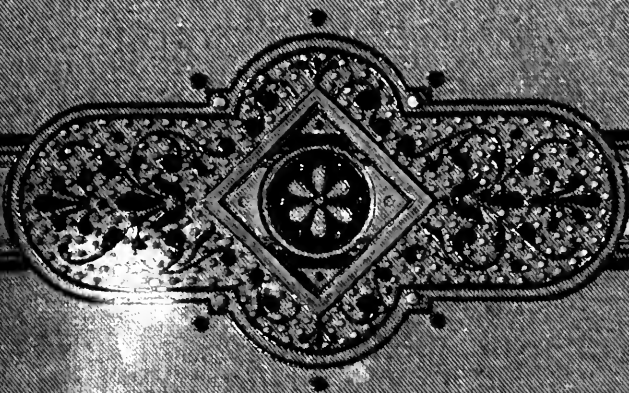


IN THE NORTH COUNTRY



W. SCARTH DIXON



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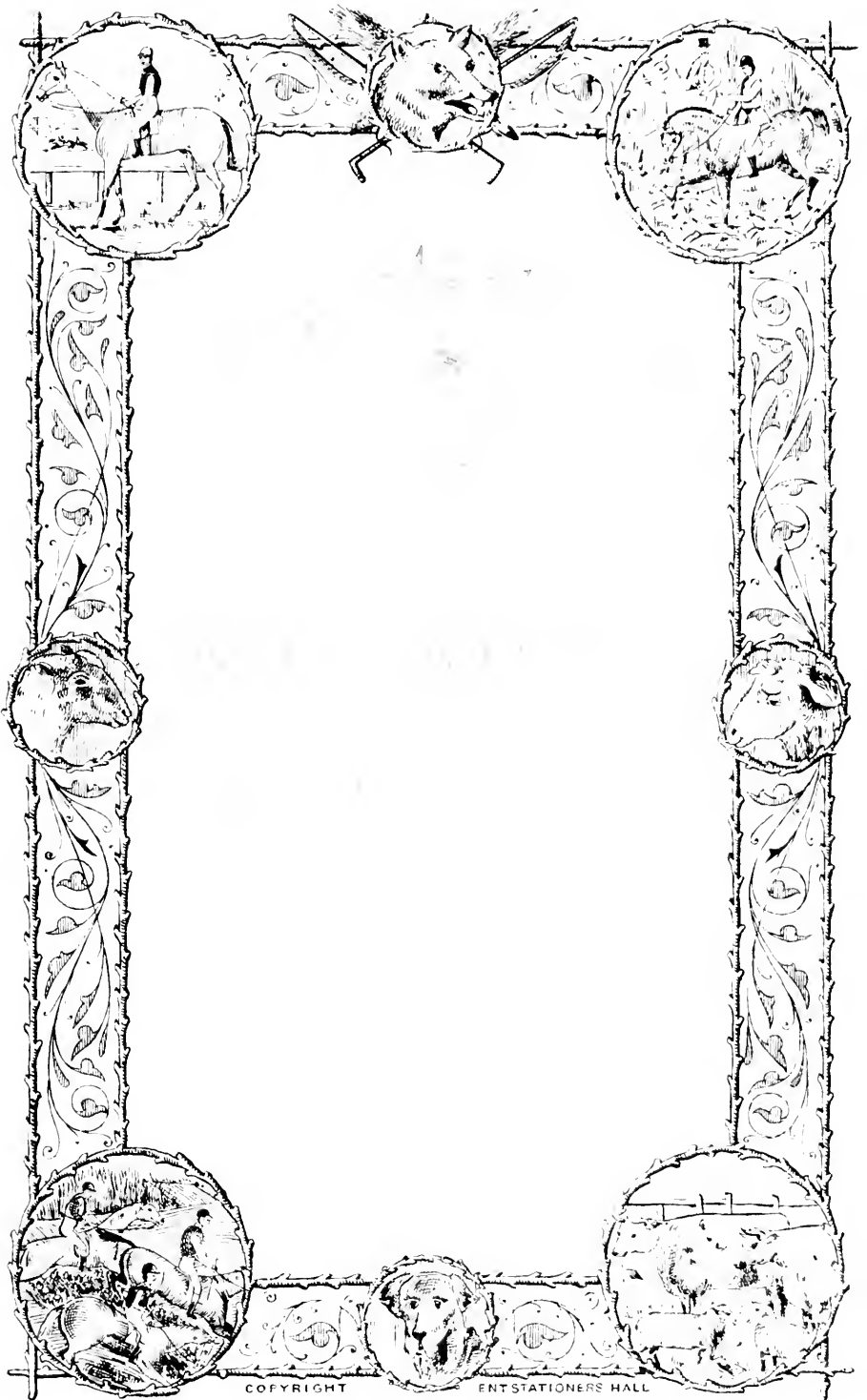
IN THE NORTH COUNTRY: &

ANNALS AND ANECDOTES OF

HORSE, HOUND, AND HERD.

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P R E F A C E.

BUT few words are required by way of preface to a book of this kind. A collection of facts connected with Horse, Hound, and Herd, it does not pretend to be a continuous history, or to give an exhaustive account of either. The notes from which it is chiefly composed have been collected at long intervals, and the book itself has been written under somewhat similar circumstances. Portions of it have appeared in some of the leading Agricultural, Sporting, and Live Stock Journals; but these portions have been thoroughly revised; in some instances, entirely re-written. I have used every care to ensure the literal accuracy of the facts of which I have treated, and in every case where racing is the topic, I have compared my notes with the Official Calendar and the General Stud Book.

To those gentlemen from whom I have received so much valuable information, and who have spared themselves no trouble to insure the accuracy of that information, I beg to tender my best thanks. I shall ever look back on the days spent in their company as amongst the

PREFACE.

pleasantest of my life ; and if I am able to impart even a small proportion of the pleasure I received from their conversation to my readers, I shall have accomplished as much as I dared wish.

My thanks are also due to those gentlemen who so liberally placed their paintings at my disposal, and allowed me to reproduce whatever I thought would be of interest to the public.

WILLIAM SCARTH DIXON.

CLEVELAND HOUSE,
SALTEURN-BY-THE-SEA,
November, 1888.

IN THE NORTH COUNTRY.

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ADDENDA ET CORRIGENDA.

Page	3	line	19,	Young Traveller was afterwards named Lauderdale.
	9		7,	for "is" read "was."
	11	footnote,		for "these horses" read "the two first named horses."
	21	line	15,	for "satisfactory" read "satisfactory."
	38		14,	for "half a neck" read "a neck."
	44		30,	Chislehurst is now at the Blink Bonny Stud Farm.
	51		25,	for "turf career" read "four year old career."
	59		20,	for "places" read "place."
	66		8,	after "they" insert "ever."
	111		8,	for "these" read "they."
	113		14,	for "you" read "your."
	145		3,	omit "an."
	173		6,	for "Galopper" read "Galoper."
	208		22,	for "Doch au Dhurras" read "Doch an Dhurras."
	216		8,	for "&c." read "to."
	230		7,	for "Badmington" read "Badminton."
	230		17,	after "as" insert "a."
	249		28,	for "a" read "the."
	250		24,	for "vetinary" read "veterinary."
	257		13,	after "at" insert "the."
	261		20,	for "Camellus" read "Camillus."

IN THE NORTH COUNTRÉE.

CHAPTER I.

MALTON TO WIT.

MALTON AS A SPORTING CENTRE—AGNES AND HER DESCENDANTS—THE NEWSTEAD STUD FARM—QUEEN MARY—HARICOT—CALLER OU—BLINK BONNY'S LEGER—BLAIR ATHOL—BREADALBANE AND BROOMIELAW—PANDORE—THE SALE OF THE BLINK BONNY STUD—DONCASTER PURCHASES—HIGHFIELD TRIUMPHS—CASTOR AND HAMBLEDON—SOME GOOD-LOOKING YEARLINGS.

At once, from thirty thousand throats
Rushes the Yorkshire roar,
And the name of the Northern winner floats
A league from the course and more.

PERHAPS the most sporting little town in the whole of England is Malton, the Newmarket of the North; and if flat racing can no longer be carried on in its precincts, owing to its time-honoured racecourse being ploughed out, the sporting inhabitants have a successful steeplechase meeting over Mr. l'Anson's farm at Highfield, and save in one particular it takes quite a lead in the world of sport. Hunting is carried

on enthusiastically, Lord Middleton's and Capt. Johnstone's foxhounds, and Sir Charles Legard's harriers keeping the game alive in winter, whilst in summer the pack of otterhounds lately formed by Sir Charles Legard will serve to keep the votary of Diana in good condition, and furnish occupation for him two or three days a week, waters permitting.

Cricket, too, has prospered at the little North Riding town; and at one time the victories of the Malton team were almost without a check.

With the Rye and its tributaries within easy reach, and the Derwent full of pike, the disciples of Izaak Walton have a rosy time, and many a marvellous story do they tell of gigantic trout and other finny monsters, of wondrous flies, and miraculous captures.

And in the depth of winter, when the earth is frost bound, racehorses are relegated to the straw beds, and hounds are kept in the kennel, the 'roaring game' is in full progress, and with William I'Anson as skip the Malton Curling Club is an awkward team to tackle. Of a truth Malton is a perfect paradise for an all round sportsman.

With racing Malton has been connected since the early part of last century, and the records of the turf are full of the 'good things' pulled off by Malton-trained horses. The first great Malton trainer of whom history makes any mention is

Mr. John Hutchinson, who was born at Hutton Rudby, in Cleveland, about 1736, and commenced life as a stable boy. Sir R. Eden's Miss Western, a chesnut mare by Sedbury, was one of the first horses of which he had charge, and when she went to run for His Majesty's Plate for five year old mares at Hambleton, in 1751, he was so pleased with the mare and her condition, that with a boy's enthusiasm, he put his little all on her. She won him his money, and he was heard to exclaim that he would never want money again. After being training groom to one or two gentlemen, he commenced business on his own account, training his horses on Langton Wold, and when the ground got very hard, taking them to Hambleton. He was eminently successful as a breeder and owner of racehorses as well as a trainer. He bred Overton, Hambletonian, &c.; and owned, amongst others, Young Traveller, with which horse he won the St. Leger and Doncaster Cup in 1791; in the latter race beating previous winners of the Leger in Mr. Crompton's Phenomenon and Lord Fitzwilliam's Pewet. He owned Traveller, a famous horse in his time, and sold him to the Prince of Wales for 1,500 guineas when His Royal Highness visited York Races in 1788. Beningbrough, Oberon, Tickle Toby, and other famous horses were also his; and it is to him that we owe the introduction of two-year-old racing.

In training, Malton is still to the fore, and Hutchinson and the Scotts have no ordinary successors in the trainers who now gallop their horses on what remains of Langton Wold. But if Malton has held its own so far as racing is concerned, it has made vast strides in breeding, and the sporting natives will always relate with pride that the dam of Ormonde, herself a racehorse of the first rank, was bred at Mr. Snarry's pretty paddocks at Norton. The Newstead Stud has become one of the most important in the country, and although it does not assume the gigantic proportions of some of its more pretentious rivals, it has turned out rather more than its share of great winners. The history of Mr. Snarry's breeding establishment is closely connected with the history of Agnes, by Clarion, and her descendants; itself more like a romance than a veritable history.

The late John Osborne purchased Annette, with Agnes running at her foot, at Shrewsbury for fifteen guineas, and a lucky purchase she turned out to be. Agnes was a big well-grown foal, and developed into a famous yearling. As a two-year-old she was highly tried, indeed her owner considered her to be about the best of her year; and even now Osborne thinks her to have been one of the best two-year-olds they ever had at Ashgill, a fact which her trial went a long way to establish. She was a big-framed, light-fleshed mare, with wide and rather ragged hips, some-

what long in the back and flat sided, and a rare mover, galloping with great force and resolution. As she was a big mare she did not put in an appearance in public until the Second October meeting, where she ran in the Clearwell but was unplaced. Her next appearance was in the Friday Nursery in the Houghton week, where she ran very creditably, carrying 7st. 12lb. Mr. Osborne had entered her in a Selling Sweepstakes for all ages on the Saturday, and thought very highly of her chance. He had won about £200 in small bets during the week and put it all on his favourite, so sanguine was he of success. She ran prominently for a short distance and then died away to nothing, finishing a bad third.

It was always Osborne's opinion that she had been drugged, and by no other means could he account for her running being so far below her form when at home. True, some good judges thought her rather soft, but her owner would never acknowledge that there was any foundation for such a report. We are inclined to think Osborne was right, as the mare never recovered her form, and had there been any foundation for the report that she lacked stamina, she could not have won such a trial as she did.*

* Agnes was tried over a mile-and-a-quarter with the two-year-old Hyderabad, to whom she gave 2st., and Carisbrook, from whom she was in receipt of 21lbs., and won her trial easily by two lengths. Carisbrook ran prominently in the Cesarewitch with 7st. 7lb., and finished fourth.

In 1849 she produced her first foal, Lady Agnes, by Irish Birdcatcher, and a lively specimen of the thoroughbred she turned out. She had gone on nicely in her breaking until Middleham Moor fair, when she developed a most undesirable temper, and was for a considerable time a great source of trouble and annoyance to her owner. Abdale had been riding her at exercise and her girths had got a little slack. He was riding her home when she started at some cattle, and the saddle becoming displaced, Abdale could not recover his balance and she put him down. He tightened the girths and remounted, and feeling a little annoyed at the *contretemps*, he stuck his heels into her, and bullied her a bit, with the inevitable result that a battle royal ensued in which the mare was the victor. The whole process of breaking-in had to be gone through a second time, and she was not ridden again until after Christmas. She ran for the first time at Chester, where she was unplaced, and where she showed a considerable amount of temper. At Wrexham she got rid of Carroll and took no part in the race; and at Holywell, where she was ridden by Osborne, she behaved badly at the post, bolted into some whin bushes at the hedge side, and threw away the race, which she could scarcely have lost had she run kindly. She scored her first victory in the Friday Nursery at the Houghton meeting, a race for

which her dam ran well five years previously. She won some races both as a three and four-year-old, and was finally sold to go into Italy, where all trace of her was lost by her original owner. She was a useful mare, and it would be interesting to learn, knowing what we do of the successes of her sister and her descendants, what has been her career in the land of her adoption.

Miss Agnes was, like her, rather flighty, and indeed most of the offspring of Agnes were troubled with an uncertain temper. She won the Fitzwilliam Handicap at Doncaster as a three-year-old, a very creditable performance, as she had some useful horses behind her, amongst them Baron Rothschild's Mentmore Lass, the winner of the One Thousand, from whom she was in receipt of 111bs. She was a disappointing mare on the turf, but Osborne was both patient and persevering, and knowing her to be a good one, kept her in training in the hopes that some day she would run up to her true form and repay him for all his trouble. His patience, however, was exhausted at the Liverpool meeting in 1855, where she was nicely in the Derby Handicap, but took it into her head to run the course twice over before the flag fell, and she never appeared in public again.

Little Agnes, by The Cure, was the first filly she bred. She won a few races, the most important of them being the Tradesman's Handicap

at Manchester, where she carried the light impost of 5st. 5lbs., including a 5lb. penalty. The handicap was a singularly light one. Mr. Towneley's Gladiolus carried the heaviest weight of the half-dozen starters, his impost being 5st. 13lb., and the bottom weight, 4st. 10lb., was carried by Mr. T. Dawson's Daniel.

Miss Agnes and Little Agnes were purchased by Sir Tatton Sykes in 1863. In 1864 Sir Tatton sent the former mare back to The Curc, and the result was Polly Agnes, one of the most famous brood mares of modern times. Polly Agnes was foaled in 1865, and was a small delicate filly. Sir Tatton took a great dislike to her, and at weaning time offered her to the late John Snarry. The latter, who entertained a very different opinion respecting her merits, endeavoured to persuade Sir Tatton to keep her. Finding his persuasion was of no avail, and that his commendatory remarks were received with disapproval, he finally accepted her and sent her on to Malton to his son. To the latter gentleman she has proved a veritable gold mine, but at first she did not show much promise. She was never trained herself, and her first foal, Rural Dean, by Cathedral, did nothing to bring her a reputation, for he was unplaced the five times he ran. It was a happy inspiration sending the mare to Macaroni, for from the three sisters got by him are descended some of the finest horses the world

has ever seen. The eldest of the three, Lily Agnes, was foaled in 1871. She was a game looking mare, light of flesh like her grandam, but with immense propelling power and famous limbs. She also has the lop-ears which are a peculiarity of the family. When she was put into training she soon made it evident that she is a bread-winner, for she won the four races for which she started as a two-year-old with the greatest ease. She won seven races out of ten in 1874, the most important of her victories being the Northumberland Plate, which she won cleverly, carrying 6st. 11lb. ; and the Doncaster Cup, in which she beat *The Scamp*, the winner of the Goodwood Stakes. But her greatest performance was when, in 1875, she won the Great Ebor Handicap, carrying 8st. 8lb. She had a field of good performers behind her, amongst them being such flyers as *Aventurière*, the winner of the Cesarewitch the previous year, and of the Goodwood Cup ; and *Apology*, from both of whom she was in receipt of 6lb.

Tiger Lily was not so successful as her elder sister, her principal victory being in the Great Northern Leger at Stockton, where she upset a very hot favourite in the *Katherine Logie* gelding.

Jessie Agnes also won a few valuable races, but her record is far below that of her sister, *Lily Agnes*. As a two-year-old the *Seaton Delaval* fell to her lot ; and she also ran a dead heat with

Muley Edris, the horse, it may be remembered, that savaged poor Fred. Archer in the spring of 1880. The horse had never forgotten the severe punishment he received at the hands of the famous jockey, and would undoubtedly have killed him had not assistance been at hand. As it was the muscles of his right arm were very much lacerated, and he was unable to ride for some time. He went up to London to consult Dr. Hutton, the famous bone-setter, to whom he was personally unknown. His principal anxiety was to ascertain how long it would be before he would be able to ride again, and Dr. Hutton caused him no little uneasiness when he mentioned some very distant date. The 'doctor' was rather astonished to hear who his patient was, and that he firmly intended riding in the Derby, then about three weeks off, even if he should ride with only one arm. Archer was in the saddle again at the Manchester Whitsuntide meeting, and he did ride in the Derby, and to some tune too, as those who saw his brilliant head victory on Bend Or will remember.

Jessie Agnes was nicely handicapped in the Cesarewitch of 1880, and her connections thought highly of her chance. She was in good form, had been well tried, and was backed by her owner and the stable. She had only 7st. 11lb. to carry, and to secure the services of Tom Chaloner 1lb. overweight was declared. She ran



LILY AGNES.

AGNES, Bay or Brown, D.H.	CLARION.	Sultan	Selim	Buzzard	Woodpecker by Herod—Miss Ramsden by Old Cade.	
				daughter of	Misfortune by Dux—Curiosity by Snap—d. by Regulus.	
				Williamson's Ditto	Alexander by Eclipse—Grecian Princess by William's Forster.	
		Clara	Baccabante		d. of Highflyer, d. by Alfred, gd. by Engineer—Bay Malton's dam.	
				Sister to Calomel	Sir Peter by Highflyer—Papillon by Snap—Miss Cleveland by Regulus.	
			Filho da Puta	Haphazard	Pungannon mare by Prophet—Virago by Snap.	
				Mrs. Barnet	Mercury by Cade—Partner mare.	
		ANNETTE.	Clari		d. of Herod—Folly by Marske.	
					Smolensko	Sir Peter by Highflyer—Papillon by Snap—Miss Cleveland by Regulus.
					daughter of	Miss Hervey by Eclipse—Chio by Y. Cade—d. of Starling.
				Waxy by Potsos—Maria by Herod—Lisette by Snap.		
				Woodpecker mare—Hemel by Squirrel—Princessa by Blank.		
Priam	Emilius		Orville	Sorcerer by Trumpator—Y. Giantess by Diomed—Giantess by Matchem.		
			Emily	Wowski by Mentor—Waxy's dam by Herod—Lisette by Snap.		
				Precipitate by Mercury—Herod mare—Maiden by Matchem.		
				daughter of Highflyer—Juno by Spectator—Horatia by Blank.		
			Cressida	Whiskey	Beningbrough by King Fergus—Herod mare—Pyrrha by Matchem.	
daughter of		Young Giantess (Sorcerer's dam)	Evelina by Highflyer—Termagant by Tantrum.			
			Stamford by Sir Peter—Horatia by Achilles.			
		Don Juan	Sorcerer	d. of Whisker—Grey Dormant by Dormant—Dizzy by Blank.		
			daughter of	Saltram by Eclipse—Virago by Snap—Regulus mare.		
		Moll in the Wad	Hambletonian	Catash by Herod—Teresa by Matchem, d. by Regulus.		
		Spitfire	Diomed by Florizel—Spectator mare, her dam by Blank.			
			Giantess by Matchem—Molly Long-legs by Babraham.			
			Trumpator by Conductor—Brunette by Squirrel—Dove by Matchless.			
			Y. Giantess by Diomed—Giantess by Matchem.			
			Highflyer by Herod—Rachel by Blank.			
			Marske by Squirt—Blacklegs mare, her dam by Bay Bolton.			
			King Fergus by Eclipse—Polly by Black and all Black.			
			mare by Highflyer—Monimia by Matchem—Aeides.			
			Pipator by Emperor—Brunette by Squirrel—Dove by Matchless.			
			Farewell by Slope—Y. Marske.			

very badly, and seemed to have entirely lost her form. She ran a few times afterwards, but was never her old self, and frequently displayed temper when in a crowd of horses.

As a brood mare Lily Agnes has made a great reputation, and she is one of the few examples to be found of a first-class racing mare being an exceptional success at the stud. Mr. Snarry sold her to the Duke of Westminster in 1880, when in foal to Doncaster. Rossington, the first foal she bred for His Grace, was a moderate animal, but his own sister, Farewell, won the One Thousand Guineas, and ran respectably once or twice afterwards, though she could scarcely be called a high-class racehorse.

The Duke of Westminster was of opinion that Doncaster did not nick with the Agnes mares, and tried Bend Or. This infusion of Melbourne blood proved the greatest success. Ormonde's long string of victories, all but one of them obtained with the greatest of ease, stamp him as undoubtedly the best horse of the century; and are a splendid tribute to the judgment of the Duke. It should be borne in mind that Ormonde had to meet some exceptionally good horses, The Bard, Minting, and Bendigo having all beaten the record,* and indeed the two former have never

* The only time either of these horses was beaten, except by Ormonde, was when the Bard ran second to Riversdale, to whom he was giving 2st. 3lb., in the Manchester Cup.

suffered defeat save at his hands when running in a weight for age race.

Ossory, too, is a useful racehorse, and though his performances by no means are in the same rank as his brother's, his form is respectable, and many good judges affirm that he would have won the second Eclipse Stakes at Sandown had he not been sacrificed for his stable companion, Orbit, to whom he ran a good second.

Mr. Snarry has now seven mares descended from Agnes at Newstead House and Norton, and the most careless observer can scarcely fail to be struck with the strong family likeness which exists amongst them, and how remarkably they all favour their ancestress, Agnes.

The mares are Festive, by Carnival, out of Piercy by Atherstone, her dam, Fair Agnes by Voltigeur, out of Little Agnes by The Cure; Tiger Lily; Eastern Lily by Speculum, out of Lily Agnes; Bay Agnes by Speculum, out of Polly Agnes; and her own sister, Orphan Agnes, the last foal the old mare bred; Golden Agnes, by Bend Or, out of Windermere, by Macaroni, out of Miss Agnes; and Agnes Bentinck, by Speculum, out of Agnes Sorel, by King Tom, out of Miss Agnes.

When we visited Mr. Snarry's establishment in the summer of 1888 we were struck with the improved appearance of Tiger Lily. We had not seen her since she was in training, and we now

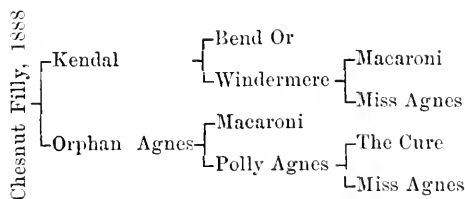
found her grown out into a beautiful specimen of the thoroughbred brood mare. She has great strength but there is no lumber about her ; and her fine quality of bone, strong back and muscular quarters, would have delighted the late Sir Tatton Sykes, whose hatred of a big overgrown horse has grown into a proverb. Mr. Snarry had intended sending her to Doncaster, but, acting on the Duke of Westminster's advice, he changed his mind and sent her with her own sister, Lizzie Agnes, to Bend Or. The latter mare, with her foal, was purchased by the Duke, and Tiger Lily produced the best foal Mr. Snarry thinks he ever bred. For good looks he is certainly the superior of his brother in blood. He has beautiful shoulders, muscular thighs, and the best of limbs.

It is in his middle piece that he is so much the superior of Ormonde, and he has not the long back, and somewhat flat-sided appearance of that horse, which detracts no little from his good looks, and which caused a famous Yorkshire trainer to say in our hearing, when the horse was being saddled for the Leger, "He looks like a d—— great coach horse," adding to himself, as Archer mounted, "I wish I had one like him."

We could have watched his magnificent action for an hour, as he gambolled round the paddock, moving his shoulders and bending his hocks in a manner suggestive of pace, and we wondered if

we were looking at a second Ormonde, whose prowess was to electrify the sporting world, and make those talk learnedly of racing who never talked racing before, or if one more of those good looking disappointments was before us.

Bay Agnes and Orphan Agnes are two good looking and promising young mares. They are well put together, and have a hardy, game look about them, whilst their likeness to old Agnes is perhaps more pronounced than that of any other mares in the stud. Their filly foals are by Kendal, a capital performer as a two-year-old, and another example of how well the Bend Or cross suits the Agnes mares. The foals are remarkably in-bred, as will be seen from the accompanying pedigree, the grandams on both sides being daughters of Miss Agnes; whilst there is a cross of Macaroni on both the sire and dam's sides.



There is plenty of 'running blood' here; and as the foals are both well-grown, and seem to have plenty of bone, there is every prospect of them adding to the reputation of the family.

Mr. Snarry seldom, if ever, races colts; but he generally runs his Agnes mares, and has

picked up a few valuable stakes with them now and then before they went to the stud. This year he felt tempted to break through what has almost become an unalterable rule, and put the handsome brother to L'Abbesse de Jouarre into training. This is a very smart colt, a nice galloper, with a 'wear and tear' look about him that gives promise of standing work, and he cannot fail to be very useful if he has ordinary luck.

It is rather singular that the two mares, whose progeny have done so much to the making of the history of the turf during the last half-century, should both have disgusted their original owners, should both have been given away, and should both have realized fortunes for their new owners. Malton has always had a fair share of the good things of the Racing world, but the greatest triumphs of the Malton bred and Malton trained horses have been gained by the offspring of the two cast-offs, Polly Agnes and Queen Mary.

Queen Mary was bred by Mr. Dennis, in Holderness, and was sold by him to Mr. W. R. Ramsay. She ran once, in a sweepstakes for two-year-olds at Chester, where she fell, and was never quite sound afterwards. Mr. Ramsay then gave her to the late Wm. P'Anson, who was training for him, and that he thought something about her is very evident, for he sent her to Lanercost, who was standing at the Rawcliffe

Paddocks at the then high fee of twenty guineas a mare.*

Haricot, her first foal, was, however, of doubtful parentage, and appears in the Stud Book as by Mango or Lanercost. She did not run as a two-year old, and made her first appearance in public in the Westwood Stakes at Beverley. This was a sweepstakes of *one sovereign each with ten sovereigns added*, the winner to be sold for £50. She ran in the nomination of Mr. J. Brown, and was *entered to be sold for £30*. She won cleverly; and followed up her first success by winning other nine races that year, amongst them being the Gold Cup at Stirling, the Lincoln Handicap, and the Manchester Cup. She ran in the nomination of a Mr. Campbell at the Royal Caledonian Hunt and Perth meetings the following year, but in the Cambridgeshire, where, carrying 6st. 2lb., she was unplaced to Mr. Phillip's Truth, she again appeared as Mr. Brown's.

In 1852 Mr. I'Anson's name appears in the Calendar as an owner of racehorses for the first time, and henceforward she always ran in his nomination. She did not win much this year,

*The highest price at which a stallion is advertised in the Calendar for 1846 is thirty guineas, at which price Touchstone covered. Venison comes next on the list at twenty-five guineas; then come Lanercost, Don John, and Muley Moloch at £20. Such horses as Bay Middleton and Orlando were standing at £10, and Velocipede at £15.



CALLER OU.

but was running in good company. On her first appearance she was beaten a head by Voltigeur, from whom she was in receipt of 32lbs., in the Flying Dutchman's Handicap at York; and her third to Weathergage in the Goodwood Stakes, and to Adine in the Great Ebor, in both of which races there were some good horses behind her, were meritorious performances. In 1853 she won the Cumberland Plate, then a race of considerable importance; and the North Staffordshire Handicap, in which race she carried the *top weight*, 6st. 10lb.

Her offspring were most of them good performers, and had she produced Caller Ou alone she would have taken a prominent place as a brood mare. We first saw Caller Ou at Stockton, where she was running for one of the Biennials. We were accompanied by a famous sportsman, no racing man, but a keen foxhunter, and a good judge of a horse; and we well remember our attention being called by him to her strong back and loins, muscular quarters, and fine sweeping action. She was not much fancied by her owner for the Leger, and the only bet he had was a level £10 that she beat Kettledrum in their places, which he made whilst they were running. Kettledrum was a very hot favourite, but a large number of the Yorkshiremen divided their affections between Kildonan and Lady Ripon. Caller Ou's chance was so little thought about, that the

day before the race Grimshaw, who was engaged to ride the mare, openly expressed his disgust at the mount, and Chaloner exchanged mounts with him; the former jockey's winning ride in the St. Leger being thus postponed for four years.

A party of sporting farmers went from the north of Yorkshire to see the race, and the majority of them were very sweet on the favourite, whilst one or two of the party were loud in their praises of Lady Ripon, whom they entrusted with their money, but whose public performances scarcely justified her position as third favourite. One of the party, who had liked the look of Caller Ou at Stockton, and who could not fancy any of the favourites, quietly took £500 to £5 about her chance. That he was mercilessly chaffed goes without saying, and amongst other things he was told, that if he had lighted his pipe with his five-pound note he would have known the end of it. His turn came, however, for his friends endeavoured to get back their losses on the Leger by backing Bivouac for the Queen's Plate, and when he was beaten they had a big plunge on Brilliant for the Corporation Plate. Brilliant went down also, and then these gentlemen, whilom so full of chaff, had to apply to the backer of Caller Ou for money to get them home.

Caller Ou was a great favourite with North country sportsmen, who, however much they may

profess to admire a carefully planned and well executed *comp*, yet infinitely prefer a genuine honest performer that is always running and generally winning races. She used to farm the Queen's Plates, thirty-one of which fell to her lot. As might be expected, she was generally a hot favourite in these races, the public putting down their money manfully. On one occasion, at Liverpool, they considered themselves justified in laying 20 to 1 on her, and this time disaster attended them, for after a desperate race she was beaten by a short head by Mr. Harvey's Stanton.

She won the Northumberland Plate twice, in 1863 and 1864, and was immensely popular with the pitmen. The following year she attempted to give Brown Bread, a grandson of old Agnes, by the way, 37lb., and was beaten by a neck. She was heavily backed, especially by the Tyne-siders, who thought her a second Beeswing, and would hear of nothing else. Their disappointment at her defeat was keen indeed, far keener than the mere loss of the money could have caused, and they did not look with much favour on the winner. "If it hadn't been for that Bwoon Bweed 'tard meeaw would ha' won agean," said one of them, and they cherish her memory still, with that of old Beeswing and the game little Underhand.*

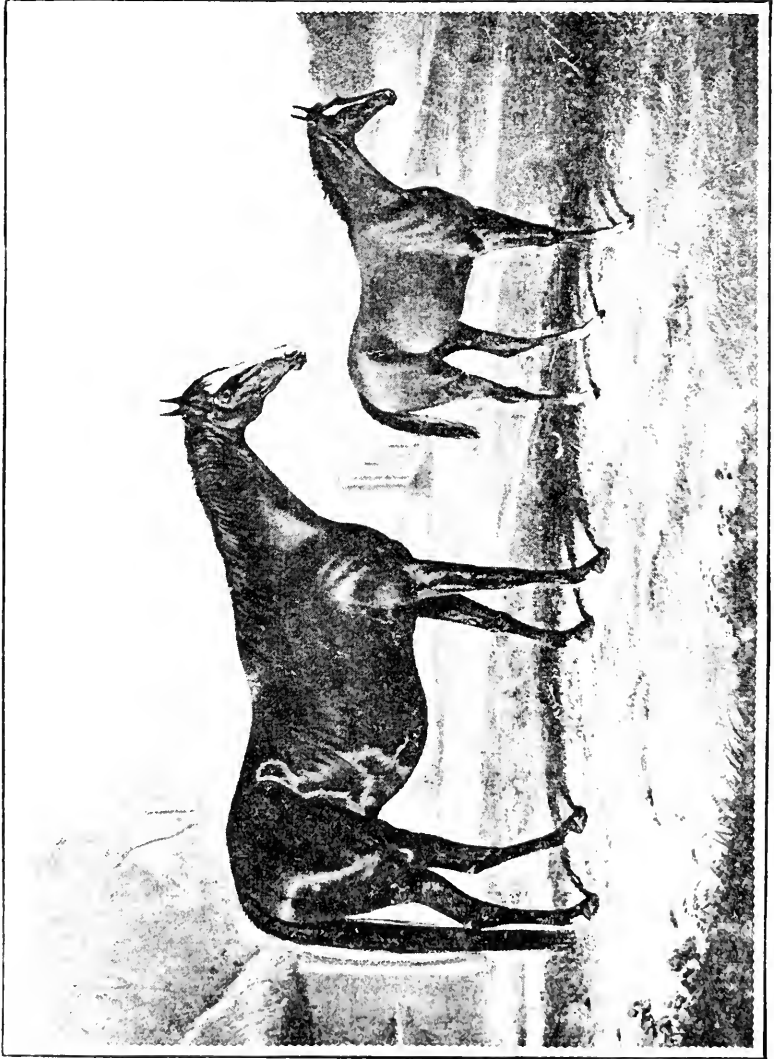
* Beeswing won the Gold Cup at Newcastle in 1836, 1837, 1838, 1839, 1841, and 1842; was second to Lanercost in 1840;

Haricot also bred Cramond, a useful horse in his class, but hardly in the first rank, and Freeman, who won some important races, and was a useful handicap horse.

To return to Queen Mary's offspring. Braxey was nothing very wonderful, neither did Blooming Heather earn much for her breeder whilst she was his property ; but he always thought she would have won the Oaks had she not been run into by a cab, and a good deal knocked about, when going through London. As it was she was only beaten half-a-length by Mr. Rudston Read's Marchioness, for whom the road was nicely cleared by Lady Tatton being amiss, as well as by the accident which happened to Blooming Heather.

The favourite, Nettle, who was the property of the notorious Wm. Palmer, of Rugeley, bolted in the race, fell over the chains, and broke her jockey's leg. It was subsequently asserted that

and was second to St. Bennett in the Northumberland Plate in 1838, giving him 2st. Underhand ran for the Northumberland Plate five times, won it three times in succession, ran unplaced the fourth time, and was second to Joey Jones, to whom he was giving 3st. 5lb. the last time he ran. His last race was for the Queen's Plate at the Royal Caledonian Hunt meeting the same year. The distance was four miles, and the old horse won easily by ten lengths. He was little more than a pony, but was a beautiful little horse, all 'steel and whipcord,' and his many successes, under what were in his time considered welter weights, are a proof that size is not the chief virtue a racehorse can possess, however much it may be the fashion of the hour.



QUEEN MARY AND BLINK BONNY.

QUEEN MARY, Bay Mare, 1813.	GLADIATOR	Partisan	Walton	Sir Peter	Highflyer by Herod—Rachel by Blank. Papillon by Snap—Miss Cleveland by Regulus.	
			Parasol	Arethusa	Dungannon by Eclipse—Aspasie by Herod—Doris by Blank. dam by Prophet—Virago by Snap.	
				Potsos	Eclipse by Marske—Spillett by Regulus—Mother Western by Smith's Son of South. Sportsmistress by Warren's Sportsman—Golden Locks by Oronoko.	
				Prunella	Highflyer by Herod—Rachel by Blank. Promise by Snap—Julia by Blank—Spectator's dam by Partner. Waxy by Potsos—Maida Herod—Lettie by Snap. Penelope by Trumpator—Prunella by Highflyer.	
			Panline	Moses	Whalebone or Seymour	Delpur by Highflyer—Comtesse by Blank. Bay Javelin by Javelin—Young Flora by Highflyer.
		Quadrille		Sister to Castanea	Gohanna by Mercury—Herod mare—Maiden by Matchem. Grey Skim by Woodpecker—Silver's dam by Herod.	
		DAUGHTER OF	Menipotentiary	Orville	Selim	Buzzard by Woodpecker—Misfortune by Dux—Curiosity by Snap d. by Alexander—mare by Highflyer by Alfred—Engineer. Whiskey or Sorcerer.
					Canary Bird	Canary by Coriander—Miss Green by Highflyer—Harriet by Matchem. Benningbrough by King Fergus—Herod mare—Pyrrha by Matchem. Evelina by Highflyer—Termagant by Tantrum.
				Emily	Pericles	Stamford by Sir Peter—Horatia by Eclipse—Delpini's dam by Blank. dam by Whisker—Grey Dorinant by Dorinant—Dizzy by Blank.
					daughter of	Evander by Delpini—Caroline by Phenomenon—Faith by Paeolet. d. by Precipitate—sister to Osprey by Highflyer.
Waxy	Waxy			Selina by Buzzard—Alexander mare by Highflyer. Pipilina by Sir Peter—Rally by Trumpator—Fancy*		
	Whalebone			Penelope	Potsos by Eclipse—Sportsmistress by Sportsman. Maria by Herod—Lisette by Snap. Trumpator by Conductor—Brunette by Squirrel—Dove by Matchless. Prunella by Highflyer—Promise by Snap—Julia by Blank.	
Myrrha	Gift			Young Gohanna	Gohanna by Mercury—Herod mare—Maiden by Matchem. Grey Skim by Woodpecker—Silver's dam by Herod—Young Hag by Skim.	
				Sister to Grazier	Sir Peter by Highflyer—Papillon by Snap—Miss Cleveland by Regulus. Sister to Amator by Trumpator—Herod mare.	

* Sister to Homed.

Palmer laid against his own mare heavily, and drugged Marlow just before the race, but whether there was any foundation for such a statement, or it was merely one of the many rumours which were flying about when his criminal career was made public, we have not been able to ascertain ; but it is very clear from one cause and another that Marchioness had the 'luck of the race,' and, singularly enough, it was the only one she ever won.

Blink Bonny and her victories are so well-known, and have been so frequently described, that it is unnecessary to give them more than passing notice. Her two-year-old career was a very satisfactory one to her owner, for she won eight out of the eleven races for which she started. Her first race was for the Zetland Stakes at Chester, and those who witnessed it must have had a rare treat. There were ten starters ; Magnifier and Nougat ran a dead heat, Blink Bonny, beaten a head, was third, Madame Cliquot fourth, and Saunterer fifth, heads only dividing them.

Her Derby and Oaks victories were obtained with the greatest ease, and the incidents in connection with them are so familiar to every one that it would be tedious to go into detail about them, but a few words on her race for the St. Leger may not be out of place. Of course after winning the Derby and Oaks in so easy a fashion, and following up these early victories by winning

a few races during the summer by such distances as twenty lengths, she was a very hot favourite, the public backing her as their wont is when they fancy one strongly, whilst her owner had the heavy stake of £3000 on her. It was a very strong run race, and she was only able to get fourth to Imperieuse, the winner of the One Thousand, who was a good deal fancied by John Scott. On the following Friday she won the Park Hill in a hand canter. It was then customary, at Doncaster, to hoist the time in which the races were run on the telegraph board, and when the time for the Park Hill was found to be less than that in which the Leger had been run, there was a good deal of angry comment.

The fact of the difference in the time of these races merely goes to show how utterly fallacious is the time test. The St. Leger of 1857 was a very strong run race, and in all strong run races the horses finish slow. The best time is always shown in a race that is run at a moderate pace, as then horses finish full of running, and are galloping faster up to the finish. It is the opinion of one jockey who rode in Blink Bonny's Leger, that she owed her defeat to the way in which the race was run, and had they gone a little slower for the first mile he thinks she would have won. After this year the Doncaster executive discontinued the foolish practice of posting the time of the races; and it may be remarked in passing,

that perhaps more money has been lost by trusting to the time test than by any other means by which the respective merits of racehorses are tried.*

Blink Bonny only bred three foals, but they were all racehorses, and many sensational incidents are connected with two of them. Borealis was a useful performer enough, and won Mr. P'Anson some good races. But the interest which centres round Blair Athol and Breadalbane puts all her performances into the shade. Blair Athol never started in a race till he went to Epsom, and he is one of the few instances on record of a horse making his *début* and gaining his maiden victory in such an important race as the Derby. He was heavily backed by the general public who called to mind their old favourite, Blink Bonny, and the stable put a heavy commission into the market.

General Peel, who was about the top of the two-year-old form, was a good favourite for the Derby, and it seemed as if Lord Glasgow's

* As an instance of the little dependence there is to be placed on time as a means of testing the capabilities of racehorses, may be mentioned the fact that Kingcraft ran the Derby in 2m. 45s., whilst it took The Flying Dutchman 3 minutes to do it in, yet surely no one would assert that Kingcraft was the better horse of the two. Again, the time in Lord Clidden's St. Leger is nearly the best on record, and has only been beaten by Apology, Achievement, Don John, and Reveller—and his was not a very strong run race, neither was Apology's.

ambition was at length about to be gratified. The commission on Blair Athol was worked during the Two Thousand week, and great was the tribulation in certain quarters when it became known that Mr. P'Anson had such a flyer.

There was some heavy betting in those days, and one well-known operator stood to win over £30,000 on Lord Glasgow's horse at the time the Two Thousand was run, yet he managed to have a winning account on the Monday after the Derby.

Our first visit to Malton was paid shortly after Blair Athol's defeat in the Grand Prix, and we well remember the indignation felt and expressed by the sporting inhabitants at the treatment which Chaloner had experienced at the hands of some French roughs. The late Mr. Smithson, a famous sportsman, and the proprietor of the *Malton Messenger*, roundly asserted that Chaloner durst not have won if he could, so strong was the feeling against the English horse, and that in his opinion he could have won if he had had fair play. In the latter respect he was most probably right, but it can scarcely be seriously affirmed, after this lapse of time, that his chance of victory was in any way affected by the brutal behaviour of the *gamins* of Paris. In the first place the horse was not started from home soon enough, and had never been fairly off his legs for nearly a week. He was, consequently, very stale, and was nothing like the horse that had cantered home in front of

a big field at Epsom less than a fortnight before. Then the course is an awkward one, or was then, and Chaloner went the wrong course and had to retrace his steps. This naturally caused him to lose a lot of ground, but he thought he could have made it up if the horse had not been so stale.*

But if the indignation of the Malton men was roused by the treatment their favourite horse and jockey had received in Paris, it was exceeded by their consternation when John Osborne dropped from the clouds on *The Miner* and beat him by a

* There was at that time a considerable amount of feeling displayed against English horses that ran in France, and the howls of execration with which they were greeted when they won could only be exceeded by the unseemly display of elation which took place when they were beaten. This jealousy was strongly accentuated, and much bitter feeling was caused, by an unfortunate circumstance which took place in connection with the Oaks, which had been won by Count de La Grange's *Fille de l'Air*. Rightly or wrongly the public had conceived the idea that this filly, who had started a good favourite for the Two Thousand and finished in the ruck, had been pulled in that race, the opinion was held by many men of high standing on the Turf, and the circumstance was freely commented on in the press.

After *Fille de l'Air* won the Oaks she had to be escorted back to scale by a body of mounted police and a volunteer guard of prize fighters, and so determined were the attempts of the mob to obtain possession of the saddle that it seemed as if a riot was inevitable. Indeed had it not been for Mr. Payne, who rescued it at considerable risk to himself, the saddle would have been broken to pieces. Custance, who was riding Mr. Joice's *Antoinette*, and whose colours (dark blue, red sleeves, white cap), were very similar to those of Count de La Grange, was mistaken for Edwards. When the mob surrounded his mare with threatening looks, he said, with the greatest self-possession, "Let me alone,

length in the Great Yorkshire Stakes at the York August Meeting. The chesnut was carrying a 7lb. penalty, and Ely, who had been running well through the summer, and had given the Oaks winner a two lengths beating in the Prince of Wales' Stakes at Ascot, was much fancied by many good judges, though he did not start second favourite, a position held by Mr. Bowes' Claremont, a horse that had been winning races in good company. Claremont's party made the pace a cracker, and when Chaloner and Custance were watching each other Osborne came with one of his famous rushes on The Miner, who was served by the strong pace, and won by a length. There are some who affirm that it was the jockey and not the horse that won the race, but this is by no means Osborne's opinion, and he thinks that with a strong run race The Miner, who was a good but very unlucky horse, was the best at the weights.

When the first shock of surprise was over, the Malton men picked up heart of grace, and, refusing to believe in the correctness of the York

I did not ride the mare at Newmarket." And it is not unlikely that the diversion caused by his coolness and ready wit had something to do with assisting the escape of his companion, who looked like being in "grievous case."

It was only likely that such an incident would cause a great deal of irritation, and our excitable neighbours retaliated by throwing sticks and stones at Chaloner as he rode Blair Athol up the course at Paris.

running, backed the chesnut for the Leger as if nothing had happened. Two to one was the biggest price that could be had about him, and had it not been for the support accorded to The Miner he would have started one of the hottest favourites on record. Mr. King's turn to win the Leger had not come yet however, and The Miner only finished fourth to Blair Athol, who won easily by two lengths.

