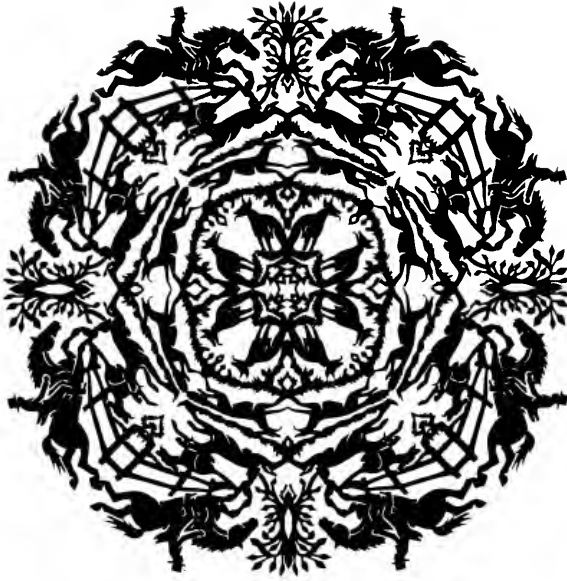


# GENTLEMEN RIDERS

PAST AND PRESENT



BY  
JOHN MAUNSELL RICHARDSON  
AND  
FINCH MASON



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best.



GENTLEMEN RIDERS  
PAST AND PRESENT







*From the presentation Picture.*

VISCOUNT TREDEGAR AND HIS HOUNDS.

# GENTLEMEN RIDERS

PAST AND PRESENT

BY

JOHN MAUNSELL RICHARDSON

AND

FINCH MASON

LONDON

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TO  
VISCOUNT TREDEGAR

WHO IN ADDITION TO BEING  
A SPORTSMAN IN THE BEST AND TRUEST SENSE  
OF THE WORD

WAS  
ONE OF THE BEST CROSS-COUNTRY RIDERS  
OF HIS DAY

THIS BOOK

IS DEDICATED BY HIS OBEDIENT  
SERVANTS  
THE AUTHORS



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# INTRODUCTION

BY

JOHN MAUNSELL RICHARDSON

I WONDER how many of our readers are aware that the first person to give a fillip to amateur jockeyship was that merriest of monarchs, King Charles the Second, who, not content with merely looking on, frequently rode himself in races of his own promotion? He it was who founded a race meeting at Burford in Oxfordshire, in reality the origin of the Bibury Club, which, afterwards transferred to Stockbridge, became the favourite battle-ground of all the best gentlemen riders in the kingdom, and though still in existence, is, alas! but a shadow of its former self; thanks to the disappearance of the old-time meeting at Stockbridge, for which Salisbury is but a sorry substitute. Another favourite meeting, too, long since done away with, was that of the Liverpool Hunt Club at Hoylake in Cheshire, at which all our best amateurs over a country invariably sported silk.

Then, again, there was Lord Wilton's own meeting at Hooton Park, where he himself, one of the finest horsemen of his or any other time, riding as "Mr. Clarke," was always very much *en evidence*.

The Hoo and Gorhambury Races, too, in Bedfordshire and Hertfordshire respectively, the latter being held in Lord Verulam's Park, at which Mr. Delmé Radcliffe, a splendid

## Introduction

horseman on the flat, and a great personal friend of George the Fourth, for whom he frequently rode, was the ruling spirit, must not be forgotten.

Meanwhile Croxton Park still flourishes like a green bay-tree, and the Southdown Club goes on its way rejoicing, if not quite so strong as formerly.

Given opportunity and encouragement, I believe gentlemen riders would be quite as prolific as ever they were, and it was the knowledge of the great interest taken in amateur horsemanship, not only in the past, but the present time, that was our principal inducement for producing this book.

Though, like everything else, cross-country riding has undergone considerable changes since it first came into fashion, just over seventy years ago, it has never lost its popularity, either with those taking an active part in it, or the general public; the element of danger, which is present perhaps to a greater extent than in any other sport to be mentioned, being, as is invariably the case, an irresistible attraction to both. One thing is certain, which is that unless an aspirant to steeplechase honours thoroughly makes up his mind beforehand to put his whole heart and soul into his work, with his neck a secondary consideration, he may just as well leave the game alone altogether for all the satisfaction he is likely to get out of it.

That the example of some of those who rode over the severe country courses in the long ago has done much to improve the breed of horses there can be no question, and for their pluck and energy in showing us what a well-bred horse with a good rider on his back can accomplish we owe them a debt of gratitude that can never be repaid.

It is no doubt difficult to treat contemporary characters and events, and it may be doubted if the difficulty is diminished when we commemorate the men who have preceded us.

## Introduction

The writer who is personally acquainted with his theme holds unquestionably a great advantage, and it will be found that the most interesting reminiscences in this volume are those which have been contributed by actors in the scenes they have described.

Pascal says that, in composing a book, the last thing that one learns is how to begin. I hope, therefore, that in commencing with Lord Clanricarde my readers will agree with me that he is entitled to the position.

At the present time the opinion is general amongst practical men with the welfare of their country at heart that, with the supply of horses for our cavalry being totally inadequate, some scheme should be set on foot in order to give an impetus to their production.

Here is another instance of history repeating itself, for it is on record that when, something like eight hundred years B.C., Greece found themselves at the Battle of Marathon utterly destitute of cavalry, the tardy recognition of horse-racing was assigned as the reason, with the result that in future the sport formed a prominent feature at the great National Festival at Elis. There were "Gentlemen Riders" even in those days, amongst whom Philip of Macedon and Hiero of Syracuse seem to have occupied pretty much the same position that Messrs. Lushington and George Thursby do in our own time, and they all rode bareback, with no other assistance than a bridle.

It was at the Olympic Games, too, when the first specimen of a war-horse was exhibited, that Art received its earliest stimulus to improve what has been rightly termed the "noblest animal in creation."

With these examples before us, why should not John Bull take the hint by giving a little more encouragement to horse

## Introduction

breeders, especially among the smaller class, than he is now doing, and so make it worth their while to replenish his empty cavalry stables with better—and probably cheaper—material than is the case at the present time?

It is hardly necessary to point out that to attain to any success in race riding it is absolutely necessary to keep fit, and here, perhaps, I may be able to give some advice which will be useful to the novice.

Many young men labour under the impression that by hunting regularly three or four times a week they are therefore perfectly trained for riding a race.

In addition, they will probably take no end of trouble in going for long walks, indulging in Turkish baths, and so on. All this is of very little use as compared with riding gallops, both on the flat and over a country, several days in the week.

Going fast through the air on a pulling horse tries the wind of the rider, as well as the muscles of his arms and legs, far more than any hunting run, no matter how fast or long it may be. There is no necessity for any great training of the body. Only ride gallops steadily every morning, and you will find yourself in perfect wind and not tire after the severest race.

The usual day's work, when I had steeplechase horses at Limber, was to go out every morning before breakfast and ride two or three different horses in three-mile gallops over fences, and after the matutinal meal go out for a day's hunting. Of course you want to be young and full of energy for this kind of work, as one often jumped more fences during the morning than in the day's hunting, especially if it were a moderate scenting day.

Nothing did one more good than to repair to Newmarket after the steeplechasing was over, and ride gallops on the flat

## Introduction

and in trials of perhaps six or five furlongs, riding the older horse against the two-year-olds.

Practice of this sort taught you to jump off and get your horse into his stride quickly without bustling him, and was of the greatest assistance in making you a good judge of pace. It also kept one in perfect wind.

Had I not ridden gallops over short courses every day, I do not think I could have won short races like the two welters at Epsom—one at the Spring Meeting, and the other the day after the Derby—when there was no straight six furlongs, and Tattenham Corner to come round soon after the start.

No matter how good a man may be in the hunting-field, he will find race riding a very different matter when he comes to try his 'prentice hand, and may take it from me, that before he can hope to compete with the best professional riders, whether over a country or on the flat, nothing will avail him but constant practice in the manner I have just described.

Another matter of great importance is to have your horse bitted with a bridle that suits his mouth.

On the flat, this is not of so much consequence; but it makes all the difference in a steeplechase to have your horse well-balanced when jumping and having perfect control over him all through the race. Should he—as is not unfrequently the case—get the upper hand and break away with his rider when the starter drops his flag, not only does he tire his jockey, but soon runs himself out, and fails to stay home.

Nothing is more trying than to ride a hard-pulling horse in a long race like the Grand National; and in such a case it is long odds against the horse staying the distance.

On the other hand, with your horse under proper control, you can always keep him going within himself, with the result that he will stay on to the end.

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A bridle I was always very fond of was two snaffles, and if on an extra hard puller, such as Reugny, whom I rode in one of that description—a chain snaffle and a gag.

How often one hears of a stirrup-leather breaking—as likely as not at the initiative fence! No one who has not gone through this experience has any idea how tiring it is to the thigh having to ride through a race with only one stirrup. I have a very vivid remembrance of a ride I once had in the Open Handicap, at Hexham, on a mare called Lady Day, when my stirrup-leather broke at the very first fence. To make it worse, most of the jumps had biggish drops attached to them. But “All’s well that ends well,” and I won by a neck in the end. You cannot be too particular in carefully examining your stirrup-leathers before getting into the saddle. I say “leathers” advisedly, as being far better than webbings for steeplechases, for this reason—that should your foot slip out of the iron, you can more easily recover it than the other, which twists and turns about so as to make it very difficult to get your foot back into the iron.

I would, also, never advise any one to ride on a smaller saddle than one of 6 lbs. or 7 lbs., as the tree of a very light saddle is always liable to break, and really 3 lbs. or 4 lbs. does not make the same amount of difference in a steeplechase that it would on the flat.

As to falls, I have been so exceptionally lucky that there is really very little to say on the subject, so far as concerns myself, except to remark that the majority of them, in my humble opinion, are caused by riding too close in the tracks of the horse in front of you, the natural consequence being that your mount has no time to see the obstacle before him until he is right on to it.

As a matter of fact, I hardly ever got a fall when riding the



## Introduction

horses in a steeplechase schooled by myself at home ; and the only injury I really ever received all through my career in the saddle, and that not worth speaking about, was when riding Juryman in the big steeplechase at Baden-Baden, I fell and hurt my ankle to some slight extent. Major Tempest, George Ede, and myself were the only Englishmen taking part in the race, and were in front of the others, riding side by side, when the horse of the first named swerving against mine just as we took off at the brook, we both fell in, at the imminent risk of being jumped upon by the other riders—mostly Prussian officers—every one of whom came to grief.

George Ede, on Lord Poulett's Benazet, who eventually won, was the only rider, in fact, to get over in safety.

I have been equally lucky hunting, and, until two years ago, never broke a bone, and that was when riding a hack over some timber.

Some horses are apt to take off too far away from their fences, and the best way I know of to cure them of this dangerous fault is to jump them constantly over rather a low fence with a wide ditch on the landing side. After a few lessons they will soon learn to go well up to their fence before jumping.

Others again have just the opposite habit of getting too near their fences before jumping ; and for these, the best and safest remedy is the guard rail, as it makes the horse stand away.

The rider can often help his horse to get a fence in his stride by pointing him the least bit either to the right or left, as your own eye tells you when you are two or three lengths away whether your horse is likely to get his stride wrong.

Some horses hardly ever get a fence out of their stride, and when they do, put a short one in with such rapidity as to at once equalise matters. To ride such perfect chasers as these is indeed to be in luck's way. I cannot impress too forcibly

## Introduction

upon those of my readers who are fresh to cross-country work the great necessity of sitting well back to help your mount at his fences when he is getting tired, and holding him together in the last mile of a long race.

A fresh horse can jump without assistance from its rider, but when blown, and leg weary, then is the time he wants help from his jockey in the manner I have suggested.

I have heard steeplechasing described before now by its detractors as a hybrid sort of sport, neither flesh, fowl, nor good red herring ; but, call it what they may, there is no getting away from the fact that, as a means of bringing out those qualities our countrymen are supposed to possess in an eminent degree, and which have so often excited the admiration—not to say envy—of the civilised world, it would be hard to find its equal.

If a perusal of the brave deeds in the saddle recorded here should have the effect of giving an impetus to a sport in which formerly all the flower of our chivalry, from the Merry Monarch downwards, thought it an honour to engage, then this book will not have been written in vain.

Speaking for self and partner, I cannot conclude without expressing our sincere thanks to H.S.H. Prince Charles Kinsky, the Earl of Minto, Colonel H. Browne, and Messrs. Reginald Herbert, Harry Rouse, Willoughby Maycock, and many other relatives and friends of the riders, for their invaluable assistance rendered from time to time, without which ours would have been a much more arduous task than has proved to be the case.

*J. Maunsell Richardson*

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# GENTLEMEN RIDERS

## THE FIRST MARQUIS OF CLANRICARDE

IN the late "twenties" of the past century, about which period, thanks in no small measure to the enterprising Tommy Coleman of St. Albans, steeplechasing became a popular institution in the land, there were, if history is to be relied on, few finer exponents of the sport than that keen young Irish sportsman, the Marquis of Clanricarde.

Born on the 20th December, 1802, he succeeded his father as fourth Earl on the 27th July, 1808, being advanced to an Irish Marquisate in 1825, and afterwards created a Baron of the United Kingdom. Educated at Eton and Oxford, he married Canning's daughter shortly after leaving the University, his father-in-law at the same time appointing him his private secretary.

Lord Clanricarde made his first appearance as a gentleman rider at the Curragh in 1822, then being twenty years of age, and he won the first Corinthian race ever run in Ireland on a horse called Penguin, by Waxy Pope, on whose back he took the same race the following year. At Loughreagh once he won a good race on a miserable-looking horse named Sarsparilla, belonging to the parish priest, the result so delighting the "pisantry" that one of them was heard to exclaim, "Sure, if he was on an Ass of Father Pater's wouldn't he have a roight to win?"

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Flat racing, however, had no charm for the Marquis; the sister sport, probably on account of the element of danger in connection with it, being much more to his taste. Accordingly, soon after leaving Oxford, we find him riding and winning his first steeplechase on a horse named Hawk, over the stiff Roxburgh course in County Galway; amongst the jumps being included four five-foot walls, the last of which measured five feet nine, where Hawk took it. The following year he won the same race on Rollo for Mr. Perose.

In 1830, Lord Clanricarde brought over a little Irish horse called Nailer to run in the first St. Albans steeplechase, and finished second, despite the fact that his mount was palpably out of condition.

The race was won by Lord Ranelagh's grey horse, Wonder, ridden by Captain Macdowall of the Guards, and that Lord Clanricarde's fame had preceded him is proved by the fact, that when the Captain asked how he was to ride the horse, he was told that he was to pay no attention to anybody, but that he was to wait upon the Marquis. These directions were carried out to the letter by Captain Macdowall, who, sticking as close as wax to his lordship all the way, beat Nailer for speed at the finish, and won. The two came in some long way in advance of the others.

Soon after this the Marquis won a couple of steeplechases in the Metropolitan district for Jack Elmore on Moonraker, a tremendous puller, but such a big jumper, that he is said to have cleared a lane with his lordship in a steeplechase decided somewhere near the Edgware Road. Hertfordshire lanes, however, are frequently so narrow, that it might not in reality be so difficult a task as it reads on paper.

Lord Clanricarde hunted with Mr. Grantley Berkeley's stag-hounds at Cranford, and with the Oakley after that gentleman



THE FIRST MARQUIS OF CLANRICARDE.



## The First Marquis of Clanricarde

took the country. It was about this time that Mr. Grantley Berkeley got up a steeplechase at Bedford, and asked Lord Clanricarde to ride for him. Parliament was sitting at the time, but my lord hacked down from town, rode in the steeplechase, hacked back again, and was in his place at Westminster in the evening.

A very hard man to hounds, Lord Clanricarde once in Leicestershire broke his collar bone at a fence, mounted again, and came to grief in a brook three fields further on.

Amongst his best hunters was the grey, Leatherhead—the last that the famous Valentine Maher rode with the Quorn in his old form—who carried his owner up to the age of twenty-seven years, and jumped an undeniably big place even then. Angelo and Gehazi were also two favourites, whilst Caustic, with his head and neck all wrong, a bad mouth, and a determined rusher at his fences, won the Irish National in 1864, within six weeks of his making an appearance at a Leicestershire meet.

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### CAPTAIN BECHER

IN the early days of steeplechasing there was no more familiar name in connection with the sport than that of Captain Becher, undoubtedly one of the hardest and best riders that ever crossed a country.

The son of Captain Becher of the 31st Regiment, who, retiring on half pay in 1791, afterwards turned farmer and dealer in his native county of Norfolk, and was subsequently known all over the country as “Old Becher, the last of the leather Breeches,” the subject of this memoir was “broke to

## Gentlemen Riders

saddle," as his father expressed it, from his cradle. Entered to hounds on a pony which no other boy could hold, it was not many years before he was quite capable of schooling the horses his father was constantly buying. Struck with admiration at his horsemanship, a patron, with a view to his advancement in life, procured young Becher, then a lad of sixteen, a berth in the Storekeeper-General's department of the Army, in which capacity he spent two or three years with the army of occupation, being stationed at Brussels during the Battle of Waterloo. Steeplechasing and hurdle racing under the auspices of the ubiquitous Tommy Coleman of St. Albans, who may well be described as the father of the sport, were just then at the height of their popularity, and what wonder, therefore, that Becher, on his return to England after two years' absence, finding himself without employment, should enter heart and soul into—to him—such congenial amusements? And Coleman taking him in hand, it came to pass that, in an incredibly short time, the name of Captain Becher became a household word throughout the land.

For upwards of twenty years the Captain—whose courtesy title by the way was conferred upon him by the Duke of Buckingham, whose regiment of Yeomanry he had joined\*—made Coleman's house his home, riding most of his horses for him during that period; their owner pointing with pride to the fact that he it was who gave his *protégé* his first mount at Hounslow on a horse of his own named Reuben Butler.

In the spring of 1829 the great Leicestershire Steeplechase was revived, and brought together many runners, amongst them being Captain Becher on Bantam. The casualties began early, Tom Heycock coming to grief at the second fence, on

\* With this corps (the only Yeomanry regiment selected for the service) he did duty near Westminster Abbey, at the coronation of George the Fourth, and, in common with the other officers, received a medal in commemoration of the occasion.



## Captain Becher

Clinker ; and at the next, a tremendous post and rails, Becher was floored, and though he was soon up again and persevered to the end, he never got near enough to interfere with the result.

In 1830 he was second on Tatler in the first St. Albans Steeplechase, and again on Wild Boar the following year when Moonraker won ; whilst in 1832, again at St. Albans, he was third on Corinthian Kate to Moonraker and Grimaldi, and in 1834 was again placed on Zigzag. From 1829 to 1839, Becher may be said to have lived in the saddle. Railway facilities were not to hand in those days, as at present, and during one particular fortnight in the height of his career, he was known to have travelled over seven hundred miles, the greater part of it on horseback, to attend the different meetings in which he was entered to ride. Nor did he confine himself to the "duties" of the life he had selected ; the end of the day, more often than not, finding him in the chair at some race ordinary, where his wonderful flow of spirits and genial disposition helped to keep the fun going far into the small hours of the morning.

On the 4th of April, 1834, he appeared for the first time on Captain Lamb's Vivian—the horse of all others with which his name will always be associated—in the Northampton Steeplechase, which he won to the great surprise of the public, who had booked the race a certainty for Cannon Ball, belonging to Mr. Osbaldeston, who had previously challenged all England with his horse for five hundred sovereigns a side ; and in the same year the Captain inaugurated his success in the Vale by landing Vivian the winner in a field of twenty, amongst whom were some of the best men in England over a country.

A month after this, the celebrated match for one thousand guineas between Vivian and Cock Robin, ridden respectively

## Gentlemen Riders

by Becher and the Marquis of Waterford, was decided over the Harborough country. Vivian won, and so mortified was the Marquis, that contrary to his usual good nature, he insisted on ascribing his defeat to his horse.

“Well, my lord,” was Becher’s characteristic remark, “I am a poor man, but your lordship shall change horses, and I’ll have you back again to where we started, for the same money.”

Another of his great one thousand guineas a side matches was that on General Charettie’s Napoleon, against “The Squire” on Grimaldi, which, however, was not brought to a satisfactory conclusion. The river Lem lay right in their course, and into it they went at full speed. Becher afterwards declared he thought he would never get into daylight again, but after a tolerably long swim, he managed to land the bay on the right side of the stream.

In 1835 he won the St. Albans Steeplechase on Norma for Captain Fairlie, and was second on Caliph at Cheltenham. The next year he won the St. Albans event again, now on Grimaldi, whose last race it proved to be, for no sooner had he passed the winning flags, than he reared up and fell down dead, a catastrophe to which a sporting writer of the period referred as follows:—

“The death of Grimaldi also furnished a subject for the artists of the day, and the leading man of the Adelphi and the Surrey, might have imbibed a useful lesson from the attitude which the Captain displayed when gazing on the dead favourite.”

As a souvenir of the gallant grey, Becher obtained and religiously preserved one of the forelegs, which he was wont to show with much affection on all occasions to his numerous sporting friends.

This season was one of his busiest, for he won the Waltham Abbey Steeplechase on Grimaldi; was second on Vivian for

## Captain Becher

the heavyweight steeplechase at Aylesbury; won the lightweight on the same horse; the first Liverpool on The Duke; the Worcester on Vivian; and the Northampton on Wing; besides being second on Vivian to Red Deer at Egham, and second on the same horse to Flacrow at Leamington; the Marquis on Yellow Dwarf and Lord Clanricarde on Carlow being third and fourth respectively.

In 1837 he won both the Dunchurch and Cheltenham Steeplechases on Vivian, and was second on him to Jerry at Leamington, whilst on Fieschi he won the big steeplechase at Bath.

The following year his riding seems to have fallen off, a win on Vivian at Northampton, and second on the same horse to Lottery at Daventry, being his only achievements worthy of note.

In 1839, Captain Becher had the mount in Conrad in the first Grand National ever contested, and his horse refusing a stiff post and rails, sent Becher flying over his head into the ditch beyond, where, having formed up against the bank to "receive cavalry," he remained until the rest had jumped over him. The obstacle was subsequently christened "Becher's Brook," by which name it has been known ever since, and probably will be to all time.

Although principally identified with steeplechasing, the Captain was perpetually "at it" across the flat, and what with hurdle races, welter plates, and "cocked-hat" stakes, he led by no means an idle life; indeed, his winning collection of the latter species of head-dress alone would almost have filled a museum. He also crossed to France on occasion and won several "Gentlemen Rider" races for the Prince of Moscow, one of his great delights being to relate how he had puzzled "Mossoo" by taking a horse over there to run, which he

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had christened the "Leary Cove," *as slightly difficult to translate.*

Singularly enough, though no stranger to the accidents inseparable from the career of a cross-country horseman, especially such a "bruiser" as he was, it was not till long after he had retired from the saddle that Captain Becher met with the worst accident which ever happened to him.

He was seated carelessly on an old mare in the sowing field at his friend's, Ben Way's, at Denham, when the animal, putting her head down to feed out of the hopper, caught the eye in her bridle, and in her fright, suddenly rearing, threw Becher heavily, breaking his thigh in two places. Notwithstanding his injury he was the coolest man on the ground, himself giving directions for the unhinging of a gate to carry him away.

In society, Captain Becher was a great favourite, his great fund of anecdote and cheery spirits rendering him the very best of company. In early life he would astonish his friends by feats of strength and agility, such as running round the room on the wainscot edges, and up high walls, and kicking the ceiling : whilst his imitations of animals, farmyard and otherwise, were so good as to suggest the presence of a zoological collection in his thorax.

Although from the number and variety of ill-tempered brutes he broke into shape, as well as from some of the punishing races he rode, he may at times have been accused of cruelty, no charge could have been more unfounded. He simply knew exactly what his horse was capable of, and made him do it, and that he was ever ready to champion the cause of the noble animal, worthily described as "Man's best friend," the hiding he once administered to a coal porter in the Blackfriars Road, whom he found unmercifully kicking and ill-treating a horse, is abundant proof.

## Captain Becher

That the police, like everybody else—though “everybody else” being humbugs, more or less, do not admit it—occasionally make mistakes, we are all aware, and they certainly made one when they mistook the rider of Vivian for a body-snatcher of the period ; but so it was, and this was how it came about.

In 1832, when living at Epsom, he was in the habit of driving down from town very frequently in a light buggy, with a peculiar-shaped driving-box, and his celebrated roan mare, Ladybird, in the shafts. The resurrectionists had been so busy in Surrey just then, that the police were ordered to be specially on the alert, with the consequence that the Captain, much to his astonishment, for several nights running found himself conducted (shadowed, we should call it nowadays) from one patrol to another, until he reached his own door.

Nor could he solve the enigma, until one evening, on pulling up to “bait,” he remarked to his escort, that as he had favoured him with his company so far, he had better walk in and take a little “something warm.” The invitation was accepted, and, on coming into the light, the mystery was at once explained. “Lor, Captain!” exclaimed the man—who, it seemed, had formerly served in his Yeomanry Regiment—“blowed if we haven’t been mistaking you for a body-snatcher, all along of that rum box in your trap.”

Captain Becher relinquished the saddle in the early “forties,” honoured by all who knew him, as well he might be ; for it was a fact that during the whole of his steeple-chasing career his riding was never once called in question.

Unfortunately, like many a good fellow before and since, he failed to make money while the sun shone, consequently his retirement from riding found him in somewhat straitened circumstances. With a view to remedy this, a friend obtained

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for him the appointment of Inspector of sacks on the Great Northern Railway ; but he soon had enough of it, and his wife shortly after coming into a little property, enabled this great horseman to settle down quietly, and live the rest of his days in comparative comfort.

Captain Becher died after a brief illness on the 11th of October, 1864, aged 67, and was buried at Willesden Cemetery.

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### HENRY, THIRD MARQUIS OF WATERFORD

FEW probably of those who only knew him by repute as the hero of those madcap escapades which caused the "Wild Marquis" to be regarded as a "holy terror" by law-abiding people in the early "forties" of the last century, were aware of the good results which accrued when the wild oats, which had attracted so much public attention in the sowing, were finally gathered in. For it is not too much to say that during the last seventeen years of his life, when, well and happily married, he settled down amongst his own people for good and all, he set an example which might be copied with advantage by many another of his class.

It is good to know that the best and brightest traits of his character, both as sportsman and country gentleman, have now been chronicled as they deserve, and commented upon by the writer (Mr. Forbes) of a most interesting introduction to the "Hunting Diary" kept by the subject of our memoir from 1840 to 1849, and published in 1901 by his great-nephew, the present Marquis of Waterford, and from which we venture to quote at length.



HENRY, THIRD MARQUIS OF WATERFORD.





## Henry, Third Marquis of Waterford

“Forty and one years” (says Mr. Forbes) “have passed since the fatal March afternoon when

“ ‘ Mayboy stumbled o’er the rotten wall ;’

and still we read frequent mention of the ‘ Wild Marquis,’ of the mad exploits of his youth, when, with other kindred spirits, he ‘*heard the chimes at midnight,*’ of his steeplechases and single combats, but never a word is said in print of those seventeen years of exemplary married life when he resided entirely on his estates and among his people, doing good to all, warding off starvation with a generous hand in the famine years, proving himself a leader of men and the mainstay of the loyalists of Leinster in the wild days of the Smith O’Brien rebellion, and by his vast employment of labour, and his practical encouragement of agriculture and industries, nobly fulfilling the duties of a great country gentleman. Though he excelled in all manly sports, fox-hunting was the pastime to which he was most devoted, and there was testimony that he regarded it as a great means of social recreation for all classes in his neighbourhood, while there was a grand unselfishness in the zeal and expenditure of money and time for the benefit of others, when he hunted Tipperary and what afterwards came to be called ‘the Curraghmore country,’ entirely at his own expense. But even in the matter of fox-hunting, time has dealt unfairly with the memory of ‘the Marquis,’ for I have recently seen it stated that he was a man who cared nothing for hounds and knew little about them ; that he was a bad judge of a hound and little better of a horse ; that he cared only for a gallop, and would as soon hunt a drag as anything else—in fact, that he ever remained the same wild madcap who painted the town red in early Meltonian days.”

Mr. Forbes goes on to say, “Although Lord Waterford

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would give any price for his horses, he never liked giving a penny too much, and Mr. Robert Watson tells us an amusing story of a deal between his lordship and a breeder in the King's County. This man had a hunter with a great reputation, for which he wanted a stiff price, and Lord Waterford went to look at him.

“ Mr. Watson shortly after this went to see another horse at the same place, and asked the owner if he'd sold his ‘crack’ to the Marquis. ‘I did, sir,’ said he, ‘and I was fool enough to tell him, when he got up to ride him, that I would take £50 off his price if he could get him down at a fence. “You mean that?” says his lordship. “I do,” says I, weakly. Ah! come out now, Mr. Watson, till I show you the places he leapt him over to try and get off that £50!’ ‘And,’ says Mr. Watson, ‘certainly some of the places he showed me seemed quite impossible for any horse to get over, *but there were the footprints.*’ ”

His chronicler goes on to tell us, “The well-known series of coloured prints entitled ‘The Marquis in Tipperary,’ cannot be accepted as anything like trustworthy representatives of the hunting scenes they are intended to depict. His lordship, who is the central figure in each picture, is reproduced in the tightest and whitest of buckskins and topboots, and wearing a very dandified scarlet coat thrown wide open. But Mr. Pallissier, Mr. Sargent, and others who hunted with him, declare that he always wore a scarlet coat, buttoning high up to the throat, and just showing a blue silk necktie, brown cord breeches, and black butcher boots. He never carried a hunting whip, but always a stout cutting or jockey whip, to the handle of which he had neatly lashed his horn with whipcord; this whip is still carefully preserved at Curraghmore.”

As might have been expected from one of his temperament,

## Henry, Third Marquis of Waterford

steeplechasing, which, when he first appeared upon the scene, had just come into fashion, found in the Marquis one of its most ardent admirers, and in 1840, the second year of its existence, we find him with two representatives in the Grand National, *The Sea*, by *Whalebone*, and *Columbine*, the former of which he rode himself, Mr. Won being on the mare.

Though from that time to the year of his death he was seldom without a representative in the Liverpool, this appears to have been his only mount in the race; he distinguished himself, however, on many other occasions, winning three steeplechases in one afternoon once at the Bogside (Irvine) meeting.

A celebrated match of his was that on *Cock Robin* against *Captain Becher* on *Vivian*. Much annoyed at the defeat of *Lancet* by the last-named horse in the *Great Aylesbury Steeplechase*, the Marquis at once matched *Cock Robin* against *Vivian* for a thousand guineas, over the *Market Harborough Course* a month afterwards.

The match duly took place and is thus described by the graphic pen of "*The Druid*" in *Scott and Sebright* :—

"A month after he had won at Aylesbury, *Becher* found himself once more putting his saddle on *Vivian* to meet '*The Marquis*' and *Cock Robin*, from *Shanklin Holt* to the *Ram's Head* covert. *Cock Robin* and *Monarch* were two of the best hunters that ever drew breath in Ireland, and the defeated hero of this race, a smart brown, fenced so well and went so fast that he got nearly three hundred yards in advance. For once in his life the Marquis, who was always in a hurry, was suddenly seized with a prudent fit, and in trying to avoid two tremendous jumps, which *Becher* was obliged to have, he got stuck in a dingle. The *Captain* saw his difficulty, and following some wheel ruts to the left, closed with him against the hill at the finish, which

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is quite as steep as 'The Primrose.' The Marquis always stood in fifty with the Captain, one to win, and was as good as a small annuity to him, as while the arrangement lasted, the former had only once the pull of him. On this occasion his lordship was rather wroth about his defeat, and said that he was 'beat by the best horse,' so Becher offered to run him back again and change the horses, feeling sure that Vivian would disagree with him before they had gone over four fields." Other well-known horses of his were Yellow Dwarf, The Sea, Sir John, Blue Skin, Hackfall, Surprise, Ballysax, Conrad, Columbine, Sunshine, and Redwing; all of them winning in turn in addition to carrying the Marquis and his huntsman to hounds.

At Northampton, once, the Marquis on Yellow Dwarf, who looked exactly like a dun coach horse, had gone off with one of those tremendous leads he was partial to, found himself fairly blocked at one of the brooks—unusually swollen on this occasion—by the shoemakers, always so much in evidence there, and had to pull his horse into a trot, "it being a common trick of the mob," says "The Druid," "to dictate the line by the pressure from without, and then always set their faces most decidedly against skirting if there was a good stiff place which they waited to see negotiated."

The same writer gives the following graphic description in *Scott and Sebright* of what was known as the "Great Leicestershire Stag Hunt," organized by the Marquis when resident at Lowesby:—

"The preparations for the meet at Twyford," says the Druid, "were on a remarkable scale. The stag was trained for days before in a large walled kitchen garden, and the Marquis with a horn and a whip and a couple of little dogs kept him in exercise for hours amongst the gooseberry bushes. The

## Henry, Third Marquis of Waterford

hounds (evidently a scratch pack laid on for the occasion) had one of their best pipe openers by running the drag of a clerical visitor whose horse's feet had been secretly aniseeded, and all seemed ripe for action except the huntsman. He was a stranger, and the grooms and second horsemen had got at him and made him so low spirited by their geographical sketches of the probable line of country that his pack was doubled in his eyes before he was able to lay them on. The stag made his point Queensborough Road, between Barsby and South Croxton, and then bent to the right, through Barsby village, leaving Gaddesby on the left.

“Up to this point the huntsman had gone well, and halloing like a maniac ; but his right foot was seen to fly up as high as his own head, crossing a ridge and furrow, and he was heard of no more. The Marquis, on Saltfish, was thus left in command, and the hounds ran well for Brooksby and down the turnpike road for Rearsby village. Here the stag bolted into a farmyard, and finally into a cellar, with his lordship and Tom Heycock after him, and kicked the spigot out of the ale barrel and flooded the place before these eminent specials could secure him. Riders were lucky who could find their way home, as the precaution had been duly taken of sawing the guide posts in that part and turning the arms the wrong way. Those between Lowesby and Leicester especially suffered, and are still braced with iron as a token. At all events, it was a great day, and how the Marquis once rode to Melton and back, thirteen miles in the hour by moonlight, and jumped all the stiles between Twyford and Lowesby on the way back ; how he fastened his horses to the fishing-boat from Lowesby Pond and enjoyed the locomotion along the frosty road, until they took fright at Twyford Windmill and leapt the hedge ; how he and his friend Sir

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Frederick Johnstone bought a gipsy baby for £5 (as a salve for having overturned an encampment the night before by means of a rope tied round each of their horses' necks), and in order to get rid of it, stuck it into a hedge to shoot at, as they told the mother, till that nut-brown dame crept up behind and rushed off with it; how he stopped a pulling horse by riding him at a hedge, on the other side of which he had made a deep hole full of water, and exclaimed, 'There, old fellow, I have you now'; and how he missed buying Mr. Hodgson's lady pack for looking too long at the dogs, will long afterwards be the subject of conversation at firesides in the Midlands, along with the Great Leicestershire Stag Hunt."

Of all his many escapades, however, when a young man, the sacrilegious removal by night of the famous Eton flogging-block, upon which no doubt the "wild Marquis" had frequently knelt for punishment during his career at Alma Mater, was the most historical.

How the noble depredator managed to square matters with the horrified authorities at Eton, history does not state, but it is certain that the midnight plunder was never returned to the place from whence it came, it occupying at the present time a prominent position in the sanctum of Lord Waterford at Curraghmore.

Mr. Delane, the famous editor of the *Times*, who was a frequent visitor at Curraghmore, had many a story about the Marquis, and all in his praise. He it was (relates Mr. Forbes) who told the tale of a fight when driving home from the Derby. A collision had occurred and a challenge was issued to any "swell" to come down from the drag and fight. He told how Lord Waterford, pale and very quiet, promptly stepped down, buttoned up his coat, and hit out at once with his

## Henry, Third Marquis of Waterford

left at his antagonist, who guarded rather wildly, when the Marquis stepped in with his right, driving home a blow so shrewd that none other was required. "I always find that the best way," he said quietly. "They're sure to expect a lot of sparring and nonsense, and when attacked at once, are a bit abroad. The feint with the left generally gives an opening."

Many other stories of the Marquis, redounding to his credit, are related by the same gentleman in his all too short introduction to the hunting journal already mentioned. How the pheasants were killed down in the famine year, Lord Waterford saying he'd make soup of them, and buy meal for mankind and not for the birds; of his behaviour in Smith O'Brien's time, when he formed a band of loyalists and dispersed the rebels whenever they got together; how he fortified Curraghmore and sheltered his more timorous neighbours; how Lord Bessborough bore testimony to his ability as a public speaker when the spirit moved him; how he was the prop of law and order in the county and the mainstay of loyalty; how he took up stock breeding and farming with a zest and thoroughness that astonished everybody, and stimulated agriculture in the neighbourhood; how he was feared when evil counsels prevailed and times were bad; and finally how he was beloved and almost worshipped by his people when the tide turned, and they recognized all he had done and was doing for them.

In the middle of March, 1859, just fifteen days before his death, he being at Liverpool at the time to see his horse Ace of Hearts run in the Grand National of that year, Lord Waterford's hounds enjoyed one of the finest runs ever seen in the County Kilkenny, the fox going to ground at the end of two hours and twenty minutes, during which

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time they had run over twenty-two measured miles of country ; Lord Bessborough, who was in temporary command, and one of the very few up at the finish, like the good sportsman he was, refusing to take advantage of so gallant a fox by digging him out. On hearing the story, on his return from Liverpool, the Marquis expressed his pleasure to Lord Bessborough that the fox had been spared for another day, adding that he would "have a go at him again before he was much older," and shortly issued what was destined to be his last hunt card, "Castlemorris" being the fourth fixture on the list.

The run on the morning of the 29th March, 1859, from Castlemorris, was slow and with frequent checks, but the fox was marked to ground in Glenbower, and then in the best of spirits, the Marquis went to try and find the great fox of Corbally. A fox was found there sure enough, who, breaking cover at the same place, ran down the hill and crossed the road on the very tracks of the hunt in the great run a fortnight before. He, also, went up Milltown Hill, but at the top wheeled to the left, came down and re-crossed the water at Corbally, and it was when coming back across the road the fatality occurred which was to deprive Ireland of as true-hearted a gentleman and good a sportsman as ever drew breath.





*From a Painting by Harry Hall.*

MR. GEORGE OSBALDESTON  
(“THE SQUIRE”).



## MR. GEORGE OSBALDESTON

### “THE OLD SQUIRE”

SEARCH the Annals of Sport from one end to the other, and we defy any one, without fear of contradiction, to find a record at once so varied and successful as that placed to the credit of the remarkable man who forms the subject of this chapter.

Nothing, in fact, seems to have come amiss to him, his fame as a horseman, whether to hounds, or as a race and steeplechase rider, being only equalled by his reputation as an oarsman, cricketer, runner, game and pigeon shot, and billiard player. In short, there was nothing man could master in the way of sport he did not touch, and nothing he touched without adorning it.

The only son of a Yorkshire squire who owned two fine estates at Hutton Bushell and Ebberston, between Malton and Scarborough, Mr. George Osbaldeston was born on December the 26th, 1787, at Wimpole Street, Cavendish Square. His father having died in his son's infancy, Mrs. Osbaldeston, when the latter was six years old, migrated to Bath for her health, and it was when there that George had his first lesson in horsemanship from a riding master named Dash.

In the year 1800 he was sent to Eton, where before long he was known as the best runner, and oarsman, and swiftest bowler in the school. In 1805, he was entered at Brasenose College, Oxford, as a gentleman commoner, at which seat of learning, he kept and hunted a pack of harriers, bought from Lord Derby.

On attaining his majority, fifteen years after his father's

## Gentlemen Riders

death, Mr. Osbaldeston followed Lord Monson's hounds for a time, but on coming into a large sum of money which had accumulated since his father's death, he at once took the Burton country, which for five years he hunted entirely at his own expense; at the end of which time he went into Nottinghamshire as successor to Jack Musters, where he remained until 1817, when he took over the mastership of the Quorn from Mr. Assheton Smith, which important post he held for ten years. It was during his tenure of office in 1826, that Nimrod wrote his celebrated article for the "Quarterly Review," descriptive of a run from Ashby Pastures, which not only created a furore at the time, but is talked of even to this day.

In 1827, when out one day by chance with the Warwickshire Hounds, his horse overjumped himself at a bullfinch with a big drop the other side, and turning a half-summersault in the air, his rider was hurled from the saddle. He was jumped on as he lay on the ground by Sir James Musgrave, who was following immediately behind, and his thigh was broken. "Hang it, Osbaldeston! I thought you were a safe man to follow!" was all Sir James found time to say, as he galloped on after the streaming hounds.

The Squire was never the same man again after this fall. Not only was one leg rendered shorter than the other, but his nerve was impaired as well, as was noticed in the Newmarket match in 1831, when on one of the horses—Ikey Solomon—whipping round when he mounted, he at once jumped off, and as a consequence he resigned the mastership of the Quorn the same year. The following year, however, we find him assuming mastership of the Pytchley, a post he held until he gave up hunting in 1834, whilst in addition, during two years of that period, he hunted the

## Mr. George Osbaldeston

Thurslow country, in Suffolk, as well, riding from one country to the other. His hounds, when sold at Tattersall's in 1834, fetched enormous prices, Mr. Harvey Combe giving thirteen hundred guineas for six couple.

Of the many steeplechases ridden by the Squire, the most famous were when, in 1826, on Clasher, he beat Dick Christian on Captain Ross's Clinker, for a thousand guineas a side; in the same year, when riding Pilot, he triumphed over Captain Ross on Polecat; and at Harrow, in 1832, when riding Grimaldi, he beat Dan Seffert on Moonraker. Perhaps the most memorable of all was that at Dunchurch, when, on the same horse, he defeated his old friend General Charettie on Napoleon.

In addition to steeplechasing, Mr. Osbaldeston, in the course of his career, rode a great deal on the flat, and as he could easily go to scale at 9 st. from 1830 to 1840, was constantly in the saddle. Riding at Newmarket in the Queen's Plate on one occasion on Sorella—a mare of his own—and finding Miss Elis, belonging to Lord George Bentinck, and ridden by "Nat," was beating him, the Squire, who was never very particular in his methods, tried his best to drive him out of the course, whereupon "Nat," in addition to using some very strong language, struck him with his whip. In the result, Miss Elis won, each jockey lodging a complaint against the other on their return to the weighing-room. The Stewards, however, dismissed each case, Lord George remarking that if Mr. Osbaldeston rode with jockeys, he must put up with the remarks in which they habitually indulged.

Lord Wilton's meeting at Heaton Park was just then in full swing, and the idea prevailing in many quarters that the handicaps were framed in exceptionally favourable terms

## Gentlemen Riders

for the "Wicked Earl" and his aristocratic friends, Mr. Osbaldeston determined on revenge. Accordingly he looked about him, and eventually bought a four-year-old colt named Turk, from Mr. Watts, his breeder, for £400, as a likely animal to effect his purpose.

The next day, riding himself, he tried him over the Leger course at Doncaster, against a mare belonging to old Job Marson. Finding that he could win at any moment, the Squire pulled up Rush, with the result that he was leniently handicapped for the Trial Stakes and Cup at Heaton Park.

In the first of these, ridden by his owner, he finished nowhere. Strange to say, however, this fact made no difference in the confidence of his party the following day when pulled out for the Cup, as, in addition to the heavy commissions sent out by his owner on the course, the latter had secured, through a friend, all the money laid against Rush the previous night at Lord Wilton's dinner-table, with the result that the horse started at 2 to 1.

As Osbaldeston walked Rush past the stand *en route* to the post, Lord George Bentinck called out in a loud voice, "I will bet two hundred to one hundred against Rush!"

"Done! Put it down to *me!*" shouted back the Squire.

In the end, the Squire waiting on Mr. "Clarke" (Lord Wilton), who rode another great pot, a mare called Lady de Gros, belonging to Bill Scott, caught him up at the distance, and coming clean away, won amidst great excitement, in the commonest of canters. Immediately after the race the Squire set off to go cub-hunting, and had not a chance of asking Lord George for payment of his bet, until they met at the Craven Meeting at Newmarket the following year.

The Napoleon of the Turf was standing in front of

## Mr. George Osbaldeston

the Jockey Club rooms, attired in the green cutaway coat and brass buttons, doeskin breeches and top boots he invariably affected at Newmarket, when the Squire approached.

“My Lord,” said he, “you have had plenty of time to digest your loss. May I ask you for the two hundred pounds which I won from you at Heaton Park?” Drawing himself up to his full height and towering over his puny interpellator, Lord George replied that he was surprised at being asked, for not only was the whole affair a robbery, but considered as such by the Jockey Club. Nothing daunted, Mr. Osbaldeston replied firmly—

“I won the money fairly, and must insist on payment.”

“Can you count?” inquired Lord George, with a sneer, diving into the inside pocket of his coat and pulling out a long black note-case stuffed with bank notes, as he spoke.

“I could at Eton,” was the reply. Thereupon the other slowly doled out the two hundred in small notes into the Squire’s hand. “The matter will not end here,” said Osbaldeston, as he walked off. And he was as good as his word, for in a few minutes a hostile message was brought to Lord George by a Mr. Humphries, only to be declined by the former in his loftiest manner. Whereupon Osbaldeston bade his friend tell Lord George, “I will pull his nose the first time we meet.”

However, acting on the advice of General Anson, who acted as his second, Lord George eventually consented to go out, and accordingly at six o’clock one lovely spring morning the belligerents, pistol in hand, faced each other, twelve paces apart, at Wormwood Scrubbs.

Lord George, who was dressed all in black, without a speck of white showing, had never had a pistol in his hand before in his life; his opponent, on the contrary, had often killed birds on

## Gentlemen Riders

the wing with a pistol ball, and had not long before killed ninety-eight pheasants out of a hundred shots, while at pigeons he had no superior. As in addition he made no secret of his intention of killing his man if possible, the chances are that, but for General Anson's sagacity, Lord George's career would have ended there and then. Addressing both the principals, he impressed upon them that, if the affair drifted into a Court of Justice, the verdict of the jury would depend mainly on his evidence, and that if either disobeyed instructions and chanced to kill his adversary, the law would regard him as a murderer. The General added that the word would be "one—two—three." That each man was to fire immediately "three" was called out, and until then they were to keep their eyes on *him*. If either failed to fire that very instant, he—the General—warned them solemnly to beware of the consequences. Withdrawing for a few paces, General Anson called out loudly, "Gentlemen, are you ready?" A word from each in response, and the next instant the cry "One," rang out with startling clearness. What seemed quite a long pause followed, and then almost in the same breath General Anson vociferated "Two, Three!" Lord George immediately fired in the air, but Mr. Osbaldeston was so flurried in his aim that his bullet merely went through his adversary's hat within a couple of inches of his head. "I didn't think you were so bad a shot, Squire," laughingly remarked General Anson, overjoyed at the success of his stratagem. "It might have come off differently next time," growled out Osbaldeston, as he turned away. For some years the adversaries never spoke; but there came a time when Lord George, who trained at Danebury, wanted to join the Bibury Club, and old John Day's diplomacy was brought into play with a view to dissuade Mr. Osbaldeston from interfering with the other's election. All animosity, however, had long



## Mr. George Osbaldeston

died away in the Squire's breast, and on Lord George being elected, he invited his old enemy to come and see the Danebury horses, and ever after treated him with marked politeness.

Long before this, Mr. Osbaldeston had set the seal on his fame by the match against time at Newmarket, which has since become historical. A discussion having arisen at dinner one night as to the shortest time it would take a good horseman to ride two hundred miles, Osbaldeston, then forty-five, offered to bet his friend General Charettie a thousand guineas that, granted an unlimited supply of horses, he would do the distance in ten hours ; and the wager being promptly accepted, the match was fixed to take place at Newmarket on the Saturday of the Houghton Meeting.

The Squire's training at Ebberston consisted of riding sixty-five miles each morning in two and a half hours, walking after partridges the rest of the day to relieve his muscles ; and on the 5th November, 1831, at eight o'clock in the morning, with twenty-eight horses at his disposal, he started to ride the first of fifty heats of four miles each on his own mare Emma. It rained heavily for three hours, when it changed to a very cold wind. The first four miles were done in nine minutes, and the first hundred a trifle under four hours and twenty minutes, after which Osbaldeston rested for a quarter of an hour, refreshing himself the while with a cold partridge and a glass of sherry at the Stand. In the end, the whole distance was completed in seven hours nineteen minutes four seconds. It was calculated that one hour twenty minutes was spent in stoppages to mount and dismount, so that in all it took the Squire eight hours forty-two minutes to complete his task, which, though considered an Herculean feat at the time, would be thought nothing of nowadays. Mr. Osbaldeston, it was said, won two thousand as the result, and his friend Gully a good deal more,

## Gentlemen Riders

one of his bets being 1000 to 100 that the Squire completed the distance under nine hours. The last three heats were ridden in a tremendous downpour of rain.

Of the racehorses owned by Mr. Osbaldeston, Rifleman, who won the great Yorkshire and Doncaster Stakes, and was second to Saucebox for the Leger of 1885, was undoubtedly the best. How, ridden by "Nat," he came to be beat by such a moderate pony as the winner has always been a mystery, especially when, two days later, he easily beat Lord Zetland's Fandango, for the Doncaster Stakes, a far better horse than Saucebox.

Mr. Osbaldeston died on August 1st, 1866, at 2, Grove End Road, St. John's Wood, the house he had settled on his wife, within a few months of attaining his eightieth year.

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### MR. ALAN McDONOUGH

FROM amongst that select little band of cross-country riders, who, headed by Jim Mason, "witched the world with noble horsemanship" in the late thirties and early forties of the last century, it would have been difficult to find the superior of Mr. Alan McDonough, who, like the Beasley family later on, came over from Ireland regularly, in company with his brother William, to compete in all the principal events in the Steeplechase world. Born at Wellmont, County Galway, his first mount, we believe, was on Mr. Doolan's Hugo de Lacy, on whom, though a mere boy, and weighing but eight stone, he inaugurated what proved to be a most successful career, by winning the Hunt Cup at Tipperary.



*From the original sketch by J. F. Herring, son., for "Steeplechase Cracks."*

MR. ALAN McDONOUGH.



## Mr. Alan McDonough

Alan McDonough was only eight years old when his father died, and he was evidently not long in making up his mind as to the path he should pursue in the future, for at sixteen we find him not only owning, but winning on a mare called Gulnare at Loughrea—a Steeplechase meeting made famous by his gifted countryman Charles Lever, in his rollicking novel "Jack Hinton the Guardsman."

Later on he won the Ormond Cup four years in succession, "and then," as a sporting writer of the period remarked, "they began to talk about him in England."

In the Liverpool of 1839, won by Lottery and the first which ever took place, Alan McDonough's mount, The Nun, was heavily backed, and though palpably out of condition, ran well up to a certain point.

The following year he was second on Arthur, and the next, occupied the same position on Cigar, after a good race with Charity, who won by a length.

One of the best horses Mr. Alan McDonough ever possessed was a chestnut son of Welcome named Sir William, a handsome savage that nobody could do anything with but his owner. The latter brought him over to England in 1837, and won several good steeplechases with him, being nearly killed in one of them, the horse falling and dragging his rider upwards of a hundred yards before he could be stopped. In spite of this Mr. McDonough, though naturally much shaken, pluckily remounted and managed to win the race.

Irish jockeys were not so much *en evidence* over here in those days as they are now, and, as a consequence, Alan McDonough's repeated successes caused a considerable amount of jealousy in the hearts of his English rivals, which culminated not long afterwards when, riding Sir William at Dunchurch, and going strong, a man named Ball, at the end of the second

## Gentlemen Riders

mile, deliberately rode on to the course and knocked both him and his horse over.

So incensed was Capt. Lamb, owner of Vivian, who chanced to be on horseback at the spot where the outrage took place, that he at once galloped after the culprit and administered what he well deserved, a sound horsewhipping.

A well-known sporting writer, after describing the occurrence, proceeds as follows:—

“This incident led to the sale of Sir William, for while McDonough was lying in bed suffering from a broken collar-bone and two or three fractured ribs, John Elmore called on him and bought the horse for £350. A few days afterwards he was re-sold to Lord Cranstoun for £1000, when his new owner at once proceeded to match him against Lord Suffield’s Jerry for £1000 a side, the course to be four miles over the Quorn country. Several good horsemen now tried to ride Sir William, but none of them could do much with him, as in the hands of a stranger he could hardly be managed.

“The two horses were matched on a Monday, and on the following Thursday, a messenger from Melton Mowbray arrived at Wellmont with a letter from Lord Howth asking McDonough to ride the horse. This was in the pre-railroad days, but McDonough started at once, and arrived on the following Sunday. He saw that Sir William was in capital condition, and in his hands the horse won the match.

“Jerry, ridden by Jim Mason, was favourite, and to the delight of McDonough, who was afraid to make his own running, was sent to the front at once. His joy, however, was of short duration, as Jerry refused the first fence, so Sir William went on, jumped kindly enough, and won very easily. In the next year, however (1840), Jerry won the Liverpool from a field of good horses.”

## Mr. Alan McDonough

The writer goes on—

“Though Alan McDonough won on a number of horses, his name is perhaps more closely connected with Mr. Preston’s Brunette, a mare which as a galloper and jumper had gained a marvellous reputation, and might have won the Liverpool in 1847 but for going dead amiss from an affection of the throat. She went to quite an outside price, and early in the morning of the day of the race, could scarcely manage to jump a small fence.

“Nevertheless, she went to the front, and when she came to the water jump opposite the stand, was nearly a quarter of a mile behind. Then, beginning to make up ground, she challenged the leaders after jumping on to the course for the last time, and ran a very creditable fourth to Matthew, the first Irish-bred horse to win the Grand National, and to whom she was giving much weight.”

A story was current at the time that about twelve o’clock the previous night a Mr. Dycer, an old friend of McDonough, rushed into the latter’s bedroom and anxiously asked—

“Is it true Brunette has gone wrong? If so I shall be ruined. I have £2000 on her, and to-night I betted another £2000 that she would start.” Mr. McDonough offered the disconsolate visitor what little comfort he could, assuring him that, at any rate, the mare should go to the post, even though it would be necessary to carry her there, and Mr. Dycer left, to be followed soon after by the man to whom he had made the bet against the mare running. The new-comer offered Brunette’s jockey £1000 if the mare did not start, but the doings of the morrow showed how the “tempting offer” was met.

Mr. Alan McDonough died at an advanced age, at his residence, Park Gate Street, Dublin, on the 12th of May, 1888.

# Gentlemen Riders

## CAPTAIN HORATIO ROSS

A NAME which will ever remain historical in the Annals of Sport, as one of its finest exponents in whichever branch he undertook, is that of Captain Horatio Ross.

The “King of Sportsmen”—to give him the title by which he was known during the latter part of his life—was born in Forfarshire in 1801, and in early life served for some little while in a Dragoon regiment. In the early twenties of the century, we find him with a stud of hunters at Melton, where he soon made a name for himself as one of the hardest riders that had been seen in those parts for many a long day. It was whilst there in 1826, that the match took place, which has since become historical, on account of its being the first steeplechase ever recorded, between Clinker (11 st. 8 lbs.), belonging to and ridden by himself, and Lord Kennedy’s Radical (12 st. 9 lbs.), steered by Captain Douglas, over four miles of country, from Barkby Holt to Billesdon Copton, for two thousand guineas a side, Clinker winning easily at the finish.

“I was pilot that journey,” says Dick Christian, in alluding to the match in one of his famous lectures in *The Post and the Paddock*. “Captain Ross,” he goes on, “didn’t know whether to take Clinker or a chestnut mare of General Peel’s—he was to have her for five hundred guineas if he liked—so we had a trial over the ground, five on us, Captain Ross gets on the mare and puts me on Clinker—I gave every one of them 10 lbs., each of them had thirteen stone, and I did ’em;—it was a deal more than four miles, and we went it in 11¼ minutes—going the pace, wasn’t it, with all that weight? The



## Captain Horatio Ross

Captain was beat half a mile, and Sir Harry, Mr. Holyoake, and Mr. Wormald, they stopped at Quenby Hall. It wasn't much of a secret, though, this trial; Melton soon knowed all about it, and it altered the betting a bit."

It was as a shot, however, that Horatio Ross first attracted universal attention, such skill as his with gun, rifle, and pistol being quite exceptional. Unrivalled as a deerstalker, he was equally successful at the rifle ranges, where he won numerous prizes, among them being the Wimbledon Cup, the Association Cup, and the Duke of Cambridge's Cup in 1867.

In his early days he was distinguished as an athlete and yachtsman, and as a specimen of his powers of endurance, although he had scarcely attained manhood, it is stated that when acting as umpire to Lord Kennedy, Sir Andrew Leith Hay, and others at a walking match from the River Dee to Inverness, a distance of ninety-seven miles, he was the only one who reached the goal unassisted, and he accomplished the journey without halt or rest.

In the old days of duelling Captain Ross acted as second in no less than sixteen affairs of honour, yet, strange to say, never saw a duel fought, invariably succeeding by tact and good temper in bringing about a reconciliation between the principals.

This great sportsman died at his home in Inverness in December, 1886.

# Gentlemen Riders

## “SQUIRE” BEAN

A FAMOUS horseman, and certainly one of the greatest characters of the time in which he lived, was Mr. William Bean, familiarly known as “Squire” Bean.

In his early days he was a horsedealer in London, and whilst carrying on that business used to keep a few hounds down Neasden way to run a drag, so that his horses could be tried with hounds.

For years he made Matt Milton’s best hunters, an art in which he probably was without an equal, let alone a superior, for not only was he a desperately hard rider over a country, but his hands were perfection itself; as good, if not better—so his admirers declared—than that of his friend, the celebrated Jim Mason.

Needless to say, with such credentials as his, Bill’s services as a steeplechase rider were in great demand. Mounted on Chunee, he accompanied the field as umpire in the first St. Albans Steeplechase in 1831, won by Moonshine, but unfortunately got a fall at the brook.

In 1832 he rode Hotspur in the same event, and in 1833 won it outright on Captain Fairlie’s Antelope by two lengths from the others, and was on the back of the famous Grimaldi, in the first Aylesbury Steeplechase in November of the following year. Captain Becher on Vivian fell over a gate and was ducked in a river, but was first past the winning flags notwithstanding.

He also won a big steeplechase at Ware on his celebrated horse Beanstalk. Altogether, Squire Bean rode in twenty-four



"SQUIRE" BEAN ON HIS CELEBRATED HORSE "BEANSTALK."



## “Squire” Bean

steeplechases, all of more or less importance, and won seventeen. Something like an average!

In his later years “The Arch Trespasser of England,” as the “Druid” styled him, lived at Golders Green, next to Jim Mason’s farm, where he kept a few couple of hounds and a red deer or two, with which he used to trespass to his heart’s content, if not to the farmers’ whose land he rode over; his custom, when chivvied by an irate agriculturist, being to shout out, “*I’m very sorry that I can’t stop now, but we will meet at your place to-morrow!*”

At last he got too infirm to sit on a horse, so his little pack was broken up, his favourite hind finding a purchaser for fifty pounds in Baron Rothschild, an unprofitable purchase on the part of the latter, for on the first occasion on which she was turned out in the Vale, she unfortunately lost her life.

Chunee, “the Druid,” tells us, was one of Bill Bean’s best horses, although he *did* give him thirty-seven falls in a very limited space of time. The biggest and stupidest of hunters, he received his name from the elephant which attracted so many visitors to Exeter Change. “The Druid” adds that a noble lord who was not averse to the Drag, gave two hundred guineas for him and declared that he would now “serve out all the white gates in Yorkshire.” In due time his lordship reported from his bed to Bill that he had, in an incredibly short time, run up his fall score to seventeen on his new purchase, and at last, in despair of stopping him when he took the bit in his teeth, had sent him at a haystack, in which Chunee had buried his head eight feet and then tumbled backwards. Knowing his locomotive antecedents, Bill replied that he could believe all that and a good deal more of Chunee.

“Squire” Bean eventually died in April, 1866, his age being reckoned at somewhere between eighty and ninety years,

## Gentlemen Riders

a remarkable longevity, taking into consideration the fact that he had at one time or another broken nearly every bone in his body by falls from his horse in the hunting field and elsewhere.

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### SIR JAMES G. BAIRD

THAT popular gathering known as The Grand Military may be fairly said to have been indebted for its being to the officers of the 5th Dragoon Guards. In the early thirties of the last century one of their body, Mr. J. F. Scott, on leaving the regiment, presented a cup to be run for annually for horses belonging to officers of his old corps over a three-mile course; 12 st. 7 lbs. each. Starting in 1834, they went steadily on until 1841, in which year Mr. Scott's cup was won by Captain King on his own horse, The Hind, and as that gallant officer had already won it twice, viz. in 1835 and 1836, it now became his own property.

It was in that year, on the 24th March, that the Grand Military was practically founded. The meeting took place near Northampton, extended over three days, and seems to have been a prodigious success. The line ran over some beautiful grazing ground about a mile and a half from the town towards Little Billing, the run-in being over rising ridge and furrow to the flags stationed near the mansion of Mr. John Harvey Thursby. The distance was about three miles and a quarter, over twenty-five fences, many of which were of a formidable character, whilst the few flags which were deemed necessary were not placed till the horses were

## Sir James G. Baird

nearly ready to start, in order that no one should become acquainted with the direct line selected for the race. There were twenty starters for the principal race, which answered to the Gold Cup of later years ; and it was won in a gallant style by the subject of our memoir, then a Captain in the 10th Hussars. The race, which appears to have been a most sporting affair from beginning to end, is described as follows :—

“At twenty minutes past four, Flies led off, followed by Hussar, down to the second field where they divided ; Flies, jumping into a bog and falling, twice refused a bullfinch, and Sir James Baird was knocked out of his saddle, but remounted and took the next two fences with only one foot in the stirrup. Hussar and Ulpho jumped the first brook together, whilst Baronet, Oliver Twist, and Mystery jumped in. Both the leaders refused the second water jump, and Ulpho, landing in the middle with his rider on his back, remained there until several others had jumped over him. He then scrambled out, fell head over heels at the next fence, staked himself, and his bridle coming off, he went away.

“Oliver Twist also lost his bridle, and many of the field fell in the water. Hussar made strong play in and out of the road, but on turning the flags made a wide sweep towards home, a few others taking the lower ground. Creole and Carlow ran nearly neck and neck to the wall. After jumping the wall Sir James Baird turned to the right, and passing in the rear of Creole, took his line for the rails out of the last field but one. By this he gained a threefold advantage, for he obtained an easy jump, was straight for the winning flags, and secured a run in along the land. Mr. Maddocks, riding Creole, on the other hand, continued his course, and thus enabled Sir James to win by four or five lengths. Primrose was alongside Creole to the hedge, but fell over a thick bush,

## Gentlemen Riders

and was pulled up lame. Nothing was near the winner, but India Rubber, maintaining a uniform pace and making no mistake, came in a bad fourth. There were several falls. Robert the Devil tore off both his fore-plates, and Coronet, after landing in a bog, dropped dead. The winner was bred in Ireland, in 1830, and was bought from Mr. Hunt, the owner of Cigar." Not only is this account an interesting one as showing how different were the conditions under which the race was run in that time to those now in existence, but we think it proves clearly that the jockeyship displayed by the rider of the winner was of a very high order, certainly superior to that of the other competitors.

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### CAPTAIN BROADLEY

WE have already described in the preceding chapter the initial Grand Military Steeplechases won by Sir James Baird, and one would have thought that the success it proved would have ensured its continuance the following year. And so it did as far as the title was concerned, and there it ended, for we read that the three races which made up the programme were confined entirely to the officers of the 17th Lancers, then quartered at Leeds.

The meeting took place at Wetherby, Yorkshire, an historic racing ground, and was witnessed by Prince George of Cambridge, who was accompanied on to the course by Lords Harewood, Cardigan, and Inverary, Sir J. Lister Kaye, Major-General Brotherton, Col. Markham, and others; whilst the band of the 32nd Regiment discoursed sweet music.



## Captain Broadley

In 1844 the race resumed its original character, and the venue once more Northampton, in the same neighbourhood in which the first race had been run three years previously. On that occasion Sir Hussey Vivian openly stated it to be his opinion that those gentlemen who had distinguished themselves as good horsemen in crossing a country generally proved the best soldiers in action.

The line of country commenced on an eminence close to the village of Wooton, about two and a half miles from Northampton on the road to Stony Stratford, the starting field being on a large piece of turf known as "Mr. Higgins' Great Ground," declining considerably towards the first fence, a bullfinch cut down. The next was a steep, declining piece of grass—soft, boggy, and extremely uneven—with a cartway across it, leading to a high but thin bullfinch, beyond which was a small meadow to the brook dividing Wooton and Grinton villages. This stream had a breadth of about nine feet of water, with high and very steep banks, and was that which Lottery and Cigar crossed in the Northampton Steeplechase of 1840. On that occasion it was also the most attractive spot, the horses having to cross it going and returning, and crowds congregated on either side.

The meadow beyond the brook was extensive, soft, and boggy, and intersected by several shallow drains.

At the end was a stiff bullfinch, and on the left a hayrick, on which was placed the final turning flag. The next field was of steep ridge and furrow on the left hand, opposite which was the weakest part of the next fence. In the centre was a headland with a high gate before it, and on the right hand was level, but the fence opposite was very high and thick, presenting only a single opening with iron rails on the landing side, beyond being a small brook which flowed the whole length of

## Gentlemen Riders

the hedge. Then came an awkward piece of ridge and furrow, with the furrows lying across the line. On the extreme right was an ugly gap, but no part of the hedge presented any difficulty. The next field was probably the most trying part of the course, being an ascent of exceedingly steep ridge and furrow diagonally, enough to shake a horse to pieces. The only escape from this was run cross the ridge and furrow diagonally and to reach the headland on the extreme right, and this Captain Broadley and Mr. Peel were the only riders to take advantage of. Hamburg, ridden by the former, appeared likely to win easily, but Brenda, belonging to and ridden by Captain Deane (Carbineers), came with a rush at the last, and catching him a few yards from the winning flags, won by a length.

There were sixteen runners, Boxkeeper, who started favourite at 7 to 2, being third; Waterwitch, the property of Lord Cardigan and ridden by Mr. Peel, and who was fourth, starting equal favourite with Humphrey at 6 to 1. This was the first important steeplechase Captain Broadley seems to have taken part in, and from that time he went ahead with rapid strides, riding with great success in all the principal cross country events all over the country.

His one solitary mount in the Grand National was in 1847, when Matthew won, on which occasion he rode Captain Gambier's Avoca without success, his mount starting at 14 to 1.

He was also on the back of The Chandler, the second time that horse ever ran, the occasion being the Hunt Cup at Warwick, when, notwithstanding the fact that his mount turned round at several of the fences, he made short work of his eight opponents, eventually winning in a canter by twenty lengths.

It was in this race that The Chandler made his famous jump, which has since given rise to so much discussion. Some

## Mr. Bretherton

said it was thirty-nine feet, and others thirty-seven, but according to all accounts the last-named distance seems to have been correct.

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### MR. BRETHERTON

ONE of the best of the self-styled gentlemen riders in the earliest days of steeplechasing was Mr. Bretherton, who won the Grand National—or rather the Grand Liverpool Steeplechase, as it was called in those days—for M. Villebois on Jerry, in 1840, the second year of its existence.

Flat races had been run there for many years previously, but the first steeplechase meeting ever held at Aintree took place on Monday, the 29th of February, 1836.

Though the course was not the same, the horses had to go round twice, as they do now, the conditions being as follows:—

*A sweepstakes of 10 sovs. each with 50 sovs. added for horses of all denominations, 12 stone each, gentlemen riders, second horse to receive back his stake; winner to be sold for 200 sovereigns if demanded.*

There were ten runners, and Captain Becher won on Mr. Sirdefield's The Duke, Mr. Bretherton (who was a Liverpool man, by the way) steering Mr. Thomas's Cock-a-hoop. The rider of the second horse is described as Mr. R. Christian, but whether this was the famous rough rider of that name we are not in a position to state.

The second event on the card was a smaller affair, being a sweepstakes of 5 sovs. each, with 20 added; three miles, (gentlemen riders). Peacemaker, ridden by Mr. Tempest, won

## Gentlemen Riders

this, Captain Becher on Ironsides was second, and Mr. Bretherton third on Beppo. They all three seemed to have been about equal in favouritism, and according to the experts Becher would have won had not his horse fallen on the flat at an early stage in the race. So successful was the meeting that it was continued the following year, and again the next, the presence of the famous Irish horse, Dan O'Connell in the former lending a vast amount of interest to the race, such being the confidence reposed in him that he was backed for weeks before, for pounds, shillings, and pence. Great, therefore, was the disappointment when he collapsed in the first round.

The following year, 1839, the Grand National was successfully inaugurated, and on that occasion Mr. Bretherton was without a mount. The following year, however, as we have already mentioned, he rode Jerry to victory, beating Arthur, the mount of Alan McDonough, by four lengths.

Jerry started at 12 to 1, but whether he would have won had not Lottery come to grief at the wall is problematical. The disappointed backers of the latter—and their name was legion—gave vent to their feelings very freely indeed, some of them going so far even as to insinuate that Lottery's fall at the wall was done purposely, which of course was absurd, as dear old Euclid would say. It was equally untrue that his owner, Jack Elmore, had an interest in Jerry.

The horse had certainly been his property some time previous, but on this occasion he belonged solely to Lord Suffield, though for private reasons he ran in the name and colours of M. Villebois. As the editor of *Bell's Life* in reference to the affair sagaciously remarked, "Steeplechases, like other games of chance, are *Lotteries*, and the losers must abide by their luck, good or bad."

Mr. Bretherton had five more rides in the Liverpool,

## Mr. John Solloway

namely, in 1841, on Lord Villier's Goblin, who fell; in 1842, on Lord Maidstone's Satirist; in 1843, on Goblin once more, when he finished fifth; and in 1848 and 1849, on both of which occasions he rode Wolverhampton, which horse he purchased before riding him the second time. In 1844, though he himself had no mount, Mr. Bretherton ran a horse of his own named Marengo, who was ridden by Starkey, and in 1853 he was represented in the race by Chatterbox.

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### MR. JOHN SOLLOWAY

IF history is worthy of credence, there were few—if any, indeed—amongst the band of brilliant amateur horsemen who flourished during what has been termed the St. Albans era, when steeplechasing first became the fashion, who for skill in the saddle could give much weight away to Mr. John Solloway.

In 1837, Prince Paul Esterhazy, being anxious to see another steeplechase before he left England, approached Tommy Coleman on the subject, who replied that he found himself so much out of pocket by his recent ventures in that line that he was seriously contemplating giving them up, but that if he (Prince Paul) would allow Prince Nicholas to give a cup to be run for, he would undertake, on his part, to get up a good field of horses to compete for it.

Whereupon Prince Paul Esterhazy, clapping Coleman on the shoulder, announced his intention of at once ordering one from Storr and Mortimer on his own account.

This liberal act on his part settled the question, and Tommy

## Gentlemen Riders

Coleman at once set to work to organize a race, the conditions of which were as follows :—

*A sweepstake of fifteen sovs. each, with a gold cup added, for any horse carrying twelve stone ; about three miles across a line of country in the neighbourhood of St. Albans to be marked out with flags ; a winner of two steeplechases to carry seven pounds extra (matches excepted). No person to ride more than one hundred yards on any road or lane in the race ; ten subscribers or no race, and if more than ten, the second to receive back the stake. The first and second home to be weighed at the winning-post. Gentlemen riders, first entrance five sovs. extra. The winner to pay five sovs. for expenses, and all disputes to be settled on the evening of the race by the umpire, and his decision to be final.*

The line selected for the race was a trifle over three miles in length, and, until within half a mile of home, almost entirely over light ploughed fields. It began at the top of the hill in a grass field on Townsend Farm close to Barnet Heath, and not such a very long way from the town of St. Albans. To get out of this field it was necessary to charge a tremendous bullfinch, the next obstacle being a stiff black-thorn hedge with bank and a ditch to and from it. To this point the ground was on the descent. It then rose a little for a field or two, and with moderate fencing came to a narrow grass lane, banked, hedged, and ditched on both sides. The line now proceeded over a nearly flat country, leaving Childwick Bury (the place purchased from Mr. Henry Toulmin by the late Sir Blundell Maple, and now owned by Mr. J. B. Joel) to the left, the fencing being exceedingly light until it was intersected by the Harpenden high-road some two miles from the start. Up to this stage the riders were directed to leave the flags on the right hand : here, however, a large

## Mr. John Solloway

black-and-white flag was placed in a tree, and thence to the finish the flags were to be kept on the left. Quitting the road was a fence on a high bank, and this was a regular poser. The line continued through a few small enclosures, skirted the first part of the common, entered it from the corner of the field and forward into a half-mile over flat turf. There must have been upwards of thirty fences, but the only severe obstacles were the two at the beginning into the green lane and that out of the Harpenden Road.

The race, which was a most sporting affair throughout, took place on the last day of February, 1837, the usually sleepy town of St. Albans being crowded with visitors as full as it could hold for the occasion. Prince Paul Esterhazy arrived a little before twelve o'clock in his open carriage and four, accompanied by Count Waldsteine, Lord Claude Hamilton, and others. A little before two o'clock the riders were all in their saddles, and on entering the starting field, Tommy Coleman, who was accompanied by Mr. Delmé Radcliffe, Mr. S. Smith, Mayor of St. Albans (which, small though it was, had the reputation of being the most corrupt borough in England), and the Esterhazy party, pointed out the flags and gave the direction of the ground, which was not shown to them.

The following is the list of starters—sixteen in all:—

Mr. Anderson's	.	.	Splendour (Mr. Solloway).
Capt. Spicer's	.	.	Spicy (Capt. Becher).
Mr. Drake's	.	.	Speculation.
n.s. (Mr. Anderson's)			
Mr. Jackson's	.	.	Cinderella.
Mr. J. Elmore's	.	.	Lottery.
Capt. Gardner's	.	.	Conrad (Jim Mason).
Mr. Forbes'	.	.	Rector.
Mr. Angerstein's	.	.	Laura.

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Mr. Bean's	.	.	.	Beanstalk.
Capt. Bisdee's	.	.	.	Boy Blue.
Mr. C. Turner's	.	.	.	Pilot.
Mr. Bryan's	.	.	.	The Flyer (7 lb. extra).
Mr. Land's	.	.	.	Prediction.
Mr. Thompson's	.	.	.	Coxswain.
Mr. Smith's	.	.	.	Curate.
Mr. Lampden's	.	.	.	Jerry.

There was hardly any betting. Coleman having given his signal, away they went, Cinderella darting away with the lead at a pace which some voted too fast to last. Prediction blundered at the first fence, whilst the Curate jumped splendidly. Cinderella, still leading, hesitated at the fence into the road, but was first over this awkward obstacle, at which Spicy, Conrad, Boy Blue, and Beanstalk refused, the two last named because they were so interfered with by other horses. On reaching the Common, Speculation and Cinderella went on side by side, taking their fences together. Pilot smashed into a gate and came down heavily. The Flyer belied his name by falling at the last fence, but as soon as the horses jumped on to the flat, Cinderella, Splendour, and Speculation were close together, Spicy gaining on them rapidly.

These four ran a splendid race home, Splendour winning by a bare half-length, the others being so close together that all three claimed second place. The umpire decided in favour of Spicy, though the spectators favoured Cinderella.

Spicy had been running in trouble for some distance over the plough, but as soon as Captain Becher landed him on to the sound turf, his swinging action stood him in good stead, whilst as his breastplate broke and the saddle slipped back, his must be called a fine performance. Captain Becher, in pulling up, objected to Splendour, on the ground



## Mr. John Solloway

that Mr. Solloway, his rider, had passed a tree on the wrong side, but failed to substantiate his charge. After the race, Prince Esterhazy and his party went to the Turf Hotel, kept by Coleman, to have some luncheon; at the conclusion of which Mr. Anderson, the owner of Splendour, was sent for, and his health proposed by Prince Esterhazy, who at the same time, handed him the hundred-guinea gold cup presented by himself as a memento of his visit.

Not content with that, the Prince, on Anderson's withdrawal with the trophy, gave Coleman a five-pound note for others to drink his health.

Previous to this, in 1833, we find Mr. Solloway winning an important steeplechase (20 sovs. each) in the Pytchley country on his own horse, Daring Ranger. The ten runners, which included the famous Grimaldi, ridden by Mr. Osbaldeston, were started in a field close to Brixworth to run to a finish in Collesbrooke cow pastures; two brooks came in the line, and the fences, though not particularly severe, were very numerous.

Grimaldi refused the fourth obstacle so sharply that the Squire came off, and on the principle that misfortunes never come singly, on having remounted, fell backwards into the first brook; and Mr. Wesley's Lily, who had held the lead all the way, falling half a mile from home, Daring Ranger won easily.

Daring Ranger, again ridden by his owner, came in second soon afterwards in a sweepstake of 25 sovs. each, in the Amersham country, but was disqualified for going the wrong side of a flag. Mr. Solloway rode his last race on the 13th April, 1837, when he had the mount on Wildgoose at Abergavenny. The horse fell heavily towards the end of the race, apparently without injury to his rider. In

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accordance with the practice of the time, however, he was bled, afterwards dining at the Race Ordinary, where he was as cheery as usual, and two days later went on to Brecknockshire. His injuries, however, must have been far more serious than was supposed, for he was taken ill that same night, and found dead in his room the following day.

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### MR. POWELL

A NAME which crops up in every event of importance at the period when steeplechasing first became the fashion is that of Mr. Powell, who seems to have been not only an accomplished horseman, but a "bruiser" of the most pronounced type.

The first mention of him we can find is in the account of the St. Albans Steeplechase of 1836, which, successfully inaugurated by Mr. Thomas Coleman in 1830, seems to have gradually declined in public favour, the field on this particular occasion having dwindled down to the miserable proportions of five, all of them being old friends, viz. Red Deer, Grimaldi, Prospero, Laurestina, and Billiard Ball (late Metheglin).

In the four-mile course there were between forty and fifty fences, but they appear to have been less formidable than usual; three or four brooks came in the line, also the river, which, however, was fordable where the horses had to cross. In spite of the presence of Grimaldi, Red Deer was backed against the field, but there really was no betting to speak of.

They began quite slowly, with Red Deer and Prospero a little in advance of the others, until at the end of a mile the favourite refused a fence into a lane, leaving the lead to

## Mr. Powell

Laurestina, the mount of Mr. Powell; but the mare fell a mile and a half further on, and breaking away from her jockey, whose shoulder was dislocated, galloped nearly into the town before she could be stopped.

Captain Becher, on Grimaldi, then took the lead, and after a close race till within a couple of hundred yards from the finish, he came right away, and won by three lengths; but no sooner had he been pulled up, than the old horse reared, fought with his fore legs, and falling to the ground, died in a few minutes, to the intense grief of Captain Becher, who had ridden him in nearly, if not all, his races.

Some well-known person at once proceeded to lodge an objection against Mr. Elmore receiving the stakes, on the ground that Grimaldi did not return to the winning-post, which was of course correct; but the protest was very properly overruled.

In 1836, Mr. W. Lynn, proprietor of the Waterloo Hotel at Liverpool, who was also owner of the racecourse at Aintree, took it into his head that with the prevailing craze for steeplechasing, it would be a source of considerable profit to himself if he were to start something of the kind on his own course, which so far had been used only for racing on the flat.

Accordingly, a grand steeplechase was announced to take place at Aintree on Monday, 29th of February, 1836. There were two races, for the first of which a subscription of 10 sovereigns each with 80 sovereigns added, 12 st. each. There were ten runners, Sir Murray Stanley's Laurie Todd, ridden by Mr. Powell, being favourite at 2 to 1. There seems to have been in the line a gate which was to have been left open, and through it Mr. Powell, on the favourite, was in the act of riding, when it was suddenly shut in his face by some one interested in another horse, as it was proved afterwards, both

## Gentlemen Riders

horse and rider coming to the ground with great force. Mr. Powell, to make matters worse, was badly kicked by Cock-a-hoop just as he was rising from the ground. In the end, The Duke, ridden by Captain Becher, after a good race won by a length. With such a reputation as his, it would have been odd had not Mr. Powell put in an appearance at Aintree in 1839, on which memorable occasion the Grand National Steeplechase was run for the first time. Hence he was seen on the back of Captain Marshal's Railroad, who, however, did no good in the actual race.

The following year he rode the Nun for Lord McDonald, the horse starting favourite at 3 to 1; but she fell at the wall in front of the stand, and though quickly remounted, proved to be so lame that Mr. Powell at once pulled her up. The mare never recovered from the effects of the fall.

In 1841 the field for the Grand National numbered eleven, and this time it was won by Mr. Powell, on Charity, nominated by Lord Craven, beating Alan McDonough, on Cigar, by a length, with Peter Simple third, half a length away. A quarter of a mile from home only Charity and the two greys were in it, a tremendous race home taking place between the trio. It was anybody's race, in fact, until the last hurdle was reached, when a scrimmage occurred, and Charity, gaining a two lengths' advantage, went on and won, as has been already described.

The next year Mr. Powell was second in the Liverpool on Lord Mostyn's Seventy-Four, a notorious rogue, who might have won, it was said, had he waited, instead of forcing the pace as he did during the latter part of the journey.

In the Liverpool of 1844, Mr. Powell once more rode Charity, now the property of Mr. Vevers, which, however, fell in the water in front of the stand; and in 1845, in which year





MR. WILLIAM VEVERS.

## Mr. William Vevers

the race was won by Cure-All, he had an unsuccessful ride on Mr. Milbank's Peter Swift.

In 1846 Mr. Powell rode Brenda at Liverpool; in 1847, Culverthorpe; and the following year, Variety. Finally, in 1849 he was on the back of the Curate, who started second favourite at 6 to 1, but fell and broke his back, his jockey narrowly escaping serious injury.

In 1835 some steeplechasing took place in Norfolk, the course being an exceptionally severe one. Four of the jockeys, we learn, came from a distance, Mr. Green from Lincolnshire; Charles Christian from Leicestershire; Mr. Dunn was an officer of the Queen's Bays; and Mr. Powell hailed from Gloucestershire. The last named—presumably *the* Mr. Powell—was heard to say that he came down to show the natives how to ride in a steeplechase, but “as he lost his first mount, and killed his second,” as the reporter of the period remarked, “they may remain satisfied with admiring his style, without imitating it.”

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## MR. WILLIAM VEVERS

THE subject of this memoir, who was certainly one of the most remarkable men ever associated with cross-country sport, was the son of Mr. John Vevers of Yarkhill Court, Herefordshire, and was born in 1782. Commencing to hunt at the earliest possible age, he rapidly developed into a horseman of more than usual excellence.

It is not surprising, therefore, that when steeplechasing came into fashion it should find in him an ardent supporter.

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His first success seems to have been in 1834 when he won the Rose steeplechase, a heavy fall notwithstanding, at Cheltenham on his own horse, Sailor Boy.

Amongst others Mr. Vevers owned the famous Charity, by Woodman, probably the best horse the great Lottery ever encountered.

Charity was originally bought from Mr. Williams of Cowarn Court, who ran him in one or two steeplechases without success. In the hands of his new owner, however, the result was very different, for, beginning with the Usk Stakes and Hurdle Race at Cardiff, and the Hurdle Race at Monmouth in 1836, he won the Aberysthwyth Hurdle Race, the Farmers' Plate, the Hunting Stakes and the Hurdle Race at Hereford in 1838, all at the same meeting, and the Hunters' Stakes and Hurdle Race at Hereford the following year. He also won the Broadway, Alcester, and other steeplechases, finally, in 1841, putting the seal on his fame by winning the Liverpool by a length from Cigar, being on this occasion nominated by Lord Craven and ridden by Mr. Powell.

A steeplechase organized by the Monmouthshire and Herefordshire Hunt was won by Mr. Vevers, as representative of the last-named county, on a diminutive horse of his own named Little Tommy.

This was the horse that Mr. Vevers, when sixty-four years of age, rode in the Paris steeplechase of 1846, coming in second to Culverthorpe, belonging to Mr. Tilbury.

It was not until 1849 that this hardy veteran rode his last steeplechase, which he won at Ledbury, on his own horse, Vengeance.

Other horses he owned at various times were Velocity, winner of the Ledbury and Kidderminster steeplechases, Cruickshank, winner at Northbeach (Cheltenham), Very Bad,



## Captain H. N. Powell

Vainbroke, Verine, and Volatile. He also raced a bit on the flat.

In the year 1845 he was presented with a service of plate, not only as a mark of esteem for his many good qualities, but as a token of gratitude for "the spirited manner in which he upheld the pre-eminence of his native county in the contest between the members of the Herefordshire and Monmouthshire Hunts at their steeplechase on the 27th of February, 1845."

Previously to retiring, in 1848 he was the recipient of a silver tankard, inscribed as follows: "To William Vevers Esq., of Donnington Court, for the best thoroughbred stallion used in the county of Hereford, and also for his spirited exertions in the improvement of the breed of horses in that county."

It is worthy of mention that George Stevens, the hero, later on, of five Grand Nationals, and certainly the most famous steeplechase jockey of his day, who was in the service of Mr. Vevers at the time, had his first mount in public when only a lad of sixteen or seventeen years old on that gentleman's Volatile, at Slough.

After this he repeatedly rode for Mr. Vevers, only leaving him, indeed, when that gentleman gave up steeplechasing in the early fifties, when he retired to Cheltenham, his native place.

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## CAPTAIN H. N. POWELL

ONE of the first of our military riders to acquire fame in the steeplechasing world was the gallant officer named above, who, in the early days of the sport, proved himself capable of holding

## Gentlemen Riders

his own over a country, in any company, whether amateur or professional.

In 1845, the Grand Military meeting, which had become an accomplished fact four years previously, was held at Brixworth, about nine miles from Northampton, the reason given for running it to such a distance from the town being the manner in which the riders were mobbed by the shoemakers at the brook and the principal fences the previous year. The conditions were, "A sweepstakes of 10 sovereigns each, half forfeit, for horses the property of and to be ridden by officers in full pay of the Army, 12 st. 7 lbs. each, the second to save his stake and receive a bonus, and the winner to give six dozen of champagne to the dinner held afterwards." The distance was three miles, and there were fifty-three subscribers. There were twenty runners and no end of disaster, and as nearly all of what were left of the field came to grief in some shape or form at the brook, the race from that point was reduced to a match between Boxkeeper, ridden by Captain Colls, and Regalia, the mount of Captain Powell.

Both were pretty well beat, and Captain Powell making for a gap in the fence into the winning field, thereby losing ground, his adversary, who had kept a straight line, just managed to win by a neck, it being hard to say which was in the worse plight, horse or rider.

The following year the Grand Military meeting was held at Leamington, the stewards accepting the offer of the Warwick race committee, who gave the use of the stand and course in consideration of the benefit the town might derive from it.

The weather was shocking, rain falling all the time, but there was a large company present, including the Duke—then Prince George—of Cambridge, Prince Edward of Saxe





THE EARL OF WILTON.  
(“MR. CLARKE”).

## The Second Earl of Wilton

Weimar, and Lords Warwick and Cardigan. There were seventeen runners, and, after numerous accidents, the finish was confined to Cinderella, belonging to Captain Powell, and ridden by her owner, and Marengo, the mount of Captain Banke, the former winning by a short half-length after a tremendous race from the distance.

In 1847 the meeting was again held at Warwick, the course being in a very hard state, and this time Captain Powell on Culverthorpe had to put up with third place, being a length behind Matchless, ridden by Lord Cosmo Russell, who in his turn was beaten a neck by The Roarer, the mount of Sir E. Poore.

Captain Powell rode Culverthorpe into fifth place in the Liverpool of the same year, won by Matthew ; his last mount in the race being in 1849 (Peter Simple's year), when he rode The Curate, who, starting second favourite at 6 to 1, fell and broke his back, happily without injury to his rider.

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## THE SECOND EARL OF WILTON

(MR. "CLARKE")

WHEN in the smoking-room of a club, as is not unfrequently the case, the merits of the different horsemen of their acquaintance is under discussion, and a member gives his opinion that so and so is, or was, the finest horseman in England, it would be safe to lay extravagant odds that he will find plenty of people to differ from him. However, there is one horseman whose claim to the title we have never heard disputed yet, and do not suppose ever shall, and that was the

## Gentlemen Riders

nobleman of world-wide fame who figures as the subject of this chapter.

The Honourable Thomas Grosvenor, second son of Robert, Earl Grosvenor and Marquis of Westminster, was born at Millbank House, Westminster, on December 30th, 1799, succeeding to the title of Earl of Wilton in 1814.

Like many a good sportsman before and since, he received his earlier education at Westminster, thence going to Christchurch; where he soon made a name for himself, not only as a horseman, but as a man of superior attainments such as is seldom met with. It is not too much to say, indeed, that had Lord Wilton been born a poor man, and obliged to work for his living, his skill as a surgeon and musician was such that it was quite in his power to have gained both fame and fortune in either capacity had he willed it.

A better description of the "wicked earl" than the following oft-quoted lines from "the Chaunt of Achilles," written and published in 1838, and generally attributed to the late Mr. Bernal Osborne, could not well be:—

" Next upon switch-tailed bay with wandering eye  
Attenuated Wilton canters by ;  
His character how difficult to know !  
A compound of psalm tunes and Tally-ho ;  
A forward rider, half inclined to preach,  
Though less disposed to practise than to teach ;  
An amorous lover with a saintly twist,  
And now a jockey, now an organist."

In 1827, by which time Lord Wilton was at the zenith of his fame as a flat-race rider, he inaugurated a race meeting at Heaton Park, his seat near Manchester, where for the ten years it flourished he rode continuously, most of his mounts being the cream of the powerful Whitewall Stable, amongst them being Touchstone, who, when at his best, no jockey but himself could hold.

## The Second Earl of Wilton

It was no doubt to his perfect hands that Mr. "Clarke" was indebted in no small measure for his great success as a race rider on the flat; Thomas Dawson, the famous trainer, than whom there was no better judge, giving it as his opinion there was not a professional jockey in existence to compare with Lord Wilton in his handling of a queer-tempered horse called Dr. Caius, belonging to Lord Eglington, and the terror of Middleham, where he was trained. With Mr. "Clarke" on his back the Doctor was quite another animal, and as docile as a sheep. Touchstone, the best horse his father ever owned, was just the same. Not a jockey—including old John Day—could hold him. Lord Wilton, on the other hand, could hold and guide Touchstone with a silken thread; and but for his breaking down, intended riding him in the Goodwood Cup of 1837, won by Carow.

Among the many horses owned by him during his sixty years' connection with the turf, Lord Wilton only possessed three of any worth, and none of these were bred by himself, viz. Gladiator, by Partisan, who ran second to the Bay Middleton for the Derby of 1836; See-saw, by Buccaneer, winner of the Cambridgeshire in 1868 and the Hunt Cup at Ascot the following year; and Wenlock, by Lord Clifden, with whom he won the St. Leger of 1872, and with it the largest sum in bets that he had ever landed.

In addition to hunting and racing, Lord Wilton was an ardent yachtsman, and for many years before his death was Commodore of the Royal Yacht Squadron.

A well-known sporting writer alluding to his death, which took place on the 7th March, 1882, brings his remarks to a conclusion as follows: "Lord Wilton will live for many generations as perhaps the best horseman that ever crossed Leicestershire; as a life-long and remarkably sagacious patron

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of the Turf; as Commodore of the Royal Yacht Squadron of England; as within his own orbit an agreeable and accomplished man; and finally, the most excellent all-round sportsman that these islands have ever produced."

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### MR. CHARLES BEVILL

IN the early seventies there was no more regular attendant at the meets of the Whaddon Chase Foxhounds and Baron Rothschild's staghounds, not forgetting the Duke of Grafton's, the Oakley, and the Hertfordshire, whenever within reach, than the late Mr. Charles Bevill. Familiar though his presence was to all, it is more than probable that few of the younger followers of the hunts just mentioned were aware that the white-whiskered gentleman, always admirably mounted, whose invariable custom it was to give his horse a preliminary canter at the meet before the hounds were laid on, or before moving off to draw for a fox, as the case might be, and who, as many of them had found from personal experience, wanted a good deal of catching when hounds were running hard over the vale, had in former years been one of the best steeplechase riders of his day, and quite capable of holding his own in the very best of company, the leading spirits in which were such celebrities as Jim Mason, Tom Olliver, Captain Broadley, and other good men and true.

Though he had, of course, ridden in many other steeplechases of more or less importance, it was not until 1847, when Matthew won (the first Irish horse to do so), that we find Mr. Bevill having a mount in the Grand National, on which





MR. CHARLES BEVILLE ON "LATTIN."



## Mr. Charles Bevill

occasion he rode Latitat, a horse belonging to himself, who, however, fell.

