Roxby and Cleveland, I fancy, seldom left the hills, and hunted much as do the Bilsdale now. The Chaloners had a pack of hounds at Guisborough; the Turners had one at Kirkleatham, though perhaps not exactly contemporary. The Duke of Cleveland, and Lord Darlington before him, went almost anywhere in the North Riding at one time.”

I was permitted to go through the old Wilkinson diaries, and found the first entries had reference to hare hunting and fox hunting, till 1799, when the quest of the hare was evidently given up. The expenses of the hunt immediately began to increase, for heretofore their real quarry had been hare, and they had only hunted (we imagine) bagged foxes, and others they came across by accident. There is no record of earth-

stopping expenses till 1799, but let the diaries speak for themselves.

Killed in the year 1787, by Hurworth Hounds :—108 hares, 8 foxes ; expenses £3 14s.

In the year 1788, 102 hares, 22 foxes, lost 1 fox ; expenses £5 17s.

In the year 1789, 153 hares, 17 foxes, lost 10 foxes ; expenses £7 19s. 9d.

In the year 1790, 141 hares, 14 foxes ; expenses £9 13s.

In the year 1791, 121 hares 13 foxes ; expenses £12 18s.

In the year 1792, 146 hares, 3 foxes ; expenses £15 15s. 2d.

In the year 1793, 125 hares, 7 foxes ; expenses £16.

In the year 1794, 130 hares, 3 foxes ; expenses £12 9s. 3d.

In the year 1795, 136 hares, 6 foxes ; expenses £17 5s. 11d.

In the year 1796, 114 hares, 11 foxes ; expenses £13 9s.

Expenses of hounds from London and dog fat for last season £6 19s.

In the season 1797, 45 hares, 14 foxes ; expenses £63.

In the season 1798, 24 foxes, earthed 21 foxes ; expenses £52 3s.

In the season 1799, 29 foxes, earthed 16 foxes ; expenses £54.

In the season 1800, 27 foxes, earthed 21 foxes ; expenses £87.

In the season 1801, 33 foxes, earthed 28 foxes ; expenses £84 1s.

In the season 1802, 39 foxes, earthed 18 foxes ; expenses £81 2s.

In the season 1803, 36 foxes, earthed 24 foxes ; expenses £97 13s. 4d.

In the season 1804, 19 foxes, earthed 10 foxes ; expenses £107.

In the season 1805, 22 foxes, earthed 12 foxes ; expenses £96 1s. 4d.

From the outset of the change from hare to fox, the Wilkinsons had great sport in a portion of Yorkshire not very popular to-day with hunting men and women. I refer to the moorlands above Arncliffe and Silton. Witness the following extracts from the diary of Mr. Thomas Wilkinson :

June 25th, 1789.—Mr. Gibson weighed this day, 12 st. 7 lbs.

Mr. M. Wilkinson, 12 st. 7 lbs.

Mr. Colling, 11 st. 6 lbs.

Mr. H. Colling, 9 st. 9 lbs.

Mr. L. Wilkinson, 10 st. 4 lbs.

January 26th, 1790: Run a fox from Sadbergh to Sherburn, and killed him; only Haigh Robson and myself up.

January 14th, 1794: Drowned four hounds in the ice at Sockburn, and killed fox near Pettles, after crossing Tees three times.

January 23rd, 1796: Killed a fox at Acklam, which ran upwards of twenty miles.

May 17th, 1798: Got from Bramham pack huntsman six couples of hounds.

1799: Earthed one fox at Sir William Fowles' Wood from Arncliffe, after a good run.

[NOTE.—Sir William Fowles' (sic Foulis') Wood is at Ingleby Greenhow, and is in the Cleveland country, though hounds never draw it nowadays because—well, they never draw it.]

January 31st, 1800: Earthed a fox Keelbeck, found at Beverley Wood, ran about forty miles.

March 20th, 1800: Killed a fox at Gillemoor, after running him forty miles. Found in Mount Spendy, near Skelton Castle.

[NOTE.—Regarding this most wonderful run from Skelton to Gillamoor (two and a half miles from Kirbymoorside), I wrote to Squire Wharton, M.F.H., as to what the Hurworth could be doing at Skelton Castle and if he had ever heard of the great hunt. He replied: "I am sorry I can throw no light on the matter. There is a "Mount Shandy Wood" at Skelton—could this be it?" One is probably not far wrong in surmising that Shandy Wood was so named after Laurence Sterne (Tristram Shandy), who used to pay frequent visits to Skelton

Castle in the days of John Hall Stephenson, who, in his *Cleveland Prospect*, mentions him :

Skelton, beneath the jocose muse's bower,
Smile on her bard and ancient humble tow'r,
Where feeling Tristram dwelt in days of yore,
Where joyful Panty made the table roar.

“Panty” was the Rev. Robert Lascelles.]

Mr. Thomas Wilkinson's diary for 1800 contains the following list of the members of the Hurworth Hunt :

1800.—Mr. Meynell, Mr. Scroop, Mr. Crathorn, Mr. Chaloner, Mr. Hustlar, Mr. Wilkinson, Mr. Colling, Mr. R. Colling, Mr. Sleigh, Mr. Wilson, Mr. Hutton, Mr. Webster, Colonel Skeley, and myself, £5 5s. each, total £68 5s.

In the following year, the list was :

1801.—Mr. Hustler, Mr. Hutton, Mr. Wilson, Messrs. H. and T. Colling, Mr. Challoner, Mr. Crathorne, Mr. Meynell, Colonel Skelby, Major Colling, Mr. Wilkinson (London), Mr. Brown, Mr. Sleigh, Mr. Russell, and Mr. T. Wilkinson, £5 5s. each, total £89 5s.

These names are interesting, and not unknown in connection with sport to-day. *Mr. Meynell* belonged to a very old Northern family, who, at this time lived at the Friarage, Yarm-on-Tees. In the reign of Henry III., the Yarm estate came to Marmaduke Thweng, Lord of Kilton, from whom it passed to the Meinells (or Meynells) by marriage, and to their descendants, the D'Arcy and Conyers families. Sir Conyers D'Arcy, knight, about the year 1556, sold the Yarm property to Sir Henry Bellasis, of Newburgh, whose descendants were created Earls of Fauconberg. Subsequently, it was conveyed in marriage with Anne, daughter and heiress of Henry, the last Earl, to Sir George Wombwell, Bart. The

late Thomas Meynell dying without issue, the lordship was inherited by his nephew, Edgar John Meynell.



Yarm-on-Tees—quaint, picturesque and sporting.

Yarm, by the way, has always been a most sporting little town and a Hurworth Hunt stronghold. At one time it had its own race meeting, the earliest record of which I can find in my notes is 1751, when the following announcement was made in *The York Courant* :

“ADVT.—On Wednesday, the 18th Sept. next, £50 in specie will be run for on Yarm Ings by four-year-old horses that have never won a £50 prize.

“On Thursday, 19th Sept., £50 will be run for on the same course by any horses that have not won a £20 prize.

“On Friday, 20th Sept., £50 in specie will be run for on the same course by any horse that has not won a £50 prize since March last.”

This meeting was, however, postponed till October 5th, to avoid clashing with Doncaster. On the day mentioned, ten four-year-olds started for the £50 plate, which was won by Mr.

Routh's brown mare 'Tailor's Thimble,' got by Mr. Martindale's 'Regulus.' Mr. Routh lived at Snape, in the Bedale country, but had his horses trained at Dinsdale, where he had a property. It was natural, therefore, he would have considerable interest in Yarm races. In 1750 he bred a brown horse called 'Snap,' and sold him to Mr. Jenison Shafto. 'Snap' was by 'Snip,' and his dam by Lord Portmore's 'Fox,' out of the Duke of Bolton's 'Gipsy.' 'Snap' won many races at Newmarket and York, and was a stallion in Yorkshire and Northumberland from 1758 to 1761, whilst from 1762 to 1766 he stood to mares at Newmarket. He died in 1777, aged 27.

On the second day of this old time Yarm fixture of 1751, five horses started for the £50 plate (give and take) which was won by Dr. Bracken's 'Tripping Nancy.' For the third and last day nine horses entered for a similar plate, which Sir William Middleton's bay filly 'Camillar' carried off, the winner being by a son of 'Bay Bolton.' So much for Yarm races.

Mr. Scroop (now rendered Scrope) belonged to one of the most famous families England has ever possessed. He lived at Danby-on-Yore, which is still in the possession of the family, and where, in 1906, the late Mr. Simon Conyers Scrope (one of the best of good fellows) kept a pack of hounds, with which he hunted the moorland portion of the Bedale country. The name of Scrope is writ large in the early history of the Hurworth.

Since very early days, the Scropes have been famed as equestrians, and, even in Plantagenet times, a Scrope was chosen from the whole English army to contest on horseback in a military tournament with the French champion, during a truce after one of the big battles, and won. In the celebrated trial in the Court of Chivalry, in 1385, called the Scrope and

Grosvenor Roll, as to the right of the Grosvenor to carry as his arms azure a bend or, and in which the Scrope gained his point; an aged knight, Sir William Aton, gave evidence that he had heard his father say "that Sir William Scrope was the ablest tourneyer (performer in a tournament) of all their country and that he always tourneyed in the arms azure a bend or and had been a good esquire, and a good servant, and a good *bohourdeour* (rider in a joust). In the famous ballad of Flodden Field are found the lines :

Next whom in place was nexed near
 Lord Scrope of Bolton, stern and stout,
 On horseback who had not his peer,
 No Englishman Scots more did doubt.

Still later, two more Scropes, from old diaries in the possession of the late Mr. Scrope (which now, unfortunately, cannot be found), seem to have been hard men across country after hounds, whilst the next Simon Scrope hunted his own harriers. His son, in turn, was well known all around Danby as preferring to ride a four-year-old when turned eighty than more staid horses; whilst again, his son, the late Simon Scrope, was, perhaps, the best rider ever known in the Bedale country, and old folks even yet tell wondrous stories of his prowess in the field.

We find Mr. Simon Scrope, in his diary, extolling the blood of two horses, 'Cade' and 'Matchem.' We have an old saying in Yorkshire, "Ya know breedin' will tell," and this is applicable to persons as well as animals, as one finds all along the line in many such families as the Scropes, whose support of the Turf, the hound and the horn descends from generation to generation.

Thus does an extract from Squire Scrope's lost diary* run :

“February 17th, 1780.—Mr. Simon Scrope (the son) says they (the Bedale Hounds) run forty miles. Mr. Scrope had a bad fall from his horse, in which he much hurt his leg. Mr. Simon Scrope had four falls, in one of which he greatly hurt his shoulder. Old Renny beat the whole field, though pursued from six in the morning till three in the evening—rare work for horses. Not a horse in the field but Mr. Scrope's could make a trot towards the end, and even Mr. Simon Scrope could not catch them. Brave old ‘Cade’ and ‘Matchem’s’ blood!”

Mr. Scrope (the father) was seventy years of age when he rode this historic run. There is a tradition in the family that the dam of “Nutwith,” which won the St. Leger in 1843, was regularly hunted with Mr. Scrope's harriers by her owner, Captain Wrather, a Masham wine merchant, and in the famous picture, still at Danby, of one of the Simon Scopes hunting his hounds at Middleham,† and just on the point of running into a hare, there is a man in a green coat on a grey mare. The dam of “Nutwith,” like most of the daughters of “Comus,” was grey. The horse, “Danby Cade,” was, perhaps, the most famous horse ever owned by any of this historical and ancient family. He was bred in 1747, and was by “Cade,” dam by “Soreheels.” He beat Sir John Moore's chestnut horse “Slough,” nine stones each four miles over the round course at Newmarket, in 1753, in a match for forty guineas a-side and 160 guineas bye, and won many other races.

* The late Mr. Simon Conyers Scrope sent the Editor the extract.

† Squire Scrope had hounds at Danby from 1805 to 1829 when they were transferred to Middleham with Mr. Chris. Topham as Master.

There is a picture of him at Danby, painted by William Shaw, in 1753, with his jockey by his side. It is to be hoped, however, the horse was not like his representation on canvas, for here he has nearly all the points a horse should not have, and few of the essential qualifications of a racehorse. On the mile-post in the picture is painted “£1,050,” and the tradition in the family is that he won a five hundred guineas a-side match; but the “Racing Calendar” is silent on the subject. According to the “Turf Bible,” he was eventually sold to Lord March, and afterwards to Captain Vernon; but the probability is that, owing to the penal laws (according to which no Papist could own a horse above the value of £5, or, to speak more correctly, was liable to have him claimed for that figure), he was entered in these gentlemen’s names.

Mr. Chaloner (to continue the list of original Hurworth Hunt members) lived at Guisboro’ Hall, where his father had kept a pack of hounds. A picture of the latter in full hunting kit is still preserved by his successors there. The hunt was established some time prior to 1800. Regarding this pack and its Master, Colonel R. Chaloner, M.P., some time ago, wrote to me:—

“The Mr. Chaloner is, I imagine, my great-great-grandfather, William Chaloner, who kept a pack of hounds here before the Cleveland Hunt started, and of whom I have a picture in my dining-room, in a red coat with blue collar (which, oddly enough, is now the uniform of the members of the Cleveland Hunt). He was born on August 24th, 1745, and died May 8th, 1793.”

Mr. Hustlar (*sic* Hustler) was of Acklam Hall, which his successors are, at the time of writing, thoroughly renovating, prior to occupancy. The picturesque old place, with its fine

avenue, has long stood empty. Mr. William Hustler bought the Manor of Acklam from Sir Matthew Boynton, in 1673. Thomas Hustler, formerly Peirse, whose wife, Constance, was a granddaughter of Sir Griffith Boynton, died in 1802, and was succeeded by Thomas Hustler, who died unmarried in 1819. (*vide Ancient Middlesbrough.*)

Mr. Colling was of Hurworth, where the family are still living. Mr. Robert Colling, the gentleman trainer, of Middle-dam, is a grandson of the original Hurworth Hunt member of that name. He has this year (1912) been most successful with the string of horses under his charge, and it is interesting to note that his young son has once or twice been seen wearing silk. Thus one more generation of the well known Northern sporting family has made its *début*. All success to the presiding genius of Spigot Lodge and his scion.

Mr. Sleigh was of Stockton and Arkendale, and was Lieut.-Colonel in the 83rd Foot. He was born in 1758, and married Ann, daughter and heiress of Mr. J. Ward, of Billingham. His mother was a Sutton, of Elton. He died in 1825.

Col. Skeley (*sic* Skelly) seems to have left no successors in the Hurworth country. His remains were buried in the Church yard at Hurworth, and I copied the following inscription from the gravestone: "At the foot of this stone are deposited the mortal remains of Gordon Skelly, late a Lieut.-Col. in the army, in which he served many years with distinguished reputation. The attacks led by him at the last celebrated siege of Seringapatam are particularly recorded. He departed this life the 30th day of November, 1828, aged 61."

CHAPTER IV.

THE WILKINSON DIARIES: SHOWING
 OLD-TIME SPORT AND HUNTING EXPENSES.



LET us now continue the extracts from the diaries kept by the Wilkinsons. They are instructive and deeply interesting from a comparative point of view to-day, both as regards the expense of keeping and hunting a pack of hounds and also the wonderful points hounds made and the length of time they ran. In those days, there is no question, foxes knew much more country than they do to-day, when a conglomeration of circumstances have combined to keep them pretty much within certain well-defined areas and to limit their knowledge thereto. The diaries themselves speak much more eloquently of this evolution than I can do. The volume for 1800 begins with:

EARTH-STOPPING ACCOUNTS.

Paid for earth-stopping:

	£	s.	d.
Oct. 24th to April 30th, 1800	11	16	0
Sept. 30th, 1800, to 1801	16	19	0
Sept. 22nd, 1801, to April, 1802	11	13	0
Oct. 8th, 1802, to March, 1803	—		
Sept. 24th, 1803, to April, 1804	15	19	0
Oct. 3rd, 1804, to March, 1805	13	1	0
Oct. 15th, 1805, to April, 1806	—		
Sept. 26th, 1806, to March, 1807... ..	7	4	0
Sept. 22nd, 1807, to May	—		

* Initial letter Mr. H. Straker, Master of Zetland Hunt.

Hunt expenses in 1800.

37

	£	s.	d.
1805, Flesh, foxes, hounds, etc.	26	4	1
Mang. to Mich. Stamper	42	16	3
For dog fat for 14 couple	14	0	0

HUNT EXPENSES IN 1800.

Oct. 16th, for one horse at Guisborough, 4s.

W. Wilson, for rye meal, £3 1s.

November 6th, for flesh at Guisborough and fetching, £1 7s. 2d.

For mealy from Skelton, 1s.

Ostler at Guisborough, for looking after hounds' meat, jetty water, etc., 2s.

George Middleton, for five horses, £1.

My brother Matthew for one horse, 5s.

November 16th, W. Wilson for three horses, 14s.

November 17th, Cansick for one horse, 4s.

November 21st, my servant William for one horse, 5s.

November 27th, my servant William for one horse, 5s.

December 10th, Cansick for one horse, 4s.

December 15th, Mr. Meynell's servant for bringing one horse, 1s.

George Middleton's man for one horse, 5s.

December 22nd, W. Markham for one calf, 1s.

January 19th, Mr. Meynell's Thomas for one horse, 5s.

January 27th, Philip Harrison for mange medicine, £1 0s. 9d.

January 28th, Richard Thompson for one old horse, 4s.

February 3rd, M. Thompson for four horses, 10s.

February 6th, Wilson's men for one horse, 5s.

February 8th, John Blackburn for one horse, 5s.

February 10th, for Skinningrove horse at Scarthlees, 1s.

February 16th, 1801, Mr. Simpson for meat for hounds, £3.

February 17th, Wilson's man for one horse, 4s.

February 26th, for flesh at Guisborough, 13s.

March 9th, George Middleton for 15 horses, £3.

March 27th, for three horses at Guisborough,* 15s.
 March 27th, Richard Davison one horse 5s.
 March 29th, John Miles for one horse, 4s.
 Brought forward for meat, £8 1s.—£18 12s. 6d.
 For hounds and bringing home, £11 4s.
 For meat, etc., at Guisborough, £4 9s.
 For earth-stopping, foxes, and flesh at Guisborough, £16 9s.
 Dog fat for one year, £8 8s.
 For mang. for one year, £19 5s.
 Total, £86 19s.

February 10th, 1801: Earthed one fox at Snotterdale from Arncliffe, after chasing remarkably hard for seven miles.

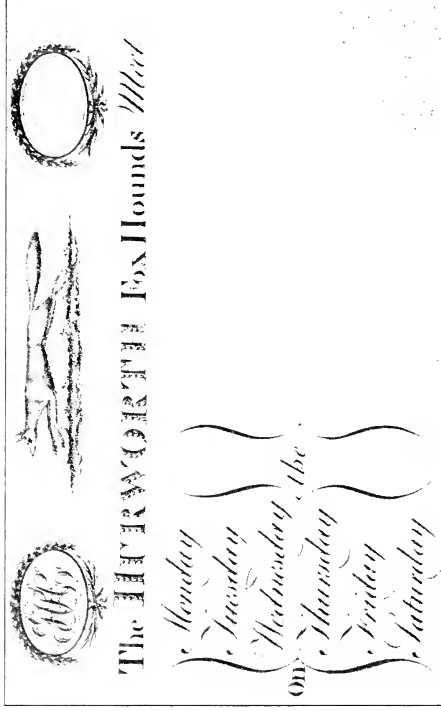
[NOTE.—Snotterdale is in the Bilsdale country, and is a moorland ravine above Faceby. It has for generations been a stronghold of foxes, and, years ago, when the Cleveland regularly hunted bagged foxes, the jet-workers used to set stone-traps here, and whenever Mr. Andrews was in the neighbourhood with his hounds, they met him with “a baggy,” for the payment of which the field subscribed. The Hurworth paid for Snotterdale being “stopped” prior to 1805, as will be seen shortly from a letter from Mr. Wilkinson to Lord Darlington.]

March 31st, 1801: Earthed one fox at Snotterdale, and five hounds went away with another to Hambleton. Both found at Thimbleby.

[NOTE.—Whether the fox which was earthed at Snotterdale left Arncliffe and Raindriff to his left (as he probably would), or ran through them, the run would be over as rough and boggy a bit of country as one could find in the North.]

October 15th, 1801: Killed a fox at Arden, near Hemsley. Found in Thimbleby.

*Why Guisborough—at that time vieing with Stokesley as the capital of Cleveland—figures so prominently in the diaries at this period I am at a loss to explain. The old-fashioned town is into teens of miles from Hurworth.—EDITOR.



The first Fixture Card of the Hurworth Hunt.

[NOTE.—This point is not so great as the place-names would suggest. Coming out of Thimbleby Wood, passing the *locale* of the now reservoir, and bearing away by Black Hambleton and Hawnby to Arden, hounds would not travel more than six or seven miles as the crow flies. Nevertheless, Messrs. Wilkinson and their friends were a longer ride from the kennels than most hunting men would like to face in these days of motor cars and hunt “specials.”]

November 2nd, 1802 : Earthed one fox in Black Hambleton, and killed or earthed another from Arneliffe.

November 30th, 1804 : Killed a brace of foxes from Spring Wood, one after a capital run of fourteen miles over the moors, joining Kildale ; the other at Roseberry by Tunner Bath.

[NOTE.—This must have been a really great day. Spring Wood is near Silton, and so far removed from Kildale that I venture to say if we called at a Silton farm, and asked the way to that village, or, on the other hand, asked one of Mr. Robert Turton's Kildale tenants the way to Silton, neither could direct us.]

December 13th, 1804 : Killed a fox near Norton, after a three hours' run of thirty-five miles from Blackbanks.

[*Copy of a letter addressed to Lord Darlington.*]

“ Hurworth, January 30th, 1805.

My Lord :

Mr. Meynell yesterday inclosed me a letter from Sir Henry Vane Tempest, in which I was surprised to find the Hurworth Hunt charg'd with offering two guineas for a fox that was lately run as a bag by Mr. Hubback's Harriers, I therefore take the earliest opportunity of declaring to your lordship upon my honour that I did not even know the fox alluded to was

taken till on the evening of the day he was killed. I hope you cannot think I would take any foxes out of your, or any other, country that is hunted by foxhounds. You will find it on enquiry a vile falsehood, fabricated by Mr. Hubback, or some of his colleagues—indeed their excuse to Sir H. V. Tempest confirms my opinion for running the fox with their harriers to keep him out of our hands cannot at all clear their conduct to you.

As I am now addressing your lordship, I take the further liberty of informing you it has been the practice for some years past of your people to buy foxes from the East Moors, which we hunt oftener than you do, either the Catterick or Sedgefield countries will therefore esteem it a particular favour if you will give orders to your servants in future not to take foxes from that neighbourhood. (I know from Mr. Scrope you are not privy to any being taken out of our hunt.) The man that does us the most mischief lives near Swainby, and his name is Joseph Raby. He stopped the earths for us in Arncliffe Wood and Snotterdale till last season, when he was turned off for taking our foxes. Mr. Meynell or Mr. Scrope can give you further information when you meet if required.—I am your lordship's most obedient humble servant,

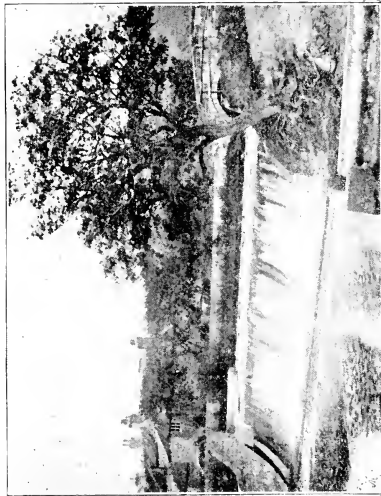
THOMAS WILKINSON."

1808: Found a fox in Spring Wood, and earthed in Kildale after running nearly twenty miles.

[NOTE.—It would have been interesting if Mr. Wilkinson had given us the times of these runs, and some further details. He simply records them as though they were more or less everyday occurrences, whereas there would be columns in the *Sporting Press* nowadays regarding such hunts. In those days they were not so particular regarding getting home with



The old Hurworth earth-stopper.



Leven Lochs.

hounds the same evening, and we fancy, despite the vein of jealousy which existed between the Hurworth and Roxby and Cleveland fellows, they would find very hospitable entertainment for man and beast, when they ran into the heart of the Cleveland Vale.]

