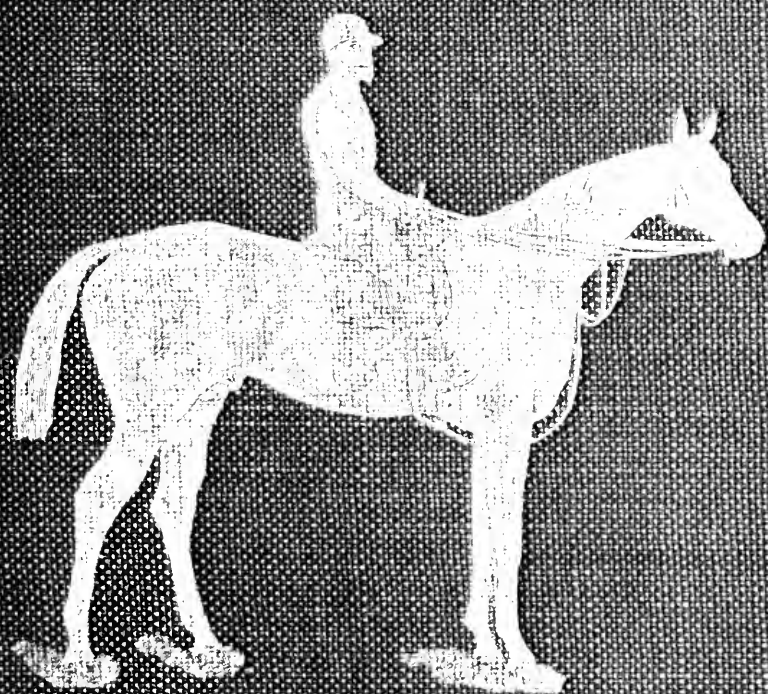


ASHGILL
THE LIFE & TIMES OF
JOHN OSBORNE

J. B. RADCLIFFE





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ASHGILL
OR
THE LIFE AND TIMES OF
JOHN OSBORNE



JOHN OSBORNE IN 1887.

OR

THE LIFE AND TIMES OF

WRITTEN AND COMPILED BY

J. B. RADCLIFFE

“SAXON”

LONDON

1900

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PRINTED BY
WILLIAM HODGE AND COMPANY
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Dedication

THIS WORK IS INSCRIBED

TO

WILLIAM DEWAR, Esq.
OF EDINBURGH

IN THE

SACRED NAME OF FRIENDSHIP

“ Kind hearts are more than coronets,
And simple faith than Norman blood ”

NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE

1900

PREFACE

HEREIN an attempt is made to concentrate into book form some of the leading incidents associated with the career of one who has been a picturesque, militant figure in the multitudinous events of the British Turf during a period of more than half a century. Of necessity the author has excerpted from various sources. In thus borrowing from writers who were eye-witnesses of the men, the horses, and the incidents that troop forth as the tale is unfolded, it was deemed better to reproduce their opinions and observations intact, with the colouring fresh and vivid, than to resort to a dull, lukewarm *rechauffée* from the compiler's pen.

Quite pardonably, John Osborne, as the central figure, is allowed, in a large measure, to tell his own story in his own words, the author occasionally intruding upon the recital to point a moral, or to amplify the tale by presenting corollaries to the hero. Thus actors are brought into the caste who may be considered essential to complete the embodiment of the play. Much help in the task has been gained from *Baily's Magazine*, and from the occasional writings of Mr. John Corlett; nor has the "Druid," most vivid, picturesque, and elegant of Turf chroniclers, been untapped. For permission to

make extracts from that distinguished writer's works, the author has to tender grateful thanks to Mr. Tresham Gilbey, whose re-issue of "The Druid" series, published by Messrs. Vinton & Co., London, must be considered a boon to sportsmen and the general reading public. In other quarters where it was thought necessary, in accord with the exigencies of the compiler or the autobiographer to make extracts, the source is invariably acknowledged.

Even yet, in this closing year of the nineteenth century, and with the lightly-borne burden of sixty-eight years on his shoulders, John Osborne is far from being an extinct celebrity. Active, vigorous, and ever industrious, he yet superintends the training of some thirty thoroughbreds at Brecongill. If exception be made of Campanajo and Laughing Girl (both bred by himself), and Mr. Vyner's King Crow, whose career of high promise was stopped by his breakdown in the Cesarewitch, no animal of high class has been sent forth from Brecongill since "Master John" made his "long farewell" as a professional horseman on Baron Hirsch's Watercress, who was third to his stable companion, La Flèche, in the St. Leger of 1892. That mount completed his public riding career, which began at Radcliffe Bridge in 1846. Yet after that long lapse of years, the veteran follows daily his occupation as a trainer, plodding on hopefully, patiently from the earliest hours of the morning till the evening brings his labours to a close. His passion for riding is as strong as ever. Though on the threshold of being a septuagenarian, he

yet can hold more than his own against the feathers and middleweights of the stable, with a nerve as cool and unruffled as it was in the far-distant days of Vedette, who gave him his first Two Thousand as far back as 1857. John Osborne is quite a parallel to the famous Frank Buckle, whose career ended on 5th November, 1831, on the very corresponding day that he began as a jockey fifty years before. Buckle's firmness of nerve and great faith in his skill and resources as a horseman were as unimpaired at the end as they were at the outset of his career. He remained four years longer before the public as a jockey than did our hero, but as against that John Osborne is yet actively pursuing his profession as a trainer. In the quadruple capacities of jockey, trainer, owner, and breeder of thoroughbreds, John Osborne's record is unexampled in the history of the Turf.

The main idea of this work has been to cast John Osborne as the leading actor, connecting him more or less with many figures, both human and equine, which have moved along with him in the great Turf drama played during the major part of this century.

J. B. RADCLIFFE

NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE

June 7, 1900

hunter"—The second Earl of Durham and "Old John"—A learned student of blood—Beginning of the Lambton stud—A bunch of celebrities—The Wizard and Warlock—Stark's great struggle with The Wizard—The Prussians get the Wizard—Mr. Lambton's school—"Old John," the Duke of Leeds, and Lord Chesterfield, "the magnificent"—Octavian, Priam, and Zingane at Brethby—The Chifneys and "The Escape" affair—The Chifney rush—Zingane and the Chifneys—Priam and the Chifneys—Priam's Derby—After Priam's Derby; decline of the Chifneys' star—"Old John" quits Brethby; birth of "Our Johnnie"—Ashgill tenanted by "Old John" in '37—His first three racers—Wrestler, Orcus, and Miss Bowe—The latter bought by Lord Stanley for 400 guineas.—John Fobert and Sir James Boswell—Fobert and Murphy's rivalry—General Chassé and Touchstone—The brothers Dawson at Brecon-gill—Its rich turf history—Mat Dawson's first visit to Middleham—The Dawsons in a rich winning vein—Some of their aristocratic patrons and the clinkers they trained—Lord Glasgow at Middleham—Career of the Dawsons at Middleham—"Cocky little Mat's" first Derby nag—Tom Dawson's first horse—His stud grows—Lord Glasgow and his private trainers—The "classics" come to Middleham and the Dawsons—Touchstone better than The Flying Dutchman or West Australian—Ashgill in '41—The Duke of Westminster a patron—Prices of racers seventy years ago, -

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ASHGILL

OR

THE LIFE AND TIMES OF JOHN OSBORNE

CHAPTER I

“High placed Middleham, marked with martial scars,
The fatal records of internal wars ;
A Neville’s pile where Cromwell’s rage we trace
In wondrous grandeur and expiring grace.”

It was on a dull, cold, cheerless day in the late December of 1896 that the chronicler of these records paid a flying visit to Middleham in quest of John Osborne, jockey, owner, trainer, and breeder of thoroughbreds. The task, or rather duty, of gaining data which might form a permanent and trustworthy account of John Osborne’s achievements during a militant connection with the Turf, extending upwards of half a century, had long been contemplated.

On repeated occasions “Mr. John,” an epithet which attaches to him in the closing years of the nineteenth century, had been approached and asked to “extend” himself. But in his innate modesty he declined to expose his “form,” retaliating by suggesting, “Why not write a ‘Life’ of Matthew Dawson or old Mr. Jennings?”

Never a man of many words, but rather of many deeds, which, indeed, are worth myriads of words, John Osborne's reticence about himself personally, apart from his deeds publicly, during an unexampled career, was not encouraging to one disposed to undertake the onerous, self-imposed task of the biographer, or even to extract from so reserved a subject the material for an autobiography. As a last resource the resolve was made to pursue "The Wizard" to his Middleham haunts, and there, exercising the Socratic method of probing him with questions, induce him to break cover from his monosyllabic reticence, which to him, who knew all, was satisfactory, but to the would-be chronicler, who knew little, far from illuminating.

En route to Brecongill, which had been the dwelling-place of John Osborne since he quitted the adjoining and paternal roof of Ashgill in 1869, the old-world hamlet of Middleham is passed. A halt was made at the old Swan Hotel, whose roof had sheltered many turf celebrities of the past, of whom "The Flying Dutchman" Earl of Eglinton, whose horses were trained by John Fobert at the not far distant Spigot Lodge, peered out in distinct prominence. Though brief was the halt, one soon discovered at "The Swan" that he was in a region where the jockey, the trainer, and the "tout" had lived and had their being time out of mind. Hardly had the wayfarer "discussed" a bottle of claret, which served to wash down the most wholesome of Wensleydale bread and butter and the most delicious of Wensleydale cheese, ere a few "locals," who had "touted" him into the hamlet, entered the apartment. In a casual way the wayfarer asked if this was the hostelry at which Lord Glasgow was wont to stop when he paid his periodical visits to Middleham in the

“fifties” and “sixties.” The mere mention of the name caused one of the “locals” to overflow with memories of that eccentric but kind-hearted nobleman.

“Naa, naa, Lord Glasgow when he cum to Middleham wad never enter onybody’s hoose at all. Why, he used to drive frae Northallerton to Middleham fower-in-hand often enough. He used to waak up an’ doon in front o’ the hotel heer, sweerin’ like a trooper, and threatening to blaw oot the brains o’ the coachman if he didn’t drive like blazes back to Northallerton. He allus cum heer to tick o’ the clock, ay, an’ started back agyen by ’t. A reel queer ’un were Lord Glasgow at shootin’. He had mony a shootin’ day amang his yearlin’s. At end o’ his time he used to breed ’em as big as camels—far ower big to race. When he fund they cudden’t gan fast enough, he wad hev a shootin’ day amang ’em. Lord Glasgow! he were a funny ’un! Why, man, he had every trainer in Middleham in his time, and fell oot wi’ ’em almost every month in the year. Ay, theer’s been lots o’ ‘swells’ here in my time. They’ve all stayed in ‘The Swan,’ in days of John Fobert, Tom Dawson, and old John Osborne. There was Lord Eglinton, Lord Glasgow, Ramsay o’ Barnton, a grand sort; Sir Robert Jardine, before he were Sir Robert—then plain Mister Jardine; lots o’ them sort stopped here. But Lord Glasgow were a real queer ’un. He wad never gan into the hooses o’ any o’ his trainers. He always paced backward and forrard ootside ‘The Swan,’ scrattin’ back o’ his head.”

In brief, the above high-class intelligence formed the introduction to Middleham society. Supplementary tales were volunteered about “The Tub-thumper,” “Paddy” Drislane, and Fred Bates, of whom more anon. Of the old Middleham jockey, Tommy Lye—the proto-

type in his seat of the now popular American jockey, J. T. Sloan—it was learnt that, after his retirement from the pigskin, he affected a lugubrious mania for attending every funeral in Wensleydale, presenting a quaint, if not ludicrous figure in his natty bell-topper hat and swallow-tailed coat.

Middleham, unlike its near and somnolent sister, the market town of Leyburn, is a decaying place so far as regards its population, which now is reduced to between seven and eight hundred inhabitants. This decline is partly explained by the gradually decreasing number of patrician and wealthy owners who patronise the Moor as a training ground. All the support which the town now depends upon is limited to a few owners, the majority of whom have not the means, if they had the disposition, to maintain so big a stud of horses as were quartered in the place before the migration of noblemen and gentlemen took place from Yorkshire to Newmarket.

The town, which is snugly situated on the banks of the meandering Yore, owes much of its importance to the Turf and to racehorses. Antiquarian research tends to show that horse races took place on Middleham Moor in the days of King John. It is certain that the Romans—that marvellous race whose vigour and spirit and colonial enterprise approximate to those of Great Britain in the closing years of the Victorian era—dominated this region of the proud North Riding of Yorkshire in the early centuries of the Christian era, a Roman camp in the neighbourhood affording evidence of their location during the Latin conquest of the district. It is not too curious to conjecture that the swarthy and curled darlings of Cæsar's legions would

unite the instincts of the sportsman with the attributes of the soldier, equally as much as do our own warriors of the present day.

Middleham Church is dedicated to the blessed and virgin saint Akelda, who was immolated by the Danes during their invasion. By far the most interesting ancient monument of the town is Middleham Castle, which was one of the seats of the princely and powerful line of Neville. The reader of archæological trend may gather a fine description of this structure, now a grim, decaying ruin, in Lytton's romance, "The Last of the Barons." Quadrangular in form, the building of the castle was begun in 1190. The thickness of the yet existing walls testifies that, as a fortress in those distant and troublous times, it must have been of enormous strength. The tower and surrounding buildings were completed by Ralph Neville, Earl of Westmorland, in the reign of Richard II. Within living memory the interior of Middleham Castle was utilised by the inhabitants of the town for workshops of various kinds, and the structure stripped of stones to build yet standing humble residences in its immediate vicinity. This vandalism, happily, has been stopped; the frowning ruin still defying, in gaunt, majestic silence, the corroding hand of Time.

Bolton Castle, the famous stronghold of the Scropes, is not far distant. In this fortress Mary Queen of Scots spent a portion of her captivity in England; it was also the favourite residence of the hunchback Richard III. Some three miles from Middleham are the ruins of the Cistercian monastery of Yorevalle, or, as more modernly called, Jervaulx, which, with the surrounding estate, passed from the late Lord

Ailesbury's family into the present ownership of Lord Masham.

Still another abbey adjacent to the town is that of Coverham, almost within rifle shot of the home of the Osbornes, romantically situated on the bank of the Cover, a stream which at times is flooded into a torrent. This ecclesiastical ruin—an exquisite remnant of the "Catholic day" in England—has been subject to acts of vandalism, even in modern times, revealing a disregard to the architectural genius of the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries, apart from any consideration of Christian sentiment, pardonable only in a heathenish country. Nay, the poor heathen could not be guilty of like desecration, for he holds in religious awe his shrines of worship.

Environed in a charming variety of scenery, Middleham, apart from its rich historical interest, its traces of decaying archaeological grandeur, and its Turf associations, is, indeed, a favoured territory of the North Riding. Its surrounding hills, vested in purple heather, form a habitat for the toothsome grouse, many a crag harbours its tribute of black game. Its vales, clad with verdant, luxuriant herbage, continuously watered by the Yore or the Cover, yield the richest of pasture for sheep and cattle, and spread themselves in ample plenitude before the eye, revealing a land veritably flowing with milk and honey. Dull, indeed, would be the soul that did not delight itself on these fair mosaics, these fairy scenes, teeming with hoary legends of Saxon and Danish rule in bygone centuries, of many acts of benevolence emanating from the noble charities of Jervaulx and Coverham long before the period of the Reformation.

In viewing the countryside one almost imagines that Burns had it in his mind's eye when he wrote—

“The partridge loves the fruitful fells ;
 The plover loves the mountains ;
 The woodcock haunts the lonely dells ;
 The soaring hern the fountains :
 Thro' lofty groves the cushat roves,
 The path of man to shun it ;
 The hazel-bush o'erhangs the thrush,
 The spreading thorn the linnet.”

Quitting Middleham for the nonce, and its dim past, let the wayfarer wend his way to the not far distant “God's acre” at Coverham Church, and meditate awhile amongst the tombs. The grey December day adds to the solemn grace of the scene. Here, released from the strife of the racecourse and the “damned iteration” of the ring, lie some worthies who come within the scope of this story. In a quiet corner of the peaceful place a tombstone bearing the following comes into view:—

IN AFFECTIONATE REMEMBRANCE OF
 HARRY GRIMSHAW,
 WHO DIED 4TH OCTOBER, 1866,
 IN THE 26TH YEAR OF HIS AGE.

“In the midst of Life we are in death.”

After reading that simple epitaph one recalls that poor Harry Grimshaw, cut off in the flower of his manhood through a fatal trap accident at Newmarket, was the “pilot” of the mighty Gladiateur. He had not long become the devoted husband of Miss Osborne, in accordance with whose wish the famous jockey's

remains were laid at rest near the spot where he had been tutored by the Osbornes in the rudiments of his calling.

Deviating for a moment from the story, let one intrude an anecdote about Harry Grimshaw which may not be uninteresting to North-country folk, who are second to none in their love of a good horse and a good horseman. In Gladiateur's year the late Col. J. A. Cowen (brother of Mr. Joseph Cowen, of Stella Hall, and of the late Mr. William Cowen, who in his day was a keen patron of the Turf) had been in Paris exhibiting some bloodhounds, of which, in the "sixties," he was a great breeder, and most successful, having at the time the grandest kennel of these noble animals in the world. On the return voyage across the Channel to England with his bloodhounds, it so happened—the time was a few days before Gladiateur's Derby—that Harry Grimshaw was a fellow-passenger on the steamer. He was much fascinated by the grand proportions of the hounds, and introducing himself, he asked:

"Are they quiet?"

"As gentle as lambs," was the Colonel's reply, whereat Grimshaw mounted the back of the largest of them, and suiting the action to the words, as he was jocularly imitating a jockey riding in a race, he said:

"I'll ride Gladiateur home a winner in the Derby like this."

The prophecy, as history records, was a true one, but Colonel Cowen, who never was much addicted to speculation on horse flesh, did not profit to any great extent by what he termed his "bloodhound tip" for the Derby.

Still amongst the dead at Coverham, musing on the vanity of all things mundane, we move a few steps away

from Grimshaw's grave, and admiration is excited by an imposing monument of white marble. Figures of three cherubs are grouped around the central, almost life-size, statue, symbolic of "The Angel of Mercy." On the stones grouped in rockery fashion are chiselled—

THOMAS DAWSON,

DIED 18TH FEBRUARY, 1880.

GEORGE L. DAWSON,

BORN OCTOBER 9, 1837,

DIED JUNE 17, 1895.

GRANT DAWSON,

DIED 12TH NOVEMBER, 1878,

AGED 78.

This simple, unaffected record acts like a talisman in unlocking the cells of memory. Visions of the past, the mighty horses trained by Tom Dawson, on the adjacent Moor, crowd upon the mind. For fifty years was "Old Tom" associated with Middleham, his record as a trainer only being eclipsed by John Scott's, though not surpassed by the deeds of the Crofts, the Foberts, the Osbornes, or any of the trainers who reigned here since the present century was young. Spectres of Ellington, Blue Bonnet, both Derby winners; of Our Nell, an Oaks victress; and of Pretender, involuntarily flit in procession before the mental eye as one gazes on the cold marble that covers all that was mortal of the great master; then the sad reflection that the skilled hand which brought these *preux chevaliers* to the field of strife is now but mere dust. *Sic transit gloria mundi!*

Only a few yards away from "The Angel of Mercy," a granite cross rears itself, bearing the legend:—

IN MEMORY OF
 GEORGE ABDALE,
 LATE OF ASKE, RICHMOND, YORKSHIRE,
 WHO DIED 11TH JULY, 1859;
 ALSO OF
 SARAH, HIS WIFE,
 ELDEST DAUGHTER OF THE LATE
 JOHN HOWE OSBORNE,
 OF ASHGILL,
 WHO DIED 28TH MARCH, 1895,
 AGED 64.

Again the Past is stirred up. Giant figures of Fandango, of Vedette, trained by Abdale, peer through the *camera obscura* of memory. And what a kind, good soul was Mrs. Abdale! In the long years of her widowhood her strong, ineradicable instinct of sport was evinced by her presence at York, Doncaster, Richmond, Northallerton, nay, at almost every race gathering in the Northern circuit. One wots of the good, kind soul—peace to her ashes!—tendering a hint that Gloriation, then trained by her brothers for Mr. R. C. Vyner, would win the Cambridgeshire. She proved a prophetess of verity. Nor was the tip without good results to the chronicler's needy and impoverished exchequer at the time. That was a memorable Cambridgeshire indeed! For did not Walter Glover, then one of the Ashgill "feathers," beat "Mr. John" himself on the mighty Bendigo—a case of the apprentice bettering the master?

Another tombstone record runs:—

IN LOVING MEMORY OF
 PHILIP,
 SON OF JOHN AND MARY OSBORNE,
 WHO DIED 1ST JUNE, 1863,
 AGED 27 YEARS.

Yet one more slab rises over the dust of “Old John.”
 The inscription reads:—

IN MEMORY OF
 JOHN HOWE OSBORNE, OF ASHGILL.
 WHO DIED 31ST JULY, 1865,
 AGED 63 YEARS.

A loving husband, tender father, and sincere friend,
 A generous and an honest man to the end,
 Always inclined to serve a friend when in trouble,
 Doubtless by the Lord will be rewarded double.

ALSO OF MARY, HIS WIFE,
 WHO DIED 24TH NOVEMBER, 1883.
 AGED 79 YEARS.

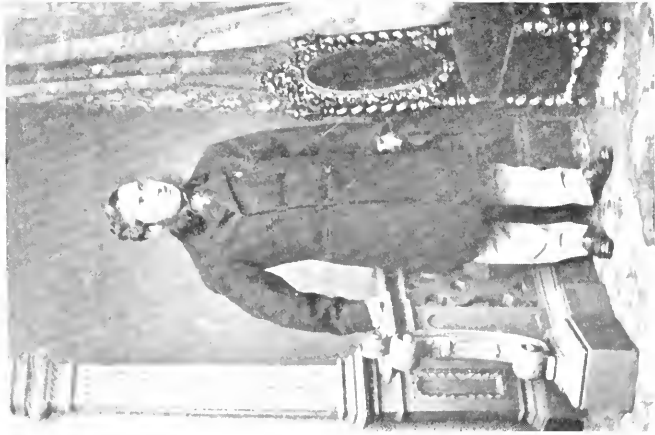
If one be inclined to smile at the halting numbers of the homely verse, the levity is quickly changed into a feeling of admiration for the stout-hearted, brave old fellow whose dust now mingles with the mother clay below. He had been thrilled by the earthquake voice of “king-making victory”; he had passed through the turmoil and the vanity of the strife. In reverential memory one uncovers to the departed worthy, whose life labours had been spent on the near and famous Moor, rearing and training with watchful care the

racers that brought renown not only to this country, but to foreign lands.

And now, quitting the precincts of the churchyard, and having gratified a little weakness to be a sort of understudy to "Old Mortality" on paper, we, in musing mood, take the path leading by the "Lady Bab," an old wayside inn, where many a rousing night has been spent by old Middleham trainers. Brecongill, nestling under the trees, soon presents its modest stone front and its trellised garden gate. This is the house of the "Wizard of Middleham"—John Howe Osborne, who is destined to be a conspicuous figure in this history.



THOMAS DAWSON



JOHN DAWSON

CHAPTER II

“Time hath, my Lord, a wallet on his back wherein he carries alms for Oblivion.”

BRECONGILL, the abode of John Osborne (the second Christian name of Howe is now omitted for brevity's sake), is an unpretentious, old-fashioned two-storeyed house, substantially built of stone, with the stables, whence “Master John” has sent many a good horse, and the stone-paved courtyard forming the immediately adjoining premises. Ashgill, a similar type of residence with its range of stables in propinquity, is about a quarter of a mile distant from Brecongill. For many a long year Ashgill was the paternal household of the Osbornes. Almost within voice call of the two places, nestling under the tree-clad hill, lies Spigot Lodge, another famous home of the thoroughbred, sacred to the memory of The Flying Dutchman, who was trained there by John Fobert. The hardly less celebrated Tupgill, long the residence of Tom Dawson, and Thorngill where he died, are also within easy hail of Ashgill and Brecongill. At the period of writing, Ashgill, then tenanted by Seth Chandley, the North-country jockey, had lost the halo of its glory, for the stalls which once had sheltered a Saunterer, an Apology, and a Lily Agnes, the last-named destined

to immortalise herself as the dam of Ormonde, were now unoccupied by a racer of any note. Comparative decay marked the old place. Its old master's remains had now mixed with the churchyard mould of Coverham for upwards of a third of a century. Fred Bates, a whilom Middleham featherweight, afterwards a trainer for Sir Robert Jardine, was now "master" of Tupgill, with an attenuated string of horses under his care. How changed from the days of old Tom Dawson, when Tupgill could boast a Pretender and other celebrities of the Turf, attesting to the dead master's skill! Thorngill, in the occupation of Tom Connor, had only a few "platers" in its keeping. Harry Hall is a dying man at Spigot Lodge in these closing days of December, 1896; he expired on the 28th of that month in that year. The old man yet glibly talked of his prospects for the ensuing spring campaign, prospects never, alas! to be realised.

But while it is a case of "Ichabod" in regard to Spigot Lodge, Tupgill, and Thorngill, it must be confessed, as showing what a grand stayer "Master John" is, that his place at Brecongill was full of horses—fuller, indeed, than it had been for several seasons past. Of its master one may exclaim—

"Men may come, and men may go,
But he *trains* on for ever."

At length the wayfarer from Coverham hits the line of "The Wizard," and finds himself at the trellised porchway of Brecongill. A hearty welcome from the dapper John Osborne himself, attired in the familiar drab knee-breeches, and an introduction to his charming wife and to those members of the family who had not as yet quitted the parental roof to fight their way in

the world's battle, follow in quick succession. No ostentatious ceremony is displayed, for the host, if anything, is direct and brief of speech. Hospitality of the best is tendered, "Master John" taking the seat of honour at the head of the table, and with the "guid wife" and the family assembled in the well-furnished dining-room, whose sideboard and walls bear many emblems of famous victories, the *tout ensemble* embodies a well-ordered family circle. A God-fearing man—can the "unco guid" believe it compatible with a horse-trainer or a jockey to hold a reverence of his Creator?—the host earnestly says "grace" before partaking of the repast. This little act gives an insight into one of the traits of his character from which has sprung, no doubt, that sense of high rectitude and due proportion of conduct to all men that have gained him, after years of trial, the enviable epithet of "Honest John," a tribute which no man in the same profession ever better deserved.

There are household gods at Brecongill. Let one intrude upon the privacy of the sequestered Yorkshire home and begin with the objects in the drawing-room and on its walls. First and foremost on the crowded sideboard is the Manor Cup, a magnificent design in silver, won by Pity the Blind, so named through having lost an eye, as far back as 1849. Then the eye lights on the Newcastle Cup, won by Romping Girl in 1867; also a magnificent bowl, presented to "Mr. John" by Mr. Robertson Gladstone in 1889 to commemorate the victory of Redsand in the £1000 stake at Manchester. The walls are profusely adorned with paintings and steel plates of celebrities. Mr. George Payne has a prominent place; portraits of "Parson" King, Dr. Trotter, a patron of the old stable; a photograph of

John's father and mother, the latter, as he observes, "a Yorkshire woman, born at Brompton-on-Swale, near Catterick"; a Harry Hall, in oils, of Pretender, with John himself up in the Castlemilk "blue and silver" livery, together with capital drawings of Bon Mot and The Doctor, by Black Doctor, recall old-time triumphs of the master of Brecongill, achieved before any present-day jockeys were dreamt of. Apology, the heroine of the most sensational St. Leger on record, naturally occupies a place of honour in the gallery. In regard to this picture the host remarks:

"I ordered Harry Hall to paint a portrait of the old mare, but he never fulfilled his promise, and I am sorry he did not."

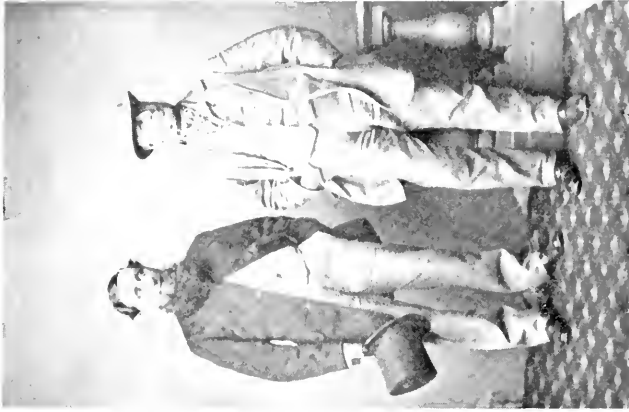
Such a collection would be incomplete without Lily Agnes, who brought lasting renown to Ashgill in its palmy days. This grand mare has her niche in the company of Dr. Syntax, the sire of Bee's-wing (famed for pith and speed), about whose owner, the kindly squire Wm. Orde, of Nunnykirk, and his eccentric old jockey, Bob Johnson, "The Druid" relates some humorous tales. Other notable pictures, including those of Thorn, Grand Flaneur, Bothwell, Organist, Prince Charlie, and Cathedral, with all of whom, more or less, John was brilliantly identified as a horseman, crowd the walls. A clever miniature of the famed Jim Robinson, in oils, and a representation of the finish between Holy Friar and Camballo are interesting mementoes. Modest to the last, John never mentions the illuminated address presented to him at Newcastle-on-Tyne, a quarter of a century back. This testimonial extolling his virtues is relegated to a dark corner of the room against the light, and only by chance comes under observation.

The walls of the adjoining smoke-room are also embellished with portraits of notable horses with which his father, John, and his brothers Robert and William were associated for long years during their reign at Ashgill. There is Priam, pronounced by the still-living John Kent to be the grandest type of a thoroughbred he ever saw. Lord Chesterfield bought Priam from the celebrated Chifneys for 3000 guineas, and he won that great sportsman the Derby of 1830. The same nobleman's Zinganee, which old John Osborne, as well as Priam, had under his charge for a time when first he went to Bretby to look after Lord Chesterfield's stud for a brief period in his younger days, is also pictorially illustrated. The old Ashgill mare, Lady Trespass (dam of Cathedral), who was the joint property of Mr. William Hudson and old John Osborne, also has her space. Mr. R. N. Batts' grand old horse, Thorn, a great favourite of "Mr. John's," with him in the saddle, could not but be included in the gallery. Portraits of George Fordham and General Peel, with old prints of Hambletonian and Diamond and Haphazard, suggest many a story. Excellent photos of old John Osborne and his son Robert; of Mr. John Johnstone, the master of the Dumfriesshire hounds; an oil painting of Ringlet (foaled in 1829), by Whisker, the property of Mr. Jacques, of Easby Abbey; of Bendigo, with Tom Cannon up; of Bloomsbury, winner of the Derby in 1839, Templeman up; and a print of Pretender are prominent amongst other subjects on the walls. John's sympathy with the "leash" is shown in the drawing-room by a fine steel engraving of the celebrated picture of Ashdown Coursing Meeting. Portraits of that good mare, Stone Clink (who won for Mr. R. C. Vyner and Ashgill a Northumberland Plate and the Cesarewitch

in one year, proving herself a stayer of the first water), with a foal at foot, and of Esterling, also adorn the room; and as showing his loyalty to a true gentleman and illustrious sportsman, a photo of the Prince of Wales occupies the place of honour over the mantel-piece. The table in the corner groans under the weight of the colossal Warwick Cup, won by Rapparee, and which was presented to John by his father. This splendid silver trophy is of exquisite design, and represents, in a group of figures, Sir Thomas Lee receiving Charles I. at Stoneleigh Abbey.

Amongst other treasures is a gold box, the gift of Mr. R. Gladstone, and fashioned out of the hoof of Beauty, a winner of the Chester Cup. Much prized is the illuminated testimonial presented to him, together with a dessert service of gold and silver, in 1876 at York, on which occasion Judge Johnson, exceeding his brevity in giving a verdict, "Won by a head," said in his speech, "Won by a head and honest heart"—a fine epigram from one who had up to then been identified with him for more than a third of a century.

Like the great majority of John Osborne's old friends, Judge Johnson has been called away to the silent land. Now approaching the allotted span of human existence, the old-time jockey, the hero of hundreds of fights, must have many sad, yet pleasant, memories of departed associates, who admired his qualities of head and heart as much in the far distant days as does every man directly or indirectly connected with the Turf in the present. "Time tries all" is an ancient adage, but its truth was never more fully emphasised than in the career of John Osborne, who comes out of the alembic as true as refined gold. In the foregoing pages a faint effort has been made to



JAMES AND GEORGE DAWSON



JOSEPH DAWSON

afford the reader a glimpse of the home life itself of a man whose name, since he rode his first winner as far back as 1846 at Radcliffe races, has often resounded, like a clarion, in the great strife of the racecourse. However bald the limning, the opinion is ventured that it may reveal a condition of affairs that his modern *confrères* in the pigskin and in the training of horses might copy, with the most beneficial results to themselves as individuals, and, collectively, to the great national sport which has done so much to give vigour, courage, and character to the Anglo-Saxon race.

CHAPTER III

“When Time, who steals our hours away,
Shall steal our pleasures too;
The memory of the Past will stay,
And half our joys renew.”

LINKED as it has been for three-quarters of a century with the Turf history of the United Kingdom generally, and for upwards of sixty years with the isolated Yorkshire hamlet of Middleham in particular, the name of Osborne has become as familiar as a household word throughout the length and breadth of the land. Its connection with the county of broad acres has led the “Tykes,” at least that portion of them unacquainted with the facts, to claim the family as indigenious to a soil that has yielded owners, trainers, jockeys, and stablemen who, from time immemorial, have been conspicuous actors in the great drama of the Turf. When an illusion is innocent 'twere pity, almost, to dispel it. But in the interests of veracity the fact must be stated that Yorkshire is *not* the natal soil of the Osbornes, or, at least, that part of the family, viz., the father and three sons—William, John, and Robert—who form central figures in these pages, and to whom the horse-loving county owes much of its history and renown in the present century.

It is a fact that great trainers of the past like John Scott, the Dawsons, and John Fobert, with others of celebrity, were not "Yorkshire bred." Death, who, in the long run, always triumphs, has long since claimed for his own most, if not all, of these worthies who were contemporary with the Osbornes from the very outset. Which was the greatest Roman of them all it is not the present task to unfold, for there are many circumstances and conditions and environments to consider in such a problem. Their names are merely recalled incidentally, alongside of the Osbornes, to prove that Yorksire owes a great deal of her Turf greatness and her character to men born outside of her own wide acreage.

John Howe Osborne, the founder of the family so far as concerns its Turf history, was born at Wetherden, Suffolk, in the year 1801. His third and most celebrated son—also named John Howe Osborne, the central figure of this book—first saw the light at Gorey House, Bretby, on the 7th of January, 1833. For the sake of brevity and distinctness, the "Howe" in the two names will hereafter be discarded; indeed, to retain it would be confusing to the reader, for when the son first grew into notice as a jockey in 1846 he became known gradually by the diminutives of "Johnnie," "The Pusher," "Mr. John," the "Bank of England Jockey," and other endearing descriptive epithets; while from that period until his death in 1865 the father is spoken of as "Old John Osborne," a name thereafter to be applied to the son.

Of John Osborne the elder's early life little is known up to youthful manhood, but of this assurance is given that he was "among horses" in his native county from the time he was the size of a bucket. That he was not endowed at the outset of his career with worldly riches

is equally certain. We shall soon see that life to him was real and earnest, and that the speculative traits which marked his pilgrimage from the beginning of the century to his death were early developed. He quitted Wetherden in the early "twenties" to fulfil a responsible post in the *haras*, at Fence Houses, Co. Durham, of Mr. Ralph Lambton, who afterwards was created first Earl of Durham.

Apart from being a mighty hunter and master of hounds, Mr. Ralph Lambton was a breeder of thoroughbreds, and like the second Earl and the third, who is the present holder of the title, rendered good service to the State in those capacities. Chiefly with the second Earl of Durham, who succeeded to the title in 1840, was old John Osborne connected in business affairs, frequently buying yearlings from the Fence Houses stud. The second Earl of Durham at an early age became a learned student of strains of blood, and was well posted in Weatherby. He began with a Cure mare, which he had out of Elphine, that bred him Rickledon, Harriton, The Wizard, The Nymph, Hecate, Michael Scott, Ariel, Giralda, and Alumna, the last named a winner of the Ham Stakes. All of these could win races, but the best of the bunch without doubt was The Wizard, whom his lordship disposed of to Mr. Anthony Nichol, of Newcastle-on-Tyne, as a foal, for 200 guineas. He was a lucky purchase for Mr. Nichol (who also owned Warlock and Newminster), as he won him the Two Thousand Guineas, and was afterwards placed for the Derby and St. Leger. John Scott entertained the highest opinion of The Wizard's speed, and was much disappointed at him not following up the Two Thousand victory with the Derby and St. Leger. That The Wizard could stay he proved at

Stockbridge, when he was magnificently ridden by Sam Rogers, and at Goodwood, where he was only beaten a head for the Cup by *our* John Osborne on the American horse Starke, after a terrific struggle. The Wizard always had a weak spot, however, and this would not admit of him keeping advantage of a race when he had gained it. He was sold at the end of his career to the Prussians for 4000 guineas.

No better school than Mr. Lambton's for ripening horse knowledge and experience could have been found by the then young Osborne, and it served to lay a solid foundation for his subsequent career as a breeder, owner, and racer of thoroughbreds. In the year 1825 he left Mr. Lambton's service to become head man for the Duke of Leeds, in whose employment he remained until 1831. The Duke of Leeds died on 10th July, 1838. His name will ever be associated with Octavian's St. Leger of 1810. Princely in his support of the Turf, he bore a character for uprightness that differed from many of his contemporaries: "he could bear to be beaten, and invariably sent his horses to the post, win or lose, with a most generous and noble spirit."

While under the ducal banner at Hornby Castle, Mr. Scaife then being the presiding genius of the establishment, John Osborne enriched his experience to so great a degree that he attracted the notice of Lord Chesterfield, surnamed "The Magnificent" for the costly and princely manner in which he upheld his stud and regulated his movements in the highest walks of society. Bretby was then Lord Chesterfield's headquarters, and here John Osborne acted in the double capacity of stud groom and trainer to a few of his lordship's horses, the principal lot of them being schooled by John Scott at Whitewall and Pigburn.

At Bretby "Old John" had Octavian, then at the stud, under his charge; also Priam, winner of the Derby of 1830; Zingance, winner of the Two Thousand; and Moonbeam, a Champagne winner. Mention of these equine celebrities brings to the recollection a crowd of the most stirring episodes in the history of the Turf, many of which are unknown to the present generation. The celebrated brothers Chifney were then at the apex of their fame. At the commencement of the last decade in the eighteenth century the Prince of Wales retained the elder Chifney for life as his jockey at a salary of 200 guineas per annum, which appears an insignificant sum compared with the £5000 a year that the late "Squire" Abington gave for the first call on the services of John Watts. Yet at the close of the last century 200 guineas a year was a very considerable retainer for even the greatest jockey of the day. A book might be written about the Chifneys, of whom old Sam, the father, was the most notorious, if not celebrated, jockey of his period. "The Druid" relates how, perhaps with the exception of Frank Buckle, no man was so exactly built for his profession as the elder Chifney. About 5 feet 5 inches in height, weighing 9 stones 5 lbs. in the winter months, he could ride, if required, 7 stones 12 lbs. to the last. He unremittingly trained his son Sam in the art of race riding, and evinced a rare industry in teaching the elder brother, William, the minutiae of training and stable practice. But old Sam Chifney's fortunes decayed with "the Escape affair," which so sickened the Prince of Wales that it caused him to retire from the Turf a second time. Sam went from bad to worse, and in 1805 was arrested for debt and sent into the Fleet. He remained in "durance vile" for two years and a half, breathing his last in his den

in 1807, and being buried at St. Sepulchre's, Holborn. Thus, as is recorded by the Turf historian, ended in misery, poverty, and disgrace the career of one of the greatest jockeys that ever bestrode a horse.

The younger Sam Chifney and the elder brother, William, benefited by the tuition of old Sam, and the "Chifney rush" in the first half of the present century was the forerunner of the finest efforts of Fordham, Archer, and John Osborne in our time.

At the period John Osborne, senior, joined Lord Chesterfield's stud at Bretby, the brothers Chifney were the foremost men in their profession, and became associated with his lordship in racing matters. "Helvellyn," in the defunct *Sporting Mirror*, gives an interesting *rechauffée* of their connection with Lord Chesterfield, from which the following is excerpted:—

"The brothers Chifney were at the zenith of their career about the year 1830. Up to that time they had no horses of their own of any great merit, but in 1828 they brought out Zinganee, in 1830 Priam, and in 1831 Emiliana. With Zinganee they got third in the Derby to those memorable dead-heaters, Cadland and the Colonel, but he was far from well when the race was decided. Zinganee had barely reached Epsom, previously to the Derby, when his throat swelled, and he ran profusely at the nose almost up to the time of starting. To get even third, and a fair third too, in such a condition, was no mean performance. The following spring Zinganee beat Cadland easily by two lengths at Newmarket, but after this race he had a cough for nearly five weeks, and only had sixteen days of good work before his victory for the Ascot Gold Cup. Although the Chifneys were offered 3000 guineas for Zinganee the day before the race, they preferred to sell

the horse to Lord Chesterfield for £500 less on the evening before, as they had doubts about the straightforwardness of the intentions of the other people. Zinganee won the Trial Stakes earlier at the meeting, and the seven that opposed him for the Cup were about the best animals in training. There was Mr. Gully's Mameluke, the Derby winner of 1827; the Colonel and Cadland, the dead-heaters for the same race the year after; Green Mantle, the Oaks winner of 1829; Lamplighter, Bobadilla, etc. The Chifneys won about £1200 on the race, and took £500 of it at $2\frac{1}{2}$ to 1 through Mr. Greville just before starting. This was Zinganee's best performance, as after leaving the Chifneys' stable he lost his form, as he was a delicately constituted horse, and required a lot of understanding.

“Perhaps the horse of all others that the name of Chifney is most closely identified with was Priam. The brothers took such a fancy to him when he was a yearling, described as the colt by Emilius out of Cressida, and sent up to Newmarket for sale, that they determined to have him at any price. Their fancy cost them 1000 guineas before Mr. Tattersall's hammer fell, a rattling big price, remembering that fashionable yearlings did not fetch the money half a century ago that they do at the present time. Martin Starling broke the colt in, and during his young days opinions were greatly divided regarding his merits. Lord Darlington took a violent dislike to him and vowed he would never stay the Derby course; but Lord Chesterfield declared that he could look at him all day, and that he was ‘the only blood horse he had ever seen.’ Priam did not run during his two-year-old days, and he made his first appearance in public at the New-

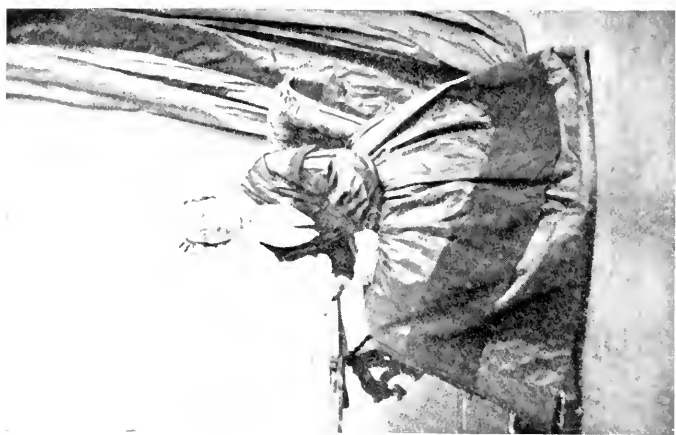
market Craven Meeting. He was not quite wound up to the mark as he had caught a severe cold in the early spring, and the Chifneys could not hurry him in his preparation. There was some difficulty to get a jockey for Priam for the Derby, as Lord Darlington, who had Sam Chifney's first services, claimed him for Sheldrake, and Mr. Rush insisted on his first call on Robinson for Ivanhoe, so that at last S. Day was entrusted with the Chifney 'green and black cap' on Priam. There was no 'Newmarket Special' travelling from headquarters to Epsom in a few hours in those days, and horses had to finish their preparation on the Surrey Hills. Will Chifney and Priam started for Epsom on the Friday week before the Derby, and it is reported that 'Brother Will' walked all the way from Cambridgeshire into Surrey by the side of his Derby nag. The Chifneys backed Priam to win a lot of money, but even yet he did not start favourite. Like Lord Clifden in the St. Leger thirty-three years later, Priam was the last off, and Sam Chifney, who with Sheldrake was then in the first flight, had, in turning round to discover where Priam was, the satisfaction of seeing him still careering at the post on his hind legs. However, when Day did get him down he went after the others like a steam engine and quickly caught Chifney's mount, who on that day could not have won an ordinary plating contest. Eventually Priam mowed down his field, and quickly settling Little Red Rover won by two lengths. After this easy Derby victory the Leger was thought to be merely a question of health for him, but the going was so bad on the day that it suited better the great-striding Birmingham, who won by half a length. Next spring Lord Chesterfield bought Priam for 3000 guineas from the Chifneys, and he won for his lordship the Good-

wood Cup, shortly after which he was sold to the Americans for 4000 guineas, Mr. Tattersall at the sale describing the plucky purchasers as 'noble buyers.'

"After Priam's Derby victory the star of the Chifneys descended, and their stud was soon brought to the hammer. Once after 1834 was the Chifney 'green and black' seen at Epsom, and this was when their nephew, the accomplished and honest Frank Butler, had his maiden mount in 1836 on The Athenian. Finally, Sam Chifney retired from the saddle in 1844. He saw his last Derby when 'The Flying West' passed the post in 1853, and died, after a month's illness, in August, 1854, at Brighton, where he is buried in Hove Churchyard."

It will be gathered from the foregoing borrowed sketch that John Osborne, senior, from the period he was associated with Lord Chesterfield at Bretby, up to 1837, had lived in stirring times. Yet all his knowledge and lore of those days were never committed to paper in after life, and now, upwards of sixty years afterwards, the compiler has to depend upon the most trivial data supplied from sources outside the battle.

On severing his connection with Lord Chesterfield, John Osborne, senior—he had then been married a few years, his third son, *our* John Osborne, becoming a hostage to fortune on 7th January, 1833, as already mentioned—aspired to wider scope for the development of his talents as a trainer and breeder of the high-mettled racer. Up to the end of 1836, Ashgill, the destined future quarters of the family, had been tenanted by George Oates, who trained Lottery there for Mr. Whittaker and Longwaist for Mr. Nowell. His son, George Oates, who died a few years ago, followed in his footsteps as a trainer at Richmond, Yorkshire.



MRS. JOHN OSBORNE, SEN.



JOHN OSBORNE, SEN.

In the spring of 1837 John Osborne, senior, entered upon the occupation of Ashgill, and remained its tenant until his death, from cancer, in 1865. The first three animals he owned were Wrestler and Orcus, whom he bought from the Duke of Leeds, and Miss Bowe, the dam of Longbow, sire of Toxophilite. Orcus proved a useful but unlucky purchase, for after winning three races in 1837, he fell in a race at Manchester and succumbed to the accident soon afterwards. Miss Bowe also distinguished herself that year by beating General Chassé by a head, weight for age, at Manchester, after which performance Lord Stanley, subsequently the great Lord Derby—"the Rupert of debate"—then a young man, and who was the life-long friend of the choleric but eccentric Lord Kelburne (who in turn assumed the higher title of Lord Glasgow), purchased Miss Bowe for 400 guineas. At this period John Fobert at Spigot Lodge was the neighbour of old John Osborne, and making his mark as a trainer. Fobert's great patron was Sir James Boswell, of Auchinleck, N.B., where it was customary for his horses to be quartered in the winter, then to be travelled south to Middleham in the spring to be prepared for their engagements. General Chassé stood at Ashgill when he was trained for the St. Leger, and so did Lord Sligo's Bran, the latter being trained by Murphy. Between Fobert and Murphy there existed a deep-rooted rivalry arising from Bran beating General Chassé in the St. Leger. That "The General" was a nailing good horse at the time was proved by his victory over Touchstone in the Liverpool St. Leger, the horse further confirming his excellence when he vanquished Camel's illustrious son as a four-year-old over the same course. So it may be gathered that old John Osborne began his career at

Ashgill in a promising manner by having a flier like Miss Bowe at the very outset in his own hands.

It is interesting to note that at the time the Osbornes first became associated with Ashgill two members of the Dawson family were already located at the adjoining Brecongill, in the very house and stables now occupied by the present John Osborne. The history of this remarkable family of trainers is largely bound up with Middleham. The father of the Dawsons was flourishing at Gullane, N.B., as a trainer, numbering amongst his employers Lord Montgomery, Lord Kelburne, Mr. W. Baird, Mr. Meiklam, and Sir T. Moncrieffe—the latter a man noted for unprepossessing appearance; and yet a member of the family destined to be the future charming Countess of Dudley, in her prime would have been “accorded the golden apple for her loveliness.” The eldest of a numerous family of Dawsons was named Thomas, after the father. He was born in 1809, lived at home across the Borders till he was twenty-one, when, accompanied by his younger brother, John, the eminent Newmarket trainer, he came to Middleham, the brothers taking up quarters at Brecongill to train on their own account in 1830. Around Brecongill there hangs a rich record of stirring turf history in connection with Thomas and John Dawson. Another distinguished member of the family was the late Matthew Dawson, who, on his father's death, succeeded to the responsibilities of the establishment at Gullane that had been carried on there for many years. It would have revived in the late venerable Matthew Dawson's memory a world of old-time associations when he was told, as was the case just before his death, that John Osborne of the present day could remember his first visit to

Middleham in 1840, when he travelled afoot from Scotland to run Pathfinder in the Derby of that year.

The Dawsons soon got into a rich winning vein at Brecongill, Tupgill, and Thorngill, for they were in turn occasional tenants of these well-known Middleham training establishments. The patrons of their father supported the sons in their adopted Yorkshire home, for amongst the latter who sent their horses to be trained were Lord Eglinton, Sir James Boswell, Major Paul, Admiral Harcourt, Sir J. Gerrard, Mr. A. Johnstone, Mr. G. Hope-Johnstone, Mr. Ramsay, and Mr. O'Brien. A long and illustrious roll of winners were trained by the Dawson family. Not the least noteworthy was Ardrossan, the sire of Jack Spigot, the St. Leger winner of 1821, and of the dam of the peerless Bee's-wing. The brothers Tom and John at Brecongill had Charles XII. under their care, though he did not reach them until after his dead heat and subsequent triumph over Euclid in the St. Leger of 1839, when he was bought by Mr. Johnstone. But they trained him the next year, when he won several important races, including the Goodwood Cup, the Doncaster Cup, and a match for £1000 against Mr. Lightwald's Hyllus over the Cup course, giving him 5 lb. Job Marson rode Charles XII., and the famous Jim Robinson was on Hyllus, who was defeated by a neck. Our Nell, a filly belonging to George Dawson, won the Oaks in 1842, and they took the St. Leger with Blue Bonnet for Lord Eglinton. They trained Van Tromp when he won the St. Leger in 1847, but his defeat in the Derby by The Cossack sent dismay into the heart of Yorkshire. John Dawson was the first to bring word of the defeat to Middleham, where the fate of the Derby was expected with all the anxiety of the news of a great

battle. Lanercost was at Brecongill as a three-year-old, but was transferred to the care of "Brother Mat" just before the St. Leger of 1838.

In rapid succession the brothers Tom and John Dawson trained such clinkers as Priestess, Rowena, Fair Helen, Malcolm, Lady Masham, Traverser, Lightwing, Mentor, Ellerdale, Ellermire, Inheritress, Ellington (winner of the Derby), Mark Tapley, Fancy Boy, Chief Justice, Jonathan Wild, St. Bennett, Grimston, St. Martin, Abraham, Newland, Modesty, and Dr. Caius. Grimston won them the Goodwood Cup and Jonathan Wild the Stakes for Mr. O'Brien the same year. St. Bennett took the Northumberland Plate—a great event in those days—in 1838 and 1839, and Inheritress in 1845, Ellerdale capturing the Yorkshire Oaks and Raby the Cambridgeshire in 1849.

Lord Glasgow had horses in training at Middleham about 1849, and after John Dawson had failed, as many others of his craft had done, to please that nobleman, he left Thomas by himself at Brecongill and went to Compton in Berkshire, there establishing himself in a career which, like that of his brother Mat, subsequently culminated at Newmarket in a record of brilliant successes that rival even those of John Scott himself in the palmiest days of Whitewall and Pigburn.

In 1838-39 Polydorus did not do much good for John Osborne; he only began to really pay his way three seasons after; but Skipton, by Stockport, proved a useful introduction to the struggling stud. He was never beaten while at Ashgill, winning four times, when "Old John," always ready to turn over at a profit, sold him to Squire Osbaldeston. Then there was another useful inmate of the stable in Ararat, who won a handicap in the "Potteries" and several other races

before Bee's-wing beat him a head for the Cup at Stockton. Gipsy Queen, by Dr. Syntax, ran five times as a two-year-old, and was second on each occasion, one of her victors being Attila, who won the Derby the following year, a fact which goes to prove that the then young trainer was tackling good class horses.

The following version of the Dawsons' career at Middleham is given from the present John Osborne's lips in 1897:—

“In 1840, Matthew Dawson travelled a three-year-old of Lord Eglinton's, called Pathfinder, from Gullane in Scotland to Catterick Bridge, and won a match with him there against Mr. Meiklam's Remedy. After that race Matthew Dawson came on to Middleham, stayed with his brother Thomas Dawson, then training at Brecongill, for a short time, and took Pathfinder on to Epsom to run for the Derby won by Little Wonder. Matthew Dawson had an idea of winning the Derby with Pathfinder, but Thomas told him he would have to find something better, adding, as Matthew took the colt from Middleham, so the story is told, ‘There goes cocky little Mat to win the Derby.’ Thomas Dawson came to Middleham about 1831 or 1832. He was certainly training at Brecongill in 1832, succeeding Mr. Mangles in the occupation of the place. One of the first horses Mr. Dawson trained here was Orangeman, half owned by my father. The horse was bred by my grandfather, Mr. Arrowsmith of Brompton-on-Swale. ‘Mr. Thomas’ soon had a big stud at Brecongill, Lord Eglinton being one of the first patrons, along with Mr. Meiklam and Mr.

O'Fairlie. From 1843 he had both Brecongill and Tupgill for his horses, but he left Brecongill in 1849 and went to live at Tupgill. Mr. George Dawson and Mr. John Dawson, brothers of Thomas, lived in Middleham when I first remember and had some horses, but they both left Brecongill to become private trainers for Lord Glasgow at different times. Mr. John Dawson did not succeed with Lord Glasgow, who failed to keep his trainers for long, particularly his private trainers. Thomas Dawson gave up Tupgill and went to Thorngill, and died there in 1880. He was a great trainer. I think he had a good mare called Fairy while he was here at Brecongill, and she ran for the Oaks in 1834. After that he had St. Bennett, St. Martin, and Bellona, a good mare. He had Lanercost at Brecongill as a three-year-old. Then there were also Aristides, Our Nell (winner of the Oaks in 1842), Blue Bonnet (winner of the St. Leger the same year). These were the first races that Our Nell and Blue Bonnet ran for, and neither of them won a race afterwards. That is a remarkable thing, without any parallel in the history of racing I should fancy. Other good winners at Brecongill trained by Thomas Dawson were Potentate, Zohrab, and Jamie Forrest.

“After 1843, Lord Eglinton left Mr. Thomas Dawson and engaged John Fobert as private trainer at Spigot Lodge. Still, Thomas Dawson had plenty of horses to train, and continuing the list there were Godfrey, Allendale, Mentor, Traverser, and Jonathan Wild. Inheritress, too,

was a good mare he trained; then there were True Boy and Fancy Boy, two good useful horses. Grimston was a good mare and won him the Goodwood Cup in 1846; and Allendale was another high-class animal. Maid of Masham he had at Brecongill in 1848 and 1849, but before that there was Pointon in 1846. He beat Iago for the great Yorkshire Stakes. We must not forget Ellington who won the Derby, and Gildermire who ran a dead heat for the Oaks and then was beaten. He also trained Tunstall Maid, Early Bird, Sprig o' Shillelagh, and Watermarske. His son Thomas trained Tim Whiffler as a three-year-old, and 'Mr. Thomas' also acted as one of Lord Blythswood's private trainers while he was here. In regard to his opinion of 'best horses,' Mr. Thomas Dawson expressed to me that the best he ever knew was Touchstone, and regarded his win in the Doncaster Cup of 1836, when he beat a large field in a trot, as a really great performance. He even thought Touchstone a better horse than The Flying Dutchman or West Australian."

Ashgill, as a training stable, had already asserted itself as a power to be reckoned with in the early forties. Old John Osborne, assisted by his ever-faithful, industrious, homely wife, was "feeling his feet." With his stud of racers largely increasing, fortune was beginning to smile upon his efforts. In the autumn of 1841 he attracted the patronage of the Marquis of Westminster, who engaged him to train his horses at Delamere Forest, but by mutual arrangement "Old John" was allowed to carry on the business at Ashgill at the same time.

“ Amongst the Ashgill inmates in 1841 was Auckland, of whom an idea was entertained that he had a chance of winning the Derby, but his leg gave way before the race after he got to the scene of action. William de Fortibus was another that paid his way. It was in 1841 that Maria Day came to Ashgill. She had been bought by my father at Mr. Nowell’s sale at Underley, Westmorland, that gentleman having bred her. She came in November, and to test the mettle of the newcomer all the yearlings were roughed up to ascertain if they could ‘go.’ Maria Day was well tried with a mare called Ten Pound Note, and from what she told my father he advised the Marquis of Westminster to buy her. She wintered at Ashgill, the Marquis getting her for 100 guineas. Amongst her performances as a two-year-old in 1842 were a double win at Catterick and a third in the Doncaster Champagne. She succumbed after a desperate race in the Two-Year-Old Stakes at Doncaster by a short lead, it being recorded in the papers at the time that it was ‘the largest and severest race ever seen at Doncaster.’ In fact, it is so chronicled in Robert Johnson’s and Mr. Michael Benson’s old Calendars, in which descriptions of the races were given as well as the returns, it being Mr. Johnson’s custom to cut out the reports from *Bell’s Life* and fix them to each race. The Weatherbys of the present day might well imitate the example of the old-time chronicler.

“ The Marquis of Westminster’s connection lasted twelve months only, and John Osborne

returned to Ashgill in 1842, thereafter devoting his sole attention to his own stud, which had been looked after in his absence by William Marson, a brother of Job Marson, who trained the celebrated 'Beverley' Nancy and a number of other good animals. Nothing of note came out of the stable in 1843-44 beyond Lady Milton, Sloane by Slane, Brandy Face (winner of a few races), and Betsy Bird (a useful plater). In 1844 Staley gained a few brackets to help to pay the corn bills, only to break down in the Chester Cup so badly that great difficulty was experienced in getting him home again. The Irish-bred Cranbrook was the pick of the stable in 1845 and 1846. Owned by an Irish sportsman named Mr. Stewart, Cranbrook won the Great Yorkshire Handicap, and was fifth in the Cesarewitch, Dialect beating him in a handicap across the flat the same week, a large field starting. In 1846 Comme il Faut proved herself a smart little 'un for the rising stable."

High prices for young stock are by no means a trustworthy guide to the winning post or to success in breeding. "Old" Agnes and her foal, as we shall see, cost old John Osborne but 20 guineas. An instance of a cheap purchase and good results was that of Little Wonder, winner of the Derby of 1840. This extraordinary "little pony," bred in 1837 by Mr. Nowell of Underley, got by Muley out of Lacerta by Zodiac, was purchased by Mr. Robertson of Ladybank, near Berwick-on-Tweed, out of the Underley yearlings for 65 guineas. One more case of a cheap Derby winner was that of Spaniel, who won in 1831. It is related of this stout son of Whalebone, from a Canopus mare, that one

evening in the spring of 1828 a small but merry party sat around the dinner table of that fine old English gentleman, Lord Egremont. "The bottle was in active circulation and the good old peer in merry glee—his friends around him, and his racehorses the theme. 'What will you do now, my lord, with that young Whalebone weed in the further paddock?' quoth one of the guests. 'Sell him,' was the reply. 'The price?' 'A hundred and fifty.' 'He is mine.' That 'weed' was Spaniel, whose rivals on the turf at that period were mighty racers like Priam, Camerine, Lucetta, Tranby, Cetus, and Fleur de Lis."

In the spring of 1837, at Lord Chesterfield's sale, one lot comprised an old mare twenty-one years of age and a lanky looking foal at her foot. This couple excited the laughter rather than the competition of the bystanders, insomuch that they were knocked down to Lord George Bentinck for the sum of 54 guineas, even he buying them at the earnest solicitation of a pretty good judge in these matters as a "spec." That old mare's foal was Crucifix, by Priam out of Octaviana by Octavian. Crucifix won the Chesterfield Stakes, the Lavant Stakes, the Molecombe Stakes, the Hopeful Stakes at Newmarket, the Clearwell, the Criterion, and other events of importance as a two-year-old, her total winnings for the season being a clear £4587 of public money, a most remarkable sum in those distant times when the stakes were small as compared to what obtains in the present day. As a three-year she won the One Thousand, the Two Thousand Guineas, and the Oaks. Crucifix up to that time did more on the Turf than any other English horse that had yet appeared, having won twelve races within as many months without having been once beaten, winning

£10,287 in stakes alone. She went to the stud a "cripple," "sacrificed ere she reached the zenith of her age by premature abuse of her great powers." Yet she became the dam of a Derby winner in Surplice. Mr. Orde bought the dam of Bee's-wing at Mr. Riddell's sale for 22 guineas. A list of the prices given for Derby, Oaks, and Leger "cracks" of 1831 during eighteen months is interesting reading at the present day. Riddlesworth sold for 3000 guineas, after running second for the Derby; Black Daphne for 1500 guineas; Trustee, third for the Derby, for 2000 guineas; Non Compos for 2000 guineas; Fairy sold at two years old for 3300 guineas; Ludlow for 5000 guineas; Ladyfly for 1000 guineas; and Gratis for 1000 guineas—eight horses, and nearly £20,000 in all.

CHAPTER IV

“Honour and shame from no condition rise,
Act well your part, there all the honour lies.”

OLD John Osborne did some service to the State as a sire. Now entered into the “forties,” he had presented several hostages to fortune, so that his household increased with the number of horses that were in the Ashgill *haras*. The two elder sons, William and Robert, were already grown into big lads, so big, indeed, that any dreams of them keeping within a reasonable weight as jockeys were soon dissipated. But there was yet the third son of the family to look forward to as the jewel much wanted in a stable which up to that time had been the nursery of jockeys. A “featherweight” in those days of lightly framed handicaps was now advanced, in the year of grace 1846, to the age of thirteen years. Probably a bright, merry, active, handy stripling he was, with the instinctive love of jockeyship and of horses imbued in him by his associations from very infancy. This boy was none other than the present John Osborne, destined to become a bright and shining actor in the great, stirring scenes of the Turf for the succeeding half-century. Often enough, no doubt, the child had been pitched into the saddle by

his father, and ridden in a rough up gallop across the undulations of famed old Middleham Moor. At all events, so much was thought of him as a rider at the age of thirteen years that little "Johnnie" was entrusted with his first mount in public in 1846 on Miss Castling, an Inheritor mare. The race was the Wilton Cup at Radcliffe Bridge, near Bury, in Lancashire. It was not an auspicious first essay, as Miss Castling broke down in the contest, which was a handicap, two miles, with 100 sovs. added—an important stake in those days. Mr. Baker had taken the meeting in hand and raised it that year from the "flapping" or illegitimate order, to a more dignified status, by increasing the stakes and by improving the course, which had a very awkward turn in it before he made a change. Miss Castling, a thoroughly game little mare, was afterwards patched up, and "Johnnie" rode her the following year in the Liverpool Cup, carrying 5 st. 7 lbs.

The embryo jockey had been brought from school to make this, his first essay in the pigskin. He was educated at Brampton-on-Swale, near Catterick, where he lived with his grandfather until he was nearly eleven years of age, afterwards returning to Ashgill and starting at once in the stables. A strict disciplinarian and a toiler himself, the father did not allow of his family eating the bread of idleness; the mother, too, found her hands full with increasing ties, and worked as hard as any member of her family. The tale is told of the good dame arming herself with the stable besom and driving the indifferent stable hands to the venerable church in the valley below on Sundays. The calls of religion were evidently not ignored in the old Yorkshire home, and the mother's influence, no doubt, has had a

material bearing upon the splendid integrity which thereafter marked the conspicuous career of her most celebrated son. "Young Johnnie," after his schooldays, began to work and ride in earnest. There were eleven of a family all told, brother William, born in 1829, being the eldest; the future Mrs. Abdale being the second, and John, as already recorded, the third. Then there was the future Mrs. Barrow; Philip and Robert, who died; the future Mrs. Ridley; George, destined to become a clergyman; the two sisters, who afterwards became Mrs. George Dawson and Mrs. Chaloner; the youngest brother being Philip, now practising as a solicitor at Sheffield.

In the autumn of 1844, old John Osborne bought Annette, by Priam, with Agnes, by Clarion, at her feet. This deal, small in its way at the time, has had a most important bearing upon the history of the English thoroughbred, as Agnes—"Old Agnes," as she was afterwards called—may justly be regarded as the veritable tap root of the great "Agnes" family. Annette's dam was by Don John, out of Moll in the Wad, by Hambletonian. The price of Annette and her foal, Agnes, was twenty guineas or thereabouts, the seller and owner being Mr. Minor, a Shrewsbury gentleman. Agnes was tried in the autumn with Cranbrook, and found useful. She ran twice at Newmarket in the Cesarewitch week, and twice in the Houghton week as a two-year-old. "Old John" fancied her very much for the Nursery in the Houghton week, but she failed to realise expectations, her failure to run up to the home trial being explained by her being found amiss at the end of the week. Agnes's career ended with her two-year-old running.

PRODUCE OF AGNES.

Bred by Mr. Minor in 1844, got by Clarion, her dam, Annette, by Priam, out of Potentate's dam, by Don John.

1849—br f <i>Lady Agnes</i> , by Irish Birdcatcher.	} Bred by Mr. JOHN OSBORNE.
1850—br f <i>Miss Agnes</i> , by Irish Birdcatcher.	
*1851—br f <i>Sweet Agnes</i> , by Sweetmeat.	
1852—gr c <i>Lord Alfred</i> , by Chanticleer.	
1853—b c <i>Alfred</i> , by Birdcatcher.	
1854—b f <i>Lady Albert</i> , by Chanticleer.	
1855—br f <i>Lady Alice</i> , by Chanticleer.	
1859—b c <i>Lord Albert</i> , by Fandango.	
1860—br c <i>Lord Arthur</i> , by Fandango.	
1861—b c <i>Lord Adolphus</i> , by The Cure.	
1862—br c <i>King Alfred</i> , by Voltigeur.	
1863—b c — by Weatherbit. (Shot.)	
1864—br c <i>Alexander</i> , by Musjid.	
1865— — by Colsterdale.	

Some account here of Agnes's descendants may not be out of place.

Polly Agnes, bred by Sir Tatton Sykes in 1865, was by The Cure, her dam being Miss Agnes by Birdcatcher out of Agnes by Clarion. Her first foal in 1869 was Rural Dean by Cathedral, and in 1871 she bore Lily Agnes (dam of Ormonde) by Macaroni. Mr. John Snarry bred these two, and afterwards Polly Agnes became the property of Mr. James Snarry, in whose ownership she bore Fleur de Lis, Tiger Lily, and Jessie Agnes. Barren in 1870, 1872, and 1873, she slipped a foal in 1877. The following year she had a filly by Macaroni. Her next foal, a chestnut filly, by Macaroni, died young, and after producing Bay Agnes in 1880, Polly Agnes died in 1881 after foaling Orphan Agnes, by Speculum. Old John Osborne, who held a deep-

* Sweet Agnes produced in 1859 b c by The Cure, and was sold to the King of Sardinia in June, 1860, covered by General Williams, having had no other living produce in England. Sweet Agnes (in Mr. J. Osborne's stud) had a dead foal by Voltigeur in 1856, and was covered by Stockwell. Agnes was barren in 1865, and died in the spring of 1866.

rooted belief in the Cures and Weatherbits, died, as already recorded, in 1865. His faith in those strains of blood was not destined to be upheld in his lifetime to so great an extent as thereafter. But how proud would have been the sturdy old trainer had he been spared to see that grand mare Lily Agnes bringing lustre to his old 20-guinea Agnes, by Clarion. And justly still more proud would he have been had he survived to see Lily Agnes create an apotheosis for the "Agneses" by throwing the incomparable Ormonde to the Duke of Westminster's Bend Or.

Lily Agnes died at Eaton paddocks in her twenty-eighth year on Thursday, 11th May, 1899. She was bred in 1871 by Mr. Snarry, her sire being Macaroni, and her dam Polly Agnes by The Cure out of Miss Agnes. A mare of grand stamina, she won during her career twenty-one races of the total value of £4950. In her three-year-old season she won the Doncaster Cup and the Northumberland Plate, capturing the Great Ebor Handicap the following season. At the close of her racing career she became the property of the late Duke of Westminster, and to her he owed the splendid issue of thoroughbreds which followed her illustrious son, Ormonde, he having sired Orme, who in turn sired Flying Fox. The latter was sold to Mons. E. Blanc on the dispersion of the late Duke of Westminster's stud for the record sum of 37,500 guineas. For several years the famous old mare had been kept in retirement at Eaton paddocks, and owing chiefly to the infirmities of old age creeping on her, it was considered expedient to "be cruel to be kind" by dispatching her with the friendly bullet. She was buried at Eaton, close to the remains of Shotover and Angelica, the stone tablets, "storied with



From an original portrait

LILY AGNES

their praise," recording their ages and retailing their achievements. Lily Agnes's produce was as follows:—Narcissus, by Speculum, in 1878; Eastern Lily, by Speculum, in 1880; Rossington, by Doncaster, in 1881; Farewell (winner of the One Thousand Guineas), by Doncaster, in 1882; Ormonde, by Bend Or, in 1883; Ossory, by Bend Or, in 1885; Fleur de Lis, by Bend Or, in 1886; Ornament, by Bend Or, in 1887; Arklow, by Bend Or, in 1889; and Orelia, by Bend Or, in 1894.

Though not in chronological order with our story, the following account from the present John Osborne himself of the Agnes family may not be deemed out of place:—

“Old Sir Tatton Sykes took a dislike to Polly Agnes as a yearling because she was so very small and weedy, but she grew into a big un as a three-year-old. He asked old Mr. Snarry, his stud groom, if he would have her, and he at once jumped at the chance. She was at once taken away from Sledmere to Mr. Snarry's son's farm, which was close to Sir Tatton's paddocks. She was tried fairly as a two-year-old, but did not do much good. She was covered as a three-year-old, and during that season won the St. Wilfred Handicap at Ripon; also the Scarborough Handicap, carrying her first foal—a colt named Rural Dean, by Cathedral. Her second foal was Lily Agnes, by Macaroni. We tried Lily Agnes on Middleham Moor in the spring as a two-year-old at even weights with Euphrosyne and Organist, the latter being also a three-year-old. She beat Organist a head, with Euphrosyne last. She was never beat as

a two-year-old, winning the Seaton Delaval at Newcastle, a race at York, and another at Kelso in the autumn. As a three-year-old she won her first race at Croxton Park; was beaten at York Spring and at Chester in a badly run race, after which she carried 6 stone 10 lbs. home for the Northumberland Plate, following that up by winning the same season the York Cup, the Doncaster Cup, and then Peut-etre beat her in the Queen's Plate at Manchester. As a four-year-old she ran a dead heat for the Queen's Plate with the French horse, Figaro II., and won the decider by a head; also won the Ebor Handicap that season. She won the Queen's Plate at Shrewsbury, beating, amongst others, Princess Louise Victoria. In her five-year-old career she won a Queen's Plate at Chester. That season she was trained again for the Northumberland Plate by my brother William, who had her under his eyes all along; but three days before she had to run for that event, Mr. Snarry took her away from Ashgill and placed her under the charge of Charles Lund. An opinion got abroad that the late Mr. Harry Bragg had laid against her. After winning her race at Chester, Lily Agnes was intended for the stud and to be put to Lecturer. Then the weights came out for the Northumberland Plate, and she was put into training again; in fact, she was never really taken out of training. She did not run very well in the Northumberland Plate. It would be as a six-year-old that she went to the stud, Mr. Snarry breeding several times from her; then

he sold her to the Duke of Westminster. When the Duke got her she was first mated with Speculum, and I don't know what beside, before she threw Ormonde."

Lily Agnes's six-lengths' victory in the Tyro Stake at Newcastle-on-Tyne was her first indication of the excellence she afterwards developed on a racecourse. A lop-eared, ragged-hipped filly, she altogether upset Sir Tatton Sykes' poor estimate of her worth, which was to be confirmed in late years at the stud with the happy issue of the Macaroni cross. In her lightness she bore the earlier traits of the Agnes family. As time wore on she developed grand muscular and propelling power, with beautiful skimming action over the ground that served to consolidate the fortune of "Sir Tatton's" stud groom. Her two-year-old career closed with an unbroken record of success. As a three-year-old she ran ten times, winning on seven occasions, defeating, amongst others, high-class animals, like Controversy, Lilian, and The Scamp. Notable amongst her triumphs were a Northumberland Plate, a Doncaster Cup, and the Ebor Handicap, carrying 8 stone 8 lbs., in which she defeated *Aventurière*, thereby upsetting one of Fred Swindell's deeply laid plans in the *Cesarewitch* of the preceding year, *Aventurière* afterwards winning a Goodwood Cup.

Placing Alice Hawthorn, as John Osborne does, on an equine pedestal of the highest eminence, an excuse is offered to dwell on her wonderful career alike as a racer and a matron. Fortunately for the modern breed of thoroughbreds, mares like "Old Alice," Bee's-wing, Blink Bonny, and Caller Ou have transmitted some, if not all, their good attributes which served to gain them renown in the Turf annals of their days. John,

indeed, is inclined to esteem Alice Hawthorn the grandest mare ever foaled.