The following year, 1848, he had a "leg-up" on that good horse "The British Yeoman," 11 st. 4 lb. (10 lb. extra), in the Liverpool, won by Chandler, and this time with better results, for after making most of the running—he was a length in front, in fact, when they landed on the race-course for the last time—he finished a good third to Chandler and the Curate, ridden respectively by Captain Little and Tom Olliver, being only a length and a half from the last named, who in his turn was half a length behind the winner.

In 1849, when Peter Simple won, Mr. Bevill again essayed to win the Liverpool with British Yeoman, carrying 11 st. 4 lb. as on the previous occasion, but this time he did not do so well, as we read that, in company with Chandler and Alfred, Mr. Elmore's horse walked in with the crowd.

If not successful at Aintree, however, British Yeoman, ridden on each occasion by Mr. Bevill, won the big steeplechase at Bath and Newmarket respectively, and, but for a broken collar-bone caused by a fall when riding young Lottery, this fine horseman would certainly have been in the saddle when the grey won the great Metropolitan steeplechase in 1849. As it was, his place was taken by William Archer (father of the "Tinman"), and a very easy ride he had; the Yeoman being so much at home in the abnormally heavy going, that nothing could live with him, the pair coming in by themselves at the finish.

Mr. Bevill also won the Grand Annual Steeplechase at Warwick on two separate occasions, on Latitat and Sir Peter Laurie.

Exceedingly popular wherever he went, Mr. Bevill was nowhere more so than on the turf, to which, on abandoning

## Gentlemen Riders

race-riding, he gave his undivided attention. Besides managing Lord St. Vincent's horses, he won several good races with animals of his own at various times, his most important victory being that of Mrs. Taft, who, described as a half-bred, and carrying 6 st. 6 lb., won the Cesarewitch of 1851, from twenty-five others.

We have seen it stated more than once, that Mr. Bevill was frequently called in by the late Admiral Rous to assist him in adjusting the weights for the big Autumn Handicaps. This we are in a position to flatly contradict.

That he may have shown his old friend his own estimate of the horses entered in the Cesarewitch and Cambridgeshire is quite possible, but that the Admiral, the personification of all that is fair and honourable, should divulge state secrets, so to speak, even to an intimate, is in the highest degree improbable.

Mr. Bevill, whose father was in turn Recorder of Lynn, Registrar of the Bedford Level, and a magistrate at Worship Street, lived at one time at Holly Lodge, Highgate, so famous in after years as the residence of the late Baroness Burdett-Coutts, was born at March, in Cambridgeshire, on May 4th, 1807, and died at Brighton in September, 1884.

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### MR. WILLIAM BEVILL

FEW people unaware of the fact, taking stock for the first time of the popular clerk of the course at Kempton Park, would imagine that his long and successful career as a gentleman rider, both over a country and on the flat—especially the latter—was commenced as long ago as 1855. Such,



MR. WILLIAM BEVILL.



## Mr. William Bevill

however, was the case, the subject of our memoir making his first public appearance in the saddle in the year just mentioned, when he won a steeplechase at Wansford, on Gerard, by Alarm, a horse belonging to his father. Though the field was numerically small, consisting as it did of only three runners, the fact that the second and third were ridden respectively by such masters of their craft as Messrs. Frank Gordon and Alec Goodman, speaks volumes for the capability of their youthful opponent.

Out of his six mounts that year, three over a country and the remainder on the flat, Mr. Bevill won two; the steeplechase first mentioned and a flat race at Bedford on Georgium Sidus, by Meteor. The following year we find him having a leg-up for the first time in the Grand National, or, as it was usually termed in those days, The Liverpool, on which occasion he rode Banstead, by Young Priam (6 yrs., 9 st. 4 lb.) a horse belonging to Captain Townley, who, however, came down heavily in the second round, and dislocating his shoulder, had to be destroyed.

One of Mr. Bevill's most cherished reminiscences of his early days in the saddle is a point-to-point match he rode and won in 1857. He was living at Brigstock in Northamptonshire at the time, with the idea of learning farming, and a local innkeeper having matched a horse of his, named Discord, against another in the neighbourhood, offered this rising young sportsman the mount; the rider of the other being none other than George Ede, who, curiously enough, was also residing in the locality for the same purpose as himself.

From beginning to end it was a most sporting affair, the country being a big one, and the horses keeping together the whole of the way.

## Gentlemen Riders

Approaching the last fence, rather a formidable affair, George Ede's mount was far the fresher of the two, and had his jockey kept a straight line, must have won. As it was, the latter went out of his way to jump a weak place he had spotted, with the result, that Mr. Bevill, who regardless of consequences, had gone the nearest way home, just managed to keep his advantage to the end, and won by a head, amidst great rejoicing on the part of the natives, all of whom were on the winner to a man.

In 1860 Mr. Bevill again put in an appearance at Aintree, when he rode Link Boy, by True Boy, a horse belonging to his father, on which he finished fifth to Anatis, the mount of Mr. Thomas.

It has always been a moot point whether with better luck The Huntsman would not have beaten Mr. Capel's mare, and Mr. Bevill, who was riding by his side at the time, is decidedly of opinion that but for Captain Townley getting both feet out of the irons when jumping Becher's Brook the second time round, and thereby losing a lot of ground, the positions at the finish would certainly have been reversed.

In the Grand National of 1861, Mr. Bevill's bad luck still clung to him. It was originally intended that he should have the mount on that good horse Arbury, who, it will be remembered, with Mr. Alec Goodman in the saddle, ran second on that occasion; but at the last moment he was persuaded to ride the Orphan, a headstrong, unruly brute belonging to Tilbury the horse-dealer, who gave him about as uncomfortable a ride as can well be imagined. Not content with bucking and rearing at the post, to which he had to be led with a bearing rein, he wound up by galloping into, instead of over, the thorn fence preceding the water (the same obstacle at which George Ede met his death in 1870),



## Mr. William Bevill

and coming down heavily the other side gave his jockey a nasty fall; matters not being improved by Fosco, who was following close behind, tumbling head over heels over him. Fate was kinder to him in 1862, as, though he was without a mount in the Grand National of that year, he won the Sefton Steeplechase on Bridegroom, beating a good field of horses.

In 1863 he rode Cheviots for "Cherry" Angell in the National Hunt Steeplechase, which was run that year at Market Harboro' over an exceptionally severe course, the water in front of the stand being sixteen feet clear.

Curiously enough, out of forty-three entries, thirty-four of whom accepted, only five went to the post, Mr. Bevill's mount, a 6-year-old carrying 12 st. 10 lbs., being made favourite at 2 to 1. He could only get second, however, to Socks, belonging to Mr. F. G. Calthorpe, who, in the hands of Alec Goodman, won easily by four lengths.

A common, mean-looking horse, with no pedigree to speak of, Socks, though nominally starting at 4 to 1, ran practically unbacked, so little was his chance esteemed by those who were supposed to know most about him.

On giving up riding over a country, Mr. Bevill devoted himself entirely to flat racing, with what success is shown in the remarkable record given at the end of this chapter. In addition to this, he for many years superintended the training of Lord St. Vincent's horses at Telscombe, near Lewes, on whose adjacent downs Lord Clyde underwent his preparation for the Derby. Since then the property has been acquired by that popular sportsman Mr. Ambrose Gorham, owner of Shannon Lass, the Grand National winner of 1902, who was also prepared for her engagements on this historic training ground.

## Gentlemen Riders

It will no doubt come as a surprise to a good many people, especially those whose theory it is that to breed from a roarer is little short of criminal, to hear that Væ Victis, whose name will be handed down to posterity as the dam of Manifesto—probably the best, and certainly the best-looking, horse that ever made one of a Grand National field—Lord St. Vincent's lease of whom was taken on by Mr. Bevill, on that nobleman's retirement from the turf, turned out such a bad roarer that her new lessee returned the mare to her breeder in Ireland, who, nothing daunted, mated her with Man o' War, with the satisfactory result just recorded.

In the Derby of 1862, Mr. Bevill had the mount on Alvediston, by Tadmor, and was fourth in 1869 on Lord Royston's Alpenstock, who had just previously won the City and Suburban—the only amateur horseman, except Mr. George Thursby, who has ever ridden in the race, so far as we are aware.

Amongst Mr. Bevill's many amusing experiences the following will bear repeating. He was riding Gadfly, a wretchedly bad one belonging to Tom Golby, in a two-mile race on the flat at Croydon in 1871, odds of 4 to 1 being laid on his mount; and on his way to the post was joined by a well-known steeplechase jockey riding in the race, who informed him that he had backed Gadfly to win him fifty pounds, and that he *must* win or he himself would be in Queer Street. Off they went, and about halfway his friend, who was just behind, shouted out, "How are you going, Mr. Bevill?"

"D——d bad," replied that gentleman, and with reason, as not only was Gadfly rapidly compounding, but another horse, ridden by an amateur unknown to fame, was coming up rapidly hand over hand, with apparently the race at his mercy.

Such a contingency, of course, could not be thought of

## The Earl of Winchilsea

for a moment, and Jim —— took the offending soul in hand at once.

“Where are *you* coming to, I should like to know?” he inquired of the astonished amateur, in a tone of indignant remonstrance, as he rode up alongside.

“Come! get out of it!” and with that he suited the action to the word, and edged his victim gradually away to the rails on the far side, over which he nearly sent him flying, leaving Gadfly to come home at his leisure.

“What became of the other riders,” added Mr. Bevill, with a smile, “is not for me to say. Theirs were pretty bad, but mine was worse; so perhaps you can guess.”

Altogether from 1855, in which year he commenced riding, until his retirement in 1888, Mr. W. Bevill rode in no less than 1132 races on the flat and over a country, which are accounted for as follows:—

Wins.	Second.	Lost.
312.	290.	530.

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## THE EARL OF WINCHILSEA

(“JOHN DAVIS”)

PERHAPS no one ever entered the political arena with a louder flourish of trumpets than did Viscount Maidstone, eldest son of the Earl of Winchilsea, when on leaving the University he allowed himself to be nominated as a fit and proper person to represent an important borough in Parliament, in the Conservative interest.

## Gentlemen Riders

Talk about the favourite for the Derby! If rumour was to be believed, never was such a promising youngster seen as Viscount Maidstone.

“Only wait until he opens his mouth in the House of Commons,” declared his trumpeters, “and—well, let the Opposition look out for themselves, that’s all!”

Well, people did wait, and, we regret to say, waited in vain. The coming man, in short, turned out what Mrs. Gamp of immortal memory would have termed an “impogicion,” and being quite aware himself of his inability to set the Thames on fire in the capacity of a politician, like a wise man in his generation, promptly threw up the sponge and left the ring, metaphorically speaking, before incurring further damage. And having a pretty talent for versifying—an accomplishment he had learnt at Eton—together with a strong belief in his ability to “witch the world with noble horsemanship,” Viscount Maidstone started afresh with the idea of wooing fame and fortune in a happy combination of Poet and Gentleman rider. In the former capacity he published several books of verse, under the *nom de plume* of “John Davis,” which had, we believe, a ready sale at the time; and he was the reputed author of the oft-repeated lines quoted by Whyte-Melville in his novel entitled “Good for Nothing”—

“The Damsels’ delight, and the Chaperone’s fear,  
He is voted a trump amongst men;  
His father allows him three hundred a year,  
And he’ll lay you a thousand to ten.”

As a gentleman rider on the flat, in a dilettante fashion, he was, we believe, fairly proficient; Goodwood, Stockbridge, and Heaton Park, being his favourite battle-grounds—the first named, where he was seen to advantage on more than one occasion, especially so.

## The Earl of Winchilsea

Probably the smartest thing "John Davis" ever did was in connection with a well-known mare called "Iliona," the proper pronunciation of whose name, amongst layers and backers alike, was the subject of much controversy at the time, opinion being generally divided, as to whether the second syllable should be long or short. With a view to a solution of the mystery, and at the same time turning his knowledge to account, at the close of the day at one of the Newmarket meetings, Lord Winchilsea posted off to Cambridge, and sought counsel of the greatest authority on Greek to be found at the University, with the result that he discovered that the true pronunciation of the name was *Ilionā* (Illy-onay). Armed with this knowledge, he returned to Newmarket, and, it is said, backed his opinion very freely the next day with considerable profit to himself. A noted "gourmet," he was said to be the best judge of mutton in England, and could tell you the age to a day of the sheep from which the haunch set before him had been cut, the moment he tasted it; whilst as for his appetite—well, we don't think we ever saw one to equal it.

His son, the late Lord Maidstone, dining one night at that famous old tavern, the Blue Posts, in Cork Street, made inquiry of "Henry," the waiter, whether his progenitor had been there lately. "Dined here only last night, my lord," was the reply. "A dozen hoysters, 'are soup, a rump steak, a snipe, and a marrer bone to foller—a bottle o' 'Perry Jewey' (Perrier Jouet), an' a pint o' stout."

"Good Gawd, 'Enery!" says my lord. "Why, my father'll live for ever!"

Lord Winchilsea—not forgetting his cigar—was a regular attendant at the Newmarket meetings up to the time of his death, which occurred at an advanced age in the early eighties of the past century.

# Gentlemen Riders

## CAPTAIN "JACK" SKIPWORTH

THOUGH he was riding as long ago as the early thirties of the last century, the name of the brilliant horseman who forms the subject of this chapter is still one to conjure with in Lincolnshire; the achievements of Captain Jack Skipworth and Gay Lad, the horse of all others with which his name will be always associated, constantly cropping up in conversation, even at this long interval, amongst sportsmen in his native county.

In the early days of steeplechasing, one of the most important meetings of the year was held at Spalding, in Lincolnshire, over a very long course, and this event being won by Captain Skipworth on the horse just mentioned, gave rise to a song, which for a long while afterwards was a great favourite in Lincolnshire sporting circles, and of which one of the verses runs as follows:—

“The merry men of Lincolnshire were foremost in the fray,  
When Skipworth rode their Gaylad and Frisby steered their grey (Peter Simple),  
Tom Olliver and Vanguard had glory to their meed,  
And unrivalled for a season were The Chandler and Proceed;  
Salute and Pioneer amid the bullfinches did revel,  
And Newport viewed the energy of Lincoln steered by Bevill.  
Peter Simple, by four triumphs, earned this praise from every foe,  
‘He’s an ugly one to look at, but a devil for to go!’”

Jack Skipworth, as he was familiarly called, who was born at Cabourne, near Caistor, on June 25, 1811, coming from a good old north Lincolnshire family, originally descended from the Skipwiths of Skipwith, in Yorkshire, went to Portugal when twenty-one years of age, and joining General Baker’s regiment of Portuguese Lancers, took part in



CAPTAIN "JACK" SKIPWORTH.





## Captain “ Jack ” Skipworth

the Portuguese War of Succession in 1832, where he greatly distinguished himself on several occasions when in action. He took a few couples of foxhounds out with him, presented to him by Lord Yarborough, and it is said that on one occasion he ran a fox right into the enemies' lines.

On his return to England, like his father before him—who, by the way, was a tenant of Mr. Richardson, of Limber Magna, grandfather of Mr. J. Maunsell Richardson, of our own time—Captain Skipworth determined to go in for farming, and with this view took a farm under Lord Yarborough in the Brocklesby country, where he lived for the rest of his life.

In addition to being a fine horseman, there was no keener or better sportsman than Jack Skipworth, and he hunted regularly with the Brocklesby until he was eighty-three years of age. For many years, too, he judged hunters at all the big shows.

Towards the latter end of his life, his life-long friend, Mr. J. M. Richardson, used frequently to mount the old gentleman with hounds, and he tells with great glee how on one of these occasions he put him on Reugny to ride quietly about upon, telling him when he got into the saddle that he was on the back of a future Grand National winner—a prophecy which, as it turned out, proved correct to the letter.

Mr. Fitz Oldacre and the late Baron Meyer de Rothschild were two staunch friends of his, and the latter made him a present of that famous mare, Starlight, who bred him, in addition to other winners, Planet and Mercury, second and third for the Leger in their respective years.

Jealousy, Lictor, and Lucifer, Mount Valerian, and the Truth gelding, were also foaled in his paddocks.

Mr. George E. Collins (Nimrod Junior) in his interesting

## Gentlemen Riders

“History of the Brocklesby Hounds,” published in 1902, makes mention of the subject of our memoir as follows:—

“The name of Captain Jack Skipworth, of Housham, is almost a household word in North Lincolnshire; and although born as long ago as 1811, it is only a few years ago—he was then in his eighty-third year—that the writer saw him out with Lord Yarborough’s hounds. His was a striking figure; erect in the saddle, the raven locks straggling from under the broad-brimmed silk hat, the long-lapped scarlet coat, a brown top-boot on one leg, and a gout-boot and a legging on the other, will never fade from the memory as a light of the grand old sportsman of our grandfathers’ days.

“Captain John Henry Skipworth had a marvellous career, such a one as comes to but few. How many are there who can boast such a record as his? Two campaigns with more than fifty hand-to-hand fights and skirmishes; a duellist to uphold the honour of his regiment; for upwards of sixty years a first-flight man with the Brocklesby and other Hunts; a breeder, and a good judge of horses and dogs—he had a breed of setters that was noted far beyond the Lincolnshire borders—an excellent shot, and an expert in wood craft.”

The author may well remark that such a record reads more like that of the hero of a novel than a figure in real life.

It was quite in the order of things that so good a sportsman and rider should leave behind him one capable of keeping up the family reputation, and it is pleasant, therefore, to find his eldest son, who had already ridden with considerable success in cross-country races, setting the seal on his fame by winning the National Hunt Steeplechase, of 1862, the third year of its existence, on Fidget, a mare owned by Mr. FitzOldaker, and bred by his uncle, Mr. George Skipworth, one of the most prominent sportsmen of his day, and a great friend of the

## Captain “ Jack ” Skipworth

famous Will Smith, who was killed at Barnetby. Fidget was a very hot-tempered mare, and took a deal of handling, and, in addition, had a knack of going off occasionally at her own will and pleasure.

When Mr. Skipworth met her on the road to the course, he was horrified to see an arrangement of several bits in her mouth, “as much iron as would stock a blacksmith’s shop,” as he remarked afterwards.

“ Take that bridle off and put a plain snaffle on the mare,” were the first words he spoke.

“ You can’t hold her in a snaffle, sir,” was the reply of the groom in charge.

“ I won’t ride her in anything else,” rejoined Mr. Skipworth.

And that gentleman being allowed to have his own way in the matter led to the happiest results, as we have seen.

The Leicestershire folk were not very well pleased at the race being taken out of their county, but on this occasion the executive resolved to fix upon a new site. In addition, the course being fixed on, about three miles from Rugby, was more accessible than Market Harborough; moreover, the Rugby people, in anticipation of a harvest, came forward handsomely with £400 towards expenses. The fences were not very formidable, which was just as well, seeing that the course, owing to some heavy rain, was like a quagmire, and it was with difficulty the winner reached home; though, curiously enough, all the horses negotiated the brook—which had to be crossed twice—in safety. There were ten or twelve thousand people present, and from the stand a very good view of the racing could have been obtained, but for the number of horsemen who were allowed to gallop promiscuously all over the place.

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The race that year had no more than £100 added to the sweepstakes of ten sovereigns each, and Fidget (12 st. 7 lbs.), who simply cantered away from the other nine competitors, won as she liked, by a field; Mr. Handley's Proceed (13 st.) (7 lbs. extra), who started at 3 to 1, and was the mount of Mr. Thomas, being second, and Green Drake (12 st. 7 lbs.), ridden by Captain Holyoake, third.

Mr. Skipworth, being only fifty-five years of age at the time, died on Monday, the 7th of December, 1897, when out hunting with the Holderness Hounds. His horse fell with him on the road, and when assistance arrived life was found to be extinct.

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## THE EARL OF STRATHMORE

IMMORTALIZED in Herring's celebrated picture entitled, "Steeplechase Cracks," the engraving from which is, without doubt, the best known and most popular production of the kind that has ever appeared, Lord Strathmore and Switcher, who with Jim Mason and Lottery divide the honours between them, are just as familiar to the sportsman of the present age as they were in the flesh to racegoers of a past generation.

That they both should be depicted by Mr. Herring in close proximity to each other is quite in the order of things, for, as was well known at the time, and he himself was the first to acknowledge, it was in a great measure due to the professional's indefatigable coaching that Lord Strathmore was enabled to take the prominent place he undoubtedly did in the ranks of the cross-country riders of his day. Heart and soul in the sport,

## The Earl of Strathmore

never was there a more painstaking pupil, and Jim Mason might well be proud of his noble *protégé*.

Switcher, who was undoubtedly a good horse, when in the humour, was originally the property of Lord Howth, in whose colours, and ridden by Wynne, he ran third for the Liverpool of 1846, carrying the substantial weight of 12 st. 4 lbs., and being only a five-year-old at the time.

He was subsequently sold for a large sum to Lord Strathmore, who was on his back in the Liverpool of 1848, won by The Chandler.

Fencing brilliantly, nothing in the race was going better than Switcher, until cannoned up against by Sparta when jumping a fence in the second round, the result being that not only was his rider's boot nearly cut off his leg in the scrimmage, but, what was worse, the horse himself, a high-couraged, nervous animal, was so thoroughly upset by the contretemps that from that moment he seemed to lose all heart, being soon after pulled up.

Another great disappointment was when, once more ridden by his noble owner, Switcher was beaten in the first great steeplechase ever run in Paris, for which event he was greatly favoured by the English division, who, as might have been expected, mustered in strong force on the occasion.

Luckily, however, our countrymen had a second string to their bow in the shape of St. Leger, ridden by the redoubtable Jim Mason, who, the moment he saw that Switcher could not win, set his horse going and just managed to pull the race out of the fire.

His riding career at an end, Lord Strathmore turned his attention to flat racing, and many still alive will recollect the keen disappointment, not only to his noble owner, but to a

## Gentlemen Riders

large proportion of the general public, when the heavily backed Saccharometer failed to realize expectations in the Derby of 1862.

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### VISCOUNT TREDEGAR

FAMILIAR as the name of the popular nobleman who forms the subject of this chapter must necessarily be, not only in the Principality, but throughout the length and breadth of the land as one of the staunchest friends of agriculture and all that pertains to it the cause has ever possessed, it is probably news to the present generation, who may have only heard of him as a sportsman in connection with the Tredegar Hunt, of which he was master for so many years, that in his younger days there were few more accomplished horsemen, both over a country and on the flat, than the subject of our memoir, and certainly none more popular; the roar of delight which went up all along the line when the purple and orange sleeves were seen in the van at Cardiff or Abergavenny, more especially when sported by their owner, being something to remember.

Godfrey Charles Morgan, first Viscount Tredegar, son of the first Baron Tredegar, and his wife Rosamund, only daughter of General Godfrey Basil Mundy, was born on the 28th April, 1830, at Ruperra Castle, in Glamorganshire, and on leaving Eton, joined the 17th Lancers, with which gallant regiment he served in the Crimean War, being lucky enough not only to participate in the historic charge of the Light Brigade at Balaclava, but to emerge scatheless from the *mêlée*. It was soon after joining his regiment, in 1853, that Cornet Godfrey Morgan, as he then was, made his *début* in the



VISCOUNT TREDEGAR.









ABERGAVENNY STEEPLCHASES IN THE FIFTIES.

## Viscount Tredegar

saddle, when he rode a horse called Fringe in a flat race at Woolwich, his next appearance being at Newport, in Monmouthshire, in the course by the river-side, where the Newport rowing-club boathouse now stands, on which occasion he rode a grey mare named Miss Banks, belonging to Mr. Fothergill Rowlands, in a hurdle race, coming in second to a horse called The General.

In the same year he won the principal steeplechase at Cowbridge on Mr. Briggs, belonging to his elder brother, which horse accompanied him later on to the Crimea, and was his mount in the Balaclava charge.

After the Peace, in 1855, Captain Godfrey Morgan retired from the Army, and gave himself up almost entirely to sports of the field, in which steeplechasing took a prominent place. Cardiff, Cowbridge, and Abergavenny—which last is described by Mr. Thomas Pickernell as one of the stiffest courses he ever rode across—being his favourite battle-grounds. At Cowbridge he won the principal steeplechase, and was second in the next race on a horse called Peeping Tom, whilst the Hunt and open steeplechases at Abergavenny fell to his share with Gadfly and General Bosquet respectively; the first-named race being won again a second time by him on a horse named Bowles. Whilst still in the Service, Captain Godfrey Morgan steered the second in the light-weight Military Steeplechase at Warwick; and later on, at Melton, he won the first point-to-point steeplechase which ever took place there, on Mystery, his brother, Colonel The Hon. Fred Morgan, being second.

From 1858 to 1875, in which year he succeeded to the title, Lord Tredegar represented Brecknock in Parliament in the Conservative interest, and he still retains the Mastership of the Hunt which bears his name.

# Gentlemen Riders

## COLONEL THE HON. F. C. MORGAN

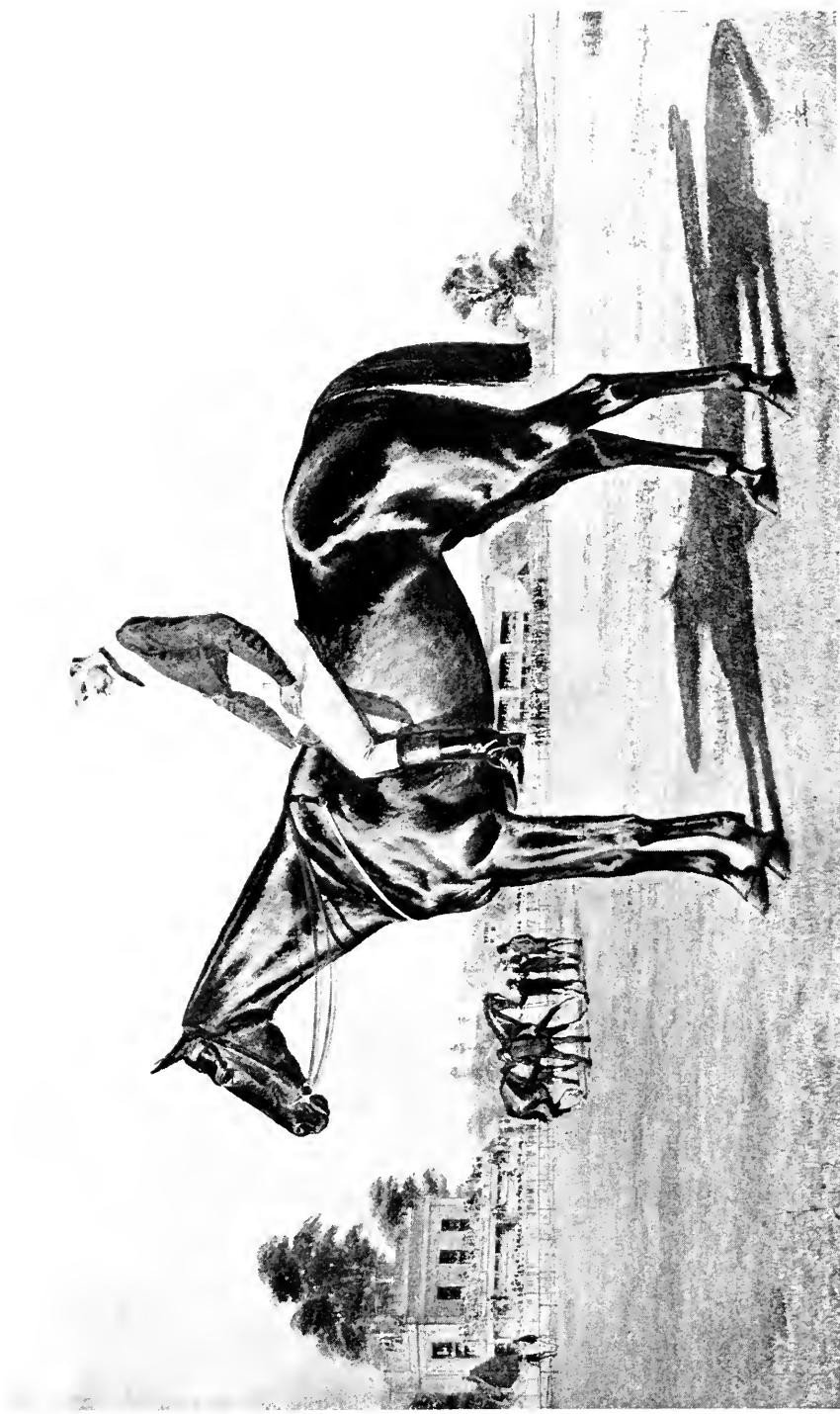
UNTIL quite late into the seventies of the past century, none of the race meetings in South Wales, such as Cardiff, Abergavenny, and Monmouth, would have been considered perfect without the presence in their respective saddling paddocks of the good sportsman named above; and it would have been considered equally out of place if during the day the popular purple and orange hoops and black cap, worn by their owner, were not seen in the van more than once during the day's proceedings, either on horses belonging to himself or his brother, Lord Tredegar.

The third son of the first Lord Tredegar, the subject of our memoir, was born in 1834, and, his education over, joined the Rifle Brigade, in which distinguished regiment he served in the Crimean War, seeing a good deal of service during the time he was there.

After his marriage, Colonel Morgan settled down in Glamorganshire, where he lived the life of a country gentleman, for which he was so eminently fitted.

For many years almost the entire management of the Tredegar Hunt, belonging to Lord Tredegar, devolved on him in the Master's absence; whilst there can be no doubt that it was to his own influence and the generous support of the Tredegar family that the various race meetings in the locality owed in a great measure their success.

It was no uncommon thing to see the two brothers, Lord Tredegar and Colonel Fred Morgan, riding together in the same race; and on one of these occasions, in a friendly match over hurdles, to decide the merits of two of their hunters,



COLONEL THE HON. F. C. MORGAN ON "THE NUN."



## Captain William Peel

Colonel Morgan's horse, who was on the inside all the way, in jumping the last flight, not only cleared the corner hurdle, but the rails as well, landing handsomely amongst the crowd, and as a consequence had to retrace his steps, thereby enabling Lord Tredegar to win at his leisure.

The amusing part of the story was that the natives went away firmly convinced in their own minds that Colonel Morgan's jump over the rails, so far from being an accident, was prompted by an amiable desire on his part not to defeat his brother.

The subject of this memoir, who died to every one's great regret on January 8th, 1909, represented Monmouthshire in the Conservative interest for thirty years, being only deprived of his seat at the last general election, and was, from its foundation, one of the most active members of the N. H. committee.

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### CAPTAIN WILLIAM PEEL

ONE of the best of the little band of amateur steeplechase riders who in the late fifties of the last century rode from sheer love of the sport, was Captain Peel, part owner with his great friend, Captain "Josey" Little, of The Chandler, with which he won the Liverpool in 1848.

In 1846, Captain Peel rode Mr. C. E. Brooke's Eagle in the Liverpool of that year, won by Pioneer, the horse who started second favourite at 6 to 1, finishing fifth.

The following year he was on the back of Pioneer, the

## Gentlemen Riders

previous year's winner, on whom he was fourth, the horse's starting price being 14 to 1.

In 1848, Captain Peel again rode Pioneer in the Grand National, won by his confederate on The Chandler, and the following year he made his last appearance in the race on Proceed, belonging to himself, who, however, refused the fence out of the lane, as she had done the previous year, and whip and spur failing to get her over, Captain Peel reluctantly turned back.

The latter and Captain Little became possessed of Pioneer in a manner almost as curious as that through which they acquired The Chandler.

After winning the Grand National in 1846, and the Leamington Grand Annual, in which last he was ridden by Captain Peel, Sir William Don bought him with the intention of winning the first Grand Steeplechase in France, and, in addition, laid Captain Peel the large bet of £5000 to £500, that he didn't win on Culverthorpe. Sir William, however, soon came to understand that he had made a mistake, and begged so hard to be let off the bet, that the amount was reduced to £1000 to £100, which Captain Peel, with the aid of Culverthorpe, won, and bought Pioneer with the money. The horse unfortunately broke down badly soon after, so it did not prove much of a bargain to the confederates.

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## CAPTAIN TOWNLEY

IN the early sixties there was no better known or more popular gentleman rider, either in or out of the service, than the late Captain Thomas Manners Townley. The third son of Mr.





CAPTAIN TOWNLEY.



## Captain Townley

Richard Greaves Townley, of Fulbourn Manor, near Newmarket, for some years M.P. for Cambridgeshire, he was born in 1826, and received his education at Eton and Trinity College, Cambridge. After some time spent at the University, where, as at Eton, he figured to advantage in the cricket eleven, young Townley suddenly discovered that he had no fancy for the clerical career mapped out for him by his father, his own predilection being decidedly in favour of the army, more especially the cavalry; a state of things with which, no doubt, the fact of the paternal mansion being so handy to Newmarket, added to his own natural love for the horse, and his partiality to riding him, had a good deal to do. Accordingly, a commission was obtained for him in the 10th Hussars, which gallant regiment he joined in India, in 1847, and it was in this far-off land that his race-riding career virtually commenced.

A few months before his arrival in India the regiment had the misfortune to lose their crack man, Lieutenant Wardrop, through illness, and Colonel R. S. Liddell, in his interesting memoirs of the "Tenth Hussars," after lamenting the circumstance, makes mention of their new acquisition in the following terms :—

"Not many months afterwards, however, the 10th obtained a distinguished successor as a racing celebrity in Lieutenant Thomas Townley.

"These two are mentioned, as they were justly considered a good deal above the average in their attainments as race-riders."

War was declared with Russia in 1854, but it was not until the 11th of December, and consequently after the battle of Balaclava, that the 10th received orders to join the Army in the Crimea. Accordingly, on the 10th of January, 1855, the

## Gentlemen Riders

regiment embarked at Bombay. After a brief sojourn at Cairo, the 10th set out for Alexandria, and it was whilst on the march across the desert, that Tom Townley rode his famous match against the "Nigger," a victory he set more store by than any that had ever fallen to his lot. The regiment had halted at a place called Gubaris, and had hardly settled down, when an Arab Sheik, with a few attendants, rode into camp, and having introduced himself through an interpreter, as the most important personage in those parts, requested permission to look over the horses.

His wish being willingly acceded to, the illustrious visitor was at once shown over the stables, and apparently did not form a very high opinion of their contents, for he promptly offered to run a grey Arab of his own for any distance against anything in the Regiment. Tom Townley was at once sent for.

"How much money have you got in the regimental chest, Colonel?" inquired the sporting cornet; "because, if you and my brother officers consent, you can tell the 'nigger' we'll run him for the lot!"

Now, seeing that the Sheik's horse was a thoroughbred Arabian, and that the best the 10th could produce was a half-bred charger, such a ready acceptance of the challenge may appear at first sight to have been a trifle rash. Such, however, was very far from being the case.

Tom Townley had not lived near Newmarket all his life without learning a thing or two, you may depend, and, odd as it may seem, he actually knew more about the Sheik's horse than did that dusky sportsman himself.

Indeed, had there been a "market," the gallant Tom and his brother officers might have betted away "until the cows came home," as the saying is, so good a thing was it for their

## Captain Townley

representative. The fact was that Tom Townley had already "spotted" the Sheik's nag, taking his exercise in the vicinity of the camp, and had not failed to notice the fact that, though well-bred and good-looking enough for anything, he was as fat as a pig, the result of being fed entirely on clover.

The charger belonging to one of his brother officers (Lieutenant Hudson), selected to do battle for the regiment, on the contrary, though possessing nothing like the quality of the other, was as hard as nails and fit to run for his life. The match, which was for £30, duly came off the next day, the ground being kept by mounted troopers of the 10th, in case of a row.

The Sheik's horse was ridden by a boy, and the English champion, of course, by Tom Townley, the latter in undress uniform, and giving any amount of weight away. This, however, as Mr. Toots would say, "was of no consequence," for after playing with his opponent all the way, the cocktail came right away and won in a canter, to the great delight of the regiment, and the proportionate disgust of the Sheik, who had up till then imagined that in the grey Arab he possessed the best horse in the world.

Contrary to expectation, however, he took his horse's defeat in good part, and not only paid over the stakes like a man, all in English sovereigns, directly after the race, but stood the 10th a first-rate luncheon into the bargain.

There being little or no use for the cavalry brigade during the latter part of the war, Lieutenant Townley had not the chance of distinguishing himself in his military capacity that doubtless he was looking forward to. He and Sir John Astley, however, managed to kill time by playing cricket together during the Siege of Sebastopol, the pleasure being, no doubt, enhanced by the knowledge that either, or both, might be

## Gentlemen Riders

“bowled” at any moment by a straight ball from the beleaguered city.

After peace had been proclaimed, the Sultan of Turkey gave three magnificent gold cups to be competed for by the officers of the Army in steeplechases. Two of these Tom Townley won on chargers belonging to friends, but was unlucky enough to just miss the third when riding his own horse.

In 1858, Captain Townley retired from the service by sale of his commission, devoted himself entirely to race-riding, both over a country and on the flat. How he just missed the Liverpool of 1860, on that good horse The Huntsman, is a matter of history.

Tom Townley always declared that but for getting both feet out of their irons at Becher's Brook, and a collision at the last hurdle, he *must* have won.\* On the other hand, Mr. Thomas, who rode Anatis, is equally certain that the contretemps in question made no difference to the result, Mr. Capell's mare having won the race to all intents and purposes when it happened.

The Huntsman, who belonged to his friend, Captain Jonas Hunt, familiarly known as “Balaclava” Hunt, and himself a first-rate performer over a country, started at 40 to 1, his mission being to force the pace for a stable companion, who, however, fell.

Captain Townley had great hopes of winning the Liverpool of 1865 on Jerry, belonging to his friend, Mr. John de Heley Chadwick, a horse he always declared was the best he ever rode, and who had been backed by his owner during the winter to win him £22,000.

\* Mr. William Bevell, who was riding alongside The Huntsman at Becher's Brook, and witnessed the occurrence, strongly favours this idea.

## Captain Townley

Again, however, he was doomed to disappointment, Jerry breaking down under him in a gallop just before the race.

He had previously ridden Jerry in a match for 200 sovereigns a side, Ditch-in, at the Newmarket Houghton meeting of 1864, against "Fog" Rowlands on St. Stephen, and won so easily that he had time to shout to judge Clark as he galloped by his box, that he might expect Mr. Rowlands in the course of the evening.

This same Jerry was a most remarkable horse. Bred by Palmer, the notorious poisoner, how nobody seems to have known, he came into the hands of one of Mr. Chadwick's Staffordshire tenants, named Miles, formerly a postilion in the Royal service, who, after riding him with more or less success in sundry local chases, eventually sold him to the gentleman just named, who at once sent him to Newmarket to join his other horses under the care of Chris Green.

According to all accounts Jerry was anything but a beauty to look at, possessing the straightest of shoulders, and a very badly set on head and neck. Nevertheless, when tried behind the Ditch, shortly after his arrival, with several others, to the utter astonishment of both owner and trainer, he cleared out the lot with ease. Amongst the jockeys who rode in the spin were "Tiny" Wells and Tom French, and so highly impressed was the former with the result, that he rode up to Mr. Chadwick forthwith, and requested him in his most grandiloquent manner, instead of paying him the fee customary on such occasions, to put the money on Jerry the first time he ran.

After this Jerry, ridden by either Captain Townley or young Ben Land, disported himself in steeplechases all over the country, and over every description of course. Long or short it did not matter to Jerry, and weight was no object whatever.

## Gentlemen Riders

The one drawback on these occasions was the difficulty experienced by the partisans of the stable in getting their money on. They found themselves frustrated, time after time, when they sent into the ring to back him, the astute Mr. Charles Rayner being invariably the offending soul. On one occasion, when due to run at Warwick, the party thought to mend matters by instructing Fred Swindell to get the money on in town. The numbers went up, and Tom Townley, ready dressed to ride, had just weighed out, when a telegram from "Lord Frederick" was handed to him, conveying the unwelcome news that all he could get on was a "pony." Furious at this, the Captain at once ordered Jerry's number to be taken down, much to the indignation of the public, who expressed their displeasure in no measured terms.

There can be no doubt that Jerry was a most remarkable horse, and it has always been a matter of surprise to us that such a brilliant career as his, should have met with such scant recognition at the hands of the Turf historian.

Closely identified with steeplechasing as Captain Townley had been for many years, his was naturally a figure to be looked for at Aintree on a Grand National Day, and it would have been odd indeed, more particularly during the late Lord Powlett's connection with the sport, if in the course of a stroll through the saddling enclosure one failed to make out the artistically waxed and curled moustache which could belong to no one but Tom Townley, and was just as characteristic of the man, in its way, as the snow-white neckcloth of "Ginger" Stubbs, or the historical broad-brimmed hat of the Honourable Robert Grimston.

The best story we ever heard in connection with Tom Townley, was a happening which occurred at Warwick many years ago, and was the cause of much amusement at the time.



## Captain Townley

He was riding a heavily backed horse in a welter race, when he found, to his horror, that he could not quite reach Count Batthyany, who had been making all the running on one of his superb welter-weight horses—either Loiterer or Suburban—both by Stockwell. Tom, making a spurt, just got up to the other's girths, and no further, so, picking up his whip in desperation, he caught his opponent a tremendous crack on what the Yankees term the "western" part of his person, which, acting like an electric shock, caused poor old "Batt" to clutch wildly at his horse's head, thereby enabling Tom Townley to get up and win on the post. And now comes the amusing part of the story.

After pulling up, not without sundry misgivings as to how the Count would take the unceremonious treatment he had been subjected to at his hands, Tom, by the way of being on the safe side, trotted sharply back to the paddock with the object of getting passed at the scale and away, before the other arrived.

Imagine then the relief it must have been to his guilty conscience, when, on being overtaken by the Count, the latter overwhelmed him with apologies, "*for getting in the way of his whip!*"

Except for an occasional visit to Newmarket, Captain Townley spent the last few years of his eventful life in comparative retirement, and, after a long illness, died at his house in Welbeck Street, Cavendish Square, on the 9th April, 1895, at the age of sixty-nine.

# Gentlemen Riders

## MR. FRANK GORDON

OF the many celebrated horsemen claimed by the sport-loving county of Lincolnshire as one of its sons, whose "deeds of derring do" are recorded in this volume, there is not one to be named of whom it has more reason to be proud than the subject of this memoir.

The second son of the Rev. George Gordon, by his wife, Elizabeth Catherine, daughter of Mr. Staunton, of Staunton Hall, Notts, and grandson of the Dean of Lincoln, "Old Frank Gordon," as he was affectionately called by the younger generation, first saw the light on November 15, 1825, being born in the village of Muston, in the Belvoir Country, where his father was rector. It was with the Belvoir Hounds that he first learned to ride across country, and began to gain his knowledge of horse and hound. In due time he went up to Trinity College, Cambridge, with the ultimate intention of entering the Church. His love for horses, however, predominated over every other feeling, and on leaving the University he took up his abode at the Haycock, at Wansford, one of the most famous hunting quarters in England, and immortalized by the late Major Whyte-Melville, in the appendix to his novel of Market Harborough, called "In the Bar," where he remained for twenty years, first as a guest of its proprietor, Mr. Percival, and afterwards as an associate with that gentleman in his horse-dealing business.

In addition to the Haycock, Mr. Percival kept the Great Northern Hotel, at Peterborough, and was proprietor of White's Club, in St. James's Street, which time-honoured institution stood in danger of being broken up at his death,



MR. FRANK GORDON.



## Mr. Frank Gordon

until the late Lord Cheylesmore—then Mr. Eaton, M.P.—came to the rescue and purchased the lease. Mr. Percival often had as many as a hundred high-class hunters at a time in his stables at Wansford, many of them being let out on hire during the season to the distinguished foreigners, and others who made the Haycock their head-quarters during the hunting season.

That celebrated horsewoman, the late Empress of Austria, paid several visits to the Haycock. She brought but few horses with her, relying almost entirely on the hunters Mr. Percival and Mr. Gordon, between them, took so much trouble to procure.

Shortly after settling down at Wansford, where he still further graduated in the art of riding over a country, Mr. Gordon took to steeplechase riding, and, had he cared to do so, might have won as much fame in that line as did his friend, Alec Goodman. It seemed at one time as if he intended to direct his talents altogether in that direction, as he figured at a number of steeplechase meetings, where he displayed the same ability which distinguished him in the hunting field.

His solitary mount in the Grand National was in 1853, on which occasion he was second, on Miss Mowbray, to Peter Simple, who won by four lengths; Oscar, his more fancied stable companion, with whom his owner declared to win, being third, in the hands of Mr. Alec Goodman, who had steered Miss Mowbray to victory the previous year. Notwithstanding the declaration, however, Miss Mowbray actually started favourite at 5 to 1, Oscar standing at 6 to 1.

One of Mr. Gordon's best-known victories was at Melton, when, mounted on The Sluggard who was trained at Wansford, he beat Jim Mason, on a hunter of his own, in a match for £500. The last race of any importance he rode in was

## Gentlemen Riders

the National Hunt Steeplechase, at Market Harborough in the early sixties, which nearly led to fatal results, for, his horse coming to grief at the brook, Mr. Gordon was all but drowned. In such a dangerous position had he got, indeed, that no one dare venture to his assistance, until an offer of a sovereign induced a man, braver than the rest, to go to the rescue. He only rode in two more races after this. Mr. Gordon eventually married Miss Alice Jane Percival, a daughter of "mine host" of the Haycock, and whom he had seen grow up from childhood at her father's house. On their marriage they moved to "The Oaks," Thornhaugh, now occupied by Major Wickham, and for a number of years farmed several hundred acres under the Duke of Bedford.

Custance, than whom there should be no more competent judge, makes mention of Mr. Gordon's horsemanship in his "Riding Recollections" in the following terms:—

"In the days I am writing of" (the early sixties), he says, "there were some real good men to hounds, and thorough sportsmen as well, in the Fitzwilliam Hunt, amongst whom I must mention Alec Goodman and Frank Gordon, two of the finest horsemen I ever saw over every country. I have seen them both many times in Leicestershire, and they were never to be beaten. I hardly know to whom to give the preference, and as they always spoke in the highest terms of one another, and as they are still living, I don't think it would be fair to act as umpire on such a delicate point."

Describing a day with the Fitzwilliam Hounds, in 1857—just over half a century ago—a hunting writer of the period, evidently speaking of a run from Elton Furze, says, "In strange countries, I usually pick out a leader in some well-known farmer; but this day I made a grand mistake in selecting

## Mr. Frank Gordon

for my guide, a slim, quiet-looking young fellow in a black hat and coat, white cords and boots, on a young chestnut—never dreaming that my quiet man was Alec Goodman, a farmer truly, but also a provincial celebrity as a steeplechaser.” He goes on to describe the dance Alec led him with the hounds in full cry, over almost insurmountable obstacles, and says, “When hounds checked, I thought it well, having so far escaped grief, to look out for a leader who was less of a bruiser, while I took breath.” The line having been hit off, he sees “a regular bullfinch,” six or seven feet high, with a gate so far away to the right, that to make for it was to lose too much time, as the hounds were running breast-high. “Ten yards ahead of me was Mr. Frank Gordon on a Stormer colt, evidently with no notion of turning, so I hardened my heart, felt my bay nag full of going, and kept my eye on Mr. Frank, who made for the only practicable place beside an oak tree with low branches, and stooping his head, popped through a place where the hedge showed daylight, with his hand over his eyes, in the neatest possible style. Whilst hesitating a moment, I followed, rather too fast, and too much afraid of the tree, and pulled too much into the hedge. In an instant I found myself torn out of the saddle, balanced on a blackthorn bough (fortunately I wore leathers), and deposited on the right side of the hedge on my back. I rose just in time to see Bay Middleton (his horse) disappear over the next fence. Judge my delight as I paced slowly on—running was of no use—at seeing Frank Gordon returning with my truant in hand. Such an action in the middle of a run deserved a Humane Society’s medal.” The young chestnut hunter Alec Goodman was riding is supposed to have been White Stockings, which Frank Gordon declared was the very best water-jumper in England, while very good at “bullfinches.”

## Gentlemen Riders

His opinion was thought worthy of record in the following lines, which were printed for private circulation at the time.

### “WHITE STOCKINGS.

“White Stockings, an impetuous horse,  
A brilliant jumper on the course,  
Frank Gordon said was the best,  
That any Englishman possessed,  
At water-jumping and all round,  
So good a horse is rarely found.  
A golden chestnut with white feet ;  
Of handsome form ; both strong and fleet ;  
Upstanding withers, head held high,  
As at his fences he would fly !  
With a bold head which served as wedge,  
To make a gap in bullfinch hedge,  
Like parting curtains which will last,  
Only till man and horse have passed :  
Then close up behind the tail,  
Leaving no vestige of a trail !”

When, three years ago, it became known that Mr. Frank Gordon was about to leave the Peterborough district to take up his residence with his sons, the followers of the Fitzwilliam Hounds, with whom he had hunted for upwards of sixty years, would not let him depart without some souvenir of the happy days they had enjoyed in his company, and which, taking the very appropriate form of a massive silver “Loving Cup,” was duly presented to, “The Grand Old Man of the Hunt,” as the recipient was affectionately termed, in the May of 1904.

Mr. Frank Gordon died on the 1st of March, 1907, at the advanced age of eighty-two, as the result of a cold caught whilst hunting a fortnight previously ; his wife having predeceased him by nearly thirty years. Two months later he was followed by his elder brother, Mr. George Gordon, born in 1822, and also a noted rider with the Belvoir Hounds.

Taking a lively interest in all that appertains to that noble





MR. ROBERT GORDON.



## Mr. Frank Gordon

animal the horse, it was the latter's boast that he had been present at forty-nine Derbys, and fifty-three St. Legers, and it was a characteristic "saying of his," that the two books he knew thoroughly well, were the Bible and the Racing Calendar.

It is pleasant to know that the mantle of their father has descended on shoulders so well qualified to wear it as Mr. Frank Gordon's two sons, both of whom are quite at the top of the tree amongst the amateur horsemen of the present time. The elder, a few years since, headed the winning list of gentlemen riders, whilst his brother Robert has kept up a steady average of twenty-two wins during the past three years.

We cannot close this memoir of one of the most famous horsemen of his time without quoting the following touching tribute to his worth from the pen of Mr. E. C. Clayton, which appeared in *Horse and Hound* shortly after his death :—

THE LATE MR. FRANK GORDON.

*To the Editor of Horse and Hounds.*

"While fickle fortune stands by him  
Who rides up close to hounds."

SIR,

Snatched almost literally out of the saddle—he was out hunting within ten days of his death, which took place on Friday March 1—Death has, as most men would desire, and as he himself would cheerfully admit, been merciful in thus sparing him any lingering illness; for this was not the spirit or life to brook much restraint or confinement even when tamed and tempered by the burden of eighty-two years.

There are, no doubt, some—not many—who can recall those halcyon days with the Fitzwilliam Hunt forty years ago and more, when Mr. George Fitzwilliam reigned at Milton—the days of George Carter. To such, the sight of Frank Gordon

## Gentlemen Riders

and his friendly rival in the field, the late Alex Goodman, *par nobile fratrum*, cutting out the work and always in front, was indeed "good for sore eyes." In those days Mr. Fitzwilliam was no mean opponent where hounds ran, nor were such as the late Lord Probyn, George Ede, Mr. Goodliffe, the still living Frank Lotan, or Custance the Jockey, easily shaken off. It was a liberal education in the art of riding to hounds—not after them, a very different performance—to watch Frank Gordon with a line to himself alongside of the pack, taking fence after fence as it came, turning with hounds, always in touch, yet never pressing them; the flight across country was one perpetual theft—stealing away from the field.

No one ever saw Frank Gordon either angry or in a hurry, such grace, such elegance, such power, such repose in the saddle—if I may use the expression—always in harmony with his horse; the whole thing seemed "easy as lying" and yet how difficult! This art of riding to hounds, always rare, is, I fear, in these high-pressure days, when young men and young horses are not given sufficient time to learn, becoming more and more so year by year.

The soul of honour, modest, generous to a fault, there was a natural dignity about Frank Gordon which compelled respect and admiration from every one with whom he came into contact. One felt impressed with the indefinable influence of a really good man, always a *persona grata* at such houses as Milton, Apethorpe, Elton, Orton, and throughout the country side. In those bright, happy days, life—of which, alas! the subject of these remarks was one of the last and most cherished links—went very pleasantly.

Passing through the district adjacent to Huntingdon, Peterborough, Stamford, Wansford, Oundle, etc., since his death became known on Saturday last, we heard on all sides, in

## Captain Little

tones not without tremor and with bated breath: "Poor Frank Gordon. I am sorry. What a man he was!" Or, "Well, sir, you've heard that Mr. Frank is gone." For the last few years he had made his home with his sons at Wroughton in Wiltshire, where he passed away last Friday after a short illness, pneumonia having supervened on a chill contracted out hunting the week before. His son Arthur is well known as a successful Steeplechase rider.

Your obedient servant,

E. C. CLAYTON.

Cottesmore Grange,  
Oakham,  
March 5th, 1907.

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## CAPTAIN LITTLE

ONE of the very best gentleman riders of his day, and as good on the flat as over a country, was Captain Joseph Lockart Little, familiarly known as "Josey" Little.

The "Little Captain" as he was sometimes styled was born in 1821, at Chipstead near Redhill, Surrey, where his family had long been located, and held a commission in the King's Dragoon Guards until the year 1848, when in consequence of the failure of the bank in which all his money was deposited, he exchanged into the 81st Regiment of foot.

According to a writer of the period, Captain Little was at Worcester races when the news reached him of the bank's collapse, and the story goes that, mounted on The Chandler, he was leaving the saddling enclosure, when Davies the Leviathan shouted out, "Twenty ponies against your horse 'The

## Gentlemen Riders

Chandler,' Captain." To which the latter at once replied, "Put it down, Davies," and in a few minutes found himself the richer by £500. He then felt able to start once more.

The race in question which gave the "Little Captain" this welcome "leg up" was the Worcester Grand Annual. In allusion to the circumstance a sporting writer of the time goes on to state: "Captain Little's exploits on The Chandler were in all parts of the country, and it may be mentioned that he first came out as a rider at the above-mentioned race at Worcester. His winning the Grand National on the horse must be regarded as a wonderful piece of luck, for Captain Little did not then know very much about steeplechasing, and when it came to the finish he had to fight out the issue with his old coach, Tom Olliver, perhaps one of the most resolute horsemen of his day." As a steeplechaser, The Chandler might never have been heard of had it not been for the discernment and good judgment of Captain (afterwards Major) William Peel. The Chandler, as he was subsequently called, was bred by Sir Edward Scott of Great Bar, who sold the horse to Mr. Wilkinson, a sporting chandler of Sutton Coldfield, and he in turn disposed of him to Mr. Garnett of Moor Hall, and this gentleman was in the habit of driving the horse in his gig to the covert side.

The Chandler, by Dr. Faustus, was five years old in 1851, in which year Captain Peel first saw him. The Captain had driven over to Moor Hall to have a day with the Bonehill Harriers, and the black horse sent over for him to ride turning out lame, Mr. Garnett mounted him on The Chandler, and he was carried so well during a brilliant five and thirty minutes after a stout hare, that on the way home, Captain Peel bought him by giving Mr. Garnett his black horse and twenty guineas.

Nor did the deal end here, for Mr. Garnett not caring about the black horse, Captain Peel took him back at the



CAPTAIN LITTLE ON "THE CLANDLER."





## Captain Little

original price (twenty guineas), only to sell him for sixty a few days later to Captain Cotton (afterwards Lord Combermere) of the Blues. During the greater part of the year 1842, The Chandler was lame from a severe cut received in the hunting field, but becoming sound again, was for three years Captain Peel's favourite hunter. It was not until 1846, when the horse was ten years old, that Captain Peel thought of trying what the horse could do in a steeplechase, and in that year his owner sent him to Bradley at Hednesford to be trained, and ridden by his owner for the first time at Birmingham, ran second to Richard the First for a sweepstakes, winner to be sold for 300 sovereigns, which event had he not been carried so far out of the course by another animal, he would almost certainly have won. His next appearance was at Warwick for the Hunt Cup. Captain Little had not then come upon the scene, and as a near relation of Captain Peel's had just died, Chandler was ridden by Captain Broadley, and whether it was that the rider was weak, or that strange hands upset the horse, the fact remains that he turned round at too many of the fences, yet made short work of his eight opponents, for he won in a canter by twenty lengths.

It was during this identical race, that Chandler made the famous jump which gave rise to so much discussion. Some said it was thirty-nine feet, others thirty-seven; the last named distance being probably the correct measurement. Ridden by Captain Peel, the Chandler won at Windsor, and then his owner sold half of him to Captain Little, who was nearly always on his back on subsequent occasions.

In 1850, Captain Little won a sweepstakes at the Grand Military meeting on Gipsy Queen, and on the same mare he won the Hunt Cup at Warwick, easily beating Mr. Carey's gelding by Laurel, the mount of Mr. Morris of the 17th

## Gentlemen Riders

Lancers, and four others, but Mr. Carey, not being satisfied with his horse's defeat, matched him for £100 against Gipsy Queen, at the same weight and over the same course, the result being a still more decisive victory for the mare.

A man of many friends and a great favourite with them all, Captain Little died on the 17th of February, 1877, at the Hotel Clarendon, in Paris, in which gay city he was quite as much at home as in London; the immediate cause being congestion of the liver, the result of a cold contracted the previous Wednesday as he was returning from his Club.

Full of anecdote and an admirable *raconteur*, there was no better company than "Josey" Little. One of his pet stories was how he was once approached by an impecunious sportsman with a scheme for their mutual benefit, which really deserved to succeed if only for its owner's powers of invention. Having duly weighed out for an important steeplechase, in which his mount was carrying a penalty; Captain Little was to abstract the leads from his saddle-cloth and hand them to his confederate. He was then to win his race—that was a matter of course—"and when you pull up, I WILL BE THERE, Captain, with ten pounds of shot, which I will pour into your BOOTS. You understand, Captain? Your BOOTS!"

His life-long friend, Mrs. John Powney, widow of the owner of that celebrated horse the Hero, and sister to John and William Day, tells the following story: "I remember," says she, "Captain Little saying to me one day, 'Margaret, take my advice and never get into a railway carriage with only one person in it, as I have just had an *awful* experience travelling from York races. My only fellow-passenger kept his eye on me, and, needless to say, I did the same. At last he made a spring at me. I was ready, however, and managed





MR. FOTHERGILL ROWLANDS.

## Mr. Fothergill Rowlands

to push him down and hold him until the train stopped, which it did in the nick of time, for, I pledge you my word, to have saved my life I couldn't have held him another three minutes.

“In these days there was no communication cord, and being an express, the train only stopped once between York and London. My assailant, it turned out, was an escaped lunatic and a very powerful man, so what would have happened had the train not pulled up when it did, hardly bears thinking about.”

As Mrs. Powney justly observed, “It was indeed an awkward predicament for the Captivating Captain.”

His riding capabilities were thus described after his death, by a well-known turf writer: “Captain Little was a light weight, and as a rider on the flat he could hold his own with the best, while few professionals could beat him in the matter of fineness of hands or strength and elegance of seat.”

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## MR. FOTHERGILL ROWLANDS

IN the early fifties there was no better-known man in the steeplechase world than Mr. Fothergill Rowlands, known to his intimates as “Fog” Rowlands.

Bred and born in Monmouthshire, he, like his father before him, followed the medical profession, succeeding in due time to the former's practice, principally amongst the miners in his native county. Clever though he undoubtedly was, however, his heart was not in his work, and at last his love of sport predominated to such an extent that in 1844, or thereabouts, we

## Gentlemen Riders

find him abandoning a calling for which he was by nature eminently unfitted in favour of steeplechase riding, in which accomplishment he had already achieved some success. That he had not mistaken his vocation this time was quickly made evident, and not to have heard of Fog Rowlands and Medora, that favourite mare with which his name will always be coupled, on whose back he won, amongst other events, the Grand Steeplechase at Baden-Baden, would indeed have been considered a display of ignorance.

Not content with his success as a steeplechase rider, Mr. Rowlands after a while turned his attention to superintending the training of horses belonging to his friends, first of all at Cheltenham, and afterwards at Pitt Place, Epsom. The Duke of Hamilton, Lord Queensberry, the present Lord Dunraven, Sir John Astley, Sir Charles Nugent, Lord Marcus Beresford, and Mr. Reginald Herbert, all having horses under his charge; whilst the King, when Prince of Wales, in 1875, sent his Arab, Alep, to him to be trained.\*

Two of his greatest successes were the Cheltenham Grand Hunt of 1866, which he won for his life-long friend Mr. Reginald Herbert with Columbia, a mare who had previously run third for the Cambridgeshire, and who, starting at an outside price and ridden by Reeves, beat a large field, which included such well-known performers as L'Africain and Cortolvin; and the Croydon Hurdle Race for Sir John Astley with Scamp. This last victory was especially gratifying to the master of Pitt Place, for just previously Lord Dupplin, and one or two more of the plunging school, who trained with him, suddenly left him, owing to some trifling disagreement, taking not only their horses with them, but the stable jockey, John Jones, father of

\* He was also Master of the Horse to Lord Stamford when the latter trained with Joseph Dawson, in the Diophantus era.

## Mr. Fothergill Rowlands

Herbert Jones, now principal jockey to H.M. the King, into the bargain.

Amongst the former was Woodcock, who, it was thought, couldn't lose the Croydon Hurdle Race, and was made a hot favourite in consequence.

Mr. Rowlands, on the other hand, made no secret of his confidence in Scamp's ability to win.

"That's all very well *now*, Fog," laughed one of the Woodcock party, in derision; "but what will you say to us *after* the race?"

"Say! Why, what a damned lot of fools you were not to back him, to be sure!" was the prompt reply.

A rare judge of horse, and with wonderful hands, "Fog" was admittedly one of the finest cross-country horsemen of his day; and that at a period when he had to enter the lists with such past-masters of the art as Captain W. Peel and Josey Little, Jim Mason, and Tom Olliver, then in the zenith of their fame.

A life-long friend of his tells us that one of the best races he ever saw him ride was in a match at Stockbridge, at a time when he had virtually given up riding, when, after a grand finish, he just beat Custance by a short head.

One of his fads, whether original or in imitation of Jim Mason, we cannot say, was invariably to sport white kid gloves when race riding.

Mr. Rowlands, who had long been a martyr to gout, died at Epsom, on Easter Day, 1878, leaving a widow and one son, the well-known dramatic author, familiar to playgoers as "Cecil Raleigh."

# Gentlemen Riders

## MR. E. C. CLAYTON

FOR many years past there has been no more familiar name in the racing and hunting world than that of the good sportsman who forms the subject of this chapter, popularly known to a host of friends as "Uncle" Clayton.

Born in 1837, at Benwell Hall, Northumberland, in which county his family—who, by the way, can show an unbroken line of descent from the Plantagenets—were resident for many generations, Mr. Clayton in due course went to Harrow, and after that to Oxford, where, in 1860, he took his degrees; and having married a sister of the late Mr. T. T. Drake, the popular squire of Shardeloes, settled down in the Bicester country, with which hounds, then under the mastership of his brother-in-law, and the adjoining packs, he was a constant follower for fourteen years, when he removed to Oakham, in Rutlandshire, where he has resided ever since.

Here he devoted himself with enthusiasm to the study of the thoroughbred horse, and, being a splendid horseman to boot, he soon began to be looked upon as quite invincible in hunters' races on the flat all over the country.

Norma, on whom he won the Belvoir Stakes in 1866, Idle Girl, Creslow (dam of Winslow), Diana, Playfellow, Whitenose, Tonio, Lord Ronald (sire of Master Kildare), Consolation, Oriel, Broadway, and Red Comyn were all ridden by him at one time or another. Zoedone, too, belonged to him when she ran third for the Liverpool, and won the Grand Annual at Warwick, in 1882, being ridden on both occasions by that incomparable horseman, Captain Arthur Smith, after which she was sold to Prince—then Count—Charles Kinsky,





*From a Painting in the possession of Mr. E. C. Clayton.*

MR. E. C. CLAYTON ON HIS FAVOURITE MARE "BANGLE."



## Mr. E. C. Clayton

in whose hands she won the Grand National the following year.

One of his most noteworthy performances in the saddle was that in the County Cup at Uxbridge, when, riding Diana, he won on the post by a short head after a great race from the distance; whilst his riding of the shifty Podesta in a welter plate at Cheltenham in 1871 was considered by all who saw it a masterpiece of patience and fine handling, his mount trying all he knew to cut it once or twice during the race.

In 1867, Mr. Clayton bought Lozenge, whom he not only trained at home for his engagement in the Cambridgeshire of that year, until within a few days of the race, but actually rode him in all his work himself, and well was he rewarded for his pains, Lozenge winning the race after a dead heat (the only one in its history) with Wolsey, belonging to Sir Joseph Hawley.

The latter at once suggested a division—a course which probably would have been accepted in nine cases out of ten. Mr. Clayton, however, though comparatively speaking a poor man, and notwithstanding the fact that he stood to win £10,000 by the result; like the good sportsman he was, elected to run off the dead heat, with the result that is now historical.

One of the largest winners on the race was the late Mr. Charles Head, who made his book for Lozenge. So convinced was he, indeed, that the horse would win, that he appeared in the ring on the day of the race with an enormous lozenge, manufactured expressly for the occasion, stuck in his hat, a “tip” that no doubt, coming from such a quarter, inspired many a small punter. A well-known sporting writer of the period alluded afterwards to the race in the following terms:—

“The excitement prior to the occasion of the dead heat

## Gentlemen Riders

was very great, and considering that his opponent was the astute and almost invincible Sir Joseph Hawley, the triumph of Mr. Clayton's home-trained horse was a great achievement, and so far stands alone in the annals of the Turf."

That Lozenge was something out of the common was proved the following year, when, giving away 4 lbs., he beat Knight of the Garter over the Rowley Mile by a head, after a terrific set to.

For many years Mr. Clayton managed the race horses belonging to his lifelong friend, the late Lord Penrhyn, trained by Cole, at Exton, Rutlandshire, where he still has a few of his own.

When we add that, in spite of his seventy odd years, he is as constant as ever in his attendance at the meets of the Cottesmore and Belvoir hounds, and is looking forward with all the ardour of youth to sporting silk, as usual, in the private sweepstakes at Croxton Park in the spring, we think we are justified in prophesying that the subject of this memoir may be safely backed against the "old gentleman with the scythe" for many a long day to come.

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### THE REV. E. T. DRAKE

THAT the Drakes, of Shardeloes, have been a family of horsemen from time immemorial is proverbial; but it is questionable if any one of their number, and they were all good men, ever showed such marked superiority in the saddle as did the subject of our memoir, and an admirer might well remark that the same day the Church claimed Edward Drake

## The Rev. E. T. Drake

for its own, it deprived the World of Sport of the services of one who, otherwise, must have inevitably attained to the very highest honours as a gentleman rider.

As it was, with the exception of a few hunt steeplechases in which he took part with more or less success when he was at Oxford, the only important race Mr. Drake ever rode in, previous to being ordained, was the Grand National of 1860, won by the still living Mr. Thomas Pickernell (Mr. Thomas) on Anatis, after a great race with the late Captain Townley on The Huntsman, when, riding as Mr. "Ekard," he had the "leg up" on that celebrated horse Bridegroom, on which he finished sixth.

Bridegroom, it may be remembered, won the National Hunt Steeplechase the same year, the first ever run for, in the hands of the late Mr. E. C. Burton, familiarly known as "Doughy" Burton, and one of the most brilliant horsemen over a country of his day.

Though the fact of his taking Holy Orders rendered steeplechase riding out of the question, there were plenty of other amusements left open to him in which the new rector of Shardeloes was free to indulge without giving offence to the powers that be, notably hunting and cricket, and in both of these he indulged to his heart's content, dividing his attentions between the two with the greatest impartiality; his presence at the wickets being as familiar to the on-lookers at Lords or the Oval in the summer months, as it was to the followers of the Baron, or Mr. Selby Lowndes, or the Bicester, later on in the year.

With hands and seat perfection, a more elegant horseman than the subject of our memoir has probably never been seen, and to watch him sailing away at his ease over the fences in the Vale was a lesson in horsemanship in itself.

## Gentlemen Riders

Never, indeed, was a greater truism than that uttered by a disappointed sportsman who had tried in vain to catch him in a run, that until you got alongside of Teddy Drake, you never knew how fast he was going.

The following conversation will show in what estimation his horsemanship was held. The Hon. Robert Grimston and Fred Cox, Baron Rothschild's huntsman, jogging home together at the end of the day's hunting, were holding an animated discussion as to which was the finest horseman over a country they had either of them ever seen. They were at last reduced to two, viz. the Rev. Edward Drake and Jim Mason.

"I know who you'll say now," said Bob Grimston, "Jim Mason, of course!"

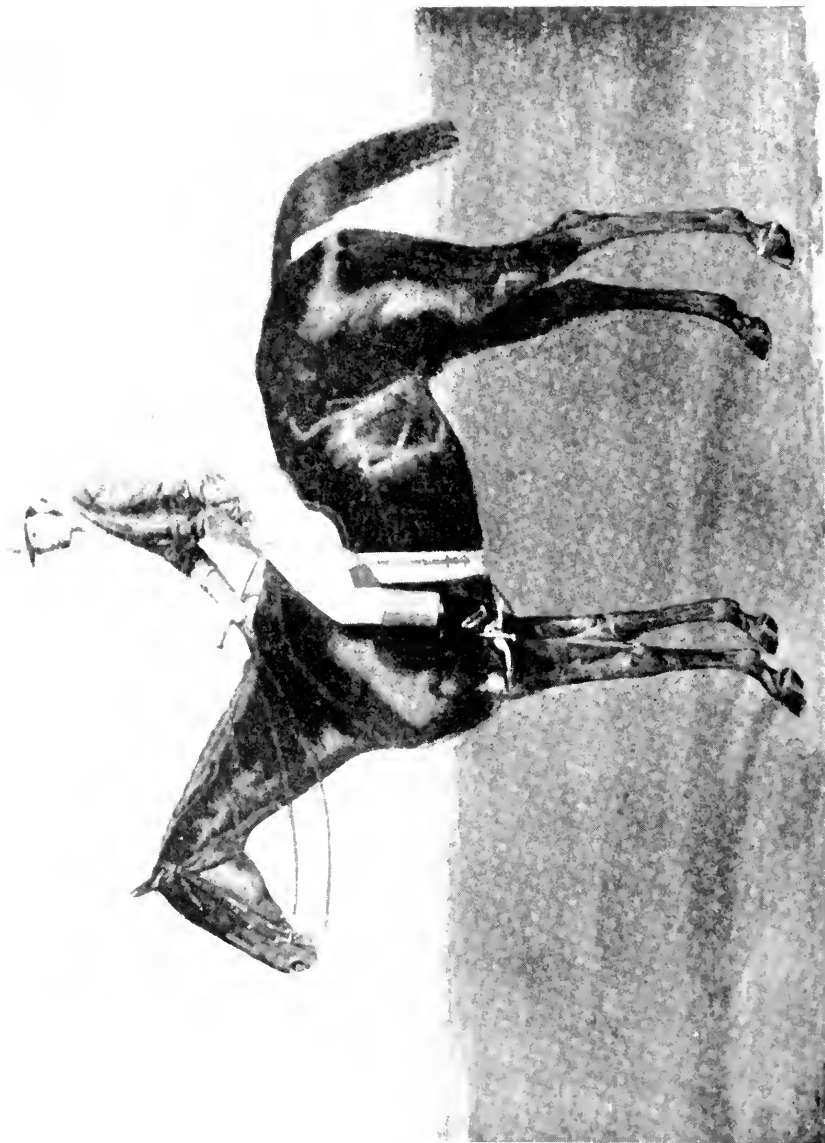
"You're wrong sir," was the reply. "I prefer Mr. Drake for this reason: that whilst Jim Mason is only at home on a perfectly made hunter, Mr. Drake goes equally well in a run on any description of horse you choose to put him on."

And Mr. Grimston was obliged to admit that the other had the better of the argument.

His brother, the still living Mr. George Drake, popularly known as "The Admiral," was also a first-rate horseman over a country. Though he rode with more or less success in a great many steeplechases under National Hunt Rules at Aylesbury and elsewhere, he only appeared once in a Grand National field, viz. in 1865 when Alcibiade won, on which occasion he rode Tumbler, belonging to Captain John White, so well known as a hard rider across Leicestershire in former days; but without success, his horse refusing the very first fence.

It is good to know that at the present time its reputation for fine horsemanship so long associated with the house of Drake is in such capable hands as those of Mr. "Jack"





*From a Painting by Stephen Pearce. MR. E. C. BURTON ON "BRIDEGROOM."*



## Mr. E. C. Burton

of that ilk, son of the present owner of Shardeloes, who, besides having few superiors in the hunting field, is equally at home between the flags.

Appropriately enough, his first winning mount was at Aylesbury, where, in 1905, he steered Pat Navan to victory in the Heavy-weight Hunters Steeplechase. In the same year he won the Grafton Plate at Towcester on Doncaster Rock (four years). Two wins out of five rides.

Last year at the point-to-point races in connection with the Old Berkshire, of which his father, Mr. W. Tyrwhitt Drake, was master, a friend betted the latter gentleman half a sovereign that he wouldn't ride. Mr. Drake at once booked the bet, and not only rode in the race but actually finished second to his own son.

Out of fifty-seven starters only five got round without falling, two of their number being Messrs. Drake, *père et fils*. Not a bad performance on the part of the former to start riding point-to-point at the age of fifty-seven; the fact that, owing to a flood the night before, all the ditches were level with the banks, and the Brook increased to twenty feet wide in consequence, making the feat all the more creditable.

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## MR. E. C. BURTON

"THE best all-round sportsman I ever met." What better description, we would ask, could there well be of the fine old English gentleman whose name adorns the heading of this chapter, than that compressed in the few words given above,

## Gentlemen Riders

the late Sir John Astley's tribute of admiration to his life-long friend, in his volume of *Reminiscences*, published a few years previous to his death? Many who only knew "Doughey" Burton as the rider of *Bridegroom*, one of the best steeplechase horses that ever looked through a bridle, will doubtless be surprised to hear that his accomplishments were by no means confined to the saddle. He was equally at home, in fact, on the river and on the cinder-path—especially the former; it being not too much to say that as an oarsman in his salad days he held a reputation second to none. As proof of this, we venture to quote from a book entitled "The Record of the University Boat Race." The writer, in referring to the crews of 1846, says, "Of these, the best all-round man, not only of that day, but of any other age, in University aquatics was Mr. E. C. Burton. Amongst his many accomplishments he could run. The Guards had a crack sprinter in those days—to wit, the present Sir John Astley—and a match was made between these two celebrities. Each side backed their man boldly, and the public believed for sure in the Guardsman. But young Oxford was too many for them, and when Burton 'walked in' a winner, it was said Christchurch and its *coterie* spoiled the Philistines."

Sir John Astley, in describing this, his first defeat on the cinder-path, in his book, says, "Burton was at that time reading for the law, and I didn't take so much trouble as I should have done in my training: firstly, because I underrated my opponent; and, secondly, because I was given to understand that he was not training over hard—in fact, one of our mutual friends told me that he was in the habit of taking a bottle of claret every night for dinner. Of course it was soft of me to listen to these tales; at the same time I felt confident then, and I do now, that the best man won."

## Mr. E. C. Burton

Going to Christchurch in 1845, Mr. Burton rowed No. 2 in the Oxford boat in the race with Cambridge in 1846. In 1847 he was elected President of the Oxford University Boat Club, and in 1857 he trained and steered the Oxford crew at Henley when they won the Challenge Cup.

In 1860, the long-talked-of Grand National Hunt Steeplechase was run for the first time over the Market Harborough course, there being an enormous attendance. The conditions were as follows : "The Grand National Hunt Steeplechase of 10 sovs. each, with 500 added, for horses that have never won before the day of starting. Twelve stone each. Four miles."

No fewer than thirty-one horses faced the starter. Bridegroom, the property of B. J. Angell, popularly known as "Cherry" Angell, and the mount of Mr. E. C. Burton, being favourite at 5 to 1. The issue was never for a moment in doubt, as Bridegroom held a good position throughout, and won in a canter at last by twenty lengths; Freshman, belonging to Charlie Symonds, the famous Oxford horse dealer, and ridden by Mr. Langton, being second, and Mr. Garden's Liberator, the mount of Alec Goodman, third.

It is worthy of mention that in the course of the afternoon the celebrated queen of the Demi-monde, familiarly known as "Skittles," an accomplished and fearless horsewoman, distinguished herself by jumping the brook in cold blood, to the great admiration of those who witnessed the feat.

The following year, owing to a split in the cabinet, there were *two* Grand National Hunt Steeplechases, one at Cheltenham, and the other, which took place a week later, at Market Harborough, as before.

The former—of which the "Steeplechase Calendar" takes no official notice, though a great success locally—was won by "Mr. Edwards" (George Ede), on the Freshman, the second at

## Gentlemen Riders

Market Harborough the previous year. Vicomte Talon was next on his own horse Laudanum ; and Mr. Thomas third on Mr. G. Vaughan's Ebony ; the other being again won by Mr. E. C. Burton on Queensferry, belonging, as before, to his friend "Cherry" Angell, and far and away the best animal that gentleman ever owned.

There were seventeen runners, Mr. Burton's mount starting a warm favourite at 3 to 1.

Such a brilliant victory has rarely been witnessed, as, after the first mile had been covered, it was plain that it was any odds on Queensferry, so long as she kept on her legs ; and she won in the end by upwards of twenty lengths, Limner, the mount of Captain Barclay, being second, and Socks, ridden by Mr. Walker, third.

To the last Mr. E. C. Burton continued to take an active part in the affairs of the Grand National Hunt Committee, of which he was the oldest member at the time of his death.

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### MR. GEORGE EDE

("MR. EDWARDS")

MR. GEORGE EDE, better known as "Mr. Edwards," and one of the best gentlemen riders, both over a country or on the flat, of his or any other time, was one of the twin sons of Mr. Edward Ede of Clayfield Lodge, Southampton. Born in 1834, he and his twin brother Mr. Edward Ede, who in after life did so much for Hampshire cricket, were educated at Eton, which they left in 1850.

About this period, Ben Land, as a steeplechase rider, was



MR. GEORGE EDE  
("MR. EDWARDS").



## Mr. George Ede

quite at the top of the tree, and an acquaintance springing up between him and young George Ede, eventually led to the latter, who had long cherished the idea of adopting cross-country riding as a profession, placing himself in the hands of the professional for instruction.

What sort of pupil he turned out can easily be imagined. Suffice it to say, Ben Land in after years always declared that of the many aspirants to Liverpool honours who had passed through his curriculum, not one had done him so much credit as Mr. George Ede. Having adopted the name of Mr. "Edwards," for his *nom de guerre*, the subject of our memoir made his *début* as a gentleman rider in the autumn of 1856 in a flat race at Warwick, whilst shortly afterwards he rode his first hurdle race at Waltham Abbey on Caledonian, belonging to Ben Land. In 1857 we find him winning the Birmingham Grand Annual for his old tutor on Weathercock, the Club and the Farmer Stakes on his own horse Lilford, and the selling stakes on Weston. At Charlbury in Oxfordshire, in the same year, he won the Grand Steeplechase on Lord Coventry's Red Cap and the Hunt Cup on Ganymede, for Captain Duff.

In 1858 "Mr. Edwards" had twenty winning mounts to his credit, including the Warwick Plate on Janet, the two principal Windsor Steeplechases for Ben Land; the Warwickshire Steeplechase and Hurdle race, and the Sherwood Handicap at Nottingham on Samson, on whom he rode 8 st. 9 lbs. In the same year he had his first mount in the Liverpool, won by Little Charlie, when he was second on Weathercock (11 st. 7 lbs.), belonging to Viscount Talon. At the distance the two were neck and neck, William Archer, who rode a most patient race, biding his time until close home, when he came away and won fairly easily.

## Gentlemen Riders

His getting so near the winner was the more creditable, as on the morning of the Liverpool, "Mr. Edwards," when riding Tease in a gallop, got a bad fall, and this being followed by another at Lewes, kept him out of the saddle for some time after. Up to 1862 "Mr. Edwards" had ridden a good deal on the flat, but cricket had superior attractions for him and he did not ride so much in the summer as formerly. However, he beat Fordham by a head at Manchester, and the following day scored 122 runs at Southampton in a match between East and South Hants.

In 1863 he had fifteen winning mounts, Mr. George Thompson beating him by three; and in 1864 did better still, riding twenty-eight winners, amongst them being Marble Hill, Twilight, Cadeau, Goshawk, Grosvenor, and Overstone. In 1865 thirty races fell to his share. Beginning with the Warwick Grand Annual on Lord Coventry's Emblem, he wound up with a victory on Ironsides for Ben Land at Worcester, and on Cortolvin at Croydon for Lord Powlett. For some years Lord Uxbridge had first call on his services, and when he had won eight times for him on Marble Hill, his noble owner presented the jockey with a large portrait of himself on the horse by Harry Hall.

On Lord Uxbridge retiring from the turf, Mr. Ede became closely identified with Lord Powlett's horses, then trained at Droxford in Hampshire; and in 1868 came the climax of his steeplechasing career when he won the Grand National on The Lamb, after a great race with Pearl Diver.

Only a short time previously Mr. Ede had received a terrible fall in the Croydon Hurdle Race, being carried to the Stand so smothered in blood as to be hardly recognizable, and his reappearance in the saddle, therefore, so soon afterwards, spoke volumes for his nerve and pluck.



## Mr. W. R. Brockton

The same year he rode a great race at Warwick, a famous battle-ground of his, when, on Musketeer, he beat Shakespeare, ridden by Mr. Crawshaw, by a head; George Holman, on that little wonder, Globule, being the same distance behind the second.

In 1870 the accident occurred by which this fine horseman lost his life, a fatality rendered the more sad, as its victim, in view of his approaching marriage, had announced his intention of retiring from active participation in the sport of which he had been so long an ornament. He was riding Mr. Stortford's Chippenham in the September Steeplechase at Liverpool, on the Thursday of the meeting, when the horse, striking the gorse hurdles with great force, fell heavily, throwing his rider and rolling over him.

Chippenham was soon up, and before he could be stopped broke away, dragging for some distance his insensible rider, whose foot was held fast in the stirrup. When released it was found that in addition to concussion of the brain, he had fractured several ribs. A hopeless case from the first, Mr. Ede lingered on in an unconscious state until the following Sunday evening, when he passed away, not only to the regret of his many personal friends, but the entire racing world. Altogether, between 1856 and 1870, the subject of our memoir won no less than 306 races.

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## MR. W. R. BROCKTON

THERE is no county in England, probably, which has turned out more hard riders, and, we might add, good sportsmen, than Lincolnshire, and a better specimen of both it would be hard

## Gentlemen Riders

to select than the veteran named above, who, in his day, whether as a rider to hounds, between the flags, or across the flat, had a reputation second to none.

In 1865, at which period his riding career commenced, there was no better-known sportsman in Lincolnshire than Mr. Sam Welfitt of Tathwell, owner of a good many high-class steeplechase horses; and it was on the back of one of these, named after his own place, that Mr. Brockton won his first important race over a country, namely, the National Hunt Steeplechase of 1868.

On this occasion it was run, for the second year in succession, at Clapham Park, Bedford, over the same course on which the Oakley Hunt Steeplechases were always held. The country was entirely grass, with fences made not to be galloped over by half-schooled horses, but to be jumped by hunters, the first obstacle especially being a more than usually formidable one.

On this occasion there were only seven runners, Tathwell (6 yrs., 12 st. 6 lbs.), the mount of Mr. Brockton, starting favourite at 4 to 1, a position he justified by winning easily by six lengths, after making nearly the whole of the running; Lord Powlett's Father O'Leary (aged, 12 st. 10 lbs.), ridden by Mr. George Ede (Mr. Edwards), being second, and Mr. F. Toynbee's Daniel O'Rourke (aged, 12 st. 10 lbs.), with Captain Arthur Smith in the saddle, four lengths away, third.

In 1870, Primrose, who will be remembered as a beautiful, though very headstrong and excitable mare, belonging to Mr. Brockton, on the strength of a runaway victory a short time previously in the Croydon Hurdle Race in the hands of her owner, was heavily backed for the Grand National of that year, which, but for her excitable temperament, she might have won. As it was, though looking as dangerous as



*From a Painting in the possession of Mr. W. K. Brockton.*  
MR. W. K. BROCKTON ON "TATHWELL."



## Mr. W. R. Brockton

anything, when, in company with The Colonel and The Doctor, she landed on the racecourse the last time round, but tired soon afterwards, and could only get third, a neck behind The Doctor, who was the same distance behind the winner. The following week, at Cottenham, she beat The Doctor by five lengths in a £400 steeplechase over four miles.

In 1872, Primrose (11 st. 4 lbs.), ridden, as before, by her owner, who understood her peculiar temperament better than anybody, again ran in the Grand National, for which she started at 100 to 6. Whatever chance she might have possessed—and it was considered a great one by her owner—was quickly knocked on the head, as she fell heavily at the second fence in the country, the last time round, her back being broken either by the fall or from being jumped on by Schiedam, necessitating immediate destruction; her jockey at the same time being very seriously injured. Primrose, a chestnut mare, by Bonnyfield—Rosebud, Bonnyfield by West Australian—Queen Mary, was bought as a two-year-old, when unbroken, by her owner, who won nineteen steeplechases and hurdle races on her. No Arab ever loved his steed with more devotion than did Mr. Brockton the wayward and excitable Primrose, and, apart from all monetary consideration (he had refused more than one tempting offer for her), the loss of his favourite was naturally a great source of grief to this true sportsman, who, though owner of many a good horse in his time, both before and since, never had one in his stable he set so much store by as the ill-fated mare in question.

Moorhen (the dam of Gallinule and Pioneer), by Hermit, her dam by Skirmisher out of Vertumna by Stockwell, was another favourite mare, on whom her owner won sixteen races

## Gentlemen Riders

under National Hunt rules, the first of which was the "Macaroni" Hunters' Stakes, at Nottingham, two miles on the flat, when, starting at 60 to 1, she beat a large field, including two great favourites in Jack and Quits; the remainder, with the exception of two steeplechases, of which one was the West of Scotland Grand National at the Eglinton meeting, being over hurdles.

Maid of Honour, by Knowsley, dam by Young Melbourne, bred by Lord Glasgow, and Susan, on whom he won fifteen steeplechases, are also worthy of mention, as was a very good horse on whom Mr. Brockton won a good many steeplechases and hurdle races, amongst the latter being the Waltham Hurdle Race at Croxton Park—a race he won seven years in succession. On Besseker, by Buccaneer—Anxiety, owned in partnership with Mr. Dawson, of Hanton, he won no fewer than twenty steeplechases and one hurdle race; and on Mar-mion, belonging to himself, sixteen events over a country.

At Musselburgh one year, he won the Scottish Grand National on Harrington; the Handicap of £300 on Greenland; and the Grand National Hunters' Steeplechase at Eglinton on Peacock, for Captain Botterill.

From 1865 to 1880, during which period he may be said to have lived in the saddle, Mr. Brockton took part in 617 races—the majority being over a country—of which he won 256, topping the list in the last-named year with fifty-two wins.

In 1890, this fine horseman laid aside his cap and jacket—with regret, you may be sure—for good and all, leaving behind him a record which will keep his memory green for many a long day to come in the sporting county which claims him for her own.





Mr. ROBERT S. WALKER.



## MR. ROBERT S. WALKER

IN the late sixties and seventies of the past century, the saddling paddock at Aintree on the Grand National day would have been considered incomplete without the presence therein of the tall, erect figure of the well-known horseman who forms the subject of this sketch.

The first time Mr. Walker ever rode in public was in the Hunt Steeplechase at Doncaster in 1852, which he won on a horse called Dandy Jim, with whose dam he had won a private steeplechase sweepstakes some years previously. Dandy Jim, who was bred by Mr. Walker, senior, fell lame and had to be fired, but got all right again, and was purchased jointly from their father for £80, by his two sons, Robert and George, who, not being able to raise the whole of the money at the time, were allowed to pay the balance when he had won a race. After Doncaster, he continued his victorious career, and was eventually sold to H. Lamplough to go to France, where he won several good steeplechases.

Of the steeplechase horses owned and ridden by Mr. Robert Walker during his career in the saddle, the best were Snowstorm, Yorkshireman, Cortolvin, Tom Tom, Keystone, Hailstone, and Bridegroom.

On the first named, with whom his name will always be most associated, he won the big steeplechase at the Edgbaston Hunt meeting on three consecutive occasions, viz. 1869, 1870, and 1871. Snowstorm, with his owner in the saddle, ran unsuccessfully in the Grand National of 1871, when The Lamb won for the second time; and again the following year, on

## Gentlemen Riders

which occasion he was ridden by Thorpe in Mr. Chaplin's colours, that gentleman having purchased him in the interim for the use of his Lincolnshire tenants to breed hunters from, with, we believe, highly satisfactory results. Snowstorm was bred at Limber in Lincolnshire, and Mr. Maunsel Richardson often rode him when he was first broken in at three years old, and later on rode and won a steeplechase on him at Warwick, on which occasion he carried no less than 14 st. 2 lbs.

In 1870, the subject of our memoir won the Sefton Steeplechase at Liverpool on Keystone, which horse Mr. J. M. Richardson subsequently bought on behalf of Captain Machell and took with him shortly afterwards to Baden Baden, where he rode him in the big steeplechase, for which he was beaten by a neck only.

He and his brother George at one time used between them to account for most of the Brocklesby Hunt Steeplechases. There were two races, and in these the two brothers were first and second two years in succession, on one memorable occasion Robert, on Snowstorm, beating George, on Barbarian, by the shortest of heads.

In 1884, when close on sixty years of age, Mr. Robert Walker brought a most successful riding career to a close by winning one of the steeplechases at Liverpool on a four-year-old of his own named Heirloom.

In his time the subject of this memoir has owned some good horses on the flat, the most notable being Dresden China, who won two or three two-year-old races, and later on the great Yorkshire Handicap at Doncaster, after which she was sold for two thousand guineas to Mr. Charles Perkins, in whose colours, carrying a ten-pound penalty for winning at Doncaster, she ran third for the Cesarewitch; whilst the

## Mr. Robert S. Walker

following year, among other long races, she won the Northamptonshire Stakes, and the Goodwood and Doncaster Cups. In 1881, Mr. Walker bought Mother Shipton for £500, and won the Ebor Handicap with her a fortnight later, and several other races after that; whilst with Vallon by Onslow, whom he bought as a yearling, he won the Prince of Wales' Nursery Handicap at Doncaster, and several others later on, the last being a selling race, when he let her go.

Mr. Walker's brother George was equally successful both as an owner and a rider, winning many steeplechases, some of them of great importance. With Pensioner he won the big Handicap Steeplechases at Bedford in 1866, worth £585, and the Lincoln Autumn Steeplechase on the same horse; whilst on Patience, Pigeon, and Defence (which last was acquired by Mr. Richardson on behalf of Captain Machell), not forgetting Catspaw, which horse he sold to go to France, and went over to ride and win on him there, were all good winners for him in their turn.

Mr. George Walker died some years since, but the subject of our memoir, now upwards of eighty years of age, is, we are happy to say, still with us, hale and hearty, and resides at Aylesby Manor, Laceby, where the Brocklesby hounds were kept when Messrs. Pelham and Tyrwhitt Drake had them in 1713, a descendant of the last named, Mr. W. Drake, still owning the property.

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# Gentlemen Riders

MR. THOMAS PICKERNELL

(MR. "THOMAS")

FROM the early part of the last century, when steeplechasing first became the fashion in England, down to the present time we don't believe there is a single horseman you could mention, either professional or amateur, who could boast of a longer career in the saddle, or whose name in after years has dwelt longer in the memory of those connected with the sport than the gentleman known to his friends as Tom Pickernell, and to the sporting world as Mr. "Thomas."

Born at Cheltenham, at which place he received his education—that portion of it dealing with equitation, and the one he most preferred, being under the supervision of those learned professors, Tom Olliver and William Holman—he soon afterwards, at the instance of his family, and much against his own inclination, emigrated to Tasmania, with a view to learning sheep farming, and it was there that he rode and won his first steeplechase.

This proved the forerunner of so many victories that at last a petition extensively signed by the natives of the colony was presented to him begging him to desist from riding, on the plea that he was taking the bread out of the mouths of his professional brethren of the Pigskin.

Soon after this hint he said good-bye to Tasmania, and returned to England, there to commence that riding career which has never yet been equalled, and certainly never excelled, by any amateur horseman of his or any other time.

How many races on the flat and over the country "Mr.



MR. T. PICKERNELL  
("MR. THOMAS").



## Mr. Thomas Pickernell

Thomas" rode in and won during that period in England, Scotland, Ireland, Wales, and on the Continent we should be sorry to say—he does not know himself, indeed—so we will confine ourselves to his Liverpool record, which is in itself a formidable one.