He hit his leg in the race and did not run any more, and this circumstance placed several nice stakes at the mercy of Ely and General Peel.

Mr. Jackson of Fairfield was always a great admirer of the famous chesnut, and after his turf career was ended he went to the Paddocks at Fairfield, where Mr. Jackson had a large stud. Mr. P'Anson, however, retained a third share in him until Mr. Jackson's sale, when Mr. Blenkiron gave £14,000 for him, and at his sale he was bought by the Cobham Stud Company, in whose possession he remained until the Company was wound up in 1881, when he was purchased by Mr. Stewart for 1,950 guineas.

Perhaps no two horses were more talked about in their time than Breadalbane and his stable companion and near kinsman, Broomielaw, in the autumn of 1864 and the spring of 1865, and had they not possessed great merits of their own they would have been worthy of notice as being the

first racehorses owned by Mr. Chaplin, one of the best sportsmen of ancient or modern times.

Mr. Chaplin had not long returned from India, and his advent on the Turf had been talked of for some time. The furore about Blair Athol, which had extended to his brother, was at its height when Mr. Chaplin went to Malton with a view of purchasing. He bought Breadalbane for £6,000, and on setting him down to the station Mr. P'Anson said that the two colts had never been tried, and that it was just possible he had left the best one. Mr. Chaplin immediately had Broomielaw put in price, and finally bought the pair for £11,500.

The enthusiasm of the Malton men knew no bounds, and, before long, they were divided into two parties, one of which swore by Breadalbane, whilst the others pinned their faith to Broomielaw. Indeed, it was stated by Breadalbane's admirers that he had been tried at even weights with Blair Athol in the autumn of 1864 and won as he liked; and the man who received this information with a smile of incredulity was looked upon as little better than an idiot. Broomielaw's adherents quite admitted the correctness of the trial, but averred that their pet was just in front of his stable companion. It never seems to have struck these enthusiasts that 31lbs. is allowed for the year over a mile-and-a-half, and that a man would be scarcely likely to part with two-year-

olds that could beat such a flyer as Blair Athol at even weights.

That the pair were very much overrated subsequent events showed very clearly, but that they were so moderate as their whilom admirers called them is by no means clear. Impossibilities were expected of them, and when they fell a little below the very first class, they were treated with the indignity which is often suffered by deposed idols. It should be remembered that in Gladiateur they met one of the best three-year-olds we had seen for years, and that it by no means follows that because one horse has it pretty nearly all his own way that his opponents are necessarily a bad lot. It shows what that fine judge, Admiral Rous, thought of him when he set him to give Regalia a stone in the Cambridgeshire, and he considered Breadalbane 18lbs. behind him over the Cambridgeshire course. The Admiral's opinion of Breadalbane may be gathered from the fact that he handicapped him to give Mr. Day's speedy Out and Outer, the Steward's Cup winner, 10lbs., and gave the five-year-old Gratitude, who had twice been beaten by a short head in the Cesarewitch, only 3lbs. more to carry for the difference in age.

Breadalbane had a very severe attack of strangles just after Christmas, and his trainer did not want to run him until the Derby, but he was overruled, and the severe 'dusting up' he

got in the Two Thousand when he was not fully recovered from the effects of his illness, would, no doubt, have a serious influence on his subsequent form. He was only a length behind the winner, to whom Archimedes was second, beaten a neck; then came Liddington, a neck behind Archimedes and a head in front of Zambesi, who was a head in front of Breadalbane. This was by no means a bad performance, and he picked up some valuable stakes both in 1865 and 1866. Perhaps his most notable victory was in a Free Handicap, over the Rowley Mile, at the Second October Meeting in 1865, when he beat Sydmon-ton easily by four lengths, giving him 11lbs., and as Sydmon-ton had won most of his races in good style, and had beaten Caller Ou in the Queen's Plate at Lewes, he cannot be said, with justice, to have been a bad horse.

Broomielaw was also a very useful racehorse, and was, perhaps, taken on the whole, the best of the pair. He commenced by winning the Dee Stakes, and won two or three more races as a three-year-old, but could only get second to Klarinska in the Great Yorkshire Stakes at York. His best performance was in the Chesterfield Cup at Goodwood, in 1866, where he beat a field of good horses, amongst them Archimedes, who had been second in the Two Thousand, and third in the Leger, to whom he was giving 2lbs., and Salpinctes, the winner of the previous year's

Cesarewitch, who was in receipt of 7lbs. from him.

Breadalbane and Broomielaw went to the stud in 1868, and are returned as sires of winning horses in 1871, the former being credited with three winners of seven races, whilst the latter had one winner of three races. They figured respectably amongst the sires of winning horses for some years, and, thanks to Trent, a very useful horse, Broomielaw proved the better of the two at the stud, as his victory in the Chesterfield Cup would lead one to think that he was the better of the two as a racehorse.

Mr. Chaplin was very partial to the Queen Mary blood, and had no fewer than four of the daughters of Caller Ou. With the eldest of these, Pandore by Newminster, he was rather unlucky. She won him a few races, and he inadvertently ran her in a sweepstakes, the winner to be claimed for 300 sovs. She won it easily enough, and Sir Joseph Hawley, who had long been anxious to have some of the blood at Leybourne, claimed her. Mr. Chaplin, who had only leased her for her racing career, generously attempted to buy her back, and offered the big price of 2,000 guineas for her, but Sir Joseph stuck to his bargain and refused to listen to the voice of the charmer. It is pleasing to relate that the mishap caused no unpleasantness between Mr. Chaplin and Mr. P'Anson, and it is only

another instance added to the many of the mistakes which are so easily made in interpreting the conditions of races, and in entering horses.

Pandore's own sister, The Pearl, was more than an average performer; and Poldoody and Periwinkle were also winners of races. The latter ultimately became the property of Mr. R. N. Batt, who bought her for 340 guineas after she won a selling race at the York August meeting.

Two of Caller Ou's daughters, The Pearl and Poldoody, found their way back to the Blink Bonny Stud Farm, but Pandore never returned to her old quarters. After Sir Joseph Hawley's death she became the property of Mr. Blenkiron, and when the Middle Park Stud was dispersed in September, 1878, she was purchased by Mr. Oldaker for 1,600 guineas, her filly foal by Thunderbolt, afterwards named Select, bringing the nice price of 600 guineas. The Duke of Westminster afterwards became the owner of Pandore, and in the autumn of 1884, or the spring of 1885, he sold her to Mr. Hume Webster. She was the dam of Gloria, a mare that won a race or two as a two-year-old, and was bought by Mr. Vyner for 610 guineas after winning a selling race at Newmarket. She never won a race for her new owner, but she has made up for any disappointment she may have caused him in this way by her success as a brood mare, for her

offspring have mostly been winners, and had she only bred that sterling handicap horse, Gloriation, she would have been an useful addition to the Fairfield Stud.

The Pearl has bred some good winners, notably Coromandel II. and Selby, the latter of whom, notwithstanding his almost persistent bad luck in getting beaten by a short head, has placed some valuable stakes to the credit of his owner.

It is noteworthy that all Poldoody's offspring that have faced the starter have been winners except Lady Godiva, the best performer of the lot being probably Princess Bladud, by King Lud, who won thirteen races for Mr. J. H. Stephenson, and who looks like making a first-class brood mare if we may judge from what we have seen of her produce.

Early in 1881 the whole of the brood mares, yearlings and foals, belonging to the late Wm. I'Anson, were sold at the Blink Bonny Stud Farm by the order of his Executors; and a large and influential body of turfites, as well as a great number of the general public, assembled on that bleak March morning to witness the dispersal of a stud which had, in a little time, become so famous in the racing world. It was only thirty-four years since Queen Mary dropped her first foal, and in that short time home-bred horses had won the Derby and Leger twice, and the Oaks once, besides Cups, important Handicaps and

Queen's Plates too numerous to mention or even count. Out of the twenty-two lots that were offered only four were not direct lineal descendants of Queen Mary, and there was a keen competition for some of them. The yearlings were sold first, and realized handsome prices, Queen Mary's descendants, of whom there were seven, reaching the handsome average of 473 guineas. The highest price was made by Siddartha, a handsome bay colt by Pero Gomez out of the Pearl, who fell to Mr. Lorillard's bid of 1,125 guineas. He failed to fulfil his early promise, at any rate in England, for on the only occasion on which he ran he made an indifferent show in moderate company.

Perhaps the most sensational incident of the sale was when The Pearl was led into the ring. The bidding was fast and furious for this handsome daughter of old Caller Ou, and there was a pause of suspense when Osborne bid 2,000 guineas for her; but Miles I'Anson was not to be denied, and his advance of 100 guineas knocked 'Johnny' out of time, nor could all Mr. Tattersall's eloquence produce from him another bid. The Malton men were jubilant that The Pearl was stopping amongst them; and it would have been a pity had one of the best bred mares in the North found another home.

Poldoody was the only other mare that got into four figures, Mr. Cartwright being the

purchaser at 1,000 guineas. It is noteworthy that three daughters of Caller Ou were sold by auction within something over two-and-a-half years for the aggregate sum of 4,700 guineas. Old Caller Ou, now twenty-three years old, brought 125 guineas, but, unluckily for Mr. Dudley Milner, she proved to be barren. She never bred again, and was destroyed in the spring of 1884.

Queen Mary's eighteen descendants averaged 496 guineas each, and the total amount realized by the sale was 9,205 guineas. As a proof of its excellence may be cited the fact that three of the yearlings were re-sold at the Doncaster September Meeting and made a loss of 175 guineas.

In the spring of 1881 Mr. Wm. I'Anson removed to Highfield from Spring Cottage, and since that time the Highfield Stable has taken a high position amongst the large training establishments in the kingdom, and has well maintained the reputation which was won by Spring Cottage.

Closely identified with the Highfield Stables are the Doncaster sales, not only on account of the good yearlings sent up to Doncaster from the neighbouring establishment, the Blink Bonny Stud Farm, but because many of the leading winners which have hailed from the snug stables near Malton, have been purchased in the Sale Paddock at Doncaster.

Hazledean and Adamite are amongst Mr. I'Anson's early Doncaster purchases, and both

paid their way well. Hazledean was bred by his father, and was dirt cheap at the 160 guineas he paid for her for Mr. Chaplin. She won Mr. Chaplin six races out of the ten in which she ran as a two-year-old ; and as a three-year-old made but one appearance, which was in the Oaks, where she ran unplaced. She ran as a four-year-old for Mr. H. Baltazzi, and won him a small race or two, and on the termination of her racing career she went to Blankney, and has proved a useful addition to that famous stud.

Her second foal was the flying *Kermesse*, one of the best of a year of good fillies, amongst whom were *Dutch Oven*, *Geheimmiss*, *Shotover*, &c., and she has bred several useful horses since, though they all fall far short of her second born in excellence.

Adamite cost 220 guineas, and was bought for Mr. "Northern," a confederacy of which Mr. Perkins and Mr. J. B. Cookson of Meldon Park, were the leading members. He nearly got his purchase money back the first time he ran, and was a very useful sound racehorse, keeping in training and winning races till he was six year old. His best performance as a two-year-old was in the Old Nursery Stakes at the Newmarket Houghton Meeting, where, with 6lbs. the worst of the weights, he ran a dead heat with *Post Haste*. The race was run off, and in the deciding heat the weight told, and the Malton horse was

beaten a short head. He was unplaced the only times he ran in 1877, viz., in the Lincoln Handicap and the Great Northern Leger at Stockton, and was also unplaced in the Lincoln Handicap next year. Shortly after this the confederacy was dissolved, and Adamite became the sole property of Mr. J. B. Cookson. He commenced inauspiciously for his new owner, for he was unplaced in the Gold Cup at Newton, for which he was well backed, and started second favourite. His next appearance was in the Flying Dutchman's Handicap at York, for which race Col. Broadley's Melton, a big, good looking horse, standing a lot over on his forelegs, was a very hot favourite, odds of 5 to 4 being betted on him freely. The race was run at a cracking pace, and Fagan, on Adamite, staying the longest, just managed to make a dead heat of it. The excitement was great, especially when Col. Broadley announced his intention of running off, and when the two came out after the last race odds of 13 to 8 were again freely laid on Melton. Rightly or wrongly, the horse's connections blamed Tomlinson, who had ridden him the first time, and put up Huxtable instead.

There had not been much time for the horses to recover from the effects of their race, for the Flying Dutchman's Handicap was the last race but one on the card, and the consequence was that the pace was not so strong as in the original

race. This served Melton, who had a fine dash of speed, and he just managed to win the deciding heat by a neck.

The Morpeth Handicap was the only race which Adamite won in 1879, but in 1880 he was more successful, and placed nearly £1,000 to his owner's credit, principally by winning the July Welter Handicap at Manchester, in which he beat Kaleidoscope at a difference of only 2lbs. in weights; Pride of the Highlands, who was in receipt of 10lbs.; Rosemount, and other good horses: and the Stockton Handicap, where he fairly wore down Blackthorn, the winner of the Liverpool Cup, and won cleverly by half a neck.

The last two sales of the Blink Bonny Stud yearlings, which took place before the death of the late Mr. P'Anson, made fair averages, the sale of 1879 realizing 4,960 guineas for eleven lots, whilst that of 1880 made 2,225 guineas for seven lots.

The highest priced yearling at the sale in 1879 was Bonaparte, for whom Mr. W. P'Anson, Junr., gave the respectable sum of 1,700 guineas on Mr. Perkins' account. Well-bred though he is, and good looking to boot, he has been a most disappointing horse, not winning a race till he was four years old, and since then only occasionally earning winning brackets. He is a thoroughly sound horse, however, and his trainer remarked to us, as he ran second for the Redcar Handicap,

“What a queer old horse mine is, I can’t win a race with him, and I can’t break him down.” Had his brother, Beauclerc, possessed legs of iron like him, in all probability we should have seen another Derby and Leger go to Highfield.

Mr. P’Anson bought this colt for Mr. Perkins at the sale of his father’s yearlings at Doncaster in 1876, giving 1,050 guineas for him. He is a big brown horse, with rather a look of his grand-sire, Voltigeur, about his quarters, but he had, unfortunately, injured his pastern joint when a foal, and he was consequently rather difficult to train. As a two-year-old he had an uninterrupted succession of victories, winding up the season by winning the Middle Park Plate somewhat cleverly from a large field of high-class horses. He was three lengths and a-half in front of Pilgrimage, the winner of next year’s Two Thousand and One Thousand; in the latter of which races she beat Jannette, who subsequently won the Leger, by three-quarters-of-a-length. The stable naturally thought they had a good thing for the Derby, and the Malton crack was a good winter favourite. Unfortunately the strong work necessary for a horse of his exceptionally good constitution found out the weak place, and he succumbed to the exigencies of training. All efforts to get him to the post for the Derby proved unavailing, but he got patched up to put in an appearance at Doncaster. But his

in-sufficient training told upon him, and he ran unplaced amongst a lot that he could scarcely have failed to beat had he gone to the post fit and well.*

He was at once sent to the stud, and stood at Mr. Jno. Winteringham's, at Croft, for several seasons. His name appeared in the list of winning sires the first season his offspring ran, and his four winners, three of whom, by the way, were the property of either Mr. Perkins or his trainer, credited their owners with something over £2,000. Since then he has always maintained a respectable place amongst the winning sires, his position being chiefly owing to the victories of Chislehurst, Beauchamp, Glance, Luminary, Selby, Bessie, and Beaulieu; and there are now at Highfield one or two yearlings by him not unlikely to create a sensation before many months pass over their heads.

In 1879 the north had furnished a surprise in the Derby when Mr. Trotter's Palmbearer, a horse that had been running in unimportant handicaps, and against whom the bookmakers laid the liberal price of 33 to 1 for a place, ran the Derby winner to a length; and in 1880 it was to cause a similar sensation in the Oaks.

* The Derby winner, Sefton, was two lengths behind Pilgrimage in the Two Thousand, and, although the latter was beaten by Jannette in the Oaks, it should be borne in mind that she broke down badly in the race and never ran again.

Mr. Perkins had bought at Doncaster Jenny Howlett, a chesnut filly by The Palmer, out of Jenny Diver by Buccaneer, for 1,300 guineas, and when she made her debut great things were expected of her. She won two or three races as a two-year-old, as did her stable companion, Mr. Cookson's Bonnie Marden, but there was nothing especially meritorious in the performances of either of them, and their names were seldom or never mentioned in connection with the great three-year-old events of the next season. Both the mares wintered well, so it was thought advisable to send them to Epsom on the off-chance. They were tried just before they left home, and Bonnie Marden, as was expected, proved herself the best stayer of the two. Their connections did not fancy the chance of either of them very much, although Mr. Perkins backed his mare for a trifle. They both started at a useful price, the official return being 20 to 1 Bonnie Marden, and 33 to 1 Jenny Howlett. The race was run at a strong pace, and, contrary to the expectations of everyone connected with them, the two stable companions ran first and second, the non-stayer winning in a hand canter by four lengths. The reversal of the form as shown in the trial, is rather curious, but it was unquestionable that Jenny Howlett had a fine turn of speed, and probably the trial was run at a stronger pace than the race.

But although Jenny Howlett figures on the register of winners of the Oaks, she is more likely to be remembered in the future by the successes of her progeny than her own. It is not often that a mare earns so great a reputation as a brood in a short time as she has done ; and Hawkeye, Belle Mahone, and Chitabob are a fair trio to be the produce of a mare that only went to the stud six years ago. Bonnie Marden, too, promises to make a good brood mare, and her yearling filly by Pursebearer, has a wear and tear look about her that is full of promise for the future, whilst her elegant quality and free action were conspicuous even amongst the good lot we saw when at Highfield.

Lucy Glitters was rather an unlucky mare for her owner and his friends. She was bought as a foal by Mr. Sawrey Cookson, and was sent with the rest of his yearlings to Doncaster, where she became the property of Mr. Perkins for 850 guineas. She ran well as a two-year-old, but failed to win any races, and her two seconds in the Oaks and Cambridgeshire, and third in the Leger must have been bitter disappointments to the connections of the stable. But especially disastrous was the second in the Cambridgeshire. After getting within two lengths of Iroquois in the Leger she looked like having a great chance for the Cambridgeshire, in which she had the lenient weight of 6st. 7lb. She kept going on

famously until the day of the race, and the North was on her to a man. Men who generally were satisfied with a sovereign or two backed her for fives and tens, and the modest 'pony' grew into the more pretentious hundred. The history of the race is soon told. Lucy Glitters got well away, and at the Red Post had apparently got the race well in hand. Mr. I'Anson, who was standing midway between this point and the winning post, made sure he had won, when Martin, to make assurance doubly sure, took up his whip. The mare swerved a little, and Webb, who was not likely to miss such an opportunity, came with a terrific rush on Foxhall and won by a short head. A neck behind Lucy Glitters was Tristan, ridden by the veteran Geo. Fordham. There was a considerable amount of controversy after the race, some averring that Lucy Glitters swerved from distress, whilst her friends boldly said that had Martin never lifted his whip she would have won in a canter. Fordham used to say that if he had not been disappointed he could have just won on Tristan. Whatever may be the merits of the case it can scarcely be denied that Foxhall was somewhat lucky to win, for good horse as he undoubtedly was, it can scarcely be claimed for him that he was really 35lbs. in front of Lucy Glitters, and 19lbs. in front of Tristan.

Another mare that has helped well to swell the winning account of the Malton stable was

Madame du Barry. Mr. Perkins bought her in Ireland of Mr. Geo. Bryan, and got her very cheap for 700 guineas. She was not long in getting her purchase money back, and won him between three and four thousand pounds in stakes within three months.

Chislehurst was a very lucky horse for Mr. P'Anson. He bought him of Mr. Smallwood of York, for 500 guineas when a yearling, and sold him to Mr. Perkins for £1,500 when a two-year-old. As a two and three-year-old he ran exceedingly well, but lost all his form as a four-year-old, and as Mr. Perkins tired of him, his former owner bought him back again. He continued to run badly till the end of the season, and was unplaced both in the Cambridgeshire and the Manchester Autumn Handicap. In the following year his form returned, and he commenced auspiciously by winning the Liverpool Spring Cup and the Great Northern Handicap, both of which he won with a bit in hand, and followed up these victories by winning the Queen's Guineas in a canter from a good field at Bath, and then again at Salisbury, where he beat the Duke of Hamilton's Cosmos. Altogether he won Mr. P'Anson above £2,000 in stakes during the year. In 1886 he ran once at Catterick, and was sent to the Stud in 1887. Early in the present year he was sold for a good price to go abroad.

Mr. P'Anson has purchased several horses which have turned out extraordinarily well, but of none of his bargains is he more justly proud than Hambledon and Ilia. The latter mare had only run in a Maiden Plate at Epsom before she went to Gosforth Park to run in the Gibside Juvenile Selling Plate, and her performance there was not calculated to inspire anyone with much confidence. A good looking and well-bred filly, Mr. P'Anson took a fancy to her and bought her for £50. She won her new owner four races worth £674 within three months, and then her turf career came to an untimely close just when she was getting into form. She was at exercise on Langton Wold and was doing a smart gallop when suddenly her thigh bone snapped. There was no place nearer at hand than her own stable, and Mr P'Anson, having despatched messengers for veterinary assistance, commenced the painful and tedious task of getting her home. It took them an hour-and-three-quarters to get her the short distance from the wold to her own stable, and, fortunately, the great care in moving her had enabled them to get her there without breaking the skin, which would have made an end to her at once. Mr. Bowman and Mr. Snarry were speedily in attendance and set the broken bone. The mare was some weeks in the slings, and is now practically sound. She should make a valuable brood mare, for she is very nearly allied to Hermit, the sire

of her dam being *Vespasian* by *Newminster*, whilst she herself is third in direct descent from *Seclusion*, *Hermit's* dam. Her offspring are very promising so far as they have come, especially her foal (1888) by *Bread Knife*, a nice qualified brown filly, with wonderful good back and hoeks.

Hambleton's early career was a somewhat chequered one. He was considered a selling plater and not of the highest class, for he only won three of these races before he came into Mr. *I'Anson's* hands. He had several owners before he got to *Highfield*, and passed through the hands of Mr. *Ker Seymour*, Mr. *C. J. Merry*, Mr. *Carington*, Mr. '*Plunger*' *Walton*, Col. *Forester* and Mr. *Hungerford*, whose property he was when he was claimed at *Leicester*. He ran second in a *Juvenile Selling Plate* there, the winner to be sold for 100 sovs., and was beaten by Mr. *M. F. H. Williamson's Wilkie*, a horse that was trained by *I'Anson* and thought rather smart. They ran *Wilkie* up to 650 guineas before they let his owner keep him, and by way of retaliation Mr. *Williamson* claimed *Hambleton* for Mr. *I'Anson*. He won two good selling races for his new owner, who had not to pay much for buying him in on either occasion, and then he was tried in some *Nursery Handicaps* in which, however, he failed to figure prominently. He showed that the *Malton* air agreed with him, for his form as a three-year-old was a marked improvement, and

he kept winning a few races and paying his way from the commencement of the season of 1885, but it was not till the York August meeting that he showed what he was really made of. Here in the Queen's Plate he upset the odds of three to one which were betted on Newton, and literally galloped that sterling horse to a standstill, a performance he repeated at Richmond the following week with Borneo, the Manchester Cup winner, as a competitor instead of Newton.

But his greatest performance was in the Doncaster Cup. He only had three opponents, viz., King Monmouth, Blue Grass, and Louis d'Or. The two latter were fair performers, and only in June Blue Grass had given Hambledon a three-quarters-of-a-length beating in the Northumberland Plate, at a difference of 24lbs. for the two years. King Monmouth was in rare form; he had won the Great Yorkshire Stakes at York in handsome style, and carrying 7st. 13lb., the highest weight carried to victory in that race by a three-year-old, had won the Great Yorkshire Handicap with a bit in hand. But Hambledon was running into form, and the farther they went the farther he left his field, winning ultimately by six lengths. It shows the improvement he had made when he beat Blue Grass so far, and was meeting him on 5lbs. worse terms than in the Northumberland Plate.

It was a pity that the horse was not entered in some of the valuable weight for age races, for it is difficult to see how he could have failed to win one or more of them when this form is taken into consideration. Mr. P'Anson had 3,000 guineas bid for him at Doncaster, but, judging rightly that he had a cup horse of the first rank, he declined the offer. He ran altogether sixteen times in 1885, winning nine races of the aggregate value in stakes of £1,800 and the Doncaster Cup, a very good performance for an ex-selling plater, and one on which his owner justly loves to expatiate. The hard work he did in 1885 told on him, and in 1886 he devolved a leg and never was able to start in that year. In 1887 he ran unplaced twice, but the severe work he had done as a two and three-year-old (he ran thirteen times before he became the property of Mr. P'Anson) had told a tale, and there was so much difficulty in training him that he was put out of work. He is an exceedingly good looking horse, with beautiful shoulders, back and quarters, and fine action, and that he was a racehorse of the highest order there can be little doubt. It is unfortunate that he should have been in a certain manner sacrificed to the *auri sacra fames*, for he was that exceedingly scarce article, a first-class stayer.

Bread Knife was a Doncaster purchase and cost 190 guineas ; but although he paid his way

well he was an unlucky horse, and by no means made that mark on the turf which his make and shape and early promise caused his owner and the public to expect. As a two-year-old he was only beaten once, and this was by *The Bard* at Manchester. *Bread Knife* was in receipt of 10lbs., and run Mr. Peck's gallant little horse to a neck. His other races were won in good style, and his victory in the *Beaufort Nursery Handicap*, where he carried 8st. 12lb. (the top weight), was a highly meritorious one.

Who does not remember the severe winter of 1885-86, one only equalled in severity of late years by that of 1887-88, and the difficulties the North country trainers had to encounter tried their patience severely. Mr. I'Anson had entered *Bread Knife* for the *Lincoln Handicap*, and although he was apportioned 6st. 11lbs., a weight which hitherto no three-year-old had carried to victory, he had come on so well through the winter, and made so much improvement, that his admirers thought he had a great chance. Then came the snow; but his owner was not to be beaten, and he kept him in strong work with some other good ones, and when need was galloped him on the snow. He still continued to improve and please his friends, and they began to back him in earnest. It was currently stated in the south that the Malton horses could not be got ready in time for *Lincoln*, and that it was

impossible for them to do any work owing to the long continued storms. But they were soon to be undeceived, for Hawkeye beat a good field on the first day, and was in the pink of condition, and the Malton men put a bit more on their favourite. But when, on the following day, Castor won the Hainton Handicap in a hand canter, they looked upon the big handicap as already their own, and girding up their loins carried on the battle with the bookmakers so pluckily that their horse left off first favourite, and only on two occasions during the last twenty years has so short a price been taken about any horse for the first big handicap of the season.

But Fulmen, who was by no means handicapped on his best form, and was meeting the favourite on 7lbs. better terms than weight for age, had come back to something like his former self, and beat the favourite, who, by the way, had none of the luck of the race, by a length-and-a-half. This was bad enough, but when Bread Knife ultimately went wrong, owing, Mr. I'Anson thinks, to the inclement weather which was prevalent during the time he was undergoing his preparation, it was disaster indeed. And there is little doubt that this is the true cause of his infirmity; * for Castor, who had been in strong work at the same time, became similarly affected,

*Bread Knife and Castor both took cold, and a severe attack of influenza left them whistlers.

and thus entailed a serious loss upon their owner. Still Castor was one of those sort of horses one would like to own, and the fact of him not passing a Veterinary Surgeon's examination when sold in 1887 for £2,000, is very much discounted by his previous and subsequent performances. He was bought privately from Mr. Robins at Doncaster, and won six out of the eight races for which he ran in 1885. As a three-year-old he won ten races out of thirteen. He beat some very good horses, and in the Queen's Plate at Liverpool, in which he was second to Ashplant, he had that sterling mare Stone Clink a long way behind him. He ran four times as a four-year-old before he secured winning brackets, his third to Merry Duchess and Carlton in the City and Suburban being a very meritorious performance. Then he disappointed his owner by running second to Exmoor in the Northumberland Plate, which was all the more vexing, as his stable companions, Hambledon and Selby, had occupied the same position behind Blue Grass and Stone Clink the two previous years. A big handicap was to fall to him, however, and he ended his turf career by winning an important race, the Liverpool Summer Cup, as he had commenced it by winning a valuable one at Manchester two years before. He started a good favourite, and his owner was well recompensed for his previous disappointments. His nett winnings during his

three season's racing were £4,200, and the fact that he won seventeen races, and was either second or third in six out of the nine races* in which he suffered defeat, is sufficient testimony that he was a good racehorse judiciously placed.

Dresden China, Ben Alder, Adamite, and Caper Sauce were all Doncaster purchases, and all won good races. Dresden China was bought by Mr. Perkins just before the Great Yorkshire Handicap in 1879, and her hollow victory in that race was an augury of her future successes. She next carried the turquoise and violet sleeves third in the Cesarewitch, Chippendale and Westbourne being respectively first and second ; and finished the season by winning the Northumberland Autumn Plate. The Northamptonshire Stakes, and the Goodwood and Doncaster Cups, the only races for which she started next year, fell to her lot, and she was sent to the Stud in 1882.

Ben Alder cost 1,200 guineas, and scored a solitary win in a Nursery Handicap at Gosforth as a two-year-old. Neither was his three-year-old form very first-rate, for although he ran fairly in one or two races, only two unimportant handicaps fell to his share. The next year he won the Great Ebor Handicap, for which he started a very hot favourite. He was sold to Mr. G. A.

* In the Newton Gold Cup in which he was second to Sir R. Jardine's Glengyle, to whom he was conceding the year and 18lbs., there were only three runners.

Baird in the summer of 1885, and ran second to King Monmouth in the Great Yorkshire Handicap the first time he carried his colours. He was rather a disappointing horse to Mr. Baird at first, but was fairly successful in 1886, when he won the Cumberland Plate, as well as one or two minor handicaps.

Ben Alder is a well-shaped horse, and is one of the biggest boned thoroughbreds we remember to have seen, and he has stood the wear and tear of training well. A powerful and stoutly bred horse,* with so good a constitution as he possesses, he should make a valuable sire, especially for steeple-chasers and hunters, his muscular quarters and big thighs and hocks looking very like getting over a country.

It was a fine autumn day when we visited Highfield, and, luckily, our visit was so timed as to fall in with the first schooling of the yearlings. And a grand looking lot they are, both home-bred ones and Doncaster purchases. Mr. I'Anson and his employers have, as usual, been large buyers at the Doncaster sales. A brown colt by Beauclerc out of Stella, own brother to Luminary, who beat Melton by a head in the July Stakes, is a lengthy, well-grown colt, and shows a lot of racing promise, and Mr. Perkins bought him reasonably enough at 550 guineas. The

* He is by King Lud, out of Reveillée, by Rataplan, her dam, Charmione, by Orlando, out of Vivandiere by Voltaire.

appropriately named Wealth, by The Miser out of Conspiracy, a chesnut filly with well-placed shoulders, is a fine mover and very active. Mr. H. Ramsden, who has added two or three very smart yearlings to the lot he has in training, bought her for 400 guineas. Olympia, another of the Whimble Stud yearlings, by The Miser out of Hippodrome, also fell to Mr. Ramsden's bid of 770 guineas, and is likely to pay her way.

Balsam, by Cœruleus out of Invincible, is a big chesnut colt, with fine shoulders, powerful back and loins and muscular quarters, and is, moreover, an exceedingly fine mover. He is a well-bred one, his dam being by Galopin out of Invicta by Blair Athol, her dam, Isilia, by Newminster. Here is running blood in plenty, and Mr. I'Anson made one of his good bargains when he secured him for 460 guineas. "Hasn't he a look of Blair Athol?" he said, as the colt galloped freely round the circle, indulging himself occasionally by giving a good kick. Another useful colt, and one very like paying his way, is the son of Touchet and Scotch Rose, a big well-grown one, standing over a lot of ground, with famous wearing legs and feet, and the 300 guineas which were paid for him seem only like an acknowledgment.

A curiously marked chesnut, by Oxlip out of Lady Raglan, was bred by that sterling sportsman, Mr. A. Young, of Richmond, and sold

privately by him to Mr. P'Anson at Doncaster. He is a beautifully moulded colt, with fine quality and capital limbs, and it seems as if Mr. Young's game old horse is likely to make a great name as a sire if his offspring fulfil their early promise.

Dick Webster, by Silurian out of Miss Webster, was bought privately after having passed through the sale ring.

He is about the biggest and most powerful yearling we saw, and is likely enough to make a steeple-chaser should he prove to be too slow for the flat. He is built for carrying weight, and should he be a galloper, and there is no reason why he should not, he looks as if a penalty or two would not much inconvenience him.

Mr. Ramsden bought a filly by Beaudesert out of Leapfrog cheap at 250 guineas, for she is smart, and like being quick out of the slips.

The home-bred yearlings are very forward, and are as good looking as we may expect to see descended from such famous ancestors. Purse-bearer's two fillies from Bonnie Marden and Umbria, are full of quality, move with great liberty, and are very full of promise; especially the latter, which took our attention very much.

A colt by Claremont out of Virole looks like galloping. Two fillies by Robert the Devil from Dolly Hogg* (sister in blood to Beauclerc) and

* Dolly Hogg, by The Palmer out of Bonny Bell by Voltigeur.
Beauclerc, by Rosierucian out of Bonny Bell by Voltigeur.

her half-sister Maccaronea, are great favourites with Mr. P'Anson, who looks on them as very likely youngsters indeed.

There is a big forward colt by Beauclerc out of Caper Sauce who should give a good account of himself early on. He is big, certainly, but has not that loaded overgrown appearance that spoils the look of so many big yearlings in September. He had a very narrow escape of being useless as a racehorse, as he was foaled on January 3rd, and so nearly missed his year.

But the yearling we liked best of all is the bay colt by Beauclerc out of Dresden China. A gentleman every inch of him, as might be expected from his pedigree, no one can fail to be struck with his good looks ; he is full of quality, is a big well developed colt with a lot of power, and big knees and hocks, the latter of which he uses admirably. He has also a remarkably placid temper, and we do not doubt, had he appeared in the sale ring at Doncaster, that he would have brought a sensational price.

A stroll through the paddocks at the Blink Bonny Stud Farm, and an inspection of the brood mares, and the foals, which had just been taken from their dams, finished a very pleasant day. The foals, of course, did not look at their best ; that could not be expected, but they are a promising lot, and there are some amongst them like being worthy successors of the yearlings

we had seen just preparing for their struggle in life.

The brood mares, most of them large winners themselves, and the dams of winners also, looked fresh and well, and there seems every prospect of the high prestige of the Highfield stable being maintained for some years to come.

There is both in the stable and in the stud a large proportion of the blood of old Queen Mary, and Mr. P'Anson spoke with pardonable pride, as we parted from him, of the many big winners descended from his father's famous mares.



CHAPTER II.

ASHGILL AND THE OSBORNES.

A CARPET SPORTSMAN—MIDDLEHAM MOOR RACES—JOHN OSBORNE—MR. KING—MANGANESE—MANDRAGORA—APOLOGY—HER RACE FOR THE ST. LEGER—TRAINING OFF—ESTERLING—GRAND FLANEUR—THORN—SOME FAMOUS RIDES—LORD CLIFDEN'S LEGER—THE ASHGILL YEARLINGS.

As he sits in the saddle a baby can tell
He can hustle a sticker, a flyer can spare ;
He has science and nerve, and decision as well,
He knows where he's going and means to be there.

Whyte-Melville.

AN anecdote is told of an enthusiastic punter, who, when asked why he never attended a race meeting, replied, that he dearly loved betting, but racing was a bore. It may be safely said that this man was not a Yorkshireman. With the denizens of the county of broad acres the horse and the race are of foremost importance ; and although they back their opinions freely enough when they fancy anything, betting with them is only a secondary consideration.

The love of sport for sport's sake seems to be bred in a Yorkshireman, and the inconveniences that the tykes put up with, and the fatigue they underwent in pre-railway days in order that they might occasionally attend the York and Doncaster Meetings, would appear incredible in a less sporting county.

Men have been known to walk from Northallerton to York, and even Doncaster, to see the horse they fancied run, and that when they had no pecuniary interest in the race.

With the love of sport so strongly ingrained in the nature of the inhabitants it was only natural that race meetings should spring up in small country places; and although the abolition of these small meetings at the instance of the Jockey Club has undoubtedly been for the benefit of the Turf under its present altered conditions, one cannot but express some feeling of regret that their places knows them no more; and that the small owner, the man who owned one, or at the most, two horses, and who was the principal supporter of these meetings, can now no longer afford to own a racehorse, and has to satisfy his love of the sport by watching and probably betting on the horses owned by some big man and trained in some gigantic and palatial establishment.

It was only to be looked for that such a natural racecourse as Middleham Moor should be utilised for the purpose of sport, and in the latter part of

the last century, and early in the present one, meetings were held pretty regularly there, and some important stakes were run for. Naturally the competitors were principally trained in the neighbourhood, but the Marquis of Queensbury occasionally sent one from Newmarket, and the meeting was well patronised by the Duke of Hamilton, Lord Strathmore, Lord Darlington, Sir H. Williamson, Sir J. Lawson, and other north country sportsmen.*

In 1801 rather a curious event occurred in a £50 plate which was run in three mile heats. After running three heats Mr. Fletcher's Allegranti won, but the horses had run another heat which the Stewards declared void. Three of the competitors had gone on the wrong side of a post, and the evidence was not very satisfactory as to whether the other two had not done so as well; and, consequently, Allegranti had twelve miles to gallop for his £50 plate.

A similar circumstance happened twenty-one years later. Seven horses ran for a two-mile race, and five out of the seven went the wrong side of a post. Mr. Baker's Jenny Horner came in first, and Mr. Ferguson's Jem Horner was second. Then a dispute arose as to whether Jenny Horner had gone on the wrong side of a

* Amongst other good horses that ran at Middleham was Doctor Syntax, who won the Gold Cup, value 100 guineas, in 1815.

post also ; and as there seemed some difficulty in arriving at the facts of the case, the race was treated as a dead heat, and the owners agreed to divide. Running at the wrong side of a post appears to have been of rather frequent occurrence, for two years later Mr. Ferguson's Grey Middleham and Mr. Parkinson's Jannette were both distanced on this account.

The enormity of yearling racing penetrated as far as Middleham, and the speedy Bedlamite, so nearly allied in blood to that strain of horses with which Ashgill will ever be associated, won his first race in the yearling stakes here.*

The meeting was discontinued after 1827, but was revived again in a half-hearted sort of way in 1834 ; and in 1836 the Middleham Dinner Stakes was the only race of which any record appears in the Calendar. There were fifteen subscribers, but what they subscribed history sayeth not, and Mr. Edmundson's *The Storm* by *Young Whisker* beat his four opponets. In 1838† the date was altered from April to November, the date of Middleham Moor Fair, and four races were contested, one of them being in heats. The principal

* Bedlamite would be nearly two-years-old when he ran, as horses then took their age from May 1st instead of January 1st as at present, and only six weeks after we find Bedlamite running as a two-year-old. Bedlamite was by Welbeck out of Maniac by Shuttle, and was half-brother to Lunatic by Prime Minster, the first brood mare the late Mr. King ever owned.

† There were no races in 1835 and 1837.

event was a Sweepstakes for two-year-olds which was won by Lord Eglinton's Malvolio, a useful horse in his day, and one that ran prominently in that St. Leger which was the wreck of poor Ridsdale's fortunes.

There was no racing at Middleham for twenty years and then there was a revival, the date being altered to May 24th. The added money only amounted to £100, and there was also a silver mounted whip given to the winner of a Sweepstakes for hunters ; but forty-four horses turned up to run for the five events on the card, and a very successful meeting took place. Some fair horses ran and amongst the winners was King of Scotland, a horse that afterwards won a useful race at Ascot.

The following year the date was again altered, and the meeting took place on November 14th. Again, from a racing point of view, there was a very successful meeting, but for some reason it was discontinued until 1871 when some racing took place, but it was of so insignificant a nature that only one race is mentioned in the Calendar, and since 1872 there has been no racing on Middleham Moor recognised by the Jockey Club.

But if racing is no longer carried on on the time-honoured Moor it is a famous training ground still, and from it many a good winner hails. With the name of Osborne, Middleham will always be associated, and at the small meetings



Box Mor.

that were so prevalent in his early days old John Osborne was a household word. He dearly loved going the rounds of these small meetings, running his horses for "t'brass," instead of galloping them to death at home, and gradually getting them into form for some bigger event whilst they were earning their hay and corn. He was a capital judge of a racehorse, and understood the art of trying and placing them thoroughly. The stable was working its way steadily to the front when his son John began to ride, and his skill soon made it one of the leading stables in the north.

The present owner of Breckongill is one of the oldest, if not the oldest, jockey at present riding ; and it would not be too much to say that during the forty years which he has devoted to the exercise of his profession he has not made a single enemy. His kindly disposition and genial manners endear him to all who have the pleasure of his acquaintance, and there is not a more popular man on the Turf. He is a brilliant but careful horseman, his knowledge of pace is unsurpassed, and has been of immense value to him in many a trial.

His first winning mount in a big race was on Mr. Disney's Bon Mot in the Liverpool Cup of 1849, when he rode 5st. and his bodily weight at the time was little over four. For the Rev. Mr. King, Sir Robert Jardine and Mr. Vyner he has

ridden many good winners, and he is almost sure to be seen in the colours of one or both of the latter gentlemen at every race meeting of any importance. It was in the colours of these gentlemen that he won all the great weight-for-age races, and he has also won the Two Thousand on Vedette, Prince Charlie, and Ayrshire, and the St. Leger on Lord St. Vincent's Lord Clifden.

Mr. King's connexion with the Ashgill stable was a long and a pleasant one, and many famous racehorses came from the small stud at Ashby. Mr. King's stud commenced in a very small way. His father, Col. King, made him a present of Lunatic, a half-sister to Bedlamite, when she was done racing. He sent her to Filho da Puta, and the result was Bessy Bedlam, a very high-class mare. Mr. King gave the foal to his father, and she won him several good races and also was fairly successful at the stud. From Lunatic are descended the best of Mr. King's racehorses, through her daughter, Moonbeam by Tomboy, a mare that won several races for Mr. Brook before he sold her back to Mr. King. She bred several winners, but it was not until she had been at the stud ten years that she produced Manganese by Birdcatcher, the mare on whom her reputation chiefly rests.

Manganese was the first racehorse of any note which Mr. King owned, and she ran in the nomination of Mr. W. H. Brook, a cousin of his, who,

together with the late John Osborne, had a share in her. Pursuing his usual plan, Osborne started to run her in public in good time. She first faced the starter in the Hopeful Stakes at Doncaster, where she was unplaced; but on her next appearance she won the Bishop Burton Stakes at Beverley, Robert Osborne being in the saddle. She ran no fewer than sixteen times as a two-year-old, winning ten races. Her most remarkable performance was in the Portland Plate at Doncaster, which she won from the four-year-old Falcon at a difference only of 2lbs. in the weights.* She started at the useful price of fifteen to one, and altogether the stable had a very pleasant race. The last time she ran as a two-year-old she was beaten a head in the Nursery Stakes (first class) over the Ditch Mile, by Shelah, to whom she was giving 32lbs. She was carrying 8st. 10lb. the top weight in the handicap, a heavy one indeed to carry over this tiring course, and the performance was a very good one.

At that time "Johnny" used to go over in the winter to Ashby de la Launde to break the yearlings and handle the foals, &c., and on his return in the March of 1856, he found that Manganese had put out two curbs during his absence and that her hocks had been well blistered. The

* Manganese, 2 yrs., 5st, 10lb.....Challoner 1.
 Falcon, 4 yrs., 5st. 12lb.....Fordham 2.
 Flyaway, 2 yrs., 5st. 5lb.....Creswell 3.

mare was sound however, and had done a rattling good preparation, but of course the usual sinister rumours got afloat and were believed by some, greatly to their loss.

The party was in a capital position to try the mare for they had in their stable Cherry Brandy, not a high-class racehorse but a famous time-teller, and one of the most reliable trial horses they had at Ashgill. Lord Glasgow had been short of trying tackle, and wanting to get the measure of Brother to Bird on the Wing who was entered for the Two Thousand, he borrowed Cherry Brandy from Osborne for the purpose. His Lordship's unnamed one easily beat the old horse, and some three or four days after his return to Ashgill Manganese was tried. They set her to give Cherry Brandy 7lbs. more than Lord Glasgow's colt had done, and she won her trial handsomely; and was backed for the One Thousand.

Mincepie was a hot favourite. Her two-year-old races had been won in grand style, she had wintered well, had won a good trial, and John Day thought nothing could beat her. With the Northern party equally confident, and with men like Jackson of Oran, who then had a few horses in training at Ashgill, amongst the supporters of Mr. King's filly, it may readily be imagined what the betting was like. Danebury and Yorkshire were fairly on their mettle, both were in the humour, and the heavy betting on

the two favourites was almost like a game at Brag. John Day thought that Manganese could not have had a thorough preparation owing to her suspicious hocks, and was confident his game mare would gallop her down, whilst Mr. Brook and his friends grew more and more confident as the day approached, and when Brother to Bird on the Wing made such a bold bid for the Two Thousand, relying on their mare being seven pounds better than him, were quite willing to go on. Even John Osborne who, like his son, was a most cautious bettor, backed her for what was for him a very big stake. There were only five starters, but the betting was entirely confined to the two favourites, not another mare being mentioned in the official return of the betting.

It had somehow got to Osborne's ears that John Day was of opinion that his mare was only half trained, and that the Danebury orders were "Cut her down," and as he went out of the Birdcage he whispered to his son, "They want a pace, let them have one." This he did with a vengeance, and brought them along such a cracker that the favourite was settled at the bottom of the hill, and Manganese won very easily by half a length. This was Osborne's first victory in any of the Classical races, and he still speaks with great enthusiasm of what a pleasant ride he had.