Alice Hawthorn died in 1861, in the twenty-third year of her age. Only a short time prior to her decease, Touchstone, the then venerated "King of the Turf," had "paid forfeit," and the death of "Alice" who, in those days of stayers, was dubbed the "Queen of the Turf" was mourned as a national loss. At the time of her death she was under the care of Mr. Winteringham at the Croft Stud, near Darlington. A few statistics, extracted principally from the Racing Calendar of those distant days, will readily show that she really had been a "Queen of the Turf." She started for seventy-one races, and of these she won not less than fifty-one. She also ran a dead heat, and the stakes were divided. She was placed, when not a winner, ten times; unplaced (but some of these were won by an animal out of the same stable), nine times. In 1842-3-4-5 she won stakes, as per the Calendar, of the value of £8500, viz., sixteen cups, including the Chester, Doncaster, and Goodwood Cups, and the Queen's Vase in addition to eighteen Queen's Plates. The amount of money she won was small in comparison with our days of "ten thousand pounders"; but when it is considered she did not run for any of the rich two-year-old stakes, it is large. She was not trained until July or August, in 1841, although she was then, and for some time afterwards, called a three-year-old, whereas she was really $3\frac{1}{2}$ years old before she was broken in. Her racing career may be said to have commenced in 1842, the first win being the Chester Cup, and she was so soon found to be a Cup animal that there was little chance of getting her reasonably in for a handicap; hence arose the great number of Queen's Plates and

Cups won by her. The fact of her not having been broken in until she was some forty months old may be accounted for the good properties she revealed during her extended and busy career. She never met a Derby winner, but she defeated three St. Leger winners, one Oaks winner, as well as most of the best horses of her day. She combined great speed with great weight-carrying and staying powers. As a brood mare the largest price ever heard of up to that period had been offered and given for some of her produce. She left behind four noteworthy sons in Lord Fauconberg, by Birdcatcher; Oulston, sold for 6000 guineas; Findon, by Touchstone; and the Derby winner, Thormanby, by Windhound. Amongst her best daughters were Terrona, whose produce sold well, and Lady Hawthorn, a sister to Thormanby. She was bred by Mr. John Plummer, of New Parks Farm, Shipton, near York, whose brother bred Thormanby. As a yearling she was sold, but the purchaser declined her. She was subsequently thrown upon her breeder's hands. Mr. Plummer was not a racing man, but seeing the grace and elasticity of her movements in the paddock, determined not to let her pass out of his hands for an "old song." Time wore on, and until the month of July, when, as already stated, she was upwards of three years old, the eye of Alice Hawthorn had "never looked through a bridle." She was sent to Leonard Heseltine, at Hambleton, to be trained, the owner to divide the profits, if any. After her powers of speed and endurance had been displayed to the public, an offer of £2000 for her was refused by Mr. Plummer. In the zenith of her career she was leased to Mr. Salvin, and in the year preceding her retirement from active participation in racing Mr. Williamson hired her for 1500 guineas. She then went

to the stud. In 1859 she lost her foal, by Wild Dayrell, at ten weeks old, after which her udder became impure, caused by the absorption of milk into her system. Towards the end an abscess formed in her udder, which was lanced by Mr. Hedley, of Richmond, just before the "Queen of the Turf" breathed her last, after a glorious career.

Old stagers may agree, after reading the foregoing, with John Osborne in his high estimate of Alice Hawthorn as being one of the grandest mares that ever bore saddle, possessing as she did first-class speed and great staying powers. He speaks of her effort, in which she just failed, to give a useful handicap horse like Red Deer no less than 5 st. 8 lbs. in the Chester Cup as one of the greatest performances on record. She followed that up the following day, when, carrying 9 st. 6 lbs., she won the Duke of Westminster's Plate, giving Philip, four years, who was second, 2 st., and having seven others behind her. Her subsequent defeat of Robert de Gorham, and her victory in the Goodwood Cup with 3 to 1 on her in a field of eleven starters, bore further testimony to her all-round merit and her wonderful hard constitution—perhaps the hardest of any racer of the present century. She missed twice to Lanercost, and then bore useful animals in Young Hawthorn, Lord Fauconberg, and Terrona. She redeemed her character as a matron by throwing Oulston, a high-class animal, but so delicate in his constitution that John Day affirmed the lightest cloth would make him sweat, and rarely would he look at his manger after a strong exercise. With increase of years as a matron her stock improved. But she set a seal on her name when she threw Normanby in 1857, then being

nineteen years old. Thormanby was her eighth foal. That Thormanby was a top sawyer cannot be gainsaid; and Harry Custance, in his "Recollections," places him on the same pedestal of merit with Sterling and the "triple classic" Lord Lyon. Some breeders incline to the belief that the descendants of "Old Alice" inherit their excellence mainly from her, but it does not always follow that the dam is the chief agent in reproducing speed, stamina, and gameness. Isonomy was unquestionably the greatest horse of his epoch, though he never had the chance of gaining classic renown, which undoubtedly he would have achieved had he been in the Two Thousand, the Derby, or the St. Leger. His victories in the Ebor Handicap and the Manchester Cup were, in every sense, really great performances as a weight carrier over a distance of ground. In such descendants as Common, Isinglass, Ravensbury, and Satiety he has immortalised himself as a sire. As a set off against the theory that excellence is mostly transmitted from the dam, the case of Isonomy stands out irresistible, and equally so is it dissipated by St. Simon, a really great horse, who has got winners in the first flight from different mares, whose strains have nicked in with the Stockwell and Faugh-a-Ballagh blood he combines in his descent.

Some two years ago a correspondent wrote to the Editor of the *Sporting Times* as follows:—

"In September last a letter was addressed to you by Mr. Oswald Fletcher, giving certain erroneous statements concerning Alice Hawthorn. First in the list is the statement that 'Mr. John Plummer, a carrier in Collier Gate, York (the firm is still in existence), bought Rebecca (dam of Alice Hawthorn) for

30 guineas. He sent it to his brother, Mr. Francis Plummer, living at New Parks, Shipton, York.' Now the fact is Mr. John Plummer was never a 'carrier' (which I take as an obvious misprint for currier). It was Mr. Francis Plummer who was a currier at Collier Gate, York. Then the 'firm still being in existence' is not veracious. The firm really expired when Mr. Francis Plummer died in 1891. Mr. Francis Plummer lived at Layerthorpe Grove, York, and Alice Hawthorn was there for years as a brood mare, and had all her produce there. The beautiful little place is now rather spoilt by the railway company having a cattle market branch through it. It was Mr. John Plummer who lived at New Parks, Shipton, and not Mr. Francis Plummer, the latter, as already stated, being the currier at Collier Gate, York. Then as to the story about naming Alice Hawthorn, your correspondent stated that Mr. Francis Plummer stood godfather to the child named Alice Hawthorn. He did nothing of the sort, for the little lady was seven years old when he met her at the house of a friend, Mr. Hawthorn, who was one of the heads of the great Newcastle engineering firm of that name, and which, now being an extended company, is known as 'Hawthorn, Leslie & Company.' The real facts of the naming of Alice Hawthorn are briefly as follows:—Mr. Francis Plummer saw a little girl seven or eight years of age (too old to require a godfather, one would think) at his friend Hawthorn's house. He had not found a name for 'Old Alice' then. Being pleased with the child's manners, he asked her name. 'Alice Hawthorn,' was the reply. Thereupon he resolved to name his filly after the child, and, as history proves, a lucky piece of nomenclature it was. The date of that incident would be 1839, when 'Old Alice' was a yearling.

“Your correspondent further stated:—‘Mr. Plummer let the mare to Mr. Heseltine, and her unlooked-for success caused one of those worthy gentlemen (the Messrs. John and Francis Plummer) to take heart disease, which was subsequently the cause of his death. This information is ‘backed up’ by other two old stagers who knew Mr. Plummer, his mare, and Messrs. Heseltine personally.’ Now, to prove that this is merely romance, let me state the facts. Mr. John Plummer was killed by a fall from his horse in 1846. Alice Hawthorn was foaled in 1838, and therefore the heart disease fable will hardly hold water in this case. On the death of Mr. John Plummer in 1846, Alice Hawthorn and two or three other animals belonging to him were sent up to Tattersall’s and did not evoke a bid. ‘Alice’ and the others then became the joint property of the late Alderman Benjamin Plummer, of Newcastle-on-Tyne, and Mr. Francis Plummer. The former died in 1889 and the latter in 1891. These facts still further explode the ‘heart disease’ romance. Alice Hawthorn, after the Tattersalls’ failure, was jointly retained by the late Mr. Anthony Nichol, of Newcastle-on-Tyne (owner of Warlock, The Wizard, and Newminster), and Alderman Benjamin Plummer, though she was still under Mr. Francis Plummer’s fostering care at his place at Layerthorpe Grove, York.”

Mr. W. R. Plummer, M.P., of Newcastle-on-Tyne, son of the late Alderman Plummer, and nephew of the late Messrs. Francis and John Plummer, doubts the statement that Alice Hawthorn was leased to the Heseltines for her racing career; his opinion is that they only trained her. Mr. W. R. Plummer, who is naturally proud of his

family connection with so great a Turf celebrity as "Old Alice," has now in his possession a relic of her. It takes the form of one of her hoofs, on which the following inscription on a silver plate appears:—

"The right fore hoof of the celebrated mare Alice Hawthorn, out of Rebecca, by Muley Moloch; bred by Mr. John Plummer. Died 20th April, 1861."

PRODUCE OF ALICE HAWTHORN.

Bred by Mr. J. Plummer in 1838, got by Muley Moloch, her dam Rebecca, by Lottery—Cervantes.

1847-48—Missed to Lanercost.	} Bred by Mr. B. PLUMMER.
1849—b c by Y. Hawthorn by Lanercost.	
1850—b c <i>Lord Fauconberg</i> , by I. Birdeatcher.	
1851—b f <i>Terrona</i> , by Touchstone.	
1852—b c <i>Oulston</i> , by Melbourne.	
1853—b c <i>Findon</i> , by Touchstone.	
1854—b f <i>Lady Hawthorn</i> , by Windhound.	
1855—b c <i>Corwood</i> , by The Flying Dutchman.	
1857—ch c THORMANBY, by Melbourne or Windhound.	
1858—br f <i>Sweet Hawthorn</i> , by Sweetmeat.	
1859—c by Wild Dayrell. (Died within a week.)	
1860—Missed to Windhound.	
1861— — by Wild Dayrell.	

"Alice" had no foal after 1859. She slipped a foal to West Australian early in 1855, and was covered by him again the same year, but proved barren.

Of Caller Ou it has been said that she was as unlike Alice Hawthorn as any mare could well be; the one was all elegance, the other all coarseness. Their behaviour, too, was widely different. Caller Ou held her head high up in the air and frequently jerked it back as if she intended to knock her rider's teeth out, and really was never seen to perfection until she was fully extended—*then* her action was very grand. Alice, on the other hand, stretched out her neck (a very



Illustration by J. M. W. Turner

ALICE HAWTHORN

long one), looked round her from side to side, but never cocked up her head or threw it back, and certainly was never fully extended in her life. Alice looked the animal, *i.e.*, looked like a thoroughbred mare, though a very singular one. Caller Ou, on the contrary, was a very common-looking beast, more like a half-bred hunter than a racehorse, with a great deal of long hair on her legs.

CHAPTER V

“Whate'er with Time hath sanction found
Is welcome, and is dear to me.”

THAT the racecourse had an irresistible charm for the stripling little “Johnnie” Osborne is gathered from his own statement that he slipped from the village school of Brompton-on-Swale to see the races at Catterick, which is quite contiguous. One wonders if the long-since departed old pedagogue, who taught “Johnnie’s” young idea how to shoot, was “hossey” inclined. If so, he would wink at the insubordination of his young charges when they slipped away to creep under the racecourse rails. This would occur in the days of Bee’s-wing. We opine there are few men living who can boast of having seen Catterick races as far back as 1839 and 1840, when old Bee’s-wing was a cup winner at the still extant old-fashioned Yorkshire fixture. Listen to what “Mr. John” has to say of his experiences in those days—

“I was at Catterick races when Bee’s-wing beat Penitent in ’39; and in ’40, Hydra, Philip, and Bee—the latter belonging to my father—went down before Squire Orde’s grand old mare. I saw Charles XII. in ’41, there being only three runners that year. Kaiser, a horse owned by the Duke of Cleveland, got his foot in a hole and

broke his fetlock. So you see they ran good horses at the little place in those far-off days.

“Resuming my recollections of Ashgill in the ‘forties,’ Brandy Face and Lady Hilda were good winners for the stable in ’47. In the following year, Brandy Face, who was an Inheritor, won eight or ten races for us. I looked after him myself up to the end of his four-year-old career. He was then sold by my father to Lord William Powlett for 400 guineas, and he won several races for his lordship afterwards. Ada Mary, by Bay Middleton, was one of ours in ’48. She was the dam of Adamas, and won the ‘Convivial’ at York that year. I rode her at Richmond, when she beat Ruby by a head. My first winning mount was at Ripon in 1848, on a horse called Billy, from Brigg. I had actually won the first heat in the same race the previous year on Monsieur Pierrot. Then George Abdale rode him in the second heat and was beat, but he won the third on him and the stake. After the race, the owner of Monsieur Pierrot came up to me and said—

“‘You would have won on him the second heat if you had been allowed to ride.’

“The horse ran away with me the first heat. When they put George Abdale up for the second heat, he waited and was beaten. They found out the mistake in waiting, and, changing the tactics the third heat, we sent him along at top speed and won in a canter. In those days there was a great deal of racing in heats. At all the small meetings there was one race in heats each day.

“‘Was it not very severe on the horses?’

“ I don't know. They used to come out again the next day and run all the better for it. That same horse Brandy Face I was speaking about, he ran in each of the four heats for the Queen's Plate at Carlisle, and was beaten a head in the last. He came out next week at Lancaster and appeared none the worse for it. In the race for the final there were only two heads in it— Quadruple first, Brandy Face second, and Sylvan third.

“ In '49 and '50, Ada Mary, Gladiole (a useful two-year-old by Gladiator), and Maid of Masham won several races for my father. Maid of Masham was trained by Thomas Dawson up to '49, and she came to my father in '50, when she was a five-year-old. In that year she won a number of Queen's Plates and the Nottingham Handicap as well. About this period Acyranthus appeared on the scene, winning at Thirsk, Newton, and several other places; and the Black Doctor also about this time did us good service. He was bred by my father, his sire being The Doctor, and his dam Betsy Bird. One of his best performances was winning the Eglinton Stakes at Doncaster, beating Bee Hunter, second, with the great Beverley mare, Nancy, third. That was the first year of the Eglinton Stakes, Lord Eglinton adding £200 to the race. After that Black Doctor won several races for us, and my father sold him to Mr. Saxon, for whom he ran second to Nancy the following year for the Chester Cup; second in the Dee Cup; unplaced in the Derby, and second in the Manchester Cup. Edwin Parr, the trainer of Lord Clifden, had him as a three-year-old. I rode Pity the Blind

when he won the Newton Cup in 1849, carrying 5 st., and won the Liverpool Cup the same year on Bon-Mot, then being about sixteen years old. My father gave me the Liverpool Cup, which I have in my possession to this day. Pity the Blind, by Inheritor, was bred and owned by my father. Bon-Mot belonged to Mr. Disney, an Irish gentleman, who afterwards owned Indian Warrior, Knight of St. George, and a winner of the Cesarewitch before that. I rode Bon-Mot the day after he won the Liverpool Cup, and got him home for the Bentinck Memorial. Both Mr. Disney and my father wanted somebody stronger than I on him, as I had to carry 7 st. 5 lbs., which meant a lot of dead weight. Mr. Walsh, the trainer, who was 'a little bit on' after winning the cup, strongly objected to any change, saying, 'The lad won on him yesterday, and he'll win on him again.'

Enlarging upon his recollections (all of which, so far, and indeed all that follow, are shorthand notes taken from our hero's own lips, without once consulting any record whatever—a marvellous feat of memory), we cull some facts from the Racing Calendar of 1849. On the very first page the record states that on 28th February of that year, exactly fifty years ago from the period of this compilation, "Osborne, jun.," won the Trial Stakes at Liverpool Spring Meeting on Mr. C. Hall's Ada Mary (three years), by Bay Middleton, beating Isaac of York, Sir Richard, and three others. He followed that up at Manchester the succeeding month by riding the same filly to victory in a sweepstake of 5 sovs. each, with 40 added, eight others being behind her. The one-eyed Pity the Blind he rode into second place, behind Mr. G. H. Johnstone's Priestess.

the same month for the Northamptonshire Cup Stakes. He went one higher on Pity the Blind by winning a 5 sovs. sweepstake, with "25 sovs. added by J. E. Dennison, Esq., member for the borough." This event was decided in four heats, one and a half miles each, the youthful jockey being second in the first, unplaced in the second, and winning the two final heats, Mr. Bowes' The Flapper and Mr. Hobson's Beverley being second and third respectively.

Prominent amongst the contemporary gentlemen riders half a century ago were Mr. Scobell, Mr. Gregson, Lord Howth, Lord Strathmore, Captain Williams, Captain D'Arcy, Mr. Luke, Mr. Lovesey, Mr. Parr, Mr. G. Noel, Mr. P. P. Rolt, Mr. Clarke, Captain Harvey, Mr. Davenport, Mr. Batson, Colonel Richardson, Mr. Crawford, Mr. C. C. Brooke, Mr. Osbaldeston, Mr. Powell, Mr. Carter, Mr. T. Parker, Mr. W. Savin, Mr. Wesley, Mr. Butler, Mr. Wombwell, Mr. Pilgrim, Mr. R. Hunter, Mr. Foster, jun., Captain Little, Captain Broadley, Captain Peel, Mr. Elwes, Captain Bell, Mr. Wheal, Mr. T. Oliver, Mr. A. Smith, Mr. Jennings, Mr. S. Erskine, Mr. C. Boynton, Mr. Cunningham, Captain Pearce, Captain Key, Mr. Reeve, Mr. Berkeley, Mr. Rowley, Mr. G. S. L. Fox, Sir J. Gerard, Mr. Nicoll, Mr. Bevill, Lord B. Cecil, Mr. Peart, Mr. Cookson, Mr. Chichester, etc.

Young Osborne again scored this year (1849) on the useful Ada Mary, for "sixty guineas (clear)," at Chester, the race being two heats, once round the Roodee. She started on even money chance the first time, and with odds of 5 to 2 on her the second, Mr. Thomas Dawson's The Alp being second to her in the final. Pity the Blind gave him another winning mount in Newton Gold Cup, the gift of the lord of the manor, value 100 sovs. At the same meeting he was second

on Pity the Blind to Anthony for a 50 sovs. plate, second on Lady Hylda to Maid of Lyme for the Stand Cup, and second on Zingari to Sir Henry Hardinge, by Gladiator, for the Newton Stakes, finishing up the meeting by winning a 50 sovs. plate on Pity the Blind, the Calendar having a footnote to the race, "The winner was claimed," so that it may be assumed John Osborne, sen., lost the useful son of Inheritor on this occasion, after he had done the then struggling trainer yeoman service.

In the July of 1849 young "Johnnie" won his first important handicap—the Liverpool Cup. As showing the conditions of this race half a century ago, the record is taken *in extenso* from the Calendar of that year.

THE LIVERPOOL CUP, in specie of 300 sovereigns, given from the Racing Fund, added to a Handicap Sweepstake of 25 sovereigns each, 15 ft., and 5 only if declared on or before 21st April; the winner of the Two Thousand Guineas, 7 lb.; the Thousand Guineas, 4 lb.; the Derby, 10 lb.; the Oaks, 7 lb.; or of any other sweepstakes cup, cup stakes, or plate in 1849 (not being a handicap) of the clear value of 500 sovereigns, 5 lb.; and the second in the Derby, 7 lb.; and Oaks, 5 lb. extra; of any two of such races, 10 lb. extra, but this, in any case, to be the extreme penalty; the winner of the Metropolitan Stakes, at Epsom, Chester Cup, Somersetshire Stakes, at Bath, Ascot Stakes, Northumberland Plate, Cumberland Plate, or Manchester Trades' Cup, 10 lb. extra; or of any other handicap race of the value of 200 sovereigns clear, 3 lb.; of 400 sovereigns, 5 lb.; of any two of such last-mentioned handicaps, 8 lb. extra, the winner to pay 30 sovereigns to the judge, and the owner of the second horse to receive 50 sovereigns from the stakes; two miles (123 subscribers, 63 of whom paid only 5 sovereigns each).

Mr. Disney's b c Bon-Mot, by Elyas, 3 yrs., 5 st., . . .	Osborne	1
Sir R. Pigot's Essedarius, 3 yrs., 5 st. 6 lb. (inc. 10 lb. ex.),	E. Sharp	2
Mr. B Green's Westow, 3 yrs., 5 st. 5 lb. (inc. 5 lb. ex.), .	Basham	3
Mr. Eddison's John Cossar, 4 yrs., 7 st. 10 lb. (inc. 10 lb. ex.),	Flatman	0
Mr. Lawson's b h Keleshea, 5 yrs., 6 st. 12 lb., . . .	Ryder	0
Mr. Fowler's br f Ribaldry, 4 yrs., 6 st. 4 lb., . . .	W. Sharpe	0
Mr. I. Day's gr h Portrait, aged, 5 st. 10 lb., . . .	Rodney	0
Mr. Nicholl's ch e Woolwich, 3 yrs., 5 st. 3 lb., . . .	Hiett	0
Mr. Bowes' b c Thringarth, 3 yrs., 5 st., . . .	Charlton	0
Mr. Drinkald's b c Sauter la Coupe, 3 yrs., 4 st. 10 lb., .	A. Pavis	0

Betting—2 to 1 against Essedarius, 5 to 2 against Thringarth, 5 to 1 against John Cossar, 7 to 1 against Keleshea, 16 to 1 against Westow, 16 to 1 against Sauter la Coupe, and 20 to 1 against Bon-Mot. Won by a length, the same between second and third, Thringarth was fourth, and John Cossar fifth.

Such is the bare record of our hero's first important handicap success. A rare outsider, too, was Bon-Mot, starting at 20 to 1. It is curious to note the light weights in vogue in those times, the handicap in this instance, so far as the actual starters were concerned, touching as low as 4 st. 10 lbs. for a three-year-old, Bon-Mot himself being weighted to carry 5 st. only. Some smart handicap horses were in the field, for it will be observed that Essedarius, Westow, and John Cosser were each penalised for previous successes, the latter having won the Northumberland Plate the previous month with comparative ease, carrying 7 st. as a four-year-old.

The following day Bon-Mot reappeared for the Bentinck Testimonial, a mile and a half race. Here again "Johnnie" had the mount on Mr. Disney's colt, and, carrying 7 st. 5 lbs., he beat Westow, carrying 7 st.—the pair had met at 5 lbs. in the Cup—easily by a length and a half. The judge placed but two, the others (Romanee, Keleshea, and Mrs. Walker) did not pass the post.

This same month George Abdale rode John Osborne, sen.'s, Gilnochie, by Lanercost, to victory in the Ashton Plate at Lancaster, the prize being given by the then Duke of Hamilton and Brandon, and the same jockey won for the same owner the Two-Year-Old Stakes at Harrogate on Acyranthus, by Thirsk, "Johnnie" the following day riding Mr. T. Ellis' Acomb into second place behind Mr. H. Stebbing's Present, by Lanercost, for the Harrogate Handicap. Fame had now spread her wings over the embryo jockey, and his services were in growing demand. The following August he is given a mount by Sir Joseph Hawley on Van Dieman for the Goodwood Stakes, and gets second,

beaten two lengths by Maid of Lyme, who was a good mare that season, Van Dicman that same month, ridden by Hiatt, winning the Derby Tradesmen's Plate, with odds of 5 to 2 on him, and "Johnnie" winning a Selling Stakes of three one-mile heats on Mr. Ellis' Acomb. He had his first mount in the Cambridgeshire this year on Mr. Robert's Rienzi, three years, 5 st. 7 lbs. At this meeting, for a sweepstake of 10 sovs., the judge was guilty of an excusable mistake. The number of Sir S. Spry's Bastilion was put up at the winning chair by direction of the judge, and as the mistake was not cleared up until the horses were preparing to start for the next race, the number of the real winner (Mr. Burgess' Hind of the Forest, ridden by J. Sharp) was not exhibited at all. Sir Samuel Spry, on seeing Hind of the Forest returned in the lists as the winner of the race, objected to the alteration, and claimed the race. An inquiry took place before the stewards, when it appeared that the mistake arose from the similarity of the colours in which the two horses were ridden, and that the judge was quite certain that the horse he meant to designate as the winner was the farthest from him, which was Hind of the Forest's position. Tasker, the rider of Bastilion, on coming to the weighing-house, and hearing that his number was up, stated that he had certainly not won the race. On this evidence the stewards decided that Hind of the Forest was properly returned as the winner.

It is a most singular fact that the winners of the first and last races recorded in the Racing Calendar of 1849 were ridden by the then rising Osborne. It has been mentioned that on the 29th February this year he won the Trial Stakes at Liverpool on Ada Mary. At the Yorkshire Union Hunt, held Monday, 5th

November, he won the Scurry Handicap on Sir R. W. Bulkeley's black filly by Picaroon, out of Bonny Bonnet (three years), beating, oddly enough, Mr. Shepherd's Troublesome Johnny and ten others.

Taking a hurried peep into the Calendar for 1850, we find "Johnnie" doing further service for Ashgill and his father. His first win of the season was on his father's Tity, by St. Bennett, in the Serapion Stakes at Shrewsbury. Ada Mary scored at Newton in a race, "three heats of once round and a distance," Acyranthus giving him another success the following day in a sweep-stake. The Flying Dutchman was a four-year-old in '50, and Voltigeur had won the Derby at 16 to 1. Further successes "Johnnie" gained at Carlisle in the Tradesman's Plate of 40 sovs., four heats of a mile and a half each, on Mr. A. Johnstone's bay colt by Charles XII., out of Frill, The Black Doctor taking the Eglinton Stakes at the same meeting. On this very day Voltigeur and The Flying Dutchman were the two champions for the Doncaster Cup, a race which led to their match the following year on the Knavesmire at York, when "all Yorkshire" was there. In this Doncaster Cup Voltigeur (Flatman) carried 7 st. 7 lbs., and The Flying Dutchman (Marlow) carried 8 st. 12 lbs. The betting was 4 to 1 on the latter, who was beaten half a length. The great match between the pair was decided the following year, on 13th May, at York Spring Meeting, the race being two miles over the old course. Weights—The Flying Dutchman, five years, 8 st. 8½ lbs. (Marlow), 1st; Voltigeur, four years, 8 st. (Flatman), 2nd. Even betting. Won by a length.

The day following the match Voltigeur and Mr. T. Lister's Nancy, three years, were the only runners for the York and Ainsty Hunt Cup, a race specially pro-



From an original painting

THE FLYING DUTCHMAN

vided on the card, of the value of 100 sovs., "given by the members of the Hunt in commemoration of the great match run at this meeting, added to a sweepstake of 15 sovs. each, 10 feet, three years old, 6 st. 10 lbs.; four, 8 st. 10 lbs.; five, 9 st. 5 lbs.; mares and geldings allowed 5 lbs., to start at Middlethorpe corner and go once round; about two miles and a half (thirteen subscribers)." "Johnnie" was on Nancy, by Pompey, three years, and Job Marson rode Lord Zetland's four-year-old, on whom 6 to 4 was laid, Nancy winning by a length.

The next event at this meeting was the "First year of The Flying Dutchman's Handicap, of 20 sovs. each, 10 feet. Two miles." "Johnnie" rode the winner on the Ashgill bred 'un Alp, by Provost, then owned by Mr. J. Shepherd, but it was a desperate finish, Chantrey pushing Alp to a head on the post.

But harking back to '50, The Black Doctor still further paid his way at Chester, after which "Johnnie" had his first winning mount at Newmarket on Mr. W. E. Hobson's Gladiole in a sweepstake of 10 sovs., gaining the verdict by a neck. On the 20th October of this year (1850) George Fordham had his first leg up in public, at Brighton, on Mr. Law's Isabella, two years, "The Kid" then scaling 5 st. The prominent professional horsemen of the period were George Abdale, Job Marson, Arnold, Charlton, Aldcroft, Tommy Lye, Templeman, A. Day, Bumby, Basham, Carroll, Hammond, Haylive, G. Oates, Wells, Cartwright, Livesey, Huxby, Simpson, Marlow, Sam Rogers, G. Mann, F. Butler, Chapple, E. Sharp, W. Boyce, Whitehouse, G. and J. Mann, T. Smith, W. Smith, Heavens, Wakefield, Pavis, Redman, Bennett, T. Byrne, T. Osborne, L. Harlock, Atherton, Steggles,

Bartholomew, Kendall, J. Prince, T. Byrne, Ashmall, A. Day, J. Goater, Robinson, Knott, R. Pettitt, H. Goater, Norman, Hiatt, Chillman, Preece, Toovey, Harding, Rickards, Sherrard, Plumb, and W. Abdale, with others.

Fifty years ago these were the contemporaries of the still hale and hearty John Osborne. How many in this year of grace 1900 can respond to the roll-call of Father Time?

This year of 1850 saw a most stirring St. Leger, in which Voltigeur dead-heated with the "dark" Irish horse Russborough, and won the decider by a length in the hands of Job Marson, with Jim Robinson on the Irishman.

Further dwelling on the period when the present century was half-way through its course, it may be of interest to reproduce the leading lights of the Turf when John Osborne was already a jockey of note—

1850.

LIST OF MEMBERS OF THE JOCKEY CLUB, NEWMARKET.

STEWARDS { LORD STANLEY.
EARL OF GLASGOW.
COLONEL PEEL.

HIS MAJESTY THE KING OF HOLLAND.

Hon. Col. Anson.	Lord C. Manners.
Sir D. Baird, Bart.	Earl of March.
S. Batson, Esq.	J. Mills, Esq.
S. R. Batson, Esq.	Earl of Milltown.
Frederick Barne, Esq.	Duke of Montrose.
Duke of Beaufort.	Hon. E. M. Ll. Mostyn.
Duke of Bedford.	R. H. Nevill, Esq.
Earl of Bessborough.	Marquis of Normanby.
H. Biggs, Esq.	Earl of Orford.
J. Bowes, Esq.	Viscount Palmerston.
Sir R. W. Bulkeley, Bart.	G. Payne, Esq.

Earl of Caledon.	Col. Peel.
Earl of Chesterfield.	Duke of Portland.
Viscount Clifden.	Lord W. Powlett.
Marquis of Conyngham.	Duke of Richmond.
T. Cosby, Esq.	Earl of Rosslyn.
W. S. Stirling Crawford, Esq.	Hon. Capt. H. Rous.
Earl of Eglinton.	G. Rush, Esq.
R. C. Elwes, Esq.	Duke of Rutland.
Viscount Enfield.	J. V. Shelley, Esq.
R. Etwall, Esq.	Lord Southampton.
Marquis of Exeter.	Earl Spencer.
T. Gardner, Esq.	Lord Stanley.
Earl of Glasgow.	Sir W. M. Stanley, Bart.
A. Goddard, Esq.	J. Stanley, Esq.
Sir S. Graham, Bart.	W. Sloane Stanley, Esq.
Earl Granville.	Earl of Stradbroke.
C. C. Greville, Esq.	Earl of Strathmore.
Sir J. Hawley, Bart.	Col. Synge.
Sir Gilbert Heathcote, Bart.	Earl of Uxbridge.
Earl of Jersey.	Viscount Villiers.
Earl of Lichfield.	Hon. Francis Villiers.
Cynric Lloyd, Esq.	R. Watt, Esq.
Earl of Lonsdale.	W. Wigram, Esq.
H. Lowther, Esq.	Earl of Wilton.
Lord Henry G. Lennox.	Sir W. W. Wynn, Bart.
Viscount Maidstone.	Gen. Yates.

Death has ridden rough shod over the ranks of these rulers of the "sport of kings" of fifty years ago. Truly enough do the lines of Gray in his immortal Elogy apply to them—

"The boast of heraldry, the pomp of power,
All that beauty, all that wealth ere gave,
Await alike the inevitable hour,
The paths of glory lead but to the grave."

When one reflects upon the thinned ranks of the great ones of the Turf since the year of "The Dutchman's" triumph in the "Eglinton tartan," and further considers that but a handful of jockeys, and certainly not a racer then treading the Turf, survives in our day, well may he exclaim, "*Vanitas vanitatum!*"

Amongst the lords of the harem popular in '50 were Alarm, who got a goodly crop of foals. Annandale was not so fashionable as Bay Middleton, whom Lord Clifden, Mr. Newcomen, Lord Chesterfield, Sir R. Pigot, Mr. Greville, Lord Oxford, and Colonel Anson patronised. Birdcatcher, in whom old John Osborne strongly believed, was wooed by Blue Bonnet, Alice Hawthorn, and Martha Lynn, amongst other proud dames. Lord Spencer went in largely for Cotherstone, as also did Lord Clifden, with Sir Joseph Hawley, Mr. Greville, Mr. Osbaldeston, and others in a lesser degree. Lord Glasgow's leanings were for Don John, as also were those of Sir Joseph Hawley and Lord Chesterfield. Faugh-a-Ballagh and Hetman Platoff were in good demand from various breeders; and Lanercost had a large *clientèle* of "sweet things" to dally with. Touchstone was a great lady-killer, and sired a big crop, his patrons including Mr. Watt, Lord Stradbroke, Lord Westminster, Messrs. Tattersall, Captain Archdall, Sir Charles Monck, Lord Exeter, the Duke of Richmond; "Squire" Orde also sending brave old Bee's-wing to Touchstone, whom Tom Dawson, of Tupgill, esteemed "the best horse that ever put head through a bridle." Bay Middleton was still in his prime, as were also Orlando, Pantaloon, and Nutwith, the latter's services being wholly appropriated for the season by Lord Exeter, while Sir Tatton Sykes put no less than twenty-nine mares to an unnamed son of Sleight of Hand.

We now advance into the fifties, and John, rubbing aside the cobwebs of his memory, continues—

"In 1850 I rode Haricot, the dam of Caller Ou, and won, if I remember rightly, a handicap on her at Radcliffe Bridge. Maid of Masham paid her way for us in 1851, winning,

amongst other races, the Cumberland Plate and several Queen's Plates. She was second to Nancy, giving her 2 st. for the Ebor Handicap; and beat Prime Minister, weight for age, in the County Plate T.Y.C. on the Knavesmire the same afternoon. Oxford Blue and The Alp that same season were winners for us. In 1852 we had a rather good year. Exact and Lambton were the crack two-year-olds, and Audubon was to the fore. Exact won a number of races, and Lambton seven or eight. My father bought both of them as yearlings from Lord Durham. Exact was a Birdcatcher, out of Equation (sister to Euclid), by Ennui out of Mary, by Whisker. Lambton was by The Cure out of Elphine by Emilius. Elphine was sister to Pompey (dam of Warlock), and I fancy also the dam of The Wizard. Mr. Anthony Nichol, a Newcastle chemist, bought both Warlock and The Wizard from Lord Durham.

“My father just missed Warlock; he always said he ought to have had him. He had been at Newcastle races and had to call at Lord Durham's place at Fence Houses on the way home to look at the yearlings. He missed his way somehow, and did not touch the station at Fence Houses. Had he seen Warlock, I have no doubt he would have bought him. As it was, Mr. Nichol was the lucky man. Merry Bird by Birdcatcher, was a smart two-year-old this season, which Lady Agnes, by Birdcatcher out of Agnes by Clarion, finished up well for us by winning the Nursery at Newmarket; Merry Bird being second to her. Lady Agnes,

who was the first produce of Agnes, did not do so much good the next year. She got knocked on to the rails in the Chester Cup, and ran badly in the Dee Stakes the following day. Afterwards she appeared in a number of races, winning at Croxton, beating Adine; then went to Chester, running four times at the meeting, and winning on the last day. She ran twice at Manchester, one of the races being three miles and a distance; and ran at Beverley the following week. And this is what they call 'The soft Agnes family.'

"The 'Agneses' were always a little bit flighty—always very high-spirited. 'Old Agnes' herself was peculiar in her temper; in fact, I believe her dam Annette had the same traits, for she could never be trained, I've heard them say. Miss Agnes, an own sister to Old Agnes, had a bit of temper. This Miss Agnes ran the course twice or thrice, if I mistake not, at Liverpool, and didn't start. She was a three-year-old in 1843, and a year younger than Old Agnes. Miss Agnes never went to the post again after her Liverpool capers. My father bred to Miss Agnes, who had some produce, and he then sold her and 'Old Agnes' to Sir Tatton Sykes, and they went to Sledmere. They were carrying Tibthorpe and Bismarck, by Weatherbit, at the time. Lord Westmorland got Bismarck, and a smart horse he was too. At this period a two-year-old named Alfred, an own brother to Miss Agnes and 'Old Agnes,' won us a number of races. Then there was Lord Alfred, by Chanticleer out of Agnes; he ran twenty-five times as a two-year-old—won ten times, ran

second ten times, twice third, and twice unplaced, if my memory serves me true. My father sold him as a three-year-old to John Jackson, who bore the nickname of 'Jock o' Oran,' and bred horses at Fairfield, near York. Lord Alfred won his last race as a three-year-old, beating the Chicken, who had previously beaten him in a handicap across the flat at Newmarket. They ran first and second on that occasion, but Lord Alfred turned the tables on him at Shrewsbury.

"Did you ever have any personal dealings with the owner of the Chicken?"

"'The Chicken,' replied John, 'belonged to the notorious Palmer, the poisoner, of Rugeley. I met Palmer first on the course at Bogside, where I had some horses belonging to my father. Palmer had Doubt there running for the Handicap, and we ran Alp in the same race. Alp won, Doubt being second to him. Before the race Palmer came up to me and asked my opinion about the different horses in the race. I told him, 'I think I shall beat yours.'

"He replied, 'You'll win then.'

"I said, 'I think I shall.'

"That was the first time I met Palmer, but he used afterwards to come up to me frequently and chat about the horses at other meetings. I always thought him a nice sort of fellow to speak to."

This William Palmer, the poisoner, at the time became the most notorious man in Europe. A phrenological lecturer, who took a cast of the dead man's head as he lay in the dead house of the prison after he had

been hung, considered that the rolling motion of his body and head as he tripped along the corridor to his doom was the "natural language of love of approbation," and that his tripping on the toes with a cat-like motion was the result of a very large secretiveness. Palmer's winnings commenced in "The Dutchman's" year, and Doubt was one of his first racehorses. His downward career began with the defeat of Hobbie Noble, and it is chronicled that from the Derby day his sorrows began and his crimes accumulated.

"Palmer's experience," says an old writer, "as a medical student at St. Bartholomew's gave him a scientific knowledge of the deadly properties of strychnine with which he operated upon the liver of his victims. From his earliest years he evinced a deep passion for the Turf, and with that passion grew a stronger one for gambling. Success smiled upon him so abundantly that in a brief space of time from being a penniless student he rose into a position of affluence, becoming the owner of a Chester Cup winner and a favourite for the Oaks. Sporting men in his own neighbourhood and elsewhere would be proud of the slightest mark of recognition from him, and treasure up a hint as a junior barrister would an expression of encouragement from a Lord Chancellor. Upon his return to Rugeley he scraped sufficient money to buy a colt called Ferry Hill (by Plenipotentiary out of Memphis), which won him two races. He won £500 over The Flying Dutchman at Liverpool, and following Lord Eglinton's horse up at Doncaster won a stake large enough to purchase a few steeplechasers to amuse himself with in the winter.

"In 1851 he came out with Doubt, with whom he won the Leamington Stakes at Warwick of the

value of £955, not to speak of £2800 in bets. Goldfinder won him more than £3000 in the Shrewsbury Handicap. Subsequently he won at Wolverhampton with the same horse as much as the Ring would let him. But one of his greatest *coups* was at Warwick, where Goldfinder won him £900 in stakes and £6000 in bets. His star was still in the ascendant at Manchester a fortnight later, when he had a big haul over his mare Trickstress, and landed the Great Shrewsbury Autumn Handicap with Doubt. On his own horses the recreant won heaps of money, but his inordinate passion for gambling led him to back other people's. He fell a prey to the astute and deep-designing bookmakers, and he came under the clutches of the 'sixty per shent' merchants as his fortunes left him. The bookmakers took advantage of him by laying him less than the market price, and it being known at times he was short of money, his commissioners would frequently insist on hedging a great portion of the bets they had invested for him. In 1852 Doubt did him service, but his success was counterbalanced by the successive defeats of Goldfinder at Liverpool, Nottingham, and Leamington. He now became seriously embarrassed in his finances. He had backed Goldfinder for enormous sums, and was so enraged at losing that he attributed the cause to the jockey and refused to let him ride for him any longer. A more unfounded case for suspicion never arose on the Turf, as it was evident to all racing men the horse was sore, and it was asking him too much to come out within so short a period for so many races.

.. The following year (1853) he brought off a great *coup*—the greatest he ever landed during his sensational career—by winning the Chester Cup, long

the object of his desire, with Goldfinder, after a most severe race, in which twenty-nine animals ran, the verdict being half a neck, and many imagined it was a dead heat between him and Talfourd. Over this race Palmer won £12,000 in bets and nearly £3000 in stake. Other successes followed Goldfinder's that season, and Palmer's stud of horses increased. His name, for some unexplained cause, did not appear in the Calendar for 1854. That year he started Nettle for the Oaks at Epsom, and she was at 2 to 1 when the flag fell. In the race an accident happened to her which broke the leg of her clever and honest jockey, Marlow. Many surmises were entertained at the time as to Palmer having either dosed the filly, or Marlow, as there was a degree of mystery about the manner in which Nettle fluctuated in the betting the night before that was never cleared up.

“Nettle was the animal Palmer bought with the insurance money obtained by the murder of his wife; and, as if to prove the truth of the old adage that evil always comes of blood money, we may add The Chicken, whom he had bought at the same time and from the same funds, upset his calculations at Warwick by not winning the Leamington Stakes, running second only to Homily. It was surmised at the time that to meet the settlement on that race he was obliged to have recourse to the money lenders; and consequently, when his securities were becoming due, his fearful position tempted him to poison Cook, for the sake of possessing himself of his means to stave off for a time the evil hour. At Shrewsbury, which was Palmer's last race meeting before his crimes found him out, he won a Plate with Staffordshire Nan and the Copeland Stakes with The Shadow, after having

assured a jockey that his other filly, Staffordshire Nan, could not lose—a trick which provoked from the peppery little artist of the pigskin the remark that ‘Nothing else might be expected from a damned poisoner.’ Rumours of his nefarious practices with strychnine as a means of getting rid of his victims were very rife in the district at the time; but so determined a man, and so popular with the lower orders was Palmer, that no one liked to throw the first stone at him, and this forbearance, no doubt, caused an increase in his victims.”

Now, in his quiet, undemonstrative way, John Osborne tells us that Palmer was a “nice, agreeable sort of man to talk to.” The preceding outline of the poisoner’s career has been excerpted from an old *Sporting Magazine* issued in ’56, the year that Palmer was hung for his crimes. Further, the record states that Palmer’s general character among sporting men was that of a good-natured, jolly fellow, and so eager to back his horses that, provided a man would only lay him a big bet, he did not care two straws about the price, and would frequently take 5 to 2 when 4 to 1 was the price. Generally he was of a taciturn disposition. His brandy and water he had the singular habit of drinking at one gulp, and he recommended all his friends to adopt the same plan; but one of them—whom it was strongly suspected would have been his next victim, and who was a celebrated pugilist—flatly refused him to drink it so, adding that he had drunk brandy and water his own way for the last twenty years and was not going to alter it now. After his wife’s death from the poison the recreant administered to her, he was always so nervous he could not sleep in a bed by himself, and a well-known turfite generally thereafter occupied a

double-bedded room with him, and his escape was looked upon as miraculous, especially as he generally carried a good sum of money about with him. At the time of Palmer's execution an abortive attempt was made to attribute his guilt to being connected with the Turf. It was then argued with effect, as it would be in these days in the case of poisoners and murderers who have in nowise been connected with racing, that whatever profession Palmer had followed his evil attributes would have been exercised. "As a son," sums up the old chronicler, "he was unnatural, as a husband he was a murderer, and as a man he was a fiend. He lived like a beast, and as such he was destroyed and burned (in quicklime); and may his example and the horror which his simple name inspires be a warning to those who would pervert to the worst purpose the talents they are endowed with by Providence !"

Quitting the grim memory of the recreant poisoner's foul deeds, attention may now be directed to another deceased contemporary of our hero's in John Jackson, known amongst the Tykes as "Jock o' Oran," who was quite the opposite of Palmer in that he did more injury to himself than to others. It is a moot point whether Jackson won more money over Blair Athol's than Ellington's Derby. On the authority of the present Tom Masterman, of Middleham, who knew him intimately, Ellington's Derby placed Jackson on his legs beyond the cares of worldly dependence.

Resuming the *tête-à-tête* with John Osborne, he says—

"Yes, I knew John Jackson when I was a boy at school. He lived at Catterick with his father, who was a farmer there. Old Mr. Jackson

had some good racing ponies, and John Jackson used to ride them in the matches. They had a rattling good little pony by Billy out of Tunstall Maid named 'Little Wonder.' Old Jackson ran these ponies at the feasts all about the countryside, and he challenged the world for ponies under fourteen hands. John Jackson was a real good man to hounds; a good-hearted, thorough good fellow altogether. My father trained several horses for him, and sold Saunterer to him as a two-year-old; also Remedy, who was very sharp over half a mile; and Lord Alfred was sold to him in the autumn of 1855, out of the Ashgill lot.

"It was on Manganese I won my first classic race in 1856, then being in my nineteenth year. She came to Ashgill as a yearling, and was trained there for all her engagements. She was the joint property of Mr. King, who lived at Ashby de la Launde, and my father, but after I won the 'One Thousand' on her my father's share was bought out, and thereafter she always ran as the property of Mr. King, who was a clergyman, and, like his father before him, bred a number of horses. Manganese was a Bird-catcher, and always a bit irritable, as nearly all the Birdcatchers were. She was a very thick filly, with fine action and great speed, and a hard puller. Her first success as a two-year-old was in the Bishop Burton Stakes at Beverley. She was beaten by Fly by Night in the Convivial at York, after which she won the Municipal Stakes and the Portland Plate at Doncaster in 1855.

In those days the Portland Plate was a handicap for all ages. That was before the rule came into force that two-year-olds should not be handicapped with aged horses. At the close of her two-year-old season, Manganese was beaten a head for a Nursery at Newmarket. A mare named Shela, belonging to Mr. Saxon, beat her—Manganese carrying 8 st. 10 lbs., and Shela 6 st. 6 lbs.

“There were only five runners in Manganese’s ‘One Thousand.’ She was looking ‘rough’ at the time, and I remember some one telling my father that John Day’s people were coming through with their filly Mincepie to cut her down. My father told me never to give them a chance but to bring her through. I had them all settled before going half way, and won in a canter. That same year Manganese ran fourth for the Portland Plate at Doncaster. In that year our stable was second, third, and fourth. A horse trained by Wetheral, named Lance, won; Lord Alfred was second, Saunterer third, and Manganese fourth. As a four-year-old Manganese went to the stud at Ashby.”

Manganese, bred by Mr. W. H. Brooke in 1853, was got by Birdcatcher, her dam Moonbeam by Tomboy out of Lunatic by Prime Minister. Moonbeam, got in 1838, was bred by Mr. King, who also bred Luminous, Loup Garou, Gleam, Constellation, Herschel, Clair de Lune, Moonshine, Benhams, Rebecca, Sermon, Radiance, The Vicar, and others. She died in 1862. She was first mated to Touchstone in 1859, but missed to him. In 1860 and 1861 she dropped Mandragora and The Miner, these being bred by Mr. W. H. Brooke.

Her subsequent produce appear in the stud book as being bred by Mr. "Launde" (Mr. King), and she had Skirter, Rubbish (afterwards named Mineral), Thor's-day, Slanderer, Minaret, In Memoriam, and others. She was barren several seasons, and was shot in 1886.

From Mandragora, Mr. King bred Mandrake by Weatherbit, and Napsbury by Scottish Chief in 1877. Her daughter, Minaret, threw the useful Mintdrop by Lozenge in 1872. Mandragora, by Rataplan out of Manganese, set a seal to her name by being the dam of Apology, by Adventurer, in 1871.

The allusion made to John Jackson and "Parson" King in the foregoing pages claims some amplification. Both were, more or less, identified with the elder Osborne. Two more opposite types of men could hardly be drawn. The one was a fearless, dashing plunger; the other a sport-loving clergyman, of spotless reputation, who, although a breeder of many celebrated horses, was never reputed to have wagered a shilling in his long lifetime. "Jock o' Oran," a nickname which clung to Jackson to his dying day, had a meteoric career in the feverish blaze of active Turf life, until death claimed him in 1869 at the early age of 41, his end being accelerated by inordinate habits of indulgence. Born about 1828, Jackson was the son of a sporting farmer. His birthplace, so say the gossips, was at Tunstall, a small village near Catterick, Yorkshire, where the ancient sign of "The Angel" yet dangles from its high place on the roadway in front of the once famous old coaching-house which bears that name. But according to other records, which may be accepted as being more trustworthy, Jackson first saw the light at the neighbouring village of Oran. He was early "blooded" in sport, at least such sport as was followed in the region

of his native village. His father owned some smart racing ponies, and ran them with signal success for many years. Young Jackson as he grew up would naturally be mixed in these contests, and the sport of gambling which marked his after life was thus inbred from earliest boyhood. He was a prominent figure at the local coursing meetings, took part in all the cricket matches, being accounted a good man either in attack or defence with ball and bat. A fine athletic young fellow, he distinguished himself as a pedestrian, and as a fearless rider to hounds, ready at all times to put on the "mittens," or even to fight it out with nature's own weapons. By the time he attained man's estate, "Jock o' Oran" was regarded as a hero in the district. Withal he was a generous, good-hearted fellow, ever ready to indulge in or wager on any sporting event. It is related that his first bet of half-a-crown was invested on Inheritress on Middleham Moor, where races of the "flapping" order were wont to be held at stated periods, though records are extant of race meetings taking place there well back into the eighteenth century. At the coursing re-unions in the Yorkshire district, he came into prominence as a penciller, beginning, as many Turf leviathans before him had done, with a "silver book." Step by step his "bank" increased, until at last he was able to enter the charmed circle of the ring, and take his stand alongside the principal pencillers of the day. First among the Ring celebrities of the period to note the dash and pluck of Jackson was the leviathan Davies. With all his apparent frankness and *bonhommie*, Jackson had the power of remaining as dumb as an oyster when any stable secret of importance was imparted to him. This astuteness and the power he was gradually acquiring in the Ring brought him a



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connection of great value with old John Osborne, Thomas Dawson, John Fobert, Harry Stebbings, and others, who, with confidence, placed their commissions in his hands. Jockeys, too, entrusted him with their investments. It goes without saying that the information thus imparted to Jackson would not be allowed to go without profit to himself. His rise to wealth was rapid. He brought off several *coups*, which enriched his exchequer. One of his triumphs was landing £27,000 over Ellington, trained by Tom Dawson, for the Derby. It is a moot question whether that win exceeded his gains over Blair Athol's sensational victory in the second of the classic races at Epsom.

John Osborne has told us that Jackson bought Saunterer from his father, Jackson then being some thirty years of age; and, as he began a penniless country lad, it is clear that his rise to wealth must have been exceptional. In 1857 he owned a mare called Sneeze, who distinguished herself by running second in The Oaks; and though he repeatedly made an effort with horses he owned to gain the most envied prizes of the Turf, Sneeze's performance was his nearest to classic distinction. The star of the great Davies now being on its decline, Jackson became the "Emperor of the Ring," occupying a position somewhat similar to what Mr. R. H. Fry holds in the present day. While evincing so much astuteness in his relations with trainers and their secrets, he could hardly restrain himself at the moment when a horse he had backed was winning, or when one that he had operated against was being defeated, from shouting his jubilant feelings with stentorian lungs, heard clear above the babel of the crowd. In this weakness, if it may so be denominated, he resembled the late Bob Howett, the Nottingham

bookmaker, and poor Tom Green, the rubicund Yorkshire trainer who was carried off by the "pale horseman" in 1899. Jackson prospered so well in his affairs that he was able to own horses and place them in several of the leading northern stables. This widely distributed patronage still further ingratiated him with trainers whose secrets were committed to his keeping. He became connected with old William I'Anson's stable at Malton in this way, and thus he learnt of the excellence of Blair Athol when the "palefaced chestnut" was a "dark" horse for the Derby of 1864. It was Blair Athol who dashed to the ground the bright hopes which Lord Glasgow cherished of winning the Derby with General Peel, so named after his life-long and dearest friend. Blair Athol never appeared in public until he bore the late Jim Snowden in triumph past the Derby winning post. During the winter Jackson had executed the commission for old William I'Anson, and doubtless, helping himself largely to the long odds, stood to win a huge stake.

Conflicting stories were current at this period with regard to the antecedent environments of Blair Athol's Derby. One rumour was that Mr. Hargreaves, "Jock's" confederate, wanted General Peel to win, and to leave Blair Athol a negligible quantity until the St. Leger in the autumn. Naturally old William I'Anson was averse to any such proposal, for he was as anxious to secure the Epsom triumph as the excitable peer who owned General Peel. The old trainer's will prevailed, and Blair Athol's subsequent victory in the Derby and St. Leger of 1864 now form stirring chapters in the long history of those great events.

And here we may be excused making a further digression from the direct line of the main story. Like

many other trainers who have had a Derby horse of note under his charge, old William I'Anson had a most anxious time of it in the preparation of Blair Athol. As a two-year-old he only came to hand in the autumn, and with a schoolmistress like game old Caller Ou in the stable, the trainer was plainly and irresistibly told what a gem he had in Stockwell's son. The secret was well kept by "Old William" and Jackson. But in the spring of 1864, the colt then being a three-year-old, and never yet having had his eyes opened on a public race-course, it was found that he was subject to occasional traits of lameness. The most careful examination by the trainer for the cause was fruitless. Blair Athol missed his engagement in the Two Thousand Guineas. Even in the early interval between the Rowley Mile race and its great connecting link at Epsom, Blair Athol's mysterious defect could not be accounted for. But the secret at last oozed out, and the miscreant discovered. A great friend of old William I'Anson was the late Mr. James Colpitts, of Newcastle-on-Tyne, who will be familiar to many of the "old school" as having kept for many years the hotel connected with the grand stand in the days when Newcastle races were held on the Town Moor, prior to their transfer to Gosforth Park, now one of the grandest racing arenas in the kingdom. It so happened in the spring of '64 that Mr. Colpitts had been on a visit to his old trainer-friend at Malton. He went into a barber's shop in the Yorkshire town, and quite by accident overheard a conversation between a stable lad (whose duty it was to look after Blair Athol) and the barber. The lad, evidently bearing some resentment against his master, openly avowed that "No Blair Athol will win the Derby." Then he went on to state how he frequently

kicked the poor brute in a delicate private part, thereby causing the lameness which hitherto had baffled the most anxious search to discover. The news was, of course, speedily communicated by Mr. Colpitts to "Old William," who, on hearing it, was driven almost to distraction. The culprit was brought before him, duly interrogated, and the confession of guilt made. The recreant was thrashed almost within an inch of his life by the pardonably irate trainer, and then driven headlong from the stables. Needless to add that, with the cause removed, Blair Athol's lameness soon disappeared, and that he became thoroughly sound. But for Mr. Colpitts' lucky discovery, it is quite probable that one of the grandest horses of the century—poor Jim Snowden always averred he was the greatest horse he ever rode—would have been robbed of Derby and St. Leger honours by a wretched, inhuman stable lad. After his racing career, Blair Athol became the property of John Jackson, and he stood as a sire at Fairfield, near York, a place which Jackson purchased and directed as a breeding establishment up to the time of his death.

CHAPTER VI

“Now let excited Yorkshire vent
Her roar of triumph long up-pent.”

STILL in the “fifties,” we come to the closing years of that decade when young John Osborne, by his improving skill as a light-weight jockey, was adding, steadily but surely, lustre to his name. His father’s stable was now well established and tenanted by a useful class of horses. But let John himself continue the tale in his own matter-of-fact way:—

“Augury of ours, in 1856, was a real good mare. Saunterer and Augury were bought at auction by my father as foals from Mr. Jacques. They were knocked down to him for 50 guineas each. A filly, named Valhalla, he bought at the same time for 25 guineas. In those days there were few foals bought, and that is why they were got so cheap. Augury had curbs, and was never fit to run in the early part of her career. She was very backward as a two-year-old when she ran at Beverley and Catterick Bridge, being beaten on both occasions. The first time she was really ready was at York, when she ran in the ‘Convivial.’ Blink Bonny was her great opponent there. My father knew

Augury was very smart, and he had a great idea she would beat Mr. F'Anson's crack filly. Blink Bonny had beaten her at Beverley; but that was excused on the ground of her not being ready. The orders were given to me to jump off and come through, the going being very heavy. Robert F'Anson, who was on Blink Bonny, and myself lay together, and we came along a 'cracker,' I can tell you. I beat Blink Bonny, but Joe Kendal on Lady Hawthorn beat us both. That tremendous finish was in the 'Convivial' at York. Augury was brought out on the following day, and she won the Eglinton Stakes and the 'Biennial.' She ran again the succeeding day in the Gimcrack Stakes against Blink Bonny, but she couldn't raise a gallop, for it was the fourth time she had run in the three days. Augury never did much good afterwards, and she died as a four-year-old. Her best performance after her two-year-old career was running second to Adamas for the Liverpool St. Leger. She was a winner twice or thrice in the autumn of her four-year-old career. She was by Birdcatcher out of Nickname by Ishmael, and own sister to Augur, one of Lord Zetland's which won him the Champagne Stake at Doncaster.

"Lady Tatton, by Sir Tatton Sykes out of Fair Rosamond by Inheritor, was the property of my father. She ran three seasons, first winning the Nursery at Newmarket in '54. The next season she won the Palatine Stakes at Chester, and ran third in the Dee Stakes. We took her to Epsom for the Oaks, but on arriving there she went amiss and did not run. She afterwards got

a place in the Great Yorkshire Stakes with Rifleman and Fandango, who were first and second; and was ridden into fourth place for the Cesarewitch by Tom Chaloner. At that time I was first jockey and Tom second at Ashgill. Tom would leave us in '61 to go to Newmarket to be first jockey for Mr. Naylor. Chaloner always rode well from being a boy. Harking back, Lady Tatton ran a dead heat with Yorkshire Grey, the pair beating Preston a head for the Goodwood Stakes of '56. She won the Handicap at Pontefract, beating Fisherman a head; and as showing what a finish it was, Yorkshire Grey was only a head behind Fisherman. She was then giving Fisherman a stone, although he had dead-heated with her at even weights at Stockton. She won the Warwick Handicap the same year. Lance beat her in the Queen's Plate at Leicester the same week she won at Pontefract. A smart horse was Lance at all courses. He had previously won the Portland Plate, which was the same 'sprint' distance as it is now; whereas the Queen's Plate at Leicester was three miles. Lady Tatton only ran once as a five-year-old, after which she went to John Jackson's stud at Fairfield. John Jackson had a few mares at Oran, near Catterick, before he started on a bigger scale at Fairfield. Lady Tatton never bred anything wonderful that I can remember.

"Some smart two-year-olds were running in '56. Notable amongst them was Saunterer, by Birdcatcher out of Ennui, who won us a lot of races, and was a good horse. He began his two-year-old career by winning the 'Hopeful' at

Doncaster Spring, following that up by brackets at Catterick and Croxton Park. At the latter place he got a chill and went amiss, not being quite recovered when he was beaten at Manchester and Chester. Once he got on to his legs, Saunterer was a horse of great speed, but he was not a quick beginner, and it was through his starting so slowly that he was beaten at Newton. It was in this year that we sold Yorkshire Grey, then a two-year-old, to go to Italy. He was brought back again to England, Mr. Richard Boyce training him. I rode in that year Bird in the Hand, by Birdcatcher, owned by Mr. Cookson. She had previously beaten Ellington in the Dee Stakes, but he reversed the running at Epsom when he won the Derby. Ellington was a horse of nice speed; in fact, he didn't stand training long.

"I took Saunterer over to France myself in '57, when he was second to Fisherman. He then belonged to John Jackson, who bought him from my father for 1200 guineas. Jackson sold him afterwards to Mr. Merry for 2500 guineas, and for him he won the Goodwood Cup, the 'Fitzwilliam' at Doncaster, and the Prix de l'Empereur at Paris in '58, when he was a four-year-old. He was in my father's stud as a two-year-old. Altogether I rode four times in the Prix de l'Empereur, being second on Saunterer to Fisherman in '57, and won with him in '58, beating Mademoiselle Chant and Zouave, both belonging to Count Lagrange. It was a good stake then for English horses.

"Saunterer went amiss before the Derby of

'57, but he partially recovered. We fancied him on the day, but he never showed his true form in the race, and I was quite disappointed with my mount that day. There were some real good horses this year, and it was Saunterer's luck to meet them. At Ascot he was third to Skirmisher and Gemma di Vergy, running the latter to a head in that race. He won at Newcastle, and cantered away with the Bentinck Memorial Stakes at Liverpool, giving Lord Nelson 20 lbs.; he could have won that day with 10 st. up. De Ginkel was beaten half a length only by Lord Nelson, and Saunterer could give De Ginkel 4 st.

“In those days it was my duty to look after the yard at Ashgill. ‘Brother William’ trained the horses principally; he is the eldest of the family. He would begin to take a leading part in training at Ashgill about 1850, and continued until the partnership was dissolved in the spring of '94. The latter part of my father's time, ‘Brother William’ was nearly in full charge of the horses, as my father's health then began to fail, and he gradually turned weak. ‘Brother Robert’ generally took a part in looking after the horses and keeping the books, but towards the latter part of his life—he died in 1892—he kept the books altogether.

“Harking back to Saunterer, his great race would be in the Great Yorkshire Stakes—the race won by Vedette, already alluded to. He won the Eglinton Stakes at Doncaster, and Skirmisher beat him for the Doncaster Stakes on the Friday. He went from Doncaster to

Chantilly, where Fisherman beat him for the Prix de l'Empereur. That was the first year of the race being open to English horses, and three English horses were first, second, and third. Wells rode Fisherman, and I rode Saunterer; there were several French horses in the field.

"I can well remember being lost in Paris on my return. I was late in getting into Paris at night, and I wanted to reach Dieppe to catch a boat to England the following morning. I hadn't a Bradshaw, so I couldn't tell how the tidal trains ran. When I got to Paris about midnight I couldn't get a cab, so I had to make my way on foot to the Rue St. Lazare. Of course I am not a flier at talking French. I used all the French I could, mixed with a bit of Yorkshire, of course. All along the Boulevards I stopped the Gens d'Armes and gave them a taste of the lingo. It's wonderful what you can do in Paris with a bit French.

"'Voulez vous, mossoo, me mongtree ze way à Rue St. Lazare? Je suis English jockey—perdu! lost my way—vant to get zee train à Angleterre, mossoo.'

"That fetched the Gens d'Armes. I had been twice in France before, you see, so I was going pretty strong in the language. Somehow or other I got through Paris but missed my train by half an hour, and also missed the train at Euston. I had to ride at The Curragh the next day, but was a day late. Saunterer came back from Chantilly and won the Autumn Handicap at Chester; and Charlton rode him for the Bentinck Memorial at Liverpool as I could not

ride the weight. In 1857 I had to work hard to ride 7 st. 12 lbs.

“Saunterer’s next appearance was in the Cesarewitch, carrying 8 st. 12 lbs. John Jackson made a heavy bet with some one that Saunterer would be within six lengths of the winner. He was well within the distance, and Jackson won his bet.”

John Jackson himself told Dr. Shorthouse that he backed Saunterer to be within four lengths of the post when the winner passed it, and won the bet. Admiral Rous, on that occasion, decided that a length must be taken to be three yards.

“That was the Cesarewitch in which Prioress, El Hakim, and Brown Bess ran the dead heat. Saunterer was fourth, and Warlock fifth. I remember Saunterer and Warlock finishing close together. He was giving a year away to Warlock, who won the Leger the year before. At the Houghton meeting that year Saunterer gave Anton 7 lbs. across the flat, and ran third in the Cambridgeshire the following day, carrying 8 st. 12 lbs.

“It was through this race that Matthew Dawson persuaded Mr. Merry to buy Saunterer, which he did shortly afterwards, at the end of the season, for £2500. He left us then, and Matthew Dawson took him. The following year, under Matthew Dawson, he won the Goodwood Cup and the ‘Fitzwilliam’ at Doncaster, and was second to Vedette for the Doncaster Cup, after which he went over to Chantilly, and I won the Prix de l’Empereur on him. The following year he ran second to Fisherman in

the Ascot Cup, in which he broke down and was then sent to the stud. In 1857 we had some very useful horses at Ashgill. There was Lady Alice, the grand-dam of St. Gatien; Intisidora, afterwards named Chantress. My father bred Lady Alice, who won us several races as a two-year-old, as also did Intisidora, who, after winning a selling race, was claimed by Captain Christie. This same year my father won five races at Eccles with Tiff and Black Tiffany. Two members of the Eccles Race Committee came to Ashgill a week after the races and brought money for the five races, amounting in all to 104 sovereigns—all in gold, which they laid out on the table. These were the days when stakes were very small. No, there were no £10,000 stakes then.

“It was on Vedette in 1857 that I had my first winning mount in the Two Thousand. He was the property of Lord Zetland, for whom he was trained by George Abdale. A short time before he had to run in the ‘Two Thousand’ Vedette was going off a bit. When we got on to the course I found him going rather short in his first canter. He had a second canter before starting, and he went all right, and he won the race very cleverly. I think it was a very heavy betting race, a lot of horses being backed that had been highly tried. There was Anton from Danebury, and Loyola, belonging to the Duke of Cleveland, and several others. After Vedette had won he was dead lame, and it took him an hour and a half to hobble from the Heath—from the old red weighing room to

his stable. The horse was a martyr to rheumatism. He never ran from the Two Thousand until he was stripped for the Great Yorkshire Stakes in the autumn, when Ashmall rode him. He beat Skirmisher, who was his stable companion. It was in the Great Yorkshire that a declaration was made to win with Vedette as against Skirmisher. No doubt they declared to win with the better horse, and Vedette won easily. Lord Zetland was the sole owner of Vedette, but only part owner of Skirmisher with Mr. Savile. I fancy Mr. Savile was not well pleased with the declaration business. At all events, Skirmisher was taken away from Aske shortly after, and Mr. Savile began racing him in his own colours. There is not the slightest doubt in my mind that Vedette was the better horse of the two. Skirmisher was a good horse, but Vedette had better speed, and stayed as well. This same year I won the 'Fitzwilliam' at Doncaster on Vedette, and Tom Chaloner rode him when he won the Doncaster Cup. Vedette beat two good two-year-olds in the 'Fitzwilliam' in Lady Alice and Princess Royal; and Black Tommy was second to him. This horse had run second in the Derby that same year. Vedette not being engaged, of course, did not run in the Derby. In fact, had he been entered, he would not have been fit to run, as he went all wrong after the Two Thousand. He was bred by Mr. Chilton and Mr. Anthony Harrison at Billingham Grange; they were great friends, and jointly owned the dam. Lord Zetland and Mr. Williamson, who was Lord Zetland's

brother-in-law, went together to Mr. Chilton's to look at a yearling named Norton by Voltigeur. Mr. Williamson at once took a fancy to Vedette; he was a first foal, and a little rough colt. Mr. Williamson asked the price of him, and they put him up at £100, and Mr. Williamson at once closed with the bargain.

“ Voltigeur, the sire of Vedette, was very late when he went to the stud his first season, and he had very few mares. Vedette was taken to Lord Zetland's place at Aske to be trained by George Abdale, who married my sister in '56, if I am not mistaken. Abdale was with my father as a boy in the Ashgill stable, and remained there about nine years. He then went to Aske to train for Earl Zetland (uncle to the present Earl), who never had any family. The first year Abdale began well, as he trained Ivan, who was second for the St. Leger. He got charge of Lord Zetland's horses in the autumn of '53; he remained at Aske till '59, and died shortly afterwards. Vedette was the best horse he trained; but before him he had Fandango, with whom he won the Metropolitan and the Ascot Cup; also Zeta, who won the Northumberland Plate; then there were Skirmisher, Ignoramus, and Qui Vive (a sister to Vedette)—all good class animals. George Abdale had been with Mr. Field at Richmond for a short time before he came to my father.

“ As a four-year-old Vedette was beaten by Odd Trick for the Port Stakes at Newmarket, but he won the Ebor Handicap the same year

with 8 st. 7 lbs. in the saddle, beating Tunstall Maid, 6 st. 2 lbs. Underhand was behind him in that race, but Mr. Foster's game little horse was giving him weight. Vedette finished up by winning the Doncaster Cup, again beating Saunterer, both the same age. George Abdale and I often had an argument as to whether Vedette was a better horse than Saunterer. He argued for his horse, and I argued as strongly for ours. I would never give in on the point until after this Doncaster Cup that Vedette was the better horse, for he beat Saunterer very easily. Vedette never ran after that race. He was sold to Mr. Simpson, of Diss, near Newmarket, and stood there throughout his stud career.

“Old Dr. Shorthouse often wrote against the Blacklock blood, and, like Mr. John Corlett, in some of his articles in the *Sporting Times*, affirmed that Galopin was by Delight and *not* by Vedette. I am quite at issue with them in that opinion. Well, now, Galopin during his first eight seasons at the stud had only two chestnut foals, and he averaged about sixteen foals a year. One of these was out of a chestnut mare. Now, Delight's dam was a chestnut with white legs; her dam was a chestnut; Elis, the grand sire of Placid (Delight's dam) was a chestnut with white legs, and so was Placid herself; and Passion, the dam of Placid, was a chestnut. On this statement, do you mean to say that if Galopin had been by Delight he would not have shown more chestnut than he does? Mr. John Corlett is perhaps not so strong in his doubts on this

point as was Dr. Shorthouse, and he seems to be coming round to the opinion that Galopin was a Vedette. There is no doubt Dr. Shorthouse did an immense amount of harm by writing so strongly as he did against Voltigeur and the Blacklock blood. Many people believed in the Doctor's opinion, and that was how the harm was done. Why he wrote so strongly I don't know, for there can be no doubt that Voltigeur got some good, game horses; and I feel confident in my own mind that Vedette was got by Voltigeur."

There can be no doubt that Dr. Shorthouse's antipathy, as John implies, to the Blacklock line directly infused into Voltigeur materially affected the stud career of the latter. The Doctor, who always called a spade a spade, affirmed at the time that "all things evil spring from the accursed Blacklock blood," which Voltigeur inherited on both sides of his pedigree.

VEDETTE'S TWO THOUSAND.

The 2000 GUINEAS STAKES, a subscription of 100 sovereigns each, h ft, for three years old colts, 8 st. 7 lb., and fillies 8 st. 4 lb.; the owner of the second horse receives back his stake; R.M. (44 subscribers).

Lord Zetland's br c Vedette, by Voltigeur,	J. Osborne	1
Mr. F. Robinson's b c Anton,	A. Day	2
Lord Clifden's br c Loyola,	S. Rogers	3
Baron Rothschild's ch c Sydney,	Charlton	4
Lord Clifden's br c by Surplice—Bee's-wax,	Sly	0
Mr. W. S. Crawford's b c Lord of the Hills,	G. Oates	0
Lord Exeter's br c Turbit,	Norman	0
Lord Glasgow's b c by The Flying Dutchman—Barba,	Aldcroft	0
Mr Howard's ch c Drumour,	Wells	0
Lord Londesborough ch c Kent,	Flatman	0
Mr. T. Clive's b c Apathy,	G. Fordham	0
Mr. E. Parr's ch c Lambourn,	Hughes	0

Betting—5 to 2 against Vedette, 4 to 1 each Loyola and Kent, 5 to 1 against Anton, 100 to 8 each against Drumour and Lambourn, and 100 to 3 Apathy. Won by three-quarters of a length; a head between second and third; a length between third and fourth; Drumour and Turbit next, well up.

Vedette's career for the remainder of the season was untarnished by defeat, his successes embracing the Ebor, St. Leger, and the Great Yorkshire Stakes, in which he was ridden by Ashmall; the Fitzwilliam Stakes at York, ridden by Chaloner; and the Doncaster Stakes, in which John Osborne was his pilot, the horses behind him in this latter event being Black Tommy, Warlock, Commotion, Drumour, and Melissa, the latter of whom bolted after passing the chair the first time, and Drumour broke down.

The "Druid" relates that Vedette began the world as "West Hartlepool," having been named by Mr. John Bowes. "Nothing could have been more uncompromising than his yearling look, as his head was big, his middle like a brood mare's, and his hocks very far behind him, and hence, much as Lord Zetland liked the blood, he wavered for some time till Mr. Williamson used all his eloquence in favour of 'the ugly one.' At last the £250* went the right way, and unpromising as the beginning seemed, it is doubtful whether ever such a horse had been at Aske. He had quite as little notion as Fandango of leaving off, and for pace and staying as well, if the jockeys were polled he would have as many votes as Voltigeur. When the chronic rheumatism was not troubling him, few had such action, and as he went with his head down he seemed to 'get all he stretched for.' He was the last horse Job Marson ever rode in public, and Job told the stable that Voltigeur the second had been found at last. His first great trial was at Catterick before the Two Thousand, at even weights, a mile and a half with Ignoramus and the four-year-old Gaudy, while Skirmisher received

* John Osborne states the sale price at £100.