### GRAND NATIONAL RECORD

		Age	st.	lb.	
1859	Mr. C. Capell's Anatis . . . .	A	9	4	Fifth
1860	" " " . . . .	"	9	10	Won
1861	" " " . . . .	"	10	4	Unplaced
1862	Sir E. Hutchinson's Anatis . .	12	10	12	"
1863	No mount.				
1864	No mount.				
1865	Col. Foster's Tony Lumpkin . .	A	10	4	Unplaced
1866	Mr. W. McGrane's Milltown . .	5	10	4	Fell
1867	Mr. E. Studd's Shangarry . . .	A	10	13	Third
1868	Mr. W. R. H. Powell's Daisy . .	A	11	7	Unplaced
1869	Mr. E. Green's The Nun . . . .	A	11	9	"
1870	Capt. J. M. Browne's Hall Court	A	10	12	"
1871	Lord Poulett's The Lamb . . . .	9	11	5	Won
1872	" " " . . . .	10	12	7	Fourth
1873	" " Broadlea . . . .	6	10	5	Fell
1874	Mr. C. Chayter's Eurotas . . . .	6	11	8	Eleventh
1875	Mr. H. Bird's Pathfinder . . . .	8	10	11	Won
1876	Mr. H. Battazzi's Defence . . .	A	11	0	Tenth
1877	Mr. G. Moore's The Liberator . .	A	10	12	Third

Well might an excited admirer in the crowd, when, in 1876, Mr. Thomas, mounted on Defence, took his customary place at the head of the parade, for his sixteenth Grand National, yell out at the top of his voice, "Here comes old Evergreen Tommy! Hooray!"

## Gentlemen Riders

Of his three victories in the Grand National perhaps the most remarkable was that of Pathfinder, who appeared so utterly exhausted on approaching Becher's Brook the second time round, that Mr. Thomas remarked, after the race, that, had the horse been his own property and himself a rich man, he certainly would have pulled him up then and there, for fear he should sustain a fall and injure himself. As it was he got him over all right, and the horse improving as he went on, eventually won, as we know.

Apart from these, a victory the veteran sets great store by is the Sefton Steeplechase at Aintree in 1866, which he won by a neck on Sprite, after a tremendous set to with George Stevens on Balder belonging to Lord Coventry, and not without reason, for his stirrup leather breaking when jumping Becher's Brook, Mr. Thomas had to carry it in his hand all the rest of the way, a proceeding which became especially awkward when, at the finish, he had to sit down in his saddle and ride for all he was worth.

A dreadful fall on the flat at Sandown in the April of 1877, when, in addition to breaking his jaw in three places, he lost the sight of one eye and injured the other, effectually put a stop to the riding career of this famous horseman, and it says a good deal for his constitution that, in spite of his injuries, which would have killed nine men out of ten, Mr. Pickernell, at the age of 75, should be still among us hale and hearty.







CAPTAIN JONAS HUNT

*From a Photograph taken in Paris.*

## CAPTAIN GEORGE WARWICK HUNT

A NAME that was as familiar as it was popular, not only throughout the service of which he was so distinguished an ornament, but the entire sporting world, more particularly that portion of it devoted to the Turf, in the sixties and seventies of the past century, was that of the gallant soldier named above, known alternately as "Jonas" or "Balaclava" Hunt.

Born near Plymouth in 1833, his mother being a daughter of Admiral Linzee, after completing his education, he was gazetted in the first instance to the 12th Lancers, and it was only by a great piece of luck that he did not accompany that regiment on board the *Birkenhead* when it sailed on its ill-starred voyage. As it was, the Colonel of the 4th Light Dragoons, who had formed a very high opinion of the young officer, and was anxious to have him with him, managed to procure his transfer to his own corps, just in time, as it turned out, to save him from a watery grave; a providential escape which earned for him the sobriquet of "Jonas"—a rendering of "Jonah." \*

In 1854 he sailed with the regiment to the Crimea—a period of his life which he always declared to the end of his days he enjoyed better than any; nor was it long before he proved himself worthy of the high estimate his Colonel had formed of his courage and resource, by an act of heroism in the historic Charge of the Light Brigade at Balaclava, which for coolness and audacity has probably never been

\* Not long before his death, Captain Hunt, on the lawn at Sandown, was asked by a lady with him, who a very infirm and decrepit sportsman he had just nodded to, was. "Odd you should have asked that," replied "Jonas," "for he was the officer who took my place on the *Birkenhead*, and was the only one saved."

## Gentlemen Riders

excelled, and which would, to a certainty in these days, have been rewarded with the Victoria Cross.

With horses and men rolling over at every stride, the 4th Light Dragoons swept into the battery just thirty yards behind the 11th Hussars at the very moment when the Russian gunners were seeking to carry off their guns, an officer's voice (according to Kinglake) ringing out as they did so, with a cheery "Tally Ho!"

Noting this, and apparently quite oblivious of what the historian terms the "raging combat" that was going on round him, Jonas Hunt coolly returned his sword into its scabbard, and, jumping off his charger, proceeded to unhook the traces and disengage the gun from the harness. "A curious act of audacity," as Kinglake remarks, for which his commanding officer both damned and admired him.

A personal friend of his, in a most interesting memoir of "Jonas" Hunt which appeared in *Baily's Magazine* shortly after the latter's death, and who has kindly given permission to us to quote from the same, in alluding to the incident just related, goes on to say: "In this gallant, if hopeless act, since the Light Cavalry were unsupported, 'Jonas' Hunt was not left without assistance; and as this part of the story has never been published, it will be of interest to record it here. Just prior to the Battle of Balaclava, he had been on picquet duty with a sergeant, and, it is believed, two troopers. Having duly posted these, 'Jonas' Hunt went his rounds, but on returning some time afterwards, was unable to find the sergeant. He hunted about in all directions without success, till at last he heard the neigh of a horse, which was answered by his own charger. The sound led him to the spot, only to find the sergeant wrapped in his cloak, fast asleep on the ground. Hunt roused him with a kick, and at once told

## Captain George Warwick Hunt

the man of the serious position in which he stood, his conduct having placed the force in jeopardy of an attack from the enemy, and that he should report him for being asleep at his post, the penalty of which was death, and that he certainly would be shot.

At daybreak the sergeant implored for mercy ; but " Jonas " was not seemingly to be moved. Remembering, however, that the former was quite a young fellow, he led him to suppose he was going to report him, and so kept him in deadly fear until daybreak was past, when he told the man he hoped it was a lesson he would never forget.

" Sir," said the sergeant, with tears in his eyes, " I shall never forget you and what you have done ; and if ever I can repay you the debt of gratitude I owe you, I will."

His words were not lightly spoken, and when in the thick of the *melée*, " Jonas " dismounted, the sergeant jumped off his charger, and with his sword was hacking away at the traces of the gun carriage, when three Cossacks galloped down on them, one of them making a direct thrust at Hunt. Fortunately for the latter, the sergeant saw the peril and, jumping between, received his death wound.

" Sir," he said, as he lay dying, "*I have paid my debt.*"

It was quite characteristic of the man that " Jonas " Hunt was the only subaltern in the Cavalry Division who never missed a single day's duty throughout the war, and it is said, what was equally probable, that he volunteered for every perilous enterprise during the campaign.

On his retirement from the Service a few years after the Peace of 1856—a step, by the way, which he never ceased to regret—" Jonas " Hunt devoted himself exclusively to sport of all kinds, with a preference for race-riding, a pursuit for which his fearless nature eminently fitted him, with the result that before

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long he became recognized as one of the best amateur horsemen of his day.

Strange to say, however, workman though he undoubtedly was, his race-riding was chiefly confined to the Continent, the only event of importance we can trace to his credit in this country being the Grand Military Gold Cup of 1859, which he won in the easiest possible fashion on his own horse Goldsmith, who, carrying a 10-lb. penalty, and settling down at the head of affairs the moment the flag fell, was never headed from start to finish.

Though he never had a mount in the Grand National, he all but won it in 1860 with Huntsman, on whom Captain Townley was only beaten a neck by Mr. Thomas on Anatis, a result which would have certainly been reversed, but for the former getting both feet out of the irons at a critical moment.

A keen rider to hounds, he made his head-quarters for many years at Market Harborough. He was also a splendid fisherman and game shot, and during one winter in Scotland is said to have killed three hundred woodcock to his own gun.

An amusing little comedy, which might have ended in a tragedy, in which Jonas Hunt was one of the principal actors, occurred at the Baden-Baden meeting in 1865, on the Grand Prix day.

There were a great many notables present, amongst them being the King of Prussia and the Duke of Cambridge; while the French were represented by Count F. de Legrange, who had just won the triple crown with Gladiateur, and now hoped to carry off the Grand Prix with Le Mandarin; whilst the English division, who had mustered in great force, were equally confident about Harcourt, who, with Custance in the saddle, they thought certain to win.

## Captain George Warwick Hunt

Alas! their respective hopes were doomed to be disappointed. Harcourt ran nowhere; whilst Le Mandarin, a rogue of the first water, ridden by Harry Grimshaw, could only get second to Vertugagne, as big a thief as himself.

“Argus,” in an amusing description of the day’s proceedings in the *Morning Post*, thus describes the incident:

“A letter from Baden without an allusion to a duel, relative to an actress or a gentleman, would be a great disappointment to the lovers of gossip and those who like other people to travel for them. Well, although I have not an affair of honour for your readers, I have at least an own brother to it, as they will admit.

“It seems that for the last few years there has been a very disagreeable feeling in France with reference to English gentlemen ‘riders,’ and the alliance between them and their foreign brethren has not been quite as strong as that of Cherbourg in reference to that of naval and military matters.

“Captain Hunt especially has had to put up with repeated annoyances whenever he rode, the fault of his animal being laid on himself; and if he did not win it was said to be from want of inclination. Hitherto, he has been unable to fix on any one the responsibility of a charge of this description, but on Wednesday afternoon he was more successful, for on returning to scale on Benjamin, a Mons. Thomas, an adventurer on the Bourse, shouted out to him in the most offensive manner, ‘You have played your game well, Captain Hunt.’ At the moment he took no notice of the insult, but, putting on his coat, he went up to M. Thomas’s carriage and demanded an explanation. Not receiving an apology, but rather a fresh insult, he, without hesitating an instant, pulled the Frenchman out of his carriage by his nasal organ, which unfortunately for

## Gentlemen Riders

him was unusually long. Frantic with rage, he rushed at the Captain, who gave him one with his right, with which any pugilistic expert would have been delighted, and had it been delivered within a twenty-four foot ring, would have recorded that it had been received with cheers. The parties were then separated, and the meeting adjourned till the next day. Of course the Frenchman breathed nothing but fire, and the blood of the gentleman 'rider' would alone wash out the stains his honour had received.

“The English to a man were of a different opinion. They applauded Captain Hunt's spirit, and said it served his antagonist quite right, and recommended him to do it again in every similar instance, as it would soon put a stop to the nuisance. The Frenchman, however, was not so easily got rid of, and he challenged the gallant Captain, naming swords as the weapon with which he wished the affair decided. This prospect the Captain respectfully declined, and said with great truth, he did not see why, after being insulted, he should stand a chance of a foot and a half of cold steel being slipped through him like a skewer, and for a performance of one of the favourite arts of the common Britisher he had no desire. He placed himself, however, in the hands of the stewards, and said, if they thought he ought to go out with M. Thomas, he would do so, with pistols. The Court then adjourned, and their retirement was of some benefit to the restaurant, for no end of seltzers and brandy were ordered to discuss the matter over. The stewards took as long to consider the matter as Lord Westmoreland and Mr. Payne did the Claxton case, and returned with the award that Captain Hunt must go out, but he should be allowed the use of pistols. In giving this decision they admitted it was inconvenient he was married, but as he was a resident in Paris, it would save him a good deal of annoyance for the future,



## Captain George Warwick Hunt

providing, as Custance would say, 'he did not run second.' Contrary to the Claxton case, the award was received with the utmost satisfaction, and Tuesday suggested as an open day, and the merits of the pair discussed.

"Your correspondent, however, who flatters himself he is not a bad judge of men and manners, when appealed to, said he could not help thinking M. Thomas was not a 'certain starter,' and that he would much rather be watching his operations in Mexican Stock and Credit Fonciers, than looking for the direction of Captain Hunt's bullet.

"And in this instance I was right, for whether M. Thomas had heard that Captain Hunt had long since abjured the use of snuffers and invariably put his chamber-candle out with a Palais Royal pistol; or else thought discretion was the better part of valour, I cannot say, but when Captain Hunt's friend went to his seconds to arrange 'the fixture,' they tendered him at once an apology, and said that their friend's conduct was inexcusable except for drink, and they could not conscientiously go out with him. So the affair terminated quietly; and Captain Hunt, winning the Prix de Dames the next day, was loudly cheered for his spirited conduct, and so far from being a victim to gentlemen 'jockeys' he has become the champion of their rights and privileges."

Captain Hunt, who was twice married, first to Miss Emma Taylor, and secondly to Miss F. Gould, daughter of Mr. Charles Gould of Brighton, who survived him, died on the 15th of October, 1906.

# Gentlemen Riders

## CAPTAIN ARTHUR J. SMITH

OF the many fine horsemen sent forth by our cavalry at various times to do battle for them on the racecourse, we think—nay, feel sure—that all will agree, that never has that branch of the Service been more ably represented, either on our steeplechase courses or in the hunting-field, than by the popular sportsman whose career in the saddle we now describe.

Captain Arthur J. Smith, familiarly known to his intimates as “Doggie,” was born in February, 1840, and after completing his education at Rugby—a school which has harboured many a good sportsman—joined the Carabineers in 1858, the regiment being in India at the time.

Arrived there, the sporting young cornet was not long in making his mark as a gentleman rider, and there being no professional jockeys, except natives, in India in those days, his services, as a consequence, were soon at a premium. Returning home with his regiment in 1860, he inaugurated auspiciously what was destined to be one of the most successful careers as a gentleman rider ever known, not only in England, Scotland, and Ireland, but in France and Germany as well, by winning a steeplechase at Warwick on a mare named Cockatoo.

If ever there was a horseman in this world whom one would have imagined it would have been safe to book in advance as the rider of a Grand National winner, surely Captain Smith was that man. Luck, however, was against him in this particular instance, for though there was not a single important steeplechase you could mention in the Calendar



CAPTAIN ARTHUR SMITH  
("DOGGIE").



## Captain Arthur J. Smith

that did not fall to his lot at some time or another during his riding career, the one ambition of his life was never destined to be gratified. At this point, we do not think we can do better than let the subject of our memoir take up the running on his own account.

“Altogether,” he writes, “I rode eight times in the Grand National, being third in 1882 on Zoedone, then a five-year-old, and the property of ‘Uncle’ Clayton. I was to have ridden her the following year in the Grand Prize at Sandown Park, but where I happened to be at the time, it was so hard a frost that I thought it impossible to run, and didn’t, therefore, go there. A rapid thaw, however, set in, and Count Kinsky, to whom the mare now belonged, being on the spot, rode her himself, and later on at Liverpool, where she won the Grand National. So I lost the chance of doing what I had been trying to do for years—a bitter disappointment. I am *sure*,” adds Captain Smith, “with ordinary luck, I should have beaten Reugny in the Grand National of 1874 on Heraut D’Armes, a horse belonging to Mr. William Forbes, and the best I have ever ridden.

“A beautiful jumper, with tremendous speed, he could stay for a month, but his trainer, thinking he had pulled me very hard in the Conyngham Cup at Punchestown, which he won in a canter, insisted on putting a ‘segundo’ bit, with a chain and snaffle, in his mouth; the result being that he jumped badly in the race and eventually fell.”

It were odd indeed if, in the course of his career in the saddle, a Grand Military had not fallen to his share, and accordingly we find him winning that much-coveted prize on Bell’s Life for Major Wombwell (now Sir George Wombwell), of the 12th Lancers, at Rugby in 1864. In addition to this, Captain Smith rode the winner of the

## Gentlemen Riders

National Hunt Steeplechase no less than four times, viz. on Gamechicken at Melton in 1864, on Daybreak at Lincoln in 1871, on Lucellum at Aylesbury in 1874, and on New Glasgow at Liverpool in 1880.

Having thus briefly outlined his career in the saddle, we feel we cannot do better in the interests of our readers than allow this brilliant horseman and good sportsman to have the "last word," as they say in the law courts.

"I may mention," he writes, "that never, either directly or indirectly, have I had a bet on any horse I have ridden. This, I venture to think, is *rather* unusual.

"I loved a ride, and would go any distance to ride any horse. Of the two, however, I think I like hunting best. Nothing, in my opinion, can beat a *good* place in a *good* run, over a *good* country, and on a *good* horse. And in hunting, if you don't get a good place, there is no one disappointed but yourself."

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## MAJOR TEMPEST

WHEN, in 1865, Alcibiade and Hall Court, ridden by two officers in her Majesty's army, created such a sensation by coming clean away from the field in the Grand National of that year, it seemed to give an impetus to military riding, more especially in connection with that particular event, which it has never really lost.

Previous to the occasions we speak of, those officers, either in the army or out of it, who had ridden in the Liverpool, as it was generally termed in those days, could be counted on



MAJOR TEMPEST.





## Major Tempest

the fingers of one hand, and, out of the number, only one had ridden the winner, viz. Captain Little, on the Chandler, in 1848, Captain Townley running him pretty close on the Huntsman in 1860, and his third on Yaller Gal in 1863.

Major Arthur Cecil Tempest, the rider of Hall Court on the memorable occasion just referred to, is the second son of the late Henry Tempest, of Broughton Hall, Skipton-on-Craven, by his wife Jemima, daughter of Sir Thomas de Trafford, and was born in 1837. After completing his education at Stonyhurst College, in 1857, he joined the 11th Hussars, known in those days as the 11th Light Dragoons, and rode his first race in public the previous year, when quartered in Ireland with his regiment, his marked ability in the saddle being doubtless attributable in no small measure to the instruction he had received at the hands of that celebrated horseman, Mr. Alan McDonough, who, from the first, had taken the sporting young cornet under his wing as one likely to do credit to his schooling; and it was on a horse belonging to him, named Bryan O'Lynn, that his pupil won his first important race—the Sefton Steeplechase at Liverpool, in 1861, or thereabouts.

Of the many horses ridden at various times by Major Tempest during his steeplechasing career, the one his name would be most identified with was Hall Court, on whom, in addition to winning several steeplechases at Howth, Baldoye, Warwick, and Ludlow, he was twice second at Liverpool, in 1865 and 1869 respectively. His other Grand National mounts were Merrimac in 1866, on whom he finished fifth, and Karslake, a horse belonging to himself, in 1870. Of his many victories in England and Ireland, however, the most important was on Mr. Robertson's Pickles in the National Hunt Steeplechase of 1873. The race was run on this occasion over the

## Gentlemen Riders

newly-made course at Bristol, the Prince of Wales being present as the guest of Lord Fitzhardinge.

There were thirteen runners, Cardigan (5m., 12 st. 1 lb.), belonging to Mr. Lynton, and the mount of Mr. Arthur Yates being favourite at 5 to 2. Pickles (12 st. 10 lbs.), however, stuck to him like a leech all the way, and, getting up at the very last stride, after a terrific race from the last hurdle, in which both riders showed to great advantage, won on the post by a head.

On his marriage in 1873, Major Tempest retired from the service, and in 1885 assumed the mastership of the Blankney hounds, which post he held until 1895, when he resigned. Since then, in spite of several severe falls, he still continues to hunt with as much ardour as ever, and, what is more, hopes to continue to do so for many more years to come—a wish which, needless to say, is heartily reciprocated by every one who has the honour of his acquaintance.

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### MR. G. S. THOMPSON

ONCE upon a time a well-known owner of racehorses, and a very good judge, on being asked by the late Colonel Forester, why he was putting up an amateur in an important flat race, gave as his reason that in this particular instance the gentleman rider in question was just as good as any professional.

The "Lad," however, refused to see things in this light. "Yes," he dryly remarked, "a professional amongst *gentlemen*, I admit, but a gentleman amongst *professionals*!"



MR. GEORGE THOMPSON.



## Mr. G. S. Thompson

However true this might be, and no doubt is, in the majority of cases, it certainly could not apply to the famous gentleman rider named above, there being few jockeys of his time, we take it, who would have cared to give much—if any—weight away to Mr. George Thompson when in the zenith of his fame.

The son of the late Mr. H. S. Thompson of Fairfield, in York, the subject of our memoir was born in 1833, and received his education, first at Dr. Sharpe's Academy at Doncaster, which had a great reputation at the time for the number of scholars it produced, and afterwards at Eton, where his favourite pursuits were football and boating. In the latter amusement his light weight and steady hand and eye made him a capital coxswain, and he still points with pride to the silver rudders won by the crews under his guidance. It was originally intended that, after Eton, Mr. Thompson should join the Army; but the idea was subsequently abandoned in favour of the life of a country gentleman, for which, from the nature of his pursuits, he was so eminently fitted.

Under ordinary circumstances we should now go on to relate how about this period saw the commencement of the riding career which has since become historical, but that in so doing, we should certainly lose our reputation for accuracy on which we pride ourselves, inasmuch that, as a matter of fact, incredible though it may appear, Mr. Thompson rode and won his first race when he was but seven years old; and a very pretty little story it makes; quite as interesting as Jack and the Bean Stalk, or any other nursery favourite, with the additional merit of being true.

It appears that the day previous to a little private meeting which used to be held on Rawcliffe Ings, a gentleman

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offered to run his own hack, against a pony belonging to Mr. H. Thompson, called The Maid of Skelgate, catch weight for half a mile. The challenge was duly accepted and articles drawn up; but, on going down to the start, Mr. Thompson discovered that a boy in Scott's stable, and who had ridden several winners in public, was engaged to ride his opponent's horse.

Against this step he remonstrated very strongly, his contention being that the conditions were for gentlemen riders. The articles, however, on examination, showed no such stipulation, and the owner of the hack boasted that he had got the best of the match, because Mr. Thompson was eleven stone, and his own jockey under seven. Annoyed at such a trick being played on him, Mr. Thompson made no reply, but riding off to his carriage in which were seated Mrs. Thompson and her family, he merely said to his wife, "Hand me out George, I am too heavy;" and at the same moment a little dark-eyed cherub in a blue cloth frock, with gilt buttons, made his appearance out of the window to the delight of the crowd, who watched the changing of the stirrups from his own pony to The Maid of Skelgate with great interest, and cheered loudly as, accompanied by his father, the tiny jockey cantered down to the post, his little red legs showing beneath his white trousers.

"What am I to do, papa?" was the only question he asked.

"Why, hold your reins tight, and directly they say 'Go,' come as fast as you can home," was the reply.

The order was obeyed to the letter, and Master George having won in a canter, was returned to the carriage in the same way he came out, viz. through the window.

As at that time his weight was within a pound of three

## Mr. G. S. Thompson

stone, Master George Thompson must have been the lightest jockey that ever rode in public.

His riding career, which was confined entirely to races on the flat, commenced in earnest in the year 1851, and seeing that at that period he could go to scale under 7 st., his riding weight all through the time never exceeding 7 st. 7 lbs., it can hardly be wondered at that his services were much in request, especially in the north, where he decidedly had the call of the gentlemen riders.

That, in addition to this advantage, his ability in the saddle must have been considered exceptional by those who entrusted him with the handling of their horses, is, we think, amply proved by the fact that on a great many of these occasions he has carried as much as 5 stone dead weight, and once, when riding Fairyland (13 st. 10 lbs.) as much as 6 st. 6 lbs., the mare winning in spite of her heavy burden.

Between 1851 and 1883, in which year he relinquished riding, Mr. George Thompson rode in a vast number of races of all sorts, but though often solicited by personal friends to ride in the Derby, the only classic event he ever took part in was the St. Leger one year, when he had the leg up on Carbonado, belonging to Sir George Strickland, whose horses his father had the management of.

One of his best races was when on Miss Briggs, at Croxton Park, he beat Mr. Scobell on Ethelwulf, after a dead heat, which so pleased the Duchess of Cambridge and Princess Mary (afterwards Duchess of Teck), who were present, that, according to "Argus," they applauded him as cordially as they would a favourite singer.

A race which he would have given anything to have won, and the loss of which caused him much disappointment, was

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the York Cup, in which he had the mount on Thunder, belonging to Mr. Clare Vyner.

A good-tempered, but funny old horse, Thunder knew when he had a stranger on his back, and at once recognising one in Mr. Thompson, stood still directly the flag fell and started kicking, with the result that the other horses had got a hundred yards' start before he could be induced to follow, and in the end was beaten a length by Fred Archer on Spinaway.

Mr. Thompson tells us he was never successful in any event of very great importance. The Gentleman's Derby at Stockbridge, wherein he rode for the late Sir John Astley on Bally Edmond, was perhaps the nearest approach to one—in sound at all events. This fact, however, in no way detracted from his fame as a horseman, which to this day remains as juvenescent as when in its zenith.

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### MR. ALEXANDER GOODMAN

It may truthfully be said, without fear of contradiction, that at the period he was in the saddle, there was no finer horseman to be met with in this country, either to hounds, or "between the flags," than the grand specimen of the British yeoman who forms the subject of this chapter.

Mr. Simon Goodman, his father, was tenant of a fen farm on the Townley estate near Upwell, Cambridgeshire, and here, on July 30, 1822, his son was born. Eight years later the family migrated to Willow Hall, a large farmhouse in the parish of Thorney, about five miles from Peterborough,





MR. ALEC GOODMAN ON "SIR PETER LAURIE." MR. CHARLES BEVILL.



## Mr. Alexander Goodman

at whose Grammar School in the Minster yard the youthful Alec, at the age of twelve, was sent as boarder. This fact, however, does not seem to have interfered with his riding education, for we read in an interesting sketch of his career, published during his lifetime by a relative, that his Wednesday and Saturday half holidays were spent in riding any pony his father might have at the breaker's in the town, and this breaker would get him to ride any other pony or small horse he had on his hands.

When twenty-two years of age, Mr. Goodman commenced business on his own account, occupying a farm of about 750 acres, close to his father's place, and on the latter's death in 1853, returned to live at Willow Hall, when he took the whole of the 1200 acres of land, consisting of three farms on the Duke of Bedford's Thorney estate.

For 26 years, up to 1879, when he left Willow Hall and went to live at Hawton Grange, near Newark, he hunted regularly with the Fitzwilliam hounds, and during that period it is hard to say which had a greater reputation for fine horsemanship in the field, Alec Goodman, or his life-long friend, Frank Gordon.

Hard rider though he was, and keen to a degree, no one was more observant of the etiquette of the hunting field; and Tom Sebright might well observe to Mr. Fitzwilliam, "You need never say anything to Mr. Goodman, he knows when hounds are hunting."

Alec Goodman was barely eighteen when, in 1840, he rode his first steeplechase over a severe course at Yaxley, near Peterborough, when he came in second, and that the horsemanship he displayed was something out of the common way may be gathered from the following extract from

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a sporting paper of the period: "Mr. Goodman's Sailor Boy was ridden by himself in such a masterly style as to elicit the applause of the assembled thousands; and notwithstanding the severity with which the race was run (three and a half miles in twelve minutes), and the exceedingly dangerous leaps, he did not even shake in his seat, nor did his horse trip. The spectators were exceedingly gratified. . . ."

With such encouragement as this, it is not surprising that he was soon seen riding in steeplechases all over the country, the fact that he could ride as low as 9 st. 4 lbs., being much in his favour, as he never had to waste.

In 1852, Alec Goodman won the Liverpool for the first time on Miss Mowbray, who, starting at 12 to 1, won by a length from Maurice Daly (C. Boyce), Sir Peter Laurie, (W. Holman), and twenty-one others, which included the celebrated La Gazza Ladra (the favourite), Abd-el-Kader, and Peter Simple. Fourteen years afterwards he scored again on Salamander, in the second biggest field that ever went to the post for the race in question. Altogether he rode five times in the Liverpool, his losing mounts being on Minos, Czar, and Shakespeare.

Salamander was a bay horse, about 16.1, of good shape, but with a crooked fore-leg, by Fire-eater out of Rosalba, by Colwick, and his history is so curious that it is worthy of mention here.

Bred in Co. Limerick by a Mr. Bouchier, the latter, who had taken a strong dislike to the colt on account of his deformity, sent him, when a three-year-old, to all the local fairs with a view to a purchaser, but to no purpose. On the way to Spencil Fair, his owner put up the crooked-legged bay at Mr. Hartigan's Repository in Limerick, and, meeting the proprietor, asked him to buy the colt.

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“What price, John?” said that gentleman, when he had looked it over.

“I’ll take £70 for him,” was the reply.

“I’ll give you £35,” said Mr. Hartigan.

“It’s a bargain,” replied the other, and one of the best horses in the world changed owners—as is so often the case—for a mere song.

Mr. Hartigan let the colt run about in his paddocks outside Limerick for a few months, and being at Mullingar Fair in the November following, met Mr. Studd, with whom he had often previously had a deal, who asked him if he had anything in his line, and Mr. Hartigan replying that he had a fine three-year-old colt, but a bit deformed, Mr. Studd came to Limerick a week after to look over him, with the result that he bought Salamander, with two hunters besides, for £450 the lot.

After some time the big bay was put into training at Mr. Studd’s place in Rutlandshire, and it was soon patent to all, that his leg deformity did not in any way affect his galloping or jumping powers, which were unmistakably of a very high order.

Salamander’s outings previous to the Grand National, such as the Leamington Steeplechase at Warwick in November, 1865, when L’Africain gave him a stone and beat him by forty lengths, of course do not bear inspection. Suffice it to say that, with 10 st. 7 lbs. on his back, his party, barring accident, regarded the Grand National as little short of a gift for him, and backed their opinion at odds varying from 40 to 50 to 1.

A better-looking lot than the thirty who faced the starter on this occasion probably never ran for the Grand National, and never was a more easy victory, for Mr. Goodman, coming

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clean away at the last turn near the Canal Bridge, left his field as if they were standing still, and won literally in a trot—nothing being in sight even as he pulled up opposite the stands.

Eight days later Salamander was brought out to oppose Cortolvin, Ibex, Lightheart, Globule, and six others for the Grand Annual at Warwick. Mr. Goodman, who again had the mount, made every post a winning one, and won in a canter by more than twenty lengths.

Salamander's next—and last—race was for the West Somerset Open Handicap Steeplechase at Crewkerne, on April 11th, which event, with his old jockey in the saddle, he was winning with ease, when he came down a buster, receiving such injuries that he had to be destroyed.

Alec Goodman afterwards confirmed the report that before Salamander ran at Liverpool, it was known to several people how good a horse he was, in spite of his previous defeats, and it was significant that at the starting-post C. Boyce said to him, "*You'll win, I know the way he's been ridden!*" And Alec, who had not been on his back until now, had not gone far before he found what a clipper was under him. The serious expression on Alec Goodman's face on his return to scale, the reverse of what might have been expected under the circumstances, was the cause of much comment, the inference being that he had not backed his mount to any extent, if at all. This was not the case, for, as a matter of fact, he had invested a "pony" at 40 to 1. The real cause of his annoyance was that he had believed from Salamander's poor appearance that he could not win, the horse having been all night in a barn with a hole in the roof, and he had not only countermanded a commission to back it for £100, but had discouraged his personal friends from doing likewise.

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Several of these, however, supported the horse for small sums in spite of his warning.

Alec Goodman had remarkable success in the National Hunt Steeplechase, winning it three times out of four rides, viz. in 1863 on The Czar, only five ran; in 1865 on Mr. Chaplin's Emperor, when there were twenty-nine runners; and in 1866 on Mr. Studd's Shangarry, beating sixteen others; the one losing mount being in the race at Market Harborough in 1861, when Queensferry won, on which occasion he rode Mr. John Gurden's Robin Redbreast, who started second favourite, but was unplaced.

The Czar on whom Alec Goodman won at Market Harborough in 1863, beating Bridegroom and Penarth, the latter described as the grandest horse ever sent from South Wales to do duty as a steeplechaser—was a fourteen-year-old hunter belonging to his friend Mr. John Goodliffe, so that the result of the race was most acceptable to the hunting men, and when on the same day he won the Great Corinthian on Socks for Lord Calthorpe and the Farmers' Grand Annual on Mr. J. S. Bennett's Lady Florence, their enthusiasm knew no bounds.

As Alec went to the post on The Czar his face was so expressive of confidence as to elicit the remark from jocular Tom Olliver, "*You seem as though you had been living on live birds, you look so sharp.*"

Sir Peter Laurie was a horse his name was much associated with in his early riding days, and his portrait, with himself in the saddle and his owner, Mr. Charles Beville, at his head, was presented to Alec Goodman by a number of his hunting friends at a banquet in his honour at the Haycock at Wansford in the autumn of 1890.

Sir Peter was a bad starter, and they generally had a man

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with a whip in attendance. On one occasion, at Warwick, this precaution was neglected, and he was left two hundred yards behind.

“For God’s sake put your flag in his face!” shouted Alec, in desperation, to Sam Merry, who was starting; and this being done, away went Sir Peter at once, and, quickly overhauling the others, eventually won the race.

Considering the number of falls which fell to his lot, he may be considered to have got off very lightly with only a broken collar-bone as the result, and that out hunting.

His most unpleasant experience was probably in France, where he had journeyed to ride an English-bred horse called *Nom de Guerre*, for the brothers Mason. The course at St. Marche was about three miles, and not only was the ground hard, but the obstacles were unusually stiff. These comprised boarded fences, strongly framed; double posts and rails; a brook, and a wall. With the exception of one, ridden by Charles Boyce, every horse in the race fell. Alec, when going second, about three-quarters of a mile from home, fell at the wall, and came down in the middle of a road, receiving a bad kick from his horse in the centre of the forehead. He never let go the reins, however, and, remounting, just managed to beat Charles Boyce—his only remaining antagonist—on the post.

What followed is thus described in Alec Goodman’s own words—

“When I went to weigh in, I fainted, and the French soldiers, seeing my condition—for the blood was pouring from my face—carried me into a tent to the doctor, who had me conveyed to Meurice’s Hotel, where the Emperor Napoleon sent to inquire after me the morning after the race.”

Once, when riding a hunter of his own in a steeplechase at



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Buckworth, Hunts—the same which once in the hunting-field held him down by standing on his coat-tails—the horse being dead beat when he fell, lay over his leg, and was unable to rise. His friends came to his rescue, and Mr. Vipan, a near relative, relates how he wished to cut his boot off to release him, and how Alec replied—

*“For goodness’ sake don’t cut the boot, or I shall have to buy a new one!”* which goes to show that, like Johnny Gilpin,

“Although on pleasure bent,  
He had a frugal mind.”

On Saturday, March 23, 1871, Alec Goodman, then in his fifty-second year, participated for the last time in the sport of which he had for over thirty years been so bright an ornament, when he rode in and won the Hunt Cup Steeplechase at Warwick, on a bay gelding by Mowbray, belonging to Mr. Goodliffe; Redivivus (Mr. J. M. Richardson) being second, Little Go (J. Adams) third, and Pantomime (Mr. Thomas) fourth. 7 to 4 on Redivivus, 4 to 1 against the Mowbray gelding, 5 to 1 Little Go.

Only ten days previously a horse had rolled on him in a steeplechase at Burton, giving him one of the worst falls he had ever experienced, and he was in such pain that he wrote to Mr. Goodliffe to say he would not be able to ride for him at Warwick. However, on his old friend saying that under these circumstances he would not run his horse, Alec decided at the last moment to ride.

Alec Goodman rode a waiting race until the last fence, when he drew away and won in easy fashion by over twenty lengths. Curiously enough, he was so little impressed with the winning chance of his mount on looking him over prior to the race, that he turned round and backed Redivivus to win him £30, so that he actually lost by the result.

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“It is difficult” (says his biographer) “to picture a life of greater and more continuous bodily and mental activity than that spent by Alec Goodman. Though sport doubtless occupied the greater portion of his time, we must not omit speaking of him as a leading agriculturist, for he energetically and successfully conducted a very large farming business, every detail of which was under his personal supervision, not a minute of daylight being lost either before or after his absences from home in pursuit of sport.”

In 1884 he gave up farming and went to reside at Leamington, where he remained until shortly before his death, in September, 1904.

It is good to know that not only did his sons follow in their father's footsteps—Young Alec, as he was called in the latter's lifetime, being a fine rider to hounds, as well as between the flags—but several of his grandsons and granddaughters also excel in the saddle; notably Mrs. “Dot” Clements, whose display of horsemanship at the International Show at Olympia last summer was voted absolutely faultless by all who witnessed it.

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### MR. DIGBY COLLINS

FROM about ten years of age I hunted, as often as hounds came within reach, during the winter holidays; and it was the joy of my life to ride over as many of the high stone-wall banks, as hounds furnished me with any excuse for jumping, in West Cornwall.

After leaving Eton, where the twin brothers, Edward and



*From a Painting in the possession of Mr. Digby Collins.*

MR. DIGBY COLLINS ON HIS CELEBRATED MARE "EXPRESS."



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George Ede, were my cotemporaries, I went to Cambridge; and, while there, my recreations were confined to rowing, hunting with the Fitzwilliam, and an occasional ride with the drag. But, with the exception of a "flutter or two," I took no part in steeplechasing proper until after I had left the University.

During the racing season at Newmarket I used to hack over to the heath and see all the races that my college regulations allowed, and, during these visits, I made the acquaintance of Sam Rogers—then riding for the Duke of Bedford, whose horses were under the management and control of Admiral Rous. As a rule, Rogers was not communicative; but, as I never made a bet, and, therefore, never asked his opinion as to what horse was likely to win, he was always ready to talk to me about training, racing, riding, and the best horses that he had ridden during his long experience.

He was as a jockey, then, my hero; and, even now, I doubt if I could name a better judge of pace or a more accomplished horseman.

He rode well to hounds; though he would have nothing but a thoroughbred one; for which the country around Newmarket is not well adapted.

I accepted his sayings and instructions as if they were oracular, and I have but little doubt that these contributed largely to the development of my love of racehorses and of racing.

Having finished my career at the University, I determined to devote the rest of my life to agricultural pursuits; and, without delay, I took up my residence with a very able and successful tenant farmer whose holding was very little short of 1300 acres on the Cotswolds.

Isaac Day—not, perhaps, the best known of the famous

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Day family—was then installed at Northleach, one mile distant from the farmhouse in which I was domiciled.

He was training horses for Lord Clifden, and he had at that time under his charge some very useful horses, the majority of them winners; and a few of them had placed some valuable stakes to their owner's credit.

One of the latter, Melissa (before she turned a jade from being over sweated), was, undoubtedly, the best mare of her day.

As these horses were trained in the park, whose wall bounded the west side of the farm, I frequently had them under my observation at work: and I need hardly say that training in those days was far more severe than it is now.

Nevertheless, severe as it was, the horses throve on the work that Isaac set them; and it was only in a fit of temper—induced by some disparaging remarks as to the horses being too big, when he paid a visit, accompanied by Lord Clifden, to the stables at Northleach—that he was guilty of over-sweating Melissa, Loyola, Homily, and some others.

The lesson was not lost upon me; and though I, then (as now), was convinced of the efficacy of reasonable sweating, I was, afterwards, very careful that when the object of the practice had been attained it was immediately discontinued.

I was, also, indebted to this capable trainer for letting me into the secret of the benefit of all fast work being “done light,” as he termed it: that is to say, without clothing; which, he held, makes horses faint and takes all the steel out of them.

At the end of this period of restless activity that participation in the work and business of a large mixed farm entails, I rented a farm in Shropshire; where, at that time (1858), there were some races on the flat and across country confined to

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“farmers”—a term somewhat loosely defined, in consequence of the prefix “tenant” being omitted.

These tempted me to try my fortune with two young horses which I bought out of an Irish drove and grazed for twelve months.

They were both of them described as thoroughbred; but I do not believe that either of them had a right to the title.

Being equipped with some knowledge of the art of training, I was well aware that it would be useless to devote the little spare time that I had at my disposal to training these horses until they gave proof of being fast enough to win races.

In order to make this discovery, I ran them for one or two flat and hurdle races, when not fit to go more than half the distance over which the races were to be run.

I let them keep with the horses as long as they could, without pressure, and then pulled them up. But these trials proved that one had sufficient speed, but could only stay a mile; and that the other was deficient in speed, but ran like a stayer.

The former I disposed of, at once, at a fair price; but the other I put into fast work over fences, and ran him for the open farmers' plate at Bangor. This race he could have won easily enough—if he had been disposed to try. He was going as well as anything in the race, and showed no symptoms of being beaten; but the moment the “run home” began, he threw his head up, tried to bolt—first on one side and then on another—and finished ignominiously “down the course,” like a veritable cur.

This experience was enough for me, and as soon as I could get a stall at Hyde Park Corner, I sent him to the hammer, under which he made 100 guineas; and though, as

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a hunter, he was worth more than double this amount, I was glad to see the last of him.

This was, happily, the last horse of whose pedigree there was any doubt—with one very remarkable exception—that I ever gave myself the trouble and disappointment of training, for I had discovered two serious drawbacks in training half-bred horses—one being that they cannot stand much galloping ; and the other, and the more serious, that the faster thoroughbred ones race at their fences the better they jump ; while the very reverse is the case with half-bred ones. Indeed, it has long been my conviction that the majority of half-bred horses would run far better out of the hunting field than the training stable.

It would have been more correct to have stated, in my allusion to one “remarkable exception” in the case of horses of doubtful pedigree, that it had reference to an animal of “unknown pedigree,” whose history was both strange and interesting. There could, indeed, be no doubt in the mind of any experienced judge of thoroughbred horses, that this animal’s claim to “blue blood” was unquestionable ; though, in consequence of her purchase as a two-year-old at a sale of a draft of thoroughbred horses, and being grazed for three years—with the view of being trained as a hack—her pedigree was lost or mislaid, and her identity was never established.

On being taken up it was discovered that her temper was so impetuous that she would brook no control ; and during the following year, after many fruitless endeavours to dispose of her, she was taken to Horncastle Fair, where the man in charge was foolish enough to allow an Irish nagsman to “throw his leg over her !”

No sooner was this done, than she went off at score, knocked over several people, and went headlong into the



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water—her rider being dragged out with much difficulty. How the mare was brought to the bank I never heard; but as soon as she was secured by her attendant, another unlucky horseman ventured to have a leg-up—expressing the opinion that the mare would never face the water again!

However, an exact repetition of the former exploit demonstrated the falsity of his conclusion.

Oddly enough, while these sportive entertainments were constituting the “fun of the fair,” I was standing in the next field, in the company of William Weston—the trusted buyer for Joseph Anderson, John Darby, and Seward; and as we watched the crowd rushing to the water, we concluded that there was a *fracas*, and that some one was being treated as welshers were wont to be at the race meetings on the banks of the Thames adjoining the Great Western Railway station at Reading; and it was not until three or four years afterwards that I was informed that my celebrated mare, Express, was the heroine of these adventures!

Within a week after the fair, I went, as usual, through the stables of Joe Parish, who was the largest buyer of Irish colts of that time, and, when at home—which was very seldom—carried on business at Handsworth, near Birmingham.

I selected two or three colts, and walked through his long stable, in which was standing an exceptionally good-looking blood mare.

I inquired what he knew about her, and where he bought her; but the only answer that I was able to wring from him was, “Oh! she came home with the rest.” Then, after a pause, he said significantly, “She is no use to me. You can take her—money and all—with the colts. I won’t ask you a shilling for her. Take her home and give me what you like, when you know what she is worth.” I naturally asked whether

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I could see her out? But this elicited the reply, "You see her off-leg is as big as a millpost, I wouldn't risk it for the world, she was terribly injured at one of the fairs; and I am afraid she won't go out of the stable for some time." He must have concluded that I could not take my eyes off the mare; for he said, "Now, did you or anybody else ever see as good-looking a one as that?" I was compelled to tell him that my objection was that she was a great deal too good looking to be where she was, if she were worth anything.

I persisted in a prolonged cross-examination as to where he bought her, whence she came, to whom she belonged, and whether he would help me to find out anything about her? However, nothing was divulged; and I had to be content with his assurance that he knew no more than a new-born babe about her; that he chopped a colt for her and got more than the worth of the colt, and that amounted to all that he knew.

Though I could not make up my mind to leave her, I refused his tempting terms; for I feared (as he was always moaning about selling that good horse Bridegroom for a song) that if she proved half as good as she looked, he would expect me to give him a higher price than I could afford. I, therefore, told him that he must fix the price; and that I would not take the mare out of his stable until I had paid for her. I remember well that, before I could induce him to name a price, I had to go into his house and carry on what threatened to prove an abortive negotiation; but the time was not wasted, for a glass of grog had loosened his tongue, and he said, "Well, to *you* the price shall be sixty-five pounds. Now, don't get on her back for some time to come! She has been terribly upset at these fairs, and she would make off for certain!" This warning probably averted a serious accident.

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She arrived on the following day at my station, and submitted to be led to my stables quietly, and was not as lame as I expected.

During the six weeks following her arrival her injured leg was under treatment, and all that I knew about her disposition was that it was perfect in the stable.

At the expiration of this period all lameness had disappeared, and her leg was fining down rapidly ; so I had her led out for two hours daily alongside of a pony, with orders to trot up all hills, and to walk both downhill and on the flat, and, as long as her head was in front of her companion, she was quite satisfied.

This exercise was continued about one month, and as a month of exercise and six weeks of rest had removed all traces of the injury, I determined to mount her ; but, remembering the warning given me, I took the precaution of having her led down to a sound and flat field, bounded by a high and strong bullfinch.

Two of the strongest and most active lads in my service endeavoured to hold her while I vaulted into the saddle. Plunging violently forwards, immediately she felt I was on the saddle, she knocked both of the men down, and went off at top speed before I could get fairly hold of the reins.

However, she, happily, allowed me to guide her ; but no attempts to lessen her speed were of the slightest avail, and, unless she slipped up at the corners, it seemed probable that she would never stop until she dropped.

Fortunately for me, I had a pair of full-sized and heavy stirrups, and my foot caught one of them just as she knocked the men over ; but the other was swinging until her pace slackened slightly, and I turned her head, at an acute angle, into the bullfinch, which brought her to a full stop—

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her head and neck being wedged between some very strong growers.

This afforded me the welcome opportunity of throwing myself off and trying to calm her excitement. Nevertheless, she kept running round and round, as though half mad, and I was particularly impressed by the evidence of her marvellous lung power; for, notwithstanding that she had galloped, without preparation, nearer five miles than four, she was scarcely blowing at all; and I was, naturally, led to the conclusion that, if only she would develop fair precision in fencing, she would be sure to win a good steeplechase—if I could only find one long enough for her.

But the difficulty that presented itself to my mind was—how I was to train such a veritable madcap, and in what possible way I could ascertain her qualifications as a fencer.

After much consideration, I determined to send her out, as before, with the pony, for five hours, instead of two hours, daily; and to wait until the hounds met in an open, and not too strongly fenced country, before again mounting her.

A very few days elapsed before I fixed on a meet, about twelve miles off; where there was a good farmyard, well littered, and leading into a green lane, hard by the cover to be drawn. I had her led there, by the side of her companion; and I waited until the fox had gone away. She heard the horn proclaiming the desired event, and, her excitement increasing, I thought that, active as I then was, to make an attempt to vault into the saddle, with no hold of the reins, would be throwing away a chance.

After several efforts, seconded by three or four farm hands, I was “up” and, it is needless to say, “off” at full speed down the lane with apparently no obstruction—all the gates being open. As bad luck would have it, just as I was quitting the

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lane the whip (Wm. Boxall) dropped over the fence into it; and, though I tried hard to avert a collision, there was not sufficient room, and she flew over his horse's neck, dragging one rein out of his hand.

Having this proof of her jumping powers, when I saw the hounds streaming along about half a mile ahead, over an easy line of country, I decided to endeavour to ride up to them on either side of their line, as the country might appear more favourable for the mare.

She took every fence, as it came, at top speed; and all would have gone well, if the hounds had not checked and endeavoured to carry the line straight across me.

Luckily, she was in front of their heads and was going straight for the Shrewsbury and Wellington road, not far from Atcham Bridge.

The fence into the road was a rather low, but wide, double post and rails, guarding a quick-set hedge, and I felt that this would be my undoing, if not the mare's; so I, foolishly, pulled my feet out of the stirrups, kept my hands down and sat still, and with much misgiving awaited the issue.

To my astonishment, without slackening her speed, she made a fine jump, kept her shoulders well back, dropped her hind feet into the middle of the fence, flew into the road, out on the other side, and headed straight for the Severn, the exact position of which I knew well. I used every endeavour to lessen her speed and to turn her; but, having discarded my stirrups, I was unable to do either. Luckily, when she saw the river she tried to stop, and slipped up on her side, and enabled me to roll off close on the bank of the river.

To remount her was out of the question; so I led her into the road and decided to walk with her all the way—

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about twelve miles—home ; devoutly hoping that I should see nothing more of the hounds, and above all things, nothing of the master, Charles Morris, who was hunting them. I had not walked more than a mile towards Shrewsbury, however, when I met him and his hounds—face to face ; and, as I saw there was no mask on the whip's saddle, I concluded that I should be accused of riding them off the line.

My conclusions were well founded, for Charles Morris—and a right good fellow he was—began to upbraid me for inexplicable conduct, and added that I was the last person in the world that he thought would have spoiled the day's sport in the way I had ; that he always looked on me as a good sportsman, and a good deal more to the same effect.

When I pleaded that I had no control over my horse, he naturally asked—

“Why in the world did you bring her out with my hounds?”

This question revealed to me my opportunity ; so I replied, “I will never bring the mare out with your hounds again—if you will give me a hunter's certificate for her.”

“I will give you a dozen, if you will promise never to bring the brute out again,” was the angry promise I received ; and, while the iron was hot, I thought it well to strike it ; so I had a certificate signed before the week was out.

I shall never forget my walk home in a pair of tight top-boots ; rendered doubly painful by the mare boring across me and occasionally striking my right boot in her eagerness to mend the pace.

But, except when the pain was severe, I was supremely happy in the thought that I had been entertaining an angel unawares, and that I had a steeplechaser at last, worthy of the name.

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On looking through the list of steeplechases to come, I was glad to find that there was to be a hunt meeting in the county, at Wellington; and I thought that, though the mare had no pretensions to being fit to run—having been asked to do no more than to walk and trot about the roads for five hours a day—as she was hard and not too big, it would be a good trial for her; since Colonel Le Gendre Starkie's Sepoy would be sure to be in the race, and he was then quite at the top of the tree as a hunt steeplechaser.

However, when I saw the course—stated to be three miles, but really not more than two and a half—with small and trappy fences, and not overround ploughed fields, over which anything like racing would be impossible, I had almost made up my mind not to run her; but, as she was on the ground, I decided at the last moment to let her take her chance. But, of course, I was compelled to ask the stewards to absolve me from the perils of the preparatory canter—which was deemed to be the essential, as it was the customary, preliminary to the race. The stewards very courteously conceded this privilege, and, moreover, asked the starter to have all the runners at the starting-post before I mounted.

As I anticipated, when, by the aid of two or three of my hunting friends, I reached the saddle, Express jumped off with the lead—with no intention of yielding to the bit; and she gave me quite as much as I could do to keep her in the course. Two fences from home she was still in front; but a gap in the last fence having been made in the previous race, she ran through it, and slid along the ground on her chest; and, before I could get her on her legs again, Sepoy got about half a dozen lengths start, and I could never quite reach him.

As all the other runners were beaten off, I felt more

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confident than ever that, if I could get the mare fit, she would not only reverse that running, readily enough, but would fly successfully at higher game.

I did not run her again until the spring, when I got her ready for the hunt race at Bangor, a course which I knew would suit her. There were some twelve runners, including two or three winners; and she never gave them a chance, winning in a canter by quite half a distance.

At the same meeting I won the open steeplechase on Emily Harris, a bay mare by the Confessor out of Diminutive, beating five others. This mare was in the habit of refusing to jump open water, before I purchased her at the repository at Birmingham, and gave me a good deal of trouble before she became trustworthy; and, as she was only able to get two miles, at a racing pace, over a country, I used her chiefly to lead work. Nevertheless, she won a steeplechase, giving two stone and twelve pounds to Old Oswestry—then a three-year-old; but, had the latter been properly ridden, he would readily have accounted for my mare and the five others. This was my first experience of Old Oswestry, and I then told his owner that he ought to make a great horse; and it was very pleasant for me, some three years afterwards, to act as intermediary in effecting the sale of this horse to Mr. Leigh for £1500, and half of the first stake the horse won over £500. He was not long in winning this stake; and subsequently won the big steeplechase at Crewkerne, having the Grand National winner, Salamander, well beaten, before the latter fell and broke his back.

To return to Express: In her race with Bridegroom, at Wetherby, in the National Hunt Steeplechase of 1865, she damaged her off fore-foot seriously by an over-reach (jumping into the plough), which inflicted a deep contused wound,



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penetrating to the bone. Canker was the result, and I never trained her again.

Sir Bruce Chichester now bought her, and bred three colts from her, one by Alliance (a Stockwell horse, I believe), and two by Asteroid (Sir Joseph Hawley's). These I never saw. Their owner, however, described the Alliance colt as having wonderful bone and quality, and though the other two were not so powerful, the colt was a fine galloper in the field, and the filly (to use his own expression) the very "spit" of her dam and possessed of much the same temperament. Now comes the tragic part of the story of this remarkable mare and her family.

There was an epidemic of distemper raging in the district, and Express and her family all died within a month of pneumonia.

It was a sad blow to Sir Bruce, and a still heavier one to me, as, apart from my love for the mare, I was looking forward to becoming the purchaser of one, or all, of her offspring, if I thought they answered the description given to me.

The following record speaks for itself:—

Express, a rich bay mare (pedigree unknown, bought as a two-year-old at sale of thoroughbreds at Tattersall's), 15.3 high, 6 feet 2 $\frac{1}{8}$  in the girth.

1861 and 1862. Several hunt and steeplechases of minor importance.

1863. Won steeplechase plate of £64, and silver vase at Bangor, both in a canter, and beating large fields. Won Northern Cup at Hoylake (16 st.), beating King O'Toole, winner of Irish Drag Hunt, and two others in a canter.

1864. Won Hunt Cup at Birmingham (13 st. 7 lbs.), beating Jocular (12 st. 7 lbs.), and ten others. Won plate of £64 and silver vase at Bangor (12 st. 10 lbs.), beating Puss (11 st. 9 lbs.), and eleven others. Won Shrewsbury Autumn

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Handicap Steeplechase of £420 (11 st. 8 lbs.), three and a half miles, beating *The Screw*, *Pot-Pourri*, and *Spatchcock*.

1865. Ran in Grand National (11 st. 6 lbs.), but was knocked over by *Arbury* and fell. Second in Open Steeplechase, won by *Bridegroom*, at the National Hunt Meeting at *Wetherby*.

During the time I was training and riding, I purchased two "chance horses," at very low prices, that turned out very well.

The first was a thoroughbred mare that, by her good looks, attracted my attention as she was standing in a single brougham in *Piccadilly* when I was returning from *Tattersall's* to my hotel. Before I moved on, a lady came from one of the houses and took her seat in the carriage, and, no sooner was the footman on the box than the coachman, foolishly, started the mare with the whip instead of with the reins. The street being slippery, she lost her foothold, and fell heavily, breaking one of the shafts.

I lent assistance in setting her free, and was fortunate enough to hear the lady passionately rate the coachman, and tell him never to put the mare in harness again, and to sell her for whatever she would fetch.

I at once decided to see her in her stable, and to ascertain—if I could—her lowest price. All I could get out of the coachman was that his mistress was very angry, and that the mare must go. However, after wringing from him the admission that the mare, if sent to the hammer, would make no more than thirty or forty pounds, and that, with the cuts and bruises on her head, shoulders, and legs, she would not be fit to sell for several weeks, I offered to take her then and there for thirty pounds.

He hesitated somewhat, and then said he thought he could

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dare to sell her. So it was arranged that he was to come to my hotel for the money on the following morning. I must say that I had grave doubts whether he would fulfil his appointment; but he was as good as his word, and advised me to be off with the mare as soon as possible, lest his mistress should change her mind.

I used the mare for hacking to and from the Bishops Castle Downs—about six miles from my stables—and about two months after she began this work, I tried her to lead one of my horses a three-quarter speed gallop over a mile and a quarter.

This trial left no doubt in my mind that she had speed enough for hunt races; so, without loss of time, I schooled her over hurdles and fences, to both of which she took kindly.

Knowing nothing of her pedigree, I named her Florida, and ran her as “pedigree unknown” in a flat race over a mile and a half at Montgomery, and in a hurdle race over the same distance at Llanymynech. She won these two races very easily, so I ran her in the Grand National Hunt Steeplechase, over the old course at Rugby, and I never had a smoother ride; but the ridges and furrows did not suit her action, and she tired in the last half mile, and was not placed.

Mr. Stanley, the well-known Vet. of Leamington, on behalf of a client, offered me two hundred and twenty pounds, and I accepted it.

The other animal I bought at a sale of thoroughbred stock belonging to Mr. Smith, of Ladbrook, near Shrewsbury, and I gave either nine pounds or nineteen for her—I cannot remember which. This mare was nine years old, had bred four foals, and had never been broken. She was wretchedly poor, and was suffering from an attack of mange; but she was made as a steeplechaser ought to be.

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I did not like leaving her, since, two years previously, I had bought from the same stud a very nice chestnut mare, Vulture, that could have won many steeplechases but for her slow and slovenly style of jumping, in consequence of which she lost by a short neck the United Hunt Steeplechase at the Grand Annual Meeting at Cheltenham (whereat the redoubtable Emblem won the principal race), through slovenly jumping at the last fence when quite ten lengths to the good.

When what I ought to describe as "the brood mare" reached my stables, I put a bit on her, and, attaching a long plough-rein to this, I made her gallop as fast and as long as she could in a ring, with the result that she made a slight noise.

This defect decided me to refrain from expending any trouble in breaking or mouthing her; and as soon as she was quiet to ride and in sufficiently good condition, I set her the task of leading my horses.

I soon discovered that her looks did not belie her, for she was fast and could stay, while the defect in her wind had almost disappeared. I named her Ann Page. She proved a natural jumper, and was very bold, but her untutored mouth gave me much trouble.

However, I ran her three times, winning the Boreatton Park Stakes at Baschurch, and an Open Steeplechase over the Birmingham course at a race meeting of the cavalry regiments stationed in the Midlands at that time. She was unplaced in the Grand National Hunt race. But this she ought to have won, for she was quite twenty lengths in front two fences from home, when, owing to a sharp turn and to her unyielding mouth, I could never get her head straight, and she went sideways through the fence and fell. Soon after this I sold her—to go abroad.

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Perhaps one of the best animals that I ever owned over a three miles' course was the mare Medora—which I renamed Nil Desperandum—by the notorious Cruiser (on whose evil temper Rarey worked some good), out of Speedwell. During her flat-racing career she belonged to Captain Christie, and, as a two-year-old, was fancied for the Oaks, but, hitting her leg, she became difficult to train.

As a three-year-old, she ran for minor races, winning a mile race at Nottingham, and another over a mile and a quarter at Newton.

In addition to these races she ran in a dozen, being placed second in five and third in one.

These ended her career on the turf, and she was sold to a farmer, who threw her up and tried to breed from her, without success.

When six years old, she came into my possession, and, as she was loaded with flesh and I had information of her leg trouble, I began hunting her, and gradually made her very clever and temperate across country.

In the following autumn she won the Longner Hall Handicap Steeplechase, Hall Court, for whom the distance was not far enough, being second.

She met Hall Court again at Birmingham, over three miles; and I thought I had him safe enough, until she was coming out of the park, about a quarter of a mile from home. There I felt her falter; and, though she ran home fourth, she pulled up very lame—the old leg trouble causing her downfall.

After this, I did not attempt to train her; but I got the sheath of her back tendon fairly straight, and sold her to a man in the service, for whom she won a race or two in India. Smart as this mare undoubtedly was, over three miles, I

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found, on trying her with Express, over four miles, that the latter could gallop right away from her in the last mile, though the other had a stone the best of the weights.

At Oswestry, in the same year, I bought a very good-looking mare—but for curby hocks. She was own sister to Old Oswestry, and was very game and generous, but too slow for racing. I named her Lady Pigot, and I won only one steeplechase with her.

Nevertheless, she ran far better than I thought possible in the Grant National Hunt race at Wetherby. There were twenty-nine starters; and, not being fast enough to race to the front, she was seriously interfered with for the first three miles; and, though she made up a great deal of lee way after that, it was too late to make any impression on the leaders, and she had to be content with the barren honours of running home in the sixth place.

However, she made amends at the stud; being the granddam of that useful horse, Midshipmite, who literally “farmed” the military races for some years.

The only flat-race horses that I trained for steeplechasing were Nil Desperandum, Emily Harris, Nereus (winner of the Rous Stakes at Epsom), and King Charming, a horse that I bought at the low price of fifteen guineas at Tattersall's. He was put up for sale (in November), and no one would bid more than ten guineas for him, as his only description was “a black gelding.”

Mr. Tattersall, after asking whether any one in the yard was the owner or represented the owners, and no response being made, refused to take the bid of ten guineas. On looking the horse over and being satisfied as to his apparent soundness and hunting-like appearance, I bid fifteen guineas; and, after a long pause, he was knocked down to me.

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I sent him on the same day to the Vale of Aylesbury, where I was then hunting, and I found that I had a good horse.

He fell only twice, and soon became clever and confident.

About two months after purchasing him, I was again at Tattersall's, when one of the clerks told me that a foreign gentleman wished to see me.

On being introduced to him he asked me, in very imperfect English, whether I would sell a black horse of which, he understood, I was the purchaser in November. I replied in the negative; giving as my reason that the horse had become clever with hounds, was very fast, and that I had no more hunters than I actually required.

He then expressed his surprise that "English sportsmen did not know their own horses," and went on to say that this horse was beaten a head only, by Joco, for the Great Metropolitan at Epsom, that he had bought him and taken him to Belgium, and that his name was King Charming.

Though, naturally, not a little astonished, I did not feel under any obligation to return the horse.

I hunted him for the rest of the season, and at the end of March, took him straight from the hunting field to Birmingham, where, with nearly thirteen stones on his back, he ran a desperate race—giving two stones and twelve pounds to the winner.

About a month after this, I sent him again to Tattersall's, where he made two hundred and twenty guineas.

# Gentlemen Riders

MR. WILLIAM CHARLES BALDWIN

(THE LION)

AT the time of writing there is probably no term more frequently mis-applied than that of "Sportsman."

Whereas, formerly it was never used except in cases known to be thoroughly deserved, nowadays a man has only got to blaze away at pheasants until his gun-barrels are red-hot and his kid gloves are burnt through, or to kill more grouse than anybody else, or to win the Derby with a horse he has perhaps bought only an hour before the race, to be lauded as a sportsman of the very first water—"The finest wot ever was seen," as Mr. Jorrocks would have put it.

This cannot be said of the fine specimen of English manhood who forms the subject of this chapter, for whom sport was the one absorbing attraction which made life worth the living, and who was ready and willing to go through any amount of hard work or privation in the attainment of his heart's desire. Such enthusiasm as this is infectious, and though probably unaware of the fact, there can be no doubt that he and others like him, by sheer force of example, have done more good work in the true interests of Sport than all the books that were ever written on the subject.

William Charles Baldwin, commonly called "the Lion," was born at Leyland Vicarage, near Preston in Lancashire, on the 3rd of March, 1827, and that the time-worn expression "born and bred a sportsman" was peculiarly applicable in his case, is made evident from the fact that when only six years of age it was recorded that, one day when out with Squire





MR. W. BALDWIN  
("THE LION").



## Mr. William Charles Baldwin

ffarington's hounds, attired in the little red coat made specially for him, and which is still in existence, he and his pony crossed the Lostock, then in flood, over a single plank, in so doing pounding the field. At sixteen he was sent to Liverpool to learn business in the shipping office of Messrs. Brown Shipley and Co. How he acquitted himself at the desk is doubtful, but at Huguenin's gymnasium, he was dubbed "The Pocket Hercules," from the weights he could lift. His jumping powers too were extraordinary, and for years he could seldom see a gate—spiked or not—it made no difference—without having a shy at it.

One of his sporting bets at the time was that he would walk with some fellow clerks from Birkenhead to Chester, a distance of sixteen miles, and jump every gate on each side of the road they came to, forfeiting half a crown when he failed, and winning the like sum when he succeeded. And that the gates *en route* were not made that could stop him, is adduced from the fact, that on arrival at Chester the enterprising Billy Baldwin was seventeen half-crowns to the good. Runs with the Royal Rock Beagles, and an inordinate love of bull terriers, soon brought his office life to a close, and leaving Liverpool he was packed off to Perthshire to learn farming.

In 1851, the perusal of Gordon Cumming's book on lion hunting led to a strong desire on his part to go and do likewise, and as nothing ever stopped him when his mind was made up, he forthwith started for South Africa, where he remained for ten years; the privations and dangers he experienced during that period, being most graphically described by him in a book entitled "African Hunters," published by Bentley in 1862, and which ran into three editions.

In 1864, Mr. Baldwin settled down near Tarpoley in

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Cheshire, and it was there that his steeplechase riding career commenced, his initial mount, and a winning one, being on a horse called "Get away," in the Farmers' race at Tarporley.

One mount followed another, and such a favourite did he become that, before long, a hunt meeting in Cheshire and the adjoining counties, without "Billy" Baldwin sporting silk thereat, would certainly have been considered imperfect—not to say a failure.

Most fearless of horsemen, and sanguine to a degree, he was fairness itself when riding, so much so that rather than take what he thought would be an unfair advantage in any way, he would prefer to lose. For instance, at one meeting at Tarporley, he rode in a race, the conditions of which were that it was for "Gentlemen Riders" only.

The most dangerous one of the lot was to be ridden by a jockey, who certainly had no right to the title, and a friend aware of this fact, approaching "the Lion," said: "You've only to object to Mr. ——, Billy, and you'll have a walk over."

"Not I; let him win if he can," was the characteristic reply.

Of the many horses he rode, a grey, called Reckless (late Grey Momus), on whom, besides other events, he won the open steeplechase at Tarporley in 1871, was his favourite; whilst Bracket, Patty, Artesian (by Stockwell), and Balaam all won in their turn. Probably his most successful day was at the Croxteth Hunt meeting in Lancashire, when he won no less than six events the same afternoon. On Dandy, too, a horse with a crooked pair of fore legs, he won the West of Scotland steeplechase.

This fine old sportsman was gathered to his fathers in the latter end of November, 1903, being finally laid to rest in Leyland churchyard close to the house which gave him birth.

## Colonel C. Rivers Bulkely

His sufferings towards the last rather precluded seeing company, and, appropriately enough, almost his last visitor was Mr. Selous, who was brought to see him by his old friend and neighbour Lord Delamere, and who had gone out to South Africa as a result of reading "the Lion's" book, just as in like manner the latter had been fascinated by the published experiences of Gordon Cumming.

That "the Lion" was possessed of something quite out of the common in the way of nerve, the following anecdote will prove. On returning to his cottage late one night and repairing to his chamber, he found, to his surprise, a dead man in his bed.

Under such circumstances, it is not too much to say that nine men out of ten would to a certainty have bolted. Not so Billy Baldwin, who merely laid himself down on the floor, and slept soundly until morning. There had been an accident, it appeared, and a man, badly injured, had been carried into the cottage, where he died, and Billy's housekeeper, being frightened, had gone off to sleep in another cottage without thinking it necessary to advise her master of the presence of the unwelcome guest.

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### COLONEL C. RIVERS BULKELY

THERE is probably no profession one could name, and certainly no pastime, which entails more hard work before proficiency can be arrived at than steeplechase riding, and amongst the famous horsemen of the past still with us—gentlemen riders in the strict sense of the word—for whom the term "amateur"

## Gentlemen Riders

were surely a misnomer, who, throwing themselves heart and soul into the game, were prepared to undergo any hard work or privation in order to arrive at the pinnacle of fame, Colonel C. Rivers Bulkely takes a forward place.

His early childhood was spent at Windsor, where his father resided. In those days the keeper at the Park Street Lodge, leading into the Long Walk—one Snooks—was allowed to let out ponies for hire, and these the worthy man was only too glad to entrust to the willing hands of Master Rivers Bulkely, aged twelve, who would ride three or four of them before breakfast to get them quiet for the mothers' darlings who would disport themselves on their backs later in the day; and as the ponies in question were of all sorts and sizes, the youthful Dick Christian not only thoroughly enjoyed himself, but gained an amount of experience which proved invaluable later on.

Arrived at man's estate, Mr. Rivers Bulkely, with a view to perfecting himself in the art of race-riding, placed himself in the hands of Ben Land, who in those days occupied pretty nearly the same position towards the budding horsemen of the period that Mr. Arthur Yates does now, and with him did a lot of riding in schools, and so on.

The subject of our memoir sported silk for the first time at Chertsey, on March 13, 1863, when, riding Mr. Cooper's Stays, trained by Colonel Harford, he won the Drag Hunt Steeplechase by a neck from Buffalo Girl, trained by himself, belonging to Captain Rowley, 2nd Life Guards, and nine others.

"I shouted to her owner" (says Colonel Rivers Bulkely), "a mile from home, that if he did not ride the mare harder I should certainly beat him; to which he replied, 'Rivers, I am so beat myself I cannot drive her along!'"

## Colonel C. Rivers Bulkely

“I never forgot this,” adds the Colonel, “and in local races ever after made a point of watching the riders, and when I saw them getting beat would send along my horse for all he was worth. You wouldn’t believe the number of steeplechases of this sort I have won, solely and entirely from being in better condition than the others. Nowadays, half the young fellows want to ride races before they learn the art of sitting still on a horse, and because they have not taken the trouble to get themselves thoroughly fit, are beat long before their horse.”

“Talking of condition,” he goes on, “reminds me, that in order to ride Lady Barbara, on whom I won the big four-mile steeplechase at Tarporley, for Frank Cotton, in 1875, I had to get down to ten stone; my only nourishment for four days being three eggs and a spoonful of vinegar with each. They say that when I got back to Chester I ordered tea for nine and drank as many cups right off the reel. I won’t be certain of this, but I *do* know that, in spite of my enforced privation, I never felt better in my life. On this occasion I rode in a 3 lb. saddle, the most comfortable I ever sat in, made by Harris of Salop (he could make a saddle if you like.)”

Of the many horses he rode, Colonel Rivers Bulkely gives pride of place to The Sprite, New Oswestry, Ben Nevis, and Battle Cry, which last he describes as the best fencer he ever rode steeplechasing. No less a judge than Tom Wadlow the famous trainer, after watching his performance in a steeplechase at Albrighton, gave it as his opinion that the horse was the best and quickest fencer he had ever seen. Unfortunately Battle Cry went lame soon after, and was of no further good.

A curious story is attached to Ben Nevis.

“I bought him” (relates the Colonel) “from George Fordham the jockey, for £7 10s. *od.*, because he wouldn’t

## Gentlemen Riders

jump. Not long afterwards I was trying my very best to overcome this failing in a field adjoining the highroad, and was just beginning to give it up in despair, when an *employé* in a circus which was passing at the moment, who had been looking on with much interest, thus addressed me, 'Master,' said he, 'let me give you an "'int": take your horse back to his stable and don't give him a drop o' water for three days, and then stand with a bucketful t'other side of a fallen tree, and you mark my words! he won't be many minutes afore he's over after it.'

"Never was a sounder piece of advice, as it turned out, for at the end of the allotted number of days, not only did the thirsty Ben Nevis hop over the fallen tree selected for the purpose, like lightning, the minute he caught sight of the bucket containing the mountain dew, but he was never known afterwards to turn his head away from a fence. I have tried the same plan since, with bad-tempered horses in the stable, and it has invariably succeeded, the effect being to make them fond of the man that gave them the water."

"With a horse called May Boy, belonging to Mr. Lees," goes on the Colonel, "I once had a somewhat similar experience. No one could get him round a corner, and noticing he always bolted to the left, I offered to ride him at Bangor in the Red Coat race. He was entered in another race, but as I only wanted to ride in the race just mentioned, I declined the mount, and some one else was put up.

"The horse only went three fences and then bolted, as usual. Then came my turn in the Red Coat race. The moment he tried his favourite turn to the left, I was ready for him with my whip in that hand, and keeping him straight, won handsomely."

In the Colonel's colours, Ben Nevis won a match at Ealing,



## Colonel C. Rivers Bulkely

and the Maiden Plate at Barnet, and was afterwards sold for a large sum, just before running the Sprite—for whom George Fordham had given £1500—to a head.

New Oswestry was a good horse, his principal failing being a tendency to take off ten yards before he came to a fence. It was on this horse his owner once had an unlucky ride at Ludlow. He had never been there, and was given to understand that in the flat race he was about to ride New Oswestry, he had to pass the stand three times, instead of which it should have been twice; the result was that his rider waited too long, and was beat by a very inferior animal.

Old Fashion, about 14 lbs. behind New Oswestry, was a good mare, who invariably ran through her fences without jumping them, and strange to say, in spite of this drawback, never gave her owner a fall. On the contrary, he won on her at Hoylake (over banks), Abingdon, Bangor, and Warwick (on the flat), after which she was sold for £650.

Colonel Bulkely always prophesied the mare would eventually break her neck, and this is what actually happened in a steeplechase at Hall Green, when, with Mapling in the saddle, she fell at the last fence, her new owner having refused a thousand for her whilst the race was being run, so well was she going.

The Colonel once bought a half-sister to New Oswestry from Captain (Rufus) Montgomery for £30; but the latter, repenting of his deal, asked for her back again, with the result that, just eight months afterwards, the mare came out and beat New Oswestry in the big steeplechase at Cork.

Colonel Bulkely won the Gold Cup at Ludlow in 1873, on a horse belonging to Mr. Cotton, beating Mr. Thomas by a head, and the winner must have been a good one, for he ran second soon after to Lowlander in the big hurdle race at

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Liverpool, the last-named horse carrying off the Hunt Cup at Ascot the following year. A ludicrous incident occurred at Ludlow on another occasion. The Colonel had gone there specially to ride a certain horse, and having been duly weighed out by owner and trainer, it was found that his mount had been left behind at Stafford.

At Bangor, once, the subject of our memoir won five races in one day, and would have won a sixth but for Jack in the Box, the horse he was riding, overjumping himself; whereby his jockey broke three ribs, a collar-bone, injured his breast-bone, and split his shoulder; the doctor, who examined him, finding in addition, two ribs just knitting together which had been broken, unknown to their owner, some ten days previously, by a fall incurred while schooling a young one.

He was riding a horse on one occasion that could only come with one run. A rank bad one, he would stop to nothing if he was hurried; the result being that the one good horse in the race got nearly a quarter of a mile in front. The Colonel, however, came with one run, and at the end won by half a length. After the race a personal friend came up: "I never saw you ride so badly," said he, "you ought to have won by a mile," adding, "I've bought the horse for three hundred." A very dear bargain, as it turned out, as the brute proved as useless in the hunting field as he was as a steeplechaser.

Colonel Bulkely to this day cherishes a recollection of the third steeplechase he ever took part in. As it may serve as an object-lesson, we will give it in his own words: "I was riding," he says, "a mare called Traviata, at Windsor, and well do I remember young Ben Land racing me up to the last turn, with the result that I ran wide and he won by half a length, afterwards remarking, 'Captain, this will be a lesson to you not to be racing up to a turn, but to steady your mount before you

## Colonel C. Rivers Bulkely

come to it. Had you done so just now you couldn't have lost.'”

Under the name of “Mr. Charles,” Colonel Bulkely rode and won a great many steeplechases in Ireland, and, according to the late Mr. Moore, of Jockey Hall, was the first person to ride a horse over the banks there with a standing martingale. One was used on Scots Grey with great success, as hitherto he would never be kept straight. He was on the back of that good horse, Rufus, the first time he ever won. A magnificent fencer over every description of country, he was wanting in the necessary turn of speed, otherwise there is no saying how many races he would not have accounted for.

The subject of our memoir wound up a brilliant career in the saddle at Bangor, in 1879, when he rode Mayboy, belonging to Mr. Lees, of Pickhill, in the Red Coat steeplechase, and, incredible though it may appear, it is nevertheless a fact that, not only during the period he was on the Turf, but in his whole life, Colonel Rivers Bulkely only made three bets, two of which he won. He raced, in fact, solely for honour and glory and, consequently, pleasure; and it is good to know that he had plenty of all three.

Equally at home in the hunting field, when the late Empress of Austria hunted for a season in Ireland, Major Rivers Bulkely was selected to pilot her Majesty, an appointment for which his long riding experience in that country eminently fitted him.

# Gentlemen Riders

MR. L. R. THOMAS

(“MR. TREWENT”)

IN the early seventies of the past century there was no better-known or more popular amateur horseman, either in the Principality or out of it, than the gentleman familiarly known to his many friends as “Bobby” Thomas, and to the racing world as “Mr. Trewent.”

Born in 1845, he had the misfortune, when only five years old, to lose his father, and that it was the wish of the latter that his son should ultimately attain to proficiency in the saddle is plain, from the fact that the first recollection of himself the subject of this chapter can recall to memory is being taken out riding on an old white pony.

Having escorted him to the post, so to speak, we will now leave Mr. Trewent to finish his race on his own account.

“After the usual course of preparatory schools I was sent to Harrow, where I had the honour of being swished by both Drs. Vaughan and Butler; the latter, so far as I remember, being quite twenty-one pounds in front of his predecessor at that recreation.

“After leaving Harrow, I went to cram for the Army, and passed in direct in May, 1864, and, being gazetted in November, joined the 41st Regiment in Dublin, where I was initiated into the mysteries of the goosetep in the Barrack Square of Richmond Barracks. When the Regiment sailed for India, the following year, I was sent to the depôt at Colchester. At that time there were a great number of youngsters in the Battalion, and a wilder lot I have seldom met. I could fill a book with stories of the deeds that were done there. Colchester was



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(“MR. TREWENT”).



## Mr. L. R. Thomas

a capital quarter in those days; a lot of good fellows lived round it, and the Essex farmers were sportsmen to a man, and it was in the Garrison Stakes at the Colchester Steeplechases that I donned silk for the first time. I owned a hunter I thought might win it, and, judging by form, it certainly should have done so. Unfortunately it succumbed to the exigencies of training, and I had to look out for another mount. I was much too keen on a ride in those days to lose a chance, so nominated an old horse that used to be let out for hire. It was a queer-looking beast, and had not been trained, but it made all the running over the four miles of heavy plough, and only got beat a length by a horse called The Monkey.

“The Colchester district was a very sporting one, and there were a lot of small meetings, at which I had plenty of mounts and was very lucky. When my time was up at the Depôt I was too fond of racing to go abroad, so exchanged into the 80th.

“Soon afterwards, when at Tenby Races, seeing what I thought was a useful-looking mare win a selling race, I bought her for £66, put her in an overnight hurdle, and a flat race, and won them both. She turned out a very lucky purchase, and won me several races on the flat, over a country, and hurdles; and I eventually sold her for £250 to Colonel S. Toogood, who also did very well with her. She was a natural jumper, and I ran her in a steeplechase in Devonshire. She jumped the fences all right, but fell on the flat, and gave me my first bad racing fall, which laid me up for three months. Soon after getting about again I won a hurdle race on her at Wye.

“At Aldershot that summer I rode three winners, and, later on, bought a mare named Diadem from the late Mr. Saxon, and had an amusingly instructive, though expensive,

## Gentlemen Riders

experience the first time I ran her. It was at Rainham, a small meeting in Essex, and on the way down in the train a friend of mine would try and beat a three-card-trick man. After he had lost about a pony, I began to try and get it back for him, with the result that when we reached Rainham I had lost £50. Fortunately the journey was a short one, otherwise there is no saying what might have happened. As we did not know even a welsher to bet with, and had very little ready left, I made up my mind not to run Diadem, but was overruled by my trainer, who said we should be able to buy her back for a trifle. In those days you could enter a horse to be sold for £20, and the stakes were often no more. Diadem was favourite, and the only bet I could get was £65 to £40. She won easily, and then the fun began. I told my trainer to go up to £70, the sum she originally cost me, but he disregarded the limit and bought her in for £125, so that I lost £60 over the race, which, with my card losses, came to £110 for winning a race. However, she turned out a good purchase, and won me several races, one of which is worth recording. The mare had not been schooled over hurdles, but I saw a hurdle race at Ludlow I thought she might win. The hurdles were extra big and strong, and as she had to meet The Colonel and Harlington at weight for age I did not mean backing her.

“At the post, the rider of The Colonel asked me to save a fiver; but even then I was afraid to back mine, as I thought she would never get over the hurdles. The mare hit the first flight so hard she came on her knees and nose, and when I set her going again, one of the saddle-flaps had got doubled back under the surcingle, and I had to ride on the buckles of the girths one side. It was a most unpleasant ride, and it was all I could do to stick on. The mare was dead beat before



## Mr. L. R. Thomas

jumping the last hurdle, but, as luck would have it, nothing caught us, and we rolled home somehow.

“For a subaltern in a marching regiment, I had now quite a useful little string at Goddard’s stables at Winchfield, and being remarkably lucky as well—so often the case with a beginner—in an evil moment I made up my mind to leave the service and devote my time for the future entirely to racing.

“The following year my luck continued, and I won several races with Epworth and others; and in the spring of 1870 I took over the management of Mr. Forbes Bentley’s horses at Findon. Mr. Bentley was very fond of the West country, and we went a racing tour there every autumn. At Totnes we had a good outing, winning five or six races, in one of which, a mile over four flights of hurdles, I was riding Spitfire, and won the first heat in a walk. During the second heat she cut her tendon nearly through, and we finished a dead heat with a mare called Blackbird, owned and ridden by Captain Churchill. When we pulled up, I saw Spitfire was settled, so approached Churchill *re* a division. He seemed to agree very quickly, and I then found his mare had broken down so badly she could not walk. I have never known since two dead-heaters being both incapacitated.

“At Worcester that year I won the Hurdle Handicap on Victress, a mare Mr. Bentley bought from Mr. Charlton for £100; Miss Banks, ridden by John Page, being beaten a neck, with a large field behind her. In the spring of 1891 I got a bad fall riding Seclusion at Exeter. She fell in some false ground between the hurdles, and I did not get over it for a long time. I remember we had a good year as far as winning races went, the stable scoring upwards of fifty wins, including the Great Warwickshire Handicap, the Stockbridge Cup, etc.

“In the following year I went to live at Tenby, where at

## Gentlemen Riders

that time there were some extraordinary characters. It was a very sporting place, and among others staying there was Jim Park, late of the 22nd Regiment, who once owned The Gillie, and whose memory for racing was about the most marvellous I ever came across. We were all living at the Lion Hotel, and had everything heart of man could desire, except ready money. The host (Fred Bowles), a celebrated sportsman, whose sayings and deeds would fill a good-sized book, always had some horses in training, and as he never gave more than a 'pony' for any of them, I think he made it pay. I remember his complaining to me the only horse he ever bought for a larger sum was the only one he never won a race with. George Dodson was then living at Freestone, and made two very lucky deals when he bought Kangaroo and Goldfinder from their breeders.

"In 1874 I went to Richards Castle to ride for him and a friend of mine, H. A. Newman, late of the 40th. Kangaroo was, or rather would have been, about the best horse in England over a country; but he had an extraordinary way of falling, which I could never account for. I won a race or two on him, but he gave me some very bad falls, breaking three or four ribs and a wrist, besides a concussion or two. At last, in the Severn Bank at Worcester, he 'came it,' when he had his race absolutely won, and 'outed' me badly. I did not recover consciousness till late that night, and, as I came to, I heard Dodson and one or two more talking as to who should ride him next day. On some one being suggested, Dodson was just wondering whether he would be capable of keeping the horse on his legs, when I astonished them all by chipping in with, 'Yes, if he could fix a pulley in the sky!' And I think I about hit the mark, for he fell at the second fence and lamed himself so badly he had to be shot. On

## Mr. L. R. Thomas

examination they found all the muscles of his near shoulder were diseased, and he must have run his races practically on three legs.

“I had good luck that year with Goldfinder—on whom I won nine times off the reel—Hussar, Minaret, Adieu, and others ; and if my memory serves me, was either first or second in the list of gentlemen riders.

“At Mr. Powell’s sale, a friend of mine, the late Mr. John Moore, bought Hussar, who had lost his form. We could not get him to eat his food, and at last, in despair, I tried mixing brown sugar with each feed. This had the desired effect, and he came back to form. There was a big Hunters’ flat race the following year at Carmarthen ; Minaret, ridden by Tom Pickernell, being a warm favourite. I had left Hussar’s coat on, and as he looked very shabby in consequence, we got a long price about him, and he won easily, carrying his penalty and beating Minaret again the following day.

“Several bad spills fell to my lot that spring—in fact, I was in splints most of the year, and only rode just under twenty winners. I was riding then for Mr. F. C. Coliden, and won several races on Taffy, the most perfect mannered chaser and best jumper I ever rode. On one occasion after being got at, he jumped Bangor course as if nothing had happened. About this time I first rode Milton, a real good horse belonging to one of the best sportsmen I have ever known, the late Mr. W. R. H. Powell. I had ridden him for a goodish bit in former years, when E. P. Wilson was not available, and at Cardiff he asked me to ride Milton. I had beaten Milton at Knighton, when riding Carolus, a horse belonging to Mr. Morris Owen, and fancied then that he could not quite stay, so ignored my orders at Cardiff and ran him for

## Gentlemen Riders

speed, beating Gunlock, the favourite, by a short head; after which I won the Ludlow Cup twice, and a dozen or more races on him. How good he was I never knew, as he was shown in the prize ring in the summer, and raced in the winter, so that he was seldom, if ever, really fit. He was the best-looking one I ever saw, and a charming horse to ride. Before my first ride on Milton I got smashed up badly, riding a half brother to Taffy called Cewmrw, the property of the late Mr. R. L. Barton. He was a good horse and a good jumper, but had not been schooled over flying fences. Getting married that summer, I went to live at Tenby and gave up racing for a time, though I rode about a dozen winners a year round the West. Pony and Galloway racing was started in 1888 by Major F. Herbert, and we had great fun at the numerous meetings. The class of Galloways was very good, and I did very well at it.

“In 1892 I was invited to go out to ride in India, and had a very nice time there, meeting some awfully good fellows, and riding a lot of winners.

“The best steeplechaser I ever knew was L'Africain. He was leased by Mr. Powell, and after winning some chases, ran in the Liverpool with 13 st. 2 lbs. on his back. George Holman, who rode him, always declared he would have won but for being knocked over. After his return to Maesgwynne, he was tried with Daisy; Tom Davis riding L'Africain, and Pope the other. Daisy won easily, and as this showed L'Africain to be dead wrong, and he had only one other engagement in the Cheltenham Grand Annual, at that time one of the most important chases in England, he was turned up and did not leave his box for some weeks. In the meantime the owner found the money for which he was mortgaged, and sent Mr. Riddell down with it, with instructions to take

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L'Africain straight away to Cheltenham, and though carrying 13 st. 10 lbs. he should certainly have won the Grand Annual. The old course at Cheltenham had a short run in from the last turn, and L'Africain being a hard puller, got away with Mr. Riddell, and with all the weight, raced everything that came near him. Cortolvin, who had won the Liverpool, was the nearest to him at the last turn, and if Riddell had kept to the rails he must have won ; but he bore out, and W. Reeves on Columbia, a very good mare owned by Mr. Reginald Herbert, who had previously run third for the Cambridge-shire, slipped up inside and beat him a neck.

“As L'Africain had not been out of his box for some weeks, I think this performance stamps him as a veritable wonder. When one remembers all the good horses and horsemen one has known it is hard to say which was best. I can only say I should be very glad to have any one of the following four horses : L'Africain, Emblem, The Colonel, and Austerlitz ; and I could name at least twenty men, any one of whom would do to ride them. In the present day the gilded youth of England, who were formerly the backbone of chasing, do not seem to care much about race-riding. This is a pity, as, in my humble opinion, they lose one of life's greatest pleasures. Racing, like Life, has its ups and downs, but, looking back through long years, I can truthfully say with Gordon's Stockrider—

“ ‘ I would lead the same life over.’ ”

# Gentlemen Riders

## CAPTAIN JOHN LAWRENCE

BRIEF though it was unhappily fated to be, seldom, if ever, has a more brilliant career in the saddle, whilst it lasted, been placed on record than that of the gallant soldier named above, familiarly known to his many friends, both in and out of the Service, as "Piggy" Lawrence.

The eldest son of Mr. John Lawrence, the veteran master of the Llangibby hounds, the subject of our memoir, having completed his education, was appointed, in 1861, to the 7th Hussars, being transferred shortly afterwards to the 4th Hussars, then quartered in Ireland, and it was in that country and in Scotland, where the regiment moved to afterwards, that "Piggy" Lawrence, as he was familiarly called, did most of his riding.

The first race of any importance won by him was the Irish Grand Military in 1864, when he beat a large field on Tony Lumpkin, a horse who, it may be remembered, was heavily backed for the Grand National of the following year, in which he was ridden by Mr. Thomas; whilst, later on, he won the Cork Grand National on The Don, and the Liverpool Hunt Club, at Hoylake, on Mocking Bird.

In 1865 he had an unsuccessful ride in the Grand National, and was second in the Grand Military, on Glencairn, to "Curly" Knox on Ironsides. He also rode and won at Abergavenny that year.

In 1866 the National Hunt Steeplechase was run at Crewkerne, where Captain Lawrence, riding Golden Drop, was second to Alec Goodman on Mr. Studd's Shangarry, the latter, who started favourite at 6 to 4, winning in a hack canter by



CAPTAIN JOHN LAWRENCE.





## Captain John Lawrence

any number of lengths. At Punchestown that year he had better luck, winning the Kildare Hunt Cup, the Light Weight Military, and another race of minor importance; whilst, in Scotland, where the regiment was then quartered, he was luckier still, being especially so at the Renfrewshire Hunt Meeting, where he won every race on the card during the afternoon.

The following year, after winning seven races in one week, a terrible fall, from the effects of which he never fairly recovered, brought to an abrupt conclusion, amidst general regret, what had every promise of being an exceptionally brilliant career in the saddle.

A strong and bold rider, "Piggy" Lawrence is described by one who knew him best, as being without an equal on a rough and awkward horse, his one fault, perhaps, being that he was wanting in patience when riding in a race.

A proof of what metal he was made of is given in the following story: One night at Mess, when the 4th Hussars were quartered at Newbridge, a certain officer in the regiment was extolling the merits of a steeplechase mare owned by himself in no measured fashion, when the Colonel, who had kept silent so far, suddenly broke in with, "I'll tell you what, So-and-So, I'll back 'Piggy,' here, to ride my old one-eyed horse without saddle or bridle—only a halter—against your mare, for three miles over the Newbridge steeplechase course, for £25 a side." The offer being promptly accepted, the match was decided in "Piggy's" favour shortly afterwards, in presence of a large concourse of local sportsmen.

A very hard man to hounds, it is to be feared that "Piggy" found the Llangibby, of which pack that grand old sportsman, his father, was master for so many years, a trifle too slow for him at times, for the paternal description of a run,

## Gentlemen Riders

in which the former participated, invariably took the following form:—"First came the fox; then that d——d son of mine, John; then the hounds!"

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MR. W. H. P. JENKINS

(“MR. P. MERTON”)

DATING from the period when he first began to ride in public, nearly half a century ago, there is no one you could name who has kept more in touch with, or done more for the sport of steeplechasing, than the popular sportsman named above, familiarly known to his friends as “Jenks.” Son of Mr. John Jenkins, of Caerleon, Monmouth, by Elizabeth, daughter and co-heiress of Mr. Henry Phillips of Llantarnam, in the same county, the subject of our memoir was born in 1842, and received his earlier education at Rugby, after which he went to Merton College, Oxford, just previous to which, in 1859, he had commenced his riding career in an auspicious manner by winning a steeplechase at a small meeting near Cardiff, on a mare named Crinoline, belonging to Mr. C. H. Williams.

When up at Oxford his favours were pretty equally divided between boxing and steeplechase riding, it being hard to say at which he was the greater proficient. The latter form of amusement, it need scarcely be said, does not form part of the curriculum at our Universities, and as the new arrival possessed very strong predilections that way, and, what is more, had every intention of indulging them at every given opportunity, he deemed it advisable, with a view to concealing his identity from the Dons, to adopt another name than his own for racing purposes.



MR. W. H. P. JENKINS  
("MR. P. MERTON").



## Mr. W. H. P. Jenkins

Accordingly, before very long his now familiar racing colours, dark blue and black cap, were duly registered as those of "Mr. P. Merton," and that done, their sporting owner set the ball a-rolling in earnest. That his appointment to the mastership of the Oxford Drag, which popular institution was described by the late Major G. J. Whyte Melville in his inimitable book, "Market Harborough," as better calculated to make a horseman and spoil a sportsman than anything he knew of, was no empty compliment, the number of steeplechases he won at Aylesbury at various times, not to mention college "Grinds," were abundant proof. One horse in particular, The Robber, belonging to a fellow undergraduate, Mr. J. J. Atkinson ("Mr. Doncaster"), especially distinguished himself in these races, winning no fewer than twenty-eight, in nearly all of which he was ridden by "Mr. P. Merton," who had the mount on him at Liverpool in 1869, on which occasion, starting at 100 to 1, and carrying 11 st. 2 lbs., he finished eighth to The Colonel, whose first victory it was.

