

THE LIFE
OF A
GREAT SPORTSMAN
(JOHN MAUNSELL RICHARDSON)



By MARY E. RICHARDSON

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JOHN A. SEAVERNS



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THE LIFE OF A GREAT
SPORTSMAN



Presented to
JOHN MAUNSELL RICHARDSON, Esq., J.P., D.L.,
BY HIS POLITICAL SUPPORTERS AND FRIENDS
IN THE BRIGG DIVISION OF LINCOLNSHIRE
in recollection of his victory at the bye-election of Dec. 1894
and his three other contests for the Unionist Party in
1886 1892 — 1895.

(Painting by W. W. Oules, R.A.)

THE LIFE OF A GREAT SPORTSMAN

(JOHN MAUNSELL RICHARDSON)

BY HIS SISTER
MARY E. RICHARDSON

WITH AN INTRODUCTION BY
VICTORIA, COUNTESS OF YARBOROUGH

“RACING CAREER,” AND “AS AN OWNER”
BY THE LATE FINCH MASON

OVER 100 FULL-PAGE ILLUSTRATIONS
INCLUDING SIX ORIGINAL SKETCHES BY FINCH MASON

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1919

TO
VICTORIA
COUNTESS OF YARBOROUGH
IN
AFFECTIONATE REMEMBRANCE
OF
HER HUSBAND
AND MY BROTHER

PREFACE

How many people, I wonder—or shall I say, how few—take the trouble to read the preface of a book?

Personally I am one of those few, and have always studied my preface ever since I was able to read any work to which the author had written such introduction.

But in my case there is a special, perhaps some would call it a sentimental, reason for this practice.

I was only two years old when my father died, my brother Maunsell, the subject of the following life-story, one year older, and our eldest brother four years old. We never had, therefore, the benefit of his fatherly advice during our childhood, which, from all accounts, and from the respected and beloved name he left behind him, would undoubtedly have been to our immense advantage. Our mother and grandmother, however, with whom we lived, and who superintended our upbringing, had been devoted to him during his lifetime, and after his untimely death at thirty-eight, cherishing his memory, as they did, above all things, were never tired of impressing us with any special admonition in regard to our conduct or studies to which my father had given expression.

As I was a voracious reader from a very early age, any literary direction from that source was regarded by me as equivalent to a command from above. Thus, on being told that my father never dreamt of reading a book without first studying its preface, I then and there adopted this principle for my own,

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and have been absolutely faithful in that respect from my earliest childhood up to the present day. My two brothers I believe also followed this excellent advice.

It is rather singular in this connection that the preface written for "Gentlemen Riders" by my brother Maunsell, and embodied amongst his own particular writings later on in this volume, is always read—in fact is never missed—by any one who takes up the book in question. I have lent it to scores of people, and one and all unite in saying: "We liked the preface so much." Even non-sporting men and women when they return me the book say, "What a delightful preface by your brother, and how well it is written!"

And yet, if one really gives the matter a thought, it is but fair to your authors, and might influence their reviewers to more kindly criticism, to read their apology for taking upon themselves the task of trying to interest their readers, however absorbing the theme in hand might have been to themselves, whether a novel, a play, or the life of a notable man.

And in the latter case, especially if the life one tries to depict is that of a near relation, it is so extremely difficult to draw the line at too much praise on the one hand, or again too little on the other, just because of that relationship—that the very delicate manipulation necessary in this case will, I hope, appeal to a kindly public, on my behalf.

The story of why a book was written has always interested me, and perhaps it will interest my readers to know how this volume came to be published. Strange as it may seem, the publishers are the real authors, for they were the first to suggest that a life of John Maunsell Richardson would be interesting to the public. And those who suggest—especially when, as in this case, it emanated from the source it did—surely are the real creators of the work they inaugurate. It happened

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on this wise. I had been staying with my sister-in-law, Lady Yarborough, and in the course of one of our numerous talks about my brother Maunsell, whose death had occurred that same year, I had suggested to her that the book "Gentlemen Riders, Past and Present," which he had written in collaboration with Mr. Finch Mason, might be read by a much larger section of the public were it brought out in a cheaper form than the two-guinea volume in which it had been published.

With this idea in both our minds, one day in November, 1912, the year my brother died, we called by appointment on Mr. Neilson, Managing Director of Vintons, Ltd., and to him we propounded our ideas as to the expediency of bringing out a new and cheaper edition of "Gentlemen Riders, Past and Present."

We were answered with a straightforwardness which could leave no doubt in our minds as to the publishers' opinion on the matter.

"It would be unfair," opined Mr. Neilson, "to the original subscribers, and subsequent purchasers of 'Gentlemen Riders,' to issue a cheaper edition of so expensive and unique a volume.

"On the other hand," he continued, "a life of the late Mr. John Maunsell Richardson would I am sure be welcomed by the public—especially the sporting public—and we should have much pleasure in publishing such a book."

A glance passed between my sister-in-law and myself, and reading approval in her eyes, I said at once "how much pleasure it would give me to attempt the task." Mr. Neilson then said that he was sure I should find a most energetic helper and sympathetic coadjutor in Mr. Finch Mason, who, as joint author of "Gentlemen Riders," had assisted my brother in every way possible, and who he was sure would do his utmost for me in the same manner.

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I had the pleasure shortly after this to call upon Mr. Finch Mason, and it was forthwith arranged between us that if I would undertake to write my brother's family history, collect his personal writings, get impressions from his school and college friends, and all the illustrations requisite for such a book, he would gladly undertake to write what he knew of his racing career.

Quite lightheartedly I accepted my part of this undertaking, and went down to my home in Cornwall, where I commenced operations at once by writing a synopsis of the intended book as requested by Messrs. Vinton. The result being deemed quite satisfactory, I now sat down in earnest to write the life of my brother.

And I began to live again in the past. Grouped around me were those whom I had loved so well in their lifetime, and I soon experienced, what no doubt hundreds of writers have done before me, the terrible sadness and seriousness of the task I had undertaken. Having an extraordinary memory, relatives and friends long since departed, and incidents in connection with them, were present to my mind in the most vivid manner. It seemed almost impossible that they could be dead, and I was living without them, almost alone in the world. Around me they crowded, persistently claiming my attention and my remembrance, and it is hardly a matter of wonderment that I lost myself again and again in the dear old days of long ago.

And then—back again into the present, with the practical part of my work before me ; the collection of material, the actual sitting down at my writing-table day after day, to work these recollections into shape for publication ; and the ever-present fear that I should be unequal to the task of doing justice to my subject.

Difficult though my task, I managed to struggle through

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somehow. And now that all is finished, and the MSS. out of my hands and in those of the publishers, I begin to wish I could write the book all over again. I feel I have omitted so much and how infinitely better many things could have been expressed. How much more might have been made of the material by a more experienced writer than myself.

My one joy is that such "impressions" of my brother's character as I have been able to collect—opinions of his contemporaries—from school-fellows, college friends and others, who had known him all his life, will give the outside public a better idea of his true worth than any words of my own could convey, and I thank the writers, one and all, most heartily, for their ready response to my request, and for the manner in which they have recorded their opinions.

Lord Minto's regretted death just as he had jotted down some notes for his promised "impression" of my brother, his lifelong friend, was naturally a great disappointment.

To my colleague, Mr. Finch Mason, my warmest thanks are due. The encouragement he gave me when I was in great doubt as to my own powers; his help in the revision of my work; and above all, the sympathy which could only come from a true friend of the man—what better word could I choose—whose memory we have done our best to perpetuate.

In conclusion, I beg to thank the Earl of Yarborough for the information he so kindly gave me with regard to the original planting of the famous Brocklesby Woods, and the building of the Mausoleum. Also for his recommendation of Mr. Sherlock of 3 Old Market Place, Grimsby, who took infinite pains to reproduce with his camera the beauties of the Mausoleum, Limber Village, and the Woods.

To those who will take the trouble to read this preface, I say a very heartfelt "Thank you." They begin where I leave off,

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and will perhaps in reading it sympathize with one who has done her best to record in an interesting manner "the life of a great sportsman."

MARY E. RICHARDSON.

July, 1914.

POSTSCRIPT

My thanks are due to Mr. John Neilson (the Managing Director of Messrs. Vinton and Co.) for his unfailing courtesy and his interest in this book during the long period it has been "on the stocks."

The manuscript was in his hands a month before the war broke out, but it was thought unwise to publish it until the cessation of hostilities. Now that the Allies have practically completed the task to which they had set their hands, and men war weary are returning to the more congenial pursuits of peace, the sport of kings can again be enjoyed to the full, and so it is hoped that this life of a great sportsman may be acceptable to a wide range of readers.

The intervening period, since the manuscript was completed, has been saddened by the passing of some of my brother's dearest friends, including Lord Minto, Lord Clarendon, Sir Chandos Leigh, Rev. Cecil Legard, Mr. Leopold de Rothschild, Mr. Thomas Hare, and my sympathetic collaborator, Mr. Finch Mason, "Uncle Toby" of the *Sporting Times*.

In Sir Heron Maxwell's words engraved on the flask he presented to my brother, let us hope they have met "in those happy hunting grounds far, far away."

M. E. R.

February, 1919.

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VICTORIA, COUNTESS OF YARBOROUGH (1885).

INTRODUCTION

BY

VICTORIA, COUNTESS OF YARBOROUGH

DURING the life of my dear husband, it was often suggested to him by his intimate friends and others, that he should write an autobiography—that such a life as his had been, full of interest, especially in connection with matters relating to sport, had better be told first-hand by himself.

Indeed, I often represented to him myself that his life-story, written in the charming manner that characterized his articles in the *Daily Telegraph*, and in his introduction to the book, "Gentlemen Riders," published in collaboration with his friend Mr. Finch Mason in 1910, would be a welcome addition to the literature of the sporting world, but, alas! he was not spared to carry out my wish.

His only surviving near relative—his sister, Miss Mary E. Richardson—has, however, undertaken this task, with Mr. Finch Mason contributing the chapters on my husband's racing career, and to them I leave it with every confidence that they will carry out the work ably.

They will, I have no doubt, be able to interest the outside public in my husband's career, and show that in a life apparently given up to the pleasures of sport for enjoyment alone, he was keenly alive to the duties that should accompany the lot of a man whether he be true statesman, or true sportsman, if in

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either capacity he is to respect himself or be respected by his friends or by the public.

My greatest happiness is to remember that although my dear husband enjoyed to the full the pleasures of sport, he never for one moment dreamt of shirking the many duties, arduous often though they were, that his position in the sporting world involved.

For instance, he would rarely refuse to judge at any horse show to which he was invited, unless it were an absolute impossibility for him to be present ; neither would he regard any trouble too great to perform his judicial duties at such show in the most thorough manner possible.

And yet, to his great regret, I well know that he has been obliged to refuse hundreds of invitations to judge at horse shows, from sheer lack of the necessary time to undertake the work involved. To prove how keen he was to see and give his verdict upon the very best specimens of horseflesh, I may say that he never could allow himself to neglect the great Dublin Horse Show, until later years, when he felt the fatigue was too great.

Although my husband has judged at hundreds of horse shows, in fact, all the principal shows of Great Britain, I have never known him give a wrong verdict on any animal. In one or two cases where his award has been challenged, I have known the man come to him afterwards and tell him frankly that his judgment, then doubted by him, had been proved right by the subsequent facts of the case.

As to his powers as a practical huntsman, I have the best right to speak, for after our marriage in 1881, during my son's (the present Earl of Yarborough) minority, he hunted the famous Brocklesby dog pack for four seasons, from 1882 to 1886.

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For some time previous to our marriage, when I carried the horn, he had taken the keenest interest in the breeding and management of hounds, and, as Mr. Collins justly remarks in his well-known book, "The History of the Brocklesby Hounds from 1700 to 1901," "the Brocklesby Hunt is very much indebted to him (Mr. J. Maunsell Richardson) for his labour of love on behalf of the historic pack" (p. 215).

His handling of hounds was, indeed, no amateur huntsmanship. When he took the horn and undertook to hunt hounds, he determined that he would show as good sport as any professional huntsman. He certainly showed a great deal better sport than many huntsman can show; and what strikes me most forcibly as I look back on the happy bygone years of our life together, was my husband's all-round ability. I am very sure, and many of his friends—men who have succeeded so splendidly in their special line, such as his lifelong friend, the Earl of Minto, late Viceroy of India—would have agreed with me to the full in this thought, that in any career he had chosen he would have made his mark.

He had the power of giving his whole mind to whatever he undertook, and if, as a very clever writer has said, "genius is the power of taking infinite pains," then, indeed, my husband possessed true genius, and in a most remarkable degree. But, like all true genius, he was intensely, almost to a fault, humble-minded, except in the matter of sport and all that belongs to it, which was to him simply second nature, and he required the greatest encouragement to undertake anything outside, such as politics, etc.

Indeed, it was only in response to my earnest entreaties, that he consented to contest that most Radical of all the Lincolnshire parliamentary divisions, viz. the Brigg division of Lincolnshire. That he, a strong Conservative, should win the

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greatest political contest on record in this division, speaks volumes for his great popularity, and the trust he inspired both in politics and sport.

The turn of my husband's mind was towards a country life, and all that goes with it : all through our happy time together, it seemed impossible for us to dissociate ourselves from the love we both had for country sports of all kinds. Riding, hunting, attending race-meetings and horse shows, were to us the natural outcome of our lives, and it was a never-failing delight to me to see my husband handle a horse. I have never known him beaten by any horse he attempted to ride. Many a time I have seen him mount an apparently unmanageable animal—at a show when he was judging—and after he had taken him round the ring two or three times, that same horse would not only behave himself in a proper fashion, but would show himself and his paces to the best advantage, to the amazement of the onlookers, and to the delighted surprise of his owner.

He had perfect hands, and could do practically what he would with his mount. I have never seen him lose his temper with a horse, even with the most irritating specimen. He possessed that power with horses which gives the true horseman that inexplicable sympathy between the rider and his horse making them one, and which, to a great extent, explains his success both in the hunting-field and on the race-course.

In writing this short introductory chapter, I must cordially thank, not only the author of the book for her labour of love, but also my husband's other old friends (school-fellows, college friends, and those of his later life) who have so ably assisted the author with their knowledge of his career.

In conclusion, I trust that the contents of this book may appeal not only to those readers who in the past came in contact

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with my husband, on the race-course, in the show-yard, the hunting-field, and elsewhere, but to the general public. I also hope that my friends and those who read this will not criticize me too severely for paying this tribute to the memory of one I so dearly loved and have lost.

Victoria A. Garborouff



MARY E. RICHARDSON.
(The Author of this volume.)

THE LIFE OF A GREAT SPORTSMAN

CHAPTER I

AN OLD LINCOLNSHIRE FAMILY

My brother John Maunsell Richardson, whose life-story I tell in this book, was the second son of William Richardson, of Limber Magna and Immingham, Lincolnshire, and was born at Limber Magna on the 12th of June, 1846. His mother was Mary Eliza Maunsell, only child of Thomas Maunsell, of Limerick, Ireland, and Catharine his wife.

He had one brother, William,* a year older than himself, who predeceased him by two years; and one sister, still living, who is privileged to tell this his life-story.

For the genealogy of this branch of the old Lincolnshire family to which we belong, we have our brother William to thank, who although in full accord with the honest pride of his ancestors, who were "too proud to care from whence they came," was persuaded by a certain Mr. Gibbons to allow him to search old deeds, and examine registers dealing with the subject, which he had in his possession.

This resulted in each one of us acquiring a beautiful volume,

* Lieut.-Colonel 3rd Lincolnshire Regiment.

The Life of a Great Sportsman

hand written on vellum, at the cost of £3 3s.—little enough truly, for the trouble it must have given the author—which bears the following title: “A Pedigree of the Family of Richardson, and collateral branches of Greyingham, Roxby, and Limber in the County of Lincoln. Together with the evidences in support of the same. And genealogical notices of the Maunsell and other kindred families, by A. W. Gibbons, 1886.”

The first entry in this book is to the fact that one Seliora Richardson, late wife of Thomas Richardson, of Helpingham, in the county of Lincoln, made a will in 1413, leaving lands and hereditaments in that county to her two sons, John and Robert, and her daughter, Agnes, and residue to executors, Nicholas and Johan, his wife.

Before that date, according to Mr. Gibbons, who told my brother William of the fact, but did not see fit to write down any more ancient history on the subject, the name of Richardson had been Malger. To one Malger a son had been born—Fitz Malger, or the son of Malger. Then came a Richard Fitz Malger, and so the name was corrupted into Richardson, or the son of Richard, and the original name dropped out.

To a relative who has read all through the terrible dullness of this genealogical tree, with its collateral branches, I am indebted for the remark “That it is the chronicle of an unambitious family.”

Certainly, reading between the lines, one can tell that John Maunsell Richardson’s ancestors were content to live quietly on their lands,* seeking no special personal aggrandisement, or to possess themselves of this world’s good by any means which would unduly dispossess others.

Thus, without over-praising my own family, I may fairly

* As country gentlemen no doubt enjoying all kind of sport then in vogue.

An Old Lincolnshire Family

claim that from the year 1413 to that of 1846, when the subject of this memoir was born, his ancestors were thoroughly liked and respected in their native county. Surely that is a great test, for "a prophet is not without honour, save in his own country, and amidst his father's kin," and that John Maunsell Richardson, by the straightness of his aims, and by the honesty of his dealings, especially in all matters pertaining to his racing career—which by general consent is admittedly the form of sport most open to monetary temptations—was a worthy descendant of the old stock, few will deny.

In spite, however, of the "unambitious" character of the Richardson chronicle, upon examination, one or two entries show that the family preserved a certain determined dignity of surroundings, and that some of the marriages in the family were advantageous in a worldly sense.

For instance, we find that one Mary, grand-daughter of John Richardson, of Kirton, married Edwin Anderson, of Manby, in 1743, an ancestor of the present Pelham family, now Earls of Yarborough. We also find that in 1808, one Richard Maunsell, son of Robert Maunsell, of Bank Place, Limerick, married Catharine, daughter of William, 1st Earl of Listowel. Hence, before my brother, John Maunsell Richardson, married Victoria, Countess of Yarborough, who was Victoria Alexandrina Hare, daughter of the 2nd Earl of Listowel, the families were connected on both sides.

My brother Maunsell, there can be little doubt, not only inherited one of his Christian names—the one by which he was usually called—from his delightful Irish grandfather, but also the peculiar brightness of intellect, and fascination of manner, possessed by our Hibernian neighbours in so remarkable a degree, which characterized him all through life, making him a favourite wherever he went.

The Life of a Great Sportsman

There were many pictures in the old house at Limber where we three were born and brought up, that grew up with us, and of these, two life-size portraits impressed us with a certain amount of awe, and interested us immensely, as soon as we were old enough to understand who they were, and in what relation they stood to us.

One was a life-size portrait of an old gentleman with a kind but fiery face, short grey hair, small yet twinkling grey-blue eyes, dressed in a striped waistcoat, blue coat with brass buttons, breeches and top boots.

We were told this was our great-great-uncle, "Squire" Richardson of Limber and Immingham, who, being childless himself, had adopted our father when he was quite a small boy—little older, in fact, than we were—had educated him; and, finally, when he and his wife died, left him all his money, which last was to come to us in equal shares, when I, who was the youngest, was twenty-one years old. Naturally it took some time for this information to dawn upon us in its full value, but we learned soon enough that we were indebted for all we enjoyed, and were to enjoy in time to come, to this same jovial, red-faced old gentleman. We also learned, that it was no mean fortune we were each likely to inherit.

It is a matter of history, as we were often told, that in the first place, the artist who painted this picture had so modified the tints of the face, that our uncle indignantly repudiated his facsimile. "Paint me as I am, or not at all," said he. As a matter of fact our grandmother, Mrs. Maunsell, used to tell us that "the old gentleman could talk himself handsome in ten minutes." He often laughingly told the story that he had heard strangers say when travelling, "It's taken some port wine to colour that face." In reality, "eczema" was to blame for his high colour, for he was a water-drinker all the latter part of



WILLIAM RICHARDSON, ESQ.

Of Limber and Immingham, Deputy Lieutenant for Lincolnshire ;
born 1754, died 1830.

(J. M. Richardson's Great Great Uncle, from whom he inherited his fortune.)

An Old Lincolnshire Family

his life. We had a most beautifully chased silver jug with a wicker handle, in our possession, which he used for his hot water at night, and which no one exactly knew how to describe. It was neither a coffee-pot nor a claret jug. At last the grandson of the silversmith who made it enlightened us upon the point, expatiating at the same time—no doubt in his grandfather's words—on the extraordinary fact, that any one like their old client should in those hard-drinking days be a water-drinker.

There is no doubt that our great-great-uncle was a most kind-hearted, if slightly eccentric, old gentleman, and his wife, who was a Miss Catharine Marris, daughter of William Marris, of Roxby, was very much of the same persuasion, though history relates that she was a proud and stately lady, invariably styled "Dame Richardson."

An anecdote I remember of her, bears out the idea that she possessed a certain dignity, which perhaps her lord and master did not trouble himself to emphasize on his own account. Going into her kitchen one day, a man who had come in for some reason or other, in his ignorance, or possibly nervousness, remained seated, instead of rising to do homage to the lady of the house. "Have I a bear in my kitchen?" she is reputed to have said in scathing tones, standing directly in front of the unfortunate villager. But, be that as it may, she evidently possessed a heart of great kindness, and, being childless, must have aided and abetted her husband in his adopting the eldest son of his nephew, John Richardson of Horkstow, who had a numerous family of sons and daughters.

History relates that the method of my father's adoption was unique to say the least of it. One fine summer day, by which time, doubtless, everything had been carefully discussed beforehand between Squire Richardson and his Dame, the big

The Life of a Great Sportsman

barouche was ordered to be in readiness and the black horses harnessed. In these days of motor cars and splendid roads, a journey of twenty-five miles or so is a mere nothing, but at that period it was a solemn undertaking, and the black carriage horses were only brought out on very special occasions.

When I was a child we still drove a pair of black horses, and I used to wonder how anybody could think of driving with any other colour. With due solemnity, for the night had to be spent from home, the shaped carriage trunks were adjusted behind, and away went my great-great-uncle Richardson and his wife on the errand which meant so much to all of us.

There can be no doubt that our grandfather, John Richardson, had not the least idea what this state visit portended, when his great-uncle, addressing him in solemn tones, but with, no doubt, a twinkle in his kind grey eyes, enquired, "Which is your naughtiest boy, John?" Without hesitation, my grandfather at once replied, "My eldest son William, of course!" "Good!" exclaimed the Squire. "Then I will adopt him, and if you will have his things packed up, he can return with us to-morrow."

And thus it came about that our worthy father came to Limber about the year 1820, and lived at the old house with his adopted parents, remaining with them until the Squire died in 1830, and afterwards until Dame Richardson's demise in 1836. Eight years later, in 1844, he himself married, and brought his wife to live at the old home.

Another very vivid recollection of our childhood and its sporting inheritance, was the silver Urn we used on those special occasions when visitors either came to stay in the house, or to a party. The arrival of the great silver Urn, hissing gloriously, was hailed by us as a delightfully sportive addition to our breakfast or tea-table, and still more so when

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we were of an age to understand its mysteries, and the inscription upon it was explained to us. Thus it ran :

“CHESTER CUP,
won by William Richardson's Conqueror* in 1788.”

Further, it was explained why this Urn was so particularly beautiful. Its shape always commended itself to us, for children naturally love beautiful things, but we were also shown that the inside of the Urn, where the heater went with its mysterious cover, was all solid silver. It appears that, as well as the Chester Gold Cup of that date, Conqueror also won, during the week's racing at Chester, either a silver cup value £50, or its equivalent in money.

Now, Dame Richardson being of a very practical turn of mind, decided that the two cups were not useful, and, as she and her husband had not as yet adopted my father, no doubt

* Conqueror was an aged horse in 1786 when his record in “Baily's Racing Register” first commences to be recorded. On August 10 that year he won a £50 stake at Nottingham and five days later at Derby secured a similar award in a similar race, *i.e.* one of four-mile heats. On September 15 he ran in a £100 race at Stockton, where he finished last of five horses in two of the four-mile heats, and was withdrawn from the third and final heat. In the June of 1787 he won the Members Plate of £50 at Peterborough, beating four others. One of them was Mr. Galwey's Superb, who seven days later won the Stamford Corporation Plate of £50. Conqueror next secured the Members Plate of £50 at Grantham on July 6, and then he was “laid aside” for the two events at Chester in 1788. A month after his Roodeye victories he was running in the name of Mr. Singleton at Beverley, where he won a £50 race decided over two four-mile heats. Except for the defeat at Stockton-on-Tees in 1786, when he may have been lame or, most likely, knocked up by the journey, Conqueror did actually not lose a four-mile heat race. Mr. Richardson very likely being satisfied with the possession of the Grosvenor Gold Cup, a trophy always keenly contested for by the county families—and actually the only trophy that the horse did win—the designation “Plate” being but gentle camouflage for actual “stakes”—his owner doubtless sold him to Mr. Singleton, for whom he won the £50 race at Beverley, and then the game old son of Espersykes departs from the pages of “Baily's Racing Register,” leaving behind him the record of a sterling and game stayer.

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thought they might as well have a nice tea Urn, as two unnecessary cups, however ornamental.

Through the courtesy of the manager of the "Chester Courant," Mr. J. A. Birchall, whose publication is one of the oldest English newspapers still in circulation, having been established in 1730, I am able to give the account of what appeared in that paper as to the Chester Race week, which lasted from May 5th to May 9th, 1788. I have also to thank Mr. F. J. Warmsley, Secretary of the Chester Race Company, Ltd., who took the trouble to get particulars for me, and Messrs. Weatherby & Sons for their kind contributions from the "Racing Calendar" of that date.

Racing must have been a much slower kind of sport in those days, as far at least as the number of events were concerned. One race a day was the limit, but seeing that it was run in four-mile heats, and the best out of three, there was plenty of excitement. The old account runs thus:—

"Entered May the 5th to run at Chester Meeting 1788 the annual City Plate value £30, with a purse of £20 given by the Corporation for 4, 5, 6, and aged horses, the best two of three four-mile heats. Four years old, seven stone: five year old, 8 stone; and aged horse 9 stone."

Regarding this race I find that Mr. William Richardson's aged bay gelding, Conqueror, by Espersykes and ridden by G. Sell, carried 9 stone, ran and won the two first heats of four miles each, beating two other horses, Attraction and Oberon.

We must presume that horses, however good, would have to rest a considerable time between such long heats, and no doubt the ladies and gentlemen amused themselves between whiles in quite as pleasant a fashion as they do in these days.

After his performance on the Monday, it appears Conqueror



THE CHESTER CUP.
Won by Conqueror in 1788.

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did not run again until the Thursday following, when on the 8th of May the Gold Cup, value £50 (the gift of the Rt. Hon. Earl Grosvenor), was decided. In it four-year olds carried 7 stone 5 lbs.; five-year olds 8 stone 2 lbs.; six-year olds 8 stone 11 lbs.; and aged horses 9 stone 6 lbs.

For this race, also, Mr. Richardson's Conqueror ran against two others, both six-year olds and in receipt of 4 lbs., and to win it this good old horse had to travel some 12 miles racing speed. He won the first heat from Oberon, came in second to Oberon for the next bout, and won the third trial, again from Oberon, with Sharper third to them in each heat. Thus did the son of Espersykes win the much-coveted Chester Gold Cup and the forerunner of the present Chester Cup, for Limber.

It strikes me, in the light of the preceding reports, that the Silver Cup supposed to have been won in the race for the "City Plate" on the Monday must have been a childhood's myth, and that our great-great-uncle landed at home as fast as the slow travelling in those days would permit, with the Gold Cup in one hand and £50 good sovereigns in the other, to be presented in triumph to Dame Richardson, who later on, as I have previously stated, had them converted, through the medium of the melting pot, into the historical Urn.

With respect to the other amusements which the patrons of the turf in those days must have enjoyed, I note from an old MS. kindly copied for me by Mr. Warmsley the following significant account:—

COCKING.

CHESHIRE *versus* LANCASHIRE.

Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday.

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I understand this to mean, that on the mornings of the days mentioned, which were those of the Race meeting at Chester, there was Cock-fighting between the leading breeders of Cheshire and Lancashire, and that the interests of the speculative race-goers were in this fashion maintained until the afternoon's racing came on.

There is a specially characteristic story told of the jovial owner of Conqueror, which under similar circumstances could readily be accredited to his fun-loving descendant who forms the subject of this book. One wild dark night, in the winter say of 1775, or thereabout, when the snow lay thickly on the ground, and was still falling, a belated traveller riding along the road from Caistor saw the cheerful lights gleaming in the wide front of the old house at Limber, and riding up to the side door, rapped loudly thereon with his whip, demanding a night's lodging, and to see Mine Host.

Mr. Richardson, who at the time was sitting in his study, which adjoined the side door, heard this unexpected knock and demand, and at once came rightly to the conclusion that the stranger had mistaken his house for the inn for which he was evidently seeking. Being the soul of hospitality, however, and determined to rescue this unexpected guest, at any cost, from the horrors of the night, he brushed aside the astonished servant, and courteously invited the traveller to enter.

One can readily imagine what a comfort the sight of Mr. Richardson's smiling red face would carry to the cold-stricken stranger, and how he would hug himself for joy at the thought that not only had he found the inn he sought, but also one of the jolliest and cheeriest landlords imaginable into the bargain.

One can also imagine, too, how Mr. Richardson, having let the servants into the secret, with orders that it was to be

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strictly kept until the morning, persuaded his Dame to let him have his joke, and to absent herself from the evening meal, whilst he played his part as host, and (as was often the custom in those days) did the entertaining at supper himself. Then the racy stories he would tell, and how he would draw the stranger out all the time, chuckling all the while when he thought what an awakening it would be on the following morning, and his visitor's confusion when he found out the trick that had been played upon him.

The story goes that Mr. Richardson brought out a bottle of his famous port, famous even in those days when port wine was the wine of the time, and men vied with each other in obtaining and keeping in their cellars the very best. One can see, too, when morning dawned, the unfortunate stranger coming down to breakfast, and instead of an inn repast, finding the stately figure of Dame Richardson, seated behind the historic Urn won for her by Conqueror and now smoking away for all it was worth. We can picture his confusion—his apologies.

Whatever passed, it is tolerably certain, that with such a hospitable couple, the stranger would soon find that he had only exchanged his experiences of Limber House from the thought of it as an inn to the joy of it as a country house, where he ever would be a welcome guest. And from all I have heard he and his host and hostess remained the best of friends to the end of their lives.

There is an old and trite saying: "Be careful to entertain strangers, for by so doing, men have entertained angels unawares." And such, by all accounts, seems to have been the case in this instance.

CHAPTER II

JOHN MAUNSELL RICHARDSON'S FATHER

THE other picture in the old house that impressed we children very strongly, was a life-sized portrait of our father, who died when we were very young. My eldest brother, William, was four, John Maunsell Richardson three, and myself—bringing up the rear—two years old. We liked to look at his face whenever we got the chance, as it had a very kind expression, with a nice colouring, not at all fiery like the picture of the owner of Conqueror. I say “whenever we got the chance,” advisedly, because rose-coloured curtains were drawn over it, and only withdrawn on State Occasions, or if we three combined in a request to mother and grandmother to let us see it as a special treat. Then when with much solemnity, and with many tears, they would draw back the curtains, the sense of mystery, which is always delightful to children, deepened into a kind of imperfect sympathy for a pain we could not understand, and which for many years perplexed us greatly.

I remember one morning especially well, when we three were invited into the drawing-room where the picture occupied a prominent position. The curtains were withdrawn, and some of the villagers were gazing at the picture, and both men and women were crying bitterly. Naturally such a sight perplexed us still more, but we soon understood sufficiently to know that this picture of the dead William Richardson conveyed to others



WILLIAM RICHARDSON, ESQ.

Born, 1812 ; died, 1850. J. M. Richardson's father.

John Maunsell Richardson's Father

beside our mother and grandmother a sense of intimate loss, that had hurt them one and all badly. Then as we grew older we learnt that he had been loved and respected by all who knew him, in a manner that falls to the lot of few men.

Our eldest brother, William, was the only one of us who could remember his father alive—though the remembrance was not altogether a happy one, being connected with a sound thrashing for telling a lie, which lie was, I really believe, the only one he ever told in his life. Maunsell and I always cherished a slight feeling of jealousy on this point, not as regards the thrashing, which certainly neither of us wished to have experienced, but we thought our mother and grandmother favoured our eldest brother, and considered him a being set apart from us, and especially blessed for this remembrance.

Our father was by no means an indifferent horseman, and I call to mind one very special instance of his prowess, which was related to us when we were exceedingly small, and being determined riders ourselves, it naturally interested us immensely. Moreover, to make the story more entrancing, a picture hung in the dining-room of a bay horse called Huntsman, with a racing saddle on him, and a groom standing at his head, evidently awaiting his rider at the side door of our old home. This picture we had often studied before we knew the story, as our own groom, "Tommy" Rickalls, who taught us all to ride, was there portrayed, and we loved him very much.

It appeared that one day, not long before his marriage, a guest who was dining with him had recently won a rather celebrated race, and during dinner had regaled his host *ad nauseum* with his own prowess as a rider, and his horse's excellence as a chaser. At that time my father had this fine old upstanding bay horse Huntsman in his stables, and one that could be described as a thoroughly safe conveyance,

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perfect at fences, but as slow as a top compared with even a moderate steeple-chaser. Having no doubt dined well, and being sick unto death of his guest's boasting, he there and then made a match with him for £100 a side, Huntsman against the other's wonderful chaser—Owners up. It was a mad enough after-dinner wager, truly, for my father must have known full well that, if his opponent's horse kept on its legs, his own had not a ghost of a chance. But there was never any idea of backing out of anything my father ever undertook, and it was some comfort to know that Huntsman would be sure to keep on his legs, and that, at any rate, he would leap as well as the other.

The event duly came off—a Point to Point race—four miles over the stiffest country that could be found. My father had stipulated for the choice of the course, and he certainly gave his opponent no quarter in that direction, his argument being, no doubt, that even should the chaser fall and pick himself up again, pace was bound to tell and he could very easily catch up old Huntsman. However, he did fall, and evidently either could not pick himself up again quickly enough, or, more probably, his horse got away from him, for Mr. Richardson came in an easy winner of the race and the £100 wager, and forthwith had his good old horse and equally faithful servant, Thomas Rickalls, perpetuated on canvas together, to commemorate the victory.

Naturally as we got older we were continually asking questions, and Maunsell being a special favourite with his mother, we generally made him the examining counsel. As it usually began and ended with many tears from our mother and grandmother, the examination was not altogether as delightful and amusing an experience as we desired, but at any rate we generally elicited some point of interest and I think



HUNTSMAN.

Bay gelding, owned by J. M. Richardson's father, who matched him against a well-known steeplechaser for £100 and won.

(With Thos. Rickalls, the groom who taught J. M. Richardson to ride.)

John Maunsell Richardson's Father

profited to a certain extent, especially Maunsell, who was always a quick and more than ordinarily intelligent boy.

For one thing, we learnt he was the soul of honour and truthfulness. His chastisement of our elder brother, when he must have been terribly ill himself and must have heartily disliked the ordeal, told us this fact when we came to a reasoning age. He was, too, a great lover of animals, who in turn adored him. He had a Black and Tan Old English Terrier, Duke by name, and so obedient was the dog, that being upstairs in the nursery, which was on the third floor, and the window open, his master unthinkingly pointed in its direction, Duke, thinking he was intended to jump out, and with no thought but to obey, jumped accordingly, and was only rescued just in time by his tail. This same old dog lives in my memory as rather a sad instance of keeping old pets alive too long. He lived to be twenty-one years old—a really authentic case of a dog's longevity—but before he died even now I can remember, with horror, his fits, his sad, sightless eyes, and the various other ills that beset an animal that has outlived his natural limits. Yet who can blame the wife who kept this living reminder of her dead husband, until from sheer old age he dropped into his grave? On both sides Maunsell inherited an almost inordinate love of animals, which in his case showed itself more especially in his intense love of horses. His mother was simply a slave to any animal, it did not matter how insignificant, and her love for them was returned in full measure.

Once she had a pig as a pet, and I can see even now in my mind's eye this little humble follower close at her heels, his tail wagging in porcine ecstasy at being allowed to be near her and follow her about. Our greyhounds once chased and bit a kitten very badly, and their victim should have been destroyed at once, so shockingly was it mauled. But no, for

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two nights my mother sat up nursing it, till in its death struggles it bit her in each hand. Then the horrible idea was mooted, was the unfortunate kitten mad? At that time the wife of the huntsman of the Brocklesby hounds, who lived at the Kennels, was known to possess a certain antidote against madness—a potion said to be infallible. So my mother went off to interview Mrs. Smith, and took me with her. To this day I can see the horrible, thick, red-brown concoction, which my poor mother drank without turning a hair, quite a fair-sized basin full. I remember it the more distinctly, as it reminded me so much of the Gregory mixture we unfortunates often had to take, only it seemed still nastier, and much thicker. At any rate, whatever its virtues, it could have done no harm, for our mother luckily felt no ill-effects, either from the bite of the poor little kitten, or from the extraordinary medicine she had imbibed!

We used also to question "Tommy" Rickalls, the faithful old servant, and from him we extracted a good deal of information as to the "horsey" side of my father's character. We learned that although he could never be called a thrusting rider with hounds, he was a keen upholder of the sport, and no doubt Maunsell learned thus early that the joy of hunting does not consist entirely in tearing over fences, cutting some one else out, or over-riding hounds, and such like atrocities, for I never knew him guilty of such deeds, nor has any one else that I ever heard of, and for this good trait in his character he had to thank his early grounding in hunting lore, inherited from his father, and filtered through faithful old "Tommy" Rickalls. Now "Tommy" also had his failing—his only one, I verily believe, for a better all-round man with horses has never existed.

My mother and grandmother used to tell the story with great gusto, as showing that Mr. Richardson, although



J. M. RICHARDSON, ON THE RIGHT OF THE PICTURE,
WITH HIS BROTHER AND SISTER IN 1851.

John Maunsell Richardson's Father

extraordinarily kind and forbearing, could be stern and sharp enough when he chose. "Tommy" Rickalls had driven the three of them some long distance to dine with friends, and had refreshed himself in the meantime in the public-house, not wisely but too well. On the homeward journey, my father, seeing him swaying backwards and forwards on his box, told him to pull up and get down, whilst he, mounting to the box of the carriage, held the reins. Obedience to authority being "Tommy's" watchword, he swayingly obeyed.

As soon as he was down, off drove my father, leaving poor "Tommy" to cool his heels and his head, some miles from home. It was supposed to teach him a lesson, and no doubt it did until next time. However, "Tommy" drunk was a better servant than many sober, and Maunsell had to thank him for his early instruction in riding, his unvarying faithfulness to his dead master, and his first lesson in the "hunting field" of the real meaning of the "Sport of Kings."

Naturally we learnt many other details concerning my father. Undoubtedly he was eccentric. But that, no doubt, was accounted for by the fact, that he lived from his boyhood, when about fourteen, until he married at thirty-three, with old Squire Richardson and his wife, and except for a very short time at school; had no playmates at all of his own age to share in his amusements. He was never sent to college either, although three of his brothers went. It is more than likely that he refused to go, and was allowed—as I believe he was in everything—to have his own way by the fond old couple who had adopted him for their own. For instance, we were told that in the middle of being shaved by his barber, he would jump up and play a tune on the flute or violin—which ever was the handiest—for he loved music and played, I believe, fairly well on both instruments.

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This talent for music was inherited by our eldest brother, who could play practically any instrument. As children we suffered much from his cornet, flute, and such-like ear-splitting torments, but eventually he settled down to the viola, and in later life discoursed sweet music upon that instrument. To his youngest son he has transmitted the full harmony of sound that his soul possessed, but for which, in the absence of adequate study of the technique of music, he could find no outward expression. It is good to know that in that son his family possess a musical genius of no common type, who has had the chance his father never enjoyed of a musical education. To Maunsell, on the other hand, music never came naturally, though in later life the singing of hymns in church gave him infinite delight. Indeed, his widow tells me that she had sometimes to restrain his ardour.

My father possessed a fine vein of humour, and could see the funny side of a thing, turning what might prove a serious matter, causing unnecessary inconvenience and possibly grave consequences, into a laughable and easily forgiven circumstance, leaving no ill-will on either side. He had a capital manservant once, called Dent, whose one fault was a great weakness for sweets, more particularly the creams and jellies left from the dinner-table. Being told of this, Mr. Richardson hit upon a plan. He chose the moment when he knew Dent was in the kitchen, talking to Mrs. Killick the cook, and coming in, observed, as the man was in the act of making off—"Don't go, Dent, I want to speak to Mrs. Killick, and tell her how pleased you are with her cooking, and how much you appreciate her sweets in particular. And now, Mrs. Killick," he said, "I want you, whenever you make us that" (naming a very delightful cream mould that had disappeared in much too rapid a manner), "to put some of it into a special



MR. AND MRS. WILLIAM RICHARDSON.

(J. M. Richardson's father and mother.)

John Maunsell Richardson's Father

mould for Dent. "You like it, don't you, Dent?" By this time Dent, covered with confusion, had escaped, but he had learnt his lesson, and no more sweets disappeared. It is a fair example of the love that Mr. Richardson inspired in those who came into contact with him, for notwithstanding this rebuff, Dent remained a faithful servant with his master to the very last.

When in Lincolnshire collecting information for this book, I went to see the last surviving member of my father's generation, Miss Colquhoun Marris, who lives at Brigg. I thought I would gather again from her some impressions first hand of Mr. Richardson, whom she well remembered, and she very kindly gave me some most interesting particulars. In person he was tall, just under six feet in stature, giving the impression of still greater height by his upright carriage and trim figure. His manner was the perfection of dignity and urbanity, for, without being strictly handsome, he had the fascination that descended in such full measure to his son Maunsell. He adored children, all of whom loved him in return. In fact, my dear cousin said—and even at this long distance of time tears were in her eyes as she spoke—"Every one loved him, and I never have in all my life—neither had my father—heard a word in his disfavour." Truly a fitting parent for John Maunsell Richardson and John Maunsell Richardson a worthy son of such a father.

CHAPTER III

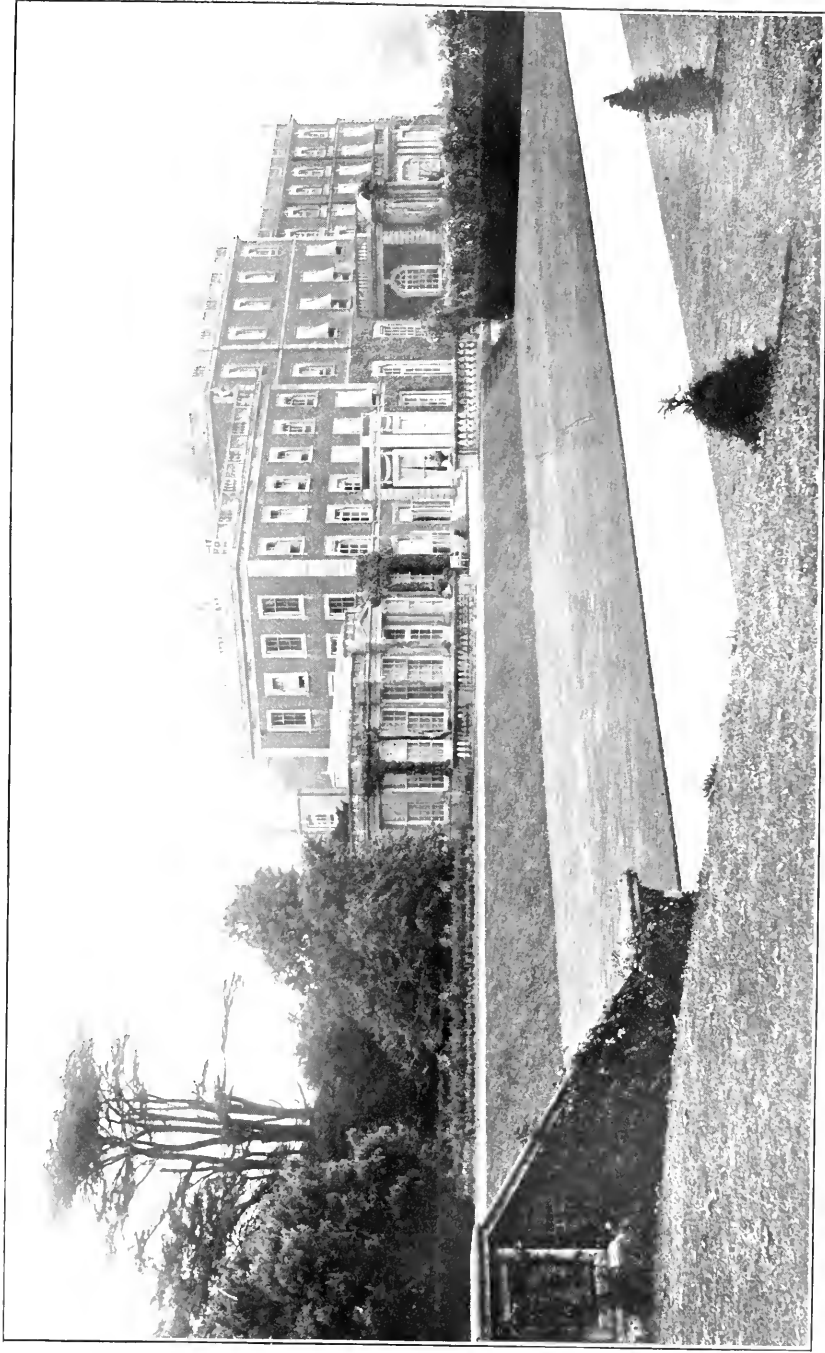
BIRTHPLACE : LIMBER MAGNA

THE village of Great Limber, or, strictly speaking, Limber Magna, now so well known in the sporting world for the stables that in 1873 and 1874 produced two Grand National winners in Disturbance and Reugny, is situated well to the north of North Lincolnshire. It is some twelve miles west of the noted fishing and seaport of Great Grimsby, about five miles south of the vast new Immingham Docks, partly built upon land held by John Maunsell Richardson's ancestors for generations, and a mile and a half south of Brocklesby Hall, that fine old-time seat of the Pelham family, now Earls of Yarborough.

The spacious park surrounding this mansion, which with its glorious old trees and fine springy turf is second to none in England, formed, amongst many of its other joys, a grand training-ground for horses destined to compete for the honours of the turf—that is, to the privileged few, who like Maunsell were allowed to enjoy its advantages.

Now, although the county of Lincolnshire is by no means all fenland, and quite flat, as it is generally supposed to be by many people who have not taken the trouble to study the geography of that county, it must be confessed, that unless a Lincolnshire village nestles amidst the wolds, it often presents a somewhat bare, not to say ugly appearance.

Thus, Great Limber village, which is on comparatively



BROCKLESBY HALL.

Where J. M. Richardson and Victoria, Countess of Yarborough lived after their marriage, from 1881 to 1886.

Birthplace : Limber Magna

flat land, might not, except for its fine old twelfth-century church, have presented any special feature of interest to the world in general unless to those who, like my brother Maunsell, were bred, born, and reared there ; he loved it better than any place in the world. Its environment grew upon him. The magnificent Brocklesby woods, stretching for miles, right away from Brocklesby Hall to Pelham's Pillar, no doubt formed to him, amidst many other charming features, a most picturesque background to the village of Limber.

This beautiful setting of woodland not only takes away all reproach of bare ugliness from the village, but makes it positively unique, for in its straggling mile of length—supposing you are walking from one end to the other—one is accompanied by this stretch of trees, which follows you, either on your right hand or your left, as you go up or down the long village street. Over a century ago, the then owner of the Brocklesby estates, Squire Pelham, planted these millions of trees for the benefit of his heirs in succeeding generations, and for the beautifying of his favourite village, that of Limber Magna. It is also a happy thought to his descendants, that Squire Pelham's lifelong friend, Squire Richardson of Immingham, our great-great-uncle, who rented the big "Top House" at Limber, and much land adjoining from Squire Pelham, had also a hand in adorning the village he too loved so well.

As one imagines those men and their times and ambitions, one can see them in one's mind's eye, two fine old English gentlemen, both then in the prime of life, in top boots, buff breeches, and brass-buttoned blue coats, astride their respective bob-tailed nags, and sallying forth day after day, to determine which would be the best site for the planting of the trees, and deciding where the proposed great belt would be best broad, or best narrow. They no doubt took with them

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professional foresters, who would finally help them to determine upon a scheme of woodcraft, the realization of which has since become the pride and glory, not only of Squire Pelham's direct descendants, but of the whole folk of North Lincolnshire. Surely each individual tree bears silent witness that the man who gave so much thought, time, and money to the beautifying of his estate, and his county, is worthy of praise and perhaps some emulation in present days.

An inscription, upon one of the well-known landmarks of North Lincolnshire, Pelham's Pillar, where the woods end, and which is also their furthest point from Brocklesby Hall, tells the story of the undertaking, and from its height, will repay the sightseer the trouble of climbing so many steps, not only to see these miles of trees and to note the grace of their waving lines, but to be rewarded with a bird's-eye view, which, on a clear day, gives a radius of some forty miles of the surrounding country. The inscription on Pelham's Pillar runs thus: "This Pillar was erected to commemorate the planting of these Woods by Charles Anderson Pelham, Lord Yarborough, who commenced planting in 1787, and between that year and 1823, planted on his property, 12,552,700 trees. The Foundation of this Pillar was laid in the year 1840 by his son, and the building finished by his Grandson in 1849."

It seems wonderful, looking at these grand century-old trees, that they, as well as the sturdy oak, or its graceful neighbour, the silver birch, were once such tender saplings, that the smallest child was forbidden on pains and penalties to play amidst their tempting recesses; and that they were then called "The Plantations," which only merged into the more dignified name of "The Woods" by very slow degrees.

When Mrs. Maunsell, our grandmother, from whom came



A GLADE IN BROCKLESBY WOODS.

Birthplace : Limber Magna

my brother's name Maunsell, was quite a little girl—she also having been born and bred at Limber—the parental commands against making the tempting Plantations a playground were so strictly enforced, that, when she said the Lord's Prayer at night, instead of repeating the words "lead us not into temptation," she always said to herself, "and lead me not into the Plantations."

Then, too, the Sport of Kings, a hundred years ago, if not quite so fashionable a pursuit as it is now, was as well and as enthusiastically supported in North Lincolnshire, as in any other county. Moreover, these new Plantations soon became valuable breeding grounds, and cover, for Master Reynard; and, as such, assumed a still more sacred character to lovers of fox-hunting, as all good Limber folk were, the celebrated Brocklesby Hounds being then well to the fore.

The delight of the Brocklesby Woods does not, however, consist of splendid trees alone. The broad grassy rides that traverse them from end to end make them a veritable paradise for lovers of riding. Think of it! With fine trees, on either side of you, sheltering you from the cutting winds of winter, and shading you from the too great heat of the summer sun, you can canter along on springy turf for miles if you wish, with neither a rabbit-hole to give you a nasty fall, nor a rise in the ground high enough to necessitate a breather for your horse.

Was ever any neighbourhood so perfect for riders, old or young, as this happy part of the world, this piece of dear old Lincolnshire? Small wonder, then, that Maunsell Richardson never remembered when he first began to ride, or even when on some small steed he first followed the hounds. In fact, riding was more natural to we three children than walking, and infinitely more agreeable.

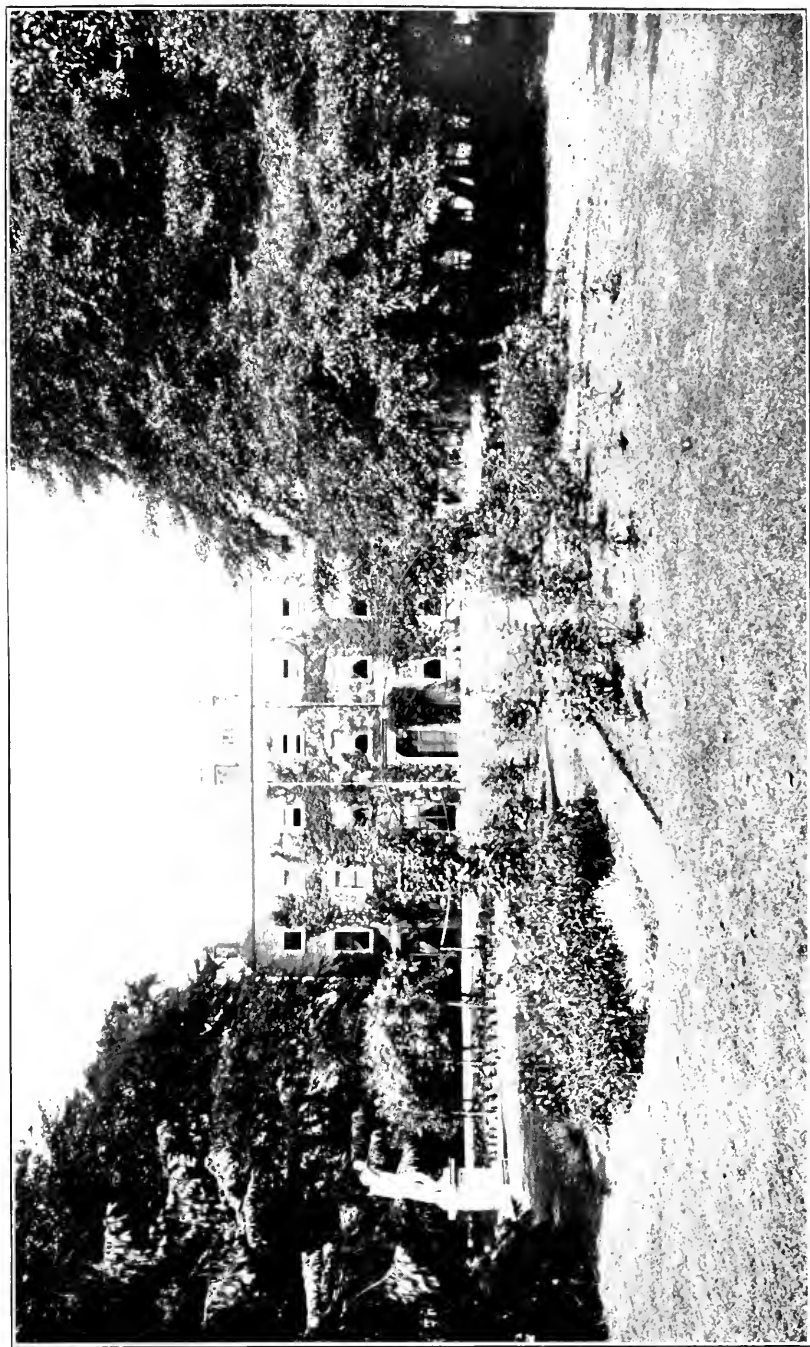
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As for the houses that form the village of Great Limber, they consisted when Maunsell was born, as they do now—with the exception of the house that the late Lord Yarborough built for my brother's occupation—of five principal residences, the rest being cottages. There are the village shops—one being dignified by the possession of the post-office—and the inn, which still rejoices in the name of the "New Inn," although some one hundred years have passed since its foundation stones were laid.

The largest of these five houses was known as Great Limber House, or more often called by the villagers "The Top House," as it stands at the extreme east end of the village, generally regarded as the "Top." It is a fine specimen of Georgian brickwork, and is surrounded by a large grass homestead—so large, in fact, that one half of its space was enough for the setting up of three of the regulation-size hurdles, and a good gallop round, which ensured the "taking down the back" of a too fresh horse, as ours were often wont to be, upon first leaving their stables. And that the homestead was large enough for this necessary adjunct to good horsemanship was all that concerned us, the then inhabitants of the "Top House," from childhood upwards.

If you walk through the west gate of this homestead—for though the inhabitants of the "Top House" have unfortunately changed, the House and grounds are the same—you come into the village. As you walk past solidly built brick cottages, generally gable-ended, with gardens back and front—the front garden bright with flowers—everywhere you see signs of the well-being of the farm labourer, and the kindly care of the respective landlords.

These cottages are built on each side of a pleasantly broad street, curving somewhat to the left, as you pass down from



GREAT LIMBER HOUSE.
The birthplace of J. M. Richardson.

Birthplace : Limber Magna

the "Top House," and a few hundred yards further on you come to a turn on the left which leads you (now, alas! through the beautiful Lych Gate, erected to John Maunsell Richardson's memory by his Lincolnshire friends) to the old church, which, like most of those in Lincolnshire, has a sturdy square tower, and is full of interest, both inside and out, to the students of the church architecture of that period.

In our childhood, the old-fashioned square pews still filled the body of the church. They have been carted off to the rubbish heap long since, and the newer-fashioned, low, doorless pews have been substituted. But somehow it always seems to me that the old square pews—loose boxes as they were often irreverently called—accorded better with the old Norman arches and the grey old walls.

When we were children one of these square pews was assigned to the occupants of each of the large houses, with a separate oblong pew at the back of it, for the servants of each residence, giving a kind of feudal setting to the picture.

Unfortunately for us children—consisting of my two brothers and myself—our pew was situated directly under the pulpit, and it was a fearsome sight when the clergyman looked down upon us, with eyes which in our imagination boded ill for our happiness—in this world at all events.

He certainly managed to make our Sundays the most dreary day of all the week—a day we detested with our whole hearts, and the only one on which we were as sad to rise in the morning as we were delighted to go to bed at night, which, it goes without saying, was by no means our usual state of mind. To be compelled to listen twice every Sunday, for a whole hour, to the dreariest of discourses, was a penalty which, thank goodness! is not now inflicted as it was then on church-tormented children. Truly, among the many fine traits in my

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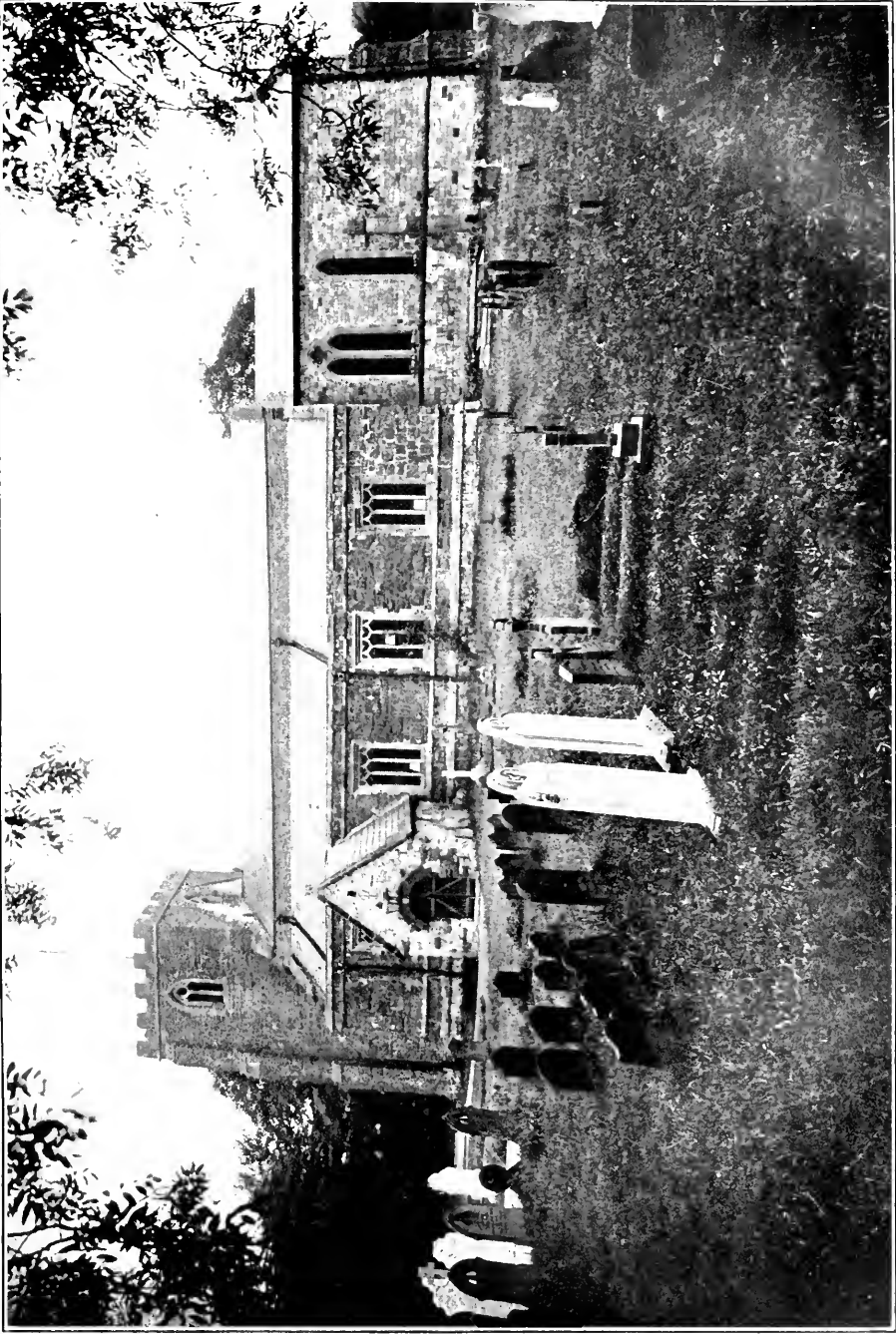
brother Maunsell's character, it is not the least, that after the nauseous dose of so-called religion he was subjected to as a child, he retained to the last a great and ever-growing respect for the Church and her service. To churchgoers nowadays, even in very remote country districts, it seems incredible, that as late as the middle of the last century such a caricature of what Church worship ought to be certainly existed.

Oh! the dreariness of the long, droned-out prayers! The appalling length of the nasal abomination of the drawled-out singing by the village school children, without even the modest harmonium to keep them in tune! Well might we children come to the conclusion that if this were the prototype of Heaven, and Heaven consisted entirely of Sunday, we should much prefer everlasting week-days amongst the, perhaps, more wicked, but certainly more sympathetic community.

Looking back through the long vista of years, one can only think that the then Vicar of Great Limber found peace for his own conscience in boring himself as well as his congregation profoundly once a week, thus doing penance for the fact that he absented himself from his parish most week-days, and, instead of visiting his parishioners, found more recreation in operations on the London Stock Exchange.

Leaving the church and coming back to the main road, you pass the rectory on your left, screened from the road by a wall, to pass which, to us children, was always a sensational experience, for it was there our ogre of Sunday dwelt, and we often longed to see what he looked like out of church.

From this, the road bears slightly to the left, and you come to the forge. In Maunsell's racing days the owner of the forge, Grimbleby by name, excelled in all matters of shoeing, in fact, was a perfect master of his craft. No horse was too vicious for him to tackle, no equine foot too difficult for him



GREAT LIMBER CHURCH.
(South side.)

Birthplace : Limber Magna

to fit, no racing plate too delicate for him to manipulate. When my brother first started what I may call serious racing, Grimbleby determined that he would thoroughly master the blacksmith's finest art, the racing plate, and with such infinite care did he study the matter, that never once did he fail, nor a horse that he had shod lose a race through bad shoeing, as is so frequently the case.

