

RACEHORSES IN AUSTRALIA

WITH PAINTINGS BY
MARTIN STAINFORTH



EDITED BY DR. W. H. LANG
AND ILLUSTRATED BY STEWART MEYER



JOHN A. SEAVERNS

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RACEHORSES IN AUSTRALIA

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PLATE I.

HEAD OF TRAEALGAR, one of the most genuine stayers bred in Australia of recent years. From a painting of the horse, at the age of 7 years, in the possession of Dr. Stewart McKay.

WITH PAINTINGS BY
MARTIN STAINFORTH

EDITED BY
DR. W. H. LANG
KEN AUSTIN AND
DR. STEWART McKAY

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CONTENTS

	Page
Introduction - - - - - By Ken Austin	1
Racehorses in Australia - - - - - By Dr. W. H. Lang	3
Martin Stainforth—an appreciation - - - - - By Dr. Stewart McKay	105
The Secret of Staying Power - - - - - By Dr. Stewart McKay	117
The A.J.C. and Randwick - - - - - By Ken Austin	124
The V.R.C. and Flemington - - - - - By Dr. W. H. Lang	130
The Thoroughbred Homes of Australia - - - - - By Ken Austin	137
Famous Racehorses - - - - - By Frank Wilkinson (Martindale)	147
Racing in New South Wales - - - - -	159

ILLUSTRATIONS

COLORED PLATES

	Plate		Plate
Head of Trafalgar - - - -	1	Brattle - - - -	13
Musket - - - -	2	Poitrel - - - -	14
Carbine - - - -	3	Gloaming - - - -	15
Trenton - - - -	4	Artilleryman - - - -	16
Cross Battery - - - -	5	Triptych - - - -	17
The Finish for the V.R.C. Flying Stakes, 1902 - - - -	6	Cetigne - - - -	18
Maltster - - - -	7	Kennaquhair - - - -	19
Wallace - - - -	8	Comedy King - - - -	20
Lanius - - - -	9	Woorak - - - -	21
Linacre - - - -	10	Panacre - - - -	22
Yippingale - - - -	11	Eurythmic - - - -	23
Trafalgar - - - -	12	The Finish for the A.J.C. Craven Plate, 1918 - - - -	24

BLACK AND WHITE ILLUSTRATIONS

	Page		Page
Duke Foote - - - -	107	Fisherman - - - -	148
Desert Gold - - - -	107	Flying Buck - - - -	149
Malt King - - - -	108	Archer - - - -	149
Biplane - - - -	108	Clove - - - -	150
The Welkin - - - -	109	Yattendon - - - -	150
Cagou - - - -	109	Maribyrnong - - - -	151
Greenstead - - - -	110	The Barb - - - -	151
Beauford - - - -	110	Tim Whiffler - - - -	152
Martin Stainforth - - - -	111	Chester - - - -	152
Pencil Sketches - - - -	111	First King - - - -	153
Anatomical Study - - - -	112	Robinson Crusoe - - - -	153
Sketch of Pony - - - -	112	Goldsbrough - - - -	154
Artilleryman - - - -	113	Grand Flaneur - - - -	154
Ready - - - -	113	Abercorn - - - -	155
Pal - - - -	114	Malua - - - -	155
Mallwyd Albert - - - -	114	Wakeful - - - -	156
Views of Randwick - - - -	125	La Carabine - - - -	156
Plan of Randwick - - - -	126	Carlita - - - -	157
Views of Flemington - - - -	135	Tartan - - - -	157
Plans of Flemington - - - -	136	Poseidon - - - -	158
Jorrocks - - - -	147	Prince Foote - - - -	158
Veno - - - -	148		

INTRODUCTION

HIS volume should have made its appearance towards the close of last year but the regrettable death of Bertram Stevens, who had the work in hand, practically suspended matters in connection with its publication. With characteristic energy Mr. Harry Julius took up the work, and it is due to his efforts that the book is now complete. The amount of detail work concerned in bringing out this publication has been very great, and can only be appreciated properly by those like myself who have been connected with Mr. Harry Julius during the time the book was in the press.

The scope of the volume as originally planned by the late Bertram Stevens was very much wider than the present book. It was found as the work progressed that the project was too ambitious and the field too large to cover in detail.

A general view of the development of Australian racing has been embodied, and the breeding of the racehorse in the Southern Hemisphere lightly touched on. The illustrations, which include some of the best performers of the present day, are devoted mainly to reproductions of pictures painted by Mr. Martin Stainforth. To make a comprehensive list of famous horses, Mr. Stainforth executed a number of paintings especially for the book. Pictures of other horses who have made their names famous on the racecourse or at the stud are also reproduced, and should serve as a valuable record to those interested in the thoroughbred.

Delays have been experienced in many cases with the colour reproductions. Many of the original blocks had to be discarded as they failed to accurately record the original colour and detail of line of Martin Stainforth's pictures. To overcome this a great many of the colour plates were made again.

The publishers are indebted to a great many people for their helpful efforts—those who have loaned pictures for reproduction, and the officials of the Australian Jockey Club, Victoria Racing Club and the Rosehill Race Club—in connection with the publication of this book.

They have been particularly fortunate in having been able to secure Dr. W. H. Lang to write the bulk of the letterpress. No one is more conversant with the thoroughbred than Dr. Lang, and his literary style speaks for itself.

Dr. Stewart McKay has contributed a scientific article which opens up a new train of thought in connection with the racehorse, while others who have lent a helping hand are Messrs. Frank Wilkinson and Tom Willis.

Thanks are due to the trustees of the National Art Gallery of N.S.W., Sir Samuel Hordern, Dr. Stewart McKay, Messrs. McEvilly, R. De Mestre, W. A. Crowle, G. F. Rowe, A. J. Morton, Jas. Barden, F. G. White, Norman Falkiner, W. M. Borthwick, J. Campbell Wood, T. A. Stirton, Dr. Herbert Marks, Mrs. H. Gordon, Mrs. Flemmich, Mrs. F. Body, and Mrs. Herbert Marks, for permission to reproduce pictures in their possession.

KEN AUSTIN.

THE RACEHORSE IN AUSTRALIA

By Dr. W. H. LANG.

Chapter I.

The Pre-historic Days.

THE History of the Racehorse in Australia is such a short one that you might, with reason, imagine that the entire narrative could be condensed into a very small space when committed to print. But you would be utterly wrong. On the contrary, an historian, with his heart in the business, could reel off a number of fair-sized volumes, and still his work would not be fulfilled to his entire satisfaction. A little ancient history may be useful to us before we commence to study the subject. As you know, there was no trace of the genus horse on our island continent before the coming of the white man. In America, on the other hand, although there was no horse as we know him, before the advent of the Conqueror Cortez, in 1518, yet the fossilised remains of the Eohippus, the Protohippus and Hipparion are so numerous and well distributed on the great American continents that these wide lands seem to have been the most favoured home of the great race of equidae, in the far-off days before the ice.

The whole species was then cut off, to a horse, possibly by an epidemic, or by the ravages, more probably, of some insect or microbe, and its history in that quarter of the globe recommenced with the Conquest. In vivid contrast the tale of our own Australian horse, and all our other domestic animals, begins as late as the 10th day of January, 1788. Governor Phillip brought with him from the Cape of Good Hope, where he had called to obtain supplies on his voyage hither with his first fleet of convicts, a stallion and three mares with foals at foot, a few cattle, and in all 500 head of live stock, but which consisted for the most part of poultry.

The new Colony had a good deal of bad luck at this time. The four-footed animals, owing to the negligence of a convict herdsman, strayed away, and although one has reason to believe that the horses were recovered, there is no certainty on that head. With the cattle there is a different story to tell, and on the very day upon which I am writing this, I read, in "The English Sporting Magazine" of 1797, the story of their loss and recovery. A boat's crew sought a bay on the coast whilst searching for fresh water. At the spot where the men landed they fell in with a convict who had escaped five years before, and who had joined the blacks. This man showed them where the lost cattle had made their home, deep in some fertile valley, and in the course of their nine years of liberty they had increased in numbers to sixty-one head. It was a valuable find for the struggling colonists, who, from drought and flood, had lost a large portion of their property.

In the very early years of "the Colony" there was exceedingly little need for the assistance of light horses in the daily work of the place, whilst the desire to possess an animal more speedy than that owned by a neighbour had not yet arisen at all. You will, perhaps, recollect that, until the year 1813 or thereabouts, the only portion of our vast continent which was being made use of by white men was a little strip of soil between the Blue Mountains and the sea, some forty miles by eighty, and the few horses which had now been brought over from the Cape, or out from the Old Country, were simply beasts of burden, or, at the best, perhaps, hacks and harness horses.

It was on the 31st day of May of that year that Blaxland, Wentworth and Lawson burst their way through the hitherto impenetrable ranges and scrub into the limitless lands beyond, and it was upon that same day that the use for a swift and long-enduring saddle horse was discovered by the inhabitants

who followed in the tracks of these explorers, and the first real need of the thoroughbred as a sire found its way into Australia.

Yet, though there seems to have been such a limited demand for the thoroughbred steed in these very early days, there were, at least, three importations before the transit of the Blue Mountains had been accomplished, and you cannot help wondering what was the inducement which tempted the importers to take the risk.

A mist floats over the particulars of these first arrivals. In the closing years of the eighteenth century there is on record that a blood horse, Rockingham by name, was shipped to Australia from the Cape of Good Hope. It was at the end of the seventeenth nineties, and the only other authentic fact which I can ascertain concerning him is that he subsequently became known as "Young Rockingham." There is no trace of anything which he may have left behind him in the way of progeny. He was probably by Rockingham, a stallion which was covering in England about this period, but not the Rockingham, of course, by Humphrey Clinker, who appears in the pedigree of Doncaster. The day of that sire had not yet dawned.

A blood horse called Washington is said to have been imported from America in 1802. The first volume of the "Australian Stud Book" simply mentions the fact, and adds that he was "said to have been a very handsome horse," and there it ends. But Mr. T. Merry, in his book on the American horse, states that he was by Timoleon, and that he was not sent to Australia until 1825. The third importation before the transit was of one whose name is still alive, and that is "Old" Hector, or simply Hector. The exact year of his arrival here is uncertain. A correspondent in a weekly paper some months ago gives it with confidence as 1803, and states that the horse died in 1821. The first volume of the "Stud Book" quotes it as 1810, but refers to him as a "Persian." Hector was a favourite name amongst horse-masters, and there were as many Hectors in Australia as there were King Harrys on the field of Shrewsbury. The thoroughbred Hector is described as "a very fine, commanding horse. The gameness of his stock proves that he was not an Indian horse." The second volume corrects the dates, and believes that Hector was imported in 1806, whilst the seventh volume adds that Hector went to Tasmania from New South Wales in 1820. In a Tasmanian advertisement he is described as "by Hector, probably Hector by Trentham," the property of the Iron Duke. All this is not only of interest, but it is of a certain value to stud-masters, for the blood of Old Hector survives in some force to-day through the descendants of his daughter Old Betty. But, as that famous mare, the ancestress of such a very numerous and worthy family, was not foaled until 1829, we are left in a deep quagmire of doubt as to what her real pedigree can possibly have been. The "Stud Book," however, accepts the mare as being by Hector.

And, to close these very early, almost prehistoric data, a bay stallion, named The Governor, was imported about 1817. He was by Walton from Enchantress, by Volunteer, from a mare by Mambrino, but I can find no mention whatsoever of this horse's services, nor of his progeny. That, indeed, was inevitable, for until this period no race mare with a clean pedigree had ever come to our shores. Our country at that time was no land of promise, so hopelessly far away was it from the Old World, and from civilisation, over seas very dangerous, not only on account of the smallness of the vessels employed in transport, but also from the unceasing violence of the enemy.

Chapter II.

The First Race Mare.

But now, after Waterloo, with the seemingly interminable wars and tumults lulled into peace and calm at last, things were beginning to shape themselves in the Colony. Evans had explored the country a hundred miles or so farther out than that point to which Blaxland's little company had penetrated, and he had discovered the Macquarie River, and named it. Oxley had already condemned as useless almost all the fertile land of the Southern Riverina, although, at any rate, he had thrown it open, and in 1824 Hamilton Hume had walked with his few followers, and with Hovell, an old ship's captain with whom he continually fought, from Lake George to Port Phillip Bay. Cattle and sheep had increased enormously, the country over which they depastured seemed to be without end, but markets were few and far apart. Horses of stamina, and therefore of the best blood were urgently required in order to round up the mobs of bullocks and cows which roamed the unfenced plains, and to accomplish the long journeys to the distant towns.

And thus it was that our best early stallions, and some of our mares which still, through their descendants, carry on their lines, were brought to Australia. Steeltrap, in 1823, was the first of the successful stallions to land. His was valuable blood. He was by Scud, and Scud sired two Derby winners, the first, Sam, bred in 1815, the very year in which Steeltrap was foaled, and the second, Sailor, in 1817. The Oaks winner of 1819, Shoveler, was also a Scud filly, and therefore it is perfectly evident that Steeltrap came from the most fashionable blood of his day, and must have been worth a great deal of money. His dam was by Sorcerer out of Pamella, by Whiskey from Lais. He was a chestnut, and "sired very game horses." Their gameness, no doubt, was exhibited during the long and tiring journeys after cattle, for contests must have been rare in which they could have had opportunities of proving their mettle on the racecourse. Steeltrap remains with us still in the persons of the descendants of "The Steeltrap mare." There were several matrons identified by the same cognomen, but this particular representative of the clan was out of "a Government mare," presumably clean bred, and she left two daughters, Beeswing and Marchioness, both by The Marquis, a son of Dover.

Zulu, the winner of the great Melbourne Cup in 1881, came from this line, as well as Bylong, Stanley, Sweetmeat and Tridentate, while around Wagga numbers of the same breed are still alive through the medium of the mares Lady Cameron, Lady Phoebe, Latona and Antonia.

In the same year, 1824, which brought us Steeltrap, there also came to our shores Bay Camerton, or Old Camerton, or simply Camerton. He was known by each and all of these names from time to time. He was by Camerton, from Waltonia, by Walton, and quickly ran out, on his dam's side, to the very famous Burton Barb mare, which is now so readily identified as the tap root of the exceptionally high quality No. 2 family. Bay Camerton survives through the line of Camilla, a daughter of his when mated with Old Betty. But now, in the following year, 1825, arrived the first of all the race mares that have made Australian Turf story. This was Manto. It was indeed a happy day for our Turf when she, then a three-year-old, landed in New South Wales. She was bred in England in 1822, was bought by Mr. Icely, Coombing Park, and imported to Australia in 1825. I can find no description of the colour of Manto, as, curiously, she does not appear in the "General Stud Book." The omission came about probably in this manner: In 1780 the Duke of Cumberland, "the Butcher" of Culloden, bred a mare

named Rose, by Sweet Briar out of Merlton, by Snap. She passed through several hands, but ultimately ended up in the ownership of old Dick Goodisson, an eccentric fellow, and the favourite jockey, as well as companion of the Marquis of Queensberry, better known as "old Q.," and worse known in the lines of the Poet Wordsworth as "Degenerate Douglas." Dick Goodisson bred a filly by Buzzard from Rose in 1800, a full brother to the same-named Lyncaeus, and two more sisters, one in 1802, and another in 1803. These mares were simply known, after the slack method of the time, as "sisters to Lyncaeus." The last foal of one of these same sisters to Lyncaeus, by Soothsayer, the individual dropped in 1802, was this Manto of ours, and Mr. Wanklyn, the erudite keeper of the "New Zealand Stud Book," and a prolific author in the matter of "Stud Book" lore, believes that it was the fact that she was the youngest born foal of her mother, and that she was sold as a youngster to go abroad, which accounted for the non-appearance of her name in the recognised official records of the day.

Before leaving England, Manto had been served by Young Grasshopper, by Grasshopper, who was by Windle, a son of Beningborough, by King Fergus, by Eclipse. Young Grasshopper's dam was a daughter of Sorcerer, and as Manto was by Soothsayer, by Sorcerer, we have an early illustration of the value of close in-breeding. Manto dropped her foal a few days after setting her feet on Australian soil, and the little thing was christened Cornelia. Unfortunately, Mr. Icely, unappreciative of the excellence and value of his importations, failed to keep anything like accurate records of his stud. He did not even take a note of the colour of his foals. We do know, however, that Manto, subsequent to the birth of Cornelia, also foaled Chancellor, to Steeltrap, Lady Godiva to Rous' Emigrant, Lycurgus to Whisker, and Emilius to Operator.

She also produced a colt named Jupiter, which was sent to South Australia, but he is returned without the name of his sire attached. It is to Cornelia that we must look for the tap-root from which nearly one thousand racehorses in Australia have traced their origin. She threw a colt named Emancipation, by Toss, a bold experiment in still more extensive in-breeding to Sorcerer—a filly, Lady Flora, by Whisker, a full sister to her, named Besom, a colt, Euclid, by Operator, a filly, Old Moonshine, by Rous' Emigrant, and Flora McIvor, also by Emigrant. Moonshine's name still crops up through Coquette, Speculation and Progress—Grand Flaneur's understudy, but Flora McIvor had an enormous family. For Mr. Icely she threw the fillies Fatima, Florence, Faultless, Emily, Zoe, Flora and Chloe, and five colts, Figaro, Cossack, Nutwith, The Chevalier and Bay Middleton. Mr. Icely then disposed of the old mare to Mr. Redwood, of Nelson, New Zealand, and for him she produced at the age of 26 and 28, or possibly, for Mr. Icely's lack of stud records causes much uncertainty, at 27 and 29. Io and Waimea, Flora McIvor's pair of New Zealand children, and her children's children, from these two famous mares, rose up and called her blessed. Io and Waimea were dropped in 1855 and '57., and then, full of years and honours, and with no further offspring, the grand old mare died in 1861. The list of great racehorses which claim her for their ancestress is too long to quote, but the names of even a few of these will tell you what a very cornerstone of our pastime Flora McIvor has proved herself to be. There was Bloodshot. I can see him in the Cup chasing Newhaven home now, when my eyes are closed. And then there were Chicago, Churchill, Circe, Cissy, Cremorne, Cuirassier, Euroclydon, Frailty, The Gem, Havoc, Manuka, Newmaster, Niagara, Nonsense, Oudeis, Parthian, Progress, Siege Gun, Trenton, Wakatipu, Wild Rose, Zalinski, Beauford and Zoe, whilst the brood mares that trace to the same source run into hundreds.

Chapter III.

The 'Thirties.

There were very few clean bred horses imported to Australia between the arrival of Manto and the 'thirties of the last century. Such as they were, these are not only very interesting, but several of them proved themselves to be extremely valuable, and we have their representatives racing with credit on our courses to this day. Thus, in 1826, The Cressey Company brought to Tasmania the chestnut horse Buffalo, by Fyldener, a great grandson of Herod, from Roxana, a granddaughter, on both sides of the house, of the immortal Eclipse. It is a little surprising to find a commercial company in those far-off days selecting a stallion of such superlative blood lines for the purpose of producing utility horses in this distant land, for the racehorse can scarcely yet have entered into its calculations when the company made its purchases. We may be very certain that the managers had very wise heads upon their shoulders. By the same ship they also imported the stallion Bolivar, and the chestnut mare who became so famous in after days, Edella. The latter produced three chestnuts to her fellow traveller Buffalo, the colts Liberty and Fyldener, and the filly Curiosity. Edella was by Warrior, a great grandson of Herod, from Risk, a great, great, granddaughter of Herod from a Precipitate mare, and Precipitate was a granddaughter of Eclipse. You can thus see how tremendously closely our ancestors bred in and in to Herod and O'Kelly's mighty nonpareil Eclipse. Curiosity, the in-bred daughter of Buffalo and Edella, was put to Peter Finn, a horse by Whalebone from a Delpini mare, brought to Tasmania in 1826, in the brig "Anne," and the result was the bay filly Diana. This mare became the property of Mr. Field, of Tasmania, and his family has religiously cherished her descendants ever since. Mr. Field put Diana to Bay Middleton, a son of imported Jersey, who was by Buzzard, a son of Blacklock from Cobweb, the great Bay Middleton's dam. The result of the union was the filly Resistance, who, when her time came, was sent to Peter Wilkins, a brown horse by The Flying Dutchman from Boarding School Miss. A daughter of hers was christened Edella, after her great-great-grand dam. One wishes that those forebears of ours had had more ingenuity in their choice of names. Edellas, Curiosities, Camillas, Violets and Cobwebs fly in clouds through the earlier stud books. However that may be, this particular Edella threw two great colts, Stockwell, by St. Albans, and Bagot, by the same sire. Stockwell, after showing that he was a first-class racehorse, unfortunately died, and Bagot, when his name had been changed to Malua, was the greatest horse of his day, and founder of his family. This history of the introduction of the horse into Australasia is an engrossing theme, but if we gave way to our desires and followed each and all of them up through the century we would run into many volumes. Skeleton was the only new arrival during 1827, and his name has, but for Woorak's successes, nearly died out from our modern pedigrees. I, however, possess several letters from the Marquis of Sligo to Mr. W. Reilly, Skeleton's importer, concerning him, and pointing out to Mr. Reilly the horse's many qualities.

As a piece of contemporary history, one of these letters is worthy of reproduction in a history of the Racehorse in Australia:—

"Mansfield Street,

"London,

"30th March, 1832.

"My Dear Sir,—

"In reply to your note requesting me to give my opinion of Skeleton, who formerly belonged to me, and whom you have sent to New South

Wales, I have much pleasure in confirming the representation of my cousin, Captain Browne, relative to his performance and character; indeed, I can go much farther, in consequence of what has occurred since his statement was made. Every one of Skeleton's brothers have since distinguished themselves in the highest degree, so much so that, when I wished to purchase another brother on account of my knowledge of the good qualities of two former ones, I was asked 500 guineas for him, though only a yearling. One of his brothers (not the same) was since sold for 700 guineas, a three-year-old, and that in Ireland, where money is scarce.

"My conviction is that, had he been fairly treated by my trainer, he would have found himself one of the best horses in England. Indeed, his public as well as his private trials warrant me in saying so. The proof of my opinion was my seeking to re-purchase his sire (Master Robert), and purchasing his brother.

"Were Skeleton now in this country, I would not hesitate to adopt him into my stud, which is pretty numerous and of some value, as may be proved by my selling last year a two-year-old, Fang, a relative, too, of Skeleton, for the enormous sum of 3,300 guineas money, and contingencies worth at market 500 more, making by £100 the greatest price ever given for a two-year-old. Mr. Western's opinion of him is, I think, quite correct, and I know no stallion more likely to effect an important improvement in the breed of horses in Australia."

"(Signed) SLIGO."

You see what an alteration in values has taken place during the ninety years since the Marquis penned these lines. Three thousand guineas was an "enormous sum" for a horse, and seven hundred a great price for a three-year-old in Ireland, "where money is scarce." Times have changed, indeed, with a vengeance. The Captain Browne mentioned in the letter was the father of our very familiar old friend, Rolf Boldrewood, and Skeleton has left behind him a deep mark in the Malvolio and Woorak family, through Madcap, Giovani, Lady Laurestina, and finally Latona, by Skeleton out of Miss Lane.

Chapter IV.

The Foundation Stallions of Australia.

All told, there were forty-seven blood stallions imported into Australia between the beginning of things and the end of 1838, and, considering what state the world had been in, politically and socially, during a great part of that period, and remembering the weary length of the voyage, the risk of capture by the French, and all the dangers incident to a sea voyage of some twelve thousand miles in small vessels, ships which could only be described as cockleshells, we did not do so very badly after all. It is interesting, and valuable, too, to mark the chronological order of the advent of such of these as have left a name behind them, in spite of the great gulf of time and all the tremendous events which have taken place on the earth since their brief day.

Blood Stallions of Note That Were Imported Between 1799 and 1838.

1799. Young Rockingham, by Rockingham.
 1810. Hector, or Old Hector.
 1817. The Governor.
 1822. Stride, still alive through Princess, by Gratis from Roan Kit, by Stride out of a daughter of Camerton, from Cleodora, by Hector.
 1824. Camerton. (No. 2.)
 Steeltrap (chestnut), by Scud—Prophetess. Sire of Jorrock's dam. Satellite (a bay Arab); got great weight carriers and police horses.
 1826. Buffalo (chestnut), by Fyldener—Roxana. (No. 13.)
 Peter Fin (bay), by Whalebone—Scotina.
 1827. Skeleton (grey), by Master Robert—Drone's dam. (No. 2.)
 1828. Emigrant (Rous') (brown), by Pioneer—Ringtail. (No. 4.)
 Theorem (chestnut), by Merlin—Pawn. (No. 1.)
 1829. Toss (bay), by Bourbon—Tramp's dam. (No. 3.)
 1830. Romeo (chestnut), by Partisan—Vice. (No. 1.)
 1831. Wanderer (bay), by Wanderer—Ogress. (No. 2.)
 1832. Little John (bay), by Little John—Anna. (No. 11.)
 1835. Gratis (bay), by Middleton—Lamia. (No. 42.)
 1836. Dover (bay), by Patron—Maid of Kent. (No. 15.)
 1837. Operator (chestnut), by Emilius—Worthless. (No. 11.)
 1838. Lawson's Emigrant (brown), by Tramp—dam by Blucher.
 Rubens (chestnut), by Priam—Sister to Portrait.
 1838 or 9. Cap-a-Pie (bay), by The Colonel—Sister to Cactus. (No. 5.)

Emigrant was the king of them all. If ever you run out the pedigree of an Australian-bred horse of to-day, whose ancestors have dwelt for some generations in Australia, there crops up the name of Rous' Emigrant. It forms a memorial, far more enduring than brass or iron, to that very gallant sailor and splendid judge of all things connected with the racehorse, the Hon. H. J. Rous, "The Admiral."

Rous' Emigrant was a black brown, according to one who actually saw him, although some authorities, including the General Stud Book, describe him as having been a bay. In my own eyes I always frame a mental picture of a rich, glowing, mahogany brown horse, with a bold, generous, manly head, a great full eye, a noble crest, deep, fine shoulders, a barrel as round as any cask, and a tremendous loin. "He carries his flag like a Russian duke" of the olden time, and his quarters and gaskins are immense, with hocks straight, flat and strong. Old Mr. Gosper, of Windsor, N.S.W., is reported to have given the following verdict concerning Emigrant, and in the vernacular, "I never seed an 'orse that I liked better than Rous' Emigrant. 'Is 'oofs looked as though they war made o' granite, and at eighteen there wasn't a blemish of no sort on 'is legs." A rare horse.

But if the tide of emigration had been a somewhat weak one up to 1839, something had evidently occurred in the history of the colony, or in the world's politics, so as to entirely alter that state of affairs, and I am not quite sure what that something might have been. The prosperity of Australia about this period was not very startling. The price of cattle was low, the population was not increasing in a satisfactory manner, "boiling-down" had already been resorted to, and yet, between 1839 and the commencement of 1844, fifty-three blood stallions were brought into the country. And the bustle and boom of the gold rush was still in the womb of futurity.

Chapter V.

The Foundation Brood Mares of Australia.

We have examined the foundation stones of our thoroughbred horse, so far as the sires are concerned, and now it is necessary to look at that even more important element in the building up of our racing stock, the early brood mares. We have already noted the arrival of Manto and the birth of Cornelia, the most important events which ever occurred in the chronicles of our Australian turf. None of the mares that followed, between 1825 and the early forties of the last century, were nearly so potent for good, although the influence of one or two of these has been sufficiently great.

Here is a brief list of those worthy matrons:—

1825. Manto, by Soothsayer—sister to Lyncaeus. (No. 18.)
Cornelia, by Young Grasshopper—Manto. (No. 18.)
1826. Edella, by Warrior—Risk. (No. 3.)
Cutty Sark (chestnut), probably by Soothsayer, but pedigree never authenticated.
Spaewife (chestnut), by Soothsayer—Rous' Emigrant's dam. (No. 4.)
1828. Whizzig (bay), by Whalebone—dam by Canopus. (No. 3.)
Lorina, by Smolensko—dam by Whiskey—Hoity Toity. (No. 26.)
Dam of Alice Hawthorne.
1830. Lady Emily, by Manfred—dam by Cossack. (No. 29.)
Gulnare (grey), by Young Gohanna—Ultima. (No. 17.)
1831. Merino, by Whalebone—Vicarage. (No. 3.)
The Cape mare, said to have been by Driver. (No. 24.)
Fairy, by Catton—Voltaire's dam. (No. 12.)
Octavia, by Whalebone—Blacking. (No. 5.)
1834. Penelope, by Phantom—dam by Woful. (No. 26.)
1839. Georgiana (Kater's), by Waverly—sister to Corduroy. (No. 5.)
Persiani, by The Colonel—dam by Reveller. (No. 12.)

And then, during the 'forties, there came Falklandina, Quadroon, Paraguay, Nora Creina, Miss Lane, Splendora and the Giggler. A few others there were, but their sun has waned, their glory is faded, already they have slipped over the horizon of time, and are out of sight. Of the early arrivals, apart from Manto and Cornelia, Edella has handed down to us such horses as Caramut, Malua, Mozart, Rapidity, Glenloth, Sheet Anchor, and numerous matrons which may, at any moment, teem, once more, with winners as of old. Spaewife lives through David, a Debutant winner, Finland, Fishery, and all that Fishwife family which brings back so vividly the name of that excellent old sportsman, Mr. John Turnbull. Quambone, Fucile, Tim Whiffler and Troubadour spring from the same root. Whizzig is responsible for Blink Bonny, Coronet, Meteor, Prodigal, Ringwood, Rufus, Strop and Tim Swiveller.

Most of this little troupe came over to the mainland from Tasmania in order to earn their fame.

Lady Emily is the founder of the tribe of Beaumont, The Bohemian, Lady Betty, The Nun, Pardon, Picture and Reprieve, but Gulnare, who was imported in the same year as Lady Emily, has left a much more indelible mark on our records than any other of the pioneers, with the exception of Manto.

That very remarkable man, Captain John Macarthur, who, I believe, did more for young Australia than any other individual, imported this mare. She was a grey, but her colour character seems to have been lost during the gulf of years between us and them. Sappho retains her ghostly influence over

her descendants much more markedly than does Gulnare. Yattendon was the great exponent of the family, but many good horses came from the same line, such as Camden, Cassandra, Dainty Ariel, Survivor, and so on, and there are a goodly number of mares still with us from one of which the ancient glories of the house may readily be revived. Merino, Fairy and Octavia are practically dead, but the Cape mare, through Moss Rose, had many good descendants in the early days, and she may yet again come to the front.

There is a very grave doubt, however, what the ultimate origin of this useful mare might have been, for the Cape mare was thirty years old when she is said to have dropped Moss Rose, and this is a very unusual, if not unprecedented, age at which a clean bred mare could drop a foal. Of those mares imported in the 'forties, Falklandina still exists. Ritualist, the sire of some useful jumpers of to-day, comes from her, and Maddelina, Torah, Terlinga and Monastery each claim her as their ancestress. It is a South Australian family. Quadroon was a live wire until of recent years, when she seems to have weakened considerably. Chuckster, Grey Gown, Hyacinth, Kit Nubbles, Metford, Oreillet, Riverton, Swiveller and Trenchant are amongst the best moderns who run back straight to this old dame.

Paraguay, with a very limited list of foalings to her name, will probably live for ever in Australian turf lore, as, of her two sons, Whalebone and Sir Hercules, the latter has made a very deep mark in the honour list. Miss Lane we have seen as the founder of the Madcap clan. She was incestuously bred, her sire, Rector, a son of Muley, having produced her from a Muley mare. The Giggler was at one time full of promise, but with the failure of Menschikoff at the stud she seems to be fading into oblivion. And the last of the 1840 to 1850 immigrants which we will mention here is Nora Creina. Our reason for paying particular attention to her is that we have authentic notes concerning her journey hither, and as one voyage is not unlike another, we may, from this one example, receive a general idea of the difficulties and pleasures of transportation at that time from the Old Country. Mr. William Pomeroy Green, in the year 1842, chartered a ship from Plymouth, and brought his whole family, and all his household goods, along with him to this new land. I do not know whether the vessel was a brig, a barque, or a ship—most probably a barque—but, at all events, she was only of 500 tons register.

Into this little thing was squeezed a family consisting of the father and mother, six sons, one daughter, a governess, a butler, a carpenter, with his family, the head groom, a second groom, a herdsman, a "useful boy," a gardener, a laundress, a man cook, with his wife, a housemaid, and a nurse, a young and inexperienced surgeon, two young friends of the family named Richard Singleton and James Ellis, Mr. Walker, a Sydney merchant and his sister, a Mr. Wray from Devonshire—an invalid—Mr. William Stawell, afterwards famous as Sir William Stawell, Chief Justice of Victoria, as well as all the crew and live stock.

The latter consisted of two thoroughbreds, Rory O'More, by Bird-catcher out of Nora Creina's dam, Nora Creina herself, by Sir Edward Codrington from a mare by Drone, her dam Mary Anne, by Waxy Pope out of Witch, by Sorcerer; a hunter named Pickwick; a favourite mare of Mr. Green's Taglioni; a Durham cow christened "Sarah"—and Mr. Stawell took out two bulls.

Here was prospective romance for you, and as much of it as you please. Mr. Stawell, of course, married Miss Green, and their sons are amongst the best-known, most trusted and well-liked of all Victorians of the present day.

The patriarchs of old, the Swiss Family Robinson of our childhood, were never in it for the enterprise and romance of the whole affair. They sailed on August 8th, 1842. The ship "Sarah" was not very seaworthy—indeed, she was lost on the return voyage—but although there were several gales experienced on the passage, and parts of the bulwarks were washed away, they all arrived in safety at Port Phillip on the first day of December. "Mr. Stawell swam his bulls ashore, but our horses were taken in a horse box on a launch."

In his diary, Mr. Green, under a September entry, says:—"My horses are doing well. I take them to the main hatch every day that is fine, and give them the height of grooming and salt water washing." Mr. Green was a man of method, and he kept accurate records of his stud doings. There is no lack of particulars with regard to Norah Creina's foalings, and the only thing about it which we can complain of is, that he put her to her near relative, Rory O'More, for all the first seven seasons. She had slipped a foal, however, on board the "Sarah," to an English horse. I have no doubt he could not well do otherwise, there probably being no other available stallion within reach. The old mare had fourteen foals. Of these, the most famous were Tricolor (V.R.C. Derby), Oriflamme (Derby and Leger), Royal Irishman (Adelaide Leger), Norma (Australian and Adelaide Cups), Dolphin (Adelaide Cup), Pollio (Australia Cup), Quality (V.R.C. Oaks), Spark (the Hobart and Launceston Cups), and Garryowen, a lesser light. Such races, no doubt, were easier to win than they are now, but it was a creditable record.

Taglioni, the "favourite mare," although with no given pedigree, has rendered herself more or less immortal, in that Explosion, an Ascot Vale winner, Pegasus, a Hawkes Bay Guineas winner, Volume (New Zealand St. Leger), and some others trace to her.

So now we have taken a rapid and somewhat bird's-eye view of the thoroughbred arrivals in the Colony down to the beginning of the fifties of the nineteenth century, and we shall now endeavour to take a like bird's-eye photograph of what these same horses came out to do, and what racing was like in their day.

Chapter VI.

Racing in Victoria, From the Beginning.

Horse racing in Sydney, of course, commenced some years earlier than it did in the Port Phillip division of the Colony, settlement in the north there having an advantage of nearly forty years over the south. I find in a copy of the first Melbourne "Argus" ever printed, on June 2nd, 1846, the entries for a race meeting at Homebush. Amongst these appear the names of Alice Hawthorn and Gulnare. They are somewhat puzzling at that date, as Macarthur's Gulnare was three and twenty years old in '46, whilst her daughter, also named Gulnare, was still breeding in '83, a fact which apparently puts her also out of court. The name seems to have been a popular one, for some reason or another. There was also a mob of Alice Hawthorns, and this particular individual was most probably the mare by Operator from Lorina (imp.), a bay foaled about 1840.

But it is Victorian racing to which we are for the most part going to direct our attention at present. In January, 1803, a survey party had examined

the site of the present Melbourne. Collins had formed a convict settlement during the same year at Sorrento, down close to the Heads, but had quickly abandoned the enterprise. Hume, as we have seen, had reached the neighbourhood of Geelong in '24; Captain Wishart, in his cutter, "Fairy," had entered and named Port Fairy after his little craft in '27; Dutton, on a sealing expedition, had built a house at Portland in 1829, and Mr. Henty had made a permanent settlement there in '34. In May, '35, Batman entered Port Phillip Bay in a schooner from Tasmania, and Fawkner's schooner "Enterprise" navigated the lower reaches of the Yarra in August of that year. He was the son of a convict who had been in Collins' Sorrento picnic party, and was attracted back by his favourable recollections of the place.

In 1836 the blacks came down from the Goulburn and committed murder, somewhere near to the Werribee. In '37 Messrs. Gellibrand and Hesse, exploring beyond Geelong, were lost, and killed by the aborigines, and life was very unsettled and wild. But now mobs of cattle had commenced to be driven over from Botany Bay to the new settlement, and white men, with the restlessness and energy of our race, were arriving with frequency, for reports concerning the place were distinctly good, and in 1838, so numerous were the inhabitants of Port Phillip, that they decided that the time was ripe in which to inaugurate a race meeting. We are a strange nation; a peculiar people. March 6th was the great day, just eighty-three years ago. There were five hundred spectators present, and four races took place for their edification. Two were won by a mare named Mountain Maid, and two by a gelding, Postboy. Four starters constituted the largest field of the day. The course was right handed, one mile round the she-oak clad Batman's Hill, a rising ground between the present Spencer Street Railway Station and the gasworks. The starting post was at the site of the North Melbourne Railway Station. As you enter the city from Sydney, you can, if you care to, recall the scene. The scrub was thick between the hill and the surrounding country. It was cut by winding, deeply-indented waggon tracks, for the ground was soft and boggy. Two carts, sheltered from the sun by old sails, performed the functions of publicans' booths.

It was a two-days' meeting, but the second helping, like so many second helpings of other things than race days, was a failure, or even, indeed, an utter fiasco. In 1839 there was again a two-days' gathering on the slopes of Batman's Hill. The racing was poor, Postboy and Mountain Maid again being strongly in evidence, but the attendance was so large that it was generally agreed that the population must have doubled since the previous year. But now the turf world fairly began to hum, and Batman's Hill was no longer considered suitable for the purposes of racing. The experienced eye of someone had "spotted" the flats by the Salt Water River as being made to order for the sport, and on the 3rd of March, 1840, the first race meeting at Flemington was successfully carried through. It was a three-days' affair, and for the first time in Port Phillip the riders sported colours. The quality of the competitors must have been very poor, for, if you look up the arrivals, in their chronological order on a previous page, you will see that few, if any, of their stock can have been taking part in the contests, and, therefore, most of them must have been nothing better than half-bred hacks. But the spirit of emulation had now caught fire, and all through the country owners were making matches one with another, and metropolitan racing was booming to such an extent that a ruling body called "The Port Phillip Turf Club" was called into existence. To the deliberations of this body, and their resulting actions, we owe the fact that horses in Victoria now take their ages from the first day of August in each year.

And now the course itself, at Flemington, became firmly and thoroughly established when, in 1844, plans were submitted to the Town Council, and that body approving of them, the place was declared to be a reserve for the purposes of racing. Five trustees were appointed, in whose name the ground was held, these including the Crown Commissioner of the day, the Surveyor-in-Charge, Mr. J. C. Riddell, Mr. Dalmahoy Campbell and Mr. William J. Stawell. Shortly afterwards the Superintendent of Port Phillip declared this transaction not to be legal, and a new grant was completed on October 22nd, 1847. The land included those portions of the Parish of Doutta Galla from 23 to 28 inclusive, beside the Saltwater or Maribyrnong River, the trustees being Mr. Riddell, Mr. Stawell, Mr. Dalmahoy Campbell again, and Mr. Colin Campbell. The term of years was subsequently increased from ten to twenty-one, which, on the latest renewal of the compact, was finally extended to ninety-nine, at the rent of one peppercorn per annum. The spot was then known to the inhabitants as "The Racecourse," but a little village now began to grow up in the neighbourhood, and this was soon christened "Flemington," in honour of a genial butcher who supplied meat to the hamlet, and whose name was Bob Fleming. In those early days everyone went to the races, and the route to and from the course was either by river-steamer or by road. The boats left the wharves at eleven o'clock and returned at sunset, and you may be sure there were hot times in the town o' nights after the races. Bands and Christy minstrels enlivened the voyage by water. Passengers on the trip home not infrequently toppled overboard, and one or two were actually drowned. Accidents by road were common. At one meeting alone three men were killed, two being run over by vehicles, and one by a runaway horse. Assaults were common, and fighting very popular. Mr. O'Shanassy—who afterwards became Sir John—was attacked whilst taking a meditative canter round the course, and struck over the head very viciously by a ruffian armed with a heavy hunting crop. It was proved to have been a premeditated crime. Not being disabled by his injuries, and being a man of much determination and courage, O'Shanassy turned upon his assailant, pursued and captured him, and had the satisfaction of seeing him receive a sentence of six months' imprisonment.

The winning post stood alongside the river bank somewhere between the present mile and seven furlong barriers. It was a handy spot at which the steamers could tie up to gum trees on the banks, and could disembark their passengers, but it had the disadvantage of being a considerable distance from the top of the steep, rising ground which soon became known as Picnic Hill. It was not, however, until the sport had been in existence for some twenty years that it was found advisable to change the winning post to its present site, thus converting the Hill into a permanent, convenient and commodious stand. By the year 1846 racing had taken a very firm hold of the light-hearted community, and already a public idol had been discovered and worshipped, spoken about and written about, much in the same way as the public and the press magnify our idols the Carbines, the Poitreles, the Artillerymen, and the Eurythmics of our own times. This golden image which the folk had set up on the Flemington Flats was a dark chestnut horse called Petrel. The reports concerning his paternity and his adventures before he became a racehorse varied considerably. By some he was considered to be by Rous' Emigrant, whilst a sporting writer of the period maintained that he was "by Operator or Theorem from a Steeltrap mare." The most authentic story concerning his origin seems to have been that, in 1841, an overlander between Sydney and Adelaide arrived at a station near the Grampians, bringing along with him

two well-bred looking mares. Both were heavy in foal, and it was believed that they had been stolen. The overlander found employment on the station of a Mr. Riley, and here the foals, both of them colts, were dropped. One of these was Petrel.

At two years old the colts were sold to the overseer of a Dr. Martin for thirty-six pounds the pair, and the future champion commenced his education as a stock horse. Mr. Colin Campbell soon heard that Petrel had shown wonderful speed after cattle and emus, and you may be pretty sure that the stockmen had also discovered on their homeward way of an evening, that "the big chestnut beggar could gallop like fun." Mr. Campbell swopped a mare worth twenty pounds for him, and his racing career then began. He was the undoubted champion of Victoria, and was then despatched, per sailing ship, to Botany Bay, to "take the Sydney-siders down." But the voyage over was long and rough, he had no time before the races in which to recover himself, and he was very well beaten. The excitement in Sydney was tremendous, and the description of the event reminds one somewhat of a latter day happening when the Victorian, Artilleryman, was unexpectedly defeated by the New South Wales representative, Millieme, in the St. Leger.

It is pleasant to know that the old champion ultimately fell into the hands of Mr. James Austin, in whose possession he lived a life of ease, "roaming the flats by the homestead creek," until, at the ripe age of twenty-five, he passed in his checks.

And during the Petrel fever days, one is glad to notice that at length the winners in the metropolitan areas were beginning to come from horses which were eligible for, and ultimately were entered in the Stud Books of Australia, and were now repaying their enterprising owners for their extensive outlay and boldness. Thus, when Petrel was carrying off the champion prizes at Flemington, Garryowen, the second living son of our old friend Nora Creina, was winning Town Plates and Publicans' Purses, whilst Paul Jones, a colonial-bred colt, foaled in '41, by imported Besborough out of imported Octavia, threw down his Van Diemonian gauntlet to Petrel, and on one occasion, to the wild delight of the Tasmanians present, actually finished ahead of him in a heat. But while these exciting happenings were taking place in the centres of population, racing was also catching a hold on the dwellers in the wild bush. Thus you will find, if you read the works of the late Revd. John Dunmore Lang, that in 1846 this distinguished divine made the overland journey from Sydney to Port Phillip, during which he kept an extensive diary of events.

On his arrival at Albury, he relates how he discovered the inhabitants of the town and neighbourhood, "on the Christian Sabbath Day," indulging in the excitement of their annual races. So shocked was the minister that he broke into the Latin tongue:

"*Quadrupedente patrem sonitu quatit ungula campum,*"

which, in the words of "Young Lochinvar," he aptly and freely translates as:

"There was racing and chasing on Albury Lea."

"The respectable publican of the place, one Brown, told me that he was, with great reluctance, compelled to serve out rum in pailfuls to his customers who were attending the races." And all over the huge colony of New South Wales we find at this time, and during the succeeding few years, that racing was becoming the favourite pastime of the people. There was a meeting at Maitland in '46, where Jorrocks beat Emerald, and the event was considered so important that it is immortalised in the calendar for 1867 printed in the

first Australasian Turf Register. There was a two day gathering at Yass in '47, a Geelong Steeplechase in '45, a Colac Hurdle in '46, a Launceston Derby and Town Plate in '43, a Mount Gambier Town Plate in '48, a Brighton Derby and St. Kilda Cup in '49, and a meeting even at far-off Portland in '48. Yes! We are a peculiar, a very peculiar, people!

Chapter VII.

The Early Records.

Of course, there was no Turf Register in these very far-off days, and for some time the newspapers of Port Phillip were very few and far between. Just a couple of months prior to the running of that first race around Batman's Hill, John Pascoe Fawkner had published "a rag," a veritable "rag," "The Port Phillip Advertiser." It was in manuscript, and its "days were few, and full of woe." Indeed, it was all but stillborn. There are no race records contained in its thin leaves. From January, 1838, until 1846 there was a succession of news sheets, "Port Phillip Gazettes," "Patriots," "Heralds," "Figaros," and what not, all of them weekly and weakly, squabbling, screaming, quarrelsome, puny infants, finding early deaths. The "Argus" was founded in 1846, and on June 2nd of that year its first number was printed. The racing news reported during the early years of its existence was meagre in the extreme, and was occasionally printed under the heading of "Domestic Intelligence." But so mushroom-like was the growth of population in the later 'forties—and very much more so in the early 'fifties—that not only had a daily paper become a very flourishing concern, but the want of a weekly publication, of a purely sporting character, became so urgent that Bell's "Life in Victoria" was established somewhere about 1855, and continued to exist until, in 1866, "The Australasian" came along with its sails bellying before a favourable breeze, and swept it out of sight. From 1860 until its disappearance, "Bell" had brought forth a little annual volume containing a list of all the principal race meetings of the past year, and "The Australasian" continued the publication under the title of "The Australasian Turf Register." This was a thin little volume bound in red cloth, but nearly double the size of its diminutive predecessor. It has continued in an unbroken succession ever since.

The production of 1866-67 ran to two hundred and twenty-three pages. The stout, good-looking, substantial volume of 1920, with its blue boards and letters of gold, contains twelve hundred and thirty. And so, in proportion, has our racing and our horse flesh waxed mightily and increased in volume. Has the quality of our sport, and the excellence of our racehorse, grown during the fleeting years to as marked an extent? We will talk about that ere we wind up the clue of the argument.

But now the gold rush was affecting every portion of inhabited Australia, and the entire country was in a fever. People were too busy endeavouring to become rich quick to trouble very much about the importation of fresh blood stock, so that the list of arrivals between 1850 and 1860 was not nearly so extensive an one as might have been thought or desired. For 1851 was the "annus mirabilis" of Victoria. A Golden Age had dawned. On February 12th of that year Hargraves had washed his first shovelful of dirt near Bathurst, and had found gold in extremely payable quantities. The discovery had stimulated the early prospectors of Port Phillip, and the metal was soon

being extracted from the earth by the ton at Clunes, Buninyong, Warrenheip and Ballarat. In September Her Majesty Queen Victoria had signified her assent to the Bill which granted separation of Port Phillip from New South Wales, and the province had now entered upon her career as a separate State. The only skeleton at the feast was the recollection of that dreadful day at the commencement of the year, when the world seemed to be on fire, and the end of all things might possibly be at hand. Black Thursday, February 6th, was a day ever to be remembered.

But when the first outburst of the gold fever had somewhat subsided, racing soon began to be more popular than ever before. With quantities of money and loose nuggets to fling about, with a well-developed and constantly indulged in itch for gambling, and with a natural sporting instinct, the diggers soon made things hum in the horse racing line. And now it was that there grew up the absolute necessity for keeping stud records. We have already noticed how inefficiently the stud careers of great mares such as Manto, Cornelia and others had been noted, and how, at this particular period in the history of the turf, it was more urgent than ever that a system should be adopted for preserving all information concerning each brood mare and her progeny, and of maintaining the breed as pure as it was possible to do under the peculiar conditions inseparable from a new country. For things were still what we, in our modern parlance, would call "pretty mixed." The horse was the main means of progression, railways were short in their mileage, and their branches were scattered and few. The stage coach, buggies and horseback were practically the only means by which the country was traversed, and stock were of necessity still to be driven immense distances to market. With horses in profusion, with paddocks extremely large, with population scattered over a tremendous breadth of lonely country, horse "duffing" was a very tempting proposition to those people whose notions of "meum and tuum" were inclined to be careless and slack. To pick up a good-looking brood mare, in foal or with foal at foot, for nothing, was a temptation impossible to be resisted by many with such a weakness, as they travelled on horseback through the wild, outback places, behind their mobs of cattle and droves of sheep. The bushrangers, those unfortunate "gentlemen of the road," too, required a constant supply of horse flesh, and the better looking, and the better bred, their cattle were, so much the more advantageous it was for them.

Troubadour, Mr. C. M. Lloyd's well-known racing stallion, is reported to have been stolen by Ben Hall on three separate occasions, but was always recaptured. So many skirmishes had the old horse been in when ridden by Hall that, on the death of the horse, a post mortem was held, when seven bullets were discovered in various portions of his frame. Everyone has read Rolf Boldrewood's inimitable book "Robbery Under Arms." The story of horse stealing and cattle duffings is splendidly told in its pages, and the description of the stock concealed in "The Hollow" by Starlight and his gang is well calculated to make the mouths of all thoroughbred enthusiasts water, and almost to cause the best of us to covet our neighbour's horse. Sappho, the greatest and most successful colonial-born brood mare that has ever been seen, was "lifted," I have been informed, on at least three occasions, and Mr. George Lee had many long, weary rides whilst tracking the footprints of those that led her captive. Some of the most distinguished matrons of our stud book were either stolen or strayed mares whose owners never recovered them, and whose new masters, as a matter of course, dared not acknowledge their pedigrees, even if they had them. There was "Black Swan, by Yattendon from Maid of the Lake (bred by Captain Russell, of Ravensworth, but whose

pedigree cannot be ascertained).” Her stock, inasmuch as they can win at all distances, at weight-for-age, and can stay, are palpably from no half-bred strain. There was Dinah, bought, it is believed, out of a travelling mob by the late Mr. James Wilson, of Victoria, and certainly as clean bred as Eclipse. Her descendants include, in a long list, Musidora, Newhaven, G’naroo and Briseis. There was Mr. C. Smith’s Gipsy, said to have been by Rous’ Emigrant, but whose dam was never identified. There was Lilla, whose grand-dam was a mare by Toss, “bred by the Rev. W. Walker, near Bathurst,” and there was Sappho herself, “by Marquis, her dam a grey mare by Zohrab, grand-dam a brown mare of unknown pedigree.” And then, too, there was Old Betty. Breeders would give untold sums of money to discover, with no possibility of error, the blood lines of these famous mares. It is to be feared, however, that it is an impossibility in each of these cases cited here, and every year that glides past adds to the apparently insurmountable difficulties which lie in the way. But it was to prevent such occurrences in the future that the first volumes of the Victorian, the New South Wales and the New Zealand Stud Books were compiled. Mr. William Levy essayed the task in Victoria in 1859. In N.S.W. the first production saw daylight at about the same time, and in New Zealand, breeders followed suit.

Mr. Levy’s volume ran to 40 pages, all told. There were one hundred and thirteen mares whose produce he recorded, and of these twenty-eight were owned, or partly owned, by Mr. Hector Norman Simson, of Tatong, near Benalla.