Though this was Mr. Jenkins's solitary mount in the Grand National, he rode and won innumerable races under N.H. rules all over the country. At Aylesbury once he rode five winners—one of them a steeplechase for ponies—during the same afternoon.

One of his victories in the open Handicap Steeplechase at Aylesbury was on a little horse aptly called The Pony, belonging to Charlie Symonds, the well-known Oxford dealer, by whom he had only been offered the mount at 9 o'clock the night before. As the weight was 10 st. 12 lbs., and "Mr. P. Merton" could not go to scale with a 4-lb. saddle under 11 st. 4 lb., it became a question whether the difficulty could be overcome at such short notice. However, a strong dose of physic and a twelve-mile walk with sweaters on top of it, managed

## Gentlemen Riders

it between them ; and The Pony performing his part of the play in an equally satisfactory manner—result : “ Happiness,” as Mr. Micawber would say. In one of his earlier steeplechases at a meeting in Gloucestershire Mr. Jenkins had a funny experience. Finishing second, he objected to the winner on the ground of foul riding. The stewards, however, either could not, or would not decide, so requested the disputants to “ toss up,” which they accordingly did, with the result that the race went to the winner—or rather the horse that came in first.

As an example of what an enthusiast will go through in order to attain his object, Mr. Jenkins, in July, 1872, weighing 12 st. 7 lbs., actually rode Wamba, belonging to himself, in the great Metropolitan Steeplechase at Croydon in the November of that year in a 4-lb. saddle, going to scale at 10 st. 7 lbs., which could have been 10 st. 5 lbs. had it been necessary.

The race in question was won by Mr. Arthur Yates on Harvester ; David Copperfield being second, Casse Tête—who later on won the Grand National—third, and Wamba fourth.

On his secession from the saddle, so far as riding in public was concerned, Mr. Jenkins took to training horses for himself and his friends by way of amusement ; Llantarnam, Satellite, and Zoedone, and many other good winners being prepared for their engagements under his superintendence ; whilst it is almost superfluous to add that hunting, of which he had always been fond from his earliest childhood, occupied a fair share of his attentions. In what is known as the “ Great Wood Run ”\* with the Duke of Beaufort’s hounds,

\* In some lines commemorative of this celebrated run the following verse appears :—

“ So on they speed past Hannington,  
So on past Crouch’s Wood ;  
One brook alone remained to jump ;  
There was but one \* who could.”

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\* Mr. Jenkins on Giffard.





MR. E. P. WILSON.



## Mr. E. P. Wilson

one of the very few up at the finish was the subject of our memoir. Giffard, the horse who carried him so brilliantly on this occasion, and on which he rode seventeen miles home without hitting a stone, being afterwards described by Captain "Doggie" Smith, who had previously owned and "made" him, as one of the best hunters he ever rode.

In 1872 Mr. Jenkins, who is J.P. and D.L. for Monmouthshire, and J.P. for Warwickshire, Oxfordshire, and Glamorgan, married Lady Caroline Anne Villiers, younger daughter of George Augustus, 6th Earl of Jersey, and settled down at Frenchay Park, near Bristol, where he now resides.

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## MR. E. P. WILSON

BORN at Ilmington, in Warwickshire, in 1846, the subject of our memoir early developed that love for the saddle which was to bear such good fruit in after life. For instance, we hear of him when only four years old, being strapped to his pony for safety, and "blooded by the huntsman of the Warwickshire. That he met with every encouragement from the authorities at the "Home Office" may be gathered from the fact that orders were given that he should stay away from school one day a week expressly to go hunting, it being his father's wish that his son should learn to ride before anything.

At quite an early age he was constantly riding with great success at local hunt meetings, and in 1867 we find him winning his first important race, viz. the Birmingham Grand Annual, on Tiger, belonging to his father, a victory he followed up two years later on Meanwood.

## Gentlemen Riders

On the first-named horse he won twelve out of the thirteen races he rode him in, and eleven out of twelve on Jacob.

In 1875 he won the first Sandown Grand National on Goldfinder, the race being worth £2450. Others of his winners were Sunball, Lucellum, Tom, Ismael, Verdi, Congress, and Regal.

The National Hunt Steeplechase was a very lucky race for him, for out of his eleven rides he won it five times, viz. :

- 1877 on The Bear
- 1881 „ Pride of Prussia
- 1882 „ Llantarnam
- 1883 „ Satellite
- 1884 „ Equity

whilst he was second in 1879 on Golden Cross, and third in 1870 and 1876 on Tom and Boyne Water respectively.

Mr. W. H. P. Jenkins, one of the best judges, probably, of steeplechasing in England, pays the following tribute to Mr. Wilson's horsemanship :—

“E. P. Wilson won the National Hunt for me on Llantarnam at Derby, and for Tritton on Satellite, at Melton, both of them being trained by myself. I have no hesitation in saying that there are few horsemen who could have won on these horses.

“Llantarnam could stay for ever, but was a very stingy jumper. Wilson came down the hill at Derby as if he was on the best of jumpers. At Melton, Satellite fell at the first fence, and was taken out by another horse, and again lost a lot of ground, and then won by a head.

“There has never been a better or more determined steeplechase rider than E. P. Wilson.”

In 1873 he made his first appearance in a Grand National

## Mr. E. P. Wilson

field on the back of Congress (10 st. 10 lbs.), the property of his elder brother, who also trained the horse, who, however, failed to distinguish himself in the race.

The following year he rode him again, but was brought down at the second fence from the start by the falling of Vintner, the mount of Mr. Crawshaw, whose collar-bone was broken as the result, but though quickly remounted he never again got on terms with his horses.

In 1875 he again had the leg up on Congress, who by this time had passed into the possession of Mr. Gomm ; but with no success, the horse, who on this occasion carried 12 st. 4 lbs., being beaten shortly after landing into the racecourse for the final struggle.

“There’s many a slip ’twixt cup and the lip,” as most of us know to our cost, and never was the old saying more applicable than in the case of Mr. Wilson and Congress, in the Grand National of 1876, which, but for an unavoidable mishap at a critical period of the race, must inevitably have fallen to their share. As it was they were only beaten by a neck by Joe Cannon, on Regal, after a tremendous struggle from the last hurdle.

“I was very unlucky,” writes Mr. Wilson, “not to win on Congress, as in pulling out for Jack Goodwin, I came into contact with a fallen animal which certainly lost me many lengths. My horse came on his nose and knees, and I was hanging round his neck all across the next field, and had not recovered my seat when we jumped the next fence.

“This left me in a bad position and took a lot of making up. You may remember we finished very wide, Joe Cannon right under the judge’s box, and yours truly bang the other side of the course. As for Congress, he was the best horse I ever rode.”

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This was the last time Mr. Wilson ever rode Congress ; the old horse, who, in the interim, had been bought by Lord Lonsdale, being ridden the following year by Joe Cannon, when, carrying 12 st. 7 lbs., he finished second to Austerlitz. On this occasion the subject of our memoir rode Reugny, the winner in 1874, and then the property of Mr. Gomm, who started favourite at 100 to 15, but figured ingloriously in the actual race.

In 1878, when Shifnal won, Mr. Wilson finished sixth on Lord Lonsdale's Curator, and the following year he was fifth on Bob Ridley to Mr. Garrett Moore and The Liberator.

After that he was without a mount in the Grand National until 1882, the race won by Seaman, when he rode Captain Machell's Fay, who fell, however, on the second round. The following year he rode Montauban for Lord Yarborough, but with no good result.

In 1884 the luck changed with a vengeance, Mr. Wilson winning the Grand National of both that and the following year, on Voluptuary and Roquefort respectively.

The victory of the first-named horse, a cast-off from Lord Rosebery's stable, was a most meritorious one, this being the first time the horse had ever gone over a country in public, whilst his jumping throughout the race was of the most perfect description.

His racing career at an end, Voluptuary was sold to Mr. Leonard Boyne, the actor, who subsequently appeared on his back in the Grand National scene in the sensational drama of the *Prodigal Daughter*, then being played to crowded houses in Drury Lane Theatre, Lord Rosebery's cast-off flying over the water night after night in just the same brilliant style he did at Aintree in the actual race.

In 1888 Mr. Wilson again rode Roquefort, who, however,

## Mr. E. P. Wilson

over-jumped himself at the ditch and hedge-fence soon after entering the country for the second time, and fell heavily.

In 1887 Mr. Wilson and Roquefort were once more in partnership, and looked as much like winning as anything, until approaching the hurdles in the straight, when the rider of Savoyard, suddenly raising his whip, caused Roquefort to swerve and fall over the rails, cutting himself badly in so doing.

In 1888 he rode Lord Cholmondeley's *The Fawn*, which fell, however, at the third fence from the start.

In 1889, Roquefort, then the property of "Mr. Abington," was again his mount, but fell at the ditch and fence before reaching the canal bridge, the second time round.

In 1890 Mr. Wilson donned the Royal livery for the first time, riding *Hettie* for our present King, then Prince of Wales, unfortunately without success, the mare coming down in the first round at the open ditch beyond *Bechers' Brook*.

In 1891 Mr. Wilson made his last appearance in the Grand National, on the back of *Voluptuary*, whom he had piloted to victory in 1884. The horse, however, was well beaten before reaching the canal turn on the second round, and was promptly pulled up.

This famous horseman rode for the last time in public at *Dunstall Park*, in 1898; but though the racecourse knew him no more, the same cannot be said of the hunting field, where, in spite of his sixty odd years, any enterprising sportsman desiring to "cut him down and hang him up to dry," as the saying is, over the *Warwickshire fences*, will yet find the popular *Ted*, in the words of the song—

"A rum 'un to follow;  
A bad one to beat."

# Gentlemen Riders

## COLONEL HARFORD

ABOUT the year 1870 there was no regiment in the Service which could boast of a better supply of amateur horsemen, every one of them far above the average, than the Scots Guards: Colonel G. W. Knox, familiarly known as "Curly," Lord Charles Innes Ker, Viscount Melgund (Mr. Rolly), now the Earl of Minto, and last—but not least—Colonel Harford, being every one of them names to conjure with in races over a country and on the flat, military or otherwise.

The only son of Mr. Frederic Paul Harford, D.L., of Down Place, Windsor, the subject of our memoir was born in 1841, and in 1893, soon after joining the Scots Guards, with a view to perfecting himself in the art of race-riding, placed himself in the hands of old Ben Land, at that time training at Ascot, and so apt a pupil did he become, that in a very brief space of time, "Lummy" Harford, as he is familiarly known to his friends, was riding with great success at the various meetings round London, such as Croydon, Bromley, and Kingsbury.

Colonel Harford made his first appearance in a Grand National field in 1867, when Cortolvin won, on which occasion he rode Captain Brabazon's King Arthur (10 st. 3 lbs.), who, though starting favourite at 5 to 1, was done with soon after entering the country the second time.

In 1869 (The Colonel's year), he steered Harcourt for Mr. Eaton. The horse, however, was not so good as his rider, and finished absolutely last.

In view of the fact that two brother Guardsmen, Captain H. Coventry and Colonel G. W. Knox respectively, had previously figured to advantage on our old friend Alcibiade, who was

## Colonel Harford

known indeed as "The Guardsman's horse," it was quite in the order of things when, in 1870, Colonel Harford was seen in the saddle on "Cherry" Angell's gallant chestnut. Captain Coventry had won outright on the son of Zouave in 1865. "Curly" Knox was third in 1868, and fourth in the following year, and now in the year we speak of, the gallant old warrior was eighth with Colonel Harford on his back. Alcibiade, who was a consistent horse if ever there was one, certainly got on better with the Guardsmen than was the case with professionals, for on each of the two occasions when he was steered respectively by young Ben Land and Walters, he failed to make any show at the finish.

Yeoman, one of the best of his time in the hunter class, belonging to the late Lord Craven, was a horse on whom Colonel Harford was always seen to great advantage, winning eight out of the eleven steeplechases in which he rode him.

In 1867, in which year the Grand Military Meeting was held at Rugby, Colonel Harford won both the Gold Cup and the Light Weight Grand Military on Marc Antoine, belonging to Captain Ray, whilst he won the Guards' Cup no fewer than nine times.

Punchestown—always popular with the soldiers—was also one of his lucky meetings, as the following results will show :—

1868, the Prince of Wales' Stakes on Excelsior, the Irish Grand Military, and the Conyngham Cup on Wild Fox in 1869; the Conyngham Cup on Chapeur in 1870, and the same event on Miltown two years later. He also rode frequently in France and Germany, being second on two occasions in the Grand Steeplechase at Baden-Baden.

Colonel Harford retired from riding in 1880, his last winning mount being on a pony belonging to his Royal Highness the Duke of Connaught—a circumstance which gave

## Gentlemen Riders

rise to a good deal of chaff amongst his friends, who opined that "Lummy" Harford must indeed have come down in the scale to ride pony races in his old age.

On his marriage in the following year, Colonel Harford settled down at Down Place, Windsor, where he still resides.

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### THE HON. HENRY FITZWILLIAM

FORTY years ago the better class of English sportsmen, more especially those who gave the preference to cross-country sport over any other, would have no more dreamt of missing Punchestown than they would have of keeping aloof from Epsom or Ascot. Nowadays, though still as popular a meeting as ever it was, the crowd in the stands and on the race-course will be found almost entirely composed of the native element, the only English visitors probably being those connected with the Vice-Regal party, and the military quartered in Ireland, who from time immemorial have always been staunch supporters of the meeting, some of our most celebrated horsemen having won their spurs there in their early riding days. All who have ever been to Punchestown will remember what is called the "Big Double," and those who do not might consult with advantage the set of coloured engravings, published in 1873, in which Captain Arthur Smith, one of the most brilliant cross-country horsemen of his time, as he was one of the most popular, is depicted winning the Conyng-ham Cup, from a large field in a canter on Héraut d'Armes, who, on the strength of his victory, was afterwards well backed for the Grand National of 1874, which, according





THE HON. HARRY FITZWILLIAM.



## The Hon. Henry Fitzwilliam

to his rider, he would in all probability have won, but for having been wrongly bitted, as a consequence of which he fell during the race, when looking as dangerous as anything.

Those who are not personally acquainted with the jump in question should examine Mr. Sturgess' representation of it in the engravings just mentioned, and, having done so, will be of opinion, we fancy, that its looks do not belie its name, and that, taking it altogether, Punchestown's "Big Double" is not exactly the sort of place one would expect to be taken in a "fly."

That is, however, the manner in which the Hon. Harry Fitzwilliam negotiated this celebrated obstacle, when sporting silk at Punchestown in his salad days, with the result that his name will go down to posterity as the only rider to ever accomplish this daring feat of horsemanship.

From time immemorial a passion for horse and hound has been the leading characteristic of the Fitzwilliam family, and that the subject of our memoir was no exception to the rule is plain from the fact that, almost immediately after going up to Cambridge in 1860, he was appointed Master of the Drag, in conjunction with the present Lord Rothschild.

Previous to his arrival, there had been no racing at Cambridge for a good many years, and to the Hon. Harry Fitzwilliam and a few personal friends, is due the credit of once more "setting the ball a-rolling" by the institution of flat racing in Fulbourne Valley and steeplechasing at Huntingdon and Cottenham; and as at that halcyon period he was able to get into the saddle comfortably under nine stone, their originator was enabled to sport silk at the meetings in question on his own horses and those of his friends to his heart's content.

In 1861 Lord Rothschild and Mr. Fitzwilliam gave a

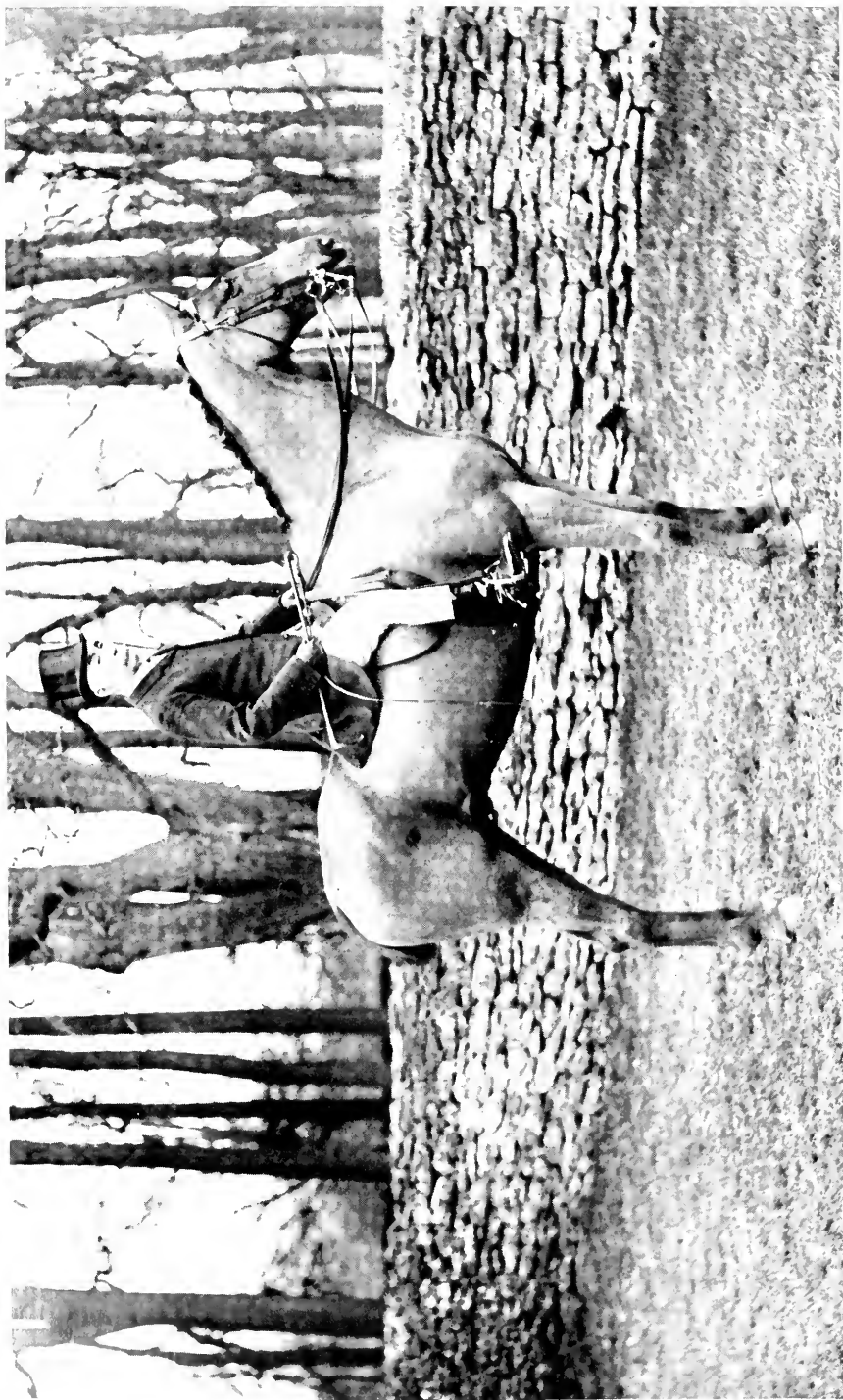
## Gentlemen Riders

Challenge Whip to be competed for by undergraduates over three miles of hunting country, 11 st. 7 lbs. each. It was run for the first time that year, and the following year the latter became the proud holder, winning it with a mare named Bribery, by Ratcatcher.

In 1863 a Steeplechase Match was got up between Oxford and Cambridge, to be run over a course in the vale of Aylesbury. Three horses were to run for each side, the horses for Cambridge being selected by a committee, and also the riders of the horses. Two of them belonged to Mr. Fitzwilliam, and the third to the present Lord Carrington, and the race resulted in a great success for Cambridge, that University being first, second, and third. Conqueror, by Hero out of Result, ridden by the late Mr. T. Ashton, was first; The Clown, ridden by Mr. Fitzwilliam, second; and Lord Carrington's Grey Horse, ridden by the late Honourable Henry L. Wood, third. Though the first and second belonged to himself, their owner, in consequence of a refusal when near home, had to put up with second place. The Gold Cup, then won, is now at Wigganthurpe.

Soon after leaving Cambridge, Mr. Fitzwilliam went as private secretary to Lord Strathnairn, then commander of the forces in Ireland, and there he rode a good many races across country and on the flat at the Curragh, adopting, as was customary in those days, the assumed name of "Mr. Wentworth." He had a few horses of his own, but rode mainly for his friends, among whom were the late Lord Howth, Mr. James Chaine, Mr. Archibald Peel, and others, winning several races for the last-named with a horse named Baldongan. It was at Punchestown in 1867 that the subject of this chapter performed the remarkable feat already referred to. He was riding a horse called Red Man, belonging to Captain Butler,





CAPTAIN RIDDELL.

## Captain Riddell

in the Conyngham Cup. There was a big field, and it was a fast run race, and Red Man, who was a desperate puller and a magnificent fencer, running at the "Big Double" by the Herds Garden fifty miles an hour, with no idea of a steadier, cleared the lot in a fly, without touching it. In those days the jump was five feet high and five feet wide at the top, with a dry ditch on each side, and—we have it on the authority of his rider—the horse jumped it with apparently no great effort to himself.

A wonderful feat indeed, and one not likely to be emulated, for the very good reason that the obstacle has since been much reduced in size.

After the sixties, owing to his parliamentary duties, Mr. Fitzwilliam practically abandoned the saddle, not without a pang, you may be sure. Needless to say, however, that this act of self-denial did not apply to other sports of the field.

Fitzwilliam and fox-hunting will always be coupled together, and it is superfluous to add that since his retirement from riding between the flags, there is no more staunch adherent of the sport so aptly described by the immortal Jorrocks as possessing all the elements of war, without the danger, than the subject of this chapter.

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## CAPTAIN RIDDELL

IF the reader were to refer to the back numbers of the *Field*, commencing in the early sixties of the last century, and turned to the hunting reports, it would be odd if, reading the

## Gentlemen Riders

accounts of the week's sport in the Shires, he failed to find mention therein of the celebrated horseman who forms the subject of this chapter, whose name for years was a household word in the Midlands as that of one of the hardest and best riders that ever crossed Leicestershire.

It is, however, only his race riding, and not the hunting-field, which concerns us, and perhaps luckily so, as with such subjects to work upon as Captains Smith, Boyce, and Riddell, not forgetting "Timber" Powell, we should find it difficult to know where to leave off.

His education over, the subject of our memoir joined the 16th Lancers, at which period his riding career may be said to have commenced, his first winning ride being on a horse called Young Napier, belonging to a brother officer, at Tipperary in 1855.

After the race he bought Young Napier, and won another steeplechase on him later on. After this Captain Riddell rode frequently in Ireland, one of his most notable successes there being the Dublin Metropolitan Steeplechase, which he won for Sir Edward Hutchinson on a mare called Chance.

On returning to England with his regiment, he rode a great deal for Captain Park Yates, Royal Dragoons, for whom he won the Grand Military in 1861 on Rifleman, beating Captain Marshall on Jealousy, who had just previously won the Grand National, and on whom odds of 6 to 4 were laid, 8 to 1 being on offer against Rifleman.

Captain Riddell, in fact, when in the Service, won all the events at the Grand Military meeting, and the Veteran Steeplechase on one of his own soon after he left.

When quartered with the regiment at Canterbury, Captain Riddell owned a real good mare in Bandana, who won no less than six out of the eight steeplechases she ran in whilst







MR. F. G. HOBSON.

## Mr. F. G. Hobson

in Kent. Many hunters' races on the flat, too, fell to the popular owner of the violet and black cap, notably the Thirsk Hunt Cup on Roscrea, for the present Lord Feversham (then the Hon. Ernest Duncombe), and a race at Canterbury in the colours of Mr. Randolph Stewart, beating a hot favourite in Romney, the mount of that accomplished horseman, Mr. William Bevill.

Captain Riddell appeared for the last time in public at the National Hunt Meeting at Aylesbury in 1874, when he rode Minster for the late Lord Wilton in the National Hunt Steeplechase.

Though the meeting was an immense success in other ways, only twelve horses faced the starter, the size of the fences frightening away some of the others. Minster fell, and unfortunately broke her rider's collar-bone; Lucellum, belonging to Mr. Vyner, and ridden by Captain Smith, winning easily at last by two lengths.

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## MR. F. G. HOBSON

IN the late sixties and early seventies of the past century, there were few better known or more popular colours at the different steeplechase meetings around London than the scarlet, white belt, and black cap of Mr. F. J. Hobson. And very much to the fore were these same colours on those occasions, it being odd indeed if the day terminated without "Freddy," notwithstanding his eccentric habit of hanging on to the back of his saddle with his right hand at his fences, being accredited with some of the spoils of the day. His

## Gentlemen Riders

own reason for adopting this practice, we believe, was that by so doing he minimised the strain on his horse's shoulders; his theory being that the rider's weight should be as far back as possible. There may or may not have been something in this idea, but his detractors would have it that so far from being the philanthropic action he would have people believe, it was, in reality, a case of "one for the horse and two for himself," his legs, they declared, being so short, that but for his hold on the saddle, Mr. Hobson would have often experienced considerable difficulty in retaining his seat.

Trick or no trick, the fact remains that "Freddy" not only enjoyed a remarkable immunity from falls, considering how often he rode, but certainly managed to win in his turn. "And there you are, don't you know," as the late Mr. Edward Brayley was wont to observe.

Though he had ridden in steeplechases innumerable for a considerable number of years, until 1877 when, to the surprise of everybody, including the stable, he steered Austerlitz to victory, he had never, to the best of our belief, had a mount in the Grand National. And a most remarkable race it was. The Squire, as he was sometimes called, sent Austerlitz, in whom he must have had very great confidence, to the front directly the flag fell, and the moment anything came alongside, he just raced against it until it was settled.

At the first flight of hurdles after jumping on to the course, The Liberator (ridden on this occasion by Mr. Thomas) momentarily took the lead, and was actually first over the last flight, when he was once more collared by Austerlitz, who, sent along for all he was worth, came away and won by four lengths; the faces of the principal supporters of the





M. ROY.

## M. Fernand Roy

stable, who had not supported the horse for a shilling, being studies in themselves.

Mr. Hobson's father owned a string of racehorses, the best of which was Rhedycina, by Wintonian, who, in the hands of Frank Butler, won the Oaks in 1850, and these the youthful "Freddy," before he went to Eton, was accustomed to ride regularly in their work, so that he may be said to have cut his eye-teeth early. In addition his father kept a pack of harriers, which were whipped-in by no less a person than Tom Furr, who, from beginning life as a stable help in Mr. Hobson's employ, attained at last the highest pinnacle of fame as huntsman to the Quorn.

Born in 1842 and educated at Eton, Mr. Hobson subsequently married Miss Gully, granddaughter of the celebrated John Gully, member for Pontefract, and owner of so many celebrated racehorses.

Mr. Hobson's death occurred at the house of his father-in-law in May, 1899.

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## M. FERNAND ROY

FOREIGN sportsmen invariably meet with a cordial reception whenever they honour our race-courses with their presence, whether as owners or riders, and though *l'entente cordiale* between France and England was by no means so pronounced as it is now, at the time when he was riding in England, in steeple-chases and on the flat, there was no more popular personality on the Turf, in the hunting field, or society generally, than the dashing young horseman, who, in the late sixties or early

## Gentlemen Riders

seventies of the past century, was so much *en evidence* at all the principal race-meetings. The subject of our memoir, known to his friends over here as "Johnny," and to those whose knowledge of French was indifferent, as "Mons" Roy, commenced his riding career in 1864, and in that year bought a horse called Bonfi, with which he won a good many races. He also rode with great success, on several occasions, a celebrated grey belonging to General Fleury, master of the horse to the Emperor Napoleon III. In 1865 he won the Grand Steeplechase at Nice on Beauregard, for Sir A. Peel, and the same race on Duquesne, in 1877, beating Alice by a head; besides several others on an English horse called The Rogue.

Later on he rode many winners in France for the late Duke of Hamilton, Count F. de Legrange, and M. Lupin, and won the first steeplechase which ever took place at Auteuil for Mr. Hennessy of Three Star Brandy fame.

In 1866 he won the big steeplechase at Baden-Baden for Vicomte A. Talon, and later on, the French Military Steeplechase at Auteuil; whilst in England, amongst other events, he rode the winner of the Billesden Coplow Stakes at Croxton Park.

For some seasons he hunted regularly in Leicestershire, during which period he never once failed to run over to Paris for the week-end. (They cut your hair very well in the Gay City.)

In 1906 M. Roy was appointed starter at Auteuil, the scene of many a triumph in former days, which arduous post he fills at the present time.

What his countrymen think of him is best told in the following extract from *Le Gaulois*, written in January, 1907, shortly after he had taken the flag at Auteuil:—



## M. Fernand Roy

“ L'âge du sportsman se compte au 15 février. Nous nous sommes donc réveillés jeudi avec une année de plus sur la tête. Mais ce qui nous rajeunit, ce fut de revoir M. F. Roy, chevaucher et caracoler sur l'hippodrome, gaillard comme il y a trente ans, que dis-je ! comme il a près de quarante ans ! Car ce fut avant 1870 que ce brillant gentleman-rider commença à s'illustrer, portant tour à tour les grandes casaques de l'époque, en plat et en obstacles. Il mena à la victoire des chevaux des plus selects maisons, ceux du comte de Lagrange et ceux du duc de Hamilton ; son étoile brilla d'un particulier éclat à Chantilly, à Longchamp, comme au Vésinet, à La Marche, à Porchefontaine. Il fut un temps où l'on disait la monte de Roy, pour les courses de gentlemen, comme on disait la monte d'Archer ou de Fordham. Il eut des émules, il ne connut pas son maître.

“ M. F. Roy montait avec un tact parfait, un sangfroid rare et une connaissance du train absolue ; à l'arrivée, il avait sa manière, la bonne, assurément, une furia, une énergie, une volonté de vaincre qui emballaient le public à peu près autant que le cheval. Il fallait que l'excellent cavalier montât un animal bien indigne pour ne pas avoir les honneurs de la cote ; il fallait que la bête fût detestable pour qu'il n'en tirât pas bon parti. Aussi, quel regal pour le ponte quand M. Roy était sur le bon, celui que quelque entraîneur habile avait tout exprès affuté. Nos souvenirs nous le représentent sous diverses casaques, mais plus particulièrement sous les couleurs bleu et rouge du comte de Lagrange, tandis que le baron Armand de Nexon, un de ses rivaux, sous celles de M. Lupin, passe en notre mémoire. Alors que M. de Nexon, mince, élancé, avait la pose académique, M. Roy, dans un style très personnel, s'identifiait davantage avec le cheval, faisait corps avec lui et maniait sa cravache comme Paganini devait manier son archet.

## Gentlemen Riders

Dans une arrivée disputée, il était vraiment intéressant à voir. Sur l'obstacle, il fut brave et habile.

“Il le prouva une fois de plus quand dans une arrivée émouvante, il remporta le Grand Steeplechase de Nice montant Duquesne et battant Alice d'une tête. C'était en 1877.

“Le sport ne fut pas ingrat envers celui qui le pratiquait si bien : il lui garda la jeunesse. Ses amis du ‘Pau-Hounds’ vous diraient quelle figure fait notre nouveau starter lorsque, pareil à Gusman, il ne connaît plus d'obstacles pour courir à la voix des chiens.

“Ce doit donc être un plaisir pour ses contemporains comme pour les sportsmen de la nouvelle génération, de voir le drapeau rendu à un militant du turf, au brillant cavalier qui si longtemps paya de sa personne, non seulement sur nos hippodromes, mais apprit à nos voisins qu'il n'y en a pas qu'en Angleterre.”

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## THE EIGHTH MARQUIS OF QUEENSBERRY

THOUGH more generally known as originator of the rules of boxing which bore his name,\* there are many who will prefer to remember the eighth Marquis of Queensberry as a good and daring horseman, who could hold his own over a country with the best ; at a time, too, when not only were there giants in the land, but plenty of them.

\* The Marquis always gave his friend, Mr. John Chambers, a celebrated athlete of that day, the credit of drawing up the Queensberry Rules, he himself merely passing them when finished.

## The Eighth Marquis of Queensberry

So far as we remember, the only occasion on which Q., as the Marquis was called by his intimates, figured in the Grand National was in 1873, the year Disturbance won, when he appeared on the back of True Blue, late Curio, formerly the property of Mr. Reginald Herbert. And full of confidence the Marquis looked, as, riding slowly past the Grand Stand in the usual parade, he kissed his hand in true cavalier fashion to the ladies of his party seated there.

Alas! though his rider was good enough, it was quite the reverse with True Blue, who tailed off after landing on the race course, cleared the water all alone, many lengths behind the rest, and finally fell, completely knocked out, soon after getting into the country the second time round.

If Aintree honours were denied him, however, it was very different elsewhere, the Marquis riding with conspicuous success at most of the meetings round about London.

There was one little horse in particular we remember, called Langley (late Chibisa), belonging to Colonel Byrne of the Artillery, on whom, in the early seventies, he won a heap of steeplechases, one after the other.

Langley, when Chibisa, originally belonged to Lord Stamford, in whose colours as a two-year-old he won the New Stakes at Ascot in 1865, after which he ran with varying success, being finally sold at Tattersall's for a "tenner" at a weed out of Lord Stamford's horses to Dick Harrison, a well-known member of the betting ring.

The horse suffered from a spavin when the latter bought him; but this was got rid of after a while, and he was eventually sent to Jarvis, the steeplechase jockey, then resident at Harpenden, and put into training once more. When Harpenden races came round, Langley, whose owner lived in the neighbourhood, was entered for, and ran in the Harpenden

## Gentlemen Riders

Handicap, which he won from a large field, being ridden by young Jarvis, the same boy who steered Allbrook in the Cambridgeshire, won by Sabinus.

Hardly, however, had his backers had time to count their winnings when their joy was turned to sorrow by the news that it was a case of "No race," the horses having gone off before the starter dropped his flag.

Accordingly, it had to be run over again, and this time Langley, who carried plenty of weight, was just beaten.

After this he was sold to Colonel Byrne, for whom, as we have said, he won a lot of steeplechases at Sandown Park and elsewhere, being ridden on each occasion by Lord Queensberry.

Those who witnessed it will never forget the scene at Stockbridge many years ago, on the day devoted to the Bibury Club, when, disgusted with the performance of the horse he had ridden in a race, the irate Q. gave the animal in question a cut with his whip on dismounting, and sent him about his business, at the same time informing the nomadic gentry standing round that whoever caught him was welcome to keep him.

That the Gippos did not wait for a second bidding goes without saying, and in less time than it takes to write this, a score or more of them had started in hot pursuit of the runaway, now careering gaily over the downs.

Well do we remember, too, in later years seeing Q. and Lord Marcus Beresford hurry off in their respective dog-carts at the close of the day's racing at Sandown Park, to decide a bet which should arrive first at Epsom, at which place they were both residing at the time.

How many traps they ran into during the journey we should be sorry to state. Suffice it to say that, after a bumping race, Lord Marcus won.

## The Eighth Marquis of Queensberry

Many years ago the Marquis, who was as good on his legs as he was on a horse, matched himself against Fred Cotton, a celebrated runner and walker of those days, to run over the four-mile Bogside (Eglinton Hunt) Steeplechase course. Several stiffish obstacles had to be jumped, and Cotton won only by six yards after a splendid race, in the fast time of twenty-four minutes fifteen seconds. That Cotton was a formidable antagonist may be judged from the fact that he backed himself to walk from Ashbourne, in Derbyshire, to a certain point in Perthshire, a distance of 347 miles, in seven consecutive days.

His feet went all to pieces the second day, and he fainted twice; but he struggled on, and won with three hours and a half in hand. Another time, at Christ Church, in New Zealand, he walked for a wager one hundred miles in twenty-two hours.

Another instance of the Marquis's pluck is worth recording, when hunting his own hounds in Scotland.

After hunting all day with Lord Wemyss' pack, he started off across the Cheviots for Kinmount, on the Solway, a distance of 102 miles, riding all the way on the sorriest of posters, and finally, having arrived home at two o'clock in the morning, hunted his hounds the same day.

A reticent man as a rule, his snub to a well-known South African millionaire one night at the Pelican Club, of which popular institution they were both *habitues*, is worth recording.

"Well, little Q.," inquired the other familiarly, as he swaggered up, cigar in mouth, "and how are you?"

"Well, little Jew," replied the Marquis, "and how are you?"

Born in 1844, Lord Drumlanrig, as he then was, succeeded to the Marquisate in 1858, and served for a short time in the Royal Navy. In 1866 he married Sybil, daughter of Mr.

## Gentlemen Riders

Alfred Montgomery, and granddaughter of the first Lord Leconfield. By her divorced in 1887, he married again in 1893; but in the following year this marriage was also annulled. The subject of our memoir died, after a brief illness, on January 31, 1900.

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### VICOMTE ARTUS TALON

WHEN the Grand Military Steeplechases were first started—or soon after at all events—it became the custom to always send a communication to the Stewards of the French Jockey Club to the effect that officers of the French army on full pay were at liberty if they pleased to run their horses in three of the races during the meeting, an invitation, however, which does not seem to have been met with favour by our Gallic neighbours, the only one so far as we can make out who ever responded being an enterprising French cavalry officer named Vicomte Artus Talon (a younger brother of the Marquis Talon who afterwards made himself so conspicuous by his eccentricities when over here), who in 1858, in which year the Grand Meeting was held in connection with the Pytchley Hunt Steeplechases at Brixworth near Northampton, not only entered for, but won the Gold Cup, on a gelding by Magnet, belonging to himself, and carrying a 5 lb. penalty.

The following year, as in its predecessor, the Vicomte was once more the sole representative of France, and again appeared on the back of Young Magnet in the race for the Gold Cup; but that time could only get third to Goldsmith, ridden by his owner, Captain "Jonas" Hunt. On this occasion the Grand

## M. Morand

Military meeting was held at Sutton Coldfield, near Birmingham, a venue which met with much disapproval, fields ruling small in consequence; though it was admitted afterwards that the arrangement on the part of the executive left nothing to be desired.

In 1861, in which year the meeting was held at Cheltenham, Vicomte Talon was once more to the fore, coming in third on his own horse Laudanum—pronounced by the Bookies “Laud-ā-num”—for the Gold Cup, which was won by the Hon. F. G. Ellis on Inniskilling belonging to himself; Captain Tempest’s Warrior, ridden by his owner, being second.

The Grand National Hunt Steeplechase was run at the same meeting and the Vicomte again rode Laudanum, and finished second to The Freshman, belonging to Charley Symonds, the well-known Oxford horse dealer, and the mount of “Mr. Edwards,” just then coming to the front as a gentleman rider. The Oxford horse, who started favourite at evens, had the foot of his opponents when it came to racing, and eventually won comfortably by four lengths.

The Freshman was an appropriate name for the winner in more ways than one, for later on in the day he was brought out again and won the Cheltenham Grand Annual, in those days an important affair in the Steeplechase world.

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## M. MORAND

IN 1897 the National Hunt Steeplechase was run at Newmarket for the first time, and the race is memorable if only for the fact that for the first time in its history, it was won by a

## Gentlemen Riders

foreign owner, with a foreign-bred horse, ridden by a foreign jockey, the winner turning up in the Vicomte de Buisseret's. Nord Ouest, an entire horse by Gamin La Vague, who, admirably ridden by a Monsieur Morand, started at 8 to 1, and won by two lengths from Goldfish, the mount of Mr. Bletsoe, and ten others, an objection to the winner for crossing being subsequently overruled.

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### SIR JOHN DUGDALE ASTLEY, BART.

AN old song, probably unknown to the present generation, but a great favourite in former days, written in commemoration of the event which has made the 5th of November historical to all time, describes how on the date mentioned—

“ Guy Fawkes, the Prince of Sinisters,  
One day blew up the House of Lords,  
The King and all his Ministers.”

In the next line, however, the merry songster, with a regard to veracity which does him credit, qualifies this statement by remarking parenthetically :

“ At least, he *would* have blown them up,” etc., etc., etc.

With this example before us, we see no earthly reason why, in spite of the fact—so far as we are aware—that his record is limited to two solitary performances in the pigskin, we should not include amongst our “Gentlemen Riders” the popular Baronet named above, there being no doubt that, but for his Falstaffian proportions, “The Mate” would to a certainty have ridden the winner of the Grand Military, to say nothing





*By permission of Messrs. Hurst & Blackett.*

SIR JOHN D. ASTLEY, BART., ON "DRUMHEAD."



## Sir John Dugdale Astley, Bart.

of the Grand National, and many another race besides, during his lengthy career on the Turf.

Of the two solitary instances in which he sported in his own person the familiar canary jacket and green velvet cap, his mount on each occasion being the venerable Drumhead, the race he rode against his lifelong friend, Mr. Caledon Alexander, on Briglia, at the Newmarket July meeting of 1879, was most talked about, and, indeed, will not be readily forgotten by those fortunate enough to witness it. The match, which was for £100 a side, embraced three trials of skill, namely, the race in question, a match at pigeons, and a ploughing match. Sir John won the first two events, but Mr. Alexander paid forfeit for the third, in doing which, perhaps, he showed a wise discretion.

The first match at Newmarket Sir John won with great ease, kissing his hand to the ladies in the stand as he galloped past in triumph, amidst uproarious applause from the spectators.

In the second match, which, as before, took place at his favourite Newmarket during the second October meeting in 1879, Sir John was not so successful. This time Drumhead's opponent was Soloman, belonging to the late Mr. Fred Gretton, and ridden by the best amateur horseman on the flat of his time, the still living Mr. William Bevill, the race being for £100 a side, each to carry the substantial burden of 16 st. 9 lbs.

Just before reaching the Bushes Drumhead broke down, his rider announcing the fact, in his usual characteristic fashion, by shouting out to Mr. Bevill, "By G-d, Billy, you've done me!"

It was our luck once, when at Newmarket for the first October meeting in 1878, to witness a funny incident, of which Drumhead was the hero. The first race on the card finished

## Gentlemen Riders

at the old Cambridgeshire Stand at the top of the town, and Sir John Astley's horse, who was favourite, and ridden by a boy who had won the Apprentices' Plate—the first on record—the previous day, was promptly made favourite. The race proved the good thing it looked for Drumhead, and so evidently thought Master Wainwright, the youth in question, for, nearing the judge's box, he dropped his hands and eased his horse, with the result that the good thing nearly came undone, for Jim Goater, close behind, who had ceased persevering, at once grasping the situation, set his own horse going again, and all but caught the too confident youngster on the post, Drumhead just winning by the skin of his teeth.

This fact in no way disconcerted the victorious apprentice, the expression on whose face, as he rode back to the enclosure, literally grinning from ear to ear, was a study. The next instant he was laughing the wrong side of his mouth, as the saying is, for in the very act of dismounting he received such a "reminder" from the dog whip, wielded in no half-hearted fashion by his irate master, Charles Blanton, as made him nearly jump out of his skin.

The late Duke of St. Albans, who was standing by at the time, expressed his opinion, audibly, that it was a shame, adding, that it would serve the trainer right if he were summoned for assault.

We cannot help thinking, however, that had the Duke stood the winner he would have come to the same conclusion as ourselves, and other of Drumhead's backers who witnessed the race, viz. that it was a clear case of "Sarved him right!"

We may mention that the same youth, when winning his maiden race the day before, took off his cap and waved it in derision at the beaten jockeys, as he passed the post.





MAJOR TROCKE.

## MAJOR WILLIAM TROCKE

To have ridden in public, with more or less continuous success, for forty consecutive years without a break, is not an everyday occurrence, and when, in addition, the jockey happens to be an Irishman bred and born, and the majority of his victories won in the land which claims him as a son, small wonder that the name of Major William Trocke is one to conjure with, not only amongst his own countrymen—perhaps the most horse-loving people in the world—but on our side of the Channel as well—wherever sportsmen most do congregate, in fact.

The son of the late Rev. William Trocke of Mount Ormond, Co. Tipperary, himself a noted hard rider to hounds in his undergraduate days, and a crack shot, the subject of our chapter first saw the light in 1839, and, taking kindly to sport from the very beginning, soon began to show that marked ability in the saddle which was to bring him into such prominence in after years.

With these introductory remarks we will now leave Major Trocke to take up the running on his own account.

“I received my first lessons in steeplechase riding from the G. O. M. of Irish chasing, the late John Hubert Moore, father of Garrett Moore, who lived near us, and trained at home. I rode in all his gallops and schools, and had a leg-up in trials on such bygone celebrities as Seaman, Grizette, Noisy Boy, The Rake, etc. I was promoted to sporting a silk jacket in 1854, and in the following year won my first race on Jenny Lind, a mare of my own, with which and Prince Ernest I won a good many races in the next couple of years, as well as on friends' horses, at country meetings. In 1858, I entered the

## Gentlemen Riders

Service, joining the 35th Royal Sussex Regiment, when I sold Prince Ernest, who passed into the possession of the late Captain Machell, and was one of the first horses with which he won a race. Joining the Royal Sussex in India, I got a small stud together, and did a good deal of riding at the various race meetings in the N. W. P., the Punjaub, and Oudh, up to 1866, when I returned home. I may mention that, just before leaving, I won every race at the Mooltan Steeplechase Meeting, except one, in which I was beaten a head, on my own horses. On arriving in Ireland in 1866, I found the boom in steeplechasing just commencing, which continued for the next twelve or fourteen years, during which I think it was at its zenith, both as regards the horses and the men who rode them, the latter, in my opinion, never having been equalled at any period which my experience covers. In 1867, my riding was chiefly at minor meetings, though I was second on Jolly Marine in the Conyngham Cup at Punchestown; but in the following year, 1868, which was the occasion of his Majesty's (then Prince of Wales) first visit to that meeting, I rode the winners of the Drogheda Stakes and Conyngham Cup, and was third in the Grand Military.

“In 1870, I left the service, and settled at Hillbrook, Parsonstown, where I always kept a couple of horses in training, and continued to ride in public till 1894, when, after winning the Prince of Wales' Plate at Punchestown on The Countess, I was obliged to give up the silk jacket and go abroad, on account of my health, for a couple of years, having ridden in public for forty consecutive years, during which time I rode winners at all the principal meetings—Punchestown, Fairyhouse, Baldoye, Cork Park, Galway, etc.—and at almost every country meeting in Ireland; my successes including, at Punchestown, the Drogheda Stakes (twice), Conyngham Cup,



## Major William Trocke

United Service Plate, Bishops court Plate, Kildare Hunt Cup, Kildare Hunt Plate, and Prince of Wales' Plate. Among the best of my own horses were Gamecock, who jumped thirty-three feet over the last fence in the Military Plate, Newbridge, 1876, the distance being measured by two people quite independently of each other; Flag of Truce, winner of twelve races; Brown Betty, winner of seven races, including the Irish Grand National—this mare was unfortunate on several occasions, having fallen after jumping the last fence when winning the Kildare Hunt Plate at Punchestown, and again in meeting the best chaser of modern times—Nona—in the Downshire Plate, to whom she ran second, giving him 18 lbs.—Cutty Sark, Anna Maria, Kilmachree, Lady Sarah, Tawny Girl, Outlaw, and many others. My last winner, and one of my best, was The Countess, on whom I won seven races, including at Punchestown the Drogheda Stakes, 1901, Kildare Hunt Plate, 1902, and the Prince of Wales' Plate, 1904.

“Of late years I only rode my own horses and those of a few old friends, for one of whom, the late H. S. Crother, I won nine consecutive races in 1881-2, on Lady Wolseley, in the last of which Cyrus, ridden by Harry Beasley, was second; and as he occupied the same place in the following Grand National, a head behind Seaman, I should evidently have had a good look in for the latter race had not an accident, while in training for it, necessitated her being put to stud.

“On looking back over the past fifty years of Irish steeple-chasing, the contrast between the early fifties of the last century, when I began to ride, and the present day is very marked. Those were the days of two-mile heats when, owing to the practice of what was called ‘swithing a heat,’ horses often ran eight or ten miles before a race was decided. The courses were often laid over the stiffest line that could be

## Gentlemen Riders

selected. I have seen a stone and mortar wall in one, and stone-faced banks five or six feet high were considered most suitable fences. I remember, in 1856, seeing John Hubert Moore riding a match, carrying eighteen stone, over the Knockbarron course in Galway, where all the jumps were four and a half feet walls; and I have a distinct recollection of what riding at the last of them on a beaten horse was like. The riding in those days was of the roughest description. I well remember a jockey named Chiffney, in a race with only two starters, when they reached a part of the course out of view of the primitive structure which did duty for a stand, seizing his opponent by the collar and dexterously throwing him out of the saddle, and then going on and winning the race at his leisure. Keeping the course was a duty almost entirely neglected. I remember riding in a military race at Newbridge, where the steeplechase course was inside the flat. The crowd thought there was another round of the steeplechase course to be taken, and stood in a dense mass on the flat course just beyond the judge's box. I was riding a mare belonging to David Palesy, the well-known veterinary of the R.A.; poor Bay Middleton was on a horse of his own, and Frank Osborne on a very smart mare named Clintonia. It was a very close finish between the three. As soon as we passed the post there was nothing for it but to gallop right into the dense crowd, which we accordingly did, as there was not time to pull up, and I have a vivid recollection of seeing poor Bay and his horse turning about three somersaults among the crowd. We picked ourselves up and weighed in, and, strange to say, no one was killed, nor, so far as I remember, even seriously injured. They do these things better now.

“After a couple of years spent abroad, my health became sufficiently restored to enable me once more to follow hounds,





MAJOR-GENERAL G. W. KNOX.

## Major-General G. W. Knox

so I returned to Ireland, and am now living near Dublin, where I can get three or four days a week with the Ward and Meath hounds, still enjoying a quick thing with them as much as when I first rode over this delightful country fifty-five years ago."

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### MAJOR-GENERAL G. W. KNOX

FROM out the little bunch of military men who, in the late sixties and early seventies of the last century, may be said to have represented the flower of the British Army in the steeplechase field, it would have been hard to pick a bolder or more determined, nay, even brilliant horseman on occasions than the popular Guardsman named above, known far and wide as "Curly" Knox.

The son of Colonel the Hon. G. Knox, M.P. for Marlow, the subject of our memoir was born at Leamington in 1837, and received his education at the hands of a private tutor in Switzerland.

In January, 1855, he joined the Scots Guards, then in the Crimea, and it was whilst there with the regiment that the redoubtable "Curly" rode his first and what very nearly proved to be his last steeplechase, for not only was he rendered unconscious for eleven days by the fall he sustained, but his death was actually reported to his father. In 1864, with the aid of Cheviot, bought the previous year from "Cherry" Angell, he won the Guards Cup at Harrow, the first ever run for; and in the same year rode in the first Grand Military, finishing nowhere on a horse bearing the appropriate name of

## Gentlemen Riders

Useless Brute. The following year, owing to a bad fall, he had no mount in the race, but 1866 at Warwick found him in great form, the Gold Cup on Ironsides, the Light-weight on Lincoln, and the Veterans on Cortolvin, all falling to his share.

The next year the Colonel, on Tiger, was second to Tally Ho; and the year after, over a very severe course at Rugby, won his second Grand Military on Captain Brabazon's King Arthur, 6 yrs. 13 st., beating Colonel Harford on Northern Light by a length, after a tremendous set-to from the last fence.

In 1869 he missed fire with Miss Bosquet, but made up for the defeat the next year by winning the Gold Cup for the third time on Knockany, Colonel Harford again running him close on Tinderbox. One of the Colonel's best ridden races was on Mr. Vyner's Fly-by-night at Catterick Bridge; whilst on Captain Grosvenor's Hungerford he won six out of the seven times he rode him. Another good performance was when, in 1868, he got Alcibiade into third place for the Liverpool, just in front of Captain Crosstree, belonging to his friend Mr. Reginald Herbert, who, having backed the horse heavily 1, 2, 3, would have been better pleased had the gallant "Curly" not fought out the finish quite so energetically as he did.

Besides steeplechasing, General Knox occasionally ran a horse or two on the flat that could gallop a bit. For instance, Armourer, belonging to him, was backed down to 5 to 1 for the Cesarewitch of 1857, but though highly tried was nowhere in the actual race.

A dandy of the first water, pretty much of the same pattern the late John Leech portrayed to such perfection in the pages of "Mr. Punch," and a good-looking one to boot, it was hard lines that after so long an immunity from those dangers to life and limb inseparable from the career of a steeplechase





MR. REGINALD HERBERT.



## Mr. Reginald Herbert

rider, "Curly" should at last have his "beauty" spoiled, as the saying is, by a kick in the face from his charger who had slipped up with him in the streets of Dublin when riding at the head of his regiment. "Good-bye, Curly," he is reported to have said with a sigh, when surveying his features in the looking-glass for the first time after his accident.

General Knox, who was married to Lady Sybil Lowther, a sister of the present Earl of Lonsdale, died on March 6, 1894.

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## MR. REGINALD HERBERT

MR. REGINALD HERBERT, who is the eldest son of the late Mr. W. Herbert of Clytha Park, Monmouthshire, was born in 1841, and received his education abroad. A sportsman born and bred, with a decided preference for the Turf, he made his first appearance as a gentleman rider at Abergavenny in 1861, when he won the Hunt Steeplechase on a horse of his own. Encouraged by this performance, he got together some good animals, and with Mr. Fothergill Rowlands as guide, philosopher, and friend, the rose and white diamonds were soon very much in evidence at all the principal race meetings throughout the country.

In 1865 he bought Columbia, a runner-up in the Cambridge-shire, who, though apparently useless for racing purposes, thrived to such an extent under the care of Mr. Rowlands, that not only did she prove capable of winning the Hunt Cup at Abergavenny with her owner in the saddle, but, later on the Grand Annual at Cheltenham—at that time one of the most important steeplechases in the kingdom—in

## Gentlemen Riders

which, ridden by W. Reeves, she beat a large field, including L'Africain, Cortolvin, and other celebrities; the late Charles Boyce afterwards describing the race as the fastest he ever rode in.

Mr. Herbert shortly afterwards added to his stud King Alfred, Rocket, and Stockinger, with all of whom he had extraordinary luck, winning on the last named no fewer than seven times out of eight.

Comberton, bought from the Duke of Hamilton, was, however, his favourite, and he considered him quite the best horse he ever owned.

Of all the races he ever rode in, however, his match on the flat at Warwick with Mr. Richard Ten Broeck, the well-known American sportsman, takes pride of place, if only for the amusement it caused to the onlookers.

As, however, the popular "Reggie" has already described it in his own inimitable fashion in the volume of reminiscences entitled "When Diamonds were Trumps," recently published with such pronounced success by Messrs. Southwood & Co., 30, Craven Street, Strand, it would be clearly unfair to more than mention it here. Suffice it to say that, though on a much inferior horse, he completely outrode his opponent, and won comfortably, if not easily, at the finish. The most remarkable feature of the match was that the *cognoscenti*, including such a good judge as the late Mr. George Payne, should have actually laid odds on the Yankee, the idea presumably being that the manifest superiority of his mount over the other would pull them through.

Considering that his bodily weight was prohibitive to his ever riding much in handicaps, the number of races both on the flat and over a country won by "Sir Reginald"—as the Bookies would persist in calling him, during his riding career—

## Mr. Reginald Herbert

was really remarkable; and it is tolerably certain that but for this disadvantage he would have remained in the saddle longer than was the case.

When a man has a lot of irons in the fire at one and the same time, he is more often than not, and probably with truth, described as "Jack of all trades and master of none." This, however, can never be applied to "Reggie" Herbert, of whom it may safely be said that, whatever he has undertaken he has invariably done well; in short, a better specimen of what is termed an "all-round man" than the versatile gentleman who forms the subject of this chapter it would be hard to find.

Hunting, race riding—both on the flat and over a country—pigeon shooting (he won the Prix de l'Empereur in Paris, the first pigeon shooting prize ever shot for, the "Prix de Madrid" at Monte Carlo, and beat Mr. Lorillard for £500 a side at Hurlingham), driving, and polo—nothing came amiss to him.

Somewhere in the seventies, "Reggie" Herbert and his friend "Chicken" Hartopp conceived the brilliant idea of running a midnight coach from Piccadilly to Aldershot and back during the season, starting at the "witching hour of night" from Brandon's Cigar Divan in Piccadilly, and the story "Reggie" has to tell of how the representative of the Press laid on for the occasion to write a description of the initial journey arrived in such a state of *non compos* that he had to be placed inside, to the intense indignation of the "Chicken," who avowed his intention of dropping the offending soul into the first convenient pond they came to, and of their mutual astonishment the following morning, on taking up the paper, instead of nothing, as they expected, to find the drive to Aldershot described at length with an accuracy and wealth of colour hardly credible under the circumstances, would make a cat laugh, as the saying is.

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There are not a few who will remember him best by his match on the Thames in the late seventies, when he backed himself for £1000 to scull from Maidenhead to Westminster in twelve hours, his friend "Curly" Knox backing Time. Suffice it to say that, despite the fact that he had hardly ever been in a boat in his life, and had, moreover, risen from a sick bed for the purpose, "Reggie," carrying his own boat over the locks, won with ridiculous ease, landing £800 in bets, in addition to the stake.

There are plenty of people who can sit a horse to perfection, even bareback, but it is not every one who can stick on a cow when in motion, especially when attired in evening dress. And here, again, is another instance of our friend's versatility, he being the only one of the men of the house-party assembled at Waldershore Park one midsummer night who, by way of amusing the ladies after dinner, jumped on the backs of the frisky denizens of the dairy taking their ease in the park, succeeded in keeping his seat.

On giving up riding in public, "Reggie" Herbert was offered and accepted the Mastership of the Monmouthshire Hounds, which post he held for seventeen years, the farmers showing their appreciation of his services by presenting him with a handsome testimonial on his retirement.

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### MAJOR F. HERBERT

("TIP")

THE second son of the late Mr. Herbert of Clytha Park, Monmouthshire, and own brother to "Reggie" of that ilk, the subject of this chapter, known all the world over as "Tip,"



MAJOR F. HERBERT  
("TIP").



## Major F. Herbert

took to the saddle as naturally as a duckling does to water, his riding education, which began at the age of seven, being conducted, as he says, in "the best of all schools"—the hunting field, when Major Stretton was master of the Monmouthshire Hounds. His race-riding career may be said to have commenced when he joined that sporting regiment the 9th Lancers, then quartered at Island Bridge Barracks, Dublin.

From 1866 to 1870 his riding was almost entirely confined to Irish meetings, and by the time the regiment had moved to England there were few courses in that "distressful country" over which the subject of our memoir had not ridden more or less successfully. With reference to these he writes:—

"There were many amusing incidents connected with the small Irish meetings in those days, but at this distance of time it is impossible to remember them with any clearness. One of the best animals I owned in those days was a little grey mare, barely 14.2, by Arthur, named Little Wonder, with which I won many races. I claimed her out of a selling race at Cork, much to the disgust of the owner, as the general habit was for the Irish owners to enter in selling races, but to allow no one to claim their animal. Had any one the courage to do so, it invariably ended in a free fight, in the midst of which the animal was whisked away, and possession afterwards could not be obtained. In this case, luckily, while the fight was proceeding, I had taken the precaution to depute some stalwart friends of mine to secure the mare, and thus scored. Those accustomed to the orderly manner in which racing is now conducted, would hardly believe the scenes that always characterized the small country meetings in Ireland in the sixties. A few stray flags were stuck here and there on the banks, with the result that few races were run without

## Gentlemen Riders

objections, with a free fight as the natural result. No attempt was ever made to keep the course, the jumps (always banks) being used by the onlookers as a sort of grand stand; and it was only when the horses were within a few strides of the obstacle that a small opening was made in their ranks, when the partisans of each horse generally gave it or the rider a word of encouragement in the shape of a whack with a shillalagh as the fence was negotiated. The starters and clerk of the course generally joined in the sport, and accompanied the competitors. The straight run in was, however, the most dangerous part of the course, as here the mob was thickest, and it can only be compared to racing through a crowd like Epsom that one is accustomed to, previous to the course being cleared for the Derby. People went down like nine-pins, and it was a matter of congratulation if no one was killed.

“A surging mob used to accompany a competitor to the starting-post, howling dire threats of vengeance should he prove unsuccessful; whilst the wearing of a green jacket was even a matter of danger. Indeed, after one or two experiences I always declined to ride in the national colour. One incident to show how things were conducted I remember well. It was when quartered at Cork that I entered some horses at a steeplechase meeting advertised to be run in the neighbourhood. Soldiers were not loved in those days in the south of Ireland, and we thought it well to go down in a strong contingent. The committee of management, no doubt having arranged the races to suit themselves and thus secure the meeting from any financial payment, were seemingly not overpleased to see us. There were five races, and after the usual disputes and objections, I had managed to clear the board, that is to say, had won every race. The ominous silence that accompanied our departure from the course,



## Major F. Herbert

however, did not bode well, and resulted in financial disaster so far as regards myself, seeing that I never received a penny of the stakes, the committee in all probability having spent my entrance fees in riotous living. Another incident I can call to mind was in connection with a horse I owned called Mephistopheles, called by the Irish Bookies, 'My Fist of Fleas,' trained by old Alan McDonough on the Curragh, the worst tempered horse I ever rode, but a good one when he would try. There had been some heavy wagering between Jock Ainslie, then commanding the Royals, and Sir Archibald Little—the latter, I believe, having laid against the former winning the Punchestown Grand Military with Wild Fox. The hopes of the opponents to Wild Fox were centred in my horse, who during the race behaved splendidly, showing no temper until the run in, when the rider of the horse immediately behind, seeing that I had the race in hand, and knowing the temper of my mount, began to use his whip as noisily as possible, with the result that Mephistopheles, stopping as if shot, set to kicking, and so lost me the race."

With the transfer of the regiment to England, Major Herbert's riding was almost entirely confined to this side the Channel, and for some eight years he figured as owner and rider at most of the cross-country meetings, Bacchus, by Father Thames, a cast-off from the late Duke of Hamilton's stable, Bluebeard (an Irish-bred horse), Killeen, by Kildman, on whom he won six steeplechases out of eight in 1871, beginning with the Hunt Cup at Finchley—now a populous part of London—and Sir Robert, a selling plater that won him several races, being some of his best horses. Major Herbert's luckiest race on Killeen, he tells us, was the Light-weight Divisional Steeplechase at Aldershot, as, on jumping the water, the mare came down on her nose, shooting him on to her head; but she recovered,

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and her rider, scrambling back into the saddle, found the bridle had come off. Fortunately, he had retained hold of the reins, and there being a good stretch of ground before the next fence, he was enabled to lean forward and get the bridle back on to her head just before they came to the fence—an acrobatic feat he might well feel proud of, seeing that they were going full speed at the time.

“Another incident I remember,” says Major Herbert, “was when riding Bacchus in a steeplechase at the old Croydon meeting. A gentleman rider of the day tried his best to ride me out at every fence by bumping into me, with the consequence that a very pretty slanging match took place. However, my worthy opponent tried the game once too often, as my mount, not entering into the joke, seized the rider’s leg with his teeth, and held fast for some time. I had no further trouble after this, and won comfortably.”

“To me,” continues Major Herbert, “belongs the credit of having started at Abergavenny the first red-coat race ever run in England—a popular class of race that was taken up all over England, as it enabled the local talent to disport themselves between the flags without having to don cap and jacket. But like many good things it got abused, and fell into discredit by being taken up by the suburban meetings, where the most extraordinary get-ups were witnessed, ‘Tommy Atkins’ red coat doing duty occasionally if the real article wasn’t forthcoming. My ambition had always been to ride in and win the Grand National; but Fate decreed otherwise, and getting married, I retired from competing between the flags. Racing, however, always retained a strong hold on my affections, and at the suggestion of some friends interested in pony racing I organised and started in 1887 the National Pony and Gallo-way Racing Club, which for some seven years brought pony



THE FIRST RED COAT STEEPLECHASE.



## Captain Henry Coventry

racing into a national sport. The Haverford race-course was leased by me for five years, where sport of a high class was witnessed, and stakes of the value of £500 were run for; but the opposition of the Jockey Club and want of financial support proved unsurmountable obstacles, and as a consequence I was reluctantly compelled to allow the club to drop out."

Needless to say, this chapter would be incomplete without reference to the great services rendered to polo by Major Herbert, who may fairly claim to have been the first to introduce that now popular game into this country.

Himself one of its greatest proficient, he took part in the first game ever played in England, soon afterwards founding the "Monmouthshire" Polo Club, which won many of the cups at Hurlingham, and was the first of its kind in the provinces. In addition, Major Herbert owned and edited the *Polo Magazine*, which flourished exceedingly, and would be going now but for the South African War claiming his services.

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## CAPTAIN HENRY COVENTRY

WHEN it was announced that Alcibiade, a five-year-old, carrying 11 st. 4 lbs., who had never yet jumped a country in public, was to be ridden in the Grand National of 1865 by "a swell in the Guards," who, according to the popular notion, would naturally get himself fit for an event of the kind on a diet of anchovy toast varied with devilled biscuits,

## Gentlemen Riders

washed down by unlimited champagne, with big cigars in between by way of a "soother," the wary punter shook his sagacious head, and declared his opinion that it wasn't good enough.

Given a professional up, he *might* p'raps have had a dash at "Cherry" Angell's horse, but as it was, in spite of the information he had received, the "swell in the Guards" stuck in his throat, and he repeated, it wasn't good enough—not for *him* at least.

What a race it was that frosty afternoon! The roar that went up from the stands and all along the line as Alcibiade and Hall Court, jumping the last hurdle almost together, leaving Emblematic, the favourite, toiling hopelessly in the rear, raced up the straight side by side; the grim look of determination on the face of Mr. Coventry, as, hard at work with whip and spur, he called on "Cherry" Angell's horse for all he was worth; the despairing glance of Captain Tempest, as the game son of Cossack and Aunt Phyllis, responding to call after call of his rider, drew up inch by inch to eventually win by the shortest of heads, was an incident which will never die out from our memory.

Yes, "a swell in the Guards" had actually ridden the winner of the Grand National, and apparently the only people who gave him credit for being able to do so were the owner of Alcibiade and those immediately connected with the stable, who had not only backed the five-year-old to win a large sum of money at most remunerative odds, but were considerably surprised, bearing in mind his trial with Bridegroom, that he did not win by many a length, so great a certainty did they regard it for him. Why the sporting public should have had so little faith in "Bee" Coventry's ability to ride the winner is hard to understand, for besides being well known as one of



CAPTAIN H. COVENTRY.





## Captain Henry Coventry

the hardest and best riders of the day over Leicestershire, he had previously distinguished himself times without number between the flags.

His most important victory next to that on Alcibiade in the Liverpool was the Grand National Hunt Steeplechase of 1867, which he won on Emperor III. (6 yrs., 12 st. 6 lbs.), belonging to Mr. Chaplin, beating Alec Goodman on General Williams by six lengths.

There were sixteen runners, and the course that year was at Clapham Park, near Bedford. The country was entirely grass, and the fences, of which there were thirty-two, were not made to be galloped over by half-schooled horses, but to be jumped by hunters. Many thought the first obstacle too stiff, for though the hedge was no more than three feet and a half high, there was a very wide ditch in front of it, open, of course, as was customary in those days. At the back of the stand, after an awkward ditch and wattle, came a double post and rails, the second rail being rather higher than the first. The water jump was fairly big, and came within three-quarters of a mile from the finish, and there was a stiff quarter of a mile uphill to wind up with.

An amusing story is told of "Bee" Coventry in connection with the National Hunt Steeplechase, run at Melton Mowbray, in 1864, and won by Captain Smith on Game Chicken.

Soon after the start, Lord George, a headstrong brute belonging to Mr. Studd, and the mount of an Irish gentleman rider named Canney, overpowered his jockey, and in turn all but knocked over Captains Smith and Coventry, which so incensed the latter that he never left the offending horseman alone for the rest of the journey, treating him to a running commentary on his behaviour which, as a specimen of the

## Gentlemen Riders

Anglo-Saxon language pure and undefiled, was allowed by all who heard it to be one of "Bee's" happiest efforts.

Strange to say, the only one of his audience on whom his peroration seemed to make no impression was the very person for whom it was intended. Nor was "Bee" Coventry's wrath appeased when he heard the reason. *Poor Mr. Canney was deaf and dumb!*

Captain Coventry was born in 1842, and educated at Eton, afterwards holding a commission in the Grenadier Guards. A good sportsman and a most popular member of society, he died amidst general regret on the 29th of June, 1885.

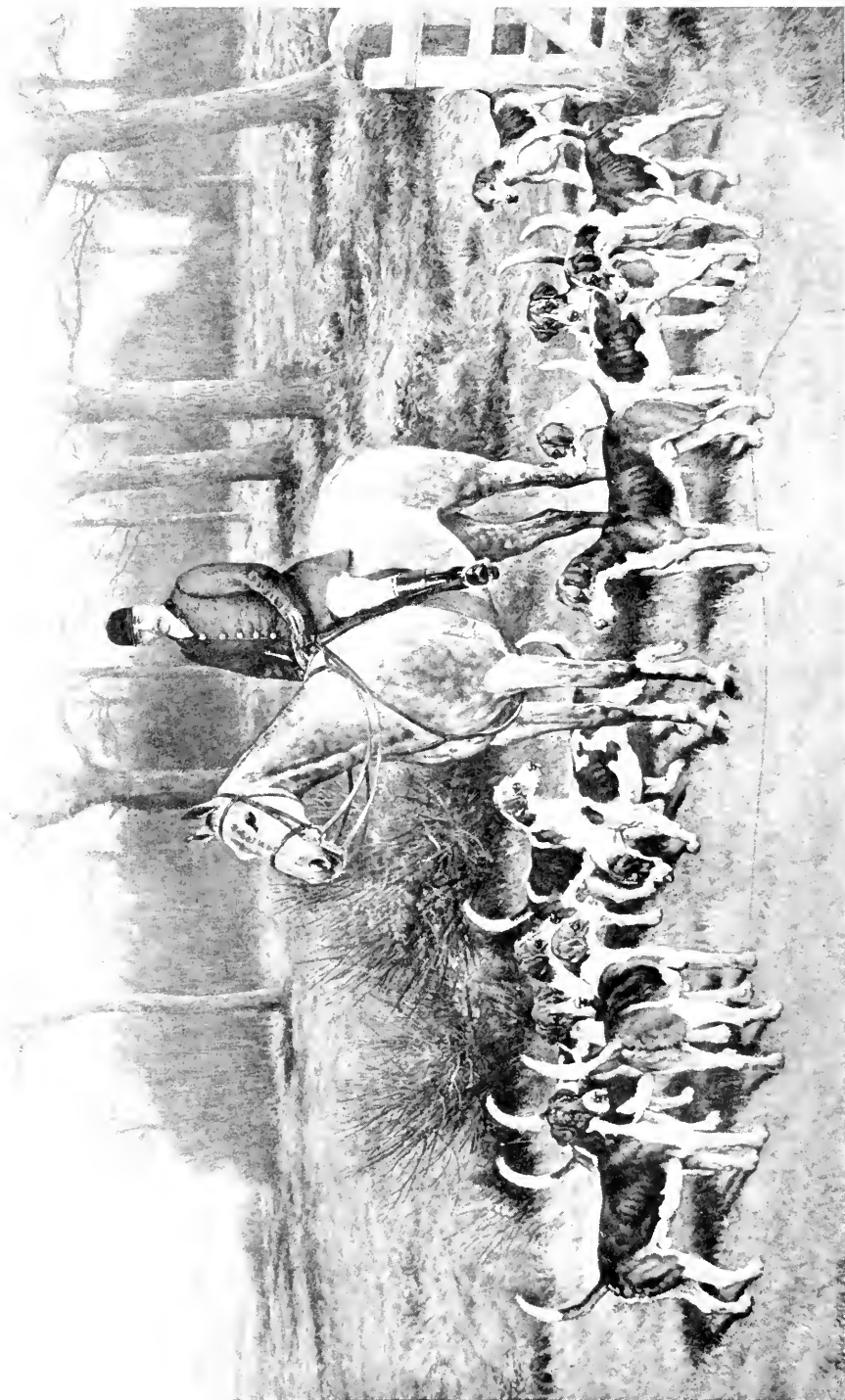
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## LORD WILLOUGHBY DE BROKE

IF ever there was a man of whom it might be said with perfect truth that he combined in himself every quality that goes to make the perfection of a country gentleman and sportsman, of a surety it was the nobleman named above, whose all too premature death was a source of genuine grief, not only to his own immediate friends, but to all true lovers of sport throughout the kingdom.

Born in 1846, Lord Willoughby de Broke received his education at Eton, thence going to Christchurch, Oxford.

It was during this period, in 1868, that we find him sporting silk for the first time in a steeplechase at Aylesbury, when, under the *nom-de-course* of "Mr. Ashby," he rode "Mr. Meldons'" chestnut horse, No Name, in the Undergraduates Race, and won it, in a field of seven competitors, "Mr. Meldons'" being none other than Mr. John Cookson, who afterwards became famous as Master of the Morpeth Hounds.



LORD WILLOUGHBY DE BROKE.

*From the presentation picture.*



## Lord Willoughby de Broke

Of those finishing behind No Name was "Mr. Buttevant's" Tipperary Boy—"Mr. Buttevant" being the *nom-de-course* chosen by Mr. Smith-Barry, now Lord Barrymore. It will be remembered that the subject of our memoir married Miss Smith-Barry, the eldest of Mr. Smith-Barry's two sisters. It was at this same meeting at Aylesbury that the memorable match took place between the undergraduates of Oxford and Cambridge—four horses a side, to carry 12 stone each, for 150 sovs. "Mr. Ashby" rode Mr. Stanhope's brown mare, Kate, and how he collided with The Good Lady, ridden by Mr. Rolly, now Lord Minto, Viceroy of India, at the first fence, is matter of history.

On the same day, "Mr. Ashby" rode "Mr. Merton's" chestnut mare, Briseis, carrying 10 st. 10 lbs., and finished third, "Mr. Merton" being in reality Mr. W. H. P. Jenkins, now a prominent member of the National Hunt Committee.

The next account that we have of Lord Willoughby de Broke appearing over a country is at the Stratford-upon-Avon Steeplechases in 1873, when he won the Warwickshire Hunt Cup on his mare Lady Betty, by Streamer, dam by Windhound, those who finished behind him being Mr. H. Spencer Lucy, of Charlote Park, on Brunette, sometime Master of the Warwickshire Hounds; the Hon. Gilbert Leigh, eldest son of the second Lord Leigh, on Colleen Bawn; Sir C. Mordaunt, of Walton Hall, on Advance; Lord Yarmouth, now Marquis of Hertford, High Sheriff and Lord-Lieutenant of Warwickshire, on Murphy; and Major Paulett's Salt Fish, ridden by Mr. Osborne. Of these the Marquis of Hertford is now the only survivor.

On the same occasion Lord Willoughby de Broke rode his own horse, Kilsby, in another steeplechase, but without success.

## Gentlemen Riders

Not long after this he was beaten on Lady Betty at the Warwickshire Hunt Steeplechases at Packington, finishing behind Mr. Percival's Domino (Mr. J. M. Richardson), Lord Berkeley Paget and Lord Charles Ker also riding in this race.

In 1874, Lord Willoughby won the Warwickshire Hunt Cup on Roman Bee, by Roman Bee, dam's pedigree unknown, the property of Mr. Jessop, "Mr. Rolly" (Lord Minto), finishing behind him. He was also second in the Farmers' Plate on the same day on Satanella, the property of Mr. E. Knott. Mr. E. Knott was himself a well-known character in Warwickshire, of the good old yeoman type. A fine horseman and a very hard rider to hounds, he died only last winter at an advanced age.

At Newport Pagnell in the same year, Lord Willoughby won the Open Hunters' Purse on his own mare Abbess, by Neville, and finished second on the same animal in the Master of Hounds Steeplechase at Aylesbury later on, the winner being Mr. F. Bennett's Miss Hungerford, ridden by Mr. Rolly, who afterwards won the Paris Grand Steeplechase on her.

In 1875, he again won the Warwickshire Hunt Cup on Mr. Kinton's chestnut mare Kathleen, by Master Bagot, dam's pedigree unknown; and in the Skurry, in which there were eight starters, he was once more to the fore, riding his own mare Abbess, and beating Mr. Davis' Dewdrop on the way home, winning a capital race by a neck.

In 1876, at Stratford-upon-Avon, he won the Hunters' Steeplechase of three miles on his own horse Gamut, by Orpheus, beating Mr. E. P. Wilson on Mr. Dodgson's Adieu. Even money was betted on Adieu, and Gamut started at 7 to 4 against. Gamut also won the Avon Steeplechase by a neck, starting favourite, ridden by his owner; and at the same

## Lord Willoughby de Broke

meeting Lord Willoughby rode Mr. Gilliatt's Gazelle, and was beaten by Mr. Jack Goodwin on Mr. Davis' Despair.

At the Tarporley Hunt Meeting in the same year, he had four mounts, winning the Tarporley Hunt Stakes by ten lengths on Mr. H. R. Corbett's Conductor, and the Gentleman's Welter Steeplechase on Captain W. G. Middleton's Muleteer. He also rode Captain Middleton's Musketeer in the Foxhunters' Open Steeplechase, but was beaten, and was second in the Gentleman's Open Red-coat Steeplechase on Mr. Smith-Barry's Barmston, being beaten by Mr. Baldwin on Mr. Knowles' Mainstay. He again rode Gamut in the Borough Members' Plate Steeplechase at the same meeting in a field of ten runners, and won by half a length, Gamut starting favourite.

On taking the hounds in 1876, we cannot find that he accepted any more mounts over a country. His final appearance on a steeplechase course was at Stratford-upon-Avon in 1897, when he rode his own horse Clasp, finishing behind Mr. Freake, who won the Hunt Cup on his black mare Bilberry. On the other hand, Lord Willoughby accepted several mounts from Mr. J. Hanbury, Ben Wyvis and Cabin Boy being among those whom he steered to victory in several Hunter Flat Races.

Although the race-course ran it very close, the hunting-field and the kennel were always the ruling passions with Lord Willoughby de Broke. When he became Master of the Warwickshire Hounds in 1875, he found a very moderate pack in the kennels. For over fifty years—ever since the days of Mr. Corbett and Lord Middleton—the pack had changed Masters a great deal too often for any particular type or strain to have been thoroughly stamped in the blood.

Lord Willoughby's father had the longest term of office,

## Gentlemen Riders

and was getting together a good pack of hounds by careful selection of the best sires of the day, when his career was cut short by sudden death, and neither Lord North, Mr. Henley Greaves, nor Mr. Spencer Lucy enjoyed the Mastership long enough to establish any particular strain.

His father was, however, very fortunate in finding in the kennels a bitch called Charity (1870), by Nestor—Careless. This Charity, and also a bitch called Skylark, which the late peer bought at Mr. Master's sale, practically founded the present pack. They were both mated with Lord Coventry's celebrated Rambler, and I think every hound in the Warwickshire kennels can now be traced to them.

Lord Willoughby employed Charles Orvis as a professional huntsman, but was much too fond of the executive side of things not to want to carry the horn himself, which he accordingly did every Saturday in the Woodland Country, and he must have had a hard time of it, seeing that he drove the hounds himself in a four-horse van to the meets—none less than fifteen miles off—hunted them all day, and drove them back at night.

After doing this for five seasons, he dispensed with the services of a professional, and with Jack Boore as first whipper-in and kennel huntsman, commenced a career of successful sport which is still fresh in the memory of us all.

Jack Boore was a wonderful man in the kennels, and could turn a pack of hounds out fitter than most people; it is not too much to say, indeed, that he had no superiors and very few equals in this department.

Lord Willoughby continued carrying the horn himself four times a week for nearly twenty years, and although a fine shot and a skilful fisherman, practically gave up every other sport in favour of foxhunting. In spite of this, he managed to do



## Lord Willoughby de Broke

a good deal of county business, and was a regular attendant at Newmarket, besides being a member of the Grand National Hunt Committee; but it is in the hunting-field that he will be chiefly remembered.

Added to his talents as a huntsman, he had a wonderful knack of getting over the country close to his hounds without tiring his horse. He would tell you that the right way to do this was to hold your horse together, choose the best and firmest ground, even though it seemed a little bit out of the way; never to extend him at full speed; and, above all, to ride steadily, even slowly, at the fences. To pull back on nearing the fences enabled the horse to catch his wind and have a good look at the place.

His system was certainly successful if one judges by his immunity from bad falls.

There is another school whose pupils not only ride very fast across fields, but begin to hurry the horse even faster as soon as they get on to terms with the fence. No doubt they get over some very big fences, but would probably be nowhere to be found at the end of a severe run.

On retiring from the Mastership in 1900, Lord Willoughby de Broke was presented by the gentlemen of the hunt with a testimonial, which took the form of a piece of plate and a painting of himself on horseback, surrounded by a few of his favourite hounds, amongst them being Talisman, Sailor, Tarquin, Turncoat, and Jimcrack, a reproduction of which accompanies this biography.

## Gentlemen Riders

### MR. J. M. RICHARDSON

MR. JOHN MAUNSELL RICHARDSON, known to his numerous friends as the "Cat," and to the entire sporting world as one of the most accomplished gentleman riders of his or any other time, is the second son of the late Mr. William Richardson, of Limber Magna, in the county of Lincoln, where the family have resided for centuries, and first saw the light in 1846.

Accustomed as he had been from his earliest childhood to outdoor sport of all descriptions, it is no matter for surprise that on going to Harrow, after a preliminary canter, so to speak, at Elstree School, under Dr. Bernays, the subject of our memoir should quickly come to the front as an athlete; it being hard to determine, indeed, in which particular branch he excelled most. Suffice it to say that, besides carrying all before him at running and jumping, he won the challenge cups for both fencing and racquets, in the latter defeating Cecil Clay, a feat his conqueror is proud of to this day. Equally good in the cricket field, he played for his school against Eton in 1864 and 1865, the eleven, captained by Charlie Buller, being one of the strongest ever sent to Lords from the "School on the Hill." Going on to Cambridge, he played for the 'Varsity against Oxford in 1866, 1867, and 1868.

It is his riding career, however, which immediately concerns us, and that it commenced auspiciously may be gathered from the fact that Mr. Richardson was not then out of his teens—having only just left Harrow, indeed—when, in November, 1865, being then an undergraduate at Cambridge, he won a steeplechase at Huntingdon on a mare of his own. At Peterborough, the following year, he won the Fitzwilliam Hunt Cup



Mr. JOHN MAUNSELL RICHARDSON.



## Mr. J. M. Richardson

on a mare named Vienna, also his own property, and the Kimbolton Four Mile Handicap Steeplechase at Bedford. His love for sport notwithstanding, to his credit be it said that he allowed none of his amusements to interfere with his studies at the University, and during the next year he gave himself up entirely to reading, with the result that he passed his "Little Go" with flying colours. In 1868 he once more made his appearance as a gentleman rider, opening the ball by winning the open Handicap Steeplechase at Lincoln on his own mare Proserpine. He also won the Yarborough Cup for Mr. Nelson on The Pet, the open Hunting Steeplechase at Cambridge for Mr. Abington on Warden, and the Aylesbury open Handicap for Mr. Bentley on Novice. In the next year, at Aylesbury, he rode a match on Cora Pearl for Sir William Milner against The Fawn, belonging to Lord Rosebery, ridden by Mr. Newton, beating the latter by a neck.

In 1869 Mr. Richardson rode his first race on the flat, winning the One Mile Hunt at Redbourne on his own horse Watteau.

In 1870, besides several other races, he won the most important event he had as yet competed in, viz. the Grand National Hunt Steeplechase at Cottenham, on Mr. Chaplin's Schiedam.

In 1871 Mr. Richardson trained several winners at Limber Magna for Captain Machell, with whom he had formed a connection, and in that year he won the Cambridge Handicap Steeplechase on Keystone, and the West of Scotland Steeplechase at Eglinton on the same horse; other events he won for Captain Machell in the same year being the Brocklesby Open, the Warwick Hunt, and the Nottinghamshire Steeplechases, all three on Defence.

At Rothbury, Northumberland, riding on a very light

## Gentlemen Riders

saddle, and over a very severe country, he won the open Handicap Steeplechase on Lady Day, despite the fact that he broke a stirrup leather at his very first fence.

Croxton Park saw him to the fore again in the Billesdon Coplow Stakes and Granby Handicap on Lord Calthorpe's Felix and Bickerstaffe; whilst on Tabernacle he won the Warwick Welter for Lord Aylesford. At Ayr he won the Corinthian Handicap Plate for James Barber on Disturbance, and the Hawkstone Welter at Shrewsbury; later on for Mr. Ray on Scylla, beating Jimmy Adams by a short head, with John Osborne third, the same distance off; whilst besides other races, he won the Warwick Grand National for Mr. Chaplin on Schiedam.

In 1872 "The Bold Harrow Boy," as he was dubbed by his admirers, won no less than fifty-six times; one of his finest efforts, perhaps, being the Six Furlong Welter race run on the Thursday at the Epsom Summer meeting, when he won on Bickerstaffe for the late Lord Lonsdale in a field of seventeen runners, his artistic finish provoking admiration not only from the spectators, but also from the jockeys riding in the race. This was not his first appearance at Epsom, he having won the Welter Plate on Lincoln at the previous Spring meeting, beating Tom French and a large field. It is a curious coincidence that, of the four races on the flat he rode in at Epsom and Liverpool, he should win them all.

In 1873, besides winning a lot of more or less important races, he set the seal on his fame by winning the Grand National on Disturbance.

Despite the fact that he had just previously won the big Steeplechase at Croydon, Disturbance was allowed to start at quite an outside price, backers in general refusing to believe that such a diminutive horse could carry the substantial

## Mr. J. M. Richardson

burden of 11st. 11lb. successfully in such a long and tiring race.

To prove what a good performance it was, the heavily backed Rhysworth, who was second—a horse who, when the property of Mr. Henry Saville, had run third for the Derby, and who, oddly enough, owed all his jumping education to Mr. Richardson, in whose care he had been for some time at Limber Magna—ran clean away from a large field the very next day in the Sefton Steeplechase, carrying the substantial weight of 12st. 7lb.

To celebrate the event, his Lincolnshire friends shortly afterwards gave a big dinner at Brigg, at which Mr. Richardson was the guest of the evening.

When we add that Sir John Astley, in his most genial mood, took the chair, and that the motto on the top of the menu card was, "Disturbance, but no Row," it may be gathered that the entertainment was of a fairly festive character.

In 1874 he only rode in one race, and that the Grand National, which he won on Reugny. Little did those who cheered him to the echo as he cantered home on the favourite imagine that they had seen the last of this brilliant horseman on a public race-course. But so it was. Unjustly blamed for the inability of the owner to get what he considered a fair price about his horse, and offended beyond measure at the proposal made to himself with a view to sending the favourite back on the quotations—disgusted, in fact, with the sordid nature of the whole business—he made up his mind there and then that, win or lose, his race on Reugny should be his last.

"And I have never since regretted the step I took," remarked Mr. Richardson, when discussing the matter with us the other day, "for besides having won every big steeplechase

## Gentlemen Riders

in England and Scotland twice over, in reality I always preferred hunting to race-riding.”

On the death of Lord Yarborough in 1875, Mr. Richardson assumed the management of the Brocklesby hounds, and in the same year he also took the command of the 1st Lincolnshire Light Horse, which he resigned on the coming of age of the present peer.

He also fought the Brigg division of Lincolnshire four times in the Conservative interest, winning the bye-election of 1894 by seventy votes, a great triumph, seeing that when he first contested the seat, the Radical majority was two thousand six hundred.

On the 16th of July, 1881, Mr. Richardson married Victoria, Countess of Yarborough, widow of the late Earl—herself one of the most noted horsewomen of her time—by whom he has had issue one son.

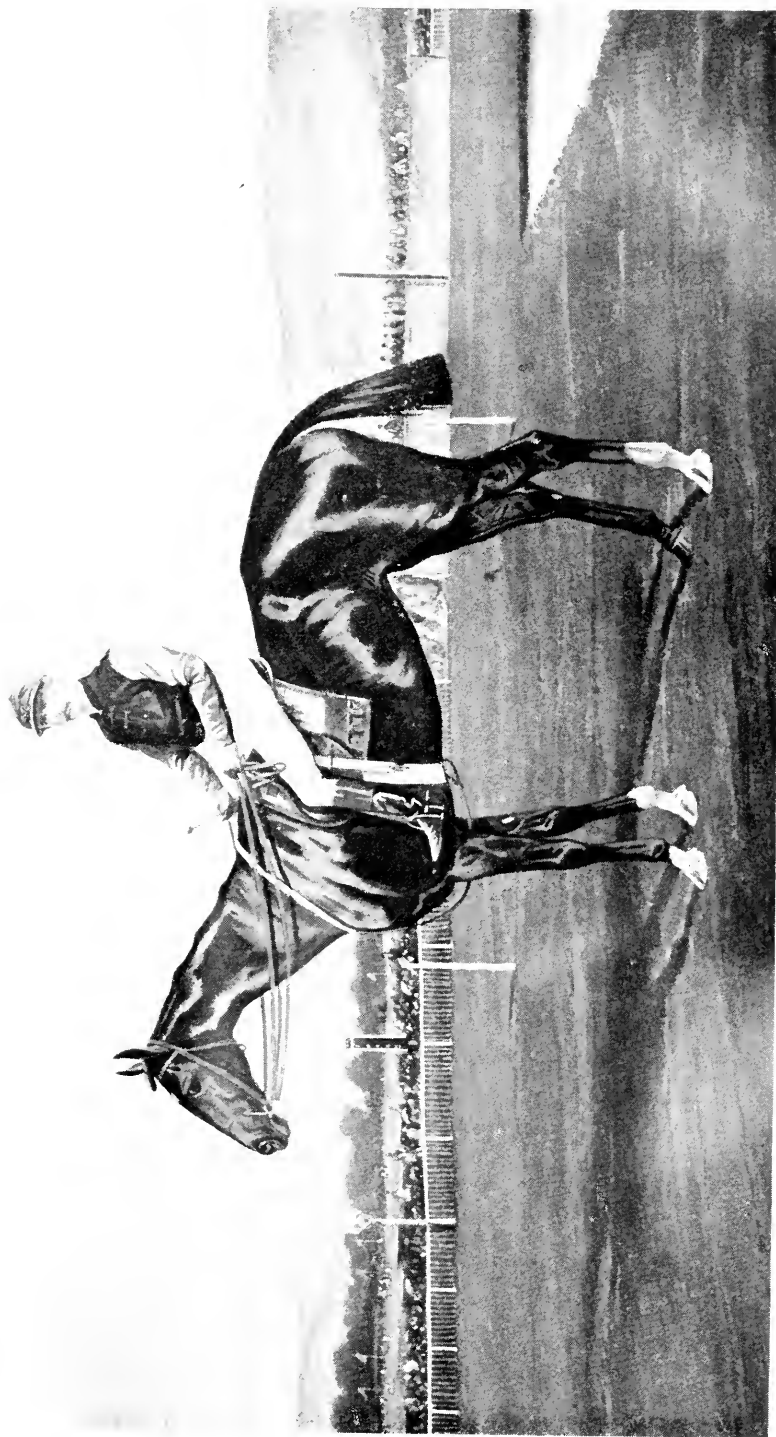
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### MR. H. CRAWSHAW

(“ PETER ”)

AT no time, perhaps, in its history was steeplechasing in a more flourishing condition than in the late sixties and seventies of the past century ; for not only were its patrons drawn from the highest class of sporting society—such names as those of the Duke of Hamilton, Lords Coventry, Stamford, and Poulett, Sir William Throgmorton, and Mr. J. H. Houldsworth being of themselves sufficient to “keep the tambourine a-rollin’,” as Mr. Jorrocks’s famous huntsman, James Pigg, would have put it—but its principal exponents, both riders and horses, were of





*From a Painting in the possession of Mr. Crawshaw. MR. H. CRAWSHAW ON "LA SENELE."*



## Mr. H. Crawshaw

a superior order of architecture seldom to be met with at one and the same time. Amongst the former, one of the most prominent was the dapper little horseman named above—the *beau ideal* of a gentleman rider, not only in appearance but in the result.

Born on the 5th of December, 1838, the subject of our memoir, his education at an end, went for a trip to America, where he stayed until the outbreak of Civil War, making his exit just in time to escape being blockaded.

On his return to England, he took up his quarters at Leamington, sharing rooms with his friend Corbett-Holland, and hunting regularly with the various packs of hounds in the neighbourhood.

It was about this period that Mr. Crawshaw rode his first race on a horse belonging to Mr. George Crook at Nottingham, which he admits he ought to have won but for falling into the too common error of waiting too long. After this he gradually drifted into racing and race-riding, his light weight being a great advantage to him in the latter capacity.

In those days Lord Poulett had a strong stable of jumpers at Droxford in Hampshire, and Mr. Crawshaw, being a frequent guest, had ample opportunity of unlimited practice, of which he was not slow to avail himself; and that his noble host had formed a high opinion of his horsemanship is clear from the fact that he was put up to ride in each of The Lamb's three trials before he won the Liverpool the first time.

