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THE SPORT OF KINGS

BY THE SAME AUTHOR

MAYFAIR AND MONTMARTRE
YESTERDAY AND TO-DAY
THE WORLD OF FASHION, 1837-1922
ENGLISH COUNTRY HOUSE LIFE
FLOREAT ETONA
THE MERRY PAST
SPORTING DAYS AND SPORTING WAY
LIGHT COME LIGHT GO
PARIS OF TO-DAY
UNCONVENTIONAL MEMORIES
NIGHT LIFE
Etc., Etc.

SILVO AND DOUBLE CHANCE JUMPING BECHER'S BROOK
(Grand National, 1925)

THE SPORT OF KINGS

BY

RALPH NEVILL

WITH SIXTEEN ILLUSTRATIONS

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THE SPORT OF KINGS

I

BETTING AND THE MODERN TURF

THE present writer's earliest recollections of the Turf date back to the early 'seventies of the last century, when as a child he remembers seeing two quaint coloured maps of Newmarket in his father's study, hanging in close proximity to a number of racing calendars and sporting magazines. The maps in question, which have now become rare, interested the writer greatly, but when he asked questions about them his mother did her best to damp any enthusiasm for racing.

"Though," said she, "your father used to own horses, I never much cared to see them run. My own father's exploits in that line produced nothing but general depression in the family, and I can never forget the sums he spent and lost in connection with his racing stable. As children we were made to realize the glorious uncertainties of the Turf owing to our Papa's different moods. When, for instance, he chanced to be lucky enough to pull off a coup all the household knew it, for he would at once set to work making alterations and improvements in our house and grounds in Norfolk, as well as proceeding with his favourite project of enlarging the lake in the park. On the other hand, whenever fortune chanced to show her-

self in an especially unkind mood, which was very often the case, all the men employed at this work would be at once dismissed, whilst the most rigid economy became the order of the day till such time as another of his horses had managed to get first past the post."

My father as an owner did fairly well, as he kept only a few horses, which won about enough in stakes to pay for their keep, but my grandfather, the third Earl of Orford (alluded to above), raced in great style, expending large sums of money in connection with the Turf. Nevertheless he only owned two really good horses: the Clearwell colt, which won the Two Thousand Guineas in 1833; and Ascot, which was just beaten in the Derby of 1835, by Mundig, belonging to Mr. Bowes. Elnathan Flatman, known as "Nat," rode Ascot, whilst the winning horse was piloted to victory by the celebrated Bill Scott. As illustrating the closeness of the finish, a great sporting authority of the day used to tell the following story:

"When Mundig ran for the Derby, Lord Chesterfield lent John Scott, the trainer, a hard-mouthed pony, which at the crucial moment of the great race cannoned against a carriage near the winning-post. Just then Lord Jersey rode up and said: 'Well, John, I'm sorry for you: Ascot's won.' 'Now't of the sort,' shouted a lad; 'the old beggar in black (Mr. Bowes' colours) has won.' 'Has he?' said John. 'You're the man for my money,' and flung him half a crown."

Bill Scott used to say that he had never ridden a more severe race, and declared that he had to keep on shouting to "Nat" as loud as he could not to allow his colt to hang on to him. Though Mundig won the race, at the next stride Ascot's head was in front and

for some seconds it seemed doubtful which horse the judge would place first. The value of the stakes, subject to the usual deductions, was £3,550, and Mr. Bowes is said to have won £10,000 in bets, the trainer of the horse and his brother, who rode it, each landing an equal sum by their victory. The memory of Mundig's success used to be, and perhaps still is, preserved in one of the toasts drunk by the Cambridge Beefsteak Club, the reason being that his owner, Mr. Bowes, was an undergraduate at the time he won this Derby—Mundig, appropriately enough, is German for come of age.

The classic races which my grandfather did succeed in winning were secured in rather a lucky way, for in the Two Thousand, Clearwell only beat the Emmeline colt, belonging to Lord Exeter, owing to Robinson's fine riding and the Emmeline colt's fixed determination to swerve all over the course. Sixty yards from home the colt in question was leading by two lengths, and, as an eye-witness put it, if the Emmeline colt had taken half the pains to keep on the course which he took to get off it, he must have won with the greatest ease. The One Thousand Guineas of 1850, which he won with a filly by Slane out of Exotic, owed her victory to the brilliant riding of Frank Butler, who managed to secure a favourable verdict by the distance of a very short head. From first to last Lord Orford must, in betting and expenses, have expended many thousands of pounds. Besides this, he lost large sums in play. My mother never ceased to lament that No. 11, Berkeley Square, the house in which her kinsman Horace Walpole had lived and in which she had been born, should have passed to one of the Barings over the card-table in a single night!

The race-course and the gaming table have im-

poverished a considerable number of aristocratic families, besides having completely ruined scores of reckless gamblers. A typical instance of this was Sir John Lade, the subject of the witty lines by Dr. Johnson, who, coming into a rich inheritance at the age of twenty-one, soon succeeded in flinging it to the winds. A gentleman jockey and a renowned whip he cut a great dash for a time; nevertheless, in 1814 he had to be rescued from the King's Bench Prison, where he was detained for debt. Later on, he evolved into a "gentleman coachman," with a salary, to the Prince Regent, who, after his accession, granted his old friend a pension, which, to her eternal honour, Queen Victoria insisted on continuing. Thanks to her, old Sir John, who had in his time been the "Prince of Jehus," and the husband of the wild and good-looking Letty Lade, lived on in comparative comfort till he died at Egham well over eighty.

Another reckless plunger on the Turf in the early part of the last century was Colonel Mellish, a rich young Yorkshireman, who for a time cut a great dash with no less than 38 race-horses in training, 17 coach-horses, 12 hunters, 4 chargers, and a number of hacks. His arrival on the course at Newmarket, in a chaise behind five beautiful white horses, excited great attention, his equipage being preceded by two crimson-liveried outriders, on two more of the same colour. In addition to this another groom led a thoroughbred hack, whilst yet another waited at the rubbing-post with a spare mount. The Colonel in his halcyon days is said to have prided himself on never making a bet of less than £500—one of the causes possibly which contributed to his complete ruin. As in the case of Sir John Lade, Fortune seems to have relented in the end, for Colonel Mellish, though he died at the com-

paratively early age of 39, passed his last years in happiness with a charming wife who possessed sufficient means for the couple to live in comfort.

In some families a love of racing seems to run in the blood. It is said that when a Vernon Harcourt was Archbishop of York he was accustomed to walk in the grounds of the palace, which adjoins the Knavesmire, on days when racing was in progress; gradually approaching nearer and nearer to a gate from which a view of the course could be obtained, he took the greatest interest in the horses that galloped past him. The love of the Turf which animated this prelate did not, however, seem to have affected other distinguished members of the same family, for neither Sir William Harcourt nor his son ever manifested the slightest partiality for the sport in question.

A typical instance of aristocratic folly was Lord Foley, who won the Derby in 1806 with Paris. When this nobleman went on the Turf he had an income of £18,000 a year, as well as a sum in ready money of £100,000, all of which was lost by unsuccessful speculations of a rash kind. All things considered, this, as a contemporary sporting writer said, was not extraordinary, seeing that Lord Foley was for some years a confederate of that most inveterate of all gamblers —Charles James Fox. It is not betting alone that has ruined so many owners who started life rich: the cost of maintaining a racing stable and the numberless other expenses connected with a career on the Turf having largely conduced to the impoverishment of many a man. Owning race-horses has always been an expensive business. In the course of evidence given before a Committee of the House of Commons, it was once estimated that it cost £350 to bring a horse to the starting-post for the Derby—to-day, of course,

the sum would be far greater. In 1845, a successful year for Lord George Bentinck, the latter won fifty-eight races of a collective value of just over £17,000, but against that he had sixty horses in training, and only thirty-six of these ever started; his trainer's account alone was approximately £10,000, a sum which left no great margin of profit to this winning owner. In one year—1845—Lord George is said to have won £100,000 by successful bets, but his racing expenses amounted to an enormous sum. He won £12,000 by the victory of Cotherstone in the Derby, and it is said would have profited to the extent of some £135,000 had Gasper proved the winner of that classic race. One way and another, however, his successes as an owner, though considerable, hardly compensated him for the immense amount of time, thought, and money which he expended upon racing matters. Crucifix, it is true, won the Two Thousand, the One Thousand, and the Oaks in 1840, but Lord George never won the Derby, though if he had not parted with his stud in 1846 he would in all probability have done so, for Mr. Mostyn in his purchase acquired Surplice, who became the winner in 1848, a victory which agitated his former owner when he heard of it.

The late Sir George Chetwynd once told me that he had kept a careful account of the money he had lost and won by betting—and on the whole he was a little to the good. Nevertheless, at the end of his life he was anything but well off, the expenses of a racing stable and a luxurious establishment having made serious inroads into his fortune. Racing men of necessity lead rather extravagant lives, and being accustomed to lose and win large sums do not pay attention to their daily expenditure, which gradually

but surely reduces their fortunes. With regard to betting, it is a curious fact that in certain families every generation in turn seems to imagine that it can get the best of the Ring, it being quite usual for a betting father to have a betting son.

Though there is undoubtedly a large class which ekes out a livelihood owing to betting or a connection with the Turf, instances of anyone having made much backing horses must be extremely rare. I do not indeed think that any plunger has ever succeeded in increasing his fortune owing to the success of his wagers. A modern exception to this might perhaps be cited in the case of the late Captain Machell, who, I believe, did manage to repurchase his family estate out of winnings on the Turf. At the end of his life, however, his judgment as to racing, it is said, became impaired, and he lost back to the "Ring" a good portion of the money which his astute judgment and knowledge of racing had caused him to acquire. Though the number of bookmakers has increased, I rather think that, however lucky a plunger might be, it would not now be possible for him to win the great sums which in the middle of the last century depended upon the result of many a great race. Very long odds have occasionally been laid against certain horses by the Ring, but the layer has generally managed to come well out of the transaction. A bookmaker once wagered £10,000 to £1 against a triple event. Two of the events came off in favour of the backer, the layer then finding himself in the position of having to pay £10,000 if the third horse should win. After, however, the first part of the wager had been won, the latter himself took a double-event bet to cover his risk, and eventually, before the Derby, which was the third race, was run, he compromised for a

which, indeed, he had made his book so badly that while standing to lose heavily he could only have profited to the extent of a few thousands had Vauban, which was his best horse, come in first past the post. The next year the Marquis, a broken-down, ruined man, passed to his grave at the early age of twenty-six. Truly, as Arthur Roberts, in the old days at the Gaiety, used to say, "He who bets is a bettor, but he who doesn't bet is a damned sight better!"

Nevertheless the Turf has its beneficent aspects. Writing to Queen Victoria during the Berlin Congress, Disraeli, speaking of a dinner with Bismarck, said:

"He asked me whether racing was still much encouraged in England. I replied never more so; that when I was young, though there were numerous race meetings, they were at intervals, and sometimes long intervals . . . Epsom, Ascot, Doncaster, Goodwood . . . and Newmarket frequently; but now there were races throughout the year . . . it might be said every day of the year . . . and all much attended."

"Then," cried Bismarck eagerly, "there never will be Socialism in England. You are a happy country. You are safe, as long as the people are devoted to racing. Here a gentleman cannot ride down the street without twenty persons saying to themselves, or each other, 'Why has that fellow a horse, and I have not one?' In England the more horses a nobleman has, the more popular he is. So long as the English are devoted to racing, Socialism has no chance with you."

In another way the Turf exercises a beneficent effect upon society at large: keeping, as it does, a large number of more or less lawless people occupied and amused who might otherwise be engaged in robbing or molesting inoffensive citizens, many of whom,

ignorant of this, look upon the race-course with horror. When all is said and done, it seems probable that the so-called "gangs" about which the Press has been lately concerned are far better employed trying to make a living out of racing than they would be if, for lack of their usual occupation, their energies should be directed into other channels.

"The Boys," indeed, do not limit their activities entirely to the race-course, some of them occasionally indulging in "side-shows" of a more or less predatory nature in which considerable ingenuity is usually shown. Some little time ago a well-dressed individual strolled into a fashionable Bond Street jeweller's and asked to see a few first-class gold watches. A tray of these being placed before him he eventually selected one costing a hundred guineas, at the same time saying he supposed that he would be allowed to pay by cheque. As the would-be purchaser gave an address at a first-class hotel, and seemed to be in a good position in life, the jeweller agreed to the proposal and let his customer take the watch. Great, however, was the jeweller's dismay when a couple of hours later he received a telephone message from a well-known pawnbroker to say that a man was attempting to pawn a new watch, which by its special mark he recognized as having come from the jeweller's shop. As frauds of this kind had been increasing, the two tradesmen decided that this was a case for prosecution, and called in the police. When, however, inquiries had been made, the cheque given by the man was found to be perfectly good, ample funds being in the bank to meet it. The eventual result of the whole affair was that the man demanded and obtained a considerable sum as compensation, which was eventually paid him on his giving an undertaking not to sue for damages, he

having had a perfect right to pledge the watch which he had paid for. Thus ended what was in reality nothing but a carefully-thought-out "plant."

Though dangerous characters at times, "the Boys" have a certain code of honour, or dishonour, of their own, not infrequently getting stolen goods returned to a popular owner or well-known frequenter of the Turf who may have been robbed by mistake. As a matter of fact, a lost piece of jewellery can generally be got back for a moderate sum entrusted to a discreet go-between. A certain racing man, however, found this system rather too expensive. Having several times lost his watch at race meetings, he always got it back for a fiver and no questions asked. At last, however, he was told that the tariff had been raised to seven pounds. "And why?" asked he. "Well," said the intermediary, "the ticker, you see, was out of order and it has had to be repaired for you!"

In spite of cranks and high-brows, there is a certain section of humanity which cannot be coerced into leading quiet and orderly lives. For such people the race-course provides a convenient field of operations, and one which, after all, seems to limit their combative instincts mainly to assaulting only individuals of their own kidney—unobtrusive race-goers wise enough not to make any great display of ready money being left more or less alone. On the other hand, the general public which goes racing certainly deserves protection. In England, unfortunately, we have not yet reached the happy condition which prevails on French race-courses, to which a man may take his wife and daughter without the slightest fear of molestation or annoyance, though perhaps we are gradually progressing towards such an agreeable state of affairs.

The increasing interest of the British public in

everything connected with the Turf is shown by the large amount of what may be called racing literature annually produced: indeed, the number of pictures of race-horses which within the last fifty years have appeared in papers, periodicals and magazines must be simply prodigious. The strange thing is that, to the ordinary reader, all such portraits must be more or less alike, the difference between horse and horse, except to experts, being generally slight. Year by year a larger number of people are becoming interested in sporting events, accounts of which they devour at their breakfast or supper tables. Most of the public, indeed, would be bitterly disappointed if there were no references to the Turf in the papers they read, for which reason the Puritan proposals of the anti-betting fanatics (who have tried to get the state of the odds and, I believe, even accounts of races prohibited by law) would be bitterly resented by all connected with the Press, for without this now time-honoured information, in addition to notes on sporting events, the circulation of daily papers would inevitably fall. Owing, however, to the vast increase in the number of persons who go racing, and of those who make bets though they may not attend meetings, the meddlesome activities of the enemies of the Turf seem for the present at least to have ceased to be an imminent menace. The increase in question has been one of the unforeseen results of the Great War, though why it should have come about it is not easy to divine. The four years of tedium and worry engendered by the great struggle undoubtedly made the people at large determined to enjoy the pleasures of life more than they had previously been in the habit of doing. "Enjoy yourself while you may" seems to have become a general motto; and in view of the dark clouds which

still hover over Europe, who shall say that this point of view is not founded upon a basis of common sense?

A natural result of the increased interest in racing shown by the public at large is the multiplication of advertising tipsters, whose advertisements promise more or less unlimited wealth to those willing to follow (and pay for) their vaticinations. Some of these prophets are prone to burst into verse, a practice which dates as far back as 1837 when "Vates," a well-known Turf-writer of the day, scored a brilliant success with some lines which ended:

> "'Tis over; the trick for the thousands is done:
> George Edwards on Phosphorus the Derby has won."

In subsequent years, among poetic prophets "Orange Blossom" scored several successes, and so did "Rhyming Richard" and many others. Gradually individuals unconnected with the Press began to set themselves up as poets, and recited verses made for the occasion, in tap-rooms of public-houses and on the way to race meetings. In some years poetry relating to the Derby was much more abundant than in others: Blue Gown's year evoked many rhymed effusions. One of the many doggerel songs which heralded the victory of Sir Joseph Hawley's horse is worth quoting, to the extent, at least, of the concluding verse, especially as the ragged prophet who recited it, at "The Cock," at Sutton, assured all who would listen to him that the poetry was his own, and that Blue Gown was a certainty. After going over all the probable competitors, his "poem" wound up as follows:

> "Yet thousands there be who profess to believe
> In an easy-won victory by Sir Joseph's Green Sleeve;
> But all ye gay gallants from London's big town
> Must shell out your gold on bonnie Blue Gown."

Some of the advertising tipsters who claim to have access to special information really do take trouble to furnish their clients with valuable advice. One of these, whose business has been established for a long time, has in certain years given very good information, especially at Ascot, which he claims to be his own especial meeting as it is not far away from the place where he resides. In the year 1924, however, he was not very much on the spot at this particular course. Owing to the fact that he is known to be a genuine man who does his best for his clients, to whom he sometimes sends profitable tips, this prophet's business is extensive and must produce quite a large income, the greater portion of which, alas, for poor human nature, it is understood, he manages to lose by making bets on the Turf! As for the smaller fry of racing tipsters, who are here to-day and gone to-morrow, not a few know little or nothing of racing at all, some even sinking to the well-worn old trick of sending different horses to different clients, being thus pretty sure of securing a present from the recipient lucky enough to have been tipped the winner. All sorts of unlikely people at times attempt to raise the wind by prophecy. Some years ago, in the course of a trial, a man who had been blind for ten years was discovered to have made his living as a tout and tipster! Though certainly a case of the blind leading the blind, he admitted that he had made a very good thing out of his business!

A form of giving tips popular with more or less dishonest prophets used to consist in posing as one closely connected with the Turf. An ingenious trickster of this kind made a practice of advertising on the eve of classic races in the character of a secretary out of place, who, having been employed by a prominent race-horse owner, had had access to special information,

which would be imparted on receipt of a postal order. A more daring rogue, assuming the character of a clergyman, once declared that he had been given the names of the first three horses in a great race from a tout whom he had attended on his death-bed, the object of his advertisement being to provide a fund for the relief of the said tout's very destitute family. Yet another posed as a lady's maid who had discovered the name of the winning horse through her mistress's sporting friends, and which, for a fee of three shillings and sixpence, she was prepared to forward to anyone anxious to make a pile.

Though tipsters still make a livelihood, the greater attention which the Press of recent years has devoted to racing has enlightened the public as to that sport, while from time to time certain papers greatly increase their circulation owing to a sporting prophet having a run of luck and giving a number of winners. Owners of race-horses seem to be of two opinions as to newspaper tips, though some of them are pleased enough at seeing their horses backed with success by the great public which makes small bets. One of this class was the late Sir Blundell Maple, who was always gratified when the papers gave any horse of his which won, no doubt having the idea that it would conduce to his popularity. On the other hand, owners who try to make racing pay are deliberately apt to put those seeking for information off, the idea being that when a horse is tipped to win it is apt to start at a short price. The writers who give sporting predictions in the newspapers, it may be added, are apt to receive a number of rude letters and postcards when, as frequently happens, their selection fails to win a big race. The trouble taken by newspapers to secure sporting correspondents able to furnish good

and reliable racing information has probably rather weakened the public support of tipsters in general; still, as they continue to advertise, the business must still be a paying one. A selection of their effusions, say for the last fifty years, would form a curious and interesting chapter, in the history of human gullibility.

In the past sporting prophets of this kind sometimes dabbled with the occult, advertising that, having dreamt the winner of a classic race, they would impart their priceless information for half a crown—some even claimed that by means of clairvoyance, combined with postal orders, they would make any backer's fortune. It is not improbable that the tips of these mystery men were no better, or no worse, than those furnished by people intimately acquainted with the intricacies of the Turf; indeed, when all is said and done, those in the very best position to know often go more wrong in backing winners than the veriest tyro who ever ventured to make a bet.

A lady who had never seen racing in her life, having been taken to a meeting near London, at the end of the day was found to have backed five winners out of six! In the first race she had chosen a horse because the colours pink and white were like those in her hat; in the second because the horse had an attractive name; in the third because the jockey had a nice face, and so on till the last race, when, being content with her winnings, she had ceased to bet. It happened to be a wonderful day for outsiders, and the clever racing division lost pots of money laying odds on favourites which did not win.

The wonder is how the ordinary Turf prophets, whose name is legion, contrive to secure a sufficient number of clients to make their business pay. Con-

siderable ingenuity is often shown in these tipsters' circulars, which are generally written in a grandiloquent style, as the following reveals :

" Dear Sir,—DON'T WASTE YOUR MONEY. Let me entreat you not to miss to-morrow's GOLDEN PADDOCK WIRE ; it will be honestly worth a £10 note.

" My RELATION, connected with a certain WELL-KNOWN STABLE, says, ' Frank, my boy, get your money on at once ; this is another 20 to 1 chance.' A GOLD MINE is before us—miss this, and you will miss a pile of GOLD and silver.

" OWNER and TRAINER have planked their money down ; both will travel with the GRAND ANIMAL (the name of which I will forward for 5s.) to-morrow by special train.

" Send a postal order and secure the name of the smartest three-year-old that ever came under the starters' orders or romped past the judge's box lengths ahead of all the favourites, winning clients and myself HUNDREDS OF POUNDS."

All sorts of methods are employed by sporting prophets anxious to increase their clientele, and some time ago one of them very cleverly hit upon the idea of taking advantage of a newspaper competition, when a good prize had been offered by a sporting paper for naming the most popular tipster of the day. Purchasing some thousands of coupons he put his own name on them, of course varying the writing to prevent suspicion. As a result of these tactics he was eventually adjudged to be the prize prophet, and, though the scheme cost him a good deal of money, it eventually brought considerable grist to his mill.

In former days there used to be a certain number of recognized tipsters who frequented race-courses, the

best known of whom was old Jack Dickinson, who died not very long ago. A thoroughly honest man, who took great trouble to obtain accurate information, Jack was very popular with race-goers, and had regular followers, who rewarded him well when, as not infrequently happened, he put them on to a good thing. In certain years he was very successful, so much so indeed that, I believe, he once actually owned a racehorse or two, but I do not think that that did him much good. Old Jack was a regular church-goer in his own parish, where his death caused genuine sorrow. Though in his capacity as Turf tipster he was at times compelled to issue his circulars on Sunday, he did not like doing so, and, by way of salving his conscience for such lapses, is said to have made a practice of devoting all the money he received as a result of his Sunday information to church purposes, it being put into the collection box. Since this very worthy Turf prophet has gone, as far as I know, there has arisen no successor who exactly fills his place. As a matter of fact, the men who formerly made a living by giving tips on the race-course have been decreased in number by the modern system of enclosed meetings, where they cannot openly ply their calling. Only at Epsom and the few other remaining open meetings can such minor prophets harangue small crowds between the races. Though the day of original costumes has gone, one or two assume a jockey's cap and jacket in order, I suppose, to emphasize their close connection with the mysterious circle which is supposed to know all that is worth knowing about the Turf. The most picturesque prophet, however, is a gentleman of dark complexion who, dressed in a kind of Oriental garb, dispenses special information for a modest fee, and after having given a winner manifests his delight by brandishing

an umbrella and indulging in cries of triumph, which usually attracts a crowd of clients, to whom he promises yet another "good thing."

Tipsters cannot, of course, indulge in such demonstrations at gate-money meetings, where, outwardly at least, considerable decorum prevails. The arrangements on modern race-courses are in most ways a great improvement upon the old-fashioned happy-go-lucky methods which formerly prevailed. It is claimed, indeed, that the English Turf of to-day is thoroughly up to date; nevertheless, in some things it is behind the times as compared with modern developments abroad. The general arrangements as regards the comfort of the ordinary race-goer are certainly not equal to those which prevail in France, while as regards the racing itself the starting-gate is of an old-fashioned type, long discarded in Australia, where a vastly improved gate with five strands has been in use for the last ten years. In Australia, also, not only the jockeys of the first three horses in a race have to weigh in, but every jockey who may have taken part in it. The object of this is to prevent any carrying of overweight, by which means unscrupulous people have been known to make a horse run badly so that it may be leniently handicapped for some future event in which they mean to pull off a coup.

II

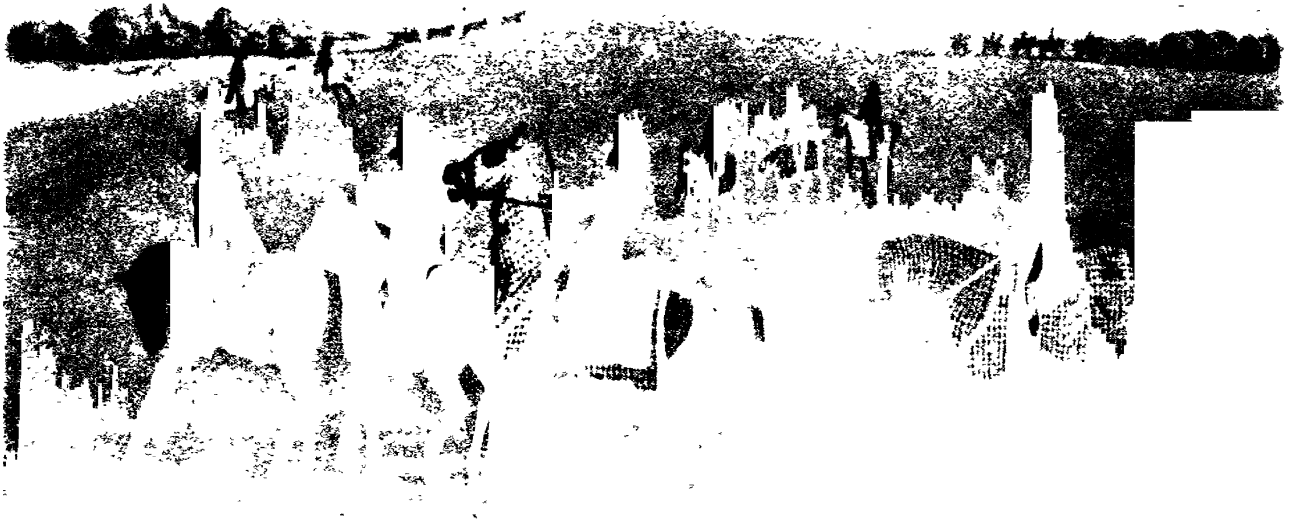
JOCKEYS AND TRAINERS

WITHIN living memory there has been a great improvement in the social status of almost all classes professionally connected with the Turf—jockeys, trainers, and even the Ring. The lot of a race-rider in the past was always rough, and usually not particularly lucrative—a good idea of what the training and discipline prevailing in a racing stable of a past age was may be gathered from the autobiography of Holcroft, the comedian and dramatist, part of whose boyhood was passed with a trainer called Woodcock, who trained four or five miles from Newmarket. Having been poorly brought up at Nottingham, the author of "The Road to Ruin" was at first enchanted with his new quarters. Plenty of excellent cold beef, bread and cheese, with the best table-beer, and as much as he liked to eat when he stopped to breakfast, were agreeable novelties after the poor fare to which he had been accustomed. A man called Jack Clarke, who had got Holcroft his new place, was so kind as to put the boy on his guard against the tricks which were always played upon novices in the racing-stables. One of the practical jokes of that period—about the year 1757—was for the boys to persuade their victim that the first thing necessary for a well-trained stable-boy to do was to borrow as many waistcoats as he could, and in the morning,

after he had fed and groomed his horse, put them all on, take a run of perhaps two or three miles, return home, strip himself stark naked, and immediately be covered up in a hot dunghill. This, these rascals assured Holcroft, was the method experienced jockeys adopted when they were wasting to ride a race! Should a poor fellow be so foolish as to follow their directions, they usually ended their sport by throwing pailfuls of cold water over the poor wretch.

All this sort of thing has now long become obsolete, together with most of the old-fashioned methods adhered to by trainers of a past age. Speaking of this subject, the late Henry Custance, an excellent jockey in his day, writing in 1894, said:

"The system of training race-horses has been considerably altered since I first went to Newmarket, thirty-seven years ago—I mean so far as sweating and galloping are concerned. You seldom, if ever, see or hear of a horse being sweated now; but at the time I have just mentioned it was quite a common thing to see fifteen or twenty horses sweated in one morning; and at that time there were not one-fourth of the number of animals in training at Newmarket that there are now. It was the fashion to sweat a horse, whether he was a gross or light animal, once a week, and in some cases three times a fortnight; in fact, they were trained by rule, and no one seemed to dare to alter the system, although it was often talked of. Perfectly well do I recollect when Mr. Joseph Dawson first went to train at Newmarket, that he was ridiculed and laughed at for not sweating his horses in the same fashion as other trainers did; but he outlived all the ridicule, and had the satisfaction of seeing his own method of training come into vogue long before he died. I believe it was his brother, Thomas Dawson,



TRAINING 100 YEARS AGO

of Middleham, who was the first to abstain from the practice, and it was afterwards carried into effect by all the brothers."

Some of the old school of trainers were queer characters. Cox, who managed Sir Charles Bunbury's horses, having been taken seriously ill about the date of the Epsom summer meeting in 1801, his friends thought it right that he should be visited by a clergyman, in order that the invalid might receive some religious consolation before his end. When the parson arrived at the trainer's house, he found that the poor man was speechless, but from the efforts the latter made to speak the clergyman thought that he must have something on his mind which he was anxious to confess. Cox was therefore earnestly exhorted to ease his soul by speaking. Making a terrible effort, the dying man rose up in his bed and, with the sweat of death on his forehead, said in hollow tones to the expectant clergyman, "Depend on it, Eleanor is a damned fine mare!" These were his last words, for no sooner had he gasped them out than he fell back dead. Eleanor won the Derby!

The pet aversion of the old-fashioned school of trainers was the "tout," a term which at one time included all sorts of rascals, from the individual who stole Sir John Astley's umbrella, which he had stuck into the ground between two showers, on the Bury Hill, to the villain who in shilling shockers enters a horse-box on a dark night and, after having drugged the stable-boy in charge, nobbles the favourite. In novelettes and dramas a tout is generally under the thumb of a bookmaker or professional criminal of some sort, and usually obtains information concerning a horse's chances by charming a trainer's daughter, or making love to a pretty maid-servant engaged to

marry a jockey. There is a print, after a picture by R. B. Davis (a fine draughtsman of horses, who was the brother of the huntsman of the Royal Buckhounds, and passed many days at the stables at Ascot painting pictures of the Royal Hunt), which depicts the "Newmarket Touter," an individual lying hidden among some furze bushes watching a string of horses at daybreak. This was the lower kind of tout, whose way it was to "dig himself in" and remain with only his head and a telescope protruding. Such individuals were regarded by owners and trainers as natural enemies, and everyone's hand, sometimes holding a horsewhip, was directed against them. Not infrequently a tout was dragged through a horse-pond or severely mauled.

Many have been the tricks adopted by trainers to baffle touts. One of the most efficacious of these was to gallop a horse which was being trained for a big race at totally unexpected times. The horses would do their work in the morning and be sent back to their stable, but after a while, when all was quiet and the touts had gone away, some special horse would be brought out again and given a rattling gallop. This could only be done, however, when the stable was a small one and there were some trustworthy boys connected with it. Certain trainers deceived touts for long periods by such a trick; two or three strong gallops each week are quite sufficient to keep a horse in good condition up to the final month of preparation for a race, and unless a man contrived to find out about those particular gallops, he would be under the impression that the horse could not have any chance of being prepared for his race, being so backward in condition! On the other hand, occasionally some tout, more astute than the rest, finding this out, would

at once let some bookmaker know what was taking place, in order that the latter should beware of laying a long price against a horse likely to prove a winner. Under such circumstances an astute layer would, when a commission was put on the market, at once step in and "help himself," with good results to his own pocket and in a minor degree to that of his clever tout.

All sorts of subterfuges have been adopted by persons seeking for information. A clever trick was that played by a tout who, having got hold of a policeman's uniform, told a trainer that he had come down from London to tell him that two noted bad characters had left for Newmarket on some evil mission. The supposed guardian of law and order, who had come from Berkshire, was hospitably entertained and rewarded, and in addition learned an important stable secret that he could not otherwise have heard. Though touts attach great importance to the results of trials, the latter are not always to be relied upon. In a number of cases the explanation of this may be that the trial is wrong, a thing not unlikely to happen when some of the horses are ridden by jockeys and some by stable-boys. The dictum of what a racing peer of other days said on this subject is, however, worth remembering. According to old Lord Exeter, there was not 3 lb. between the best jockey and a good stable-boy!

The great mass of the general public which occasionally has a bet is apt to regard owners, jockeys, and trainers as possessing exceptional knowledge, but, as a matter of fact, jockeys, bound as they are to be prejudiced in favour of their mounts, are often the worse tipsters in the world; while trainers, from the very necessity of their calling, are generally reticent

in the extreme, and when they do give a tip, though it is often somewhere near first, are anything but infallible. As for owners, the financial fate which sooner or later overtakes most of them would appear to indicate that the special information which they are supposed to possess is no better than that of the general public.

The great jockeys of a past age had their own methods of riding races, notably Sam Chifney the elder, who, having beautiful hands, naturally attached great importance to the way in which a horse should be handled. In "Genius Genuine," his treatise on race-riding, which attained a great sale, he says:

"The first fine point in riding a race is to command your horse so that he runs light on his mouth: it keeps him better altogether, his legs are the more under him, his sinews are less extended, he has less exertion, and his wind is less locked. The horse running thus to order, his parts are more at ease, and he can run considerably faster when called upon than that one who has been running in fretting, sprawling attitudes, with part of his rider's weight on his mouth. As he comes to his last extremity, the finish of the race, he is better forced and kept straight with manner, on a fine touch to his mouth. In this situation his mouth should be eased of the rein; if not, it stops him little or much. The phrase at Newmarket is that you should pull your horse to ease him, but when he is in his greatest distress in running he cannot bear that *visible* manner of pulling. He should be enticed to ease himself an inch at a time, as his situation will allow: this should be done as if you had a silken rein as fine as a hair and that you were afraid of breaking it."

Taking Chifney the elder at his own estimate of his abilities, he says:

"In 1773 I could ride horses in a better manner, in a race to beat others, than any person ever known in my time; and in 1775 I could train horses for running better than any person I ever yet saw. Riding I learned myself, and training I learned from Mr. Richard Prince."

This estimate of his own abilities was, it seems, not overdrawn, but was endorsed by the best judges of the time, and Chifney, in consequence, soon found himself at the top of the tree as a horseman, being considered the superior of all his contemporaries, among whom were Oakley, J. P. Hindley, John Arnold, Sam Arnull, W. Clift, and, though last not least, that excellent horseman F. Buckle. His employers numbered some of the greatest patrons of the Turf, including the Duke of Bedford and Lord Grosvenor. But he was best known professionally from his connection with George IV, then Prince of Wales, who, in consequence of his fame as a jockey, had engaged him on July 14, 1790, to ride for him at the then handsome salary of £200 a year.

Chifney senior is associated in the annals of the Turf with what was, at the time, a *cause célèbre*, namely, his riding of the Prince Regent's horse Escape, the proceedings in connection with which event excited an extraordinary degree of attention. Briefly stated, the whole affair was as follows: Chifney rode the horse in question on October 20, 1791, and was defeated in the race, but on the same horse he won the next day, and in consequence was accused by the Jockey Club of having rode the horse "a cheat," an accusation which he refuted with great spirit; but although his innocence of any fraud was said to have been established, the very accusation had so militated for a time against his career and prospects that he

ultimately wrote a history of the whole matter in his book. In any case, His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales appears to have been perfectly convinced of the integrity of his jockey, for he continued to be Chifney's patron at other meetings where he had horses running, and also settled a pension upon him, which was to be paid so long as the Prince lived, in addition to which, Chifney's two sons were received into the Royal stables.

The whole unsavoury scandal, as told in Whyte's "History of the British Turf," runs as follows:

"On the 20th October, 1791, the Prince of Wales' best horse, Escape, ridden by the late Samuel Chifney, was beaten by Coriander by two lengths, and Skylark, for the Plate, for which he was the favourite in the betting. 'Ditch In.' On the following day, the betting being 4 and 5 to 1 against Escape, this horse, jockeyed again by Chifney, beat Skylark and other horses easily. Upon this a great outcry was raised at Newmarket by the losers, who did not hesitate to say that Chifney had rode to lose on the 20th, and that the Prince of Wales was implicated in the cheat."

As a result of the excitement produced by this affair the Prince, withdrawing from Newmarket, gave up racing for a time, but returned to the Turf again in 1826, when he followed the pastime with greater ardour than before.

One of Chifney's sons, having heard his father had been calumniated by Colonel Leigh, one of His Royal Highness's equerries, took the liberty of asserting his father's innocence by thrashing that gentleman, which led to the discharge of the lads from the Royal stables and the withdrawal of the pension which the Prince had bestowed on their father. This was in 1803, and in 1807 the senior Chifney died in his lodgings in

Fleet Street, London, leaving a widow and six children in rather reduced circumstances. There is no doubt whatever that the elder Chifney was in every way a remarkable man, and although only about five feet five inches in height, a giant in his profession of horse-riding. He was possessed of an immense fund of knowledge with regard to the training and riding of horses, as also of stable economy. He was the inventor of a particular bit that bore his name, and he was the discoverer of what he called "slack-rein riding," about which there was at one time a great deal of controversy.

The elder Chifney, as a horseman, had many admirers, and Frank Buckle, the son of a saddler, born at Newmarket, who rode his first race when thirteen, took many hints from him. Buckle, unlike some jockeys of his day, was very neat in his dress, agreeable in his manners, and always ready to help others, never grudging any hints or advice on riding by which he could help budding jockeys. Frugal in his habits, it was his delight to celebrate the close of every racing season by a supper which consisted mainly of roast goose and old ale. He had indeed none of the luxurious tastes indulged in by jockeys of a later age, such as Tod Sloan and others, and it was greatly to his credit that at a period when the morals of the Turf were lax he was justly noted for his honourable and spotless career. His scrupulous ways sometimes, it was said, cost him money, but nevertheless he enjoyed a good income, and put by a large sum of money for his old age, leaving an example to those who succeeded him, which bore out the good old saying that "honesty is the best policy." An instance of Buckle's integrity was once shown at Lewes, where, though he had backed a horse of Mr. Durand's for a

considerable sum, he was obliged to ride another horse in the same race, which when it came to be run he literally pulled out of the fire for his employer, though by so doing he lost his own money. In another race at Newmarket, in 1811, he rode a horse called Wizard, against Arnull, who was riding Middlethorpe; the latter, a son of Shuttle, a bad-tempered brute, stopped so short that Arnull was pitched off, and Buckle finished alone. Much to his astonishment he had the greatest difficulty in keeping Wizard on his legs till the winning-post was passed. The horse reeled and staggered and could barely stand!

"I don't know what you have done to this horse?" Buckle afterwards said to the trainer, who, much upset, made no reply.

It subsequently transpired that the man had lost a considerable sum by having backed Middlethorpe! Buckle was one of the few jockeys who won the Derby and Oaks in the same year (1802), in which he took long odds that he would win both races. His mount for the Derby was the Duke of Grafton's Tyrant, a very moderate animal which started at 7 to 1. The favourite was Mr. Wilson's colt by Young Eclipse, reputed to be the best horse of his year at a mile; his price was 11 to 8. The favourite made the running and was challenged by Sir Charles Bunbury's Orlando, who stuck to him hard for the first mile. Buckle's fine judgment of pace, however, told him that both horses must eventually come back to him, so keeping a watchful eye, he eventually came up with Tyrant, and to the surprise of everyone won the great Epsom prize with a very mediocre horse. Fancying the chances of Mr. Wastell's Scotia for the Oaks, this fine jockey duly obtained the mount, and though Scotia was beaten three times between Tattenham

Corner and home, Buckle got her up again in front and won by a head.

For some time Buckle lived at Peterborough, and thought nothing of galloping his hacks to Newmarket, riding his trials and returning to Peterborough in time for tea, covering 92 miles in a day, besides his work on the Heath. His last race was ridden in 1831, just fifty years from the beginning of his Turf career. In his time he was a master of hounds, a breeder of greyhounds, fighting cocks, and bulldogs, and was celebrated for his excellent hacks. He also, at one period, went in largely for farming and was famous for his excellent butter, which was greatly prized.

An original character among the jockeys of the 'fifties was one called Norman, known as " Post-boy," because he was said to have begun life in that capacity at Burghley, Lord Exeter's seat near Stamford. Be this as it may, going to Harlock's stable at Newmarket, he eventually became first jockey to Lord Exeter. He rode Stockwell in the Two Thousand Guineas, the Epsom Derby, and St. Leger, winning the first and last. The following year, 1853, he went to stay at Burghley House, for the Stamford meeting. Having won several races in the popular light-blue and white stripes the year before, he was made a great fuss of, being given dinner in the housekeeper's room. After a good meal the latter said to him:

" Mr. Norman, would you like to take a little dessert ? "

Norman, who had not been used to such luxuries, but was one of the finest trencher-men who ever sat down at table, said:

" Thank you, mum, I don't mind if I do, if you will fetch up that beefsteak pudding again."

Henry Custance was a great jockey in his day. He

rode Vespasian to victory in the Goodwood Cup of 1869 with a weight of 10 stone 4 pounds. Vespasian, it may be added, lived to a considerable age, and was flourishing in Australia as late as 1885. Another fine horseman of the past was John Osborne—jockey, owner, trainer, and breeder of thoroughbreds. Born at Bretby in 1833, the son of John Howe Osborne, who was so intimately connected with the stud of Mr. John George Lambton, afterwards the first Earl of Durham, John Osborne was the last representative of the old school of race-riders. He died comparatively recently, having outlived Fred Archer by a period of thirty-five years. Possessing an unrivalled knowledge of the Turf, his opinion was highly respected by race-goers. Having once been asked which of the jockeys he had ridden against he considered the best, he replied, "There's been a lot of good jockeys. Jim Robinson was a good jockey, and so was Fred Archer, but I am inclined to think Fordham was the best of all; you never quite knew where you had him," an estimate which was very high praise, coming as it did from one of that jockey's greatest rivals over a long period of years!