Manganese won a few more races both as a three-year-old and afterwards, but she never

performed so well as in the Portland Plate and the One Thousand, her splendid victories in which races earned her the epithet by which she is still fondly called in the north, "the flying" Manganese. Her pace must have been great indeed, for Mr. Osborne thinks she is about the fastest animal he ever rode.

It is interesting to note that she won the Brownlow Stakes at Lincoln in September, a subscription of 5 sovs. each with £25 added. What would be thought now of a One Thousand winner running in a race like that. Still it was no uncommon occurrence in those days to see the highest class horses contesting for a £50 plate, and that there was as good or perhaps better sport than there is in these days of gate money meetings and colossal stakes few will be likely to deny.

Manganese went to the Stud farm at Ashby in 1858, but did not produce her first foal until 1860. This was Mandragora, a chesnut filly by Rataplan. She was only a little one, but was as handsome as a picture, and such a good bred one as she was, naturally raised great expectations; expectations however which were doomed to be disappointed. She was tried as a two-year-old, and found so bad that it was determined not to run her; but it was thought desirable to give her another chance. She was tried again in the spring of 1863, and "not good enough to win a bridle at

a fair " was the fiat. Mr. King, who was disgusted at this and had made up his mind to part with her, had nearly sold her for thirty pounds, and wrote Mr. Osborne, Senr., to that effect, but the latter replied that it would be a pity to part with such a bred one at such a price, and suggested that she should be sent to Weatherbit, a horse of his own which was standing at Mr. Jaques' at Easby Abbey, offering to remit the service fee. Mr. King consented, and Mandrake was the result.

The colt was sold as a yearling to Sir R. Jardine for 450 guineas, and proved a useful racehorse. He ran well in his two-year-old races, but won nothing till the Newmarket Houghton Meeting, when he pulled off the Glasgow Stakes after running a dead heat with Sir R. Bulkeley's Owain Glendwr. He ran prominently in two or three big Handicaps before he scored his first win as a three-year-old in the Great Ebor, where he had a good field behind him. The Liverpool Autumn Cup fell to his lot, but unfortunately his owner and his friends did not profit by his victory as they should have done.

In the Cambridgeshire of that year Sir Robert Jardine had a horse named The Corporal entered. He had run fairly in the early part of the season, had won the Edinburgh Handicap, and as his weight, penalty included, was only 7st. 8lb., he was thought to have a good chance of winning.

He was tried with Mandrake over the Cambridgeshire course a few days before the race, and The Dean and The Priest were put in the spin. The Corporal won his trial easily, but ran very badly in the race, in which he never showed prominently.

Mandrake and he were both entered for the Liverpool Cup, their respective weights being 6st. 10lbs. and 7st. 2lbs., and as there had been some disappointment in the Cambridgeshire, it was decided to try the horses again. This was accordingly done on Middleham Moor, and again The Corporal scored an easy win, and beat Mandrake by several lengths. A declaration was made to win with him, but he positively refused to gallop in the race which his owner won by a neck from Knight of the Garter with his second string. Mandrake's four-year-old record was a good one, and shows him to have been nearly the best of his year, for he beat Achievement in the Ascot Triennial and Julius in the Doncaster Cup, and won both his races cleverly though with not much to spare.

Mandragora's next foal was Skedaddler by Skirmisher, and this Mr. King determined to keep. He was a very bad horse, and was unplaced the only time he ever ran,

Misadventure by Adventurer was her foal in 1866, and was sold to Mr. Pryor, for whom she won a few races at two years old, but she did not train on, and was not possessed of much merit.

Fortunately Mr. King determined to keep her own sister Agility. She was not a particularly good looking mare, was rather common about her quarters and had a drooping tail which much detracted from her appearance. She had capital shoulders and was a very deep girthed mare, and "handsome is that handsome does" applies remarkably well to her. She won several races as a two-year-old, amongst them the Seaton Delaval at Newcastle, in which race she had Lord Zetland's Falkland and a good field of horses behind her. Falkland beat her a neck in the North Derby next year, but she turned the tables on him when they met in the Biennial at Stockton a few weeks later, and won very easily, Mr. A. de Montgomery's La Risle separating the pair. She ran a slashing race with Rosicrucian for the York Cup and beat him a head, but on returning to scale Wells laid an objection against her on the score of a jostle. There had unfortunately been a bit of bumping in the race, and although no blame was incurred by Platt, who rode her, the Stewards thought she had interfered with Rosicrucian's chance, and disqualified her accordingly. This was naturally a sore disappointment for her owner, but she made up for it on the Friday in the Doncaster Meeting. She began by galloping away from Gamos, the Oaks winner, in the Park Hill; and later on in the afternoon ran a dead heat with Enterprise in the Doncaster Stakes.

She wound up the season by winning a Free Handicap at the Newmarket Houghton Meeting, in which she gave Falkland 6lbs. and a length and a half beating, thus pretty clearly proving that she was unlucky not to win the North Derby at Newcastle.

She only won three races in 1871, but the following year she placed several Queen's Plates to her owner's credit; as well as the York Cup, in which she beat Albert Victor, on whom odds of four to one were betted, by a head. Her last race was in the Queen's Plate at Edinburgh where she broke down hopelessly.

During the four years she was racing she won twenty-one races out of the fifty-three for which she started, and the aggregate amount of her winnings is £6382. She died after she had been at the stud four years, a great misfortune for Mr. Vyner, who had purchased her at Mr. Gee's sale. Her daughter, Lizzie Lindsay, is the dam of Crowberry.

Muddle, by Moulsey, was a moderate animal, and could never win a race as a two-year-old. After she was beaten in a Nursery at the Houghton Meeting Mr. King grew tired of her, and parted with her to Mr. Osborne. She did not do much better for her new owner, and only won him two or three unimportant handicaps in the two years he raced her. She was third to Cremorne and King Lud in the

Great Yorkshire Stakes at York, and this, on the face of it, does not look such very bad form, but she was six lengths behind the winner, who won as he liked. She is now at the stud at Breckongill.

Apology was beaten in her earliest engagements, but she was beaten by good horses. Singularly enough, in her first race, in which only three started, she was beaten by Atlantic and Regal, the former destined to be Fred Archer's first winning mount in a big race, and the latter to win the Grand National at Liverpool three years later, carrying 11st. 3lb., a wonderful performance for a five-year-old, and one that has only been equalled by Alcibiade, who won with 11st. 4lb. up.

When she ran at York she took the fancy of a lot of good judges. We remember talking her over with the late Tom Olliver, after she had been beaten by Sir William Wallace, and he expressed the opinion that she was well worth keeping in sight for her three-year-old engagements; as was George Frederick, who had run unplaced in the same race.

Apology gradually trained on, and at the Newmarket Houghton Meeting beat Blanchefleur and Aventurière in the Home-bred Produce Stakes.

She started favourite in the One Thousand Guineas and won easily by half-a-length from the French mare La Coureuse.

Curiously enough George Frederick won a race at the same meeting, and one morning Apology and he met as they were coming from exercise. A bystander, on whom the mantle of prophecy appeared to have fallen, said in tones of the deepest conviction, "There go the winners of the Derby and Oaks."

Miss Toto was the favourite for the Oaks, a position to which her two-year-old running, as well as her victory over George Frederick at the Craven Meeting, fully entitled her, but Apology had no trouble with her, and won by three lengths with a lot in hand.

She was promptly installed a leading favourite for the St. Leger, dividing the favouritism with George Frederick, and at last passing him in the quotations. She ran in the Great Yorkshire Stakes, but was beaten a head by Trent, who had a little the best of the weights. The ground was very hard, and she had her own running to make, a thing she never liked; and Osborne is of opinion that had she been served by the pace she would have won easily enough.

When George Frederick was scratched she became first favourite for the Leger, which her Yorkshire and Lincolnshire supporters thought was a gift for her.

She arrived at Doncaster fresh and well, and did her usual quantity of work. On the Wednesday morning she went on to the Town Moor for

a last canter, and walked away with the nice springy action, for which she was so famous, up to the Red House. She was sound enough in her walk, but no sooner had Osborne got up than he found something was wrong. She went decidedly lame in her trot, and when she was put into a slow canter she went short and 'proppy.' Osborne's feelings may be better imagined than described, but he wisely made up his mind to finish the gallop and get her quietly home and so avoid the panic which was sure to ensue if it came to the knowledge of the public that their favourite was lame. There were very few people about at the time, and he only noticed Mr. T. Jennings, Junr., and Mr. Linton, who were out with their string.

He cantered the mare steadily and pulled her well round the bend, pulling her up gradually so as to avoid as much as possible any strain upon her forelegs. He at once dismounted, but could see nothing wrong about her, so sent her to the stable with a message to the blacksmith that he was to be in attendance and await his arrival. Curiously enough the mare walked sound after her canter, and Osborne fancied that the fact of her going rather lame would not ooze out. He did not get very far up the road before he was undeceived on this point, for he met Mat. Dawson, who greeted him with "They say your mare's lame, Jack! I'm very sorry."

The blacksmith could find nothing the matter with her feet, and Mr. Osborne was fairly puzzled to find where she was lame. She had been lame in her shoulder when a two-year-old, but it was pretty evident the trouble was not there now. She also had an enlargement of the off fetlock joint, but this was of long standing. Osborne, however, thought he could feel a little heat in it and promptly had recourse to hot fomentations, which were kept up for some time. Then a hot bandage was put on covered by a hot dry one, and she was left till noon. Her legs were then put into a bucket of cold water until it was time for her to go to the course.

Of course all sorts of rumours had been flying over the town, and the bookmakers began to knock her out, a course of action they had cause to regret before they were many hours older. At one time it was stated that she had been scratched, and this reached the ears of Mrs. King, who was present at Doncaster. Mrs. King, however, was incredulous, and said she was sure her husband would run the mare if she only had three legs when all his Yorkshire and Lincolnshire friends had backed her so freely.*

* This is probably the origin of the commonly received story that when Osborne found Apology lame he telegraphed to Mr. King asking for instructions, and that Mr. King wired back, "Run her if she only has three legs." This is entirely wrong. Mr. King's confidential servant wired to him that the mare went short in her morning gallop, and the reply message was, "Win

She went very 'dotty' in her preliminary canter, although not so lame as in the morning, but she gradually warmed to her work, and Mr. Osborne, as he tells the history of the race, says, with his quiet smile, "It was one of the pleasantest rides I ever had in my life, I had them all settled at the Red House."

Such a scene of excitement as ensued when he returned to the paddock has rarely been seen on a racecourse. Mare and jockey received an enthusiastic ovation, and some of the mare's ardent admirers pulled hairs out of her mane and tail for heirlooms, or wiped the sweat off her quarters with their pocket handkerchiefs.

Mr. King died in the following spring, and Apology was, consequently, thrown up for some time, and got big. They trained her for the Goodwood Cup, but she only made a moderate exhibition. Indeed she ran badly all the season, and never really was fit to run till the end of it, when she ran Carnelion to a neck in the Jockey Club Cup at Newmarket, having 6lbs. the worst of the weights.

Loss of form is one of those things with which owners and trainers of racehorses have often to contend, and for which they can seldom, if ever,

or lose the Leger, ran her in the Doncaster Cup." Osborne, after winning the Leger, wrote to Mr. King advising him not to run her in the Doncaster Cup under the circumstances, and his advice was followed.

find a satisfactory reason. It is an evil, too, which the public, ever prone to account for things in its own peculiar manner, scarcely ever takes into consideration when reckoning up the performances of racehorses, with the result that it frequently gets its fingers burnt. Apology was apparently as fit and well as ever she was when she went to York to run in the Great Northern Handicap in 1876.

If ever men were justified in laying odds on a horse, surely it was on this occasion, for the company she had to meet was moderate, the best of a bad lot being Polonaise, to whom she was giving 24lbs. So two to one was betted on her gaily; but by the time they got to the Middlethorpe turn it was evident she was out of it, and she could only get fourth, beaten seven lengths by the winner.

The only way by which Osborne could account for the loss of form was that she had been too little in public. He has an opinion that there are some horses that can be galloped at home amongst inferior horses till they lose their dash, and absolutely will not race when they come amongst other horses. There was some talk of giving her a special preparation for the Ascot Cup, in which she was engaged, but he advised that she should be run in public whenever there was an opportunity. His counsels prevailed, and she was sent to Manchester, where she ran

RATAFLAN

The Baron	Irish Birdcatcher	Sir Hercules
		Guiccioli
	Echidna	Economist
		Miss Pratt
	Glencoe	Sultan
	Pocahontas	Trampoline
	Muley	
	Clare	
	Marpessa	

Whalebone by Waxy—Penelope by Trumpator—Prunella by Highflyer.
 Peri by Wanderer—Thalestris by Alexander—Rival by Sir Peter.
 Bob Booty by Chanticleer—Terne by Bagot—Gamahoe.
 Flight by Escape—Young Heroine by Bagot—Heroine by Herod.
 Whisker by Waxy—Penelope by Trumpator—Prunella by Highflyer
 Floraathe by Octavian—Caprice by Anvil—Madcap by Eclipse.
 Blacklock by Whitelock—Coriander—Wildgoose by Highflyer.
 Gadabout by Orville—Minstrel by Sir Peter—Matron by Florizel.
 Selim by The Buzzard—Alexander—Highflyer—Alfred.
 Bacchante by Williamson's Ditto—Sister to Calomel by Mercury.
 Tramp by Dick Andrews—Gohanna—Traxinella by Trentham
 Web by Waxy—Penelope by Trumpator.
 Orville by Beningbrough—Evelina by Highflyer—Termagant by Tautrum.
 Eleanor by Whiskey—Y. Giantess by Diomed—Giantess by Matchem.
 Marmion by Whiskey—Y. Noisette by Diomed—Noisette by The Squirrel.
 Harpalice by Gohanna—Amazon by Driver.

MANGANESE.

Irish Birdcatcher	Sir Hercules	Whalebone
		Peri
		Bob Booty
	Guiccioli	Flight
		Jerry
	Tomboy	daughter of
	Prime Minister	
Moonbeam	Lunatic	
	Maniac	

Waxy by Potsos—Maria by Herod—Lisette by Snap
 Penelope by Trumpator—Prunella by Highflyer—Promise by Snap.
 Wanderer by Gohanna—Catherine by Woodpecker—Camilla by Trentham.
 Thalestris by Alexander—Rival by Sir Peter
 Chanticleer by Woodpecker dam by Eclipse—Rosebud by Snap.
 Terne by Bagot—Gamahoe—Patty by Tim—Miss Patch by Justice.
 Escape by Commodore by Highflyer—Shift by Sweetbriar.
 Young Heroine by Bagot—Heroine by Herod—(Cade).
 Smolensko by Sorcerer—Mowski by Mentor—Maria by Herod.
 Louisa by Orville—Thomasina by Timothy—Violet by Shark.
 Ardrossan by John Bull—Miss Whip by Volunteer.
 Lady Eliza by Whitworth—Spadille—Sylvia by Y. Marske.
 Melbourne by Humphrey Clinker—Cervantes—Golumpus.
 Pantalonsade by Pantaloon—Festival by Camel—Michaelmas by Thunderbolt
 Shuttle by Young Marske—Vauxhall by Snap—Hip by Herod.
 Offa's Dyke's dam by Beningbrough—Expectation by Herod—(Anticipation)

in the Queen's Plate. She had evidently come on since York, for she just managed to beat Lady Patricia by a neck.

It was the old Apology that Osborne mounted for the Ascot Cup, and the veteran stoutly maintains that she improved at least a stone during the week which elapsed between Manchester and Ascot. This is quite within the mark, for she beat Craig Millar, a different sort of horse to Lady Patricia, by half-a-length. Her last race was for the Queen's Plate at Newcastle, which she won by twenty lengths.* She is now at Mr. Vyner's Stud at Fairfield, but with the exception of Esterling she has not bred anything of especial merit. The best bred and handsomest horse of his year, he seemed good looking enough to win anything, but he was very unlucky, and could never be thoroughly trained owing to lameness in his shoulder. He is now standing at Moorlands, near York, and promises to grow into a successful sire.

The best racehorses Manganese bred were The Miner, by Rataplan, and his sister Minaret. The Miner was an unlucky horse in more ways than one. In the first place there were a lot of exceptionally good horses in his year, but as he

* Apology ran twenty times, winning eight races of the aggregate value of £14,445. She and her sister, Agility, won for Mr. King nearly £21,000. It was lucky, indeed, for him that he took Mr. Osborne's advice and did not part with Mandragora.

was pretty well to the fore amongst them, that, perhaps, should scarcely be called bad luck. But he was always happening something, and was a constant source of anxiety to his trainer. He only made his appearance on a racecourse once as a two-year-old, when he walked over for the Juvenile Stakes at York. He was tried just before Doncaster, where he was engaged in the Champagne and the Municipal Stakes, and was found to be very smart indeed. A few days before the meeting, when he was starting for a three-quarters-of-a-mile spin, he bolted, ran into the wall that joins the gallop on Middleham Moor, and injured his knee so badly that he could not run. He was laid by for the winter, and was tried again in the spring before he went to Newmarket, and beat Little Duchess very easily, giving her three stones. He was a very gross horse, and the work it was necessary to give him at Newmarket told upon his legs, and he could not run a yard when he was stripped for the Two Thousand. They tried him again just before Ascot, this time with Gaily, and again he did all that was required of him. He came out lame next morning, and so the Ascot engagements had to go 'by the board.' He was soon in strong work again, and was tried just before York with Prince Arthur, Cathedral, Dr. Rooke, and Siva, with Flytrap to make the pace. The Miner won by ten lengths, and as every trial had been more

satisfactory than the last, the Osbornes were very confident they had got something out of the common. In the Three-year-old Produce Stakes Ely beat him a head and gave him 3lbs., a fact which Mr. Osborne attributes to there being nothing in to force a pace, a very necessary condition to secure a victory for so stout a horse as *The Miner*.

The pace which *Claremont's* party made so hot in the Great Yorkshire Stakes served *The Miner* admirably, and it is still a matter of regret with Osborne that he was not backed in earnest for that race. This was the only race he won, and he finally broke down in the Cambridgeshire, and could never be trained again. That he would have developed into a first-class cup horse there is very little doubt, and had it not been for his persistent ill luck a few of the valuable two and three-year-old races could not have failed to go his way.

Minaret was a very smart two-year-old, but failed to maintain her reputation when she got older, and quickly was relegated to the stud, where she bred some useful animals, notably *Mintdrop*, the dam of that game little horse, *Peppermint*, and *Clinkumbell*.

What a grand lot they were that used to file out of the Ashgill stables in 1873 and 1874, *Thorn*, handsomest of cup horses, *Apology*, *Lily Agnes*, *Holy Friar*, *Grand Flaneur*, &c. The

latter horse was a fortune in himself, and few horses have paid their way better. He was a big leggy horse, with an ugly head, and not a very enviable temper, but he was as game as a pebble, and although his action was not particularly good in his slow paces, he was a "rum one to follow, a bad one to beat" when thoroughly extended. He was a wonderfully sound horse, and was racing eleven years, an event almost unprecedented in the recent annals of the Turf. During this period he ran in no fewer than one hundred and thirty-two races, thirty-six of which he won. Five or six furlongs was his distance, and weight over a short course did not seem much object to him. He is the only horse that has won the Portland Plate twice. In 1873 he started at the useful price of 33 to 1, and, carrying 7st. 3lb., won rather cleverly from a good field. The next year he had 8st. 10lb. to carry, and, notwithstanding his big weight, was a good favourite at 5 to 2. He ran fairly well but did not get a place, the light weight division having it all their own way on this occasion. In 1875 he was in with 7st. 10lb., and was well backed at 100 to 8. It was a capitally contested race, and the Ashgill horse just managed to win by a short head from Queen of the Bees, who started second favourite, and was ridden by Archer.

Grand Flaneur's career was something similar to that of Captain Christie's speedy mare Miss

Julia, who used to be exceedingly smart over half-a-mile ; but she did not run* so often, nor in such good company, as Mr. Bragg's old horse.

Thorn was, perhaps, one of the best looking horses we ever saw, and he was as good as he was good looking. As a three-year-old he carried nearly everything before him. He beat Hannah, Dutch Skater, Lilian, &c., in Her Majesty's Vase at Ascot, winning by a neck from Baron Rothschild's mare. In the York Cup his only opponent was Uhlan, then in first-rate form, and winning races all over. He had won the Ascot and Goodwood Stakes, and the Brighton Cup, besides several Queen's Plates, and was slightly the better favourite of the two, odds of 5 to 4 on him being the official return. There was, however, little noticeable difference in the price, and the Yorkshiremen were not averse to backing their pet at even money. There was a lot of heavy betting, for both parties were sanguine, and put down their money as if the race was already over. The race was run at a capital pace, and the pair ran locked together the whole of the way, Thorn getting the best of the struggle and winning in the last stride by the shortest of heads. From the stand it could not be distinctly seen what

*Miss Julia was ten years old when she gave up running. Her name does not appear in the Calendar until she was four years old. During the seven years she was on the turf she won thirty-one out of ninety races.

had won, and there was a moment's suspense until the number was hoisted, and then a rush was made to congratulate 'Johnny' on the first-class performance of his horse.

Perhaps his best performance, however, was in the Steward's Cup at Stockton in 1876, where he gave Madge Wildfire 3 stones, and beat her by a short head. It was a magnificent race, and never did Osborne ride more brilliantly than he did that day. He rode with the most exemplary patience, as the crushing weight of 10st. 7lb. compelled him to do, and then came with one of those tremendous rushes of his, and snatched victory out of the jaws of defeat on the post. His riding of Bendigo in the Cambridgeshire of 1887 reminded us very much of that race, and had he not been rather interfered with there is little doubt that Bendigo would have won on the post as Thorn did. Thorn's last race in 1876 was for the Liverpool Autumn Handicap, in which he carried 9st. 3lb., but could get no further up than fourth to Lord Wilton's Footstep, who was carrying 5st. 13lb.

The Queen's Plate at Richmond was the last race he won, and he carried the orange and black hoops for the last time in the Doncaster Cup, where he ran third to Hampton and Chester-ton.

Shortly after this he broke his thigh at exercise, and a serious loss it was to Mr. Batt, for so well

bred a horse and sterling a racehorse as he was must have made a successful sire.

During his long career as a jockey Mr. Osborne has had some curious experiences, but, perhaps, he never had a greater surprise in his life than he had at the Chesterfield Meeting in 1869. There were five starters in the Chatsworth Stakes, and Edinburgh, a horse owned by Mr. Raworth and trained at Ashgill, was a warmish favourite. Osborne rode him, and Platt was riding Apemantus, a horse belonging to Mr. Osborne. This horse was second favourite, and the two horses were first and second, the favourite winning very easily by a length. In the run home Osborne had taken up his whip but never struck Edinburgh, who, however, swerved a little and just touched Apemantus. On returning to scale Platt laid an objection against the winner on account of a cross, an objection which it is needless to say the owner of Apemantus quickly withdrew.

Osborne has had six winning mounts in the Two Thousand, on Vedette, Pretender, Bothwell, Prince Charlie, Camballo, and Ayrshire; two in the One Thousand, on Manganese and her granddaughter Apology; two in the St. Leger, on Lord Clifden and Apology; and one each in the Derby and Oaks, on Pretender and Apology.

Of Pretender Osborne speaks highly, and says he was one of the best horses he ever rode. He

was a bad beginner, but had a grand sweeping stride, and was the gamest of the game. He came out at Stockton, where he ran second in the Hardwicke Stakes to Lord Hawthorn, with which horse Sir R. Jardine declared to win. He was third to Minaret and his stable companion, Thorwaldsen, the next day in the Lambton Plate, and won a Biennial at York; and in the Middle Park Plate, which was the last race for which he ran in 1868, he was third to Pero Gomez and Scottish Queen, to both of whom he was conceding weight.

The Two Thousand he won with ease from the roaring but speedy Belladrum, but the Derby was a 'tight fit,' and was one of those very few races where the judge's verdict did not agree with the opinions of those bystanders who were in the best position to see the race. Wells, who was on Pero Gomez, always thought that he won; and he said to Osborne, as they rode back to scale, "I've just done you, Johnny." Osborne replied, with characteristic caution, "I think it was a dead heat."

As Tom Dawson walked down to the paddock to lead his horse in, one of those 'hangers on' on the turf who go from meeting to meeting, living no one knows how, greeted him familiarly with "Well done, old Tom Dawson," to which Dawson replied, in no very amiable temper, "Well done be d——, I'm only second." "You've



PRETENDER.

won, man, look !” was the reply, and the veteran trainer was as astonished as he was delighted when he saw No. 13 had been hoisted on the telegraph board.

He was rather big when he ran at Stockton, and only managed to get home a neck in front of the moderate Islam. He never won another race, though he ran well on several occasions. He was beaten a long way in the St. Leger, and could get no nearer than fourth, but on the Friday Wells had to ride Pero Gomez hard to win by half-a-length from him in the Doncaster Stakes. Shortly after this he went wrong in his wind, and the remainder of his brief career is one continued lot of bad luck. He ran very well in the Steward’s Cup at Goodwood in 1870, where he carried 9st. 4lb., but failed to get a place. He was beaten a short head in the Four-year-old Claret Stakes at Stockton by Toison d’Or, to whom he was giving 10lbs. He made another attempt at the Steward’s Cup at Goodwood the following year, but was a long way behind this time, though that he might have been further up is quite on the cards, for Anton won by fifteen lengths, and the rest were naturally pulling up.

His last race was in the Chesterfield Cup at the same meeting, where he also ran unplaced.

Bothwell had been tried a real good one before the Two Thousand Guineas was run for, and Osborne had a nice ride on him. He had a capital

field behind him, amongst them Sterling and King of the Forest, who were second and third. He started a hot favourite for the Derby, but seemed to have lost his form and was unplaced, both King of the Forest and Digby Grand, whom he had beaten a long way at Newmarket, finishing in front of him.

Bothwell is a remarkable instance of a horse training off, and in 1873 he was not able to score a single win. He changed hands two or three times, and finally became the property of Mr. Tom Green, for whom he won, *mirabile dictu*, a few selling plates. Mr. Green gave a hundred guineas for him after he won a Welter Selling Plate at Warwick. He paid his way for his new owner fairly; but it is unique in Turf history that the winner of the Two Thousand, and a good winner too, should fall so low as to run in a selling race, the winner to be sold for £30, and be beaten. Mr. Green does not often make a match, but on one occasion he was tempted into making a sort of fancy bet, and Bothwell was the hero of it. He matched the old horse to run Mr. Johnson's Grand Duchess five furlongs for 100 a side, catch weights and owners to ride, but although 11 to 8 was freely betted on the old horse, weight told, and he was easily beaten by three lengths.*

Lord Clifden's St. Leger was a curious one, and never has more masterly jockeyship been

* This match was run at the Liverpool July Meeting in 1875.

displayed on the Town Moor than Osborne's in that race. Indeed, many of the old school of turfites insist that Osborne was the only man in England who could have won on Lord St. Vincent's horse, and it is pleasant to hear him relate the history of the ride. Lord Clifden was a very bad starter, and although he got well off he kept dropping behind, lurching about instead of galloping, and was at one time so far from his horses that all chance of catching them seemed hopeless, and Steel laid £100 to a walking-stick against him.

At the mile and-a-half starting post Osborne was so far behind that he felt uncomfortable, and he gave the horse a reminder with the spurs as he went up the hill, but he might as well have spurred a tree. With exemplary patience he let him plod on till he got to the top of the hill, and then gave him the spurs pretty freely again. He began to stride away after this, and his jockey was satisfied what the result would be as soon as ever his horse began to gallop.

"Lord Clifden wins by —," said Jackson, who had laid Lord St. Vincent £11,000 to £1,000 about his horse at Brighton and never hedged a penny, as they came into the straight, and he had an easy win by half-a-length.

After the race Jackson went to Lord St. Vincent and told him that he had the money with him and would pay him the bet then, and

on his Lordship wishing to let it stand over till settling day, he pointed out that he did not want to incur the responsibility of having charge of so much money which did not belong to him. Accordingly an appointment was made for that evening in the Subscription Rooms, which, however, his Lordship did not keep.

The next day Jackson saw him in the paddock talking to Mr. Rudston Read and Osborne before the racing began, and insisted upon paying the money then and there. Lord St. Vincent consented to receive it, and with Mr. Read, who used to manage his racing affairs, proceeded to reckon up the notes. There were seven £1,000 notes, one of which his Lordship handed over to Johnny, and smaller ones, amongst them one for £300. The total was right, the notes checked over, and Jackson's surprise may well be imagined when next day Lord St. Vincent informed him that he had paid him £300 short. Jackson asked if there was a £300 note amongst those that he had, and Lord St. Vincent strongly insisted that there never was such a thing, and thinking that it was a 'plant,' posted Jackson at Tattersall's on the following Monday as having paid him £300 short. Fortunately the £300 note turned up all right, having somehow been mislaid, and Lord St. Vincent immediately apologised, and an unpleasant incident was happily averted.

Those who were present are not likely to forget the Stockton race meeting of 1872. Lord Zetland's Khedive, who had been well backed for the St. Leger during the summer, was sent to Stockton to pick up the Zetland Biennial, which was apparently at his mercy. Juga was the only horse present to oppose him, and Osborne offered to take £10, the amount of his stake, not to run his filly. Lord Zetland was not present, and as Coates had no instructions to treat, the negotiations fell through. All kinds of odds were betted on Khedive, and Billy Nicholl laid one noble lord twenty-five ponies to two, adding that he wanted a little money to take him home.

The Mandale Bottoms were in a dreadful state with the long continued rain,* and Khedive, who was perhaps a trifle big, fairly stuck fast in the dirt, and the game little Juga, a powerfully built filly, and trained to the hour, won as she liked by two lengths.

Mr. Osborne has a few brood mares, and it was only to be expected that amongst them would be found descendants of Agnes and Manganese. Fun is the sole representative of the Agnes† blood, and she was bought principally because

* The Course has since been thoroughly drained.

† Mr. Robert Osborne had some Agnes mares, but he sold his stud at the Doncaster September Meeting, 1888.

Mr. Snarry purchased Piercy, the dam of Festive and grandam of L'Abess de Jouarre.

she possesses that blood in its best strain. She is by Petrarch out of Frivolity, a daughter of Macaroni and Miss Agnes, and the winner of the Middle Park Plate and other big races as a two-year-old. She is a good-looking chesnut mare, rather shorter than many of the Agnes family we have seen, but with rare quality, and although she was no good on the turf herself, she bids fair to breed some that will keep up the reputation of the family for racing, her yearling colt by Tertius looking all over a galloper.

Muddle and Chaos, mother and daughter, are the representatives of Mandragora.

Muddle is a dark brown, and is a short-legged, compact, and somewhat powerful mare. Her daughter, Chaos, by The Palmer, never ran, but her son Quartus bids fair to keep up the reputation of the family for pace.

Her yearling filly by Zealot is full of nice racing quality, with good hocks and thighs, and though rather on the small side looks like being smart.

With Evening Chimes, by The Palmer out of Timbrel, Mr. Osborne won a few nice little races, and although no large prizes fell to her lot, she was a consistent performer in her class. As the dam of Matin Bell she has stamped her position as a brood mare, and as she is only in her prime she has plenty of time to breed some good winners yet.

KING OF TRUMPS.

Velocipede	Blacklock	Whitelock	Coriander.
	daughter of	Juniper	
		daughter of	Sorcerer.
	Viator	Stumps	
Mrs. Gill		Catherine	
	Lady Fractious	Comus	
		Vaultress	

LADY ALICE HAWTHORN.

	Touchstone	Camel	
Newminster		Banter	
	Beeswing	Doctor Syntax	
		daughter of	Ardrossan.
	Windhound	Pantaloon	
Lady Hawthorn		Phryne	
	Alice Hawthorn	Muley Moloch	
		Rebecca	

* Thorn won twenty-five races of the aggregate value of £5,405.

Lady Stanley, by the Miner out of Nectar, is a smart looking mare, rather on the little side. She is not a very certain breeder, but all her offspring that have faced the starter have been fair performers and have won races.

A bay yearling colt by Roseberry, from her, struck us as being one of the best looking youngsters by that sire that we have seen. He has a good top, nice racing quarters, and good limbs. He seems rather a light-fleshed one, but he is none the worse to like for that.

Some very useful yearlings had come up to commence their education. Of these we much admired the bay colt by Hagioscope out of Whirlpool (a daughter of See See and Miss Pool by Parmesan). He is a beautifully turned colt, full of quality, and reminded us very much of his sire.

A powerful grey colt by Barcaldine out of Strathcarron by Strathconan should give a good account of himself if he stands the wear and tear of training; and Mr. Gladstone's sister to Quicksand is a racing looking filly which should carry the chocolate and pink sleeves to victory, and which, we trust, will emulate the steps of her sister Redsand, whose victories during the present year have helped materially to swell the winning account of the Ashgill stable.

The yearlings all round are a promising lot, although we fear there is not to be found amongst them a Manganese, a Thorn, or an Apology.

The Osbornes have been at Ashgill for 53 years, and we believe we are correct in stating that no trainer in England has so long a connection with his present abode. Other trainers have changed their quarters from time to time, some have migrated to Newmarket, some have gone farther south, but the Osbornes have stuck to the place which their energy, enterprise, and industry have made famous. Sportsmen are proverbially conservative in their ideas, and love to linger over the traditions of the past; and this feeling would undoubtedly accentuate the genuine pleasure which would be felt by all classes of the sporting community should the Osbornes again have in their charge such a lot of high-class race-horses as they had in the seventies, and one or two useful ones like old Grand Flaneur to pick up a little towards travelling expenses.



CHAPTER III.

THE YORK AND AINSTY.

ESTABLISHMENT OF THE PACK—FORMATION OF THE COUNTRY—EARLY HISTORY—MR. LLOYD, OF ACOMB—WILL DANBY—SIR CHARLES SLINGSBY—THE HOLDERNESS AT ASKHAM BRYAN—POWTER—TOM SQUIRES—COL. FAIRFAX—INTRODUCTION OF BELVOIR BLOOD—NEW KENNELS—MR. LYCETT GREEN AND ARTHUR WILSON—THE ENTRY OF 1888—STUD HOUNDS AND BROOD BITCHES—SOME GOOD RUNS.

I'll tell you a tale of such men and such hounds,
With what courage they bound o'er all sorts of grounds;
How dogs vie with dogs and how men with them strive,
Old Draper may rue that he was not alive.

Hurworth Fox Chase.

THE York and Ainsty Foxhounds were not established until 1818, when Will Danby, then only a lad, brought eighteen couples of hounds from the Duke of Leeds to form the nucleus of this now famous pack.

Previous to this time the country had been partly hunted by scratch packs kept by a few neighbours, and collected for the hunting days which were arranged to suit the convenience of those concerned, and were by no means regular

in their recurrence ; and partly by Col. Thornton, Lord Lascelles, who then hunted the Bramham Moor country, Sir Tatton Sykes, and the Earl of Darlington, who hunted the Pilmoor, Brafferton, and Sessay part of the country.

There was also a pack of harriers kept in York, the kennels being situated where the old station now is ; and Mr. Charles Hornsey well remembers hearing of their doings when a boy. They were a very rough and ready lot, hunting anything and everything they came across, a fox if they could find one, which was very seldom, and if they could not, contenting themselves with hare hunting.

The members of this hunt and the men who composed the field were naturally not so closely connected with the country as the inhabitants of so out of the way a neighbourhood as Bilsdale, where records of sport that took place in the beginning of the century are forthcoming if diligently sought for ; and unfortunately all our efforts to obtain information of their doings have been unavailing.

Sir Thomas Slingsby of Scriven Park, an ancestor of the man who made the York and Ainsty famous in after years, had kept a pack of hounds for some time, but about the time the new pack was established he gave them up, and the Goldsborough country becoming vacant, was included in the new country.

Sir Tatton Sykes, whose country was a very wide one, gave up the Stillington country; Lord Darlington followed his example with the Brafferton and Sessay coverts; and Lord Lascelles handed over that part of the Bramham country which lies on the south-east side of the road between York and Tadcaster, together with Grange Wood, Hessay Wood, and Red House, on the understanding that if ever the York and Ainsty hounds should be given up it was to revert again to the Bramham.

Records of the sport which was shown in the country by the old packs are not forthcoming, but we should imagine that Col. Thornton would not show very much, if we can form an opinion from the manner in which he turned out, of which 'The Druid' gives so graphic an account.

A Committee, consisting of the Hon. Mr. Butler of Nun Monkton, Mr. William Clough, and Mr. Robert Chaloner, undertook the management of the newly formed country, and kennels were built at the White House, opposite the Knavesmire gates. It is singular that Will Danby, who afterwards hunted the hounds so long, should have been one of the first servants engaged, and should have brought the first lot of hounds into the York and Ainsty kennels.

His first engagement was only a short one. The man who had fitted up the kennels had no experience of such work, and had made the

benches of too light material. The consequence was, that when Will arrived with his new hounds and put them over on to the beds, the whole lot gave way, and Mr. Clough, who was present, used such powerful language as nearly frightened poor Will out of his wits, and he made a hurried departure during the night.

At first matters were carried on in a somewhat rough and ready style; fox and hare were hunted alternately, and no regular huntsman was kept, the hounds being handled in the field by one of the Committee or joint Masters. The original Committee retired from office at the end of three years, and Mr. George Treacher succeeded them. He only remained in office two years, and the pack was carried on for two seasons under the joint mastership of Mr. George Lloyd of Acomb, and Mr. Robert Chaloner. Then Mr. Chaloner retired, and Mr. Lloyd became sole master, a position he occupied for sixteen years. On getting the undivided control of the hounds Mr. Lloyd appointed Jack Wilson as his huntsman, who carried the horn for twelve years, showing capital sport, and giving the greatest satisfaction in the country. From this time the success of the new venture was assured, and under successive masters* the York and Ainsty

* Masters and Huntsmen of the York and Ainsty hounds : 1818, A Committee (Messrs. Butler, Clough, and Chaloner); 1821, Mr. George Treacher; 1823, Messrs. Lloyd and Chaloner;

soon became looked upon as one of the principal provincial packs in the country.

Will Danby, who had been in a good school with Mr. 'Tom' Hodgson of the Holderness, succeeded Jack Wilson ; and during the sixteen years he was huntsman he effected considerable improvements in the pack, and showed a famous average of sport ; and when he retired in 1853 the members of the hunt showed their appreciation of his services by giving him a handsome pension.*

The succession of Sir Charles Slingsby to the mastership marks an important epoch in the history of the hunt, and it was under his able management that many much needed reforms took place.

In the first place the old kennels at Knavesmire gates were done away with, and the hounds removed to their present kennels at Acomb. Then important improvements were made in the pack itself. Sir Charles was an admirable judge

1825, Mr. George Lloyd, Jack Wilson, 1837, Will Danby ; 1841, Mr. Ralph Creyke ; 1845, Mr. Samuel Bateman ; 1853, Sir Charles Slingsby ; 1869, Sir George Wombwell, Peter Collinson, 1871, Tom Squires ; 1872, Hon. Egremont Lascelles ; 1873, Col. Fairfax ; 1879, Capt. Slingsby, John Hollidge, 1880, George Gillson ; 1883, Mr. H. D. Brocklehurst ; 1885, Col. York ; 1886, Mr. Lycett Green ; 1887, Arthur Wilson.

Sir Charles Slingsby and Col. Fairfax hunted the hounds themselves.

* Will went to live at Acomb, but was soon at work again, and hunted the Hurworth under Mr. Wilkinson several seasons.

of a hound, and immediately proceeded to introduce new blood into the kennel, and to breed hounds more largely, and be more particular in drafting. He was careful to breed from none but good workers, and however good-looking a hound might be he was drafted without mercy if he developed any vice. Equally at home on the flags and in the field, the effects of his judgment were soon apparent, and during the fifteen years of his mastership he brought the pack to the highest state of perfection. A fine horseman, he was not one of the jealous school whose sole happiness consists in cutting down the field, but he was always on good terms with his hounds, and ready to assist them when necessary. As a huntsman he was especially painstaking, and would never give up a fox whilst a hound could own the line. He was also very averse to lifting his hounds, and, consequently, soon had a close hunting lot, admirably adapted for the somewhat cold scenting clays of the Ainsty. He was courteous in the field, but was also very firm, and kept the large and hard riding fields which met his hounds in capital order. With the farmers he was deservedly popular, as indeed he was with all classes of society. 'The best amateur huntsman in England,' was the opinion expressed of him by one well qualified to form an opinion, and he was indeed the *beau ideal* of a master of foxhounds.

The dreadful accident at Newby Ferry, where in Sir Charles, together with Mr. Edmund Lloyd, Mr. Robinson, and Orvis and others lost their lives, caused a feeling of grief and consternation not only in Yorkshire but throughout the kingdom ; but it has been so well and so often described that it is unnecessary to do more than make passing allusion to the disaster, which took place on February 4th, 1869.

A melancholy interest attaches to the run of the previous Tuesday. The hounds met at Stub Wood, where they found at once, and ran their fox very hard to Copmanthorpe and back by Cop Wood, and across Greenlands to Colton Bridge where he was killed. This was the last fox Sir Charles and Orvis saw killed, and the brush is still in the possession of Mr. George Simpson, the tenant of the farm on which he was killed.

The York and Ainsty were not hunted any more that season, but towards the end of it neighbouring packs were invited to hunt portions of the country. Perhaps the best run the visitors had was when the Holderness met at Askham Bryan. They found in the famous Askham bogs, and ran at a great pace by Rufforth nearly to Red House, where the hounds were stopped as they were approaching Captain Slingby's estate. They could scarcely have missed killing their fox, for they had never had a check.

There was a good deal of grief amongst the Holderness men, to whom the big trappy fences of the Ainsty were a novelty, and a special correspondent who was present, remarked that hats would be at a premium in Holderness when he saw the battered Lincoln and Bennett's the gallant members of that hunt sported at the end of the day.

Sir George Wombwell's first two seasons were only moderate, and the first was marked by the death of poor Will Powter, who was killed by a fall from his horse at Askham Bogs early in the cub-hunting season. No one saw the accident happen, and all particulars are, therefore, merely matter of conjecture. Powter had been over the place, which was a gap with a half-open hurdle stuck in it, several times in the course of the morning, and it is supposed that when coming through, the horse, a nervous irritable animal, had been caught by something and kicked off his rider, whose neck was dislocated. Powter was a civil and obliging man, a good horseman, and very attentive to his duties. His death was a great loss to the country, for the other men were all strangers to it, and his untimely fate, following so closely after that of Sir Charles Slingsby and his companions, cast quite a gloom over the district.

Collinson did not get on very well in his new country, and left at the end of his second season.

He was succeeded by Tom Squires, who had been acting in the capacity of first whip to Lord Coventry. Squires continued to carry the horn after Sir George Wombwell resigned, and his services only ended with his death. He was a capital sportsman, a good judge of hounds, and a very smart man in the field.

An awful fatality seemed to hang over the York country at this time, for before Squires had completed his second season he met with a fatal accident. The hounds met at Ouseburn Workhouse on March 13th, 1873, and found in Grafton Whin. They ran their fox pretty smartly, marking him to ground near Marston village. The morning had been frosty, and on leaping an awkwardish stile into the road Squires' horse fell and rolled over him, causing internal injuries from which he died at the end of three days.

Col. Fairfax succeeded Mr. Lascelles, who only held the mastership one season; and he immediately set about continuing the improvements in the establishment which Mr. Lascelles had begun. That gentleman had built some capital stables for the servants' horses, supplementing the deficiency of the hunt fund with his own purse.

Col. Fairfax commenced with the kennels. Those that had done duty for so long were in a very dirty condition, and patching not being at all to the Colonel's liking, he determined to pull the old kennels down and rebuild them. His

agent, Mr. Hornsey, accordingly prepared plans, and the work was proceeded with at once, the Colonel liberally defraying most of the expense himself.

It was time something was done with the old kennels, and that some regard should be had for sanitation. The flags had been laid on sleepers, and underneath them was, as may be readily imagined, a mass of filthy sewage. The new kennels are both roomy and convenient, and everything has been done to ensure the health and comfort of the inmates.

Col. Fairfax only held the mastership for five years, but during that time he, perhaps, did more to improve the character of the pack than anyone else who held the reins of office. The introduction of Belvoir blood into any kennel is an important event in its history, and to Col. Fairfax is the first introduction of the 'bright Belvoir tan' into the Ainsty kennel due.

He was a famous huntsman, and a good rider, and was very quick at getting away with his fox, generally managing to get a flying start with him. He was somewhat hasty, especially if his field got a little unruly, and used to call them to order in no measured terms; but he quickly forgave, and his genial disposition endeared him to all with whom he came in contact. He rode first-class cattle, and mounted his men in a manner too seldom seen. The hastiness of his disposition

sometimes caused him to part with horses and hounds injudiciously, and, indeed, if either failed to come up to his standard of perfection, which was a pretty high one, he would as soon shoot or hang them as not.

On one occasion Mr. Hornsey begged for a couple of draft hounds for a friend who had a pack of harriers, and great was his surprise the next morning when he saw that the Colonel had sent three couple, the only fault being that they were rather smaller than Col. Fairfax cared for.

But the trouble that wholesale drafting like this might have caused was obviated by the care that was taken in breeding, and when, to the regret of all who knew him, and of many whose knowledge of him was confined to an acquaintance with his high reputation as a sportsman, failing health compelled him to resign, he handed over a much improved and thoroughly efficient pack of hounds to his successors.

Captain Slingsby took hold in 1879, with Hollidge as huntsman, but he only stayed one season, and was succeeded by Gillson, who carried the horn under four masters until 1887, when Arthur Wilson came from the Belvoir.

After Capt. Slingsby resigned in 1883, Mr. H. D. Brocklehurst carrying on for a couple of seasons, and then Col. York took hold. He died before the end of his first season, and was succeeded by Mr. Lycett Green, in whose

hands the hounds seem likely to maintain the prestige which they have possessed so long.

It was in October that we paid our last visit to the kennels. The hounds had just returned from their first day's cubbing, and a workmanlike lot they looked as they returned home after a hard and hot day's work amongst the cubs.