All of these were satisfactory in the extreme, the last of all being of a most decisive character, Benazet, a brilliant two-miler, the mount of Mr. Crawshaw, who joined in that distance from home, being nowhere with The Lamb, who won in a canter.

In the actual race Mr. Crawshaw rode Thalassius, belonging

## Gentlemen Riders

to Lord Stamford, who, starting at 40 to 1, fell at Becher's Brook in the first round.

At the time we speak of there was no more consistent supporter of steeplechasing than the late Duke of Hamilton, there being hardly a meeting of any consequence either in England or the Continent where the pretty cerise and French grey colours were not a familiar feature, and on these occasions they were invariably donned by the popular "Peter," as Mr. Crawshaw was familiarly known to his friends.

The latter's first winning steeplechase mount for Duke "Rufus" was on Maurepas at Liverpool, quickly followed by another at the same place on Souvenance. Soon after, he won the Croydon Hurdle Race on Crystal. The latter, though a real good horse, was a terrific puller; and the weather and his hands being correspondingly cold, coupled with the knowledge that the Duke had backed his mount for what, even in those gambling days, was considered a large sum of money, naturally made Mr. Crawshaw feel a bit anxious—unnecessarily so as it turned out, Crystal having matters all his own way at the finish.

About this time Mr. Crawshaw used to go over to Paris every Saturday for Sunday's racing, and one summer he never missed for eleven consecutive weeks, returning on the Monday following.

On the only occasion a jumping race ever took place at Longchamps, Mr. Crawshaw played a prominent part. The Shah of Persia, who was in Paris at the time, having expressed a wish to see some jumping, a hurdle race was arranged expressly for his benefit—two miles over eight hurdles. And that the august visitor might have an uninterrupted view, four of these were placed opposite the stand, close to the winning-post, and the other four on the far side facing the stand—all in

## Mr. H. Crawshaw

long wooden boxes. We will now let Mr. Crawshaw tell the story in his own words. "My mount, Verd Luron, being awkward at the post, I asked Aston Blount, the starter, not to leave me, which he promised not to do. 'Tell me when you are ready,' said he, 'and I'll drop the flag.' Accordingly, at what looked like a favourable moment, I shouted, 'Ready!' I was a bit too premature, however, it seemed, for the moment the flag dropped my mount whipped round in the wrong direction. However, on hearing the others clattering away in the distance, he apparently repented, for, jumping round again, he was after them before you could say 'knife.' Getting near the stand, I was glad to see that every hurdle had been knocked down; and as the same thing happened with the next lot, we were soon on terms with the rest, when I steadied my horse a bit, with the result that we won cleverly in the end. A great piece of luck, as the owner had indulged in a gamble of some extent."

"By far the cleverest man I ever saw with jumpers," writes Mr. Crawshaw, "was Baron Finot, who in those days was almost invincible. The first time I ever went to his place in the country, he met me himself at the station with a four-wheeled dog-cart. The road to his house, some four miles off, was very sandy, and after going a short distance, off he went full gallop. On my remarking that the horses seemed to be able to go a bit, he replied, 'Yes; the one on the near side is Valentino, and the chestnut mare, Astrolable.' The latter afterwards started favourite for the Grand National, and was certainly one of the best steeplechasers of her day. Baron Finot maintained that driving horses in a very light carriage, with roads not too hard, allowed them to get liberty of galloping and kept the weight off their backs.

"Spa" (goes on Mr. Crawshaw) "was in those days a

## Gentlemen Riders

most sporting place, and Belgium generally was responsible for many good sportsmen and steeplechasers. La Senelle, the mare I was painted on, was a rare good one, and I won five races on her right off the reel. Chenay and Nonant were also two really good four-year-olds. The two aged horses I liked best of any I rode were The Doctor and Snowstorm, both brilliant jumpers, and no country too big for them. On the flat my favourites were Leonie, Lowlander, and Silenus.

“Of all the foreign meetings, I give the preference to Baden, which was always delightful, and everything connected with it done in princely fashion.”

Just about this time considerable stir was caused in Paris by a duel, in which Lord Charles Hamilton (Carlo, the “Red” Duke’s brother) was one of the principals, and which arose from his antagonist (in search of a quarrel) addressing Lord Charles in a far too familiar manner, the result being a blow and a challenge.

“Baron Malorti,” writes Mr. Crawshaw, “was one of Carlo’s seconds, and myself the other. We drove out seven or eight miles, and, having got the combatants fixed (rapiers were the weapons used), were on the point of starting, when the farmer arrived, and as he would allow no fighting on his land, we had to move to another secluded spot further on, where we lost no time in getting to work. After a ‘passe’ or two, a scratch was seen on the other man’s arm, which at once was the signal for a consultation. I, being a stranger, held my tongue, until the other two gave their opinion that with such a ‘serious’ (?) wound inflicted enough had been done. Upon which I ventured an opinion that if honour was satisfied with such a scratch, it was very easily satisfied, and that another round or two would be more to the point. So at it they went again, and another slight scratch the result, at the sight of

## Mr. H. Crawshaw

which the other seconds at once stopped the affair, declaring that otherwise the wounded man would certainly die on the field. So we all returned to Paris, and in a few hours the papers were full of the terrible duel which had been fought that morning, the combatants being magnified into heroes of the deepest dye."

Mr. Crawshaw rode altogether six times in the Grand National; but though three of his mounts were heavily backed, especially Grey of Warwick, his mount in 1869, he had no sort of luck in the race.

In 1871 he rode The Doctor (11 st.), which celebrated animal the Duke of Hamilton had purchased after his memorable race with The Colonel the previous year.

The Doctor, who started at 10 to 1, refused at the second fence; but his jockey got him over, and going on in pursuit soon caught his horse up. Just before reaching Valentine's Brook, however, Scots Grey swerved against the blinkered Cecil, and knocking him over so interfered with The Doctor that the Duke's horse took no further part in the race.

Mr. Crawshaw did not again ride at Aintree until 1874, the year Reugny won, when he steered Vintner, 10 st. 3 lbs., for Sir Robert Harvey, who, starting third favourite at 7 to 1, struck the bank at the second fence with his knees and fell, his jockey breaking his collar-bone. In 1877 Mr. Crawshaw rode for the last time in the Grand National, on Sir C. Rushout's Arbitrator (10 st. 6 lbs.), but the horse fell dead beat at Valentine's the second time round.

In the National Hunt Steeplechase of 1875, won by Gazelle, Mr. Crawshaw was second on Pilgrim, belonging to George Fordham the jockey, in a field of eighteen, Captain Smith on Walloon being third. The race that year was at

## Gentlemen Riders

Sandown Park, and that was the first time in its history that it had been run over an enclosed course.

As good on the flat as over a country, the services of Mr. Crawshaw were always in demand in hunters' races under the former conditions, and on Quits, a good-looking horse belonging to the late Squire Drake, he won no fewer than thirteen of these events.

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### MR. E. R. DALGLISH

PROLIFIC in that respect though it has been from time immemorial, we doubt whether the University of Cambridge could ever boast of having nurtured within its gates at one and the same time such a brilliant knot of young horsemen—and we might add, sportsmen—as that which constituted the “Sporting Set” about the year 1867, numbering as it did such names as Lords Melgund and Aberdour, the Hons. H. and C. Fitzwilliam, John Maunsell Richardson, Cecil Legard, W. P. Jenkins, and last but not least, the popular gentleman whose name figures above, familiarly known to his friends as “Jerry” Dalglish—one and all destined in after years to become as famous in the world of sport as they were when “up at the 'Varsity.” Born on February 25, 1849, the subject of our memoir was educated at Elstree and Harrow, afterwards going to Magdalen College, Cambridge, and it was soon after his arrival at that distinguished seat of learning in 1868, being then nineteen years of age, that we hear of his winning his first race over a country, viz. the Herts County Handicap Steeplechase.





Mr. E. R. DALGLISH.



## Mr. E. R. Dalglish

On leaving Cambridge, Mr. Dalglish got together a small stud of hurdle racers and steeplechasers, the best among them being Solon, Daybreak, Neptune, and Little Flo. These four—all his own property, with the exception of Daybreak, who belonged to Mr. Houldsworth—he took with him to the Liverpool Autumn Meeting of 1875, described by him as the most successful he ever engaged in, when he won the November Handicap Hurdle Race on Solon by a head, landing at the same time a good stake; was second, beaten a neck, on Neptune for the Selling Hurdle Race; won the Stand Handicap Steeplechase on Little Flo, and the Grand Sefton Steeplechase on Daybreak, on whose success depended a large sum of money. On the same horse, carrying a 14 lbs. penalty, he won the Craven Handicap Steeplechase, after the race buying a horse named Gazelle, who ran second, on whom he afterwards won several good races.

In his three rides in the Grand National, the subject of our memoir was not so successful.

In 1873, the race won by Mr. Richardson on Disturbance, he rode Solicitor, whom he had backed previously for a hundred to be first over the water, which bet he won with ease. The horse, however, was unluckily brought down by Broadlea, at the fence beyond Valentine's Brook, the second time round, when going well, Red Nob falling at the same time. In 1874 he had the mount on Mr. H. Houldsworth's Last of the Lambs, who, however, refused the first fence and fell; whilst the following year, when Pathfinder won, he was again unlucky, his mount, New York, belonging to Mr. F. Pratt, falling at the second fence from the start. In the Bristol Royal Steeplechase, in 1874, won by Scots Grey, the first which ever took place, and at which the King, then Prince of Wales, was present as the guest of Lord Fitzhardinge, Mr. Dalglish

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experienced what he describes as one of the funniest experiences he ever had racing.

There were no less than twenty starters, and though when taking the preliminary canter the sky was bright and clear, no sooner had the horses got into line for the start when down came a snowstorm of so blinding a character that the riders could not see the first fence. In the result, only two out of the score of runners actually finished, all the rest having lost their way.

Another amusing experience was when riding his own horse, Little Flo, in the Stand Handicap Steeplechase at the Liverpool Autumn Meeting of 1875 previously mentioned.

Everything else in the race had refused, and the mare, whom her owner and rider had backed for a lot of money, was coming in literally by herself, when, at the fence by the Canal turn before Valentine's Brook, she took off too soon, landed on the fence, and eventually fell back into the ditch, where she lay for upwards of twenty minutes, until her jockey, with the aid of a rope borrowed from a barge on the canal, managed to get her out, none the worse in herself, but with her bridle and a stirrup-leather broke. Mr. Dalglish, however, nothing daunted, jumped into the saddle. Another difficulty, however, now stared him in the face, in the shape of the crowd of roughs who swarmed around, and who, not taking in the situation, kept pointing to a gate hard by as the nearest way back. "That's all right," shouted back their victim in desperation, "but there's a lot of money t'other side of this fence." Away rushed the roughs, in hopes of picking it up before its lawful owners could get at it, and over the fence popped the bold "Jerry," and in due course arrived at the winning-post without further accident, only to find, when he got there, that the judge, Mr. R. Johnson, had left his box, and was at that moment busied in weighing out

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the jockeys for the next race. On being sent for, however, he at once hurried out, entered his box, and having gone through the necessary form of seeing the winner pass the post, "Jerry" Dalglish once more breathed again.

Never, surely, did the old saying, "Better late than never," prove more *apropos* than on this occasion, and it is gratifying to know that, as the result of it all, Mr. Dalglish got both stakes and bets without any difficulty.

On a previous occasion, at the Liverpool Autumn Meeting of 1871, Mr. Dalglish had another queer experience, which, however, did not end so happily as the one just described.

Riding in the Craven Steeplechase, his solitary opponent was Glenfalloch, belonging to Lord Poulett, and ridden by Mr. Thomas. All went well until the fence after Becher's Brook, when both horses refused. Mr. Thomas (says Mr. Dalglish) got over with a fall, but as he didn't get up, I looked over the fence and asked if he was hurt. "No! Go on! I shall be all right directly!" was the reply. So I got my horse over and went on, Tom Pickernell recovering and following immediately after, the pair of us keeping together until the very last fence, when both horses refused again, and as our united efforts failed to get them over, there was, of course, no alternative but to declare the race "null and void."

Few people who were present at the Liverpool Spring Meeting on the Grand National day, when Regal won, will readily forget the terrible fall experienced by Mr. Dalglish in the Palatine Hurdle Race following after the big event, and which brought a brilliant career in the saddle to a premature ending.

The story in connection with it, as related to us by Mr. Dalglish, is so interesting that we feel we cannot do better than give it in his own words—

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“Early that spring” (he writes) “Mr., now Sir John, Robinson asked me to ride his mare, Thyra, in the Grand National of that year, which I was pleased to do, especially after winning a real good trial on her at Tom Wilkinson’s, in Yorkshire, where she was trained. Unfortunately, the night before the Grand National I had such a vivid dream that I was killed in the race that I begged Sir John to let me off the mount, feeling sure that, under the circumstances, I shouldn’t do her justice; so W. Daniels had the ‘leg up’ in my place, and when going strong and well, close home, she over-reached so badly that she never ran again.

“In the next race, the Palatine Hurdle, my dream, strangely enough, was very nearly realised, for Jim Adams, falling at the last flight of hurdles, brought me down as well, and, pitching on my head, I lay there to all appearance dead.

“On examination it was found that, in addition to a dislocated neck, I was suffering from concussion of the brain and spine, and paralysis of the left side, and in that state I was carried to an inn on the course, where for twenty-two days I remained, hovering between life and death, and totally insensible.”

When, after a recovery which was little short of miraculous, Mr. Dalglish tried to ride once more, he found, to quote his own words, it was “no use,” so has since contented himself with hunting, as the nearest approach to his first love.

Always a light weight, he was able to ride and win many races on the flat, under Jockey Club Rules, notably on Mr. Houldsworth’s Solicitor, who for some years was quite at the top of the hunter class.

With this horse Mr. Dalglish once had an amusing (?) experience at Shrewsbury races. Not understanding much about races in the hunter class, the clerk of the course, old Mr. Fraill, asked him whether he would mind roughly framing a





MR. ARTHUR YATES.



## Mr. Arthur Yates

hunters' handicap for him the next day, in which Solicitor and others were engaged, an invitation which was promptly accepted, the amateur handicapper giving Solicitor 14 st. to keep the weights down, whilst to Fairyland, a mare trained by Tom Spence, who was little inferior to Solicitor, was allotted 11 st. 9 lbs. When the handicaps appeared in the morning, it was so little altered that its framer, the moment he saw it, backed the mare for £200. Alas! the good thing came undone, though how was inexplicable, seeing that, on her subsequent running, she must have had at least two stone in hand. As a result, Mr. Reginald Herbert won with Chassepot, which had about 4 st. taken off in the handicap as framed by Mr. Dalglish.

In 1885 the subject of our memoir married Miss Amy Johnson, daughter of the late Mr. Thomas Johnson, after which he settled down at Wellesbourne, near Warwick, where he still resides.

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## MR. ARTHUR YATES

FROM amongst the group of really brilliant gentlemen riders who flourished during the seventies of the last century, it would have been difficult indeed to have picked out one with a better winning average or possessed of a larger share in public estimation than Mr. Arthur Yates.

Familiar though the dark blue jacket and cap might be at all the more important cross-country meetings, including Liverpool, if you wanted to see Arthur Yates thoroughly in his glory—like Alexander Selkirk of immortal memory, “Monarch of all

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he surveyed"—you had only to hie to Croydon, Kingbury, or indeed any of the meetings in the Home Circuit, and your object would have been attained, probably with profit to yourself.

Born on the 14th of April, 1841, the subject of our memoir made his first appearance in the saddle in public at the Bishops Sutton Steeplechases in 1860, when he rode a horse of his own called Remus, and another named Harrow Boy, winning on each.

At that time, young as he was, Mr. Yates hunted his father's pack of harriers and afterwards his staghounds, than which, a better education for a steeplechase rider can hardly be imagined, and consequently had little time for race riding, except at different Hunt meetings round about, on which occasions he met with conspicuous success.

It was not until his father had given up the staghounds that Mr. Yates really went in for steeplechasing in earnest, and not then until he had got together a really first-class lot of thoroughbred horses, one and all recruits from the flat.

Horses, such as Playman, Blackrock, Sapperton, Bristles, Harold, etc., all winners in their turn, he educated entirely himself, and it was when riding the last named in the race for the Croydon Cup on the 27th November, 1866, that he gave an exhibition of horsemanship which has since become historical. Harold, falling and rolling over his rider at what was then known as the sensation water-jump, was going off on his own account, when Mr. Yates, running after him, caught hold of his tail and jumping nimbly up into the saddle, went on in pursuit of the rest, and eventually won, amidst cheering which might have been heard in the next parish.

Needless to say, this "daring act of horsemanship," as the circus people would describe it, was talked of far and wide, and

## Mr. Arthur Yates

was even deemed worthy of commemoration by a sporting poet of the period, who broke out as follows in, we fancy, the columns of the "Sporting Gazette."

"In racing reports, it is oftentimes said,  
A Jockey has cleverly won by a Head ;  
But Yates has performed, when all other arts fail,  
A more wonderful feat, for he won by a Tail."

Harold, we may mention, was originally the property of Lord Uxbridge, and sold by him for £28 to Mr. Yates, who after teaching the horse to jump, and winning a lot of steeplechases with him, sold him for a thousand.

Between 1869, when he may be considered to have started riding in earnest, and 1876, Mr. Arthur Yates rode no less than 253 winners, including 17 winners on the continent, made up as follows :—

	Flat Races.	Hurdle Races.	Steeplechases.	
1869	2	6	8	16
1870	16	10	24	50
1871	7	9	16	32
1872	9	19	26	54
1873	7	13	20	40
1874	8	8	9	25
1875	4	5	10	19
1876	Out of 69 mounts won 30.			

His best year was 1872, when in all he rode 67 winners, 54 in England and 13 on the continent, a record which, so far as we know, has never been beaten by any gentleman rider.

Of the many good horses owned by Mr. Yates, Harvester, who when the property of the Duke of Newcastle, had run prominently in the Derby, and on whose back he won the Croydon Steeplechase of 1872 in a canter, the wind blowing

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a hurricane at the time and the rain pouring in torrents, was undoubtedly the best, and his accident in the last round of the Grand National of that year, at the very moment when to all appearance he had the race in hand, was naturally a bitter disappointment to his rider—the greatest, indeed, he ever experienced during his racing career.

Though not destined to attain to the summit of his ambition and ride the winner of the Liverpool, it was left to him to do the next best thing, viz. to train one, and when compelled through increasing weight—not from choice, you may depend—to relinquish race-riding, it was not long before this desirable consummation came about, Roquefort, Gamecock, and—best of all—Cloister, each being prepared for Aintree honours, at Bishops Sutton, under the personal superintendence of Mr. Yates.

The precise number of amateur horsemen who have graduated at one time or another at Bishops Sutton, we should be sorry to even hazard a guess at. Suffice it to say that there is hardly a rider of note of recent years you can name, more particularly amongst military men, but will speak in grateful terms of the valuable advice so ungrudgingly given at all times by Arthur Yates, and to which they attribute in no small measure such success as they may have attained in the saddle.

When after perhaps an absence from the boards for some years, a favourite actor makes his reappearance on some special occasion, it naturally proves a great attraction, and a crowded house is the result. This proved the case on the 28th of March, 1898, when a tremendous crowd of onlookers of all sorts assembled at Kilmiston, in Hampshire, to witness a match arranged to take place over four miles and a half of country, between Messrs. S. Hurst of Waterlooville and Arthur Yates.





CAPTAIN H. BROWNE  
("THE DRIVER").

## Captain Hardinge William Browne

This sporting affair was the outcome of a "Point to Point" run a fortnight previously, when Mr. Hurst, riding his grey mare Lady Jane, finished in front of Mr. Yates's grey gelding Dhuringle, ridden by Mr. H. Redford. Not satisfied with his horse's defeat, the evergreen Arthur, despite the fact that he was not getting younger, and moreover was a trifle wider round the chest than in the good old Harvester and Bristles days, at once offered to back his champion against the mare, betting £40 to £30 on the result, owners to ride at catchweights over 16 stone. At 11.30, Mr. John Godwin started the riders, Mr. Hurst taking the lead, which he held until crossing the turnpike near Beauworth cross-roads, when over three-fourths of the course had been traversed. Here Mr. Hurst failed to hit off a gap in the fence, and this being taken immediate advantage of by Arthur Yates (who we omitted to mention went to scale at 17 st. 4 lbs.), the latter went ahead, and jumping the remaining fences in first-rate style, finally won by three parts of a length, receiving an ovation as he galloped past the post that must have reminded him of that which awaited him in the long ago, when he won his celebrated race by a "tail" at Croydon.

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### CAPTAIN HARDINGE WILLIAM BROWNE

("THE DRIVER.")

A MAN of many friends, and a favourite with all, we can call to mind no fatality productive of more genuine regret at the time it happened than that which befel the brilliant little horseman named above, at Esher Station, on the 23rd of April, 1875, at the close of the day's racing at Sandown Park.

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The eldest son of the venerable R. W. Browne, Archdeacon of Bath, Canon of Wells, and Rector of Weston-super-Mare, by the daughter of the Rev. Sir Charles Hardinge, Bart., of Bounds Park, Kent, a brother of the first Viscount Hardinge, formerly Governor-General of India and Commander-in-Chief of the British Army, the subject of our memoir, familiarly known throughout the Service and out of it as "The Driver," to distinguish him from his younger brother, "The Gunner," who, like himself, held a commission in the Royal Horse Artillery, was born in 1841, and received his education at Sandhurst and Woolwich, afterwards joining the distinguished corps just named, in which he soon made his mark, not only as a most efficient officer, but as a horseman of more than ordinary ability.

Though probably the lightest gentleman rider of his day, scaling as he did under 8 st. 10 lbs., saddle and all, in full hunting dress, Captain Browne was a genuine "multum in parvo" on a horse, and a most powerful rider, in spite of his feather weight.

Conjuror, on whom, besides other races, he twice won the Royal Artillery Gold Cup, was sold to him as an incorrigible puller, unable to jump a stick, but in "The Driver's" hands he soon became known in the first flight with the Pytchley and the Duke of Grafton's hounds, with which packs his owner usually hunted, making Weedon his headquarters.

He won the Artillery Gold Cup five times in all, namely, twice on Conjuror, the horse just mentioned; twice on Jerome, the property of Colonel Byrne; and once on Charleville, belonging to the same officer. On Charleville by Tonnerre des Indes-Czarina, a French bred horse, with whom his name will always be coupled, "The Driver," besides other races of minor importance, won the Croydon Grand Military in 1871,



## Captain Hardinge William Browne

and the Grand Military Gold Cup, 1872, run over the severe Rugby course, on Colonel Byrne's horse, who, starting favourite at evens, and carrying 13 st., won easily by two lengths.

In the same year Charleville (11 st. 7 lbs.), with "The Driver" in the saddle, was second for the Birmingham Grand Annual, beaten only by a neck, after a tremendous set to with Lord Anglesey's Corfu, ridden by Jim Adams, with such celebrities as Mr. W. H. P. Jenkins ("Mr. P. Merton"), Mr. Baldwin ("The Lion"), Mr. E. P. Wilson, George Holman and Joe Cannon, taking part in the race. Though defeated, it was generally admitted that Captain Browne never rode a finer race in his life than on this occasion.

April of the same year saw the last of Charleville, for, when running in the United Service Plate at the Royal Artillery Meeting at Bromley, with "The Driver" in the saddle as usual, he fell heavily on landing over a fence, and broke his neck, happily without injury to his rider. "The Driver" had but one mount in the Grand National, and that in 1872, when Casse Tête won, on which occasion he rode the veteran Hall Court, and that he was not without hopes of winning it in the near future is made plain by the following note at the foot of a newspaper cutting, giving an account of the race, and pasted in the album he kept containing all his records: "My first mount in the Liverpool. I got round—eleven horses fell."

Now comes the sad part of the story: Captain Browne, in deference to the long-expressed wish of his father, had given his word that, after the April Meeting at Sandown in 1875, at which he had promised to ride for a friend, he would never again take part in a steeplechase. Both he and his brother "The Gunner" were quartered at Aldershot at the time, and, by a strange fatality, the Duke of Cambridge had selected that unlucky day for an inspection of the Division in the Long

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Valley, and as it looked like taking some time, "The Driver" begged an equerry to get permission from the Duke for him to leave early in order to fulfil his engagement at Sandown. This request—unfortunately, as it turned out—being readily accorded, he galloped off in hot haste down the Long Valley to catch his train, "and this," writes his sorrowing brother "The Gunner," "was the last I saw of poor little 'Driver.'"

The racing over, Captain Browne, who was unfortunately rather deaf, was crossing from the down to the up platform at Esher Station, to catch the return London train, when, failing to hear the shouts of a horrified porter, he was overtaken by the Exeter express, which came upon him unobserved, and, the buffer of the engine catching him full, he was hurled against the wall of the platform and killed on the spot.

Apart from those social qualities which made him popular wherever he went, it is not too much to say that in the zenith of his riding career there was no finer horseman to be found in the Service—and very few out of it, if it comes to that—than the subject of this memoir, he being quite able to take his own part in the best of company, when it came to the test, a fact evidently appreciated by that good judge, the late General Byrne, the subsequent owner of that celebrated horse Amphion, whose colours he donned whenever his services were available. A well-known sporting writer of that period, after a glowing tribute to "The Driver's" performance in the saddle, concludes his remarks as follows: "We may fairly say that there was not a more universally popular man in the Service and in society generally. Easy tempered, good plucked, and generous hearted, he was certainly the pet of the regiment whose motto is Ubique, and his loss will be felt in many a garrison town, many a ballroom, and nowhere more than in the shires." Always ready for a lark, and as full of tricks as a monkey,





CAPTAIN W. HOPE-JOHNSTONE.

## Captain Wentworth Hope-Johnstone

“The Driver,” to the great amusement of his brother officers, arrived one night at barracks with a huge bell, which he managed to walk off with from a railway station where he had been kept waiting, concealed under his great coat. The trophy in question is now in daily use as a dinner-bell at the house of a member of the family, by whom it is regarded as one of his most cherished possessions.

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### CAPTAIN WENTWORTH HOPE-JOHNSTONE

(INTRODUCTION BY FINCH MASON)

ON arrival at the Adelphi at Liverpool, late in the day preceding the spring meeting of 1873, I found the place deserted; the only arrival as yet, the porter informed me with a grin, being a Scotch gent whom, he added, I should find in the smoking-room, where he had been drinking sherry and smoking unceasingly—“like one o'clock” was the expression used by the proud young porter—“the 'ole of the blessed afternoon.”

Tempted alike by curiosity and a desire to smoke a cigar on my own account by way of killing time until the arrival of my friend from Lincoln, I accordingly wended my way to the smoking-room, where, reclining in an armchair, with his long legs on another, a half-emptied decanter of sherry at his elbow, and a pipe in his mouth, was a great, gaunt, bearded Scotchman who, apart from the Glengarry cap which covered his head, could not possibly be mistaken for anything but what he was, viz. a Highland gamekeeper, and a very fine specimen too.

The combined influence of the sherry and no doubt a

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sense of boredom led him to be very communicative, and I had not been five minutes in his company before he had confided in me the reason for his journey south, which was nothing more or less than to see Revirescat, on whom, if he were to be believed, he had invested the savings of a lifetime, win the Grand National. "He belongs to a Scot, his rider's a Scot, and he's Scottish bred his ain sel; *Mon, he'll win!*" shouted the keeper, emphasising each remark with a mighty bang of his fist on the table.

He was a hard-headed customer, that Highland keeper, for on paying a visit to the crowded smoking-room quite late in the evening, there he was, perfectly sober to all outward appearance, engaged in a heated argument on the subject of grouse shooting with a volunteer officer in full uniform who was standing with his back to the fireplace, very particularly drunk.

As we came in, my friend was just having the last word. "Noo," said he, "joost for the sake of argument, we'll pre-shume that you're havin' a day on the moors with his Grace the Deuk of Sutherland, who ye sae ye're sae intimate wi', and I'm *here* an' you're *there*, and the dogs rangin' as usual, and a pack o' grouse gets up in front of your gun. Noo," said the keeper, shaking his head doubtingly as he spoke, "I'm wonderin' which ye'd be shootin', *me or the dogs?*"

This settled the matter, and amidst a roar of laughter from the assembled company, the other fairly bolted from the room.

Revirescat, the horse referred to, and Captain Hope-Johnstone's first mount in the Grand National, belonged to Mr. J. Heron Maxwell, and though a giant in stature was a very good horse, and heavily backed on this occasion by his owner and friends. So sanguine indeed was that fine old sportsman, Mr. Ned Maxwell, of the result that, in his

## Captain Wentworth Hope-Johnstone

enthusiasm he actually wrote some verses descriptive of *Revirescat's* victory and how it was won, *before* the race, intending to post it off to one of the sporting papers the same night.

Captain Wentworth Hope-Johnstone, familiarly known to his many friends as "Wenty," and allowed by common consent to have been one of the most brilliant horsemen over a country of his time, first saw the light on January 22, 1848. His education over, he called his uncle Bob into consultation as to what his future was to be, his own inclinations pointing slightly to agriculture. The Major's reply was just what might have been expected from Sir James Outram's favourite aide-de-camp. "Farming be hanged!" said he. "Be a soldier first; you can farm when you are sixty." That settled the question, and in due time, uncles Bob and David had the satisfaction of seeing their nephew gazetted to the 7th Hussars, then, as it is now, one of the smartest and most sporting regiments in the service.

Captain Hope-Johnstone made his first public appearance in the saddle at Windsor in 1866. Tom Ablett had a bad fall when riding *Bandoline*, and the horse being due to run in another race and no jockey obtainable, at the instance of his uncle David, who remarked that at all events he wouldn't fall off, the subject of our memoir, who was, of course, burning to distinguish himself, was given the mount.

After jumping the brook, before passing the stand, he was on the inside, and not being able to get *Bandoline* quite round on the turn, cannoned against "Reggie" Herbert on *Comberton*, knocking him clean over the chains, amongst the crowd, fortunately, with no bad results, "Reggie" picking himself up and eventually winning the race.

Needless to say, he was profuse in his apologies, both

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during the race and afterwards; Uncle David insisting on a repetition, in case "Reggie" had not heard him the first time, in the confusion resulting from the fall.

Soon after this he had a winning mount at Hexham on a horse belonging to his lifelong friend Mr. Ned Heron Maxwell, called Billy o' the Glen (late The Owl). The horse had just run at Kelso, where he fell at the brook, The Owl, as he then was, coming what the local reporters termed an "Owler." This horse was the property of a well-known Yorkshireman, since dead, who went "flapping" about all over the country, with much profit to himself.

Mr. Ned Maxwell was most kind in getting and giving his *protégé* mounts on every possible occasion. Newcombe Mason, too, was a very good friend, not only letting him ride "schooling" at Golders Green, but frequently giving him a mount in public. He never gave but one order, and that was "I hope you can win."

"Teddy" Woodlands again, was most encouraging, constantly giving him mounts. On one of them at Croydon, Captain "Wenty" got a very bad fall, his first recollection, when "brought to" by copious drafts of vinegar and water forced down his throat, the effect of which was to make him choke, being shaken violently by Woodlands, and requested to "look sharp," as he had another one for him in the next race. On this noble animal, blindfolded for the occasion, Captain Hope-Johnstone was led to the post, and there the story ended so far as the race was concerned, for the moment the covering was removed from his head, and the flag fell, his mount bolted in the opposite direction.

On the whole, the subject of our memoir was very lucky as regards falls, never being seriously hurt. About the worst he ever got was at Croydon, when, riding a horse of Sir John



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Astley's, he was badly knocked out for the time. Peter Crawshaw, who rode another for the same stable and owner, on hearing somebody ask, who jumped on Hope-Johnstone? remarked, "I'm afraid I did for one."

After riding the Liverpool disappointment *Revirescat* at Birmingham, Captain Hope-Johnstone suggested to Mr. Ned Maxwell that he should give him to his son Johnnie, then in the 14th Hussars, with a view to the Grand Military, for which he thought he had a great chance, a piece of advice which was promptly acted upon, with the best results, the horse, with his old pilot in the saddle, winning the much-coveted prize in the easiest possible manner.

Maunsell Richardson now jumps in with the following amusing experience: "I think it was in 1872 that my friend Ned Maxwell wrote word 'that he had entered a big—very big—and long chestnut horse, called *Revirescat*, in the Hunt Steeplechase at Lincoln, and would I ride him?' When I got in the saddling paddock, I found the biggest horse I ever saw, with the smallest bridle—a tiny snaffle, with the thinnest rein imaginable, which his Scottish groom had bought in the town that morning, *because he thought it looked like racing*.

"Just imagine my feelings seeing this enormous horse—it stood seventeen hands—with a one rein pony snaffle on him and nothing else, to ride over a course made up of ridge and furrow, small fields and trappy fences, with ditches on the take-off side, a narrow road to cross—quite a difficult country in fact. Susan, who had won several races, was favourite, with Tom Spence in the saddle. When I was getting up, several of my friends wanted to know if I was insured, as my mount looked such an underbred hunter.

"Well, off we started, and to my surprise, not to say delight, instead of *Revirescat* going badly over the ridge and furrow, or

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taking any riding in that fearful and wonderful bridle, he went first-rate, and when we got amongst the trappy fences, I left the others, was never caught, and won easily, to the delight of his owner, as the horse, though he had carried him out hunting, had never run before in a steeplechase. He gave me a silver hunting-flask as a souvenir, with *Revirescat* on one side, and a suitable inscription on the other.”

The horse of all others most closely identified with Captain Hope-Johnstone was his old favourite *Champion*, at the time we penned this chapter (1907), twenty-three years old, sound, and free from blemish.

The gallant grey, who was a genuine pet of the public, ran in all ninety-nine times, out of which he won thirty-seven races, was second in thirty-three, and third in eight. He never once refused either racing or schooling. Hunting, oddly enough, never interested him at all. Once or twice he got beaten by jumping too slow, but on many occasions he won by jumping quick.

He was a famous horse to ride, and ran best when left alone and the going was good. At two and a half miles, his owner will tell you, he could safely be backed to beat bad ones with any weight you liked to put on his back.

Keeping his weight down perpetually began at last to tell, and though still devoted to the game, Captain Hope-Johnstone gave up riding in public in 1897.

In 1876 he headed the list of Gentlemen Riders with 45 winning mounts, and in 1877 did better still, with 55 wins out of 114 rides.





MR. HUGH OWEN.

## MR. HUGH OWEN

LIKE his celebrated brother, the much-lamented Major Roddy Owen, the subject of our sketch may be said to have been cradled in the saddle from his very earliest childhood. The eldest son of the late Hugh Darby Owen of Bettws Hall, Montgomeryshire, and Lady Muriel, daughter of the 19th Earl of Shrewsbury, he commenced his riding career at Worcester in the early seventies, his first winning mount, we believe, being on a horse of his own, in a private sweepstakes made up over night, for a two-mile race on the flat; the other two nominators being the late Sir Morgan Crofton and Mr. Reginald Herbert; Rocket, the mount of the last-named gentleman, being backed against the field. Neither, however, had a chance with the new aspirant to riding honours, who coming away at the distance eventually won in the commonest of canters. Since that time until the close of the past century, at which period he practically abandoned race-riding, Mr. Hugh Owen has been perpetually before the public in the saddle, and with conspicuous success, especially on the flat. Though never aspiring to Grand National honours, he rode Earl Marshall into second place for the Sefton Steeplechase at Liverpool.

Mr. Houldsworth's Solicitor; Citizen, belonging to Sir John Lister Kaye; and Thornfield, the property of Mr. Leopold de Rothschild, who with Richard Marsh in the saddle won the Croydon Hurdle race in 1880, and was third in the Grand National later on, were also ridden by him at various times.

Mr. Owen also rode in many a steeplechase and

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hurdle race on the Continent; Baden, Frankfurt, and Aix being all familiar to him.

Thornfield was supposed to possess more than an outside chance for the Grand Steeplechase of Paris, and Mr. Owen much fancied his mount; but owing to a mistake at the start, he went the wrong way about when the flag fell, and was in consequence hopelessly left.

On Mr. Coventry's retirement from the post of official starter to the Jockey Club, Mr. Hugh Owen, acting on that gentleman's suggestion, at once applied for the post, with the success we all know.

He still, however, clung to his old love whenever his duties permitted, and as recently as the spring of 1907 he rode in and won the private sweepstakes at Croxton Park, on Cassiobury Park, a horse of his own, beating a large field, including a hunter owned and ridden by Mr. J. M. Richardson, whose first appearance it was in the once familiar white jacket and blue cap since his victory in the Grand National on Reugny in 1874.

For many years Mr. Hugh Owen had made Melton his headquarters, and it was whilst hunting from there in the spring of last year that he met his death, which, tragic though its suddenness, was perhaps the one of all others he himself would have chosen.





CAPTAIN THE HON. R. J. M. GREVILLE-NUGENT  
("THE LIMB").



## CAPTAIN THE HON. R. J. M. GREVILLE NUGENT

(MR. ST. JAMES)

By the death on Thursday, February 28, 1878, of the Honourable Reginald James Macartney Greville Nugent, familiarly known to his friends as "The Limb," and to the sporting world generally as "Mr. St. James" (the name adopted by him for racing purposes), as the result of a fall from his horse in a selling steeplechase at Sandown Park the previous day, what must otherwise have been a brilliant career in the saddle was prematurely brought to a close. The fourth son of the first Baron Greville, the subject of our sketch was born on November 27, 1848, and in process of time appointed to a commission in the Coldstream Guards, in which regiment he remained until his marriage in 1871 to the Hon. L. M. Yarde-Buller, a daughter of Lord Churston, when he retired from the Service.

In January of the previous year he had been returned as M.P. for Co. Longford, but being unseated on petition in the following April, he made no further attempt to enter Parliament, aspiring rather to honours in the saddle, in which he had been a proficient from his very earliest childhood. Under these circumstances it would have been odd indeed had such a fine natural horseman as "Mr. St. James" failed to make a name for himself sooner or later. And such proved to be the case; it being not too much to say that at the time of his death he had ridden himself, so to speak, into the very foremost rank of the amateur horsemen of his day, there being few amongst their number whose services were in greater request than his.

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At the first meeting ever held at Sandown Park, Captain Greville Nugent was very much in evidence, riding in race after race with more or less success; whilst on the day which was destined to see the last of him in the saddle, he rode in each of the four events preceding that in which he met his death, viz.: the Selling Hurdle Race; the Metropolitan Hunters Flat Race, in which he was third; a Selling Hunters Flat Race; and the Prince of Wales's Steeplechase. In the fifth event, a Selling Handicap Steeplechase, won by Mr. P. Hobson's Swift, he rode a horse called Longford, and on landing over the water came into collision with a spectator who foolishly got in his track.

The result was disastrous in the extreme, Longford and his rider not only coming down with great force, but being jumped upon in addition by the other horses following immediately after. Picked up insensible, Captain Nugent never recovered consciousness, and died the following day.

Curiously enough, Longford, the horse he was riding when the accident occurred, though not injured at the time, either died or was killed not long afterwards.

At one period of his career "The Limb" occupied Melitta Lodge, at the Curragh, where he trained a few horses for himself and friends; and it was whilst in residence there that the following amusing incident occurred.

Matters had not been going quite so smoothly as they ought for some little while, therefore it was that when one evening a well-known military rider rode over by invitation to dinner, a hearty greeting from his host was tempered with a fear that the repast he would sit down to might not be quite up to the mark, for his butcher, poulterer, and fishmonger, having refused to a man to give him "tick," and there being a deplorable absence of "ready" at the moment, there





SIR CLAUDE CHAMPION DE CRESPIGNY, BART.

## Sir Claude Champion de Crespigny, Bart.

was nothing for it but to sally forth and lay violent hands on a green goose from a flock belonging to his neighbour, Dan Moriarty, with the result that the foolish bird in question was at that moment being prepared for their delectation in front of the kitchen fire.

“The goose certainly *was* a bit tough,” remarked his guest with a chuckle, as he recalled this little episode of his riding days for our benefit the other day, “but,” he added, “the stuffing was all right and so was the apple sauce; and as in addition we were both infernally hungry, the poor old Limb and yours truly managed to do ourselves pretty well after all.”

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## SIR CLAUDE CHAMPION DE CRESPIGNY, BART.

A FIGHTING family from time immemorial, it is their cherished boast, and no vain-glorious one either, that the de Crespigny has yet to be found capable of either spelling or understanding the meaning of the word Defeat, and we think, nay, we are sure, that it will be generally admitted that any one of its branches more profoundly ignorant in this respect than the present holder of the baronetcy couldn't ever be found.

As for the elderly sportsman who, equipped with scythe and hour-glass, backs Time on all occasions with such marked success, he has long now ceased to lay against Sir Claude de Crespigny, who, though born as long ago as 1847, and consequently rising sixty-three, as the horse dealers say, thinks no more of riding a horse—probably several—in a gallop in the morning, and winning a steeplechase or two in the afternoon, than would a youngster of twenty—perhaps not so much.

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His sporting adventures in other lands have been so admirably described by himself in a volume replete with interest, published in recent years, that there is no need to enlarge upon them here. Suffice it to say that the subject of our memoir, then an ensign in the 60th Rifles (he had previously served as a midshipman in the Royal Navy), made a successful *début* in the saddle on the 7th May, 1867, by winning the South of Ireland Military Steeplechase on a gray mare named Maid of the Mist, beating Bay Middleton on Lady Grey, another of the same colour.

Since that period Sir Claude has ridden on more than fifty different courses in the United Kingdom, winning over most of them. In addition to this he won the principal steeplechase in British East Africa in 1905, on a horse belonging to Sir Donald Stewart, and the corresponding event in India in the following year.

Of all his successful rides both here and abroad, the one Sir Claude will tell you he sets most store by was the Great Sandown Steeplechase of 1903, which he won on Corr ze, a horse bred and owned by himself, beating a good field of horses, including Primate, ridden by Captain Bewicke, and at that time first favourite for the Grand National.

Later on, at Hawthorn Hill, Corr ze, again ridden by his owner, won the Military Steeplechase, beating, amongst others, Father O'Flynn, who had not long previously won the Grand National.

The latter, who appeared at one time to have the race at his mercy, collapsed so suddenly a short distance from home, that it is quite possible that he hadn't quite recovered from the effects of the Aintree victory. Anyhow, the fact remains that Corr ze won very comfortably at last.

Sir Claude's latest—we won't say last—appearance in the





COLONEL R. F. MEYSEY-THOMPSON.



## Colonel R. F. Meysey-Thompson

saddle was at the Grand Military Meeting at Sandown Park on March 29th of this year, when he rode Tallyrand, belonging to his son, in a two-mile selling steeplechase. The horse fell at the water, but was quickly remounted, his indomitable rider receiving an ovation as he galloped past the stands.

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### COLONEL R. F. MEYSEY-THOMPSON

THE well-known and popular horseman who forms the subject of this chapter, is the second son of the late Sir Harry Meysey-Thompson of Kirby Hall, Yorkshire, and the brother of Lord Knaresborough. After seven years at Eton, where he won several races on the running-path, and the river and in 1865 was first-whip to the Eton Beagles, he joined the Rifle Brigade in 1866. A very small allowance besides the slender pay of an ensign, and without a racing friend to give encouragement in the way of mounts, or riding gallops, did not present a very promising future to an aspiring jockey, but "where there's a will there's a way," so the young rifleman never refused the offer of a mount, no matter how unpromising it might be. To the remonstrance of a friend who tried to caution him against riding such neck-risking brutes, he made a characteristic reply: "No one," quoth he, "is likely to give me good mounts at present, so I must e'en ride what I can get, for I must have practice in public; then when better horses come in my way I shall be able to make the most of them." An argument which, at any rate, showed that his nerve was all right!

His first appearance in a silk jacket was at the Hampshire Hunt Meeting at Waterloo in the Open Hunters' Race, in the

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spring of 1867 when he rode Moorhen, the result of the race being a dead-heat between Balham and Gelert, ridden respectively by the late "Mr. Edwards" and Mr. Bidgood; and two more rides that day against professional jockeys also proved unsuccessful, but he had the consolation of knowing he had made his *début* in really good company.

It was a long time before any "good mounts" in important stakes came in his way; never, indeed, until he had "the leg-up" on Leading Suit in the Grand Military Handicap in 1870 at Aldershot. The race was won by Chaddington, who had recently won the Erdington Plate at Birmingham, and was ridden by his owner, Mr. E. W. Dunn, who also was a rifleman. Aurifera was second, and Leading Suit third. The following day the latter horse, again ridden by Mr. Meysey-Thompson, was returned the winner of the Light Division Steeplechase, and should certainly have secured the Aldershot Cup also, later in the afternoon, but chancing the last fence, when leading by several lengths, the pair rolled over, though both escaped any serious hurt. On the same day Mr. Meysey-Thompson also secured the Infantry Steeplechase on Tilbury Nogo, whose jockey of the previous day objected to ride him again, in consequence of the horse having refused a fence, the counterpart of the present-day "regulation" jump, and then bolted out of the course and galloped down a lane for some distance. The plan Mr. Meysey-Thompson had mapped out for himself of riding in public was beginning to bear good fruit, when two wins were credited to him on one day.

The way in which it so happened that the mounts on Leading Suit—a horse that had run well in the Middle Park Plate when the property of Sir Frederick Johnstone—were offered to Mr. Meysey-Thompson was quite

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an interesting little episode, and may be worth relating : A jockey of some renown had been engaged to ride the horse, and had been on him in some schools, but gradually Leading Suit got master of his rider, latterly refusing to jump for him at all. The little clique connected with the horse were at their wits' end what to do when a suggestion was made to give Mr. Meysey-Thompson a chance of seeing what he could do with the headstrong brute. It had been noticed he owned, and rode with hounds, a queer-tempered five-year-old horse, Kettle-holder, by Kettledrum out of the flying Ellermire ; though the horse might rear or kick or buck as it pleased, the rider ever remained the master, and in the end Kettle-holder had to do his bidding. What could be done with one animal should also be possible with another, was the decision of the stable ; and when Mr. Meysey-Thompson gladly accepted the offer of the mount, and at the same time stipulated he should be allowed to ride the horse in his work, hope once more began to rise in its owner's breast. The first school was earnestly watched by the triumvirate whose fortunes were bound up in the success of the horse. It was a moment of feverish anxiety when Leading Suit whipped round at the first fence, after his wont, and after rearing straight up commenced a series of fly-jumps in the wrong direction ; but a sense of relief followed when the rider rode up to the group, after steadying his mount, and having asked permission to administer punishment to the offender, proceeded to use his whip in vigorous fashion. In vain Leading Suit reared and kicked, for stroke succeeded stroke in rapid succession till the horse, completely cowed, tried at last to make a bolt of it. "I knew he was conquered then," said Mr. Meysey-Thompson afterwards, "and, letting him stride on, I gradually brought him round towards the fence he had been

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refusing, and giving him one more reminder with the whip, he flew the fence in grand fashion, and I took him all round the course without a mistake. From that moment he never gave me any further trouble." The sequel at the Aldershot Meeting has already been related.

Tilbury Nogo, the winner of the Infantry Steeplechase, was again ridden by Mr. Meysey-Thompson at the Aldershot Flat-race Meeting in the summer, and won his race with some ease. Alas! the judge, it was alleged, had been lurching freely and mistook the colours, hoisting the wrong number. In vain he was remonstrated with; he obstinately adhered to his opinion, and describing how the race was run, stated Tilbury Nogo made the running till close home, and then was passed and beaten, the real facts being the other way about! Pressure by senior officers was put on the owner of Tilbury Nogo to give way, "and make no row," which he too good-naturedly did, and as the horse was entered in another race he was once more sent to the post. This time he won more easily than before, but it was unlucky for his jockey the races had not been reversed, for he had backed him in the first race for all he could afford, and had not a penny on him in the second race.

In 1871, after getting fourth in the Grand Military Gold Cup (run that year over the old Windsor course, which is now built over, but where a very formidable jump—a particularly unpleasant one for any one who had the misfortune to fall into it—was the town drain) on the late Major-General Truman's Vauban, military duties gave little further opportunity for race-riding; since immediately after the Grand Military Meeting, Mr. Meysey-Thompson was ordered to go through a course of musketry training at Hythe, and ere that was finished was appointed adjutant of the second Battalion Rifle Brigade.

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The new duties for a time were no sinecure. True to their traditions the Liberal Government had reduced the army to such a degree that when the French and German War suddenly broke out, the ranks of the Rifle Brigade were very attenuated indeed. Recruits by the hundred were therefore hurriedly sought in every quarter, and the business of training them naturally fell on the shoulders of the adjutant; while, to add to the responsibility, amongst the numbers so hurriedly got together were many of bad character, who gradually had to be weeded out. In 1872 manœuvres on a large scale were held for the first time on Salisbury Plain, and to ensure all the young soldiers being up to the standard required of the Rifle Brigade, many hours needed to be spent daily on the drill ground. At the conclusion of the mimic campaign the battalion was sent to Ireland; and the next spring to the Curragh Camp for the summer drills; and hardly had these been finished when war was declared against the Ashantis, and Sir G. Wolseley selected the 2nd Battalion Rifle Brigade to accompany him, although nineteen regiments were above it on the list for active service. The calls on his time, therefore, for a considerable period were far too pressing to allow of race-riding, and it was not till the battalion had returned from the West Coast of Africa in 1874, that Mr. Meysey-Thompson once more had leisure to appear in colours.

Within three weeks of landing in England, however, he won two hurdle races, one on Lord Torphichen's Fiddle, by Kettledrum out of Imperatrice, and the other on his own horse Fortal. The latter was extremely wild and rash, a marvellous jumper, but never to be depended on at any fence, at one time getting too close and then landing into space, and at another, taking off far too soon, and only getting over without a fall—if he happened to be in luck. In the course of the summer it was

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determined to run him at the flat race meeting for the Aldershot Hurdle race, then a coveted race, and a good field came to the post, ridden by the best-known soldier-jockeys of the day—and at that epoch there were many soldiers who could hold their own with the best professional talent. Fortal, as usual, bolted at the start, and obtaining such a long lead, the other jockeys took no notice of him, thinking he was sure to “come back.” They reckoned, however, without their host, for fully understanding his horse’s peculiarities, when they had gained a lead of many lengths, the rider sat quietly down in the saddle, loosened hold of the reins, and spoke coaxingly to Fortal as if he was going to be pulled up. The horse at once slackened speed of his own accord until nearing the next hurdle, when perforce the reins had to be tightened to steady him for the leap, when off he rushed at the same headlong speed, yet managed to negotiate the hurdle in safety. This was very necessary, for the hurdles were firmly fixed, and could not easily have been knocked down. The same tactics being pursued between each hurdle the horse never ran himself out, and before the turn into the straight was reached, it began to dawn on the other jockeys that Fortal was holding his own, and not coming back to them at all. In vain they tried to get on terms with him, for his rider at last had control over him, and was able to steady him up the incline. Captain Knox, 14th Hussars, alone got up to Fortal’s quarters on Cruiskeen, a Punchestown winner, and together they rose at the last hurdle, but the timely pull taken at Fortal enabled him to get away the quickest after landing, and he passed the post an easy winner of what was really a stolen race. After weighing in, a brother rifleman, now a distinguished general, rushed up to the winning jockey and said, “Well done, Dicky old man! I am so glad you won! But who was that idiot racing away in front at first? I could

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not make out who it was, and never saw what became of him." "Oh," replied Mr. Meysey-Thompson with a smile, "it was I who was making the running—only I managed to win after all!" After the meeting was over Fortal was sold for a good sum; but he never won another race, though he passed through several hands, and indeed he never got round a jump course again at all.

In the autumn the Rifle Brigade was ordered to Gibraltar, at a time when racing in Spain had reached a high level under the fostering care of King Asmodeus, and subsequently King Alfonso. Mr. Meysey-Thompson took out with him a little horse he had bought at Middleham, from the jockey George Cooke, which had already won ten races in England, Lackland, by King John out of Gaiety, by Touchstone, bred at Middle Park by the late Mr. Blenkinson. On this horse Mr. Meysey-Thompson won races at Jerez de la Frontera—then the Newmarket of Spain—and at Seville. His successes against the crack professional jockeys at once brought him into notice, and secured him plenty of mounts when he could ride the weight, for even with hard wasting he could not ride less than 9 st. 10 lbs. At every meeting he was constantly in the saddle for the next two years, and at one time or another rode the winner of most of the chief prizes in Spain, the King's Prizes at Jerez de la Frontera and Granada being amongst them.

Amongst the professional jockeys his chief rival was W. Everitt, who had been an apprentice at Epsom, but having broken his indentures and ran away from his master, had first sought refuge in Russia; but when Spanish racing commenced to offer valuable inducements, like many another he sought that El Dorado to mend his fortunes, and became so skilled in his profession that if he had returned to England he would assuredly have become one of the leading jockeys of

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that period. That he had due appreciation of Mr. Meysey-Thompson's capabilities the following anecdote well illustrates:—

“What do you think Everitt said this morning?” Mr. Fenn (who was then the handicapper in Portugal, and had come to Spain in charge of Sr. da Cunha's horses) confided to Mr. Meysey-Thompson on the morning of Cadiz races. “Alfred Wood and Harry Adams were putting their things ready in the jockey's room for this afternoon, and I could hear what they were saying from where I was sitting. Adams remarked, ‘What a lot they talk about Mr. Meysey-Thompson; I'd as soon ride against him as anybody else.’ Everitt was in another part of the room by himself, but he caught the remark, and, looking up, ejaculated, ‘You ride against Mr. Meysey-Thompson! You'd better go to bed!’ And you should have heard the emphasis he put on ‘you.’”

It was at a Cadiz race meeting that the winning of a particular race by Mr. Meysey-Thompson caused such a heated discussion between some excited signors that a duel the next morning between two of them was the outcome of the dispute.

The first race Mr. Meysey-Thompson rode in Spain was the Rifle Brigade Steeplechase, which he won on his own horse, King Cole. Having only Lackland when he arrived, he needed a cheap horse to hunt and hack, and seeing a likely-looking five-year-old country-bred animal which had just brought in a load of straw, he bought it for £18, and, having taught it to jump, entered it in the race, and won. At the subsequent spring meeting he entered it in a selling race, though it had no pretensions to gallop on the flat, with a hope of being able to claim something better. At that period the conditions of selling races did not always provide the winner should be sold by auction, often stating instead that it was liable to be claimed within a quarter of an hour after passing



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the winning-post, and in this case, as those who finished in front of him were dilatory in making their claim before the time limit had expired, he obtained a very useful horse at the entered selling price, £20, and as he sold King Cole for £16, it proved a very good exchange. At this meeting he had the good fortune to be offered the mounts on King George, and won three races on him, including the Omnium, besides being only beaten half a length in a fourth race. King George was an exceedingly idle horse, and, being a first-rate stayer, needed a strong-run race to make the most of his capabilities, which put a great strain upon his rider. Though Mr. Meysey-Thompson never touched him once with either whip or spur, only riding him with his hands, such was the exertion he never lost less than  $\frac{3}{4}$  lb. in weight in any race, and after the final one, was found to be deficient  $1\frac{1}{4}$  lbs. when he weighed in. With reference to the Omnium, it was a curious circumstance that during Mr. Meysey-Thompson's stay at Gibraltar, five Omniums were run; he rode in four of them and won them all, and the same horse, Molinero, was second each time, while on the only occasion Mr. Meysey-Thompson did not ride, Molinero did not run. On two occasions Molinero certainly ought to have won; but his rider threw the race away. It was a condition of the race that no horse might win it twice, though until he won it he might run for it as often as was wished; so Mr. Meysey-Thompson rode a different horse for each of his four wins. Poor Molinero never succeeded in winning it at all.

At the spring meeting of 1876, Molinero, who was very fit, was ridden for the Omnium by G. B. Luxford, one of the best jockeys in Spain, while Colonist, a three-year-old by Chattanooga, was the mount of Mr. Meysey-Thompson; but having developed a "leg" was short of some winding-up gallops. During the

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absence in England of Mr. Meysey-Thompson for a brief period, Colonist had developed a stubborn temper, refusing to gallop for any of the lads, his particular craze being to stop short suddenly, and then spin round and round like a teetotum, the result usually being that the rider quickly found himself unhorsed. After two or three stubborn fights with Mr. Meysey-Thompson, however, the horse became once more amenable, though in the process of being conquered the leg he had been accustomed to use as a pivot became so greatly inflamed that an anxious consultation was held the evening before the race to debate whether the horse was likely to break down when running, or not. After a careful examination, Mr. Meysey-Thompson was of opinion he would just pull through, and as the horse had been heavily backed by his owner, "Mr. Marland," it was decided to let him start. A rumour had got about that Colonist was not thoroughly wound-up, wherefore Luxford very properly forced the pace to find out the weak spot if possible, while Colonist perforce had to be most carefully nursed. When a slight incline was reached half-way through the race, Colonist had begun to feel the pace, and, changing his legs two or three times, dropped back from his bit, so his jockey allowed him to do as he liked, and sat as still as he possibly could. Molinero gained about three lengths, when Luxford, looking back, with future handicaps in his mind, thought Colonist was beaten, and therefore steadied Molinero also, since there was half a mile still to be covered. In a short time they commenced the descent, when Colonist began to stride out more freely again, and gradually reduced the lead of Molinero before Luxford was aware of the approach of danger. Glancing back then, and finding Colonist close to his quarters, he realised the situation at once, and sent Molinero along at his utmost speed. The race had, however, already

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been thrown away, for nursing Colonist to the last moment, Mr. Meysey-Thompson challenged Molinero almost on the post, and coming with one short run, just managed to win in the last few strides. Instead of being satisfied with this, "Mr. Marland" intimated he should run the horse again on the following day, against the advice of all concerned. In vain it was urged the horse would inevitably break down if he ran, and though Mr. Meysey-Thompson went to the owner the following morning, begging him not to run the horse, and again when dressed to ride, "Mr. Marland" was obdurate. Colonist broke down so badly half-way in the race that his jockey was obliged to dismount, and the horse never ran again. If he had had a judicious rest, he would certainly have won, later on, many valuable stakes for which he was entered, the forfeits for which had now to be paid instead, so "Mr. Marland" suffered severely for his want of judgment.

Mail Train won a maiden race under Mr. Meysey-Thompson's guidance, for which he would have had no chance if the race had been truly run. The horse was reputed a confirmed bolter, usually running out at the first turn after the start, and consequently was bought by Mr. Meysey-Thompson at a low price. As the evil habit was well known, directly the flag dropped the other jockeys pulled back their horses to a steady pace, allowing Mail Train to stride away in front, hoping he would bolt when a turn was reached opposite the point where the horses left the course to go home. A scheme had been planned, however, unbeknown to the others, and at this corner, but outside the race track, a horse Pino was stationed, with whom Mail Train was accustomed to do his gallops. The moment the latter saw his comrade he pricked up his ears, and when he had arrived within three or four lengths, Pino was started outside the course, as if it was an ordinary

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exercise gallop they were engaged in, Mail Train following his leader quite contentedly. The trap that had been laid was quickly perceived by the other jockeys; but Mail Train had too much start to be overhauled, and though when the crowd near the winning-post was reached, Pino was no more seen, Mail Train never offered to swerve, and won the race with the greatest ease, though subsequent running showed his form was much below that of some of the competitors. In their annoyance at having been outwitted, the others sought grounds for an objection; but no rule of racing had been broken, and reflection soon showed they must grin and bear it. Moreover, Mail Train turned over a new leaf from that day, and this win proved the precursor of many others.

In 1876 another stolen race was ridden on Plenipo, when he won a mile race, the Spanish Handicap, carrying the extreme weight of 13 st. 7 lbs. Two light-weights forced the pace from the start, thinking to make the great burthen tell which was carried by Plenipo; but his jockey, quickly perceiving they were going too fast to last, and must run themselves to a standstill, kept his attention fixed on two dangerous competitors, Bonito, 10 st. 9 lbs., and Gladiator, 10 st. 1 lb., the latter of whom was ridden by Luxford. The jockeys of these committed the fatal error of not lying up with the horse they were afraid of—a fault which is so often seen, which was glaringly in evidence at the last September Doncaster Meeting (1908), committed by one of the chief jockeys in a very great race. Instead, they contented themselves with following several lengths behind, thereby allowing Mr. Meysey-Thompson to keep Plenipo galloping well within himself—an opportunity he quickly availed himself of. The ground was very hard, and, unable to see the horses behind, the only way Plenipo's jockey could tell what they were doing was to listen to the

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cadence of the footfalls; as soon as the sounds appeared to come quicker, when nearly half the race had been run, he concluded that the jockeys behind were endeavouring to creep up to him (which Luxford afterwards admitted was indeed the case), so, calling instantly upon Plenipo to do his best, although yet more than half a mile from the winning-post, he turned the race into a short sprint, with the advantage of some twenty yards start. On entering the straight run-in, Plenipo's rider noticed the track was much cut up alongside the inside rails, while a foot-trod, made by workmen passing that way, offered a firm path near the opposite side; so, to afford his horse every assistance, he gradually diverged thereto. Inch by inch Gladiator gained on the leader, who was running his race out with the greatest gameness, though palpably tiring, so that his rider dare do nothing but sit as still as he possibly could, and conserve the horse's failing strength for a final spurt. Gladiator at length reached the quarters of Plenipo, and then, watched with painful anxiety by the leader's jockey, crept slowly up until his nose was level with Mr. Meysey-Thompson's knee, when the latter, not daring to lose the little advantage he still held, called on Plenipo for the final effort, and the horse, answering gallantly, they held their own to the end, to win by a short head. It was the race of Plenipo's career, highly successful as that was.

As time went on and his reputation increased, owners everywhere sought to avail themselves of Mr. Meysey-Thompson's services, when he could ride the weight, and capable professional jockeys willingly stood down in order that he might ride. At the Summer Meeting at Granada, 1876, a group of jockeys were sitting at a table at dinner, in the glorious moonlit garden of the hotel, the night before the races, when Don T. Heredia came up, and, mentioning he was in

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want of a jockey to ride the next day for the Premie de las Señoras, asked if any of them were disengaged, at the same time looking towards Mr. Meysey-Thompson. "I can ride, if you like," he replied, "and in the King's Prize too, if you want a jockey." "I am sorry," answered Sr. Heredia; "I only want one for the Ladies' Plate, as I have engaged Garcia for the King's Prize, though I would much rather you rode." "All right," said Mr. Meysey-Thompson; "you cannot have a better jockey than Garcia." And then Mr. Heredia turned and went away. In a few minutes he came back, and, motioning to Mr. Meysey-Thompson to come to him, said, "I have just seen Garcia, and he says he is perfectly willing to give up the mount to you, though he would not do so to any other jockey in Spain. I am to pay him, win or lose, as if he was riding himself, so I hope you will also ride for me in the King's Prize." Now, ere the advent of Everitt, whose star had not yet shone, Garcia was the crack professional jockey of the Peninsula, so it was no small compliment his being willing to stand down in favour of an *aficionado*, or "gentleman rider."

He had long been attached to Count Lagrange's stable in France, and came to Newmarket with the horses when Gladiateur was brought over to win the Derby and Ascot Cup; but he was now middle-aged, and had felt a longing to return to his native Spain, where he turned to good account the lessons he had learned abroad.

The day of the races proved an eventful one. In the King's Prize, the mount of Mr. Meysey-Thompson, Plenipo, was fairly tailed off by the pace, and all that could be done was to sit still and trust to the others coming back, which they did not begin to do till two-thirds of the distance had been covered. Then his jockey thought it was time to try and look for his race, and, calling on Plenipo, they gradually worked their way

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through the now tiring field, until, when they reached the run-in, only one horse was left in front. What had made the task more hazardous was that the dust rose so thickly nothing could be seen below the hocks of the horses, and in threading a way through the competitors there was imminent danger of striking into the heels of one or another and getting a fall. Gradually creeping up to the leader, Plenipo was level with it about a hundred yards from home, when he was steadied for a few strides, and then a supreme effort landed him the winner of a fine race. Wildly excited, Garcia rushed up to Mr. Meysey-Thompson as he was returning to weigh in, and, seizing the bridle, shook the rider's hand, as he exclaimed, "Well done, sir! well done, sir! I should not have won that race myself."

An hour afterwards the same pair turned out for the *Premie de las Señoras* against a field of fresh horses, and, curiously, the race was a replica of the first one. Again Plenipo was tailed off in the early part of the race. Again he worked his way through the others, and had only the leader before him when the straight was reached. Again the two horses were level in sufficient time for Mr. Meysey-Thompson to drop his hands and steady Plenipo for a few strides. And again he won on the very post. After weighing in, Mr. Meysey-Thompson threw his coat over his shoulders, fastening the sleeves round his neck, and retired under an archway of the Grand Stand to obtain a little shade from the heat of a June sun. In a few minutes a number of Spanish Dons, attired in frock-coats and tall hats, began to leave the stand of the Jockey Club and advance in the direction of the heated jockey; so he, not wishing to be seen in his melting condition, fell back to a small yard where the stabling was situated. He was followed there by the others, and on reaching him the foremost took off his

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hat, and, holding out his hand, said, in English, with a little bow, "We are the Spanish Jockey Club. We wish to shake hands with the English Jockey." And suiting the action to the words, was followed in succession by each of the others. There were just thirty of them!

At the subsequent meeting at Seville, Mr. Meysey-Thompson won the Duke of Montpensier's Prize, which was run over hurdles; and most formidable fences they were, being four feet six inches high, with double top-rails, between the bars of which broom was drawn. The broom towered so high that the horses had to brush through it like a bullfinch, and, moreover, the hurdles were strongly made, and so firmly fixed they could not be knocked down, if they did not break. Nothing had a chance except it was a first-rate fencer, but Plenipo once more gallantly carried Mr. Meysey-Thompson to victory, Everitt being second on Mr. Davies's Marmion.

*Autre pays autres mœurs*; and at one of the Seville meetings a curious occurrence took place. The Seville Meeting followed one at Cadiz; but in consequence of stress of weather the races at the latter were delayed, so the jockeys, after riding at Cadiz, had to leave, together with their friends, immediately after the last race, and travel through the night to be in time for the Seville Meeting the next day. Mr. Meysey-Thompson's party had engaged rooms for sixteen at one of the hotels, and on their arrival at the town at half-past 2 a.m. congratulated themselves their lodgings had been secured; but great was their dismay, on arriving at their destination, to find sixteen beds prepared alongside in one large room, without any screen whatever between them, which were expected to be occupied by married couples, unmarried young ladies, and young men. The bachelors were promptly turned out to go and find what quarters they could, which was rather trying in a foreign city



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after a hard day's race-riding and a subsequent long, tiring railway journey. The landlord thought Los Ingleses were most strangely particular !

That season at the Cadiz August Races, the excellent trainer-jockey of Don José de la Sierra, Zammit, made way for Mr. Meysey-Thompson to ride Petit Verre in a race, which he won ; and then at the October meeting at Jerez de la Frontera, Everitt, who had come with a bound to the head of the professional jockeys, begged Mr. Davies to allow Mr. Meysey-Thompson to ride the great horse Lucero in his stead, saying there was so much weight to be given away he did not think he could do the horse justice. At Cadiz in the following spring, Adolpho, the trainer of Mr. Schott's horses, an excellent jockey, came to Mr. Meysey-Thompson and asked him to ride Riff for the Duke of Montpensier's Cup ; for, when riding the horse at exercise on the course, he had bolted twice when they passed the track by which they came on to the course, and he felt sure he would do the same in the race, as he was not strong enough to hold him. The mount was therefore taken by Mr. Meysey-Thompson, and, sure enough, he had all his work cut out to get Riff round the corner, opposite the way home. Once straightened, however, the horse ran gamely enough, though there was not time to reach Everitt on Trovador, who, fully alive to the situation, had been making the best of his way home during the tussle between Riff and his jockey, and finally won by half a length, Riff being second. At the subsequent Spring Meeting at Jerez de la Frontera, Mr. Meysey-Thompson was requested to ride Petit Verre in a mile race for Don José de la Sierra, at the wish of his own jockey, G. Last (who had now succeeded Zammit as trainer), the race appearing rather a forlorn hope for the horse, which was running out of its distance, staying being its *forte*,

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and not speed. Petit Verre was quickly outpaced, so it was necessary to sit down and "drive" him almost from the very start. Gradually one horse was reached and passed, and then another, the jockey never ceasing his efforts, until at length the neck of the leader was reached a short distance only from the winning-post. Dropping his hands for a few strides, Mr. Meysey-Thompson carefully balanced Petit Verre, and, coming again when close home, won the race by half a length. George Last hurried up to lead the horse in, and was profuse with his congratulations. "Well done, sir!" he ejaculated, beaming with satisfaction. "You rode that race better than I could have done."

This was the last of Mr. Meysey-Thompson's winning mounts in Spain. The severe wasting he had to undergo to keep to flat-racing weights gave his enemy a chance—malaria contracted in the Ashanti War. By the advice of his doctor, he returned home to England, there to wrestle with the illness which haunted him for twelve more years, and which practically closed his career as a jockey, for it was very seldom he was able afterwards to get into a racing saddle between the intervals of malarial attacks. It was a bitter blow to have to send in his various jackets; for at that time, besides his own stable, he was first jockey to "Mr. Marland," Mr. Larios, Mr. W. Garvey, and Don Thomas Heredia, who possessed some of the best racehorses in Spain, and who reverted again to professional jockeys after the departure of Mr. Meysey-Thompson. At any rate, he could look back upon a satisfactory average of wins, having ridden 122 races, and won 40, his record being—

First.	Second.	Third.	Unplaced.	Total.
40	34	14	34	122

while in 1876 the only jockey who headed him in winning

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mounts in the Peninsula was W. Everitt, whose light weight gave him many additional chances.

Two years afterwards, when waiting to mount for a race at Sandown Park, Mr. Meysey-Thompson heard a low voice say behind him, "The best jockey who ever rode in Spain;" and, turning quickly round, saw Mr. Oliviera Davies—the secretary of the races at Jerez de la Frontera, and brother of the famous owner, Mr. Henry Davies, the employer of W. Everitt—gazing at him, together with a friend, but not intending his remark to be overheard.

Going to Dublin in 1878 as A.D.C. to Major-General Sir Julius Glyn, who commanded the Dublin district, Mr. Meysey-Thompson purchased as chargers two highly bred young horses, which had never been trained, and at once began to prepare them for racing. Though illness caused him to go from Ireland for a while, he was able to leave them in the charge of a man who had been with him all the time in Spain, so the animals were in capable hands, while the famous Alan McDonough gladly kept an eye upon them in their work. The horses were trained in the Phoenix Park, and great was the amusement at the Curragh when it was reported that a staff officer in Dublin was training his own horses, and actually intended to run them at the Curragh, and ride them himself. Before the races took place the Dublin staff moved to the Curragh for the drill season, so the two horses finished their preparation on that famous turf. By way of bravado, the day before they ran Mr. Meysey-Thompson rode them both at a short Field Day, riding one during the preliminary drill, and the other in the march past. The next day when at the post on La Marchesa for a five-furlong race, there was a false start, and the starter called to the jockeys to come back. All pulled up and wended their way towards the starter except one—which it afterwards

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transpired had been backed by the starter—when suddenly the latter dropped his flag, and gave the word to “go,” the leader being then several lengths in front. Every one was taken by surprise, and for a second it seemed useless to try to win the race, but then Mr. Meysey-Thompson reflected that his mare had won her trial, and knew she possessed a fine turn of speed. Riding a patient race, for he noticed the jockey who had been favoured, elated by his good fortune, was driving his mount along at its utmost pace, Mr. Meysey-Thompson trusted to his coming back, and felt confident he would overhaul him in due time. Before long the other horse’s stride began to shorten, and gradually getting up, Mr. Meysey-Thompson proceeded to force the running with La Marchesa, lest the other should get a pull and come again. The tactics answered, and the mare won with ease. So far so good, but now came the turn of the other, for two miles over the Queen’s Plate course. When taking his place for the start, Mr. Meysey-Thompson saw they were only a few lengths from a sharp turn to the right, so in order to ease the angle he moved well away to the left of the others, expecting them to follow his example. Instead, they shouted to him to join them, whereupon they received a reply he should stay where he was. “Let the fool start where he likes,” was a courteous remark from one of the jockeys to the starter, which fell upon his ears, and thereupon the flag was dropped without more ado, and the race commenced. From long practice on the circular courses in Spain, Mr. Meysey-Thompson was familiar with every way of making the most of a corner, and jumping quickly off raced Elmina at her utmost speed to the easy angle that was now presented, whilst the other jockeys had to hold their horses hard to get round without slipping up. “I knew you were perfectly right,” the late Mr. W. B. Morris confided to him afterwards, “and would

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have joined you, only I did not like to do so when the others were so set against it." The result of the manœuvre was that Elmina gained an advantage of two or three lengths round the turn, which Mr. Meysey-Thompson made the most of, until the others, annoyed at their mistake, drove their horses along until they had caught him up, which was not for some distance. Instead of then steadying their mounts the rest of the competitors went on racing against each other, and as Mr. Meysey-Thompson had no intention of doing the same, he was soon last of all. When about half the distance had been covered there was a dip in the track, and just before commencing the decline Mr. Meysey-Thompson began to wonder whether it was yet time to try and reach the leaders, but glancing at the stand far away on the right, it looked still such a distance off, he decided to wait a little longer. Directly afterwards he reached the nearest horse, which was already beaten, whose jockey exclaimed, as he was being passed, "I think you and I had better pull up." But Mr. Meysey-Thompson had already noted the foremost horses were faltering, while a steep ascent was coming; so, merely glancing at the rider who had just spoken, he remarked, "I do not know what you are going to do, but I am going to win this race." At that moment they were passing a certain post, while the horses in front were crossing a tan gallop in the bottom; so, measuring the distance afterwards to find out how far he was behind at that time, Mr. Meysey-Thompson found it to be just forty yards. However, before the leading horses had gained the top of the ascent, they tired so much that Elmina was at their quarters, and then, taking up the running, won in a canter. After passing the scales the winning jockey sat upon a table while he watched the others weigh in, when the one who accosted him during the race, who was also the one who had made the remark at the starting-post, came

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bustling up and eagerly asked, "Did you win that race?" "Yes," replied Mr. Meysey-Thompson; whereupon the other gave his thigh a resounding smack with his hand, and ejaculating, "Well, I am d——d!" turned round and hurried out as fast as he came in.

The Curragh was fairly bewildered at the turn of events, and did not know what to make of it.

During his residence in Dublin, his old friend and occasional employer, Don José de la Sierra, came on a visit, and was asked by a mutual friend what had been the strong point of Mr. Meysey-Thompson's riding in Spain, when he at once answered, "His judgment of pace. No one could touch him at that, though in other respects we have other jockeys quite as good." This quality was to serve its owner yet further, two most notable instances being at Cork Park, and again subsequently at Thirsk. Alan McDonough was keen to run Elmina for a steeplechase after her performance at the Curragh, for she had been lunged and ridden over a few fences, and promised to be a bold and active jumper. She was accordingly entered at Cork Park, and taken to practise over a few fences near Ashtown Gate, where Mr. McDonough then followed the profession of horse-dealer. There were but three jumps, over which Elmina was sent several times, occasionally led by Alan McDonough himself, on one of his hunters. Declaring the mare knew quite enough to negotiate the Cork Park steeplechase course, Alan backed her for £5—which sum he was very near losing. Jumping in public is a different thing to following an old hunter over three easy fences, and Elmina, though doing her best, jumped too high at first, thereby losing ground each time. Just as she began to warm to her work, the field of horses took a big bank on the far-side of the course, when a horse close in front on the right gave a kick back, and

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striking a huge piece of gorse, tore it from its place, sending it rolling over and over in front of Elmina. There was nothing to be done except to trust to luck, and Elmina, putting back her ears, charged it like a bullfinch, but not being able to see the bank caught the top of it with her knees, and very nearly had a fall. She went right on to her head, even the back of her neck behind her ears being plastered with mud, but recovered herself in a wonderful fashion, and as the rider kept his seat, they were quickly racing away again after the others. Round the bottom turn was a row of hurdles—stack-bars with a few sprigs of gorse drawn through them, as was then the fashion, and without attempting to jump, Elmina crashed through, sending the splinters flying in every direction. The mare had now got her blood thoroughly up, and jumping the remaining fences in gallant style her speed told in the run in, and she won as she liked. Poor Elmina, however, had run her last race, her fate being a sad one. A thousand guineas were offered for her in vain that night, and finally she was duly leased for a year for five hundred pounds. Three weeks afterwards, when running for the first time for her new owner, in a flat race at The Maze, she smashed a front fetlock into atoms, and, the case being hopeless, she had to be shot.

After returning from Cork Park, an amusing incident took place one day, during a ride in Phoenix Park. Alan McDonough had several times proposed to Mr. Meysey-Thompson that he should come out for a ride with him, and try one of his hunters, and an appointment to do so was accordingly made. As they were returning home the old man suddenly suggested a short "finish" by way of amusement; then pointing to a tree about three hundred yards away, and saying, "We'll make that the winning-post," in almost the same breath he shouted "Go," and set his horse off at his best pace. Taken by surprise, so

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quickly had the proposal been put before him, Mr. Meysey-Thompson was unprepared, and not in balance with his horse, who, quite ready for such a frisk, started off with his companion. Mr. McDonough was hard at his horse with hands and heels, and shouted to his rival, "Why do you not begin? We shall be there directly! You will be too late!" "All right," replied the other, "I am coming now." For having got his horse balanced under him, he was rapidly catching his opponent, although not yet moving in a set-to. With a hasty glance as the horses became level, Mr. McDonough redoubled his efforts, rather to the amusement of the other, who then challenged in earnest and shot forward a full length to the good. After pulling the winner up, the victor turned back to his friend, and was amazed to see the change in his demeanour. With a solemn face Mr. McDonough ejaculated in grave tones, "I had no idea you could ride like that! I should never have had any chance against you, for finishing was always my weak point!" Then he added, "There is not a jockey in Ireland to-day who could beat you at that game. Shure I know them all!" and proceeded to mention the names of one jockey after another, discounting their chance of beating his late rival. Though Mr. Meysey-Thompson soon dismissed the incident from his mind he was not allowed to forget it, for Mr. McDonough recounted the story so often, many inquiries were made if the gallop had really taken place. It appeared the old gentleman was in the habit of amusing himself by thus testing the capabilities of his friends, though, knowing the merits of his horses, he generally took care to be on the one he considered the fastest. His surprise was great, therefore, when the animal he considered the slowest beat his own mount quite easily. Grand horseman as he was, he had never mastered the art of "finishing," and was so energetic he hindered his horse rather than helped him.



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The next spring Mr. Meysey-Thompson got a crushing fall when riding his own horse, Mainspring, at Baldoyle, in a three-mile race. The latter had belonged to Mr. Moses Taylor, and been trained by Mr. Garrett Moore, who afterwards told his new owner he quite expected Mainspring would fall, as he was always "stone-cold" after two miles. The horse was well up with the leaders for just this distance, and then kicked back at a gorse fence in front of a wide deep ditch, when, getting no purchase with his hind feet, he turned a complete summersault, throwing his jockey on to his head. As the latter lay perfectly still, on his back, the crowd which promptly gathered round, made up its mind that he had been killed, so to make assurance doubly sure, one of the more venturesome stepped forward, and put his finger into the victim's eye, to see whether this would cause any movement. As it failed to do so the crowd were satisfied the accident had been a fatal one, and felt they had seen something really worth coming for.

The damp climate of Ireland was not suitable to a sufferer from malaria, and constant attacks prevented many appearances in a silk jacket. He was fortunate in his mounts, when well enough to ride, winning another race at the Curragh—his record there was three wins and one second out of five mounts—and he also won two races on the flat at Baldoyle on the same afternoon, besides a few others at various meetings; but the doctors at last insisted on his going to a more bracing climate, and a culminating bout of illness not only drove him to the South of France to recuperate, but also necessitated his resigning his commission in the Army. It was the more provoking, as he had got a few useful horses together, which had just won the Conyngham Cup and Grand Military Hunters' Race at Punchestown, the Dunboyne Plate at Fairyhouse, and the Oriental Stakes at Sandown; while one which had not yet

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started, Honeycomb, afterwards won twenty-four races. Two years afterwards he was sufficiently recovered to again purchase a couple of horses, and with Monkshood won the Grand National Hunters' Steeplechase, run that year at Derby (1887). The other horse was as nearly as possible the equal of Monkshood at home, but would not reproduce in public the form he possessed, running constantly second at Sandown and other meetings when he could have won, though he had been ridden by Captain E. R. Owen, Mr. C. Cunningham, and other first-rate jockeys. Eventually, Outlaw was entered for the Cup at Thirsk, and Mr. Meysey-Thompson determined to ride him himself, although he had had a bad fall in a concealed hole, when hunting on the moors above Scarborough only five weeks previously, and broke three of his ribs. The bandages, indeed, had not yet been removed. In the race Outlaw from the very start would not try to keep with the other horses, and the Ring began to offer 100 to 1 against his chance. He was soon so far behind that his jockey, seeing humouring was no good, determined to try what a free application of the whip would effect. A few smart strokes made a wonderful difference in the mode of the mulish brute, and he was quickly at the heels of the rearmost horses, so continuing to threaten him with the whip, Mr. Meysey-Thompson succeeded in turning into the straight with only two horses left in front. Such a lead had they, however, that when the late Mr. Egremont Lascelles, who was on his way to the station, inquired of his companion and trainer, the late Charles Lund, whether Outlaw yet had any chance, the answer was, "None whatever."

Outlaw, running still under the influence of the whip, with which he was threatened each stride, gradually closed with the leaders, and about a hundred yards from the stand drew level with Blue Black, who, ridden by "Mr. Abington," was a hot

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favourite. The latter, thinking he was easily winning, was keeping his horse a neck in front of Diana, who was on the rails, and his attention was so concentrated he never observed the approach of Outlaw until he was alongside, when he became so flustered he got out of balance with his horse. This gave Mr. Meysey-Thompson an opportunity of steadying Outlaw, who had been ridden hard for more than half a mile; then, watching "Mr. Abington" very closely, as soon as he saw he was getting on terms again with his horse, Mr. Meysey-Thompson got the first run, and won the race by a neck.

"Which of us won?" asked "Mr. Abington," as they were pulling up their horses. "Oh, I did," replied Mr. Meysey-Thompson, who had accurately gauged the race, and the next moment the numbers went up, and confirmed his observation. Mrs. Meysey-Thompson had hurried to the entrance-gate of the paddock in order to lead the winner to the weighing-room, and on this being noticed some one shouted, "Three cheers for the trainer," which request was most heartily responded to. When the horses were passing the crowd between the distance-post and the stand the first time—and Outlaw was already well behind—the voice of an excited spectator reached Mr. Meysey-Thompson as he passed, "Go on, Mr. Thompson; I've backed you." The next time when they passed, and Outlaw, Blue Black, and Diana were closely fighting out the battle, the same voice rose almost to a shriek in its excitement, reiterating the former cry, "Go on, Mr. Thompson; I've backed you," which rung in his ears for many a long day afterwards. With the broken ribs scarcely mended, and consequent want of condition, it was not to be wondered that such a long punishing finish told severely on the rider, and he nearly collapsed after passing the scales. An amusing episode occurred on the day following at a luncheon party at the house

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of a neighbouring friend. A well-known owner, who had just been introduced to Mr. Meysey-Thompson, inquired if he was the owner of Outlaw, and then congratulated him on having won the day before, adding, "Ah, you may thank your jockey for winning that race." As every one supposed the speaker was aware who the jockey had been, a thrill of surprise was so evident Mr. F. added with emphasis, "Well, it *was* the jockey who won it, and not the horse!" At this remark laughter became so general one of the party interposed, "Why, he rode the horse himself!" whereupon the other turned away covered with confusion. A further flattering compliment was then paid by the late Major T. Sowerby, an enthusiastic amateur, who had also ridden in the race. Entering the room at that moment, he came up to Mr. Meysey-Thompson and congratulated him, adding, "I would gladly give a thousand pounds to have ridden the race you did yesterday." Poor fellow; shortly afterwards he was killed by a tame stag in his own park.

Mr. Meysey-Thompson's racing career was now finished, and this was his last winning ride, twenty years after he first wore silk at the Waterloo meeting in 1867. A few years afterwards he was returning from a fishing expedition to Ireland, when a stranger got into his carriage at Bangor, and presently Mr. Meysey-Thompson, who was reading the newspaper, began to be aware he was being watched, so looked up. The new-comer, who did not divulge his name, inquired rather excitedly, "Are you not Mr. Meysey-Thompson, the jockey?" and on receiving a reply in the affirmative, went on, "I am so glad to meet you. I used to follow you all over to back your mounts. I have often crossed from England to Ireland and back to do so after you came from Spain, but my difficulty was to find out when you were going to ride."

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He was then informed what a trouble the malaria had been, and how that was the cause of the sparse appearances in the saddle in later years, which was the more regrettable, since he had thereby seldom been able to ride the good horses he latterly had the fortune to possess.

It has been mentioned above how much weight may be lost in the course of a hard race, but it is equally curious how small an amount of food may put on weight after wasting, in an almost incredible short time. Mr. Meysey-Thompson's ordinary weight when stripped was 10 st. 5 lbs. or 6 lbs., and on the 20th of October, 1876, he rode Malagueno, 10 st., for the Grand Military Race at Gibraltar. He had three other horses to ride that day, Lady Elizabeth, for the St. George's Plate, 13 st. 9 lbs. (which he won), Ducali, 10 st. 7 lbs., for the Barb Stakes, and Plenipo, 13 st. 7 lbs., for the Spanish Handicap (which he also won), so he ventured to take a little food after the first race was over, as the remaining weights allowed him to do so; but though he had just weighed in 10 st. with his saddle, when he weighed out for Ducali for the Barb Stakes his own weight had gone up to 10 st. 4 lbs. He rode both races in a  $2\frac{1}{2}$ -lb. saddle, and thinking he would require about 5 lbs. of dead weight to make up the impost for Ducali, brought some leads accordingly. However, the weight-cloth alone proved more than sufficient. In the interim between the two races he had ridden Lady Elizabeth, but it was an easy win, and had taken nothing out of him, while the great weight of 13 st. 9 lbs. had enabled him to ride in a large hunting saddle, besides carrying a quantity of lead, so any difference in bodily weight was easily overlooked when weighing for that race.

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### THE MARQUIS OF CHOLMONDELEY.

AN adept in the saddle from his earliest childhood, and with a natural genius for galloping and jumping over a country, what more natural than that the subject of our memoir—the popular “Rock” of his salad days—should at an early stage of his career be fired with a laudable ambition to earn the same distinction in a racing-jacket that had already been his when wearing a red coat.

Accordingly, in 1879, we find him sporting silk for the first time in a private sweepstakes at Lichfield, against Lord Shrewsbury and Captain Harry Brocklehurst, at catch weights on 12 st., each rider only allowed to give £25 for the animal he rode. As a result Lord Rocksavage—as he then was—carrying 16 lbs. overweight, was second.

He did not appear in public again until 1887, at Bangor, where, riding a 15-st. hunter, called Catechism, he had bought from the late Lord Waterford, he finished fourth for a three-mile steeplechase sweepstakes. The week after, a bad fall from his hack, who fell with and rolled over his rider on the road, with the result that he nearly lost his life, kept him out of the saddle for a long while.

In the autumn of that year Lord Rocksavage went to live at Wroughton, in Wiltshire, where he had a few horses in training, and in the following spring, having got his weight, which, during his illness, had increased to 13 st. 7 lbs., in what he terms his “Birthday” suit, down to a considerable extent, went in for race-riding on a more extended scale.

Commencing at Ludlow, he scored at the first attempt by winning the two-mile Hunters’ Flat Race on High Art, carrying



THE MARQUIS OF CHOLMONDELEY.





## The Marquis of Cholmondeley

12 st. 2 lbs., by half a length, after a tremendous race with "Roddy" Owen and Captain Fisher (now Colonel Fisher-Childe). Soon afterwards he won again at Aldershot on the same horse, beating a hot favourite ridden by "Mr. Abington."

On this occasion Lord Cholmondeley had to ride in a saddle weighing only a pound and one ounce, pad included; the same being beautifully made, or, needless to say, he could not have carried the weight. At Stockbridge and Kempton he won two races on Mon Roi. On the last-named occasion there were only two runners, and Mon Roi was beaten everywhere until 100 yards from the post, when seconding a brilliant effort on the part of his rider, he got up and won by a neck.

Mon Roi was a useful horse, and could carry weight well, but a difficult one to ride. Wait with him and come with one run, and he would do his best, but would not do it twice to please anybody.

Lord Cholmondeley once entered him in two races at Liverpool, on both of which he thought he had a good chance. Unfortunately they had made some new ground at the bottom turn, which, owing to the recent wet weather, was nothing better than a bog. Mon Roi got stuck in this, and, to the annoyance of his rider, who had £900 on him, could only get third.

Mon Roi's second attempt is thus described by Lord Cholmondeley :—

"Arthur Coventry, who was starting, told me that there was a bit of sound going close to the rails, so I went down to look at it, and in the race the next day, I got my horse on this, with the result that we won very cleverly. I had a very warm reception from the public, and if it had not been for the iron railings, in all probability, I should have received a still warmer one. Of course they did not know what had happened the

## Gentlemen Riders

first time. I backed Mon Roi again for £900, and he started at 4 to 1. So that was all right.

“At the station, I remember, one irate gentleman shook his fist at me and called me a very odd name, but he ran away so quickly that I had no time to ask him what it meant.”

In the same year Lord Cholmondeley won the Final Plate at Manchester (then a gentleman rider's race), on a little horse called Mervyn, bred and trained in Ireland, who started at a nice price.

Owing to his weight being prohibitive, he rode but seldom in races over a country. He won two, however, on the same day, once on Father O'Flynn, and on Aintree, respectively, and was second in two steeplechases on the same horses at the Beaufort Hunt meeting the day before.

Father O'Flynn is thus described by Lord Cholmondeley: “He was a lovely little horse to ride! Such a jumper! I never saw a better. I don't think he ever fell in a race, and he ran over every sort of course. I taught him to jump at my place in Cheshire, but could not get him over anything till I put blinkers on him, he was so very tricky.”

Weasel was a useful horse on whom Lord Cholmondeley won several Hunters' races on the flat, including one at Croxton Park, where the money was put down freely; and at Derby he had a real good race on a horse called Oak.

“I had worked very hard to do the weight” (says Lord Cholmondeley), “and only did it in a 1 lb. saddle, so I thought I was fairly entitled to keep the business to myself, particularly as I had got a small ‘parcel’ on S.P. We won quite comfortably, and the horse was sold after the race. A very delicate animal, we only got him ready for the one race, and I don't think he ever won another.”

Another good performance of his was in a five-furlong race





MAJOR W. B. MORRIS.

## Major W. B. Morris

at Stockbridge, on a mare called Sulks, belonging to Mr. Dugdale, when he won by a neck from the favourite.

“The last winner I rode” (writes Lord Cholmondeley) “was at Lewes, in 1898, on Maltravers, belonging to the late General Owen Williams. A very comfortable ride, and I won as I liked. A pretty good thing—I shouldn’t mind winning another like it. I was too heavy, and began riding too late in life to do much good in it. Still, it was real good fun, and I should like to have it all over again.”

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## MAJOR W. B. MORRIS

ONE of the best, as he was certainly one of the most popular of military riders at the time when he was in the saddle, was Major W. B. Morris, whose sad death from a fall from his horse when hunting with the Cheshire hounds on February 20, 1890, was a source of genuine grief to his many friends both in and out of the Service.

The fourth son of the late John Grant Morris, Esq., of Allerton Priory, Woolton, the subject of our memoir was born January 23, 1853, and received his education at Harrow and Sandhurst, being gazetted to the 7th Q.O. Hussars on April 13, 1872, in which distinguished regiment he saw service both in South Africa and Egypt in 1881 and 1882.

Devoted to horses and riding from his earliest childhood, on joining the Seventh, he lost no time in perfecting himself in the art of race-riding in which it was the ambition of his life to excel.

In this respect he was in luck’s way in having a most

## Gentlemen Riders

sympathetic tutor in the shape of his brother officer, Captain "Wenty" Hope-Johnstone, one of the finest cross-country horsemen of his day both in the Army and out of it, and who later on became his brother-in-law, to whose invaluable help and advice he always declared himself indebted for his ultimate success in the saddle.

How painstaking a pupil he proved is best described in his mentor's own words :—

"When Willie Morris joined the 7th Hussars," says Captain Hope-Johnstone, "he was devoted to horses and riding, and by studying the whole thing and keeping at it, he soon became a perfect jockey ; and as he was a nice weight, had good hands, and was kind to the horses, he was in great demand."

Of his numerous victories all over the United Kingdom, the most important were the Irish Grand Military on Witch Hazel at Punchestown in 1879, the Grand Military Hunt Cup on May Bloom in 1880, and the Gold Cup on Chilblain in 1897 and 1898.