7 lbs. He just won it, but when he and Skirmisher were put together again over two miles of the same course he gave Lord Fitzwilliam's horse 16 lbs., and beat him half a length. This course proved fatal to both of them at last, as well as seven others from Aske, including Sabreur, Zeta, and Fandango, and in every instance it was the left leg which went."

Vedette, like all the Voltaire stock, including Voltigeur himself, was heavy necked and heavy fleshed, and it was these characteristics that made Lord Zetland and one or two more of the Jockey Club dislike Voltigeur when Bobby Hill marked him as a yearling at Doncaster. Their verdict was confirmed when the colt came up before Mr. Tattersall. "Take him away" soon boomed forth, and not a soul was there to give a hundred for a yearling that was destined to be the rival of The Flying Dutchman. But for more interesting memoranda anent Voltigeur and Vedette, the reader would do well to dip into the pages of "Scott and Sebright" and read for himself the tale as told in the "Druid's" own incomparable style. "Bobby Hill," adds the Druid, "had training notions of his own, and never had a man a grander piece of stuff to work on than the sire of Vedette. Voltigeur thrived under Bobby's gum bandaging of the legs, and would say when asked his reasons on that head, 'They're a vast deal better for't.' He was not the man to let his horses be idle; but, be his system what it might, the three-year-old Voltigeur thrived on it. He could sweat week after week with 12 stone, lad and all, on his back, and quite deserved his glowing eulogy, 'His legs and feet, my lord, is like *hiron*.'"

It is now too late in the day to question the stoutness of the Blacklock blood. Its value has been attested

in many ways. Himself a horse of great stamina, he won the Doncaster Stakes over four miles, and the Cup at York. Bred in 1814, he transmitted his excellence to his sons, Velocipede, Voltaire, and Brutandorf attesting to it, while the line down to the present day stands out still more illustriously through such direct descendants as Voltigeur, Vedette, Galopin, St. Simon, and Persimmon, the mention of whose names is almost strong enough evidence to raise the hot-headed Carshalton seer from his last resting-place.

Voltigeur was destroyed on Saturday, 21st February, 1874. The pride of Yorkshire and one of the most popular horses on the British Turf, he was accidentally kicked on the near hind thigh by a mare belonging to Mr. "Sandy" Young, the previous day, but as "Volte" walked about as usual it was not considered that the fracture was dangerous. On the following morning, however, the groom found, on going into his box, that he was still lying down, and it was discovered that Voltigeur's leg was broken. Mr. John Hedley, of Richmond, pronounced the case hopeless, and the horse was shot in his box at Aske, his leg and tail being taken off and cured as a memento of the famous steed. Bred in 1847 by Mr. Robert Stephenson, of Hart, he was a dark brown or nearly black, got by Voltaire out of Martha Lynn by Mulatto. A handsome colt, he soon became the idol of Richmond, and Mr. Stephenson sent him to Doncaster in September for sale. The reserve price of 350 gs. not being reached, like a "convicted prisoner" Voltigeur returned to Hart's. Shortly afterwards the then Earl of Zetland was induced by his brother-in-law, Mr. Williamson, to buy him. In due course he came to Aske, where he became the idol of Bobby Hill (the then Earl of Zetland's trainer) and of

the Earl, too, as he early developed excellences. Anyone that contested the point with Bobby Hill as to whether Voltigeur was the best colt ever stripped, or dared to point out the slightest fault in his conformation, offered a sure and certain cause for a quarrel with the old trainer, who zealously looked after "Volti" himself. His *début* was made on Richmond Moor in the Wright Stakes, when, although very backward, he cleverly defeated Mark Tapley, one of Tom Dawson's, who showed that he could race a bit when he beat the celebrated Nancy at Warwick. Bobby Hill's confidence in him, coupled with the fact that he was fancied by the Earl of Zetland and Mr. Williamson, soon oozed out, and all the Tykes backed him for the Derby. It is said that when Voltigeur arrived in London, accompanied by the famous "Tubal Cain" of Aske, his progress was like that of a foreign Sovereign. A special train of North Riding farmers accompanied him, and an equally large number of London backers cheered him as he was whirled into Epsom. On the Sunday morning the critics visited the Downs to see him gallop, but owing to the tediousness of the journey "Volti" went very stiffly in his spin, and the critics voted him a lumbering coach horse, whilst sinister rumours as to Mr. Stephenson being largely in the forfeit list caused him to be almost "knocked out." Pitsford and Clincher thus became greater favourites than ever. The following morning the Earl of Zetland received a communication from Messrs. Weatherby that upwards of £400 were due in forfeits from the nominator of Voltigeur, and that amount, they demanded, should be paid up. Somewhat displeased at this unceremonious call upon him, the Earl of Zetland determined, upon the spur of the moment, to strike the horse out of the Derby, and

actually gave instructions to this effect to be sent to Messrs. Weatherby. But the Earl was induced to revoke his decision. A couple of dozen entered for Voltigeur's Derby, the field including Pitsford, the champion of the powerful Danebury stable, Clincher and Mildew also having a large following. The "Macaulay of the Turf" of that date described the Derby finish as follows:—

"Now, Frank, lay on to Clincher (just glance to your right hand),
 Pitsford is at your saddle girths, they are three lengths from the stand;
 There goes Job's finger off the rein, he clears them at each stride,
 He wins, he wins, does Voltigeur, there's '7' up on the slide!
 'Tis done; mixed pain and pleasure sets each mad brain in a whirl,
 And loud claps of vocal thunder greet the 'red spots' of the Earl,
 While the delighted multitude by no means lack the will
 To carry to the weighing-house Job, Voltigeur, and Hill."

The return of "Job" and "Volti" to Richmond was a triumphal one, rejoicing and presents to Job being of the warmest and most numerous. There were yet other stirring incidents in store in Voltigeur's career. He had yet to win a "Sellinger" and beat The Flying Dutchman, his dead heat with Russborough for the St. Leger being the most sensational. The unfair riding of Foley on Chatterbox, who made the running for Russborough, and who crossed "Job" so often and got in his way that he was compelled "to come" earlier than he intended, contributed to the dead heat. In the decider, however, "Volti" won in the most decisive fashion.

Never was there greater excitement on the Town Moor at Doncaster than when Voltigeur and The Flying

Dutchman met on the Cup day, the Aske stable sending forth its champion bearing "spots" against the "Eglinton tartan." Job Marson being unable to ride the weight, the mount on "Volte" was given to Nat Flatman, Marlow riding "The Dutchman," who made terrific running, but the pace gradually told upon him, for after passing the Red House the lead was diminished and at the distance Nat was at "The Dutchman's" quarters. "Volte's got him, Volte's got him!" shouted Bobby Hill in an agony of delight, and as the story goes the million took up the cry. The Dutchman's flag was hauled down for the first time, and Voltigeur, amidst such a scene of excitement as an English course can alone give rise to, was declared one of the best horses of the century, and one who had fully realised the honours expected of him as a foal and a yearling.

From this memorable Doncaster Cup race between Voltigeur and "The Dutchman," the great match between the pair originated, and came off over two miles of the Knavesmire at York in the following spring for £1000 a side. William Osborne once said, there was "mair folk on the Knavesmire that day than ever seen before, and would ever be seen again." "The Dutchman," however, asserted his superiority, and although excuses were offered for the Yorkshire idol, he was fairly defeated in a struggle in which all but honour was lost. Voltigeur came out the following day, and was beaten when attempting to concede 32 lbs. to Nancy, who was well ridden by Johnnie Osborne.

As a sire he left the stamp of his excellences on such celebrities of the turf as Vedette, Skirmisher, Bivouac, Sabreur, Bumblekite, Géant des Batailles, Brennus, Fragrance, and Falkland. Voltigeur was a great

favourite with Lord Zetland, and when at Aske rarely a day passed when his lordship did not cast his admiring eyes over him. The Landseer canvas in the Aske gallery reproduces in life size Voltaire's great son.

At one time, according to John Osborne, that eminent turf authority, Mr. John Corlett, shared in Dr. Shorthouse's aversion to the Blacklock blood. Of late years he has become a convert from that faith, in proof whereof we quote from a recent article of his the following interesting particulars about Galopin, who is Vedette's greatest son:—

“It is astonishing how the different strains of blood have their day. They come and go like everything else. Last year Galopin was at the head of the list of winning sires, and this year it is his mares that have brought him to the front. His daughters have produced winners of nearly £50,000, and that places him at the top of the tree by a long way. A subscription to his son, St. Simon, is scarcely to be obtained for love or money, and 500 guineas is merely a nominal fee. This struck me very forcibly when, by accident, the other day I came across the sale of the stud of the late Mr. Zachariah Simpson. Galopin is a son of Vedette, and, in the sale I have mentioned, mares by Vedette, or covered by him, were sold at something less than cab prices. Miss Sellon, for instance, was a well-bred mare, but with a foal at her foot by Vedette, and again covered by that sire, the price for the lot was only 11 guineas. A foal by Vedette, out of Clío, fetched 7 guineas, and another out of the very speedy Castanette went for 6 guineas. At that period the only blood

that would go down at all was the Sweetmeat and Beadsman, which nowadays no one will look at. Vedette, the sire of Galopin, I may mention, was sold for 42 guineas. He was seventeen years old at the time, and Galopin and Hermit lived about ten years longer than that. Talk about the vicissitudes of noble families, we have it here! Vedette, it should be mentioned, when sold for the absurd sum I have stated, had got several good winners. In a modern stud, on the strength of a son like Speculum, Vedette would at once have been promoted to 100-guinea rank. There are sires now at that price who have never got anything within 7 lb. of what Speculum was. In contrast to the 6-guinea mares by Vedette sold in 1871, we have his great-grand-daughter La Flèche, who was sold by public auction for 12,600 guineas to Sir Tatton Sykes, who, however, was a very unwilling buyer.

“Mares by Galopin have, during the last five years, thrown stock that have won £100,000. Large as is this sum, it is beaten by Hermit, whose mares have equally distinguished themselves with a total of nearly £150,000. It is not a little singular that both these sires were the property of Mr. Chaplin at the Blankney stud. Nor did he give an extravagant price for them. Hermit, as a yearling at the Middle Park sale, cost 1000 guineas, and Galopin was purchased after he had made a great name for himself for a very few thousands of pounds. It is not generally known that Prince Batthyany, before withdrawing Galopin from the Turf, tried to

sell him to Lord Rosebery, the price asked being 10,000 guineas. The horse was at that moment in his very prime, and had all the Cup races of the following year at his mercy. It was a bad day's work for Lord Rosebery when he declined this offer. We cannot wonder, however, that he should have done so, seeing how he had been 'bitten' by many of his costly purchases, such as Bonnie Scotland. What profit Galopin would have returned on the outlay of £10,000 it is impossible to conjecture, but it may be safely put at not less than £150,000."

CHAPTER VII

“And so ’twill be when we are gone,
The Saddling bell will still ring on.”

RESUMING the *tête-à-tête*, we come to the closing period of the “fifties,” when the Osbornes and the stable were in a flourishing state. The tale is thus continued by the chief actor:—

“So far as concerned Ashgill in ’59,” continues “Master John,” “we had a good year, Red Eagle, ridden by Harry Grimshaw, winning the Cambridgeshire for us. Bred and owned by my father, he was by Birdcatcher out of First Rate, by Melbourne. Grimshaw about this time was connected with my father, and had already made his mark as a light-weight. He came to Ashgill as a boy, and remained there till ’61 or ’62. The next year Moorcock, ridden by Tom Chaloner, won us the Liverpool Cup, Red Eagle also winning a race or two, afterwards being sold to go to Russia. Tom Chaloner came to the stable in 1852; he was then very light, and rode a lot of our horses for several years. Speaking of jockeys that have been connected with Ashgill, there was William Abdale, Bearpark—he went abroad to

ride for Count Henckell; Tom Chaloner, Harry Grimshaw, Whiteley—he went to Germany; Dick and Willie Chaloner (brothers of Tom), Busby; Willie Platt, Mills; Glover, W. Carroll—he began riding in '50; and C. Carroll, who, I think, began in '54. Both the Carrolls died, Charles was killed at Musselburgh in '67, a horse falling under him as he was coming round the last turn; Bill died after leaving Ashgill. Walter Wood would come to us about 1870; he went to New Zealand and Australia. Then there was George Oates; he was with John Fobert first, and afterwards went to Bill Scott's. William Abdale was here; he was the crack light-weight of his day, and went from my father to Lord George Bentinck, riding a lot for him at Goodwood. George Abdale, too, was a good jockey, but always a little bit heavy. He rode Maid of Masham for all her races as a five and six-year-old. Bearpark rode well, though he never got much riding except on horses in our stable; he was very successful abroad as a jockey. Tom Chaloner was a good jockey—a good light-weight; he was good all through, from a boy upward. So was Harry Grimshaw, who, on leaving Ashgill in '61 or '62, went to ride for Count Lagrange in England at the time the Count came over to race in this country, winning a lot of races for him. Gladiateur was his great mount, but he did not ride him as a two-year-old, Edwards riding him twice that season. Harry Grimshaw was killed on his way home from a race meeting. It was a very dark night, and the trap in which he was riding was upset by some

means or other. Poor fellow! he was killed on the spot, and was brought here to be buried in Coverham Churchyard. He was a Lancashire lad, and was married to my sister at Coverham Church. I daresay it was my sister's wish that he was brought here to be buried.

“Speaking of old Middleham trainers, I can just remember old Bob Johnson, of Tupgill. He rode Dr. Syntax in nearly all his races. Then he trained Bee's-wing and Nutwith, when he won the St. Leger. Bob Johnson rode General Chassé at Liverpool the first time he ran, and won. He was a great slug of a horse, and after the race his owner asked Bob what he thought of ‘The General.’ ‘He's a nice donkey kind of a devil, Sir James,’ was Bob's reply. Sir James had to call in the aid of Thomas Dawson to interpret Bob's description of his horse. I couldn't be certain whether Mr. Dawson trained General Chassé or not, but I know Mr. Fobert trained him for the St. Leger. I can remember old George Oates having two or three horses in training at Middleham after I came from school. Of course I can well remember Thomas Dawson and John Fobert. Paddy Drislane? yes, of course, he was here first of all as head man with Fred Bates, and then he started training on his own account. I think Warlaby was the best horse he had. He was head man at Tupgill when Bates had Tam o' Shanter in the Chester Cup. They made an attempt to back the horse for that race, but found they couldn't get any money on. ‘Lave it to me, 'pon my word,’ said Paddy to Fred Bates, ‘and you'll get the money on.’ So Paddy pre-

tended to give the horse a dose of physic—it was only a flour ball—then he put the horse's leg in hot water, tied his tail up, and put him on the walking list. No one knew about this dodge to mislead the touts except Drislane and the boy who looked after the horse. The touts, swallowing the bait, reported that Tam o' Shanter had broken down, and the horse was soon driven to an outside price in the market. The stable money was then got on, and when the horse won Paddy said, 'Didn't I tell ye to lave it to me?'

“Robert I'Anson, uncle to the present Wm. I'Anson, trained at Middleham both privately and publicly for some time. Old Mr. Joseph Dawson began at Middleham as a private trainer to Lord Glasgow, and Mr. John Dawson also acted for him in the same capacity. Lord Glasgow was a very passionate man, and used to blow everybody up. He always supplied his trainers with money in advance when they were going away with his horses. He never would think of them laying out their own money for him. When he was Lord Kelburne he had his horses with old John Smith, of Middleham, but that was before my time. Smith had Jerry and Actæon. He bought Jerry after he won the St. Leger. Jerry stood as a sire at Middleham for some time, but he used to move about, and was at Newmarket for several seasons, and the horse ended his career at Middleham. Lord Glasgow would never have any horses trained at Middleham after '65. They would leave here just after the Christmas of '65. Young Tom Dawson was the trainer, and I had been engaged as the jockey.

Tom Dawson gave his place up, and Lord Glasgow asked me to take charge of the horses until he might fall in with another trainer. There would be about a dozen or fifteen—all of them old horses; the yearlings had not yet come up. I had them under my charge for five or six weeks, and then I took them to Newmarket to Mr. Godding's. Lord Glasgow had a stud and paddocks at Doncaster then, but kept one or two stallions here at Middleham, Brother to Strafford being here for two years after his horses left. Mr. Dilly was training for his lordship in '47, and would have his horses about two years. He did not keep his trainers long; he was very passionate, but a very kind-hearted man."

Speaking of old John Osborne's visit to Northampton in 1862, a writer of the period said—

"Northampton, as usual, opened the week in the Shires, every county house having its party, so that the road was as well patronised as the rail. The 'Adelphi' on Boxing Night was not more crowded than the stand, and in the enclosure there was a national exhibition of 'rain traps and overcoats.' Of the latter class, decidedly the greatest curiosity was the mantle of old John Osborne, which was as short as that we see the Iron Duke attired in, and which, with its brass lion clasp, looked like the relic of some great warrior, borrowed from a museum. Still, he would have cared naught for the date of its birth if he could have seen Chaloner put Rapparee before Stampedo. But the fates decreed otherwise, and the veteran, who was attended by a few select friends from the North, whose coming South is always indicative of a 'good thing' in the wind, was compelled to see the Middleham



JOHN OSBORNE IN THE "SIXTIES"

champion worsted by the Newmarket one. The dress rehearsal of Stampedo and Rapparee in the 'alley of critics' on the day led to conflicting opinions, and singularly enough, both were selected to be potted, because they were as big as bullocks. Throughout the race the great guns had it to themselves, and Stampedo, nicely handled by Fordham, raised the number for the Bedfordshire Baronet, Sir Williamson Booth."

The same disregard for gaudy adornment which marked the father has been inherited by his most distinguished son. A nattier and better groomed man than "Mr. John" does not exist. His pet aversion is the wearing of a collar. "I am never comfortable when I have one," was his reply to a query put to him on the point.

"Brother William" asserts that "John has never worn a collar since he were married." From which one may assume that he adorned himself with one on that important occasion to give an Adonis effect to his personal appearance when leading his bride to the altar. A regular attender at the pretty little Coverham Church, which lies in the lowland half a mile from Brecongill, "Mr. John" is a vision of dignity on the Sundays. He will tell you that he has been often and often asked to stand as a churchwarden, but declines the honour. Dispensing with the everlasting billycock of the weekdays, he adorns his head "agoing to church with a silk bell-topper," whose faded "nap" and unconventional shape suggest to the beholder that it had been built in the period of the Roman occupation, and worn through successive generations. The other portions of his body gear indicate a like ancient origin, nor is the cut of his coat one that would meet with the approval of a Regent Street "swell."

It has been remarked before that "Mr. John" is a man of heredity and environment. A lover of old times, old manners, and even old clothes, his belief was created by his father's simple mode of dress and independent disregard for the conventionalities of costume.

"It was my father's custom,
And so it shall be mine,"

is the text from which he preaches his daily pilgrimage. His observance of religious duties was drilled into him by his mother, of whom it is said that she was first astir in the mornings, like the douce guid wife that she was, and last up at night doing the house turns. Nor did her industry cease here, for when the horses were out at exercise on the Moor and all the stable lads occupied, she would take the broom and sweep the boxes clean for the animals to have sweet stabling on their return from the early morning gallops. With sometimes as many as between forty and fifty lads at Ashgill, it goes without saying there would be some wild, unruly spirits amongst them. Their moral and spiritual welfare was this real worker's concern. It was her rule, supplemented by the will of her husband, to enforce the attendance of the lads at divine service to get a mouthful of salvation. Refractory ones there would be amongst them—as little in love with dry-as-dust sermons as spiritual welfare. Mrs. Osborne would occasionally find some of them skulking from church. Seizing the first broom she could lay hands on, she would thump the backsliders right and left, and like a feminine John Knox—not knocks, if you please—drive them down the lane till they were within the portals of the sacred edifice.

Another writer in the period with which we are now

dealing gives a passing glimpse of old John Osborne and Tom Chaloner, who was one of his favourite jockeys. The sketch conveys an idea of the old trainer's confidence and regard for his "feather-weights," several of whom, reared in the Ashgill stable, rose to eminence. That "Old John," now in the plenitude of his scope—the period is the early "sixties"—had done, and was doing, yeoman service as a breeder, trainer, and owner in the making of jockeys, the chronicler (in *Baily's Magazine*) indicates as follows:—

"As Turkey imports her brides from Circassia on account of their natural beauty, so John Osborne colonizes his 'feathers' from Manchester by reason of their sharpness, he having rightly observed that the leaders of the betting ring have all come from that city. Chaloner and Grimshaw are excellent specimens of the Manchester school, whose subjects as soon as they are out of their egg-shells are taught to shift for themselves. Chaloner is to John Osborne what Adams is to William Day, viz., his pilot in handicap nurseries and consolation scrambles, and, by the retainers he has from other owners for him, he gets to know many horses' 'forms,' and profits by it. In the North people are as fond of backing his mount as they are that of Fordham in the South, and a better jockey of his years never scaled. Of quiet and domestic habits, his great taste is for natural history, and his collection of pets a short time back resembled the Zoological Gardens on a small scale. By his industry and ability he has realised large sums for 'Old John,' besides for himself; and to his credit be it said, his first thoughts were for his parents, whom he put into a public-house and saw them do well. Grimshaw, his companion, is one of the most old-fashioned boys we ever came across. Stronger than the majority of the

‘feathers,’ with rare hands, and a knowledge of pace acquired by extensive practice, he is invaluable to an owner, and scarcely are the weights published for a great handicap ere negotiations are entered into for him. But ‘Old John’ is as hard in bargaining for him as Barnum is for a curiosity, and it took two days for Sir Joseph Hawley to conclude the treaty with him for Beacon in the Cambridgeshire of the year before last. Dressed in his long greatcoat, which comes nearly down to his spurs, and his cap pulled over his eyes, old John Osborne gives one, with his stolid countenance, the idea of an old whipper-in razed; and the *ensemble* is heightened by his curt mode of speaking. Like Chaloner, ‘Old John’ conducts himself in a manner that will always ensure him employers.”

CHAPTER VIII

“O! who will o'er the downs so free!”

THE reader may be interested in a survey of the training grounds and the trainers when the “sixties” were entered. At Middleham, which had been glorified by The Flying Dutchman in the preceding decade, John Fobert directed a big string at Spigot Lodge. The Dawsons, father and son, were enjoying liberal patronage—the one training for Lord Glasgow, and the other for John Jackson, then rising to his zenith as the “Emperor of the Ring,” and for whom Tim Whiffler was doing yeoman service. The Osbornes, as we have seen, were flourishing, holding under their control many horses, “Old John” bringing before the public more good “feather-weights” than any other of his profession in the kingdom. A little further north of Middleham, Geo. Abdale, Jim Watson, Gill, and Winteringham held court at Richmond, which had already been made famous by the doughty deeds of Voltigeur, Fandango, and Vedette, bearing the “Aske spots” of the Earl of Zetland. But the mightiest training citadel of the “county of broad acres” was Malton and Pigburn, where John Scott, with the grace of a gentleman and the dignity of a prince, held patrician levees of his patrons, including Mr. Bowes (for whom he trained four

Derby winners, including the "Flying West"), Lord Glasgow, and Lord Stanley. Another Malton meteor was old William P'Anson of Blinky Bonny, Caller Ou, and Blair Athol renown.

Turning southward, the training grounds of the country were irregularly scattered. Except the Cliffs and the Wadlows in Staffordshire, the land was barren of horses till Newmarket was reached. Then, as now, Newmarket was the headquarters of the Turf, many stables and trainers giving to the place a high importance which has been largely augmented in later years. The two Dawsons, John and Joseph (the latter, Lord Stamford's private trainer, having a supplementary stable at Ilsley); Buckle, employed by the Duke of Bedford, and the original manager of Asteroid; Golding, styled "the terror of handicappers, and the joy of Mr. Naylor"; and Harlock, who had the direction of Lord Exeter's great stud, were responsible for many animals of class, as also was Matthew Dawson. Jennings, who had formed an alliance with the Frenchmen, had been responsible for the Hospodor and Stradella failure. Old Tom Taylor had migrated from Bretby Park to the more racing atmosphere of headquarters; Hayhoe was acting for Baron Rothschild, being trainer and jockey in one; and the great Mr. Samuel Rogers added to the list of celebrities who galloped their horses of a morning on the Bury Hills, or of the afternoon up the Bunbury mile or around the Limekilns, as do their successors and some of their descendants in the present day.

Still scouting in the South and crossing the Thames, one met colonies of trainers of lesser note. The eye would rest on Lewes, where Lord St. Vincent's horses were trained by Edwin Parr,

and where the boy attempted to "cooper" Lord Clifden by digging holes in the turf, injury to the St. Leger winner being happily frustrated by timely discovery of the nefarious design of the youthful recreant; thence on to Findon, where W. Goater was in command; by Worthing, where in yet earlier days old John Day galloped Virago for Mr. "Howard," the line would sweep westward to find other bright places of the period, where the high-mettled racer found a habitation and created a name.

In Hampshire and Wiltshire a little squadron deploys in view. In this region H. Goater, near Winchester, was the trusted lieutenant of Lord Palmerston. John Day's rule at Stockbridge, and William Day's towards Salisbury, recalled the times when the former stable won two Derbies running, and were first and third for another; and when the latter appropriated the Chester Cup, the Cesarewitch, and other big plums of the calendar. Passing Woolcot's, still near Salisbury, away in a northerly direction to Kingsclere, memories recalled the lucky Sir Joseph, who owed the victories of Beadsman and Musjid, and still later of Asteroid, to the care and attention of Manning. At Lambourne Mr. Saxon's horses were trained in the same neighbourhood as the great Russley string, from which that "darling of the public," Thormanby, came forth to win the Derby, Buckstone still further adding lustre to its high renown as a home of great horses. A near neighbour was Ilsley, and here Lords Stamford and Strathmore maintained considerable studs. Wantage also comes under the *coup d'œil* as the resting-place of Thomas Parr, with memories of grand old Fisherman and Rataplan aroused.

Near Marlborough Alec Taylor had an abiding place, around which hung the halo of the Teddington and St. Alban's glories. Still pursuing the line northwards along the Wiltshire Downs, not forgetting the American stable at Newbury, with its nigger boys and its orders given in unmistakable Yankee nasal, and quitting the once-renowned quarters of Stevens at Chilton on the right, Swindon is reached, with its handful of "small men," before Beckhampton, where Freen trained the winner of the first Metropolitan Handicap and of the Cesarewitch, completes the topographical view of trainers and training centres of some forty years ago, when John Osborne had already come into note as a jockey. At this period of his career he was a smart young fellow of some twenty-seven years, having already made his mark as a jockey by riding a One Thousand and a Two Thousand Guineas winner to victory. Still plodding along in his home at Brecongill, in this closing year of the nineteenth century what mixed memories must arise in his moments of reflection when he reviews all the havoc made by death amongst the masters of the horse whose names are incidentally mentioned above, and who were numbered amongst his friends and contemporaries!

Richmond is one of the extinct meetings that has been swept out of the calendar by the migration of patrician supporters to the South, not to speak of Jockey Club enactments in regard to the endowment of stakes altogether out of proportion to the resources of so isolated and thinly populated a place as the picturesque and historic little Yorkshire town. With its High and Low Moor, Richmond, as a training ground, has quite a family resemblance to Middleham, alike in its topo-

graphical features and in its antiquity as a racing centre. Each course at each place is a galloping up and down one, and the *locales* are reached by a steep ascent from the town. The likeness does not end there, for from the highest altitude of each the eye takes in a panorama of scenery of hill and dale, of wood and water, of far-stretching pasture and meadow, which, for beauty and extent, is unrivalled in the United Kingdom. The view from Richmond on a clear day is impressively grand, the eye glancing over the mosaic of country from Richmond High Moor, taking in on the sky line the towers of York Minster some fifty miles distant. Change the view, and the meandering Swale, winding its way like a silver thread through dingle and dell, through tumbling cascades, with the Hambleton Hills on the one side and the not far distant Penhill and Middleham on the other, form a sombre background to the ravishing picture.

Richmond Moor has been the scene of many triumphs of the Osbornes. Who that has been at the old-time meeting could forget the quaint old stand and the square stone tower away from it at the far side of the course that served as a judge's box? "The stand," says a writer in the early sixties, "would shock the refined ideas of the Ascot stewards, and the Newmarket authorities would have fainted to see that in the weighing-room there was a kitchen range with oven and boiler complete." The access to the judge's chamber, in which Mr. Justice Johnson sat to hear summonses, was by means of a window to which a small set of steps was attached. "By a piece of glass let into a cupboard the jockeys made their toilette, and one more elaborate than that of young Job Marson," continues the writer, "we never saw attempted by Charles Mathews on any

stage. Whether he was doubtful about his weight we cannot say, but we are sure he was anxious about the small quantity of jewellery he carried about him, as a plain gold pin was changed for a black one, and he weighed it and himself as carefully as a chemist would a pennyweight of magnesia. So far satisfied, the next process was to remove the shirt, which he did in a manner as unintelligible as the Davenport Brothers, for we are certain he never took his jacket off. The shirt was subjected to a similar rigid test as the collar, and the result, we presume, was satisfactory, for it was carefully rolled up and put away, the neckerchief pinned down as neatly as before, minus the collar, and a thin silk jacket was the only protection his light frame had from a nor' easter that would have penetrated through any number of greatcoats. And yet the boy had a hollow cough on him. And while we were expressing our fears to Johnnie Osborne that the lad, who is a striking image of the great Job and sits his horse in exactly the same style, might soon follow in the footsteps of his father, we found he was very much amused at our fears and pronounced them groundless.

“And yet, in this strange weighing-room what mighty Turf characters have been seen! It was here that Jackson, who rode more Leger winners than any man, with the exception of Bill Scott, went to scale year after year; here the famous Billy Pierce, who used to ‘knee the lads’ so much, and when he could not beat them any other way, made each of their horses in turn run away, weighed in and out; Bob Johnson, the famous rider of Bee’s-wing, and who gave up because Mr. Lockwood would not place her for the Leger, was also an *habitué* of the room. Afterwards came Sim Templeman, with his almost annual Inheritress; and

the spare and gaunt John Holmes, who told the solicitors of a well-known nobleman, when they offered him a composition of ten shillings in the pound, that he would make his lordship a present of the flesh he had got off for him; Charlton, the nattiest of the Yorkshire school and the champion rider of the light-weight handicaps, full many a time and oft donned his jacket here—and yet all have passed away!

“In this little room, also, we reflected, had stood the famous Duke of Cleveland watching the weighing of Dainty Dame, by Traveller out of Slighted-by-All, who won the Gold Cup here four years in succession, Mr. Sutton’s Silvia being second on each occasion. Here, also, might have been seen around the clerk and the ‘tryer,’ as the judges were called in those days, the Dukes of Ancaster, Bolton, and Northumberland, as well as the Marquis of Rockingham, Lord Tankerville, Sir Marmaduke Wyvill, Sir T. Dundas, the Charterises, the Shaftoes, Stapyltons, and other names on which Yorkshire gossips like to dilate, and which called up the departed great. Now, Lord Zetland was the only representative of the peerage present, and as the good Earl’s mare came back to weigh there was no mistake in the cheers that greeted her, for the Aske men completely surrounded him, and would not allow him to escape from the manifestations which he tried to avoid. Mr. Williamson, another of the links between the two generations of racing and hunting men, was also present, full of legendary lore and pleasant gossip, contrasting the past with the present and speculating as to the future.”

Then this pleasant recorder of Richmond reminiscences relates an accident to the scales, revealing how primitive and haphazard the old meetings were carried

on some forty or fifty years ago. No alteration had been made in these antique adjusters in the recollection of the oldest inhabitant, and, as they bore the mark of 1725 upon them, it is not wonderful they crumbled to pieces. After the first race, Mr. Peart (this would be John Peart, who was a sort of business manager of Mr. Bowes's horses at Whitewall for many years) despatched a messenger to the town for a fresh set; but they were not to be obtained, and it seemed as if there was no help for it but postpone the sport. At last the quick eye of old John Osborne, still suffering from his old complaint (he died the following year), discerned a remedy, for in crossing the course he came in contact with an itinerant weigher of persons, who wished to ascertain the effect of their Banting process for the small fee of twopence per head. Immediately the discovery was made he communicated with Mr. Peart, and suggested the man's employment. That gentleman, than whom there is none less fettered by red tape or routine, jumped at the proposal and effected an engagement with him then and there for a sovereign and free admission to the stand; and as the worthy C.C. entered with the new official, he was received with what the newspaper reporters term "a perfect ovation." Business was then resumed, and beyond the fact that in the first race John Osborne laid twenty pounds to ten on Red Lion against Brown Bread and beat him with the latter by a head, there was really nothing to note, and as the stake was exactly twenty-five pounds it paid John for his bet.

It is curious about this time to read of the explosions between Lord Glasgow and Aldcroft. The jockey was dead out of luck in '64, and the disputes between him

and Lord Glasgow were described as greatly resembling lovers' quarrels. Neither seemed willing to part; and one moment the jockey was first favourite, and the next he had to give way to the capricious peer. Then Aldcroft would go out and weep, and the old Earl was stated to have been similarly moved. Then this was considered very absurd on the part of both parties, and it was suggested that a definite understanding should be come to between them, and an end put to the stereotyped paragraphs in the papers about the falling-out and reconciliation of the Earl and his jockey.

The annals of the Goodwood Cup form some of the most interesting chapters of Turf history. One of the most stirring of these great contests for it was that of 1861, when John Osborne had the mount on The Wizard, who was a great favourite of John Scott's, though he failed to realise the very high estimate which the famous Whitewall House trainer had formed of him, either for the Derby or the St. Leger. This Goodwood Cup had quite an international character, as it brought into opposition to The Wizard, a French mare, the Derby winner in Thormanby, Mr. Ten Broeck's American-bred horse Starke, and others. The "head" finish between The Wizard and Starke saw John Osborne on the former and George Fordham on the latter, fighting out the battle, which went to Starke, whose victory sent New York into ecstasies, as indeed is the case with our American cousins now nearly forty years later, when they triumph over John Bull in any of his great sports or games with their representatives. As will be seen from the appended outline of the race, excerpted from "Our Van" (*Baily's Magazine*), Starke's victory, after a tremendous flogging, was largely due to the policy which

Fordham invariably adopted of riding his horses out to the last ounce, even when only the faintest ray of hope was left:

“The Cup day was what the Cup day ought to be everywhere, viz., a glorious one; and the living illustration of ‘Le Follet’ defied all foreign competition. ‘The Cup, and nothing but the Cup,’ was the order of the day; and although The Wizard showed in magnificent form, and had furnished and framed into one of the finest Cup horses we have ever seen slipped for many a year, still the ring and a large body of the public were unmistakeably opposed to him for his defeat in the Derby and St. Leger. His supporters, however, were staunch, and consisted of the Whitewall division and the few noblemen who think John Scott still capable of training a horse. Starke looked in prime order, but the French mare was a little scratchy thing, more adapted for a consolation scramble in John Osborne’s country than a Goodwood Cup. France stuck to her nobly, and so did the English ring in a different way. And when Spreoty refused the offer of Adams, Bullock, and another excellent jockey, who was placed at his disposal by Lord Frederick, only one conclusion could be found, and as she never went once into her horses there could be no question of her having been *in articulo mortis* at the time. Thormanby was very fresh, and carried, in addition to Custance, the money of Mr. Merry, Mat Dawson, and the public to make him first favourite.

“The lot, when paraded, made a goodly show. Wallace led the lot a nice dance as soon as they started, and maintained his lead so long, although he looked a bag of bones, that the Cesarewitch handicapper cannot forget him next month, and when he finished, which was not until they had



Portrait of "Old" McLean

GEORGE FORDHAM

got to the distance, away came The Wizard, steaming on like the Great Eastern without an engineer, Johnnie Osborne in vain trying to steady him, and 'The Wizard in a canter' broke from thousands of voices. But the race is not always to the swift, and a few strides from home, 'Johnnie' raising his hands to ease him, his head went up, and Fordham, who had almost hopelessly persevered with his horse, pounced on him like a 'Whicher,' and won by a head. Great must have been the delight of the ring when the American's number went up, for many of them had stood an extra shot against him, believing he could not stay, and all the annals of the Humane Society do not present so narrow an escape as they had from the old man's favourite. 'When John Scott's fond, he is bad to oppose,' has always been an axiom, and we have heard the last of The Wizard. Of Starke Mr. Ten Broeck may really be proud, as he is a real genuine good horse, and bore his flogging like a sailor going round the fleet."

As a contemporary of John Osborne in the pigskin, George Fordham is worthy of a few inches' space in our gallery of jockeys. Fordham's ugly seat was always made worse in appearance by the careless manner he adopted in going to the post, and an incurable habit he had of shrugging his shoulders. His eminence and almost phenomenal success as a jockey were as much due to his talents as to his good fortune. It has been truly said that without the adventitious aid of the fickle goddess, the highest accomplishments in horsemanship are good for nothing. When he had established a reputation, Fordham naturally had a choice of good mounts. He had good hands, which were only surpassed by his expertness in gammoning in a race. His "kidding," to use a slang phrase, gained him "The

Kid" for a nickname. Another element of his success was that he never gave up riding a horse until he was past the post, so as to be there in the count for any mishap taking place to the leader, and never was this policy better exemplified than in his riding of Starke. He was as popular in private as in public life, and particularly so with the Army, many of whose officers, on leaving the country, were wont to leave commissions behind them to back every mount he had for a tenner, with a result that left a respectable credit balance at the end of the season. Like John Osborne, he more than once felt the loss of being unable to speak the lingo of La belle France. The story is told of Fordham when in Paris—it would be in the year '60—he went into a hairdresser's shop, where he expressed in dumb show, of course, that he wanted his hair cut. The coiffeur so operated upon the capillary adornment of "The Kid's" head that he left him as bare as a cannon ball. On his return to Newmarket, "The Kid's" cropped appearance excited some apprehension as to what he had been guilty of in the gay Lutetia. His travelling tutor, Mr. Mellish, asked him if he had been "doing time," to which insulting question he indignantly replied "that it was all very well for him to talk, but he should like to know what he would have done had he been in Paris and had his hair cut and been unable to tell them when to stop." His manner was somewhat rough and unpolished, but beneath the rugged exterior there was a kind heart, which prompted many kind acts to the younger branch of his profession, and it can be said that when the "pale horseman" at last rode away with him into the realms of shade, George Fordham left not an enemy behind.

He sprang from Cambridge from humble circum-

stances, and was apprenticed at the age of ten years to Drewett, of Lewes, making his *début* at the Brighton autumn meeting in 1850, or four years later than did John Osborne have his first leg up at Radcliffe, Fordham's weight avoirdupois being 3 st. 8 lbs., which was increased to the necessary 5 st. with clothes and a large saddle. It was not until twelve months afterwards, and at the same meeting, that he had his initial winning mount. A short time after this he had a narrow escape with his life. He was thrown from Miss Nippet when riding her in the strawyard, and his foot slipping through the iron, he was suspended by the knee and carried round the strawyard with her kicking at him for some time until he was rescued. The effects of that fall he felt throughout the whole of his career, and it left him an enlarged knee joint until his dying day. It was not until 1853 that he took his "first class" on Little David, on whom he won the Cambridgeshire for the wealthy and eccentric Mr. W. Smith, of whom it is related that he never read but three books in his life—"The Racing Calendar," "The Duke of Wellington's Despatches," and the Holy Bible. His subsequent brilliant register for many seasons defies analysis in the brief space admissible in these pages, and he well verified the sobriquet of "The Demon," which was conferred upon him in addition to "The Kid."

A good year for the Osbornes was 1861, the stable sending out no less than fifty-two winners, which total was six better than that of Thomas Dawson's output at Tugill, though eighteen less than John Scott, who still waved the wizard's wand at Whitewall. In this year died Touchstone, whom Tom Dawson considered the best horse of his time, bar none. When in training,

Touchstone stood only 15·2; he was a dark brown, with a star on his face and one white foot. His first St. Leger came with Blue Bonnet in 1842, and nine years later Newminster added to his renown as a sire. Direct descendants of his that won St. Leger are Imperieuse, Lord Clifden, Hawthornden, Wenlock, Marie Stuart, Apology, Petrarch, Jannette, and The Lambkin—all in the direct male line.

CHAPTER IX

“Loving the sport for its dear sake alone,
Hating the base defilers of its fame,
Winning unmoved, losing without a groan,
Equal to either fortune of the game.”

IN the “sixties” the purity of the Turf, the early racing of two-year-olds, and the alleged deterioration of the thoroughbred were burning questions, just as they are now in the closing months of the century. Sir Joseph Hawley and Mr. Chaplin had recommended the discontinuance of two-year-old racing as one remedy. These gentlemen, while not disposed to believe that the breed of horses had degenerated, expressed their opinion that if the system of running two-year-old races was persisted in for twenty years more, the degeneration so often spoken of would surely be felt. They accordingly argued that two-year-olds should not be run before the 1st of July. In racing law no man was better read than Lord Derby, and if we can challenge the purity of the Turf in these days, we are still thankful that there are yet noblemen and gentlemen identified with it whose integrity, public worth, and influence hold in check the evil influences which, if once let loose and unrestrained, would soon bring upon the sport ample reason for it being described as a degrading pursuit. Lord Derby went deeper into the question

than that of the racing of two-year-olds. From the letter which he addressed to Mr. Chaplin and Sir Joseph Hawley, then reigning magnates along with his lordship, not to mention others of note, the following is an excerpt:—

“I take it,” he wrote, “that any deterioration of the Turf in public estimation, of which there is no doubt, is mainly owing to the fact that the majority of horses are now in the possession of men who run for profit and not for sport, who care nothing for the animal horse, who can’t afford to wait for the return of their money, but who, in the language of the Manchester School, prefer the nimble ninepence to the silver shilling, and in whose hands a wretched animal, especially if he is not going so wretched as he is thought, is quite as valuable as one of the high class horses, if not more so.”

Needless to add that the number of needy and unscrupulous speculating owners on the Turf at the present day is as large, if not larger, than in the days when their villainy caused the retirement from the Jockey Club of so high-minded a nobleman as “the Rupert of debate.” Lord Derby, who was at the head of two administrations, died, mourned as a great nobleman and patron of the Turf on 23rd October, 1869. The above is one of his last public utterances on an evil which largely exists in the present. He succeeded in winning neither a Derby nor a St. Leger, though his name is found in the bead roll of the Two Thousand and the Oaks.

As one of the conspicuous figures associated with the “Times” of our hero, Lord Glasgow claims a part in the passing show. Born in 1792, he was originally in the Navy. For a period he was known to the racing world as Lord Kelburne, assuming the fuller title of

Earl of Glasgow when he came in to more than an opulent rent roll. A devotee of hunting, racing, and shooting, he was always in a position to enjoy them to his heart's content. He lived amongst choice spirits, like the Marquis of Queensberry, Lord Kennedy, Sir William and Sir John Heron Maxwell, and Sir James Boswell, of whom it is said they drank "claret enough to exhaust a chateau." He was Master of the Renfrewshire Hounds, he rode the best of horses, and went as straight as a gun-barrel to hounds. At the outset of his career he raced as Lord Kelburne, and to this day the name of "Kelburne" is writ in flint stones in the courtyard of Glasgow House at Middleham. This inscription was embedded in 1832.

When he began his career as an owner of racehorses, he engaged James Smith, of Middleham, who previously had been private trainer for Lord Strathmore and the Duke of Cleveland. On every racecourse in Yorkshire, in Scotland, and even at Newmarket Lord Kelburne's figure, in the green coat, steel buttons, and white ducks, became remarkable, if not notorious. Of an impetuous, choleric, high-minded, generous, rash, and, at times, unfeeling disposition, his wayward will would not be brooked, and it was remarked of him that he changed his trainers with the new moon. James Smith was succeeded by Mr. Dawson, father of the late Matthew Dawson, the Heath House trainer; indeed, nearly all the Dawsons were under his employment. Succeeding them was William Dilly. After Dilly's departure from Middleham to take charge of Mr. Payne's and Mr. Greville's horses in the South, Lord Glasgow divided his team of horses, a moiety remaining with R. PAnson in the North, and the other being sent to Alec Taylor at Fyfield. Brief was

T'Anson's reign, less brief was that of old John Osborne, who got charge of the team at Ashgill. John Scott at Whitewall then had his tenure of office, and it was a sad blow to the great "Wizard of the North," not long before his death, when Lord Glasgow deserted him—the greatest and most wonderful trainer, perhaps, the world ever knew.

Lord Glasgow's *penchant* for matching led him into encounters with Admiral Rous, Sir Robert Peel, Sir Joseph Hawley, and his indifference to defeat, which was oftener his fate than victory, was phenomenal. The only time he ever flinched under adversity, it is said, was in the Houghton week in '57, when "he sighed over the fact of having lost three thousand five hundred pounds in different engagements during the week and declined further overtures. The next morning Fortune tired, as it were, of persecuting him, veered round, whereupon all his previous resolutions were scattered to the winds and he embarked with a series of fresh ones for the Spring meetings." Old Middlehamites speak to this day of his affection for his horses, his preference for shooting them to giving them away lest they met with ill-treatment. Beneath the exterior of rugged eccentricity was a deep vein of tenderness and sympathy for his fellow-creatures. Indeed, of him it might be truly said he had a tear for pity and a hand open as the day for melting charity. The above outline is excerpted from *Baily's Magazine*.

Dr. Shorthouse paid a fine tribute to him in his *Sporting Times* obituary notice. "Lord Glasgow," he wrote, "was very simple in his habits, and was always meanly and coldly clad. He had been brought up to the sea, and the 'Spartan discipline' seemed to have rooted well in his system. When young he fell from

one of the masts of the ship and fractured a portion of one of the vertebræ of his neck, so, at least, it is supposed, for whenever he turned his head in a particular direction he suffered the most excruciating pain in his neck. It was supposed by the eminent surgeons who were consulted in the case that a twig of one of the cervical nerves became entangled in the crack of the bone, and so caused the agony he felt in moving his head. He was consequently almost always standing with his hands at the back of his head, and the multitude supposed that, like a parrot, he liked his poll scratched; but the real fact was he was digging the ends of his fingers into his neck so as to press the nerve and benumb the pain he was suffering. How much of the irascibility of his temper may have been due to the pain he suffered whenever he turned his head to look at the person addressing him! All sorts of remedies were tried, but without affording relief. Indeed, one surgeon went so far as to perform an operation on his neck for the purpose of dividing the nerve, but, of course, however well intended, that was a jump in the dark very likely to be attended by beneficial results, if the nerve could have been found and divided.

“ His temper was of the most irascible description, and his manners the reverse of courteous, but of a large-hearted, generous disposition, Lord Glasgow bought but very few horses, and we believe never sold one. He bred for himself, and when they did not answer his expectations he shot them. He occasionally gave pretty good ones away, and not unfrequently lent his stallions for a season or two to owners of studs with whom he was scarcely acquainted. He bred none but horses of gigantic size and coarse in their nature, gluttonous horses, who laid on flesh rapidly

and required the utmost care and skill in training, consequently his colours were not successful in proportion to the stud of horses he kept in training. He had an objection to naming his horses, but at the entreaty of his friends he gave a few of them names—Knowsley, General Peel, and Strafford, for example, which were intended as compliments to his friends. Principally, he patronised the expensive weight for age races, such as the Black Duck Stakes at York of 1000 sovs. each, 300 sovs. forfeit. When he did engage in any handicap he invariably stipulated that from 7 lb. to 10 lb. more weight should be put upon his than anybody else's horses of the same age or supposed merit, for, as he said, 'My horses are better than other people's, or I won't keep them.'

"Almost every trainer of any repute, except John Day and Dover, had a turn from him at one time or the other, but, on the whole, the Dawsons had most of his patronage. Tom Aldcroft remained longest in his employ, and it was always a treat to see Tom in a spic-and-span new jacket on one of the Earl's gigantic steeds. His colours—white jacket, crimson sleeves, and cap—were singularly handsome, conspicuous, and universally popular.

'Crimson, type of noble blood;
White, the garb of rectitude.'

Whenever he took a dislike to a man it was a strong hatred, but it was never of long duration; and if he wronged any one, he always made ample pecuniary compensation."

In the autumn of 1861 died the Earl of Eglinton, the princely patron of every manly sport, and a gallant ornament to his country in the Senate and in the Cabinet. What the Marquis of Waterford

was to Ireland, he was to Scotland. A man of exalted character, he was cut off in the prime of life, after attaining every honour that ambition could desire, breathing his last in the arms of his bosom friend, Whyte Melville, the laureate of the chase.

Ashgill, in the early "sixties," was rising to its zenith, for the world of later years had prospered with "Old John," his horses and his family. He had thoroughly established his reputation as a capable trainer, and the worries and responsibilities of his position were now relieved by the valuable assistance rendered by his three sons—William, Robert, and John—now men in years and in experience. At the beginning of the decade a large number of horses were in the stable, which, indeed, had been invariably full up after '58. In addition to the sixty horses in training, there was a like number of brood mares to look after, these being placed out at various homesteads in the neighbourhood.

Continuing the *viva voce* narrative, John Osborne relates:—

"I rode no good winners in 1860 except Sabreur, who won the 'Great Yorkshire.' No noteworthy horses were at Ashgill that year except Moorcock and Moorhen. Moorhen, who was the property of my father, won the 'Great Yorkshire' at Doncaster. Lady Trespass won two small handicaps at Derby, and went amiss for the Oaks, but afterwards showed form when she won the 'Park Hill' at Doncaster. She belonged to old Mr. Hudson, of Brigham, near Driffild. Her best at the stud was Mr. Batt's Castlereagh, by Speculum.

"About this period Zetland appeared on the scene. He would be a two-year-old in '61. Bred

by my father, he was by Voltigeur out of Merry Bird by Birdcatcher out of Miss Castling. Lord St. Vincent bought Zetland from us for 3000 gs. Lord Clifden was a two-year-old in '62, but I never rode him that season, his owner, Lord St. Vincent, always putting Fordham up; in fact, I never rode him before winning the St. Leger on him the following year.

“Also notable amongst the Ashgill racers in '62 were Rapparee and Zetland; and the following year there was Little Stag, Lady of Coverham, and Coastguard. Then Cathedral, who would be a two-year-old in '63, but he only ran once that season, nor did he do much the following as a three-year-old. The Miner was also a two-year-old in '63. A thorough good, game horse, of good size, not perhaps quite 16 hands. He wouldn't be quite so big a horse as Rataplan, I should think. The Miner was at Ashgill when being trained for the Two Thousand Guineas. The ground was very hard, he couldn't act on it, and he ran very badly over the Rowley Mile. He had been tried a good horse in the spring of the year before 'The Guineas.' He belonged to Mr. Launde (Parson King), and remained with us throughout his career.

“Now, I rode The Miner in his race with Blair Athol in the 'Great Yorkshire' on Knavesmire. He was receiving 7 lbs. from Mr. P'Anson's colt. It was a strong run race, and he wore Blair Athol down. As Blair Athol had won the Derby just before, you can imagine there was a bit of excitement over the race. Wm. P'Anson

always thought it was a mistake, alleging that it was not Blair Athol's correct form. I don't think there was any mistake about it. Of course, The Miner was a good horse, but an unlucky one. The Miner was fourth in the St. Leger won by Blair Athol. The Miner had to make all his own running in that instance, and he was a very bad 'un at that. He was a horse that hung a lot to the right at every bend he came to. You had to hold him back to get round the bends on a left-hand course like the St. Leger. That, of course, was against him always, and did not make his St. Leger as true a run race as it should have been. When he was following he was all right. I think Blair Athol was a good horse of great speed. Whether he was a thorough good stayer I don't know; his speed got him through his races. Of course, Blair Athol's was a good year. After the Derby he ran for the Grand Prix, and was beaten by Vermont.

“Was it not a surprise to you when The Miner beat Blair Athol?”

“Well, it was no surprise to me. We had tried The Miner in the spring, and he gave 3 st. to Little Duchess, who was a three-year-old and something else in our stable at the time. That was before the ‘Two Thousand.’ Before Ascot he was tried at even weights with Gaily, who had won the Lincoln Handicap, and he beat her all the way. He was tried before his race with Blair Athol, with Cathedral, Dr. Rooke, Prince Arthur, and others in it. It was over a mile and three quarters, and he won by ten lengths. Blair Athol, you may depend upon it,

didn't meet a fool that day. Ely beat The Miner in the three-year-old Produce that year at York. Well, we fancied him very much that day, but as he had to make all his own running, he was beaten. He beat Ely in the Great Yorkshire Stakes, when there was a pace. He also beat him in the St. Leger, although he had to make his own running. They laid 20 to 1 against The Miner that day at York he beat Blair Athol. If The Miner hadn't run the first day many people would have backed him against Blair Athol. My father backed him at 1000 to 10 before he ran in the St. Leger. The Miner did not run in the Derby. Through being shaken so much in the 'Two Thousand' he was very sore and wasn't trained for the Derby, and put by for some race at Ascot. He could never be trained as a three-year-old owing to his legs giving way. He went to the stud at Low Street, near Bedale, and died when he was six or seven years old. He was the sire of Controversy, who appears in the stud book as by 'Lambton or The Miner.' There is no doubt he was got by The Miner.

"How do you arrive at that conclusion?"

"I make it out that Lambton went amiss, and his mare was covered by The Miner afterwards, and the mare foaled to his time. I cannot tell what difference of time there was between the two services. Mr. Ashton had the stud farm at the time, and had both stallions."

It was in 1863 that John Osborne rode his first St. Leger winner, on Lord St. Vincent's Lord Clifden, whose victory was one of the most sensational in its incidents of any race for the Doncaster "Sellinger"

in the long annals of the greatest of the three classic contests. In his simple, brief, matter-of-fact way John recited the outline of the race in the following words:—

“ I can't remember now how it was that Lord St. Vincent gave me the mount on Lord Clifden when I rode the horse to victory in 1863. At Ashgill we had a few useful two-year-olds that year. There was Lord Arthur, Little Stag, Lady of Coverham, and Coastguard—all very smart. Coastguard was bred by and belonged to Mr. Wm. Hudson, who sold him, after he had won the Gimcrack Stakes, to Mr. Naylor for £1200, if I remember right. My father bred the other three. Now, with regard to Lord Clifden and the St. Leger, Fordham had ridden the horse in all his two-year-old races, and I suppose it was because he was engaged to ride something else in the St. Leger that I got the mount. When the flag fell Blondin cannoned against my horse, and I lost a bit start. Somehow or other I quickly kept dropping further behind. When we got to the mile and a half post I touched him with the spur to see if he would go, but he did not respond. I took hold of him and gave him a second dig, and he never answered. I let him alone until he got to the top of the hill and asked him to go. He answered as soon as we began to go down the hill; he quickly ran through his horses, and, as you know, won cleverly. I can't tell you how far I was behind in the race: it was certainly a long way. Lord Clifden was a bad beginner; in his two-year-old race he began slowly. The

only time previous I had been on his back was on the Tuesday morning before the Leger day. I rode him gently over the Leger course.

“Lord Clifden’s St. Leger was similar to Kilwarline’s, was it not?”

“No, Kilwarline’s was quite a different Leger. I rode Phil in Kilwarline’s Leger. No doubt Kilwarline lost a lot of start, but when the flag fell, and he was left kicking at the post, the field only went at a hack canter to the hill. I don’t know why the pace was so bad at the beginning that year, unless it was that all the jockeys had orders to wait. However, the pace was so bad that Kilwarline, after losing so much ground, had only to go steadily to get into a position with the field, whereas in Lord Clifden’s Leger it was a strong run race from the fall of the flag.”

The compiler again has to express his indebtedness to *Baily’s Magazine* for the following pages, which give a graphic, succinct account of the race and of the career of Lord St. Vincent:—

“Born in 1825, at Teddington, Lord St. Vincent was the nephew of the valorous Sir John Jervis, who, for his conduct against the Spanish fleet off Cape St. Vincent in 1797, was raised to the peerage with the gift of an earldom by that title. An accident in the hunting field caused Lord Clifden’s owner to quit the Chase and to adorn the Turf by as splendid a show of pluck and devotion as any of its votaries have ever revealed. First figuring as an owner of horses in 1860, he began with buying Emotion, to whom was speedily added as stable companions Clementi, Hidalgo, Claverly, and Draghound. Then followed his connection with the ill-starred Klarikoff, who is said to have run a dead heat



LORD ST. VINCENT

Engraving by "James" Mackenzie

with Kettle drum for the Two Thousand, for the judge declared there was not the difference of a race-card between them. He achieved that feat after behaving like a mad horse, suggesting the suspicion that he had been 'done,' an impression accentuated by the way in which he was 'milked' throughout the winter in London and Manchester. It is a matter of fact that Captain White and old John Osborne held the opinion that the horse had been 'got at.' Klarikoff recovered from the presumed 'nobbling,' and so well did he progress between the Rowley Mile contest and Epsom that John Scott looked upon the Derby as 'all over.' Mr. Padwick, celebrated in the 'Hastings era,' was the then owner of Klarikoff. Lord St. Vincent gave Mr. Padwick five thousand for the moiety of the colt's ownership, the bargain including a bet of forty hundred to two for the Derby. How, in the race for the blue ribbon, Mr. MacGeorge, in his nervous anxiety at the start, confessed he did not see the horse, and practically left him standing at the post, and how Fordham, irritated at being thus treated after being in a good place in all the previous false starts, over-rode his horse, was second at the top of the hill and fifth in the finish, are facts recorded in Turf annals. The culminating point of Klarikoff's career and Lord St. Vincent's luck came when, in returning from Epsom, the colt was destroyed by the van, in which he was travelling from Epsom to Whitewall, taking fire from a spark from the engine.

"One of the most prominent examples of Lord St. Vincent's pluck during his brief Turf career was his purchase of Lord Clifden, who, as a two-year-old, had been so highly tried that 20 to 1 was asked about him for the Derby before he ran for the Woodcote. The colt was the property of Mr. Hind, a wine and spirit

merchant living at Ashton-under-Lyne, Staffordshire. Edwin Parr, the trainer, and Mr. Holmes, an Irish gentleman, were the ambassadors to effect the purchase, and the sum asked was five thousand pounds down and two thousand more if he won the Derby. These terms were at once closed with, and at half-past eleven o'clock that same night of the conference the future hero of the St. Leger was in his new quarters at Godmersham. That Lord St. Vincent was a spirited buyer more cases could be cited, but disappointment, grievous disappointment, invariably followed his outlays. Though successful in the St. Leger with Lord Clifden, Hidalgo and Duenna could never be trained; and Lady Stafford, whom he bought of Mr. Hind for 2000 gs. about the same time as he got Lord Clifden, was a failure. He also gave an Irish breeder 750 gs. for Bellman, who never won a race; and as Zetland, whom he purchased of old John Osborne for 3000 gs. specially to win the Goodwood Cup, was beaten by his own nomination, Tim Whiffler, and The Orphan died from tetanus, it may be said that Lord St. Vincent had more of Fortune's buffets than her rewards."

Lord Clifden's terrific finish with Macaroni in the Derby will ever be memorable. The judge said the only difference between them at the finish was that Lord St. Vincent's colt's head was down and Macaroni's up as they flashed past the post. Lord Clifden's equivocal market position before the Derby led to the supposition that he was not sound. The real facts of the case were that the colt occasionally showed signs of lameness, attributed to a fall at exercise when he slipped up. These symptoms did not re-appear after his sensational finish for the Derby, and his trainer, Edwin Parr, gave him a rattling and uninterrupted preparation. A new course was made at Telscombe under the hill, and in

this isolated spot, which was unknown and inaccessible to the touts, Lord Clifden did such rousing gallops from day to day that he stumped up the 3000 guinea purchase, Zetland, Necromancer, and Charles Fox..

Lord Clifden was sent in advance to Doncaster the Saturday before the St. Leger. Quoting from the "Van Driver" in *Baily's Magazine*, "Nothing," he writes, "could be more diverse than the ideas formed of him the next morning when he appeared on the course. According to strict Doncaster etiquette, he should have gone a splitter round the course whether it was as hard as asphalt or as deep as lime. And not having complied with the usual precedent, a renewal of the hostilities in the ring took place, which a quiet canter on Monday did not cause to abate. Tuesday morning being rumoured to be the dress rehearsal, the critics were in great force, but except from the two 'Johns' (Osbornes) there was no applause, and he was rather damned with faint praise than commended as he ought to have been. 'No horse could take that gallop that had not been trained,' was the remark of Captain White to John Scott, as he went up to the Whitewall brougham, which stood as usual at the bend where the jockeys pull up. 'Yes, you are right; I'm afraid I cannot best him, and I would just as soon he had been left at home,' was the reply of the veteran Leger trainer. But although this opinion became known, and the Captain was summoned to a medical survey in the stable afterwards, no one would have the horse, and no reason could be assigned for it with any good cause.

"I do not like thee, Doctor Fell,
The reason why I cannot tell."

"All concerned in him were nervous save 'Lord Frederic,' who enjoyed the confusion and surveyed the

battlefield and the bringing up of the reserves with the calmness of a Clyde. 'We know he's well trained and will be well ridden; and what more do we want?' 'Why, only to collar the "stuff" afterwards,' was all that could be extracted from him; and Johnnie Osborne passing him at the time he was speaking, he added, 'That lad rides the winner of the Leger.' 'Mine is a good mare, but not a smasher,' was what John Scott said of Queen Bertha; but after he had seen 'Clifden' gallop he almost felt inclined to coincide with the prophecy of 'The Druid,' who, in his field wanderings in Scotland, had enveloped himself in the mantle of Pepys, and told him that as fifteen years ago Canezou had to yield to one Lord Clifden, so now would Queen Bertha have to yield to another. Those who had 'taken the pledge' stuck to him manfully, and none more so than his late owner, who pöoh-pöohed Queen Bertha terribly. Borealis and Bluemantle had both passed the Doctor in the morning, but none of the old school of trainers, who live as John Osborne does in the mists of Middleham, liked Avenger.

"The St. Leger Day," vividly continues the brilliant chronicler of Turf events of the period, "fairly beat us, and accustomed as we are to the *profanum vulgus*, the hordes of Lancashire and Yorkshire were too many for us. Where they came from and where they dispersed to is a problem worthy of consideration of the Council of the Social Science Congress, which is to be held next week. We had read, of course, of the invasion of the cities, but the flock of pilgrims to Doncaster was enough to frighten both the authorities and the unprotected females of the place. And as if the 'flies' were not sufficiently dangerous in the streets in the high tide of the morning, a menagerie made its appearance with

elephants and camels *en avant*, and no less than seventeen lions and caravans in the rear. For a time all circulation was suspended as the mob flocked round the beasts like boys round a sweet-stuff woman, and we could not help thinking what a risk was incurred by their transit without more guards than were in attendance, for, if they had got irritated and made a rush at Lord Clifden or some other St. Leger favourite, no redress could have been had; and simpletons enough will be found to believe it was *une affaire arrangée*, and indicated strongly the morality of the Turf of the present day. And yet this vast mass of human beings was as tractable as children, and fell into their places in the most good-humoured manner, having no other thought than the Leger. When the bell rang for it, the sensation it produced was overwhelming, although it was a relief to some to think that the excitement would soon be at an end and the worst known. From the stables to the course the passage was as dangerous as being on the streets, and few were bold enough to undertake it; and as the ring was as noisy as a bear-garden and the sides of the gentlemen were gradually getting discoloured from the knockings about they received in squaring their books, they fled for refuge to their stands, which are far more convenient than the Ascot rookery. All the candidates got through their preliminaries well, with the exception of Donnybrook, who was anything but Donnybrook Fair, but, as with Surplice, West Australian, and The Flying Dutchman, Lord Clifden towered high above the others, and, in fact, advertised himself. The scene at that moment was, indeed, a striking one, and such as no other country but our own could produce. On the Moor the masses of England were packed like bees in a hive, and

on the roof of the stand the proudest patricians were established. The ring was stationed beneath them—Hodgman on his ladder and Stephenson on his perch. All were pervaded but with one idea, and their curiosity was soon set at rest. Fearful of being hemmed in, John Osborne had taken up a position which prevented any fear of collision, but left him at enormous disadvantage, for, when the flag fell, he was quite away from his company, and as Bluemantle and Lee Boo took them along at a cut-throat pace, the long stern chase of Lord Clifden seemed perfectly hopeless, and he really seemed to be beaten further and further every stride he went. To the ring nothing could be more welcome than this intelligence, but to Lord St. Vincent and his trainer the torture was almost insupportable, and ‘All is lost now’ was the refrain of their song, as going over the hill he was 150 yards from the leading horses. By the time, however, they had got on to the ‘flat’ there was a more favourable change in the weather, for he was not the last, but the last but two. It was then and for the first time that Osborne found he had a Great Eastern under him, and crowding on his canvas he went through the lot one after another until he had overhauled Queen Bertha. The race between them was not long but decisive, and amidst an amount of excitement unsurpassed since Voltigeur’s year, ‘Johnnie’ came into port with his ‘corpse.’ The scene that follows beggars description, and the carrying of ‘Johnnie’ into the weighing-room by the mob we shall never forget, nor the struggle with the policemen which Edwin Parr had before he could be permitted to see him in the scale. Of the cheering, the champagne, the congratulations, objurgations, and maledictions that followed we need

only say a word, as they are the accompaniments of every St. Leger, but they have never been exceeded in our time, and the whole tableau will render the Lord Clifden Leger day the most memorable in the annals of Doncaster.”

The career of Lord Clifden subsequent to his St. Leger triumph was disappointing to Lord St. Vincent, whose fate it was to “blaze the comet of a season, and to leave behind him a reputation as evanescent as the meteor’s track, soon to be blotted out among the countless stars of more steadfast lustre.” The colt sustained a crushing defeat behind Scottish Chief in the Ascot Cup of the next year, the stud becoming his early destination thereafter, with Hawthornden speedily bringing him into note as a sire. The “Sublime Edwin,” as Parr, his trainer, was dubbed, was not long in his lordship’s service after the St. Leger, the horses going to Mr. Bevill’s string. Nor did the owner of Lord Clifden long remain on the Turf afterwards, and it was said of him that he was a rare instance of “a bird escaped from the fowler’s net; a fly having broken the bonds of the spider’s web without being sucked even unto death.”

The following sketch of the owner of Lord Clifden was published in one of the magazines of the period shortly after his lordship’s death:—

“Lord St. Vincent had been, for the last two years, nothing but a splendid wreck, and his sinking could occasion no pain to his relatives and friends, as it must have been a happy release from his pitiable condition. A more used-up being than the infant which Sir Thomas Lawrence had immortalised in his famous picture of Lady Dover and child, grew into, could hardly be under-

stood in the outside world. Reserved, selfish, and indolent, he seemed to live for himself alone. Many thought him proud, but in reality he was not so, for that would have cost him an exertion he did not care to make; and he was very good-natured where he took. His confederate, Mr. Villiers, set him against several jockeys and trainers; but when the fatal incubus was removed, he renewed his relations with them, and they would always speak a good word for him. His luck with his racehorses, from Surplice to Homily, was, on the whole, very good, and far greater than he had a right to expect for a young beginner, and had his health permitted, we believe he would have gone on after his marriage. His carriage appointments and horses were always first-rate, and he astonished the Florentines and Romans by travelling through Italy with three carriages and a squadron of gendarmes, in case of being attacked by the brigands; and as we pursued the same route ourselves, in the week following the one in which he went from Florence to Rome, we can bear testimony to the exalted opinions the landlords of the hotels at Viterbo and other stages entertained of him; while in both those cities he laid out large sums in the purchase of works of art, which his accomplished mind could well appreciate. In his betting he was pretty fortunate, and he had enormous faith in 'Lord Frederick,' whom he followed like a child, and nothing amused him so much as his Lancashire patter. A curious illustration of the opinion he entertained of him we will give. At one of the Newmarket meetings a young gentleman, a member of an Essex family, and noted for his habit of whistling, came up to 'Lord Frederick' after dinner in the Subscription Room, and

saying he knew he was fond of getting something out of an outsider for the Derby, asked him what he would bet him against a colt for the Derby. 'Why, he is dead, I tell thee. What is the use of backing him?' was the reply. 'I know better,' said the young 'un, 'and I'll take 1000 to 15 about him.' 'Well, then, you must write down "dead or alive," and I'll bet it you.' The wager was accordingly booked; but before Lord Frederick, who was not a fast caligrapher, had finished writing, he was accosted by Lord St. Vincent, who had walked across the room, and said, 'What have you been doing, my lord? I have been watching you with that young 'un, and I have laid a pony to a fiver you have the best of the transaction.' 'Well, that is the strangest thing I have ever heard of, as I have got the best of the lad, for I have betted him against a really dead horse; but I have made him put it down "dead or alive," and you have won your fiver.'

"That we have not exaggerated the indolence of Lord St. Vincent, we will proceed to show by a couple of illustrations, which we think will clearly exemplify it. Of a most equable disposition, he was never seen but twice out of temper—once when, at Newmarket, his valet was left behind at Cambridge with his clothes, and he was compelled to dine at the Rooms in his morning dress, old Bob Sly being extemporised into a body servant, and ordered to wash his hands before he helped him to take off his shirt to cool; and the latter, we have no doubt, can even now recollect the terms in which he expressed himself as to his unfortunate position on the occasion.

"Another time his irritability positively rose into indignation, when Mr. E. R. Clarke subpoenaed him at

Westminster to speak to his signature on a bill for a very large sum of money. Although he was released from his liability for it, he could not listen for an instant to the apology of D'Orsay for calling him, but he demanded, in a tone which even Captain White might have envied, to know the cause why he was called out of bed at so early an hour, and before he had had his breakfast, and he never would look at him afterwards.

Lord St. Vincent never hedged a farthing of the £11,000 to £1000 he took about Lord Clifden. Immediately after the victory John Jackson, who had laid the wager, went up to his lordship and intimated that he would pay him there and then as he had the amount on him. The tender was refused, his lordship expressing a disinclination to risk in his possession on a crowded racecourse so much wealth, preferring the arrangement to meet in the Subscription Rooms that same evening. The appointment was not kept by the nobleman. The following afternoon Jackson met Lord St. Vincent in the paddock at Doncaster and, prevailing upon him to accept the money, he handed over seven £1000 notes, one of which his lordship made a present of to John Osborne, the remainder of the sum being paid in smaller notes, one of them being for £300. Mr. Rudston Read, who managed Lord St. Vincent's Turf business, checked the notes with his patron and found the sum exactly correct. The following day Lord St. Vincent asserted that Jackson had paid him £300 short, and he claimed that amount. Amazed at the demand, Jackson in vain protested that the exact amount had been handed over. He inquired if there was a £300 note amongst the notes Lord St. Vincent received, to

which the latter replied there was not. Jackson declined to accede to the demand of £300 more, with the result that Lord St. Vincent 'posted' him at Tattersall's the following morning as having paid him that amount short. Lord St. Vincent soon discovered that he had acted wrongly to Jackson, for he found the missing note for £300 in his waistcoat pocket, having, in an absent-minded moment, stuffed it there. An ample apology to Jackson followed, which the book-maker freely accepted, and all was smoothed over.

CHAPTER X

“Where is the race of yore
That danced its infancy on our knee?”

MIDWAY through the “sixties” it was only too apparent to the friends of John Osborne, the elder, that the tenure of his days was not far distant. The once burly frame and vigorous constitution were being undermined by a cruel and insidious disease. Practically since '62 the onus of training the numerous stud had fallen upon his son William, with Robert acting as a sort of commercial supervisor, and John, now in the heyday of his popularity and even greatness as a jockey, adding lustre to the triumvirate of brothers. Speaking of the season of 1864, John relates—

“We had Wild Agnes that season as a two-year-old in '64. A fine slapping filly she was, too, only beaten once during her two-year-old season—in the ‘Convivial’ at York by Olmar—but she reversed the running the following week at Stockton. Afterwards she won at Stockton, Eglinton, and Doncaster, beating Victorious at the last-named place. She won some races for Mr. Padwick, who sold her to the Duke of Hamilton; she won for him also. The Duke bred from her some foals in France; but

I don't remember of her having thrown anything great. King Arthur would be winning races for us in '64. My father sold him to Lord William Powlett, who died that year, and he bought him back, after which he went steeple-chasing and won a few races."

In the autumn of 1864 Mr. Padwick imported into the South from Ashgill the magnificent Wild Agnes, "regardless of costs." According to all existing opinion, Wild Agnes, then a two-year-old, had only to winter well to win the Oaks of the next year, an estimate of her quality that was not realised, though she had been the belle of the season and as much sought after as any heiress. For a time old John Osborne was as "firm as a stone wall" in his resolution not to part with her, but the diplomacy and the cheque book of "The West," who was a short time thereafter to be one of the leading actors in the great Marquis of Hastings drama, prevailed in the end, and Wild Agnes was handed over to the care of John Kent, who had recommenced training at Drewitt's with fifteen of Mr. Padwick's yearlings.

Continuing his narrative, John recites—

"On the 31st July, 1865, my father died. He had been ailing for a long time. At the subsequent sale of the stud a horse called Xi realised the highest price. He was not Ashgill bred, but my father bought him as a yearling from Mr. Milner, of Middledale, Kilham. He had never been beaten up to the time we sold him. He was a useful horse for Sir Joseph Hawley, winning him several races, and a match or two, I think.

"The whole of the Ashgill establishment was

sold at the instance of my father's will, with two exceptions, viz., an old mare that he used as a hack, and Interduca."

As showing the extent to which the establishment had grown, details of the catalogue, reprinted from the *Sporting Gazette* at the time, are appended:

SALE OF THE ASHGILL STUD.

The sale of the breeding and racing studs of the late Mr. John Osborne took place on Thursday and Friday last, by Messrs. Tattersall, the horses in training and yearlings being sold at Ashgill, Middleham, and the mares, foals, and stallions at Low Street Farm, near Northallerton. The following are the prices realised, with the purchasers:—

FIRST DAY—THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 7, 1865.