Wilson soon drew the entry for us to look at. And a capital entry it is, consisting of six-and-a-half couples of dog hounds, and seven-and-a-half couples of bitches. As one would naturally expect, there is a considerable amount of Belvoir blood in the entry, Wilson having used the Belvoir Gordon, Gambler, and Spartan freely.

Gordon is a hound of which he cannot speak too highly. He is by Stainless, out of Governess, and possesses a rare combination of the Belvoir Fallible and Warrior blood, a line that cannot be beaten for work and hard running. His puppies out of Fanciful, are a very promising lot. Of these the bitches Faithless, Faultless, and Farewell are a beautiful trio, with good feet and legs, capital shoulders, and lovely heads. The dogs, Falcon and Faculty, are also two cleanly built hounds, full of quality, and the whole five entered at once. They have a lot of dash, and that excellent quality hound breeders are too frequently tempted to overlook, plenty of tongue. Wilson remarked, as he put them back, that he had never seen young hounds do better.

This is the only litter by Gordon, and we believe Wilson was the first to use him as a stud hound.

Of those by Belvoir Gambler we preferred Barrator, a powerful puppy with good legs and feet, and full of courage. The Holderness Solomon is also the sire of a nice litter from Sylvia, a daughter of the Bramham Smoker.

The brood bitches are a grand lot, and, as will be seen, are full of the Belvoir blood. Glory, by the Bramham Gambler, out of Fugitive, is a very powerful bitch, with capital ribs, and is on the large side. Fashion, by Fleecer, a son of Belvoir Fallible, out of Vengeance, is a beautiful bitch, deep through her heart, with the best of shoulders, good loins and quarters, and looks a galloper all over. She is own sister to Fanciful, of whose litter of 1887 we have spoken so highly, and has had a beautiful litter to Falstaff this year (1888).

Vanity, by Tynedale Vandyke, out of Wanton, and Lovely, by Tynedale Leicester, out of Glory, are two smart cleanly bitches, but Sylvia is rather out of the common. She is by that famous sire, the Bramham Smoker, out of Lissom, and is full of style and quality. She has a beautiful head and neck, good shoulders and a strong back and loins, and is the model of what a foxhound should be. Wishful, by the Oakley Warbler, out of Welcome, a daughter of Wanton, the sister of the Belvoir Weathergage, is good looking and with

famous ribs. Gracious, by the Bramham Grappler, out of Welcome, and Lofty, by the Bramham Sailor, out of Lavender, are a nice pair ; and the latter especially promises to make a grand brood bitch. Moonshine, by the Milton Solomon, out of Mermaid, is a galloping sort ; and another daughter of his, Snowdrop, out of Vanish, is a smart bitch and a good worker. The stud hounds are Sportsman, by the Bramham Sailor, out of Modesty ; Champion, by Belvoir Denmark, out of Crony ; Woldsmán, by Belvoir Weathergáge, out of Vanish ; Craftsman, by Patrick, out of Crafty ; Glancer, by Belvoir Glancer, out of Willing ; Lictor, by the Bramham Sailor, out of Lavender ; and Falstaff, by the Belvoir Fencer, out of Glory. Of these we liked Woldsmán, Lictor, and Falstaff the best. Woldsmán is a good looking hound, full of quality, with famous shoulders, very nice about his head and neck, and is remarkable for his drive, even amongst his hard running relatives. Lictor is a powerfully built hound, a great width, with good legs and feet, and very deep through his heart. It is needless to say that he is an excellent worker. Falstaff is only a one season hunter (puppy of 1886), and it is a sufficient testimony to his good qualities that he has been used as a sire in a kennel like the York and Ainsty at so early an age. He is a beautiful hound, as straight as a wand, and in his work he cannot be beaten. He

entered at once, and has never caused his huntsman any trouble. Thoroughly reliable, full of dash, he is also a very persevering hound, and his fine nose and steadiness render him invaluable with a catchy scent, when even the steadiest are sometimes tempted to err.

Amongst the bitches sent to Falstaff is Wishful, who has a splendid litter of ten by him, and this rare combination of the best strains of Belvoir blood ought to tell a tale when they come into work.

The entry of 1887 was a very remarkable one, and not only has one of its number been used as a sire, but, more unusual still, one of the bitches has also been put to the stud. This is Tuneful, by the Brocklesby Tapster, out of Welcome. She is a smart bitch, with plenty of length, famous ribs, and a lot of dash, and is, of course, steady and reliable in her work. She has a litter by the Belvoir Stainless, of which Wilson hopes great things.

The York and Ainsty country is a somewhat difficult one, and can scarcely be said to carry a good scent. A great deal of it is plough, and of this the greatest part is cold stiff clay. There are also some big woodlands, especially about Pilmoor, and foxes frequently run from the low country to the higher lands, and thus add considerably to a huntsman's difficulties. The best country is about Askham Bogs, whence a fox

generally goes away pretty quickly, and a huntsman has to be smart to get away on good terms with him. Hutton, Rufforth, Hessay, and Red House are also favourite fixtures, and there is some nice country about Knaresbrough, which as a rule rides rather lighter than the Ainsty. It is a trying country for hounds as well as huntsman, and big stout hounds are necessary, whilst good noses are indispensable.

The foxes are stout too, and generally take a lot of killing. During February and March, 1888, they had some wonderful sport, good old-fashioned runs, foxes making for distant points and nearly succeeding in reaching them. On Monday, February 6th, they found in Haxby Wood, and ran at a great pace by Wigginton, leaving Haxby to the right; and passing Oak Wood to the left they rattled their fox past Strensall village, and over Strensall Common to Scorner. Then bearing to the left they ran by Flaxton, and passing by the station, which they left a little on their right hand, they ran past Lillinghall. They then ran to the right of Sheriff Hutton Wood, and by Thornton, pointing for Stittenham, but turned to the right and crossed the low country to Foston, and over Bulmer Beck nearly to Castle Howard, where they killed, after a capital run of an hour-and-a-half. It was a ten mile point, and thirteen as hounds ran.

On the following day they had three good runs in the Ainsty country, with blood each time; and on the Thursday of the same week they had a racing thirty-three minutes to ground, from Ripley to Studley Royal. There was not the slightest semblance of a check, and the fox would not have lived other five minutes.

But, perhaps, the best run these had was on Monday, March 26th. They found in Suet Carrs, and ran a ring through Oak Wood, and then back through Haxby Wood, and raced their fox by Strensall and over the Common. There was a check at the edge of the common, but Wilson soon hit it off, and they ran slower, but still at a holding pace past Flaxton and Lillinghall, through Sand Hutton to Stittenham. They pressed their fox through Stittenham Wood into Castle Howard Park, where the deer foiled the ground and caused a long check. Patience, however, was rewarded, and the hounds carried the line beautifully through the deer, about as fine a bit of hunting as could be witnessed. They then ran through the chain of big woods, and, forcing the fox out at the lower end, rattled him merrily across the open, and pulled him down near Slingsby, after a run of four hours and ten minutes. The Bulmer Beck at Stittenham was a bumper this time, but seven adventurous spirits went at it as though it had been a four foot drain, Wilson being the only one who got over without

dirtying his coat. Those who were present, and were lucky enough to get to the finish, describe the run as being most enjoyable, as the hounds ran fast enough at times to satisfy the most inveterate bruiser, and when they were brought to their noses they worked with a perseverance that won the admiration of all who saw them.

The York and Ainsty may be fairly called a big country, especially that part of it which belongs to Ainsty proper; the fences are either rough and untrimmed, or else a good height, and very thick on the top, quite as formidable as timber, and big drains are of frequent occurrence. It requires a good man and a good horse to live with hounds when they run hard, and if an attempt is made to gallop over the fences grief is sure to be the result. There is not a more fashionable pack of hounds out of the Shires, and immense fields turn out at all their favourite fixtures; and it says much for the energy and ability of successive masters, that from the somewhat humble beginning of seventy years ago such a famous pack of hounds should have been produced, a pack, the brilliancy of whose later history has caused the old hare and fox-hunting lot to be almost forgotten.

CHAPTER IV.

BILSDALE AND SINNINGTON

ROUGH HUNTING COUNTRIES—YORKSHIRE LOVE OF SPORT—BILSDALE—BUCKINGHAM STONE—‘HUNTER’ GARBUTT—TATE AND LENG—A MOONLIGHT HUNT—GEORGE BELL—BOBBY DOWSON—A VISITOR—SOME BILSDALE HUNTING SONGS—THE SINNINGTON—THE DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM—THE DUNCOMBES—THE SINNINGTON HUNT CLUB—JOHN KENDALL—JAMIE GOLDEN—MR. KENDALL, OF NESS—MR. T. M. KENDALL—JACK PARKER—A GOOD RUN WITH A CURIOUS FINISH—MR. PARRINGTON’S MASTERSHIP—THE MUSCOATES WHIN RUN—MR. LESLEY—THE PURCHASE OF “TIP.”

Saddle up you horses and make ready for the fray.

Bilsdale Hunting Song.

PERHAPS in no counties in England is fox-hunting so enthusiastically carried on, under what would in many places be called disadvantages, than in Yorkshire and Devonshire. The only disadvantage under which a country can labour, in the opinion of the natives of these countries, is a scarcity of foxes; and even where foxes are not so plentiful as they should be, the

ardour of these gallant sportsmen is scarcely damped, and they go on hunting and grumbling at blank days, till, in many cases let us hope, they make converts ; and that curse of foxhunters, a blank day, becomes almost unknown.

Nothing but an enthusiastic love of sport could tempt men to hunt in the wild dales which are to be found in such abundance on the north and east coast of Yorkshire, yet there is scarcely one of them is not regularly hunted, and many of them boast a pack of their own. Trencher-fed, and plainly appointed they may be, but they show famous sport with the wild hill foxes, and it takes a good man to live with them over their own rough countries. And rough they are and no mistake. Moor, mountain, and wood, with here and there an unfathomable bog by way of a change, and to impart a little colour to the scene, follow each other in pleasing succession. Here and there, there is a little open country, but in many of the localities to which we allude you might hunt from dawn till dark and never see anything but moor and wood. The knowledge of woodcraft these 'keen' sportsmen possess would astonish a man whose only idea of hunting is that it is a kind of amateur steeplechase, and, indeed, were it not for that knowledge they would rarely ever see the end of a run.

The country hunted by the Bilsdale hounds is such an one as we have attempted to describe.

They hunt the whole of Bilsdale, a narrow valley about twelve miles long, and which, by the way, hounds seldom run the length of, but generally cross; and along Carlton Bank as far as the White Horse at Hambleton. They have some good low country at Upsall, near Thirsk, where they join the Bedale and Hurworth countries, and there is quite plenty of country for two days a week if foxes were a little better taken care of.

The Bilsdale claims to be the oldest pack of foxhounds in England, and, although it has experienced many changes, it is fairly entitled to that claim. The Duke of Buckingham hunted the dale, together with what is now the Sinnington country, and the whole of Bransdale and Farn-dale, and hunted fox and stag alternately. Bilsdale proper in his time was all wood and moor, there being little or no enclosed land in the dale, and the present road was only a flagged track, 'courser,' as they call it in the north of Yorkshire. About two miles from Chop Gate, a public-house with a blacksmith's shop and two or three cottages to bear it company, is Buckingham Stone, where tradition tells us that a fox was killed at the end of a severe run of some three hours duration. The Duke, and Forster his huntsman, were the only two who got to the end, and the Duke's horse died on the place, whilst Forster's succumbed at Slapewath, about a couple of miles on the homeward road.

* “’T lord,” said Bobby Dowson, who has whipped in to the Bilsdale for fifty years, “owt to be prouder o’ that steean than o’ all his possessions;” and then, after a few moments thought, he added, “ah should.”

The Duke’s memory is kindly cherished amongst Bilsdale sportsmen, and he must have been a very different man to what Pope’s venomous lines would lead one to expect. It is evident from the enthusiastic manner in which he hunted a difficult country that he was a first-rate sportsman, and as Bobby Dowson remarked, “that hides a lot o’ fauts.” He died from the effects of a chill caught whilst digging out a fox, and not as Pope would imply, from a long course of dissipation.

In the early years of the present century, and probably in the last decade of the previous one, Wm. Garbutt was at the head of affairs, “’t main man,” as they say in Bilsdale. Like the immortal Jorrocks, he seems to have been ‘unkimmon fond of ’unting,’ for he is known in that sporting neighbourhood as ‘Hunter’ Garbutt, and it was only by diligent enquiry that we were able to discover his real name. He was a hard and reckless rider, and a good huntsman. One run during his mastership is deserving of especial notice, as it is probably the last occasion that a wild stag was killed with hounds in Yorkshire. On the 10th of April, 1821, they found a stag in

* Lord Feversham, who owns the dale.

Cotcliff Wood, near Boltby, and after a long and severe run they killed him in a pond near North-allerton town end, the master, it is said, jumping the turnpike gate in his excitement.

Frank Simpson, who now resides at Helmsley, and who was one of the keenest foot-hunters in the Sinnington country, relates a good run which took place in Hunter Garbutt's time. It seems that Sir Bellingham Graham took some interest in the doings of the Bilsdale, and occasionally gave them a few hounds. Simpson speaks highly of two of them, Ranger and Triumph, and the former is closely associated in his mind with one of the best runs he ever saw. The Bilsdale met at Ashberry, and it was his happy destiny to have to take Ranger to the meet. He was mounted on this occasion, luckily for him, or he would have seen little of the run he describes with so much enthusiasm. He joined the pack in the bridle road to Cold Kirby, and they had not proceeded very far before they met a butcher named Tyerman, who was proceeding to market. The butcher was accompanied by his dog, and, as is the manner of curs, the latter began to take liberties and was 'saucy' with the hounds. As a matter of course they resented it, and the cur taking to his heels, they followed in hot pursuit. The cur luckily saved himself, for they got on the line of a fox and ran him hard to Hambleton. Here he was headed, and, after a good run, went

to ground in the Far Moor at Duncombe Park. It was a rough place he got into, some old mine workings, but, nothing daunted, they commenced digging. They got him out and turned him down at Oswaldkirk Bank Top, and killed at Seamer Wood. The late Lord Feversham and Dean Duncombe were present at the digging out, and were highly entertained with the enthusiasm displayed by the Bilsdale men.

'Hunter' Garbutt was succeeded by Tate and Leng, who carried the hounds on for some time, Leng officiating as huntsman. They eventually engaged George Bell as their huntsman,* and he continued in office under their mastership and that of his father.

Tate and Leng were famous sportsmen, and very 'keen.' On one occasion they were hunting in Kirby Banks, and got on to a fox which ran into the open country below Stokesley. Here they lost him, but they had had a good run, so it being Saturday, and market day at Stokesley,

* The following list of the Bilsdale huntsmen is as complete as can be made out :

H. Forster, High Thorn Hill, huntsman to the Duke of Buckingham. He probably carried the hounds on after the Duke's death. J. Dawson, Orra, was huntsman a great number of years. J. Hugill, Ellermere, and his descendants hunted the hounds several years. Wm. Medd, Crooklith. Wm. Garbutt, Elmhouse, huntsman thirty years. R. Garbutt, Beakhills. George Bell, Chop Gate, huntsman thirty years. Edward Barr, Holly Bower. Nicholas Spink, huntsman sixteen years.

they called to have a bait and talk over the events of the day. They had sundry glasses of grog, and then set out on their homeward journey. It was about midnight when they arrived at Clay Bank, a fine moonlight night, and they were jogging away comfortably enough, when the hounds, never probably in the best of control, got on the line of a fox which had crossed the road out of Hoggarth's Wood. Away they went, and away after them went their masters, nothing loth. They ran through Broughton plantations and Busby Wood to Swainby End, and killed their fox on Carlton plain between two and three o'clock on Sunday morning. "You see they'd had a sup o' gin, an' forgat 't day o' 't week," said the narrator of the anecdote apologetically. Jolly good fellows they must have been to have scrambled across such a difficult country in the 'wee sma' hours ayont the twal', and no doubt they would have a good tale to tell when next they visited Stokesley market. Foxes' brushes are much valued in Bilsdale. What a value would that possess that was fairly won by moonlight on a Sunday morning.

George Bell's father succeeded these two worthies; George Bell, Junior, who had been huntsman for them, still continuing to carry the horn. Bell made an early start as a huntsman, for he was only fifteen years old when he first undertook the arduous duties appertaining to the

office. He was a born huntsman, and from his first season he showed excellent sport.

There was not a sufficiency of foxes in the country to admit of it being hunted two days a week, so they hunted fox and hare alternately, hunting the hares on foot, but following the nobler quarry on horseback. The hares they killed were not broken up, but were given to the farmers who kept a hound. And a good few hares they did kill, if we are to judge from the record of one day, when they owned to having killed nine. Lively, a bitch descended from the Duke of Buckingham's blood, was especially smart amongst the hares, and when they ran into view would race out of the pack and course her hare like a greyhound. The strength of the pack in George Bell's time was about ten couples, and it says something for their perseverance and the skilful manner in which they were handled, that they killed on an average from ten to fifteen brace of foxes in a season during the thirty years that Bell hunted them. Bilsdale, it should be borne in mind, was a famous scenting country before jet mining became so prevalent, but the jet shale interferes very much with scent, and in some parts of the country is a considerable hindrance to sport.

A real old-fashioned run, such as it gladdens the hearts of Bilsdale men to talk of, and the intricacies of which they will debate on with

enthusiasm for an hour at a time, took place in 1840, and George Bell declares it to have been one of the best runs he ever saw.

They found in Arncliffe Wood, and ran along the banks to Ingleby Park. The fox passed through the Park Wood, and pointed for Baysdale, but was headed by something, and ran by Greenhow and Botton Head, along the hills to Arncliffe Wood. The hounds pressed him out over the top at Arncliffe, by Wild Goose Nest and Slapstones where they pulled him down after a run of three hours and twenty minutes, over as rough a country as can well be found in Yorkshire. The distance was computed to be between twenty and thirty miles.

Bobby Dowson has been whip for fifty years, and, although he has now resigned that office, is as keen as ever. He is descended from H. Forster, who was the Duke's huntsman, and since that time one of the family has always been either huntsman or whip, or taken an active part in the management of the hunt. As may be imagined Bobby is full of hunting lore and anecdote, and it was a pleasant afternoon we spent in his company and George Bell's, listening to their old world stories of hunting under difficulties. They are eminently hound men, but would most probably judge a hound from rather a different standpoint to the fashionable standard of the present day. We do not suppose they would be particularly

fastidious about a hound being straight, but a good nose and plenty of cry are indispensable. They have had a few drafts from the Bedale, Sinnington, Cleveland and Hurworth, but they prefer their own blood, affirming that it suits the country best, and they will go a long way to get a hound which they have reason to believe is descended from the Duke of Buckingham's pack. A big hound is not much use in Bilsdale and soon knocks himself up, but with their limited resources they cannot afford to be particular, and their pack is consequently rather uneven.

Bobby tells of a good run they had in January, 1835. They found in Jay Nest, a covert not far from Chop Gate, and ran the length of the dale, over Harriet Air into Duncombe Park, and to Helmsley town end. The fox then retraced his steps, and ran nearly back to Jay Nest; then ran back to Duncombe Park and Helmsley, and again turning back, re-entered the dale, and crossing Bridestone Ridge went to ground in Hill House Wood* in a rabbit hole. It was after dark, and not a single horseman had been with the hounds for long, but a few inhabitants of the dale had heard them running, and eventually found them at the mouth of the earth. The night had turned frosty, and some of the hounds were so stiff with cold and the hard day they had had, that they had to be carried home. The distance could not

* Near Chop Gate.

be less than forty-eight miles as the hounds ran, and it seems incredible that one fox should have lived so long before hounds. We are inclined to think that they changed foxes when they got back to Jay Nest the first time. It must not be lost sight of, however, that the hill foxes are very stout, that the country over which they ran is exceptionally favourable to foxes, and that in a country like the Bilsdale, there is no opportunity of 'bursting up' a fox in the first ten minutes, a circumstance which greatly favours a fox living what appears to be an abnormally long time before hounds. But whether they changed or not, a day or two after they killed what they supposed to be the same fox. He was so stiff and weak that he could scarcely crawl, and did not run more than a few hundred yards.

A hound named Bluecap, kept by Bobby Dowson, distinguished himself very much in the Jay Nest run, and had the lead so long as they saw him.

One of Bobby's experiences he relates with great glee. The hounds met some twenty years ago at Kepwick in the Hambleton country, and amongst the field was a stranger, a most unusual occurrence in Bilsdale. "He was a man 'at went ti see all 't packs o' hounds i' England," said Bobby, "an' he was mounted on a fine twea hundred pund horse. He cam up ti me an' said, 'Huntsman, you are very poorly mounted,' an'

ah said ‘ Why, sir, poor men mun hev poor ways, but mebbe ah’ll talk ti ye a bit at neet.’ We fund i’ Butcher Wood, an’ there was syke a burst o’ music as you nivver heard. Well, we had a desperate lang run, an’ a bit afore we finished ah was leaving me gentleman a bit. He said, ‘ Huntsman, ah mun apologise for what ah said this morning.’ Ah sings oot, ‘ Ah ha’nt tahn ti talk ye noo, there’s ’t hounds mahles afore us.’ Ah left him,” concluded Bobby, “ an’ we killed at Ampleforth, but he nivver gat there an’ ah nivver seed him agean.”

Mr. Barr showed some capital sport during his mastership, which lasted four years, when failing health caused him to resign.

Nicholas Spink succeeded him, and notwithstanding the difficulties with which he had to contend in the shape of limited means, and what was worse, an exceedingly limited supply of foxes, he and his lieutenants, his brother Richard and Bobby Dowson, gave every satisfaction in a somewhat critical country and showed excellent sport.

We have been favoured with a few notes and extracts from Bobby Dowson’s diary, which we give verbatim, premising that, as the reader will probably have already gathered, a sharp burst is not much appreciated in Bilsdale, and that a long run at a hunting pace is with them the acmé of delight. We may mention by the way as an

illustration of this that some years ago the Cleveland had had a wonderful run, twenty minutes at a racing pace and had handsomely killed their fox. Only a very small number of the field were on anything like terms with the hounds when they killed, some half dozen or so. We were naturally somewhat proud of the achievement, and were relating the various incidents of the run to Mr. Robert Kitching, the father of the Bilsdale Hunt, and as good a sportsman as ever put on boots and spurs. We were somewhat astonished when he treated it with contempt, and ended his criticism by saying, "Why, you never got off the place; your good run was over before it had fairly begun"; and then after a pause, "it may approach steeplechasing, but it isn't hunting."

And now, after this digression, for an extract from Bobby Dowson's diary.

March 18th, 1871. Met at Carlton. Run four hours and twenty minutes, and killed.

October 8th, 1875. Met at Cockham Lodge. Three hours and forty-five minutes; ran him to ground.

November, 1875. Met at Steeple Cross. Ran one hour and ten minutes, and killed. I never experienced such a storm of wind as took place after this run. The mare and I were blown clean off the place, and Nicholas Spink was blown clean off his horse. Trees were up-rooted, and the

road was impassable with trees and other debris. The damage was incalculable.

January 6th, 1876. Met at Baysdale Abbey. Ran Mr. Remy to ground in an hour and forty minutes. Got a hound named Woodman poisoned. The poison was laid on the high road, and the dog got it as we came home at night.

December 13th, 1881. Met at Limekiln House. Had a run of four and a half hours before he was pulled down.

January, 1888. Met at Osmotherley. The hounds found Mr. Reynard at home. After a run of two hours and twenty minutes, we were overtaken by such a snowstorm as it comes to the lot of few to see. The hounds and we were completely beaten off.*

In a country like Bilsdale, where the love of sport is so strongly engrafted in the very nature of the inhabitants, it is only to be expected that some of the runs should have been versified for the edification of admiring audiences, and accordingly we find that there is more than one bard in Bilsdale. With some little trouble we have been able to procure an authentic copy of one of these songs, as well as of the famous stag hunt which

* There can be no doubt about the accuracy of some of the times of these runs; but we are inclined to think that hounds must have changed foxes in some of the longer ones unknown to their followers, a very easy thing to do in a country where it is impossible to be with them always.

took place in Hunter Garbutt's time, and of which mention has already been made.

They are rather unique productions and are certainly worth preserving, more especially as the events they describe are historical.

BILSDALE FOXHOUNDS.

You hearty sons of chase give ear
 And listen to my song,
 'Tis of a hunt with Bilsdale hounds
 That lately has been run.

On the Eighteenth of November last,*
 It being that very day
 With all our up-staunch hounds we went
 To cover straight away.

Up Eskardale we did pursue
 Right to the lofty crag ;
 Our hounds gave mouth for certain truth,
 They were upon his drag.

We ran his drag across the moor
 Right on to Thordale rocks ;
 At ten o'clock that very day
 Unkennelled was the fox.

By Harden Hall, through Camp Hill Wood,
 To Sunny Bank he goes ;
 Through Peak Scar gill, to Morton Hill,
 In spite of all his foes.

For Seddel straight he took his flight,
 And Bottley hills so high :
 Down the long plain bold Reynard came,
 We had a jovial cry.

* The year is not given. Probably the run took place early in the Century.

To Cold Kirby and Flaxendale,
 And Scotton town also ;
 Through Datic pasture and Noble Duke
 This valiant fox did go.

To Tom Smith Cross and the High Wood
 And Border Wood full fast,
 By Harland Abbey and Crook Hill
 And Water Gates he passed.

Through Newborough Park to Pound Hill Wood
 Then Owston Wood he found ;
 All his skill he tried, and he'd surely have died,
 If he hadn't gone to ground.

Forty-five miles it was our chase,
 We ran it in three hours space
 Our hunters true that did pursue,
 I name them everyone.

Mr. Walkington on his chesnut mare,
 Charles Harrison on his bay,
 Johnny Bulman and Leonard Heseltine,
 Peacock and Clark were there.

So sportsman all, your glasses fill,
 And let the toast go round,
 " Five couple of hounds of high degree,
 That viewed the fox to ground."

Forty-five miles in three hours is rather a 'tall order,' as the Yankees would call it ; and it would be utterly impossible for any hounds to go over the ground described in the song in that time if they went the nearest way, and if they did this the distance is short of what is stated. Every allowance should be made for the fact that the song was handed down orally for many

years, and we greatly question if there are half-a-dozen written copies of it in existence. In all probability two runs have got mixed up together, and one bard after another has added a line here and there, no uncommon occurrence with old hunting songs. That some such run or runs did take place there can be no doubt. Leonard Heseltine was the Hambleton trainer, and was a leading man with the Bilsdale.

BILSDALE FOXHOUNDS' STAG-HUNT, 1821.

In the year eighteen hundred and twenty-one,
 Bilsdale foxhounds to Boltby a fox-hunting did come ;
 For having set down more sportsmen to meet
 On the 10th day of April, it was a fine sect.*
 Our sportsmen having met from both far and near,
 The day of our chase you quickly shall hear ;
 Uncoupling the hounds, into cover they went
 To try for bold Renny, but couldn't find his scent.
 The huntsman he tried right over Stirk Hill,
 Through Birkbank cover he tried all his skill ;
 Then through the Shut plantings to Gutta Wood did tak, †
 Unto the Sand Earths where they were called back ;
 Then to Cowesby Wood next and tried for him there,
 But finding no scent, they shirk'd off a hare ;
 Then down Yackley Bank away they did ride,
 And Butcher Mill Intake for Renny they tried.
 Next unto Upsall whins they then took their way,
 And tried for to find some old Renny there.
 Now through the New Building Woods they did range,
 And finding no scent they thought it very strange ;
 So most of our sportsmen did then give it o'er,
 For they thought it was no use to try any more.
 To the Mount of St. John then the rest took their way,
 Bound for the White Mare, thinking Renny must be there ;

* Sight. † Take.

But Towler gave challenge all in Cotcliff Wood,
 Our huntsman hark'd to him, he knew it was good ;
 " Hark ! away unto Towler," our huntsman did sing,
 And when they got to him they made the woods ring.
 Upstarting a stag for Sutton he did tak,
 But running to Kelmire he there turned back ;
 From Kelmire to Boltby he then took his way,
 And got into the Oaks, where he thought for to stay,
 But looking around him, saw the hounds in full cry,
 He thought to himself, its time for me to fly.
 Then up the hill he went where some weaver's lads sat,
 When they all sang out, " Now, my lads, turn him back ;
 ' Tantivy, tantivy,' " then their voices did sound,
 Which made the country to echo all round.
 Now straight across the West Moor he then took his way,
 And down Yackley Bank so gallantly did stay.
 Then right over Knayton Moor he advanced along,
 And in Knayton town was viewed by the throng ;
 Now for Thornton-le-street he next made his track,
 But on turning to Crossby he saw the fleet pack,
 And to Allerton fine village like lightning they went,
 For they ran him in view without any scent.
 To these staunch little hounds he was forced to bend,
 And they worried this stag at Allerton town end.
 The first in the field that came dashing away,
 It was Squire Turton upon a fine bay.
 Charles Harrison, of Murton, did second him well.
 And Will Weatherburn was the third, they did tell ;
 Our huntsman came next, a hearty good fellow,
 He's always good natured when sober or mellow ;
 There was Len * out of Bilsdale rode a bay very strong,
 Was up at the death, in the midst of the throng.
 Said he to Jack Barker, " What sportsman could stay,
 When Towler and Charmer kept leading away."
 To Charles Harrison, of Murton, we will give the praise,
 He ought to have been placed the first in the chase ;
 For Squire Turton he joined them behind Upsall Whin,
 When the chase was half run he was fresh to begin.

* Leonard Heseltine.

This Charles Harrison of Murton, he's a dashing young spark,
 And comes out in the morning as fresh as a lark,
 But his neck he will break, either sooner or late,
 For he had rather jump over as open a gate.
 Here's a health to the huntsman, likewise whipper-in,
 For to sing of their praises I think it no sin.
 Here's a health to Will Garbutt, of honour and fame,
 His hounds give him credit and praise to his name ;
 For he views his fleet pack with pride and delight,
 And his glory's to be with them from morning till night.

There is no printer's name attached to the copy of this song—if song it is to be called—and the author's name is unknown. The chronicler, whoever he may have been, has given a very circumstantial account of a good day's sport, and was honest enough to tell us that the hounds ran riot in Cowesby Wood, although, perhaps, that was not considered a very heinous offence in Bilsdale. We are inclined to think that the Bilsdale did not hunt hares at this period of their history, as if they had they would certainly have stuck to the one they came across in Cowesby Wood, especially after such a long draw for a fox.

Charles Harrison was a very hard man, and so were the two Barkers, Jack and Robert, who with Hugh Jones, a staunch supporter of the Bilsdale hunt, hailed from Helmsley. Leonard Heseltine was also a frequent attendant at the meets. Indeed the Bilsdale have always found favour with the Hambleton trainers, and when Wm. Sanderson lived there he was frequently to

be seen in the wake of the Bilsdale pack on a thoroughbred one.

The Bilsdale have at times been hardly put to it and have scarcely been able to make a muster, although they have always kept a few hounds in the dale and managed to have an occasional hunt.

With the Sinnington, however, matters are different. Although they have had many a hard struggle, and the fortunes of the hunt have often sunk to so low an ebb that it seemed as if extinction was inevitable, there has always occurred an opportune revival, and the country has been hunted continuously since the Duke of Buckingham was at the head of affairs two hundred and twenty years ago. The Duncombe family purchased the Helmsley estates from the Duke's executors in 1695, and followed his example in keeping up the hounds.

Then a Hunt Club was established, but the exact date of its establishment we have not been able to ascertain. Some of the old rules of the Club are interesting. The subscription was the small one of 10s. per annum, but fines played an important part in the receipts of the Club. Every member of the hunt not up at the kill was fined 5s. Then it was customary to repair to the nearest house of entertainment after a fox had been killed, and after having done justice to a good dinner, to spend the evening with jest and song ; and every member not attending the said

dinner was fined 2s. 6d. A bonus of 5s. was also paid by the churchwardens of each parish in which a fox chanced to be killed, so that there were various sources of income, which we doubt not were pretty sharply looked after.

“The best two days a week country in England” is the opinion of that veteran sportsman, Mr. Thomas Parrington, who presided so ably over its destinies a few years ago, and most men who have hunted over it will endorse his remark. The low country in the Sinnington Vale has a capital proportion of grass, and as a rule the plough rides light, but the fences are big and take some jumping. There is some moorland country on the northern side of the country, but it is by no means so rough as in the neighbouring countries, the Hackness and the Bilsdale. A finer bit of country than that between Tylar’s Bridge and Malton it would be difficult to find. Indeed, in the opinion of so eminent authority as “Brooksby” the greater part of the country is smoother riding than the hills of High Leicestershire.

There are a lot of big woodlands, some of them apparently interminable, Skiplam to wit, but they hold good wild foxes that do not hang about long in covert. In the low country there are some good gorse coverts, notably Muscoates Whin, the starting point of many a famous run. They also draw Sir George Wombwell’s coverts

at Newburgh Park, by permission of Lord Middleton, to whose country they really belong.

From the earliest period of the Hunt Club's existence the hounds have been trencher-fed, and the huntsman has mounted himself out of the small stipend paid him (at one time nominally £50 per annum, but in reality seldom reaching that amount), the whip, who received a smaller salary, also finding his own horse. The Club also inaugurated the season with an annual dinner and a ball, and these good old customs are kept up to the present day.

The hounds are mustered on Mondays and Fridays to be ready for their work on the appointed hunting days, and it is wonderful how their instinct shows itself on these occasions. If by some chance the hound should be away with the farmer with whom he is quartered when the huntsman calls for him, he seems to know what has taken place, and trots off to the kennels at Kirby at the earliest opportunity: and after hunting has been stopped by frost a few days the hounds will assemble at the kennels of their own accord, apparently to see if all is right, and after hanging about a bit will jog off to their respective quarters.

Of course with a trencher-fed pack there is necessarily considerable irregularity in condition, and in a long hard run hounds may 'tail' a little,

but there is no sulking or shirking, and a hound has never been known to slip off home till the day's sport was over.

Trencher-fed hounds, it is said, have more courage and independence than those which are kennel kept, and if not under such firm control, still by the very fact of their independence frequently turn a moderate day's sport into a good one. Be this as it may, the Sinnington hounds show as good sport as their neighbours, and a man needs his best horse, and his heart in the right place too, if he wishes to live with them across their low country.

Unfortunately no lists of the earlier masters or records of the sport they showed have been preserved, or if they have they appear to be irretrievably lost. But the fact is indisputable that the hounds have been kept up without a break since the death of the Duke of Buckingham, although we come across the name of no master after the Duncombes gave up the reins of office, until about the middle of last century, when the horn was carried by Mr. John Kendall, of Pickering, a man who lives in the memory of the Sinnington foxhunter as a hearty good fellow and capital sportsman, a character which has been well kept up by his descendants and their kinsmen, two of whom have been masters of the hounds, and added to the reputation of the country for sport.

Mr. Kendall's horn is still in existence, and is the property of a descendant, Mr. George Hudson, of Pickering, whose collection of British antiquities is, perhaps, the best in the possession of any private individual. It is a big curved beast's horn mounted in silver at the base, and with a loose silver mouthpiece. There are two silver bands round it, to which are attached loops for the strap by which it was slung round the huntsman's neck. In the silver band at the lower end Mr. Kendall's name and the date, 1750, are engraved, but we should feel inclined to think that it is much older than that. It has a peculiar note, as might be expected, and we doubt not could be heard a long way if sounded by an expert.

After Mr. John Kendall gave up, a Mr. Wells of Pickering was master for a few years, but no particulars of his mastership can now be found.

In the early part of the present century, and perhaps in the latter part of the last one, Jamie Golden was huntsman under several masters. He was in office a great number of years, horsing himself and receiving the £50 per annum of which mention has already been made. He was eccentricity itself, a keen sportsman, and an exceptionally hard rider, and his weatherbeaten features are characteristic of that 'toughness' as well as 'hardness' for which he was noted. He was a very light weight, something like the weight



JACK PARKER.

of the proverbial pair of boots, and would ride nothing but thoroughbred ones, and for some inscrutable reason, would only ride mares. He was a good huntsman, very quick, and showed a capital average of sport.* A man of few words, he had a wonderful keen perception, and was perhaps as fine a specimen of a *jealous* rider as ever existed, for if a visitor came to have a day with the pack he would not take his horse a yard out of his line, and did not go home satisfied unless he had 'pounded' the stranger.

He was turned eighty years old when his portrait, which is in the possession of Mr. W. Kendall, of Ness, was painted, and had to be lifted on to his horse for that purpose ; but judging from the painting, however infirm he might have become, his eye had lost none of its fire, and he looks as if, given a fox, he would be ready to cheer on the favourite hounds that surround him as in the days of his youth.

Mr. Kendall, of Ness, was master for several years and hunted his own hounds, and on his retirement in 1853 he obtained the appointment of huntsman for Jack Parker, who has remained in office ever since. His nephew, Mr. Tom Kendall, was master, and so far as sport was concerned matters went on swimmingly. Subscriptions, however, were badly paid, and the hunt was in embarrassed circumstances when Mr.

* We tried to obtain an account of some of his runs, but in vain.

T. Coverdale, of Kirbymoorside, undertook the duties of Secretaryship, and once more things began to look up. When he became Secretary the hunt owed the Bank £50, as well as having an outstanding account of £48 for oats, but so energetic was he, and so ably was he assisted by a few friends, that at the end of his first year of office he showed a credit balance of 9s.

One of the best runs Mr. Kendall ever had was in 1861, and so impressed had he been with it that on his return home he wrote an account of it on the fly-leaf of a novel when it was fresh in his memory, thus giving that volume, which was only of a moderate degree of merit, a value which of itself it could never have possessed.

“We met at Pickering,” says he, “and as the hills were covered with snow and the ground in some places was hard, not much sport was expected. We trotted away to the far-famed Haugh Wood where we soon unkennelled one of the right sort on the east side of the covert. We ran up the covert, across the Middle Ridge, and over the west side and across the top of Grayson’s farm for Nova, and on to East Moor Plantation (where he was headed), across to Cawthorn Down and on to Aislaby Straights, and away for Scarbrough Moor Plantations, across the lane for Wrelton to Cawthorne, and away to Cass Hagg; across Cropton Lane and down to the foot of Wrelton Cliff, over the hill into Stable’s farm,

down to Stable's stackyard. Then turned to the right to Stable's Wood, through Bentley's Wood and to Bishop Hagg Scar, where he passed the main earths, which were open, and away for Skipstain, over Appleton Common, aiming for the far-famed cover of Ling Moor, but was headed and turned for Appleton village, and away for Spaunton, along Spaunton Banks to Riccall Head, and turned down the banks by Hutton-le-Hole for Ling Moor; out of that covert across by Hutton Bank Top and across the valley by Yoadwash to Runsdale, across the lane by Hugill's of the Park, and down the hill through Jack Parker's garth and up the town street of Kirby."

Here ends Mr. Kendall's account of the run. The fox was lost in Kirbymoorside, and lost very singularly. He had crept up the roof of a low thatched cottage, and, crouching close to the chimney, was unseen in the twilight. He remained beside the warm chimney all night, his footmarks, as he made his ascent and descent, as well as his lair near the chimney, being distinctly traced in the snow on the roof the next morning.

At one time the hunt very nearly collapsed, and for three years, all that could be paid to Parker was £15 per annum. Yet he struggled pluckily on, and assisted by the sporting farmers, some of whom sent him a few oats, some a bit of hay, and other requisites, he managed to hold on, and avert what would have been a great disaster.

But times took a turn, and since then the subscriptions have increased, and the amount paid to Jack in recent years has been something like £140 or £160.

After Mr. T. M. Kendall retired, Mr. Ellerby carried on for some time, and when he resigned, at the unanimous request of the country Mr. Thomas Parrington assumed the reins of office. With the energy for which he is so famous, he soon put fresh life into the hunt, and began to import fresh blood, especially from the Bramham Moor, and the Quorn. Quorn Alfred was a hound of which Mr Parrington thought highly, and he contrived to get some of his blood into the Sinnington kennels.

In his efforts to show sport, Mr. Parrington was ably seconded by the genial and persevering secretary, Mr. Alfred Pearson, whose genuine love of hunting has obtained for him the soubriquet of "Nimrod," and to whose indefatigable exertions the present satisfactory financial position of the hunt is mainly due.

Perhaps the best run during Mr. Parrington's mastership was from Muscoates Whin. Mr. Parrington was always, during his mastership, eager to secure the presence of strangers with his famous pack, and with an anxiety that they should be pleased with their day, which could only proceed from a genuine love of sport, never left a stone unturned to secure that desirable end.

He would frequently draw as long as any of the strangers would stop, and many ardent sportsmen will long recall with delight the pleasant meetings and famous sport which they have enjoyed on the days when Mr. Parrington's forethought made special arrangements for the benefit of those who hailed from a distance.

The late Lord Helmsley had been anxious that some of his friends should see the Sinnington in a good country, and accordingly, Mr. Parrington arranged to meet at Helmsley, and Lord Helmsley Lord Castlereagh (now the Marquis of Londonderry), the Hon. James Duncombe, Capt. Byng, and others of the party were invited to dine at Mr. Parrington's at Helmsley, at night.

Muscoates was the first draw, and as Mr. Parrington got to the end of the whin at which he generally stood, he viewed the fox away with Joyful close at his brush. Luckily he was able to stop her, and Parker got his hounds away well together. They changed at Normanby, and run by Wrelton and Kirbymisperton; went straight to Yedingham Lane, where they killed him. Alas for the dinner! The Hon. James Duncombe was the only one of the guests who turned up, and his host and he were late, and owed their presence to not getting to the far end.

Here is an account of

T' VARRY BEST RUN AT IVER WAS KNOWN IT'
SINNINGTON COUNTRY.

“MR. HEDITOR,—’Tisn’t varry often I trubble you newspaper folks wiv a letter, but as for a sartenty we had sike a run wiv our hounds last Setterday as neabody ivver heerd tell on before, I wad just like t’ sporting gentlemen tae kno what a grand run it was if you’l only prent my letter. Why then to begin, we met at Helmsley, and went to t’ New Cover at Muscoates, as grand a whin as ivver you seed, I’ll awand you, an’ nivver without a fox in’t, sea as usual on Setterday, t’ hounds were not in twea minutes afore auld “Passion” fand him, and efter they’d chucked him round t’ cover twea or three times, away he went pointing for North Holme, then to’t River Dove, which some o’ t’ keen young ’uns wad fain a louped, but I said, wea i’ their senses wad loup ’t when Sparrow Hall Brig is close by, sea away we went ower t’ brig, and across a rare stiff’ country tea Edstone, where he turned to t’ reet and away ower Barugh Hill, past Marton to Norramby, then across t’ River Seven, where nea horse could cross, sea some galloped to Norramby Brig and some fur Marton, and t’ hounds turning tea t’ left, Marton chaps had a lang way t’ best on’t, and lang before we gat to Risebro’ Hagg there was ‘bellas to mend,’ and nea mistak. Our

fox now teak us ower Wrelton Cliff and on to Wrelton village, where he seemed ganning straight for t' hills, but he whipp'd round at seet o' t' houses, and crossing t' railway again teak us reet across t' deepest, t' strangest, and t' muckiest country you ivver seed to Kerby Misperton. By gum, what a seet we all were! and didn't t' horse tails wag when we pulled up for a minit or sea at Kerby. 'Jack, they mun kill him,' says yan; 'Jack, I's about at t' far end,' says another; 'They han't killed him yit, onyhow,' says I, as I saw them race away again, pointing for t' Black Bull, an away agean faster than ivver to't Whitby Railway, near Marishes Station. Sean efter we cros't t' railway I spied Maister Rennard sitting on t' middle o' t' road lissening for t' hounds, and there he wad a' sitten till t' hounds had gitten up tiv him, nae doubt, if a fond feller whea yan wad think had nivver seen a fox afore, hadn't shouted Tally-ho! and away he went, sea fresh, that thinks I, thou's not catched yit, and I was reet, for fower mile further he teuk us over a terrible heavy and stiff country, past Allerston on to Ebberston, then to Yedingham, where he was sae tired he couldn't loup t' stile, and Rantipole getting a seet of him, it was sean who whoop. Now what do you think of that Mr. Heditor? Just three hours an' twenty minutes fra t' find t' kill, twenty miles as 't crow flees, an' nut a yed less than thirty miles as t' hounds ran.

If you wad like to kno whea was t' best man at t' finish, why I can tell ye, it was Lord Helmsley, yan o't' canniest young gentlemen as ivver lived, an as good a rider across country as ivver sat astride of a horse. Lord Castleray didn't gan badly, neither did Mr. James Duncombe, but then they had twea horses apiece, and Lord Helmsley only yan, but he was a clinker, an I durst bet a wager, if his Lordship lives for 50 years to cum, an I seer I wish he may, *he'll nivver* ride a better. But we all did t' best we could to see t' kill, and that's t' lang an t' short on't. *I nivver saw sike a run*, and sal nivver see sike another as lang as my name's

JACK PARKER.*”

Kirbymoorside Feb. 27th, 1877.

Mr. Parrington resigned in 1884, and was succeeded by Mr. Robert Lesley, of Sinnington Manor, who is still at the head of affairs.

The veteran huntsman, Jack Parker, is what is called in Yorkshire, a “character.” Always with some pithy remark calculated to draw a laugh from his audience, he is a capital sportsman, and although not particularly smart in his kennel management according to modern ideas, in the field he is bad to beat, especially with a wild hill

* The run took place on Saturday, February 24th, 1877.

This description of it is from the pen of Mr. Parrington.

fox over a boggy moor. "Ah nivver gets bogged," says Jack, "if you giv em their heeads an' ram t' spurs in, an' they'll allas gan throo t' bogs; it's pulling at 'em 'at maks 'em stick fast." Jack's preaching, in this respect at any rate, is followed by his practice; and it is a sight to see him splashing through treacherous boggy ground, which most men would either avoid or stick fast in. It is his delight to see a man bogged, and "Don't follow Jack, if we run over the moor, he's sure to bog you if you do," was the advice Mr. Parrington gave us when we visited the Sinnington a few years ago.