Fordham, after having retired from the Turf, returned to it, but seemed to have lost much of his old form. The worst race, indeed, that he ever rode is said to have been in the Derby, which he won on Sir Bevys. In this he came round Tattenham Corner so wide that he lost lengths, and then after taking the lead at the Bell, rode his horse right out to the end, as though hotly pressed, although nothing was near him, a sad falling off from the Fordham who had once filled everyone with admiration by his wonderful finishes at Newmarket!

The jockey in question, who was known as the

"Demon," was born at Cambridge in 1837, and was wonderfully light in his youthful days. When thirteen years old, for instance, he rode Isabella at the Brighton Autumn Meeting, his own weight was 3 stone 8 pounds, though the mare carried 5 stone. Though a first-class jockey Fordham had not as good a seat as Constable, who looked a perfect picture on a horse. Both of these jockeys rode a good deal for Lord Rosebery, who was very kind to Constable during his last illness at Epsom. The rider who knew how to handle two-year-olds better than most men was Tom Cannon, who wore the scarlet and white hoops of the ill-fated Marquis of Hastings, on Repulse in the One Thousand Guineas—the only classic event that that misguided young plunger ever won. Tom Cannon, though he won the Oaks four times, only won the Derby once, on Shotover. Charlie Wood, a Yorkshireman, born at Hull, probably rode his best race on Ruperra, in the Great Yorkshire Stakes, when to everyone's surprise Wheel of Fortune failed to win. Wood, who had a great reputation as a jockey in his day, was a keen rival of Archer's. Unlike a number of people connected with the Turf, I believe that this jockey at the end of his racing career had become a comparatively rich man.

A good light-weight jockey was Huxtable, who had a pretty wit. Having in a certain race received instructions from the Duchess of Montrose to make the running, and his horse having been beaten, the Duchess, who was furious with him, inquired why on earth he had not obeyed her orders and "come along with the horse." To this very pertinent question the jockey made answer:

"I am sorry, your Grace, but I should have had to come along *without* the horse."

The Duchess, whatever her other merits might have been, did not bear adverse fortune with calm. When, in 1887, the Manton horses were fairly sweeping the board, after having experienced a long spell of adverse fortune—always borne by the Duke of Beaufort, who trained with Taylor, without a murmur—the latter was watching the unsaddling of a horse belonging to the Duchess, which had just won a race at Goodwood, when Her Grace came down from the stand and, shaking hands with the shrewd old man, exclaimed:

"What a wonderful trainer you are!"

"Yes, your Grace—*when I win*!" was Taylor's reply.

Inclined to be capricious and fond of having her own way, the Duchess was constantly changing her trainers. One of several whom at various times she employed was called Peace—a Peace, she used to say, "who passeth all understanding."

Though in her later years not remarkable for good looks, she continued to exercise a considerable fascination over many by her beautiful voice, the timbre of which was exceedingly agreeable. Before her last marriage all sorts of people were supposed to be going to marry her. At one time indeed there was a rumour, probably not based upon any solid grounds, that the Duchess was going to be led to the altar by Fred Archer!

At this distance of time it is difficult to realize what a great place this famous jockey occupied in the affections of the race-goers of his day.

Born at Cheltenham on January 11, 1857, Fred Archer came of a family of horsemen, his father having ridden in many races, among others in the Grand National, while his brother Charles, who became a trainer at Newmarket, was also a jockey. Another brother, William, was killed at Cheltenham races in

1884. As a jockey the "Tinman," as Archer was affectionately called by his admirers, was supreme, but of course it must be remembered that he got the cream of the mounts. Still, he had a number of very fine horsemen riding against him—George Fordham, Charlie Wood, Tom Cannon, and others. For years Archer was able to put over 200 wins to his name. In 1876–77–78 he rode over 200 winners each year; in 1884 he won 242 times, and in 1885, 246! Of course he had a vast number of mounts every year, occasionally steering both father and son first past the post, as in the case of Master Kildare, on which he won the City and Suburban, whose son Melton, with Archer up, won the Derby.

Archer had nerves of iron, beautiful hands, a good head, and an extraordinary faculty of noting what other horses were doing in a race. For this reason Pressmen agreed that there was no better person to tell them, after a race, how all the horses had been running. Though ever marvellously quick at getting off at a start, he was yet very well behaved at the starting-post. Critics sometimes declared that he made a habit of trying to gain three or four lengths there, but, generally speaking, when he was in a race the starter could drop the flag with the greatest confidence. Even if the great jockey was not quite up to the rest of the horses he was soon with them, and generally took the lead. It was not unusual for Archer to ride the last fifty yards of a race with a loose rein, sitting very forward on his mount in a fashion which old people said was strikingly reminiscent of Chifney. Many a moderate horse, which with a poor rider would have stood no chance, displayed latent qualities and capacities under his magnetic hands.

One of the best races Archer rode was when he won

the Manchester Cup on Valour. Peter, belonging to Sir John Astley and ridden by Charlie Wood, was a hot favourite, Valour being at 33 to 1, a good price for anything ridden by the redoubtable Archer, who on this occasion indeed no one seemed to fancy as a winner. During the race Archer sent his mount along for a bit and then eased him, waiting till he reached the straight to set him going again. Meanwhile Wood seemed to have the race in hand on Peter, and was consequently surprised when Valour came up to him. A hard tussle ensued, which ended in the latter horse winning by a head!

Though Archer quite naturally liked making money, a kinder hearted man never lived. His good deeds, however, were generally done in secret and most of them never came to light; many a poor man indeed had reason to bless the great jockey's name.

"If it hadn't been for the 'Tinman,'" said a broken-down hanger-on of the race-course, "I'd have been dead long before now. One morning, when I felt so bad that I thought I was going to die, I met him as he was coming off the Heath. He pulled up and remarked that I was looking very ill. I told him how bad I felt, and he rode away. An hour or so after I had got home a letter arrived, and in it, to my delight, was a five-pound note. That put me on my legs, for I was able to rest a bit. He was a rare good 'un was Fred, where poor people were concerned!"

Archer was especially popular with aristocratic young plungers—Guardsmen and the like, who frequently got out of their depths in those days. Not a few of these he saved by giving them good tips which got them out of a bad week. When he did this, however, he usually stipulated that they should keep the information to themselves and not bet any

more than was sufficient for them to recoup their losses.

In ordinary life Archer was of somewhat distinguished appearance, as I remember thinking when I saw him for the last time standing on the platform of Oxford Station, the year before his death. Tall for a jockey, he was about five feet ten in height, with long legs and a neat slim figure, much like that of his nephew, the popular Mr. Willie Pratt, who now trains at Chantilly. Mr. Pratt, I may add, as I have often told him, in other respects resembles the uncle whom he never saw. Notwithstanding an apparently frail frame, Archer possessed considerable strength, which his drastic methods of wasting for a time did not seem to impair. Out of the racing season he stood well over 10 stone, but he would get himself down to ride 8 stone 10 at Lincoln, practising all the devices of an insensate system—Turkish baths, little food, physic, etc. A water biscuit and a tiny glass of champagne often formed his dinner; and this zeal of abstinence proved fatal to him. Archer's efforts to get his weight down to 8 st. 7 lb. were indeed of the most drastic and health-wrecking kind: a breakfast of hot castor-oil, black coffee and a slice of toast being part of a régime which undoubtedly led to his tragic end. Considering his constant "wasting," it is indeed rather wonderful that he should have lived even to his thirtieth year. Grown from constant habit used to taking medicines, the great jockey imbibed doses which would have laid any ordinary man up for a week. Meeting a friend one day who had been upset by a journey, Archer gave him a tablespoon of his own mixture, of which he took half a tumbler himself. The poor man couldn't go to the races next day, but Archer, in spite of having taken such a large dose, was apparently all right. He

would think nothing of getting his weight down six or seven pounds in under two days by drugs and Turkish baths alone—a very weakening mode of wasting.

When Archer rode his first race in Ireland on Cambusmore he received a tremendous ovation from the crowd both before and after the race, which he won. That day he looked very ill, but to a friend who made some comment upon this he jokingly said:

"If I look ill now, what shall I look like next Wednesday, when I am going to ride St. Mirin at 8st. 6lb. in the Cambridgeshire, which I am going to win!"

His friend begged him to take care, speaking of the dangers of excessive wasting and the jockeys whom it had practically killed—snuffed out like the flame of a candle.

"Well," replied Archer, "whether I go out or not I shall do it."

When the Cambridgeshire came to be run, St. Mirin, which had to give Sailor Prince a stone and three years, was just beaten a short head. In consequence of this defeat, it was said, Archer lost a good deal of money. The last race the latter rode was at Lewes, on Tommy Tittlemouse. He was not well at the time, besides which it is probable that he had never recovered from the shock he had received by the death of his young wife in 1884, which had broken his heart. Advised by friends to return to Newmarket, he reached that place in a terrible state, culminating in a fit of delirium during which he shot himself—a sad lesson as to the bad effects of excessive wasting which all jockeys should take to heart.

The death of Archer just at the height of his wonderful racing career created a great sensation, not only in Turf circles, but also among the general public, which

had come to regard him as a sort of racing hero. As in the case of many other outstanding figures, legends grew up about him once he had gone. It was bruited about, for instance, that his ghost, mounted on a spectral steed, was to be seen on certain nights galloping over Newmarket Heath. Meanwhile, his grave in the churchyard at the top of the town at Newmarket was visited by many race-goers anxious to pay a last tribute to the great horseman. For years floral tributes were piled on the spot where the "Tinman" sleeps his last sleep—I believe, indeed, that flowers are to be seen there still. It is to be hoped that as time goes on this grave will not be allowed to lapse into the somewhat pitiful state into which that of another great jockey has fallen in Hove Churchyard. Here lies Chifney the younger, who, having passed the greater part of his life within sound of the roar of the Ring, was laid to rest in a spot within range of the murmur of the sea. For years after his death the grave of this great little jockey was tended with loving care, but when, a short time ago, the present writer paid a visit to it, it was in a state of desolation and decay.

Since Archer's day, though there have been many good jockeys, none of them, except possibly Donoghue, has captured the public imagination to anything like the same extent. Archer may indeed be said to have been the last great jockey of the old school, for in the 'nineties came the great American invasion, when Tod Sloan, riding very short with his knees tucked up and his chin on his horse's withers, won race after race on the July course. It is curious to recall that at one time this jockey's then new-fashioned style of riding caused him to be greeted with derisive cheers. Soon, however, the new seat came to be generally adopted, ugly

as it was. Its origin appears to have sprung from close observation of the nigger boys who, when thrown up on their broncos with only a rug to sit upon, get their balance partly by grip with their small knees almost round the horse's withers, and partly by leaning forward and holding the horse's mane.

Within the last fifty years or so, together with a great improvement in the social status of jockeys, has arisen the practice of bestowing extravagant presents of money upon such of these important personages who manage to win a great classic race or big handicap. A much more modest scale of remuneration for such victories prevailed in old days! For winning two important races for the Duke of Grafton, John Day, a jockey of the period, and an artist in the saddle, was sent for by His Grace in order to be presented with a gift. John appeared, hat in hand, and making his best bow, stood before the Duke, who said:

"I have sent for you as I am going to make you a present for your good riding; there is a twenty-pound note for you, and I hope you will not waste it."

Though one reads a great deal of the prowess of jockeys in past days, as far as can be judged the old school of race-riders would scarcely stand a chance with modern ones such as Donoghue, Frank Bullock, Gordon Richards, and others. The latter, a lightweight, who is at the head of the list of winning jockeys this year (1925), looks like making a great name for himself in the world of sport.

If riding has improved, the same I believe can scarcely be said of the ways and manners of modern horsemen. According to a well-known trainer, jockeys, more especially the younger ones, are becoming increasingly difficult to deal with, not a few showing a disrespectful independence of a none too pleasant kind.

This is the less excusable when it is realized that about twenty times the money is paid to professional horsemen as compared with what they received in Archer's day, when a good deal more was expected and obtained from men and boys who could be relied on.

III

BOOKMAKING AND BOOKMAKERS

TO be a successful bookmaker requires a number of special gifts, as many novices who have tried their hand at the business have discovered to their cost. Laying horses, indeed, is by no means a certain or easy road to wealth, and though a good deal is heard about leviathans of the Ring who have risen to affluence from humble beginnings, as much, or more, might be told of men with a small capital who have found bookmaking anything but a profitable game. A novice on the rails is exposed to all sorts of tactics with which only an astute brain can deal, professional backers and sharps being quick to take advantage of the unwary. Not infrequently, in order to get clients, a budding layer offers half a point or so over the odds, thereby entering upon a sure road to ruin, as a good many people have discovered. Much, naturally, depends upon a bookmaker's clerk, who must be as quick as lightning in taking down bets, as well as have an intimate knowledge of figures. The odds change so rapidly that almost a special instinct is required to grasp the way they are going, the least carelessness in this respect often involving the layer in financial disasters. In addition to this the cream of the betting is always secured by old-established firms, the general public, which in the long run loses its money, being averse to betting with unknown

men, unless there is some advantage to be gained thereby.

The expenses of a modern bookmaker are not small —travelling about from one place to another and hotel bills cost a good deal of money, in addition to which he has other charges to pay. At the present time a bookmaker's clerk gets from £5 to £7 a week, whether there is racing or not, all his expenses being defrayed. A runner gets £1 a day, but as he generally works for about four bookmakers his financial position seems to be pretty good. On the other hand, unlike a clerk, he has to pay all his own expenses and receives nothing from any bookmaker who does not happen to go racing. In consequence of this most runners only do really well at race meetings easily reached from London.

Racing, of course, affords employment to a vast number of people indirectly connected with it, such as cab and taxi drivers, itinerant vendors and others, in addition to which it fills hotels and swells the receipts of railway companies, racing men doing an enormous amount of travelling throughout the year. The disbursements of an owner who regularly attends meetings are generally very large. As is stated elsewhere in this volume, the late Sir George Chetwynd told the writer that from his books, which had been very carefully kept, he found that though he had on the whole won money over the horses he had owned, his own personal expenses and those connected with the upkeep of his stable had greatly exceeded the sum-total of his winnings, and amounted to a very considerable sum.

In addition to the outgoings mentioned above, a bookmaker has to spend money in procuring information, though he obtains a good deal in the natural

course of his business. For many reasons, indeed, he is bound to be better informed than a backer. To begin with, he is constantly being posted as to a horse's chances, even by those who come to bet with him. Before big handicaps owners back their horses, in addition to which a layer is usually well informed as to trials and obtains valuable clues to work upon, while learning what " dead horses " to lay. One way and another, indeed, it is any odds against the ordinary backer as compared with the bookmaker, who has many unsuspected agencies at work to help him. The latter knows (often before its owner) when a horse has been beaten in its trial or has broken down at exercise, and is prompt under such circumstances to make good use of his knowledge. A sudden change in the odds is generally an indication of the shrewd division knowing something against or in favour of a horse's chances.

" Why, the favourite's lame, isn't he ? " inquires a punter of a bookie on the rails.

The latter, not even glancing in the direction of the saddling enclosure, answers :

" I should not know if I looked, but I shall soon know without looking."

A bookmaker of the old school, speaking of the ways odds are fixed, said : " No layer of the odds needs to trouble himself about the matter, for the best of all reasons—namely, that the public make their own prices. I shout ' The field a pony ' ; and when a backer comes up, I say, ' Even money,' against his choice, no matter what horse he names. Should he take the price, then I think he knows something, and in less than a minute there will be a favourite made. After that the rest is easy enough : I just try to bet round, so as to be safe ; and occasionally, as you know, one that has not been

backed for a penny romps home first past the post, and the race is over."

At the present day the " tick-tack " man has become very important as a transmitter of the variation of odds. This individual, who flourishes on French as well as English race-courses, is the individual who suddenly appears in the less-crowded parts of the Ring and goes through a performance much resembling certain exercises in physical drill, the object of his evolutions being to inform persons on the other side of the course or elsewhere within visual range as to the state of the odds. It is said that these human semaphores and their associates meet together every Sunday evening and arrange their codes for the ensuing week, carefully altering their signs and signals. A curious wagging motion of the hands may have signified for the last six days that the third horse on the list of starters was at even money—the following week the same gestures indicate that it is at 10 to 1. One week a thumb jerked over the right shoulder implies that the favourite is in strong demand ; another week it may mean that an outsider is coming in for support, which seems to arise from dangerous quarters.

In the days when starting-price betting was not so prevalent as it is to-day, bookmakers used to put up lists on the mornings of race-days stating the odds which they would lay against various horses in the day's races. All these bookmakers employed touts for their own protection, one of whose tasks was to obtain and send to their clients tips about horses that were not likely to run, as well as horses that had gone wrong, but were entered and " on form " had a good chance of success. In the " list " days, if a price was accepted about a horse and that horse did not run, the backer lost his money, which of course

is not now the case with "starting price" transactions. The old-fashioned tout, under these conditions, could earn for a bookmaker in a large way of business an immense amount of money, the latter getting all he possibly could out of "stiff 'uns," and in addition being often able to make a "round" book. At times, of course, sharp backers and owners of horses played many tricks on bookmakers; but the public at that time was less knowing than it is to-day, the only men who were able really to hold their own at the game being some shrewd professional backers who did commissions for prominent owners with good horses in their stables.

Not a few bookmakers make their book according to their own fancy, and to some extent ignore mathematical considerations. "Others," said one of the laying fraternity, "may bet to figures—I don't. As often as not the favourite is beaten, so I generally lay him as much as I can, though not when he is at a very short price. One must always remember that there is often a 'dark' horse that may win. You may be 'had,' of course, over the 'dark' one; but then you have all the money received for the favourite and the others with which to pay. Favourites, I have calculated, do not win oftener than twice in five times—in fact, not quite so often by a fraction. Acting on that theory, I simply gamble day by day, and it pays me to do so. The small prices which we lay, you see, are greatly in our favour. I sometimes gamble as well on the larger handicaps, at the post especially, when they back six or seven at pretty fair prices."

The bookmaker's trade, at least at first sight, seems to be a very profitable one, but if he is at all in a large way of business he is almost sure to be owed con-

siderable sums of money, which are often very difficult to collect. A bookmaker who does not pay is liable to severe punishment, a welsher having been sentenced to as much as a year's imprisonment: a defaulting backer runs no such risk. The latter, if he owes money, merely stays away from the race-course or pays a little on account. Not infrequently, however, he pays nothing at all, continues to go racing, and bets in ready money with layers to whom he is not in debt. The worst punishment that can overtake such an individual is that he may be warned off Newmarket Heath and all other race-courses. The Committee of the Newmarket Rooms acts very justly as a rule, and with every desire to be fair, though its judgments are generally inclined to be rather favourable to backers. The body in question, however, is undoubtedly useful as a kind of debt-collecting agency, for if, as an extreme measure, a bookmaker pays a guinea and lodges a complaint, an official warning is sent to the defaulter, which in many cases induces the latter to make some sort of effort to get the complaint withdrawn, at the same time paying at least part of what he owes. Bookmakers as a rule are rather a long-suffering class, besides which they are unwilling to proceed to extremities for fear of frightening other clients away.

In the early days of the British Turf " bookmaking " as a profession did not exist, owners of horses and their friends making bets among themselves, which, when a race meeting was more or less of a family party, was all very well. As, however, time went on and matches were superseded by contests in which a number of horses went to the post, it often became difficult for race-goers to make a bet, owners of well-known horses occasionally having the mor-

tification of seeing their colours first past the post without winning any money over their victory. As for such of the public as frequented race-courses in those days, if they wanted to have a wager they generally fell into the hands of sharpers or thieves, who in addition to not paying when they lost made a practice of luring unsuspecting people into booths, where, at roulette or other games of chance, they were soundly fleeced. As late as the middle of the eighteenth century there was no organized "Ring," most of the betting apparently having taken place between the race-goers themselves; nevertheless, there must have been a certain number of professional layers, for contemporary references to Newmarket refer to it as the principal racing resort of sharps and blacklegs. That there were facilities for betting is evident from the verses of Thomas Warton, who, in his poem "Newmarket," wrote:

> "Amid the lists our hero takes his stand;
> Sucked by the sharper, to the Peer a prey,
> He rolls his eyes that witness huge dismay;
> When lo! the chance of one unlucky heat,
> Strips him of game, strong beer and sweet retreat.
> How awkward now he bears disgrace and dirt
> Nor knows the Poor's last refuge to be pert."

As time went on, in order to supply a want the predecessors of the modern bookmaker came into existence. At first they were a very motley crowd, made up of grooms, hangers-on of racing-stables and gaming-hells, a sprinkling of sharpers and a few honest men. Gradually, however, the worst element having been eliminated, the calling of bookmaker much as we see it to-day developed into a recognized institution, betting becoming regulated by fixed rules, while weekly settlements were instituted at Tattersall's.

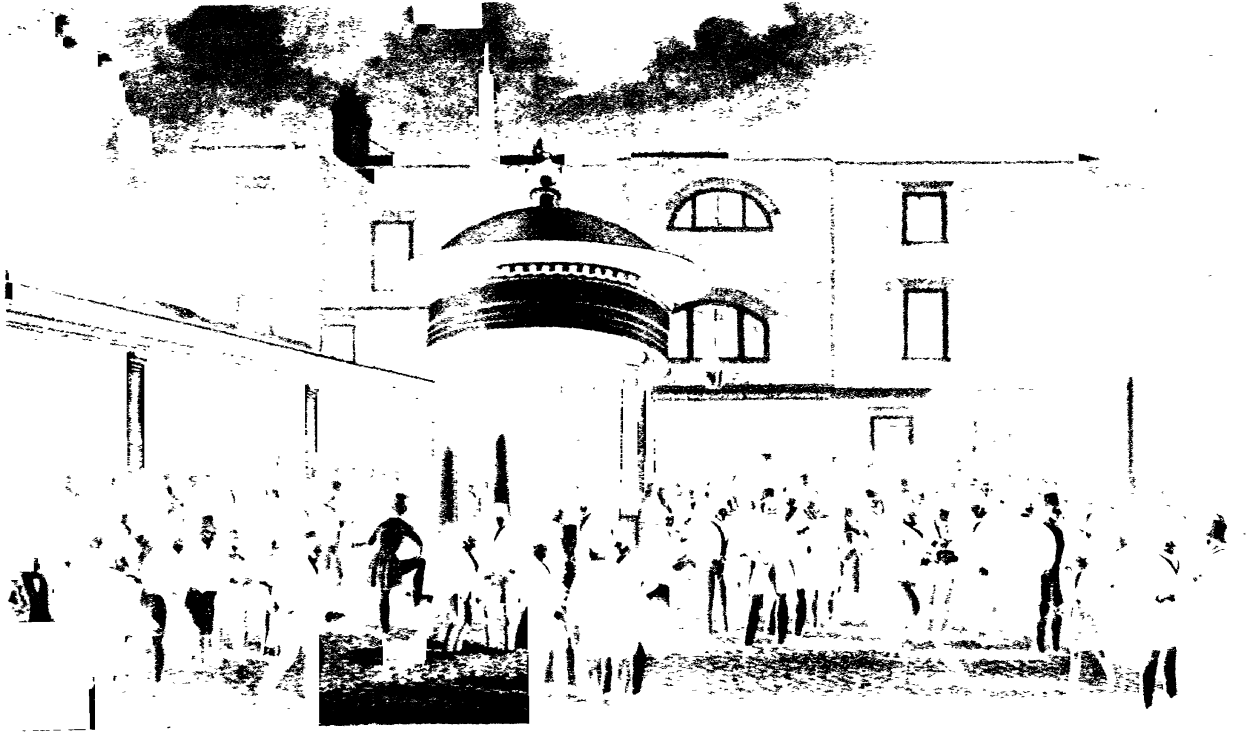
The latter, established in the eighteenth century, and so long known as " The Corner," stood originally on the edge of the Five Fields; later on, when the Marquis of Westminster made his extensive clearings, it was removed to a spot lying near the junction of the Brompton and Kensington Roads. The hundred years' lease of " The Corner " expiring in 1865, Messrs. Tattersall began in 1863 to build their new yard at Knightsbridge Green, half a mile nearer Kensington, where it has remained ever since.

The Five Fields alluded to above comprised a tract of more or less waste land at the time (1776) when old Mr. Tattersall signed his lease for ninety-nine years with Lord Grosvenor. Up to about 1811 the fields in question were mainly in possession of cows and footpads, though occasionally the Life Guards drilled there. The neighbourhood was nearly all rural, and the secluded nature of the ground, on part of which Belgrave Square stands to-day, may be inferred when it is realized that as late as 1812 partridges were still to be found between Hyde Park Corner and Chelsea, while extra fares had to be paid to cabmen taking anyone as far as what was to become the site of Prince's Gate.

The status of Tattersall's as a national institution was well emphasized by Admiral Rous, who took the chair at a dinner given in honour of the firm in April, 1865. In proposing the toast of the evening, he said that it was not the duration of time, or the great trade which had been carried on, which commanded respect, but rather the probity and straightforward conduct which had always characterized Tattersall's, from father to son.

A speech made by Mr. Richard Tattersall, on the same occasion, gave a good epitome of the rise and progress of the firm:

"I am well aware," said he, "that this high compliment which has just been paid us arises from no merit either of my own or my partners, but chiefly from a desire, natural to all Englishmen, to wish success to a business which has been carried on and conducted by the same family, and in the same locality, for so great a number of years. A higher compliment than this, I believe, has never before been paid to men in such a position. We are honoured by the presence of a great number of the nobility and gentry, and many who are unable to be present themselves have done us the honour of sending their race-cups for the occasion. It is now one hundred years ago—' bar one '—since my great-grandfather—who was best known to his contemporaries by the name of ' Old Tatt '—leased from the then Earl Grosvenor the piece of ground on which he established our business, long and familiarly known as The Corner, and by his honesty, uprightness and integrity he secured the respect and confidence of all who knew him. The then Prince of Wales, afterwards George IV, was a constant attendant at the establishment in the time of my grandfather, and it was by his own desire that the bust of His Majesty, which stood in the old yard, was placed there, where it remained until we were ' turned out,' and it is now ' up ' in our new yard at Albert Gate. I remember hearing many strange stories concerning the Prince and his companions at the old Corner. Among them, one of a post-chaise and four galloping into Newmarket at night, His Royal Highness riding the leaders, and Charles James Fox the wheelers. My great-grandfather was succeeded about the end of last century by his son, my grandfather, who had likewise the reputation of being a man of strict integrity and honour, and who was also a good deal connected with the Prince of Wales, as he was



SETTLING DAY AT TATTERSALL'S IN THE 'THIRTIES

for many years associated with the Prince as joint proprietor of the 'Morning Post' newspaper.

"In 1810 my father and uncle succeeded to the business, which they carried on, I might say, with credit and success for nearly half a century. No men, perhaps, were ever more popular with all classes, and no men, I believe, ever made more sincere friends; and among others I may mention the name of an English nobleman who was a model in every relation of life—the late Duke of Richmond. Time and the Marquis of Westminster have, however, driven us out from our time-honoured locality, and we have secured a spot as near to the Corner as we could get; but although we have changed our habitation, we have not changed our principles, and we hope to be still honoured with the confidence and patronage which we have for so many years enjoyed. A hundred years ago horse-racing and betting were confined to noblemen and gentlemen, and bookmakers were as little dreamt of as railways or electric telegraphs. But bookmakers have since arisen, and horse-racing has become far more popular, even amongst persons in humble ranks, who some few years since would as soon have thought of keeping a tame elephant as a race-horse, or of 'making a book.' In 1815 my grandfather opened a small room for the accommodation of bookmakers, who had hitherto been accustomed to walk about the yard picking up a stray 'pony' whenever they could. That room has become an institution of the turf; and in our new premises neither time nor money has been spared to make the room fitted for the object for which it has been erected. I attribute the great success of my family as being due to their untiring industry and integrity, and the uprightness of their dealings. My grandfather used to say that he told more lies than

any man in England, but that, like those of a counsellor, they were all 'briefed' to him."

The prototype of the old school of bookmaker was "Crutch Robinson," so named because he was lame and used a crutch. Robinson's great success is said to have been achieved by his noted objection to favourites. In those days of ante-post betting he would sit night after night in the "Black Bear" at Newmarket, always ready to back the field for any sum up to £500. Ever sceptical of reports by touts that something was amiss with a horse, or had, on the other hand, won some wonderful trial, he would receive such reports with: "Nar, nar, thou knawest a lot about it, I dar say. . . . I'll bet thee five pun; I may as weel have my expenses."

At this period when there was racing at Newmarket it was the custom to assemble, mounted at various betting posts, the most popular of which was the Red Post [1] on the edge of the Cambridgeshire Course. A man called Munten, mounted on a rat-tailed nag, did particularly well here making a speciality of laying short odds to Cambridge undergraduates. Other layers were Saxon, Barber, Tim Haggarty, Pettigean, and Dick Harris, while a well-known figure was Frank Garner, a Surrey farmer, who in 1855 visited Newmarket for his fifty-first consecutive season. Meanwhile a new generation of pencillers of better standing and education began to invade the Heath, and in the days of "Leviathan" Davis, Harry Hill and Fred Swindell, financial operations in connection with the Turf assumed such magnitude that a more convenient position than sitting on the back of a hack became necessary, and a "Ring" was established. The original idea of a professional backer had been evolved

[1] See page 79.

in the fertile brain of Charles James Fox, who, at a late sitting at White's, once mapped out a kind of itinerant trade to consist in going the round of all the race meetings of England, and thereby ascertain the speed and quality of all the horses—a method, as he put it, "of acquiring a certain fortune." The professional bookmaker, however, as we know him, did not make his appearance till long after Fox's day. Most of the old school of layers started as backers.

Davis, one of the most successful, began his career in this way. In addition to possessing judgment, restraint, a limited imagination, clear head and a suave temperament, he also had another good quality, which was punctuality in his payments. To this bookmaker is sometimes attributed the original idea of forming betting lists, the establishment of which brought much grist to his mill. Davis as a young man had been a carpenter in the employ of Messrs. Cubitt, and was one of the men engaged in the building of the Subscription Rooms at Newmarket. While employed on this task he had some small success as a backer in trifling sums, which encouraged him to start laying odds in half-crowns among his fellow-workmen. Finding that laying horses seemed likely to be more profitable than joinery, he determined to devote his energies solely to making a book, and soon was able to start a betting list at the "Durham Arms" in Serle Street, Strand. As the situation was admirable, he did an enormous trade, while the keeper of the public-house made quite a fortune out of the people who came to bet. Davis subsequently extended his operations to many other hostelries, and by 1853, when the Act for the suppression of Betting Houses was passed, his fortune was made, though he grumbled a good bit at his business having been stopped. In this year the

Cesarewitch and the Cambridgeshire were won by two rank outsiders, with the result that his book was a skinner, he being said to have netted not less than £54,000, a colossal sum for those days, when money was worth more than is now the case!

In connection with the suppression of the "Lists" alluded to above it has been said that the Betting Houses would not have been interfered with had not a man called Wright, the proprietor of one of them, in an unfortunate moment forestalled Lord Royston, afterwards Lord Hardwicke, when he wanted to back his horse for the City and Suburban. Full of ire and bent on revenge, his angry Lordship got a Bill passed through Parliament prohibiting Betting Houses in general, which of course included that of Mr. William Wright, who was in consequence no longer able to accommodate clients wishing to make a bet at his establishment in Covent Garden.

Crockford, the great gaming-house keeper, as a Turf speculator possessed an extraordinary facility for calculation, and is said to have been the first to introduce betting about "double events," with considerable profits to himself. Though an uneducated man, he was agreeable and pleasant in his dealings, besides which he seemed to know the business of everybody else as well as his own, without being obtrusive or pushing. Crockford, as is well known, was originally a fishmonger, but a good many of the old school of bookmakers had begun life in a far more humble way. Jerry Cloves, for instance, in spite of having been an ostler, was a man of refined manner, very quiet and unpretending, who was considered a very safe man at the "Corner"—good for any amount. Jem Bland, though he could scarcely read and could not write, had a marvellous memory, which enabled him to remember every bet

he had made during the day. In the evening, when he went home, he would tell his wife what he had done, and she would then register the bets. A mistake in his accounts was scarcely ever known.

An extraordinary career was that of a great leviathan of the Ring—John Gully, the son of an innkeeper near Bristol, who in his early days had been a butcher. His business, however, did not prosper, and in 1805 young Gully found himself an inmate of the Fleet Prison for debt. William Pierce, the "Game Chicken," paying Gully a visit, and there being some boxing-gloves in the room, the two had a sparring-match in which Gully, who knew something about boxing, showed great proficiency. Appreciating this, Pierce, then the champion of England, conceived the idea that his friend might get out of his financial troubles by taking to the Ring. He got a patron to put up six hundred guineas on behalf of himself, while Colonel Mellish, ever ready for sport, backed Gully for four hundred. Gully's creditors agreeing, the latter was put into training at Virginia Water. The fight took place at Hailsham, on the Brighton-Lewes road, in the presence of a great crowd, which included the Duke of Clarence, afterwards William IV. It was a desperate fight, the odds being rather in favour of Gully, who had a slight advantage in height and reach. Finally, after sixty-four rounds, lasting an hour and seventeen minutes, had been fought, the experience of the champion began to tell, and Gully, though still game, being reduced to a terrible state, Colonel Mellish withdrew his man, and Pierce retained the championship. In his much shaken condition he grasped Gully's hand, and just found strength enough to murmur that he had never fought a better man. After this battle Gully became a great favourite, and later on when Pierce resigned

the championship Gully held it for two years, till a Northern champion, Gregson by name, appeared, whose challenge being accepted a great fight took place at Six-Mile Bottom, near Newmarket, on October 14, 1807. Thirty-six rounds were fought, and in the twenty-fourth the betting was in favour of Gregson, Gully's chances of winning appearing to be remote. By this time both men were so exhausted that they could hardly stand, when Gully, making a supreme effort, gave Gregson a knock-out blow. The backers of the latter were not, however, satisfied with this result, and a second fight was arranged and took place on May 12, 1808, at Beechwood in Hertfordshire. Though the rain fell in torrents, it acted as no damper to the many hundreds who flocked to see the contest, in which Gregson made but a poor show, Gully asserting his superiority throughout the whole of eighteen rounds. After the battle Gully addressed the crowd, declaring that he would never fight again. The latter had by then become the prosperous proprietor of the Plough Inn in Carey Street, Lincoln's Inn Fields; but realizing that there was more money to be made in the betting ring than in keeping a public-house, he became a bookmaker. At this period betting was very heavy, so he soon grew rich in his new calling, all the best commissions falling into his hands. Blossoming out as an owner of race-horses in 1827, he bought the Derby winner Mameluke from Lord Jersey for £4,000. He failed, however, to win the St. Leger with him, as the horse was left at the post after much delay at the start. Five years later, when in partnership with Mr. Ridsdale, Gully won the Derby with St. Giles; and having dissolved this partnership won the St. Leger with Margrave. Among other races he also won the One Thousand of 1854 with Hermit, and

the Derby of the same year with Andover. Gully's political ambitions had been gratified in 1832 when he had been returned without opposition as member for Pontefract. Part of the large fortune he had made in the Ring he invested in a remunerative colliery speculation, and ended his life as a rich and respected country gentleman. At his death in 1863, at the age of eighty, he had won the Derby three times, and had had twenty-four children—truly an almost unique career!

Another famous bookmaker in his day was Fred Swindell, of whom Sir William Gregory wrote:

"Fred Swindell was the most remarkable man of his class that I ever met. He was, of course, remarkable for ability, but still more so for kindness of heart. Speaking from much experience, I can say unhesitatingly that he was as true as steel to those who trusted him in their racing transactions. As for his drollery, wit, and power of graphic description, they rendered an evening passed in his company something never to be forgotten. His stories of Palmer the poisoner were droll to a degree, but occasionally terrifying; nor shall I forget his look when he asked me at Egham races whether that was not the place where the field beat King John. You dwell rightly upon one remarkable trait in his character . . . to wit, that all his sympathies were with the gentlemen. Nothing pleased him more than when they had a good race. His reflections on the use of the Turf to British society, as a safety-valve for the lower orders, were excellent and full of wisdom."

Great fortunes have at times been accumulated by bookmakers, Turf commissioners, and other persons connected with racing. The late Mr. George Herring was an instance of this; his wealth, however, was to a

great extent made after he had abandoned the Turf and gone into the City. In the earlier part of his life Mr. Herring had been commissioner for the well-known Sir Joseph Hawley. He was a shrewd man, and people recognized the stability of any enterprise with which he might be connected. Not as a financier, however, will his name be especially remembered, but rather as the very embodiment of cheery, genuine, and absolutely unlimited philanthropy. One of Mr. Herring's characteristics was an old-fashioned Cockney accent. "Come 'ungry," he would say when he asked a friend to dinner. Many, indeed, did come to him 'ungry, and of these few went empty away.

One of the old school of Commission Agents was Tom Corns, noted for his dislike of innovations such as the starting-gate, the introduction of which upset him terribly. When Death, the great chiropodist, cut off Corns, as one of his friends put it, universal regret was expressed by racing men, amongst whom the old man had been universally respected.

In past days there were not infrequently little touches about the bookmaking business which verged somewhat upon the picturesque. The betting tickets, for instance, of Charlie White, bore the inscription "The Duke's Motto" "I am here." Those were the days when more toleration was extended towards layers who stood on boxes or small stools, a practice against which the authorities have recently made a determined stand. Charlie White and Dick Dunn, who in time became pillars of the Ring, both began in a comparatively small way. Not all their money, however, was made by laying horses, occasional coups as backers landing them substantial sums. Thus when Cradle won the Royal Hunt Cup, Dick Dunn landed a very considerable stake, as a result of which he went and

bought a cradle costing fifty guineas at Maple's, for his baby boy. At the same time he declared that the child in question should be christened "Richard Cradle Dunn," but whether he really carried out this idea I am not certain, though from the point of view of one so closely connected with racing there was, after all, nothing very strange in giving his offspring the name of a race-horse.

Dick Dunn had a ready wit, and occasionally let himself go even at the expense of his best clients. At Stockbridge on one occasion, when an aristocratic sportsman was looking nervously round when he was a great way ahead of the other riders in the race, Dick shouted out rather sarcastically, "It's all right; hounds have gone the other way, m'lord." Apart from the profits he made out of racing, Dick Dunn loved the sport for itself, and when he built himself a house in the 'eighties took care that it should overlook the race-course at Hurst Park.

In connection with Dick Dunn it may be mentioned that in his early bookmaking days, in the 'seventies, he for a time ran a totalizator on precisely the same lines as this system of betting is conducted to-day. In after years, when Dunn had become one of the leviathans of the Ring, he would often have a good laugh with old friends over his efforts to acclimatize the Pari-Mutuel on this side of the Channel. The late M. Oller, I believe, was the original inventor of the betting machines now universal on French race-courses, and I have some idea that this form of betting could be indulged in on Parisian race-courses as long ago as the days of the Second Empire.

A big Victorian bookmaker was Jacob Bayliss, who started life in the jewellery line at Coventry. According to himself he came to abandon a modest

shop for the Ring through a mere chance. Having been told to back a certain horse which won, and having failed to do so, he began to take an interest in racing, especially as, having backed another tip, the horse won. Other speculations which followed were not so lucky, and eventually Bayliss found himself compelled to mortgage his shop. Then it was that it dawned upon him that in laying, not backing, horses lay the path to wealth. As a bookmaker he soon acquired considerable wealth, but after having accumulated a fortune and owned race-horses the Ring knew him no more. In his last years Bayliss became decidedly eccentric, and abandoning a fine house he went to live in a small hotel. At the same time he gave the tenants of six other good houses he owned notice to quit—all seven abodes, each of which would have brought in a good rent, remaining empty till death put an end to their owner.

A few of the bookmakers of modern times have not shown great shrewdness in keeping the large sums they had won, a case in point having been Jack Percival, who did a big business in Tattersall's Ring in the 'seventies and 'eighties, and ended up his career in anything but a prosperous manner, though at one time he had owned race-horses and carried out several successful coups. Unlike the unfortunate Percival, however, quite a number of the Ring made and kept large fortunes just after the middle of the last century, the firm of Steel and Peach having been a case in point. Steel, it was said, had begun as a fish porter in Sheffield, but tiring of the occupation started as a layer with some borrowed money—his partnership with Peach, who had an extraordinary knowledge of figures, producing the most encouraging results. The latter was a quiet, rather smug little man, whereas Steel had

robust ways which were well calculated to ensure success in the somewhat rough racing environment of those strenuous days. Most of the bookmakers then had sprung from humble beginnings: witness Bob Howett, who, it was said, had started life as a shoeblack in Nottingham, and in after life owned some good race-horses. Bob was a genial little man not at all ashamed of his early days, when, as he said, he had run about backing horses almost with bare feet. Quite a number of layers had, like this prosperous pillar of the Ring, begun their connection with the Turf as backers, only taking to making a book after they had got a little capital together.

Speaking of his early days a leviathan of the Ring said:

"I began life as a potman in a West End beerhouse, where lots of servants and coachmen were always asking me for the loan of a sovereign or a fiver to settle their bets, giving me in return a small present when they got their wages. Thinking this over one day, I said to myself: these men seem to be always dropping money into bookmakers' pockets—bookmaking must surely be a good game if people are always backing the wrong horse. There and then I started a little book, only taking silver at first, and I got on so well at this business that I gave up handling the pots, and soon went to race meetings with the nobs, laying the odds to a ten- or twenty-pound note, and thinking nothing of it. Only fools back horses, sir; wise men turn bookmakers and lay them, and as there are a thousand fools for every wise man, there will always be plenty of good business for those who, like myself, have got their heads screwed on the right way."

In spite of this, bookmaking is not by any means a certain road to wealth, special qualities being required to ply such a calling with success. Indeed, when everything is said and done, there can be no doubt that the individual who starts out, either as bookmaker or backer, with the idea that he is going to make a fortune, must, as Billy Pierce, an old sporting character, whose father had fought at Culloden, used, tapping his forehead, to say, "Want it here!"

From time to time bookmakers who have made money seem to have a tendency to become owners of race-horses: Charlie Fraser, for instance, who had originally been on the stage, after having done very well in Tattersall's, spent a good deal of money in a stable of rather inferior horses—a fad of his being to buy any selling plater which he thought might beat one of his own after a good finish. As a result of this he found himself with quite a long string of mediocre horses, all of which he ended by selling for a mere song.

A great bookmaker of comparatively recent times was the late Mr. Fry, whose appearance was in startling contrast to most of the Ring-men of his day. Always very quietly dressed, he looked indeed more like a Methodist minister than a leviathan of the betting Ring. Fry, I believe, had begun life in the linen drapery line, eventually drifting into bookmaking, which he found a far more profitable occupation. A great characteristic of this bookmaker was his trust in human nature, especially the aristocratic variety of it. A gentleman, he contended, always paid his debts, though he might take a long time to do so. Though a number of backers certainly did pay him their losings after periods as long as ten years, there

were others who never paid at all, and at the time of Fry's death it was said that he was owed something like two hundred thousand pounds, or even more! Beyond sending clients an occasional reminder of their indebtedness, this bookmaker never seemed to trouble about overdue accounts. The writer well remembers a rather impecunious backer who, owing Fry something like twelve hundred pounds, had the effrontery to pay a visit to Beulah Hill, Norwood, where the great bookmaker lived, and propose that the latter should hand him a further eight hundred in order to make a good round sum of the debt.