The second volume of the Victorian Stud Book, also edited by Mr. Levy, was published in 1865, and was even more meagre in its information than its predecessor, but volume three, compiled by William Yuille, junior, in 1871, was a much more ambitious effort, and volume four, the last of the series, was also edited by him. After this the need of an Australian Stud Book, apart from a mere provincial work, was so apparent, that Mr. William C. Yuille, the father of the Editor of the third and fourth Victorian records, and who had, unfortunately, died in the meantime, took over the great task. This first volume represents an enormous amount of work and of research. It is peculiarly interesting to the student of breeding, and is only surpassed in value by the second volume of 1882, a huge tome for those days, of over five hundred pages, a work which was undertaken by Mr. Archibald Yuille, assisted by his friend Mr. Francis F. Dakin. It was a splendid achievement. Thereafter, volume after volume was produced at fairly regular intervals, for many years, by these two enthusiastic experts, and after Mr. Dakin’s sudden death, in Sydney, by Mr. Archibald Yuille and his brother Albert. In 1913, however, the tenth volume was “compiled and published under the direction of the Australian Jockey Club, and the Victorian Racing Club.” It is a great work. The twelfth volume, published in 1919, runs to over nine hundred pages, and the information contained therein is complete and entirely satisfactory. The present Keeper of the Stud Book is Mr. Leslie Rouse, a member of a very old house which has been intimately connected with Australian racing and horse breeding, with all its traditions, ever since the beginning. Nothing has been left undone in order to place the Australian Stud Book on the same high pedestal of completeness and accuracy which distinguishes its great prototype, “The General Stud Book.”

Chapter VIII.

The V.R.C. and other Racing Clubs.

Racing, always a peculiarly popular sport the world over, but more particularly so in Australia, was fairly on its legs in the new country by the time that Stud Books and Turf Registers had been established. A little snowball had been formed, and from this time onwards it continued to accumulate in bulk, until to-day, the quantity of racing, in proportion to the population, is simply extraordinary, and the snowball has grown to be an avalanche.

Between 1850 and 1864 the destinies of the Victorian Turf were guided by two sporting bodies, the Victoria Jockey Club and the Victoria Turf Club. Both associations held their races over Flemington, and although each was managed by a high-class Committee and Stewards, they were ever at war one with the other, so, naturally, the house divided against itself came to the usual termination, and neither of them could stand. In 1864 it was found that neither the Victoria Jockey Club nor the Victoria Turf Club were sound financially, and that racing was not progressing under their management as it ought to have been doing. A meeting of those interested was therefore held, and this conference resulted in the formation of the Victoria Racing Club, which newly risen body declared itself willing to take on the liabilities of the others, provided that they, in their turn, were willing to dissolve. This was agreed to, and the V.R.C. has, from that moment, governed all Victorian racing, and ruled it extremely well. Mr. Henry Creswick was its first chairman. Immediately after its inauguration a Secretary was appointed at a salary of One hundred and fifty pounds per annum, and Mr. R. C. Bagot was chosen to fill the position. The Club has been miraculously lucky, in that, from 1864 until this year of grace, 1921, there has only once been a change of hand at the wheel. Mr. Bagot worked strenuously, enthusiastically, and with knowledge, until his death in 1881, when Mr. Byron Moore succeeded him, and he is still working with all the old fire which distinguished his efforts of forty years ago. The fact that he applied for the position at all seems to have been one of those freaks of fortune, or dispensations of Providence, which sometimes work out for the greatest good. Mr. Byron Moore was not a racing man. He knew little about the sport, and cared less. But he had known Mr. Bagot, and was well aware of his aspirations in connection with the Club. When Mr. Bagot died, his widow urged upon Mr. Moore the advisability of his applying for the position, and, more to please her than for any other reason, he hastily wrote an application, briefly submitting his name as a candidate, but sending no credentials, and giving the matter no further thought. Indeed, the circumstance had passed from his mind until, meeting the Ranger of the Course, the well-known and faithful Jonathan, in the street one day, that official stopped him and immediately gave him the information—"Well, they've guv it ye." "Guv what?" "The Secretaryship." And Mr. Byron Moore has been installed there ever since. Here, there, and everywhere, never absent from his post, always courteous, bland, obliging, yet inflexibly businesslike and punctilious, he has been, and is "the most precise of business men." And so the Victorian Racing Club has had, probably, the unique advantage of having been managed by only a couple of Secretaries during nearly sixty years.

So soon as Mr. Bagot undertook the management of its affairs, so soon as the two contending bodies agreed to cease operations, so soon, too, did the affairs of the Victorian Turf enter into a period of wonderful prosperity and vigorous growth. Indeed, with the exception of short intervals, now

and again, during which the whole prosperity of the country, or of the world, has been depressed, the story of the Turf, not only of Victoria, but of Australia, has been one of continuous growth and advance, and that upon the most solid lines.

The Melbourne Cup itself, one of the most famous races contested in the world to-day, is a barometer of the financial welfare and general prosperity of the community at large.

It was a very small affair for the first few years after it had been launched upon the sea of time. The race was run under the auspices of the Victoria Turf Club, the Derby and Oaks under the aegis of the Victoria Jockey Club.

The stake for the great Cup was of the value of two hundred pounds, and it was won, for the first couple of years after its inception, in 1861, by Mr. E. De Mestre's Archer. This was a fine horse by William Tell (imported), a bay son of Touchstone from Miss Bowe, by Catton from Tranby's dam, by Orville. There seems to be some doubt about Archer's dam, but Mr. Wanklyn states that she descended through Bonnie Lass (by Bachelor (imp.)), to Cutty Sark, whilst the first and second volumes of the Stud Book give his dam as Maid of the Oaks, by Vagabond from Mr. Charles Smith's mare by Zohrab. In 1869 the stake was increased to £300. In 1876 the value had mounted to £500, a sum which had already been far surpassed by the Tasmanians as a prize for their championship at Launceston. This was already worth one thousand. The thousand limit in the Cup was reached in '83 for the first time, Martini Henry being the winner for the Hon. Mr. James White. After this prize money ascended in leaps. In '86 there was £2,000 of added money; it jumped to £2,500 in the following year; £3,000 in '88; £5,000 in '89; and £10,000 in 1890. It was the summit, the "suprema dies," the grand climax of all things. This year compressed all the bests on record imaginable into its calendar.

There was a record sum of money added to the race, a record field (thirty-nine starters), a record weight was carried by the winner (ten stone five), and the time for the race (3 minutes 28½ seconds) was another best ever seen up to that time. That has since, however, been far surpassed, Artilleryman, in 1919, having smashed up a great collection of good horses in most decisive fashion by very many lengths in 3.24½. And the winner of 1890 was undoubtedly a record horse—the brave, consistent, staying, immortal Carbine.

In the three following Cups, Malvolio, Glenloth and Tarcoola each swept in ten thousand sovereigns for their owners, but in Auraria's year, and when Gaulus, Newhaven and The Grafter won, racing affairs had met with "an air pocket," and had consequently suffered a heavy "bump." The added money fell to three thousand pounds. The depression, however, during the seasons following the collapse of the land boom, did not last long, and ere the war drums boomed across a horrified world in 1914, the prize had once more risen to upwards of seven thousand pounds. Even whilst the struggle for life and death was progressing, the V.R.C. and the A.J.C. both strove nobly to maintain racing on the highest possible plane in every way, and the value of the great Cup never fell much short of five thousand pounds. And this, too, in face of the fact that the Committee of the V.R.C. presented to the numerous Patriotic War Funds the magnificent sum of over one hundred and two thousand pounds.

Since the early days of the V.R.C. other clubs have arisen in great numbers. For many years, all through the country districts, no township was too small to hold a race meeting. Even country public houses far outback could manage to give away sums of money, and gather a crowd of people for

the benefit of boniface under the pretence of a day's horse racing. But now, under the wise hands of the ruling body, "sport" of that nature is severely restricted, and the formation of District Associations, working under the V.R.C. is doing immense good in improving the whole thing, and in seeing to it that racing is carried on in the cleanest and fairest manner possible. There are many excellent up-country gatherings throughout the State. Warrnambool, with its annual Steeplechase, is splendid. Wangaratta and Benalla, where they have raced since before the flood, both provide capital sport. Ballarat, once second only in importance to metropolitan headquarters, is perhaps not the force that it used to be in the old days when mining was flourishing, and was one of the most prosperous industries in the country. But it is once more on the up-grade, and is well managed. Bendigo has always maintained a high standard. Camperdown is good, as is Colac, while Geelong, after suffering a partial eclipse, is also again climbing the ladder. And in the metropolitan area there are several clubs that have done, and are doing, a great deal for the sport. The Victorian Amateur Turf Club is in the foremost rank, and is only second to the V.R.C. in influence and importance. The Caulfield Cup has been in existence since 1879, when two hundred sovereigns was the amount of its prize-money. In 1920 this was represented by £6,500, and a gold cup valued at £100.

The V.A.T.C. was originally formed in 1876 by a number of enthusiastic riders and owners, whose opportunities for amateur jockeyship were too restricted for their vaulting ambitions. The promoters were the Messrs. Hector, Norman and Arthur Wilson, J. O. Inglis, Herbert and Robert Power, and others, and so well have their affairs prospered on that beautiful course at Caulfield that the original object of the Club has been entirely lost sight of long ago. It is a splendid institution.

Then there is the seaside racecourse at Williamstown, which has had a long and creditable history. The course is a fine one, and is being improved yearly and the annual Cup is now worth between two and three thousand pounds. Moonee Valley is possibly the most popular of all the suburban turf resorts. Its affairs are splendidly administered by Mr. A. V. Hiskins and an influential Committee. It is so close to the General Post Office that anyone now finds it an easy journey to the entrance gates. The course is a good one, well kept, and the prizes are liberal throughout the year. The Committee is entirely up-to-date, and this Club, like the V.A.T.C. and Williamstown, are not only steadily increasing their prize-moneys, but each and all of them gave with ready and overflowing hands to the patriotic funds. There are other and numerous—too numerous—courses within reach of the metropolis. Epsom, situated close to Mordialloc, is also a club, and its affairs are ably controlled, but Mentone, Aspendale and Sandown Park are of the nature of proprietary concerns whose surplus funds revert to the pockets of the promoters, and no doubt pay ample dividends. But with these, so far as the actual history and welfare of the Racehorse in Australia is concerned, we have nothing to do.

Chapter IX.

The Great Men of Old.

And now that we have these accurate records to our hands of all our turf history since 1865, and with the Stud Book giving us the family tree of our thoroughbreds, so far as it can be obtained, from the present day back to the times of King Charles the Second, we can so easily, from that high perch of knowledge, take a quick, bird's-eye view of the happenings of our own brief days in Australia. Shortly before this era of historical accuracy dawned upon our thoroughbred history, certain importations of blood stock took place which have left a deeper mark upon our annals than any other events since the arrival of the mare Manto.

It was in 1860 that Mr. Hurtle Fisher procured, from England, a stallion and several brood mares, and formed a breeding establishment at Maribyrnong. This is an estate composed of flats and rising ground, hill and dale, on the banks of the Saltwater River, within an easy morning's ride from the main streets of the Victorian capital. Here Mr. Fisher built, high up upon a convenient and commanding eminence, excellent stabling for his valuable imported stud, and a house for his manager. It was an ideal spot, beautifully laid out, and so substantial that the main buildings stand to-day with every appearance of having only been erected yesterday. The mares which Mr. Fisher imported were from the bluest blood of the day, carefully chosen, with the soundest judgment, and regardless of expense. His stallion was one of the best-known horses in England, a mighty winner, a great stayer. This was Fisherman, a brown horse, by Heron out of Mainbrace, by Sheet Anchor out of a Bay Middleton mare. He had won upwards of sixty races, most of them over a distance of ground, and although, when you trace his blood lines carefully out, you might be led to believe that they are scarcely those of a stayer, yet he undoubtedly did possess that quality in a marked degree, and so, too, did the stock which he left behind him.

The names of the mares which accompanied Fisherman on his long voyage conjure up to every turfite a vision of romance, recall the time when our best turf traditions were in the making, and bring back to the memory hundreds of races lost and won. Gildermire, Marchioness, Juliet, her daughter Chrysolite (foaled after landing), Rose de Florence, Coquette, Cerva, Night-light, Gaslight, Omen and Sweetheart formed the kernel of the stud. The last-named mare, by the way, was dropped in Victoria, her dam, Melesina, having been imported by Mr. Rawdon Green, who sold her to Mr. Fisher. She was but a short time in the possession of the latter, but it was whilst the mare was at Maribyrnong that she produced Mermaid to Fisherman, and Mermaid was the dam of Melody, the dam of Melodious, the mother of the immortal Wallace. Unfortunately, times then became bad for Mr. Hurtle and his brother, Mr. C. B. Fisher. Many people were speculating heavily in land during the 'sixties, and, as is usual in all booms, the few who were lucky became rich very quickly, whilst the great majority whom fortune did not favour went to the wall.

The entire Maribyrnong Stud came to the hammer on April 10th, 1866, the sale realising nearly £28,000. Prices were considered high, but were such lots with the same reputation put up to auction to-day, say, by the Messrs. Tattersall at Newmarket, England, probably a couple of them alone would bring in that sum. As it was, the two-year-old Fishhook fell for three thousand six hundred guineas, Seagull for nineteen hundred, and Lady Heron for

fourteen hundred. But prior to the great sale the name of Fisher had, in conjunction with one or two others, dominated the turf.

And we find during the five decades or so that have elapsed since then, that but a few owners, a few breeds of horses, stand in the limelight during each period, and leave their influence for good or ill for all time.

Contemporary with the Fishers, however, there was quite an abundance of sportsmen whose names, even after the lapse of all those years, seem to be as familiar to us as are those of the magnates of their day in the Old Country, the Merrys, Graftons, Albemarles, Falmouths, Hastings, Westminster, Portlands, Bowes and Peels. Listen to them as they are told, and see if they do not stir a chord within you, awakening afresh dear and stirring memories of the olden time, of those days gone by in which we fondly believe that there were many giants.

Andrew Town, John Lee and his brothers, C. Baldwin, John Tait ("Honest John"), the Rouse family, T. Ivory, E. De Mestre, P. Dowling, Hector Norman Simson, James Wilson, William Pearson, W. C. Yuille, H. J. Bowler, Rawdon Greene, F. Tozer, and George Watson. What teams the Fishers had, as well as old John Tait!

From Maribyrnong's massive gateway there used to emerge each morning to their work, a string containing Angler, Fishhook, Rose of Denmark, The Sign, Lady Heron, Kerosene, Smuggler, Sea Gull, Bude Light, Sour Grapes, Ragpicker, The Fly, and for a brief day only, the beautiful Maribyrnong.

This colt, who afterwards took his sire's place, fractured his near foreleg in the Derby, his only contest. His life was spared, however, and he made an enduring name at the stud.

John Tait was a worthy rival of the Fishers. We see him, in '66, winning with the mighty Barb, then a three-year-old. Mr. John Daly, until of late the handicapper to the A.J.C., a man of the soundest judgment, and with a prolonged experience, asserts with confidence that this black Sir Hercules colt was the superior even of our more modern Champion of Champions, Carbine. Volunteer, a brown horse by New Warrior, was a big winner for Mr. Tait, and ran a dead heat with Tarragon in the three-mile championship. They ran it off, and Tarragon won. Fireworks, a very great horse, and one with the curious distinction of being the Victorian Derby winner of 1867, as well as of the same race in 1868, was another of Mr. Tait's winners whose name lives for ever. Honest John did not keep his horses to look at. Fireworks won the Derby on November 1st, and ran second to Mr. Fisher's two-year-old Fenella on November 2nd—beaten a head. On November 30th he was third to Mr. De Mestre's Tim Whiffler in the Duke of Edinburgh Stakes, $1\frac{1}{2}$ miles, at the Complimentary Meeting. Later in the day he came out again and won the Galatea Stakes, two miles, beating Glencoe and a fine field of horses. Tim Whiffler ran, but smashed into a post, and was pulled up. On New Year's Day Fireworks again won the Derby, and was saddled up for the very next race, the Midsummer Stakes, one mile and three-quarters. His starting price was even money, and he won easily by two lengths from ten opponents. In February Fireworks crossed the Straits and won the Launceston Champion Cup, pulling double, from Tim Whiffler, Strop, The Barb and two others. Next day he walked in for the Tasmanian Leger, and in March did the same in the V.R.C. race of that name at Flemington. At Randwick Glencoe beat him in the A.J.C. St. Leger, but both horses were in the one ownership, and Mr. Tait declared to win with Glencoe. At the same meeting, however, this great son of Kelpie took the All-Aged Stakes, one mile, the Autumn Stakes,

and the Randwick Handicap, each a mile and a quarter. Races certainly were not run out from pillar to post in the 'sixties as they are to-day, and it would be not only impolitic, but impossible, to race a three-year-old in 1922 as John Tait used his Fireworks. Nevertheless, the three-year-old career of the colt must for all time be considered a very marvellous one. In the Cup of '69 The Barb was allotted the handsome weight of eleven stone seven, his stable mate (Glencoe) was eleven stone, Mr. Fisher's Ragpicker was set to carry seven stone, whilst the minimum of the handicap was his filly, The Fly, with five stone seven. The handicappers of the day were Captain Standish, Mr. William Leonard and Mr. Hurtle Fisher himself. This could not occur to-day. If it were possible, and the handicapper's horse came home a winner, the vast crowd in its indignation would throw down everything and would not leave one stone standing upon another. But the circumstance remains an everlasting memorial to the unimpeachable integrity of the gentlemen who officiated in an honorary capacity in those times.

Of the three, Mr. William Leonard is still with us, and still continues to watch a race with the enthusiasm of youth. But this ancient history is altogether too absorbing. Were our pen to have its head, it would most assuredly bolt with us, and we would career round the course until sundown, and therefore we must pick up our reins and proceed more steadily upon our way. We were arguing that the different decades were dominated by groups of sportsmen, certain breeds of horses, and we have not yet definitely left the starting barrier of '66.

From 1866 until well into the 'seventies, the same group of sportsmen were still ruling the roost, the same breeds of horses were carrying on their respective lines. The stock of Fisherman, through Maribyrnong, of Sir Hercules, through Yattendon, and of Kelpie, through Fireworks, were even yet the mainstay of the breed. But fresh names, both of men and steeds, were, of course, creeping in. Old Mr. James Wilson, with his Dinah and Musidora lot, came, held sway for many years, and is succeeded by his son, young James. The Chirnsides, too, stepped forward, and did an immense deal for the turf when they brought out three shiploads of blue-blooded mares and young ones, straight from the breaking-up sale of old Sir Tatton Sykes' stud at Sledmere. Many of the mares are landmarks in the modern stud book, but the purchases of Mr. Tom Chirside might have even been more successful had they been effected at another time. Old Sir Tatton had his own ideas on breeding, and he indulged more in the rearing of the thoroughbred horse itself than in the racehorse pure and simple. The comments of the Press of the day, made upon the arrival of the ships bearing their precious burdens, inferred that the mares landed were very good looking indeed, but that most of them were more like weight-carrying hunters than racers. Unconsciously, the critic was paying them the highest compliment which was possible. The blue jacket and black cap of the house of Chirside are still carried to victory every now and again by the horses owned, and, for the most part, bred by Mr. Andrew. The colours are a symbol of everything that is fair and square. The period extending between 1875 and the early 'nineties is brilliantly illuminated by the name of the Hon. James White.

No one in Australia has ever carried on his racing business with the same amount of success. He was a keen student of breeding. He gave his stud his personal supervision. He was served by trainers of the greatest ability and integrity, and his head jockey was second to none. Mr. White was almost invincible in the great two-year-old and classic races of his day, and many of the great handicaps also fell to his string. You have only to read the long

roll of names in order to have the glories of the blue and white banner of Kirkham brought vividly to your mind. Chester, Martini Henry, Nordenfeldt, Trident, Ensign, Dreadnought, Palmyra, Segenhoe, Iolanthe, Acme, Sapphire, Uralla, Cranbrook, Bargo, Volley, Spice, Titan, Carlyon, Morpeth, Matchlock, Abercorn, Volley, Victor Hugo, Rudolph, Singapore and Democrat. After his death, which came all too soon, so long as his own blood remained unsullied by other hands, the stock which he left behind him continued to win great events. But Fennelly, his first trainer, died before his time; Tom Hales, his great rider, did not long survive his master; but Tom Payten, who succeeded Fennelly, only went West during the last twelve months.

Mr. White stuck to the old Sir Hercules blood and Fisherman as long as he lived, although he was wise enough also to come in on the flood when the strain of Musket first began to make its appearance; and he was such an exceedingly acute judge that he always took advantage of any other lines that he believed would suit his individual mares. Chester was a Yattendon (Sir Hercules). Mr. White bred from him Dreadnought, Abercorn, Cranbrook, Carlyon, Uralla, Titan, Acme, Victor Hugo and Spice. From Fisherman (Maribyrnong) came Palmyra, Segenhoe, Bargo, Iolanthe, and Trident was from the same horse through Robinson Crusoe and Angler. Ensign (Derby) was by Grandmaster, a son of Gladiateur; Democrat was a Gemma di Vergy, Sapphire a Drummer, and the remainder of White's famous winners were all from Musket or his sons, and included Martini Henry, Nordenfeldt, Volley, Matchlock, Rudolph, Singapore, whilst Morpeth was his single well-known winner by Goldsbrough.

Chapter X.

The Great Armada and the Contre Coup.

When the Hon. James White was at the zenith of his racing fortunes, he conceived the noble ambition to bring the English Derby to Australia, and accordingly bred from several of his best mares to English time. It was a great adventure. La Princess, a mare by Cathedral from Princess of Wales, by Stockwell, produced for him a chestnut colt to Chester, appropriately named Kirkham. Chester himself was from a Stockwell mare, and the cross was therefore a strong one. From La Princess he also bred Martindale, by Martini Henry, in the following year. On the same blood lines he bred the chestnut colt Narellan, by Chester from Princess Maud, by Adventurer out of Princess of Wales, by Stockwell, as well as a full brother to Dreadnought, by Chester out of Trafalgar, by Blair Athol from a sister to Musket, which was christened Wentworth; and the last, a full sister to Singapore, by Martini Henry out of Malacca, by King of the Forest from Catinka, by Paul Jones, named Mons Meg. This little string was duly despatched to the Old Country and placed under the care of the greatest trainer in England, old Mathew Dawson. But the invading expedition was not a success. The colts seemed to lose their action on the voyage; or it might have been that virtue had gone out of La Princess and Princess Maud after their several successive matings with Chester, and it had not yet come home to Mr. White that Martini Henry was doomed to be a comparative failure at the stud. Possibly the line of Whisker, from which Chester sprang, and which had practically died out in England, was simply not good enough to hold its own with the descendants of Whalebone,

Whisker's full brother, which it was destined to meet. It is hard to say. But Mons Meg was the most successful of the mob, and that was not saying very much. She won the Gold Vase at Ascot, and certainly seemed to stay. But she failed at the stud, and although Kirkham sired a winner of the Grand National Steeplechase, it was the best that any of the colts could do, and the great Armada deserved a better fate.

During James White's career there were no stars of heaven which approached him in magnitude, although Sir Thomas Elder with his Gang Forward and Neckersgat blood, E. K. Cox with his Yattendons, Andrew Town with the Maribyrnongs, and Mr. Frank Reynolds with the Goldsbroughs, did much for the Australian horse. And in good truth the star of the last-named family never seems to set, although its racing fortunes may rise and fall with the tide.

And now, when the great constellation was near the setting, others commenced to rise. There was Mr. Donald Wallace, a generous and successful owner, and one whose name has been rendered altogether deathless through the peerless Carbine. He did not, however, breed the great horse himself, but bought him for what was considered a very large sum, three thousand guineas. Before Mr. Wallace died, unfortunately at a comparatively early age, Mr. W. R. Wilson appeared on the scene. He bought the St. Albans Estate, in the neighbourhood of Geelong, collected a stud of the very highest class of brood mares, and, by the aid of the Musket blood, principally through Trenton, and the St. Simon strain, through Bill of Portland, he experienced a succession of successful years, during which he stood at the head of the list of winning owners. It was in his reign that the first importations of the Galopin-St. Simon stock found their way into Australia, the effect of which has revolutionised the whole of the horse-breeding industry of our great island continent. Indeed, from Mr. W. R. Wilson's time the aspect of everything has changed. We have become so intensely democratic in our notions that we do not seem to be able to suffer a king to live, not even in our pastimes. The prize-money has become much more evenly distributed, which, perhaps, is all the better for the prosperity of the turf, and we do not seem to be able to breed racehorses without importing a constant stream of sires from Europe. And for the greater part these importations have been scions of the Eclipse-Blacklock house through St. Simon and his great sire, Galopin. It was with the closing years of the nineteenth century that the last of the great dominating owners disappeared from the scene, and the days of the turf democracy commenced. Since the new century began there have been many good owners, many fine men, good sportsmen, but none who have held their place year in, year out, in the old-fashioned way. Mr. L. K. S. Mackinnon, the present Chairman of the V.R.C., has owned in his time many horses, and some good ones, amongst them Woorak, a great sprinter. Mr. E. E. D. Clarke, with his Welkins, is also constantly on the long roll. No one in Australia races in quite the same princely style as does Mr. Clarke. He breeds his own stock, employs the best of trainers, is faithfully served by Robert Lewis as his first jockey, and he races for the sport alone. Mr. Agar Wynne is seldom absent from the yearly roll call, and Mr. S. A. Rawdon never seems disheartened by cycles of bad years. Mr. A. T. Creswick races lavishly, and, winning or losing, retains an imperturbable countenance. Mr. Hawker, from South Australia, sticks nobly to the great game, and Mr. N. Falkiner, with his magnificent stud farm, and his high-class stallions and carefully selected mares, looks like emulating the deeds of those of old time. And then there is a long list of professionals and semi-professionals whose names appear with a fair amount of regularity. But times

have altered, and manners and peoples have changed with them since the decades sacred to the Taits and the Fishers, and the horse, and his rider, too, are not the same. The old blood which we cherished some sixty years ago has disappeared, and we wonder if it is for the better.

Sir Hercules, Yattendon, Chester, The Barb, Kelpie, Fireworks, Tim Whiffler, Fisherman, Angler, Maribyrong, Kingston, The Marquis, Newminster, of all those heroes of old not a trace, on the male side of the house, is left behind. With the opening century commenced the invasion of English sires, and in the same fashion as the Norway rat of old ate up and exterminated his brown English cousin, so has the imported blood from England exterminated our old-time Australian horse. To-day, in the list of winning sires, the first sixteen are imported horses, and out of the first hundred, seventy-eight were foaled in the British Isles. Of the two and twenty that were dropped in Australia, many came from English parents, and each one at least owns to an English grandsire.

In the entire long list there are but a couple of the descendants of Chester that claim any winners at all, and these, sons of Carlyon, are lower than the two hundredth place. But that we are still capable of rearing dominant and pre-potent blood sires in our climate, and nourished on Australian pasture, is evident from the fact that, within recent years, Malster, Bobadil and Wallace have been powerful factors in the production of our winners, and this gallant trio, one or other of them, have headed the poll, and that many times. But they are dropping out, those three, and ere another generation has passed away, practically every winning sire will be an importation.

Even the very foundation stones of our studs have been turned topsy turvy and thrown away, since the days of Macarthur, Icely, the Fishers and Tait. In their eras the blood of Herod was in the forefront of the battle, although, as time went on, Birdcatcher, and from him Stockwell, encroached upon his domain, and finally settled the house of Eclipse on his unshakeable throne. The advent of Musket brought Touchstone to the front, and still further strengthened the Eclipse blood. But the greatest revolution of all was accomplished when Bill of Portland, a son of St. Simon, of the tribe of Blacklock, of the house of Eclipse, landed in Australia. So tremendous was the success of the sons and daughters of the brown horse, more especially when mated with Musket mares, that no newly imported sire seemed to have a chance of success unless he were imbued with that same St. Simon strain. The effect is still in the strongest evidence to-day.

If you scan the latest list of winning sires to hand, that for 1920 to 1921, you will find the following results: The first hundred and three places are occupied by sires of the following lines of descent: The direct descendants, in tail male, of St. Simon and Galopin number thirty-five; whilst three trace to Speculum, son of Vedette. Fourteen are Stockwells, through the medium of Bend Or, and eight through other branches. Birdcatcher claims other winning stallions, apart from the Stockwells, through Isonomy, the great son of Sterling, and for the most part by virtue of Isonomy's chestnut son, Gallinule.

Touchstone boasts of twelve Musket sires to his credit, twelve Hamptons, and but a single Hermit. To-day there is not a single representative of the house of Herod in the first hundred on the roll. But Matchem, by the aid of that grand horse, Barcaldine, is represented by six living sires. This brief summary tells us exactly how the barometer is behaving. In Australia Eclipse is paramount, and that for the most part through the influence of Blacklock. Musket, who did such wonders for our breed forty years ago, is sick, almost to Doomsday with Eclipse. Hermit, as a male influence, is dead. Barcaldine

is moribund, and it is perfectly evident that before another twenty years have passed, on the male side of the house, at least, it will be Eclipse first and the rest nowhere. Within the last ten years there have been, in the Old Country, symptoms of a revival of the blood of Herod through Roi Herode, and his speedy grey son, The Tetrarch. For the moment, the courses are flooded with them, and every field is flashing with greys. It seemed, for a lustrum, that Herod and Tartar were once more destined to become a vital force, but the zenith was reached ere many days. Even now this Herod star, or comet, which appeared in the heavens and rushed onwards as though determined to carry everything in front of it, has been observed to change its direction, and it is rapidly speeding away from the sun on its outward course. We in Australia have followed the fashion, and Herod, with Menin, Chrysolaus and Sarchedon, will enjoy popularity and a considerable measure of success, but the march of events here will certainly follow those in the old world, and the grey blood will, in a little time, weaken and fade away.

Eclipse must eventually reign absolute. Yet these importations of other families are immensely valuable. We must have out crosses for our perpetual blood of Eclipse, and the Barcaldines, the Roi Herodes, and The Tetrarchs are inestimable for such a purpose. And the greater their success in the early days of their stud life here, the better for the ultimate good of our thoroughbred horse.

Chapter XI.

How to Breed an Australian Horse.

It is a well-known fact all the world over that every country must, perforce, keep on renewing its blood stock supply from the British Isles, but we in Australia have, to quote a modern expressive piece of slang, "gone over the odds" altogether. We are breeding, as we have seen in the previous chapter, scarcely any sires at all. This, somehow seems to be wrong. Australia contains magnificent country, and portions of it are blessed with a climate which is ideal for the purpose of breeding and rearing horseflesh. The conditions which we possess here, and which I designate as ideal are the following: We have still land procurable at not too extravagant a price. We can obtain it in comparatively large areas. The soil is suitable, in many localities, for the purpose. The climate is excellent. With these advantages at our doors, there are three methods of raising racehorses. The first is, whilst using very large areas of country, to leave everything to Nature. Reverse Cato's maxim, "Laudito ingentia rura. Exiguum colito" ("Praise up big areas. Use small ones"). Whilst pursuing this method, the horse owner must make up his mind that he is unlikely to win two-year-old races, and therefore he must have no intention of breeding horses for the annual yearling sales. What he rears must be for his own use, and he must be exceedingly patient. I do not know anyone who follows the business on these lines, but the man who could afford to wait, and was willing to wait, would probably find himself, in a few years, the owner of several weight-for-age, sound-limbed, sound-jointed, clear-winded racers.

The second plan is to have a run of only a limited acreage, and to force the youngsters from the moment they are dropped.

And the third method is a combination of the two. To follow ideal lines, I think the following points are essential to insure the greatest amount of success which it is possible for sinful man to attain:—

Firstly: A sufficient area of suitable land. The locality is immaterial provided that there is an abundance of feed in favourable seasons, and plenty of limestone in the soil. I should have no enclosure, apart from yards, under a hundred acres, and the fencing, which is an expensive item these days, must be of post and rails. The contour of the ground should vary, and the soil must not be too rich. Hill and dale, upland and meadow, river flats, an occasional swamp, are each of them desirable commodities in the way of land, to be made use of in due season. The feet of the youngsters are fashioned by the country they run on. One of the most knowledgeable of all Australian trainers, a breeder himself, Mr. Joe Burton, it was who first impressed this fact upon my mind. Some readers may remember what a number of Gozo horses suffered from bad feet. "They are not Gozo feet," Mr. Burton used to tell me; "they are Tucka Tucka feet." I believe he was perfectly right.

Horses require frequent change. After a while they may be doing badly in a paddock showing a rare sward of grass, but will suddenly make gigantic strides in growth and welfare when shifted to a worse pasture. They do not appreciate rough, coarse, over-grown grasses. Therefore, bullocks must be used to keep the exuberance of a bountiful nature in rigid check. Their pasturage must be kept clean from the soiling of their own droppings. Chain and brush harrows break this up well, and scatter it over the soil, but unrotted horse manure puts very little back to the earth that has been taken out, and to seek the pitch of perfection the droppings should all be raked together and carted away to a receptacle where it can rot and be used for the garden or the cultivated fields.

Sheep and horses are like oil and water. They will not mix. You may run your mobs with sheep even amidst abundance, and yet they will be poverty stricken, covered with lice and ticks, unwholesome, and never "growthy." So much shortly, then, for the land.

Secondly, Shelter: In the Old Country, where housing must be resorted to for a very great portion of the year, this is really not so important as in Australia. "The cold winds of winter blow mournfully here," as the song says, and these are searching beyond belief in Australia. Every paddock must have efficient shelters. Plantations, close-growing hedges, clumps of native pines, groups of box or gum trees, are essentials for the well-being of all horses. The hedges and pines make excellent wind breaks, but shade from the sun in summer is equally a necessity. I like open sheds, thickly thatched, not corrugated iron, please, fairly high in the roof, and far removed from trees. Horses cannot stand the noise of wind-swung boughs on roofing. They, as a rule, believe in ghosts. The flies are a terrible infliction in the spring and early summer. I should like to house my young ones, during the worst months, in dark, but sweet, stables throughout the long, scorching summer days, and turn them out in the paddocks during the grateful coolness of the nights.

Thirdly, Artificial Feeding: In the average seasons mares carrying their foals require nothing in the way of artificial food, when once the winter has passed away. The grass supplies them with an abundance of good milk, and their offspring are the better for their natural sustenance, unaffected by over-stimulating oats and chaff. Besides, some matrons have a tendency to wax over gross, and when this occurs, it is astonishing to see how little milk they manage to manufacture for their foal. During the spring and early summer,

and whilst the grass seeds are still present in abundance, I believe that artificial food is thrown away. But each mare and foal should be watched as a cat watches a mouse. Neither must be suffered to endure the slightest check for a single day—no, not for one hour. The careful, experienced horse master can tell at a glance as soon as one of his charges is showing the smallest symptom of "going back," and he must begin feeding instantly. If he has not postponed too long, it is surprising how little it takes in the way of oats and chaff and bran to keep your mares and foals in the best order imaginable. A few handfuls of good, sweet, oaten chaff, a couple of pints of coarse bran, always moistened, a pint or two of well-crushed oats, will be found more than a sufficiency until well into the autumn. But see that every mare and foal receives what you have apportioned them. I fall out with many of my friends in this item of stud management. Most people feed their mares together, perhaps in a number of different mangers, but yet not separated one from the other. I maintain that this is wrong. You cannot tell what each receives, and their appetite varies to a wonderful degree. I say that you should yard your mares and foals, and stall each of them within the yard, with their own separate manger, until the mob have finished their meal. Twice a day is quite enough, but feed as early in the morning as possible, and not too late in the afternoon.

In the winter the oats and chaff are increased, perhaps to five pints of oats for each mare and foal, a kerosene tinful of chaff, and three or four pints of bran. That is on an average, but we know that some will take more, and a few less. In the really cold weather, a couple of double handfuls of boiled barley, night and morning, is not only very pleasant, but it is a capital supplier of "caloric," and the appetite is sharpened by the addition of a handful of brown sugar. In the cold, frosty nights, or still more so in the wet, windy ones of winter, mares and foals need something extra in the way of heat producers. The mares, if past the first blush of their youth, should be rugged. I have heard some stud masters decry boiled barley as anathema. I would agree with them if they fed their stock upon such a food, and used nothing else. But as an adjunct to their habitual oats and chaff and bran, it is magnificent. You cannot have too much change, and anything is wholesome for them, in well-regulated quantities, which horses will readily eat. We are careless of details in Australia, and only a few studs are worked by the owner in person. And it is the personal attention to minutiae which is the main factor in winning success. There is no industry in the world in which loving care does so much good, in which carelessness and indifference so quickly spell ruin.

You may have a hundred stud grooms ere you drop onto the individual who has knowledge, honesty, industry and enthusiasm combined. Therefore, there are only a very few stud farms which are managed as they should be. And one of the most flagrant of faults in management is this: Let us imagine that you have decided upon sending your best couple of mares to a certain horse, away from home. Theoretically his blood suits that which flows in a purple stream through the veins of your mares. Both mares are in foal, and you truck them, and, perhaps, accompany them yourself, to the desired haven and harem some two hundred miles away. They are in rare condition. You hear by letter that they are safely over their foaling, and before the new year they are returned home. They arrive in miserable condition. The season has not been a very good one. They have not been fed. They have fallen away to shadows. Being good mothers, they have given of their substance to their foals until they have nothing more to give. Their ribs are sticking through their skin. Their coat is dry and rusty, and emits a disagreeable smell. The

foal is in no better case. He looks wretched. Mare and foal, and the embryo in utero, have received such a check that they will never make up the ground they have lost. It is a handicap on their backs for the rest of their lives. So you have practically lost two seasons with your two best mares, and have paid a couple of hundred guineas for the experience. I have a grievance against very many stallion masters over this bone which I am endeavouring to pick with them, and I bring it forward here in an earnest endeavour to draw the attention of owners to the matter. Many of them are unaware of the facts of the case, and the sooner they learn them the better. In this ideal country of ours we ought to be able to breed the best racehorses in the whole wide world, and we should certainly be able to rear our own sires, with the assistance of occasional infusions of English blood. Search the columns of the weekly sporting press and scan the advertisements of "Sires of the Season." In one paper I see close on eighty blood stallions advertised. With the exception of about half a dozen these are all imported. In another publication there are seventy, and the same proportion of country bred stands to the imported stuff. And yet, what strains we have owned in the days that have gone by! Sound, stout, masculine, running strains. But they have run out, and they are vanished away. And it must be confessed with the deepest regret that a great number of the army of blood sires which we have been importing for the last twenty years are not sound; are not stout, are the reverse of masculine, although they do possess some of the greatest running blood in all the earth. My own deliberate opinion is that, for a decade, at least, we should drop this extravagant importation, put our own house in better order, and show the world once more what we can do in the way of producing our own sound, stout, fleet and staying, high-couraged but sensible Australian horse.

Chapter XII.

Great Australian Horses.

The Barb v. Carbine.

For we did produce, once upon a time, animals fit to take their places in the ranks against the greatest that the world could bring. Although the Hon. James White failed in his patriotic invasion, many individual racers reached the shores of Great Britain and showed the racing world what we are really capable of.

To begin with, there was Merman. This horse was bred by Mr. W. R. Wilson when his St. Albans Stud was in the zenith of its fortunes. He was a chestnut colt, foaled in 1892, by Grand Flaneur, who, great horse as he himself was, was not an unqualified success at the stud, from Seaweed, by Coltness out of Surf (imported). He showed some fair form in Australia, winning a couple of two-year-old handicaps in his first season out of half a dozen starts; the July Handicap, at a mile, in nine attempts as a three-year-old, and the Armadale Handicap, one mile, the Rosstown Plate, 5½ furlongs, the Yan Yean Stakes, a mile, and the Williamstown Cup, one mile and three furlongs, out of seven efforts, as a four-year-old. That erudite judge, Mr. William Allison, then purchased him on behalf of Mrs. Langtry, and in England he proved himself a stayer of the very first water by winning the Ascot Gold Cup, 2¼ miles, the Cesarewitch, 2¼ miles, the Goodwood Cup and

the Goodwood Stakes at two and a half miles each. This was the highest form imaginable, and was an excellent advertisement for the Australian horse.

Newhaven, our Cup and Derby winner, won the City and Suburban Handicap at Epsom, a race which the fiddle-headed old gelding, The Grafter, also appropriated, while Maluma, the sister to Malvolio, won races. Aurum, a son of Trenton, was, without doubt, the best representative we ever sent to the Old Country, but, unfortunately, he went wrong and never had a chance. He was the greatest three-year-old I ever saw, and at three years old ran third to The Grafter and Gaulus in the Melbourne Cup, two miles, at the beginning of November. This was such a good performance that I must append the weights, so that you can thoroughly appreciate the magnitude of the effort:—

Gaulus, 6 years	7.8 (1)
The Grafter, 4 years	7.0 (2)
Aurum, 3 years	8.6 (3)

Had they been meeting at weight-for-age, their respective imposts would have been:—

Gaulus, ch. h., 6 yrs.	9.6.
The Grafter, b. g., 4 yrs.	8.11.
Aurum, br. c., 3 yrs.	7.6.

It will thus be seen that this three-year-old was asked to give The Grafter, a horse capable of winning a City and Suburban, no less than thirty-nine pounds, calculated on the weight-for-age basis, and Gaulus forty pounds. It was no less than astounding.

A New Zealand colt, Noctuiiform, perhaps almost as good a colt in his three-year-old days as Aurum, also travelled to the Old Country, but went all to pieces, and was a complete failure. That was the fortune of war, but the Dominion avenged herself when Mr. S. H. Gollan took a steeplechaser, Moifaa, across the wide seas to Liverpool, and put down all England, aye, and Ireland, too, over that unique and difficult course. Yes, I assure you we can breed the best in the world here, if we would but take the greatest pains. That is where we fail, and fail badly. English stud management can give us a couple of stone and a handsome beating.

We often hear men arguing on the subject of "Which was the best horse ever bred in Australasia?"

The subject is an interesting, if a somewhat profitless one for discussion. It is impossible to decide the point, for the horses of old had perforce to contend with conditions which their more pampered brethren of to-day are never called upon to meet. But I should say that the champion laurels hover between the brows of Carbine and The Barb. The time occupied by each in running the Cup, two miles, can scarcely be compared. The old-timer won, as a three-year-old, carrying six stone eleven, in three minutes and forty-three seconds. Carbine, a five-year-old, with ten five up, finished in three minutes twenty-eight and a quarter seconds. The pace in The Barb's year was probably not fully on until approaching the Abattoirs, when the winner and Exile came away from the field and, locked together, they fought out every inch of the last hundred yards. In Carbine's year they hopped off with a full head of steam on, and the last five furlongs were covered at the tremendous speed of one minute and two seconds. But the going in The Barb's race, no doubt, could not be compared with what it is in our day, although we must remember that, after all, there was only an interval of twenty-four years between the two eras. It will be interesting to briefly run over the careers of the rivals.

As a two-year-old The Barb only competed twice. In April Fishhook and Budelight, two Fisherman colts belonging to Mr. H. Fisher, beat him in The Australian Jockey Club's Two Years' Stakes. The Barb ran green. A week afterwards Fishhook attempted to give the black colt a stone, at six furlongs, in The Nursery, but was beaten easily by two lengths.

Then followed the Australian Derby in September. The Barb won with the greatest ease by two lengths, Bylong, a chestnut Sir Hercules colt belonging to Mr. John Lee, running second, and Fishhook third. On September sixth, The Barb, still entitled to run in "A Maiden at entry" event, was beaten by a Pitsford horse, Bulgimbar, in the Spring Metropolitan Maiden Stakes, after a fine race, by half a length. Truly the ways of our ancestors were not our ways. Next day at weight-for-age, but carrying his seven-pound Derby penalty, he smothered Fishhook very easily by three lengths at a mile, run in 1.50. Dead slow! Then came the great Melbourne Cup on November 1st, 1886. The Barb won by a short head. Time, 3.43. All-Aged Stakes. One mile. Special weights. Sour Grapes (Mr. C. B. Fisher's) br. f., 2 years, first. The Barb second. The latter was left at the post. Won by 2 lengths. Time, 1.50.

Twelfth Champion Race. 1,000 sovereigns. Weight-for-age. Three miles. The Barb first, Mr. Tait's Volunteer second. Cowra, Sea Gull and Fishhook also ran, but Fishhook bolted. Won very easily. Time, 5 min. 38 sec. "Quickest on record in Australia."

The Homebush Maiden Plate. One mile and a half. For Maidens at time of entry. (The race was run on April 22nd, and so The Barb's claim to maidenhood would not hold good to-day.) Mr. E. Lee's Phoebe was the only other starter. "Won in a trot. Time, 3 min. 9 $\frac{3}{4}$ sec. The Barb ran in his shoes."

The Australian St. Leger. At Randwick, May 4th.

Mr. C. B. Fisher's Fishhook	1
Mr. T. Ivory's Blair Athol	2
Mr. J. Lee's Bylong	3

Mr. J. Tait's The Barb, Old England and Sir John also ran. "Fishhook and The Barb went off with the lead, and raced at a tremendous pace for a mile, when The Barb was beaten." What the explanation of this debacle might have been, I cannot say, but I am told by one who lived at that time that Fishhook simply "burst him up."

During the next season The Barb's career was an uninterrupted triumphal procession. The Metropolitan, the Craven Plate, the Randwick Plate, the Royal Park Stakes at Flemington, the Port Phillip Stakes, the Sydney Cup, and the Queen's Plate at Randwick, all came his way without much effort. The Royal Park Stakes was a walk-over, and in the Randwick Plate he had only Warwick, a stable companion, to canter along with him. But in the other events he beat Tim Whiffler, Fireworks (not, however, the Fireworks of his three-year-old days), Coquette, Gulnare, Glencoe and Gasworks. He was invincible, and there, at the height of his fortunes, his racing career terminated.

Now let us sum up Carbine as quickly as possible. As a two-year-old he appeared on the course five times, and on each occasion won his race against the best that New Zealand could produce of the same age, and in the Challenge Stakes he also beat Russley, a six-year-old, and Silvermark, a three-year-old.

After arriving in Australia, he was beaten—the most palpable fluke—in the Derby at Flemington by Mr. White's Ensign. Hales on Ensign won the

race; Derrit on Carbine lost it. The latter rider struck his mount (Carbine) with his whip on a tender spot, and paralysed him for the moment.

The Flying Stakes (seven furlongs), the Foal Stakes (a mile and a quarter), beating Melos and Wycombe, fell to him at the same Spring Meeting at Flemington. Then followed a couple of defeats. Carbine, now the property of Mr. Donald Wallace, ran third in the Newmarket, carrying eight stone twelve, to Sedition, a six-year-old mare with seven three on her back, and Lochiel, an aged horse, with nine four. Mick O'Brien always maintained that he should have won this race upon Carbine. It was well known that O'Brien was a partner in another of the runners (Tradition), and he was fancied. Carbine's jockey was determined that he would beat his own horse at all costs—otherwise, what would the mob say?—and kept the big bay well shepherded. When Tradition was palpably unable to come along, O'Brien clapped on full sail, and came too late. "I should be punished, flogged," he confessed, after weighing in. In the Australian Cup, Lochiel, giving in actual weight a pound, got home from the three-year-old by three parts of a neck. At weight-for-age Carbine would have received eighteen pounds. The colt now won the Champion Stakes, three miles, in a very slow run race, from Abercorn, Melos, Volley, Lonsdale and Cyclops. Next day he secured, very easily indeed, the All-Aged Stakes at a mile, and, on the same day, the Loch Plate, two miles, by half a head from Lochiel and Carlyon, Carbine carrying a fourteen pound penalty.

In Sydney, at the Autumn Meeting, in glorious weather, Abercorn beat the champion in the Autumn Stakes, a mile and a half, and The Australian Peer, Lochiel and Cranbrook were behind the pair. Next day, in the Sydney Cup, two miles, Carbine, nine stone, won by a head from Melos, eight stone two, with Abercorn third, nine four, two lengths away, and Lochiel, nine two, eighth. "At the half-mile post Lady Lyon somewhat interfered with Carbine, causing him to drop back last. Time, 3 min. 31 sec."

Next day Carbine won the All-Aged (a mile) from Rudolph, Russley, Lochiel and Melos, and later in the afternoon beat Lochiel in the Cumberland Stakes, two miles, with Abercorn third. Carbine won by half a head, as you will see if you turn up the Turf Register of the day. What that useful work does not tell you, however, is this: Five furlongs from home the race looked a gift for Carbine, and all the books were laying "ten to one Lochiel." At this moment Carbine nearly fell, and dropped astern a prodigious long way. Old Mr. Sam Cook, the owner of The Admiral, hearing the fielders still calling "ten to one Lochiel," dashed in and took all the hundreds to ten he could gather. Running back to the Lawn again he came in sight of the winning post just in time to see Carbine put in the most paralysing run perhaps ever seen, and just catch the leader on the post. One who was down the running tells how, sweeping round the bend, Carbine was literally "ventre a terre," his belly almost touching the grass. The last half was run under 48 seconds. It was a falsely run race, the two miles taking them five minutes and three seconds. On the last day of the meeting, Mr. Wallace's colt again beat Abercorn—half a length—Melos, Lochiel, Volley and Bluenose, in the Australian Jockey Club Plate, three miles.

And so ended his three-year-old career. The next season opened for him in the Spring with the Caulfield Stakes. Mr. James White's three-year-old Dreadnought beat him two lengths over the mile and a furlong, and Mr. White with Abercorn, and Mr. Gannon, by the aid of Melos, stood in Carbine's way in the Melbourne Stakes. But only a short head and half a neck separated the three. Ah! there was racing in the days of these mighty giants.

In the Melbourne Cup, Carbine was set to carry ten stone. Bravo, a six-year-old son of Grand Flaneur, who had been much fancied, went lame a few days before the race, was eased in his work, and went back in the betting to pretty hopeless odds. Recovering, however, and most probably all the better for the let-up, he won fairly easily from Carbine, with the consistent Melos third, carrying eight twelve.

When Carbine was saddled up for the Canterbury Plate on the last day of the meeting, he had one of his fore feet quartered, and consequently he was unable to show his best form, and for once in a way he was beaten out of a place by Abercorn, Sinecure and Melos. His revenge came in the autumn. In the Essendon Stakes he beat Singapore, Melos, Bravo and Chintz, although Melos and Dreadnought finished ahead of him in a slow-run Championship. However, on the fourth day of the meeting he made ample amends by taking the All-Aged Stakes, at a mile, from five two-year-olds, and the Loch Plate, over two miles, from Singapore and Fishwife. "Three to one on Carbine." Then came the Autumn Randwick Meeting. Here, in the Autumn Stakes, Melos once more ran second to the great horse, with Dreadnought third. Chintz, Antaeus and Federation also ran. The Sydney Cup, two miles, came on the second day, and Carbine won easily. He carried nine stone nine, and Melos, nine five, was out of a place. He ended his four-year-old efforts with the All-Aged Stakes, the Cumberland Stakes—both on the same day—and the A.J.C. Plate, three miles, in the last race beating Melos and Dreadnought. The time occupied in running the distance was six minutes and seven seconds, which, of course, was terribly slow. Carbine's last season was almost, though unfortunately not quite, an unblemished blaze of glory. Briefly, here is the list of his triumphs: The Spring Stakes, Randwick, beating Melos and seven others; the Craven Plate, with Megaphone and Cuirassier behind him. The time for the mile and a quarter was 2 min. 7 sec., a record at that period. The Melbourne Stakes from a large field, including Melos, who must have been heartily sick of the sight of his enemy's tail. The aforementioned Melbourne Cup—the record Cup; the Essendon Stakes; the Champion Stakes, beating on this occasion the risen sun amongst the three-year-olds, The Admiral; the All-Aged Stakes; the Autumn Stakes, with only Highborn in opposition at weight-for-age. In the great Melbourne race you must remember that Highborn had carried six stone eight to the champion's ten five. On the second day of this Randwick meeting, Highborn came out and won the Sydney Cup, carrying nine stone three. This is perhaps the most convincing proof that Carbine was very close akin to the super equine. But on the third day of the gathering Carbine made his unlucky "lapsus pedis." In the All-Aged Stakes, in slippery going, that very great miler, Marvel, beat him easily by four lengths, at his favourite distance. Carbine was extremely disgusted. His faithful and splendidly knowledgeable trainer, Walter Hickenbotham, had sent him out that day without shoes, and he did not seem able to act. When the clerk of the course rode up, as is the fashion in Australia, to escort Marvel into the enclosure, Carbine "went for him" with open mouth. Revenge is sweet indeed. Nor was it long delayed. In the second last race of the same afternoon the pair again met at two miles, when, suitably shod, and with seven to four betted on him, Carbine came home seven lengths to the good. There had been considerable excitement and applause when the black horse downed the great gun at the mile, but when old Carbine fairly vindicated himself in such smashing style, a generous and sporting public went wild with enthusiasm. Hats, umbrellas, even field glasses, were thrown into the air, and the shouts were deafening. Emotion like this, when money is not the incentive, is good.