Jack has had some strange experiences, and innumerable are the anecdotes which are told of his strange adventures by 'flood' and 'field,' for Jack is a famous fisherman as well as a huntsman, and always accompanies Mr. Digby Cayley on his fishing excursions into Scotland, where they have many a good day's sport.

But it is with Jack's adventures by land and not on the water that we have to deal. On one occasion he was in want of a hunter and went over to Northallerton Fair with a view to purchase. A shrewd judge and a keen bargainer, as he had need to be when the small amount of money he gets for finding himself with horses and hunting the hounds is taken into consideration, he soon bought a horse which he thought was like suiting him, a big upstanding chesnut from

the sister Isle, that he dubbed Tip, and that carried him many a long hard day.

He was well satisfied with his bargain, and before he set out on his homeward journey, for he meant riding Tip through to Kirbymoorside, with a view to hunting him next day, he met some old friends, with whom he was compelled to drink luck to his new purchase. Jack is very popular, and it was "Have another, Jack! Have another, Jack!" till Jack got rather more than his quantum of liquor before he started for home.

Arrived at Thirsk, he was obliged to call at The Hall, to show off his new horse and expatiate on its merits to his old friend, the stud groom there. He was asked to stay supper, and nothing loth, consented to do so. After supper he proceeded on his journey and arrived at Kirbymoorside about midnight well pleased with his day's work. Indeed, so pleased was he, that he had not crossed the threshold before he began to praise the good looking sixteen-hands chesnut he had bought, and would fain have gone round with his wife to have a look at him. But Nanny had an eye to business, and told him she would do up and feed the horse, "Thoo hes t' hounds te hunt to-morrow," said she, "Can te bed an' get as mich sleep as tha can." And accordingly Jack went and was soon in the land of dreams. His wife made the horse comfortable

and when she went up stairs she awakened Jack and said, "Jack, didn't tha tell me thoo'd bowt a sixteen-hands chesnut hoss?" "Ay, te be sear ah did," replied Jack. "Weel, ah deant knoa what thoo 's dean wiv him then, or where thee een's been, for thoo's browt a grey galloway yam."

Jack was sobered in an instant, and saw that they had been afraid of him riding the fresh horse in the dark after the sacrifice he had made to the "Rosy God," and it is needless to say that there was some "language" flying about. He rose to the occasion, however, as he generally does, and hastily dressing, rattled the grey pony back to Thirsk at a much faster pace than he was accustomed to go; got his own horse fed, jogged him quietly along to Kirbymoorside, where the hounds were advertised to meet, and where he arrived at nine in the morning. He fed his horse, got some breakfast, and hunted the hounds all day on the redoubtable Tip, who must have had as hard a constitution as his master.

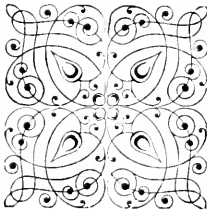
One of Jack's longest runs was from Skiplam, an almost interminable range of wood and plantation from which a fox rarely, if ever, goes far away. This run took place some time in 1867, but we cannot get the exact date. After ringing a bit in Skiplam Wood, the fox took the open, and crossing Rudston Ridge went over Ingleby Moor to Ingleby Manor, and ran through the

Park Wood, across the valley to Easby and past Cook's Monument to Roseberry, where the hounds were heard running long after dark. For a long time Jack had been the only man with the hounds, but on arriving at Ingleby, his horse gave out and he was reluctantly compelled to turn his head homewards. He arrived at Kirbymoorside at one in the morning with a single hound.

It is not to be wondered at that Jack Parker should have been considered by some as the original of the immortal James Pigg; but we are of opinion that he never figured in any novel save "Blair Athol," in which "Blinkhoolie" wisely introduces him in *própria persona*, and where many capital anecdotes of his reckless courage, keen love of sport, and quaint sayings are to be found.

He is getting into years, but is as keen as ever, and, although his ways are not so polished nor his language so refined as the requirements of the present day demand, his heart is in the right place, and his love of the sport he has so successfully participated in for thirty-eight years outweighs many minor failings. We heard that there has been some talk of getting up a subscription to provide him with an annuity for his declining years, and trust that it may be done; for if ever a man's services deserve recognition, his do, and there are few sportsmen who, if asked, would not spare half-a-sovereign or a

sovereign for the plucky man who, himself poor, carried on a pack of hounds three years for £45 all told.



CHAPTER V.

CLEVELAND AND ESKDALE.

THE CLEVELAND COUNTRY—'T ROUSBY DOGS—
TOMMY PAGE—THE ANDREWS—MR. J. T. WHARTON—
MR. NEWCOMEN—NEW BLOOD—MR. PROUD AND WILL
NICOLL—THE SQUIRE'S BIRTHDAY—THE YOUNG SQUIRE
—THE ENTRY FOR 1888—BOB BRUNTON AND JOE
BENNETT—A LONG RIDE—THE ESKDALE DIFFICULTIES
—MR. PETERS—MR. CHAPMAN'S HARRIERS—MR.
RASTALL—DAVID SMALLWOOD—THREE GOOD RUNS—
DISPERSAL OF THE PACK.

Over hills, dales, and moors each strove for to follow
The hounds' cheerful notes, and the huntsmen did hollo.

Cleveland Staunch Pack.

THE country hunted by the Cleveland hounds is varied in character; but rough, and what would in some places be called unhuntable country predominates. In the west there is some fine open country, but the land is a heavy clay, and there is a large proportion of it under plough. In the neighbourhood of Coatham there is some nice level country, with big and rather trappy fences, but again most of this is under plough

and it is limited in extent. Big woodlands and wide boggy moors are the rule, and although neither are so formidable as are to be found in Capt. Johnstone's and the Bilsdale countries, they are sufficiently forbidding to a stranger.

But notwithstanding all its drawbacks it carries a good scent as a rule ; and although in some parts the smoke from the numerous furnaces affects that necessary commodity considerably, it is still entitled to be reckoned one of the best scenting countries in the north. Foxes, too, are plentiful, a blank day is almost unknown, and the peculiar geographical situation of the country frequently enables hounds to hunt here when in more inland places they cannot get out of the kennel.

The April hunting in Cleveland is exceptionally enjoyable to those who like to see hounds both hunt and race, and it is seldom that there is not a run of more than average merit during the early spring. In the cub-hunting season, or at any rate the early part of it, scent is rather precarious, especially in cover, owing to the immense growth of bracken ; but it is frequently good in the open, and it is no uncommon thing to have a run before regular hunting commences that would not discredit the middle of December.

There were a few hounds kept in the neighbourhood of Roxby in the latter part of last century and the earlier years of this. They were kept

by the farmers in the neighbourhood, each man keeping a hound or two, and were collected on hunting days. Most of their followers went on foot, but occasionally one or two were mounted. There is not much record of their proceedings, but some of their exploits are still remembered.

One run they had of which they used to speak with much pride. They found their fox in Holmsgriff, and ran through wood and over moor till they marked him to ground near Slape Wath. When the distanced field arrived at the earth it was determined to try to get him out, and after a weary dig this was accomplished. Then arose the question, "What shall we do with him?" and it was unanimously agreed that he should be turned down before the hounds. "But," said the relator of the story, "Ah'll uphaud ye we gave 'em a neck hound," and he was killed in the next field. The weary sportsmen now turned their attention to refreshment, and adjourned to the "Fox and Hounds" Inn close by, where they stopped all night and most of the next day.

On another occasion they found a fox in Kilton Wood, and killed him in the pleasure grounds at Skelton Castle. They were sore afraid the Squire* would be seriously offended at so unceremonious an invasion, but he gave them a hearty welcome, and, delighted with the fine run they had had,

* John Wharton, Esq., M.P. for Beverley, uncle of the present owner of Skelton Castle.

and the kind reception they had met with, they hastened to the "Duke William" Inn at Skelton, where they stayed for two or three days. "Bread and cheese and yal', lads, 'll mak' us gang through fire an' watter," said they; and so it seemed from the immense distances they followed hounds on foot. History relates that on this occasion an adventurous tailor joined the company; but when, towards the end of the second day, the 'mirth and fun grew fast and furious,' he thought it was time to depart, and no other road being open to him, he made a hasty but undignified exit through the closed window, the sash of which he took clean out, his flight being accompanied by a perfect chorus of view holloas.

A connecting link between the rough and ready style of the old Roxby hunt, and the orthodox establishment over which Mr. John Andrew, sen. presided, was old Tommy Page, as enthusiastic a sportsman as ever cheered a hound. Although, properly speaking, he belonged to the latter period, yet he had something to do with the old Roxby hunt, and knew much of its history. His love of hunting was not shared by all his relatives, and he used to relate with great glee how an aunt of his was given to upbraiding him on his sporting proclivities. Once she asked him in a peculiarly sarcastic manner why they hunted foxes. Tommy, who was never much at

a loss for an answer, replied by giving a long list of the depredations committed by the "nightly robber of the fold," and made out a very good case, showing that it was necessary to the well-being of Society that reynard should be killed : and proving to his own satisfaction, at any rate, that by foxhounds alone could this desirable end be attained. His aunt's reply was to the point and somewhat startling. She wanted to know why her hopeful nephew had turned off THAT fox which he had in a bag some days ago. "'T awd woman had me there," Tommy used to say when he told the tale. Tommy Page died at a ripe old age some twenty-four or twenty-five years ago. He had been blind for a considerable period prior to his decease, but he used to get a relative to accompany him to any meets that were near his home that he might exchange a word with his old friends, and hear the cheery music he loved so well.

In 1817 an influential meeting was held at the Angel Inn, Loftus, to consider the situation and take steps for the more effectual hunting of the district. There had been a few harriers kept at Stanghow by Mr. Richard Scarth, but these had been given up at his death, and it was now necessary that some steps should be taken to ensure the whole of the country being properly hunted. It was determined to form a Hunt Club ; that the hunt should be known as the Roxby and

Cleveland Hunt, and that Mr. John Andrew, senior should be master. The hounds were accordingly removed to White House, Saltburn, where they remained for upwards of fifty years. The title of the hunt was soon changed, and the 'Roxby' dropped; but the Roxby men long claimed three couples of the hounds as their property, and the final transfer was made at Ellerby one night before hunting, when Tommy Page, the only living representative of the old Roxby hunt gave up all claim to them, and they become the property of Mr. Thomas Andrew.

The new establishment was not an ambitious one, and was carried on at a light expense. For many years the subscription fell short of £100, and the hounds were, as was frequently the case with provincial packs in those days, trencher-fed. But the sport was first-rate, and notwithstanding the many disadvantages with which they had to contend, the Cleveland hounds soon got the reputation of being a killing pack. In their first season they showed what kind of mettle they had in them, and it is pretty evident that our Roxby friends knew a good bit about hound breeding.

On Friday, January 16th, 1818, we read in the master's journal, "Found in Skelton Park, ran by Fortypence and Whinny Nursery earths to Waterfall earth, down Waterfall Gill, by Holly Hill earths to Skelton Castle; then to Skelton

Green ; from thence easterly to Brotton Lane, Wandale Bridge, then south to Claphow, then easterly to Kilton, then south-west to Nova Scotia, then south to Stanghow, then east to Kilton Wood, then south to Moorsholm village, then north to Stanghow Wood, and then south to the Whitby road ; then took the wide moor south to Danby Park, then easterly by Dale End to Danby coal pits, then south-easterly to Oakely Side and Howlsyke ; then north to Green Houses, then to Stonegate ; then easterly when the hounds began to run at a killing pace until they ran into view in a wheat field and killed in fine style. Every hound up but two, and every horse up in a line between Mulgrave Castle and Barton Howl. James Andrew the brush. Ran three hours and a quarter. Thirty miles.”

In those days it was by no means uncommon for neighbouring packs to join for a day's hunting, and this custom still prevails in some of the Yorkshire dales. Accordingly we find that Mr. Andrew agreed to join packs with his neighbour, Mr. Rickaby, who kept hounds at Swainby Castle, and hunted a considerable portion of what is now the west part of the Cleveland country. The day's sport is worthy of record, not only on account of its merit, though that is sufficient recommendation of itself ; but because it is the earliest authentic account of April hunting in Cleveland.

Wednesday, April 2nd, 1818. "We having twelve couples of hounds, and John Rickaby five couples and a half. Found a fox in Newton Wood, ran by the Stell side nearly to Upsal, where he was headed at the Stockton road. Then to Nunthorpe, and turned and went by Brass Castle, down below Newham; then turned and went below Sunny Cross nearly to Tanton, then near Newby, where the hounds ran up to him and killed him in a wheat field, where he could not make a trot. A burst of forty-five minutes without a check, Rickaby the brush. The Doctor,* James Andrew, John Andrew, and Rickaby's nephew well up. Nine couple of our hounds up at the death and two couple of Rickaby's. N.B.—Rickaby rode well. The absent hounds, with Richard Scarth, W. Coates, Isaac Booth, and Mason Williamson, being thrown off (query, *out*), ranged Mr. Jackson's plantations and found a bitch fox, and ran her for three hours very hard to Wilton Wood and Court Green and back several times, until both horses and hounds were tired when they lost her in Mr. Jackson's plantations."

One more extract from old John Andrew's Journal and we must leave it however reluctantly.

Monday, December 28th, 1818. "Disappointed of a bag fox which some one had stolen from Mr. Jackson's shepherd, and having a large field, we tried Eston Whin blank, and found in a small

* Dr. Mackreth, of Skelton, a keen sportsman.

plantation of Mr. Jackson's, ran through the plantation and along the banks to Eston Whin, when he broke and went out below, and the hounds viewed him up to the whins, when he broke on the east side, and the hounds were running into view when he earthed, and, being a small earth, we dug him out and turned him down near Lazenby Pasture and gave him twenty minutes law. He ran about three miles when he clapped down in a furrow when the hounds were within ten yards of him, and they killed him, an old dog fox; James Andrew the brush. At Mr. Vansitart's request we tried Wilton plantations, and found immediately a leash of foxes. The hounds divided and went after two of them, but being at default at Eston Crag we called off and joined the others at Osborne Rush, when he crossed the country by Langbarugh Quarry to Cliverick. Back by Newton Wood, Bell End and Hanging Stone, Boosdale, James Lee's farm, David Thomas', Wm. Coates', Thomas Rowland's, Langbarugh Quarry, Cliverick, Airyholm, Easby Wood to Easby, where he drained; and the men and hounds leaving the drain he bolted and ran near Broughton, when they were called off near eight o'clock at night. Richard Scarth, Gatenby, A. Pulman, my two sons and myself, pulled up at six o'clock, being so dark we could see nothing. Consett Dryden was left in a deep ditch near Nunthorpe Stell. An excellent scent in the

morning, but got frosty towards night. The hounds got great praise, and had we had another hour daylight he could not have lived ; he was not two hundred yards before the hounds at dark. Chanter ran very well."

Mr. Ralph Lambton's was, perhaps, one of the most famous packs of that day, and from that source Mr. Andrew soon proceeded to get drafts, as well as from the York and Ainsty. The hounds continued to improve during his rule, which only terminated at his death in 1835. He was succeeded by his eldest son, John, who had hunted the hounds for the preceding five years, and who in two years' time turned over the hunting of the hounds to his son Thomas, still continuing to officiate as master himself. And a famous master he was, though somewhat despotic withal.

With the Cleveland hounds the name of Mr. Thomas Andrew will always be closely associated, and, perhaps, no man did more to improve them than he did. As a Master of hounds he possessed more of the '*suaviter in modo*' than his father, whilst the '*fortiter in re*' was not wanting when really necessary.

Patient, cool, and with a thorough knowledge of the habits of the crafty animal he pursued, he was the *beau ideal* of a huntsman, and few could equal him at bringing a fox to hand on a bad scenting day. With a good scent, he was wont to say, hounds do best by themselves.

His knowledge of the natural history of the fox, and indeed of all our British Fauna, was unique ; and we have often heard his amused laugh when some popular Natural History, or letter in the sporting papers respecting our *feræ naturæ*, was quoted for his especial benefit.

He hunted the hounds thirty-three years, and was master fifteen.

It would be impossible even to refer to the many good runs which took place during the time that Mr. Thomas Andrew carried the horn ; but there are one or two that are worth recording. The first of these is the run with the white-faced fox, the mask of which is still in existence at Kirkleatham Hall. It possesses an especial interest, as the fact of the hounds never changing is indisputable. The account which follows has already appeared in Mr. Pease's interesting book, "The Cleveland Hounds as a Trencher-fed Pack ;" but one can never have too much of a good thing, and so spirited an account of an exceptionally brilliant run will well bear reproducing. The run took place on Thursday, December 6th, 1849.

EXTRAORDINARY RUN WITH THE CLEVELAND FOXHOUNDS.

"This trim little pack, much to the credit of the small knot of gentry, farmers, and others who compose the Cleveland Hunt Club, has been

showing capital sport this season, and have had clipping runs almost every day. On Thursday week they had such a run as will long be remembered in Cleveland. On that day the fixture was Osborne's Rush. The morning was by no means promising for sport, and the rain which came pouring down served to make the country dirtier and deeper. The timid and fine weather sportsmen stayed at home, consequently we had a small field, and having a long draw before we found, some who had ventured to the 'meet' cut it, but would no doubt regret having done so afterwards. At one o'clock the watery god dried up his tears, and as we were drawing Eston Nab Whin we shook out our feathers and indulged in the hope we might yet have a run, and that we had the sequel will show. The hounds had not been five minutes in cover when Reynard was pronounced at home, and instantly he broke away to Sir J. Lowther's plantations. The hounds got away on capital terms with their fox, and raced him away to Court Green through the cover, and straight away to Guisbrough Park; here he never dwelt a moment, but broke away to the south extremity right across the vale of Guisbro' up the hill to Bell End, and forward as hard as he could pepper to Howden Gill. Up to this point the pace was terrific and the country most trying, and the select few who saw the beauties top the wall at Howden Gill hoped it

was near a finish, and it was the unanimous verdict that the fox could not live much longer ; but greatly did we undervalue the gameness of the varmint, for even here, a cover almost impenetrable for hounds and full of earths, wherein he might have taken shelter and bid defiance to the inroads of the spade and pickaxe, even here he stayed not a moment. Again he faced the open and skirted Ayton Old Alum Works, through Cockshot plantations, and away pointing for Kildale ; the fox here made a curious turn to the left and went over the hill close past Captain Cook's Monument, and ran a ring on Goat Moor, and back through Cockshot plantations away to Easby Wood ; disdaining to avail himself of the many places of safety which the hills would have afforded him, our gallant fox again took the open country, relying on his own stoutness to shake off his blood-thirsty pursuers. Crash went the hounds through Easby Wood, every hound threw his tongue, and the chorus was truly grand ; at this point some of our field thought the hounds changed foxes, and thought it madness to follow further, perhaps the thought was convenient, as their nags have already had a bellyful. Leaving the village of Easby on the left our fox pointed for the hills on the west of Ingleby, and then turned to the right, and, running almost due west, leaving Broughton, Kirby, and Busby on his left and Stokesley on his right, he struggled on to

Carlton, where in a small plantation he was pulled down by his undeniable pursuers to the unspeakable delight of the remnant of the field that saw the last of it. The deep country after leaving Easby Wood told heavily on the horses; the field grew 'small and beautifully less,' and only five got to the finish, viz., Tom Andrew, Geo. Newcomen, Esq., R.N., and Messrs. Watson Dixon, T. H. Dobson, and Tommy Bean. The last ceremonies having been performed to the death, and many a 'Who-whoop' given until the old hills of Cleveland resounded the echo, the party set their heads homewards, and on reaching Stokesley had abundant refreshment for themselves and their horses at the hostelry of that thoroughbred sportsman, Tommy Bean. It is most remarkable, but nevertheless true, that throughout this extraordinary run over about thirty miles of difficult country, and during three hours and five minutes the hounds were never once off the scent. The pace was never slow, and how one fox, for they never changed, endured through the run is almost incredible. The fox, one that had 'braved the battle and the breeze' for many a season, was almost white with age, a game and gallant fellow.

THOMAS PARRINGTON."

It is not often that a fox which has given many a good run, and eluded his pursuers for many seasons is killed after such a gallant run as this,

his more usual fate being to be chopped at last, before getting fairly on his legs. The five men who saw the finish, good men and true all of them have, alas, joined the majority; and we believe Mr. Parrington and Bob Brunton are the only men living who met the hounds at Osborne's Rush on that eventful December morning.

Hunting was sometimes carried on when in other countries it would be considered impossible, and a hunt in the snow is by no means unknown to the present generation of Cleveland sportsmen. Mr. W. Scarth, of Carlton Grove, tells of a run in the snow which took place in the month of February, 1853. There was a heavy snowstorm in the early part of that year which lasted two months, and foxhunters were exercised at so long a stop being put to their favourite sport. Accordingly it was arranged to have a hunt in spite of the weather, and Kilton Bank was the appointed place. Mr. John Andrew and his two sons, Tom and George, set off with the hounds; but on reaching Brotton they found the roads so full of snow that further progress on horseback was impossible. Mr. Andrew took the horses home, and his sons proceeded on foot with the hounds. The field was a small one as may be supposed, and all were on foot except Messrs. W. Scarth, who rode a Nisrock horse, and Watson Dixon, John Booth, and George Andrew, who were mounted on Mr. Thomas Petch's draught

horses. They found in Ness Hagg and ran up and down Kilton wood once or twice and then broke by Moorsholm, and crossed Stanghow Wood on to Stanghow Moor. Here the fox took the top of a wall for seven hundred yards, both sides of the wall being level with snow. They ran to ground in Skelton Warren, just an hour and fifty minutes after finding. Of course a dig was at once resorted to, and the fox was eventually got out, and killed close by. The drifts in many places were fully five feet deep, and the horse-men had to go round by the roads.

Perhaps one of the severest days ever seen in Cleveland took place on Friday, February 12th, 1869. The meet was at Marton, and the sport with the Cleveland having been exceptionally good, a large number of strangers were present. The hounds found at once in Tollesby Orchard, and ran a fast ring nearly to Middlesbrough, and then by Newham Whin to Seamer. Hilton Wood, Middleton, Fanny Bell's Gill, Crathorne, Hutton Rudby and Trenholm Bar were all touched, and once a fox ran nearly back to Newham Whin. They changed foxes at least three times, but in all probability they changed oftener, and during the latter part of the run hounds had it all their own way, the small remnant of the large field only occasionally getting a glimpse of them. It seemed as if they would go on for ever. Men hung together and

asked each other how it was going to end, and for once forgot to ride jealous. Jumping anything big had long been eschewed as only tending to certain disaster and defeat, when a welcome holloa proclaimed that the fox was only just in front of them, and in a few more minutes they bowled him over in Willy Husband's orchard, near Hutton Rudby. The hounds had been running four hours and a half, and were never cast. The only breathing time for horses was whilst they were in Seamer Whin, where the first change of foxes took place. Two horses were killed in the run, and several were some time before they recovered from its effects. The scene in Willy Husband's orchard will never be forgotten by those who witnessed it. A few days before some young fellows had been amusing themselves by larking over Willy's farm, and in the course of their lark had ridden over one or two wheat fields. So, before the master had got the fox from the hounds Willy appeared on the scene, exceedingly irate, and with a choice vocabulary of expletives ready to launch at the unfortunate foxhunters who were guiltless of damage. Mr. Andrew's cheery "Is that you, Willy, have you any gin?" instantly assuaged his wrath, and he replied, "Ay, Thomas, that hev ah, an' nivver paid king or queen a shilling;" and straightway he produced some of what he called "'t reet sooart." There was a merry party at Mr.

Watson Dixon's that same night, and an attempt to draw up an accurate account of the day's sport was made. It was, however, finally abandoned in despair, as every one of the few who got to the end was obliged to confess that at times he had only a very vague idea where the hounds really were; and one gentleman had the moral courage to assert that he had set off for home three times but was lucky enough to have fallen in with the hounds again. Mr. Andrew said he had given up all thoughts of killing a fox, and that his principal anxiety was how to get the hounds stopped, and the weary horses home.

During the latter end of the summer of 1870, Mr. Andrew had a slight paralytic stroke, but he apparently soon recovered from its effects and made his appearance as usual when the hunting season commenced. He had a second seizure in the hunting field in November, and only survived six weeks. He was deeply regretted by all his neighbours, and among those who knew him he is still remembered as a genial companion and a fine sportsman.

The hounds were hunted to the end of the season by Mr. Dixon, the honorary secretary to the Hunt Club, and after that Mr. J. T. Wharton took the reins of office with Ben Shutt as huntsman, and Sherwood, who had been with Mr. Andrew, as whip. Mr. Wharton resigned at

the end of his third season, and was succeeded by that good all-round sportsman, the late Mr. A. H. T. Newcomen, of Kirkleatham Hall. Sherwood was Mr. Newcomen's first huntsman, with Jem Trivick from the York and Ainsty to turn them to him. At the end of two years Sherwood left, and was succeeded by Trivick, with Will Nicoll, also from the York, to whip.

During the masterships of Mr. Wharton and Mr. Newcomen an important infusion of new blood was introduced. The old Cleveland hounds were big and powerful, with wonderful noses and a good cry. Mr. Andrew used to draft remorselessly any hound at all given to running mute, and even looked with aversion on any that were light tongued. With so limited a subscription (the largest amount ever paid to him in one year was £250) it was of course not possible to breed a large number of puppies, and, consequently, some were put forward occasionally that otherwise would not have been, and the pack was not quite so level as the fastidious taste of the present day would approve; but, as we have seen, they could give a good account of themselves in the field. Mr. Wharton used the Hartforth blood considerably, but the earliest important importation of new blood was made by Mr. Newcomen when he purchased at Major Brown's sale the three famous stud hounds, Admiral, General, and Nelson, for which he gave 100 guineas. These

hounds were admirable workers, and their stock have shown great excellence.

After carrying the horn five years Mr. Newcomen resigned, and there was considerable difficulty in getting anyone to come forward to fill his place. He was indeed a bad man to follow, and it was not to be wondered at that many fought shy of following a man who had hunted the country so thoroughly, and done so much to improve the hounds.

After lengthy negotiations had taken place, Mr. John Proud, of Yearby, a well-known farmer and enthusiastic sportsman, accepted the mastership. Trivick went to the Hurworth, and was succeeded by Will Nicoll, with Charley Mason as whip. Nicoll carried the horn during the seven years of Mr. Proud's mastership, but Charley left after the second season, and was succeeded by Ben Shutt, who remained with Mr. Proud till he gave up the hounds in 1886.

During the seven years of Mr. Proud's mastership fresh blood was constantly introduced, and the first-rate sport shown by him bore ample testimony to the benefit the pack had derived from the judicious crosses that had been brought into it in his time and that of his immediate predecessors. During Mr. Thomas Andrew's time the principal importations of new blood consisted of drafts from Wentworth and Milton, and so largely had this blood been used that a majority of the

young hounds bred had all the characteristics of the denizens of the Fitzwilliam Kennels. Mr. Andrew also used the Durham County a little, and got a hound or two from Col. Cowen which did good service in his pack. Once some hounds were obtained from Ireland through the liberality of the late Admiral Chaloner, but they did not do much good, and were only bred from once or twice. As already stated, Mr. Wharton used the Hartforth blood largely, and also obtained some drafts from the Puckeridge. Admiral, General, and Nelson have already been referred to. Perhaps no hound ever did more good in the Cleveland kennel than Admiral, a big hound with famous legs and feet, good shoulders and loins. He was a splendid hound in his work, as were also General and Nelson.*

In the second year of Mr. Proud's mastership a draft of good hounds came from the Oakley, through Mr. W. H. A. Wharton, the present master of the Cleveland. This consisted of three couples, viz., Skilful by the Milton Sailor, out of Oakley Discord; Wrangle, by the Milton Wrangle, out of the Oakley Flora; Trinket and Trouncer, by Oakley Trouncer, out of Skilful; Baronet by Oakley Bachelor, out of their

* Admiral, by Lord Portsmouth's Fencer, out of Major Browne's Adamant; General, by Major Browne's Chanter, out of his Gracious; and Nelson, by Major Browne's Noble, out of his Needful.

Flourish ; and Gracious, by the Oakley Granby, out of their Sprightly. Baronet did good service in the pack, but the pick of the draft was undoubtedly Wrangle, a handsome and speedy bitch, and an indefatigable worker, but somewhat light of tongue. She bred some famous hounds, and a son of hers has been used as a stud hound this year (1888). In 1881 Mr. Proud got the last draft from the Fitzwilliam kennels that has come into Cleveland, and it is remarkable as containing the first of the Belvoir blood imported into the Cleveland kennel. The drafts consisted of three and a half couple, viz., Winifred and Wisdom, by the Belvoir Why-not, out of the Wentworth Winifred ; Nestor, by the Milton Stormer, out of Lord Fitzwilliam's Novelty ; Random, by Lord Fitzwilliam's Stranger, out of his Rivulet ; Ringwood, by Lord Fitzwilliam's Champion, out of his Roguish ; Bajazet, by the Milton Bajazet, out of their Scornful ; and Statesman, by the Belvoir Statesman, out of their Redcap. Bajazet was a capital worker, especially good on a moderate scenting day, but was rather too silent. Mr. Proud was very partial to him, and used him a great deal as a stud hound. Two couple also came from the Oakley the same year, viz., Trinket and Trusty, by Oakley Trouncer, out of their Heroine ; Worthy, by the Milton Wrangler, out of the Oakley Gipsy ; and Daisy, by the Duke of Grafton's Driver, out of the Oakley Spillikin.

In 1882 a capital hound came from the Bilsdale. This was a badger pied hound named Crowner, rather on the small side, and with a delicate look about him. He had a wonderful nose, was very fast, and was a most persevering hound. He was by the Bilsdale Crowner, out of Quorn Amy, by Quorn Alfred, a bitch Mr. Parrington gave to the Bilsdale when he had the Simmington.

A large draft came from Lord Portsmouth in 1885, through Mr. A. E. Pease, M.P., who had been staying in the south, and who was much pleased with the performances of Lord Portsmouth's celebrated pack in the field. There were six and a half couple of them, and some very good hounds there were; but they were rather on the big side for the thick cover and hills of Cleveland. Perhaps the best of the lot were Pirate, by the Grove Plunder, out of Lord Portsmouth's Nervous; and Pugilist, by the Grove Plunder, out of Lord Portsmouth's Mindful, two hounds that Mr. Proud used a good deal. Rattler, by Sir Watkin Wynn's Granby, out of Lord Portsmouth's Remnant, was also a good working hound, but was soon knocked up in the rough country of his adoption. The rest of the draft were Capable and Caroline the latter a very smart bitch, by Sir Watkin Wynn's Granby, out of Lord Portsmouth's Columbine; General by Sir Watkin Wynn's Granby, out of Lord Portsmouth's Giddy; Paragon, by the Grove

Plunder, out of Lord Portsmouth's Carnage ; Richmond, by Lord Portsmouth's Ranter, out of Remedy ; Alaric and Amazon, by Lord Portsmouth's Villager, out of his Abbess ; Bonnybell, by the Grove Bouncer, out of Lord Portsmouth's Rosalind ; and Gallopper and Hornpipe, by Lord Portsmouth's Sovereign, out of his Gaylass and Hopeful.

There are circumstances connected with one or two runs during Mr. Proud's mastership which render them of especial interest. On November 6th, 1882, the meet was at Marton. After a ringing run with a kill in the morning, they proceeded to Seamer Whin for the second fox. Whilst the hounds were in covert a fox was viewed out of a hedgerow close by ; the hounds were speedily on the line and raced him past Severs' Plantation to Thornton. Here he was headed and ran past Stainton Vicarage and Hemlington Hall to Acklam. Thence he crossed Garnett's Farm and ran by Tollesby House nearly to the Marton Lane, but, being headed, swung round to the left by Marton Low Farm and Marton Grove, and the hounds getting a view at him near Dairy Knoll, rattled him over some Spring Gardens, and pulled him down in Middlesbrough, opposite the Town Clerk's residence. There was soon a motley crowd assembled, the breaking up of a fox in so populous a place causing an immense amount of

excitement amongst the inhabitants. The run was a very good one, a five mile point in forty-five minutes, and not far off eight miles as the hounds ran.

The next run we have to record took place on March 9th, 1885. It was a cold miserable day with a continuous drizzle falling, and as was to be expected scent was indifferent, and sport only moderate. They found their second fox in Barker's Intake, a wild and strong cover on the hill side between Roseberry and Hutton Hall. Most of the field had gone home, disgusted with the first run, and the weather, which was like getting worse. But the rising wind cleared away the drizzle, and scent improved, and a fair hunting run in the hills of about an hour and fifty minutes was the result, the fox being eventually pulled down in Hutton Park. Amongst the few in at the death was Mr. Wharton, the popular Squire of Skelton Castle, who, perhaps, for the first time in his life, asked for the brush. Mr. Proud at once gave it to him, when he told those present that the reason he wanted it was that it was his seventy-sixth birthday. On hearing this Mr. Proud gave him the head as well. These trophies were preserved by Rowland Ward, and form an heirloom which any sportsman may well look upon with pride. The incident was a pleasing one, and will live long in the memory of those who were fortunate enough to be present.

An April run must finish the record of Cleveland under Mr. Proud's rule. A lamb worrier was reported to be committing serious depredations, so it was arranged to have a bye day for his special benefit. Accordingly on April 7th, 1886, the hounds met at Loftus Station at 7 a.m. Notwithstanding the early hour and the rather inclement morning there was a pretty strong muster, and by the time the fox was found in Owston Nabb the field had become a large one. That there was a scent was evident the moment hounds found, and the fox showed the metal he was made of at once, for he did not dwell a moment in the big woods but broke at once, passing Liverton Lodge and making his point to Grinkle Park. He crossed Rigg Lane and went straight through Roxby Wood nearly to America House, and then turning to the left ran over a nice but strong country to the cliffs between Hinderwell and Staithes, close to which place he was killed after a very fast run of an hour and ten minutes. He was broken up on the sands below the little fishing village of Staithes, and the scene that ensued beggars description. About the whole of the population turned out, male and female; and after the last ceremonies had been performed a heterogenous procession followed huntsman and hounds through the narrow streets of the town to the "Red Lion" Inn, where some generous sportsmen paid for a few gallons

of ale for them, and as the hounds went off one hearty old fish-wife was heard to say, as she smacked her lips after finishing a pint, that "she didn't mind hoo seean 't hoonds killed another fox agean Steers.

Mr. Proud's mastership ceased at the end of the season 1885-86, and he was succeeded by Mr. W. H. A. Wharton, who had been Master of the Hurworth the two previous seasons.

Mr. Wharton hunted and still hunts his own hounds, so there was a complete change in the establishment when the hounds moved to Skelton Castle; Pacey, as kennel huntsman and first whip, and Arnett, as second whip, coming with the Squire from Hurworth, whilst Nicoll went to Sir Reginald Graham. Before Nicoll left he was presented with a silver horn and a purse of gold subscribed for by the members and friends of the hunt; and during the summer a testimonial was presented to Mr. Proud in recognition of the services he had rendered to the hunt during his seven years tenure of office.

The Cleveland had hitherto been a two days a week pack, but when Mr. Wharton took hold he determined to try to hunt three days a week if the foxes held out, which they did very well. With both the men new to the country, and many of the hounds in the same predicament, and scent being far below the average in Cleveland, it was not expected that anything exceptionally

brilliant could take place during the first season ; but any deficiency in this way was more than made up for by the brilliant season of 1887-88. The record reads well, viz :—Ninety-seven days out, one blank day, caused by a heavy snowstorm which prevented the country being all drawn, thirty-five brace killed, and thirty-two and a half brace run to ground. And most of the ninety-seven days were very good ones, foxes ran stoutly, and were handsomely accounted for, and many a famous run was enjoyed when inland packs, less fortunate, could not get out of the kennel for snow and frost. They had one very brilliant day in the west country of which notice should be taken. The meet was at Newton village, and Blackmoor Plantation the first draw. A fox was found at once which gave them a very fast ring of twenty-five minutes before he was pulled down close to where he was found. The second fox hailed from Seamer Whin, and the hounds, getting a flying start with him, pressed him so hard that he ran the road for nearly a mile and a half before a trifling inequality of the roadside gave him an opportunity of slipping his pursuers for a short time and facing the country. They ran hard for thirty-three minutes, finally pulling their fox down in the open near Hilton village. The run was not quite straight, but if it had been none would have got to the end so hot was the pace, and as it was only a few saw the finish.

Mr. Wharton is enthusiastically fond of hounds, and spends a great deal of time in the kennel. He is an excellent judge, and spares neither expense, time, nor personal trouble when looking out for drafts or stud hounds. He breeds a large number of puppies, and as walks are plentiful, and the puppy walkers are mostly hunting men, he is advantageously situated in this respect. The entry this year (1888) is a grand one, and consists of seven couples of dogs and eight-and-a-half couples of bitches. The dog hounds are principally sired by the Cleveland Gameboy, by Hurworth Cardinal, out of their Gertrude; Trumpeter, by Belvoir Dandy, out of Hurworth Tiffany; and Galopin, by Belvoir Spartan, out of their Genius. They are a nice level looking lot, and we were struck with their great strength and symmetrical appearance. But much as we liked the dogs we liked the bitches better. Their uniform excellence was the subject of general remark at the puppy show, where their good qualities puzzled the judges no little. There were five men of experience on the bench, and each of them selected a different puppy. Two better litters than Red Rose, Rarity, Racket, by the Oakley Rhymer, out of Frantic, by Lord Zetland's Forager, out of Songstress, a favourite bitch of Mr. Proud's; and Rachel and Redwing, by Trumpeter, out of Riot, it would be difficult to find. Redwing we thought the finest looking

young hound we had seen for some time. She is as straight as a dart, with beautiful quality, good shoulders, legs, and feet, muscular loins, and long galloping quarters. Everything about her had such a thoroughbred look, if we may be permitted to manufacture such a term, that we were surprised she was not awarded the first prize at the puppy show. This went to Redolent, by Galopin, out of Rantipole, a bitch by the Milton Royal, out of Lord Zetland's Ration. She is a smart puppy, with nice neck, good shoulders, back and loins, but she does not fill the eye so much as Redwing. Red Rose, a wide straight bitch with a good back was placed second. Of course Redwing was one of the selected five, and we hear that the judge who picked her out is of "the same opinion still."

It will be noticed that Mr. Wharton has succeeded in getting a strong infusion of the best Belvoir and Oakley blood into his pack; and this summer he has litters by the Oakley Rhymer, and the Belvoir Saxon, Gambler, and Pirate. The Bramham Soldier and the Hurworth Furrier have also been used, and amongst his own hounds Trumpeter, Gameboy, Galopin, Comus, and Pasquin are the selected sires. The latter came from Mr. Merthyr Guest. He is rather light behind, but has famous shoulders and back, and is a good hound in his work. Wonder, by Major Brown's General, out of Wrangle, is also a

favourite stud hound of Mr. Wharton's. He is a nice size, with great depth and power, and a good worker. He has been much used in the Blackmore Vale Kennel, and Mr. Merthyr Guest's best puppies are sired by him.

Any notice of the Cleveland Hunt would be incomplete without some mention was made of Bob Brunton and Joe Bennett, names that were inseparable in Cleveland a few years ago. Bob Brunton was, and is one of the keenest of sportsmen, and in his hey-day was a remarkably hard man, always well mounted and generally in front. He is a native of Upleatham, but settled in Marton when quite young. His natural taste for hunting was fostered and encouraged by his neighbours, Messrs. Richard Garbutt, Watson Dixon, and Thomas Parrington, and the pony, and a rare pony it was too, was soon superseded by a hunter of greater pretensions. He is a fine judge of a horse, and generally had something rather out of the common, which he used to send to the front on every available occasion.

One of the best animals he ever owned was Lady Bennett, a handsome bay mare by St. Bennett, dam by Lord Collingwood. She was rather a handful when Mr. Brunton got her from Mr. William Vaughan, but with plenty of work her manners improved, and she soon made herself a great reputation in the hunting field. She was also very successful both in the show ring and as

a brood mare. When she was being shown every horse exhibited at some of the shows in the north had to jump certain fences to the satisfaction of the judges. The jumps were rather formidable affairs compared with what we see now-a-days, and the rails were frequently hard and fast. Perhaps the biggest task ever set to hunters in a show yard was when the Durham County held its meeting at Stockton-on-Tees in 1859. The rails were nearly five feet high, were of a most uncompromising nature, and fast. There was a large entry, some fourteen or fifteen appearing before the judges. Lady Bennett, ridden by her owner, cleared the obstacle in grand style, but the bolting, refusing, and tumbling of the remainder of the exhibits was something marvellous. Of course Lady Bennett won, and shortly afterwards she became the property of Mr. Thomas Parrington, for whom she won a good many prizes, and whom she carried well across the Hurworth country. She eventually became the property of Mr. Smart Atkinson, of Beaumont Hill, near Darlington. For that gentleman she bred several good horses, but her first foal, Joe Bennett, was a long way the best of them, and it is on his extraordinary performances in the showing that her fame as a brood mare principally depends. This colt was purchased by Mr. Brunton at the Cleveland Agricultural Society's show at Yarm in 1868 when a yearling. The list of the

prizes he won would fill a page or two, for he was seven or eight years before the public, and continued to win prizes to the last. At Darlington he won seven years in succession, an unprecedented performance, and one that is not likely to be repeated. It was a big performance when he won in the four-year-old class at the Yorkshire Show at York. There were fifty-four entries, forty-seven of them appeared in the ring, and the judges had a hard time of it before they got the awards made. Joe Bennett also won the Easingwold Hunt Cup, a trophy of which his owner was justly proud, for as far as quality was concerned it was, perhaps, the best field he ever met. When the Royal was at Hull he had a capital day, for not only did he win the handsome prize awarded in his class, but he also won the champion prize of one hundred guineas for the best hunter in the yard. Flags were flying over the "Rudd's Arms" at Marton, and there was great rejoicing at the success of their favourite. A little hitch took place at Hull, however, whilst the rejoicings were being held at Marton, and for a short time Joe Bennett's owner had anything but a pleasant time of it. For some time show-yard scandal had whispered and hinted that somewhere and somehow there was a screw loose with the crack, and at Hull these malicious whispers took form, and a formal objection was lodged against him on the ground that he was a

whistler. He went triumphantly through the ordeal, but pulled off his shoe and got a bad over-reach in the deep ground ; and thus all chances of sale at that time were lost.

His ultimate fate was a sad one. He was found dead in the paddock one morning, and the cause of his death was never clearly ascertained. His owner was of opinion that he had accidentally taken some rat poison which was laid about ; but the more probable hypothesis is that he had succumbed to a sudden and severe attack of inflammation.

Joe Bennett was a bright bay, by Harkforward. He stood about 16 hands 2 inches high, had beautiful shoulders, head, and neck, but was rather light in his back ribs, and, if anything, rather on the leg. His quarters were wide and muscular, and he had plenty of clean flat bone. His feet were his weakest point. They were rather small and inclined to be brittle ; and he got a nasty way of pulling off his shoes. Whether this was to be attributed to the continual dressing his feet for showing, for it must be remembered that a "pretty foot" was fashionable in his time, we do not know, but we fancy he must have been a difficult horse to shoe. His action all round was good, and in his gallop it was superb. Indeed his light corky gallop, and the beautiful feel he gave to those who rode him, won him many a prize.

In the hunting field he did not make a great mark, and we have heard men say that he was a very bad horse in the field. We think it would be more accurate, as well as fairer, to say that he never had the chance of making a reputation in the hunting field. Showing was then at the height of its popularity; at almost every little village a ten pound prize could be raised for the best hunter, and shows were more in favour with horse owners than they had ever been before, and more than they have ever been since. It was not likely then that anyone who owned a horse so palpably at the top of the tree as a show horse as Joe Bennett would run much risk of laming him, or wearing his legs, or getting those trade marks which, however honorable they may be, interfere greatly with a horse's chance in the show ring.

Mr. Brunton is the oldest member of the Cleveland Hunt resident within the district, and although he does not hunt so much as he did, still "his heart is as keen as when youth was still green," and he is pretty sure to be there or thereabouts when he does go. It is only a season or two since that the hounds distanced the whole of the field save Mr. Pease and old 'Bob,' as he delights to be called. They had found a fox at Bethell Slack, and ran at a killing pace over those trying moors between Guisbrough and Ingleby, finishing at Ingleby Incline at darkening. The

huntsman had lost sight of them whilst going through one of the big woods which are so frequently met with on the Cleveland hills, and on emerging from its shade could see nothing of his favourites. He was reluctantly obliged to turn his horse's head homewards, and for the first and last time in his life went home without his hounds. Mr. Pease and Brunton were more fortunate, and got to the end of a real old-fashioned run over a wild country. They gathered what hounds they could together and left them at Ingleby Greenhow, where they baited their tired horses. Mr. Brunton then jogged on to the kennels at Warrenby, a distance of something like twenty-one or two miles, to tell Nicoll what had become of the hounds. He found him disconsolate enough, laid over the fire waiting if perchance a few hounds should get home to let them in. The morning was far advanced when he got home after his long and solitary ride ; but nine o'clock found him as fresh as ever waiting for Nicoll at Guisbrough. He spent the whole of the day helping him to gather the hounds up, went with him to Ingleby for the eight couple that he had kennelled there overnight, set him back to the kennels at Warrenby, and returned home by way of Guisbrough, where he attended a political meeting at eight o'clock. The most extraordinary thing is that he rode the same horse all the time.

The Eskdale hunt can also lay claim to having been established early in the century, for when Mr. John Andrew hunted the Cleveland, the late Mr. Peters had hounds at Handale Abbey, and afterwards at Larpool Hall, and hunted what is now the Eskdale country. The Eskdale have undergone considerable vicissitudes, and once, owing to a paucity of foxes, were converted for the nonce into harriers. It is a fine wild country they hunt; it holds a capital scent, and although not what a Leicestershire man would admire, it is a capital country for sport were it not for one drawback; this is the too frequent recurrence of blank days. Sad to say, foxes are not taken care of in the Eskdale country as they should be, and wild and gallant as the Eskdale foxes are, there are too few of them. The subscriptions too, are not what they ought to be, and David Smallwood is plucky indeed to hunt the country under such manifest disadvantages as he has to contend with. That he is a first-rate sportsman goes without saying, for only a good sportsman would persevere under the circumstances.