HORSES IN TRAINING.		Gs.
Bay gelding by Lambton out of Queen of Troy, 2 years	(Mr. Bragg)	12
Bay gelding by General Williams, dam by The Cure out of Ella, 3 years	(Mr. E. Holmes, Beverley)	40
Bay gelding by The Cure out of Fleetham Lass by Hospodar, 3 years	(Mr. Micklethwaite)	40
Brown gelding by The Cure out of Vatty by Vatiean, 3 years	(Mr. Holmes)	70
Lady Abbess, bay mare by Teddington, dam by Cowl, grand-dam by Lanercost, 5 years	(Mr. Bragg)	62
Gaily, bay mare by Weatherbit—Gay by Melbourne, 5 years	(Mr. J. Ridley)	155
Nell Digby, brown mare by Weatherbit out of Miss Digby by Touchstone, 4 years	(Mr. Durham)	56
King Arthur, bay colt by The Cure out of Miss Agnes by Birdcatcher, 3 years	(Mr. Dorley)	175
King Alfred, brown colt by Voltigeur out of Agnes by Clarion, 3 years	(Mr. Thompson)	80
First Rater, bay colt by The Cure out of First Rate by Melbourne, 3 years	(Mr. Fobert)	20
Ned Digby, brown gelding by Lambton out of Miss Digby by Touchstone, 3 years	(Mr. Bragg)	46
Brown colt by Weatherbit out of Gnateatcher by Birdcatcher, 3 years	(Mr. Mackenzie)	50
Arkenside, brown colt by Colsterdale out of Beautiful Star by Sleight of Hand, 3 years	(Mr. W. Sharpe)	200
Nidderdale, chestnut gelding by Colsterdale out of Sister to Woollaton, 3 years	(Mr. Dimmock)	35
Chestnut filly by Saunterer—Lady John by Pantaloon, 3 years	(Mr. Oldaker)	40
Wild Poppy, bay filly by Wild Dayrell out of Helena (h b) by Launcelot, 3 years	(Mr. Whitaker)	210

Lady of Coverdale, brown filly by Leamington out of Abbess of Coverham by Angur, 3 years - - -	(Mr. Bragg)	Gs. 200
Madras, bay filly by General Williams, dam by Bird- catcher out of Colocynth - - - - -	(Mr. T. Dawson)	105
Jig, bay filly by Fandango, dam by Jereed out of Knight of the Whistle's dam, 3 years - - - - -	(Baron Dassel)	220
Black Jacket, black colt by Voltigeur out of Birdtrap by Birdcatcher, 2 years - - - - -	(Mr. Bragg)	320
Prince of Wales, chestnut colt by General Williams out of Sulpitia by Surplice, 2 years - - - - -	(Mr. T. Dawson)	120
Xi, bay colt by General Williams—Lambda by Umbriel, 2 years - - - - -	(Mr. H. Darley)	2100
Bay colt by Colsterdale, dam by Fernhill, grand-dam by Hetman Platoff, 2 years - - - - -	(Mr. Durham)	56
Bay colt by Windhound out of Pera by Mango, 2 years -	(Mr. H. Bragg)	28
Bay colt by Barnton out of Ellen the Fair by Chanticleer, 2 years - - - - -	(Mr. Dollar)	60
Dark Agnes, brown filly by Voltigeur out of Miss Agnes by Birdcatcher, 2 years - - - - -	(Mr. Calder)	220
Redneck, chestnut filly by Windhound out of Redbreast by Redshank, 2 years - - - - -	(Mr. West)	35
Miss Haworth, bay filly by The Cure out of Countess of Westmorland by Melbourne, 2 years - - - - -	(Mr. Bragg)	150
Total, - - - - -		4905

YEARLINGS, WITH THEIR ENGAGEMENTS.

Chestnut filly by Weatherbit out of Trapeage by Sweet- meat - - - - -	(Mr. West)	Gs. 35
Bay filly by Weatherbit out of Abbess of Jerveaulx by Gladiator - - - - -	(Mr. Masterman)	25
Brown filly by Rapparee, dam by Barnton out of Mrs. Tait by Don John (h b) - - - - -	(Lord Bolton)	31
Brown colt by The Cure out of Game Pullet by Chanticleer	(Mr. Lumley)	30
Brown colt by Weatherbit out of Pera by Mango - - -	(Mr. Mackenzie)	65
Chestnut foal by Colsterdale, dam by Fernhill - - -	(Mr. Micklethwaite)	27
Brown filly by Weatherbit out of Lady John by Pantaloon	(Mr. Masterman)	30
Bay colt by Weatherbit out of Redbreast by Redshank -	(Mr. Mackenzie)	80
Bay colt by Weatherbit out of Gobelins by Orlando -	(Col. de Butts)	230
Bay colt by The Cure out of Fete Day by Weatherbit -	(Mr. Bragg)	90
Chestnut colt by Weatherbit out of Helen the Fair by Chanticleer - - - - -	(Mr. Mackenzie)	160
Brown colt by Weatherbit, dam by Birdcatcher—Colocynth	(Mr. Fobert)	260
Brown colt by Weatherbit—Fairy Knowe by Touchstone	(Mr. Whitaker)	330
Brown colt by Weatherbit out of Interduca by The Cure	(Mr. Mackenzie)	230
Rap, bay colt by Rapparee out of Lanky Bet by Cossack	(Mr. Danby)	80
Brown colt by Oxford out of Duplicity by Annandale -	(Mr. Mackenzie)	310
Rabbit Trap, brown colt by Voltigeur—Birdtrap by Birdcatcher - - - - -	(Mr. Danby)	210
Brown filly by Wild Dayrell—Chantress by Chanticleer -	(Col. de Butts)	50
Bay filly by Wild Dayrell out of Gay by Melbourne -	(Mr. Danby)	100

Brown filly by Weatherbit out of Abbess of Coverham by Augur - - - - - (Mr. Whitaker)	Gs. 260
Brown Tommy, brown colt (brother to Brown Bread) by Weatherbit - - - - - (Mr. C. W. Ramsay)	250
Brown colt by Van Galen out of Countess of Westmorland by Melbourne - - - - - (Mr. W. F'Anson)	300
Alexander, brown colt by Musjid out of Agnes by Clarion (Mr. W. Day)	520
Weatherguide, brown colt by Weatherbit out of First Rate by Melbourne - - - - - (Mr. Mackenzie)	220
Total, - - - - -	3963

The following were also brought to the hammer immediately after the sale of Mr. Osborne's horses on Thursday :—

Grey pony, 6 years, 12½ hands - - - - - (Mr. Harrison)	18
Night Stroller, black colt by Saunterer out of Stolen Moments, 3 years - - - - - (Mr. Masterman)	10
	28

Prince Arthur, Blue Riband, Trump Card, Jezabel, Lord of the Vale, Hap-hazard, and Breffni were not sold.

SECOND DAY—FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 8.

AT LOW STREET, NEAR NORTHALLERTON.

Annie de Clare, by De Clare out of Annie Laurie, with a colt foal by The Cure - - - - - (Mr. Vaughan)	Gs. 70
Bay Tiffany, by Melbourne out of Tiffany - - - - - (Mr. Oldaker)	110
Birdcatcher mare—Colocynth, by Physician, with a colt foal by Chevalier d'Industrie - - - - - (Mr. Smith)	90
Barnton mare—Mrs. Taft, by Don John (h b) - - - - - (Mr. Booth)	25
Chantress, by Chanticleer out of Ino, with a filly foal by Wild Dayrell - - - - - (Mr. Oldaker)	250
Duplicity, by Annandale—The Hind, with a colt foal by Weatherbit - - - - - (Mr. Oldaker)	300
Gobelins, by Orlando out of Crotchet, with a colt foal by The Cure - - - - - (Mr. Anderton)	80
Hesione, by King of Trumps out of Queen of Troy - - - - - (Mr. Singleton)	30
Lanky Bet, by Cossack out of Giselle, with a filly foal by Voltigeur - - - - - (Mr. S. Young)	115
Lady John, by Pantaloon, dam by Rasselas, with a filly foal by The Cure - - - - - (Mr. Micklethwaite)	65
Last Hope, by Hospodar out of Hope - - - - - (Mr. Pamlette)	40
Maid of Clifton, by Touchstone out of Barba - - - - - (Mr. Darley)	60
Mrs. Birch, by Gameboy—Wasp, with a colt foal by Colsterdale - - - - - (Mr. Smith)	145
Mrs. Taft, by Don John (h b) - - - - - (M. Bruyere)	23
Miss Walker, by Sir Hercules out of Sister to Mrs. Birch - - - - - (Mr. Vaughan)	40
Miss Digby, by Touchstone out of Lady Jersey, with a filly foal by Colsterdale - - - - - (Mr. J. G. Simpson)	85
Nelly Taft, by Sweetmeat, dam by Priam (h b), with a colt foal by Zetland - - - - - (M. Bruyere)	72

	Gs.
Princess Augusta, by Teddington out of British Queen (Mr. Micklethwaite)	28
Queen of Troy, by Young Priam out of Young Tiffany - (Mr. Roberts)	41
Redbreast, by Redshank out of Lady Day, with a colt foal by The Cure - - - - - (Mr. W. P'Anson)	100
Red Tape, by Rataplan out of Lady Alicia, with a filly foal by Chevalier d'Industrie - - - - - (Mr. Rickaby)	125
Trapage, by Sweatmeat out of Birdtrap - - - - - (Mr. Mackenzie)	350
Tinsil (sister to Jack of Hearts), by King of Trumps out of Bay Tiffany - - - - - (Mr. G. Holmes)	25
Vatty, by Vatican out of Birdtrap by Birdcatcher, with a colt foal by Chevalier d'Industrie - - - - - (Mr. Roberts)	80
West Australian mare—Pearlin Jane - - - - - (Baron Darsel)	92
Ellen the Fair, by Chanticleer out of Maid of Clifton (Mr. T. S. Dawson)	150
Flytrap, by The Flying Dutchman out of Birdtrap - - (Col. de Butts)	500
Vanessa, by Newminster out of Heiress - - - - - (Mr. Vaughan)	100
Cure mare—Queen of Troy - - - - - (Mr. Micklethwaite)	25
Weatherbit mare—Nelly Taft - - - - - (Mr. Fobert)	20
Little Casino, by Fandango, dam by Mickey Free - - - (Mr. Fobert)	25
Fan, by Fandango out of Sulpitia - - - - - (Mr. Rickaby)	25
Windhound mare—Pera - - - - - (Mr. Shepherd)	13
Saunterer mare—Troica, by Lanercost - - - - - (Mr. Shepherd)	12
Fair Agnes, by Voltigeur out of Little Agnes (Prince Arthur and Wild Agnes's dam) - - - - - (Mr. T. S. Dawson)	120

FOALS.

Chestnut filly by Chevalier d'Industrie—Abbess of Coverham - - - - - (Mr. Elliott)	46
Brown filly by Weatherbit out of Interduca - - - - - (Mr. Darley)	70
Brown colt by Colsterdale out of Idothea - - - - - (Mr. Danby)	35
Bay filly by Costerdale out of V.R. - - - - - (Mr. Micklethwaite)	10

STALLIONS.

Henry James, by Windhound out of Mary Jane - - - - - (Mr. Booth)	50
Colsterdale, by Lanercost, dam by Potboy out of Tesane - - - - - (Mr. Mackenzie)	250
The Cure, by Physician out of Morsel - - - - - (Mr. Danby)	100
Total, - - - - -	2592
Grand Total, - - - - -	11,488 Gs.

“The Druid,” * writing with all the power conferred by a personal acquaintance with old John Osborne, and being a moving figure in the shifting scenes of the Turf of the time, gives the following characteristic sketch of

* “Saddle and Sirluin.”

his early struggles, and the horses and men surrounding him:—

“John Osborne seemed quite an Old Parr in our minds, and yet he had hardly been known on the Turf much before Charles the Twelfth’s year. He was at one time head lad under Skaife, when the Duke of Leeds kept racehorses at Hornby Castle, with ‘Sim’ Templeman as his jockey. ‘Chocolate and black cap’ were the Leeds colours, and he adopted them when His Grace died. Our first remembrance of him on the Turf is in connection with Mr. Loy’s Ararat, one of the colts which, in conjunction with the Commodore, Malvolio, and Lanercost, made Mr. Ramshay’s Liverpool so popular. The bay was a pretty good one in his time, and once went so far as to get to Bee’s-wing’s head for the Stockton Cup, and it was all Cartwright could do to prevent him from getting ‘bang up.’ Old Bob Johnson (Bee’s-wing’s jockey) was never so astonished in his life, and, ‘in course,’ he had some reason for them at Tupgill when they at last ventured to mention it.

“With 1842 came a new order of things, and John had the Marquis of Westminster’s string—Sleight of Hand, Maria Day, Auckland, and a lot of others—in his keeping. Auckland, by Touchstone, was a colt upon which the Marquis of Westminster was wondrously sweet, and from his foalhood he set a monstrous figure on him. He was reared at Moor Park paddocks and was coming north in the early days of the London and North-Western, with a black filly, when an engine burst and nearly boiled the filly and took some skin off the colt. They were taken to the Red Eagle Inn at Rugby, where the filly died, and the Marquis went in for something like £3000 compensation, and we believe he got it. Auckland was very little the worse, and as it proved,



Photos by H. H. Watson, North Carolina, 1900

MIDDLEHAM IN 1900

'The London and North-Western Boiling Stakes' were the best he ever won. The millionaire Marquis fondly hoped on for the Derby, but although the illustrious patient did not win that race, in the process of years it fell with Caractacus to the young Rugby V.S. (Mr. Snewing) who attended him.

"Such was poor John's Eaton episode with the Derby, and he did not care for another season as guardian of the yellow jacket, which was enough to give him the jaundice. Maria Day, a very sweet little animal, and Job Marson very nearly put things right at Doncaster, but 'The Yeoman' was in the way, and John was not sorry to have his crust of bread and liberty and begin at the bottom rung of the ladder of fame once more. The Heir, by Inheritor, was one of his horses, but his was a sad, weary time; although with George Abdale, his future son-in-law, to ride, he did a little for his employers and on his own account, till his son and heir, the redoubtable 'Johnnie,' appeared in the saddle. We remember the old man quite opening out (for him) in the train one day about his lad, and his delight that Sir Joseph had engaged him to ride at 5 st. 6 lbs. on Van Dieman in the Goodwood Stakes. The next year (1850) brought the great turn in his family fortunes with Black Doctor. The little horse ran four times and did nothing, and then he began to 'come,' and lost his maidenhood in that great Eglinton finish, which he won by a neck from Beehunter and Nancy, and had Neashan, Payment, Pitsford, and Mildew behind him as well. The black went in the course of the week to Mr. Saxon for 800 guineas, and henceforth the star of Osborne and Ashgill steadily rose. John was marked dangerous for his two-year-olds, and his great axiom, 'if they are to be sweated, let them sweat'

(not on Middleham Moor for love, but all over England for 'the brass') stood him in fine stead. As an early tryer and bringer-out of ripe two-year-olds, and as an artist for keeping them on their legs when they were brought out, he had no superior during the '52 season. Exact and Lambton were like the man and woman in the clock—when one wasn't out, the other was. Exact ran sixteen times and won nine, and Lambton was out once less and won one more. Very often they were in the same stake, and John had some little difficulty in deciding which was to go. At the York August of that year his London commissioner backed the wrong one for a race, and John had to follow the 'wires' and change his tactics forthwith. They drew about £1000 in stakes between them that meeting, which John thought a great thing, as he had not then dealt in Little Stag, or Prince Arthur, King Arthur, Wild Agnes, and the rest of that lucky Agnes family, of which he sold two, 'Little' and 'Miss,' to the present Sir Tatton Sykes. It might be the bargain was better, and therefore he liked to send his best mares *en masse* to a horse if the blood suited; and Birdcatcher, Weatherbit, and The Cure were all his particulars. For Colsterdale, which he purchased for £300 at the Sledmere sale, he had some fancy; and his brood mares had gradually increased and multiplied till there were forty of them. No one did more with The Cure, and he had a strong attachment to Wild Dayrell, though he did not use him in the same wholesale way. He also left a good word behind for Picador.

“Brown Brandy, Cherry Brandy, and Lord Alfred were ready to appear at the footlights when Exact and Lambton (for no one knew the moment to sell better) had departed South. The grey was a son of Chanticleer

and Agnes, and for soundness a wonder. He began on 29th March, and had run twenty-four races and won nine of them on 28th October, the day after his companion, Lady Tatton, had won the Nursery Stakes. Next year Manganese, giving 2 st. 4 lbs. to Shelah, was second for the Nursery Stakes, and the year after that old John nailed one of the Nurseries again with Mongrel under no very flattering weight, so that the Newmarket Houghton Friday had nothing but good omens for him. Great weight for age races were not his forte, although he did drop on Blair Athol at York with The Miner. Lady Tatton was third for him in the St. Leger, but he never got so near for a Derby or Oaks. Honeywood's friends made a braying of trumpets about the black which not a little disturbed the repose of the backers of 'The West,' but John was wrong that time. He looked very downcast following Saunterer in the paddock on the Derby day, and threw up his hands and told his friends he 'knew nothing about him'; but the public watched the money, and knew as much as he could tell them as to the 'pencil fever,' which was slowly consuming the colt in the interior. In his day he trained for a number of good men—Lord Zetland, Lord Londesborough, Sir Charles Monck, and others, but he was very independent, and had every right to be so. What was better still, prosperity never puffed him up. He was really and truly 'Plain John' to the last. 'Little fish,' in the way of stakes and little meetings, were what he loved. Handicap studies were his forte; and go past who might, he hardly looked up from the desk at the office window which looked into the yard at Ashgill. The calculations he had in his head about 'form' were as clear and as well arranged as a Senior Wrangler's differentials and integrals, and we never

heard of but one man who could thoroughly tackle him over weights and make him ring hurriedly for his slippers at the inn and say, 'I think I'll be off to bed.'

"The last time we saw him was at the Doncaster Meeting. He came in that long trainer's train in which Blair Athol's box was placed before General Peel's, and so many accepted the omen. There was the crush-hat and the salmon-coloured handkerchief looking out of the train, and then old John descended and walked up the line, but took no part as 'Johnnie' unshipped *The Miner*. There seemed a worm at the root then, and we felt sure he would never see another *St. Leger*. He came to the town once more for the Spring Meeting, whose first *Hopeful Stakes* he had won with *Saunterer*; but he was hardly seen out again, and he was on his deathbed ere *Stockbridge* came round, and henceforth all the entries were made in John Osborne, junior's, name. That confirmed in words what the racing world had long known too well by report, that the old man's days were numbered. His was a homely style and a homely school, but it was a most efficient one, and few, if any, can boast of having reared up such jockeys as John Osborne, Chaloner, and Harry Grimshaw, who all began their saddle life in his colours."*

Thus denuded of its inmates by the sale, a fresh start had to be made at Ashgill. Good luck did not come to them at once, for three mares missed their foals and were sold afterwards. One of the new employers was Mr. Harry Bragg, a Newcastle sportsman, whose lots purchased at the sale were left in the stable to be trained; and two yearlings John himself had bought,

* For permission to extract the above from "The Druid's" work we have to thank Mr. Tresham Gilbey, the proprietor of the copyright of that great writer's series of most entertaining books.

viz., Rabbit Girl and Rabbit Trap, formed a new nucleus. Old patrons in Mr. "Launde" and Mr. Charlton left their horses in the stable. The year '66 was not marked by any bright particular star, Romping Girl being the best of a moderate lot; Caxton, owned by Mr. Anthony Harrison, an old employer, also running a bit. John did very little riding this year, devoting most of his time to the stable work. In the fore part of the season Lord Glasgow put him up a few times, and he won a few races on Sundeelah with chance mounts. In '67 he found two new employers in Mr. Johnstone and Mr. Robert Jardine, who were then confederates. That year they owned Tynedale and Mandrake as three-year-olds. Taking up the thread of John's story, he relates—

"Jimmy Cameron rode Mandrake this year, and won the Ebor Handicap on him. I was near winning the biggest stake of my life this year on one of my own horses—Romping Girl, who ran a dead heat with Achievement for second place in the Oaks, Hippias, with Johnny Daley up, beating us both for Baron Rothschild. The Baron's filly was a good second favourite. They laid odds on Achievement, and 50 to 1 against Romping Girl. I was only beaten half a length. That would have been a surprise if it had come off! They only laid 2 to 1 against her for a place; it did not look like her beating Achievement. I told a lot of my friends that I thought she would get a place, but I did not back her for that situation. Of course it did not look like her beating a grand filly like Achievement had proved herself to be. In the Spring, Romping Girl had given Caxton 21 lbs., and he just beat her. Caxton went to Durham—there was a

capital little meeting there by the banks of the Wear in those days—and beat Honesty the following week in a handicap. At that time Honesty, who belonged to old Mr. Masterman, father of the present Tom Masterman, of Middleham, was a very useful horse. The first time Romping Girl ran in the Prince of Wales' Stakes. I fancied her for it, but I could never account for the poor show she made. Whether the boy couldn't ride I don't know. I rode her in the Oaks myself, when she ran the dead heat with Achievement, behind Hippias. She beat a mare of Mr. Thomas Dawson's named Mendicant at Newton the week after the Oaks, and Strathconan in the Newcastle Cup. I have never had so good a one as Romping Girl since. Well, yes, I think I had one—Sir Amyas Leigh, but he never did any good. Afterwards Romping Girl was second to Fripponier at Doncaster. I then sold her to Lord Westmorland, and she was third in the Cesarewitch won by Julius. I had a big 'pot' on her for that Cesarewitch. I had 1000 to 15 about her.

“I never did bet very much, only a little for hedging purposes. Now I backed Zetland for the Derby—took £3000 to £30 about him; that was a big bet for me. I hedged at 16 to 1. Now you ask about my betting propensities. So far as that goes, we had five horses in the Derby of '64. I took 500 to 20 about the lot before any of them ran as two-year-olds. I had £2000 to £10 about Prince Arthur, who had shown fair form that year, running second to Fille de l'Air for the 'Criterion,' and they took 20 to 1 freely about

him for the Derby. After he ran second in the Newmarket Nursery, carrying 8 st. 10 lb., I hedged at £1000 to £50. So I stood on velvet, d'ye see? They took 15 to 1 about Coastguard, and I laid £150 to £10 against him. He had left our stable then, but he had not left when I backed him. Now the lot I backed included Prince Arthur, Dr. Rooke, Cathedral, and Coastguard; these and another we had in the Derby. I had three runners—Prince Arthur, Coastguard, and Cathedral—and stood on the day £1500 to nothing Prince Arthur, £350 to nothing Coastguard, and £1500 to nothing if Cathedral had won. As I worked it out, I actually won £10 on the bet. Now you can let them know that this is the way I used to bet, and that this was one of my biggest 'plunges.' I have never been a speculator; those bets I have mentioned have been my only plunges during my career. At other times I have had something on when I had good reason to invest, thinking they would become favourites, and then hedge, don't you see? Now, when we had Lord Glasgow in for the City and Suburban—Digby Grand beat him—I had to get some money put on for the owner. I had £10 on myself and £10 for a place. They put some more money on for the owner, and I stood in £10 for a win and £10 for a place more, of course, at the same time. The money invested averaged 70 to 1 for a win, and 16½ to 1 for a place. Well, on the Monday before the race I intended hedging as I had a bit extra on that time, expecting to see hedging do it. I never could hedge; he started at 66 to 1. That was bad luck. But I got out of it all right. I

got my place money. But rarely I have more than two sovereigns on a race—not often. I used to bet a little more at that time than later. Of course, as I say, I used to put on a little bit extra for hedging, perhaps. Really, it was the people round about me, that wanted their humble five shillings or half-crowns on anything that we had going to a meeting, that made me put money on sometimes. I used to do it to make even money. So far as it personally concerned me, their commissions caused a great deal of trouble.

“Harking back to Romping Girl, she passed from Lord Westmorland on to Sir Reginald Graham, and finally went into Mr. Chaplin’s stud. She bred a few that raced a bit, but nothing very great.”

Caller Ou, after winning two Northumberland Plates in succession, just failed in her third essay to concede no less than 37 lbs. to Mr. Mackenzie’s three-year-old Brown Bread, a useful horse from Tugill at the time, sent to Newcastle for the ’65 “Pitman’s Derby.” Ridden by Chaloner, the “awd meer,” who was the idol of the sturdy pitmen of the “North countrie,” took up the running at the distance, being left with Brown Bread to fight out the issue with Mr. Mackenzie’s colt, on whom Carroll had the mount.

“Haste, Caller Ou, thy prestige keep,
 Tynesiders’ shouts arise,
 As with a rapid, lengthy sweep
 Brown Bread doth surely creep
 From t’ awd meer this day to reap
 The honour and the prize.”

So sang the local song writer in honour of Caller Ou. Gamely did she struggle under the “green and straw” of old Will I’Anson, thousands of voices pro-

claiming "The awd meer wins," as she held her own against the young 'un, creating hopes of gaining her third triumph; but literally standing still under her heavy burden a few strides from the chair, a "switcher" from Carroll's whip did the trick and Brown Bread beat her by a neck. His career was as short as Caller Ou's had been long. In that season of '65 she ran twelve times, winning five Queen's Plates. During the four seasons which followed her triumph over Kettledrum in the St. Leger, she travelled on almost all the railways in England, and besides enjoyed abundant opportunities of becoming acquainted with the weather across the Irish Channel. In addition to these labours performed on her own account, to her belonged, as was aptly said at the time, the credit of having taught Blair Athol how to win his races, so that no racer could better appreciate the adage "to rest and be thankful," which she enjoyed after that year.

At this same Newcastle meeting of '65, in a race for Her Majesty's Plate, Osborne rode Mr. Hudson's colt Cathedral a dead heat with Mr. Mackenzie's Oppressor, who the day before had won the North Derby, John getting up in the last stride to make the two "duck eggs" on the telegraph board. In the decider "Johnnie" made all the running and won by two lengths. The following September he rode Regalia into second place for the St. Leger, behind that great horse Gladiateur. The three successive classic triumphs of the French colt this year led to many learned discussions as to whether the English thoroughbred was deteriorating, only to be confounded by the proofs and arguments adduced that good mating, good rearing, and good training would inevitably result in the supremacy of the English thoroughbred. Mr. Graham,

the owner of Regalia, who had won the Oaks, entered a formal objection with Mr. Richard Johnson, the then clerk of the course at Doncaster, against Gladiateur (who had also won the Two Thousand and Derby) on the ground of being over age, and requesting permission for Professor Spooner and Mr. Baker, of Malton, to have the opportunity afforded them of examining the colt's mouth. This objection was made on the Tuesday before the St. Leger and posted on the notice board in the ring. The acting stewards decided as follows:—

“That in the face of the certificate produced before the Derby, signed by the proper authorities in France, and other evidence as to the identity of the horse, and also in the absence of any evidence to the contrary on the part of Mr. Graham, they cannot comply with his request.

(Signed) “WARRINGTON AND STAMFORD.
 “WESTMORLAND.
 “FALMOUTH.”

“Argus,” a Turf authority at the time, whose lucubrations appeared in the *Morning Post*, rightly took credit for the appeal he made to public opinion on behalf of Count Lagrange, the owner of Gladiateur, as a nobleman who had done nothing to forfeit the reception he had met with in England from every class of society.

This same year John's mount in the Oaks was Wild Agnes, the former inmate of Ashgill, sold by his father, and which now ran for Mr. Thelusson. She started a 5 to 2 favourite with the Duke of Beaufort's Siberia, beaten out of place, Wild Agnes running second to Regalia, who, as above stated, carried him into the same provoking position behind the Frenchman. Gladiateur's triple “classic” was hailed by our mercurial neighbours



Painted by J. M. W. Turner, 1840

SIR ROBERT JARDINE, BART.

across the Channel as avenging their *débacle* at Waterloo. The French press was pardonably jubilant at the defeat of *perfidie Albion*, a defeat which had been emphasised by the previous victories on English ground of Vermont and Fille de l'Air.

It was in the season of 1868 that our long-since famous jockey—for Fame had truly cast her glamour over him—became closely identified with the confederates, Mr. A. Johnstone and Mr. Robert (now Sir Robert) Jardine, two keen and liberal patrons of the Turf at the time. Tom Dawson trained their horses at Tugill. Between him and John Osborne a warm friendship existed for years, remaining unchanged until the great trainer's death at Thornhill, in the year 1880. During the season of 1868, so far as the calls upon him as a jockey were concerned, John was in partial activity, riding only at about a dozen meetings. Yet we shall see that the Tugill connection, through Pretender, a brown horse by Adventurer from Ferina, who was a two-year-old in '68, was destined to pave the way for him realising a jockey's greatest ambition—the winning of an Epsom Derby, a feat he had yet failed to achieve, and did not repeat. Few as were his mounts this year, they served to show him up in a favourable light. He began well by riding three winners—on Honesty, Flying Jib, and Good Hope—at Liverpool, supplementing that by a like number at Ripon on Master Tom (twice) and Inon; other successes included those on Thorwaldsen in a sweepstake, value £705, at Doncaster, and the Doncaster Cup on Mandrake, who was a good horse that day, for amongst others of class behind him was Julius.

Glancing for a few moments at the Tugill horses this year of '68 and the two-year-old running with its

bearing on the Derby of '69, it should be noted that Pretender made his first appearance for the Hardwick Stakes at Stockton, two of his stable companions in Lord Hawthorn and Thorwaldsen being amongst the limited field of runners. Thorwaldsen and Lord Hawthorn were made joint favourites, the last-named giving John a comfortable seat home to win by a length and a half, Pretender, then a raw colt, being second. On the same day he met his stable companion, Thorwaldsen, who was greatly fancied for the Lambton Plate, in which, though opposed by Minaret (previously defeated by Belladrum in the Ham Stakes), he started at 6 to 5 "on." Pretender was quoted at 5 to 1, but the hope of the stable rested on Thorwaldsen, and but little support went to Mr. Johnstone's colt. Both, however, were defeated by Miner's Sister, who, as she subsequently settled the pretensions of Lord Hawthorn, may be said to have disposed of the whole of the presumed powerful Tupgill division. On this occasion she finished a neck in front of Pretender, a similar distance separating the last-named and Thorwaldsen. With Thorwaldsen fit and well, and Pretender neither one nor the other, it was obviously a good performance on the part of the latter. His last performance in a disappointing season was carrying 8 st. 13 lbs. into a place for the Middle Park Plate, in which he gave 7 lbs. to Pero Gomez, who won, and 10 lbs. to Scottish Queen, finishing four lengths behind the latter, who was half a length from the winner. None but a first-class colt ever had performed Pretender's feat up to that period in the Middle Park Plate. Achievement in 1866 had run second with that impost, but then she was a top-sawyer, Lady Elizabeth tried in the zenith of her fame. Pretender's Middle Park display had all the more merit,

seeing that Tom Dawson had not as yet got him up to concert pitch. At Middleham in the autumn, Pretender could give his stable companion, the useful Thorwaldsen, a stone. Belladrum, with his doubtful legs, retired after the Newmarket Houghton, after having, in a period of five months, won or walked over for ten races, being defeated twice, and becoming the winter favourite for the Derby. He was defeated by Morna in the Champagne Stakes, and the best he conquered was Scottish Queen. Mr. Merry never was a man to show the white feather when he had a good 'un, and such horses as Thormanby or Dundee would never have been in their stables when the Blenkiron Plate or the Criterion Stakes were to be run. It was a flaw in Belladrum's two-year-old career that he was not brought out for either of these events.

Pretender went into his winter quarters fourth favourite for the Derby to Belladrum, Pero Gomez, and Wild Oats. Although Belladrum was a 5 to 1 winter favourite, a sentimental objection was felt against him—that of so hot a favourite in the winter ever winning the Derby. That feeling was fostered by the failures of such hot favourites as Lady Elizabeth and The Rake, which latter had much higher credentials than Belladrum. The latter's extraordinary fighting action, too, was not considered compatible with staying powers, while his defeat by Morna in the Doncaster Champagne was, in certain quarters, not considered the fluke it was the fashion to esteem it by the colt's admirers.

The hostility which set in against Belladrum in the early spring of '69 reached its culminating point at Warwick Spring Meeting, when he was driven "back to any price you like." Mr. Merry had hedged his

money, put the horse through the mill and found he could not stay, or rather that he suddenly had to turn it up when hard pressed, owing to some impediment in his throat. The "vets." of the day described it as spasm of the epiglottis, but Dr. Shorthouse, in his more direct manner, pronounced it a form of roaring and an incurable malady.

CHAPTER XI

“The Doncaster mayor doth sit in his chair
While his mills they merrily go—
His nose doth shine with drinking of wine
And he’s got the gout in his toe.”

THE year 1869 was fraught with big events in John Osborne’s history. Only since the previous season had the Tupgill connection lasted; and as showing how the advantage of riding of good animals confers distinction upon a jockey, we have only to mention that Pretender, the champion colt of Tupgill, bore him to victory in the Two Thousand Guineas; and doing well in the interval from the great Rowley Mile contest, which reveals the early spring excellence of a three-year-old, the son of Adventurer enabled him to gain immortal renown in his first and only Derby, after one of the most exciting finishes on record with Pero Gomez. But in other ways ’69 will long be a memorable year.

Towards the end of the first month of this year died John Jackson, otherwise known as “Jock o’ Oran.” The exhausting disease from which he had long suffered reduced his once manly frame to a mere shadow, death at last coming as a relief to one of the jolliest, most liberal, and hospitable “characters”

associated with the ever-moving drama of the Turf. It was the "Leviathan," then well *au fait* with the secrets of Ashgill, as indeed he was with Tupgill and all the leading northern stables, who told all his friends that that "pig of a horse," The Miner, would beat Blair Athol at York. And in like manner, when Beeswing was favourite for the Great Ebor, inspired doubtless as he was by Tom Dawson, he did not hesitate to let his immediate friends know that Mandrake would be certain to beat her. He was not only a good judge of racing, but made a judicious selection of mares for his famous stud farm at Fairfield, where Blair Athol stood as lord of the harem. Fairfield became a model of its kind; indeed, it was pronounced, under his ægis, to be the most complete in existence. Occasionally he was reckless in his purchase of brood mares. Examples of his indiscreet disregard for high prices were Amatis and My Partner. The best animals he owned were Tunstall Maid, Neptunus, and Saunterer, the latter, as the reader has already learnt, being one of his purchases from old John Osborne.

Much of Mr. John Jackson's success in life was due to his early friendship with old John Osborne, whose commissions he worked, and whose stable secrets were not infrequently committed to his safe keeping. Perhaps the best horse Jackson ever owned—we are quoting now from one who knew him well—was Saunterer, who, while owned by old John Osborne, ran seventeen times as a two-year-old, and won on eight occasions. He first appeared in the "Hopeful" at Doncaster, when that stake was considered an important one, and beat Adamas, who was destined to make a great name for himself. Later he beat Mr. Mellish's

horse, when there was an autumn meeting at Chester, and on this occasion he gave him 7 lbs. There was nothing very wonderful in the performance of "The Black" as a two-year-old, and he invariably finished behind Blink Bonny when they met. One cannot, however, overlook his running in the two-year-old race at Ripon, not because there was any great merit in it, although it was good, but we did not see such first-class horses at these minor meetings. In the beaten lot there were such horses as Underhand, Skirmisher, Huntingdon, and Bel Esperanza. Although Saunterer's career as a two-year-old was a chequered one, he was backed at as little as 8 to 1 for Blink Bonny's Derby, for which he ran very badly. He did not improve upon this performance in the Gold Cup at Ascot, which Skirmisher won, but his victorious career soon began. Vedette, however, gave him a terrible beating in the Great Yorkshire Stakes, when Skirmisher again proved superior to him, as he also did in the Doncaster Stakes. In the Cambridgeshire, on the other hand, his performance was considered a wonderful one, as he carried 8 st. 12 lbs. home into third place—a feat that only pales before the brilliant running of Blue Gown in the same event. Soon after this he was sold for 2150 guineas, and was subsequently known as "Mat's Black." That Saunterer was a first-class horse there can be no doubt, but he was not nearly so good as he was generally believed to have been, and we altogether incline to the opinion that brought poor Lord Drumlanrig to such terrible grief, that in a true run race he did not stay more than two miles, although he did manage to beat Fisherman, Ventre St. Gris, and Arsenal in the Goodwood Cup.

Another celebrity owned by Mr. John Jackson was Tim Whiffler, who, although an indifferent two-year-old performer, did a great thing in the Chester Cup, which he won as a three-year-old, carrying 6 st. 11 lbs. In consequence of his heavy weight Mr. Jackson did not back his colt to win more than £7000, but he was greatly delighted with the performance, as it apparently left the Derby at the mercy of his stable companion, Neptunus, who was believed to be the better of the pair. *En route* to Epsom they were slipped out at Doncaster, where they went a rattling gallop on the Town Moor, "Nep." performing so well that his owner thought the Derby was over, and we all recollect what a "cracker" the horse "came" in the betting at Tattersalls' a day or two before the race. Many think this feat at Doncaster destroyed his chance, as he only ran fourth to the moderate Caractacus. Neptunus proved an unfortunate investment for his owner, but there can be no doubt he was a really fine animal, as he gave Montebello no less than 24 lbs. in the Northumberland Plate, and ran a good second.

The opinion was held that Tim Whiffler was the best three-year-old of his year, and that if he had been engaged in the Two Thousand Guineas, Derby, and St. Leger, he would have carried off all three events. He won the Queen's Vase at Ascot and the Goodwood and Doncaster Cups, the two latter in a canter, while in the last-named he gave Buckstone, who had run The Marquis to a head for the St. Leger, 4 lbs. After winning the Queen's Vase he was sold to Lord W. Powlett, and it was in the colours of this nobleman that he so greatly distinguished himself. Elland was another good horse he owned. He won the Liverpool

Cup in a canter, and afterwards was sold, together with Split the Wind, to Mr. R. Sutton, and proved himself in his new ownership one of the best horses over a distance of ground that ever trod the turf. Lady Tatton and Magnifier also won him races, and Repulse, who was sold to Lord Hastings, carried off the One Thousand Guineas. In conjunction with Mr. H. Hargreaves, Mr. Jackson owned several horses, which ran in the name of Mr. Thompson, the best of them being the famous Tunstall Maid, Blackthorn, Terrific, and Sprig of Shillelagh. Tunstall Maid was by Touchstone out of Ellerdale's dam, and she won the confederacy, the Great Northern Handicap at York. She was only beaten a length in the Oaks, when Governess and Gildermire ran their famous dead heat, but in the Great Yorkshire Stakes she turned the tables on Gildermire in the most decisive manner, winning in a common canter, her rival being so much exhausted that she was pulled up before reaching the winning post.

To the last Jackson vowed there was never a horse foaled like Blair Athol, and on the formation of his breeding stud he purchased him for 7500 guineas; or perhaps it is truer to say that was the price at which he was valued for Mr. William P'Anson, his then owner and trainer, who refused to sell the horse outright, and retained a third share, so that, in point of fact, he only really owned the remaining two-thirds, for which he paid 5000 guineas. After Lord Lyon's Derby the report was circulated that he had not paid in full all the claims upon him, but this was soon proved to be a scandal, as Harry Steel, of Sheffield, the well-known penciller, undertook the settlement of his accounts. At the time of his death Mr. Jackson was the owner of a very large

fortune, sufficient, indeed, to provide handsomely for his widow and children. Long before Ellington's career he was known as a famous speculator, but when Aldcroft sent the "Admiral's" outsider home a winner in 1856, his position was confirmed, and from that time forth he was regarded as one of the magnates of the Turf.

Saunterer's Goodwood Cup was a tremendous betting race. Mr. John Corlett, in giving some reminiscences of the late Marquis of Queensberry, who died on 31st January, 1900, thus refers to it—

"The last time I saw the Marquis of Queensberry he told me that he considered that the finest sport in the world was steeplechase riding, and next to that he got most fun nowadays out of his bicycle, which he infinitely preferred to ordinary horse exercise. He was a bold steeplechase rider, and, like his father, there was no sport of any description he was not good at. He succeeded his father at the age of fourteen, whilst still a midshipman in the Royal Navy, after the extraordinary gun accident that followed on the Saunterer disaster at Goodwood, in which he was killed. The earlier Marquis of Queensberry was one of those men who took 'fancies' for or against a horse, and thus was often led into making what is called a 'one-horse' book. This game may be carried on with profit and impunity for years, but the crash is sure to come at last. I have known men whose only visible means of existence was the Derby. They would 'pot' one of the favourites, and the chance was always, of course, against the backer. The Derby victory of Thormanby knocked out a whole row of this class of speculators. Lord Queensberry got it into his head that Saunterer was a mere miler, and could not stay the Goodwood Cup



LORD GLASGOW

Engraving from Bailey's Magazine

course. It is true that he was a miler till Mat Dawson got him, but after that he stayed well enough. Be that as it may, the Marquis laid all he could against him, and one particularly rash bet was 10,000 to 500. Mr. Merry, I believe, got this. Mat Dawson has often told me that he implored him to save his money; but he had got into the mire, and could not get out of it. With 'Mat' training and fancying the horse, and Mr. Merry backing him, a bet of twenty monkeys was not to be easily hedged, so instead of hedging he hardened to it, and laid a bit more. Saunterer, who started at 7 to 1, won, and Fisherman was second. I need scarcely say that the account was not settled."

Barely two months later than Jackson died, Lord Glasgow, to whose memory some notice has already been given, entered into rest after a fitful career.

"Sleep, then, in peace, departed dust,
And be thine epitaph 'The Just':
A name that Malice dare not 'hate,'
Nor Envy's self obliterate;
A name affection to command
While Truth and Honour rule the land."

Such was "Amphion's" tribute to the memory of one whose faults were far exceeded by his virtues. Only a brief interval, and the Earl of Derby was called to his last account, the two great and high-minded sportsmen, who had been almost inseparable in life, hardly being parted in death. Intensely a proud man, Lord Derby's hauteur arose rather from a gigantic and cultured intellect than from selfish priggishness. Whether in the Senate or on the Turf, the Earl of Derby, who had attained the allotted span of the Psalmist, was a great, pure-minded nobleman. Lord Lytton thus happily hit off his features—

"One after one the lords of time advance—
 Here Stanley meets—how Stanley scorns the glance! *
 The brilliant chief, irregularly great,
 Frank, haughty, rash—the Rupert of debate;
 Nor gout, nor toil, his freshness can destroy,
 And Time still leaves all Etou in the boy;
 First in the class, and keenest in the ring,
 He saps like Gladstone, and he fights like Spring;
 Ev'n at the feast his pluck pervades the board,
 And dauntless game-cocks symbolise their lord.
 Lo, where ailt at friend—if barr'd from foe—
 He scours the ground, and volunteers the blow,
 And, tired with contest over Dan and Snob,
 Plants a sly bruise on the nose of Bob; †
 Decorous Bob, too friendly to reprove,
 Suggests fresh fighting in the next remove,
 And prompts his chum, in hopes the vein to cool,
 To the prim benches of the Upper School:
 Yet who not listens, with delighted smile,
 To the pure Saxon of that silver style;
 In the clear style a heart as clear is seen,
 Prompt to the rash—revolting to the mean."

It was the ambition of his life, never to be realised, to win the Derby, a race which was named in compliment to his grandfather, the twelfth Earl, but the hopes so dearly entertained were never destined to be realised, it being a case of "so near and yet so far" when Toxophilite ran second for it in 1858. He won the Oaks in 1851 with the roaring Iris, and the Two Thousand Guineas with Fazzoletto, the One Thousand with Canezou and Sagitta, the Goodwood and Doncaster Cups with Canezou. Several handicaps and innumerable Produce stakes fell to his lot. The most successful brood mare he ever possessed was probably Miss Bowe, one of old John Osborne's first mares, who produced him Iris, Longbow, Boiardo, De Clare, Strongbow, Tom Bowline, and a few others of lesser note. The sisters Escalade and Meeanee were not so

* The glance of O'Connell.

† The late Sir Robert Peel.

successful, as *Sortie*, *Emily*, and *Lady Augusta* were but indifferent substitutes for the foals of *Miss Bowe*.

The sum of £94,003 was won for Lord Derby by the following horses—fifty-four in number. The total number of horses he had in training from first to last was 243:—

<i>Canezon</i> ,	£9180	<i>Shooting Star</i> ,	£500
<i>Fazzoletto</i> ,	6500	<i>Meeanee f.</i> ,	500
<i>Longbow</i> ,	6485	<i>Psalm-singer</i> ,	490
<i>Boiardo</i> ,	6200	<i>Professor</i> ,	485
<i>Acrobat</i> ,	5530	<i>Croupier</i> ,	440
<i>Iris</i> ,	4595	<i>Crown Pigeon</i> ,	410
<i>Cape Flyaway</i> ,	4475	<i>Storm</i> ,	400
<i>Ithuriel</i> ,	4350	<i>Abdiel</i> ,	400
<i>Paletot</i> ,	4050	<i>Archery</i> ,	365
<i>Umbriel</i> ,	3600	<i>Ortolano</i> ,	300
<i>Sagitta</i> ,	3475	<i>Meeanee c.</i> ,	290
<i>Toxophilite</i> ,	3350	<i>The Rancee</i> ,	270
<i>Legerdemain</i> ,	2825	<i>Little Isaac</i> ,	200
<i>Dervish</i> ,	2619	<i>Zeephon</i> ,	200
<i>Strongbow</i> ,	2550	<i>Phantom</i> ,	184
<i>Sortie</i> ,	2400	<i>Fortune Teller</i> ,	175
<i>Uriel</i> ,	2290	<i>Tour de Force</i> ,	165
<i>Target</i> ,	2250	<i>Pirouette</i> ,	135
<i>Meteora</i> ,	1963	<i>Meeanee</i> ,	100
<i>Escalade</i> ,	1900	<i>Fandango</i> ,	100
<i>De Clare</i> ,	1600	<i>Crotchet</i> ,	100
<i>Hobby Horse</i> ,	922	<i>Merry-go-round</i> ,	100
<i>Streamer</i> ,	910	<i>Caricature</i> ,	85
<i>Star of India</i> ,	845	<i>Flash</i> ,	50
<i>Bowstring</i> ,	775	<i>Beverley</i> ,	45
<i>Aquilo</i> ,	750	<i>Circus</i> ,	20
<i>Birdbolt</i> ,	600		
<i>Brachen</i> ,	505		
		Total,	£94,003

Also in this year of '69, John Stephenson, a Turf "leviathan" of the day, committed suicide shortly after Pretender had won the Derby. Among the many extraordinary "characters" the Turf has produced, Stephenson had no parallel. "Jock o' Oran" had been the "Emperor of the Ring" before retiring in affluence at Fairfield. Stephenson, however, became the greatest Roman of them all—great only in the magnitude of his laying and backing transactions. Dr. Shorthouse, in an

obituary notice, gave a graphic picture of him in the *Sporting Times*, from which we extract as follows:—

“The deceased was widely known, and better known than esteemed, for his temper was so uncertain, at times so violent, and his actions frequently so wayward, that it was impossible to regard him as a friend, and equally impossible to have dealings with him for long together. In large transactions he was strictly honourable; but in small ones overbearingly and frequently unjust. Strong in his own strength, he seemed almost to despise and desire to crush little men. Not only was this conduct strikingly apparent in the ring, but also at the clubs and at Tattersall’s. If a little man in his hearing offered to lay a certain price against a horse, ‘Stevey’ would immediately bawl him down by offering longer odds and for a greater amount of money. His aim seemed to be to keep the great guns all to himself, and not to permit little interlopers to intrude upon his domain. Yet we can remember him when he was a very small man indeed—we are not speaking of his size, but of the extent of his monetary transactions—for we remember him when he used to bet with outsiders for sums so small as half-a-crown and even so low as a shilling, and at that time he was very violent, noisy, and impetuous, and not unfrequently fell down in a fit of epilepsy. In that state, as he was a powerful man, his struggles were something fearful, and his fits were generally of long duration. He has lain unconscious for more than an hour, but as he grew older we believe that the fits became fewer and farther between, and when they did seize him they did so with less severity. Whether his epilepsy was hereditary or not we cannot say, but it is highly probable, for we have heard that

his mother was in a mad-house, and epilepsy and insanity frequently co-exist.

“ We know of several instances where he made mild, meek, little men pay him twice over; and though they had settled with him not half an hour before, he has demanded payment a second time, and has frequently been paid a second time. Indeed, his demands were made in so imperious a tone, and his conduct was so offensive and violent if his victims demurred, that, rather than have a scene, they have consented to ‘ pay again.’ It is, however, but just to Stephenson to say that in some of these cases he has refunded the money, when he afterwards, in his calmer moments, discovered that he had made a mistake. But bullies are always cowards, and he never asked a big man for payment twice over; it was only the weak whom he oppressed and whom he insulted, for his behaviour before a big swell was not unfrequently of a cringing nature.

“ His powers of calculation, when he was sober, were prodigious, and he never was wrong; even when he was drunk (and latterly he very frequently was so) he made few or no mistakes in his calculations. We have frequently seen him so drunk that he could not write down the bets, but he never made a mistake in the odds, and never got the worst of the transactions. Another remarkable trait in ‘ Stevey’s ’ character was his unselfishness in large commissions. If he backed a gentleman’s horse to win, say, £20,000 for any particular race, he was quite willing to let the owner have the lion’s share at the full average price—say, he would let him have £18,000 at the average odds, and be content with £2000 for himself. Stephenson was also of

immense service in those contemptible cases where owners of horses like to mystify bookmakers and the public. If an owner, either *in propria persona* or by deputy, was 'halting between two opinions'—either to back his horse to win or to milk him with a view to scratching or losing—'Stevey' would very soon show him the way and lead him a pretty dance. His conduct in these cases was not only unique, but admirable and enviable.

"We have many times known him stand to lose several thousands of pounds which, in the course of a few seconds, he has seemingly thrown into the ocean in his determination to unravel such mysteries. For instance, if he thought there was any hanky-panky work going on, he would begin by offering to lay the owner (or his deputy) ten monkeys or ten thousand against his horse, and the next moment offer to take six or seven monkeys or thousands, and 'carry on' with his taunts and his offers till the poor owner became so bewildered he could no longer keep the secret to himself, but had to let the cat out of the bag. Then Stephenson would deal liberally with him, and, if he wanted to back the horse, lay a good price, and risk the chance of getting it back or winning anything for himself. The extent of his speculation was enormous, and his payments always prompt and punctual; in short, he is a loss, and we 'ne'er shall look upon his like again.'

"Some of the penny scribblers who knew nothing of the facts of the case, and did not care to take the trouble to make inquiries, have attributed his suicide mainly to the fact that he 'had a bad Derby book.' Now the fact is that he had not a bad Derby book; on the contrary, he had a pretty good one. He had 'got round' as nearly as possible, without having laid against several

of the horses who are likely to start, and some of which are not unlikely to take a prominent part in the Derby. It was, therefore, just on the cards that he would have 'had a skinner.' But even if the worst had come to the worst, he could not have lost a thousand pounds on his Derby book as it stood at the time of his death, and such a sum was a mere flea-bite to a man with his business, and he could have squared that round in the 'fiddling' operations of any afternoon at Tattersall's. The real cause of the disaster was a brain hereditarily predisposed to disease, and excited into action by the imbibition of ardent spirits in large quantities. We have many a time seen him toss off a large glass of neat brandy and call for another glass *instantly*. In everything he seemed to throw himself heart and soul.

"Even the last dread act of all was not half done, it was thoroughly done; he cut his throat right across from one ear nearly to the other—a more frightful gash was seldom seen, and never before inflicted by any person upon himself. The deed, too, was not only determined, but it was premeditated—nay, even proclaimed. On the day before, he dined with one of his most intimate friends, and told him in the most undisguised language possible that the next morning he meant to cut his throat. When his friend remonstrated with him upon the folly of making jokes upon such serious matters, he told him it was no joke at all, but that he meant to carry his threat into execution, and, indeed, admitted that he should have done so the week before—having wandered into the fields for the very purpose—but that there were a lot of roughs about who would have picked his pockets, as there was no 'bobby' in view who could have protected his carcase from spoliation; and he significantly added

that he did not wish his pocket-money to be appropriated by roughs, as he intended it for his wife. At the time when he severed himself from the world he had no less a sum than three thousand pounds in bank notes in his pockets. That 'trifle' was his 'pocket-money'; but he was otherwise a very rich man, and as he sprang from nothing, and was a man of only middle life (45), his career must be regarded as an eminently prosperous one. But, though prosperous, he was not happy; and yet we believe his domestic life was highly commendable, and his bliss at home such as any man need envy.

"He was violent and impetuous beyond all men we ever knew. He took nothing quietly. He was a desperate rider to hounds, and in more senses than one a 'mighty hunter.' Though not a tall or heavy man, his strength was prodigious; he had unusual width of chest, and every time we saw him we were reminded of the brawny Cleon immortalised in Bulwer Lytton's imperishable lines which introduce his description of O'Connell—

" 'But who, scarce less by every gazer eyed,
Walks yonder, swinging with a stalwart stride?
With that vast bulk of chest and limb assigned
So oft to men who subjugate their kind;
So sturdy Cromwell push'd broad-shoulder'd on;
So burly Luther breasted Babylon;
So brawny Cleon bawl'd his Agora down;
And large-limb'd Mahmoud clutch'd a Prophet's crown.'"

"An inquest was held on the body, and Mr. George Lambert, who had been associated with Mr. Stephenson as a sort of partner, gave the following evidence:—

" 'I wish to state that for the last four years I have shared with him every year there has been a large profit. He has sustained no loss. He has died in a good position. He has won upon everything.'

“So much for the ‘bad Derby book’ having led to the calamity. After hearing the evidence, the jury very charitably, and as we think very truthfully, came to the conclusion that he ‘committed suicide whilst in a state of unsound mind.’”

Poor old Dr. Shorthouse, in his endeavour to solve “the Derby problem” of ’69, clearly demonstrated that a man is a fool to prophesy unless he knows. Speaking of the Adventurer colt’s Derby prospects, he said—“Then there is that pretentious gentleman, Pretender. Well, if there be any truth at all in form, this horse is vastly overrated. We had the opportunity of taking his measure, and we did so to an inch and an ounce. The conclusion at which we arrived was that he was not within pounds and pounds of Belladrum. We will confine ourselves within reasonable limits and say that he is not within a stone of the form shown by Belladrum; therefore what chance can there be of his carrying off the Blue Riband so long as Mr. Merry’s colt keeps well? . . . He also suffers from the disadvantage of having an old mare (twenty-two years) for his mother.”

Settling down to our line once more, let the reader understand that Pretender, after his fine performance in the Middle Park Plate behind Pero Gomez, did not have that good colt to oppose him in the Two Thousand of ’69, which is now to be dealt with. Tom Dawson gave the Tuppill champion a rattling preparation throughout the early spring, and John Osborne was engaged to ride him in the first of the “classics.” The colt arrived at Newmarket fit and well for the fray. At the “Rooms” overnight Martyrdom, who was Fordham’s mount, came with a great rush in the prices current, threatening at one time to supersede Duke of

Beaufort, who had previously run well over the Rowley Mile, and Pretender, who had disputed favouritism in the ante-post betting. Baron Rothschild's candidate—the colt by Tim Whiffler out of Hermione—was a raging tip at the eleventh hour. Indeed, so completely had the books been appropriated about him that the Baron became very angry, as he wanted to invest a monkey at a long price. He stated his grievance the next morning to "Lord Freddy" (Swindells), who gave him solace as follows—"If the horse were mine, aa would'ner have him ridden out an' punished him in the Guineas—aa—aad get him damned well beaten in a Plate or two, and then they'll be damned glad to turn the money up, an' a long price 'll be got. It's a damned shame to interfere so much with owners." Mr. Merry was not sanguine about Belladrum, as was confirmed by his opinion expressed after the race—"If Belladrum were only the Belladrum of 1868, no Pretender would have beaten him, and no such horses as Perry Down and Martyrdom would have been within sight of him." Wonderful, isn't it, what virtue there is in an "if"!

"Amphion," the turf laureate of the day, proved himself a true prophet the Saturday before the Two Thousand in verse, as follows:—

"We shall all be glad when Johnnie comes marching home."

"But a good lad and true wears the Middleham blue,
 And there's nothing but one in the race,
 Though the fielders declare for the Israelite pair
 And The Drummer runs into a place,
 Go, flash on the wire to the horse-loving shire
 The message you longed to send her—
 How Johnny has come marching gallantly home,
 And hurrah for the young PRETENDER."

But without further diagnosing the pros. and cons. of the situation so far back as thirty-one years ago, the

reader can judge for himself by glancing over the following ample description culled from the *Sporting Times* of

PRETENDER'S TWO THOUSAND.

The TWO THOUSAND GUINEAS STAKES of 100 sovereigns each, h. ft., for three-year-olds; colts, 8 st. 10 lb., fillies, 8 st. 5 lb.; the second received 200 sovereigns out of the stakes, and the third saved his stake. R.M. (1 mile 17 yards). 77 subs.

Mr. Johnstone's br c Pretender, by Adventurer— Ferina, 8 st. 10 lb.,	J. Osborne 1
Mr. Merry's b c Belladrum, by Stockwell—Catherine Hayes, 8 st. 10 lb.,	Kenyon 2
Mr. T. Jenning's br c Perry Down, by Ben Webster— Airedale, 8 st. 10 lb.,	Butler 3
Lord Calthorpe's ch c Martyrdom (late Martyr) 8 st. 10 lb.,	Fordham 4
Count Batthyany's b c Typhon, 8 st. 10 lb.,	Morris 0
Mr. Padwick's ch c Standard Bearer, 8 st. 10 lb.,	Parry 0
Mr. Brayley's b c Duke of Beaufort, 8 st. 10 lb.,	Cannon 0
Lord Royston's ch c Alpenstock, 8 st. 10 lb.,	Custance 0
Sir R. Bulkeley's br c Tasman, 8 st. 10 lb.,	J. Snowden 0
Sir J. Hawley's br c Siderolite, 8 st. 10 lb.,	Wells 0
Sir J. Hawley's br c King Cophetua, 8 st. 10 lb.,	J. Adams 0
Mr. Graham's b c Conrad, 8 st. 10 lb.,	Page 0
Mr. Graham's b c The Drummer, 8 st. 10 lb.,	T. Chaloner 0
Duke of Newcastle's b c Prince Imperial, 8 st. 10 lb.,	T. French 0
Duke of Newcastle's b c Tenedos, 8 st. 10 lb.,	Heartfield 0
Lord Rendlesham's b c Royal Rake, 8 st. 10 lb.,	J. Mann 0
Baron Rothschild's b c by Tim Whiffler—Hermione, 8 st. 10 lb.,	J. Daley 0
Lord Westmorland's b c Brambridge, 8 st. 10 lb.,	J. Goater 0
Mr. Saville's bl g Neuchatel, 8 st. 10 lb.,	Maidment 0

Betting—3 to 1 each against Duke of Beaufort and Pretender, 5 to 1 against Martyrdom, 7 to 1 against The Drummer, 8 to 1 against Belladrum, 20 to 1 against Alpenstock, 25 to 1 each against Prince Imperial and Hermione colt, 33 to 1 against King Cophetua, 66 to 1 each against Typhon, Perry Down, and Royal Rake, 100 to 1 each against Tasman and Siderolite.

THE RACE.

The numbers of the starters were hoisted at 3.30, ten minutes before the time for which the race was fixed, and the field was much larger than was anticipated it would be, no less than nineteen competitors being announced. The Birdeage enclosure was surrounded by an eager crowd, who were anxious to get a view of the prominent favourites, but in this they were disappointed, as most of them were saddled at the Ditch stables. Just before four o'clock the lot placed them-

selves under the command of Mr. M'George, and the immense body of equestrians that accompanied them to the post having cantered away in the direction of the finish, no time was lost in getting the starters in order. After one failure the race commenced with a beautiful start, for a few strides not one of the competitors having a head the best of it. The moment they had settled down, however, Brambridge rushed to the front, followed by Conrad, the pair fulfilling their respective missions by forcing the running, and after they had gone a hundred yards Lord Westmorland's colt, in the centre, had a lead of two or three lengths of Conrad, who was lying on the extreme right, but a similar distance in advance of the general body of horses. The most prominent followers of the leaders were Perry Down, Tenedos, and Tasman at the head of the right-hand division, Typhon and Martyrdom in the centre, and Belladrum, Alpenstock, the Hermione colt, Pretender, and Prince Imperial on the stand side, the last-named occupying the extreme left-hand position at the girths of the northern horse. At the head of the ruck came Duke of Beaufort and The Drummer in the track of Martyrdom, and King Cophetua's colours were discernible on the whiphand, but in the rear of Count Bathyan's colt, while soon after they had started Sir Joseph's cherry jacket and black cap, worn by Wells, were seen toiling in rear in company with Standard Bearer. At a rattling pace Brambridge and Conrad came sailing away with a long lead, but after passing the T.Y.C. winning-post the pair began to compound, and half-way up the Buses Hill they both retired from the front. Their disappearance left Perry Down with about a head advantage of Tenedos, Tasman being dead settled at the brow of the hill, where Typhen, Alpenstock, and the Hermione colt hung out signals of distress and gradually dropped away, an example followed by Prince Imperial the moment the descent was commenced. Perry Down and Tenedos were then lying slightly in advance of Belladrum, with Martyrdom at his quarters, Pretender, on the left, now lying about a length and a half in rear of the leaders. For a moment Cannon managed to get the Duke of Beaufort from the ruck, but he soon disappeared again, and The Drummer as rapidly beat a retreat after Chaloner's effort to get him within hail of Belladrum. Mr. Merry's colt (who had been pulling hard at Kenyon) headed Perry Down half-way down the Buses Hill, Martyrdom still lying at his quarters, while Pretender came steadily on by himself, still preserving his line wide on the left. The moment they reached the Abingdon Mile Bottom, Osborne sent Pretender up to Belladrum, and Martyrdom being settled the instant afterwards, the race was virtually reduced to a match between Belladrum and Pretender. The moment the northerner was fairly on terms with Belladrum he took a neck lead, but the followers of the yellow jacket were frantic with excitement when their beloved champion was seen to hold his own with the son of Adventurer. The hopes, however, so suddenly raised were as rapidly dashed, as the first dozen strides up the hill were disastrous to the son of Stockwell and Catherine Hayes, and Kenyon was compelled to call resolutely on him. Amid tremendous cheering and excitement the pair came on neck and neck, but Osborne was sitting as calm as a statue, and to the initiated it was palpable that the victory would be gained by the northern crack. When within fifty yards of the chair Kenyon made another brilliant attempt to turn the tide of victory, but Pretender had sufficient in him to answer immediately to his jockey's "rousing," and drawing away inch by inch he won very cleverly indeed by half a length. Perry Down finished third, four lengths in rear of Belladrum, and Fordham, who made determined efforts to

secure place honours, was defeated for that position by a neck. About three lengths off came Tenedos fifth, Tasman being sixth, Typhon, a few lengths away, being seventh, just in advance of Alpenstock, eighth. Some distance off came Prince Imperial ninth, Neuchatel tenth, Duke of Beaufort eleventh, Drummer twelfth, King Cophetua thirteenth, Conrad fourteenth, and Siderolite fifteenth. Hermione colt, Royal Rake, Brambridge, and Standard Bearer were the next lot, many lengths in rear. The winner was most enthusiastically cheered on returning to weigh in, and the good fight Belladrum made of it obtained for both him and his jockey many deserved plaudits. Net value of the stakes, £4400. Time, as taken by Benson's chronograph, 1 min. 52½ sec.

As was natural, the victory of Pretender created a volte-face in the quotations on the Derby. Pretender took the premier place in the betting, Belladrum still held his own, Perry Down was introduced to outside notice, and others that followed the Tupgill colt home over the Rowley Mile being driven to forlorn prices. But there was yet Pero Gomez to bear in mind—the colt who had beaten Pretender in the Middle Park Plate the previous autumn. It was argued, and not without reason, that the Epsom gradients might alter the chances of the two placed in the Two Thousand, if not actually reverse the positions, Pretender's action, it was alleged, being eminently unsuited to a course with so much descent in it as Epsom. On all public form there was nothing in the Derby but Pretender, Pero Gomez, Belladrum, The Drummer, Wild Oats, and Ladas.

CHAPTER XII

“The triumph and the vanity,
The rapture of the strife;
The earthquake voice of victory,
It is the breath of Life.”

THE interim between the Two Thousand and the Derby was filled with speculation as to the rival merits of Pretender over Sir Joseph Hawley's Pero Gomez. The latter had won the Biennial at Newmarket easier, it was alleged, than Pretender had won the Two Thousand, though it was quite true “Pero” had nothing so hot as Belladrum to follow him home in the Biennial. As before the Two Thousand, the old cry was raised against Pretender that he was not fashionably bred, that his mother was a very old mare and very much the worse for wear when she produced him, and that his Middle Park display made him 14 lbs. behind Derby form. John Day, one of the astutest judges of racing, was of opinion Belladrum would reverse the Two Thousand running with the Middleham colt. He had seen every Derby since Mundig's year (1835), and he had never seen a good pace yet, and therefore entertained the opinion that Belladrum, who could canter as fast as some of them could gallop, would have enough in reserve when he arrived at the distance to come away and show his tail to his opponents,



From a sketch by Alton

PRETENDER AND JOHN OSBORNE

Pretender included. A plausible argument, forsooth! but not to be supported by the solid arbitrament of fact.

But "all Yorkshire," as well as Johnnie Osborne, was on Pretender's back for the Derby of '69. The poet and prophet of the period sang—

"But north and south are arming for the fray,
 The lists are cleared, and lo! the warrior band,
 Oh, happy man, 'Johnnie' leads the way,
 'Pero' and Belladrum on either hand.
 Haply, the names recorded thus may stand,
 When the fight is over and the trophy won;
 The victor's name runs flashing through the land,
 And louder yet and rougher grows the fun,
 As London homeward streams beneath the setting sun.

"So may 'The Riband's' deathless sheen
 Upon the victor's breast be seen
 Of undistinguishable hue
 From that bright vest of bonnie blue
 Yet ne'er to fade away.
 And bells at Middleham awake
 The echoes of the moor and brake
 With one more peal for Johnnie's sake,
 To keep the festal day."—("AMPHION.")

At length the day of battle arrived, the sun shining upon the scene and lending enchantment to the view. Pretender was accompanied by his stable companions, Thorwaldsen and Lord Hawthorn, Thorwaldsen having a raw place the size of a man's hand over his hip bone, caused by his getting thrown in his box. The "crack" had Tom Dawson's best polish on him, and passed satisfactorily through paddock inspection. Mr. Graham watched with intense satisfaction his beloved Drummer, fearing nothing and looking at nothing else. He had backed his horse at all sorts of prices from a thousand to one and five hundred to one downwards, so that he stood to win forty thousand pounds to a mere flea-bite.

Ethus had many friends. Sir Joseph Hawley's pair also claimed notice, The "King" preceding the crack, and Pero Gomez, about whom John Porter was satisfied. Then there was Ladas, not improved much in appearance from the previous year, and justly esteemed a very dear purchase at 3500 guineas for the then youthful Lord Rosebery, destined in after years to win the Derby with a horse of the same name when he was the Premier of Great Britain, and to be the recipient that day of an ovation from the Epsom multitude, only surpassed when the Prince of Wales led Persimmon back a victor. Belladrum, too, was in the party—a handsome horse, lacking power, and his wind affected, so said Mr. Merry before the race. Belladrum, nevertheless, was the idol of the multitude, though Porter and Wells, the one leading and the other riding Pero Gomez, came in for much notice. Belladrum, when he cantered past the stand, was greeted with enthusiastic cheering. One break away and the flag was dropped, the field being at least a hundred yards behind the starting post. Up the ascent and through the Furzes it was a "jiggety-jog" pace, but once round Tattenham Corner into the straight it became terrific contrasting with the snail's gallop in Lord Lyon's year. "This year," said the chronicler of the time, "considering the weights the horses carried, we much question whether a third of a mile of ground (the last) was ever covered in quicker time for any race whatever, whilst the horsemanship of Wells and Osborne was a treat to witness." Before reaching the distance the issue was confined to The Drummer, Pretender, and Pero Gomez, the trio struggling neck and neck at that juncture. "Johnnie"

on the Two Thousand hero had a slight advantage till within fifty yards of the chair, when Wells by a magnificent effort, answered most gallantly by Pero Gomez, drew level, and, indeed, appeared to get the better of him, but the son of Adventurer and Ferina was fully equal to the great and trying occasion, as he gamely responded to Osborne's determined call, and won one of the grandest races ever witnessed by a head, justifying the short price of 5 to 4 taken about him at the start, Pero Gomez's quotation being 5 to 1. In such a close finish the hoisting of the winning number was anticipated with great suspense, but when No. 4 announced Pretender as the victor the cheering was terrific; and the Northerners, almost frantic with delight, surrounded the horse as he returned to weigh in, and gave way to the wildest excitement. The time of the race was 2 mins. 52½ secs., and the net value of the stakes 6225 gs.

After the race, Wells, who was evidently under the impression that he had won, rode his horse back smiling. He was greeted with enthusiastic cheers, for not only Sir Joseph Hawley's cherry jacket, but Wells also, was popular with the multitude. Great enthusiasm was displayed when Johnnie Osborne, preceded by Martin Starling on his grey cob, rode back Pretender into the saddling paddock. The success of Pretender was well received by city men, and by the mercantile world, with whom his nominal owner, Mr. Johnstone, was deservedly popular. When they returned Pero Gomez seemed the lesser distressed horse of the two, and Johnnie Osborne confessed that he didn't wish to meet him again when he rode Pretender in the St. Leger or any other race.

PRETENDER'S DERBY, 1869.

(Sporting Times.)

The DERBY STAKES of 50 sovereigns each, h. ft., for three-year-olds; colts, 8 st. 10 lb., fillies, 8 st. 5 lb.; the second received 300 sovereigns, and the third 150 sovereigns out of the stakes. One mile and a half. 247 yards.

Mr. J. Johnstone's br c Pretender, by Adventurer— Ferina,	J. Osborne	1
Sir J. Hawley's br c Pero Gomez, by Beadsman— Salamanca,	Wells	2
Mr. Graham's b c The Drummer, by Rataplan—My Niece,	Morris	3
Sir J. Hawley's b c King Cophetua,	J. Adams	0
Mr. Brayley's b c Duke of Beaufort,	Cannon	0
Mr. J. Johnstone's b c Lord Hawthorn,	Hudson	0
Mr. J. Johnstone's ch c Thorwaldsen,	Chaloner	0
Mr. H. E. Surtee's b c The Ægean,	Parry	0
Sir C. Legard's ch c Border Knight,	Snowden	0
Lord Calthorpe's ch c Martyrdom,	Fordham	0
Mr. Merry's b c Belladrum,	J. Daley	0
Mr. Savile's b c Ryshworth,	Maidment	0
Mr. Savile's bl c Neuchatel,	Hammond	0
Lord Rosebery's br c Ladas,	Custance	0
Lord Royston's ch c Alpenstock,	Mr. W. Bevil	0
Lord Trafford's ro c Rupert,	T. French	0
Mr. T. Jenning's br c Perry Down,	Butler	0
Mr. Jos. Dawson's ch c De Vere,	Grimshaw	0
Duke of Newcastle's b c Tenedos,	Metcalfe	0
Sir R. W. Bulkeley's br c Tasman,	Kenyon	0
Mr. Padwick's b c Ethus,	J. Goater	0
Mr. John Denman's br c Defender,	Roper	0

Mr. Johnstone declared to win with Pretender.

Betting—5 to 4 against Pretender, 5 to 1 against Pero Gomez, 6 to 1 against Belladrum, 10 to 1 against Perry Down, 20 to 1 each against Martyrdom and The Drummer, 33 to 1 each against Thorwaldsen and Border Knight, 50 to 1 each against Duke of Beaufort, Ryshworth, De Vere, and Ethus, 66 to 1 against Ladas, 100 to 1 against Alpenstock, 1000 to 8 against King Cophetua, and 1000 to 5 each against The Ægean, Defender, and Tenedos.

THE RACE.