A FOX CHASE IN 1814, DESCRIBED BY COL. SLEIGH.*

Mild was the breeze and fair the morn,
And blithe the echoings of the horn ;
When we, with spirits light and gay,
To Leven's coverts bent our way,
In silent hope we drew each glen,
To find the arch marauder's den,
When Tuneful with a cheerful cry,
Gave earnest that the chase was nigh.

Soon to confirm the faithful hound
We heard the joy-inspiring sound ;
A word unknown in rhyme, I fear,
Yet music to the Hunter's ear ;
More sweet to our enraptured throng,
Then fancy forms in Mara's song—
Tho' rude the term, the line tho' low
That dares to mention Tally-ho !
The friends to hunting ne'er deny
The witchery of that magic cry.

With hark and whoop and wild halloo,
No rest the Leven's echoes knew ;
Till pressed he found his life at stake,
And left the fastness of the brake.
Oft had he tried, but tried in vain
The old retreat his earth to gain ;
Where, blanched in heaps, the remnants lay
Of many a luckless feathered prey.
Now o'er the hill and down the dale,
The pack imbibe the tainted gale ;
And in one universal cry
To me at least of melody,
Pursue their victim up the wind
And many a horseman leave behind.

To names uncouth the rustic muse,
Her homely strains shall ne'er refuse
The devious chance to tell—
She deigns to sing at Ravenscar,

* From an old volume of songs and verses written and collected by the late Squire Sutton, of Elton, and kindly loaned to the Editor by Mr. William Armstrong, of Stockton.

Of Heron's Mill, and Seamer Carr,
 And Gill of Fanny Bell.
 And when each old asylum tried,
 Along the Leven's wooded side,
 Oppressed by instant foe;
 He fled the vale where Neville's art
 Can to the matron's web impart
 The whiteness of the snow.*

And now unchecked his course is made
 To Arncliffe's deep sequester'd shade,
 Where mazy woods and frequent fence
 May foil the hounds instinctive sense;
 Where the dark ground through winter's day
 Is seldom warmed by solar ray.
 But headed back by sudden fear,
 With failing strength and danger near,
 He sought his former haunts to gain
 And safety find in Rudby's glen.
 But vain his wiles—the cautious hound
 With ardour tries the tainted ground;
 And soon we heard the fatal knell
 In echo's haunts where Reynard fell!

SEASON 1819-20.

Tuesday, 2nd November, 1819: Threw off in Ravenscar and lost near Arncliffe Wood after a middling good run. Rickaby's hounds afterwards ran the fox into a house at Kirby and killed him.

[NOTE.—Rickaby (whose proper name was Rickitson) kept hounds at Whorl Hill Farm, between Faceby and Swainby, from about 1816 to 1825. He hunted a considerable part of what is now the Cleveland West country, and for a time was Master of the Bilsdale country.]

Friday, 5th: Threw off at Beverley Wood and found a brace of foxes, and killed an old bitch fox near Smeaton after running two rounds by Entercommon, Stones Rigg, through Beverley and Capt. Hewgill's Plantations; good scent; hounds chased hard.

Tuesday, 9th: Threw off at Newsham banks and found,

* Much bleaching was done at Crathorne, Kildale and Osmotherley; hence the allusion. See *Life in a Yorkshire Village*, by the present author.

and ran him sharp by Long Newton, Bishopton, and joined Mr. Lambton's at Great Stainton and run with them slowly to Foxton Whin and called off there. About 60 horses in the whole.

[NOTE.—The County of Durham was hunted by the celebrated Ralph John Lambton from 1804 to 1838. He died on July 29th, 1844.]

Tuesday, 16th: Threw off at Worsall Gills and found at Seamer. A bad scent and slow running. John Booth, etc., out.

[NOTE.—Mr. John Booth, of Killerby, was Master of the Bedale from 1867 to 1878. He is referred to in the Bedale Hunt song thus:

Then there's our late Master, who cut us adrift—
Sixteen stone in the saddle takes something to lift;
But his horses will follow like dogs at his call,
Give him time—at the finish, he'll make you look small.]

Tuesday, 21st: Threw off at Cotcliff and found in Lanmouth, and killed at the head of Scugdale after a good run of 3½ hours. A large field.

Tuesday, 1st February: Threw off at Black Banks and found in Col. Skelly's Plantings—a brace of foxes. Ran one to near Hansons where the hounds took the heel of one back to near Hurworth, and ran another from Col. Skelly's Plantings in the Pilmorefield across the Skerne, past Grange, Cockerton, Ketton, Brafferton, Preston, and then took the Carrs to Morden, Sands and to Bishop Middleham, where Jane and Robinson Dunn was left along with seven couple of hounds and their horses tired. They call'd off when the fox was dead run. T. Curry's mare died at Brafferton. D. Theakstone and Mr. Maude got to Sedgfield and remained there the night, and John Maynard's horse died at home. Supposed the fox was kill'd [by] four hounds that was left.

Tuesday, 29th February, 1820: Threw off at Cotcliffe Wood and found a brace of foxes. Run one very sharp to Hambleton* end and lost him in snow. A very hard frost and could not cross the moor.



* The above map (given by permission of Mr. Bogg) will enable readers to follow the course of some of the aforementioned runs.



A typical bit of Moorland Country near Black Hambleton.



Another view in the same locality.

Friday, 24th : Found a fox in Staindale, and lost at Hagget Hill after running 6 hours. Changed foxes near Deighton.

[NOTE.—There are several blank days interspersed hereabouts in the diary for this season, during which Cotcliffe seems to have been called upon to provide much sport, whilst the Hurworth field frequently found themselves in the Hambleton country now hunted by the Bilsdale. To use the word Hambleton without qualification is rather vague, as the Hambleton range stretches to Sutton Bank and includes the famous training grounds and a portion of the Sinnington domains.]

Tuesday, 11th April : Threw off at Cotcliffe Wood, found three foxes. Lost one at Hambleton end and another in the wood. Bad scent.

Thursday, 13th : Threw off in Cotcliffe Wood and earth'd in Kirby Knowle after a good run.

SEASON 1820—21.

1820, Sept. 27th : Began to hunt with earths open.

Sept. 24th : Threw off at Crathorne Wood and found in Weary Bank, and earthed in Lambs Bank after a sharp run past Leven Grove, and found another near Skriddles. Lost him in ditto by the young hounds changing to hare.

Tuesday, Sept. 28th : Threw off at Newsham Banks, and, after trying all Aisleby Plantings, a fox was seen a few fields north of the bank, which the hounds took and chased hard by Oaktree, Bowel Hole, Worsall, Moorey's bank, Yarm, Leven Bridge, and back to Meynell's Bank, Worsall, Newsham Banks, Oaktree, to Fountains, Middleton, Farthingside, and kill'd near Girsby Scar, after running about twenty miles.

Friday, Dec. 1st : Blank day from Black Banks, Dinsdale Wood, my drain, etc.

Dec. 14th: Threw off at Cotcliffe Wood and found in Landmouth and earthed in Guttof, after a slow run of four miles and a sharp burst of four or five ditto at the end. Found near Kirby Knowle and killed him after a severe run of one hour without a check. Mr. Mercheson [*sic*: Roderick J. Murchinson] Mr. Armitage and Mr. Petre out. Got the first fox out and brought him home.

Tuesday, Dec. 19th: Threw off at Ravenscar and found in Bullister Gill, and lost him near Hob Beck. Bad scent and the hounds over road [*sic*: over-ridden] very much.

[NOTE.—Ravenscar was evidently considered one of the best Hurworth coverts, for the Lambton Hunt song says:

Let Uckerby boast of the feats of the Raby,
And Ravenscar tell what the Hurworth have done.]

Saturday, 10th Feby., 1821: Try'd Cowton Cars by way of exercise for the hounds with all the earths open, and found a fox and had a good run Pepper Hall, Atley Hill, to Cowton, Hutton Bonville and Birkby, and lost near Smeaton.

Tuesday, 13th: Threw off at Ravenscar, and found and changed the fox in Marton Gill, and ran the fresh fox to Guisborough Park; the old fox was killed near Ormesby by a terrier and mastiff dog.

29th Feby., 1821: Threw off at Cotcliffe and found near New Buildings after trying five hours, and called off at Thimbleby, having the three foxes and only seven hounds left. The rest of the pack were running another fox till Jane got them off. A very wild, frosty night, high wind, yet the 3½ couple had a hard run.

March 1st: Threw off at Cotcliffe and had a blank day after trying Thimbleby and New Buildings, the moors, etc., for six hours.

Friday, 2nd: Threw off by 7 o'clock at New Buildings, and took a drag to Birck Banks, and had a good run by Mount St. John, Fellis Church [Felixkirk], Thirsk, Knayton to New Buildings, and lost him on the moor towards Hambleton. A hard hoar frost and bad scent after the sun began to take the frost.

[NOTE.—Hounds had evidently laid out on April 1st. Probably at Newbuilding, now the residence of Mr. Geo. Stafford Thompson, famed years ago as a gentleman jockey. The Newbuilding country has always been part of the Bilsdale domains, though in olden days the York and Ainsty occasionally had a meet there, and evidently the Hurworth, so that it was a sort of Tom Tiddler's ground, for the Hambleton Hounds also hunted there.]

Friday, 30th Nov., 1821: Threw off at Dinsdale Wood, earth'd a fox in a drain. Got him out and took him from the hounds near Sadbergh, and the hounds went away with a fresh fox, and killed him by one hound near Newby [near Stokesley], after a hard run of 23 miles. The hounds were mostly called off at Mandale [now the *locale* of Stockton Racecourse] and Acklam, by the farmers that joined them, the sportsmen having lost hounds near Hartburn.

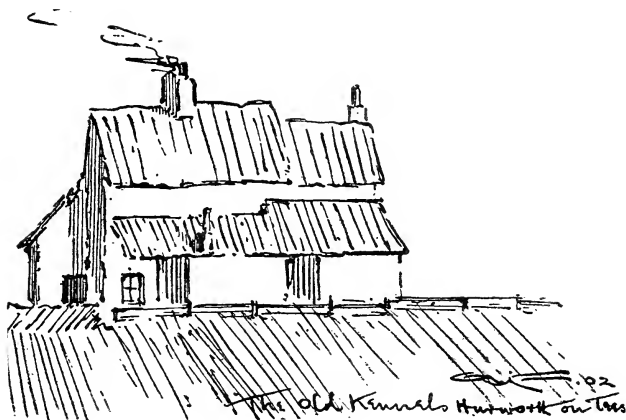
Friday, 11th January, 1822: Captain Colling quarrelled with Matthew and went home.

Tuesday, 15th January: Threw off at Newsham Banks, found a brace of foxes. Run one and earth'd him in Mr. Jackson's Planting. A cold frosty day and bad scent. Matthew staked his mare near Ormesby Lodge.

On December 26th, 1823, while following him at a ford near Worsall, the Rev. Marmaduke Theakston, son of the

Rector of Hurworth, was unfortunately drowned, owing to his horse rearing and falling on him, in the middle of the river.*

Tuesday, 11th March, 1823: Threw off at Ravenscar, and found in the Leven Bank three foxes, and lost them all; one at Ormesby after a good run, and Tom killed the grey horse.



The Old Kennels at Hurworth.

From a sketch by Mr. G. A. Fothergill.

* See page 8.

“NIMROD” AND THE WILKINSONS.

* **F**OLLOWING up his Northern Tour in 1827, “Nimrod” paid a visit to the Hurworth and wrote an account of his experiences and impressions in the *Sporting Magazine* of that year as follows :

“On Friday Mr. Flounders accompanied me to Croft Bridge to meet the Hurworth Hounds, which place was about eight miles from Yarm. Our road to Croft also led us through the village of Hurworth, within a



A corner of Hurworth Village.

From a sketch by Mr. G. A. Fothergill.

short distance of the Hurworth kennel, and we overtook the hounds going to covert. They were accompanied by Mr. Wilkinson and his whipper-in, and Mr. Flounders took this opportunity of introducing me to Mr. Wilkinson. I found him very much what I expected to find him; a well-fed Englishman,

* Initial letter Mr. W. Forbes, ex-Hurworth M.F.H.

with a back as broad as those of three of our dandies put together; mounted on a finely-shaped chestnut horse, looking very like a hunter to carry a heavy seventeen stone man, which he had then on his back; with a keen eye in his head, and a very intelligent countenance and strong to be sure in the dialect of his country, but looking very much like a sportsman, and therefore claiming my respect.

"There was a very large field of sportsmen assembled at Croft Bridge on this day—amounting to at least one hundred, which is a very unusual circumstance with this pack, Mr. Lambton's hounds, however, were gone from Sedgely and Lord Darlington's were a long way off: so it was supplied by the gentlemen of those hunts, many of whom had come a long distance for the occasion. I am happy to add, some of them were well requited for their pains.

"We proceeded to draw Dinsdale Wood, a covert of some size and situated on a steep hanging bank. Before throwing in his hounds, Mr. Wilkinson did me the honour of asking me to accompany him into the wood and see him find his fox. This invitation I readily accepted, and so far I was most gratified. He found his fox almost instantly, and in excellent style his hallos were capital, and his ear unusually quick. This was not all. We had a very baffling fox on foot—very unwilling to break—and his turns were short and frequent. The pack and their Master, however, were quite a match for him and for about five minutes the scene—witnessed only by ourselves—was enchanting. 'Have at him, Music, good bitch,' halloed Matty. 'By Jove, th' ast better gang away, for thou'lt die if thou don't. Have at him, Cruiser, old fellow, but thou'll have his head in thy mouth before night.' Oh, that I could give his view-halloses on paper, but that can't be done. They were enough to raise a man from the dead.

“Mr. Wilkinson wished to see his hounds get well away with their fox and therefore stood still and blew his horn; but he should have ridden on, and blown his horn; for when we got to the top of the covert, not a hound, except a few that were with us, could we get sight of. ‘I know where they are gone,’ said Mr. Wilkinson; ‘you must follow me, for we shall never get over that stell.’ I did follow him, and he took me to an awkward ford; but we might just as well have gone round by York. The hounds had a capital run of an hour, and killed their fox, but only in the presence of a chosen few, who were bold enough and fortunate enough to get well over this awkward stell, Billy Williamson,* I believe, being the first to charge it. It was deep and rotten, and the change that was affected in the colour of *ci-devant* white cords of those gentlemen who dropped short of it, plainly showed what sort of bottom it had.

“Two things were now evident: I was quite sure they were in for a run, and I was quite sure I should see nothing of it unless let in by some lucky turn. I did not, however, quit my pilot; but, strange to say, I rode for exactly one hour fifty yards behind him, without ever hearing the tongue of a hound until within the last ten minutes. When we did get up to them, the thing was over, the *whoo-hoop* was only wanting. They had not tasted him, but he was dead beat, and in a few minutes more Matty had him by the brush. It must have been a beautiful run for those who saw it. The pace was excellent; and the country very good indeed for the provincials.

“I had two reasons why I did not regret this wrong turn at first starting. First, I and my horse might have been planted

* Mr. Williamson succeeded Mr. Ralph Lambton (who was compelled to retire owing to a severe accident) as Master of the Sedgefield country in 1838, and continued till 1842 when the late Marquis of Londonderry took the pack, kennelled them at Wynyard, and styled them “The Wynyard and South Durham Foxhounds.” Mr. Williamson was later again Master.

in the stell; and secondly, it was a great treat to me to see Matty Wilkinson and his chestnut horse get over, or I should rather say creep over, upwards of a hundred fences in the very masterly fashion they both performed. He has ridden this horse three seasons without having had a fall from him; and when I saw him creeping over his fences, which appeared nothing to him, whilst my horse was flying over them, and afraid to touch a thorn, I almost envied his great weight. Certain, however, is it, that hunters carrying heavy men do walk into their fences in a most enviable manner, although, indeed, if they did not walk into them, they could never gallop across a deep country for an hour, and a hundred fences in the bargain.

“ I really was much pleased with the scientific manner in which Mr. Wilkinson and his horse crossed the country in this hour’s gallop. We exchanged but few words with one another—with the exception of his telling me he was too heavy for a huntsman, and an occasional lamentation of our ill-luck. Matty, however, once addressed his horse and it had the desired effect. We came to a very awkward fence, a wide ditch from us, and no footing for our horses but among some strong stubs. ‘Tak’ time, lad,’ said Matty. The lad did take time and did it like a workman. Towards the end of our gallop we came to another still worse place. It was high and stiff and near to a tree. Matty rode up to it, and, not liking it, stood looking at it. ‘ Shall I try and pull down those strong binders,’ I said. ‘ No, no,’ replied Matty, ‘ we’ll gang at it,’ and over he went at a good hard gallop. All his fences but this were taken either at a stand or in a walk.

“ This certainly was a good run, and a good finish, and the brush was asked for by a gentleman (Mr. Dryden, I think)

who had ridden well to the hounds. ‘No, no,’ said Matty, ‘‘Nimrod’ shall have the brush,’ and it hangs up in my hall. It is quite evident I had no pretensions to it, therefore I considered it the greater compliment. We drew again, and three foxes broke covert at the same moment; but we did nothing worth speaking of, although they tasted one of them.

“Matty, however, is the hero of my tale; and his character is described in a few words. He boasts of no scholastic education, no collegiate reading; neither does he appear to be much under the discipline of art. But of this he may be proud—he keeps a pack of foxhounds on perhaps smaller means to keep them with than almost any other man in England; and he is acknowledged by all to be as good a rough-and-ready sportsman as ever halloed to hound. He is likewise much esteemed amongst his neighbours as a kind-hearted man, a character, indeed, true sportsman for the most part lay claim to and maintain.

“In everything relating to the passion for hunting, I should be inclined to say, Mr. Matthew Wilkinson may have his equal, but his superior would be difficult to produce. His attachment to his hounds is almost beyond belief, and equals that of an old maid to her cat. He has always some of his favourites walking about his house; and to a bitch with whelps he will give as much as she can eat of a good sirloin of beef or leg of mutton from his own table. I had it on unquestionable authority that, although he keeps ten or twelve cows, the whelps in the spring have all the best milk, and nothing but a little sky-blue is allowed for the house. I was also informed that it had been his practice to keep a tame fox in his buildings for the edification of the puppies as soon as they were able to follow him. He keeps but four hunters for himself and

Tommy, and his stable system is this: His horses are never physicked, neither are they galloped in their exercise, having, as he observed, ‘ plenty of galloping when they hunt.’

“ Death and its terrors kick the beam when put into the scale against Matty Wilkinson’s passion for the chase. Although he cannot swim, no, not even a little, he has crossed



The Three Brothers Wilkinson (Matty smoking).

that rapid and deep river, the Tees, at least forty times in his life after the hounds, and has had some hair-breadth escapes. Very soon after I was in his country, he was in the greatest danger of being drowned. He plunged into this stream when swelled with rain, and was unhorsed in the middle of it,

fortunately, catching hold of one of the stirrups, his horse dragged him out, but I believe it was what he called 'a very near go.' When he had run his fox to ground he coolly laid down on his back and held up his heels to enable the water to run out of his boots.

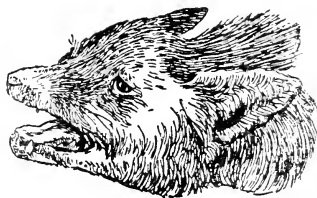
"I very much fear this gallant sportsman will, one of these days, change time for eternity in his attempts to cross this rapid river. Indeed, on his late escape, his brother Lozzy seriously admonished him of the impending danger; but all the notice taken of the salutary hint was—'My life is my own, and I suppose I may do what I like with it.'

"When Mr. Matthew Wilkinson's eldest brother was on his death-bed, he was asked by a friend for the fixtures for the forthcoming week. His reply was this: 'Why, Tommy is very ill, and if Tommy dies we can't hunt till Monday; but if Tommy don't die we shall hunt somewhere on Friday.' A brother sportsman died, and left Matty five pounds to purchase a black coat to his memory, Matty purchased a red one, thinking thereby that he had shown still greater respect to his departed friend.

"Mr. Matthew Wilkinson is esteemed a very superior huntsman as far as the working of his hounds is concerned, as also assisting them in recovering a scent. His great weight, however (full seventeen stones), precludes the possibility of his always being in the place; though everyone I conversed with agreed that, from his great knowledge of the country, and of the usual line of his foxes, he creeps up to his hounds, when at fault, much sooner than expected. This is the result of a quick eye and a good share of brains, with each of which Mr. W. is very well furnished. Of his management in the kennel I can say nothing; nor can I say much of the condition of his

pack, any further than that their elbows were clean, and that is as much as can be generally said of hounds that work as hard as his do ; but I thought the hounds themselves did credit to his judgment. They are fine slashing animals, with great power and bone, and are allowed to have as much hunt in them as their owner has zeal ; and truly that is in abundance. ‘Tattler,’ ‘Cruiser’ and ‘Juggler’ would be an ornament to any pack. The subscription, I understand, amounts only to £175 per annum, which may perhaps, with good management, find meal for the hounds, as the pack is small, only consisting of 26 couples of hunting hounds, and this year not more than four couples to come in.

“ I have now done with Matthew and his hounds. Long may he live to enjoy his favourite sport ; and when he is gone let his memory be cherished for the zeal he has shown in the science of foxhunting.”



DEATHS OF THOMAS AND MATTHEW
WILKINSON IN 1823 AND 1837.

F. COATES BECOMES HUNTSMAN IN 1837.



MR. Thomas Wilkinson died at Hurworth on Nov. 19th, 1823, aged 64, and was succeeded by his brother, Matthew, who at first carried the horn. Matthew does not seem to have kept any diaries, and between the years 1823—1854 there are no written Hurworth records extant, so far as we know, though, fortunately, we have those of the late Mr. R. S. D. Roper.



F. Coates, of Hilton, an early Hurworth huntsman.

Mr. Matthew Wilkinson gave up hunting hounds in 1835, and was followed as huntsman by Frank Coates, a Hilton

* Initial letter the late Mr. Anthony Lax Maynard, Master of the North Durham hounds for 14 years.

farmer, who was a tremendously keen and very popular man. Every Wednesday he used to attend Stockton market and meet the Cleveland men, either at the "Black Lion" or "Vane Arms," and compare notes as to sport. He was wont to chaff the Cleveland fellows a good deal about their partiality for running bagged foxes, but Mr. Parrington tells me the Hurworth at this time used to have just as much affection for "a baggy" but were not quite so open about it as their neighbours in the adjoining country. I am told that Coates had a drain put down on his farm for the especial purpose of catching foxes which came down from the hills, and they also had a man rigged up with a capacious-pocketed coat in which he could carry the bagman. He did his work well, liberated his foxes just at the right moment, and then gave the view-halloa which brought up Frank Coates and the Hurworth in quick-sticks. Coates, says tradition, was a beautiful horseman and "an elegant man in the saddle." Squire Wilkinson often used to go over and stay with him during the hunting season, when the following day's fixture was in that part of the country, and thought a great deal of him. Frank Coates lived some years after he retired from the position of huntsman.

Mr. W. Armstrong, of Stockton, better known with the South Durham than the Hurworth (though he used to often hunt with the latter pack so long ago as forty years), tells me that the hounds were tremendously fond of Coates, and used to make a dash towards him when they saw him awaiting them at the tryst. His last day's hunting was on a young horse by "Perrion," which belonged to Prince Stockdale, of Leven. He rode well up to hounds on this occasion, and was delighted that the old hand had lost none of its cunning. He was buried in Hilton Churchyard, and there is a tombstone to his memory

at the east end of the little God's Acre, bearing the following inscription :

Sacred to the memory of Francis Coates, who died Dec. 2nd, 1858, aged 66 years.

He was many years the able and esteemed huntsman of the Hurworth Hounds. This stone is erected as a tribute of respect by a few friends and gentlemen connected with the Hurworth Hunt.

[The family now seems to be extinct.]

The Squire never pretended to hunt hounds, and when Frank Coates gave up he was followed by Bob Ecclefield, who came from Squire Hill's (of Thornton) kennels. He was a rough Yorkshire diamond—even a rougher and quainter type Mr. Parrington thinks, than Jack Parker, of Sinnington fame,



The late Jack Parker, the famous Sinnington huntsman.

who told one sportsman given to use strong language that "he would have made a fine natteral blackguard if he hadn't been born a gentleman." After a few seasons Ecclefield went to hunt hounds in America. He was followed by Salmon, who gave place to old Danby, whom Mr. Parrington thinks was "done" when he came to the Hurworth. He had not been on a horse for two seasons, and had not the vitality left to hunt the pack though his heart was as good as ever.