The Eskdale hunt unfortunately has not a continuous history, and after Mr. Peters' time the country was in abeyance, and was only hunted by some of the rough and ready scratch packs from the neighbouring dales. This has been the source of considerable trouble to the Eskdale hunt,

and the encroachments of some of their neighbours whose hounds can scarcely be said to be properly established packs, have undoubtedly something to do with the paucity of foxes for which the country has achieved an unenviable notoriety.

Some years ago Mr. Chapman kept a pack of harriers, and whenever he could find a fox, which was only seldom, he always had a run with him. The harriers were given up some time before his death, and the country was not regularly hunted for a few years. About 1867 or 1868, Mr. Herbert Rastall got some hounds from Lealholm, and commenced to hunt the country with a very limited subscription. The country itself was only of a small area, barely sufficient for two days a week if plentifully supplied with foxes; but neighbouring hunts gave them a helping hand, and the Cleveland loaned them Mulgrave and the adjacent district, as well as permitting them to draw Roxby Wood occasionally during the season; whilst Captain Johnstone sometimes gave them invitations to Cloughton and other places.

The country proper may be said to extend from Fryup Head to Sandsend in one direction, and from Redgate to Fylingdales in the other. The best country is about Sleights, and there is a capital line between Little Beck and Whitby Cliff. A large proportion of it is grass, and

there are plenty of fair fences, a few of them big ones, but nothing trappy about them. Foxes are about as bad to kill as they are to find, and whoever has had the luck to have a run with one of the wild hill foxes of Eskdale on a good scenting day has had a treat. Mr. Rastall carried them on for a few seasons, and then Mr. R. J. Marr took hold and hunted them for a season or two. On his retirement, a committee, consisting of Messrs. R. Wellburn, Marr, and G. Wellburn, with H. Sinclair as huntsman, was at the head of affairs for a couple of seasons, and when they gave up, David Smallwood took hold and has hunted them for the last seven seasons.

When Mr. Parrington gave up the Sinnington he went to reside at Whitby, and at once gave the hunt the benefit of his experience. Through his influence a great improvement was soon made in the kennel, and some useful drafts were introduced from several famous packs.

A few runs with the Eskdale are worth preserving, both because they show what capital sport can be had in a rough country, and because they prove how perseverance and a knowledge of woodcraft can triumph over the greatest difficulties.

The first took place during the mastership of Mr. Rastall, on Thursday, October 25th. The meet was Little Beck and the Old Alum Works, and the plantations up to Newton House were

all blank, as were Falling Foss and Lees Head. They found on the open moor and rattled him merrily along through the belts of plantation to Lees Head, and then ran a ring by Falling Foss and back to Lees Head, and ran him to ground near where he was found. He bolted, and after running a short distance was killed, after a pretty but somewhat ringing run. It was now three o'clock, and several of the field left, but the master determined to try again, and number two was found close to Little Beck. They raced him along at a splitting pace to Lees Head, and through the High Plantations on to Haybecks. Here the fox took the open moor, and a dense fog having set in, only the select few who had been able to live the pace up to this point had any chance of seeing the end. Night was closing in as they rattled him by the Whinstone Dyke, and by Leede Bogs for Lilla Cross. Darwin Side, Brown Hill, and Bloody Beck were passed, and then skirting Juggra, they ran hard to Raven's Gill. Then by Fowler's Whin they raced their fox into Harwood Dale, and killed him in the dark in a plantation near Harwood Dale Mill. The time was one hour and thirty-five minutes, and the country as rough an one as could well be met with anywhere. Jack Carr, who had been with Mr. Peters, was huntsman at this time, and was one of the very few that got to the end.

The next run we have to record was during the rule of the Committee, with Sinclair as huntsman, and the meet was again at Little Beck. Before the hounds moved off, it was reported that the Staintondale hounds were drawing some of the coverts, and Mr. George Wellburn, who was field master that day, thought of taking the hounds home. However, after some persuasion, he consented to try, and a fox was speedily found in the plantation near Little Beck. The hounds soon forced him out of the thick covert, and ran him by Lees Head, and back to Midge Hall. Here they made it very hot for him, and he set his head for Maybecks, and passing Sneaton Shooting Box, ran to Billery, where the pace increased, and they rattled him along by Halting Gill, and skirting Juggra, crossed Brown Rigg and Loworth Moor to Bamscliff. Up Bamscliff to Birkley, he next pointed for Crosscliff, and then turned by Gingleby Thorn into Dalby Warren, whence he retraced his steps to Staindale Slack, where he was run to ground after a run of four hours. Only six men saw the finish, viz. : Mr. G. Wellburn, Jack Carr, David Smallwood, George Carr, John Hill, and the huntsman.

But the best and most extraordinary run which appears in the annals of the Eskdale hunt took place on November 24th, 1886, during the mastership of Mr. Thomas Parrington. The meet was at Redgate, and the first draw was

at Solesgrove Plantation, where one of the right sort was soon on foot. A real straight-necked one, he needed no forcing out of cover, but broke at once and made for Hawsker Moor skirting the Nidderknowles, and leaving Rigg Hall to the left he set his head straight for Sneaton Thorpe. Then they rattled him past Hempsyke and over the valley on to Sleights Moor, where the M.F.H., Mr. Parrington, who was out on foot, got a view at him, and gave him a rattling view holloa to cheer him on his way. He then set his head straight for Spence's works, and passing through Lowther Cragg ran to Fair Head, and over Greenland into Goathland. He crossed the railway into Coombe's Wood, and from thence ran to Lease Rigg and through Arncliffe to Glaisedale Head. Smallwood and his whip, John Hill, were the only two men who were near the hounds now, and they expected every minute to see the termination of this gallant run. But a farmer headed the fox, and he seemed to have taken a new lease of life, as he turned back through Arncliffe and made his way to Egton Bridge, crossing the beck close to the toll bar. Here he was again headed, and he went over some of the old ground he had travelled in the morning. He crossed Lease Rigg again for Goathland, and passing Fair Head ran through Lowther Cragg and Spence's works, crossed the valley for Hempsyke, and thence to Sneaton and

Golden Grove to Stainsacre Wood. It was now quite dark and impossible to see what the hounds had done, but it was supposed they killed their fox as he was only just before them when last seen. The time was six hours and twenty minutes ; part of the run was very fast, and as a matter of course a good deal of it was slow, but it is pretty certain that hounds never changed, and indeed it is questionable if there was another fox in the country they crossed.. David, when he told us of the run, said it was the best he ever saw, and for variety of country and the different 'moving incidents of flood and field' it would be bad indeed to equal. David rode Jollynose, a horse with two crosses of the thoroughbred, and whose grandam was a pure-bred Cleveland mare ; and a good one he must have been to carry his weight close to the hounds over such a trying country.

It seems a pity that the Eskdale should receive such half-hearted support, for it is a good sporting country, a famous one in which to educate a young hunter, and the farmers are foxhunters to a man. With foxes better preserved, and a little more pecuniary support, a good two-days-a-week country might easily be kept going, and, notwithstanding the roughness of much of it, a good average of sport would undoubtedly be enjoyed.*

* Since the above was written the Eskdale hounds have been dispersed almost over the four quarters of the globe. Some have

gone to America, some to the Indies, and some few have found fresh quarters in their native country. We cannot but express our regret that a pack of hounds which had arrived at so high a standard of excellence should have been scattered about in this manner. A good pack of hounds, adapted for the country which they have to hunt, is not the creation of a day or a year, and their dispersal is little short of a calamity. The Eskdale hounds were carried on at a light expense, David Smallwood mounting himself and the whip for a less sum than a first whip gets in some of the fashionable countries, but small as the subscription was, there was much difficulty in gathering it in. It is very evident there is someone to blame; but it cannot be the farmers, who are born sportsmen, always willing to keep a hound or two if they cannot afford a big subscription, and eager to do what in them lies to promote the welfare of the Hunt. It was no uncommon occurrence for them to loose their horses out of the plough when the hounds crossed their farms, and, regardless of barfu and hains, to thunder away in pursuit of the pack as long as the wind of their "mount" held out.

But the principal difficulty lay in the scarcity of foxes, and also in the encroachments to which allusion has already been made in the text, and of which an example has been given.

It is not in our province to enquire into motives or criticise the action of anyone, but we cannot refrain from again expressing our regret that the pack which David Smallwood, assisted by Mr. Parrington and others, has been at such pains to bring to perfection should be given up, and that David's horn should be no longer heard in the country he hunted so well.



CHAPTER VI.

HUNTING ROUND MALTON.

EARLY HISTORY OF LORD MIDDLETON'S COUNTRY—
SIR M. M. SYKES—DIVISION OF THE COUNTRY—THE
WARWICKSHIRE PACK—REMOVAL OF THE HOUNDS TO
BIRDSALL—SIR TATTON SYKES—MR. H. WILLOUGHBY—
THE BIRDSALL KENNELS—THE ENTRY OF 1888—SOME
OLD HOUNDS—THE STUD FARM—LOUTHERBOURGH—
THE HUNTING STABLES—PEPPERMINT AND ESCAMILLO
—SIR CHARLES LEGARD'S HARRIERS—THE OTTER-
HOUNDS.

We've game in the autumn and cubs in the spring.

Whyte-Melville.

LORD MIDDLETON'S is one of the oldest packs of foxhounds in Yorkshire, having with but one brief interval, been in existence since 1764.

The earliest record of the country is that in that year Sir Thomas Gascoigne hunted it, and that he continued to do so until 1773, when the Duke of Hamilton succeeded him. There may have been, and undoubtedly was, another pack of hounds in the district during the time of Sir Thomas Gascoigne's mastership, for there is a

record in the archives of the hunt of the purchase of some hounds in 1771 from Mr. Watson, of Old Malton; but that is the only fact we can learn about them.

The Duke of Hamilton only hunted the country two years, and for a long time there seems to have been a rapid succession of masters, few, if any, remaining at the head of affairs for more than three or four years till the hounds came into possession of the Sykes family.

The Duke of Hamilton was succeeded by Mr. Fox-Lane, who was master for three years, and then handed the horn to Lord Mexborough, who also hunted the country three years.

From 1781, to 1785 Mr. Henry Bumper Savile carried the horn, and then Sir Walter Vavasour was master one season. In 1786 a committee was formed and for the first time the country was hunted by subscription. The committee consisted of Mr. Compton, Mr. Willoughby, and Lord Carlisle, and this is the first time that Lord Middleton's ancestors took an active part in the management of the hunt with which their name is now so closely associated. The arrangement only lasted two years, and then Lord Carlisle was sole master for a single season.

In 1789 Mr. Willoughby took over the hounds from Lord Carlisle, and made extensive purchases from Lord Darlington, the Duke of Rutland, Sir W. Lowther, Lord Fitzwilliam, and Mr. Pelham,

but he did not keep them long, and retired in 1792. Old records relate that Mr. Legard kept a pack of hounds in the country for two years, and then the country was vacant from 1794 to 1799.

In 1799 Mr. C. Duncombe got a lot of hounds together, and hunted the whole of the East Riding, living at Fangfoss, where he kept the hounds. He was master until 1804, when he handed his hounds over to Sir Masterman Mark Sykes, who continued to hunt the extensive country which his predecessor had done. He drafted a large portion of the hounds which he kept at Brandesburton, but only retained the mastership two years.

The country was then hunted by subscription, with Sir M. M. Sykes, Mr. Watt, and Mr. Digby Legard as a Committee, Mr. Legard farming the hounds.

This arrangement lasted until 1811, when Sir Mark Sykes again took possession of the country, and "Sykes Goneway" became the motto of the hunt. Mr. Tatton Sykes managed the hounds, which were kennelled at Eddlethorpe where he resided, and the country remained the same for four years. But it was too extensive to hunt properly, and in 1815 it was divided, and the Holderness Hunt was established, with Mr. Digby Legard as master, and kennels at Etton.

Lord Middleton at this time was hunting Warwickshire, but in 1822 gave up that country after a mastership which had lasted twelve years, and on his retirement he offered Mr. Tatton Sykes ten couples of hounds, with the right to choose them out of the sixty-six couples which were in the Warwickshire Kennels, reserving Vanguard, who is described as the best made hound, and the best sire Lord Middleton ever saw.* His Lordship's offer was accepted, and the pick of the Warwickshire Pack came to Eddlethorpe. In the following year Sir Mark Sykes died, and Sir Tatton Sykes succeeded him in the nominal mastership, (practically he had been master since 1811,) hunting the country till 1832.

On August 18th of that year Lord Middleton bought Sir Tatton's hounds and took them to Birdsall. Mr. Foljambe hunted part of the country up to Christmas, and then it was united, Lord Middleton hunting the whole of it until 1834, when Sir Tatton Sykes again took hold, the hounds again being quartered at Eddlethorpe. The Carters were the hunt servants, Tom Carter carrying the horn, with his brother Will as first whip, and young Tom Carter as second whip; and capital sport they showed till 1853, when Sir Tatton Sykes finally retired.

* Vanguard was by Vaulter, a hound Lord Middleton got from Lord Vernon.

Mr. H. Willoughby, afterwards Lord Middleton, bought Sir Tatton's hounds in 1853, and took them to Birdsall, where five years later he built the new kennels, which are said to be the best in the kingdom. He hunted the country till his death, which took place in 1877, when he was succeeded by his son, who has held the mastership up to the present time, and who has done so much to improve the hounds, that "Lord Middleton's lady pack" has become almost a thing to swear by amongst Yorkshire fox-hunters.

The kennels at Birdsall are a model of convenience. The feeding room is in the centre, and opens into a spacious yard at one end, and a kind of ante-room, which is connected with the boiling house, at the other. There are three lodging rooms at each side of the feeding room, each with a good yard attached; and a corridor opens out of the ante-room, by which access is gained to the whole of the kennel, and the hounds can thus be inspected in comfort in any weather.

Lord Middleton has unfortunately not been able to ride to hounds since the serious illness from which he suffered some four or five years ago, and his brother, Major Willoughby, acts as field master. He, however, takes the liveliest interest in the doings of his famous pack, and is a constant visitor at the kennel. He is a good judge of a hound, and is a great authority on the

pedigrees of foxhounds, of which he has made quite a study.

They had some bad luck with the puppies last year, so the entry is not a very large one, and only consists of five couples of dogs and seven couples of bitches. A capital litter of puppies is that by the Belvoir Gambler out of Remedy, a daughter of Milton Reveller. They are a galloping lot, with nice quality, and plenty of bone. Grateful took our fancy as being a very smart bitch. Painter and Patience are also two very good looking hounds by Pillager, a descendant of Sir Watkin Wynn's famous Painter, out of Fairstar. Patience is very smart, with capital shoulders, a good back, and a galloping look about her. The Brocklesby kennel has also been patronised, and there is a nice litter by their Albert out of Sportly. Abbess, Actress, and Affable, the bitches of the litter, are a very pretty trio, with the best of shoulders, legs and feet, and they look very like keeping up the reputation for pace which the lady pack possesses. Lord Willoughby de Broke's Proctor has also been used, and his stock are promising. Prodigal, a powerfully built puppy that we very much admired is a son of his.

A seven-season hunter, the tan and white Sculptor, is the veteran of the pack, and a well preserved veteran he is too. He is by the Bramham Rascal out of Skittles, and is the *beau ideal*

of a stud hound. He is exceedingly powerful, stands on a short leg, and has a famous back and loins. He has also a good countenance, and above all a beautiful tongue. The six-season Seamstress is also a famous hound in her work, and a great favourite with those who hunt with Lord Middleton's pack. She has a very fine nose, and can hunt as well as race; a most desirable quality over the somewhat cold scenting wold country. Amongst the four-season hunters we like Randolph, by the Milton Reveller, out of Dorothy, a big dog, with a lot of bone and very nice about his neck and shoulders. Another Milton-bred dog which has been used as a stud hound is Sailor, by Milton Shiner, out of Ruthless, a nice qualified hound, very strong, and with good loins. Two sons of Mr. Chaplin's Tapster also took our attention. These were Trimbush, a big powerful hound with good shoulders and deep through his heart; and Tomboy, a level hound with nice quality, and very like his sire. The former has been used as a stud hound.

The three-season hunters are a grand lot, and amongst them we soon picked out Captive by the Grove Clasher, out of Ruthless, the dam of Remedy, of whose offspring we have already spoken favourably. She is a lovely badger-pied bitch, and looks like a flyer. Garnish by Gallant out of Brenda is a nice topped bitch, and has bred some useful hounds. Pillager by Pilot, a

son of Sir Watkin Wynn's Pillager, is a long low dog, very level, with good limbs and great activity. Senator, Sepoy, and Sensitive, are three beautiful hounds by Sculptor out of the Milton-bred Seams-tress, to whose good qualities we have already alluded. They are cleanly built, short-legged hounds, with a lot of bone, and nice quality. Sepoy especially took our fancy, and is a model of elegance.

Flourisher, a son of Foreman and Ruthless, took our attention amongst the two-season lot. He is a very courageous hound, with good shoulders and level top. Freeman by Friar out of Rival is noticeable, and is an exceedingly smart and well formed hound. Warfare and Weathergage are also a couple of nice hounds. They are by the Belvoir Weathergage, a rather plain looking hound himself, but a famous sire, and one that is used in almost every kennel in England on account of his wonderful nose, good constitution, and famous cry.

Last year's entry compares favourably with lot put forward this year, (1888). Gambol, by Gallant out of Fretful, is a smart short-legged bitch, with good shoulders; and Patriarch, the winning dog puppy last year, is a strong hound, deep-chested, with good loins and very level. He is by Pillager out of Skylark. Plunder, by Pilot out of Fairmaid is also a nice straight hound. Another youngster we especially favoured is

Solomon, by Rambler out of Seamstress. He is very straight, has good shoulders and capital legs and feet.

An hour or two on the flags at Birdsall, and an inspection of the magnificent stud of hunters, most of them home-bred, is a treat for any sportsman. Lord Middleton has no hairy-legged ones amongst the matrons at his stud farm; and he holds that a well-bred and compact horse will carry a heavy man with more ease to himself and comfort and satisfaction to his rider than the lumbering and cumbersome animal that it is the fashion of the day to dub a weight carrier.

A mare that has been of great service in the stud, and from whom some of the best hunters Lord Middleton owns are descended, was Magic. She was by McOrville off a Cleveland mare, and was purchased by the late Lord Middleton from the late Mr. Henry Darley, who had bought her of Mr. A. L. Maynard. She was a famous huntress, and was a great favourite with the late Lord Middleton, who used to ride her himself.

She is well represented, both in the hunting stables and at the stud farm. The two representatives at the latter establishment are as fine specimens of hunting brood mares as one could wish to see. One of them is by Fingal off old Magic, and is a long low mare with a lot of substance. We preferred her daughter, a six-year-old by Happy Land. She has beautiful shoulders

and a short strong back, whilst she covers a lot of ground. She was promising to make an excellent huntress, when she unfortunately happened an accident with some wire, which necessitated her being put to the stud.

In the hunting stables are several of the family, amongst them being Magic, by Lord Albemarle out of old Magic, a thick useful mare on a short leg, and with a wear and tear look about her; Marmion, a galloping like horse, which Major Willoughby rides in the low country; and a half sister to Marmion by Morocco that Lady Middleton rides; a mare with well-placed shoulders, very good through her heart ribs, and with a famous back.

One of the most famous of the brood mares is Beeswing by Morocco, her dam, Queen Bee, by Newminster, out of Birdhill's* dam. She was bred by the late Lord Middleton, and was regularly hunted till she was eight years old, when she was sent to the stud. She is a very elegant mare, with excellent action, but rather light of bone, a remark which by no means applies to her offspring. The eight-year-old Beetle, a handsome bay by Scottish Fiddle, is the oldest of her produce. She is a capital performer, very fast, and with nicely placed shoulders, a good back and powerful quarters. She is also the dam of the celebrated prize winner, Beefeater, a winner at

* Beeswing is thoroughbred save for this cross of Birdhill.

the Yorkshire Show in 1885, 1886, and 1887, and second this year (1888). He also won at the Royal both last year and this, and in the opinion of many of the byestanders at Huddersfield should have been scored his fourth consecutive win at the Yorkshire Show. He is a beautifully turned horse, all quality and with plenty of substance, and his action in his gallop is free and sweeping.

Old Empress,* the dam of Emperor II., a horse that won the Grand National Hunt Steeplechase for Mr. Chaplin, in the hands of that accomplished horseman, Mr. Alec. Goodman, in 1863, is another of the Birdsall matrons we looked on with great interest. She is a strong mare, with good back and loins, very deep through her heart, with big flat hocks and famous thighs. Her muscular quarters and beautiful hind leg action looked like getting over a big country, and we were not surprised to learn that she was a very big jumper in her day.

Then there is a typical hunting brood mare in Verbena, an aged brown mare by Morocco, a son of King Tom, dam by Loutherbrough, grandam by Sir Richard Sutton's The Friar, and thoroughbred, save for the latter cross. She has beautiful shoulders, is deep through her heart, and a good width; and with her good back and loins and fine quality, she gives one that idea of

*Empress is by Record, out of Nancy, a mare Sir George Cholmley bought at Tattersalls', without a pedigree.

galloping and going on, which is so dear to the heart of a sportsman. Her dam was a winner of races, and her grandsire, Loutherbrough, was a stoutly bred horse, being by Mameluke, off a Smolensko mare.* Her daughter, Venus, by

* Loutherbrough was the property of Mr. Theobald. He made his first appearance in a race at Goodwood when a three-year-old, and having only run fourth in the first heat, he was withdrawn. As a four-year-old he won the Goodwood Stakes, carrying 7st. 11lb.; the Brighton Stakes, carrying 7st. 11lb.; and the Lewes Stakes, carrying 8st. 11lb. These were the only races he ran for in 1838, and he was sent to the stud in 1839. There were some sensational incidents connected with his Goodwood Stakes victory. Immediately after the race, Lord Suffield, whose horse, St. Luke, had run second to him, requested Lord Exeter who was his co-steward, to withhold the stakes until an enquiry was instituted into the identity of the winner. Loutherbrough was entered by his name only, and without any pedigree; but in the year previous had been entered and run in a plate as a colt by Mameluke, dam by Smolensko, out of Miss Chance. He had been entered by a Mr. Lawrence in a two-year-old race at Epsom, as a colt by Camel, out of Fancy, by Phantom, and was objected to there as being wrongly entered, and not allowed to start. Mr. Theobald admitted that he was the same horse that had been wrongly entered at Epsom, and stated that he had, consequently on the disqualification of the colt at that place, applied to the breeder for the proper pedigree, and that the pedigree he then received was the one with which he entered him at Goodwood in 1837.

Lord Exeter appointed Lords Jersey and Wharnccliffe to investigate the matter, and in the Sheet Calendar of September 11th, their report appeared. They were of opinion that the true pedigree of Loutherbrough must be taken to be that in which he was entered at Epsom. Lord Exeter, on hearing the report, ordered that the stakes should be withheld until the decision of Jockey Club was given on the point of racing law which arose.

Merry Sunshine, is a fine weight-carrying looking animal, with the deep girth and beautiful shoulders of her dam. She was ridden by Lady Middleton, and was a great favourite with her ladyship, who is an accomplished horsewoman.

Emily is a big powerful mare, like breeding weight carriers. She is by Angelus, off Impera-

The Jockey Club met at Newmarket on the 17th of October, when the case was put for their consideration in the following terms :—

“Mr. Theobald’s Loutherbrough having won the Goodwood Stakes this year, and the pedigree under which that horse started in 1837 having been ascertained to be a false pedigree, by an investigation which has taken place since the race, is Loutherbrough thereby disqualified, and the second horse, St. Luke, entitled to the stakes?”

Those members of the Jockey Club who had an interest in the race retired, and after considerable discussion, the objection was overruled, and the stakes paid to Mr. Theobald.

The case is a curious one and it would have been hard indeed for Mr. Theobald to have had his horse twice disqualified for false pedigree. There can be no doubt that the pedigree of Loutherbrough was correctly given when he ran at Goodwood in 1837, for Mr. Theobald would naturally leave no stone unturned to arrive at the truth after he had been prevented from running his colt at Epsom. How Lords Jersey and Wharfedale came to the conclusion that the Epsom pedigree was the correct one, it is difficult to understand, and the only way we can account for their opinion, is that they considered that the horse having once been disqualified for false description was permanently disqualified.

The most singular circumstance in connection with the matter is that Camel is credited with Loutherbrough’s victories in the Calendar for 1838; while in the fifth and subsequent volumes of the Stud Book, his pedigree appears as by Mameluke, dam by Smolensko.

trice, by Codrington, out of Empress, and like her ancestress, was a good performer across country.*

Mignonette, by Morocco, dam by Marceau, grandam by Delirium, is a handsome half-bred bay mare, bred by Mr. Dunhill, of Market Weighton. She has won some good prizes, and was second for hunting brood mares at Malton two years running.

The thoroughbred Lavinia, by Theobald, out of Laura, by Volturmo, has been a famous broodmare. She has had a foal every year since 1877, when she dropped Laburnum, a mare that has done his lordship some service. She has beautiful quality of bone and elegant quarters, and to judge from her this year's foal, a chesnut colt, by Peppermint, she breeds them with plenty of substance as well as quality.

Heatherbird, by Grouse out of Trinket, by Touchwood, is a beautifully turned mare, with big flat bone, good strong back and muscular quarters, and looks like carrying a heavy man in the right place. She breeds them strong too, and we were very pleased with a big five-year-old mare by King Harold, and a three-year-old

* We think a great loss is entailed on the horse breeding community by there being no reliable record of the pedigrees of horses called half-bred, but really, nearly thoroughbreds. Many of Lord Middleton's horses are thoroughbred in appearance, but cannot be registered in the General Stud Book, on account of a stain like the cross of Birdhill, which has already been referred to.

gelding by Peppermint, which were off her, and which are quite the right stamp.

Half-a-dozen nicer youngsters than the two-year-olds we saw it would be difficult to find together. They are all by Peppermint, a horse that has done good service in the country before he was sold to Mr. Joicey. Those which took our fancy most in the cursory inspection we were able to make of them, were a bay filly out of Malice, one of the Magic mares, a nicely moulded filly with good loins, famous limbs, and a lot of quality; a bay colt out of Mischief, a well-bred and good looking mare,* a well grown youngster with fine shoulders, a strong back and good quarters, and a famous mover; and a brown filly out of Fairy, with shoulders and back that leave nothing to be desired. A gelding by Peppermint out of Verbena, is a big upstanding colt that is like growing into something useful some day.

The three-year-olds are also very promising. Those by Peppermint out of Laburnum and Sunrise, who goes back to Doch au Dhurras, are two powerful geldings; and there is a filly by Happy Land, rather on the little side, but neat and full of quality, which took our eye. Then a strong chesnut colt by Happy Land out of Mignonette is a bad one to get over. He is symmetrically put together, with good short back and beautiful limbs.

* Mischief by Morocco, dam by Fingal, out of Mischancee by Pompey, g.g. dam by Melbourne.

Some of the four and five-year-olds that were being schooled at the Stud Farm, preparatory to their being sent to the stables, were well worth looking at. This was especially the case with Wild Bee by Happy Land out of Beeswing, a powerful short-legged mare, with well placed shoulders and nice quarters.

In the hunting stables are a capital lot of hunters, that know their work thoroughly. Two well-bred and good looking ones are Zulu and Zero. They are by Happy Land out of Zuleika by Morocco, and are descended from the late John Holiday's famous old mare Dinah.* Another of the Dinah blood was bred by Mr. Bethel, in Holderness, and is by Mapleton. This is a very powerful mare with immense bone and deep girth.

There was a five-year-old horse by King Harold, out of Malice, one of the Magic mares, that will make a grand hunter some day. He is not a very big one, but with his muscular arms and thighs, well sprung ribs, powerful quarters, and nicely placed shoulders, he looks far more like carrying a heavy man through deep ground than some of the fashionable denizens of the prize ring.

Then a five-year-old by Happy Land out of Mischief was pointed out to us, and a nice horse

* Dinah was by Emilius, dam by Lanercost, grandam by Brundorf, g. grandam by Sir Lancelot, g.g. grandam by Chanter.

he is, full of quality but scarcely so powerful as the last named one.

A mare by Morocco out of Marmion's dam is an especial favourite with Lady Middleton, whom she carried well last season. She has beautiful sloping shoulders, strong back, and capital middle piece, and is very deep through her heart. She seemed to us the very ideal of a lady's hunter,—courageous and with a sweet temper, and we were not surprised to learn that she is descended from the Cleveland Bays through old Magic.

Another Lady Middleton rides is The Buck by Morocco out of Rhodia by Fingal, a well-bred and blood-like horse that can hold his own however fast hounds may run.

Scuttle by Ploughboy out of Shepherdess, is a useful sort, and is of the same strain as those which Major Willoughby used to run in Hunters' Races a few years ago. Then there is a wonderful little horse by Morocco out of a thoroughbred pony, near the ground and deep, and up to a lot more weight than he appears to be.

The thoroughbred Merriment by Morocco out of Meg Merrilies II. is a beautiful specimen of the fourteen stone blood hunter, just such an one as Sturgess loves to draw. He is a fast horse and fine fencer, but not fast enough for racing. He ran last year in the Mammoth Hunters Stakes at Derby, but failed to get placed.

Scanty by Morocco out of Scurry by Fingal, her dam, Shepherdess by Morocco, a well-bred mare that goes back to old Grog, is a fine galloper and should make a good brood mare when she has done work.

The hunters are a very level lot, as may readily be gathered from the fact that so many of the mares spring from the same strain. Everything that a long experience can suggest is tried to ensure success, and the small proportion of weeds that are bred is sufficient testimony to the skill and intelligence used in mating the mares. It is a welcome change in these days of hurried forcing and breeding for the sale ring, to visit an establishment where horses are bred and used in such a manner as to ensure their arriving at maturity without a premature break down. That weight carriers can be bred without resorting to heavy and hairy-legged cart mares is sufficiently demonstrated at Birdsall, where there is perhaps as large a proportion of weight carriers as there is in any stud in England.

Lord Middleton has always exercised the greatest judgment in the selection of sires, and has not been led away by the passing rage for big horses. Peppermint by Camballo out of Mintdrop was the first sire he had with which we were well acquainted, and although it became the fashion in some places to decry him on account of his size, he has thoroughly established his position as a

hunter sire. True, he has been favoured by having the chance of some of the best mares in the North ; but they were all well bred, many of them thoroughbred mares, yet his stock have plenty of size and substance. It may be that they breed back to his sire who is a very powerful horse.

Peppermint is rather under 15.2, and his measurement below the knee falls a trifle short of eight inches. This is his weak point, but if a little more bone might be desirable, what there is is of the best quality, all "steel and whipcord," and the fact that his legs are as clean as when a foal speaks for the trueness of his formation and action. And Peppermint has had plenty of hard work too. He commenced his racing career by running a dead heat with Mr. Vyner's Flying Squall in the Mowbray Plate at Thirsk, on April 1st, 1881, and ran four times as a two-year-old, scoring another victory.

As a three-year-old he ran eight times and won four races, amongst them the Londesborough Cup at York, the Great Northern Leger at Stockton, and the Great Yorkshire Stakes at the York August Meeting. In the latter race he beat Nellie, Dutch Oven, and St. Marguerite, and the style in which he won in the deep ground stamped him as a first-class stayer. He was ridden by his breeder and owner, John Osborne, who sold him after the race to Lord Zetland for a large

amount.* He ran seven times in Lord Zetland's colours, but never managed to carry the "spots" in a prominent position in a race, and at the end of 1883 he was purchased by Lord Middleton.

He commenced his show-yard career well, for he won the Yorkshire at Ripon in 1884, was second at Selby in 1885, at Sheffield in 1886, and at York in 1887. He was also awarded the £50 Premium and Medal of the Hunters' Improvement Society at the London Show in 1887.

After the Yorkshire Show at York in 1887, he was sold by auction by Mr. Tattersall, who was disposing of Sir Charles Strickland's Stud near the Show ground on Knavesmire, when Mr. James Joicey, of East Court House, Malmesbury, gave 600 guineas for him.

The sire now in use at Birdsall, is Escamillo by Pero Gomez, out of Bonny May by Newminster; her dam, Bonny Bell by Voltigeur, out of Queen Mary. He is a beautiful shaped horse, with good shoulders and short back, powerful quarters, fine quality of bone and plenty of it, and is a fine specimen of a hunter sire. He ran six-

* *On dit* £3,000, but we have never heard the exact amount. This said York August Meeting was a very good one for the Ashgill stable, for they also won the Great Ebor Handicap and the Queen's Plate with Victor Emmanuel, a horse that subsequently became the property of Lord Zetland. He was a luckier purchase than Peppermint, as he did win one race for his new owner. He was a season or two at the Stud in France, where he was much fancied, and he is now at Aske.

teen times in public over all distances, but only won a race or two. Perhaps his best performance was when he ran Forio to three-quarters of a length over the Beacon Course for the Challenge Cup in 1886. He ran twice over that tiring course in that year, and that may probably account for the rather worn appearance his fore-legs had when he first came out of training, an appearance which is now gradually leaving them. His first appearance in the show ring was at Nottingham, where he obtained one of the Queen's Premiums.

With such sires as these located at his stud, and placed at the disposal of his tenants and neighbours at a reasonable fee, it is not to be wondered at that Lord Middleton has the satisfaction of seeing a well-mounted field meet his hounds. The country is well adapted also to the schooling of young hunters, and many a promising youngster finds his way through the London dealers into the more fashionable pastures of Leicestershire and the vale of Aylesbury.

Lord Middleton's country is a very extensive one, reaching as it does from Filey nearly to York in one direction, and from Hovingham nearly to Beverley in the other. In his father's time the country was hunted six days a week, and occasionally a bye day or two was put in with a second pack; but for some time now it has only been hunted four days a week. These,

however, are generally long ones. With such a wide country there is sure to be at times a scarcity of hunting at one side of it, and taking this into consideration, Sir Charles Legard established a pack of harriers in 1882. Although it is only seven years since they were established, they have earned for themselves a very high reputation, and indeed they were not long in making a name.

The wold hares are very stout and take a lot of catching, and it was well thought on by Sir Charles to pursue them with hound and horn instead of bringing them to hand with an ounce of No. 6. The country reaches from West Heslerton to the sea, and is about thirteen miles in length. Large fields often turn out to meet them, especially when they are within easy reach of Scarborough, where a strong contingent from Lord Middleton's and the Hon. Captain Johnstone's hunts turn up.

The hounds are small foxhound bitches, principally from Lord Middleton's, The Bramham, Capt. Johnstone's, and the York and Ainsty kennels. The full strength of the pack is $20\frac{1}{2}$ couples; and this year a small litter of puppies has been entered. Sir Charles has not bred many hounds, and has kept up the strength of his pack by the purchase of drafts from the neighbouring kennels. The puppies this year are Thrifty, Freedom, Wildfire, and Wilful, by the Holderness

Warlike, out of their Remnant. They are a very smart lot with capital shoulders, backs and quarters, and look very like going.

A nice bitch with a lot of quality is Singwell by Bramham Sailor, out of York and Ainsty Barbara. Vengeance by the Belvoir Weathergage, (in what kennel in England is not the blood of Belvoir Weathergage, &c., be found), out of Lord Yarborough's Lightning is a wonderfully handsome bitch. She is very straight and is good about the head and neck, whilst she has capital legs and feet.

A daughter of Mr. Fox's Musket and Lord Yarborough's Venus, is the black Verity, a most wonderful road hunter, and very persevering with a catchy scent. She has a wonderful nose, and is one of the best hounds in the pack.

Spinster by the Bramham Sailor, out of the York and Ainsty Barbara, a half sister to Singwell, is smart. She is very deep through her heart, has famous shoulders, and is a galloper. She ran for two seasons with the York and Ainsty; but as she showed a decided predilection for hare, she was drafted. Telltale and Truelove, by Mr. Chaplin's Tapster, out of Captain Johnstone's Gaiety, are two smart bitches that go a great pace and have wonderful drive. Gaylass, by Belvoir Gainer, out of Bramham Glory, is a very handsome bitch, is very fast, and has a high character for steadiness and perseverance in her work. She came

from Captain Johnstone's kennel, and that gentleman is so much pleased with what he has seen of her performances that he would like to have her back. Genial by Belvoir Glancer out of Lord Yarborough's Rompish is an active smart bitch, and is very persevering with a cold scent.

The best nosed hound in the pack is Gratitude, by Lord Middleton's Gallant, out of Captain Johnstone's Rantipede. She has a very peculiar note, and Sir Charles informed us that to her fine nose and painstaking, he is indebted for a successful termination to many a run.

Welcome, by Lord Yarborough's Weathergage, out of his Rantipole, is a well made hound, with good shoulders and galloping quarters. She is one of those very few instances of hounds entering at once. She took to hunting the first day she was out, mixing with the lot, and working like an old one, and before the day was done, she fairly raced out of the pack and led them till the finish.

Sir Charles Legard hunts his own hounds and is a steady painstaking huntsman, and deservedly popular with the farmers over whose land he hunts.

In the spring of 1888 he commenced to form a pack of otter hounds. There had been otters constantly seen in the Rye, the Derwent, and their tributaries, and occasionally a pack of otter hounds had come from a distance to hunt them. But Sir Charles thought that with an

increasing number of otters there was room for a pack in the neighbourhood, and with indefatigable energy commenced to get one together. It is his intention, should otters hold out, and should his efforts receive the encouragement they merit, to have a pack of pure-bred otter hounds; but at present the pack is necessarily of rather a mixed character. It consists four and a half couples of otter hounds, a few draft foxhounds, and a harrier. The harrier is a powerful deep ribbed hound which came from the Berkshire Vale. He entered well to his new game, and on the first time he was tried in the water, hit off the line at a check, and carried the scent for half a mile in deep water. A fine otter hound is Pilot, which came from Mr. Geoffrey Hill, and Duster and Crafty, two powerful and beautifully shaped hounds, were obtained from the Carlisle Otter hounds, a pack, which in the hands of poor "Sandy," gained the reputation of being one of the best, if not the best pack of otter hounds in the kingdom.

Mr. Cliff's celebrated pack, which is located at Newbury, in Berkshire, has also been requisitioned, and three famous hounds, Collier, Rayman, and Ruler come from him, and Spartan, who comes from Mr. Carrick, is also a fine looking hound, and very good in his work.

The season has been a very awkward one for otter-hunting, cold weather and heavy floods

predominating ; and it says much for Sir Charles Legard's perseverance as a huntsman that he has been able to show such an excellent average of sport as he has done. No run of especial brilliance has taken place, but there have been some good days sport, and, everything considered, the opening season has been a success. From the material Sir Charles Legard has got together there is every prospect of him soon becoming the master of an excellent pack of otter-hounds. A keen sportsman, that greatest of qualifications for a huntsman, trouble and fatigue are as nothing to him ; and it is encouraging to him to see the way in which his new venture catches on with his friends and neighbours.

There is little doubt of there being plenty of otters preserved, and the thanks of all good sportsmen are due to Sir Charles for reviving in a country so well adapted to the sport the most scientific of all hunting. Success seems to have been assured from the very first, and there is every prospect now that the horn of the hunter will never be silent from January to December in the neighbourhood of Malton.



CHAPTER VII.

THE HON. CAPT. JOHNSTONE'S HOUNDS AND COUNTRY.

THE COUNTRY—FAVOURITE FIXTURES—A SCRATCH
PACK—A TRIUMVIRATE—AN UNDRRESS REHEARSAL—
SQUIRE HILL—HIS SON—MR. HARCOURT JOHNSTONE
—CAPT. JOHNSTONE—DICK RUSSELL—THE HOUNDS
AND ENTRY—A GOOD RUN—THE POINT TO POINT
STEEPLECHASE—MR. JAMES DARRELL—SHOW HORSES
—PADDY SHIEL.

All men of sport that do resort
The wily fox to slay.

Old Hunting Song.

Oh, give me the man to whom naught comes amiss,
One horse or another, that country or this,
Through falls and bad starts, who undauntedly still,
Rides up to the motto, 'Be with them I will.'

Egerton Warburton.

As a nursery of famous sportsmen the country over which Captain Johnstone rules stands pre-eminent. Here were born and trained the late Mr. Richard Hill, of Thornton, and his son, Mr. John Hill; and here the Squire *par excellence*, Mr. George Osbaldeston, was initiated into the mysteries of that sport of which in after-life he became so great a proficient. The country is not

a very wide one, but there is enough for two-days-a-week; and foxes are plentiful, and moreover, exceedingly stout. It extends from Scarborough on the east to Aislaby Whin on the west, the southern boundary is the North Eastern Railway, and the country extends northwards as far as Fylingdales. A great deal of it is very rough, to wit, Cloughton, where, thanks to Capt. Johnstone's kindness, David Smallwood and the Eskdale have many a good day. Dalby Ridge, Lockton, and Levisham are also places which would scarcely be appreciated by some of the hard-riding and steeplechasing school, but these gentlemen would find 'plenty of room for their strength,' to use a Yorkshire saying, if they went to Howe Bridge or Snainton; where, if there is not so much grass as the fastidious would like, there is big jumping enough to satisfy anyone. It is most enjoyable to meet the pack at their favourite fixture, Howe Bridge, which is situate midway between Malton and Pickering. Here are generally assembled from one hundred to one hundred and fifty well mounted horsemen, the *elite* of the neighbouring hunts, and the majority of whom mean going. Bruckshaw and Fagan on thoroughbred ones; Willy Brown, the gentleman jockey, on a likely young one, and Jack Richardson, of Foxton, two hard-riding men from the Sinnington; the pick of Lord Middleton's hunt; a few men from the York; and, perhaps, Max Angus

and Wm. Holtby from the Holderness will be there, and joined to the hard-riding natives they make up a field which may well fill the mind of a huntsman with apprehension. All he can do is to long for a scent, for should that necessary article be wanting, at any rate till the field gets fairly settled down, he will have a few anxious minutes. The rush for a start when a fox goes away from Barstow's Whin is almost like a start for a steeplechase. And the big drains, and rough untrimmed fences are negotiated with a recklessness as regards consequences, which seems to be contagious. The drains are "bumpers," "as wide as a church door and as deep as a grave," and many a good hunter has come to an untimely end in endeavouring to clear them. Then there are those two formidable streams, the Costa and the Syme, to negotiate, and the famous Thornton Brook, which has only been jumped once since the 'Squire' jumped it some sixty years ago.* So if a man wants hard riding, big jumping, and plenty of it, let him go to Howe Bridge and try conclusions with those hard-riding fellows, "rum ones to follow and bad ones to beat," who follow Captain Johnstone's hounds in friendly rivalry, and if, given a scent, and that he is well mounted, he is not

* This was in the spring of 1888, when Mr. Taylor, of Scarborough, jumped it on a thoroughbred horse he had just bought from Mr. John Lett, and completely pounded his field.

thoroughly satisfied with his day he is bad indeed to please.

As is the case with most of the Yorkshire packs, the early history of Capt. Johnstone's hounds is enveloped in obscurity. A few hounds were kept by farmers and others and they met occasionally for a day's hunting, but there seems to have been no record kept of them, and nothing is known of their doings before a triumvirate, consisting of the late Mr. John Darrell, father of Messrs. Darrell of West Ayton; Mr. Hopper, of Wykeham Grange, and Mr. Coverdale, of Sawdon, were placed at the head of affairs. The pack was trencher-fed, but matters were now conducted in a more regular manner than had hitherto been the case. Still there seems to have been no record kept of the sport they showed, and we have been unable to come across a single specimen of that useful—nay necessary—work, a huntsman's diary. So far as we can make out there was no regular huntsman at this time, the three gentlemen who were at the head of affairs acting in that capacity in turns.

A good story is told of Mr. Hopper of Wykeham Grange. He was roused one fine night by a noise in the poultry-yard, and discovered that a fox was 'prowling around' after his geese. To put on a few clothes and a pair of shoes was only the work of a moment, and away went Mr. Hopper to unkennel the two or three couple of

hounds which he always had about the place. He got a flying start with his fox, and rattled him merrily along the beautiful country by Wykeham, finally marking him to ground in Skirvill's Wood near Forge Valley, a five mile point. He was well equipped for running, for he had scarcely any clothing on but his night shirt and shoes, and he must have cut rather a comical figure as he plodded home after his undress rehearsal by the light of the moon.

Mr. Hill, the "young Squire Hill of Thornton," whose deeds are the subject of the spirited but somewhat lengthy hunting song of that name, had hunted for some time with Mr. Darrell and his colleagues, and somewhere about the beginning of the century he took the hounds by request of the country, and for the first time in the history of the pack they were kept in kennel. The kennels were at Thornton, and John Booth was installed as huntsman, with Willy Hecklefield as whip.

Under the new management the pack soon gained a high reputation, and became one of the leading provincial packs in the country. Amongst the field Mr. Osbaldestone was constantly found, and the jealousy which existed between the master and him was of so strongly marked a character, that it is still frequently spoken of by the older inhabitants of the country. On one occasion they were riding so jealous that they

jumped a gate side by side ; and on another Mr. Osbaldestone got his leg broken when attempting to cut down the plucky Squire of Thornton.

On the death of Mr. Richard Hill the country was hunted by his son, Mr. John Hill, who acted as his own huntsman. During his mastership the pack continued to improve greatly, and he was amongst the early victors at the Hound Shows which were inaugurated in connection with the Cleveland Agricultural Society by the energetic Secretary, Mr. Thomas Parrington.