Of the horses belonging to himself, the best was Wild Norah II. by Lord Ronald, on whom in 1879 he won the Irish Grand Military Hunt Steeplechase at Punchestown, and the Regimental Challenge Cup, and the Hussar Challenge Cup at the 7th Hussars' Meeting at Newbridge. He also won a race at Caird on a horse called Gentleman when on active service with the regiment in 1882.

Major Morris only rode on one occasion in the Grand National, viz. in 1885, when he had the mount on Downpatrick, third to Empress in 1880 ; the horse, however, broke down when looking extremely dangerous, soon after landing on to the race-course the second time round.

Referring to his sad death in the hunting field, Captain Hope-Johnstone writes :—





COLONEL W. HALL WALKER, M.P.



## Colonel William Hall Walker, M.P.

“He never, that I remember, had a bad fall, either racing or riding schooling. It was all the more lamentable, therefore, to get killed, as he did, out hunting. Judging by the marks made by two horses going at the fence he must have been knocked over. This I believe was seen by a ploughman. I saw the place two days after.

“I heard that some one galloped up to the farmer and told him that a man was down, and that he himself was going for a doctor. The latter never arrived, nor was the farmer’s informant seen afterwards.”

As good a soldier, as he was in the saddle, and popular to a degree with all he came in contact, it is not too much to say that “Billy” Morris, though “lost to sight,” will long dwell lovingly in the memories of those he left behind.

Major Morris married on the 22nd August, 1876, Augusta, eldest daughter of the late James Christie, Esq., of Melbourne Hall, Yorkshire, by whom he had one daughter, Ruby, so named after his racing colours.

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## COLONEL WILLIAM HALL WALKER, M.P.

FAMILIAR though his name must necessarily be throughout the length and breadth of the land, as quite the most successful breeder and owner of racehorses of modern times, it will come no doubt as a surprise to a good many people, who only know the subject of our memoir as the owner of Black Arrow, Polar Star, and other equine celebrities, to hear that in former years, despite the numerous calls on him in other ways, he could yet

## Gentlemen Riders

find time to distinguish himself as a race-rider under N.H. rules, of no ordinary ability.

Being brought up to business under a very strict father, the only day in the week available for his son to indulge in sport of any sort or description was Saturday, and as a passion for race-riding predominated over every other, the latter took up pony racing; the idea being that by so doing, he would not only get more mounts in a shorter space of time, but in the summer months would have a better opportunity of evading the parental eye.

That the plan of campaign adopted by him was a wise one, is evident from the fact that from June, 1877, in which year he commenced, until 1890, his lowest riding weight being nine stone, he rode altogether in 311 races under Pony and Polo Racing rules, out of which number he won 127 races, on the flat and over hurdles and fences, made up as follows:—

Year.	Race ridden.	Won.	Lost.
1877	2	—	2
1878	—	—	—
1879	4	1	3
1880	4	2	2
1881	4	—	4
1882	6	1	5
1883	8	—	8
1884	15	8	7
1885	30	13	17
1886	18	4	14
1887	39	17	22
1888 *	56	32	24
1889 *	81	31	50
1890	44	19 (1 at Cairo)	26

\* In these years he headed the list of riders under Polo and Pony rules.

## Colonel William Hall Walker, M.P.

Of these his best day was on July 21, 1888, when riding at the Southport Polo Club Meeting, he won no fewer than six events, viz. :—

The Club Cup on Magic.  
The Childwall Stakes on Water Lily.  
The Liverpool Polo Cup on Dorothy.  
A Match on Water Baby.  
The Ladies' Plate on St. Helena.  
The Maiden Welter on Water Baby.

Between 1890 and 1896 his business and Parliamentary duties occupied so much of his time, that his race-riding was entirely confined to point-to-point races in connection with the Cheshire and other Hunts. But that his skill in the saddle remained unchanged is evident from the fact that for several years afterwards he rode winners under National Hunt rules, he being in his 57th year on the last occasion.

Besides these in England, Colonel Hall Walker rode and won a great many races in India, one of the most important victories being the Red Dragon Cup; whilst his winning mounts under National Hunt rules, invariably on horses belonging to himself as mentioned above, were as follows :—

The Ludlow Cup on Sandblast.

At Wolverhampton, the Apley National Hunt Flat-race on Friary.

At Manchester, the Maiden National Hunt Flat-race on King's Idler.

At Tarporley, the Ladies' Purse National Hunt Flat-race on Raleigh.

At Ludlow, the Knighton Flat-race on Miss Toto.

At Wolverhampton, the Penkridge National Hunt Flat-race on Border Boaster.

## Gentlemen Riders

At Hamilton Park, the Lanarkshire National Hunt Flat-race on Millman.

At Hamilton Park, the Ruthven National Hunt Flat-race on Millman.

At Haydock Park (1907), the National Hunt Flat-race on Virginius.

Except for his Parliamentary duties, Colonel Hall Walker might have flown at much higher game, in which case we might have seen the familiar blue and white check jacket and the cerise cap, sported by their owner on *The Soarer* and *Hill O'Bree* in the Grand National, instead of by a substitute.

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### MR. ARTHUR COVENTRY

OF all the amateur horsemen of recent years it would, indeed, be difficult to name the equal—certainly not the superior—either in skill or popularity, of the gentleman whose name forms the heading of this chapter. In many of our English families of ancient lineage a love of sport and pre-eminence in the art of horsemanship is hereditary, and regarded by its members as an heirloom, quite as priceless in its way as the family jewels—if not more so.

In none of these would you find this trait handed down from one generation to another with greater regularity than by the House of Coventry, and it is equally certain that never has its reputation been better upheld than by Mr. Arthur of that ilk.



MR. ARTHUR COVENTRY.



## Mr. Arthur Coventry

The subject of our memoir sported silk for the first time at Croxton Park in the spring of 1874, and a little later won his first race on the flat at Worcester on a horse called The Baby, by which name his rider has been familiarly known ever since: the victory being followed soon after by another, this time in the form of a steeplechase at Melton.

Since that period, until 1890, in which year he was appointed official starter to the Jockey Club, he never looked back, as the saying is, his career as a gentleman rider being one long series of triumphs from beginning to end. It is said that Mr. Coventry attributes his success in the saddle in no small measure to the tuition he received from Tom Cannon, whose colours, once so famous as those belonging to the late Marquis of Hastings, he donned on all occasions.

If this be correct—and we will take Mr. Coventry's word that it is—we can only say that the master of Danebury had every reason to be proud of his pupil.

In 1879 we find Mr. Coventry riding in the Grand National for the first time, his mount being Bellringer, belonging to Mr. Vyner, who, however, fell early in the race.

In 1881 he had rather better luck, finishing eighth to Woodbrook on Mr. T. G. Baird-Hay's Montauban, starting at 100 to 7.

Mr. Coventry's first and last appearance at Aintree was in 1883, and again his hopes, and those of his teacher, were doomed to disappointment. Jolly Sir John, who hailed from Danebury and was backed for a heap of money—not only by those immediately connected with him, but the public generally—refusing at the second fence from the start.

If unsuccessful, however, in emulating the performance of his elder brother in the sensational Grand National of 1865, Mr. Arthur did the next best thing to it by winning the

## Gentlemen Riders

National Hunt Steeplechase of 1879 on Bellringer (the same animal he steered in the Grand National of the same year), who, starting favourite in a field of sixteen, won easily in the end by a length from Golden Cross, ridden by Mr. E. P. Wilson. He also won the Great Metropolitan Steeplechase at Croydon on The Scot in 1881.

Of the numerous hurdle-race horses ridden by Mr. Coventry during his career he considers Brutus, Prudhomme, and Keeper, the best—the big Paris Hurdle Race being one of the events he won on the first named.

Though his appointment as starter practically put a stop to his race-riding, Mr. Coventry generally found time when the Croxton Park and Bibury Club meetings came round to return for a brief spell to his old love.

In addition to his onerous duties as starter, Mr. Coventry is secretary of the Hurst Park Club, a post for which, it goes without saying, he is eminently fitted.

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### CAPTAIN S. F. LEE-BARBER

(“THE SHAVER”)

AMONGST the numerous military riders, whose deeds of “derring do” find mention in this volume, few, if any, can show a better record than the popular horseman named above.

The eldest son of Mr. John Lee-Barber of Norfolk, the subject of our memoir, familiarly known as “The Shaver,” was





CAPTAIN LEE BARBER.



## Captain S. F. Lee-Barber

born in 1853, and educated at Haileybury, being in due time appointed to a commission in the 3rd Dragoon Guards.

Previously to this, however, when only sixteen years of age, he successfully inaugurated what was destined to be a brilliant career in the saddle by riding and winning two races off the reel on the flat, and being just beaten in a hurdle race at a private meeting at Rackheath Park, near Norwich. He was winning this last in a canter, but there were no wings to the hurdles, and at the very last obstacle, the mare he was riding swerved, and lost him the race.

Though previously to joining the Army in 1874, he had ridden in plenty of Hunt Steeplechases at local meetings near his home, Captain Lee-Barber did not commence playing the game in earnest until the regiment went to Ireland in 1875. There he got some horses together and trained them with Captain Joy, late of 7th Hussars, at Conyngham Lodge, Curragh, Kildare, and, what with his own and brother officers' horses, had a fairly successful time; amongst his winning mounts being three Irish Grand Militaries, one of which was for his Colonel, another for the vet. of the regiment, Mr. M. I. Hartigan (father of the present trainer of that name), and the third for himself on that good horse Jupiter Tonans.

He also won the Conyngham Cup and the Wexford Handicap Steeplechase on Yellow Gown and the Irish Grand National and Galway Plate on Jupiter Tonans, the International Hurdle race at the Curragh on Botanist, and the Military Hunters at Punchestown on Midhut—a horse which he had bought for £36—besides other events of minor importance. In fact he went ahead at such a pace that in either 1877 or 1878 we find him heading the list of winning steeplechase jockeys in Ireland, both amateur and professional.

## Gentlemen Riders.

When the regiment moved to Scotland, Captain Lee-Barber commenced a long connection with Mr. J. Gardener-Muir, in which colours he rode a great many winners, including Coronet. This horse he describes as the best three-miler of his time, and on him he was only beaten once out of ten or eleven rides—the occasion being the Grand National of 1886 won by Old Joe, for which he started favourite at 3 to 1 and finished sixth.

At this period Captain Lee-Barber was first jockey for the Green Lodge Stables, presided over by Mr. James Ryan, who had no superior in the art of training jumpers, and his average of winners hailing from that establishment certainly takes a lot of beating; amongst those he rode to victory being the afore-mentioned Coronet (winner of the Mammoth Steeplechase of 2000 sovs. at Sandown), Ireland (the conqueror of Cloister at Croydon and winner of the Scottish Grand National), Innisfail, Azuline, Prince Henry, Royal Fern—by Springfield (winner of the Sandown Hurdle Race)—and Ivanhoe (winner of the Derby Hurdle Race of 500 sovs.), carrying 12 st. 8 lbs., beating fourteen others—all good horses.

On the retirement of Mr. Arthur Coventry, Captain Lee-Barber frequently rode for Tom Cannon, described by him as one of the nicest “masters” in the world, winning two races worth £500 apiece in the Danebury hoops straight away on the American-bred Jolly Sir John, belonging to Mr. F. Gebhart. Captain Lee-Barber one morning had a long and protracted battle on the Danebury schooling ground with this somewhat erratic horse, owing to a great aversion on the part of the latter to the open ditch, and it was the toss up of a coin as to which would be beat first.

When at last the jovial one *did* condescend to jump the ditch, his rider fell off from sheer exhaustion. It is refreshing

## Captain S. F. Lee-Barber

to know that the lesson had a salutary effect, Jolly Sir John never afterwards turning his head at the obstacle in question. Shortly afterwards he won the Metropolitan Steeplechase of 500 sovs. at Croydon. When riding for the Danebury stable, Captain Lee-Barber invariably had his choice of mounts, and this was productive on one occasion—and that, unfortunately, a very special one—of a great piece of bad luck.

Redpath and Prince Edward II. being both entered in the big Steeplechase in Paris, the gallant "Shaver" chose the last named, to ride whom at 9 st. 7 lbs. he had to get off nearly a stone. Alas! his mount fell in the second round, and Redpath, whom he had ridden to victory in the big Steeplechase at Manchester in the spring, won. Out of his six or seven rides in the Grand National he could get no nearer than fourth, which thankless position he occupied on his own horse Jupiter Tonans in 1880, when Empress won.

On the other hand he twice won the Grand Military Gold Cup, viz. on Colonel Waldron's (R.A.) Lobelia in 1881, and on Beaufort, belonging to Colonel F. Murray (3rd Dragoon Guards), in 1883.

Besides those already mentioned, the subject of our memoir has at various times donned the colours of the following well-known sportsmen: the Duke of Montrose, Lords Essex and Torpichen, Sir William Eden, General Byrne, Messrs. H. T. Barclay, Gardener-Muir, J. H. Houldsworth, Douglas Baird, Fairie, and J. Wallace. Of his many cross-country triumphs there is not one which possesses more pleasurable recollections for Captain Lee-Barber than the Liverpool Hunt Steeplechase of £800 in 1889, won by him on Ireland, and which he considers the most trying race—as it was certainly the most exciting—he ever took part in. Strong in the feeling that we are totally inadequate to do justice to an Homeric struggle of

## Gentlemen Riders

this description, we take leave to vacate the chair and leave the gallant "Shaver" to tell the story in his own words.

"There were three runners" (writes Captain Lee-Barber), "Ireland, ridden by myself, Whirlwind (Dollery), in the same stable as mine (Ryan's), and The Saint (Arthur Nightingall); Ireland being favourite at 2 to 1 *on*, The Saint 5 to 1, and Whirlwind 100 to 8.

"In the race—three miles—which The Saint on the rails made a cracker, my horse jumped very badly, failing to get his hind quarters over his fences, dragging his hind legs through them, and consequently losing ground each time. Not so the old Saint, who flirted over them in gorgeous style. About a mile from home, Ireland, who had contracted a habit of checking his bit and hanging to the off side (a great disadvantage on a left-handed course), began hanging very badly, and I had to take out my whip and ride him all I knew to keep on terms with The Saint. So it went on over the last three fences in the country. After landing on to the race-course there is a sharp turn to the left, and mine was still hanging badly, and it must have cost me a good two lengths, for whereas The Saint was close on the rails on the inside, I was out in the middle of the course.

"However, I kept at it, with the whip still out, and gradually overhauling The Saint, who had no turn of speed, I got up in the last two strides and won by a neck, amidst a scene of excitement such as is seldom witnessed at a Steeplechase meeting.

"So wide of one another were Arthur Nightingall and myself that for the moment I had no idea which of us had won.

"I was not long in doubt, however, the ovation with which I was received on my return to scale speaking for itself. One gentleman shouted out, as he clapped me on the back, 'Well

## Captain S. F. Lee-Barber

done, Barber, that was a close *shave* and no mistake !' whilst a noble lord, who had been having a baddish time, and had £1500 on Ireland, remarked with a very white face, as I was unsaddling, 'I *can't* understand *why* you kept on riding! you looked beat to the world half a mile from home !'

"Luckily (though I had had little or no horse exercise for some time) I had been working hard in London, rowing every day, and walking and running round the Park, doing fifteen to twenty miles every day, and sparring for half an hour three times a week, so I was very fit, for which I was thankful, as otherwise I should never have won, I feel convinced.

"Sticking to it as I did, bears out a theory which is a good thing to act up to, especially at Liverpool, and in a fast run race, which is that although a horse may be leading you easily some distance from home, there is always a possibility of his 'cracking,' and a horse with a turn of speed may have sufficient left in him to squeeze home."

Apropos of the nickname by which he is familiarly known to his friends, Captain Lee-Barber tells a capital story.

A noble Duke, a popular racing baronet, a gallant colonel, and himself were playing cards one night at the Rooms at Newmarket, after one of the meetings, and the first named, who was a guest for the week at the house of a well-known lady of title, being bantered by his noble hostess at breakfast as to the cause of his return at half-past six in the morning, replied that he had been playing cards at the Rooms with three very agreeable young men—who they were he hadn't the slightest idea; but they addressed each other as "Tops," "Putty," and "The Shaver," and but for the last-named having to attend a prize fight at six o'clock, and afterwards ride in three or four exercise gallops, and so broke up the party, he—the Duke—would probably have been there still.

## Gentlemen Riders

### MR. GARRETT MOORE

THE late Mr. Alan McDonough seems to have occupied pretty much the same position towards the budding steeplechase-rider of his own nationality that our own Arthur Yates has so long enjoyed over here, and it is not too much to say that up to the time of his death there was hardly a rider of note you could mention amongst his own countrymen, and not a few of our young military horsemen as well, who had not passed through his hands at one time or another.

Few of these did him more credit than the popular Irishman named above, whose comparatively early death in May of 1908 was the cause of general and widespread regret. The eldest son of the late Mr. John Hubert Moore, of Jockey Hall, Curragh, himself a famous sportsman, who died only five years ago at the age of eighty-seven, "Garry"—to give him the name he was known by far and wide—came over to this country somewhere in the sixties, being a mere boy at the time, and not long after rode his first steeplechase at Bangor, where he had a mount on a horse belonging to Colonel Cotton, afterwards Lord Combermere, for whom he subsequently managed a few horses. His *début*, however, was not a success, for his mount fell at the water, to be followed by another later in the day at the same place. In 1867 and the following year he only rode one winner in each. In 1869, however, things improved a bit, as he rode five winners, the last being Knight of Australia, belonging to Alan McDonough, under whose tuition "Garry" had judiciously placed himself in the interim, when he won the Tradesmen's Plate (Steeplechase) at Limerick by a length from eight others.



## Mr. Garrett Moore

Some idea of the benefit he derived from this early training may be gathered from the fact that the following year we find him with eighteen wins, tying with Mr. J. M. Richardson for third place on the list of gentlemen riders to Arthur Yates (49) and Jack Goodwin (23), his most notable successes being on Joey Ladle, belonging to himself, on whom, besides others of minor importance, he won the Drogheda Plate at Punchestown. In 1871 "Garry," riding Melton Mowbray in the National Hunt Steeplechase, run at Burton, just got done by a head by Capt. "Doggie" Smith on Daybreak; and the following year he sported silk for the first time in the Grand National on the hard-pulling Scots Grey, the horse of all others, he told us once, he liked his name to be most associated with, and on whom, later on, he won, amongst other races, the first Bristol Steeplechase, at which King Edward—then Prince of Wales—was present as the guest of Lord Fitzhardinge. The same year, too, found him fourth on the list of gentlemen riders to Messrs. J. M. Richardson, Spence, and Crawshaw. In the next two years he did not win many races, but in 1875 he won the Great Metropolitan at Croydon on Fawley. In 1878 he was third on Pride of Kildare, belonging to his father, in the Grand National, won by Shifnal; and the following year attained the summit of his ambition by winning the race outright on his own horse, The Liberator, who started second favourite at 5 to 1.

The well-named son of Dan O'Connell and Mary O'Toole was a cunning old horse, and only seen to advantage at Liverpool, where, as none knew better than himself, if he attempted to take the same liberties with the fences as it was his custom of an afternoon at the artificial courses round about London, he would not only fall, but hurt himself into the bargain.

## Gentlemen Riders

In the early eighties "Garry" Moore abandoned riding for training, with what success we all know, one of his principal winners being the Derby failure, Surefoot, who was under his care at Lambourne when he won the Eclipse Stakes in 1891. Captain Jones, Messrs. H. T. Barclay, C. J. Merry, Romer Williams, and Joe Davis were some of those he trained for, and for the last named he prepared Romer when he won the Derby Gold Cup in 1904.

It was whilst in residence at Littleton, near Winchester, that "Garry," by his method of dealing with an obnoxious tout, brought himself into contact with the authorities in a manner which might have led to very unpleasant consequences to himself.

The recognised contributors of the training reports for the principal sporting papers were always made welcome by "Garry" Moore, who as often as not would himself impart all they wanted to know; but to be pestered day after day with the attentions of a seedy vagabond, who, despite repeated warnings, persisted in treating the gallops rented by himself as public property, was more than his Irish blood could stand; and it was no matter of surprise, therefore, when one fine afternoon, as the result of a stormy interview, the intruder in question found himself touting the tadpoles at the bottom of a large pond conveniently situated in front of the house.

A police-court summons, followed by a committal for trial at the assizes, was the natural consequence; and though it was a clear case of "served him right," if ever there was one, there can be no doubt that but for the judge summing up strongly in his favour, the £50 fine he was mulcted with would hardly have met the case.

As a matter of fact, overtures were made by the other side on the very morning of the trial to square the matter for

## Mr. Garrett Moore

£50; but "Garry" was so furious at the whole business that he determined to fight the case to the bitter end and take his chance.

As it was, it cost him £500—and "Cheap at that, me boy," said he, "for I had quite made up my mind when I went into court that I shouldn't see Littleton again for six months."

Full of fun, like all his countrymen, "Garry," who was an admirable *raconteur*, had many a good story to tell, of which the following is a fair sample.

Returning by train from some meeting in Ireland with a carriage full of companions, it was suddenly discovered that "The Limb," who was one of the party, had omitted to buy a ticket. After some discussion as to what was to be done, it was decided that, like Don Juan on a memorable occasion, being capable of compressure into a small compass, the best way to avoid the attentions of the ticket-collector was to cover him up with a rug and stow him away on the hat-rack—a suggestion which, meeting with general approval, was at once carried into effect.

The guard appeared at the window in due course, and, having collected his tickets, was just going away, when the irrepressible "Garry," taking the pin from his necktie, gave "The Limb" such a vigorous prod in the fleshiest part of his anatomy as caused the unhappy gentleman to jump up with a blood-curdling yell, the sound of which brought every head to the window all along the train.

"Ah, now," said the guard, amidst shouts of laughter from the occupants of the carriage, "come out wid ye, Misther St. James.\* *Shure, an' it's meself knew you was up thare all the toime!*"

\* "The Limb's" *nom de course*.

# Gentlemen Riders

## MAJOR E. R. OWEN

AMONGST the military riders whose careers appear in the pages of this book, none had a more brilliant career during the comparatively short time he was riding, than Captain Edward Roderic Owen, familiarly known as "Roddy" Owen. The second son of Mr. Hugh Darby Owen of Bettws, Montgomeryshire, he was born on May 4th, 1856. Educated at Eton, he entered the Army through the militia, receiving, in 1857, a commission in the South Devon Infantry Militia (11th Foot), being appointed the following year to the East Devonshire regiment, afterwards known as the Lancashire Fusiliers.

Previous to this he had commenced his riding career by winning the Duke of Beaufort's Blue-coat race at Daintrey, on the late Mr. Chaplin's Holland, he being only nineteen at the time. Owing to his enforced absence with his regiment in Canada, India, and elsewhere, his race-riding in this country may be said to have been done in snatches, and it was not until 1885, when the regiment returned to England for a permanency, that he had a chance of distinguishing himself; and that he intended to make up for lost time, now he had got it, was very soon made clear. For the next seven years in fact, dating from February 13th, 1885, when he set the ball a rolling by winning a Hunters' Hurdle Race at Wolverton, on a horse belonging to his brother Mr. Hugh Owen, until the 25th March, 1892, when he won the Grand National on Father O'Flynn, his success was almost phenomenal.

He won the Sandown Grand Prize in two successive years,



MAJOR E. R. OWEN  
(“RODDY”).



## Major E. R. Owen

1890 and 1891, on Franciscan and Maypole respectively, whilst, in 1889, the Grand Military fell to his share on St. Cross, belonging to Mr. B. W. I. Alexander.

Altogether, during the period we mention, out of the 812 races he rode in, he won not less than 254, the last one of all being his remarkable victory in the Grand National on Father O'Flynn.

On the very day and almost the same hour that the Soarer won the Grand National in 1896, Captain Owen was winning a race at Cairo on a horse called Steel, his solitary mount at the meeting. The next day a man showed him a telegram with the result of the Liverpool, The Soarer first, Father O'Flynn second, at Shepherd's Hotel, Cairo.

"Damn it!" he exclaimed, with a bang of his fist on the counter. "Why wasn't I there, and not on this infernal expedition?"

In spite, however, of his fondness for sport of all kinds, and race-riding in particular, soldiering always held a prominent place in his heart, and it was "Roddy" all over when, having achieved the ambition of his life by winning the Grand National, he should at once apply for active service.

Directly after the race, in fact, he took train to London, made his application for active service, and being at once appointed to join Colonel Francis Scott, Inspector-General of the Gold Coast constabulary, left England at once for Lagos to take part in an expedition against a West African tribe. After this he served with distinction in Uganda, and on the Chitral campaign in India, finally dying in Egypt, of cholera, during the Dongola expedition in 1896.

The following lines are from the facile pen of his lifelong friend, Colonel R. F. Meysey-Thompson, who has kindly given us permission to reproduce them here.

# Gentlemen Riders

IN MEMORIAM.

MAJOR RODDY OWEN

Died of cholera at Ambigol Wells, July 11, 1896.

RODDY! Undefeated! Cheery!  
A public favourite born.  
In cottage, mansion, lordly castle,  
Thy loss alike we mourn.

Soldier! Correspondent! Jockey!  
'Twas all the same to you.  
You played the game for all 'twas worth  
Whate'er there was to do.

In the early days of riding  
'Twas Belmont brought thee fame.  
Then Bloodstone, Monkshood, and a host  
Of winners starred thy name,

Till Aintree placed upon thy brow  
The steeple-chasing crown.  
Father O'Flynn in triumph set  
The seal on thy renown.

Homeward then from Chitral floated  
Brave tales of daring dash,  
Of stealing through the hill-men's forces.  
How like you, but . . . how rash!

Uganda next allurements held  
Of wild exciting life,  
Of bearing Rule, and heading raids  
'Gainst intertribal strife.

Until the Sirdar's plans were ripe  
To crush the Dervish foe . . .  
Alas! Alas! Thy much-mourned end  
We all too sadly know.

. . . . .  
May the date-palms' stately branches  
Above thee gently wave.  
May the mimosa's scented wattles  
Bedeck with gold thy grave.

R. F. MEYSEY-THOMPSON.







CAPTAIN SANDEMAN.

## CAPTAIN SANDEMAN

CAPTAIN ROBERT PRESTON SANDEMAN, familiarly known to his many friends as "Bob" Sandeman, only son of the late Captain T. Fraser Sandeman, 42nd Highlanders (Black Watch), was born in 1852, and received his education at Cheltenham College. In 1872, he was appointed to the 6th Dragoon Guards (Carabineers) exchanging later on, when arrived at the rank of Captain, into the 10th Hussars.

Cradled to sports of all sorts from his earliest childhood, and a first-rate horseman to boot, the subject of this memoir had not been very long in the regiment, you may depend, before he was seen disporting himself in a silk jacket between the flags, and before proceeding to India with his regiment rode frequently with more or less success in races under N.H. rules.

In India Captain Sandeman soon became a man of mark, riding with great success, principally for Captain and Mrs. Cook and Captain Hayes.

It was while riding The Twin for the former at Meerut, that he sustained injuries, that would certainly have given most men their *quietus*; the horse in question falling at the last fence, when leading his field, with disastrous results to his rider, who, besides concussion of the brain, split the bone of his skull, and cracked the drum of his ear, being insensible for days. His recovery was a miracle, and it is not surprising to hear that he was sent home on two years' sick leave.

It was exactly a year to the very day when he once more donned a silk jacket, the occasion being a steeplechase at Sandown Park, and having now plenty of time to devote

## Gentlemen Riders

himself to his favourite amusement, Captain Sandeman adopted quite the wisest course he could have done in taking up his residence with Mr. Arthur Yates at Alresford, bringing with him at the same time a few horses of his own. What with riding gallops in private, and races for himself and friends on his horses in public, he may be fairly said to have lived in the saddle, and he will tell you that at no period of his life does he look back with more pleasure than his stay at Bishops Sutton ; “neither,” he will add, “shall I ever forget Mr. Yates’ hospitality or cheery kindness whilst under his roof.”

Captain Sandeman whilst at Bishops Sutton rode principally for Lord Wolverton, Colonel Fenwick, and Captains Childe and Faber, whilst he invariably rode for General Byrne in any military races.

On his marriage in 1884, Captain Sandeman left the Service, and in 1885 took stables on his own account at Richards Castle near Ludlow, where he trained and rode for his friends and himself ; and that he met with more than ordinary success during the three years he was there, may be gathered from the fact that in one of them he rode and won more races under N.H. rules than any other jockey, amateur or professional, his best day of all being at the local Somerset meeting at Crewkerne, when he rode in four races for Mr. Yates’ stable and won them all.

After giving up training Captain Sandeman rode almost entirely for Sir Peter Walker, Mr. John Reid Walker, and Mr. Gordon Canning, and he rode and won his last race in 1901.

On retiring from the saddle, Captain Sandeman went in for rifle shooting with a will, and having joined the Royal Gloucestershire Hussars, took to serious work at Bisley, where he was highly successful ; whilst as Captain, and shooting in the team,

## Captain Sandeman

he materially helped his regiment to win the Yeomanry cup on three different occasions. He also made one of the Scottish Eight when they won the Elcho Shield in 1905, and has shot for Scotland in International matches six times.

In 1905 Captain Sandeman, shooting on his own account, won the St. George's Vase, Gold Cup and Gold Cross, and has several times been in the King's Final, on one occasion finishing eleventh; whilst in 1907, in addition to several other good prizes, he won the Wimbledon Cup outright with a succession of 14 bulls at 600 yards.

An ardent deerstalker, he is also a noted game shot and fisherman, and in the latter capacity is credited with having killed the biggest weight of salmon ever known in one day on the Usk, in eighteen fish, averaging 14 lbs. 5 ozs.; whilst on another occasion, on the same river, he killed seventeen salmon in an afternoon after 1.30 P.M., his largest number in one day being twenty-two, all when at home at Dan y Parc. Needless to say, Captain Sandeman has been a hunting man from his earliest days, and though his race-riding has naturally been a hindrance in some measure, has seen a lot of hunting in his time with the York and Ainsty when quartered with his regiment at York, and later with the Grafton, Bicester, and Meynell; whilst in more recent years, until his lifelong friend, "Reggie" Herbert, resigned the Mastership, he has been a regular follower of the Monmouthshire Hounds. Since that event, he has not been out.

In 1884 the subject of our memoir married Jenny, eldest daughter of Mr. A. Crawshaw, late of the 17th Lancers, of Dan y Parc, Brecknockshire, at which place he now resides.

# Gentlemen Riders

## LORD MANNERS

THE Grand National of 1887, won by Lord Manners on Seaman, was a memorable one in more ways than one. To begin with, it was the first time in its history the race had ever been won by a nobleman, and that nobleman, though Master of the Quorn, and one of the hardest riders of the day across Leicestershire, absolutely without experience so far as race-riding was concerned; this being, in point of fact, his first appearance in the saddle in public.

Then again the Liberator, Mohican, and Wild Monarch—horses who might at least have been expected to get over the course without mishap—came down during the journey, the last named breaking his leg in so doing.

Finally, when after a desperate race from the last hurdle, Lord Manners, on a three-legged horse, fairly outrode “Tommy” Beasley, admittedly the finest steeplechase rider of his day, and on his favourite battle-ground, and won on the post by as short a head as ever caught the judge’s eye, the onlookers—winners and losers alike—might well set up a cheer, such as is seldom heard even when a favourite wins.

Barring the weather, which was terrible, the rain coming down in torrents during the race, the winner had a good deal of luck on his side, for besides the mishaps to The Liberator, Wild Monarch, and Mohican, his stable companion, the Scot, who was supported down to 5 to 1, fell heavily a mile from home, whilst Eau de Vie, who was greatly fancied by her connections, broke a stirrup-leather in landing over Becher’s Brook the second time round, and being an awkward animal to ride, bolted out of the course with Mr. Thirlwell.



*From a painting in possession of Lord Manners.*

LORD MANNERS ON "SEAMAN."





## Lord Manners

But for this mishap the Duke of Hamilton's mare must have gone very close, for the next day, carrying 11 st. 4 lbs., she came out again and won the Sefton Steeplechase in the commonest of canters.

Out of his five engagements the previous year, Seaman won three, viz.: the First Liverpool Hunt Steeplechase, the Conyngham Cup at Punchestown, and the Paris Grand Hurdle race in June. It was after this last performance that he was bought by Lord Manners from Mr. Linde, for £2000.

At the time of the race neither Mr. Linde nor Captain Machell thought that the horse would ever stand a severe preparation again, and it is a fact that when he ran his memorable race in the Grand National he was only three parts trained. As it was, he broke down badly on landing over the last fence, and ran his race out literally on three legs.

Though rendered useless for racing purposes by his desperate struggle in the Grand National, Seaman, who may well be described by his owner as an "exceptional" horse, was hacked about for many years after by himself and children.

Later on in the same year Lord Manners won the Grand Military Gold Cup at Sandown Park, on Lord Chancellor (6 yrs., 13 st. 7 lbs.), a purchase from Ireland, belonging to himself, beating the American bred Aristocrat, who started favourite at 5 to 2, and six others, by a length and a half.

These, so far as we know, are the only two races in which he ever took part.

## Gentlemen Riders

### MR. T. BEASLEY

SOMEWHERE in the eighties, we asked a well-known sportsman—himself, at one time, one of our foremost horsemen—whom he considered the best steeplechase rider at this particular period.

His reply, given without a moment's hesitation, was "Tommy" Beasley.

And that this opinion was shared to a very great extent by the general public was proved conclusively by the fact that his mount invariably commanded a large following, no matter what it happened to be.

"Tommy" Beasley—to give him the name he was generally known by—rode in no fewer than twelve Grand Nationals, of which the following is the list :—

Year.	Mount.	Fate.	Winner.
1877	Sultana	Fifth	Austerlitz
1878	Martha	Second	Shifnal
1879	Martha	Third	The Liberator
1880	Empress	Won	Empress
1881	Woodbrook	Won	Woodbrook
1882	Cyrus	Second	Seaman
1883	Zitella	Eighth	Zoedone
1884	Zitella	Fifth	Voluptuary
1885	No mount		
1886	No mount		
1887	Spahi	Fell	Gamecock
1888	No mount		
1889	Frigate	Won	Frigate
1890	Frigate	Fell	
1891	Cruiser	Fifth	Come Away



MR. T. BEASLEY.



## Mr. T. Beasley

In all these dozen races, he only came twice to grief, viz. on Spahi, in 1887, who jumped into instead of over the second fence for the start ; and on Frigate, in 1890.

With one exception, that of Frigate, who only beat Why Not a length, his wins were obtained fairly easily, the most desperate race of all, perhaps, of any he ever rode in, being his memorable struggle on Cyrus, against Lord Manners, on Seaman, who hailed originally from the same stable, in which, to the astonishment of everybody—himself probably included—he was done on the post by a head, by a broken-down horse, ridden by an inexperienced rider, after a tremendous race from the last hurdle all the way up the straight.

When Frigate won at last, to the great satisfaction of the general public, who, in spite of her previous failure, had stuck to her fortunes with a pertinacity which did credit both to their pluck and good judgment, the mare, for some reason, which was never satisfactorily explained, travelled exceedingly badly in the market at the last moment, to the great consternation of her backers in London, who were on thorns until reassured by a telegram despatched from the field of action by George Silke, the well-known bookmaker, who was doing the commission for the stable, and which ran as follows : “ *Man, Mare, and Money, all right.* ”

The races he rode and won both on the flat and over a country, at the Curragh, Punchestown, and numerous other meetings both in Ireland and in France, are, of course, innumerable. Suffice it to say that he won the Irish Derby no less than three times ; whilst his most important victory in the last-named country was that on Too Good, in the big Paris Steeplechase.

Mr. Beasley died at his residence, Cryhelp, Co. Wicklow, on the 7th August, 1905.

## Gentlemen Riders

MR. HARRY BEASLEY

“OH, but them Irish are a hot lot!” exclaimed Jimmy Adams with much feeling, one afternoon at Croydon in the long ago, as entering the weighing-room with his saddle over his arm, after winning an important steeplechase, he seated himself in the chair with a sigh of relief.

“Hang it, Jimmy! I’m an Irishman, if it comes to that!” remarked a well-known sporting peer, who was standing by, evidently much amused.

“Can’t help that, my lord,” repeated Jimmy, more decisively than ever. “Them Irish are a hot lot!”

It is unnecessary to state that this sweeping assertion of Jimmy’s was not in any way meant to apply to the gentlemen riders hailing from the other side of St. George’s Channel who occasionally honour us with a visit, but to his professional brethren from the Emerald Isle, by some of whom, no doubt, he had been roughly used in the course of the steeplechase he had just won.

Early in the thirties of the last century, at which period steeplechasing under the auspices of the enterprising “Tommy” Coleman suddenly sprang into popularity with all classes of sportsmen in England, that brilliant horseman, Mr. Alan McDonough, made his appearance over here to compete and more than hold his own against the cream of our steeplechase riders—amateur or professional—his repeated successes in the saddle being the cause of no little jealousy, not to say ill-feeling, in their ranks.

All this changed, however, as time went on, and it is not too much to say that an Irish victory in the Grand



MR. HARRY BEASLEY.





## Mr. Harry Beasley

National, or, for the matter of that, any event of importance in the racing or steeplechasing world you like to name, is as certain of as hearty a reception as one achieved by representatives of our own right and tight little island. And who more popular than the celebrated Beasley family, the two elder branches of which, Messrs. Harry and "Tommy," certainly had no reason to complain of their reception on their return to the weighing-room on any of the four occasions on which the victory of the Grand National fell to their share. Though he had, of course, previously to this figured with success in many a steeplechase in Ireland, Mr. Harry Beasley did not commence riding in the Grand National until 1879—two years after his brother Tom—when he had the mount on Mr. R. Stacpoole's Turco (10 st. 9 lbs.), who was, however, pulled up before the end, the race going to Ireland notwithstanding, through the instrumentality of The Liberator and Mr. "Garry" Moore. After this, with the exception of 1890, when he was without a mount, he rode steadily every year in the Grand National right up to 1892—thirteen in all—out of which number he won once, was second twice, and third on another occasion.

His solitary win on Come Away by half a length from Cloister, and nineteen others, four only of whom completed the course, was a great performance, and very popular, Mr. Jameson's horse starting a hot favourite at 4 to 1.

The following year, 1892, Mr. Harry Beasley made his last appearance in the Grand National on the back of Major Crossley's Billee Taylor, who, however, bolted immediately after going into the country the second time round, and took no further part in the race.

Though not seen in the saddle with the frequency of former years, that the subject of our memoir still likes to keep his hand in is clear, for as late as the spring of 1907 we find

## Gentlemen Riders

him riding an important winner at Punchestown in quite his old form.

Appended is a list of Mr. Harry Beasley's Grand National mounts :—

Year.	Mount.	Fate.	Winner.
1879	Turco	Pulled up	The Liberator
1880	Woodbrook	Fifth	Empress
1881	Fairwind	Refused	Woodbrook
1882	Unitarian	Pulled up	Seaman
1883	Unitarian	Third	Zoedone
1884	Frigate	Second	Voluptuary
1885	Frigate	Second	Roquefort
1886	Too Good	Second	Old Joe
1887	Too Good	Broke down	Gamecock
1888	Usher	Fell	Playfair
1889	Battle Royal	Pulled up	Frigate
1890	No Mount		
1891	Come Away	Won	Come Away
1892	Billee Taylor	Bolted	Father O'Flynn

The other two members of this celebrated family of horsemen, Willie and John, though neither could boast of a Grand National victory, had each ridden many important winners in Ireland and elsewhere.

Popular with every one, Willie Beasley's end was a sad one. Riding All's Well in the Kildare Hunt Plate at the Punchestown meeting of 1892, his mount fell at the Double, and his rider, though unhurt by the fall, was, as is so frequently the case, jumped on by another horse, and his skull so badly fractured that he died soon afterwards.



MR. W. BEASLEY.



## LIEUT.-COLONEL JOHN WATKINS YARDLEY

ONLY son of the late Mr. John Yardley of Chesterfield Lodge, Lichfield, known throughout the country as a fine horseman, shot, fisherman, and owner of greyhounds, by his wife Alice, daughter of M. Chappé de Leonval, a member of the old French nobility driven from home during the Revolution, the subject of our memoir was born on the 17th of July, 1858, and received his education at Retford and Trinity College, Cambridge, where he took his Bachelor's degree, going thence to Sandhurst. Two years after, he joined the 6th Inniskillen Dragoons, in which gallant regiment he saw a considerable amount of service, first in the Bechuanaland expedition (1884-1885), Zululand (1888), and finally in South Africa (1890-1891), where, previous to being severely wounded, he greatly distinguished himself, receiving the medal with five clasps, besides being mentioned in Despatches. It was soon after joining the Inniskillen Dragoons, where he was familiarly known as "The Curate," when the regiment went to South Africa in 1883, that Captain Yardley, as he was then, commenced his race-riding career; in which year, out of eleven mounts, he won eight, nearly all over a country. In 1885 he won eight out of nineteen, in 1886 nineteen out of forty, in 1887 sixteen out of thirty-three, and in 1888 six out of eighteen (a broken arm and shoulder preventing any more that year).

In June, 1889, after fourteen mounts, of which seven were winners, a leg badly broken in several places stopped further riding for that year.

Most of this riding was done in Natal, but some of it also in Cape Colony and other parts of South Africa. At one

## Gentlemen Riders

race meeting Captain Yardley rode every winner, and on several occasions rode the winners of four out of six races during the day. A great proportion of the races were across country, and he twice rode the winner of the Grand Annual Steeplechase on Scamp and Di Gama. This race was always run at Pietermaritzburg and corresponds to our Grand National. Steeplechasing in those days was very popular in Natal, and *The Mercury*, the leading newspaper, was said to have kept in type, "Captain Yardley enjoyed his usual pleasant ride across the sticks."

J.D.B., Spy, and Coachman were some well-known horses Captain Yardley owned at this time. Coachman he owned in partnership with Captain, now General, M. F. Rimington, C.B., with whom he raced; he himself training their respective horses. One great secret of his success he attributes to well schooling his horses, the obstacles being very stiff, consisting chiefly of sod banks, stone-faced walls, and post and rails, whilst the hurdles consisted entirely of solid posts and rails which would not give or break. The stakes, as a rule, were not large, and there were few bookmakers. On the other hand, selling lotteries enabled good sums to be won. "At one meeting," relates Colonel Yardley, "the garrison gave an open race over which we stood to win a big stake, but were only placed second. It was pointed out to me that the winner weighed in with his whip, so I objected and must certainly have got the race, but for the General of the district giving it as his opinion, that a civilian having won, it was bad form to object, and I was persuaded to withdraw, with the result that the next day the sporting papers soundly rated me, saying if soldiers raced they ought to conform to the rules of racing.

"A curious incident," goes on the Colonel, "happened



COLONEL YARDLEY.





## Lieut.-Colonel John Watkins Yardley

to me at a Dutch race meeting in Cape Colony. Visiting the meeting, at the invitation of the member for the district, Sir T. Uppington (which entailed a 60-mile night drive in a Cape cart), I accepted from a large landowner the mount in a half-mile flat race. In addition to a sum of money the stakes consisted of a hundred sheep. We started in front of the stand, and having drawn the outside berth, I drew up on a grand-looking sixteen-hand thoroughbred, outside a large field of horses. The starter (also mounted) got us in line, and having dropped his flag, rode right across our front, thinking he would clear us, but being outside, my horse caught him full, sending horse, starter, and flag head over heels, and with one great bound went right over the rails into the midst of the spectators. Many were badly bruised and shaken, but luckily nobody was killed. Riding back to the paddock I shall never forget the row between the infuriated owner, who had quite expected me to win, the bruised starter, and officials. Being all in Dutch, I did not understand all that passed, but gathered that a certain amount of cursing instead of apologies was being levelled at me.

“On another occasion I mounted a fallen horse, whose jockey was hurt, and rode it home into a place, being over the weight, and thus winning the owner (a friend) his place money for which he had backed it.”

The regiment now being ordered home, was stationed at Brighton, and Captain Yardley registered his colours (green, primrose sleeves, red cap) under N.H. Rules, and in conjunction with Captain C. H. Poynter, a brother officer, made a training ground on which they trained their hunters and chargers for racing.

The following year, 1891, he won the Plumpton Hunters' Steeplechase, on his mare Actinolite, also the Tally Ho

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Steeplechase at Sandown on his b.g. The Madhi, by Happy Land—Miss Brownie. This was a charger and hunter on which the same year he was second for the Southdown Hunt Point-to-Point, and won the Sussex Plate at Ringmer Steeplechases. Another horse he owned and ran in several races was Belisarius II., by Pero Gomez. This horse had had a curious career. As a two-year-old he belonged to the Duke of Beaufort, and won some good races, afterwards going to South America, where, after winning several times, he was brought back, and sold to Colonel Yardley. He was, however, soured for races, and after giving him some awful falls, schooling over the open ditch, would never face one again. At last his owner put him in a hunters' selling hurdle race at Plumpton, which apparently he could not lose. There was a big field, and 100 to 8 was a nice price, but, alas! he could only get second, and he was allowed to go, to become a Brighton cab horse.

The following year, 1892, Captain Yardley won the Grand Military Handicap Steeplechase at Sandown, on Captain H. B. Purefoy's Grigou, and rode General De la Poer Beresford's b.g. Faust, by Faro, in the Grand National. "Faust," says Colonel Yardley, "was one of the best hunters I ever rode, and was unlucky not to win this National. At the canal bend the second time he was going well with me in front alongside Cloister (who was giving us two stone), and I felt confident no other horse in the race could beat us. Alas! directly after, he broke down, but jumped the last fences on three legs, got into the paddock with difficulty, and it was a long time before he could be moved from Liverpool. Cloister won in record time, and Faust eventually got sound enough to give his owner many good hunts, but not for racing again. Owing to a great trial gallop Faust had a suspicion of a leg before starting, and by a pre-arranged plan I threw up my

## Lieut.-Colonel John Watkins Yardley

whip, after jumping the water first round, to inform his connections that the horse was going strong, but the hard ground was against him and he broke down, as I have already stated.”

This year Captain Yardley rode the winner of the Aldershot Cup. In 1894, when stationed at Shorncliffe, he won several races on his own hunters in that district, and was third on Mr. Reid Walker's Monk Lewis, by Ascetic, for the National Hunt Steeplechase run that year at Derby. At this time, thanks to a friend, he came into possession of a really good horse, a three-year-old, Bennitthorpe, by Isonomy—Rudstone, and having permission from the Jockey Club to ride on equal terms with jockeys, rode him in several races under this rule at Sandown, Goodwood, Lewes, etc., winning on three occasions; and then Bennitthorpe developed a leg, so his owner's intention to train him for a National was abandoned, and he was sold to go to the stud where he soon got winning stock, and was sent to Germany for a large sum.

The next year being stationed at Liverpool, a brother officer entered a horse, Alec Fraser, in the Altcar four-year-old Steeplechase. Only one other horse, Chair of Kildare, ridden by Arthur Nightingall, turned up to run, so Captain Yardley agreed to ride Alec Fraser on the off chance, as there was a good stake for second. Now Alec Fraser was an unschooled four-year-old that had never seen a steeplechase course, and was fairly puzzled at the race-course crowd. Starting at the water jump he hopped over the little fence straight into the middle of the water. Both horse and rider were hidden in the cloud of water, but came out together and continued to the next fence, which both Chair of Kildare and Alec Fraser refused, but jumped it at the second attempt, and got nicely over the next obstacle and so to the first open ditch, when

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Alec Fraser went straight through the middle of the fence. Again, strange to say, he did not fall, although he made a hole through the big fence you could walk through. No power, however, would induce him to face Becher's Brook, where he kept refusing until Chair of Kildare had passed the winning post. This year Captain Yardley won three races on a horse called Knocklong, and won races at nearly all the meetings round Cheshire, some of his own hunters. In one three-mile steeplechase at Wirral Hunt, riding a four-year-old, first time out, his stirrup-leather broke at the first fence, but catching it as the iron slipped off, he rode the race and won, and, thanks to having carried the leather, just drew the weight.

Riding to the post for the Ladies' Purse at Tarporley on his b.g. Martial, by Victor II., a capital hunter, but with which he had little hope of winning, a brother officer who was also riding his own horse, assured him that his mount was a good thing, that he had backed it heavily, and persuaded him to have £5 on. Approaching the last fence they both perceived that a horse called Scalemorebotha must win, and it also had been well backed. So disgusted was his friend that he only rode half-heartedly, and Captain Yardley beat him on the post by a head for second place. On coming to scale Captain Yardley perceived the rider of Scalemorebotha could not draw the weight, although the connections protested that he was all right. The clerk of the scales was nearly bluffed, but an exclamation from the rider of the second made him careful, and after a great bother at the scales Scalemorebotha was disqualified and the unbacked Martial became the winner.

He had previously been asked to ride Scalemorebotha, and it transpired afterwards that the jockey being mounted hurriedly, the weight-cloth had been open or rotten, and some of the lead dropped out in consequence.

## Lieut.-Colonel John Watkins Yardley

In 1896, the regiment being stationed at Edinburgh, Captain Yardley was seen riding a good deal at northern meetings, winning races at Bogside, Dumfries, and Rothbury, although he came south to ride in the Army Point-to-Point and the Sandown Grand Military.

“An amusing incident,” says Captain Yardley, “happened at the Dumfrieshire Hunt Races. I was riding a capital hunter of my own, Saucy Lass II., by War Eagle—Saucy Kate, but she was no race horse, and it was long odds on the only other runner, King of the Meadows, ridden by a professional jockey. At the preliminary jump my mare refused, but I did not persist, as I knew with a lead over the first fence she would be perfectly right. However, the jockey of the other horse had noticed her refusal, and when the starter dropped his flag we both remained standing still. The starter became very angry, informed us we must go on, report us, etc., so we quietly walked on. I said to the jockey, ‘You may as well go on and give me a lead over the first fence, won’t you?’ His only reply was, ‘I’ve got waiting orders;’ to which I replied, ‘So have I.’ Thus we walked all the way to the first fence, but being on a good hunter I could afford to walk closer up to the fence than he could, so when a few yards from it, he had to go and give me the lead I wanted. Directly he was over, he pulled up to a walk again, but knowing I was all right I slipped my mare off at full gallop, and got such a lead he never quite caught me again, and I won the race.

“At this time I paid a flying visit to Ireland to ride a little mare Unity for my sister in the Kilkenny Hunt Cup, which we won, but an objection overruled by the local Stewards was some months later sustained by the Irish National Hunt, and the race awarded to one of their members. The objection was on the hunter certificate; the M.F.H. had sent in

## Gentlemen Riders

certificates for the horses running, omitting the names of Unity and another, but had added a postscript that these horses were also duly qualified; the technical objection being that he had omitted to initial the postscript. It was a remarkable proceeding, as Unity was little more than a pony, and a very genuine lady's hunter. A still stranger thing happened at this Kilkenny Meeting. During one of the races, the open ditch built up with dry gorse was fired either by accident or design, and the horses approached it in a sheet of flame.

"Two of the riders boldly jumped into the middle of the flame, getting through with falls and considerably scorched, and one of them pluckily remounting, won the race. I have further cause to remember the meeting, as my racing breeches, etc., were purloined.

"I note," he continues, "in the 'Sportsman's' list of cross-country riders in 1896, Captain Yardley had 30 mounts and 5 wins. This is not the good average abroad, but the majority of the mounts were on rank outsiders.

"I commenced 1897 by winning a three-mile steeplechase at Plumpton on a horse called Victor, only half fit. A grand horse that had won many big races on the Continent, he was brought back to England, and bought by my friend General Beresford to win the National. He got into the race with a nice weight, and the preliminary gallop at Plumpton, in which the horse never put a foot wrong, filled us with great confidence. His next outing, when pretty fit, was a steeplechase at Kempton, for which he started a hot favourite, and which we quite expected him to win easily, and become first favourite for the National. However, to my utter astonishment, he never rose at all at the open ditch, and came an awful cropper. A similar fate befell us in a steeplechase at Sandown and in the Nottingham Handicap Steeplechase, at

## Lieut.-Colonel John Watkins Yardley

the last fence, when I thought we were going to win, but on each occasion we escaped with bruising and bitter disappointment. I felt convinced the horse's eyesight was wrong, but it was discounted, so I insisted that a professional jockey should perform on the horse in his next two races at Gatwick. I think on these occasions both jockeys had awful falls and were carried off the course, and then later it was discovered that I was right about the horse's eyesight.

“Riding in a hurdle race at Sheffield and Rotherham, whilst jumping a hurdle I received an awful blow in the eyes, of mud and stones out of the hoof of a horse in front, and finished almost stone blind, and it being the last race of the day, had great difficulty in dressing and getting away by my last train. Passing through Manchester, I had to stop and seek an ophthalmist, who gave relief by cleaning out the grit forced into my eyes, but it was some weeks before I got back full eyesight. I wonder this accident does not occur oftener. That year I won a good many Point-to-Point races, also the Regimental Cup, on a beautiful little hunter I owned called Woodcock, by Holywood (a winner of many hunt races), also the Buccleugh Cup for Mr. Scott Anderson.”

In 1898 Captain Yardley rode two seconds and one third on outsiders at the Grand Military Meeting at Sandown, won the Newmarket Steeplechase on Memphis, and rode the Panther in the Lancashire Handicap Steeplechase at Manchester, being knocked over when going well, and did some riding in Ireland, when later the regiment was moved to Dundalk. In 1899 he won the Past and Present Steeplechase at the Grand Military Meeting at Sandown, on Mr. Keith Fraser's Walk-Over, breaking his collar-bone soon afterwards in the Irish Army Point-to-Point, which, however, did not keep him out of the saddle for long.

## Gentlemen Riders

Captain Yardley now proceeded to South Africa to take part in the Boer War, where he was so severely wounded that for some years he was quite incapacitated, and, as a result, can only now hunt and play a little polo.

“Nerve being right, however,” says this plucky sportsman, “I look forward, if age does not prevent, to getting fit enough to ride between the flags again, one of these days.”

In the course of his riding career, Colonel Yardley has broken an arm, shoulder, and collar-bone; his leg in five places, ribs, etc., but all healed well and give no ill results. These accidents were all caused by horses falling.

Considering how much his time was taken up with soldiering, coupled with the fact that he was never able to afford expensive horses—indeed he will tell you that he was never once on the back of one worth a thousand—such a record as his is little short of marvellous. To these causes he attributes his failure to win the Grand Military Gold Cup; the only time he had really booked it in advance being when asked to ride Parma Violet, for whom the race would have been a gift, but for the mare breaking down at Hurst Park just previously.

Though best known to the majority as a steeplechase rider, there is not a sport one can name which the subject of this chapter has not an intimate acquaintance with. Devoted to hunting, there is hardly a pack in the United Kingdom with which he is not known. A keen fisherman, he has caught mahseer in Assam, salmon in Norway and Newfoundland, and is equally proficient at dry-fly and grayling fishing at home. As a shot it would be difficult to find his superior; whilst the fine collection of heads of all sorts which adorn his walls in Gloucestershire, speaks volumes for his prowess among big game. Even as we write, he is preparing for a visit to East Africa on a shooting expedition.







*From the original Painting by Major Giles.*

COLONEL FISHER-CHILDE ON "SLANE."

## Colonel Fisher-Childe

An enthusiast at polo, he played for many years for his regiment, and captains the Cheltenham Court Polo Team at the present time.

Colonel Yardley, when up at Cambridge, rowed in the Trinity boat; played football occasionally for the 'Varsity team, and was, and is still, an adept at racquets and tennis.

When, in addition, we mention that besides being sporting editor of the *Cavalry Journal*, he wrote, amongst others, that amusing and largely read book, entitled, "With the Inniskilling Dragoons in South Africa," we have said sufficient, we fancy, to prove that for a "man of many trades and master of them all," it would be hard to find the superior of Lieut.-Colonel John Watkins Yardley.

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## COLONEL FISHER-CHILDE

IF ever the familiar expression "hard lines" may be fairly said to have been *à propos*, it was when the gallant officer named above, at once one of the most brilliant and popular horsemen in the Service—or out of it for that matter—riding in a trial over fences on Mr. Arthur Yates's private course at Bishops Sutton, fell and broke his leg, thereby effectually preventing his arriving at the summit of his ambition, and winning the Grand National on his own horse. As a consequence, Roquefoot, who was to have been the means of effecting this desirable consummation, and who had already run third in the great event in the hands of Childe in 1884,

## Gentlemen Riders

was put up for sale after the races at Sandown Park, and knocked down to Mr. Arthur Cooper, in whose colours, and ridden by Mr. E. P. Wilson, he won this coveted event with the utmost ease the following year.

It was in 1877, soon after joining the 10th Hussars, when in India with the regiment, that we first hear of Mr. Fisher (as he was then) sporting silk on a race course. During his stay there, he won many races and steeplechases on his own and other people's horses, both on the flat and over a country, the most important, perhaps, being the Kadir Cup; Lord William Beresford, Frank Johnson, B. Short, and sundry other amateur horsemen of repute being behind him. On returning with the regiment to England, he shared some horses with the late Mr. Hanbury, whose fatal accident at Lewes when riding one of the animals in question, will doubtless be in the remembrance of many of our readers; and with a view to perfecting himself in race-riding, spent most of his time, when on leave, with Mr. Arthur Yates at Bishops Sutton, where his partner had already been located for some time.

In 1887 Captain Fisher had the satisfaction of winning the Gold Cup at the Grand Military Meeting held at Sandown Park, on Dalesman (6 yrs., 11 st.), belonging to himself, beating eight others; and this horse he sold shortly after to Ernest Benzon (popularly known as "The Jubilee Juggins"), to whom he proved a rare bargain, his late owner winning, besides several steeplechases, the principal hurdle races at Liverpool, Croydon, and Sandown on him. In addition, Captain Fisher won the Irish Grand Military on Downey, a mare bred by Lord Downe, some of whose progeny, such as Coolmorn, have since proved useful on the flat. In 1889 Captain Fisher, at the instance of Mr. C. J. Cunningham, travelled specially to Doncaster to ride in Why Not's four and a half mile trial for the

## Colonel Fisher-Childe

Grand National, in which he fell, though he finished second in the actual race.

On giving up riding on his own account, Mr. Cunningham invited Captain Fisher to ride all his horses for him in future—a compliment which would undoubtedly have been accepted *con amore*, but for the Colonel of the Tenth when appealed to, not seeing his way, however willing he might be, to giving the necessary leave—a difficulty the other was the first to recognise when, later on, he succeeded to the command of the regiment. On Chancery, a rare good horse in his day, Captain Fisher won several steeplechases at Liverpool, Manchester, and Kempton, and on the hard-pulling Meerschaum he won no less than fourteen steeplechases—a fact which was probably attributable to horse and rider being thoroughly acquainted with each other. Meerschaum, who was a splendid jumper, only fell with his rider once, and that was in a memorable steeplechase at Sandown, when the late Major “Roddy” Owen got on a policeman’s horse to catch his own, which had got away after putting him down.

As well as in Ireland, there are few courses in England over which the subject of this sketch has not been seen to advantage at one time or another; Liverpool, Sandown, Kempton, Wye, Plumpton, Leicester, Gatwick, Croydon, Lewes, Crewkerne, Bibury, Folkestone, Long Oaks, and Doncaster being favourite battle-grounds of his; 1876, when he topped the list of gentlemen riders, was his best year.

But for his inability to get down to the required weight, Colonel Fisher-Childe would have, of course, ridden his wife’s horse Skedaddle, a four-year-old, carrying 9 st. 12 lbs., when he won the Grand Paris Steeplechase thirteen years ago—the first English horse to do so. As it was, Mr. G. B. Milne proved a capable substitute.

## Gentlemen Riders

“Skedaddle is located at Kinlet Hall at the present time, and his owners cherish hopes that he may yet sire a Grand National winner.

On Slane, the Colonel won the 10th Hussars Challenge Cup no fewer than four times, the two last being when in command of the regiment, and (adds his owner), “both of us getting very old.” Slane accompanied his master to South Africa during the Boer War, and whilst there was shot in the foot, though not badly, luckily; and now he is at rest in an orchard at Kinlet, alongside some other good old chasers who have all done their share towards the successes of the familiar Zingari and Black Cap of their popular owner.

It was this old favourite upon whose back their Colonel elected to be depicted by Mr. G. D. Giles, when the regiment presented him with his portrait by way of a wedding gift. Needless to say, it constitutes one of its recipient’s most valued possessions, not only as a work of art, but as a lasting memento of those stirring scenes in which he took so prominent a part.

That the medical profession—or, at all events, that portion of it devoted to surgery—profited by some of the Colonel’s rides, may be gathered from the fact that at various times during his steeplechasing and hunting career, he had broken both legs, both arms, both collar-bones, several ribs, dislocated both shoulders, and had concussion of the brain on seven different occasions.

“And yet,” as he philosophically observes, “I loved the game as much as ever, when old age made me give it up.”





EARL COWLEY.



## EARL COWLEY

ASSOCIATED as he had been from his earliest boyhood with the Duke of Beaufort's Hunt, it was highly appropriate that Lord Cowley, then quite a young man, should ride and win his maiden steeplechase at the Beaufort Hunt Meeting, which, having been dropped for many years, was revived with great success in 1887, at Sherston.

The fact that the steeplechase in question, won on a hunter named Pollacky, belonging to himself, was the Beaufort Hunt Cup, the most important event on the card, in no wise detracted from the sweets of the victory, you may be sure, and, doubtless, acted as an incentive to continue a career in the saddle so successfully inaugurated.

At first Lord Cowley contented himself with riding his own and his friends' horses at the different Hunt meetings in his immediate neighbourhood, and so marked was his success, that it was no matter of surprise when, before long, his white jacket, scarlet and brown hooped sleeves, scarlet collar, and brown cap made their appearance at the more important fixtures all over the country.

For Sir Humphrey de Trafford he rode a good many horses to victory, notably Innisfail and Roman Oak, the latter of whom was a real good horse until he turned roarer.

Then came Morello, belonging to himself, who Lord Cowley describes as the best two-miler he ever rode, and on whom he won a heap of races.

Beyrouth and Bravo, too, were both useful horses over hurdles.

The hard-pulling Chair of Kildare, again, won a lot of

## Gentlemen Riders

steeplechases with his owner in the saddle, whilst Padallo, Tibocrat, and Knighthood all proved useful on occasion.

Eleven stone was the lowest weight Lord Cowley could ride at, and this fact naturally curtailed his number of mounts to some considerable extent. Nevertheless, his record when he rode for the last time at Sandown in the spring of 1899, was one which any amateur horseman might have been proud of, especially considering the brief period over which it had extended.

It may not be generally known, perhaps, that at one time Lord Cowley was part owner of Cloister, which celebrated horse, together with Bloodstone, he and the late Major Roddy Owen bought between them in the autumn of 1890. Major Owen sold his share of the former to Lord Dudley, but Lord Cowley was still part owner when the horse ran second in the Grand National, and remained so until the son of Ascetic was sold to Captain Duff-Assheton Smith.

Though his familiar cap and jacket have been put by in lavender for some time now, it must not be inferred that their owner has bidden farewell to the pigskin—very much the contrary indeed ; there being no more regular attendant every winter at the meets of the Quorn and the neighbouring packs of hounds, and certainly no harder or better rider, when hounds are running hard, than the nobleman who forms the subject of this chapter.





MR. DAN THIRLWELL ON "EAU DE VIE."

## MR. DAN THIRLWELL

AT Sandown Park one day in the early eighties, a little group of three, consisting of the late Duke of Hamilton, his trainer Dick Marsh, and the latter's father-in-law, Mr. Thirlwell, a well-known Sussex sportsman and race-horse owner, were discussing the probable winner of a steeplechase about to be run.

There was a large field and Duke "Rufus" could not make up his mind what to back.

"Have a bit on mine, your Grace," suggested Mr. Thirlwell. "He'll start at a long price, and my boy, Dan, who I'm putting up, is riding him for the first time."

The Duke took the tip and backed the young 'un's mount for more than a trifle, and as the horse started at 20 to 1, had a good win.

Later on in the afternoon, young Dan was up again in a hurdle race, which he also won, the Duke being again well on the winner, who, strangely enough, also started at 20 to 1.

Those two lucky mounts may fairly be said to have founded Dan Thirlwell's fortune, for a few days afterwards a message came to him, through his brother-in-law, Dick Marsh, from His Grace of Hamilton, to the effect that he would be very glad if Dan would go to Lordship Farm, where his horses were then trained, and ride gallops for him for a while.

Needless to say the invitation was accepted with alacrity; and that the visit proved satisfactory to all concerned is made clear from the fact that, henceforth, Dan Thirlwell took up his permanent abode at Lordship Farm. At that

## Gentlemen Riders

time Dick Marsh had twenty or thirty jumpers under his charge, and what with riding these, and others trained by Ryan, Jewett, and Joe Cannon, to say nothing of gallops and trials on the flat, with such professors of the art of equitation as Fred Archer, F. Webb, and John Watts, it is not surprising that, in a comparatively brief period, the Duke's *protégé* began to be looked upon as one of the most rising horsemen of the day.

One unique experience which happened to the subject of our memoir, during his sojourn at Lordship Farm, he is never tired of relating, and small wonder.

"It is given to few, I fancy," opined Mr. Thirlwell, "to participate in a midnight trial for the Grand National, but that was what happened to me once, and what fun it was! Dick Marsh having two in the race, was naturally very anxious to know which was the better of the pair; and as the owner did not care to have them publicly galloped, it was decided to try them on the quiet. Accordingly, we got Robert I'Anson to come and stay with us for a few days, and it was arranged that, the first moonlight night during his visit, we would try them together over the schooling ground inside the belt of trees enclosing Egerton House. At last we had a perfect night, and everybody was packed off to bed at 10 o'clock, only John Gibbons (the head man) being in the secret.

"At 1.30 Dick called Bob I'Anson and self, and we at once got up, saddled the horses, and went out into the night. The horses we tried were Eau de Vie (I'Anson), Athlacca (R. Marsh) and The Captain (D. Thirlwell). I made the running on the last named for  $3\frac{1}{2}$  miles, when I was beaten, and then Dick and Bob I'Anson fought out a tremendous battle, which ended in Bob winning by a neck. Now came

## Mr. Dan Thirlwell

the trouble. We had to walk the horses about until they had cooled down, and then dress them over. Eau de Vie stood seventeen hands, and Athlacca kept breaking out. However, we managed everything all right, and not a soul was the wiser except ourselves."

Of the many good horses ridden by him during his career, Mr. Thirlwell describes *The Sinner*—on whom he won sixteen races, flat, hurdle, and over a country, without being once beaten—as the best. Eau de Vie was another good one, on whom he won fourteen races of all sorts, including the *Prix de Dago* and *Prix de Cascades*—in which race he beat Harry Beasley a head; "Farmer" Linde being so mortified by the defeat of the Irish Champion that he shed tears after the race—and the big steeplechase at Baden Baden. On *The Captain* too, who was never known to fall, he won fifteen mixed races. Other good ones ridden by him were *Thornfield*, *Scots Guard*, *Mark Athony*, *Frigate*, *The Bear*, *Friday*, *Sherbrook*, *Bolero*, *Rigoletto*, *Zeus*, and *Ringlet*; whilst on *Terrier*, the only four-year-old who ever completed the course, and whose first steeplechase it was, he finished fifth in the *Grand National* of 1884. Another cherished feat, too, was riding fourteen winners without a break. In addition to these in his own stable, Mr. Thirlwell rode, schooling at various times, such celebrities as *Seaman*, *Cyrus*, *The Scot*, *Regal*, *Prudholme*, and *Cloister*.

The Duke of Hamilton had been asked to patronise a meeting held at Clingendaal close to the Hague in Holland, and as Mr. Thirlwell was on his way to Germany with eight horses, three of them were entered there. The stakes were small and the class bad, and the races comprised hurdle race, steeplechases, and trotting.

"I had been at the place a week before racing," said

## Gentlemen Riders

Mr. Thirlwell, "and got to know some of the trotting men, and as I had ridden trotters when a boy, I used to ride some of them on the course. I told the Duke this, and on the day of the race he backed me to ride a winner on the flat, a winner over hurdles, a steeplechase, and a trotting race. This feat I accomplished with ease, winning the flat race on Cosmos, the hurdle with Bolero, walked over for the steeplechase on The Captain, and the trotting race on one I forget the name of."

Perhaps the most important race of all won by Mr. Thirlwell was the big hurdle race at Auteuil for the Duke of Hamilton, on Jannock, when he beat Mr. George Lambton a neck.

The Duke, who had backed his horse at 50 to 1, won £20,000 on the race, and met with a great ovation on leading the winner back to the enclosure; the excited Frenchmen, not content with cheering and clapping him on the back, winding up by seizing Mr. Thirlwell as he emerged from the weighing-room, and carrying him on their shoulders to the dressing-room.

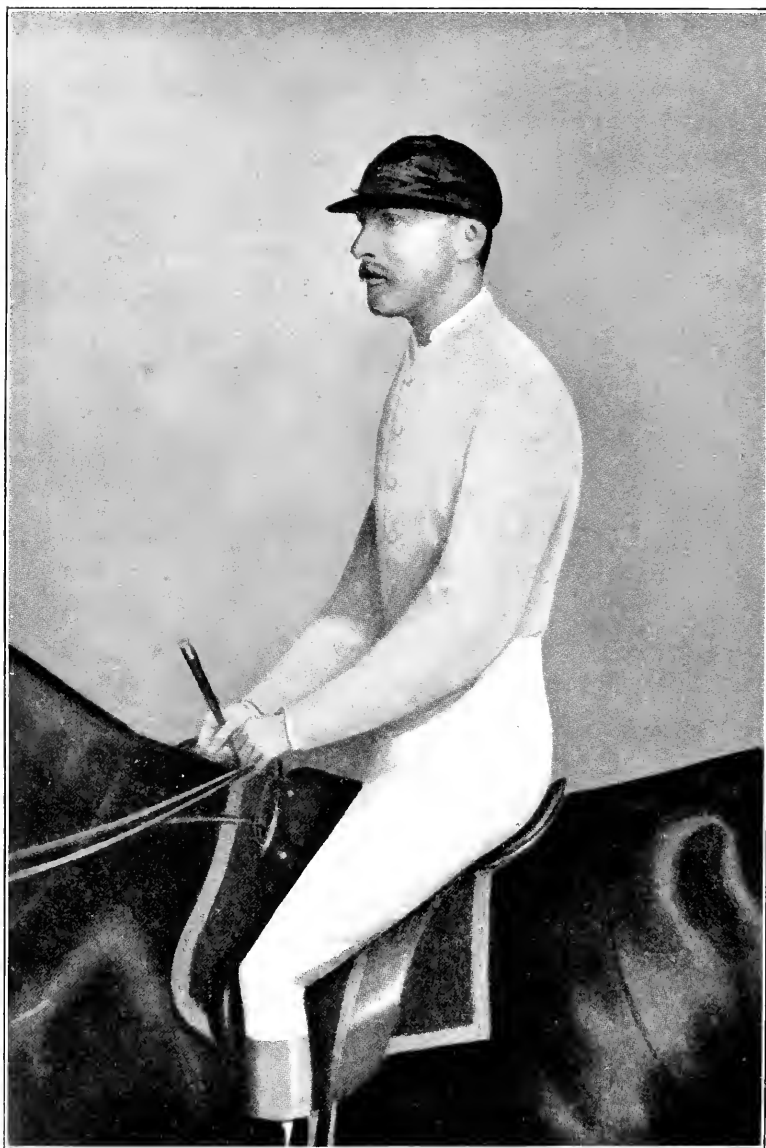
Mr. Thirlwell, who was born in 1860, commenced steeplechase riding when he was seventeen years old, his first masters being Viscount Folkestone, Mr. Thirlwell, senior, and the late John Nightingall, whose sons, Arthur and Willy, were then at school.

On putting him up in a race, old John would impress on his jockey that the horse he was riding had *no chance* and was only worth riding for the sake of practice.

On getting him on to the course, however, and giving his orders, he would more often than not add significantly, "Don't win *too far!*" and when he made use of these words it was seldom his representative was beaten.







LORD MARCUS BERESFORD.

## Lord Marcus Beresford

Mr. Thirlwell won a race for him once at Lewes, and was objected to afterwards by Mr. Bevill for bumping; but it came to nothing, as, though his mount hung towards the others, it was palpable he had the race in hand. On hearing of the objection, John Nightingall remarked, in his dry way, "What for? Winning too far?"

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### LORD MARCUS BERESFORD

IT seems but yesterday, so vivid is the scene in our memory, that we made one of an interested group of spectators who assembled in the big billiard-room at the Washington, at Liverpool, on the night before the Grand National of 1876, won by Regal, formed a ring round two gentlemen in evening dress, who, with betting books out, were busy pencilling down a series of fancy bets on the great race of the morrow. One of the twain was the late Captain Machell, the other Lord Marcus Beresford, the horses they were backing against each other in their places being respectively Chandos and Chimney Sweep, belonging to themselves; and seeing that Chandos, who started one of the hottest favourites on record, fell in the course of the race, and Chimney Sweep—who, by the way, was his owner's second charger when in the 7th Hussars—was fourth, the presumption is that Lord Marcus came off best in the duel.

Another penny in the slot and this time the scene changes to Croydon—dear, merry old Croydon. Who is the jockey, pale in the face, with his head swathed in surgical bandages? Surely not "Lord Marky," who came such a cropper the

## Gentlemen Riders

previous day! "Lord Marky" it is, though, and no other; and, by Jove! he's down again at the farmhouse fence. Ah! they've caught his horse for him and he's up again, and sending his mount along for all his worth, in hot pursuit of the rest.

"Go along, Marky!" yell his friends in the stand; "you'll catch 'em yet!"

And he does, too, and to some tune, for at the foot of the hill he's once more on terms with his field, and, what is more, is going as well as anything in the race. See! the lot are together as they rise the hill towards the last lot of hurdles! It's anybody's race apparently, and a bookie in the enclosure, being impressed with the fact, is offering in loud tones his readiness to bet a level pony that no one names the winner, when a sky-blue jacket is suddenly seen to shoot out from the rest and top the hurdles with apparently the race in hand.

"It's Lord Marcus, God love him!" yells a compatriot, delirious with joy, as he throws his hat up in the air.

And, sure enough, the next instant his gallant countryman gallops past the post amidst a hurricane of cheers from all sides of the course, as a reward for his pluck and energy.

In 1866, for the first time in its history, the National Hunt Steeplechase was run in Scotland at the Bogside (Irvine) meeting.

The course, which is about one hour's journey by rail from Glasgow, had a coal pit in the middle of it, and seeing that the famous Marquis of Waterford, familiarly known as the mad Marquis, once distinguished himself by riding three winners in the same afternoon there, it was quite in the order of things that a member of the Beresford family, in the shape of Lord Marcus, should win the principal event of the day on that occasion.

This he accomplished on Mr. G. Ballard's Burford (12 st.

## Lord Marcus Beresford

1 lb.) winning by two lengths in easy fashion from eight others; Flying Birdcatcher, ridden by Mr. "Billy" Baldwin ("The Lion"), being second, and Boyne Water, the favourite and the mount of Mr. E. P. Wilson, third.

Though small in quantity, the field was certainly not lacking in quality, it being previously agreed that a better looking lot of horses had never started for the race since its institution.

Bellringer, the mount of Captain Smith, made the running for some distance at a hard pace, when he fell, his rider breaking his collar-bone, and after this Burford had matters all his own way.

Probably the most interesting steeplechase the subject of our memoir ever took part in, however, was the historic match between the three brothers Beresford, at the Curraghmore Hunt Meeting in 1874, of which their old friend, Major Trocke—himself an eye-witness—gives the following graphic description:—

"It was a sweepstakes of 100 sovs. each, P.P., and was run over the Williamstown Course at the annual steeplechase meeting of the Curraghmore Hunt in 1874, 3 miles, 12 st. each.

"Lord Charles rode a black horse named Nightwalker; Lord Marcus, a bay gelding, The Weasel; and Lord William, Woodlark, a grey mare on which I had frequently seen him brilliantly carried with hounds. They all rode in the Beresford blue, with distinguishing caps, and were started by poor Tom Waters and judged by old Judge Hunter, both of whom have long since joined the majority. It was a capital race, run at a good pace for a contest of that description, and they were all together, riding against each other for all they were worth, till nearing the last fence, when Lord Charles's mount, Nightwalker,

## Gentlemen Riders

hung out signals of distress, a great race home between the other two resulting in a victory for Billy, on Woodlark, by a short head.

“Those were the palmy days of the Curraghmore Hunt, and, in consequence, the race caused the greatest excitement among the country people, of whom there was an enormous concourse present, and Lord William being a great favourite in the district, his victory was popular in the extreme.”

On giving up riding in public, Lord Marcus was appointed starter to the Jockey Club, a post which he resigned for another of far higher importance, viz. that of Master of the Horse to King Edward—then Prince of Wales.

How admirably the arrangement worked we are all aware, and though, as is not infrequently the case, the good luck which had from the commencement attended the Royal colours, deserted them for a while, it was not for long, and at the time of writing, it looks very much like there being a very permanent revival of the Persimmon and Diamond Jubilee days, in which case, you may be sure, the subject of our memoir will be one of the first to be congratulated.

Full of fun, and like the majority of his countrymen, possessed of a ready wit, the sayings and doings attributed to Lord Marcus Beresford would fill a good-sized book.

Passing St. George's Hospital one day, the friend with him remarked that one of its chimneys was leaning against another for support. “Of course it is,” was the unexpected reply. “Don't you know the hospital is entirely supported by assistance from outside?”

The joke, too, he once perpetrated on a highly respectable tradesman at Epsom, when resident there in the long ago as presiding genius over the stable full of jumpers, including some belonging to the then Prince of Wales, trained by the



*From a Photograph lent by the Marquis of Waterford.*

LORD WILLIAM BERESFORD, V.C.





## Lord Marcus Beresford

late John Jones, though, no doubt, familiar to a good many, will bear repeating here. Meeting the other one day in the street, Lord Marcus remarked, "You're very fond of shooting, aren't you, Mr. So-and-so?" "I should rather think I *ham*, my Lord," was the enthusiastic reply. "Have you ever shot a woodcock?" went on his tormentor. "Never had the chance yet, my lord, I'm sorry to say, though it's long been my ambition to do so," rejoined his victim. "Then bring your gun up to my place to-morrow morning," said Lord Marcus, "and your darling wish shall be gratified, for you're as sure to find a woodcock in the corner of the paddock as we stand here."

Accordingly, the next morning the inhabitant of the town where the salts come from, who had hardly had a wink of sleep all night for thought of the sport he was to enjoy on the morrow, wended his way with his gun over his shoulder to the residence of Lord Marcus Beresford, who, after proffering the usual liquid refreshment, escorted his guest in person to the paddock at the back, which they had hardly entered when his lordship exclaimed, "There's your woodcock!" pointing as he spoke to a recumbent figure in the far corner of the enclosure.

"Why, it's a horse!" exclaimed our sportsman, in disgust, as the recumbent one rose slowly to its feet, and, coming towards them, revealed the well-known personality of Woodcock, the veteran hurdle racer, who, when at his best, could always be relied on at a pinch—and it occurred very often—to get the stable out of a difficulty.

## Gentlemen · Riders

### THE EARL OF MINTO

(“MR. ROLLY.”)

TOWARDS the latter part of the last century, amongst the numerous lodging-houses at Cambridge patronised by those members of the University who, either from disinclination or want of accommodation, were not residing at the Colleges they respectively belonged to, there was one in particular, known as “French’s,” which had long been recognised as an establishment to which none but the leading sporting lights of the ‘Varsity had right of *entrée*. At no time possibly had its reputation been better sustained than from 1866 to 1869, during which period there were sheltered under its roof tree the Earl of Minto (then Viscount Melgund), Lord Aberdour, John Maunsell Richardson, Cecil Legard, the two Fitzwilliams, and Leopold de Rothschild, all names to conjure with in the world of sport in the near future.

Son of the third Earl of Minto, the subject of our memoir was born on July 9th, 1847, and in due course went to Eton, where he distinguished himself greatly as a sculler, dividing the honours for supremacy with Corkran major. From thence he went to Cambridge, and it was whilst there that he was one of the four riders chosen to represent the ‘Varsity in the celebrated match at Aylesbury in 1865, when Cambridge won.

In the course of the race he unfortunately managed to knock over Lord Willoughby de Broke, who was riding the favourite for Oxford, the latter always declaring afterwards—in fun of course—that “Rolly” Melgund was specially told off for that purpose by the other side.



*Mr. Rolly.*

THE EARL OF MINTO  
("MR. ROLLY").



## The Earl of Minto

Lord Minto also won that coveted trophy "The Whip" when up at Cambridge on a mare of his own named Rival, and in connection with this there is an amusing story.

"The Whip" is a long-established University steeplechase, and "The Whip" itself, if won three years in succession by the same undergraduate, would remain his property. Cecil Legard (now the Rev. Cecil Legard) had won it twice, and there was naturally considerable excitement as to whether he became its possessor. Owing to a postponement, the race was set to be run on the very day on which the B.A. degrees were conferred, and Lord Melgund (as he then was) was required to be in the Senate House to receive his degree at the same hour at which the race was to be run at Cottenham, some seven miles away. However, nothing daunted, with his racing colours and breeches and boots concealed from view by his gown, and his spurs in his pocket, he was at the Senate House to the minute, and having received his degree, jumped on the hack in attendance outside, and galloped as hard as he could on to the course, where he arrived, not a minute too soon, the other riders having all weighed out and on their way to the post when he got there just in time to win a well-deserved victory by a neck from Cecil Legard on Harkaway. He subsequently sold Rival to his friend Maunsell Richardson, who won The Whip on him the following year. Later on, "Mr. Rolly" frequently rode at Cottenham with success—a handicap on a horse called Leap Year, when he beat Arthur Yates on his well-known grey, Oddfellow, by a neck; and a race on the flat when, riding Merry Monk, he just got the better of Custance, being two of his best performances.

From Cambridge Lord Minto went straight into the Scots Guards, amongst his brother officers when he joined being Colonels G. W. Knox and Harford, and Lord Charles Innes

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Ker, all of whom had made their mark as gentlemen riders of no ordinary ability. Soon after this he bought a mare from Mr. Maunsell Richardson for the express purpose of winning the Household Brigade Cup—run at that time over the old course at the back of the Cavalry Barracks at Old Windsor, and since built over—but could only get second to Lord Charles Innes Ker's Souple Sandy, the mount of Colonel "Lummy" Harford.

By this time Lord Minto was fairly bitten with steeple-chasing, so much so, indeed, that he left the Guards and took up his abode with his friend Mr. Richardson at Limber Magna in Lincolnshire, with the sole object of perfecting himself in the art of riding over a country. If he failed, it certainly was not for want of practice, for what with riding gallops over a country in the early morning and hunting all day, he may be said to have lived in the saddle. As results proved, however, never was the old saying, "Industry has its own reward," made familiar to us in the copy-books of our youth, better exemplified than in this particular instance, and Mr. John Corlett might well remark in the rosy columns of his popular paper that "Mr. Rolly" had taken to riding like the devil.

Lord Minto was altogether five years at Limber Magna, hunting regularly all the time when not riding races. Very often he and his host would train to Lincoln and have a day with the Burton, which pack Mr. Henry Chaplin had just taken over from Lord Henry Bentinck, and it was on one of these occasions that a droll incident occurred. Lord Minto happened to be in mufti for once in a way, and going through a ford, old Lord Henry who was just behind, and did not recognise who it was, hit him with his whip and told him to get on. His host mentioned the matter to Mr. Chaplin, and he in turn spoke to Lord Henry, who merely remarked that if

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people dressed like grooms they must expect to be mistaken for them.

Mr. Richardson, who should know better than anybody, has nothing but praise for Lord Minto's horsemanship. "He always" (says his old friend and mentor) "kept his head well in a race, and if the horse was good enough, made no mistakes. At first he would grumble sometimes when I shouted at him in our exercise gallops, but it had the effect of making him the good judge of pace he was, as I am sure he would be the first to admit."

Not counting those connected with the University, the first steeplechase ever won by "Mr. Rolly" was on his own mare Rival at Aylesbury, where, in after years, he rode many a winner; whilst his first winning mount on the flat was in a mile race at York on Mexico, belonging to his old friend Mr. T. Martin, the owner of a celebrated north-country horse called The Swan.

"Mr. Rolly" afterwards rode a great deal in the north, both over a country and the flat, frequently sporting Lord Zetland's colours in the latter.

At Kelso once he rode Reugny, then a three-year-old, in a six-furlong race, being just beaten a head by Tom Spence on the Mineral Colt. He had a great race too once at Ayr on Lowlander, also a three-year-old, when a great pot was upset by The Swan, just referred to, who won by a neck.

On Mr. Richardson retiring from the saddle after his Liverpool victory on Reugny, "Mr. Rolly" rode almost entirely for the Limber stable, whose patrons at that period consisted of Lord Downe, Sir John Astley, Mr. Savile, Colonel Davidson, and Captain Machell.

In 1874 "Mr. Rolly" won the French Grand National at Auteuil on his own mare, Miss Hungerford, trained at

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Limber, when, singularly enough, of the eighteen jockeys who rode in the race, all were professionals except himself. It was a very fast run race and the course an extremely stiff one, one of the most formidable of the obstacles being a very high knife-topped bank.

Miss Hungerford was a real good mare, her best performance of all, perhaps, being at Stratford-on-Avon, when, in receipt of 7 lbs., with her owner in the saddle, she beat Congress, ridden by Mr. E. P. Wilson, over three and a half miles, his best distance.

"Mr. Rolly" also rode the mare in the Grand National of 1875, which he was always of opinion she would have won but for being knocked over the second time round.

They were quite by themselves on the left-hand side of the course, so as to keep out of the crowd, when an Irish jockey on Sailor deliberately charged into them, with the result just stated.

The Limber stable began the year 1875 very well, at the Lincoln Spring Meeting, where the five horses they ran all won in the hands of "Mr. Rolly."

On Zero, belonging to Mr. Richardson, he also won several races. This was the horse who gave him such a terrible fall at Valentine's Brook, the last time round, in the Grand National of 1876, of which so many different versions have been given at various times, that we take this opportunity of stating exactly what *did* occur. Zero was going splendidly, and, nearing Valentine's, just behind Shifnal and Jackal, who were leading, his jockey got a real good steadier at him. The horse jumped the fence in his stride, almost touching the left-hand flag, without disturbing a twig, but came a tremendous cropper on landing, falling head over heels, in fact. Tom Cannon happened to be on the spot, and, with his assistance, "Mr. Rolly"



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managed to walk back to the weighing-room, where it was at once seen that his injuries were very serious, the doctors, including Sir James Paget, who was at once telegraphed for, being unanimous in their opinion that their noble patient had broken his neck—a fact he declined to believe until, some years later, calling on Sir James Paget on another matter, the great surgeon, referring to the incident, remarked, “Well, all I can say is, you are one of those extraordinary people who has broken his neck and recovered. Your backbone,” he added, “is most valuable.”

On Lord Minto saying that he would gladly leave that important portion of his anatomy to him in his will, Sir James replied—

“Oh, I shall be dead long before you; but the College of Surgeons would very much like to have it, I can assure you!”

But, as Lord Minto laughingly remarks, “They haven’t got it yet;” and, speaking for his countless friends and admirers, it is sincerely to be hoped that it will be a very long while before they do.

The muscles of his neck shrank with the effect of pulling his head down on one side, and for months he was practically a cripple and suffering great pain in his shoulder and arm, which he has never quite lost to this day. Notwithstanding that he was still weak and ill from the consequences of the fall in March, he insisted on riding Weathercock at Sandown the following November, with the result that he got another bad fall at the fence going down the hill; Zero, strange to say, who had been bought in the interim by Lord Charles Beresford, and ridden in the race by his brother, Lord Marcus, falling by his side.

Years after, “Mr. Rolly” was at Catterick Bridge races, and in the course of a chat with Johnnie Osborne, for whom he had

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won several races on the flat on a very nice horse called Vintner, the latter remarked—

“You remember getting that fall at Liverpool, but did you know how you got it? Because I can tell you. I was walking round the course in the morning, and so were you, and you had got almost as far as Becher’s Brook when, seeing Mr. Richardson and one or two other gentlemen on ahead, you ran on and joined them without looking at Valentine’s. I walked on, and on coming to Valentine’s Brook, found an under-drain close to the flag on the left-hand side, and it was that into which your horse put his feet on landing, and turned over.”

Defence (11 st. 10 lbs.)—Captain Machell’s second string—on whom “Mr. Rolly” finished fourth in the Grand National of 1874, though a good horse, was not a natural jumper, and consequently a difficult horse to ride over fences. He had been tried, however, to be practically the same as Reugny (10 st. 9 lbs.), at even weights, so it was just possible that had anything happened to his stable companion in the race, Defence might have won outright. “Mr. Rolly’s” fourth and last mount in the Liverpool was in 1877, when he rode Earl Marshal for Lord Downe.

Of the many interesting trials in which Mr. “Rolly” took part during his riding career, one in particular which took place over what was known as the “Big” steeplechase course at Limber, will always dwell in his memory, if only from the fact that so many good horses took part in it.

Franc Luron, a little French-bred horse belonging to Captain Machell, and ridden by “Mr. Rolly,” who had previously schooled him, won, behind him, amongst others, being Redivivus (Joe Cannon), second, Disturbance, Reugny, Defence, Hunter, Chasseur, and The Priest.

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The winner was in the Liverpool with 10 st. 8 lbs., and his schoolmaster was looking forward to the ride. However, just before the race, the horse was sold to Lord Aylesford for £2500, and Joe Cannon had the mount instead, with no good effect, however, for Franc Luron broke down.

“Mr. Rolly” once had what turned out a most unlucky ride in the big steeplechase at Croydon. His mount, Hautboy, though a very uncertain customer, was greatly fancied by the stable, and backed accordingly; and, in addition, it was arranged that when jumping the brook opposite the stand the second time round, if he was going strong, his jockey was to make a signal, and more money would immediately go on.

Approaching the water, he was going so well that the signal was made, and on went the money, with the result that the disappointing brute at once shut up, and never tried another yard. “Mr. Rolly,” we take it, was not popular with the stable that night.

He once had rather an odd experience in a flat race at Durham. His mount, a horse called Willoughby, somehow did not feel like winning; but another one in the race was making such strong running, that his jockey kept kicking him along on the off chance of the other coming back. This he did to the letter, but, notwithstanding, just managed to win by a head, only to drop down dead the moment he passed the post. Of course, as the horse had carried the proper weight, the owner got the race.

An amusing incident once occurred at Liverpool, of which “Mr. Rolly” was the hero. He was riding as light as he could in a race on the flat for Mr. George Payne, on a mare he had won on before at Shrewsbury, and, on repeating the performance here, found, on sitting down in the scale, he could not draw the weight.

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The weighing-room was crowded, with the usual row and shouting there always is on these occasions if an objection is in prospect, when, in the midst of it all, George Payne suddenly appeared, and forced his way in, in so doing being pushed against his jockey with such force as to send the scale down with a bang. "All right!" said Mr. Johnstone; and "Mr. Rolly" was out of the scales like a shot.

The latter was riding with a very light racing snaffle, and had already sent for it, and though no doubt it would have turned the weight right enough, still he was very glad to be out of the scale, and you may be sure he did not forget to chaff George Payne for *his* share in the performance.

There was a tragic termination once to a race at Musselburgh, of which he was an eye-witness. In a two-mile race on the flat, Captain "Wenty" Hope-Johnstone, who was second, objected to the winner for going the wrong side of a post, and "Mr. Rolly," running down to the weighing-room to see what was up, was told at the door that there was no occasion to hurry, for the jockey who rode the winner was dead.

And such proved to be the case, the poor fellow having died the moment he sat down in the scale to weigh in, and, as he could naturally say nothing in his defence, Captain "Wenty," of course, got the race.

Point-to-Point races were not so much in vogue in those days as they are now, and, as a consequence, "Mr. Rolly" only rode in three, of which he won two.

The first of these was at Melton, and the finish was just below Burton, where the Hunt Steeplechases are now held. The first race was run quite straight, with no flags at all. Lord Grey de Wilton took one line, and Captain "Doggy" Smith another, and every one followed these two. In this event "Mr. Rolly" only figured as a spectator, standing

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where they crossed the Whissendine, where a good many got in.

Captain Smith, who rode a horse called Dandy, belonging to "Timber" Powell, dropped his weights when nearly home, and got off and picked them up, but managed to win all the same.

There was another race the same day with one flag, round which they had to go, and then home again. This was won by "Mr. Rolly" on a mare by Leotard, belonging to "Shotty" Aberdour, now Lord Morton. The last fence, or last but one, was an open brook, which was flooded up to the brim, with consequently nothing in front of it for a horse to take off from, and several falls were the result.

The other point-to-point won by "Mr. Rolly," and described by him as the longest race he ever rode in, was in Roxburghshire, over six and a half miles of the very best of the Duke of Buccleuch's country.