The debtor in question, strange though it may appear, was rather surprised that he could not get Fry to agree!

"I must be just," said he, "the poor man was really miserable at not being able to meet my wishes. I understand he has been having several bad weeks, so, as I told him, I shan't bear him any grudge, and shall pay him the money I owe just as if there had been no difference of views between us."

As a matter of fact, this debtor died long before Fry, and the latter never, I believe, received one penny of the £1,200 which he was owed.

In private life Fry was the soul of generosity and a great benefactor to all the poor people near his house at Norwood, and also in Devonshire. He must have possessed an especial genius for friendship, for his death, I have been told, so affected one of his intimate friends that the latter committed suicide—merely from grief. Though at one time he must have been a very rich man, Fry did not leave a great fortune behind him. Previous to his death he had, I believe, fared very badly at the hands of some American plungers,

who took a great deal of money off him and then disappeared.

At the end of the last century two American invasions took many thousands out of the Ring—never to return. There was, for a while, a tendency to underrate the invaders, and it took a long time to make English bookmakers realize what clever people these Americans were. In addition to being shrewd, not a few of them were wealthy men who could afford to wait their turn, if things did not go well, till they could bring off a coup and make up for past mishaps with a huge balance to the good. Also some were hard hit like certain clients of poor Fry, and went away leaving their accounts unsettled, though in many instances they had previously won and drawn large sums of money from the Ring.

The biggest cash transaction Fry ever had, according to his own account, was when he laid a rough-looking man at Windsor races £10,000 to £5,000 against Common for the St. Leger. In this case the backer, who was unknown to Fry and whose appearance did not give the impression of wealth, having heard the price the great bookmaker was ready to lay, pulled £5,000 in notes out of his pocket and thrust them into the latter's hand.

Fry, as has been said, was always very quiet and unostentatious in his dress, in which respect he differed from a number of his contemporaries, especially those who were in a smaller way of business. As late as the 'nineties indeed a number of bookmakers affected all sorts of striking attire, and even fanciful forms of dress, in order to attract clients. Two in particular, whom I remember, were Morey and Janey—"Our Boys," as they called themselves, the latter name taken

from an old-fashioned farce which about that time had run an unconscionable number of nights. Morey and Janey had probably never had any connection with the sea closer than a trip or two to Margate, nevertheless they sported a sort of imitation naval uniform of blue reefer suits and gold-laced caps. In consonance with their nautical character, they once created a sensation by driving on to the course at Epsom in a sort of lifeboat on four wheels drawn by four greys. This extraordinary turnout attracted a large crowd of clients, and " Our Boys " did very good business near one of the stands. Though as time went on Morey and Janey abandoned their naval rigout except the cap, they continued for some time to retain a good following among less opulent race-goers, but finally, I believe, they fell upon evil days, and the Turf knew them no more.

It seems to me that within the last twenty years or so the voices of bookmakers shouting out the odds have got a good deal fainter than they used to be in old days. At that time a number of the Ring shouted loud enough to wake the dead—perhaps the man who made the most noise was Alec Harris, who was noted for laying long odds. Another layer with a stentorian voice was Chippy Norton, known as " John Bull," whose stalwart form was attired in something of the garb associated with that national hero, who, however, in his pictures has never been shown wearing anything like the enormous diamond ring which was one of " Chippy's " principal adornments. In low-crowned grey top-hat, the latter used to bellow out the odds in a most resonant voice. Apart from his bookmaking business Chippy Norton was, I believe, the owner of a Windsor public-house, and a great supporter of the prize-ring.

It used to be quite the fashion for bookmakers and their clerks to be dressed in exactly the same way, a rather striking combination of grey cutaway coats and white top-hats having at one time been very popular. In the less fashionable Rings layers would sometimes wear some emblem or badge, chosen so as to suit their real or assumed name. The year that Shotover won the Derby, a man calling himself Fisher, but better known among habitual race-goers as "the King of the Welshers," had a small aquarium full of live fish placed near his pitch on the Downs, rods and various piscatorial appliances being also shown, to give the public the idea that another Izaak Walton had appeared in their midst. When, however, Shotover had got first past the post, Mr. Fisher found it convenient to make himself scarce, upon which an enraged crowd made short work of all the angling paraphernalia which he had brought on to the Downs. Members of the welshing fraternity have not infrequently been just as quick with their wit as they were on their feet. A confiding punter, who had backed the favourite in a big race, said to a very doubtful bookmaker, after the horse had been beaten by a neck:

"Well, anyhow, I had a good run for my money."

"Not as good a run as you would have had if the horse had won," was the welsher's reply.

In these days, when the general public is fairly well informed as to racing, small backers are pretty careful as to the persons with whom they bet, but such was not always the case in old days, when numbers of even educated people understood nothing about the Turf. A rough and ready pillar of the Ring used to tell a story of how ignorance of sporting terms had once

caused a parson to get a smaller subscription than he would otherwise have obtained. The clergyman in question, having called to solicit a donation for the restoration of a church, had found this bookmaker upstairs shaving, so explained what he had come for to the latter's wife.

"Bill," shouted she, "the parson has called for you to subscribe to his church!"

"Gie him a 'pony,'" was the reply.

The clergyman, hearing this remark, said:

"I am very sorry, but a 'pony' would be of no use to me, as I neither ride nor drive."

When Bill had been told what the clergyman had said, he called out:

"Well, gie him a tenner, and tell him to be off."

The clergyman, having received the £10, was extremely grateful, and went away quite satisfied, little thinking he had lost £15 by not having understood the bookmaker's first remark!

Charles Kingsley was so ignorant of the way betting was carried on that he fancied and wrote as if one man betted with and lost thousands to his brother-man. Apparently he knew nothing of the bookmaker and his functions as the go-between, or intermediary, for the forty or fifty thousand persons who occasionally lose a sovereign apiece, or of the half-dozen fortunate people who win a few hundreds, or, it may be, thousands, from the Ring, by backing the winner of some particular race.

A highly respected member of the Ring passed away in December, 1925, in the person of Mr. Edward Leigh, formerly associated with the well-known firm of Dooley Binns and Leigh and chairman of the Victoria Club. One of the most prominent operators

on the rails, Mr. Leigh had a large number of clients and few bad debts. He was a very generous man and ever ready to relieve distress. In connection with the Victoria Club, where the late Mr. Charlie Hibbert often used to sleep, it is curious that for years past there have ceased to be any bedrooms, though many clubs now make a feature of providing such accommodation.

The vast increase in starting-price betting, with its various ramifications, has of course greatly affected bookmakers in the Ring, who on the whole have probably suffered a diminution in their profits owing to this method of speculation. In connection with S.P. betting there has been evolved a clever method of communication between offices in London and the race-course, in which "the Blower" plays a great part. The success of certain great firms which are known to make large incomes tempts a number of people without capital to try and do likewise. Every year new starting-price offices come into existence, but of these very few last long, well-established commission agents of known reputation having little or nothing to fear from the competition of new-comers with small brains and less money. Contrary to a widely-prevalent idea, betting S.P. is not the easy road to wealth which young fellows who imagine they have a knowledge of the Turf believe it to be. It is, to begin with, not easy to secure a profitable clientele, though a novice can get plenty of betting from doubtful people, some of whom only bet on a really good thing, while others who bet freely have no intention of settling should the horses they back not win.

Though there was comparatively little S.P. betting in the 'eighties as compared with what goes on to-day, one could get a bet on at certain resorts in the neigh-

bourhood of Piccadilly. In a ground-floor flat in Albemarle Street, for instance, a retired Captain of Artillery used to bet on the tape with his clients, a number of whom sat there a good part of the afternoon on racing days in order to hear runners and results. As is always the case, they generally lost, but if ever anyone did back a good winner the layer of odds, who had acquired a fine stock of language in his military days, was wont to indulge in such terrible imprecations that the successful punter felt quite ashamed of himself. This habit did not do the business any good, and after a time the Artillery officer took to going over to France, where, before the days of the Pari-Mutuel, he made a usually successful book. Now and then he pulled off a coup, when, being a hospitable man, he would give an expensive dinner to all his friends.

The clients of S.P. bookmakers are drawn from all sorts of people, some of whom one would not suspect of ever making a bet. One old lady, having come across a betting circular addressed to her son who was fond of racing, thought she would have a little flutter on her own account. Writing out a cheque for £2 she sent it to the bookmaker, saying that she wished to back whichever of the two favourites for the Liverpool Cup he thought most likely to win. As a matter of fact, whether from good luck or a desire to secure a new client, the man put it on the winner!

The methods adopted by starting-price firms of small capital and indifferent reputation are sometimes very peculiar. Some years ago a firm which was not going particularly strong contrived to get out of a tight place in an ingenious, if unscrupulous, manner. Having in one week lost a thousand pounds to a client,

it was arranged that a man resembling him, and dressed to look as like him as possible, should go down to the district in which the successful punter lived, and from the local post office should send five telegrams backing five practically certain losers for £200 apiece. The horses having all lost, the starting-price people on the Monday sent in their account, showing the punter to be quits. The latter naturally made an energetic protest, but eventually, in order to terminate a long and tedious altercation, let the matter slide.

Parsons and bank clerks are probably the most satisfactory people for doubtful firms to have on their books, neither of the two, owing to the nature of their calling, being able to make much fuss if not paid—to use a slang expression, no matter how they may be treated, "they daren't squeal." So strong, however, is the passion for gambling that even when they find difficulty in being paid a number of small punters still take pleasure in making bets.

In order to realize what a hold this passion has upon the populace at large, let anyone have a look at any of the smaller Rings, where the attendance is largely composed of more or less poor men whose half-crown and five-shilling wagers often entail considerable privations upon those who lose them. Nevertheless, however poor they may be, such individuals seem somehow always able to find money for railway fares and admission fees. Here also may be discovered broken-down punters who once belonged to West End clubs, and were accustomed to bet ponies, fifties, and even hundreds, till their fortunes had passed over the rails and Tattersall's Ring would stand them no more. Though sad experience should long ago have taught such punters the value of so-called "certainties" and

THE LADY "ROOKIE"

"good things," the latter still continue to woo fickle Fortune, convinced that luck must change and that some great coup will one day give them back the wealth which greed, combined with folly, did not let them long enjoy.

Within recent years, it may be added, "bookmaking" has been adopted as a profession by quite a number of people of good social position, among them being a female "layer"—Mrs. Vernet, of the highly respected firm of Ladbroke and Co., who is to be seen betting on the rails at all the principal meetings. Combining charm of manner with a remarkable aptitude for figures, this lady has a large and special clientele of her own.

IV

NEWMARKET

HORSE-RACING at Newmarket seems to have been inaugurated by King James I, who permanently established the meetings and first attended in person in 1605, the third year of his reign, from which date Newmarket seems to have become the head-quarters of the Turf, which it has remained up to the present time. Some of the earliest public races which are recorded—but none of them previous to the reign of James I—were held at Garterly in Yorkshire, Theobald's in Enfield Chase, and Croydon in Surrey: all of which meetings have now long disappeared. Their existence, however, must have been short-lived and their popularity fleeting, otherwise more particulars respecting such courses would have survived. It would seem that soon after the patronage of James I had made Newmarket a sporting centre, the reputation of the town was further increased in consequence of some horses, which had been cast upon the coast of Ireland from the wreck of the Spanish Armada, having been brought over. There appears to be no doubt but that these horses ran in races, their swiftness having been noted; and thus, from various causes, the principal southern meeting made good progress during the whole period that King James was on the throne. A check to horse-racing, however, occurred after Charles I had

ascended the throne, and upon the outbreak of the civil war during his reign the British Turf fell upon evil days, race meetings ceasing to be held.

A Proclamation, dated Whitehall, February 24, 1654, sets forth: "That His Highness the Lord Protector, being informed that several horse-races are appointed to divers parts of the Commonwealth, and considering how great a concourse of people do usually frequent such meetings, and the evil use made thereof by such ill-disposed persons as watch for opportunities to raise new troubles; for the better preventing of the evils which may arise thereby to the people of this Commonwealth, His Highness, by the advice of his Council, doth hereby prohibit and forbid all horse-races, and all meetings of any persons whatsoever, upon pretence or colour of any horse-races in any place within England or Wales, for the space of six months from the 26th February, 1654; and doth hereby straightly charge and command that no person or persons whatsoever, during the space of the said six months, do appoint any horse-race, or do assemble, or meet together upon, or by colour of any appointment of any horse-race, or do be present at such horse-race, as they would avoid being guilty of the danger that may ensue thereon, and as they tender the peace and security of the nation."

This Proclamation further provided that justices and soldiers quartered in localities where races had been held were to be ordered to prevent such meetings. It would seem not only that the step taken was a necessary one at the time for the peace and security of the Commonwealth, but that the prohibition was made pretty frequent use of whenever circumstances allowed, for a few years afterwards another Proclamation was issued by Cromwell prohibiting the holding

of race meetings for a further period of eight months from the 8th April, 1658.

With the "Restoration" there came a revival of the Turf, for Charles II, as might have been expected, resuscitated all the glories of Newmarket, and indeed increased them. Accompanied by his Court the Merry Monarch was a frequent attendant at the races, after which there were gay doings at the Palace, where he built stables and kept a stud.

In May, 1668, Pepys records that "the King and the Duke of York and Court are this day at Newmarket at a great horse-race, and propose great pleasure for two or three days." Five years previously the King had been there, and in 1669 we find again: "I hear that to-morrow the King and the Duke of York set out for Newmarket by three in the morning to some foot- and horse-races; to be abroad ten or twelve days." Macaulay tells how thirty years later, in 1698, the French Ambassador "was invited to accompany William to Newmarket, where the largest and most splendid Spring Meeting ever known was to assemble."

The Palace appears originally to have been purchased by Charles II from Lord Thomond, and according to a local tradition it was here that Nell Gwynne held her child out of the window, as the King was walking through the Palace gardens to his stables, and threatened to drop the little boy unless he should be made a Duke upon the spot, thereby founding the dukedom of St. Albans. A more generally accepted version of this story, however, is that it occurred at Nell Gwynne's house in the West End of London. It is said that when Charles II went to see the Palace, after Sir Christopher Wren had been at work upon it, he declared that the rooms were too

low. Sir Christopher, who was a small man, did not agree, and walking through the house with the King said:

"Please, your Majesty, I think the rooms are high enough."

Upon this Charles, squatting down to the great architect's height and creeping along in that posture, retorted:

"Aye, Sir Christopher, now I think they are!"

The Palace at Newmarket was originally built in the reign of James I, and rebuilt by Charles I after a fire. Evelyn, who visited it in 1670, describes the royal abode as "mean enough and hardly fit for a hunting house." The "chimnies in ye angles and corners" of the rooms he particularly disapproved of, while he severely criticized the situation of the house "plac'd in a dirty streete without any court or avenue, like a common one, whereas it might and ought to have been built at either end of the towne, upon the very carpet, where the sports are celebrated." The diarist apparently would have liked the Palace to be built upon the Heath itself!

William III and Queen Anne both made occasional visits to the royal abode, but after their time it appears to have fallen into disrepair. In the reign of George II, however, his son, the Duke of Cumberland, when taking up racing, determining to live there, got the expenses of refurnishing defrayed out of what was known as the "Great Wardrobe," a proceeding which did not please the King, who had imagined that the Duke would himself find such funds as were required to put the old Palace in order. Under George II, it may be added, the connection of the Crown with racing, which had been so close in the time of Charles II, had dwindled down to the Palace

and the office of "Keeper of the running-horses," a post then worth a thousand a year. As Prince of Wales, George IV became an owner of race-horses in 1784, with a magnificent racing establishment, and subsequently bred some first-rate horses. As a judge of racing the Prince was considered to possess sound sense, nevertheless, in spite of the advantages which it might have been supposed would have been enjoyed by a person in his high position, the "First Gentleman of Europe"—as his admirers and flatterers were pleased to call him—was particularly unfortunate in his Turf transactions in connection with the horse Escape, and in 1786 was more or less compelled to dispose of his stud of racers. Later on, however, his debts having been paid and his income generously increased by Parliament, the Prince once more appeared upon the Turf.

There was no particular reason why King William IV, brought up to the sea, should have taken much interest in horse-racing. Nevertheless, he kept up his brother's stud and ran out its engagements. In connection with this an amusing anecdote is told, which shows His Majesty's simplicity in sporting matters and everything connected therewith. It appears that just previous to the first appearance of the royal stud in King William's name his trainer sought an audience, and requested to know what horses it was the royal pleasure to run. "Run the whole *squad*," said the King; "some of them, I suppose, will win!" His Majesty's idea, apparently, was to fire a sort of equine broadside! King William does not appear to have taken any interest in the old Palace at Newmarket, but his predecessor seems to have made some attempt to restore its pristine glories. A writer in the "Sporting Magazine," alluding to

what he called the poor old mutilated Palace, speaks of its undergoing either repair or improvement:

"A wall in the front, partly built by King Charles, of brick, and another part, by Queen Anne, of bricks and stones, has just been finished by George IV (or someone else) with flints. There seems a great want of harmony in this—I mean in appearance only—which might have been prevented by re-building the whole. It would not have cost above £13 even if Mr. Hume had lost his seat in Parliament. A screen formed of hurdles stuffed with straw, and secured with hay bands, has been removed from the front court. This convenience and original thought was intended to separate the peeresses from the placemen's wives and the publicans' daughters, there being but one entrance. This, however, totally failed, and however ornamental, proved totally useless. After more than twenty surveys by men of talent, a plan was hit upon, said to be the sole invention of one of them, which turned out, however, to be no such thing, it having been practically applied by a gentleman at one of our Universities, when he cut a large hole in his door to admit his cat, and a small one for his kitten. Be this as it may, the two holes in the wall (entrances, if they may be called so, to this once splendid Sporting Palace, for a long time a conspicuous part of the nation's pride) are likely to be a source of vexatious disappointment to the supposed inventor; for on trial, it turned out that though the large cat could not get in at the small hole, the small cat could at the large one. So the way to grandeur and distinction remains as before the hurdles and straw screen were put up."

After alluding to some of the proposed alterations, this writer concludes as follows:

"According to the plan handed about, if fully acted up to, this royal residence will very much resemble a lunatic asylum at Hoxton, but on a much smaller scale: neither are the accommodations for its inmates and attendants equal to those at Hoxton, if we except two or three rooms they have not attempted to improve."

Subsequently the property came into the possession of Mr. William Butler, who again disposed of a portion of it to the "English Congregational Chapel Building Society," who in the summer of 1862 had it pulled down, and the site and materials employed in the erection of a Congregational Chapel, the corner-stone of which was laid by John Crossley, Esq., Mayor of Halifax, and Chairman of the Congregational Society, on Thursday, October 9, 1862.

Of this old Palace nothing remains to-day, though its name is preserved by Palace House, now the residence of Mr. Anthony de Rothschild, who, following the traditions of his family, is a warm supporter of the Turf.

Charles II, in addition to having been fond of attending race meetings, appears to have taken a keen interest in the training of race-horses, for long after his day there was to be seen upon the top of Warren Hill what was termed the "King's Chair," from which the Merry Monarch used to enjoy a view of the horses as they took their exercise. It is also recorded that it was formerly customary with persons fond of the Turf to make an annual visit to this spot on a certain day in spring, for the purpose of seeing the horses take their gallop up to the King's Chair, on which occasions both horses and lads were decked out in their new clothes. This ceremony, of course, even in the eighteenth century, had long become

obsolete, but its record is a reminiscence of one of Newmarket's former glories, which it is to be hoped will not be forgotten.

Racing men are, I believe, usually conservative in their ideas, and it might have been expected that the authorities at Newmarket would have done their best to preserve any interesting relics connected with the early days of the British Turf. The demolition of the old Rubbing House, which was said to have dated from the reign of Charles II, was, however, a proof that such considerations made no appeal to the Jockey Club of that day. An almost worse piece of vandalism, however, was the removal of the "Red Post" within recent years. The post in question, near which many generations of sportsmen had made their wagers, was situated on the Beacon Course between the Turn of the Lands and the old Duke's Stand. It used to be the custom for people on their way to the races to pat this old relic for luck. It was removed a comparatively few years ago, but was saved by Mr. Felix Leach, who gave it a place in his stable-yard. Why the authorities ever decreed the removal of this post it is difficult to imagine? Their defence at the time, I believe, was that the wood of which it was made had been constantly renewed, for which reason the post had no antiquarian interest! The same argument might be applied to Westminster Abbey and Notre-Dame, the external stonework of which has several times been replaced.

At Newmarket, indeed, there seems to be no great veneration for the past, whose memory, however, has happily been preserved by a number of old prints, one of the most interesting of which is one published in 1790 by J. Bodger, of No. 53, Holborn. This gives a picturesque view of the town, and shows the trains

of " running-horses " belonging to different noblemen, etc., taking their exercise. The print contains upwards of 200 figures, and the view was taken from the King's Chair, on Warren Hill, its price, when published, having been : coloured, 1 guinea ; plain, 10*s.* 6*d.* and 7*s.* 6*d.* In this attractive view of the town, Newmarket just peeps forth in the hollow, and in the far distance the turrets of Ely Cathedral cut the cloudless sky and struggle manfully for pre-eminence with Highflyer Hall. In the foreground is the Prince with suite, standing up in his phaeton and booking a bet with the shrivelled Duke of Orleans, on horseback at his side.

An architectural relic of old days which still survives at Newmarket is the " Rutland Arms," formerly called the " Ram," into the courtyard of which George, Lord Orford, an eccentric ancestor of the present writer, once drove his four-in-hand of stags in order to save them from a pack of hounds which he had come across on the road while driving into the town !

No one appears to know the origin of the custom which prescribes that visitors to Newmarket should take off their hats to the ditch. In all probability this is a usage handed down from remote antiquity, possibly from the time when the earthwork in question was held by numbers of armed men whose commanders expected some respectful obeisance from such civilians as may have entered, what must have been, a military zone.

In the middle of the eighteenth century racing at Newmarket consisted mainly of matches, the sums stated being often as much as 500 or even 1,000 guineas. The Duke of Cumberland ran several matches with Lord Rockingham, who, as a boy of fifteen, had joined the Duke's standard at Carlisle

during the days of the rebellion. Lord Rockingham was a gambler ready to bet on any sporting event, a typical instance of this having been his wager of 500 guineas that over a course from Norwich to London he would find five geese who would beat Lord Orford's five turkeys in a walking match! As an owner of race-horses Rockingham appears to have achieved a fair amount of success. In 1770 he won a match of 4,000 guineas by his horse Solon beating Lord Bolingbroke's Paymaster. Other horses of his were Sampson and Bay Malton. The Duke of Cumberland did a great deal for racing, and once more made the Ascot meeting, founded in the reign of Queen Anne, the fashion. In 1751 it had almost dwindled away, and at the four days' meeting held in 1751 there was only one race a day. Ten years later, however, Ascot had expanded to five days, the racing being mainly matches between horses owned by "noblemen and gentlemen." The Duke of Cumberland ran horses in four races and paid forfeit in a fifth, and, as a result of his patronage, the meeting became much frequented by the fashionable world, which seems to have enforced a high standard of decorum, for the appearance of the Duke of Grafton with his mistress, Nancy Parsons, at the races in 1764, was regarded with the sternest disapproval. Ever since those long-past days Ascot has remained the favourite race meeting of "the beau-monde," admission to the Royal Enclosure being a privilege which anyone trying to copy the Duke of Grafton's methods would find quickly withdrawn.

As racing began to grow in popularity Parliament undertook to make laws for its supervision. In the thirteenth year of the reign of George II was passed an Act "to restrain and prevent the excessive in-

crease of Horse Races." One of the clauses of the Act in question forbade anyone but a *bona-fide* owner to enter a horse for a race. No one was to start more than one horse in a single race. No plate or prize of a less value than £50 was to be raced for. No horse of five years old was to run for any plate, prize or stake unless he carried 10 stone, or if six years, 11 stone, or seven, 12 stone. The penalty for a breach of any of these enactments was forfeiture of the value of the horse, half of which was to be paid to the person laying the information and suing, and half to the poor of the district. According to section 5 of this Act no one was to start or run any match except at Newmarket Heath or Black Hambleton in the County of York, when the prize should be of the value of £50 or upwards. Section 7 provided that the entrance money should be paid to the second horse in a race. All the above enactments, it may be added, were repealed five years later, it being then apparently considered that racing had become established on a sufficiently sound basis to be able to dispense with legislative interference.

Since those days there have been occasional attempts to regulate horse-racing by Acts of Parliament, the last, I fancy, having occurred in 1860, in the February of which year the Lord Redesdale introduced a "Light Weight Racing" Bill into the House of Lords, by which it was proposed that after January 1, 1861, no horse should start for any racing prize carrying less than 7 stone weight under a penalty of forfeiture of the horse so running and £200. This Bill came on for a second reading on June 12, when the following petition against it by the Jockey Club was presented by the Earl of Derby:

"That your Petitioners have been informed that a

Bill has been introduced into your Right Hon. House, providing, under severe penalties, that from and after the 1st day of January, 1861, no horse, mare, or gelding, shall be entered or run for any race carrying less than 7 stone weight.

"That your Petitioners submit that all regulations respecting racing are better entrusted to the authority which has hitherto made rules for the encouragement of this great national amusement, and that the proposed Bill, should it become law, would have a prejudicial effect.

"Your Petitioners therefore humbly pray that your lordships will be pleased to refuse your assent to the second reading of the Bill, entitled 'an Act to prevent the entering or running horses carrying very light weights for any plate or money.'"

In the debate, Lord Redesdale said that in consequence of representations which had been made to him by trainers, he intended to reduce the minimum weight in his Bill from 7 stone to 6 stone. The object of the Act was, by raising the weights above the standard to which modern practice had reduced them, to strike a blow at a great deal of the gambling caused by the light-weight handicaps. He had received a petition from Mr. Bradley and twenty-four other trainers, in which it was stated that such a Bill with a limit of 6 stone "would give great satisfaction, and be a great boon to the Turf." The present light-weight system was prejudicial to the breed of strong and useful horses; and Mr. Scott, the celebrated trainer, strongly advocated the introduction of a 6-stone legislation. The Bill was opposed by the Duke of Beaufort, the Earl of Winchilsea, Earl Granville, and Lord Derby, the last of whom saying, that if the minimum was placed at 7 stone, the con-

sequence would be that in all handicaps the superior old horses would have to carry 11 stone and 12 stone. The real cause of deterioration in the breed of race-horses was racing them so early. There was a reason, however, said his lordship, why it was somewhat desirable that the weights should be slightly raised, viz., the great difficulty of procuring jockeys to ride old horses in the present competition with the light-weight system; as soon as a jockey arrives at 8 st. 7 lb., he has little opportunity of riding, as it is monopolized by boys of from 6 st. 5 lb. to 7 st. 12 lb. His lordship concluded by saying that the matter was under the consideration of the Jockey Club, and notice had been given at their next meeting of raising the weights on the Derby and some other races from 8 st. 7 lb. to 8 st. 10 lb. Upon this declaration of Lord Derby, Lord Redesdale said he would withdraw his Bill.

It may be added that the "Racing Calendar" dates from 1726, in which year Mr. John Cheny, of Arundel in Sussex, issued a sort of prospectus proposing to publish yearly by subscription, for seven years successively, an historical list of all horse matches run for in England, of the value of £10 and upwards, with the names of the owners of the horses, etc. The first volume was published in 1727, price seven shillings and sixpence; and as a proof of the then popularity of the pastime, and the extensive and high patronage accorded, this volume had nearly 500 subscribers, including about a hundred people of rank, viz., 14 Dukes, 57 Honourables and Right Honourables, and 29 Baronets.

In the earlier part of the eighteenth century, apart from Royal Plates and Matches, the most popular kind of racing consisted of "Give and Take" Plates,

in which the weight carried was graduated by the height of the horse! According to the scale given in Pond's "Sporting Kalendar," if a horse of fourteen hands carried 9 stone, the horse of thirteen and fifteen hands would respectively carry 7 stone and 11 stone. Matches at this time were run either over the Beacon Course or the Round Course; the terms were half forfeit and in a few cases "crossing and jostling" were barred. At this time, it must be understood, such tactics were ordinarily considered a quite legitimate way of trying to win a race, but by 1775 they had fallen out of favour and were only permitted by a special stipulation in the terms of a match. In that year the owner of Eclipse, Captain O'Kelly, having been asked to take a half-share in the stake of a particular match, said:

"No, but if the match had been made 'cross and jostle,' as I proposed, I would have not only stood all the money, but have brought a spalpeen from Newmarket, no higher than a twopenny loaf, that should have driven his Lordship's horse and jockey into the furzes and kept him there for three weeks!"

Matches at this period must have been more exciting for spectators than to-day, as a crowd of horsemen followed or rode alongside of the horses in a race. Spills were naturally frequent and disorder sometimes prevailed.

As late as the beginning of the nineteenth century this old custom survived, but the practice was eventually abolished in 1838, owing to the frequent accidents which were liable to occur. A relic of this practice, however, survived at Newmarket up till comparatively recent times, where a good many race-goers used to ride down to see the start. As late as the 'eighties and 'nineties a number of hacks were to be

seen on the Heath, but the number gradually dwindled away, until at the present time the old custom is kept up only by that popular sporting peer Lord Lonsdale, whose horse and groom may still be seen on race days.

As has before been said, Give and Take Plates were a regular feature of racing in the eighteenth century. At Abingdon Races in 1776, for instance, one of the prizes given was "the Corporation Give and Take Plate of £50; aged horses, 14 hands high, to carry 9 stone, higher or lower, weight in proportion," etc. The system was one in which horses carried weight for height, regulated by the respective proportions of the different animals. These proportions were based upon a standard of four inches to a hand and 14 lb. to a stone; and the relative weights were apportioned by a scale which imposed or allowed 7 lb. to an inch. The fixed rules, again, which determined the relative weights of the several horses engaged in Give and Take Plates were that horses of 14 hands in height carried the stated weight of 9 stone, and all those above or below that height had to carry 7 lb., more or less, for every inch they were higher or lower. By this standard, therefore, the horse measuring 14 hands and 1½ inches would carry 9 st. 10 lb. and 8 oz.; and a horse measuring 13 hands and 2½ inches would be weighted with 8 st. 3 lb. and 8 oz.

An account of the methods employed in the measuring of horses is described in the old "Sporting Magazine," the information given in it being said to have been derived from an old man who was employed as a ditcher and repairer on the York race-course, and who had himself assisted in measuring horses for Give and Take Plates in his younger days. It appears the horse to be measured was placed or stood upon a

flat stone near one of the rubbing-houses, situated on the course close to the grand-stand, and that in the process of measuring the owners were allowed to extend the animal's legs apart to a certain mark cut upon the stone, and no farther. A little reflection will tell us that a line so fixed upon was necessary to ensure the right measure being arrived at, and also a degree of fairness in the process, for there would undoubtedly exist a considerable difference in height as between two horses, one of which stood in a natural upright position, and the other in a less natural position, or with his legs placed wider apart than the first one. The advantages and disadvantages in the case as stated were not only seen but made use of, and we are not surprised at this informant stating that one of the "tricks of the Turf" in connection with this measuring of horses was a practice of making the horse shrink down when touched by anything on his withers; and thus, when they felt the standard, they would, from use, crouch a little, which of course made them appear less than they really were, and a less weight would be given them for the race. It was, moreover, stated by this informant that the horses were trained to the practice spoken of by the stable-lads constantly tapping them on the withers, or elsewhere, with a stick.

Originally there were only two meetings—Spring and Autumn—at Newmarket, but in 1753 a second Spring meeting was instituted, followed in 1762 by a second October meeting, and again in 1765 a July meeting. The Duke of Cumberland gave racing a great stimulus about this time. Under his ægis was started the Jockey Club in 1751, its meetings being held at the "Star and Garter" in Pall Mall. At that time the body in question seems merely to have been

an association of owners and others interested in race-horses, there being nothing to show that its members had any idea of regulating racing by rules or laws or in any way reforming the Turf. In 1756, however, the Jockey Club abolished racing in heats for its Plates, which in future were to be decided by one heat alone. In the same year the Club gave a decision as to the placing of horses in such Plates. Two years later, in 1758, the Jockey Club issued an edict the effect of which was to disqualify from riding at Newmarket any rider failing to declare, or cause to be declared for him, the fact that he was above the permitted allowance of two pounds overweight. In 1762 personal racing colours first became a regular feature of the Turf. As far back as the reign of Charles II jockeys had been dressed in taffeta of different colours, but such costumes, being fanciful and not easily to be distinguished, sometimes led to disputes. As a convenience, therefore, the colours worn by riders were specified and annexed to their names, nineteen noblemen and gentlemen, of whom seven were Dukes, taking the lead in following the new regulations. The first on the list was the Duke of Cumberland, who registered his colours as "purple," and the first time that colours were worn was at the second October meeting at Newmarket in 1762.

In those days horses did not run in races before they were four or five years old. Nor do they seem to have run nearly as often as horses do to-day. The Duke of Cumberland's Marske, for instance, only ran five times, in three of which he was beaten, then went to the stud. On the Duke's death Marske was sold to a Dorsetshire farmer, from whom he was bought for twenty guineas, his fee as a stallion being three! Nevertheless, about 1771 Marske was sold for no less than

1,000 guineas, the great increase in his price arising in all probability from the wonderful performances of his son Eclipse during the years 1769, 1770!

According to Mr. Arthur Portman, editor of "Horse and Hound," than whom probably no greater authority exists, there is not to-day a single thoroughbred horse in the world which has not in its veins the blood of Eclipse. No fewer indeed than ninety-five winners of the Derby between 1780 and 1924 trace their origin in the male line directly to this famous race-horse, who received his name from the fact that he was born in 1764, the year of the great eclipse of the sun. He was bred by His Royal Highness the Duke of Cumberland at Cranbourn Paddocks. As Eclipse never ran till 1768, he never carried the Duke of Cumberland's purple jacket. On the latter's death, however, Eclipse was bought by Mr. Wildman, a Smithfield salesman, for seventy-five guineas, and subsequently passed into the hands of the celebrated Dennis O'Kelly. During his racing career this horse was ridden by Fitzpatrick and Oakley, who used neither whip nor spur, Eclipse being of "incomparable mettle" and of a most abominable temper.

Sir Charles Bunbury, son of the Vicar of Mildenhall, it was who instituted races for two-year-olds. The races in question were at first usually run over the long distance of four miles, while the horses, as a rule, carried from ten to twelve stone. Bunbury the caricaturist, known as H.B., was a younger brother of Sir Charles, who for a time had a seat in the House of Commons, and had also been secretary of Embassy in Paris. Sir Charles's domestic life was unhappy, for he had to divorce his first wife, the beautiful Lady Sarah Lennox, whose lover was Lord William Gordon.

A curious incident took place at Newmarket during

the Boer War. Some thirty-seven years before, in 1863, it had occurred to the judge—the late Mr. Clark—that a flag over the box where he was officiating would be a good indication to the jockeys, and he provided one accordingly. It was the year of the wedding of H.R.H. the Prince of Wales, and Mr. Clark chose the colours of the Danish flag, an act of devotion to the Princess. The red and white fluttered for many seasons, but in 1900 the little banner needed renewal. A lady kindly offering to provide the new flag had, as it happened, no red and white silk by her at the moment; she took what she chanced to have as a result of which race-goers were astonished, and by no means pleased, to find the Boer colours hoisted over the judge's box. It had, of course, never occurred to the lady who had made the flag that she had utilized the colours of the enemy, which were soon hauled down and replaced by a more popular kind of banner.

During the present writer's Cambridge days, besides the racing Newmarket attracted undergraduates on account of pigeon-shooting matches, and even cock-fights which took place in its vicinity. Newmarket has always been popular with Cambridge men. About 1847 it appears that the undergraduates patronized the town to such an extent that they became the terror of Admiral Rous, descending on the Heath like a squad of irregular cavalry, most of them mounted on screws hired from Haggis or Death, who in my own day were succeeded by Newman and Saunders.

The number of undergraduates who then made a point of attending the races was not very large, but what they lacked in numbers they made up for by their keen appreciation of life. Some remarks on Newmarket, written in 1771, admirably expressed

THE " BIRDCAGE " AT NEWMARKET IN THE 'EIGHTIES

the sporting aspirations of many of my contemporaries:

"Hail to Newmarket, happy as in various other things, so in thy fortunate vicinity to Cambridge! For by means of that lucky circumstance the adventurous youth may come fresh from his studies, full of mathematical knowledge and form an exact calculation of the odds upon thy verdant plains; with a mind tempered by that deep science, he may, at noon, lay his bets judiciously on thy Turf, and at night, with equal skill, may calculate the chances at the card-tables."

Newmarket at the beginning of the nineteenth century, full as it was during race meetings of quaintly dressed sportsmen, must have been a picturesque place; at the present time, however, there seems to be no original figures left. The last, possibly, was old Lady Cardigan, who was a constant attendant at the meetings in the 'eighties, when I well remember her sitting in a sort of pony-chaise, with a postilion, stationed on the other side of the rails opposite the stand. Her residence in the town was in the house at the corner of New Station Road, once occupied by Crockford of gaming-house fame, which since his day had been divided into three, which were respectively occupied by Lady Cardigan, Lady Stamford, and Mr. Henry Savile. In addition to his gambling ventures, Crockford at one time made a big book, and in 1811 purchased several race-horses. Sultan ran second to the Duke of Portland's Tiresias for the Derby of 1819, this being his best horse; but racing was not so profitable to him as his St. James's Street Hell, where, with a wide knowledge of the West End, he had sat for years in the corner of the great hazard room, attracting, rejecting, sifting the doubtful from

the desirable: giving credit only to signatures of such reliability as warranted the freedom of the game. Intuition, decision, callous self-interest: he brought all these to Newmarket, to what is now called Rothsay House, where he opened a hazard saloon.

At one time there were a number of minor Hells run by humbler gaming-house keepers during race weeks, the last of which was going as late as the early 'eighties, having been kept by a well-known individual, Captain Atkins, or Adkins, by name. Atkins used to keep a "Hell" in what is now the post office at Newmarket during race meetings, much to the displeasure of the Jockey Club, who sent him a warning. Not far away, at the "Greyhound," was another gambling place where, though play was high, the company was less select. A case in which Atkins had been concerned did him a good deal of harm: this was Sidebottom *v.* Atkins, in which the former was awarded £6,000. Nevertheless, on balance the Captain remained a winner, having once won no less than £25,000 from Sidebottom, a foolish young man from Manchester, at the Berkeley Club in Albemarle Street, an establishment run by the Captain where young men about town could play—but not win—to their hearts' content. In a different form this Club continued to flourish long after Atkins' day, for the present writer remembers it as one of the earliest places where Chemin-de-fer Baccarat was played in London. The "Hazard," however, out of which the former proprietor had made such a good thing, seems to have gradually died away, there being, even in the 'eighties, but few people who accurately remembered how the game was played. Hazard, indeed, which caused many estates to change hands, was a somewhat complicated method of losing money, and, with its curious terms, it would scarcely

appeal to modern gamblers accustomed to the comparative simplicity of "chemin de fer." It is doubtful whether there is anyone alive to-day who understands this game which was so popular a hundred years ago. Dice are seldom seen and money is now rarely risked upon the hazard of a die.

That well-known and popular sporting baronet, Sir Charles Hartopp, is now probably the last, or nearly the last, survivor of those who indulged in Hazard at the tables which Atkins ran at Newmarket and at Brighton. He tells me that he remembers the game having been played for the last time about 1883. Sir Charles, who in his time was no mean performer over the sticks, has always been very fond of racing, and in his younger days owned some good horses. Much to the pleasure of his friends, his colours have again been seen on the race-course within the last two years.

The old-fashioned gaming-house keepers just previous to Atkins' time took elaborate precautions against raids which the authorities, though comparatively lenient, would at times organize upon gaming-houses where they thought too much money was being lost. To protect themselves against such unwelcome irruptions, the keepers of "Hells" would fortify their strongholds with strong iron-plated doors, to make an ingress to them a difficult and tardy matter. There was one at the bottom of the stairs, one near the top, and a third at the entrance to the gambling-room. These were opened and closed one after the other, as a person ascended or descended. In each of the doors there was a little round glass peep-hole, for the porters to take a bird's-eye view of all persons desirous of admittance, in order to exclude individuals likely to cause trouble. These gaming-house keepers, in addition to safeguarding themselves against the police,

had to keep a good eye on their employés, even when they belonged to their own family.

One of the partners in a St. James's Street gaming-house, having to go to the country, left one of his sons in charge of his "Hell." The latter was a gay, wild young man, who had made acquaintance with players at his father's establishment, as thoughtless as himself. The young man used, occasionally, to deal, and it was agreed that two of his cronies should be there, prepared with a little money, in order to play upon certain sure *coups* that would be arranged for their advantage. A signal by means of certain cards was given when these *coups* were coming off, and the trick was played a few times before it was found out. Upon its being detected by certain employés of the Hell a message was sent off to the young man's father, who returned at once and gave his unscrupulous offspring a dressing down which he remembered for many a long day.

The expenses of a first-class gaming-house were very great. Crockford's in St. James's Street (now the Devonshire Club) cost about a thousand pounds a week to run. There was no "Bank" here from July to October, when, Crockford used to say, "Ve are closed for the saison." During this time, however, the sharps and flats amongst his members could play any game they liked amongst themselves.

Crockford built his palace of chance on the site of 50, 51, 52, 53, St. James's Street, the decorations alone of which are said to have cost £94,000. This building was opened in 1827 as a club, to which entry was obtained by election, and there were about 1,200 members, exclusive of ambassadors and foreigners of distinction, the annual subscription being £25: a system which continued under his man-

agement until 1840, when the supply of "pigeons" seems to have fallen off! Crockford had secured such good bags in the course of ten years that it is no wonder if the stock became depleted. Disraeli was a frequenter of Crockford's, mentioned by him in a letter to his wife written in 1842:[1]

"Dudley Stuart embraced me at Crockford's and declared before Chesterfield and a crowd of dandies that my speech was one of the most effective he had ever listened to."

Disraeli was evidently a regular attendant, since, later on, he again wrote to the same confidante:

"At supper at Crockford's, H. Twiss, sitting next to me, between his mighty mouthfuls, at length saturninely turned round and said suddenly and without any preliminary observations: 'I am not sure whether your retort on Palmerston in reply last night was not the completest case of having a man on the hip that I ever remember in Parliament.'"