In his new book, *Hunting in the Olden Days*, Mr. W. S. Dixon tells us something of this quaint character. He says (page 365): "John Booth for many years was huntsman to Squire Hill, of Thornton. He was the son of a farmer near Loftus, and no doubt in his younger days was frequently seen with the Roxby hounds. . . . Willy Ecclefield, who was Booth's whipper-in, and who also acted as head groom, deserves a word. He was a fine sportsman, a bold horseman, and what is known in Yorkshire as "a character." An instance of his devotion to his Master and to sport is worth preserving. He went one night to see Mr. Hill and said, "Do you want owt i' t'morn, sir?" "No, Willy, I don't want anything particularly," answered the Squire. "Whya, sir, Ah was thinking of getting wed, but if you want owt we can put it off."

A writer in *Baily* says of Coates:

"He kept his own horses, and was a very good rider, but a very jealous one; although he went slow at his fences, he had an extraordinary knack of stealing away, and went like oil on the ocean. He was called the heaven-born huntsman. No keener man ever lived. He was very quick, and used to rattle the woods of the Leven and the Tees till the foxes, whose track he knew, would fly from them. I need not say he had a fine eye and knowledge of the country. This pack never had better sport than when he hunted them, and it was an unfortunate thing for the country that he and Thomas Raper Wilkinson quarrelled and parted. Coates' whip was the same Tom Hopper who turned them to old 'Matthew.'

"The old signboard of the Hilton Inn is a curiosity, and still preserved. On it is a painting of hounds running a fox in full view, and the field following, with these lines below:—

The fox he runs, the hounds him view,
Come, take a glass, and then pursue."

In the August of 1837, Mr. Matthew Wilkinson died, and the same writer said of him:

“Hounds had been kept a long time at Hurworth by old Tommy Wilkinson, and, at his death, his brother Lozzy (a contraction of L’Oiseleur, the surname of a family of some note, from whom the Wilkinson family inherited, through the maternal line, the estate of Coating Moor, near Heighington), built a kennel upon his estate at Neasham, where the pack, originally bred from the Duke of Leeds and Lord Darlington’s kennels, were principally supported by him and his brother, old ‘Matthew’ Wilkinson, who lived at Entercommon. The latter was an extraordinary character in every way, and, from the description of his hunting costume, given by ‘Nimrod,’ quite one of the rough-and-ready order, who would have abominated the modern toothpick-and-nosegay school. He was a very singular old man; a welter weight, but the most indefatigable man that ever got on a horse. He hunted his hounds, assisted by Tom Hopper, whose father, old Tommy, another character, was the feeder. He slept in a room adjoining the kennels, in which there was a trap-door which opened close to his head. If there was row at night, as he knew every hound’s voice, he would rate the quarrelsome ones by name, and establish order. Mr. Wilkinson, though he could not swim a yard, would jump into the Tees on an old grey mare, and swim across at any point, and, on getting over, lie on his back, and hold up his heels, to empty the water out of his boots; and his breeches were double the size of anybody else’s. He would exclaim: ‘Lads, ho’d my hoss till I let t’ watter oot o’ me boots.’ He weighed about twenty stones, and always rode good horses; stuck at no price, and gave three hundred guineas for ‘Stocktonian,’ a strong thorough-bred horse. He knew the country well, and, when hounds checked, would come up and say to his field, ‘Yes, gentlemen, you shall have another fox, if you want him,’ and his dog language and view

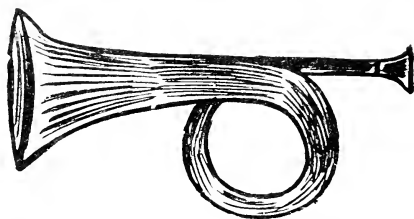
'holloo' cannot be described. As he was quite one of the people, old 'Matthew' never paid a penny for poultry.

"Hunting with him at this time were General Aylmer, of Walworth Castle, whose son was burnt to death at Abergeldie in 1869; Mr. Richmond, of Sadberge, a famous rider; and Frank Hartley, of Middleton Lodge; Mr. John Colling, of Hurworth, before mentioned, now living in Mr. Wilkinson's old house; Tom Shafto, celebrated for riding welter races; and Bob Deighton, of Northallerton, who had been secretary to the Duke of York."

The present author found the following record of Mr. Matthew's death in the diaries at Neasham. It is evidently the tribute of a friend.

"On Thursday, the 23rd August, at Entercommon, in the 64th year of his age, Matthew Wilkinson, Esq., long master of the Hurworth Foxhounds, being much respected and deeply regretted by his relatives and numerous train of followers in the chase.

Hark! the brief story; on a winter's morn,
No more will Matthew come with cheering horn,*



To dash his much-fam'd hounds through Crathorne Rush,
Where many a gallant fox he forced to brush.
No more we listen to his shrill, clear voice,
Which made his hounds and followers rejoice;
No more his tongue will yield each sportsman mirth,
For now has Matthew gone himself to earth.

*Mr. Matthew Wilkinson used one of the old-fashioned twisted horns.

Regarding Matthew and the grey mare mentioned, the following lines were very popular sometime after his death, Mr. Parrington kindly allowed me to copy them from his journal :

GREYMARES AND NIGHTMARES.

(*A Peacock's Tale, with a Fox at the End of it.*)

Ofentimes, in my slumbers, I've seen a grey mare
Coming bang down upon me, her heels in the air,
Whose rider, a welter (1), cried out with a cheer,
" They've found him, young Doctor, now cannot you hear."
Then deep in the recess of Beverley Wood,
Drawing nearer and nearer the place where I stood,
Along by the banks of the Tees just below,
I heard the sweet music of " Cruiser " (2) and Co.
Soon Reynard I spied ; he was gone like a flash
Of lightning ; and then, ye Gods ! what a crash
Of thunder rolled after him, making him fly,
While Matty's (3) view-haloo shook wood, earth and sky ;
Then I waked, 'twas no wonder, for oft it's been said
That Matty's view-haloo would have wakened the dead.
Once I dreamt I saw Reynard creep into a drain,—
A shallow-flagged one by the side of a lane ;
I'd a terrier with me, quite up to the trick
Of making the foxes bolt out pretty quick.
On my knees then I listen'd, to make out the spot
Where old " Pincher " (4) for Reynard was making it hot,
When a voice I knew well cried " Hang it ! stand by,"
" Is he good for ought, Doctor ? " " He's at him ! " said I,
When in went the drain, with a terrible crack,
From the weight of old Matty, who'd got on my back,

1. Mr. Matthew Wilkinson, Master of the Hurworth, whose famous grey mare will long be remembered.

2. " Cruiser," a famous hound in the Hurworth pack.

3. It is said that Matty's view halloo is still echoing in Beverley Wood.

4. " Pincher " was a terrier belonging to Mr. Jack Peacock, the author of the song.

Right on to the dog and the fox down we came,
 And the latter caught me by a part I'll not name;
 I struggled and kick'd, when, in the midst of the row,
 A nudge from my grey mare (5), with "what's matter now?"
 Half waked me; and then I cried out, with a stare,
 That greatly astonished the canny grey mare,
 "By Jove! but our 'Pincher' is hard as a nail,
 Or your Peacock had lost the best part of his tail;
 He's a real good bred 'un, a chis of the block,
 Or a fox had quite ruined your pretty Peacock."

The early historian, whom I have already quoted, wrote thus of Mr. Matthew Wilkinson :

"At old Matther's death, in 1837, his nephew, Thomas Raper, who took the name of Wilkinson, became master, and held the post for twenty-four years. There is an excellent picture of him in the possession of his widow, at Neasham, painted by Ferneley, in 1846, mounted on a favourite horse, 'The Squire,' in which there are also Frank Coates, with his coat buttoned at the bottom; of the two Hoppers, father and son, the elder with his terrier, 'Tip.' I think this is the best hunting picture I have ever seen. It is so full of life; quite worth going many miles to see. After Coates gave up, professional huntsmen came in vogue, which, as the subscription was not a large one, was a drawback, and, although the general run of sport fell off, still they had done extraordinary good runs, and a fair succession of them, more especially from Deighton Whin, Welbury, and Fighting Cocks. Frank Coates was succeeded first by Robert Hecklefield (*sic*, Ecclefield), a good servant who came from Mr. Hill, of Thornton, and who, I hear, went to America to hunt hounds, then by Tom Salmon, who for many years hunted Colonel Hildyard's harriers, at Stokesley.

5. Mrs. Peacock.



The late Mr. Anthony Leas Maynard.



The late Rev. John Newton, Vicar of Kirby-in-Cleveland.

(See page 69.)

Amongst those hunting regularly with Thomas Raper Wilkin-son were Tom Allison, of White House, who lost all his money on the Turf; John Gregson, of Burdon Hall, in Mr. Lambton's country, a light-weight and a good rider; Archibald Cochrane, now of Langton—'Archy' Cochrane, who 'hung by the mane,' in the words of a good song of the day; and his brothers, Robert and Basil; all showed in the field that the blood of their celebrated uncle, the famous Lord Cochrane, afterwards the Earl of Dundonald, flowed in their veins. The late John Maynard, of Harlsey, a large farmer and noted breeder of Shorthorns, whose brother, Anthony, used to keep the Boroughbridge Harriers, hunted a good deal with the Hurworth and Raby, and was sure to be up in a forward position; and with him several nephews, of whom Anthony, then of Skinningrove, now of Newton Hall, so well known as a judge at the agricultural shows, is a wonderful man, and can still beat most of his juniors with hounds or on the moors. I have heard that, once, when riding a valuable horse, he got into the Wiske, when his father, who was cross, remonstrated with him, but he quietly said, 'Never mind, there is £50 of him above water yet.' Bob Hubback, of Durham, was then a very hard man; R. S. D. Roper, of Richmond, and Sam Smithson, of Heighington, rarely missed a day, who also hunted with the Duke.

"In 1843, the Duke of Cleveland, from Raby Castle, and with his brother, Lord William Poulett, Mr. James Farrer, of

*Mr. Anthony Lax Maynard died at Harewood Grove, Darlington. He had sixty seasons with hounds and for fourteen of them carried the horn. In 1870, when the Durham country was divided, he took the Northern part. On his retirement, in 1884, he was presented with his portrait. He regularly followed the Hurworth and Raby hunts. He was well known in the show ring as a hunter judge, and himself rode as useful cattle as most men. He ran a few chasers in the early days of the sport. The son of Mr. J. C. Maynard, of Harlsey (one of the hardest welter weights of his day), Mr. Anthony whipped in to his father, who kept harriers on this side of the Hurworth country, and occasionally ran a fox from the Deighton coverts. Mr. A. L. Maynard was the nephew and namesake of the famous shorthorn breeder but he himself was more in the "hoss" line, as we say in Yorkshire.

Ingleborough, M.P. for South Durham, stopped at Croft, and would go thirty-five miles to meet Mr. Milbank, and Colonel Beckwith, of Silksworth, a very good rider, who always hunted five or six days a week if he could, but was rather more of a Lambton man; Colonel Tower, of Elemor, master of the Durham country, a nice, affable old gentleman, and his son, Harry Baker, a first-rate man to hounds; Tom Masterman, of Little Danby, near Northallerton, the oldest sportsman in the hunt, whom no man could beat when on his grey horse; Billy Clark, of Killerby, who thought nought of a twenty-mile ride in the dark; Mr. G. W. Sutton, of Elton Hall, the author of 'Ballynamonaora,' or 'The Hounds of Ralph Lambton for me,' and many other poetical effusions; Tom Waldy, of Egglescliffe, and his son, Captain Edward Waldy; and Mr. Marshall Fowler, of Preston Hall. The late Harry Faber, of Stockton, was a regular bruiser, and very fond of jumping. Being half-blind, he rode in spectacles, and stuck to hounds like a leech; with him his two sons; Mr. Simon Scrope, of Danby Hall, who was about their best man in the field; and Captain Heneage Wynne, of the 68th Regiment, who was killed at Inkerman: he was a nephew of the late Colonel Hildyard, and very fond of fox-hunting when on leave. His death was greatly deplored by all who knew him. Mr. George Marwood; Mr. James Cookson, of Neasham Hall, was a very hard rider, and his brother, Captain W. Cookson, late of the 11th Regiment, a most amusing man. Then, there was Major Lowe, of Yarm, for a season or two; and Mr. George Stonehouse, who was killed by a fall from his horse near Stockton; Admiral Watt, who was a very eccentric character; Mr. David Laird, who came from Scotland to Middleton-St.-George, and was very well turned out; and Mr. Blackett, of Sockburn, 'with his mare in a fidget, himself in a funk,' an excellent preserver of

foxes, whose early death was deeply lamented. I must not overlook Squire Allan, of Grange, 'who got there by knowing the country and riding the lanes,' and George Maughan, of Worsall, a sporting farmer, who died a few years ago, was a real good man to hounds, and knew the run of a fox. There were also some first-rate 'gentlemen in black' who were difficult to beat, namely the Rev. Thomas Hart Dyke, who was related to the Dykes of Lullingstone Castle, in Kent, a capital rider, and a first-class man to hounds, of whom the song said :

'If he leads unto Heaven as he rides in a run.'

"The Rev. W. Gooch, Stainton, and his sons, Percy and Cecil, both good boys with hounds."

It will be interesting to add some little data to the foregoing extract from the early writer we are quoting, with reference to the late Rev. Wm. Gooch. He was Rector of Benacre, Suffolk, Canon of York, Vicar of Stainton, Rural Dean of Cleveland, and a J.P. for the North Riding. The only son of Colonel William Gooch, 4th Dragoon Guards (who fought in the Peninsula War and at Waterloo); the late Rev. William Gooch was a man of great stature, fine physique, and one of the old time handsome squarsons. There was no rectory at Benacre, so from 1828 to 1866 the late Vicar of Stainton lived in Cleveland. His sister, Matilda—one of the beauties of her day—married William Vernon Harcourt, son of Archbishop Harcourt, who gave Mr. Gooch the living of Stainton, and here he kept an open house of call for all local sportsmen. He was an exceedingly popular man and a very fine horseman, riding the best of cattle and invariably taking a foremost place with the Cleveland, South Durham, and Hurworth foxhounds, and also Col. Hildyard's Stokesley Harriers. When pluralism became unfashionable he resigned the living of Stainton and

went to live near Benacre, eventually dying in London on Feby. 27th, 1876, at the age of 78. He had sixteen children of whom only four now survive. They all more or less followed their father's love of sport. When at Stainton, Major Cecil Gooch (93rd Highlanders) and Capt. Percy Gooch (92nd Highlanders) used to hunt regularly from there, and later fought in the Crimea and also through the Indian Mutiny. Major Cecil Gooch married Miss Van Straubenzee, the daughter of a house the name of which is much connected with Northern sport, as has already been shown. Another son, the Rev. Frank Harcourt Gooch, was ordained in 1865, and regularly rode to hounds till his increasing weight compelled him to give up the saddle. He still maintains his interest in the chase, however, and follows either on foot or on wheels. His only son, Captain R. F. R. Gooch, maintains the old tradition of the family, and now hunts from Banbury, where he keeps a big stud of hunters. He is well known with the Bicester and Warwickshire as a first-flight man and as the winner of many Point to Point Races both in those countries and in the Belvoir. He was for some years A.D.C. to Sir W. Ridgeway, in Ceylon, and there won the Governor's Cup two successive years. A daughter of the late Rev. Wm. Gooch's, in the person of Mrs. Bewicke-Bewicke, still lives in Yorkshire at Linton Dale, near Doncaster. Her husband was the owner of Coulby Manor, near Stockton, of which her son, General Bewicke-Copley, is now owner. He resides at Sprotborough Hall, near Doncaster, the family place. By a peculiar coincidence the late vicar of Stainton was curate there before Archbishop Harcourt gave him the living of Stainton. His remains are interred at the pretty little Cleveland village where he was so much beloved, from which he saw so much sport,

and at which he entertained so many congenial spirits who sought his society and were made so welcome at his hospitable board.

The writer, whom I have previously quoted, next refers to the Rev. John Newton, of Kirby, as being "quite an artist, especially on 'Liberal,'" and his servant also a character. Through the kindness of Mr. T. Kirby, jnr., Miss E. Hunter, of Broughton, and Mrs. Elliott, of Kirby, I am able to give some further particulars regarding this famous sporting cleric, and also a reproduction of a photo of him. He died Nov. 23rd, 1880. The *Yorkshire Gazette* (I fancy the oldest newspaper in the County) referred to him thus, on December 4th, following :

"On Saturday last were laid to rest, in the lovely churchyard of Kirby-in-Cleveland, by his sorrowing parishioners and friends, the remains of the Rev. John Farmer Newton, for 52 years curate and vicar of the parish. The deceased had attained the patriarchal age of 90, but upright, pure, and charitable to an extent which will probably never be known. He retained to the last the esteem and regard of the people amongst whom he dwelt, and has left an honoured name which will long be remembered with affection in Cleveland. Most hospitable to his friends high and low, he was himself of very frugal habits and a man of great activity and resolution. He only finally ceased taking part in the services of his church some 18 months before his death. The late Mr. Newton was a highly successful amateur gardener and was particularly celebrated for his strawberries, of which and of other fruit he was accustomed to give away large quantities. Mr. Newton, when in the prime of his life, frequently indulged in his favourite sport of fox-hunting, and it was generally agreed that he was one of the best men across country that ever rode to hounds. He possessed, in a remarkable degree, all the attributes of a finished horseman, namely, a fine and elegant seat on his horse, good hands and a quick eye, combined with excellent nerve and judgment, so that, no matter how stiff the country or how quick the pace, he was sure to be seen sailing away with the pack apparently quite at his leisure. And at the age of 86, when he gave up

riding, the remainder of the seat and hands which had once rendered him so famous with the Raby, the Bedale, the Hurworth and the Cleveland, were plainly visible."

In Kirby-in-Cleveland Church are tablets bearing the following inscriptions :

" In Memory of The Rev. John Farmer Newton, for 52 years curate and vicar of this parish. Born Sept., 1791. Died Nov., 1880. This tablet was erected by parishioners and friends."

" This tablet is erected to the memory of Elizabeth Newton, Daughter of Wm. Kent, Esq., of Little Bedwin, in the county of Wilts., who died July 19, 1850, aged 64 years, by her afflicted husband, John Farmer Newton, vicar of the parish."

" The Rev. John Farmer Newton, for 52 years vicar of this parish, who died Nov. 23rd, 1880, in his 90th year."

Continuing, the old-time writer tells us of another sporting cleric in the neighbouring town of Stokesley—" The Rev. Charles Cator, rector of Stokesley, whose sister married Osbaldeston. I must not omit Scott-Waring, of Darlington, who had been educated at Eton and Sandhurst, but who turned livery stable keeper, and owned racehorses, having bought 'Sir Bennett' of Lord Eglington. He was a singular character, and he dressed to it, wearing very tight trousers. He would over-ride hounds, and use the strangest and strongest languages when remonstrated with ; yet, withal, he kept up his reading, and, in his very lowest moments, the gentleman would peep out, showing that what was bred in him never departed entirely. He told curious tales of travels with 'Sir Bennett.'"

" In those days, hunting men lived a good deal together at the Dinsdale Hotel, a beautiful place near Middleton One Row, which has now become a lunatic asylum, and the stables, formerly full of hunters, are a picture of desolation ; and at the good old hostelry, at Croft Spa, were Lord Falkland and the

Hon. John Dundas, Mr. Barras, who, I believe, came from near Newcastle; Captain Marshall, from Scotland; Mr. Lowndes, whose original name was Gorst, who has large property in London, and a fine place in Wiltshire; and Mr. George Gilpin-Brown, now of Sedbury, a great supporter of the Hurworth Hunt."

They had gay doings at the old hostelry mentioned in those days, and our artist has imagined a post-hunting group drinking success to the fox and Hurworth Hounds after the day's sport.



"Success to the fox and the Hurworth."

Mr. Parrington has also kindly allowed me to copy from one of his scrapbooks an account of a great run with the Hurworth, during Coates' era of huntsmanship. There is no date attached, but it was sometime after 1837, for it was in that year that Mr. T. Wilkinson took the hounds, with Coates still as their huntsman.

The song recalls a number of names of sportsmen of "the good old times":—

THE STILLINGTON RUN.

Of the deeds of the Hurworth, you've oftentimes heard,
To think that you hadn't would be most absurd ;
But a run from near Haughton, I vow and declare,
As light into dark, beats all others by far.

With a pack of such hounds as no sportsman could spurn,
The hunt were all muster'd at Haughton-le-Skerne ;
Into Lingfield Plantation the pack had scarce got,
When a gallant old varmin went off like a shot.

As they cross'd Burdon Bottoms, 'twould really have been
The task of an artist in painting the scene ;
Some balking, some pounded, some down in a stell,
Some taking their hedges and fences pell-mell.

Turning round to the right, by Sadberge they went,
At a St. Leger pace, with a death-doing scent ;
There was many a wish he might wait at Fox-hill,
For most of the Flashers were near standing still.

Pointing for Stainton, many a horseman now fails
To catch e'en a glimpse of this gallant pack's tails ;
But I beg them all pardon, don't think me to blame,
Should I happen to mention some sportsmen by name.

First, like oil on the ocean, comes C—tes (1), on his grey,
Quite pleased that he needn't cry " Hold hard " to-day ;

1. Frank Coates, late huntsman of the Hurworth pack, who lived at Hilton, where he had a farm.

How he laughs in his sleeve, now he's cracking his joke,
As he leaves all the clippers behind him like smoke.
Rammng spurs in "Bachelor," next came the squire (2),
Wiping sweat from his brow with his face all on fire ;
Oh ! there's none can go with 'em, not even full blood 'uns,
(1) Yoi Stingy and Gallant, they're going like good 'uns.

Then straight as an arrow o'er all sorts of land,
At a pace that must soon bring a horse to a stand,
Comes "Roderick Random" (3), all hurry and stickle,
I'm doubting, ere long, he'll be "Peregrine Pickle."
There's the L—g N—wt—n Parson (4) enjoying the fun,
If he leads unto heaven as he rides in a run ;
Have good faith in your nag, and I almost could swear,
Only stick to his skirts and your sure to get there.

Then, smash, at a rasper, goes Killerby Cl—ke (5),
Who thinks naught of a ride twenty miles in the dark ;
Roaring "Fo'rard, yoi, for'ard," you can't tell, my boys,
Whether he or his chestnut makes the most noise.

The "Lady of Eryholme," a game little crack,
With M—yn—d (6) the younger bestriding her back ;
Is sure to be up in a forward position,
Being dam by "Old Harry," and by a "Physician."

Who's yon on the bay ? If a rasper he meet,
I'll bet two-to-one he loses his seat ;
Aye ! he's over her head ; no ! he hangs by the mane,—
Bless me ! don't you know ? Why it's Archy C—ch—ne (7).

The Squire of S—w Hall, striving still to be first,
Has blown the half-bred 'un in this terrible burst ;
Now he's taking to skirting, he's trying to nick it,
When he finds that "Box-keeper" has got the wrong ticket.

1. Yoi ! Stingy and Gallant.
2. Mr. T. Wilkinson, the Master.
3. Mr. James Cookson.
4. The Rev. T. H. Dyke of Long Newton.
5. Billy Clark, of Killerby.
6. Anthony Maynard, now of Skinninggrove.
7. Archy Cochrane, now of Langton.

The great Stillington Run.

Where's W—dy, of Y—m? (8) Oh! he's made a mistake.
 Being certain to know the road Reynard would take;
 But to-day he's deceived him, Ren's changed his line,
 So he's left in the lanes, or he's gone home to dine.

Where's Harrier Huntsman, the son of Physician? (9)
 On a mare that could go with such blood and condition,
 If he only durst ride her, but that he'll ne'er do,
 So he makes the old excuse of losing a shoe.

Among those who started at Haughton-le-skerne,
 Oh, where, then, oh, where, is the Squire of S—kb—n? (10)
 Turning shy at a rasper, behind them he slunk,
 His mare in a fidget, himself in a funk.

I've kept you so long o'er the horses and men,
 I'd almost forgotten the hounds and bold Ren.;
 By Great Stainton village still onward they flew,
 Near Bishopton Plantings they have him in view.