Preparations having been going on while the first race was run, Mr. Manning succeeded in weighing out the starters in excellent time, and accordingly the numbers were announced some minutes before the hour (three o'clock) for which the race was fixed. The eager, surging crowd which congregated in front of the erude arrangement which does duty for a telegraph board were then in possession of the fact that of the twenty-six animals mentioned on the card, but four, the Hermione colt, Derventio, Walmer, and Conrad, declined to enter the lists. Attention was then turned to the paddock, which was already well filled, but a

tremendous influx of visitors soon rendered it crowded. As may naturally be supposed, the favourites were surrounded by a perfect host of admirers or critics, and the attendants of Pero Gomez and Belladrum had great difficulty in even walking their charges about, the prying curiosity of the crowd being so overwhelming that they were fairly hemmed in on all sides. Both animals, however, so far as appearances went, were quite equal to the attention, as each looked the perfection of condition, and exemplified their trainers' skill to the highest degree. Perry Down was another who had a host of followers, and certainly the eulogistic remarks of all good judges were perfectly justifiable, as the son of Ben Webster looked not only in splendid trim, but had the stamp of a Derby winner about him. Duke of Beaufort had evidently done an immense amount of work, while Drummer, perhaps, looked better than ever he did before. Martyrdom, Border Knight, The Ægean, Alpenstock, Rupert, De Vere, Tasman, Defender, Ladas, Ethus, and Mr. Savile's pair—Ryshworth and Neuchatel—were passed by almost contemptuously, except by their immediate friends, but, without particularising them, all looked in blooming health and fitness. The Middleham fleet were hunted for in every corner, but only to a select few was it known that the trio were being quietly saddled just outside the lower end of the paddock—a very judicious arrangement, as Dawson thus protected the favourite from the "mobbing" he would be sure to have been subjected to had he "shown" inside the enclosure to undergo his toilet. As they emerged on the course to take their preliminary canters, Wells on Pero Gomez, Daley on Belladrum, and Osborne on Pretender were received with loud cheering, the two first-named coming in for a perfect ovation. The "breathers" were taken without any especial feature, the style of going of all the prominent favourites being especially admired, Pero Gomez, perhaps, pleasing his friends most. At twenty minutes past three the lot reached the starting post, and when Mr. M'George took them under his charge the excitement was intense. The first attempt to start them was frustrated by The Ægean, Thorwaldsen, Drummer, and Defender breaking away, but they soon rejoined their horses, and after a few minutes' delay in getting them in order again, the word was given, and a loud roar of excitement greeted the lowering of the flag. For a few strides The Drummer held a slight lead, but immediately they had fairly settled in their places Neuchatel, forcing the pace to serve his stable companion Ryshworth, took up the running, pursued by Lord Hawthorn, who was obeying a similar mission to ensure the speed for the favourite. Close up with him were Thorwaldsen and Border Knight, at whose quarters lay The Drummer and The Ægean, succeeding them being De Vere, Ethus, and Duke of Beaufort in a cluster, just in advance of another division consisting of King Cophetua, Ryshworth, Perry Down, Alpenstock, Tenedos, and Defender, Pero Gomez being clear of them, but in advance of Pretender, Rupert, Ladas, Belladrum, and Martyrdom, who were side by side, Tasman bringing up the rear. With the exception that the favourite ran through his horses and joined the leading division, nearly half a mile was traversed without any material alteration in their relative positions, the pace being very slow indeed, which enabled all the runners to maintain their places. At the mile-post, however, Hudson sent Lord Hawthorn along, when he found Neuchatel flagging, and the pair were then racing away about a couple of lengths in advance of Pretender, The Ægean, Ryshworth, Thorwaldsen, Perry Down, The Drummer, Duke of Beaufort, Alpenstock, and Pero Gomez, the feature of the leading rank

having undergone that change in a short distance, while Rupert had also closed up with De Vere and King Cophetua. Going through the furzes Ethus dropped right away in rear with Belladrum, the pair at the top of the hill being at least fifty yards behind everything, and the further they went the more apparent was it they were out-paced. From this point the actual contest may be said to have commenced, as the speed, which had been worse than in many a race for a paltry plate, was greatly increased, and then the "tailing" commenced in earnest, Ladas and Tenedos being observed toiling hopelessly along. Neuchatel soon disappeared from the front, but Lord Hawthorn held his position with a slight advantage to Tattenham Corner, where a scrimmage occurred, owing to Thorwaldsen swerving across in front of Duke of Beaufort, who "tripped" and nearly came down. To avoid a disastrous collision Wells was compelled to pull Pero Gomez right out of his track, and thread his way into the straight on the outside of his horses, and Mr. Bevill was also compelled to steady Alpenstock, to prevent him striking into Mr. Brayley's colt. This unfortunate *contretemps*, although luckily it was not attended with any serious results, created such confusion that it was a matter of some difficulty to tell what led fairly round the obnoxious bend. However, when fairly in the straight, it was discovered that Lord Hawthorn had beaten a retreat, The Drummer, with Perry Down, and Rupert on his left, occupying the lower ground, King Cophetua, The Ægean, and Pretender lying in the centre, with Ryshworth and Pero Gomez on the right hand or upper side of the course. Martyrdom, though completely settled, struggled on in the wake of the left division, and Duke of Beaufort was striding along just in rear of the favourite, followed by Alpenstock. These formed the front rank, and The Drummer, almost immediately after they were in the line for home, took up the running, The Ægean retiring directly, King Cophetua being in trouble a few strides further on, and Perry Down, although apparently going strong and well, stopped as if he was shot. Before reaching the distance Ryshworth had signified that he had "had enough of it," and for a moment Rupert and Duke of Beaufort lying on either side of Mr. Graham's colt, showed such a formidable front that the fielders were screaming with excitement. When the trio had fairly fought out their struggle, to the manifest advantage of The Drummer, Pretender and Pero Gomez, who had been momentarily overlooked, shot to the front opposite the Stand, and in a moment the final issue became a match between the celebrated pair. The Two Thousand hero had a slight advantage till within about fifty yards of the chair, when Wells, by a magnificent effort, answered most gallantly by Pero Gomez, drew level, and, indeed, appeared to get the best of him, but the son of Adventurer and Ferina was fully equal to the great and trying occasion, as he gamely responded to Osborne's determined call, and won one of the grandest races ever witnessed by a head. The Drummer, although hard pressed by Duke of Beaufort, Rupert, and Ryshworth, obtained place honours by a length, but the other three, clear of Mr. Graham's hardy representative, were so nearly level that it was impossible to assign either of them the fourth position. Alpenstock, about four lengths away, was seventh, Martyrdom being eighth, King Cophetua ninth, Thorwaldsen tenth, Perry Down eleventh, Defender twelfth, and De Vere thirteenth. Then came Lord Hawthorn, Border Knight, Tasman, Ethus, Tenedos, The Ægean, and Neuchatel in a cluster. Belladrum and Ladas were pulled up before reaching the post, but Lord Rosebery's colt was credited with the twenty-

first position. Perry Down pulled up very lame indeed, and this would account for the sudden manner in which he retired when going so well. The hoisting of the winning number was anticipated with the greatest suspense, but when No. 4 announced Pretender as the victor, the cheering was terrific, and the Northerners, almost frantic with delight, surrounded the horse as he returned to weigh in, and gave way to the wildest excitement. Pero Gomez and Wells came in for their share of the applause, which was never more deserved. The time, as taken by Benson's chronograph, was 2 min. 52½ sec. Net value of the stakes, 6225 sovs.

PRETENDER, 1866 { Adventurer, 1850 { Ferina, 1844 {	Newminster 1848	{ Touchstone 1831 { Bee's-wing 1833 {	{ Camel { Banter { Dr. Syntax { Daughter of {	{ Whalebone { Selim mare { Master Henry { Boadicea { Paynator { Beningbro'm { Ardrossan { Lady Eliza { Beninbro' {
	Venison 1833	{ Partisan 1811 { Fawn 1823 {	{ Walton { Parasol • { Smolensko { Jerboa {	{ Sir Peter { Arethusia { Potsos { Prunella { Sorcerer { Wowski { Gohanna { Camilla {

“We cannot remember,” said the *Sporting Times*, “an occasion when the last three furlongs were covered in quicker time than by the leading horses this year, thus affording a striking contrast to the snail’s gallop of Lord Lyon’s year, when the two leading horses seemed a surprisingly long time in accomplishing their task. This year they came along at a terrific pace, and considering the weights the horses carried, we much question whether a third of a mile of ground was ever

covered in quicker time in any race whatever, whilst the horsemanship of Osborne and Wells was a treat to witness. It is our opinion that but for a disappointment in the race, the second horse would have won. Many persons (including the trainer of Pero Gomez) assert that he did actually win by a neck, but in this they are evidently mistaken."

"Of the race itself," said "Outsider" in the *Sporting Times*, 29th May, 1869, "of course, it will be asserted by many, and chiefly by those who either went for him or were on him, that Pero Gomez ought to have won, and would have won but for the scrimmage at Tattenham Corner. I don't believe it for a moment. Firstly, because I am assured by one who narrowly watched it, the scrimmage did not affect the horse's chance in the least; and, secondly, as I stood by both horses in the weighing-in paddock after the race, it was evident which had the more taken out of him and which was the more punished. It seemed to me that Osborne might have got a deal more out of his horse, which was never headed, and won by a good head, but that Pero Gomez had the last ounce exhausted from him by Wells. As to the time the race was run—2 mins. 52½ secs.—considering the horses started lower down than usual, and about 300 yards further than in Kettledrum's year, it was very good, for since the race has been timed in 1846 only thirteen have done it quicker, and on two of those occasions by only half a second. The Flying Dutchman, West Australian, Thormanby, and Wild Dayrell all took two seconds longer; and, as I said before, I do not believe a start was ever made so far back before."

Sir Joseph Hawley lost popularity by his action on settling day after Pretender's Derby. The facts of the



Engraving from Baile's Magazine

SIR JOSEPH HAWLEY

case are as follows:—At twelve o'clock, or even later, on the Derby settling day, Sir Joseph's commissioner entered the Victoria Club and informed its members "that his principal declines to 'part,' and that he claims the bets on Pero Gomez." Sir Joseph forwarded the following note to Messrs. Weatherby:—

"6 Old Burlington Street, May 31, 1869.

"Having heard a rumour that Mr. Sadler, the nominator of Pretender for the Derby, died before the race was run, I give notice to you not to pay over the stakes till the matter is cleared up.

"JOSEPH HAWLEY."

This move of Sir Joseph's was justly stigmatised at the time, all the more so that Mr. Sadler, the breeder of Pretender, had been at Epsom and saw the colt beat Pero Gomez. The rumour was characterised as "wicked and wanton," and it seems extraordinary that a level-headed man like Sir Joseph should have made himself the cat's paw of some mendacious scoundrels, from whom the rumour emanated. The obloquy heaped upon the owner of Pero Gomez had been stimulated by his scratching of Blue Gown for the Guineas, this act being done on the statement that, if the horse won, a certain section of the bookmakers would find it difficult to settle their accounts; accordingly the pen was put through the horse's name, much to the disgust of the public who had backed him.

The "Pretender panic," so far as regarded the "settling," soon blew over, though not before Sir Joseph had made himself at the time one of the most unpopular sportsmen in the country. A caustic poem, entitled "Sir Joseph Scratchhawley," was published in the *Sporting Times* after the Derby. This led to an action at law, instituted by Sir Joseph, against Dr. Shorthouse,

the proprietor of the paper. The libellous nature of the contribution was proved, and the Doctor was committed to prison for a period.

In connection with the "Derby Dispute," the *Sportsman* gave the following account:—

"Outside Tattersall's always presents a curious scene on the Monday after the Derby, but never was the appearance of the crowd like that of yesterday. There was, as usual, a motley throng of the minor betting men, the smaller backers, the hangers-on of the Turf, and the regular loafers and idle folks generally. Nothing was talked about but the latest Derby sensation, and the panic that had arisen in the East appeared to have extended to the far West. Books and pencils were flashed, but for the moment the occupations of both were gone. Backers of Pretender in vain essayed to soften the strong hearts of layers into a distribution of 'coin.' Layers now and then attempted, with equal want of success, to tempt backers into speculation on future events. Gentlemen coming down in cabs, especially if they wore an air of importance or mystery, were eagerly interrogated as to the latest news. The seediest lounge, on whose outer man his 'uncle' would have declined to have lent twopence, talked over the matter as seriously as his neighbour who had thousands depending on the issue. Curiosity in what was going on inside the sacred portals of Tattersall's was intense. The doorkeeper was regarded with something of awe, and the policeman on duty received homage as a useful and meritorious public servant. He who was fortunate enough to get a peep inside when the gate was opened was envied; he who could point out the dignitaries in the passage was generally supposed to be in a position

to die happy. Within, the state of matters was for a time similar to that which prevailed at the club, and the only object of interest was a written protest of Sir Joseph Hawley. It is evident that Sir Joseph Hawley had been led into some extraordinary error, or been the victim of a very discreditable hoax. The latter appears the more probable theory. For it is almost impossible to conceive that he would have taken such a step as to protest against the payment of stakes, unless evidence that was at least apparently conclusive had been presented to him."

Wells on "Pero" rode his second Leger winner, the first being Saacebox for Mr. T. Parr; he had also won up to this period three "Derbies" on Beadsman, Blue Gown, and Musjid. Fordham had ridden second in the Leger three times, viz., on Buckstone, Paul Jones, and Martyrdom. Of Mr. Merry it was said that he had not a shilling on Pero Gomez until when, disliking Pretender in the paddock, he took £300 to £100 about his colt. There was an *on dit* circulated that Mr. Jardine gave John Osborne £1000 for winning the Derby on Pretender. While on his way to Ascot with the remainder of Tom Dawson's team, Pretender had a narrow escape of being burned to death. At Retford the axle of the horse van became hot, and the train was much delayed in consequence.

It does not serve our purpose to dwell upon the interval between the decision of Pretender's Derby and the St. Leger, beyond mentioning that the son of Adventurer progressed in so satisfactory a manner in his preparation for Doncaster that he became a raging hot favourite. Evidently, from the foregoing detailed and graphic report of the Derby, mainly extracted *in extenso* from the *Sporting Times*, Pero

Gomez had been disappointed in the struggle round Tattenham Corner, and it would appear, even at this distant date, that Pretender was somewhat lucky to triumph at Epsom. On the flat, long, tiring course at Doncaster, Pero Gomez completely reversed the Derby running as between the pair, depriving the Tupgill candidate of the coveted triple crown in most decisive fashion. Osborne attributes the reversal of form to the difference in the state of the going, for, whereas the galloping was on the top of the ground at Epsom, it was heavy at Doncaster. At all events, Pero Gomez beat Pretender out of place, and established himself in the severer ordeal over the Town Moor as a better stayer than Adventurer's son.

The disgrace of Pretender, the success of Pero Gomez, and the defeat of Martyrdom were the staple topics of conversation after the Leger. The Tupgill people to a man appeared to be utterly confounded and totally unable to explain in any way the wretched running of their idol.

John Fobert, with whose name that of The Flying Dutchman and many good horses is identified, died 29th May, 1869, being succeeded at Spigot Lodge by Arthur Briggs. It was reported at the time that Fobert died worth £35,000 and left no will, hence the whole of his property went to his brother, with whom he had not been on speaking terms for years. There is grave reason to doubt that Fobert died a wealthy man.

The opening of the year '69 was also marked by the death at Nenagh, Ireland, of Johnny O'Brien, one of the most extraordinary adventurers that ever figured on the Turf. The son of a laundress at Leeds, his effrontery and speculation on the Turf were so successful that he

ultimately became the owner of an extensive stud of horses. At the outset of his career he employed Tom Dawson as trainer. In 1846 he won the Goodwood Stakes with Jonathan Wild and the Goodwood Cup with Grimston, being accredited with winning £50,000 over the double event. Amongst other good animals he owned were The Traverser, The Liberator, and Erin-go-Bragh. Launching out as a man of fashion, he cut a great figure for a time, but his conduct to one of the members of the Cinque Ports led to his being ostracised from the racing world. Misfortune overtook him at last with his speculations; he lost his wealth as rapidly as he gained it, eventually sinking into mendicancy. Indeed, he died in such straitened circumstances that a subscription was raised in Nenagh to defray the expenses of his funeral.

Still another noteworthy event occurred this year of '69. The glances of a fair lady made an inroad into John Osborne's affections; and he determined to go through the world thereafter in double harness. He wooed, won, and wedded Miss Bradford, of Westbourne Park, London, the union having been ever since of the happiest character.

Bidding farewell to Pretender and John's connection with him as a jockey, here follows his own curt description of the two races:—

“There was nothing extraordinary happened in the Two Thousand. Belladrum made most of the running, and I won cleverly.”

In describing Pretender's Derby triumph he “extended” himself a little more, stating—

“Well, I had a nice place round Tattenham Corner, where, from all accounts, Pero Gomez

was disappointed in coming round. I took up the running half-way between Tattenham Corner and the winning chair. Then Pero Gomez came up past the stand, and was beaten by a short head. Wells always said the head was the other way; but, fortunately, the judge didn't say so. That was my first and only win in the Derby."

CHAPTER XIII

“The turf hath bubbles like the Stock Exchange,
And these are of them.”

BEGINNING in 1846, John Osborne in 1869, now in his thirty-sixth year, had already been a professional horseman quarter of a century. As the subsequent and meteoric career of Fred Archer proved, it did not appear a great performance on the part of “Our Johnnie,” for such was the term of endearment applied to him in the North, to achieve in two decades and a half a win in the One Thousand, three in the Two Thousand, two in the St. Leger, and one in the Derby, Pretender being the only Derby winner he ever rode, notwithstanding that during his prolonged career he figured in no less than thirty-eight races for what D’Israeli dubbed the “blue riband” of the Turf. But in extenuation of this apparent bald performance, so far as regards the classic races, it must be borne in mind that, unlike Archer, George Fordham, Fred Webb, Wells, Doyle, Jim Snowden, Tom Cannon, or others of his distinguished contemporaries in the pigskin, he had not the choice of mounts which assisted these undoubtedly great jockeys in paving their way to the altitudes of fame. His time and energies were much occupied by his duties in looking after the horses at Ashgill—duties in which

he was assisted by his brother Robert, who looked after the clerical and commercial departments, while stay-at-home William was out with the nags on Middleham Moor by dawn every day. Indeed, it was not until Mr. Johnstone, the nominal owner of Pretender, jointly with Mr. Robert Jardine, gave Tom Dawson instructions to retain a second call after Ashgill claims on his services that he became so closely and directly identified with a powerful stable. Tuggill had now become a strong force in the North, backed up, as it was, by men of great wealth like Mr. Jardine and Mr. Johnstone, the latter of whom did not long survive the Pretender triumph, though the septuagenarian, nay, fast approaching octogenarian, now Sir Robert Jardine, Bart. (who for a considerable period was a great breeder, and whose horses were trained for years by Fred Bates at Middleham), is yet to the fore enjoying a ripe and dignified old age on his magnificent Scottish estate at Castlemilk, Lockerbie, N.B.

One can plainly trace the present decay of Middleham as a once great centre of training to the withdrawal of that support and influence accorded to it by men of the stamp of Lord Eglinton, the Earl of Glasgow, and Admiral Harcourt in the distant days, and to others of opulence. The trend of money, so far as regards the breeding, rearing, racing, and training of thoroughbreds in our days is towards Newmarket. Richmond, which could send forth a Voltigeur, a Vedette, a Van Tromp, and a Fandango, is also on the same line of deterioration. To the blandishments of life in town, the quick transit of trains from the Metropolis to Newmarket and back, and the more luxurious habits and tastes of the modern owners, who prefer the surroundings of Sandown, Kempton, or of Gatwick to

those of Doncaster, York, or even a place like Richmond, where some of the greatest horses of the past have run for fifty and hundred pound plates, may be ascribed the decline in the North. Were the sinews of war forthcoming now as they were in the days of "The Flying Dutchman" Earl, or of the Dundases at Richmond, or of John Scott at Whitewall, proof would not be wanting that good horses could yet be brought out in the North as well as in the South. Truly enough the old adage that "money makes the mare to go" comes in here. The Dawsons, in the far north at Gullane; Old Croft, who could train the first four in Theodore's St. Leger; and Tom Dawson, at Middleham; together with "The Wizard," and old William I'Anson, at Malton, demonstrated that, with wealth behind them, they were indeed "Masters of the Horse." *Sic transit gloria mundi!*

Quarter of a century is a big span in a jockey's lifetime. But ours is yet the pleasant task to show that John Osborne had only got half through his professional pilgrimage; that there were yet other great triumphs in store for one who is yet hale and hearty in 1900—still up with the lark in the morning, looking after his Brecongill team, riding not only at exercise in his sixty-eighth year, morning after morning, but actually taking part in trials with his "feathers," not one of whom yet can give him an ounce either over a half-mile sprint with a yearling, or over the pumping two miles from the foot to the top of Middleham Moor.

But to our *moutons* again, with John *loquitur*—

"Agility was a two-year-old in '69, and belonged to Mr. 'Launde,' and won several good races, including the Park Hill at Doncaster, and ran a dead heat with Enterprise for the Doncaster Stakes. She ran until she was five

years old, breaking down in the autumn. Mr. Clare Vyner gave £3000 for her as a brood mare, but there was not much out of her, Lizzie Lindsay, the dam of Crowberry, being the best."

Agility's career extended over four seasons, and her record was winning twenty-one out of the fifty-three races in which she started, the aggregate of her winnings being £6382. After four years' stud life, the sister to Apology died, Mr. Vyner, who had purchased her at Mr. Gee's sale, having the comparative satisfaction for his outlay in her daughter, Lizzie Lindsay, who never could race much, but left Crowberry as her best son, he distinguishing himself by siring that smart horse, King Crow.

By no means a good-looking mare, her common quarters and drooping tail being redeemed by well-placed shoulders and great depth of girth, Agility made a name for herself on the Turf. In her two-year-old season she won the Seaton Delaval Stakes at Newcastle, beating a goodly field, which included Falkland, who defeated her by a neck the next year on the old Newcastle Town Moor, but she turned the tables upon him at Stockton, when she beat him in a canter, La Risle sandwiching the pair. Then, after a desperate pinch, she beat Rosicrucian by a head for the York Cup. Wells objected to her on the ground of a jostle. Singularly enough, Billy Platt, the then middle-weight Ashgill jockey, lodged an objection against her, which was sustained. At the following Doncaster Meeting she easily defeated Gamos (winner of the Oaks) in the Park Hill Stakes, and at a later period of the afternoon dead-heated with Enterprise in the Doncaster Stakes, winding up the season well by conceding Falkland 6 lbs., and beating him

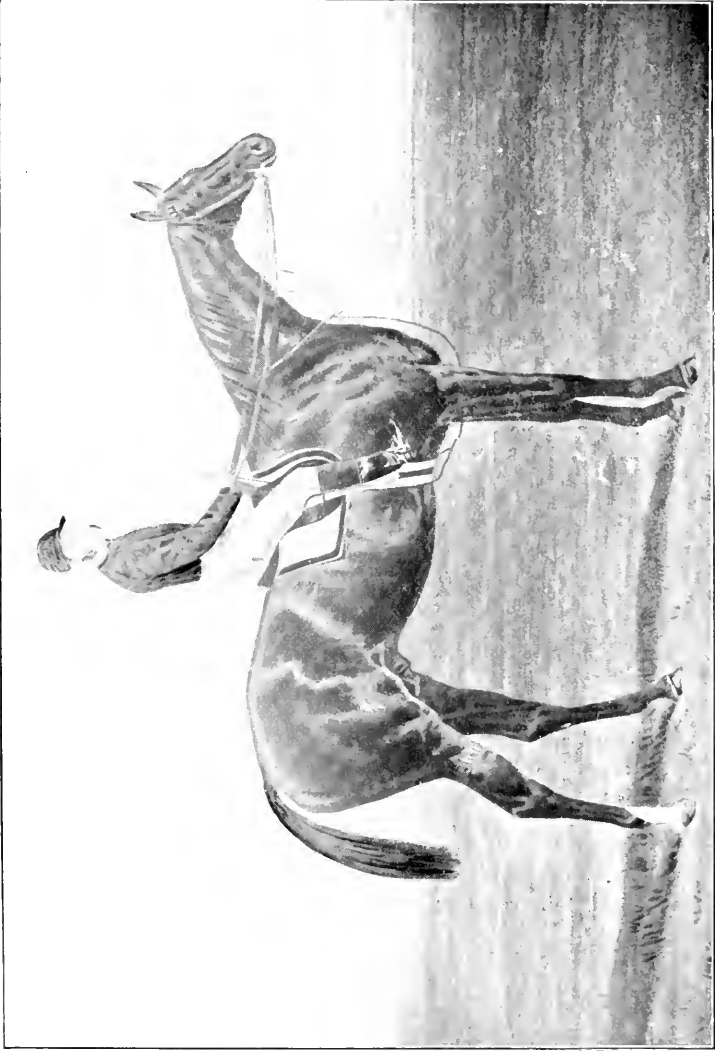
by a length and a half in a Free Handicap at Newmarket Houghton Meeting, this performance clearly proving that his victory over her in the spring was quite untrustworthy. Three "brackets" was her record as a three-year-old in '71, supplementing these the next season by taking several Queen's Plates the following year, in addition to the York Cup, in which she triumphed over Albert Victor by a head, upsetting the odds of 4 to 1 laid on him. Her short but useful career ended in the Queen's Plate at Edinburgh. She broke down so badly in this race that it was impossible to train her thereafter.

Continuing the *tête-à-tête*, our hero relates—

"Passing over '70 and '71 as uneventful for the stable, we come to '72, when we had Thorn, Mendip, and Grand Flaneur as two-year-olds. Arthur Briggs, who trained for Mr. R. N. Batt, the owner of Thorn, died in the spring of this year, and Mr. Batt's horses came to Ashgill. We tried Mendip and Grand Flaneur, both good horses. They began coughing before getting to Newcastle, and both were beaten. Grand Flaneur was bred by Mr. 'Sandy' Young, of Richmond, and was got by Saunterer out of Miss Digby, by Touchstone. He belonged to a Scottish gentleman, who died in July, and the horse was sent up for sale at Newmarket. It took five of us to buy him, viz., Mr. Thomas Dawson, my brothers William and Robert, Mr. Harry Bragg, and myself. You ask, 'How was that?' Well, we all had a fancy for him, and we all joined in buying him, and got him for 50 gs.! So we each had a 'tenner' share. We ran him in a race that autumn, the winner to be sold for

300 sovereigns at Shrewsbury; he won it, and was bought in. The following year, as a three-year-old, he won the Portland Plate at Doncaster, and won it a second time two years later. We put him in the Trial Stakes at Stockton, which he won, and Mr. Bragg bought him, so that the partnership of five of us was dissolved. He was cut in the autumn as a four-year-old, owing to showing a lot of temper. He was a peculiar horse. He often used to beat himself before he started. If there was not a big field of starters he couldn't beat anything. Often enough he had to be whipped away from the starting post. He was Mr. Bragg's property for the whole of his racing career after Stockton. He ran for about eleven seasons, winning many races in the North. I believe the small 'punters' nicknamed him the 'Relieving Officer,' as he often got them out of a bad day. He was a horse with a tremendous fine turn of speed to finish with in a five or six furlongs' race.

"Thorn was a very good-looking horse, with rather weak, curby hocks. His first race was in the 'Gimcrack' at York, and he was second to Kaiser for the Doncaster Champagne Stakes. Then he won at Ayr and a weight for age race at Shrewsbury, but was disqualified. As a three-year-old he won the Lambton Stakes at Durham, the York Cup, beating Uhlan, the Bradgate Park Stakes at Doncaster, and was beaten in the Doncaster Cup by Uhlan, but he was running out of his distance then—two miles and five furlongs. I rode Thorn in the great majority of his races. He was a very generous horse, but



From an original painting.

THORN JOHN OSBORNE UP

you couldn't make him do his best in a trial, especially in the latter part of his time."

Truly enough, as our hero remarks, Thorn was a handsome horse, showing all the truth of mould and power of his Alice Hawthorn descent. He was got in 1870 by King of Trumps out of Lady Alice Hawthorn (bred by Mr. T. Hewitt in 1859), got by Newminster; her dam Lady Hawthorn by Windbound, out of Alice Hawthorn by Muley Muloch out of Rebecca. Mr. R. N. Batt's connection with Ashgill and the Osbornes lasted over several seasons; Thorn, without doubt, being the best horse he ever owned, more than paying his way during an active career. He ran eleven times as a two-year-old, making his first appearance at Newcastle in '72, when with 6 to 4 on him he was unexpectedly beaten by a filly by Lambton out of Rapparee's dam. Unsuccessful at Pontefract, he ran second to the smart Cœur de Lion for the Prince of Wales Stakes at York, but gave "Johnnie" a winning mount in the Gimcrack Stakes that same meeting on Knavesmire; Agility that same day also scoring for him a bracket in the York Cup, the Ashgill filly, then more than useful, defeating Albert Victor in a desperate finish by a head. Reappearing for the Champagne Stakes at Doncaster, Thorn was second to Kaiser, but captured the Bradgate Park Stakes next day, ridden by Busby, one of the Ashgill jockeys at that period. As a three-year-old he came out in stronger colours, winning seven out of his twelve essays. Beginning in the spring, he took the Tyro Stakes at Durham; the Derby Trial at Newmarket, beating Bertram by a head; then went to Ascot, Busby winning the Gold Vase on him, with smart animals like Hannah, Struan, Dutch Skater, Lilian, and others

in his wake. At Newcastle he gave Osborne two successful rides in the Stephenson Biennial and the North Derby, Lily Agnes making her first appearance at this meeting with John on her back, and winning by six lengths, "Lily" thus at the very outset foreshadowing a brilliant career as a racer, apart from her renown as the dam of Ormonde when her racing days were ended.

Thorn beat Uhlan by half a length for the York Cup, upsetting the odds of 100 to 30 laid on him; won the Eglinton Stakes at Doncaster, where he also finished third to Uhlan and Lilian, in Busby's hands, for the Doncaster Cup. His attempt in the Cambridgeshire won by Montargis was a failure under the weight, and with an eight-lengths defeat from Flageolet, he went into winter quarters. His four-year-old career was not so conspicuous, the French horse Boulet, by Monarque, beating him a head at 24 lbs. for the year between them. Lowlander was his conqueror at Ascot, this fixture being memorable for its great race for the Gold Cup, in which that great horse Boiard delighted the Frenchmen by defeating such equine constellations as Flageolet and Doncaster, who, three parts of a length away, dead-heated for second place, with Gang Forward, Marie Stuart, and Kaiser behind them—truly a race worthy of the gods! But the Frenchman's wings were clipped the following day in the Alexandra Plate, when King Lud gave him 1 lb. and a neck beating in an equally memorable race over three miles, the Frenchman splitting Lord Zetland's grand stayer and Flageolet. The very following race, Thorn, ridden by Chaloner, was easily beaten by Lowlander for the Ascot Plate. At Doncaster he won the Cleveland Handicap, steered

by Osborne, beating Thunder, conceding 7 lbs. The pair met again at Doncaster in the Alexandra Plate—Thunder at 8 st. 13 lbs. and Thorn at 8 st. 12 lbs.—when Jim Goater on the former beat “Johnnie” on Mr. Batt’s four-year-old by a head, Kaiser, Syrian, and other useful ones being behind the pair, who were almost one and the same horse.

Success also marked Thorn’s five-year-old season; and as a six-year-old, Apology this year (1876) gave Osborne a comfortable win in the Ascot Gold Cup, when she defeated Craigmillar, Balfe, and others of class, Thorn doing service by taking the Stewards’ Cup at Newcastle. Across the Irish Channel at Down Royal Meeting, Thorn gave him two brackets in the Belfast Handicap; also carrying the crusher of 11 st. 12 lbs. in Her Majesty’s Guineas. He won the Stockton Stewards’ Handicap by a head from Madge Wildfire, and had a great finish at Doncaster, beating Kaleidoscope, then a three-year-old, with Fred Archer up, and conceding 26 lbs., by a head, for the Alexandra Plate. Mrs. Batt was so delighted with “Johnnie’s” magnificent riding of her husband’s horse on this occasion that she could hardly restrain herself from embracing him after he had passed the scales. The Caledonian Cup at Kelso, in which he beat Lord Rosebery’s The Snail—a Northumberland Plate winner—and a walk over for Her Majesty’s Plate were included in his performance this season, the racecourse seeing no more of him, as he broke his leg when taking a gallop on Middleham Moor shortly afterwards. The loss was a great one to Mr. Batt, as the son of King of Trumps would have been of great value as a sire to the generous-hearted Irish sportsman, whose love for him was only surpassed by that of his wife.

Mr. R. N. Batt became a patron of Ashgill in the year 1869. Descended from one of the best and oldest families in the Green Isle, his estate, which lay in the neighbourhood of Purdysburn, some six miles out of Belfast, has been described as "one of the most beautiful places that lies under the sun." A man of quiet, unassuming manners, and a good sportsman, he was a distinct contrast to Mrs. Batt, who was a high-spirited, dashing Irishwoman, fond of driving, of sport generally and the Turf in particular. Moreover, during the period that her husband raced thoroughbreds she was a heavy speculator, unhappily not with the most agreeable returns, the result being that the estate became encumbered and the once beautiful home of the Batts descended to the purposes of a lunatic asylum. Mr. Batt went abroad at the end of his racing career, which extended over about a dozen years. Mrs. Batt was a fearless coachwoman. Nothing delighted her more than standing up in her Stanhope phaeton, driving a pair of spirited, dark brown, exceedingly high steppers to and from Belfast. Quite a sporting appearance was given to the turnout by the brass-ornamented harness, with bright yellow pad cloths in keeping with the Batt colours, "orange and black hoops." At the time Mr. Batt owned Thorn he ran a two-year-old named Meta, both animals being trained by the Osbornes at Ashgill. For the following anecdotes connected with the relationship between the Batts and John Osborne we are indebted to Mr. R. Greer, the well-known horse dealer, now of Newcastle-on-Tyne, but formerly a resident on the estate at Purdysburn, and therefore well-known to and by the Batts. To one of The Maze Meetings, Belfast, John Osborne took Thorn and Meta to fulfil their engage-

ments, the former going for the Queen's Plate and Meta to fulfil her liabilities in the Downshire Stakes and the Purdysburn Stakes.

Mr. Greer relates—"I can well remember Mr. and Mrs. Batt being at the meeting in great style. The good lady, who used to bet heavily, had a plunge on Meta the first day for the Downshire Stakes, which were so-called after the Marquis of Downshire. There was a field of fourteen runners. As they came into what is called 'The Dip,' John Osborne was lying absolutely last on Meta, and looked hopelessly out of it. There were but a couple of furlongs yet to cover. One would have certainly thought, so close was the finish, that it was going to be a dead heat amongst three of the others, and that Osborne wasn't in the race at all. When they came to the bottom of the rise 'Johnnie' began to ride gently, and, creeping up inch by inch, he won, amid great excitement, by a head. The three next horses were locked together, 'heads,' or little more, separating them from Meta. After 'Johnnie' had weighed in, he walked up to the grand stand with his greatcoat on. As he passed, Mrs. Batt remarked—

"'Osborne, you did keep me in suspense there.'

"'Yes, ma'am,' replied the jockey, with a merry twinkle in his eye, 'but after all, there's nothing like having a "bit" up your sleeve.'

"The next day nearly all the same horses ran again for the Purdysburn Stakes, Meta carrying a 14 lbs. penalty for her win in the Downshire Stakes. Thus penalised, her chance looked a hopeless one against the three others that had finished so close to her on the first day, and, as a result, each of them was a better favourite than Meta, about whom Mrs. Batt was

enabled to have another 'plunge' at the remunerative odds of 6 and 7 to 1. Again at the 'Dip' Johnnie was last, but coming through from that point on Meta, he won in a canter by several lengths. Mrs. Batt had gone in for a large stake, and after the race she observed—'That was a very large bit you had up your sleeve yesterday, Johnnie.'

"Thorn," concluded Mr. Greer, "was the greatest picture of a horse at that time that eyes ever beheld. The next occasion Mr. Batt raced a horse at The Maze was when Osborne brought Waveney over. Mr. Batt asked what Waveney could do. John's reply was, 'I may forge him into a place, but that is the best I can do,' and sure enough Waveney was second, being beaten by a very smart one from The Curragh called Minnehaha."

Perhaps Thorn's best performance was in the race to which Osborne has referred, viz., the Stewards' Cup of 1876 at Stockton, in which he conceded 3 st. to a useful filly, Madge Wildfire, whom he beat by a short head, our hero riding one of his electric finishes on Mr. Batt's horse in this instance. Thorn, that afternoon, bore no less a burden than 10 st. 7 lbs. Patiently handled and beautifully nursed to the last few strides, John then brought him on the post with a marvellously well-timed effort. Probably this was equal to any of his finest displays, revealing, as it did, his judgment, patience, knowledge of pace and power of pushing and screwing home a heavily burdened animal. The untoward accident to Thorn while at exercise on Middleham Moor in the autumn of 1876 resulted in his thigh being broken. He was carted off the Moor and lay a helpless cripple in his box for some weeks, suffering greatly. The bones

of the injured limb would not knit, and, after veterinary skill and the loving attention of the Osbornes had proved unavailing, he was mercifully despatched. A beautifully bred horse, being by King of Trumps out of Lady Alice Hawthorn, Thorn could not have failed to be popular and valuable at the stud.

Reverting for a few moments to '71, that season did not pass without our hero distinguishing himself as the coachman of Bothwell in the Two Thousand Guineas.

Bothwell, bred by Mr. Lamert, was by Stockwell out of Catherine Logie by The Flying Dutchman. Mr. Jardine gave 600 guineas for him at Ascot, whence he went to Tuppill to be trained by Tom Dawson. He came out with a reputation in his first season, taking the eyes of the critics at Ascot, being then and there voted a formidable rival for next year's "classics" to Mr. Merry's King o' the Forest. By no means a powerfully built colt, some judges pronouncing him somewhat coarse, yet Bothwell was nicely moulded and balanced all over for any sort of course or work. He gave promise when backward by running Corisande to a neck for the New Stakes, beating a big field. Few denied the sterling merits of this performance, but in the next two months he did not thrive so well, as was evidenced when he was nearly beaten by Whaddon at York August, a performance other disappointments would barely excuse, for he seemed to lack the speed to get out of a difficulty when he was once in it. This reflection also stood against him in his Middle Park Plate race, when he was so outpaced at the start that he never got on terms with his horses; and it was only the great severity of the course that enabled him to catch General, Corisande, and Noblesse in the "Criterion" and finish at the latter's neck. *John loquitur*—

“ Yes, I rode Bothwell when he won the Two Thousand. He was tried a nailing good horse in the spring as a two-year-old. He belonged to Mr. Jardine, now Sir Robert, but ran in Mr. Johnstone’s name. Bothwell ran a good horse as a two-year-old. He beat Sterling; was second at Ascot, and won the ‘Gimcrack’ at York. He had only done about eight or ten days’ work before he won the ‘Gimcrack.’ He was also second in the ‘Criterion.’ In the Two Thousand they started Fisherman to make strong running for him, as they had no doubt about him staying that day.”

BOTHWELL’S TWO THOUSAND, 1871.

The TWO THOUSAND GUINEAS STAKES, a subscription of 100 sovereigns each, h. ft., for three-year olds; colts, 8 st. 10 lb., fillies, 8 st. 5 lb.; second to receive 200 sovereigns out of the stakes, and third to save stake. R.M., 1 mile 17 yards.

Mr. T. Dawson’s Bothwell, by Stockwell—Katherine Logie, J. Osborne	1
Mr. Blaydon’s Sterling, by Oxford—d. by Flatcatcher— Silence,	Cannon 2
Mr. Merry’s King o’ the Forest, by Scottish Chief—Lioness,	Snowden 3
Prince Batthyany’s Macalpine,	Morris 0
Mr. Beverley’s Blenheim,	Grimshaw 0
Lord Bradford’s Festival,	Goater 0
Mr. Crawford’s Dalnacardoch,	Chaloner 0
Mr. T. Dawson’s Fisherman,	Hudson 0
Mr. Delamarre’s Clotaire,	Carver 0
Mr. Jones’ Digby Grand,	Fordham 0
Count F. de Lagrange’s General,	Custance 0
General Peel’s Draco,	French 0
Mr. Saville’s Ripponden,	Maidment 0

Betting—55 to 20 against King o’ the Forest, 11 to 2 against Sterling, 11 to 2 against Bothwell, 100 to 15 against General, 100 to 3 against Dalnacardoch, 40 to 1 against Draco, 50 to 1 against Macalpine, 66 to 1 against Ripponden, 66 to 1 against Blenheim.

As usual a large number of both horsemen and pedestrians assembled at the starting post long before the starter had taken charge of the horses, which, on this occasion, numbered a baker’s dozen. Several breaks

away were witnessed, and it was upwards of quarter of an hour behind the stated time when the signal ran along the immense line of spectators, "They're off!" and the flag was seen to fall. The second string of the Middleham stable (Fisherman) jumped off with the lead, making play at a good pace, Ripponden and Bothwell being close up second and third, having as their followers Blenheim, Digby Grand, Sterling, and King o' the Forest, with Festival and Clotaire leading the remainder. Before quarter of a mile was covered Fisherman increased his lead, and was coming along the flat clear of his field, the second division being almost in compact order, and the rear division, who appeared outpaced from the start, being a long way behind. After going half a mile, General held out signals of distress, he being quickly followed in retirement by Blenheim and Clotaire. Fisherman, on descending the hill, had evidently accomplished his task and retired, whereupon the "yellow and scarlet" of Mr. Savile, with Ripponden, was left in the van, and at one period it looked as though this rank outsider was going to win, but before the cords were reached he retired in favour of the three favourites, Sterling for a short time having the lead. Bothwell, however, soon took command, and although both Snowden and Cannon rode their horses desperately to overhaul the Middleham champion, each failed, as Johnnie Osborne, apparently at ease on Bothwell, did not call upon him until within fifty strides from home, when he gallantly answered and, stalling off Sterling, won cleverly by a length; three lengths separating second and third; Ripponden was fourth; Macalpine, fifth; Digby Grand, sixth; Dalnacardoch, seventh; and General, eighth; then following at an interval of several lengths Fisherman, Festival, Blen-

heim, and Draco, with Clotaire last. Time, 1 min. 57 $\frac{3}{4}$ secs.

Bothwell started a 5 to 2 favourite for the Derby, and in Osborne's guidance ran unplaced to Favonius, Albert Victor, and King o' the Forest, the latter beating him out of place for the Prince of Wales Stakes at Ascot. Osborne's association with him as a horseman ended with his complete failure to show the Two Thousand form behind Hannah in the St. Leger. Thereafter Bothwell's career was a long, chequered, and inglorious one, as he failed even in £50 plates, though when he came into the hands of the late Tom Green, who trained for many years at Beverley, he paid his way as a "plater," one of his last performances in this line being a win in a £50 plate at Spennymoor, County Durham. An apathetic end in the cab ranks was, we fear, the degrading fate at last of Stockwell's son.

Speeding on, we come to another important period in the history of the Osborne brothers. Entering upon the eighth decade of the century, we find they trained many good horses, nor did John fail to add to his reputation as a jockey. Noteworthy in '72 amongst the animals he steered to victory was the roaring Prince Charlie. Appended is a description of

PRINCE CHARLIE'S TWO THOUSAND, 1872.

The Two THOUSAND GUINEAS STAKES, a subscription of 100 sovereigns each, h. ft., for three-year-olds; colts, 8 st. 10 lb., fillies, 8 st. 5 lb.; the second received 200 sovereigns out of the stakes, and the third saved his stake. Rowley Mile (1 mile 17 yards). 81 subs.

Mr. Jos. Dawson's ch c Prince Charlie, by Blair Athol	
—Eastern Princess, 8 st. 10 lb.,	J. Osborne 1
Mr. Savile's Cremorne, 8 st. 10 lb.,	Maidment 2
Lord Falmouth's b c Queen's Messenger, 8 st. 10 lb.,	T. French 3
Duke of Beaufort's b c Almoner, 8 st. 10 lb.,	T. Cannon 0
Mr. W. S. Crawford's ch c Wellingtonia, 8 st. 10 lb.,	T. Chaloner 0
Mr. Bruton's br c Landmark, 8 st. 10 lb.,	Morris 0

Sir J. Hawley's bl c Bethnal Green, 8 st. 10 lb., . . .	Huxtable 0
Mr. T. Jennings' b g Lighthouse, 8 st. 10 lb., . . .	T. Jennings 0
Mr. G. G. Keswick's b c Helmet, 8 st. 10 lb., . . .	Fordham 0
Baron Rothschild's b c Laburnum, 8 st. 10 lb., . . .	Parry 0
Mr. T. E. Walker's b c Statesman, 8 st. 10 lb., . . .	Jeffrey 0
Lord Wilton's b c Wenlock, 8 st. 10 lb., . . .	Custance 0
Lord Zetland's b c King Lud, 8 st. 10 lb., . . .	J. Goater 0
Mr. T. V. Morgan's ch c Xanthus, 8 st. 10 lb., . . .	Hunt 0

Betting—2 to 1 against Prince Charlie, 3 to 1 against Cremorne, 10 to 1 each against Laburnum and Almoner, 100 to 8 each against Queen's Messenger and Statesman, 100 to 7 against Wenlock, 20 to 1 against Helmet, 40 to 1 against Bethnal Green, 66 to 1 each against Wellingtonia, Landmark, and Xanthus, 100 to 1 against King Lud, 200 to 1 against Lighthouse.

THE RACE.

Immediately after the decision of the previous race the "Birdcage" was literally besieged with a crowd of persons anxious to get a glimpse at the competitors as they were receiving the finishing touches to their toilettes; indeed, we never remembered the enclosure to have been so crowded. Prince Charlie, in the absence of Cremorne, who was saddled at the Ditch stables, was the lion of the party, and he was fairly mobbed as Johnnie Osborne mounted and walked down towards the post. The son of Blair Athol was sent out in splendid condition, looking as bright as a star, and as he leisurely wended his way towards the starting point, he did not seem to object in the least to the obtrusive attentions he received from the crowd of horsemen who accompanied him. Whatever opinions might have been formed against him on the ground of his roaring propensity, there was but one general expression of admiration elicited on all sides at the grand appearance and racing-like quality he possessed. Laburnum looked much fitter than he did when stripped for the Biennial at the last meeting, and the followers of the stable were very sanguine that he would be able to wipe out the defeat he then sustained. Bethnal Green was evidently scarcely wound up, but he looked fresh and well, and when he settled down into a smart canter as he went to the post his fine action attracted some attention. Almoner was quite up to the mark, and his admirers were enthusiastic in their praises of his healthy appearance and condition. When a hasty glance had been bestowed on those saddled in the enclosure at the Cesarewitch stand, a violent stampede was made by a large number of horsemen for the Ditch stables to get a view of Cremorne and Queen's Messenger, who were saddled there, and both were greatly admired, and certainly better-trained or handsomer horses were never seen, Mr. Savile's colt being especially liked. Helmet looked as fit as could be wished, but he was not much fancied, nor was Statesman, who did not gain any friends. Wenlock looked remarkably well in condition, and, taken generally, the impression he created was a favourable one; but after the inspection it was admitted on all sides that, so far as appearances alone were concerned, the two favourites were fully entitled to the positions they have occupied in the betting for some time past. No time was lost in getting the competitors to the post, and after a few minutes' delay in clearing away the crowd of equestrians who accompanied them, the signal was given on the first attempt to a beautiful

start at 2.56, sixteen minutes after the period for which the race was fixed. The lot ran in a line for a few strides, and then Queen's Messenger, in the centre of the course, took up the running, followed on the left by Almoner, in close attendance on whom were Xanthus, Laburnum, Landmark, and Wellingtonia, Bethnal Green and Statesman lying well up with the leader, with King Lud and Wenlock next on their whip hand, on the right being Cremorne, Prince Charlie, Helmet, and Lighthouse. The last named dropped away to the rear after going three hundred yards, although the pace was very moderate; but no other material change occurred until half a mile had been traversed, when both Helmet and Xanthus were done with immediately the speed was slightly improved, and two hundred yards further on Landmark dropped away, and this movement was succeeded by the retirement of both Laburnum and Almoner as they neared the Bushes. In coming over the crest of the hill Queen's Messenger was still leading, but the moment they commenced the descent both Cremorne and Prince Charlie drew up nearly level with Lord Falmouth's colt, and it looked as if the favourite was about to take the command, as he slightly headed Mr. Savile's colt, but Osborne kept him well together, and he did not get fairly in front. At this point of the contest both Wenlock and Bethnal Green showed very prominently, but Statesman failed to maintain his place further, and retired in hopeless difficulties. French had been driving Queen's Messenger along for some little distance, and by doing so he not only kept the lead, but hoped the horse's fine staying qualities would enable him to wear down his opponents; but the speed to this point had been so indifferent that the two favourites had simply been waiting on him, and the instant they closed up Lord Falmouth's colt was in trouble, and his chance of victory effectually disposed of. King Lud was running a beaten horse, but he struggled on with wonderful gameness, and Wenlock, as they approached the Abingdon Mile dip, looked positively dangerous, so much so, indeed, that his backers shouted excitedly, but he was done with immediately Custance called upon him, as also was Bethnal Green, who ran prominently as they came down the hill. On the retirement of Queen's Messenger Cremorne took the command, having Prince Charlie at his side on the whip hand, and Maidment getting the first run in the Abingdon Mile dip, odds were offered on him as he commenced the rise for home with half a length advantage. The favourite, however, breasted the hill like a lion, and his commanding stride enabled him to get on terms with Cremorne without the slightest exertion, and this advantage still favouring him he forged ahead, and was nearly his length in front about fifty yards from home. As a last effort to avert defeat Maidment called upon Cremorne most vigorously, and so grandly did he answer that he succeeded in diminishing his opponent's advantage rapidly, but Prince Charlie was fully equal to the occasion, and shaking off his opponent's desperate challenge he won very cleverly indeed by a neck. Queen's Messenger struggled on to the end, and just defeated King Lud by a head for place honours, finishing four lengths in the rear of Mr. Savile's colt. Wenlock, close up with King Lud, was fifth, Bethnal Green being sixth, and Wellingtonia seventh, three or four lengths away following at intervals Statesman eighth, Almoner ninth, Landmark tenth, Helmet eleventh, Xanthus twelfth, and Laburnum thirteenth, Lighthouse being absolutely last, beaten off a long way. The winner was greeted with tremendous cheering on returning to the enclosure, the plaudits being again and again renewed when Osborne had

weighed in, showing how popular the victory was with the local people. Net value of the stakes, £4350. Time, as taken by Benson's chronograph, 1 minute 49 seconds.

John thus recounts his experiences—

“I rode Prince Charlie in the Two Thousand Guineas when he won them for Mr. J. Dawson. There would be fourteen starters. I always was waiting on them and he on them at the finish. He was rather severely punished, and never liked the spurs again. He ran in the Cambridgeshire, and Flageolet beat him in the Free Handicap Across the Flat. He and Thunder were very near together. His biggest performance was at the Royal Down Meeting at The Maze, winning with 11 st. 6 lbs.; His Lordship—a winner of Queen's Plates—6 st. 2 lbs., being second, and beating Madge Wildfire, giving her 3 st. At Stockton Madge Wildfire won the Harewood Plate in a field of nineteen runners, and also won at York soon after, so it was a great performance of Prince Charlie's. The only race I rode him after was in Cremorne's Derby in '72. He couldn't act round Tattenham Corner, losing ground there. A real good horse at his distance was Prince Charlie. Yes, he was a roarer; he certainly made a noise.”

In his day Prince Charlie was the idol of the people. A writer of the period said of him—“Amongst roarers he was something more than a prince; he was an emperor.” Sufferer as he was from the wind infirmity, his was a marvellous performance—to run second to Wenlock in the St. Leger. A giant in build and the “mould of form” in shape and make, he was also a horse of most lovable temperament. The attempt to

"noble" him for the Two Thousand Guineas was happily frustrated in time. A firm of bookmakers made him a "dead mark," and never left him. One day the late Mr. T. V. Morgan, who had horses in the stable, was riding by a back way to Newmarket Heath. He came across one of Mr. Dawson's employees in close conversation with one of the carcass-mongering bookmakers. In a moment Mr. Morgan grasped the situation, and the man was promptly discharged. The "tapping of the leg" had already begun. It was sweet to behold the agony of the bookmakers who had laid 33 to 1 to lose thousands for the Derby taking back their money at 5 to 2. A third party in it was at the time in very prosperous circumstances, but the "nobbling" affair marked his decline. Prince Charlie was a horse that was run with scrupulous honesty; had it not been so, it would have been said that Nemesis had overtaken all concerned in the conspiracy. Poor Mr. Jones, his breeder and owner, having lost a large sum of money through standing security for a friend, committed suicide. Mr. J. Dawson, Mr. T. V. Morgan, Mr. Formby, and Tom French, who rode the "Prince" in most of his races, are all dead. Another jockey who had charge of him was seen borrowing half-crowns at Archer's funeral. Prince Charlie's match with Peut-Etre was a sensational one, and created a scene of excitement on the Heath that had never been equalled. While he was the most remarkable roarer the Turf ever knew, he was the speediest horse perhaps that ever ran, hence his name of "Prince of the T.Y.C.," a description which he well deserved. Tom French was wont to say he was the kindest horse in the world, and knew the winning post as well as he did. There was always a

suspicion about his wind. Mr. Jones, his breeder, was a farmer near Ely. When Prince Charlie pulled up after winning the Criterion, he ran up excitedly to Tom French and asked, "Does he make a 'noise'?" "Does he make a noise?" rejoined the jockey, pointing to the old gentleman, "he does not make half so much noise as you do." He ran twice at two years of age, winning the Middle Park Plate and the Criterion, in the latter of which he beat Cremorne, as he did in the Two Thousand Guineas. In the Derby, however, Cremorne turned the table upon his Rowley Mile conqueror. In handicaps over the T.Y.C., Prince Charlie would give three stones and a beating to horses of his own age. About '74 our Gaelic neighbours were very jubilant over the victories of some French over English horses. Still more were they cock-a-whoop when Peut-Etre won the Cambridgeshire and took an enormous sum of money across the Channel. A bombastic challenge was issued by the Frenchmen to run any horse at weight for age at a mile, or any three-year-old at even weights. This was taken up for Prince Charlie, the match being for £500 a-side. It was run over the Rowley Mile, on the last day of the Houghton Meeting of 1874. Tom French was now dead, and the steering of Prince Charlie was entrusted to Parry. Peut-Etre, who had beaten forty-one horses in the Cambridgeshire, was ridden by Tom Chaloner. When Prince Charlie gave "Mr. Frenchman" a most decisive beating there was a scene of tremendous enthusiasm on the Heath. Mr. Jones jumped on Prince Charlie's back and rode him back through the town, the excited crowd following and cheering in the most frantic manner. For a season Prince Charlie looked like making a great name for himself at the stud; then winners

dropped off. On the death of his owner he was sold for a miserable sum, and the Yankees took him. As a sire in America he did wonders, the Yankees asserting that his son Salvator, who won the Great Futurity Stakes, was at that time the best animal that the world had seen. Prince Charlie died in America in 1890, and as the sire of many famous winners, his death was regarded by our mercurial cousins as a national calamity.



From an original painting

APOLOGY

CHAPTER XIV

“Eheu! fugaces, Postume, Postume
Labuntur anni.”

Now appeared on the scene at Ashgill two animals, in Lily Agnes and Apology, destined to immortalise themselves not only on the Turf as high-class racers, but as matrons throwing the grandest of stock. Lily Agnes arrived in her new Yorkshire home in the autumn of '71 as a yearling. She was put through her facings as a two-year-old just before the Newcastle Summer Meeting, the tale tellers being Organist and Euphrosyne, who had been the trying tackle of Thorn and Grand Flaneur the year before. Lily Agnes beat Organist a head, with Euphrosyne a length away, the last-named being a four-year-old at the time.

John *loquitur*—

“That trial opened our eyes you can well imagine, although we expected they could go a bit before we tried them. On her first appearance at Newcastle soon afterwards, Lily Agnes won the Tyro Stakes by six lengths. After we got round the old Morpeth Turn on the Town Moor she appeared dead beat; I gave her a smack with the whip, and she at once ran through her horses like a flash. Organist won

the Seaton Delaval Stakes, the chief two-year-old race of the meeting, that same week. As a two-year-old Lily Agnes won four times, and as a three-year-old she won at Croxton Park; she was beaten at Chester, through a false run race. Then there was her Northumberland Plate of '74, carrying 6 st. 10 lbs. as a three-year-old—a good performance over the two miles. She won the York and Doncaster Cups at the August meeting. Her Ebor Handicap as a four-year-old, carrying 8 st. 8 lbs., was a smart performance. She would leave us the following year in '76, just before the Northumberland Plate, and then was trained by Charles Lund. The party connected with the mare came for her to Middleham on the Monday night of the Northumberland Plate week, the race being run on the following Wednesday, and took her away from Ashgill—I don't know for why, though it was said afterwards that Mr. Snarry, or those connected with the mare, thought Mr. Bragg had got all the money in the market both in Newcastle and London. That's what I was told. She hit her leg a short time before the Northumberland Plate, in which she only made a moderate show. After Charles Lund got her she won the Roxburgh Handicap at the close of the year. She then went to Mr. Snarry's place as a brood mare, and then was sold to the Duke of Westminster.

“Organist we had as a two-year-old, and he was sold in the spring of the following year to Mr. Vyner. Tom Hughes, of Epsom, had him after Mr. Vyner was done with him; then he

came into the hands of Mr. James Ridley, and his son got him later on.

“Apology was by Adventurer out of Mandragora. In the early spring of '72 as a two-year old she came to Ashgill. You know she belonged to Mr. King, who raced as Mr. ‘Launde.’ He was a fine old gentleman, very blunt. He rarely went to see any of his horses run, being like Mr. Bowes in that respect. I fancy he went to see Manganese run for the Ascot Cup, and he was at York when Ely beat The Miner. He used to have ‘a bit on’ for some of the people round about. A generous, good man, he died in '75. He had been a breeder for many years, as was his father before him. He started him with Lunatic, and I fancy Bessie Bedlam was her first foal. He would breed from that dam. His father also bred at Ashby, and won the Doncaster Cup one year.

“Apology was tried a fortnight before the Goodwood Summer Meeting. We tried her with Euphrosyne, who beat her. She ran at Goodwood, and was nowhere. She was beaten at Stockton, York, and Doncaster, George Frederick beating her at the last-named place. Then she won the Home-bred Produce Stakes at Newmarket in the Houghton week. In the following year of '74 I rode her, when she won the One Thousand Guineas, and also when she won the Oaks. She did not run again until Trent beat her at York in the Great Yorkshire Stakes. Her next race was the St. Leger.”

York August Meeting of '74 supplies a few interesting features in connection with Ashgill and the

Osbornes. Holy Friar, on the second day, gave John a comfortable ride home for the Prince of Wales Stakes, in which Mr. "Launde's" hitherto unbeaten son of Hermit and Thorsday had Maud Victoria, the Viridis filly, Kadmos, and Thirkleby behind him. On the third day he also steered Holy Friar to victory in the Gimcrack Stakes, beating Activity and Veranger, the latter one of Mr. Vyner's. The very next event he won—a match of 50 sovs., T.Y.C., on Mr. Herbert's Lady Knowsley against Mr. Ranki's Sans Souci, the betting being 4 to 1 on the former, and the latter ridden by Mr. G. S. Thompson, then a prominent gentleman jockey. In a desperate finish, John squeezed Lady Knowsley home by a short head.

The succeeding race was the Great Yorkshire Stakes, which kept up its reputation of being one of surprises. The appearance of Apology naturally invested the contest with importance after her triumphs in the One Thousand and the Oaks. Most danger was apprehended from Mr. Marshall's Trent, who had disposed of Rostrevor the previous week at Stockton, that being considered a rather smart performance. Built on a small scale, Trent was almost a pony as compared with Mr. "Launde's" slashing mare. Odds of 9 to 4 were laid on Apology, who made the running at a very bad pace, followed by Trent, Daniel, and Volturmo, until half a mile from home where Trent and Daniel joined Apology, who, though she very soon disposed of Daniel, was still being tackled by Mr. Marshall's colt, the result being that Apology was dethroned, amid a *furor* of excitement, by a head. The defeat materially affected her St. Leger market status, for after 900 to 200 had been laid twice, 1000 to 200 was noted against her, George Frederick, the hero of the Derby, as a consequence of

her retrogression advancing to 75 to 40. The jockeyship of Cannon and Osborne in this Great Yorkshire Stakes was, according to the reports of the time, worth going a hundred miles to see.

Doubtless Apology was not herself in this race. It had been the original intention to start her for the Yorkshire Oaks, but on the morning of the race it was found she was slightly amiss, and she was not altogether recovered when she stripped for the Great Yorkshire Stakes, which has invariably been looked upon as a good test for the St. Leger, but often enough it has proved otherwise. Stockwell managed to win the double event, and so did Achievement. Rifleman won the Great Yorkshire Stakes, but succumbed to Saacebox in the St. Leger, who had finished behind him on Knavesmire. It was in the Great Yorkshire Stakes that Blair Athol sustained his only defeat in England, his victor being The Miner, ridden by Osborne. Over Knavesmire The Wizard was easily beaten by Saturn, but positions were reversed in the Leger, and so they were destined to be in regard to Trent and Apology in the following September. Atlantic, who had won the Two Thousand Guineas this year, was believed to be 10 lbs. in front of Trent, and naturally he became a strong candidate for "Sellinger" honours.

Lily Agnes at this same York August Meeting proved herself a good mare by beating Kaiser in a common canter for the Cup, she being in receipt of 20 lbs. for the year between them. Mr. Snarry was disgusted when he sent her to York to be sold as a yearling at not getting a bid for her, and so she came into the hands of the Osbornes, though she improved so much towards the end of her first year that he refused 3000 guineas for her. Robert Peck did not send

Doncaster to run for the York Cup, convinced that he had no chance of beating Lily Agnes, through whom in Blantyre and Louise he had a direct line.

Up to this stage of his career Holy Friar had maintained an unbeaten certificate, and was looked upon with some degree of confidence to maintain his reputation in the Middle Park Plate, even with a hard nut like Galopin to crack. Apology had won the One Thousand Guineas and the Oaks, and with Holy Friar having won on six consecutive occasions, the Yorkshire clergyman who owned both was in great form.

At this time Mr. "Launde" and his bishop had a few words, the latter thinking it inconsistent for a clergyman to run racehorses, though people of ordinary common sense know perfectly well that it is not incompatible with his clerical office for a clergyman to be the owner of thoroughbreds and to run them as straight and honestly as Mr. "Launde" always did. The bishop, it seemed, did not object to Mr. "Launde" racing until his horses began to win some good stakes.

Admiral Rous's opinion of the merits of Lily Agnes was shown when, in the apportionment of the imposts, he made her give weight to Atlantic, thus establishing her in the "old Salt's" estimate as the best animal of her age. Atlantic had beaten Pique in a canter, giving her 21 lbs. Pique proved herself very smart that year, winning many races—amongst other performances, splitting Glenalmond and Rostrevor in a Biennial, and winning the Great Yorkshire Oaks in a canter, second to her being Nella, ridden by Osborne. Ashgill was at its zenith this year of '74, for amongst its inmates were animals of the class of Thorn, Grand Flaneur, Holy

Friar, Hieroglyphic, Apology, Lily Agnes, Benedictine, Chimes, Nella, and Islam, all able to win races.

Next shifting the scene to Doncaster September Meeting of '74, we found Thorn beaten by Blenheim and Wallsend in the "Fitzwilliam," but John came out on top by winning the Champagne Stakes on Mr. Vyner's Camballo. Thorn, on the St. Leger day, gave him a three-quarters of a length victory over Thunder and others in the Cleveland Stakes; then he triumphed in the very next race—the St. Leger—on Apology; and W. Platt steered Lily Agnes home from Lilian in Her Majesty's Plate. Thorn the following day, in John's hands, succumbed by a head to Thunder in the Alexandra Plate; but in the succeeding event—a sweepstake of £470—he scored on Holy Friar, who defeated Camballo, the Champagne winner, by half a length, thus gaining for himself the reputation in the minds of many good judges of being the best two-year-old of the year. Grand Flaneur failed in the Portland Plate. John rode Chimes into second place behind the smart *Aventurière* in the Park Hill Stakes; and Lily Agnes wound up a great week for the stable by capturing the Doncaster Cup by a neck from Scamp, with Lilian a bad third—W. Chaloner having the mount on Mr. Snarry's mare, as John himself could not get down to the weight.

CHAPTER XV

“On like an arrowy meteor flame,
The stride of the Leger winner came.”

AT the outset of '74 Admiral Rous enlivened the dull season by a manifesto on Turf prospects, which forms interesting reading at the present day. It was levelled at those who would enforce by legislation their own peculiar dogmas in rearing the racer, which happened to be at variance with the then existing recognised and, so far, prosperous methods pursued in such affairs. The Admiral admitted, in opening the subject, that the season of '73 had expired without a symptom of decay, but expressed alarm at “the black cloud on the horizon” which threatened the Turf. He combated the assertion that in breeding strength and endurance were not thought of, speed for short races being all in all at the time he was writing. He warned his critics that strength and endurance were the *summum bonum* of all breeders, and that there were two thousand more horses running over long distances and carrying heavy weights than twenty years before; that breeders were not such fools as to carry on their trade at a loss, and that in France and Germany the cleverest and most successful sportsmen ran two-year-olds for the earliest spring races without damage to their future prospects. Much



Photo by E. Hawkins & Co., Brighton

ADMIRAL ROUS

importance he attached to the early education of race-horses, by which superiority and value were detected. He cited Lord George Bentinck's policy of trying his yearlings over and over again three furlongs, and then sold the beaten lots, by which he escaped a ruinous expenditure; and in like manner he calculated that M. Lefevre, the great French breeder, saved £10,000 per annum. Good-looking ones, he argued, ought to be thrown up after their trials and not brought out before October, but the minor stock should be engaged early and got rid of. It was the abuse of a long preparation and running two-year-olds during the whole season that was destructive. The "height of impertinence" in dictating to any horse owner how he is to amuse himself, so long as he runs on the square, whether over long or short courses, was descanted upon, followed by a slap at a noble lord who had proposed a law that three-year-olds should not be allowed to run under a mile, he having an idea that short races encouraged the breed of roarers. This, the Admiral refuted on authority, and designated the noble lord's proposition a strange attack on the rights of public property and presumptuous to dictate to men as good as himself how they were to manage their studs. He upheld the practice of running two-year-olds at the commencement of the season. It was childish, he held, to object to 22nd March, when every sensible man tried his yearlings before Christmas. Equally silly it was to attempt to damage a race like the Middle Park Plate on the plea that it affected the Derby betting, and that two-year-olds were reserved for this particular race. Nothing, he added, would be so fatal to the Turf as the interference of Parliament, which was powerless to dictate the terms upon which the use of the horse shall take place. It was the then

anticipated appeal for such interference when Parliament assembled that constituted "the black cloud on the horizon" to which the Admiral referred at the outset of his letter.

In reply to certain correspondents who commented on the Admiral's letter, he insisted, when the charge was made of the decline of the English thoroughbred as against the Anglo-Arab, that we possessed finer horses than in the old days, basing his assertion upon the horse having the best speed being the finest animal. With regard to speculation on races his views were—"My friends speculate on races; even young ladies lose betting gloves. It is a great comfort that there are many excellent men who keep horses in training for patriotic purposes, but it is no sport to them when they are beaten. I have known magnates of the Turf who, after many years of success, gave up racing the very season they lost their money and converted their stables into a remunerative breeding establishment. The late Lord Glasgow was a shining example. Racing had always been and would always be in the United Kingdom a gambling speculation. From Queen Elizabeth's to Queen Anne's reign many of the noblest were reported to have been ruined by horse racing. When Hambletonian beat Diamond in 1799 it cost the losers £500,000. Individual betting has fallen from 50 per cent. in my time. Turf morality is much improved, and the greatest gamblers are men who never keep a racehorse or subscribe to a Plate, and who send from £5000 to £10,000 into the market to back a Derby horse. The stigma of excessive gambling is credited to the Turf—'Out of evil cometh good.' The prosperity of the Turf was secured by active speculation. Breeders go to an enormous expense for improvement of the

breed. Suppress betting by legal enactment, the game is up, thoroughbred stock would be depreciated 60 per cent., and our racecourses ploughed up."

September has been unanimously voted the "mares' month," from it being a common occurrence for fillies to be seen at great advantage at this period of the year. This often had been upheld in regard to the St. Leger in such instances as those of Caller Ou, Achievement, Formosa, Hannah, and Marie Stuart in the preceding twelve years or so. In Apology's year, of which we are now speaking, the St. Leger was an acknowledged contest between the North and South, but never in the long and stirring history of the race was the feud more accentuated than on the present occasion with George Frederick and Apology, the hero and heroine of the two opposing forces. Since Caller Ou's sensational victory in '61, when she started at the extreme outside price of 100 to 1, the favourites had had it pretty much their own way, although in '70 Hawthornden upset calculations by starting at 1000 to 35, and winning handsomely indeed, whilst Wenlock had bowled over the flying Prince Charlie two years previously. Generally speaking, in the period from '66 to '74, the former being the year when Lord Lyon gained the three great "classics," the Derby winners had the worst of the deal in the Leger. In '67 the short price of 5 to 4 was taken about Hermit, who, though he somewhat saved his reputation by running second, struck his flag to the great mare Achievement. In '69, as the story has been told in these pages, 6 to 5 on was the starting price of Pretender, on whom our hero had the mount, and he was "lost" at Doncaster by Pero Gomez, who had succumbed in the Derby by a short head to the bearer of the "all blue and silver." In '73 Doncaster, who had

previously walked in over the Epsom course, succumbed by a head to his stable companion, Marie Stuart. With these recent memories of three Derby winners in Hermit, Kingcraft, and Doncaster succumbing on the Town Moor after their Derby triumphs, the fielders in Apology's year operated boldly against George Frederick, trustful of a similar fate awaiting him to that which befell the three great horses just named. The two favourites were George Frederick and Apology, but Matthew Dawson was deemed to have a formidable team in Leolinus, Trent, and Atlantic, the latter's chances, however, suffering from the drawback of bursting a blood vessel whilst at exercise, otherwise he would have undoubtedly carried the full confidence of the great and departed trainer. The St. Leger had been a singularly unfortunate race for Matthew Dawson, for, although he had trained a winner of nearly all the great races, fortune failed him at Doncaster. When at Russley, as trainer for Mr. Merry, he got within a head of the Marquis, that finish bringing vividly to the recollection of "old stagers" the dead heat between Charles XII. and Euclid in '39, and Russborough and Voltigeur in 1850. Mr. Merry had certainly won the St. Leger twice, but Matthew Dawson was in neither instance the trainer. He had long before resigned his charge when Marie Stuart won in '73, whilst, when Sunbeam was successful in '58, he had hardly assumed it. Matthew Dawson's ill fortune in the St. Leger was further evinced when he was at Russley, for with Lord Falmouth's pair, Kingcraft and Wheatear, he ran second and third respectively to Hawthornden, an outsider whom few dreamt of as likely to defeat the Derby winner. He suffered a still further disappoint-

ment with Julius, of whose running up to within a few hours of the race some doubt was entertained. The horse had been pricked in some way or other, and up to the time he was led out of his stable to proceed to Doncaster the injured parts were being constantly fomented to allay inflammation that had set in. Julius twisted a plate in that race, and seeing that he had managed to run the Derby winner to a neck for second place, he certainly must have proved in more favourable conditions a dangerous opponent to Achievement.

We now give, *in extenso*, a description of four races in '74 with which our hero was most brilliantly identified.

APOLOGY'S OAKS, 1874.

THE OAKS STAKES of 50 sovs. each, h. ft., for three-year-old fillies, 8 st. 10 lb. each; second to receive 300 sovs. and the third 150 sovs. out of the stakes. One mile and a half. (189 subs.)

Mr. Launde's Apology, by Adventurer—Mandragora,	J. Osborne	1
M. Lefevre's Miss Toto, by Lord Clifden—Baroness,	Fordham	2
Mr. East's Lady Patricia, by Lord Clifden—Lady Longford,	Goater	3
Lord Falmouth's Blancheffeur, by Saunterer,	F. Archer	0
Mr. Wright's Princess Theresa, by Birdcatcher,	Heslop	0
Mr. Savile's f. by Skirmisher—Vertumna,	Maidment	0
Mr. Thompson's Memoria, by Speculum,	Griffiths	0
Lord Ailesbury's Aventurière, by Adventurer,	T. Chaloner	0
Mr. Bowes's Polonaise, by Adventurer,	Morris	0
Sir J. Hawley's Devastation, by Defender,	Cannon	0
Mr. Bennett's Lady of the Lake, by Broomielaw,	Custance	0

Betting—7 to 4 against Miss Toto, 5 to 2 against Apology, 5 to 1 against Lady Patricia, 10 to 1 against Princess Theresa, 100 to 6 against Blancheffeur, 100 to 6 against Memoria, 20 to 1 against Vertumna filly, 100 to 3 against Lady of the Lake, 40 to 1 against Aventurière.

THE RACE.

The lot at once arranged themselves in line, with Lady Patricia on the inside and Aventurière on the extreme outside, and without a moment's delay the cry was raised "They're off." The outside pair, Devastation and Aventurière, first showed in front, whilst Memoria, who started slowly, brought up the rear. After going about a hundred yards, however, and settling into their places,

Lady Patricia took the lead and carried it on for half a furlong, with Apology second and Miss Toto third. Before the top of the hill had been reached, however, Johnnie Osborne evidently thought the pace was too slow for the North-country mare, and he at once took her to the front, at the same time materially improving the rate of progress, her nearest attendants being Lady Patricia and Miss Toto, the former of whom had the berth next the rails, this trio coming on some three lengths in front of Vertumna filly, Lady of the Lake, and Blancheffleur, who were the next lot, and already having a very extended tail behind them. In this order they ran through the furzes on to the Bushes Hill where Miss Toto dropped back for a short distance, but she soon resumed her place at the quarters of Lady Patricia, Polonaise and Devastation by this time being a long way behind. A hundred yards before reaching Tattenham Corner Apology increased her lead to a good two lengths from Miss Toto, who had passed Lady Patricia. Coming round the turn, however, Miss Toto dropped away a second time, leaving Apology with a three lengths' lead. As the lot entered the straight for home, the whole were busy with the exception of Osborne on Apology, but the last named, evidently to make matters safe, kept Mr. Launde's filly to her work, and though Fordham rode hard on Miss Toto he could never get near Apology, who won a somewhat uninteresting race by a couple of lengths. Lady Patricia was a bad third, with Blancheffleur fourth, Aventurière fifth, the Vertumna filly sixth, Memoria next, the last named for some distance after rounding the turn held Apology, but tiring away dropped back in double quick time and finished seventh, then came Lady of the Lake eighth, Devastation ninth, Princess Theresa last of all. Time, 2 min. 48¼ secs.

APOLOGY'S ST. LEGER, 1874.

THE ST. LEGER STAKES of 25 sovs. each, for three-year-olds; colts 8st. 10lb., fillies 8st. 5lb.; second to receive 200 sovs. and the third 100 sovs. out of the stakes. 1 mile 6 furlongs 132 yards. (197 subs.)

Mr. Launde's Apology, by Adventurer—Mandragora,	. J. Osborne	1
Sir R. Bulkeley's Leolinus, by Caterer—Tasmania,	. T. Osborne	2
Mr. Marshall's Trent, by Broomielaw—The Mersey,	. T. Cannon	3
Mr. Cartwright's Volturmo, by Macaroni,	. . .	Constable 0
Mr. East's Lady Patricia, by Lord Clifden,	. . .	J. Goater 0
Lord Falmouth's Atlantic, by Thormanby,	. . .	T. Chaloner 0
Mr. Harrison's Sweet Violet, by Voltigeur,	. . .	Snowden 0
Mr. Merry's Blantyre, by Adventurer,	. . .	Hopper 0
Sir J. Astley's Scamp, by The Rake,	. . .	Parry 0
Mr. Keswick's Rostrevor, by Thormanby,	. . .	Huxtable 0
Count Lagrange's Boulet, by Monarque,	. . .	Butler 0
M. Lefevre's Feu d'Amour, by Monarque,	. . .	Custance 0
Mr. Merry's Glenalmond, by Blair Athol,	. . .	F. Webb 0

Betting—4 to 1 against Apology, 5 to 1 against Trent, 11 to 2 against Feu d'Amour, 11 to 2 against Glenalmond, 100 to 15 against Atlantic, 7 to 1 against Leolinus, 100 to 3 against Scamp, 40 to 1 Lady Patricia.