And—last scene of all which closed this strange, eventful history—in the A.J.C. Plate, on the fourth day, at three miles, and with the bookmakers asking ten to one, the great horse cantered home from Correze and Greygown. The curtain had fallen. The racecourse saw the familiar figure no more.

Which champion, then, shall be dubbed "The Champion of Champions?" Men, and good judges, who have seen The Barb, tell us that, as a horse, he was magnificent. Lengthy, but beautifully ribbed up, immense loins, great powerful, muscular quarters, perfect shoulders, the best of legs, and altogether a noble-looking animal. Carbine was scarcely that. He possessed grand staying points, of course. "A loin and a back that would carry a house, and quarters to lift you slap over the town." His barrel was all that it ought to be, deep, but not cumbersome. His shoulders were excellent, his rein long. But, in proportion to the rest of his frame, he was light in the gaskin, not great in the forearm, small—7 $\frac{3}{4}$ inches—and inclined to be round and long in his canon bones. Neither a "pretty" nor a perfect animal. Both horses possessed the temperament that heroes are made of. Courage, coolness, sagacity were theirs. Carbine ran his own race. He seized his own opportunities, and took an opening on his own initiative, when he saw it, through which he might thread his way in a big field. And he recognised the winning post as well as he knew his manger. He was determined to win, and he was perfectly well aware when a supreme effort was necessary. One might almost say, too, that he had the saving gift of humour. As he emerged from the enclosure in order to take his breather before a race, he almost invariably indulged in a little pantomime of his own, partly for his own edification, and partly for the amusement of his friends, the crowd. When he stepped on to the course from the enclosure, he would "gammon" that he saw something up the running which attracted his attention, and he would stand with his ears at full cock, gazing as at an apparition. No effort on the part of his jockey could induce him to walk forwards. Then Walter Hickenbotham appeared from the wings, as it were, and endeavoured to "shoo" him on. No result. Now Walter would flap his handkerchief at him, and the old fellow might walk a few paces, and then take fresh stock of the imaginary object in the distance. Another full stop. Then came the moment when Walter resorted to his ace of trumps. This was an umbrella, kept evidently for the purpose, which was opened and shut rapidly, as near as was consistent with safety to the horse's heels. This usually produced the desired effect, and Carbine would then proceed far enough up the running to enable his jockey to invite him to turn round and sweep down the course in his preliminary. It was a curious and somewhat entertaining performance, but what the horse thought about it all it is difficult to say. But now, to sum up and deliver a verdict on the question of the merits of Carbine and The Barb. It is possible that The Barb was the better horse, and he was, most probably, the better looking of the two. Yet I fancy I know full well what the verdict of posterity will be. When a statue to Carbine has been erected in Olympia future generations will read in large letters on its plinth, "C.O.M.," and archæologists of a later age will interpret this to mean: "Carbine, Optimus, Maximus" ("Carbine, Best and Greatest").

Chapter XIII.

Other Great Horses.

There have been numerous other great horses in our country, some of them standing on a high pedestal, but none of them on quite such a lofty one as that supporting Carbine or The Barb. Some may worship the memory of one, some that of another. It is a case of "laudabunt alii" (each man to his own choice). But we should like to recall a few of those celebrities, some of them dead and gone, a few still in the land of the living. Chester and First King were good, possibly even great horses. As two-year-olds they never met, but both were champions, First King winning all his three engagements, and Chester four out of five. The latter was beaten a head in his initiatory effort by Sir Hercules Robinson's Viscount—an evident fluke. As three-year-olds there was a battle royal between the two. The Derby, Chester won easily by half a length. In the Mares' Produce, a mile and a quarter Mr. White's colt repeated the dose. But in the Championship, over three miles, First King won by four lengths, and he beat the New South Welshman, but only by a short head, in the Leger. Chester had no engagement in the Australian Cup, which First King won, and in the Town Plate, two miles, Chester had no difficulty in putting the King down by two lengths. It is possible that Mr. Wilson's colt was a little stale after the Australian Cup. They never crossed swords again, and although Chester won seven out of his eleven engagements as a four-year-old, I question if he was ever so good again as he was at three. Horses like Warlock, Melita and Cap-a-pie beat him at weight-for-age, which, had he been at his best, could never have occurred. First King did not appear as a four-year-old, but at five years he was only beaten once, and that was by the Derby winner, the beautiful, shapely, grey, Snowden colt, Suwarrow, in the Canterbury Plate, two miles and a quarter. But in his winning efforts he had no really great horses to conquer, although one or two of his opponents were good, Richmond—past his zenith—Wellington and Swiveller being the best of them. On paper, the honours are pretty evenly divided between Chester and First King, and I daresay old-time racing men could argue with some gusto after dinner in favour of their particular fancy, and might finally have to rise from the table unconvinced, or, if convinced against their will—well, holding the same opinion still.

Grand Flaneur was the next public idol. He was never beaten, and how good he was it is difficult to say. This great colt only ran once in his first season, when he won the Normanby Stakes at the Flemington New Year Day Meeting. Palmyra and Cinnamon were in the field, the former being favourite at even money. At three years Grand Flaneur commenced with the A.J.C. Derby, and then went through an unbroken sequence of victories in the Mares' Produce, the Victoria Derby, the Melbourne Cup, the V.R.C. Mares' Produce, the Champion, the Leger and the Town Plate.

Grand Flaneur may have been lucky in racing during a rather lean year, but over and over again he cantered home from the Angler colt Progress, who, when the big fellow was not present, invariably smothered the opposition in the most convincing manner possible, and there is no doubt whatsoever that Mr. W. A. Long's colt was really and truly "great." He ran no more after his three-year-old career terminated.

Malua was better than simply a "good horse." One that could win, in his four-year-old season, a Newmarket Handicap, six furlongs, the Oakleigh Plate, five and a half furlongs, and the Adelaide Cup, a mile and five, was something of a genius. And as a five-year-old he graduated in the weight-for-

age class, taking the Spring Stakes, a mile and a half, the Melbourne Stakes, a mile and a quarter, and the Melbourne Cup, two miles, carrying nine stone nine, his rival, Commotion, being half a length off second, with his nine twelve up. As a six-year-old, with nine nine, the Australian Cup, two and a quarter miles, fell to Malua, and then, as an eight-year-old stallion, he won the Grand National Hurdle Race easily, carrying his owner, Mr. J. O. Inglis, who was a very fine horseman. It must be confessed that Malua was wonderfully favourably handicapped for a winner of his great class, as his weight was only eleven stone seven. Twelve seven would have been a more reasonable impost. Malua may not have been quite up to the pitch of a "great" horse, but he was terribly near it, and his brilliant and determined run over the last two furlongs may have been electrifying enough to have defeated even the best. And in estimating his merit, we must take into account his unusual versatility. Of course, Abercorn was a "great" horse. His was that great light which caused the greater light of Carbine to burn with such dazzling brilliancy. The great, slapping, lengthy chestnut won for Mr. White twenty races, all of them against the highest class of horse, out of a total of thirty-four starts. It was a case of Greek meeting Greek when Abercorn, Australian Peer, Carbine and Melos threw down their gauntlets.

Australian Peer scored many points, but undoubtedly Abercorn won the rubber. A great racehorse, he was promising at the stud, and gave us a stayer in Cobbity, another lovely mover and good winner in Coil, and a Derby horse in Cocos. All the three, by the way, were out of the one mare, Copra. Abercorn was bought to go to Ireland, and there he did very little good. Had he remained behind in Australia, and continued to produce horses of like merit with the three mentioned, there might have been a different tale to tell. As it was, with him the blood of Whisker seemed to peter out.

Wallace was in the "great" class, and was certainly a very great sire. His two-year-old career was not so promising in public as it was in private, for, although backed well upon many occasions, he only secured a single bracket out of eight attempts. As a three-year-old he commenced with a second in the Spring Stakes to Hova, and then went from strength to strength, taking the Guineas, the Derby, and the C. B. Fisher Plate. In the Leger something happened which fairly made me groan with anguish, as I sat there watching a good horse being beaten by a comparative commoner. Mr. H. Oxenham had two representatives, Cabin Boy and Waterfall, in the race. The latter was a pretty good horse, and Gough, on Wallace, galloped along beside him, the only competitor whom he thought was likely to offer any dangerous opposition whatever. Delaney, Cabin Boy's rider, meanwhile, in the guise of making the running for his companion, shot away, secured a tremendous lead, and Wallace could never quite get up. Next day Idolator, a six-year-old, with seven three on his back, just got home from Wallace, in the Australian Cup, carrying eight ten. It seemed to me that Wallace winced in the last few strides as though he had been struck with the whip on a painful spot, but I never heard until lately whether this was the case or not. Mr. Phillip Russell, the owner of Idolator, says "No." The verdict was half a head. Next day Mr. James Wilson, Junr.'s beautiful Trenton mare, Quiver, ran a dead-heat with Wallace in the three-mile championship, and they completed the distance in the then record time of 5 min. 23¼ sec. It has only once been beaten since, by three-quarters of a second, when Radnor won, and it will never be equalled again, as the race has since been abolished. In the autumn, at Randwick, Wallace won the Leger, the Sydney Cup, with eight twelve, the Cumberland Stakes, but, probably stale, lost the three-mile A.J.C. Plate to a couple of moderates

like The Harvester and Fort. This practically closed the son of Carbine's racing career, as he only once more faced the barrier, in the following spring. At the stud he has earned imperishable renown. There is, unfortunately, just a shadow of doubt as to whether or not he is going to be a proven sire of sires. So far we have seen no son of his who appears to be destined to carry on the line in tail male. But with Wallace Isinglass, Patrobas, Wolowa and Trafalgar, there is certainly a distinct hope. As the sire of great brood mares there is not the slightest anxiety as to his future fame, for that is established already.

Newhaven followed fast on Wallace's footsteps, for he won the V.R.C. Derby the very year after the Carbine colt. As a two-year-old he took, amongst other races, the Maribyrnong Plate and the Ascot Vale Stakes, carrying the full penalty. His three-year-old performances quite entitled him to take his place among the "greats," and although, perhaps, a horse of moods, or more likely an animal easily affected by what might have been a trifle to some of his peers built in a coarser mould, he was really awfully good. One can never forget how, after having won the Derby in smashing style, he came out in the Cup, and with the substantial burden of seven thirteen on his three-year-old back, seven pounds over weight-for-age, he took the lead before passing the judge's box the first time round, never relinquished his advantage, and finally strode home half a dozen lengths to the good. Some of us, whilst taking a walk round the course on the evening before the great race, were talking "Cup" all the time. Mr. W. E. Dakin, a keen judge of racing and of a horse, pulled up at the five furlong post from home, and with a wave of his stick, oracularly decided that "here Newhaven will begin to come back to them." I had the privilege of sitting beside Mr. Dakin during the race, and, just at the point which he had indicated, the chestnut colt seemed to take a fresh lease of life and shot out with an even more substantial lead than before. I could not refrain from nudging my friend's knee and saying: "How about Newhaven coming back to them now?"

After a very successful three-year-old career, his victories including the Championship, the Loch Plate, the A.J.C. St. Leger and the A.J.C. Plate, Mr. —afterwards Sir William—Cooper took him to England. He was a very free, loose galloper, with a curious amount of knee action, a style which caused one to be rather doubtful of his staying powers until he had unmistakably refuted all suspicions by his deeds. Newhaven was by Newminster from Oceana, by St. Albans (son of Blair Athol), her dam, Idalia, by Tim Whiffler (imp.) from Musidora, by The Premier—Dinah, by Gratis from an unknown mare. Hers is one of those pedigrees which one would give worlds to fathom to the very depths.

Maltster, great as his success afterwards was at the stud, can scarcely be catalogued amongst the great. He was good, and had he had the opportunity, might possibly have been promoted to this, the seventh heaven, but, as it was, his working days were over by the autumn of his three-year-old career, and he had the fortune to come in a rather lean year, when no giants as of old were stalking upon the earth.

Poseidon, a failure at the stud, was, on the racecourse, great. He commenced his career so modestly that no one would have suspected that a bright sun had arisen in the morning skies. He won a Nursery at the A.J.C. January Meeting, and was allotted six stone eight in the Melbourne Cup.

Early in the following spring he was still, apparently, without any ambition towards higher things. He commenced by winning a welter at the Sydney Tatt.'s Club gathering in September, and followed it up with a victory in the Spring Handicap at Hawkesbury. Then, with odds of seven to one against

him, he was proclaimed the A.J.C. Derby winner, beating Collarit, Antonious, Iolaire and a couple more. With his penalty he was beaten next day by Solution in the Metropolitan. Then came triumphs in the Eclipse Stakes at Caulfield, the Caulfield Cup, with a fourteen-pound penalty, the Victoria Derby, the Melbourne Cup, the St. Helier Stakes at Caulfield in February, the St. Leger at Flemington, and the Loch Plate, two miles, beating Dividend. Then he was checked in this triumphal progress. Dividend took down his number in the Champion, and again in the Cumberland Stakes at Randwick. Meanwhile, however, Poseidon had won what was practically a bloodless victory in the A.J.C. St. Leger.

At four years Poseidon still retained his form, and was successful seven times, the Spring Stakes, the Eclipse, the Caulfield Cup, with nine stone three up, the Melbourne Stakes, the Rawson Stakes, the Cumberland Stakes, and the A.J.C. Plate falling to his lot. Mountain King, however, who might have been a great horse but for wind troubles, beat him in the Rawson Stakes in spring, the Craven and the C. B. Fisher Plate. Poseidon was unplaced (eighth) in the Melbourne Cup that year, carrying ten stone three, including a penalty, and he did but little more. Had Alawa depended upon his three-year-old record, he might have been included in the Roll of Honour, but his star had reached its zenith by his three-year-old autumn, and those greater sons, Comedy King and Trafalgar, obscured his lesser light until it finally sank beneath the horizon. There was a rich vintage just at this period of our history: Trafalgar, Alawa, Comedy King, Prince Foote. It was when Comedy King was a four-year-old and Trafalgar a five-year-old that the real fun began. The latter was a chestnut horse by Wallace from Grand Canary, by Splendor from a Lapidist mare, and to see him walking out for his afternoon exercise, or lagging along in the saddling paddock, you would never, as a casual spectator, have taken him for anything but a rather lazy, spiritless, washy old gelding. He was sleepy, indifferent to his surroundings, careless of the calls of love, or of what the next hour might bring in the shape of a tussle with some worthy foe.

Comedy King, a rich brown, with fire in his eye, and in his every movement, with a skin like satin, showing every vein as he paced along, was the very antithesis of his great rival. He had been imported by Mr. Sol. Green, at his mother's side, and he was by King Edward's horse Persimmon, out of Tragedy Queen, a Gallinule mare.

Prince Foote was a great three-year-old. But his nine victories at that age left their effects upon him, and he only started three times as a four-year-old, winning the Chelmsford and running second in the A.J.C. Spring Stakes to Comedy King, beating Trafalgar, Pendil, etc. The Chelmsford came early in the spring, and here, with the exception of Maltine, he had not much to beat. As a three-year-old, however, he won the Chelmsford again, against a large field, including that great miler, Malt King; the A.J.C. Derby, from Patronatus and Danilo; the V.R.C. Derby, the Melbourne Cup, carrying two pounds over weight-for-age; the V.R.C. Leger; the Champion Stakes from Pendil; the A.J.C. Leger; the A.J.C. Plate, from Pendil and Trafalgar; and the Cumberland Stakes, two miles, from the same couple. Yes, he was a "great" three-year-old.

Between Trafalgar and Comedy King it was a case of "pull devil, pull baker," so long as they were running at a distance not beyond a mile and a half. After that Trafalgar was the master. For, although Comedy King beat the chestnut in the Cup, the latter was giving weight, and I do not think that many people, with the exception of Comedy King's backers, were altogether satisfied that Trafalgar had had a clear run. The black horse, at

three years, won the Futurity at Caulfield, with a twenty-one pound allowance; as a four-year-old he took the Cup, the St. George's Stakes, the Essendon Stakes, the All-Aged Stakes, and the Autumn Stakes. And at five years the Eclipse again fell to him, after which he retired. But Trafalgar, his arch enemy, secured twenty-four high-class races, and raced on until he was seven years old. He won at distances varying between nine furlongs and three miles, but the farther he went the better he liked it, and, strangely enough, he appeared to be gaining in speed as he grew older. And he never left an oat in his manger, and would clean up everything that was offered him, even when undergoing a course of physic, while his legs were of iron. I would not have liked to go into his box by myself, nor without his boy at his head. He was a sour old dog, and did not like to be disturbed in his castle. I have seen him "round" on his trainer and eject him without much ceremony from his box when in an ill humour. But I have no doubt that after he went out of training, and had liberty, and not too much strapping, he became the mildest mannered horse that ever won a race or cut a rival's throat. I fear, however, that he is not a success at the stud, although a sure foal-getter. Comedy King, on the other hand, sires innumerable gallopers, from hurdle jumpers up to the winners of the greatest prizes to be gained on the turf to-day. And I think you would have anticipated the destiny of the pair had you seen them often in their daily lives.

Of the horses of the last lustrum it is difficult to speak, and, indeed, before history has had time to give her verdict, it might be injudicious to open one's mouth. But I can safely say this: I never saw a performance in my life which equalled that of Artilleryman in the Melbourne Cup of 1919. He had been a somewhat uncertain performer in his two-year-old days. As a three-year-old he had run Richmond Main, a very good colt, a dead heat in the A.J.C. Derby, and had been well beaten by the same horse in the V.R.C. classic event, a few weeks after. But there were extenuating circumstances, I admit, in the latter race. In the Cup, three days later, running next the rails, and in a fair, but not a too flattering position as the field streamed to the bend, Lewis, his rider, perceiving a clear space ahead of him, shot his colt through, and in a very few seconds the contest was all over. Artilleryman, with his weight-for-age on his back, simply squandered the field. The official verdict was six lengths. The photographers made it at least a dozen. The eyesight of the excited spectators pronounced the gap between the winner and Richmond Main, the second horse, at anything varying between a hundred yards and a quarter of a mile. From a coign of vantage, unhampered by the crowd, and in a semi-official capacity, I judged the brown horse to be over ten lengths to the good as he passed the winning post. This great colt won his autumn engagements at Flemington, although to the professional eye there was something not quite all right about his physical state at that time. Nevertheless, he travelled on to Sydney, where he was badly beaten in all his engagements. It then transpired that all was not well with him. A swelling had made its appearance both on the outside and on the inside of his near thigh, and his near hock was enlarged. Unfortunately, the trouble went on from bad to worse, and in a few months this great son of Comedy King succumbed, dying, strange to say, within a few hours of Mr. Alec Murphy, who was a partner in the horse with his friend Sir Samuel Hordern.

The verdict, as I write, has not yet been pronounced upon the risen sun of to-day, Eurythmic. That he is a very good horse indeed, there can be little doubt. That he is a really great one is not yet quite certain. The best of judges point out that Eurythmic has been tremendously lucky; that he has never met

anything which can be called great, with the exception of Poitrel, who undoubtedly was a very excellent stayer indeed. At a mile, and, perhaps, at a mile and a half, Eurythmic was superior to game little Poitrel, but we only once saw them meet over a distance of ground, and that was in the Melbourne Cup. Here, giving ten pounds, Poitrel won cleverly, with Eurythmic a good fourth. At weight-for-age, Poitrel would have been giving his rival only six pounds. So that it certainly looks as though the Poitrels "had it on the voices." But there is just a lingering feeling in the mind that Eurythmic had not yet quite come to his own on that fine spring day when the Cup was decided, and his subsequent form showed very distinct improvement. We shall see. But the name of Poitrel is assuredly one of those "that glow from yonder brass."

Chapter XIV.

Queens of the Turf.

Of course, there have been infinitely fewer great mares on the turf than there have been famous and great horses. And this is peculiarly noticeable in Australia, for what reason I am unable to say. Thus, since the St. Leger was first instituted in this country until to-day, a mare has only won the race six times. In England, on the other hand, during the same span, a mare has been hailed the winner on fourteen occasions. Perhaps it is for this reason that, when a mare does stamp herself as the best of the year, and perhaps of her generation, she catches the affection of the public even more firmly than does some great horse hero of the course. It may be, too, that there is more sympathy felt by everyone for the weaker vessel, and that naturally, for the crowd, who are composed more of men than of women, it is easier to love anything female as opposed to male. Whatever may be the cause, there it is, anyhow. If you let your mind run back during the last sixty years or so to the racing in the Old Country, the love manifested by the mob for Regalia, Achievement, Caller Ou, Formosa, Hannah, Apology, La Fleche, Sceptre and Pretty Polly was far more firm and enthusiastic than for all the Ormondes, Isonomys, Donovans, Robert the Devils and Persimmons, no matter what their achievements have been. And when it has come to a contest between a colt and a filly in a classic race, the hearts of the people have always seemed to go out to the mare. One can never forget that year, perhaps the most sensational in the history of the turf, when Hermit won the Derby. Whilst this great colt was making romance and story, there was a beautiful mare, Achievement, who was gripping the hearts of everyone interested in the sport of horse racing. She had not had a career of uninterrupted success. And this fact, in a mare, in no way alienates the affection of the people. On the contrary, sympathy flows out to the defeated filly. During the autumn, in the Doncaster St. Leger, she and the Derby winner were destined to meet. I cannot recall a year in which such universal interest was taken in a race. My own household were on tip-toe, and we awaited the result with bated breaths. We were all for "the mare." There was no rapid dissemination of news in those days such as we "suffer under" to-day. Indeed, we were lucky, or thought ourselves lucky, if we happened to hear a result before the delivery of the morning papers at about ten o'clock next day. We were all at tea on the evening of the great event. It was one of those quiet, warm, brooding days of early autumn, when sounds travel to a great distance. Suddenly we heard the

crunching of feet far off, marching up the carriage drive and, we all—"just a when callants," you know—cocked our ears. Was it the news? The footsteps halted at the open front door, and the voice of a neighbour called out loudly, "The mare won by three lengths." And then, what a cheer burst from us! I should like to hear the same again, in some modern household to-day. But this is but "an old song that sung itself to me, sweet in a boy's day dream," and we will pass to a consideration of the few Queens of the Turf in Australia since the beginning of things. We need not revert to the Bessy Bedlams of the early 'forties of the last century, nor the Alice Hawthorns of before the flood. Worthy mares, no doubt, and revered by their worshippers, but probably slow gallopers compared to the fliers of to-day.

Only six mares have won the Championship, and one of these took the race twice. This was Ladybird, who was a New Zealander, and who was victorious when that race was contested over in the Dominion. She was successful in 1863, as a five-year-old, and in 1865. She was not a "Queen." Not another mare left her name on the champion roll until Quiver, in 1896, when that fine four-year-old dead heated with Wallace. Quiver was a very lengthy bay mare by Trenton from Tremulous, by Maribyrong out of Agitation (imp.) by Orest. As a two-year-old she did not greatly distinguish herself, winning, out of three attempts, a Nursery at Flemington. At three years she also earned but one bracket, but, starting a hot odds on favourite for the Oaks, she turned round when the barrier flew up, and took no part in the race. That was the first year of the starting gate, and the Derby, won by The Harvester, was the earliest classic race in which the invention was made use of. Horses were unused to the ropes in those days, and I can see now the look of rather sulky surprise upon the mare's countenance at what she, no doubt, took for an abominable thing, dangled in the air beside her nose. The field, without her, went off at a slow canter, and had Moore, the jockey, set Quiver going, and followed the others, he would have had no difficulty in catching them in the first half-mile, and it is certain that Quiver would have won. As it was, the whole thing was a novelty, and Moore seemed to lose his head, and to fall into a dream. But there was a great outcry, and the "flatites" reckoned that they had been taken down. Of course, there was nothing in it.

It was as a four-year-old, however, that Quiver earned her title. She commenced with the Spring Stakes at Randwick, and she followed this up with the Randwick Plate over those three long, tiring miles, beating Portsea, amongst others. Tattersall's Club Cup, two miles, with nine stone two up, came next, and then the Essendon Stakes at Flemington, when she put down Hova, Havoc, Preston and Auraria. And the crown was finally put upon her head when the famous dead heat took place for the Championship with Wallace. The mare was sold and went to India, shortly afterwards, and there she gained further laurels.

I am not just absolutely clear in my mind that Quiver ought to be included in the list of great Queens, but she was the first actually to win an open Championship, for Ladybird only met New Zealanders and does not count, and the finish with Wallace proclaimed the Trenton mare to be a stayer, and a game one to boot. This was a period in our story when good mares flourished. For Lady Trenton, the winner of the Sydney Cup, was a contemporary of Quiver, although she cannot be included amongst the Queens. She was a graceful, beautiful mover, a thorough Trenton, but a handicap mare only. Her pedigree is interesting, in that her dam was the famous Black Swan, by Yattendon from Maid of the Lake, "whose pedigree," says the Stud Book,

"cannot be ascertained." As Lady Trenton was foaled as lately as 1889, it is a little curious that her grand dam's pedigree should be wrapped in mystery.

Sir Rupert Clarke's La Carabine was the Champion winner in 1901 and 1902. She is pronounced unhesitatingly "a Queen." Her first season did not appear to hold out much hope of mighty deeds in the future; at least, to those who were not acquainted with her domestic history. She was a chestnut, foaled in 1894, by Carbine out of imported Oratava, by Barcaldine, from Tullia, by Petrarch, her dam Chevisaunce, by Stockwell out of Paradigm, by Paragone from Ellen Horne, the maternal ancestress of Bend Or. Her breeder was Mr. O'Shanassy, but it was in the nomination of Mr. Herbert Power that she was launched upon her career as a two-year-old. She was an exceedingly mean-looking creature during her first season.

Being much enamoured of her pedigree, I undertook the long journey to Melbourne from the Murray in order that I might see her perform. I was standing in the saddling enclosure looking out for the filly, when there passed me a mean, ragged-looking, little thing, with a mournful cast of countenance, and she knuckled over on both her hind fetlocks at each step. "What on earth is that miserable little brute?" I inquired from a knowledgeable friend at my side. "Oh! that's a two-year-old in Jimmy Wilson's stable. La Carabine they call her." This was a great shock, and her running that season did not bewray the great possibilities that lay beneath her rather washy chestnut hide. She was successful in a Nursery at Randwick in the autumn, carrying seven stone seven, but beating nothing of any great account, and she was absolutely unsuccessful as a three-year-old. At four years she managed to dead heat at Flemington with Dreamland, who, however, beat her in the run off, at a mile and a half. But for this faint silver lining to her cloud, everything was still in darkness. But I knew that she could beat Key, one of the greyhounds of the turf, at anything beyond half a mile, and that she could stay. Therefore, Hope was not yet altogether dead.

Ere the next season had dawned, however, La Carabine had passed into the hands of Mr. W. R. Wilson, of St. Albans, whose manager, Mr. Leslie McDonald, was certainly second to none as a trainer and stud master, if, indeed, he was not facile princeps of all his contemporaries, or of all those who had gone before him. And it may be that he will retain his invincibility in his own line for all time. The only man whom I can ever think of as being his "marrow" is Mr. J. E. Brewer. Under Mr. McDonald's fostering care the little mare won the Stand Handicap at the Flemington October Meeting, and, after an interval of non-success, she was returned as winner of the Australian Cup, run over two miles and a quarter. She had now discovered her metier, for in Sydney, during April, the Cup fell to her at two miles, she carrying eight stone two. Two days after she beat Merriwee, weight-for-age, at three miles in the A.J.C. Plate, and travelling on to Adelaide, she smashed the opposition in the Alderman Cup, a mile and three-quarters, carrying the substantial impost of nine seven. Now a six-year-old, and in the ownership of Sir Rupert Clarke, after failing in the Melbourne Cup with nine seven, she gained a bracket in the V.R.C. Handicap, carrying the same weight as in the Cup, and in the autumn, the Essendon Stakes, and the Champion Stakes fell to her. In Sydney the Cumberland Stakes (2 miles), and the A.J.C. Plate (3 miles) were hers, and she completed her triumphs with a couple of victories in Adelaide, the last of which was the S.A.J.C. Handicap, carrying ten stone six. She ran but four times as a seven-year-old, and her one achievement was once more winning the Championship, on this occasion beating another reigning Queen, the peerless Wakeful. She was retired to the stud in

the following spring. It is seldom indeed that one sees a great race mare vindicate herself in the paddock as well as upon the racecourse, and La Carabine has been no exception to the rule. It is true that her mates were chosen somewhat unfortunately, but it is doubtful whether a mare who was what may be termed "trained to rags" could ever have produced anything approaching herself in racing merit. Her quality may yet be kept alive by one of her daughters, for her pedigree is unsurpassable. And now we have arrived at the undoubted, undisputed Queen of the Turf. You can call her the Empress of mares, a worthy consort to occupy the throne alongside of Carbine himself. This is Wakeful.

A bay filly, she was dropped in 1896 at St. Albans, and her breeder was Mr. W. R. Wilson, whose racing career was then at its zenith. She was by Trenton, the sire of Quiver, from Insomnia, by Robinson Crusoe, her dam Nightmare, by Panic from Evening Star (imp.), the dam also of that fine stayer Commotion. The nomenclature, you will observe, is distinctly good, being suggestive of at least one of the parents all through, and yet each name is simple, and there is no straining after effect.

As a two-year-old, Wakeful, who was a great thriver, and who laid on condition very rapidly, was given a "rough up" across the common at St. Albans, with several others of the same age as herself. Revenue, a subsequent winner of the Melbourne Cup, was one of them, but the little mare ran right away from them all. It was noticeable, and was the cause of some mirth in the stable, that Wakeful's rider on that occasion had never been guilty before of winning a race either in public or in private, and I believe he has never since equalled his performance of that morning. This is manifest proof of the tremendous superiority of the mare. Unfortunately, or fortunately, whichever way you like to take it, Wakeful went lame after the gallop, somewhere in her quarters, and it was deemed advisable to turn her out. A great difficulty, however presented itself to her owner, in that she was such a contented, good-constituted little thing that she would grow as fat as butter upon the "smell of an oiled rag." And meanwhile Mr. W. R. Wilson passed out Westwards, and the stud being disposed of, the bay fell into the possession of Mr. Leslie McDonald. Mr. McDonald made no attempt to get her fit until she had passed her fourth birthday, and then she made her debut in the Doona Trial Stakes at Caulfield, in September. Quite unexpectedly, and with no money invested upon her, she ran second, and a week or two later, she was unplaced in the Paddock Handicap at Flemington. She was now most judiciously laid by until the Autumn, when, in a field of twenty-one sprinters, and first favourite, at fours to one, she finished four lengths ahead of anything in the Oakleigh Plate, five furlongs and a half. At Flemington, three weeks subsequent to this triumph, and carrying a ten-pound penalty, with only five to two betted against her, she won the Newmarket from a field of eighteen—six furlongs. From this time onwards her light burned with a steady luminosity to the very end. In all, she took part in thirty-five races, of which she actually won twenty-two, was second in nine, third in three, and was unplaced on but two occasions. She was not placed, as we have noticed, on her second appearance in public, in the Paddock Handicap, and she was fifth in the Melbourne Cup, which was won by her stable companion, Revenue, a good five-year-old gelding who was unsound, and had been resuscitated, and carried but seven stone ten. Wakeful, a five-year-old mare at the time, had eight stone ten. We need not tabulate the wins of this truly marvellous mare, but here is a list of her principal victories:—The Oakleigh Plate (5½ furs.), The Newmarket Handicap (6

furs.), The Doncaster Handicap (1 mile), The Caulfield Stakes (9 furs.), The Melbourne Stakes (1¼ miles), The St. George's Stakes (1 mile), The Essendon Stakes (1½ miles), The All-Aged Stakes (1 mile), The Autumn Stakes, Randwick (1½ miles), The Sydney Cup—carrying 9 st. 7 lbs.—(2 miles), The All-Aged Stakes (1 mile), The A.J.C. Plate (3 miles), The Spring Stakes, Randwick (1½ miles), The Craven Plate (1¼ miles), The Randwick Plate (2 miles), The Caulfield Stakes (9 furs.), The Eclipse Stakes (1 mile 3 furs.), The Melbourne Stakes (1¼ miles), The C. B. Fisher Plate (1½ miles), The St. Helier Stakes (1 mile), The Essendon Stakes (1½ miles), The Champion (3 miles). The merit of any victory depends, of course, not upon the race won, but on the quality of the field in opposition, but you cannot find Wakeful wanting in this respect. She beat, and habitually beat, all the best performers of her day, and over their own distances, were they five furlongs and a half or three miles, Hymettus, La Carabine—who, however, did once put her down at three miles—Ibex, a mighty sprinter, Bonnie Chiel, Great Scot, Brakpan, Abundance, Air Motor, The Victory, Footbolt, Sojourner, Lord Cardigan, and all the crowd of handicap horses which she so often met at enormous disadvantages in weight. And some of her defeats were scarcely less full of merit than her wins. The Melbourne Cup is a good example of this. Here Lord Cardigan, a really high-class three-year-old, and the winner of the Sydney Cup with eight stone seven up in the following autumn, only just got home from Wakeful. The three-year-old was handicapped at six stone eight, the mare at ten stone. In the spring, the colt's weight-for-age would have been seven six, and the mare's weight-for-age and sex, nine one. She was actually giving him twenty-five pounds more than her weight-for-age demanded, and she was horribly ridden. All through her racing Wakeful suffered from this extra handicap. Dunn, who usually rode her, was an indifferent horseman, but Mr. McDonald preferred to trust to his unimpeachable honesty rather than risk a more brilliant rider of whose integrity he was not absolutely sure. Owners who have been in a like dilemma will sympathise with him. Wakeful has not been a bright success at the stud, but she cannot be set down as a failure altogether. She is the dam of Night Watch, a Melbourne Cup winner—under a light impost, it is true, but you must be good to win a Cup even with the minimum to carry. Another son, Baverstock, has sired a good colt in David, and was a winner himself. She also threw a very speedy horse in Blairgour, and this year, after missing for some three or four seasons, she is due to foal as I write. As her years now number twenty-six, it is unlikely that the produce will be a champion, but in a good season, and with the care which will be lavished upon her and her offspring, we can, at least hope.

Auraria, yet another Trenton mare, from Aura, by Richmond out of Instep, by Lord Clifden from Sandal; Carlita, by Charlemagne II. from Couronne, by Gipsy Grand—a New Zealand family—and Briseis, by Tim Whiffler out of Musidora, winner of Derby, Oaks and Cup, might almost claim Queenship. But none can come near Wakeful, and leaving her in undisturbed possession of her throne, we will pass on to other things.

Chapter XV.

The Influence of Australian Racing.

Racing is a conservative pastime. Necessarily this is so, for, as everyone knows, it is the "Sport of Kings." But when this huge continent, this "giant Ocean Isle," was first thrown open for colonisation, the most independent, the most adventurous, the most audacious, and those most full of initiative, left their homes for the yet unknown lands across the seas, and their characters came with them. And the colonists' manner of life tended to foster the proclivities which Nature had implanted in their hearts. The wide, open spaces; the long distances between town and town, neighbour and neighbour; the free, healthy, open air, stimulating to body and soul; necessity, and the desire to help oneself—all these factors moulded our Australian character, and forced us not to be satisfied with the things which were good enough for our forefathers, but to develop, improve, and sometimes to strike out on new lines altogether. Therefore in all our work, and perhaps more so in our play, when something obviously required change, we did it without hesitation, and we are continuing to do so to this day.

And that is how we have introduced some reforms into our horse racing which, after having been tested here, and found good, have penetrated into the older countries, and have ultimately been adopted there. "The Gate" is one of these changes which has revolutionised the whole art of starting. It used to be a pretty, yea, verily, a wonderful sight, to watch old Mr. George Watson despatching a big Cup field. Mr. Watson was a genius, and he was possibly the most efficient starter that ever held a flag. But, in spite of him, delays occurred nearly every day, horses went mad with the fret and turmoil of it all, and false starts were horribly frequent. It was neither good for man nor beast. Then someone thought of a barrier, behind which the field had to stand. Previous to this, there had sometimes been an imaginary obstacle in the shape of a white chalk line painted across the course, but if horses did not ignore this, they often jumped it as they galloped past the different starting places during the course of a race, and that was no good. The Romans, however, had started their chariot races during the Empire from behind barriers, and the knowledge of this may have given the hint to Mr. Poulain, who, I think, first brought into notice a workable machine which would fly out of the way on the official starter pulling a lever. After numerous private trials, Poulain's machine was adopted for the first time, I believe, on The Harvester's Derby day. It was a magnificent success, and I remember being so impressed with the idea that I at once dashed off home to the country, and induced the Racing Club, of which I had the honour to be the Honorary Secretary, to adopt the affair. There had been a few fiascos on the Metropolitan courses, and one or two races had to be run twice over in consequence. Sternchaser's Winter Handicap at Caulfield was one of the cases which comes back to the mind most vividly. The "Register" remarks that "This race was run twice. On the first occasion the barrier went up of its own accord, and all the horses, with the exception of Sternchaser, ran the full course (a mile). The stewards declared the event no race, and the horses returned at once to the starting post." Sternchaser, a New Zealand colt, the property of Mr. Spencer Gollan, by Nordenfeldt out of Crinoline, had no difficulty in winning the run off.

We had several misadventures in the country when we first took up the notion, and of course there was an outcry from the public, and from owners.

jockeys, and trainers. In the Old Country the barrier met with strenuous opposition for a long time, and literally, gallons of printer's ink must have been used in condemning or upholding the "machine."

But it all came right in the end, and anyone advocating a return to the days of the flag would now be "locked up" right away. Long delays at the post, and false starts, are no longer seen, and every field of horses is sent on its momentous journey within a minute, or at the outside, a couple of minutes of the advertised time of starting. Of course a great deal of this punctuality and good starting is due to the splendid officials whom our leading clubs employ. For a starter must have a particular temperament in order that he may be perfectly fitted for the job. The present V.R.C. official, Mr. Rupert Green, is very nearly an ideal starter. He knows the game thoroughly, he is almost uncannily quick at seizing the first opportunity, and in that lies the mainspring of his splendid efficiency. If you fail to take your first opportunity, you are lost, at this business. He has the complete confidence of the boys, and these, as a general rule, are masters of their mounts. Everyone, of course, must have a bad start occasionally, but the majority of these are due to the horses themselves. Some are naturally slower than others in finding their feet, and do what you please, a certain number of them, out of hundreds, will misbehave themselves in some way or another after the ropes have flown up. But in the course of several years, during which I have witnessed many hundreds, perhaps thousands, of starts, I cannot recall more than, at the outside, half a dozen where there has been anything to complain of so far as the human element of the transaction was concerned. The late Mr. Godfrey Watson was regarded as the Prince of Starters, in the same way as his father, Mr. George Watson, was acknowledged to be the King. But I have not seen anything in these two which is not at least emulated by our official of the present day. Nor indeed is Mr. Norman Wood, who officiates at most of the down-the-line meetings, and at innumerable country gatherings in Victoria, out of the running. And I have no doubt that there are other admirable officers over on the other side, whom it has not been my fortune to witness handling the big fields that assemble behind the barriers at the many suburban and outside meetings near Sydney. At any rate, "The Gate" has completely altered the whole aspect of the racing, and especially of the sprint racing of to-day.

The numbered saddle-cloth is another strictly Australian innovation. It is such an obvious improvement on the old state of affairs that one wonders how the Jockey Club in England has never adopted the idea. The use of the cloths is meant only for the convenience of the general public, be it understood, and not for the use of the judge or other official. To these, of course, the different colours are so familiar, that I do not suppose they ever notice that the numbers are there. But I confess that, for myself, I occasionally find them extremely handy. Where there is a large field, and two or three, perhaps, of the jackets are new to me, I often refer to the numbered cloth, which, with powerful glasses you can read from almost any point on our largest course, and I acknowledge the convenience.

When I was last at Newmarket, in England, I saw a device which we might do well to copy. At the July Meeting at Newmarket, the horses, instead of being in stalls or in boxes awaiting their race, parade round paths cut through the Plantation. It is very delightful, on a hot summer's day, to sit on a comfortable garden seat, and take stock of the high-bred animals strolling round through the chequered light and shade, whilst the spectators, many of them also highly bred, from His Majesty the King downwards, watch them

in luxury and ease. Each boy in charge of a horse has, bound on his right arm, a brass badge showing the number of the race on the card in which his horse is entered, and his number on the card. It is an ingenious and simple "dodge," and not one of a costly nature, which we might well make use of in Australia. Of course, whilst standing in their stalls, the names of the competitors in this country are blazoned on one of the posts, but whilst parading round the enclosure it would be a very useful adjunct to our arrangements, which we so earnestly desire to see made perfect.

Another Australian innovation is the "Bruce Lowe Figure System." This, too, has been the motive force of endless ink slinging. But, like the starting gate, it has come to stay. It is extremely simple. For a great number of years in the history of the Turf, breeders, with the exception of a few genuine enthusiasts, paid little attention to the family lines of their mares. They were aware that their stallion was an Eclipse horse, and was by so and so from so and so, but the dam, although a good one, did not trouble them much, on her dam's side, so long as she was clean bred. I remember a discussion which took place long ago, instigated, I think, by the "Sportsman," on "How to Breed a Good Racehorse." I believe, but am not quite sure whether I am right, that it was the late General Peel who promulgated the appallingly simple doctrine to "put a winner of the Oaks to the winner of the Leger, and there you are, don't you know." But of later years, and before Mr. Bruce Lowe had published his "system," men were beginning to waken up to the supreme importance of the dam, and her family, and the revised edition of the first volume of the "General Stud Book" was an incentive to the seekers after truth to persevere in their studies. Bruce Lowe was struck with the fact that descendants of certain of the old "Royal" and other mares—the "tap-roots," as he called them—in tail female, of our "Stud Book," were infinitely more successful than the descendants of other tap-root mares. Mr. Bruce Lowe, and his friend, Mr. Frank Reynolds, had noticed the same peculiarity in their Shorthorn herds of cattle, namely, that the produce of certain cows from some particular old original matron of the herd, continued to be superior to the produce of others. And this animal they called No. 1. Mr. Lowe then went into an exhaustive analysis of the winning families of the British thoroughbred racer, and he took, as a standard of excellence, the winning of the great classic three-year-old events which have been in existence for so many years, and a record of which is easily found and referred to. After tabulating these, and running them all out to the original tap-root mare, he discovered that more Derbies, Legers, and Oaks had been won by the descendants, in tail female, of Tregonwell's Natural Barb mare, than by the offspring, in direct female line, of any other original mare in the "General Stud Book." The same standard placed Burton's Barb mare second, and Dam of the Two True Blues third. There are some fifty of these mares contained in the sacred pages of Volume I., and Bruce Lowe identified them by the figure denoting the place they held in his standard of Derby, Leger, and Oaks wins. Thirty-eight of them are responsible for classic winners, and after No. 38, the remainder have been given a figure in an arbitrary manner purely, until Miss Euston is reached, who is No. 50. It is a little peculiar that the last of these mares to figure as the ancestress of a classic winner is Thwaite's Dun mare, No. 38, to whom traces Pot-8-Os (a son of Eclipse), whose own son was Waxy, sire of Whalebone, to whom, in tail male, run all the famous horses of to-day, which come from the Birdcatcher and Touchstone tribes, and they are legion. These are two of the great pillars of the temple of Eclipse, the third and, perhaps, central support, being Blacklock.

That then, is the main object of Bruce Lowe's "Figure System"—to identify each of the fifty original mares in a simple and handy manner. And this has been done. Mr. Lowe claimed that his system would "revolutionise our methods of mating the thoroughbred horse." I think that it has done so. Few people care to publish, or peruse, a tabulated pedigree nowadays without the figures being appended to each horse in the table. And I can scarcely think it possible that every racing man of to-day does not see, in his mind's eye, the name of each horse of whose pedigree he is thinking, without also visualising its appended number. When you mention St. Simon, for instance, you immediately know that his family number is 11, and that therefore, on the dam's side, he runs to the Sedbury Royal mare. Stockwell's name at once calls up No. 3, and you understand in a moment that his tap-root is Dam of the two True Blues. And so on, throughout all the names in any given pedigree. At a glance you know to what family you are in-breeding, and, therefore, how to outcross, if you so desire. Mr. Lowe had numerous side issues to his system, and with these you may, or you may not, agree. He propounded the theory that horses received certain qualities direct from the female side of their house, as, for instance, that prepotency which goes far to ensure that a horse will develop into a sire. That may or may not be true. Personally, I am sure, so far as one can be certain of anything, that it is. He put a hall-mark upon such horses by printing their family figure in thick type. Thus, in a tabulated pedigree, you will always notice the numbers 3, 8, 11, 12, and 14 printed after that particular style, and then in a moment you understand that these, according to Lowe, possessed "sire characteristics." He believed in the theory of "Saturation," at least to some extent, and wrote about it in his book. But that is beyond our scope in this volume, and we shall not discuss it here. He also wrote, instructively, upon how to breed "Great Stake Horses," and "How Great Fillies are mostly Bred," the "Breeding of Sprinters," and an excellent chapter on "Phenomenal Racehorses," and you will find much to make you think if you peruse these. Mr. Bruce Lowe's influence has been very great in the Thoroughbred Turf world, and he has been much assisted by the erudition and enthusiasm of his Editor, Mr. William Allison, of the English "Sportsman," and the owner and manager of the Cobham Stud. For, unfortunately, Mr. Lowe was in very bad health when his book was approaching completion, and he travelled to London in order to supervise its publication. Here, all too soon, and before the proofs had reached his hands, he died. From his literary style you would scarcely call up to your imagination a picture of what the man actually was like. For Mr. Lowe certainly wrote somewhat dogmatically, as indeed anyone with pronounced views upon a subject next his heart must perforce do. It may be, too, that his editor, has assisted in strengthening such an impression. For Mr. Allison has a happy knack of raising discussion on some equine subject, and then, after controversy, he proceeds to "make his enemies his footstool." But here, from the hand of Mr. R. H. Dangar, Lowe's close friend, is a little picture on the converse side of that which we draw for ourselves from his writings. Mr. Dangar, of Neotsfield, writes:—

"I do not know much of Bruce Lowe's earlier history, but understand he commenced making out his figures in his spare time when inspector of Government lands out back in Queensland. Later, he and Frank Reynolds worked together, or perhaps it would be more correct to say compared notes, as I think they worked independently, and discussed the question together afterwards.

"In appearance he was very tall and thin, with brownish grey hair, a very gentle nature, with a quiet voice, and altogether, as I knew him, a most lovable man. He had indifferent health for some years latterly in his life, and eventually died in London, whither he had gone to finish his book and get it published. He had a small connection as a stud stock agent in Sydney, and we, amongst others, used to send him our yearlings, and it was a treat to hear him reel off yards of stuff for T. S. Clibborn to repeat from the box. Lowe had no voice for selling, and he told me once he did not think he could get up and harangue the crowd—so he got Mr. Clibborn to sell for him, and used to prompt him as if he were reading out of a book, with never a note to help him—and catalogues in those days were not the elaborate productions of to-day. As to his character—well, I cannot believe he knew how to do a dirty action, and I would simply not believe anyone who might say anything against him."

So you have here an authentic sketch of this quiet, upright, gentle man, whom you may have misjudged somewhat from his writings, and from the acrimonious discussions which his antagonists and his disciples have raised over his grave, from time to time. For myself, I somehow have always looked upon him as an example of that "*Justum et tenacem propositi virum*" whom nothing could turn aside from the goal which he saw before him, and which he desired to reach. One who, no matter what occurred, you were quite certain that—to once more quote the lines of the long dead Roman poet—

"Si fractus illabitur orbis
Impavidum ferient ruinae."

"If the shattered world falls, the wreck may crush him, but still undismayed."

"The gentlest are always the bravest; the bravest are always the best."

Chapter XVI.

The Gist of it all.

And now we draw to the close this thesis on the racehorse in Australia. We have been, after all, but wandering upon the outskirts of a very vast subject, and were we proposing to indite a work for the use of experts—breeders, owners, trainers, even, let us add, punters—our thesis would swell into a large volume, our large volume into an encyclopaedia, and our encyclopaedia into a library. And the gist of it all? Is the entire business, with all its branches and ramifications, with all the employment offered by it to thousands of people, with all the land now in use for breeding, with all those beautiful parks reserved for racing purposes, in and near the great cities, is it all designed simply to furnish an Australian holiday? I do assure you that there is involved something a very great deal deeper than that. It is the horse, the whole future and welfare of the horse, that is the great stake for which we are playing, most of us unconsciously. The day of the noble animal is not over, and its future spells infinitely more than the mere fact of whether he can run a mile in a minute and 36 seconds, or whether he can cover three miles in 5.23. During the Boer War, such a short time since, but which seems to our children, perhaps, to have been waged centuries ago, we expended an enormous amount of horse life in a country where soldiers had

perforce to be carried on horseback, and where all the supplies for an army were dragged upon wheels, and when motor power had not yet come into its own. And in the last great death grapple, with all the petrol which was exploded, with all the motor traction used, with all the amount of transport, and of scouting by air, we still required a larger horse supply than ever before. We cannot see so clearly into the future as did the poet Tennyson, when he wrote Locksley Hall. That wonderful seer, you may remember, wrote his poem in the early forties of the last century, and he predicted, as plainly as words could tell, the advent of the flying machine, for use both in commerce and in war, and "all the wonders that would be." It is not given to many to possess the true prophetic vision, but it is a simple task to foretell that war has not yet ceased upon the earth, and that we have not even begun to make reaping hooks of our spears, or spades and ploughs and harrows of our guns. It is the improvement of our horse, for general utility purposes, and for war, that is really the motive which ought to promote this racing of ours, but which poor Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, in a fatuous moment, has lately dubbed "the curse of the country."

If the supply of horseflesh is to be maintained, if we are not prepared to let the breed die out altogether, then horse racing is the only method whereby the standard can be preserved at a proper and efficient level. Shows, agricultural and otherwise, are powerless in their endeavour to accomplish this end. Magnificent looking creatures bred for the ring, only too surely and quickly prove themselves to be abject failures when tested on the course or in the field. Vitality, stamina, courage, soundness, are the qualities which we desire to perpetuate in our breeds. The show ring does not test a single one of these. The winning post must be our only guide.

Is it doing its duty in the matter? This might be a matter for endless debate, but it is safe to say that it is not doing that duty nearly so well as it might. For in our play we are so apt to forget that, after all, it is not only sport that we are following, but that perhaps the safety of our Australian nation lies in the qualities of endurance and of speed in those beautiful creatures which we are looking upon as our playthings of to-day. One's mind invariably flies, whilst thinking over these matters, to a future and a possible "War of Defence." Britain, let us imagine, is hampered with a Continental foe. America is on her back, and fighting for her life upon the seas. And we are lying here in the sunshine, a beautiful woman without means of defence, without oil for our motors, without ammunition for our guns, without horses for our men. With ammunition, and with half a million of splendid horses, and even more splendid men, we might do wonders, even without oil, until help could arrive. Without horses and ammunition we would be immediately destroyed. And we are not taking the trouble to breed chargers and transport horses for the purposes of war. Indian buyers, private dealers, your own eyesight, will tell you that we are not producing the quantity, nor the quality which we were so proud of fifty, forty, aye, even thirty years ago. We have become careless. Our young men do not desire the glorious companionship which their fathers enjoyed, that loving friendship between horse and man. They fiz through their stations now in a motor car, or possibly they even fly through the air to the back of the run, and are home for luncheon. Their sires and their grand-sires on these distant excursions camped out for nights, their saddle for a pillow, their horses, in hobbles, not far distant from their side. My young gentleman of to-day could do it all if he tried, but he does not care to ride, and hunting is a bore. But what will his son be? It is the old, old story. Read your Gibbon, study your Grote.

"All Empires tumble, Rome and Greece,
Their swords are rust, their altars cold."