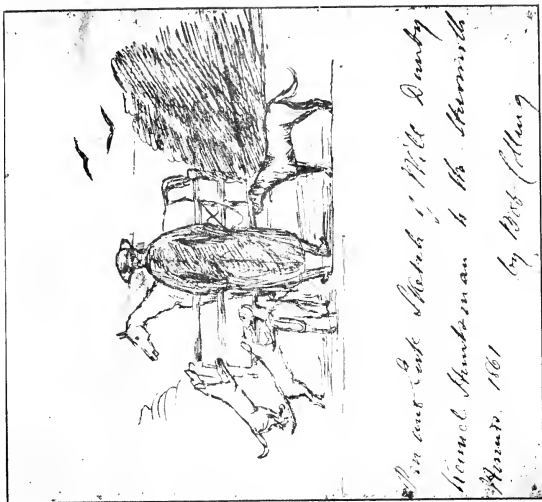
Down Stillington Bank like a torrent they rush,—
 Poor Reynard's in trouble—they're close at his brush;
 And in forty-five minutes, with never a check,
 They pull'd him to pieces in Stillington Beck.

At the death of the fox (nay, now, don't think it strange),
 For who should come up but Squire A—l—n of Grange (11),
 But how that he got there, a question remains,—
 Was't by knowing the country, or riding the lanes?

May a true-hearted foxhunter pardon a brother,
 If it happened to be neither one nor the other;
 At a good steady pace, perhaps as some not so fast,
 Yet blood and good bottom told a tale at the last.

May each honest foxhunter keep a good fame,
 Nor turn "Dog in manger," like one I could name (12);

8. T. W. Waldy, of Eggescliffe.
9. Jack Peacock, of Darlington, the author of the song.
10. The late Mr. Blackett, of Sockburn.
11. The late W. Allan, of Blackwell Grange.
12. The first Duke of Cleveland, who, on giving up the hounds, burnt all his coverts, and destroyed the foxes.



Sketch of Will Danby.

(From Mr. T. Farington's scrap-book.)



Sketch of Mr. T. Wally.

(From Mr. T. Farington's scrap-book.)

Whatever his rank be, I boldly assert
Such a vulpicide villain will get his desert.

Here's a health to all sportsmen, wherever they be,
Long life to foxhunters of every degree,
Whether farmer or tradesmen, my lord or his grace,
May he spend his last days in support of the chase.



CHAPTER V.

CONTEMPORARY PACKS.



* **B**EST for hunting in the early part of the nineteenth century resulted in not a few packs of harriers being kept in every country regularly hunted by foxhounds. In the foregoing chapter a lengthy quotation was given regarding the early followers of the Hurworth Hounds and, incidentally, both Mr. Maynard's Harlsey Harriers and Col. Hildyard's Stokesley pack were mentioned. Both were exceedingly popular, and, as the powers that be with the local foxhounds frequently threw in their lot with the hare-hunters (whose sport boasts a much greater antiquity than the chase of the fox), it was, no doubt, with their knowledge and consent that when a fox was put up the harriers were allowed to run it. Col. Hildyard's pack showed great sport in what is now the Cleveland West (and one might say best) country, and occasionally visited portions of the Hurworth domains. The Master lived at the Manor House, at Stokesley, and was the son of a sporting cleric who died in 1865.

Sir Alfred Pease, in his book, refers to the Colonel as keeping "a crack pack of harriers which showed great sport; he was a most hospitable man, and was known to keep a good cellar; throughout his life he had 1,100 dozens of wine always in the house." He is recorded in the Cleveland Hunt records as a "new subscriber" in 1835 (the year of John Andrew's

* Initial letter the Marquess of Zetland.

death), when he gave the then handsome sum of £10. I am told the favourite and most frequent fixtures were Stainton, Hilton, Acklam, Blue Bell, Hemlington, Newton, Ayton, Broughton and Carlton. A big stud of hunters was kept at the Manor House stables. Mr. W. H. Burnett sends the following reminiscences regarding Col. Hildyard:

“ He was an austere man, one of the old army breed. He had a great friend, Major Healey, who had lost an arm (we boys always understood at Waterloo), and who lived in the Grammar School Square. They were nearly always together. Colonel Hildyard had a solitary sister who used to live with him, and I suppose kept house. The Colonel built the Town Hall and the shambles and the engine-house at his own expense. There is a good full-length portrait of him in the Town Hall. He was thought to be a stern magistrate. He was interred in



Dr. Handysides.

the family vault on the north side of the Churchyard. His funeral was a big function. I saw it all from a coign of

'vantage, overlooking Churchyard and Manor House, on the Churchyard wall. Miss Hildyard, who was a big buxom spinster of masculine tendencies, used to hunt with her brother's hounds until she met with an accident, when she gave it up. She was very fond of hounds, and wherever she went she had two with her as companions. In Colonel Hildyard's time the town was governed from the Manor House, where old Dr. Handysides (who was prominent in connection with the Stokesley race meeting and at local coursing meetings) was a frequent visitor."

The Captain Healey, to whom Mr. Burnett refers, was indeed a boon friend of Colonel Hildyard's. He lost his arm at the battle of Albuera, yet was a most daring rider. He was one of the cracks of the day, and was often mounted on one of the Colonel's hunters.

A nephew of Colonel Hildyard's—Mr. Heneage Wynne, afterwards Major Wynne—occasionally followed the Hurworth and was an excellent horseman. He went with his regiment to the Crimea, where he was killed at the battle of Inkerman, November 5th, 1854. Colonel Hildyard had died on October 30th in the same year, aged 67, and had left his property equally between two of his nephews, Major Wynne and Mr. J. R. W. Hall, who afterwards took the name of Hildyard. Major Wynne never knew of his good fortune. His share of the property went to his father.

Another pack of hounds hunting in the Hurworth country in early years was that kept by Mr. Christopher Rowntree. Regarding whom an interesting trial took place in 1803, and was thus reported :

“ At an assize held at York, to decide whether one, Christopher Rowntree, of Middleton-on-Leven, the celebrated Cleveland foxhunter, was

a gentleman. The only evidence given against him was that he was blind of one eye, wore leather breeches, and when he came to Stokesley market dined at an ordinary with the farmers at one shilling or eighteenpence a head, the best joints of beef then never being sold by the butchers at more than fourpence a pound, and eggs being retailed at our market at twopence a dozen, during the season. As his worldly wealth and unblemished character were freely admitted by his opponents (though they doubted whether he could be said to keep a pack of hounds, as each of his tenants fed a few of them, and the horn was blown to gather them together when they had to assemble for a hunt). The counsel on behalf of C.R. declared that a gentleman remained such wherever he dined. Could those wishing to hold from him that title, to which his client possessed every just claim, they ought to have proved, not where he dined and paid, but where he dined and left without paying, then guilty of such an act as that, he would have lost all right to have been considered a gentleman, they, his opponents should have proved, not that he went abroad in leather breeches. but without any at all, then that truly would have stamped his client as no gentleman." The *Sporting Gentleman* of that year said, regarding the trial, "A match was to be rode by gentlemen only; but the person who won it was not admitted to be a gentleman, and the amount of the sweepstakes was therefore refused to him. On this the action was brought. He had a verdict in his favour."

"A New Hunting Song, made on a fox chase," written 1783, and included amongst the Roxburghe Ballads (and given in the Badminton Library volume of verse) refers to Rowntree thus:

Rowntree, a noted old sportsman as good
Who brags of his Grey-tail, that choice bit of blood,
How at Stokesley so clever she won every race,
And how that she's equally famed for the chase.

We shall have more to say of Stokesley Races later.

In the early part of the nineteenth century, when the Hurworth frequently stayed at Guisborough for a week at a time, to hunt that portion of what is now the Cleveland country, they frequently ran foul of Mr. Wharton's Skelton Harriers, as will be seen later by the Wilkinsons' diaries. In addition to these packs, Mr. Peirse had harriers at Thimbleby, and Mr. Trotter had a pack on the Durham side. Later, Mr. R. S. D. Roper hunted a portion of the country with harriers, and in his diary (from which we hope to give quotations later) we find that he often drew "Lozzy's Whin," and not infrequently ran a fox when one got up before his pack. They must have been death on hares, for in his diary for Nov. 1st, 1842, we find the master making the following entry :

"Harriers at Lime (?) Pasture. Day very wet. Very good scent. Killed 5 hares. Obligated to come home, as the hounds killed every hare that got up almost immediately."

Then there were Mr. Maynard's Harlsey Harriers and Rickaby's Swainby pack (with which the Wilkinsons occasionally clashed). In those days intercommunication was difficult, and country gentlemen were compelled to eke out their sport pretty much on their own properties, or at any rate on their own estates. Thus is it one finds that there were many packs of hounds hunting one particular country. They were called harriers, but nothing seems to have delighted the field more (as is the case with the Glaisdale harriers of to-day) than when the nobler quarry—the fox—jumped up. Witness another extract from Mr. Roper's diaries :

"Nov. 3rd, 1843.—Harriers at Leven House. Killed two hares in view. Found a third and during the run changed to a fox, which was lost near an old barn near Coatham [Stobbs]. Found a fourth, and in the run also changed to fox which went to ground in a drain."

THE LATE MR. R. S. D. R. ROPER'S DIARIES:

VARIED SPORT FROM 1842—54.

Harking back to the time of Frank Coates' huntsmanship of the Hurworth there were, as has already been stated, no diaries kept by the Wilkinson family after the death of Mr. Thomas Wilkinson, in 1823, till Mrs. Wilkinson commenced her records in 1854. We have, however, been fortunate enough to have loaned to us "the accounts of sport for the years 1842 and onwards," kept by the late Mr. R. S. D. R. Roper, who was about this epoch "one of the main men" with the Hurworth, Wynyard and South Durham, and the Duke of Cleveland's. In addition to riding regularly with these packs, the late Mr. Roper, who lived at Heighington at the time he began his diaries, kept a pack of harriers with which he enjoyed sport on "off days." He was an all-round sportsman, and accounts of hunting are frequently interspersed with details of shooting days which make interesting reading to-day. As mentioned in the previous chapter, Mr. Roper was known as a good horseman, as was his brother-in-law, Mr. George Gilpin-Brown, whose name is deep writ in Northern hunting history about this period. Mr. Roper died on February 15th, 1867, and was buried at Gilling. His son, Mr. George Roper, of The Lodge, Gilling West, Richmond, has followed in the footsteps of his father and, as will be seen from the excerpts from the diaries, began his sporting career so long ago as 1846, when he had his initiatory day, at the age of five, with the Duke of Cleveland's foxhounds and was presented with the brush. In his day Mr. George Roper was well known with the Raby Hunt, when Mr.

Cradock was at its head, and prior to that time when the country was divided. He also hunted regularly with the Bedale when Mr. Mark Milbank was in the zenith of his fame, and later when Mr. Roper's friend, Mr. John Booth, piloted them from times of difficulty to seasons of brilliant success.

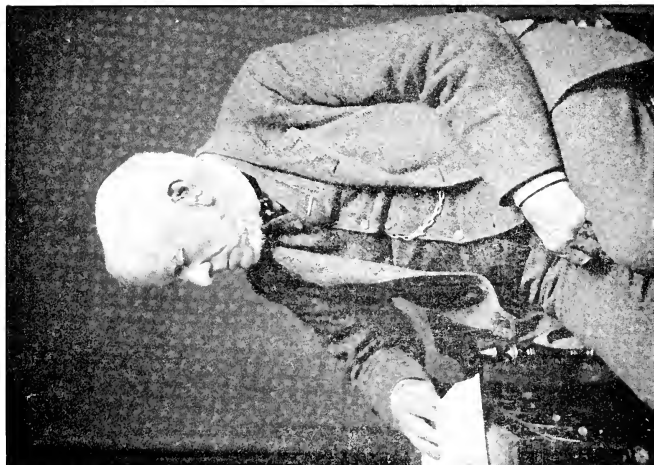
It is interesting to note that Mr. Roper was a witness (as was the present writer's father) of the terrible Ainsty Ure fatality, when the ferry-boat capsized at Newby, and would have been on the boat himself had there been room for two more horses and men. As a matter of fact he *was* actually on the boat and was attempting to get his horse on when Mr. Vyner begged him not to continue his efforts, pointing out that there were already as many, or more, on board as the boat would hold. Very fortunately for him Mr. Roper did as he was requested.

Mr. Roper still maintains his interest in the chase and is often seen on wheels with the Zetland Hounds. Now for some extracts from his father's diaries:

Oct. 12th, 1842: Shot with Mr. John Colling, at White House. The party consisted of J. Colling, J. Allison, W. Allison, and Wilkinson. The bag consisted of 64 head, of which 14 were pheasants.

Oct. 18th: Heard of a brace of pheasants which were feeding near Lozzy's Whin the night before. After hunting went with Dixon and John to look for them. Found one in a little plantation of Mr. Cumby's and the other in the whin. Bagged both and a snipe.

22nd: Harriers at Wilkinson's Whin. Very wet morning. Got a regular soaking and very poor sport. Killed two hares. [The late Mr. Roper kept a pack of harriers when at Heighing-



MR. T. FARRINGTON.



THE LATE MR. E. S. D. ROPER.

ton.] Dixon saw another pheasant, so from the whin we tried for him in the afternoon but were unsuccessful.

Nov. 9th: Met Hurworth at Low Middleton. Drew along the river banks. Newsham banks blank. Found no fox in Fountains' Plantations. Went to Burdon and found in a stubble field. Ran over the railway near the quarry hole, down past Fighting Cocks to Dinsdale Wood, thro' it to Blackett's, where he ran to ground. Dug him out and killed him. Very fair day's sport.

Nov. 24th, 1842: Hurworth at Yarm. Drew the banks of the river to Worsall Gill blank. Found in the covert at Farthingside; ran him back thro' Worsall Gill to Picton Plantations, near Appleton, very fast. There he turned back to Worsall Gill where he was killed, after running once up and down the Gill. Found again at Farthingside Whin and had a very pretty ring. Left them running near Over Dinsdale.

Nov. 29th, 1842: Met Hurworth at Killerby. Found at Trundlemire, ran a ring to the North to the cover again. Went thro' without dwelling and ran over the hill towards Ingleton, before reaching which he went to ground. Dug him out and killed him. Went to Hilton Tarn (or Cairn), found and ran him through Trundlemire, over the hill, and ran into him in 16 minutes. *Very fast.* One fall. Rode "Samson."

Dec. 6th, 1842: Hurworth, Greystones blank; found in some whinny pastures and ran to ground immediately. He was not got out at 4 o'clock, in fact the terrier worried him. Shocking day's sport. Think the Hurworth too fond of digging and bolting.

10th do.: Thickness of fog prevented my meeting the Hurworth at Cleasby village. Turned out with the harriers, and at 12 the fog cleared off when we had two very good and

fast runs. Killed two. Rode "Samson" [added later].
Blank day at Cleasby.

17th do.: Met Hurworth at Neasham. Found near Cookson's, but he was headed backwards and forwards by foot people and all chance of sport spoiled. Bad day.

24th do.: Met Hurworth at Dalton Wood. Drew D.W. blank. Jimmy Cookson whipped up a fox in the boundary hedge which, after a ring, ran to Beverley Wood, from whence another fox went away by Hornby Grange, across Worsall Moor, past Farthingside covert and Over Dinsdale, crossed the river near the hotel and went to ground in Lozzy's Whin. Very good from the Hornby road and fast.

29th do.: Saw Lord Zetland's harriers at Middleton Tyas. Hounds too fat. Poor day's sport. Rode James Wharton's chestnut mare.

Jany. 28th, 1843: Hurworth at Lovesome Hill. Found at Deighton and had a very fast burst to Harlsey, where a check took place. He was hit off again and killed in Silton Wood, beyond Thimbleby, passing Foxton Wood and Kibbeck Mill. 1 hour and 10 minutes.

Feby. 9th, 1843: Hurworth a bye day at Entercommon. Found a fox in Beverley Wood, which went away over a beautiful line of country, but unluckily the hounds could not be got out of covert till too far gone. Drew Beverley Wood again, Allan's Plantations, Eryholm, Rockcliffe Scarr blank. Tried to dig (horrible dictu) out a fox from a drain, during which process I left them. Rode "The Nob."

25th do.: Hurworth at Neasham. Found in Lozzy's Whin. He went thro' Grey's Plantations, past Pease's, across Hurworth Moor, over the railway to Blackbanks, where he crossed the Skerne, thro' Allan's Whin (or past it as no one

saw them) , over the high road down to the Tees, over the river, and it is supposed he went to ground in Stapylton Banks. Went back and found another fox in Pease's Plantation. The pace was so fast that I hardly know the line of country passed over. He was killed near Haughton in 22 minutes. Pace tremendous.

Oct. 11th, 1843: Shot with Thos. Allison and killed 22 head, principally rabbits. Day soaking.

12th: Mr. Wilkinson, who did not show up yesterday, appeared this morning, and during five hours we killed 81 head.

Nov. 3rd, 1843: Harriers at Swan House. Killed two hares in view. Found a third and during the run changed to fox, which was lost near an old burn near Coatham [Stobb]. Found a fourth and in the run also changed to fox, which went to ground in a drain in the railway.

16th do.: Met Hurworth at Killerby. Found at Trundlemire and, after hunting slowly past Morton Lime Kiln Banks to Haughton Plantations, either a fresh fox was found or the run one doubled back by Summerhouse, Killerby, and run to ground in a drain, from which last year we bolted and killed. The Duke not wishing him to be bolted in this instance, we trotted to Hilton Cairn, where, in spite of the new brick kiln, we found, and had a brilliant spurt to Craig Wood, through which we went to Gordon Whin, back again to Craig Wood, where the hounds were halloa'd to a fresh fox, which ran to Raby Park wall where they were whipped off. Hard day for horses.

Dec. 7th, 1843: Hurworth at Haughton Bridge. Found at Greystones. Ran him past Wilkinson's Whin, Coatsay Moor, to the drain near Peelacre Plantations. Tried Haughton Plantations, Lime Kiln Banks, and Dobbison's Whin, blank.

Went back to the drain and found the fox ready for bolting. He was allowed 3 or 4 minutes start when the hounds were laid on. He went through Peelacre, past Archdeacon Newton, to Baydales, where he got to ground and again saved himself. The distance was done in 25 minutes and the pace first-rate. A very good thing indeed.

Jany. 6th, 1844: Met at Neasham. Found in Lozzy's Whins immediately and went thro' Grey's Plantations, thence in a ring to the Fighting Cocks, then to the cross roads leading to Middleton-one-Row and Dinsdale, where he bent to the left and passed in front of Laird's house to the plantation, then to the high end of Newsham Banks, where he turned to the left to Waldy's Plantations and down to the river, which he crossed. Up to this point the time was one minute under three quarters of an hour, and the pace as fast as it well could be. After crossing the river he ran nearly to the Yarm and Catterick Road, which he crossed and made for Major Lowe's Plantation. Here we again joined the hounds, having gone round by Yarm Bridge. After a slight check we got on a fresh fox and ran him by the river side to Worsall Whin, then over by Kirklevington to Crathorne to Rudby Wood, where there were two or three foxes afoot and I left them, my nag not being fit for a fresh fox. The pace after the river was not so good. The whole run was two hours minus five minutes; over a very heavy country and the run one of the *very* best I ever saw. Rode "Lottery." N.B.—Gave "Lottery" to Wm. Atkinson.

[Hunting fixtures in those days were not advertised, though notices were sent out, posted in inn parlours, and occasionally announced with other notices from the pulpit on Sunday morning. The following entry in Mr. Roper's diary shows us how "he say and she say" information as to hunting fixtures was not always correct]:

March 4th, 1884: Went to Caldwell to meet the Duke of Cleveland's Staghounds, but found out that my servant had made a mistake, the Duke being at Killerby.

March 5th: Met Hurworth at Entercommon and found at Blackett's Whin. He went out at the South side of the whin; turned to Appleton Wiske, then to the right and past Welbury and Rounton, and was run into in the open near Haggett Hill after a beautiful burst of 30 minutes; pace very fast, country heavy. Tried Beverley Wood and found immediately a brace of foxes. The hounds took the worst line. When they were got off they were unable to run the other on account of the scent being foiled by three hounds, which had got away with the first fox. After running him slowly to Pepper Hall Plantations I left them.

March 28th, 1844: Met Hurworth at Cleasby. Drew Howden Hills blank. Found at Brettonby and after a sharp burst towards Howden Hills he was lost. Drew Sowerby's Plantations blank, and went to Sir W. Chaytor's and found in the wood. He went to Halnaby, where he was headed and turned for Allan's Whin but at the road he was headed again. He then ran past the brick kilns and over the hill, and crossed the brook half way between Kirkbanks and Middleton Tyas, where he turned to the left to Moulton. He crossed the lane near the end of the village and pointed direct for where the old whin was, but was headed from it and killed within two fields of Scurrah House. This was a very fast run, the fox never being far before them and twice in the same field with the hounds.

April 9th: Entercommon. Found in Beverley Wood. Ran him up to the eastward of Hornby and Blackett's Whin, over the stell and into a country which I did not know. Found

a second fox, after drawing Beverley Wood again blank, in the Gill near George Allan's plantation. Went away best pace up to Entercommon road above the black boy, then to Pepper Hall Plantation, thro' which he went without dwelling. Cross the [blank] and ran between it and the railway past Birkby, and was making direct for Hutton Bonville when he turned short to the left, re-crossed the bottoms and ran down to near Appleton Wiske, where he was killed. Very good run. Rode "The Nob."

N.B.—"Nob" died June 4th, in John Husband's hands. "Lottery" was shot by Tommy Copley's keeper, having tumbled with Wm. Atkinson, to whom I had given him.

	<i>Foxhounds.</i>	<i>Harriers.</i>	<i>Staghounds.</i>	<i>Total.</i>
"Samson" ...	13	8	5	26
"The Nob" ...	14	8	2	24
"Lottery" ...	7	5	2	14
"Birthday" ...	5	0	1	6

[NOTE.—"Lottery" was no doubt given his name from the famous horse which won the first Grand National, or, as it was then called, the Grand Liverpool Steeplechase, run on Feby. 26th, 1839. Jim Mason, who steered the horse to victory, made his first appearance on him in the St. Alban's Steeplechase, in 1836, when he finished third, being then hardly fit. Six weeks later, at Barnett, he beat a big field. "Lottery" was owned by Mr. John Elmore and Mr. Yates, and bred in Yorkshire.—ED.]

Dec. 3rd, 1844: Hurworth at Low Middleton. Drew Newsham banks blank. Found at Aislaby Plantation, and after a ringing half hour he went to ground near Yarm. Tried Marshall Fowler's Plantation and the open up to Goosepool blank. Found in a hedgerow close to the plantation. He ran thro' Burn Wood to Coatham Stobb earths. The pace tremendous. He then doubled back through Burn Wood

again to Goosepool Plantation where he broke again almost over the same line, only a little wider, by Long Newton, Early Nook, down to Eggescliffe, where he went into a drain under the road and was killed by two hounds and got out and worried. Very good day's sport indeed. The time from finding to killing being one hour and a half. Rode "Ugly Buck."

Feby. 27th, 1845: Hurworth at kennels. Found at Sockburn and had a vast of running and lost him. Went to kennels and got a second pack of hounds and found immediately in the whin. Went thro' Grey's Plantation, thro' Pease's and to ground in Hurworth Moor Whin. I left but they found again and killed. Rode Mr. Sowerby's horse. "Buck" out with Billy Messenger.

Season 1845-6: The campaign opened as far as could be foreseen comparatively inauspiciously, a grey horse that I had bought having fallen lame. However, he was returned and his place filled up, as will be noticed in due season. There is a good report of foxes from all quarters and every prospect of a brilliant season for men with plenty of nags.

Nov. 1st, 1845: Hurworth at the kennels. Joined them at Hurworth. Drew below Pilmore blank. Found in the whin and had a scurry to Black Banks, which I lost owing to trying to shoot a white pheasant. Found a fox in Pease's Plantation and ran him smartly to Lozzy's Whin where the hounds were drawn off and I left.

[NOTE.—One cannot refrain, in connection with the foregoing note, from quoting Whyte-Melville's couplet against the diarist:

One fox on foot more diversion can bring
Than twice twenty thousand cock pheasants on wing.]

Nov. 6th, 1845: Hurworth at Croft. Found at Dalton Wood and ran a ring and into Eryholm Scarr, then round the bottom by Hurworth. Two foxes crossed the water, the hounds following the second but could make nothing of him and lost near Neasham. The hounds got divided, some in the whin and some off with Frank Coates and Wilkinson, re-crossed the water, found another fox in George Allan's Plantations. Passed behind Entercommon into Beverley Wood. Nothing more was done with him. Grey horse sent home.

[NOTE.—This entry is interesting in that it shows us Frank Coates was still hunting the Hurworth in the season of 1845-6.]