After carrying on a few years Mr. Hill resigned and sold his hounds, and the country was without a pack. A meeting was held which was numerously attended, and an unanimous opinion was expressed that Lord Derwent, then Mr. Harcourt Johnstone, should be requested to get a pack together. On the wishes of the country being made known to him, Mr. Johnstone, who was and is an enthusiastic sportsman, cheerfully responded, and he soon succeeded in getting a pack together which could account creditably for the stout hill foxes with which the country abounds. On the death of his father, Sir J. V. Johnstone, who was killed by a fall from his horse in the hunting-field, he entered parliament ; but continued to remain at the head of affairs until increasing parliamentary duties prevented him from devoting that time to the hounds which in his opinion was necessary, when he handed over the reins of office

to his son, the Hon. Capt. Johnstone of the Second Life Guards.

Captain Johnstone is very popular with all classes of society in the country over which he presides with so much success, and the prestige of the hunt is safe in such able hands as his. On the flags he is *facile princeps*, he is well versed in the pedigrees of his own and other packs of hounds, whilst to say that he can hold his own with the hard-riding field who hunt with him is sufficient testimony to his ability as a horseman.

For some years Dick Russell, a fine horseman, skilful huntsman, and first-rate sportsman, carried the horn, but he retired at the end of the season of 1886-87, and Tom Pedley, from the Tickham, succeeded him. The latter is very quick and gets across the difficult country well. He commenced very favourably, for notwithstanding the difficulties with which a man has to contend when coming into a fresh country; difficulties, too, which were accentuated by the almost unprecedented length of inauspicious weather which characterized the season of 1887-88, he showed excellent sport, and accounted well for his foxes. The hounds are turned to him by Dick Sherwood, who commenced under the late Mr. Thomas Andrew as whip, and who was several seasons with the Cleveland Hounds as whip and huntsman.

The entry is not a very large one, consisting as it does of three couples of bitches and three-and-a-

half couple of dog hounds. Destiny, a dark bitch by the York and Ainsty Dashwood out of Magic, has capital legs and feet and is a powerful and big bitch. Frantic is very smart, a beautiful colour, and has the lovely head and neck and galloping appearance which is one of the leading attributes of the "bright Belvoir tan." She is by Lord Willoughby de Broke's Proctor, and is indeed nearly a pure bred Belvoir bitch, for her dam, Fancy, which was sent by Mr. Lane Fox in a draft, is a Belvoir bred one. Fashion, by Tapster out of Fairmaid, is a very pretty bitch with plenty of bone, and looks very like galloping. She has a double cross of Belvoir blood, and her sire, a capital hound in his work, is a son of Mr. Chaplin's famous hound of the same name. But the pick of the bitches are Probity and Sanguine. The former is by Lord Willoughby de Broke's Proctor, a hound Capt. Johnstone speaks very highly of, out of Majesty, of whom more anon. It would be difficult to pick a fault with her, for she is a model of symmetry. She has plenty of size too, and has not that light appearance which is sometimes seen in bitches of very high quality. She has a beautiful head, her neck and shoulders are elegance itself, and with her powerful back and loins, and good legs and feet, she should not only make an useful addition to the pack, but she should be of especial value as a brood bitch in the future.

Sanguine is by the Grove Patron, a hound which Capt. Johnstone was the first to use as a sire, out of Songstress. She is a lengthy bitch with a lot of bone, and is very straight. She was the first prize bitch at the Grove this year.

Ferryman, brother to Fashion, is a big fine hound, very deep through his heart, and with a lot of power; and Dreadnought and Dragon, brothers to Destiny, are two big hounds that were walked by Mr. Darrell, and look like standing some work. Templar and Reaper were given to Captain Johnstone by Mr. G. Lane Fox. The former is by Bramham Turpin, a son of Belvoir Brusher which went to Bramham Park in a draft from the Belvoir, out of Bramham Resolute, and the latter is by Bramham Ranger out of their Gossamer. Reaper is a very courageous hound, with any amount of drive, and entered at once. The first day he was out he took the line from the old hounds, and, what was more, he kept it. He very nearly killed the terrier when they ran to ground in his anxiety to get at his fox, and he is deservedly a favourite with both master and huntsman.

The dog puppies whose appearance we liked best are Prodigal and Prosper, brothers to Probity. The litter is a very fine one, and they are a galloping looking lot. Prodigal, especially, is a handsome dog, and it is seldom we see a dog hound with such a beautiful neck and shoulders

as he has. His head is well set on, and he should at no distant date make a valuable sire.

We thought the puppies a very level lot when they were all together, and we seldom see so much strength and quality combined. We remarked that they were rather on the big side, but Captain Johnstone informed us that big powerful hounds suited the country best, and that plenty of size and plenty of cry were qualities which could not be done without. That the pack can go fast and far there is no doubt, and a man has to be well mounted if he can live with them either on the moors or in the more open country in the neighbourhood of the Kennels and Howe Bridge.

Of the stallion hounds Racer, by Roman out of Merry Lass, is a good-looking hound with a particularly good nose and plenty of tongue. He has been used both in the Cotswold Kennels and Lord Fitzhardinge's, but Capt. Johnstone has not used him much as he has rather too much of the blood in the kennel. His sire, Roman, was sent into the Bedale country, where he became an especial favourite, his fine nose and close hunting often putting them right on a cold scenting day. Tapster, by Mr. Chaplin's Tapster out of Guilty, is a powerful hound with good legs and feet, and is a good dog in his work. He was used last season for the first time. Glancer, by Lord Middleton's Gallant, a favourite hound at

Birdsall, out of Rantipole, is a very courageous hound and good in his work. Like the rest of the pack he has a lot of bone, but has more quality than some of them; and his big arms, well sprung ribs, great depth and powerful loins well fit him for a stud hound. His dam is a Badmington bred one, and was a present from the Marquis of Worcester. There are some excellent puppies by him now out at walk, and if he fulfils his early promise he will be one of the leading sires in the pack.

Granby, by Gaylad, out of Fallacy, has a double cross of Lord Henry Bentinck's best blood. He is a very hard dog, with good tongue, stands over a lot of ground, and goes at a great pace. Although only a one season hunter he has been used as sire, and his progeny are very promising. He is a capital worker, very persevering and with a lot of drive, and is another example of a hound entering at once.

Three beautiful bitches are Majesty, Merrylass, and Mindful, by Mountebank out of Redrose. Majesty is a very deep hound, with nice head and neck, and great power as well as quality. The dam of those three beautiful puppies—Prodigal, Prosper, and Probity—she has stamped herself as a first-class brood bitch, and her sister, Mindful, a smart bitch, good to meet and with capital loins, has also bred some good puppies, but had not a litter in 1888.

Fairmaid, by the Cheshire Fallible out of Lapwing, is a wide strong hound with plenty of dash about her and good legs and feet; and Dauntless, by Belvoir Denmark out of Gladsome, a beautifully marked and elegant bitch, is full of the Belvoir quality. She went to the Rufford Galliard this year. Rachel and Rally are two good-looking and active daughters of that famous hound, Oakley Rhymer, and have had good litters this year (1888). They, like Dauntless, are only two-season hunters, and it says much for their excellent character that they have been so soon put to the stud.

After we had spent some time on the flags Pedley took the whole pack out on the green behind the kennel. The first thing that strikes a visitor when he sees them together is that they all have great bone, good legs and feet, and capital shoulders. Indeed the latter are indispensable in so hilly and rough a country as that which Captain Johnstone hunts. The hounds, too, are very level, and when it is taken into consideration that only a small number of puppies are bred, they are exceptionally so. This shows very clearly how much pains is taken in breeding them, for it is obvious that it is much easier to draft a pack level than to breed it level.

Two or three bitches especially took our fancy as they gambolled on the green. Of these we may mention Merrylass, sister to Majesty, a

beautiful bitch, but, unfortunately, she has never had a litter of puppies; Scornful, by Bramham Smoker out of Marchioness, a cleanly bitch with nice neck and shoulders; and Noble, by Lord Middleton's Nimrod out of Songstress, an active bitch with a lot of dash. A one-season hunter, Fugleman, by the Bramham Fugleman out of Mindful, is a gay hound, and should grow into something out of the common if he is lucky.

Capt. Johnstone's hounds had a remarkable run in April, 1885. It was the last day of the season, and they had drawn all day without finding. At five o'clock, however, they found one of the right sort in a small spinney near Dalby Warren, and they rattled him along at a merry pace by Robin Hood's Bay and Little Beck and past Newton House, over the cream of the Eskdale country to ground in the cliff at the south of Whitby. This gallant fox would undoubtedly have yielded up his brush had not approaching darkness helped him. The hounds, too, were without the assistance of the huntsman and whip, who with the rest of the field were beaten off, and Mr. Mitchelson, who had been 'alone in his glory' for some time, got the hounds gathered together, and set out on his long ride home in a pouring rain. At eleven o'clock he found himself something like twenty-five miles from the kennels, so wisely put up at a hospitable farm-house, where tired horse and hounds

received the attention they so much needed, and which the dales farmers are all eager to offer, when necessary to belated foxhunters and their belongings.

In the early part of 1888, there was some talk about having a point to point race amongst the members of Captain Johnstone's hunt, and when it was finally decided that one should take place, the excitement it created in the country was great indeed. The conditions were that horses should be the property of members of the hunt, and that they should be ridden by gentlemen who had hunted regularly with the hounds during the current season.

There were no fewer than twenty-two entries, and although the race had been postponed more than once on account of the long continued and often returning snow and frost, most of the entries came to the post. The line was chosen by the master, and was from Yedingham Lane by Snainton Whin to Ruston Railway Bridge, a distance of about four miles and three-quarters, over the cream of the Howe Bridge country. There were forty-two fences in the line, most of them having big drains at one side or the other. The pace, as is usual, in such races as these, was very hot for the first two miles, some young and ardent spirits putting on the steam with the evident intention of going from end to end. But

“The best laid schemes o’ mice an’ men
Gang aft a glee,”

the big drains and ragged fences soon began to assert themselves, and grief became very frequent. Still, at the end of two miles, there were plenty of them left, and some of the older and more knowing hands began steadily to forge ahead as the pace slacked a bit. Strange to say that the field became still further diminished by two gentlemen getting pounded on their own farms. By the time another mile and a half was passed, three against the field would have been a safe bet, for it was very evident to those who could see them that the winner would turn up in Mr. James Darrell’s Bendigo or Forge Valley, or Mr. Taylor’s Scaramouch. Mr. Ellershaw, on Forge Valley, and Mr. Nesfield, on Scaramouch, challenged Bendigo here, but could not wrest the lead, which he had held for some time, from him, and they never passed him until they got into the field before the finish.

Mr. Darrell, who believes thoroughly in the doctrine enunciated by Euclid some centuries ago, that the nearest way between two given points is a straight line, and who has acted religiously up to his convictions for the last thirty years over the Howe Bridge country, set his horse going the shortest way as soon as the winning field was within hail, and did not take much notice of what the obstacles were that came in his road. The

three were now together, Mr. Darrell still leading, and they were only three fields from home. The jump into the lane was a big one, some four-holed posts and rails, with a five feet drain on the landing side and a drop, and Mr. Darrell's clever old horse negotiated the lot in his stride, landing without a falter. Then there was choice of the gate out of the lane or some high and very stiff palings, but Mr. Darrell quickly decided on having the palings, and as soon as he landed he steadied his horse and pulled out of the way of his followers on to the head land. These gentlemen now proceeded to race, regardless of the kind of ground their tired horses were galloping through. Mr. Ellershaw was first at the fence into the winning field—some high and particularly stiff posts and rails of the kind known as railway fencing. They were of a very uncompromising nature, as Mr. Ellershaw found, for although Forge Valley faced them boldly, all that skill could do could not save the fall, and he came a cropper into the winning field, a lead that was followed by Scaramouch; whilst Mr. Darrell, who had carefully picked his ground, steadied his old horse, and clearing the rails handsomely, cantered in alone. The four miles and three-quarters were run in nineteen minutes. The horse Mr. Darrell rode was one of those phenomena we occasionally see amongst horses. He was common looking with a lot of

substance, and was rough about his hocks, but he had famous shoulders and a good back and capital thighs and gaskins. Although he did not look like it he was a famous horse both to gallop and jump, and Mr. Darrell was so confident of his chance that he told all his friends he should win, and it is gratifying to know that the old horse did not run 'loose.' He had had many a good trial in the hunting field with him, but thought that scarcely good enough for a steeplechase trial, so he put Pinkney, who was in receipt of 10lbs., on a thoroughbred one that was pretty smart, and tried them over four miles of country, with the result that the old horse won by a field.

The pedigree of the horse makes his performance all the more wonderful, for he is by Lincoln,* off a cart mare, of whose pedigree there is no record. That there must have been some good breeding farther back is unquestionable, for horses bred in this way are not to be found amongst winners of steeplechases, and perhaps if we knew as much of his pedigree as we do about the pedigree of Rakeaway† we should find some of the best running blood on the Turf amongst his not very remote ancestors.

Mr. James Darrell is well known all over Yorkshire as a good judge of a hunter and an

*Lincoln by Ely, out of sister to Little Lady, by Orlando.

† See Chapter viii.

able horseman, and at his establishment at West Ayton, there is always a goodly number of high class hunters to be found. In the showyard he is generally to be found either as an exhibitor or as a judge, and occasionally his colours, blue with white star, are to be seen in the van at local steeplechase meetings. He frequently used to buy a lot of horses from Paddy Shiel, the genial Dublin dealer; but latterly he has not frequented fairs so much and picks his horses up at the various shows or in the hunting field whenever he sees a promising youngster in the breeder's hands. Perhaps the best horse he ever bought of Paddy Shiel was Snapdragon, a beautiful qualified horse with fine action. He was very successful in the show yard, his most notable victories being at Manchester and at the Royal at Bristol, a show where Yorkshire made a big mark. He was ultimately sold for £350, and was cheap at the money. In those days Mr. Shiel used to bring over forty to fifty likely looking three-year-olds to Howden Fair. Mr. Darrell generally used to buy five or six or sometimes more out of the lot, and Snapdragon was bought in this way.

On one occasion the bargain was a somewhat hard one, for like all Irish dealers Mr. Shiel is somewhat tenacious, especially when he thinks he has a good one. In the course of the conversation Mr. Darrell happened to say that the

last lot had not done very well for him, and gave one or two particulars. Paddy's reply was characteristic. He said, "Shure, Mr. Darll, oime ashamed of yez intoirely, did yez want thim *all* to be Snapdragons now?"

Songstress was also a famous show mare of Mr. Darrell's, and won prizes for him at the Yorkshire, the Cleveland, and in those days when shows were fewer in number than they now are, the Cleveland was one of the most important shows in the north of Yorkshire for hunters;* and other places. But, perhaps, his best show horse was Gadfly, a brown horse by King Caradoc. He was a winner at most of the important shows in the north, amongst other places taking the first prizes at the Cleveland, Darlington, and Northallerton shows. He twice defeated the famous Joe Bennett, viz., at Easingwold, in the Hunt Cup, and at Knayton, where he was ridden by George Appleyard, and these performances alone stamp him as a high class show horse.

There are generally a few useful thoroughbred stallions at West Ayton, and Mr. Darrell has some thoroughbred mares at his low farm, but we did not have an opportunity of looking them over.

* Malton Show was not in existence then, or it was only in a very small way, and several big shows have since sprung into existence, or small ones have grown into big ones.

We were pleased to see Conductor had got to a good home, and, notwithstanding the ups and downs which the old horse has experienced, he looked fresh and well, and came out with all his old resolution. He is a big horse, with famous limbs, is very good to follow, and is the sire of some capital hunters. He is well-bred for staying, being by Young Trumpeter, out of Anticipation by Acrobat, her dam, Anxiety, by Alarm, out of Seakale by Camel, and is full of Touchstone blood. His career has been a strange one. In his first race he beat Mr. Vyner's Thunder, one of the stoutest horses of his day, over the New Mile at Ascot, but he was in receipt of 35lbs. Mr. Vyner, however, thought so highly of his performance that he claimed him for the £1000 for which he was entered to be sold.

This it will be remembered was Camballo's year, and when that horse broke down, Mr. Vyner, relying on the running with Thunder, thought Conductor had a chance for the Leger; but ill luck pursued him, and the second string did not see the post either. He ran two or three times when a four-year-old but won nothing, and was sold to Mr. Wm. Bradshaw, of Ganthorpe. He travelled in the Malton district some years, and so long as Mr. Bradshaw lived was well done to and well managed; but he only looked a shabby look when he was bought by Walton, of Guisbrough, at the sale of Mr. Bradshaw's effects

in the spring of 1888. That he will do good in his present owner's hands there is no doubt, for he will have the chance of a lot of good mares, better mares than have ever fallen to his lot as an average, and we fully expect to see him not only maintain but increase his reputation as a sire of hunters. Two four-year-olds are located in the next boxes to Conductor. These are Lord Lyon II. by Lord Lyon, a well-grown brown horse with good shoulders and back, and nice quarters, and a lot of bone. Notwithstanding the fact that he is only four year old he has been hard hunted by a heavy man, and his forelegs are a little worn, but he is like making an admirable hunter sire.

Coldstream is another black brown horse, and, like Lord Lyon II., he has never been raced. He is smaller and more compact than his stable companion, and as a natural consequence is more furnished. He is an active little horse, and very like getting good half-bred horses. He was bred in Scotland, and took a first prize for hunters at the Border Union Show in a good class. Like all Mr. Darrell's thoroughbred ones he is well-bred, being by Lumley, a horse that was a good performer on the turf, dam by M.D., out of Helen of Troy.

Amongst the show horses at present at West Ayton is Hexham, a son of the game little Omega, that has won any number of important

prizes as a two, three, and four-year-old. He is a very compact horse and a beautiful mover, and in Mr. Darrell's hands is sure to develop into a first-class performer across country.

Mr. Darrell's is, perhaps, one of the largest establishments in Yorkshire for the sale of hunters, and there is seldom a day through the season that five or six horses are not out with hounds.

Hunters and thoroughbreds are the only horses in which he deals, notwithstanding that he is a good all round judge ; but he does a large trade in them, and we question whether he would be able to find time to develop his trade in any other direction.

That he is a first-rate sportsman goes without saying ; an early start for a fourteen miles ride for a day's cub-hunting is a mere matter of detail, and as for going home, the proper time to do that, he holds, is to go home when the hounds go. Such being the case, it is not to be wondered at that clever hunters are to be found in abundance in the stalls and boxes at West Ayton.



CHAPTER VIII.

CLEVELAND BAYS.

THE COACH HORSE—CLEVELAND BAYS—ORIGIN—
SOME OLD BREEDERS—PIONEERS OF THE AMERICAN
TRADE—MR. G. E. BROWN—MR. LETT—SOME FAMOUS
HUNTERS—COQUETTE—THE CLEVELAND STUD FARM—
MR. JOHN KIRBY AND BILLY—FLORA AND HER PRO-
DUCE—MR. SCOPY'S HANNAH—MESSRS. STERICKER—
MR. CROWTHER'S STUD—MR. BRIGHAM'S RAKEAWAY.

Where Cleveland Hills in vernal charms are seen,
Clothed with the velvet of unfading green,
The noblest stock of England's far-famed steeds,
With lavish care the thriving farmer breeds.
By sires for fleetness, and for courage known,
From mares for strength and symmetry, and bone;
Bred for power, and all unstained with white,
Black-legged and bay, just as the ruby's bright.

Sir J. D. Paul.

NORTH and East Yorkshire have for many years had a high reputation for the excellent breed of carriage horses which exists there, a reputation which is by no means local, but which extends over the civilized world. To so great an extent is the breeding of Coach-horses carried in

Yorkshire, that in that county at almost every show, important prizes are given for the breed,* a circumstance which does not occur elsewhere.

The Yorkshire Coach-horse is a descendant of the Cleveland Bay, or as he was called until the earlier years of the present century, the Chapman horse, a big powerful clean legged animal and the *beau ideal* of a general utility horse, which he eminently was. He could plough, draw a cart, run his owner's gig, or act as wheeler in a heavy coach, and occasionally one has been found that could carry a man to hounds before hounds ran so fast as they do now.

Various theories have been promulgated as to the origin of a breed of horses which, combining strength with cleanness of bone and action, shows that it is distinct from the thorough-bred horse and cart horse. The most reasonable theory seems to be that it descends from the breed of horses indigenous to the country. That there was a powerful breed of horses in England before the time of the Roman invasion is clearly enough proved by Cæsar's description of the war chariots of the Britons. It has also been suggested, and with some show of reason, that the particularly hardy constitution of the Cleveland Bay is derived from a mixture of

* In many places are prizes given for horses to be driven in harness—but this is a very different class of animal to the Coach-horse.

Eastern blood during the Roman occupation of Britain. It is known that races were held at York during that period, in which Arabs and Barbs contended, and a legion of Crispinian horse was at one time stationed at Danum (the modern Doncaster), and they were mounted on horses obtained at Carthage.

And this theory of an early admixture of Eastern blood seems all the more reasonable, because in Devonshire and Cornwall exists, or did exist till a recent date, a breed of horses similar in every respect but one to the Cleveland Bay. This was the Devonshire Pack Horse, a powerful, good sized, and active animal, and in fact a facsimile of the Cleveland Bay save that his legs were white instead of black. The latter peculiarity was also characteristic of the Northumberland Chapman horse, a breed which has now disappeared, having been crossed out of recognition, a fate which was likely to have befallen the Cleveland Bay, now the sole representative of those ancient and useful breeds of horses.

The Carthaginians carried on an extensive trade with Cornwall and the neighbouring counties long before it entered the ambitious mind of Cæsar to attempt the conquest of Britain, and what more likely than that they should occasionally, nay frequently, have brought over a few stallions with the view of having that kind of bargain so dear to the minds of some, which is

cept a "swop." The fact of the similarity in appearance which existed between the Devonshire Pack Horse and the Cleveland Bay points out clearly that there must have been a similarity of origin, and lends an air of probability to what can after all be nothing but surmise.

But whatever may have been the origin of the breed it is pretty conclusively proved that it has existed and been recognised as a pure breed for a great number of years, indeed for a longer period than the thoroughbred horse in its modern development.

Unfortunately, however, for the historian who takes in hand the Cleveland Bay, pedigrees of that breed have been preserved in a slovenly and perfunctory manner, and the only means by which a record of the horses which are now looked upon as the fathers of the breed has been preserved, is the somewhat scanty and not-at-all-times reliable information which is to be obtained from the cards and bills of stallions.

It has been suggested by some, whose interest it is to doubt the purity of the Cleveland Bay,*

* Purity of breed is, of course, used as a comparative, not as an abstract term. Absolute purity of breeding in any domesticated animal cannot possibly exist. For instance--How was the Bald Galloway bred? But we take it that a breed that has existed for a century or upwards without the admission of any foreign blood is to all intents and purposes a pure breed, and on a very different footing to one in which foreign crosses are continually introduced.

that there was a considerable admixture of thoroughbred blood introduced in the early part of the present century, and attempts have been made to prove that Dart, from whom an important family of the Cleveland Bays descend, was a lineal descendant of the Darley Arabian. The evidence upon which this theory rests is simply that of an old card of a stallion in which the back strains are probably filled in at random, and is certainly not reliable enough to establish a theory upon. It is scarcely likely that the Darley Arabian would be used for half-bred mares.

It is well-known that thoroughbreds were used extensively when big flashy coach-horses were required, and the introduction of these half-bred horses as stallions has, in the opinion of so sound a judge as the late Mr. Lunley Hodgson, been almost a national calamity. At any rate it was the commencement of that crossing out which has done so much to decrease the numbers of pure bred Cleveland Bays. It was also Mr. Hodgson's opinion that the use of these half-bred sires had a great deal to do with increasing the infirmity of roaring, an infirmity, by the way, which he said was unknown amongst Cleveland Bays, or as he preferred to call them, Chapman horses, in his earlier years.

The modern coach-horse, which is principally bred in the East Riding, is lighter and has a more blood-like appearance than the generality

of Cleveland Bays, but he is apt, after the lapse of a few generations, to get light of bone and a little leggy, and recourse has again to be had to the Cleveland to restore that substance which is an essential to every good specimen of the breed.

Amongst old breeders of Cleveland Bays, Mr. Weatherill, of Hob Hill, bears an honoured name, though but little is known of him now save what tradition has preserved. From his famous horse, Farmer's Glory, better known now as the Hob Hill Horse, are descended some of the best Cleveland Bays of modern times. Farmer's Glory was bought at Yarm fair when a yearling, rumour says without a pedigree, but he was a wonderfully successful horse at the stud. Old Willy Barker, who died at Marton-in-Cleveland in 1860, at the advanced age of eighty-two, and who will be remembered by many shorthorn men as the attendant on Mr. Hopper's famous bull, Belleville, used to say that he remembered Mr. Weatherill showing the Hob Hill Horse and six of his sons on the same day at the Stallion Fair at Guisbrough, a pretty conclusive proof that these were the horses most used in the country at that time, when as a matter of fact the cart horse was practically unknown in the Vale of Cleveland.

Tommy Masterman, too, was a great breeder of Cleveland Bay horses, and owned several famous sires, to wit, Skyrocket, Summercock,

Scrafton, Forester, &c., and his friends and neighbours recognised his enterprize and public spirit by presenting him with a silver cup value ten guineas. This event took place in 1824; but, unfortunately all trace of the cup has disappeared, and the only thing that is known about the inscription is that it is asserted, on the strength of a note printed on the card of a Cleveland Bay stallion, that the name of Skyrocket occurs in it. Neither is any pedigree forthcoming of Mr. Masterman's horses, although the reputation they had was unequalled in their day.

Mr. John Richardson, of Langbarugh Hall, also took a great pride in Cleveland Bays, and had a lot of famous mares. He was not, however, fortunate with his stallions, and, save Drainer, a powerful well-bred horse with fine action, he never owned a real good one. He used to relate it as his experience of horse-breeding, "That it was much easier to make a breed than to keep one."

Contemporary with him was old Tommy Bean, a good sportsman, a good horseman, and a fine judge of a horse, and a man who brought several first-class sires into his native Cleveland, but who did not receive that encouragement which his enterprize deserved.*

Foremost amongst Cleveland Bay breeders a few years ago was Mr. Peart, Tommy, as he is

* Tommy Bean died at Newby in 1867 at an advanced age and in somewhat reduced circumstances.

called by his friends, and, perhaps, there never was a mare of the breed which had so deservedly high a reputation as Peart's Darling.

This mare was bred by Mr. Peart himself, and was by Master George, out of Jolly by Admiral, grandam by Barnaby, a son of the Hob Hill Horse. Jolly was a useful mare enough, somewhat dark in colour and a fine goer. She bred Mr. Peart fourteen foals, many of them to thoroughbred horses, and only produced one stallion. This was a pure-bred Cleveland, by Illustrious Stranger, and was sold, when a yearling, to Mr. Shaw, of Acomb, near York, who had a government contract to supply India with stallions. Her daughters, Damsel and Darling, own sisters, were good alike in the show ring and at the stud. Mr. Wm. Robinson, of Hutton Rudby, bought Damsel and won several prizes with her, and she also bred him many horses by thoroughbred sires which he sold for big prices. The most celebrated of her offspring was Sunflower, by Wonderful Lad, a Cleveland mare which was bought by Mr. Robinson Watson, of Stockton-on-Tees, and which won for him a great number of valuable prizes, including a first at the Yorkshire, and a second at the Royal at Hull.

Darling, however, has a better record than her sister both in a show yard and as a brood mare. She was not shown as a foal, but was second in a good class at the Cleveland show, the only time

she was shown as a yearling. She won as a two-year-old, and was second in the three-year-old class when she had a foal sucking her. At Middlesbrough the following year she was "left out in the cold," the only time she ever suffered such an indignity; but at Guisbrough, next year, she won in a good class, beating nineteen others, amongst them many famous winners. From this time she was either first or second every time she was shown, and had her owner kept an accurate record of her victories she would doubtless have compared favourably with any of the famous mares of the breed.

She bred sixteen foals, nine of them to thoroughbred horses. Of the pure Clevelands she bred six were kept as stallions, and five of them were sold at good prices. Master Thomas was the first of her offspring which was kept as a sire, and was bought by Mr. Olde to take into Belgium when three-years-old, the price being £100.

Lord of the Manor, by Wonderful Lad, was a nice qualified horse and a fine goer. Mr. Holmes, of Beverley, the celebrated Veterinary Surgeon, bought him for £200, and subsequently sold him to go to India for £400.

Then came two horses named Brilliant, the elder by Wonderful Lad, and the younger by Yatton Lad. The former was purchased by Admiral Chaloner, when a yearling, for Earl

Fitzwilliam, the price being £100, and he stood for several years at Coolattin, in Ireland. The only representatives of his blood now in existence spring from the stud of the Rt. Hon. James Lowther, who bought the whole of Earl Fitzwilliam's Cleveland Bays some five or six years ago.*

The younger Brilliant, fortunately for the country, but not for his owner, happened to displace a hip joint, and, consequently, could not be sold to go abroad, a fate which would undoubtedly have been his had he kept perfectly sound. He was of great service in his native land, and many good horses are sired by him.

The same may be said of Captain Cook, own brother to the older Brilliant, whose stock have been very successful both in the show ring and at the stud. He was bought by Mr. Grayson of Pickering, and was ultimately sold to leave the country, though not until he had stocked it with many excellent horses.

The only pure-bred filly Damsel bred is Duchess of Cleveland, who, after winning a few prizes as a yearling, was sold to Mr. Thomas Darrell, of Spiker's Hill, West Ayton, near York, for whom she has bred some useful animals.

There was a fair demand for horses of the Cleveland type for Germany some thirty or forty

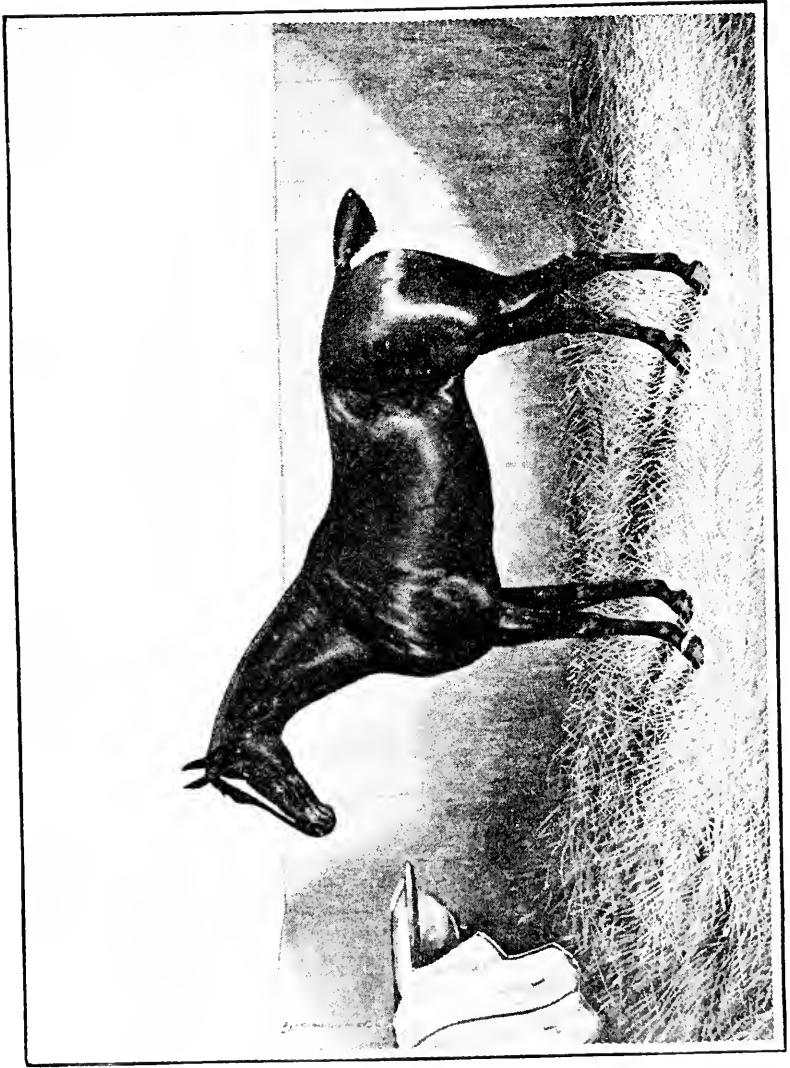
* Two of this strain are in the Duke of Hamilton's stud at Easton Park, and are used for breeding hunters, &c.

years ago, but the trade with continental nations is nothing compared to that which has sprung up in recent years with America, North and South. Amongst the pioneers of the American trade are Mr. John Lett, Mr. John Kirby, and Messrs. Stericker on this side the water, whilst on the other Mr. G. E. Brown, Mr. Jesse Harris, and Capt. Jordan have from time to time been amongst the largest importers, and indeed Mr. Brown was the first man who introduced Cleveland Bays into America on a large scale.

Mr. Lett, who is a native of Worcestershire, came to Scampston with his father in 1863. Before he came into Yorkshire he used to run a few greyhounds, and had a smartish performer or two, but on changing his place of abode he gave up coursing and took to hunting, and has been for several years a prominent man over the wolds and the low country of Lord Middleton's and the neighbouring hunts.

His first show horse was Life Guard, a big good-looking horse, with plenty of pace and an extraordinarily fine jumper. He bought this horse at Beverley fair, together with Topthorn for £34 each, and well they did both for him and their subsequent owners.

Life Guard won a few prizes and distinguished himself in the hunting field, and was sold to Mr. Harry Darley for £200, then considered a very big price. Mr. Darley rode him until failing



COQUETTE.

health compelled him to give up hunting, when he was sold into Leicestershire. Mr. Darley also bought Tophorn, and sold him to Mr. Edmund Lloyd, who was very partial to him, and at the sale of that gentleman's horses, after the disastrous accident at Newby Ferry, he brought the handsome price of 410 guineas.

Primus was also a good show horse of Mr. Lett's, and amongst other prizes he took he won at the Yorkshire. Then he had Landlord, a very useful horse too, and the winner of a good many prizes. But the best hunters he ever owned were probably Landlady and Coquette, a very formidable couple to belong to one stable at the same time.

Landlady was a chesnut mare by the Baron, out of Lady Angela by Angelus, and was bred by Mr. W. H. Cholmley. She stood fully 16h. 1in., and had wonderfully nice action. Mr. Lett gave £90 for her as a two-year-old, and sold her soon afterwards for £100. Her new owner tired of her, and re-sold her to Mr. Lett for £105 in the early part of the year in which she was four year old. This was a lucky purchase, as she won him prizes innumerable before she was sold to Mr. Budgett to go to Italy.

But good as Landlady undoubtedly was, it will be generally conceded that Coquette was better. If not clean thoroughbred* like her stable

* Coquette was by The Mallard, out of a steeplechase mare by Strathern, belonging to Mr. Coulson, of Castle Howard.

companion, she showed as much quality, and was a very fast mare. Several men went to look at her when she was three years old, but they hung off a bit, and when Mr. Lett went he got her for the mere acknowledgment of £29. She was not in very good condition and took a bit of getting ready for the show season, but when she was ready she made a clean sweep of everything, and was never beaten as a three-year-old. She won at the Lincolnshire and Yorkshire shows, and prizes innumerable fell to her lot all over the country. She was second at the Royal at York to Major Thwaites' "Royal Monarch," a decision which many thought might have been reversed with advantage. Landlady and she also took prizes on the same day at the Cleveland, Yorkshire, and Darlington shows. After the Royal at York in 1883 Mr. Lett sold her for 300 guineas, and bought her back again for a brood mare in the autumn of 1887.

We were pleased to see the old mare back at her old quarters, and very new she looked, and as gay and corky in her action as ever when she was run out for us to have a look at.

It was at Scarborough where Mr. Lett first became acquainted with Mr. George E. Brown, of Aurora, Illinois, the first large customer he had for Cleveland Bays and Coach-horses; and the connection formed some seventeen or eighteen years ago has continued without a break until the

present time. Mr. Lett had been very successful at the said show at Scarborough, and Mr. Brown, on introducing himself, asked if he had any Cleveland Bays. Mr. Lett at that time had not devoted much attention to coach-horses, or indeed to anything but hunters, but he thought he knew of one or two, and undertook to find them for Mr. Brown. This he did, and so much to the latter gentleman's satisfaction, that he has bought all the Clevelands and Coach-horses he has required from Mr. Lett from that time, if he was able to supply him.

The trade which Mr. Brown established in America has grown with leaps and bounds, and now where he used to import some six or eight he will frequently take twenty-five or thirty over at a time.

Mr. Lett generally has from eighty to a hundred stallions on sale at the Cleveland Stud Farm at Rillington, and although he seldom shows a Cleveland Bay or a Coach-horse, he pretty nearly always has something that would make a good impression on the judges if taken into the show-ring. The best horse he ever had of this breed was one he purchased of Mr James Hindson when a yearling, some fifteen years ago, and for which he gave the then unheard of sum of £100.

Mr. Lett, whose establishment is of an all round character, always has a few good Shire

horses and mares on hand, and has owned some very useful stallions at times. He also deals in hackneys and thoroughbreds, and bought *The Viking* and several mares at Sir Charles Strickland's sale in 1887 for the Portuguese government. The Marquis of Orego has also bought some famous hunters from him for the King of Italy, and the farm at Scampston may be taken as being a thoroughly representative Yorkshire Stud and dealing farm.

In the Yorkshire Showyards there is no figure better known than that of Mr. Kirby, the quaint and humorous occupier of Burton Fields House, near Stamford Bridge. Full of anecdote, and ever ready to tell a good story, he is one of the keenest judges of a Coach horse that enters fair or market, and he and his head groom Billy are always to be found where good prizes are to be picked up. A famous man to show a horse is Billy, watching his horse apparently with stolid indifference, but all the time having a look at the judges out of the corner of his eye. And when those gentlemen come to look over Billy's exhibit, they are sure to find him looking his best, and they may rely upon it that whilst they are judging the horse, Billy is judging them.

Like Mr. Lett, Mr. Kirby does a large export trade, and occasionally sells a hackney or two, but he never has anything to do with cart horses or hunters, the former of which he has no taste

for, whilst it is questionable if he ever rode to hounds in his life.

John Kirby and "Flora" are almost inseparable terms. "Flora" was bred in 1872 by Mr. James Bilton, of Mowthorpe, near Castle Howard, and is by The Earl, dam by The Aristocrat, grandam by Hopeful; the two former being Yorkshire coach horses and the latter a Cleveland Bay. She is a very stylish mare, and notwithstanding her sixteen years is fresh on her legs. She is also a very nice mover, and has plenty of bone as well as quality. Her prize record is an exceptionally good one, for she has won twice at Royal and four times at the Yorkshire, and has made a pretty clean sweep of the principal prizes all over the country. She has also been second once at the Royal and twice at the Yorkshire Agricultural Society's Shows. With such a record as this, her other victories seem insignificant, but there are some notable wins amongst them; to wit, at Malton in 1876, and the Durham County at Sunderland in the same year; and at Manchester in 1879.

Her win at Huddersfield in a big class in 1888 when sixteen years old was a remarkable performance. It was wonderful how new she looked and with what force she went when she was run out, and the admirers of the Yorkshire Coach horse who were assembled round the ring expressed their pleasure at seeing their old favourite in such

good form. It was only natural that Mr. Scoby's lovely mare Hannah should have some ardent supporters, and there were many who boldly affirmed Hannah should have won. But all were agreed that it would be long before there would be two such mares appear together in the Show Ring again. Hannah, it should be borne in mind, is a winner at the Royal twice, viz., at Newcastle and Nottingham, and also took the first prize at the Yorkshire Show at York in 1887, so the meeting was eminently one of giants. Flora has bred some famous coach horses, but has not been so regular a breeder as her owner might have desired.

A two-year-old stallion from her was third at the Royal Show at Kilburn, and was a nice qualified horse; but perhaps scarcely so good as Lord Salisbury, a horse that as a two-year-old was second at the Yorkshire at Halifax amongst All-aged horses, and that won as a yearling at Hull. He was sold to Messrs. Galbraith Bros. after the Yorkshire Show.

Then there were three mares, all of which crossed the water, one going to Germany, one to America, and one to Ireland, good ones every one.

A yearling colt from her by Sultan, a Cleveland Bay stallion which Mr. Kirby sold to Mr. Burdett Coutts after he won at the Yorkshire Show at Sheffield, is a fine upstanding colt with a lot of quality, and her filly foal (1888) by

Liverton, also a pure bred Cleveland Bay, is a fine specimen of a Coach horse.

Mr. Kirby especially favours crossing the fine qualified and somewhat light timbered Coaching mares with a Cleveland horse, and in this opinion he is supported by many eminent breeders and judges, who are convinced that without constant recourse to the source from which they emanate, the Yorkshire Coach Horse would soon 'breed out.'

Messrs. Stericker Brothers also do a large trade in Cleveland Bays and Coach horses, as well as in Shires and Clydesdales. They have a large establishment at Springfield, Illinois, where Mr. R. P. Stericker, who is the Secretary of the American Cleveland Bay Horse Society, is at the head of affairs. The establishment at Pickering is managed by Mr. F. H. Stericker, who is well known in the Show ring as a pains-taking judge of horses. Messrs. Stericker annually export a great number of horses to the States, and some very good ones they generally have.

Perhaps one of the smartest they ever sent across is Napoleon, a horse that took a second prize at Islington, and on his arrival in America a second at the Illinois State Fair, and a first at the Great Fat Stock Show at Chicago; a very good performance, for it was well into June when he was shown at Islington, and he was shown at Chicago in the early part of October.

Mention has already been made of Mr. Scoby's famous mare Hannah. She was bred by her owner, and is by Salesman, a horse with a good deal of Cleveland blood in his veins, off a mare that is a pure bred Cleveland, saving for one cross, that of Candidate, a Yorkshire Coach horse. She is a fine mare with a lot of power and very good action, and is moreover a beautiful colour. She is the premier matron in a small but select stud which Mr. Scoby has formed during late years, and in which Cleveland Bays predominate. Mr. Scoby has long been a devoted admirer of Shorthorns and Berkshire pigs, and has had a fair amount of success with both, but if he gets a few such mares about Beadlam Grange as Hannah, the horses will soon eclipse the performances and profits of the Thorndale Roses and Empress of Yetholms, and the snug little farm near Nawton will figure as one of the principal breeding establishments of Cleveland Bays and Coach horses.

Some time about the end of 1883 Mr. Crowther of Knowl Grove added one or two Coach horses to the large stud of Shires Horse and Hackneys which he had for some time had at Mirfield; and as they were judiciously purchased, they turned out well for him and so encouraged him to increase operations in this direction. He soon put up new boxes and got a nice lot of horses together, with some of which he has been very successful in the show ring. Amongst others he owns is

Prince George, a horse bred by Mr. Dennis of Sowerby Grange, that won the first prize offered by the Cleveland Bay Horse Society just after its formation in 1884. Prince George is a big horse with beautiful head and neck and good limbs, but his back might be better. This fault, however, he does not transmit to his progeny, and his beautiful action will always make up for any number of trifling defects. His stock have been especially good, and he is probably the sire of more prize winners than any other Cleveland Bay horse at present at the stud.

One of the oldest established studs in the country is the small one at Slingsby, which is the property of Mr. James Brigham.

Sometime about 1815, Mr. Brigham's father bought a Cleveland Bay mare, a fine specimen of the breed and a famous mover, but unfortunately no pedigree of her is in existence. She was put to Young Camellus in 1823, and bred a grey filly. She was then put to Nailor, a celebrated Cleveland Bay horse belonging to Baxter of Hovingham, and to him she also bred a filly; and from these two fillies descend a lot of good horses, hunters and Cleveland Bays. The Cleveland Bay filly was sent to Pomfret's Volunteer, and again bred a filly that was crossed with Master George; and her produce again was crossed with Hopeful, a horse that belonged to Mr. Richard Hodgson of Bramper, a man whose

green cutaway coat with brass buttons and pithy sayinys were familiar to all frequenters of the Yorkshire show-yards. The result of this cross was Young Bonny, the oldest Cleveland Bay mare Mr. Brigham owns. He has some five or six mares, all of which work on the farm, and has been at great trouble to send his mares to pure bred horses, no matter how far they were off, and this also at a time when Cleveland Bays were despised and considered played out.

The seven-year-old Brisk is perhaps the best mare at Slingsby. She is rather on the small side, but is a nice short-legged mare, with good head and neck and nice quality, and she has plenty of good flat bone. She has well placed shoulders, a short strong back, and level quarters, her tail coming well out. She is also a capital breeder, and if somewhat little herself, the same fault cannot be found with her offspring. There are some big useful colts from her, and Mr. Brigham, who takes an active interest in the breeding of all classes of stock, has been well rewarded for his perseverance in sticking to the old breed in the days of their neglect.

It is interesting to trace the history of the half-bred filly by Camillus. She was put to Bob Logic and bred a filly, and this filly again had a filly to Flatecatcher. The Flatecatcher mare was sent to Canute and bred a useful horse named Rakeaway, a big bay horse with a somewhat

coachy appearance, but a famous horse to gallop and jump. He was shown at Malton when the Yorkshire Show was held there in 1872, and was jumped into and out of the show ring *ad libitum* at the conclusion of the Show, to show Mr. Crossley, who bought him for 200 guineas, what he could do in the timber topping line. He was a famous hunter, and when the season was over Mr. Crossley ran him in a steeplechase or two. He first made his appearance between the flags at Catterick Bridge, and many were the jests cracked about the man who was running his Brougham horse amongst thoroughbred ones. Little did the jesters know what grand racing blood was in the veins of the despised horse, but when he went thundering up the course to the starting post, pulling Mr. Hopwood, who had the mount, out of the saddle, one or two of them thought if he jumped he might be worth backing. He soon showed his jumping powers, for he flew the two hurdles in the straight as if they had been nothing, and left the water jump behind him as if it had been a four foot drain. Then did those gentlemen who liked his galloping slip into the ring and modestly invest a few sovereigns on the Brougham horse, taking good care to keep their own counsel. They were never in any jeopardy about their money, for Rakeaway fairly galloped his field to a standstill, and won as he liked by some five or six lengths.