You know the old and sacred saying, "At sunset, when the sky is red, you know that the weather will be fine," and also, "When the fig tree putteth forth her leaves, ye know that summer is nigh." And Rome and Greece fell because they would not take the trouble to see that the sky was red, or that the fig tree was putting forth her leaves. And we are travelling on exactly the same road. Not many people care to read about the "Buried Cities of Crete." The story carries a tremendous lesson. The ancient Cretans, whose women wore high-heeled shoes, and hobble skirts, and other abominations of civilisation, were so strong in their sea power that they neglected the means of defence on land. Ruins, buried deep beneath the soil, tell us the sad story to-day. A foreign power, despised perhaps, but now grown strong, sprang at their throats so suddenly that it took the Islanders completely by surprise. The blackened walls, the charred rafters, thirty feet below ground, preach their sermon to those who care to read. Neither does one ever forget what took place at the great conference at Vienna between the Powers when Napoleon had at length been chained and was languishing in his little island kingdom and prison of Elba. There had been much discussion, bitter wrangling, but matters were at length approaching a more or less satisfactory conclusion. Then, unheralded, there burst into that august assembly a messenger, "bloody with spurring, fiery with hot haste." "Napoleon has escaped and has landed in France." A moment's silence, and the ambassadors with one accord fell a-laughing. After all their grave debates, with the waste of so many millions of words, the whole edifice of their deliberations was thrown to the ground by one sweep of the hand. So may it be to-morrow. A League of Nations may meet and deliberate. The representatives, perhaps, will disagree. Ere they can turn round, one Power, which is, may be, the best prepared, declares war. Necessity, when nations are in dire distress, choking for air and starving for their daily bread, knows no law. Will we never learn our lesson not to put our trust in Princes, no, nor in the children of men? Therefore, let us foster our horses by every means in our power, and place our dependence rather upon them. And let us remember that the race course, the hunting-field, and the polo grounds are the nurseries and gymnasiums of the breeds both of horse and man. The thoroughbred is the keystone of the arch, the cornerstone of the building.

And yet one knows so well that prophecy is all in vain, that our rulers only smile and imagine a vain thing, and that no seer has any honour in his own country, until the words are proven to be true, and then it is all too late. Bitter was the fate of Cassandra, that ancient prophetess of Troy, whom no man could believe, and bitter still the lot of anyone who tries once more to read the writing on the wall, and give it voice.

"Then like a raven on the wind of night
The wild Cassandra flitted far and near,
Still crying, 'Gather, gather for the fight,
And brace the helmet on and grasp the spear,
For lo, the legions of the night are here!
So shriek'd the dreadful prophetess divine;
But all men mock'd and were of merry cheer;
Safe as the Gods they deem'd them, o'er their wine."

But, with the tremendous importance of the end in view, the improvement of the thoroughbred horse, is our sport sufficiently fulfilling that end? That is

a question which is indeed a hard one to determine, and one great camp may give its voices to the "Ayes," and one may roar in unison for "No."

There is one thing, and perhaps only one thing, quite certain. Our horse has increased in size. The fifteen-hands-two of the great winners of a hundred years ago have swollen in their average dimensions somewhere in the neighbourhood of sixteen-two. This may not, however, indicate all-round improvement. A good big one, we know, is better than a good little one on the course, but I question if the rule holds good, either in the battle or the hunting-field. Ormonde beat The Bard because he outstrode him down the Epsom hill, but The Bard might have carried his master, with his twelve stone ten, had he had the opportunity, more safely and more speedily to the end of a forty minutes run, than his great conqueror on the race course over the mile and a half of Epsom Downs.

And we have gained in speed. There can be little doubt of that. If the inexorable test of the "Winning Post" has not compelled us to breed from our best, and if, in the course of the flying centuries, the result has not been a march upwards, then Heaven help us and our methods. But do you think that stamina and soundness have improved along with our size and our speed? That, too, is hard to tell. And yet it is probable that it is so. Races now are real tests of the stayer. In the days of Fisherman, and Voltigeur, The Flying Dutchman, Plenipotentiary, Bay Middleton, and before their time, races were not run in a manner to prove stamina. More frequently there was much loitering on the way in the two, three, and four mile bouts between the steeds of our ancestors. To-day we run the two miles all the way from pillar to post, and Archer's three minutes and fifty-two seconds for the Melbourne Cup has dwindled to the three twenty-four and a half claimed by Artilleryman. Twenty-seven seconds difference means at least two furlongs, and that takes catching. Well, admitting that we have marched forwards in the matter of both speed and stamina, surely there is much more unsoundness to-day than there was one hundred years ago, or even fifty years since. At the first blush one would say "Yes." But on second thoughts one does not feel quite so sure. Herod was "a bleeder," and bleeding has been not uncommon in his descendants. It is one hundred and sixty-four years ago since Herod was foaled. We rear regiments of racers now, where our forebears bred squadrons. And yet "bleeding" is not so very rife after all. But we hear more about it, with an active press focussing its microscope on every individual racer in the land. And roaring, you ask? Well, Pocahontas roared, and Prince Charlie made a fearful noise, and Belladrum was indistinguishable from a fog-horn, and Ormonde did more than whistle, but in Australia, at least, this is a defect, an actual unsoundness, which we do not so very often see—or hear. But we are breeding bad knees, bad feet, and round joints, and with the extra weight of the enlarged frames, ligaments and muscles cannot bear the strain. Yet this was always so. Bay Middleton had a mysterious foot and leg, Whalebone's near fore-foot was contracted, and all were "pumiced"—whatever that might mean. He was "the most double-jointed horse I ever saw in my life," was the verdict of that celebrity's groom. White-lock was "a naggish horse with a big, coarse head and plumb forelegs." Flat, thin-soled feet were the "bane of lazy Lanercost," Rataplan "always went proppy on his long fore pasterns," and "Dundee's suspensory ligament went so badly in the Derby that after that race his fetlock nearly touched the ground." Partisan had a "clubby foot." Touchstone had "very fleshy legs," and his "near fore ankle was never very good." And so on we could go, from the Adam of horses to our own most rapid, modern times, which these

grandchildren of ours will shortly call "the old times." But I cannot say if the "Sport" is improving; I fancy not. I was talking to Walter Hickenbotham the other day, the doyen of the profession of trainers, or at least one running in double harness in that capacity with old Harry Rayner, of Randwick. Walter was recalling the "old days" of his youth. Meetings were fewer then, and railways were a comparative rarity where his paths led him. Mr. C. M. Lloyd was his "boss." Riding a mare and leading Swiveller, Walter would leave the station on one of those beautiful, bright, health-giving mornings of the late summer or early autumn, with just a touch of frost in the clear air. The boy, with the buggy and the gear, the feed, and all the other necessaries, had gone on before. From station to station, 'twixt sunrise and sundown, the little cavalcade would press steadily on. Mr. Lloyd, no doubt, would follow in a few days with his tandem or the four-in-hand. And so from meeting to meeting they would go. Round Wagga, Hay, Bathurst, Deniliquin, Gundagai, Goulburn, a great circuit, would they wander, taking with them the romance and glamour of the Turf in their train. You can imagine the stir and enthusiasm at the stations as they came. Nothing was too good for them, either for man or beast. Everyone welcomed them, and the old greybeards, in the evenings, beneath the big gum tree, while the boxes were being done out, and the horses meanwhile were held in the shade, would talk horse, and nothing but horse, by the yard. Some might even remember having seen Rous' Emigrant or Manto, and another might have come from Yorkshire, and had known all about Sledmere and Sir Tatton Sykes. And the racing was more for the fun of the thing then, and the owners betted more like gentlemen between themselves. And ere the country circuit was completed, horse and man had travelled almost a thousand miles, and had won many a Cup, and much fine gold. And then, calling in at the station to drop their burdens, they would be off to the Metropolis to take down the numbers of the swells which trained there, ere settling down for the short, dark winter days at home. Good days those, jolly days, grand days! And is it not so good now? No? Alas! I fear that it is not in the sport, not in the horses, not in the world at large, that we find changes for the worse. All things are developing, evolving, marching upwards. It is in us, the individual men, to whom we must look to find "the weary change." And yet even we must take comfort.

"Tho' much is taken, much abides; and tho'
We are not now that strength which in old days
Moved heaven and earth; that which we are we are."

PAINTINGS OF RACEHORSES
BY MARTIN STAINFORTH

The figures in brackets are the Bruce
Lowe family numbers of each horse.
(†) signifies no family number.

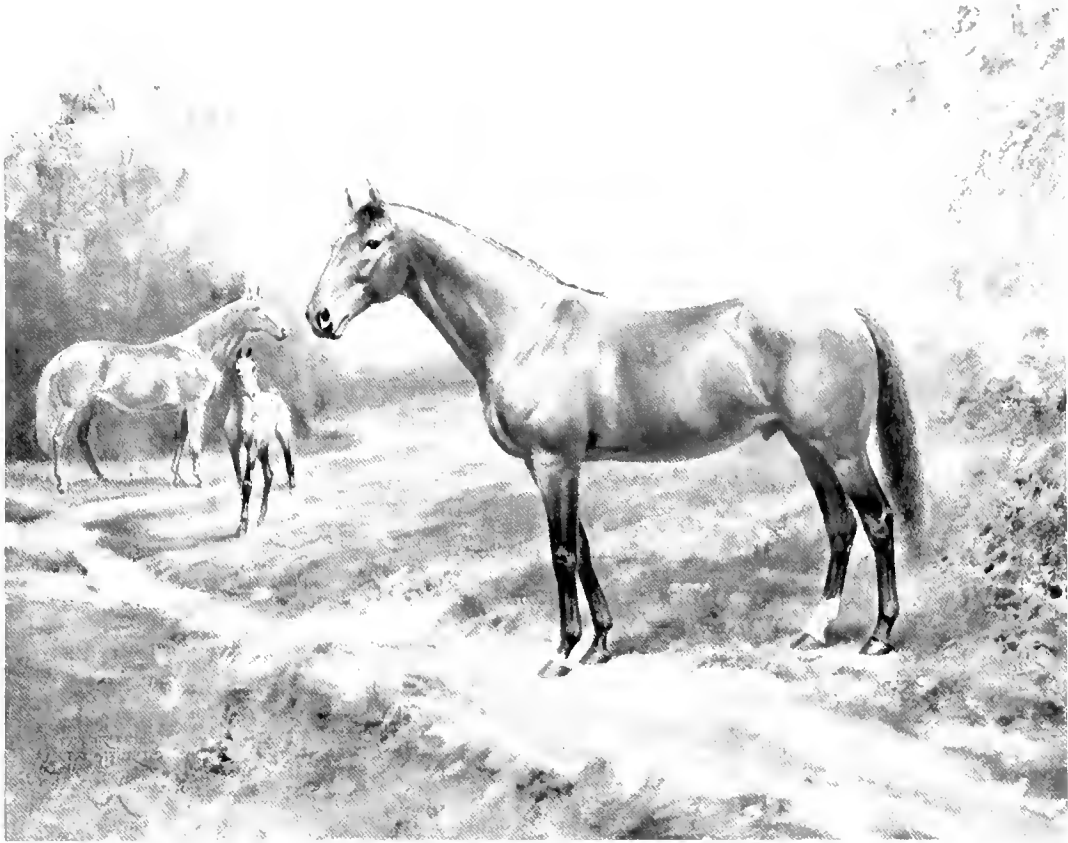


PLATE 2.

MUSKET (3) imp. Brown Horse, 1867, by Toxophile—half sister to Gen. Peel's dam. Winner of the Ascot Stakes, and 9 of his 11 last races. Imported to New Zealand in 1878. Sire of Carbine, Trenton, Hotchkiss, Nordenfeldt, Maxim, Martini-Henri, etc. Died 1885. From a painting of the horse, at the age of 18 years, in the possession of the artist.



PLATE 3.

CARBINE (2). Bay Horse, 1885, by Musket (imp.)-Mersey (imp.). Winner of £29,626. Sire in Australia of Wallace, La Carabine, etc. Exported to England in 1895, where he sired Spearmint, Greatorex, Fowling Piece, etc. Died 1914 at Welbeck, England. From a painting of the horse, at the age of 6 years, in the possession of Mr. F. G. White.



PLATE 4.

TRENTON (18). Brown Horse, 1881, by Musket (imp.)—Frailty. Winner of good races in N.Z. and Australia, and sire of Wakeful, Aurum, Revenue, Auraria, etc. Exported to England in 1895, where he sired Torpoint, etc. Died 1905. From a painting of the horse, at the age of 14 years, presented to the A.J.C. by Sir William Cooper.



PLATE 5.

CROSS BATTERY (7). Brn. Mare, 1902, by Stepniak-Firecross. Dam of Artilleryman (Melb. Cup), and ALEXANDRA (13) imp., Bay Mare, 1904. Dam of Kingsburgh (Melb. Cup), by Persimmon-Ambleside. With foals at foot by All Black (imp. sire of Desert Gold, etc.). The property of Mr. Norman Falkiner, Noorilim, Victoria. From a painting of the mares, at the ages of 18 and 16 years respectively, in the possession of Mr. Falkiner.

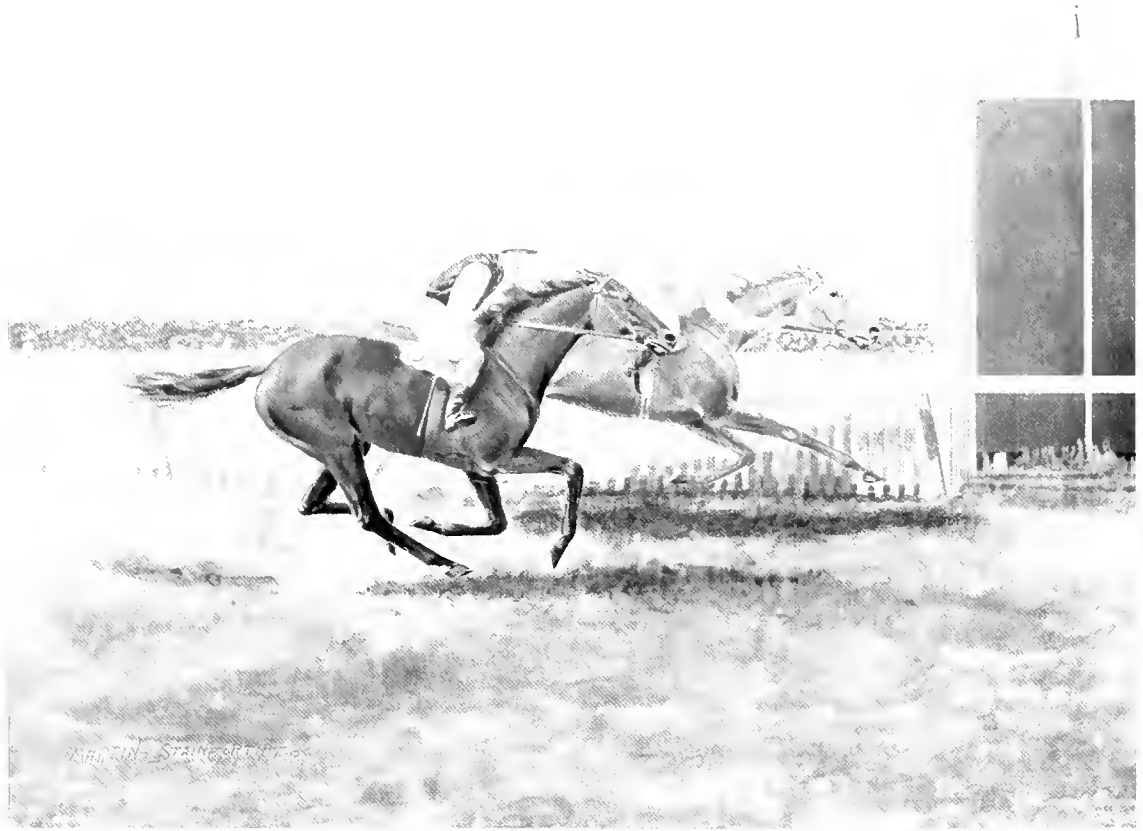


PLATE 6.

THE FINISH FOR THE V.R.C. FLYING STAKES, 1902, 7 furlongs, Flemington, Victoria. Ibex, ridden by Jas. Barden, steals the race from the great Wakeful. From a painting in the possession of Jas. Barden.

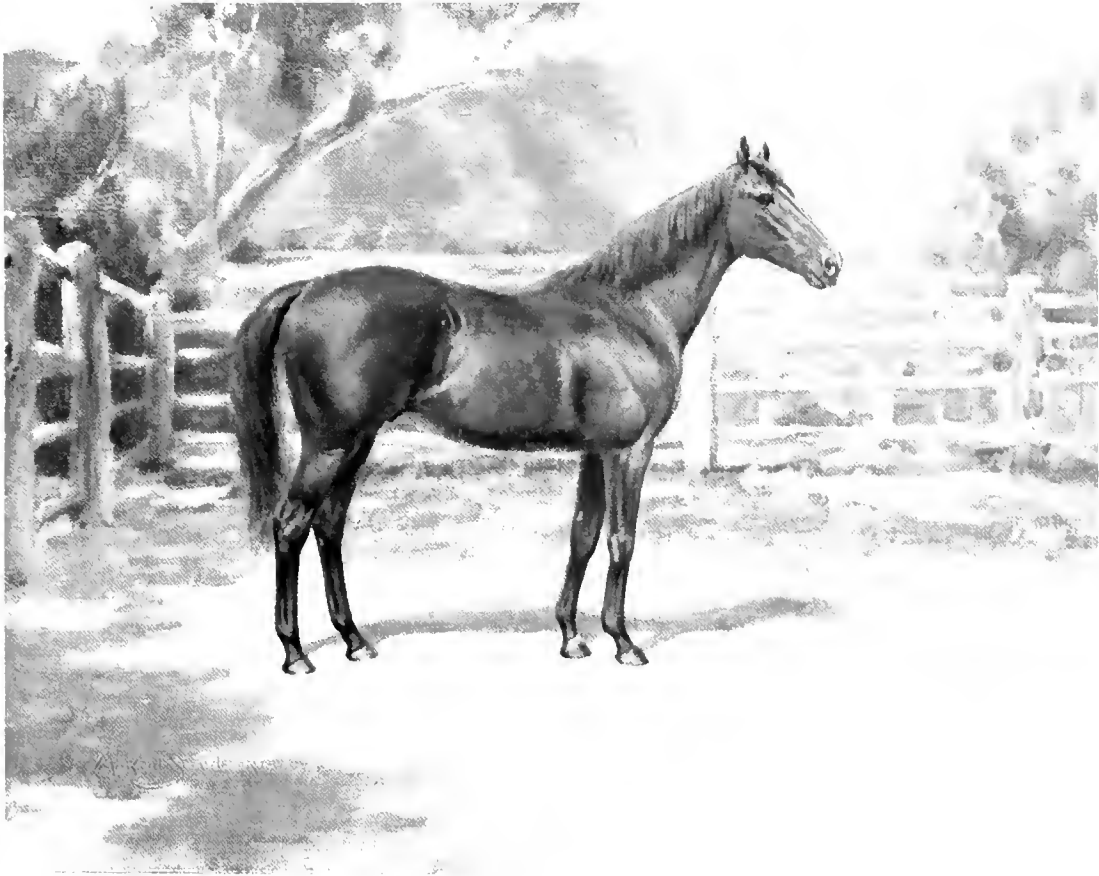


PLATE 7.

MALTSTER (21). Brown Horse, 1897, by Bill of Portland (imp.)-
Barley (imp.). Winner of the A.J.C. and V.R.C. Derbies, etc.
Premier sire of Australia on five different occasions, among
his progeny being Alawa, Malt King, Desert Rose, Popinjay,
Maltine, etc. From a painting of the horse, at the age of 23
years, in the possession of the artist.



PLATE 8.

WALLACE (3). Ches. Horse, 1892, by Carbine-Melodious. Winner of £6,116, including V.R.C. Derby, Sydney Cup, etc. Sire of winners of over £250,000, including Trafalgar, Aurous, Emir, Mountain King, etc. Died in 1917. From a painting of the horse, at the age of 12 years, in the possession of the artist.



PLATE 9.

LANIUS (7) imp. Brown Horse, 1911, by Llangibby-Mesange. Winner in England of the Rous Memorial Stakes, Jockey Club Stakes, and £11,406. Imported to Australia in 1917 and won A.J.C. Plate, Cumberland Stakes, etc., before retiring to the stud in 1919. The property of Dr. Syme, Victoria. From a painting of the horse, at the age of 8 years, in the possession of Mr. Ken Austin.



PLATE 10.

LINACRE (8 imp.). Bay Horse, 1904, by Wolf's Crag-Lismaine. Winner Champion Breeders' Foal Stakes, Atlantic Stakes, etc. One of the leading sires of Australia; his progeny include Dame Acre, Mistico, Tangalooma, Panacre, Lordacre, etc. The property of Messrs. A. W. and A. E. Thompson, Widden Stud, N.S.W. From a painting of the horse, at the age of 17 years, in the possession of the artist.



PLATE 11.

YIPPINGALE (1) imp. Bay Mare, 1909, half sister to Traquair (imp.), by William the Third-Chelandy. With foal at foot by Comedy King (imp.). The property of Mr. Norman Falkiner, Noorilim, Victoria. From a painting of the mare, at the age of 11 years, in the possession of Mr. Falkiner.



PLATE 12.

TRAFALGAR (4*). Ches. Horse, 1905, by Wallace-Grand Canary. Winner of £22,111, and a high-class stayer. Now at the stud in N.S.W. Sire of Visibility, Heart of Oak, Annexit, etc. Owned by the Executors of the late Walter Mitchell, N.S.W. From a painting of the horse, at the age of 7 years, in the possession of Dr. Stewart McKay.



PLATE 13.

BRATTLE (1). Brown Mare, 1910, by Maltster-Astron. Winner V.A.T.C. Oakleigh Plate, etc. Owned by Mr. W. Booth, N.S.W. From a painting of the mare, at the age of 4 years, in the possession of Dr Stewart McKay.

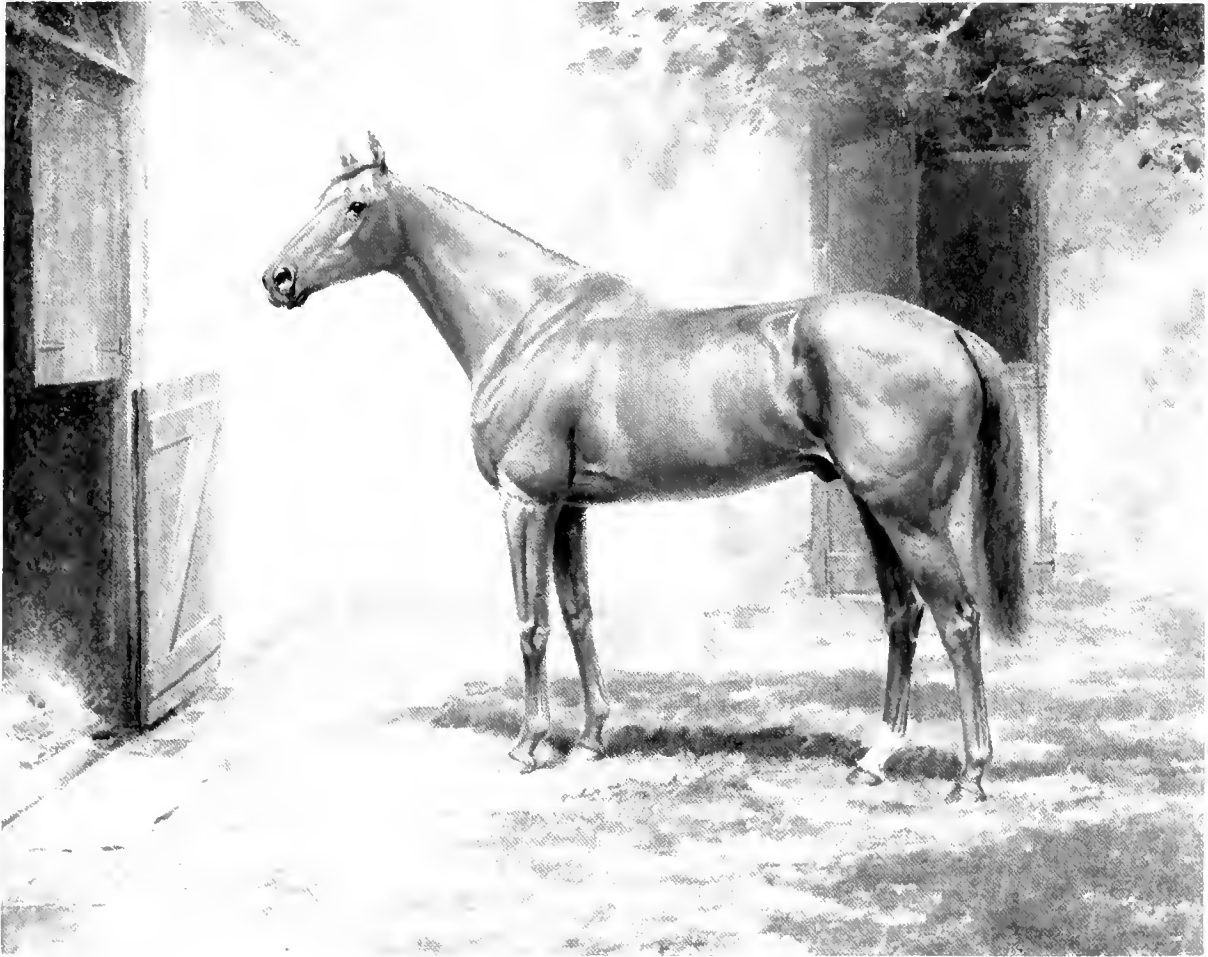


PLATE 14.

POITREL (3). Ches. Horse, 1914, by St. Alwyne (imp.)-Poinard. Winner of £26,919, including Melbourne Cup carrying 10 st., and all the principal long distance weight-for-age races of Australia. A very high-class stayer. Retired to his owners' (Messrs. W. and F. A. Moses) stud in 1921. From a painting of the horse, at the age of 6 years, in the possession of the artist.



PLATE 15.

GLOAMING (26). Bay Gelding, 1915, by The Welkin (imp.)-
Light (imp.). Winner of 43 races out of 46 starts to date of
publication, and £28,443. One of the most brilliant horses bred
in Australia. Owned by Mr. G. D. Greenwood, N.Z. From a
painting of the horse, at the age of 6 years, in the possession of
the artist.

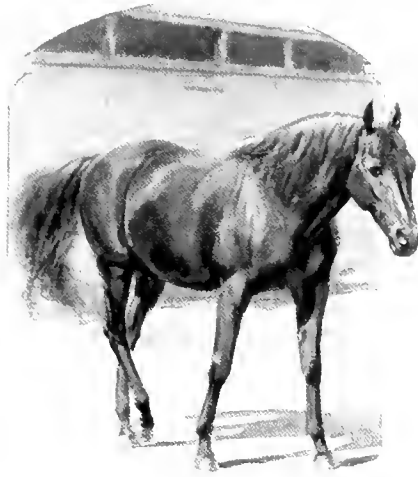


PLATE 16.

ARTILLERYMAN (7). Brown Horse, 1916, by Comedy King (imp.)—Cross Battery. Winner V.R.C. Melbourne Cup, dead-heated A.J.C. Derby, etc. Died in 1920. From a painting of the horse, at the age of 4 years, presented to the A.J.C. by Sir Samuel Hordern.



Cross Battery
with Artilleryman



Artilleryman

PLATE 17.

TRIPTYCH. Cross Battery, with Artilleryman as a foal at foot in 1916. Comedy King (imp.) the sire of Artilleryman. Artilleryman, winner of the V.R.C. Melbourne Cup, 1919. From a painting in the possession of Sir Samuel Hordern.



PLATE 18.

CETIGNE (29). Bay Horse, 1912, by Grafton (imp.)-Pretty Nell. Winner of £27,216, and second on the list of winning Australian racehorses. Retired to the stud in 1921. Owned by Mr. T. A. Stirton, Dunlop Stud, N.S.W. From a painting of the horse, at the age of 7 years.



PLATE 19.

KENNAQUHAIR (2). Ches. Horse, 1914, by Kenilworth (imp. Fr.)—Calluna. Winner of £17,126, and a very fine individual and stayer. Retired to the Mungie Bundie Stud in 1922. From a painting of the horse, at the age of 6 years, in the possession of Mr. W. M. Borthwick.

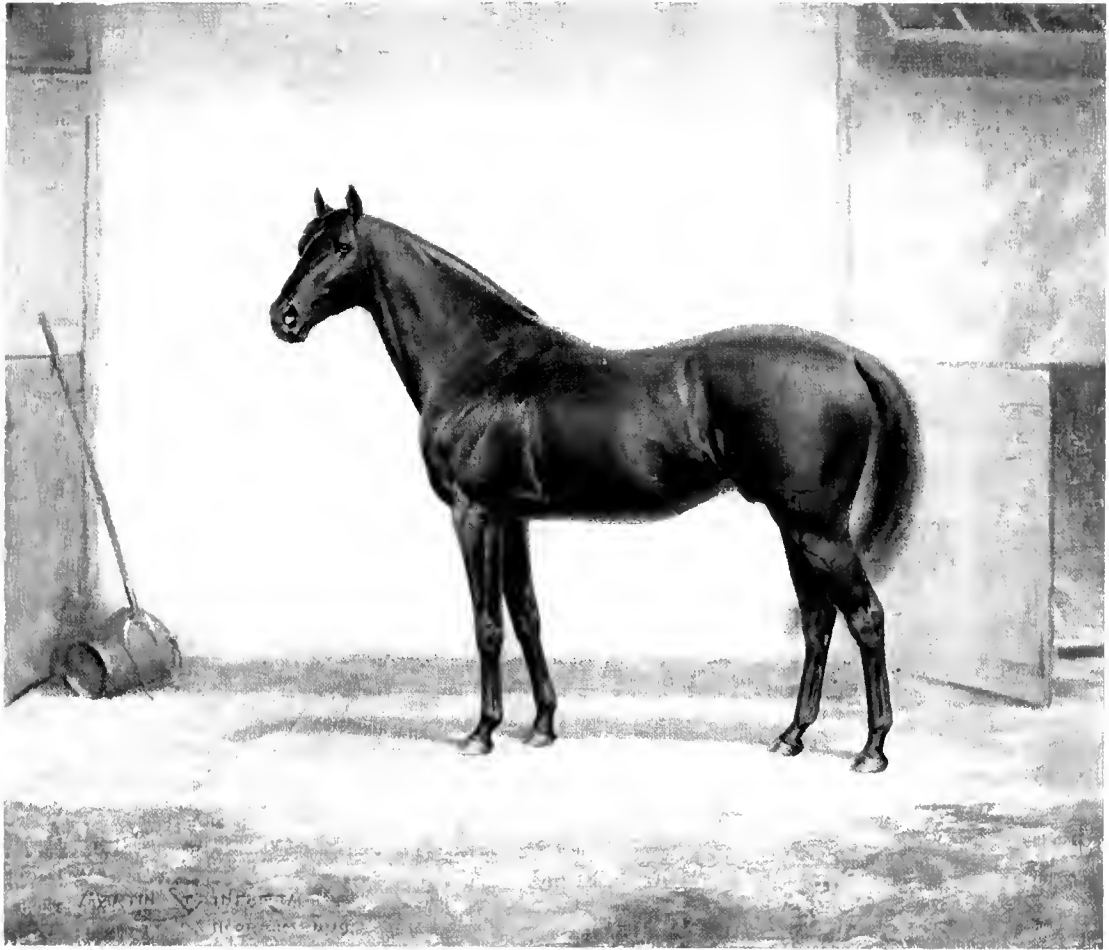


PLATE 20.

COMEDY KING (7) imp. Black Horse, 1907, by Persimmon-Tragedy Queen. Winner of the Melbourne Cup, V.R.C. All-Aged Stakes, etc., and £12,945. One of the most successful stallions in Australia, having sired Artilleryman, Biplane, Fisco, Folly Queen, etc. The property of Mr. Norman Falkiner, Noorlim Stud, Victoria. From a painting of the horse, at the age of 13 years, in the possession of Mr. Ken Austin.



PLATE 21.

WOORAK (31). Ches. Horse, 1911, by Traquair (imp.)-Madam. Winner of £17,000, and the most brilliant horse of his time. Retired to the stud in 1917 and a very successful stallion. Sire of Soorak, Salrak, Yanda, etc. Raced by Mr. L. K. S. Mackinnon, Victoria. From a painting of the horse, at the age of 5 years, in the possession of Dr. Stewart McKay.

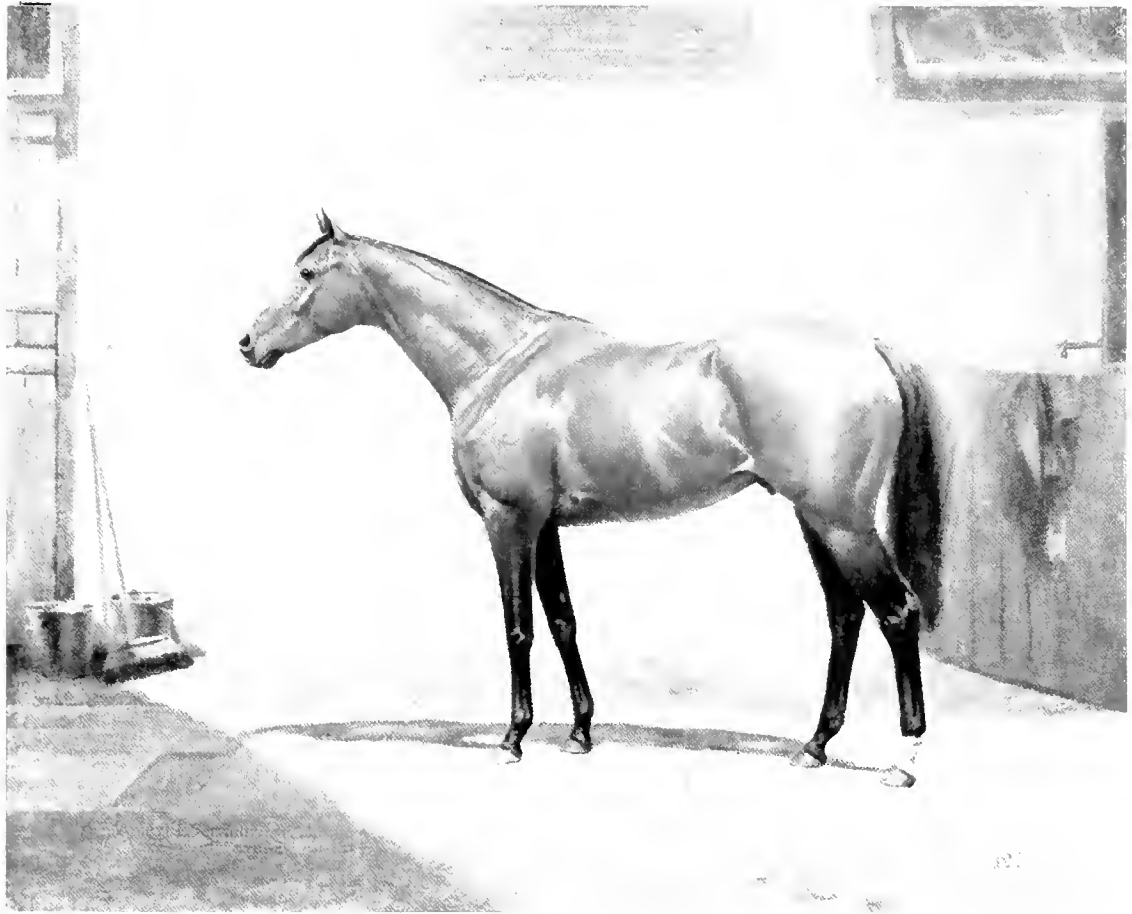


PLATE 22.

PANACRE (†). Brn. Horse, 1912, by Linacre (imp.)-Panara. Winner of the A.J.C. Epsom Hcap., etc. Retired to his owner's (Mr. J. C. Wood) stud in 1921. From a painting of the horse, at the age of 5 years, in the possession of Mr. J. Campbell Wood.



PLATE 23.

EURYTHMIC (5). Ches. Horse, 1916, by Eudorus (imp.)-Bob Cherry. The largest stake winner of Australia, having won £33,066, including the Sydney Cup with 9 st. 8 lbs. Owned by Mr. E. Lee Steere, W.A. From a painting of the horse, at the age of 5 years, in the possession of the artist.



PLATE 24.

THE FINISH FOR THE A.J.C. CRAVEN PLATE, 1918,
1½ miles, Randwick, N.S.W. Reading from the rails: Cetigne
(A. Wood) first, Desert Gold (fourth), Wolaroi (second),
Estland (third). From a painting in the possession of Mr.
W. A. Crowle.

MARTIN STAINFORTH: AN APPRECIATION

By W. J. STEWART MCKAY.

NEXT to a fine picture of a lovely woman there is nothing perhaps which more strongly appeals to the æsthetic sense than a picture of a splendid thoroughbred horse. This accounts, probably, for the vogue for pictures of racehorses by Herring and artists of lesser note, which existed in England during the last century.

These pictures, however, when scrutinised with the critical eye of to-day, are found to be full of inaccuracies and exaggerations. For example, many of us are more or less familiar with the style of picture frequently displayed in old English inns, and, more rarely, in our own country. The horse is almost invariably depicted as standing in a stable with a small feed-box in one corner, his muscles bulging out and his contour greatly accentuated by the aid of unaccountable lights and shades. Every animal was shown with a ridiculously small head, tapering legs and tiny feet. Again, the horse may be shown in action, galloping, his ears well back, legs stretched out to their fullest extent, and the animal a foot or more clear of the ground, while in the background a few spectators in top hats appear watching "The Devil doing his gallop."

Still another phase in these sporting pictures was the introduction of the owner and trainer as in Hobbs' painting of "Eclipse," and Herring's picture of "The Flying Dutchman," or a number of horses racing in the familiar stretched-out attitude, the jockeys sitting bolt upright with arms fully extended. In the background are seen the winning post and a long line of excited spectators.

The greater skill of present-day artists, coupled with the advent of the cinematograph (which has provided them with the means of studying the horse in motion), has been responsible for some wonderfully accurate and lifelike portrayals of the more prominent of our equine celebrities. It may be said with little fear of contradiction, that among latter-day artists, few, if any, have been more successful in horse portraiture than Martin Stainforth. His pictures usually represent a horse as possessed of irreproachable manners, standing quite still, and of exemplary docility. But when he leaves this favourite pose and gives us the racehorse in action his art achieves supreme heights.

An Englishman by birth, Stainforth came to this country in 1909 and now claims to have served a sufficient period of probation to entitle him to be an Australian by adoption. A year or so of station life with his cousin in North Queensland inspired him with such enthusiasm for the outdoor life and our genial climate that a return to London was out of the question, so he decided to come to Sydney, there to indulge a long-cherished ambition to paint Australia's thoroughbreds for which he had conceived so warm an admiration.

I am the fortunate possessor of Stainforth's picture of "Artilleryman" finishing in his memorable Melbourne Cup. The horse is shown going at top speed, quite off the ground, with his legs well under him. The drawing is absolutely correct, and shows that there is at least one phase of the gallop which is graceful and sightly. But his finest interpretation of the moving horse is to be seen in his great picture of the most exciting finish in a classic race ever seen at Randwick. It was a memorable meeting of four champions in the Craven Plate of 1913, when the faithful Cetigne, ridden by Albert Wood, forced his way through a chance opening at the last moment and snatched

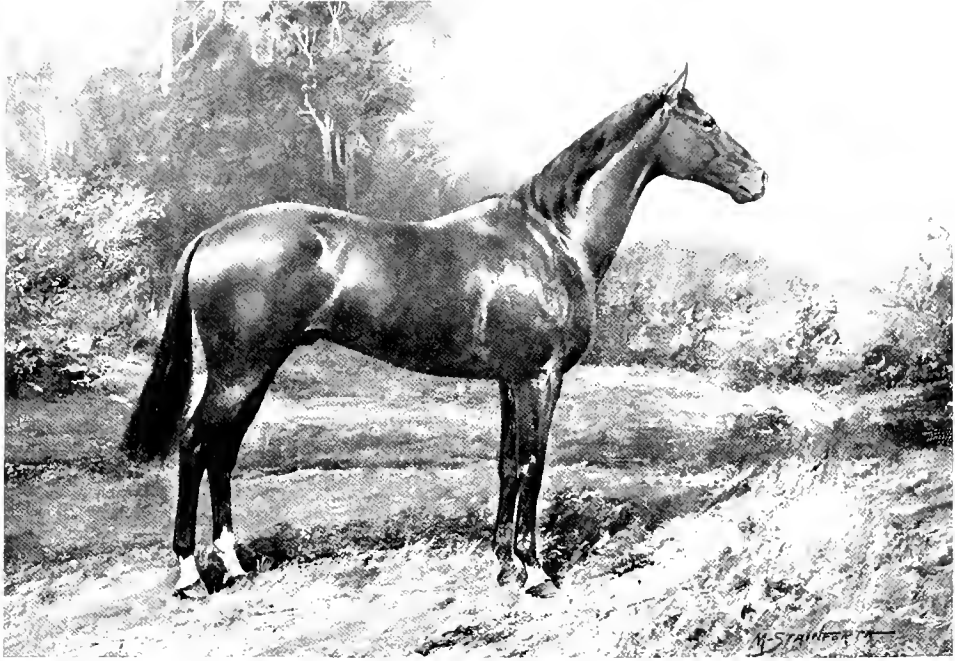
victory from the brilliant Wolaroi, the hardy Estland, and the consistent Desert Gold. The canvas brings the scene back to all of us who witnessed the event so vividly that we live those few intense seconds over again; we do not see the impossible horses depicted by Herring; we see four horses, lifelike in the fidelity of their pictured action, and each horse an entity in itself. In a fast and close finish the eye cannot distinguish minute details of the struggling horses, and the painter, cognisant of this, does not attempt that detail which he would portray if he were painting a stationary and specially posed horse. His chief object is to convey the impression of rapid movement. That is the essential, and he has achieved this with such consummate art that the picture is a classic among racing paintings. In Australia the horse is a national asset, and in the Craven Plate picture Stainforth has endeavoured to depict for posterity the most outstanding and memorable classic event in the annals of our turf history. By his signal success he has earned the thanks of all lovers of a good horse.

Stainforth's art, however, is not confined to the painting of horses alone. As an exponent of that now almost forgotten art, wood engraving, he has proved himself a master. Both Lord Leighton and Sir John Millais, as Presidents of the Royal Academy, selected some of his work for the Exhibitions at Paris, Berlin and Brussels as the best examples of the English engraver's art. He also exhibited at the Royal Academy on many occasions and has achieved considerable success as an illustrator for the principal English magazines. But his best work as an engraver is to be found, perhaps, in the illustrations to Grant Allen's "Evolution of Art." Much of Stainforth's present-day skill as a painter of horses is no doubt due to the patience and attention to detail with which he became imbued as an exponent of the engraver's art.

One has only to study his "Head of Trafalgar" to realise that he holds a high place among the great painters of animals. This work is a wonderfully lifelike and faithful reproduction of the erstwhile turf idol. The head is framed in bold relief by the shadow of the empty box, a look of expectancy is in the eyes, and our attention is irresistibly drawn to the well-shaped ears and the long, white blaze that so many of us have watched with anxious hearts as the game old battler was commencing his characteristic finishing run to victory. Note how beautifully the cheek fades away to a neck, whose glossy sheen covers smooth rolls of muscles. Surely his nostrils move, and the old horse breathes again! If Landseer had painted no picture but his "Fighting Dogs Getting Wind," a work which he executed when quite a young man, that effort alone would have raised him to the first rank of animal painters. And without hesitation I claim that Stainforth's "Head of Trafalgar" is one of the finest studies of the horse in existence, and, as an experienced student of sporting pictures, I declare that his "Craven Plate" is the greatest racing picture ever painted.

Recently I stood before his "Poitrel," that great horse whose achievements almost equalled the mighty Carbine. He stands on a trimmed plot of grass with a wall at the rear, his shapely, ruddy chestnut form in such clear relief that we realise at a glance how this strong fellow won a Melbourne Cup with ten stone on his back. He stands poised in his virile beauty of pliant muscles and shining coat, a splendid specimen of the thoroughbred—truly a picture that will bring delight to future generations of horse-lovers. Such a picture should belong to the Nation.

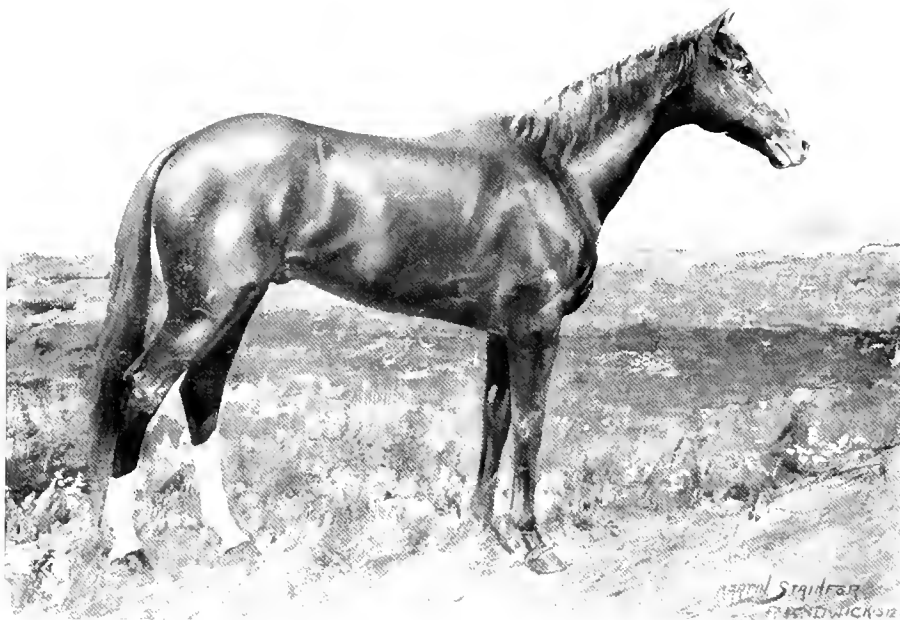
There have been a few men in Australia who could both draw and paint the horse. One of them was Douglas Fry. I knew him well, and had every



DUKE FOOTE (1). Bay Horse, 1907, by Sir Foote (imp.)-Ortelle (imp.). Winner of £14,009, and a high-class horse. Now at his owner's (Mr. John Brown) Will's Gully Stud, N.S.W. From a painting of the horse, at the age of 5 years, in the possession of Dr. Stewart McKay.



DESERT GOLD (2). Bay Mare, 1912, by All Black (imp.)-Aurarius. Winner of £23,133, and one of the best mares bred in Australasia. Now at her owner's (Mr. T. H. Lowry) stud in New Zealand. From a sketch of the mare, at the age of 5 years, in the possession of the artist.



MALT KING (5). Ches. Horse, 1906, by Maltster-Patrona. A very brilliant horse, winning £12,663, including All Aged Stakes, Sires Produce Stakes, Metropolitan Handicap, etc. Retired to his owners' (Messrs. J. E. and C. H. Brien) stud in 1913, and his progeny include Maltgilla, Green Malt, Hawker, Pannikin, etc. From a painting of the horse, at the age of 5 years, presented to the A.J.C. by Mr. J. E. Brien.



BIPLANE (3). Brown Horse, 1914, by Comedy King (imp.)—Air Motor. Winner of £13,596, including A.J.C. and V.R.C. Derbies, Craven Plate, etc. Retired to the stud in 1922. Raced by Mr. G. D. Greenwood (N.Z.) and now owned by Mr. T. A. Sturton, Dunlop Stud, Merriwa. From a sketch of the horse, at the age of 3 years, in the possession of Mrs. H. Gordon.



THE WELKIN (19). Brown Horse, 1904, by Flying Fox Woodbury. Imported in 1910. A brilliant sprinter and a phenomenal stud success. Premier sire of Australia for 1921-22. Among his progeny are Gloaming, Furious, Thrice, Rosina, Isa, Thrice, etc. Standing at the Melton Stud, Victoria, the property of Mr. E. E. D. Clarke. From a sketch of the horse at the age of 10 years in the possession of the artist.



CAGOU (13). Brown Horse, 1909, by Ayr Laddie (imp.) Tartar. Winner of £15,514, including A.J.C. Metropolitan Handicap (twice). Owned by Mrs. O. C. Flemmich, and now at the stud in Queensland. From a painting of the horse at the age of 7 years now in the possession of Mrs. Flemmich.



GREENSTEAD (4*). Brown Horse, 1914, by The Welkin (imp.)—Tuning Fork. Winner of £12,450, including A.J.C. Epsom Heap, etc. Now at the stud in N.S.W. From a painting of the horse, at the age of 6 years, in the possession of Mrs. F. Body.



BEAUFORD (18). Brown Gelding, 1916, by Beau Sault—Blueford. Winner in 1922 of 8 races and £11,390 up to the date of publication. One of the most brilliant horses of recent years. Raced by his breeder, Mr. W. H. Mackay, Sydney. From a painting of the horse, at the age of 6 years, in the possession of the artist.



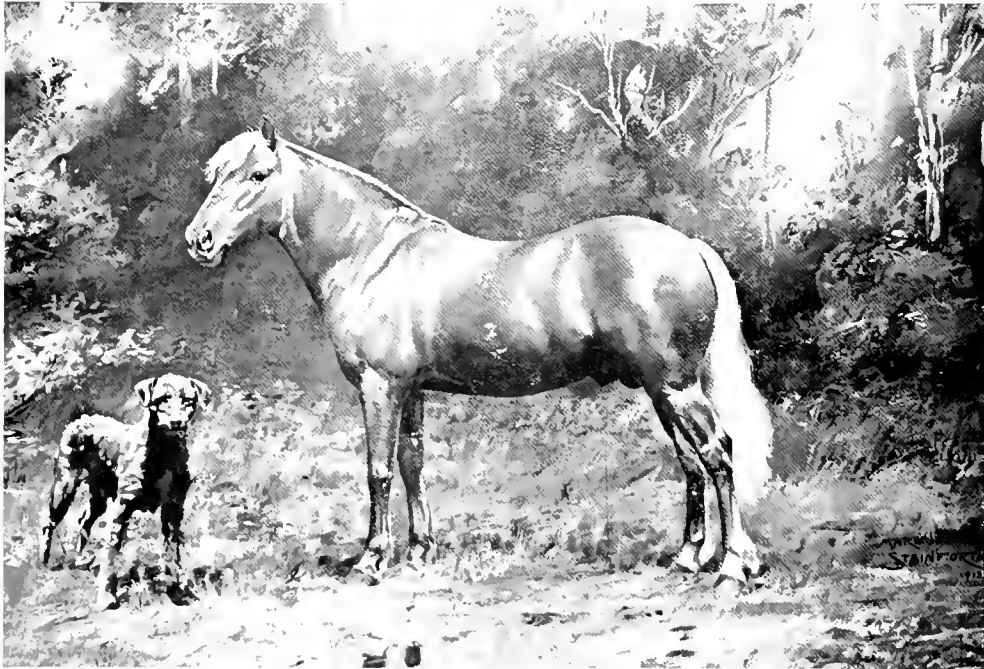
MARTIN STAINFORTH sketching the famous Poitrel. The artist when preparing for a painting, inspects the horse and makes written notes and slight sketches.



A couple of pages reproduced actual size from Martin Stainforth's notebook. He makes detailed notes of outstanding features and carefully preserves the general character of the horse.



At his studio he makes a memory sketch of the horse as it impressed him. On a second visit he corrects various parts and paints these separately until the character is secured.