[1] Volume II, pages 128, 129, of "Life," by Monypenny.

V

SUBURBAN RACE-COURSES OF THE PAST

ONE of the great attractions of Paris is undoubtedly the facility with which anyone can gratify his taste for speculation, the race-courses of Longchamp, Auteuil, and St. Cloud being so close that one can reach them after having partaken of a leisurely lunch with great comfort and ease. Modern London, on the other hand, with the exception of Alexandra Park, has no amenities of the same kind, a whole day having practically to be sacrificed by anyone desirous of visiting Sandown, Kempton, or any of the other courses which are within reach of the Metropolis. This, however, was not always the case, for well within living memory racing may be said to have existed almost at the Londoner's door. In the 'forties of the last century, for instance, on ground now covered by Notting Hill was started "the Hippodrome," an attempt to establish an urban race-course which, it is true, did not attain the success which its promoters expected.

Opened in 1837, this somewhat novel enterprise contained both a steeplechase-course and a race-course each two miles in length, as also a good exercise ground, while some rising ground in the centre enabled spectators to get a good view of what went on from start to finish. The courses were finely turfed, and the surroundings at that time so attractive that the new

venture was expected to draw a huge concourse to the spot. On June 3, the opening day, a great number of the then newly established police were stationed in the grounds to prevent danger or disturbance. The Hippodrome, it may be added, was under aristocratic patronage, for among the stewards of the course were the Earl of Chesterfield and Count D'Orsay, consequently the list of fashionable folk present was very large, and included the Dukes of Brunswick, Grafton, Beaufort, and other important people. About 20,000 spectators assembled, together with two or three thousand horsemen. The racing began between two and three o'clock, and did not terminate until half-past six—a long time, considering that there were but three races on the card! One was a Plate of £100, run for in two-mile heats, given by the proprietor: this Mr. Wickham's Pincher won. The second race, also two-mile heats, was for a Plate of £50, for steeplechasers, to which was added a sweepstakes of ten sovereigns each. There were five subscribers, and the race was won by the celebrated Lottery. The third, or only other Plate, of £100, did not fill owing to scarcity of horses—altogether but a moderate day's sport!

The Hippodrome did not last very long, not having proved a success, but in the middle of the last century there were a number of other race-courses quite close to London where a day's racing—sometimes of a rather rough kind—could be obtained. One of these was at Egham, where horse-races had been specially recognized by an Act of Parliament passed in the fifty-fourth year of the reign of George III. In a section dealing with the enclosure of the commons, waste lands, and open meadows, in the parish of Egham, it was then expressly enacted, "That the several pieces or parcels of land comprising the meads called Runnymeade and

Long Mead, shall not be fenced or inclosed under any of the powers contained in this Act, but remain at all time hereafter open and uninclosed." The same clause, however, empowered the Commissioners to allot " specific parts or shares of those meads amongst the several owners and proprietors thereof," according to their respective rights and interests of the same; but it was " provided always that the said several pieces or parcels of land last mentioned, or such parts thereof which have been appropriated and used for a long time past as a race ground, *shall be kept and continued as a race-course for the public use, at such time of the year as the races thereon have heretofore been accustomed to be kept.*"

This was a striking instance of *rights* and *privileges* guaranteed by the Legislature for the protection and fostering of the pastime of horse-racing. It may be added that at Egham Races, in August, 1836, an address of thanks was presented to King William IV for giving a royal purse of 100 guineas to be annually run for there, and in an extemporaneous speech in reply the King expressed his appreciation of the Turf.

For a time a race meeting at West Drayton was a popular Cockney fixture. Here George French, a well-known character, officiated as Clerk of the Course. French had bestowed upon himself the title of " Count Bolo," which he actually had stamped upon some of his property. Generally known as the "Count," he was a witty dare-devil man with unlimited impudence, combined with a love of playing practical jokes. Walking one day with two friends down Regent Street, he saw a man about six feet high hurrying along, upon which he went up to him, seized his hand and said:

" I shall never forget or be able to repay you for the good your pills have done me. I know you: your

name is Holloway, and I am well aware that you don't want everybody to recognize you."

The man assured him his name was not Holloway, but Bolo detained him nearly five minutes before he left, with the result that the stranger became so puzzled that he seemed not to know exactly who he was when he left the Count.

Bolo had his own method of doing things, and in the management of his race-course employed as few men as possible. He used to say that he liked the West Drayton race-course because it was on an island, which saved him a lot of trouble, as with twenty men stationed at the bridge, no one could get over on to the course without paying. Strict orders were given to admit no one who tried any tricks, but Bolo as a concession told his men not to interfere or take any notice of people who cared to swim, as he knew they were no good and couldn't pay. For a time things went on well, and the course paid, but suddenly a Bill was introduced in Parliament to suppress race meetings within about ten miles of London, West Drayton coming within the prohibited area. Bolo was then in partnership with a man named George Fox, and they had the grand-stand insured for £600, the whole structure being probably not worth £200, after which by some unfortunate "accident" it was one night burnt to the ground. Bolo went and saw the Insurance people a couple of days later, and at first they seemed inclined to settle the matter straight away if he would take £400, but he said, "No; the place was worth more than that to him," his idea being that they would be sure to give him another hundred at least. Soon afterwards, however, the Insurance Company got an idea that there was something rather shady about the fire and consequently refused to make any

offer at all. At the same time they said that they would consider the matter, which they proceeded to do, hoping to be able to prove that it was a case of arson—this, however, they could not do. Nevertheless, in order not to be done, they built a new stand costing £600, with which Bolo had to be content. The stand in question was never used, for the meeting was done away with, together with several others. The result was that the stand became a white elephant to Bolo and his partner, and had eventually to be pulled down, and the bricks put up for sale. For some time this stand could be seen by travellers going to Bath Races by the Great Western Railway, the derelict race-course almost adjoining the West Drayton railway-station.

Other suburban race-courses of that period were Harrow, Streatham, Kingsbury, and Bromley, the latter of which bore an unenviable reputation for rowdiness, which eventually led to its being suppressed. The horses which ran in the steeplechases here were often very inferior and falls were frequent. The crowd was a rough one and order very difficult to keep. On one occasion an Irish jockey having had a bad fall owing to a bystander (wilfully, perhaps) causing his horse to shy at a fence, one of the fallen one's friends sought to console him by speaking of the " damages " he would be certain to get.

" Damages ! " said the disconsolate horseman, rubbing a part of his anatomy which had suffered severely, " I'm thinking its ' repairs ' I'll be wanting most ! "

Owing to the lawlessness of the mob the officials, as well as the public, had to look after themselves. On one occasion, for instance, the man who was engaged to take the entrance money was turned upside down in his box by roughs, who appropriated his takings while

the unfortunate official remained with his heels in the air, an outrage which at future meetings led the authorities to have the pay-box well secured to the ground. A comical hurdle race was once run at Bromley, where a blundering old black mare, Queen Bee by name, made all the running—this was in the old days of "mile and a half over six flights," the abolition of which was due to Lord Marcus Beresford—and the mare knocked down a hurdle at every flight, with the result that the contest became a flat race. Another ridiculous incident occurred at Bromley in a race there which happened to be worth winning. One horse kept breaking away at the start, until "the man with the flag" got into a fearful rage and let out at the rider of the unruly steed in no measured terms. It seemed, indeed, as if the rider in question was trying to aggravate him in order to make the rest laugh. The horses being about a hundred yards behind the post, the starter kept fuming at the jockeys, saying, "Go back; turn round, all the lot of you, and go back!" and all but one did so. That one, however, was standing stock-still up at the post, and the starter, being shortsighted, never noticed him. The horses were "all over the place," and naturally their jockeys thought the wrathful official would call the "advance guard" back, but suddenly they were electrified by hearing him shout out "Go!" and seeing his flag drop. Away went the man in front like lightning, and no one got near him throughout the race!

At some of these small Metropolitan meetings, when the sharp division had got its money on, curious scenes occurred—in one case when the crowd, which was a rough one, had backed a certain horse, its supporters determined that nothing should stop it from winning. Unfortunately almost at the last fence the animal,

having thrown its jockey, galloped away. Only one other horse stood up, and naturally it seemed certain that it must win. Necessity, however, is the mother of invention, and the roughs, surging towards the judge's box, violently toppled it over face foremost, the unhappy judge lying imprisoned beneath, while the should-have-been winner cantered past the post.

The Streatham meeting was the scene of a good deal of chicanery, which at times led to riotous protests from an angry mob. Here on one occasion a crowd of infuriated backers pulled up the railings marking the course and flung them at a jockey whom they believed to have pulled his mount. At Streatham, Mr. Fred Hobson, a well-known gentleman rider, after having ridden unsuccessfully in a steeplechase, was accused by a great hulking fellow, who had backed him, of having wilfully lost the race. By way of reply Mr. Hobson slashed his whip across the man's face. Next day, going over the course at Kingsbury and having a careful look at the water-jump, the gentleman jockey was unpleasantly surprised to see his friend of the day before pop up from behind the fence.

"Now, Mr. 'Obson," said he in a determined voice, "can you fight?"

"No," replied the former, "but I can run," and before the man could get at him was off!

At such suburban meetings backers were also given to practices of a doubtful kind. On one occasion, at Streatham, it was said that an owner who had backed his horse heavily suggested to the gentleman jockey who was to ride it that he should abstract the leads from his saddle-cloth and hand them to a man who would understand the job. After the race was over, this plotter's idea was to get close to his jockey with

sufficient shot to supply the missing weight, the shot to be poured into the latter's boots!

Whether such stories were true or not it is pretty certain that much sharp practice prevailed on most of the old-fashioned courses within a ten-mile radius from London. Such courses, being usually circular, afforded admirable facilities for bringing off doubtful coups by unscrupulous jockeys, who, while going round several times in long races, were able to arrange matters pretty well as they liked.

A fairly respectable meeting, however, though close to the centre of London, was Lillie Bridge at West Brompton, where races were held up to so recently as the 'seventies. The flat and hurdle racing here were quite good. Another race-course popular with Cockney sportsmen was Kingsbury, near the Welsh Harp at Hendon, where there was steeplechasing as well as flat racing. A feature here was a "Red Coat steeplechase," in which top-hats and red hunting coats had to be worn. This was quite a sporting event, and most of the best gentlemen riders of the late 'sixties and early 'seventies had been over the Kingsbury jumps. Religious people then looked askance at racing, especially when it was so close to London, and many protests were made, not only by the "unco guid," but also by humanitarians, who denounced the steeplechases on account of a number of horses (probably of a very inferior kind) which, it was said, had met with injuries while being ridden over the sticks. The so-called cruelties which took place were severely criticized in certain organs of the Press, notably in the "Tomahawk," in one number of which appeared a cartoon by the very clever caricaturist Matt Morgan, calculated to arouse public indignation. Pictures of horses falling at a fence are very apt to move the

general public, a large proportion of whom have never seen a steeplechase run. Photographic reproductions of horses coming to grief in the National a few years ago had this effect, the camera being apt to produce very strange results, as was recently shown by certain snapshots taken of Mr. Wilmot's Wandoo turning a somersault at the last fence in the Kenton Steeplechase on Boxing Day, 1925, at Kempton Park. On this occasion, though his horse was unhurt, the jockey, Mr. L. B. Rees, sustained a fracture of the leg.

In spite of humanitarian protests, the rough old suburban meetings went on as usual, it having been not so much any solicitude for the well-being of the horses who ran as the fact that such meetings were so accessible to the Metropolis and caused much riff-raff to assemble, with the consequent disorder which its presence in large numbers inevitably entails. In addition to this London was spreading its tentacles out into the country, and racing amidst bricks and mortar is naturally not very much in place. An exception to this, however, is Alexandra Park, which still survives, though many times threatened, notably some years ago when Bishop Temple, the then Bishop of London, made strenuous efforts to get it stopped.

Before the Alexandra Palace and its race-course had come into being there was racing not very far away, at Enfield, where there were also races for galloways. This meeting usually attracted a number of very fair animals, the fixture having the reputation of affording very fair sport. The most popular Cockney meeting of old days, however, was that known as 'Appy 'Ampton, which practically occupied the same ground as does " Hurst Park," though the races were then run in a reverse way, while one course was exactly alongside the river. The ground in those days

WANDOO FALLING AT KEMPTON PARK
(Boxing Day, 1925)

was full of furze bushes, and the course not being railed in after the modern fashion. In consequence of this it was not unusual for riders in a long distance race to come across parties of Cockney visitors lunching and drinking right in the middle of what—which they did not know—was the course. The Hampton meetings were very popular with sportsmen of the humbler classes, who drove their wives and families down in all sorts of conveyances: vans, brakes, and donkey carts, becoming involved in hopeless confusion along the way.

At 'Appy 'Ampton fights were not unknown. Here the well-known Captain "Chicken" Hartopp once got into a rare mess. Perceiving a man who had welshed him at Ascot, he and a friend went up to him and asked to be paid. The welsher was very abusive, and told them if they "didn't make themselves scarce he would get their heads knocked off." A crowd of low fighting men, including Bob Travers, the black, were near, and matters looked very awkward. Nevertheless, Hartopp showed fight, and very soon had three or four of his opponents stretched on the ground. He stood six feet one inch and weighed 14 stone, and his friend was not much less, while both were in good condition, owing to which for about five minutes these two young soldiers stood up against five or six of the roughs. Hartopp managed to get the black to himself and was giving him a good drubbing, when two of the latter's pals came behind the Captain and trussed him—that is, put their arms under his and held him perfectly tight. Meanwhile another man hit him as hard as he possibly could and cut his face frightfully. Nevertheless, having contrived to get away, Captain Hartopp went to a friend's drag, had a wash and his face plastered up a bit, and then enjoyed

himself as if nothing had occurred. A "mill" then was considered part of a day's fun!

"'Appy 'Ampton" has long ceased to exist, all the wild frolics connected with it having naturally passed away with the creation of the well-organized and decorous Hurst Park, the orderliness of which would astound some of the old school who had frequented the place where fistic encounters were held at Moulsey Hurst.

Strange accidents happened on some of the old courses. In November, 1866, for instance, a most extraordinary feat was performed on the old Woodside race-course, at Croydon, by the late Mr. Arthur Yates, in later years so well known as a trainer. The latter, one of three starters for the Croydon Cup, three and a half miles, was going strong upon his horse Harold when the latter rolled over after having jumped the water in front of the stand. Harold very quickly got up and was starting off again when Mr. Yates, having run after him, grabbed him by the tail and jumped right over the horse's quarters into the saddle. Quickly making up lost ground, Mr. Yates and Harold eventually caught up Cortolvin[1] and Flyfisher, the other two runners, and eventually came in easy winners amid loud cheers.

At Croydon races Captain Wentworth Hope-Johnstone, a gentleman jockey who was the first amateur or professional to win a race [2] for the late King Edward as Prince of Wales, was nearly killed in a hurdle race. Knocked over in front of a big field, practically all of which galloped over him, he was picked up as if dead, but after many hours recovered consciousness, and

[1] Cortolvin won the Grand National of the next year, 1867.

[2] On Leonidas, winner of the Military Hunt Cup, at Aldershot, on April 15, 1880. Ten ran.

was in the saddle again within a week. The horse the injured jockey rode on this occasion belonged to Sir John Astley, affectionately known to race-goers as "the Mate." Before mounting, Captain Hope-Johnstone inquired of the latter:

"Can my mount jump?"

"Jump!" replied Sir John, "I should just think he can: why, he jumped right over the rails into the Ring at Kingsbury!"

In later life Captain Hope-Johnstone, nicknamed "Wenty," became exceedingly impecunious, so much so indeed that one evening at the "Old Pelican" he sold his moustache with its waxed ends and imperial for a fiver to a member who had them mounted and hung in a case on the club walls.

The Croydon meeting, which has now long been done away with, was quite fashionable at one time, the Grand National Hurdle Race and the Grand Metropolitan Steeplechase run there being important events, which attracted a good deal of attention. Though race-goers undoubtedly circulate a good deal of money in the town near any race-course which they may frequent, the inhabitants of Croydon did not show much appreciation of such visitors, complaints being made that the races attracted a number of bad characters and produced great disorder. This, combined no doubt with the increased need for building land, eventually led to the abolition of the races. As late as the early 'eighties, however, the present writer remembers attending a meeting there—a bit rough, but pleasant enough it seemed to him in those days!

Though not a few deplored the disappearance of the old Metropolitan race-course, the spirit which brought this about was in reality the same as that which

brought into being the well-conducted gate-money "club enclosure" meetings of to-day.

Windsor, which is now so admirably conducted, used at one time to be run in a more or less happy-go-lucky way. As late as the 'eighties of the last century a certain number of Eton boys managed to attend the races there. In order to do this they had to make good use of their wits as well as their legs, for on race days masters lay in wait for boys who tried to get across the river to the course. Consequently a long detour by way of Windsor had to be made. The present writer well remembers running to the races and back, not, after all, a very amusing adventure, as one was only able to see a race or two, and that under very uncomfortable conditions. An even more adventurous escapade was getting to Ascot. This, however, quite a number of boys managed by getting a lift on the way, generally from some old Etonian who had previously promised to pick them up. On one occasion half a dozen boys, disguising themselves as negro minstrels in Windsor, drove to the course and back with complete impunity. As far as I remember, though running to Windsor races was rather leniently regarded by the authorities, a visit to Ascot was a far more serious matter, and one that entailed severe punishment should the culprit be caught. The evenings at Eton during the Ascot meeting in those days were always very gay, for nigger-minstrels and other itinerant entertainers came down the High Street singing their songs amidst crowds of boys who much appreciated the amusing, if somewhat Rabelaisian, ditties which these people—who had usually had plenty of liquid refreshment—were wont to sing. There was, I remember, a man well known on the race-course who was extremely clever at sending up straws, or perhaps

very thin wands, to a great height in the air. This he did, or seemed to do, entirely with his hands—a really marvellous performance which I have never seen equalled since. Now that almost all races are gate-money meetings, itinerant entertainers of this sort must find it much harder to live. Racing indeed has become much more of a serious business in many ways, most race-goers being too busy trying to make money to waste their time patronizing shows or listening to songs which the free and easy spirit of the past considered as forming part of the day's amusement.

At the present time (May, 1925) there is but really one old-fashioned south-country race-course left, and that is Epsom, the scene of the traditional carnival of Derby Day to which crowds of people—a great proportion knowing or caring little about the Turf—flock in order to indulge in a holiday of the old-fashioned kind such as used to be so popular with their predecessors of a century ago. A day's racing for the ordinary individual in those times generally comprised, in addition to abundant drinking, a flutter at some game of chance, and a fight, all sorts of booths being then allowed to minister to what serious people call "the baser passions of the multitude." Games of chance, such as roulette, are of course now sternly repressed on Epsom Downs, and order is more or less ensured by an efficient body of police. Something, however, of the old Bohemian spirit still lingers among the huge crowds which assemble to see the Derby run, but this also will probably disappear when the new arrangements by which the authorities are to have full control over the land, now open to all, come into force. The trend of public opinion, combined with the vast increase of population, undoubtedly tends towards strict regulation of race-courses, and the great Epsom

meeting, in spite of its many interesting memories, was bound sooner or later to be brought into line with the strictly controlled forms of modern racing which have supplanted the rather happy-go-lucky methods of the more picturesque past.

There was indeed a good deal of rowdiness at the old-fashioned race meetings to which the general public had easy access. As, however, that sort of thing was considered part of the day's fun by the proletariat, no particular efforts seem to have been made to stamp it out. At the same time no regular gangs, such as exist at the present day, made their living out of the Turf, while professional thieves and swell mobsmen took care not to molest well-known Turfites, who, wherever they went, were generally pretty certain to be perfectly secure. If by some mistake any of the latter chanced to be held up, the money and valuables extracted from their pockets were often anonymously returned later on. The quarry hunted by the bad character of old-time race-courses consisted mainly of countrymen and well-to-do provincials, whom the regular race-goers considered more or less fair game for welshers and other riff-raff, who eked out a living by precarious and generally very doubtful means. Thimble-riggers, three-card trick men and the like, reaped a rich harvest at classical events like the Derby, an admirable representation of which in old days has been left us by Frith, whose "Derby Day," though it cannot be called a great work of art, remains an intensely interesting human document, giving, as it does, detailed reproduction of an English race-course during the middle of the last century.

In addition to conveying a good idea of what the Epsom carnival was like at that period, this picture

contains a number of portraits drawn from life, including that of the artist himself, who figures as the acrobat waiting with outstretched arms to catch his son, portrayed as the little boy half afraid to go through the feats of skill for which the onlookers are waiting. In a landau, not far away, are Madame Grisi, the famous contralto (afterwards married to Mario), with a friend, engaged in conversation with two young officers—of the Scots Fusilier Guards—Captain de Bathe (afterwards Sir Henry de Bathe) in a black top-hat, and his friend Lord Charles Seymour, killed at Inkermann, who wears a white one. The somewhat dissipated young man not far away, who has a veil round his hat, represents the ill-fated Marquis of Hastings, who contrived to get through such large sums of money before going to an early grave.

VI

FLAT RACING

THE earliest authentic evidence we have by written record of any horse-racing having first actually taken place in this country dates from the reign of Henry II (1154 to 1189), during which period such racing appears to have been considered as rather a vulgar diversion. Smithfield was then known as "horse market," and was also celebrated on account of the "hackneys and charging steeds" which used to be tried there by racing one against another. Fitz-Stephen, that quaint old chronicler who wrote in this reign, thus describes these equine contests:

"When a race is to be run by this sort of horses, and perhaps by others which, in their kind, are also strong and fleet, a shout is immediately raised and the common horses are ordered to withdraw out of the way. Three jockeys, or sometimes only two, as the match is made, prepare themselves for the contest. . . . The horses on their part are not without emulation; they tremble and are impatient, and are continually in motion. At last, the signal once given, they start, devour the course, and hurry along with unremitting swiftness. The jockeys, inspired with the thought of applause and the hope of victory, clap spurs to their willing horses, brandish their whips, and cheer them with their cries."

There do not appear to have been any gentlemen riders till comparatively modern times, though as a young man Cardinal Wolsey knew how to get the best out of a horse.

About the year 1500, King Henry VII, having occasion to send to the Emperor Maximilian about a matter which required great haste, and conceiving that no messenger would so quickly execute it as his chaplain, Mr. Thomas Wolsey, the latter was forthwith entrusted with the errand, and desired to use all speed in the execution of it. Wolsey took leave of the King at Richmond about noon on a certain day, and the next morning got to Dover, the following noon he reached Calais, and by night was with the Emperor, with whose answer he rode that same night back to Calais, arriving the succeeding night at Richmond, and the next morning saw the King, who, not thinking the errand had been performed, blamed him for having been remiss. Wolsey, however, at once showed that he had carried out his instructions by producing the Emperor's letter, upon which Henry was so much astonished and pleased at the speed he had used, that he quickly bestowed upon him the Deanery of Lincoln, and soon after made him his almoner. Thus skill in the saddle, as a contemporary authority said, was the cause of the first rise of that afterwards great Prelate, Cardinal Wolsey.

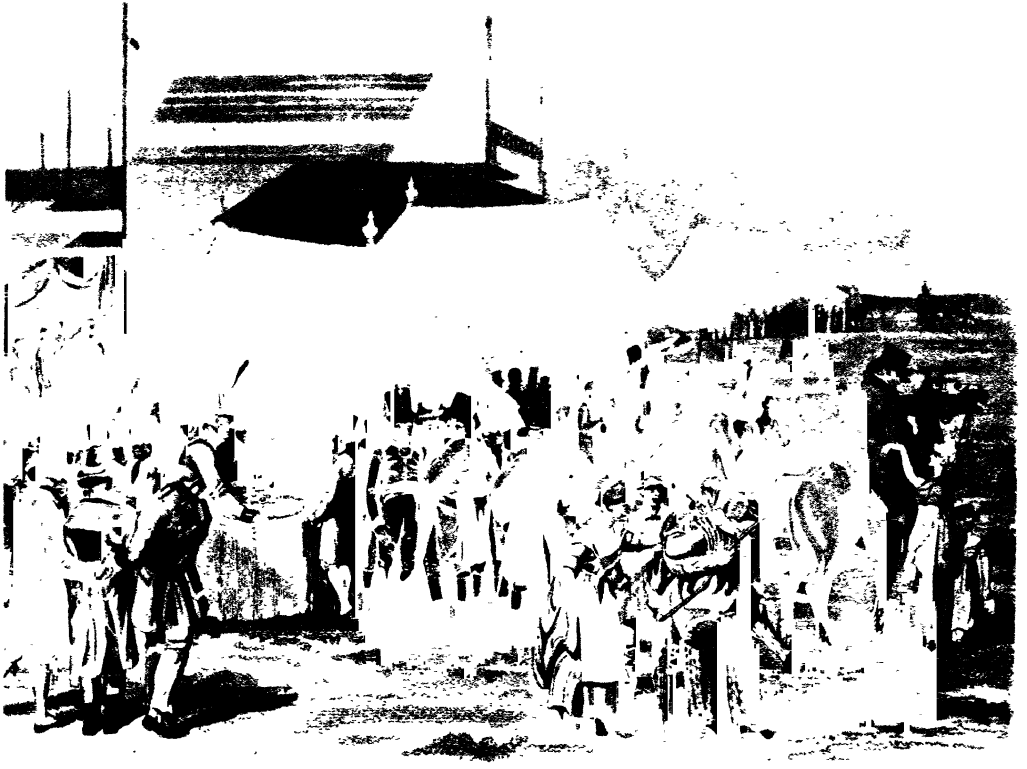
Horse-racing at Epsom is said to have first taken place during the reign of James I, who on various occasions visited the town in order to drink "the waters," which at that time were held in great repute. In addition to the town being a health resort, much gay society was then wont to assemble at Epsom, where the King used to reside at his palace of Nonsuch, passing his time in hunting and other amusements,

among which "horse matches" probably took a prominent place. During the reign of Charles II there was racing on Banstead Downs, for Pepys laments his inability to be present at what seems to have been a sort of Derby of that day.

Writing in his diary on September 11, 1660, he says: "The Duke of York did go to-day by break of day to the Downs." And again on May 27, 1663, he records: "This day there was a great thronging to Banstead Downs, upon a great horse-race and foot-race. I am sorry I could not go thither." Another entry referring to racing is dated July 25 of the same year; it is the following: "Having intended this day to go to Banstead Downs to see a famous race, I sent Will to get himself ready to go with me; but I hear it is put off, because the Lords do sit in Parliament to-day."

In the early days of racing, and even as late as the beginning of the last century, a race meeting was the occasion for general revelry, drinking and gaming, special booths for which were at the disposal of race-goers, most of whom lost their money. A great feature of such meetings was also a series of cock-fights, several noblemen priding themselves upon the prowess of their game-birds, which were regularly trained to face any antagonist. Silver or steel spurs of special construction were fitted to the cock's feet, which had to be specially prepared by a small operation to hold such spurs in place. Dozens of battles or mains were fought between different breeders, the bouts usually taking about two minutes, after which they were separated and taken to their corners, there to be attended by seconds who stood in the pit.

Though cock-fighting has now long been prohibited by law on account of its alleged cruelty, it was not so



A RACECOURSE OF THE PAST

brutal as some other rough sports of a vanished day. The birds undoubtedly took great delight in fighting, and were seldom reluctant to face their opponents, there being much flapping of wings and defiant shrieks when they were put into the pit. Not all the fights were to a finish, but when a bird had completely vanquished its antagonist it would strut proudly about crowing and flapping, or even dance upon the body of the cock which had lost. Thus originated, no doubt, the phrase "Cock o' the walk." Large sums often changed hands over these encounters, the most successful breeder at the end of the eighteenth century having been the Earl of Mexborough, whose cocks, kept at Methley, were noted for winning mains.

Though cock-fighting was made illegal in the early part of the last century, it continued to flourish in secret long after that date ; indeed, it was in full swing at Newmarket as late as 1880–90. Possibly secret mains are still fought there. Be this as it may, in out-of-the-way places on the Ulster border the sport still prevails, the district near the Free State frontier being the scene of many toughly contested battles. Elaborate and carefully thought-out arrangements are made in order to guard against unwelcome intrusions from the police, the rivalry of owners from the south and north of Ireland not preventing much good humour and jollity on the part of the considerable number of people fortunate enough to be allowed to witness the mains. Everything is done in the regular old-fashioned style, there being a time-keeper and umpire as well as seconds, well skilled in the arts of reviving a weakened cock with small doses of champagne or brandy. As there is generally little fear of interruption by the authorities, all sorts of queer characters, including illicit liquor sellers, are to be

seen by the pit-side. The deviations of the border-line are particularly favourable in the event of a police raid, the crowd of cock-fighters well understanding how to profit by the fact that the police of either north or south may not cross the border, and are obliged to sit powerless watching fights carried on out of their jurisdiction. A well-organized system of scouts, however, generally prevents even anything of this sort, besides which, the sympathies of the Irish being always opposed to any attempts to curtail sport, anyone likely to prove unwelcome is almost sure to be put upon the wrong track. As a matter of fact, the knowledge that cock-fighting is forbidden by law gives it an added savour much appreciated by many living on both sides of the border. Much betting prevails on the result of the mains, while battles are often fought for stakes which make it well worth while for owners to spend money breeding cocks.

Another concomitant of old-world racing was boxing, there being generally a booth or two at which a pugilist was ready to face all comers, who were offered a prize should they be able to knock the professional out. In the days of George IV it was not considered derogatory for even royalty to openly countenance and support prize-fighters! Then a pugilistic encounter formed so prominent a feature in the day's proceedings at most of the race meetings, that the absence of any such fistic display, or the non-appearance on the course of any of the celebrated members of the Prize Ring, were often remarked upon by the newspapers: "There was no battle took place on the race-ground on either of the days, notwithstanding Hooper, the tinman, Green Serle, and several other boxers were present." So says the "Morning Chronicle" of August 5, 1791. In an engraving, also, of Doncaster

grand-stand and race-course, the artist depicts as a feature of the scene a regular pugilistic encounter while the horses are running.

Much that was picturesque was associated with the Turf in the past, but in these more commercial days there is no place for anything of that sort. Favourites for great races were taken to run in classic races with considerable state. When, for instance, Toxophilite, belonging to Lord Palmerston, was being taken to Epsom, his van, drawn by four grey horses with two postilions in blue jackets and white top-hats, created quite a sensation in Piccadilly, where the Derby favourite and his escort drew up at a hostelry on the sight of which the Criterion now stands.

Queer wagers and matches often took place at the beginning of the last century, one of the latter, which excited enormous interest, occurring in 1804, between Mrs. Thornton, reputed wife of the celebrated Colonel Thornton of Thornville Royal, afterwards Studley Royal, the seat of Lord Ripon, and a gentleman well known in sporting circles, Mr. Flint by name. This was run at York, and is memorable as being the only race chronicled in the Racing Calendar in which a woman's name is mentioned. The entry, dated August 25, 1804, runs thus :

" Mr. Flint's Brown Thornville by Volunteer out of Abigail, aged, rode by the owner, beat Colonel Thornton's ch.h. Vinagrillio, aged, rode by Mrs. Thornton, four miles, five hundred guineas."

The weights were catch weights, and before the race five and six to four were laid upon the lady, which increased during the early portion of the race to seven to four and two to one, it seeming likely during the first three miles that Mrs. Thornton would secure an easy triumph. When, however, it came to the final

mile, things entirely changed, and the victory of Mr. Flint appearing certain, odds were laid upon him. Over two hundred thousand pounds, it is said, were lost and won over this race, which excited a vast amount of interest. Mrs. Thornton, who rode a very old horse, wore a leopard-coloured bodice with blue sleeves, the rest buff, and blue cap. Mr. Flint rode in white. The race was run in nine minutes and fifty-nine seconds. In the published account of the race it is stated that: "No words can express the disappointment felt at the defeat of Mrs. Thornton, the spirit she displayed and the good humour with which she has borne her loss having greatly diminished the joy of many of the winners." The fortunate individuals in question seem, however, to have been under some misapprehension as to the lady's equanimity under defeat, as she subsequently sent an angry letter to the "York Herald," complaining that she had been treated with scant courtesy.

This match, as a matter of fact, aroused considerable ill-feeling—so much so that the next year on the Knavesmire a serious fracas occurred between Colonel Thornton and Mr. Flint, the latter being very indignant at not having received £1,000 of the £1,500 wagered by the gallant Colonel on his wife's success. Mr. Flint, after having vigorously applied a new horsewhip to the officer's shoulders, was taken into custody, Colonel Thornton afterwards making an application in the Court of King's Bench for leave to file a "criminal information" against Flint, who (he deposed) had challenged him to fight a duel, and horsewhipped him on the race-ground at York. The Colonel maintained that the bet of £1,000 was a mere nominal thing, intended to attract people to the race-course, and that it was understood that only £500 of the £1,500 should

be paid. In the end the case was dismissed, the Colonel apparently sticking to his £1,000.

At the York August meeting in the following year Mrs. Thornton rode another match against Buckle, the celebrated jockey. This time Mrs. Thornton, who was in the highest spirits, appeared dressed for the contest in a purple cap and waistcoat, long nankeen-coloured skirts, purple shoes, and embroidered stockings; Buckle's colours were a blue cap, with blue-bodied jacket and white sleeves. The lady, who carried 9 st. 6 lb., rode Louisa by Pegasus out of Nelly; Buckle, carrying 13 st. 6 lb., rode Allegro by Pegasus out of Allegranti's dam. When the race started, at half-past three, Mrs. Thornton took the lead, which she kept for some time; Buckle then exercising his jockeyship, took it from her, but only for a few lengths, Mrs. Thornton winning her race by half a neck.

Though the reports of the race led readers to believe that Mrs. Thornton was really Colonel Thornton's wife, according to a sporting writer of the last century she was, in truth, but his *chère amie* who had assumed that name, her real one having been Alicia Meynell. She would seem to have had as father a respectable watchmaker who lived in the city of Norwich. She is described at the time of the match as being about twenty-two years of age, very handsome, of a fair complexion, light hair, blue eyes, and very fascinating. The sporting writer seems to have been quite accurate in his statements, but if any proof were wanting, it is to be found in the particulars of an action tried before the Prerogative Court of Canterbury, in November, 1823. The trial in question discloses that there was yet another fictitious Mrs. Thornton who found favour with the Colonel as well as the one who made herself notorious by riding the match against

Mr. Flint. From an account of the trial, in which it was endeavoured on behalf of the real widow to set aside the will of her husband, it appears that the late Colonel Thomas Thornton had been a Lieutenant-Colonel of the 2nd Regiment of York Militia, who went to reside in France in 1815. In 1817 he applied for and obtained a right to domicile in and become a citizen of France, and that he continued to reside in and died in that country (at Paris) on March 10, 1823, but once in the meantime came over to England on business matters, one of which, from the date, appears to have been the making and execution of his will, which bears date October 2, 1818; and finally it appears that at the time of his death he had removed to France nearly all his movable effects, and purchased an estate there, though he died in possession of considerable property in England as well.

As to Captain William Flint, it may be learnt from contemporary sources that at the period of the match he was a sportsman of considerable celebrity who subsequently turned author, and published a treatise on the management of the horse. Eventually having dissipated by extravagance the whole of his property, he took, during the latter part of his life, to indulging in doses of prussic acid, as an antidote to spasmodic asthma, with the result that one day he swallowed so large a quantity as to cause his death, which occurred on January 7, 1832, at his lodgings in Castlegate, York.

Yorkshire has always been a sporting county. A proof of this was that before the railway was laid the men and boys of Sheffield thought nothing, year after year, of walking through the night to Doncaster, taking up a good position next the rails, which they never quitted from 10 to 5, and then walking the

eighteen miles home, again; and as late as the 'sixties, a Devonshire man used always to make a St. Leger pilgrimage both ways on foot, and accounted for this strange whim on the grounds that his "grandmother was Yorkshire."

This love of sport seems to have permeated even the most sedate class, for the author of "By-lanes and Downs of England" declared that in his time there were "many retail shops in York wherein you might purchase half an ounce of cayenne, and 'get pepper' to a 'pony' on any great race pending, from the sedate tranquil old gentleman who served you—if known *masonically*, that is. There was a sporting, smell-fungi old character, habited in drab integuments and a flaxen wig, who dealt in chemicals, and seemed a very 'deacon of the craft,' so methodical and combed into respectability did he appear, as you made known your solicitation in his line. But give him a three-quarter look—a glance 'across the flat'—and insinuate, 'I say, doctor, what can you lay against Syringe for the Nursery?' then wouldn't the old gentleman's eye flash with an archdeacon-like gleam! Or say, 'Doctor, I want to back a horse in the Ebor Handicap for a tenner'—probably one at Malton, a stable-lad from the lot not impossibly being, at the very moment, in the doctor's little back parlour, discussing a plate of corned beef and a horn of October. After having told the worthy old citizen that your fancy was indisposed, and that he might 'lay'—wouldn't he *then* make a rush at you over the counter, and book you before you could say 'done'! They were all more or less inoculated with the true vaccine of John Bullish propensity to trade and sport simultaneously. Even the old Quaker tea-dealer in the square would take a point more than the betting on John Scott's Leger horse;

yea, even on the good steed Solomon for a 'fiver,' would he venture—and stake! Whilst many a boot-maker would give you a pair of boots, and any tailor a coat, to 'return fifty' on their fancied outsider in Scott's lot for the Derby."

During the last century a crusade against gambling and betting was intermittently carried on by a section of the population popularly known as the "Methodists," some of whose preachers were very clever and apt.

"Ah, my brethren," once said one of these, addressing a congregation into which several sporting men had strolled, "why waste your lives thinking so much of what you call 'flimsies.' These, my friends," turning over the leaves of his Bible, "are God's bank-notes, and when you carry them to heaven He will cash them at sight!"

A different point of view from that adopted by a sporting lawyer who, pulling out a handful of notes for a large amount, said, "Talk about your Rembrandts and Rubens as works of art, I prefer these!"

Towards the end of the last century considerable stir was aroused by a crusade led by Mr. Hawke, of the Anti-Gambling League, which sought to do away with betting on the plea that it was the cause of many evils. For a time this campaign was waged with considerable vigour in the Press and elsewhere, but nothing has now been heard of this somewhat meddlesome League's efforts for a good many years. A more vigorous anti-gambling campaign was one waged at Doncaster in 1850. The announcement of a public meeting greatly excited the townsmen a few days previous to the St. Leger. The meeting, however, one of the largest ever held in the Guildhall, turned out to be a very one-sided affair as the crowd refused to hear

anyone who rose to speak against the races. Several clergymen on the platform vainly tried to address the meeting, and a well-known opponent of the Turf—Mr. Baxter by name—on trying to speak met with a most hostile reception. The meeting was mainly composed of the rabble of the town, and finding it impossible to obtain a hearing for any of the speakers who were opposed to the races, "Mr. Buckley, a Chartist, then moved, and Mr. Cooper, a Unitarian minister, seconded, a motion to the effect that the meeting should be adjourned until that day twelve-months, which was carried by an overwhelming majority." At this stage of the proceedings, however, it being obvious that the crowd had made up its mind for mischief, most of the respectable persons present retired, fearing that a serious riot would occur. As soon, however, as Mr. Baxter and several of his friends had reached the street, they were followed by a hooting and shouting mob, which afterwards assailed them with a shower of stones, one of which struck Mr. Baxter on the head. Later on he was once more "pelted" on his way home, for having attempted to give the mob what he no doubt conscientiously thought was good advice.

For years before this there had been a good deal of gambling at Doncaster during the races. In the early part of the last century, indeed, there seem to have been about forty or fifty different gambling-houses in the town and in the neighbourhood of the races, with men stationed at the doors and passing up and down the streets, and without any secrecy whatever, stating the names of the people in whose houses gambling was carried on, and inviting passers-by to enter the houses with the cry of, "Walk in, Roulette," "Walk in,

Hazard," while they handed out cards which were inscribed:

"To Noblemen and Gentlemen.

ROULETTE,
Bank £1,000,
At Mason's (The Tailor), Scott Lane."

The hero of the anti-race-meeting crusade, Mr. Baxter, who wrote on this subject, declared that he once indulged his curiosity so far as to visit nearly all these gambling-houses, where he found play going on with cards, dice, and other games. In addition to many gaming-hells, there were a number of men engaged in thimble-rigging, not only upon the race-course itself, but in all parts leading to it. Mr. Baxter was naturally shocked at such barefaced gambling proceedings, and as the authorities in no way noticed or attempted to interfere in the matter, he himself laid an "information" against one of the proprietors in 1827, but failed in obtaining a conviction. The following year, as the gambling still went on, he represented the matter to the authorities, in consequence of which twenty or thirty of the local gentry formed an association for the suppression of the evil, and endeavoured to urge the authorities to take legal steps to stop it. This, however, was anything but an easy matter, and caused a sort of riot in the town. A meeting of "sporting men" was called, and speeches made against the "Anti-gambling Association." Mr. Baxter was courageous enough to attend this meeting, and gave the anti-Puritans his views, which not unnaturally were "very warmly received." For some little time they listened to him, but soon the chairman refused to let him go on. When he left the meeting

DEAD HEAT BETWEEN EUCLID AND CHARLES XII

(The St. Leger of 1830)

he was pelted down the street on his way home, as a reward for his speech. The Association for suppressing gambling fell to pieces, the members of it being unwilling to move further in the matter. It was obvious, however, that this state of things could not go on for ever, and the Lord-Lieutenant and others bestirring themselves to abate the evil, the result was that in 1829 all the gambling-houses, with the exception of two or three of the larger ones, were put down. At the same time, steps were taken to abolish the thimble-rigging on the race-course. When, however, the police appeared the thimble-riggers armed themselves with sticks, repulsed them, and bid them defiance. The fortune of the day was, however, decided by a grand charge made by several gentlemen on horseback, who broke and dispersed the thimble-riggers, many of whom were taken into custody and, it is to be supposed, subsequently punished by fines.

The St. Leger has furnished a number of exciting scenes, as when in 1839 Euclid and Charles XII ran a dead heat. This was afterwards run off, Euclid, belonging to a great sporting character—Mr. Thornhill—being beaten.

A great upset took place in the St. Leger of 1822, when Mr. Petre's Theodore took it into his head to run quite contrary to the opinions of owner, trainer, jockey, and everybody else who knew anything about racing. Theodore had run very well as a two-year-old, but his performances just previous to the great race had been so wretched that before the St. Leger Jackson, his jockey, it is said, was wandering about the course almost heartbroken at having to ride, because Mr. Petre had claimed his right to his services as his first master. Mr. Petre himself, according to rumour, had been lucky enough to get rid of his bets on

Theodore by handing them over to another gentleman whom he had induced to take them. What with one thing and another Jackson's spirits were thoroughly damped by hearing odds of "100 guineas to 1" offered and laid against his mount; nor did it increase hopes of success when he found that a bet of 100 guineas to a shilling walking-stick had actually been laid against the horse he was to ride. In the race itself, however, Theodore completely upset all previous calculations, for Jackson, managing to get off well at the start, kept his horse going, and finally, amidst a scene of great excitement and astonishment, got him first past the winning-post.