Jany. 1st, 1846: Croft Bridge. Drew Dalton Wood blank. Found at Eryholm and killed immediately a fine old dog fox. George Allan's Plantation, Beverley Wood and Blackett's Whin blank. Found at Hornby Grange and ran him very slowly past the house down to the stell and in the direction of Deighton, when I gave it up as a bad job and left. N.B.—After I left the fox had waited for them and they had a capital 40 minutes to Arncliffe Wood.

6th: After being unable to get out with the Hurworth on the 3rd, the Duke of Cleveland's on the 5th, the weather was kind enough to break about ten last night, consequently this morning I went and breakfasted with Wilkinson, the meet being Low Middleton. Drew Aislaby Plantations and every inch of country in the usual try, by Coatham Stobb, &c., Goosepool Plantations, Fountain's do.,—all blank when I left at 5 minutes past three o'clock.

27th: Entercommon. Went and found at Deighton Whin. He broke as if for the hills, across a country of which I have no knowledge. The points were from Deighton to within a few fields of Northallerton, where he turned and passed

by Harlsey Castle, Harlsey, Rounton and nearly to Hornby Grange, which we passed to the left, thro' Blackett's Whin, and was lost near Longroof'd House.

Oct. 2nd, 1846: Shot the Fox Hall Plantations with Mr. Allison and killed 70 head. On this day Mr. Wilkinson and Mr. Scurfield backed themselves to beat Mr. Allison and myself but failed to do so. Mr. Wilkinson and I each killed 20 head.

Oct. 6: Day after Hurworth Hunt dinner. Hounds at kennels. Owing to wetness of morning did not go but went to York Union Hunt meeting. Sent "Samson" and "Ugly Buck." Billy Messenger got a fall over Mr. Blackett's post and rails on the Buck, which, according to everybody's account, served him right.

October 30th: Duke of Cleveland's at Middleton Lodge. Found plenty of foxes and killed one cub, the brush of which was given to my son, George, that being his first appearance with foxhounds. He rode a grey pony called "Crutch" and his age is five off.

31: Hurworth at Beverley Wood. On getting there found they had orders to stop the hounds, so, after seeing them find in Beverley Wood and run to George Allan's Plantations, I left.

Jany. 20, 1847: Hurworth at Entercommon. Went direct to Deighton Whin. The hounds were hardly in the cover when "gone away" was the word. He crossed the Deighton and Northallerton road, and went past Harlsey and Mr. Mauleverer's place to Arncliffe Wood, straight through it and along the line of hills past Scarth Nick, and was run into in Scugdale. One hour and twenty-five minutes over a magnificent country. We left off 30 miles from home. "Samson," old horse, very fresh.

March 1st: Went to Raby. March 2nd, met Duke of Cleveland's at Manfield. Rode "Benedict." Bought this horse from James Cookson for £100.

March 16th: Hurworth at Middleton-one-Row. Middleton-St.-George and Goosepool Plantations, and all the country by Low Middleton to Aislaby Plantations blank. Found at Aislaby and ran him across Stockton and Darlington railway to Elton, and killed him close to Stockton after a good hour.

Nov. 9th, 1847: Hurworth at Low Middleton. Did not find till we got to Aislaby. Found three or four and after a ring we ran into one. Found again in Farrer's Whin and after a sharp scurry ran into him—both old dog foxes. The scent was tremendous. *Gave up for fear of killing more.*

Dec. 23: Hurworth at Hurworth. Hurworth Moor Whin blank. Lingfield and all the Burdon and Sadberge country blank. Found at Lozzy's Whin. Ran down the hill and went to ground near Neasham Hall. Tried all the country by Blackbanks, &c., and found no more, when I left, it being nearly dark. They, however, persevered, and whipped up a fox in a ploughed field and had a run such as daylight afforded. Finished the day by a ball at the Squire's.

Dec. 28th: Hurworth at Dalton Wood. In consequence of offence given to Capt. Allan, at Mr. Wilkinson's ball, Mr. W. was discharged from hunting over the Captain's and George Allan's property. Instead, therefore, of trying Dalton Wood, we went to Eryholm, which was blank. Found at Beverley Wood, did not get on to the best fox and did nothing. Found again at Blackett's Whin. Had a quick burst by Hornby Grange and back to Beverley Wood. He crossed the river into Pettals and went to ground in Lozzy's Whin.

March 23rd, 1848: Hurworth at Croft. Went to a drain at Mr. Allan's, at Blackwell, and found in it a brace of foxes. After two hours bolted one and could not run him a yard.

[NOTE.—Evidently “the discharge” from Mr. Allan's property had been withdrawn and friendly relations re-established.]

29: Duke of Cleveland at Newsham. Burford Wood, Westwick pastures, Hawkesley Hill, and all other covers blank to Raby Park. Found near the scene of the murder of Shirley, the first whip, and after running entirely round Staindrop lost him at Gainford Great Wood. A severe storm of thunder and lightning during the run.

April 4: Entercommon country, and 11th Croft Bridge, blank days with Hurworth.

Nov. 25th, 1848: Hurworth at Croft Bridge. A message came from Capt. Allan desiring Mr. Wilkinson not to draw his coverts.

[NOTE.—This was probably because of shooting arrangements only, for hounds found a brace in Capt. Allan's Whin on the 5th of December following and “ran one as if for Pepper Hall Low Plantation, but the Bedale meeting there on Friday and the scent being wretched hounds were taken off.”]

April 11th, 1849: Bedale at Exelby village. Found one of a number of foxes, that a farmer said was always “girling” at him, in an open field and had a quick good thing to Theakstone, then over Snapemire to Camp Hill, where we found a fresh fox, and, after running up and down those interminable woods for some time, I left.

[NOTE.—“Girling” is a Yorkshire word for “grinning,” showing the teeth, leering in a contemptuous way. A dog is said to “girn” when it shows its ivories prior to a “set to.” —ED.]

November 13th, 1849: Hurworth hounds at Hurworth. Found at Hurworth Moor Whin but made nothing of him. Went to Lingfield Whin where we got on to a fox which had stolen away at a fair hunting pace to Little Burdon, where he turned up wind, and they flew after him past the Fighting Cocks to Dinsdale Wood at a tremendous pace. Here he turned, ran past Fighting Cocks and past the Duke of Cleveland's whin, given to the Hurworth, and was lost near little Burdon. Mr. Wilkinson had a bad fall.

19th: Missed a fine hunting day owing to being obliged to sit on a bastardy case which occupied from twelve to half-past seven o'clock.

20th: Hurworth at Welbury. Found for first time in the Whin and ran a merry ring to Deighton, where a fresh fox went away and ran to Hutton Bonville Whin, whence (I think) a fresh fox broke, and after running to Danby Wiske he was lost close to Hutton Bonville Hall. Tried Deighton Whin again—blank, and most of the field having departed after the fox was lost hounds went home.

30th Nov., 1849: Duke again at Winstone Bridge. The frost gone but a very thick fog. About half past one the hounds were put into covert and two or three foxes were soon afoot. After a little while ran one to ground about a mile from the bank, where the Duke amused himself by digging for the rest of the day. Fog so thick you could not see 100 yards before you. I left them digging.

Dec. 11th: Hurworth at Dalton village. Tried and found at Eryholm and killed immediately. Whilst eating the victim, a fox swam across the river to our side and broke thro' the gardens of Eryholm village and ran straight for Entercommon, thence as if for Pepper Hall Plantations, but, turning to the

right, he crossed the Entercommon road near the railway bridge and ran for two miles parallel to the railway, leaving it on his left. He then crossed it and went straight for the young larch plantation, on to Mr. Chaytor's estate and thence to Halnaby, where he was killed close to the hall.

Dec. 19th: Hurworth at Deighton. Found immediately in the whin. He ran as straight for the hills as he well could and was killed a mile beyond Osmotherley. A ride home of 26 miles.

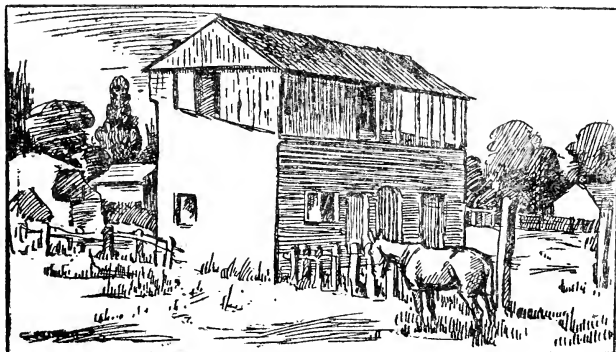
Jany. 21st, 1851: Entercommon. Found in W. Allan's Whin. He broke as if for Pepper Hall but turned over Wilkinson's farm and down to Beverley Wood, straight through it and to Longroofed House. Here he took the line of the stell straight to Picton Plantation, thro' them and without a check to the Leven banks. This was a brilliant run; the country very deep and only 6 of us saw it.

Dec. 22nd, 1852: Croft Bridge. Dalton Wood blank. Found at Eryholm. Ran him to G. Allan's plantations, when he turned to the right and ran over Emmerson's farm to Allan's Whin and then to the railway bridge, on the road from Straggleton Gate to Entercommon, over the railway and Richmond line and over the main line again to Dalton. Here, having cast a shoe, I left, the run to this point having been good. The hounds afterwards crossed the river, ran to near Darlington, back by Blackbanks, over the river again and killed a fox with a half brush. Mr. Wilkinson said he had known him for two years.

Nov. 29th, 1853: Hurworth at kennels. Most desperate wet day. For two hours the gentlemen sportsmen waited, drinking cherry brandy in Mr. Wilkinson's dining room, hoping for better weather, but in vain. At last they started in defiance

of weather, and when my horse was brought out he was lame so I rode my hack home. No sport.

Dec. 20th: Hurworth at Welbury. Found in the win. He broke and ran in the direction of Northallerton and went two or three miles beyond and turning was lost near the race-course.



The Old Grandstand on Northallerton Racecourse,
now removed.

[NOTE.—It may be interesting here to say a few words regarding Northallerton Races, which were at one time a popular fixture in the Hurworth country, but which, like Richmond, Stokesley, Durham, Middleham, Malton and other local meetings, have gone to the wall. I fancy I am correct in saying the meeting had its birth in 1765, the fixture lasting three days and being held in October.]

T. C. White, in his *History of the British Turf* (1840), says:

“The Races take place toward the middle of October and continue two days.

“1st Day—Sweepstakes of 10 sovereign each, with 20 added for two years old colts and fillies—T.Y.C.

“The Town Plate of £50, for maiden horses; heats, two miles.

“2nd Day—The Gold Cup, value 100 guineas, by a subscription of 10 sovs. each, for all ages; two miles.

“Silver Cup, value £50, by a subscription of 5 sovs. each, for maiden horses, etc.; heats, two miles.

“3rd Day—Plate of £50 for all ages; two mile heats.

“These races, like many others, are most unnecessarily protracted to three days—the list of sport being barely sufficient for two.”

“The Druid,” in *Silk and Scarlet*, writes:

“About 1807, Shepherd, Jackson, Billy Peirse and Ben Smith had all the best of the Northern Riding. . . . Jackson, who only yielded to Bill Scott in the number of Leger victories, had a rare start with Mr. Hutchinson’s stable, which he knew right well how to use. He had the prettiest seat of the four, . . . No man was ever more honest and respectable; but, although he had been able to ride 7 st. 7 lb. almost to the last, he had but little left when he died. Before he took to his inn at Northallerton, he held the race-course farm, and the horses made the turn just below his front door. On both afternoons he was wont to keep open house for his friends; but his kindness was sadly abused, and scores who scarcely knew him by sight used to be found deep in his beef and beer.”

The racecourse was situated near the railway station, the new County Hall being built near where the old grandstand stood. The final fixture was held early in the eighties, and if my memory serves me aright, the winner of the last great North Riding Handicap, value £60 (the “big race”), was Mr. John Osborne’s “Evening Chimes,” distinguished as the dam of “Matin Bell” (the Northumberland Plate winner of 1888), owned by the late Mr. C. Perkins, trained by Harry Hall, and ridden by Seth Chandley.—ED.]



SEASONS 1855 TO 1860.

—
WILL DANBY AND MR. T. WILKINSON.
—

Mrs. A. C. Wilkinson now begins to keep the Hurworth Hunt journals, and her first record is with reference to Will Danby :

2nd October, 1855.—Sockburn : Danby's first day as huntsman. Killed a cub. Rode " Quaker."

Of Will Danby, " The Druid " writes in *Silk and Scarlet* :

" The former [Tommy Hodgson, of Holderness fame] has hung up his horn for years, but Will Danby, his equally famous whip, is just entering upon his fiftieth season of his life in scarlet ; and although the grey hairs may be seen straggling under his cap, he is a wonderful instance of what a hardy Yorkshire constitution, good temper and rigid temperance can effect for a man in ' these degenerate days.' Will is quite a key to Yorkshire hunting history ; but tiles have, of later years, become his thorn in the flesh. ' This draining,' as he emphatically observed to us, when we took counsel with him near the Hurworth kennels, ' is just the ruin of scent ; I wish they'd be done with it ; when I was a boy we could hunt from morning till night.' He was born near Hornby Castle ; and the ruling passion with him was strongly fostered at fourteen (in 1809), when one of the farm houses, included in his father's lease, was converted by the Duke of Leeds into a kennel for his hounds. This was the crisis of his fate, and henceforward he devoted his attention more to helping the feeder to walk the hounds about than to grounding himself in the elements of agriculture. His expressed views on drainage would, in fact, have militated so strongly against his advancement that it was well he established himself in the good graces of Kit Scaife, the huntsman, and found a more congenial outlet for energies."

After acting as whip in the Badsworth and Scarborough countries, Will Danby went to the Holderness, as first whipper-in



WILL DANBY.

and kennel huntsman. He had his last day in this country on May 3rd, 1837, and next season went to the York and Ainsty. In 1853 the ill-fated Sir Charles Slingsby became Master of the York pack, and, as he wished to hunt hounds himself, Will retired with a testimonial. He could not settle down, however, to a houndless, huntless life, and in 1855 became huntsman to the Hurworth. There is an excellent oil painting of him in the Yorkshire Club, at York, by I. W. Snow, bearing the date 1815.

After this introduction to Will Danby, the Hurworth huntsman of the epoch under consideration, let us glance at the sport he showed as recorded by our diarist.

6th November.—The kennels. Found at Burdon. "Quaker," who was very fresh, pulled very hard over two or three fields. Thomas scolded because I could not stop him.

16th November, Friday.—Went to see the Raby Hounds, Mansfield. A very cold ride to cover, being white frost. Herbert rode "Gannemedé." Crossed a very awkward beck, or gully, with high banks, several times. Poor sport.

30th November.—Went to meet Durham County Hounds at Newbiggin. Run 30 minutes, the fox lay down in a hedge bottom and was killed close to Mr. Farrer's Whin. Rode "Batchelor." Said afterwards fox was shot by a poacher, but this was not known till months after.

22nd March, 1856, Saturday.—Low Middleton. Found at Mr. Farrer's Whin, three foxes in cover. Ran to Newsam Banks. Hounds divided. Pack much bothered with a great bloodhound that Mr. Strother's stupid son had brought out. Back to Mr. Farrer's, blank. Found at Mr. Sutton's; ran towards Elton. Hounds dreadfully ridden over. Bad scent. Goosepool blank. Rode chestnut. A number of ladies and girls out, namely: Mrs. Maynard, Mrs. Waldy, Miss Hammond,

Miss Scurfield, Miss Stowell, Miss Neasham, Amy and Sally.

26th March, 1856.—We all went to Pepper Hall to see Bedale foxhounds for last time. Very wet morning, rain and sleet, a large field. Found a bag fox close to the Hall. A short ring and lost. Found at Hutton Bonville, fast for a few fields, headed by a woman in a paddock, back through the cover, difficult hunting about railway, over the Wiske and lost. Rode chestnut; Danby out on "Quaker."

[NOTE.—At the end of the season 1855-56, Mr. Mark Milbank, son-in-law of the Duke of Cleveland, gave up the Bedale Hounds. He had been master of the country for 24 years, having formed what is now the Bedale territory in 1833, when the Duke gave up hunting owing to failing health. The author of *The Bedale Hounds*, says (page 60): He

"had got plenty of good whin coverts made, which were all well stocked with foxes, and had shown some capital sport and killed an average number of foxes. . . . A successor to Mr. Milbank was found in Mr. Duncombe (now the Earl of Feversham), who took up his residence at The Leazes. He started the formation of a new pack by buying the Forfarshire Hounds from Lord Dalhousie, a few from Mr. Milbank, and also a good draft when Capt. Percy Williams sold his Rufford Hounds."]

27th March, Thursday.—Croft Bridge. Found in Allen's Whin, half an hour in cover, ran to Dalton, killed on the Scar, close to Rockcliffe, fox lost in river and sank. A very pretty kill. Major Williamson was fishing in the river for salmon and after we left dived for the fox many times without success. Found in Mr. Allen's Plantations and ran back to Mr. Allen's Whin, where hounds were stopped, fox being too long gone and scent bad. Rode "Quaker." Amy, Sally and uncle out.

15th November, 1856.—Entercommon. Rode chestnut, who was quite sound. Beverley Wood blank. Found in Mr. Allen's Plantation several foxes. One broke and went away

very fast to Eryholme where he went to ground. There were three new earths Jack Dixon had never found. Tried Dalton Wood, etc., blank; found instantly in Allen's Whin (a fox had been seen going towards the cover from Eryholme half an hour before), fast to Emmerson's Plantation, a check, then lost near Beverley Wood. Danby went back, and hounds crossed the river to a halloa from Entercommon. Saw the run fox cross the fields towards Hornby Grange. Could not make Danby hear, so we went home rather vexed.

23rd December, Tuesday.—High Worsall Toll Bar. Found in Green Lane cover a very fine large fox, which ran straight to the Cleveland hills, where the hounds were stopped. Did not know the names of the places we passed, except Mr. Nightingale's (Faceby Lodge). Came home through Crathorne. Enjoyed the day very much. Frosty and cold coming home, and my habit having been wet and dirty was frozen stiff.

10th Jan., 1857.—Croft Bridge. Found in a small plantation, Blackwell, near Angel Inn, ran to the Grange, back over road near Blackwell village towards Conniscliffe, over the road, and a few fields turned short back through Blackwell, in front of the Grange, over road. Killed near the Skerne. Brush given to Master George Scurfield. Tried Pilmore blank. Found at Mr. George Chapman's, in the Gill, ran to Hurworth, Pilmore, etc., by our old cover towards Sockburn, but found there were too many scents near Mr. Grace's hind's house, so Danby blew his horn and stopped them. A frost till

20 Jany.—The Kennels for Fighting Cocks, as usual were long in cover, people riding about the lane, etc. Ran to Barningham and to Lea Close, where probably the fox went to ground—an hour and a quarter slow hunting. There was a long check near Sadberge.

Feb'y. 29th, 1857.—Croft Bridge: A very fine warm day. only one red coat (Mr. Waldy), a small field, everyone having gone to Middleton Tyas. Blackwell, etc., blank, there having been a good deal of pigeon shooting. Found at Sockburn. A ring and fast to Neasham, through Mr. Jackson's garden, lost near Mr. Grey's plantations. There had been several foxes on foot, and one having gone to ground, we took "Patch" (a favourite black and grey fox terrier) and went back to Bolton Park. "Patch" behaved valiantly and drove a fox on among the tree roots in a gully. George and John dug away the soil, and at last the fox was pulled out dead and "Patch" much bit on her nose. Tom, who had ridden about Sockburn on "Bob," with John behind, enjoyed the digging out very much, and was very proud of "Patch."

11th March.—Went to see the Raby Foxhounds. Waited more than an hour near a farm house (the wind very cold) before the hounds came, a quarter past twelve. To R. Allen's



(Barton) March 11th :-
 when 1857.

Miss H. Chaytor.

Whin blank, ditto Birch Carr and Halnaby Whin, rather odd after the grumbling we have heard from Mr. Wilson Todd about so many foxes. Mr. Scarth also told us the Duke pays rent for the cover. His Grace had a very bad cold, and looked very ill. Heard a fox had just been seen at Atkinson's farm house, ran nearly to Stapleton banks, through the cover, back nearly to R. Allen's Whin, came home. Thomas rode "Solomon," I rode "Wilful." We were much amused to see Miss H. Chaytor running over the fields with a large stick, and in a curious costume. Several hares were killed in Halnaby Whin, and the hounds looked very bloody when they came out. *Mem.*: There is likely to be trouble about Blackett's Bridge.

17th Nov., 1857.—A most disappointing day, a good many strangers out: Sir Marshall Wallace, Mr. Deighton, etc. Allen's Whin blank (Dick Wood, the Hurworth poacher, shoots there every day, and no one dare order him away for fear he might injure their lives or property). Went to George Allen's plantations, wishing to have a good chance for a run. Thomas placed the field, who behaved very well, up the lane towards Entercommon, where, as it turned out, we could hear neither hounds or horn. They found immediately and crossed the river, and we never heard Danby's signal, so we rode up and down the lane quite lost. Danby, George, and three or four others had a capital run, and stopped them at last near Worsall Gills. Thomas dreadfully vexed. He rode "Wilful."

15th Dec., 1857.—Deighton Village: A lovely morning. They found immediately, and a few fields from cover Danby's horse, "Peter," fell over a rail. He was thrown quite clear of him, but that wild man from Newcastle, Mr. Samuel Parker, was close behind, and leapt on him, injuring him severely. He was brought home in a gig. Mr. Easby came to see him. He

had one rib broken and his left leg much bruised, his watch perhaps partly saved him, it was bent in and stopped immediately (it is a double-cased, strong, silver hunting one). They had a good day's sport, to ground in Dinsdale Lane.

[NOTE.—A writer at the time referred to Danby and his accident thus: "Will says that Mr. Thomas Wilkinson was a first-rate master, and no man could care more for or take a

*Please give my best
Regards to master and
Miss Witherson
Your humble servant
Will Danby*

Facsimilé of Will Danby's signature.

greater interest in his servants, but poor old Will got lamed from his horse jumping on him, breaking three of his ribs, so that, in his own words, he 'could no longer straddle a horse,' but his master said, most kindly, 'Well, Will, we'll never part to the end of the chapter.'"]

THOMAS WILKINSON, Master.

November 23rd, 1858.

Weight of		st.	lb.	
Thomas Wilkinson.....	13	0		
Mrs. A. C. Wilkinson.....	7	13		
T. L. Wilkinson	3	4		
A. F. Wilkinson	2	10½		
"Patch" (the terrier).....		(?)		
Height of		ft.	in.	
Thomas Wilkinson.....	5	9½		
Mrs. A. C. Wilkinson.....	5	2½		
T. L. Wilkinson	3	10¾		} young son and daughter.
A. F. Wilkinson	3	7½		
Mr. A. Davy.....	6	1½		

CHAPTER VI.

—
MR. T. WILKINSON'S
AND MR. THOMAS PARRINGTON'S ERA.

—
1860—1861.
—



PARRINGTON is a name written large in the early history of the Hurworth—albeit of sport and agriculture generally. A writer in *Baily* for 1872 thus referred to his succeeding Will Danby as huntsman to the Hurworth:

“ He [Will Danby] was succeeded in 1860 by Mr. Thomas Parrington, whose father originally farmed the whole of the Middlesbrough Estate. He was well known as a very keen sportsman,* who thoroughly knew all about hunting and also a good rider with all the neighbouring packs, and as an amateur whip to the Cleveland as well as the originator of the Cleveland Hound Show, of which he managed till 1861, and he himself bred some very good horses. On becoming huntsman to the Hurworth he mounted himself and had a stake in the concern. He was at first assisted in the field and kennel by George Dodds only, then for the last season also by George Robinson, a fine lad, who came from Sir Charles Slingsby, and who went to the Lanark and Renfrew and died there in 1866. Under Mr. Parrington's *regime* fresh kennels were built and some capital stables, which, without being showy, are as good as I have ever seen, but he understands all this thoroughly, as he is a capital manager in all that appertains to horses and hounds. In the field few men are keener or know how and when to gallop better.”