From the blacksmith's you come to an open space, and on the south side, facing the New Inn, is a broad, iron-railed, gravel road, leading to a pair of finely wrought gates, which bring you to Limber's famous and most cherished building, the Mausoleum of the Earls of Yarborough. This dome-shaped building was erected under the direction of James Wyatt by the same Squire Pelham to whom Limber owes its background of woodlands, in memory of his much-loved wife, who has gone down to posterity in Sir Joshua Reynolds' famous picture, entitled "Mrs. Pelham feeding her chickens." She died at the age of thirty-two years.

This grand tomb stands on a grassy insulated eminence known to have been a Roman tumulus, many Roman sepulchral urns having been found there when digging the foundations, right in the heart of the woods, where they are broadest, and is surrounded by magnificent specimens of the cedar of Lebanon, the seeds of which were brought from the East and planted on the spot where they now flourish, by Squire Pelham's own hands, over a hundred years ago.

The interior of the Mausoleum, consecrated by Dr. Prettyman, the then Bishop of Lincoln, in 1794, is circular, and is divided into four compartments by eight fluted columns supporting a vaulted and highly decorated stained glass dome, which when the door of this mortuary chapel is closed throws a soft and beautiful light upon the interior of the building. This light, as was

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specially designed by Mr. Wyatt, falls directly on the beautiful white marble statue of Mrs. Pelham executed by the celebrated sculptor Nolikins, and surely one of his finest works of art, which stands alone in the centre of the chapel, enclosed by thick brass rails.

Even as a child, I can well remember how beautiful this sculptured figure appeared to me, and quite recently when I saw it again, and the custodian closed the door in the old familiar manner, I felt a curious thrill when looking at it, realizing, as I did, how the man who had loved her so well thought no expense too great, no personal trouble too much, to surround her even in death with undying marks of his affection.

Having visited the Mausoleum, one should return by the main road of the village. Near the New Inn, on your left-hand side, you come to cross-roads, and if you walk a few hundred yards on the right-hand road you see a very charming long, low, pointed house, which in our young days was occupied by the Nelson family, of whom one son and one daughter, though some years older, were, for most purposes, our comrades in arms.

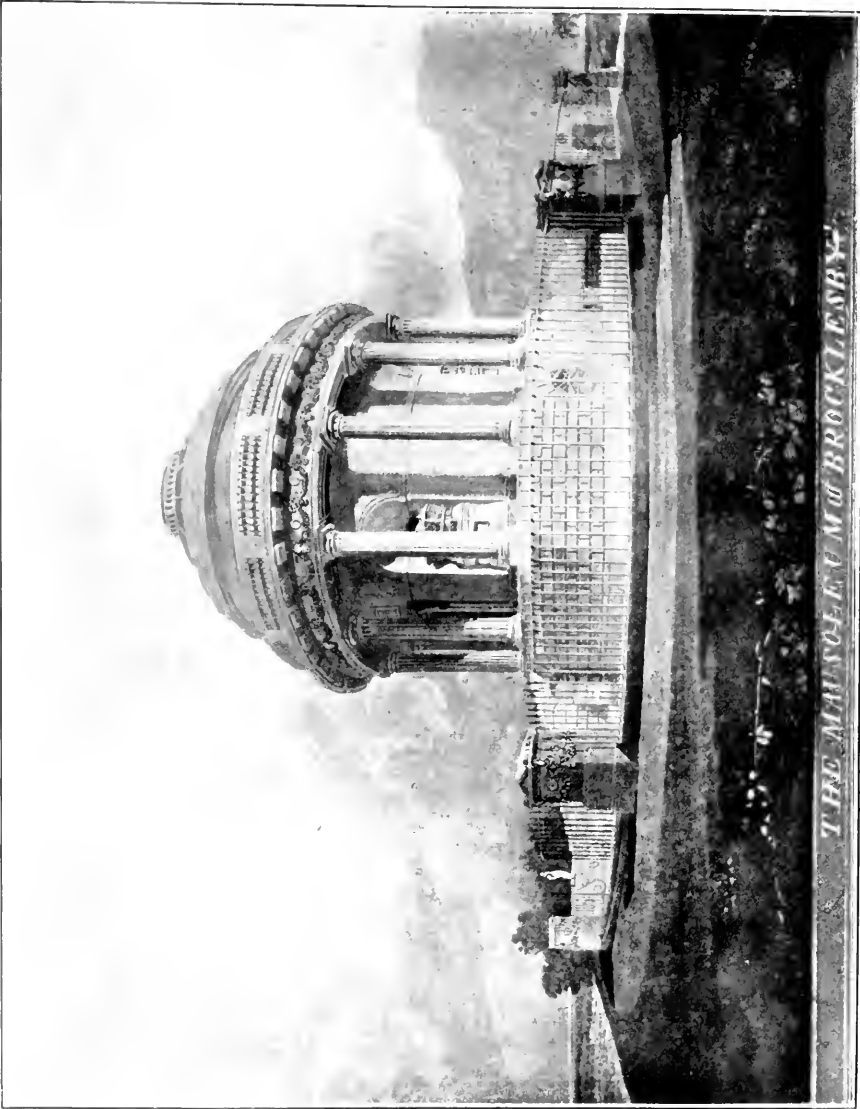
Should you, however, take the left-hand road from the New Inn, and walk for a hundred yards or so, you come to a still more picturesque long, low house, on your right hand. In fact, you come to all that remains—except its extensive foundations which are situated in a field adjoining the “Top House,”—of what was a fine old Priory, founded by R. de Humer in 1180 A.D., and one that flourished and gave kindly hospitality to all the poor of Great Limber, and for many miles around, without discrimination. A pond in front of this house is still called Priest’s Dyke, and though shallow now at its sides, is so deep in the middle, that a full-sized horse getting into it would have to swim to get out.



MRS. PELHAM FEEDING HER CHICKENS.

From the celebrated painting by Sir Joshua Reynolds, in the possession of the Earl of Yarborough.

(The Mausoleum at Brocklesby was built to her memory.)



From an old engraving.

Birthplace : Limber Magna

A propos of the depth of this pond, which doubtless formed one of the sources from which the inhabitants of the Priory derived their fish supply, there are two other fishing ponds in Limber. We had a stolid, good-humoured bay carriage horse and an evil-minded black pony, rightly named Beelzebub. The latter belonged to our grandmother, who used to drive him in a low basket phaeton, and with her he was always tractable. With us children, however, he was quite the reverse, exercising his demoniacal qualities by rearing over end several times with one or the other up ; running away with us in our grandmother's pony-carriage when we had sneaked it, as was frequently the case, and in other ways showing us how very much he preferred to be handled by his superiors instead of by us, for whom he felt no respect whatever.

Now Beelzebub, who, as many people do their opposites, loved the stolid bay horse and in summer roamed the homestead with him, was continually leading his friend into mischief. Once having opened the gate which led into the village, and which had been fitted with a special iron bar against his depredations, the two careered with infinite joy all through the place. Then finding they were in danger of immediate capture, made a bee-line for their paddock, and swam across the fine old Priest Dyke, showing its exceeding depth, which no one appeared to have plumbed before.

Walking back to the main street, and going straight on from the junction of the cross-roads, you pass cottages on both sides, and then come to the large end house of the village, generally known as "The Other End," or more commonly as "The Marris." This house, situated at the extreme west of the village of Great Limber, was the birthplace of our grandmother, Mrs. Maunsell, where our mother was brought up from a baby, and it was from this house that the latter migrated to

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the "Top House" on her marriage with one of the then great catches of North Lincolnshire, our father, the fascinating young Squire Richardson, himself no mean sportsman.

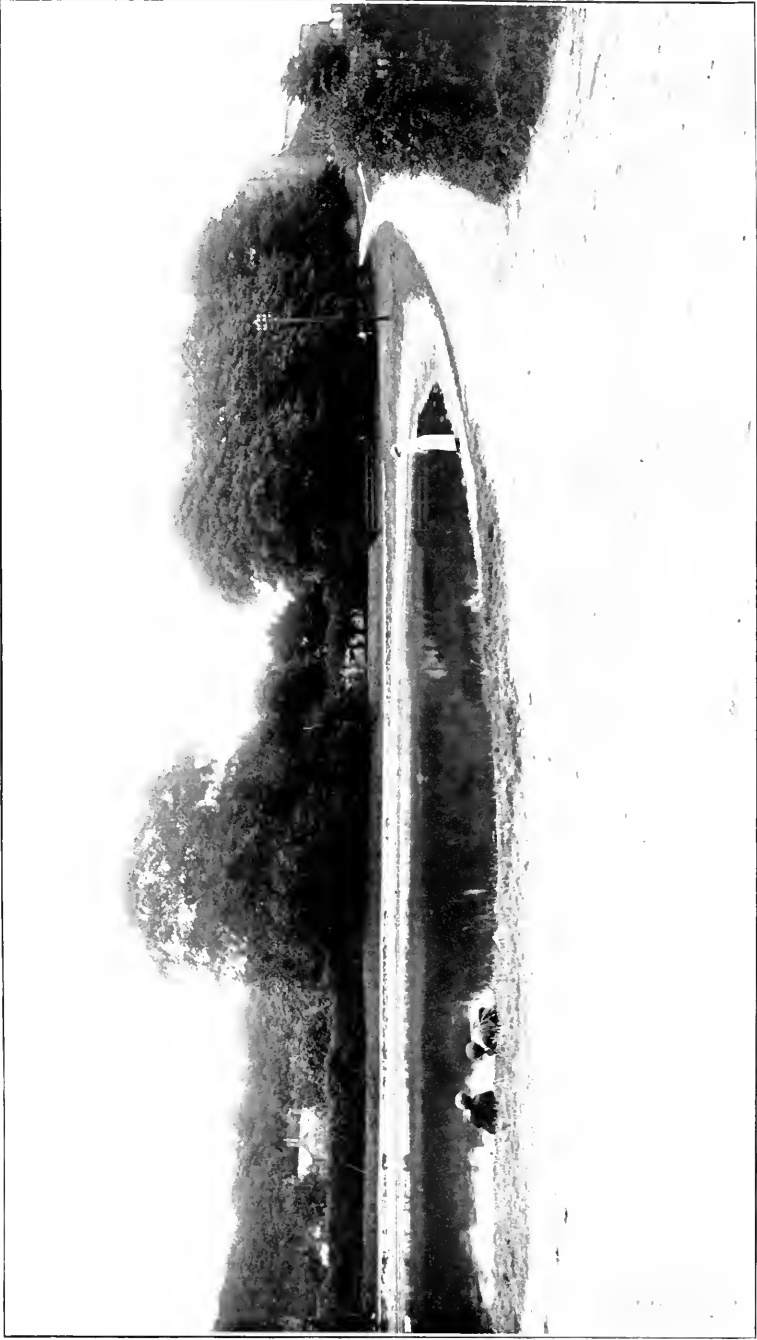
Thus, it will be seen that the village of Great Limber, with its environs and its traditions, was a fine training ground in the sporting direction, and no doubt was a great factor in leading my brother Maunsell's mind, even as a child, and ultimately as a man, to make sport in the best sense of the word the one absorbing interest of his life.

There is also another peculiarity of North Lincolnshire that gives even hack-riding a particular pleasure. The ordinary high-roads rejoice in broad grassy sides, where two or three riders can canter along abreast, quite secure from any pitfalls for miles, and without any necessity for the "'ammer, 'ammer, 'ammer on the 'ard 'igh road." They can ride from village to town, or from town to village, *ad lib.* Roads may have grassy sides in other counties, but so far as the present writer has seen, none comparable, either in size or in the springy quality of the turf, to those of North Lincolnshire.

No doubt the roads were mapped out on a generous scale by those then in power long centuries ago, for the Romans are undoubtedly responsible for many of the roads in North Lincolnshire. Land grabbers were not; railways had not ploughed their iron tracks through the country; even stage coaches were non-existent, the only mode of locomotion being the trusty Roadster and the Pack-horse.

My brother Maunsell's childhood was by no means entirely taken up by the one sport, of riding or hunting. He loved, as in fact he did all his life long, every kind of honest sport for sport's sake, excelling from childhood in every game to which he put his hand.

In fact, for Maunsell to become one of the greatest



PRIESTS' DYKE AT GREAT LIMBER.

One of the ponds formerly belonging to the old Priory of 1180.

Birthplace : Limber Magna

sportsmen of his age was but the natural outcome of the love of his early days. And there is no doubt that he gained his wonderful capacity for never losing his head in a race, or any other form of competitive exhibition, from the fact, that from childhood he always sought out youths considerably his senior in age, and well worthy of his steel.

We all three emancipated ourselves at a very early age from the control of our grandmother and mother, and dispensed as often as possible with the attendance of our kind old groom, who had taught us all to ride, really believing that we were in every way capable of managing ourselves and our ponies. And although it would not be advisable for every boy to attempt this early emancipation in matters equine, yet it can hardly be doubted that it made my brother, from a very early age, a self-reliant horseman.

The great love of horses which grew up with him, from the day when at four years old he was presented with his first mount, a very handsome Shetland pony, no doubt contributed in a large measure to his wonderful judgment where horses were concerned, and made him one of the soundest, as he was one of the most popular judges at the hundreds of Horse Shows at which he was called upon to adjudicate. I recall that this same small steed gave him his initial taste for racing, for the first time he mounted it, with much pride before an admiring crowd, I amongst the number, it promptly ran away with him round and round the field, but he stuck to it, and at last reined it in before us in triumph. Frightened he was, no doubt, but victorious.

CHAPTER IV

“THE CAT’S” FIRST STEEPLECHASE

FOR some time past an acute rivalry had existed between we three children, our cousins and our friends in Limber, as to the comparative merits of our steeds, especially in connection with the powers of the latter in crossing a country.

On the flat we had always a good means of judging, for it was a rare thing indeed if a race of some kind did not come off each day we rode out. It was our regular practice to ride somewhere every day, wet or fine. As a matter of fact, in our heterogeneous riding parties, none of us could pass or even come up to the other, but the trot or canter became a gallop, then a race to the nearest stone-heap, tree, or gate. In these extemporary races my chestnut pony Tommy, who had a knack of jumping off quickly at the start, nearly always proved a winner. We had, however, so far, never attempted a steeplechase, and our souls were thirsting to prove which of our mounts was the best across country.

After long and anxious deliberation between the three of us, our cousins and friends, it was decided unanimously that there must be a test, which should take the form of a real steeplechase, on the most approved grown-up lines. It was also decided that we three must take the initiative, it being a recognized fact, that whatever the arbiters of our fate allowed us to do, the other parents in the village followed suit, and



J. M. RICHARDSON AT FOUR YEARS OLD.

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allowed their sons and daughters to do likewise. But in this instance, determined as we were to have our own way in every particular, we felt that to organize a real grown-up steeplechase without the aid of our elders was absolutely impossible. We had, therefore, to consider seriously how we could best “work the oracle,” or in other words, how we could get our mother’s and grandmother’s consent and assistance. In minor matters, such as riding, hunting, playing quoits, football, cricket, etc., we had always been successful, and did as we liked; but we felt that more diplomacy than we had ever exercised before was necessary, if we were to be allowed to organize the projected race meeting.

At last we decided upon our plan of campaign, which was to approach the enemy individually. Maunsell being my mother’s favourite was told off to attack her, and my brother Willie being his grandmother’s boy was to bring up his forces to bear upon her in like manner. My part was that of a deeply interested spectator, who gave the weight of her influence and support to the attacking party; the more so as my precious pony was to be ridden in the race by Maunsell, who, as I had been forbidden to ride him myself in the race, would, I knew, place his mount in the best position possible.

Stout and self-willed as our hearts were, so much depended upon the glad consent of our elders, that I remember well, pulses were beating pretty fast when the great subject was broached to them. But oh! the joy when permission was given—just permission at first, but which very soon afterwards, no doubt after anxious consultation with others, developed into an enthusiasm almost as great as ours over the whole business.

Certain stipulations, however, were made. The race was to be run over our own land; the fences to be thoroughly well

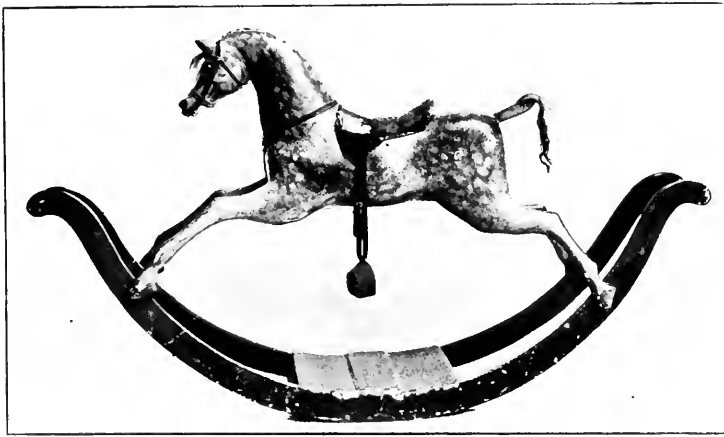
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trimmed down ; ditches cleared, etc., etc., and the course (this we also had determined) flagged in correct steeplechase fashion, and the desired racing kits to be home made. Thus, we having won the day with the arbiters of our fate, the other parents of competitors in the coming race fell into line ; and nothing now remained but to get the racing kits ready, the racecourse in order, and to fix the day.

Naturally, first in order came the choosing of their racing colours by my two brothers. In anxious conclave, assisted by our elders, it was decided that the new Richardson colours should be Orange and Blue. My eldest brother's should be "Orange body, blue sleeves, orange cap ;" Maunsell's were "blue body, orange sleeves, blue cap." It was in these same colours that my eldest brother won many races as a young man ; and they were also Maunsell's colours for many years, in fact until those were registered in which he won his first Grand National.

But after the selection of the colours, there were so many other practical and important details to be attended to, that a fortnight was considered the shortest time in which everything could be got ready. Two weeks at that time of life is more like two months later on, but we tried to possess our souls in patience, and revelled in the thought of superintending the necessary details, including the buying and fashioning of each article that would be required for the racing outfits, to the minutest detail.

Glazed calico of the correct shade was ordained for the jackets and caps (we were not allowed to run to silk) ; while for the breeches, two pairs belonging to our defunct racing great-uncle, Mr. Thos. Marris, one of grandmother's brothers, were to be cut down to the required size. The correct racing boots, we soon found, were to prove our greatest trouble.



J. M. RICHARDSON'S VERY FIRST MOUNT.

“The Cat’s” First Steeplechase

We certainly found boots galore, hunting boots, racing boots, etc., etc., when we had the joy of ransacking Uncle Tom’s old chests of clothes. But the size of these boots? That was the rub! However, as my brothers had quite determined that they must have racing boots—and these at all events were not too small—we felt sure that we could devise a plan of making them as wearable as they were appropriate. And this we did, with what result will be seen afterwards. During these at first seemingly interminable two weeks our time was fully and delightfully occupied by superintending and watching our good household tailor, Josiah Fytche, cutting out, trying on, and otherwise busying himself in carrying out the racing jackets and caps from correct grown-up patterns, and from the calico which had arrived in due course, not only quite perfect in colour, but looking so like silk that we forgot to be disappointed that it was only an imitation.

The breeches, too, had to be tried on many a time before they could be pronounced comfortable and workmanlike. And the delight of the feel of a first pair of well-made and comfortable riding breeches must be known to be appreciated.

Good kind old friend, tailor Fytche! Truly he took as much interest in that racing outfit as we did ourselves, and repaid the infinite variety of our childish teasings—for he was a constant worker in our house, sitting cross-legged upon a table in our big front kitchen—by a nobility of spirit that scorned to take a mean advantage upon us, when we were in such deadly earnest to get all things ready in time for the great day, by even pretending to be slow. I really believe, moreover, that we had the grace from that time forth to no longer hide his beeswax, to blunt his big scissors, or to squirm so persistently when he was trying on any of our clothes, that it was almost an impossibility to make a good fit.

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We also superintended the clipping of the hedges, and the length of the course, in which we were greatly assisted by our great-uncle Mr. William Marris, another of our grandmother's brothers, and one of our trustees! His opinion we treated with great respect, as having ridden in several steeple-chases himself, we considered him competent to advise—actually to advise us—just think of it! Then came the final decision as to who should ride this or that horse or pony in the race? Who, in fact, were to be the competitors?

Finally it was arranged that the field was to consist of four runners. My two brothers; our great friend George Nelson; and our second cousin George Marris (our uncle William's eldest son); owners up; catch weights.

My brother Willie was to ride his thoroughbred bay cob, 14.2, a handsome, high-spirited little animal, and a perfect fencer. Maunsell's mount was my 14 hands dark chestnut pony Tommy, a nice thoroughbred, with a touch of the Arab in him, never beaten on the flat in our impromptu races, and a remarkably fine fencer. George Nelson was to ride his own brown horse, 15.2, and George Marris his grey mare, also 15.2. Both these last-named riders and horses were in every way superior in age, size and weight to my brothers or their mounts, but as catch weights had been ordained it did not matter much. George Nelson was eighteen years old, and a good weight for his age, and George Marris was seventeen, and also scaled a fairly proportionate amount for his age and size, but my brothers, respectively ten and eleven years old, carried no superficial amount of flesh, and so it was justly supposed that the conditions of the race would bring the horses together. Catch weights, of course, meant in this case that the jockeys, being owners of their respective horses, were neither to increase nor diminish their weights by a single ounce.

“The Cat’s” First Steeplechase

Really it was a race between youths and mere boys; between full-sized horses and ponies. Still, as out larking we had always been able to negotiate every fence our elders and their horses had cleared, we were undaunted, and believed that if we could not win we could at least put up a very good show. The two weeks passed at last, and the fateful day dawned.

It was a lovely January morning, on a Tuesday and consequently non-hunting day, for nothing could have induced us to fix the race for a day on which it would have been possible to go out hunting. Needless to say, amongst our other preparations, each day had seen the two ponies thoroughly well schooled, either over the fences, later on to become the race-course obstacles, or over some other part of our well-known skylarking grounds.

My two brothers’ mounts were, in consequence, in perfect condition, and I suppose never had owners, even professional trainers of racehorses, all the world over, regarded the feeding, exercising and health of their animals more anxiously than we had done. In this we were ably seconded by our head groom, “Jimmy” Marfleet, the successor of “Tommy” Rickalls, to whom any prowess we or our steeds exhibited in the hunting field, or elsewhere, was a matter of infinite delight.

Seeing that we three children, and those whom we led astray, practically provided the whole village of Limber with amusement and wonder over our escapades, it is not surprising that there was quite an imposing muster of the natives in the winning field, anxiously waiting to see the finish.

“Just ye think, now, that tha’ young Squire Richardson (so my eldest brother was called) and Mr. Maunsell was agoing to race over fences agin Maister George Nelson and Maister George Marris!”

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“Aye, that they was and no mistake!”

Against driving in the big barouche I had definitely “struck.” Barred from riding in the race, I was determined to be as locomotive as possible, and had borrowed Maunsell’s pony in place of my own, on which he had the mount.

My grandmother had the smaller dinner bell, which she was deputed to ring when they were “off,” in the approved race-course fashion. We had pleaded for the larger bell to be unshipped from its coign of vantage over the Side door, as it would, we thought, be louder and more effective. But on this piece of vandalism the authority at the Home Office at once put a veto.

Soon after our carriage had taken up its position at the winning post (which was also the starting post), the competitors in their bright colours were seen coming along in the approved leisurely fashion down the road which led into the starting field.

Then came the preliminary canter. How my heart beat when I saw Maunsell and my dear chestnut pony! What a gallant little figure he looked, and it was only natural that in my heart of hearts I wished him to be the winner. Although so long as the Richardson colours were to the front, whichever brother wore them, I felt it ought to be the same to me. And, then, wild joy and excitement, for at the ringing of the dinner bell, the competitors assembled in a line, four abreast, at the starting post, and at the word “off” from Uncle William Marris, who was the starter, the whole four made a splendid start. The quartette took the first hedge in fine style, Maunsell, to my excited imagination, carrying off the palm in every particular. After the first fence, the course turned to the left, over another hedge and ditch into a fair-sized field; then round a flag, and to the right again, over two more fields.



THE SIDE DOOR OF GREAT LIMBER HOUSE.
Particularly mentioned by Lord Minto in his " Impressions."

“The Cat’s” First Steeplechase

which brought them to one of the most intricate and important jumps, viz. : the crossing of the Caistor Road, in and out.

It was to this point that I galloped off after seeing the start, and arrived just in time to see the field, minus one of their number, rapidly approaching. Of the three, two, I was delighted to note, were my brothers; the missing one being George Marris, whom I could discern in the distance, in hot pursuit of his grey mare, which had apparently come to grief at the second fence. My brother Willie was leading on his bay cob, George Nelson on his brown horse close behind, and Maunsell, evidently on the best of terms with his mount, as I anxiously noticed, was lying close on their quarters.

Willie and George Nelson crossed the road, jumping the fences in splendid style; but, alas! a sad fate awaited poor Maunsell. Some spirit of evil must have entered into my pony—at the best of times apt to be a little too free at his fences—for in the midst of his usual little rush at his jump, he stopped dead short as he got up to the first fence, and threw his rider right over his head into the road. But even then, the same agility which afterwards earned for him the sobriquet of “The Cat” stood Maunsell in good stead.

Turning a complete somersault, he alighted on his feet, facing the hedge with the reins, to which he clung, still in his hands, with a determination to hold on at any cost to his steed. But not all of him left the saddle. One of Uncle Tom’s big faithless and unmanageable racing boots remained behind, jammed in the stirrup. We had made these look possible to wear, for we had determined that they were necessary to complete the beauty of the racing kit, and had arranged that by the wearing of several pairs of socks, the feet at least would appear a perfect fit.

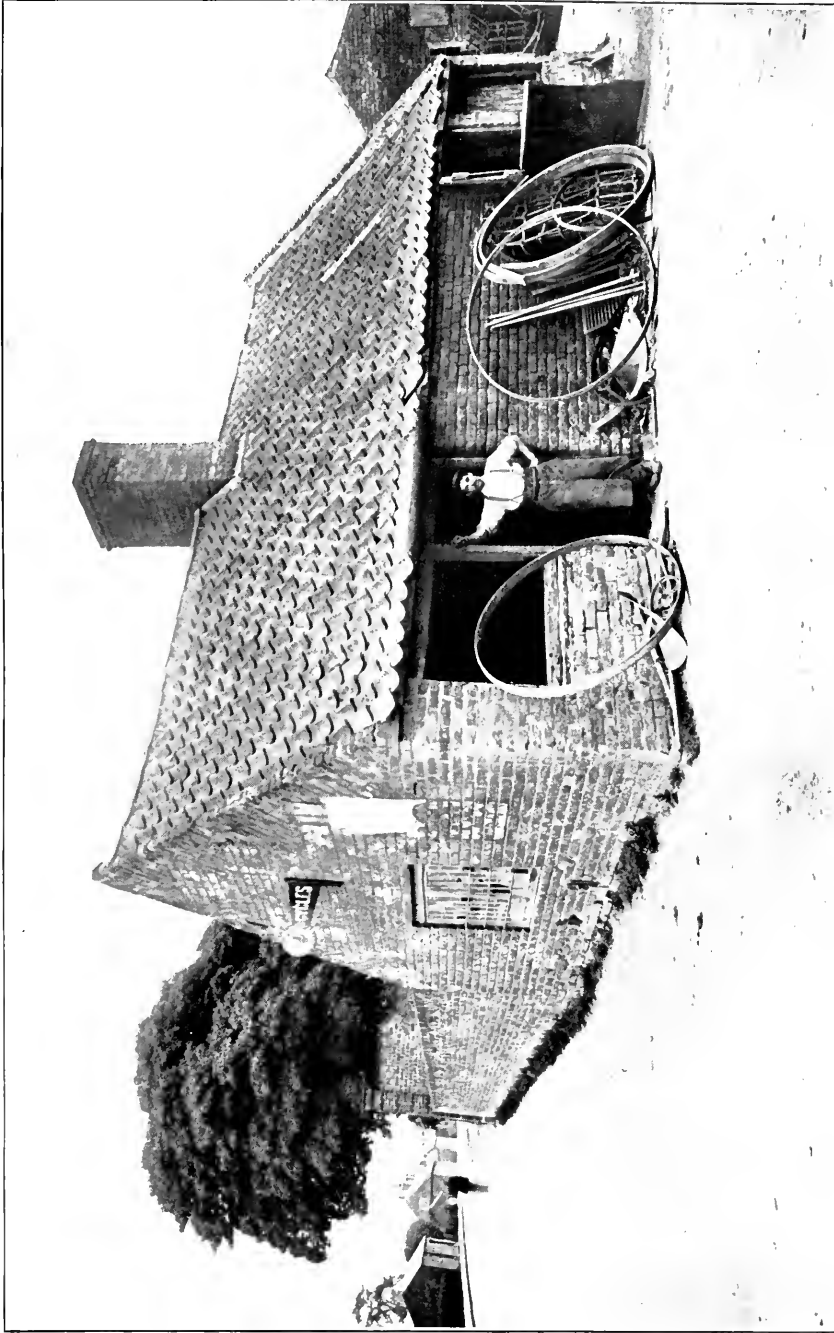
It was the tops that had given us the most thought and

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anxiety, and this difficulty we had only overcome by stuffing the calf of each leg, after the boots were on, with newspapers. It was quite clear that the paper had shifted, and out came the leg. I can see Maunsell now, standing in the road; a boot on one leg, on the other only a sock; his arm stretched to its fullest extent, holding on to the reins, determination in his face—in every line of his little body—as, nothing daunted, he clambered back over the stubby hedge. I can see him remounting, getting his stockinged foot into his enormous boot again, and after taking his mount back to the required distance, jumping in and out of the road, then racing after the first two as hard as his pony could lay its feet to the ground.

As far as my eyes could follow, I watched him galloping along in the wake of the others, grimly determined to catch them up. Then I made the best of my way back to the winning field, in order to see the finish. George Nelson came in first on his brown horse, my brother Willie second half a length behind, and Maunsell in spite of all drawbacks finished by no means a bad third. Thus ended Maunsell's first steeplechase. Possibly it was—who can tell?—the most exciting race, in a sense, he ever rode. In it he displayed, at ten years old, the same extraordinary pluck and determination not to give in which in later years stood him in such good stead.

Indeed, I have often wondered, when, as Mr. Finch-Mason relates in his record of my brother's racing career, given later on in the book, he broke three stirrup leathers at the first fence in as many important steeplechases, winning in spite of the way he was handicapped, whether the thought of that faithless racing boot that betrayed him in his childhood's first race, ever caused him, not only an inward laugh at the recollection, but made his determination the stronger to persevere to the bitter end? As I write this Memoir, one of those small glazed calico racing



THE FORGE, LIMBER MAGNA.

Where the Grand National winners were shod.

“The Cat’s” First Steeplechase

jackets lies before me. It is my eldest brother’s “orange body and blue sleeves.” Beautifully made, it is exactly like a real silk grown-up racing jacket, truly a most faithful reproduction! Dear old tailor Fytche! Good old days, the best remembered of all, perhaps, being that on which my afterwards famous brother rode his first steeplechase.

CHAPTER V

THE COMING OF THE RIDING COUNTESS OF YARBOROUGH INTO NORTH LINCOLNSHIRE

IT is by no means overstating the case, and I am sure every one of her old friends, and young ones too, who have known this fact from their cradle upwards, and who read this book, will agree with me, that the coming of Lady Worsley, now Victoria Countess of Yarborough, into North Lincolnshire, caused a revolution of the most joyous kind over the whole country-side.

Before her advent there had been a vein of marked dullness in and around the old Pelham stronghold, as the family rarely visited Brocklesby, and if they did, the visit was of very short duration, the flag, always flying when the family were in residence at the Hall, and which was so anxiously looked for by the residents for miles around, being seldom hoisted. Most unfortunately, the then reigning Earl of Yarborough, grandfather of the present Earl, was a confirmed invalid, and the Countess, his wife, being no special lover of outdoor sports of any kind herself, and disliking the dullness of the country, naturally preferred life in town.

The famous Brocklesby pack of foxhounds was kept up, however, in the fine old style of former years, the huntsman, Tom Smith, one of the celebrated Smith succession of huntsmen to the Pelham family, showing thoroughly good sport, and



THE COUNTESS OF YARBOROUGH.

On Brilliant, with two celebrated hounds of the Brocklesby Pack.

(From the painting by Sir Francis Grant, presented by the Brocklesby tenantry and friends in 1805.)

The Coming of the Countess of Yarborough

keeping foxes down even to the satisfaction of exacting farmers. At the time of which I write, the Brocklesby Hunt, sound as it was for all practical purposes, lacked the leadership of an M.F.H. able to attend to his duties as such, which in a county such as Lincolnshire, as in fact in all hunting counties, promotes good fellowship in the hunting field.

In the case of the Brocklesby Hounds this was, perhaps, more noticeable, as the successive Earls of Yarborough were not only the owners of the splendid packs of hounds by which that part of the county was hunted, and as such, hereditary Masters of their hounds, but were also the landlords of the vast Brocklesby estates. Even when our invalid M.F.H. was able to show himself at the covert-side, I well remember how his presence was hailed with delight, and how courteous and kind he was to every one; especially singling out we three children, who were all allowed to hunt directly we could ride, for he and our father had been great friends.

One special hunting day, when the writer, then five or six years old, was the one small female person out with the hounds, I remember a gentleman coming up to me, and in the kindest manner telling me to come with him and he would show me the fox—always a much-coveted sight. He was riding a very small hunter, almost a pony, and I soon felt quite at my ease with him, especially as his mount being hardly taller than mine, our heads were almost on a level, a fact which made conversation flow more easily, as may readily be imagined. Moreover, he was dressed in ordinary plain clothes, with straps to his trousers, and this combined with a charming Pelham manner, which the present Earl inherits in a marked degree, made him appear less formidable, and a much more friendly companion than had he been red-coated and top-booted.

Although I had seen much touching of caps and hat-liftings

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I did not quite recognize to whom I had had the pleasure of conversing, but after he had shown me the wily Master Reynard crossing a ride in the woods as he had promised, and had left me, and my old groom "Tommy" Rickalls had joined me again, the latter told me with bated breath that the gentleman I had been speaking to was none other than the Earl of Yarborough himself. To the best of my recollection this was the last time the covertside, or hounds, ever saw their kindly owner, for although the Earl lived some years longer he was never able to appear in the hunting field again.

Thus, the fact that the Brocklesby M.F.H. had not taken an active place in the hunting field for some years, makes it readily understood with what joy the whole countryside welcomed the news that Lord Worsley, the heir to the title and estates, and who all knew must, in the course of nature, soon assume the reins of power, and his eighteen-year-old wife, daughter of the second Earl of Listowel, were to spend the winter of 1859-60 at Brocklesby. That joy was not lessened when it came out that not only was she a very fine horsewoman, but a true Diana of the chase. Truly, their coming worked a never-to-be-forgotten change in North Lincolnshire.

The year was a remarkable one also in other ways. The Great Comet of 1859, which many had foretold was to be the end of the world, had appeared. When the two great planets appeared in its lustrous tail, it was a most awe-inspiring sight. I remember well gazing at it with wonderment not unmixed with fear, and certainly no comet I have ever seen has impressed me in the same manner.

At that time I was at a boarding school at Kensington, Maunsell and my eldest brother being at Elstree, a preparatory school for Harrow, for which well-known place of learning and sport they were both destined. It was in a letter to my



VICTORIA, COUNTESS OF YARBOROUGH.

At the age of thirty-three.

The Coming of the Countess of Yarborough

brothers and myself from my grandmother, Mrs. Maunsell, we learned the tidings that Lord and Lady Worsley had come down to Brocklesby Hall to live there for the winter ; also that her ladyship especially loved hunting, and went out with the hounds every day she could get a "satisfactory" mount.

That there were not really "satisfactory" hunters "for ladies" in the Brocklesby stables is not to be wondered at, for at that time no ladies of the Pelham family had ever ridden to hounds. In fact, hardly any ladies hunted in those days. Neither, as it proved afterwards, were there any side-saddles fit for a lady to hunt upon, that is, for one who, like Lady Worsley, was determined not only to see the Hounds "throw off," but to ride to hounds.

The crowning joy was, that the Christmas holidays were approaching, and with what delight and anticipation we three in our different places of detention were looking forward to these holidays and the extra joys that hunting would possess, I can hardly describe. My special and peculiar joy was that Lady Worsley, whom I had already begun to worship in my childish mind in an anticipatory manner, had borrowed my pony, my beautiful dark chestnut, 14 hands pony, Tommy, the same one that figured in the story of Maunsell's first steeple-chase ; had ridden him very straight to hounds ; and had after the run pronounced him a perfect mount. How well I remember, too, upon my first appearance out hunting, that memorable season of 1859, that Lady Worsley came up to me directly she saw me in the field, and thanked me personally for the loan of my pony, praising him in the kindest way, and thereby capturing my childish heart.

Perhaps a description of one of the most fascinating and soundest women any one could be privileged to meet will not be out of place here, for though it is from a child's point of view—

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my own when I first saw her—there are, after all, few truer judges of character than children, and that same impression has only been intensified in later years.

As to her personality, it was her eyes that struck one first. Large, clear, and blue, as only Irish eyes can be, her manner had the peculiar fascination that only a thoroughly kindly heart and buoyant temperament can give. Then, again, who would fail to admire the perfect little figure, showing to such advantage on horseback ?

The good Lincolnshire folk, whether those in her own rank of life or in a humbler position, were completely captivated by her. Men, women, and children—she charmed them all. A dignified yet true kindness proceeded from a soul brimful of the real love of humanity, that true nobleness of the human soul which is, alas ! by no means always the accompaniment of a noble name.

In the days I am writing about, so very few of the gentler sex followed the hounds, that when one appeared, as in Lady Worsley's case, who really went well, without thrusting herself forward, over-riding hounds, or in any way making herself a nuisance to the hunting field, it can be readily imagined how, in a sporting country like ours, such a visitant was not only very noticeable, but very welcome. And undoubtedly with her advent into North Lincolnshire and her love of sport, the whole aspect of the Brocklesby hunt changed from grave to gay. Not only did she come out to every meet that it was possible she could attend, but it was an extremely rare thing, if her mount was good enough, that she did not stay out the day through, and ride not only well, but with extraordinary courage and judgment, and still more rare if she did not see a run through from start to finish.

But perhaps the most remarkable feat of all was that she jumped fences seated in the old-fashioned two-crutched saddle.



VICTORIA, COUNTESS OF YARBOROUGH (1868).

The Coming of the Countess of Yarborough

I may mention for the benefit of the present generation of ladies who follow hounds, that to jump fences in this kind of saddle not only required an amazing amount of courage, but would have been an impossibility unless the rider had held on to something. Nothing, however, daunted Lady Worsley. In her determination to be with the hounds, she held on with her left hand to the saddle behind, the right only being at liberty to steer her horse, and hold him to his fences. And no fence that could be negotiated by anybody else was too high, no ditch too broad, for her to attempt. She might fall sometimes, horse and all, in which case she was up again like a flash, and away after the hounds.

Naturally her extraordinary pluck, combined with her irresistibly charming manner, had won all hearts, and I am prepared to swear that there was not one man, woman, or child, including Maunsell, then thirteen years old, who would not have willingly died in her service. There is no doubt, indeed, that the erstwhile somewhat cold-hearted population of North Lincolnshire were stirred to the greatest enthusiasm their natures were capable of expressing when Lady Worsley came amongst them, and by her unaffected manner taught them that to have a title of nobility may also mean real nobility in every particular.

There is a peculiar arrogance of childhood difficult to define, but I must confess I found rather a delightful satisfaction in the fact that I could negotiate all my fences without holding on to my saddle behind, while Lady Worsley had to use this means of keeping her seat over fences. Naturally in my conceit I thought it was my own superior horsemanship, whereas it was my new saddle which in reality should have had the credit of it. For I was riding on a saddle which possessed one of the first three crutches, or leaping heads as they were called in those days, ever invented for ladies' saddles.

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How well I remember that day out hunting (it being always an intense joy to we three to be noticed by her), when Lady Worsley came up to me and said, "How do you manage to sit your pony over fences without holding on to the back of your saddle? I cannot."

Then I remember it suddenly dawned upon me that it might possibly be the new saddle my grandmother had given me, with its delightful and safety three-crutch leaping head, which gave me this most unfair advantage. Naturally before that I had never thought it possible I could have anything better or newer than Lady Worsley. Then I remember how astonished we both were when, jumping down from my pony when the hounds checked, she discovered that wonderful new third crutch, and I that her saddle did not possess one. How well I remember, too, with what pride I lent her my saddle, and how she loved her day's hunting upon it; how a saddle with the leaping head was obtained for her as soon as it were possible; and how my own saddle was glorified in my eyes for ever afterwards.

In these days, when side-saddles are constructed with pommels of such a size that it is an impossibility for any woman to fall off at her fences, or even off her horse at all, unless she deliberately throws herself to the ground, it is hard to realize what courage and determination was required by our hard-riding Lady Worsley when she came amongst us in North Lincolnshire, and hunted on these old-fashioned saddles with no leaping head at all, being still further handicapped by having only one hand with which to guide her horse at the fences.

Yet I hardly ever remember a horse refusing with her, for her one hand on the reins was considerably better than most people's two, and her sympathy with her horse either hunting or hacking was perfect, as indeed it is to this day.



GONE AWAY.

Hunter Bay Gelding by Hunaway.

A favourite hunter of Lady Yarborough: "The best hunter I ever had." 1883-1888.

The Coming of the Countess of Yarborough

Apropos of my eleventh birthday-saddle present, I can never forget the unselfish joy which my brother Maunsell displayed over its arrival. We had all seen a big hamper arrive on the Saturday, and had led Mother and Grandmother a dreadful life of questioning as to what it could possibly contain. The carrier, Crowe by name, we knew, had brought it from Caistor, our nearest shopping town, on the Saturday; my eleventh birthday being on the Monday. His son still carries to and fro for the inhabitants of Limber village, and his sweet-shop still sells the "lollypops" we then loved so well as children. On the Monday, at the first moment possible, we rushed to the call of our elders to see the hamper unpacked. First there came a lovely bridle. Then, later, after much pulling out of straw, came the saddle with its wonderful new-fashion third crutch. Though not usually demonstrative, I well remember Maunsell flinging his arms round Grandmother's neck, and thanking her with all his heart. Then there was a saddling up of ponies—especially mine, as I was the birthday queen—and away we started to jump the hurdles, a feat I had never been able to attempt before. Oh! the joy of the security in jumping which that third crutch gave!

Looking back over this long vista of years, my wonder is in no way lessened that any woman could have had the amazing pluck to ride to hounds as our Lady Worsley did during the greater part of the hunting season of 1859-60 with the Brocklesby, under such almost impossible conditions. Only the same intense love of every description of sport and of "the Sport of Kings" in particular, which Maunsell also possessed, can account, not only for her youthful exploits in the hunting field, but for the energy which made Lady Worsley her husband's gallant companion in many a fine run of later years.

CHAPTER VI

EARLY SCHOOL DAYS

IN 1859, just eight years after father died, our mother married again. Her second husband was the Rev. Harry Glanville Southwell, only child of Mr. Henry Southwell, of Saxmundham, Suffolk, a well-known and wealthy solicitor. The advent of the young man into our quiet Limber village, as curate to Mr. Brown, the rector, was a great event. Not only did he succeed in enlivening the depressingly dull services in Limber Church as much as it was possible in the absence of organ and choir, but he brought with him a great reputation as a cricketer, as well as being known as an exceptionally good shot. At Harrow he was in the First Eleven of 1848 and 1849, and the last two years of his college life at Trinity, in the Cambridge University Eleven of 1852 and 1853. It was, therefore, scarcely to be wondered at, that a budding cricketer, such as Maunsell was at that time, became at once his bond slave and would-be imitator in this special line. As a first-rate man behind a gun, he also fascinated my eldest brother, who was devoted to shooting, and possessed "a real gun" when he was ten years old, giving quite a good account of himself amongst the partridges at that early age. Indeed, to the end of his life, he remained fonder of shooting than of any other kind of sport. At that time the days of tremendous scoring in the cricket field were not so generally known as now, and to get a



THE REV. H. G. SOUTHWELL.

J. M. Richardson's stepfather.

Early School Days

“century” was considered a wonderful performance, and although, when Mr. Southwell played in the University match, his scores were not large, he was known as a tremendous swiper when he did get hold of the ball, as well as being a very sound all-round cricketer. It is, therefore, not astonishing that the young curate soon established the most cordial relations with we three children, especially with Maunsell, in whom his foresight no doubt detected the coming sporting genius. Nor is it astonishing that the “Cat” was and remained his special favourite, even when we were all grown up, in fact, to the end of our stepfather’s life.

In addition to Mr. Southwell’s popularity and importance in North Lincolnshire, he was received at Brocklesby as a welcome guest, whenever the young Lord and Lady Worsley (the latter now Victoria, Countess of Yarborough) were in residence at the Hall. This fact had the effect of opening automatically every house in the county to him; and combined with the extraordinary geniality of his disposition, won him all hearts in and around Great Limber village. His, too, was a striking personality, being over six feet high, very broad and immensely powerful; indeed, the very reverse in every particular of the ordinary curate of fiction. He had also a manliness about him and a way with him which were most attractive, and which certainly appealed as powerfully to we three children as to our elders. But his chief social success was in the captivating of our grandmother, Mrs. Maunsell. She was by no means susceptible to outside personal influence—indeed quite the reverse, especially if she suspected any man of the desire, which practically most men who came in contact with our pretty widowed mother had, of marrying her. I must say Mr. Southwell deserved every credit for his perspicuity in seeing that it was necessary to approach the mother through the

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grandmother, to have any chance in the matrimonial stakes, as more than one aspirant for her daughter's hand had found out, to his bitter disappointment and chagrin.

Another point in Mr. Southwell's favour as our prospective stepfather was, that very soon after he came to Limber, the question of a school for my two brothers had to be decided. My school career was already determined, a boarding school in Kensington, kept by four sisters, the Misses Hare, and where my mother had been their first pupil. Curiously enough, as it turned out, when my six happy, healthy years with them ended, I was destined to be their last pupil.

Thus, at this critical time of Maunsell's life, there is no doubt that Mr. Southwell, who was rapidly becoming very dear and necessary to our mother, had a considerable and most honourable share in persuading her to enter my two brothers at Harrow, which, having been there himself, he could naturally recommend with confidence. He also advised an establishment at Elstree, kept by a Dr. Bernays, as being the best preparatory school for Harrow then existent.

Up to now we had had our governesses, and the boys a tutor, the Rev. James Pooley, who not only preceded Mr. Southwell as curate at Limber, but had also been an aspirant to our mother's hand. Being, however, unsuccessful in his suit, he married our Aunt Margaret, one of my father's sisters, retiring with her from Limber, and from our ken, thus making room for the conquering Mr. Southwell.

Owing to our late Queen Victoria, of blessed memory, having married Prince Albert of Saxe-Coburg Gotha, the German language was just then the order of the day, and our governesses were, in consequence, selected from that nationality. Two of these poor ladies quickly proved themselves quite incompetent to manage we unruly children, in any shape or



J. M. RICHARDSON AT THIRTEEN YEARS OLD.

Early School Days

form. Our first, I think, stayed about a week, and during that period cried continuously. Our second was a massive Fraulein, very fat, kindly, and cheerful, but hopelessly out of place where three spoiled children required managing.

One experience lives to this day in my memory. I was going into the schoolroom, and had got near the door, when I suddenly became aware of a sound of weeping and wailing from within. This was exciting, for up to that moment our new Fraulein had not given way to tears like the Niobe first mentioned. I went in and found my mother trying to pacify the poor lady, who, with a huge red wheal on her fat arm, was in the act of pouring forth in broken English, in no measured tones, the dreadful iniquities of my brother Maunsell, who in her opinion was the most cruel boy that ever lived.

It appeared that, having tried to coerce my brother against his inclination, he had retaliated with a cutting whip, trying his prentice hand on the poor lady's soft arm. Whether he was punished for this escapade I have no recollection, I should say not from my experience of later years, but our fat Fraulein soon disappeared, taking with her, it is to be feared, but a poor opinion of the Limber House discipline.

Our third and last German governess was a lady the exact opposite of my brother Maunsell's victim in every sense of the word. A very pretty fair young girl, Fraulein Härpfner spoilt us quite as much—possibly a little more—than our mother and grandmother, and was therefore tolerated by us, and treated with kindness, consideration, and much gratitude by our elders, so much so that when our governess period was over, she remained with us for some time as a friend of the family. I cannot remember that she taught us anything, excepting to speak German with the purest Hanoverian accent, and a number of German games which she played with us to our

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satisfaction ; whilst she gave our mother and grandmother, both of whom were "Marthas," some very good cookery receipts for special German dishes, which we relished exceedingly. I particularly remember she told us that they never dreamed of cooking a hare in Germany until its nine skins had been carefully removed. Naturally, after this piece of interesting information, nothing would suit our inquiring minds but to see these nine skins in actual process of dissection. We duly experimented upon the first poor "puss" which fell to our dogs or guns, my brother Maunsell, who loved the eating of hare and the coursing of it too, besides being the most practical culinary artist of the three, watching the operation with intense eagerness. We kept greyhounds in our young days, and coursed whenever possible on non-hunting days, we three going out with the groom and dogs, and ranging the fields in the most approved fashion. But this form of sport, if indeed it is worthy to be dignified by that name, we gave up early in our lives. I remember I was the first to give it up, and whether from the same reason my two brothers followed suit I have never known for certain, but I should think it extremely likely, for both were humane even as boys. My relinquishing of the sport came about in this way. One day I found myself in the proud position of being the only one going for a ride, and expected to take out the greyhounds as was our wont for exercise and sport. So very jauntily I set out quite alone with a pony I could easily get off and on, and a couple of the fastest greyhounds—"Grews" as they are called in the Lincolnshire vernacular—to thoroughly enjoy myself, and betook me to a field which was a well-known "find" for a hare. I found, ran into, and killed my terrified quarry, and the cries of that poor coursed hare ring in my ears to this day. I had to take her from the dogs, and kill her, and from that moment I renounced

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coursing and all its ways, and would sooner, even now, at my age, ride or walk twenty miles in the opposite direction, than go to a coursing meeting, or see a hare chased and killed, in any shape or form.

It was when this young Fraulein, our last German governess, was in charge, that Mr. Southwell appeared upon the scene, the man who was destined to play no small part in Maunsell's upbringing, and to whose manly influence and firm treatment in his early life, no one was more grateful or showed that gratitude in a more substantial manner than my brother.

In 1858, about a year before Mother married for the second time, but when Mr. Southwell was no doubt exercising a great if outwardly unrecognized influence over her decision, my two brothers went to Elstree, and Mother, who felt she could not bear the strain of the separation from them for so long a time as the school term, took a house at Great Stanmore, about four miles from their preparatory school for Harrow. I went with her to live there, and the nice young German governess also accompanied us to look after me for a time. When she went back to her home in Germany, I had daily lessons from the Misses Wilde at Edgware. These ladies were aunts of the talented but unfortunate Oscar Wilde, and their careful grounding in many scholastic ways I have by no means forgotten. Naturally during the time my mother and I were at Stanmore both my brothers came over whenever possible for "exeats," also for any special holidays, and very happy they seemed. Both were put almost at once in the Cricket and Football Elevens, and very soon were in the First Elevens of Cricket and Footer.

The time soon came when we youngsters were, if not exactly to be relegated to the background, at all events not to be the first, final, and only interest in our mother's life—for my

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brothers had not been long at Elstree, and duly entered for Harrow, when Mr. Southwell claimed my mother, the house at Stanmore was given up, and her second marriage took place at St. Mary-le-bone Church in London, I being her only bridesmaid.

Directly after this interesting event, I went to the Misses Hare's Boarding School in Kensington, and during that time of probation, I trust, absorbed something at least of the noble precepts the dear ladies endeavoured to inculcate into we girls.

After Mother's second marriage nothing seemed altered outwardly, as far as we children were aware at the old home at Limber, excepting that Mr. Southwell came to live there instead of at his lodgings in the village, retaining his curacy under Mr. Brown, and no doubt, though we did not understand it at the time, helping our mother very materially in the arduous work of bringing up two very self-willed boys. One very special instance of his help with regard to my brother Maunsell, which, indeed, I am only too glad to acknowledge here, is a fact I was never cognisant of until many years after it happened. It was, however, small wonder that such a thing happened, and that he revolted at school discipline, as any very spoilt and headstrong boy with a tremendously strong character was practically certain to do, naturally detesting and fighting against real restraint.

Moreover, Dr. Bernays, the Headmaster of Elstree, was not only renowned as a first-rate schoolmaster, but for his terrible temper—even foaming at the mouth with rage at times, so it was said—and that he thrashed any offender with an extraordinary mercilessness upon the slightest provocation. Be that as it may, early one summer morning, two very small boys, minus caps and in well-worn slippers, arrived at Limber House,

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having run away from school, travelling all night, after climbing down a water-pipe out of their dormitory, walking four miles from the station at the home-end, and I forget how many miles at the school end. That these two forlorn little specimens of the genus boy expected to be welcomed with open arms, caressed and cuddled to their hearts' content, is quite certain! That the wicked headmaster who had treated them so cruelly and driven them to the extremity of running away from school would be execrated and punished by the Genial Powers that watch over little boys in general they never doubted for a moment!

What Mother, worshipping Maunsell as she did, would have done had she been left to her own devices, or for the matter of that Grandmother, either, Heaven only knows! But I shrewdly suspect the exact reverse of what did happen. Luckily, however, for my brother and his absconding companion,—it appeared that my brother had persuaded this little person to run away with him—Mr. Southwell, as in duty bound, intervened, and after both the runaways had been washed and fed, which ministrations they badly needed, he took them back to the school they had deserted.

History has never revealed, at least not to me, what happened to the two truants when they arrived at Elstree in the charge of Mr. Southwell. It is to be hoped that Maunsell's stepfather, who proved himself at that time to be the boys' stern "grey angel of duty," was able to represent to the irascible but conscientious Dr. Bernays that by their uncomfortable journey, by their anything but joyous reception at home, and by the bitter experience that instead of being welcomed and petted they were "expressed" back to their hated school bondage, they had been sufficiently punished. It is certain, at any rate, that Maunsell was not only reinstated in the

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school, but acquitted himself well ever afterwards, for amongst the papers he had carefully preserved, was this card :—

“Elstree Hill School.

“Presented to John Maunsell Richardson in testimony of a well-spent term, Easter 1861.

“(Signed) THOMPSON PODMORE, M.A.”

Mr. Podmore was the immediate successor of Dr. Bernays.

My being at school in London, and my two brothers at Elstree, only twelve miles from town, our holidays often coincided, and we used to hit off our journeys down from school together whenever possible, meeting at some station *en route*, and arriving at our home station at the same time. Sometimes my brothers' ponies would be sent to meet them, and they would canter off in the highest spirits from the station, leaving me in my uncomfortable, and as I considered inglorious girl petticoats, to envy them hugely, and longing to have been born a boy. But sometimes we all three drove out together, and the groom who had brought our vehicle would go home with the luggage cart and draught horse, in a more leisurely manner.

One lovely evening we arrived together at Haborough station from school for our summer holidays. On the way down in the train, for some reason or other, the boys had been on the verge of quarrelling. No real fighting had, however, taken place in the railway carriage, as we had had grown-up companions, to whom we generally made ourselves agreeable, and they were too much of “little gentlemen” to fight in public.

On our arrival at the station, instead of their two beloved ponies meeting them, and as they had joyfully anticipated, having a good gallop—possibly a jump or two—going home,



Presented
to

J. M. Richardson

In testimony of a well-spent Term.

Leicester 1861

Henryson Pedagogic M. A.

Early School Days

the phaeton was there to take us all three home. It was one of the old-fashioned high and roomy kind of vehicles, with a good seat in front, and only a moderately comfortable one at the back. The only consolation to them being that the young black carriage horse was in the shafts, and as he took a little more careful driving than his older comrade, I suppose Mother and Grandmother had thought the idea of driving him would somewhat make up to my brothers for the absence of their ponies.

Undoubtedly this driving home, which they both hated in comparison to feeling a good mount under them, was the last straw, and two very cross boys looking for trouble and occasion to quarrel in fisticuff fashion climbed into the front seat, relegating me to the back of the carriage, which, however, I knew well to be my usual position when we three drove that phaeton together. My eldest brother by right of his year's seniority claimed the reins, most unfortunately as it turned out, for of the two he was by far the worst driver.

We had proceeded in somewhat sulky silence, but quite safely, for about a quarter of a mile, when a heavy waggon carrying big trees, a "wood cut" as they are called in North Lincolnshire, met us, and my eldest brother either could not or would not try to give enough room space on the road for this cumbersome vehicle to pass us comfortably.

At any rate we very narrowly escaped landing ourselves on the huge wheels, and this careless driving, added to the natural fear of the accident we had escaped by the skin of our teeth, was too much for Maunsell's nerves and temper. Then the "row riz." He seized the reins, and how at that critical moment we did not, phaeton and all, capsize, I shall never know, for the young black horse, though called "young" by courtesy, was by no means over-quiet, and the sharp jag at

The Life of a Great Sportsman

his mouth, caused by Maunsell seizing the reins, was a disquieting experience for any animal young or old with the natural spirit of a well-bred and well-fed horse. But that special Providence which watches over children, sailors, and those who have dined "not wisely but too well" saved us, and as my brothers fell to fighting over which should have the reins, I, like the fox in the fable, secured them as they were falling to the ground, and pending the end of the quarrel assumed the ribbons, which I held to the right of the combatants, and to the right of the phaeton.

Many thousand times have I driven since then in later life, but for variety, excitement, and no doubt considerable danger, though I thought nothing of that at the time, commend me to that particular drive.

For four miles we proceeded in this fashion, neither boy mastering the other sufficiently to get possession of the reins again. At it they went as hard as they could go, swaying this way and that in their seats, arms working, legs working, but so evenly were they matched, that luckily for them, for me, and for the black horse, neither got in a knock-out blow. My only fear was that the gate of our homestead would be shut, and then I did not know what on earth could be done, or how I should land my fighting passengers, for I could not leave the horse to get down or stay the combatants for a moment.

Luckily it had been thrown open by loving hands to welcome we three delightful specimens of humanity, and I turned in and drew up to the side door in fine style, and with much *empressement*. I even remember turning the horse round to face the stables, as we had been taught was the correct way of driving up to the house. And still the boys in the carriage, even when I pulled up, were at fisticuffs as hard as they could fight, although our Mother and Grandmother were standing at



J. M. RICHARDSON

When at Magdalen College, Cambridge.

Early School Days

the open door with wondering faces, naturally unable to make out what on earth was happening. But they were soon to be enlightened, for Maunsell, who was watching his opportunity, as the horse stopped, finally landed a decisive blow on his brother's temple, knocking him right out of the phaeton to the ground, where he lay stunned. And so ended the "four-mile fight."

But when servants and all hastened to rescue the vanquished warrior, it was a very different Maunsell who stood there, repentant, when he saw what he had done; and it was a tearful small boy who later looked sadly on, while two angry ladies tended the swelling temple, and tried to mitigate the blackening eye of his brother, and ease his aching head. Next morning all was peace again, and through those summer holidays I do not remember another really serious fight between my brothers. Generally, however, in any scrimmage, jovial or serious, Maunsell came off the victor.

I can remember once only during their childhood and boyhood my eldest brother getting the better in a quarrel, and then it was partly an accident that ended the fight, the end being that Maunsell's head was jammed through the dining-room window. A fine scolding Willie had for it too, though quite possibly he had been in the right, for it was a rooted idea with our elders that Maunsell would have a fit if he were whipped, or generally cornered in any shape or form, such as had then happened by the window incident.

But these brotherly fights, like lovers' quarrels, left no bitterness in their train, for the two boys were as good friends after one of their "sets-to" as they were before, possibly better, if the truth were known. As small children they shared their toys together, then their ponies, and later their horses—in fact, everything; and were more like twins than brothers

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with over a year between their respective ages. Indeed, my eldest brother looked up to his "minor," especially when they became older, as natures slightly weaker naturally admire and depend upon those stronger than themselves. It has often struck me that one of the most extraordinary factors proving the soundness of my brother Maunsell's natural character was that, spoilt as much as possible in his earliest days by an adoring mother and grandmother, worshipped at school, immensely admired at college, nearly always, in fact, "cock of the walk" wherever he went, he remained unspoilt after childhood's days of selfishness were passed, and in his early youth, manhood, and to the end of his life, was one of the most kindly, unselfish and unspoilt men that ever lived.

CHAPTER VII

HARROW AND CAMBRIDGE

FROM Elstree my brother Maunsell naturally gravitated to Harrow, under the reign of Dr. Butler, following his elder brother, who had gone there about a year earlier. Maunsell brought with him from his first school at Elstree a well-earned reputation for skill at most games, and a real love of sport, that soon made him immensely popular with his schoolfellows at Harrow, and in a very short time proved in this wider field of action that he was just as good as he had been represented. Indeed, there is no doubt he speedily established a wide and a sound reputation as an all-round coming sportsman. When I had the pleasure some time ago of meeting one of his Harrow schoolfellows, the late Earl of Clarendon, who has very kindly contributed an impression of my brother to this book, he said to me, "I believe your brother was the only schoolboy ever known who possessed a race-horse of his own." This undoubtedly is a fact, although we thought nothing of it at the time, having been accustomed to owning ponies, and afterwards horses, from our childhood upwards, so that the fact of one of us owning a race-horse seemed quite an ordinary matter. The animal, Lord Clarendon alluded to, was the grand thoroughbred brown mare Vienna, which was ridden for my brother by one of our Limber friends and boon companions, George Nelson, who won a steeplechase plate value £100 on

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her whilst her owner was at Harrow. Many a time I have had a mount on that mare and can answer for it that she was a beautiful goer, seemingly hung on springs. She won several races after her first experience on the turf, but none I think over which we three sang metaphorically such pæans of joy as over her first win for the "Bold Harrow Boy."

My brother had been but a very short time at Harrow when he took the School Cup as their best fielder, and as I write these lines, the small silver shield he won for "the best catch at Harrow school," and which he gave me many years ago to have made into a brooch, hangs over his picture, the last ever taken of him on horseback, as Joint Master of the Cottesmore Hounds; as I lift my eyes it meets mine in bright testimony to Maunsell's prowess as a first-rate fielder.

Among Maunsell's most cherished possessions, I have found, carefully stowed away, the identical cricket card published by Lillywhite, of the historic match at Lord's, Harrow *v.* Eton, in 1864, when, captained by the late "Charlie" Buller, Harrow scored a glorious victory over Eton, beating them in one innings with sixty-seven runs to spare. This match, which ranks as one of the most famous, if not the most successful, in the annals of Harrow School, I was privileged to see, partly as a tremendous treat, and partly because I had a brother playing in this match. Two of my favourite schoolfellows and myself were taken by one of our kind principals of the Kensington Boarding School to Lord's Cricket Ground for the purpose.