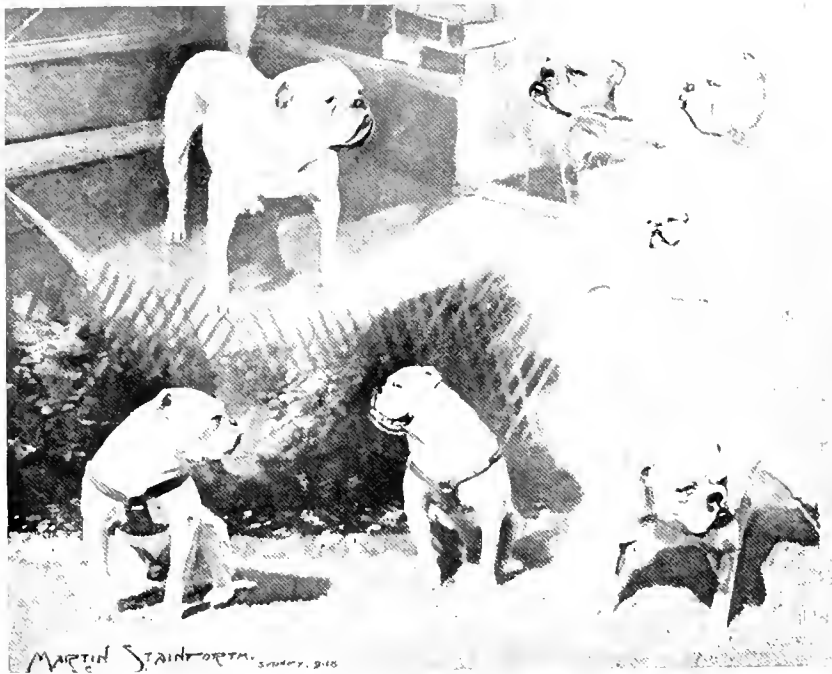
With his note-book, his rough sketch and careful studies of various parts, the artist proceeds to paint the finished picture, using the rough sketch as his main guide.



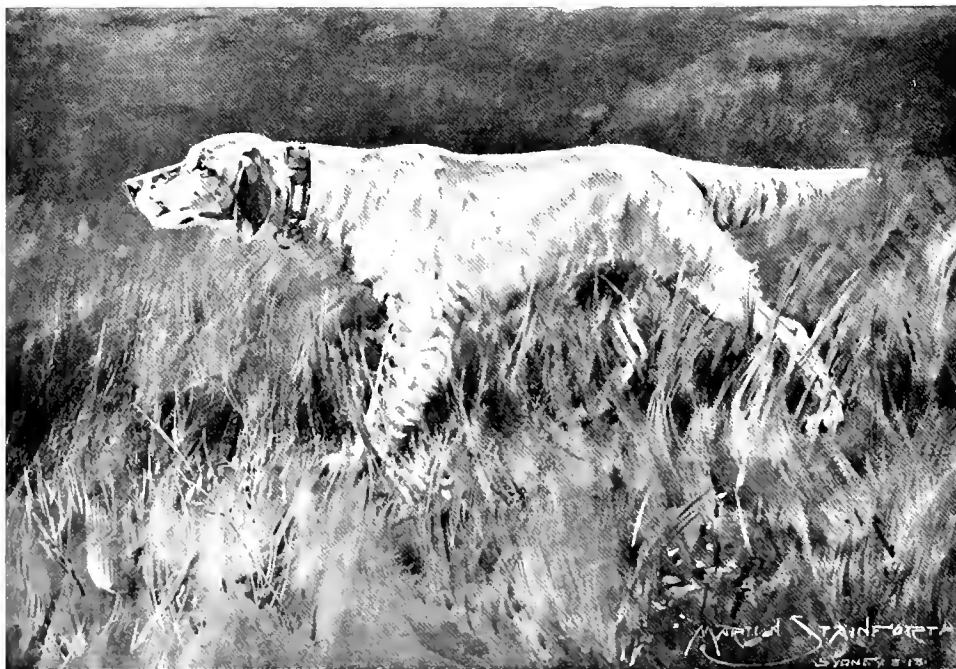
By this method the artist obtains freshness, virility and truth that could not be secured if a complete painting were attempted from an animal in training.



"Ready," a sketch by Martin Stamford in the National Art Gallery of N.S.W. In the original of this sketch Martin Stamford has displayed excellent technique, and shows his facility for painting animals in a lifelike manner.



In his paintings of dogs the same extreme care is shown to preserve the character of the animal. Pal, the bull dog sketched above, is owned by Mrs. Herbert Marks.



In this picture Martin Stainton has successfully overcome the problem of painting an eight-year-old setter as it would have appeared at the age of three. The dog, Mallwyd Albert, is owned by Dr. Herbert Marks.

opportunity of examining his work. As a draughtsman he was fine. His pencil studies of horses showed expert facility, yet when he employed colour as his medium, though he produced an artistic study, the animal often lacked that lifelike quality so essential to a successful portrait. Stainforth may not be able to do with the pencil what Fry could, and I am sure he doesn't know the horse as Fry did, yet he far out-distances his late rival, not only in his facility for technical expression and in his gift for infusing life, but because he has the power to delicately handle his subject without robbing it of its strength and character.

Aylyng Arnold, who from 1906 to 1910 was a special correspondent for the "London Sporting Life," happened to be visiting Australia in 1915 and saw some of our artist's work in Melbourne. He did not know Stainforth, but he went back to his hotel and wrote him a letter in which the following words occur: "I can confidently say I have seen as many portraits of horses as falls to the lot of any one man, but never have I seen anything approaching yours."

It is surprising to find how few notable Australian horse-owners have a sufficient affection for their animals to desire their portraiture in paint.

I once asked Stainforth to give me some idea of his methods. He replied that he first examines the horse carefully, making small pencil sketches with remarks on characteristic features, and then, with the impressions fresh in his mind, makes a small sketch in colour from 8 to 12 inches in size, giving as far as possible the pose, proportions and colour, without any attempt at fine detail. This study is then compared with the horse, and any alterations that are necessary are made, and further notes are made all round the study. In some cases he makes several sketches, each one getting nearer the perfect representation. The head is the part that requires the greatest care, and many studies of this alone may have to be made before he is satisfied with the results. Having decided the size of the canvas, he next decides on the pose which will best suggest the character of the subject and the direction from which the light will fall to show to best advantage such salient features as the head, shoulders or quarters. An appropriate background has also to be chosen.

When we come to sum up the merits of Martin Stainforth as a painter of horses, the first point which must be conceded in his favour is his power for conveying a faithful delineation of the particular animal that he is dealing with. He possesses a gift for detecting a horse's chief characteristics and is thus enabled to interpret anything in the animal's conformation that is vital in helping to make the completed work an accurate portrait, in addition to its being an agreeable work of art. As regards his medium, he is equally at home in either water-colour or oils, but he tells me that oils give him much more scope for his large pictures, while water-colour is more suitable for his small studies. His technique has reached such a pitch that he can paint a horse's coat with such fine detail and beauty of texture that it resembles the work of a painter of miniatures.

Stainforth's love for the horse helps him to strike the ideal pose for each particular animal, and this is most happily shown in his studies of the brilliant Woorak, who was noted for his exuberant spirits and playful, contented nature. Perhaps there is nothing more difficult to achieve in painting a horse than the successful suggestion of his muscular body by means of delicate light and shade. The ordinary painter of the horse generally represents exaggerated muscles, but in Stainforth's horses, though we do not actually see muscles brought into relief, we are nevertheless made aware of their presence under the glossy skin with its vivid sheen.

The reproductions of Stainforth's pictures included in this volume will serve in a great measure to prove to the public generally his calibre as a painter of the horse. Those of us, however, who have had the pleasure of studying his work in the originals, have every confidence in allowing posterity to judge of his merits. Certain it is, that at no distant date his pictures will be acclaimed and much sought after as classic examples of equine portraiture.

THE SECRET OF STAYING POWER

By Dr. W. J. STEWART McKAY

THE ambition of every man that breeds racehorses is to produce a good stayer. That this is a difficult matter is made evident by the large number of horses entered for the Derby and St. Leger and the few that run.

Therefore the question is naturally asked: Why cannot all horses run a distance? The answer is that all horses can run a distance; it's the *time they take* that is the important point.

In dealing with the questions relating to "staying," we must take into consideration *distance, time, and weight*. We must try and find out the difference between the horses that can sprint six furlongs in 1.12 and the horses that can go two miles in 3.24, and ask how they differ from the horses that can go 80 miles from sunrise to sunset.

If a number of racing men and breeders of racehorses were to gather round a ring, and five horses—say, Soultline, Prince Foote, Woorak, Desert Gold and Poitrel—were brought into the ring, would it be possible, if the onlookers did not know the horses or their pedigree—would it be possible, I ask—to pick out the real stayers? Could a good judge tell that Woorak could just get a mile, and that Prince Foote, who was about the same size and build, could stay all day? Could a good judge say that Soultline could not stay a mile? and tell that Desert Gold, the champion of her day, was no champion once she was asked to go much more than a mile and a half? I doubt very much whether any judge could place these horses in the true order of their staying powers by merely inspecting them. The late Andrew Town, who may be regarded as one who knew everything that was to be known about the points of a horse, once said to me that had he seen Carbine with a rough coat in a country sale-yard that he would not have rushed to buy him.

If judges were able to tell the future of racehorses by their conformation, then yearlings that are sold at 1,500 guineas would not be such consistent failures. Let us never forget that the father of English racehorses, the immortal *Eclipse*, was sold as a yearling for less than a hundred guineas; yet he was the ancestor of *Sceptre*, who was sold for 10,000 guineas as a yearling, and the ancestor of *Flying Fox*, who fetched 39,375 guineas at public auction.

What, let us ask, is the secret of Staying Power?

We may say at the outset that all the horses that we have mentioned above had the requisite bone and muscle. Soultline and Woorak could each have carried a sixteen-stone man without turning a hair, and the same could have been said of Desert Gold. While, then, we must grant that a given horse must have the proper development of bone and muscle, this development must be of a particular pattern. This, of course, is obvious; a Clydesdale has far more muscle and bone than any racehorse, but the type of muscle is of no use for speed, though suitable for endurance, and we shall see later on that endurance is a very different thing to staying power. Mere size is not the secret, since some of the finest-looking horses ever seen at Randwick have been non-stayers—Machine Gun, Malt King and Tangalooma, for instance. But it is because size so largely influences one's mind that high prices are given for well-grown colts in the hope that they will prove "Derby colts." If we study the history of the evolution of the racehorse we shall find some justification for this idea, for the present-day horse is a bigger animal than he was in former days. While the average racehorse nowadays, among the best horses, would be over 16 hands, we find, if we go back to 1745, that 15.2 (the height of Sampson) was considered almost gigantic. Captain Hayes

thought that English horses had increased an average of an inch in height between 1867 and 1897, and that the average horse was six inches taller than he was 200 years ago. Certain it is that pony horses don't win the Derby nowadays.

But, as I have said above, the size of the horse is not the essential point; with size there must go a particular type of heart, if a horse is going to stay. Anyone who saw Beragoon as a yearling might easily have mistaken him for a two-year-old, and a year later he looked like a three-year-old, and he was as good as he looked, for he won the Derby here and in Victoria, yet he could not stay in the true sense of the word.

While large size is the rule among stayers, yet small horses may occasionally be good stayers and have the required pace. That marvellous horse Prince Foote was very stoutly built, but he was not taller than Woorak—this his trainer, Frank McGrath, assures me—yet he won everything, including Derbys, Legers, and a Melbourne Cup. He had the proper staying heart and he transmitted it to Prince Charles and enabled him to win a recent Sydney Cup. Yet in the same stable was Furious with a Welkin heart; the one with the non-staying heart was, a little before the day, almost favourite, the other went out at 33 to 1, and won.

Wakeful, the finest mare over all distances ever seen on the Australian turf, was on the small size, yet she won the Sydney Cup with 9.7 in the saddle.

We may at once admit that there may often be a very considerable difference between the conformation of the stayer and the sprinter, yet the real difference lies hidden from the sight of the judge, for the difference is in the *particular kind of heart that the animal has inherited.*

If my contention as regards the heart be accepted, we then have a simple explanation of the common rule that staying sires produce staying stock. Carbine, for instance, was the prince of stayers, and his son, Wallace, gave us Trafalgar and innumerable other stayers. Positano was a stayer, and he gave us four Melbourne Cup winners. Maltster, on the other hand, was an indifferent stayer, and while he was one of the most successful sires in the whole world, he gave us only one stayer, Alawa. Some of his sons and daughters could just get a mile and a half—Malt King and Maltine were both Metropolitan winners, but they could go no further. Thus it is brought home to us that though a sire may be the father of hundreds of brilliant milers, it is reserved for a few horses to beget stayers of two miles or more. Nothing could show this better than a study of the progeny of Grafton and Linacre. These sires have been the fathers of hundreds of horses that have won races up to a mile, and yet we look in vain for long-distance horses from either. True it is that Peru won an Australian Cup, and that Lingle and Erasmus both ran second in the Melbourne Cup, but three swallows don't make a spring.

Let us then recognise this fact, that just as a man may transmit his nose, his eyes or his ears to his sons and daughters, just so may a horse transmit his bone, his muscle, his colour and his *heart* to his sons and daughters. So now we come to the secret: It matters not whether a horse is black or brown or chestnut—the essential thing the animal has to possess in order that he may stay is a *staying heart.*

Now, the first objection that will be put forward to this proposition is that every now and then a true stayer arises from a non-staying sire—I admit this is true. I have already mentioned that Alawa was a son of Maltster; Lingle a son of Linacre, Peru from Grafton, while Eurythmic, the most wonderful horse at present racing, who won a Sydney Cup carrying 9.8 on

his back, with a run that will for ever make him famous, had for a sire Eudorus, a brilliant horse for a mile, especially when that mile was in the mud!

The answer to these objections is that, just as a genius *sometimes* comes from a back-lane; just as a poet is born in a hovel; just as some great orator comes from a peasant stock; so with a sprinter for a sire we get sometimes a stayer. This would have been explained by Darwin by his theory of Atavism—throwing back to a former ancestor for hidden powers—and this is a reasonable explanation. Thus we may reasonably say that David, through his granddam Wakeful, did inherit some of her ancestor Musket's power to stay. But this leads up to another explanation that can be put forth with plenty of examples to back it up—i.e., that the horse may get his staying powers from his *mother*: that is, that he has inherited his dam's heart, not his sire's. Eurythmic must be regarded as an excellent example of this, for, as we have just mentioned, Eudorus was but a good miler, and his other sons do not show staying powers in spite of the fact that Eusebius won a Derby and a V.R.C. St. Leger, both, however, in shocking time! But when we come to examine the pedigree of Bob Cherry, the dam of Eurythmic, we find that staying is spelt in every line of her pedigree, being by Bodadil from Ardea by Wallace.

Now that I have enunciated my theory, let me suggest why it is that some horses begin their career in brilliant fashion, and look from their first performances as though they would stay, and yet go off and never come back. My opinion is that some of these horses have poor hearts and are made too much use of during their two-year-old period; while some horses during their early three-year-old career are asked to do more than their hearts are fit to do, as a consequence their *hearts become dilated*. They fail time after time, and are consequently called rogues; in reality, they may be quite honest animals, but their strained hearts cannot respond when called upon—Bigaroon, I think, is an example.

I regard the failure of Eurythmic, when matched against Beauford, as an instance of the dilated heart. Eurythmic was asked to carry the record weight of 10.7 in the Futurity Stakes. He won, and critics said that it was merely a welter race, and that he had nothing to beat. When he came to Sydney to run against Beauford, almost every trainer gave their opinion that Eurythmic would win. What happened? He pulled up absolutely in distress, and a few days later was beaten by David and Furious over two miles. The real explanation is that no matter what may be said to the contrary, Eurythmic did not have a true staying heart, having inherited it from his mother; that it probably became strained in the Futurity and probably dilated, and that while he may win at a mile or a little more, I think it unlikely that he will ever win at two miles again.*

Let me make my meaning about the dilated heart quite clear. First of all, one must understand that the heart is a pump; that its walls are composed of muscle—though not of the same kind of muscle that the flesh of the arms and legs is made of. Then the valves of this wonderful pump are made of very strong tissue almost as strong as fine canvas. Considering the amount of work that the heart is called upon to do, getting no entire rest either night or day, the wonder is that it can keep on for sixty or seventy years in man, and twenty or more in the horse, in such a very efficient manner.

Now, if a man who has been working in an office gets "run down" from overwork, and takes it into his head to go off for a holiday, and part of that holiday is devoted to climbing mountains, he will often come back to his

*This was written in April, 1922.

office in a worse condition than when he started. What has happened? He has tried to make his heart-muscle do work which it is not prepared to do. He has strained his heart. In other words, this wonderful pump has done its best to cope with the extra work that it was called upon to do, and while it may have succeeded, the effort has affected it, and the result of the extra work performed is that the heart has become *dilated*, and, for the time being, it is not able to do the ordinary work that it is called upon to perform. Provided such a heart is rested and nursed it may come back, but if the possessor of such a heart tries to drive it, and does not rest it, then that heart will fail to do ordinary work, and will most certainly fail if asked to perform extra work.

What happens to the untrained office-man happens over and over again on the racecourse to horses that are asked to win races when they are not "ready"—that is, when they are only half-trained; and while they may succeed they often dilate their unprepared hearts in their honest efforts to succeed. The most recent example of this is Salrak, injured by his Newcastle race.

Again, when a horse is "ready" and his muscles are fit and he is quite able to run a mile and carry a decent weight, he is asked to run a mile and a-half; he makes a mighty effort, and from that day on he never does himself justice in a race, for his effort strained his heart; and not being allowed to rest, his heart remains dilated till the end of his days.

Let me illustrate these general remarks by a few concrete instances. Woorak was a most brilliant two-year-old; his bones were short and strong, his hindquarters were perfect, while his muscles were so exquisite that had he been cast in bronze he would have been a joy for ever. He ran in the Chelmsford stakes as a three-year-old, and won, beating his great rival Mountain Knight. Then came the Derby a few weeks later. Everyone who had seen Woorak race recognised the fact that he must be given his head, and that to check him would be fatal. He was a very pronounced favourite, and one of the most experienced trainers said to me: "If you don't back Woorak don't bet on the race." But I remembered that Woorak's sire had been only a brilliant sprinter in England, so I backed Mountain Knight at six to one simply because his sire, Mountain King, had a Wallace-Carbine heart and could run a mile and a-half, and even further, at a brilliant pace. The Derby was run and Woorak put up the effort of his career, but was beaten in the last hundred yards by a very narrow margin. Now we come to the after-history. Five days later Woorak was brought out to run in the Craven Plate, ten furlongs, and he won in record time; some of the field being at the half-distance when he was walking in. From that day onwards Woorak never won at a distance again. These two races dilated his heart, and a mile was the length of his tether. Watching him do his training gallops at Randwick during the winter of 1916, I became convinced that as he had to carry less than weight-for-age in the Epsom that he would be able to run the mile right out. I backed him well and truly, and was rewarded by seeing him win the Epsom by six lengths in a common canter. Now this form so impressed the public that a few days later they simply rushed to back him in the Craven Plate, he having only four opponents. He was at odds-on, and ran in front to the half-distance, then his dilated heart failed suddenly and he was easily beaten by St. Carwyne and Reputation.

Let me take another example. Wallace Isinglass was a fine upstanding three-year-old with plenty of bone and plenty of muscle, and had a proper Derby-Wallace-Carbine inherited heart. He ran in the Rosehill Guineas a few weeks before the Derby of 1916, the distance being increased from seven furlongs to a mile and a furlong, and he was made an odds-on favourite. By

some means he got into a bad position, and when he entered the straight he seemed to have no chance of beating Cetigne. Then he made a wonderful effort; it was the effort of a horse with a stout heart, and he put every ounce of reserve he had into the final run, and inch by inch he gained on the brilliant, honest Cetigne, and won by a nose! Never was a braver effort ever seen on a racecourse, and I felt that he had to thank his Wallace heart—not to mention what his dam (Glass Queen) may have added—for his victory.

This victory made him an odds-on favourite for the Derby, and Bobby Lewis, thinking that he had a real Wallace stayer to handle, determined to "make the running" and knock Cetigne out; but he failed for two reasons. In the first place, he hurried his mount most unwisely for the first half-mile, forgetting what Fred Archer had laid down as a rule, that if you hurry a stayer enough for the first half-mile you will kill him dead; and, in the second place, Bobby not being a pathologist did not know anything about dilated hearts, so he evidently took it for granted that his mount's heart was of the true Wallace brand. But he found to his dismay that he had made so much use of his horse that he died in his hands in the last fifty yards and Cetigne won. The effort certainly did not do Cetigne's non-staying heart any good, for he never ran a decent race over a distance afterwards, though he lived to win the most dramatic race ever seen at Randwick when he won the Craven Plate in record time in 1918. Now, though Cetigne had a non-staying heart—Grafton being no sire of stayers—yet he must have had a very sound heart to win a Newmarket six furlongs with 9 stone in 1.13½, a Villiers mile in 1.38¼ with 9.4 in the saddle, and lower Woorak's Craven Plate record of 2.5¼ to 2.4½; and yet he could not run a mile and a-half with success in good company.

Let me say that a heart that is dilated may recover if the animal is properly rested. Wallace Isinglass being bred to have a staying heart on his sire's side as well as on his dam's side, was judiciously nursed by his rich owner, and, as a result, as a four-year-old and a five-year-old he did well over a distance, and lived to defeat Desert Gold at two miles in Melbourne, and to run Lanius and Westcourt to a neck over the Cumberland Stakes two miles.

Let us see if we can learn anything of use from the above remarks. The chief lesson that is to be learnt is: *That you can't make a stayer out of a horse that has not inherited a staying heart, train him as you will.* The old ideal that if you wanted a horse to run two miles you had to train him over that distance was absurd. You must, of course, get the animal's muscles in a fit condition, and that can be done by slow, long work, and by running him at a fast pace from time to time over a mile or so; but you can't make his heart carry him two miles *at the requisite pace* if he does not inherit the proper kind of heart, *no matter how you train him!* It is quite true that a horse in some cases stays better the older he gets, because his heart improves; still the fact remains that the true stayer is *born*, not made.

After all in staying it is the *pace* that tells; in other words, a great stayer must have the power to run at a great pace all the way and to have something out of the common to finish with; and unless the horse has an inherited staying heart it is quite impossible for him to finish well. When we think of the run that Poitrel with 9.9 on his back made when Kennaquhair won the Sydney Cup in 3.22¾; when we think of the run he made in the Spring Stakes when he beat Desert Gold in 2.31 one year, and Gloaming in the same race the following year; when we think how he finished in his Melbourne Cup, carrying ten stone, then we realise what a true staying heart is capable of doing when called upon.

It has often been observed that great stayers are wont to hang behind in the early stages of a long-distance race. No one, for instance, ever saw

anything of old Tartan until the distance was reached, then he would come along like a bolt from the blue and smother his opponents, as he did with 9.6 in the Australian Cup. This is quite characteristic of the stayer. If you hurry him too much in the early stages of a long race you will defeat him. The reason is that his heart must not be asked to do too much too quickly. You must let him gradually get his heart beating in a slow, methodical way, and then all goes well, and when the time comes everything is as it should be; his lungs being unimpeded in their work co-operate with the heart. If, however, you hurry the stayer too much in the first part of the race the circulation becomes upset—that is, the circulation in the lungs causes an engorgement that interferes with the breathing of the horse, and with the smooth working of his heart.

Some stayers have a particular kind of heart which enables them to sprint, and, at the same time, it allows them to begin quickly in a distance race, to get into a good position early, and to keep their places. Poseidon was such a horse. He was a perfect stayer, could sprint like a pure sprinter, and was so clever in a big field that he could take up any position he liked in any race no matter the distance. Mooltan, another horse with a Positano heart, could run a mile (second in the Epsom), win a Metropolitan, and run second in a Melbourne Cup. No better example of this type of horse could be found now than Sasanoff—a perfect sprinter and a perfect stayer. Wakeful was another.

Again, there are some horses who can run in front of the field for a distance and keep up the pace. They, in fact, run a waiting race in front. These horses, however, are often not *true* stayers. Desert Gold, Biplane and Gloaming could each do this for a mile and a-half; for two miles Prince Bardolph did it in the Sydney Cup with success, and tried to do the same thing in the Australian Cup, but when he had gone two miles and a furlong a horse with a Carbine heart—Defence—caught and beat him easily. Posinatus won his Melbourne Cup in this way from start to finish, and I fancy Newhaven did the same thing, while Harvest King, with a Comedy King staying heart, won the last Australian Cup and led throughout.

Now a word on *Endurance*: this is not the same thing as staying. The difference between the two is a matter of *pace*. For instance, some horses in East India can sprint quite well for three furlongs, but cannot go fast for any distance, yet they are capable of going 80 miles in a cart from sunrise to sunset. This brings home to us that staying power—that is, the ability to go two miles at a very rapid pace—requires a different type of heart to the endurance heart. We may admit that this latter must be a good type of heart, but it is a different type to the staying heart. The endurance heart is well illustrated when we come to deal with jumping horses. We all know of horses that could only get a mile on the flat—say, for instance, Lord Nagar, who won the Villiers—yet when these horses become hurdlers we see them putting up records and winning over two miles in quite brilliant fashion. The explanation is that it is only a matter of *pace*. A cab horse can run two miles, but his pace is nothing. A hurdler can run two miles, but the time he takes would leave him a furlong or two behind in a weight-for-age race. Therefore when we say a horse can *stay*, we imply the possession of a heart that can stand the enormous strain of running two miles, or more, in time that will not much exceed three minutes twenty-six seconds, carrying a good weight.

And now that I have mentioned weight, let us ask: What effect has weight on a horse in regard to staying?

If we walk and carry a weight we can go a certain distance and not feel fatigued, but if we attempt to run with the same weight we soon find out the difference. In walking we always have one foot on the ground; in running we are entirely off the ground at times. In walking we put little strain on the heart, for the foot that is always on the ground helps us; while in running we have to lift the whole weight of the body from the ground, and so we call on the heart to do much more work. If then, we have to carry a weight and run, we have not only to lift the body from the ground but also the weight. Naturally, the heart is called upon to do more work and becomes exhausted in proportion to the amount of weight carried, the distance it is carried, and the time consumed. The heart muscle, as a matter of fact, in great exertion has to work at eight times its normal rate, and so it becomes tired, and the effect of fatigue is simply to reduce the output of the heart.

Weight acts on the heart in the same way that distance does—that is, weight tires the heart after a certain amount of energy has been expended, and distance exhausts the heart in galloping on account of the amount of work required from the heart; a horse may trot fifty miles who cannot gallop two; the reason being that in the trot his body is not entirely off the ground, in the gallop it is. It is the pace that tells.

There are many horses capable of carrying a huge weight at a great pace for a short distance, and yet they cannot carry a light weight for a long distance. Thus Woorak, as he got on in years, could carry weight-for-age for a mile, but we saw 9.12 send him into second place in the Doncaster; yet he ran away with the Oakleigh Plate, 5½ furlongs, with ten stone five in the saddle. What a heart the immortal Carbine must have had when he carried this very same weight to victory in his celebrated Melbourne Cup! Is it any wonder that Wallace and Trafalgar inherited great staying hearts?

THE AUSTRALIAN JOCKEY CLUB AND RANDWICK

By KEN AUSTIN

THERE is a faded document hanging in the Secretary's room at the Australian Jockey Club offices. It may be regarded as the coping-stone of what is now the most important Racing Club in Australia. This document reads as follows:—

"S. C. Burt, Esquire,—

"In consideration of your commencing the foundation of a Race-course at Randwick, I hereby undertake to become liable to the extent of £50 for the purpose of paying the expense thereof.

"The revenues to be derived from the annual subscriptions and the sale of gates, booths, stands, etc., when completed, to be a security to me for whatever I may be called upon to pay under this guarantee.

"Sydney, Thirtieth June, One thousand eight hundred and fifty-nine.

"(Sgd.) GEO. ROWLEY."

"Pay to the order of W. McQuade, Esq., Treasurer, A.J.C.

"(Sgd.) S. C. BURT."

R. JONES,
S. C. BROWN,
CHAS. MARTYN,
ROWLAND HASSALL,
W. G. HENFREY,
JNO. ROBERTSON,
DAVID BELL,
HENRY PRINCE,

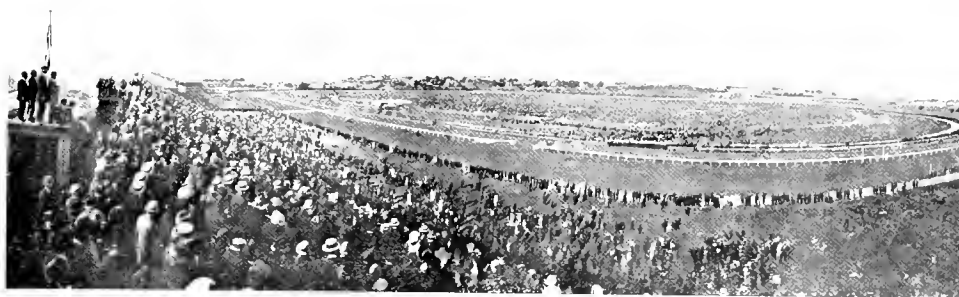
J. H. ATKINSON,
W. M. ARNOLD,
J. F. PERRY,
A. LODER,
GEO. ROWLEY,
ALEX. MACKELLAR,
ALFRED CHEEKE.

There is not much data concerning the early days of Randwick, but the wonderful strides the Club has made since 1880 may be gauged by comparing the Club's racing expenditure, which was £734/10/- for that year and £152,559 for the year ending August, 1922.

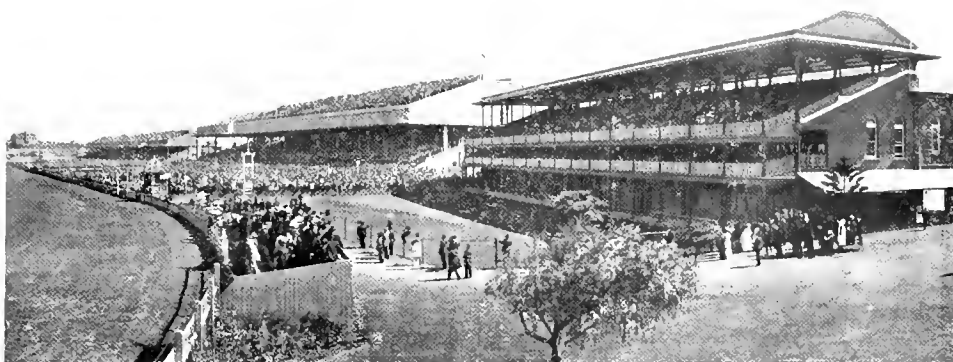
The late T. S. Clibbon, who took over the duties of Secretary in 1873, made the most of his then somewhat slender opportunities. He was succeeded by the present Secretary, Mr. C. W. Cropper, in 1910, who made his name in Western Australia. Under his regime Randwick has never looked back, but has flourished like the proverbial bay tree of old. C. W. Cropper is the ideal Racing Secretary, a man who is held in the highest esteem by all who come in contact with him, and whose heart and personality are embodied in the course. Of the men who have controlled the destinies of the Club as Committeemen from time to time, no one has done more for Randwick and racing generally than the present Chief Justice of Australia, The Right Hon. Sir Adrian Knox, who was elected to the Committee in 1896 and was Chairman from 1907 to 1919. On his resignation the Club made a presentation to him of his portrait. A duplicate of the picture hangs in the Committee's Council Room. The Adrian Knox Stakes, a race for three-year-old fillies, held early in the year, was also inaugurated in 1921 in his honour. During the time he acted as Chairman, Randwick was practically rebuilt, the prize-money was tremendously increased, Associations to control country racing were formed, and racing legislation generally widened and improved.

So long as racing flourishes in Australia the name of Sir Adrian Knox will be held in affectionate esteem by everyone who realises what a wonderful influence for good he brought to bear on turf matters generally.

RANDWICK RACECOURSE



General View of Randwick Racing and Training Tracks and Flat taken during Steeplechase.

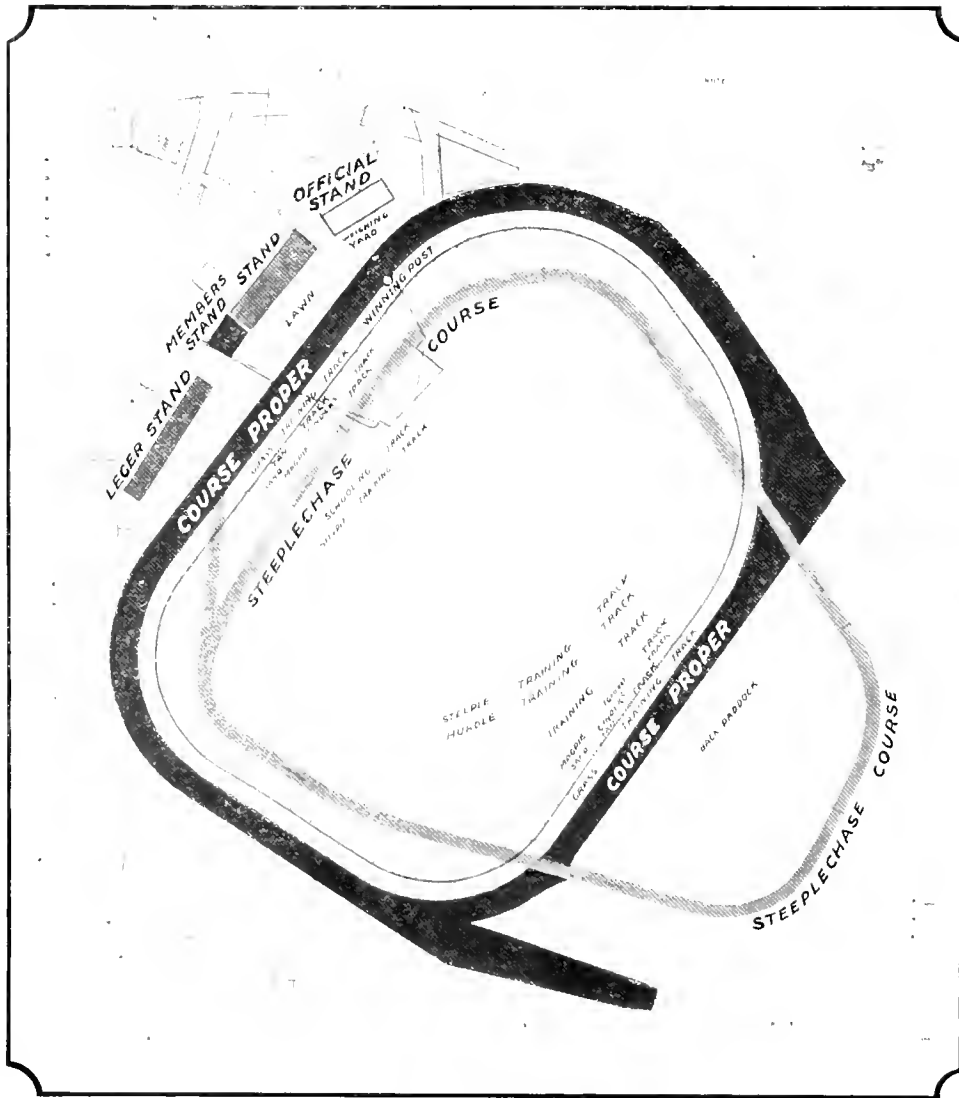


Randwick Weighing Yard, Official and other Stands, and Judge's Box.



The Flat at Randwick, with Betting Ring in foreground, St. Leger (on left), Members', Grand, and Official Stands.

RANDWICK RACECOURSE



Plan of Randwick Racecourse.

A list of names of the men who have served on the Committee of the Jockey Club since 1870 is not out of place in an article such as this, and I am obliged to include my father's name among those who helped to make the A.J.C. the respected and capable institution it is to-day. The names of the Committeemen who served for various periods since 1870 are Messrs. S. C. Brown, W. R. Campbell, Hon. H. C. Dangar, E. Lee, A. Thompson, H. Thompson, Henry Austin, J. W. Johnson, J. A. Scarr, Colonel Richardson, Water Hall, J. de V. Lamb, F. C. Griffiths, F. W. Hill, Hon. James White, Captain Osborne, W. B. Walford, J. Wentworth, Andrew Town, S. A. Stephen, F. C. Griffiths, J. H. Want, W. A. Long, W. C. Hill, Richard Jones, Junr., Dr. W. M. Traill, C. A. Goodchap, E. M. Betts, Vincent Dowling, Alex. Mackellar, *Harry Chisholm*, Sir Adrian Knox, F. W. Wentworth, A. Busby, George Lee, R. C. Allen, Ewan R. Frazer, A. Hooke, John McDonald, *Hunter White*, *E. A. M. Merewether*, *C. C. Stephen*, *Sir Samuel Hordern*, *T. A. Stirton*, *F. A. Moses*, *Walter Brunton*, *George Main*—the names of present Committee being in italics. Mr. C. C. Stephen has held the position of Chairman since the resignation of Sir Adrian Knox. He has proved himself a worthy successor to the best Chairman the Club ever had.

The Australian Jockey Club opens its Randwick season with what is known as the Spring Meeting, held generally during the last days of September and the first week in October. The racing is extended over four days. On the first day of this meeting the A.J.C. Derby is decided. This race, which is run over a mile and a half, is a classic event in which colts and geldings are asked to carry 8 st. 10 lbs., while fillies get an allowance of 5 lbs. The added money this year is 7,000 sovereigns, to which a sweepstake of 25 sovereigns from each starter is added. The breeder of the winner receives 250 sovereigns.

The Spring Stakes, a weight-for-age event, $1\frac{1}{2}$ miles, involving 2,500 sovereigns, is another important race of this day, as well as the Epsom Handicap, 1 mile, of 3,000 sovereigns. A considerable amount of antepost wagering in connection with this race and the Metropolitan is indulged in prior to the meeting. The second day's programme includes the latter race, a handicap worth 6,000 sovereigns to the winner plus a sweepstake of 30 sovereigns for starters, the distance of which is one mile and five furlongs. The first two-year-old race of the New South Wales racing season is the other important event. The Breeders' Plate, 5 furlongs, of 2,000 sovereigns, is reserved for colts, who are asked to carry 8 st. 5 lbs., and geldings 8 st. 2 lbs. The Craven Plate, weight for age, $1\frac{1}{4}$ miles, of 3,000 sovereigns, and the Gimcrack Stakes, 5 furlongs, of 2,000 sovereigns, for two-year-old fillies, form the attractive events of the third day; while on the last day's racing a two-mile weight-for-age contest, known as the Randwick Plate, of 2,500 sovereigns, tests the stamina of the best.

Four richly endowed jumping races are included in the Spring Meeting programme.

Two meetings are held by the Jockey Club in December—the Villier's Stakes, a mile handicap; the December Stakes, 5 furlongs, involving 2,000 sovereigns, for two-year-olds; and the Summer Cup, a handicap of a mile and five furlongs. A two-days' meeting is held in the January of each year at which the Challenge Stakes, a six-furlong handicap, and the Anniversary Handicap, $1\frac{1}{2}$ miles, are decided, as well as a race over the hurdles on each day; and the Adrian Knox Stakes, 1 mile, of 1,500 sovereigns, a set-weight race for three-year-old fillies.

The Autumn Meeting, held every Easter, offers a splendid programme to horse owners. On the first day is the Autumn Stakes, $1\frac{1}{2}$ miles, weight-for-age, of 2,500 sovereigns; the Doncaster Handicap, 1 mile, of 3,000 sovereigns; the A.J.C. Sires' Produce Stakes, 7 furlongs, for the two-year-old colts and geldings carrying 8 st. 10 lbs., and fillies 8 st. 7 lbs. The added money is 5,000 sovereigns in addition to a subscription of 10 sovereigns each from the sires nominated, the progeny of which are only eligible to compete. The nominator of the sire of the winner receives 250 sovereigns. The A.J.C. St. Leger, $1\frac{3}{4}$ miles, is also decided on this day, and is a classic race for colts, geldings and fillies, of 2,500 sovereigns added money. The second day of the Autumn Meeting is held on Easter Monday, and in the presence of some 80,000 people, which number increases each year, the Sydney Cup is run. This is the most important long-distance handicap decided at Randwick, and is run over two miles. The added money in 1921 was 6,000 sovereigns, and the best horses in Australia are to be generally found among the field. The Champagne Stakes, a six-furlong, set-weight, two-year-old race, is decided before the Cup is run. Colts are asked to carry 8 st. 10 lbs., fillies 8 st. 8 lbs., and geldings 8 st. 7 lbs, the winner receiving 3,000 sovereigns in added money. On the third day are the All Aged Stakes, 1 mile, weight-for-age, of 2,500 sovereigns; the Easter Stakes, 7 furlongs, a special condition race for two-year-olds, of 750 sovereigns; and the Cumberland Stakes, 2 miles, weight-for-age, of 2,000 sovereigns. The concluding day's racing contributes the A.J.C. Plate, 3 miles, weight-for-age; the second Steeplechase, and some interesting handicap races.

What may be termed the Jumping Meeting is held early in June, and this year the A.J.C., who have recently become alive to the importance and attractiveness of cross-country racing, wisely established the Australian Jockey Club Hurdle Race, 2 miles 3 furlongs, of 2,000 sovereigns added money, and a similarly named Steeplechase carrying the same amount of added money, and run over a course of about 3 miles.

So much for the races which the Club offers the horse-owner in New South Wales. In addition to the fourteen days' racing held at Randwick by the premier Club, the two principal Betting Clubs have six days between them there, while racing takes place every Saturday in the many proprietary race-courses around Sydney, the Rosehill Club being the principal of these money-making concerns.

But to return to Randwick. The pictures of the course and buildings will give a good idea of the general outlook. The racing track is of oblong shape, and the horses are asked to race round four easily negotiated turns in traversing the mile and three furlongs of grass sward, which the course proper measures in circumference two feet out from the inner rail. It is practically a level stretch from start to finish, though there is a gradual decline from the winning-post to the mile and a quarter start and a slight rise between the four and the two furlong posts. The average breadth of the racing track from fence to fence is 100 feet, so that there is plenty of room on it for a very large-sized field of horses to race with safety. The plan of the course published in this book gives a good idea of the various training tracks; a recent improvement to the latter is the conversion of the sand into a cinder track, which will be of great value to work on during the wet months of the year.

A distinctive feature of Randwick is its steeplechase course, situated inside the course proper, and three other training tracks. A good field of jumpers streaming up the hill and negotiating the jump on the crown of it before racing down the steep incline to the foot is a splendid sight. Steeplechasing is gaining favour with the public, and one of the principal reasons for

this is that the horses are well in view for the greater part of the journey. The ascent and descent of the hill is most spectacular, and also serves as a good test of stamina. The credit for this successful innovation is due to the late Mr. Vincent Dowling, who was a thick-and-thin supporter of jumping, and during the time he was on the A.J.C. Committee did much for the "leppers" generally. There are eleven fences to be jumped at Randwick, all made of thickly packed solid brush, which will bring down any horse taking the slightest liberties with them. The average height of the jump is about 4 feet 3 inches and 2 feet 6 inches wide across the top. Only two other courses in Australia have a hill like Randwick—one in Victoria, at Warnambool, and the other at Oakbank in South Australia. Randwick is a very convenient course for the average race-goer. It is situated some four miles from the Sydney Post Office and Railway Station; it can be easily reached by a very excellent tram service. Once inside the course one is struck by the splendid buildings, which are growing every year. The great Totalisator House, which handled in 1920 no less than £1,280,861, a sum that has increased largely since; the Grand Stands, capable of seating over 25,000 people on their spacious decks; the Members' Enclosure; the Tea Rooms; the Leger Stand, etc. All these bear silent testimony to the great, steady progress of the Club. The crowds are each year increasing, and before long some big comprehensive scheme of remodeling the paddock and stand accommodation will have to be introduced. The erection of the Totalisator buildings has severely taxed the already somewhat overcrowded accommodation, and the problem of expansion is one which the A.J.C. will have to seriously consider. However, the policy of the Club has always been a progressive one, so we need not fear.

The Club now pays over £24,000 in wages annually, and to add to this big figure there is a Totalisator staff of over 400 when the machines are in work. Hitches at Randwick are unknown, and everything goes like clock-work from the time the turnstiles are opened on race days until the day's racing is over. The starting is in the capable hands of Mr. Harry Mackellar, who not only has the confidence of the jockeys, from the smallest apprentice upwards, but is a thorough horseman in the truest sense of the word, and a starter by instinct. The important position of handicapper is filled by Mr. Fred Wilson, for many years the present Secretary's right-hand man in the office, and now an established success as a weight adjuster. The Club is lucky in having two such officials.

One of the highest tributes the course has received in its long history comes from the present Prince of Wales, who during his visit to Sydney spent some of his happiest days riding impromptu races at Randwick.

It is the Mecca of Australia to the true horse-lover, and, sitting under its shady figtrees, one may see the bronzed men of the far Northern Territory who have come thousands of miles to swell the cosmopolitan crowds which tread the green lawns and back their fancies. In the paddock the strangest conglomeration of people assembles, for racing is the greatest class leveller in the world. There is much truth in the saying that all men are equal both on the turf and under it.

THE VICTORIAN RACING CLUB AND FLEMINGTON

By Dr. W. H. LANG

THE early colonists of Victoria inaugurated racing, first upon the slopes of Batman's Hill, and then on the now famous flats alongside the Salt Water River. The first Secretary of the Victorian Racing Club, Mr. Bagot, performed his duties with an enthusiastic and far-sighted thoroughness, and, at his too early death, his place was taken by Mr. Byron Moore, who has carried on the work unremittingly ever since, and who is still at his post there in Bourke Street, quiet, urbane, mild, and entirely business-like. The name of Mr. Byron Moore will live for ever in the annals of the V.R.C. During the late 'seventies, the 'eighties, and the 'nineties of the last century, the accommodation at Flemington was ample, and no one ever seemed to imagine that the great extent of lawn and hill, flat and grand-stands would ever be overtaken by the magnitude of the crowds which assembled there to watch the national sport of the country. But since those days vast changes have been silently creeping on almost unnoticed. In the early days of the twentieth century, and even earlier, it became noticeable that on Cup days it was extremely difficult to force one's way from the stands to the saddling enclosure and the betting-ring. There was a somewhat narrow "bottle neck" between the corner of the main stand and the saddling and weighing enclosure, where, on a Melbourne Cup day, the difficulty experienced in worming a passage between races was almost insurmountable. A certain amount of relief was obtained by robbing the course itself of some of its superfluous width, and by slightly altering the turn out of the straight. But the relief was only temporary. By the year 1920, on which anniversary of the great day, the crowd was a record one, the attendance on the ground actually amounted to 110,000. Crowds of holiday-makers had also assembled on what is known as "The Footscray Hill," an eminence on the other side of the Salt Water River, which faces the long straight six furlongs, and which is a splendid coign of vantage from which to view the scene, without being able accurately to name the winner in anything like a close finish.

Estimating the numbers there, and on the steep hillside at the other end of the "straight six" at some 15,000 or 20,000 more, the folk who actually took part in the day's sport can be set down at somewhere close on 130,000 souls. Thirty-two years previous to this, when Mentor was the hero of the day, the crowd was reckoned at 80,000—an increase of 50,000. And the question at once arises in the mind: "Where is it going to end?" Victoria, which used to be nicknamed "the cabbage garden" of the States, will, before very long, be re-christened "the workshop of Australia." She has cheap electrical power at the very doors of her metropolis, and has already surveyed her city of the future with a view to providing accommodation for two millions. And will the growth of the city come to an end there? To what size may Melbourne grow during the coming fifty years? And when she has even her two million inhabitants, will there be room enough at Flemington to provide for the 200,000 at least who will find their way to the course on Cup day?

The V.R.C. Committee has had something of this idea in front of it when it accepted the plans, during the last twelve months, for the reconstruction of the stands, lawns and saddling paddock.

Let us take a survey of the course and its surroundings, and you will then appreciate what the famous raceground has been, and what it is destined to become.

If you stand upon the top of "The Hill," you can take almost a bird's-eye view of the arena and the features of the surrounding country.

The ground which the V.R.C. received from the Government at a peppercorn rent, and additional land which they acquired subsequently by purchase, lies at the foot of, and on the north-eastern side of, a huge cup. This cup on the south side, that farthest away from the winning post and stands, has a large piece bitten out of it, and then resembles the teacup which Tenniel represents the Mad Hatter in "Alice in Wonderland," carrying about in his hand.

To the north-west, between the Flemington and the Footscray Hills, a considerable chip from the edge of the cup has also disappeared, and through the gap thus formed flow the sluggish waters of the Salt Water River.

Here on the Hill there is accommodation for an enormous crowd of racegoers, and from this high eminence, and from the stands which crown it, a magnificent view of the racing can be obtained. It is the choicest portion of the whole ground from which to enjoy the spectacle, and the top of the hill itself is nearly fifty feet above the race track as it passes the judge's box. From here you see the Yarra, "dank and foul," but deep and wide enough for two great ocean-going steamers to pass one another, flowing downwards to the bay, ere, "strong and free," it reaches "the foaming Rip and the infinite main," as in Kingsley's song, and becomes as a "soul that has sinned and is pardoned again." And here, too, at the wide gap in the cup, the Salt Water joins it and increases the Yarra's volume on its course to the bay.

There is a little bit of commercial romance connected with the acquisition of the Hill, and some other portions of the grounds, by the Committee. In the beginning of the 'eighties of the last century the Club did not own the Hill, and the Railway Department was compelled, from lack of land, to take an inconvenient and even dangerous sweep of the line to the right, just before entering the platform. The blocks on which the Hill stands, and where the railway now runs, were for sale at this period—100 acres of land—and the price was £100 an acre. The Committee met and considered the advisability of making the purchase, and turned it down. But at this time the Royal Agricultural Society was located in a miserable spot which was half a swamp, and was on the look out for fresh fields. The V.R.C. Committee, having definitely refused to buy the 100 acres, Mr. Byron Moore, on his own account, now secured the lot. Thirty acres of this he sold to the Agricultural Society at £150 an acre, and the rest of it—the Committee now having its eyes thoroughly opened—he disposed of to that body at cost price. On this land the railway found room enough to straighten out the line; the Members' Drive now sweeps majestically through its avenue of trees; the Hill provides a glorious site for the accommodation of racegoers; and an entrance is provided into the back portion of the saddling paddock.

You can see from where we stand the Members' Drive, with its long line of trees, winding its way up to the edge of the cup at the Melbourne end of the course, and there disappearing into the general traffic. The public drive runs up to the same vanishing point, but on a lower level. Follow the edge of the cup round to the great gap, and you see, on the low-lying lands there, the abattoirs, from which, unfortunately, when the breeze blows direct from that quarter, a somewhat disagreeable odour reaches the senses of the crowd. Over the abattoirs, through the mists of winter, or the haze of the hot summer days, you see innumerable derricks and the funnels of the great fleets of

steamers lying in the docks, and, as if to remind us of the past, the slender masts and furled sails of many a ship and gallant barque, loading for their long trek across the deep seas.

Warned by the sensible proximity of the abattoirs, the Committee in 1903 bought all the rugged stony hill, which lies there close at hand to where we are standing, and disposed of it very cheaply to the Footscray Council, provided always that it should be used as a public garden. It also gained possession of all the land on the far side of the river between the Footscray Hill and the ammunition manufactory, so that any risk of industries being established in the neighbourhood of the course, and which might, in the days to come, emit objectionable odours, has been for ever done away with. There, immediately at our feet, is the Grand Stand, separated from us only by a great gulf which somewhat resembles the barriers restraining the wild animals in their enclosures at the new Zoological Gardens in Sydney. Beneath the Grand Stand lie the very beautiful lawns, in the spring-time gay with flower-beds, and with the rails of the race track festooned artistically with creeping roses. The judge's box and winning post stand opposite the lower end of the stand, and beyond that, and nearer the river, rise the Official and Members' Stand and the Committee and Members' Luncheon Rooms. Here, sheltering the Members' Enclosure and the Betting Ring, rises a delightful little forest of "immemorial elms." In the warm spring days, and in the scorching heat often experienced at the New Year Meeting, members, standing and sitting alongside the rails, the betting public, and the fraternity of bookmakers, have conducted their business for many years past in a leafy and chequered shade, and in an odour of sanctity which almost resembles that of a great cathedral.

Beyond the betting ring, and close by the river's banks, lies the Bird-cage, where the racers have each their stall, and where they are sheltered from any wind that blows, and from the burning heat of summer suns. A lane runs from the Bird-cage up to the saddling enclosure in front of the Official Stand, and outside the Bird-cage, too, are the Casualty Rooms and various other necessary offices of the Club. Everything is beautifully complete.

