



THE LIFE
OF
JOHN MYTTON Esq.
BY
NIMROD

LIFE AND
DEATH OF
JOHN MYTTON
ESQ^R.

WITH
A. L. S.
OF
MYTTON

FIRST EDITION

LONDON 1835



JOHN BOND,

Grange.

Dear Mrs Cockerell

Your Husband never
appeared; but I continued to
see you. The birds, I send
only four brace, if you wish
more - I will go out again

Yrs faithfully
J. Bond

Mr. Cochrane
Barnet

JOHN MYTTON IN THE HUNTING FIELD.—I have seen my old friend John Mytton, of Halston, ride at impracticable places when dared by anyone; and on one occasion, in consequence of his best horse Baronet rising at some railings, which were too high for him to clear, which he was urged to do by dint of force and spurring, for he had twice previously refused, the horse and his rider and a quantity of railing came all down together in one crash, and the squire had three of his ribs broken. This was quite at the end of the season, and about a week subsequently, when the regular hunting season was closed, a fine dog-fox, which had been extracted from some earth in the non-hunting part of Wales, was sent to Halston. It was forthwith decided we should hunt him the next day. At that time I was staying at Halston; it was in the year 1824. In the morning the doctor of the establishment arrived, and he protested strongly against the squire's going out at all, asserting, at the same time, that the squire must be mad to attempt to ride across country, as the ribs which he had just bandaged up would be sure to get out of their places at the first leap. Mytton, as may be expected, ridiculed the idea of any risk of this sort, called the doctor an old fool, and was lifted on his horse, qualifying himself with several glasses of port wine, which was a favourite beverage of his, previous to starting in the morning, after, strange to relate, divers cups of coffee. Within about a mile of the house our "bagman" was liberated in a field adjoining the road, and as soon as he had cleared the first hedge the hounds were laid on close to the brush, and although a bagman he proved a good one, and we had an hour without a check at the best pace. Mytton at the commencement, in spite of the prognostications of the doctor, offered to bet any amount that he would take the lead, and keep it; and he proved as good as his word, and experienced no inconvenience from the performance of a feat which few other men would have ventured on; he was the first up to the death, and very soon after had the fox in his hands, holding him above the hounds, and "halloing" with all his might, till the usual ceremonies were performed by the huntsman, and the body given to the hounds, which was instantly disposed of.—*Land and Water. Jan 4 1869*

JOHN MYTTON, A. N. S., [1828,] to Mrs. Cockerill.

Your Husband never appeared; but I contrived to get you the birds. I send only four brace, if you wish more—I will go out again—

J Mytton

ANS, 1 page. Double sheet, 20.4 x 18.5 cm.

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Seal: red wafer.

Address (verso): Mrs Cockerill | Oswestry.

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Notes: 1. ". . . he was a most superior marksman with a rifle—so superior indeed as to be able to hit the edge of a razor at a distance of thirty yards, and occasionally to split his ball!"—Nimrod.

Transcription from:

Kendall, Lyle H., Jr. *A Descriptive Catalogue of the W.L. Lewis Collection--Part One.*

Fort Worth: Texas Christian University Press, 1970.

2. John Mytton was buried at Halston, Shropshire, after his death 29 March 1834. The eleventh carriage in the funeral procession carried his neighbor Dr. Cockerill.

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