How vividly it all comes back to my memory now! I have been to many cricket matches at Lord's since then, but on that glorious day in July 1864, the sense of personal pride that possessed me, by the reflected glory of my brother's prowess, has never been equalled. But though Maunsell's performance that day was a most creditable one for Harrow, the special hero

Charlie Buller + I were in together five
 Also Published, Price 3s. 6d., The Public School Matches of Eton, Harrow, and
 Winchester, from the Commencement.



At LORD'S.

Harrow v. Eton
 Fridayday, & Saturday, July 7, & 8, 1864.

HARROW		First Innings	Second Innings
A. N. Hornby, Esq. ...	b Tabor.....	19 ...	
M. H. Stow, Esq.....	c Tabor, b Prideaux	54 ...	
Hon. J. G. Amherst ...	c N G Lyttelton, b Evans	3 ...	
C. F. Buller, Esq.	c Barrington, b Prideaux	61 ...	The Scores of Public School
H. G. Phipps, Esq.	b Prideaux	9 ...	Matches, from 1805 to 1864,
† J. M. Richardson, Esq	c S G Lyttelton, b Evans	29 ...	including the last Match,
W. T. Phipps, Esq....	not out	28 ...	may be had at Fred. Lilly-
F. W. Smith, Esq.	c S G Lyttelton, b Evans	3 ...	white's Printing Tent.
H. Montgomery, Esq	run out	0 ...	
W. Evetts, Esq.	c S G Lyttelton, b Prideaux	0 ...	
G Arkwright, Esq ...	c Barrington b S G Lyteln	14 ...	
	b 9, 1-b 4, w 9, n-b ...	22 ...	b , 1-b , w , n-b ...
	Total	242	Total ...
ETON		First Innings	Second Innings
A. M. Evans, Esq.	c Montgomery, b Arkwright	0 ...	not out
W. S. Prideaux, Esq...	c Richardson, b Arkwright	4 ...	c Montgom. b Arkwright
Hon. S. G. Lyttelton...	st Stow, b Arkwright.....	8 ...	c Montgom. b Arkwright
Hon. N. G. Lyttelton	c Arkwright, b Amherst	2 ...	b Amherst.....
E. Lubbock, Esq.....	c Buller, b Amherst	28 ...	c Buller, b Arkwright ...
A. F. Walter, Esq.	b Amherst.....	3 ...	1 b w. b Amherst
H. M. Thompson, Esq	b Arkwright	0 ...	c Horuby, b Amherst
W. W. Phipps, Esq ...	b Amherst.....	2 ...	b Amherst.....
H. D. Forsyth, Esq ...	run out	14 ...	b Arkwright
R. A. Tabor, Esq.	c & b Arkwright.....	0 ...	c & b Arkwright
W. Barrington, Esq...	not out	2 ...	c Phipps, b Arkwright ...
	b , 1-b , w , n-b	b , 1-b , w 1, n-b 2 ...
Umpires...Nixon & Fennell	Total	63	Total....
			112

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 AND THE UNITED STATES, with Twenty-four Engravings, and may be had at the
 Tent also "LILLYWHITE'S GUIDE to CRICKETERS," Price ONE SHILLING.

MATCHES TO COME.

Monday, July 11th, at Lord's, Thirteen of Kent v. England.
 Thursday, July 14th, at Lord's, M.C.C. and Ground v. County of Norfolk.

OLD CRICKET SCORE CARD OF "LILLYWHITE'S," 1864.

Harrow victorious in one innings.

Harrow and Cambridge

of that match—for the general public, I mean—was the handsome young captain of the Harrow Eleven, “Charlie” Buller, who made the top score of the day, 56, M. H. Stowe coming next with 54, and my brother third best batsman, with 34 runs. When the match was over it was grand to hear the Harrow boys cheer their captain again and again, the Etonians joining in the demonstration; after which victors and vanquished carried him shoulder-high round the wickets and back to the pavilion.

I can see Buller’s merry and happy blue eyes now as he made a gallant attempt to laugh off the honour accorded him as a good joke, and I hear again the ringing cheers straight from the hearts of his proud and happy schoolfellows, and his admiring antagonists. Surely, it was a great day for Harrow.

But what Maunsell appreciated most in the game, and he had learned it from his stepfather, Mr. Southwell, who had also been coached by the same adept at Harrow, was that “Bob” Grimston, the Hon. Robert Grimston that was, had looked upon him as one of the most dependable “men” in the Harrow Eleven. Nor did he receive this knowledge second-hand only, for though the Hon. “Bob” was a man who hardly ever praised a pupil, except by inference, he told him so himself, and much to my brother’s delight.

Maunsell’s ability as a cricketer was by no means the full sum of his athletic triumphs in his stay at the school on the Hill. As a runner he distinguished himself by winning the School Hurdle Race, which, as every one knows, is by no means an easy task. In addition to this, he proved himself a first-class jumper, winning the long jump of 18 feet 6 inches, which can be described to-day as an extraordinary feat for a boy of fifteen, and in the sixties, too, when athletic grounds were by no means perfect. He was also a good man with the foils,

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and became so proficient in the art of fencing that he was able to win the prize given by Mr. Angelo, the famous "Maitre d'armes" who was instructor in the pastime at Harrow, and who predicted for my brother (who had done him so much credit) a wonderful career as an expert with the foils had he been so minded.

And I should add that Maunsell, like his brother before him, was also a member of the Harrow Football Eleven for the two years 1864 and 1865. At that time football had not become the absorbing game of the day as it is now, but to be good enough to be selected for the Eleven, out of the hundreds of other boys, speaks well for his combined sportsmanlike qualities. My eldest brother to the last day of his life was immensely proud of a 3-inch scar on his right shin that he bore from a hard-won "footer" match at Harrow, when he played for the First Eleven, and the securing of which obliged him to take to his bed for three weeks.

Hanging up in the billiard room at Edmundthorpe Hall are two very handsome old trophies, two racquets with dark-blue velvet handles and massive silver ends. These represent one of the proudest moments of my brother Maunsell's life, when at Harrow he captured the Challenge Racquet Cup from the celebrated Cecil Clay, who afterwards became the Oxford Racquet Champion.

It was after the historic cricket match at Lord's, already mentioned in this chapter, during the Christmas holidays, when we three children were at home together, that as I was riding one hunting day beside the then Lady Yarborough, in the Brocklesby "Foxdales" Woods, one of its most lovely rides, she said to me, "Oh, who is that pretty boy?" Looking to where she had indicated, I saw my brother Maunsell cantering along the left of us in the valley. The woods in this part slope



TROPHY OF FOILS, RACKETS (WON AT HARROW),
AND TWO CUTTING WHIPS.

Harrow and Cambridge

down on each side. She and I were riding together on the right-hand slope. Maunsell was mounted on a handsome, bright bay cob, and certainly he and his mount looked an exceedingly handsome pair, even to the critical eye of a sister.

It was with a pardonable feeling of pride that I answered, "That is my brother Maunsell." As a very small boy she had often seen and spoken to him, but after leaving Elstree for Harrow, he had grown up very rapidly, and changed much in appearance. The tales of his sporting powers at the latter school had evidently reached her ears, for she said, "Oh, then, that is your brother who is such a fine cricketer?" She, as I have explained, had now become the reigning Countess of Yarborough, and although not so very much older than Maunsell, then a boy of seventeen, and she a woman of twenty-two, the difference in age to me that day seemed so much more marked than it did, or would, in later years.

But, whether or not before that eventful day when hunting in the woods Lady Yarborough had ever noticed him at all very specially, it is certain that, on his part, and long before that time, he had formed such an opinion of her in his own mind that she so completely came up to his notion of what the most perfect woman in the world should be, that I feel sure he never thought of any other woman as his mate from that time forward. This may sound odd, of course, but there is no doubt that this single-hearted affection of his for the lady destined one day to become his wife, and which she so early inspired in his heart, remained with him all through his life. "If I cannot marry her, then no one," was his unexpressed boyish determination, and no knight of olden time ever kept troth to his own promise more faithfully, or was better rewarded in the end, for his allegiance.

From Harrow in 1866, when just on twenty years old, my

The Life of a Great Sportsman

brother Maunsell elected to go to Magdalen College, Cambridge, then the sporting college *par excellence* at the 'Varsity, and I am told by those "in the know" that its reputation for sport still stands as high as ever. I have already recalled that Maunsell, on being given his choice as to whether or not he should go to the University, elected to go to Cambridge. My eldest brother refused to go to either of these seats of learning and elected, on the contrary, to stay at Limber, at any rate until the time came when I was twenty-one, three years later, and our inheritance could be divided, when we could each determine what was to be our future course as to the old home and the bent of our own lives. Again there can be little doubt that Mr. Southwell's advice was in the right direction.

With his Harrow reputation as commendation my brother Maunsell was at once put into the cricket Eleven, and played for his University in their matches against Oxford in 1866 and 1867. That he made no conspicuous success at Cambridge as a cricketer is not surprising, for here he could indulge in the sports he loved the best, such as hunting and racing, whilst at Harrow he was not able to get any hunting, excepting during the holidays at Limber, and could only race by proxy, so to speak.

It is small wonder, therefore, that, once settled down, we find him well to the fore in all matters appertaining to sport, especially to horsemanship, with the result that in 1867 he was unanimously elected to that most coveted position the Mastership of the Cambridge Drag Hounds, a post regarded at the 'Varsity as an honour only paralleled by the coveted position of M.F.H. to a popular Hunt. Mr. Finch Mason will tell of the "Cat's" racing achievements at the time of his sojourn at "Alma Mater," which no doubt formed the prelude of what he was to become in later years.

Two very characteristic anecdotes of him during his stay at



COLONEL WILLIAM RICHARDSON.

(J. M. Richardson's brother.)

Harrow and Cambridge

Cambridge were related to me by my brother William and the late Lord Minto respectively.

The former informed me that when one day he paid a visit to Maunsell at Cambridge he was shown into his sitting-room at French's historic lodgings at 61, Park Street, Jesus Lane, Cambridge; a bare table (with a cutting whip lying on it), a horsehair sofa, and a single chair, were the only articles of furniture the room possessed. His visitor was asked to "sit down and wait," the servant telling him that, though Mr. Richardson might possibly not be long, he could by no means predict how long, for he had gone out in riding apparel, and very often did not return until nightfall.

My eldest brother, who was a voracious reader, then asked the man if he could have a book to pass the time away, for he had come a considerable distance to have a look at Maunsell and his rooms. Any book, he added, would be acceptable, but a novel for choice. The astounding reply he received at that abode of learning was, "I am very sorry, sir, but Mr. Richardson has not got a book of any sort."

Lord Minto told me many years ago, when he stayed at Limber with us, of his extraordinary first meeting with my brother Maunsell. It was during a run with the "Drag" that, in a ploughed field, he saw a rider, evidently a member of the hunt, vainly endeavouring to induce a refusing horse to take a fence. He passed him, and went on with the hunt, thinking nothing more of the matter. After the gallop was over, however, as he was returning via the road, he saw the same man and horse still battling at the fence, and then and there made up his mind that a man possessed of such patience as this must be something quite out of the common way, and determined if possible to make his acquaintance at once. I regret to record that the language my brother was using was of an exceedingly

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sultry nature, and as he was never addicted to strong language at any time of his life, it was clear that on this occasion his temper must have been tried beyond endurance. It was from this meeting that a friendship sprang up between Lord Melgund, as Lord Minto then was, and my brother, which was destined to last until the end of their lives. It goes without saying that his horse had to negotiate that fence before he was allowed to return to his stable that night.

But in spite of having no books at all in his rooms at the time his brother William visited him at Cambridge, my brother was evidently determined to show that, although he loved horses, hunting, and racing above all things, he could devote himself to reading when so inclined, and that when he chose he could work as resolutely as any man at Cambridge who "sporting his oak." For one whole year, in fact, he devoted himself so assiduously to reading, that he passed the examination he was going in for, with flying colours, and I verily believe was more proud of the achievement than of any of his later turf victories.

How well I remember the telegram arriving at Limber!—they were rare in those days, and we had to pay five shillings for delivery of a message—and our delight at the glorious news that told us of his success. His friend and biographer, Mr. Finch Mason ("Uncle Toby"), in the course of an article in the *Sporting Times* of January 27, 1912, written after my brother's death, thus alludes to the incident:

"I venture to think that nine undergraduates out of ten with similar tastes to his, and facilities for indulging in them, would to a certainty have devoted such energy as they possessed to their development, to the entire exclusion of study. Not so Maunsell Richardson, who to his credit be it said, resisted with Spartan courage all the allurements of the saddle—in his case



MAGDALEN COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE.
(J. M. Richardson's College.)

Harrow and Cambridge

a hard struggle you may depend—and resolutely ‘sporting his oak,’ devoted the whole of the following year, 1867, to reading hard.”

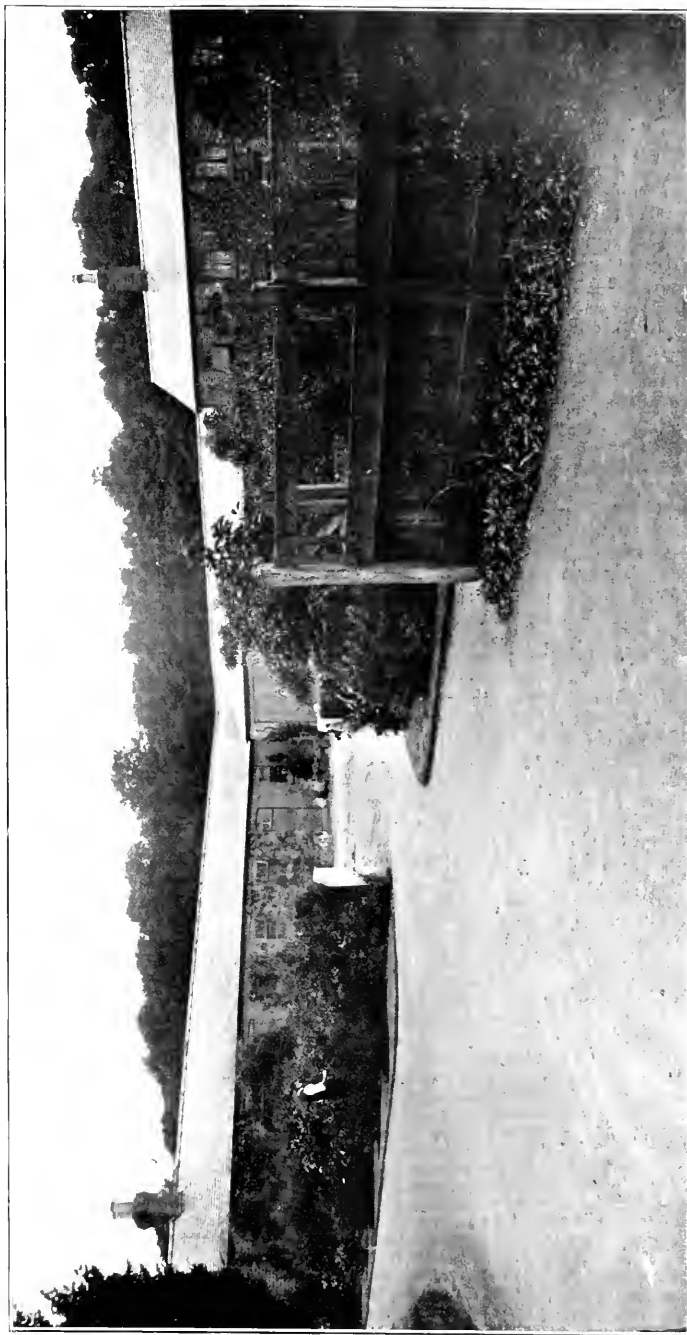
Surely this speaks volumes for my brother’s power of concentration on any subject, congenial or uncongenial to his nature, that he was determined to conquer.

CHAPTER VIII

LIFE AT LIMBER

FOX-HUNTING at Limber meant conjugating the verb "to hunt" in all its tenses in the present, whenever possible, if not in the immediate future. Racing followed, preferably on non-hunting days, which meant riding one of the Limber stable chasers or getting a mount wherever one was available, no matter bad or good, for in these days it was "the sport" that was the thing, and not the possibility of broken bones, that counted. Horses to us signified not merely taking all the best out of them, but meant putting into them the best possible knowledge and ability, by sound horsemanship and good schooling over fences or otherwise. Then, when the active work, either of the chase or the racecourse, was over for the day, we talked "horse" for the rest of the happy evenings with congenial companions. This made up the sum, at least in winter, of the "Cat's" joyous days at Limber. Joyous they were, indeed, for him, and happy for those who enjoyed his good fellowship and leadership in all equine as well as in other matters.

Then, too, when Jack Frost maliciously stepped in and stopped hunting and racing, there was skating on the fine stretches of water in Brocklesby Park, in which art Maunsell was a past master. Hockey on the ice was also indulged in, for our party always mingled with the "house party" at the Hall, and we invariably had fine fun. Lady Yarborough and



J. M. RICHARDSON'S RACING STABLES AT GREAT LIMBER.
Where Disturbance, Regny, and other well-known winners were stabled.

Life at Limber

her sisters and brothers, who often stayed with her, were as proficient at skating and hockey as they were at nearly all other games of skill. Sleighing, in sleighs specially constructed and very primitive, and which turned over on the slightest provocation, was another source of fun, and the spills amused us as much as the exhilaration of the runs. When I look back I cannot help but think what a splendid time it was for those in the swim of it all, with Maunsell as our ring-leader.

Healthy young life it was, with all its pleasures ahead, and the world opening out, and apparently holding in the future still greater possibilities of more splendid achievements. Truly, the world of sport is great and glorious when men and women "play the game." Surely, it brings out the finest qualities that we poor human beings possess. From many instances that could be brought forward, it proves that the true sportsman, when called upon to contribute to his country's welfare, can be trusted to show, by his singleness of aim, sterling honesty and courage, that although, hitherto, a devotee of sport for his own enjoyment, he will certainly hold his own in a very different sphere of life, and prove as enthusiastic for his nation's well-being as he was for honest sport followed for pure sport's sake.

And so it is a happy remembrance for all who knew Maunsell personally, and especially for those related to him by the nearest ties, that it was in his joyous young manhood he laid the foundations of his extraordinary success as a sportsman in the hunting field, on the racecourse, and in later years as a judge of horses. Further, all who knew him agree that he would have made his mark in Parliament had he liked, for there in a brief membership he showed the same straightforwardness of purpose, power of personal application to detail,

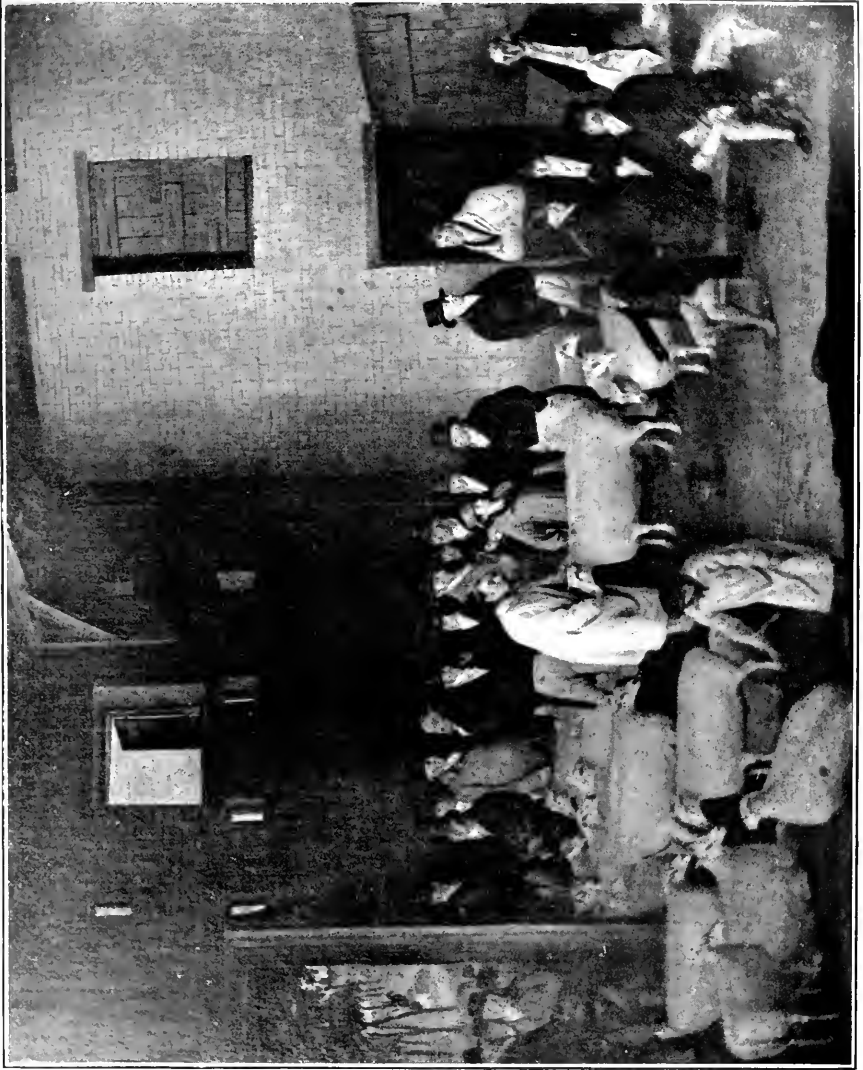
The Life of a Great Sportsman

and that keen enthusiasm which he displayed in every other walk of life.

Not only to Maunsell is this applicable, but by far the most striking instance of a great sportsman proving himself really "great" in the severer tests of life, was that of his lifelong friend, the famous "Mr. Rolly," as he was known to the sporting world, or "Rolly" Melgund to his intimates, and in his later years as the Earl of Minto. Amongst other honoured posts he held were those of Governor-General of Canada and Viceroy of India.

As Lord Melgund in 1870, when twenty-five years old, "Rolly" came to stay with us at Limber, where, under my brother's experienced wing, he perfected himself in the art of riding over a country. To quote from *Gentlemen Riders*, when referring to "Mr. Rolly," the name Lord Melgund used for racing purposes, it is stated that when he lived at Limber with us, "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." Mr. John Corlett might very well remark, as he did in the racy columns of his popular pink paper, "Mr. Rolly has taken to riding like the devil." "Rolly" had been Maunsell's greatest chum at Cambridge, where the two formed a friendship destined to endure with unbroken fervour on both sides until they were parted by my brother's death in 1912.

Lord Melgund lived with us for over four years at Limber, becoming as one of us, entering into all our sports, sharing our likes and dislikes, our joys and our sorrows—making, in fact, a most delightful fourth to my two brothers and myself, and to me a third brother, and perhaps not the least agreeable of the trio. What splendid horses we had in the stables in those



Reproduction from oil painting, showing J. M. Richardson's paternal grandfather, Mr. John Richardson, with his whip across a celebrated ram, which he leased for £1,000.

Life at Limber

halcyon days ! Both the capacious old stables at Limber House and Maunsell's newly erected racing stables in the village were filled to overflowing. Our friends' horses, too, we often stabled, for we should have considered it as inhospitable not to have provided the best of everything for their hunters.

At that time we had Disturbance, Reugny, Furley, Rhysworth, and many other celebrated animals, which with Maunsell's own steeplechasers, and those he had in training for his friends filled our stables in the village.

Open stable—open house—was the order of the day with us at Limber ; our greatest pleasure from the eagerly awaited cub-hunting to the last day of the hunting season—all the year round, in fact. What a specially happy time it was for us all when cub-hunting began in September, and it was a case of early tea or milk at 4.30 a.m. Then away to the stables to mount and off to join the hounds as the day was breaking—generally to the grand old Brocklesby woods, abounding with cubs, and where we could gallop along for miles on the broad grassy rides, watching hounds as they routed out the cubs and chased them this way and that, our horses crushing the early morning dew off the long grass, leaving dark tracks in their wake as we galloped along. There is, moreover, always a good off-chance during cub-hunting—which distinctly increases its excitement—of hounds lighting upon a fine old dog fox or a vixen, who will give them and their followers as fine a run as any in the real hunting season, while even a prodigiously robust and valiant cub may, taking time by the forelock, yield up his young life after a noble struggle in the open.

In cub-hunting, too, there is great pleasure to true lovers of sport, like Maunsell, in watching the puppies beginning their training by a judicious mingling with their elders. Full of joyous young ardour and excitement, they lend themselves to

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their initiation with the blood instinct of fine breeding, and bowl over many a lusty cub, thereby, if they are lucky, earning a succulent morsel of a tender young Reynard, and showing the huntsman who has watched over them from their birth that they may become not only worthy successors of their noted Brocklesby ancestors, but may even aspire to a glorious rivalry in vulpine successes.

Then, when cub-hunting merges into the real thing, after long days out with the hounds—and they were long days indeed at that time, for we always rode to the meets, however wide—and as it was a point of honour with us never to come home before hounds knocked off, it was often nightfall before we came back, having started at 9.30 a.m. And then what quiet happy evenings we had in the old home!

When our little house-party met at dinner, the run of the day was lived over again; the fences negotiated in spirit; the whoo-a-whoop, that told of a gallant fox being bowled over, would ring again in our ears, and the sport, so well described by Mr. Jorrocks as carrying with it all the excitement of war with only a certain percentage of its dangers, would seem to us for the hundredth time, at least, the one thing to be lived for and enjoyed.

No dinners ever passed off more pleasantly, as none knew better than myself, I being the purveyor of the feast. For although I had no grand chef, nor were our dinners distinguished by any special dishes of superior flavour, the homely mutton (we killed our own sheep) and the well-roasted joints of beef, to appetites sharpened by healthy exercise, never put me off my feed, as the saying is, through natural anxiety as the hostess. But one can scarcely take credit for good cooking when a hunting man's appetite is to be satisfied, for, in the well-considered opinion of a devotee of the sport, we know that



Enlarged section from oil painting, showing Mr. John Richardson, J. M. Richardson's grandfather, with whip across ram, which he leased for £1,000.

Life at Limber

“a goose is an uneasy kind of bird, too much for one and not enough for two.”

The conversation did not flag at our dinners, but the palm was held by Maunsell, who was well able to talk us all down. And looking back now I cannot wonder, for he talked intelligently, and even if he shouted at times, he shouted either home truths or, better still, tried to improve us all in our knowledge of the hunting country—its obstacles and difficulties—the working of hounds, and generally to instruct us in the way we should go for our own good in every particular.

Not one of us round our dinner-table dare have funk'd a negotiable fence ; in fact, it would have taken far more moral courage to do this than to jump the obstacle, however formidable. But we were a hard-riding lot, and in those days fear and ourselves were strangers. For we had our plucky little Countess of Yarborough with us most days, and although she could show nearly the whole field her heels across country, at any rate we tried to follow her intrepid lead. After dinner, when we foregathered in the drawing-room, peace reigned. There was no card-playing, for none cared to gamble, and few even to play at all. Drinks would come in, but they would go out again untasted night after night, for there were no drinkers. Only my eldest brother smoked, neither Maunsell nor “Mr. Rolly” ever indulging in the weed. And so in three respective chairs they would sleep “all peaceful,” and I, rejoicing to see them quiet and contented, would either work or read until the sleepers awakened, and went off to their respective beds, to dream of the past day's sport and look forward to the morrow.

One day Lord Minto reminded me that I used sometimes to sing to them. Well, perhaps I helped to soothe them to sleep ; if so, my voice of byegone years has not been wasted

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altogether. And this happy-go-lucky life continued until, in 1874, my eldest brother, to whom practically Great Limber House belonged, married the eldest daughter of the Vicar of Limber, Canon Chamberlain, and so this merry bachelor establishment—this open-house rendezvous for the sporting elect—closed automatically.

CHAPTER IX

VISITORS AT LIMBER

ONE of my brother's favourite racing maxims was: "Put yourself in the best company and your horses in the worst." And certainly, to judge from the friends he invited to stay at our home at Limber—especially Lord Minto, who was as Jonathan to his David—he carried out to the full the first part of this trite saying. It can be gathered, too, from the number of his "wins," totalling up in one year to fifty-six, the particulars of which appear later on in this book, that he carried out the second part of this maxim in a highly satisfactory manner.

One of the most celebrated of our visitors was the late Captain Machell, at that period the doyen of the racing world, who came several times to stay with us at Limber. An old steeplechase rider of great ability himself when quartered with his regiment in Ireland, there was probably no better judge of the sport, and everything in connection with it, than the Captain. He certainly showed his good judgment when, having marked my brother down, while at Cambridge, as an amateur of unusual promise, he took care not to lose sight of him when he left that abode of learning. For it was the Captain's motto through life never to miss a chance; and he had no doubt felt certain that in my brother he had discovered not only a rider who would carry his colours to the front whenever possible, but also one whom he could mould to his will in

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all things. How right he was in his estimate of the "Cat's" ability in the saddle we all know, but there the Captain's perspicuity ended, as will be made clear later on when the story of Reugny's Grand National comes to be told.

Captain Machell soon became aware of the fact that my brother was not only something quite out of the common as a cross-country jockey, but that his genuine love for the horse extended to its education and subsequent training, and so he decided that he could not do better than entrust his most valuable steeplechasers to my brother's care.

When I state that Maunsell would only consent to receive payment for the bare upkeep of the horses under his charge, their jumping education, training, and general care and superintendence being inclusive, for pure love of the thing, it will be pretty generally conceded, I fancy, that Captain Machell had good reason to congratulate himself on his amateur trainer.

Notwithstanding these sacrifices on his part, my brother always regarded himself as Captain Machell's debtor, inasmuch as only through the agency of a man of his means could he get into his possession and ride horses of the very first class; for though possessing a fair fortune of his own it did not run into giving the price for horses which the Captain could afford, expecting, no doubt, to be recouped by methods which my brother could not and would not employ.

I wish here to record that as a guest in our house nothing could exceed Captain Machell's kindness and charm in every way, and to every one. This was especially so in his invariable courtesy to our grandmother, Mrs. Maunsell, who lived with us at Limber, ostensibly as my chaperone (I was then only twenty-three), but in reality loving to be with us, and though upwards of seventy-six years old, taking as much interest in our horses—their exploits—our friends and their doings, as



CAPTAIN MACHELL.

(A sketch at Newmarket in the early seventies.)

Visitors at Limber

we did ourselves. And we treated her as she was, a sympathetic companion, in no way inflicting upon us the ordinary grandmotherly interference.

To her Captain Machell would talk by the hour—of his horses—his hopes and fears for them—of herself, and incidentally, what she thought more of than anything, his admiration for the character and the riding powers of her beloved grandson, Maunsell Richardson. And all this in the simplest manner imaginable, as though he had no other thought or purpose at the back of his mind than that of entertaining a very dear and interesting old lady, and a disinterested desire for my brother's success on the turf.

And if the impression he had intended to create in the old lady's mind was of his artlessness and general love of sport for sport's sake, he certainly succeeded, for to the very last day of her life Mrs. Maunsell remained quite convinced that the notorious Captain Machell was the most sincere and guileless of men. To me also he was the soul of courtesy and kindness, and at our meals (luckily I did not then know he was a noted "gourmet") ate with sufficient appetite to satisfy me that at any rate the fare we provided was to his liking.

In many other ways, too, Captain Machell showed his kindness of disposition and courtesy. I well remember one lovely morning in the early spring, during one of his flying visits to us at Limber, when an important trial was on of the horses then in training for the coming Grand National, and Disturbance, Reugny, Furley, and another horse were to be "ridden out" at certain weights, and the result to those in the know would be satisfactory or otherwise.

The trial, at which I was to be present, had been fixed for the early morning before breakfast, and having kept my appointment made overnight with Captain Machell in the Hall, we

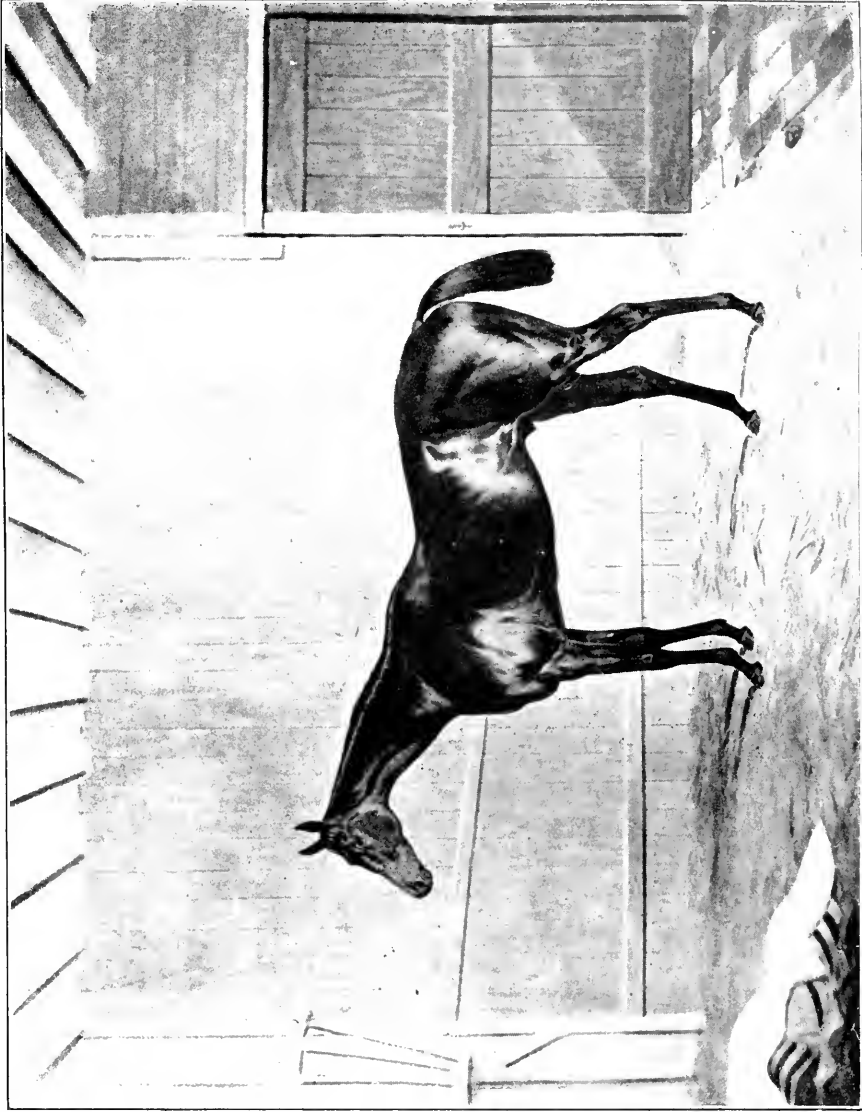
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went to the stables together to mount our respective steeds. I could not help noticing how the Captain's hands shook even then, and it was a case of a glass of cognac administered by his valet before he could even mount and away with any degree of calmness or comfort. On our ride to the course over which the trial was to be ridden nothing could exceed the Captain's urbanity, opening gates, and had I been a queen riding beside him he could not have been more chivalrous.

Then came the great trial, and although I was by no means "in the know," it evidently passed off to the satisfaction of those who were, for we all returned together to the house, and a merrier breakfast party never gathered round a table for that delectable meal.

Even the proverbially shy and silent Mr. Robert Walker was guilty on this occasion of perpetrating a joke which caused much laughter. Our party being considerably larger than usual, the egg-stand had overflowed and some eggs were propped against the others lucky enough to be accommodated in the egg-cups. One of these itinerant eggs fell down, upon which the usually reserved "Bob" exclaimed, amidst dead silence, "There's one of 'em down, anyhow!"

Another frequent visitor to us at Limber was the Freiherr Jacques von Shavel, a Viennese gentleman with most charming manners and great kindness of heart, who in his own country was quite as well known a personage as Captain Machell in ours—perhaps even better. He was a friend of both my brothers, more particularly, however, of the eldest, Willie, who was a good German scholar; whereas Maunsell had no language but his own, and thought that no country could hold a candle to England. But to both my brothers Herr von Shavel remained a staunch and true friend, never failing to come and see them if possible whenever he came to England; and in the



DISTURBANCE.

Bay Horse, by Commotion out of Polly Peachem by Collingwood; foaled 1867.

1872, Nov. 6th—Liverpool, Autumn Meeting, won the Craven Steeplechase, 2 m. 6 f., carrying 11 st. 9 lbs. (6 started).
Nov. 27th—Croydon, won the Grand Metropolitan Steeplechase, £845; 4 m., carrying 10 st. 12 lb. (15 started).
1873, March 27th—Liverpool, won the Grand National Steeplechase, £1,000; 4 m., carrying 10 st. 12 lb. (28 started).
1874, Nov. 6th—Liverpool, won the Grand Metropolitan Steeplechase, £845; 4 m., carrying 10 st. 12 lb. (15 started).
1875, Nov. 6th—Liverpool, won the Grand Metropolitan Steeplechase, £845; 4 m., carrying 10 st. 12 lb. (15 started).
1876, Nov. 6th—Liverpool, won the Grand Metropolitan Steeplechase, £845; 4 m., carrying 10 st. 12 lb. (15 started).
1877, Nov. 6th—Liverpool, won the Grand Metropolitan Steeplechase, £845; 4 m., carrying 10 st. 12 lb. (15 started).
1878, Nov. 6th—Liverpool, won the Grand Metropolitan Steeplechase, £845; 4 m., carrying 10 st. 12 lb. (15 started).
1879, Nov. 6th—Liverpool, won the Grand Metropolitan Steeplechase, £845; 4 m., carrying 10 st. 12 lb. (15 started).
1880, Nov. 6th—Liverpool, won the Grand Metropolitan Steeplechase, £845; 4 m., carrying 10 st. 12 lb. (15 started).
1881, Nov. 6th—Liverpool, won the Grand Metropolitan Steeplechase, £845; 4 m., carrying 10 st. 12 lb. (15 started).
1882, Nov. 6th—Liverpool, won the Grand Metropolitan Steeplechase, £845; 4 m., carrying 10 st. 12 lb. (15 started).
1883, Nov. 6th—Liverpool, won the Grand Metropolitan Steeplechase, £845; 4 m., carrying 10 st. 12 lb. (15 started).
1884, Nov. 6th—Liverpool, won the Grand Metropolitan Steeplechase, £845; 4 m., carrying 10 st. 12 lb. (15 started).
1885, Nov. 6th—Liverpool, won the Grand Metropolitan Steeplechase, £845; 4 m., carrying 10 st. 12 lb. (15 started).
1886, Nov. 6th—Liverpool, won the Grand Metropolitan Steeplechase, £845; 4 m., carrying 10 st. 12 lb. (15 started).
1887, Nov. 6th—Liverpool, won the Grand Metropolitan Steeplechase, £845; 4 m., carrying 10 st. 12 lb. (15 started).
1888, Nov. 6th—Liverpool, won the Grand Metropolitan Steeplechase, £845; 4 m., carrying 10 st. 12 lb. (15 started).
1889, Nov. 6th—Liverpool, won the Grand Metropolitan Steeplechase, £845; 4 m., carrying 10 st. 12 lb. (15 started).
1890, Nov. 6th—Liverpool, won the Grand Metropolitan Steeplechase, £845; 4 m., carrying 10 st. 12 lb. (15 started).
1891, Nov. 6th—Liverpool, won the Grand Metropolitan Steeplechase, £845; 4 m., carrying 10 st. 12 lb. (15 started).
1892, Nov. 6th—Liverpool, won the Grand Metropolitan Steeplechase, £845; 4 m., carrying 10 st. 12 lb. (15 started).
1893, Nov. 6th—Liverpool, won the Grand Metropolitan Steeplechase, £845; 4 m., carrying 10 st. 12 lb. (15 started).
1894, Nov. 6th—Liverpool, won the Grand Metropolitan Steeplechase, £845; 4 m., carrying 10 st. 12 lb. (15 started).
1895, Nov. 6th—Liverpool, won the Grand Metropolitan Steeplechase, £845; 4 m., carrying 10 st. 12 lb. (15 started).
1896, Nov. 6th—Liverpool, won the Grand Metropolitan Steeplechase, £845; 4 m., carrying 10 st. 12 lb. (15 started).
1897, Nov. 6th—Liverpool, won the Grand Metropolitan Steeplechase, £845; 4 m., carrying 10 st. 12 lb. (15 started).
1898, Nov. 6th—Liverpool, won the Grand Metropolitan Steeplechase, £845; 4 m., carrying 10 st. 12 lb. (15 started).
1899, Nov. 6th—Liverpool, won the Grand Metropolitan Steeplechase, £845; 4 m., carrying 10 st. 12 lb. (15 started).
1900, Nov. 6th—Liverpool, won the Grand Metropolitan Steeplechase, £845; 4 m., carrying 10 st. 12 lb. (15 started).

Visitors at Limber

case of my eldest brother, making a point of hunting him up in whatever place he had made his home in after years.

Although by no means a horse-dealer, excepting in the most aristocratic meaning of the word, Herr von Shavel was commissioned to purchase mounts for two succeeding Emperors of Austria, both of whom were ardent lovers of fox-hunting, whilst the late Empress, as many will remember, proved herself well able to hold her own with the best English and Irish sportswomen, and with the fastest packs of hounds in England and Ireland.

It is true she was piloted by one of the "boldest and hardest riders that ever crossed the border" * in the shape of the late Captain "Bay" Middleton, but it is none the less true that to follow such a pilot faithfully and unflinchingly showed a daring and enthusiastic spirit inspired only by the truest love of sport.

"Bay" Middleton was one of Maunsell's most intimate friends, especially in their cricketing days when both played for "I Zingari." I am not sure if he ever stayed with us at Limber, if so it was not during my reign; but he was a prominent guest at my brother's wedding in 1881, and it was on that occasion that we were first introduced to each other. I remember thinking it a trifle difficult to reconcile myself to the belief that this perfectly groomed and even slightly nervous gentleman was the practical joker and the wild bear-fighter of whom I had so often heard my brother speak.

No end of good stories are forthcoming, and still live vividly in men's minds, as to his extraordinary love for practical joking and his wonderful capacity for inventing fresh methods of bear-fighting. It is told how, when once upon a visit

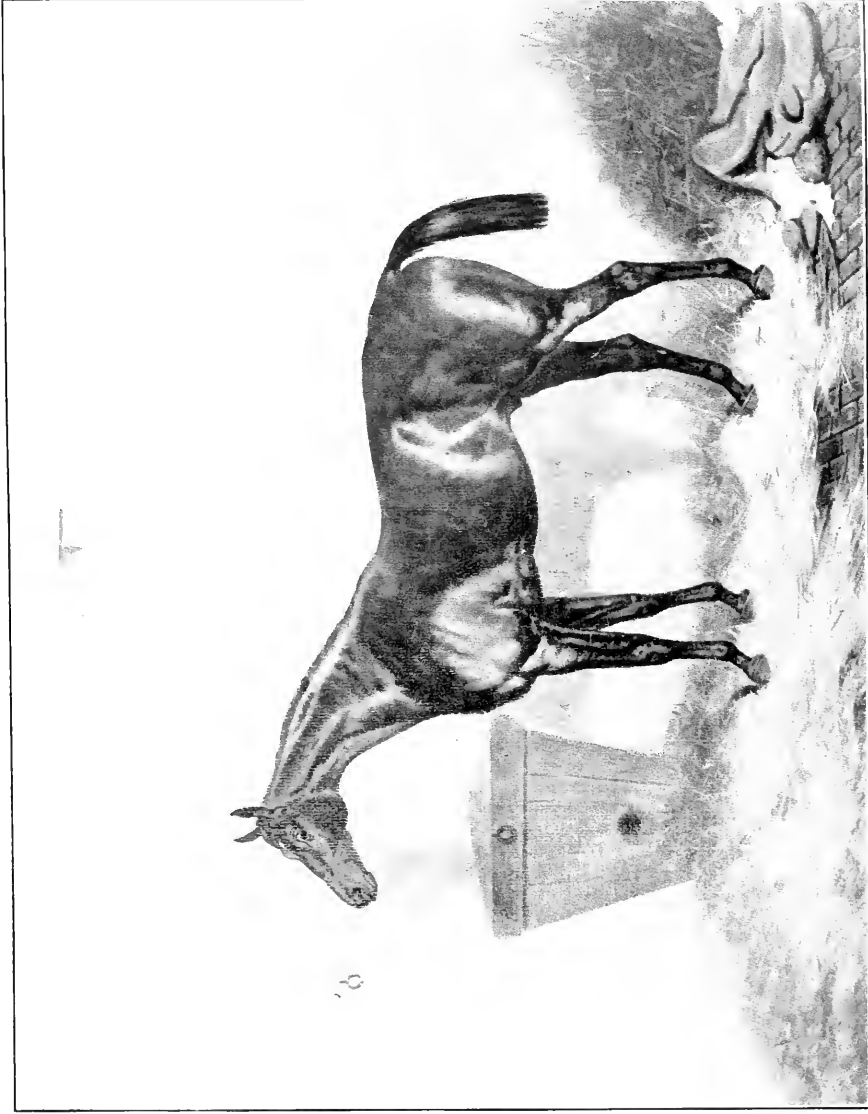
* See "Gentlemen Riders Past and Present," by J. M. Richardson and Finch Mason, pp. 378 and following.

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to Lord Fitzwilliam at Wentworth, the late Lord Strathnairn, with commendable prudence, took the precaution to barricade his door with a heavy chest of drawers before retiring to bed for the night. Upon another celebrated occasion, being no respecter of persons, it is related how Sir Chandos Leigh, when he captained an eleven of the "I Zingari" in Ireland, was nearly driven into a real bear-fight by some monkey trick played upon him at the Viceregal Lodge, Dublin, by this Imp of Mischief in the presence of the then Lord Lieutenant of Ireland and his Duchess. It was certainly only due to the power of self-restraint the great Counsel possessed that blood was not shed, for the irrepressible "Bay" stepped slightly over the bounds of fair play in the favourite amusement on this memorable occasion.

In spite of his tendency occasionally to carry a joke a little too far, "Bay" Middleton, as many of his friends can testify, possessed a very kind heart, and genuine feeling for those in trouble. Some years ago a friend of mine told me that she was staying with her mother, who was extremely ill, at the same hotel as the redoubtable "Bay," their rooms being adjoining. She knew him well by reputation, but never having met him, she hesitated naturally in asking him to moderate his bear-fighting horrors for the sake of her mother. Not only, however, were he and his friends silent as mice during their stay, but he never passed her mother's door without making a point of removing his boots, and, what is more, insisted on his friends doing likewise.

Naturally Herr von Shavel came into North Lincolnshire in his quest for the best horses for so fine a rider as his Emperor. And nothing but the most perfect horse in every respect that money could buy was good enough for him. Each hunter was required to have the best manners of an



REUGNY.

By Winos out of Reine Blanche.

Winner of Liverpool Grand National, 1874, carried 10 stone 12 lbs. (29 starters). Ridden by J. M. Richardson.

Visitors at Limber

experienced hack, and a hack to be good enough to take a hunter's place on occasion.

A fine horseman himself, with hands as delicate as a woman's, he knew immediately he was on a horse's back, and had handled him for a few minutes, whether or not he was the suitable article. And for the suitable article, no price stood in his way. For the unsuitable he had no second place. Many a horse he purchased out of our stables, and I am proud to recollect that he once bought a grey cob of mine, solely for his perfect manners, for the colour was an abomination to him.

Although the last time I had the pleasure of meeting Herr von Shavel at my eldest brother's house in London, his hair, once dark as the raven's wing, was white as snow, I am glad to say he is still in the land of the living,* and I sincerely trust we may meet again, also that he will read this slight tribute to his faithfulness as a friend, and genial companion.

Another frequent visitor to our house at Limber was the late Hon. Sir Chandos Leigh, who became as well known in the Law Courts as he was formerly in the cricketing world. His book of Recollections, recently published, entitled "Bar, Bat and Bit," gives, with many other delightful details and anecdotes appertaining to its title, a very charming impression of his old friend Maunsell Richardson and his wife, at Healing Manor. Although considerably older than either of my brothers—as a matter of fact, he had been a contemporary at Harrow with our stepfather, the Rev. H. G. Southwell—he was so young in mind and thought, that he never seemed aggressively our senior in any manner. He shared our amusements, hunts and rides when possible. Although the graver matters of the Law—for he generally stayed with us when on Circuit—claimed his

* He has, I regret to say, passed over since this was written.

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attention, he never allowed them and their attendant worries to detract from his interested good fellowship with us, and our far less important doings.

Another interesting personality who visited us at Limber was Maunsell's old college chum, the late Cecil Legard, who afterwards became the Rev. Cecil Legard, that wonderful survival of the genuine sporting parson, who with the surplice, metaphorically speaking, over his hunting kit, makes the best of both worlds. An extraordinary good judge of a horse and an enthusiastic lover of them as well, I believe he has never been known to be taken in over a deal. He certainly never was when I knew him in the old days, and I expect advancing years had, if anything, made him a still more competent judge of both horse and hound. What a wonderful clerical hunting "get-up" was his! A dark-grey coat and breeches of the latest and most perfect cut, with black boots which left nothing to be desired in shape, fit or style, was surmounted by a low-crowned hard felt hat, which, while corresponding to the correct clerical hunting attire, was to all appearance as comfortable to its wearer as the old-fashioned hunting-cap had the reputation of being.

Young Lord Aberdour and Lord Wodehouse, now respectively Earls of Morton and Kimberley, both Cambridge chums of Maunsell's, also visited us and came several times to Limber, making themselves quite at home with us, exemplifying their aristocratic descent by their extra charm of good fellowship, which surely is the only true hallmark, the gold of good breeding.

Two well-remembered friends, also, are the two Goldneys—"Prior and Jack," as they were in those days—now respectively Sir Prior and Sir John Goldney. They came more especially to visit my eldest brother, Prior Goldney having



CHESTNUT GELDING FURLEY.

By Honiton out of Odine. Foaled 1868.

Croydon, March 12th, 1873, won U.K. Grand Handicap Steeplechase, £1,000; 4 miles, carrying 10 stone 9 lbs.; ridden by J. M. Richardson (13 started). Warwick, April 5th, 1873, won the Grand Annual Steeplechase Handicap, £450;

Visitors at Limber

been his greatest friend at Harrow, whilst his younger brother, Jack, made our acquaintance at his brother's desire, and arrived at the Open House at Limber as a matter of course. The two Goldneys, if not such enthusiastic sportsmen as my brothers, or as the majority of Maunsell's particular friends, proved themselves delightful additions to our family party. I am glad to say they are both living, and if, as I hope, they will read this book, I salute them in these pages, and claim them as friends of past years.

Perhaps "Sir Jack" will recall to mind a lovely summer's day when the riding party from Limber were winding their way through the Brocklesby Woods, two of them, Sir Jack and I, with shining faces. We certainly did not possess much personal vanity in those days—neither he nor I. There had been a plague of flies, especially tormenting when, as was frequently the case in the summer, we rode in the Brocklesby Woods, for their beauty and shade. So "Sir Jack" had a certain fly lotion sent down from London, with which if you anointed your face no flies approached within biting range. Before starting, he and I duly anointed ourselves. I did not look at myself in the glass before going out, neither, I fancy, did he. But when I came in and beheld the greasy apparition that met me in the mirror, I did not wonder that certain acquaintances we had met, and the shopkeepers in Caistor, had smiled in a manner quite unusual. I had certainly noticed that Sir Jack looked rather disreputable, but his appearance was positively beautiful compared to mine!

To this delightful "Life at Limber," its enjoyments and its excitements, many friends who lived around us contributed largely. They would drop in at all times of the morning and evening, particularly those who lived near us in the village, to see what we were doing or going to do, whether riding or

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driving. This would be chiefly in the summer, when hunting and racing were off. Then they would ride or drive with us, or on rainy days play billiards. At any rate, we were never at a loss for companions of different ages or sex. All were welcome, and made no difference in our daily life, except that "a pleasure shared was a pleasure doubled."

Foremost amongst them was one very special friend and cousin, George Marris*—"Little Man," as we all called him. He was, in fact, our real stand-by. Wet or fine he was sure to turn up, and would on occasion ride anything Maunsell asked him to try—would, in fact, rough-ride the youngest or the most vicious old horse that might happen to have found his way into our stables. Nothing came amiss to the "Little Man." Some years older than our three selves, we had been accustomed from childhood to regard him as our own property to play with us when we wanted; in fact, to be at our beck and call, and incidentally to get us out of any scrape we might have managed to get into. Nor did he ever fail us. Maunsell once had a remarkably vicious horse, though perfect in all other respects, which he had bought from a friend who literally could do nothing with him. When he would go he was bad to beat in the hunting field, and Maunsell, who had never yet been conquered by a horse, determined to try his hand at "Dutch Sam," † as he was very appropriately named. After a few weeks, the horse proved so tractable under my brother's handling, that it was decided I was to have a ride on him, and to call at the neighbouring village, and relate how a conquest had been achieved.

Naturally I was highly flattered, and considered I was

* Eldest son of Mr. William Marris, of Limber, and nephew of our grandmother, Mrs. Maunsell.

† "Dutch Sam" was the name of a once celebrated prizefighter.



GEORGE ANGUS MARRIS, ESQ.

Visitors at Limber

receiving a high and mighty honour. The horse was saddled for me, and with a merry party of lookers-on standing round, was brought out to the steps near the stables for me to mount. I just managed to get on to the saddle, but before I could annex stirrup or reins, off plunged "Dutch Sam," dragging the man who was holding his head, and who, luckily for me, clung manfully to the reins for some yards. The brute then got him down, and the next thing I saw on finding my stirrup, and getting a slight hold on the reins, was "Dutch Sam" literally pounding the unfortunate man with his fore feet as he lay on the ground. The "Little Man" flew to the rescue, and seizing the reins that had fallen from the groom's grasp, held on to them like grim death, although he too was dragged some distance by the now infuriated horse.

It was, no doubt, the unaccustomed swish of my habit that had done the mischief, for after this escapade, and "Little Man" had succeeded in pacifying him, "Dutch Sam" soon recovered his temper, and was as quiet as the proverbial lamb. So much so, indeed, that I rode him as hard as he could go to the nearest doctor.

On examination his unfortunate victim proved to have had seven ribs smashed to pieces, and for days his life was despaired of. I am glad, however, to say that he eventually made a complete recovery, and worked for us many years afterwards. The whole affair had been so sudden and unexpected that when it was over I only realized from Maunsell's livid face what a severe ordeal I had gone through. He was in the stable at the moment it happened, and only rushed out just in time to seize the reins on the other side. By which time the horse had worked off his temper, and now, thoroughly subdued, was trembling in every limb, in the consciousness, no doubt, of what he had done.

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It was an extraordinary instance of how a horse of moods could be a complete savage one moment and a perfect gentleman the next. For all that, my brother was determined to take no more risks, and though, personally, I rather liked the horse, it came somewhat as a relief when, not long afterwards, Maunsell announced that he had found a purchaser for "Dutch Sam."



J. M. RICHARDSON AS GENTLEMAN RIDER.

CHAPTER X

RACING CAREER

BY FINCH MASON

IT will be generally admitted, I am sure, by all those who have any knowledge on the subject, that there are two qualifications which are absolutely essential to the steeplechase rider, no matter whether he be a professional or an amateur. One is, unlimited pluck—or, as many would prefer to call it, nerve—and the other skill. That there are a great many young horsemen who possess the first-named goes without saying, but unfortunately one is not much good without the other, and there can be no question that the possession of both to an eminent degree was the real secret of Maunsell Richardson's extraordinary success in the career he had mapped out for himself in early life. In his own introduction to the book which he collaborated so successfully with myself a few years ago, and, as in this case, published by Messrs. Vinton and Co., entitled "Gentlemen Riders Past and Present," whilst saying nothing about skill, he alludes to the question of nerve in language there can be no mistaking.

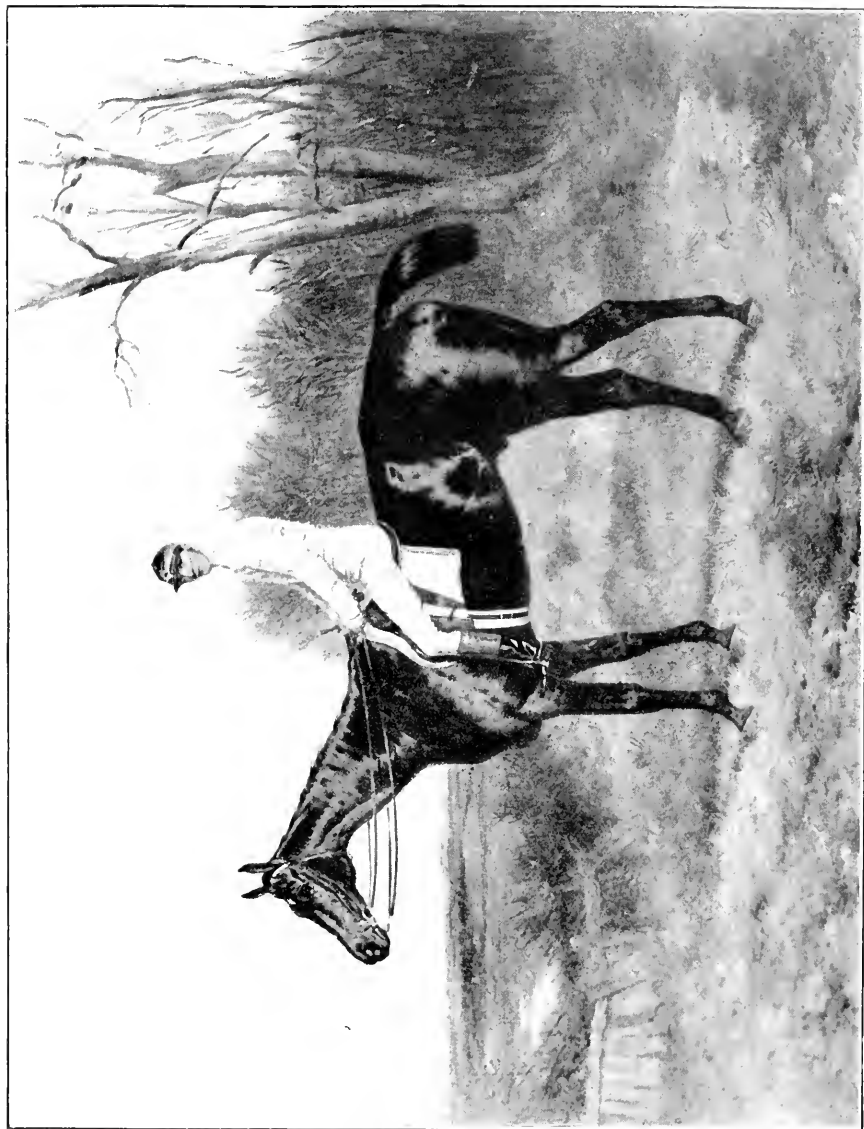
"One thing is certain," he says, "which is, that unless an aspirant to steeplechase honours thoroughly makes up his mind beforehand to put his whole heart and soul into his work, with his neck a secondary consideration, he may just as well leave the game alone altogether for all the satisfaction he is likely to get out of it."

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Whilst, as I have already mentioned, there are thousands of young horsemen who set not the slightest value upon their necks—men who would ride at a house if it came in their way—yet owing to this very recklessness will never make good horsemen in the strict sense of the word. And that is where the “Cat”—to give him the name Mr. Richardson was popularly known by—“came in,” as the saying is; for not only did he possess the heart of a lion, but also every other quality which goes to make the perfect horseman. A proof of which—if any were wanting—being his artistic riding on the flat; the few races he won under these conditions being generally voted, even by the professional (flat race) jockeys he competed against, perfect masterpieces of race riding, which they themselves could not have bettered.

His superiority in this respect is not hard to explain. “Thorough” in everything he undertook, directly the steeplechase season was at an end he would repair to his favourite Newmarket, and there, under the friendly guidance of Joe Cannon and other famous trainers, would spend his mornings taking part in five or six furlong gallops, riding the older horse against the two-year olds, and assiduously practising the art of getting quickly off.

I have frequently heard him say that had he not ridden over short courses every day during the recess, he never would have won the two welter races at Epsom, one at the spring meeting on Lincoln, belonging to a worthy bookmaker, familiarly known as “Nosey” Taylor, and the other at the summer meeting, on the day after the Derby, when on Bickerstaffe, the property of the then Lord Lonsdale, he beat seventeen others in the “Six Furlong Welter,” in a style which provoked general admiration. What made the task more difficult for an amateur was that in those days there were no



PETER.

Bay horse, by Magnum out of Eliza by Pompey, and bred at Limber.

1871—Won a match for 100 sovs. against Mr. Nelson's Keystone, 12 stone each; 4 miles over Brocklesby Steeplechase Course, 1872, April 1st—Won the Retford Open Steeplechase, carrying 12 stone 4 lbs. 1872, April 4th—Won the Hunter Steeplechase at Warwick, carrying 12 stone 7 lbs. Ridden by J. M. Richardson.

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straight six furlongs as now, consequently the horses had to come round Tattenham Corner soon after the start.

As an example of the wonderful condition he always kept himself in, Mr. Richardson, early in the same afternoon on which he won the Grand National for Captain Machell on Disturbance, rode and won a seven-furlong race on the flat, on Lincoln, a feat described to me by one of the most celebrated amateur horsemen of his day as the finest exhibition of stamina and confidence he had ever witnessed or was ever likely to again, involving as it did a strain on the constitution that not one jockey out of a hundred, either amateur or professional, would have had the hardihood to risk.

On the contrary, one has only to take up a sporting paper a week before the Grand National to read that such and such a jockey—professional most likely—engaged to ride a prominent candidate in the race, undesirous of taking any risks in the interim, will not appear again in the saddle until he fulfils his engagement at Aintree.

Mr. Richardson's immunity from accidents in the field was wonderful, the only falls he received of any importance during his steeplechasing career being got when schooling the chasers at home sometimes. He attributed this in no small measure to two causes—one in never riding into the heels of horses in front of him during a race; and also should the horse he was riding come down on his knees, he often kept on his back instead of cutting a voluntary over his head. The most modest of men, when the subject was under discussion once, he added, "I suppose, as Sir John Astley remarked in his book, 'hands' had something to do with it, but it seems rather conceited to say so."

And there is not much doubt that this was the true explanation, both the hands and feet of the "Cat" being just about as

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near perfection as could be, whilst, as I have previously stated, his nerve was undeniable.

Another habit of his, which certainly did not find favour with the majority of steeplechase jockeys, was always to select the biggest place in the fence to ride at; whilst another golden rule he adhered to religiously, especially at Aintree, was to carefully go over the ground before the race. I don't believe that there was an inch of the Grand National course that he didn't know by heart, and I believe it was a fact that Colonel Campbell, now commanding the 9th Lancers, who won the race on *The Soarer* in 1896, attributed his success in no small measure to a letter written some years previously by Mr. Richardson to a mutual friend, giving the latter much sound advice how to ride at the different fences—exactly where to take off, and so on.

Though I believe he won a small local steeplechase, if not two, when at home in Lincolnshire for the holidays, when actually a boy at Harrow, it was not until November, 1865, being at the time an undergraduate at Cambridge and not yet out of his teens, that Mr. Richardson's steeplechase-riding career may be said to have commenced in earnest.