And now look at the race track itself. The straight course, six furlongs in length, and the "course proper," are nearly as level as a table. The Newmarket Course, the only straight six furlongs in Australia, with the exception, I think, of that at Singleton, runs from the foot of the pine-clad hillside where the Members' and Public Drives merge into the general traffic, straight down to the winning post. Half-way to the post it is joined by the course proper, which, some three parts of a furlong past the judge, curves with a perfect racecourse turn to the left. After rounding the bend the horses race along by the river and have a splendid stretch in front of them with only a very slight curve until after passing the mile post. After this the track inclines very gradually left-handed past the seven furlongs, and the Australian Cup Starting Post, and then it rounds gently, like the large end of a great egg, until it joins the straight six again. The track itself is splendidly grassed, and the going is almost always as near to perfection as possible. The circuit of the course is 1 mile 3 furlongs 111 1-3rd yards, and it is essentially one which is suitable for a genuine stayer.

The Melbourne Cup Course Starting Barrier stands between the entrance to the course proper and the Newmarket Barrier at the top of the straight. It is a noble sight to see a field of between twenty and thirty of the best horses in Australia wend their way from the enclosures, and, after the canter, trot up the straight to the Cup start. Here, within easy view of all the stands, they line up, and, after a few moments of breathless suspense, the barrier rises, and, to a mighty roar from a hundred thousand throats, the field with their glittering

jackets jump off and thunder down the broad ribbon of green, round the turn, and away along the river bank. It is the most heart-stirring event of the whole racing year, and will probably ever continue to be so. The Derby start takes place just above the Grand Stands and the Hill.

That, then, is the Flat Race Course. But Flemington is the home also of the Steeplechaser, and the Grand National, run for in the July of each year, is, to many sporting men, even as grand a spectacle as the Cup.

The fences are higher and stiffer than on any other steeplechase course in Australia, and although they are not nearly so formidable as they were fifty years ago, they are still a splendid test of the capabilities of the best of jumping horses in the land. The course runs inside the racing track, although at the big end of the egg it crosses to the outside and then comes back again just before the entry to the straight running. There are six obstacles to be surmounted in the straight—three posts and rails, a log, a very solid stone wall and a paling. After leaving the straight a very good live hedge, with plenty of width on top, is taken, and then along the river side two posts and rails. At the abattoirs the field turns to the left, and, crossing the race track, takes a solid post and rail and a log, then two more fences of the same description, and, lastly, a live hedge is crossed before entering the straight for the run home.

In the old days the leaps were, as we have noticed, higher, and they were also what you might call "very rough and hairy." The top ends of the posts were left sticking right up, and were "iron-clasped and iron-bound" like Michael Scott's book of Glamourie. Now, in a more humane age, the posts are sawn off level with the rails, the top rails themselves and the coping of the walls, and the logs, too, are well padded, so that if horses strike they no longer seriously injure their limbs, even if they hit very heavily.

The sport of steeplechasing, fostered by hunting, is a very popular one in Victoria, and in spite of the fact that races of that sort are decided almost every week, very few horses are seriously injured, and the riders, as a rule, escape with comparatively little hurt.

At the far end of the property several training tracks are laid out, some of which cross the straight six furlongs' racecourse at right angles. Here are "the big sand" and the "cinders" and the "tan," while in the space enclosed by the round course, on the flat, is a sand, and, just completed within the last few weeks, a capital grass track. The course itself is occasionally thrown open for galloping at special times, but, of course, some distance out from the rails.

There are usually somewhere approaching 400 horses located in Flemington, Ascot Vale and the neighbourhood that make use daily of these various training grounds.

Such, then, is a brief description of the course, training grounds, stands and lawns of famous Flemington, as they have been until this year of grace 1922. But, although the running tracks and steeplechase course will probably remain unchanged for an indefinite number of years, the stands, lawns, betting rings and all the enclosures and saddling paddocks are about to undergo an entire regeneration.

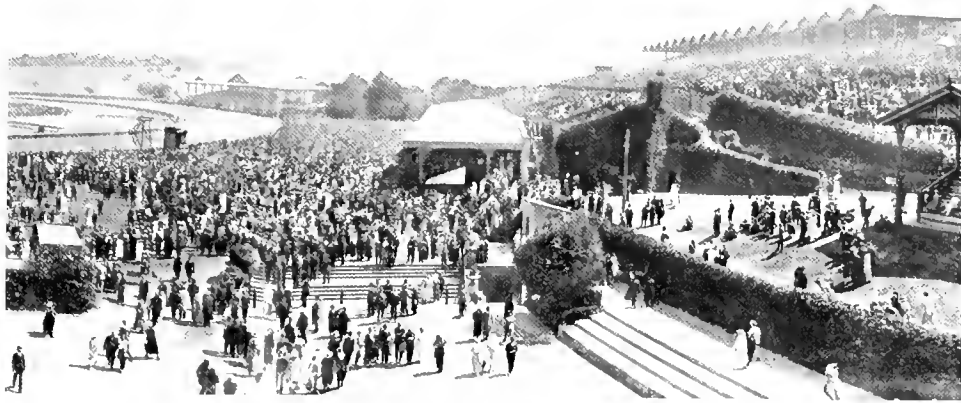
A plate showing the projected improvements—which will be commenced very shortly—will give the best idea of what is to be done. The present Grand Stand will remain as it is, as will the Members' and Official Stands. The large brick stand farther up the lawn, which is being used to-day, will be removed, and a magnificent three-decker, as seen in the plate, will take its place. In front of this will be the new lawns, the saddling and mounting enclosure, and, farther up the straight, the Bird-cage.

The lawns of to-day will still be there, but the betting ring will be located behind the new Grand Stand, and the park for motors will occupy the space between the Bird-cage and the Members' and the Public Drives. And provision has been made for space in which to erect totalisator buildings, if that form of wagering ever becomes law in Victoria.

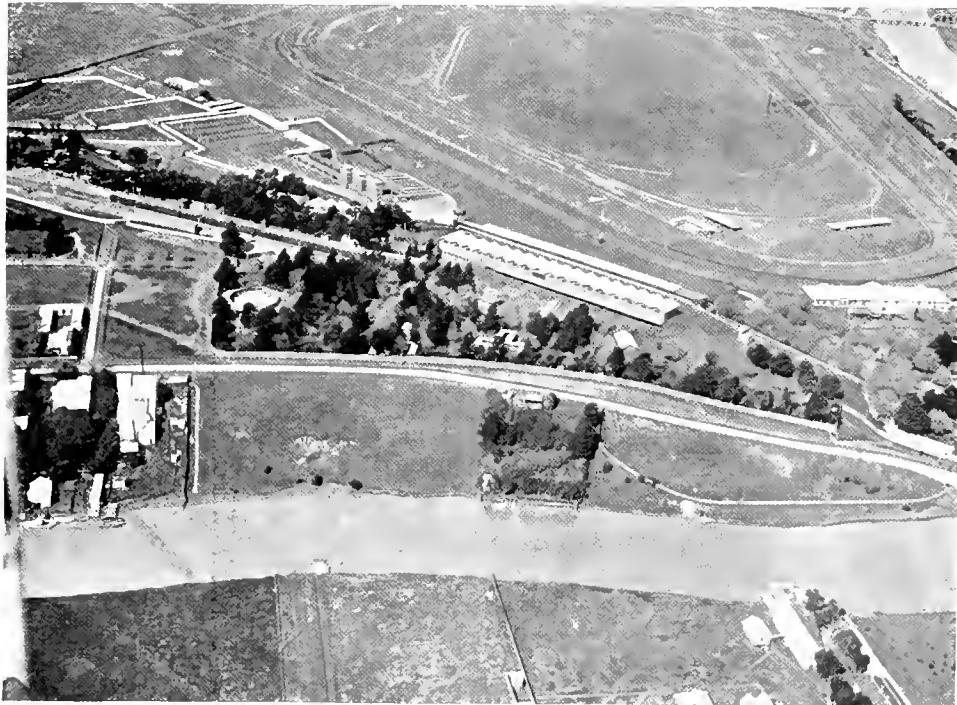
The whole scheme of things is a tremendous stride in advance of what was deemed so good during the last forty years. In the 'eighties all the arrangements were believed to be as near to perfection as it was possible to attain. In another forty years the increase of population may once more insist upon still more extensive alterations. And meantime there is one question which causes habitués of Flemington to heave a heavy sigh. And that is: What is going to happen to our glorious elms? The trees will remain where they are, of course, but who will make use of them? The leafy groves which sheltered our forefathers as they took their pleasure joyously, and which lent their shade, giving a feeling of peace even whilst sitting in their shadow beside the babel and pandemonium of the betting ring, will no longer perform their wonted function, and we shall all miss them sorely—those old and trusted, never-failing friends.

But a new generation will arise that knew not Joseph Thompson, nor Oxenham, nor Sol Green, nor the Messrs. Allen, and all the other famous members of the ring, and "Under the Elms" will become a memory.

FLEMINGTON RACECOURSE

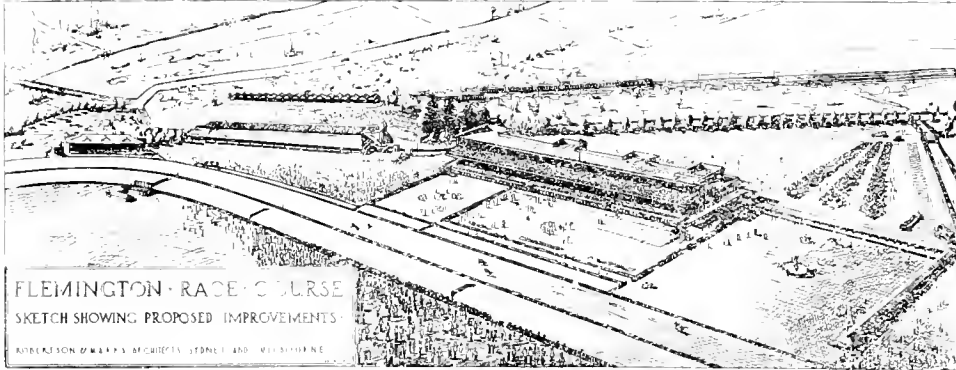


The Lawn and Stand at Flemington.

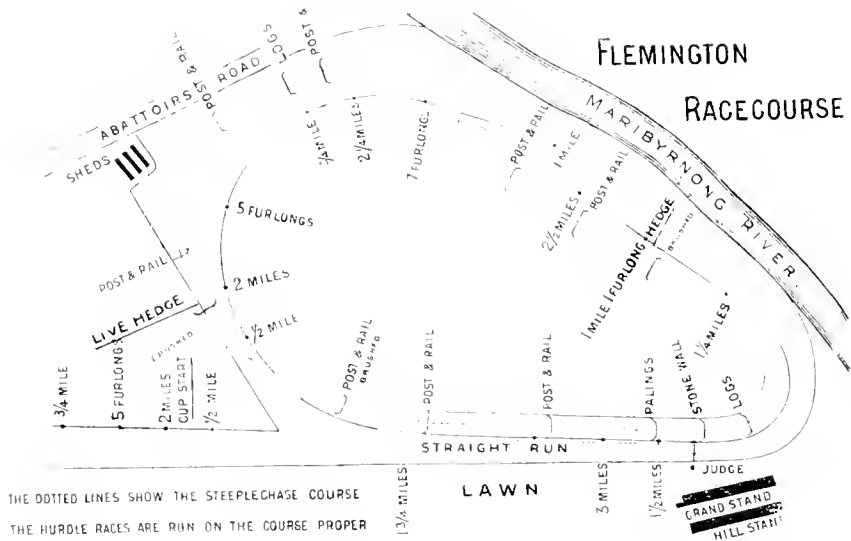


Flemington Course from the Air, showing Maribyrnong River in the foreground.

FLEMINGTON RACECOURSE



Projected Improvements to Flemington Racecourse.



Plan of Flemington, showing Race-track and Steeplechase Course.

THE THOROUGHBRED HOMES OF AUSTRALIA.

By KEN AUSTIN

THOROUGHBRED horse breeding in New South Wales, or, in fact, in any of the Commonwealth States, has never been on a sounder or more satisfactory footing than it is at the present time. This happy position is more or less due to the policy of the principal Racing Clubs throughout Australia in so richly endowing their race programmes, and as there has been a steady advance in prize-money from year to year, so prices for Thoroughbred stock, and especially yearlings, may be expected to hold good for some time to come.

Nowadays a majority of the successful Thoroughbred Studs in the State have their home on the Hunter River or waters that run into it, and within a radius of about 100 miles, on the upper stretches of this famous district, most of the principal horse-breeding establishments are to be found. The Hunter, on account of its extreme richness and soundness is peculiarly adapted as a nursery for the Thoroughbred. The Hunter, which derives its name from Governor Hunter, during whose regime it was discovered, is one of the most important rivers of New South Wales. It rises in the Mount Royal Ranges and flows in an easterly direction past Muswellbrook and Denman. Three miles below the latter town its waters are increased by the Paterson, and it eventually empties itself into the sea at Newcastle. An extremely rich belt of country follows the banks of the Hunter from Singleton up to Aberdeen, and some miles beyond crosses to the Widden Mountain, and it is on these rich flats and reaches that most of the studs are situated.

One of the oldest studs in Australia—the far-famed Tocal—is the first to be met with after leaving Newcastle, and here the Reynolds' Estate are still carrying on the stud which the late Mr. Frank Reynolds owned for so many years. No name is held in greater reverence among lovers of the Australian Thoroughbred than that of Frank Reynolds—a man whose heart and soul were centred in his horses and cattle, and who was in a great measure responsible for the adoption of the Bruce Lowe Figure System. Bruce Lowe and Frank Reynolds practically originated the system between them, and, up to the day of his death, Frank Reynolds was a hard and fast believer in the figures. One could write volumes on the Tocal Stud and its influence on the Australian racehorse, but space is limited in an article such as this. Tocal's glory is at present somewhat diminished, so far as its Thoroughbred Stud goes, and it is now some seasons since a first-class horse has come from its paddocks. A new sire, in use for the first time this season, is the Amphion horse The Nut (imp.—an own brother to Lally), a very bloodlike individual who has met with a very fair measure of success as a winner getter. About four miles from the picturesque old Georgian homestead of Tocal is another Reynolds holding in Duninald, and here Mr. Sydney Reynolds has been breeding more than his share of winners for many years past. At the time of writing, two English horses—Prudent King (a son of Love Wisely) and Piedmont (a tail male descendant of Barcaldine)—are being used. The first-mentioned horse has sired a number of winners, and, in Cadonia, gave us a good-class Leger winner. Near Maitland Mr. John Hart keeps a small but select stud at Bolwarra, and at the present time has the imported sire Something Irish in use.

The next stud of importance to be met with is Wills Gully. It is situated about five miles from the town of Singleton, and here it is the coal magnate, Mr. John Brown, breeds on a lavish scale for his own racing. There are upwards of 200 mares at the stud, including a number of English importations, and a number of good winners have been bred at Wills Gully during recent years. Prince Foote, Duke Foote, Wallace Isinglass, Richmond Main and Prince Charles are names that suggest themselves, and their owner and breeder has generally a good horse running for him among the big string that F. J. Marsden trains for him at Randwick. Stallion honours at Wills Gully are shared by Duke Foote, Richmond Main and Wallace Isinglass, all three horses having been bred at this stud. The first-mentioned two are of Wisdom descent, and Richmond Main, who is a son of Prince Foote, the best horse ever bred at Wills Gully, takes up his stud duties for the first time this year. The Australian racehorse suffered a severe loss in the recent death of Prince Foote, a racehorse of the highest class and held in almost reverent affection by his owner.

Another breeder close to Singleton is Mr. Thomas Longworth, whose property, Dulwich, shelters the English horse Shadowland and a number of good mares. Shadowland is a half-brother by Dark Ronald to Troutbeck, and is, consequently, a member of the successful Agnes family.

Across the railway line from Wills Gully is the famous old Dangar holding, Neotsfield, held by that family since 1824. The present occupier Mr. R. H. Dangar, has practically given up Thoroughbred horse-breeding, having dispersed his fine stud in 1904. Many good performers first saw the light of day in the rich Neotsfield paddocks, such horses as Gibraltar, Sussex (of jumping fame), Mooltan and Poseidon all having been bred there. About 18 miles from Neotsfield, on the Cockfighter Creek, is the South Wambo Stud, the property of Mr. R. C. Allen. Here St. Simon is represented by his son Charlemagne II., a horse of beautiful quality, whose daughter Carlita may be counted among the ranks of the first class. Another St. Simon descendant in William the Silent is also here, and the South Wambo stallion ranks have just been added to by the arrival of the French-bred Francinet, a half-brother to the Ascot Cup winner, Willonyx, by Flying Fox's son Ajax. Here, too, spending the evening of his life, is Antonio, a remarkably fast English horse who won good races for his Australian owner before going to the stud. There are some fifty mares at Wambo, and the stud sells a large number of yearlings each year at the Sydney sales.

The next stud of importance is Arrowfield, founded by Messrs. W. and F. A. Moses, who have been remarkably successful breeders. Any success that has gone to them is well deserved, for they have bought nothing but the best, and have kept up the high standard of their stud by regular importations from England. On these rich flats, in stallion state, is to be found Poitrel, one of the best stayers Australia has produced, and the winner of the V.R.C. Melbourne Cup, and practically all the principal weight-for-age races of his time.

Poitrel is now in his second season at the Stud, and has let down and developed into a magnificent horse, who may do big things in his new sphere. Two high-class English importations—Valais, by Cicero, and Roseworthy, by William the Third—are being used at Arrowfield; and the twenty-three-year-old St. Alwyne, a son of St. Frusquin, and a great sire of stayers, is also ending his days in happiness near his best son, Poitrel. The Arrowfield mares are a splendid collection, and the stud ranks as one of the most representative of Australia's horse-breeding establishments.

The peerless Wakeful, a winner of over £16,000 in stakes, is among the mares at Arrowfield, and the way she carries her age is a good advertisement for the richness of the Arrowfield pastures. She is still the property of Mr. C. L. Macdonald, whose colours she made so famous.

Adjoining Arrowfield, with only a fence between the two properties, is Woodlands, originally owned by the late Mr. H. C. White, but now the property of Mr. E. G. Blume. The original old stone-built homestead is still in use, and the view from the flagged verandah across the Hunter to the hills beyond has to be seen to be appreciated. Shepherd King, a good-looking horse by Martagon, is at the head of the stud, and is ably seconded by Duke Humphrey, a half-brother by John O'Gaunt to the English One Thousand Guineas winner Vauclose, and these English horses have as a mate Piastre, a Melbourne Cup hero, by imported Positano. Woodlands can boast of a fine collection of mares, and the property has been brought thoroughly up to date since coming into the hands of its present owner.

Several small studs are to be found in more or less close proximity to the town of Muswellbrook, 76 miles from Newcastle and some 12 miles away from Woodlands. Among these are Messrs. Jos. Brown's and Walter Brunton's properties. The former has the Desmond horse, imported Montecello, in use, while Mr. Brunton does not keep a stallion but sends his well-bred matrons to the best available. His colours are conspicuous at Randwick, and he is not only a breeder but regularly buys at the yearling sales.

One of the best-known Muswellbrook properties is Merton, from whose luxurious paddocks Mr. E. R. White bred so many winners. It is now owned by Mr. W. H. Mackay, junr., a son of the owner of Beauford, and who inherits the family's love of the Thoroughbred and their knowledge of them. He is just starting to breed in a small but successful way. Martindale, owned by the polo-playing White Bros., is not far away, and shelters an English classic winner in Night Hawk, winner of the Leger. This hefty son of Gallinule looks like doing yeoman service in the near future for his owners.

Leaving Muswellbrook we reach one of the most famous fattening properties on the Hunter in the famous Turanville Estate, with its beautiful flats and willow trees, and, adjoining this, is Camyr Allen, where two of the younger generation of the famous family of horse-breeding Thompsons have settled. The stud is owned by Messrs. W. B. and C. L. Thompson, who have had great success at the yearling sales, and in the paddocks is Bob Cherry, the dam of Eurythmic, the largest stake winner in Australia. His sire, Eudorus, an imported son of Forfarshire, and another English importation in Buckwheat, by Martagon, are the stallions being used at the time of writing by the Thompsons. The Camyr Allen mares are a very representative lot, and, as a great proportion of them are daughters of Maltster, it is almost unnecessary to add they have produced, and are producing, a big percentage of winners. Maltster, whose fame as a stallion is almost too well-known to bear repetition, has gained undying fame through his daughters.

Camyr Allen is only a few miles out from Scone, on the other side of which prosperous town we find the Sledmere Stud, which has been quite recently established by Messrs. H. R. Denison and H. G. Raymond, the latter recently bringing on his return from England the successful sire Quantock, a son of Thrush. Since coming to Australia Quantock's stock have been remarkably successful in England, and he looks to hold the ball of stud success at his feet. A well-chosen and select band of matrons are happily ensconced in the Sledmere paddocks, and if the young Quantocks bred there follow in the footsteps of their English relatives, the stud's fortune is made.

At Sledmere is Mr. Denison's old favourite Poseidon, a winner of over £19,000, and although more or less of a stud failure, is being well cared for in his declining years by his grateful owner. D. S. and H. Hall are young breeders in the Scone district, who generally are represented at the Sydney sales by a good-class yearling or two, and, leaving their place at Cressfield, we approach one of the largest and most important studs on the Upper Hunter in Kiora, the property of Mr. Percy Miller. No breeder of recent years has gone more whole-heartedly into the breeding business—for business it is nowadays—than the owner of Magpie, Sarchedon and Demosthenes, all very high-class English importations. The first-named horse is by Dark Ronald, and in his last race in England was beaten by a neck by his stable companion Gay Crusader in the English Derby. Demosthenes, by Desmond, and a close relation to Sunstar, was brought from New Zealand, where he had been a great stud success, at a very high figure; while Sarchedon, the most recent addition to the stud, and incidentally one of the highest priced horses who have come this way, is a grey son of The Tetrarch, and was the most brilliant two-year-old of his year in England. There are certainly more high-priced mares at Kiora than in any other New South Wales stud, and it keeps growing in numbers from year to year. The property is part of the very famous Segenhoe Estate, and the Hunter divides it from the original Segenhoe Homestead block where Mr. William Brown bred many good ones.

Across the range from Segenhoe, in a very rich bend of the Hunter, is Kingsfield, owned by Messrs. J. E. and C. H. Brien, and three stallions live in luxurious ease here. Malt King, one of the most brilliant horses we have had of recent years, and the fastest horse Maltster sired, has been at Kingsfield since the inception of the stud, and he is kept company by Beragoon, an Australian-bred son of Multiform, and the recently imported St. Frusquin horse Rossendale. Beragoon was one of the finest two-year-olds produced here, and was a racehorse of the highest class, winning both the A.J.C. and V.R.C. Derbies, and is siring some useful winners.

Rossendale comes from England with sire honours thick upon him, and with the splendid chances Kingsfield will afford him he should do really well, for he is a splendid type of horse whose racing merit was of the highest order. The Kingsfield brood mares are second to none, the foundation stock being young English mares bought at a very high cost from the well-known English breeder J. B. Joel, and the additions made to the mares since have been wisely chosen with a very high regard for quality and a disregard for cost. Kingsfield is an ideal situation for a Thoroughbred Stud, the Hunter running right through the property, which consists of rich flats extending by gradual slopes up to limestone hills, which form an almost natural boundary fence to the property.

Retracing our steps again to Scone, we find above Sledmere, on the Kingdon Ponds, the brilliant Panacre, by imported Linacre, at the head of the Cliffdale Stud, formed last year by Mr. J. Campbell Wood, whose colours Panacre carried with such success. On this very rich and sound piece of country a select stud is being put together, and the young Panacres will shortly be trying to emulate the deeds of their speedy sire. On north from Cliffdale Sir Samuel Hordern's Petwyn Vale lies, a small, attractive holding whose name has yet to be made. Let us hope the well-bred Englishman Emblematic, a son of Tracery, and a fine stamp of stallion, will rise to fame and breed some good winners for his sporting owner, whose success as a breeder has been small in comparison with his efforts. He has the horse, the mares and the country—that great essential—and the remaining one, luck, let us hope, may be lurking behind one of the corner posts. Still further north,

near Quirindi, is the Werribon Stud, and here The Sybarite, a half-brother to the ill-fated Craganour, is located, with a number of well-bred mares.

Branching off the Northern Railway line at Werris Creek, well outside the Hunter District, and running inland towards the Queensland Border, is Mungie Bundie, where Messrs. B. and J. P. Burgess have lately taken over the stud run so successfully by Mr. John McDonald. Here, on very rich country, is a grandson of Carbine in Mountain King, a successful sire, and this year he has been joined by another colonial-bred horse in Kennaquhair, one of the finest individuals and gamest horses who ever looked through the proverbial bridle.

Mr. D. Livingston, whose property, Boolaroo, is also in the Moree District, has recently joined the ranks of yearling breeders, and he has made an auspicious start by securing the imported Polymelus horse My Poppo, who is siring good winners. The Yetman Stud, owned by Mr. G. W. Dight, is farther north again, being practically on the Queensland Border. The well-bred importation Chipilly, a son of Spearmint, and that great mare Pretty Polly, is at the head of affairs at Yetman, and should help to strengthen the house of Carbine in Australia.

Back to Scone once more, and striking out across country towards the Widden Mountain in the direction of Mudgee, we find a belt of country which has no superior in Australia as a Thoroughbred nursery. Here is the home of a famous family of horse-breeders, the Thompsons, and it was here such famous stallions of the past as Lochiel, Grafton, Ayr Laddie and Maltster all earned their undying crown of fame. Widden is now owned by Messrs. A. W. and A. E. Thompson, and they, with their cousins, the Thompson Bros., of which firm Herbert is the head, have been wonderfully successful horse-breeders. Widden and Oakleigh are beautiful bits of country, and the excellence of their paddocks has contributed a great deal to the success of the numerous horses reared there. Herbert Thompson and his brother can lay claim to be the largest breeders of the Thoroughbred in the world to-day, and last year they sent down to the Sydney sales no less than seventy yearlings, all of whom sold remarkably well. At Widden the premier stallion of New South Wales, in Linacre, a well-performed son of Wolf's Crag, shares the honours of the stud with the French-bred Kenilworth, a staying descendant of St. Simon. Both these stallions have been remarkably consistent as winner-getters, and if the grey Chrysolus, the most recent addition to the stallion strength, meets with the same success, his dual owners, the Thompson Bros., and their cousins A. W. and A. E., will have no reason to regret having spent 3,600 guineas in acquiring him. The Widden and Oakleigh mares are a wonderful lot, and are kept up to a very high standard by the retention of the best fillies bred at the stud. In an article of this description it is impossible to write of individual mares, for reference to the good producers owned by the Thompsons would fill many large sized volumes. At Oakleigh are the English stallions Gadabout, by St. Denis, Sir Dighton, by Bayardo, and Cooltrim, by Flying Fox, and the Australian-bred Greenstead, by The Welkin (imp.). The stud suffered a severe loss recently by the death of imported Tressady, a successful son of Persimmon.

Another Thompson holding is Canema, where Baverstock, a son of Maltster, and Wakeful, is siring winners, his son David ranking as one of the best stayers racing in Australia at the present time. Eaton Lad, by Orvieto, sires his share of useful horses at Holbrook, near Widden, for his owner, T. A. Harris. Leaving Widden behind us, and traversing the Bylong Valley, long famous for the production of good cattle and horses, we get within close call

of Mudgee. Some ten miles before you reach this veritable lucerne oasis Havilah appears in its picturesque frame of hills, and here some good performers have been and are being bred. The property is now owned by Hunter White, a member of one of the best-known pastoral families in Australia, and a nephew of the late James White, a counter-type of the famous Admiral Rous. Three, a very highly bred son of The Welkin, is the hope of the Havilah Stud at the present time, and he is a splendid individual who looks like getting good stock. Mr. Hunter White not only breeds on a large scale, but is a staunch supporter of the N.S.W. Turf, and no colours are more popular than the red jacket and white Maltese cross of their non-betting owner.

On the other side of Mudgee Mr. D. U. Seaton has Eurunderee, where his brilliant racehorse Wolaroi is embarking on his stud career. Wolaroi, by Kenilworth, was bred and raced by his owner, and few more brilliant horses have carried silk of recent years. Another good performer, in the Bright Steel horse Westcourt, a Melbourne Cup hero, is at Eurunderee, and the stud has a nice collection of English and colonial bred mares.

Farther out from Eurunderee is the old-established stud Biraganbil, owned for years by the Rouse family, and the present owners, Messrs. L. G. and H. C. Rouse are keeping up the family's long connection with the Thoroughbred. A beautifully bred son of Chaucer, in imported Allegory, holds sway at Biraganbil, and, if judicious mating will mean success, the horse has got into the right stud. It is almost needless to say that L. G. Rouse is identical with the keeper of the Australian Stud Book, and there is no sounder judge of pedigree in the Southern Hemisphere. He has done splendid work in his official capacity, not only as regards the Stud Book, but also as a Racing Steward, etc., and our Thoroughbred breeders are under a debt of gratitude to him, and Mr. Archie Yuille, of Melbourne, for their efforts in recording reliable breeding records whose value cannot be over-estimated.

Dunlop, near Merriwa, is a stud of fairly recent origin, Mr. T. A. Stirton having established his splendid horse Cetigne, by Grafton (imp.), there, as well as the flying Biplane, by Comedy King (imp.), a dual Derby winner and one of the fastest horses of his day.

Another Western Stud, situated near Wellington, on the banks of the Macquarie, some 80 miles from Mudgee, is that of Mr. Harry Taylor, a successful breeder. A recent purchase is the New Zealand-bred Humbug, a great, strapping son of Absurd, and a fine performer in the land of the Moa. He also owns a fine son of The Welkin in Trillion, and some very high-class mares. Mr. E. J. Watt, whose dark-blue jacket is familiar to most racegoers in most parts of Australia, has the Boomey Stud near Molong, an important station on the branch line from Orange to the Lachlan and not far from Wellington. A horse of his own breeding in Pershore, a son of All Black (imp.), is at Boomey, and he will not want for opportunity among the mares he is being mated with.

Near Cowra, a flourishing Western town, is Alfalfa, owned by the Payten Bros., sons of the successful trainer, Tom Payten, who saddled so many good winners for the Hon. James White. The colonial-bred Popinjay, a brilliant son of Maltster, has done yeoman service for his youthful owners since being given to them by the present Chief Justice of Australia, Sir Adrian Knox, whose colours he carried with distinction.

Here, too, in the rich Lachlan country, Mr. I. J. Sloan breeds a number of good horses, and the latest addition to his stud in the English horse Cyllene

More should materially increase the record of winners turned out from the North Logan Paddocks. Cyllene More, as his name implies, is a son of the great Cyllene, and his dam is the well-performed St. Maura.

Another star in the Western breeders' firmament is Mr. E. A. Haley, whose stud is not far from the celebrated Leeholme, where the great mare Etraweenie and her daughters bred so many good horses for the late Hon. George Lee. At Tekoona, near Bathurst, Mr. Haley has a real English aristocrat in Redfern, by St. Denis. This well-performed horse will be represented in the yearling sale ring of 1923 for the first time, and if Redfern's progeny inherit their sire's speed all will be well for the Tekoona Stud. Redfern was imported at a high cost by Sir William Cooper, Bart., who raced Trenton and other good horses, and whose colours were very popular with the Australian racing public.

Another Bathurst studmaster is Mr. John Lee, whose family bears a name famous in Australian turf and stud history. He is justly proud of a fine son of The Welkin in Wedge, the last horse to carry Mr. John Turnbull's respected and popular colours, and who is just embarking on his stud life.

An enthusiastic breeder in Mr. C. S. Macphillamy is happily located at Warroo, near Forbes, on the Lachlan, whose peaceful waters, usually teeming with bird and fish life, flow on through the property. Good winners in the past have first seen the light of day in the rich river frontages of Warroo, and a recently acquired English horse in Polydor, by Polymelus, should sire many more there.

The Southern Districts of New South Wales breed many good horses, and the Messrs. G. and H. Main have turned out their share of winners since starting breeding at their Retreat Stud, near Illabo. William Allison, the renowned "Special Commissioner" of the London "Sportsman," made no mistake in sending out to them the good-looking sire, Limelight, and some beautifully bred English mares, for in his first stud season Limelight was successful in siring the brilliant dual Derby winner Salitros.

At Wagga, one of the oldest racing centres of the State, Mr. J. J. McGrath and his sons have their Wattle Vale property, and this year a recent purchase in the New Zealand-bred Egypt, an own brother to the famous mare, Desert Gold, will be used the first time by them.

One of the most recently formed Southern Studs is Curraburrama, near Young, owned by Mr. A. P. Wade, whose transactions in matters pertaining to the pastoral industry generally have been on a very large scale during recent years. He has established at the head of his Thoroughbred stud a good-looking and well-bred stallion in Colugo, by The Welkin (imp.), who will not want for opportunity. Mr. Wade does not do things by halves and is giving Colugo a great chance with some splendid mares at the outset of his career.

The rich, sound lands of the Upper Murray are ideal pastures for the production of big-boned, sound horses, and here at Towong Hill, just across the river on the Victorian side, stands a turf idol of yesterday in splendid Trafalgar, the well-beloved of the Randwick and Flemington crowds. Had his owner, the late Mr. Walter Mitchell, lived, Trafalgar's stud chances would have been greater than they now are.

Messrs. Leitch, A. E. Tyson, A. S. O'Keefe, etc., are all breeders who contribute their quota to the number of good horses the South produces. Mr. A. S. O'Keefe had in imported Bright Steel a very noble son of St. Simon, whose memory will be kept alive by Westcourt, Chrome, Scarlet and others.

Thoroughbreds also find a place on the Northern Rivers, and the old-established studs of Gordon Brook and Dyraaba, near Casino, have turned

out their share of winners. The first-named property no longer goes in for thoroughbred breeding, but Mr. H. S. Barnes has a very elegant son of Bridge of Canny in the imported horse Canzone at Dyraaba as well as another English-bred horse in Repartee, by Melton, and is breeding some very useful horses.

Of the studs near Sydney, the famous old Hobartville comes easily first; a beautiful old home surrounded by the most magnificent trees and situated just outside the historic town of Richmond. Now owned by Mr. Percy Reynolds, it still keeps up its reputation for producing high-class winners, and in his English stallions Bernard, a son of Robert le Diable, and Bardolph, by Bay Ronald, Mr. Reynolds has two most valuable sires whose progeny for the most part know how to stay. Here it was that the Ascot Gold Cup winner Merman first saw the light of day, as well as the countless good horses bred by Andrew Town, Messrs. Long and Hill, and other breeders who owned the property in bygone times.

Another historic property not far from Sydney is the Camden Park Estate, owned by the Macarthur Onslow family, whose ancestor, Captain Macarthur, brought out the first Merino sheep to Australia. A beautifully bred horse in imported Polycrates, by Polymelus, is in use at Camden Park, as well as another importation in the Desmond horse Flying King.

This about completes the itinerary of the Thoroughbred Homes of New South Wales, and most of these mentioned send drafts of yearlings regularly to the Sydney sales held every Easter at Randwick by the bloodstock firms of Messrs. H. Chisholm and Co. and William Inglis and Son. About 500 yearlings are offered each year, and most of the breeders get a satisfactory return. In 1920, 572 yearlings realized £107,233, averaging £187/15/-; in 1921, 512 brought £104,891, averaging slightly over £204; while last year the 524 sold aggregated £101,669, averaging £194. The sales have grown steadily in importance each year, and buyers attend from all parts of Australia and New Zealand to satisfy their wants. The possibility of buying an embryo Breeders' Plate or Derby winner cheaply is the magnet which lures the bids from the buyers at the ringsides. There is a fascination in buying a yearling which does not enter into the purchase of a horse whose galloping powers have been tested, and nearly every buyer at the sales thinks, until disillusioned, that he has the winner of the next Derby in his newly acquired equine baby. When one pauses to consider that the average number of runners in a Derby field is about ten, it will be seen what disappointments the yearling lucky dip holds. It is good that racing men, one and all, are more or less always cheerfully optimistic, and the compensation of a yearling purchase turning out well makes up for a lot of disappointments.

Victoria has, after many years of stagnation, taken on a new lease of life as a stud centre, and, with such successful stallions as Comedy King, The Welkin and Woorak, all located south of the Murray, New South Wales will have to look to her laurels.

The valley of the Goulburn has become the happy hunting-ground of the Victorian breeder, and mostly all the principal studs are now located in this rich strip of country, which extends from Seymour along the banks of the river for many miles.

At Warring, about 87 miles distant from Melbourne, Mr. Norman Falkiner has established his Noorilim Stud, whose rich and highly improved paddocks shelter the best collection of mares owned by any one man in Australia. Here, too, is that most perfect horse Comedy King (imp.), a splendid son of Persimmon, and one of the outstanding stud successes of

to-day. He is a most versatile sire, producing as he does sprinters, stayers, Cup and Grand National winners. With Comedy King at Noorilim is the imported Spearmint horse Spearhead, a highly-bred young English horse who is just starting his stud life.

Some ten miles away on the Melbourne side is Chatsworth Park, where the Redfearn family bred many good horses in days gone by. The V.R.C. Chairman, Mr. L. K. S. McKinnon, on Woorak's retirement from the turf, established him at Chatsworth at the head of a very select lot of mares, but dispersed the stud in 1921. Chatsworth is now owned by Mr. Hildyard, who is gradually establishing a stud there with the imported Quæstor, by Cicero, at the head of it. The hunting enthusiast, Mr. A. T. Creswick, whose years sit lightly on him and who yet takes tea with the best of them over the stiff post and rail fences the Melbourne Hounds hunt over, has a nice property at Negambie. Here, at the Nook Stud, is All Black, an imported son of Gallinule, and whose daughter Desert Gold is one of the best of the Australasian Turf's fair sex. White Star, an own brother to the English Derby winner Sunstar, is also at The Nook with a wonderfully choice collection of mares, who are bound to produce more than their share of winners. Not far away Mr. Winter Irving keeps some half-dozen very select mares, and he has already added to the valley's reputation by breeding good horses.

This year death removed Mr. J. V. Smith, a familiar figure from the horse-breeding world of Victoria; he has left his sons to carry on his breeding operations. Only recently the stud was moved from Bundoora, where it had been for many years, to Kuarangi, a rich valley property near Dhurringile. Wallace, who was at Bundoora for several seasons, was undoubtedly the best horse Carbine left behind him in Australia, and the Messrs. Smith are happy in the possession of a number of well-bred mares by him. The stallion now in use is Ethopiam (imp.), a son of Dark Ronald, and this year will be his first at the stud. Toolamba is another valley stud of recent origin, owned by Dr. S. A. Syme. He has a prospective stud success here in imported Lanius, a very well performed and staying son of Llangibby, whose progeny are just starting to race this season. The New Zealand-bred Broadsword is also at Toolamba, and siring useful horses.

All the successful Victorian studs are not to be found in the fertile Goulburn pastures, for one of the most famous of them is situated some 20 miles the other side of Melbourne. This is Mr. E. E. D. Clarke's property, Melton, which he keeps almost entirely as a private stud, only selling a few yearlings each year at the sales. Melton shelters that wonderful horse The Welkin, one of the most successful stallions ever imported to the colonies. Another importation is Cyklon, by Spearmint, who was bought by Mr. Clarke quite recently. This year Melton has achieved something in the way of a double-barrelled record, for The Welkin is at the head of the Winning Sires' List, while Mr. Ernest Clarke tops the names of the Winning Owners of Australia.

Other Victorian breeders, in Messrs. Philip Russell, Major Alan Currie and the Hon. Agar Wynne, have all established studs on the Western Plains of Victoria, and are breeding their share of winners; while Messrs. F. W. Norman, D. J. Bourke, H. F. Creswick, A. S. Chirnside are also doing their bit in the production of the Victorian Thoroughbred.

Most of the breeders above named send drafts of yearlings annually to the sales held in Melbourne during March by Messrs. W. C. Yuille & Co. and Messrs. Adamson, Strettle & Co. The number of yearlings sold by the two firms falls a long way short of the number offered in Sydney, but they are remarkably successful.

South Australia does not produce a great number of Thoroughbreds, but quality is very much in evidence in the yearling drafts which are annually sold in Victoria by Messrs. J. H. Aldridge and R. M. Hawker. Richmond Park, owned by the Aldridges, has been famous as a Thoroughbred nursery for many years, and has been remarkably successful in insistent producing good winners. The sires now in use are Pistol, by Carbine, imported some years ago; St. Anton, by St. Frusquin; and Lucknow, by Minoru. Mr. L. F. Aldridge, who manages Richmond Park, is a practical enthusiast who leaves nothing to chance. Mr. R. M. Hawker comes of a South Australian family famous as sheep breeders, but he has shown that he can breed Thoroughbreds equally as well, and his young Cyklons are proving themselves on the racecourse.

Western Australia for years barely attempted to produce the home-grown article in the Thoroughbred, but recently Messrs. P. A. Connelly, D. Grant and others have started breeding with success, and with others following their example the West should more than hold their own against horses bred in the other States.

The Thoroughbred studs of Queensland are more or less confined to a very rich tract of country known as the Darling Downs, situated within easy reach of the New South Wales border. Here Mr. C. E. McDougall has that fine property Lyndhurst, where he has been breeding winners for many years. Lyndhurst has been particularly fortunate in its stallions, for Ladurlad (imp.), Syce (imp.) and Seremond (imp.) have all been stud successes, Syce in particular being a really great sire. Another English importation in Chantemerle, by Polymelus, is now at Lyndhurst in company with Seremond; and the stud sends drafts of yearlings annually to the Sydney sales, where they sell exceptionally well. Mr. J. H. S. Barnes, a member of a well-known New South Wales family of horse-breeders and pastoralists, recently bought the Canning Downs property near Warwick, on the Darling Downs, and has imported Highfield, by William the Third, at the head of his stud of select mares established there. Other well-known Queensland breeders in Messrs. M. Ryan and W. Glasson are producing winners, and the future of the Thoroughbred in the Northern State seems brighter than it has been for many years.

Thoroughbred horse breeding seems to be on the increase in nearly all the States, and though the modern Australian Thoroughbred may not be as tough an animal as his early progenitors, or possess their staying powers, he is, taken all round, a sounder horse than is produced in any other part of the world to-day. The few horses that have been sent to England from Australia have more than held their own both on the racecourses and at the stud, and it is to be hoped that the demand from home for the good staying Waler will be revived.

FAMOUS RACEHORSES

IN 1840 that influential body then known as the Australian Race Committee, in a long statement, said: "They had in view the encouragement to breed that description of horse which was most desirable for colonial purposes—viz., one combining, with great strength and endurance, as much speed as we can procure." The old-time breeders acted well up to those conditions, as we have proof in the wonderful stamina shown by such horses as Jorrocks, Veno, The Barb, Tarragon, Dagworth and Reprieve.

During the early part of the present century it became apparent that the horse was gaining in speed but losing in stamina. Trainers, who have spent a lifetime at the work, are all agreed that the horse of the present day has not the stamina or constitution of those horses bred in the middle and towards the close of the last century.

The question is often asked: "Which was the best horse that ever raced in Australia?" Racing men all have their fancies. I favour the idea of classing them according to the period in which they raced. Thus, the best horse of the early period of racing in this colony appears to have been Junius. Then comes Jorrocks, Veno, Zoe, Tarragon, The Barb, First King, Grand Flaneur, Malua, Sir Modred, Commotion, Carbine, Wakeful, Poseidon and Poitrel. Asked which were the better quartette of the lot mentioned as far as personal opinion goes, the reply would be: The Barb, Carbine, Sir Modred and Poitrel.

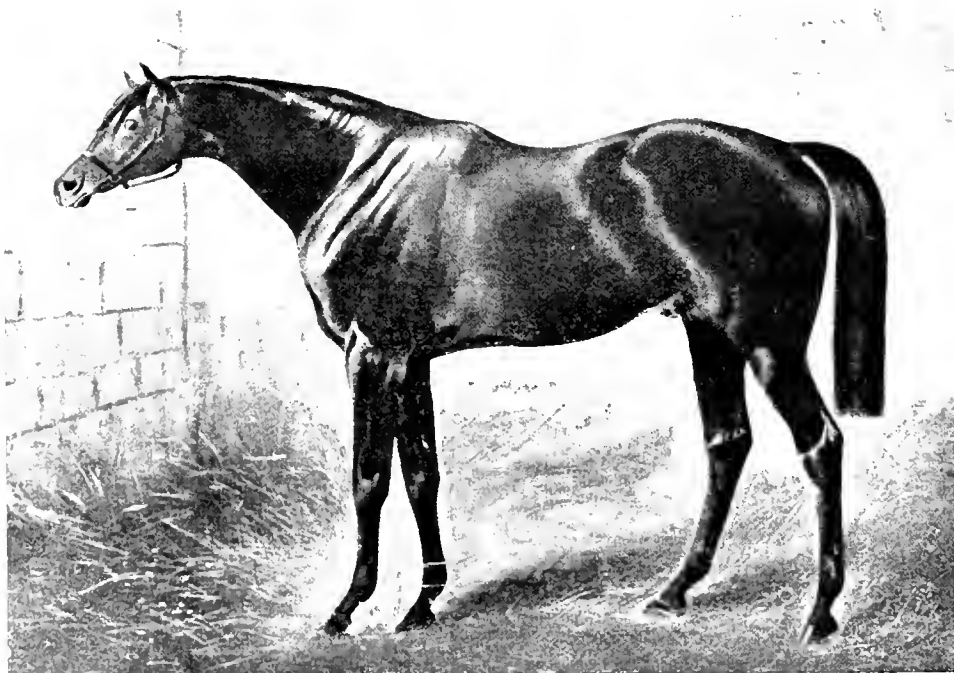
FRANK WILKINSON.



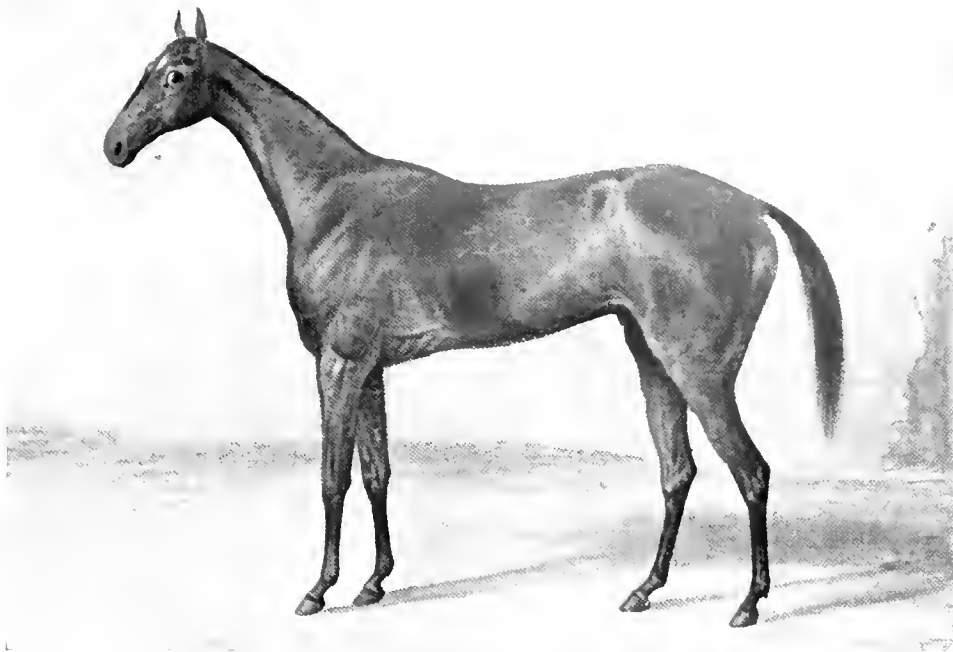
JORROCKS (♂) by Whisker. Sold in 1841 by his breeder, Mr. H. Bailey, who took in exchange for the gelding 8 springing heifers (equivalent to £40 sterling). The gelding took part in 81 races, 57 of which he won, the majority being run in heats.



VENO (†). Ches. Horse, foaled about 1853, by Waverley-Peri. Winner A.J.C. Plate at Homebush, 1857, beat Alice Hawthorn in a match over 3 miles at Flemington for £2000 and the Championship of the N.S.W. and Victorian Turf. Owned by Mr. G. F. Rowe.



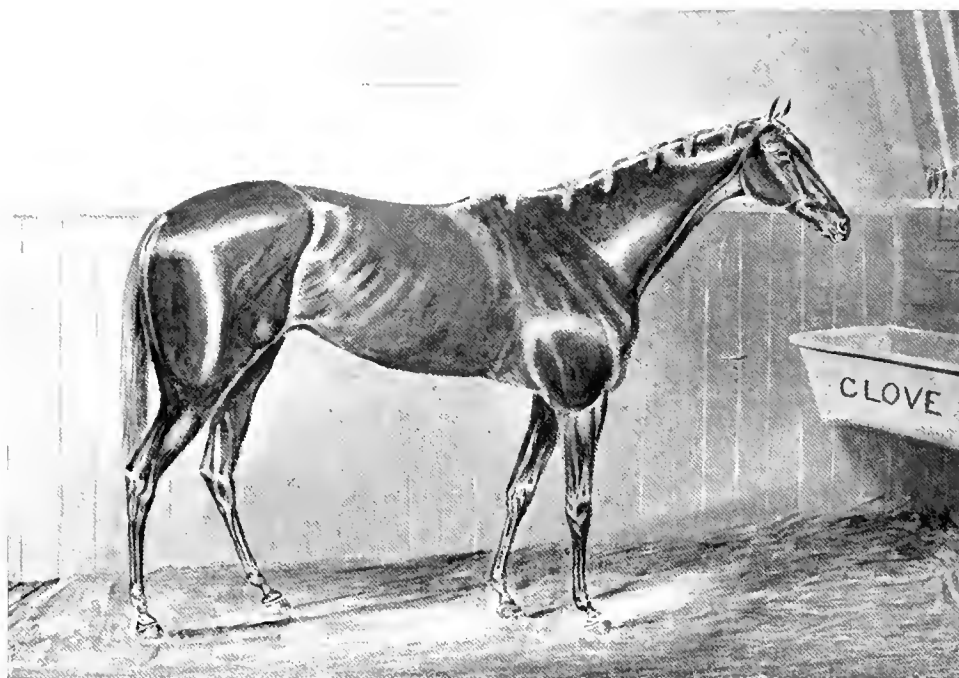
FISHERMAN (II) imp. Brown Horse, 1854, by Heron-Mainbrace. Winner of 65 races, including Ascot Gold Cup (twice), etc. Imported in 1860. Sire of Marilbyrnong, Fishhook, Gasworks, Angler, etc. Died 1865.



FLYING BUCK (†). Bay Horse, 1856, by Warhawk or Romulus Wilhemina, Winner of the first Champion Race at Flemington in 1859. Owned by the late Mr. W. C. Yuille, Victoria.



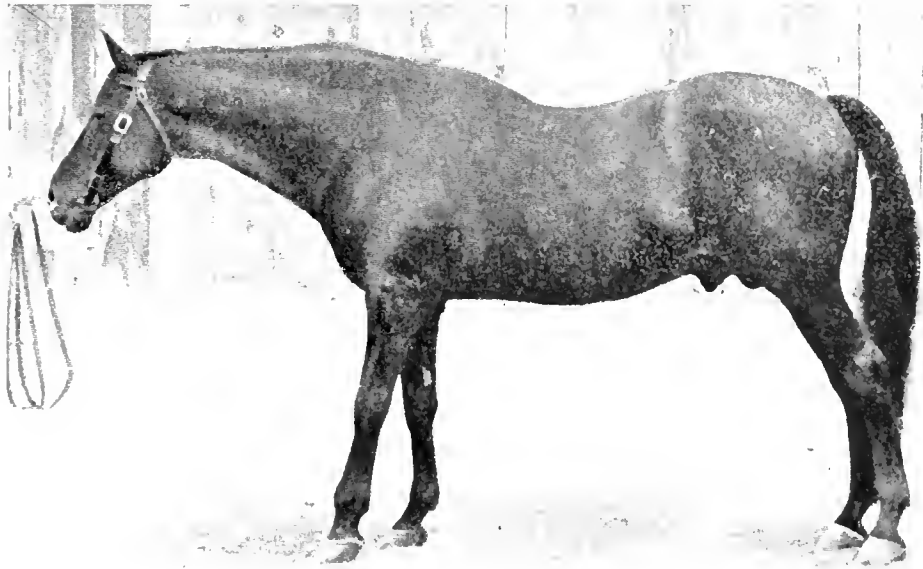
ARCHER (†). Bay Horse, 1856, by William Tell (imp.)—Maid of the Oaks, Winner of the first and second V.R.C. Melbourne Cups, etc. Owned by the late Mr. E. de Mestre, N.S.W.