THE RACE.

Not a few pretended to detect signs of lameness in the Ashgill mare. Glenalmond was evidently the rogue of the lot, as he figured in a very close hood and blinkers, besides having had a bottle of genuine old Irish whisky administered to him prior to leaving the paddock with a view of imbuing him with a little Dutch courage. Volturmo ran with his legs swathed in bandages, as did also Apology, on whom it was noticed Osborne was riding without spurs. The thirteen runners quickly proceeded to the St. Leger starting post. Scarcely had they been assembled a few moments when a cry was raised that a start had taken place; but such was not the case, for what would have been undoubtedly a brilliant break away was marred by the refusal of Boulet to go away with his horses, and many of the jockeys felt so confident that a genuine start had been effected that fully a quarter of a mile was covered by some of the competitors before they could be pulled up, Blantyre being amongst the most obstinate of the lot to return to the starting post; and when he was at length brought back his impatience to get away for another minute or two prevented Mr. M^cGeorge lowering his flag, which, however, he eventually did to a capital start just thirteen minutes behind the appointed time, and amid a loud roar from the assembled thousands, which might be heard extending and dying away in the distance, the race for the St. Leger of 1874 had been begun. For a stride or two Blantyre was quickest on his legs, but he was instantly passed by Boulet, whose mission was to cut out the work at his best pace and as far as he could with a view of serving his stable companion Feu d'Amour. Almost level with the Frenchmen raced the Goodwood Stakes winner Scamp, and at the girths of the last named again came Blantyre, this quartette having had the inside position next the rails when the flag was lowered. Then came a cluster of horses, comprising Atlantic, Leolinus, and Trent, Lady Patricia coming on a couple of lengths further off a like distance in front of Apology, whilst Volturmo, who was flanking the line on the right at the start, was left to bring up the rear. Crossing the road, scarcely three furlongs from the start, and by which time the thirteen had begun to settle down into their places, it was observed that Scamp had given way in favour of Mr. Merry's pair, who were now going on at the heels of Boulet, whilst Atlantic and Leolinus had drawn from the ruck and taken fourth and fifth places respectively, closely attended by Trent, Scamp, Rostrevor, Sweet Violet, and Lady Patricia, the last named having quitted the company of the favourite and Volturmo, who came along together a couple of lengths last. Sweeping up Primrose Hill, which was very densely packed with spectators, the "baker's dozen" presented a very pretty sight as they lay in a perfect cluster, except that Boulet, who was still showing the way at a cracking pace, had got clear of the ruck, which for a tail had Apology and Volturmo side by side about as far in the rear as the Frenchman was ahead—something like a good length. This pretty sight, however, was lost to view the next moment behind the furzes, but when they reappeared about fifty yards or so beyond the mile starting post it was seen that though Boulet had increased his lead to fully a couple of lengths, and two yellow jackets had given way in favour of Leolinus and Trent, the pair going on second and third, followed by a group composed of Atlantic, Scamp, Blantyre, Glenalmond, Sweet Violet, and Volturmo, Lord Falmouth's colt just showing his head clear of them, whilst Feu d'Amour and Apology

lay together in the rear, but not so far away as to cause uneasiness to the backers of either. In another hundred yards, however, a manifest change took place in the positions, for Johnnie Osborne, evidently having a feeler at his field, let Apology out, and before the Rifle Butts had been reached she had drawn clear past the group previously mentioned and taken fourth place close up with Trent, whilst Sweet Violet as rapidly dropped away as if already in difficulties. A rouser from Snowden, however, made her soon recover her place, and the excitement began to increase every moment when it was observed that Scamp, Blantyre, Glenalmond, Atlantic, and Rostrevor were beginning to close with the leader, Lady Patricia and Volturmo having again become the whippers in. From the Rifle Butts on to the Red House (six furlongs from home) Boulet began to show signs of distress, and as he gave way, Leolinus and Trent were left side by side barely clear of Apology, the Ashgill filly having for her nearest attendants Lord Falmouth's colt (Atlantic) and Glenalmond, though but a short distance separated the last named and Feu d'Amour, Blantyre, and Sweet Violet, who came on abreast each other. Just at this juncture it was observed that something was wrong with Atlantic, who a moment ago lay well forward and was now absolutely being stopped, his backers at once dreading that he had broken down, which was correct so far, that when he afterwards was walked back to the paddock it became known that he had burst another blood vessel. As the lot swept round the Red House turn Apology came with another dash, and before the heads of the lot had been fairly straightened it was seen that she held a slight lead from Leolinus, who lay next the rails, and Trent, who occupied a position in the centre of the course, the two coming along clear of Feu d'Amour, Glenalmond, Rostrevor, Scamp, and Sweet Violet, who ranged themselves side by side half-way across the course, thereby barring the way to the others who followed, all of whom, however, were seen to be busily at work before the bend was reached about a couple of distances from home. At this juncture both Rostrevor and Sweet Violet began to give way, and though both Scamp and Feu d'Amour hung on for another hundred yards or so their riders also began to be busy, and for a second or two the hopes of the backers of Russley were sustained when they observed Webb on Glenalmond coming along in the track of the leading trio and apparently going well. Before the distance had been reached, however, he too began to feel the effects of the struggle, and though called upon vigorously for a short distance he dropped even further astern, and Apology came along with a good half-length lead from her right and left supporters to the half-distance, where Cannon on Trent and T. Osborne on Leolinus commenced to ride in earnest. Their efforts, however, were of no avail so far as winning honours were concerned, as Apology coming along quitted the pair a dozen strides from home and won very easily by a length and a half amid such a burst of cheering as was never heard on Doncaster Town Moor. No less than five lengths behind Leolinus, who finished second, came Trent third, fully an equal distance in front of Scamp, fourth. Behind the last named Sweet Violet finished fifth, about a couple of lengths clear of Blantyre, the Frenchmen (Boulet and Feu d'Amour), and Volturmo, these four being almost in a cluster. Then came Glenalmond, pulling up, tenth, Rostrevor eleventh, and Lady Patricia, who occupied the undistinguished position of whipper in. Atlantic walked home some time afterwards bleeding very freely from mouth and nostrils, he having broken a blood vessel. The time of the race was

3 minutes 19 seconds. On the return of the winner to the paddock John Osborne and the mare met with a tremendous reception, no end of congratulations being showered upon him amidst a scene of tumultuous applause that scarcely subsided when the bell rang for the succeeding race.

APOLOGY, 1871	Adventurer	Newminster	{ Touchstone	{ Camel	{ Whalebone
		Palm	{ Emilius	{ Emily	{ Beningborough
		Mandradora	{ The Baron	{ Echidna	{ I. Birdcatcher
	Manganese	{ Birdcatcher	{ Moonbeam	{ Sir Hercules	
					{ Guiccoli
	{ Flight	{ Jerry	{ Ardrossan	{ Prime Minister	
					{ Maniac
	{ Trumpoline	{ Muley	{ Clare	{ Miss Pratt	
					{ Buzzard
{ Sir Hercules	{ Buzzard	{ Orville	{ Parol		
				{ Economist	{ Sir Hercules
{ Miss Pratt	{ Sir Hercules	{ Buzzard	{ Orville		
				{ Sultan	{ Sir Hercules
{ Trumpoline	{ Sir Hercules	{ Buzzard	{ Orville		
				{ Muley	{ Sir Hercules
{ Clare	{ Sir Hercules	{ Buzzard	{ Orville		
				{ Sir Hercules	{ Buzzard
{ Sultana	{ Buzzard	{ Orville	{ Parol		
				{ Trumpoline	{ Buzzard
{ Muley	{ Buzzard	{ Orville	{ Parol		
				{ Clare	{ Buzzard
{ Sir Hercules	{ Buzzard	{ Orville	{ Parol		
				{ Peri	{ Buzzard
{ Bob Booty	{ Buzzard	{ Orville	{ Parol		
				{ Flight	{ Buzzard
{ Jerry	{ Buzzard	{ Orville	{ Parol		
				{ Ardrossan	{ Buzzard
{ Prime Minister	{ Buzzard	{ Orville	{ Parol		
				{ Maniac	{ Buzzard

“And what a St. Leger was Apology’s, and what hours of confusion and chaos were passed through on the St. Leger morning! George Frederick arrived on the Monday afternoon, when, according to the chronicler of the time, Doncaster judgment was pronounced against him, no one who had seen him giving him a good word, and some remarks being exceedingly severe. Then an hour or so afterwards came Apology, who,” continues “Van Driver” in *Baily’s Magazine*, from whom we are excerpting, “was in worse form; but still there was no enthusiasm about her, and the critics were all of the captious order. Neither of them improved

their positions in the market, and George Frederick, after he had cantered on the Tuesday morning, became an even worse one. And while the favourites were in this doubtful plight, curiously enough nothing else was in any better. The offers of the bookmakers were still '10 to 1 bar 2,' and there was practically no third favourite. Mr. Cartwright professed not to understand it; the two special correspondents who had been down to interview George Frederick were ready to stake their reputation on his being sound and well, and Custance, who was to ride him, said he was delighted with his mount. Surely here was an array of confidence and talent that ought to have brought George Frederick to 6 to 4 at least! But they did not. The more his owner professed, the worse favourite became his horse; the more the two zealous Specials, *arcades ambo*, both in print and in private life, staked their reputations, etc., the more did the bookmakers lay. It was not treating Mr. Cartwright or the Specials well or with respect, we must say, but the fact was, whenever these Turf instructors' names were mentioned, the bookmakers contemptuously sprung a point against the unfortunate George Frederick, and said something about the specials which we shall not sully our pages by repeating.

"So things went on all through the Tuesday. People came back from the Town Moor and dined, with a good deal of George Frederick on the brain, but nothing transpired about him till late in the evening, about an hour before the closing of the rooms, when three members of the Jockey Club—who had sought inspiration, it may be supposed, from some unfailing oracle—made their appearance on the scene, headed by Sir Frederick Johnstone, and that honour-

able gentleman commenced straightway such a fusilade against George Frederick that it was soon seen that it was all up with him. Mr. Cartwright looked on, in gloomy silence, the quondam favourite's backers in mute dismay, while the gentlemen bookmakers seemed pleasantly conscious of having performed a virtuous action. Whether they knew something or only did it for a lark and meant to have backed him back the next day—whether remorse visited their pillows and uneasy dreams of George Frederick winning in a canter murdered sleep, we cannot say, but when their servants brought them the morning 'S.B.' with the news that George Frederick was scratched, we are warranted in supposing that their feelings were much relieved. For it was true. 'His leg had filled in the night,' and it was Mr. Mannington's opinion that it would ruin the horse to run him. So Mr. Cartwright proceeded to Messrs. Weatherby's office and struck him out, and when the commissioner, whom he had told the previous day that he intended to have a 'thou.' on the horse called for his instructions (the said commissioner having backed the horse for £600 for himself), this was the news that awaited him, and then 'to breakfast with what appetite he may.' It was hardly believed at first, and Custance was amongst the sceptics; but the real truth soon forced itself upon our unwilling minds. The Derby winner scratched! We had a great idea that he would not win, but we expected at least a run for our money.

"Of course there were all sorts of things said—witty things (more or less), angry things, unwarrantable things. A time-honoured joke on the owner's name was brought to bear on the situation, and jocose inquiries as to whether Mr. Cartwright

had not taken the first morning train *en route* to the Principality were rife. The aristocratic bookmakers were congratulated on their superior prescience, and received the compliments of their friends with modesty. The bookmakers tried to look not unduly elated, but they are bad hands at concealing their emotions; and Mr. Steele was so preternaturally solemn that a child might have known that he had George Frederick in his pocket. Some kind inquiries were made after the two special commissioners, and some people seemed anxious to offer them some marks of their esteem, but they were not to be found. Few people comparatively paid attention to Mr. Rudson's or Lord Scarborough's yearlings (though Mr. Chaplin, by the by, found time to give 1500 gs. for a Miner colt, and a very good-looking one); and it was only the Apology sensation that knocked George Frederick so clear out of our heads as he was out of the race.

“For Apology was, if you please, scratched too, or, if she was not, it was a mere question of time. She had pulled up lame after her morning gallop, and there was a Newmarket trainer of credit and renown ready to make what Mr. Riderhood called an ‘Alfred Davy’ of the fact, if necessary. Mr. ‘Launde’ had been telegraphed to, and the order for striking the mare out of the Leger was expected every moment. She was at 50 to 1, she was at 100 to 6, she was at 100 to 8, she was at 100 to 10. And all this was taking place about an hour before the time set for the races to come off, and everybody was (metaphorically) standing on his head, and bookmakers were rushing about offering insane prices; and, as we have said before, it was a scene of chaos and confusion. What it all meant was this—The mare had been pulled up rather suddenly in

her morning canter, and she pecked from crossing her legs, or something, and because Osborne jumped off her back to see what was the matter and she was led back to her stable; hence arose this groundless panic—the rumours that she was dead lame, the scratching, and all the rest of it. A panic, we know, is most catching, and both backers and layers for two hours that afternoon were like a flock of frightened sheep, ready to follow any one's lead. It was just possible, too—for even the cleverest and sharpest may be deceived—that the bookmakers thought she was as 'safe' as George Frederick. Only on that supposition can we explain their action. The prices we have above mentioned might have been, and were, had at different intervals during the two hours or hour and a half before the race. Even when seen in the paddock, and after she had cantered, 5 to 1 might still have been got. She evidently did not move with freedom on the hard ground, but in other respects she looked pounds better than she did at York. 5 to 1 against the Leger favourite! Was ever heard such a case? To show how unreasoning and unreasonable was the panic—in the false start—because she was rather slow in beginning—some bookmaker shouted '10 to 1 against Apology!' Whether he was taken or not we can't say, but the mare was not entirely deserted by her friends. It required some amount of courage, though, to back her in the face of this opposition. The shouting gentlemen, with their books and pencils, had been so right about George Frederick, why should they not be right now? So some of her former staunch supporters, among them Mr. Chaplin, forsook her, to their cost, and those who were on her and could not lay off looked upon their money as gone.

“Atlantic was voted the gentleman of the lot of thirteen that emerged from the paddock, headed by Volturmo, and the two French horses, Feu d’Amour and Boulet. Atlantic looked wonderfully fit, and so, indeed, did Leolinus and Trent; and Sir Richard Bulkeley’s colt divided many suffrages with Lord Falmouth’s. Feu d’Amour, who had Custance on him, was as narrow as a rail, but when extended his action left little to be desired. The best movers, though, were Atlantic and Trent; and the latter, as was generally anticipated, skipped over the hard ground like a bird. There was one break-away, which would have been a start but for Boulet (it was then the rash bookmaker offered 10 to 1), and when Mr. M’George did lower his flag, John Osborne and Apology were nearly in the same position as when the former rode Lord Clifden in the Leger of ’63. As they swept up the hill out of sight, with Boulet making the running and Atlantic going like great guns, Johnnie Osborne was still in the rear, but when they could be seen again he had brought the mare through her horses, and at the Rifle Butts, where Atlantic was seen to compound (he had broken a blood vessel going up the hill), Apology was in the first four. At the Red House she was with the leaders, at the bend she was in front and it was all over. Amidst tremendous cheering, and a scene of wild excitement, she headed Leolinus easily and won without an effort by a length and a half.

“Such enthusiasm—and we have seen a great deal on the Town Moor—was never before exhibited in our recollection. The cheering was renewed again and again as Osborne rode the good mare back to the paddock; it swelled to a louder volume when the ‘all right’ was pronounced, and we really thought it never

would cease. Of course, the reason for this great enthusiasm was obvious. The mare had been knocked out, bandied about like a shuttle-cock, suspected of being 'safe' as George Frederick, reported to be struck out, deserted by many of her friends—to all appearances a beaten animal before the flag fell. And well she had triumphed. Undoubtedly not up to the mark, and not liking the hard ground, she had yet won the fastest Leger on record in a common canter, and had left the horse who beat her, when unfit, in the Great Yorkshire standing still. No wonder, then, that all Yorkshire cheered her, her jockey, and her venerable owner, who was not present to see her run; but above all, like good sportsmen as they are, they cheered Apology."

In his own way, John Osborne recited his recollections of the incidents connected with the filly's sensational victory, as follows:—

"Between the August and September for the race, I thought she could be made a deal better than her previous running had borne out, and, indeed, had a high opinion of her winning prospects. We had nobody about us that betted much, yet for all that she was well backed. Everything went all right with her during her preparation. On the St. Leger morning she walked as freely as any animal possibly could. I got on her back to give her a breather in the early morning on the Town Moor. To my utter astonishment she trotted lame, and on examining her we couldn't find where the lameness was. The news of her apparent lameness spread like wildfire. All sorts of rumours got about, so I heard, and I suppose the people said she wouldn't run after having been found lame; but there

never was really any doubt about her running—not a word of truth in that rumour. We wired to Mr. King to say she was not all right, but there was no message back from him until after the race. Mr. King was not at Doncaster to see her run, but Mrs. King was, and when someone told her that Apology was struck out, Mrs. King said, 'I'm sure he will run her, for everybody has backed her.' Often enough it has been said since that Mr. King wired, 'Let the mare run on three legs.' He never sent any such telegram, and it was from what Mrs. King said that that idea was spread about. No message came from Mr. King until after the race. Mr. King's man wired the result of Apology's victory to Mr. King, but before Mr. King got that result he wired to us, 'Win or lose, run her for the Cup.' I received that message when I got off the course that night after the race: that was Mr. King's message to me. Then I wrote to him that night—explaining everything, and advising him not to run her for the Cup, and, of course, I had a message back to strike her out of the Cup. The telegraph office was four miles away from Ashby, and when he sent to know the result he sent that message, 'Win or lose, run for the Cup,' with the man that went to get the result of the race. Therefore it is pure fiction about receiving a message from Mr. King to run Apology 'on three legs.' The only time she ran again that season was when she was beaten in the Free Handicap at Newmarket.

“On the death of Mr. King, Apology was thrown up for a time. She ran then as the

property of Mr. Scabrook, but really she was still the property of the widow, who had the choice of two mares, and of course she chose Apology. She did not show any great form as a four-year-old, except running Carnelion to a neck for the Jockey Club Cup. She was just coming into form at the end of the season. As a five-year-old she ran badly in the Ebor Handicap, but won the Queen's Plate at Manchester, beating Lady Patricia; and the following week at Ascot, beat Craig Millar and several others for the Gold Cup. She only ran once after that, winning the Queen's Plate at Newcastle. Her leg gave way just before Goodwood, and she never ran after. She went to the stud, and Mr. Clare Vyner bought her. Esterling and Aperse are the best of her produce. Apology was a real good mare.

"Holy Friar, also the property of Mr. Launde, was also a good two-year at Ashgill in '74. He wasn't beat until his race in the Middle Park Plate, for which he was fourth. Some people say he won. I was asked the question about Pontefract time by a Newmarket man, who used to travel for Mr. Rothschild. He said he had often heard people arguing whether he won the Middle Park Plate.

"'Do you think he did?' he asked.

"'No, he did not win,' was the reply.

"He didn't run straight. He shot out to the right, instead of going straight. I thought he was third, but still I had overlooked Per Se. I was certain that Plebeian and Galopin had beaten him. People talk about that race yet.

He broke down the following year, then sold to Mr. Carew Gibson, and died young."

THE MIDDLE PARK PLATE.

(October 14, 1874.)

THE MIDDLE PARK PLATE of 500 sovs., added to a sweepstake of 30 sovs. each, 20 ft., for two-year-olds; colts, 8st. 9lb., fillies and geldings, 8st. 6lb.; penalties and allowances; second to receive 200 sovs. and third 100 sovs. out of the stakes. Breyby Course, 6 furlongs. (145 subs.)

Mr. T. Brown's b c Plebeian, by Joskin—Queen Elizabeth,	Mordan	1
Lord Dupplin's br f Per Se,	T. Cannon	2
Prince Batthyany's Galopin,	Morris	3
Mr. Launde's ch c Holy Friar,	J. Osborne	4
Mr. W. S. Cartwright's cr f Maude Victoria,	Constable	0
Mr. Chaplin's br f Stray Shot,	Maidment	0
Mr. W. S. Crawford's b c Semper Durus,	Chaloner	0
Mr. H. Delamarre's br f Palmyre,	Carver	0
Lord Falmouth's br c Dreadnought,	F. Archer	0
Lord Falmouth's b c Garterly Bell,	Lynch	0
Mr. T. Fetherstonehaugh's ch c Horse Chestnut,	Parry	0
Mr. F. Gretton's br c Chester,	Huxtable	0
Lord Hartington's br f Chaplet (3 lb. extra),	Jeffrey	0
Mr. W. S. Mitchell-Innes's ch c Saint Leger,	Wood	0
Mr. Jenkins's b c Killiecrankie,	Hunt	0
Mr. Launde's b or br c Chartist,	Griffiths	0
M. Lefevre's br c Punch,	Fordham	0
Captain Machell's b c Telescope (4 lb. extra),	Martin	0
Mr. Merry's br c by Brother to Strafford—Makeshift,	Webb	0
Baron Scheckler's b c Perplexe,	Hunter	0
Prince Soltkykoff's b c Balfe,	Custance	0
Mr. Somerville's b c Fakenham Ghost,	T. Osborne	0
Mr. Terry's ch c Woodlands,	Goater	0
Mr. Baltazzi's Insolvent,	Hibberd	0

Betting—2 to 1 against Holy Friar, 6 to 1 against Galopin, 9 to 1 against Punch, 10 to 1 against Plebeian, 12 to 1 against Per Se, 16 to 1 each against Horse Chestnut, Telescope, and Makeshift colt, 25 to 1 against Balfe, 33 to 1 each against Fakenham Ghost and Woodlands, 40 to 1 each against Chaplet and Perplexe, and 66 to 1 against Stray Shot.

THE RACE.

The lot, after some delay, got away to a beautiful start, and were in a cluster for a short distance, but on settling down into their places Galopin on the left took a slight lead of Holy Friar who was running wide on the right, having at his quarters Per Se, while in the centre of the course came the Makeshift colt, Perplexe, and Plebeian, with Fakenham Ghost and Punch on the extreme left, Chester, the whipper in, being soon tailed off. Thus they came for quarter of a

mile when Holy Friar headed Galopin, the pair being hunted by Per Se, with Plebeian, Punch, Fakenham Ghost, and Balfe in close attendance till rising the Bushes Hill when Holy Friar was joined by Per Se, Galopin, and Balfe, amongst whom a most exciting race ensued, Plebeian ultimately winning by a head from Per Se, who beat Galopin a like distance for second place, close up with Galopin being Holy Friar who was fourth, Balfe fifth, Chaplet sixth, Punch seventh, Horse Chestnut eighth, Stray Shot ninth, the last two being Chester and Chartist. The winner was objected to on the ground of a jostle, but the objection was overruled by the Stewards and the race awarded to Plebeian. Time of the race, 1 min. 25 secs.

A grander lot of two-year-olds than the twenty-four which constituted the above race most probably had never before been seen in any two-year-old event, and certainly never since; nor, indeed, was there ever a more splendid finish. After it was over Admiral Rous enthusiastically exclaimed, "As long as I live this race shall not be done away with!" this resolve of the "old Salt's" coming as a counterblast to the efforts previously made to strike it out of the calendar. It was computed that some of the runners were backed to win £80,000, and probably never was there a Middle Park Plate on which so much money was betted. Between the first five horses, viz., Plebeian, Per Se, Galopin, Holy Friar, and Balfe there was not half a length, and four of them were nearly running a dead heat. In writing of the race at the time, Mr. John Corlett expressed the opinion that although Plebeian had a head the best of it, he had no doubt Per Se ought to have won. Not only did Plebeian drive her on to Galopin, but the pair had her so close between them that Cannon couldn't use his whip. That there would be an objection every one who saw the race was prepared to hear. As Admiral Rous and Mr. Chaplin had both backed Per Se, Lord Falmouth, the only steward, called in Sir John Astley and Mr. Crawford to assist him in adjudicating on the matter. The case was not heard

until after the races. Never was more excitement manifested over an objection, not even in the memorable Catch 'em Alive case. Sir Frederick Johnstone had backed Per Se to win £15,000, whilst Lord Dupplin had supported his own filly to win £16,000. As the bookmakers took the odds freely that "the second gets it," the backers were enabled to hedge their money to great advantage, Sir Frederick Johnstone and Lord Dupplin, it is said, being in a position to lay £4000 to £1000 against Per Se. The judges occupied nearly two hours in hearing the evidence of the jockeys. At length Mr. Crawford emerged from the room, but nothing could be gathered from his solemn face as to the decision. Presently Sir John Astley appeared and quickly said, "The winner gets it," and up went such a shout as had never been heard in the streets of Newmarket. The judges held the opinion that Per Se had not been sufficiently interfered with to prevent her winning the race. When Mr. Tattersall sold Plebeian the previous year he prophesied that he was selling the winner of the next Middle Park Plate, and so he was attested a true seer. John Osborne, on Holy Friar, in forcing the pace as he did, tried to cut down the field, as Newry did the previous year. If he hadn't done that, the probability is, according to Mr. John Corlett's views, that he would have finished second and Galopin first. Galopin's form in the Derby the following year fully confirmed the estimate.

The action of Mr. Henry Chaplin threatened the continuation of the Middle Park Plate. Just prior to this race of 1874 he moved and carried, in the Jockey Club, a resolution that it was not desirable that the largest sum given in added money by the Club should be for a two-year-old race. The only way to get out

of the difficulty was to give a larger amount of money to some other race, but for want of funds that was not found to be practicable at the time, therefore it seemed that the fate of the Middle Park Plate was sealed. Mr. Blenkiron and Mr. Gee came to the rescue by subscriptions, each being willing to contribute the necessary £500, and to the spirit of these two worthy departed breeders is due the existence of the great two-year-old race ever since.

DONCASTER CHAMPAGNE STAKES, 1874.

THE CHAMPAGNE STAKES of 50 sovs. each, h. ft., for two-year-olds; colts, 8 st. 10 lb., and fillies, 8 st. 8 lb.; second to save stake. Red House in (5 furlongs 152 yards). (34 subs.)

Mr. Vyner's Camballo, by Cambusean — Little Lady,	
8 st. 10 lb.,	J. Osborne 1
Mr. Savile's Earl of Dartrey, 8 st. 10 lb.,	Maidment 2
Lord Fitzwilliam's Breechloader, 8 st. 10 lb.,	Parry 3
M. Lefevre's Regalade, 8 st. 8 lb. (carried 8 st. 9 lb.),	Custance 0
Mr. Somerville's Œdipus, 8 st. 10 lb.,	Mordan 0
Mr. Gretton's Alpha, 8 st. 10 lb.,	Cannon 0
Sir G. Chetwynd's Chyrpe, 8 st. 8 lb.,	F. Webb 0

Betting—7 to 4 against Camballo, 100 to 30 against Alpha, 9 to 2 against Regalade, and 6 to 1 against Breechloader. Won hard held by a length; a bad third.

On the Thursday of this memorable Doncaster Meeting, Osborne and Goater had ridden a tremendous finish for the Alexandra Plate, the former on Thorn, four years, 8 st. 12 lbs. (including 7 lbs. extra), and the latter on Mr. M. Dawson's Thunder, four years, 8 st. 12 lbs.—Kaiser, four years, 8 st. 11 lbs., also being in the field of ten runners. The betting was—5 to 1 each against Kaiser, Precentor, and Oxford Mixture; 100 to 15 against Thorn; 10 to 1 each against Thunder, Syrian, Blenheim, Princess Theresa, Day Dream, and Dukedom. At the distance, Thorn, Dukedom, and Syrian, followed closely by Thunder, drew quickly away from the others,

a grand race home ensuing with the lot, but Goater, bringing Thunder with a well-timed rush in the last few strides, won by a head.

In the very next race—a sweepstake of 10 sovs. each, with 200 sovs. added, 6 furlongs—Osborne on Holy Friar (9 st. 1 lb.) defeated Camballo, who was steered by Mr. G. S. Thompson, by half a length; and seeing that Camballo had won the Champagne Stakes at this meeting, the remark, “What a lucky man Mr. ‘Launde’ is to possess such a couple of clinkers as Holy Friar and Apology,” was well justified.

That Thorn and Thunder were about the same horse the race proved. On the preceding day they met in the Cleveland Handicap (one mile), the same respective jockeys up, and Osborne beating Goater by half a length—Thorn being in receipt of 7 lbs. from Mr. M. Dawson’s four-year-old. As was seen in the Alexandra Plate, they met at 1 lb. difference, Thunder turning the tables upon his conqueror over the mile by a head—the form on the two days as between them coming out as true as a die.

Continuing, our hero relates—

“Camballo was a real good horse—not a quick beginner, but when in action he was a fine mover, and could stay. He carried me home in the Two Thousand of ’75 very easily. He belonged to Mr. Clare Vyner—a real, kind, liberal-hearted gentleman, fond of all sports, at least, when I say sports, that is racing, hunting, and shooting. I had been riding part of his horses for some time, even when he first began to race. One of the first he had a share in was Golden Pledge.

“Now it was the ‘Special Commissioner’



MR. CLARE YYNER

Photo, by A. Bassano, London

who said in his article in the paper the other day that Claremont won that Two Thousand. He said he saw it, and he was certain Claremont won. Why, Camballo made most part of the running, and won easily; it was never in doubt. Camballo won by two lengths, Picnic was second, Breechloader third, and Claremont fourth. Camballo was trained by Mathew Dawson, and I rode him the first time he ran. He won every race up to the Chesterfield, when Balfe beat him, I think. Camballo was amiss when I steered him in Galopin's Derby. He ran nowhere in the Grand Prize, in fact he really had no chance to get round before Ascot. He was amiss before the Derby, and ran badly; he had never got fairly round. It was only decided on the morning of the Derby whether he had to run or not. He had been coughing, and was amiss."

CAMBALLO'S TWO THOUSAND, 1875.

THE TWO THOUSAND GUINEAS of 100 sovs. each, h. ft., for three-year-olds; colts, 8 st. 10 lb., fillies, 8 st. 5 lb.; second to receive 200 sovs. out of the stakes, and third to save stake. R.M.

Mr. Vyner's Camballo, by Cambuscan—Little Lady,	J. Osborne	1
M. Lefevre's Picnic,	Fordham	2
Lord Fitzwilliam's Breechloader,	Custance	3
Mr. W. S. Crawford's Craig Millar,	T. Chaloner	0
Lord Falmouth's Garterly Bell,	F. Archer	0
Sir F. Johnstone's Town Crier,	Salter	0
M. Lefevre's Gilbert,	F. Webb	0
Captain Machell's Claremont,	Maidment	0
Captain Machell's The Leveret,	Glover	0
General Peel's c by Trumpeter, dam by Melbourne—Miss Whipp,	Morris	0
Mr. Savile's Earl of Dartrey,	W. Platt	0
Prince Soltykoff's Balfe,	Cannon	0
Mr. A. Baltazzi's c by Scottish Chief—Artemis,	Goater	0

Betting—100 to 30 against Camballo, 5 to 1 against Craig Millar, 13 to 2 against Balfe, 7 to 1 each against Picnic and Earl of Dartrey, 20 to 1 each against Leveret and Claremont, and 40 to 1 against Miss Whipp colt.

THE RACE.

The lot lay well together for a distance, but on settling down Town Crier took a clear lead of Earl of Dartrey and Claremont, close up with whom were Craig Millar and Camballo, Balfe having a place on the extreme left, and the French pair next. Nearing the Bushes, Town Crier gave way to Claremont on the extreme right, and Claremont was left in possession of a slight lead until half-way down the Bushes Hill. Here Camballo, full of running, headed Claremont, and headed the hill clear of everything. Fordham, however, came with a rush in the last few hundred yards but never got up, and Camballo won in a canter by two lengths from Picnic, who beat Breechloader a neck for second place; Claremont fourth, Balfe fifth, Craig Millar sixth, Leveret seventh, the last two being Earl of Dartrey and Town Crier. Time of the race, 1 min. 46 secs.

The Rev. Mr. King—though it was only under the *nom de cours* of Mr. “Launde” that the highly-respected vicar of Ashby-de-la-Launde was familiar to the sporting world, and then as the owner of the whilom Derby favourite, Holy Friar, and the Oaks and St. Leger heroine, Apology—died on Sunday afternoon, 9th May, 1875. Though he had been ailing for a long time, the more immediate cause of death arose from fracture of the thigh which befell him nearly twelve months previously. After Mr. King won the St. Leger of 1874, the then Bishop of Lincoln, within whose see Ashby-de-la-Launde was situate, addressed a somewhat serious remonstrance to Mr. King against his associating himself with Turf matters, to which the reverend gentleman responded by resigning his living, addressing in reply a most caustic, gentlemanly reminder to his lordship, of which the following is an extract:—

“It is true that now for more than fifty years I have bred, and have sometimes had in training, horses for the Turf. They are horses of a breed highly prized, which I inherited with my estate, and have been in my family for generations. It may be difficult, perhaps, to decide what constitutes a scandal in the Church,

but I cannot think that in my endeavours to perpetuate this breed, and thus improve the horses in the country—an object of general interest at the present moment—I have done anything to incur your lordship's censure. I am fully aware—as I think your lordship must be, too, by this time—that legal proceedings upon your part would be powerless against me, and if, therefore, I resign the living which I hold within your lordship's diocese, it will not be from any consciousness of wrong, or from fear of any consequences which might ensue in the ecclesiastical Courts, but simply because I desire to live the remainder of my days in peace and charity with all men, and to save your lordship the annoyance, and the Church the scandal of futile proceedings being taken against one who has retired for some time from parochial ministrations, and is lying on the bed of sickness at this moment."

Mr. "Launde" in his time possessed first-class race-horses, but he failed to carry off the big three-year-old events until the year when, with Apology, he won the One Thousand, the Oaks, the Coronation Stakes at Ascot, and the St. Leger. By his death, Holy Friar was disqualified for the Derby, the Bentinck Memorial Stakes, and the Rous Stakes at Goodwood, the Zetland Biennial and the Great Northern Leger at Stockton, the Great Yorkshire Stakes, the Doncaster Stakes, and the Don Stakes at Doncaster, the North Derby at Newcastle-on-Tyne, and the Lambton Stakes at Durham. The nominations of Hypocrisy, Apology, Militant, Monk (by Hermit—Thursday), Analogy, and

Hieroglyphic, which he owned at the time of his death, also became void.

Apology's record during her career was running twenty times, winning eight races of the value of £14,445; and with the winnings of her sister, Agility, Mr. "Launde" netted an aggregate sum of nearly £21,000. It was through John Osborne's advice that Mandragora was retained at Ashby by Mrs. King.

Mr. King's connection with Ashgill and the Osbornes was unbroken until his death, the year after Apology won the St. Leger. Considering the limited extent of the worthy cleric's stud at Ashby, he had a fair share of Fortune's favours, alike as a breeder and racer of thoroughbreds. Lunatic was his beginning. She was a half-sister to Bedlamite, and was presented to him by his father, Colonel King, after his racing career was ended. Lunatic was mated to Filho da Puta, and Bessy Bedlam, who proved a smart mare, was the result. Colonel King received Bessy Bedlam as a present from his son, and a useful present it was, for she won a few good races for him. Lunatic, indeed, was the tap root of the parson's Turf fortunes, her daughter Moonbeam by Tomboy breeding a few winners, but she did not really distinguished herself as a matron until she threw Manganese by Birdcatcher.

Manganese's first essay in the Hopeful at Doncaster was a failure, as she ran unplaced, but coming out soon after at Beverley, and ridden by Robert Osborne, she won the Bishop Burton Stakes on the Westwood, which lies on the margin of the old minster town, sacred to "Percy's shrine." Sixteen times old Manganese faced the starter in her two-year-old season, her best performance being when she won the Portland Plate at Doncaster. Starting a 15 to 1 chance, she

won from the four-year-old Falcon, who was conceding 2 lbs. only for the two years' difference in their respective ages. She completed her two-year-old work by succumbing by a head to Shelah, who was in receipt of 32 lbs. in the Nursery over the Ditch Mile, her impost being the steadier of 8 st. 10 lbs. over that trying course. We have heard from John Osborne's own lips that it was his custom midway through the "fifties" to go across to Mr. King's place at Ashby-de-la-Launde on the mission of mixing a little hunting with the equally congenial task of breaking in the yearlings and handling the foals. On his return to Ashgill in the spring of 1856, he found that Manganese had developed two curbs and had been well blistered in his absence, but "Old John's" careful nursing had served to keep her sound. In the stable at the time was a faithful "tale teller" in Cherry Brandy, who rarely, if ever, led them astray. Lord Glasgow, anxious to get a true gauge of Brother to Bird on the Wing, a candidate for the Two Thousand, got the services of Cherry Brandy with that object, the result being that the latter was well beaten by the unnamed one. Soon afterwards, Manganese was asked to give Cherry Brandy 7 lbs. more than had been conceded to Lord Glasgow's fancy, and coming with flying colours out of the trial, old John Osborne entertained rosy dreams of winning the One Thousand of that year, in which Mincepie was the heralded champion of Danebury and John Day. Manganese's bad hocks led John Day still more strongly to fancy his own; but as Brother to Bird on the Wing had run very well in the Two Thousand, and knowing that Manganese was 7 lbs. the better of the pair, the confidence of Ashgill was confirmed rather than shaken. John Day had expressed

the opinion, which filtered into old John Osborne's ears, that Manganese was only half-trained, and in that belief he gave orders to his jockey to "cut her down with a strong pace from pillar to post." But little did the Danebury trainer know what a nailer they had from the yet humble Ashgill stable. "Cut her doon!" exclaimed old John Osborne—"Cut her doon, did he say? We'll see about cuttin' doon. Noo, Johnnie, my son, they want a pace; let 'em have one, and mind what aw tell thee," was old John's orders to Johnnie as he sallied from the Birdcage on the parson's filly. Full well were the orders carried out, for Manganese had the Danebury filly sobbing at the distance, and she won "Johnnie" his first classic by half a length. Her One Thousand and Portland Plate victories were her best performances, and finding that she was deteriorating as a racer, her career on the flat ended in 1858, when she began her matronly duties at Ashby. Her alliance with Rataplan brought the chestnut Mandragora in 1860—a small-sized, but "mouldy" filly, who never realised the expectations that were pardonably entertained of one of such high lineage. Her trial as a two-year-old proved her worthless for racing, a like disappointment resulting from her trial in the spring as a three-year-old. Mr. King had almost made up his mind to part with her for £30. On the recommendation of old John Osborne, she was put to Weatherbit (owned by "Old John"), who was doing service at Mr. Jaques' at Easby Abbey, and Mandrake at once established Mandragora's value as a brood mare.

Manganese's best at the stud were The Miner, by Rataplan; and his sister, Minaret, the latter proving herself a smart two-year-old, but training off she went early to the stud, her best being Mintdrop, the dam of

Peppermint and of Clinkumbell. With luck on his side in an ordinary year, The Miner would have been a classic horse. His defeat in the Three-Year-Old Produce Stakes by Ely, who was conceding 3 lbs., Osborne ascribes to the pace not being forced by anything in the race. His promising career as a Cup horse was cut short by a breakdown in the Cambridgeshire.

PRODUCE OF MANDRAGORA.

Bred by Mr. W. H. Brook in 1860, got by Rataplan, her dam Manganese, by Birdcatcher, out of Moonbeam, by Tomboy.

1864—ch c Mandrake, by Weatherbit.

1865—bl or br c Skedaddler, by Skirmisher.

1866—ch f Misadventure, by Adventurer.

1867—b f Agility, by Adventurer.

1869—br f Muddle, by Moulsey.

1871—ch f Apology, by Adventurer.

1872—ch c (died), by Adventurer.

1875—b f Agile, by The Palmer.

1877—ch f Lizzie Lindsay, by Scottish Chief.

1877—b f by Scottish Chief.

Barren in 1868, 1874, and 1876, and died in 1878.

Mandrake, as a yearling, came into Sir Robert Jardine's ownership for 450 guineas. As a two-year-old he paid his way by winning the Glasgow Stakes at Newmarket Houghton. In his three-year-old season he won the Ebor Handicap and the Liverpool Autumn Cup, adding further to his fame in the succeeding year by beating the flying Achievement in the Ascot Biennial and Julius in the Doncaster Cup, these two last exploits placing him on the high pinnacle of being almost as good as anything of his year.

At York August Meeting of 1875 an artistic finish was seen between Custance and Osborne, the former on Louise Victoria and the latter on Thunder, in Her Majesty's Plate—two miles. The actual strength of the field was five, though no one cared to look further

for the winner than Mr. Cartwright's mare and Mr. Vyner's game old horse. Slight odds were laid on the mare for the very reason that Thunder was running out of his distance, but so close and exciting was the finish that few, if any, after the event had been decided, would have had the temerity to lay 5 to 4 on the winner again. Knowing the failing of Mr. Vyner's horse, Custance kept forcing the pace on the mare, with Thunder lying off until quarter of a mile from home, where Osborne brought him up alongside of her. Custance now began to bustle her up, with Johnnie sitting still as a statue. Struggling on in the gamest manner possible, Louise Victoria would never permit Thunder to leave her much, and at the half-distance the latter began to feel the pinch of the pace. Then the two artistic horsemen sat down in earnest—no flogging with whips here—but each jockey squeezing the last inch out with hands, knees, and heels. Two or three strides from home Thunder seemed to have won his race, but Custance with one grand, final effort caused Mr. Cartwright's mare to respond in a remarkable manner, and with such effect that the shortest of heads was recorded in her favour, though it was not until the winner's number had been hoisted that uncertainty was dispelled, the struggle home having been one of the finest ever witnessed on a racecourse.

Though Osborne was "done" by "Cussy" in this instance, in the second previous race to the one just described—the Filly Sapling Stakes—he came off trumps in a grand finish against Charley Wood. The latter was on Mr. W. S. Mitchell-Innes's Goddess, who, as the Nutbush filly, had done Mr. H. Chaplin good service the previous season; and "Johnnie" rode Mr. Johnstone's Sister to Tipster. Odds of 5 to 2 were laid

on Goddess, but didn't the fielders jubilate when they saw "Johnnie," through a piece of smart horsemanship, defeat the favourite a head. The "demon of Ashgill" thus demonstrated that none of the younger generation of jockeys could take liberties with him.

In the Ebor Handicap the same day the Ashgill party made a mistake in assuming the superiority of Apology (J. Osborne), four years, 9 st., over Lily Agnes, four years, 8 st. 9 lbs., W. Wood (then attached to the Ashgill stable, and who for a time was the successful "coachman" of Grand Flaneur in many of his races) being on the last named. Apology ran as the property of Mr. Seabrook, which was the assumed name of Mrs. King, the widow of Mr. King. Aventurière was favourite at 4 to 1, Harriet Laws second in demand at 6 to 1, with Apology quoted at 7 to 1, and Lily Agnes at 10 to 1, the result being that Lily Agnes won in a canter by a length and a half from Mr. Winter's Distinction, four years, 7 st. 7 lbs. (carried 7 st. 8 lbs.), with Mr. Bowes' Polonaise, four years, 6 st. 12 lbs. (carried 6 st. 13 lbs.—F. Archer), third, Apology, who ran through a lot of beaten horses, finishing sixth, just behind Aventurière. The day after her Ebor victory, Lily Agnes and Thunder struck their colours to Lord Falmouth's three-year-old Spinaway in the York Cup, Archer being on the last named, Mr. G. S. Thompson on Thunder, and Osborne on Lily Agnes. It was quite reasonable that Thunder, after making such a fine front of it the previous day, should be made favourite for this event. That he "ought" to have won few who witnessed the race disputed. The horse stopped to kick at the post in Mr. Thompson's hands, and the other pair got a lead of nearly a furlong before he took it into his head to gallop. As it was, he was

only defeated by a length and a half, Spinaway having settled the Ebor winner a distance from home. It may be further imagined how poor Thunder's chance was impaired in this York Cup when it is stated that, in addition to losing the distance mentioned at the start, Mr. Thompson got his feet out of the stirrup irons. Spinaway, who had won the Yorkshire Oaks on the previous Tuesday, was one of the most "useful" animals Lord Falmouth owned at this period, but it must be admitted she was fortunate to beat Thunder, her stable companion, in this York Cup.

The autumn of 1875 saw Mr. King's stud brought under the hammer. Mrs. King retained Apology, unfortunately one would say, as the mare lost her form and never really returned to it. There was brisk bidding for the brood mares. When Mandragora was brought into the ring Mr. Chaplin at once put her in at 1000 guineas, but was soon opposed by Mr. Vyner, Mr. Carew Gibson, and M. de Montgomery, who was acting for Baron Rothschild. Mr. Vyner bid up to 2600 guineas and retired, and as M. de Montgomery bid 2900 guineas it seemed almost certain the mare would go to France. Tom Blackman now chimed in and opened his mouth to the extent of 3000 guineas. Mr. Gibson then took up the running again, but was beaten off, and the hammer fell to Mr. Blackman's bid of 3250 guineas, and she went into Mr. Gee's stud. By no means a bad price was this for a fifteen-year-old mare. For her daughter the varminty Agility, and own sister to Apology, the bidding was equally spirited, Mr. Gee at last getting her for 2500 guineas for the Dewhurst stud. Preventative, by Adventurer out of Manganese, half-sister to Mandragora, was

bought to go to Australia for 1250 guineas, after Lord Rosebery and Mr. Carew Gibson had tried to keep her in England.

In no part of the kingdom did Osborne find warmer admirers than in Newcastle, both in the old town, and later at Gosforth, to which lovely demesne the races of the "cannie toon" were transferred in 1882. In evidence of their admiration of the "Bank of England jockey," his Newcastle friends, with others, presented him with the following illuminated address in 1875:—

TO JOHN OSBORNE, BRECONGILL, MIDDLEHAM.

WE, the undersigned, on behalf of the several subscribers to "The Osborne Testimonial Fund," desire to express the feelings of admiration and respect with which you are regarded.

For upwards of quarter of a century you have been connected as jockey and trainer with the national sport of England. Several of us have been intimately acquainted with you during the whole of that period, and it is with pleasure we utter our testimony to the honourable feeling and strict integrity which have ever marked your doings.

You may look upon your career with the consciousness so dear to the heart of every Englishman—that you have always striven to do your duty. From the days when you were a youth you wore the "chocolate" of Ashgill on the Black Doctor, Aeyranthus, on Lambton, and on Exact, up to these later times when you have been returned the winning rider in many of the great races of the turf. The same strong determination to do your very best with every mount entrusted to you has been warmly recognised in you.

To only a few of your wonderful feats as a horseman we now refer, but we cannot omit bringing back to memory the St. Leger in which Lord Clifden, after appearing to be hopelessly out of the race, was by your judgment, patience, and resolution, brought home a winner; nor may we forget your brilliant finish on Pretender for the Derby of 1869, your wonderful riding of that same horse in the Two Thousand Guineas, your victories on Vedette, Bothwell, and Prince Charlie, for the Two Thousand Guineas of '57, '72, and '73, and last on Camballo, or your well-earned success during the season of 1874, your name will ever be

associated with the prowess of Apology in the One Thousand Guineas, and the St. Leger of her year.

Yours is a profession in which it happens that even the just and upright man may fall under suspicion, but so well ordered has been your conduct that at no time has the slightest whisper of falseness been heard against your name. It is in recognition of a life so manly, so blameless, that the subscribers to this testimonial now address you, and we trust for many years to come we may yet see you in the active discharge of the duties of your profession, the same modest, straightforward, unpretending man of principle that we have always known you. We trust that in your public life you will continue to experience the success which your sterling abilities cannot fail to command, and that in your domestic relations happiness and peace may attend you.

Signed on behalf of the Subscribers—

H. F. C. VYNER, Newby Hall.

R. C. VYNER, Fairfield.

Mr. "LAUNDE."

R. JARDINE, Castlemilk.

R. N. BATT.

JAMES SNARRY.

WM. GREAVES.

VISCOUNT LASCELLES.

RICHARD JOHNSON.

HENRY BRAGG, *Hon. Treasurer.*

JOSEPH JAMES WALTON, *Hon. Secretary.*

NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE, *June 30th, 1875.*

Death has been busy with the majority of those whose names are affixed, those now no more being Mr. H. F. C. Vyner, Mr. "Launde" (Mr. King), Mr. R. N. Batt, Mr. Greaves (the Pontefract Giant), Mr. Richard Johnson, Mr. Henry Bragg, and Mr. Walton. Old "Judge" Johnson, Mr. Harry Bragg (of Grand Flaneur and Victor Emanuel fame), and Mr. J. J. Walton, a well-known North-country pressman, had each a "Life" which, if told, would make a world of Turf experiences. *De mortuis nil nisi bonum.*

Throughout the season of '76 Thorn and Grand Flaneur were still doing good service for Ashgill. Speaking of the patronage of the Vyners, it is a fact that John Osborne, senr., trained horses for Mr. Clare Vyner. Mr. Robert Vyner afterwards came on the scene, there being a sort of confederacy between the two brothers and Mr. Charles Newcomen. They also engaged William Sanderson in the capacity of private trainer, and he had a few horses of theirs under his care at Hambleton. Mr. Clare Vyner continued his patronage of Ashgill to the last, and, like his still living brother Robert, proved a most loyal supporter of the Osbornes.

Speaking of Glastonbury, owned by Mr. Clare Vyner, John remarks—

“He was very bad as a two-year-old. The next season he won three races, taking the Great Northern as a four-year-old, and the next season in '78 the Northumberland Plate. Rarely a year passed away about this period without me having a mount in the so-called ‘Pitman’s Derby’ on Newcastle Town Moor, but somehow or other I could never ride the winner of a race which often enough I tried to win. Glastonbury’s career ended after his accident at Goodwood, being no use for racing afterwards. Mr. Clare Vyner made a present of him to his neighbour, Lord Leconfield, for a hunting sire.

“In '78 we had Sir Amyas Leigh, who, as a two-year-old, won the Seaton Delaval at Newcastle; also Palmbearer, second in the Derby; Lartington, a Manchester Cup and Cumberland Plate winner; and Fabius, winner of the Salford Borough Handicap.

“Lartington won us a few races. He was bred by Mr. Deighton, about Barnard Castle way. Mr. Harry Bragg bought him as a yearling, and he was the joint property of him and Mr. John Martin.

“Victor Emanuel was always a useful horse. You remember he won the first Northumberland Plate run at Gosforth Park in '82, that being the first meeting held there, the Company leaving the old Newcastle Town Moor, where the races had been held for so many years. After Mr. Bragg's death in '83, 'Victor' was bought at the sale for 2000 guineas by Lord Zetland. His best performance was at York, giving a lot of weight to Baliol. I rode him in the Ebor at York, and Billy Platt steered him in the Northumberland Plate.”

Ashgill had a useful team of horses running in 1879. Notable amongst them was Mr. R. N. Batt's Castlereagh, who gave our hero a comfortable winning mount in the Great Northern Handicap at York Spring, Grand Flaneur also carrying him to success in the Lonsdale Plate at Doncaster Spring, with Palm-bearer winning the Spring Handicap and the Chesterfield Handicap at the same meeting. Castlereagh did not run in public as a two-year-old, but in '78 made his mark as a stayer and a colt of good class. That year he won the Lambton Stakes at Durham, the North Derby at Newcastle, and the Great Yorkshire Stakes, but failed to get a place in the St. Leger. When in receipt of a stone he beat Touchet for the Edinburgh Gold Cup; was second in the Great Metropolitan; and finished up in brilliant form by taking the Great Northern Handicap at York.

In '79 John Osborne nearly brought off a great *coup* with Palmbearer, owned by Mr. Trotter and trained at Ashgill, by riding him into second place behind Sir Bevys, on whom Fordham gained his first and only Derby. That same Epsom Meeting he rode Mr. PAnson's Coromandel II. into second place behind Lord Falmouth's beautiful filly Wheel of Fortune in the Oaks. In Sir Bevys's Derby Lord Rosebery's Visconti was third. The "Primrose Earl" betted in those days, and his colt at one part of the race had an even money chance of winning the £50,000 for which he had backed him. With Sir Bevys out of the way, John Osborne was heard to say after the race that Visconti would, in all probability, have beaten him, for he had Palmbearer beaten a long way from home, and staying on, as Mr. Trotter's colt did, it was open to doubt whether singlehanded he would have been able to make Visconti strike his colours. At Doncaster Spring Meeting Palmbearer had displayed staying powers which induced his owner to run him on the off-chance for the Derby. The stable commission amounted to 200 to 1 for a win, and 1000 to 30 for a place. For Osborne to get second in the Derby with a 200 to 1 chance, and the same position on a filly that started at 40 to 1 for the Oaks may fairly be said to be provoking hard lines.

Others of the team that did the stable yeoman service in the season of '79 were Bargee, Hazelnut, Fairy Queen, Experiment, Lartington, Brown George, The Rowan, Evening Chimes, Arne, Gildersbeck, Horizon, Garterless, Fabius, Omega (a game good little horse), Crookston, Skelmorlie, and Leven, all of whom reached the winning post and paid their way.

The Hardwicke Stakes at Ascot this season will

long be memorable for the great race between Chippendale, three years, 8 st. 8 lbs., and Silvio, five years, 9 st. 12 lbs.—Osborne riding Lord Bradford's colt, and Archer Lord Falmouth's five-year-old, who was a favourite mount of the latter's, and had carried him home successfully in the Derby of two years before. It was a most exciting set-to between the two great jockeys, John just defeating his younger rival by a head, to the great delight of his patron, Lord Bradford. This, one of the several tussles Osborne had during his career with Archer, revealed the fact that when it came to fine, resolute riding, "The Pusher" was as good as "The Tinman."

After the race a story was told at Newmarket which, in a measure, throws some light upon Chippendale's defeat of Silvio. Archer about this period had been carrying everything before him, and became so conceited that no man believed more in Mr. Archer the man than Fred Archer the jockey. He was heard to say at Manchester there was no steward who dare suspend him. He had the bad taste to hector George Fordham at the starting post for the Royal Hunt Cup. "George" took it very quietly. "You have taken a liberty with me, *Mister Archer*," he said, "and I will teach you to act differently. I may not do it now; I shall probably wait till you are on something that you fancy yourself about; you must not take a liberty with George." The right moment came. Archer was on the crack mount Silvio. Fordham was riding in the same race, and he made the running. Presently Archer came up on Silvio and called out, "Pull on one side." Fordham did not pull on one side. Archer then tried to come round, but Fordham saw, he thought, some better going in the middle of the course and made for it. In all that he did there was not the slightest room

for objection, and yet he most effectually prevented Archer winning the race. Never was a jockey so thoroughly paid with his own coin. "I do not think Archer will ever take a liberty with 'George' again," said Fordham, as he dismounted. "Never was there a fairer or more generous rider than Fordham," added John Corlett, who related the above anecdote at the time. In riding, he never even availed himself of the advantages he was entitled to, nor could he ever be induced to make an objection unless the case was most outrageous. So much could not be said of Archer.

Lord St. Vincent, between whom and Osborne, after Lord Clifden's St. Leger, there remained a warm friendship, died in 1879. Even Lord Clifden's St. Leger thrown into the account, his lordship's career on the Turf was only a comparative success. His habits and disposition were incompatible with a sport which, as was observed by a writer of the day, demands clearness of vision, strength of purpose, and a *soupeçon* of selfishness. He was morbidly sensitive of any of his acts being misrepresented. If any of his horses were knocked about in the market, he would write to the newspapers explaining the true state of affairs. Lord Clifden was undoubtedly a good horse as a three-year-old, and particularly so on the St. Leger day; but his Cup career was as much a failure as was the Turf career of his noble owner. He dimmed the lustre of his St. Leger before he finally retired from the Turf, and when he was shown as a stallion at the Agricultural Hall little notice was taken of him. Yet at the stud he proved a success, second only to that of Stockwell. No doubt the large sum of money for which Lord St. Vincent backed his horse for the Grand Prix de Paris was "cut up."

York August Meeting of 1879 did not pass away

without furnishing a surprise in the defeat of Wheel of Fortune by Ruperra in the Great Yorkshire Stakes, worthy of being compared with the most sensational. The Miner's defeat of Blair Athol, Saacebox's victory over Rifleman, and the triumph of Trent when conceding 1 lb. to Apology had all invested the "Great Yorkshire" with exciting Turf history. It was a rather curious feature, too, that in two or three of these surprises, though in opposite ways, the Vicar of Ashby-de-la-Launde was concerned. When Blair Athol went under it was to the horse owned by the Lincolnshire parson; whilst, when Trent won, the "cloth" was beaten, and on each occasion the verdict was reversed at Doncaster, where Trent could only get third to the supposed lame Apology, Leolinus splitting them; and The Miner was unplaced to the pale chestnut, whose white blaze face came looming through the rain on that dreary St. Leger day of 1864.

When the season of '79 was wound up Osborne was eighth on the list of winning jockeys, the relative state of the poll amongst his *confrères* in the pigskin being as follows:—

	Won.	Lost.	Total.
Archer, F., . . .	198	368	566
Wood, C., . . .	89	366	455
Cannon, T., . . .	85	253	318
Luke, H., . . .	67	319	386
Fagan, J., . . .	49	210	259
Bruckshaw, T., . . .	47	195	242
Constable, H., . . .	46	149	195
Osborne, J., . . .	44	151	198
Greaves, . . .	45	208	253
Morgan, H., . . .	42	254	296
Goater, J., . . .	40	181	221
Snowden, J., . . .	40	157	197
Lemaire, . . .	38	231	269

If giants of the old school of jockeys, like Jim Robinson or Nat Flatman, had been told that the time

would come when a jockey would ride, as Archer did, this single season 198 winners, what would they have said? Old Judge Johnson was of opinion that Jim Robinson was the finest jockey that ever got into a saddle. He had the choice of all the best riding in his time, yet he died in, comparatively speaking, poverty, his almost only income being a pension of £50 per annum, which the Duke of Rutland generously settled upon him for riding Cadland to victory in the Derby of 1828, his first Derby being on Azor in 1817, supplementing it with victories on Cedric in 1824, Middleton in 1825, Mameluke in 1827, and Bay Middleton in 1836.

CHAPTER XVI

“ So 'mid the jarring and discordant host
He kept unstained his purity of soul,
Serenely stern ; Honour his starting post,
Justice his course, and Probity his goal.”

EMBARKING upon the “eighties,” we find John Osborne making a good start in the first year of that decade by riding his favourite mount, Chippendale, to the desired goal in the Great Metropolitan Stakes at Epsom, the son of Rococo and Adversity starting a 6 to 4 favourite. The aged Omega, owned by Mr. Robert Osborne, was also winning races for the stable. On his own horse, The Poacher, John was beaten a neck by Lord Zetland's Hardrada in the Doncaster Welter Handicap, but effected a surprise at Manchester when, riding the despised Billycock, he beat Archer on the Duke of Westminster's Eyebright. The happily-named Novice, by Macaroni out of Tyro, was a three-year-old in '80. She failed to realise expectations when John rode her in the Oaks, won by Mr. Charles Perkins's Jenny Howlet, who beat a much more fancied stable companion in Bonnie Marden, Jim Snowden landing a 33 to 1 chance that afternoon for the Highfield connections, who, however, were not large winners over her

success, as Bonnie Marden had proved her superior in the home rehearsal to which Wm. T'Anson subjected the pair before leaving Malton. Chippendale, in the Ascot Gold Cup, with John in the saddle, struck his flag to the mighty Isonomy—undoubtedly one of the great horses of the century, if not the greatest. Captain Machell's Warrior gave him a winning mount in the Wokingham Stakes, and Jessie Agnes's runaway victory in the Triennial at Ascot led the brothers to believe that they had a nailer in her, an opinion she did not fulfil. Another Ashgill inmate highly thought of this season was Mr. Harry Bragg's Victor Emanuel, and Lartington in the same ownership did useful service. Victor Emanuel, then a three-year-old, was made a great favourite for the Northumberland Plate. It was unjustly said that Mr. Clare Vyner, with Mycenæ, was running in the same boat with Mr. Bragg. Victor Emanuel became a greater favourite as the day approached for the decision of the "Pitmen's Derby," and the son of Albert Victor stripped with the full confidence of William and John Osborne in him. But he failed in the test for a three-year-old to cover the severe two miles on the old Newcastle Town Moor, and Mycenæ, with Harry Morgan in the saddle, won by a head from the French horse Inval, who was conceding him 7 lbs., with Victor Emanuel carrying 5 st. 12 lbs., third, a length away from the Frenchman. The American horse Parole, who looked all over a winner, at once gave way at the distance, showing that he did not possess the stamina with which the Americans had credited him.

The Osbornes' team at the Newcastle Meeting this year, '80, embraced Lartington, Ability, Banbury Bun,

Evening Chimes, Gildersbeck, Leven, Lady of the Lake, Lizzie Long, Napoleon, Novice, Norah, and Ollerton. Novice, who had won the Seaton Delaval Stakes at the same meeting the previous year, was then the joint property of Mr. Thomas Craggs, who for many years acted as clerk of the course, and Dr. Trotter, a patron of the Ashgill stable. The executors of the last-named gentleman deemed it wise to refuse the 300 guineas which Mr. Craggs had offered for her. Novice was sent up to Doncaster for sale, and she only realised 200 guineas for the doctor's estate, Mr. W. Stevenson thereafter owning her. Novice was seen out in good form at this '80 meeting at Newcastle in the hands of Bell, then an Ashgill middleweight. She won the North Derby in a canter from her stable companion Mr. R. Osborne's Gildersbeck, with "Mr. John" himself upon the latter. Matthew Dawson, who always had a warm side for the old Town Moor meeting, ran one of his own in Fire King for this North Derby. He started an even money favourite, but only got third to the Ashgill pair. Mr. W. Stevenson's Leven won the Stewards' Cup (formerly the Newcastle Cup) at this fixture the second year in succession. In this particular race the Osbornes had made their mark most successfully in preceding years. Romping Girl won it for John Osborne himself in '67, and it was brought to Ashgill by Thorn in '75 and '76, by the Timaru colt in '77, and by Garterless in '78. In olden days the Newcastle Cup was a great event. Its history goes back to the end of the eighteenth century, Stripling being the first winner in 1779. The famed X Y Z won it four years in succession, viz., in 1811, '12, '13, and '14; Bee's-wing no less than seven times, in 1836-7-8-9; she was beaten by

Lanercost in '40, and she won it in '41 and '42. Alice Hawthorn had her name attached to it in '44, and amongst other good horses on the long roll of winners were Chanticleer, Canezou, Kingston, and King of Trumps.

Victor Emanuel soon made amends for his Newcastle disappointment, as he won the Cumberland Plate at Carlisle the following week (his stable companion, Novice, running second to him), a performance he supplemented at Goodwood by defeating a considerable field for the Chesterfield Cup the following July. The Goodwood Cup of this meeting was reduced to a match between Jim Snowden on Dresden China and John Osborne on Chippendale, the latter being beaten by three-parts of a length. "Chip's" defeat was a terrible blow to the plungers. The report was circulated that the Malton mare was slightly amiss, and with Chippendale cherry ripe the issue was voted a "moral" for him. Hence the plungers went fearlessly for Lord Bradford's horse, one of them having the temerity to lay £3000 to £1000 on him, but to his dismay, and those of his kidney, the mare triumphed somewhat easily.

Many a stout tussle took place between Billy Platt, who for some years was the Ashgill head lad, and "Mr. John." A notable instance took place this year at Redcar. Platt rode Mr. Vyner's filly by Scottish Chief out of Agility, and John was on Mr. Bragg's Quarteronne, both trained by the Osbornes, Platt winning in a desperate finish by a neck, another stable companion in Mr. Vyner's Gaysome being close up behind them. The same day two exciting finishes were witnessed between Mr. C. Perkins's Durham (Mr. T.

Spence up) and Mr. J. Williamson's Patch, ridden by Mr. W. H. Shaw. They dead-heated the first time, and in the decider, over two miles, welter weights, Durham won by a short head. The meeting did not pass off without affording one more close finish between Platt on Miss Palmer and John on Mandamus, the former winning by a head, with Mr. Wm. Sanderson, the trainer, who occasionally was in the saddle in those days, beaten into third place by a short neck on his own horse Concord. In the very next race Osborne rode a dead heat on Mr. T. Colpitt's Boyd, with Heslop on Mr. W. H. Shaw's Rustic Maid, the latter winning the decider by a length.

Improving as the season progressed, Mr. W. Stevenson's Novice, carrying 6 st. 6 lbs., won the Ebor Handicap. By no means a beauty to look at, the daughter of Macaroni and Tyro had powerful quarters, and that she could stay a distance of ground she now proved by following in the footsteps of Lily Agnes for this old-fashioned race on the Knavesmire, "Lily" having beaten a much better class field five years previously, amongst her pursuers home being Apology. Novice's appearance in the St. Leger the following month found her out-classed in the great event won by Robert the Devil, who had a thorough revenge on Bend Or, his Epsom conqueror. That the careless riding of Rossiter on Robert the Devil at Epsom enabled Archer on Bend Or to steal the race is now an undisputed fact, though it is worthy of note that when they met in single combat the following Epsom, Bend Or proved himself the better horse over the gradients of that flukey course. The year of '80, though not a first-class one for the Osbornes, was far from unremunerative, the brackets

gained by Mr. Whittaker's Experiment considerably augmenting the stable winnings in a few instances, as also did old Grand Flaneur, and Laurel Leaf, one of "Mr. John's" own animals.

Grand Flaneur's end was as tragic as it was dramatic. His owner, Mr. Harry Bragg, like John Osborne, senior, was disposed to make his horses "sweat to win t' brass." Being a gelding, the son of Saunterer was useless for stud purposes. The handicappers were so severe on the old slave in his decline that he was given no chance, and losing his speed with the weight of years, he was not good enough to win selling races. Mr. Bragg had an idea of making a "flapper" of him at meetings not "under the rules." However, better counsels prevailed, and he gave him as a present to the late Dr. Luke Armstrong, of Newcastle-on-Tyne. The worthy doctor had specially built a smart hansom cab, in which the gelding was driven about Newcastle streets for a brief period. However degraded was the old warrior's position in the shafts, the doctor was very proud of sitting behind a winner of two Portland Plates (a performance never before or since equalled) as he went the round of his numerous patients. One day his pride and confidence were shattered. In a fit of temper, Grand Flaneur kicked out furiously, smashed the hansom almost to atoms, and it was only by the narrowest shave that the doctor escaped with his life. Grand Flaneur thenceforth was released from cab life.

He was sent to the late Mr. James Anderson, a well-known citizen of Newcastle-on-Tyne, who mixed his passion for hunting with an extensive connection as a wholesale wine and spirit merchant. One afternoon

Mr. Anderson's son, then just a lad, was exercising the gelding, in company with Mr. Fred Lamb, the then Master of the Northumberland and Durham Harriers, and Mr. Frank J. Radford, son of Mr. James Radford, who for many years was clerk of the course at the old Newcastle meetings. The whole of the party were mounted. Mr. Radford set his horse off at a gallop; Grand Flaneur, evidently under the impression that he was in an actual race, burst away after Mr. Radford's horse at full tilt. The lad was overpowered, all his efforts to pull up Grand Flaneur being unavailing, and it was not until he had galloped nearly three times around the old Newcastle Town Moor course—a distance of nearly six miles—that the gelding, pumped out, but not more so than the gallant little fellow that rode him, came to a standstill. Not desiring to run any further risk with so fiery-tempered an animal, Mr. Anderson, senior, resolved to get rid of Saunterer's son. Mr. Fred Lamb suggested that he would be a useful mount for Reynolds, who was then the huntsman to the Northumberland and Durham Harriers, and acquiescing in the proposition, Mr. Anderson sent his man with Grand Flaneur to the kennels at Cowgate, which lies on the fringe of the Town Moor. Siddall Dixon, one of the hunting "worthies" of the North, and who was attached to the Hunt, received the old gelding. A few minutes after his arrival Dixon sent a bullet through Grand Flaneur's brain; his carcase was speedily boiled down and distributed amongst the hounds. Picture the horror of Mr. Anderson when, on his arrival at the kennels, he asked, "Has Grand Flaneur arrived all right?" he learnt that the carcase of the gallant old steed was already in the stomachs of the hounds. Siddall Dixon

had despatched the gelding under the erroneous impression that he had been sent to be destroyed.

The only remains of Grand Flaneur now extant are his four hoofs, which went into the possession of the late Mr. J. J. Walton, a well-known North-country sporting journalist, and who was a great friend of Mr. Bragg's. One of the hoofs he gave to Mr. Bragg's widow; a second went to Mr. Walton's executors; the third into the possession of Dr. Armstrong; and the fourth now adorns the sideboard of Dr. Cook, of Gateshead-on-Tyne, who was a bosom friend of Mr. Bragg. Dr. Cook has often asked the question of veterinary surgeons if they could tell whether the hoof belonged to a near or off fore, or hind foot, but it defies their judgment, so peculiar and even shaped were the gelding's four feet. They were what are termed "donkey" feet, which enabled him to wade through dirt, and to win many of his races.

Dr. Cook, who enjoys a lucrative practice in Gateshead as a medical man, well remembers the excitement that prevailed on the morning of Apology's St. Leger, after the news had been hinted about like wildfire that she had broken down at exercise. The telegraph office was besieged by the touts and hundreds of others, who struggled furiously to get the news of her supposed lameness despatched to their clients for hedging purposes. In the crowd was Mr. Harry Bragg, then closely identified with the Ashgill stable, who stood to win heavily on Mr. King's mare. "Give me some paper to write out a message," excitedly asked Mr. Bragg of the Doctor. No telegraph forms were available in the crush. The Doctor, not to be beaten, tore a sheet out of the Church Service which he happened to have in his possession, and the "key" wire was

despatched by that means. Appended is the inscription on Grand Flaneur's hoof now in Dr. Cook's ownership.

HOOF OF
 MR. HENRY BRAGG'S
 GRAND FLANEUR,
 Winner of the Portland Plate
 at
 Doncaster
 in 1873 (23 ran), and in 1875 (25 ran).
 He ran in public 116 times
 and
 won 35 races.

Grand Flaneur, towards the end of his doings on the flat, was dubbed "The Relieving Officer." When his owner was having a "bad time" the veteran was brought out, and often enough filled the reduced exchequer of Mr. Bragg, who, although he left a competency for his family, did not die wealthy. He never forgave the late Tom Green, dubbed "The Napoleon of Selling Platers," for bidding heavily against him in a selling race at Stockton, in which Grand Flaneur was not even second. Up went the bidding until it reached 700 guineas, Green sticking to his guns as if he meant to have "The Relieving Officer." "I never thought this of you, Tom," expostulated Mr. Bragg, "you know he is not sound." "Not sound!" ejaculated Green; "well, all I can say is, if he's sound enough for you, he's sound enough for me." Mr. Bragg stayed the longer in the bidding, but it cost him 750 guineas to retain his gelding, this being a bitter pill to swallow after a bad day, and for which he had to thank Tom Green.

Through the cruelty of a stable lad, Grand Flaneur lost one of his eyes in the early stage of his career. A very high-couraged animal, he resented ill-treatment by

kicking out fiercely, and it was said that the lads in the stable often enough teased him to see how far he could kick. He got tired of this sort of treatment, and one day he savaged the stable lad, who, in resentment, damaged the poor brute's eye with a pitchfork, this piece of villainy being found out afterwards by William Osborne.

If Grand Flaneur did not inherit the stamina of his sire, old Saunterer, he was certainly a credit to him for soundness and speed. Built on a heavy scale, he always had a "leggy" appearance. In his short paces his action did not fill the eye, but when fully extended his stride was enormous and his speed terrific in the last furlong of a race. His soundness was attested by the fact of his being on active service for eleven seasons, his great *forte* being speed over five and six furlong "cuts." His waywardness at the post occasionally stopped him. Two Portland Plates to his name are tributes to his speed. He won the first in '73 at 33 to 1, carrying 7 st. 3 lbs., and defeating twenty-two others. The next year, with 8 st. 10 lbs. in the saddle, the scrimmage at the last Doncaster bend disappointed him; but in '75, with 7 st. 10 lbs. as his burden, and starting at 100 to 8, he won by a head from Queen of the Bees, on whom Archer made one of his most brilliant efforts, the number of runners being twenty-six. Throughout his racing career he was trained by the Osbornes, "Mr. John" being frequently on his back and riding some of his grandest finishes on him.