Though entered on the books of Magdalen College, he was never actually in residence there, taking up his abode in preference at French's well-known lodging house by Park Street, Jesus Lane, which was literally a hotbed of young sportsmen, amongst those living there at the same time as himself being the Honourable Harry Fitzwilliam, the late Mr. Leopold de Rothschild, and the late Rev. Cecil Legard, all three of whom, like himself, have since made their mark in the world of sport.

Mr. Harry Fitzwilliam, for instance, distinguished himself in early life, by being one of the very few horsemen—they were

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only two in number, I fancy, himself and an officer in the 11th Hussars—who ever succeeded in taking the big “Double” at Punchestown—then twice as formidable an obstacle as that now in existence—in a fly.

The late Mr. Leopold de Rothschild, as we all know, eventually blossomed forth into one of the most influential owners of racehorses in the kingdom; whilst as to his popularity it is no exaggeration to assert that, with the exception of the purple and scarlet livery of His Majesty, there were no racing colours in existence which met with such a spontaneous welcome from the crowd when they were seen in the van as the “dark blue and yellow” of popular “Mr. Leo.”

Again, where is the visitor to any of the principal Hare and Hound shows held in different parts of the country, during the last forty years or so, who is not familiar with the striking personality of the Rev. Cecil Legard, who in the capacity of judge—and a good judge too, as the song says—was always much “in evidence” in the show ring on these occasions?

French’s, which was the recognized headquarters of the *crème de la crème*, so to speak, of the sporting set at Cambridge, was a most exclusive establishment and exceedingly difficult to get into, every one desirous of becoming a member having to be proposed and seconded just the same as at a club. Whatever his intentions in the future, there can be no question but that the young freshman’s first thoughts on commencing his university career ran entirely to Horse and nothing else, it being significant that on a near relative of his own, on a visit to Cambridge, calling on him at his lodgings one day in his absence, was highly amused on casting an eye round the sitting-room to note that its chief furniture apparently consisted of a chair and a riding-whip.

In November, 1865, we find him sporting silk for the first

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time in public in a steeplechase at Huntingdon, which he won on Vienna, a mare of his own, who must have been a goodish animal, as he won the Fitzwilliam Hunt Cup at Peterborough, and the Kimbolton Four-mile Handicap Steeplechase at Bedford—which last was over a very stiff country—on her the following year. (Note by M. E. R.: “Vienna was a brown mare, perfect in her paces, sweet-tempered. I have often ridden her.”)

After this successful beginning, the subject of our memoir, greatly to his credit, made up his mind to devote attention entirely for a time to reading, and that he carried out his plan with the same energy and determination which were his leading characteristics in everything he undertook, either then or in after life, is clear, seeing that in the end he succeeded in passing his “Little Go” with flying colours. After this he no doubt thought himself fairly entitled to resume his favourite pursuit.

Accordingly, in 1868, we find him once more making a start—and a good one—by winning the Open Handicap Steeplechase at Lincoln on a mare belonging to himself named Proserpine, which victory he followed up by winning the Yarborough Cup at the same meeting on The Pet, belonging to Mr. Nelson. Whilst at Cambridge he won the Open Hunters Steeplechase for Mr. Abington on Warden, and the Aylesbury Open Handicap for Mr. Bentley on Novice.

At Aylesbury the following year he won a match, which created a good deal of interest at the time in undergraduate circles, on Cora Pearl, belonging to the late Sir William Milner, beating his friend Mr. “Charlie” Newton on The Fawn, the property of Lord Rosebery, after a good race, by a neck. In 1869, riding Watteau, belonging to himself, the “Cat” won the One Mile Hunt flat race at Redbourne, this being the first race on the flat he ever took part in.

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The season of 1870 was destined to play an important part in his riding career, seeing that, in addition to many other races, Mr. Richardson won the most important event he had yet ridden in, namely, the Grand National Hunt Steeplechase, run on this occasion at Cottenham, near Cambridge, on Schiedam, belonging to the still living Lord Chaplin, then Mr. Henry Chaplin, like himself a Lincolnshire man—a fact which made the victory all the more appropriate.

Now it was—or very soon after—that Mr. Richardson formed the connection with the late Captain Machell—perhaps the best judge of steeplechasing in England—which was destined to have such successful results, and which ended in that gentleman not only sending his *protégé* a lot of his horses to his place at Limber to be trained for their engagements, but giving him a roving commission to buy any more he thought likely to win races whenever he had a chance.

One of the three first investments in this line was Keystone, which good horse he purchased from that well-known Lincolnshire yeoman and sportsman, Mr. Robert S. Walker, after winning the Sefton Steeplechase at Liverpool on him, and that the deal was a successful one was proved by his new purchase winning the Cambridge Handicap Steeplechase and the West of Scotland Steeplechase at Eglinton in the same year. Mr. Richardson then took Keystone to Baden-Baden, where, with himself in the saddle, he was only beaten by a neck for the Grand Prize.

Mr. Richardson was unlucky in this particular race, for he had ridden in it, as it happened, the previous year, his mount on that occasion being Juryman, the property of Count Nicholas Esterhazy. He, the late George Ede (Mr. "Edwards"), and the still living Major Arthur Tempest were the only Englishmen riding in the race, and all went well until they came to

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the brook, when Juryman and his rider collided with Major Tempest's mount, and were knocked bodily into the water, the "Cat," whose ankle was damaged, being picked out by an English groom looking on, just in time to avoid being jumped upon by the remainder of the field, consisting of a lot of foreign officers of different nationalities, every one of whom fell into the brook.

The only rider, in fact, who managed to get over in safety was George Ede on Benazet, belonging to the late Lord Powlett, who went on and won pretty much as he liked.

Benazet, I may mention—again ridden by Mr. "Edwards"—was made an odds-on favourite for the same race the following year, which he would inevitably have won but for coming down at the brook and breaking his back, to the great grief of his rider, who, as one of the papers afterwards remarked, was as fond of poor Benazet as, the song tells us, was the proverbial Arab of his steed.

Other events won by Mr. Richardson that same year for Captain Machell were the Brocklesby Open, the Warwick Hunt, and the Nottinghamshire Steeplechases, all three on Defence, trained by himself.

At Rothbury, Northumberland, again, riding on a very light saddle and over severe country, he won the Open Handicap Steeplechase on Lady Day, notwithstanding the fact that he broke a stirrup leather at the very first fence.

Besides the Grand Annual at Warwick on Schiedam for Mr. Chaplin, other races he won that year were the Coplow Stakes and Granby Handicap at Croxton Park, on Felix and Bickerstaffe, the property respectively of Lords Calthorpe and Lonsdale, whilst on Tuberville he won the Warwick Welter for the late Lord Aylesford. At Ayr he won the Corinthian Handicap for Mr. James Barber on Disturbance, and later on

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the Worcestershire Welter for Mr. Ray on Scylla by a short head, after a great finish, Jem Adams and John Osborne being second and third, with a head between each.

In 1872 Mr. Richardson eclipsed all his previous performances in point of number, winning no fewer than fifty-six events, four of which were races on the flat, including the two at the Epsom Spring and Summer meetings on Lincoln and Bickerstaffe respectively, of which I have already made mention, and which he himself was so proud of. It was a singular incident that of the four races under Jockey Club Rules he rode in that year at Epsom and Liverpool he should win them all.

The following year, in addition to numerous other races of more or less importance, the "Cat" set the seal on his fame by winning the Grand National on Disturbance, purchased by him from Mr. James Barber on behalf of Captain Machell for a very small sum at the Ayr meeting. Disturbance was a very little horse, and despite the fact that in Mr. Richardson's hands he had already beaten a field of first-rate horses in the Croydon Steeplechase, this probably accounted in no small measure for his being allowed to start at an outside point, the majority of backers being no doubt of opinion that 11 st. 11 lb. was far too heavy an impost for so small a horse to carry successfully over so long and tiring a course as that at Aintree.

Captain Machell and Mr. Richardson, however, knew better, and never lost confidence in their champion, with the result that Captain Machell was credited with having won the largest sum in bets that had ever been his lot since he went on the turf, not even excepting that memorable occasion when Hermit won the Derby; whilst Mr. Richardson, whose first bet it was of any importance, landed the thousand to ten the Captain had taken on his behalf soon after the acceptances were declared.

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I may mention that the "Cat" had a similar piece of good luck when King Lud, belonging to the then Lord Lonsdale, won the Cesarewitch in 1873, Captain Machell on his own initiative having good-naturedly insisted on investing a tenner for him at the longest odds then obtainable, which in this instance meant 40 to 1.

Beyond an occasional sovereign on his fancy for the Derby or other of the Classic races, I believe these were the only two bets worthy of the name ever made by the subject of this memoir, and he was certainly to be congratulated on the result.

Perhaps the most heavily backed candidate than any in the Grand National of 1873 won by Disturbance was Rhysworth, a gigantic animal who, when the property of the late Mr. Henry Saville, had run third for the Derby, and was supported by his owner at the last moment, as though the race was all over but shouting, as indeed it looked when he was seen leading what was left of the field on approaching the final hurdle with only the undersized Disturbance threatening danger, and going so strong that Mr. Richardson might well be excused for regarding his thousand to ten as being good as lost.

In a moment, however, the situation underwent a complete change. Rhysworth, though a good horse in a way, was a rogue of the first water, and as the game little Disturbance closed with him at the last hurdle—the two horses rising in the air together and almost touching each other, back went his ears, flat to his poll, and declining to respond to the vigorous call of young Boxall—a son of Mr. Chaplin's stud-groom, who rode him—Disturbance, jumping like a cat, drew gradually away to win comfortably, amidst vociferous cheering from all parts of the course.

Boxall was very much blamed on this occasion for making too much of his horse, and it was openly stated that had the



THE GRAND NATIONAL, 1873—"DISTURBANCE" WINS!

(A sketch at the last hurdle, J. M. Richardson on left.)

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jockeys been reversed the result would have been very different. Maunsell Richardson, however, who was surely better entitled to know than any one, declined to allow this at any price, giving it as his opinion that no one could have ridden better than Boxall, whose rough and ready style of riding exactly suited a wayward brute like Rhysworth, who had tried all he knew to "cut it" on two other occasions during the race, notably when coming to the water in the first round, when, but for the determined handling of his jockey, he would inevitably have refused.

To show what a good performance it was on the part of Disturbance, it may be mentioned that Rhysworth, either the very next day or the day after, ran clean away from a large field in the Sefton Steeplechase, with the substantial burden of 12 st. 7 lb. on his back. Had the horse won the Grand National it would indeed have been hard lines for Maunsell Richardson, at whose place he had been located for some time until removed in consequence of a rupture between his owner and Captain Machell, and who had taught him all the jumping he ever knew.

To celebrate the event many Lincolnshire friends shortly afterwards gave a banquet to Mr. Richardson at Brigg. When it is added that the motto on the top of the menu card was "Disturbance but no Row," and that the "Mate" (the late Sir John Astley), in his most genial mood, presided at the feast, it may well be imagined that the gathering was of a most festive character, it being not too much to say that the cheering which went up when the guest of the evening got on his legs to return thanks for the toast of his health might easily have been heard in the next parish.

Curiously enough, Mr. James Barber, from whom Disturbance was originally purchased, though begged by Mr.

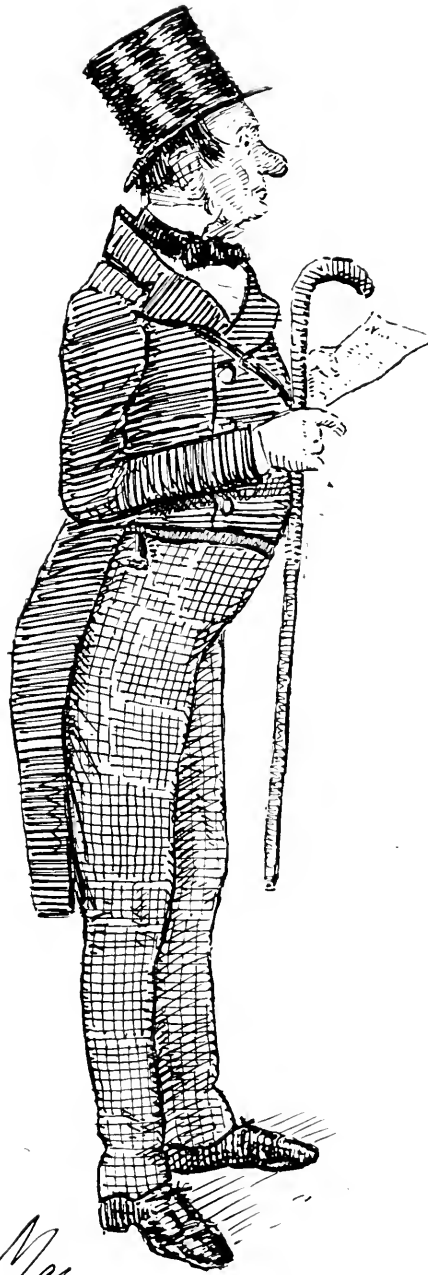
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Richardson to back the horse for the Liverpool, quite contrary to his usual custom—for no one liked a gamble better or could scent a “good thing” more readily than Jimmy Barber—steadily declined to take the hint, so if he was left out in the cold, no one was to blame but himself.

In after years he had a mare named Fan, and on one occasion, when well fancied for the Grand National, for which in a previous year she had been placed, with a view to making the race a greater certainty for her than it already looked, her eccentric owner sallied forth in the dead of night on the eve of the event, accompanied by one or two other conspirators all armed with hatchets, with the object of cutting down the obstacles on the course. Just as they were busily engaged in this nefarious scheme, what was their astonishment, when the sound of “chop, chop, chop” in the distance suddenly made them aware that another party of sportsmen (?), presumably connected with another promising candidate, were hard at work with the same object in view, as in Fan’s case.

Whether the two forces foregathered and acted in concert I am not aware, but it is satisfactory to know that the scheme, so far from attaining its object, in all probability played into the hands of the winner, Fan, as she had done in previous years, refusing at the first or second fence with more obstinacy than ever.

Jimmy Barber was a most eccentric character, and long after he had ceased to own racehorses was a regular attendant at the principal race meetings, especially at Newmarket, where his quaint figure, garbed in a swallow-tailed coat of antique pattern, shepherd’s plaid combinations, and wearing a very tall and ill-brushed hat, and with a thick stick in his ungloved hands, was always a familiar feature of the place. On a wet



John Mason

MR. JAMES BARBER.
(Formerly owner of Disturbance.)

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or cold day a short blue cloak, fastened at the throat by a clasp, hung gracefully from his shoulders.

The racing over for the day, Jimmy Barber, as he was familiarly called, would repair to his inn, and there after dinner, seated at the head of a long table, he would be found roaring out song after song, in a voice which for volume I never yet heard its equal, until closing time.

Another of his weaknesses, too, was quoting the Bard of Avon on all occasions whenever he had a chance. "As Shakespeare was once good enough to remark," he would commence, and then out would come a quotation from his repertoire, delivered with a solemnity which would have been laughable had it not been rather a trial to listen to.

On one occasion, in his palmy days, a match between a two-year-old of his own and another, who started favourite, ended in a dead heat. The decider was run off later on, George Fordham being engaged to ride by the other side in place of the jockey who had previously tried to ride, his mount, this time, being a hot odds-on favourite.

Jimmy Barber, accompanied by two members of the fourth estate, were driving along in the former's fly to watch the race, when one of the party remarked, "I suppose it's a good thing for the favourite, isn't it, Mr. Barber?" "Well, a' don't know so much about that," was the reply, "ma' boy tells me that he lost quite three or four lengths at the start just now owing to the colt turning tail when the flag dropped, and——" But before he could finish the sentence his two companions had opened the door, and were now running as fast as their legs could carry them back to the Stand, there to invest a quarter's salary—or possibly more—on the non-favourite, who, it may be mentioned, this time got off all right, and won in a canter, and it is to be hoped landed its eccentric owner a good stake,

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as it certainly did for the far-seeing gentlemen of the Press, to whom unwittingly he had given what in the phraseology of the Turf is termed the "Office."

When, the following March, Maunsell Richardson appeared on the course at Aintree in the familiar white jacket and dark-blue cap, mounted on Reugny, who left off one of the hottest favourites for the Grand National ever known in the history of the race, little did those who looked on and admired, and later on cheered him to the echo as he galloped home on the favourite, imagine that they had seen the last of this brilliant horseman on a racecourse. Such, however, unfortunately proved to be the case. Unjustly blamed by the owner of the favourite for his failure at the very last moment to obtain what he considered a fair price about his horse, and offended beyond measure—and justly so—at the proposal made to himself with a view to sending Reugny back on the quotations, which, had it been carried out, must inevitably have damaged his reputation, he made up his mind at once that, win or lose, his ride on Reugny in the Grand National should be his last.

In vain did Captain Machell, now desperately angry at his wishes not being complied with, threaten to scratch Reugny and rely on Defence. "I don't keep my horses to run for a lot of Lincolnshire farmers to bet on!" added he. "I have lived amongst and hunted with them all my life," retorted the "Cat," "and having let you know the result of the trial in ample time, thought myself justified in giving them the 'tip.' As for your threat," he added, "if you carry it out I'll ride Furley and beat you!"

The Captain's next move was to offer all his principal horses *en bloc* to Mr. Arthur Yates, acting on behalf of that well-known sportsman the late Mr. Gerard Leigh, for the sum of

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£12,000, and had that gentleman been on the spot there is little doubt that the offer would have been accepted. As it was, Mr. Yates, being unable to communicate with Mr. Leigh at the moment, and not caring to take so heavy a responsibility on his own shoulders without first consulting his principal, the offer fell through, with the result that Captain Machell had to make the best of a bad bargain, as the saying is, and put up for once with what he could get, which in this instance was a solitary bet of five thousand to a thousand.

“And not bad business either,” as Mr. Richardson once remarked to the writer, “seeing that Disturbance, Reugny, and Defence only cost him £1200, when I bought these for him originally at the Ayr meeting a little over a year previously.”

How religiously he kept his word as regards his vow not to ride in public again can be well understood by any one at all acquainted with John Maunsell Richardson, the only time he ever appeared again in the once favourite white jacket and dark-blue cap being when he took part in a private sweep-stake in Croxton Park, on which occasion he rode a hunter of his own, which he had hunted down, the race eventually falling to his friend, the late Mr. Hugh Owen, whose mount, belonging to himself, started favourite in a large field and won easily.

Soon after Reugny's victory in the Grand National, Captain Machell sold the pick of his steeplechasers, including Disturbance, Reugny, and Defence, for a large sum, to the late Mr. Gerard Leigh, by whom they were sent down to Luton Hoo, his place in Bedfordshire. It will hardly be believed that one fine day, in order to provide amusement for the home party, the whole fleet were brought out, and, with hanging reins attached, were jumped-over leaping bars erected for the occasion, with the result that Disturbance, at all events, was irretrievably ruined, and never ran again, whilst the others suffered more

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or less injury from their exertions in a performance which can only be likened to that one would expect to meet with at a horse show or a circus.

AN AMUSING EXPERIENCE

In the early spring of 1872 Mr. Richardson received a letter from his old friend Mr. Ned Maxwell—afterwards Sir Edward Heron-Maxwell—stating that he had entered a big—very big—and long chestnut horse, named Reviriscat, of whom he had formed great expectations, in the Hunt Steeplechase at Lincoln, and would take it as a great favour if he would ride him, a request which the “Cat” readily complied with.

Having duly weighed out for the race above-mentioned, Mr. Richardson made for the saddling paddock, and there found—to quote his own words—“the biggest horse I ever set eyes on, with the smallest bridle, a tiny snaffle, with the thinnest rein possible to conceive, purchased in the town—at a toyshop I should imagine—that very morning by Ned Maxwell’s old Scotch groom, because, so he informed me, he *‘thought it looked like racing.’*”

“Just imagine my feelings,” went on Mr. Richardson, “on beholding this enormous horse, quite seventeen hands high, 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 destitute of guard rails, with a narrow road to cross—altogether a very difficult country to negotiate, in fact. A goodish-looking mare named Susan, who had previously won several races, with Tom Spence in the saddle, was made favourite, the race, according to all accounts, being reckoned a good thing for her.

“At all events, she compared very favourably with my own mount, whose underbred and elephantine appearance so struck



REVIRESCAT.

(From a painting in possession of Miss Heron Maxwell.)

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my friends looking on, that on mounting I was the recipient of many inquiries as to whether my life was insured.

“Well, off we started” (I am still quoting his rider), “and, to my surprise and delight, instead of Reviriscat, as I made sure would be the case, going badly over the ridge and furrow, or taking a lot of riding in the fearful and wonderful bridle already described, no horse could possibly have gone better, with the result that when we got amongst the trappy fences the others were quickly left behind, and never being caught, we eventually won with the greatest ease, to the extreme delight of his sporting owner, who, though the winner had frequently carried him hunting, the latter had never previously run in a steeplechase. To show his appreciation of the performance, dear old Ned Maxwell presented me soon afterwards with a souvenir in the shape of a large silver flask, on one side of which was inscribed ‘Reviriscat,’ and on the other the following lines composed by himself:—

“SEMPER FIDELIS.*

“Semper Fidelis—proud Motto—none less
‘Cat’ Richardson’s Image could truly portray.
Still in faith and in love let me add ‘Reviriscat’
In those happy hunting fields far, far away.”

In March, 1873, Reviriscat, ridden by that popular gentleman rider and fine horseman, the late Captain “Wenty” Hope Johnstone, whose first ride it was in the race, ran in the Grand National, for which, though heavily backed by his owners and friends, he made no show against Disturbance, the mount of Mr. Richardson.

Mr. Ned Maxwell was never happier than when writing poetry of his own composing, and so sanguine was he of success on this particular occasion, that he actually took this

* The Richardson family motto.

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in hand two days *before* the race, and wrote some verses descriptive of Reviriscat's victory in the Grand National and how it was won, intending to post it off the same night to one of the sporting papers for insertion the following morning. No words can adequately describe the disappointment felt by his sporting owner at his favourite's defeat, and a great friend of his told me that he shall never forget how, at the end of the day, with tears in his eyes, the other pulled the verses out of his pocket to show him, previously to consigning them to the flames.

After this Mr. Richardson suggested to Mr. Ned Maxwell that he should make a present of Reviriscat to his son Johnnie, then a lieutenant in the 14th Hussars, so as to qualify the horse for the Grand Military, for which, in his opinion, he had a decided chance. This piece of advice was promptly acted upon with the best results, Reviriscat, with the popular "Wenty" in the saddle, winning the much-coveted Gold Cup in the easiest possible manner. I may mention that Reviriscat's poor display in the Grand National of 1873 is accounted for by the fact that he was suffering from a very severe cold at the time and had no business really to have run. That it was unfortunate that he did so there was only too good proof, as he never recovered, and died not a great while after, to the great grief of his owner and all his family, who were devoted to the good old horse.

Before he took to steeplechasing he was hunted regularly with the Buccleuch hounds, being frequently ridden on these occasions by Miss Heron-Maxwell (the only lady who was ever on his back), then quite a young girl in the schoolroom. On one of these occasions the two negotiated a big gate in such good style as to cause an old follower of the Duke's hounds, George Dove by name, to remark, "Ah, Miss Heron-Maxwell, you have the golden key which unlocks *all* the gates!"



SILVER FLASK.

Presented to J. M. Richardson by the late Sir Heron Maxwell, with a
verse composed by himself.

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Beyond a visit each year to the Derby and Ascot and the Leger, and perhaps Newmarket in the autumn, in company with the Countess of Yarborough, when he made one of a house-party to witness the two last great handicaps of the year and foregather with his old friends, Mr. Richardson only took a passing interest in the Turf, the Grand National, which he generally attended if not hunting or otherwise engaged, as might be expected, being more to his liking than all the rest put together.

On arrival on the course at Epsom on the Derby Day, he would make straight for the Paddock, and in that hallowed spot he would remain until he had carefully inspected and criticized all the horses engaged in the big race. Needless to say, his opinion on these occasions was eagerly sought after by his friends, who, it almost goes without saying, if they took his advice, as was generally the case, could hardly fail to profit by what they heard. Not a thing seemed to escape his notice, and if there was a weak spot to be found in any of the favourites, his practised eye would detect it in a moment.

I remember a few years ago asking him his opinion of a red-hot favourite for the Oaks, who had just passed him in review. He shook his head ominously. "A nice mare enough," was his reply, "and may do well later on when she has grown and filled out a bit, but in my humble opinion she won't do for to-day's race at all. As she passed me just now," he added, "I could hear her joints crack as she walked along." How right he was there was ample proof later on, the mare in question being hopelessly out of it long before the finish.

Another instance of Maunsell Richardson's sound judgment was on that memorable afternoon in 1908, when Signorinetta won the Derby so unexpectedly for the Chevalier Ginistrelli. He had just finished his inspection of the Derby horses, and

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was leaving the Paddock for the Grand Stand, when he ran up against one of our most noted trainers, with whom he at once entered into an animated conversation regarding the big race, and the respective chances of the animals engaged therein.

“Why shouldn’t the mare win?” inquired Mr. Richardson.

“The mare!” echoed the trainer in astonishment. “What mare? I didn’t even know there was one in the race.”

“Why, Signorinetta, to be sure,” replied the other. “I’ve seen every horse in the race,” he added, “and looked ’em carefully over, and to my thinking she is the only really fit animal in the race, and consequently extremely likely to win the Derby, especially with her sex allowance.”

“Well, Mr. Richardson,” said the trainer, “there’s no man in England whose opinion I have more respect for than yours, so I’ll be off and have a look at Signorinetta before it is too late.”

And so saying they went their different ways; the one to inspect the Chevalier’s mare; the other to invest his usual sovereign on her. Never was there a much straighter “tip” in racing parlance than this, for, as is well known, it was her superiority in condition and nothing else which gave the Chevalier Ginistrelli’s filly the Blue Ribbon of the Turf.

The late George Ede (“Mr. Edwards”) enjoyed the reputation of being the best gentleman rider of his day, an opinion in which Mr. Richardson heartily concurred. But there are many who still hold to the belief that when they were both riding at the same time there was little to choose between them, and that if anything the “Cat” was the superior of the two, and if the writer’s opinion is worth anything, it is that the latter were right.

CHAPTER XI

AS AN OWNER

BY FINCH MASON

SOON after the numbers had gone up for the Grand National of 1876, a little group, in which a horse took pride of place, made its appearance on the course and at once attracted a good deal of attention.

No need for one to consult the card to know the name of the candidate; the fact that it was ridden by the late Earl of Minto, then Lord Melgund, better known to the racing world as Mr. "Rolly" (his old Eton name), the recognized jockey of the famous Limber stable; that Maunsell Richardson—a little stouter, perhaps, than in the Disturbance and Reugny days—to whom it belonged, was at his head, and that the veteran jockey Tom Challoner, who bred the horse, was trotting by his side, at once proclaimed the fact that it was Zero, who for some time past had been one of the most fancied candidates in the race.

A bright bay, Zero, with his docked tail and hogged mane, was an old-fashioned looking customer, and although his splendid shoulders drew attention to his rather light appearance behind the saddle, there was a business look about him, combined with the knowledge that he hailed from the popular Limber stable, just then in great form, which doubtless secured him many additional backers.

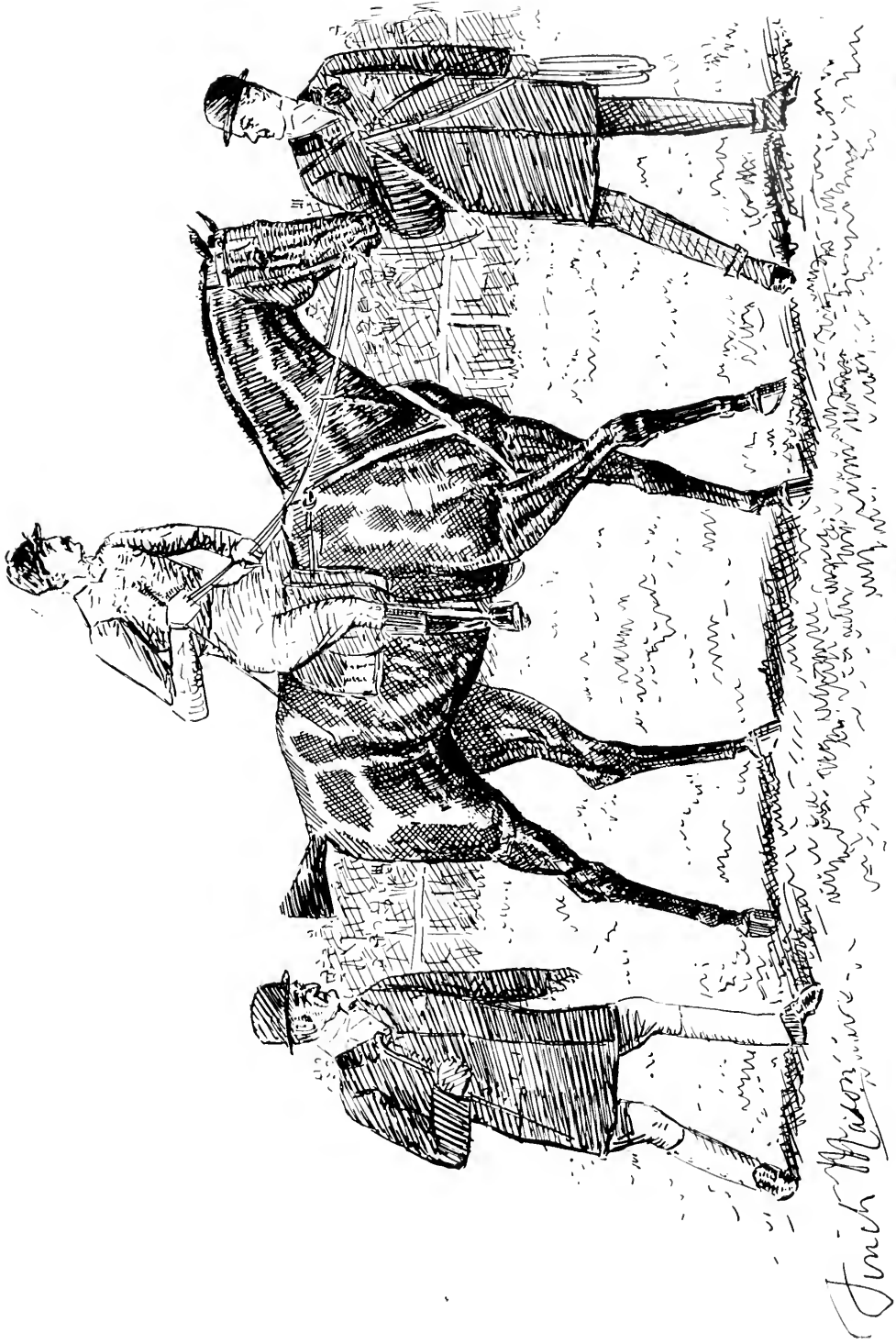
Mr. "Rolly," too, who, since his friend the "Cat" had

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relinquished the pigskin, was now the recognized jockey of the stable, was also riding in tip-top form, so no wonder Zero left off a great public fancy. Unfortunately the luck which had been his now for some time past deserted Mr. "Rolly" on this occasion. Zero, who was going as strong as a lion at the time, just behind Shifnal and Jackal, and jumping splendidly, came a tremendous cropper at Valentine's Brook the second time round, with serious results to his plucky rider. With the assistance of the late Tom Cannon (senior), who happened to be on the spot, he was brought back to the Grand Stand, where, on arrival in the weighing room, his injuries, after examination, were discovered to be so serious that Sir James Paget was at once telegraphed for. On arrival at Liverpool he confirmed the opinion of the other medical men in attendance, that their noble patient had dislocated his neck. Now this was "a fact" which the amateur jockey declined to believe until four years later when, calling on Sir James about another matter, the great surgeon, referring to the accident, remarked, "Well, all I can say is, you are one of those extraordinary people who has broken his neck and are none the worse. Your skeleton," he added, "should be one of the most valuable in existence."

On Lord Minto remarking that he would gladly bequeath his skeleton to him in his will, Sir James laughingly replied, "Oh, I shall be gone long before you, but I can answer for them that the College of Surgeons will be very glad of it if you like to leave it to them."

Lord Minto certainly had an extraordinary escape. 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 remained with him for years afterwards—to the end indeed. Notwithstanding which, though still very weak and ill from the fall in



Tom Chaloner (breeder).

Lord Melgund (Mr. Rolly).

J. M. Richardson (owner).

ZERO - THE GRAND NATIONAL, 1876.

As an Owner

the "Liverpool," at the end of March he insisted on riding Weathercock at Sandown Park 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 on this occasion by his brother, Lord Marcus, falling by his side.

Years afterwards Mr. "Rolly" was at Catterick Bridge races, and in the course of a chat with John Osborne, for whom he had won several races on the flat on a horse named Vintner, the latter remarked, "You remember getting that bad fall on Zero in the Grand National of 1876, when Regal won, but did you know the cause? Because, if not, I can tell you." He then added: "I was walking round the course in the morning, and so were you, and you had got nearly as far as Becher's Brook, when, catching sight of Mr. Richardson and one or two other friends on ahead, you ran on and joined them looking at Valentine's. I walked on, and on coming to Valentine's Brook discovered an under drain close to the left-hand side, just where you jumped it, and it was that into which Zero put his feet on landing, and turned over."

As Lord Minto remarked afterwards, "Fancy such a state of things being allowed to pass unnoticed by the authorities on a severe course like that of Liverpool!"

The accident, which in this case so nearly proved fatal, only goes to show, as Maunsell Richardson never ceased to point out, how necessary it is for the jockeys to go carefully over the course—not only at Aintree, but anywhere else—before riding over it. He invariably made a practice of doing so himself, and no doubt saved himself many a "toss" in consequence. So far as I am aware, though he occasionally ran a hunter in the private sweepstakes at Croxton Park, Zero was the last race-horse Maunsell Richardson ever owned.

CHAPTER XII

MARRIAGE TO LADY YARBOROUGH

AFTER leaving Cambridge, where he played in the University Eleven in 1866-1867, and 1868, and distinguished himself by his sound all-round play both in the field and at the wicket, my brother still devoted a good deal of his spare time to cricket, and playing for the Jockeys against the Press at Brighton he carried out his bat for 138. In those days such scoring was considered a far more extraordinary feat than now, when centuries seem rather the rule than the exception. At the same watering-place he scored 134 for the Quidnuncs, against Bullingdon.

As a member of the I Zingari, he went over several years running to Ireland with an eleven captained by his old friend Sir Chandos Leigh, when they played against the Na-Shula Club—the Irish Zingari—and every other club of note in Ireland. On these occasions “Bay” Middleton generally made one of the party.

It is recorded that one year he made over a century for I Zingari when they played twenty-two of South Ireland at the Curragh. Then for the same Club, playing the Viceregal Lodge in Phoenix Park, Dublin, he scored 109; and over a century when the eleven played against Newbridge.

These are a few records of the many cricket matches in which my brother not only made big scores, but showed his



J. M. RICHARDSON (1881).

Marriage to Lady Yarborough

“Cat”-like (according to Lillywhite) qualities when fielding, and as is well known without good fielding, in spite of the finest batting, a side is almost bound to lose. Maunsell was never a good bowler, not taking kindly to this branch of the game, and perhaps it was just as well that the two brothers did not take up the same line at cricket, for William devoted himself to bowling, and was a very fair medium-paced bowler. These particular matches I mention served to show that whatever my brother Maunsell put his mind to, whether hunting, racing, cricket, rackets, golf, and even the alleged greater game of politics, he was equally at home.

Before and during his married life, it used to be a standing joke at all parties that on whatever side Maunsell was, that side was bound to win. In fact, his opponents used to say to him in a bantering way, “We give up all hope of winning a game when you are against us!” At lawn-tennis his great agility naturally stood him in good stead, and his racket practice at Harrow and Cambridge made outdoor tennis, in later years, a comparatively easy pastime for him to play. At billiards, too, it took a very good amateur indeed to take his number down, and he has even held his own on occasion with professional players.

Even at golf, which he took up quite late in life, a game which many people declare one can do no good at, unless you are to the manner born, he played a remarkably strong, sound game, so much so that shortly before his death he was made President of the Cromer Golf Club.

Mr. Finch Mason tells a good story of a visit to the Ranelagh Club whither my brother repaired once before Ascot to have a round of golf. A member, who evidently was accustomed to be taken at his own valuation in all matters including sport, especially golf, at which ancient and

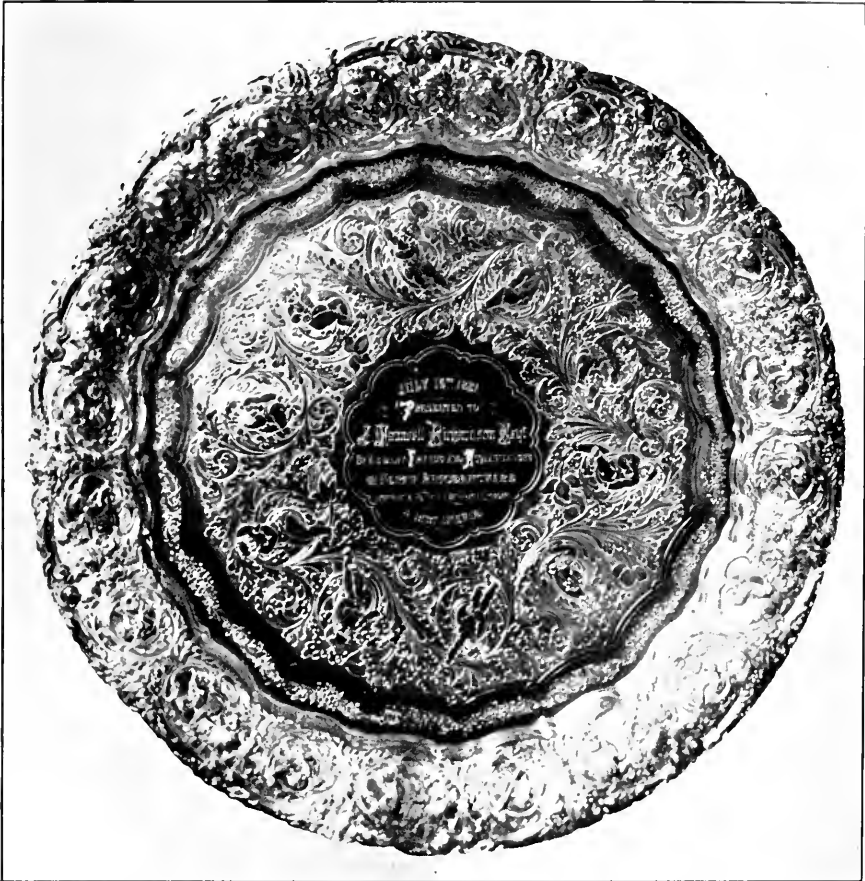
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honourable game he fancied himself very considerably, at once arranged to take him on.

“How many would you like me to give you?” inquired the gentleman in question, described by Maunsell as a ladylike person, with longish hair and a pince-nez, when they had arranged preliminaries. “I’m—er—at my top form just now, don’tcher know!” “Thanks,” said my brother, “I would rather play even, if you don’t mind.” They did, to the other’s great discomfiture, and the “Cat” won anyhow.

I remember well one day a few years after my brother Maunsell had taken to golf, indeed the very last time he, my eldest brother and I were ever together in this world, he said, “If it were put to me now which of the two I would rather give up, were I obliged to do so, I must honestly say I would rather give up hunting than golf.” Would that he had done so, for that he overworked his constitution there can be no question. But the old love was very strong in him, and as long as his health stood, and he could enjoy both, he gave up neither, and so died Joint Master of the Cottesmore Hounds, literally “with harness on his back.”

From 1870 to 1880 Mr. Finch Mason takes up the story of Maunsell’s racing life, during which time he devoted himself chiefly to his triumphs of the Turf, although by no means neglecting his old love—Fox-Hunting. My brother was, however, not destined to devote his whole time and energy either to the Turf or to his own special line in any other form of sport, for by the death of the third Earl of Yarborough, in 1875, he found he had other and more important calls upon his time and energy, to which he was only too delighted to respond. For were they not to assist one who had been his friend and comrade for many years, and whom he had worshipped from afar with a chivalrous, single-hearted devotion



MASSIVE SILVER SHIELD FORMING A TRAY.

Presented to J. M. Richardson on the occasion of his marriage to Victoria, Countess of Yarborough, by 700 of his friends and admirers, on 15th July, 1881.

Marriage to Lady Yarborough

which few men can give, and very few women receive? And truly, at that period, the Countess of Yarborough needed all the assistance she could get, for at the death of his father the present Earl of Yarborough was only a boy of sixteen, and consequently a very heavy burden fell upon the shoulders of his mother in the management—not only of her family, consisting of four boys and one girl, and of those household details that are supposed to be the one and only thing a woman can undertake, but the entire control of the Brocklesby Estate, which now devolved upon her. Such confidence had her first husband, the Earl of Yarborough, in her capacity for carrying through any task to which she set herself, that he had left everything in her charge as executrix, and had appointed her joint trustee for her children and the estate. Nor was the Earl's confidence in his capable wife misplaced, for during the present Earl's minority she not only paid off mortgages on the estate to the amount of over £100,000, but enhanced, if it were possible, the reputation of the Yarboroughs as the most equitable of landlords in the United Kingdom.

Even the hounds fell to her management, and until the present Earl of Yarborough came of age she carried the horn, and was virtually M.F.H. of the celebrated Brocklesby Pack. Of the 1st Lincolnshire Light Horse, too (Lord Yarborough's Own), she was honorary Colonel. It was in these two special directions that my brother was able to help the Countess of Yarborough, even before his marriage to her Ladyship, with his masterly knowledge of hounds, and their working.

After his marriage with her, in 1881, my brother took up his residence at Brocklesby Hall, where the Countess's duties, until the marriage of her eldest son, constrained her, though pleasantly enough, to live, letting his bachelor house of Little Brocklesby to respective tenants of sporting proclivities. He

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hunted the Brocklesby dog pack during the last two years of George Ash's term of office as huntsman to the Brocklesby, and the first two years of Will Dale's. Twice every week saw my brother during the years 1882 and 1886 in the correct huntsman get-up, and I am told that he was quite extraordinary as a practical huntsman. Once only I was privileged to be out when he hunted hounds, and I remember well what a fine day's sport we had, and how fit and happy he looked. What struck me rather particularly was that he was wearing extraordinary thick-soled top-boots. Remembering how in other days the thinness and elegance of the hunting boot was a point my brothers were very particular about, I inquired the reason. He replied: "If you had to go through and over such rough places as I have, you would know well why a huntsman wears thick-soled top-boots."

I have mentioned elsewhere that when my eldest brother married, he continued to live on at the old home at Limber; and as young married people naturally prefer a house to themselves, the knotty point had to be solved as to what Maunsell would do, and where he would reside. There was practically no house in Limber that would have been at all suitable for him. In fact, at that time there was not an available house of any kind in the village. Where was he to live, then, was the question. It was for his staunch friend the late Earl of Yarborough to solve the problem. Determined that Limber village should not lose from its precincts a man who had so distinguished himself, and whom he trusted and loved above all men, consulting him as he did in many matters other than those connected with the turf, the chase and the stables, he at once built him a house as near the old home at Limber as possible, and quite close to my brother's racing stables already erected in the village, which had shown such wonderful results.



LITTLE BROCKLESBY.

Marriage to Lady Yarborough

Thus it was that "Little Brocklesby" came into being, and only the untimely death of the third Earl prevented the title-deeds from being handed over as a free and most generous gift to my brother Maunsell.

In the management of hounds, Maunsell was not only of much practical use to Lady Yarborough but to the whole country-side, not forgetting the pack itself, for he studied their breeding, feeding, and general health in a most thorough and complete manner. We used to laugh at him when we went to see him in his house, "Little Brocklesby," as we nearly always found him studying the Brocklesby Hounds' Stud Book, called by us "his prayer-book." Amongst his papers looked over since his death I have found many of these books, the copious notes on the margins being ample proof of how thoroughly they were studied.

The following are supposed to be old wives' tales: one, that you must "tell" the bees if death occurs in the family, and put crape on their hives, or they will desert their homes; another, that if all the scions of a family that has lived, say, a hundred years or so in one place, go away, the rooks desert the rookery they have made in the woods near the house, and form another home of their own at the nearest point to where any members of the old family they have lived near so long still have their dwelling. I cannot from my own knowledge answer for the bees, though I have been told by apiarists that what I have related is undoubted fact; but for the rooks and their vagaries I can speak with assurance that the following is a true tale. When my eldest brother gave up his old home at Limber, the inhabitants of the Rookery, in a small wood, some three hundred yards from the house, deserted *en masse*, and fixed their new habitation in a clump of trees as near to the home of my brother Maunsell at "Little Brocklesby" as possible. And

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there they are to this day, having, I suppose, become reconciled to the fact that no Richardson being in or near the village, they may as well stay in their new home until some of the Richardson family, faithful as the rooks, return to the old home. When I was at Limber a few years ago, I found them still inhabiting the wood, and listened with great delight to the old familiar cawing. Alas! would I could have been privileged to stay in that dear old village, and never leave it again.

Superintending horses and hounds for Lady Yarborough was, however, by no means the whole of my brother's gladly given assistance to the hard-working and practical little Countess, for he also took actual command of the 1st Lincolnshire Light Horse, and from an extract which appeared in the *Grimsbey News* of August 9, 1878, it is very certain he not only took command for the honour and glory of the thing, but saw to all matters of detail, and did his duty as became the head of so notable a regiment.

Here is the extract from the *Grimsbey News*:—

“Encampment of the Earl of Yarborough's Light Horse Volunteers.

“The Troop has been again under canvas in Brocklesby Park for an eight days' training. On Tuesday the Countess of Yarborough, for the first time, was in camp, dressed in the tunic, crossbelt, and sword, and wearing the colours of the troop. Lieut. J. M. Richardson was the officer in command. Amongst others being Trumpet-Major William Richardson (Lieut. J. M. Richardson's brother), and the Hon. Victor and H. Pelham as side-drummers, the rôle of which they played uncommonly well. On Saturday the troop made a reconnaissance of the surrounding country, inclusive of a visit to Grimsby, under the command of Lieut. J. M. Richardson. Their appearance in the street was a source of general



COLONEL WILLIAM RICHARDSON.
(J. M. Richardson's brother.)

Marriage to Lady Yarborough

attraction, especially as the Countess of Yarborough, in the uniform of the troop, occupied a leading place in the march. The appearance of the horsemen and their splendid mounts were much admired. The Inspection took place on Tuesday last. The Band was mounted for the first time, and had a most imposing appearance."

Apropos of this mounting of the band, my musical brother William, Trumpet-Major to the Regiment, had heard Lady Yarborough express a wish that the band should be mounted at the review. Needless to say, for her ladyship to express a wish, was for all good Lincolnshire folk—men and women alike—to obey, if it were in their power, and in a fortnight's time my eldest brother had managed to mount the band, even to providing a white horse for the drummer. To accomplish this, he had lent his horses, his servants, and anything he had which was wanted, and given his whole time during the two weeks at his disposal to their necessary practice and equipment. In the end, however, he was well repaid for his trouble, by what the local paper termed, "the gallant spectacle of their most imposing appearance."

"At 11 a.m. there was a foot parade for Inspection by Lieut.-Colonel Garnett, commanding the 11th (Prince Albert's Own) Hussars," and adds the *Grimsby News* man:—

"The order in which everything appeared gave entire satisfaction to the gallant officer."

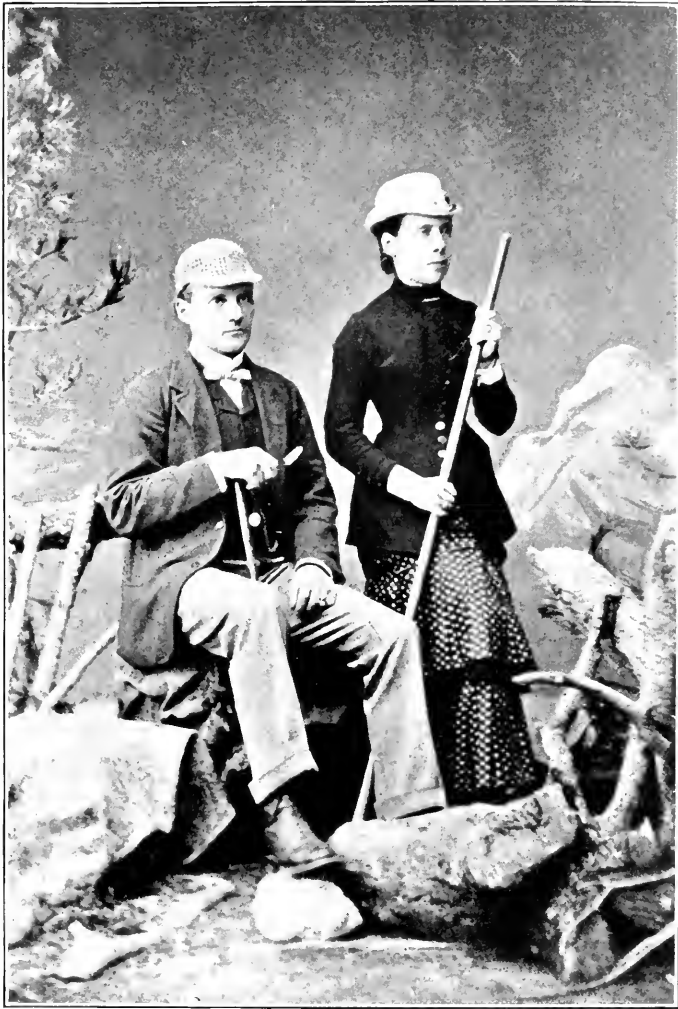
"At 3 o'clock the Troop formed in squadron under Lieut. J. M. Richardson commanding, and at the end of the inspection the reviewing officer addressed the troops, and congratulated Lieut. J. M. Richardson, the officer commanding, on the order in which he found the property of the troop, the tents, the boots, and the accoutrements. The horses were an exceptionally grand lot, and under no circumstances could a

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better sample be found. The drill of the troop was steady ; men and horses were equally well drilled ; and the style in which the troop appeared could not be excelled, except in crack cavalry regiments in the Regular Service, and he (Col. Garnett) should have great pleasure in reporting favourably to the Horse Guards of the splendid troop he had that day inspected."

It will be seen by the foregoing that in this part of the work allotted to my brother Maunsell, he acquitted himself in a satisfactory manner. Love, they say, makes a pleasure of all toil for the beloved, and my brother Maunsell's reward came when in 1881 the present Lord Yarborough came of age, and Lady Yarborough felt free to marry the man of her choice. For seven years he had waited patiently, and I am very sure that had his divinity elected to marry some one else, he would have remained a bachelor to the end of his days.

It is well said, "Our trials often end in becoming our blessings," for there is no doubt that those seven years of waiting developed and softened my brother Maunsell's perhaps almost too strong character in a remarkable degree. Accustomed as a child to have his own way in everything ; admired for his good looks ; loved and made much of by his mother and grandmother, his school and college friends, and in fact by nearly all with whom he came in contact, his naturally fine character might in some degree easily have been spoilt, but this wonderful lesson of patience that he learnt almost unconsciously, and certainly on Lady Yarborough's part was taught quite without premeditation, was a godsend in the perfecting of his character, showing him that it is at times but the necessary law of human nature, that our wills, however strong, may be thwarted by circumstances over which we have no control ; and then we learn patience.



J. M. RICHARDSON AND VICTORIA, COUNTESS
OF YARBOROUGH

In the Engadine on their wedding tour, 1881.

Marriage to Lady Yarborough

There is no doubt, however, that this long time of probation, salutary as it was for his character, was at times very hard to bear, and was borne very bravely. Many and many a time, although he never complained by words, or blamed his adored Lady, I have known him to be unhappy, and above all, miserably uncertain, as indeed all true lovers ought to be, as to what will be their ultimate fate.

When on that lovely July afternoon, of 1881, he stood at the altar of St. George's, Hanover Square, and was made one with the love of his life, he had his reward. It was "the sporting wedding of the year," as one of the papers termed it. None of his rivals for the hand of one of the most fascinating women of her time grudged him that well-won victory.

For them both, these seven years of probation were, no doubt, a time of trial, but for both they ended in one of the happiest marriages that fall to the lot of men and women in this world. They were hardly ever separated, with tastes in common, all their thoughts, hopes, joys and sorrows were shared. If you wanted my brother's study, you found it at a writing-table in his wife's boudoir, which was no happy resting or working place for her unless he were there to share it.

If you entered Lady Yarborough's drawing-room you found her, it is true, but her husband was never very far off, should he be at home, or if not he would appear on the scene in a very brief space of time. Wherever one was, the other was nearly certain to be found, and so year in, and year out, it was the same story. No wonder that she misses him everywhere—sees him in spirit wherever she may be—and her extraordinary courage and natural determination not to give in has alone enabled her to live her life, that life so precious to the relations she loves and by whom she is loved in turn, and to her multitude of friends.

CHAPTER XIII

AS HUNTSMAN—LEAVES FROM HIS HUNTING DIARIES

WHEN, after his marriage with Lady Yarborough in 1881, my brother hunted the dog pack of the Brocklesby Hounds, it was in no amateurish spirit that he entered upon and carried out these duties. Hunting men will readily understand by the following leaves which I quote from the Sporting Diaries he kept during the four years he hunted the Brocklesby dog pack, and will see from them, that although he was a man who detested writing down any of his experiences, he gave his mind thoroughly to the work in hand. I am told he showed some of the finest sport that has ever been chronicled by this celebrated old pack of hounds. A man of few words as far as writing was concerned, the entries he has made show the care with which he watched the working of hounds, and the interest he took in all the details of their work. As to the care and trouble he took over the breeding and rearing of the Hounds, one has only to go through his papers, as I have been privileged to do, and read his copious notes on the subject, to see what minute thought he bestowed on the business. Scores of kennel books with his notes and comments show how he had mastered this problem so dear to him for many years. In fact, from the time he was twenty-eight years of age to the time of his death at sixty-five, he must have studied continuously the thousand and one apparently small matters which



J. M. RICHARDSON, AS JOINT M.F.H. COTTESMORE, 1911.

(Taken in Edmondthorpe Hall stableyard.)

As Huntsman--Leaves from his Hunting Diaries

go to form and keep together such a fine pack as the Brocklesby, and prepare himself for what he finally became, joint M.F.H. of the Cottesmore.

Leaves taken from his Diary read: "Meet:--Hendale Lodge. Horses out Victoria (Lady Yarborough), Dumpling; Maunsell Champagne. Weather fair wind, S.W. Foxes killed 1. Dog Hounds. First rate morning. *Tremendous cry* and we ran hard for nearly four hours. Great many foxes. Many cubs on foot and at last ran into a cub; capital day for hounds and they richly deserved their fox. Dryden seemed to tire. Voucher, Slack, Wonder and Rarecat did a lot of work."

"Meet:--Caistor Gate. Horses out Victoria Trumps; Maunsell Sandboy. Found several old foxes and ran very hard by Swiss Cottage and Foxdales to Brampton over W. Frankish's farm through Newsham Wood out by Limber School and through Cunnygreens (the wood the rooks deserted) to Swallow cross-roads and into the woods at Swallow Wold, ending over Caucas bottom and lost him near Pelham's Pillar. Hard morning for hounds and unsatisfactory not getting any cubs. All the young ones (hounds) did well except Ariel."

"Meet:--Brompton. Horses out Victoria Dumpling; Maunsell Sandboy. Found directly and ran very hard for an hour in the woods. We got a cub away across the Searby corner, and ran him very nicely to Grassby Top, turned to the left and killed him in Clixby--thirty-five minutes. The young hound entered well. Weathergage made a good hit just before killing the fox."

"Meet:--Swallow Vale. Horses out Victoria Trumps; Maunsell Champagne. Soon found plenty of cubs and stalked them round the Vale. Into Henholes and back to the Vale, and killed in three-quarters of an hour. We found again in

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Dawber Wood and ran into the Vale and through Henholes and across the fields into Dawbers back into the Vale, and I think he got to ground. We trotted to the woods and soon found and ran for two hours from fox to fox. Sun came out and no scent, gave it up. Hard morning. Dryden did a lot of work in the morning, bit tired later on. Haggard short of work—others did well.”

“Meet:—Roxton Wood. Horses out Victoria Trumps; Maunsell Hero. Rather stormy at first. Found at 7.15 a.m., and ran round the wood for two hours and killed a fine cub; we then came across a fox as we were leaving the wood, and hunted from fox to fox all over the wood for four hours more, and at last bowled him over—the best and hardest day I ever ran. All hounds there (27 couples out), two couple short of work, we sent home after killing first fox, and all the young ones except Alaric pleased me. Furley, Bowler and Beeswing (young bitch) did a tremendous lot of work. Nothing tired. First-rate morning for hounds.”

Of the real Hunting season he writes:—“First day of advertising. Meet:—Lacey Cross Roads. Horses out Maunsell Orange Peel and Simmington; Victoria Hero. Found at the small spinnies near Lacey and ran to Grimsby Osier beds, and on to Bradley Wood, and ran sometime in the wood. Several foxes on foot, one went away to Irby and lost him in Beelsby Valley. Found in Irby Holme and ran several rings for an hour and killed him. Satisfactory finish. Moderate scent all day. Algy Legard, late Master of the Rufford, was out. Alaric the only dog that did not do well.”

“Meet:—Brocklesby Park. Horses out Maunsell Birthday; and Victoria Hero. Found a brace of foxes at Kealby Southwells, and ran very fast to Riby Bratlands and to Healing Ground Wells. A good show of foxes and at last got



COTTESMORE HOUNDS AT LEESTHORPE.

As Huntsman—Leaves from his Hunting Diaries

away with one to Healing Gorse and to ground. Drew Roxton Wood; several foxes on foot and ran ringing about till dark. Bad day's sport. Must have an *earth stopper*. Duchess of Hamilton, Lady Olive Montague, Lord Calthorpe, Sir G. Wombwell, Lord Burghersh, Sir B. Cunard, Tom and Mrs. Tom Fitzwilliam and Miss Hall were out. We sent word the night before to the Riby keepers to stop the earth. I was very disappointed with the day."

"Dec. 5th. (Dogs.) Horses out Maunsell Quebec; Waterford Murderer; Victoria Birthday. Found in a turnip field at Topham's Farm at Tows and ran very hard past Wykham to Girsby and through the village pointing for Hainton, turned short to the left and ran, leaving Girsby Manor on the left, and through Wykham fish-pond over Tows to Binbrook top covert, then through the covert straight to the Scallows at Wold Newton pointing for Cadeby Hall, turned to the right and ran through Wykham to Fotherby, turned to the right again through Grimble Wood, sharp to the left for Utterby across the railway between Ludborough station and Louth, raced up to Ludborough village and *pulled him down* in the clergyman's garden at Ludborough 3 hours and 15 minutes. A very good hunting run and no large check until we came to Grimble wood. Wonder, Weathergage, Roman, Bonny Lass, Harbinger, Acton, Ajax did a great deal of work. Bought a three years that went splendidly all through the run. Birthday carried Victoria splendidly." (Note by M. E. R.: This beautiful thoroughbred bay gelding Birthday was a present from my brother Maunsell to Lady Yarborough a year or so before they married. A very fine jumper and an all-round perfect lady's horse, he gave £400 for him, and at that price considered him cheap. He carried his mistress many seasons and never gave her a fall.)

The Life of a Great Sportsman

Here I came upon an interesting note as to my brother's ideas on stag-hunting, showing not that he crabbed the twin sport, but how he loved the actual work of the hounds, and what to many seems the dreary part of the performance was to him the greatest pleasure. The italics are his. No date is given.

"I was hunting with Rothschild's Staghounds. No *real lover of fox-hunting* can care about stag-hunting. No find, no kill. Hounds carry no head. Two good runs of 35 minutes, Cyril Flower, Leo Rothschild, and Douglas Gordon, were out.'

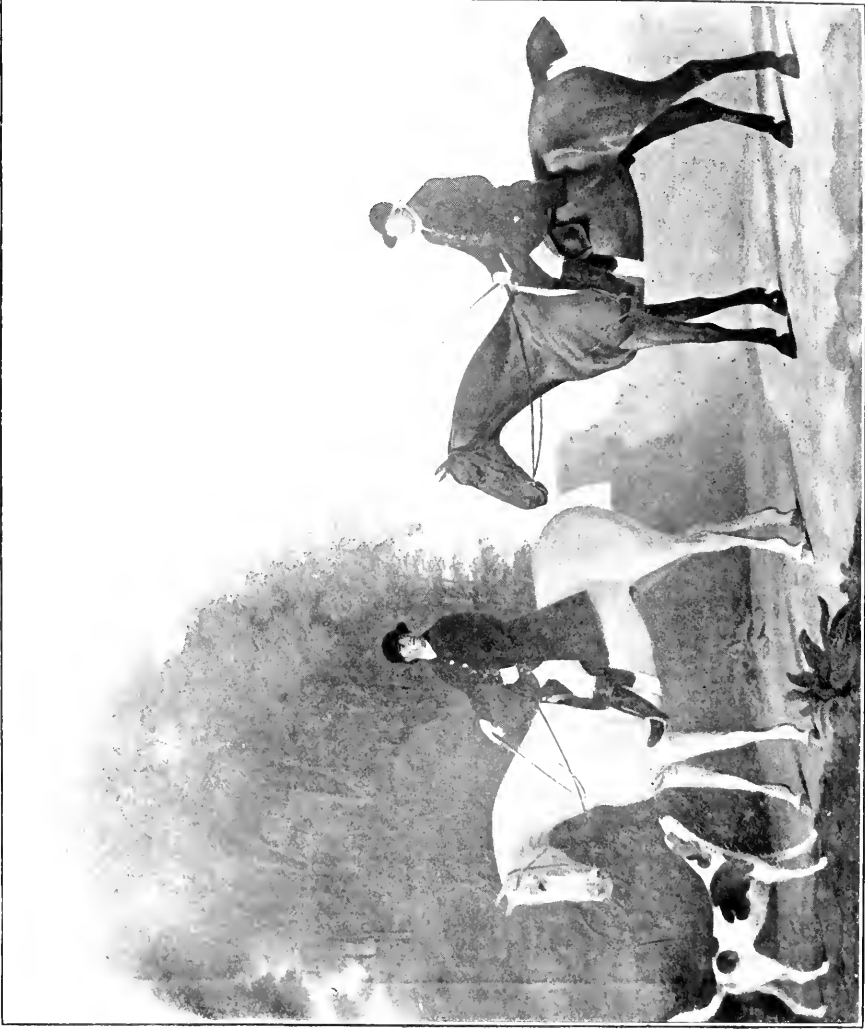
"Jan. 20th. Meet :—East Halton. Horses out Maunsell Hero; Victoria Birthday. Found directly in Bradley wood, run to Scartha and back to Tennyson's Holt and through the Holt to back of Walthan, then through Holton-le-clay to the Gears. (Here a sheep-dog ran the fox.) We had four foxes in the gears, and we ran round for twenty minutes, and then out near Barnoldby to Beelsby, and the scent became so cold we could do no more good, 2 hours 50 minutes, ran fast the first half-hour. We were close to Irby Holm, and directly we put the hounds in, a fox that had done a lot of work crossed the ride, and we ran him hard in a ring to Irby dales, and killed him—55 minutes. Very hard day and satisfactory killing him. Weathergage, Wonder, Ajax, Acton, Harbinger, Bonny Lass, Leveller did a lot of work."