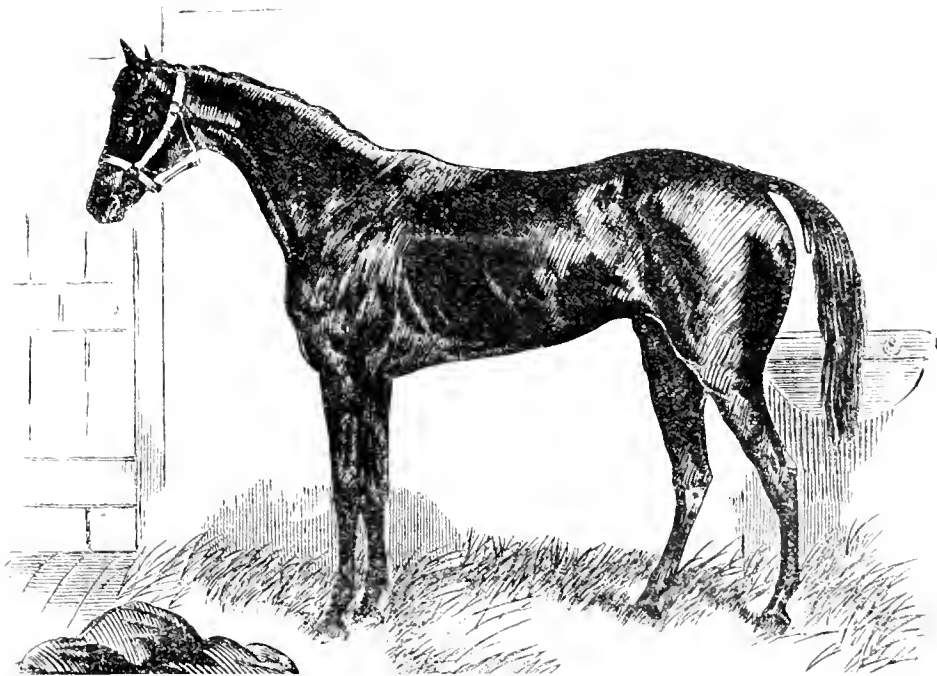
CLOVE (3). Brown Mare, 1862, by Magus-Clove (imp.). Winner of the first A.J.C. Derby, and ancestress of Abercorn, Desert Rose, Wolaroi, etc. Owner by Mr. Checke.



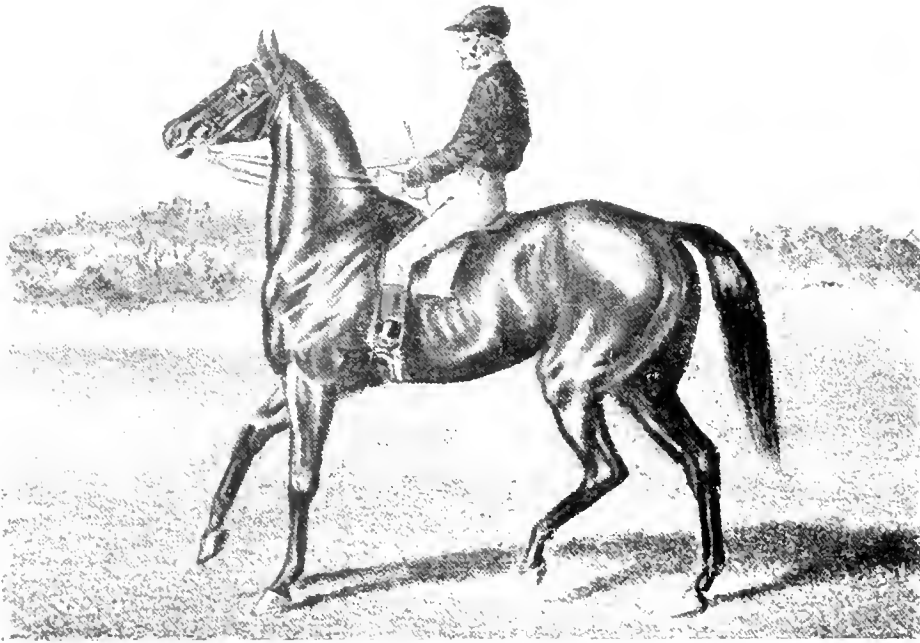
YATTENDON (17). Brown Horse, 1861, by Sir Hercules-Cassandra. Winner of the first Sydney Cup, and one of the most successful sires bred in Australia. Died at Fernhill in 1880.



MARIBRYNXONG (3). Brn. Horse, 1863, by Fisherman (imp.)—Rose de Florence (imp.). Winner of good races and a very successful sire. Among his progeny were Richmond, Bosworth, Woodlands, etc. Died in 1887.



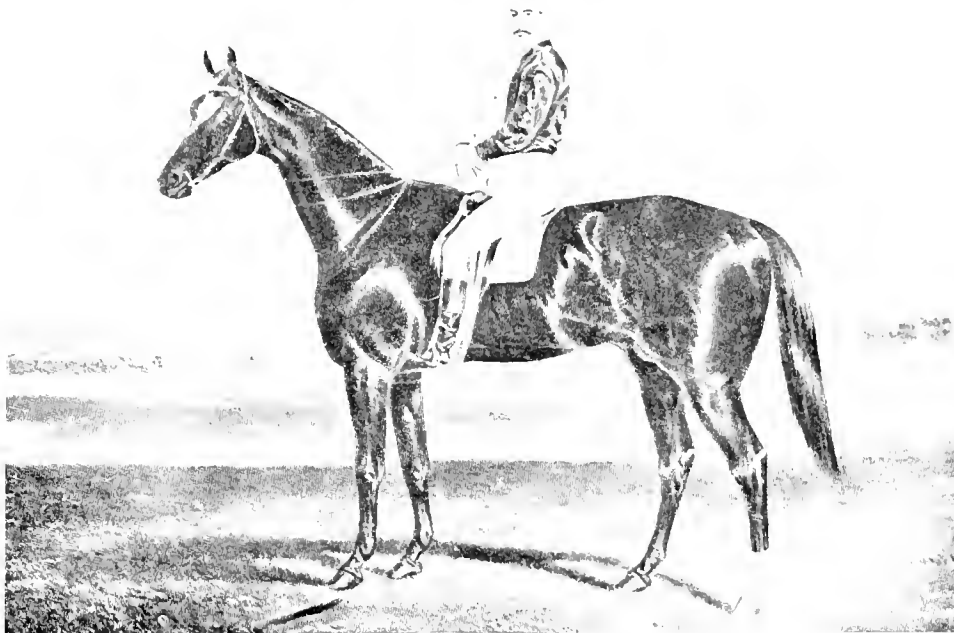
THE BARB (†). Black Horse, 1863, by Sir Hercules—Fair Ellen. Winner of the Champion Race, Melbourne Cup, Metropolitan Stakes, Sydney Cup (on two occasions), the last time carrying 10 st. 8 lb. A really good horse. Sire of Tocai, Fitz Hercules, etc. Owned by the late Mr. John Tait, Sydney.



TIM WHIFFLER (4). Bay Horse, 1862, by New Warrior—Cinderella. Winner of the S.A.J.C. Derby, V.R.C. Melbourne Cup, Australian Cup, A.J.C. Metropolitan, etc. Owned by the late Mr. E. de Mestre, N.S.W.



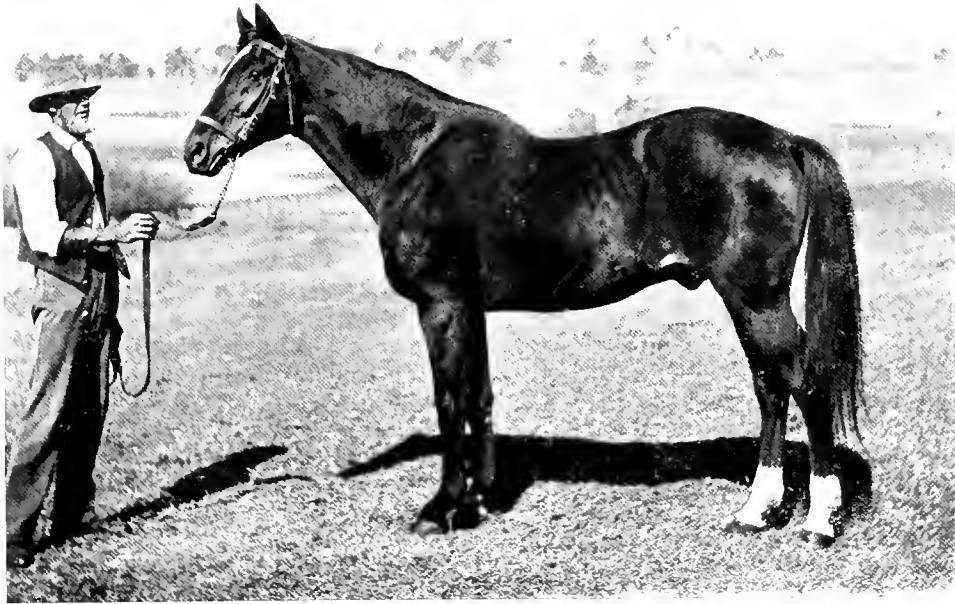
CHESTER (8). Brown Horse, 1874, by Yattendon—Lady Chester (imp.). Winner of the V.R.C. Derby, Melbourne Cup, etc. A great racehorse, and the sire of Abercorn, Carlyon, etc. Bred and raced by Hon. James White. Died at Kirkham in 1891.



FIRST KING (12). Bay Horse, 1874, by King of the Ring-Mischief. Winner of numerous races, including the V.R.C. Champion Race, in which he established a time record up to the year he was successful. Sire of The Nun, Chintz, Ringmaster, etc. Owned by the late Mr. Jas. Wilson, Victoria.



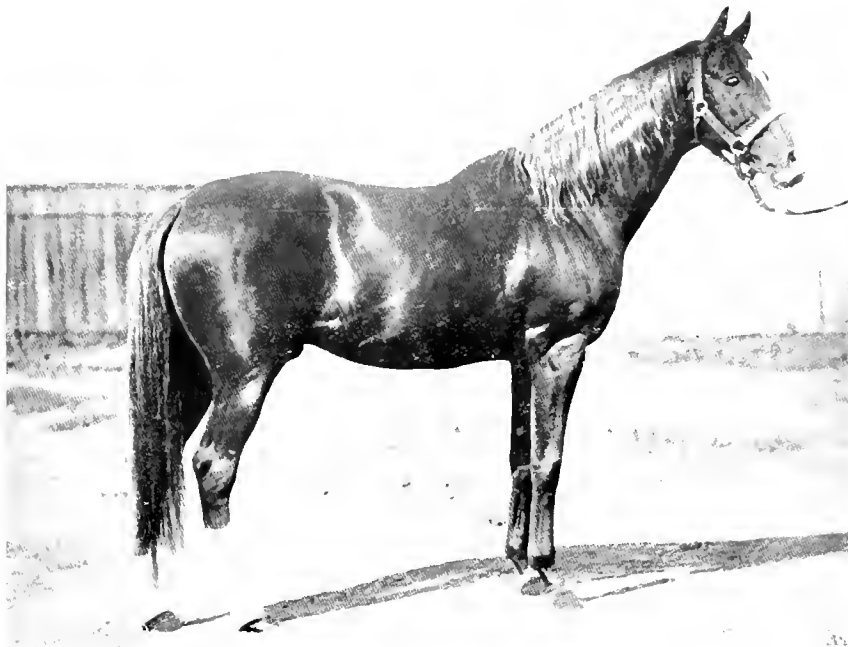
ROBINSON CRUSOE (13). Brn. Horse, 1873, by Angler-Chrysolite (imp.). Winner of A.J.C. Derby, St. Leger, and other good races. Sire of Insomnia (dam of Wakeful), Navigator, Trident, etc. Died in 1898. Owned by Mr. C. B. Fisher.



GOLDSBROUGH (13). Brown Horse, 1870, by Fireworks-Sylvia. A high-class racehorse and sire, whose daughters produced many of the best horses of Australia, including Trenton, Wallace, Abercorn, etc. Died at Toccal Stud in 1898.



GRAND FLANEUR (14). Bay Horse, 1877, by Yattendon-First Lady (imp.). Winner of £7,939, including A.J.C. Derby, V.R.C. Melbourne Cup, etc. Unbeaten as a racehorse. Sire of Merman, Patron, Hopscotch, etc. Died at Chipping Norton in 1900.



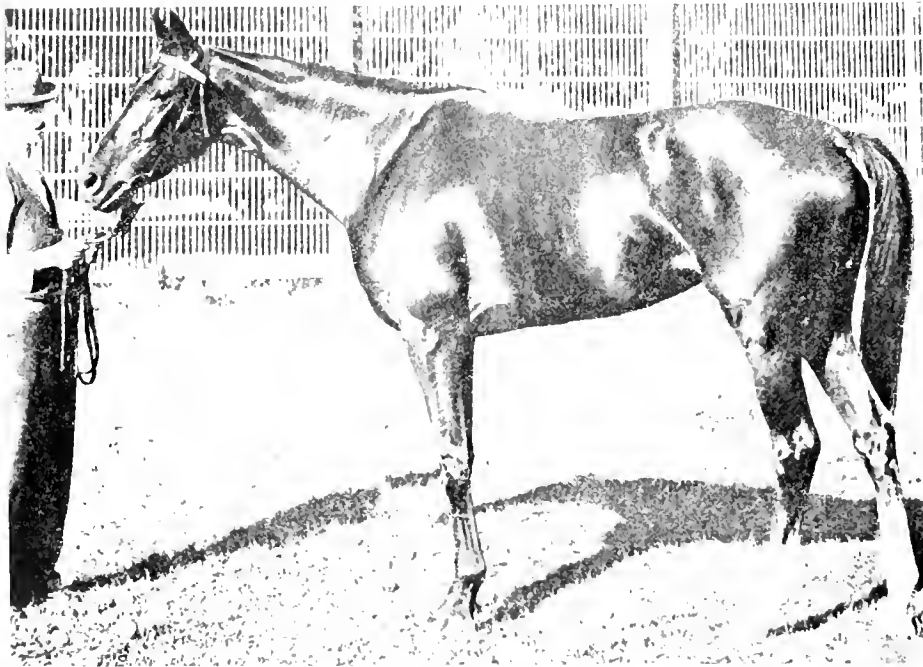
ABERCORN (3). Ches. Horse, 1884, by Chester=Cinnamon. Winner of £12,828, including N.J.C. Derby, Randwick Plate, V.R.C. Champion Stakes, etc. Abercorn beat Carbine on three occasions at weight-for-age. Sire of Coil, Coeos, Cobluty, etc. Exported to England in 1898. Died in 1905. Raced by the late Hon. James White.



MALUA (3). Bay Horse, 1879, by St. Albans-Edella. Winner of the V.R.C. Newmarket Heap, Melbourne Cup, and Grand National Hurdle Race, etc. Sire of Mahma, Malvolio, Mora, etc. Died 1896. Owned by the late Mr. J. O. Inglis, Victoria, who rode him in the Grand National Hurdle Race he won.



WAKEFUL (9). Bay Mare, 1896, by Trenton-Insonnia. Probably the best mare bred in Australia. Winner of £16,580, and at the stud has produced Nightwatch, Blairgour and Bayerstock. Owned and raced by Mr. C. L. Macdonald, Victoria.



LA CARABINE (1). Ches. Mare, 1894, by Carbine-Oratava (imp.). A high-class stayer, winning 15 races, including Champion Race on two occasions. Raced by Sir Rupert Clarke, Bt., Victoria.



CARLITA (1). Brown Mare, 1911, by Charlemagne II (imp.)—Couronne. Winner of V.R.C. Derby, Oaks, Champion Stakes, A.J.C. Randwick Plate, Craven Plate, etc. Now at the stud. Owned by Mr. P. Puech, Sydney.



TARTAN (13). Brown Horse, 1901, by Lochiel (imp.)—Colors. Winner of £9697, including A.J.C. Sydney Cup. Died 1914.



POSEIDON (10). Bay Horse, 1903, by Positano (imp.)-Jacinth. Winner of £19,940, including V.R.C. Melbourne Cup, Caulfield Cup, A.J.C. and V.R.C. Derbies, etc. Sire of Telecles, Greg, Old Mungindi, etc. Owned by Mr. H. R. Denison, N.S.W.



PRINCE FOOTE (5). Bay Horse, 1906, by Sir Foote (imp.)-Petruscka (imp.) Winner of V.R.C. Melbourne Cup, A.J.C. and V.R.C. Derbies, etc. Sire of Richmond Main, Prince Viridis, Prince Charles, etc. Died 1922. Owned by his breeder, Mr. John Brown, Will's Gully Stud, N.S.W.

RACING IN NEW SOUTH WALES

By FRANK WILKINSON (MARTINDALE)

THE early history of racing in New South Wales is somewhat obscure owing to the extreme reticence of the State's first journals.

The first newspaper published in New South Wales was the "Sydney Gazette and New South Wales Advertiser," which made its appearance on March 5th, 1803. There was no competition, and thus the recognition of good news depended on the inclination of a single office staff.

The first sporting note published in the "Gazette" was relative to a cockfight which took place in the village of Parramatta in September, 1804. It was not until April 30, 1810, that any mention of racing was made. Six years later the "Gazette" of May 5th records a match at Parramatta on April 5th. Even in this first notice there are indications given of previous matches, and a considerable amount of fame attributed to some of the performers.

The report is interesting:—

The following express from a correspondent at Parramatta. We acknowledge its receipt by its insertion. The annals of this country have never been able to record such *outré* pastimes—such feats of humour and fun so congenial to the spirit and temper of Englishmen as this day has produced in the village of Parramatta. The sport commenced with a race between the celebrated horse Parramatta and the b.h. Belfast, which was won by the former. A trotting race succeeded, when the famous mare Miss Betty was victorious, going over the ground in a style scarcely to be surpassed by some of the first trotters in England. On these matches, bets to a considerable amount were pending.

When these animals had retired from the field, the old but not very humane or merciful custom of cockfighting was introduced, and a main of cocks was fought, the chances of which were for a long time precarious until at length death decided the victory, and the survivor was borne off triumphant. Then succeeded the motley mirth of footracing, wheelbarrow races, or rather stumbling, for the heroes who had charge of these wooden conveyances were blindfolded to give them a fairer chance of effecting by accident that which they had no visible means of doing. Jumping in sacks came next in order, and a venerable host gave the calculated complement of calico for a "chemise" to be run for by three vestals of the current order. This was a very warm contest, and was obstinately kept up as long as the fair competitors could keep themselves up. But this not being practicable nor altogether answerable to the wishes of the spectators, the sacks were soon disburthened of their fair contents and the prize awarded. The day's proceedings finished up with the carrying of the good host on the shoulders of some spectators to his own door, when he "shouted" for his carriers with a copious libation of the best West Indian product.

THE FIRST RACE MEETING AT SYDNEY.

The officers of the 73rd Regiment, together with many of the better class of people in Governor Macquarie's reign, were evidently keen on racing, for they announced in the "Gazette" that the Sydney races were to take place in October (1810) for three fifty-guinea plates. A track was prepared on what is now known as Hyde Park. Chatting with some of the old hands years ago I was told that the stand was placed close by what is now the junction of Market and Elizabeth Streets, the straight being along the latter thoroughfare from Park Street. The attendance was the largest ever collected in the colony. The winners were:—

Subscribers' Plate of fifty guineas	Chase
Ladies' Cup, fifty guineas	Chase
Magistrate's Purse, fifty guineas	Scratch

The second Sydney race meeting occupied August 12th, 14th and 16th, 1811, on the Hyde Park track. On the first day the Subscription Plate of fifty guineas was won by Mr. Bent's ch. g. Matchem, while Captain Ritchie's Cheviot won the Two-year-old Sweepstakes. Here we have the interesting fact of thoroughbreds being produced, yet not a word as to their sires or dams. On the second day the Ladies' Cup of fifty guineas was won by Colonel O'Connell's Carlo and the presentation to the winner was made by Mrs. Macquarie. A pony race was won by Mrs. James Cox's Fidget. On the third day the Magistrate's Plate was won by Mr. William's Strawberry.

Just a year elapsed before the third meeting took place. It extended over four days, August 17, 19, 21 and 22. On the opening day Colonel O'Connell's black horse Carlo won the Subscription Purse of fifty guineas, and Mr. Williams's rn. h. Strawberry took the Ladies' Cup on the second day. Mr. Birch's Cheviot won the Subscription Purse of fifty guineas on the third day. The sporting people also subscribed fifty guineas for a three-mile race, in which Mr. Kearns' b.m. Creeping Jenny outdistanced her two opponents. On the fourth day a sweepstake of fifteen guineas for gentlemen riders was won by Mr. R. Campbell's Tallboy, and a match for twenty guineas between Captain Cameron's Miss Portly and Captain Crane's Erin was won by the former.

The fourth race meeting was held on August 16, 18 and 19 (1813), when Little Pickles won a 50-guinea Plate; Carlo won the Ladies' Cup and Plate; Purse, Mulberry.

It was not until May 31, 1819, that a race meeting was held, when a programme of three events was run off. A Silver Cup (two-mile heats) was won by Mr. Emmett's Rob Roy, beating Commissary and five others. A Silver Bowl for three-year-olds went to Mr. Cribb's Sly Boots, who beat Haphazard and three others. The third race was for a saddle and bridle, which were easily appropriated by Mr. R. Campbell's Speedy.

In 1820 there was a race meeting which extended over two days. It was a poor affair. A Subscription Cup (three-mile heats) was run, in which Mr. Frank's Rob Roy beat Mr. Fisher's Pickles. On the second day Mr. Walker's Haphazard won a Subscription Purse, and Mr. Campbell's Speedy won a prize of £20, while Mulberry collected a Silver Bowl, Cover and Saddle.

There was a three-days' meeting on August 14, 15 and 16, 1821, when the winning horses were Rob Roy, Captain Dandy, Deceit, Bray and Lead-

beater. The event which created most interest was the Subscription Purse of 50 guineas, presented by the ladies of the colony for three-year-olds carrying 7 stone, two-mile heats. It was won by Mr. Walker's blk. f. Miss Nettleton, after three heats, of which Mr. Cooker's Random won the first.

The year 1822, and the two following years, are entirely bare of sporting news, and not until 1825 did turf affairs improve. During the month of March a new turf club was formed, with the Governor, Sir Thomas Brisbane, as patron. A race club was also instituted at Parramatta, and an impromptu meeting held on a new course four miles outside Sydney, on March 17. At first it was resolved to limit the members of the new turf club to sixty, but this was considered too exclusive. Sir John Jamieson was elected president, and the first race meeting was held at Hyde Park on April 25 and 26, 1825. At this meeting the afterwards celebrated Junius made a victorious appearance by securing first place in the Town Plates of 50 sovereigns (heats). He was owned by Mr. Nash, and for some time after was termed the champion horse of the colony. At this meeting he also secured the Magistrate's Plate, and at the second meeting of the Sydney Turf Club, held on September 23, 24 and 25, Junius won two events. At this meeting we read of a Handicap Stakes of five guineas each, with ten guineas added, won by Mr. Nichol's Captain, 7st. 2lb. This is the first mention of a handicap run on the Australian turf. There was also a six-furlong race for two-year-olds, won by Australian.

Racing at Parramatta.

The new club at Parramatta held its opening meeting on October 7 and 8. There was a most fashionable attendance. Slender Billy, nominated by Mr. Nash, won the J.C. Plate in three heats; Mr. Bayley's Traveller took the Ladies' Purse, and also beat Slender Billy in a match for 20 sovereigns, following up by gaining the Town Plate in two heats. His Excellency the Governor presented a purse won by Mr. Yorrick's Prince.

A New Racecourse.

The Committee of the Sydney Turf Club were evidently determined to push the sport ahead. They had a fresh course laid out during 1826. The new track, about four miles from Sydney, lay on the Parramatta Road, between Gorse Farm and the farm belonging to Mr. Johnson, where the annual races took place on June 14 and 16 of that year. It is said that there were 2,000 people present when Junius won the Brisbane Cup (heats, twice round). Junius also won the Turf Club Plate. Other winners were Mr. Wentworth's Don Giovanni, Colonel Dumaresque's Alraschid, Mr. Bayley's Nesta and Mr. Roberts' Captain.

The second meeting on the new course took place on April 25 and 27, 1827, in unfavourable weather. Junius again won the Brisbane Cup, and Australia won a Sweepstakes (mile heats). On the second day Junius walked over for the Town Plate, when Mr. Nash, his owner, gave the prize for a second competition. It was won by a horse owned by a Mr. Brown, of Windsor. Australia also won the second Subscription Race.

The other notable event of this year—1827—was the first race meeting ever held at Campbelltown, on August 13, when three events of £50 each were run off. The keenest contest of the day is said to have been between

Young Junius and a horse owned by a Mr. Sikes. Young Junius took the prize.

On September 14 Mr. Deely secured Steeltrap for £250, with the proviso that the horse should be allowed to cover, free of cost, twenty-five mares the property of his late owner. Steeltrap was a chestnut horse, imported by Mr. Aspinall in 1823. He was by Scud from Prophetess, by Sorcerer.

During the month of October, 1829, at a show held at Parramatta, Sir John Jamieson's Bennelong, a son of imported Steeltrap, was awarded first prize, and at Parramatta races Australian won the Promoter's Purse and the Handicap Sweepstakes. Scratch, who came down from the Hawkesbury district, won the Australian Youths' Stakes, beating a good field—Highflyer, Bowler, Abdallah, Creeper, Smallhopes and Honeycomb.

A New Race Club.

In November, 1827, an event happened which played a most important part in Australian turf history. At a dinner given in honour of Sir Thomas Brisbane some remarks were made by Mr. Wentworth and Dr. Wardell, which were thought to bear a political significance. The result was that Governor Darling considered himself insulted, withdrew his patronage from the Sydney Turf Club, and subsequently issued arbitrary injunctions to all members of the Civil Service to do likewise on pain of dismissal. Many members had thus to leave the old club, but they were not long idle in setting about forming another.

However, the split in the camp did not prevent the old club from racing on April 9th and 11th, 1828. On the first day, the third Brisbane Cup was won by Mr. Brown's bl. h. Scratch, beating the old champion Junius. There was a great race for the Produce Stakes of £75, for 2-year-olds, the progeny of Steeltrap, Cammerton and Baron. There were four starters, Mr. Lawson's bl. c. Spring Gun, by Steeltrap, winning by a neck from Sir J. Jamieson's b. c. Bennelong, by Cammerton. In a match for £1,000 aside, Abdallah beat Don Giovanni, and Mr. Lawson's 2-year-old filly Nell Gwynne, by Steeltrap, won the Turf Club Plate of 50 guineas (heats once round). The winning of the race was a great surprise, as she beat such good performers as Australian, Young Hector, Brown George, and Junius. The lastnamed must have been out of form, as he was distanced. On the second day Abdallah won the Members' Purse, also the Sweepstakes, while Australian won the Town Plate and Handicap Sweepstakes.

The Australian Racing and Jockey Club.

On April 23, 1828, the new club was established under the name of the Australian Racing and Jockey Club, to which Governor Darling accorded his patronage. At that time it was generally known as the Governor's Club, and was expected to materially injure the old club. However, such was not the case, for during the next few years there were three and four meetings in place of one.

A Liberal Governor.

On July 7, 1828, the "Gazette" announced Governor Darling's intention to present a cup annually to the new Jockey Club. The first meeting was

held on October 1st and 3rd on the Parramatta Racecourse, as the Turf Club refused them the use of the course near Sydney. The first day's programme opened with the Governor's Cup heats, twice round the course, gentlemen riders, and the eventual winner was Mr. Lawson's 3-year-old, Spring Gun. Other starters were Bennelong, Junius, Lawyer and Currency Lad. One of the most hotly contested races ever witnessed in the colony was for a sweepstake of 10 guineas each, with 25 guineas added. Australian won. A 2-year-old filly named Cornelia, owned by Mr. Icely, made a victorious effort. A hack race, won by Mr. Riley's Major, and a match in which a pony owned by Mr. Terry defeated Mr. Stephen's Don Giovanni, concluded the day's sport.

On the second day, Australian won the Town Plate, and Lawyer (who afterwards had his name changed to Counsellor) won the Maiden Plate. The meeting concluded with the winning of the Handicap Sweepstakes by Australian, who defeated Abdallah.

Leading Events of 1829.

On April 8th and 10th, the Turf Club held a popular meeting on its own course. The report states that there were 5,000 people present on the first day, when Mr. Lawson's Spring Gun won the fourth Brisbane Cup, beating Crowcatcher, Scratch and Australian. Mr. Lawson's stable was in great form, as his horses won the three events of the day. His filly, Princess, took the Two-year-old Stakes, whilst Spring Gun won the Wentworth Purse. On the second day, Spring Gun won the Town Plate, but Princess was beaten by Australian in the Sweepstakes. In the Second Handicap Sweepstakes, the favourite, Scratch, was beaten by Crowcatcher. This was a great disappointment to the favourite's followers from Windsor, who offered to make a match to run the winner in a month's time, but the owner of Crowcatcher would not agree.

The Australian Racing and Jockey Club ran off a two-days' programme on April 22nd and 24th. The Challenge Cup took four heats to decide the winner, owing to a dispute. Sir John Jamieson's Bennelong eventually got the verdict. A Maiden Plate of £30 for two-year-olds resulted in a win for Mr. Icely's Counsellor. A sweepstake of £10, with £20 added, was won by Sir John Jamieson's Abdallah, which also won the Subscription Stakes on the second day. The Ladies' Purse went to Counsellor, who, saddled up a third time, appropriated the Handicap Sweepstakes. His only opponent, Abdallah, won the first heat, and the talent laid 5 to 1 on him for the second, but the horse threw his rider. A hack race, won by Alraschid, brought the meeting to a close.

Hawkesbury Races.

The Hawkesbury Races took place on July 22nd and 24th, when funds were poor. To the joy of the local contingent, Scratch won the opening event, Steward's Cup of £50, after a good race with Abdallah. Counsellor took the Ladies' Purse. A chestnut filly by Steeltrap won the Two-year-old Stakes, beating Sir John Jamieson's Chance, by Camerton or Abdallah. On the second day the filly Chance was entered as by Abdallah, and unnamed, for a Subscription Stakes of 25 guineas. She won, but a protest was entered on the ground that she had previously run as Chance. She was withdrawn, and the race run over again, when Scratch won. The Town Plate was won

by Counsellor, and the Handicap Sweepstakes by Scratch. The meeting closed with a hack race, won by a black filly owned by Mr. Badgery.

The Spring Meeting of the A.R.J.C. or Governor's Club was held on the Parramatta Course, on September 30th and October 2nd. There were only two starters for the Governor's Cup, Bennelong and Counsellor, the former taking the prize. The Maiden Plate of £40 was appropriated by Mr. Hays' b. h. Sober Robin, 4 years, who won two heats, defeating Gipsy, Golumpus, Mancielli and Delphina. Abdallah won the Ladies' Purse, and secured a £30 Sweepstakes.

On the second day there was a keen contest for the Town Plate between Abdallah and Scratch. The latter won the second and third heats. That Counsellor was in great form was shown by his winning of the Ladies' Purse. The meeting concluded with a race for hacks and another for ponies.

Racing During 1830.

The only racing events during the year of 1830 were the annual fixtures of the Turf Club and the Spring Meeting of the A.R.J.C. The former held its meeting on April 20th and 22nd. The fifth Brisbane Cup (heats) went to Bennelong. Behind him were Counsellor, Sir Hercules, Chase and Scratch. The Two-year-old Stakes of £25, once round, attracted a field of five, and won by Mr. Bettington's b. c. Mantrap. The beaten division was composed of Tally Ho, Skip, Tomboy and Velocipede. The Wentworth Purse of £50, heats, once round, went to Mr. Lawson's Spring Gun. Other starters were Abdallah, Laurel, Rob Roy, Waxy, Boshey, and Bolt. During the race, Bolt, who cleared off the course, overthrew a gig and pitched his rider ten yards. Boshey, while crossing a bridge on the course, fell, throwing his rider, Badgery. The bridge also brought about another serious accident, as when contesting a match for £150 aside, Sir J. Jamieson's Sailor Boy, racing neck and neck with Mr. Justice Savage's Sir John, put his foot in a hole, throwing Lawson.

Owing to heavy rain the course on the second day was very bad, but there was a better attendance. The veteran Scratch won the Town Plate of £50 (heats) from Bay Camerton, a two-year-old, and Nell Gwynne. A Sweepstakes of £10 each, with £20 added, heats, once round, was won by a chestnut colt named Chase, owned by Messrs. Cox. He easily disposed of Spring Gun, Counsellor and Barefoot. A Handicap Sweepstakes, twice round, concluded the programme. The winner was Sir J. Jamieson's veteran Abdallah, beating Skip, Tally Ho, and Boshey. The latter was again unlucky, as he fell when leading.

Camerton's Representatives.

The Australian Racing and Jockey Club held their Spring Meeting on October 6th and 8th. The feature of the first day was the success of Camerton's stock. They won the three events, as follows:—Governor's Cup, Counsellor; Maiden Plate, £25, Mr. Bayley's three-year-old Tomboy; Turf Club Sweepstakes, £25, Mr. Bayley's four-year-old Chase.

On the second day, the Town Plate (heats, twice round, w.f.a.) was won by Chase, beating Counsellor, Scratch and Junius. Mr. Bayley won the Ladies' Purse with Boshey, while Barefoot won the Two Miles' Handicap

Sweepstakes, beating Tomboy and Abdallah. The programme closed with a race for untried horses, won by Mr. Bayley's Australian.

A day's racing at Windsor on December 27 closed the year.

From 1831 to 1835.

Turf affairs became dull during these four years, but there were several happenings worth chronicling. On May 18th and 20th of 1831, the Turf Club held a meeting, when Sir John Jamieson won the sixth Brisbane Cup with Bennelong. Mr. Smith won Mr. Wentworth's annual gift of £50 (heats) with Boshay, and also the Town Plate on the second day. The Members' Purse went to Tomboy, and in a match Mr. E. Deas-Thomson's Tam o' Shanter beat Captain Harper's Getaway. The added money to the meeting was £205.

During August of 1831, the death was announced of the Windsor champion, Scratch, while being exercised.

In the same week Mr. Nash's stables at Parramatta were destroyed by fire, and the horses Junius and Laurel died from injuries received. For the previous two years Junius had been pensioned off by his sporting owner.

On August 24th, 26th and 27th, a race meeting was held on the beautiful Killarney course near Windsor. The opening event, Publican's Purse, was won by Mr. Bayley's Tomboy. There was a field of ten for the Ladies' Purse, won by Mr. Smith's Flying Pieman, after four heats. Winners of other races were Chase and Matilda. The Scarvell Cup (heats) was keenly contested and eventually won by Mr. Warby's Sovereign.

Parramatta Subscription Races were held on October 5th and 7th, 1831, when Tomboy, now a four-year-old, won the opening event, a £50 purse (heats). Mr. Hartley won the Maiden Plate with Shamrock, and Chase beat his only opponent, Brutus, for a £30 purse (heats). The first day's proceedings closed with a hack race, won by Matilda. On the second day, Bennelong beat Chase in the Town Plate, and Shamrock won a Sweepstakes, defeating Tomboy.

Mr. Wentworth elected President of the Turf Club.

Governor Burke Presents a Cup.

In February of 1832, a meeting of the Turf Club members decided to hold the spring race meeting at Parramatta. Mr. Wentworth was elected President of the Club, and Governor Sir Richard Burke eventually consented to assist the Club, and presented a cup for competition. The meeting took place on April 11th and 13th—probably the best meeting yet held.

Proceedings opened on the first day with the race for Governor Burke's Cup for horses of all ages, twice round the course. There were three starters—Bennelong, Shamrock, and Mr. Icely's three-year-old Chancellor, by Steeltrap from Minto, which won. The Two-year-old Stakes of £30 was won by Mr. Lawson's Belinda, by Skeleton. The Wentworth Purse (heats, once round, about 1 mile 1 furlong) was secured by Mr. Bayley's three-year-old filly Lady Emily, by Manfred. The winner won a heat in 2 minutes 30 seconds—a very fine performance. On the second day the seventh Brisbane Cup was won by Chancellor. Lady Emily took the Members' Purse, Belinda the Town Plate, and Matilda a handicap.

It is reported that the second day was long remembered from the fact that about 40 women who were taken out of the Parramatta factory to cut brooms, bolted from the overseers and made for the racecourse, where they were received with loud cheers. One of them was mounted on a horse behind the rider and borne round in triumph. The others were liberally treated to brandy and ginger beer before they were captured. Several men also escaped from the gaol and took a few hours' recreation at the races before they were retaken.

Steeplechasing. First Liverpool Races.

Parramatta Races. Important Action at Law.

On August 25th, 1832, a steeplechase took place over five miles of ground between Botany and Coogee, in which the last horse forfeited £5 to the winner. The following horses started and finished in the order given:—

Mr. Williams' ch. h. Thiefcatcher (Capt. Deedes)	..	1
Mr. E. Deas-Thomson's Tam o Shanter (Owner)	..	2
Mr. Meller's gr. m. Moll (Owner)	3
Capt. Hunter's b. h. Tom (Owner)	4
Mr. Bourke's gr. h. (Owner)	5
Mr. Finch's gr. h. Bogtrotter (Owner)	6
Major Bouverie's gr. h. Ugley (Owner)	—

They went away at a killing pace, Captain Hunter leading, followed by Mr. Thomson. When crossing the brook in Coogee Bay a sheet would have covered five of the number, but a steep hill which had to be surmounted settled the pretensions of all excepting Thiefcatcher and Tam o' Shanter. The latter then took the lead and held it for about five hundred yards, when Captain Deedes challenged him with Thiefcatcher and succeeded in winning a beautifully ridden race by a neck, in 18 mins. 30 secs. Mr. Finch took a line of his own, the result of which was most disastrous, as he parted company with Bogtrotter; otherwise it was believed that he would have won. The course was a very severe one, and the plucky riding surpassed anything ever before witnessed in the Colony.

On September 1st another steeplechase between numerous gentlemen took place on a course at Cook's River, and was won by Mr. E. Deas-Thomson's Tam o' Shanter.

A Match and an Action at Law.

A match for £100 aside was run off on October 4th, 1832, between Mr. Bayley's Velocipede and Mr. Hartley's Blacklock, at Parramatta. The former came in first, but was protested against, and the result was finally settled at Court. This is about the first case in Australia in which a stakeholder was summoned to return the money deposited with him. The case, Hartley v. Shadforth, was tried on March 21st. It was an action brought by the plaintiff before the Chief Justice and Messrs. Manning and Lane, Assessors, to recover £100, being stakes deposited in the hands of defendant, who acted as judge and stakeholder in a match run at Parramatta during the previous October between Velocipede, the property of Mr. Lawson, and Blacklock, who was borrowed by plaintiff from his owner, Captain Harper, for the purpose of this match. The assessors found a verdict for defendant.

First Liverpool Races.

The first races at Liverpool took place on October 12, 1832, on a course lent by Mr. Throsby, on the Glenfield Estate. Only untried horses were allowed to run, in order to induce owners to train the well-bred horses in that locality. Although the day was windy and wet, the racing was interesting. The Members' Purse was won by Mr. C. Roberts' b. m. Selina, beating Broughton's Jupiter, Wentworth's Victoria, and Ward's Poppitt. Mr. Throsby took the Ladies' Purse with Whitefort, beating Jenkins' Fidget and Roberts' Jolly Roger; but the winner was disqualified in consequence of his rider dismounting without orders. Proceedings closed with a pony race, won by a chestnut filly owned by Mr. Bayley.

A New Racecourse.

At the beginning of 1833 the Governor sanctioned a new racecourse on the Botany Road. He also authorised the loan of 20 labourers to assist in its formation. This year the Spring Race Meeting took place at the new course on April 17th and 19th, when the Governor's Cup was won by Mr. Bayley's imported colt Whisker—a three-year-old. This colt and a filly named Lady Emily cost approximately £500 when young foals. Lady Emily was said to be a handsome filly (own sister to Doctor), by Manfred. Whisker was by Whisker from Woodbine, by Comus, from a mare by Patriot, great granddam by Phenomenon, from Czarina. Whisker also won the Ladies' Purse on the second day. Other winners at the meeting were: Trial Stakes, Mr. Badgery's York; Maiden Plate, Mr. Smith's Chester; Town Plate, Mr. C. Smith's Emancipation; Handicap, Mr. C. Smith's Chester. It is said that the track was very heavy and should be sodded. Almost all the leading hotels in the city were represented by booths on the grounds. After Whisker had won the Cup, Sir John Jamieson protested that the winner was incorrectly nominated as a three-year-old. The protest was dismissed.

Racing at Maitland.

A successful meeting was held on September 11th and 13th, when the winners were Chester, Miss O'Neill (owned by Mr. Ephraim Howe), Collingwood and Greenmantle. The meeting in the previous month at Windsor was not up to the usual standard. On the first day Emancipation walked over, and the events won by Firelock and Lady of the Lake were almost as bad, as there was only one opponent for each. On the second day Chester won the first race, the second went to Sally Grey, and the other winner was Ironbark.

The Parramatta people continued their meetings. On October 2nd and 4th, 1833, Emancipation was returned winner of the Town Plate, and Mr. J. Hillas' b. f. Malvina, by Camerton, won the Maiden Plate. Mr. Bayley's ch. c. Mistake won the Hack Race, which concluded the first day's programme. Mantrap opened on the second day with a win in the Publican's Purse. The J.C. Plate went to Mr. Nicholls' Sally Grey, and a pony race, won by Mr. Taylor's Quippe, finished up the meeting.

Racing at Bathurst.

A race meeting took place at Bathurst on October 11th and 13th. The course in use was a new one at Alloway Bank. The opening event, Maiden

Plate, was won by Mr. Grant's Lady Byron, and the All Aged Stakes went to Mr. Piper's Earl Grey.

1834.

The "Gazette" of April 19th, 1834, stated that the old Jockey Club had become extinct, and that racing depended entirely on two or three individuals. Thus the meeting held on April 30th and May 2nd was a subscription affair. The "Herald" told how the original projectors entirely deserted their posts. There were only two starters for each of the three races on the first day, which resulted as follows:—Subscription Cup (value 50 guineas, heats, twice round the course, weight-for-age): Mr. Smith's Chester, 1; Mr. Campbell's Mantrap, 2. Two-year-old Stakes, of 5 guineas each, 20 guineas added, 1 mile: Mr. Roberts' Traveller, 1; Mr. Smith's Lady Cardina, 2. Ladies' Purse, of £25, heats: Mr. Bayley's Whisker, 1; Mr. Smith's Emancipation, 2. Second day.—Town Plate, of £50: Whisker. Emancipation saddling up again for the Publican's Purse, of £25, won from Chester. A Sweepstakes of £3 each, £10 added, produced a good race, and was won by Traveller.

At Maitland, on July 14th and 15th, the Maitland Purse was won by Mr. Simpson's Pitch; Ladies' Purse, of £15, Mr. Earle's Countess; Hack Race, Mr. Rudd's Bob. Second day.—Governor's Cup, of £5 each, £20 added, 2 miles, heats, was won by Pitch; Hunter River Stakes, of £20, Bob; Hack Race, Mr. Earle's Tam o' Shanter.

The Hawkesbury Races, on August 21 and 22, were successful. First day.—Mr. Smith's Chester (seven starters); Ladies' Purse, of £25, Mr. Earle's Countess; Pony Race, Mr. Fitz's Darcy. Second day.—Australian Youth's Purse, of £30, Mr. Bowman's Currency Lad (late Chance); Maiden Plate, of £20, Mr. Smith's Stella; Handicap, 2 miles, Mr. Bayley's Matilda; Hack Race, Mr. Earle's Tam o' Shanter.

Steeplechasing was popular in those days, and the annual event took place on August 20th on the new course. The distance was three miles and consisted of nine three-rail fences, upwards of 4 feet in height, and a hedge and ditch. It was a wet day, and only three started, viz., Captain Petty's Waxy, ridden by Captain Waddy, Captain Hunter's Smuggler (Mr. Croker), and Captain England's Cock Robin (Mr. De Bucker). All refused the first fence, but eventually Waxy took it and was followed by the others. Waxy cleared the second, but the others refused; but after several trials Cock Robin got over, but parted company with his rider, who remounted, but was unseated again. Smuggler refused altogether. Waxy, in negotiating various obstacles, unseated Captain Waddy twice, but he got him home. The winner was sired by Baron, at one time owned by Governor Darling.

The Parramatta Races took place on October 1st and 3rd, with the following results:—First day: Maiden Plate, of £25 (heats), Mr. Roberts' Woodman; Australian Plate, of £50 (mile heats, w.f.a.), Mr. Roberts' Traveller (Bennelong started, but broke down); Hack Race, Mr. Lawson's Velocipede. Second day: Town Plate, £50, Mr. Roberts' Traveller; Sweepstakes, £5, with £50 added, Mr. Lawson's Velocipede; Hack Race, Spider.

Cumberland Turf Club.

The Cumberland Turf Club, at Campbelltown, held its first race meeting on October 21st and 22nd, on the estate of Dr. Redfern. Results:—First

day: Members' Cup, 25 guineas, two mile heats, Mr. Howe's ch. h. Forrester (late Mantrap); Hack Race of £2 each, with £10 added, Mr. Scarr's b. h. Rattler; Pony Race, £10 (mile heats), Mr. Byrne's filly; Sweepstakes, Mr. Stewart's ch. m. Norma, 1; Mr. Hordern's Fireway, 2. They were ridden by their owners. Second day: Ladies' Purse of £30 (for maiden three-year-olds, mile heats), Mr. Keightan's b. f. Creeping Jane; Sweepstakes of £3 each, £20 added, Mr. Howe's Theorem; Hunters' Plate (a steeplechase), Dr. Kenny's b. h. Ramrod; Ladies' Race, once round, concluded the meeting, and was won in good style by Miss Byrne, of Campbelltown, on the veteran Scratch.

The last sporting announcement of the year was that of the formation of the Illawarra Turf Club at Wollongong.

1835. Imported Horses. Sydney Races.

Maitland Races. Racing at Patrick Plains.

One of the most notable happenings of the year—1835—was the arrival of Gratis, the afterwards-celebrated sire, and Velocipede. They arrived in the ship "Hercules." Gratis was a performer in England, and was by Middleton from Lanica, by Gohanna. He was imported by Captain Daniels, as was also Velocipede, a grey, by Velocipede from Jane, by Superior from Bried's Noblesse. Later on in the year both were offered for sale, but passed in, Gratis at £350 and Velocipede at £300. Afterwards Mr. C. Roberts purchased Gratis for £450.

Sydney Subscription races opened on April 22, with the following results:—First Day: Members' Plate of £20 (heats), Mr. C. Smith's Chester, by Camerton; Two-year-old Plate, Captain Williams' br c President, by Emigrant; Ladies' Purse, Mr. C. Smith's b f Lady Godiva, by Emigrant. Second Day: Farm Stakes of £50, Mr. Smith's Chester; Tradesmen's Purse, Lady Godiva; Sweepstakes of £5 each, £20 added, was won by Flirt, by Whisker, who was described as being the most perfect picture of a racehorse in the colony. The stewards at this meeting were Majors Bouverie and England, and Captains Williams and Hunter. Judge, Captain Deedes, and Treasurer, Mr. G. Hill.

The meeting at Maitland was held on July 8 and 10, with the following results:—First Day: Maitland Purse, £50 (2-mile heats), Mr. Simpson's Pitch; Ladies' Purse, for two-year-olds, Mr. Earle's filly, by Whisker; Hack Stakes, Tam O'Shanter. Second Day: Town Plate of £30 (2-mile heats), St. Patrick's Toss; Hunter River Stakes, Countess, who was considered to be the best of her inches in the colony. Hack Race, Steamer, who was then backed to run Tam o' Shanter. The former won the first heat by a short neck, while Tam won the second and third heats.

On September 9th and 11th the first race meeting was held at Patrick's Plains, with the following results:—First Day: Patrick Plains Purse of £25, Mr. John Earle's Countess, by Mantrap; Ladies' Purse, Mr. H. Scott's Panula, by Toss; Hack Race, Tam o' Shanter. Second Day: Sweepstakes of £2 with £10 added, Mr. J. Earle's Countess; First Hack Race, Steamboat; Second Hack Race, No Mistake.

Parramatta races were held on September 30th and October 1st and 2nd. Results:—First Day: Australian Plate of £50 (two-mile heats, w.f.a.), Chester; Maiden Sweepstakes of £5 each, £15 added, Mr. Lawson's filly; a second Sweepstake was won by a colt, by Whisker. On the second day there appears to have been only a Steeplechase of £3 each, £15 added, about 2 miles, 11st. 2lb. up, won by Woodman. Third Day: Town Plate of £50, Lady Godiva; Two-year-old Stakes, Mr. Plunkett's Lilla.

1836. Sydney Subscription Races.

Campbelltown Races. Meeting at Patrick's Plains.

Racing at Yass. Sydney's Annual Hurdle Race.

In this year Mr. Henry Bayley's racehorses were announced for sale. The lots consisted of Spiletta, by Whisker—Lady Emily; Young Whisker, by Whisker—Matilda; Memmon, b. c., by Whisker from a Steeltrap mare. No mention of the sale having taken place is made, and taken all round there was a general shortage of sporting information throughout the year. On March 22nd and 24th, at Campbelltown, Mr. Kemp won the Members' Purse with Flirt, beating Chester and Creeping Jane. The Hack Race went to Mr. W. Jenkin's Red Rose; Snob, also owned by him, running second. Mr. Boon's Chester won the opening event and a Pony Stakes. The Steeplechase, three miles, 11st. 7lb. up, was won by Major England's Whipcord, with Mr. Waddy's Ketchimocan, a three-year-old, second.

Sydney Subscription races were held at the old course on April 27th and 29th. Mr. C. Smith won the first race, Sweepstakes of £5 with £50 added, with Lady Godiva. The Produce Stakes of £30 for two-year-olds, 7st. 6lb., one round, by Mr. C. Roberts' Lady Fly, by Whisker (Badkin). Australian Purse (J. Dunn), who was one of the most noted riders of the day, won on Mr. Williams' President, by Emigrant. J. Badkin was the successful rider in the Town Plate, the opening event of the second day, winning on Mr. C. Roberts' Traveller, by Camerton (J. Kerwin), commonly known as the "Milkman," landed Mr. C. Smith's Lady Godiva, by Emigrant, home in the Ladies' Purse of £30, and also a Sweepstakes of £5, with £30 added.

The added money to the Patrick Plains meeting on July 20th and 22nd was £240. Lady Godiva won the Patrick Plains Plate of £120 on the first, and Hunter River Plate, £50, on the second day. Other winners were Mr. N. B. Wilkinson's Pauline, by Old Camerton; she got home in the Ladies' Purse for two-year-olds. Weight did not seem to matter much then, as we are told the winner carried 14lb. over, while Northumberland (second), owned by Mr. Otto Baldwin, put up 28lb. over. Tam o' Shanter won the Weller Purse on the first day, and the Hurdle Race, three miles, on the second. On September 20th the Annual Sydney Hurdle Race was run off on what was termed the new racecourse, known later on as Randwick. There were nine starters, and the winner, Whisker (Major England), Fergus (owner), second, and Steeltrap third. The winner received £73.

1837. Hurdle Races. Sale of Horses. Sydney Races.

Bathurst Race Meeting. Racing at Parramatta.

The Cavan Cup.

On March 9th there were several hurdle events. The first race, Sydney Hunt Stakes of £50, was won by Major England's Whisker, 4 years, 11st. 4lb. (owner); Mr. Renell's Traveller, 5 years, 11st. 8lb., 2; Mr. Barker's Steeltrap, 6 years, 11st. 8lb. (Mr. Stein), third. Hunters' Plate of £50, Mr. Renell's Fergus, 12st. 2lb. (Mr. Stein), 1; Lieut. Waddy's Frederick, 5 years, 11st. 12lb. (owner), 2; Mr. Barker's Jim Charcoal, 4 years, 3; Ladies' Purse, Captain Williams' Petersham, 5 years, 11st. (Captain Simmons), 1; Major England's Camden, 6 years, 11st. 4lb., 2.