Mr. Parrington's first season as huntsman to the Hurworth (1860) was a disastrous year for farmers, worse even than the memorable summer (courtesy title!) 1912. Cub hunting could

*For full biography of Mr. Parrington see *England's Oldest Hunt*, by the present writer.

not be started until October 13th, and half the corn was not cut then and never *was* reaped. *Apropos* of this Mr. Parrington tells a story to the effect that cutting being delayed he was glad to get anywhere to exercise hounds, and one morning set off from Hurworth and went to Catterick, then through the fields to call on Mr. John Jackson, at Oran. *En route* he passed the land farmed by the Outhwaites (who were good farmers and bred many famous shorthorns at Bainesse), and saw them cutting corn next to a field of standing beans. This was on October 4th and the beans were not lead in the following January, and eventually fold yards were built in the field and pigs were turned in.

The same year Mr. Mark Milbank was speaking at a political meeting, in favour of his son's Parliamentary candidature, and advocated some measure which did not meet with the approval of Mr. John Outhwaite, who called out "If you had your way you would soon bring farming to an end." Old Mr. Milbank at once replied: "I fancy that was the voice of our friend John Outhwaite, who farms in such a thorough manner that it takes him three years to grow a crop of beans." There was then a great laugh against Farmer John.

Hounds and horsemen that same season frequently galloped through fields of corn which were never reaped and had eventually to be ploughed in.

Mr. Parrington found they had a small pack, not in the best of condition, but containing some very useful hounds, especially two lemon-pies, which Squire Wilkinson had by some means got from the Duke of Buccleugh's. They were called "Trueman" and "Terrington," and were at their best when Mr. Parrington first went to Hurworth. They were very savage, and so keen for blood that it was almost impossible to

get a bit of a fox when hounds killed. "Terrington" invariably had a good share of the carcase, and then marched off with the mask, and carried it about for half-an-hour or so after. One day at a kill Mr. Parrington tried to drive "Trueman"



off the fox and gave him one or two sharp cuts with his whip, in return for which "Trueman" came for him and tore a piece out of his breeches. The feeder of this epoch dare not touch either of these lemon-pies, and Mr. Parrington discovered that "Terrington" would not wait till he was drawn, so the following morning he went along to the kennels armed with a useful "long tom." When the doors were opened and the feeder began drawing his hounds to feed "Terrington" made a dash and nearly knocked Mr. Parrington down. He caught him by the stern, however, and gave him "sike a leatherin' ez he

weean't fergit fer a bit" (as the feeder put it). The hound was then taken to the empty yard, and left there to ruminate and lick his swellings. When he had fed all the remainder, Mr. Parrington went to see "Terrington," and found him looking very demure and penitent in the corner of the yard. He called him by name and thought the hound looked rather pleased, so walked straight up to him (as Rarey used to do with the most vicious horses), patted him on the head, and then gave him a good feed. Never afterwards did he attempt to come out to feed till his name was called.

Regarding the peculiar trait of "Terrington," in that he invariably took possession of the mask of a fox after it had been broken up, Col. R. F. Meysey-Thompson relates a similar case in his book *A Hunting Catechism*. He says:

"In the early sixties a hound, "Layman," in the York and Ainsty pack, had the habit of always seizing the fox's head, when one was killed, and either carrying it till another fox was found or else taking it home to the kennels—for at that time it was not the custom to attach the fox's mask to the whip's saddle. "Layman" continued the practice until a son of his, "Villager," a very fine hound, was admitted into the pack, and the latter, being possessed of no filial respect, proceeded to usurp his sire's prerogative, and ever afterwards carried the head himself."

Lord Middleton gave Mr. Parrington some hounds, and when the Duke of Cleveland's pack was sold at Tattersall's, Mr. Parrington and Squire Wilkinson went up and bought 15 or more couples. The former crossed London early in the morning with these to King's Cross Station, to the astonishment of those astir. He put them all in a horse-box and set off with the hounds northwards, travelling with them in the box. He

recalls that they fought the whole way home. Of these about eight couple proved useful. Mr. Parrington did much to improve the pack by introducing fresh blood, and when the Duke of Cleveland's subscription of £500 a year came in his (Mr. Parrington's) second season, they had a little more money to work with.

For the first two seasons Mr. Parrington lived in rooms at Hurworth, and the other two he had a furnished house. The Spa, at Croft, at this time was at the height of its popularity, and the Spa Hotel was full of water-drinkers and hunting men, all "jovial fellows," more fond of wine, fun, and good dinners than water drinking, and still retaining some of the wildness of the old Tom and Jerry days. There was a dinner party every night, and Mr. Parrington and Squire Wilkinson often went down. Squire Wilkinson and several of the others drank the strongest, blackest port, and did not stint themselves either. As the evenings advanced, and the dew of vintage had fallen pretty heavily, it was a regular practice to see who could put a champagne or port bottle on his head, and, by stages, lie down and rise up again with the bottle still in position. The result was that there was a good deal of broken glass on the floor. These were the days of "the Merry Past," the days of many bumper toasts, and "no heel taps." If they took their liquor at this day they also took any amount of exercise as an antidote—no travelling in motor-cars to the meeting place, and none of the ease and luxury of this epoch!

They had a number of sporting parsons with them in the Hurworth field at this period. There was Parson Dyke, of Long Newton, whom Mr. Parrington describes as "a most handsome man and a good horseman." Then there was Parson Gooch, of Stainton-in-Cleveland, and the Rev. John Newton, of Kirby-in-Cleveland, who divided his affections

between the Cleveland and the Hurworth Hounds. Mr. Parrington considers Mr. Newton was "the best man I ever rode with; quiet, determined, rarely taking the lead, but never shaken off; never seeming to hurry or bustle, but always well up."

In the adjoining Cleveland hunting country about this period they had still existent a Friendly Society, whose rules contained a clause to the effect that they were no enemies to "fox hunting, hare hunting, harriers, cocking and smocking." To the encouragement of these allegiance had to be sworn with a hand laid on a hunting horn. The clergy, however, were to be excused from "smocking," but were expected to support the sports of venery. They used to have a parson in the Bedale country so keen on hunting that the song was sung specially of him :

Here's a health to the parson despising control,
 Who, to better his parish, his health or his soul—
 (On my honour I think he does each)—
 Five days in the week follows reynard and hounds,
 On the sixth duly goes his parochial rounds,
 And on Sunday devoutly can preach.

The Hurworth still have their chaplains, and I have seen four out on one single day on two separate occasions. One was the Rev. Mr. Heigham (Vicar of Wilton, whose brother hunts the Holderness as gentleman horn carrier); another was the Rev. D. Slingsby Atkinson (Vicar of Kirby Sigston), a cousin of the famous Sir Charles Slingsby, of York and Ainsty fame and brother of the late Rev. C. Slingsby, who was killed whilst following the York and Ainsty Hounds on Nov. 15th, 1912. The fixture was at Skip Bridge, and on a fox going away from Red House Wood the deceased sportsman took a foremost place in the van. As his horse alighted after jumping

a fairly stiff fence it stumbled and unseated Mr. Slingsby, who fell on his head and was killed instantly, his neck being broken.



Sir Charles Slingsby.

The deceased gentleman for some years lived in the Hurworth country, as Vicar of Kirby Sigston, and out of respect to his memory the Hurworth did not hunt on the day of his funeral. He was sixty-nine years of age, and for part of his life had ridden, and ridden well, to hounds. The son of the Rev. Thomas Atkinson, Rector of Kirby Sigston, he assumed the name and arms of Slingsby upon inheriting the Slingsby estates on the death of his cousin. The family has ever seemed to have a Nemesis overshadowing it, for if one goes back to the earliest days we find John de Slingsby died from wounds received at Flodden Field. Another member of the family lost his head in support of the Royalist cause in the Cromwellian epoch. A descendant, Thomas Slingsby, was drowned in the River Nidd. Sir Charles Slingsby, an uncle of the late sporting parson, lost his life in the terrible ferry-boat disaster on the river Ure, in 1869, which followed a fixture at Stanley House.

A fox was found in Monkton Whin, and was hunted away to Newby Park, where the fox swam the river into Lady Mary Vyner's grounds, the hounds quickly following. When the leading horseman came up the ferry-boat was hastily boarded, eleven men and their horses starting on their journey to the opposite bank. Sir Charles Slingsby's horse became restless, jumped into the water and in a moment the flat-bottomed boat capsized. Sir Charles was drowned, as were Mr. E. Lloyd, a fine swimmer, Mr. Robinson, of York; and Charles Orvis, the first whipper-in and kennel-huntsman.

Let us now return to Hurworth hunting parsons of to-day. They also include the Rev. Mr. Wilford and the Rev. J. L. Kyle, M.A., the Church-building, farming, public-house keeping Vicar of Carlton-in-Cleveland, who has the faculty for enjoying his days with hounds be the sport what it may. It is well when the pleasure of having a good horse underneath one, and of being out in the open with congenial spirits and with hounds is appreciated on an otherwise bad day. Unfortunately, at the present day, there are comparatively few who can enjoy a day without it is comparatively full of galloping and jumping. One regrets that the number of hunting parsons is decreasing, for they were a robust, healthy minded set of men with much in common with their flocks and, as a general rule, most approachable and beloved.

To revert to Mr. Parrington's epoch; amongst others who hunted with the Hurworth in his day was his friend, the famous John Jackson, known as "Jock o' Oran," and later as "Jock o' Fairfield." He was born some say at Tunstall, others at Oran, and was numbered amongst the wild "hell-for-leather" sportsmen of his day, who lived every day of their lives, punctuated them with much rough horse-play, were forgiven much

because they were loved much, played the game all round and died early, having had a real good time and saying with their last breath :

I have lived my life, I am nearly done,
 I have played the game all round,
 But the best of my fun, I freely admit,
 I owe it to horse and hound.

—*Whyte-Melville.*

A foxhunter, a bold horseman, a wonderful judge of a horse, a breeder of blood stock, and a leviathan member of the betting ring, he was the son of a small farmer, and, being a Yorkshireman and born in an atmosphere of hunting and racing, he took to both quite naturally. His father owned some smart racing ponies with which he won many local events, and it is related that the young Jock’s first bet was of half-a-crown on “Inheritress,” on Middleham Moor, where races were held years ago. Coursing, fighting, and cricket all claimed his attention in his youth, and we are told “by the time he attained man’s estate, ‘Jock o’ Oran’ was regarded as a hero in the district.” Withal he was a generous, good-hearted fellow, ever ready to indulge in a wager on any sporting event. He won £27,000 over “Ellington’s” Derby, and, it is said, more over “Blair Athol.” He was the owner of “Saunterer,” “Sneeze” (which ran second for the Oaks, in 1857), “Tim Whiffler” (a wonderful stayer), “Elland” (with which he won the Liverpool Cup and afterwards sold to Mr. Sutton, who the following year won twelve races with him), and others. His life was a short one and a merry one, and “The Druid” thus referred to his death in *The Sporting Life* :

“Yorkshire had two John Jacksons, of no small Turf renown. One rode seven St. Leger winners, and counted ‘Beningbrough’ and ‘Altisdora’ among them; and the other who was only a lad of eleven when the old jockey died, nearly blind, at Northallerton, became the noted ‘Jock o’

Fairfield,' breeder and owner of racehorses, a leviathan better at 'The Corner,' on a carriage top, or in 'any place set apart for that purpose;' a mighty Nimrod with the Bedale and Sir Charles's, and an 'all-round' man as far as any sport was concerned. That life, with all its curious and often misdirected activities, was closed at five p.m. on Tuesday last (last week of January, 1869). The doctors were anxious that he should winter abroad, but, when they were fain to confess the sad truth that there was no hope, Mr. Jackson calmly determined to await the end in his own home at Fairfield, and among his own kindred, and, for months, he had worn away imperceptibly, like snow in a thaw. He had had only been downstairs once since his last sale. . . . The funeral is fixed for Tuesday next, at Catterick, the scene of his early life, where his brother still farms the paternal acres."

There is, in the churchyard at Catterick, a red Aberdeen granite monument on a freestone base to his memory, bearing the following cold and bare inscription :

In memory of John Jackson,
of Fairfield,
Who died January 26, 1869,
Aged 41.

Before quoting from Mr. Parrington's journal, which he has very generously placed at my disposal, I must acknowledge my great indebtedness to him for so kindly giving me information regarding early days and early doings in connection with sport in the North Countree. Mr. Parrington is as keen a sportsman to-day, in his 95th year, as he was when he consented to help Mr. Thomas Wilkinson with the Hurworth, over half a century ago. His memory is as clear as ever it was and he can, without hesitation, quote the day of the month and the year, as well as almost every point made by foxes in the course of the great hunts enjoyed by him in many countries. He tells us how, in his day, the question asked when homeward bound from hunting was not "how many have you killed?" but "have you had a find?" and is of the opinion that not only were foxes

stouter half a century ago but also the topographical conditions were far more productive of sport. It is interesting to note that it was Mr. Parrington who founded hound shows and introduced jumping at agricultural shows. The season following the first leaping competitions Mr. "Billy" Williamson met him and asked "What are you going to invent next for shows Parrington?" and the reply was "classes for foxhounds." Mr. Williamson replied "What Masters of hounds will send entries to a dog show?" and Mr. Parrington retorted "It wont be a *dog* show it will be a *hound* show. Mr. Mark Milbank has promised to be one of the judges and I want you to be the other. Will you agree?" Mr. Williamson promised, though he had little faith in the innovation, and on the very morning of the show said with surprise "Well, I declare! if old Tom Sebright hasn't brought a couple of hounds." Mr. Parrington's residence at Kirbymoorside is the rendezvous of Sinnington sportsmen, whose M.F.H. Mr. Parrington was for some seasons, and not an evening passes without the toast "Fox-hunting—long may it flourish!" being heartily drunk by the veteran sportsman and such of his friends who have foregathered round his hospitable board. In an article by Mr. A. W. Coaten, appearing some years ago in *Badminton*, the following quotation from Mr. Parrington was given :

"As a foxhunter I may certainly claim the title of 'veteran,' as I was blooded in 1825, and have been following hounds in one way or another up to the present time—for the last twenty years on wheels, I regret to say, owing to sciatica. I have, of course, seen many remarkable runs with hounds, having hunted with all the Yorkshire packs, and many of the neighbouring packs in Durham and Lincolnshire. To detail them all would fill a volume. I am often asked which was the best run I ever saw, and I always reply, it was on January 21, 1859, when with the South Durham Hounds, with a fox that jumped out of a hedgerow in view of the pack, ran over a fine country at a tip-top pace for one hour and eleven minutes without the slightest check, and a brilliant kill in the open. This

run was over the Sedgefield country, formerly hunted by Ralph Lambton—and I believe I am the only man now living who hunted with Mr. Lambton, who gave up his hounds in 1838.

“As to my opinion of fox-hunting, past and present, I may say the sport is not on the whole so enjoyable as it was, say, fifty years ago, and for the following reasons:—

1. Hounds were not bred for appearance and pace only so much as they are now.
2. Foxes were wilder and more natural.
3. Hounds were not so pressed on by crowded fields of riding men and women.
4. Many countries were not so thickly populated, and railways were not so numerous.
- 5 and lastly, Scent was, I think, more in evidence then than now. I mean that good-scenting days were not so few and far between as at the present time. As to scent, I am bound to confess that I know nothing about it.”



CHAPTER VII.

MR. T. PARRINGTON'S DIARIES.

SEASON 1860—1861.



MONDAY, Oct. 1st, 1860.—Left Normanby for Hurworth, accompanied by John Chapman and three horses, having James Carlton in advance with baggage. Arrived all safe at our journey's end at 6 o'clock p.m.

Oct. 13th.—Started cub hunting. Met at Aislaby at 11 and tried some standing beans blank. Found an old dog fox in Mr. Farrer's Whin and killed him after two or three turns in cover. Did not find any cubs there as all the earths were open. Found a second fox in Aislaby Gill, ran him at a tremendous pace over the open to Newsam Banks where we changed foxes and did no more good. A fine day but bad scent. Had 23 couples of hounds out, all of which behaved admirably. Rode "Lady Bennett," John [rode] "Chance Shot." Messrs. Wilkinson, Waldy, Scurfield, Colling, J. Waldy, J. Garbutt, G. Stonehouse, R. Colling, Temple, Lister, H. Fowler, T. Harrison, etc.

Nov. 3rd, 1860.—Met at High Worsall Toll Bar at 11. Found an old fox in the Whin Covert. Hung in cover some time, at length broke on the East side and ran parallel with the lane for some distance, then crossed the lane and right away to Moor Bank, where he headed short back along the margin of the river to Worsall Gill, then, turning South, ran straight across Worsall Moor to Dobbin's farm house, where they checked, and as all the field were thrown or beaten by the

pace much time was lost, and though eventually the line was hit off through Picton Plantation, yet the fox was too far gone, so gave it up after a very pretty run of 43 minutes. Found a second fox beautifully in Worsall Gill, ran through the Muir Cover, then a ring towards Fardenside and back to the Gill, then broke away to the South across Worsall Moor to the Toll Bar Cover, just through a corner of it, and then away to Waldy's Plantations and forward to Moor Bank, through it, and then turned back to Falkland's Whin, through it and Waldy's Plantations again and back nearly to the Toll Bar again, then right away to Worsall Gill Cover again. Here three foxes were on foot, and two broke together, running coupled for some distance and then split, one with 14 couples of hounds running East, the other going West, and followed by seven couples of hounds, and as no one was with them they lost near Beverley Wood. The 14 couples rattled their fox away to the Toll Bar Cover, and then forward to Waldy's Plantations, where he dodged for some time, but at last they made it too hot for him, and fairly forced him into open, and killed him in fine style, after running hard for one hour and three-quarters without even a check of any moment—a cub bitch fox. A very fine, sunny day, moderate scent, had 21 couples of hounds out. Rode Mr. Scurfield's grey horse, and, being short of work for such a hard day, he compounded, I then got on to Mr. Jno. Waldy's chestnut horse, and he soon cried "enough," and lastly I was splendidly carried to the death on Mr. Rowe's grey horse—a very hard day for horses, hounds and men. Out: The Squire and Mrs. Wilkinson, Messrs. T. W., Ed., and John Waldy, H. Fowle, A. Rowe, Temple, J. Colling, R. White, T. Harrison, G. Brown, G. Stonehouse and L. H. Parrington, who was charmingly carried

through this severe day on his little bay mare, and carried a well-earned brush into Cleveland with him.

Nov. 6th.—Met at Welbury at 10-30, our opening day. There were out on this day Sir M. Wallace, The Squire Messrs. T. W. Waldy and Son, J. Waldy, T. Garbutt, J. S. Sutton, J. Colling, C. E. Simpson, A. and F. Rowe, Wm. Stephenson, W. Fowler, H. Holt, Geo. Browne, etc., etc. Mr. Parrington adds: "All much pleased with the day's sport. A capital day for taking the 'shine' off new coats."

Nov. 13th.—Dalton Village. The field included the Squire and Mr. Wilkinson, Rev. Mr. Smith, Messrs. J. Colling, Marshall, G. J. Scurfield, A. Rowe, J. S. Sutton, H. Fowler, C. Simpson, T. Garbutt, R. Colling, Ed. Scarth, Wrightson, G. Brown, Ed. Waldy, D. Thomas, Rev. C. Gooch, and Robert Brunton (of Cleveland fame).

Nov. 27th.—Young Robinson, of Rushford, out to-day and rode admirably. I never saw a more promising "young 'un."

Jan. 22nd.—Met at kennels. Gutters full of snow and lots of ice on the road. Nevertheless, at noon threw of at Mr. Surtees' Plantations; found instanter. Ran very hard for two hours backward and forwards in these and Sockburn Plantations. At length a fresh fox crossed the Tees at Girsby Scar, and went straight to Worsall Gill, past the Church, then away to Falkland's Whin and forward to Salter Gill where we again changed foxes, our fox being then dead beat. Stopped the hounds near Hetson. Had $22\frac{1}{2}$ couples of hounds out. Fair scent. Rode "Lady Bennett." Out: The Squire, Messrs. G. J. and R. Scurfield, T. W. Waldy, Ed. Waldy, Capt. Hardinge, G. Brown, J. Colling, etc., etc. A very hard day for horses and hounds. Not less than half-a-dozen foxes on foot at Sockburn.

Jan. 26th.—Entercommon. Blackman and Entercommon Whin and 40 acres blank. Found in the West end of Beverley Wood; broke at South side. Away to Hornby Village. Left it on his left, then skirted past the North end of Hornby Whin away to Staindale, across Worsall Moor to Worsall Gill, then to Fardenside away forward to the Fishlocks Cover, through it, on to Girsby, then crossed Staindale pointing for Beverley Wood, wheeled round by Long Roof'd House pointing for Fardenside, but crossed by Rose Hill and back to the Fishlocks Cover again where he went to ground dead beat. Time, 1 hour and 55 minutes, an exceedingly good run, at times very fast then again beautiful hunting. Hounds behaved remarkably well. Had 20 couples out. A beautiful day and fair scent. Rode "Catterick," was beautifully carried. A large field out amongst whom were the Squire and Lady, Miss Neasham, Messrs. Gilpin Brown, Cradock, G. J. Scurfield, R. Scurfield, T. W. Waldy, W. H. Williamson, Capt. Marshall, J. Waldy, Ed. Waldy, C. E. Simpson, H. Fowler, Geo. Maughan, J. Colling, Col. Colling, J. Wilson, W. Hopkins, and several others I did not know. Three and a half couples of hounds got away with a fox from Staindale this day and killed him at Bedale, in the Bedale country. I had a bad fall, severely spraining my right arm. W. H. Williamson, better known as "Billy," was out this day, also my brother John.

March 30th.—Hurworth: This day I had a bad fall, and dislocated my right arm at the shoulder. I sent all the hounds home with George, except Sparkler, who would not leave me.

[NOTE.—Apropos of this accident the following appeared in a sporting paper some time afterwards:—

"Will Danby yance tell'd us when Tom Parrington ewsed ti hunt t' Horwuth Hounds, he brak his ame and sat doon on t' top ov a bank at t' sahd ov a yat stoop whal sum yan com and fetched him yam iv a chaize.

George gat t' rest o' t' pack away all bud Sparkler an' t' dog wadn't leave his maister, bud followed t' chaize ez far ez t' kennels, an' ez it didn't ton intul t' yat, bud kept gannin' on ti Horwuth, poor Sparkler c'u'dn't mak' oot w'at it meant. He knew his maister allus tonn'd in there when he com'd yam frev huntin', seea he thowt he c'u'dn't be i' t' chaize 'at he'd been follerin' all t' tahn, seea when t' dog gat intul kennel-cloas an' leeaked aboot him, he hooded back a mahl ti t' spot wheear his maister had brokken his ame, an' when George went ti' leek for t' awd dog at neet, there he was set at t' varra pleeace where it happened. Next mornin' when t' maister put his heead thruff t' peep-hooal an' spak tiv him, by gum, you s'u'd 'a'e seen how pleased t' awd dog was ; an' when t' maister got intiv t' feedin' house ther was neea sike a thing ez hoddin' him (ez t' saayin' is), an' poor awd Sparkler stuck ti Tom ivver efter 'at he gav up huntin' t' Horwuth, an' he noo ligs berry'd under a lorrill in t' garden at Normonby (near Ormesby), seea you see that's end ov a grand awd dog."]

SEASON, SEPT. 21ST, 1861, TO APRIL 4TH, 1862.

Nov. 7th, 1861.—Piercebridge : A large field including the Duke of Cleveland out.

November 9th, 1861.—Met at High Worsall Toll Bar. Found in the Whin ; broke at the north end away for Worsall Gills, which he left on his right, and running a ring over Worsall Moor brought us to Picton Plantations ; right through, leaving Picton village on his right, and also Kirklevington Mill, ran down it to a drain near Yarm, which he found stopped ; at this point the hounds had a moment's check, after running their fox for thirty minutes at a most terrific pace, and scattering the field all over the country. Our fox struggled on to Scarfit Hill, where a lot of fresh foxes came to his rescue ; the hounds divided, and eventually we lost him. Found again in Worsall Gills, broke away past Fardenside, pointing for Girsby, then wheeled round and away as the crow flies to Worsall Toll Bar Cover, which he passed close by, running forward for Kirklevington, turned for Picton, and ran a ring

back to the Toll Bar Cover (time to this point forty minutes). Our fox now hung in the cover for nearly an hour; at last he was compelled to quit, and broke away to Mr. Waldy's Plantation, thence to Mourie Bank, along by the margin of the Tees to the railway at Yarm, then to the right of Kirklevington Lane, crossed the railway, and pointed to Mr. Meynell's Woods, but, as he had not strength to jump the boundary wall, he turned back across the railway past the brickyards, where the hounds caught a view, and ran into him on the edge of the Tees, after a magnificent run of two-hours-and-quarter—a splendid old dog fox. A fine crisp morning, and a good scenting day; had nineteen couples of hounds out. Many of our field went home satisfied after the first run. There never was a better day's sport than this with hounds.