From a note of my brother's I find the following :—

"Meet at Saxby. I was not out. I heard they found some outlying foxes, and as I was not out to look after them, they chopped one and another they murdered in a pit."

At the end of the year 1881 I find this note :—

"Very satisfactory season all through. We killed 100 foxes in 109 days' hunting. The hounds did well. The youngsters generally entered well."



TOM SMITH (on the left).

The famous huntsman to the Brocklesby.

(From an oil painting.)

As Huntsman—Leaves from his Hunting Diaries

This probably begins another year's cub-hunting :

“The Woldsmen's (puppies walked by them) rather disappointed me. Wanting condition, work light. Waterford sent four couples to be worked and Rattler did well.”

“Only fair sport during September. Scent moderate in early October. Later in the month the scent improved, we had some satisfactory runs in the open, and killed nearly all our foxes. We were out 35 days and killed 38 foxes.”

“Nov. 1st, 1882. Regular hunting begins. Meet :—Little Brocklesby. Waterford having provided a big breakfast* quite 100 people were out. We drew Roxton Wood, ran over the grass toward Brocklesby into the grounds and hunted him beautifully down the walks back to Little Brocklesby, past the Mausoleum and sharp back over the grass nearly to Roxton Wood again. Then over the Brocklesby Steeplechase course into Milliner's Wood and killed him, 1 hour 10 minutes. Good hunting. Went to Riby Hermitage, found a leash of foxes on foot, very bad scent and earths badly stopped. Forester, Arlen. Bowler showed good nose and tongue all down the road to Little Brocklesby. Gave Tyrone (the late Lord Waterford) † the brush; very little left of it as *Vanquisher* had nearly eaten it!”

“Meet :—Pelham's Pillar. Good day in the wood, chopped a fox (bobtailed) at Pelham Pillar. Good hunting run 1 hour 5 minutes. Roman—Wellington did well.”

On Feb. 28th, 1882, I find under the heading “Good Days” :

* This remark distinctly savours of sarcasm. Not directed at the generous donor of the breakfast, but at the thought that men who attended a meet of foxhounds because a good hunting breakfast was provided were not the type of men my brother admired.

† Then a plucky boy who rode to hounds well and showed what he was destined to become, a real lover of sport. Alas ! for his untimely end.

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“Meet :—Thornton College. Good day's sport ; Rawnsley (Master of the Southwold Hounds), C. Wright (M. J. Badsworth), A. Legard (late M.F.H. of the Rufford), Lord Waterford (late M.F.H. of the Curraghmore), Col. Fairfax (late M.F.H. York and Ainsty), and several from the Holderness were out. Hounds ran with great head the first run and killed their fox handsomely. Moderate scent with the second run. With the third they gave Roxton Wood a good rattling. Rompish, Wildfire, Sabine, Barmaid, Beatrice (Speedy Waterford's) did well. Ruin (Waterford's) made a good hit down a road.”

The last two entries in my brother Maunsell's Hunting Diary are well worth recording. I give them just as they stand, and they speak for themselves, and any one who understands hunting and cares for the working of hounds, and not simply for galloping over fences, will understand and appreciate his real love of the sport for sport's sake.

“*Very hard day* :—Mixed Packs, Dogs and Ladies.”

“A Bye-day. Meet Swallow Wold. Found in a pit on Sharpley's Farm and ran hard into the Swallow end of the woods, down the woods to Grasby bottom over Raven's farm through Cottager dales to ground at John-o'-Groats, 2 hours 30 minutes. Went to Pond close woods and ran round the wood for ten minutes, then away past the Rectory at Kermington on to Brocklesby Station when they marked him to ground in a large drain—bolted him and ran fast to Parr's Newsham chase, and he went into a small drain near the Gate House. We bolted two foxes and unfortunately hounds ran the vixen, but luckily she got to ground directly, and I took the hounds and put them on the other fox and hunted by the drain side past Parr's lamb pens into Pond close Wood pointing to Wootton, then back to Pond close and out towards the



ORMSBY.

Winner of Brocklesby Steeplechase, 1833, beating Peter Simple.

This horse belonged to J. M. Richardson's father. The groom is Thos. Kickalls.

As Huntsman—Leaves from his Hunting Diaries

chase ; here they ran hard over the Park nearly to the water tower, where unfortunately a terrier foiled the ground, having followed the fox, and brought the hounds to a check when close at their fox. I held them forward but they did not seem to like it, so I thought it was wrong and went back to the chase, when Vic (Lady Yarborough) came up to me and told me our fox was walking dead beat by the water tower within fifty yards of where we had run him. I went back, but he had a long start, and hunted him slowly through the Mausoleum Woods, away past Little Limber Lodge ; here Lucky Lass made a good hit on the road, back to Pond close wood, through the wood over the railway, then over a new-sown barley field where hounds could hardly run him, and I had to give it up at 7.45 p.m., having run over four hours.

“Terribly hard day. Hounds very stout and hunted beautifully ; all the field except Cecil Legard had gone home. (If the terrier had not foiled the ground at the Water tower we must have killed him.) Wellington, Weathergage, Acton, Wildfire, Tapster, Lucky Lass (Waterford’s), Major Warbler, all made good hits and very stout. Fifteen couples out. All there at the finish except Rompish, who got away early in the morning on a fox from the woods. Two hours and 30 minutes with the first fox. Four hours and 15 minutes with the second fox. Stopped them at 7.25 p.m. If we had killed our last fox I consider it would have been one of the best day’s sport I ever saw : I feel convinced he had worked his way back to Pond close wood, but it was too late to go as I did not cast them after the last check.

“April 23rd. *Vic’s birthday* : Took the hounds to Roxton Wood and ran for 15 minutes in the wood, then away over H. Brook’s farm pointing for Riby. Storm came on, we could do nothing more. Found in Mausoleum Woods and ran with

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best cry I ever heard for nearly an hour. Fox dead beat and to ground near View Gate.

“May 5th. Meet: The Kennels. The *last* day. Charlie (Lord Yarborough) came back from India on the 1st. As rain came and the weather very cold we went out to kill a *May fox*. Unfortunately there was bad scent in Roxton Wood. Hounds rather short of work. Ground foiled in the wood and did not like to go to Mausoleum Woods as there were two litters of cubs.”

This leaf ends that part of my brother's Hunting Diaries, but I have quoted enough to show what he held to be the duties of a Huntsman Amateur or Professional. I think even to those who do not understand the inner practical working of fox hunting it will be clear that what is worth doing at all is worth doing well, and whether or not they sympathize with my brother's work in this direction they must admit his was at least work well done.

CHAPTER XIV

POLITICAL CAMPAIGNS

AT the earnest entreaty of his friends, but more especially at the desire of his wife, Lady Yarborough, whose advice, as he well knew, was always given to further his best interests in life, and whose political views were in accordance with his own, my brother consented to contest the Brigg Division of Lincolnshire, in the Conservative interest, at the General Election of 1886.

The constituency was then, as it is now, a very stronghold of advanced Liberalism, and was represented in Parliament by a most able man, the late Mr. Samuel Dancks Waddy, Q.C., an old hand at any kind of legitimate wire-pulling, and a magnificent speaker. Amongst other clever electioneering tactics, he came forward as a Gladstone Liberal, a name to conjure with in those days for the most illiterate voter, who, as ignorant as a mule, and without the smallest idea as to his own best interests in the political struggle, had heard of Gladstone's name, and had his ticket as to the flag under which colour he was to vote—the Gladstonian—and so voted. His majority, too, at the last election had been a very ample one, totalling up to over 2600.

Perhaps it was as well that my brother and a great many of his supporters, who were new at the political game, had not any idea that they were practically leading a "forlorn hope,"

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and that to fight so radical a borough with such a strong opponent, as well as being the sitting member, was almost foredoomed to failure.

But at any rate Maunsell and his supporters, although they were not rewarded by a victory, which would, under the circumstances, have been almost a miracle, succeeded in pulling down Mr. Waddy's majority by over 2400, and only lost the election by 165 votes.

This, as all his supporters declared, was a moral victory, and naturally at the next General Election of 1892 my brother was encouraged to try his luck again in the same division, in which, though still as Liberal as ever, his triumphant return was confidently predicted by his friends.

All is fair in love and war, and we must call a Parliamentary contest, worked as it unfortunately is on such strong party lines, the nearest approach to Civil War that this enlightened twentieth century achieves, unless by the time this book is published we shall have experienced that horror in Ireland. A most unfortunate private circumstance, attending Mr. Waddy's personality as a Queen's Counsel, consisted in the fact that, but for a love affair in which he had played a prominent legal part some years previously, the 165 votes which he scored to win would certainly have been given to my brother.

At the General Election in 1886 there was a second cousin of ours living at Caistor, Lincolnshire, a certain Miss Mary Anne Marris. Her father, the late Mr. George Marris, our grandmother's brother, had been Caistor's leading townsman and richest inhabitant, and in his capacity of an old-fashioned county solicitor numbered amongst his clients all the members of the Richardson family. He was also the coroner of the district, the Mary Anne just mentioned being his only child.



J. M. RICHARDSON.

When he represented the Brigg Division of Lincolnshire in Parliament, 1894.

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She had been brought up in the Miss Edgeworth style, and was so precious to her parents that she was hardly ever allowed out of their sight. The natural consequence was, that, no doubt with the connivance of servants who took pity on so solitary a damsel, she contrived to make assignations with an usher in the Caistor Grammar School called Heap. I need hardly say, that, although his Christian name was otherwise, it became and remained Uriah, and at the time when the case with all its vagaries appeared in the London daily papers was given as such.

The end of the story is, that when old Uncle George and his good wife departed this life and were safely laid away in the family vault, Mary Anne found herself in absolute possession of something like £80,000, nearly all of which was invested in houses, land, etc., in Caistor, and carried parliamentary votes influenced by her, enough to turn an election either way, in the Brigg division of Lincolnshire. By this time, however, she had learned to appraise Mr. Heap at his proper valuation, and had arrived at the conclusion that he was not so much in love with her as with her fortune. She therefore sent him to the right-about.

But she had unfortunately reckoned without insight into the Heap character, which must have been somewhat of the "Uriah" of Dickens' type, for her discarded lover at once brought an action against her for breach of promise of marriage. The late Mr. S. D. Waddy, Q.C., was her counsel, and although the papers made immense fun out of the case, Mary Anne got off with a comparatively trivial payment of damages for her foolishness, and Mr. Waddy thereafter represented to her all that was valiant and chivalrous in mankind. Moreover, my brother and his wife, not being adepts at wire-pulling, omitted to call on their relation, to solicit her influence,

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which would have been quite sufficient for the purpose, and, which abundant evidence proved, actually did turn the election in Mr. Waddy's favour.

That my poor old Uncle George, who was a staunch Conservative, would have turned in his grave at the thought of his money being used in the Radical interest did not evidently weigh in the balance with his daughter against the saving to her pocket in damages, for the valiant Uriah opened his mouth wide and claimed £25,000 for his broken heart and for the loss of his Mary Anne, plus her fortune. There can be no doubt this was a great factor against Maunsell's success all through his Parliamentary campaigns.

Very shortly before the 1886 election, at a meeting of the Primrose League, held in the Corn Exchange, Mr. W. Piggott, one of Brigg's most prominent townsmen, said, "We have a very able candidate in Mr. John Maunsell Richardson, who has always so far succeeded in everything he has undertaken. You will, I am sure, give a helping hand to return him as your Member to Parliament when the next General Election takes place. I feel quite sure he will use every means in his power to further the splendid aims that have always been the lodestar of Leaguers such as the Primrose Dames."

On August 13, 1886, at a meeting of the Primrose League, when a great demonstration was held in Brocklesby Park, Lady Yarborough being the ruling councillor, the Hon. W. T. Marriott, Q.C., M.P., spoke with no uncertainty as to his opinion of the recent election mistake.

He said, "I am bound to say I am utterly unable to understand how at the recent Parliamentary Election for the Brigg division of Lincolnshire, the electors could reject so good a candidate as Mr. John Maunsell Richardson, and elect such a man as Mr. Waddy. I wonder, by the way, to how many of



SADDLE PRESENTED TO J. M. RICHARDSON

By his political opponents, after his first election, lost in 1886, who stated, "though they could not help him to a seat in Parliament, gave him a sure seat in that saddle. . ."

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you Mr. Waddy is known? It seems to me he was elected because nobody knew him."

At the same meeting my brother, disdaining to say one word against his successful rival, struck the right note of statesmanship, when he said, "I stand before you as the rejected candidate, but I have one very great consolation, which is, that the views I expressed and the policy I tried to advocate when I had the honour of addressing you as a candidate for Parliament, have been so cordially approved of by all classes of voters that they have returned an overwhelming Unionist majority to Parliament.

That all his friends worked for my brother with great heartiness there is no doubt, and yet in spite of the wave of Conservatism that was then sweeping over the country, Radicalism, in combination with Mr. Waddy's qualities and the name of Gladstone, had too firm a hold at the election of 1886, in the Brigg Division, for any change to be effected in the political representation.

It was, however, very gratifying for my brother to find out how much he was personally trusted and esteemed among the electors. One of the most Radical villages in North Lincolnshire is that of Frodingham, where a large number of miners are employed to work the ironstone for the several companies. When canvassing these constituents Maunsell was often told how much they would like to vote for him. But, "Sir," they would say, "we maun vote for our ticket." Indeed so strong was the personal feeling in his favour, that after the election was over his principal opponents in that district invited him to a dinner, at which the chairman presented him with a saddle and bridle. The latter ended up a laudatory and half-apologetic speech, by saying, "We could not vote you a seat in Parliament, sir, but we have voted you a saddle on which we know

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you will have a safe seat as long as it hangs together, and a bridle you will know how to use."

I know personally of one incident in which an enthusiastic, even rabid, Gladstonian Liberal, a splendid speaker, and one whose presence on the platform would have carried weight and influenced many votes, refused to come down and address a meeting in the Liberal interest in my brother's division. "I *cannot* speak for him, and I *will* not speak against him," was the reply returned.

From 1886 to the next General Election for Parliament, 1892, my brother had "nursed" his constituency and had during that time certainly lost no hold on the electors, for he polled 300 more votes than in 1886; but the same difficulty that he had to contend with then, both in the strength of his opponent and the ultra-liberalism of the Borough, met him, and he was again defeated. For although 300 more voters polled for Richardson, Waddy brought out 561 more, and the whole Poll was increased by 866.

Then, to make the return of a Tory the more difficult, as in 1886 a wave of Conservatism had swept over the country, now, just six years later, the tide had set in the opposite direction, and the Liberals were returned with a majority for Parliament under the Leadership of the greatest Parliamentarian of the Victorian era, William Ewart Gladstone, for the last time.

It is always a pleasant thing to turn from a political defeat, especially if the principal is intimately connected with yourself, and chronicle a victory. And this happened at the bye-election in the Brigg Division of Lincolnshire, when, in 1894, my brother was returned in triumph for the constituency he had twice before contested unsuccessfully. That wonderful bye-election still lingers in the minds of my brother's constituency

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of North Lincolnshire, not only of those who voted for him, but the canvassers and the voteless ones who worked so hard to secure his return. What a time of excitement it was! To quote from a local paper of December 15, 1894: "Reckitt looks blue, and Lord Rosebery has come to grief in a Lincolnshire drain. Mr. J. M. Richardson has steered another Disturbance to victory in the Grand National contest."

Then the account goes on, "The counting of votes took place in the Corn Exchange, and although conducted in private, the result that Mr. Richardson had won, by some mysterious means leaked out before the official announcement was made, and at once the newly elected member was received with an outburst of cheering which lasted for some minutes. When the figures were announced the outburst was renewed, and the cheers were kept up for a considerable time. Speaking after repeated calls, the new member said:—' I congratulate you upon having won a great victory, but the victory is due to your exertions, and not to the man who is now addressing you. Now that the battle is over I hope all the voters, whether they supported me or not, will look upon me as their Member, a Member who will endeavour to serve their interests to the best of his ability and in no party spirit.'" The account then tells how Mr. Richardson and the Countess of Yarborough and Master Jack Richardson entered an open carriage, out of which the horses had been taken, and were drawn round the town by enthusiastic supporters, being splendidly received everywhere.

I was in the good old town of Brigg one summer, collecting at first hand material and local colour for this life of my brother, and was astonished at the vivid manner in which all the details of that one election, when Maunsell's political colours were to the fore, had captured the minds and the hearts of the North Lincolnshire people. I shrewdly suspect that very many of

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his political opponents were opponents in name only, because as honest men having promised their votes to their party they would not draw back from their word, yet in their hearts were genuinely delighted when my brother won.

From a political opponent, but evidently a personal friend, I find the following :—

“Hoburne,
“Christchurch, Hants.

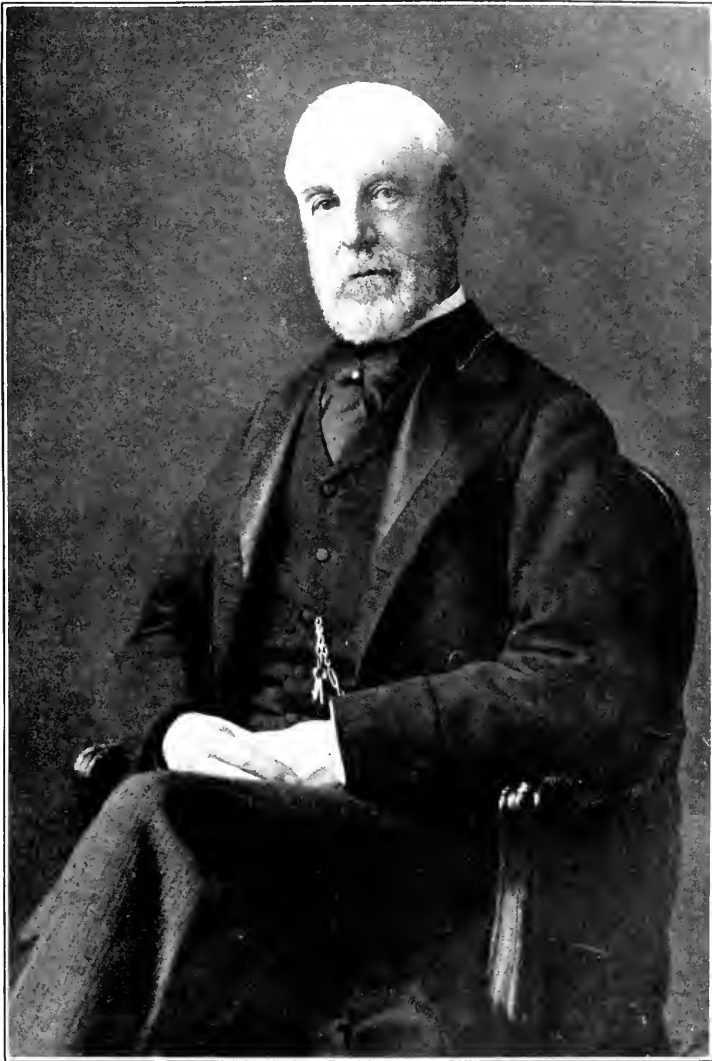
“MY DEAR RICHARDSON,

“Although I say with the National Anthem ‘Confound your politics’ I cannot but write congratulations on your victory. I shall be delighted to see you in the House.

“HERBERT GARDNER.”

It was certainly but by a narrow majority of 77 votes that my brother was returned to Parliament in 1894, but a larger number of voters polled at that bye-election than in the previous two elections, and my brother received 655 more votes than at his first attempt. A total of 8,677 votes were cast as against 7,609 in 1886 and 8,469 in 1892. Considering that the whole electorate in that division of Lincolnshire consists of just over 10,000 voters, it was an astonishing result, secured by a thoroughly well-worked and conscientiously canvassed constituency.

In connection with this narrow majority of 77 ; at a dinner given shortly after his election at Scunthorpe, near Brigg, and referring to a rumour that a petition was to be presented against his return to Parliament, the new member remarked, “I have heard this cry of an objection being lodged years ago, when a horse I rode ran a bit faster than another, and came in first, but I’ve always ‘weighed in’ all right, and I have no



THE RT. HON. LORD HENEAGE OF HAINTON,
(Who introduced J. M. Richardson to the House of Commons.)

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doubt I shall be able to stand the test of the Parliamentary equivalent to 'weighing in' on this occasion."

"The victory of Brigg," as it was called everywhere, caused a very great sensation in the country generally, coming as it did immediately following the loss of Forfar to the Liberals. "Punch" had some excellent cartoons on the subject, and there is no doubt that the Brigg victory hastened the downfall of the Rosebery Cabinet. Here again we can see the note of friendship to the individual, for Lord Rosebery, himself a friend of my brother, though a political opponent, and one who must have been smarting at this second blow to his Ministry, in a speech he made on 12th December, 1894, shortly after the Forfar and Brigg elections, showed himself as magnanimous to Maunsell as an opponent to his policy as he was faithful to their old friendship. He said, "It seems hard in this great meeting" (the hall in which he spoke, accommodating 8000 people, being filled to overflowing) "to feel any sense of discouragement" (*a Voice*, "Brigg"). "It is quite true we have lost two bye-elections, but I think the losses both in Forfarshire and at Brigg can be explained entirely by local circumstances."

Of the Forfar election he added, "The death of my dear friend the late Lord Dalhousie lost that election." Of the Brigg victory he remarked, "In the case of Brigg we had to deal with an excellent local candidate—a good sportsman,—ah! gentlemen, the election agents are not wise who despise good sportsmen, and one who had the inestimable advantage of having fought the seat twice already, and, gentlemen, is there not something in these attempts, though hitherto unsuccessful, that appeals to the sense of fair play in Englishmen? And I don't think we need particularly complain. To hear the hulla-baloo that is kicked up, one would think that we were the only Government that had lost a bye-election."

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On May 16th, 1895, at 1.30 p.m. Mr. J. M. Richardson made his first, and I regret to say, his last speech in the House of Commons. He seconded an amendment moved by Captain Bethell to a Land Tenure Bill, the Second Reading of which had been moved by Mr. Lambert. From the *Times* I quote the following account :—

“Mr. J. M. Richardson, who on rising was received with cheers, said, that as representing one of the largest agricultural constituencies in the Kingdom, I can claim some acquaintance with the views of tenant farmers in connection with this Bill. I wish to draw the attention of the House particularly to that portion of the Bill which proposed to abolish the law of distress.”

“In Lincolnshire generations of farmers had succeeded to farms under what was known as the Lincolnshire tenant right system, under which the most cordial relations had subsisted between landlords and their tenants. This is in my opinion a most inopportune time for introducing this Bill, inasmuch that the report of the Agricultural Commission would shortly be made, when the House would be in a better position to judge of the merits of the proposals which were contained in the Bill than they were at present. The Hon. Member for South Molton would therefore have been better advised if he had waited for the publication of the report before he had introduced the measure. I emphatically deny that the smaller tenants would derive any advantage from the abolition of the law of distress, which enables the landlords to give credit to their tenants at certain times of the year, when if the tenant did not obtain that credit they would be compelled to sell their corn at a disadvantage. Under the Lincolnshire custom the landlords usually give four months' and in many cases 12 months' credit to their tenants, but if this Bill passed they would be obliged to demand payment of their rents immediately it became due.



SHORTHORN BULL, "PATRIOT," 1810.

Purchased by William Richardson, Esq., for £4,000, to improve the breed in Lincolnshire.

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“The Report of the Assistant Commissioner in Agriculture goes to show that the Lincolnshire custom is most beneficial to the agricultural tenant. The Bill ought to have been submitted to the various chambers of Agriculture before it was introduced—I beg to second the amendment.”

I had been invited by my sister-in-law, who was in town for the season, to go with her to the House of Commons to hear my brother speak, he having secured us seats in the Ladies' Gallery. Imagine our disappointment when he came up to the gallery, excited and radiant, having said his say. He thought we had been there, and in fact had only just finished his speech when we arrived. We were told, however, by several members that he had made a very telling speech, and created an excellent impression in the House, and that great things were expected of a man who could hold the attention of members with no perceptible effort, and would evidently only speak on matters that had been well considered by him in detail, and of which he had personal and special knowledge.

It is really astonishing what testimony I have found amongst his private papers of his value as a loyal member of the Party to which he belonged, and the conscientious manner in which he discharged such duties as fell to his lot during the few months that he was a Member of Parliament and entitled to write M.P. after his name. One letter from an exceptionally well-informed and influential member of the Conservative Party gives us a partial clue to my brother's non-success in the election in 1895. It is written from Downing Street, and after expressing infinite regret over the other's defeat, goes on to say, “I am afraid, while you were attending to your duties in the House of Commons, your opponent in Brigg was making the running. I have to thank you for your kind attention in the House. No party could have had a more loyal and constant supporter.

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“If every one had been like you a Whip’s Office would be an easy one. (W. H. WALROND.)”

And from another very influential man, written from the House of Commons, came this note:—“I am sorry from the bottom of my heart for the loss of such a good man, and *just* the man we *now* wanted to do something for Agriculture. He would have been such a support to Walter Long and Chaplin.”

From Mr. Walter Long himself came the following:—

“8/8/95.

“MY DEAR MAUNSELL,—I can’t think how the people of Brigg have been induced to stultify themselves. We shall all miss you immensely, and nobody more than I. It is disgusting to think we shall not see you on Monday. (Signed) WALTER LONG.”

From Mr. Richard Middleton, who wrote from the Conservative Central Office, Westminster:—“I can’t tell you how grieved I was at your not carrying the seat, especially after the splendid fight you have made for our cause in that constituency. (Signed) RICHARD W. MIDDLETON.”

And these are but a few of the many tributes I have found in his papers as to my brother’s estimated political value in the minds of men who not only knew what they were talking about, but were the practical leaders and mainstays of the Conservative party.

As, however, will have been gathered from the foregoing letters, my brother’s victory at Brigg was but a short-lived triumph, for although he certainly contributed by that well-fought fight to bring the Liberal Government, which was under Lord Rosebery’s guidance at that time on Mr. Gladstone’s retirement in 1894, to an end, he was defeated in July, 1895; his

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active political career only lasting from December, 1894, when he took his seat amid cheers in the House of Commons, to July, 1895, when, as Mr. Walter Long remarks in his letter, the people of Brigg stultified themselves.

My brother was offered seats in other counties, and safe ones, too, so that he would have had no difficulty in re-entering Parliament, but remaining true to his beloved Lincolnshire, he firmly refused, saying, "If I am not good enough to represent the county in which I was born and bred, I will represent no other." To that principle he adhered; although often urged to return in easy fashion to the House of Commons, where he would have undoubtedly done good work for his country, he held to his determination.

That many of his constituents were not only grateful for his services, but grieved beyond measure at the loss of his seat, the presentation portrait of himself that figures as an illustration in this book speaks more eloquently than any words.

This valuable oil-painting by Mr. Oules, R.A., and justly considered one of his best examples, was exhibited at the Royal Academy of 1897, and its presentation to my brother took place at the Angel Hotel, Brigg, in August, 1897.

Mr. Carey-Elwes, the Chairman of the Presentation Committee, at a very large and representative meeting, including many ladies, amongst whom were Victoria, Countess of Yarborough, Lady Eleanor Heneage, Lady Adela Larking, Lady Winifred Carey-Elwes, Miss Amelia M. Barker, and others, said: "Not only had they sympathized with Mr. Richardson when the fates had been against him, but on one memorable occasion they had rejoiced with him over a triumph, which in that part of the world had no parallel. It was his duty and

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pleasure to present to Mr. Richardson his portrait, painted by Mr. Oules, R.A., as a tribute of their appreciation of his sterling qualities, and a mark of their admiration, esteem and affection." The Chairman also presented an illuminated address in a book containing his name and those of over 1000 subscribers.

After expressing his profound thanks for the honour accorded to him, my brother, in reply, said, "This picture is painted by one of the greatest artists in the kingdom. But it is not as a work of art I value it the most, but rather as a token of the kindly feeling and friendship that has existed for so many years between myself and my neighbours, and I am proud to think that in these years of political strife I have not made any enemies, but instead have gained an increased number of friends.

"We all look back with pleasure to the bye-election of 1894. I received a telegram from Lord Salisbury a few hours after the poll was declared containing these words: 'Congratulate you, most important victory.' But I well know I could not have won that bye-election without good workers, and although it would be invidious to name any single one, I may be excused for saying, that my wife Victoria, Countess of Yarborough, gave me every assistance and encouragement to persevere."

"I am indeed lucky in having a wife who possesses the virtues of patriotism, with the private and more homely ones which constitute the charm and comfort of a home. I may say in conclusion this portrait will be handed down as a valuable heirloom to my family."

The Earl of Yarborough, Maunsell's eldest stepson, then said, "This occasion is especially pleasing to me, firstly, from family connections, and secondly from political ties."



THE PRESENT EARL OF YARBOROUGH.

Political Campaigns

I well remember, as I was going one day to my brother and sister-in-law's house in London (they generally took a house in town for the season) when this portrait was in progress, I met the former walking down the street. He looked a shade extra smart and very pleased with himself, and I said, "Where are you off to?"

"To Mr. Oules's studio," he said. "Fancy! he has given two days to the painting of my hands alone!"

Certainly his hands were very characteristic, and if any one wants to see what they are like, I refer them to Madame Tussaud's to look at the hands in wax of Richard Cœur de Lion, for they are the exact counterpart.

It is very difficult to account for my brother's loss of the seat in 1895. But looking at the matter quite dispassionately at this distance of time, it seems to me, as I know it does to many others in the Brigg division, that the Conservative Party made too sure of a victory—that they underrated their opponent. An absolutely fatal error in war—politics—or love. It has since also been proved that many villages never received my brother's election cards or posters. But whatever the reason for Maunsell's failure in 1895, after his triumphant success in 1894, this ending to his parliamentary career was, in the opinion of many, a distinct loss to the country, and more particularly to the agricultural and landed interests, of which he had a unique knowledge.

My brother was a very good speaker, and his voice carried well. The first time I ever heard him speak was under the most depressing circumstances. The meeting was held in an immense rain-sodden marquee, in which the words of such a practised speaker as Mr. Chaplin were almost inaudible. Yet, though seated at the far end of the tent, I could hear every word my brother said, without the slightest difficulty. That

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he prepared his political and other speeches with the greatest care is abundantly proved by his notes of the same I have since found amongst his papers, not only showing an immense range of subject matter, but also proving that with a few concise notes he was able to deliver a long and important speech.

CHAPTER XV

A LIFE-LONG FRIEND : LORD MINTO

“IN him,” to quote from the *Daily Telegraph* of Monday, March 2, 1914, “the Nation loses a capable, high-minded and patriotic servant of the Empire.”

And it may truthfully be added that in private life his bereaved wife, his family relations and friends lose as generous, kindly and true a man as ever existed, and one, moreover, who in spite of achieving so much was the most modest of men.

I had just finished a preceding chapter on Life at Limber, in which, as he had so full and I am sure happy a share, the late Lord Minto, then Lord Melgund, figures largely, when I heard the sad news of his death. He has not long survived my brother Maunsell, his life-long friend. I knew how very ill Lord Minto had been, but it was hoped that the severe operation which he underwent in the summer of 1913 would bring him back to health. Unfortunately, however, frequently recurring attacks of malarial fever, that curse of a lengthened sojourn in India, finally laid him low, to the intense grief of all who were honoured by his acquaintance, and mourned by the Empire he had served so faithfully and long.

After holding minor but most important Government appointments, he was appointed Governor-General of Canada in 1898, holding that position until 1905, when he became

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Viceroy of India, holding office from 1905 to 1910; filling in these two appointments the highest posts it is possible for a subject to occupy, and in each acquitting himself brilliantly. He left both countries in a far sounder condition than he found them. In Canada, as perhaps was natural, where he cemented the tie to the Mother country so much more closely, the effect of his good government was swiftly traced, as the minds of our brethren across the water move in a line with ours and represent recent growth. In India, that most wonderful and interesting of our possessions and the most difficult to bring into line with our modern ideas, the effect of his rule has been slower, but he undoubtedly proved that an Englishman, although ruling an alien nation, alien in religion, thought and long eras of mystic civilization, could sympathize with them in their essentially different attributes of mind and feeling. Also he convinced them, that although we could be true to our ideals we could respect theirs, and honestly endeavour to do justice to their old-world beliefs; above all he did all in his power by personal action to break down the terrible colour prejudice. Then, too, he displayed a personal courage, whether in sport, or in the performance of his Viceregal duties; and there is no doubt that courage such as Lord Minto displayed captures the heart of any people, and is recognized and respected.

When I look back upon those days at Limber it seems almost impossible to think that our dear friend, and familiar companion, realized these triumphs of statecraft, but on the other hand it is very easy to believe that in so doing he remained as ever just the simple-hearted, kindly gentleman, loving power not for the sake of his own aggrandisement, but for the good he could do for mankind. And as the child is father to the man, so was the then Lord Melgund, as I knew



THE EARL OF MINTO.

("Mr. Rolly.")

A Life-long Friend : Lord Minto

him in these early days of his budding manhood, father to the man who in his maturer years took up so unostentatiously and carried through so honourably the great work of the British Empire with which he was entrusted.

During the four years he stayed with us in Limber, I cannot recall one mean or inconsiderate action on his part, and in such a length of time one gets to know a fellow-being very thoroughly ; in fact, a pleasanter and I am glad to think a happier quartette than Lord Melgund, Maunsell, my eldest brother and myself never existed.

Naturally my brother Maunsell and he did a large amount of bear-fighting, and there were occasions when these fights became historic—as when rolling over and over together on the floor in the Limber dining-room, having disagreed about some horsey question or other, they broke five panes of glass in our big bookcase—that bookcase is in our family, an honoured possession yet. Another time they scrapped so heartily that both coats were very nearly torn off their backs.

But what mattered a good dress-coat in those halcyon days—the “Cat,” who was a tease of the first water, certainly constantly sharpened his claws upon his friend, although he would metaphorically have hit out hard if any one else had attempted the same kind of worrying, as indeed once happened.

During a pause at dinner, when several others, whom we might call outsiders, were dining with us at Limber, Cecil Legard said in his very clear voice, so soon to be heard in the pulpit, “How well you went, Rolly, last Wednesday with the hounds! in at the kill, and altogether a fine performance!” I can see Lord Melgund’s face now, as he looked up. Naturally we were listening with all our ears round the table, for although we never talked of our own doings in the hunting

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field we liked to know we had gone well in the opinion of others, and he was evidently pleased and expectant as to who had remarked upon his prowess. "Who told you that?" he said.

"I saw it in a book," returned his tormentor.

Then we, in the know that such a journal existed, knew that he had looked in Lord Melgund's hunting journal, no doubt left carelessly about. Poor Lord Melgund got very red and looked confused, and Maunsell's face was not pleasant to behold, but luckily the presence of strangers prevented any serious row. It was a very near thing, however, and matters were for a time thundery and we of the outside were glad when conversation flowed along as before.

There was, however, one kind of chaff Lord Melgund could never stand, even from Maunsell, and that was being accused of telling a fib. Then the vials of his wrath were poured forth and the bear-fighting was tremendous, and righteously so, but I must say I seldom knew my brother to venture on such thin ice, unless he happened to be in a very bad temper indeed, which was not often the case.

When I was in Limber last summer I heard a good story of how Lord Minto and Maunsell strolled down to the village one day, when they had nothing better to do save to seek amusement, which they were always certain to find at the Marris's of the bottom house. "Little Man," as the owner was always called, conducted them to his Piggery and offered my brother Maunsell a sturdy young pig of an exceptionally large litter, of an age vigorous enough to prove most difficult for any one to handle, provided he would carry it up the village to our house, three-quarters of a mile away.

Relying on his friend Mr. "Rolly" to help him, or on his own power to induce him to do so, Maunsell accepted this



MRS. CATHARINE MAUNSELL.
J. M. Richardson's maternal grandmother.

A Life-long Friend : Lord Minto

porcine gift on condition that he could have it in a sack, and so the party set forth, the "Cat" carrying the kicking young porker. When, however, about halfway, he insisted upon the future Viceroy of India shouldering his sprouting, squeaking burden and carrying it the rest of the distance. And so it happened that for the remainder of the journey to our house Lord Melgund walked with the pig on his back, and the village people holding their sides with laughter as he passed their cottages, the pig shrieking above all other sounds and kicking *ad lib*. I can imagine this possibly as being the most adventurous and uncomfortable journey on foot Lord Minto ever performed, and before, perhaps, the most appreciative audience.

One characteristic of Lord Melgund as a young man, and one that, reading between the lines of his public career, I feel sure he retained as an administrator—he was always on the side of the weak. It seems curious now to recall the many times he stood between me and the natural teasings of my two brothers. I knew well he would always be on my side in the smallest detail of our daily life, and stand between me and any unnecessary brotherly administrations, whatever the result in "scrapping" he might have to undergo afterwards. It is very pleasant to me to testify from my own personal knowledge to the soundness and sterling worth of Lord Minto's character when he was at an age few young men ever think of any one but themselves, or concern themselves with anything but their own amusement. My grandmother simply adored him, and he in his turn showed her the greatest kindness and courtesy, never tiring of talking with the old lady on sport, politics, or whatever came uppermost.

Very often I have heard my grandmother, Mrs. Maunsell, say, "I pity the girls when he looks at them with those beautiful eyes of his, for how can any one help falling in love

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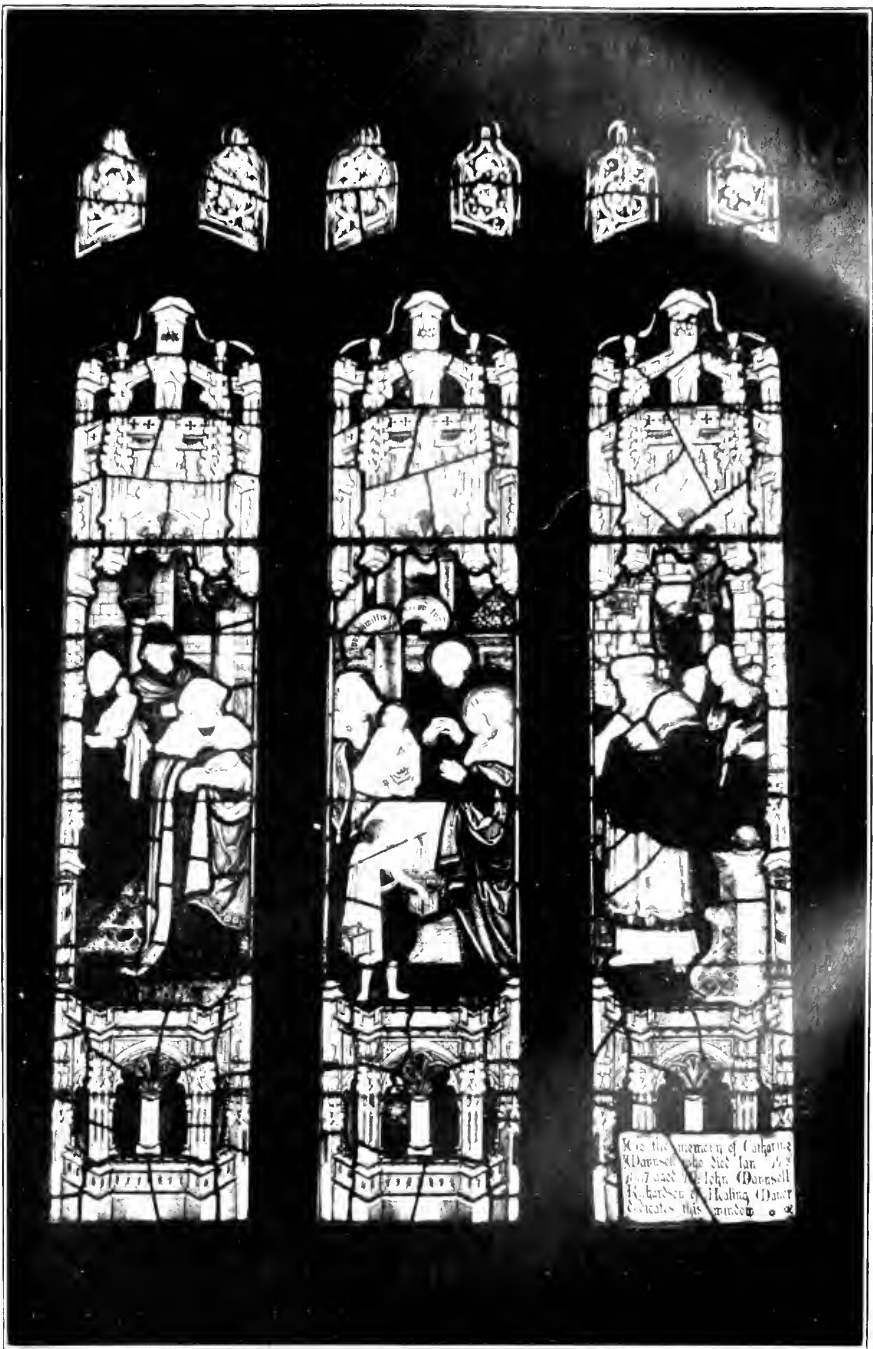
with him?" No one seemed to think of me or fear what my sad fate might have been—had I fallen a victim to those "eyes of blue." Yet grateful as I was to Lord Melgund for standing up for me upon every possible dispute with my brothers, I must have looked upon him more as a relation than anything else, for I may honestly say at this time of my life—when my dear old friend is in his grave, and I in the ordinary course of life am not so very far from mine—that the thought of his being in love with me or I with him never entered into my head. I count myself fortunate in having known so fascinating and great a man intimately, and being able now to pay this tribute to his memory without the fear that any sentimental regard for him then should lead me now to exaggerate his fine qualities.

Two photographs, which were taken just before he resigned the Scots Guards in 1870, and came to live with us at Limber, I have luckily preserved. Little did I know when he gave them to me so many years ago they would illustrate this book.

And now very reluctantly I must leave the subject and come to my last meeting with my old friend Lord Minto. As he had been so very ill, too ill in fact to be fit for any exertion that could possibly be avoided, he asked me to go and see him in connection with an "Impression" of my brother which he had promised me for this book, instead of coming to my hotel.

I had not seen Lord Minto for some years, excepting a glimpse I had of him at my brother's funeral in 1912; we had, however, kept up a correspondence much in the same way that men do, writing congratulations for any pleasant landmarks of life, condolences for the sad, and no Christmas had passed but we exchanged cards of good wishes, so it seemed we met as if we had parted yesterday.

In person he seemed only changed by his grey hair and



STAINED GLASS WINDOW.

Erected in Great Limber Church, to the memory of his Grandmother,
Mrs. Catharine Maunsell, by J. M. Richardson in 1887.

A Life-long Friend : Lord Minto

sadly frail appearance, but his manner, expression, and bearing were the same, and his cordiality was just what I expected. We talked of old times, and it was extraordinary the minute details of the old Limber life he remembered. I went wrong, or he thought I had, in the colour of Maunsell's tassel to his racing cap ; he immediately put me right, and on two or three other quite minor points.

"How glad we were to get you safely back from India! Did you like the life there?" I asked him.

"I loved it," he replied ; and with very pardonable pride he added, "my family are the third generation who have lived at the Residency." Then with his old sweet smile, "And my wife never had a day's illness the whole time we were in India." He told me then, but even quite casually, that he had had a very serious operation, how serious I did not understand. "My inside," he said, "was crushed, owing to the many falls I had in the old days." I said, "Was it from the old falls in Lincolnshire or the historic time when you broke your neck?" "No," he laughed, "I have had many falls since then."

We naturally talked of my brother Maunsell, and I told him some details he wanted to know for his "Impression." Being the only friend who had seen Maunsell at the end, in fact a few hours before his death, I asked him what he had thought when he saw him.

"Thought," he said, "he was just like himself, cheery, and I am sure had no thought of dying. I never was more astonished or horrified in my life than when I heard on the Monday morning he had passed away—you know I saw him the Sunday afternoon before, and he seemed so bright and hopeful for himself." Then I asked a personal question. "Should you have recognized me?" I said. He shaded his

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eyes with an all too delicate hand and said, "I should have recognized you anywhere."

He had allotted me a full hour, and after that was to interview an Indian Potentate, some very big man indeed, he said. He told me that, and it was easy to judge from his manner that colour at least with him made no difference to his feeling of respect for genuine worth.

Sorry as I was not to chat with him longer, and bitterly disappointed as I am never to have seen him again, I am glad I did not take up my full hour of his precious time nor add my selfish share to his weariness. Although he asked me to stay, and seemed very sorry, I insisted on going before my time was up.

And now I come to a very sad part of my story, and one that has caused me great disappointment. In that not only have I lost in Lord Minto a reader who would have been as interested in my book as I am myself, and would have been kindly critical into the bargain, but he was unable through his illness to finish the all but completed "Impression" he had contemplated, indeed made notes of, for my book.

As lately as January 1st, 1914, I had this letter from him :

" Dec. 31st, 1913.
" Minto House,
" N.B.

" MY DEAR MISS RICHARDSON,

"In case you may think I have forgotten my promise about a few notes * to you about dear old Maunsell, I write to say that I have scribbled down a few things, but my typist is away for a holiday, and I suppose will be back in about a week, when I will send them to you.

* Since this was written Lady Minto has kindly sent me the extract from her late husband's diary and what he had written to the time of his death of his "Impression."
—See Chapter XIX., "Reminiscent."

A Life-long Friend : Lord Minto

“Without embarking on racing or training, it is difficult to say all one would like, but as Finch Mason is doing that part, I think it is much better to keep clear of it and to be general, and I shall be quite short.

“Ever so many happy years to you from

“Yours very sincerely,

(Signed) “MINTO.”

Naturally after this letter I expected the eagerly awaited “Impression” every day, and even wrote to Messrs. Vinton and Co., who were just as anxious as I was to have such important matter for the book, and told them I had as good as got it.

Then to my great disappointment on January 18th I had a letter from Lady Minto to say her husband was in bed, and had been for over two weeks, with malarial fever, and it would be impossible for him to do any writing for some time.

I possessed my soul in patience, always hoping for the best, and that he would pull round as he had done many times before. But he never rallied, and I have but the sad consolation left to me that most probably his last literary effort in life was to give to the world something of the joy the long friendship of my brother had been to him, and to add his testimony to the character of the man he had so loved and admired.

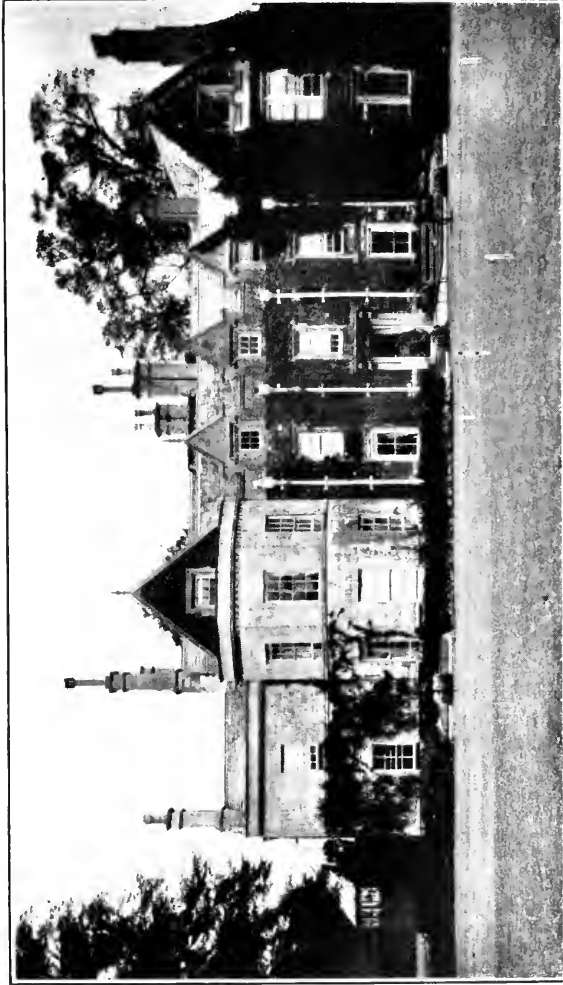
CHAPTER XVI

LIFE AT EDMONDTHORPE

IN the winter of 1900, for private reasons, which my brother and his wife considered only too sufficient, they decided to leave Healing Manor, where they had lived since the present Lord Yarborough's marriage in 1887, and at that time a willing purchaser, Captain the Hon. Gerald Portman, appearing, they sold the house which they had made beautiful and comfortable, and which had been their home for so many years.

It was with infinite regret that my brother and his wife turned their backs upon their beloved Lincolnshire, and the "Brocklesby." No wonder, for every hound in those celebrated packs, their pedigrees, points and prowess, was personally known to my brother by his intimate and long years' study of their Stud-book's history.

The question, however, as to in which county of Great Britain they should make their future home was no easy one to settle, for directly it was known that J. M. Richardson and Lady Yarborough had determined to leave Lincolnshire, letters poured in on all sides from their friends, urging the advantages of their several districts. They were thus assured of the heartiest welcome wherever they chose to go, and friends in various ultra-sporting counties assured them that their own particular part of England could best appreciate my brother's special sporting knowledge, show the finest sport over the



EDMONDTHORPE HALL.
(West Front.)

Life at Edmondthorpe

grandest country, and so could best console him for his removal from Lincolnshire.

Finally, it was decided to make the new home in the central and compact little county of Rutland; partly, I cannot help thinking, because it bordered on Lincolnshire, but chiefly no doubt because with four celebrated packs available: the Cottesmore, Belvoir, Quorn, and Mr. Fernie's, it afforded a certainty of the best possible sport. The Masters of these packs were also well known to my brother—Lord Lonsdale, Sir Gilbert Greenall, Colonel Forrester, and Mr. Fernie—and their prowess in the hunting field appreciated by him. A very pleasant reminiscence, too, both had of Leicestershire hunting and the "Cottesmore," for a year previously when they were staying with Lady Downshire (Lady Yarborough's niece), who, by the way, is a great follower of the hounds herself, they enjoyed a grand day with this pack. On this occasion Lady Yarborough rode her wonderful old grey mare and followed my brother over every obstacle. Those who know the Leicestershire country will understand what this means, especially negotiating the celebrated Wissendine Brook.

[Note by M. E. R., 1919.—Last January, when staying with my sister-in-law at her present residence, Wing Lodge, Leighton Buzzard, and we were having a *tête-à-tête* dinner, I recalled this historic first day's hunting in Leicestershire to her remembrance. She laughingly said, "Why I jumped it twice that day; the hounds checked and turned back."

"Was it difficult to negotiate?" said I.

"Not a bit," she answered, "I just cantered up to it, following Maunsell's lead, and popped over."]

Eventually, Edmondthorpe Hall, four miles from Oakham, once the seat of the Smith-Barrys (now the Lords Barrymore),

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then belonging to Mr. Pochin of Leicester, was decided upon as the new home.

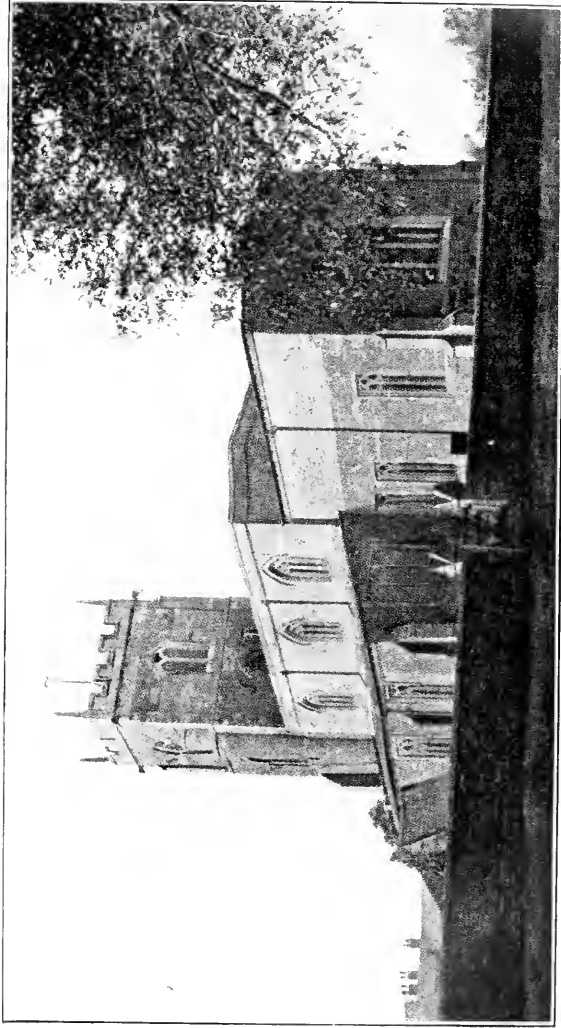
This world-famous Elizabethan house, comfortably modernized internally, without being spoiled externally, was a fitting setting and harmonized well with the lives of my brother and his wife, which it was destined for so many years to brighten.

It had been a very sad epoch in Maunsell's life, to break up his Lincolnshire home, and leave the county in which he had hunted almost before he could remember, nor was it less sad for his wife, for, first as Lady Worsley, and later as the reigning Countess of Yarborough, she had created a fine example of feminine prowess in the hunting field, going straight, riding unselfishly, never making herself a nuisance. Naturally, after her marriage to my brother he became her pilot across country, and hard rider as he was, no fence negotiated by him, unless he put up his hand to stop her, which happened seldom, was ever considered unjumpable by his plucky wife.

It was therefore no little compensation to be received with such delight in their new sporting quarters.

With the Rector of the picturesque village of Edmondthorpe, the Rev. Lindsay Knox, brother of the Bishop of Manchester, and his three sisters, they were soon on the friendliest terms, making church life pleasant and interesting, and as was the case at every place in which they had lived, so here the villagers speedily recognized that the new tenants of the Hall were friendly, generous, and, above all, companionable.

Amongst the many good friends my brother and Lady Yarborough made, cementing also some old friendships, during their Edmondthorpe sojourn, it may seem invidious to mention names, but from what I could judge myself on my visits to



EDMONDTHORPE CHURCH.

Life at Edmondthorpe

Edmondthorpe a few come prominently to my mind as their especial cronies.

That ever-genial and fine sportsman Lord Lonsdale and his Lady; Elizabeth Lady Wilton and her husband Mr. Arthur Pryor, both enthusiastic followers of hounds; Mr. and Mrs. Blair; Mr. and Mrs. Baird; Mr. and Mrs. Gretton; Mr. and Mrs. Cecil Chaplin and their sons; the ever-cheery Uncle Clayton and his son Greville; Mr. and Mrs. Dick Fenwick; Mr. and Mrs. Max Angus—Mr. Angus being especially helpful in the friendliest manner to my brother in the selection of horses for the Cottesmore Hunt—then their nearest neighbours; Mr. and Mrs. John Grenfell of Wymondham, than whom none felt my brother's death more keenly. Mr. John Grenfell is now fighting for his country, his twin brothers, grand all-round sportsmen both, having made the great sacrifice in the early days of the war.

[Note by M. E. R., 1919.—Since writing this, I am happy to say, now the war is over, Mr. John Grenfell is safely restored to his family.]

Comfort in the house only would not have contented my brother and his wife; the four-footed ministers to their one great pleasure must have fitting quarters, and in every respect the Edmondthorpe stables answered to these requirements. After the Elizabethan days, the present Edmondthorpe Hall Stables had been a brewery, at a more recent date converted into spacious, lofty, well-drained stabling, with a grass-centred yard large enough to contain, as no doubt it had done in the days of old, 200 to 300 men at arms, and in later humdrum times, any amount of lumbering brewery waggons.

It was ideal stabling for owners as well as for their four-footed dependants, a convenient side door in the encircling

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stable yard, only some paces from the front door, making a short cut for horsemen, especially welcome in wet weather.

Some very fair shooting also went with the house, for although my brother never carried a gun himself, he and his wife were far too unselfish to take any place at which they could not welcome their shooting as well as their hunting friends.

My brother felt the differences, and I may also say the difficulties, of the new country, from his well-known Lincolnshire. The enormous meets, the "fields" almost dangerously large, difficult fences, wide brooks, and riding eagerly as a boy; never turning his back upon a fence at all negotiable, it is no wonder that in Leicestershire he had the worst tosses of his life.

After one very severe fall, the dramatically amusing particulars of which are told and illustrated in this work by Mr. Finch Mason, he was laid up for a long time. Tosses, however, never daunted my brother, and to the last day he was out with hounds; he never faltered, never funk'd a fence, and above all, never overrode a horse, knowing what they could do and asking for no more.

It was not, however, as a horseman only, that my brother became in an incredibly short time, almost as well known and appreciated in Leicestershire and the surrounding counties, as he had been in the county of his birth.

A striking proof of this was manifested when his friend Lord Lonsdale resigned the Mastership of the Cottesmore in 1910. At an important meeting held at Oakham by the members of the Cottesmore Hunt, Major-General J. F. Brocklehurst, now Lord Ranksborough, a man immensely popular in the neighbourhood, and one of the finest types of English gentlemen and sportsmen, was asked to take the vacant



MR. AND MRS. J. B. RICHARDSON AND "BULGER."

Life at Edmondthorpe

Mastership, but he absolutely declined the honour, unless he could be associated with Mr. J. M. Richardson as joint Master.

Surely this appreciation of my brother's organizing and businesslike qualities, as well as his ardour as a sportsman, was a fitting crown to his hunting career.

He accepted the joint Mastership, and at once set himself, in conjunction with Major-General Brocklehurst, to make as searching a study of the Cottesmore pack of hounds, their pedigrees, capacity and reputation, as he had done in past years of the Brocklesby pack.

"The best huntsman, the best whips, the best hounds and the best horses are only good enough for this big county," he said, and these, to fill gaps in the Cottesmore stables and kennels, in conjunction with Major-General Brocklehurst, he set himself resolutely to obtain. The joint Masters appointed T. J. Isaac, Junr., late Huntsman of the Blankney, to the same position with the Cottesmore, and he proved himself, as they anticipated, one of the best men they could have found for the post, as good in regard to the training and management of the hounds as he was across country as a horseman. It is sad to record that his death occurred not long after my brother's.

It is a well-known fact that the appointment of the new Master of Foxhounds, especially as in this case when the pack is popular and fashionable, often causes jealousy among other aspirants to the position, but in this case the appointment was unanimously approved, no doubt due to Maunsell's profound knowledge of hunting in all its branches. Then, too, his genial temper, courtesy, inability to believe in the petty jealousies of others, and his pleasure in honest outspoken criticism, were rare assets, disarming the captious, and winning over those who might be tempted to be troublesome.

Not long ago a mutual friend, whom my brother and I had

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known practically all our lives, said to me, "I never knew Maunsell buy a bad horse himself, or recommend one to a friend, or fail to detect the slightest blemish in a hound."

A wealthy buyer of fat stock told me that the secret of his success lay in being able to appraise a live ox at its dead value to a pound, and that he was born with this faculty; and I believe my brother was born with the power to tell what horse or hound was worth to a fraction, whether to follow the pack across country or hunt his fox.

In 1909, just after the festive season of Christmas had come and gone, I accepted a long-standing and cordially-renewed invitation from Maunsell and my sister-in-law, and journeyed from South Cornwall to Edmondthorpe. I had a desperate longing to enjoy a day's hunting again, even on wheels, and felt sure I should have the chance, as the hunting season with the Cottesmore was in full swing. Maunsell and his wife seldom missed a day, and I knew they would be sure to give me the fondly anticipated treat if possible.

I wanted also to see them both in the saddle again, enjoying the fine old sport, and to live, if only for one day, in the delightful past, when in their company I had enjoyed many a good day's hunting with the Brocklesby.

Not having seen Maunsell for some years, it was rather a shock to me to find that his hair had turned snow white, but as it was always very fair, and was as thick as ever, his appearance was not altered in any appreciable degree by this fact.

His face, although rather weather-beaten by his outdoor life, looked remarkably young, and absolutely uncareworn.

I had not seen my nephew Jack, their only child, since he was a boy just leaving Harrow, and well do I remember the intense pride with which my brother brought him up to me



J. M. RICHARDSON AND HIS SON JACK.

Life at Edmondthorpe

when we were all waiting in the drawing-room before dinner was announced on the evening of my arrival at Edmondthorpe. Certainly it was not to be wondered at that he felt proud of his son to whom I was re-introduced that evening, Maunsell himself looking his very best in his scarlet evening coat with the Cottesmore Hunt facings.

It is delightful to recall what a happy evening we all spent together; the Hon. Hugo Hare and his wife were there amongst others. All of us were attuned to gaiety, and each vied with the other in making the time pass pleasantly. We played several good old-fashioned round games at cards. Maunsell and I sat side by side, pooled our counters, and won everything before us at vingt-un. How the others laughed and teased us. "They are invincible," they said, "brother and sister sitting together and winning all before them."

Alas! how little did I guess this would be the last time we should ever sit side by side; that I should never again hear his happy laughter; that we should never see each other again in this world. It is a glad remembrance this visit of brightness and happiness, for it plainly showed how heartily my brother was enjoying life, healthy amusements, and above all, as keen as ever for the sport he loved best of all.

The next day was a hunting day, and the fixture was one of the best of the Cottesmore. It was arranged that I should drive thither with my sister-in-law; Maunsell, according to his usual custom, preferring to ride to the meet.

The morning broke gloriously fine, but there was a slight nip of frost in the air, and a dainty sprinkling of snow; not sufficient, however, to stop hunting, and there were indications that by eleven o'clock, the time fixed for the meet, every vestige of snow and frost would have disappeared. This proved to be the case.