The Doncaster Cup given by the Stewards in 1825 was a fine work of art, costing 350 guineas. Apparently because Lord Londonderry was then the Senior Steward it was known as the Londonderry Cup, won after an exciting finish by Lottery, belonging to Mr. Whittaker, who had given £400 for him when he was called Tinker, and reputed to be so savage that he could not be trained. Under a local horse-breaker, however, Tinker became more docile, and after winning the Doncaster Cup, under his new name, the Duke of Leeds offered as much as £4,000 for the horse which at one time, owing to his savage reputation, had been refused as a gift! His owner, however, refused to sell, and elated at having won a great race took to the Turf with the not unusual result that ruin overtook him, and he was eventually arrested for debt. All his possessions were sold, including the famous Cup, which after a number of vicissitudes once more drifted into the hands of its original maker, who repurchased it for 120 guineas, a reduction of 230 guineas; which shows how buying and selling are apt to differ! As for Lottery, he was purchased by the French, and ended his days

far away from his native Yorkshire in the Government stud farm then located in the Bois de Boulogne.

The Derby was instituted by the twelfth Earl of Derby in 1780, but curiously enough, though his family has always staunchly supported the Turf, a Stanley has won the great race only twice: with Sir Peter Teazle in 1787, and Sansovino in 1924. The former, it is said, received his name as a compliment to Lord Derby's wife, the vivacious and beautiful Miss Farren, who left the stage for the peerage after having gained fame for her victory as the heroine in the "School for Scandal," Sheridan's most brilliant comedy. The Derby winner of 1787, a brown colt by Highflyer out of Pappillon, descended from the Godolphin Arabian, had been bred by the owner of Knowsley, and was renowned for his speed.

Foaled in 1784, during his three- and four-years-old career he earned a great reputation and won for his noble owner a large sum of money in stakes. The fame which this horse acquired on the race-course was perpetuated in the breeding paddocks, where his fee rose from ten to thirty guineas, horses he had sired long continuing to make their mark on the English turf. Sir Peter was the father of a large number of first-class horses, and, among others, the following winners of the Derby: Sir Harry, Archduke, Ditto, and Paris, as also Ambrosio, winner of the St. Leger of 1796; likewise three consecutive winners of the same race, 1806, 1807, and 1808: these were Fyldener, Paulina, and Petronius. Two winners of the Oaks were got by the same sire, namely Hermione and Parasote. Sir Peter Teazle attained the venerable age of thirty years, and stood at the stud to the last. In the earlier half of his career as a stud horse he earned an immense reputation, so great, indeed, as to induce

numerous applications for his purchase, among others one of 7,000 guineas from the American Consul of that day, but Lord Derby refused it, saying, " I have already refused an offer of 10,000 guineas for the horse."

Sir Peter started for the Derby of 1787 at 2 to 1, the favourite having been Lord Grosvenor's Mentor at 7 to 4—the value of the stakes was 1,000 guineas. Lord Derby had previously tried to win the race with King William in 1781, and with Dancer and Collector in 1784, but without success. He was more fortunate in the Oaks, which he won with Bridget in 1779, and with Hermione in 1794. Though the Earl only secured one Derby, he ran third in 1790, with Lee Boo, and secured the same place with Bustard in 1792 ; in the following year his lordship's horse Kidney was unplaced, and in 1801 his g.c., by Sir Peter, was placed seventh in Orton's list of runners. That the twelfth Earl of Derby, who lived to 83, was a famous breeder of horses, a right good sportsman, and one of the " fine old English country gentlemen " of his day, was generally agreed.

A veritable gold-mine for the Ring the favourite has won the Derby only forty-five times, while many of the 100 outsiders who have romped home first have started at tremendous odds. Three times the winner has paid 100 to 1—Jeddah 1898, Signorinetta 1908, and Aboyeur when Craganour was disqualified in 1913 ; Hermit's great victory in 1867 was at 66 to 1. Between 1817 and 1840 the winner paid 50 to 1 on four occasions ; Doncaster starting at 45 to 1 in 1873, won easily ; Frederick in 1829, Phosphorus in 1837, Caractacus in 1862, and Sir Hugo in 1892, all paid 40 to 1. Grand Parade, who beat Panther in 1919, paid 33 to 1. Captain Cuttle, winner in 1922, started at 10 to 1. Town Guard was the sure thing in 1923, but he finished

fifteenth, while Papyrus won at 100 to 15. In 1924, the Aga Khan's Diophon was regarded as a certainty, but finished twelfth, while Sansovino paid 9 to 2.

From time to time various proposals have been made to increase the value of the race: one of these, devised by the famous trainer Mr. John Porter, of Kingsclere, ran as follows:

"The Derby for more than a hundred years has been the race for which all nations have striven, and if we are to maintain its prestige something substantial must be done by the Epsom authorities. This is what I would suggest to them—that, to make the Derby of the future still the greatest race in the world, they should actually give in cash £5,000, and increase the entrance-fee from £50, half-forfeit, to £100, half-forfeit. We may reasonably suppose that this liberal donation would increase the number of entries, but even supposing that they should remain the same as at present (about 200), and that there are, say, twenty runners, this gives £2,000 subscribed by the runners, £9,000 in forfeits, with the £5,000 added by the executive, and would make a total of £16,000, which should indeed "eclipse" the value of any other race. Considering the number who attended to see the great race at Sandown under most depressing circumstances, it is almost impossible to grasp the magnitude of the assemblage we should see on Epsom Downs (the scene of so many glorious contests) to witness the Derby under these new and inspiring conditions."

In the 'eighties of the last century a scheme for the benefit of owners nominating horses for the Derby was devised by "Borderer," then a well-known writer on sport. The plan, however, hostile critics said, was devised more for the benefit of the grand-stand shareholders than those who provide the horses. Briefly,

"Borderer" proposed to raise the money in the following fashion—namely, a total sum of £135 to be paid for each foal entered, and £150 for each yearling. The conditions: "To close for foals of 1887 on the first Tuesday in July, 1887, entrance 10 sovs.; to close for yearlings on the third Tuesday in September, 1888, entrance 25 sovs. Horses not struck out of the race on or before the last Tuesday in March, 1890, to pay a further sum of 50 sovs.; an additional charge of 50 sovs. to be made for starters." The sum obtained under these conditions (£12,000) "Borderer" proposed to allocate as follows, £200 being reserved:

The winner to receive	£10,000
Breeder of the winner	500
Second horse	1,000
Breeder of the second horse	200
Breeder of the third horse	100

Great sums were wagered on classic races in old days. The evening before the Derby of 1843 Lord Glasgow, then Lord Kelburne, was at Crockford's, when Lord George Bentinck inquired if anyone would lay him three to one against his horse, Gaper. Lord Kelburne said he should be delighted.

"Remember," said Lord George, "I'm not after a small bet."

"Well," rejoined Lord Kelburne, "I suppose £90,000 to £30,000 will suit you?"

This staggered the owner of Gaper, who was obliged to admit that he had never dreamt of taking such a large bet.

Lord Kelburne was rather annoyed. "I thought you wanted to do it 'to money,'" said he sharply; "however, I see I was wrong."

As early as 1823 this sporting peer had created a sensation at the Star Inn at Doncaster, by offering to

lay 25 to 1 in hundreds against Brutandorf for the St. Leger, afterwards repeating the offer in thousands. On the St. Leger of 1824 Jerry won him some £17,000, but three years later he lost £27,000, Mr. Gully's much fancied Derby winner, Mameluke, being beaten by Matilda. The victory of this filly, which was very popular with the Yorkshire crowd, was commemorated at Stapleton Park, near Pontefract—where her owner, the Hon. E. Petre, lived—by a chiming clock placed over the stables, known as the "Matilda clock," appropriately surmounted by a "race-horse weather-cock."

Over Hermit's Derby in 1867, the late Lord Chaplin is said to have landed an enormous stake, something between a hundred and hundred and twenty thousand —he never received the whole of the amount which he won. Mr. John Hammond was also at times very successful in winning large sums. He is said to have cleared over £70,000 by the victory of Herminius in the Ascot stakes of 1888. This horse he had bought for two hundred and forty guineas! A singularly lucky owner was Mr. James Merry, who is supposed to have cleared over £80,000 when Thormanby won the Derby. Another big win was that of Mr. Naylor, who is supposed to have won £100,000 over Macaroni for the Derby of 1863.

The French carried off the great prize in 1865, when the famous Gladiateur won. To-day the victory of a horse from the other side of the Channel would not be unpopular, but in 1865 much excitement was aroused. At that time men of the old school were unwilling to believe that a French horse could win the Derby. One veteran indeed, having drawn Gladiateur in his Club's sweep, for this reason got a fellow-member to exchange tickets with him. As luck would have it, the member

in question had himself drawn Breadalbane, but had been persuaded by a fellow-member, who had a strong fancy for that particular horse, to take Christmas Carol in lieu of it; that ticket for Christmas Carol he now passed to the prejudiced old officer, in exchange for Gladiateur, thereby winning the first prize of £100, the Colonel having, of course, to put up with the second prize of £40 as the result of his insular ideas.

At Goodwood in 1865 Gladiateur received a very bad reception as he left the enclosure to walk over for a race, after which his jockey, Grimshaw, returning to weigh in, was dragged from the saddle and knocked about by the crowd, a very unjust and discreditable affair, as Grimshaw had had nothing to do with the alleged robbery that had been perpetrated with Fille de l'Air in the Two Thousand. Count de Lagrange appears to have aroused considerable hostility in connection with the running of his horses in England, but it must be remembered that, at that time, there was a considerable prejudice against foreigners who ran horses over here, the French in particular being thought capable of playing any sort of trick. Gladiateur's owner, Count de Lagrange, was more than once exposed to severe criticism during his racing career. He certainly did not race in a spirit of chivalry, and more than once the running of his horses provoked a popular outbreak. In his best days he was a giant on the Turf, and his stud must have cost him for several years an enormous expenditure. According to the late Mr. Corlett, his racing field was a large one: it was bounded by Newcastle on the north, and Marseilles on the south; Baden-Baden on the east, and Brest on the west. So big a stable as his had never before been known, his training and incidental expenses having on occasion been as much as £50,000 a year.

Such a man could not afford to throw away a single chance—he would require, in order to meet such a vast expenditure, a good deal more than what he could obtain in stakes, even when the race was a Derby or St. Leger. In 1865 he won £25,000 in stakes alone, and in addition he must have made three or four times as much by betting.

In the Two Thousand Guineas of 1864, Fille de l'Air, which started first favourite at odds of 9 to 4 against her, was the absolute last in the race, to the great wonderment of her backers. To the inexpressible disgust of Edwards, her jockey, the filly was "out of it the moment the flag fell." Severe comments were made on the form of the Count's filly. Said a critic:

"To suppose that Fille de l'Air, the best animal of her year in October last, and pronounced to be invincible by her own trainer on the very morning of the present race, has trained off to the veritable *rosse* her performance to-day indicates, is too ridiculous for a moment's consideration."

There was a scene at Epsom, when, the filly having won the Oaks, her jockey returned to weigh in, which those who saw will long remember. To the mob, the victory of the Count's mare, after what had taken place in the Guineas, was most unpalatable—but why the ill-natured thousands who groaned and yelled should have selected the rider of the horse as the object of their wrath is difficult to understand, because if there had been any "manipulation of the mare" in connection with the race for the Guineas, it was not in the least likely that the jockey would have been taken into the confidence of the criminals; some good judges, indeed, were of opinion that no crime had been committed, but that the mare had for the time lost her form.

When Fille de l'Air in the same year won the Oaks those who had brought her over to England were afraid of a hostile demonstration. For this reason Count de Lagrange's racing manager arranged for some fighting men to guard the filly and her jockey, should she win. As it happened, Harry Custance was riding a mare called Antoinette, belonging to Captain King, and trained by W. Goodwin at Newmarket, whose colours were blue jacket, red sleeves, and white cap—exactly the same as Count Lagrange's, with the exception of the cap, which was red. Harry Custance described what happened as follows:

"After passing the post, Fille de l'Air having won easily—my mare being about eighth or ninth—on returning to the enclosure, I noticed the French mare trotting back sharply, with two or three mounted policemen and several pugilists. Amongst others, I can specially recollect Jem Mace, Bob Travers, Jem Dillon, and Bill Gillam, who were of what I call 'the racing division'—I mean by this the lot who really did know what they were doing, and what horse they were leading back. All at once eight or ten fighting gentlemen came out of Alec Keene's booth, and, collaring hold of my mare's head, took possession of us both. They said, 'All right, Edwards, we will knock the teeth out of them,' mistaking me and my mount for the French representative. Sure enough, they started to do so, and the more I tried to assure them I was not Edwards and that they had made a mistake, the more they knocked the people about. Of course the public retaliated."

Since the days of Gladiateur and Fille de l'Air a good many horses from across the Channel have triumphed on English race-courses, Plaisanterie and Epinard being two notable cases, while the victories of Forseti and

Masked Marvel will be remembered for many a long day by certain members of the Ring. Nevertheless, though these two winners of the Cesarewitch and Cambridgeshire of 1925 were generally reckoned as French, they were really international, their owner having been American, their jockey Australian, their trainer English, and only the horses themselves French. Masked Marvel's win seems to have surprised a number of good judges of French racing form.

"There is one horse," said Eugene Leigh, the trainer of Coram, also from the other side of the Channel, "which I am certain to beat, and that is Masked Marvel—whenever he and Coram have met my horse has finished in front."

In the Cambridgeshire Coram only ran fourth!

Durbar II, which won the Derby in 1914, though bred in France, was also owned by an American, but the only purely Transatlantic success in the great race has been when Mr. P. Lorillard's Iroquois won in 1881, known as the American year on account of the phenomenal success of Mr. Walton, a plunger who hailed from across the Atlantic. The latter once told his story to an interviewer from the "New York Herald," some of his statements having been sensational, notably the one as to the magnitude of his winnings—these amounted to £93,000 net money. Mr. Walton's perseverance in seeking information attracted the attention of our English Turf writers. He was accused of bribing jockeys or other persons, in order to obtain the requisite knowledge before investing his cash on any particular horse; but if he did so, he is certainly by no means the first Turf gambler who has done so; and why English Turf writers should have worked themselves into such a state of excitement about methods which had been

indulged in for years, and are well known to habitual race-goers, it is difficult to understand!

In the early part of the last century the Derby does not seem to have excited the intense interest which it does to-day. Apparently the appearance of "Bell's Life in London" coincided with an increase of public appreciation of the race. Only after the newspaper in question had become a leading authority on matters of sport did the Derby come to be regarded as the great annual event and public festival such as it is acknowledged to be to-day.

Though especially during recent times the Derby seems year by year to gain in popularity as a great national Hippic event, there was a period when it seemed likely to fall from its high estate. The temporary decadence in question seems to have been mainly caused by the negligence of the Epsom authorities in making proper provision for the public's needs. Up to comparatively recent years the arrangements were of a rather primitive kind, while the accommodation was none too comfortable. In old days, for instance, private boxes in the stand were not dreamt of, while neither Tattersall's nor any other enclosures were in existence. The weighing-room and business offices were in the small building opposite the winning-post, while betting was totally ignored. Persons wishing to make a wager assembled on horseback at the foot of a "betting-post" on the hill, near the extremity of the loop of the course. A great deal of betting took place in Epsom before the races in those days, and one who took part in it in 1844 used to tell how, standing within a couple of yards of Lord George Bentinck on the broad step in front of the "Spread Eagle" in Running Rein's year, his Lordship, with his jockey's betting-book open in his hand, calmly inquired: "Has any-

body else any bet with Samuel Rogers to compare ? " But the taker of the £10,000 to £1,000 against Ratan from Rogers, which figured at the top of a page, did not come forward to verify the origin of what subsequently developed into the historical " Ratan affair," that hurried Crockford, Ratan's owner, into his grave, and helped to " pile up the agony " in connection with the most notorious Derby on record.

Lord George Bentinck, it may be added, was the originator of the present system of enclosures, of numbering horses on the cards, of telegraphing the starters and jockeys in accordance therewith, and of starting by the flag system. It was at his instigation, too, that Mr. Dorling, of his day, formed what was then called the " New Derby Course," to distinguish it from the original one, of which the first half-mile was out of sight of the occupants of the stand. The start took place on the other side of Sherwood's house, but in Surplice's year it was altered to this side, and the horses entered the old course near the mile-post, which track continued to be used until the formation of the present " high-level " course, owing to what was known as the " Studd difficulty," on that gentleman becoming Lord of the Manor of Walton. In connection with the Epsom course, it is interesting to note that in December, 1925, some light was thrown upon the Tattenham Corner owing to an American having written to the Southern Railway Publication Department asking for the origin of the name. He said he thought that he was the only Tattenham Corner in the world, his Christian name being " Tattenham " and his surname " Corner " !

The chairman of the Epsom Urban Council, commenting upon this, said that he had interviewed one of the authorities connected with the race-course, and

the latter's impression was that Tattenham Corner was the corner of an ancient manor, long since absorbed, which butted into the manor now known as Epsom Manor. Tattenham Corner, which originally had been Tatenam Corner, had nothing to do with the races, having been there before the race-course was made.

At the beginning of the nineteenth century the course was badly kept, and at the Derby of 1818, some would-be dandy, either through ignorance or want of accomplishment in the equestrian art, got directly in the way of the horses as they were stretching away neck and neck in order to reach the goal first for this important prize, by which one of the horses was entirely thrown out of the race, and many of the others much jostled. This act, however, was not suffered to pass with impunity. The dandy saw his mistake, and using his spurs, at once bolted, but many of those present, including the deputy stewards and some others, at once went after him, and fairly horsewhipped him off the course. About the same time, in a race at Doncaster, a miracle happened, Captain Taylor's Ainderby, a very inferior horse, bowling over the mighty Queen of Trumps by reason of the latter's being crossed or heeled by a ferocious mastiff, who ran at her in the race and caused her to swerve or change a leg and consequently lose it. The betting was 20 to 1 on the winner of the Oaks and St. Leger—as well it might be, barring accident! and it was no little surprise and satisfaction to the owner of Ainderby when he was told in the bar of the grand-stand that he was the winner of a couple of thousand. He very gratefully gave £5 for his canine friend, and for ever after kept him on the daintiest fare, and eventually, it is believed, left him an annuity.

TATTENHAM CORNER
(The Derby, 1870)

In 1819, according to the "Sporting Magazine," Epsom races had so fallen off in popularity from the bad state of the race-course, and the lack of good accommodation, that it was thought they would have to be given up at the death of Lord Derby. "How changed," says the editor in lamenting the circumstance, "from the days of O'Kelly and Eclipse!" It would also appear that on settling day at Tattersall's for the Derby of that year, the number of "levanters" was unprecedented: there were all sorts of defaulters, some individuals sacrificing their honour for a paltry £10, and others doing the thing genteel and leaving their creditors in the lurch for as much as £10,000! We are told that several large losers did not show at all; others did, and stated they could not pay; many went and received all their winnings, and then made an immediate exit without paying any of their losses. There were others, however, who maintained the honour and integrity of the Ring by paying all their losses, although they received no winnings; but several would not pay because they did not, or could not, expect to receive anything. The Ring at the time we speak of must have had a few men possessed of plenty of "brass," for it is related that one sporting character of notoriety, who lost considerably over £13,000, actually went early into the room, collected the principal of his winnings, amounting to upwards of £4,000, and—was not afterwards heard of!

Quite a number of horses which at one time seemed to have no chance have won the great Epsom prize. At Lord Egremont's dinner-table in the early part of 1828, the conversation having turned on racing, a guest inquired:

"What will you do, my lord, with that 'Young Whalebone weed' in the farther paddock?"

"Sell him," was the reply.

"The price?"

"A hundred and fifty."

"I'll buy him," said the guest.

The "weed" as "Spaniel" turned out to be the winner of the Derby! Though the latter's chances were fancied some time before the race for some reason or other this horse went so badly in the Derby betting that before the race his price sank to 50 to 1. Wheatley, the jockey who had been engaged to ride Spaniel, had backed his mount to win him £200, but becoming alarmed at the odds, hastened to the man with whom he had made his bet to beg him to let him off, which the bookmaker good-naturedly did. When the race was over and Spaniel had won, Mrs. Wheatley, the wife of the jockey, delighted at the success of her husband, invited her neighbours to a feast, providing them with a liberal supper and a supply of good liquor, the winning jockey's health naturally being drunk with great glee by all present. The generous hostess's dismay may be imagined when next morning came a letter from her husband telling her that he had won the race, but had been stupid enough to hedge all his bets!

"Bob Smart," of the Gun Tavern—"Money Bob," as he was afterwards called by intimate friends and others for whom he discounted bills—used to tell how he and some of his associates had been "done" over Spaniel's Derby. Describing how this had cost him a hundred pounds, he said:

"There was some of us waiting for the winner in my room. It wanted a full hour of the time the mail would arrive, and we had no expectation of hearing what had won till about twenty minutes before the time set for the mail. The great favourite

for that year's race was a horse called Riddlesworth, which it was said could not lose. I had backed it long ago, but could not get good odds. Well, as I was saying, we were all waiting, when two officers from the cavalry barracks at Jock's Lodge sauntered in, fully three-quarters of an hour before the news of 'what had won' could reach us, and ordered brandy-and-sodas. One of them had a very fine sporting dog with him, which some of my customers greatly admired. 'Ah,' said one of the officers, 'that is the winner—Spaniel, you know.' There was a general titter at the idea of Spaniel winning the Derby. 'Well, you may laugh as you like, but if any of you want to lay, I'll risk it and back the horse.' As I thought they couldn't possibly know the result, I laid him £100 to £3, and I think Charlie Fraser laid the other officer £50 to 30s. Having booked their bets and finished their drinks, they left, on their way to visit a billiard-room. In about fifteen minutes afterwards our tip came. You can imagine our surprise when we knew it was Spaniel. We had been 'had,' of course, but dared not say so, as we had 'done' the same men over several other races. I never could learn for certain how the officers had got their information so long before we got ours, but heard afterwards they had obtained the news from the stage before Haddington by means of flying pigeons, one of the sergeants of their regiment having trained them. Before coming to my place they had called in at the 'Black Bull' and laid against the favourite to a good tune, and when they got to the billiard-room they got another hundred about Spaniel."

In connection with this story it must be remembered that at this period, before the days of telegraphs and tape machines, those who were anxious to know the

winner had to wait for thirty-six or forty hours, till the mail brought the news. When a great race had been run the guard might be heard shouting to groups of expectant people as the coach rattled along, some horse's name, and at stations where a halt was made to change horses many interested persons would be waiting to hear the result of a Derby, St. Leger, or other great race. In some remote parts of England the name of the Derby winner was sometimes not known till ten days or a fortnight after the race had been run. On the great mail-roads it was different: the coachman and guards spread the news as they bowled along, and the name of the winning horse would in a short time be known by those interested over an area of ten miles on each side of the great coach roads of the country.

Though there continued to be much fun on the road to Epsom for years later, the public thronged to Nine Elms Station, when for the first time, in 1838, they were able to go to Epsom by train. On this occasion, as was not extraordinary, the facilities for their transport were quite inadequate, and a partial breakdown took place. Meanwhile the immense crowd assembled in and near the station, impatient to reach the race-course, carried the place by storm and impeded the officials. Not till a large body of police, who had been sent for by the authorities, came on the scene could order be restored, or the station be cleared of persons who insisted upon being taken by the railway to see the Derby. At twelve o'clock the supply of railway carriages of the Company was entirely exhausted, and a notice was at once issued to the effect that "no more trains will start this morning." Hundreds of people were, of course, terribly disappointed at the breakdown, and had no alternative

but to revert to the old modes of conveyance by carriage of some kind, at rather more than the usual price.

The next year, 1839, when Bloomsbury won the Derby, was rather a remarkable one from the fact of the race having been run during a snowstorm, and also because of an objection which was lodged against the winner by Mr. Fulwar Craven, owner of Deception, which, although she only obtained second place in the Derby, recompensed her owner by winning the Oaks on the following Friday. Bloomsbury, which started at the very handsome odds of 30 to 1, was what is called, in the slang of the Turf, a "dark horse," having never previously run in a race. The reason why an objection was taken to the winner was that the "Calendar" and "Stud-Book" differed as to his pedigree, the "Calendar's" description being by Mulatto, whilst the "Stud-Book" gave it as by Tramp or Mulatto. In the end the objection was overruled by the stewards of the course, but Mr. Craven was not satisfied, and, being determined to go to law about the matter, gave notice to the stake-holders not to pay the stakes to the owner of Bloomsbury, Mr. Ridsdale. Great confusion in consequence of this ensued among backers and layers, but, when the case was tried the decision of the stewards was upheld. In writing of the race and its troubles, a critic of the event said of Bloomsbury:

"He was a most fortunate horse, though almost unfortunate to the owners and backers. He won the Derby and a lawsuit; he caused the non-settlement of a settlement; he embroiled Lords and Commons, enriched poor men, impoverished wealth, and made all the world stare when their eyes were opened."

More litigation was connected with the Derby of 1844, when the Running Rein colt, entered by a Mr. Wood, won the race, but did not get the stakes. As a matter of fact, although this horse was allowed to start for the Derby, it was well enough known by all interested that in the event of its winning it would be objected to, and there was great excitement in consequence. As soon as the judge had given his decision, Colonel Peel claimed the stakes, and as legal proceedings were to be taken for the recovery of the money, it was at once paid into the Court of Exchequer by Messrs. Weatherby, who acted as stake-holders. In that court the trial took place, when it was proved that the animal, which was started as a three-year-old in compliance with the conditions of the Derby, was in reality Maccabeus, and was four years of age. A verdict in accordance with the evidence gave the race to Orlando, and the stakes to his owner, Colonel Peel, who was warmly congratulated on his success, as was also Lord George Bentinck, who had played an active part in exposing the plot. After the Derby Running Rein had started for the Clearwell Stakes, but had been beaten, although heavily backed. Lord George, ever energetic at ferreting out anything he thought shady, scented a fraud. As Greville says in his Diary, "Lord George did nothing by halves, and was afraid of no man," and all through that winter he quietly accumulated evidence which went to strengthen his doubts as to the real age of Running Rein.

At a general meeting of the Jockey Club it was resolved: "That the thanks of the Jockey Club are eminently due, and are heartily offered, to Lord George Bentinck, for the energy, perseverance, and ability which he displayed in detecting, exposing and defeating the atrocious frauds which have been brought to

light during the recent trial respecting the Derby Stakes in 1844."

Of recent years there has been nothing particularly sensational about the Derby, though just before the war a militant Suffragette, placing herself in the way of the horses, got killed; the great race, however, always affords fine opportunities to Pressmen, who do not fail to make the best of the occasion.

For the Derby which was won by Ormonde, Sir John Blundell Maple's Saraband had been freely backed, and report said that he was 10 lb. better than The Bard. A sporting paper had described him as "a well-furnished colt," and amongst his many backers was a Mr. Shoolbred, who was greatly mortified to find him scratched just a day or two before the race.

"Well furnished, eh!" said a man who had just been talking to the latter: "if ever a colt ought to be well furnished, I should think it's this one, for he's owned by Maple, and backed by Shoolbred!"

Sir Blundell, greatly to his honour, never made any pretence of being ashamed of his connection with the great emporium in Tottenham Court Road; indeed, he frequently went there, and was often to be seen showing people he knew over various departments. Though everyone admired this attitude, some old-fashioned folks pretended to be shocked when he was made a Baronet. A good many jokes were cracked, about the best of which was a suggested crest and motto.

In this King Richard was depicted looking wistfully through prison bars, while the words "Blondel m'appelle" were beneath! Not such a bad imitation of the punning mottoes belonging to some ancient families!

The Derby seems to be peculiarly apt to make people dream the winner—after the race. There have, however, been cases of authenticated dreams, and three

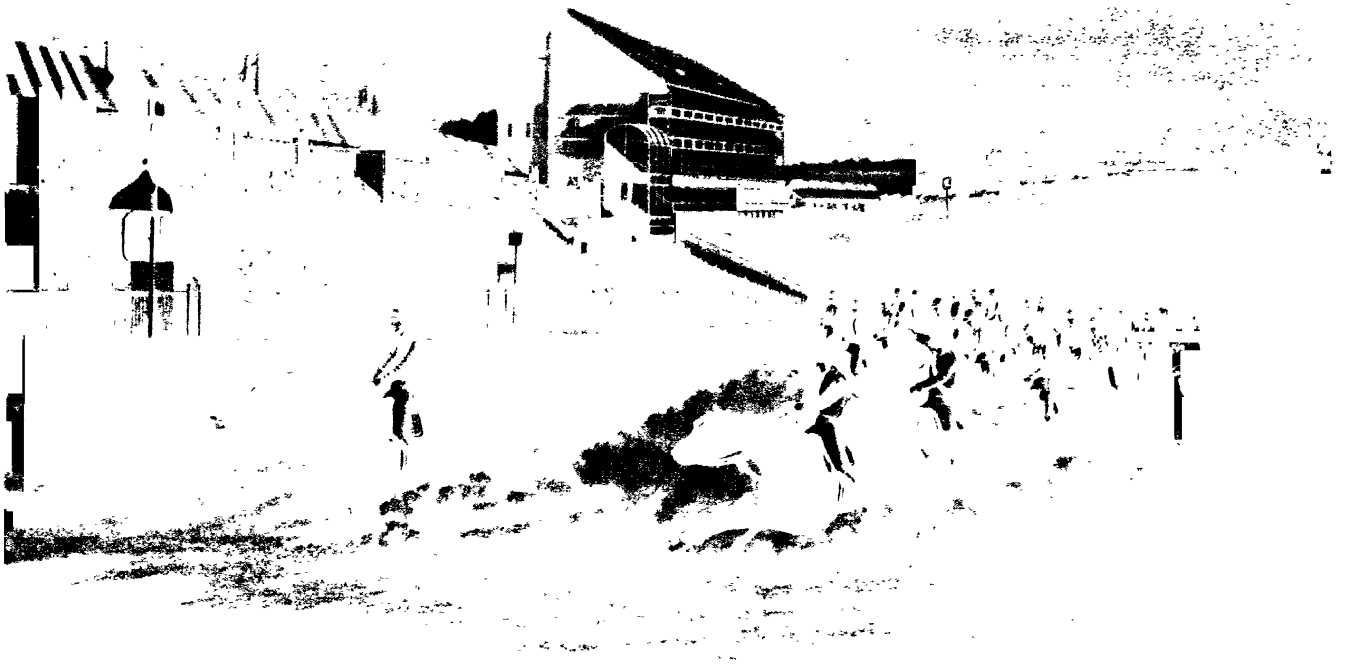
or four of these have been very extraordinary. Some dreamers appear to see the race and take notice of the jockey and his colours; others see the number of the winning horse hoisted; others, its name. In old days, before the tape, a piece of tissue-paper with the names of the first three horses used to be circulated in clubs, and a member of one of the latter saw one night in his mind's eye during his slumbers the tissue-paper which inscribed "Iroquois first, Peregrine second, Town Moor third." The same gentleman on a previous occasion had dreamt that Rosebery had won the "Camberwitch," a dream which, for the moment, puzzled him not a little. He was, however, clever enough to solve the difficulty by backing the horse for both Cesarewitch and Cambridgeshire, and Rosebery, as is now ancient history, won both of these events.

A sensational Derby was that of 1880, won by the Duke of Westminster's Bend Or, which was objected to after the race on the ground that the winner was not the horse he had been represented to be either in the entry or at the time of the race. In consequence of this there arose what was called a Bend Or scare, and even after the stewards had given their decision there were people who persisted in believing that the Duke's horse was a changeling.

The decision of the stewards was worded as follows: "We, as stewards of Epsom, unanimously decide that the chestnut colt, Bend Or, which came in first for the Derby of 1880, is by Doncaster out of Rouge Rose, and therefore the objection lodged by Messrs. Brewer and Blanton is overruled."

The following were the first three:

Duke of Westminster's ch. c. Bend Or, by Doncaster	1
Mr. C. Brewer's Robert the Devil	2
Prince Soltykoff's ch. c. Mask	3



THE WINNING POST

(The Derby, 1870)

Fred Archer rode Bend Or, which won by a head, Muncaster also running for the Duke of Westminster. Two of Lord Rosebery's horses helped to swell the field, which included Mr. R. Jardine's Teviotdale, as well as Cylinder and Apollo. The winner started favourite with odds of 2 to 1 betted against him. Von der Tann, the property of Lord Calthorpe, was second favourite at 100 to 15 against; Robert the Devil's price in the quotations was 7 to 1. The value of the race was £6,375.

VII

OWNERS

IN the early days of the British Turf its patrons were almost entirely drawn from the aristocracy, members of which class constituted an overwhelming majority among owners. Even towards the end of the eighteenth century this state of affairs had undergone little modification. During a day's racing at Newmarket at that time we find that only one commoner ran a horse. Out of eleven starters which went to the post, two were the property of the then Prince of Wales, two belonged to the Duke of Bedford, two to Lord Grosvenor, one to the Duke of St. Albans, others to Lords Egremont, Barrymore, and Hastings, Mr. Lade being the commoner. In 1794, when only four ran, three of them belonged to Lords, while the other was owned by a Duke! Again, three years afterwards, the Derby field was entirely composed of the horses of titled owners! A great patron of racing at that period was the fourth Duke of Grafton, a Turf celebrity who had been born in 1760. Not till Queen Victoria had been for a period of seven years on the throne did he die, having attained his eighty-fourth year. During the lifetime of his father, this Duke had been comparatively inconspicuous on the Turf, but after having succeeded to the title and estates, he maintained the Grafton stud in a high state of efficiency, winning

quite a number of important stakes. In one year the Duke netted over twelve thousand guineas, which was then thought an enormous sum! Though he only won the Derby on one occasion, he was half a dozen times acclaimed winner of the Oaks, and five times winner of the Two Thousand Guineas.

In the latter part of the eighteenth century, Turf matters were chronicled by the newspapers in a peculiar form, the phraseology of racing reports being somewhat different from what it is to-day. When quoting the odds, for instance, the figures were often put against the owners' names instead of against the horses'. Thus the betting was returned as "7 to 4 against Duke of Bedford; 2 to 1 against Prince of Wales," etc. The "Morning Chronicle" of June 15, 1791, referring to Turf matters, said: "The Duke of Bedford was the most successful *Turf adventurer* at the late Epsom meeting; 6,000 guineas were his Grace's net winnings on the first and nearly double that sum on the last day's sport." The next day another chronicler in the "Public Advertiser," after speaking of his Grace's winnings, said: "This, to some gentlemen's pockets, operated like *Epsom salts*, but the Duke is one of those who can *keep* what they get."

For the last hundred years or so a partiality for the Turf has been something of an asset to an English politician, a conspicuous instance of which was the case of Lord Palmerston, one of whose dearest wishes (never gratified) was to win the Derby—a race which would seem to have been always running in his head. It is indeed recorded that on one occasion this fine old statesman arrived at a reception on the evening of a Derby Day so full of the race that he would talk of nothing else, though the French and Turkish Ambassadors—the latter of whom could scarcely have

been much edified—were eager to discuss other subjects. "I have won my Derby," was his remark on another occasion in reply to a congratulation on his accession to the Premiership.

A good thumbnail sketch of Lord Palmerston in connection with the Turf has been given by William Day in his "Reminiscences." When at Broadlands, his seat in Hampshire, this peer "used to ride over to Danebury to see his horses, mounted on a thoroughbred hack, with his groom on another, and starting from his own front door would gallop all the way till he reached his destination. As a general rule, on arriving at Danebury he would ride round the yard once or twice, gradually reducing the pace until he could pull up. Ludicrous as this may seem, it is no exaggeration, many having seen him execute this manœuvre. Lord Palmerston when on horseback generally wore dark trousers and a swallow-tailed coat of the same hue, the latter unbuttoned, and usually flying open, which gave him a strange appearance when riding fast." When the adjournment of the House of Commons on Derby Day was an annual custom, Joseph Hume and John Bright invariably opposed the motion—generally without the slightest chance of success. In 1860, however, a year in which the opposition to the adjournment was particularly keen, Lord Palmerston, in answer to the question whether or not the House would adjourn for the Derby, replied: "To adjourn for that day is part of the unwritten law of Parliament." The custom of moving the adjournment of the House of Commons over the day appointed for running the Derby began on May 18, 1847, when Lord George Bentinck brought forward a motion of which he had given notice: "That House at its rising do adjourn till Thursday."

In doing this, he stated that for more than half a century the Derby Day had been a recognized holiday. The motion was agreed to, as were others of a similar kind up to a comparatively recent date.

In old days there were a number of picturesque sporting figures amongst the aristocracy. One of the most highly respected of these was Sir Tatton Sykes, who, born on August 22, 1772, died in March, 1863, at the venerable age of ninety-one. Such was the esteem in which Sir Tatton was held that no less than 3,000 persons assembled to see him laid in his grave. This Yorkshire baronet was a great lover of the Turf, and as a young man in London had walked down to Epsom to see Eager win the Derby in 1791. Up to 1861 Caller Ou's St. Leger was the seventy-sixth he had seen, with only a single exception. Sir Tatton was one of the greatest breeders of bloodstock of his day, and at the time of his death possessed a stud of 200 horses at Sledmere, having bred, among others, Grey Momus, St. Giles, Dally, and Lecturer. An excellent judge of horse-flesh, he was a frequent buyer at Tattersall's northern sales: the very best blood of the English thoroughbreds being concentrated in some of his brood-mares. As an amateur jockey he was well known in the saddle, and won a good many races. Sir Tatton was a model landlord, and took a continuous interest in the breeding of cattle and sheep, of all of which he was an excellent judge. The idol of Yorkshire, when he died he was regretted by all.

Another great sportsman was Lord Berners, who, however, showed eccentricity about money matters, and was inclined to parsimony. On one occasion, in a county town on one of his racing expeditions, and wanting cash for some immediate purpose, entering

a local bank he drew a cheque upon his London banker, stating who he was. "My lord," said the clerk, "there is no need for you to draw upon London; we shall be happy to pay your draft upon ourselves, as we are in account with you for a considerable sum which your lordship lodged with us several years ago to your own credit." As regards dress, no man of his class ever exhibited a more supreme contempt of outward show, or was more fearlessly independent of his tailor. An ample and venerable white hat was matched by a marvellously capacious frock-coat composed of grass-green baize lined with a substance resembling buff cashmere; his waistcoat was of the same material as the lining of his coat, and his trousers were of brown material. Thus arrayed, it was his habit to stand at the gate of his lodge at the foot of the windmill hill in Newmarket, his customary cigar alight, in attitude and bearing the very picture of one whom the cares and anxieties of this world had touched but lightly. Lord Berners died, when seventy-six, having left no species of sylvan craft untried, and a name honourably connected with all of them. He was in many ways the type of the old-fashioned sportsman.

A great pillar of the Turf in the last century was Sir Joseph Hawley, who, succeeding to a large fortune almost as a boy, after serving in the 9th Lancers devoted himself to the Turf, where his cherry-and-black jacket gained many popular victories. One of his commissioners was the late Mr. George Herring, who in later life achieved great riches in a City career. Though Sir Joseph had been a very heavy better in his time, at the end of his life he began a crusade against the evils of gambling—nevertheless, a short time before he had taken £40,000 to £600 about

each of two fillies which he had entered for the Derby!

Sir Joseph Hawley was a man with a good brain, who, it was said, might, had it pleased him to do so, have made his mark in either science or literature. His tastes, however, lay in another direction—the Turf, on which his success, at times, was phenomenal. When Sir Joseph became the purchaser of Mendicant, his folly in paying £3,000 for that horse was sneered at by many. Nevertheless, the purchase was a lucky one, her son Beadsman winning the Derby of 1858, and Blue Gown, the son of Beadsman, repeating the victory ten years later. Sir Joseph possessed a fine stud, and endeavoured at one time, but unsuccessfully, to make his mark in the racing world as a Turf reformer. He died in the year 1875, having attained the age of sixty-two.

A famous Turfite, whose name is yet remembered in sporting circles, was Mr. George Payne, who, though a recognized authority upon racing, in the course of his career completely dissipated two fortunes. One of his manias—and a very expensive one too—was backing a number of horses in a race in the—usually delusive—hope of making sure of the winner. It used to be computed by those well able to judge that Mr. Payne had spent a fortune alone in the hire of chaises and horses in the time previous to the introduction of railways, for it was his practice to spare no expense in order to get from one place to the other as soon as he could. Many stories were told of George Payne's dislike of attending church, yet at heart he was not an irreligious man, as the following anecdote will show. The late Lord Alexander Gordon Lennox was one night returning from a party with Mr. Payne; it was very late, and both were very tired.

Reaching the latter's house, Lord Alexander said, "Now, old fellow, you will be in bed in five minutes," to which the answer was, "No." "Why," continued the original speaker, "whatever are you going to do?" To which George Payne replied, "I am going to say my prayers. I always have a bucket of cold water in my room, and, if I am very tired, put my head in it to waken me up to say my prayers." Lord Alexander also used to say that George Payne would never stand any young fellow saying anything against religion at the club, but would at once flare out at the offender.

A great contrast to Mr. George Payne as regards betting was Lord Falmouth, who, though a staunch and successful supporter of the Turf, was noted for never having a wager, except, it is said, on one occasion when he bet a lady sixpence and paid it by presenting her with the coin in question set in diamonds. During this nobleman's racing career, which lasted twenty years, he is said to have won no less than £300,000 in stakes; his expenses, however, must have absorbed a good deal of that sum. It was in the year that Lord Falmouth's horse, Kingcraft, won the Derby that Mr. Merry's horse, Macgregor, was backed for such a large sum that the Ring almost openly informed its owner that if Macgregor won "they would be broke." Though Kingcraft had only run third to Mr. Merry's horse in the Two Thousand, so high was Lord Falmouth's reputation that not a whisper of criticism was heard against him.