Nov. 29th.—Killerby. Found handsomely and ran a very quick ring to Hilton Blackthorn, then broke to the Tarn and headed back again to the Blackthorn, through the cover, and, after a clipping 23 minutes nearly straight and all over grass, he beat us into a drain near Streatlam. Found again a splendid fox in Dobson's Whin. Away in a moment and without a check eastwards to the Heighington Road. Headed short back and away to Trunnlemire, through it, and away as the crow flies to Brussleton Folly, which we passed close on our left, then ran a ring pointing for South Church and leaving Redworth on our left and Toy-top on our right, and running as if Greystones was now his point, but again he turned, setting his head homeward, and within two fields of Limekiln Bank Cover we stopped the hounds, it being then pitch dark, our fox being dreadfully beaten, and a little more daylight must have sealed his fate. Time, 2 hours 30 minutes. This was in truth a splendid run, being at times very fast, at other times beautiful hunting. Most of the field compounded at Trunnlemire,

and only half-a-dozen were forthcoming at the finish, viz., Huntsman and whip, Mr. J. Hett, Mr. Cadman, Mr. Catterick, and Mr. Heslop, of Denton, who kindly refreshed us on our way home.

Nov. 30th, 1861.—A cold, squally day, wretched scenting, a large and most unmanageable field.

[NOTE.—It is quite refreshing to read that even in Mr. Parrington's time there were fields which were unmanageable, and that over-riding and pressing hounds is not altogether the product of the last few decades.]

Dec. 17th.—Croft Bridge. Blackman Cover blank. Had a splendid find in 40 acres; broke at the South West corner, away as the crow flies to Cowton Plantations, through them to the railway, was headed, made a short turn and crossed the line pointing for Astley Hill, then to the right across the Richmond branch and right away to Halnaby, from thence forward to Clervaux Castle, where our fox, being hard pressed, turned short back, leaving Halnaby on his right, to Warmire, where almost in view of the pack he took shelter in a small drain, from whence he was quickly dislodged and killed, after a most magnificent run of 1 hour and a $\frac{1}{4}$ over a grand country and without a check of any moment. A beautiful day, capital scent, had 17 couples of bitch hounds and one couple dogs out. Rode "Dolly," carried to a charm. Messrs. Taylor, Maynard, Garbutt, Scurfield, Sutton and Fowler went well. I never saw a finer run.

Dec. 28th.—Low Middleton. Did not hunt in consequence of the death of Mr. Wilkinson.

[NOTE.—Mr. Thomas Wilkinson was only 56 when he died. He had been out hunting on Dec. 7th apparently well

and hearty. His reign was a short one but he had shown the same affection for the sport and the Hurworth country as had his three sporting uncles, and had made himself very popular in the district.]



After the kill !



SQUIRE J. S. SUTTON.



MR. MARSHALL FOWLER.

MR. COOKSON'S FIRST MASTERSHIP AND SOME OLD-TIME FOLLOWERS.

—
1862—1864.
—

A successor to the late Mr. Thomas Wilkinson was found in Mr. James Cookson, of Neasham Hall, who retained the services of Mr. Parrington as huntsman. Mr. Cookson had for some time been one of the most substantial supporters and most prominent followers of the pack, he was esteemed as a first-rate sportsman, a typical country gentleman of the old school, and one born to master hounds. The Hurworth sportsmen seemed to look naturally to him to fill the vacancy caused by the death of Mr. Wilkinson, and in succeeding years, when ever there was any difficulty regarding the finance or control of the pack, they seem to have turned to him. Speaking of him and his time, a sporting writer in *Baily* said :

“ In 1862 Mr. James Cookson took the hounds with a subscription of £900 a year, of which the Duke of Cleveland gave half. He is a quiet good-natured man, and I am told a perfect wonder on the violin, and runs Paganini to half-a-stone. As a breeder of bloodstock he is well known, and he bred the two cracks, Dundee and Kettledrum, who made such a memorable finish for the Derby in 1861. With the Hurworth at this time was Capt. Temple, of Saltergill, as good a sportsman as ever lived, and also another mighty fiddler. Mr. “Billy” Vaughan, of Middleton St. George, and of Fairfield, where he has a breeding establishment; Mr. Tom Garbutt, of Yarm, who can gallop and holloa with any man living, who always has some good weight carriers and says he will stick to the Hurworth as long as he lives; Mr. J. W. Sutton, of Elton Hall, a staunch fox preserver both in this and the Durham country; Mr. Arthur Rowe, of Stockton, and Charlie Simpson, both land owners; Mr. Taylor then lived at the inn at Croft, who afterwards went to hunt with Lord Wemyss; J. Wrightson, of Darlington, a good welter-weight, to whom the Duke of Cleveland occasionally gives a horse.”

In the same journal for Dec., 1883, a biographical sketch of the Hurworth M.F.H. appeared, which I give *in extenso* :

“ The Cooksons have been familiar names in the North of England for some generations. Writing of a cadet of the family, a few months ago, in this magazine, we spoke of them as an old stock in the counties of Durham and Northumberland, who had fought for Church and King, and given and received hard knocks in the days when

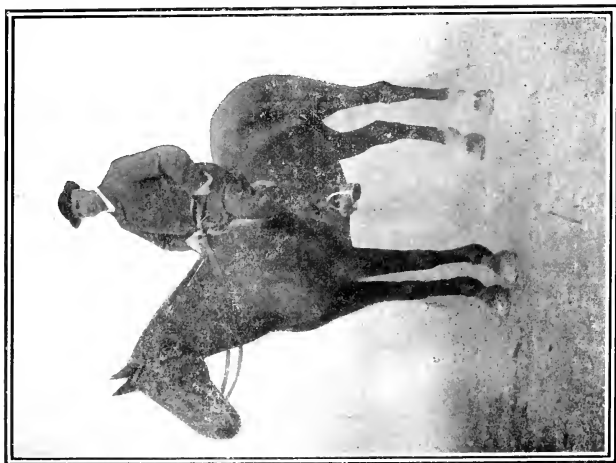
They should take who have the power,
And they should keep who can,

was the lawless creed. But they have always been sportsmen since sport was a fashion in England; and assuredly the subject of our present sketch has not only trod in the steps of his forefathers, but has diverged into other paths that they knew not of. Mr. Sawrey-Cookson has been, and is, keen to hounds, and good with the gun; but he has done the State Service, as well as followed the bent of his inclinations. He is one of the comparatively few Englishmen who have made breeding their study, and he has done much—no man, perhaps, more so—to improve the breed of the English thoroughbred, by bringing to bear upon the subject a practical knowledge and judgment second to none.

“ It would be out of place, in the limits of a brief biography, to enter into the full details of Mr. Cookson’s large breeding establishment from the day when he gave what he himself calls ‘ the ridiculous price of three hundred guineas for “ Sweetmeat,” ’ at a Doncaster sale by auction, in 1848. This will, we hope, be done at an early date in this magazine by a pen more qualified than ours to treat of the subject. We may mention, however, that, at that time, the nucleus of what was to be the famous Neasham stud was one mare, though Mr. Cookson very soon after became possessor of two, destined to



KETTLEDRUM.



REV. J. L. KYLE.

be very distinguished matrons, 'Hybla,' the dam of 'Kettledrum,' and 'Marmalade,' the dam of 'Dundee.' The list of Neasham sires, those 'future fathers of our kings-to-be,' include 'Fandango,' 'Buccaneer,' 'Marconi,' 'Lord Lyon,' and 'The Palmer,' the latter horse bought from Sir Joseph Hawley for £1,200, and subsequently sold by Mr. Cookson to Count Lehndorff for £7,000—a good investment indeed. The list of Neasham winners is a lengthy one. 'Hybla's' first foal was 'Mincemeat,' the Oaks winner in 1854, and 'Kettledrum' and 'Dundee' were first and second for the Derby in 1861. Since then 'Regalia,' 'Formosa,' 'Brigantine,' 'Pilgrimage,' 'Paul Jones,' 'Jenny Howlett,' have helped to swell the roll, and the amount of public money taken by Neasham winners reaches very nearly, if it does not exceed, £90,000.

"Mr. Cookson considers that his success as a breeder has been chiefly owing to the fact of his never breeding from any mare deficient in speed. We remember talking with him one day last year about 'Robert the Devil's' wonderful performances, bred as he was, for his dam, 'Cast Off,' was, we believe, only a half-miler, and Mr. Cookson saying that 'Cast Off' was just the sort of mare he would have liked to breed from. He mentioned, also, that he had bought mares which had not shown speed in public—and he instanced 'Lady Audley,' the dam of 'Pilgrimage,' which had been tried at home quite good enough to win the Oaks, but was so often lame, her trainer knew not where, she never could be got out. He much disliked big horses and big mares, but he equally disliked animals that had not sufficient frame, for underframed ones, however speedy, are not weight-carriers. Whenever he could pick up a mare which could carry 8 stones 7 lbs. in good company, albeit she could barely get four furlongs, he bought her.

“ Mr. Cookson is a Graduate of Trinity, Cambridge (1839), and has been a hunting man from his earliest days. He was master of the Hurworth first in 1862 until 1865, when Major Elwon took them for two years. Mr. Cookson then resuming the mastership, which he held to 1872, when Lord Castlereagh came to the head of affairs; he, in his turn, to be succeeded by Major Godman, who finally, in 1879, resigned the office in favour of the old master.

“ Some forty years ago, there was no better man across a country in the North of England than the master of the Hurworth, and he still, on a horse that knows his work, is to be found in the same field with the hounds. Not alone with his own pack either, but men who hunt with Lord Zetland, the Bedale, and the South Durham, know well his good seat and fine hands. In his younger days, too, he sported his colours on the flat, and could hold his own against some of the great men who wore silk, both north and south of the Trent.

“ There is no better-known man in the North of England than Mr. Sawrey-Cookson, and very few so popular. He is fond of the racecourse, as he is bound to be; but his chief enjoyment is among his mares and yearlings of Neasham. He is the most genial of companions, with a Turf lore that makes us envious as we listen to him. Long may his years be at Neasham, and often may we meet him in the paddock at Doncaster, or on his hospital coach at Stockton or Redcar, and then, if a home-bred one has won the Champagne or the Hardwicke, or taken the Great Foal Stakes, we know the grasp of his hand will be warmer, and there will be in his voice a cheerier ring. So may it be.”

MR. COOKSON'S STUD.*

“ ‘ Kettledrum ’ (1861), good horse though he no doubt

* From *The History and Romance of the Derby*.

was, owed his victory in the Derby to the ill-luck that befel Mr. Merry's candidate, 'Dundee.' Both colts were, as yearlings, within an ace of becoming the property of Colonel Towneley, and his estate agent and racing partner, Mr. Eastwood. They had been sent up from Doncaster for sale by Mr. Cookson from his stud at Croft, near Darlington, and 'Dundee' followed 'Kettledrum' in the ring. Oates, who trained for the Towneley-Eastwood confederacy, was in a state of great anxiety until he had persuaded his employers to make a determined effort to secure 'Kettledrum' (he was knocked down to them for four hundred guineas), and was frankly disappointed when they declined to bid for the other lot as well. . . . 'Kettledrum' was by 'Rataplan,' out of 'Hybla,' by 'The Provost,' out of 'Otisina,' by 'Liverpool.' The breeding theory on which Mr. Cookson chiefly relied was that the sire should return to dam the best strain in her pedigree. 'Hybla,' in accordance with this theory, required the 'Whalebone' cross, and this, of course, 'Rataplan' duly supplied. As a yearling, 'Kettledrum' was somewhat heavy-topped, and for that reason, several people looked askance at him in the Doncaster sale paddock. When put into training, he consequently required rather careful handling, especially as he was a delicate feeder. It was not until the end of the July of his two-year-old days that he was subjected to any strong gallops. Nevertheless, at York, the following month, he managed to win a race, but was beaten the same week, and ran indifferently in the Champagne Stakes at Doncaster. In truth, he was only partly trained; and, the following season, his preparation for the Two Thousand Guineas was interfered with by dentition trouble. He was not, therefore, able to display his powers to the full in the big race over the Rowley Mile, for which he started second favourite, and finished

second, three lengths behind ‘Diophantus,’ with ‘Klarikoff’ (the favourite, trained by John Scott) third. ‘Kettledrum’ was then taken to Lambourn, where he was quartered in Prince’s Stable, and there he completed his preparation for the Derby, under the care of Oates. When Matt. Dawson got ‘Dundee’ to Russley, he was not long in discovering that his chief had picked up a rare bargain. The colt, which was a son of ‘Lord of the Isles,’ won six races as a two-year-old, and was only beaten once—the first time out, at Liverpool spring meeting. He was then put by for the Derby, for which he was strong favourite during the winter. He was a light-fleshed horse, with powerful thighs, and very sound in his wind, but, like his sire, was upright in his fore joints. That defect was his undoing. Two or three days before he went to Epsom, there were indications of weakness, and both owner and trainer were very apprehensive, though hoping for the best. Mr. Merry had backed the colt with his usual freedom, and the public followed suit, so that ‘Dundee’ started a slightly better favourite than ‘Diophantus,’ which, as an easy winner of the Two Thousand, had a host of friends. . . . Culance used his whip twice, ‘Dundee’ bounded to the front, and came about two lengths ahead of ‘Kettledrum.’ The race appeared to be all over. ‘Dundee’ was already hailed as the winner. The crowd, who were thus shouting themselves hoarse, little knew that one of his fore legs had given way! With a game-ness that has probably never been equalled, ‘Dundee’ struggled on. He was winning the Derby on three legs, and triumphant he most assuredly would have been if those three had remained sound. The crisis came a few seconds too soon. When eighty yards from home, the colt’s other fore leg gave way. Again ‘Dundee’ faltered, and this time his courage and determination were of no avail. He could not withstand the final challenge

of 'Kettledrum,' which beat him by a length. 'Diophantus' was third, beaten by a head, and 'Aurelian' fourth, a long way behind. 'Kettledrum's' next race was the St. Leger, for which he started favourite at six-to-four, though he had been slightly out of sorts just before the Doncaster meeting. At the distance, Colonel Towneley's horse seemed to have the prize at his mercy, but, a hundred yards from home, he was caught by 'Caller Ou,' a sixty-six-to-one chance, and, after a desperate finish, William P'Anson's mare won by a neck. The same week, 'Kettledrum' easily won the Doncaster Cup, beating 'The Wizard,' which was an even-money favourite."

Let us now turn to the sport enjoyed during Mr. Cookson's first mastership, as recorded in Mr. Parrington's diaries :

Saturday, February 1st, 1862 : Met at High Worsall Toll Bar. Found in the cover instanter, and away he went pointing for Picton plantations, which he left on his right ; then forward to Picton village, and on to the railway, which he did not cross, but ran parallel with it nearly to Kirklevington drain ; then turning he ran for the cover again at the Toll Bar, which he did not enter, however, but left it short to his left and pointed for Worsall Gills ; but swinging to the left he ran over Worsall Moor, crossed Staindale, and away leaving Appleton Wiske on his right, to Welbury village, which he left suddenly on his left, and turned away for Deighton ; and still bending his course, he again crossed the Wiske, and, running over the pasture in front of Hornby Grange, he made the best of his way apparently for Beverley Wood, but, strange to say, he turned away from it when within half a field, and running for Smeaton village, which he passed close on the east end, he again got to the Wiske, and struggled on to near Hornby Grange, where he was killed, after one of the best runs ever known in the Hurworth

country, of one hour and forty minutes, very fast from end to end. Barring a slight check soon after he left cover, there was no sobbing time afforded for anyone, consequently, the horses were dreadfully beaten, and were left planted all over the country. The style in which the bitch pack did their work was most excellent; they ran with wonderful head from end to end, and only one hound (old "Marigold") was wanting at the finish. I may particularly mention "Timely," "Music," and "Dewdrop" as always being in the van. Amongst the sportsmen who were lucky enough to be out to-day, I may say Messrs. Cookson, Williamson, C. Simpson, and Garbutt went very well for the first twenty minutes, but at the end of an hour they were all more or less beaten. I was lucky enough to have a second horse, and, changing near Deighton, I managed to keep with the hounds to the finish. A remarkable fine old dog fox; had eighteen couples out, including three dog hounds. This run I now think the best I had during the four seasons I hunted the Hurworth.

March 18th, 1862.—Neasham: . . . Found a third fox in the Pettles Plantation, ran for Mr. Dent's, then headed back away to the West Wood, through it and to Mill Wood, then to Sockburn Bridge and across the river. Left Beverley Wood on the right and turned away to Staindale, across it and forward, leaving Girsby Grange on the left, to Fardenside to the Tees and across it, and here we discovered we were running our Saturday's fox home again, as he ran precisely the same track back from the river to Farrer's Whin, which he did not enter but passed the east side of it and away to Early Nook, then across the railway and away for Burn Wood, but heading short round ran back across the railway again and right away to Trafford Hill, where the hounds checked, and as the huntsman

and whip were both (together with a large portion of the field) beaten off, the fox was again lost although dead beat before the hounds. Time, 3 hours and a quarter, over a tremendous deep country, had 17 couples of the dog pack. Rode a mare I bought only yesterday of Thomas Harrison, which died from the effects of the very severe day's work.

SEASON SEPT. 30TH, 1862, MARCH 31ST, 1863.

Oct. 6th, 1862.—Entercommon: Killed a fox which went to ground in the river bank opposite Sockburn. In breaking up the fox this day, a young hound, "Comet," broke his neck by his resolute tugging at the fox.

Nov. 9th.—High Worsall Toll Bar: A very good day. At the death I blooded Charlie Wailes.

Dec. 4th.—Fighting Cocks: A magnificent find. Every hound at him round the cover. Two old foxes went away but could not get the hounds. Presently we discovered that a whole litter of cubs were in the cover, and so the hounds ran them, first one and then another, for 2 hours and 35 minutes and all the time very hard, but as none of the hounds would leave we called off and tried fresh ground. Found a splendid fox in Mr. Grey's Plantation which broke away for Darlington, then pointing for Haughton, and crossing Burdon Moor and the railway went direct to Fighting Cocks cover. He did not enter it but passed close by the north end. Presently, after the fox was headed by some drainers, we had a check, soon recovered the line again and ran him very prettily to Goosepool Plantation, where a stupid fellow gave a false holloa and lost us our fox after a clipping run of an hour. The first half capital. A wet day, pretty good scenting. Had 19 couple of the large pack out, all working admirably.

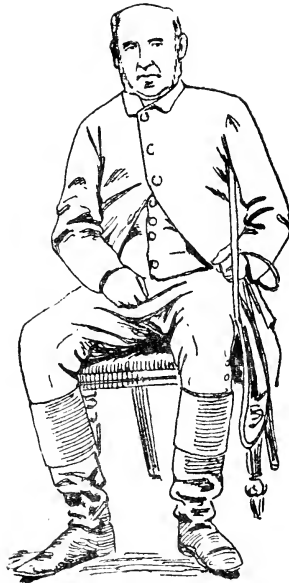
Dec. 23.—Killerby: An immense field out, a great part of whom were *not sportsmen*.

Thursday, November 6th, 1863: In spite of a very dense fog, we threw off at noon at Blackman cover. Found directly; broke at the north-west corner, and, running north a couple of fields, turned to the right across the turnpike road, and away to Briar Flat Wood; then turned sharp back up the river side, and crossed to the Batts, ran their whole length, and then re-crossed into Dalton Wood, and passing Dalton village went to ground in a drain by the railway side, after a clipping burst of twenty-four minutes, most of which was only seen by myself on account of the fog. After a good deal of delay in procuring a terrier, the fox was bolted, and went away pointing for Clervaux Castle, which he left on the right, and then pointing for Halnaby, ran a ring back to the railway and crossed the line, running for Blackman cover, which he ran past, and crossed the road, going direct for Forty Acres; but, after getting within a couple of hundred yards of the cover, he suddenly changed his course, and, wheeling round to the right, he ran close past Blackman House and then away for Cowton Plantations. Most unfortunately the hounds divided at the railway, one half running up the line, and the other half crossing to the west, which I followed in order to get the hounds off the line, and we lost at Cowton village. We afterwards discovered that the other half of the hounds, with the run fox, went straight up the railway to the earths near Cowton Station, where they ran their fox to ground. In their chase up the line they unluckily met a train, and one of them, "Dainty," was run over and killed on the spot. This run, from the drain to the point where the hounds divided, was exactly one-hour-and-five-minutes, and was undoubtedly first-class from beginning to end. The pace was tremendous all the way, and only four of the field kept

them in view, namely, the Master on his brown horse, Col. Scurfield on “Sambo,” young Mr. Fowle, of Northallerton, on a chestnut horse, and myself on “Lady Bennett,” and never during the whole chase were we able to see more than seventy or one hundred yards ahead of us, on account of the fog.

[“Lady Bennett” (by “St. Bennett,” dam by “Lord Collingwood”), mentioned in this run, was the dam of Mr. Robert Brunton’s famous horse, “Joe Bennett,” which won prizes all over England, and was mysteriously poisoned and found dead in his stable. “Lady Bennett,” ridden by Bob (who, in these days, frequently came out with the Hurworth), beat all comers at the Middlesbrough Show, in 1859, for the jumping class, when there was considerable competition for the event. Mr. Parrington thought he had a chance, and Mr. Jack Booth also thought he was in the running. However, Bob beat them all, and repeated his victory at the Durham County Show, held a few days later. He sold the mare to the Rev. T. Duncombe Shafto, and, in the spring of 1860, when Mr. Parrington took the Hurworth, he was in want of some good horses, and received a letter from Mr. Shafto saying that he was giving up hunting, and if Mr. Parrington could find him a useful horse to go in harness he would “swop” him for “Lady Bennett.” At that time John Hunter was at the “Vane Arms,” at Stockton, then the sporting centre of the district, at which the race dinners, etc., were held, and he had a smart mare, which Squire G. Sutton, Mr. Harry Fowler, and the “young bloods” of that day very frequently hired to drive out. She was a high mettled mare, and the aforementioned “sports” were continually having accidents with her, and the wonder was none of them were killed. One day, Mr. Harry Fowler and Mr. Arthur Rowe were driving from Redcar, and the mare ran away with them down Ormesby Bank. There

was an "up-skelling" at the bottom of the bank, Mr. Rowe being thrown on to the hedge, and Mr. Fowler into the next room. They were no worse, however, and called on Mr. Parrington, at Normanby, on their way through (they had been staying at Redcar). After this, Mr. Parrington went to Jim Hunter, and bought the mare "dirt cheap" for £40, and wrote to Mr. Shafto, who asked him to meet him at Peterborough, each to bring their respective horses, and adding they would be sure to come to "a deal." They did so, and "Lady Bennett" carried Mr. Parrington well during the season. He was eventually sold to Mr. Smart Atkinson, of Beaumont Hill, near Darlington, and amongst other useful produce was her first and best foal, "Joe Bennett," which the late Bob Brunton



The late Bob Brunton.

purchased in 1868, when the Cleveland Show was at Yarm. He won many prizes and beat 47 entrants in the four-year-old class at the Yorkshire Show, and later came off with flying colours at the same fixture at Hull. The end of "Joe Bennett" was a mystery, he being found dead in the paddock at Marton. Bob Brunton often expressed the opinion to me that he had been poisoned and he had a feeling that there had been foul play. "Tally-ho Bob"—and he *could* halloa when the dew of vintage had fallen upon him—was one of the old style of sportsmen and a great character. He died on Sept. 17th, 1907.]

THE FOWLER FAMILY.

The name of the late Mr. Harry Fowler has been mentioned, and it may here be recorded that it was at one of the Stockton race dinners that John Jackson got up and said: "We ought to have a Stake in connection with the Stockton Races to keep the memory green for ever of that excellent sportsman, and our good friend, Harry Fowler." The result of this was the Harry Fowler Plate, which is still in existence. Mr. Parrington christened the Great Northern St. Leger at the same meeting, and is the only one now left of the old Stockton Race Committee.

Mr. Marshall Fowler, now of Otterington House, Northallerton, was at one time a familiar figure with the Hurworth. He was born at Preston Hall, just on the Durham side of the River Tees, and began hunting when very young with the Durham County Hounds, with the Hurworth, and with Col. Hildyard's Harriers. So long ago is it since this veteran began to ride with hounds that he cannot speak with certainty as to the exact date, but he knows he was hunting in 1843 and has a diary with frequent entries of "went out hunting," dated 1845.