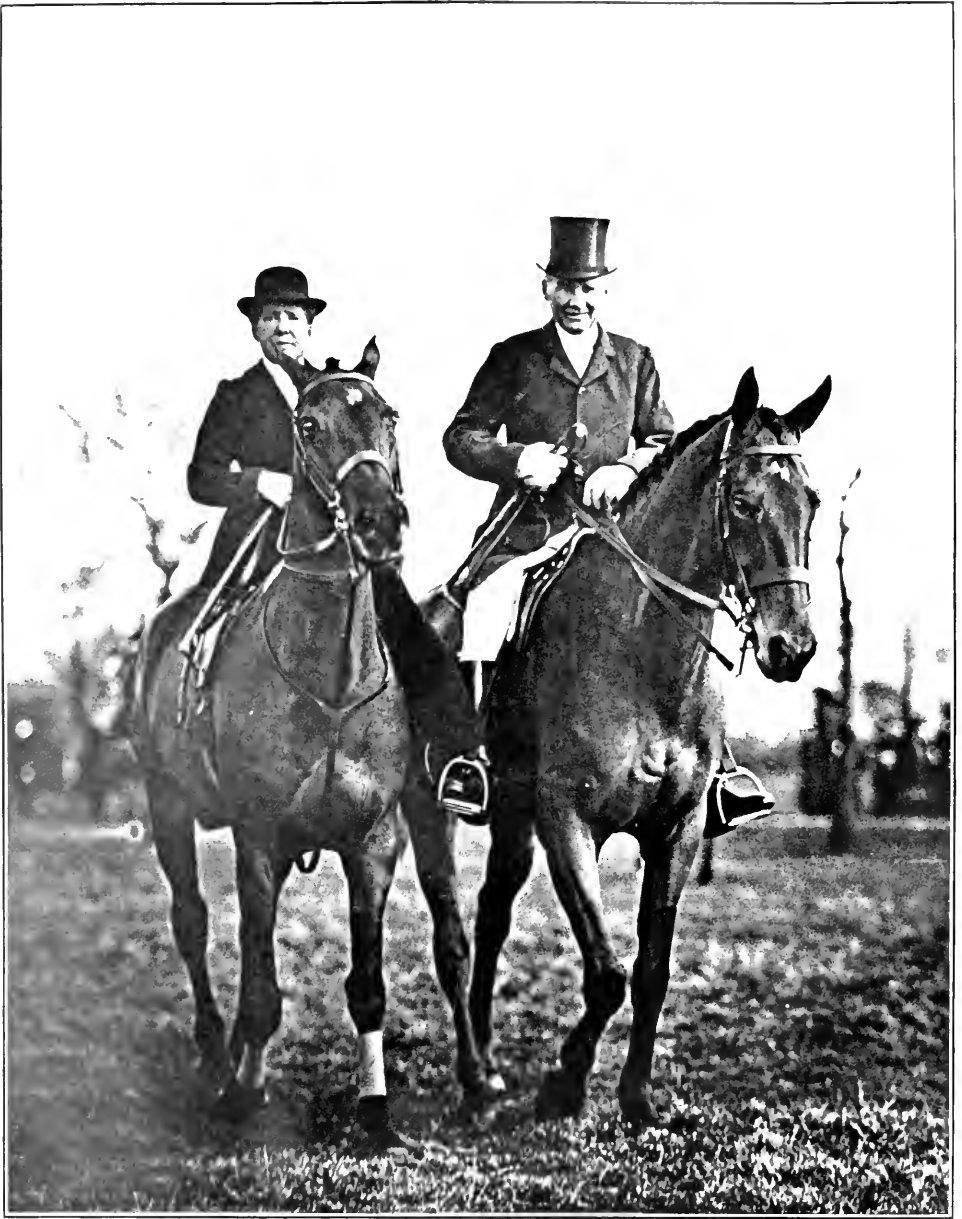
The Life of a Great Sportsman

Before driving off, I caught sight of Maunsell in full hunting togs as he came downstairs, stepping lightly as of old; then, taking his hat and gloves from the hall table, and his hunting-crop from the rack, he was off to mount at the stable. To his cheery "Come with me," I was glad to respond, and watched him mount; not a sign of stiffness there, I thought; then, the dog-cart being in waiting, Lady Yarborough got in, I mounted beside her, off we drove and joined my brother on his way to the meet.

For some time he rode beside us, as our way lay through fields with roads across them—short cuts to many places which obtains in the county of Rutland—so I had the pleasure of seeing my brother canter along beside us on his dainty thoroughbred chestnut mare Isabel. Just the same perfect seat; the same understanding between his mount and himself; the same boyish laugh as he greeted one friend after another in rapid succession. Then he disappeared, taking a shorter bridle cut, and we drove on by the road.

To drive with my sister-in-law has always been a great joy to me, and I soon found out that she was as perfect a whip as ever. The same light hand on the reins, which, combined with firmness, gave such confidence not only to the horse or horses she drove, but to the passenger seated beside her.

It has been my lot not infrequently to sit beside women who labour under the impression that they can drive, but who have no more idea of handling the reins than a baby, and a more uncomfortable position for their passenger can hardly be imagined. Needless to say, this was far from being the case with my sporting sister-in-law. No matter how difficult the animals she sat behind, Lady Yarborough could always be relied upon to handle them to perfection, and though it is rather a rare thing for a man or woman to be equally qualified



J. M. RICHARDSON AND LADY YARBOROUGH.

(Enlarged from a snapshot taken in 1911.)

Life at Edmondthorpe

in the sister arts of riding and driving, I have never yet seen her equal in either. So I thoroughly enjoyed my drive, and as we got nearer the appointed place for the meet, horsemen and horsewomen sprang up in every direction, with their horses' heads all turned toward the same goal as ourselves.

A slight stoppage was caused at a house close to the road, outside which a good-looking chestnut horse, with a side-saddle on his back, was jumping out of his skin with high spirits. My charioteer, with her usual thoughtfulness, pulled up to enable his mistress, patiently waiting at the door, to mount. Unfortunately, we were somewhat late at the meet and the hounds had moved off, but I had the pleasure of seeing Lady Yarborough mount her horse in the old agile manner and canter off after the hounds.

For some time, under the groom's guidance, I dawdled about in the trap after hounds, but the day turned foggy, and giving up the hope of seeing some sport, I displaced the groom and drove myself back to Edmondthorpe. At teatime, my brother and his wife appeared; hounds had gone home early, and it had been a very moderate day. The other guests had gone, and we three spent a happy evening together. The next morning saw the end of my visit, and I said good-bye to my brother, just as he was going off to the meet again. It always pleases me to recollect that my final impression of Maunsell was such a happy one, and that my last sight of him should have been in the time-honoured scarlet he loved so well.

The beginning of my brother's last illness appeared when, after two well-contested rounds of golf with Sir Francis Astley Corbett on the Cromer Links, he developed a serious attack of influenza, and although he recovered sufficiently on his return to Edmondthorpe to ride again, and even to hunt occasionally, it was apparent that his health had been seriously

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impaired by this attack. After a day's hunting, when no doubt he had overtaxed his failing strength, feeling it his duty as it was his pleasure, as joint Master of the Cottesmore, to go out, he returned home seriously ill.

The various local doctors consulted differed considerably in their opinion, and a celebrated London specialist, Dr. Rowlands, was summoned to Edmondthorpe.

He at once diagnosed Maunsell's case as septic neuritis, but unfortunately his system had been too much lowered to enable him to overcome the attack, and in spite of all that doctors, nurses, and tender care could do, he died in Dr. Rowland's nursing home in London on the 22nd January, 1912.

To the last moment, brave as ever, he fought for life, hoping against hope, wishing to live. Even his greatest friend, the late Lord Minto, said to me, "When I saw dear Maunsell the day before he died he was so cheery and brave, I could not believe it was the last time I should see him and that he *could* be dying."

In conclusion, I have no hesitation in saying, and I am sure I am right, that although my brother loved his life at Edmondthorpe, he would at any time have given it up gladly to return to the old life in Lincolnshire.

CHAPTER XVII

THE CLOSE OF THE DAY

My brother died on Monday, the 22nd of January, 1912, and his funeral was fixed to take place at Edmondthorpe on the Friday following. I had come up from Cornwall the day before to pay my tribute of respect to the brother I had loved so long and so well.

Owing no doubt to my being in deep mourning, the people in the carriage from Euston seemed to have an intuition that I was closely connected with the sad event which had shocked the whole sporting community in the Midlands for the time being. I had come some 500 miles, and their silent sympathy was very welcome. Indeed one lady insisted on my sharing her tea-basket, and would neither allow me to pay my share, nor hardly to thank her. Almost at every station down the line, boxes were handed to the guard, evidently containing those last tokens of affection and respect offered by the living to the dead.

My nephew Richard Maunsell Richardson, one of my eldest brother's sons, whom I found at Ashwell station, and who is a fine musician, told me he was to play the organ at his Uncle Maunsell's funeral the next day in Edmondthorpe church.

His renderings of the music included in the service were commended on all sides, and undoubtedly helped to make the

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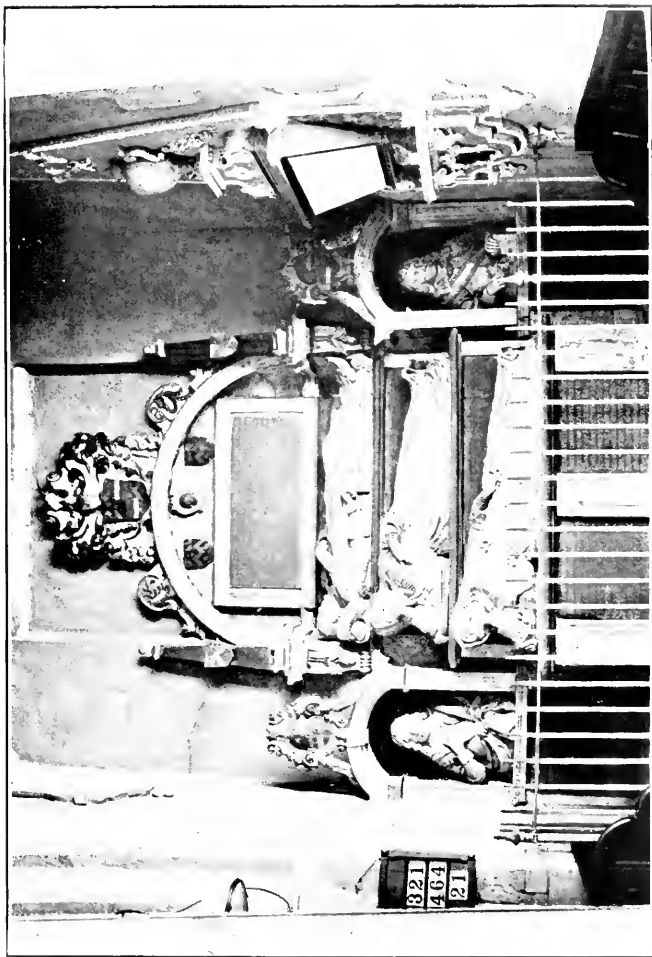
scene the impressive one it was. The aspect of Edmondthorpe Hall, with its closely drawn blinds, emblematic of woe, presented a terrible contrast to the last time I was there in the middle of the hunting season, when everything was cheerful and full of life, and my brother in the full enjoyment of health and strength.

Jack, Maunsell's only son, welcomed my nephew and myself to the house.

The house-party included Lady Yarborough's daughter, Lady Gertrude Astley Corbet, and her husband, son of the late Sir John Astley, and a great friend of my brother's. When children we all knew the dear old "Mate" and loved him for his geniality and kindness; he it was who presided over the banquet given to Maunsell at Brigg, after winning the Liverpool on Disturbance, in 1873. Lady Yarborough's youngest son by her first marriage, the Hon. Dudley Pelham, and his wife; Mr. George Heneage, eldest son and heir of Lord Heneage of Hainton, myself and my nephew Dick completed the party.

We all met at dinner, and each tried in our several ways, with more or less success, to keep up our spirits for each other's sake. Our sad hostess kept to her own sitting-room, an apartment sacred to her, for although supposed to be her boudoir, it was also her husband's writing-room, and held his table and his papers, so that even in his and her private work they were never separated. After dinner was finished, which, despite our united efforts, proved but a dismal affair, Jack told me his mother wished to see me in her room.

It is said, "God tempers the wind to the shorn lamb," and in this case, the full tide of lonely misery and desolation, the waves of which had broken over her, was borne with a wonderful courage. She had determined also that, no matter



REMARKABLE OLD TOMB IN EDMONDTHORPE CHURCH TO
EDWARD BARRY SMITH, ESQ.

(Showing part of family pew.)

The Close of the Day

how much it tore at her heartstrings, she would herself lead the way on the morrow in that solemn rite when the last offices would be carried out for her beloved dead.

After the sad interview, my nephew Jack asked me to go with him to the death chamber. Here there was no grimness; the coffin itself, of bright polished elm, stood under a red shaded lamp which cast a cheerful glow over everything, whilst the floral tributes formed in wreaths, horseshoes, shields, etc., placed all round the room, had transformed it into a veritable bower of sweetness and beauty.

They had laid him in the smoking room, on the walls of which all his favourite pictures of horses, etc., were hung, his hunting horns on the chimney-piece.

A more fitting setting for his last resting-place in the home he loved could not have been chosen.

The two lovely wreaths from his wife and son respectively were the only ones on the coffin, and as I put my hand on the beautiful casket, that contained the earthly part of my dear brother, Jack told me that when he brought the coffin down from London, and before it was lifted off the hearse, one of Maunsell's servants, Willingham, who had lived in his service since a boy, had rushed out, stroking it tenderly, as if in so doing he had been brought once more in touch with his well-loved master.

Until then, I had not realized how expressive the language of flowers is at a funeral, or how these sweet products of the earth could so remind us that the most beautiful things of the world are necessarily the most perishable—I did then to the full.

The day of the funeral broke with solemn stillness, not a leaf stirred on the fine old trees that stood like sentinels on either side of the entrance to the hall. As I drew up my

The Life of a Great Sportsman

blind and admitted the late-coming daylight, a few flakes of snow were falling slowly and gently, seeming like kindly spirits from heaven, bearing sympathetic messages to the bereaved on earth. The frost and the stillness made the air deliciously crisp, and it was evident from the thin snowflakes which fell intermittently, and the shining sun through the breaking clouds, that the day just dawning, when the saddest of all ceremonies was to be carried out, would not be burdened with the added misery of wet weather.

Magnificent as were the floral tributes I had already seen, two more arrived, one from Maunsell's eldest stepson, the Earl of Yarborough, who wintering abroad, had sent a splendid trophy of large Neapolitan violets; the other was a wreath with a card inscribed, "From his life-long friend 'Rolly'" (the late Lord Minto), composed entirely of white flowers, and so large, that it covered a good quarter of the billiard table in the front hall, the largest floral tribute I have ever seen, every flower perfect, and it seemed as if its sender, the dearest and closest friend of my brother's youth and manhood, had determined to prove at the last by these flowers how great and beautiful their love for each other had been through life, continuing until death separated them.

A little later I was glad to find that my niece Eva (now Mrs. Jack Richardson) had arrived. She said no one had asked her to come down, but she felt she could not stay away from her Uncle Maunsell's funeral. It appeared that very many other people were filled with the same longing to be present at my brother's funeral, for from the large number that attended, most of his friends and acquaintances, who could possibly manage to come, must have been there. My nephew Jack, who had been with his father to the very end, had been given charge of all the arrangements and they were carried



MRS. J. B. RICHARDSON AND HER TWO SONS, JOHN AND
EDMUND, GRANDSONS OF J. M. RICHARDSON.

The Close of the Day

out in the most perfect manner. As being simpler, though, alas! much more affecting, the coffin, instead of being carried in a hearse to its last resting-place, was placed on a bier, and the men-servants on the place drew it to the churchyard. From the butler and stud groom, to the youngest house and stable hand, all shared in this last sad journey.

As a personal request Mr. Lester, who had been my brother's butler for many years previous, had begged to come and take his place beside the bier, and through the kindness of his present employer, Lady Battersea (the late Lord Battersea and Lady Battersea, both dear friends of my brother and his wife), he was able to be present. My sister-in-law bore herself with her usual courage, but a sadder or more pathetic sight it was never my lot to witness.

Most of the floral tributes, which had been sent on before, were grouped on a space at the back of the grave, and piled up against the grey stones of the old church, forming a background of flowers, and carpeting the space around the grave. All had been so carefully thought out and planned beforehand, that there was no fuss or bustle, not the slightest hitch of any kind in any of the sad proceedings, not a person had been forgotten, not a detail ever so slight overlooked, not even a flower crushed or out of its place.

Luckily the day had fulfilled its early promise of "passing fair," and although the gentle snowflakes fell intermittently, it was in the same tender and kindly fashion that they had displayed in the early morning.

To say that the large Edmondthorpe church was filled is inadequate to express the company present. Still this might have been anticipated, seeing that on each side of the road to the church, and for many yards beyond, innumerable motor cars and vehicles of every description were crowded together.

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The kindly vicar, Mr. Knox, to whom, knowing and loving my brother as he did, the ceremony must have proved a severe strain, had to wait many minutes before the huge congregation had settled down, many being unable to find seats. Then, when all was still, and without any hymn being given out, the first note of "Abide with me" (Maunsell's favourite hymn) was heard from the organ, and never, to my dying day, shall I forget the impressive effect of those sweet, soft strains, not only upon myself, but upon the whole congregation. For the moment I had forgotten who was the organist; then I realized that whatever nervousness my musician nephew may have felt beforehand, it was now forgotten in the one idea of carrying out the task he had undertaken. His masterly interpretation of this simple hymn carried with it not only art but also the heart-notes of sorrow and of hope. The soft opening note swelled on, until the whole congregation, taking up the words of the hymn, sang each verse with an underlying softness and tenderness of expression, harmonizing admirably with the delicacy of the surroundings and of the music.

All through the service it seemed as if one great sob went out from each heart, not only for her who had sustained the greatest loss of all, but for themselves; and that each individual member of that congregation mourned the loss of a personal friend. At the conclusion of the service Chopin's Funeral March was played amid an intense silence, as painful as it was wonderful. Then as the bier was conveyed to the graveside, as if by one impulse, the whole congregation turned towards it, and so they took farewell of their friend.

Nobly self-possessed, his widow stood close to the open grave, her son Jack by her side. Her grief was too deep for outward expression, her training of self-repression from child-



MASTER JACK RICHARDSON.

J. M. Richardson's only child, aged 4 years.

(Reproduced from a pastel.)

The Close of the Day

hood too strong to be broken through, even at this hour of heavy trial.

A few gentle snowflakes fell lightly on the coffin, and on the small bunches of violets which lay upon the casket as it was lowered into its resting-place; and now all being over, we passed out of the churchyard, and through the throng of mourners who stood in silent reverence, expressive of their grief and sympathy, and so back to Edmondthorpe Hall, now so redolent of sorrow; empty in hearth and heart because of him who was not, yet crowded with many tender and fragrant memories, which, in increasing measure, would bring comfort and consolation in the days to come.

CHAPTER XVIII

A FITTING REQUIEM

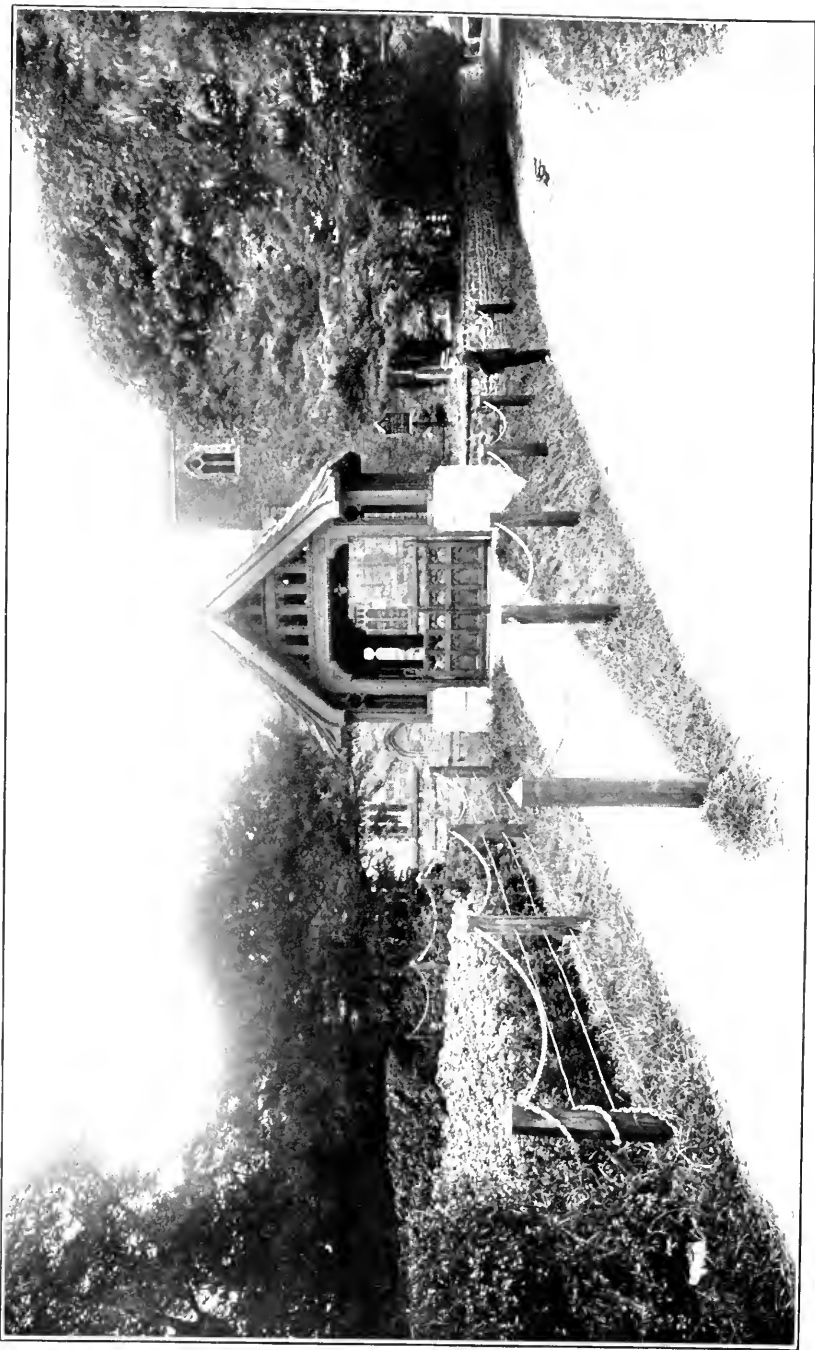
AMONGST the hundreds of letters Lady Yarborough received after my brother's death, I have chosen extracts from some—letters from men and women of all classes. One and all in different fashion express how they regarded his loss to themselves, not only from the point of view of sportsmen and sports-women, but as a dear personal friend.

The letters are so unlike the usual letters of condolence, that I have thought they would show to those who did not know my brother personally, better than any words of mine can express, the kind of feeling he inspired in the minds of others.

There are no doubt some who in reading these extracts will say: What are these? Just written off when the mind of that man or woman felt he or she must write as a matter of ordinary courtesy, and yet I cannot but think many will see eye to eye with me, and find in them a spontaneous and genuine expression of grief.

This after all is the best requiem of man or woman. What they have built by their lives in the hearts of others, is their truest epitaph, and for this reason I have thought it well to publish some of these independent sidelights on my brother's character.

These requiem letters convey the sentiments of many of the



THE LICHGATE, LIMBER CHURCH.

Erected by his Lincolnshire friends to J. M. Richardson's memory.

A Fitting Requiem

best known names in the land, but the outstanding feature is the extent and variety of the classes represented in this remarkable testimony. I have indicated in only two cases the authors' names—one from a distinguished dignitary of the Church for whom my brother entertained a profound respect; the other from a dear young connection and friend who has since laid down his life for his country. For his future my brother foretold all good both as landlord and sportsman, and it may be truly said of his death, almost in the same words he himself used regarding my brother's, "England has lost one of her most gallant sons."

"Bishopscourt,
"Manchester.

"DEAR LADY YARBOROUGH,

"The unfailing and most helpful kindness which you and your dear husband have shown to my brother and sisters moves me to make some poor effort to express my deep and sincere sympathy with you in your bereavement.

"The whole country is poorer to-day by the loss of one of the very finest and most polished of country gentlemen.

"But your loss is such as you alone can measure or understand.

"It is only right that you should know how truly you have endeared yourselves to all who had the privilege of knowing you.

"My brother and sisters have enjoyed conditions of country parish life happier than I have ever seen. I have admired the considerations which you have showed and the loyalty with which my brother has been supported. Forgive me for this very poor attempt to express my gratitude.

"It would be possible to add some words of my admiration for the character of your dear husband, but at this moment

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they might only pain you. There would be necessarily so much left unsaid, nor is there anything from which his modesty would have shrunk so much as from words of praise.

“Beloved and honoured as few have been and still fewer so justly as he deserved to be loved and honoured, he has left the record of a noble life and an untarnished name, a memory inexpressibly precious.

“It is impossible to think of such a life as closed by death.

“His true life is begun in the presence of Him whom with such unaffected humility and sincerity he served during his earthly stay.

“May He who has taken him from you for a while be near to help and comfort you.

“Pray don't think of answering or even of acknowledging this letter, but believe me to remain,

“Yours in truest sympathy and respect,

(Signed) “E. A. MANCHESTER.”

(Bishop of Manchester.)

From the late Lord Worsley, heir to the Earldom of Yarborough, killed at Mons: “I am so grieved to hear of your dreadful sorrow. England has lost her greatest Sportsman.”

“How grieved we were at the irreparable loss you have sustained in the death of one so much beloved by all. . . . Seldom is it the fortune of a man to have such hosts of friends and admirers, and seldom indeed is it that a man leaves behind him so many who will look in vain and in sorrow at the blank that is left in the world by his untimely removal from our midst.”

“It was always a delight to be in his company, and I know well there are numberless friends who will for ever mourn the



THE LATE LORD WORSLEY.

(Killed at Mons.)

A Fitting Requiem

loss of one of the truest and kindest of men, and cherish his memory with the deepest affection."

"He will be mourned and missed by every one. It is such an absolute calamity to us all in this county and to the Hunt, . . . he was the one man we could least of all spare. . . Every one loved him."

"No one has had more genuine sympathy from all classes than you will have. Mr. Richardson made every one feel he was their friend, and every one will grieve *personally* for him. . . . Many, many friends will mourn with you the loss of so splendid, lovable, and manly a man, and the world is poorer by his death."

"So wonderful a horseman, so wise a man, can never be replaced in Leicestershire. . . . You have the sympathy of every living person that knew you both."

"We consider it a privilege to have known him . . . it is a real loss to us all. . . . We all grieve for the loss of a good friend. . . . A grand fellow-sportsman whom we have all lost. . . . I voice the words of all the county. No words of mine can tell you how grieved we all are at the loss of a fellow-sportsman and friend."

"I never knew any one who *without knowing it himself* drew every one to him as he did. Every one really loved him. It is a wonderful gift, but he was one of the few who are blessed with it. No one will feel his loss more than myself."

"My life-long and best of friends whom I loved. . . . How I shall miss him, best of sportsmen and friend!"

"It has come as a great blow to his county. He is regretted by every one, both rich and poor, and his loss is one

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that cannot be replaced. He was the kindest, and best of men, and like no one else."

"It must be some help to you to see how he is appreciated and mourned, and it must help one to feel that everybody is mourning for one, and with one. . . . Yours has been such a perfect companionship."

"I have known him so well since his boyhood. I shall never look upon his like again. The world can ill afford to lose such a man."

"Please remember *your* sorrow is *our* sorrow too. He leaves a great blank in the lives of all his friends, and we shall not look upon his like again. One always quoted him as the example of a perfect English gentleman, and a magnificent sportsman. I am proud and grateful to have known him. We shall mourn him long."

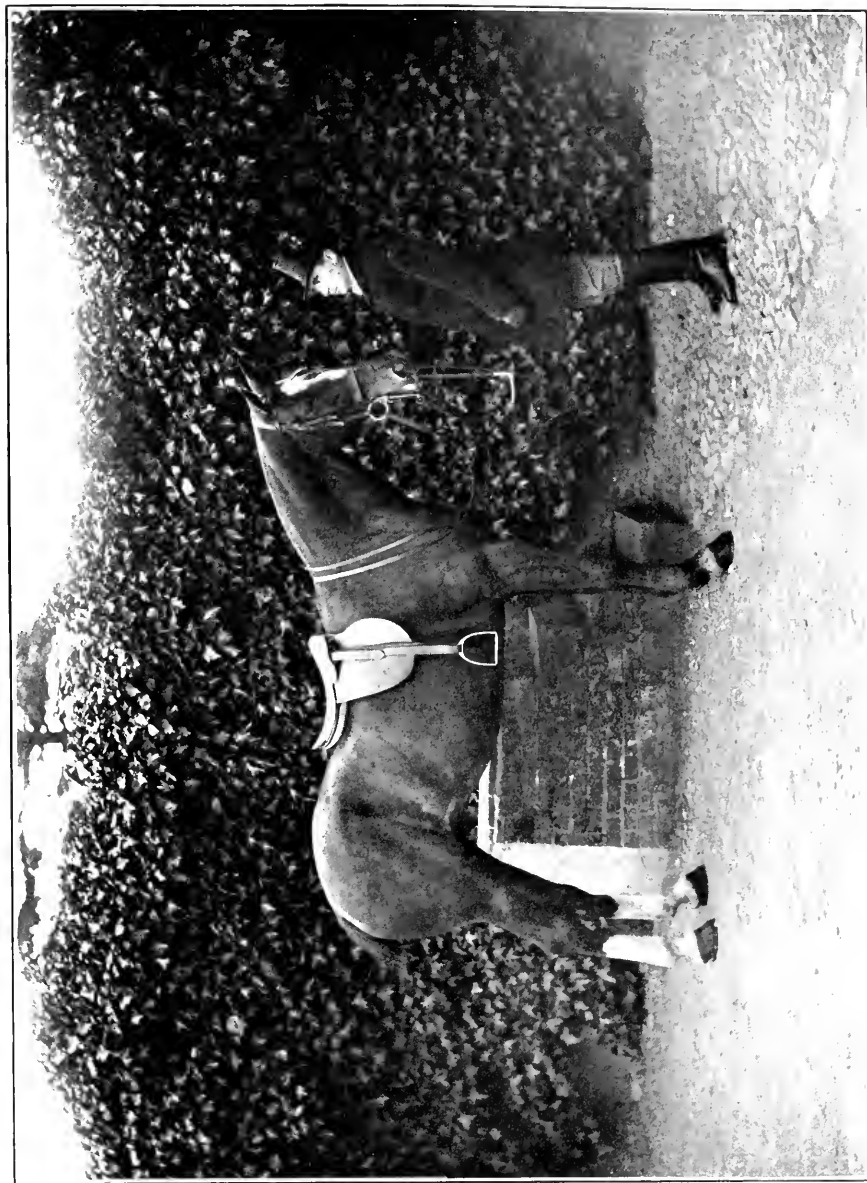
"Your sorrow will be shared by many who will mourn for him as one of her very best Englishmen."

"We shall all mourn for Maunsell, but none more deeply than his nearest neighbour."

"A loss that will be felt by hundreds of Maunsell's friends and admirers—I am proud to have been both."

"Mr. Maunsell Richardson had been known to us for so many years, that we became accustomed to regard him as a personal friend. His portrait hangs in a prominent place here, and will be doubly dear to us now that he is gone, and amongst the number of those who will most keenly miss his genial presence, I venture to say none can be more sincerely sorry than I who have the honour to subscribe myself."

The next extracts from letters express the deep sympathy



CHESTNUT HUNTER, TOM.

J. M. Richardson's last mount and favourite hunter.
(With Harry, the second horseman.)

A Fitting Requiem

felt for Lady Yarborough by personal friends and acquaintances. They show the intense affection and comradeship that existed between my brother and his wife. His near relations of course know well that Lady Yarborough had always been the one love of his life, but that affection must indeed have been of no ordinary kind to have so impressed outsiders, as well even as my brother's own personal friends, with its depth and happy constancy. My words convey nothing compared with this outside testimony to the beauty of their lives. It was an ideal married life, where interests were in common, and duties were undertaken hand in hand. Pleasures were enjoyed together, each participating in the same kinds of sports and pastimes, and each happy chiefly in realizing the other's enjoyment of all they embarked on.

“I think I can hardly realize what this must mean to you when one thinks how much he and you were to each other and how you have been always together for so long.”

“It is with the greatest sorrow I heard this morning of the death of dear Mr. Richardson . . . I know very well how devoted you were to each other.”

“The kindest, the best, the most devoted of husbands . . . I cannot bear to think that he is gone. Every one respected him, every one believed in him. His was such a fine and loyal nature. No one can ever take his place. There will be unanimous regret.”

“It must be a great comfort to you to look back on your happy life with Mr. Richardson.”

“I can so feel for you in the loss of your dear companion. You were always so devoted to each other, and did everything

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together. The blank to you must be inexpressibly sad—and lonely.”

“It seems so hard that hearts so united as yours were should be suddenly torn apart. My heart bleeds for you.”

“You always seemed to be the happiest of couples and life without him will be empty and sad for you. He enjoyed every day so much, and I hope you may find some comfort in the certainty that his life could not have been more happy.”

“My heart just aches for you, words are futile in such a bereavement. . . . I know what he was to you and what a loss he will be after your long and happy wedded life.”

“The loss to you must be overwhelming, as you were so much to each other and did everything together.”

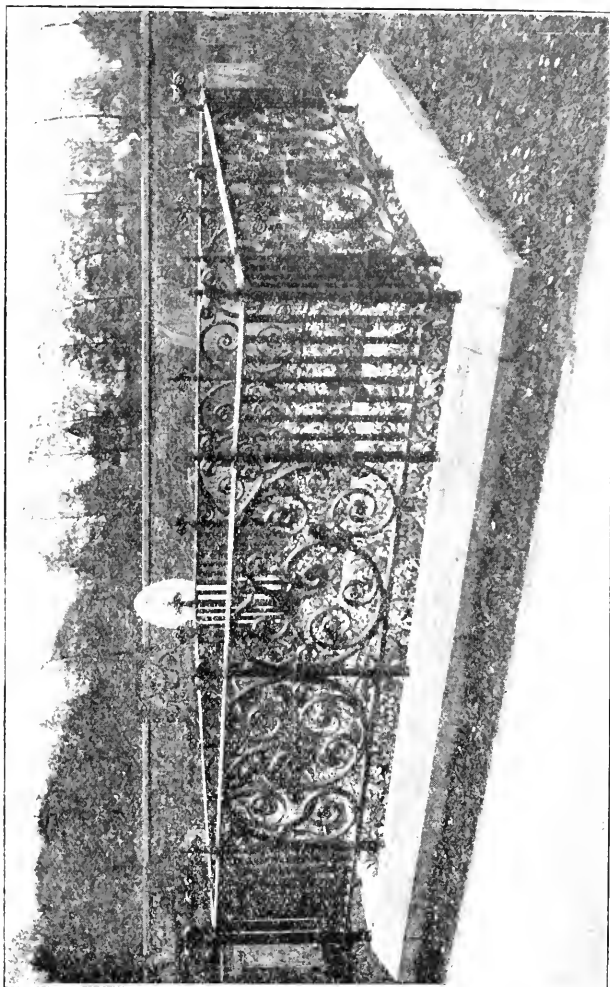
“I can imagine how lonely you will be, and what a blank there will be in your life—it seems so hard that he, who everybody was so fond of, should be taken. It is loneliness now, but the memory of the past is left, and gratitude for that past.”

“How hard it will be to go on with your life without his constant unselfishness and kindness about you.”

“I do feel for you so. You loved each other so, and 30 years of such love is so rare—I cannot bear to think of your life without him.”

“I understand and feel so well what you must have been suffering since the loss of your beloved husband—any one who had the pleasure of knowing him must know what his death must mean to you, when it makes so much difference even to his friends and acquaintances.”

Those who have read so far will, I am sure, follow me to



J. M. RICHARDSON'S GRAVE IN EDMONDTHORPE CHURCHYARD.



A Fitting Requiem

the end of this Requiem, for in the following extracts I show the reason why my brother's death was felt so deeply, and was such a loss not only to his widow but to the community in general.

“Maunsell was always so kind to me, and I was so very fond of him, that his death is a terrible blow. I see more than even now what an attraction his charming nature was, I feel as if I shall never get over it, it haunts me.”

“I have only just seen the death of Mr. Richardson. My father, who knew him well, and worked with him in the last Brigg election, and who looked up to him as an ideal sportsman and politician, wishes to join his regret with ours. Although very humble people, we feel as though we had lost a personal friend.”

“Mr. Richardson had always such a kind and cheerful word for every one, that even with a small acquaintance it was easy to appreciate his very amiable qualities.”

“You will doubtless have had the sympathy of the whole country-side, but I should like to add my humble testimony to the merits of a man who was nothing short of a hero to me, as he must have been to many admirers of skill, gallantry, and good fellowship. His figure and appearance on a horse were those of a man of thirty.”

“I have no words, for such a sorrow is beyond speaking of. Every one who knew him loved him, and to think that I shall never see him again, or hear his cheery voice again, cub hunting, makes me miserable. How he worshipped you.”

“We shall never see his like again. His cheery face and smile—and the way he could show all the young ones the way across country.”

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“It seems impossible to realize that we shall never see him riding over the fences as we used to. My husband always had the greatest admiration for Mr. Richardson all his life and has felt his death very, very much.”

“I was so pleased to meet Mr. Richardson again, not having seen him since we were at school together. I found then the truth of the saying that the child is father to the man. At school we looked up to him as a leader among other boys. He was a straight-goer, energetic and popular—in fact a boy’s boy. Last August I recognized the same good qualities in the man.”

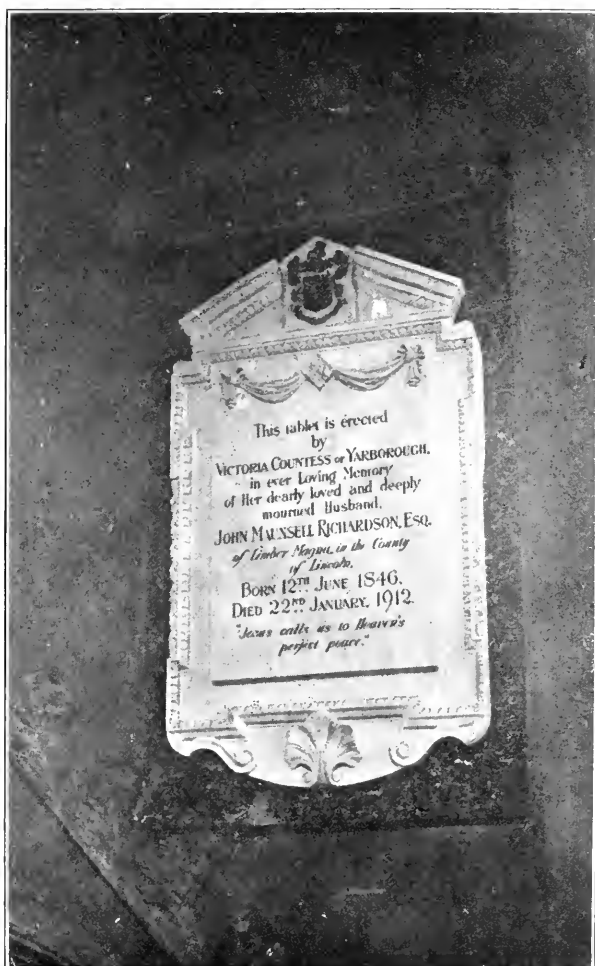
“It has made me very, very sad. He was straight in character as he was to hounds. He will have his last resting-place in the best hunting county in England, where nothing but the sound of his hounds and the horn will disturb his rest.”

“I don’t suppose there was any one, from the oldest person to the smallest child, to whom he had not shown some kindness.”

“I, like every one else, thought him the most charming man I had ever met, and I am certain his presence always influenced people for good.”

“Every one who knew your husband seems to have been so much attracted to him and he will be very much missed everywhere. Every one who knew Mr. Richardson loved him. My husband feels he has lost his best friend.”

“To think that I shall never see such a dear old friend as Mr. Richardson was again. I think of him now as I write to you with his cheery face and ‘joie de vivre.’ How he rode and how he loved all sports and how well he did everything,



TABLET TO THE MEMORY OF J. M. RICHARDSON
IN EDMONDTHORPE CHURCH.

A Fitting Requiem

including his literary work. Alas! that he should not be here now."

"I can't take it in, or believe it's dear, dear Mr. Maunsell, who is so inextricably *one* with the old days, when you both came down and we all looked forward to seeing you above all things—I loved you both then, and to this hour."

"My profound sorrow—at the loss of the comrade of my early days, the staunchest of friends, the most genial companion that ever trod this earth."

"Words cannot express my regret. I mourn the sad death of the finest sportsman, most genial gentleman, and kindest friend that ever stepped."

"He was such a very dear friend. I can remember him since I was 14 and we all of us have been so fond of him."

"Mr. Richardson was one of my husband's oldest friends and he was always devoted to him. In later days, it was such a pleasure to my husband if they were judging together."

"We both have a very lively recollection of innumerable acts of kindness we have received from Mr. Richardson, that we feel we have lost a friend by his death."

"Maunsell was so much to us all, both as a boy and after he was grown up. We loved him dearly. His personality was unique. Nothing was too small for him if he could do a kindness. . . . Man, woman, and child loved him at Limber."

"I can never forget your Ladyship's and Mr. Richardson's great kindness. I am glad the Bank Manager gave my son permission to attend Mr. Richardson's funeral. I know it would have been his father's wish."

"You know how devoted we were one and all to dear Mr.

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Richardson. The boys have both written to me quite upset by the sad news. His kindness to our boys will never be forgotten ; he was the very pattern of a fine English gentleman which appeals to young people, and gives them the ideal at the moment they most want it."

"I have just seen in the papers that your dear husband has passed away. He and I were great friends ever since 1867. He was one of the best, truest friends that I had, and indeed I mourn his loss."

"Please let an old friend of Oxford and Cambridge and Eton and Harrow days send a line of (*very true and sincere*) condolences."

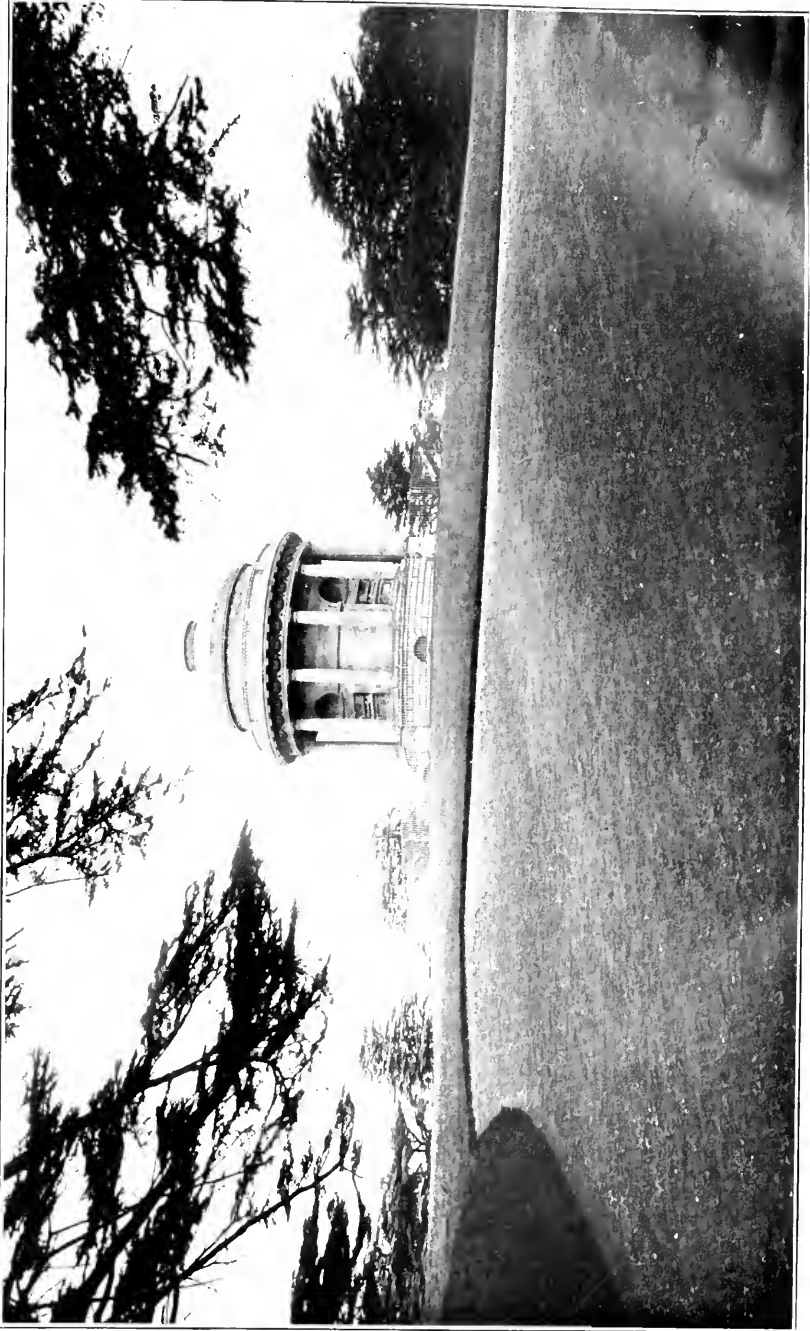
"It is difficult to realize that any one so full of life and activity, and always so young as Mr. Richardson was, has been taken away."

"He seemed so full of health and spirits that we cannot realize it at all. My husband and I have been so devoted to him, and so of course was everybody who knew him."

"I need not tell you with what regret I read of the death of my dear old friend. He was a type of sportsman and gentleman that is rare to-day, and I know not where to find his like."

"It falls to the lot of very few to be so universally beloved as Mr. Richardson was."

"Impossible to believe. Only a few months ago Mr. Maunsell Richardson seemed so well and bright at Llandrindod. I shall always remember how good and kind you both were to me there."



THE MAUSOLEUM OF THE PELHAM FAMILY.
Showing some of the Cedars of Lebanon.

A Fitting Requiem

“If sympathy can allay your trouble and comfort you, all your friends late of Limber are with you.”

“We have lost a friend who was trusted and loved wherever he went. I never thought to get so fond of any man who was fifty before I knew him, and it was of course due to the fine simplicity and deep kindness of his character. It was a pleasure to hear the employees on the Cromer Links talk of him. It was something far more than the ordinary liking for a good sportsman, but they knew as we all did that warmth of his heart. The place will never be the same without him.”

“You will find it sad, but it will be a comfort to read all the nice references to Mr. Richardson in the different papers. I liked to see them, for I felt they were so true. We are very old friends and you know how I grieve for you.”

“It is too sad for you and every one that knew Mr. Richardson. You would be touched were you here. The men at the kennels and the various grooms and the others all regretting him so sincerely. I suppose no man had more friends of every kind, or has been more mourned.”

“I shall never forget all Maunsell’s kindness to me, and I valued his friendship greatly. No one was ever better liked for himself or had a more lovable nature.”

“Many will write to you who knew Mr. Richardson chiefly as a great sportsman, but I can testify to the patriotic sense of duty which made him take up work at first uncongenial to him, the thoroughness with which that work was done, and the spirit in which he met either victory or defeat. My association with him in those old electioneering days will remain always a happy memory.”

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“He will be terribly missed. It only seems a few weeks ago that we were looking forward to his joint-mastership (of the Cottesmore Hounds) which was to bring us such sport.”

“He was always such a good fellow in every way and one that will be greatly missed. How nice and kind he was to me when I came quite a stranger to Cromer. I shall greatly miss him. His nice cheery way. Better sportsman there could not be.”

“He was so bright and cheery and so gallant. It was always such a pleasure to meet him out hunting, and he always had a kind word for every one. That made us all love him. In fact without him it will never be the same in our county again.”

“The county has lost a great sportsman, the like of whom we shall not see again.”

CHAPTER XIX

REMINISCENT

THE following reminiscences I have been privileged to receive from some of my brother's more intimate friends, for inclusion in this Memoir. A pathetic interest attaches to the notes, so kindly sent to me by the Countess of Minto, and which were found among her husband's papers after his death; notes, alas! which were never completed.

From Lord Minto.

("I found several sheets of paper in which the following was written in pencil. I think it must have been almost the last thing he did before he was laid up January 5, 1914." Note by the Countess of Minto, June 17, 1914.)

Maunsell Richardson was a year junior to me at Cambridge. The first time we ever met was, I believe, at a "drag luncheon" at French's. I can see him now, leaning up against the window-sill, a lithe, active young figure, very fair, with fair, slightly curling hair, in a braided velvet coat, such as some of us wore in those days. I did not know who he was, but in the afternoon we met in "the drag." It was the Stowe Fox Drag. I don't know if that line still exists, but it was my favourite line, and we rode the two best hirelings in Cambridge—Harlequin and The General. He rode Harlequin, a chestnut full of

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quality, but perhaps not quite such a stayer as The General, and towards the end of the gallop there was the young freshman alongside of me with perhaps a little bit the best of it, and I recognized the horsemanship I had never seen before, the graceful young figure so well down on the saddle, the lengthy stirrup, and the long free rein to which old Harlequin seemed so gladly to reply. That gallop was the commencement of our friendship. We both lived together at French's, a lodging house in Park Street, really a club, for no one was accepted there without the approval of its inmates, and the chief quality for their acceptance was riding. In my time, as far as I recollect, it was tenanted by Sholto Aberdour, now Lord Morton, Tom Fitzwilliam, Leo Rothschild, Richardson and myself. Maunsell had come up to Cambridge from Harrow with a great reputation as a cricketer. He had been in the Harrow Eleven. He played, I think, three years for Cambridge. He was universally known there as "The Cat" or "Pussy Richardson," a name which clung to him through life, the origin of which I never heard, but at his own home and amongst country neighbours and close friends he was nearly always Maunsell, his own Christian name. We were not very long together at Cambridge, as being a Fellow Commoner I escaped Little Go, took my degree and went into the army, but we did not lose sight of each other. My leave was spent largely at Maunsell's home in Lincolnshire, and when his steeplechase stable became famous I lived a great part of the year with him until other interests took me much abroad, and our paths of life diverged, though the old friendship always flourished. He must have won many steeplechases whilst still at Cambridge, at the University "Grinds" or at local Hunt Meetings, but his most notable performance, I recollect, at that time was his winning a Steeplechase at Huntingdon, when he broke a



THE LATE FOURTH EARL OF MINTO.

Reminiscent

stirrup leather and won with one stirrup on a very hard-pulling mare of his own. If she had been easy to ride it might have been no great feat, but she was almost impossible to hold at any time, and he suffered badly from a strained thigh after the race. She was a bay mare by Leotard, a very good one. He never named her, and sold her to Sholto Aberdour. To attempt to tell the story of "The Cat's" subsequent Steeplechase career would entail a book; but I cannot help glancing back at our happy days at Limber. The house at Limber was a strange old-fashioned building with no architectural beauty, but with an attraction of its own, a long-shaped house with a front door into the garden which no one ever used, the accustomed entrance being entirely through a little side door. I have heard that it was originally built by some former Lord Yarborough as a hunting box for friends hunting with his hounds. When I knew it it was tenanted by Willie Richardson, Maunsell's elder brother.

Extract from Lord Minto's Journal, February, 1912.

On the 20th I had a letter from Heneage telling me that "The Cat" was very ill, and had been taken to Dr. Rowland's Home at 245, Knightsbridge. I went there, but did not see him that day. Next day, Sunday, I went again in the afternoon and sat with him. The nurse would only allow me to stay a few minutes. He was perfectly sensible, and in manner just like himself, but I am sure he knew it was all up with him. He said, "You know I wrote to you and told you I should never get over it." That was some time ago, and since then I had imagined he was getting better. When I left him the nurse doubted if he would live through the night, and when I went next morning it was all over. He died at quarter to eight. Got back to Minto on Tuesday morning 23rd. On

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Thursday night, 25th, went back to London again, dressed at the St. Pancras Railway Hotel, and went down to the funeral at Edmondthorpe Friday 26th. Went to Freddy Blair's at Ashwell, and with him to the funeral. My old friend gone. I cannot say what a wrench it is the link with so many recollections, and another life which seems now to have belonged to another world. A change seems to have come over my world, and it is not the same now he is gone out of it. He was a splendid fellow, by far the best and most polished rider I ever saw, and not only excellent at all games, but possessed of brilliant natural ability. He sat in Parliament for some months for the Brigg Division of Lincolnshire, and after losing his seat did not return to politics; but in any line of life he might have taken up he would have held a foremost place amongst his fellow-men.

From Lord George Hamilton.

My first recollection of J. M. Richardson was his arriving at Harrow a short time—some two years—after I had myself joined the School. He was a very quiet, cheery little fellow, with a pink and white complexion and a very round face. This secured for him the sobriquet of "Puss" or "The Cat," by which up to the end of his life he was always known. He was a boy who slowly but surely made his way in popularity and the esteem of those with whom he came in contact. He was a very quiet, plucky little fellow, and played all games well. He was very strong for his make, and was an extraordinarily fair and just-minded boy.

After a little while he signalized himself by becoming a very accurate field, and during the time he was in the Harrow School and Cambridge University Elevens it was no exaggeration to say that he was the best amateur cover-point in England.



LORD GEORGE HAMILTON.

Reminiscent

Very quick on his legs, he watched the ball very closely and was a deadly catch, covering an enormous amount of ground. He had very strong, capable hands, which were useful to him both in riding and in fielding, and they were so shaped that if a ball got into them it was difficult for it to get out. In speaking of his fielding, I may say that the only time he missed catches was at a match in 1863, at Beaudesert Park, of which place my father was in temporary occupation. We had a match there of Harrow Eleven versus the County of Staffordshire, and like boys we played the fool and sat up all night amusing ourselves by pulling out of bed every boy who tried to go to sleep. The result was that Richardson, who was as a rule in bed by ten o'clock, did not get any sleep till nearly six in the morning, and next day out in the field he missed the ball three times running, the last ball going through his hands and just touching his chin and hurting him very much.

There was a charming simplicity of character and right-mindedness about Richardson that endeared him to everybody who knew him. At the University he was even more popular than he was at public school, and his extraordinary horsemanship and riding prowess brought him very prominently before the Undergraduate public.

I got early into Parliament and lost sight of him for a good many years, as our paths did not converge, but I always heard of him as an extraordinary gentleman-jockey, and a man whose opinion was highly valued and who carried with him the goodwill of all who knew him. His remarkable fairness and clarity of judgment made him the invaluable adjudicator upon any sports' dispute. He loved sport for its sake alone, and as far as I know he never gambled and never bet, and he was, moreover, extremely kind in his treatment of all horses.

He was in the House for a short time, and he enjoyed

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himself very much there, throwing the whole of his enthusiasm into the politics of the moment. The tenure of his seat was insecure, as he had a very strong Wesleyan Nonconformist element against him which deprived him of his seat at the next election.

His sudden death was a great shock to all his friends, and the idea of putting up some memorial to him at Harrow met with universal response. It was, however, difficult to exactly hit on the shape or form that the memorial should assume, and the rule as regards a memorial in the Chapel is that the person to whom it is dedicated should have performed some public service; and although we may say that the influence which your brother had on sport and athletics generally was wide and so good as to come under the head of national service, still to put up a tablet in the Chapel because he was the best gentleman-rider of the day was rather an innovation upon existing tradition and rule. We had, therefore, to think of something which would commemorate his name and would bring his life and character prominently before successive generations of young Harrovians. The idea was suggested of putting up a new Pavilion dedicated to his name, with a portrait of him inside, as more likely to fix the attention of old and young Harrovians than any other form of memorial which could be suggested. This, as you know, has been admirably carried out, and I think all of his friends may be sure that what has recently been done will perpetuate in the best possible way his memory to successive generations of Harrovians.

As regards myself, I can truly say that there is hardly anybody I have ever met in my life for whom I had a more sincere regard and affection. He was unique in his generation. Though the best horseman of the day, there was not a particle of what is known as "horsiness" about him. It was only



THE LATE FIFTH EARL OF CLARENDON.

Reminiscent

when he got on a horse that you then realized the old classical conception of a Centaur—a man and horse being one animal.

It was a very pleasing duty, as Chairman of the Harrow Governors, to be able to receive this Memorial on behalf of the School, and there is no transaction in connection with the discharge of my duties as Chairman of the Governors to which I shall look back with greater satisfaction than the completion of this Memorial.

From the Earl of Clarendon.

There are some mortals who diffuse around them an atmosphere of geniality towards all those with whom they come in contact, whose words and deeds are redolent of "good will towards men," who in one word are possessed of a charm which is as rare as it is inexplicable, and which is born of a warm heart and a kindly disposition. Of such was John Maunsell Richardson.

From his earliest days, both at school and at college, he formed friendships which endured throughout his life, founded as they were on the rock of respect. He never made an enemy or forgot a friend. Many were the generous actions he performed, but he would have "blushed to find them fame." The intimate relations which existed between him and many of his contemporaries were stable and enduring, and those who had the privilege of his friendship were sure of a hearty reception and a warm welcome, however lengthened the separation, however different the career from his own.

"No flannelled fool nor muddied oaf" was he, yet in almost all the sports and pastimes which form a large part of British life he was a protagonist. On the cricket ground, in the hunting field, on the racecourse, many were the triumphs he achieved, conspicuous was the success of which he could boast,

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but his innate modesty was responsible for the absence of any vainglorious vauntings of performances of which any athlete might well be proud.

The writer was many years since conversing with a celebrated horseman who asserted that at that time there were only three expert gentlemen riders in Great Britain : himself and two others. He forgot John Maunsell Richardson. Not to many gentlemen riders is it granted twice to win the Grand National Steeplechase, and the successful negotiation of formidable obstacles over a course more than $4\frac{1}{2}$ miles in length means pluck, endurance, nerve and skill, and who shall say that attributes such as these if applied to other and more serious phases and conditions of life do not constitute an important factor and give an incentive to success ?

And thus with that keen sense of duty which ever prompts a healthy mind, though somewhat late in life, he stepped into the political arena with no other end in view save that of serving his country, with no hope of reward but the approval of his fellows and the knowledge that the stress and strain of a Parliamentary career have but one object, and that the greatest good of the greatest number. It is of such material that Great Britain's sons are made. The healthy breezy tone which pervades the bodies of our athletes often finds its way into their minds and forms an obstacle to the over-indulgence in the sports of the field of which they are past-masters, and thus generates a stimulus to the performance of duties which call forth the best, because the most unselfish, elements of character.

For the author of this brief memoir it is difficult after the lapse of more than half a century accurately to recall or record the incidents of interest which occurred in "the Cat's" school-life, but there were two salient points during his career at



LADY BATTERSEA.

Reminiscent

Harrow which stand forth—his conspicuous skill in all the games and pastimes which a public school can furnish, and the cheery, kindly and withal soft and gentle disposition of the boy which earned him the sobriquet which clung to him throughout life. Of his domestic life and the “sweet communion” which existed between him and her who has to bear the heavy burden of bereavement one can only write or speak with bated breath—“Sorrow’s crown of sorrow is the remembrance of happier days,” but for her there may be this slight solace—the “*monumentum aere perennius*”—a memorial more enduring than mere brass—the regard and affection of the host of his friends and admirers who will never cease to deplore his untimely decease.

“Time like an everlasting flood bears all its sons away,” but unlike “the dream that flies at the opening day,” they do not all pass forgotten, and the name of John Maunsell Richardson is indelibly engraved on the memory of those who participated in “the moving incidents by flood and field” of which he was the hero, but also in that of those who recognized in him the most gallant of sportsmen, the staunchest of friends.

From Lady Battersea.

Maunsell Richardson was an old and dear friend of my husband’s since his Cambridge days, and this must be my excuse for adding these few lines of affectionate remembrance to the Memoir of his life.

I can recollect the first time that I met Mr. Richardson and the impression then made upon me, which never varied in after years. It was at Brocklesby, when Cyril (*her husband*) and I were visiting Lady Yarborough, then a widow living with her children in the charming home of her married life. It

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must have been in the month of April, in the year 1878. It happened to be a very cold, tardy spring, and Lincolnshire is certainly not at its best in such weather, but the warmth of the greeting that awaited us compensated in a great measure for the inclemency of the season. On arrival at Brocklesby Hall, after our first meeting with our hostess, we were ushered into one of the fine lofty drawing-rooms, a great feature of the house, and then I heard my husband exclaim: "Oh! 'Cat,' how are you? Come and be introduced to my wife." ("Cat" being, as I soon learned, a pet name for Mr. Richardson, familiar to all who knew him.) Upon which, a young man, about Cyril's own age, came forward and shook me genially by the hand. I remarked then and there, that he had very kindly blue eyes, a fresh, healthy complexion, and a pleasing personality. He had also that unmistakable out-of-door stamp of face and figure, inseparably connected with those who love sport and athletic games.

Later, during that same evening, Mr. Richardson told me how he had known Cyril for many years, how they had always been the best of friends, and also, how glad he therefore was to make my acquaintance. I can remember that before dinner we all trooped into the stables—which really were a wing of the house—at what is called "Stabling hour." This was quite a novelty for me. Mr. Richardson went from stall to stall, patting the glossy coats of the hunters, expatiating upon their good points and relating some of their exploits in the hunting field. One of the best was reserved to carry my husband on the morrow.

Lady Yarborough (always a wonderful horsewoman) showed us her own special favourite, and I believe that his name was "Birthday."

I have some recollection of driving about on the next day

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in a phaeton with a somewhat loquacious groom, of an imaginative turn of mind, for he gave me a description of what he declared was going on in the hunting field, whilst I confess to have seen nothing but the ploughed land of Lincolnshire with the low well-trimmed hedges and the woods of Brocklesby sacred to the fox. The occasional sound of the horn and the cries "View Halloo!" from the huntsmen, and "He's off!" from the Whip, were my only indications that England's greatest sport was being carried on in close proximity to the roads where our phaeton was leisurely moving about. In the late afternoon, when the riders had all happily returned sound and whole, my husband dilated upon the fine horsemanship of Mr. Richardson, the perfect command he had of his horse, and yet on what friendly terms they stood to one another.

But I am not going to descant upon Mr. Richardson's fine horsemanship, and upon the skill he displayed in steeplechasing as well as in the hunting field, where he and his friend, the late Lord Minto, proved such generous rivals—these matters will all have been dealt with by far abler pens than mine. I reserve to myself, however, the pleasant task of dwelling upon the rare qualities of unselfishness, true kindness and modesty that made Mr. Richardson deservedly popular with old or young.

On many occasions he and his wife, Lady Yarborough, were our guests in our Norfolk home, and as our North-east Coast appealed more and more to them both, they finally became the owners of a charming small seaside residence, where, with their son, Jack Richardson, they spent many happy summer days; the golf course on the Links, with its breezy surroundings and its glorious sea-view, the tennis court in the Pleasaunce gardens, proved great attractions to our friends,

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and none made themselves more deservedly beloved than the subject of this memoir. Everywhere he was a favourite both with young and old, with men of culture, men of business, agriculturists, the Norfolk fishermen and those of sporting tastes. He had the qualities of a true English gentleman, and very lovable ones they are, and he carried on the best traditions of the old sporting world, such as have been known for many a day in this our country of England. He was typically English in his great love of nature added to a keen spirit of enjoyment, and in being devoid of all conceit and self-sufficiency whilst very generous in his estimation of others. I think we all of us felt what my husband meant when he said that Mr. Richardson "rang true throughout." I should like to add that no one, to my knowledge, ever heard one reprehensible word from his lips. His respect for women and children was most beautiful, and as his trim and compact figure might have been seen Sunday after Sunday wending its way churchwards, always accompanied by that ever-constant and inimitable companion, his wife, I felt that amongst the congregation there could not have been a heart more faithful to its early teaching, humbler in self-appreciation or more grateful for a life rich in friendship and in home affections.