On March 19th the late Mr. W. E. Riley's horses and mares were disposed of at auction. The twenty-eight lots sold realised £1,143/10/-.

Sydney Subscription races were held this year on May 3rd and 5th, when the added money amounted to £240. First Day: Sweepstakes of £10, with £75 added, Mr. C. Roberts' Traveller 1, Whisker 2; Two-year-old Stakes of £25 (heats), Mr. C. Smith's Clifton 1, Mr. Tooth's Effie Deane 2; Ladies' Purse of £5, with £30 added, Mr. C. Roberts' Lady Cordelia 1, Mr. C. Smith's Moggy, 2. Second Day: Town Plate, Mr. C. Roberts' Traveller 1, Mr. C. Smith's Moggy 2; Australian Youths' Purse of £30, Major England's Whisker 1, Mr. C. Roberts' Lady Cordelia 2; Sweepstakes of £5 each, with £30 added, Mr. C. Roberts' Traveller 1, Captain Williams' Petersham 2, Mr. May's Sportsman 3; Hack Race, won by Mr. G. Hill's Black Boy, concluded the racing.

Country clubs offered very fair stakes. At Maitland on May 23rd and 25th the added money was £300, while Patrick Plains Club gave away £240 on June 7th and 9th, and the prize money at the Hawkesbury Subscription races on August 9th and 16th was £175. At Patrick Plains, Lady Cordelia won the first event on each day. Other winners, Traveller, a filly by Steeltrap, and two-year-old by Whisker (winner of the Maiden Race). In the Hurdle Race nothing finished the course.

There was a successful two days' meeting at Bathurst on June 5th and 7th, when the winners were:—First Day: Bathurst Plate, Romeo; Maiden Plate, Lushington. Second Day: Publicans' Purse, Theorem; Sweepstakes, Lushington; Hurdle Race (gentlemen riders), Abdallah (Mr. J. Piper, junior).

Parramatta races held in October were productive of the following results:—First Day: Australian Purse, Traveller; Hurdle Race, Teapot; Ladies' Purse, Lady Cordelia. Second Day: Town Plate, Traveller; Australian Youths' Purse, Lady Cordelia (walked over); Sweepstakes for beaten horses, Lady Flora.

The annual race meeting was held at Yass on October 20th and 21st, when Mr. Waddy's Frederick walked over for the Cavan Cup; Yass Cup of £50, Paddy; and Eleanor easily took the Maiden Plate. On the second day Frederick won the Hurdle Race, and Moustache took the Ladies' Purse; Squatters' Purse went to Medora.

1838. Cumberland Hunt Established. Bathurst Races.**Sydney Races. Hawkesbury Races. Parramatta Races.**

There was a fair amount of racing during the year 1838. The first notable item was a meeting on February 15th of those interested in hunting, when the Cumberland Hunt Club was established. This was to maintain a subscription pack of hounds. The entry fee was £5, and the committee consisted of Messrs. W. Lawson, N. Lawson, H. Harvey, R. Crawford and E. Weston.

On March 27th and 28th, Bathurst Subscription Races were held, when the added money was £135. Results:—First Day: Bathurst Plate of £75, w.f.a., one round (heats), Mr. J. Nobel's Flirt (Roberts) 1, Mr. J. Wriggle's Zorab 2, Mr. P. Flamington's Theorem 3, twenty-four starters; Maiden Plate of £50 (heats), one round, Mr. G. Freeman's Jim Crow (J. Piper) 1, Lean Jack 2, Creeping Jenny 3; Hack Stakes of £10, Woverman 1, Peacock 2. Second Day: Hurdle Race of £50, three times round, nine jumps, Mr. Waddy's Dr. Syntax (Lieut. Whiting) 1, Mr. Gibson's Block (D. Campbell) 2; Hack Hurdle Race of £10, Mr. Gibson's Toss (N. Lawson) 1, five started. Third Day: Publicans' Purse of £70 (heats), Mr. J. Piper's Theorem, 6 years (N. Suttor) 1, Mr. J. Noble's Flirt (Roberts) 2, twenty-four started; Ladies' Purse of £30 (heats), Mr. J. Noble's Medara (Waddy) 1, Jim Crow 2; Pony Race of £10, Mr. C. Quail's Win-if-I-can; Sweepstakes for beaten horses, Mr. G. Fifewell's Lushington. A ball given by the officers of the 80th Regiment was a great success.

April 25th and 27th, Sydney Subscription Races. First Day: Sweepstakes of 15 guineas, with £75 added, Mr. C. Smith's Chester; Produce Stakes of £25, Mr. C. Smith's Bessy Bedlam; Sweepstakes of £6, with £30 added, Mr. C. Roberts' Miss Flirt. Second Day: Town Plate of £50, Mr. C. Smith's Chester 1, Mr. C. Roberts' Traveller 2; Ladies' Purse of £30 (heats), Mr. C. Roberts' Miss Flirt 1, Mr. C. Smith's Bessy Bedlam 2, Mr. Riley's Lady Cordelia 3; Sweepstakes of £5, with £30 added, Mr. C. Smith's Clifton 1, Mr. Riley's Jorrocks 2. The meeting was held on the Sydney course, which was said to be in a very bad state, as was also the road out to it.

Parramatta, October 3rd and 5th. Results:—First Day: Australian Plate of £50, Mr. C. Roberts' Lady Cordelia 1, Mr. C. Smith's Lady Godiva 2, Mr. D. Egan's Crockford 3; Maiden Plate of £25, Mr. Evan's Victor 1, Mr. C. Smith's Cinderella 2, Mr. Darling's No Mistake 3; Ladies' Purse, Sweep of £5, with £20 added, Mr. C. Smith's Bessy Bedlam 1, Mr. Sadler's Robin Hood 2, Mr. Egan's Crockford 3. Second Day: Parramatta Town Plate, Sweep of £5, with £50 added, Mr. C. Roberts' Traveller; Australian Youths' Purse of £20 (mile heats), Mr. C. Smith's Bessy Bedlam 1, Crockford 2; Beaten Stakes, Crockford walked over.

1840. Light Racing Year. Meeting at Parramatta. Braidwood Races.**Hawkesbury Meeting. Races at Campbelltown. An Important Match.****Establishing Racing in the Metropolis.**

The first meeting of importance was on April 20th at Parramatta. The winners were:—First race, Hunters' Plate, value 100 guineas, Mr. Broughton's

Medora (owner) 1, Mr. R. Anderson's Artful 2, Mr. W. Lawson's Pickwick 3. A match, 50 guineas aside, Mr. N. Lawson's Don Giovanni, beat Captain Hunter's Billy. Third race, a stake of 200 guineas, was won by Messrs. Douglas and Sutton's Crockford, who won both heats against the Campbelltown horse, Rob Roy. There was heavy betting, over 2,000 guineas changing hands on the result.

On July 17, at Braidwood, a match for £100 aside took place between Dr. Wilson's Sir James, ridden by Mr. Farmer, and Mr. Burnell's Improver, who was piloted by Andrew Badgery. Improver won by a neck, but he encroached on the course and no decision was given. Mr. Farmer's horse won a £10 sweepstake.

A meeting was held at the Hawkesbury on August 5th, 6th and 7th. First Day: Stakes £100, Bessy Bedlam; Two-year-old Stakes, Eleanor; Sweepstakes, Jerry Sneak. Second Day: Hurdle Race, Slasher. Third Day: Australian Youths' Purse, Jerry Sneak; Maiden Race, Cinderella; Beaten Stakes, Woodpecker; Hack Race, Snowball. On September 9th and 11th a meeting was held at Campbelltown, with following results:—First Day: Members' Purse, w.f.a., £50, Mr. Onus's Jerry Sneak 1, C. Smith's Crazy Jane 2; second race, Maiden Plate, Mr. Raymond's Theorem, filly. Second Day: Match, £200, J. Barrie's three-year-old colt beat Warby's horse. A hurdle race was won by J. Sutton's Slasher on the third day. Mr. Rouse won the Campbelltown Plate with Bessy Bedlam, also the Two-year-old Stakes with Eleanor.

The most important event of the year was a meeting in Sydney of what was termed the Australian Race Committee, when it was decided to raise funds for Autumn and Spring meetings at Homebush in February and September of 1841.

1842. Racing at Homebush. First St. Leger. Adoption of Newmarket Rules. Committee Appointed. Sale of Old Racecourse. First Meeting of Hawkesbury Turf Club. First Meeting at Homebush. First St. Leger. Jockeys' Fees Fixed by A.J.C. Committee. First A.J.C. Spring Meeting.

In May of 1840 the Australian Race Committee decided to adopt the rules which governed racing at Newmarket (England), and appointed the following committee:—Captain Hunter, Mr. Lawson (senr.), Captain O'Connell, Messrs. Kater, Scott, G. Way, Anderson, Holden, P. T. Campbell, Leslie, Captain Westmacot, Lieutenant Price (28th Regiment), Lieutenant Chambre (96th Regiment). The stewards acting at the first meeting, held at Homebush on March 16th and 18th, were Mr. P. T. Campbell, Captain O'Connell and Messrs. R. Scott and H. H. Kater; Judge, Captain Hunter; Clerk of the Course, Mr. A. Way. On the first day it was estimated that 8,000 people attended. Many made the trip in steamers to Homebush Bay. The course presented a gay appearance with its three buildings, viz., Grand, Walker's and Pullinger stands. The band of the 80th Regiment performed on the lawn. His Excellency Sir George Gipps, Sir Maurice O'Connell, Mr. P. T. Campbell, Major Nunn and others made a great display with their handsome carriages. There was also a special stand for the officials opposite the grand-

stand. On it were Messrs. Kater and Holden, also Captains Westmacott and O'Connell and Lieutenant Chambre, while in front of the grandstand was exhibited the handsome trophy to be presented to the winner of the Metropolitan Cup, the first race on the programme, won by Mr. Hall's Hercules, who went out favourite. The St. Leger, a sweepstake of 10 sovereigns each, with 200 sovereigns added, was won by Mr. Rouse's Eleanor. Other starters were Eucalyptus, Industry, Tranby and Young Duke. The winner was favourite. Captain Hunter won the Ladies' Purse of £50 with Prince. A match between Mr. C. Roberts' Colonel and Mr. H. H. Kater's Cap-a-pie for £200 aside resulted in a win for the latter by a length.

There was a great crowd on the second day, over a thousand coming out on horseback. They created disorder by galloping into the paddock with the racehorses. The first race on the card, Gold Cup, valued at 100 sovereigns, with 100 sovereigns added, 10st. up, two-mile heats, was won by Mr. Onus's Jerry Sneak. Mr. C. Roberts won the Homebush Stakes with Flirt. The third race was to have been over hurdles, but through some mistake the jumps were not erected, and the stewards decided to make a flat race of it, with gentlemen riders, 12st. up. The winner was Frederick, ridden by Lieutenant Chambre, with Slasher (Mr. Carne) second and Markman (Mr. Raymond) third.

In April of 1841 Camperdown Estate, known as the old racecourse where the defunct Sydney Turf Club raced, was announced for sale. It comprised two hundred and forty acres, and was the property of the late Rear-Admiral Bligh.

At Windsor the sportsmen had established the Hawkesbury Turf Club, and they held their first race meeting on what was termed the Australian Racecourse, on August 4th, 5th and 6th, 1841. Mr. James Cullen was secretary of the club. The Town Plate was won by Mr. Rouse's Jorrocks. The Colonel broke down in the race. Mr. C. Smith won the Two-year-old Stakes with Beeswing.

The Australian Race Committee started with their second meeting at Homebush on August 26th, 1841, when the Australian Stakes, a sweep of sixteen sovereigns, with 200 sovereigns added, w.f.a., was won by Mr. C. Smith's Beeswing, a chestnut filly by St. John. Jorrocks went out favourite at 2 to 1. Beeswing's price was 5 to 1. She won her first heat (2½ miles 140 yards) in 5 min. 10 sec., and the second in 5 min. 12 sec. Mr. Scott won the Publicans' Purse of 50 sovereigns, 1¼ mile and 310 yards, with Mentor, by Toss; he won his first heat in 2 min. 41 sec., and second in 2 min. 44 sec. Captain Hunter's Prince, by Camerton, won the Welter easily. He was ridden by Mr. Pryce, and ran the 3¾ miles 210 yards in 8 min. 5 sec. Beeswing won the Champion Cup in two heats (2½ miles 180 yards), the first in 5 min. 30 sec., and second in 5 min. 40 sec. Mr. Scott's Mentor won the Ladies' Purse, beating Jorrocks (Mr. Rouse), but the latter won the Handicap with 10st. 9lb., beating Gohanna, 11st., and others.

In 1842 the Autumn Meeting at Homebush saw Jorrocks in winning form. He led off on the first day, March 24, winning the Metropolitan Stakes of 10 sovereigns each, with 75 sovs. added. The St. Leger of 15 sovereigns sweepstakes, with 100 sovs. added, 1½ mile, was won by Mr. S. Smith's Beeswing, by St. John, ridden by Marsden, Captain Hunter's The Princess, by Gratis second, and Conservative, by Gratis, third. Mentor, by Toss, won the Ladies' Purse, and a Selling Stakes of 25 sovereigns went to Mr. Cullen's

Prince, by Toss, piloted by Higgerson. On the second day Mr. C. Smith's Gohanna (Dunn) won a race, w.f.a., a sweep of 10 sovereigns, with 100 sovereigns added, and the same owner won the Hack Race with Prince. There was also a Pony Race, won by Master Hunter's Billy, alias Billy the Devil, eleven years old.

The third day's programme opened with the Cumberland Cup, won by Jorrocks; Eucalyptus and Eclipse also started. The betting was 3 to 1 on Jorrocks. Mr. Scott won the Homebush Stakes with Mentor, by Toss, favourite at 5 to 1 on, and the Beaten Plate went to Mr. Egan's Zephyrine. Prior to the meeting, Toss beat Colonel in a match.

Formation of the Australian Jockey Club.

According to the "Sydney Morning Herald," at a meeting held on April of 1842, it was decided to form the Australian Jockey Club. In August of that year a meeting of the club at the Royal Hotel appointed stewards for the forthcoming meeting in September at Homebush. The stewards were Captain Sawbridge, Mr. Lawson and Mr. Icely; Judge, Major Hunter; Clerk of the Course, Mr. May, and Hon. Sec., Mr. W. Hunter.

At another meeting it was resolved that jockeys be paid the following rates:—Rider of the winner of a £50 prize of public money and under, £5; a loser in a race of similar amount £3. Winner of more than £50 of public money £10, and a loser £5.

The first race meeting carried out at Homebush by the A.J.C. extended over three days, starting on September 20th, when the first race, Champion Cup, a sweep of 10 sovereigns, with 100 sovereigns added was won by Mr. C. Smith's Eclipse, by Whisker (Dunn), Sir J. Jamieson's Sir Charles second. The Two-year-old Stakes of 10 sovereigns for starters, with 30 sovereigns added, went to Mr. C. Roberts' President, by Emancipation. Mr. C. Smith won the Australian Stakes with Tranby, by Operator, also the Maiden Plate of 25 sovereigns with Chillington. There were two races on the second day—Tradesmen's Purse, a sweep of 5 sovereigns, with 30 sovereigns added, won by Mr. C. Smith's Eclipse, and a Hack Race won by a horse owned by Major Hunter.

The third day's programme opened with the Champagne Stakes, a sweep of 10 sovereigns, with 75 sovereigns added, the winner to give three dozen of champagne (heats, twice round); Mr. C. Roberts' Quail, by Gratis, walked over for it. Sir Charles, by Gratis, won the Ladies' Purse. Claret Stakes of 10 sovereigns, with 50 sovereigns added (heats, once round), winner to give three dozen of claret to the ordinary. It went to Mr. C. Roberts' Tranby, by Operator, ridden by Johnny Higgerson. The Beaten Stakes, won by Plutus, concluded a most successful meeting, which was followed by a dinner at the Royal Hotel.

Racing at Homebush. A.J.C. Easter Meetings. Horses for India and

First A.J.C. Meeting at Randwick.

With racing firmly established at Homebush, under the management of the Australian Jockey Club, there were few other meetings from 1843

onwards held within reach of metropolitans. The stewards for 1843 were Mr. Lawson, senr., Captain Ramsbottom and Mr. W. Russell. Major Hunter acted as Judge. Racing commenced at noon each day, and the Press notified that there would be no false starts. At this meeting Mr. Rouse won the Metropolitan Stakes, also the Cumberland Cup with Jorrocks, while the St. Leger Stakes went to Mr. Scott's b f Marchioness, Attila running second.

The club held a Spring Meeting in 1843, when Jorrocks won the Champion Cup, ridden by Higgerson. He carried 9st. 9lb., and ran the three miles in 5 min. 50 sec. In those days the Champagne Stakes was for all horses w.f.a., twice round and a distance, and Jorrocks won it, carrying a penalty of 5lb. Some other winners at the meeting were Attila, Lottery and Marchioness.

In 1844 the horse stock in the colony had increased to such an extent that shipments to India and other places were frequent. The ship "Neptune," bound for Madras, had been fitted up with one hundred horse stalls. The "Medusa" had taken sixty to Madras, and the "William Metcalf," whose destination was Calcutta, had been provided with thirty stalls. Even so early in her history Australian horses had made a name abroad.

The Australian Jockey Club. Classic Winners.

To give a detailed account of the racing under the rules and regulations of the Australian Jockey Club, from its formation in 1842 up to date, would be more than our space can afford. The one race that was always present in their autumn programme was the St. Leger. It is thus the oldest classic race in Australia. As will be seen in previous chapters, when the Subscription racing started at Homebush in 1841 they instituted the St. Leger, run at $1\frac{1}{2}$ mile, and the A.J.C. wisely adopted and carried it on during their whole tenure of Homebush. From 1842 to the autumn of 1859 the winners of the St. Leger were:—

1841—Eleanor.	1851—Plover.
1842—Beeswing.	1852—Surplice.
1843—Marchioness.	1853—Cooramun
1844—Blue Bonnett.	1854—Venison.
1845—Peter from Athlone.	1855—Camden.
1846—Lady Theresa.	1856—Stumpy.
1847—Whalebone.	1857—Laurestina.
1848—Snake.	1858—Chevalier.
1849—Pastile.	1859—The Don.
1850—Cossack.	

1860 may be put down as the foundation year of the Australian Jockey Club. The A.J.C. was not strong financially when it decided to take up racing at Randwick. Several gentlemen, however, came to the club's assistance. The names of those friends are inscribed on a tablet in the present grandstand. The land at Randwick, now used as a racecourse, was set apart for the purpose in 1833 by the authority of Sir Richard Bourke. It comprises two hundred and two acres and, according to a letter which appeared in

the "Sydney Morning Herald," signed by Mr. Mortimer William Lewis, the locality of the original track in 1860 was selected by the Hon. E. Deas-Thomson, and set out and surveyed by Mr. Lewis under the former's personal direction. The whole of the timber for the fencing and erection of buildings was supplied by Messrs. W. Jolly & Company. Mr. Kelly was the architect.

The race track was $1\frac{1}{4}$ mile in circumference, with a straight run home of seventeen chains. The made part of the track was fifty feet wide from going out of the straight to the last half-mile, where the width was increased to seventy feet. It was laid down with "doob" (couch) grass, with a mixture of English grasses and Dutch clover, top-dressed with bone dust. Posts, five chains apart, marked the race track. A remarkable feature on the ground was "The Rocks." They were just fifteen chains from the winning post, and nearly opposite the present 9 furlongs post. Further on, at twenty chains from the winning post, stood the starting post for the mile course. The level between the fifteenth and twenty-fifth chain was called the Lachlan Flat, and the bend at the twenty-eighth chain was in honour of the Governor-General, designated the "Denison Corner." At the fortieth chain, or half-mile from the winning post, stood the starting post for the T.Y.C., and for the six furlongs races. There was a gentle rise called "Constitution Hill." The turn at the sixtieth chain post became known as "Champion Corner." Beyond the eighty chains came the starting point for the Derby and Oaks, which was named "Derby Corner." All those old landmarks have passed away, with the formation of the present track. The lessees of the grandstand for the opening meeting were Messrs. J. Poelhma and G. C. Barkhausen, while the race cards were issued by "Bell's Life in Sydney" and printed on the course in a tent. The prices of admission were, if taken for the three days, a guinea for gentlemen, 10/6 for ladies and 5/- for children.

First Race Meeting at Randwick.

The first meeting at Randwick commenced on May 29th, 1860, with an attendance of 6,000. The first race was the First Year of the Second Triennial Stakes, a sweepstakes of 10 sovereigns, with 100 sovereigns added, 1 mile, won by Mr. I. K. Cleeve's b f Chatteress, by Chatterbox from Jessie (Henderson); Mr. J. Tait's b c Alfred, by Warwick—Clove, second. Won easily. Time, 2 min. 10 sec.

The Australian Plate of 130 sovereigns (twice round) was won by Veno, ridden by Higgerson, beating Strop by two lengths in 5 mins. $11\frac{1}{4}$ secs. Planet, ridden by J. Driscott, won the Metropolitan Maiden Plate of 150 sovereigns, and the Squatters' Purse of 50 sovereigns went to Mr. T. Ivory's Flying Doe. Tattersall's Free Handicap to Mr. W. Towns' Stranger.

Second day, May 30th, Second Year of First Triennial Stakes Mr. J. T. Roberts' Moss Rose, by William Tell; Publicans' Purse, Mr. W. R. Blackman's True Blue; Welter, Mr. T. M'Guire's Egremont; City Plate, Mr. J. J. Roberts' Gratis; Hack Race, Mr. J. Taylor's Pussy Cat.

Third day, May 31st, Prince of Wales Stakes, Mr. Ivory's Euroka, and Mr. A. Loader won the Randwick Plate with The Don, ridden by Higgerson. Gratis won the A.J.C. Handicap, and Ackbar the Consolation Stakes. Forced Handicap, Planet. The last three races were run in heavy rain.

Australian Jockey Club History.

The Champion Race. Death of Strop. The Tally-Ho Stakes.

St. Leger and Derby Stakes.

The year 1860 was notable from the fact that the second race for what was termed the Australian, New Zealand and Tasmanian Champion Sweepstakes was run off at Randwick. It took place on Saturday, September 1st, when about 10,000 people, including the Governor and the Premier (Mr. John Robertson), Colonial Treasurer (Mr. Meekes), Minister for Works (Mr. Arnold) and Mr. M'Quade (starter) were present.

The conditions of the leading event on the card read:—Second Australian Champion Stakes, of a sweepstakes of 100 sovereigns each, h. ft., with 500 sovereigns added; second horse 200 sovereigns if three horses start, or save his stake only if two start; third 100 sovereigns; 3 miles, N.S.W., w.f.a. The following were placed:—

Mr. J. Tait's ch m Zoe, by Sir Hercules—Flora M'Ivor, aged, 9st. 3lb. (J. Ashworth)	1
Mr. G. Dupas' b g Wildrake, by Sir Hercules—Woodstock, 5 years, 9st. 11lb. (R. Snell)	2
Mr. J. Higgerson's ch g Venno, by Waverley—Peri, aged, 9st. 5lb. (J. Higgerson)	3
Mr. Hargrave's b m Deceptive, by Young Plover—Vanity, 5 years, 8st. 13lb. (Willis)	4

Other starters were: Gratis (Holmes), Moss Rose (J. Cutts), Strop (J. Carter), Waimea (J. Redwood), Young Morgan (J. Driscoll), The Don (Murphy), Flying Buck (Perkins).

Betting: 7 to 4 Flying Buck, 5 to 1 Zoe, 6 to 1 each Venno and Strop, 8 to 1 Deceptive, 100 to 8 Young Morgan, 100 to 5 each Moss Rose, Wildrake and The Don.

The Don led until going up the hill near the six furlongs post the second time, when Zoe took up the running, and remained in front to the finish, winning easily by a length from Wildrake, who beat Venno by two lengths, with Deceptive a length away fourth, followed by Strop, Gratis, The Don, Young Morgan and Waimea, with Flying Buck and Moss Rose last. Time, 5 min. 59 sec.

This race and others showed that the New Zealand horse, Strop, was by no means in his best form, and when he returned to the paddock the old horse staggered, fell down and died. An investigation showed that the cause of death was congestion of the lungs. He was buried just at the back of the old winning post.

A notable item in connection with the A.J.C. Spring Meeting of 1860 was the winning of the first race by Archer—the Maiden Plate of 120 sovereigns—which he won easily from the New Zealand mare Io. On the second day of the meeting was run the first hurdle race, known as the Tally-Ho Stakes, of 50 sovereigns, 2½ miles, over nine hurdles three feet six inches. The winner was Miss Weller, ridden by Chase. The added money for the year was £2,320.

There was nothing of a sensational nature connected with the Autumn and Spring Meetings of 1861, when the winners of the St. Leger and Derby Stakes were Mr. John Tait's Alfred, ridden by J. Driscoll, and Kyogle

(Driscoll), nominated by Mr. S. Jenner. These meetings extended over four days, and the added money for the year totalled £2,505.

The A.J.C. held a race meeting at Randwick on January 1, 1862, when a five-event programme was run off, carrying 385 sovereigns. The principal events, Hurdle Race of 100 sovereigns and Free Handicap, 100 sovereigns, were won respectively by Mr. J. Faraher's Prince and Mr. W. O'Brien's Peter Finn.

Great regret was expressed at the death of Mr. T. Ivory's William Tell. His death robbed the Spring Meeting of 1862 of a lot of interest. At the Spring Meeting the All-aged Stakes resulted in a dead heat between Ben Bolt (Thompson) and Eugenie (Bishop). The former, who was favourite, won the run off. The Derby Stakes went to Mr. T. Ivory's Regno (Higgerson). The winner was a half-brother to Tarragon, who was beaten by Traveller in the Innkeepers' Purse on the last day, but had previously won his first race—Metropolitan Maiden Plate—on the first day. The added money to the meeting was £940, while that to the Autumn Meeting of 1862 was £1,130. At the last-mentioned meeting the St. Leger was won by Mr. de Mestre's Exeter.

The Hon. John Eales. Judge Cheeke's St. Leger.

Champagne and Derby Wins.

Tarragon in Form.

The racing in 1864 practically concluded what may be termed the second racing period in this colony, as in the following year the A.J.C. altered the title of the Randwick Derby Stakes to the more high-sounding name of the "Australian" Derby Stakes, increased the sweepstakes fee, and cut out the added money to both it and the St. Leger. In connection with the opening event of the Autumn Meeting of 1864 appears the name, as owner of the winner, Mr. John Eales, the popular owner and breeder of Duckenfield Park. He won the Autumn Metropolitan Maiden Plate with The Dutchman, ridden by Moore, beating Sir Patrick, owned by Judge Cheeke, who on the second day of the meeting won the St. Leger Stakes with Ramornie. Mr. de Mestre's Deerfoot second, and Mr. Massey's Mavourneen third. Both second and third were by New Warrior.

That year the Champagne Stakes—a sweep of 16 sovereigns—with 80 added, was won over a mile, in heavy rain, by Yattendon (Sir Hercules—Cassandra), ridden by Sam Holmes. Time, 1 min. 58 sec.

At the spring meeting in September he won the Spring Maiden Stakes, $1\frac{1}{2}$ mile, in 2 min. 52 sec., and on the third day beat Colleen Bawn in the Randwick Derby Stakes, $1\frac{1}{2}$ mile, 150 sovereigns.

At the Autumn Meeting in April, Tarragon, ridden by Johnny Higgerson, won the Randwick Grand Handicap of 300 sovereigns (2 miles) in 3 min. 48 sec., and on the third day took the Queen's Plate of 200 sovereigns (3 miles) in 6 min. 20 sec.

In the following Spring (1864) Meeting Tarragon, 10st. 11lb., beat Volunteer, 8st. 9lb., by a length in the Cumberland Handicap of 150 sovereigns (3 miles) in 5 min. 57 sec. On the third day, in the Metropolitan

Cup of 200 sovereigns (2 miles), Tarragon, 10st. 4lb., defeated Ramornie, 7st. 12lb., with Ben Bolt third. Tarragon was by New Warrior from Ludia.

The year 1865 witnessed the first Australian Derby Stakes, won by Judge Cheeke's Clove. From that year the Australian Jockey Club has made extraordinary progress. At Homebush, in 1842, the added money for the meeting held in the spring was £245.

In the first season at Randwick (1860) the club distributed in added money £2,327. In 1870 it handed out £3,140. For the season ended 1880 the added money had increased to £6,792, and in 1890 the A.J.C. balance sheet showed that it had distributed £24,450 in added money. Still going strong, and despite the hard times during the following ten years, the club contributed in stakes during the season of 1899 and 1900 the sum of £23,475, which had increased to £44,950 in 1910. In the season of 1919-20 the A.J.C. treasurer was signing cheques to the amount of £80,560, and for the season ended July, 1922, the added money amounted to £111,200.

A.J.C. History. Winners of the Randwick Derby. St. Leger. Champagne Stakes Winners. Zattenden Wins the St. Leger and Sydney Cup. Western District Performers. First Sporting Calendar. Earliest Stud Book.

In the preceding chapters we have given, not perhaps a detailed report of racing affairs in the colony, but a fairly full history up to the establishment of the Australian Jockey Club's first Spring Meeting at Homebush in 1842.

As a matter of course much racing has been passed over. No space can be devoted to details of the sport at such places as Barwon Park (a small track near St. Peters), Cook's River, Parramatta, Five Dock, Cross Roads, Ashfield, or the meetings promoted by a syndicate at Homebush after the A.J.C. had located at Randwick. Perhaps the most notable of the meetings carried out while the A.J.C. were racing at Homebush were the yearly fixtures at Liverpool. For instance, at the Autumn Meeting in 1857 the Liverpool Derby of 200 sovereigns, with a sweepstakes of 15 sovereigns for starters, was won by Lauristina, and the Liverpool Town Plate by that famous performer—Dora, by Camel. The Liverpool Club's Members' Plate was won by Mr. G. T. Rowe's Planet, by Waverley. His rider was the owner's son-in-law, the late Mr. Ettie de Mestre.

Undoubtedly the old order of racing passed away in 1864, as the A.J.C. then drew up the conditions of their now classic events, the Australian Derby and St. Leger Stakes, as they were then termed. Some years ago the word "Australian" was changed to "Australia" Jockey Club Derby, which has been shortened to A.J.C. Though Clove is given as the first Derby winner at Randwick, this is hardly correct. Certainly she was the winner of the first Australian Derby Stakes. There were, however, four Derbies even prior to Clove's win in 1865.

At the Autumn Meeting of 1865 the Western district horses Pasha (De Clouet's), Union Jack and Alphonse were in great form. Union Jack, by St. John, who raced in the name of Mr. Gregory, won the Randwick Grand Handicap of 200 sovereigns (2 miles), and Alphonse, owned by Mr. McGregor, claimed the Waverley Stakes. Maid of the Lake won the All-

Aged Stakes, and Tamworth defeated Sir Soloman in the Autumn Metropolitan Maiden Plate Stakes. There is no reason to give further details of racing at Randwick.

It is stated in the club's annual report of 1869 that the general improvements during the year cost £390 1/6. In buildings and fencing they spent £352/7/9. Members on the roll numbered three hundred and fifteen. The committee reported an increase in entries for coming events. Those for the Sydney Cup numbered forty-eight, against forty-one for the previous year, while there were twenty-eight in the coming Derby, twenty-seven for the St. Leger, fifteen stallions were put in for the Sires' Produce Stakes, one hundred and thirty-two entries for the Mares' Produce Stakes, and thirty-three for the Champagne Stakes. It is interesting to compare these figures with the entries for similar races run off in 1921. For the Derby of that season there were four hundred and thirty-three nominations, one hundred and eighty-five in the Metropolitan, three hundred and seventy-one in the Sires' Produce Stakes, and three hundred and eighty-four for the St. Leger, while for the Champagne Stakes of 1922 the entry list totalled four hundred and fifty-two. How the members have increased is told by a resolution passed in 1921, when it was decided to limit the number to one thousand five hundred.

During the last forty years several proprietary race clubs have come into existence. They race at Rosehill, Canterbury Park, Moorefield and Warwick Farm. Racing under the rules and regulations of the Jockey Club they have done well. In addition to these, four other clubs were racing in the metropolitan area in 1921, under what was termed Associated Club Rules—Ascot, Victoria Park, Kensington and Rosebery Clubs. They raced ponies and horses (all heights), and for the above year paid out in prize-money £106,646.

Past and Present New South Wales Riders.

During the past hundred years or so there have been a number of most proficient horsemen. In the early days the riding was principally done by members of the military forces stationed in the colony. Since then our riders have achieved fame, not only on the Australian race tracks, but also in England, Germany, Austria, Russia, India, China, Japan and the East India Islands.

Early racing reports are very brief, and rarely is the rider mentioned. However, as the sport increased in popularity, the Press gave details, which mentioned the names of the winning riders. Thus we read Mr. Broughton and Mr. Rouse, two of the early owners, rode their own horses. Among the early professionals were Dunn, Badkin, Hedly, Marsden, Cashman, Ford and John Higgerson.

The most remarkable of those old-time jockeys was John Higgerson who, in his 95th year, met with fatal injuries through the accidental discharge of a gun. Higgerson commenced riding in races when about seventeen years of age, and in his fifty-fifth year won the Champion Race at Flemington after a dead heat between Tarragon and Volunteer; time, 5 min. 47 sec. As the principals could not agree to divide, mainly owing to Tarragon's owner,

Mr. Town, not being present, the dead heat was run off, when Tarragon won in 5 min. 58 sec. In October of 1857, at Flemington, Higgerson rode Veno, when he beat Alice Hawthorn (S. Mahon) in the great match for £2,000 (3 miles). The same afternoon, on Cooramin, he beat Tomboy (R. Mitchell) in a match for £200 aside, 1½ mile, and two hours after winning the match against Alice Hawthorn, Veno saddled up again and beat Van Tromp (S. Mahon) over three miles. The stakes in this last contest were £700, Mr. G. T. Rowe, who owned both Veno and Cooramin, laying £500 to £200. Higgerson also won the match on Ben Bolt, beating Lauristina. A complete history of Johnny Higgerson's career in the saddle would fill a volume.

John Cutts was one of the best of our old-time riders. He won the first two Melbourne Cups on Archer, also the first St. Leger, at Homebush, in 1847; on Whalebone and the Queen's Plate at Homebush in 1851. He was the mount on Lady Morgan in the Champion Race at Randwick in 1860.

James Ashworth, who was principally connected with the Byron Lodge stables, had a remarkable riding career. Some of his notable wins were on Zoe, Talleyrand, Glencoe, Goldsbrough and The Barb. During the latter period of his life he acted as Clerk of the Course at Randwick.

Contemporary with Ashworth was John Driscoll, who, in 1857, won a race at Parramatta on Blue Bonnett. Ten years later he won the Melbourne Cup on Tim Whiffler. In after years he became landlord of the Blind Beggar Hotel, at the corner of Liverpool and Oxford Streets, Sydney.

Joseph Kean, like Ashworth, finished up his days as Clerk of the Course at Randwick. He was on Javelin when that colt won the A.J.C. Derby, and was the rider of Kingsborough for the late Sir Hercules Robinson when he won the A.J.C. Champagne Stakes, and landed O'Mera home for O'Brien's Cup at the meeting held by Tattersall's Club in 1867. He also rode Yattendon in his last two races.

In the sixties there were a number of well-known riders—"Bricky" Colley, John Ramsay, P. Piggott, Donald Nicholson, Charley Stanley, Dick Snell, William Yeomans, Thomas and John Brown, Joseph Burton, Michael Bryant, Arthur Battye, and that fine old Englishman—Sam Holmes. W. Yeomans, who only died recently, amongst other events won the V.R.C. Oaks three times with Formosa, Mileta and Petrea; Ascot Vale Stakes on Newminster and First King, also the Australian Cup and V.R.C. St. Leger on the First King, and A.J.C. Derby on Wheatear. Yeomans put up a remarkable riding performance at Wagga on St. Patrick's Day, 1870, when he rode the winners of six races, and was second and third in two others. The programme consisted of eight events.

Samuel Holmes was an Englishman. A most able rider. After retiring from the saddle he became host of the Cottage Inn at Parramatta. Many an afternoon have I put in with him chatting over old times. His most memorable winning ride was on Tomboy, in a sweepstakes of 25 sovereigns, with 100 sovereigns added, w.f.a. (3 miles), which took place at Flemington on the third day of the Melbourne Jockey Club's Spring Meeting, 1857, a week after the great match between Veno and Alice Hawthorn. Included in the field of six was the champion Veno, ridden by Higgerson. Sam Holmes, on Tomboy, decided that he would make the field travel all the way. He was the first to show in front, where he remained, winning easily by twenty lengths from Moss Trooper, with Veno two lengths away third. The time, 6 min. 16 sec., tells that Veno had gone off. There was great cheering at

the defeat of the Sydney champion, and to commemorate the victory Holmes was presented with an engraved silver watch.

John Ramsay was an able horseman who won, among other events, a Wagga Cup on Janitor, A.J.C. Champagne and St. Leger Stakes on Lecturer and Moselle, respectively. He is still alive, as also is P. Piggott, who landed the double for the Hon. J. White, V.R.C. Derby and Melbourne Cup on Chester in 1877. Donald Nicholson, who was killed in the Caulfield Cup accident in 1885, was undoubtedly the cleverest lightweight rider ever seen in Australia. Piggott, Nicholson and T. Bennett were associated with the late Mr. T. Ivory. Bennett won the first Metropolitan Stakes at Randwick (1866) on Bylong. He now receives a pension from the A.J.C. Dick Snell was another valuable old-timer, who won the Victoria Derby on Tricolor in 1857, and the St. Leger at Homebush in 1855 and 1857. Charles Stanley did most of his riding for the late Mr. John Tait, in whose "yellow and black" livery he won the Champion Race on The Barb, the Melbourne Cup with Glencoe, Victoria Derby with Fireworks and Florence, who also won the Oaks, and the A.J.C. Derby on The Barb, Fireworks and Florence. For years he was an hotelkeeper at Campbelltown. George Donnelly won many good races for the late Mr. de Mestre, among them the A.J.C. Champagne Stakes on Chester. Perhaps his most notable ride was on Dagworth in the Queen's Plate (3 miles) at Randwick, when he ran a dead heat with Reprieve, and beat him on the run off.

The brothers John and Thomas Brown, of West Maitland, were able horsemen. The latter did best in important events, as he won the Melbourne Cup on Calamia, Victoria and A.J.C. Derbies with Loup Garou, Standish Handicap Duration, and A.J.C. St. Leger on Commodore. Later on he trained principally for the late Hon. William Long. His best horse was the unbeaten Grand Flaneur. Mention of Grand Flaneur reminds me of his rider, Tom Hales, in his day termed the "Grand Horseman." For the late Hon. J. White, Hales rode in three hundred and two races, of which he won one hundred and thirty-seven, winning in stakes £75,944. In the course of his twenty years in the saddle, Hales had one thousand six hundred and forty-five mounts, winning four hundred and ninety, three hundred and twenty-six seconds, and third in one hundred and ninety. Value of stakes won by him was £166,770.

In later days perhaps the most distinguished of our riders were James Barden, now a leading trainer at Randwick, Matt Harris, who died a few years ago, and James and John Gough. T. Clayton was mostly associated with Poseidon, winner of the double Caulfield and Melbourne Cups in 1906. John Delaney and William Delaney were also much in demand. Perhaps the former was the more able rider. In the lightweight division the late Cecil Parker was at the top of his class. He was a pupil of a famous old rider—Samuel Lovell, who was tutored in his young days by Johnny Higginson. Unfortunately Parker died at an early age, but Samuel Lovell is still hale and hearty, living at Camden.

Other prominent riders of the old school were Martin Gallagher, admitted to be the most skilful with the whip in the left hand that we ever had; Edward M'Grade, who lost his life in the wreck of the "Ellen Nichol"; L. Kuhn, W. and E. Huxley, T. Nerricker, John Gainsforth, the Brothers John, Frank and Fred Fielder, John Hincks, C. Pearson, F. M'Grath and W. Kelso. Quite a number of these are now leading trainers.

Present-day Riders.

During the last decade race riding has undergone a complete change. The old-time seat has passed away in favour of the "Tod Sloan" position. Races are differently run, and the training of horses has altered. So far as jockeyship is concerned, the new style has its advantages over the old, as this style enables the escape of wind pressure, and the placing of weight more on the withers. Those who shorten their leathers within reason have a fair command of their horses, but the majority ride so short that the power to guide or control their mounts is often lost. The most skilful of our riders of this State during the last twenty years are W. H. M'Lachlan, Myles Connell, Albert Wood and K. Bracken.

Prominent Gentlemen Riders.

In the racing history of the colony gentlemen riders have played a prominent part. At the time of writing the oldest of those is the Hon. James Gormly, who finished fourth in the memorable Ten Miles Race at Wagga in 1868 on his own horse, Camel, and won many races in his youthful days. The late Mr. Phil Glennister was a noted horseman in his day, as was also Mr. W. P. Bowes. Captain Airey was a very fine horseman, also Messrs. W. Fowles, Harry Haines, Edward Terry, G. Mason, Coyle, W. Gosper, T. West, G. M. Bailey, W. Acraman, E. and A. Weston, M. Millen, Benson, A. Batty, G. Fagan, W. H. Pye and Dr. Cortis. Then in later days, at the Bligh and Tirranna Meetings, and at times at Randwick, we have seen some excellent riding performances accomplished by Messrs. E. M. Betts, A. M. Cox, S. B. Rouse, F. Nivison, H. Brown, E. A. Blomfield, F. Blomfield, Dowling, W. Beaumont, W. E. Manning, C. Stephen, W. E. White, Justine M'Carthy, K. Austin, C. R. Halloran, W. E. White, also Mr. Tom Watson prior to his settling in Sydney as our leading starter. The Watson family were all famous horsemen.



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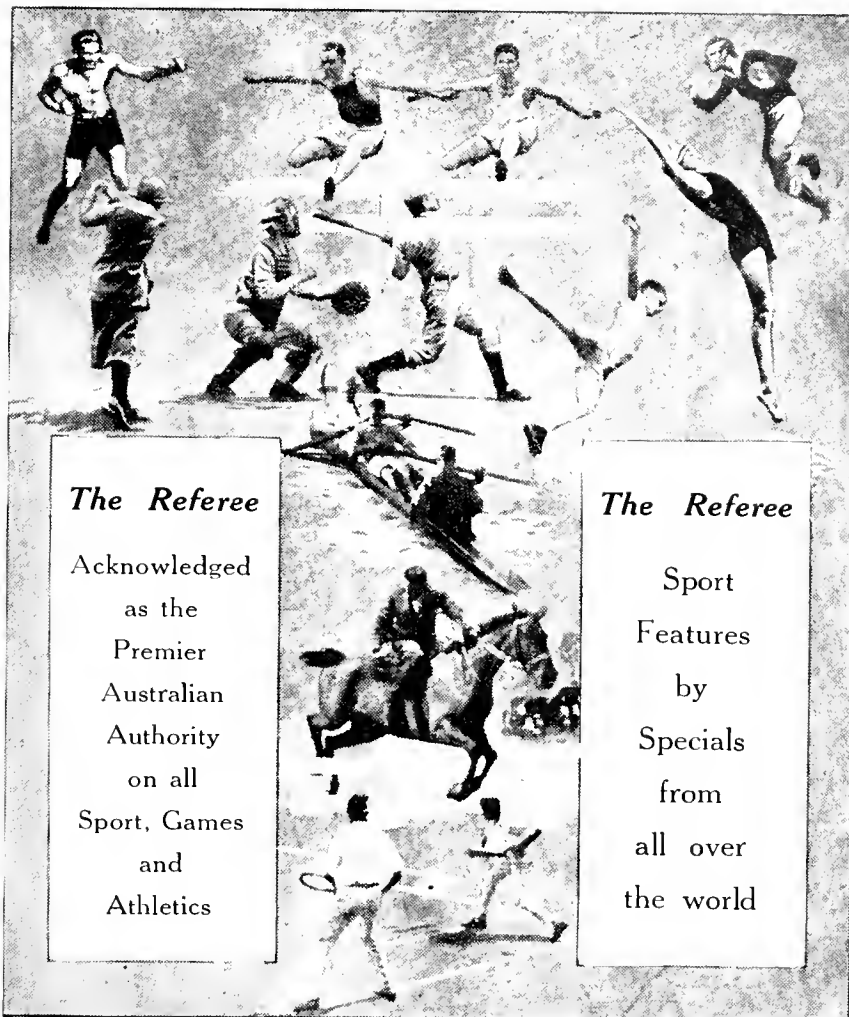
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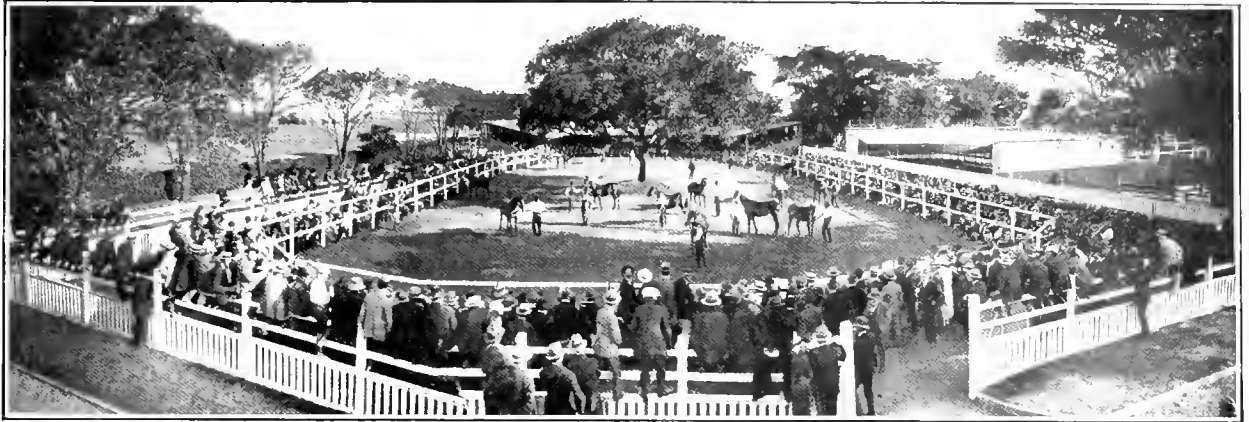
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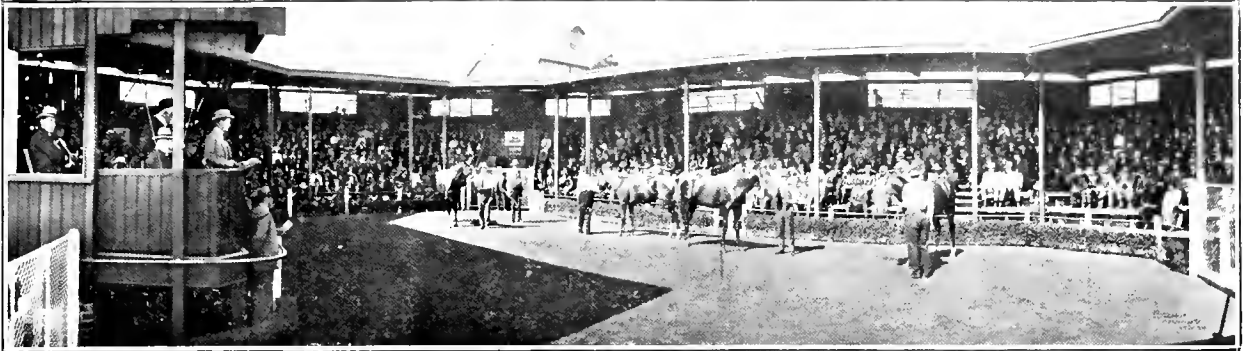
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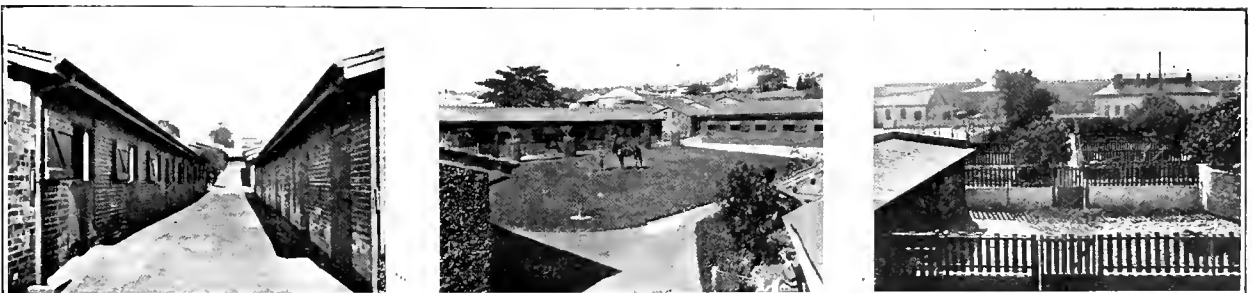
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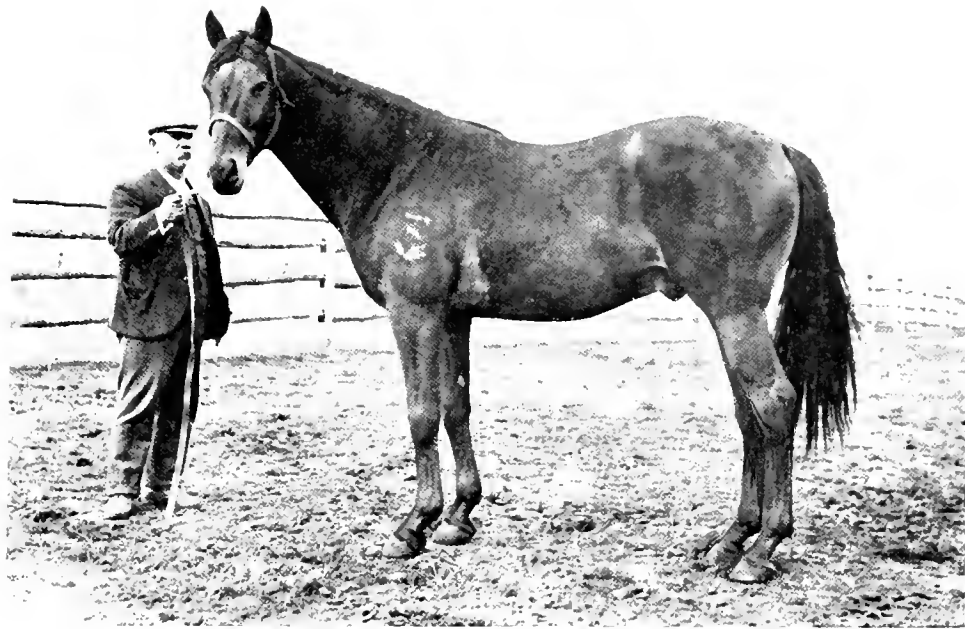
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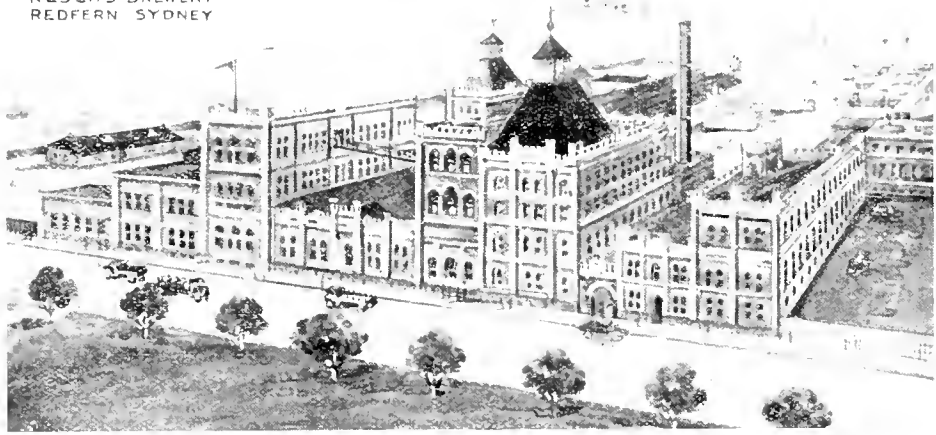


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