The father of the Turf in the nineteenth century was Mr. Christopher Wilson, who died on Derby Day, 1842. Known as "perpetual steward of Newmarket," so highly esteemed was his judgment that he was constantly being appealed to in matters of dispute con-

nected with racing: these he always strove to settle with justice to both sides. Mr. Wilson had had much experience in Turf matters, having for sixty years attended every meeting at Epsom, Ascot, Newmarket, York, and Doncaster, in addition to other fixtures of less importance. In private life Mr. Christopher Wilson adhered to all the old English traditions, while dispensing a liberal hospitality at Oxton House, near Tadcaster, his country home. He belonged indeed to a vanished school of old English country gentlemen, having registered his light blue racing jacket trimmed with black, and black cap, as far back as 1792. In addition to Oxton House Mr. Wilson resided at Beilby Grange, near Wetherby, in Yorkshire, where he had a small but very well-bred stud, one of the ornaments of which was a blind chestnut, Comus, who, as a sire in the days of the first Sir Tatton Sykes, had filled the Sledmere paddocks with a numerous progeny much resembling himself. Five miles away from Beilby Grange was another seat of Mr. Wilson's, Bilton Hall by name. This with other property he left to his wife's nephew, the Rev. Christopher Wilson, who was killed when eighty years old whilst out with the Bramham Moor Hounds. The latter's son, who was fond of racing, was a great friend of the ill-fated Marquis of Hastings, for whom he worked commissions and occasionally rode.

At the time of his death he was the only owner who had won the Derby and the St. Leger in the same year, his horse Champion having been bred by his friend the Duke of Cleveland. He had also the distinction of having won the first Two Thousand as well as the first One Thousand. It may be added that a collection of paintings and engravings of Mr. Christopher Wilson and his stud is still in the

possession of members of the Wilson family. Mr. Wilson, though he knew how to exercise his authority, was a good less autocratic than his successor, Admiral Rous, who from 1840 to the middle of 1877 was virtually dictator of the English Turf, in addition to which, it was said, he put the finances of the Jockey Club in order and more than quadrupled its income.

The Hon. Henry John Rous was the younger son of Sir John Rous, a Suffolk baronet who, on the accession of George IV, was created Earl of Stradbroke; he was born at Henham Hall, Suffolk, in 1795, and adopted a seafaring profession. After a few years at Westminster School the future Admiral went aboard the *Repulse* as a midshipman, and took part in the Flushing Expedition, which was only the first of the many naval actions of the times in which he figured. At Venice he was in the thick of the fight, and at Ancona he nearly lost his life while in charge of a prize vessel which sprang a leak and went to the bottom. In command of the *Pique* frigate, carrying thirty-six guns, by sheer pluck and determination he brought his ship back to Newfoundland in 1835, leaking and without a rudder. As a souvenir of this feat of navigation a painting of the ship was presented by Admiral Rous to the Jockey Club rooms at Newmarket, where it still hangs. Elected member of the Jockey Club in 1821, Admiral Rous was made a steward for the first time in 1838; by 1859 he had, by continuous re-election, entered upon a career as a sort of perpetual president. From thence till his death, in 1877, in Turf matters he may be said to have reigned supreme.

A terror to racing rogues, the Admiral was especially noted for his astuteness as a handicapper, in which capacity his eagle eye was quick to detect dodges intended to get horses apportioned wrong weights. He

was of course occasionally done, but on the whole his vigilance had excellent effects. He disliked heavy betting, which he always maintained was a curse to the Turf, but did not object to wagers on principle, provided they were limited to a moderate sum. For those, however, who set out to try and make thousands he professed the most unmitigated contempt, ever maintaining that members of the Jockey Club who indulged in such rash speculations had far better resign. The bestowal of large presents of money on jockeys for winning important races also aroused his bitter ire. As a matter of fact his opinion of trainers and jockeys does not appear to have been a very high one. Both, he maintained, ought to be kept in their places, and not made pets of—he could not bear to hear of their being admitted to terms of intimacy by owners.

So great was the Admiral's authority in Turf matters that occasionally the newspapers would call upon him to take action. Those were the days when Press comments upon people were much more unrestrained than is the case to-day. Writing in the "Sporting Times" of August, 1865, an angry critic said:

"We have before had occasion to compliment the sagacity and intelligence displayed by Mr. Cartwright's horses. They never win when they are favourites, but always when long odds are to be obtained about them. The public ought to be grateful to them. Directly we arrived on the course we saw that it was a certainty for Moose. Scamander was much too sensible a horse to win when odds were only 6 or 7 to 4 against him."

To-day such a paragraph would be almost certain to produce an action for libel, but owners appear to have been less sensitive sixty years ago. An even

more trenchant criticism of a certain stable appeared in the same issue.

"Spring Gun," said the writer, "had performed so very questionably at Nottingham that we could not stand his chance here. If Sandal had gone with her head loose, fit and well, she must have won. We trust the Admiral (Admiral Rous) has 'taken notes' of several of the 'performers' in the black country."

There was, it may be added, nothing of the namby-pamby humanitarian about the Admiral, who would never acquiesce in the modern view of cock-fighting, a form of sport which he defended to the end in the most uncompromising manner. In social matters he had most of the prejudices of the old school, one of which was a dislike for tobacco, the smoking of which Admiral Rous considered to be almost an ungentlemanly act.

Another sailor who was prominent on the Turf during the last century was the fifth Earl of Glasgow, who, having been in the Navy in the days when the sea service was pretty rough, retained much of the bluffness which characterized the old-fashioned British tar, together with some of his hard swearing, hard drinking habits. Lord Glasgow affected a very original style of dress consisting of short nankeen trousers, a curiously cut waistcoat of the same stuff, dark blue coat with plain brass buttons, and a tall hat. Whatever the weather, he scorned a top-coat. In this attire he always rode on Newmarket Heath. Though prone to throw his money about and generous in a sort of bluff, sailor-like way, Lord Glasgow was extremely peppery. Travelling in Scotland he once tendered a five-pound note at the booking-office to pay for his fare, and, being asked to do so, endorsed it. Seeing "Glasgow" written on the note, the clerk petulantly said, "It's

not where you are going, but your name I want, man," upon which Lord Glasgow let the man have a volley of abuse which fairly astounded him. On another occasion, when the irascible old peer was staying at an hotel in Scotland, a waiter infuriated him by answering very abruptly, whereupon he picked him up and threw him out of the first-floor window, breaking his leg, as well as causing other injuries. The landlord went up to know what his lordship proposed to do as the man was badly hurt, and it was a very serious matter. In a calm voice Lord Glasgow said:

"I'm ready to pay; put him in the bill."

When out riding one day Lord Glasgow met a Highland regiment with pipers playing at its head. The skirl of their music was not to the taste of the peer's horse, which, indulging in all sorts of capers, caused its rider to call the soldiers every name under the sun. The Colonel resented this and insisted on a duel or an apology, the latter of which was eventually proffered by Lord Glasgow, who retained a sense of discipline from his naval days.

Jim Godding once played a joke upon Lord Glasgow when the latter and Mr. George Payne were going round that trainer's stables. Coming to a horse called Volunteer, Godding said:

"Here's a horse which has won thirty-five races, yet his owner has never seen him run."

"Why not?" inquired Lord Glasgow. "He should be proud of having such a good horse."

"You see, he is blind, my lord," was Godding's reply, which made the old peer growl so terribly that George Payne thought it best to follow the trainer, who had already put himself in safety out of his lordship's reach.

Lord Glasgow was extremely eccentric and always

insisted upon having his own way. For some reason or other he would not hear of Colonel Forester becoming a member of the Jockey Club, and once came all the way from Glasgow in a special train in order to blackball him! As at that time one blackball excluded, the Colonel never got in during the life of Lord Glasgow, who, possibly to make amends, left him £20,000 at his death. Lord Glasgow was a lover of change and variety, and a varying sequence of jockeys rode for him, more perhaps than for any other owner. He constantly changed his trainer, but nevertheless was most unfortunate, almost invariably losing the matches which, in spite of failure, he invariably made. In 1843 he suffered defeat in nineteen matches, received forfeit in three, and ran one dead heat; in 1844 he was defeated in twenty matches, won one, received forfeit in two, and ran one dead heat. The old peer rarely bought or sold a horse, so, in order to make room for his annual number of yearlings, after the Houghton meeting he would shoot all those animals which he considered useless. He used, indeed, to have a regular shooting day after he had tried his two-year-olds: those he found not good enough to race with having a bullet put through their heads at once.

From first to last the sums he spent in trying to breed winners must have been very large: nevertheless, he never succeeded in winning either the Derby or St. Leger, although he was second with General Peel to Blair Athol for both races in 1864. General Peel, however, had previously won the Two Thousand Guineas. Lord Glasgow in the 'sixties owned a long string of yearlings, the majority of which were of little real value. The Earl, indeed, though devoted to the Turf, never succeeded in doing much good on

the race-course, for during his Turf career of some fifty years he only once won a classic race—the Two Thousand—while a fellow Scotch Turfite, Mr. James Merry, in his day swept the board of practically every prize worth winning.

Unlike Lord Glasgow, who was frank and bluff, the latter, a Scotch ironmaster, was a devout Presbyterian who, when he ran a horse in France on the Sabbath, submitted to be hauled over the coals by the " elders " of Falkirk. This body of holy men, however, he eventually appeased by presenting to their kirk the entire amount of the prize which his horse had won. In 1860, Mr. Merry was said to have won about £85,000 over Thormanby's Derby. Someone who happened to have business with this lucky owner declared that he had never seen such a sight in his life as the table at the lucky Scotchman's house in Eaton Place one night, when Thormanby's master and his wife were counting out the notes and putting the cheques together, a sum exceeding £75,000 having been collected on the Monday.

Mr. Merry liked his joke, as was shown by the way he once chaffed another Scotchman—Mr. James Baird (uncle of the celebrated gentleman rider Mr. Abington Baird), who presented the Church of Scotland with £200,000, the biggest premium in the way of fire insurance ever paid, as a wag remarked ! With reference to this gift, Mr. Merry told the donor that the latter did not know the difference between the Lord's Prayer and the Creed, offering to bet a fiver on the result. Mr. James Baird upon this began to repeat that confession of faith, but soon Mr. Merry stopped him and paid up, saying he had no idea he knew so much.

About the last of the old school who had a vivid recollection of the racing men mentioned above was

that fine old-fashioned sportsman Lord Chaplin, who died only a short while ago. His Turf career and Hermit's Derby have been so frequently described that it would be superfluous to touch upon it here. Practically the last survivor of the old school of owners is now the venerable Earl of Coventry, who, respected by all, forms a link between the Turf of yesterday and that of to-day.

Lord Rosebery, owing to indifferent health, is no longer to be seen upon the race-course; nevertheless, he still owns some horses, whose occasional victories always delight race-goers, who remember the triumphs of the primrose and rose hoops in past days.

Towards the end of the nineteenth century the Turf began to attract a number of wealthy men who had been the architects of their own fortunes, a popular instance having been the late Sir Blundell Maple, who owned quite a number of good horses in his day. Since then many other conspicuous figures in the world of commerce and finance have registered their colours, notably the brothers Joel, whose horses, like those of Sir Blundell, may generally be relied on to give the public a good run for its money. The late Sir Edward Hulton, Bart., who was originally trained for the priesthood, took to racing owing to his association with sporting papers. He began very cautiously with one race-horse, Adversary by name, but ended with a very large stud. Before devoting serious attention to the Turf, Sir Edward went in for coursing, in which sport he was quite successful, winning the Waterloo Cup twice—with Hallow Eve in 1908, and Harmonicon in 1916.

Quite recently the Turf has gained a very valuable recruit in the person of Lord Beaverbrook, who has expended a considerable sum in the purchase of blood-

THE NINTH EARL OF COVENTRY
(By Sem)

stock, with which (as everything he touches seems to turn to gold) he will probably do well.

Though Queen Victoria, beyond attending officially at Ascot, never manifested any particular liking for the Turf, the late King Edward, both before and after he had succeeded to the throne, was a warm supporter of racing, as is His Majesty King George. On the whole, however, it cannot be said that the latter has enjoyed anything like the especial good luck which, for a time at least, fell to his illustrious father's share.

According to a report which at one time was widely spread, King Edward, as Prince of Wales, was first inspired with a fancy to own race-horses from having seen St. Blaise tried for the Derby at Kingsclere. This was entirely untrue, the Prince, jointly with Lord Alington, having in 1863 leased from Lady Stamford the then four-year-old filly Geheimniss, which in Lord Stamford's colours had won the Oaks. A two-year-old filly named Junket was included in this lease, whose appearance and breeding—she was a daughter of Hampton and Hippodrome—gave hopes of victories which were never to be won. Geheimniss did well, taking no fewer than eight of the ten races in which she ran: the Westminster Cup at Kempton Park, the All Aged Stakes and Queen's Stand Plate at Ascot, the Stockbridge Cup; the July Cup and the Bunbury Stakes at Newmarket; the Lennox and Singleton Stakes at Goodwood. Both fillies, it may be added, were returned to Lady Stamford at the end of the season.

King Edward's racing career was a very remarkable one, he having headed the list of winning owners, won the Derby thrice, besides carrying off the Two Thousand Guineas, the One Thousand Guineas, and

the St. Leger twice! To have won the Two Thousand Guineas, the Derby, the St. Leger, the Eclipse Stakes, and the Grand National, as he did in the same year, is unprecedented, and it is most unlikely that anything of the same kind will ever be done again. At the head of the list of winning owners in that year (1900) his gains were no less than £29,585, a sum to which the victories of Diamond Jubilee contributed by far the greatest part. Age did not abate the King's interest in the Turf, and for the last eight years of his life he used to stay for the Doncaster meeting with Lord and Lady Savile at Rufford Abbey, some thirty miles from the Town Moor. It had been his intention to be present at the St. Leger of 1900, his horse Diamond Jubilee, after having won the Two Thousand Guineas and the Derby, being naturally regarded as almost certain to add his name to those of the few colts who had carried off all the three "classics"—West Australian, Gladiateur, Lord Lyon, Ormonde, Isinglass, and Flying Fox. Unfortunately the death of the Duke of Edinburgh prevented King Edward from witnessing the triumph of his Derby winner, who, starting at 7 to 2 on, won with ease. The King had nothing entered in the St. Leger the next year, when he was able to be present. During these royal visits a special train used to convey the Rufford Abbey party to Doncaster, whence it drove to the course. A dense crowd lined the streets, and the cheering of the hearty Yorkshiremen was so vociferous that one of the visitors declared he was literally stone-deaf for some time after he had reached the Royal Box.

In his last years, instead of going to Doncaster by train, the King took to motoring to the course, and as his arrival was apt to occur at an uncertain time,

the large crowd which formerly greeted him was not to be seen. His Majesty always went to the races on three days of the meeting, devoting the Thursday to visits to houses in the neighbourhood which lay within a motoring radius of some forty miles. His appearance at country houses was always welcome, his urbanity and charm of manner being highly appreciated by people of every station in life, King Edward showing extraordinary consideration to all he met.

John Porter had many stories to tell of the charm and kindness of his royal master, and when the famous trainer visited Sandringham the Prince, who was always anxious to hear full details of the progress of his stables, generally presented the former with some token of the royal goodwill. Often this was a dog, but on one occasion Porter feared that it might take the form of a bear. Two of these creatures were then confined in the Park, and though, of course, every care was taken to ensure their safe custody, they were inclined to be awkward customers at times. On his arrival at Sandringham one day, John Porter, before he had been received by the Prince, was told that His Royal Highness had been thinking of getting rid of these two animals, and it was not unlikely that they might find a home at Kingsclere. In the course of the afternoon when the Prince and Porter were in the Park, His Royal Highness led the way towards the den, the trainer's heart sinking as he thought of the possible consequences of bears being introduced into his stable of priceless thoroughbreds. When, however, they came to the cage, the Prince merely said, "These bears are inclined to become a great nuisance—I must send them to the Zoo," which remark took a weight off the royal trainer's mind.

The old Shah of Persia, during his visit to England

in 1889, when taken to see the Derby was rather scandalized at a mere subject winning such a big race. "Where is the Sovereign's horse?" inquired he, with no little concern when Donovan won the great Epsom race amid a storm of enthusiasm which was not altogether pleasing to the King of Kings. "The Sovereign has no horse running," he was told; and he unbent, much relieved. In the absence of the royal ruler's horse, a great noble's was the one that ought to win, and accordingly he congratulated the Duke of Portland. Nasreddin was not very keen on seeing races. "That one horse can gallop faster than another is certain," wrote he in his diary, "for which reason it is no use putting oneself out to go and see a race." Seven years later, in 1896, Royalty in the person of the Prince of Wales did succeed in carrying off the great race, securing, as a sporting writer said, his reward after years of patience and ill-luck. The scene at Epsom that day was a spectacle such as had never been witnessed before on a race-course. Members rushed down from the stand to the enclosure, waving their hats as they gazed up to where His Royal Highness stood, pale but with a delighted smile on his face. It was no time for reserve, and members of the Jockey Club roared as lustily as the crowd outside. In a moment the course was covered by a dense throng, all eyes directed to the place where the Prince stood, thousands of voices forming a veritable torrent of congratulation. In due course the Prince came down from his stand, tradition demanding that the owner of the Derby winner should lead in his horse, which the royal owner of Persimmon proceeded to do. The remainder of the horses had pulled up away towards the paddock, and it was only with great difficulty that the police made a path for

their return. Meanwhile the Prince awaited his victorious horse out on the course, beyond the gate of the enclosure in front of the weighing-room, while crowds of delighted race-goers, having somewhat recovered their breath, again burst into roars of applause and delight.

In 1900 the Prince repeated this victory with Diamond Jubilee, while in 1909 he again, as King Edward VII, triumphed with Minoru, the race being marked by a disaster to Sir Martin, an American colt.

The flag having fallen to a good start, Minoru took a fairly satisfactory place, keeping just where he ought to have been when more than half the distance had been covered. Here it was that the accident occurred. Though its precise nature was never discovered, Sir Martin either crossed his legs or struck into another horse, with the result that the former fell. Naturally some of those behind him suffered, Bayardo, it was said, having to be pulled out of the way to avoid the fallen horse, thereby losing many lengths, as did one or two others. According to an excellent photograph of the race, however, Bayardo would seem to have been little affected, for the photo showed him, just after Tattenham Corner had been rounded, in as good a position as a jockey could desire at this point of the race. Owing to good luck, Minoru, who happened to have been a little in front when Sir Martin came down, was not interfered with. The purple and scarlet jacket was prominent at Tattenham Corner, with Louviers in close attendance, Lord Michelham's William the Fourth well up, and Lord Carnarvon's Valens near, Minoru meanwhile galloping with great vigour. A great outburst of enthusiasm began to be heard while the leading horses were as far as a furlong from home, though expert race-goers

perceived that the finish would be desperate. The King's jockey, Herbert Jones, well placed on the rails, made a superhuman effort, while Stern, who had come over from France to ride Louviers, responded with equal energy—only the judge could decide what had been the result, when, to the general joy, the hoisting of the numbers proclaimed that the most popular of Kings had won the Derby!

VIII

CHARACTERS

THE first original character connected with the English Turf would appear to have been an individual who well understood how to turn the love of sport and pleasure which distinguished the old English aristocracy to his own advantage. This was Tregonwell Frampton, born in the year 1641, when Charles I was on the throne. In his time "keeper of the running horses" at Newmarket to their Majesties William III, Queen Anne, George I, and George II, he died on March 12, 1727, aged eighty-six, and lies buried at Newmarket. Whatever may be the claims of this worthy to be called the "father of the Turf," he has certainly a good right to be considered the discoverer of the possibilities of "racing as a business," his memory, according to report, having been somewhat clouded by a tendency to sharp practice. A contemporary and competent observer, writing of the Turf as he had seen it, said:

"There was Mr. Frampton, the oldest and, as they say, the cunningest 'jockey' in England"—the word "jockey" being made use of in its old derogatory sense. "One day he lost a thousand guineas, the next he won two thousand, and so on alternately. He made as light of throwing away £500 or £1,000 at a time as other men do of their pocket-money, and was as perfectly calm, cheerful, and unconcerned

when he had lost £1,000 as when he had won the same amount."

In the days of Frampton betting had become popular; indeed, he was one of the chief supporters of that mode of speculation, and the first person in all probability who occasionally "arranged" a race on the lines which have since been adopted by unscrupulous people! Of the scenes at Newmarket in the latter days of Frampton, when horse-racing had become more of a "business" at the chief seat of sport than it was in earlier days, the chronicler already referred to says:

"I had the opportunity to see the horse-races and a great concourse of the nobility and gentry, as well from London as other parts of England; but they were all so intent, so eager, so busy upon the "*sharping*" part of the sport, their wagers, their bets, that to me they seemed just as so many horse-copers in Smithfield: the greatest of them stooping from the high dignity of their rank to the picking of one another's pockets, and to biting one another as much as possible, and showing so much eagerness as to lose all respect for faith, honour, or good name."

It was once wittily said that "sin came upon the Turf with the advent of Frampton." At an early period he hit upon the plan of making any match, that he had anything to do with, a "certainty" as far as that could be accomplished. After he had made a match by means of a secretly-ridden trial, he endeavoured when it was possible to find out which was the better horse, and then backed the best animal of the two, whether his own or his opponent's. It must, however, be remembered that of the many stories told to the disadvantage of Frampton, some are probably altogether imaginary, while others rest only on a slight

foundation of fact. Whether the "father of the Turf" was really guilty of the numerous sins laid to his charge or not, there is plenty of evidence to show that in his time he was an expert in everything connected with racing. Especially was he famed for the knowledge he treasured up of the form of the "running horses" of the period—a necessity, no doubt, of his position as the heaviest betting man of his time.

During the eighteenth century, and even later, a number of well-to-do sportsmen were noted for their original ways. One of these was the celebrated Colonel Thornton, of Thornville Royal in Yorkshire, who when he migrated to another part of England organized a regular cavalcade of his grooms, keepers, and other retainers. Later on in life he made a sporting tour in France and wrote a book about it, which is now of some interest. Mrs. Thornton [1] it was who has the distinction of having been the only female jockey who rode a regular race in a jockey's cap and colours.

The wealthy young noblemen and squires at the end of the eighteenth century and beginning of the nineteenth were especially prone to scatter rich patrimonies to the winds, a notable instance having been Sir John Lade, on whose coming of age Dr. Johnson wrote such trenchant lines. A more attractive figure, however, was Colonel Mellish, than whom no more ardent supporter of the Turf probably ever lived. At the beginning of this sportsman's career he was noted for the perfection of the equipage with which he was wont to make his appearance on Newmarket Heath, his grooms as well as himself being turned out and mounted in a splendid, if extravagant, manner. In spite of his ardent devotion to the Turf, this Yorkshireman's racing career was a comparatively

[1] Chapter VI, pags 117–120.

short one, extending as it did only over a period of about seven years—from 1801 to 1808—financial difficulties obliging him to abandon the sport to which he was devoted. Prone to wager huge sums, the greatest financial reverse he experienced was when Mr. Clifton's Fyldener won the St. Leger in 1806. Over a million guineas are said to have changed hands over this race, Colonel Mellish losing an enormous sum. In spite of the latter's ill success from a financial point of view, there was no man held to be his equal as a judge of racing. If indeed judgment in such matters could save anyone from ruin, then the Colonel should have kept his fortune. Endowed with mental qualities far above those possessed by most sporting men, he soon attained a remarkable knowledge of the intricacies of the Turf, and the best judges used to declare that they never knew a man who was better able to gauge the powers, the qualities, and capabilities of a race-horse, as well as the exact weights he could carry and the precise distances he could run. Unfortunately there was one side of the Turf life of his day which he could not master, that was the rascality of those who took care not to leave to accident anything calculated to put money into their own pockets. To such individuals Colonel Mellish fell an easy prey, his recklessness as regards money causing him to back his own opinion to any extent—it was said indeed that in his palmy days he never opened his mouth to make a bet under £500! Apart from the financial side of racing Colonel Mellish seems to have possessed many qualifications of a useful kind. Not only was he a most excellent judge of a race-horse, but well acquainted with all the intricacies of managing a racing stable. He was also declared to be possessed of an extraordinary capacity for making

matches, and as a handicapper was declared to be supreme. A careful investigation, however, of the old Racing Calendars from 1805 to 1807 hardly confirms such an estimate of the Colonel's abilities in this direction. In those three years he won 38 and received forfeit for 15 matches, losing 57 and paying forfeit for 31 ; that is, he won £11,505 and lost £18,600 in stakes. In addition to this, he must, of course, have lost very large sums in bets.

The most famous of these matches was that between his Sancho and Lord Darlington's Pavilion. There were really three matches. In the New Claret Stakes at the Newmarket first Spring Meeting, 1805, Pavilion beat Sancho and some other horses (6 to 4 Sancho, 7 to 1 Pavilion). Mellish then challenged Lord Darlington, and a match was run in the summer at Lewes—four miles for three thousand guineas. Buckle riding Sancho, and Chifney Pavilion. Sancho (the non-favourite, 2 to 1) won easily. Another match was run over the same distance on the same course for two thousand guineas, 6 to 4 on Sancho, who broke down badly. Mellish on this occasion lost altogether five thousand guineas, though at one moment before the race he had been offered twelve hundred to have it off. A third match for two thousand guineas over a mile at Brighton was made in the same year, but Sancho had to pay forfeit. Colonel Mellish's colours were white with crimson sleeves. His trainer was Bartle Atkinson, who, from the time of entering his service in 1802 till 1807, turned out what was probably a greater number of winners than any other private trainer for one owner has ever done in the same period of time. In 1804 and 1805 he won the St. Leger with Sancho and Staveley, and trained many winners besides. In spite of all these successes racing

proved most disastrous to the Colonel's fortune, and like the vast majority of racing-men of this stamp, he left the Turf a ruined man. Owing, however, to a happy marriage with a lady of some means, his last years were passed in comfort. He died a comparatively young man at the age of thirty-nine.

The matches of which Colonel Mellish was so fond were great features of the racing of his day. An historic one was a contest between Sir Harry Vane's Hambletonian and Mr. Cookson's Diamond for a stake of three thousand guineas, run over the Beacon Course during the Newmarket Craven meeting of 1799. Hambletonian, who was ridden by Buckle, carried 8 st. 3 lb., and Diamond, ridden by Dennis Fitzpatrick (Deny), 8 st.; the betting was 5 to 4 on Hambletonian. Though both gallant steeds have now long since mouldered into dust, together with the gay company of sportsmen who assembled to see them run, the memory of their desperate neck-and-neck struggle over that terrible last half-mile still survives amongst the chronicles of equine fame as the most sporting and gamely contested match of all time.

Hambletonian, a bright bay and a grandson of Eclipse, was a wonderful horse, who had only once been beaten, at the York August meeting of 1797, when he ran against Deserter and Spread Eagle. On this occasion he had taken it into his head to bolt out of the course and leap a ditch!

Diamond, a beautiful brown bay, smaller than Hambletonian, and the most compact horse of the two, was a son of Highflyer. Hambletonian, being a Yorkshire-bred horse, the Yorkshiremen backed him for prodigious sums, whilst Diamond was strongly supported by the Newmarket people, the horse being well known in the neighbourhood. When the great

day arrived every bed in Newmarket was occupied, whilst all the towns and villages within twelve or fifteen miles, including Cambridge, were also thronged with people. Stabling was not to be had, and no chaise or horse could be procured on any of the roads, all having been engaged three weeks before.

The weather on the morning of the race was most auspicious, and the scene on the Heath animated in the extreme. All "the gentlemen of the Turf," as the phrase ran, from the neighbouring counties were collected on the course, and many of the nobility of England, which was then a real and powerful nobility, including the beautiful Duchess of Gordon, were assembled to see the great match. For some time after the start the horses kept tolerably close together, Hambletonian retaining the lead till the last half-mile, when Diamond got abreast of him. They then raced home in a most desperate manner, the nose of each horse being alternately in front, till Hambletonian won in the last stride. Both horses were terribly whipped and spurred, particularly the winner. The four miles one furlong and one hundred and thirty-eight yards were covered in about eight minutes and a half. Every one declared that this match was the most exciting ever known, and it was acknowledged even by the losers (who were described as being as much pleased as losers could be) to have been thoroughly fairly contested, each jockey having got the best out of his mount.

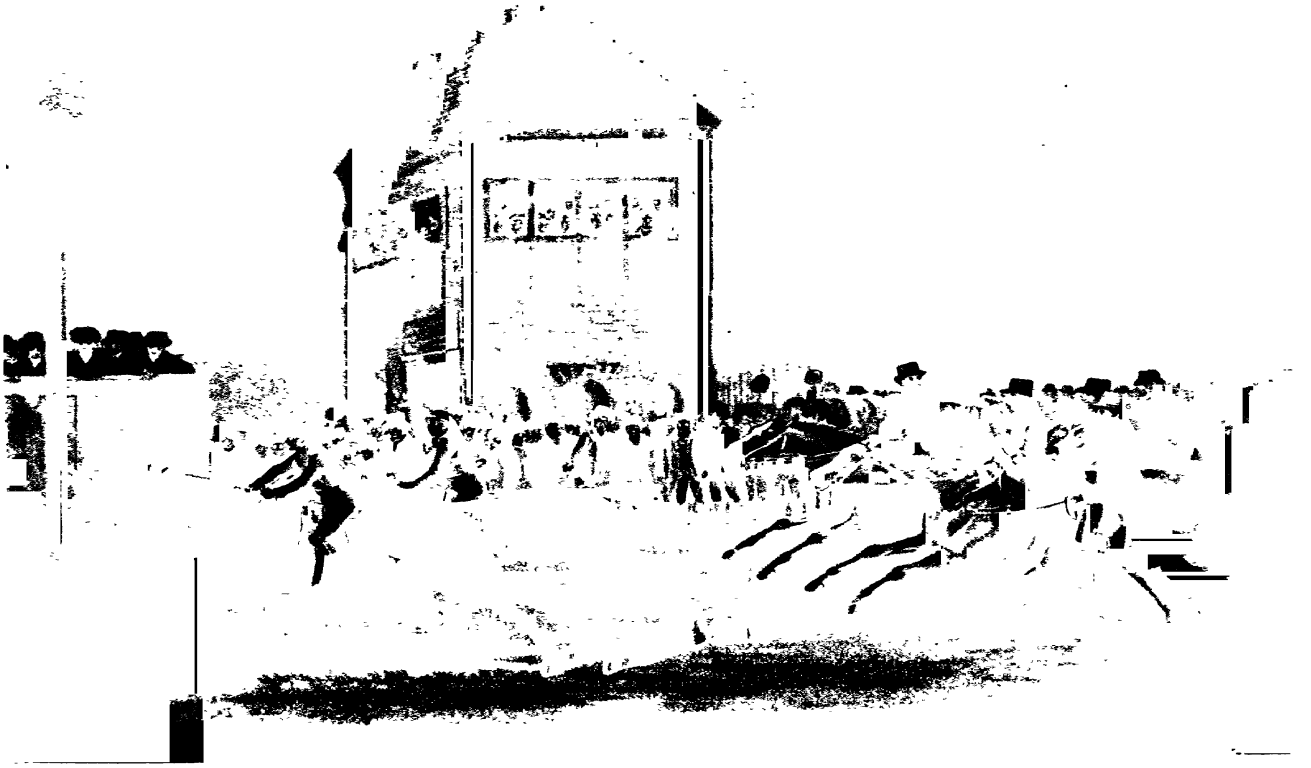
As soon as the race was over, Sir Harry Vane, who, besides the stakes, had won about three thousand guineas, declared on the course that Hambletonian should be taken out of training the next morning, and in future he would ride him only as a hack. Sir Harry then travelled to town in a post-chaise and four, and

arrived at the Cocoa Tree Club at half-past eleven at night. The news of his victory, however, was already known: Mr. Hall of Moorfields, who had relays of horses on the road, having got to town between nine and ten. Mr. Cookson, the owner of Diamond, did not lose any enormous sum over the race. He was well known for his shrewdness, and in one year, 1798, is said to have realized nearly £60,000 by the victories of Ambrosia and Diamond.

The victory of Hambletonian, who became the sire of over a hundred and forty winners, was, it may be added, commemorated by a bronze token of the size of a penny of fine design. This medal, as it may be called, bearing an inscription on one side and a picture of the match on the other, is now very scarce.

Among eccentric patrons of the Turf who have flourished in modern times must surely be reckoned the late Mr. " Abington " Baird. The son of an ultra-religious father and a doting mother (a dangerous combination for any child), Mr. Baird seems to have had an undisciplined youth. He was an undergraduate of Magdalene College, Cambridge, but there were no memories of him there a few years later in the present writer's time,[1] except that he had had an ungovernable temper, and spent money freely. Magdalene in those days was a sporting College, which suited the young man very well, the main ambition of his life having been to ride winners, which, owing to his vast wealth, he was able to do. Unfortunately, not very long after his debut on the Turf, Mr. Baird, then twenty-two years old, having been reported to the Stewards for foul riding at the Easter Four Oaks Park Meeting of 1882, he was warned off by the Stewards of the Grand National Hunt Committee for two years, which

[1] 1884–1885.



HAMBLETONIAN BEATING DIAMOND

sentence was extended by the Stewards of the Jockey Club to all meetings under their rules. I have latterly seen this action of the authorities rather severely criticized on the grounds that the "warning off" in question had been in some degree prompted by dislike, Mr. Abington Baird, even in early life, not having been popular with persons of good social standing.

Such a criticism, however, seems scarcely fair. The present writer indeed always understood that the real cause of Mr. Baird having been temporarily obliged to retire from the Turf was that in a fit of temper he had hit a jockey racing beside him over the head with a riding-whip. The young Scotch millionaire from his earliest years had been noted for his terrible temper, and according to a legend prevailing at his old College he had been known to take a valuable gold watch out of his pocket and crush it beneath his heel in a fit of rage.

In 1884 Mr. Baird returned to the Turf, where he succeeded in riding a number of winners and never had any "unpleasantness" again. For a number of years indeed "Mr. Abington" headed the list of gentlemen riders. As a rule he started favourite, the general public being fond of backing his mounts, knowing that "the Squire," as he had been nicknamed, was always all out to win. He indeed expended vast sums in that endeavour, and once went so far as to charter a special train in order to be in time to ride a horse in a Selling Plate at a northern race-course. When he won the Derby with Merry Hampton, he was comparatively indifferent to his success, it being said that to have ridden the winner of a small race after a good finish would have pleased him just as much, or more!

Winning races himself was indeed his master passion, and caused him to travel long distances to any place

where a selling race looked a good thing for any of the numerous horses which he kept in various stables dotted all over the country. His racing head-quarters, however, were at Bedford Cottage, Newmarket, where the guests were entertained with boxing, cock-fighting, and plenty of excellent liquor. Often on being called in the morning Mr. Baird's visitors would be told that their host had gone on to the Heath to ride gallops, having left word that they were to have anything they wanted—champagne and all sorts of other wines being at their disposal. When Mr. Baird came back he would usually deal with his large correspondence, generally tossing most of it into the fire, or, if it were summer, into a huge waste-paper basket which was handy for that purpose. In consequence of this method of treating letters, guests would sometimes arrive from London and be informed by the butler that his master had departed by the first train that morning to ride at some distant race meeting. This, however, mattered little to some of them, who practically lived upon Mr. Baird, particularly in his latter years, when he had become the prey of a horde of hangers-on in constant attendance upon him wherever he went.

To this band of harpies "the Squire" extended an unlimited generosity, always being ready to put up a purse when any of them had a fancy to fight and enabling them to live a life of bibulous ease. To be fair to his memory, it must be chronicled that he was occasionally generous in a more creditable way. When, for instance, Captain X, a well-known sporting character (of whom the writer has a very lively recollection, having once lost £400 to him at Ecarté at Dieppe), lay almost at death's door, in France, Mr. Baird took trouble to have him nursed back to health, sparing no expense to that end. Possibly this may have been

merely a whim, but if so it was one of a praiseworthy kind.

Mr. Baird expected and generally found that money enabled one to do just as one pleased. Dining with the late Sir George Chetwynd one evening, "the Squire" was so struck with the amenities of the latter's Mayfair abode—as far as I remember, a small house in John Street—that he made that sporting Baronet an offer to buy it, lock, stock and barrel—just as it was. The terms mentioned were so advantageous that Sir George stepped out and Mr. Baird stepped in. That very night the Scotch millionaire slept in the house, but waking up amidst strange surroundings the next morning he was rather puzzled as to exactly where he might be. "Where am I?" said he to some of his hangers-on who had come to pay him a morning call. "You're at home, Squire," was their reply, and gradually he remembered all about the transaction of the previous night!

The comparatively large sum Sir George Chetwynd had received for his house was at that time quite acceptable to this sporting baronet, who had many ups and downs in the course of his racing career. In his youth he had been one of the very few boys who had enjoyed the advantages of having been at two public schools. After a brief sojourn at Eton, he had proceeded to Harrow, and had actually, I believe, played as one of the eleven against his original school! His education having finally been completed at Christ Church, Oxford, he soon became one of the smartest young men about town, with a long string of racehorses in training.

As a young man Sir George had seen a good deal of Admiral Rous, George Payne, and other sportsmen of the old school, with the result that he appeared to

belong to a generation older than his own ; he would indeed have been quite at home with the Prince Regent at Carlton House, or in the Pavilion at Brighton, for he could, when he chose, be a companion of a very pleasant kind.

The property he inherited, which had been in his family for a great number of years, though not of enormous extent, was a fine sporting estate. He also came into a good fortune, but having spent money freely, he was not particularly well off towards the end of his life, which was a good deal less vivacious than had been its beginning. Nevertheless, when in the mood, he would talk in a very agreeable way, and tell many interesting stories of sporting incidents with which he had been connected.

In the course of a racing career marked by many vicissitudes, Sir George had acquired a reputation for shrewdness which to a great extent was well deserved, for according to what he told me his calculations were that he had not lost money by betting ; as far as that went, he thought he was slightly to the good—his betting books, which he had kept, he said would prove this estimate to be true. On the other hand, his expenses, which had been very heavy, had played havoc with his fortune—a number of race-horses are extremely costly to keep, and what with training them, travelling about, and one thing and another, Sir George's stud had proved anything but a financial success. In addition to the expenses of a racing career he was a man of extravagant tastes, given to indulgence in all sorts of pleasures of a luxurious kind.

Like many other landowners, the depreciation in land hit him hard, and at the end of his life Sir George found himself compelled to sell Grendon, his old family

place, which for some years had been regularly let. As a matter of fact, he had never been anything like as rich as he had supposed himself to be when entering into possession of his heritage at the age of twenty-one. In addition to this, as the years wore on the increase of taxation weighed heavily upon him, with the result that he became a comparatively poor man, unable to indulge in the sports and amusements which were formerly well within his reach.

Though quick-tempered and intolerant of bores, Sir George, as has already been said, could be a very pleasant companion when he liked. Many a pleasant evening have I passed at the Beefsteak Club with him and poor Weedon Grossmith, in whose company Sir George, who was very fond of the clever actor, was always at his best.

In spite of his being avowedly a selfish man, there was a kindly side to this sporting baronet's nature, as was shown by his kindness to the " Jubilee Juggins," Ernest Benzon, after the latter had fallen on evil days. For a time Benzon created a great sensation by his extravagant living and sensational bets. Had he listened to Sir George's advice in Turf matters, his career might have lasted longer than it did. Though much to the fore in all the haunts of pleasure of that day, such as the Continental and the Empire lounge, Benzon was by no means vicious, his desires, it was said, having generally been gratified when an attractive star of the lighter stage consented to have supper with him at Rule's or the Roman's, which were then highly popular supper places with the *jeunesse dorée.* In all probability the people who made most out of him, next to professional gamblers and the Ring, were florists and jewellers, with the latter of whom he was wont to run up very big bills. Inordinate vanity led

him to do the most idiotic things, and I fancy some of his wild bets were only made in order to keep himself in the public eye.

He once lost £10,000 at billiards in one night at Long's Hotel, and on another occasion lost a large sum to a billiard champion, with whom he insisted on playing level. Though he got through £250,000 with startling rapidity, he had very little fun for his money, and never won a big race. He lost, I fancy, almost as much at billiards and cards as in backing horses, though at times, of course, he made some very big bets. When he did happen to win one of the latter a great many people, including of course the bookmakers, said he was very shrewd, which judgment coming from such quarters has, in most cases I have observed, been followed by the " shrewd one's " ruin.

No one, however, as far as I can remember, ever applied this adjective to the Marquis of Ailesbury, facetiously christened by the " Sporting Times " " the Marquis of Ducks." Carelessly brought up and left to the care of servants and grooms as a child, he spent much of his time in the stables. Here no doubt it was that he acquired the very comprehensive knowledge of the vernacular for which in later life he became notorious. Such attempts as were made to educate the youthful Lord Savernake cannot be said to have been successful. Even the very easy-going ways of the Eton of his day proved irksome to him, and more or less always in trouble, he ran away from the school rather than be flogged. Brought back and confronted with the redoubtable Dr. Hornby, the sight of the historic block upset the young nobleman so much that he burst into a torrent of the most spirited invective. The result of this was that Lord Savernake, though he evaded being flogged, had to

leave Eton, Dr. Hornby not being at all the kind of head-master who would tolerate being sworn at.

After this further half-hearted attempts were, I believe, made to educate the future Marquis, but nothing could be done with him, and before he came of age he was revelling in the society of the sharpest lot of so-called sporting men who in those days were always on the alert to pluck wealthy and foolish young men new to the West End of London. Sam Lewis, who was then the indispensable adviser of a number of heirs to large properties, soon became on close terms of intimacy with the reckless young fellow, and for a time great cordiality prevailed between the two: young Lord Savernake and his bride, Miss Dolly Tester (a charming woman, and one who did her best to keep her husband straight), having been often entertained by the financier of Cork Street.

The society at these dinner parties was naturally apt to be mixed, and some of the male guests were not timid with women. On one occasion a rather flash Captain having made advances to Lady Savernake at the beginning of dinner, her husband, who had seen what was going on, seized the soup-tureen and poured the whole of the contents down the too ardent soldier's back. This naturally rather upset things for a while, but the evening ended in amity all round.

As a matter of fact, though affecting a bluff sort of " pitch you out of the window for twopence " demeanour, Lord Ailesbury was never much of a fighter, his bark being far more formidable than his bite. I believe, indeed, that at times he was somewhat terrorized by the rather low class of sporting men in whose society he spent so much time.

What, I wonder, was the real history of how the Marquis came to be warned off the Turf? Anyone,

like the writer, who knew him and realized his weak disposition, must have had a lurking suspicion that the unbalanced young man was merely the tool of others in this lamentable affair. Another somewhat mysterious thing was the reason why Lord Ailesbury got into the financial straits in which he floundered towards the end of his short life. I remember him at Dieppe and Trouville during the race weeks of 1887, and he certainly seemed to bet very little at the races, while he took practically no part at all in the Baccarat at the Casino! The only form of gambling which he appeared to favour at that time was throwing dice for drinks with jockeys and touts at various English bars which were opened for the benefit of sporting visitors from across the Channel. His party, I recollect, were somewhat unconventional in their ways, one of them having created some sensation at the Hôtel des Roches Noires at Trouville by firing a revolver up his bedroom chimney, under the impression that he would rid himself of certain unpleasant imps who, he declared, were apt to spoil his dreams!