Liverpool excepted, "Mr. Rolly" describes that at Bedford as perhaps the biggest course he ever rode over; Cottenham, with its stiff wattles and double post and rails, which had to be taken at a fly, and was the last obstacle but one, running it close.

Nothing could well be stiffer either than Auteuil.

"Mr. Rolly's" favourite battle-ground, however, was Bog-side, in Ayrshire, which he describes as a beautiful galloping course.

Of his subsequent gallantry in the Soudan, his popularity when Governor-General in Canada, and at the present time as Viceroy of India, it is unnecessary to dwell here; suffice it to say that, in each instance, the same pluck, good judgment, and firmness of purpose which characterised the horseman, are just as prominent in the statesman, only more so.

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In every task, in fact, which he has set himself during his eventful life, Lord Minto seems to have been actuated by one principle only, and that is, "Thorough." Lord Minto was married in 1883 to Mary, daughter of General the Hon. Charles Grey, by whom he has a son, Viscount Melgund, born 1891, and three daughters, all of whom take after their father in their love for sports of all kinds—especially where horses are concerned.

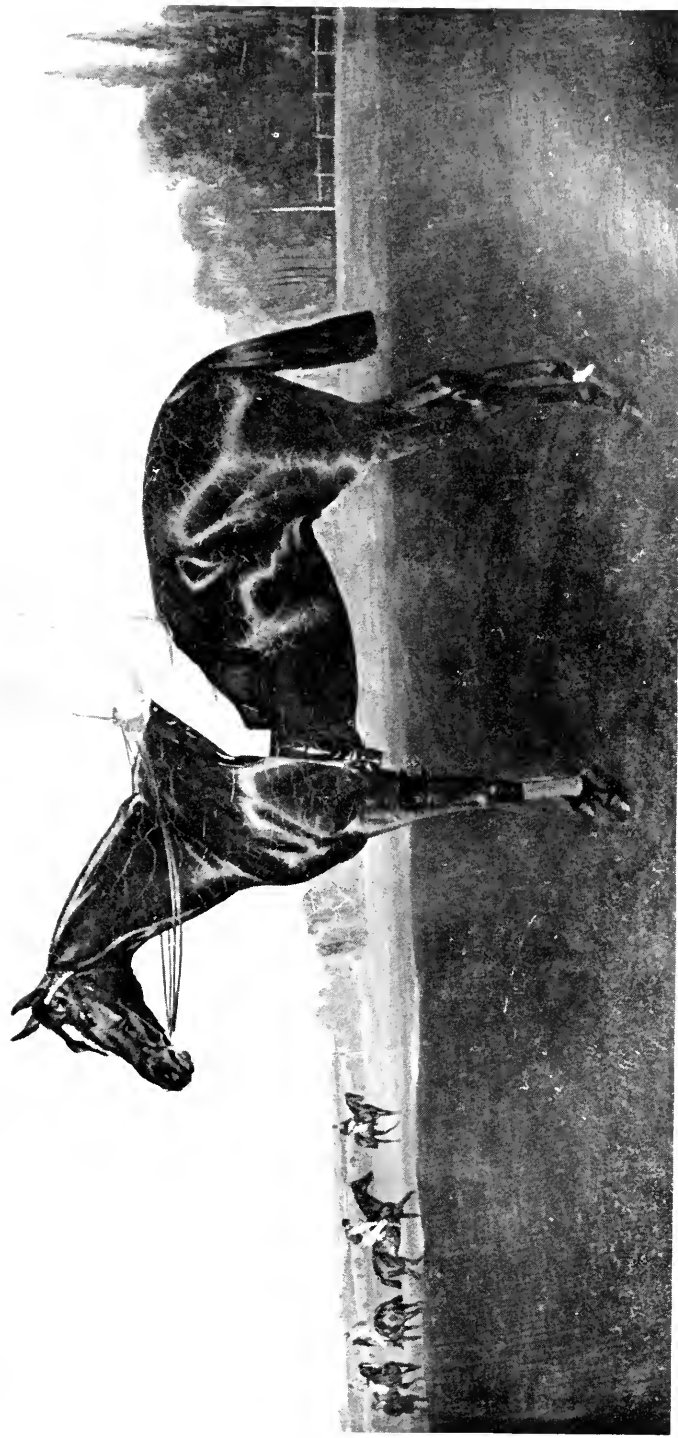
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### MR. HEDWORTH T. BARCLAY

IF his great reputation as a brilliant horseman across Leicestershire, and a race-rider of more than ordinary ability, both over a country and on a flat, are insufficient of themselves, the name of the good sportsman familiarly known to his many friends as "Buck" Barclay, will assuredly be handed down to posterity as the owner of Bendigo, without doubt the most popular horse of modern times.

One of the first horses to bring the French grey jacket and violet cap into prominence was Polariscope, purchased from the Hon. George Lambton, on whose back Mr. Barclay won several good Hunters' Races. Playful was another useful one, who, subsequently sold to Lord Lurgan, narrowly missed winning the big hurdle race at Auteuil.

Besides other races the subject of our memoir won the Ladies' Plate (three miles) at Sandown Park in 1888, on Playfair, beating Mr. E. P. Wilson, on Why Not, and a large field. Mr. Barclay subsequently sold the son of Rippenden



MR. H. T. BARCLAY ON "POLARISCOPE."





## Mr. Hedworth T. Barclay

to Colonel G. W. Baird, who shortly afterwards won the Grand National with him.

Mon Roi was another on whose back he was first to catch the judge's eye on several occasions, whilst the Billesden Coplow stakes at Croxton Park fell to his share with the aid of Lord Arthur, who, subsequently, with his owner in the saddle, came in first in the celebrated point-to-point steeplechase between picked followers of the Quorn and Pytchley Hunts, six a side, which took place at Little Belvoir on March 2nd, 1894, and finishing in the following order:—

### QUORN *v.* PYTCHLEY.

- |                       |                        |
|-----------------------|------------------------|
| 1. Mr. H. T. Barclay. | 4. Mr. H. C. Bentley.  |
| 2. Captain D. Winton. | 5. Mr. C. Beatty.      |
| 3. Mr. R. B. Muir.    | 6. Lord Southampton.   |
| 7. Mr. Foxhall Keene. | 8. Mr. C. Adamthwaite. |
| o. Mr. Hugh Owen.     | 9. Captain Renton.     |
| o. Count Zborowski.   | 10. Mr. F. Jamieson.   |

By this it will be seen that the three first places were occupied by representatives of the Quorn.

The old-fashioned Billesden Coplow Stakes, which from time immemorial has been a favourite race with the crack gentlemen riders of the day, has been a lucky one for Mr. Barclay, he having won it no less than five times altogether.

At one of those annual gatherings in the Duke of Rutland's Park, he had more than his share of success, winning no fewer than four races with his own horses, George Barrett being on one in the race open to professionals.

Ludlow, to this day one of the best supported steeplechase meetings in England, and with a liberal executive in consequence, was also a favourite battle-ground with Mr. Barclay, one of his most important wins there being on that good

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horse, St. Galmier, for his friend Count—now Prince Charles Kinsky.

“But, after all said and done,” writes Mr. Barclay, “there was no place like Stockbridge in the old days, at least in my opinion—and I invariably made a point of running what horses I could there. Two races in particular I remember riding there, one being on Theologian—or, at all events, one of the Theo’s—for Captain L. H. Jones, when I made a dead heat of it with poor Roddy Owen, on something of Arthur Yates’s, and in running it off, won the decider. The other being a private sweepstakes of £50 each, which I won on Scotch Earl for myself.

“Lewes, too, I am always partial to, and Salisbury is not without its pleasant memories, especially on one occasion when riding Dunrobin I got the better of Morny Cannon.

“As for my hunting, having lived in the very centre of the best part of the Quorn country all my life, it stands to reason that I’ve not wanted to hunt anywhere else, and with one exception, when I was away on a shooting expedition in Uganda, in East Africa, I have not missed a single season for twenty-five years.

“With regard to Bendigo,” continues Mr. Barclay, “I cannot at the moment think of any particular incident, except that it always annoys me when I see in the papers that he was only a ‘handicap’ horse, and that when he met Ormonde and Minting, at Ascot, he wasn’t the same class. The horse was *absolutely* amiss that week, and upset by the noise of the coach-horns, etc., he was completely off his feed, so much so that I decided not to run him, and he was actually boxed and in the train, ready to go home; but there was an accident on the line, and as there was no chance of his getting home that day he was unboxed and brought back to the hotel stables.





H.S.H. PRINCE CHARLES KINSKY.

## Prince Charles Kinsky

“Jousiffe, my trainer, came to me on the course, and told me all this, adding, that there was £300 or so for third, and Bendigo might as well have it, especially as he didn't think it would do the horse any harm to run; so we sent for him there and then. He was giving Ormonde and Minting 3 lbs., if I remember right, and at the distance it was anybody's race, and if he had been ridden right out he would certainly have finished within a length of the winner.

“I feel certain that had he been *really* well and trained specially for the race, he would have won outright.

“When he won the Jubilee, a fortnight or so before, he was at his best; but the reverse was the case at Ascot, where he was certainly not hurrying, or anything like it.

“No, I never rode Bendigo. *I thought him far too precious!*”

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### H.S.H. PRINCE CHARLES KINSKY

THE victory of a foreign sportsman in any of our more important races—especially in recent years—is invariably well received over here, but we cannot call to mind one which met with a heartier greeting than when Prince, then Count Charles Kinsky cantered home ten lengths ahead of his field in the Grand National of 1883.

The second son of Prince Kinsky, the head of one of the most ancient families in Hungary, which from time immemorial have been famed for their love of horses and sports, the subject of our memoir was born in 1859. With both parents devoted to riding and hunting—the Princess, his mother, was one of the

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most noted horsewomen in Hungary—it almost goes without saying that they have left no stone unturned to foster the hereditary passion for sport in their children.

His own account of his riding education and subsequent career is so admirably described by Prince Charles, in a letter to ourselves, that we feel we cannot do better than reproduce it here.

“My father and the whole of my family—in fact all the Kinskys, even in the olden times, have always been known as the keenest of sportsmen, and in particular, lovers of horseflesh and all connected with it—were very devoted to riding and hunting, and so was my mother—a very fine rider with beautiful hands, and destitute of fear. Accordingly, my elder brother, Count Rudolf, and I were broken in to riding in very early youth; he being seven years old and myself six when we first began in earnest.

“My pony was a beautiful little Welshman, built like an ideal hunter. Of course at the time I thought that the like of him had never existed, and I am still of the same opinion. I have never loved any animal, or, if it comes to that, very few human beings, more than that dear little chap. He lived up to the age of twenty-four, running loose in the park in his old age.

“My three brothers and four sisters all rode well, and like myself, were passionately fond of it. Count Rudolf hunted a great deal in England, and is well known at Melton, whilst my younger brother Ferdinand is now at the head of the Imperial stables.

“My father’s master of the horse was an Englishman named Rowland Reynolds, a brother of the celebrated Miss Reynolds, the original of Sir Edwin Landseer’s well-known picture ‘The Pretty Horsebreaker,’ and also of Jack Reynolds, who rode as a gentleman rider in the late sixties and early seventies.

## Prince Charles Kinsky

Rowland Reynolds was a splendid horseman with very fine hands, and having learnt the Austrian more military way of sitting a horse properly, knew how to adapt his art to teaching hunters the proper manners for their business without turning them into unnaturally served up school horses. In fact, he managed to find out a most useful and effective method, being nothing more or less than a combination of school riding and the English sporting style, which though more natural, is perhaps a rougher way of riding.

“A better, cleverer, or happier combination of both styles I have never seen, consisting as it did in making the horse go on its proper balance, without taking any of its freedom and, consequently, any of its strength and power away from it. On the contrary, I found over and over again in the course of my hunting and racing career, that being able to keep a horse in such a proper balance adapted to its general formation and construction, made horses stay better than anything else, and also saves the strength of the rider, who has then no need to fight with his horse. In fact, this is, to my belief, the true meaning of what is termed ‘hands.’

“This was not only what Reynolds possessed in the highest degree himself, but what he could also teach to others if they had the natural talent to understand what he was doing, and why. He would tell his pupil to watch him closely, and imitate him and his manner whilst riding, just as a monkey would.

“I always thought I owed my Grand National to him in no small measure, viz. by getting Zoedone to always go in her proper balance, which she didn't do until I rode her regularly in her work; and by riding her in the same way on the race day, I got her to go, so that I could pull her back, or regulate her pace, without getting her head up, and to always keep in her proper and natural balance.

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“ This must save a horse’s as well as the man’s strength, and you can also put your horse how and where you will at his fences. This I always considered won me the Grand National so far as I myself could help my dear old mare in doing so, and I know I never changed my hands once during the race.

“ Rowland Reynolds was a great friend of my youth besides, quite a gentleman in manners, morals, and ideas. During our long rides together I think I learned more English—certainly to speak it well—better than by the regular lesson I took at school.

“ As a result of our many conversations all about England and its sports and pastimes, it became my constant dream as a boy to go there, and see it all for myself—to hunt and ride races—and above all win the Grand National! I had quite made up my mind as to that, and the idea never left me until the day I *did* win it.

“ When I think how seldom such daydreams really come off—how many of them are dreamt and how few realised, it seems to me that in my case it was Fate, and nothing else.

“ Although our country at home is hunted over by the Pardubic staghounds, my brothers and I were not allowed to go out with them until we were eighteen; on the other hand, my father kept a very good and sporting pack of harriers for us at home, which I first of all whipped in to, and afterwards hunted when I was fifteen. This, no doubt, taught me a good deal about hunting, and made me passionately fond of it. As to race-riding, I did as much at home as I could, and was allowed to during the year I joined the Army, being then, as you may say, free to do as I liked, school and university regulations having no more to be regarded. The first race I ever rode and won was on the flat, and my first mount in a steeplechase a winning one, on a little horse by Cambuscan



## Prince Charles Kinsky

out of a Buccaneer mare I had bought and trained myself, beating, to my great pride, ' Bay ' Middleton, who had come over to us on a visit and to hunt with the Pardubic Hounds.

" In 1878 I came over to England for the first time with the late Empress to hunt with the Pytchley from Cottesbrook, after which I had to rejoin my regiment, and it was not until the January of 1881 that my real daydream began to realise itself, when I joined our Embassy in London, of which I remained a member off and on for fifteen years. Besides those in Hungary, and a good many in Austria, I have ridden successfully in England, Germany, and France ; whilst in India I have an unbeaten record, having only ridden twice—a flat race and a steeplechase—for the joint owners Maharajah Patiala and Bill Beresford, winning on both occasion.

" The best and most satisfactory race I ever won in Hungary was the first big Steeplechase at Pressbourg, then worth a lot of money. I came over to ride the favourite for my brother-in-law, Prince Auersperg, but the horse broke down before the start, and we had to fall back on his second string, a little mare called Contegne, and a very useful substitute she turned out. I attribute this unlooked-for victory in a great measure to balancing the mare well, and letting her go her own proper staying pace all the way through, no matter what the others did—letting her run her own race in fact, whilst facilitating her task in every way I could. As the mare never once showed the same form afterwards, I think I am justified in my supposition.

" I first saw Zoedone at the Ash Hunt meeting in 1881, when hunting with the Empress in Cheshire from Combermere Abbey, on which occasion the mare won a small Hunt Steeplechase. I was greatly tempted to buy her for a hunter at the time, but was not sure whether I should be in England the

## Gentlemen Riders

following season, and though I never forgot her, it was not until after she had run third for the Grand National that I succeeded in buying the mare from Mr. E. C. Clayton, whose property she had become in the interval. Two months after I won the big Sandown Steeplechase on her, and after that the Grand National, as I shall always firmly believe I was fated to do. Zoedone and I *had* to come together, and we *had* to win."

That the mare would have won the Grand National again in 1885, but for having been "got at" just before the start, there is very little doubt. It will be recollected Bendigo won the Lincolnshire Handicap that year, and the fact that Mr. Barclay's famous horse had been coupled with Zoedone in a great many double event bets, accounts, no doubt, for this disgraceful transaction, the perpetrator of which was never discovered. Her owner, who curiously enough was sharing a hunting-box with Mr. Barclay at the time, had received several anonymous warnings that there was danger ahead, and with these in his mind, it was arranged that, for safety's sake, the mare should be saddled in her box, and thence brought on to the course, where her jockey would meet her and mount. Unfortunately, the very thing happened they wanted to avoid. Instead of the course being clear when Count Kinsky and Captain "Roddy" Owen, who was riding another in the same stable, went out to join their horses, there was such a crowd that they actually could not find them at first. It was then, no doubt, that the catastrophe happened. As her rider was about to get up, he noticed on his white sleeve, up against which Zoedone had just rubbed her muzzle, a spot of blood, and on examination, sure enough, a small puncture was discernible on her nostril, which, no doubt, accounted for its appearance. Count Kinsky at once thought of the anonymous letters, and

## Prince Charles Kinsky

it was with a strong presentiment of misfortune that he mounted the mare to canter down the course. These misgivings unfortunately proved too well founded, for not only did Zoedone move quite unlike her usual self, but on being put at the preliminary hurdle, she went straight up in the air, with all four legs under her, as if in great pain, and finally fell all of a heap the other side.

Her jockey, notwithstanding that he was badly bruised and shaken, pluckily remounted and joined the others at the post, being greeted with loud cheers as he passed the stands.

On the flag being dropped, it was soon made plain that something was radically wrong with Zoedone, for not only did she stagger like a drunken man, but it was with the greatest difficulty that her rider could keep the mare on her legs at the first fence ; in short, the latter told us afterwards that, but for the large amount of money she had been backed by both the public and his own personal friends, he would have pulled her up there and then. As it was, that he managed to get the mare round the first half in the journey in the state she must have been in, was nothing short of marvellous. But he did, and it was not until going into the country the second time that Zoedone—now completely done up—reared up at the fence, just as she had done at the preliminary hurdle, and fell heavily the other side, where she lay prostrate for a quarter of an hour before she could be moved.

No Arab was ever more devoted to his steed than Count Kinsky to Zoedone, and that the dastardly outrage to which his favourite had fallen a victim excited widespread indignation goes without saying, it being a matter of general regret that its perpetrator could not be found and brought to justice.

As for Zoedone, she never really shook off the effect of

## Gentlemen Riders

the drug administered to her that fatal afternoon, and being quite useless for racing purposes was eventually put to the stud, where she threw a couple of foals ; which, however, were not of much account.

Some little while after this Count Kinsky, riding Kilworth in the Great Sandown Steeplechase, got a very bad fall at the open ditch without a guard-rail—known then as “The Grave,” in connection with which—though it was anything but a joke to the principal actor—there were one or two amusing incidents. The erratic Roquefort was in the race, and in order to prevent him running out at the paddock, men were posted at the entrance armed with whips. The cracking of these drove Kilworth—a very unstable and rather shifty customer—nearly mad, and sent him down the hill at a great pace. With a less determined jockey on his back, Kilworth would have refused the open ditches ; as it was he slipped just before taking off, with the result that both went flying into the ditch, with disastrous results to Prince Kinsky, who broke both an arm and his nose, and literally tore all the skin off his face. Colonel—now Sir Arthur Paget, pulled him out of the ditch by his broken arm, “and the pain,” philosophically remarked the Prince in describing the incident, “soon brought me round.” “And I am afraid,” he added, “that I must have used some strongish language in my half-conscious state, as a lady told ‘Roddy’ Owen afterwards that she had always understood that I had mastered the English language fairly well, but where I could have learned such dreadful expressions she was at a loss to understand.”

Crowds of people of a morbid turn of mind used to walk down and stare at the place where so many bad falls had taken place, and the accident to Prince Kinsky coming on the top of a threatened strike amongst the jockeys, the authorities at last

## Prince Charles Kinsky

thought proper to yield to public opinion, and do away with this death-trap.

And now comes the comic side of the incident, which we will give in Prince Kinsky's own words.

"Well," he writes, "the doctor gave me a lotion to put on my skinless face to soothe and heal it. The stuff was to be put on every hour, and the so doing gave me such frightful pain that I positively dreaded the moment when the time came round again. However, notwithstanding, I applied it most religiously for a whole day, thinking all the time how I would tell the doctor at his next visit that I could not stand the torture any longer. This I accordingly did when he came the following morning, when it turned out that my valet had mistaken the bottle, and applied instead a hair-restoring lotion, which I was fool enough to buy under the impression that it would prevent my hair from falling out. The remarkable thing was, that though—as I might have known—the mixture was quite useless as a hair restorer, it certainly made my face heal up in the most miraculous way. What an advertisement for its proprietor had he only known! eh?"

After winning the Grand National of 1883, on Zoedone, her rider, on his way back to the paddock, overhead Jimmy Adams, who was just in front, say to another jockey: "What *are* we coming to? Last year it was a Lord won the Grand National (Lord Manners); this year a Count; and next year it will be an old woman most likely!" "He was not a little astonished, I dare say," remarked Prince Kinsky, as he laughed at the reminiscence, when he heard my voice say behind his back, "Yes, Jimmy, and I hope this old woman will be yourself."

Two years later the Count and Jimmy found themselves alongside of each other coming to the brook with the white

## Gentlemen Riders

railings on the far side of the course at Auteuil, in the Prix St. Sauveur, at that time an event of some importance. Kilworth, ridden by Count Kinsky, swerved a bit before taking off, as was his habit occasionally, and though he did not touch Jimmy's horse, it is just possible he may have put him out of his stride a bit. Anyhow, it fell, and poor Jimmy broke his breast bone, about the only one in his anatomy that had so far escaped scot-free.

"I won the race," writes Prince Kinsky in a letter to us, "but he, poor fellow, had to give up riding in consequence of the fall—his last on a public race-course, and this, I remember, took a great deal from the pleasure of my victory."

In addition to those of Austria and Hungary, Prince Charles Kinsky is an honorary member of our own Jockey Club, and a member since 1906 of the National Hunt Committee.

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## CAPTAIN MIDDLETON

(“BAY”)

WHEN, on April 9th, 1892, the news was wired all over the country that “Bay” Middleton was dead—“Bay” Middleton, the boldest and hardest rider that ever crossed the border, and who would be famous to all time, were it only as the horseman selected to pilot the late Empress of Austria out hunting when on her visit to this country—it is no exaggeration to say that it came with almost as great a shock to the community at large, as to his own immediate friends.

At the time of his death Captain Middleton was riding a



*From the original painting in the possession of Mrs. Middleton.*  
CAPTAIN MIDDLETON ON "LORD OF THE LAREM."





## Captain Middleton

horse of his own named Night Line in the Midland Sportsmen's Cup Steeplechase, at the House of Commons annual point-to-point at Kineton, and the latter pecking on landing over a fence, when close home, his rider came forward, and Night Line, throwing his head back, caught him on the chin with such force as to break his neck. "Bay" was dead, in fact, before he reached the ground. The fence where the accident happened was a low rail, with a drop into a ridge and furrow field, close to Kineton Spinney, and a stone surrounded by an iron rail now marks the spot where he fell.

Born in 1846, the subject of our memoir joined the 12th Lancers in 1865, and it was whilst quartered in Ireland with his regiment that he rode and won his first steeplechase at the Cork Park Meeting in 1867. In 1875 he left the Service, having in the interim won the Regimental Cup several times. In the following year he was chosen to pilot the Empress of Austria out hunting, during her first visit to this country, and again in Ireland in 1878 and 1879, and in Cheshire in 1880.

In 1879 he registered his colours, black and pink hoops, for the first time, and was third on Minotaur, belonging to himself, in the Grand National Hunt Steeplechase at Derby, and second in a Maiden Hunt Steeplechase at the same meeting; later on winning the Leicestershire Hunt Steeplechase. At Brocklesby that same year Minotaur fell in the Open Steeplechase and broke his neck, Captain Middleton being much shaken by the fall. In that year he bought Lord of the Harem, with whom he had a long series of victories, notably the United Kingdom Steeplechase at the Quorn and Donnington Hunt. In 1882 and 1883 Lord of the Harem continued his winning career, being victorious both over a country and hurdles on eighteen consecutive occasions. The following year the aged

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son of Kingsley, who during his career had won over thirty events, died, as the result of a fall in the Open Steeplechase at Whitehaven, to the great grief of his owner.

Punjaub and Doneraile also carried his colours successfully on many occasions, the last named being undoubtedly the best horse he ever owned.

In 1871 Captain Middleton married Miss Baird of Rosemount, a sister of Colonel E. W. and Mr. Douglas Baird, both of them members of the Jockey Club, than whose colours none are more popular at headquarters, or, indeed, anywhere.

Amongst his favourite amusements must certainly be included cricket, of which game he was no mean exponent.

Nor must we forget his liking—amounting to almost a passion indeed—for practical jokes and bear-fighting generally, concerning which many an amusing story is related by friends who participated in them.

So great was his reputation, indeed, as a bear-fighter, that old Lord Strathnairn once, when on a visit to Lord Fitzwilliam, at Wentworth, thinking it not improbable that “Bay” might “draw” him during the night, took the precaution, before going to bed, to pull a chest of drawers in front of his door. He very often made one of the eleven, which, captained by Sir Chandos Leigh, would go over to Ireland in the autumn to play cricket for I Zingari, and on one of these occasions, when they were staying in Dublin for the match against the Vice-regal Lodge, an amusing incident happened. The Duke of Abercorn was at that time Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland, and after dinner one night at the Castle, Sir Chandos, on bended knee and with much pomp and ceremony, was in the act of presenting the freedom of I Zingari to the Duchess in a neat speech, when the irrepressible “Bay” got behind him and tied his handkerchief to the button

## Captain Middleton

of the other's coat. His victim could not make out at first what the audience were laughing at so consumedly, and was desperately angry when he discovered the cause. On another of their visits to the distressful country I Zingari played the 9th Lancers, when by way of filling up the time after lunch, "Bill" Beresford, having provided such of the cricketers as were given that way with a mount, had out the Regimental Draghounds for a run. And when we add that prominent amongst the flannel attired riders were "Bay" Middleton and "Cat" Richardson, it may be imagined that the fun soon became fast and furious.

The following tribute to his memory is from the sympathetic pen of Prince Charles Kinsky, an intimate of long standing, and his associate in many of the bear-fights of which the subject of our memoir was so fond.

"Yes, poor old 'Bay,' he certainly was one of the best friends of my younger days, and although much older than myself, liked me, I know, because he loved a boy keen for the horse, keen for the chase, and keen about riding races over a country. Another reason why he took to me from the first, was because he thought I could hold my own in a bear-fight—an amusement which was in full swing when I first came over to England. I shall never forget the bear-fight at his bachelor dinner at the Cafe Royal, the night before his wedding. If I had to fight one man that night, I had to fight twenty, and 'Bay' was certainly the hardest of them all to tackle. As hard as iron, I don't think I ever knew a man whose every muscle in his body felt so hard as his. When his blood was up, he became almost cruel in a fight, so keen was he; and good and warm-hearted fellow though dear old 'Bay' was in his cooler moments, his best friend could not expect any pity from him so long as the fight lasted. He and I had an adventure

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once, when staying at Althorpe, which might have ended disastrously. The ladies having gone to bed, and Lord Spencer, 'Bay,' and myself all alone in the billiard-room, we thought we could not do better than finish up the evening with a good bear-fight. Accordingly 'Bay' set the ball rolling by shying a lemon at me across the billiard room. I picked it up and threw it back as hard as I could, with the result that, cannoning off 'Bay,' it flew through the half open-door of the adjoining library, now all in darkness; a tremendous crash of broken glass announcing the fact that its career had ended in a catastrophe of some sort. Terrified beyond measure—our noble host, perhaps, most of all—the one thought uppermost in the minds of all three of us at that trying moment was, you may depend, "What will Lady Spencer say?" For in the next room, just where the noise came from, as none knew better than ourselves, there reposed, under a glass cover, a valuable china ship, quite unique in its way, I believe, and worth at the very least £30,000. Silently and sadly we seized a candle each to guide our trembling footsteps to the scene of disaster, and our relief can be better imagined than described when we found, on arrival, that the lemon, after smashing through the glass case, had embedded itself in the ship without doing the slightest damage. There was no more bear-fighting that night.

"In my younger days," continues the Prince, "'Bay' was quite my *beau idéal* of a first-rate rider to hounds. Though his was rather a military seat, it was not in the least stiff—on the contrary, very elastic; and I don't think I ever saw a man in more perfect unison with his horse than he was. Whether they were fresh or tired, he kept his horses always perfectly balanced, and, as a consequence, had no superior in putting a horse at a fence. Out hunting, he and his horse

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were always a picture worth looking at, and one too that always caught the eye. He was the first man, indeed, to give me an idea of what riding straight to hounds really meant.

“Like a good lawn-tennis player who never seems to budge and to whom the ball always seems to come by itself, ‘Bay’ to any one following him appeared to ride straight before him, neither looking to right or to left, while both hounds, and the right places in the fences, seemed always to come his way exactly where they ought to be. The secret of this is that a really good man to hounds knows exactly what is going on and what will happen, and the moment he jumps into a field, where he will and ought to jump out of it. There is then no hesitation, and everything is plain sailing. This ‘Bay’ knew better how to do than anybody I ever saw. I never shall forget a run I took part in once with the North Warwickshire, from Shuckborough to Weedon Bushes, in company with Willoughby de Broke, George Lambton, and ‘Bay.’ We were all four practically run away with, down the hill from Shuckborough over the hard mole hills and at the bottom of it, a freshly cut, very stiff binder, with the cut off branches still lying before the fence, and a big brook beyond. Being young and full of ‘go,’ I won’t say that we weren’t riding a bit jealous of one another. But that is neither here nor there. What I *do* know is, that after landing on the other side, we found that not one of the field was anything near us, with the result that we had this brilliant run entirely to ourselves.

“As a pilot to the Empress, he was quite the right man in the right place, and unquestionably she preferred him in that capacity to any one else. In addition, Her Majesty—who always addressed him as ‘Bay’—had a great private

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regard for him as a faithful and always cheery and amusing friend. To my mind there was no finer sight than to see this perfect man to hounds followed by the best and most beautiful horsewoman that ever lived, their horses in perfect balance, taking each fence just as it came in a run. 'Bay's' only fault was that he sometimes lost his temper with his horses and would then punish them very hard by biting, spurring, and jobbing them in the mouth; but, funnily enough, none of them ever seemed to resent this treatment afterwards, although his punishments were neither necessary nor just at times.

"Between the flags, 'Bay' was a good man over a rough natural country—at his best, I should say, in a point-to-point—but on the whole his seat and style of horsemanship in general were not quite that required in a jockey. There the military part of it perhaps told its tale—at all events, he was not a good finisher, and he won his race straight out as a good man to hounds or not at all. Keen, determined, and plucky to a degree, it was probably the element of danger always present that made steeplechase riding so attractive to him. Physically he was as hard and tough as a cat, a proof of which he gave once—at Towcester I think it was—when he fell with the crown of his head on an iron railing and fractured his skull, when he not only recovered but rode just as well as ever afterwards.

"Previous to my winning the Grand National on Zoedone," concludes the Prince, "I was staying a good deal with 'Bay' and Mrs. Middleton for hunting at Newbottle Manor, in the Pytchley country, and when I came in an easy winner, I distinctly heard above the roar of the crowd, the loud 'View Halloa' with which 'Bay' heralded my victory. And aware as I was how he would have given all he possessed to win a

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Grand National, the knowledge that his greeting was as ungrudgingly given as it was sincere, afforded me double pleasure. But there! how could it have been otherwise from my dear old friend 'Bay'?"

After his tragic death, a story got about that the Empress of Austria had given Captain Middleton a talisman in the shape of a ring, warning him at the same time that, should it ever go out of his possession, some fatality would certainly be the result. Unfortunately for the credulous this turned out to be only partially correct. That the Empress *did* present him with a ring was quite true, and there the romance ended, for it was in reality only an ordinary one, of little value to any one but its owner, who, though prizing it for its donor's sake and naturally annoyed when it was stolen from him at Dublin, never regarded it in any way as a talisman.

Soon after the sad fatality which deprived the hunting-field of one of its greatest ornaments, the following lines, bearing the signature of John Trew Hay, made their appearance in a well-known sporting paper.

### IN MEMORIAM.

Gone! Yes, in a moment swept away from the scene he loved so well,  
In all the pride of his health and strength. Oh woeful tale to tell!  
A stumbling and a rider down, a crowd and the whispered dread  
Of friends around that the well-known form which lies so still is dead.  
Bold and fearless, first in the chase, with ever a soldier's dash,  
Keen to ride for the foremost place where silk and satins flash,  
Carry him tenderly off the field and close his glazing eye,  
Perchance he has died the death of deaths that he would have wished to die.  
Ah, many a man to-day, I ween, of the Anglo-Saxon race  
Who never felt the grip of his hand, who never saw his face,  
Ay, many a score of such, I trow, wherever they chance to be  
At, or in some distant part of Britain over the sea,  
On India's plain, Canadian shore, or under the Southern Cross,  
Who love all good old English sport, will surely mourn his loss,  
Will sadly learn that his race was run, that the spirit has gone to rest,  
And heave a heartfelt sigh for Bay—a sportsman—one of the best.

## Gentlemen Riders

### MAJOR CANDY

MANY years ago a facetious contributor to "Our Van" in *Baily's Magazine*, writing generally about the past month's sport with the Duke of Beaufort's hounds, remarked—

"One called Candy of the 9th Lancers is staying at Badminton ; but 'pounded' sugar is a sweetmeat unknown."

A better description of the popular sportsman, familiarly known as "Sugar Candy," who forms the subject of this chapter, could not well be than that conveyed in the few words quoted above, for with a lively remembrance of his performances, both in the hunting-field and between the flags, in former days, we should be sorry to hazard an opinion as to which was the hardest, himself or the old-fashioned sweetmeat from which he derives his nickname.

Educated at Rugby, where he was a contemporary of Captain "Doggie" Smith, who derived his nickname from the fact that he always had a good dog about him in his schoolboy days, Mr. Candy subsequently joined the 9th Lancers, whose reputation as a sporting regiment certainly did not deteriorate in consequence, for he had not been long with them before we find him hunting the regimental hounds at Cahir; and later, when quartered at Cork, keeping a pack of staghounds at his own expense. Messrs. "Tip" Herbert and Wheeler, turned out, like the Duke of Beaufort's men, in green plush, whipping in to him.

It was whilst quartered in Ireland that Major Candy rode many of his best races, Punchestown and Baldoyle being his luckiest meetings. At one particular fence at Navan no fewer than four horses were killed during the meeting, Olympia, the





MAJOR CANDY.



## Major Candy

mare he was riding, and on which Major Trocke had previously won the Conynham Cup, being one of them, and Tom Thumb, Captain Smith's mount, another. In this case the latter and Captain Candy—as he then was—were the only gentlemen riding.

In the year the King—then Prince of Wales—was present at Punchestown, Major Candy rode Gaskin, the property of Mr. W. Forbes, of Collender, master of the Kildare Hounds, in the Foxhunters' Plate, won by Captain "Doggie" Smith on Tom Thumb, beating a very large field.

Mr. Forbes, a real good sportsman, is still amongst us, well and hearty, and hunting regularly with the Hurworth. The subject of our memoir appears mounted on Gaskin in the well-known picture of Punchestown published at the time by, we fancy, Messrs. Ackermann, of Regent Street, the Prince of Wales on a grey horse being a prominent feature.

Major Candy rode in most of the military races at Warwick, Rugby, and Windsor, and at Ardeer won the military race on Rosebud, by Master Tom.

Not counting his fall on Olympia at Navan, he rode in fourteen races for different owners in fifteen days, winning seven and being second on each of the remainder.

Though the smash in question had the effect of keeping Major Candy on the shelf for eight months, it certainly did not affect his nerve, for we find him winning six out of the first seven races he rode in after his re-appearance in the saddle.

A particular day was certainly a red-letter one in his calendar, for out of the seven races Major Candy rode in he won six and was second in the other.

Altogether Major Candy won just fifty races during his career in the saddle, not counting a few more after his

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marriage, at which time he had virtually given up race-riding.

We must not omit to state that he was one of the select few up at the finish of what was known as the "Great Wood Run" with the Duke of Beaufort's hounds many years ago, and one of the most celebrated in the Annals of the Chase.

The Brinworth brook came in the way, and in this Major Candy was up to his neck for some time, but was on the right side when the hounds ran back within a field of where they had first crossed, a piece of luck that does not happen every day.

Soon after joining the 9th Lancers Major Candy, during a visit to the Duke, had ninety-five days' hunting and ninety-five falls, so that if anybody may be said to be thoroughly qualified for a land surveyor in the Badminton country, it surely should be the subject of this sketch.

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### MR. RUSSELL MONRO

MR. RUSSELL H. MONRO was born on August 5th, 1846, and is the eldest son of the late Dr. Henry Monro, of Cavendish Square, London, and Orchard Leigh, Bonchurch, Isle of Wight, and of Jane Eliza, third daughter of Sir William Russell, Bart., of Charlton Park, Gloucestershire.

Educated at Radley College, Oxford, where he rose to be head of the school, and, moreover, distinguished himself by obtaining several of the more important prizes of the College, the subject of our memoir at Easter, 1865, matriculated at University College, Oxford, between which and Christmas,

## Mr. Russell Monro

1868, when he took his degree, besides rowing in his College eight, he won for three years running his College pairs with Sir Paget Bowman, who was bow of the 'Varsity eight two successive winning years.

He also won the 'Varsity Boxing Competition in 1868 for Middle-Weights under eleven stone, after a very keen contest, there being some thirteen or fourteen competitors to defeat.

Coming of the very ancient family of the Monros of Fowlis, Ross-shire, he traces his descent in a direct line from Donald Monro, who, according to the manuscript in the British Museum, came to Scotland from Ireland A.D. 1025 to render assistance to Malcolm II., King of Scots, against the Danish invasion.

Mr. Russell Monro married, September 3rd, 1878, Emily Julia, third daughter of Sir George Nugent, Bart., and the Hon. Maria Charlotte Ridley-Colborne, daughter of Nicholas William, Baron Colborne.

For many years he was a partner in the Brewery at York, from which he retired in 1889, and has since resided in Leicestershire, his home being Somerby Hall, near Oakham. A director of several companies in London, he has also interested himself during the last twenty years in American industrial enterprises, many of which have proved successful ventures and yielded excellent returns to investors.

Devoted all his life to sport, he has been in his time a successful rider between the flags, and is himself a breeder of horses.

As a hunting man he was blooded in 1860 with the Isle of Wight Hounds, and whilst at Oxford was whip to the Drag Hounds during Lord Lansdowne's Mastership, and was also a constant follower with the Bicester, Heythrop, and South Oxfordshire Hunts.

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After commencing business Mr. Russell Monro lived at Colton Lodge, Tadcaster, and hunted with the Bramham Moor, York and Ainsty, and Lord Middleton's.

In 1891 he came to live in Leicestershire, since when he has been a member of the Cottesmore, Quorn, Belvoir, and Mr. Fernie's.

Among other records Mr. Russell Monro won four years consecutively the Croxton Park Private Sweepstakes, open to members of the Quorn, Cottesmore, Belvoir, and Mr. Fernie's Hunts, viz. in 1894 on The Rake, in 1895 on The Friar, in 1896 on Peter, and in 1897 on Bright Light, whilst in 1903 he won it again on Silence, beating Mr. George Thursby and fifteen others in a great finish by a neck.

Commencing riding between the flags in 1865, we find him winning many steeplechases between that year and 1872. On Laura, by Neville, belonging to himself, he won the Christ Church Open Race in 1867 by a neck from Ace of Trumps and a large field. The same mare shortly after this won an open race at Aylesbury, and later on the Kidderminster Hunt Cup, beating ten others. In 1869 he won several races with Albatross, by Buccaneer; but his best season was in 1872, when he rode the winners of nine steeplechases in the course of about five weeks, four of them being on Merlin, by Gunboat, the property of his friend Captain Thorold, two on Havelock for Lord Abergavenny, and one on Bellario for Lord Dupplin, Zealand and Di Clapperton being also winners.

His best day's sport he always reckons was that at Aylesbury in 1872, when he and his friend Mr. C. S. Newton between them, won all the six events on the card, Mr. Newton winning four and himself two; his five rides of three miles each consisting of one second, one third, one fall, and two





COLONEL AUBERTIN.



## Colonel Peter Aubertin

wins, one of the latter being only by a short head from Lord Morton.

In flat racing Mr. Russell Monro has had fair success considering his small stud, his best thoroughbred, Goosander, by Gallinule, out of Rose D'Amour, winning for him over £4000 in stakes.

An ardent deerstalker and fine shot, Mr. Russell Monro is never more at home than when he finds himself amongst the great forests of Scotland, with what success may be gathered by a visit to his dining-room, which contains many beautiful heads from Black Mount, Glenfeshie, Fannick, and other famous haunts of the red deer.

Mr. Monro is a member of Boodles, the Junior Carlton, and Yorkshire Clubs, and of the Jockey Club Rooms, Newmarket.

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## COLONEL PETER AUBERTIN

DENY it who may, there can be no question but that a race-horse is a very fascinating animal to most of us, and we can call to mind numerous instances where the mere fact of a youth of sporting proclivities being brought up in the vicinity of a training stable has been quite sufficient to inspire a passion for the Turf which would probably cling to him for the rest of his life. A notable instance of this was the late Lord Falmouth, probably the most successful, as certainly he was one of the most popular Turfites of his day, whose liking for the "sport of kings," so we were informed by a life-long friend of his, was, to a great extent, brought about by a sojourn for some months, after leaving Eton, with a private tutor at Epsom.

## Gentlemen Riders

Another instance in point is the fine horseman who forms the subject of this chapter, and who acknowledges that he owes his success in the saddle in a great measure to the fact that, being brought up at Chipstead, Surrey, of which place his father was Rector, and consequently, all amongst the race-horses, he spent a great deal of his time in the early mornings, when home from Cheltenham for the holidays, in riding schools and gallops for the numerous trainers in the neighbourhood. Ben Land at that time had charge of a good many horses at Walton Heath, and that he must have had a high opinion of the young 'un's capabilities as a horseman may be adduced from the fact that he gave him *carte blanche* to ride his horses as often as ever he liked to turn up, and that, as may easily be imagined, was pretty frequently. In 1865 Mr. Aubertin joined the 22nd Regiment, then at Malta, sailing thence the following year to Canada, in which country, at a not very high-class meeting at Fredericton, New Brunswick, where a goodish many of the jockeys were coloured "gemmen," he won his first race.

The following year, when home on leave, he sported silk for the first time in England on a horse called Quicksilver, in a Hunters' Stake at Croydon. On the regiment returning home in 1869, Mr. Aubertin had plenty of mounts. At the Wambledon meeting he won a race on Danebury, and was second on Bellhanger to George Ede on The Demon in the United Stakes. In 1870 he went to Cork to ride a horse called Snip at the Cork Park meeting. The course in those days was a very stiff one, and nearly all came down in the race. In that year Captain Aubertin exchanged into the Queen's Bays, and when quartered at Brighton rode a good many races for Mr. Frewin, winning the Southdown Cup two years in succession on Exning, and the Sussex Stakes on the same horse. At this period there were a good many meetings

## Colonel Peter Aubertin

which do not exist now, and Captain Aubertin rode a good deal for Mr. Young and Mr. R. Combe, winning some races on Mermaid and Carlotta, whilst at Albrighton—a very festive meeting—he won the Warren Steeplechase on Plough Lad, beating Captain Holyoake by a short head. In 1876 he went to Punchestown to ride Scots Grey, and was beat a short head by Lord Maurice Beresford on Revenge. Captain Aubertin rode Scots Grey again in the Wexford Handicap, this being the last time that good horse ever ran. Later on he won the cup at the Kallultagh meeting on Vanity, getting a bad fall on Simon in the next race.

At Birmingham he rode Titterstone, and won a couple of races on Sidbury and Simon respectively. In 1880 increasing weight told its inevitable tale, and Colonel Aubertin, making up his mind—reluctantly, you may be sure—to give up race-riding, brought a highly successful career to a close at the Baldoyle meeting with a gallant victory on Irish Paddy.

On relinquishing riding, Colonel Aubertin settled at the Weir House, Alresford, Hants, in close proximity to his old friend Arthur Yates. That the element of danger being present in any of our field sports is rather an attraction than otherwise to the average Briton, there can be little doubt; at the same time, the bravest among us is apt to draw the line at barbed wire; and to its unwelcome presence in nearly every field from one end of Hampshire to the other is due the fact that the subject of our memoir prefers to rely on rod and gun for amusement rather than the hunting-field, of which formerly he was so staunch an admirer.

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## Gentlemen Riders

### MR. C. J. CUNNINGHAM

DATING from 1873, in which year he first sported silk, until his premature death in October, 1906, there was no better known or more popular personality at the principal steeplechase fixtures, more particularly those in the north of England and in Scotland, than that of Charlie Cunningham.

An enthusiastic sportsman, especially where steeplechasing was concerned, and a fine, bold horseman to boot, it was the one desire of his life to ride the winner of the Grand National, and how nearly this desirable consummation became an accomplished fact with the aid of Why Not is, of course, historical.

His first appearance in a Liverpool field was 1887, when he rode Old Joe (11 st. 10 lbs.), the winner of the previous year, who started at 100 to 8, but had nothing to do with the finish.

The following year he had a leg up on Bellona (11 st. 12 lbs.), belonging to Mr. T. B. Miller, who, however, fell at the first fence after landing on the race-course the first time round.

In 1889 he and Why Not (11 st. 5 lbs.) made their first bold bid for victory, being only done out of it by Frigate by a length after a most exciting race from the last fence.

The next year Why Not, whose weight was now 12 st. 5 lbs., starting at 100 to 9, fell at the fourth fence from the start, notwithstanding which Mr. Cunningham, rapidly remounting, succeeded in getting fifth to Ilex—a good performance both of man and horse. 1891 was again an unlucky year for the two partners. Why Not (12 st. 4 lbs.), when looking all over a winner, falling heavily at the second fence from home, his plucky rider being so badly hurt that he had to be removed in an ambulance.



*From a Painting in the possession of Mrs. C. L. Cunningham.*

MR. C. J. CUNNINGHAM ON "MERRY LASS."



## Mr. C. J. Cunningham

Why Not's next appearance was in 1893, when ridden by Arthur Nightingall, and carrying 12 st. 7 lbs., he finished a bad third to Cloister.

The following year, carrying 11 st. 13 lbs., and ridden by the same jockey, Why Not won outright—this being his fifth attempt; and the year after that, carrying 12 st., and ridden by Mr. C. Guy Fenwick, he finished fifth to Wild Man of Borneo.

In 1896 Why Not made his seventh and last appearance in the Grand National, when, ridden by Arthur Nightingall, and carrying 11 st. 5 lbs., he again finished fifth.

Why Not was a very little horse, and it was said at the time—and possibly with some truth—that Mr. Cunningham being long in the leg, caught his feet in the fences when jumping them, and that this fact had something to do with his failures when riding him in the Liverpool.

But if unlucky at Aintree, the same cannot be said with regard to races of the hunter class, for here Charlie Cunningham was simply invincible, especially in the north.

The fact was that his weight being prohibitive to riding much in handicaps, he (as his friend Maunsell Richardson warned him would be the case) was not so much at home when riding against a large field mainly composed of professional jockeys, all trying for the best place at a fence, as he would do in Hunt Races, where there is more room, smaller fields, and consequently more time to look about you.

The only son of the late Mr. Alexander Cunningham, the subject of this sketch was born at Morebattle Tofts, on the very edge of the fatal field of Flodden, on December 21, 1849, and was descended from a family of great antiquity and historical importance, which sprang from the Ayrshire house of that name, sundry members of which settled in the Border

## Gentlemen Riders

country in the middle of the seventeenth century. Educated, first at the Edinburgh Academy, and subsequently at a private tutor's, it was originally intended for him to enter the Army, but the sudden death of his father altered all his plans, and he finally settled down at home to live the life of a country gentleman for which he was so admirably fitted.

He first sported silk in 1873, his initial ride, we believe, being over the old Border Hunt Steeplechase course of Stodrig, and out of his sixteen rides during the year, he won eight, an average he kept up to the end of his career in the saddle. Soon after this he had the good luck to acquire three horses—all the produce of one animal—a mare by Russborough, which, indeed, did credit to his judgment. This trio, whose achievements still dwell in the memory of north-country sportsmen, were Percy, by Hotspur; Merry Lass, a daughter of Laughing Stock; and Douglas, a son of Sincerity; and between them won no fewer than *fifty-one* races out of sixty-eight attempts.

Percy was, perhaps, his owner's favourite of the three, but in reality there was little to choose between them. Percy and Douglas tied in the number of wins, but Douglas lost three more races than Percy. On the other hand, Douglas beat Goldfinder at level weights, and gave Montauban 16 lbs. and a beating when the latter was at his best, and spoken about as a likely Grand National winner. Merry Lass, not to be behind-hand, won ten out of the twenty-three races she ran in. In the eighties, Mr. Cunningham was certainly the most successful amateur then riding. In one year his total was 52 wins out of 100 mounts; the next he won 49 out of 100; and in 1886 43 out of 76, which last is a record we should say is unprecedented in the annals of steeplechasing.

Other well-known horses of his were Harlequin, White



## Mr. C. J. Cunningham

Cockade, Leap Year, Keelson, Morebattle, Manderay, Kale, Hendersyde, Why Not, and King Charles. The last named, Mr. Cunningham always declared, was the best horse he ever owned, and would have won the Liverpool in a canter had he lived. He died, unfortunately, in 1896 of inflammation of the lungs, having the previous year won eight out of the twelve races he engaged in. In the National Hunt Steeplechase, the subject of our sketch had quite his share of luck, for he won this once important race on no less than three occasions, viz. on Dry Bread, at Derby in 1882; on Why Not, at Highfield, near Malton, in 1886; and on Harlequin in 1890, on which occasion the race was run in Scotland, in conjunction with the Edgbaston Hunt meeting.

Considering that he stood 6 ft. 1 in. in his stockinged feet, and that his average bodily weight during the seventeen years he was riding was over twelve stone, the record Charlie Cunningham left behind him was indeed one to be proud of.

In addition to race-riding, he was a first-rate rider to hounds, a fine game shot and fisherman. He was very fond of curling, too, and in his young days had been a fine cricketer.

As a judge of hunters he had few equals, his services being always in demand at the principal shows in Scotland, as well as in England and Dublin; whilst as an agriculturist he took a very high place both on the practical and scientific sides of the profession. As a judge of stock, too, he had no superior.

A good story is told of him when presiding once at the dinner in connection with the Shepherds' Show at Yetholm, just after the war in the Soudan. General Gatacre, who was staying at the time with General Wauchope of Yetholm, in the course of a speech descriptive of pastoral life in the Soudan, showing how a good shepherd was rewarded, told the company that if a shepherd increased his flock in one year, then

## Gentlemen Riders

according to this increase he was given a certain number of young wives. "The next year, and so on," went on the General, "he is similarly rewarded, and——" Here the speaker was interrupted by the roar of laughter which greeted a remark from the chair, uttered in its occupant's driest manner, "If ye speak any more like that, General," said Charlie, "we will not have a single shepherd left on the Border."

A man of whom the Borderland might well be proud, Charlie Cunningham—to give him the name he was known by far and wide—died at his residence at Muirhouseland, Kelso, on the 20th October, 1906, amidst regret as sincere as it was universal.

He was a J.P. for the county of Roxburghe; county councillor for the parishes of Morebattle and Hownam; was an officer of the Border Mounted Rifles, being second in command to Lord Minto (then Lord Melgund), until the regiment was disbanded; and was one of the senior members of the Jedforest Club, which he joined in 1879. In 1873 Mr. Cunningham was married to Margaret, daughter of the late Mr. Joseph Crossley of Halifax, by whom he is survived, and by a large family of sons and daughters.

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MR. H. M. RIPLEY

(“SNIP”)

FOR many years past we have been in the habit of setting a mark against the names of such gentlemen riders we thought would be tolerably certain in the course of their career in the saddle, to ride the winner of the Grand National, at all events



MR. H. M. RIPLEY  
("SNIP").



## Mr. H. M. Ripley

once in his lifetime; and if ever there was one we thought it safe to predict would help to uphold our reputation as a "prophet in his own country," Mr. H. M. Ripley, affectionately known to his intimates as "Snip," was that man; possessing as he did to a remarkable degree those qualifications which in a contest of this description are so conducive to victory, viz. pluck, nerve, and dash. Horses, too, always seemed to run better in his hands than in those of other people, and we could name several instances where he has brought off a long shot on some awkward brute, who no one else could do any good with, and was allowed to run loose in consequence.

His four Grand National rides were as follows :—

Year.	Horse.	Result.
1899	Mr. C. A. Brown's Barsac, 9 st. 12 lbs.	Fifth.
1901	Mr. C. A. Brown's Barsac, 9 st. 13 lbs.	o
1902	Mr. Polehampton's Miss Clifden, 11 yrs., 9 st. 7 lbs.	Tenth.
1904	Count de Madres' Old Town, 9 st. 8 lbs.	Pulled up.

by which it will be gathered that his nearest approach to a win was his fifth on Barsac to Manifesto in 1899.

In 1896 the National Hunt Steeplechase, which for a long period has been a mere shadow of its former self, more's the pity! was held at Hurst Park, the executive very liberally adding 1000 sovs. to the original stake, on their own account; the second to receive 150 sovs., and the third, 50 sovs. On this occasion there were nineteen runners, and Mr. C. P. Shrubbs's Ludgershall, 5 yrs., 12 st. 1 lb., starting at 6 to 1, ridden by Mr. H. M. Ripley, won by three-quarters of a length,

## Gentlemen Riders

after a great race from the last fence with the Hon. Reginald Ward's Benedictine, 9 yrs., 12 st. 10 lb., ridden by his owner. Ford of Fyne, 5 yrs., 12 st. 1 lb. (Mr. J. M. Shiel), being third, four lengths away.

In 1903 the popular "Snip" again scored in the National Hunt Steeplechase, this time on Miss Clifden, a mare he had previously steered in the Grand National.

He was once, too, successful in the Royal livery which he donned at the shortest possible notice; his own pleasure at the result being mingled with regret that the Royal owner was not present to see his horse win.

A terrible accident when riding in a hurdle race at Sandown somewhere in the nineties, which would have certainly killed most men, and from which it was a wonder he ever recovered, necessarily kept the bold "Snip" out of the saddle for some time, only to come up smiling in the following spring, apparently with unimpaired nerve, and riding better than ever.

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### MR. ALBERT H. RIPLEY

THOUGH he did not ride in public to anything like the extent of his younger brother, the popular "Snip," the subject of our memoir was an exceptionally fine horseman, having the happy knack of making himself quite at home on any sort of animal you liked to put him on—to our thinking as good a test of horsemanship, in the true sense of the word, as one could well have.

Though a winner of a good number of races of sorts,

## Mr. Albert H. Ripley

Albert Ripley only seems to have faced the Starter on two occasions in the Grand National, namely, in 1891, in the race won by Come Away, when he rode Mr. H. Wotton's Adelaide, who started at the forlorn odds of 200 to 1, and 1894, when Why Not won, on which occasion he rode M. J. C. Levene's Calcraft, who, starting at 100 to 1, fell at Becher's Brook the first time round.

In the Grand National Hunt Steeplechase of 1895, which, owing to a frost having intervened, was run that year at Sandown Park instead of Hurst Park, as was originally intended, Mr. Ripley had the leg-up on Alibanum (4 yrs., 10 st. 10 lbs.), belonging to Mr. Arthur Yates, but could only get third to Fin-ma-coul, ridden by Mr. F. B. Atkinson, who, starting at 7 to 4, won by two lengths, double that distance separating second and third.

On that occasion there were fifteen runners, the largest field, with one exception, since 1879.

Apart from his performances in public, innumerable stories are told of Mr. Albert Ripley's feats in the saddle, in the hunting-field and elsewhere, one of which may be worthy of mention here.

On one occasion at a meet of the Household Brigade Draghounds, near Windsor, a stranger—to all appearance indifferently mounted—turned up at the meet, and astonished everybody by taking the lead the moment the hounds were laid on, and, what was more to the purpose, keeping it to the bitter end, in spite of all opposition.

This was bad enough, but when, after the usual interval, during which the members of the Hunt had mounted a fresh horse apiece, the hounds were laid on once more, and the stranger—still on the same animal—for the second time “cut 'em all down, and hung 'em up to dry” as the saying is, the

## Gentlemen Riders

astonished officers thought it about time to inquire who the mysterious stranger was. More than this, so pleased were they at his performance that they gave Albert Ripley—for he it was—a most cordial invitation to pay them another visit at a future date.

Perhaps had they known that the horse on which the stranger had beaten them all was one he had picked up not long before for a “tenner,” the members of the Drag might not have been quite so well pleased.

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### CAPTAIN PERCY BEWICKE

POSSESSING as he did, to an unusual degree, those qualifications so essential to riding over a country with success, viz. good hands, good judgment, and iron nerve, it is no flattery to say that during the period he was before the public in the capacity of race-rider, the superior to Captain Percy Bewicke would have been hard indeed to name. Educated at Harrow, where he made his mark in the cricket field, and at racquets, Mr. Bewicke in process of time was appointed to a commission in the 15th Hussars, and that he was not long in giving a taste of his quality is made plain from the fact that, within a short time of his joining, we find him winning the Subalterns' Challenge Cup at the Regimental meeting on Westwind, belonging to a brother officer, and the 15th Hussars Consolation race the following day on Mr. C. Browne's Sincerity. Going gradually ahead, he became possessed in 1890 of a real good horse in Cameronian, whose breeding, seeing that he was by Isonomy, out of Twine The Plaiden, may be





CAPTAIN BEWICKE ON "CAMERONTIAN."



## Captain Percy Bewicke

described as good enough for anything. Beginning with a hunters' flat race at Plumpton, his owner won altogether twelve races with him of one sort or another. That good but somewhat uncertain horse, The Primate, was another Captain Bewicke's name will always be associated with.

Having beaten Cloister, at Gatwick, with his owner in the saddle, it was only natural that the horse should be fancied for the Grand National of 1892, won by Father O'Flynn. The Primate, however, who started at 100 to 14, in second demand to Cloister, who was favourite at 11 to 2, was done with soon after going into the country the second time round.

The following year the Primate ran again, but with no better result, Captain Bald's horse falling at the third fence from the start.

In 1894 Captain Bewicke's mount in the Grand National was Ardcar, belonging to Mr. Grant, who, starting third favourite at 11 to 2, fell at the second fence into the country the second time round.

Whilst mentioning Cameronian and The Primate, we must not omit Lady Helen, on whose back Captain Bewicke won the Manchester Steeplechase in 1896, the Irwell Handicap Steeplechase the following day, and the International Steeplechase at Leopardstown, in Ireland. In 1896 he won the Grand Prize at Sandown on Stop; and, in addition to four hurdle races of minor importance, the big hurdle race at Auteuil, on Soliman, who started favourite at 5 to 2 in a field of thirteen runners.

In 1900 Captain Bewicke won it again, this time on General Peace, on whom they laid 5 to 4 at the finish.

It would have been curious if, during his career, a "Grand Military" had not fallen to his share, and it was quite in the order of things therefore when, in 1891, he won that

## Gentlemen Riders

much-coveted trophy on Ormerod for Captain A. E. Whitaker, beating, amongst others, Why Not, ridden by Captain "Roddy" Owen.

Altogether, from 1884 to 1897, in which year he gave up riding, Captain Bewicke won on his own and other people's horses, no fewer than 203 races, his two best years being 1891 and 1892, when he headed the list of gentlemen riders with thirty-seven and thirty-eight wins respectively.

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### GENERAL BURN-MURDOCH, C.B.

OF the many military riders of recent times who find honourable mention in this volume, none are better entitled to a prominent position in the Temple of Fame than the distinguished soldier who forms the subject of this chapter, and it speaks volumes for his ability in the saddle that his race-riding career should have been the success it was, considering how its progress must necessarily have been interfered with by his multifarious duties in connection with the profession to which he belongs.

The eldest son of the late Rev. Canon Burn-Murdoch, the subject of our memoir was born on March 26th, 1859, and received his education at Eton, after which, in 1878, he joined the 1st Royal Dragoons.

In 1882, in which year the regiment was quartered in Dublin, General Burn-Murdoch, being then a subaltern, won his maiden Steeplechase, the Sligo Hunt Cup, on a horse called M.D. He now went steadily ahead, riding in and winning a great many open races, and in 1884 won his first Grand Military on Major Tidswell's Larva (5 yrs., 11 st. 7 lbs.) at Sandown Park, beating eight others.

## General Burn-Murdoch, C.B.

During the whole of 1885 he was abroad on active service with his regiment, so there was no more riding until the following year, when he resumed work once more, the success he met with being sufficient proof that his skill in the saddle was in no degree impaired through want of practice.

In 1893, having ridden a large number of winners in the interim, both in point-to-point races on horses belonging to himself and then under National Hunt Rules, General, then Major, Burn-Murdoch won the Grand Military Gold Cup for the second time of asking, his mount being that good horse, the Midshipmite, belonging to Mr. H. L. Powell, who, carrying 13 st. 7 lbs., won easily from six others.

Shortly after this, the subject of our memoir had again to leave for Egypt to take part in the campaign, and there he remained until 1897, when he returned to England to renew his long-abandoned race-riding with greater zest than ever, winning, amongst others, the South Hunt Cup on Chieftain II. This horse with another, named Snuffbox, on which he had previously won the Atherton Hunt Point-to-Point, when the property of Mr. Cray, accompanied General Burn-Murdoch all through the war in South Africa, where they proved as good campaigners as they are "fox catchers," even to this day, proof of which is furnished by the fact that the last-named old warrior was the horse his owner told us, in a letter written on the 30th of October, 1907, he hoped to ride at the opening meet of the Quorn on the morrow.

# Gentlemen Riders

## MAJOR HUGHES ONSLOW

OF the military men riding in recent years, not one, so far as we are aware, can boast of a career in the saddle extending over so long a period, and certainly not one more successful than that of the gallant officer who forms the subject of this chapter.

Educated at Eton and Sandhurst, Major Hughes Onslow made his *début* as a gentleman rider exactly twenty-seven years ago, at the Melton meeting of 1882, on which occasion he won two steeplechases during the afternoon. Soon after that he went to India with his regiment, and the following winter we find him winning the Indian Grand Military Steeplechase at Umballa, the most important event which he had taken part in as yet. It would have been odd indeed had a rider of such ability in the saddle as the subject of our sketch failed to make his mark in the Grand Military, at one time or another, and that these expectations were realised is proved by the fact that out of his four rides in the race for the Gold Cup, he won it three times, viz. on Mr. H. T. Fenwick's Bertha (4 yrs., 11 st.) in 1888, on Major Fenwick's County Council (a., 11 st. 7 lbs.) in 1898, on Major Loder's Marpessa in 1903, and was second on Covert Hack in 1899, on each occasion at Sandown Park.

Besides riding many other winners at the principal meetings in Ireland at various times, Major Hughes Onslow has had more than his share of luck at Punchestown, he having won the Conyngham Cup on no fewer than three occasions, viz. in 1899, 1901, and 1903, each time on Covert Hack belonging to Major Eustace Loder. Covert Hack, who was certainly one of



*From the original painting by Emil Adam.*

MAJOR HUGHES-ONSLOW ON "COVERT HACK."





## Major Hughes Onslow

the best horses that ever ran at Punchestown, won the same race in 1900, Mr. Gwyn-Davies being in the saddle in place of his old pilot, away on active service in South Africa. He also ran in 1902, 1904, and 1905, invariably getting the course. Always heavily penalised, he twice won under 13 st. 5 lbs., the extreme weight under the conditions of the race.

[It will be remembered, too, how useful he made himself to his stable companion Ambush II. in the Grand National of 1900, by getting away from his jockey and knocking over one or two of the most dangerous opponents to the King's representative.]

Harking back to Punchestown, Major Onslow won the Irish Grand Military on three separate occasions, and the Maiden Military Steeplechase five times.

Melton, too, is a favourite battle-ground of his, Major Hughes Onslow having accounted for the Ladies' Plate no fewer than three times within four years, the Leicestershire Steeplechase (twice), and the Melton and Oakham Plate.

Some of Major Onslow's Irish experiences are very amusing. One was in a hurdle race at Baldoyle, in 1896, in which there were nine or ten starters; at the last hurdle but one the leading horse pecked badly, threw his jockey, and galloped on. At the last hurdle the next two fell and galloped on riderless, closely followed by two more who were having a desperate race. About sixty yards before reaching the winning-post the jockey of the outside horse picked up his whip in his left hand; his horse swerved badly, and bumping into the other, caused both to smash through the rail separating the hurdle from the steeplechase course. In the scrimmage both the riders were knocked off, the result being that FIVE riderless horses passed the judge's box before any of the others with a man on his back.

## Gentlemen Riders

Another was at Kilkenny in May of the same year. The weather was hot and dry, and directly after the start of a three-mile steeplechase some jokers took the opportunity of setting fire to the open ditch fence on the far side of the course. By the time the horses reached it, it was blazing merrily, but three or four of them had the pluck to jump it, and it was nearly burnt out when they got there the second time, so the race was run all right.

Some trainers and owners, especially those who have only an odd horse or two, are often very funny with their orders and advice to their jockeys, the following final instructions given by an excited stud groom to Major Onslow just after he had mounted his master's mare for a Hunt Cup race, being a fair example. "Take a dangerous tight houl't of her head, Captain, and knock Hell's blazes out of the fences." The mare, however, proved a charming ride and won easily, without her jockey having to resort to the heroic measures advocated by her owner's master of the horse.

"I have always found," remarks Major Onslow, "that the owners and trainers who know *most* about the game, are those who give their jockeys the freest hand, and, for sure, if you want to lose a race the best way is to tie your jockey down with all sorts of orders. I am all for starting a race with a plan of campaign, but the 'unexpected' so often happens—especially in a steeplechase—that a jockey must be always prepared to change his tactics, if the events of the race seem to require him to do so."

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## MR. GWYN SAUNDERS-DAVIES

AT a period when the real thing in gentlemen riders, in the true sense of the term, was apparently getting scarcer and scarcer every day, the value of so promising a recruit as the subject of this sketch when, in 1887, or thereabouts, he commenced riding between the flags in real downright earnest, can hardly be over-estimated.

A member of a Welsh family of ancient lineage, Mr. Gwyn Saunders-Davies first saw the light of day in 1865, and, after a preliminary canter at the preparatory school at Slough (presided over by the Rev. John Hawtrey, whose house at Eton, where he was formerly a lower-school master, was a perfect hotbed of youthful sportsmen, the late Lord William Beresford being one of the number), went to Winchester, where he came out strong as a cricketer, playing in the eleven in 1881 and 1882, when he left the school.

It was in the last-named year that Mr. Gwyn Davies had in reality his first ride in public, the occasion being the Lawrenny Hunt meeting, and the race the Lawrenny Hunt Cup; whilst the following year was responsible for his first winning mount, when he won a three-mile steeplechase on a mare called Jane Shore, at the Tivyside Hunt meeting.

In the early part of 1884, a couple of chance mounts at Tenby Steeplechases, both of which he won the same afternoon, put him on still better terms with himself, and with a speculative expedition to South America, for which country he sailed the following June, not turning out a success, it is no matter for surprise that, when nearly three years later he returned to England, he should make up his mind to devote himself for the future entirely to the training and riding of steeplechasers,

## Gentlemen Riders

with the result that in an incredibly short space of time there was no better known or more honoured name at the various cross-country meetings than that of the subject of this memoir.

On one of those he trained in his early days, a mare named Fairy Queen, he won no less than forty-one races. In 1896 he left Wales to take up his abode in Staffordshire, moving a year afterwards to Cleeve Hill, near Cheltenham, a locality from which many of the most famous steeplechasers of their time have gone forth at various times to do battle for their owners in the Grand National and other important events; such celebrities as L'Africain, The Colonel, The Doctor, and that marvellous pony Globule, all having been trained there.

From there he removed to Weyhill, and finally, on relinquishing the saddle, settled down as a public trainer at Myrtle Grove, near Worthing; amongst the numerous winners he has turned out being O'Donovan Rossa, who won the Stewards' Cup at Goodwood in 1901, and Rambling Katie, when she annexed the Manchester Cup the second time.

Mr. Gwyn Davies rode in five successive Grand Nationals in 1896, 1897, 1898, 1899, and 1900, his nearest approach to victory being fourth to Ambush II. on Breemont's Pride in 1900. The Sapper, his mount in 1899, started in great request at 10 to 1, but fell at the second fence from the start.

On the famous Cloister, he won the Welsh Grand National at Cardiff for Mr. Duff Assheton-Smith, a victory which, in theatrical parlance, "fairly brought down the house," it being hard to say which was the more popular, the horse or his rider.

From 1882 to 1903, when he gave up riding, Mr. Gwyn Saunders-Davies had ridden on no less than 1068 occasions, in races under National Hunt Rules. Out of these he has won 322, and been placed 364 times. A fine record indeed!





MR. GEORGE THURSBY.

## MR. GEORGE J. THURSBY

WE once overheard an animated discussion between a noble lord and an Art dealer of large experience as to what difference there was between a professional artist and an amateur.

“Why,” argued the nobleman, “shouldn’t the work of one be just as good as that of the other?”

“Well, I’ll tell you, my lord,” replied the dealer. “The former being absolutely dependent on his art for a living, does his level best accordingly, knowing full well that otherwise he will starve. The amateur, on the other hand, though perhaps equally talented—probably more so—merely trifles with art *pour passer le temps*, as it were, and is perfectly indifferent whether the result of his handiwork is good, bad, or indifferent.”

It appears to us that these remarks as applied to Art are equally adaptable to gentlemen riders as a body. In this case, however, there have been, and are, exceptions, though very few, and we do not think we shall be accused of flattery in naming Mr. George Thursby as one of them, for not only does he work quite as hard as any professional, but it is equally certain that very few of the latter riding at the present time are capable of giving him much weight, if any, indeed.

Born in 1869, he started the career he had from the beginning mapped out for himself by studying, not only the art of race-riding but that of training, under the able tuition of the late J. R. Humphreys, at Stork House, Lambourn, and that the latter proved a capable tutor the whole racing world can testify. In 1890 and 1891 the subject of this memoir rode in a few cross-country races, but that course not meeting with the approval of his father, the late Sir John Thursby, he

## Gentlemen Riders

discontinued doing so, and for the future confined himself entirely to the flat. His first winning mount in this direction was on Foghorn in the Bibury Stakes, at Stockbridge in 1892, where he won by a short head, after a tremendous finish.

On the death of Mr. Humphreys, the horses were taken charge of by Peart, at Lambourn, for two or three years, when Mr. Thursby moved to Cranborne, Dorset, where he trained them himself for a couple of seasons.

Finding, however, that the combination of race-riding and training was too much of a handful, he secured the services of Duke, the American trainer, an engagement which led to most satisfactory results in every way. The Tartar, King's Quest, Grace, Skelton, Dornroschen, Choigia, Victor Don, Foxstones, Trevor, Man of Ross, Paddy (winner of the Great Metropolitan at Epsom, and Northamptonshire Stakes), and Calvely, which last was bought by the Germans for £6000, were all trained and ridden by Mr. Thursby at various times. On Victor Don especially he rode some of his best races, including two dead heats, in the space of ten days, one of which was divided, and the other run off, when Mr. Thursby defeated Lester Reiff, on Hearwood, by a short head.

So far as we are aware, with the exception of Mr. William Bevill, Mr. Thursby is the only amateur horseman who has ever ridden in the Derby, in which important race he was twice second, namely, on John o' Gaunt, in 1904, to St. Amant, who had previously beaten him in the Guineas; and on Picton the following year; and it is not too much to say that his defeat on each occasion, especially on the first named, was as great a disappointment to the general public as it was to himself.

An ardent foxhunter, Mr. Thursby hunted a pack of foxhounds in part of the New Forest for a time, and was master of the Ledbury for nine years, since which he has hunted regularly







*From a Photo by Elliott & Fry.*

CAPTAIN THE HON. REGINALD WARD ON "CATHAL."

## Captain the Hon. Reginald Ward

with the Pytchley, Belvoir, and Mr. Fernie's. He shines, too, as a game and pigeon shot.

In 1894 Mr. Thursby married Miss Hardcastle, sister to Mrs. Fernie, herself a noted horsewoman over Leicestershire.

Like her husband, Mrs. Thursby is devoted to horses, and with Heartache, bred by herself, she won a good many races.

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## CAPTAIN THE HON. REGINALD WARD

ONE of the best of our amateur horsemen, either in the Army or out of it, at the period when he was riding, was the popular young officer named above, whose premature death cast a gloom, not only over those amongst whom he lived, but the entire sporting world, many of whom, perhaps, only knew him by repute, or from seeing him on the race-course.

With Arthur Yates, to whose schooling so many of our best young horsemen of late years, especially amongst the military, are indebted for any success they may have attained in the saddle, to train for him and act as guide, philosopher, and friend, it was not long, you may depend, before "Reggie" Ward, who, from the very beginning, "shaped well," as the saying is, made his mark as a steeplechase rider, and as early as 1896 we find him, in a field of nineteen runners, finishing second, on his own horse Benedictus (aged, 12 st. 10 lbs.), to Mr. H. M. Ripley, on Mr. C. P. Shrubbs's Ludgershall (5 yrs., 12 st. 1 lb.), in the National Hunt Steeplechase at Hurst Park, being only beaten by three parts of a length after a great race from the last fence.

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In the same year he made his first appearance in the Grand National on Cathal, who had run second the previous year, being beaten half a length by Wild Man from Borneo, and whom he had bought in the interim from Mr. J. B. Atkinson. On this occasion he finished eight to The Soarer, ridden by Mr. D. G. M. Campbell, 9th Lancers.

The following year in the Grand National, won by Manifesto, Cathal again ran, with his owner, as before, in the saddle, and starting at 7 to 1 in a field of twenty-eight runners, was with them all the way, until the last hurdle, when he came to grief; Manifesto winning in the end by twenty lengths from Ford of Fyne and Filbert, who were separated from each other by only a head.

In 1898 Cathal and his plucky young owner again put in an appearance at Aintree, and but for the blinding snowstorm which prevailed during the race, and confused horses and riders alike, the chances are that their bold bid for victory would have at last met with its reward. As it was, Cathal, in spite of the vigorous calls of his rider, had to succumb in the end to Drogheda, who won, all out, by three lengths, the snow falling so heavily as the horses passed the post, that few, if any, of the spectators knew for the moment which had won.

This was Mr. Ward's last appearance in the Grand National.

Meanwhile, the Boer War intervened, and it was not until some time after its close that this brilliant young horseman was once more in a position to recommence riding in earnest, only to be stopped shortly afterwards by the illness which laid him low.





CAPTAIN CLAUDE CHAMPION DE CRESPIGNY, D.S.O.

## CAPTAIN CLAUDE CHAMPION DE CRESPIGNY, D.S.O.

PROMINENT amongst the military riders of the present day—it would be hard indeed to name his superior—is Captain Champion de Crespigny, of the 2nd Life Guards, eldest son of the popular Baronet who forms the subject of a previous chapter, and, as might be expected, is a true chip of the old block.

Born on September 4th, 1873, and educated at Eton, Captain de Crespigny's riding career actually commenced previous to joining the Army, his first mount being at the Sports Club Meeting, held at Lingfield in the spring of 1894, on which occasion he not only rode the winner of the Light Weight Cup, but, later on, the Heavy Weight also; his father, Sir Claude, who had got a bad fall in the first race, giving up his mount in the last named to his son. Since that period, Captain de Crespigny has gone on steadily riding whenever his military duties permitted, not only at home, but in India and America.

In 1906, amongst other events, he won the Household Brigade Cup at Hawthorn Hill, whilst in the present year of grace, the Grand Military Handicap Steeplechase at Sandown fell to his share.

In addition to the legitimate game, Captain de Crespigny has been exceptionally fortunate in point-to-point races, winning that in connection with the now extinct Queen's Stag Hounds on two separate occasions.

That he is a hard man to hounds almost goes without saying, and when we add that the subject of this memoir has the reputation of being one of the best polo players in the

## Gentlemen Riders

Service, we have said about all we can say. That there is no Royal road to success in any undertaking, no matter what, we are all of us aware, or should be; and that Captain de Crespigny quite recognises the fact is evinced by the hard work he subjects himself to in order to attain his object, for it is no exaggeration to say, that what with hunting, schooling gallops, steeplechasing, and polo, he may fairly be said to live in the saddle all the year round. Should it not fall to his lot in the course of his riding career to attain the object so dear to the gentleman rider, and ride a winner of the Grand National, the reader may be assured it will not be Captain de Crespigny's fault.

Joining the 2nd Life Guards in 1895, the subject of our memoir served with great distinction in the Boer War, being twice mentioned in dispatches—once for special bravery at Rensberg—and was severely wounded at Poplar Grove.

In 1903 he served with the West African Frontier Force, where he was again wounded.

Captain de Crespigny was also A.D.C. to the Viceroy of India from 1900 until 1902.

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### MR. C. R. CHAMPION DE CRESPIGNY

THE Brigade of Guards has always been prolific in the matter of gentlemen riders. Colonels Knox, Harford, and "Doddy" Johnstone, Captain Coventry, Lord Charles Innes Ker, and Lord Manners being all names to conjure with at the period they were riding; and the same remark may be said to apply with equal felicity to the brilliant young horseman—a Champion





CAPTAIN C. R. CHAMPION DE CRESPIGNY.



## Mr. C. R. Champion de Crespigny

not only in name, but in deeds—who so ably represents the Grenadier Guards at the time we are writing. Mr. C. de Crespigny's first successful mount was at Hawthorn Hill, a favourite course with members of his family, on which occasion he won the Drag Hunt Cup on a horse named McKinnell, and a very popular, and we might add appropriate win it was, seeing that not only was the successful jockey the Master of the Windsor Drag at the time, but the youngest Guardsman who ever held that responsible position.

Mr. de Crespigny's weight unfortunately is prohibitive to his getting so many mounts as his elder brother in the 2nd Life Guards, an account of whose riding career is given in the preceding chapter, but, in spite of that drawback, his winning average is an excellent one.

In the present year he won the Tally Ho Steeplechase at the Grand Military meeting at Sandown, whilst at Hawthorn Hill he won the Household Brigade Hunters' Challenge Cup for the third time with that good horse Kozak, and the "Grenadiers' Cup" for the fifth time in succession.

Kozak, a bay horse by Carlton—Koza, originally belonged to the late Major Dalbiac of the Horse Artillery, familiarly known as "The Treasure," who on his departure to South Africa to take part in the Boer War, presented him to his friend Sir Claude C. de Crespigny as a keepsake.

Since then Kozak has won no fewer than twenty-three steeplechase and hurdle races under Grand National Hunt Rules, and as he is still sound on his legs, there is no earthly reason why he should not go on winning brackets for another couple of years or so.

It has always been a mystery in the Service why Mr. de Crespigny was not awarded that much-coveted trophy, the Grand Military Gold Cup, with Prince Talleyrand.

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Not only was his objection to the winner overruled, but, by way of adding insult to injury, his "tenner" was forfeited into the bargain.

Further argument being of course waste of time, there was only one course left open to his friends in the Brigade by way of consolation, which was to wish their brother officer "better luck next time."

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### MAJOR CRAWLEY

UNDOUBTEDLY one of the foremost of our military horsemen, at the time he was riding, was Major Crawley, late 12th Lancers.

The first race of importance we find placed to his credit was the National Hunt Steeplechase of 1891, which event he won for Mr. W. Low on Impeyan (10 st. 10 lbs.).

On that occasion this once important race was run for the first time at Hurst Park, and thanks to the liberality of the Executive, was worth 900 sovs. That such a stake should bring out a field somewhat reminding one of former days was not surprising. No less than seventeen horses facing Mr. Coventry, the race was a splendid sight throughout, and the chapter of accidents very trifling, only two actually falling—two refused and two bolted.

There were only three left in at last, namely Impeyan, Jubilee Boy, ridden by Willy Moore and Van der Berg, the mount of Mr. J. C. Dormer; a tremendous race between the trio all the way up the straight resulting in favour of the first named by a neck, the same distance between second and third. Jubilee Boy started favourite at 5 to 1; 20 to 1





*From a Photo by Hills & Saunders.*

MAJOR WILFRID RICCARDO.

## Major Wilfrid Ricardo

being an offer against the winner. Up till 1897, in which year he retired, Captain Crawley rode all Major Eustace Loder's horses, just then carrying everything before them in Ireland, and in 1895, at Sandown Park, he won the Grand Military Gold Cup on Field Marshal for the popular owner of Pretty Polly. He had previously ridden the same horse without luck in the Grand National of 1893, won by Cloister.

Besides innumerable races in Ireland on Ravenswood and others, Major Crawley won the Sefton Steeplechase for the same owner on The Shaker.

But though Major Crawley's riding career was, in comparison with many others, comparatively short, it was an exceptionally brilliant one while it lasted, and it is certain that the record he left behind him was one any horseman might be proud of.

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## MAJOR WILFRID RICARDO

ONE of the most successful amongst the military horsemen who were riding at the same time as himself, and quite capable of holding his own in the best of company, amateur or professional, was Major Wilfrid Ricardo.

The son of Mr. Francis Ricardo, and his wife, Louisa, daughter of Sir Erskine Perry, the subject of our memoir was born in 1868, and received his education at Eton, afterwards joining the Blues, in which gallant regiment he served from 1888 until 1906. In 1889 he scored his maiden victory at Hawthorn Hill on Grimaldi, after which he went rapidly ahead, and in 1894 we find him winning the National Hunt

## Gentlemen Riders

Steeplechase for Sir Samuel Scott on Philactery, beating nine others.

The race was run that year at Derby, 850 sovs. being added by the Executive to the sweepstakes. Olive Branch, belonging to Mr. Widger, sen., and ridden by his son, Mr. Joseph Widger, was favourite at 3 to 1, and Sir Samuel Scott's representative was next in favour at fives. Rushlight bolted at the first obstacle; Torchlight then took up the running, but just beyond the stand ran out, taking Ballyduff with him. Philactery then went to the front, but in the next half-mile Torchlight resumed his position until the bend for home, when he was beaten, being passed in turn by Olive Branch, Principis, and Philactery. At the last fence but one Philactery headed the favourite, but going wide at the turn slightly lost his advantage. Regaining it, however, at the last jump he drew clean away, and beat Olive Branch by two lengths and a half; Monk Lewis, ridden by Captain Yardley, a length and a half away, being third. Of the ten starters, five did not finish, and Ballyduff broke down.

With such a reputation as that enjoyed by Major Ricardo, it was pretty safe to predict that in the near future a Grand Military would come his way, and it is good to know, therefore, that after several attempts his efforts were at last crowned with the success they deserved, as in 1903 we find him winning the much-coveted Gold Cup on Dunboyne, belonging to himself.

In 1906 he was third for the same important event on Buckhunter, who started second favourite at 9 to 4 in a field of nine runners, and finished four lengths away from Do Be Quick, ridden by Captain Rasbottom, who in his turn was beaten two lengths by Ruy Lopez, the mount of Captain Stacpoole.



## Major Wilfrid Ricardo

On retiring from the saddle Major Ricardo left behind him the following record, which, considering that his normal weight was 11 st. 6 lbs., and that he frequently reduced himself to ride 10 st. 7 lbs., must be regarded as a formidable one.

Race.	Horse.
The National Hunt Steeplechase	on Philactery.
The Household Brigade Handicap	„ March Hare.
The Warwick Grand Annual	„ Ulysses.
The Newmarket Military	„ Fanatic.
(Midshipmite being second and Why Not third).	
Household Brigade Cup	on March Hare.
Past and Present Handicap at Aldershot	„ Philosopher (after dead heat).
Grand Military Gold Cup	„ Dunboyne.
Manchester Handicap	„ St. Anthony.
Match on County Council <i>v.</i> Horizon (3 miles) at Windsor.	

Other events of minor importance were won on The Mazzard, Big George, Bar-none, County Council, Philosopher, Ulysses, Bouncing Boy, Nephote, The Nun, Siddington, Katerfeldt, and Alphæus.

An enthusiastic foxhunter, and as good to hounds as he was between the flags, the subject of our memoir has long been known as one of the best men with the Quorn and other packs within reach of Melton Mowbray, to which famous hunting quarters he repairs regularly every season.

# Gentlemen Riders

## CAPTAIN RASBOTHAM

IN spite of the difficulty in obtaining the necessary leave, as compared with formerly, the Army has still plenty of good men and true to represent it on the race-course, and of recent years it would be hard to select from their number a better for the purpose than the accomplished horseman named above.

In 1897, the subject of our memoir was appointed to the King's Dragoon Guards, and in the same year rode his first race in public on a horse called Sugar Plum, at Colchester, since which time he has been riding with conspicuous success; first of all in Ireland, and afterwards (from 1901) in England and over the border. His most successful year was probably in 1905, when, amongst other victories, he won the Scottish Grand National Steeplechase of £440, over three and a half miles, at the Eglinton Hunt meeting, held in April of that year, on Theodocian, by Marcian—Minthe, who, starting at 100 to 12, won by three lengths from eleven others, including such horses as Prince Tuscan, and Court Flavour and Funchal, of whom the latter started favourite at 9 to 4. With the exception of Mr. Bulteel, who rode Drunkerrin, all the other riders in this race were professionals.

This victory was some consolation for an annoying series of seconds and thirds in the Grand Military meeting at Sandown a fortnight previously, which first-named more or less thankless position he occupied in the race for the Gold Cup when riding Do Be Quick, who, starting a warm favourite at 2 to 1, was beaten by Ruy Lopez, the mount of Captain Stacpoole; whilst later in the afternoon he was third



CAPTAIN RASBOTNAM.



## Captain Denny

for the Past and Present and Maiden Steeplechases, on Railoff and Ardragh respectively.

The following day he was second on Athelbrook, for the Selling Handicap Steeplechase, for which his mount started favourite at 5 to 4; was unplaced on Cataline in the Grand Military Handicap Steeplechase, third on Railoff for the United Service Steeplechase, and second on Polestick for the Tally Ho Steeplechase.

In the Grand National of that year, Captain Rasbotham had the mount on Mr. R. W. Black's What Next (10 st. 2 lb.), who, however, fell at the fence before entering the race-course the second time round.

The following day he was second on Mitchelstown for the twenty-fifth Champion Steeplechase, who, starting at 100 to 30 in a field of nine runners, was beaten four lengths by Apollino, ridden by Tom Moran.

Towards the end of 1907, Captain Rasbotham went with the regiment to India, where no doubt he will find plenty of opportunities for sporting silk until we see him again.

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## CAPTAIN DENNY

OF late years the Army could boast of few better horsemen than the subject of this chapter, and perhaps of all his numerous victories between the flags in none has his superior horsemanship shone to more advantage than in the race for the much-coveted Grand Military Gold Cup, won by him on Mr. R. F. Eyre's Royal Blaze, beating Prince Talleyrand and the mount of Captain de Crespigny, by a short head, after a tremendous

## Gentlemen Riders

set-to from the first fence, at the Grand Military meeting held at Sandown Park in March, 1906.

The race was booked for a good thing for one of two, Kirby, the mount of Captain Stacpoole, who was favourite at 2 to 1, and Kiora, who stood at 5 to 2, ridden by Mr. C. Bewicke, nephew of Captain Percy Bewicke, a horseman by no means to be despised, notwithstanding his limited experience, which as yet had been principally confined to the hunting-field; his famous uncle's second string, an incorrigible brute named St. Medoc, being the mount of Captain Rasbotham, who could do nothing with him, and who before the end of his ride must sincerely have regretted his refusal of the mount on Royal Blaze, which could have been his had he pleased. Close up to the second Prizeman was third, ridden by his owner Captain Cradock, C.B., M.V.O., who, though a veteran in years, beyond riding in a few pony races in India, had never until this occasion sported silk in an important steeplechase.

As a matter of fact his horse was travelling the fastest of the three at the finish, but could never quite catch the two leaders.

As it was an open secret that a contingency existed, in other words that in the event of Royal Blaze winning the Gold Cup a specified sum was to be paid to his late owner, few were surprised when an objection to the winner was lodged immediately after the race by the owner of Prince Talleyrand, and it was certainly a matter of astonishment to the majority that it was not sustained by the powers that be, a previous winner of the Gold Cup having been disqualified for this very reason, the authorities holding that a horse to whom a contingency attached was not *bonâ fide* and *unconditionally* the property of the man in whose name it ran.

On this occasion the stewards took legal advice in the





MR. FERGUSSON.



## Mr. John Fergusson

matter, with the result that they arrived at the conclusion that they could come to no other decision but which had been given in the first instance.

In point of fact, on being consulted before the race by the owner, the stewards assured him that Royal Blaze stood in no danger of disqualification, and that the horse could be run without the slightest fear.

Whatever the result might have been, it does not detract in the least from the fine jockeyship displayed by Captain Denny, who certainly never rode a better race in his life.

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## MR. JOHN FERGUSSON

OF our cross-country riders in recent years, few, if any, have had a more successful career than the accomplished horseman who forms the subject of this chapter.

Of Scottish descent, as implied by his name, "Jock" Fergusson, as he is familiarly called, rode his first winner in 1886, when only sixteen years of age, after which he rode repeatedly in Scotland with more or less success until 1890, in which year he became associated with the late Mr. C. J. Cunningham, for whose stable he invariably rode until that gentleman's death in 1898. During the whole of that period he was, on several occasions, at the head of the Gentlemen Riders' list with a record of over fifty winning mounts, many of them being on such well-known horses as King Charles, Keilson, Kale, Annally, and Sir Hubert.

In 1898 Mr. Fergusson became the racing manager of Colonel W. Hall Walker's horses, a position he still holds; and

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that the appointment was a complete success may be gathered from the fact that, in the years that have elapsed, the stable has won upwards of a hundred and fifty races under N.H. Rules, with such horses as Hill of Bree, Glen Royal (winner of the National Hunt Steeplechase in 1899), The Soarer (subsequently to his victory in the Grand National), King's Idler, Desert Chief, Friary, Merry Love, Hidden Love, Miss Toto, and many others.

A Scotchman to the backbone, and, like the majority of his countrymen, a trifle superstitious, Mr. Fergusson—whose lowest riding weight, by the way, has always been 10 st. 10 lbs. during the time he was in regular practice—had a holy horror of counting the number of his wins, but it can safely be said that from 1886, in which year he commenced riding, up to when he left off, he had ridden between five and six hundred winners under N.H. Rules; whilst his winning score had never been less than thirty in the year.

In addition to many other important races, Mr. Fergusson won the Grand Hurdle Race at Paris on Karakoul, the National Hunt Steeplechase on Glen Royal, and the Liverpool Hurdle Race on no less than three occasions.

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### CAPTAIN W. MURRAY-THREIPLAND

FROM time immemorial the Brigade of Guards has produced many fine horsemen, and on reference to the Steeplechase Calendar, it will be found that the Grenadiers have every reason to be proud, not only of its representatives in the past, but of those who have gone forth to do battle for the regiment in more recent years.



*From the original painting by Captain Adrian Jones.*

CAPTAIN MURRAY-THREPLAND ON "FRONTIER."



## Captain W. Murray-Threipland

Captain Powell, who won the Grand Military on his own mare, Cinderella, so long ago as 1846; Captain Henry Coventry and Lord Manners, each of whom rode a Grand National winner apiece; and last—but not least—the subject of this chapter, were, every one of them, Grenadier Guardsmen. Taking into consideration the short time he was riding, coupled with the fact that, walking as he did over thirteen stone, he found it very difficult to get into the saddle under 11 st. 7 lbs., Captain Murray-Threipland's record was one of which any cross-country horseman, amateur or professional, might be proud.

The second son of the late Mr. W. Scott-Ker, of Chatto, Roxburghshire, his name being changed to Murray-Threipland in 1882, on succeeding to the estates of his cousin, the late Sir Patrick Murray-Threipland, Bart., of Fingall and Kinnaird, the subject of our memoir was born on the 21st of Dec., 1866, and was educated at Fettes College, Edinburgh, joining in 1885, first, the 3rd Battalion Royal Highland Militia, and two years later, the Grenadier Guards. Having commenced his riding career successfully by winning the Grenadier Guards Cup on Fenian at Lingfield in 1891, Captain Murray-Threipland rode regularly whenever his regimental duties allowed, principally at meetings in the north of England and Scotland, and nearly always on his own horses, which were trained by himself at Kelso, amongst the best of them being Frontier, by Gaston; Dawn, by Joco; Dalkeith, by Keith—Maid of Loone; Traynor, by Hollywood—Dawn by Prelate; and Lambay by Royal Meath—Lambthorpe, on which last he won the Grand Military Gold Cup at Sandown Park in 1899.

With the Household Brigade Cup, the big race open only to officers of the Household Brigade, and not often an easy

## Gentlemen Riders

one to win, Captain Murray-Threipland had more than his share of luck, for in six attempts he won it four times, being placed on each of the other two occasions as recorded below.