*From the Rev. Hon. Edward Lyttelton, M.A., D.D.,
Headmaster of Eton.*

"Cat" Richardson was a name familiar to me from early days at home, when my elder brothers, especially Spencer, used to speak of him as a fine Cambridge cricketer. But I never came across him personally till we met on the Cromer golf-links. He was then fifty years of age, and though only a beginner he became quite a sound player in a wonderfully short time. I never shall forget his boyish glee when he

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found himself in his second day's play driving magnificently and beating an unhappy visitor, who had played for some time, by "seventeen up." This was an astonishing performance. Many a game after that we had together, and I was always proud if I made a good match though I began the game ten years younger than he was. He set a notable example to all cricketer-golfers of real keenness and perfect temper—the sign-manual of the genuine sportsman. Moreover, he was wholly free from the unamiabilities which in those days clung to most middle-aged players like a limpet. To us in the "nineties" the game was a revelation of surprising incompetence, especially to those who, like him, had been proficient in cricket. We addressed ourselves to the apparently childish problem of hitting a stationary ball, while our memories recalled the mastery of the lightning deliveries of formidable bowlers in days gone by. Imagine the humiliation of years of bootless effort on the Links! What a stern corrective of human vanity was there! and how the initial effect was to work havoc on the tempers, first and foremost of old cricketers who never before had found themselves compelled to concentrate mind and will along with the eye on the ball; and few there were who did not succumb: but Richardson was certainly one of them. To go round with him was to feel your better self invigorated and braced up: the silliest egotist—and we golfers are surpassingly silly sometimes—would feel ashamed to maunder over the transparent fiction of the excellence of his previous week's play, or to rave feebly at the fiftieth repetition of his own pet blunder, or to button-hole any one within reach to listen to the unending drivel of his self pity. All this anæmia of golf was banished by his manliness, his utter want of assumption or "swank," the healing of his smile, the courtesy of his speech, and his eager

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desire that all alike should do well what they had set themselves to do. For everything about him was sane and sanative as well as lovable, and yet he was wholly unaware of the good he did.

Similarly among men who are called—somewhat heedlessly at times—saints, I have never come across one who more entirely fulfilled the precept, “When thou doest alms let not thy left hand know what thy right hand doeth”; in fact he was a real interpreter of those difficult words. Most strikingly cordial has been the gratitude expressed by underlings of every description who ever came across him, for many a deed of loving-kindness and generosity, noticed only by the recipient but forgotten instantaneously by the doer, till the day when he, along with all the multitude of the merciful in Heaven, shall be received by those whom they cheered on earth into the “everlasting habitations.”

It is a pleasure to me to send you this little tribute to a dear friend.

[By the kind permission of the author, the Honourable Sir Chandos Leigh, I am allowed to quote the following “Impression” of my brother, from his interesting book of reminiscences, so full of bright anecdotes, “Bar, Bat and Bit,” published last year.]

From the Honourable Sir Chandos Leigh.

I was revising barrister for North Mid-Lincolnshire for thirteen years. . . .

I was rather pleased because I had many friends in Lincolnshire, including Harry Chaplin and Bankes Stanhope of Beverley, and the well-known John Maunsell Richardson, with whom I invariably lived for over twelve years, and who has lately died, to the grief of all his friends. During my



THE HONOURABLE SIR CHANDOS LEIGH.

Reminiscent

stay there Lord Melgund (then Earl of Minto, ex-Viceroy of India) was generally staying with him, and a very pleasant time we had. Richardson was, perhaps, the finest horseman of his time, not excepting Jim Mason. . . . He married Victoria, Countess of Yarborough, herself a devoted follower of hounds, and one whose character and virtues I have always intensely appreciated.

She was simply adored in Lincolnshire, and my wife and I were present when they celebrated their silver wedding in July, 1910, and Lord Coventry made a charming speech proposing their health. The last man who saw him alive was his great friend, Lord Minto, who told me not long ago that he went to see him the night before his death, and as he was leaving, said: "Oh, by the way, Chandos sent you his love." In answer to which the Cat murmured, "Dear old Chandos." Lord Minto, in telling me this, added, "Yes! the Cat was indeed a remarkable man."

I must add, by the way, that Lord Coventry has now started a Memorial Fund,* and Lincolnshire has already paid a tribute to his great popularity by erecting a memorial to him outside Limber Church, in which parish he resided for so many years.

From Thomas Hare, Esq.

Curiously enough, though I knew poor Maunsell for nearly forty years I never saw him ride a steeplechase, and only a race of private sweepstakes at Croxton Park a few years before his death. This was the first appearance of the white and blue cap since his win the second year in succession on Reugny at Liverpool in 1874. It was two or three years after

* By the time this book appears in print that Memorial Fund will have merged into the Richardson Cricket Pavilion at Harrow.

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that that I made his acquaintance. I used to go in the autumn to Brocklesby, about September time, and we had many pleasant mornings with the cubs together. To talk about his horsemanship is a thrice-told tale, but I well remember old Jack Skipwith saying that he remembered "all the old lot," Tom Oliver, Captain Beecher, Jim Mason, etc., and none of them could "hold a candle to Maunsell." He was, I think, physically the most gifted man I have ever known. For his size and weight one of the strongest, with wrists like steel, and every one knows his nickname of the "Cat" was earned from his marvellous activity. It is not very long ago since his old Harrow and Cambridge friend A. J. McNeil and myself, when talking about him, both remembered an incident one morning cub-hunting at Brocklesby. Maunsell rode a black horse Sultan at a small wold fence out of a road with a ditch to him and a slope down to the ditch. The horse instead of popping over popped in and back into the road like an eel. Any poor rider would almost certainly have shot off, a moderate one might have stuck on with an effort, but Maunsell simply came round with the horse as a matter of course. It was curious that it should have stuck in both our memories for nearly forty years. There are numbers of fine horsemen, but there was a style about Maunsell that no one else had. He looked better on a horse than any one else, rode very long and sat down and back in his saddle. Though I think I was at least an inch taller, I remember getting on this very horse Sultan and finding his leathers five or six holes too long for me. Later in life, like many others, he rode rather shorter. How the Lincolnshire people adored him. Old Jack Skipwith was never tired of talking about him! He was not only first-rate company, but what is perhaps rarer, a first-rate companion—a fine sense of humour and a rare fund of anecdote. When I say a



THE LATE THOMAS HARE, ESQ.

Reminiscent

first-rate companion I mean that whatever you were doing in his company you were never bored, and he apparently was greatly amused. Nothing came amiss to him in the way of subjects ; although he was neither a shooting nor a fishing man or ever went yachting or travelling, he could always join in your talk or reminiscences. He never forgot a friend, and though by no means a rich man was always ready to assist any case of hardship or distress. I well remember not many years ago his saying "Of course I will give a pony" the moment he heard of the subject. Of late years he played a great deal of golf, and though he never became so good at it as he was at cricket in his younger days, he was a very fair player and used to say it kept him so fit. "What would life in the summer-time be without golf!" Fencing, rackets, billiards, all in their turn came more naturally to him than to most men, though all these were, so to speak, very minor accomplishments compared with his horsemanship, but as I have said elsewhere this is a thrice-told tale.

Only a few years ago a noted Irish horse-dealer asked me in the Paddock at Ascot, "Who is that gentleman?" I answered, "Mr. Richardson." "What, the celebrated Mr. Richardson? Pray introduce me," which of course I did, to my Irish friend's great delight. At the Dublin Horse Show, if he was judging, one used to hear him pointed out as the Mr. Richardson who won two Nationals. They thought the world of him in Ireland as well as in Lincolnshire. I have mentioned his physical gifts. Though naturally no bookworm, he was well read and a capital speaker. I often thought his speeches at Horse-show lunches, etc., were as good as they could be, and every one knows he sat for Brigg in Parliament. Since 1906, when I came to live in England, he was a neighbour, though not a very near one, of mine, and I saw a great deal of

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him at his new home at Edmondthorpe. On October 16, 1911, I rode to Greetham in the Cottesmore country to see a horse; as I was riding home I saw a man on a grey horse in front of me. As I got nearer I said to myself, "What a smart-looking young fellow, what a good seat!" Coming up I saw it was my old friend Maunsell. We rode for a while until our ways parted, and I saw him no more in the saddle, and the world has not been quite the same since.

From the late Leopold de Rothschild, Esq.

J. M. Richardson came to Cambridge from Harrow with a well-deserved reputation. He had been popular at school as a good cricketer, a keen sportsman, and a faithful friend. This character he fully maintained, not only at the University but also in after life. His open disposition, his straightforwardness towards his friends, and his real love of sport were great qualities that endeared him to one and all who knew him. The nickname of "Pussy," or "Cat," which he enjoyed as a boy, stuck to him through life. Why it was given to him no one exactly knew—certainly it was not that he had any of the qualities generally attributed to a cat, but some said that in early life his face resembled that of this animal.

During the whole time that he was at Cambridge, Richardson lived at French's, a lodging house in Park Street, Jesus Lane, kept by a widow, Mrs. French; she was always invisible, but her sister, Harriet Binstead, commonly called Harty, was the soul and spirit of the house. She wore a wig and had rosy cheeks, was never tired, knew the characteristics of all who came into the house, and was invaluable in every way. There were five rooms, and it was the custom of the house that these should be occupied by friends. In Richardson's time, and indeed for many years, there was always one



THE LATE LEOPOLD DE ROTHSCHILD, ESQ.

Reminiscent

of Lord Fitzwilliam's sons in the house. Besides these, A. J. McNeil, Lord Melgund (later the Earl of Minto), Leopold de Rothschild and Edward Buchanan (afterwards Ambassador of St. Petersburg) were the occupants of this cheery little house. Breakfast and luncheon were always ready and shared by one and all. The inmates were always members of the Athenæum Club, then, as now, composed of from twenty to thirty members, all more or less fond of sport. In those days it was the fashion for each member of the Club to give what was called an Athenæum tea—in other words, a supper. All the members of the Club came by right, and the owner of the rooms invited a few friends. After supper, some played cards and others amused themselves by various games. Richardson never played cards, in fact he and Melgund and one or two others thought it was a mistake that the whole evening should be devoted to Loo, or other equally enticing games of chance. On one occasion they put their wise heads together and managed to break up the card party by a practical joke, which at that time created a certain amount of sensation. However, it was a lesson, and the card-players took the hint and joined often in the other amusements of the evening. There were races in the summer in the Fulbourne Valley, a continuation of the famed ditch which divides Newmarket Heath from the July course. These races no longer take place, as the Valley has been ploughed up, but both at Fulbourne, near Huntingdon, and at Cottenham, where there were steeplechases, Richardson rode and won many races. Captain Machell, who was always fond of seeing the boys ride, used to come over to all the meetings, and he was at once much struck by the perfect manner in which our hero managed the horses, both on the flat and across country—so much so that when the first National Hunters' Race was run on March 15, 1872, he

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entrusted Schiedam to his care. Richardson rode him and won easily. His friend Lord Melgund rode in the same race (under the assumed name of "Mr. Rolly") a horse belonging to Baron Rothschild called Ledburn. This victory enhanced Captain Machell's appreciation of Richardson's brilliant horsemanship, and in '73 he won the Grand National on Disturbance, and in '74 on Reugny. It was said then that no one ever had a better seat or hands, and to the end of his days every one recognized these qualities.

Richardson hunted a little in the Vale of Aylesbury, and to this day Mr. Castle of Thame talks of a great run with the Rothschild Staghounds, in which he and Richardson were the only two who saw the end. He boasts, however, that at one of the last fences Richardson's horse fell, and that he caught it and they rode side by side to the finish. Castle, who delights in speaking French, says that they made a joke about him and said he was "chateau en l'air," because they had jumped so many fences. The good horse that Castle rode was sold to Lord Rothschild (then Sir Nathaniel).

The friendships commenced at Cambridge by Richardson lasted through his life, and many of his friends always asked his advice as to how they could get good horses, and he was always ready to help them. In fact, every year since we left the University he always sent me a trusty hunter, and in the well-known sporting sketch by Finch Mason, in which Whyte Melville, turning round to a few riders, says, "Now then, gentlemen, you're coming over the most beautiful part of the Vale" ("Old Days in the Vale of Aylesbury"), I am depicted riding a chestnut called Cornet, by Codrington, the first horse Richardson sent me. This was followed by many others, all good jumpers, and all selected with the greatest care. I am



THE LATE FINCH MASON, ESQ. (IN 1914), WITH HIS
BEAGLE SOLOMON.

Reminiscent

now riding one he calls Whittington, a charming horse that carries me perfectly.

These few words fail to express all the good qualities of a really good-hearted sportsman, who never said an unkind word of any one, who thoroughly enjoyed his success, and yet was never jealous or anxious of any one competing with him, and to the few of his Cambridge friends who survive him his memory will always be very dear.

From the late Finch Mason, Esq.

“I liked him so much that, paradoxical though it may appear to say so, a feeling of regret sometimes comes over one that I ever knew him.”

Such were the words made use of one night in the long ago in my presence at a well-known Club devoted to the Fine Arts, by one of our most distinguished Painters—then a very young man—apropos of the late Charles Dickens, whose ever-to-be-lamented death had occurred not long before, and with whom he had recently been associated when illustrating one of his books for the great novelist.

Though few in number, they struck me at the time, and do still whenever I recall them to memory, as containing so much eloquence crowded into a small space, that in the knowledge how Maunsell Richardson detested veneer and ostentation in any shape or form, my first impulse was to repeat them here on my own account.

On second thoughts, however, whilst making full allowance for their evident sincerity, I came to the conclusion that they did not quite represent my own sentiments towards the good fellow who has gone. On the contrary, with his portrait in the once familiar white jacket and dark-blue cap—the colours

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he registered as his own after the death of Captain Machell—mounting guard over a favourite hunting-whip formerly belonging to him, staring me in the face every day to remind me of his genial personality, and nothing but the pleasantest recollections of the original, small wonder that the predominant feeling within me is that it would have been a matter of great regret had we never met. Cheeriest and brightest of companions, as all agree who ever had the honour of his acquaintance, nothing seemed capable of damping his habitual good spirits.

Well do I remember only two days after a bad fall he received when hunting with the Cottessmore—the worst that ever befell him—three years before his death, his coming to see me in London. Bruised from head to foot, so stiff was he that it was with the greatest difficulty he could mount the stairs, yet though compelled to sit with his legs stretched straight out before him and in evident pain all the while, he treated the whole affair as a joke, giving me such a laughable description of his toss, which it is no exaggeration to say would have killed nine men out of ten, that one quite forgot for the moment its serious nature.

He was in the act of riding at a big jump with a drop the other side, when some young sportsman, a stranger to himself, charged the obstacle express pace, at such close quarters as to momentarily take the attention of the good hunter ridden by Maunsell Richardson from the business in hand—at least that is the only construction the latter could put upon it—with the result that the pair came a fearful cropper the other side, the horse rolling over and over his rider—who as usual stuck to his saddle—as he lay on the ground.

Some of his friends at once dismounted and went to the rescue, and as he lay there apparently lifeless, he recovered

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sufficiently to overhear their remarks, at which, despite his injuries, he could hardly help laughing.

“This arm’s broke!” remarked one friend as he took up the limb in question. “So is this,” said another, as he handled its fellow tenderly. “His back’s broke, I’m certain,” chimed in a third. Whilst another sympathizer, determined not to be outdone, exclaimed, “I believe he’s DEAD!” After this startling announcement the surprise of those surrounding the sufferer may be imagined when the supposed corpse, suddenly opening his eyes, inquired faintly, “Where’s my horse?” In so doing imparting such a shock to the kindly sportsman on whose knee his head was supported, that he promptly let it drop to the ground with a thud. The corpse had by this time quite recovered himself, so much so that, rejecting the offer of a friend’s motor car to take him home, the corpse insisted on remounting his horse and riding back to Edmondthorpe, where on arrival he went straight to bed. Luckily no bones were broken, but that he was bruised from head to foot goes without saying, and from what I have heard since, fancy there is little doubt that the pressure of a coat-button when the horse rolled over him had something to do with his fatal illness.

The following day he went into Leicester to consult a famous surgeon there, and the day after, as I have stated, like the good-plucked one he was, came to see the writer in London.

Another narrow escape he had, either just previous or after the fall now described, was when riding to covert one morning all by himself, a small bricked-in bridge over a culvert at the side of the road gave way, letting his horse in up to his head. Mr. Richardson either fell or threw himself off—probably the latter, and as he lay on the ground was all but run into by a motor

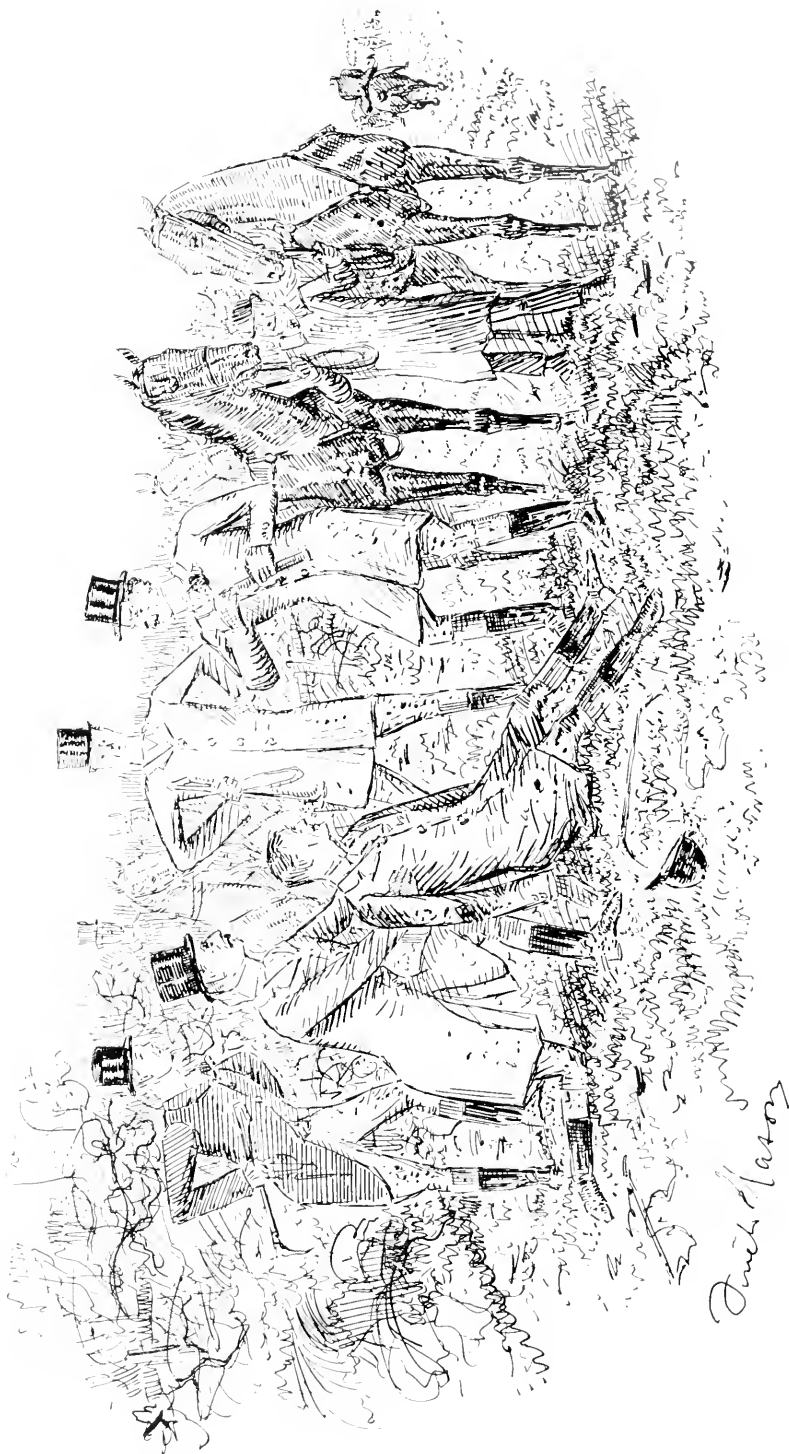
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car belonging to his friend Mr. Gretton, who was following close behind *en route* to the meet.

Conservative in all his notions, it was a long while before he could be persuaded to invest in an automobile on his own account, and when he did only made use of it for travelling purposes, and never as an adjunct to the hunting field; both he and his Countess invariably making a practice of riding home after hunting, no matter how far the distance might be.

Always considerate where his own horses—not to mention servants—were concerned, nothing pained him more than to see a so-called sportsman at the end of the day riding his tired horse some miles out of his way, perhaps to pick up his motor car, arranged to meet him at a certain spot, in order that its selfish owner might reach home in time for a game of Bridge before dinner. Though in great request at all the principal horse shows in the kingdom, he was appointed as one of the judges at Olympia on the first two occasions, but the judging by night was not at all to his taste, and moreover the trick jumping indulged in there did not appeal to him, as savouring too much of a circus, therefore it came about that in future, though I believe requested to act once more, his well-known figure was conspicuous by its absence in the arena. Another drawback was that in view of the many foreign competitors present his ignorance of any language but his own naturally put him at a great disadvantage.

I remember his giving me a most amusing description once of how, somewhere in the seventies, he and the late George Ede, returning together from Baden-Baden, where they had been riding in the Grand Prix, won by the latter on Benazet, a brilliant two-miler belonging to the late Lord Poulett, and having to get back to England immediately after the race in order to ride at Warwick, owing to their ignorance of the



J. M. RICHARDSON GETS A BAD "TOSS" WITH THE COTTESMORE.

Supposed corpse (loq.) : "Where's my horse?"

Reminiscent

German language, all but missed their train, with the result that but for an intelligent foreigner, who spoke English and came to the rescue just in time, they would probably have been a week doing the journey. Neither shooting nor fishing appealed to him in the slightest degree—the former he said made his head ache—our friend of late years when hunting was over devoted the whole of his time to golf, at which he quickly attained great proficiency, so much so that the year before his death he was unanimously elected president of the golf club at Overstrand, near Cromer, where at a charming residence, called the "Corner House," he and Lady Yarborough had made their home for some little while past during the summer months.

To say that he was delighted when, at the instance of his friend General Brocklehurst, he was appointed Field Master of the Cottesmore Hounds is hardly the word. Of this I was a witness, as he had paid me a flying visit in town that very day, and it was on meeting the General quite by chance the same night, on alighting from the train, that the latter told him that he had just been appointed Master of the Cottesmore, and counted on his (Maunsell's) support as Field Master. The latter wrote straight off to me the same night to impart the good news. With what zeal he entered into his new duties goes without saying. Suffice it to say that never was the term "a labour of love" more applicable than in this instance.

How, when after by sheer hard work he had managed to get everything in shipshape order in readiness for the coming season, he was seized with the illness which, in spite of the good fight he made, was to lay him low at last, we know only too well,

In a letter written to myself very soon after the commencement of the hunting season by one of the best-known ladies

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hunting with the Cottesmore, in concluding a graphic description of the day's sport on the opening day, she wound up with — "and you can't think how we all missed the dear old 'Cat'!" Who is there, I would ask, amongst those that knew him—whether Peer or Peasant—who doesn't echo her words?

[It is said, and in ordinary cases doubtless very truly said, that no man is a "hero to his valet," but in the following impression of my brother very kindly written for me by Mr. J. Fulford, who lived in his service first as valet, then butler, from 1892 to the time of his death, 1912—20 years—it will be seen that my brother was an exception to the rule.

Once before, during my life, I had the honour many years ago of meeting one other such exception in the person of the late George MacDonald.

At that time I knew Miss Bishop rather intimately, a lady who was admitted behind the scenes and thoroughly conversant with the details of the daily life of the wonderful MacDonald family, a privileged and trusted member of his household. I remember well that I asked her to tell me whether Mr. MacDonald was really the hero in private life that so many people believed him to be who only knew him in his more public capacity. Her answer was quick and unflinching, "Far, far more so, if possible."]

From J. Fulford, his Valet.

My first recollection of Mr. J. M. Richardson is when I was a boy at Limber when my father was farm bailiff to his brother, Mr. William Richardson, and we schoolboys used to watch Mr. Maunsell Richardson's horses being trained over the fences, training them for the big races he used to ride, and generally win. He always had a cheery word for us



J. FULFORD.
Mr. J. M. Richardson's valet.

Reminiscent

youths and he always encouraged sport of every kind among us, such as cricket, etc. I well remember having a race with another boy—he was watching us, and although I did not win he gave me a shilling, as he said I got such a bad start and did not have a fair chance; also it used to be a grand day for us when Victoria, Countess of Yarborough, used to visit the school at Limber and give us our prizes, also Lady Gertrude. I little thought in those days I should ever live with them as their servant. I still have some of the prize books in which Lady Victoria and Lady Gertrude kindly wrote my name.

My father always used to say he had a very great opinion of both Mr. William and Mr. Maunsell Richardson and what good people they were to live with.

I shall never forget the coming of age festivities of the present Earl of Yarborough; Mr. J. M. R. giving we school-boys shillings for running races; and the camp of the Lincoln Light Horse in Brocklesby Park, with Lady Victoria riding at the head of the troop.

I first came to Lady Victoria and Mr. Richardson as footman in August, 1892, and butler in 1896, when they lived at Healing Manor—my father had a farm at Great Coates, the next village, and I remember him telling me to stick to Mr. Maunsell and Lady Victoria as they were the two best in Lincolnshire or any other county, and I never met anybody in Lincolnshire but they had a good word for them. All the years I lived with him I never remember an unkind word, and if any mistake was made he always spoke in such a way as to make you think he was doing you a kindness, and not finding fault. I always admired him in every way as a sportsman in racing and hunting; there are many better judges than I am who did the same, but what I admired most was that

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he was such a manly gentleman. Although he was particular as to his clothes being well cut and being smartly turned out, he could not bear foppishness or effeminacy in any way, and disliked wearing jewellery which would be in any way unduly noticeable. But I thought his great kind-heartedness was his chief charm. He never could refuse anybody if they asked him for help. I knew of scores of cases where he was always helping people, runners with hounds and such-like folk. And many are the postal orders I have sent off to people when they have written to him for help; truly there are many who will miss him now he is gone. I do not think it possible for any one to be missed more than he was in the Cottesmore Hunt.

In fact, when I was in Oakham or Melton I was surprised at the number of people of all classes whom he had been a friend to, and all said how much they missed him, he was so cheery.

One gentleman in particular of the Cottesmore Hunt, Mr. Greville Clayton, told me that no matter how black things were looking, his troubles always seemed lighter and less gloomy after an hour's ride and talk with Mr. R. He seemed to have the happy knack of communicating his cheery spirits to others, and to me in my own troubles he was such a friend, and always gave me such sound advice and help. When he returned from a day's hunting, no matter how tired he might be, he always had something pleasant to say, which made it such a pleasure to serve him, and during his illness he was so unselfish, considering others even then. I did not think he was so ill as he must have been, as he was so cheery up to the time he went to London. I miss him more than I can say and feel sure I shall never see his like again; in fact, he was my ideal of an English country gentleman.

CHAPTER XX

MR. J. M. RICHARDSON'S WRITINGS COLLATED

1. Introduction to "Gentlemen Riders Past and Present."—2. Eaton and Harrow.—
3. The Derby.—4. Royal Ascot.—5. Fox-hunting.—6. Steeplechasing.—7. The Grand National.—8. Show Jumping.

IN the later years of his life my brother had, at the suggestion of his friends, begun to write on some of the sports of which he had such an intimate knowledge. The handsome volume on "Gentlemen Riders Past and Present," which he wrote in collaboration with Mr. Finch Mason, is generally recognized as the best work on its subject. It was very cordially received by the Press and by the public, and is practically sold out, as only a very few copies now remain in the publishers' hands. My brother's introduction to the volume is reproduced in this section, while the articles on Eton and Harrow, the Derby, Royal Ascot, Fox-hunting, Steeplechasing, and the Grand National, which originally appeared in *The Daily Telegraph*, are included by the courtesy of the proprietors of that journal, to whom the copyright belongs, which permission is hereby gratefully acknowledged. The remaining article on Show Jumping was found among my brother's papers, and so far as I am aware has never been published.

INTRODUCTION TO "GENTLEMEN RIDERS PAST AND PRESENT."

I wonder how many readers are aware that the first person to give a fillip to amateur jockeyship was that merriest of

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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. Delme Radcliffe, a splendid 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.



Frank M. Watson

CAPTAIN "DOGGIE" SMITH.

(A sketch at Beecher's Brook.)

Mr. J. M. Richardson's Writings Collated

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 steeple-chase 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. 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.

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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., the Greeks 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 home 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



MRS. JOHN RICHARDSON.

(J. M. Richardson's grandmother at 20 years of age.)

Mr. J. M. Richardson's Writings Collated

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 a rider, as well as the muscles of his arms and legs, far more than any hunting can, no matter how fast or how 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-miles 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 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 hustling 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

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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 meetings a very difficult 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 he 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.

A bridle I was always very fond of was two snaffles, and if on an extra 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



EDWARD DOWSON, ESQ.

A well-known cricketer, father of Mr. E. M. Dowson, and
great friend of J. M. Richardson.

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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 stirrups' leathers, before getting into the saddle. I say "leathers" advisedly, as being far better than webbings for steeplechases, for the 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 here never advise any one to ride on a smaller saddle than one of six or seven pounds, as the tree of a very light saddle is always liable to break, and really three or four pounds 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 horses in a steeplechase schooled by myself at home, and the only one 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

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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 equalize matters. To ride such perfect chasers as these is indeed to be in luck's way. I cannot impress too forcibly 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.

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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 civilized 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. Browns, 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.

(Signed) J. MAUNSELL RICHARDSON.

ETON AND HARROW

A FEW RECOLLECTIONS

By JOHN MAUNSELL RICHARDSON

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In the early 'sixties, from which period dates my acquaintance with the great public school match, first of all in the capacity of a passive resister in the Dark Blue interests, and subsequently as a member of the Harrow Eleven, Lord's

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Cricket Ground invariably appeared to the naked eye to be entertaining as large a company within its gates as could be accommodated with any degree of comfort ; but for all that there always seemed abundance of room to move about. Youthful swells about town not only could, but did, ride their hacks on to the ground, where they were quickly surrounded by little knots of admiring friends still in bondage, and longing for the good time coming, when "absence" would be a thing of the past, and they would act as their own prepostors.

There was plenty of hospitality going in those days, on the drags and in the carriages which lined the ground in great profusion, but it was nothing like the huge picnic it has developed into of recent years, since it became a Society function and a popular attraction.

At the time I am speaking about, the visitors to Lord's on the Eton and Harrow match days were entirely composed of those directly interested in one or other of the rival schools, and who, but for that fact, would probably never have taken the trouble to travel to St. John's Wood for the purpose of looking on at a parcel of boys playing cricket. Nowadays it is altogether different, and the chances are that if it came to a count, it would be found that those spectators amongst the sterner sex who, while applauding their loudest for Eton or Harrow, as the case might be, were probably unconnected with either school by any tie, however remote, far outnumbered those who had a legitimate claim. The youthful card-merchants, with their shrill cry of "Card o' the metch, gentlemen!" are still *en evidence* during the play ; but, alas ! the white-aproned pot-boy, the sight of whose pewter pots, glistening like silver in the sun and cooling to the eye, rendered his appeal to "Give yer order, gents," as he picked his way amongst the thirsty souls



THE EARL OF COVENTRY.
(President Harrow School Memorial Committee.)

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seated on the grass below the ropes almost unnecessary, has, like a good many other cherished institutions in the past, disappeared long ago.

“Hi, bring me a pot of shandygaff!” cheerily exclaimed a noble lord at my elbow one broiling hot afternoon many years ago, adding, as he turned round to his laughing companion, “Dashed if I can resist the pewter pots of these fellows; they remind me of the dear old Christopher!”

What with legislation, the doctors, and the faddists generally, our old friend John Barleycorn seems to be having an extremely bad time of it just now; Lord's Cricket Ground being by no means the only place where his presence is considered “out of date.” For instance, whereas formerly, when out shooting, a horn of nut-brown ale was good enough for our fathers to wash down their luncheon with, whether on a grouse moor in August, under a leafy hedge in September, or in a covert in December, our modern sportsman, especially if at all “neurotic,” can't get on at all unless cheered up by the exhilarating “pop” of the champagne corks.

The first Eton and Harrow match I witnessed, soon after going to the last-named school, was in 1861, and I well remember the row and chaff that went on all the time, and again the following year. Dr. Butler, then headmaster of the school on the hill, had just previously issued a mandate that our trouser-pockets should be sewn up, with an idea of preventing the slouching habit acquired by their wearers keeping hands perpetually in them. The Eton boys got hold of this, and they never let us alone on the subject all through the match, any chaff on our side being immediately the signal for a yell of “Pockets!”

As the day went on the fun waxed fast and furious, with the natural result that sundry fistic encounters took place during

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the afternoon between excited members of the rival schools. One in particular, which was productive of roars of laughter from the bystanders, who, of course, did their best to encourage the combatants, took place between "Bottle" Hambridge, the celebrated Harrow "Cad," and "Joby," who occupied a similar position at Eton, both elderly men, and both equally drunk.

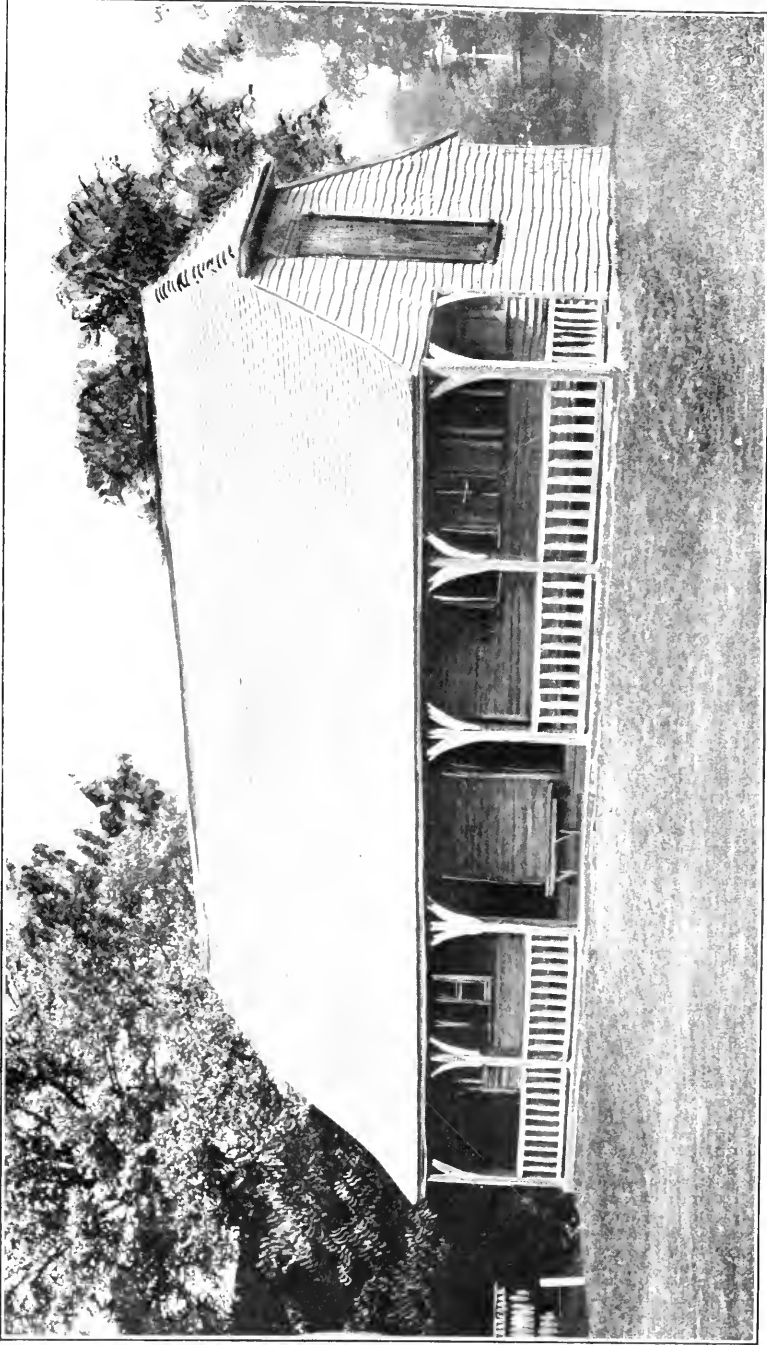
It was said afterwards that the whole affair was got up expressly for the occasion by the old rascals—what the police, I believe, term a "put-up job."

This may or may not have been true, but, whether or no, it is certain that the entertainment provided for their patrons was productive of a very rich harvest. The partisans of each subscribed in the most liberal manner when the hat went round, as you may be sure it did, when an obdurate man in blue, in spite of remonstrance, not unaccompanied by attempt at bribery, stalked solemnly up and spoilt the fun.

I think it was in '63 also that additional excitement was caused on its becoming known that Maitland, one of our best men, had backed his bat for a "tenner" against Johnnie Frederick, playing for Eton, the latter, who was a very bold and free hitter, winning, if I remember rightly.

In 1864 I played for Harrow for the first time, Charlie Buller (who died a year or so ago) being captain. A. N. Hornby—familiarily known in the cricketing world as "Monkey" Hornby; the two Phipps; H. M. Stow; Amherst, brother to the present Earl Amherst, and Arkwright, were also in the team. The two last-named were slow bowlers—a rather uncommon circumstance, two slow bowlers being seldom seen in a side at the same time.

I played for my school again the following year, and, thanks in a great measure to ours being an exceptionally good fielding eleven, we won in one innings on each occasion.



HARROW SCHOOL MEMORIAL PAVILION.
Erected to the memory of the late J. M. Richardson.

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In those days the Hon. Robert Grimston and the Hon. Fred Ponsonby, afterwards Lord Bessborough—brother of the present Sir Spencer Ponsonby Fane—were always at Harrow during the summer, coaching the boys at cricket. Old Bob Grimston had a catapult, with which he used to bowl at us when practising, and as he could always bowl a ball exactly where he liked, if a boy had a weak spot in his batting he would bowl ball after ball at that particular spot.

Dear old Bob was wonderfully keen at cricket, as indeed he was about all kinds of sport, especially hunting.

Curiously enough, in spite of his devotion to Harrow and his love for the game itself, Bob Grimston steadily avoided being present at Lord's on the occasion of the Eton and Harrow match, the reason being that he felt himself unable to stand the excitement. Whether this was always so I am not in a position to state, but it certainly was the case during the latter period of his life.

The wags would have it that by way of an alternative Bob used to while away the time when the match was in progress in deep meditation, seated on Ben Caunt's tombstone—Ben being the prizefighter who fought the bold Bendigo for the belt many years ago. This little fairy-tale may, of course, be taken for what it is worth.

There is one part of the programme in connection with the Eton and Harrow match which, I am bound to say, I never think quite fair—that the captains of the teams should toss for innings. It is such a manifest advantage to boys to bat when fresh, over their opponents, who, in addition to the journey up to London, have had a long and tiring day in the field, that to my mind it would be much fairer to both if, instead of leaving it to chance, they took it in turn each year.

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THE DERBY

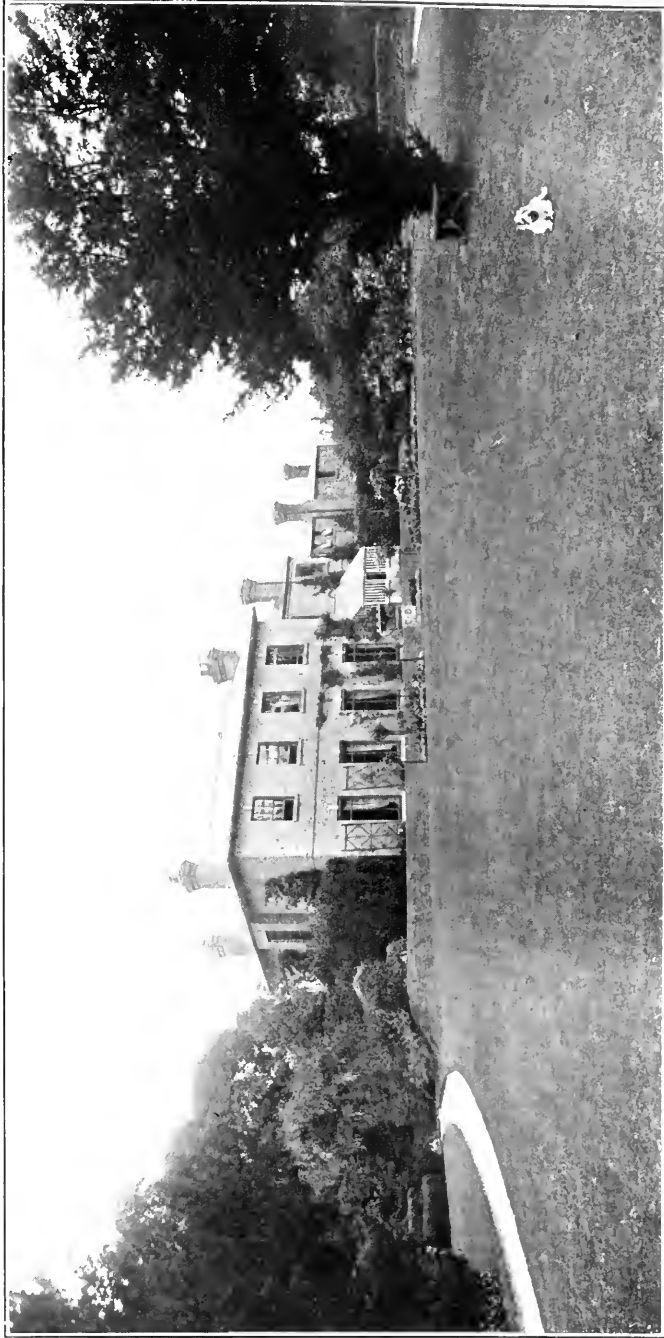
SOME REMINISCENCES

By JOHN MAUNSELL RICHARDSON

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To old stagers like myself—and I fancy there are a goodish number left—who, with pleasurable recollections of its past glories, would feel it weigh heavily on our conscience did we fail to put in an appearance at Epsom on the Derby Day, it is positively sad to note the apathy with what was wont to be looked upon as the greatest event of the year in the Sporting Calendar is now regarded—not so much by the lower, as the upper, classes of society. Whereas formerly, not only London, but the whole country, was agog with excitement as the day for the great event drew nigh, and which was likely to be Sir Joseph's best, and how the favourite was getting on, were the popular subjects of conversation, to the exclusion of all other topics, the Derby now excites little but passing interest. It is, indeed, not too much to say that on the present occasion, were it not for the welcome presence of Minoru amongst the field, the famous race—which the great Sir Tatton Sykes, then studying law in a solicitor's office in Bloomsbury, and not overburdened with money, thought it worth while to tramp down from London in the early morning to witness—would command even less attention than usual.

Five and thirty years ago, and even later, when hotels were much scarcer than is the case now, any one coming to town during the Derby Week without having secured rooms in advance would have found it exceedingly hard to obtain even a bedroom in the West End, especially in Clubland; whilst, from an early hour on both Derby and Oak Days, the streets of London, both east and west, alive with vehicles of every



THE VICARAGE, GREAT LIMBER.
(South view.)

Mr. J. M. Richardson's Writings Collated

sort and description, from the four-horse coach to the coster's "barrer," with their occupants dressed in gala attire, in which the dust-coat and the white hat and blue veil, inseparable from the Derby Day of that period, bore a conspicuous part, presented as animated a scene on a fine day as could well be imagined. As the morning advanced equipages of a superior kind would make their appearance, and well-turned-out coaches—many of them driven by swell dragsmen, attired in the brown coat and brass buttons of the Four-in-Hand Club—were to be met with at every turn in the St. James's district, one and all to be encountered later on dispensing hospitality on a lavish scale to all-comers on the Hill.

How things have altered since then! Take a stroll along Piccadilly nowadays on the morning of the Derby Day, and it would be hard to tell the difference between that and any other. The only people, in fact, at the present time who are at all keen about the Derby are the holiday-makers pure and simple. What better fun than to take the "Missis and the kids" for a picnic on the downs, with the Derby thrown in, and a shilling or two on his Majesty's horse to add to the excitement? Granted fine weather, the little party will enjoy themselves to the top of their bent—especially if they win their money—and their day's amusement will certainly compare favourably with that of my young friend Dawdle, who, voting the Derby a played-out amusement, only fit for the patronage of antediluvian old fossils like myself, spends the day at his club betting on the tape.

FADED GLORIES.

The decline of the Derby in public favour is probably due in no small measure to the large amount of racing which now

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goes on, as compared with formerly; whilst the mammoth stakes which were introduced in 1886 certainly did it no good, nor the Turf either, so far as I can gather. If, as it was stated at the time, the principal reason for their being started was to give small breeders a chance, they certainly cannot be said to have answered their purpose, seeing that in every single instance, so far as I know, these big prizes have been carried off by owners to whom the winning of a large sum of money is of no moment whatever. That there are a great many good sportsmen on the Turf at the present time we are all aware, but somehow there is not one to be mentioned in recent years who has ever succeeded in obtaining the large public following which always fell to the lot of Lord Falmouth, Sir Joseph Hawley, and Jamie Merry, as his countrymen called the great Scotch ironmaster. Without detracting in any way from their skill, it would be equally hard, especially now Morny Cannon has retired from the profession, to name the jockey riding at the present who can lay claim to the same amount of hero-worship as that accorded in the long ago by their admirers to such past-masters of their art as George Fordham, Tom Cannon, John Osborne, Tom Challoner, and Fred Archer.

There was a good deal of romance, too, attached to the Derby in former years, which somehow seems to have deserted it lately. Take the story of Wild Dayrell, for instance, whose birth was announced to Mr. Popham at midnight by his excited butler, who went straight out in the snow to the box occupied by his dam, armed with a bottle of port wine and a piece of blue riband, the former to drink to the health of the new arrival, and the latter "to tie round the neck of the winner of the Derby, for the first time in my life." Why, I never heard, but it was said at the time that every footman in London was on Wild Dayrell when he won the Derby. Without doubt the



MRS. WILLIAM RICHARDSON.
(From a painting by H. St. P. Bunbury, 1911.)

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most sensational Derby of our generation was that of Hermit. When the horse burst a blood-vessel some time before the race Mr. Chaplin would have scratched him there and then, but for the persuasion of Captain Machell, who insisted that he would win. It was then that the late Duke of Hamilton, meeting Machell one night, and the Derby being under discussion, thoroughly roused the Captain by saying, "Hermit's a dead'un, and you know it," the result of which speech was that the Duke laid Captain Machell the big bet of £180,000 to £3000 against the colt. This was a strongish order, and so thought the Duke on reflection, and it was only after pressure, backed by the most influential people, had been brought to bear on Captain Machell, that the latter consented to cancel the bet, or, at all events, to modify it to more slender dimensions. After Hermit's victory, this concession on his part no doubt rankled in the Captain's bosom, for he never ceased harping on the subject for years afterwards. The cold day and snow-storm combined were no doubt in Hermit's favour, as, had it been the other extreme, the chances are he would have broken another blood-vessel.

REFORMS NEEDED.

The paddock has lost nothing of its charm in all these years, and still wears its same animated appearance before the big race. The only marvel is that, considering the large number of the fair sex who patronize it, the executive, who could so well afford to bear the expense, do not make a covered road from the grand stand, instead of compelling the ladies to thread their way through the unsavoury crowd which is always collected there. It would also be a boon to the jockeys and trainers, hurrying to get to their horses after the

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weighing-out process. At no other meeting in the world would such a state of things be tolerated for a moment, and why the powers that be should allow it in this case, especially after the number of complaints that have been made year after year, beats the writer's comprehension entirely.

Another drawback which I have always wondered has never given rise to a formal complaint from owners of race-horses is the exit from the paddock through which the horses make their way to the start. The horses have to pick their way down a slope, along broken, chalky ground, which, in hard or wet weather, is bound to be more or less greasy, and, consequently, exceedingly dangerous for a high-spirited or nervous horse, who might very easily slip, with disastrous consequences to itself, to say nothing of its backers. Somehow one does not see so many characteristic figures in the paddock as of old, and one misses the stalwart figure of Mr. George Lane-Fox—always a sure find on the Derby Day; “Ginger” Stubbs, too, looking exactly as if he had just been turned out of a bandbox, with his elaborately folded, snowy-white cambric neckcloth, at the smoothness of which we should have marvelled, had we not happened to know that he used to make his son iron it for him every morning after it was on. “Ginger” was one of the best judges of a horse in England, and his criticism of the favourites as they passed in review before him was always worth listening to. For many years he would take a dislike to one of the Derby favourites, and this he would pepper to win him a thousand or so, and very well it answered, until in an evil moment he conceived a wrong impression of Thor-manby, when Tattersall's knew him no more. Old D'Orsay Clarke, too, with his blue umbrella, who, originally a waiter at a fashionable Bond Street hotel, acted for a time as jackal to Crockford, and eventually blossomed forth into an owner of



A CORNER OF THE LATE COLONEL RICHARDSON'S DINING ROOM.
With racing and other trophies.

Mr. J. M. Richardson's Writings Collated

racehorses of some importance, was another familiar landmark. Perhaps the most striking figure of all, however, in the paddock was that of David Hope Johnstone, whose stalwart form, clad in the eccentric "get-up" he affected on these occasions, was calculated to excite a feeling of wonderment, not unmixed with awe, in those who beheld him for the first time.

Paddock criticism—if one knows anything at all about a horse—is occasionally not without its advantages. For instance, last year I spent, according to custom, a good long time in the paddock on the Derby Day, with the result that, at the end of my inspection, I came to the conclusion that of all the candidates for the Blue Riband which had come under my observation—and I believe I saw the lot—by far the fittest was Signorinetta. A little later I met one of the most successful of our trainers, and, discussing the race, I put the question to him, "Why shouldn't the mare win?" "The mare?" he repeated, "what mare?" On my naming Signorinetta, he replied, to my astonishment, "Why, I didn't know there was such an animal in the race." And it certainly was wonderful that, though she had been on view every morning at Newmarket for some time, going great guns with the string which, by the courtesy of the trainer, she was allowed to join, and who could hardly get out of her way, yet not a tout at headquarters was alive to the merits of the Chevalier Ginistrelli's good little mare. That it was her fitness, and not her superiority, which won Signorinetta the race I think there can be no reasonable doubt.

A GOOD TIP.

I do not think I ever witnessed a more exciting race for the Derby than that of 1872, when Cremorne just got home

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from Pell Mell, on whom dear old G.P. stood to win the biggest stake he had ever had a try for, which is saying a good deal. After Cremorne had won the Woodcote Stakes at Epsom the previous year—a race, by the way, which, though supposed to be a good criterion, has only twice since been won by a future Derby winner, and each time by Lord Rosebery, with Ladas and Cicero, in 1893 and 1904 respectively—it was quite recognized by his owner and trainer that with ordinary luck the colt had a chance second to none for the Blue Riband the following year, and that the trainer was especially confident the following anecdote will show. The previous year, when the late Baron Meyer de Rothschild had a prominent favourite for the Derby in Favenius, that fine old sportsman invited a party of friends to come and see the favourite in his box on the opening day of the meeting. Amongst those present was Gilbert, Mr. Saville's trainer, and, the inspection over, he addressed the company thus: "Now, gentlemen," said he, "you've seen the winner of this year's Derby, and if you'll do me the honour to step across the yard to where my horses are, I'll show you the winner of next." With that he led them to an adjacent box, where stood Cremorne, who that same afternoon was to make a successful *début* in the Woodcote Stakes. Not a bad tip, on the whole, as I think my readers will agree.

Except that there are not so many coaches and carriages as of old, the Hill presents much the same animated spectacle it always did. One misses the eccentric figure of Sir John Bennett, the clockmaker, with his white, curly hair and black velvet suit, who for many years made a practice of riding down to Epsom, and was always to be seen riding about amongst the carriages on the Hill during the day. That arch-jester, the late Hughie Drummond, considerably astonished the worthy knight on one of these occasions by suddenly dropping

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down on to the back of his horse from the top of a coach. How he explained away the circumstances I forget, but I believe it was considered satisfactory by his victim.

Many years ago it was quite the fashion to ride down to Epsom on horseback, and a story is told of a party of four elderly City sportsmen, who made a practice every year of riding down the day before the Derby to the Bear, at Esher, where they would put up, and ride on to the Downs the next morning. On one of these occasions, as they were *en route* to the course, a large tilted waggon was rather in their way in one of the Surrey lanes of no great width, so one of the party riding forward, bid a man, who was sitting at the back of the cart smoking his pipe and swinging his legs, somewhat peremptorily to make room for them to pass. "Hi, Bill!" bawled the person addressed to his friend in front, "jest move on one side for old 'wunce a year,' will yer?" The story was all over the City the next day, with the effect that ever afterwards the too peremptory sportsman was known "on 'Change" as "Wunce a Year."

ROYAL ASCOT

A RETROSPECT

By JOHN MAUNSELL RICHARDSON

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Granted fine weather, there is nothing to prevent Ascot this year from proving as brilliant a function as any which have gone before.

Always interesting, the Royal procession on this occasion should be more so than usual, the one thing wanting to complete the picture as the *cortège* wends its way slowly up the course from the Castle, in the opinion of many an old *habitué*

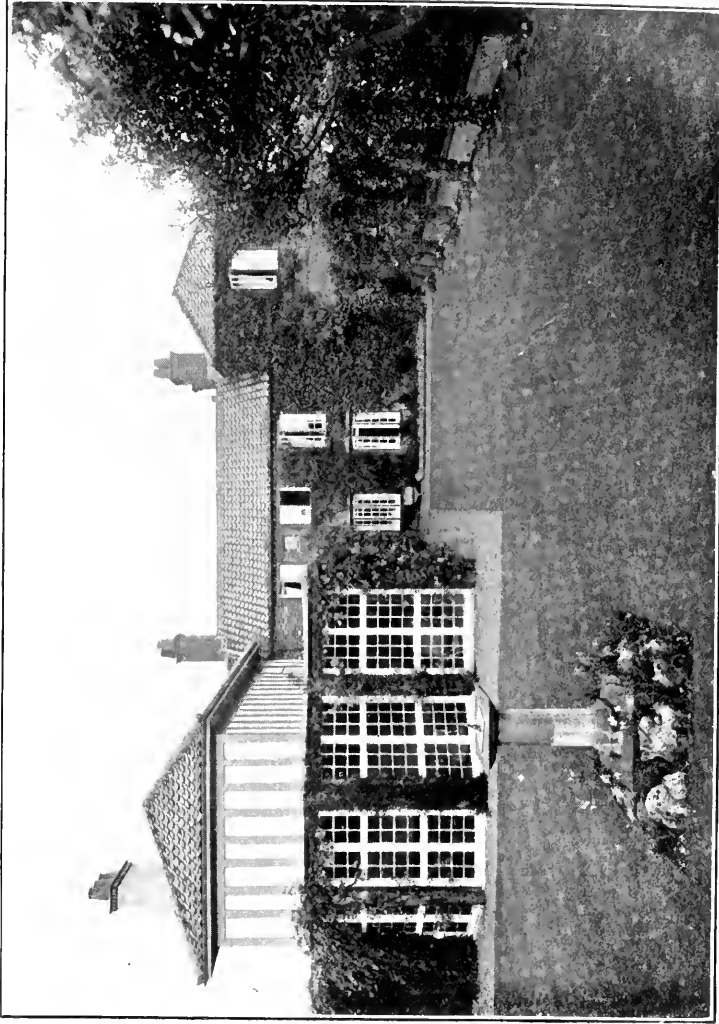
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of the meeting, being the presence of the noble Master of the Buckhounds, attended by the Royal Huntsman and Whippers-in, wearing their scarlet and gold liveries, followed by the Yeomen Prickers in green plush with gold-laced hats, which during the Victorian era constituted such a popular feature on the Tuesday and Thursday.

The veteran, Charles Davis, with his spare figure and perfect seat on a horse, who for so long a period was associated with Ascot, made a figure which will long dwell in the memory; whilst of the noble wearers of the gold couples in the writer's time, perhaps none presented a braver appearance than the then Earl of Hardwicke, familiarly known as the "Glossy Peer," who, "got up" to perfection, according to custom, and splendidly mounted, provoked nothing but favourable criticism as he rode by in advance of the cavalcade.

Though there is no denying its convenience, the motor-car, looking at it from an ornamental point of view, is but a sorry substitute for the lordly drag with its load of fair occupants, which in former days was so much *en evidence* at Ascot, and whose numbers have steadily diminished of late, none the less so since the regimental coach is no longer countenanced by the military authorities.

What splendid private equipages, too, of other sorts we used to see on the famous heath! One in particular the writer has in his mind's eye, a light carriage belonging to a Princess of France, which, with its four magnificent horses, their harness one mass of silver, with coachmen, footmen, and outriders in liveries of sky blue and silver, and wearing well-curved flaxen wings under their velvet jockey caps, was the centre of an admiring crowd, both on arrival and departure.



THE CORNER HOUSE, OVERSTRAND, CROMER,
Where J. M. Richardson lived when Captain of the Golf Club.

Mr. J. M. Richardson's Writings Collated

BYGONE VETERANS.

A familiar figure in the Royal enclosure was that of the late Duke of Cambridge, and it was a pleasant sight at the end of the day to see him mount his horse, in waiting for him at the back of the Grand Stand, and, followed by a groom, ride away across the Great Park to Windsor Castle. Towards the close of his long life the Duke seemed to take an increasing interest in horse-racing, and was hardly ever absent from the Newmarket meetings, where he would frequently be seen in the judge's box when a race was in progress. For some years, right up to the late 'seventies, a noticeable personality at Ascot was that of an elderly man of stoutish build and rubicund complexion, wearing a white hat, with black band, and dust-coloured clothes, with a large pair of blue spectacles over his nearly sightless eyes, and in his mouth a large and inviting-looking cigar, who, seated in a chair in the corner by the enclosure near the judge's box, was the recipient of many a cordial greeting during the day from aristocratic visitors of either sex, to the majority of whom he was evidently well and favourably known. The late Marchioness of Hastings, in particular, was often to be seen during the day, seated on a chair at his side, enjoying a chat with the veteran. Nor was this surprising, under the circumstances, seeing that but a few years back, during what has since been known as the "Hastings era," John Day's lot, and what they were doing, formed the sole subject of conversation, in the sporting world at all events, to the exclusion of all other topics.

As the veteran trainer sat placidly smoking his cigar, whilst those around loudly proclaimed the victory of Cremorne, or some other equine hero in the Gold Cup—perhaps, next to the Derby, the most coveted prize we have—his

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thoughts, no doubt, often went back to that auspicious day for Danebury, when the diminutive Lecturer, who probably did more to replenish the coffers of his extravagant owner than any racehorse he ever owned, lame though he appeared beforehand to those unfamiliar with his ways, cantered away with the Cup from nine others, with that peerless horseman, George Fordham, in the saddle. In so doing he staved off—alas! only for a time—the crash which was bound to come sooner or later. The one consolation was that it was a good time while it lasted.

SPORTING ETON MASTERS.

In the 'sixties Eton could boast of two sporting masters, the Rev. "Johnny" Yonge and the Rev. Russell Day, the latter, who, on account of his short stature, was familiarly known as "Parva Dies," being a relative of the Danebury trainer just mentioned, and these invariably made a practice of riding over to Ascot on the Cup day. On these occasions nothing pleased the last-named gentleman better than to catch any Eton boys who happened to have found their way there. For this purpose, he used to give his horse to some one to hold, whilst he himself poked about on foot amongst the carriages, and it was odd if, in the course of his rambles, he did not effect a capture. One of a select covey of juvenile sportsmen, perhaps, on the top of a coach, in full enjoyment of lobster mayonnaise and champagne cup, would suddenly be startled by feeling a pull at his leg, to find, on looking down, that it emanated from "Parva Dies," who had adopted that means of making his presence known. A cheery soul was the Rev. Russell Day, and if he came across any of his victims the next day, I am told, would chaff them about their

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Ascot adventure and its sequel, in a good-natured way which effectually dispelled any ill-feeling which might otherwise have arisen.

Unlike "Parva Dies," Johnny Yonge, on his visits to Ascot, concentrated his attention entirely on the sport, and would ride about to different points of the course. On one of these occasions, when there was a large field of horses, the good man was very much shocked at the language used by the jockeys when rounding the bend where he was stationed.

One Cup day—to be precise, that on which occurred the memorable dead-heat between Buckstone and Tim Whiffler—the Rev. Johnny, by himself this time, whilst riding through the forest on the weedy thoroughbred chestnut he affected, suddenly caught sight of three small Eton boys, who, mounted on hacks supplied by Tom Cannon, the horse-dealer, of Windsor, were cantering gaily along some distance ahead, evidently bound for the same destination as himself; and, no notice being taken of his shout to them to stop, at once started in pursuit.

The late Bill Beresford, who, as it happened, made one of the party, and may be said to have been in command of the squadron, with the master mind which stood him in such good stead in later years, at once gave orders for each to ride off in a different direction—advice which, on being carried out, at once bore fruit, for the master, unable to make up his mind which particular culprit to follow, and possibly not being particularly anxious either, finally gave up the chase as hopeless, and pursued the even tenor of his way.

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THE CUP AND THE HARDWICKE STAKES.

The Gold Cup was originally established in 1807, and was won by Master Jackey (3 yrs. 6st.-2), beating three others. After that it went steadily on until 1845, in which year, by way of a delicate compliment to the Emperor Nicholas of Russia, who was over here on a visit, its name was altered to that of "The Emperor's Plate," to revert again to its old title in 1854.

In all there have been five dead-heats for the Gold Cup since the first race in 1807. The most recent was that between The White Knight and Eider in 1907, the French horse being subsequently disqualified for boring.

The rich Hardwicke Stakes, established in 1879, is another race which has brought out many famous animals to compete, perhaps the most memorable struggle in its history being that between Ormonde and Minting in 1887, ridden respectively by Tom Cannon and John Osborne, when the former just won, amidst a scene of excitement seldom witnessed at Ascot. Bendigo, who was a good third, though he did not get anything like the credit due to him for it, put in a really wonderful performance in the circumstances. Being stabled close to the course, his rest had been so interfered with of nights by the incessant noise that went on in the various booths and shows that the good old horse was thoroughly upset and off his feed, so much so that it was only at the very last moment that his owner decided to run him. If there was one thing that annoyed Mr. Barclay more than another it was to see his favourite, as was frequently the case, described in the sporting papers as a mere "handicap horse," and I fancy there are few who know anything at all about form who won't sympathize with him.

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A MEMORABLE "BLACK WEEK."

There has been at Ascot many a "Black Week," to use the punters' term, and perhaps there never was a worse example than the year when poor Fred Archer was in the zenith of his fame—I fancy, but am not quite sure, that it was 1875—when those who systematically backed the "Tinman," burnt their fingers for once to a terrible extent.

One sportsman in particular, Colonel Burnaby by name, a near relative, I believe, of the author of "A Ride to Khiva," had a most heartbreaking experience. Though not given to betting as a rule, he decided to back Fred Archer's mounts steadily all through the meeting, and a shocking bad speculation it proved, for the usually invincible jockey could not win a race to save his life. Suffice it to say, that the end of the week saw the gallant Colonel on the wrong side of the hedge to the tune of upwards of £30,000.