Another of Lord Ailesbury's associates at Dieppe, I remember, was a sportsman playfully known as "the murderer," because he had killed a boy off Brighton Pier. This, however, had been purely by accident, the tragedy having happened in a very curious way. The poor "murderer," one day taking a morning stroll on the pier, chanced to run up against a case of soda-water bottles, which out of gaiety of heart he kicked into the sea. The case, as ill-luck would have it, fell right on the top of a boy who was bathing in the water beneath, and killed him, the result being a very unpleasant time for the early-morning stroller at Lewes Assizes, where, however, it was recognized that the whole thing was a tragic mischance.

Lord Ailesbury affected a peculiar style of dress, which perhaps may be most suitably described by saying that it was modelled on the Sunday-best attire of a smart bus-driver of that day. He always adhered to one kind of low-crowned, flat-topped hat which, as a matter of fact, from an artistic point of view, was far superior to the ordinary bowler. As a rule his ample-skirted tail-coat was of a dark colour, but now and then the Marquis would break out into sartorial extravagances of a startling kind. At one time, for instance, he affected an old-fashioned style of coaching coat, the buttons of which consisted of real half-crowns. With reference to these, he once told a man who wanted a loan that the only coins left to him were the buttons in question, which was perhaps true, for at the latter end of his short and rather lamentable career the Lord of Savernake seldom had any ready money in his pockets.

Racing in old days, as may be gathered from a number of interesting coloured prints, was a more picturesque affair than is the case to-day, when there is a dearth of the quaint and original figures formerly to be seen on most race-courses. In the eighteenth century (when the craze for reducing everyone to the same drab uniformity of dress and behaviour was as yet unknown) almost every race meeting was enlivened by the presence of some " character " or other who in costume and ways differed from his fellow-men. Even as late as the middle of the last century such people were still to be found, a case in point having been Jack Abel of Norwich, a gipsy horsedealer, who always wore a velvet coat and waistcoat—the latter being cut very low to show off three splendid studs which adorned a white shirt with a narrow pleated front—studs of carbuncles and diamonds worth a

good sum, chained together with a thin gold chain. The splendour of Abel's costume, however, waned as it neared earth, as he sported the very worst-fitting pair of corduroys and badly made top-boots.

This Norfolk worthy once had rather an unpleasant experience at Yarmouth races, where, happening to stand next a man who had lost his watch, the latter accused old Jack of having stolen it. In a great rage Abel caught hold of his accuser and dragged him in front of the Stewards' Stand, where a crowd soon gathered, as everyone knew him. Addressing the only steward present at the time (Lord William Powlett, afterwards the Duke of Cleveland) he vociferated, "My lord, you see this—willan here: he says I took his watch. Don't he look more like taking mine?" After an explanation as to who Abel was, the matter was soon settled.

An original character, whose quaint figure is to be seen on race-courses of to-day, is "Old Kate," with her cry of "Racing up to date." This seller of race-cards is indeed well, and one may say affectionately, known to all race-goers. For something like fifty years she has travelled all over England making her living. It is indeed said that she never misses a meeting, whatever the weather may be, though how she gets about the country no one seems to know, as she is never seen on a train. During her long racing career "Old Kate" must have seen several generations of plungers come and go, while she has sold race-cards to most of the celebrities connected with Turf history, including the late King Edward, who, with the kindness for which he was so well known, always gave her a very liberal present for his race-card.

An original character who died, aged 82, in September, 1925, was Davy Stephens, probably the most

famous newsvendor in the British Isles, whose boast it was that he had not missed a Derby for fifty-four years, and had backed twenty-three of its winners. For seventy years Davy met the mail-boat from Holyhead at Kingstown regularly every day and sold the passengers newspapers. When King Edward, as Prince of Wales, visited Ireland, he had a conversation with Davy on the pier, and every year afterwards is said to have sent the old man a Christmas card. A believer in total abstinence and a non-smoker Davy was very fond of racing, and always made a point of putting in an appearance at Epsom on Derby Day. With his long hair and top hat he presented an original appearance, and was always warmly greeted by a number of well-known racing men, who had come to regard him as a feature of the meeting. Davy was always at his ease with everyone, no matter how exalted their position might be. He had made the acquaintance of every Secretary for Ireland as they landed on the pier at Kingstown. When the late Lord Morley stepped ashore he said, "Any news this morning, Davy?" "Yes, sir," said the old man with a twinkle in his eye, "it's all under my arm here." Davy, it may be added, had a collection of sovereigns given to him by King Edward, King George, and other members of the Royal family.

IX

STEEPLECHASING

ACCORDING to general opinion, based upon the letterpress inscribed beneath a celebrated series of coloured prints, the first steeplechase on record was ridden by "The Night Riders of Nacton." Nevertheless, the cavalry officers who, with night-gowns over their mess dress, rode the famous night ride to Nacton Church in 1803, do not seem to have been the first to take part in a cross-country race. As early as 1752 a match of the same kind, except that it did not take place at night, is known to have been made in Ireland, while another was ridden in Leicestershire in 1792, the course having been from Barkley Holt to the Coplow and back, a distance of about eight miles, negotiated by Mr. Charles Meynell, Lord Forester, and Sir Gilbert Heathcote, who finished in the order named. At the same time it must be admitted that no regular steeplechase with a number of riders appears to have taken place previous to the one which in the annals of sport have immortalized the officers of the cavalry regiment quartered at Ipswich at the beginning of the last century.

It was not, however, much before 1825 that steeplechasing in something of the modern style began to be a popular amusement among people fond of sport, at that time, and for many years later, cross-country races having been indulged in by hunting men alone—

AN EARLY STEEPLECHASE

steeplechasing as it is known to-day, with horses specially trained to go over the sticks and professional jockeys to negotiate them over a series of artificial jumps is indeed a development of a modern kind.

Though there is, of course, something to be said against this new form of sport, it has undeniable advantages of its own. The great drawback of the early steeplechase, run over a natural country, was that so little of the fun could be enjoyed by the spectators, who to see anything had to be mounted on clever hunters, and prepared to do a plentiful amount of jumping themselves—an objection which still applies to the Point-to-Point races held in connection with Hunt Meetings to-day.

That riding steeplechases has its special dangers no one will deny, but on the whole going over a fairly laid-out course need not be much more perilous than riding to hounds, the hunting field having probably claimed as many, if not more, victims than the steeplechase course.

The Victorian novelist, Anthony Trollope, who was a sportsman as well as a writer, used to declare that hunting men did not incur so much damage to life and health as the individuals who played whist every afternoon at their club, and ate a heavy dinner afterwards. If indeed one takes the number of men who, either hunting or steeplechase-riding, regularly ride across country year after year, and reckon up the fatal accidents which occur among them, it will be found that the death-rate from such causes is not a very long one. Towards the end of the nineteenth century, however, a number of well-known sportsmen were killed in steeplechases. The Hon. Greville Nugent ("Mr. St. James"), one of the pluckiest little horsemen ever seen, who never weighed eight stone in his life, as well

as Mr. Goodwin, were killed at Sandown. Lord Rossmore came to an untimely end on the Windsor course, while riding Harlequin. The latter was really too tall for a jockey, and though a bold, good horseman, had been terribly unlucky in getting dangerous falls for some time before his tragic end. Sandown was also the scene of fatal accidents to Clay, the professional, and to Captain Boyce, who, strangely enough, rose from his fall with apparently little injury, returned to the stand, dressed, and went up to town by train, and dined at his club. A few hours later, however, after he had retired to his rooms, he was suddenly taken ill and died. At about the same time a horse called Coercion fell at the open ditch when running at Four Oaks Park, near Birmingham, and caused the death of his jockey, Sly, one of the most promising of the younger school of riders. Coercion belonged to Mr. " Buck " Barclay, the owner of the great Bendigo, and it was on Woodhouse, another of this popular sportsman's horses, that poor young George Brown, when scarcely twenty years of age, met with a fatal accident, in the summer of 1895, at Brighton.

A great danger of hurdle races and steeplechases is the one of being ridden over after a fall. Willy Macdonald, on the flat, and Sensier, in a hurdle race, were both killed through their horses falling and leaving them lying on the ground for others to gallop over. Schooling horses over jumps is perhaps even more likely to lead to serious accidents than riding over them in a regular race. Mr. Lamport, of the Royal Artillery, for instance, was killed whilst doing a gallop over fences at Epsom, a good many years ago, and some time before that Sam Daniels lost his life in schooling the hurdle-racer Thunder.

Up to comparatively recent times a number of what

might have been called informal Steeplechase Meetings took place in various parts of the country. One of these used to be the Cambridge Undergraduates' Hippic Carnival of Cottenham, where, I believe, the Grand National was once run. The University meeting here, though in the 'eighties it was not under National Hunt Rules, was nevertheless very enjoyable, not only for undergraduates, but also for their relatives and old Cambridge men, who found it a pleasant opportunity for revisiting the scene of their youthful exploits. There were generally a few four-in-hands, where liberal hospitality was dispensed. I remember that good sportsman, Sir Theodore Brinckman, who lived not far away, driving a lot of us over in 1884, and a very merry party we were, too. The racing, of course, was informal, sporting undergraduates not owning horses of their own, hired mounts from Newman or Saunders, the great livery-stable keepers of that day, and the successors of the immortal Hobson, who, it is said, by his way of telling a would-be hirer of a horse that he must either take the one selected for him or none at all, originated the saying of " Hobson's choice." Be this as it may, Saunders was generally pretty good in providing a winner or two for his clients, though the more important races were, as a rule, won by undergraduates possessing good horses of their own. The present Lord Revelstoke (then the Honourable John Baring), for instance, was always beautifully mounted, and, during the time I was up, won the big steeplechase with great ease. No one ever looked better on a horse, his seat in the saddle being akin to perfection. The Honourable Lionel Holland, his successor in the mastership of the Cambridge University drag, though a most intrepid horseman, was not so successful as a winning jockey; no falls or ill

luck, however, could abate his ardour. In those days Cottenham was a jolly, old-fashioned affair with but a sparse sprinkling of bookmakers, while the commercial spirit was absent. Some years later, however, the curse of money-making invaded the little meeting. A certain sharp young sportsman got some bookmakers to lay long odds against his mount, a sorry-looking animal, ready, apparently, to take part in the next race. At the start, however, he was seen to be bestriding a very fine racehorse, which easily came in first. A great row was made about it, and the "knowing one" forced to disgorge and apologize.

Years before an almost identical trick, played by a foreign sportsman, Count Batthyanny, had been more leniently dealt with. At Warwick Races, some time before the numbers for a certain race had been put up, the Count, with breeches and boots on, and his pale-green racing colours showing beneath his great-coat, went round the ring asking the layers what price his horse Suburban. The latter, naturally thinking that the Count was going to ride himself, laid him about 6 to 1. When, however, the numbers went up, Captain Townley was shown as having the mount, on which he subsequently scored an easy win. All the bookmakers, however, took the matter well, admitting that they had thought they had got a bit the best of the bets made because it looked as if the Count was going to ride, for which reason they were not going to complain of having themselves been bested.

Count Batthyanny, as a matter of fact, not content with seeing his horses ridden by jockeys, was always trying to win races himself, which, as he was but an indifferent horseman, he seldom succeeded in doing. At one of the Shrewsbury Autumn Meetings he rode a horse called Loiterer, another gentleman rider, Mr.

Edwards, riding Captain Crow. It looked any odds on Loiterer near the stand—the horse indeed would have easily won if the Count had only let him canter home. The judge's box, however, was about fifty yards past the betting-ring, where there was another box where the money for going into the Ring and Stands was taken, and this the poor old Count, who was very short-sighted, mistook for the judge's box. Meanwhile, Mr. Edwards, riding Captain Crow as hard as possible, got up on the inside, and won by a neck. There was a frightful row, and the Birmingham roughs called Count Batthyanny all the names they could think of, and swore he had been at the same game—pulling—for years, an accusation which was particularly hard upon an owner whose one ambition it was to win a race on one of his own horses!

The brothers Beresford were great supporters of steeplechasing. In 1874, Lords Charles, William, and Marcus, all rode together in a race at the Curragh, when Lord William won a head from Lord Marcus. These brothers were a very lively trio, and were noted for the wild pranks in which they occasionally indulged. One of the three having betted that he would drive a conveyance up Rotten Row, which is exclusively reserved for riders, won his wager by getting hold of a water-cart and driving it up the Row in appropriate costume.

The brothers Beresford, though very sporting by nature, were more or less inducted into the mysteries of the Turf by Mr. Fothergill-Rowlands, who trained at Pitt Place, Epsom. The latter once got up some races for the King of Holland at The Hague, and the evening before the meeting attended a dinner to celebrate the event. Sitting next a Dutch nobleman, the latter maintained a dignified silence till he became

mellowed by the good cheer, when, turning to Mr. Rowlands, he said:

"I tink, sar, your name is Rowlands?"

The visitor bowed, upon which the Baron continued:

"Pray, sar, any relation to the great Muckasah?"

It was only with difficulty that the genial trainer convinced the Baron that he could claim no connection with the proprietor of the famous hair oil. On another occasion, when Mr. Rowlands had not been able to arrange a very good day's racing for the Dutch monarch, he contrived to appease the sovereign in question in a very ingenious way. Going to the King, he said:

"I regret to have to inform your Majesty that we shall only have a poor day's sport to-morrow, as the card will consist of only three races in all. Happily, however, I have got a mount in the last race, and I shall try and make a dead heat of it, so as you may have the amusement of seeing a fourth event."

Mr. Rowlands actually managed to make things turn out in this way, with the result that the King of Holland was vastly pleased.

A veteran sportsman, formerly noted as a fearless rider over the sticks, is Sir Claude de Crespigny. To-day in spite of his seventy-six years he still retains the courage and activity of a man of half his years. A proof of this was recently shown when he executed a "double dive" into one of the Highgate ponds from a very considerable height. Only in response to the remonstrances of Lady de Crespigny did this sporting Baronet consent to forgo a repetition of this remarkable performance. His son, that fine soldier and excellent fellow, General Raoul de Crespigny, has also

ridden steeplechases with success, while well carrying on the family traditions as regards being handy with his fists.

Boxing and riding steeplechases seem rather to go together, for a good many of the old school of gentlemen riders were as good pugilists as they were horsemen. One well-known sportsman riding in a steeplechase at a meeting near London, having sustained a fall at the water-jump, perceived an onlooker standing by grinning at the accident. "I'll teach you to grin!" said the bedraggled jockey, and climbing out of the water he gave the astonished humorist such a drubbing that the police eventually interfered.

Forty or fifty years ago sporting men about town were fond of all sorts of wild pranks, being especially apt to play jokes on cabmen when the mood seized them. One young spark, having caught the driver of a four-wheeler asleep, took the latter's horse out of the shafts and harnessed it with its face turned towards the cab. The driver's amazement when he had been woken up may be imagined. It was the same humorist who, though chief mourner at his brother's funeral, refused to walk immediately behind the coffin because, said he, "If I do my poor brother will only say, 'There goes George thrusting himself into the best place as usual.'"

In old days sportsmen of very modest means were able to keep a useful "chaser" or two in their stables. Some time ago, in some reminiscences of old days, a well-known sportsman gave some illuminating details as to the comparative cheapness with which a lover of steeplechasing could collect a stud of jumpers in the 'eighties. According to this authority it was then possible, and even easy, during the autumn months

to go to a race meeting and pick up good sound young horses, too slow for flat-racing, for a sum varying from £50 to £300. Three or four big, good-looking horses would often be put up for sale after a selling race with practically no reserve, the sole reason for their owners parting with them being a conviction that the horses in question were not fast enough to earn their keep by winning on the flat. It must be remembered that in those days there was much less flat racing than is the case to-day, which made owners dislike keeping any horses not likely to pay their way. A useful plater in the habit of winning races could then usually be bought in for something under £300—to-day such an animal, if sound, after having proved a winner, would cost from £500 to £1,000 to be bought in.

Pathfinder, the winner of the National of 1875, a somewhat doubtfully bred horse, is said to have changed hands for £10 and six dozen bottles of Bass' pale ale previous to his success at Aintree. Gamecock, I believe, was twice sold for less than £200 before his success at Aintree in 1887. More remarkable still was the case of Rubio, who before winning at 66 to 1 in 1908 had done duty between the shafts of a cart.

In the early days of steeplechasing the sport flourished a great deal in Ireland, where in the 'twenties of the last century Jack Dennis and Lord Clanricarde (the father of the late Marquis) began to astonish people by their daring cross-country feats. Lord Clanricarde, when a schoolboy on his holidays in 1822, won a steeplechase over the Roxborough course in Galway on a little bay horse called the Hawk, the jumps being mostly walls, one of which was 5 feet 9 inches high at the place where the young nobleman

THE ST. ALBANS STEEPLECHASE

topped it. In 1830, Lord Clanricarde rode a horse called Nailor in the first St. Albans steeplechase, got up by Tommy Coleman, the sporting innkeeper of that town. Captain McDowell, of the Life Guards, who rode Wonder, the favourite, had orders to "watch Clanricarde" and ignore the rest of a field of fourteen. The Captain eventually beat Lord Clanricarde by two lengths.

The St. Albans steeplechase, which has been immortalized in sporting annals by a particularly attractive set of coloured prints, may be said to have been the predecessor of the Liverpool Grand National. Not all the horses which ran in it, however, were of the highest class: Moonraker, who won this steeplechase in 1831 from eleven others, had a very humble beginning. No one, indeed, seemed to know exactly what his early history had been. What was known about him, however, was that before his conversion into a steeplechaser he had been drawing a water-cart in, it was said, the streets of Birmingham. The sum his lucky owner had given for him was the extremely modest one of eighteen sovereigns, and the horse owned to almost as many years when he was victorious in a field of a dozen at St. Albans. Since Moonraker's day a number of other horses which had at one time been valued at insignificant prices have turned out valuable winners over the sticks.

Previous to the first regularly constituted races as run for at Liverpool in July, 1827, horse-races—or something of the sort which bore that name—annually took place on the sands, or north shore, of the river Mersey, and indifferent as the sport usually was, the liking for it amongst those who constituted the first commercial community in the world was proved

by the fact of such races creating a very lively interest and drawing a good attendance. The sporting tendency in question was further shown by the circumstance that the races held at Ormskirk—which were established in 1807, but given up in 1816 owing to the enclosure of the common on which the races were held—were mainly patronized by the inhabitants of the good old town of Liverpool. The site of the races was eventually changed, and a match for £50, two miles, between Mr. Thompson's grey horse, and a bay horse, the property of Mr. Case, was for the first time, it would seem, run on some meadows belonging to Mr. Farmby at Maghull, on August 30, 1825. This match excited considerable attention, and on the great day, it is said, "pedestrians might be seen in all directions" wending their way to the point of attraction. Equestrians thronged to the scene of action; and for more than a mile the road from Liverpool to Maghull might be seen crowded with "horse and foot." The scene, indeed, seems to have been highly animated, while there was a considerable display of female beauty. When the match came to be run, both gentlemen rode their own horses, and Mr. Thompson won easily. Naturally, after this taste of the fresh green turf, it was not to be expected that the north shore sands would be again tolerated by the sporting division, and accordingly, one fine morning in October of the next year, a survey of the ground for a new and permanent race-course was made by several gentlemen, and the spot selected was some grassy land on Sefton meadows. Thus originated Liverpool races as they are now annually held at Aintree.

Writing of early days of the National, the Druid said:

"Before there was a railway from Liverpool to

Aintree, the very mud-carts used to be pressed into the service for the day, and sixpence there and sixpence back was the tariff. A fiddler and twelve or thirteen mates, male and female, were squeezed into that narrow compass. On one occasion (1843) we were passing along the footpath when a troop of these Bacchanals sturdily refused to alight at the entrance of Liverpool; but in an instant the linch-pin was drawn, and they were all shot out. Their fiddler, nothing daunted, rallied them like another Tyrtæus, and the dancing went on merrily in the dusty road till the next vehicle rudely broke the ring. We doubt whether one of them had looked at a race that day."

The first Liverpool Grand National was run at Aintree in 1839, when the celebrated jump known as Becher's Brook came to obtain its name. In the course of the race Captain Becher, in order to steady Conrad, who was a very headstrong horse, came along directly Lord Sefton dropped his flag, and with Daxon, ridden by his owner, Mr. Ferguson, made joint running to the first brook. Conrad tried to run through the timber set in front of it, shooting his rider clean over his head into the ditch beyond. Becher was in a "tight place," with the whole field streaming after him. In a moment he had scrambled close under the bank, and in this way the rest of the oncoming field cleared him in safety. It is recorded that while the gallant Captain was floundering about in his involuntary bath with the horses jumping over him he cheerily remarked: "How unpleasant cold water is without brandy!" The winner of the first National was Lottery, ridden by Jem Mason, a bit of a dandy who figured in some of the sporting novels of that day. Lottery won in a canter by three lengths, and is said to have been

so full of running at the finish that he cleared thirty-three feet over the last fence.

Captain Martin Becher was a Norfolk man, his father having been a farmer and horse-dealer who had served as an officer in the 31st Regiment before taking up farming. The Captain himself had only held a commission in the Duke of Buckingham's Yeomanry, though he had seen service in the Storekeeper-General's Department during the campaign which ended with Waterloo. After this battle he devoted himself to horses and riding, for which he had early shown a great bent. For some years he lived in the saddle, having been known in one fortnight to have travelled over seven hundred miles on horseback to and from various meetings where he had race-horses to ride. For ten years after 1829 he had a long series of successful mounts, among them several matches for large sums. When he rode in the first Grand National in 1839, he was forty-two years old, and not very long afterwards he ceased to ride. In addition to having been a splendid horseman the Captain well understood how to use his fists, with which he was apt to chastise anyone he caught ill-treating a horse—notably a gigantic coal-heaver, with whom he had a tremendous battle in the Blackfriars Road.

The old school of steeplechase riders were certainly most determined in their ways. At the Carmarthen Hunt Meeting on February 4, 1862, a remarkable steeplechase took place, two horses twice running a dead-heat over a severe course of four miles. Of six runners, Mr. W. R. H. Powell's Ace of Hearts, ridden by Mr. J. R. James, alone stood up; but after having fallen two fences from home Sir R. de Burgh's The Rug, ridden by J. Monahan, which had been remounted, got up and managed to run a dead-heat. After a

run off had been decided upon, George Stevens (who won five Grand Nationals between 1852 and 1871) was put up on Ace of Hearts. The Rug, starting at 5 to 4 on, again fell and again ran a dead-heat after Ace of Hearts had refused. Owing to the approach of nightfall no third race occurred, the stakes being divided; but a few days later the two horses met again at the Aberystwyth Meeting, where in another race of four miles Ace of Hearts won by a neck. Two days after, however, over the same course, the latter gave The Rug a thorough beating.

From this it will be seen that steeplechase horses were pretty hard worked at that time, in addition to which some of the old school of riders were at times apt to be anything but gentle with their mounts. In 1870, when The Colonel won the Grand National, the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals summoned the owner of The Doctor (just beaten by half a length) for cruelty. As, however, the allegations were only drawn from newspaper reports the case was dismissed. This probably was a perfectly right decision, but there is no doubt that the horse had been ridden very hard indeed, the cause, some people said, of his never being much use on a race-course again.

Occasionally the drastic methods of certain hard riders aroused hostile criticism amongst Cockney race-goers. At one of the smaller meetings an exhausted animal, having come down at a stiff fence, made no effort to rise. The jockey, who had escaped injury, taking hold of his fallen horse's bridle, tried to get him on his feet again, when a voice from the crowd was heard saying:

"Let 'im alone, guv'nor. It ain't orfen as 'e gits a

rest; let 'im lie down while 'e can, unless you're a-goin' to run 'im agen in the next race!"

The late Captain Machell, though his name was principally associated with flat-racing, won the National in 1876 with Regal, ridden and trained by Joe Cannon. Starting life as an officer in the 53rd Foot, while quartered at Templemore, in Tipperary, he is said to have won considerable sums with a horse called Lemidus (partly owned by his Colonel) and a chestnut gelding which practically swept the board at several Irish meetings. It was, however, about 1867 that he first began to cut a considerable figure on the English Turf, and before long controlled an important stable of race-horses at Newmarket, where Bedford House will always be associated with his name. Here at one period he kept open house and was the cheeriest of companions; but as he grew older his health deteriorated and he became a prey to fits of gloom and depression. Archer's death had been a great blow to him and increased a despondency which saddened his last years.

Captain Machell, who had a very wiry frame as a young man, was wonderfully expert in feats of agility, could outrun most men of his age, and as a middleweight hold his own with the best amateur boxers. When he first appeared at Newmarket he beat Captain Chadwick in a hundred yards' foot-race over the Severals, Sir John Astley being present. A marvellous jumper, he is said to have won a good deal of money by hopping, apparently without effort, from the ground on to an ordinary mantelpiece. He also knew a number of amusing tricks, such as making people guess the height of a top hat, which they almost invariably did wrong, though he himself never made a mistake. Very popular as a poor man, he appeared to become

morose as his wealth increased. He seems, indeed, to have been a happier man when he sold out of the Army with little but the price of his commission, than in later years when, by his knowledge of horses and shrewdness as a racing man, he had accumulated a fortune sufficient for him to repurchase his old family estate.

In 1883 the National was won by Zoedone, ridden by his owner Count Kinsky, a fine amateur jockey who had just come to England to ride with the Empress of Austria, who was very fond of hunting. The Count, who enjoyed great popularity in English sporting circles, had a considerable sense of humour and knew how to take a joke. After Zoedone's victory Jim Adams, a jockey of original character who had ridden in the race, standing by the weighing-room door, said to another jockey:

"What the hell are we a-coming to? Last year a blooming Lord[1] won the National, and this year it's a furrin Count; next year it'll be an old woman, I suppose!"

"Very likely, Jimmy," sang out Count Kinsky, who had heard the remark, "and I only hope that old woman will be yourself!"

Though the Count rode in the National of 1885 he did not win again, poor Zoedone falling at the preliminary hurdle, owing, it was said, to someone having got at her. In any case, she was never good for anything afterwards, which seemed to bear out the theory that someone had injected poison into her nozzle, in order to make sure that a number of heavy double-event bets with Bendigo might not come off.

The National that year was won by Gamecock, over

[1] Lord Manners, on his horse Seaman.

whose victory I made £500, having taken twenty-five ponies—about the only good winner I ever backed on an English race-course. As far as I can recollect there was no particular reason why I should have backed this horse; possibly I was attracted by the name—at any rate, no one told me it was likely to win, its chances, as the price indicated, being not considered good by those who were supposed to be likely to know. Others besides myself, however, won over the race, notably Lady Astley, wife of Sir John, widely known to a large circle of admirers as "The Mate." Lady Astley was in the habit at certain times of backing horses called after birds, and having noticed that Gamecock belonged to Major Swan she was so much struck by the coincidence that she doubled her usual stake and thus landed a very comfortable sum.

To return to the owner of the ill-fated Zoedone: proud of being an honorary member of the English Jockey Club and of the National Hunt Committee, Prince Charles Kinsky, as the Count had become, was terribly saddened by the Great War, which cut him off from so much that he had loved. It was said, indeed, that this affected the fine sportsman to such an extent that he died of a broken heart.

The late King Edward, when Prince of Wales, owned the favourite for the National in 1884. This was The Scot, by Blair Athol, a very handsome chestnut with white markings, which he had purchased from Mr. Mackenzie, of Kintail. Trained and ridden by John Jones, of Epsom, The Scot fell when seemingly having a good chance of being a winner. At the start the horse was first away, but there was so dense a mist that the runners were soon out of sight. When they again became visible The Scot was going well, and he

cleared the water opposite the stand in good style, but after jumping Becher's Brook a mistake caused him to fall. Voluptuary, who won, was a cast-off from Lord Rosebery's stable, which had been sixth in the Derby three years before. As a flat-racer this horse had not run well, which was why he was sold. Nevertheless he earned a good reputation as a steeplechaser, and must have possessed exceptional aptitude for negotiating fences, for it is very seldom that a horse wins a Grand National at a first attempt. Voluptuary ended his public career with an experience absolutely unique for a Liverpool winner, appearing in a melodrama at Drury Lane Theatre, where he nightly—and sometimes in the afternoon—jumped a little hurdle and a trough which was supposed to represent the water-jump at Aintree.

Though The Scot had not been of any great use on the flat, he turned out a really fine cross-country performer, securing amongst other events the Great International Steeplechase at Sandown, and the Great Metropolitan on the old Croydon course in 1881, steered by Mr. Arthur Coventry. A remarkably good performance on the part of The Scot was his safely getting the big course at Liverpool and finishing in the first five, when only four years old. On this occasion Fred Webb, the famous flat-race jockey, had ridden him, and showed that he could be as much at home across a stiff country as he was at Epsom or Newmarket on the flat.

In 1900 the late King Edward, then Prince of Wales, succeeded in winning the Grand National with Ambush II, which came into the Royal stable through Mr. Lushington, one of the best amateur jockeys of that day. This son of Ben Battle and Miss Plant was admirably ridden by Anthony.

Friday, 30th March. THE GRAND NATIONAL STEEPLECHASE (handicap of 2,500 sov., including a piece of plate value 100 sov.), by subscription of 25 sov. each, 15 sov. forfeit, or 5 sov. if declared, for five years old and upwards; second received 300 sov. and third 200 sov. out of the stakes. Grand National course, 4 miles 856 yards (74 subs., 20 of whom paid 5 sov. each—£1,975).

H.R.H. the Prince of Wales' Ambush II, by Ben Battle, 6 yrs., 11 st. 3 lb. . . . . Anthony 1
Mr. C. A. Brown's Barsac, aged, 9 st. 12 lb. . Halsey 2
Mr. J. G. Bulteel's Manifesto, aged, 12 st. 13 lb. Williamson 3
Mr. G. Edwardes' Breemount's Pride, aged, 11 st. 7 lb. Mr. G. S. Davies 4
Col. Gallwey's Hidden Mystery, 6 yrs., 12 st. Mr. H. Nugent 0
Capt. Eustace Loder's Covert Hack, 6 yrs., 11 st. F. Mason 0
Mr. Vyner's Alpheus, aged, 10 st. 10. lb. . Waddington 0
Mr. E. Woodland's Model, aged, 10 st. 7 lb. P. Woodland 0
Mr. B. Bletsoe's Grudon, aged, 10 st. 5 lb. Mr. M. B. Bletsoe 0
Mr. Audley Blyth's Elliman, aged, 10 st. 1 lb. E. Driscoll 0
Mr. Arthur James' Sister Elizabeth, aged, 10 st. . Clack 0
Capt. A. E. Whitaker's Barcalwhey, aged, 10 st. . T. Lane 0
Lord W. Beresford's Easter Ogue, 6 yrs., 9 st. 13 lb. Hogan 0
Capt. R. W. Ethelston's Lotus Lily, aged, 9 st. 10 lb. (car. 9 st. 11 lb.) . . . . . Mr. A. W. Wood 0
Mr. G. R. Powell's Nothing, aged, 9 st. 7 lb. (car. 9 st. 11 lb.) Hoysted 0
Capt. Scott's Levanter, aged, 9 st. 8 lb. . . T. M'Guire 0

Betting.—75 to 20 agst. Hidden Mystery, 4 to 1 agst. Ambush II, 6 to 1 agst. Manifesto, 100 to 7 agst. Elliman, 100 to 6 agst. Covert Hack, 20 to 1 each agst. Breemount's Pride and Barcalwhey, 25 to 1 each agst. Lotus Lily and Barsac, 40 to 1 each agst. Alpheus, Grudon, and Sister Elizabeth, 50 to 1 agst. Levanter, 66 to 1 each agst. Easter Ogue and Model, and 100 to 1 agst. Nothing. Won by four lengths, a neck between second and third, fourth close up.

In 1903, when the Prince of Wales had become King, an attempt was made to repeat this victory with Ambush II, and thus follow the example of Manifesto, which had won the National in 1897 and 1899.

Ambush carried 12 st. 7 lb., the same weight as Manifesto had carried on his second victory. Not a few, however, feared this weight would prove too much. Twenty-three horses faced the starter, the favourite being Mr. J. S. Morrison's Drumcree, while 100 to 6 was laid against Ambush, which was again ridden by Anthony. Getting well away at the start, the latter cleared the first fence ahead of the rest of the field. Ambush jumped perfectly throughout the race and up to the last fence looked like being a certain winner, while cheering began to be heard in view of another Royal victory. As luck would have it, however, there happened to be a gap in this last fence which attracted Ambush, a very artful horse, who decided to make use of it. Suddenly swerving in its direction he jumped sideways and fell, thus causing Drumcree to win by three lengths from Detail, with the fifteen-year-old Manifesto third, twenty lengths away. The King, though naturally disappointed to see his hopes of victory dashed to the ground at the last moment, merely said, "I hope Anthony is not hurt. Is he up?"

THE GRAND NATIONAL of £2,000. 4 miles 856 yards.

Mr. J. S. Morrison's b. g. Drumcree, 9 yrs., 11 st. 3 lb.
P. Woodland 1

Mr. White Heather's b. g. Detail, 7 yrs., 9 st. 13 lb.
A. Nightingall 2

Mr. J. G. Bulteel's b. g. Manifesto, 15 yrs., 12 st., 3 lb.
G. Williamson 3

Mr. F. Bibby's Kirkland, 7 yrs., 10 st. 8 lb. . F. Mason 0

His Majesty's Ambush II, 9 yrs., 12 st. 7 lb. A. Anthony 0

Mr. H. Tunstall Moore's Fanciful, 8 yrs., 11 st. 7 lb.
Mr. W. P. Cullen 0

The Duke of Westminster's Drumree, 7 yrs., 11 st. 4 lb.
J. Phillips 0

Lord Coventry's Inquisitor, 8 yrs., 10 st. 13 lb.
R. Matthews 0

Mr. T. Bates' Fairland, 10 yrs., 10 st. 13 lb.	W. Morgan	0
Major Loder's Marpessa, 6 yrs., 10 st. 11 lb.	Mr. Persse	0
Mr. H. Bottomley's Cushenden, 8 yrs., 10 st. 10 lb.	F. Cole	0
Mr. J. R. Cooper's Kilmalog, 6 yrs., 10 st. 9 lb.	T. Moran	0
Mr. J. G. Bulteel's Deer Slayer, 7 yrs., 10 st. 11 lb.	E. Piggott	0
Mr. Owen J. Williams' Pride of Mabestown, 7 yrs., 10 st. 8 lb.	W. Dollery	0
Mr. W. Nelson's Patlander, 7 yrs., 10 st. 11 lb.	M. Walsh	0
Mr. John Vickers' Mathew, 7 yrs., 7 st. 7 lb.	Mr. Widger	0
Mr. W. Haven's Expert II, 6 yrs., 10 st. 5 lb.	J. Woodland	0
Mr. B. W. Parr's Aunt May, 7 yrs., 10 st.	Read	0
Mr. J. Moleady's Benvenir, 7 yrs., 9 st. 12 lb.	Mr. Hayes	0
Mr. B. W. Parr's Orange Pat, 7 yrs., 9 st. 10 lb.	R. Morgan	0
Mr. R. C. Dawson's Pawnbroker, 8 yrs., 9 st. 9 lb.	J. O'Brien	0
Mr. G. C. Dobell's Saxilby, 6 yrs., 9 st. 7 lb.	G. Goswell	0
Mr. C. B. Barron's Gillie II, 11 yrs., 9 st. 7 lb.	A. Wilkins	0

Betting.—13 to 2 agst. Drumcree, 100 to 14 agst. Detail, 10 to 1 agst. Pride of Mabestown, Aunt May, and Mathew, 100 to 8 agst. Kirkland, 100 to 6 agst. Ambush II, Fanciful, and Inquisitor, 20 to 1 agst. Marpessa, Fairland, and Kilmalog, 25 to 1 agst. Manifesto, Drumree, and Deer Slayer, 40 to 1 agst. Patlander, Expert II, and Orange Pat, 50 to 1 agst. Saxilby, 100 to 1 agst. Cushenden, Pawnbroker, Benvenir, and Gillie II. Won by three lengths: twenty lengths between second and third. Time, 10 min. 9⅘ sec.

In 1903 Ambush II was again entered for the National, for which he had to carry 12 st. 7 lb. At the end of January of that year he was beaten for the Stewards' Steeplechase, at Kempton, being at that time apparently not yet quite fit to run. Before the race for the Grand National the King hoped to win the Grand Military Gold Cup at Sandown, the jockey selected having been a fine amateur rider, the late Captain the Hon. Reginald Ward, who went to Ireland to ride Ambush in his work and become thoroughly acquainted with his idiosyncrasies. Captain Ward, though a good horseman, was, it must be added, somewhat lacking in strength. Two races pre-

ceded the Gold Cup, and Captain Ward, having won the first, rode again in the next, finishing second. When, however, he went to the weighing-room to prepare for his third ride, he was evidently suffering from the effect of his exertions. There were only four starters in the Grand Military that year, but Ambush got badly off, being a long way behind when they came past the stands, in consequence of which Mr. Lushington ran out on to the course to urge the rider to pull himself together. One cut of the whip sent Ambush up much nearer to his horses; but Captain Ward was not in a condition to get the best out of him, and the horse finished a bad third to Major Eustace Loder's Marpessa, beaten some twenty lengths. This was the more annoying to Ambush's supporters as Mr. Lushington, who had long been intimately associated with Major Eustace Loder's horses, well knew Marpessa's form, and was convinced that under ordinary circumstances Ambush could have given the former at least a stone.

Next year, with 12 st. 6 lb. to carry, Mr. Lushington was again more than hopeful. Ambush was in great form, though on his first appearance that season in the Sutton Plate at Baldoyle he had failed by a neck to give 24 lb. to an animal called The Unknown. So little was thought of this that the King's horse started a warm favourite for the National at 7 to 2 in a field of twenty-six. Such rosy anticipations, however, were not to be realized, for at the third fence Ambush made a mistake and fell, the race being won by Mr. Spencer Gollan's New Zealand-bred Moifaa, a wonderful fencer, who started at 25 to 1, and rather astonished his owner by carrying his 10 st. 7 lb. into first place, ridden by A. Birch, eight lengths in front of Kirkland, who was giving him 3 lb. Of the twenty-six starters, no fewer

than seventeen fell. Ambush's day was over, the horse being beaten at the Ward Hunt Meeting, for the Prince of Wales' Plate, at Kildare, and again in a hurdle race at Cork Park. He was, indeed, not at his best that season, nor was he successful at Kempton in the Stewards' Steeplechase on February 3, 1905, failing in a race won by a very good horse, Leinster by name.

When, however, Mr. Lushington got Ambush home again the latter soon gave signs that he was recovering his form, and it was confidently anticipated that he would make amends at Liverpool for the failures of the two previous years. Shortly before the National of 1905 he went out for his usual work on the Curragh, Mr. Lushington intending to ride him for a long gallop on the flat. As his trainer was about to mount he changed his mind, deciding that it would be better for Anthony to ride, while he himself, on Flaxman, would jump in to bring Ambush along for the last mile and watch how the horse moved. He did so, and as he galloped along he asked Anthony how Ambush was going. "Never so well in his life!" the jockey replied. A moment afterwards Mr. Lushington suddenly heard a loud crack, like a pistol shot, and saw the horse falter and pitch over, Anthony being pinned beneath him.

It was of course some little time before Mr. Lushington could stop Flaxman, and when he rode back Ambush, stone dead, was lying on his jockey, nor was the trainer able to release Anthony. Obtaining assistance, however, the horse was pulled away and the jockey set free, most happily having sustained no serious injury, though completely "knocked out." Mr. Lushington could now do nothing more but send a melancholy telegram to His Majesty, who promptly

replied that he was much distressed, and gave instructions that the horse should be examined by a veterinary surgeon to ascertain what had been the matter with him. Meantime, knowing that the King would like to preserve the horse's feet as souvenirs, the trainer had them cut off, and also caused the unfortunate animal to be decapitated. It was ascertained that he had broken a blood-vessel in the lung. Considering that the remains of Ambush were buried, Mr. Lushington was not a little perplexed to receive instructions from His Majesty to have the skeleton set up, as the King intended to present it to a museum. Eventually the horse was disinterred, its feet fastened on, and His Majesty's commands obeyed.

A sensational National was that of 1914, when Sunlock, a game little hunter ridden by Mr. J. Smith, made the running all the way, and after nearly falling at the last fence got home an easy winner. The jump in question has proved fatal to many tired horses, a case in point having been that of Limerock in 1917. Leading by six lengths this horse appeared to have the race at his mercy, when, after having actually cleared the jump, he slipped up on landing, with the result that his jockey bit the dust.

The National has always been full of stirring incidents and hairbreadth escapes. In 1915, for instance, Ally Sloper, ridden by Jack Anthony, half-way round the course being suspended at a fence, was cannoned into by the jockey's brother on Ilston. Collisions of this kind usually lead to disaster, but in this case Ally Sloper received just sufficient impetus to get him going again, with the result that he won. In 1919, Poethlyn was only saved from disaster by the presence of mind of his rider Piggott, who during the race saw to his dismay Farque, which was just in front of him, make a

bad blunder, after which, with its jockey half off its back, it swerved right in Poethlyn's path. With great presence of mind Piggott, getting alongside Farque, managed to seize Smith, its rider, and fling him back into the saddle, thereby preventing the horse from colliding with Poethlyn, a wonderfully quick and clever manœuvre, without which Piggott would have never passed the post as winner.

Poethlyn, it may be added, started a hot favourite, so hot, indeed, that there were stories about of people having tried to get at him ; however, this kind of thing has been said about many National winners. In some cases no doubt there has been foul play.

Most steeplechase riders would be well content to win the National once, but some have done so twice, notably Mr. Tom Beasley, who won his first Grand National in 1880 on Empress, and again the next year on Woodbrook. He nearly won it a year later on Cyrus, but was beaten, after a tremendous finish, by a head by Seaman. Another amateur, Mr. J. M. Richardson, won the National two years running—1873, 1874—on Disturbance and Reugny.

The only man, I believe, who has ever trained a Derby and a Grand National winner is Mr. George Blackwell. As a matter of fact, Mr. Sandford's Serjeant Murphy, which won at Liverpool in 1923, was the first steeplechaser Mr. Blackwell ever trained. Originally purchased as a hunter for Mr. Blackwell, junior, Serjeant Murphy was about to be sent to another trainer on the chance of his winning at Aintree, but the latter not being able to take him, Mr. Blackwell decided to keep him himself. This fine steeplechaser when fifteen years old had to be destroyed after a fall in the Scottish Grand National of 1926. Mr. Blackwell, I believe, had a commission from Mr. Sand-

ford to buy that great steeplechaser Silvo, which when jointly owned by Sir E. Mackay Edgar, Bart., and Mr. Midwood won the Great Steeplechase of Paris of 1925 in such fine style.