1893	Frontier	won
1894	Dalkeith	„
1895	Dalkeith	3rd
1897	Frontier	won
1898	Lambay	3rd
1899	Lambay	won

Of the horses already mentioned Traynor won twenty-three races out of twenty-six; whilst Frontier, on whose back his owner appears in our portrait, did better still, winning twenty-seven out of the fifty-three races in which he started; was second on nine, and third on thirteen occasions, being consequently only thirteen times unplaced.

With his win on Lambay in the Grand Military of 1899 Captain Murray-Threipland's riding career came to an end; for the regiment leaving shortly after for South Africa, he remained there two years, and finding at the end of that time that increasing weight was likely to prove an effectual bar to future success in the saddle, made up his mind—with reluctance, you may be sure—to hang up the colours for good and all, retiring with a winning record which, compared with his number of mounts, was really remarkable; in some years having won nearly half the races he rode in.





SIR CUTHBERT SLADE, BART.



## SIR CUTHBERT SLADE, BART.

IT will be generally agreed, we feel sure, that at the time he was in the saddle it would have been hard to name the superior—whether amateur or professional—of the brilliant horseman named above, whose all too premature death, in the February of 1898, was the source of genuine regret to all who knew him. Born in 1863, and educated at Eton, he succeeded his father as fourth baronet in 1890, previous to which, in 1884, he joined the Scots Guards, of which distinguished—and, we might add, sporting—regiment he became Adjutant in 1890 and Captain in 1897. His first winning mount was at Windsor in April, 1888, when on the happily named Climb-Axe, a hunter described as half bred, by Alpenstock, dam by Pantaloon, belonging to Mr. E. E. Hanbury, a brother officer in the Scots Guards, he carried off the Garrison Plate. Sir Cuthbert altogether rode Climb-Axe in thirty events, of which he won sixteen; most of these being Hunt and Military races. In 1890, he scored a sequence of seven successive wins, and at Hawthorn Hill accomplished the feat of winning in under a week four steeplechases on the same horse, over the same course. With one single exception, Sir Cuthbert rode Climb-Axe in all his engagements, the occasion being at Chelmsford in April, 1891, when, being unable to ride owing to a bad fall, another jockey was put up; with unfortunate results as it turned out, for the bridle coming off in the course of the race, the old horse ran against the wing of a fence and so injured himself that he had to be destroyed. It is a surprising fact that neither Climb-Axe, nor *Æsop*—which last was probably the best horse he was ever connected

## Gentlemen Riders

with—never won a race except when ridden by Sir Cuthbert Slade.

Æsop, who was by Chippendale out of Fable and the property of Captain Michael Hughes, 2nd Life Guards, was a brilliant performer over a country, and Sir Cuthbert and he, always a pair hard to beat, were especially so in the spring of 1892, when they won six times in succession. In the same year, they made their first attempt to win the Grand Military, but could only finish fourth. The following year they were second to the Midshipmite, who with 13 st. 7 lbs. on his back succeeded on landing the odds laid on him in gallant style.

Twelve months later and it was Æsop's turn, for though the Midshipmite, in spite of his heavier weight, actually led over the last fence, the other beat him for speed on the flat and won, though with little to spare.

Another victory was the Household Brigade Handicap in 1898, on Corsbie. In 1895 Sir Cuthbert rode Æsop to Victory in the Household Brigade Cup, a race he had won four years previously on St. Valentine, a chestnut horse by Lord Gough, out of Traveller's Joy, in which he and Colonel the Hon. W. Lawson, D.S.O., were partners. Sir Cuthbert, in all, won quite ten steeplechases on this horse. At the Grand Military meeting in the same year he won a race on Elliman, whose first performance it was in public over a country. This horse, it will be remembered, finished third in the Liverpool, four years later. In 1897, at the same meeting, he won the Grand Military Handicap Steeplechase on Brawl. In 1893, when the National Hunt Steeplechase was run at Sandown Park, Sir Cuthbert had the ride on Van der Berg, a son of Dutch Skater, who justified his good reputation in the hunting-field by winning easily from Lord of the Valley, the property of Mr. Arthur Yates and the mount of Mr. G. B. Milne. Two





*From a Painting by Captain J. Matthews.* COLONEL THE HON. W. LAWSON ON "RESULT."

## Colonel the Hon. William Lawson

years later Major Crawley's horse was third to Wild Man of Borneo and Cathal in the Grand National.

Though best known to the world of sport as a gentleman rider of superior attainments, Sir Cuthbert had always been a fine athlete, as witness the many trophies won by him for running, rowing, and bicycling.

In 1896 he married Kathleen, daughter of the late Mr. Rowland Scovell of Fairholme, Co. Dublin, and on retiring from the Army, the following year, settled down at his family seat, Maunsel, near Bridgwater, Somersetshire, where he trained a few steeplechasers for his own amusement, and it was on one of these, named Athelwulf, in the Upbrooke Hurdle Race at Newton Abbot, in 1902, that the lamented baronet had his last winning ride. In 1904 Sir Cuthbert gave up racing, and giving himself to hunting was at the time of his death acting as whipper-in to his wife's pack of harriers.

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## COLONEL THE HON. WILLIAM LAWSON

THE popular sportsman whose name heads this chapter, and who has for some time past been generally recognised as one of the hardest and best riders we have over Leicestershire, rode his first point-to-point race as a subaltern of the Scots Guards in 1893. In that year the 1st Brigade of Guards Point-to-Point Race was held in the Pytchley country, near Long Buckby; the line being chosen by Mr. Foster, himself a very fine rider to hounds. The course was virtually three sides of a square, over a fine natural hunting country, and there were only the two turning flags at the far side of it. The Brigade entertained

## Gentlemen Riders

the farmers to lunch, and there were eighteen starters, consisting of six picked riders from each of the three regiments, Grenadiers, Coldstreams, and Scots Guards; the Grenadiers wearing red coats, the Coldstreams black, and the Scots Guards red coats with a white band on the left arm. Since then, the race has taken place nearly every year and is decided by points. On this occasion the Scots Guards won, and riding for the regiment were Seymour Vandeleur (Mr. Foster's nephew), afterwards a most distinguished soldier, and unfortunately killed in South Africa; the late Sir Cuthbert Slade, one of the best horsemen in the Army; their surgeon, W. Beavor, well known later as a steeplechase rider of repute; and last, but not least, Lord Annaly, always a fine rider and first-class man to hounds, and now the Master of the Pytchley. The latter made all the running, and going wide at the second flag, cleared what was supposed to be an unjumpable bottom; the first half-dozen also getting over in safety after him before they discovered the mistake their leader had made. Lord Annaly continued with the lead till the last two fields, when he was passed by Heywood Lonsdale (Grenadiers), who eventually won by two lengths; Mr. Lawson, as he then was, being second, and Lord Annaly third. Mr. Lawson rode Dundalk, a five-year-old grey horse by Brown Prince, bought from Macmahon of Castleblayney, Ireland, a fourteen-stone hunter on short legs, and a really first-class horse, that gave him many a good ride subsequently in Leicestershire. The weights in this race were always "catch weights" over (12 st. 7 lbs.), and it took place each year in different countries. On one occasion when it was run close to Mr. Leopold de Rothschild's house in the Whaddon Chase country, the snow lay so deep on the ground that it had to be swept away where the fences were jumped. The going was necessarily bad, and there were many falls at the

## Colonel the Hon. William Lawson

brook ; one of the few to get over in safety being Mr. Lawson, only, however, to jump into a drift and fall three fences from home. That year Captain Mildmay (Grenadiers) won, Lord Annaly being second, Captain Bouverie (Coldstreams) third, and Mr. Lawson fourth, after getting up again. Gilbert, the horse ridden by him on that occasion, was a thoroughbred, up to 14 st. 7 lbs. by Young Dutchman, and came from the Atherstone country. He was afterwards his owner's best horse with the Meath in Ireland. Although English bred, it had never seen a bank. Another year the race was held in the Badminton country, near Great Wood, Lord Cowley finding the course. The Dauntsey brook was the third obstacle, and, the going being very heavy, a great number fell at it, Mr. Lawson among the number ; but getting up again he took the lead for the last three fields, to be beaten in a long "run in" with the ridge and furrow the wrong way, by Gavin Hamilton of his own regiment. On this occasion he rode a horse called Blanchardstown, bought from Tom Manley, who lived close to Lord Annaly's place, Luttrellstown, near Dublin. He was well up to fifteen stone, and a rare stayer, and never once fell in his ten seasons in Ireland and Leicestershire. Another year, in the Meynell country, Colonel Lawson was third on Hopeful, bought from David Beatty for Mrs. Lawson, and regarded by that lady as one of the best she ever rode. Previous to his purchase he won the Fermanagh Hunt Cup and the Atherstone Point-to-Point Race, and it is tolerably certain that but for running through the last fence and falling, Colonel Lawson must have won on this occasion, seeing that at the time he was leading by many lengths. Colonel Willie rode in the same race when it took place in the Fitzwilliam country near Barnsdale ; in the Cottesmore country under Barleythorpe ; in the Warwickshire country,

## Gentlemen Riders

where he was third, he on Will Dasset; and again at Burrough Hill in the Quorn country, where he won it outright on a horse called Result by Tamerlane—dam by Marksman. He was heavy that year and rode 13 st. 8 lbs., notwithstanding which he made the whole of the running and won easily; Captain the Hon. W. Lambton (Coldstream) being second, on a brown mare called Lolah, and Gavin Hamilton (Scots Guards) third. Result was a very fine weight-carrying horse standing 16.3, a great galloper and stayer, with wonderful action, and was bought by his owner from Captain Malcolm Little, after running second in the big Maiden Race at Punchestown with the object of winning his regimental steeplechase, a feat he accomplished three years in succession, as will be seen later on.

Colonel Lawson rode in the Army Point-to-Point Races three times, viz. at Burrough Hill, Buckingham, and Rugby; but had no luck, having the misfortune to break his collar-bone in the heavy weights race at Burrough Hill. Lord William Bentinck, in consequence, was put up to ride Result in the light weight, and was second to a very good little mare belonging to Mr. Loftus (Grenadier Guards) that won many races. At Buckingham, though suffering from a severe strain, Colonel Lawson got third in the heavy weights; and at Rugby fell again in the Heavy Weights Race, through his horse over-jumping himself three fences from home, when leading his field. The race, however, went to the regiment all right, with the aid of Oxley, the mount of Mr. George West. In most of the years in which Colonel Lawson rode in the Brigade point-to-point races the Scots Guards won on points; for one reason, perhaps, because they had better horses, and also possibly because Lord Annaly had always showed them how to go right along if one had a nice horse that stayed, so that



## Colonel the Hon. William Lawson

if none of them actually won their side, by being shown the way were enabled to score the necessary points to insure victory for the Cup. Though his weight was a preventative to riding in any but regimental races, Colonel Lawson owned some good winners at various times, viz. Hay Fever, who won twice for him in the hands of Captain Tom Hone of the 7th Hussars, the only man, indeed, who could ride her; St. Valentine (in partnership with the late Sir Cuthbert Slade, who also acted as jockey), who, in addition to the Guards' Cup, won twenty other races; a beautiful chestnut horse by Lord Gough, Traveller's Joy, bought by him as a three-year-old, when the regiment was quartered in Ireland, from Harry Beasley; and Kestrel by Spider, dam by Double X, who, ridden by Charlie Beatty, and trained by his father, won the Grand International Steeplechase at Sandown. Kestrel afterwards ran well in the Grand National, and was then hunted in Leicestershire for six seasons by Mrs. Lawson, who considered him her best horse. Arab King, a curiously bred animal, up to fourteen stone, by Kismet (an Arab that ran at Newmarket) out of Cinderella, won a few races and was also hunted for many years by Mrs. Lawson. This horse never took to racing, but was a wonderful hunter. After going once round at Birmingham, he ran away and jumped into the paddock over some very high-spiked railings, his jockey still remaining in the saddle and pulling him up near the weighing-room. Dirkhampton, after being hunted by Mrs. Lawson as a four-year-old, won the Great Bangor and the Leicestershire Hunt Steeplechases, being ridden each time by Captain Gwynn Saunders-Davies, when Colonel Lawson was away at the war. This horse won an extraordinary number of small races later.

For the "weighty" reason already stated, Colonel Lawson

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was unable to indulge his steeplechase-riding propensity to the extent he would doubtless have liked, and except one solitary ride at Lingfield, he confined his attention entirely to Hawthorn Hill, at which popular meeting he constantly sported silk with more than his share of success.

In 1892, on the General (12 st. 7 lbs.), a very big 16.3, 15 st. hunter, by Ascetic, bought from Captain Beatty, that could gallop above a bit, he won the Scots Guards' Regimental Challenge Cup (given by Captain Frank Barton), and repeated the programme the following year, carrying a stone more; whilst on Result, a horse already mentioned, he won the Scots Guards' Regimental Steeplechase on three successive occasions, viz. 1895 (12 st. 7 lbs.), 1896 (13 st. 7 lbs.), and 1897 (14 st.); and on the same horse, the Household Brigade Welter Steeplechase in 1897, three miles, ten runners, 13 st. each, his rider having to declare 6 lbs. overweight.

On leaving the Army in 1904, Colonel Lawson won the Quorn Heavy Weight Point-to-Point, under Gartree Hill, on Santos Dumont, by Francescan—Ouida, ten runners, 14 st. each; Mr. Cecil Grenfell being second on Elvery, formerly the property of Mr. H. T. Barclay, and which had just previously won the Stock Exchange Point-to-Point.

The Colonel describes Result as the best weight-carrier he ever possessed, and not without reason, seeing that, in spite of exceptionally heavy going, he made nearly all the running in most of his races, and won easily at the finish.

The second son of the first Lord Burnham, of Hall Barn, Beaconsfield, Bucks, the subject of our memoir was born in 1864, and after leaving Eton, joined the Scots Guards, from which gallant regiment, after serving with distinction, he joined the 10th I.Y. under Lord Chesham in the Boer War. He subsequently commanded that corps for a year on service, gained

## The Hon. George Lambton

the D.S.O., and was twice mentioned in despatches by Lord Roberts, and again by Lord Kitchener in 1901.

In 1887 Colonel Lawson married Sybil, daughter of Lieut.-General Sir F. Marshall, K.C.M.G., of Broadwater, Surrey, who, like her husband, devoted to what Mr. Jorrocks was wont to call the "plissures of the Chase," has long since taken front rank amongst the brilliant galaxy of ladies who are never seen to more advantage than when taking their own part in a run with hounds over high Leicestershire.

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### THE HON. GEORGE LAMBTON

THE Lambtons have been a sporting family from time immemorial, and never have its traditions been better kept up than at the period of which we write, by the Earl of Durham and his brothers, the Honourable George Lambton, Rear-Admiral Lambton, and the Honourable C. Lambton.

The fifth son of the second Earl of Durham, the subject of our sketch was born in 1860, and received his education at Eton, and Trinity College, Cambridge, afterwards joining the 3rd Battalion of the Derbyshire Regiment. He won his first race at Nottingham, on a mare named Pompeia, beating Mr. Arthur Coventry on the favourite by a neck. Shortly after he won another race (his third) at Windsor on the same mare, curiously enough again beating Mr. Coventry—this time by a short head.

In 1885, the race won by the erratic Roquefort, we find him riding for the first time in the Grand National, his mount

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being Mr. Hungerford's Lioness (11 st. 7 lbs.), who, starting at 25 to 1, finished eighth.

The following year, when Old Joe won, he had the leg up on Mr. Zigoinala's Redpath (11 st. 7 lbs.), who, however, made no show.

In 1887 (Game Cock's year) Mr. Lambton rode his own mare Bellona (10 st. 10 lbs.), who fell at the second fence from the start; and in 1888, when Playfair won, he rode for the last time in the race, his mount being Baron W. Schroeder's Savoyard (12 st. 4 lbs.), who started at 25 to 1, and fell at the second fence from home, when looking all over the winner.

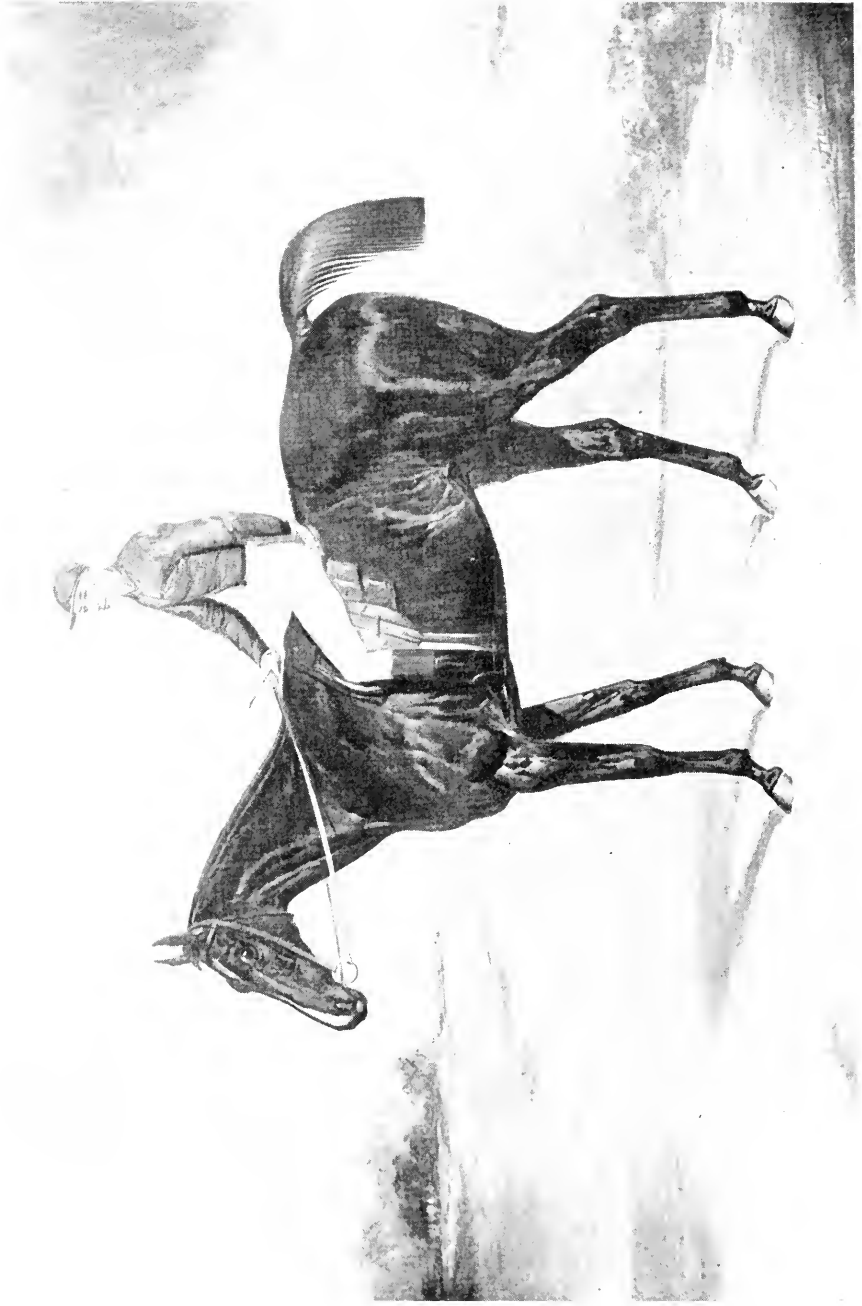
In the National Hunt Steeplechase he met with better luck, as in 1888, at Sandown Park, he won that once important race on Glen Thorpe belonging to Mr. E. Jay (4 yrs., 10 st. 10 lbs.), who, starting favourite at 4 to 1 in a field of eleven runners, won easily by four lengths from Battle Royal, the mount of Tommy Beasley; Braceborough, ridden by Mr. D. Thirlwell, being third.

If unlucky at Liverpool, the same cannot be said as regards his other races, of which he won quite his fair share, amongst the most important being the Croydon Hurdle Race (twice) on Bellona, the Croydon Steeplechase on Phantom, the Sandown Hurdle Race on Bellona, and the big Paris Steeplechase on Parasang.

A bold and finished horseman, with the perfection of hands, he especially distinguished himself on the flat, many of his finishes being in the highest degree artistic. In short, Mr. George Lambton may fairly be described as one of the best gentlemen riders of his day.

On abandoning race-riding, the subject of our memoir commenced training at Newmarket, and with Lords Derby,





MR. G. A. BAIRD  
(“MR. ABINGTON”).

*From a painting in the possession of Mr. M. Garry.*

## Mr. George Alexander Baird

Stanley, and Farquhar sending him their horses to work upon, his success, which was never really in doubt, soon became an accomplished fact. Since 1893—in which year he started on his new vocation—besides innumerable other races of more or less importance, two Oaks and no fewer than ten Liverpool Cups have fallen to horses emanating from Stanley House, and it is not too much to say that at the present time amongst members of his adopted profession it would be difficult to find the superior of the subject of this sketch.

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### MR. GEORGE ALEXANDER BAIRD

(“MR. ABINGTON”)

IF ever there was a man to whom his vast wealth may be said to have proved a curse, rather than a blessing, surely it was the eccentric gentleman named above.

Sole inheritor of the enormous fortune of both father and uncle, and with all the attributes of a sportsman, one cannot help thinking what a different career might have been his had he fallen into good hands at the outset, instead of amongst thieves, as was unfortunately the case. As it was, when good counsel and advice *did* come his way, as is too often the case, it arrived too late; the moral persuasion which might have found favour with the youth, having quite the opposite effect on the man.

A nearly similar case to his was that of the equally notorious “Mad” Windham, whose escapades were the “talk of the town” in the early sixties. With a view to bringing

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him up in the way he should go, Colonel Bathurst of the Coldstream Guards, in conjunction with his other guardian and uncle, General Windham (the Hero of the Redan), on their ward being sent to Eton, enlisted the services of Mr. George Yonge, formerly captain of the Eton and Cambridge cricket elevens, and one of the finest round-hand bowlers of his time, as private tutor.

Owing, however, to a fall from his horse when riding in Windsor Great Park, which nearly had a fatal result, this arrangement, which bid fair to be a success in every way, was brought to an abrupt conclusion. With one successor after another, proving totally inadequate for the post, small wonder that his late pupil, left without a hand to restrain him at the most critical time, "took the bit between his teeth," figuratively speaking, and bolted, with disastrous results, both to himself and his property. His old tutor—who, by the way, was one of the few witnesses at the celebrated trial *de Lunatico* to put in a good word for him—always declared that Windham's subsequent career of folly was entirely due to the want of good influence over him at the right moment, he not only being a most amiable youth in every way, but amenable to discipline into the bargain.

Probably no one hit him off better than the old Norwich horse dealer, who, when Windham, meeting him shortly before the trial, put the question, "*You* don't think I'm mad, do you, Snaffle?" replied, "Well, no, I don't say that you're exackerly what I calls a *loon-attic*, Mr. Windham, but there's no mistake about it, *you're a damned fool!*"

To return to "Mr. Abington." Although interested in a few moderate horses during his minority, and occasionally riding in a hurdle race, he did not come into prominence as an owner until the first Spring Meeting at Newmarket in 1884,



## Mr. George Alexander Baird

when at the late Lord Falmouth's sale he bought Busybody and Esther Faa for 8800 and 2200 guineas respectively.

Placed under Tom Cannon's care at Danebury, Busybody won both the One Thousand and Oaks for her new owner, but unfortunately broke down before the St. Leger. His other purchase, Esther Faa, on the other hand, never won a race. In 1884, "the Squire," as he was universally called, dipped further into the Mereworth blood, buying Skylark for 1150 guineas, Spinaway (winner of the Oaks), with an Isonomy filly foal at foot, for 5500 guineas, and the two-year-olds Cerealis and Skyscraper, for 4000 and 1400 guineas respectively, besides two more brood mares.

Subsequently Mr. Baird transferred his horses to Gurry's stable at Newmarket with Robert Peck as guide, philosopher, and friend, but owing to some disagreement, they were sent for a time to W. Stevens at Compton, to return to Gurry later on, just in time for the latter to share in the credit of Merry Hampton's victory in the Derby of 1887.

There were only ten runners on this occasion, amongst them being Bruce, belonging to Mr. Herbert Rymill, and who was backed against the field at the finish. Nothing, however, stood the ghost of a chance with Merry Hampton, who, ridden by John Watts, whose first Derby it was, had the race in safe keeping a long way from home, winning eventually in the commonest of canters.

So little apparent interest did "Mr. Abington" take in the race, that not only did he hardly take the trouble to look at it, but despite the entreaties of his friends, actually declined to pay his victorious horse the compliment the winner of the Derby has surely the right to expect at the hands of his owner, by leading him back to the weighing-room; a mode of proceeding on his part which called forth—and very properly

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too—a good deal of hostile criticism in the press and elsewhere, the following day.

Merry Hampton subsequently was unplaced to Tenebreuse in the Grand Prix, and was second to Kilwarlin in the St. Leger, whilst he ran unsuccessfully in the City and Suburban the following year.

If apathetic where the Derby was concerned, however, such was certainly not the case when it came to race-riding on his own account, his passion for the pigskin amounting almost to a mania.

For horses he could ride himself he never hesitated to give fancy prices, and he must thus have been more or less associated with at least a dozen stables.

Distance was no object at all on these occasions, and it was no uncommon occurrence for one or more of his horses to be fulfilling valuable engagements down south, whilst their eccentric owner was disporting himself in a miserable thirty pound hunters' plate at some obscure meeting at the other end of England, to reach which he had probably chartered a special train.

Confining himself latterly entirely to the flat, it would have been odd indeed, with his amount of practice, had not "Mr. Abington" arrived at more than ordinary proficiency in the saddle, and it was admitted on all sides that his riding of The Rejected at Bath, when that horse won the Somersetshire Stakes, would have done credit to any professional jockey breathing.

There are many, however, amongst them Mr. Gurry, his trainer—who consider the best race "Mr. Abington" ever rode was when he won the big hurdle race at Kempton Park on Theophrastus, in 1882, just beating Arthur Nightingall. It was a very heavy betting race, and "the Squire" had £2000 of his own money on his mount.





CAPTAIN FRANK BARTON.

## Captain Frank Barton

Mr. Baird, who had, unfortunately for himself, long abandoned race-riding, eventually died at New Orleans on March 20th, 1893, at the early age of thirty-two, as the result of a severe chill caught whilst attending the fight between Hall and Fitzsimmons.

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### CAPTAIN FRANK BARTON

I WAS born in 1860 at Bordeaux, where my family have been for many years engaged in the wine business, and must have inherited an aptitude for riding from my father, who was a fine horseman, and from my Irish ancestors, who were the first to keep hounds at Grove in Tipperary. My school days were spent at Eton, with "Roddy" Owen, Joe Burn-Murdoch, Harry McCalmont, the Lawsons, etc., and at the age of eighteen I joined the Queen's Bays at Ballinacollig, and there was taught to ride by my captain (Peter Aubertin), who had made a mark as a soldier jockey on Scots Grey, at Punchestown, and was a friend of Arthur Yates. I was a moderate beginner, but three or four seasons in Ireland, during the last of which I turned harriers at Dundalk, taught me a good bit.

My first appearances in silk were also moderate and were in regimental races. I first caught the judge's eye at Tarporley on a horse I had bought for £30 to finish the season. This horse had run before, and I succeeded in winning several small races with him in Cheshire.

In 1883 I exchanged into the Scots Guards, and it was through a mere chance that I ever became a jockey, for I had no ambition in that direction; and, indeed, so little did I think

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of it, that I was out hunting the day the Grand Military was run in 1884, when Joe Burn-Murdoch won on Hominy. I had a ride in the Pytchley Hunt Point-to-Point in 1884, and won the Light Weight Race on a sixty-pounder of mine which rather pleased me, and delighted poor "Bay" Middleton, who won the 14 st. race on Baker Pasha.

At the close of the season my friend and brother officer, Captain G. Abercromby, had an Irish four-year-old, by Victor, dam by Zouave, trained at Arthur Yates', and engaged in the Open Military at the Artillery Races at Woolwich. Bob Sandeman, then in the 10th, was to ride him (at 10 st. 5 lbs., I think), but at the last could not manage it; so, rather against my inclination, and full of misgiving, I agreed to try, as the weight made it difficult to find a good soldier jockey. In the end I won comfortably, beating a good favourite ridden by Captain W. B. Morris of the 7th, and fully satisfied my employer. Shortly after this I commenced going to Bishops Sutton, where we were a cheery party in those days, and where I had good opportunities of learning the trade from Arthur Yates. I rode regularly for Captain Abercromby, and the following spring had a mount on Captain Childe's second string in the Household Brigade Cup, a very bad horse, by Austerlitz out of Vorpheline, bred by Mrs. Hobson. I managed, however, to pull off a 100 to 8 chance, which so pleased Captain Childe that I rode many winners for him afterwards. Conscript never won another race, to my knowledge, and I last saw him lying with a broken back at Croydon after having given poor Billy Sensier a proper toss. The Grand Military (1885) was held at Aylesbury, and I managed to win my share, including the Grand Military Gold Cup on Captain Childe's Scorn, another 100 to 8 chance, as on his running at Manchester, where he was beaten by the Warren Belle, he could

## Captain Frank Barton

have no pretensions against Kilworth and Red Hussar, who had just previously run in the National and were good horses.

Scorn was another chance mount. Captain W. B. Morris was to ride him, but in the previous race he had a fall, and I fell over him, and as he could not ride, I was put up.

When Arthur Yates put me up, he said, "You will have a nice ride, but cannot possibly win, only remember that if it is a false run race the old horse has a great turn of speed."

This won the race for me ; as, when we started, the race was run at a wretched pace ; Kilworth and Red Hussar watching one another, and we only went fast enough to get over the fences. I slipped them at the big fence by the poplar trees, got the first run, and came home as hard as I could drive the horse over the last three or four fences. Major "Roddy" Owen never got up to me, and after a desperate race I won by a head. I do not think any one was more pleased at my success than my Colonel, the late General George Knox, who had been a fine jockey in his day and always encouraged me to ride.

I then commenced to ride the best horse I ever sat on, and one of the most gallant animals that ever looked through a bridle ; The Saint by Ascetic out of Coquette. He belonged to a friend of mine, Captain Anderton, Grenadier Guards, who bought him in Ireland, at a low figure I believe, as the horse was crabbed for his wind. This did not prevent his winning races. I was diffident about riding him when approached on the subject by Robert L'Anson, and said I did not think I could hold him and do justice to him. It was agreed, however, that I should ride him, and L'Anson said, "Let him go his own way and don't mess him about, and you will find you will get on very well with him." I did so, and won very easily, and on my return to weigh in, L'Anson, with a laugh, asked me how I liked him.

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I always rode him afterwards, and was very fond of the horse, for we were always the best of friends, and he gave me many a good winning ride. We ran him everywhere, including Ireland, where we took him to run for the Conyngham Cup at Punchestown, and the Irish Grand National at Fairyhouse. We were beaten in both, which I fully expected, as three miles was his limit, and the Conyngham Cup is four. He started a hot favourite, for some reason, but could only get second. He ran a real good horse, however, as he always did, and, for a wonder, made one mistake; he got a bit too far on the first double, but popped a foot down somewhere and landed all right. The best ride I ever had in the course of my career was on the Saint at Liverpool at the autumn meeting of 1887. I knew that my only chance was to utilise his wonderful jumping powers and quickness over fences, so set a real strong pace accordingly.

He had never been to Aintree before, so the big fences there were a treat for him. I could not have believed it possible that even a bold free jumping horse could have jumped them in the way he did. He got lengths to the good at every fence. In the end Why Not won. It was before the course was altered, and he caught me between the two flights of hurdles, and had the speed of me at the finish; otherwise it was a thoroughly enjoyable ride and one I shall never forget.

My most successful day was at the Household Brigade Meeting in 1887. I had six rides, of which four were winners, and the other two seconds. I have always thought that with decent luck I might have won all six races, for I never rode a better race than on Captain Childe's Neck or Nothing, a horrible brute that he insisted on running, and that I was bound to ride for him. He could neither gallop nor jump, and the only thing



## Captain Frank Barton

that surprised me was, that he did not give me a fall. However, I got him round somehow, and actually thought I was going to get him home, when something of Captain Homfray's appeared from nowhere in particular, wide on the outside, with his jockey cutting the sword exercise in approved style. This settled me, as he had the legs of me from the last fence. I forget its name, but remember it turned out to be quite a useful horse, who won a good few races later on.

The other second was also one of Captain Childe's—Merry Maiden by See-Saw, a good mare, on whom I had won the Brigade Cup the previous year at Aylesbury when four years old. She was one of my favourite mounts, but on this occasion, the last race of the day (Open Military), I was beaten after a close race by Captain Baird's Playfair, who won the Grand National the following year. How he ever achieved this performance has always been a mystery to me, for he was a bad horse and a very moderate jumper. I remember George Lambton riding him at Sandown on one occasion, when I was riding a little horse of my own called Baccy. We were side by side for some distance, and George's expressions at the fences were more forcible than polite, for the horse chanced every one of them.

February, 1888, saw the end of my career as a jockey, and very nearly the end of my life. We ran the Saint at Sandown in a race in which he had full penalties, and carried the preposterous weight of 13 st. 10 lbs. He was giving no less than three stone to the ultimate winner, and until he fell with me at the ditch fence—second time round—ran as game and full of courage as ever. He never cried enough, or gave me an inkling that he was done, but charged the fence full of courage, and gave me an awful fall. I fractured my spine, and was for many months a complete cripple, and though my constitution and fitness saved me, I never completely recovered, and never

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rode again. It was my fault entirely. I knew too much—or thought I did—and trusted to my old cutting-down tactics.

I had been down to John Jones' at Epsom not very long before, at his invitation, to ride a gallop, and he gave me Hohenlinden, the property of His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, to ride in a gallop over fences. In the spin, and just in front of me, was a horse belonging to His Royal Highness that I noticed did not seem to jump very free, and when we met at Sandown I thought I could put him down. It was the other way about, however, for he put me down, but was very nearly down himself two or three times, and at the first open ditch Arthur Hall was on his neck, but managed to recover himself and his stirrups.

The end of my riding career was a great blow to me, for I was full of hopes for the future. I had three or four nice horses of my own in training at Kennet, and had the prospect of a good mount in the National.

Captain Machell had always been a good friend to me, and in 1887 seemed to take a renewed interest in jumpers, so a stable was started at Kennet with some useful horses. The Sinner, Ringlet, Duke of Richmond, my own, and some others. After my ride at Liverpool, Captain Machell told me that he and Jewitt would put the finishing touches on me, and that as I was a light-weight, he would put me on some old horse and jump me off five furlongs with the boys.

This, of course, pleased me immensely, and in my visions of the future I pictured to myself a renewal of the days of Disturbance, Reugny, Regal, etc., and longed for the day when I might perhaps don the white jacket and dark-blue cap of the redoubtable Captain.

Alas! this was not to be. I got hopelessly smashed up, and the poor Captain did not live much longer, He and Jewitt

## Captain Frank Barton

have now long since jumped the big fence, and the jumping business never took on again.

After my smash I sold off my horses. Baccy won the Metropolitan at Croydon after I sold him, and I had the mortification of owning a good horse which I never was able to ride.

This was a horse called Rosenallis that I had bought at a place of that name in Ireland as a three-year-old. When he arrived at Newmarket, Captain Machell liked him, and was, as usual, correct in his judgment, for the horse won the Household Brigade Cup for me the first time he ran. Soon afterwards, with 14 lbs. penalty, and ridden by Captain Bewicke, he won the Light-weight Military in a canter. Bewicke thought so well of him that, on returning from Sandown, he came straight to see me and tell me how good he thought him, and warned me against parting with him for less than four figures. He was quite right, for shortly afterwards, "Roddy" Owen, who had ridden in the race, and was beaten on the favourite, came and offered me £800 for him for one of his patrons—Benzon, I suppose.

What success I may have achieved I owe, firstly, to Arthur Yates, our cheery old friend and mentor, and, secondly, to the kindness of my friends who gave me mounts.

My regiment, the Scots Guards, generally produced a soldier jockey, and I did my best to follow in the steps of men like Lord Minto, Colonel Harford, and General G. W. Knox. My successor was Sir Cuthbert Slade, whose early death all his friends deplore, and I was gratified to see that last year the Grand Military was again won by a Scots Guardsman, Captain Paynter, with Mount Prospects Fortune. Unfortunately, the gentleman rider is now almost an extinct species. Soldiers have not the time they had formerly, and others have not the inclination. In spite of what faddists may say to the contrary, the soldier jockey was invariably a good, useful officer.

## Gentlemen Riders

Our British Tommy, too, is a sportsman at heart, and has a great respect for the sporting officer. Such names as General R. G. Broadwood, General Burn-Murdoch, Lord Minto, Major Owen, and others, will prove my assertion. No man can hope to become a proficient jockey unless he works hard, rides gallops on all sorts of horses, and takes his chance of grief. The risks are great, no doubt ; but—

“ What game was ever worth a rap, for a rational man to play,  
In which no accident, no mishap, could possibly find its way ? ”

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### MAJOR J. A. ORR-EWING

THE 16th Lancers, from time immemorial, had a reputation for being one of the most sporting regiments in the Service, and it is certain that few of its representatives have done it more credit on our race-courses than the gallant officer whose all-too-premature death in action during the Boer War was not only a source of genuine grief to his many friends both in and out of the Army, but a distinct loss to the Service of which he was so bright an ornament.

The third son of the late Sir Archibald Orr-Ewing, the subject of our memoir was born on February 22, 1857, and received his education at Harrow and Trinity College, Cambridge, from whence he passed direct into Sandhurst, where his brother, Captain John Orr-Ewing, the owner of Thrush and other good horses, and himself a very good horseman, was already located ; afterwards joining the 16th Lancers, from which date his race-riding career may be said to have commenced in earnest.

Born in the saddle, as the saying is, and keen to a degree,



MAJOR J. A. ORR-EWING.



## Major J. A. Orr-Ewing

it was not long before the "Weasel"—by which name he was familiarly known to his intimates—began to be looked upon as the crack man of the regiment, many of the regimental cups falling to his share during the time he was riding. Punchestown, too, was a favourite battlefield of his, and he rode many an important winner there during the time the regiment was quartered in Ireland. It was at this period that Major Orr-Ewing became the owner of the celebrated Cloister. His brother John first "spotted" the son of Ascetic as a three-year-old when the property of Mr. Hilliard, a son-in-law of James Daley, and could have bought him easily for £150. Being much struck with the horse, he tried all he knew to persuade the "Weasel" to buy him, but Cloister was such a big ungainly colt that the latter would have nothing to say to him. Eventually, however, after seeing him do a nice gallop in the Phoenix Park one morning he changed his mind, and bought him for £450. It is not generally known that Cloister made his *début* as a steeplechaser in the 16th Lancers Subalterns' Cup at the Fairyhouse meeting, with his owner in the saddle.

"How much do you want on?" inquired his brother.

"I hate betting when riding," was the reply, "but you can put me fifty on this time, if you like."

And this was accordingly done, the family commissioner backing him freely, on his own account, at the same time; and it is pleasant to know that the "good thing" duly came off, Cloister winning with the greatest ease. His next race was the Irish Grand Military at Punchestown in 1888. The "Weasel"—who was, of course, going to ride—and his brother John were both quartered in Dublin at the time, and another brother had come over to the Irish capital as well, for the express purpose of seeing him win.

Imagine their horror when a telegram arrived the day before

## Gentlemen Riders

informing them that an uncle had died ; and though it was a matter of congratulation in one sense, this sporting band of brothers were certainly entitled to sympathy in another, inasmuch that all their plans were upset by the occurrence.

After an animated discussion they decided to run Cloister, who was to be ridden by Mr. Babington, 16th Lancers, whilst they themselves, out of respect to their deceased relative, made themselves conspicuous by their absence from Punchestown. At the last moment, however, their "inclinations" proved too many for their scruples, and down went all the mourners, "surreptitious loike," as the soldier servant of one of them put it—after every one else had gone, and lay down behind the big double to see the race.

Cloister hit the big wall, cutting his knees very badly, and all but came down, but he won all right, and "then," says Captain John, "*we all sneaked off.*"

According to Charles Lever, a favourite toast in Ireland in his time was, "Your health and Inclinations," and it should certainly have been drunk on this occasion by the "Weasel" and his friends.

Major Orr-Ewing won another Grand Military at Punchestown on a mare of his own, and the victory was all the more creditable, for not only was the day a fearfully wet one, but the mare an awful brute, being bad-tempered and a worse jumper. How her owner won on her, indeed, was a mystery to all his friends.

At the soldiers' meeting at Sandown, in 1889, he had a somewhat unpleasant experience. Riding Fatherland, a real good horse belonging to himself, in the Grand Military Hunters' Steeplechase, the "Weasel" lost both stirrup-irons at the last hurdle, with the result that, after a desperate race, "Roddy" Owen just did him on the post by a short head. The horse



## Major J. A. Orr-Ewing

was heavily backed by his connections, and the language used by one of them who stood to win two thousand over the race is said to have cleared the top of the grand stand.

On another occasion a terrible fiasco occurred in a steeplechase at Aldershot, in which he and his brother John were immediately concerned. There were only two runners, one being The Mazzard—in great form just at that time (1888); the other a useful horse called Peter, a recent importation from Ireland, belonging to his brother, and, of course, ridden by the “Weasel.”

Peter won all right, and his owner, who had wired his S.P. merchant (from the course) to have a “monkey” on, was so delighted at his victory that he forthwith issued invitations for a big dinner to “celebrate the event.” Judge, then, his annoyance when, on settling day, thanks to a stupid mistake on the part of the telegraph clerk, he was only returned the odds to a “fiver.”

To make things worse, a day or two afterwards, Peter, who was, without doubt, a clinking good horse, was found in his box with a broken back.

Cloister, Adare (a good grey mare, but very small), Lady Hawkstone, Ford of Fyne, and Nelly Grey, were about the best steeplechase horses Major Orr-Ewing ever owned. There was another, Fred Archer bought for him, but it gave him such a toss out hunting one day, that he resold it to Captain Bewicke, who won a lot of races with it. Cloister he sold to Lords Dudley and Cowley before leaving for India with his regiment. With the exception of Metallic, who won the Viceroy’s Cup in India, on which occasion there was a great betting duel between the “Weasel” and “Bill” Beresford, he never owned anything of much account on the flat.

A good and efficient officer (he was aide-de-camp to Lord

## Gentlemen Riders

Roberts), and popular with every one with whom he came into contact, the news from South Africa that the "Weasel" had been shot when in the act of trying to pull a wounded soldier out of the river during an engagement with the Boers, was received with universal regret, and nowhere more so than in the world of sport with which he had been so long and honourably connected.

In 1898 the subject of our memoir married Lady Margaret Innes-Ker, sister to the present Duke of Roxburgh, by whom he had one daughter.

### MR. JOHN UPTON

(MR. JOHN COTTRELL-DORMER)

NOTWITHSTANDING the fact that his riding career, due to the terrible fall he sustained at Sandown Park in the autumn of 1892, when riding a mare of the Duke of Hamilton's, named Miss Chippendale, extended over a very brief period—barely six years, indeed—the record established by the accomplished horseman who forms the subject of this chapter is quite a remarkable one. The third son of the late Mr. Clement Cottrell-Dormer, of Rousham Park, Oxon, head of one of the oldest families in the county, the subject of our memoir—who has since changed his name to Upton, was born in 1865, and received his education first at John Hawtrey's school, at Slough, and subsequently at Wellington College; afterwards studying agriculture for a while, under the Duke of Westminster's agent at Eaton. A horseman to the manner born, and with a passion for riding over a country—the bigger the better—attired in a silken jacket instead of a double-milled scarlet coat; like a wise



MR. JOHN UPTON.



## Mr. John Upton

man, he followed the example of many a famous gentleman rider before him, and placed himself unreservedly in the able hands of Mr. Arthur Yates, at Bishops Sutton, where he lived almost entirely from 1885 to 1892, riding four or five schools every morning before going racing, and then perhaps riding in as many races during the day.

It goes without saying that no man could get through such an amount of work as this without being pretty fit at the end of it, and it is to this fact, and the tuition so ungrudgingly given on all occasions by Mr. Yates, that Mr. Upton, to a great extent, attributes his success.

His first winning mount was in the spring of 1886, on a horse called Mayfair, at Burgh-by-Sands, near Carlisle, which was followed soon afterwards by another victory at Dumfries.

Once set fairly going, there was no stopping him, and 1890-91 found him at the head of the list of gentlemen riders.

His most memorable ride was, of course, that on Cloister, in the Grand National of 1892, when he had to put up with second place to the lightly weighted Father O'Flynn, ridden by his friend the late Major "Roddy" Owen, on which occasion the son of Ascetic, notwithstanding his heavy weight, made all the running.

What opinion Major Owen had of Cloister's chance may be gathered from the fact that some time previous to the race, he begged Mr. Dormer to give up the mount to him.

On Lizzie he won the Scottish Grand National, and he rode a great deal for the late Duke of Hamilton, who put him up on a mare of his named Waterwitch in the big Paris Steeplechase of 1891, but without success, Saida, belonging to Baron Finot, who started a warm favourite, winning easily. This, we believe, was Mr. Dormer's solitary mount abroad.

On giving up riding in 1892, for reasons already given, the

## Gentlemen Riders

subject of our sketch took up his abode at Cokethorpe Park, Oxon, rented from his brother Clement, to whom it had descended from his uncle, Mr. Walter Strickland; and here he trained a few high-class chasers, belonging to his friends and himself, with considerable success; the late Major Orr-Ewing—for whom he has nothing but praise—and who owned Ford of Fyne, Nelly Gray, and others, being his principal patron.

In 1906 his brother Clement, familiarly known as “Jockey” Dormer, a nickname he acquired at Eton from his fondness for sporting literature and horsey attire, and who at one time rode a good many hunters’ races on the flat with more or less success, died, being followed soon after by his mother; and as by the terms of her will, the subject of our sketch had to choose between Cokethorpe (which had already become his) and Ingmire Hall, in Yorkshire, he selected the latter; one of the conditions of his doing so being that he was to change his name to Upton.

And there, with the exception of a month or two in the winter, when he and his wife repair to Lew House, near Bampton, lately bought by him for a stud farm, for the purpose of hunting with the different Oxfordshire packs, Mr. Upton principally resides. Though neither his father nor grandfather took any interest in racing—the latter indeed had a positive dislike to it on the ground that it was cruel—his great grandfather, Sir Clement Cottrell, in his day, was a noted figure on the Turf, and at one period, we believe, owned a good many horses in training, his best probably being The Darling, from the circumstance that his old stud groom, John Price, on retiring from his service, set up a public house in the village of Rousham, which he called after the horse in question. At the latter’s death the house was converted into two cottages, which are still known as “The Darling Cottages,” whilst the original sign of the



MR. C. COTTRELL-DORMER  
("JOCKEY DORMER").





## Mr. Frank Hartigan

public house is treasured at Rousham, the ancestral home of the Cottrell-Dormer family.

The story goes that though at one period Sir Clement betted pretty heavily, he gave it up from the time that he won a large sum of money from one who could ill afford to part with it.

An uncle, too, on his mother's side—her brother indeed—the late Sir Greville Smith, though we never heard of his actually owning any horses, was all his life devoted to the Turf; and backed his fancy very freely indeed on occasion, so that, with the passions for the “sport of kings” distinctly traceable in former generations of both families, it is clearly a case of heredity with Mr. John Upton.

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### MR. FRANK HARTIGAN

A YOUNGER son of the celebrated veterinary surgeon of the 12th Lancers, whose name is a household word all over Ireland, and a nephew of the equally famous “Garry” Moore, at whose place at Seven Barrows, Lambourne, he had been located since a lad of thirteen with a view to learning the way he should go, it would have been odd indeed when the time arrived for Frank Hartigan to sport silk for the first time in public had he failed to uphold the credit of his family, to say nothing of that of his popular uncle who had been at such pains to perfect him in the difficult art of riding over a country.

Born in 1880, at Ballincollick, near Cork, the youthful Frank spent most of his early days, when not at school, with his grandfather, John Hubert Moore, until 1893, when he went, as already stated, to his uncle at Lambourne, where he

## Gentlemen Riders

remained until the back end of 1905, when he started on his own account at Weyhill.

His first ride in public, which proved to be a winning one, was at either the Whitsuntide or Easter Meeting—he does not quite remember which—at Cardiff, in 1907, on a horse called Missionary, belonging to Sir Peter Walker, and was obtained quite by chance. Mr. Gwyn Saunders-Davies was to have had the mount, but, having missed his train, wired to Mr. Pratt to find a substitute. In their dilemma, Mr. Moore was appealed to in the matter. “Garry” was not particularly keen about getting young Frank a mount, no doubt thinking he rode too much as it was. However, he said—

“Well, my nephew is here, and going to ride for me to-day, and if you think he is all right, I will ask him whether he would like the mount.”

“If he’s good enough for *you*, Mr. Moore, he is sure to do Sir Peter’s horse,” replied the official; and young Frank, as might be expected, being only too willing, he lost no time in donning the colours and weighing out.

“The old chap pulled a lot,” says Frank Hartigan, in describing the race, “and I had to wait with him, so I held him behind for a mile and three-quarters, then let him stride along the last two furlongs, and won, hard held, by about six lengths.”

Having won six out of his first ten rides, Frank might well be excused for thinking that winning steeplechases was a very easy matter—an opinion he somewhat modified later on.

After such a beginning as this, the subject of our chapter went ahead with giant strides—perhaps a reputation has never been built up so rapidly as his—and it was hard lines indeed that so brilliant a career should have been nipped in the bud in the manner it was; but the after effects of a series of bad falls, added to the persuasions of his friends, left him



*Yours truly,  
Frank Hartigan*

MR. FRANK HARTIGAN.



## Mr. Frank Hartigan

no alternative. Strange as it may seem, Frank Hartigan infinitely preferred riding in France to England, for, says he—

“They race fairer and ride straighter over there than here ; most of my bad accidents in this country being caused through unfair riding. For instance, a bad fall with *Æsthetic Anne* at Hurst Park was caused entirely by Phelan on *Lady Malta* on coming through on the inside of me when there was barely room for one ; whilst soon after, when riding *Proud Beauty* at Plumpton, one of my worst falls was caused by the reckless riding of a jockey who charged bang into me on the flat, close to the winning-post, knocking my mare and myself completely over. I have no hesitation in saying that had either of these incidents occurred in France, both jockeys would have been severely punished.”

So much in the saddle as he was, and by nature so fond of his horses, Frank Hartigan naturally finds it difficult to say which particular ride has first claim on his memory. On due consideration, however, he is of opinion that the afternoon when on old *Biology* he beat a hot favourite in *Sweet Heart III.* ; and later on, riding *Barnstormer*, after a dead heat with *Williamson* on *Dumbarton Castle*, he just won the run-off after another desperate race. *Barnstormer*, who to all appearance was well beaten two fences from home, coming again and winning cleverly at last.

Of all the horses ridden by him, with the exception, perhaps, of *Crésus*, a French horse he rode in a hurdle race at *Enghiem*, he considers *Kinrara*, on whom he once won eight races off the reel, the best. This horse always went 14 lbs. better for him than for the lads at home, as an instance of which, when galloped once at home and beaten by a mare in the stable, on meeting the same animal again at *Horton Park*,

## Gentlemen Riders

Kinrara, giving the mare a lot more weight than when tried together, beat her easy.

He rode in and won a good many races in France, and not winning the big Paris Steeplechase of 1904, for which he finished second on Gascon II. to Percy Woodland on Dandolo, was a great disappointment to him. As Percy went wide at the last turn, and Frank Hartigan got through on the inside, which meant a good deal at Auteuil, the latter might well be excused for thinking that he would *just* win.

Though heart and soul in the profession at which he has proved such a phenomenal success, it must not be imagined that in being on with the new love, Frank Hartigan is altogether off with the old, because such is far from being the case.

To quote his own words—

“Although I never ride now, except my horses in their work, and *good* ones schooling, I dearly loved the game, and often long to be wearing silk once again, especially when, having schooled one, I have got fond of him, and feel I should like to share his triumphs.”

And we quite enter into his sentiments.

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### CAPTAIN ROBERT HENRY COLLIS, D.S.O.

THOUGH he has only ridden in public for the last twelve years or so, there is not an amateur jockey to be named at the present time whose reputation as a horseman stands higher than that of the gallant officer who forms the subject of this chapter, and it is equally certain that, were he so inclined, we should see him sporting silk far oftener than is the case.



CAPTAIN R. COLLIS, D.S.O.





## Captain Robert Henry Collis

As it is, with the exception of Mr. Frank Bibby and one or two other friends for whom he rides on occasion, Captain Collis, from choice, is seldom seen on anybody's horses but his own. Of these the best have been Tame Fox, Liskennet (by Robert Emmett), Prince Talleyrand, Carnroe, Ben Head, and Crautacaun, all of whom have won him many races at one time or another.

On Ben Head and Prince Talleyrand, respectively, Captain Collis won the Grand Military Handicap Steeplechase two years in succession at Sandown Park, and on one occasion at the Grand Military meeting in 1904 succeeded on the second day in bringing off what is termed the "Hat Trick," by winning the Grand Military Handicap Steeplechase on Ben Head, the United Service Steeplechase on Crautacaun, and the Tally Ho Steeplechase on Carnroe, one after another.

Though successful on several occasions over the Liverpool course, the subject of our memoir never rode in the Grand National until 1908, on which occasion he finished sixth on Napper Tandy. Perhaps his most important victory was the National Hunt Steeplechase, run at Warwick in 1905, when he rode Comfit (afterwards killed at Liverpool) for Mr. Frank Bibby, beating seventeen others. We may mention that Captain Collis had been placed in the same event on several previous occasions; whilst he won the National Hunt Juvenile Steeplechase, over the same course, the following year.

Though owing to his having lately assumed the mastership of the United Hunt Club Fox Hounds in Ireland, Captain Collis is not so often seen in the saddle as formerly, anything he rides is invariably treated with becoming respect by pencilers and public alike. For instance, Wickham, his mount in the Liverpool of the current year, was much fancied previous to the race, but proved quite unworthy of his jockey in the actual

## Gentlemen Riders

struggle. On the top of this came his bad fall at the V.W.H. meeting, on the same day that poor Mr. Ralph Faber met his death.

Now, however, that he is pronounced out of danger, and in a fair way of recovery, we shall look forward with confidence to the appearance of Captain Collis in the Grand National field next March with, it is to be hoped, a better mount under him than on the last occasion.

Born on January 13th, 1875, the subject of our sketch, his education over, joined the 6th Dragoon Guards, with which regiment he served with distinction in the Boer War, being present at Kimberley, Paardeberg (where he was dangerously wounded), and Zand River, for which he received the D.S.O. and South African war medal, with three clasps.

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### MR. PAYNE

“When I was a schoolboy aged ten,  
Mighty little Greek I knew.”

OLD SONG.

WHETHER, when at the same tender age as the young gentleman in the once popular song descriptive of schoolboy life, the two first lines of which are quoted above, he was as ignorant as the others on the subject of the Dead Languages, is of course a matter of conjecture. On the other hand there can be no question that had the difficult art of riding over a country formed a part of his curriculum Master Dick Payne must inevitably have been as firmly established at the top of his class, as he has been ever since in the saddle, the conclusion



MR. PAYNE.



## Mr. Payne

we arrive at being based on the fact that when only ten years of age, he not only took part in a four-mile point-to-point steeplechase, but actually finished third.

After leading for a considerable distance, Primrose, the old hunter he was riding, came down, and her youthful pilot being too short of stature to climb into the saddle again, without assistance, had to bide his time until some one gave him a friendly leg up. Needless to say his plucky effort met with its due reward in the hearty cheering which greeted his incoming, it being the consensus of opinion that but for the mishap just described, the ancient Primrose and her youthful jockey must inevitably have won.

Born at Southminster in Essex on July 13th, 1883, the subject of our memoir donned silk for the first time on Muscatel, at Kimbolton, in 1898, his first winning mount being on Buttons at Leicester in the same year.

So well did he shape that his services were soon in general request, and from that time until 1907, at the back end of which year he had the misfortune to break his thigh—the only injury of any consequence he had ever incurred during his riding career—he rode with great success at all the principal cross-country meetings in the country, his winning mounts during that period numbering one hundred and sixty, the most important of them being on Laplander and Lawrence, the latter of whom he rode to victory thirteen times in succession.

For the last three years, Dick Payne, as he is familiarly called, has trained and ridden the chasers belonging to Mr. Romer Williams, at whose stables in Northamptonshire he resides, and it was whilst riding one of them in a wind-up gallop that he met with the accident just alluded to.

The good sportsman in question, who is one of the staunchest

## Gentlemen Riders

upholders of steeplechasing in the country, is lucky in having such an able successor to his old jockey, in the shape of Billy Payne, who since his brother's enforced retirement from the pigskin has been carrying all before him in the blue bird's-eye, yellow sleeves, and white cap of their popular owner. That good little nag Let go the Painter, who by this time is quite a "horse of the people," being alone responsible for something like sixteen chases in the past twelve months.

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### MAJOR-GENERAL SIR HUGH McCALMONT, K.C.B., C.V.O.

OF the many military riders portrayed in this book whose brilliant services in the field afford abundant proof that it is quite possible for a young officer of sporting proclivities to occupy his spare time in riding between the flags—an amusement which, after all said and done, is a species of mimic war with a good deal of danger attached to it—without in any way neglecting his regimental duties, there could be no more striking example than that furnished by the distinguished soldier-sportsman named above. The eldest son of the late Mr. James McCalmont, of Abbeylands, Co. Antrim, the subject of our memoir was born on February 9th, 1845 and educated at Eton, subsequently going to Oxford. In 1865 he joined the 9th Lancers; and that he was not long in following what Mickey Free was pleased to term his "inclinations," may be gathered from the fact that the year following Mr. McCalmont was not only riding in, but winning races in Ireland; the 9th Lancers Regimental Challenge Cup, on Bendermere, for Captain Savile, being one of their number.



MAJOR-GENERAL SIR HUGH McCALMONT, K.C.B., C.V.O.





## Major-General Sir Hugh McCalmont

The next year he again won the race on Captain Cleland's Rocket, and at the same meeting, the Regimental Steeplechase for the Hon. E. Preston. He also won the Adelaide Plate at Baldoyle, on Physician, belonging to himself.

In 1869 he won the 9th Lancers Handicap Steeplechase on his own mare, Bicycle.

In 1871 Captain McCalmont, who had a year previously exchanged into the 7th Hussars, won, in addition to others, his most important race, viz. the Conyngham Cup, at Punchestown, on Garde Civique, belonging to that veteran sportsman, Mr. Alan McDonough.

1872 was also a good year for him, as besides the Grand Military at Punchestown, and several other races on Bel Espoir, belonging to Captain I. McCalmont, he won the 7th Hussars Regimental Challenge Cup on his own mare, Bayleaf; on Lord Rossmore's Milanaise, at Hendon Park, and the Aldershot Cup on Eskadale. He was second another year for the Grand Military at Punchestown on Lady Gwynne; and for the Light-weight Military on Little Esther.

During the next ten years, being on active service abroad with his regiment, except some flat races and steeplechases in Natal, several of which he won, Captain McCalmont had no opportunity of sporting silk.

In those days, matches were much more in vogue than is the case nowadays, and in several of these Captain McCalmont figured with success. One of these was in 1873, when, on a mare named Mandoline, belonging to himself, he beat Mr. St. James ("The Limb"), on Rebecca, over the Punchestown course.

Mandoline, bought by him out of a threshing machine for £45, is described by Sir Hugh as the best and fastest mare he ever owned. A brilliant steeplechaser, the mare won a big handicap in addition to the match just mentioned.

## Gentlemen Riders

Another sporting match he engaged in was to ride his horse, Spot, from Newbridge to Dublin in an hour and twenty minutes, for £200; Captain "Tip" Herbert of the 9th Lancers being the backer of Time, with the result that Sir Hugh won, having accomplished the journey in one hour fifteen minutes thirty-two seconds.

A good horse owned by Sir Hugh in later years was one named Wolf, on which he won the 4th Dragoon Guards Challenge Cup, and the Dundalk Open Military Steeplechase. Wolf also won the Downshire Cup at Punchestown, in 1892, but in consequence of a bad fall in a previous race his owner was unfortunately unable to ride.

Though the chasing days in which he formerly took such a delight are over—so far as taking an active part in the sport is concerned, that is—Sir Hugh and the gallant regiment with which he has been so long associated, are to be congratulated on the possession of so able a representative in the field as Mr. Dermot McCalmont, who has indeed proved himself a chip of the old block.

One so keen at the game has not been seen out for a long while, and that he is a "workman" in addition—and the two do not always go together—may be gathered from the fact that though he has only been riding for four months, out of the twenty-eight steeplechases in which Mr. McCalmont has ridden in the present year (1909), he has won four, been second on eight occasions, and had seven falls; whilst of the three point-to-point races he has taken part in, he has won two.

The subject of our memoir entered the Army in 1865, as a cornet in the 9th Lancers, and served in the Red River Expedition of 1870 (mentioned in despatches, and medal); the Gold Coast in 1873 (medal); Armenia, 1877 (medal); A.D.C. to Sir Garnet Wolseley in South Africa, 1879 (mentioned in





MR. LUSHINGTON.

## Mr. G. W. Lushington

despatches, and medal with clasp); Egypt, 1882, when he was present at Kassassin, Tel-el-Kebir, and capture of Cairo (mentioned in despatches, medal with clasp, 3rd Class Medjidie, and Khedive's Star); Nile Expedition, 1884 (mentioned in despatches); commanded Cork district, 1898-1903; retired 1906.

In 1885, Sir Hugh married the Honourable Rose Elizabeth Bingham, daughter of the fourth Baron Clanmorris, by whom he has one son, Dermot, who is heir to his cousin the late Colonel McCalmont of Cheveley Park, Newmarket.

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## MR. G. W. LUSHINGTON

THOUGH in the steeplechase field there are still plenty of opportunities for the gentleman rider of the period to distinguish himself in, the same cannot be said with regard to race-riding on the flat, which in former years was so popular an amusement with the best horsemen of the day, for the simple reason that the ground has been cut from under their feet, as it were, by the gradual abandonment of their favourite meetings, first and foremost in the list being the Bibury Club, the day devoted to which was for many years one of the most popular features of the now defunct Stockbridge meeting, numbering, as it did, in its ranks all the very best gentlemen riders in the land.

The club, it is true, still exists, with Salisbury as its battle-ground, but it is not too much to say that its glories have departed, never, we fear, to return, and whereas formerly the amateur flat-race riders were as plentiful as blackberries, at Stockbridge, Heaton Park (Lord Wilton's private meeting),

## Gentlemen Riders

Gorhambury, The Hoo, and others, they can now be almost counted on the fingers of one hand ; so scarce are they, indeed, that it is no exaggeration to say that the only two names to really conjure with of recent years have been those of Mr. George Thursby and the popular gentleman who forms the subject of this chapter, as brilliant a pair of horsemen as ever were tossed into the saddle. That the general public are of the same opinion there is ample testimony from the very cramped odds proffered by the bookies against anything either may happen to be riding. At Lewes, for example, " Any price outsiders ! " is the common cry all through the day ; the wary punter, as a rule, declining to touch anything unless it is the mount of either Mr. Thursby or Mr. Lushington.

Born in Kent in 1860, the subject of our memoir received his education at Cheltenham, afterwards going to Sandhurst, and thence into the 2nd Queen's—now the Royal West Surrey Regiment. It was soon after joining that he had his first winning ride in a pony race at Aldershot ; and the regiment moving to Ireland shortly afterwards, he soon found opportunities for indulging his passion for race-riding, which had possessed him from early boyhood, with the result that before long there was no better-known horseman throughout the Emerald Isle, both over a country and on the flat, than Tommy Lushington.

During his career, indeed, there is hardly a race of importance over there that he has not won at one time or another, including the Irish Derby of 1900, for Major Loder on Gallinaria (dam of Galvini), the fact of his weight enabling him to compete against professional jockeys being naturally a great help.

In June of the following year, on the same mare, Mr. Lushington won His Majesty's Plate at the Curragh.

## Mr. G. W. Lushington

At the Liverpool November meeting of 1889 he won the Sefton Steeplechase on Battle Royal, and, riding as "Mr. Wildman," he had the mount on the same horse the following March in the Grand National, which race it was quite expected by his party he would win.

Their hopes, however, were soon dashed to the ground, for Battle Royal was as "cold as a stone" at a very early period of the race, and, finally, came down. His running, indeed, was so utterly at variance with his true form that the only construction to be put upon it was that he had been "got at" the previous night. Not long afterwards Mr. Lushington, owing to a bad fall when riding in a steeplechase at Sandown Park, in which he broke one of his hands, was obliged to relinquish this branch of the sport, and for the future confined himself entirely to flat-race riding, a game at which he has few equals and no superior.

At Goodwood he has always been very lucky, having ridden the winners of the Corinthian Cup four years in succession, on one occasion in the Royal colours, the most memorable, perhaps, of the quartette being when, riding Buckshot, he beat Morny Cannon by a head on something of the Duke of Westminster's. In addition to his race-riding, which it is good to know is still a long way off the winter of its existence, Mr. Lushington, who now resides at Conyngham Lodge, Curragh, has for many years superintended the management of the King's Steeplechase horses, and it was at his instance that his Majesty purchased Ambush II., and subsequently, Flaxman—own brother to that smart young chaser, Cackler—of whom great things were expected until he unfortunately injured himself at Liverpool three years ago.

How after a twelve months' rest the care and attention bestowed on his charge by Mr. Lushington met with its due

## Gentlemen Riders

reward by Flaxman's appearance in the Liverpool of last year, when, though unlucky in the race, he succeeded in carrying the Royal colours into fourth place, is matter of history.

Since then the horse has had another long rest, and it is gratifying to hear that, all being well, he will certainly be amongst the entries, and, we hope, runners, for next year's Liverpool. If in addition, Flaxman should prove capable of following in the footsteps of Ambush II., and winning His Majesty his second Grand National, there will be no prouder man in existence that afternoon, you may depend, than the popular sportsman who forms the subject of this sketch.

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### MAJOR C. H. L. BEATTY, D.S.O.

THE eldest son of the late Captain D. L. Beatty, of Borodale, Co. Wexford, formerly in the 4th Hussars, himself a fine rider to hounds, and a noted breeder of hunters and chasers, the subject of our sketch was born in 1870, and received his education at Cheltenham, and Trinity College, Cambridge, afterwards joining the 6th Battalion Warwickshire Regiment, which at a later date was commanded by the late Colonel Harry McCalmont, with whom he was so much associated afterwards in Turf matters. His father lived latterly at The Moat, near Rugby, where, besides upward of forty horses in training, he never had less than twenty-five hunters in his stables, so that if his son did not turn out a finished horseman it could not be said that it was for want of practice.

There was no danger, however, on that score, and in 1892





MAJOR C. H. L. BEATTY, D.S.O.



## Major C. H. L. Beatty

we find him riding in and winning his first steeplechase on a horse called Radical in the Dunsmore Plate at Rugby. After this he rode continually with great success, amongst his victories being the Hunt Cups at Warwick and Rugby, each of which he won three times, whilst at the Towcester Hunt meeting in 1894 he won four steeplechases the same afternoon, being beaten in a fifth by a neck.

The following year he won the Grand International Steeplechase at Sandown on Kestrel, belonging to Colonel "Willy" Lawson. On Nun, a one-eyed mare, the property of his father, too, he won a great many races, and the Atherstone Point-to-Point on Jarnac, belonging to himself.

Major Beatty only figured twice in the Grand National, viz. in 1897 and 1898—each time on Filbert; and, seeing that he was second on the first occasion, and fourth the next, he may be said to have come out of the ordeal with more than credit to himself.

In 1898 he left off riding to superintend the training of the late Colonel Harry McCalmont's horses at Bedford Cottage. The following year, however, the Boer War broke out, and Major Beatty had to leave with his regiment for South Africa, where he remained two years, during which he served in the Mounted Infantry, and was on the staff of General Alderson, being twice mentioned in despatches, and rewarded for his services with D.S.O.

In 1901 Major Beatty returned home and resumed charge of the Bedford Cottage horses, which had been looked after during his absence by Captain Machell, and on Colonel McCalmont's sad death, in 1903, took over the lease of the stables and started training on his own account, with what success we all know.

Zinfandel, who won the Ascot Cup in record time in 1905,

## Gentlemen Riders

is the best Major Beatty has had under his charge so far ; but Bedford Cottage, at the time of writing, shelters what may prove to be a worthy successor to Lord Howard de Walden's good horse in the shape of Glasgerian, a prominent favourite for the Derby, with whom we wish his popular trainer all possible luck.

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### MR. JOSEPH WIDGER

FEELING sure that this celebrated horseman's account of his riding experiences, as related to us, could not possibly be improved upon—*au contraire*, would lose a good deal in the process—we will leave him to tell the story in his own words.

“ I was born in Waterford on the 21st March, 1864, and am the youngest of the five sons of Thomas Widger, of that city. When only ten years of age I had my first ride, and first win on a pony on the sands at Woodstown, six miles from Waterford. The following year I rode a mare of my father's two miles over the country at a place called Castletown, near Waterford, and won, beating a field of about fourteen runners. I was then sent to school at Mountrath in the Queen's County, and after being there about three months I ran away to ride at a meeting at Bangor, in Wales, and the amazement of my family, when they saw my name in the paper the next morning as having ridden a winner, when they thought I was safe at college, may well be imagined. When at the age of fifteen I rode a good horse called Tom Jones, at Cork, in a three-mile steeplechase in a big field, and after going a mile the bridle broke, and I had

## Mr. Joseph Widger

to finish the rest of the journey without one. I managed to win, however, and the reception I received was only second to the Wild Man's National. That may be said to have opened my career in Ireland, where subsequently I won nearly every big steeplechase that was to be won. As time went on my whole ambition was to ride the winner of the Grand National, and I knew the only way to do it was to buy a good horse, and this I laid myself out for. I bought the Wild Man from Borneo in December, 1893, and told the gentleman I bought him from that my object was to win the Liverpool with him. At this he laughed, observing at the same time, 'One thing you can depend upon, and that is the little horse will jump the country.' I ran him that month at Leicester on a Friday, when he won in a canter, and I ran him again in the £500 steeplechase at Nottingham, when, after a great race, he beat Mr. Purefoy's Grigon a head. The following March I ran him in the Grand National and got third, and feel sure that if I had known what a horse he was I would have won the race that year. After that we brought him to our own home in Waterford, and kept him there until October, when we sent him back to Alfreton, where my brother Michael and I had taken up our quarters, and we laid ourselves out to win the big race in real earnest. There were two Grand National horses in the stable at the time, Father O'Flynn and the Wild Man, and the late Mr. Gatland told all his friends that Father O'Flynn was the best horse of the pair; but, as a matter of fact, the two horses were never once galloped together, my brother and I having made up our minds from the first to train the Wild Man entirely ourselves, and allow no one to share in the glory of the victory we so confidently anticipated. Many are the queer incidents I could relate of *that* Friday night!

“ After winning the Blue Ribbon of steeplechasing, which

## Gentlemen Riders

I need not say was the ambition of my life, I retired from riding between the flags and am now content to confine myself to hunting, where the fences are smaller and the pace not so fast."

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### MR. F. S. WITHINGTON

BRIEF though his career was in the saddle as compared with many whose deeds are recorded in this volume, there were few superiors amongst the amateur horsemen at the period he was riding, who could claim superiority to the gentleman named above.

Born in 1869 and educated at Eton, the subject of our sketch rode his first winning race at Layboro in 1892 on Mr. C. N. Prior's Diva, in which he won a  $2\frac{1}{2}$ -mile steeplechase in a canter.

Encouraged by this success, Mr. Withington went rapidly ahead, with the result that he soon took a prominent place amongst the gentlemen riders of the period.

In 1897, which was his best year as regards average, he having won twenty-two out of the fifty-six races he rode in, he made his first appearance in the Grand National on the late Major Orr-Ewing's Ford of Fyne (6 years, 10 st. 7 lbs.), on which, starting at 25 to 1 in a field of twenty-eight runners, he finished third to Manifesto. The following year he again rode the same horse, who this time started favourite, but could only get fifth to Drogheda. Amongst his numerous winners, nearly all of which emanated from the stable presided over by Mr. John Cotterell Dormer at Cokethorpe Park, Oxon, may be mentioned Gray Olway, on whom he won nine three-mile races out of the twelve he started in, including the Champion



MR. F. WITHINGTON





## Captain George Paynter

Stakes at Liverpool, which he won by a short head after a great race with the favourite, ridden by Dick Chaloner, then at the top of the tree as a cross-country horseman. March Hare, Pennyhill, The Sapper, on which last he won the £500 steeplechase at Ludlow, all won in turn in his hands; whilst on Ford of Fyne, in addition to others, he won the Valentine Steeplechase at Liverpool, and on Lady Gundrede, besides other events of minor importance, the £500 steeplechase at Ludlow.

Furze Hill, Nelly Gray, Dead Level, Swanshot, and Fellar were other horses on whom he had many successful rides, whilst on Princess he carried off the Great Bangor Steeplechase of £800.

On giving up riding Mr. Withington took to training steeplechase horses, at Fritwell, near Banbury, Oxon, from whence he migrated in January of the present year to Danebury, on whose historic downs, so many good horses, both on the flat and over a country, have taken their breathings from time to time.

On February 14th, 1908, the subject of our memoir was married to Nesta, eldest daughter of Sir Martenie and Lady Lloyd, of Bronwydd, Cardiganshire, and Newport Castle, Pembrokeshire.

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## CAPTAIN GEORGE PAYNTER

NEVER probably since the race was first established in 1859, at the instance of the officers of the 5th Dragoon Guards, has it been witnessed by such a brilliant throng of brave men and fair women as that which assembled in all its strength on the Gold

## Gentlemen Riders

Cup day of the Grand Military meeting held last year (1908) at Sandown Park ; and assuredly never has the rider of the winner been accorded a more enthusiastic reception than that accorded to the popular young officer named above, when, on the heavily weighted and little fancied Mount Prospects Fortune, he galloped past the post four lengths ahead of Irish Wisdom, who, three fences from home, looked to have the race at his mercy. It was agreed on all sides that, taking into consideration the weight (13 st.) his horse was carrying, and the heavy state of the ground, Captain Paynter's was a very masterly performance ; the judgment and patience which characterised his riding throughout the race, and the determination with which he sat down and rode from the last fence, being beyond praise.

What made the victory all the more creditable, too, was that Mount Prospects Fortune was far from being an easy horse to ride. A bold and free jumper, he wanted a lot of holding together at his fences, and unless his jockey had a firm hold of his head and sat very quiet, he was apt to take off too soon.

Later on, the horse was very much fancied for the Grand National, in spite of his weight, but he found the Liverpool fences very different to those at Sandown, the tops of which he could brush through with ease, and he duly came down.

The next day Mount Prospects Fortune jumped the country so well in cold blood that his owner may be excused for thinking that if the Grand National could have been run the day after learning this lesson, his horse would have won.

Son of the late Major George Paynter and Frances Jannetta, only daughter of Lord and Lady Cornelius Wentworth Beaulegh, the subject of our memoir was born on August 2nd, 1881, and received his education at Eton, after which, in 1899, he joined the Scots Guards.



*From a Photo by Everett & Day*

CAPTAIN GEORGE FAANTER



## Captain George Paynter

Owing to his bodily weight standing in the way—12 st. 5 lbs. being the lowest he was ever able to ride on a four-pound saddle—Captain Paynter's race-riding was confined in a great measure to Military and Hunt races. In these he met with quite his share of success, as we shall show.

His first ride in public was at Nottingham, on a horse called Lincoln, who fell at the first open ditch. That, however, as Mr. Toots would say, "was of no consequence," and merely served as an incentive to further exertions.

For three years in succession he won the Regimental Point-to-Point, and the Regimental Steeplechase at Hawthorn Hill twice. Then, in 1906, he won the Brigade of Guards Point-to-Point, and was second for the same race in 1907 and 1908; whilst he occupied the same position for the Ladies' Purse at Melton in 1906 and 1907, winning it outright in 1908. In that same year he won the Farmers' Hurdle Race at Croxton Park on Mr. Cooper's Merry Susan, and took two races at Melton, the Ladies' Purse previously mentioned being one of them.

He also won Lord Exeter's Open Point-to-Point, and was second in the Army ditto. The Midland Hunt Cup at Nottingham, too, must be added to his score, besides a few selling races of minor importance. In the present year (1909), Captain Paynter, besides other successes, won the Scots Guards Regimental Point-to-Point for the fifth year in succession on Fox, who started favourite at evens, the race being run at the Annual Point-to-Point of the Oakley Hunt, held on March 19th, over the old Kimbolton Steeplechase course.

At the Household Brigade Meeting at Hawthorn Hill, last April, his horse, R.I.C., ridden by himself, started a red-hot favourite at 7 to 4 for the Household Brigade Hunters' Challenge Cup, but fell six furlongs from home.

## Gentlemen Riders

What a price! 7 to 4 in a field of seventeen runners, and the majority of them unknown horses! Who wouldn't be a bookie?

The late Major George Paynter—father of Captain Paynter—who for many years was secretary to the Quorn, and always managed the Melton races—was also in his day a fine horseman over a country, amongst races won by him being the Melton and Oakham Town Cups and the Ladies' Purse at Melton; whilst at the close of the Crimean War, in which he served with distinction, he won one of three magnificent diamond gold cups given by the Sultan of Turkey to be competed for by officers of the British Army.

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### MR. CHANDOS DE PARAVICINI

KEENEST of sportsmen and admittedly one of the hardest and best riders of the day over Leicestershire, it would be passing strange were not the subject of this chapter occasionally seen to advantage in a silken jacket. Accordingly, though not making a regular practice of race-riding, when Croxton Park comes round he is pretty sure to be found amongst the riders in the Private Sweepstakes and Granby Handicap, whilst later in the year he favours the Brighton, Lewes, and Bibury Club Meetings, at all of which he has made his mark at various times. Born on October 17th, 1880, he went to Harrow in 1894, and whilst at the "School on the Hill," was in both football and cricket elevens, playing against Eton at Lords in 1899, in which year he left.



MR. CHANDOS DE PARAVICCINI.





## Mr. Chandos de Paravicini

Subsequently he played cricket a great deal for Buckinghamshire, I. Zingari, and Free Foresters, but has recently given it up in favour of polo, at which popular amusement he disports himself four days a week at Melton Mowbray. Though he rode in a few steeplechases when first he commenced, Mr. Paravicini has since confined himself entirely to the flat, with very satisfactory results, as the following list of wins will show :—

### RACES WON

Meeting.	Race.	Horse.
	1903	
Belvoir Hunt.	Light-weight Steeplechase.	Isocrates.
Lewes.	Southdown Open Welter.	Innismahiel (Mr. Gore's).
Leicester.	Quorn Steeplechase.	Isocrates.
	1904	
Croxton Park.	Granby Handicap.	Pentonville (belonging to himself).
Bibury Club.	Selling Welter.	La Valerie (belonging to himself).
Brighton.	Berwick Welter.	Famasha.
Lewes.	Long Welter.	Famasha.
Lewes.	Rothschild Plate.	Lady Blair.
Lingfield.	Dorman's Park Welter.	Berryfield.
	1905	
Lewes.	Club Open Welter.	One of Captain Homfray's.

1905-6

Rode thirty winners on the flat in Egypt.

## Gentlemen Riders

1907

Meeting.	Race.	Horse.
Lord Exeter's Steeplechases.	Open Plate.	Melrose II.

1908

Croxton Park.	Private Sweepstakes.	John Willie Go On.
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### VISCOUNT MALDEN

WHEN in the spring of 1905 we found ourselves assisting once more at the time-honoured one-day meeting in the Vale of Aylesbury, for years past a favourite battle-ground for aspirants to the highest honours of the pigskin, and looked on admiringly as the youthful Lord Malden, whom we had seen to advantage in the Heavy-weight Hunt Steeplechase earlier in the day, in which he was second on Black Diamond, came out and beat eight others on a good-looking horse named Dirkhampton, by Dirk Hatterick—Woodhampton, in a selling steeplechase in masterly style by half a length after a rattling set-to from the last fence with Lord Villiers on Didn't Know, our memory carried us back to those halcyon times nearly half a century ago, when another Viscount Malden, far and away the most popular Master they ever had, presided over the fortunes of the Old Berkeley Hounds, and we pictured to ourselves how he would have beamed through his spectacles could he have been present in the flesh to-day, to witness his grandson's brilliant finish on Dirkhampton.

Lord Malden's reign over the Old Berkeley Hounds, though extending over a comparatively brief period, was a brilliant one while it lasted, as indeed it deserved to be, seeing



VISCOUNT MALDEN.



## Viscount Malden

how well everything was done ; the only fault that could possibly be found with the noble Master being that in his good-nature, he was inclined to be too lenient towards some of the London division, whose room was often preferable to their company.

Indeed, the only occasion in which we remember hearing my lord fairly let himself go was once when, having found a fox in the gorse at Newberries, the hounds were streaming across Porter's Park, when a lot of excited cockneys out for a day's splashing, galloped in amongst them, scattering the pack in all directions.

"Let 'em have it! my Lord! Let 'em have it!" screamed Goddard Morgan, frantic with indignation. And, to do him justice, Lord Malden followed his huntsman's advice to the letter, displaying, in doing so, a command of the English language, pure and undefiled, that we really did not give him credit for possessing.

They were a great nuisance these sportsmen from town, especially when they scented anything in the shape of a Hunt breakfast, as the late Mr. Michael Thomas Bass, who had taken Newberries for a term, once found to his cost. Having been in the habit of entertaining the Meynell Hunt at breakfast whenever they came to Rangemore, his place near Burton-on-Trent, he thought to do the same at Newberries, and this coming to the ears of the cockneys, and the meet in question being within easy distance of London—only fourteen miles indeed—they not only came down in force themselves, but brought their wives and their sisters, their cousins and their aunts along with them ; the collection of horses and vehicles of all sorts stationed outside the mansion, whilst their various owners of both sexes laid siege to the good things therein, being something to remember.

## Gentlemen Riders

It was their last chance, did they but know it ; for so annoyed was Mr. Bass at his hospitality being abused in such fashion, that it was never a case of "open house" again so long as he remained at Newberries. During his mastership Lord Malden lived at Londwater, near Rickmansworth, whose previous tenant had been Mr. Ingram, proprietor of the *Illustrated News*, and at Chorley Wood near there were held the Hunt Steeplechases, the meeting in 1865 being an especially good one. Captain Henry Coventry, fresh from his Grand National victory on Alcibiade, riding for the noble master ; whilst Colonel Harford, "Curly" Knox, and "Freddy" Hobson were also riding there, not forgetting "Jimmy" Templar, now Colonel Templar, the well-known balloonist, just left Harrow, sporting silk for the first time on a hunter of Mr. Jones Lloyd the banker. We can see him now, minus his cap, riding a desperate finish. Lord Malden was Colonel of the Herts Yeomanry, and we well remember about that time a sporting match taking place in Cassiobury Park between one of his officers, viz. Mr. Sidney Wilson, and the present Lord Ebury, then Captain, the Hon. R. Grosvenor, the latter winning easily.

It was in Cassiobury Park, too, that, by permission of Lord Essex, Caractacus, belonging to Mr. C. Snewing, who lived close to Watford, did his preparation—or at all events, part of it—for the Derby, which he won. But to return to the subject of our memoir.

Born to the saddle, so to speak, he may be said to have received his riding education in the Vale of Aylesbury, hunting regularly with Lord Rothschild's Staghounds, the Whaddon Chase, and Old Berkeley Hounds, and with his passion for riding over a country, what more natural than that he should burn to distinguish himself between the flags ? And so well did he shape from the first that his services were soon in

## Military Riders

great request at the various Hunt meetings all over the country, he figuring successfully not only at Aylesbury, Banbury, Worcester, and the Beaufort Hunt, but at Windsor, the Isle of Wight, Hawthorn Hill, Southwick, Huntingdon, and Aldershot, where he proved quite capable of taking his own part with professionals as well as amateurs.

On Lee and Perrin in 1905, he won the National Hunt flat race, over two miles at the Isle of Wight meeting, beating a hot favourite in Eastern Light, the mount of Mr. W. Bulteel. He also won the Old Berkeley Hounds Light-weight Hunt Steeplechase in the same year.

After the war, Lord Malden went out to South Africa, and whilst there, went in extensively for pony racing, with more than his share of success.

With his marriage in 1905, when barely of age, to Miss Evelyn Freeman, daughter of the late Mr. R. Stewart Freeman, J.P., D.L., of the Old Manor House, Wingrave, and one of the most accomplished horsewomen to be met with in the Vale of Aylesbury, Lord Malden's race-riding career came to an end, and terminating as it did at an age when that of the majority of amateur horsemen usually commences, it may well be described as "short but sweet."

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## MILITARY RIDERS

1870-1909

IT is not at all improbable that many a race-goer in the seventies, to whom names such as Colonels Knox and Harford, Captains Smith, Hope Johnstone, and "Driver" Browne, were familiar enough, inasmuch as they were constantly staring him in

## Gentlemen Riders

the face—not written in chalk, you may depend—when the numbers went up at the principal steeplechase meetings all over the country, has laboured under the impression that the little band of horsemen just mentioned constituted in themselves the entire race-riding talent of the British Army. Such, it is needless to state, was far from being the case—very much the contrary indeed; there being in reality many first-rate riders in the background, who, though their performances in public were mostly confined to military races, were none the less quite capable of holding their own in the best of company, when it came to a pinch.

Lord Rossmore of the 1st Life Guards, for instance, whose sad death when riding in a steeplechase at Windsor in the late seventies will be in the memory of many, was a most capable horseman in every way. Lord Charles Innes Ker, whom Mr. John Corlett once aptly described in the *Pink 'Un* as “the *beau ideal* of a light cavalry officer,” was another. “A little too fond, perhaps,” as a well-known gentleman rider expressed it, “of going off at score, as if he were in a hurry to catch a train,” but a fine horseman nevertheless.

General Magennis again, of the Royal Artillery, a bold and plucky rider who owned and rode many a good horse in his time, notably Fervacques on whom Fordham once won the Northumberland Plate—it was said that the horse never got over the rib-binder administered by the Demon in the very last stride, and which won him the race by the shortest of heads—whilst Mr. Annesley, in the same regiment, won the Gold Cup at Croydon for Captain Turnbull, and many another military steeplechase as well. His namesake, Captain Jack Annesley, 11th Hussars, who, amongst other events, won the Light-weight Grand Military, was another dashing soldier rider.





MAJOR CAMPBELL.



## Military Riders

That most sporting of regiments, again, the 9th Lancers, possessed a jockey in the shape of the Hon. C. E. P. Willoughby, of whom they had every reason to be proud, if the number of regimental steeplechases he won is any criterion.

Then there was Mr. Pritchard, who, besides many other steeplechases, won the Grand Military twice, viz. in 1869 and 1871, on Juryman and Donato respectively. Nor must Mr. W. J. Hartigan, who won that much-coveted trophy on Boyne Water in 1879; Mr. T. Hone, a really first-class horseman, who won the Gold Cup on Standard at Aldershot in 1886; nor Captain Little, who rode Lady Sarah to victory at Sandown Park in 1890, be forgotten.

Captain C. Lambton, too, a most accomplished and successful horseman, who won the Grand Military the following year on Hollington, must of course be included, as must Major Dalbiac ("The Treasure") of the Horse Artillery, undoubtedly one of the best cross-country riders in the service; whilst in 1896 the 9th Lancers were once again to the fore with Major Campbell, whose brilliant victory on The Soarer will long dwell in the memory.

At the present time the 11th Hussars have a good representative in Mr. R. Bruce; and the Grenadiers, 2nd Life Guards, and 7th Hussars are each to be congratulated on being the possessors of three such "workmen" as Messrs. Banbury, Newton, and McCalmont, whose enthusiasm alone is bound to prove infectious and do good by making it clear to other aspirants to honours in the saddle that such results as theirs are only to be attained by sheer hard work and self-denial.

# Gentlemen Riders

## CONCLUSION

FOR two reasons—want of space for one, and lack of material for another—there are many very capable horsemen absent from the pages of this book, and it is in order to show that they have not been forgotten that we make brief mention of them here. For instance, one of Lincolnshire's most celebrated horsemen was Tom Brooks, of Croxby, whose great steeplechase with the equally famous Field Nicholson in 1821 is talked of to this day.

The former had a worthy successor in Mr. Harry Brooks, of Keelby Grange, a fine horseman over a country, and winner of some fifty steeplechases, amongst them being Lady Yarborough's Cup at Brocklesby—a prize much coveted by all the merry men of Lincolnshire—on no less than three occasions—twice for himself and once for his cousin, Mr. W. Brooks, of Irby.

Another famous Lincolnshire horseman was Mr. Neil MacVicar, of Limber Hill ("Mr. Rolwyn"), who, between 1874 and 1886, rode in no less than 210 races, of which he won 48, and was second in 45.

He twice won Lady Yarborough's Cup, and in 1886 won three out of four races at Brocklesby. One of his best races was on Mr. Perkins' Durham in the Ebor Plate at the York Spring Meeting in 1880, when he won by half a length.

Mr. G. E. Davey was another fine horseman, who won a great many events under National Hunt Rules about the same time, and whose many wins must be associated with Sultan, on whom he won a lot of races, before and after he sold him to Mr. J. M. Richardson. That gentleman afterwards sold the horse to Mr. Cyril Flower, who won the first House of Commons Point-to-Point on him. Mr. Flower had intended riding a young horse in the race, but at the last



MR. PERCY WHITTAKER.



## Conclusion

moment, being told by his groom that the latter would find the country too big for him, elected to stick to Sultan (rechristened Home Rule), on whom he had hacked down to the post, with the result that he won at his ease, to be disqualified immediately after, as the race was for maiden horses only. Mr. Collins ("Nimrod Junior"), in his interesting "History of the Brocklesby Hounds," after discussing the incident, adds, "Some one wired to Mr. Gladstone, '*Home Rule has won!*' but a little later came the inevitable, '*Home Rule is disqualified!*'"

Captain Holyoake, who won the National Hunt Steeplechase on Red Nob, was another good horseman, whilst Mr. J. R. Milne was far above the average. A good and plucky horseman, too, was Mr. Charles Thompson, who sported Colonel North's colours with great success on all occasions, and won the National Hunt Steeplechase in 1889, when it was run at Cardiff, on Nap, the only four-year-old in the race, who though little fancied, won easily by twenty lengths.

Then there was Mr. E. P. Gundry, who, besides innumerable other races, won the National Hunt Steeplechase run at Gatwick in 1898, on Real Shamrock, beating Royal Tyrant by a head on the post.

A prominent horseman, too, in the seventies, especially in the Principality, was the redoubtable Jack Goodwin, and the same remark applies later on to Mr. A. W. Wood, who was a great favourite at the principal Welsh meetings, such as Cardiff, Monmouth, and Abergavenny, at each of which his mounts were always at a premium.

In 1900 he rode in a hundred and eighty races, of which he won thirty-five, amongst them the Nottingham Handicap Steeplechase on Ledessan, whilst the following year he won forty-eight of the two hundred and twenty-six races he rode in.

Mr. Willy H. Moore, too, a splendid horseman, as might be

## Gentlemen Riders

expected from his parentage, and, later on, the trainer of Manifesto when he won the Liverpool the second time, must not be passed over ; nor must Mr. W. P. Cullen who, from 1890 until 1904, was constantly in the saddle, and who, though unsuccessful on each of the five occasions he rode in the Grand National, was generally there or thereabouts at the finish.

Then there was Mr. Cecil Grenfell, whose brilliant effort on Father O'Flynn when he was beaten a length and a half by The Soarer in the Liverpool of 1896, still dwells in the memory.

The death of Mr. H. Sydney, the result of a fall in a steeplechase, undoubtedly cut short a brilliant career in the saddle ; and the same may be said of Mr. Nugent, who could hardly have failed to have reached the top of the tree had he been spared.

Of all the amateur cross-country riders of recent years, however, for keenness, hard work, and ability in the saddle, commend us to the Hon. Aubrey Hastings, whose brilliant victory in the Grand National of 1906 on Ascetic's Silver, a victory rendered all the more creditable in view of the privations he had undergone to enable him to ride, will dwell long in the memory. A few more genuine enthusiasts like Mr. Hastings and there would be no need to draw comparisons between the steeplechasing of to-day and that of his countrymen, Lord Clanricarde and Mr. Osbaldeston.

We were all pleased to see Mr. Bulteel sporting silk once more, and riding better than ever, after his recent severe illness ; and we do not think we can wind up this chapter better than by wishing a speedy return to the saddle to Mr. Percy Whittaker, now happily recovering from his recent severe fall. One of the keenest and best horsemen of the day, either to hounds or between the flags, and riding as he does for pure love of the thing, cross-country sport can ill afford to lose—even for a while—so devoted an adherent as the whilom Master of the Oakley.