In vain the bookmakers, in their admiration of his pluck, begged and entreated the Colonel to take his own time about settling. Every shilling was forthcoming on the Monday, and the Ring then knew they had seen the last of Colonel Burnaby.

FOX-HUNTING

By JOHN MAUNSELL RICHARDSON

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"Hounds stout, horses healthy,
Earths well stopped, and foxes plenty."

I have always held the opinion that better or sounder advice for a master of foxhounds to take to heart and do his best to act up to has never been given, or in so few words, as that contained in the old-time toast quoted above.

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Only three addenda are wanting for a day's hunting to arrive at that state of perfection described by the light-hearted "Dazzle" in *London Assurance* as the "consummation of all earthly bliss," and these are a good fox, a good scent, and a good country. Unfortunately it is not a very frequent occurrence for a treble event of this description to be brought off in one day. A good scent makes the foxes fly from a covert, and on these occasions it is most important that the huntsman should get away close to his fox, in which case the scent may be good enough to hunt him on almost any day. If, on the contrary, the fox is allowed to get a few minutes' start, the scent, as often as not, is too bad to press him. So, as Mr. Jorrocks impressed upon his "beloved 'earers," in one of his famous lectures on "'unting," "Get close away to the varmint!" If a huntsman cannot get his hounds quickly out of covert, it is a sure sign that they neither care about him nor trust him.

THE HOUNDS.

A foxhound must be stout in the first place, or he is not worth keeping, no matter how good-looking he may be, or how well he will work for half the day. A good foxhound in condition never tires, and can outstay any other animal in the world, the nearest approach to him as regards power of endurance, so far as I know, being the wolf.

The greatest benefactors to foxhunting are those masters and huntsmen who breed hounds only from none other but those strains that are noted for their stoutness. In no animal that can be named do the vices and virtues of their ancestors so surely repeat themselves in their offspring as in a foxhound. Even small traits of character will be handed down from father to son in a manner that to any one unacquainted with these



HEALING MANOR, NEAR GRIMSBY, LINCOLNSHIRE.
J. M. Richardson and Victoria, Countess of Yarborough's residence from 1887 to 1902.

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high-bred members of the canine species would appear well-nigh incredible. For example, a hound often inherits the habit of trotting to covert always in front of the pack. A still more extraordinary instance of heredity came to my knowledge only the other day. The Belvoir Ragman walked by Mr. Cooper, of Waltham, used to have the knack of lifting up the catch of the kitchen door, and this year one of his sons does precisely the same thing. The value of a hound is not to be judged by his looks, but by his work, and to combine the two should be the aim and pride of every master of hounds. How any one going into a kennel can possibly put a value on hounds without having first seen them in the field quite passes my comprehension. You might just as well try and value a hunter without having seen him go.

HORSES.

What a comfort it is to a hunting man to have a healthy stable, and a good stud groom—himself a good horseman, with hands of the best—to look after them! How essential, too, it must be to ride well-bred horses! When hunting with a pack of hounds that are carefully bred in the kennel, and skilfully managed in the field, not only must our horses be of good quality, but in perfect condition as well. Needless to say, this is where the good stud groom comes in. More frequently than not, in spite of many opinions to the contrary, steeplechase horses have proved most excellent hunters. Gay Lad, Peter Simple, and Half-Caste—the first and last of whom were Liverpool winners—were all three bred in my old village of Limber, and regularly ridden with Lord Yarborough's hounds, whilst in later days, Reugny, whom I bought for Captain Machell from the late Lord Aylesford, was frequently ridden

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hunting by me in December and January, before winning the Grand National. Rhysworth, again, who had run second the previous year in the same event, had been well hunted previously by one of the Blankney whippers-in. Another example was Snowstorm, also bred at Limber by Mr. William Marris, and whom I rode as a four-year-old with hounds, and made a perfect fencer of before he ever saw a racecourse. After winning many steeplechases, including the Sefton at Liverpool, he was bought by Mr. Henry Chaplin, described by Custance in his "Book of Recollections" as "the best heavyweight over a country I ever saw," who frequently rode him hunting with the Blankney, of which pack he was then the Master. Last, but not least on the list, comes Titterstone, on whose back I won several open handicap steeplechases for Captain Machell, and who will always hold a treasured place in my memory as the most perfect hunter I ever rode.

EARTH-STOPPING.

On how many occasions has what in all probability would otherwise have been a good day's sport been spoiled by the earths not having been properly stopped! Years ago it used to be the rule to stop the earths at night between the hours of nine and ten. (There is an illustration of this in that most admirable of hunting books, "The Noble Science," by Mr. Delmé Radcliffe.) Nowadays they are "put to" in the morning, after daylight, and the foxes are not infrequently stopped underground in consequence. In many cases drains and earths are not stopped at all, with the result that when everybody is in full enjoyment of a run and hounds have settled to their fox, the latter goes to ground, not only to the great disappointment (freely expressed as a rule) of the whole field of sportsmen, but

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of the hounds as well. If you cannot depend on earths being stopped at the proper time, perhaps the surest way to keep foxes above ground is permanently to close the earths with a large faggot, removing the same at the end of February. Foxes do not want preserving; "you preserve jam," as the late Mr. George Lane-Fox used to say. All they want is to be left alone and the coverts kept quiet and they will look after themselves, and a huntsman will soon know where to find his fox.

LEICESTERSHIRE.

Just as Newmarket is recognized all the world over as the headquarters of the Turf, and, according to its thick-and-thin admirers, "the only place to train a donkey in," so in like manner does Leicestershire still stand out by itself amongst what Sam Weller of immortal memory was pleased to term the "Fashionables," as the only country fit for any one worthy of the name of sportsman to hunt in. And not bad judges either, for there can be no question but that a horseman with any pretensions to ride up to the motto, "Be with them I will," having, like Mr. Sawyer, hardened his heart and betaken himself for a season to the shires, is completely spoilt for hunting elsewhere, and would probably, at the finish, share to a great extent the feelings of the swell Meltonian of old who, when asked if he had read a certain novel just then all the rage, replied, "Read a book! Why, my dear fellow, I would as soon hunt in Yorkshire!"

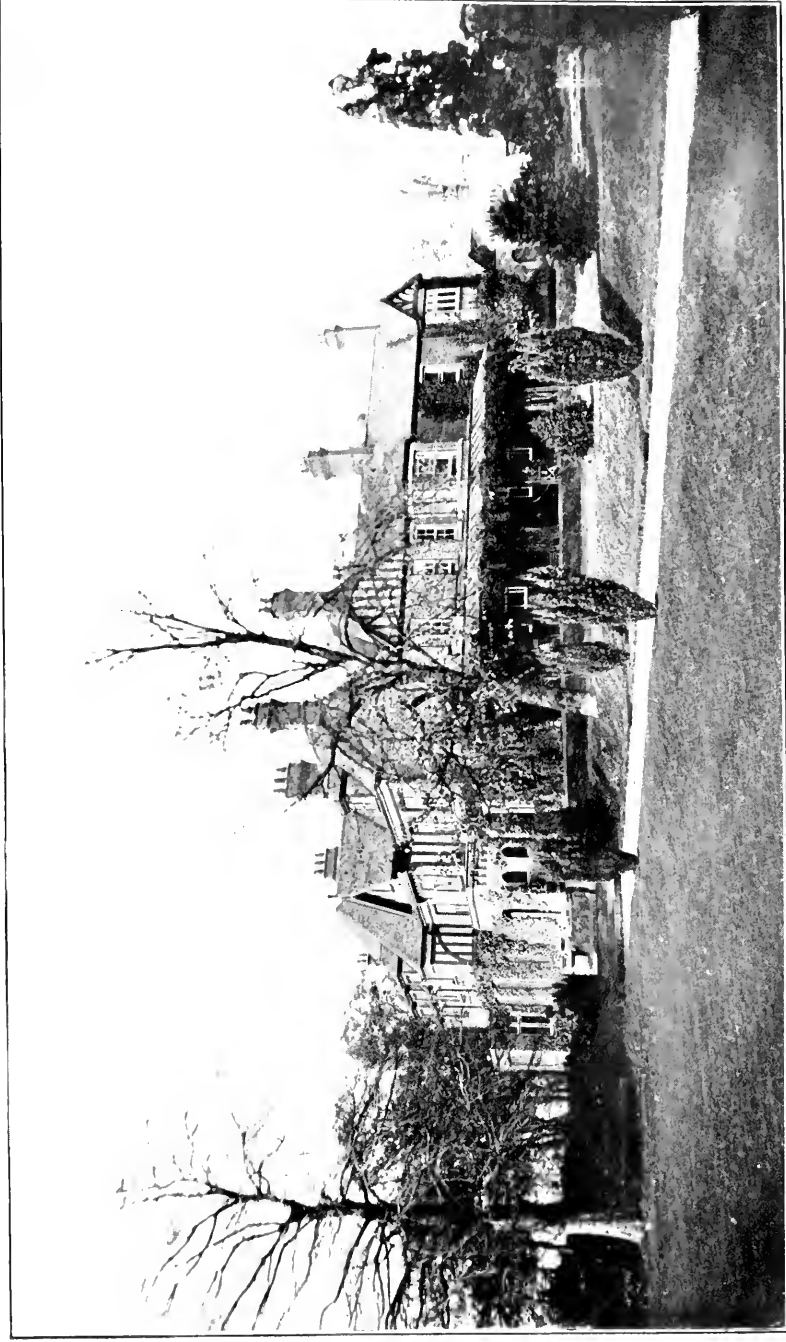
Since the ox-rail has been replaced by that detestable invention, so dangerous to life and limb of both horse and rider, known as barbed wire, which, when put up in the summer and supposed to be removed during the hunting season, is still—worse luck!—occasionally to be met with, the fences are much easier to negotiate than formerly, there being now no

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great width for a horse to clear. All he has to do is to jump well up and not hit the binder with his knees, the prizes that are given in so many counties for hedge-plashing having, as a result, made the newly-laid fences very strong.

In former days the Meltonian was wont to gallop to covert on a hack, and would ride his hunter home at the end of the day. But all that is now changed, and in the luxurious age we live in the motor takes us to the meet, and, no matter in what part of the country hounds leave off, the telephone is requisitioned, and the same vehicle takes us home again. Distance is, of course, of no consequence to the motor, but it does seem rather hard on the horse, who has carried you well all through the day, to be ridden some few miles out of his way home to where the car is stationed. Long distances do not affect hounds half so much as horses, and jogging twelve or fifteen miles to covert does the former, if fit, far more good than taking them to the meet in a van. A hound, in fact, that cannot tire out three horses isn't worth keeping.

It is not, of course, given to mortals to command success, but there can be no question that the first essential to the ensurement of good sport in the hunting field is for the master and his huntsmen to be thoroughly keen. No detail, however small, must be left to chance, for a good run may easily be made or marred by the merest trifle. No stone must be left unturned to secure the services of a good huntsman, and the choice of the whippers-in is almost of equal importance. Though all this means a good deal of trouble, the reward will be commensurate, you may depend, in the long run. Hunt servants—or any other, for that matter—well up in the duties of their calling soon find out when they have a good Master, and will not only respect him, but, in addition, put their whole heart into their work.



HEALING MANOR, NEAR GRIMSBY, LINCOLNSHIRE.

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THE FOXES.

One often hears people say that the presence of too many foxes spoils sport. In my humble opinion, it is a fault in the right direction. If hunted often enough, they will soon learn to know the country, with the result that their followers will often have the luck to make acquaintance with

“a fox stout, gallant, and shy,
With his earth ten miles off, and that earth in his eye.”

Coverts too close together are not conducive to foxes making good points. The most useful covert is one of about ten acres or so, consisting of either really thick blackthorn or gorse, and if the huntsman wants a ride cut in it it should not only be narrow, but crooked enough to prevent a shooter seeing a rabbit running across, and thus disturbing the covert. A thin covert as a rule is a very uncertain “find,” it being so easily hunted by any chance dog who comes that way. When the owner of a wood is going to shoot it on a given day, naturally the M.F.H. is only too pleased to comply with the request not to come there and draw in the interim. On the other hand, when hounds are running, and well settled to a fox with every prospect of a fine run, I say, without hesitation, that no really good sportsman would take offence if the hounds were allowed to hunt their fox without hindrance, whilst a courteously-worded letter afterwards, explaining matters, would surely prevent any ill-feeling that might otherwise arise. The keepers, of course, blame the hounds if when the wood is shot the bag is not up to the mark, but to my mind the excuse is a very poor one, for we all know that pheasants if driven out of covert are soon back there, and, what is more, move all the better afterwards when, literally, flying for their lives. When it is remembered that stopping hounds under conditions such as I have described, in

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addition to completely spoiling the day's sport, means disappointment to a great many brave men and fair women, including strangers from afar, the selfishness of such a proceeding is obvious.

THE NOBLE SCIENCE.

Lord Henry Bentinck always would have it that when hounds run riot when foxes are plentiful, it was the fault of the handling. It is the drive and fling of the foxhound that distinguishes him from all other hounds, and which those well versed in the niceties of the Noble Science admire so much. In making their cast hounds should always try forward. Suppose in a run you come to a bit of bad scenting ground, possibly from manure recently carted on the land, or from sheep or beasts having foiled the line of the fox, now is the time for hounds to try forward. If encouraged to try back, not only do they get into a bad style of hunting, but are soon so behind their fox that they cannot press him, with the result that eventually he runs them out of scent. When hounds are in the open, a huntsman should blow his horn as seldom as possible. If near enough to hear his voice let him speak to them, and they will come quicker than to his horn. He should bear in mind that if he only hears the music of the hounds the fox often stops to listen, whereas the twang of the horn has a very different effect, and it is not his fault, you may depend, if you get any nearer to him.

A good huntsman is the most observant of men. Nothing escapes him, and he has his eyes continuously "forrard," in the anticipation of a check. He knows to a nicety when his hounds are on a false scent, and stops them directly, strong in the knowledge that if encouraged to hunt what is wrong, not only the young hounds, but even those with two seasons'

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experience, will soon become inveterate hare hunters. The natural instinct of the run of a fox is a gift given to few, and to grasp a difficult situation at the moment is where a huntsman should excel. Not a moment must be lost, and above all his motto must be "*Rebus in arduis æquam servare mentem*," for directly he loses his temper it is ten to one on his losing his fox. A huntsman is placed in a very responsible public position, and the members of the hunt, especially of a subscription pack, feel it their duty to criticise him, though the chances are that those who are loudest in their opinion know rather less about hunting a pack of hounds than the man in the moon. Frequently the best of masters and first-rate whippers-in signally fail in ever attaining the gift and aptitude required to take the supreme command. In no profession that I know of is the old Latin quotation, "*Nascitur non fit*," more applicable than that of a huntsman. In fact, the M.F.H. who, when a clerical visitor, in his astonishment at the large salary the other paid his huntsman, exclaimed, "Why it's nearly double what my living is worth," replied, "That may be true enough, but you must recollect that a good huntsman is not to be met with every day in the week," was not very far out, though doubtless his way of putting it grated somewhat on the other's ear. Huntsmen, not unnaturally perhaps, think that a gentleman, not having gone through the same apprenticeship as themselves, cannot possibly know much about hunting hounds. I had an example of this only last year, when a man who had been whipper-in for ten years to quite the best gentleman huntsman I ever saw, was appointed in that capacity to a well-known pack in the Midlands. On my asking a well-known huntsman if he thought the other would be a success, his reply was: "What could he learn under a hamateur?"

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“HOLD HARD !”

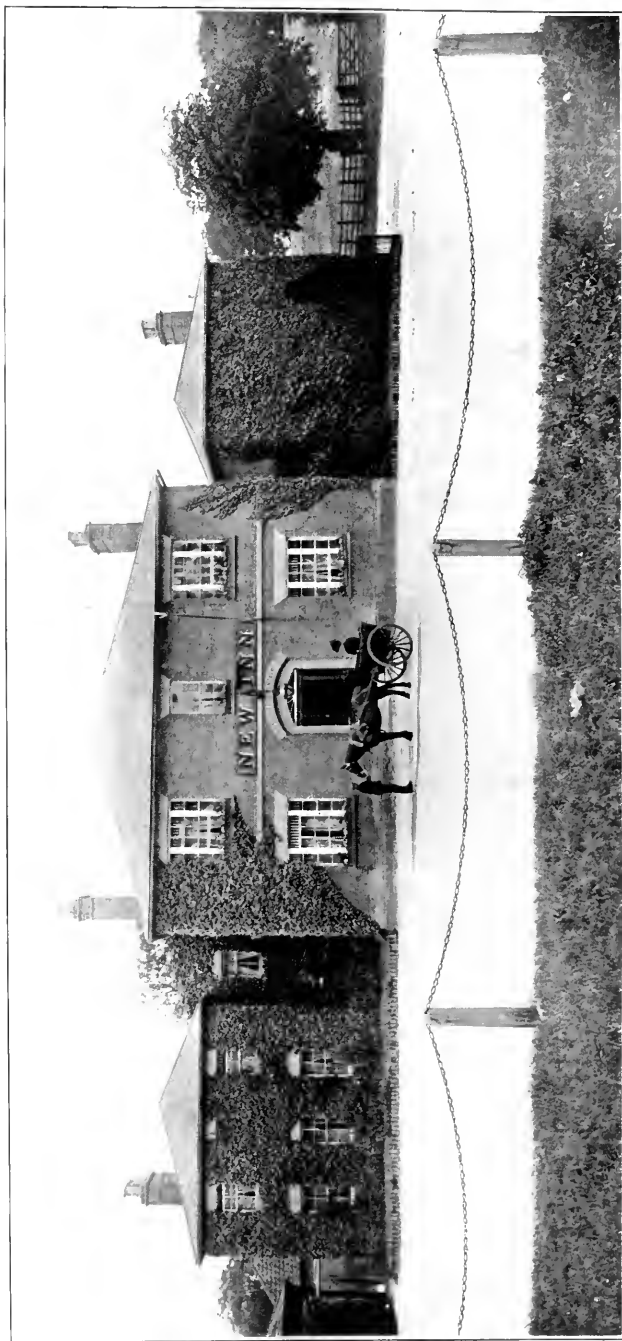
With the large number of people who comprise the big fields of horsemen who come out in the fashionable part of Leicestershire it would be odd if amongst them there was absent a certain amount of friendly rivalry. Should, however, a Master ride bang in front of the field when hounds are running, and, holding up his hand as he turns round in the saddle, cry “Hold hard!” it is a bold man who would dare to pass him. If, on the other hand, he is two hundred yards or so behind, but little attention is paid to his shouts by the leading division, their idea being that, jealous of their position, he is merely “trying it on,” with a view to getting on level terms with them.

YOUTH AT THE HELM.

Making every allowance for the temerity of youth, and with a strong fellow-feeling for keenness, if I might be allowed to make a suggestion, it would be that before a young man commences to hunt in Leicestershire, he would do well to disport himself for a season or two in a more provincial county, under a 'good huntsman, with the object of learning some of the rudiments of fox-hunting and riding to hounds. “*Experientia docet*,” as they taught us at Harrow, and I feel sure that a candidate for honours over the broad pastures and big fences of High Leicestershire, fresh from a “tour in the provinces,” such as I have ventured to prescribe, will be the first to admit its efficacy when he faces the music in earnest.

THE HUNTING PARSON.

Human nature is human nature all the world over, so why, therefore, should it be considered *infra dig.*—nay, in many



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cases, downright wicked—for the gentleman who looks after our spiritual welfare, and was probably entered to sport of all kinds from his earliest childhood, to employ some of his spare time in the invigorating and innocent pastime of galloping over a country in the wake of a pack of foxhounds is altogether beyond me. It is my firm belief that top boots are the cause of it in a great measure. I remember once, many years ago, when on a visit to a strange country, and in a quick thing over the grass the first day I was out hunting, I could not but notice that none went better throughout the gallop than a man sporting a black overcoat and “antigropelos”—a fearful and wonderful species of gaiter in use at that period—and who had, apparently, dropped from the clouds. Judge my astonishment, at the end of the run, when the stranger in black, riding up to me with radiant face and outstretched hand, revealed the identity of a friend of my boyhood who, when up at Oxford later, was quite one of its representative horsemen, and of whom my last recollection was seeing him win a steeplechase at Aylesbury in dashing style on a horse belonging to Charlie Symonds, which, like most of the animals emanating from the stables of that great and good man, possessed a knack of “going,” however unprepossessing its looks might be.

“Shocking get-up about the legs, ain't it?” remarked my friend, as he saw me taking in the “antigropelos.” “Fact is,” he went on, “I'm curate-in-charge of a parish near here, and with such a nice, narrow-minded flock as mine, what would happen if they ever caught sight of their beloved shepherd in breeches and boots goodness only knows! They'd ‘Baa’ their heads off and mine too. How do I manage to hunt? Well, should I happen to be riding along the road (I am ordered horse exercise, don't you know), and come up with the hounds by accident, as was the case to-day, and my horse should happen

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to bolt in the direction they are running (I bought him from the village baker for a 'pony,' and wouldn't take a couple of hundred for him to-morrow), it's not my fault, is it?"

How many brilliant horsemen can I number amongst my clerical friends? To begin with, there was Parson Howsin, of Brant Broughton, in the Blankney country, who rode straight to hounds up to eighty, and actually cleared the Whissendine at that age. A rural dean once asked him whether he pronounced the brook of that name "Kedron or Kidron?" To which he replied, "I only know two brooks, the Whissendine and Brant, and I can spell both, and, thank God! jump 'em both." One of his fads was never to let any one but himself preach in his own church, for, said he, "If the other man preaches worse than I do, he won't be worth hearing; whereas, if, on the other hand, he preaches better than I do, you won't come to hear me again." Then there was the late Rev. Edward Drake, who was frequently my guest at Limber for a few days' hunting with the Brocklesby, and was, without doubt, one of the finest horsemen of his time over a country. As Mr. "Ekard," he frequently rode in steeplechases before he took holy orders, and was on the back of that good horse Bridegroom in the Liverpool of 1860, won by Anatis, on which occasion he came in sixth. Dick Fitzherbert, who came into the baronetcy shortly before his death two years ago, was another fine horseman. His son, Sir Hugo, is Master of the Rufford at the present time, in succession to Lord Manvers. Again, I would ask, what man from Melton at the present time sees more of a run than the Rev. J. P. Seabrook, rector of Waltham, whose nerve is every bit as good as when he and I rode together at Cambridge, nearly half a century ago? When, the other day, at the request of a hunting friend, Mr. Willoughby Maycock wrote the following extra verse to his well-

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known song, he certainly had not Parson Seabrook in his mind's eye :

“ When we go a-hunting nowadays, we potter at the gaps,
'Cos we're all getting older every day ;
It's no earthly use competing with the young, hard-riding chaps,
'Cos we're all getting older every day.
We can't face the oxer or the bullfinch any more,
We cast our eye around the field in hopes to find a “ door ”—
Yes, hang it all ! We're not the men we used to be of yore,
'Cos we're all getting older every day.”

MODERN HORSEMANSHIP.

I don't think I am alone in the opinion that never in the history of fox-hunting were there so many or better riders of either sex than those hunting at the present time with the Quorn, Belvoir, Pytchley, Cottesmore, and Mr. Fernie's hounds. Never, either, were there more beautifully bred horses than are to be seen out nowadays with the packs just mentioned. Of their riders amongst the old stagers, where would you better than Lords Lonsdale, Annaly, and Cowley, General Codrington, General Burn Murdoch, Colonel “ Willy ” Lawson, Colonel Brocklehurst (Queen's Equerry), Majors Ricardo, McKie, Hughes Onslow, and Laycock, Captains Forester, Douglas Pennant, and Hubbersty, Parson Seabrook, Messrs. Cecil Grenfell, H. T. Barclay, H. Sheriffe, Hollway Steeds, Foxhall Keene, Algy Burnaby, and R. and Guy Fenwick? Whilst names to conjure with amongst later arrivals in the country are those of Lord Dalmeny, Sir John Milbanke, Sir Frederick Foulkes, Sir Charles Lowther, Captain Paynter (winner of last year's Grand Military), Captain Long (son of the Right Hon. Walter Long), and Messrs. Chandos de Paravicini, T. C. Chichester, Greville Clayton, and George Drummond.

As usual, there was plenty of fun the day after the Cottesmore Hunt Ball, some of the young brigade riding one against

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the other in a way quite refreshing to behold. "'Ware wire!" shouted Gillson, as his quick eye spotted the enemy running along the top of the biggish fence he was making for, branching off as he spoke for a place lower down. Not so Lord Dalmeny, galloping along in his wake, and apparently in the same heroic frame of mind as General Bombastes when he sang:—

"I go, I go—
All dangers scorning,
Some death I'll di-i-ie
Before the morning!"

for, neither swerving to right nor left, he took the fence, wire and all, just as it came, without touching a twig. Nor was this his lordship's only adventure. In the course of the gallop the Manton brook came in his way, and his horse, a big grey, refusing, shot Lord Dalmeny clean over his head on to the opposite bank, with the result that the latter had to wade through the brook to rejoin the enterprisable animal in question. Strange to say, when remounted and sent at the water by his plucky rider a second time, the grey cleared without a mistake. . . .

THE LADIES.

One of the most striking features in connection with fox-hunting at the present time, especially in the Shires, is the number of ladies who come out as compared with former days. In no outdoor sport one could name do women excel more than in the hunting-field, and each succeeding year sees a larger muster at the covert side. How well and straight they ride to hounds, too! The comparatively few falls that come their way are conclusive proof of the nerve, judgment, and good hands that seem part and parcel of themselves. In the past, Lady Wilton, Lady Yarborough, and Lady Alexander Paget

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were quite capable of holding their own with any of the men, whilst at the present time it would be hard to name the superior of the Duchess of Newcastle, the Duchess of Hamilton, the Duchess of Sutherland, Lady Lonsdale, Lady Gerard, Lady Cowley, Lady Greenall, Mrs. Willy Lawson, Mrs. Burn, Mrs. Guy Fenwick, Mrs. Eaton, Mrs. Sheriffe, Mrs. Laycock, and Mrs. Angus, Miss Chichester, Miss Hanbury, Mrs. Ellison, Miss Naylor, Miss Duncan, and many more besides.

The enormous crowds that come out with the Quorn and neighbouring packs are very often the means of keeping the fox from turning back, and the late Colonel Anstruther Thomson often told me how, when Master of the Pytchley, he would with confidence cast "farrard" and hit off the line of his fox. The latter is a toddling animal, and to give him credit for being a good one, and to get "farrard" accordingly, is good advice to a huntsman. Amongst the farmers hunting with the packs here mentioned none go better than William Gale, from the Belvoir country, a really fine horseman, who formerly rode with conspicuous success between the flags, and Messrs. Barnett, Atter, and Northern, with the Cottesmore.

THE FARMERS.

The large number of horsemen who turn out in Leicestershire are, without doubt, responsible in no small measure for the destruction of fences, and it is only fair that their owners should be generously treated in return. If riders, when they come to a new-sown field, would only exercise a little thought and make a "detour," as they often do when confronted with a big fence, there would be less grumbling from the tillers of the soil, you may depend. Farmers, in spite of bad times, invariably come up smiling, and it is certain that none take a

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keener interest in all outdoor sport than themselves, regarding it, indeed, as essential to their very existence. On what sort of footing, I wonder, would fox-hunting be if this were not so? "Gentlemen : Our friends the farmers !"

STEEPLECHASING

TO-DAY AND YESTERDAY

By JOHN MAUNSELL RICHARDSON

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A flatter or more unsatisfactory steeplechase season than that now rapidly drawing to a conclusion has probably never been known since first the sport became a recognized institution. To such an extent, indeed, has steeplechasing deteriorated that were it not that the Grand National still retains its popularity, the public would soon cease to take any further interest in the game.

Whenever the fences are trimmed up a bit nowadays, so that they cannot be brushed through, down come all the horses, and the executive are roundly abused by the jockeys for endangering their lives ; the fact being that nearly all of them using the forward seat—the professionals, that is—they come shooting over their horses' heads on the very slightest provocation.

In these cases, when the trainers are taken to task for not schooling their charges properly, they retaliate by saying, "Ours have no pretensions to being Grand National horses, and are really not capable of doing better. If they were we should not be running them for such insignificant stakes as those to be met with at the various meetings about London." When, in addition, one hears, as I did the other day, that a well-known

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patron of the Turf, a personal friend of my own, and formerly one of the best of our gentlemen riders, was selling his steeple-chase horses and hurdle-racers, purely and entirely because he was thoroughly dissatisfied with the present condition of things, it must, I think, be acknowledged that cross-country sport is in a very parlous state, and sadly in need of a specialist to advise upon the case. Anything more absurd than the excuse just mentioned, that to jump the fences properly at the various suburban meetings the horse should be up to the Grand National standard, I never yet heard.

There were plenty of animals running at the time I was riding who certainly could not be described as first-class or anything like it, but who were quite capable of jumping anything in reason, such as the Croydon country, for instance, where the fences were mostly natural, and—for a time, at all events—the “Sensation Water Jump,” as it was advertised on the posters, of a really formidable character, being, indeed, wider than that at Liverpool. This attraction, however, if my memory serves me, was not of long duration, for a horse belonging to the late Duke of Hamilton, when running in the big steeplechase, fell and broke his back, with the result that Mr. Crawshaw, who was in the saddle on the occasion, was prosecuted shortly after by Mr. Colam, on behalf of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals. The case came on at Croydon, and, I fancy, ended in an acquittal, the evidence showing that the horse, a notorious rogue, was doing his best to refuse, but his jockey, not to be denied, sent his mount at the obstacle in such determined fashion that the brute was obliged to have it, whether he would or no, and curling up in so doing, jumped short, with the result stated.

After this the water jump was modified considerably to suit humanitarian ideas.

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There was many a gibe and sneer the other week in the sporting papers at the expense of Mr. Harry Beasley for daring to adopt a hunting seat when riding Cackler for Mr. Assheton-Smith at Sandown on the first day of the Grand Military Meeting, but that other people take a different view may be gathered from the following extract from a letter written by a well-known owner of steeplechasers, and one of the very best all-round sportsmen of my acquaintance.

“It was a bit of a lesson,” writes my friend, “seeing Harry Beasley on Cackler at Sandown the other day, and some of the present school of cross-country riders and frequenters of steeplechase meetings could hardly help thinking, I should imagine, when they saw the combination of man and horse, that the sport must have sadly degenerated since the period when the Beasleys were in their prime and a power in the land.”

And my friend's remark, it is pretty certain, will be echoed by many who, as in my own case, view with disgust the crouching seat and short stirrup of the “up-to-date” steeplechase rider, and which, for cross-country work, is, in my humble opinion, as senseless as it is unsightly, which is saying a good deal.

RIDERS OF THE PAST.

When I recall to memory the many cross-country riders of my own time who “witched the world with noble horsemanship,” such as Lord Tredegar and his brother, the Honourable Fred Morgan, “Bee” and Arthur Coventry, “Curly” Knox, “Lummy” Harford, Arthur Tempest, “Doggie” Smith, “Mr. P. Merton” (Jinks), Robert Walker, George Ede (Mr. Edwards), Tom Pickernell (Mr. Thomas), “Sugar” Candy, Reggie and

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"Tip" Herbert, Alec Goodman, Arthur Yates, Lord Melgund (Mr. "Rolly"), Lord Marcus Beresford, "Wenty" Hope Johnstone, "Driver" Browne, the Beasleys, Greville Nugent (the "Limb"), Lee Barber (the "Shaver"), "Garry" Moore, Jerry Dalglish, Billy Baldwin (the Lion), Colonel Rivers-Bulkeley, Peter Crawshaw, Lord Willoughby de Broke, Tommy Lushington, E. P. Wilson, Lord Queensberry, Bay Middleton, Count Kinsky, "Buck" Barclay, and later "Roddy" Owen, Charlie Cunningham, George Lambton, Johnnie Dormer, Saunders Davies, Sir Cuthbert Slade, Bobby Fisher (Colonel Fisher-Childe), Reggie Ward, Colonel Yardley, General Burn Murdoch, Wilfred Ricardo, Captain Bewicke, Colonel Willie Lawson, Major Hughes Onslow, Captain Paynter, and George Thursby; and among the professionals: George Holman, Joe Cannon, John Page (the best and fairest I ever rode against), James Jewitt, Robert I'Anson, Jack Goodwin, George Williamson; and when you come to compare their mode with that of the present so-called "up-to-date" style, which, in my opinion, is more suitable for a circus than a steeplechase course, it hardly bears thinking about.

The question has frequently been put to me who I consider the best amateur horseman of those riding at the same time as myself, and my reply, given without hesitation, has invariably been "George Ede," who, to my mind, had no superior in the saddle.

Nerve, knowledge of pace, and perfection of seat and hands—all were his to an eminent degree. He was as good, too, on the flat as over a country, which is not always the case, and there is no doubt that he would have ridden a great many more races of the last-named description than he did but for his great love of cricket, to which he devoted himself exclusively during the summer months.

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His great skill in the saddle was all the more extraordinary, as I always understood that, so far from being cradled to sport from his early childhood, as is more frequently than not the case, he had hardly been on a horse's back until, arrived at man's estate, he settled down in the country in the capacity of what is elegantly termed a "Mud Prop," in other words, to study farming; and it was whilst thus occupied that he rode his first steeplechase, a match between horses belonging to two local sportsmen, his opponent, strangely enough, being none other than the still living Mr. William Bevill, who was pursuing the same kind of occupation as himself at another farm in the neighbourhood. It was a great race, and George Ede would certainly have won but for going out of his way to jump a weak place in the last fence of all, in so doing losing a lot of ground that he could never make up, with the result that his rival, who had gone straight ahead and taken his chance of a fall, just got the best of the finish.

CONTINENTAL REMINISCENCES.

Though I managed to learn a good many things of one sort and another during the time I was at Harrow, there was one part of my education, considered very essential nowadays, which had certainly been neglected, and that was the study of modern languages. Never did this omission on the part of the directorate at the ancient seat of learning referred to strike home with greater force than when, on a certain memorable occasion in the summer of 1872, I travelled in company with poor George Ede to Germany, in order to take part in the Baden Grand Prix (Steeplechase), in which he was engaged to ride Benazet—(a charming little horse belonging to Lord Poulett), and myself Juryman, for Captain Machell.



SACRED TO THE MEMORY OF
WILLIAM RICHARDSON, ESQ^E
ONE OF THE DEPUTY LIEUTENANTS OF THIS COUNTY
WHO DEPARTED THIS LIFE MAY 2ND 1830. ANNO ATATIS 78.
HE WAS HIGHLY DISTINGUISHED THROUGH LIFE FOR HIS
URBANITY OF MANNERS AND SINCERITY OF FRIENDSHIP, AND
POSSESSED IN A VERY HIGH DEGREE THOSE VIRTUES, WHICH
NOT ONLY ENDEARED HIM TO HIS RELATIONS AND FRIENDS,
BUT ACQUIRED FOR HIM THE ESTEEM AND RESPECT
OF ALL CLASSES OF SOCIETY.
ALSO OF CATHERINE HIS BELOVED WIFE
WHO DIED MARCH 1ST 1836, AGED 81 YEARS.
THEIR REMAINS ARE INTERRED IN THIS CHURCH.
THIS TESTIMONIAL OF GRATITUDE WAS ERECTED
BY THEIR TRULY AFFECTIONATE GREAT NEPHEW.

THIS TABLET WAS ERECTED BY THEIR GREAT GREAT NEPHEWS
WILLIAM AND JOHN MAUNSELL RICHARDSON,
TO REPLACE ONE WHICH FELL AND WAS BROKEN. 1907.

TABLET IN IMMINGHAM CHURCH.

To the memory of William Richardson, Esq., J. M. Richardson's Great Great Uncle.

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Thanks to sundry friends bound for the same destination as ourselves, who kindly acted as interpreters, the journey to Baden-Baden was accomplished in great ease and comfort, and it was not until we started to return that our troubles began, but of that anon.

Besides George Ede and myself there was only one other Englishman riding in the big race, viz. my old friend, Arthur Tempest—still going strong and well, I am pleased to say, and the same keen sportsman as ever—all the rest, about a dozen, being French and Germans, mostly military men, I fancy. We three made the running, and all went well until reaching the water-jump, when Arthur Tempest's mount swerving against mine whilst in the air we both fell into the brook, followed immediately afterwards by the rest of the field, every one of whom came down. The scene that ensued baffles description, and "the vulgar 'busman's cry, ' Full inside!'" was surely never more appropriate than then, the brook being crammed to its utmost capacity with a seething mass of struggling men and horses, from whence issued a babel of strange oaths in different keys.

The brook was in the first mile, and not another horse got over but Benazet, or even out of it in time to try and get to him, so there was nothing for it but for all of us, numbering about a dozen or more, to return to the enclosure.

Now came the trouble I referred to just now.

George Ede and I being due to ride at Warwick, had to leave directly after the steeplechase, and our only chance of being in time was to charter a special to catch a certain train at Darmstadt. This was all very well, but to make our wants known to the railway officials was another matter. Our German was bad, and I am afraid our tempers were worse, with the result that we missed the express we hoped to catch,

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and experienced what seemed to us an endless journey in consequence.

GRAND NATIONAL PROSPECTS.

With Jerry M. and Cackler scratched, and, to judge from the betting, the race apparently regarded as practically a "walk-over" for Lutteur III., the Grand National of this year is, indeed, a shadow of its former self.

This lamentable state of things is not likely to affect the general public to any great extent, and should the weather prove fine there will probably be quite as large an assemblage as ever on Friday next at Aintree, but to the thousands of sportsmen from all parts of the kingdom, of whom a large majority are hunting men, whose annual visit to Liverpool is their red-letter day in the year, the disappointment is bound to be very great.

If only Jerry M. had stood up, the meeting between our champion 'chaser and Lutteur III. would have been quite sufficient attraction in itself without a thought of the other horses. As it is, should, as is reported to be the case, M. Hennessy's horse have come back to his very best form, it looks uncommonly as though the market is right for once, and that the Grand National is again destined to go to France.

If, however, the race, which has for so long been regarded as perhaps the most sporting event of the year, and second only to the Derby in importance, is a bit unlucky on this occasion, the same cannot be said of the National Hunt Steeplechase, which was brought off with such *éclat* the other day in the neighbourhood of Cheltenham.

Though the heavy going frightened some of the owners into withdrawing their horses, no fewer than thirty-eight went

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to the post for the big event, being the largest number since the race originated just half a century ago, when Bridegroom, ridden by "Doughey" Burton, won for "Cherry" Angell over a course near Market Harboro'; and I think that, considering the state of the ground, which, owing to the clayey nature of the soil, was extremely holding, the fact that up to a mile from home upwards of twenty-five of the runners were going strong, speaks well for both horses and riders.

There was a genuine sporting ring, in fact, throughout the meeting, from start to finish, and that Messrs. Pratt and their energetic secretary, Mr. F. H. Carthcart, who, with Colonel Yardley as guide, philosopher, and friend, worked so hard for a successful issue, deserved the greatest credit for their management of what, considering the limited time at their disposal, and the huge crowd present, must have been a very arduous task, was the opinion of every one there, including the Stewards of the National Hunt Committee, who were unanimous in their praise.

THE GRAND NATIONAL

SOME EXPERIENCES

By JOHN MAUNSELL RICHARDSON

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"Ye lads who love a steeplechase and danger freely court, sirs,
Hark forward all to Liverpool to join the gallant sport, sirs !
The English and the Irish nags are ready for the fray, sirs ;
And which may lose, and which may win, 'tis very hard to say, sirs.
Chorus : Bow, wow, wow, odds against the favourite, bow, wow, wow !"
(Old Song.)

When exactly seventy years ago a syndicate of sportsmen, who had lately acquired the lease of the Grand Stand and racecourse at Aintree, where from time immemorial the Liverpool races had been held, desirous of starting their new

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venture in an auspicious manner, decided on a steeplechase on a grander scale than had hitherto been attempted, as the best means of accomplishing their object, they little thought that the result of their enterprise would be to lay the foundation-stone, so to speak, of an event which had not only "come to stay," as the saying is, but was actually destined in after years to become a dangerous rival to the Derby in public estimation.

The conditions of "The Grand Liverpool Steeplechase," as the new venture was styled, were as follows:—

A SWEEPSTAKES of 20 sovs. each, 5 forfeit, with 100 added; 12 st. each, gentlemen riders; four miles across the country; the second to save his stake, and the winner to pay 10 sovs. towards expenses; no rider to open a gate or ride through a gateway, or more than 100 yards along any road, footpath, or driftway.

There were twenty-nine jumps in all, of which the majority seem to have been easy enough to negotiate; the exception being what is now known as Becher's Brook, from the fact that the renowned rider of that name was thrown bodily into it over his horse's head, which, had it been left as Nature made it, would have been simply a ditch five or six feet in width, with a slight drop and very little water, but as improved by "art" became a very formidable affair; a strong timber fence, 3 ft. high, being placed about a yard from the bank on the taking-off side, so that a horse to get fairly over would have to jump at least 24 ft., the difficulty being aggravated by the ground from which it was approached being ploughed land, which on this occasion was in a very heavy condition. Another brook, described by the reporter of the period as "a very decent jump," measured 8 ft., with timber in front; whilst what is now known as Valentine's Brook, and which was also approached from a ploughed field, consisted of a low bank, with a deep ditch, and timber 3 ft. high, on further side, the

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space between brook and timber being 10 ft. at least. Then, in front of the Grand Stand, where the water is now, was erected expressly for the occasion, but not, as a reporter facetiously observed, "by particular desire," a wall 4 ft. 8½ in. in height, whilst in the second round a stiff post or rail topped with gorse was put up, as the same humorist remarks, "to conciliate those who were longing for another touch at the water."

A HANDICAP EVENT.

The stipulation for "gentlemen riders" in the conditions does not seem to have had any serious meaning on this occasion, seeing that of the seventeen horses left in only nine were ridden by jockeys having any legitimate claim to the title. The next year and the two following the weights remained the same (12 st. each), except in the case of Lottery, who, in 1840, was penalized 7 lbs. for his previous victory, and might have won but for falling at the wall; and in 1841 and 1842 carried no less than 18 lbs. extra for winning the Cheltenham Steeplechase, bringing his weight up to 13 st. 4, which, of course, had the effect, as was intended, of putting him out of court. In fact, Jim Mason pulled him up on both occasions before the end of the race. In 1843 the race was re-christened "The Liverpool and National Steeplechase," and, in addition, became the handicap it has remained ever since; the wall, too, which had been removed the previous year, was again revived on a smaller scale, being 4 ft. high, built masonically, with a layer of turf on the top.

Lottery, whose fifth and last appearance it was in the race, was again amongst the starters, being let off this time with 12 st. 6, and a good wind-up he made of it, for, starting second favourite at 4 to 1, he finished seventh to Vanguard.

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Since this period the race has gone on increasing in public favour steadily every year, and it is certain that, the deterioration in steeplechasing generally notwithstanding, never within its history was it more popular than at the present time, as witness the enormous crowds which assemble on every occasion, no matter what the class of competitor. Many a hunting-man I could mention who, in the words of Horace, "gaudet equis, canibusque, et aprici gramine campi," would not go out of his way to attend an ordinary race-meeting, never dreams of missing a Grand National, looking at it, indeed, as a fitting wind-up to the hunting season.

Nor is this feeling confined to the sterner sex, our hunting ladies being just as keen on the subject as their lords and masters, many of them not content merely to look on, but taking the trouble to walk round the course beforehand, and inspect the jumps.

I have frequently heard the remark that these are bigger than we are accustomed to meet with whilst hunting, but it should be remembered that when you are on foot obstacles look very much larger than when seen from the top of a big horse. As might be expected in these enlightened times, there have been many alterations and improvements of recent years, not only in the course itself, but in the stand and arrangements generally, conducive to the comfort of not only trainers and their charges, but the general public, with the result that at the present moment there is not a race-meeting to be named whose patrons are better looked after than by Messrs. Topham at Liverpool.

MY FIRST MOUNT.

When I first made acquaintance with the Grand National, exactly thirty-eight years ago, on which memorable occasion

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(to myself) the late Captain Machell gave me the mount on *Magnum Bonum* in the race won by *The Lamb* for the second time, it required a horse that could jump without tiring himself, and really stay, rather more than is necessary at the present time, for this reason—that, not only was the distance longer (they did not take a short cut from the canal turn the last time round, as now), but there was always a certain amount of plough, and the take-off at the fences was nothing like so level and sound as is the case nowadays, the track having been laid down with grass and properly levelled. Every horseman of experience must be aware what a difference it makes to the ease with which the horse jumps if the “take-off” is firm, level, and sound ground. At the period I mention there was no attempt to protect the course from the public, who just walked about where they liked. The first three fences were lined with men and women, who never attempted to get out of the way until the horses were within thirty or forty yards of the fence; and this state of things frequently led to horses refusing and tumbling at the first fence.

The second fence from the start in those days was a natural bank, fairly high, that portion of it on the right-hand side being much lower than the other, and this, although it was not the nearest line to take, the majority of the jockeys were very fond of making for, with frequently fatal results to themselves, as there being not much room, a good deal of jostling necessarily took place, with its attendant falls. Having myself always been of opinion that the nearest way was the best, I invariably made a point of jumping where the bank was highest, thereby avoiding any interference from a crowd of horses. That I was wise in my generation is, I think, proved from the fact that, out of the eight races ridden by me at various times over the steeplechase course at Aintree, I won

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four, and only fell once in all of them, and that was at the bank when riding Disturbance in the Sefton Steeplechase, at which time he had had very little practice.

After getting up I rode him round the course by himself—a very high trial for a young horse, and one that had its reward, for the next day I won the Craven Steeplechase on his back in a canter. Another instance was when riding Burglar in a hunters' steeplechase. Jumping the bank, according to custom, at its highest point, I obtained such a lead that it was a case of hare and hounds for the rest of the journey—and the hare won. In my opinion, the fences nowadays are just as formidable as ever they were, the reason for the horse apparently making smaller bones of them than formerly being that the "take-off" is so much better. In former days, the rail in front of the fences had quite the appearance of a Leicestershire ox-rail, and though looking a bit more formidable than those in present use, were, in reality, quite safe to ride fast over.

The last fence but one before coming to the racecourse used formerly to have quite a dip on the take-off side, and in the second round, when horses were tired and possibly some of their riders as well, was responsible for many a "toss." I well remember in 1873, when Disturbance won, Rhysworth hitting this fence very hard, and Boxall, son of Mr. Chaplin's stud groom, who rode him, did well to keep in the saddle as he did. As it was, he had fairly to bustle his horse to regain his lost ground, and this could not fail to have taken a lot of the steel out of him. To my thinking, it is doubtful policy for owners of candidates for Grand National honours to run them previously in races where the fences are not stiff enough to throw them down, if, as is frequently the case, they try to brush through them. Give them plenty of jumping at home

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over fences they can't take liberties with, and when I say plenty, I would suggest that most of the work should be done over obstacles which should be strong without being too high, so that the muscles will not tire, and the horse stays home. The present idea, however, is rather in the opposite direction, long gallops on the flat and only occasionally jumping exercise, if the animals are already good fencers and thoroughly know their business, being deemed quite sufficient without risking them so often over obstacles. Disturbance, Defence, Reugny, Rhysworth, and Burglar knew absolutely nothing when I first took them in hand at Limber Magna, so I think my method may fairly be said to have come out of the ordeal with credit to itself and all concerned.

PREPARING JUMPERS.

Another item in connection with the preparation of an aspirant for Liverpool honours to which I attach no little importance is to have three different gallops, as horses, who, after all said and done, are very like human beings in their likes and dislikes, are apt to get tired of always doing their work on the same ground day after day. Whether there has been any improvement in our steeplechase horses during the last thirty years is a question which I find somewhat difficult to answer. I suppose Cackler is about as good a specimen of his class as could be found at the present time, but can he show more quality or substance than such as The Colonel, Congress, Heraut d'Armes, Rhysworth, Columbine, Cortolvin, Snowstorm, Reugny, or Come Away—and in more recent years Manifesto—who a great many good judges, including his trainer, Mr. Willy Moore, declare to be the best-looking horse that ever made one of a Grand National field—and the unlucky

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John, M.P. ?—which last, unless I am greatly mistaken, was a real good animal.

The form on the flat, before they were initiated into the jumping business, of Disturbance, Reugny, Regal, and Chandos, was certainly some degrees removed from moderate. I well remember Rose of Athol, who ran third in the St. Leger, trying to give Reugny 7 lbs. in a six-furlong race at Kelso, and failing signally in the attempt. Chandos, again, ran prominently in the Derby; whilst great things were expected of Regal when a two-year-old in the French stable.

It was after winning a six-furlong welter race on his back at Ayr in very easy fashion that I bought Disturbance from his owner, Mr. James Barber, and as at the same meeting I also secured Reugny and Defence, giving £1200 for the three, all on behalf of Captain Machell, I may be fairly said to have made a record bargain. Jimmy Barber, as he was familiarly termed, was quite a character, and his eccentric "get up," so familiar to race-goers of that period, consisting of a tightly-buttoned swallow-tailed coat, shepherd's plaid trousers, and a very tall and indifferently brushed hat stuck well on the back of his head, was quite in harmony with the wearer; whilst, in cold or wet weather, by way of protection from the elements, a blue cloth cape of antiquated pattern would adorn his shoulders. Add a thick stick in his gloveless hands, and you have a pretty accurate portrait of Mr. James Barber.

I need scarcely remark that the whilom owner of Disturbance was "not born yesterday," as the saying is, and I remember his once telling me that if a man did him once he cried shame on him, but if the same man did him twice, he cried shame on James Barber. In spite, however, of his boasted worldly wisdom, I am afraid Mr. Barber did not woo Dame Fortune on the Turf with much success, and to one

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big coup in particular he laid himself out, for there is an amusing story attached. There being, in his opinion, only one bar to the success of his mare Fan in the Grand National of 1867, viz. the size of the fences, Mr. Barber determined to "mak sikker," as the Red Comyn remarked on a memorable occasion, by trimming them a bit on his own account. Accordingly, with this object in view, accompanied by a friend, he set out, chopper in hand, in the dead of the night on his errand of mercy. His surprise may be imagined when, arrived on the ground, he heard chop, chop, chop, in the neighbourhood of Becher's Brook, and, going to ascertain the cause, found another party busily engaged in making things a bit easier for another candidate.

Whether these rival philanthropists joined forces or not history does not state, but it is certain that so far as Fan was concerned her astute owner might as well have remained between the blankets, as, though backed at the finish as though the race were over, she could get no nearer than second to Cortolvin, who won in a canter by five lengths.

Another instance of oversight on his part I might mention was leaving Disturbance out in the cold when he won the Grand National. The day's racing at an end, Mr. Barber would repair to his inn, and there, seated at the head of a long table, he would roar out song after song in a sonorous voice which made the rafters ring again, and was only hushed when, at the call of "Time, Gentlemen, Time!" the company broke up for the night.

GOOD MILITARY RIDERS.

Our gentlemen riders have always held their own with the professionals over an Aintree country, the reason for which, in all probability, is that being hunting-men they find themselves

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more at home there, and the jockeys less so, than with the smaller and shorter steeplechase courses, such as Sandown and Kempton, etc., where not only is there less room, but jockeyship, pure and simple, has a better chance of asserting itself than in the more open country.

Never in my opinion was our Army so well represented in the steeplechase field as at the present time, either in number or in proficiency. Thirty or forty years ago you could count its recognized champions on one hand, consisting as they did of Colonels Knox and Harford, and Captains Smith, Coventry, and Riddell; whereas nowadays, at the Household Brigade Meeting at Hawthorn-hill, it is nothing uncommon to see twenty or thirty horses going to the post for a steeplechase.

There were, of course, plenty of other good men in the service besides the quintette I have mentioned, quite capable of holding their own over a country in any company; but, so far as I remember, these were the only officers who made a regular practice of riding in handicap steeplechases at all the principal meetings.

From my point of view I feel convinced that taking the Army as a whole, never in its existence did it contain so many really first-class horsemen as is the case at the present moment, and nothing would please me better than to see the Grand Military run over the Grand National course. This may seem a bold suggestion to make, but it is one which I feel pretty sure will find favour in the eyes of a large number of our military riders, both past and present.

It is now thirteen years since a soldier won the Grand National, but, judging from the number of good riders who compete in military races and the long prices some of them give for their horses, it is pretty safe to predict that before long their pluck will be rewarded by one of their number again

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annexing the much-coveted Blue Riband. If ever there was a horseman—certainly one of the most brilliant of our time—not only to hounds but over a flagged country, of whom one would have thought it safe to prophesy that at one time or other during his career in the saddle he would have steered the winner of the National, it was my old friend “Doggie” Smith, but in this particular race, which had been the dream of his life to win, his habitual good luck invariably deserted him. How well I remember, in 1874, when he and I were riding to the starting-post together, his saying, with a look of confidence there was no mistaking, “I’ve got you this time, old chap!”

Heraut d’Armes, his mount in the race, a grand-looking horse, up to 15 st. with hounds, and full of quality, had previously won the Conyngham Cup at Punchestown in a canter, and, with only 10 st. 8 lbs. in the saddle on this occasion, was bound to be dangerous. Anyhow, I know I breathed a sigh of relief when I saw him come down at the fence after Becher’s Brook. “Doggie’s” bad luck still clung to him in 1883, when, but for the merest fluke, he would certainly have been on the back of Zoedone when she won the National. He had promised to ride the mare in the great Sandown Steeplechase, run a short time previous to the Liverpool meeting. “Doggie” was away shooting at a friend’s place in the country at the time, and so severe was the frost in that part of the world that he gave up all idea of travelling to Sandown. A most unfortunate decision as it turned out, for not only was the programme at Sandown duly gone through, but Count—now Prince Charles Kinsky—finding himself without a jockey for Zoedone in the big event of the day, elected to ride her himself. The mare won in fine style, and so delighted was his sporting owner at the performance that he at once made up his

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mind to steer her in the Grand National, with the result we all know.

Owing to a recent heavy rainfall, the going was exceptionally heavy that year, and there being more plough, and the fences stiffer than usual, combined to make the victory all the more meritorious; and as, in addition, the winner had been well backed by the general public, Zoedone and her rider met with a great reception on their return to the weighing-room. Prince Charles Kinsky comes of a Hungarian family of ancient lineage, who from time immemorial have been noted for their horsemanship and passion for sport, and have long been known over here. Prince Charles's father, indeed, figures in that well-known picture by Barraud of the Meet at Badminton, the engraving of which is so familiar to most of us; whilst he himself, since his first arrival over here many years ago, in attendance on the late Emperor of Austria, has entered so heartily into all our outdoor sports, and—if I may be allowed to say so—made himself so generally popular that it seems almost an insult to refer to him as a foreigner. That he was as pleased to win the Grand National as we all were to see him do so may be gathered from the fact that on receiving the congratulations of a brother sportsman, who had called at his hotel for the purpose the morning after the race, the Prince, after thanking him, exclaimed, in the fullness of his heart, "What have I now to live for?"

That Prince Kinsky would have won the Liverpool for the second time of asking with Zoedone in 1885, but for the mare being "got at" on the course, only a few minutes before her rider got into the saddle, is more than probable. The incident naturally created a great stir at the time, and the details in connection with it read more like a chapter of a sensational novel than a happening in real life. The story, however, has

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been so graphically described by Finch Mason in his well-known book, "Heroes and Heroines of the Grand National," that it is unnecessary to go over the ground again.

SOUND ADVICE.

Prince Kinsky's victory was another instance of a hunting man being thoroughly at home over a big country, and it is interesting to hear that he followed to the letter the advice given to him just before the race by a sage of great experience, which was: "Ride just as if you were out hunting the first time round. After that, and not before, you can begin to look about you and see what the others are doing."

Perhaps the most remarkable instance on record of an inexperienced rider as regards steeplechase-riding proving successful at Aintree was the victory of Lord Manners on Seaman the previous year, when on a broken-down horse, with the elements against him in the shape of a blinding snowstorm, he found himself fighting out the finish with Tom Beasley, perhaps the best horseman of his day over the Aintree or any other course.

Frank Gordon, again, who with his life-long friend, Alec Goodman, for many years divided honours as the best horsemen who came out with the Fitzwilliam and Belvoir packs, and who, unlike the latter, did not lay himself out for steeplechase riding, finished second on Miss Mowbray in the Grand National of 1853, the only occasion on which he had a mount in the race; Alec Goodman, who had won on Miss Mowbray the previous year, curiously enough being third this time on Oscar, in the same stable.

In 1848, when the "Little Captain," as the popular Josey Little was sometimes termed, won on Chandler, a rider

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appeared amongst the field whose knowledge of horsemanship, let alone race-riding, I should imagine must have been of a very limited description. It was none other, indeed, than Johnny Browne, the well-known prize-fighter, who had the mount on Eagle, the story being that he had betted Captain Alleyne a "monkey" that he would be in the fourth field from home when the winner passed the post. Johnny, as might have been expected, rode with plenty of pluck, if not with much judgment, and kept with his horses all through the first round until Becher's Brook was reached the second time, when his horse, who was palpably unfit, coming to dire grief, gave the venturesome pugilist such a "toss" as lost him his senses for the time being, as well as his wager.

To go still further back, it may be interesting to members of the theatrical profession to hear that Mr. Newcombe, one of the best-known provincial managers in the kingdom, and a staunch follower of the different packs in the West of England, where his home lay, who died quite recently, at a great age, was the same Mr. Newcombe who rode his own horse, Cannon Ball, in the initiative Grand National in 1839.

PUBLIC SCHOOL SUCCESSES.

It would be odd indeed if the great public schools had not been well represented on the classic plains of Aintree from time to time, and accordingly Eton is responsible for Capt. Townley (second, on The Huntsman, to Anatis in 1860); Capt. Coventry, who won on Alcibiade in 1865; George Ede, rider of The Lamb in 1868, and in the opinion of many (including myself) the best cross-country horseman of his day; Mr. Digby Collins, owner of and rider of the celebrated mare Express, knocked over by Arbury in 1865; Freddy Hobson,

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rider of Austerlitz in 1877; the Earl of Minto ("Mr. Rolly"); "Roddy" Owen, who won on Father O'Flynn in 1892; Reggie Ward, who tried so hard to win with Cathal; and Mr. F. Withington, who rode Ford of Fyne into third place in 1897, and sixth the following year. Jerry Dalglish, Capt. Percy Bewicke, and my humble self are all indebted to Harrow for that knowledge of the dead languages which has since proved so useful on occasion for admonitory purposes in a big field of horses; whilst to Rugby is accorded the honour of having endowed "Doggie" Smith with the nickname by which he has been familiarly known to his friends. I am not quite sure, but I fancy Mr. W. H. P. Jenkins (Mr. P. Merton), the rider of The Robber in 1869, was also at Rugby, and Mr. J. C. Dormer (now John Upton), who was second on Cloister to Father O'Flynn, in 1892, certainly was.

A time-honoured institution in connection with the Grand National was the betting in the large billiard-room at the Washington Hotel on the night before the race, but this has been put a stop to of recent years by the powers that be, and the card read over instead, as it is after the Waterloo Cup dinner. It answers the same purpose, I suppose, but it is hardly the same thing. How well I remember their forming a ring round Lord Marcus Beresford and Capt. Machell the night before Regal's victory in 1876, when the pair backed their respective champions, Chimney Sweep and Chandos, against each other in most spirited fashion, in a series of fancy bets, as a result of which the captain, I fancy, came off second best!

The great beauty of the Grand National is that no matter what the quality of the competitors, the attraction is just as great, and though no doubt on this present occasion the elimination of Cackler and his stable companions deprives the

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race of a certain amount of interest, I don't suppose it will make much difference at the pay-boxes when their contents are counted over. The principal question now seems to be: Will the French horse, ridden by a French jockey, with an American seat, prove capable of winning? Personally, I am dead against this style of riding, the advantage of which I quite fail to see in such a contest as the Grand National. Let us hope, if only for the sake of "L'Entente Cordiale," that I am wrong.

SHOW JUMPING

It is quite right in my opinion that jumping competitions, such as those at Olympia, should meet with every encouragement, as apart from their great popularity with the British public, who always appreciate good horsemanship, the prizes are well worth having, and there is, in addition, a ready sale for those horses who acquit themselves with credit in the arena.

The first most important point in making a horse a good jumper is to give him confidence, especially where an extra high jump is concerned; the pupil being very apt to refuse after the obstacle is raised above a certain height from pure want of belief in his own powers to negotiate it, and that is why the increase should be made as gradual as possible.

An open ditch on the take-off side of a fence is the surest test I know of whether a horse is a natural jumper, as he must spring from his hind legs in order to clear the obstacle properly. He must also know, when the ditch is full of thorns, not to take off too near, but, on the contrary, to stand well away; and a fence of this description might be introduced with advantage at our Horse Shows.

It is, of course, impossible in such a place as Olympia to



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CAP, JACKET, AND WHIP.

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have fences exactly like those that we are accustomed to meet with out hunting, but I think the executive could certainly improve on the obstacles I saw there last year, which were artificial in the extreme, and not a bit like the real thing. The drop fence, which teaches the rider to sit back and the horse to land on his hind legs, cannot be made easily; but there is no earthly reason that I can see why a narrow bank with a ditch each side, almost identical with the average fence in a bank country, should not take its place. In any case, I advocate the ditch on the "take-off" side, which was conspicuous by its absence last year.

The "double" is a useful sort of jump and should be twelve feet in between.

The jump of six or seven feet in height is merely a trick, and to my mind savours rather of a circus. Any horse with patience and practice can be schooled to accomplish this, but except to win money at the different shows it is of little practical value. The winners of the high jump at Olympia would, in all probability, cut a sorry figure in a run over a blind country in October.

The fact that the fences at Olympia give way at the least touch is sure to make horses careless. On the other hand, were they made *really* strong, like those you meet with out hunting, there would be bad accidents for certain, so that the executive in not taking any risk are wise in their generation. In my opinion artificial jumps are of very little use in making a hunter. Drive your equine pupil in long reins over a natural country and he will soon learn his business.

It should also be borne in mind that for a horse to jump a big fence when fresh, and when blown and leg-weary, are two very different things.

The bank last year at Olympia was a great deal too broad

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on the top. What is wanted for a horse to do properly is a low bank, *very* narrow on the top, with a big deep ditch on the far side, and when I say "do properly," I mean by changing on the top of this "razor"-topped bank—not simply kicking back with his hind legs, but with all four legs a top and then launching over.

The skilled rider in the show ring can undoubtedly be of great assistance to his horse by getting him nicely balanced, and making him take off at the proper distance from the fence, as his practised eye will tell him lengths before he gets to the obstacle, whatever it is, if he is getting too near, and he will make his mount shorten his stride accordingly, to the great improvement of his performance.

Though there can be no possible harm in teaching a horse to jump these artificial fences, it must not be assumed for a moment that his becoming a proficient, entitles him to be called a hunter, because it certainly does not.

A horse with a good rider of either sex on his back, jumping fence after fence in the arena as if to the manner born, is a sight worth seeing at any time. But the show hunter must be looked at as you would a replica of a picture, and perhaps not a very good one at that.

For the original you must go to the hunting field and nowhere else.

THE END