On that occasion Silvo, which started at 6 to 4 in a field of about fourteen, was warmly cheered by the French, a number of whom had backed him. Mr. Midwood retained the horse at the sale, Mr. Blackwell having a limit of 10,000 guineas, which he did not exceed. Mr. Sandford, however, purchased Ballinode, Bright's Boy and Mount Etna out of Sir E. Mackay Edgar's stud when they were sold in the autumn of 1925.

The first Grand Military Steeplechase appears to have taken place on March 24, 1841, at Northampton, where a three days' meeting was held. The line lay over some fine grazing land about a mile and a half from the town, there being twenty-five fences of a formidable character. Twenty horses faced the starter, and Carlow, ridden by his owner Sir J. G. Baird, of the 10th Hussars, won by five lengths. In 1843 a meeting called "The Grand Military" was held at Wetherby in Yorkshire. There were three races, but as they were all confined to officers of the 17th Lancers it can hardly be counted as a Grand Military, though "Bell's Life" called it so. After this the Grand Military was run at various places —near Northampton, at Leamington, Warwick, Rugby, Windsor, and elsewhere, till 1877, when it took place for the first time at Sandown Park. In 1880, however, Rugby was once more selected, and in 1885 and 1886 Aylesbury and Aldershot were the favoured spots. Since then it has always been run at Sandown.

When Prince of Wales, King Edward VII won the Grand Military with a horse called Hohenlinden, which had been procured for him early in 1887 by Lord

Marcus Beresford. A son of Berseker and Polly Linden, this big 17-hand horse cost 400 guineas, the Prince being then particularly anxious to win a steeplechase at a Hunt Meeting at Sandringham, besides which Hohenlinden seemed the right sort of animal for the Gold Cup at the Grand Military Meeting. He was sent to John Jones' stable at Epsom, where he progressed favourably, and after winning the Norfolk race, was delivered fit and well at Sandown, the late Captain E. R. Owen being selected to ride him. Hohenlinden duly won, and the congratulations which His Royal Highness was always so delighted to receive came heartily from all who were privileged to express them. Considerable consternation, however, prevailed when the rumour spread that an objection to the winner had been lodged. At such a meeting as the Grand Military, where gentlemen race for sport, gain being an altogether secondary consideration, objections are naturally rare. It appeared, however, that, according to the strict conditions of the race, horses entered for the Grand Military Gold Cup must belong to officers in the Army on full pay, a condition which certainly revealed a weak point in the Prince's entry. The latter was not an officer on active service, occupying as he did a unique position, in consequence of which there were good grounds for the objection which Mr. Abercrombie had lodged, and as that gentleman insisted on the letter of the law, the stewards had no option but to uphold his claim. The result, of course, was the disqualification of Hohenlinden, the race being awarded to Mr. Abercrombie's Maasland, who had secured second place.

At Sandown the Prince won the Household Brigade Steeplechase in 1901 with a four-year-old son of Paganini and Astrea, called Fairplay. This horse had been

bought by Lord Marcus Beresford specially to win the race for the Prince. In running Tramp fell, and Lord Warden broke down so badly that he had to be killed. On this occasion Mr. Luke White, afterwards Lord Annaly, rode an excellent race on the Prince's horse, winning fairly comfortably from that popular sporting Baronet Sir Charles Hartopp.

X

RACING IN FRANCE

THE first races in France appear to have taken place on April 20, 1776, on la Plaine des Sablons (now part of Paris), a regular code of rules being drawn up four years later, in 1780, and meetings held there as well as at Fontainbleau and Vincennes till 1789. "Plateaux du Roi" modelled on the King's Plates of the English Turf were instituted owing to the persistence of the Comte d'Artois, who in a way may be considered to have been the founder of the French Turf, he having done all he could to promote racing in face of the opposition of Louis XVI, who disliked anything likely to make his courtiers gamble, which they were very apt to do.

Another of the promoters of horse-racing in France was Philippe Egalité, who at the end of the eighteenth century used to race at Newmarket, where he seems to have created an unfavourable impression. Though the owner of a good many horses, this Prince does not appear to have been particularly successful, while in his own country his sporting exploits and those of the Comte d'Artois excited a good deal of indignation. Both were declared to be the associates of grooms, and to arrange scandalous combinations in the races which they organized, whilst treating the onlookers with the most ineffable contempt and savage ferocity. At times they were undoubtedly prone to use their whips

on the spectators as well as on their horses. In addition to this they encouraged members of their suites to maltreat the crowd, and indulged in such gross expressions and oaths as to give great offence to respectable people. A number of the French aristocracy followed this example, much to the King's disgust. When the Comte de Lauraguais appeared at Court, after a long absence, Louis XVI coldly inquired where he had been for so long. "In England," the Count replied. "What did you do there?" "I learnt, please your Majesty, to think." "Of horses, I suppose!" was the King's retort. On one race the nobleman mentioned above lost 172,000 livres, as a reproof for which Louis XVI made it publicly known that his own wager on the event had been but one écu!

The early days of the French Turf were marked by a series of accidents—in a match between the Duc de Lauzun and M. de Fénelon, the latter fell from his horse, broke his arm, and lost his wager. On another occasion this gentleman made a bet with a member of the aristocracy as to who should go to Versailles and return to Paris quickest in a single-horse chaise—the horse of M. de Fénelon fell dead at Sèvres, and the other one expired in the stable at Paris a few hours after his return. Frivolous courtiers, not satisfied with exercising their inhumanity on their horses, exposed themselves to the derision of the Parisians by other kinds of wagers. The Duc de Chartres, the Duc de Lauzun, and the Marquis FitzJames once betted five hundred louis who could reach Versailles on foot. Lauzun gave up the foot-race about halfway, Chartres about two-thirds, and FitzJames arrived in an exhausted state, and was saluted as conqueror by the Comte d'Artois. The winner, it may

be added, was at once put to bed, and fell into such a serious state that he had to be bled. As a result of the race he suffered from asthma ever after. Marie Antoinette, not satisfied with foot- and horse-racing, instituted contests of speed in which donkeys were ridden, the successful jockey being rewarded with three hundred livres and a golden thistle.

During the First Empire, Napoleon, probably with an eye to the horsing of his cavalry, decreed that there should be races, which were held chiefly in the Department of the Orne on a course at Le Pin, where a Government stud had been established by Colbert. It cannot, however, be said that this Imperial recognition of the French Turf did it much good. An edict of 1806, for instance, regulated the weights to be carried by horses according to their height! After the restoration of the Bourbons, racing intermittently took place at Vincennes, at Fontainebleau, in the Champs de Mars, and at Satory-Versailles, which were then the chief courses near Paris. The ground at these courses was unsuitable, the one at Satory-Versailles, in wet weather, being so deep in mud that the horses could hardly move, while at the Champs de Mars the going was often so hard as to endanger the strongest legs, the jockeys during a race being liable to be blinded by a cloud of dust and small pebbles. As a matter of fact, the races were more often than not won by the mounted gendarmes, who rode with the horses from start to finish. In those far-off days of the French Turf the fields were, of course, small, and so was the value of the prizes. In order to eke out a fair number of races with very few horses, the practice of running races in "heats" was grossly abused. In 1840, Madame de Giraudin wrote:

"The races on Sunday were favoured with superb

weather, and the extraordinary sight was seen of nine horses running together—nine live horses, nine rivals —a rare spectacle in the Champs de Mars. Generally one horse runs all alone, contending against no opponent, and always coming in first. But this does not signify; it excites the admiration of those who love sport, and especially of the philosophers among them: it is so noble to strive against and overcome oneself!"

Various forms of eccentricity distinguished French racing during the reign of Louis XVIII, who nevertheless instituted a Prix Royal of 6,000 francs. Charles X, on the other hand, mindful of his racing days as the Comte d'Artois, made some attempt at issuing a regular stud-book, in addition to which he increased the sum given in prizes. The real founder of the modern French Turf, however, was Lord Henry Seymour, who had racing stables at Sablonville, and a stud at Glatigny. In March, 1833, a regular stud-book made its appearance, and a year later was founded the Société d'Encouragement, with this English nobleman as its president. Races which had hitherto been run on the Champs de Mars now began to take place at Chantilly, where the first French Derby was run.

The French Jockey Club in its early days consisted of Royal princes, noblemen, and men of property, all persons of considerable influence interested in horse-breeding and in the improvement of the breed of horses by means of horse-racing and the "selection of the fittest." Most of them were good horsemen who rode their own horses, like M. de Normandie, who was the winner of an improvised race which took place at Chantilly in 1833 between himself, Prince Lobanoff, Viscount de Hédouville, and others. This race, it is said, first suggested the idea of making the present

beautiful race-course there. M. de Normandie, who must be considered as one of the fathers of the French Turf, frequently acted in the earliest days of the French Jockey Club as steward, judge, and starter; and though he does not appear to have introduced any famous strain of blood into the studs of his country, greatly contributed to establish French racing on a sound and prosperous footing. In addition to this he appears to have won the first regular steeplechase ever run in France on English principles. This took place in 1830, near St. Germain, and as late as December, 1908, Mr. Albert Ricardo, J.P., who was supposed to have taken part in it, was still living. Mr. Ricardo, besides having in his early days been a great supporter of the French Turf, won the Cambridgeshire with The Widow in 1847. He had also been a keen cricketer in his youth, and was one of the two first members of the I Zingari. He died on December 30, 1908.

The real prosperity of the French Turf commenced with the creation of Longchamp under Napoleon III. Part of the Baron Haussmann's plans for the beautifying of Paris was the enlargement of the Bois de Boulogne, which was acquired by that city in 1852. Two years later was added the Plaine de Longchamp, which till that date had been cut off from the Bois by a stone wall. This in its day had no doubt been the boundary of the famous Abbaye de Longchamp, of which the sole relics are now the windmill, so well known to Parisian race-goers, and a gabled building standing on the confines of the race-course. Previous to Napoleon III's reign Parisian racing had been confined to the Champs de Mars, which has been spoken of before. Here the horses ran round and round on a track mainly defined by posts and ropes. A number of soldiers and gendarmes kept the crowd from in-

vading the course, but the whole thing was not conducted in a very regular way.

Just before the acquirement of the Plaine de Longchamp the Champs de Mars, which had become too small for the successful development of racing, had been taken over by the military authorities, so the Société d'Encouragement readily agreed to the proposal of the Comte (afterwards Duc) de Morny, that they should rent part of the land adjoining the Bois, and in March, 1856, the arrangements with the city of Paris were concluded, the rent for the first fifty years being fixed at 12,000 francs per annum. The Plaine de Longchamp was then laid out with three courses, each of them 30 yards wide, the first 2,000 metres, the second 3,000 metres, and the third 1,600 metres long. At the same time wooden stands were built. The latter, having been burned down during the hostilities of 1870–71, were reconstructed after the close of the Franco-German War, and again replaced by the present stone structures in 1904.

The inauguration of Longchamp race-course took place with great pomp and ceremony on Sunday, April 26, 1857, many of the French aristocracy and sporting world being present, while the Emperor Napoleon III and the Empress Eugenie were represented by King Jerome and Prince Napoleon. The Royal "Tribune" was also occupied by Prince Murat, Prince de Nassau, Marshal Magnan and the Duc de Morny, who was naturally gratified to see his work crowned with success. The first day's racing caused great excitement, and though the weather was cold and the sky overcast, an enormous crowd flocked to the Bois, the gate-money reaching the figure of 20,000 francs, which was then considered a record! In the Imperial enclosure, wandering amid the "beau monde" was the pretty

flower-seller, Isabelle. Dressed, as tradition decreed, in the colours of the winner of the Prix du Jockey Club, this attractive damsel moved from group to group with her tray of roses and violets. Isabelle was accorded the title of "La Bouquetière du Jockey Club," and for twenty years was one of the features of Longchamp. It was the tradition of this Parisian favourite, whose name was known to sportsmen all over Europe, which probably prompted the directorate of Sandown Park to employ a number of girls in fancy dresses and white wigs to sell race-cards in the Club enclosure. This lasted as late as the early 'nineties, when to suit the taste of the modern world, which hates anything picturesque, the damsels disappeared.

In founding the Grand Prix the Duc de Morny foresaw what good the institution of such a prize would do to French racing and to the city of Paris. After some discussion with the Société d'Encouragement, who wanted the race to be reserved for horses born in France, he succeeded in getting together 100,000 francs, contributed by the Municipal Council and the five great French Railway Companies, to be allotted to the winner, the race being open to horses belonging to persons of any nationality. To this sum was added, in 1870, an *objet d'art* presented by the ill-fated Napoleon III, then just about to lose his crown. The original purse was increased in 1892 and 1908, the year of the late Mr. W. K. Vanderbilt's victory with Northeast, and to-day the Grand Prix is worth about half a million francs, exclusive of the money accruing from the entries. After the Duc de Morny had carried through his plans for the inauguration of the great new race negotiations were opened with the English Jockey Club with regard to the date on which it should be run. The choice of a day a fortnight after the

French and English Derbys was easily arranged, but interminable discussions raised by the English arose as to a Sunday being chosen for the race, a portion of the British Press accusing the French of wishing to exclude English horses, as no self-respecting owner would be willing to let his horse run on the Sabbath day. In spite of this, four animals from across the Channel went to the post for the first Grand Prix, run on May 31, 1863, and what was more to the point, one of them, The Ranger, belonging to a member of the House of Commons, Mr. Savile by name, came in first. The latter, I believe, was subjected to a good deal of hostile criticism in his own country for his desecration of Sunday. At Longchamp his victory was not badly received, the more so as the owner of the winner announced his intention of giving 10,000 francs to the poor of Paris, an example which has, I believe, since been followed by everyone fortunate enough to win this great race. The favourite for the first Grand Prix, it may be added, was La Toucques, whom The Ranger beat by a length. On this occasion, what was then considered the enormous sum of 80,000 francs was paid for admission—to-day about twelve times this sum is the amount contributed by the Parisian public to see the great race.

Of all the winners of the Grand Prix, the most famous and greatest of all, and whose name even to-day is scarcely forgotten by racing men, was without doubt Gladiateur. The son of Monarque and Miss Gladiator, he was bred by the Comte de Lagrange, and earned the nickname of the "Eternal Lame" on account of the formation of his front legs, which protruded outwards. He is the only horse who, in the history of racing, has won in the same year the Epsom Derby, the Two Thousand Guineas, the St. Leger, and

the Grand Prix de Paris. Up to the time when he ran in the Grand Prix in 1865, he had not been beaten and had never run in France. On the day he was due to appear at Longchamp records for crowds and gate were easily broken. Gladiateur was favourite at 3 to 1, and when the Baron de la Rochette gave the signal for the start a very fast pace was set by Vertugadin and Tourmalet, who were twenty lengths in front of Gladiateur, ridden by H. Grimshaw, as the winning-post came into sight. At the proper moment, however, the latter gave Gladiateur his head, and in a few strides that gallant horse had passed everything and won by two lengths.

A riot of cheering broke out, the like of which has never been heard since on the Longchamp course, while the crowd broke down the rails and surged on to the course. Horse and rider were swept on the tide of the excited multitude and could scarcely return to the weighing-in room. That year, 1865, the Duc de Morny, who might have been called the father of the modern French Turf, died.

Though racing in France was of course suspended during the Franco-German War, it was again flourishing in 1872, when the Grand Prix was won by Cremorne. As a consequence of the downfall of the Second Empire a number of the important races were then renamed. The Prix de l'Impératrice, for instance, became the Prix Rainbow; the Prix du Prince Imperial the Prix Royal Oak. The Prix Gladiateur, one of the oldest French prizes, has under its various names strikingly reflected the vicissitudes of French politics; when first founded it was the Prix Royal, then Prix National, then Grand Prix de l'Empereur, till, with the rise of the Third Republic, it was called after the famous race-horse of Count Lagrange. The luckiest stable as

GLADIATEUR

regards the Grand Prix has been that of the late M. Edmond Blanc, which carried off that much-coveted prize no less than seven times. In addition to this, in 1903, the orange jacket of M. Blanc took the first, second, and third places, a practically unheard-of victory in a great classic race.

Since its foundation the Grand Prix has been won 16 times by foreign horses—14 English, 1 Hungarian, and 1 American. The 16, it may be added, might be called 17, for Reine Lumière, the winner in 1925, was really the property of an English subject, her owner, Baron James de Rothschild, having a few years ago become a naturalized Briton. The French, however, chose to ignore this, and treated the victory as that of a French mare! Practically every nation in the world is always represented at the Grand Prix, but a very striking feature in the matter of attendance in 1925, and one which has been missing in recent years, was the presence of Germans in very great numbers. One heard German spoken on all sides. Among the crowd were also many guests from across the Channel, as well as thousands of American tourists who had been pouring into the French capital for weeks before. The usual picturesque entry of the President of the French Republic in his carriage drawn by four black horses, to close the Grande Semaine in great ceremony as he had opened it the Sunday before, was, of course, of great interest to foreign visitors, though not of much to the French, who seem to regard their prominent politicians with an indifference which sometimes verges on contempt. The attendance at the Grand Prix has now become so large that the ordinary race-goer has a very poor chance of seeing anything of the race; he also finds it rather difficult to bet, as the booths of the Pari-Mutuel are besieged long before any race is

run. The amount wagered on the Grand Prix this year—1925—was greater than ever before in the history of that great sporting event; the amount taken by the Pari-Mutuel having indeed been the largest ever turned over for a race in France, amounting to no less than 15,181,760 francs. Of this amount 8,954,950 francs was bet in the pesage, 1,646,270 francs in the stands, and 4,581,540 francs in the pelouse. The previous highest total was in 1923, when 13,451,760 francs passed through the Pari-Mutuel over the same race.

The Grand Prix of 1925 was sensational, the winner owing her success, some said, to several formidable opponents having been put out of action. The start was a good one: Erofite, Sac à Papier, Chubasco and Truskmore being first away, the latter making running for the favourite, Aquatinte II. All went well till the horses came to the first turn, about 500 metres from the start. Here some hustling took place, and Aquatinte II, Coram and Faraway fell. Their riders, Steve Donoghue, Frank Bullock and Eugène Allemand, lay for a moment on the turf, and it was feared that a bad accident had happened, but of the three Donoghue was the only jockey badly hurt. That he was not killed, it is said, was due to the fact that some of the bystanders pulled him to some extent out of the danger caused by the galloping horses, thereby atoning for the misdeeds of certain of their predecessors, who in the past were reported to have picked the pockets of an English jockey lying half stunned on the course!

After this catastrophe the race proceeded on normal lines, with Chubasco, Erofite and Truskmore in the van. Shortly before the home stretch was reached Terre Neuvien assumed command and Belfonds and Chubasco had had enough. Terre Neuvien, with

MacGee up, then looked a sure winner, when Smirke called on Reine Lumière for an effort. She answered gamely and after a good struggle from the distance, Baron James de Rothschild's filly just won by a head. She had, it may be added, only been bought over the telephone a week before the races, her owner thinking he had paid too much for her.

A daughter of Antivari and Reine Victoire, the winner had been trained by Charmillon at Maisons-Laffitte. Her owner received 663,900 fr., the second 50,000 fr., and the third 30,000 fr.

When the weather is fine the Grand Prix is a delightful race to witness, the preliminary parade being really a beautiful sight, while the vivacity of the crowd and the strange fascination of Paris in the near distance produce an effect not, I think, to be felt on any other race-course in the world. The present writer has seen quite a number of Grands Prix, his memory going back to the victories of Paradox and Minting in the 'eighties, and to the wonderful riding of Archer, who came across the Channel to win. Gone the days when the gay military uniforms enlivened the pesage and stands—economy no doubt is a good thing, but in stripping French officers of all the bright panoply which they had inherited from the days of Napoleon the authorities have robbed Paris of a note of colour which had an unconsciously enlivening effect.

The return from Longchamp on the day of the Grand Prix used to be a sort of parade which people went out to see. Since, however, the motor has supplanted the horse, and the smart equipages have driven away for ever, there is no longer any parade to see, while the Parisiennes seem to have abandoned making the day a special occasion for the display of striking toilettes. As a matter of fact, amid the enormous

crowds which now flood the lawns and stands masterpieces of the dressmaker's art run a good chance of being quickly spoilt. Mannequins, of course, are to be seen on great race-days, but these seem to go to Longchamp and Auteuil mainly to stroll about in little groups, and be photographed for various papers interested in advertising the creations of fashionable dressmaking firms.

It is not generally known that a hurdle race was once run at Longchamp. This was in the summer of 1873, when the Shah Nasreddin was visiting Paris for the first time. On Sunday, July 13, all the flat-races run received Persian names—Tauris, d'Asterabad, Chiraz, Téhéran, and d'Ispahan, the latter of which still survives. The programme given to the Shah was in Persian, and by way of amusing that monarch the day ended with a Prix du Farsistan, 2,600 metres over six hurdles placed so as the illustrious visitor could get a good view of the jumping. Eight horses started, and Sir Quid Pigtail, ridden by an amateur jockey, Mr. Crawshaw, won easily by a length. Most of the hurdles were knocked down during the race, nevertheless the Shah was delighted with the day's sport, his only regret having been, as he told the President of the Republic, Marshal MacMahon, that the horses had not run two or three times more round the course in order to prolong the excitement. The King of Kings ate ices between the races and looked at the pretty ladies through an immense field-glass.

Mr. Crawshaw, well known as "Peter," rode much in France, where he won a number of races for the Duke of Hamilton and other prominent owners. He also rode with success in England, but though he took part in six Grand Nationals, never succeeded in coming in a winner.

At the present time there seems to be practically no ill-feeling when English horses win in France, but it was not always so. In 1874, for instance, there was tremendous excitement and feeling about the Grand Prix, which many expected would be won by Doncaster from across the Channel. This horse was, however, beaten by Boiard and Flageolet, in the presence of a crowd almost delirious with delight. That evening, when a crowd of English bookmakers and sporting men were getting into the train at the Gare du Nord, a sort of riot occurred on the platform, the departing English not unnaturally resenting the jeers of some French who, elated by victory, made a hostile demonstration.

Though there are a good many foreign owners in Paris to-day, not many of them are English. Lord Derby, however, has a racing stable which is fairly successful, though he has had a good deal of bad luck, several of his horses having been just beaten on the post. This, however, it is said, has largely increased his well-deserved popularity with the French, who, while applauding him as a great sportsman, cannot help being secretly pleased to see their own horses win. No Englishman for many years past has probably enjoyed such popularity in Paris as this late British Ambassador, who in Parisian estimation thoroughly realized what the latter conceives an aristocratic English sportsman should be.

One of the most consistent supporters of French racing, both on the flat and over the sticks, is a daughter of the venerable Earl of Coventry—Princess Duleep Singh, who, residing in Paris, has scarcely missed a day's racing since it started again after the war. No matter how bad the weather may be, this sporting lady is always to be seen on all the race-courses round Paris.

A great student of form, her judgment as to the merits of the horses running in France is acknowledged to be first-class. Within recent years Princess Duleep Singh has become an owner, and in addition to some minor races succeeded in winning the Great Hurdle Race of Paris in 1925. In the early days of French racing, in addition to the jockeys being English, various officials, such as the starter connected with French race-courses, were of the same nationality. All this, however, is now a matter of the past, the French having learnt to ride steeplechases as well as flat races, and in many cases very well, too. The places of the English officials connected with race-courses have also been taken by Frenchmen, who, however, as starters, occasionally leave something to be desired. As a matter of fact, there seems to be more restiveness among race-horses and less discipline among jockeys than exists in England. A year or two ago at a meeting at St. Cloud I remember it took an interminable time to start a certain race, the horses running half round the course more than once. During these preliminary antics a little French jockey, called Vatard, was kicked off and lay, apparently injured, for some time on the ground. Recovering himself, however, he eventually remounted, and after a desperate finish won the race by a short head. A fine exhibition of pluck on this boy's part! Vatard, in spite of his small size, is noted in France for his prowess as a boxer, having in a contest in which jockeys of all nationalities took part knocked all his opponents out, for which he was complimented by Marshal Foch, who happened to be present.

There are now a number of American owners in France, one of the most successful of whom, in 1925, was Mr. Macomber. His remarkable performances in

carrying off both the Cesarewitch and Cambridgeshire are still fresh in race-goers' memories. As a matter of fact, the victories of Forseti and Masked Marvel repeated a triumph for French horses which in 1885 greatly elated sportsmen on the other side of the Channel. In that year the wonderful mare Plaisanterie, which had won twelve out of thirteen events in France, also carried off both these races. The starting of this daughter of Wellingtonia and Poetess in the Cesarewitch was at the time said to have been due to the keenness of two bookmakers then operating in France, Tommy Wilde and Jack Moore, who made it worth the while of the filly's owners (M. H. Bony and Mr. T. Carter) to run her, guaranteeing them 33 to 1, though they themselves had only got 20 to 1 in England. Wilde, it was declared, brought back to France after the race nearly five million francs (£200,000), won by backing Plaisanterie, of which Jack Moore paid out some 600,000 (£24,000) in five-franc, ten-franc, and twenty-franc pieces to French backers who had been on the good thing. Together with the rest of the French bookmaking fraternity, these two very sporting layers disappeared from the French race-course after the introduction of the Pari-Mutuel in 1891.

Though in former days more or less professional tipsters abounded on French race-courses, such prophets seem now no longer to exist. The institution of the Pari-Mutuel dealt a severe blow to these people, who, as far as I remember, very seldom gave one a good winner. But then who is there intimately connected with racing who ever does?

Crossing over to France in 1920, just before the great race I happened to meet an old acquaintance of mine—a well-known owner renowned for his shrewdness, who had brought off many coups. Strolling

about the deck we saw on board a horse—Comrade—going to run in the Grand Prix, we were told. "Do you know anything about what might win?" I asked my friend. "Nothing, except that there's one horse that won't—the one we have just seen," was his reply. Some days later in the crowd behind the stand at Longchamp, not having been able to get through to see the race, I saw No. 14, Comrade's number, go up! So much for expert racing opinion, thought I, but I had no regrets, having backed the winner!

One cannot leave the subject of Parisian flat-racing without noting the perfection of the arrangements, and the excellence of the stands at Longchamp, Maison Laffitte and St. Cloud. The latter well-laid-out race-course, which was the creation of the late M. Edmond Blanc, is in many ways the model of what a modern course should be. At all of these meetings, as well as those devoted to steeplechasing, ladies, it may be added, have a portion of the stand specially reserved for them. Here they can make their bets, which an official of the Pari-Mutuel is in attendance to receive. For the convenience of the general public excellent buffets exist, while in other ways much is done to promote race-goers' comfort.

In France, unlike England, steeplechasing is carried on throughout the summer; indeed, the French equivalent of the Grand National—the Great Steeplechase of Paris—is run in July. The first real steeplechase across the Channel took place at La Croix de Berny in 1832, and was entirely confined to gentlemen riders. The birthplace of the modern French Steeplechase, however, was at Vincennes, where the Société des Steeple-Chases originated in 1863.

The second most attractive Parisian race-course after Longchamp is Auteuil, which was inaugurated

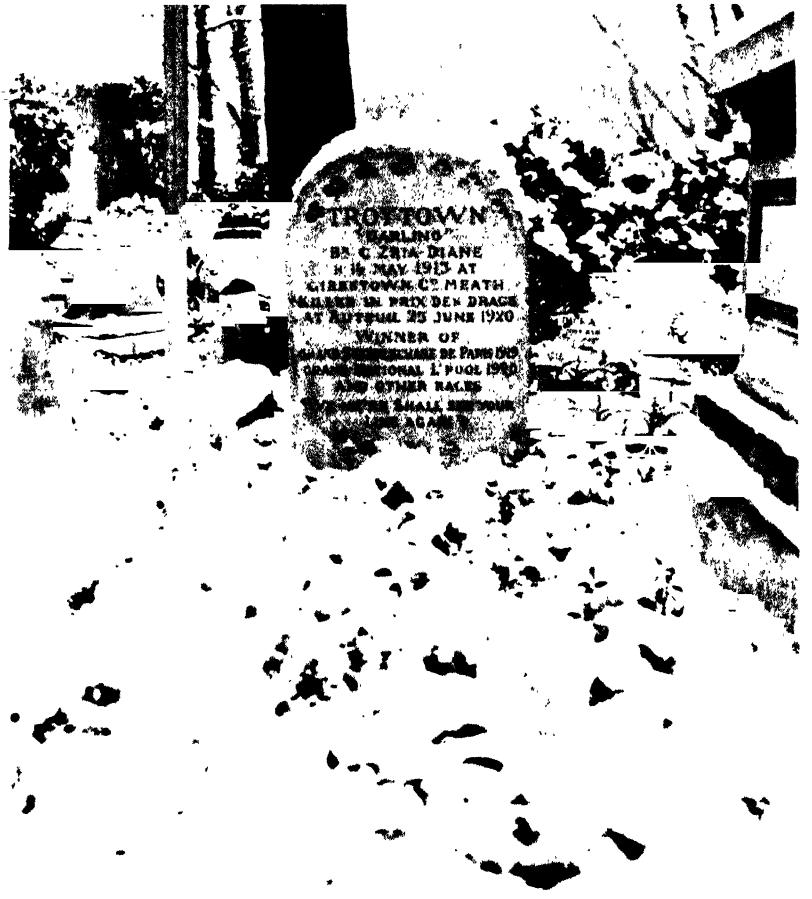
after the Franco-German War. A prominent and picturesque figure here is M. Fernand Roy, who has been the official starter of the French Steeplechase Society since 1906. He first started riding in 1864, and in his day has won many races, including the first steeplechase ever run at Auteuil, on a horse belonging to one of the Hennesseys. For some time M. Roy hunted regularly in England, where he won several races, including the Billesdon Coplow Stakes at Croxton Park. At the age of eighty M. Roy still starts big races, such as the Grand Steeplechase de Paris and the Prix des Drags, on which occasions he cuts a gallant figure riding down the course on a smart cob: his excellent seat and sportsmanlike bearing never fails to evoke a round of hearty applause from the crowds in the Pesage and Pelouse.

Another well-known and popular sportsman at Auteuil in M. du Bos, whose kindness to foreign visitors in arranging for their admission to the reserved stand has been much appreciated by numbers of English who have crossed the Channel to see a big race. The Grand Steeplechase de Paris, which is always a beautiful sight, is indeed well worth seeing: its jumps, unlike those in the Grand National, being in full view of the spectators more or less from the start. The race in question always excites great interest, there being generally heavy wagering on its result. Next to this in interest comes the Great Hurdle Race, which generally attracts a few horses from across the Channel. The most fashionable race, however, is the Prix des Drags, which takes its name from the picturesque procession of coaches which in other years met in the Place de la Concorde and drove up the Champs-Elysées. It was a survival of old Paris of the days of prancing horses and handsome coaches filled with

beautiful women. Indeed, "le jour des Drags" at Auteuil used to be a sort of fête with Parisians lining the Champs-Elysées and the Avenue du Bois to see the parade of coaches. Naturally, therefore, the Prix des Drags without the picturesque coaches was a great disappointment. Before the war as many as fifteen or more drags took part in the procession, but in recent years it has been with great difficulty that the Coaching Club has kept to the tradition with six or seven drags. Last year there were but four, and this year there were none. Sportsmen no longer consider the picturesque aspect of the races: automobiles have made coaches impossible, and women no longer "go to be seen." The spirit of Auteuil has changed.

It was in the Prix des Drags, in June, 1920, that poor Troytown, the seven-year-old winner of that year's Grand National and of the Grand Steeplechase de Paris, 1919, met with an accident, as a result of which he had to be destroyed. The accident occurred at a fence on the far side of the course, and I remember wondering why Troytown stood still after his fall, as one could not see exactly what had happened from the stand. The memory of this gallant horse, it is pleasant to note, has been preserved, I believe, owing to the charming thoughtfulness of his owner's wife: a tombstone, with an appropriate inscription, marking his last resting-place in the animals' cemetery at Asnières, close to Paris.

Accidents to English horses taking part in French steeplechases are not infrequent, which is possibly owing to the fact that the courses across the Channel are laid out in a different way to those at home: Auteuil, for instance, retains a number of features which, though they figured in the old-fashioned English steeplechase, have long become obsolete at



TROYTOWN'S GRAVE

home. The bank or mound on the right of the stands is one of these—the wall another. Within the last two years the stands at Auteuil have been rebuilt on a greatly enlarged scale, though even in their new form they seem scarcely capable of containing the vast concourse which flocks to the Butte Mortemart on great race-days. The new stands, having been built farther back than the old ones, pretty well occupy the site of the original Butte, where in the 'forties of the last century the dandies of Louis Philippe's reign were wont to ride matches among themselves.

Though the fences on French courses are on the whole smaller than those on English ones, they are none the less dangerous for that. Quite a number of falls usually occur in the course of the races at Auteuil and other steeplechase meetings; and serious accidents have happened to jockeys riding "over the sticks" in France. Comparatively recently, indeed, that fine cross-country rider Parfrement met with his death owing to a fall at Enghein, a small steeplechase-course near Paris, where a trotting race usually concludes the day's sport.

This is one of the older Parisian race-courses, of which several, such as Colombes, Vesinet, La Marche, the Croix de Berny and Vincennes (now given up to trotting) have disappeared. Among these was also St. Ouen, a quaint little course, now devoted to commercial purposes, which in its last days had become so encircled by streets that racing there had come to resemble a day's sport in the middle of a town. With all its faults this little meeting, owing to its proximity to the boulevards, was pleasant enough in the days when motors had not yet come into use, being speedily reached in one of the old-fashioned horse-cabs, queer

little coupés and victorias, now merely memories of a Paris which has passed away.

The institution of the Pari-Mutuel in France caused a considerable stir, a great commotion taking place at Auteuil in 1891 in consequence of the new Government decree. Up to that time bookmakers had had pitches provided for them some way behind the stands, where they had been allowed to exhibit lists of the horses running in the various races, against which were chalked the odds, the variations in price being easily shown. The bookmakers did not shout as in England, and the system worked fairly well. Nevertheless, for some time rumours had been flying about Paris as to an intended suppression of the bookmakers by the French authorities, and when this was carried out racing men were not very surprised. The new decree was rigorously enforced, crowds of police in uniform and plain clothes being present on the Parisian race-courses, while anyone found openly making a bet was ruthlessly arrested. As a result a sort of reign of terror prevailed amongst betting men, very great dissatisfaction being shown by habitual frequenters of the French Turf. On one particular Sunday at Auteuil, when the writer was present, a large force of military were on the ground, regiments of cavalry being in reserve outside the race-course. Feeling ran very high, and the races were run amidst hoots, yells, and other demonstrations of indignation, some of which most unjustly took the form of missiles hurled at the jockeys. The cabmen and proprietors of the chars-à-bancs who drove the public to the various race-courses around Paris, the keepers of the small restaurants along the various lines of route, and other persons who lived by racing, loudly complained that the new regulations would completely ruin them. The saddest

people of all, however, were very naturally the bookmakers, most of them English, who for many years had made a living on the French race-courses, for, whilst the public generally were more or less certain that some new method of betting would be devised, these poor "bookies" fully realized that the suppression of their business was no mere outburst of outraged morality on the part of the Government, but a well-thought-out scheme for appropriating their gains and diverting them to public purposes. The golden days were gone, and ruin stared them in the face.

The authorities, however, cared nothing about such protests, being quite determined to stamp out the old method of betting, but before long public indignation was allayed by the announcement that French racing was not, as it had been stated, to be killed by the high-handed brutality of those at the head of the State. Betting would be allowed, but only through the medium of the Pari-Mutuel or Totalisator (tried for a time during the Second Empire), which would be established on a legal basis on every race-course. Arrangements were made to ensure the smooth working of the new system, and after the passing of the law, which definitely laid down the manner in which speculation on the French Turf was in future to be conducted, the beautiful courses round Paris were once more thronged by crowds of relieved race-goers.

This new law, which was passed on June 2, 1891, expressly prohibited any form of betting on race-courses except through the medium of the Pari-Mutuel, and strictly defined the conditions on which the latter was to be worked. For a few years after this law came into operation a certain toleration was extended to a few of the principal bookmakers, who still continued to make bets in an unobtrusive way, but of late years

the authorities, considering that such a state of affairs tends to decrease the receipts drawn from the Totalisator, have become exceedingly stern in repressing any attempts at such a form of speculation.

In the 'eighties a prominent figure among the English bookmakers in France was old Mr. Gideon, who had been one of the chief supporters of Tom Sayers in his great fight. Mr. Gideon, one of whose sons, Mr. Richard Gideon, is still connected with the French Turf, had a fine collection of sporting pictures and prints. Well known to race-goers from the other side of the Channel, he was for years a highly popular figure on French race-courses, where he was highly respected. Other layers were Matthysens, who collected works of art, Captain Atkins, Wright, Moore, Saffery, and Tommy Wilde. It was great fun going round the piquets, or little stands, on which the odds were chalked up. The number of race-goers was then very small compared to what it is to-day, and there was a good deal of camaraderie among the supporters of the French Turf.

In the summer of 1887, when bookmakers were still allowed to ply their trade on French race-courses, I pulled off quite a good little coup over the Grand Hurdle Race of Paris at Auteuil. Things had been going badly with me, as I told a very civil bookmaker in a small way with whom I occasionally used to bet.

"Well," said he, "you had better get home over the big hurdle race. From what I've been told there's an outsider has a good chance. It sounds ridiculous for me to say so, but as sure as I'm standing here Kersage will win the big race. And I'll tell you how I know. I was in a bar in the Rue Bergère last night, and there I heard all about it. You can rely on me, it's the best thing you've ever come across."

"But," said I, "Kersage is a rank outsider—why, it's scarcely mentioned in the betting!"

"And won't be," said the man; "that never stopped anything from winning."

Having, as I said, had a bad time, a little more or a little less didn't matter, so I backed the horse at odds, something like 30 to 1, to win me 1,800 louis, at that time about £720.

During the early part of the race Kersage cut no figure at all in the race, and I was beginning to think that my friend had been talking nonsense, when gradually the horse shot to the front and eventually won easily by several lengths. Highly delighted at my good luck, I sought out the bookmaker who had given me such a good tip, and though I could not find him that day, took the earliest opportunity of thanking him and saying that I should be glad to make him a handsome present. At first he declared that he wanted nothing at all, but, at last, after I had told him that this would make me feel uncomfortable, he said:

"Well, I'll tell you what you shall give me, which is the only thing I'll take, an order for a suit of clothes at your tailor's in London."

I need scarcely add that he received the best suit which money could buy.

In those days, the evening before a big race at Longchamp and Auteuil the night restaurants and bars frequented by the sporting world were always crammed with people who made a living out of racing. Not a few were more or less rum customers, not likely to stick at much if there was a chance of making a bit.

In the days when there was a good deal of sharp practice connected with the French Turf, a favourite method of impairing the chance of any dangerous

English importation was to take his jockey round Paris the night before a big race and give him a good time. The result of this treatment generally led to defeat for anyone who had been subjected to it, as wily owners were well aware. One of these was the twelfth Duke of Hamilton, who knew a great deal about French racing and the methods employed by those connected with it. Having a horse running in the great steeplechase, he brought over Jimmy Adams, a well-known English jockey, to ride a horse with a very good chance, called, as far as I remember, Eau de Vie. When, therefore, Jimmy arrived, the Duke gave him a lecture on the need for keeping in good trim for the morrow's race and avoiding boon companions apt to show visitors round the town.

"Don't worry yourself, your Grace," replied Jimmy, with a twinkle in his eye, "old devils like you and I, your Grace, know how to take care of ourselves—don't us?"

The result certainly proved this, for the little jockey won the valuable race.

A curious incident occurred at Auteuil in 1920, of which no newspaper report ever appeared. It was a very wet day, and that part of the stand reserved for ladies was very little filled, only about a dozen being present. Just as a race was about to be run, some two hundred men climbed over the railings and occupied the vacant places, taking no notice of the uniformed attendants, who tried to prevent them. When the race was over, the raiders filed down the stairs in quite orderly fashion. They never appeared again, and, during their presence in the stand, did not molest the ladies, who, however, were very much frightened. The explanation of this mysterious incursion would seem to be that the invaders held Bolshevist ideas and

wished to make a public protest against a few ladies monopolizing a spacious and sheltered stand, while a number of the general public had to stand out in the wet. The reason why they never returned probably was that police agents, who had observed their incursion, cautioned them against doing so. These men were respectably dressed. They carried no race-glasses, and it was evident that they were not regular frequenters of the Turf. As has been said, they were probably a band of extremists who thought they might arouse feeling against what they considered an unjustifiable privilege.

At the races which from time to time are held in the provinces in France a steeplechase is generally included in the day's sport, but at Deauville, where there is a fine course, serious flat-racing prevails. At some of the smaller meetings quaint little stands reminiscent of the Second Empire still remain, a case in point being Rambouillet, where flat-race meetings are occasionally held. In the autumn, after the Deauville season has concluded, there is racing at Dieppe, an old race-course as French race-courses go some way out of the town, which, owing to its proximity to the English coast, attracts a number of English.

Of the Dieppe meeting of 1887 I retain a vivid and not too pleasant recollection, for having been extremely rash, foolish, and unlucky, it cost me a very large sum. After a bad run I had become tired of backing horses which never won, in consequence of which I resorted to all sorts of silly ways of trying to find winners, even falling so low as to shut my eyes and let my pencil mark horses at haphazard on the card. Naturally I lost more and more, till finally I decided to abandon the unequal contest and retire to England. The night before I left, however, I had a most curious dream.

Again and again I seemed to see a certain horse named Fierté winning the big steeplechase which was to take place next day: so much so was this the case that when I awoke the name Fierté was still buzzing in my head. Never had I heard of any such horse, which seemed to me so curious that I determined to follow the matter up. Procuring a paper containing the names of the runners in races during the remainder of the meeting, among the entries for a big steeplechase to be run a day or two later I found, to my surprise, Fierté! Being much struck by the coincidence I took the trouble before taking the afternoon boat to make inquiries as to this animal's chances, and found it was a rank outsider, and one not supposed to have the ghost of a chance. Not a very promising outlook from a backer's point of view: nevertheless, the fact that I had dreamt the name of a horse, the existence of which had previously been unknown to me, seemed so strange that I felt I must have something on. Having lost so much, a little more could not matter, so I left a commission to back Fierté for twenty-five louis—at that time about twenty pounds. I went back to England, and a couple of days later, after the race had been won, received a telegram with the names of the first three horses. Fierté, having started at 50 to 1, was second, beaten by a short head —so much for dreams!

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