He and his elder brothers came of a good sporting stock, their father being well known with the Hurworth and Mr. Ralph Lambton's Hounds.

“Amongst other gentlemen (says Jack Bevans in his *South Durham Hunt Reminiscences*) hunting with us at this time was Mr. Marshall Fowler, who seldom missed a day, and had a very nice stud of horses. His father, who was a terror to all poachers and wrong-doers, preserved foxes well at Preston Hall, where we ran occasionally, but it is in the Hurworth country. Mr. Marshall Fowler had a wonderfully good grey horse; also a chestnut and a bay which carried him well. Later on he had some very smart hunting cobs of a grand stamp, and up to weight on short legs, which must have taken a good deal of finding.” To the foregoing Mr. R. Ord adds a footnote, as follows: “Mr. Marshall Fowler had some good horses in his time; notably a black horse by ‘Sir Hercules,’ that carried him from 1867 to 1875 without a fall. Dick Christian rode this horse with the Hurworth Hounds and used to say that he never rode a better horse across country. Another good horse of his was ‘Pug-dog,’ an extraordinary water jumper, that carried his owner wonderfully well in a noteworthy run with Lord Fitzhardinge’s hounds over the Severn Marshes, when, out of an enormous field, only six horsemen saw the kill.”

Mr. Fowler recalls that in his day at Preston Hall there was generally a litter of cubs and one, frequently two, on the Yorkshire side of the Tees, just opposite the house, which he and his brothers used to watch as they ran races with each other and frolicked in the delightful kittenish way young foxes do. Sir Robert Ropner bought the Preston estate from Mr. Fowler in 1882. He continued to hunt in the district until 1894, when loss of health and of an arm compelled him to relinquish the saddle. He is often to be seen on wheels with the Hurworth and Bedale Hounds, and his knowledge of the country enables him to see a great deal of sport.

SQUIRE SUTTON, OF ELTON AND FACEBY.*

Another well known Hurworth Nimrod about this time was Squire J. S. Sutton, of Elton and Faceby, who is still in the flesh. He began to hunt with the Hurworth in Danby's era, and for several seasons had as his groom Tom Salmon, who had been with his father as second groom for some years, but who had left Elton to hunt Col. Hildyard's harriers. On the Colonel's death he had a season or so as huntsman to the Hurworth, and then returned to Elton to the young Squire (who had succeeded his father in 1851) and remained in his service till his death. Peculiarly enough the Hurworth Hounds killed a fox on his grave ere he had been laid under it many weeks. Squire John Staplyton Sutton was born on Nov. 23rd, 1832, and married on April 26th, 1855, Sarah Jefferson, the youngest daughter of John Charles Maynard, of Harlsey Hall. He now resides at Faceby, having sold the Elton estate, of which his father—a poet of no mean order—wrote on Oct. 17th, 1833:

Elton! I love thy quiet shady grove,
 Speak to my heart, to my remembrance call
 Days of my childhood—happy halcyon days—
 When, as a thoughtless and light-hearted boy,
 I roved among thy daisy-spangled meads!
 Thy rough-cast front—thy long and lowly roof,
 Thy chimneys tall—thy court yard and thy bell
 (Deep toned and full—the labourer's monitor)
 Bring to my view the friends of early youth,
 Alas! now tenants of the green church-yard:
 —My children when I'm gone shall love thee too,
 And thou will still be, what thou art—

Sweet Home.

In 1843, we find Squire Sutton hunting with the South Durham as “a kid on a pony,” and in Squire Ord's *History of*

*See *Life in a Yorkshire Village*, by the present author.

the South Durham Country, there are frequent allusions to him. In January, 1878, no fox being found at Oxeve,-- "the master then gave the word to go over and give Squire Sutton a call at Elton, and see if that magnificent specimen of the old English sportsman had a fox in his preserves. We had hardly entered the genial Squire's park when a welcome halloo was heard. In 1881 he was appointed one of the managers of the South Durham Hunt. When at Elton he preserved foxes for both the Hurworth and South Durham, both Hunts having a covert thereon, and not only did he hunt with these two packs but he also had an occasional day with the Bedale, *apropos* of one of which Mr. Park told me a story. The Squire had two very good bay mares, on which he was invariably to the fore. One day he went to have a look at the Bedale. He didn't know a yard of the country, so elected to follow Mr. Jack Booth, the Bedale M.F.H. Each fence Mr. Booth jumped the Squire of Elton followed him, and at last the welter Bedale Master determined to shake him off, and took some fast posts and rails which took a bit of doing. Squire Jack, however, was not to be out-jumped and followed him, and Mr. Booth so admired his horsemanship he went up and enquired to whom he had had the honour of being pilot, and when he heard it was "Jack Sutton" he said "If I'd known I shouldn't have tried to have shaken *you* off."

Fond of shooting, and a prominent promoter of the Stockton Race Meeting in the early days, Squire Sutton was an all round sportsman and one of the most popular of men. He was ever ready to help a lame dog over a style and probably has not an enemy in the world to counter-balance the host of friends, whose ranks become smaller and smaller as the Pale White Horseman year by year beckons with relentless hand. The Squire still takes a deep interest in everything sporting,

still enjoys his day with the gun, and is our ideal of "a good old English gentleman; one of the olden time." His autograph is reproduced here and will no doubt prove of interest.

Yours sincerely
J. S. Sutton

Let us now continue the records of sport in the season 1862-63, as given in Mr. Parrington's journal :

January 3rd, 1863.—Met at Yarm: After a cherry brandy with our friend Mr. Garbutt, we trotted away to Farrer's Whin and found immediately, and our fox soon broke away at the west end of the cover, first pointing for the railway, and then bearing away to the left went away for Middleton St. George, but leaving Church House on his right, he crossed the valley to Bowl Hole, but finding no shelter this time he went forward as straight as a line to the river, opposite the earths, in Worsall Gills, and there crossed, and no doubt went to ground, but a fresh fox jumping up, the hounds went forward to High Worsall Toll Bar. The fox did not enter the cover, but bore away for Kirklevington, then turning went to Faulkland's Whin, through it and down Saltergill, then turned to the left, crossed the Yarm lane and went away to Scarfoot Gill, through it and across the Holmes to the river opposite Aislaby village, where he was pulled down after a magnificent run of 1 hour and 20 minutes—a cub dog fox. No man ever saw a more brilliant run than this was, from the find to the river—25 minutes—without a pause, and at a racing pace all the way. The country being very deep, only a select few could live with the hounds, the majority of the field being spread-eagled all

over the country. A very fine morning and capital scenting. Had 18½ couples of the small pack out, and every hound there to eat him. All worked hard for the fox. Rode "Lady Bennett" to the river, and was never more charmingly carried; afterwards "Wasp." A glass of sherry at Mr. Garbutt's on our way home wound up this capital day.

Feby. 7th, 1863.—The Kennels: Found in Surtees' Plantations, ran very fast to Pettles Scar, where our fox went to ground. After trying round Sockburn and Mr. Wilkinson's cover blank, we trotted away to Fighting Cocks, where "Blemish" presently told us he was at home. With all the pack at his brush he broke away at the north-east corner, and setting his head straight went to Fox Hill cover. Here he hung a trifle, and a fresh fox went away, and at the same time he bolted and went direct on to Barker's Plantations, which he entered at the west side and left at the north-east corner, then away forward till headed by some ploughmen, and then turned across the lane to Sandy Lees cover, through it, then forward to Oxeye cover, through it, across the lane, and away pointing for Red Marshall, but turning to the left he ran up wind to within a field of Longstaffe's Whin, then again turned to the left and back to Barker's Plantations. After two or three turns in it he again left at the same point as before, running north for some distance and then turning eastward. Went on in a tolerable straight line, passed Red Marshall and Carlton on the right to Mr. Grey's Plantations, near Norton Junction. Here he again turned to the right, and in a second attempt (after being headed in the first) crossed the Stockton Lane, and then shaped his course for Hartburn cover, which he passed within a dozen yards, on his left, then away westward across the back lane pointing for Elton, but again changing his course he turned to the right and away northward to Oxeye

cover, through it, and leaving gradually to the left, ran back again to Barker's Plantation, and after a few dodges in cover, which, with the foiled ground, did him good service, he again broke away northwards and went to Longstaffe's Whin, through it, and forward for a couple of fields, and then turned sharp back and retraced his steps to Barker's Plantation, right through there, across the Stockton Road, and wheeling to the left ran to Sandy Lees cover again, right through it, and out on the east side, pointing for Oxeye again, but it being now quite dark, and every horse more or less beaten, we called off, and left this gallant and truly wonderful fox to live and "fight another day." Time, 3 hours and 35 minutes—distance, as measured on the Ordnance Map, 23 miles, but much more as the hounds ran. The pace from the find to Barker's Plantation, the first time, very good, the hunting until the second time through Oxeye then very fast to Barker's Plantations the third time, and it was owing to the fact of the fox getting a third time into that much foiled and strong cover that saved his life; for the last 20 minutes our game fox managed to hold on just ahead of the hounds, it was an even match at last between fox and hounds, and darkness put an end to the conflict. Had 18½ couples of the large pack out, and only one hound wanting at the finish. I may mention that during the severe run, "Blemish," "Clinker," "Fencer," "Terrington," "Trueman," "Starlight," "Spinster," "Prowler," "Diligent," "Sifter," "Sportsman," "Watchman," "Countess," "Chauntress," "Traveller" and "Royal" particularly distinguished themselves. Rode "Marcian" only. Was splendidly carried up to the end of the second fast burst, when he cried "enough." George rode "Shamrock," and he also got to the bottom of his horse. Among the field undoubtedly the Master was the best man at the finish, riding his Farnham mare. All the

others compounded at different points of the river. Among those who *tried* to see the finish I may mention E. C. Lowndes, T. Garbutt, A. Rowe, Esq., and Messrs. D. Thomas, T. Hunter, J. Graham, J. Harrison, J. Wrightson, R. & J. Bamlett, etc., etc. As a thorough good sporting run the one this day may have been equalled, but never surpassed.

Feby. 28th.—Neasham Village: It is impossible that any run with hounds could have been more thoroughly sporting and excellent in all respects than the one to-day. Although the fallows were white and as dry as brick-bats yet the scent was almost all that could be wished for, and the pace was excellent from end to end. On the Ordnance Map the run measures 24 miles, and the time from the find to the earths at Black Banks was 2 hours and 30 minutes. Many gentlemen rode hard and were well carried. I may particularly mention the Master, on the chestnut horse and the bay mare; David Thomas on the Raby horse; T. Garbutt on the chestnut horse; G. Maughan on his bay; and Col. Scurfield on that thorough game animal “Old Sambo.”

March 31st, 1863.—Bintree Toll Bar: . . . Passing Ketton on his left and again crossing the Skerne to Skerningham, where the hounds ran their fox from scent to view and killed him in the open, after a glorious run of an hour and ten minutes, the last half hour being particularly good. Although the day was as fine as summer and the ground as dry as bricks, yet the scent was most excellent and the hounds could absolutely race even over the driest fallows, and this fine old Grey-stone’s fox had to succumb on a day which, to all appearance was much in his favour. A large field out and although rather *riotous* at first were not “in the way” at the finish. A breast high scent, the hounds could run in a cloud of dust half a field from the line of the fox.

SEASON SEPTEMBER 19TH, 1863, TO APRIL 20TH, 1864.

Oct. 31st.—Preston Junction: A wild day, and wild and most unmanageable field out.

Nov. 12th.—Dalton: "Chaunter" hung on returning to kennels for hanging on the line. [Poor "Chaunter"! Truly a case of "tit for tat."]

Nov. 14th.—High Leven: Stainsby Wood and all the covers about Thornaby drawn blank. Could not draw Hilton on account of game, fearing it might be disturbed. Tried Yarm Wood also blank. As we were proceeding to draw the covers at Preston Hall I had the misfortune to meet with an accident, whereby I was so much injured that I could not ride on horseback, and, Mr. Cookson kindly taking the hounds home, I was conveyed to Hurworth in a gig. A beautiful day and a fair field out, including the Duchess of St. Albans, Lord Falkland and Lady Diana Beauclerc.

Nov. 17th.—Wackerfield: Mr. Cookson, as huntsman, rode "Catterick;" George, the bay mare.

[Mr. Cookson hunted the pack till November 26th.]

Dec. 1st.—Messrs. Maynard, Cookson and J. Jackson rode very hard.

March 5th—8th, 1864.—Did not hunt owing to Mrs. Cookson's death.

March 24th.—Cotcliffe Wood: Blank. Trotted on to Upsall Whin, also blank; then tried Cowesby Wood. Found on Kepwick Moor, ran to Cowesby Wood. Saw two or three foxes on foot and the hounds got divided. At length got all the pack together and had a fresh start. Found a fox in Whitstones, broke away almost in view, had a beautiful run of 45 minutes all on the moors, running a ring round by Hambleton End, up Snilesworth to Harker's Gate, and then right across Black Hambleton to the place where we found

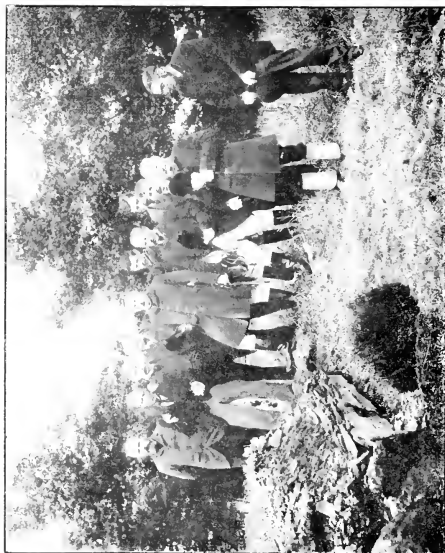
and went to ground. A most enjoyable run—so wild and natural, the only drawback being the difficulty of riding over such boggy ground. A warm, sunny day; moderate scent. We had to ride home from Limekiln House, at 5 o'clock, and did not reach Hurworth till after 9 o'clock.

Mr. Parrington had on this day gone into what is now Bilsdale territory. Foxes seem to have been very short in the Hurworth country about that time, and an additional reason may have been that the ground never so baked in the low country and scent never so bad, hounds can still run a fox on the heather, or "ling," as it is called in Yorkshire, and this was possibly Mr. Parrington's *raison d'être* for leaving his own country. At the epoch of which we write the Bilsdale pack was at a very low ebb. Squire Bell, of Thirsk, had been hunting the Hambleton side of their country and also a portion of the Hurworth domains from 1853, and not till 1868 did the Bilsdale get into full swing again. In the meantime Bobbie Dawson, who was for over sixty years the whipper-in and

November 19. 1875
 the biggest wind
 Ever blew out in
 it blew me and
 the mare out of the
 harden bank top
 Robert Dawson

Bobbie Dawson's writing and signature.

persona grata of the Bilsdale, kept one or two hounds in the dale, and Lord Feversham, when master of the Bedale, used to send a few of his puppies into Bilsdale to walk. With them and Bobbie's hounds the moorland folk used to have impromptu hunts, and so well did these young hounds enter when they were sent in from their quarters that Lord Feversham, in 1868,



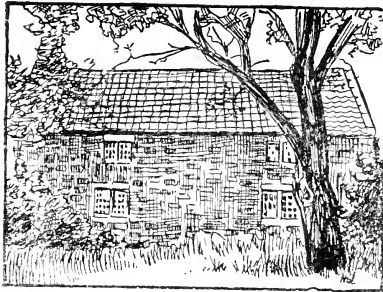
THE "GONE AWAY" AT "BOBBIE'S" GRAVE SIDE.

Reading from left to right : Mr. Frank Dolson (Dromonily), the late Steve Ainsley, Mr. Nimrod Pearson (Secretary of the Shinnington Hunt), Mr. Wood, Mr. F. Willson Horsfall, M.F.H., Mr. Barr, T. Bentley (huntsman), and (in gaiters) Chappie Garbutt



THE LATE "BOBBIE" DAWSON.
For sixty years Hillsdale Whipper-in.

gave five couples of the Bedale hounds to the Bilsdale men to begin regular operations again. Bobbie Dawson was one of the quaintest hunting characters we ever met, albeit one of the keenest. He really loved and lived for the chase, and was tremendously jealous of the reputation of the Bilsdale. He died a nonagenarian on June 18th, 1902, and having seen a series of pictures of Tom Moody's funeral at Mr. F. Wilson Horsfall's place, Potto Grange (the present joint-master of the Bilsdale), he always expressed a wish to have similar funeral honours. These Mr. Horsfall, and Mr. "Nimrod" Pearson (now and for 35 years Secretary of the Sinnington Hunt) arranged for him. A photograph of the "gone away" being sounded at the grave side, and another of Bobbie in the flesh, is reproduced opposite this page.



Bobbie Dawson's house, at Breckon Hill,
Bilsdale.

CHAPTER VIII.

MAJOR T. L. ELWON'S MASTERSHIP: 1864—1868.



FROM 1864 to 1868, Major T. L. Elwon had the Hurworth, and during this period lived at Skutterskelfe Hall, near Hutton Rudby. He also hunted a portion of the old Raby country, and showed sport four days a week. A lightweight, and really fond of the sport, the long ride to fixtures, and oftentimes longer rides home, only seemed to whet the ardour of the Major. He was the only son of the late Commodore Thomas Elwon, who died in 1834, and Elizabeth, his wife, daughter of Captain Light, of Bombay. He was a Major in the 3rd M.B., the Princess of Wales' Own Yorkshire Regiment, in which he served nineteen years. He also held a commission as Major in the N.R.V. Artillery, of which he and the late Admiral Chaloner were the founders. On retiring from the N.R.V. Artillery, he was presented with a sword with silver mountings, and an illuminated address. On the blade is the following inscription:—"Presented, with an equipment, to Major Elwon, by the members of the 1st N.R.Y. Volunteer Artillery, in acknowledgment of the energy, zeal, and uniform courtesy he has displayed since his connection with the corps. Middlesbrough, January 15th, 1862."

He Married Miss Mary Ann, second daughter of the late John Vaughan, and, conjointly with the Vaughan family, entered into several schemes for the development of the then

growing iron industry on Tees-side. At one time, Major Elwon was the largest producer of pig iron in this part of the world, and almost up to the time of his death, in 1903, we recall him coming up from Saltburn, morning by morning, to attend 'Change at Middlesbrough. After his marriage, he lived at Redcar, in a house on the High Street (now converted into the Queen's Hotel), and rented the ground opposite (in Dundas Street), so that his view should not be interrupted. From here then, he moved to Skutterskelfe Hall, on the decease of Mr. J. Vaughan, who had leased it from Lord Falkland. Skutterskelfe stands on the north bank of the river Leven, and was built in 1831, on the site of the old home of the Bathhursts, and here for fifteen years Major Elwon lived.

Major Elwon's first huntsman proved a failure, but for his second he was fortunate enough to secure the services of Dick Christian, a nephew of the famous "Dick" of that ilk. He was a fine fellow the Major used to tell me, but *would* have "the bottle." He was invariably three sheets in the wind, and got that he could not ride without he was primed with about a bottle of whiskey. He used to say "I can ride the heads of most of 'em, drunk or sober," but latterly he found it more and more necessary to take jumping powder, and, I am told by one who knew him well, actually got a whole bottle into him before going hunting some mornings. Mr. Parrington said to me, regarding Dick, "I think I never saw, in all my experience, a man so perfect in taking a horse over a fence as Dick was. Hands, seat, figure, head, courage—all were his, and he lost none of them despite the drink he took." "He used to say," continued Mr. Parrington, "that one of the best horses he ever rode was an Irish hunter I bought at the Christmas horse fair at York, and sold to the Earl of Feversham, when he was mastering the Bedale and I was hunting the Hurworth. Dick

Christian was then with Lord Feversham in the Bedale. I saw this horse, and liked him, and asked the Irishman with him if he could jump water, as there was a good deal of stell-lepping in my country. The son of Erin replied: "Wather! jump wather!—Why at home he jumps the d—d places where the ships sail up and down." On the first day of Mr. Parrington's initial season (October 13th, 1860), he put his whip, George, on the horse, and, as they were returning to the kennels, a hound slipped through the hedge. Mr. Parrington sent George after him through a gate. After the truant had been sent back to the body of the pack, George found he could not get the new purchase through, and soon lost his patience. Mr. Parrington said, "Be gentle and leave his correction to me." On the following morning, he rode him himself at exercise with hounds, and encouraged him to "try on his games." The Irish "wather jumper" eventually did so, and Mr. Parrington cured him once and for all, and he became a most useful horse.

To return to Dick, he went to Mr. Cradock, in what is now the Zetland country, when Major Elwon gave up, and stayed with Mr. Cradock till "crooked up" with consumption. His master then waited upon him as though he had been his own son. When the Pale White Horseman was very near at hand, a Miss Newton, a good but somewhat Calvinistic-Puritan type of lady visitor, called on Dick, and during the course of her words of comfort spoke upon the enormity of foxhunting. "Do you think," said Dick, "that because I have worn a scarlet coat and hunted foxhounds I shan't go to Heaven?" Miss Newton said she hoped he would, "but she had her doubts." "Well!" answered Dick, "all I can say is that if wearing a pink coat and riding to hounds disqualifies me I've no particular anxiety to go."



THE LATE MAJOR T. L. ELWON,
Master of the Hurworth and Raby Hunts.

When Major Elwon gave up in 1868, he was presented with a large picture, which shows some of the followers of the Hurworth and Raby of that day. The picture bears the inscription: "Presented to Major T. L. Elwon by the members of the Hurworth and Raby Hunts in 1868."

I fancy this picture, which for long hung in his rooms at the Alexandra Hotel, at Saltburn, is preserved at Middlesbrough. On it he is shown mounted on a chestnut horse, "Catterick," which he bought from Mr. Cookson. The animal had a history. In these days they had an excellent horse show at Catterick, supported by John Jackson, the Hutchinsons, and others; and Mr. Parrington was at the show just before he commenced his first season with the Hurworth. Mr. Hutchinson said to him, "I have a horse you should buy. Teddy can't manage him, and won't ride him, and it's now September and he's running out yet." Always ready for a horse deal, Mr. Parrington said: "Then let's get a halter and a server of corn, and go catch him." The halter and corn were taken but the horse (which was by "Augur," and had three or four crosses of blood in him) had a distinct objection to being caught, and try as they would, drive him into corners as they would, get as near him as they could he always threw his head up, "cracked" at the nose, and trotted away at the crucial moment when the "co-ops" and "wo he's a beauty" were the most hopeful and endearing. However, Mr. Parrington saw plenty to make him like the horse, and his style, and so bought him in the rough for £100, and had him sent on to Hurworth the next day. He was duly "physicked," shod, and his tail and mane attended to, but his course of "readying" was not a very long one for, as luck would have it, the other three horses Mr. Parrington had caught a distemper of some sort which affected their throats. His old groom blistered them with mustard and ammonia—a

very severe, but very effective blister it proved too! The horses were laid off work, however, and "Catterick" had to be put forward to work at once. The horse was restive, but became one of the best hunters he ever rode. He sold him to Mr. Cookson for £250, and he in turn sold him to Major Elwon on his taking the Hurworth.

Major T. L. Elwon died in the August of 1903, and *The Field* referred thus to him :

"A good many of the present generation of foxhunters will probably have forgotten the name of Major Elwon, who died the other day at the Victoria Hotel, Saltburn-by-the-Sea. In years gone by he was connected with some ironworks in the Cleveland district, and was always extremely fond of hunting and racing. After the Wilkinson family ceased to control the fortunes of the Hurworth Hunt, the late Mr. James Cookson hunted the country for three years in the early sixties, and he was succeeded by Major Elwon, about 1865, when Martin Care, who died not long ago, and was for so long with the Isle of Wight Hounds, was huntsman. Major Elwon remained in office till 1869, when he made way for Mr. Cookson, who took a second spell of mastership, after having been successful in showing a considerable amount of good sport. The late gentleman, turning his attention to the Turf, registered his colours—tartan, crimson sleeves and cap—in 1865, but, in the following year, changed them to yellow, black hoops, yellow sleeves and cap. About the best horse Major Elwon ever owned was "Plaudit," by "Thormanby"—"Plausible," which won the Cleveland Stakes, at Stockton, in August, 1866, and the Clearwell Stakes, at the Newmarket Second October Meeting in the same year, beating "Achievement" by a head. In 1867 "Plaudit" ran for the Two Thousand, but, although well thought of, did very badly."