Through his brilliant connection as a horseman with Chippendale, a warm friendship was cemented between Lord Bradford and Osborne, who refers to it as follows:—

"I used to ride frequently for Lord Brad-

ford, who owned a good sound horse in Chippendale. I fancy Chippendale was a bit off when Dresden China beat him in the Goodwood Cup. That same year he carried 9 st. 4 lbs. in the Cesarewitch, but was a bit wrong before that race. One of Chippendale's best races was when he beat the Derby winner Silvio; he wore him down by running the longer. Chippendale was a horse who, when he had once won his race, would never lose it. In this particular race Chippendale was carrying 8 st. 8 lbs., and Silvio 9 st. 12 lbs., the former being a three-year-old, and Silvio a five-year-old. This was the first time I had been across Chippendale, but I rode him in the greater part of his races afterwards. That year I rode him in the Cesarewitch, when he was placed; and the next year I won the Great Metropolitan on him. The year he won the Cesarewitch, Macdonald rode him. I rode him as a four-year-old in the Cesarewitch, when he was unplaced, carrying 9 st. 4 lbs. As a five- and six-year-old he was second each year for the Cesarewitch, and he finished up his career by winning the Jockey Club Cup by a head from City Arab and Tristan, who ran a dead heat for second place, with Corrie Roy only a neck behind them. That was a fine finish, if you like! Chippendale won that day by thoroughly staying the longest. I made most part of the running, and I think they had all beaten him once between the dip and the finish, but he struggled gamely on and got up on the post. That was the finish of his career, and a brilliant one, too. Lord Bradford was delighted

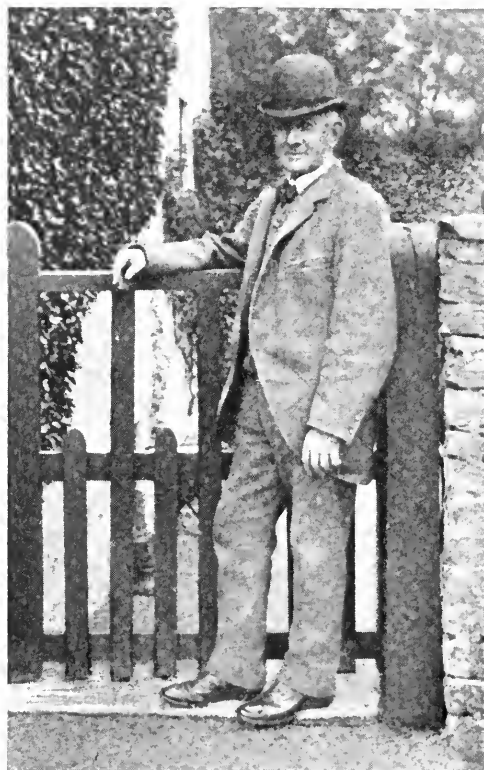


Photo by W. J. M. Co., Fair., So. Nevada

HARRY HALL.

with his old favourite winning his last race, and so was I, you can well imagine, because he was rather a favourite of mine was old Chippendale; in fact, I always liked a game horse. If I mistake not, Chippendale was found dead in his box on February 14, 1893."

Glancing at Chippendale's career, one quite understands Osborne's affection for him. At the outset of his three-year-old season he won the Prince's Park Plate at Liverpool, ran unplaced to Lartington (trained at Ashgill for the late Mr. Harry Bragg), but came off trumps in the Ascot Derby. At this same meeting he gave John a winning mount in the Hardwicke Stakes, beating Archer on Silvio (who had won the Derby for Lord Falmouth two years before), in a tremendous finish, Lord Bradford's three-year-old, in receipt of 18 lbs. for the difference of age between the pair, winning by a head. His next essay was in the Great Yorkshire Stakes, carrying 7 st. 4 lbs., running unplaced to Dresden China, of the same age, but conceding her 18 lbs.

Just prior to this race, Dresden China was bought in the ring at Doncaster from her breeder and owner, Mr. Walker, by Mr. Charles Perkins, much to the chagrin of her trainer, the late Harry Hall, of Spigot Lodge. "Old Harry" was keeping her as a "rod in pickle" for the Cesarewitch, for which he had backed her to win him a competency. Her victory in the race exploded his scheme, and that same evening he shed tears of disappointment in Mr. Richard Johnson's office, proclaiming strongly against Mr. Walker for effecting the sale with Mr. Charles Perkins. Chippendale later in the autumn won the Cesarewitch, carrying 7 st. 5 lbs., ridden by the ill-fated W. M'Donald,

Dresden China, with 7 st. 3 lbs. in the saddle, running third. Immediately after the Great Yorkshire Handicap success of Dresden China, she came into the hands of Wm. I'Anson at Malton. She was repeatedly tried with that arrant rogue, Adamite, owned by Mr. J. B. Cookson. In the home trials on Langton Wolds, Adamite could beat Dresden China a hundred yards at the relative weights over the Cesarewitch distance; hence Mr. Cookson's "gay deceiver" was made a tremendous hot favourite for Chippendale's Cesarewitch, with a most disappointing result. Harry Hall swore to his dying day that if Dresden China, who was a magnificently built mare, had been kept at Spigot Lodge, she would have been a moral certainty for Chippendale's Cesarewitch. She would have got in with a stone less but for the Great Yorkshire Handicap revelation. Harry Hall was so exasperated at her being taken from his hands that he openly exclaimed in the ring, "I'll let the sun shine on her to-day," giving the jockey instructions to win as far as he could. These instructions were fully carried out, for she came into the straight a hundred yards in front of her field, and cantered past the post a winner by almost a distance. "Old Harry" kept Dresden China's affection for linseed jelly and salt with her food a profound secret from William I'Anson during the interval between the Great Yorkshire Handicap and the Cesarewitch. The mare was a shy feeder. The old fellow found out that with a supply of jelly on one side of her head, and a piece of salt to lick at the other, she would all the more readily clean out her manger.

Like the late Matthew Dawson, John Osborne considers it almost indispensable for a trainer to thoroughly understand a horse's character, disposition,

and temperament. Kindness, good treatment, and watchfulness of their whims will cure and improve where brutality and punishment will only add to their evils. As the Dresden China story illustrates, horses, like human beings, have their likes and dislikes. Archer never liked Muley Edris, and the horse reciprocated the dislike by nearly worrying the great jockey's arm off, the poor brute probably never forgetting the punishment which "The Demon" could administer so terribly, and often enough, perhaps, unjustly.

Returning to Osborne's subsequent riding of Chippendale, let it be stated that he steered him to victory in the Great Metropolitan of 1880 as a four-year-old, with 8 st. in the saddle, afterwards winning on him the Ascot Gold Cup, though the mighty Isonomy lowered his colours later on over the Royal Heath. Dresden China, with Jim Snowden up, beat Chippendale in the Goodwood Cup, Osborne's mount being a 3 to 1 favourite. "Johnnie" could never understand this failure of his favourite, and confesses that "Chip" must have been "a bit off that day." A failure in Robert the Devil's Cesarewitch preceded Chippendale's and Osborne's runaway victory in the Jockey Club Cup. His five-year season, which embraced four essays, was unmarked by success. His racing career ended as a six-year-old, Tristan beating him in the Ascot Gold Vase; and he succumbed to Corrie Roy and Hagioscope in subsequent events. But the grand climax came when "Johnnie" was associated with his triumph in the Jockey Club Cup at Newmarket, in which he came out as a thoroughly game, good horse over the severe course of 2 miles 2 furlongs 28 yards. Chippendale, carrying 9 st. 12 lbs., won by a head, with City Arab, three years,

7 st. 12 lbs. (G. Fordham), and Tristan, four years, 8 st. 12 lbs. (Archer), dead-heating for second place; Corrie Roy, four years, 9 st. 2 lbs. (C. Wood), being fourth, close up; the only other runner being Leonora, three years, 7 st. 9 lbs. (E. Martin). Considering the high class of three out of the four animals, and their notable performances, that followed Chippendale home in this memorable and most exciting race, it was quite pardonable Lord Bradford and his jockey should feel proud of Rococo's gallant and stout-hearted son.

Foxhall's triumph over Chippendale in the Cesarewitch of '81 won for Mr. Leyland £6000 in bets. It was this same unfortunate gentleman who flickered on the Turf for a time as an owner and heavy speculator on horses, and flabbergasted John Osborne by handing him a cheque for £10,000 for riding Chippendale into second place behind the great American colt. The day following Foxhall's performance, Mr. Leyland's manner was somewhat strange, and it was in a fit of mental aberration that he presented the cheque. Other people he rewarded in a like way, in one instance giving a cheque for £100,000. Before that Cesarewitch week had expired it was found necessary to put him under restraint. He even threw the solid and matter-of-fact Steele off his guard by elaborating upon a gigantic scheme, that he alleged would work out marvels. Mr. Leyland was a heavy speculator on the Stock Exchange. His friends marvelled at the extraordinary equanimity with which he would gain or lose £10,000. Hence, they could hardly understand why the winning of such a comparative bagatelle, to him at least, as £6000 should deprive him of his reason. One of his great *coups* was clearing half a million sterling out of American cotton. His two attempts to win the Chester Cup were "so

near and yet so far," being second in each instance. Although he stood to win £40,000 on each of these events, he was in no way disconcerted, nor did he whimper in the slightest when one of his horses, which he had backed for a "raker" in the Grand National, fell the second time round.

Several noteworthy events bearing upon the career of our hero happened in the season of 1881. Digressing for a few moments from the connecting links of his history, it may be noted that on the 10th of January of that year one of his oldest friends and warmest admirers in Mr. Wm. I'Anson, whose name will ever be associated with the deeds of Blink Bonny, Caller Ou, and Blair Athol, was "struck out of all engagements," at his residence, Hungerford House, Malton, at the age of seventy-one years. William I'Anson's connection with Malton began at Spring Cottage in 1849. Amongst his patrons were Mr. A. J. Johnstone, Capt. Barclay of Ury, Mr. V. Surtees, Mr. C. Harrison, Mr. J. R. Hay, Mr. J. Singleton, Mr. F. Wall, Earl Poulett, Sir G. H. Boswell, Mr. Ramsay (his first master), Mr. C. W. A. Ramsay, Mr. Henry Chaplin, Mr. Charles Perkins, etc. He also trained many horses of his own. One of them, Queen Mary, was probably the luckiest purchase ever made by a trainer, as she left a name behind her that entitles her to be esteemed one of the grandest matrons to be found in the stud book. As a yearling, he purchased Queen Mary for 30 guineas from Mr. Ramsay, at Doncaster, in 1844. He sent her to Thomas Dawson, then at Tupgill, who trained her for her only race—a sweepstake at Chester—in which she fell and crippled herself. She was then put to the stud, and afterwards sold, when in foal with Haricot to Mango, at Mr. Ramsay's weeding-out

sale. Mr. P'Anson purchased Queen Mary for himself, and he bred from her Haricot, and Braxey, by Moss-trooper. Haricot he brought to Spring Cottage, using her as a hack until she was three years old. Her eyes were first opened on a racecourse in 1856, and she won eleven out of the thirteen events for which she started.

Queen Mary had been lost sight of after Mr. Ramsay's sale, and naturally the success of Haricot led "Old William" to go on a long search to find her. The old mare had drifted into Scotland, and he got her back to Yorkshire for £110. She proved a veritable gold mine, for, after Haricot and Braxey, she threw Balrownie, Blooming Heather, Bonny Scotland, Blink Bonny, Breastknot, Bonny Bell, Bonny Breastknot, Balnamoon, Bab at the Bowster, Bonnyfield, Broomielaw, Bertie, Blinkhoolie, Blankney, etc. Haricot upheld her wonderful dam's merits, as, in addition to winning several more races than those mentioned, including the Cumberland Plate of '53, carrying 8 st. 4 lbs., at the stud she produced rare old Caller Ou, Cramond, Scarlet Runner, Freeman, etc. Another remarkable career was started by Caller Ou. In '61 she won the St. Leger; the Northumberland Plate in '63 and '64; and beaten a neck only the third successive attempt to win, when conceding 2 st. 9 lbs. to Brown Bread, a useful horse that day.

Caller Ou's "Cup" career was quite phenomenal, until she went to the stud in '65. She won no fewer than twenty-nine Queen's Plates from three to six years old, viz., one in 1861, three in 1862, fifteen in 1863, and ten in 1864. Fisherman's victories in Queen's Plates were twenty-six; and Rataplan's, the next highest scorer, were twenty-one, so that, as will be seen, Mr. P'Anson's mare beat both these celebrities. Haricot,

however, was not the only one of Queen Mary's produce which gained renown, Blink Bonny proving more famous than her elder sister. She won the Derby and Oaks in 1857. Her skeleton was preserved, and old "Belted Will," as Mr. P'Anson was named, presented it to the York Museum, where it remains to this day. Seven years later, viz., in 1864, another descendant of Queen Mary added to the fame of Mr. P'Anson, Blair Athol winning for him the Derby and the St. Leger that year, the "mighty chestnut" afterwards being sold to Mr. John Jackson of Fairfield for £7500. A good many of the little prizes as well as each of the "classics" had fallen to Mr. P'Anson's share, and, like a prudent man, he invested his money, in 1865, in the purchase of the Highfield estate, which adjoins Spring Cottage, from Messrs. J. C. and J. H. Wise of Norton. Here he established the now famous Blink Bonny stud, a model breeding establishment in its way. On his death the estate fell to the present Mr. Wm. P'Anson, who upholds the fame of his father as a trainer, while Mr. Miles P'Anson directs the stud farm. "Old William's" success as a breeder testified to his great judgment and skill. In every genuine British sport he took a warm interest, cricket enjoying his patronage, as did the ancient game of curling, at which he was an expert, and, like his colossal son William in the present day, was "skip" of his rink in all the great matches.

There are many noteworthy instances, like that of Queen Mary, which go to prove that inferiority as a racer does not mean failure at the stud. The dam of Bee's-wing never ran at all. Old John Osborne's first racer, Miss Bowe (dam of Longbow, Iris, winner of the Oaks, Boiardo, De Clare, Tom Bowling, etc.) was little better than a jade, and her running was far from high-

class. Ennui, the dam of Saunterer, was never anything grand, and certainly a long way off being so good as her son, who mated in so happily with the Bird-catcher strains. Rebecca, the tap root of some of our best blood, and who was the dam of Alice Hawthorn, Fair Helen, Annandale, The Provost, etc., never once had her name enrolled amongst the fliers of her day in a distinguishing way. Pocahontas ran until she was six years old in all sorts of company and failed to win a race. Hybla, the dam of Derby and Oaks winners, never ran at all on the Turf; and Ferina, who was twenty-two years old when she threw Pretender, failed to win a single race.

No startling amount of success attended the Ashgill and Brecongill horses in the season of '81. Lartington, however, created a surprise by winning the Cumberland Plate, which twelve months before had been carried off by Victor Emanuel. "Mr. John" still enjoyed the patronage of Mr. Robert Jardine, and rode the "blue and silver braid" successfully on Teviotdale and Ishmael, the latter winning the Great Yorkshire Stakes. Peppermint, by Camballo out of Mintdrop, bred and owned by our hero, was a two-year-old this season, running a dead heat on his first appearance, and gaining another bracket at Pontefract out of his four essays. At Manchester Peppermint was unplaced to Dutch Oven for the Great Lancashire Yearly Stakes; but, as we shall hereafter see, the sturdy little son of Camballo created a name for himself the following year by his triumph over Lord Falmouth's flying two-year-old, Dutch Oven, destined to become a sensational St. Leger heroine. Another of John's successful mounts was that on Privateer in the Great Northern Handicap, with Billy Platt steering the Ashgill-trained Novice

into second place, Peppermint also doing the stable a turn and adding to John's fame by winning the Londesborough Plate, with Hesperian, Craig Royston, and Novice scoring for him at Doncaster Spring, while Chiselhurst, a two-year-old of high class, owned by Mr. Charles Perkins, appropriated the valuable Whitsuntide Plate at Manchester, with John as his coachman.

The first race meeting at Gosforth Park, whither Newcastle races had been transferred from the old Town Moor, sacred to the memory of many a great horse since the days of X Y Z, Bee's-wing, Lanercost, and Alice Hawthorn, was celebrated in the last week of June, 1882. There was a great gathering of the Northerners in the paradise of racing, and great was the rejoicing when the five-year-old Victor Emanuel, owned by Mr. Harry Bragg, and still trained by John Osborne, carried off the Northumberland Plate under an 8 st. burden, with his stable companion Novice running second to him. Further exploits this season gained by the Ashgill team jointly with John Osborne lay to the credit of Peppermint at Stockton and Carlisle, and Mr. William Osborne's M'Mahon at Pontefract, while Craig Royston, Robertson, Sophist, and others won several minor events. At Liverpool, in the St. George's Stakes, John won an exciting race on Hesperian, beating Archer on King Archebong in a tremendous finish by a head. Another desperate race of his this year was on Mr. R. Jardine's Reveller in the Goodwood Stakes, who ran Fortissimo to a head. It was also a great source of gratification to John when Peppermint, in the Great Northern Leger at Stockton, carried him home a victor from the Heath House candidate Zeus, as Camballo, the sire of Peppermint, had been under him in the Two Thousand he won five years previously.

The Ebor Handicap of 1882 stamped Victor Emanuel as one of the gamest and best-bottomed little horses in training that season. In saying that much, the admirable jockeyship of John Osborne on the son of Albert Victor and Time Test, by Saunterer, must not be overlooked. Perhaps no other jockey, not even excepting Archer, could have displayed better judgment of pace over a distance of ground than did the veteran Ashgill horseman on this occasion. His effort in the last fifty yards was timed to the exact moment to win by a head, Victor Emanuel's form of conceding 3 st. all but 2 lbs. to a three-year-old of Baliol's pretensions being one of great merit.

Victor Emanuel was one of the commonest and most singular-looking thoroughbreds in training. Indeed, if looks went as a guide to a racehorse's attributes, he would not have been accepted as a gift by some owners had he been offered to them without credentials. As against his want of symmetry, he was one of the grandest movers ever seen on a racecourse, and a stayer to boot, as his "Ebor" attested. At the distance it looked any 'odds on Baliol, who up to that point had made the pace a cracker. Little "Teddy" Martin, who rode the Heath House colt, was even thus far from home labouring under the delusion that he had won his race, for he eased up Baliol at the stand. Osborne saw this, and asking Victor Emanuel a last question, the little horse gamely responded, and gaining upon the light weight at every stride, got on terms with him on the post, winning amid a *furor* of excitement by a head. The boy Martin seemed surprised when Osborne got at him, and although he did all he could to retrieve the fortunes of the race, he found more than his master in a resolute finisher like

the veteran. The pace from the fall of the flag was very fast, Martin having received instructions to break down all opposition if he could. A big weight of money was thrown into the market for "Victor" at the last moment, which caused Novice, who had won the race in 1880, to be driven to a forlorn price, Mr. Bragg, who was not a leviathan in his betting transactions, taking £1300 to £200 about his horse at the last moment. This win, coupled with the bets and stakes on the Northumberland Plate, rendered this season for Mr. Bragg a very profitable one.

Opinions differed as to whether the cheers for Osborne and Victor Emanuel, after this exciting "Ebor," were not as much in testimony on the part of the spectators of their delight at the defeat of Prestonpans, whose equivocal position in the market up to the eleventh hour had brought obloquy upon the name of his owner. Fordham had the mount on Prestonpans, and there could be no mistaking his disgust when he finished absolutely last. Mr. Gretton's mode of procedure in the case of Prestonpans and other of his horses had already gained him an unenviable notoriety, apart from the adverse criticism that assailed him when he withdrew his horses from John Porter's stable. For some time past his horses had been so many "Wills o' the Wisp." Prestonpans, after being tailed off in the Brighton Stakes, came out the following Saturday at Lewes, and after being backed for no end of money—it was reported that £4000 was put on by somebody—he all but beat Fortissimo, at that time a nailing good horse; indeed, had Archer not ridden the latter for nearly the last quarter of a mile of the race, Mr. Gretton's horse would undoubtedly have won, for after stumbling badly opposite the stand, he ran the Good-

wood Stakes winner, at an allowance of 6 lbs. only, to half a length. People who saw Prestonpans' performance in that race resolved to be on him in the Ebor Handicap, the market for which was "set" in London the Saturday before the race, when an attempt to back Mr. Gretton's horse was forestalled. His commissioner waited until the horse's arrival at York on the Tuesday. When the son of Prince Charlie came under the eyes of the critics he was voted immensely improved from Brighton and Lewes, where he was suffering from a sore back, and was off his food. His Knavesmire gallops on the Tuesday and Wednesday mornings led the "touts" to say that he had never moved so well, or made so much improvement since he was under Alec Taylor's charge. Mr. Gretton's commissioner on the Tuesday was again forestalled, and he made no secret of it to the reporters that unless he could get 6 to 4 to £1000, Prestonpans would probably not run. Matters remained in that equivocal aspect until the last moment. The situation was made still more complex by the operations in the London market, where a "dead carcass" monger freely offered 90 to 40 against the brewer's horse. Even when the horse's number was hoisted, doubt existed as to whether he was a genuine candidate, though the fielders took no liberties with him, and he eventually started a decided favourite at 100 to 60. Soon after the flag fell the fielders offered 2 to 1 against Prestonpans, the odds expanding to 100 to 1 at the bend, and an unpleasant affair ended when poor Fordham, whose gruesome face suggested a tale, finished hopelessly tailed off.

Mr. Gretton died in the autumn of 1882. It was said of him that he was more sinned against than sinning. In excuse for his scratching propensities, the

reason was alleged that he keenly felt some severe and what he considered unjust strictures that had been made upon his actions. He was of a most obstinate nature, and all that he did afterwards arose from his strong and obstinate will. During his twelve years on the Turf, his stud and betting, so it is alleged, cost him £200,000. He gave an enormous price for Falmouth, who could not win him a selling race, and almost equally unfortunate was his purchase of Prestonpans. Without doubt he allowed the Derby to slip from his possession by not entering that really great horse Isonomy. In all, he won £120,000 over Isonomy, £40,000 of that sum being cleared over his Cambridgeshire victory of '78, when as a three-year-old, carrying 7 st. 1 lb., he defeated thirty-seven others. Harbinger lost him a small fortune, and the frequent defeats of Fernandez cost him £20,000. He won £40,000 on Playfair's Cambridgeshire, and £27,000 when Sterling won the Liverpool Cup. The largest amount he ever attempted to win was when Sterling was beaten a short head in the Cambridgeshire, on which occasion the first commission he threw into the market was returned at £66,000 to £1000. No price would stop him when he set his mind on buying a yearling, and Mr. Tattersall, who knew his customer well, was wont to say at the sales, "Another hundred to you, Mr. Gretton?" to which he rarely failed to get the desired nod.

John Osborne had reason to be proud of his York experiences at the August Meeting on the Knavesmire in 1882, for in addition to Victor Emanuel's win in the "Ebor," the game little horse carried him home in the Queen's Guineas; and Peppermint effected another of the many surprises in the Great Yorkshire Stakes for which that race had long been notorious. Pepper-

mint was the only North-country representative against Dutch Oven, Nellie, and St. Marguerite, who were the accredited best fillies of the season, if Shotover, who had won the Derby, running away, and Geheimness, the Oaks victress, be excepted. Dutch Oven was a 6 to 4 favourite, with St. Marguerite and Nellie disputing the honours for second favouritism, Peppermint, whose excellent performance in the Great Northern Leger at Stockton had not been overlooked when he defeated Zeus and Amalfi, starting a 5 to 1 chance. Dutch Oven, before her York discomfiture, had been backed down to 100 to 6 for the St Leger. Naturally, after her defeat by Peppermint, who, unfortunately, was not engaged in the great Doncaster event, Matthew Dawson's hopes of winning the St. Leger were dashed to the ground. One need not dwell long upon Dutch Oven's triumph in the St. Leger, which, indeed, was one of the greatest surprises of modern times. Still, there was a section of backers who clung to the idea that Archer and Dutch Oven were "wrong 'uns" on the Knavesmire, this body of enthusiasts being characterised by a well-known Turf writer of the day as "idiots, who backed her with a heedless persistency that entitled them to the most thickly padded cell in Hanwell." The familiar term of September being the "mares' month" had been proven when Lady Golightly lost her form as much as Dutch Oven did. Matthew Dawson commissioned a friend to lay 1000 to 20 against Dutch Oven for the Leger, in order to save £20 of the money for which he had backed her, a fact which proved that the stable, with Archer thrown in, had no idea of her revealing such a marvellous revival of form between the Knavesmire race and the chief event of the Town Moor, which she

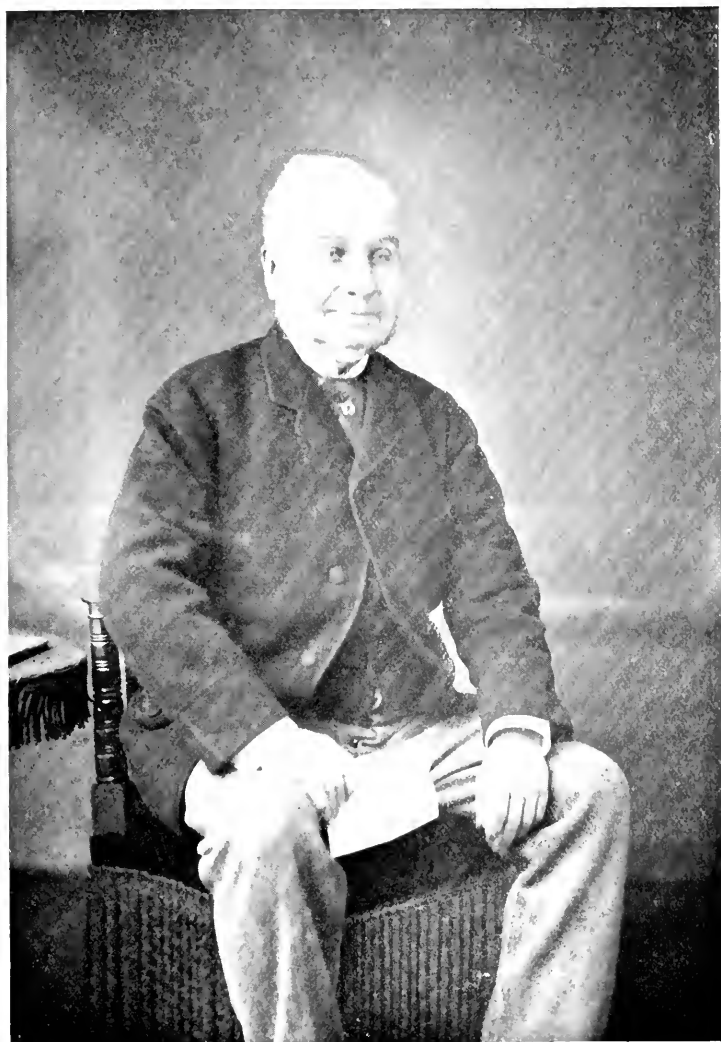


Photo by H. R. Sorensen, Newmarket

MATTHEW DAWSON

won in a common canter, starting at 40 to 1 with the Derby winner and Geheimness behind her. After her victory Matthew Dawson was the recipient of some extraordinary letters, accusing him of every crime under the sun, Lord Falmouth also being favoured with like condemnatory epistles. Nor did Archer himself escape the fiery and perhaps undeserved attacks of anonymous correspondents.

Lord Zetland's purchase of Peppermint after York was not satisfactory in a pecuniary sense, as his four-year-old season was a barren one; indeed, his career as a racer ended that season. That his dam, Mintdrop, bred by Messrs. Osborne in 1872, and got by Lozenge, her dam, Minaret, by Rataplan out of Manganese by Birdcatcher, was a useful mare, she proved by throwing Wild Mint, Mint Rock, Mint Lozenge, Wild Moss, Peppercorn, and other useful animals.

At the end of this '82 season, Mr. "Plunger" Walton bid England adieu after a short meteoric career of gambling, leaving accounts unsettled to the amount, it was said, of £11,000. He was known to have lost £20,000 on the Cambridgeshire of this year, in addition to several other heavy failures, including a great stake on Wallenstein for the Liverpool Cup. Archer finished up the season by riding a grand total of 210 winners, and was making at the time in fees, presents, and retainers at least £10,000 a year.

CHAPTER XVII

“Still questioned the story of my life.”

HURRYING on through the season of '83, we find Osborne distinguishing himself in many close fights, in which, though he had been riding in public since his first mount in 1846 at Radcliffe Bridge on Miss Castling, he demonstrated that his nerve, judgment, skill, and strength were undeteriorated. No bright particular equine star emanated from the stable, but several of its inmates proved more than useful on the northern circuit. But before summarising the events of the year, mention should be made of the fact that stay-at-home William Osborne, who always had a strong passion for the ancient sport of the Leash, won the Waterloo Cup by the aid of that smart bitch Wild Mint by Haddo out of Orla, trained by Jack Shaw, of Northallerton, who had previously been identified with the two victories of Coomasie (owned by Mr. “Tommy” Lay, a penciller of some substance at that period), in the great canine contest over the classic plains of Altcar. Wild Mint, a slow but exceedingly smart bitch, killed every hare she ran at, and, moreover, had two undecideds with the Irish dog Phillip’s Farm before upsetting in the final the odds of 3 to 1 laid on Snowflight, who had won the Cup of the previous year.

Mr. William Reilly, of Newmarket, a keen greyhound courser, entertained the idea that his black dog Destruction was the superior of Wild Mint, whose victory in the Cup he regarded somewhat in the light of a "fluke." He had to pay somewhat dearly for this exalted opinion of his greyhound, whom he matched to run Wild Mint the best of three courses for £500 a side. The match, which was decided in the Haydock Park enclosure March Meeting of '83, created a great deal of interest in coursing circles. Destruction, in heavy going, won the first course by his speed, but on the second day, with the going sounder, Wild Mint, who was a very quick beginner, reached game first, and, soon giving puss her quietus, equalised the account. In the final and deciding course she also proved herself the speedier and better greyhound. So pleased was "Old William" with her performance that he had her painted life size in oils, along with Match Girl and Waterford, two other of his long-tails of high repute, and the canvas still adorns his modest Middleham residence under the roof of Piercy, the whilom Ashgill jockey, with whom he has lived since the partnership of the brothers Osborne was dissolved in 1892. The last time we paid the veteran trainer a visit at Middleham was in the spring of 1900. He was then in enfeebled health, yet his eyes lightened up when we talked of Saunterer and of the "brave days of old" in the coursing field. "Ay, ay! he was a grand horse was Saunterer," he exclaimed; "an' wasn't Wild Mint a grand bitch!" In a jocular way we hinted of a rumour that he was courting a rich widow in Middleham. "Ay, mon, aw's nee use now for double harness," was the rejoinder.

Mr. Harry Bragg, who for the previous fifteen or sixteen years had been closely identified with the

fortunes of Ashgill, alike as a commissioner and as an employer, died in the spring of this year. Originally a Cumberland blacksmith, he drifted into the ways of the Turf, and had the distinction, from a small stud, of winning a Northumberland Plate and an Ebor Handicap with Victor Emanuel, who, undoubtedly, was the best horse he ever owned. His allegiance to the stable was a profitable one, as it had been to John Jackson in earlier days. A shrewd, observant man, he accumulated a competency, and died much respected by fellow-sportsmen of his class. For many years he was a licensed victualler in Newcastle-on-Tyne before retiring into private life at Croft Spa. The "Tattersall's" of Newcastle in his time was Newgate Street. These were the days before starting prices, and "Harry," as he was familiarly termed, always declared that the "talent" in Newgate Street were the best judges of "form" in the kingdom, an opinion in which we concur, knowing full well what a keen interest is taken in sport generally and the Turf in particular by the sporting section of the people in the "cannie toon" on the banks of the Tyne.

A few words about another Turf celebrity of a different type to the owner of Victor Emanuel. Newmarket has been famous for its Turf sensations, but nothing was ever more painfully and dramatically sudden than the death at headquarters, on 26th April of this year, of Prince Batthyany. Old stagers spoke, as a parallel to it, of the suicide of Mr. Craven owing to losses on the Derby which would have been more than balanced by the Oaks, and of the gloom created by the sudden "taking off" of Stephenson, the leviathan; and then, again, that of poor "Drumlanrig," who had been ruined by the Goodwood Cup victory of Saunterer,

recalled painful memories. Prince Batthyany died in the very midst of the multitude. Sir Frederick Johnstone, who was almost the last man to whom the Prince spoke, was overcome by the suddenness of his noble friend's call. A prince in nature as well as by title, he was, moreover, *primus* in taste and elegance—"the glass of fashion." In his wines, his pictures and carriages, and his horses especially, he took the greatest pride. Though fifty years on the Turf, he only owned one or two good animals, the best without doubt being Galopin, and him he took out of training because his nerves could no longer stand the excitement of the risk of seeing him beaten.

"But for the great consideration he had for his jockeys," said a chronicler of the times, "Galopin would never have been beaten. When he once employed a jockey he never discarded him, and as a rule his green jacket was not borne by the lights of the profession. The only case I can call to mind where another jockey was put up in place of his own was when Morris rode a dead heat with Cannie Chiel at Newmarket. The plunging on the horse was something fearful. The plungers, headed by Sir Robert Peel, begged and prayed of the Prince that in the deciding heat he would put up Fordham, or they would all be ruined. In deference to the opinion of his friends he asked Morris to allow Fordham to ride, and 'The Demon' won in a canter. Morris was foolish enough to take umbrage at that, and he sent in his cap and jacket."

Yet another contemporary, an old rival of our hero's, in Tom Aldcroft, died on 7th May of this season of '83. Of Aldcroft it was said, he may have had equals in the saddle, but no superiors. On Queen Bertha, the mare

that laid the foundation of the Turf fortunes of Lord Falmouth (who, by the way, sold his mammoth stud shortly after Aldcroft's death), the great jockey rode one of the finest races ever seen, when she bore him to victory in the Oaks of '63. He was on Ellington when that horse won the Derby for Admiral Harcourt, who predeceased him only a few weeks. Twenty years prior to his decease, Aldcroft was at the head of his profession, and was first jockey for Lord Glasgow, who on his death bequeathed him £500. Never was there a more wrongful suspicion cast upon an innocent man than when it was alleged Aldcroft had illicit relations with John Jackson, who on his deathbed said that, so far as he knew, Aldcroft had never done anything dishonest. The impression arose out of General Peel in the Derby. For the St. Leger another jockey was preferred to ride "The General," in whom Lord Glasgow had high hopes of winning his first Derby—hopes never to be fulfilled, even though he probably spent almost a million of money in the effort during his extended connection with the Turf. With the change of jockey General Peel did not do so well as before, and his after career proved him a faint-hearted, soft brute. The following season Fordham rode him in the Ascot Cup, when he ran the dead heat with Ely. He cut it so abominably in the decider that Fordham, in disgust, threw the reins on the horse's neck and made no effort to finish on him, whereat Lord Glasgow was highly enraged.

Charles Lund, the present-day trainer at Spring Cottage, Malton (the old home of Blair Athol and William I'Anson), recounted to us on a visit to him in 1898 the following version of General Peel's display on the occasion above alluded to. Lund was head

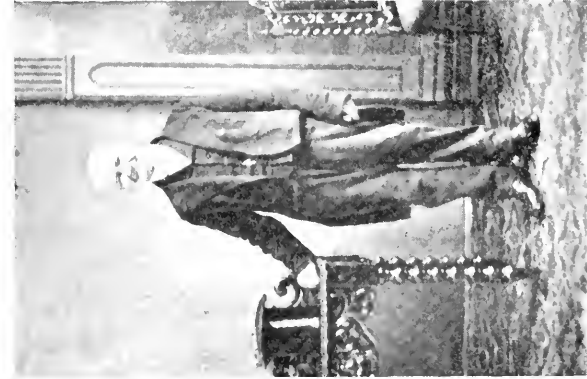
travelling lad for John Scott, and both Lord Glasgow and Aldcroft he knew well. He said—

“ Yes, I can remember Lord Glasgow taking the whole of his horses away from John Scott. But of all the storms of temper he showed I never saw him in a worse one than when General Peel was beaten after his dead heat with Ely at Ascot. After the dead heat I took General Peel back to the stable, which was close to the stand. Lord Glasgow came to the stable and saw the horse dressed and made ready for the deciding heat. The horse was the picture of health, and he was sent out to run the dead heat as clean as a new pin, and as fresh as if he had never had a gallop. But he cut up the biggest coward in the decider that ever was saddled in the ring; he tried to do everything but win, and would have run into the ring if he could have got in. Lord Glasgow broke into a towering rage, and his language was ‘ beautiful ’ when we took the ‘ General ’ back to his quarters. Nor was John Scott himself ever more disappointed at the horse’s cowardly display in the race.”

How much Aldcroft had been wronged the above evidence will attest. Aldcroft got more out of General Peel than any other jockey. Behind him in the Derby won by Blair Athol were such good animals as Scottish Chief, Cambuscan, and Ely, each of whom he beat decisively. In the St. Leger Scottish Chief did not run, and it was as much as Wells could do to get “ The General ” in front of Cambuscan, who beat him afterwards in a match. Aldcroft about this period was a most handsome fellow. He will be remembered as having a ruddy, open face, and well chiseled features,

intelligent bright eyes, with black bushy whiskers, and the "mutton chop" affected to this day by John Osborne. After the General Peel affair he retired from the saddle and went to Newmarket. A relative of the Dawson family, Joseph Dawson, induced him to return to the saddle, giving him a leg up on a mare called Miss Foote, who was expected to win. But it was of no avail; he had lost his nerve and form, quite in contrast to Fordham, who rode as well as ever when he resumed riding after his divorce from the pigskin for a period. The Aldcroft "rush" was no more; indeed, he was so shattered in his system that at last he had not the confidence to mount a horse.

The match between Cambuscan and General Peel arose out of their being second and third respectively in Blair Athol's St. Leger. Notwithstanding that it was generally supposed that John Jackson won a small fortune over Blair Athol, according to his own confession, he had little reason to be thankful for the performances of Stockwell's greatest son. He stood to win a great stake on General Peel both for the Derby and Leger, and but for Blair Athol stopping the way he would have won an easy fortune on both occasions. He always swore by Lord "*Glasger*," as he pronounced the name. Mr. Corlett relates how he went to Jackson's rooms in Doncaster the morning after the St. Leger, and walked on to the course in the afternoon with him. Jackson then told the "Squire of Bottombarley" that, far from being a winner on Blair Athol, as was generally supposed, he had lost a few hundreds, and that the only reason he cheered so lustily was that he was so fond of a horse. Unlike the majority of bookmakers, Jackson was a sportsman to the backbone. Whatever the cause, it was certain that in connection with the General Peel



W. J. R. H.

TOMMY LYE



MRS. ALDCROFT, JAMES DAWSON, AND
TOM ALDCROFT

and Cambuscan match, Jackson, throughout the whole of that week at Newmarket, displayed a bitter antipathy to the "white and crimson" banner of Glasgow. His repeated cries of "Cambuscan for a thousand" irritated beyond measure the old Earl, who, unlike the majority of owners, always felt pleased when the public backed his colours. About this period it was only on rare occasions Lord Glasgow made a bet, for which there was some reason, as when he opened his mouth his tenders were so vast that the fielders were silenced. "What is it I hear you have given for Fairfield?" asked the Earl in his most vitriolic manner of Jackson, who mentioned the amount. "I will bet you twenty 'Fairfields' on my horse if you want to bet," was the defiant and acrid reply. This retort silenced Jackson effectively, and no more offers of "Cambuscan for a thousand" came from "Jock o' Oran" in Lord Glasgow's hearing. The match, which was for 500 sovs., across the flat, was decided at Newmarket Second October, and with 6 to 5 on him, Cambuscan, ridden by A. Edwards, defeated "The General" by half a length.

As had been the case for many years before, Mr. Robert Vyner remained a loyal and liberal patron of the Osbornes in '83, as indeed he is to the present day, although he has a second trainer for part of his stud in Matthews at Ripon. Of Mr. Vyner's lot trained by the Osbornes this season, the game little Fabiola, as a two-year-old, won several races, showing that dash of speed over five furlong "cuts" which marked the after record of this useful daughter of Martyrdom. Fraga, Camboge, and Stole were also successful banner-bearers of the "violet and white"; while the filly by Cucumber out of Tocher, the great upstanding Waterford, Blairgowrie, Glenluce, Campanology, Sarra, Glorification,

Georgina, Craig Royston, Blue Sky, Wild Mint, Hesperian, and others contributed to their corn bills, occasionally assisted by the services of "Mr. John" himself in the saddle. The early excellence of Mr. "Jack" Hammond's St. Gatien, who dead-headed the following year in the Derby with Harvester, he illustrated by steering him home in the John o' Gaunt Plate at Manchester, giving Hentland, in receipt of 7 lbs., with Archer up, a length's beating. Fabiola he rode when she won the old-fashioned Bishop Burton Stakes at Beverley. At this meeting he also won the Beverley Cup and the Watt Memorial on Coelebs, and Hesperian was assisted home by him.

After Coelebs had won the Beverley Cup, his owner, Mr. Petrie, the eccentric Edinburgh whisky merchant, mounted the horse, galloped him nearly two miles around the racecourse, then, *à la* John Gilpin, tore down into the town with him to finish up there a display of other eccentricities hardly *en rapport* with the orthodox ideas of training.

In the Northumberland Plate of '83 John had the mount on Mr. Jardine's Shrewsbury, and failed to achieve what was the desire of his heart after many years of effort to have his name inscribed on the bead-roll of winners of the "Pitmen's Derby." But he met a clinker that day in Barcaldine, unquestionably one of the best horses, if not the horse of the century, who conceded the smart Tuggill candidate 17 lbs. and beat him in a canter over the severe two miles. Archer's burden on Barcaldine that afternoon was 9 st. 10 lbs., and in bearing that he established a record for the race far ahead of any of those identified with its running, and one that may not be equalled for generations to come. Robert Peck, in buying Barcaldine for £1300

from Mr. Lowe, who got into trouble with Sir John Astley at Manchester, made one of the best bargains of his life. Mr. Lowe sold the horse under the impression that he would not be reinstated on the Turf. Barcaldine, who inherited the stout blood of Melbourne, Stockwell, and Birdcatcher, was one of the grandest types of the weight-carrier that eyes ever beheld. Tristan, then in his prime, never stood half a chance with Barcaldine in the Orange Cup at Ascot; and with other great and unchallenged records to his name, needless to say that the 40,000 Northumbrians who witnessed, in Gosforth Park enclosure, his magnificent performance in the "Plate" cheered as lustily as did their forebears when the game little Underhand, who started six times for the race, winning it thrice, and when Caller Ou, a dual winner, and then only beaten a neck in her third attempt, were the idols of the "cannie folk" of the North country. If not a very profitable season this of '83 to John and his horses, it was a paying one, and he wound up at Doncaster by riding Chiselhurst second to the roaring Ossian in the St. Leger.

Of dead heats that he had ridden, John mentioned, in one of our interviews, an instance which took place on Knavesmire. It was in a match between Mr. Vyner's Frega and Jim Snowden, who rode a chestnut belonging to Lord Durham. Snowden made the running until inside the distance, where John closed up and made a dead heat of it. The affair being a match, the decider was not run off.

"I rode two dead heats in one year on Mr. H. F. Beaumont's Golden Pledge at Richmond, the first being with one of Lord Zetland's; I can't remember his name, but I know he was a

Fandango horse. Golden Pledge also ran a dead heat with a filly belonging to Count Lagrange at Newmarket in a sweepstake of 50 sovereigns, Ditch Mile, and I won the decider—Harry Grimshaw being on Count Lagrange's. I think Jim Snowden would ride Lord Zetland's when it ran the dead heat. At Carlisle, in 1891, I rode in a double dead heat; Chandley rode Mr. Thos. Holmes's Dissenter, and I rode Sir R. Jardine's Lodore. Mr. Holmes wouldn't divide after the first dead heat, but came to terms after the second. I rode two dead heats in one day at Gosforth on one of Wm. P'Anson's, and Jim Snowden rode one of Tom Green's. Snowden beat me in the decider.

“Once at Goodwood I rode a filly of Lord Bradford's, and Geo. Barrett rode a chestnut filly of the Duchess of Montrose's, and we dead-heated. On running off, I won. In 1865, at Newcastle, I dead-heated with Cathedral and a horse of Mr. M'Kenzie's called Oppressor, over three miles. They ran it off, and Cathedral won by a neck, both horses breaking down in the race. Cathedral, who belonged to Mr. Hudson, had a bit of a leg at the time. I didn't want Mr. Hudson to run it off, but he wouldn't divide. Cathedral was patched up and won two or three races after that, and was second in the Great Northern Handicap the following year. The last time he ran was in the Queen's Plate at Liverpool, which he won by a head. He broke down again that day, and shortly afterwards went to the stud. I trained Cathedral myself.”

Looking into distant years some fine finishes have been associated with the race for the St. Leger, a notable one being that when Voltigeur, winner of the Derby, was run to a "nose" by the hitherto unknown Irish horse Russborough. The last previous dead heat for the same prize was between Charles XII. and Euclid in 1839, the latter in the deciding heat winning by a head only. Voltigeur, the hero of the 1850 St. Leger, was a half-brother to Charles XII., the sire of both being Voltaire, a descendant of Blacklock, whose blood runs in many of our modern great racers. In 1828 there was a dead heat in the Derby between Mr. Petrie's The Colonel and the Duke of Rutland's Cadland, the latter eventually being the victor, The Colonel afterwards winning the St. Leger in a field of eighteen. Charles XII. further proved his stoutness and game by winning the Doncaster Cup at the same meeting in which he carried off his hard-earned St. Leger.

Some other memorable finishes have taken place. Tracing as far back as 1827, six went to the post for a Handicap Plate across the flat, when Goshawk, four years, 8 st. 6 lbs., ran a dead heat with Stumps, five years, 9 st. 2 lbs., Robinson on the former and Arnull the latter. A second contest between the pair resulted in a second dead heat! A third time they ran, when, after another severe struggle, Goshawk carried off the prize, worth £50! In 1840 another double dead heat occurred between two two-year-olds, last half of the Abingdon Mile. Five started, and Jessica (ridden by S. Rogers) and the Fanchon filly (ridden by T. Stephenson) could not be separated by the judge. A second race also ended in a dead heat, and then the owners mercifully divided the stake, otherwise a like

result might have happened. At Newmarket First Spring Meeting in 1848, three moderate animals in Mr. W. H. Johnstone's b. c. Liston by The Doctor, Lord W. Powlett's then unnamed colt Beauclere (ridden by S. Rogers), and Mr. Cooper's Jenny Lind (ridden by Flatman) ran a triple dead heat for a sweepstake of 10 sovs. In the deciding heat amongst a trio (F. Butler now being substituted for W. Oates to ride Liston), Liston beat Beauclere by a neck, Jenny a bad third. At the very next meeting this same Liston (resolved upon distinguishing himself somehow) ran a dead heat over the same course with Festus and Isis for a handicap sweepstake of £140, and again, in the deciding contest between the three, Liston proved victorious, a length severally dividing the trio.

“Can you recollect any important matches in which you have ridden?”

“Well, I've not ridden in so many matches as you think in my time. In '57 or '58, I forget which year it was, I rode Lord Zetland's Ralpho and beat Actæon (Alfred Day) in a match over the T.Y.C. at Newmarket. In '57 I rode a match across the flat on Saunterer against Anton. They were both three-year-olds, and Saunterer, who was giving 7 lbs., won. For a number of years Lord Fitzwilliam and Lord Falmouth had matches at Doncaster, and I used to ride Lord Fitzwilliam's horses. Sometimes Archer, who rode for Lord Falmouth, used to win and sometimes I beat him. Just about the time Lord Derby gave up racing I rode one of his in a match against one of Lord Glasgow's.

“There are numberless cases of affection between cats and great racehorses. Now,

Voltigeur was very fond of cats. I fancy if you were to ask, there is a life-likeness of Voltigeur by Landseer, and the cat is taken with him. Voltigeur always had a cat with him, and his cat travelled with him to the meetings. Ormonde, they say, had his cat; and The Flying Dutchman had his at home. So far as concerns myself, I have not had an extraordinary case of cats being partial to horses."

His ideas on breeding are curtly expressed as follows:—

"I have no pet theories about breeding. I generally study the 'crosses' over before I send my mares away to what I think will suit. I have never studied the 'figure system.' I see the 'Special Commissioner' in the *Sportsman* thinks that, according to his ideas, one ought not to make a mistake. Of course there has been a lot of people mating their mares through his advice, and we shall see how they turn out. I suppose there is a bit luck in breeding. For example, take the case of an own brother and sister: one may be a bad 'un and the other a good 'un. When I have known a horse of a good strain I have hung to him, independent of fashion."

Some few years ago General Owen Williams brought before the notice of the Jockey Club the much discussed question of the age-date of racehorses. John Osborne's views on the matter were expressed in the following interview with Mr. T. W. Gale, one of our leading and most respected sporting journalists, whose writings on Turf and Boxing matters have constituted him a high authority. The interview, which is repro-

duced *in extenso*, also throws light upon Palmbearer's appearance in Sir Bevy's Derby:—

I travelled northward with the veteran the other day, and we fell a-talking about the age-date of racehorses question.

"I took great interest in the correspondence," said "Mr. John," "and thought of writing a letter on the subject."

"Why didn't you?"

"Oh, letter-writing is not much in my line, and——"

"I know," I interrupted; "you are too modest about your own views," and a look at him convinces me I am right. "What did you think about the proposed alteration?"

"I was glad General Williams withdrew it. With the rule remaining as it is, people can do as they like. Some breeders like a late foal, some an early one. It is a matter of taste. For my part I like a late one, but it does not follow that I am right in my views. Opinions differ, and the law as it stands allows breeders full scope. When the yearlings are sent up for sale, the catalogue tells the date of the birth of each one submitted, and purchasers can estimate the value of the young stock accordingly, allowing for its forwardness or backwardness, as the case may be."

"True," I replied; "but the tendency of the age must be to breed early foals, considering that there are so many valuable stakes arranged nowadays for two-year-olds."

"Very likely; but if you get a really good one it does not much matter whether he is 'late' or 'early.' Besides, there are valuable races for him beyond his two-year-old time. Some of the writers to the papers urged that it was wrong to run the two-year-olds early in the season. But I don't agree with them. Most of the people who say they would do away with the 'Brocklesby' are selfish. They are shareholders at Sandown, Kempton, or other enclosed meetings, and they would like to see all the racing on their own estates—or, at least, to have the privilege of inviting the public to inspect the first batch of two-year-olds of the season."

"The Bard and Donovan at least upset their theories," I interpolated.

"Yes; and there are numberless other instances, both before and since Thormanby. In 1842 Sir Abstrupus, the property of Captain Harcourt, appeared early in the year at Catterick, and ran several times subsequently at two years, his career being a lengthy one, and showing him a good horse at four years and afterwards. At four years he won the Stewards' Cup at Goodwood from a big field. Mr. Jaques' Semiseria

was another that began to race early, and was kept long at it with no bad result, for after a distinguished stay on the Turf she proved valuable at the stud. She won the Champagne at Catterick over three-quarters of a mile as a two-year-old in March. At three years she secured the Derby Handicap from a big field at Liverpool, ran close up with the three placed horses in the Cambridgeshire, when only a head and a neck separated, Nat being the winner. At five years she met with several successes and ran many times, and afterwards at the stud she did well, her best son being probably Mildew. Heaps of others could be quoted who flourished on the early work given them."

And there we leave the subject; but we talk of how, in his early youth, "Mr. John" was sorely tempted to accept a good appointment in India. If he had, what an important chapter in racing history would have remained uncreated—of days before railways facilitated the journeys of racehorses; of a walk with a horse from Middleham to Liverpool at the instigation of his father, who, as all the world knows, was a trainer and owner of horses before him; of a Liverpool Cup won on Bon-Mot, when the veteran's bodily weight was but five stone; of long country walks in Yorkshire lanes for pleasure and business combined; of the wonders of nature on view in these rambles; of the abodes of the kingfisher, the water wagtail, and other feathered beauties; of trout streams and northern leafy nooks and crannies; of the charms of the early morning and the value of seeking rest long before midnight; and so by these stages we come back again to racing.

I recall what a fright "Mr. John" gave some people at Epsom in 1879, when he was so nearly winning the Derby on a 100 to 1 chance.

"Yes, the history of that race is curious," said Mr. Osborne. "At first we did not intend to run Palmbearer. But he came on rapidly, and won two races at the Doncaster Meeting. Then I wired to his owner, Mr. Trotter, and asked him what I should do, for I knew that that gentleman who owned him had a notion of running him at Epsom. The reply came, 'Send him on to Epsom and let him take his chance.' So Platt"—all this time Willie Platt had been sitting in a corner of the railway carriage we occupy—"went on to Epsom with the horse, and I returned home to Middleham for the Sunday. Meanwhile I wired again, 'Who would you like to ride him?' and on arriving at Northallerton, on the homeward journey, there was an answer to the effect, 'You, if possible.' I agreed to ride the horse, although I had been engaged to ride Caxtonian, with the proviso that I was not wanted for our own stable. Just before I left Doncaster a gentleman said, 'Are you going to run the horse at Epsom, John?' I did not know

at the time, and told him so. 'Because if you are,' said he, 'I can get you 1000 to 2.' When at home on the Saturday, I bethought myself that it was not such long odds against Palmbearer, and so I wrote to the gentleman and told him if the odds were still obtainable I would take them. On arriving in London on the Monday I found by the evening papers that the horse had been backed to win a lot of money at a long price, and seeing the gentleman that I had written to in the weighing enclosure on Tuesday, I said, 'Well, I suppose you couldn't get the odds; they've been backing the horse, I see.' 'I've been backing it for one,' was the answer; 'and you are on a thousand to nothing, and you'd better have £500 to your two sovereigns for a place.'

"I was very comfortable in the race, and after rounding Tattenham Corner had the satisfaction of finding one after the other coming up to me and dropping away. All the time I was going well, although I could not shake off the attentions of Fordham and Sir Bevys at last, and was beaten three-quarters of a length."

"And so you lost a thousand pounds!" I said.

"More than that, for Mr. Trotter had put me on £500 to nothing, and the curious part of the business was," he adds slyly, "that I lost the money through 'Paddy' there," pointing to Platt, and using a pet name for that excellent jockey.

"How was that?" I asked.

It is Platt who tells me. "I was riding a horse called Nutbush, and was well beaten in the straight, but quite shutting in Fordham. He shouted to me to pull out of the way, and I did so, for I saw our horse sailing away in front and did not believe that Sir Bevys could catch him. If I had not made room he would never have won."

But Mr. Osborne does not look back to the occasion with bitterness. He smiles gravely, and tells me it was a pity he did not win for the sake of a number of Cleveland friends of Mr. Trotter, who had supported the horse and would have landed a big stake had he got home. There was a crisis in the iron trade at the time, and had Palmbearer won they would have been able to have tided over it and reached better times. And so I am left to reflect that racing success often means a great deal, apart from the rustle of a silk jacket as it is borne first past the post and the crowd cheer on a Derby day, for Northallerton station is reached, and Mr. John and Platt leave me behind on hearing the shout, "Change for Leyburn"—a change they have made very many times during the last twenty years, and which I trust they will very frequently make in the future.

Discussing the point as to the early running of two-year-olds, John's opinion is—

“Some horses are as good in the spring as two-year-olds as ever they are, and never improving thereafter. Other horses require time; some never come to maturity or true form until they are four-year-olds. I really don't think a hard and fast line should be drawn as to when you ought to start running horses. I am not at all opposed to two-year-old racing; and I don't agree with the opinion held by some people that it destroys stamina by running them. I have known two-year-olds tried highly, and they have never improved on that form.”

In regard to long-distance races, he expressed the following views:—

“I think it is a mistake there are not more long distance races than there are. (This was in the January of 1897.) If more horses were trained and tried for longer distances it would be found that we have more stayers than we really see. To illustrate the point: Some years ago there was a Free Handicap run for, and it brought out three good stayers to my knowledge in Lilian, Pageant, and Fraulein. This Free Handicap—Mr. Fairlie had it made—was $1\frac{1}{4}$ miles for horses that had never won over more than a two-year-old course. Now, Lilian, Pageant, and Fraulein had been running over short courses before that, and it was proved that they could stay and win over long courses after that race. Parmesan, I remember; he had been running over short courses as a three-year-old, and Mr. Savile ran him in a race at Newmarket,

Ditch In. He put the stable boy on him, and the horse won in a canter. He won the Metropolitan, the Gold Vase at Ascot, and other long distance races, and it was only by chance, by running him over the Ditch In with the stable lad up, that they found he could stay. Up to that time Mr. Savile did not know that Parmesan could stay a little bit. The fact of it is, some horses are not good beginners; they get chopped for speed to begin with, and never fairly get into their action over short courses.

“Do you think the feeding and grooming of horses better now than of old?”

“So far as I know, horses have always been fed well since I can remember; they always had what they could eat. The mode of feeding is much the same, I should say. Of course, on that point I cannot speak for other people. I am only speaking within my own knowledge, and cannot go further.

“In the old days, jockeys when wasting would put flannels on and go for a walk nearly every morning. So far as I am concerned, I left off the flannels, and used to walk without them. It took me a bit longer to get the weight off, but I didn't put it on so quick again as they did. I used to take longer walks. Yes, I have been a great walker all my life. My custom was, say in the spring, to begin by walking eight or ten miles a day, increasing the distance gradually till I got up from fifteen to twenty miles a day. Sometimes I went a bit further, and sometimes a bit less, according to circumstances and time. This I kept up until I got down to my weight,

and then I was not called upon to do so much again, except on special occasions when I wanted to get a bit extra weight off. No doubt 'forced' sweating is a great trial to the constitution of a man, although at the same time it is good if you don't beat yourself by it. If you are careful and don't overdo yourself you don't feel it, because when you get a rub down and a sponge, you soon feel very fit."

"Old Forth" gained his early experience in Yorkshire, but towards the latter end of his time became so naturalised at Michel Grove that he almost became indigenious amongst the Southrons. Like John Osborne he kept his weight down to the last by riding in trials with the same finesse, patience, and tact. His idea of a two-year-old trial was expressed as follows:—

"If you try a two-year-old at even weights with a Derby winner, and the young 'un cannot win, depend upon it he is not worth backing for Epsom.

"Do you think," we asked, "the speed of horses has improved of late years as compared with your early days?"

"Well, I really can't tell. I don't think horses are so hard as they were forty years ago or more. If a horse runs twice or thrice a week, they think he is run to death in the present day; whereas in the olden time, trainers thought nothing of running their horses three or four times a week, nay, even as often as three or four times a day in heats. I have ridden, let me see—I think it would be about '51—a mare that won two races at Radcliffe Bridge. She won a Maiden Plate, four heats, one mile and a half each heat, the

first day; and won a Selling Stake the following day, three heats, one and a half miles each, and she appeared no worse for it at all. I don't know how it is horses are knocked up so soon nowadays.

"Have they not got the same substance and stamina?"

"I don't know, I can't account for it.

"Are they not so well fed?"

"I think in the present day they are better fed from being young horses. They are more forced as young horses than they were some years ago. Of course they are not better 'done.' I don't assert that we had better horses in my younger days; but it is certain they don't stand so much knocking about as formerly. I should think it is very likely horses have better speed in the present day, though it's very hard to judge of that.

"I remember Archer riding as a boy. He always rode with dash, but he was rather in a hurry to get home. However, with experience, he got the better of that. He was a good horseman. He rode rather 'long' in his stirrups; he was a long fellow, and was very quick in getting away from the mark.

"Do you remember any tremendous finishes you had with Archer?"

"We had two close finishes at Goodwood one year. I rode Privateer, and he rode Passaic. Both races were run at the same Goodwood Meeting. Privateer won both times. We had another fine set-to at Liverpool. Archer rode Voluptuary and I was on Ishmael, and he just

beat me. We had many a close tussle; sometimes the one won, and sometimes the other.

“Had you any memorable race with George Fordham?”

“Yes; I mind him beating me a head in the Goodwood Stakes. He was on Fortissimo, and I rode Reveller. Fordham’s first big race was the Cambridgeshire on Little David.

“What did you think of him as a horseman?”

“Perhaps he had an ungainly seat. He used to get all out of a horse. Archer and Fordham had two different styles altogether—as different as possible. Fordham rode short, and Archer long. Fordham rode more with his hands than Archer. I should think he was a better jockey than Archer all round. Fordham didn’t punish his horse so much as poor Fred, although I have seen him give ‘one, two, three’ on the post. Old George Fordham and I were the best of friends; he was a good fellow. Poor Fordham lost part money at one time. M. Lefevre speculated it for him, but I fancy he got it back. He died decidedly well off from what I read in the papers.

“When first I began riding there was Job Marson, Templeman, Bumby, Tommy Lye—he rode Rowena in the first race I rode in—then there was George Francis, George Oates, and a few more older than I was. Templeman was a good, steady jockey. Wm. Oates was also riding at the time, and George Abdale, too; they were Northerners. In the Midlands there were Charles Marlow, Whitehouse, Denman, Flatman, and Frank Butler; and Sam Rogers,

too, was riding when I began. I did not meet them much because I did not go South for a year or two. I began to meet them at Doncaster and these places. They are all dead and gone now. Sly and Wm. Boyce were also to the fore. There was Tom Aldcroft, who began riding three or four years after I began; Jos. Arnall, too—he was with Mr. Thos. Dawson at Middleham and so was Aldcroft when I began. After them came Bullock, whose brother Tom now trains the greyhounds at Killingworth. And Fred Bates—he began a bit later than I did.

“Whom do you think was the best jockey of the old lot?”

“Well, that is hard to say. I have ridden against them all. I rode against Jim Robinson once in my first Derby. I saw Jim Robinson ride Wrestler for the St. Leger, and a few times more, but never saw him very much. There is no doubt he was a grand horseman, and so were Frank Butler and Flatman. There were plenty good jockeys. The question is, getting the good horses. Wells was about my time; he was a good horseman—that is ‘Tiny’ Wells—and Tom Ashmall, a few years later, was bad to beat in a finish.

“What is your idea about riding a race?”

“Well, in riding a race you cannot make a hard and fast rule; it depends a great deal upon the horse. If you know your horse, and you know he is ‘fit,’ you make use of him—riding it. Sometimes you’ll want to ride a waiting race, and sometimes you want to make good

running. As I say, a great deal depends upon the horse you are riding. Where the judgment comes in is when a man has to do the right thing at the right moment."

In answer to the query, "Which do you consider the best horse of your time?" John Osborne's reply was—

"That is hard to tell. A few years ago I met Mr. Stephenson, an old retired trainer, at Newmarket. I fancy his father once trained for the Duke of Grafton a good stable of horses. At that time, in 1843, he was riding as Thomas Stephenson. Talking about the 'best horses,' the name of Alice Hawthorn first came up. Mr. Stephenson said Mahmia beat Coranna three times in '43, giving something like 7 lbs. or 8 lbs. Now, Coranna won the Cesarewitch with 7 st. 11 lbs.; Alice Hawthorn gave Coranna 16 lbs. over the Ditch In, and beat her fifty yards. That was making Alice Hawthorn out to be good enough to win the Cesarewitch with 10 st. on her back. Mark you, the handicap in the Cesarewitch went down to 4 st.; so that one might say that Alice Hawthorn would have won with upwards of 10 st. up. Mahmia was never better in her life, Mr. Stephenson said, than when Alice Hawthorn beat her. Alice Hawthorn tried to give a good horse like Red Deer 5 st. 8 lbs. in the Chester Cup, and was second to him with 9 st. 8 lbs., Red Deer 4 st. up. Well, I made the remark, 'I think Alice Hawthorn giving that weight to Red Deer made her come up to about the same form as Mahmia.' 'Old Alice' must really have been a great mare. I

can remember her winning at Richmond as a four-year-old in '42. It was in the Queen's Plate; she beat a horse belonging to Colonel Cradock. The following year she beat Nutwith the week after he had won the St. Leger for the Cup at Richmond; it was a slashing race, too.

"Coming away from Alice Hawthorn, what next would you consider the best horse of your time?

"Well, there are so many good horses to remember. There was Van Tromp, The Flying Dutchman, and West Australian. Teddington was a nailing good horse; a thoroughly good horse was Teddington. Job Marson told me when he won the Cup at Doncaster, beating Kingston, that he whipped him farther than ever he whipped a horse in his life. The following year for the Cup—the Empress prize it would be then—he fairly wore Stockwell down and beat him a head. That was a fine race; that would be in '53. That was the first time I was at Ascot; I would be a lad twenty years of age then. Teddington was trained by Alec Taylor and belonged to Sir Joseph Hawley, but I rather fancy Sir Joseph had a partner in him, at least so it was said. West Australian was a really good horse. It is hard to say which really was the best. There are a lot of good horses; some say one horse was the best, and some the other. So far as I know personally, Vedette is the second best horse I was ever on. The best two-year-old I ever rode was Exact, by Birdcatcher, out of Equation—one of our own at Ashgill. I had nothing to do with Exact

after her two-year-old season. Her temper was spoilt through getting into a collision at Goodwood. Three of my father's horses were coming up the straight mile and three horses belonging to Mr. Death, of Ascot, were cantering down from the stand—they met and came into collision, and that accident spoilt Exact's temper. She would not pass up the left-hand side of a horse for nearly a year after—never till the latter end of the year.

“What makes you think her the best you ever rode?”

“Because she could win her trials as she liked. We never knew what she could do at home. She could give 3 st. to Audubon, and beat him in a canter at any distance. After her two-year-old career my father sold her to Mr. Merry, the Scotch ironmaster. William Day had her in training the following year when she won at Chester; and she beat Torment, a good mare belonging to Mr. Greville, at York. Eventually she went into Mr. Blenkiron's stud. She threw one useful mare by Kingston, but she was, in a manner, a failure at the stud considering what a good mare she was and how finely bred.

“It is difficult to form a correct opinion as to what was the best. There is no trustworthy means of ascertaining the truth on the point. There are good years and bad years. No doubt, coming to modern times, such horses as Barchaldine, Isonomy, Ormonde, and Isinglass were well worthy of being considered great horses. If we go back to 1852, there were some nailers

in that season, amongst them being Stockwell, Kingston, Daniel O'Rourke, Hobbie Noble, and Chief Baron Nicholson, who was third in the Derby, and as a two-year-old ran two dead heats with Kingston at Stockbridge, the last-named being a very smart two-year-old. '53 was a good year, and brought out prominently West Australian, Sittingbourne, and Rataplan; while Hawkwood was a clinker, though he really never showed his really best form from home. Another good year was '57. There was Blink Bonny, Adamas, Vedette, Skirmisher, Saunterer, Arsenal, Ignoramus, and Imperieuse. In '58 and '59 the average was also good. In '60, Thormanby and The Wizard distinguished themselves. High Treason was above the average. Thunderbolt was very speedy and a good horse over short cuts, but never stayed more than the T.Y.C. There were other good horses in '59, when I come to remember—Musjid and North Lincoln, to wit, the last-named being third in the Stewards' Cup, carrying 8 st. 13 lbs. as a three-year-old. '61 was only an average year, with Kettledrum and Brown Duchess in the front rank."



Painted by Jas. Bacon & Sons, New-Orleans, 1858

JOHN OSBORNE, ETAT SIXTY-EIGHT

CHAPTER XVIII

“Fond Memory’s touch recalls each faded hue,
And all the Past comes rushing into view.”

ONE of the old-fashioned Yorkshire Meetings is Thirsk, which has survived the sapient legislation of the Jockey Club that exacts from a small population £100 a race, heedless of the practical impossibility of raising the wherewithal. From this cause Richmond, North-allerton, Durham, and other kindred modest fixtures have been wiped off the slate. Still, Thirsk flourishes not by the Jockey Club’s favours, but rather from a new enlightened and spirited management directed by a handful of influential and loyal sportsmen. At the Thirsk Spring Meeting, celebrated on 23rd April, 1884, a somewhat humorous incident occurred. Mr. T. S. Dawson, a worthy, and much-respected son of Tom Dawson, was then clerk of the course, his death shortly afterwards, when in the prime of his manhood, creating the profoundest regret in North-country racing circles. He instituted a new race in the Great Yorkshire Foal Stakes this year, and John Osborne rode Mint Drop second for it to Fred Archer on Mr. Mathew Dawson’s Laverock by Skylark—Citronella. Archer, then in the zenith of his greatness, had never ridden at Thirsk before, and his advent amongst the simple

“Tykes” was looked upon as a matter of great moment and interest. Before racing began the loungers in the market-place were treated to a spicy bit of humour which was sprung upon them by the clerk of the course. The local bellman, after his campanological preliminaries on an instrument as old as the days of Noah, made the following public announcement to the “yokels” :—

“Gentlemen! this is to give notice that F. Archer, the celebrated horseman, has arrived in this town, and that he will ride the winner of the Foal Stakes. Gentlemen! come and see the wonder of the world. ‘God Save the Queen.’”

The bellman who made this announcement suggested by his appearance the resurrection of that mythoclept “the oldest inhabitant.” However, some of his hearers questioned his opinion as to Archer being “the wonder of the world.” There was no doubt about the “worthy” being a true prophet, for Archer did steer the winner that afternoon, having travelled from Epsom overnight to ride Laverock, against whom “Johnnie” and Wild Mint could make no great show.

“Billy” Platt, the head lad at Ashgill, had his first classic win this year in the Two Thousand Guineas on Mr. Foy’s Scot Free, whose owner was considered to be throwing a chance away by engaging a jockey who, according to some of the South-country critics, was no more than a “Butcher Boy” on a horse. Mr. Foy replied, “If there’s any fine riding to be done, it will not be at the finish: it will be a long way from home. If Platt is a ‘Butcher Boy’ I have told him to ride a ‘Butcher Boy’s’ race. I have told him to look on every post as if it were the one he had to finish at. Archer and Cannon will have to bring out all their

flash riding in going after him." Platt carried out his orders to the letter, and after that performance there were plenty to back the "Butcher Boy." Mr. Foy was a great believer in John Osborne, who held a high opinion of Platt as a jockey, believing, as he did, there was no jockey at that time could give him 3 lbs. "I have known him win races," added Platt's master, "on some horses that some of the 'crack' jockeys have failed on." Poor George Fordham, then in fast-failing health, was on the Heath that Two Thousand afternoon, but he was too ill to wait and see Scot Free win. Indeed, it was an effort for him to get to Newmarket at all. Ill as he was, he made an attempt to oblige his old friend, Mr. Foy, and ride Scot Free, but he found it was useless and he told him it would only impair the colt's chance if he attempted, being so weak that he did not feel certain of keeping his seat in the saddle.

Some idea was entertained by the Osbornes that the home-bred and gigantic Waterford by Wild Oats, out of Piercy by Atherstone, ridden by John himself, might win the Derby of this year, but he could only run fourth to the dead-heaters, St. Gatien and Harvester. The reader need hardly be told that St. Gatien, with whom John Osborne had made a successful acquaintance at Manchester in the John o' Gaunt Plate the previous season, was owned by Mr. "Jack" Hammond, who achieved a distinction in the "blue riband" denied to wealthy men like Lord Derby, Lord Glasgow, and others of blue blood, whose expenditure of hundreds of thousands of pounds in the object had been unavailing.

Mr. John Hammond, as one of the actors in our Turf drama, is fairly entitled to make his bow to our

readers. Beginning life as a stable boy, he was, only a few years before St. Gatien and Harvester's Derby, a "tout," living in a roadside cottage at Newmarket, working in that capacity for the Nottingham division, of whom Mr. John Robinson (now a man of great wealth) and Mr. "Charlie" Hibbert were the leading men. At length, Joseph Dawson took him into his confidence and employed him as his commissioner. From that connection dated Hammond's rapid rise in the ladder of fortune. His place had been filled before by the once celebrated "Charley" Rayner, whose prosperity was great so long as he was identified with Joseph Dawson at Bedford Lodge. About this time Tom Jennings was establishing a vast stud of racers for Mr. Lefevre. In an unlucky hour Rayner transferred his allegiance from Joseph Dawson to Tom Jennings, and thenceforth his star of good luck waned, whereas John Hammond, who stepped into his shoes at Bedford Lodge, soon accumulated wealth which enabled him to buy streets of property in Newmarket, property that in course of time doubled itself in value. Hammond, always an astute and capable commissioner, then became identified with the Duchess of Montrose and Mr. Crawford, and reaped the harvests gathered in by the "scarlet jacket" during the period it was almost unblemished by a reverse, his good fortune culminating when he gave 1000 gs. for that good mare Florence and the Derby contingencies with St. Gatien. In the same week that he bought Florence she won him two good races, and St. Gatien the Derby at the first time of asking. Such, indeed, is a brief outline of one of the romances of the Turf.

For many years was "Billy" Platt identified with the Osbornes. Frequently he and "Mr. John" rode in the same race for different owners. Many were the

occasions that they battled out a close finish, thus affording fine examples of sterling honesty, which rose above what might be considered the influence of preference for the interests of their own stable. Looking ahead for a moment, a notable case of this kind happened at Richmond on 5th August, 1887, Platt riding Mr. Gladstone's Endowment, trained at Ashgill, and John steering Mr. R. Osborne's Greg, odds of 2 to 1 being laid on the latter, the servant beating the master in a grand finish by a neck. One of the finest races ever seen on Richmond Moor took place at this very meeting. The race was Her Majesty's Plate, two miles. There were but two runners, John riding Stone Clink, and Jim Fagan, Selby. The same animals had met in the Northumberland Plate the previous year, when the mare, conceding 13 lbs., beat Selby, who was a great "pot" from Highfield (and one that Wm. P'Anson looked upon as a "moral certainty"), by a head. They now met as five-year-olds in this Queen's Plate at Richmond at even weights, interest in their meeting being augmented by the fact that Selby had won the Ebor Handicap, while Stone Clink had added a Cesarewitch to her Northumberland Plate victory of '86. Excitement ran high when Fagan, at the distance, got up to the mare, being almost on even terms fifty yards from the chair. This was due to Osborne having eased her up under the impression that he had got rid of the Highfield horse. That impression was soon dispelled, for the veteran had to sit down and ride in the most determined manner in the last few strides. The instant Stone Clink was called upon she responded, and won in the most gallant fashion by the aforesaid head. This was one of the instances in which Master "John" was almost "caught napping," yet his effort at recovery was really brilliant to witness, while

the incident was another proof of the fact that when once he had won a race he rarely lost it.

Few who witnessed two memorable struggles between Archer and Osborne at the Liverpool July Meeting of 1884 will ever forget the excitement that prevailed. Which was the greatest horseman of John Osborne's time is a difficult problem to solve. Archer, perhaps—and one speaks with bated breath when the deeds of Fordham, of Aldcroft, Wells, T. Cannon, and Webb troop before the *camera obscura* of memory—was the most brilliant and unquestionably the most successful. But whether he was absolutely the greatest of his craft is a question as difficult to determine as the problem of which is or was the greatest horse of the century. Yet great as was the lustre of Archer's renown, we now come to a race between him and our hero which clearly demonstrates that "The Tinman" could not give "The Pusher" an ounce on equal horses. And in making a comparison between the twain, it must always be borne in mind that Osborne, although many years longer a professional than Archer, by reason of his love for Middleham and the old home, never enjoyed the choice of mounts which fell to the lot of the younger man, nor, indeed, was he associated with so many wealthy owners and powerful stables.