Not long ago we recalled the circumstances to an acquaintance who had been present, and he said he never had a much better day than he had when he put a good lump down on the Coach horse.

Rakeaway ran twice again at the United Border Hunt Meeting, and on the second occasion was third to the dead-heaters, Partridge and Miss Hungerford, in the Tally-ho Steeplechase. He had always been a hard puller, and in this race went very wide round some of the turns, thus losing a lot of ground, and he was severely hustled up in the finish. This completely spoilt his temper and he never raced any more, and ultimately was sold at York for a little price.

Rakeaway's dam bred a grey filly to Cramond, and this mare Mr. Brigham still owns. She is a nice shaped mare with good shoulders and galloping quarters, and has bred Mr. Brigham some useful stock, viz., a bay by Pursebearer, and three greys by Conductor and King Otto. It is worthy of remark that notwithstanding the great preponderance of greys that have descended from the daughter of Young Camillus and Smiler* yet Young Camillus is the only grey sire that has been used.

Young Camillus was by Camillus, a grey, (own brother to Mr. Garforth's famous mare,

* All but two have been greys: these are Rakeaway and the bay filly by Pursebearer.

Marcia), out of Faith, by Pacolet, herself a grey, and out of the nine foals she bred five were greys.

Pacolet was a grey by Blank out of Whiteneck by Crab, the latter a grey also by Alcock's Arabian out of Sister to Soreheels. He was foaled in 1722, so for one hundred years the ancestors of Young Camillus in direct line had been greys. Still, notwithstanding this fact, the preponderance of greys amongst the half-bred horses is very remarkable. The probability is that Smiler's ancestors, on both sire's and dam's sides had been bay clear of white for as long or a longer period, although we have no proof that such is the case. At any rate we know that only one grey horse has ever been used, and we leave the subject as a neat little puzzle for physiologists and students of heredity.



CHAPTER IX.

SOME YORKSHIRE SHORTHORNS.

THE LATE JOHN OUTHWAITE—BAINESSE FARM—THE HERD—ROYAL WINDSOR—LORD GODOLPHIN AND VIVANDIERE AT THE YORKSHIRE—A PIG RACE—JUDGING HORSES—THE BAINESSE SALE—MR. HUTCHINSON—THE FARM PRIZE—THE SHORTHORNS—THE ‘SMITHFIELD’ COWS—BORDER LEICESTERS—LEICESTER SHEEP—JESTER—HUNTERS—CLYDESDALE AND SHIRE HORSES—THE LATE MR. GEORGE MANN OF SCAWSBY HALL—COMMENCEMENT OF THE HERD—ITS DISPERSAL—PIGBURN—THE RINDERPEST.

A genial, huge, broad-shouldered Englishman,
A man of prize fat oxen and of sheep.

Tennyson.

THE mention of Yorkshire Shorthorns at once calls to the memory of those who can look back a few years the burly figure, genial countenance, and quaint and humorous ‘stories’ of the late John Outhwaite of Bainesse. At every show of importance he was always to be seen either outside the ring watching the proceedings with marked interest, or inside it passing his judgment

on the various exhibits with critical acumen, and frequently eliciting a hearty laugh from his colleagues by some quaint story or pithy remark. His white linen coat and broad-brimmed straw hat were as well known in the south as in the north, and his reputation as an all round judge of stock and port wine was second to none in the kingdom. Richmond market has never been quite the same since failing health prevented him from attending it; and a visit to the market dinner at the King's Head, when he was in the chair, was an event to be remembered.

The Catterick district is famous for its well-tilled and excellent land, and the neighbouring farms of Bainesse and Manor House have each won the Royal prize. Mr. Outhwaite's victory took place in connexion with the visit of the Royal Show to York in 1839. On that occasion the Yorkshire Agricultural Society offered a prize for the best managed 100 acres of arable land, and notwithstanding the keen competition, Mr. Outhwaite won "hands down." He used to relate that one of his opponents farmed some 1300 acres of his own, and selected 100 acres out of it which he had hand dug, but this was of no avail. Mr. Outhwaite used to tell this with much gusto, and wound up by saying "There's only one farm in England and that's Bainesse, and only one man who knows how to farm and they call him John Outhwaite."

From the time he commenced farming Mr. Outhwaite had devoted a considerable amount of attention to the breeding of Shorthorns, but it was the animal he looked at and not the pedigree, and he never took the trouble to register the pedigrees of any of the cattle he bred in early days. There can be no doubt that many of his cattle were much better bred than the pedigrees which he could give them when he did commence to register them would lead one to suppose, for he had used the best Booth blood for many years.

Mr. Outhwaite was a most successful exhibitor, and perhaps won as high an average of prizes as any man, a fact which was to be attributed to his excellent judgment ; and his name instantly calls to mind Royal Windsor, Vivandière, Lord Godolphin, Lord Zetland, and a host of other winners, but the four we have named were perhaps the best he ever owned.

Of Royal Windsor he was especially proud, and he was the most successful animal he ever had. He was a beautiful touched beast with a lot of fine silky hair, and his generally excellent outline and fine masculine head won him a host of admirers wherever he went. As a two-year-old he was second when the Royal was at Wolverhampton in 1871, and was second at the Yorkshire the same year ; and his fortunes culminated in 1872 when he was the winning bull at the Royal at Cardiff. Mr. Outhwaite's delight when

the winning rosette was handed to his trusty henchman Franky may be imagined but it can scarcely be described, and he threw up his hat and shouted, "Ah always knew thoo was a clever fellow, John Outhwaite, but ah never knew what a clever fellow thoo is till now."

When the last great sale was held at Bainesse a reserve of 5000 guineas was put upon Royal Windsor, and he was unsold. He was not shown much after this but was a valuable animal at the stud.

Lord Godolphin and Vivandière were two famous animals to be in one herd at the same time, and Mr. Outhwaite had some good ones coming on as well. On one occasion, at the Yorkshire Show, Vivandière took the Champion Prize amongst females, and Lord Godolphin amongst bulls, whilst a heifer won in a very good class. As he was going home Mr. Outhwaite remarked to Mr. Hutchinson, "What a wonderful man that John Outhwaite is! What a wonderful man that John Outhwaite is!" And then after a lapse of a few minutes he followed it up by saying, "Teasdale, there's eight first prizes offered at t' Yorkshire Show, and sum day afore ah dee ahs'll fetch 'em all to Bainesse." This was a biggish order, and there is no doubt Mr. Outhwaite would have tried to fulfil his boast, and made a good try too; but we question very greatly whether he would ever have showed

better form than he did with the handsome trio to which we have just alluded.

By no means inclined to hide his light under a bushel, Mr. Outhwaite's good natured egotism never caused him the least bit of unpopularity, but on one occasion it nearly got him into a scrape, which only his skill and shrewdness prevented. There had been a fat stock show at Richmond and a fat sow belonging to him had been overlooked, much to his disgust. At the market dinner there was considerable controversy on the subject, and several bottles of the landlord's choicest port were discussed, as well as the merits of the various exhibits. In the evening the discussion naturally waxed warmer, and at length Mr. Outhwaite said he would bet 100 guineas that his sow weighed some impossible weight or would do so in a fortnight.* In a sporting place like Richmond so sporting an offer was sure to be accepted, and Mr. R. M. Jaques was eager to back the scales. A bet was soon made and conditions were drawn up, and then Mr. Outhwaite, who, to use a slang phrase, knew well enough he had the "top weight up," ordered his gig and, although the night was young, refused all the persuasions of his friends to stay longer, but set off to look after "t' auld sew." On his arrival

* The weight Mr. Hutchinson, who was our informant, does not remember exactly, but it was somewhere about fifty or sixty stones imperial.

at home his first enquiry was as to how they were off for new milk, and when he was informed "but poorly," he ordered the saddle and bridle to be put on a hack and set off to Appleton-le-Moor to interview his brother Richard. He arrived there about midnight, and knocked lustily at the door. His brother looked out of the window and enquired who was there. "It's me, Dicky," said John, "has tha' a new-calven cow?" "Whatever is tha' deing here at this tahme o' neet, and what dis tha' want wiv a new-calven cow?" were the questions brother Richard naturally asked, but getting no satisfactory answer to his questions he at length said he had a cow which had not been long calven, and which was giving a "canny sup" of milk. "That'll deea, ah'll send Franky for her at yance, good neet," was the reply he got, and away went Mr. Outhwaite to Bainesse.

Arrived at home he told Frank all the particulars about the bet, and charged him never to lose sight of the sow, and whenever she was awake to give her a little rum and milk or rum and cream and oatmeal. "The fact is rum and cream's a fine feeding thing they say," was his remark.

Frank was assiduous in his attentions to the sow and she grew famously, but her appetite was not of a sufficiently hearty character to satisfy her owner; so one morning he went to his man and said, "Franky, t' auld sew doesn't eat to

please me ; they tell me crabs are a good thing for giving folks an appetite, ah'll gang to Darlington an' see if ah can get some." No sooner said than done, and the poor old pig was given some crabs which increased her appetite to her owner's satisfaction. At last the eventful day arrived and she was taken to Catterick to be slaughtered. There was great excitement as may well be supposed, and Mr. Jaques and a large party from Richmond were present. "She died a good, she did," and as she was hanging up, Mr. Outhwaite, who was regarding her with fixed attention prior to the shop being locked up until the time for weighing her arrived, said, "The fact is they tell me that they lose weight when they get cauld, bring all t' blankets you have an' lap her up in 'em." This was accordingly done, and next morning when they proceeded to weigh her she was as warm as when she was killed. Mr. Outhwaite just won with 5lbs. to spare, and "well trained and well jockeyed" the old pig had been to win him his money.

Such a victory could not pass by without an entertainment, and when the company were enjoying themselves at the neighbouring hotel, the butcher put in his appearance and wanted to know what was to be done with the pig for she had never stiffened, and he was afraid she would not cure properly. "Give her away or make cart grease of her, it's not every day yan can sell a fat

pig for a hundred," was the response of the generous and warm-hearted victor.

The purchase of "Lord Zetland" was always a favourite topic with Mr. Outhwaite. Lord Zetland had used "Royal Windsor," as had many Shorthorn breeders in the neighbourhood, and had some good calves by him; and Mr. Moscrop who used then to reside at Olliver and manage the Shorthorns, frequently teased Mr. Outhwaite about the moderate Royal Windsor calves. At the same time Lord Zetland had purchased a bull from Lord Dunmore of which they thought a great deal, and Mr. Outhwaite was invited to see the herd. He did not very much favour Lord Dunmore's bull, but said nothing; whilst Mr. Moscrop told him that he thought Royal Windsor a good bull, but that his stock were only moderate, and showed him the roan calf, then only a few days old. Mr. Outhwaite looked at him a minute or two and then said, "You're right, Mr. Moscrop, he is an offally little beggar, what'll you take for him?" "Twenty-five pounds," was the reply. "Well, Lord Zetland's a very good payer, an' always pays me on t' nail, so if you'll give me a pen an' ink, ah'll pay you for him now, and send Franky for him with a cart as soon as ah get home." This is how "Lord Zetland" was bought, and a famous bull he grew to be, winning prizes all over the country and adding greatly to the prestige of the Bainesse herd.

Mr. Darrell has a very lively recollection of judging Cleveland Bays and Coach Horses at the Cleveland Show at Yarm, with Mr. Outhwaite for a colleague, and says that the work was more expeditiously done than ever he remembered, though whether it was entirely to the satisfaction of those concerned is perhaps doubtful. Notwithstanding the numerous and well filled classes which came before them they managed to get through their duties in about an hour and a half.

“That’s first, that’s second, and that’s third,” was Mr. Outhwaite’s verdict as the horses walked round the ring; and all Mr. Darrell’s expostulations were unavailing. “We should see them trot, we can’t judge them this way,” said he, but Mr. Outhwaite would have his own way, and replied “Hoot, man, its easy enough to do, ah always shuts* ’em fleeing.”

The Baines sale in 1876 caused a great deal of excitement, especially in Richmond and the neighbourhood. Buyers came from all parts of the country, and the greatest expectations were raised that sensational prices would be obtained. Those expectations, however, were fated not to be realised, and although an useful average was made, it was not considered a high one in those days. This was, in a great measure, to be attributed to Mr. Outhwaite’s remissness in not

* Shoot.

recording the pedigrees of his herd in its earlier days ; and many of the animals sold were only just admissible into the herd book.

A large portion of the herd was descended from Bertha by Welcome Guest (15497), and Myrtle by Fitzclarence (14552), both of them from Vanguard cows, bred by the Misses Eden, of Morton-on-Swale. Unfortunately no regular record had been kept of the animals bred by these ladies ; but there is no doubt that they were, to all intents and purposes, pure shorthorns, for, for many years, Warlabby bulls alone had been used amongst their cows. Still there was no reliable pedigree forthcoming, and Mr. Outhwaite's pocket, notwithstanding the brilliant prize record his cattle possessed, suffered accordingly. The Rachel tribe, of which Vivandière, who had unfortunately died in calving in 1875, was a prominent member, was well represented. The average for twenty-eight cows and heifers was £83 11s., and for six bulls and calves £34 13s ; and the total amount realised by the sale of Mr. Outhwaite's cattle was £2,547 6s. There was no advance on the reserve of 5000 guineas which was put on Royal Windsor ; and Lord Godolphin was passed, and this accounts for the low average the bulls made.

*Mr. Outhwaite's successes during the fifteen

*During the fifteen years Mr. Outhwaite was an exhibitor, he won one hundred and twenty-two first prizes, nineteen seconds,

years he had been an exhibitor, seemed fully to justify the expectations of the public that large prices would be made,* but the sale left this useful lesson, one which should be borne in mind by all owners of pedigree stock, and which they too frequently forget, that large prices cannot be obtained for animals over whose ancestry any doubt can be thrown. It is a lesson which every day experience tends to accentuate, but which unfortunately too many neglect to learn in time; and it is no uncommon thing to find men anxious and seven thirds, amounting altogether to £2,313 10s. besides challenge cups and medals.

†The following is a list of the lots sold with prices and purchasers :—

COWS AND HEIFERS.

Lady Catterick	...	J. Van Hausbergen	...	50
Moss Rose	...	J. Whyte	...	62
Coco...	...	M. Mackay	...	37
White Socks	...	T. Beeson	...	200
Matchem	...	J. Knowles	...	40
Charmer	...	J. Van Hausbergen	...	51
Bridesmaid	...	J. Van Hausbergen	...	59
Flower Girl	...	R. Bruce	...	105
Red Rose...	...	J. A. Trotter	...	38
Rosebud	...	J. A. Gordon	...	200
Lady Hopewell	...	J. White	...	51
Matchless...	...	R. Jackson...	...	50
Lady Bountiful	...	Sir J. Swinburne	...	31
Miss Fox	...	R. Bruce	...	110
Mantolini...	...	J. Knowles	...	50
Verbena	...	J. Gardhouse	...	70
Lady Beaumont	...	J. Singleton	...	170
Duchess of Chambergh	...	J. Knowles	...	120

to find the pedigrees of their stock with a view to registration, when all efforts to obtain an authentic record are too late.

But famous as were the Bainesse farm and herd, the neighbouring establishment at the Manor House, Catterick, has eclipsed it. Mr. Hutchinson, who succeeded his father in 1865, is essentially an all round man, having tried his hand at most things in connexion with farming and sport ; and been successful and made a mark in everything he has tried. A prominent man across country, especially with the Bedale hounds ; conspicuous in the principal show-yards with his hunters, shorthorns, and sheep ; he was at one time a successful gentleman rider, and on his

Lady Danby	J. Knowles	125
Matchless...	Lord Claremont	66
Bride Elect	F. Barrowby	40
White Rose	T. H. Hutchinson	170
Charmer 2nd	J. Knowles	94
Matchless 3rd	W. Norfolk	30
Miss Danby 2nd	R. Bruce	82
Sylvia 2nd	C. Bruce	40
Ladybird	J. Mason	20
Bainesse Rose	J. Whyte	50

BULLS.

Leopold	J. Graves	48
Duke of Chamburgh...	W. A. Mitchell	87
Lord Hopewell...	R. J. Hodgson	28
Lord Bolton	J. Allanson	15
Bridegroom 2nd	J. Outhwaite...	10
Matchem Boy	J. Knowles	10

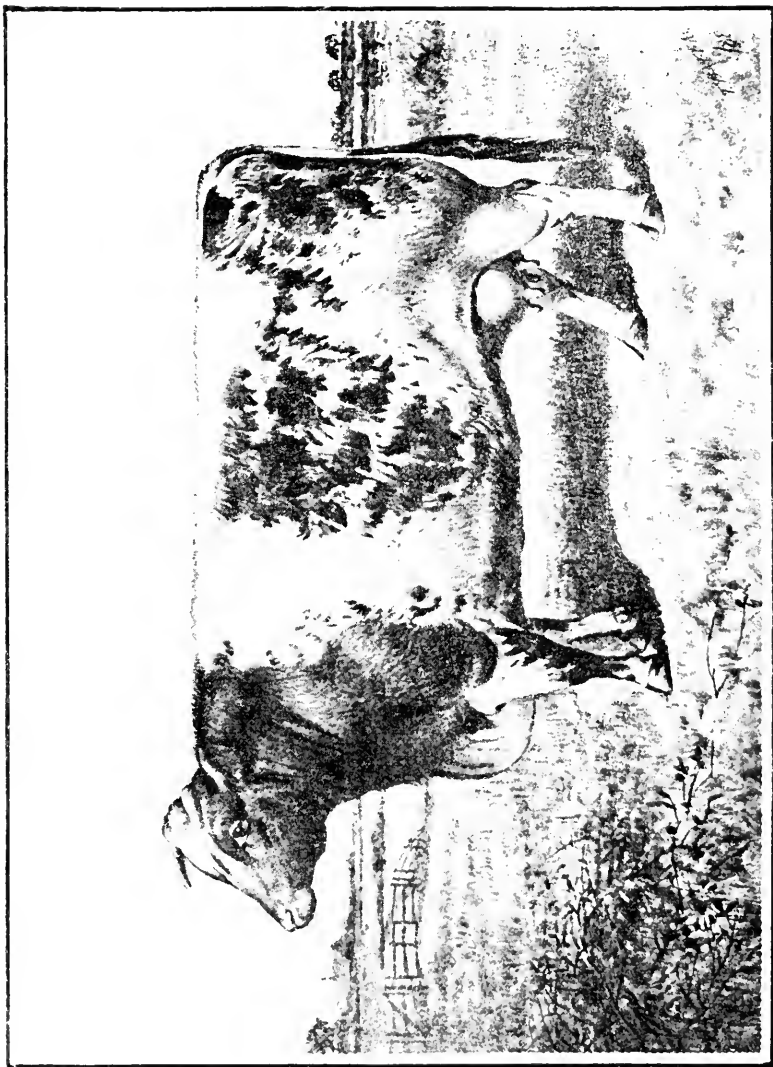
friend Captain Booth's 'The Beau,' and others, won a fair share of hunters' races in the north.

Mr. Hutchinson, unlike his neighbour, paid great attention to the registration of his stock; and being an equally good judge of his animal, the result is that he owns a herd of cattle and flocks of sheep, which it is not too much to say, are second to none in the kingdom.

Immediately it became known that he had entered his farm for the prizes offered by the Royal Agricultural Society in 1883, he became a warm favourite, and although several capital farmers were his competitors, the energetic management which for so many years had been prevalent at Manor House; the plucky but judicious outlay of capital in improvements, and particularly the exceptional excellence of his stock, gave him a pretty easy, and certainly a very popular victory.

Mr. Hutchinson's shorthorns are principally of the Booth blood, and it will be remembered that some of them were the subject of a lengthy and somewhat bitter correspondence in one of the leading Live Stock Newspapers a few years ago.

Lady Pamela, the cow about which this correspondence took place, has had the most successful showyard career of any shorthorn up to the present time. She has won in her class four years at the Royal, and was the Champion Female in



LADY PAMELA.

the yard three times ;* the only times that a champion prize was given when she was exhibited. She is a lovely roan cow, with a sweet head, and such a touch as is seldom met with and is remarkably clear of lumber ; though, of course, when in showyard condition, she carried a lot of flesh. The 'Smithfield heifer' she was called by some, and great was the indignation of a certain section of exhibitors that she should continue to gain prizes for they boldly affirmed she would never breed. It is dangerous to prophesy till you know, and Lady Pamela has bred two calves since she won her last prize at the Royal.

The eldest of these, Meteor, a red bull a year and a half old, is by Riby Star, and is a well grown and handsome young beast, like making a mark some day. He inherits his brother's beautiful touch and elegance of outline, has capital limbs, and is a thick-fleshed and active animal with capital thighs and good to follow.

His half-brother by Royal Riby, is such a calf as we seldom come across. He is a great length, is beautifully level, he has a nice masculine head, and, indeed, is more like a beast than a calf.

*Lady Pamela won first prize and champion at York in 1883 ; first prize for three-year-old heifers at Shrewsbury, in 1884 ; first prize for cows upwards of four-years old and champion at Norwich in 1886 ; and first prize and champion for cows four-years-old and upwards at Newcastle in 1887. Glad Tidings was second to her at Norwich and Newcastle. She was not shown at Preston in 1885.

Lady Pateley, the dam of Lady Pamela, a famous breeder, and a famous bred one,* is still doing good service at the Manor House herd, and this year (1888) she has two famous calves, both of which she keeps, and keeps in good condition too, which is saying a good deal for her character as a milker. She is the dam of a very good bull calf which won at the Yorkshire at Sheffield and at Northallerton, and then was sold.

Glad Tidings by Master of Arts (34816), out of Gratification by M.C. (31896), was another of Mr. Hutchinson's heifers that was stigmatised as a butcher's animal, when she was second to her companion, Lady Pamela at Newcastle in 1887.

She is a beautiful cow to meet, with a deep wide breast, and is as straight and level as the most fastidious could wish. She has a famous show of milk, and like Lady Pamela, has effectually silenced her detractors, for she has proved a good breeder ; and a beautiful roan bull by Royal Riby, as level and straight as his dam, and a roan heifer by Royal George, with nice quality and a beautiful touch, bear ample testimony to her excellence in this respect.

These two famous cows both appeared to be in calf again ; but should they never breed another calf, they have sufficiently vindicated their character as breeding animals.

*Lady Pateley by Vehement (33853), dam Lady Nidderdale by Merry Monarch (22349).

Gratification by M.C. (31896), dam Gerty 3rd, by Knight of the Shire (26552), g. dam Gerty by Vain Hope (23102) is the ancestress of many good females at Manor House, as well as of Glad Tidings and Gratia, and a strong family likeness exists in the tribe. A yearling daughter of the old cow by Lively Star, is a lengthy heifer, full of style and quality, a rich colour and with a beautiful fore end.

Amongst her other descendants are a bull by Royal George, out of a daughter of Gratia by Riby Star, a lengthy straight calf and full of promise ; a rich roan heifer calf by Lord Advocate (a white bull), out of a daughter of Gratification ; a great wealthy heifer, with a particularly sweet head, by Royal George out of Gladness by British Knight ; and a useful roan bull by Riby Star, the last calf this grand old cow produced. Then of the same tribe we saw a nice level young cow by Riby Star out of Gratia, and another out of Lady Greta ; and finally White Gladness, by British Knight out of Gratification, a nice thick cow, well fleshed and with a mossy coat, was introduced to our notice.

Mr. Hutchinson was a large buyer at the Killerby sale, when the fine herd of cattle owned by his friend, the late Mr. J. B. Booth, was dispersed. Here he purchased that lovely cow Princess Royal, for the big sum of 335 guineas,

and a useful addition she has proved to the herd. She is a big cow, very lengthy on her quarters, and exceedingly level; has a sweet head, and that nice velvety touch so dear to the lover of a shorthorn. So much did Mr. Hutchinson admire these Princesses that he purchased the whole of them at Killerby, and although he gave big prices for them he has no reason to regret his bargain. Princess Beatrice cost him 160 guineas, and was cheap at the money. She is by King David, out of Princess Brigantine, and is a nice cow with a lot of milking promise. She is a firm well-fleshed beast, and has beef down to her hocks. There is a useful bull in the herd from her by Royal Studley, with famous limbs and good joints, points too often overlooked in shorthorn bulls. A beautiful heifer by Royal Studley out of Princess Brigantine was bought at Killerby, when only fourteen days old. She is a rich red, has excellent quality and a back like a billiard table. She combines a good top and underline, and looks very like making herself a name in the showyards.

Then there is a rich-coloured bull off the same cow by Riby Star, as straight as a wand, with an especially good underline and a fine masculine head.

Riby Star, it will be noticed is a bull that has been much used by Mr. Hutchinson, and one of which he speaks very highly, asserting that there

is not a bad one nor a bad coloured one amongst his stock.

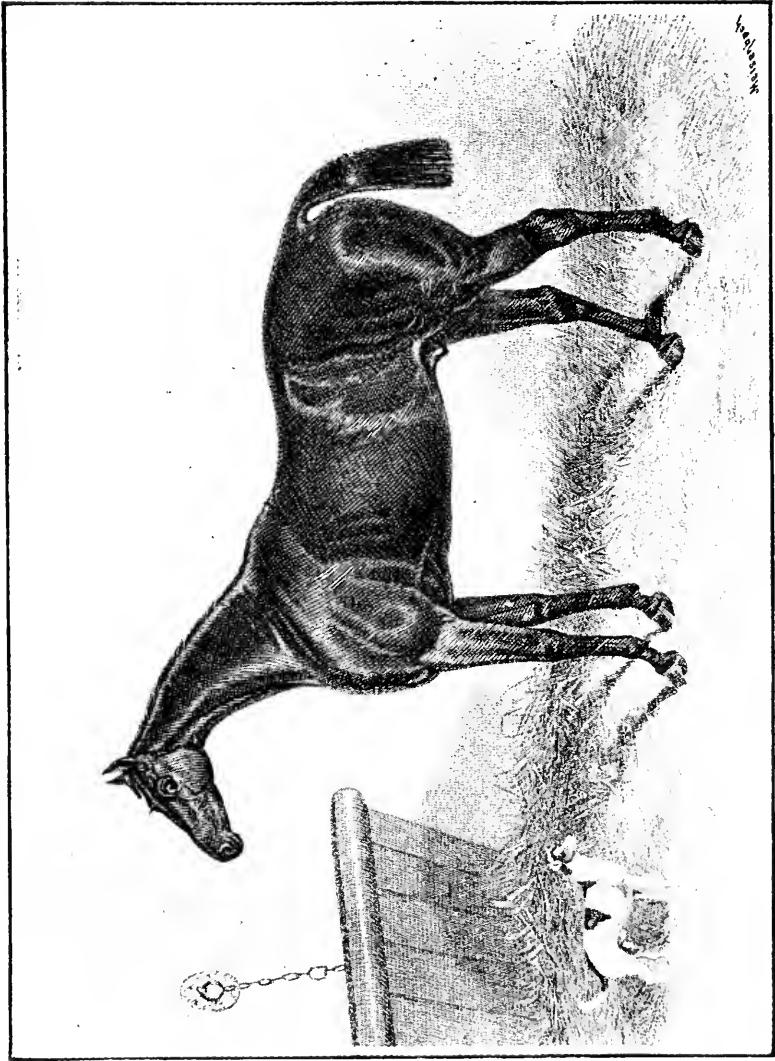
Lady Gray, a big roan cow, by British Knight (33220), out of Lady Grace by K.C.B. (26942), stands on a short leg, is very deep, and well ribbed up. She has nice quality of flesh and is a capital breeder. She, with her daughter and son, by Riby Star; Lady Golightly, and Lord Gordon, took the second prize in the family class at the Royal at Preston, and shortly afterwards Lady Golightly was sold to go abroad for 500 guineas. There is a beautiful heifer, own sister to Lady Golightly, full of quality and with nice hair, and level and lengthy quarters. Mr. Hutchinson also has some of Torr's Bright tribe, one of which, a good looking roan by Lord Advocate (son of Mantalini) out of Bright Ruby, took our attention as being a promising heifer.

There is an importation of fresh blood into the herd in the shape of three big, useful heifers which had been lately purchased by Mr. Marr, Upper Mill, Aberdeen, and nice straight heifers they are, full of hair, and with plenty of size; but lacking the finish of the home-bred cattle.

The stock bull is Royal Studley, one of the Riby tribe, a beautiful rich red, by Royal Stuart (40646), out of Royal Lady by Royal Benedict (27348), her dam Riby Lassie by Blinkhoolie (23428), out of Riby Queen by Booth's Royal (15673). He stands on a short leg, has a grand

masculine head, and is of massive character. Both lengthy and exceedingly level, his tail is well set on, and he carries himself well, whilst for firmness and quality of flesh he cannot well be beaten. He is especially good to follow, being long on his quarters, and heavily fleshed on his thighs—"beef to the hock joint."

About as choice a flock of Border Leicesters as we remember to have seen is that which Mr. Hutchinson has formed during the summer of 1888. There are thirty ewes, all of them young ones, and they have been selected with that care and attention to detail for which Mr. Hutchinson bears so deservedly high a character. They are principally from the flock of Mr. Thompson, of Bailey Knowe; but five of them come from Mr. Nicholls, in Northumberland. The ram was bred by Mr. Jack, of Chilton Mains, and is by a sheep of Lord Polwarth's. He is an active, firm-muttioned sheep, with a beautiful skin, and a particularly nice head; and has won a lot of valuable prizes, amongst them being a first at the Northumberland County Show; first prize at the Royal at Nottingham; first at Kelso and Edinburgh; and second at the Highland Society's Show, where he was beaten by a sheep of Lord Dalhousie's. It is Mr. Hutchinson's first serious attempt at breeding high-class Border Leicesters, and it is an attempt which bids fair to be crowned with success.



THE JESTER.

Leicester sheep have always been a speciality at Manor House, and the flock is one of the purest bred in the country. A shearling ram which is being used this year (1888), is a fine specimen of the breed. He has a beautiful head and neck, a level back, and good skin, and a leg at every corner. His ancestors for six generations have been winners at the Royal Shows, and, indeed, Mr. Hutchinson has had a wonderful average of success during the past few years with his Leicester Sheep. Since 1883, he has won at the Royal Shows no fewer than ten first prizes, eight second prizes, and two thirds—nearly half of the prizes offered for Leicester rams.

Perhaps the best hunter he ever owned was "Jester"; at any rate he was the most successful in the showyard. He was bred by Mr. T. Gibbons, Burnfoot, Carlisle, in 1869, and was by Laughing Stock, dam by Rowland, grandam by British Yeoman. He was a whole coloured brown, stood on a short leg, had capital shoulders and back and was a fine galloper. The fastidious found a little fault with his hocks, and perhaps there was just a suspicion of 'roundness' about them; but he was a very sound horse and did a lot of hunting as well as hard work in the show ring. He was very successful there and had many a severe tussle with "Joe Bennett," sometimes one and sometimes the other getting the better of the fight.

He won upwards of £1,500 in prizes, amongst them being wins at Alexandra Park, at the Royal at Bedford, the Yorkshire, at Newcastle (with champion prize); at Manchester, (with champion prize); besides many other important shows; but perhaps of none of these is his owner prouder than of the brushes he won on him when his old friend John Booth was master of the Bedale. One run from Kiplin, in which he fairly cut down the field after a famous forty minutes over that beautiful country, he still speaks of with pleasure and pride as a capital performance.

When Mr. Hart had his large sale of horses in the spring of 1884, Mr. Hutchinson became the owner of his famous old hunting brood mare Achievement, and from her he has a good-looking bay filly by Exminster, a big one, and with plenty of quality and good limbs.

But a two-year-old chesnut by Exminster, out of Codicil, was a better still. She is a hunter all over her, galloping in rare form, and if she is lucky she will give a good account of herself in the showyard and over a country.

Mr. Hutchinson's cart horses are all very well bred and good looking animals, and some capital specimens of the Shires and Clydesdale are to be found amongst them. There was the Clydesdale Milkmaid, in foal to Castlereagh, who, when in the possession of her breeder, the Marquis of

Londonderry, won prizes all over as a brood mare. Then a representative of Forshaw's Bar None, a big well-grown filly foal off a Lincolnshire Lad mare, with nice quality and the best of pasterns and feet, claimed our attention. But perhaps the best of the lot is a chesnut mare which was purchased of Mr. W. R. Rowland, of Creslow, and which won at the Buckinghamshire County Show, and was third at the Royal at Preston. She is a very big, powerful mare, a great width, with a good chest, nice quality of bone and feather, and capital feet and pasterns. Notwithstanding her great size she is a fine mover, going in a light and corky style.

Bainesse and the Manor House have done much to make the history of agriculture and of pedigree stock breeding during the last quarter of a century, and everything that has been attempted at either place has been done thoroughly well. Both Mr. Outhwaite and Mr. Hutchinson are celebrated as good judges of stock, and both were good managers. But the care Mr. Hutchinson has taken in preserving the pedigrees of his stock, and the intelligent attention he has paid to line breeding cause the Manor House herd to have had more influence on the history of the short-horn than that at Bainesse, which seems to have flashed like a meteor across the sky, and to have had, if a brilliant, at any rate not a very lasting effect upon the breed.

A Yorkshire herd which was dispersed in July, 1888, and which was in some respects a typical one, was that at Scawsby Hall, which was formed by the late Mr. George Mann and his father, and which, though falling far below those at Bainesse and the Manor House, Catterick, as regards show-yard successes, still took a fair share of prizes and at which were bred several high priced animals that have been exported to America, North and South ; animals that have won a deservedly high reputation in their new country.

The late Mr. Mann was a type of the old-fashioned yeoman farmer, now alas, becoming scarcer every year. Contemporary with Mr. John Outhwaite, there was some similarity between them—for although Mr. Mann was by no means so ready a speaker as Mr. Outhwaite, and was of a more retiring disposition, he was a keen judge of stock, and was possessed of much of the ready humour which characterised the genial and popular founder of the Bainesse herd. He was also a warm hearted and free handed man, and was deservedly esteemed by all who had the privilege of his acquaintance.

His father came from Nottinghamshire in 1792, and commenced farming at Marr Grange, near Sprotbro', and here Mr. George Mann was born in 1803. When he was nineteen years old, Scawsby Hall farm, then in a very poor state of

cultivation, was in the market, and his father leased it for him at a very low rent.

As soon as he got fairly established he commenced, in conjunction with his father, to breed shorthorns, and the Scawsby Hall Herd speedily took a leading position in the neighbourhood. Their first purchases were from the herds of Col. Cradock and Mr. Wilkinson, of Lenton, and they subsequently strengthened the herd by the introduction of several good bulls from the herds of Mr. Sanday, Mr. Willoughby Wood, Mr. Maynard, and Mr. Bates.

Mr. Mann, although he never allowed prejudices regarding pedigree to interfere with his judgment when purchasing cattle, had a strong predilection in favour of the Warlaby blood, affirming that he got more size and that the cattle were better milkers than their rivals from Kirklevington, and consequently that blood predominated in the herd.

But he had one prejudice, and that a very strong one, and that was against irregular breeders. None of these would he keep in his herd, and so inexorable was he against this failing that he rarely, if ever, sent cow or heifer to the bull a third time, but fattened and sold them to the butcher if they did not come up to the very high standard he had fixed for regular breeders. Occasionally, nay in the early years of the herd's existence, frequently very good animals were

sacrificed to this high standard ; but eventually he had his reward, and that curse of the owner of high-class stock, an uncertain breeder, was seldom to be found at Scawsby Hall.

In more recent years importations were made from the herds of Mr. Foljambe, Mr. Willis, Mr. Singleton, and Sir W. C. Worsley, all of which tended greatly to improve the herd.

A favourite bull with Mr. Mann, was Lord of Roslin (29169), a rich red roan, bred by Mr. John Maynard, and purchased at his sale. He was by Lord of the Valley (14837), dam Rosabel by Shakespeare (15259), and went back to Duke (1933). He was a very big bull, with a capital touch, and the size of many of the herd is undoubtedly to be attributed to the manner in which he stamped his stock. When killed, he weighed 144 stones imperial.

Decorator (44617) was a roan by Silent Duke (42382), out of Queen Cherry Rose, by Cambridge Duke 4th (25706), and was the last purchase from Mr. Singleton. He was a successful animal both in the show ring and as a sire, and was an especial favourite with his owner.

Although Mr. Mann's herd was not so notorious for containing prize winners as Mr. Outhwaite's or Mr. Hutchinson's subsequently became, he had some good showyard animals which took prizes at the Royal, the Yorkshire, and other leading shows, and many of which were sold for

very high prices. Amongst Mr. Mann's regular customers was his friend Mr. Getting, well known as one of the largest importers of shorthorns to Buenos Ayres. The herd at the time of its dispersal numbered forty-four head, of which thirty-seven were females. The sensation of the sale was undoubtedly caused by the handsome twins Elsie and Ella by Decorator, out of Elfin Cherry by Bob Cherry (33172). They are an exceedingly attractive pair, and were first and second at Doncaster show a few weeks before the sale. The former is a good red, with a beautiful touch, exceedingly level, and, although not so blooming as her sister, a fact to be accounted for by her having a calf running with her, we thought her the best of the pair; Ella, although a beautiful fore-ended heifer with a nice mossy skin, being not quite so level. The pair excited a keen competition, and both were finally knocked down to Mr. Hobbs, the former for 50 guineas and the latter for 66 guineas, whilst the three months old calf which was running with Elsie at Doncaster, became the property of Mr. Wilson for 18 guineas.

Their dam, Elfin Cherry, has been a famous breeder; three of her previous offspring having been sold at big prices to go abroad. She went to Mr. Townend, of Wakefield for 29 guineas and was cheap at the money.

Another ten-year-old cow, perhaps the best old cow in the herd, was Princess Alice, a light roan,

by Telemachus 10th (35728.) She is a well bred one to boot, and goes back to old Cowslip. Her head is somewhat plain, but she is built on capital lines, is a good milker and famous breeder. She is the dam, amongst others, of Fleur de Lis, Ringlet, and Stanley Rose, three nice heifers which went to South America: the former of which was very successful in the showyard, taking amongst other prizes first at the Lincoln County Show, first and champion at Doncaster in 1884, and first at the Nottingham County Show the same year. Mr. Francis bought the old cow for 42 guineas, and as she was not far off calving she was very cheap.

Mazurka, a fifteen months' heifer by Decorator, that went to Mr. Hobbs for 45 guineas, we especially favoured. She is a deep red with very little white, has a sweet head, is a great width, and is very promising.

Muslin and Melone, two-year-old twins by Morella (51770), were a useful pair, and were sold fairly for 21 and 23 guineas respectively.

The females realised £1,126 2s. 6d., an average of £31 5s. 7d.; and the bulls £256 4s., an average of £36 12s.

The stock bull, Lord Siddington, was bought by Mr. Mann at one of the Birmingham shows. He was bred in Gloucestershire, by Mr. Bulley, and is a useful lengthy beast with good masculine head and fine horns. His ribs are well sprung,

and he has a level top and fair underline, and he was not too dear at the 80 guineas Sir Charles Tempest paid for him.

The herd, although not so fashionably bred as some, was a notable one, and the fine milking properties and regular breeding for which it was famous, are testimonies to the judgment and perseverance of Mr. Mann.

Living as he did, so near Pigburn, where John Scott used to put the finishing touch on his St. Leger horses, he was fond of a bit of racing, and at the little flapping meetings which used to be held at the time-honoured old racecourse, he used occasionally to run a horse, and have a flutter in the silk himself, and on one occasion at least the Pigburn Cup fell to his lot.

It is highly characteristic of the man that after he escaped the ravages of the rinderpest which had decimated, and in some cases entirely destroyed the herds of his neighbours, he sunk a sum of £300 as a thank offering, the interest of which is to be distributed to thirty of the poorest inhabitants of the surrounding parishes in perpetuity.

As a judge he was well known, and acted in that capacity three times at the Royal, as well as at the Yorkshire and other important shows.

Full of years, and esteemed and respected by all who knew him, he died in April, 1888, leaving behind him a reputation for industry,

perseverance, and sound judgment, of which the herd dispersed some few months after his death was only one example.

THE END.

A P P E N D I X.

THE SINNINGTON HUNT.

WHEN this volume was in the press I happened to come across some very interesting information respecting the early history of the Sinnington hunt. I was returning from hunting, and whilst waiting for the train was accosted by a man who was evidently a first-rate sportsman. After we had talked over the somewhat tame proceedings of the day, neighbouring hunts were mentioned, and as soon as the Sinnington was named I found that my companion was in possession of some information which I had hitherto looked for in vain. I accordingly made arrangements with him for an interview, the result of which is given below.

It seems that in the early part of the eighteenth century a man named John Such hunted the hounds, and my informant has in his possession an old drinking horn which was the property of that worthy. The edges had got broken and ragged with extreme age and had been cut down; but luckily the quaint and spirited designs remain uninjured. "Jno. Such 1714" is at the top of the horn, and immediately below is the representation of a country seat bearing a strong resemblance to Duncombe Park, and a lady and a gentleman are riding to the meet. On the other side the central figure is the huntsman holding the fox up amidst the baying pack; whilst the field are "arriving as they best can." The designs seem as if they had been burnt in, and were probably commemorative of some famous run, of which unfortunately no record is in existence.

Amongst others who have hunted the Sinnington were John Atkinson, George Brown, John Waring, and a man

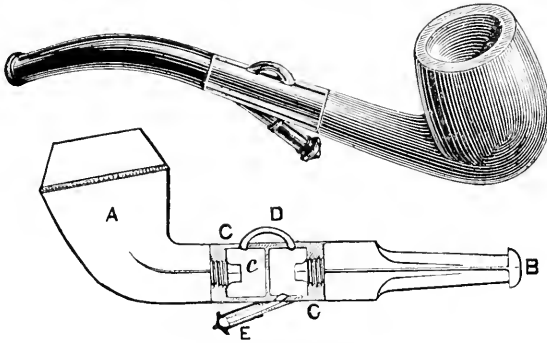
named Clark, but no particulars are forthcoming respecting them save that John Atkinson was a first-rate huntsman, and when he got too old for active service, Mr. Marshall of Wrelton, allowed him an annuity.

The reputation for hard riding seems to have belonged to the members of the Sinnington from the earliest times. for I was told of many wonderful exploits in the way of jumping, Mr. Dawson's jump over Ness lane being about the biggest of them.

It would seem that many old papers in connection with the Sinnington hunt had at one time been in the custody of a relative of my informant, and that after his decease they had inadvertently been destroyed. Amongst these papers was an old parchment detailing the boundaries of the hunt. It seems to have been of the nature of a charter, and it is a matter of regret that so interesting a document should have been destroyed. My informant, who had frequently perused it in his youth, says that it was dated 1678 or 1698, and that amongst the signatures were the names of Villiers and Graham. It is evident that the earlier date is more like being the correct one, as the Duke of Buckingham died in 1687.

The boundaries of the hunt, as defined in the old charter are as follows:—From Old Malton, up the Rye, up Howl Beck, and to the source of it; thence to Byland Abbey, from there to Tom Smith Cross and Hambleton Plain, and across the East Moors to Bilsdale and Bransdale End. The boundary extended from Mitchell's Plantations to Lowna Bridge; thence up Hangman's Slack to Hartop Beck meetings, and by Aislaby Whin to Pickering. The Pickering country they were not allowed to hunt on account of the deer on the Crown lands in the neighbourhood, and there was a clause binding them to stop the hounds if running within a certain distance of the said Crown lands.

VERINI'S PATENT PIPE.



G. F. VERINI PATENTEE ZETLAND HOTEL SALTBURN

The Mount C has two divisions, being parted in the centre, the smoke passing through the ring D at the top.

The Saliva drops into the tube below (E), which can be blown out by first removing the cap that covers it. The pure nicotine can also be blown out when the bowl is taken off.

The Mouthpiece need never be taken off, until it is considered advisable to clean the Pipe.

Nothing but the pure smoke passes into the mouth, and the whole of the tobacco can be consumed.

Every Pipe bears the name of the Patentee, and is numbered.

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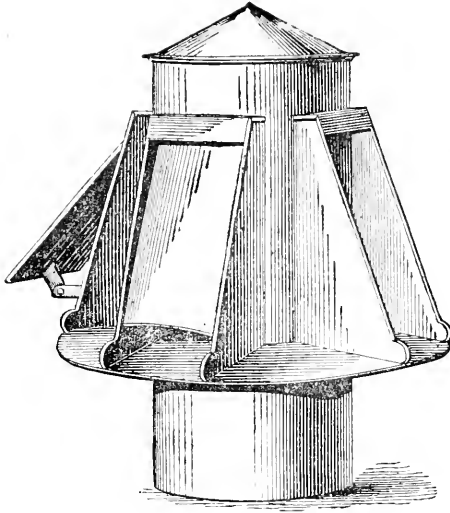
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Without Screws	12/- to 14 - ..
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DIRECTIONS.

To keep the Pipe clear and ready for use, it is advisable, after each smoke, to pull the cap off the tube below, remove the bowl, and blow through the mouthpiece to expel the moisture.

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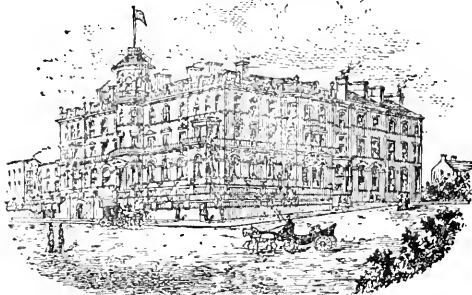
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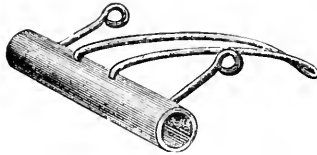
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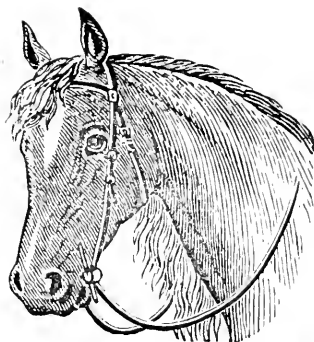
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