Now for the Liverpool episode—

LIVERPOOL, Wednesday, 9th July, 1884.

ALL-AGED PLATE of 100 guineas ; five furlongs.

General O. Williams' Black Diamond, 3 yrs., 9 st. 3 lb., .	F. Archer	1
Mr. Wadlow's Frolic, 4 yrs. 9 st. 12 lb.,	J. Osborne	2
Mr. Andrew's Panton, 2 yrs., 7 st. 7 lb.,	White	3

Betting—Evens Black Diamond, 11 to 10 (at first evens) against Frolic, 20 to 1 against Panton.

Black Diamond jumped off in front, and, holding the lead throughout, won by a length ; a bad third ; the winner was sold to Mr. Martin for 100 guineas.

LIVERPOOL, Thursday, 10th July, 1884.

THURSDAY PLATE of 100 guineas; about five furlongs.

Mr. J. Martin's Black Diamond, 3 yrs., 9 st. 3 lb., . . . J. Osborne 1
 Mr. Wadlow's Frolic, 4 yrs., 9 st. 12 lb., . . . F. Archer 2

Betting—2 to 1 on Frolic.

Black Diamond came on with the lead, and, stalling off the challenge of the favourite, won an exciting race by a short neck. The winner was sold to Mr. Wadlow for 125 guineas.

On the first day's running it was thought by the Wadlow party that Osborne had thrown the race away by inferior jockeyship on the favourite, Frolic. The pair met the next afternoon on exactly the same terms, over the same distance, in single combat, with the jockeys and the verdict reversed. Clearly on this showing in a match, Archer and Osborne were identically the same class horsemen. A practical illustration of this kind is worth more than thousands of arguments. When John rode back a winner on Black Diamond the second day his face was illumined with pardonable smiles, and as he made his way to the weighing-room he was received with as much enthusiasm as if he had won a Derby, instead of a Selling Plate. This achievement of defeating Archer he accomplished in the fifty-first year of his age, after he had been riding in public for thirty-eight years, and when he was old enough to be Archer's father. It was the finest trial between two great horsemen probably ever seen on a public racecourse, dispelling, as it did, without the shadow of a doubt, the erroneous assumption that Archer could have won on the second horse the first day, and proving at the same time that John Osborne was a jockey to whom even Archer could not give weight. Surely those who thought so at the time had closed their eyes to public form at Goodwood in the two races under like circumstances, when John beat

Archer on both occasions by a head, and proved quite his equal. On the first day of this Liverpool Meeting Goodway won the Molyneux Cup on the Ashgill horse, Craig Royston, after a tremendous finish with the late George Barrett on Brayley. "Brother William's" Gentle Ida won the Windermere Plate, and, brought out later in the afternoon, with John up, she was only beaten a head by Lord Durham's Placidor, on whom Jim Snowden rode one of his most resolute finishes. It was these displays that led up to the significant ovation of the Northerners, which followed Osborne's triumph over Archer and the Southrons.

Still harping on the doings of '84, we find it was a season of several hairbreadth finishes on the part of the old-time jockey. On his brother's mare, Nightcap, by Mask out of Mrs. Knight, he repeated his St. Gatien bracket of the year before in the John o' Gaunt Plate at Manchester, and on Londonderry, a sturdy little horse belonging to "Brother Robert," he won the Golborne Park Stakes at Newton, and other little plums. With Mr. Stevenson's Otium he snatched a race by a neck from Jim Snowden at Newcastle Summer Meeting, coming at the last moment with one of his most brilliant rushes; Stone Clink, one of Mr. Vyner's also, taking a "Biennial" at the same meeting from Lord Durham's Redskin by a short head, Mr. Vyner's mare revealing a partiality on this occasion for the Gosforth track, which she, in her after career, confirmed by winning the Northumberland Plate, following that up the same season by capturing the Cesarewitch. A good, game, handy sort was Stone Clink, who also proved herself useful at the stud. It was at this same Gosforth Park Meeting of '84 that the Duke of Portland, who owns a large estate not far from the

Gosforth racecourse, evidently desirous of giving his northern tenantry a treat, sent St. Simon to run for the Gold Cup. His only opponent was Mr. Perkins' good horse, Chiselhurst, ridden by Osborne, who gave the Duke's flier such a bustling up to the distance on the sun-baked ground as to necessitate his early retirement to the stud, for he was hardly a sound horse thereafter. At Redcar, on Mr. Jardine's Beauchamp, he dead-heated with Watts on Lord Zetland's Pinzon, and went on to York to dead-heat again in a match for "twenty-four dozen of champagne," the parties to it being Lord Durham's four-year-old Courtier and Mr. Vyner's four-year-old Fraga, John on the latter, and Jim Snowden, his old antagonist in many a tussle, on the former. A dainty trimming to the card was this event, smacking somewhat of after-dinner *causerie* between the Peer and the Commoner, and more spicy seeing that the contracting parties were two sportsmen whose *bona fides* were beyond suspicion, a remark which applied with equal truth to the two celebrated horsemen who steered the respective animals. It was generally calculated that, had the distance been five instead of six furlongs, Fraga would have had a comparatively easy task, but the extra furlong was assumed to discount her chance, there being doubts about her stamina. Still, the betting indicated a "near thing," the fielders, working for small profit, offering to take 11 to 10, which odds were offered on Fraga, but before the flag fell a reaction set in favourable to Courtier, on whom a shade of odds was eventually laid. Fraga came away with a clear lead until nearing the distance, where Courtier joined issue, and getting his head in front at the stand to all intents and purposes there appeared to have won his race, and so thought Jim Snowden, too, as he began

to ride somewhat "jolly." "Master John," however, in the last four strides squeezed Fraga together for the final run home, and the filly gamely responding, she closed up, and amid a scene of tremendous excitement, made a dead heat of it in the last stride. The "Osborne smile" diffused John's physiognomy, indicating his pride at having made so tight a fit of it, and that, too, when it looked a hundred to one against him fifty yards from the chair.

Changing the scene from York to Richmond, in the first week of September of '84 our hero had another single-handed combat on Mr. Gladstone's Dowry, with Snowden on Mr. W. Sadler's Incendiary, in the Richmond Cup, one mile. Betting was 11 to 10 on Incendiary, who made slight play for three-fourths of the distance, when Dowry took a slight lead to the distance. There Snowden hustled up Incendiary, who gradually closed up the gap with the Ashgill mare, the pair running locked together to the finish and the verdict being a short neck. In the very next event he rode a tremendous race on Mint Lozenge, 8 st. 5 lb., against Tommy Tittlemouse, 7 st. 5 lbs., for the Easby Nursery. The pair drew out by themselves from the distance, when John closed up and in a most absorbing finish "Tommy," ridden by G. Woodburn, was awarded a short-head victory. This was one of the few instances in his life in which John differed with Judge Johnson, who officiated on the occasion. He was too much of a gentleman to cavil against it, although he was firmly convinced he had won. But the Richmond finishing angle in those good old days, when we were wont to call at Bellisle, half way up the hill which led to the Moor, and sample Jim Watson's "Old Tawny" where-with we washed down his dainty viands, was like its

grand stand, curious, if not illusory. The second day of the meeting saw Osborne in great form as he threw in for a main of four successive winning mounts, all of which provided desperate finishes. The first race was the Belsay Selling Plate, in which the contestants were Truce, Lady Ida, and Lady Auckland. On the previous day Lady Ida defeated Truce a neck, Lady Auckland, beaten half a length, finishing third. Lady Auckland and Truce met on the same terms, while Lady Ida had a pull of 6 lbs. on the first day's running over the pair, which allowance placed her on presumably equal terms with them. The only other runner in the race was Cupboard, who was a very moderate animal from Ashgill. Lady Ida was a 6 to 4 favourite, Truce quoted at 9 to 4, and Lady Auckland at 5 to 2. Truce made the running from Lady Ida, and Lady Auckland to the distance. Here Lady Ida took up the running, being about clear of Truce at the half distance, where she was virtually a winner for Wm. P'Anson. Truce then closed up with her, but Osborne on Lady Auckland swooping down upon both, a stride or two from the chair, won on the post by the shortest of heads, with Lady Ida, ridden by F. Barrett, and Truce, ridden by Woodburn, making a dead heat of it for second place. Any amount of betting took place in the ring before the numbers went up as to which had won, evens being wagered both on Truce and Lady Ida, the prevailing opinion being that Osborne had just failed to get home on Lady Auckland. Mint Lozenge won John the second race of the afternoon, his third successive win being gained in the Zetland Welter on Mr. J. Pickersgill's colt by Salvator-Peffar. Mr. Vyner's Gloriosa, by Camballo, brought him home in the Wright Stakes by a neck, though not before another

glorious set-to with Snowden on Mr. Pickersgill's colt by Pero Gomez—Bonny May, Tomlinson, on Jim Watson's Lady Lothian, being third, beaten a neck only. This was the sort of racing one would often see on Richmond Moor for £100 Plates. The "Ten Thousand Pounds" never produced better sport, and yet the Jockey Club squelched the grand old meeting out of existence.

"'Tis true, 'tis pity; pity 'tis, 'tis true."

Tarry we next at Doncaster awhile to see the veteran win the Great Yorkshire Handicap on Lawminster for Mr. "Tom" Holmes, who, like his old friend Harry Bragg, had, up to this time, sustained wonderful good form from a little stud of racers. This was quite Lord Clifden's race over again, as Lawminster was once so far behind his field that it almost looked an impossibility to get near his horses again. But in lying off so far as he did John evidenced his knowledge of pace in a long-distance race. One after another did Lawminster mow down in the last quarter of a mile, and great was the treat to see him at last bear the "white and primrose belt" in front of Hauteur. Only the race before had John caught the judge's eye on Merry Duchess in the Filly Stakes. Scot Free was his mount in the St. Leger that same week, and he started a second favourite at 7 to 2 on the strength of his Two Thousand victory. But Scot Free's prospects were destroyed early in the race. Something stuck into his heels, he was badly cut, and it was left for Lambkin, who ran in the "mauve cerise" of his recently deceased joint owner, Mr. Clare Vyner, one of the purest and most noble-minded sportsmen Yorkshire ever laid claim to. He, like his brother, the present Mr. Robert

Vyner, had been a staunch supporter of the Osbornes, between whom, and John particularly, the warmest of friendship always prevailed. Doncaster did not pass away without Osborne winning the Park Hill Stakes for Lord Ellesmere on Belinda. For the same nobleman, at Newmarket, first he rode Highland Chief to victory in the Triennial Produce Stakes. The chief performers for the Ashgill stable of the season were Hesperian, Otium, Chaucer, Stone Clink, Lord Berners, Dowry, Enigma, Shoo-Fly, Boadicea, Night-cap, Lonsdale, Gloriosa, Fabiola, Londonderry, and Austrasia.

Towards the close of his career, Fred Archer must have suffered a martyrdom to keep himself within riding weight. He did his wasting in the Turkish bath, and took a wineglassful of wasting mixture every night. In his own house his friends had every luxury—viands of the richest and wines of the best. His meal would be confined to a small piece of bread, the marrow out of the bones, and a glass of champagne.

Jack Kellet, after he left Middleham, where he had been, with Fred Bates, riding a lot of winners for Tupgill, got up to 9 st. in the winter and rode Hesper in the early spring at 7 st. 2 lbs. for the Lincoln Handicap, starting favourite on the morning of the race. At Epsom, Teddy Martin, after weighing for one of the Duke of Hamilton's horses, walked down to the post. He beat Archer a head in the race but was disqualified, being $1\frac{1}{2}$ lbs. short of weight. The effort of walking to the post in the very hot weather had cost him the fatal deficiency *avoirdupois*. John Wells, another of the lanky Archer shape, was a great sweater; and nobody worked harder to keep down his weight than

Fred Webb, who was admitted to be the finest walker in the profession.

George Johnson served his apprenticeship at Ashgill from 1874 to 1879, and afterwards acted as head lad to Fred Bates at Tugill for some years. He used to "do up" Bersagliere, one of the horses which Mr. R. N. Batt entrusted to the Osbornes, and who won the Great Yorkshire Handicap for him in 1876. Johnson was wasting to ride Bersagliere in the Ascot Stakes that year, and after working hard to get down to the weight, he failed by 2 lbs. "Mr. John" could not give the overweight away until he saw Mr. Batt, who, on being asked about it, said, "I will not give an ounce away." When "Mr. John" came back and conveyed Mr. Batt's words, Johnson, who had nothing on his stomach and being released of the mount, indulged in a sandwich to appease the pangs of hunger. Half an hour afterwards Mr. Batt, having failed to get a jockey, said Johnson could ride the horse, but when the lad got into the scales he had gained 6 lbs. in the half-hour as a result of eating the sandwich. To give that weight away was out of the question, so W. Chesterman, who even had to declare 2 lbs. overweight, got the mount and was beaten half a length by Whitebait. Bersagliere was spurred to such an extent between the girths and the shoulders that he could scarcely walk from the course. Johnson declares that he would certainly have won on Bersagliere, as he knew his peculiarities so well. He was a difficult horse to ride, as he bore away to one side tremendously and took a deal of keeping straight. Fred Bates always declares that Johnson was one of the best stablemen he ever came across, a tribute which, in a sense, reflects

upon the thoroughness which marked the training of the lads at Ashgill under the Osbornes.

Singularly enough, although he had made many an essay, it had never fallen to the lot of our hero to ride the winner of the Northumberland Plate. Well can we recall Stone Clink's victory in 1886, and the scene on the famous Gosforth enclosure in early morning. Morning gallops in these days of quick transit by train are a thing of the past, but, as showing how they have departed, and attempting to paint the scene, let us take the reader at break of day into the Park. Old James Colpitts, who had seen fifty Northumberland Plates, could tell many wonderful tales about the so-called "Pitman's Derby." The veteran drove the Newcastle coach in the good old days, and was mine host at the Grand Stand for many years. When the races were held on the Town Moor, we had listened to his story about how his Satanstone was beaten for the Cesarewitch, in what was the first race Jim Snowden—then a feather-weight—rode at Newmarket. A world of pleasure was derived from the old times on the Moor, with its long row of marquees and tents spread out, its gipsy encampments, its real old-fashioned racecourse appearance. But all that is absent at Gosforth nowadays, whether for the better or for worse one need not attempt to decide. Let the reader imagine himself in the lovely Gosforth demesne at four o'clock in the morning. How fresh and beautiful Nature is! The distant smoke of the "coaly toon" rises like a pall over its yet-sleeping citizens, and, though the business of morning gallopists is not exactly congenial to our taste, we are thankful that Nature, dressed as she is in her brightest summer vestments, creates a feeling of delight which com-

pensates for the trouble and inconvenience of quitting one's bed some half a day in advance of the customary hour. Whether Morpheus had been courted too early the previous night, or rather morning, or whether it was the seductive charm of host Alec Guild's nectar, or the genial company of a few trainers that caused us to break the laws of health, if not of temperance, need not be dwelt on. Recollections, somewhat confused, arise of the previous night's discussion about horses and the training of horses. A latter-day trainer—a red-hot Radical of trainers—no less a personage than John Henry Shepherd, we dimly recollect argued that if the old-fashioned trainers were to groom their horses better and give them less work, they would win more races. Of all men in the world, trainers are conservative and jealous of their professional knowledge. In the heat of the discussion up rose old Tom Green, of stately proportions, resenting with thundering voice so gross a libel from so unexpected a source. Will Sanderson was appealed to. "Is it not a reflection on our abilities that such aspersions should be made by John Henry?" "Pon my word," chimed in Paddy Drislane, "*it is, it is.*" William I'Anson, majestic, towering, and conciliatory, declined to arbitrate in so heated a debate, which waxed hotter and hotter. When we returned in the "wee sma' hours ayont the twal," the strident voice of Tom Green was uttering strong language of metaphor, in which it was laid down as a condition "that the heavens might fall or hell might open, John Henry Shepherd," who was the author of the attack on Tom's skill as a trainer, ere the wound to his pride would be healed. The heavens did not descend, nor were the gloomy portals of Hades opened, when the morning of the gallops at Gosforth found those worthies

up with the lark, friendly as ever, and oblivious of the terrible debate of the night before. John Osborne had been sleeping the sleep of the just during the hours "ayont the twal." He appears on the vernal scene, maintaining his reputation as the "early bird." He has a team of about a dozen animals on the course. "But," observes a bystander, to whom John's age had been stated, "that, surely, is no man of fifty-three years of age." We point out to him a youthful, active, pleasant-faced gentleman of some five feet in stature, and inform him of the fact that that is John Osborne, who has passed the wrong side of fifty; that he won the One Thousand in '56, Derby in '69, the Oaks and St. Leger in '74, and the St. Leger of '63, to which achievements as a horseman many a hundred more could be added. "Yes, that is John Osborne, trainer, breeder, owner, and jockey, lord of the manor of Bellerby, patron of a church, a man who rarely misses walking twenty miles a day to keep down his bodily weight so that he can follow the profession he loves so well; a man who is respectful to all, familiar with few; a man who knows the value of silence, and so is a wise man."

All along in our history John Osborne has been made the central figure, but it should be said, in justice to his brother William, that he had most to do with the preparation of the horses. William, through life, had been a comparative hermit at Ashgill, yet his kindness of heart resulted in his being idolised by his neighbours. Though a sportsman to the backbone, he was rarely, after his father's death in '65, seen on a racecourse. During our acquaintance of nearly thirty years, the writer did not meet him, except on one occasion, away from the old Yorkshire home. That occasion was the

North of England Coursing Meeting at Ripon in the year 1880. He was accompanied by his old friend, Mr. Harry Bragg, so long identified with Ashgill. We can well recollect when Harry won a bet of £6 to £4 laid against one of William Osborne's greyhounds running at the meeting, how he good-humouredly chuckled at "doing" us, as he put it, at "our own game."

Tapping William Osborne's memory, the following scattered utterances were gathered in the course of an hour's "crack":—

"I can remember Alice Hawthorn well: she was trained by Bob Heseltine at Hambleton. And there was Bee's-wing, she was trained by Bob Johnson. When we first came to Middleham, Smith trained at Glasgow House; he left there with the Duke of Cleveland's horses and went to Raby for a few years, and he died here at Middleham. The horses were all sold when the Duke of Cleveland died. Matthew Dawson, when he first came here, lived at Manor House, where Peacock now trains. He was about a year there, and he went to Brecongill with his brother Thomas; and before that Joseph and Thomas Dawson were at Brecongill. Matthew Dawson went up to Scotland to his father's place again, and then he came up with a horse called Pathfinder, and won a match at Catterick for £200 against Mr. Meiklen's Remedy. Both Joseph and John Dawson also trained for Lord Glasgow: he was a queer 'un as ever I saw was Lord Glasgow. He used to walk up and down kicking up a terrible row. Old Watson Lonsdale also trained for him. Lonsdale was a sort of



Photo by H. H. Nixon, New York, 1908

WILLIAM OSBORNE, ETAT SEVENTY-FOUR

hanger-on, and he married Mrs. Bob Johnson's mother. He had many trainers had Lord Glasgow. Let me see; he had Wm. Arnall and Charlie Farrer and Charlie Planner (who is the father of Bill Planner, now in France training for Count Berteux). Alec Taylor trained for him at Fyfield and Manton; John Scott he had two or three times; and my father had a few of his horses for a short time; he also had Wm. Dilly. He used to threaten and swear at his trainers and jockeys. Once he gave Tom Aldcroft a pair of buckskin breeches, and they found a £50 note in one of them. Nay, I cannot tell whether they gave it him back; he didn't want it anyhow. They tell me Mrs. Aldcroft has got married again. Old Mangles was at Brecongill; he built it. Tommy Lye built the house in Middleham where Mr. Miller ('Mentor') now lives, about 1837. In his day, Tommy Lye was just like what Fordham was in his; he married Tom Dawson's sister. John Dawson, after being at Middleham, went to Ilsley, and afterwards to Stork House, Lambourne. Charlie Jousiffe served part of his time with my father. He went to India, and came back and trained Bendigo, Kinsky, Chancellor, Surefoot, and Havock. He died when Surefoot was a three-year-old. Fred Bates served his time with Tom Dawson, and he rode a lot of good winners until he got too heavy. I forgot about telling you that Walters used to train four or five horses for Lord Glasgow. Poor fellow! he drowned himself at Radcliffe races; that would be in '52 or '53. We have sent some good jockeys out of Middle-

ham. There was Tom Chaloner, Harry Grimshaw, Bullock, Job Marson, Tommy Lye, John Cartwright, Hudson, the two Carrolls, Whiteley, Cameron, Thompson, Billy Grey, Hopper, Bruckshaw, Busby, Mills, Glover, Goodway, Platt, and Walter Wood. Of the older lot there was Bob Johnson, Job Marson, who used to ride for Lord Eglinton; Charlie Marlow, who came from Staffordshire—he used to ride ‘The Dutchman’ in his races. Johnny Prince lived with old Fobert, who came from North Wales. Jack Doyle was also with Fobert, and he used to ride La Touques, and won the Chester Cup on Tim Whiffler.

“Speaking about The Miner: he was tried before York August with Prince Arthur and Dr. Rooke, and won easily. The Miner did nothing as a two-year-old. At York, Ely beat him the first day. The Miner came out the next day, and he beat Blair Athol. I’ve heard say that old William I’Anson told Jim Snowden to watch Ely in the race, as he had no fear about The Miner beating Blair Athol; but The Miner was a good horse that day, and there was nothing fluke about him winning.

“Now, one of the best two-year-olds we ever had at Ashgill was Exact, by Lambton, but Saunterer, by Birdcatcher, was the best I think we ever had. We tried Lambton—a good horse when he was a two-year-old. We tried him before Christmas, and he won in a canter. He never had the breaking tackle on before that morning. Lambton was by The Cure, and I broke him in myself. Exact was a real good

'un, but she didn't improve as she went on. We had a horse called Xi; he won the Royal Hunt Cup on three legs. Captain Scott won a big stake on Gadabout when she won The Metropolitan; I think that was about '53. I remember 'The Dutchman' taking his gallops on the Moor. He always looked like as if he could go. Van Tromp was a good horse, but not so good as 'The Dutchman.' Lord Glasgow used to come to Middleham at night time; he used to post through from Scotland to London. His coachman could never drive fast enough for him. He used to put his head out of the window and cursed and swore, telling him to drive faster. When we were at Ashgill we generally got up between four and five o'clock in the morning in the summer, and we had most of the horses out on the Moor by that time. We always had plenty of work, and plenty of good cheese and bread, and plenty of good old ale. George Abdale would be with us in about '53; and then he went to Aske and trained for Lord Zetland. He was a good bit at Ashgill with us; and his brother Bill used to ride for Lord George Bentinck and the Duke of Richmond, when their horses were trained at Goodwood. Now, about my brother John, he's never worn a collar since he got married. Sometimes, maybe, he might wear one on a Sunday when he gets dressed up.

“Thorn and Grand Flaneur were tried before Newcastle. We considered Grand Flaneur would lose him, but the boot was on t'other leg. Thorn was a very fine-tempered horse; the other was a mad beast. Poor Tom Dawson, he

died in '80. Dr. Teale had operated upon him for some internal injury. He got up out of bed before he was better, and drove in a covered carriage to the High Moor to see a trial, and when he got back he became delirious, and never rallied afterwards. Ay, I can mind of the 'Pretender Ball' at Middleham. Tom was dancing with Lady Bolton; he was all covered with snuff, and when they were dancing the Highland reel, Tom cried, 'Hoich, hoich,' and swung round with her ladyship. She was mighty pleased with old Tom when he was crying out 'Hoich, hoich.' It would be in '87 that my brother Robert's house (Middleham Hall) took fire. He had been at Brecongill celebrating brother John's birthday. Coming homewards at midnight he saw the hall in flames, and the children had a narrow escape from being burnt to death.

"Yes, I can remember the accident on Middleham Moor in '47; it would be on the 23rd April that year. A string of Tom Dawson's horses were returning from exercise. A sudden flash of lightning killed the two first horses on the spot, together with one of the lads who was riding the first horse, the other, David Atkinson by name, escaping unhurt. Atkinson is still alive, and he is one of the 'touts' now on the Moor. The accident happened at the top of the 'Nailer's Gallop.'"

And so, in his declining years, did old William Osborne rummage up the cells of his impaired memory in disconnected fashion. His "crack" is reproduced just as 'twas given, minus the Yorkshire dialect, which

gave it a character that cannot be reproduced in black and white.

Now, reverting for a few moments to the Northumberland Plate of '86, Stone Clink and Nightcap, both though trained at Ashgill, belonged to totally different owners. We can quite believe that, though they did strong gallops together prior to the race, it was only from impressions and not from an actual trial that William Osborne preferred Nightcap's chance. That they both ran on their merits need not for a moment be canvassed. The fact is only stated to show the honesty that marked the brothers Osborne as trainers. Many a time and oft we have seen John Osborne as master and "Billy" Platt as head lad riding like demons against each other in a paltry selling plate, and the young 'un beating the old 'un. The narrow-minded will ask, "But was that policy?" No, in a certain sense, it was not; but 'twas honesty, which is always the best of policy. And that was the guiding principle of Ashgill, of John, and William, and Robert Osborne, three earnest, humble, and honest workers in the lot and channel in which Fortune had placed them. We are no great admirers of successful men, as the term "success" is often accepted. Rather do we believe in quiet, unobtrusive, meritorious workers, who only too often are thrust aside by ostentation and shallow-pated effrontery.

Stone Clink, by Speculum out of Stone Chat, was bred by Mr. Robert Vyner, and sent by him to Ashgill as a two-year-old in '84. Out of nine essays that season she won twice. She was heavily engaged the next season, and in her sixteen races she was six times successful, viz., in the Blankney Stakes at Lincoln, the Biennial at Gosforth, the Durham Handicap, the

Ganton Handicap, and a Handicap Plate at Scarbro', and the Roxburgh Handicap at Kelso. But her most sensational performances were in 1886, when she defeated the Malton horse, Selby, by a neck for the Northumberland Plate, and effected a sensational *coup* in the Cesarewitch. About this period Nightcap, Stoleaway, Boadicea, Chaucer, Stone Deaf, Dowry, Craig Royston, Alb, Londonderry, Miss Toto, The Interloper, Vellum, Warlabby (who turned out a speedy miler), and Gloriation (who was a two-year-old in '86), were winning races for the Ashgill stable.

For the Northumberland Plate of '86, Nightcap, as has been said, was preferred by William Osborne to Stone Clink, but his judgment was at fault, and the game daughter of Speculum gave Billy Platt his second success in the race, his first being on Victor Emanuel, who this year of '86 was sold by Lord Zetland and sent from Aske to France. It was the dam of Victor Emanuel that caused the death of Voltigeur.

Our hero was still riding many winners midway through the "eighties." At Gosforth Park June Meeting of '85, on Mr. C. Perkins's Glyndon, he rode a dead heat with Jim Snowden on Mr. T. Green's Bewdley. In the decider the betting was 11 to 8 on Glyndon, who was beaten a short head after a most desperate finish. Singularly enough, but another race intervened that afternoon, and Osborne rode a second dead heat on Stone Clink against Mr. Bowes's Winkelman (Bruckshaw up), the latter being beaten in the decider by half a length. This year, amongst many other successes, Osborne rode Blue Grass to victory in the Cumberland Plate, the Ashgill-trained Londonderry, ridden by Glover, having to put up with second place to the

American-bred horse, who had won the Northumberland Plate the week before.

If for nothing else, the Elemore Stakes, run at Durham on 20th July, 1885, will long be remembered for an accident which befel our hero. The runners were Mr. Vyner's Kiss Not, Lord Durham's Borderer, and Mr. Gladstone's filly by Blair Athol, out of Ambulance. Kiss Not had had a maiden allowance of 5 lbs., and was a strong favourite, ultimately winning cleverly from Borderer. Entering the straight, Osborne, who was riding the Ambulance filly, made his effort, next the rails, to take up a position with the leading pair. The filly ran bang against the post, the collision sending her spinning, followed by John coming down a terrible cropper. Quite a thrill went through the spectators when they saw the veteran helpless at the feet of the fallen quadruped. The anxiety as to his fate was not lessened when he was seen prostrate on the course. Speedily the sympathising crowd gathered round, and three medical men were on the spot a few seconds after the accident. Osborne was unable to speak, and much shaken. With creditable promptness the police had a stretcher on the spot, but the arrival of Lord Durham's 'bus led the doctors to adopt the latter mode of conveyance for the sufferer. Osborne was carefully laid in the bottom of the carriage, with Mr. N. Stephenson and the three medical men as the other occupants, and conveyed to the Three Tuns Hotel. The deepest sympathy was expressed all round for him, and the effects of the accident, as he related himself, did not pass away till months afterwards.

Our hero now tells the tale of his hairbreadth escapes in his own simple, vivid manner. That he has

had a full share of accidents in his calling the bare recital will demonstrate. The wonder is that John's "alive to tell the tale." Nothing but real English bulldog pluck, and a robust, well-trained constitution could have survived the mishaps. Here is the story—

"My first accident, worthy of the name, was at Carlisle in the year '49. It was in the Cumberland Plate. I was riding a five-year-old horse, which bolted with me inside the course. On my way across the Swifts a little boy on a pony came across my track and we collided, the result being that my horse fell. I was stunned a bit, but I rode on the following day.

"The next accident I had was at Doncaster Spring Meeting: that would be in 1850. In the race a horse struck into another's heels. I was riding a horse named Leonatus, belonging to Mr. Barton, and trained by old Mr. P'Anson. That occurred just half-way crossing the distance. The horse fell and I was thrown. I was stunned and had concussion of the brain that time. I came round about four o'clock the following day, but for a clear week was not in the saddle again. In the same year I had a fall at Chester. One of the horses ran into a post, and Wonder, the horse I was riding, came down. I was shaken a little in that affair.

"I steered pretty clear of accidents until about 1857, when I had a fall in the Dee Stakes at Chester with a horse named Glebe, belonging to my father. Something closed in upon me after passing the winning post the first time, and Glebe came down. I had concussion of the brain that time, and was unconscious till mid-

night. Two years afterwards—in '59—I was in an accident again on the Roodee. It was in the Dee Stakes again. Five of us fell. There was Somerside (Wells), Ben Bow (Ashmall), Maid of the Mist (T. Chaloner), and Cresswell was riding something else, and I was on Rainbow. Somerside struck into the heels of one of the horses. She was the first to fall, and caused the others to fall over her. I was behind her, and Rainbow, catching Somerside's quarters with his foot, came down. I was pitched clean out of the saddle and sent spinning over the rails: I picked myself up none the worse. Rainbow broke her neck. Somerside won the Oaks after that. Wells was seriously hurt; it was some time before he got better—two or three weeks. He just got over the accident in time to ride Musjid for the Derby that same year. Ashmall had his collar-bone broken, and he and Wells were taken to the hospital. Neither Cresswell nor Chaloner was much hurt.

“It was a long time before I had an accident of any moment after that, though I had a ‘slip-up’ now and then, but never much the worse of it. It was not until Durham, on 20th July, 1885, I got hurt. I was riding the filly by Blair Athol out of Ambulance. She slipped up just before she got to the end of the rails in the straight. My back must have struck the rails, because part of the rails where I fell was broken. I never saw the rails, but they told me they were broken afterwards. I was taken off the course in Lord Durham's 'bus to the Three Tuns Hotel, Durham, and lay there about ten

days. I was conscious within two minutes from falling, for I remembered the people coming round me. One man said, 'His back's broken.' Another said, 'Can he move his leg? If he cannot move his leg, his back's broken.' Then they first pulled one leg up and then the other, and then they agreed my back wasn't broken. And I was very glad to hear them say so. When I came into contact with the post I must have been in an upright position, because my back was bruised the whole length of it. If I had gone across the post my back must have been broken. When able to get up I was removed to Middleham, and it was a long time before I got right. The first time I got out was to go to Doncaster to buy a yearling for Mr. Gladstone. Even then I could scarcely walk. The doctor ordered me to ride if possible, and they got me a pony, but I could only ride him walking. Getting very little better even as late as December, I consulted the doctor, and he said there was nothing out of place. At last I went to 'Doctor' Hutton—you've heard of him, the great bone-setter? The 'Doctor' was at Manchester, and he at once took me in hand. He felt about my hips for a time, and he said, 'There it is; don't you feel it? I'll soon put you right.' He wanted to know if I would take ether before he worked on the place, which was out of joint, and I said, 'No, I will take my chance; I'll not have any ether.' He was soon performing upon me in the room. He turned the bedclothes off—it was in his own bedroom where he was staying at Manchester—and he

put me on the mattress. He twisted my leg right round into a certain position, and gave it a sudden jerk. He said, 'Did you feel anything?' I replied, 'No, but I heard it; I heard something snapping.' He says, 'Now, keep quiet for nine days, and then you can go and knock about as much as you like.' I did as he said, and, just nine days after, the hounds met at Leyburn, and I rode my old horse in a good run that day, though I still felt pain in the spot. But I felt better for it the next day, after which I soon got the muscles into play, and I felt no ill effects. I fancy 'Dr.' Hutton cured me. He was a marvellous man. We had a horse or two of his in training."

Lady Castlereagh injured herself in the Manchester Cup in 1886, and until the July of 1887 the mare was more or less a cripple. "Paddy" Drislane, her trainer, consulted all the veterinary surgeons in the countryside, but without any good result. As a last resort he went to "Doctor" R. H. Hutton, the mare accompanying him to London. This was on Friday, 1st July, 1887. On the Saturday following, "Dr." Hutton saw the mare. He at once discovered the seat of the injury to lie at the stifle joint, and in the twinkling of an eye he replaced the dislocated part. Drislane brought the mare back through London, and as she came along the streets she lashed out freely with both hind legs, a caper in which she had not indulged since her accident in the Manchester November Cup of 1886, above alluded to. Drislane declared that if "Dr." Hutton had lived in the beginning of the century he would have been burnt as a witch. "Dr." Hutton came to a sad end. He died on Saturday evening, 16th July, 1887, at University

College, London, from opium poisoning. He had been brought to the hospital that morning at ten o'clock, having taken, by mistake for a black draught, about one and a half ounces of "black drop," one of the strongest preparations of opium. He was a most remarkable man. Originally he hailed from Cumberland, but, settling down in London, he soon attained a world-wide celebrity from the marvellous cures he effected upon men and animals by his rare knowledge and skill as a "bone-setter." At the time of his death he was making a princely income, amongst his *clientèle* being the wealthiest and most learned in the land, who deserted the "Faculty" and found often enough that his practical, nay, almost inspired skill was more effective than the erudition of the professors of surgery and medicine. He regulated his fees according to the purse of his patients. If a poor man came, often enough no charge was made for services rendered. The rich, he found, struck the balance of his account. On one occasion, when the celebrated greyhound, Miss Glendyne, injured her toe after winning two courses in the Waterloo Cup, her owner, Mr. Charles Hibbert, the well-known Nottingham bookmaker, wired to the "Doctor," who was in Paris, to come to Altcar post haste to repair the injury. He travelled all night from Paris, and arrived on the coursing ground at Altcar the following morning just ten minutes too late. The time for Miss Glendyne to go to the slips had expired. Immediately the "Doctor" saw the bitch, he put her toe right in an instant and she walked as sound as ever she did. Had he arrived ten minutes earlier, she would have gone to slips, and in all probability won the Waterloo Cup outright, as she had done before. "Dr." Hutton had strong sporting proclivities, and ran a few

greyhounds and horses in his lifetime. Generous to a fault, and perhaps indifferent to the rules of correct living, his death was mourned by many warm friends and admirers. On all hands he was acknowledged to be a most marvellous wonder worker in his business, or art, or profession, whichever the fastidious may define the craft of bone-setting, which he practised with results far beyond any man ever known.

Resuming the chapter of mishaps, John relates—

“The next accident I had was when a policeman got in the way at the Hedon Meeting, near Hull. I was riding one of Drislane’s horses, and the policeman was on the course. Three of us were running head and head when the policeman came in the way. My mare caught the quarters of the policeman’s horse and she came down, injuring herself so much that she had to be destroyed. My collar-bone was broken, and I was the only one that came down. That occurred the year Nappa won the Ebor Handicap (1888).

“It was in Donovan’s year that I met with the accident at Pontefract, when my collar-bone was again broken; but five weeks after I was able to ride in the Whit week at Redcar.

“On 22nd July, 1891, I met with an accident at Liverpool. I was riding Cavendish. Tom Cannon was making the running, and something of Mr. Weever’s was laid alongside of him. Weldon, myself, and ‘Morny’ Cannon lay together behind. When we got to the turn, Weldon’s horse ran out and then squeezed in amongst us again. The horses’ legs got mixed somehow, and in the scrimmage I was the only

one that fell. I could have escaped—I saw it coming—by setting my horse a-going, but Weever's horse was in front. I didn't set my horse going, because I would have run into his heels. In getting up something struck into me: I was kicked on the back and had three ribs broken. It was three weeks before I was moved from Liverpool, and it was twelve days before they got the bleeding stopped, as the lungs were lacerated. It was not until the 12th August that I got out again. I rode at Doncaster in September. I rode Bosphorus in the St. Leger. That was my first mount after the accident, though before that I had been riding a bit at home."

Reappearing, after his long illness arising from the shaking he got in the Durham accident in the spring of 1886, Mr. Vyner's Gloriation credited Osborne with another win in the John o' Gaunt Plate at Manchester, the colt thus early indicating that excellence which was climaxed when he captured the Cambridgeshire in '87, carrying 7 st. 6 lb. and beating a field of nineteen others. Thus the stable, within a period of some twelve months, had won a Northumberland Plate, a Cesarewitch, and a Cambridgeshire, apart from many other races which it would be wearisome to dwell upon.

Stone Clink's Cesarewitch proved that an immense amount of money could still be won on the great back-end handicap. The mare was well backed by the Northerners, yet her owner a short time before the race accepted £5000 to £100 on one hand. That that wager could have been obtained several times over there was no question. An astute commissioner that morning could have backed her to win £25,000 or £30,000



MR. ROBERT C. VYNER

Photo. by A. M. Arza

without bringing her to a shorter price than 33 to 1, which was her starting quotation. What Stone Clink liked was a strong run race over a long course, and this she got both at Gosforth Park and Newmarket. A well-known Yankee speculator, who believed in the "time test," backed her for the Cesarewitch simply because of the time for the Northumberland Plate. Mr. Vyner, when he saw the Cesarewitch weights, was not at all pleased, and told Major Egerton that in allotting her 7 st. 7 lbs. he had not given her a chance. The late Duke of Beaufort never stood to win so much money on a race as he did on his sturdy little horse The Cob, and his defeat was a great blow to his Grace and his party. It looked all over but shouting, when coming across the flat The Cob took up the running and at the Bushes held a lead of several lengths. From that point, if Wall, who was on The Cob, had sat down and taken well hold of him, and been content to be in front without forcing him, he would have won. This was just what Stone Clink wanted. Half-way up the hill she challenged, and the three-year-old drew out a little again, and when Mr. Vyner's mare swerved, the race once more seemed as good as over for the Duke's colt. But Stone Clink had yet another effort left, and at the very last got the upper hand, Wall leaving off riding The Cob under the impression that he had reached the post. The Cob stopped, and was beaten a length, that being brought about in about two strides by Stone Clink. In the opinion of the jockeys the race was the fastest they had ever ridden in. Stone Clink's victory was well received, and justly so, for the Vyners' banner has ever been synonymous with integrity. Still, her success was a blow to the general body of backers, who never dreamt that her neck victory in the Northumber-

land Plate was meritorious enough to be followed by a Cesarewitch, more especially after her somewhat indifferent display in the Doncaster Cup, when she finished third to that wonderful little horse, The Bard, who beat St. Michael four lengths, the Ashgill mare's third being a bad one.

On the Thursday of the Cesarewitch week St. Gatien, the dead-heater in the Derby with Harvester two years before, beat Stone Clink in a canter for Her Majesty's Plate, and thus rehabilitated his character as a horse of class. It was a great humiliation to Newmarket to find Stone Clink upsetting all their calculations in the Cesarewitch. Poor Harry Luke, who, after riding Selby second to Stone Clink in the Northumberland Plate, was expatriated to America on the *douceur* of a thousand a year, was accused by many of throwing the race away on the Malton horse; but the Cesarewitch success of the mare demonstrated that she was a sterling good animal that day, and, furthermore, as clearly proved that Luke rode a good race on Selby. When St. Gatien and Stone Clink met in Her Majesty's Plate they were running at even weights over 2 miles 105 yards. Until a furlong from home Stone Clink had won that race, and it was only in the last hundred yards that St. Gatien, one of the best horses of his time, got the upper hand of Speculum's daughter. Some critics went so far as to cast reflections upon Mr. Vyner running his mare, alleging that he acted somewhat indiscreetly in asking her to run a Queen's Plate at even weights against a horse of St. Gatien's class after the pounding she got in her severe struggle in the Cesarewitch. Mr. Vyner has long been a bright and shining light of the Turf, and though he for a period had horses at Newmarket under the care of the late

Matthew Dawson, he has ever been loyal, as was his revered brother, Mr. "Clare," before him, to the Osbornes, and more particularly to "Mr. John." A devout student of equine genealogy, Mr. Vyner is also an astute judge of racing—one of the men that asserts his character and will over jockeys, trainers, and the ring alike. Possessed of a princely income and patrimony, with a clear, practical head on his shoulders, Mr. Vyner, to our way of thinking, is a typical patron of the Turf. Learned in pedigrees, and familiar with "M'Call," no understrapper can lead him aside from his convictions in regard to his own horses. If all race-horse owners were as clear-headed and as practical and as upright, we should not have to record of jockeys being the richest men at Newmarket, and that, too, with the aroma of the stable almost even yet clinging to their garments.

CHAPTER XIX

“He was a man, take him for all in all,
I shall not look upon his like again.”

A TRAGIC story now calls for recital in regard to a famous horseman who had met John Osborne in many a stirring contest. Fred Archer committed suicide on 8th November, 1886, and the news of the tragedy came as a great shock to the racing world. In the preceding month Archer visited Ireland on the 18th for the purpose of riding Cambusmore, for Lord Londonderry, in the Lord-Lieutenant's Plate at the Curragh. He attained the object of his visit, as Cambusmore won the race easily. After a couple of other mounts the same afternoon, he returned home three days later, in order to ride St. Mirin for the Cambridgeshire at something like the horse's handicap weight. He underwent great privation, going for three days without food, not a bite of any sort passing through his lips, whilst on the other hand he saturated himself with trying medicines, and spent part of the time in a Turkish bath attached to his private house. By these means he was able to ride St. Mirin at 8 st. 7 lbs., or 1 lb. overweight, in the Cambridgeshire, but the effort cost him his life, as he fell into such a weak state of health that, after riding at Brighton, and on the first day of Lewes Meeting, he had his last mount on 4th November,

1886, on Tommy Tittlemouse at the last-named place in the Castle Plate, in which he was unplaced to Indian Star. When Archer returned from Lewes, feeling ill, he retired to his bed. His medical attendant, as, indeed, did Archer himself, thought that he had caught a chill, and though they were apprehensive that some troublesome disorder might develop, his friends were scarcely prepared for the serious turn his illness took. Between the previous Saturday and Sunday unmistakable symptoms of typhoid fever asserted themselves. Whilst his once robust constitution was affected, a still more serious symptom was seen in its effect upon his mind. About twenty-five minutes after two o'clock on the afternoon of Monday, 8th November, 1886, Archer's nurse left him alone with his sister, Mrs. Colman, in order that the latter might have some private talk with him. At a moment when Mrs. Colman was looking out of the window, Archer suddenly got out of bed and seized a revolver which was in the room. Mrs. Colman sprang towards him, but he was too quick for her, for, as she caught hold of him, he instantly put the barrel of the revolver in his mouth and fired. He sank bleeding and dying in her arms. Though overwhelmed with the fearful sight, his poor sister tottered to the bell and rang for assistance, which was quickly at hand, but unavailing. The bullet had passed out of the back of the neck, and blood was flowing profusely from the mouth and ears. A doctor, who speedily arrived, pronounced the greatest jockey of his time to be dead. His tragic end caused the deepest emotion, surprise, and sorrow amongst the followers of the Turf. In explanation of the revolver being in his room, it was stated that he had bought it in consequence of the exposed situation of his residence, and because of some

attentions he had just received from burglars. Archer's wife, *née* Miss Rose Dawson, predeceased him two years, leaving one child, a little girl. The famous horseman was within two months of completing his thirtieth birthday. His height was 5 feet 8 inches—considerably above that of the average jockey—and his stature seemed greater by reason of his slimness. The perpetual strain of training had undoubtedly prejudicially affected his constitution, none too robust to commence with. His nearest friends had seen a change in him during the preceding twelve months, and the malignant typhoid found a ready victim, the fever flying to his head. Dr. Wright, his medical attendant, had examined him only an hour before his death, but anticipated no delirium.

Archer was born at Cheltenham on 11th January, 1857. His father was a steeplechase jockey of some repute; and he had two brothers, William, his senior, who was killed at Cheltenham Steeplechases in 1878, and Charles, the present Newmarket trainer, who, in his day, was a jockey of considerable talent. The love of horse riding was instinct in him from childhood, and his introduction to Matthew Dawson's stable formed the link which connected his fortunes with those of Lord Falmouth and Matthew Dawson.

In the latter part of his career it was quite usual for Archer to receive retainers of £2000 for the first call on his service, whilst for the second £1000 had been paid, and for the third £500. Rumour enlarged these amounts, and it was well known that the late Duchess of Montrose would have granted him almost his own sum for the priority of claim.

As a judge of pace, he was unsurpassed by any jockey in his day. He had the finest of hands, with

marvellous resolution, which he had the mysterious power of communicating to the horses he rode. This was shown in his efforts, over and over again, on moderate animals which failed in the hands of inferior jockeys, and which were successful when under his pilotage. During his career Archer rode no fewer than 2447 winners.

Never was there a more popular man or a more painstaking jockey. Hardly was he ever known to throw a chance away; and though his seat was not perfect, he was matchless for courage and resolution, and particularly over the Epsom course did these attributes bring him into prominence. Epsom was often the scene of his most brilliant efforts, his dash round Tattenham Corner, which tries the nerve of the strongest jockey, frequently winning him many a race. One of his best finishes in the Derby was when he rode Bend Or, and beat Robert the Devil, in 1880. In attempting to take his place at Tattenham Corner on Bend Or Archer was driven into the rails, and for fifty yards had to ride with his left leg on the horse's neck. "I would not have given five shillings for my chance then," he was heard to observe afterwards, and at the "Bell" it seemed poundage on Robert the Devil winning easily; but we can well remember the tremendous resolution with which Archer rode the Duke of Westminster's bronze chestnut to win on the post by a short head.

No doubt his death was largely due to the light-weight racing system, and it would have been far better, writes Mr. John Corlett, had the Bill introduced into the House of Lords by the late Lord Redesdale in 1860 been carried. The lowest weight carried by a racehorse should be 6 st. 7 lbs., and were this the case our best

horsemen would be enabled to follow their profession untrammelled with the compulsion of dragging the flesh from off their bones by means of starvation and wasting. We had already seen, in the case of Giles, that an artificial reduction of bodily weight is calculated to unhinge the mind; and had Archer not reduced himself in order to ride St. Mirin for the Cambridgeshire, we might have had him with us now. In all probability he was never more confident of winning a race, and it is certain that he never tried harder. The Cambridgeshire was the only important race he had never won, and his words were singularly prophetic when he observed to Mr. Corlett the evening before, "If I cannot win it to-morrow I will never try again." Poor fellow! a fortnight later he was a corpse. The worldly wealth of which he died possessed was unduly magnified. After paying legacies, of which there were a few, something like £50,000 was left in 3 per cents. to accumulate for "little Nell," who was placed under the guardianship of her aunt, Mrs. Colman. The scene at Archer's grave was a touching one, and so many wreaths had been sent by friends and acquaintances to the house that it is no exaggeration to say that they would have covered an acre of ground.

One of Archer's bosom friends, and a frequent guest at his table, was a well-known member of the Metropolitan sporting press. A few weeks before his untimely end Archer confessed to this friend that he would have been a happier, richer, and better man if he had never betted a shilling in his life. The fact is well known, even in the face of the Jockey Club ban, that many of our leading jockeys bet heavily. Archer often plunged on his mounts, and the idea became crystallised as an illusory fact that, being so fine a judge of a horse,

apart from his phenomenal skill as a horseman, added to the fact that by force of circumstances he was in "the know" of many Turf secrets of importance, the bulk of his fortune was amassed by his success as a gambler. That idea is completely exploded by Archer's confession above mentioned to his journalistic friend; nor was there ever a more persuasive sermon preached against the madness of people, especially those outside of the inner circle, trying to gain a competency by backing horses. If Archer failed in his betting transactions, who could succeed? Yet the fact remains that a few of the coterie who clung to the great jockey amassed wealth by following his mounts. But these were the men who never lost their judgment or cool calculation in the heat of their gambling passion.

Returning from Kempton Park champion coursing meeting the year that the late Mr. S. H. Hyde's deaf greyhound, Ballangeich, won the prize, Archer was travelling to town along with three notable brothers of the pigskin. One of his companions, who shall be nameless, was wearing a breast-pin of peculiar shape. "I have often wondered," inquired "The Tinman," addressing the jockey, "what that pin is you wear always in your scarf." "Oh, don't you know that's a tooth of old —— (naming the horse), when I rode him second in the Derby." "Is that so?" queried Archer. "By heavens! you must have been holding him blooming hard then when you pulled a tooth out of his head."

At one time it was accepted as fact that Archer refused an offer of marriage from no less a personage than the late Duchess of Montrose, who raced under the *nom de cours* of "Mr. Manton." Her Grace was distinguished for marked strength of will and devotion to

horse racing. In the Jubilee year, Dick Marsh, the trainer, was once accosted by the Duchess at Newmarket. "Well, Marsh," she asked, "what will win these two races to-day?" mentioning a couple of events. "Well, your Grace," said Marsh, naming two horses he fancied, "I think So-and-So will win the first, and So-and-So the second." "But," retorted the peeress, "these are newspaper tips," and she turned away superciliously. It so happened that the two horses named by Marsh won their respective races in a canter. The following day the Duchess again asked him, "What will win these two races to-day?" With a touch of waggish humour Marsh replied, "Oh, your Grace, I haven't seen the newspapers to-day and can't tell you." The late Major Egerton was a man of enormous proportions, weighing certainly over twenty stones avoirdupois. On one occasion he did not please the Duchess by the weight he gave one of her horses. The Major got it straight the next day, as follows:—"I think, Major, you have been handicapping my horse to ride him yourself."

Quartus, by Tertius, out of Chaos, was bred by John Osborne at Brecongill in 1887. He was so very handsome and promising as a yearling that old Harry Hall, who was then the occupant of Spigot Lodge, which is only a stone's throw from Brecongill, cast longing eyes upon him. Harry wanted to buy him in the spring as a yearling, but was choked off when John asked £300. Not wishful to disclose his hand, Harry repeatedly was at John to sell during the succeeding twelve months, each time the question was asked the price going up, Harry as often ridiculing the idea of the yearling being worth so much. From £300 the price gradually rose to

£400, from that to £600, until Harry's eyes almost started out of his head when John put £1000 on the colt in the following spring before he had run as a two-year-old. Thus, after twelve months' "nagging," Harry got Quartus for the £1000, receiving £25 out of the thousand as a *douceur*. Now, John was well satisfied with what he considered a good price for Quartus. But the wily old tenant of Spigot Lodge held the trump card all through the deal. At that period old Harry was, in a way, connected with "Squire" Abington and had a sort of roving commission to buy good horses. No doubt Quartus had been well tried by Hall, as, indeed, he told us himself three days before he ended his career at Spigot Lodge; nor did the old man fail to let the wealthy squire know all about him. The result was that within a few weeks of giving John Osborne the £1000, "Squire" Abington became the owner of Quartus for five times that amount. A smart deal on the part of Harry, who used to gloat in telling the story of how he had done "Master John" in the matter. Quartus turned out a failure for "The Squire," who soon got tired of him and parted with him for a nominal sum, the horse coming back to Harry Hall again and doing stud duty at Middleham.

Only on two occasions was it known of John Osborne to so lose his temper as to raise his whip against an offender. The first was at Manchester, as far back as the later "fifties," when one of the jockeys in the race attempted to pitch him over the rails. On coming back to the paddock the offender received some whacks from John's whip, which would teach him a lesson, let it be hoped, to behave himself in good company for the future. The second instance in which he raised his hand was at Musselburgh some years later. He was riding a warm

favourite and went quietly down to the post. The flag was dropped before he got his mount fairly turned round, and losing several lengths he never was in the race. On coming back to the paddock, one of the crowd charged him with having pulled the mare. It may be imagined that John was in no equable temper with himself at having been left at the post on a favourite, and, stinging under the unjust accusation of the man, he dismounted in hot rage and administered to him a sound thrashing with the whalebone.

But getting back to our original line, let it be stated that John Osborne rode in two memorable races in 1887—the Jubilee Cup and the Hardwicke Stakes at Ascot. In the former event he steered Mr. Vyner's great horse Minting, beating St. Mirin, Aintree, Bendigo, and Forio. But the struggle in the Hardwicke Stakes was invested with an importance never equalled in the stirring history of the race. Minting, four years, 9 st. 10 lb., with Osborne up, succumbed to the mighty Ormonde, four years, 9 st. 10 lb., piloted by Tom Cannon; the other runners being Bendigo, aged, 9 st. 12 lb., and Phil, three years, 7 st. 12 lb. The betting was 5 to 4 on Ormonde, 7 to 4 against Minting, 100 to 8 against Bendigo, and 100 to 7 against Phil. The excitement while the son of Lord Lyon and the son of Bend Or were fighting out the last fifty yards of the battle was painful in its intensity, a relief only being felt when the Duke's colours flashed past the post with the advantage of a neck. All other features of the Ascot programme sank into insignificance as compared with this truly great race. John Porter did not conceal the fact that Ormonde was better than ever over a mile, but entertained a doubt as to whether the roaring infirmity would

affect him over the mile and a half. Both Ormonde and Minting had won their trials during the week in decisive fashion, and the "Two Thousand" battle was to be fought over again to the death. Then, in regard to Bendigo, the critics were disposed to renew their admiration for him as a foe worthy of the steel of the two great four-year-olds. They queried, "Would the handicap horse be found of better class than the aristocratic champion?" In his notes on the race at the time, Mr. Corlett said, "John Osborne, who never rode a better race in his life, and who, notwithstanding he had celebrated his jubilee, can still teach the youngsters something, sent Minting along as hard as he could pelt with the obvious intent of finding out the weak spot in Ormonde, should it exist. Bendigo, meanwhile, though always upsides with the other twain, never gave one the impression of actually going to win, though many of those that said so felt queer when he made his final challenge. Minting had kept his forced lead till past the bottom turn, where Ormonde came up and overhauled him. It is just possible that Osborne kept a little bit up his sleeve at that point, for the ways of the 'Old Pusher' are marvellous, and it was undoubted that Minting looked like coming away again two hundred yards from the finish. At the same moment, Bendigo made his effort, but the two juniors went away from him at once. The Duke's colt came again under Cannon's velvet hands, not to mention the very vigorous application of the 'gaffs,' while Minting got a couple of solid rib benders that he would not forget in a hurry. Ormonde, however, running on straight as possible, won by a neck. Why on earth a usually phlegmatic crowd of Britons took occasion to go stark, staring mad is rather more than can be readily explained. Certain,

on this occasion the British public took leave of its senses, and did a good old-fashioned yell and bellow and general kick-up, tearing around in a way that would not have discredited an excitable crowd on the Champ de Mars or Donnybrook Fair. Old gentlemen skipped like young rams; elderly, and otherwise staid matrons, leapt in the air in a way calculated to rejoice the hearts of the hatters; and altogether there was the most unexampled pow-wow and jamboree that has ever been witnessed by the present generation of Turfites. Not only was Ormonde mobbed, but Minting and Bendigo were surrounded by the excited, cheering crowd. Never on any racecourse had been seen such tumultuous enthusiasm as at the finish of this Hardwicke Stakes."

A lull came in the fortunes of the stable about this period. Soon, however, the patronage of the Vyners restored them. Stone Clink by Speculum—Stone Chat, and Alb by Speculum—Silver Band, both foaled in '82, soon began to win races. And the stable was reinforced by a useful horse in Gloriation by Speculum—Gloria foaled in '84. Each of them was sent to the Osbornes as "young things."

Stone Clink stamped herself as a good mare by winning the Northumberland Plate and the Cesarewitch in '86, Gloriation carrying 7 st. 6 lbs., winning the Cambridgeshire the following year. He was afterwards sold by Mr. Robert Vyner, and went to Buenos Ayres, where he won a few races. Lily of Lumley won them some good stakes, including the Manchester Cup and the Manchester November Handicap. She is returned in the stud book as being got by Thurio or Uncas, but according to John's opinion was, without doubt, by Thurio.

“Uncas went wrong about the time and she was covered six weeks later by Thurio, then by Uncas, and she came to Thurio’s time as a June filly. She was bred by my brother Robert, as was Countess Lilian, who was a year older. A useful mare, too, she was, and sold to Mr. Robert Todd for breeding purposes. She died in the spring of ’99 at the Fairfield stud, after foaling a dead colt by Aperse, her best produce being Yorkmint and Serapion.”

Gloriation, by Speculum out of Gloria, was a three-year-old, trained by the Osbornes when he won the Cambridgeshire, carrying 7 st. 6 lbs., in 1887. He was bred and owned by Mr. Robert Vyner. His form as a two-year-old was not so brilliant as that he revealed in his three-year-old season of 1887, when he carried nearly everything before him. That year he won the Nottingham Spring Handicap, the Doveridge Cup at Derby; at Newcastle Summer Meeting he was beaten at even weights for the Gold Cup by Lady Muncaster, after which he won the Triennial Private Sweepstakes and the great National Breeders’ Foal Stakes, for which he was disqualified for carrying the wrong weight. Subsequently he won the Breeders’ St. Leger at Derby September Meeting, the Doncaster Stakes at Doncaster September Meeting, and the Grand Duke Michael Stakes at Newmarket First October; then in the Cambridgeshire week he won the Free Handicap, beating Martley, conceding 7 lbs., by a head, the tussle between Glover on Mr. Vyner’s colt and F. Barrett on Martley being a desperate affair. He ran twice in the spring of 1888, and was then expatriated to South America.

Gloriation's victory in the Cambridgeshire was a surprise to the majority of people, many considering him a lucky horse to win, being under the impression that had John Osborne come sooner on Bendigo the latter would have beaten him. An extraordinary distance of ground was made up by Bendigo in the last half furlong, and Judge Clark said that in another twenty yards, instead of being beaten half a length, Bendigo would have won by that distance. As is often the case when a jockey rides into the provoking place of second, unkind things were said about the way in which John Osborne rode Bendigo on the occasion, some even going so far as to hint that he was not too anxious to win when he saw Glover in front on a horse trained by himself. But, as was clearly proved, at that time Osborne got as much out of Bendigo that day as ever had been got out of him by any jockey before. Bendigo had now taken part in four Cambridgeshires, one of which he won; in the other three he was second. In the opinion of Jousiffe, who trained him, he ought to have won the lot. It was the bad start he got that enabled Florence to beat him by a head; and when he succumbed to Plaisanterie, he was badly disappointed when attempting to get an opening to win the race. Horses carrying heavy weights, such as Bendigo did, are always at a disadvantage in a race like the Cambridgeshire. The jockey is bound to wait, and thus has to run the gauntlet of being shut in. Such was his luck against Gloriation, as it had been with Plaisanterie. Beaten though he was, Bendigo established a record, his performance surpassing the performance of Sterling in the same race, a fact which set at naught the grumblings and suspicions in regard to Osborne's riding.

No doubt Gloriation was a game horse, and it was this attribute that assisted to beat Martley, as it did Bendigo.

GLORIATION'S CAMBRIDGESHIRE, Tuesday, 25th October,
1887.

The CAMBRIDGESHIRE STAKES of 25 sovs. each, 10 ft. and only 5 sovs. entrance if declared, with 500 sovs. added. Cambridgeshire course (1 mile 240 yards).

Mr. R. Vyner's Gloriation, by Speculum—Gloria, 3 yrs., 7 st. 6 lb.,	Glover 1
Mr. H. T. Barclay's Bendigo, by Ben Battle—Hasty Girl, aged, 9 st. 13 lb.,	J. Osborne 2
Mr. A. B. Carr's Quicksand, by Silurian—Poetic, 3 yrs., 5 st. 5 lb. (all'd. 5 lb.),	Madden 3
Duke of Westminster's St. Mirin, 4 yrs., 8 st. 12 lb.,	T. Cannon 0
Mr. Somers' Carlton, 4 yrs., 6 st. 10 lb.,	G. Barrett 0
Mr. Childwick's Harpenden, 4 yrs., 8 st. 8 lb.,	Watts 0
Mr. Manton's Gay Hermit, 4 yrs., 6 st. 7 lb.,	F. Barrett 0
Lord Rodney's Humewood, 3 yrs., 8 st. 5 lb. (14 lb. extra), Mr. Fern's The Baron, 3 yrs., 7 st. 13 lb.,	Robinson 0
Duke of Beaufort's Rêve d'Or, 3 yrs., 7 st. 9 lb.,	Fagan 0
General O. Williams' Hambletonian, 6 yrs., 7 st. 7 lb. (cd. 7 st. 10 lb.),	Rickaby 0
Mr. Smithwick's Kilereene, 5 yrs., 7 st. 7 lb.,	C. Wood 0
Mr. J. Daley's Tyrone, 4 yrs., 7 st. 6 lb.,	F. Sharp 0
Lord Bradford's Isobar, 5 yrs., 7 st. 4 lb.,	Warne 0
Mr. Lambert's Canterbury, 3 yrs., 6 st. 10 lb. (cd. 6 st. 12 lb.),	Wall 0
Mr. A. W. Merry's Edipus, 4 yrs., 6 st. 10 lb.,	Calder 0
Mr. R. Sherwood's Bessie, 3 yrs., 6 st. 8 lb.,	M. Cannon 0
Lord Durham's Cabal, 3 yrs., 6 st. 4 lb.,	Millen 0
Mr. J. Snarry's Jersey Lily, 3 yrs., 6 st. 2 lb.,	Blake 0
Prince Solytkoff's Luciana, 3 yrs., 6 st. 11 lb. (all'd. 5 lb.),	G. Chaloner 0
	Gammage 0

Betting—5 to 1 against Humewood, 6 to 1 against St. Mirin, 7 to 1 against Carlton, 9 to 1 against Harpenden, 100 to 9 against Bendigo, 200 to 16 against Gay Hermit, 100 to 7 against Rêve d'Or, 20 to 1 against Isobar, 25 to 1 against Bessie, 40 to 1 against Gloriation, 40 to 1 against Canterbury, 40 to 1 against The Baron, 40 to 1 against Jersey Lily, 100 to 1 against Kilereene, 100 to 1 against Quicksand, 100 to 1 against Hawkeye, 1000 to 8 against Tyrone, 1000 to 8 against Edipus, 1000 to 8 against Cabal, 1000 to 8 against Luciana. Won by half a length; a head between second and third.

Out of a total of two hundred mounts this season, "Mr. John" caught the judge's eye on twenty-nine

occasions. One of his most notable efforts was winning the Newcastle Handicap at Gosforth Park on Mr. Vyner's Alb, the race producing a grand set-to between him and Jim Snowden, who had the leg-up on Mr. F. W. Lambton's Mischief. At the distance, Mischief was slightly in front of Ingoldis and Alb, on whom John was waiting patiently, creeping up. It was a desperate finish amongst the trio, but Osborne, with one of his Chifney rushes in the last few strides, squeezed Alb through on the rails and won on the post by a head from Mischief, who beat Ingoldis a neck in their places. This was just a finish characteristic of "The Pusher." The veteran was all over smiles when he came back to the paddock. Even the usually unimpressionable face of Mr. Vyner himself did not fail to show the satisfaction which he felt, most probably as much for the jockey as he did for his beautiful mare.

Mr. Vyner, who rarely had more than half a dozen horses in training, had reason to be satisfied with his good fortune at this period of his career. He had won, in about a year, the St. Leger with The Lambkin, the Cesarewitch and the Cambridgeshire, and a Northumberland Plate, to say nothing of the many races which Hagioscope gained for him; while few men ever owned a better horse than Minting.

Our hero was in the fifty-sixth year of his age, and had entered upon his forty-third as a professional horseman when he rode the Duke of Portland's Ayrshire to victory in the Two Thousand Guineas of 1888. This was his sixth success in the first of the "classics," having already won on Vedette in '57, Pretender in '69, Bothwell in '71, Prince Charlie in '72, and Camballo in '75. Ayrshire's, like Prince Charlie's, was a

chance mount for him. This year Mr. Rothschild had the first call on the services of Fred Barrett, and it was feared that that since-deceased jockey might be wanted for one of his horses; hence the Duke of Portland made assurance doubly sure by retaining the old-time jockey, with a result that well rewarded the selection.

AYRSHIRE'S TWO THOUSAND, 1887.

The Two THOUSAND GUINEAS STAKES, a subscription of 100 sovs. each, h. ft. for three-year-olds; colts, 9 st., fillies, 8 st. 9 lb.; the owner of the second to receive 200 sovs. out of the stakes, and the third to save stake. Rowley mile (1 mile 17 yards).

Duke of Portland's Ayrshire, by Hampton—Atalanta, . . .	J. Osborne	1
Duke of Portland's Johnny Morgan, by Springfield— Lady Mar,	F. Barrett	2
Duke of Westminster's Orbit, by Bend Or—Fair Alice, . . .	F. Webb	3
Sir F. Johnstone's Friar's Balsam, by Hermit—Flower of Dorset,	T. Cannon	0
Mr. Vyner's Crowberry, by Posebery—Lizzie Lindsay, . . .	Robinson	0
Duke of Westminster's Ossory, by Bend Or—Lily Agnes, . . .	R. Viney	0

Betting—3 to 1 on Friar's Balsam, 100 to 12 against Ayrshire, 100 to 8 against Orbit, 100 to 7 against Crowberry, 100 to 6 against Johnny Morgan, 50 to 1 against Ossory. Place betting (one, two)—9 to 2 on Friar's Balsam, 11 to 8 against Ayrshire, 6 to 4 against Orbit, 2 to 1 against Crowberry, 4 to 1 against Johnny Morgan, 8 to 1 against Ossory.

THE RACE.

The half-dozen runners assembled at the post a few minutes before the time appointed for the race to take place, and the flag was no sooner hoisted than it was lowered again, the lot being sent on their journey at the first attempt, to a good start. Johnny Morgan, who was started to make the running for Ayrshire, immediately drew to the front, and was closely followed by Ossory, the pair being clear of Ayrshire on the right and Friar's Balsam and Orbit on the left, with Crowberry last on the far side. They ran in this order for little over half the journey, where Ossory dropped away beaten, and Johnny Morgan came over the Bushes Hill just in front of Ayrshire, with Friar's Balsam, Orbit, and Crowberry at their heels, Ossory now being several lengths in the rear. Immediately the descent was made, Friar's Balsam was well beaten, and Johnny Morgan was followed down the hill by Ayrshire, while Orbit and Crowberry had both passed the favourite before the Abington Dip was reached, at which point Ayrshire had the race won, and, striding away from his stable companion rising the hill, won very easily by two lengths from Johnny Morgan, who finished a head only in advance of Orbit, who was third; Crowberry was placed fourth, about a neck behind Orbit and just clear of Friar's Balsam, while Ossory, who finished last, was beaten off. Time, 1 minute 52½ seconds.

PEDIGREE OF AYRSHIRE.

AYRSHIRE 1885.	Hampton 1872	Lord Clifden 1860	{	Newminster 1848	{	Touchstone	{	Camel		
				Beeswing		Banter				
		Lady Langden 1868	{	The Slave 1852	{	Melbourne	{	Dr. Syntax	{	Ardrossan mare
				Volley		Humphrey Clinker				
		Atalanta 1878	Galopin 1872	{	{	Kettledrum 1858	{	Rataplan	{	Voltaire
						Hybla		Martha Lynn		
	Feronia 1863		{	{	{	Haricot 1847	{	Mango or Lanercost	{	The Baron
						Queen Mary		Provost		
	Atalanta 1878	Galopin 1872	{	{	Vedette 1854	{	Voltigeur	{	Otisma	
					Mrs. Ridgway		Liverpool			
Feronia 1863		{	{	{	Flying Duchess 1853	{	The Flying Dutchman	{	Otis	
					Merope		Gladiator			
Feronia 1863	{	{	{	Thormanby 1857	{	Windhound or Melbourne	{	Penipotentary mare		
				Alice		Voltaire				
Feronia 1863	{	{	{	Woodbine 1860	{	Hawthorne	{	Martha Lynn		
				Honeysuckle		Birdcatcher				
						Bay Middleton		Nan Dayrell		
						Barbelle		Juniper mare		
						Voltaire		Pantaloon		
						Merope		Phyrne		
								Muley Moloch		
								Rebecca		
								The Baron		
								Pocahontas		
								Touchstone		
								Beeswing		

The overthrow of so tremendous a favourite as Friar's Balsam created a profound impression, and the amount of money lost over him would have built a war-ship. Though a horse of small stature, he was a splendid specimen of the thoroughbred. He left off in his two-year-old season with an exceptionally brilliant reputation of being the best of his year; and as it was taken for granted that he had wintered well, the assumption was that there was nothing in the Two Thousand to extend him. Reports from Kingsclere from time to time had been most favourable, and not only did John Porter consider him one of the best horses he ever had in his stable, but a short time prior

to the race he had left all his schoolmates lengths behind him. Rumours were circulated in the London clubs a few days before the contest that "a screw was loose" with the colt, but so little attention was paid to them that his market position was unimpaired. "The Friar" was locked up in Gilbert's stable at Newmarket and carefully guarded overnight; indeed, the first opportunity the public had of seeing the favourite was when he went to the post. Then he hung his head in listless fashion, and cantered so sluggishly that his warmest admirers began to doubt. He jumped off with his horses when the flag fell, but he declined to take hold of his bit, and he appeared as dead as ditch water. The secret of his deterioration soon oozed out. He had been suffering greatly from his teeth, and he had, what is not uncommon to thoroughbreds—abscesses in the jaw. One of these abscesses burst soon after the start, and his mouth being filled with blood and matter, the poor brute was nigh choked for a time. Thus was Ayrshire enabled to score an easy victory. "The Friar" was scratched for the Derby, in which Ayrshire, ridden by Fred Barrett, triumphed over Mr. Vyner's Crowberry, ridden by Osborne, by two lengths, in what was probably one of the weakest fields ever seen for the great Epsom struggle.

Ashgill and Brecongill had no bright particular star under their roofs in '88, yet the three-year-old Fallow Chat and the two-year-old Redsand won several races for Mr. Vyner, as also did Fabiola, on whom John gained winning brackets at Thirsk, Newmarket, and Chester. Other useful inmates were Derwentwater and Nightcap, on whom he won the Great West Riding Handicap at Pontefract. He was still riding winners for his employer, Sir Robert Jardine, Stronvar and

Duncraggan giving him successful mounts at Liverpool, and Fallow Chat got him home at Manchester in the De Trafford Handicap. He also picked up several minor events on Spearmint, the Rous Memorial on Sir Robert Jardine's Sweet Briar, and Warlaby got him home in the Corinthian Plate at headquarters. But a check to his duties in the saddle came with the accident to him on Hull racecourse. It happened on 25th August, 1888, in the Yarborough Handicap, a six furlongs race. About fifty yards from the finish there was a mounted policeman whose horse whipped from the rails as the horses were pounding along. Jessie, with Osborne up, ran bang into the policeman's horse, and instantly the jockey was *hors de combat*. At the instant of the accident, Finlay, Fagan, Osborne, and Bruckshaw were racing together, and it was marvellous how Fagan escaped; he was only saved by Primavere jumping over the prostrate Jessie and her unfortunate jockey. Osborne was carried to the weighing-room, where three doctors were immediately in attendance. Pale as death from the shock, John retained his consciousness. His shoulder was dislocated, and the process of re-setting was skilfully done, the patient bearing up under the ordeal without uttering a whimper. Happily no bones were broken, and, needless to say, the deepest sympathy was expressed for the veteran.

On the same afternoon, and the next race after the accident, was decided on the Hull course the Great Eastern Handicap. The favourites were Mr. T. Spence's Lobster and Mr. P. Fing's Warlaby, the latter trained by "Paddy" Drislane. Warlaby was bred and originally raced by Mr. Robert Osborne, for whom he won several races prior to selling him. It was a "hammer and tongs" finish between Warlaby and

Lobster, the former winning by a neck. On returning to scale, Fagan, who rode Lobster, lodged an objection against Chandley, who had the mount on Warlaby, for boring. The late Sir John Astley and two local stewards adjudicated; the objection was sustained, and the race awarded to Lobster. Whatever boring there might have been, not a single spectator saw it from the stand. To say the least of it, the decision was an unhappy one and created no end of dissatisfaction. When the disqualification became known a furious passage at arms took place between Tom Spence and "Paddy" Drislane. The latter's "Irish blood" was up and he offered to match Warlaby to run Lobster at the same weights, over the same course for a thousand aside, at York, the following week. Both combatants went into the weighing-room in a terrible state of excitement, but Mr. Spence retired, declining to sign the proffered document to bind the match, Drislane being left in possession to fret and fume, to swear all sorts of things against the meeting, the stewards, and everybody else. Much sympathy was expressed for the "Grand Old Man" of Middleham, who had ample reason to feel sore at what was a most cruel decision against him. Doubtless his anger was accentuated all the more by losing his mare Jessie in the preceding Yarborough Handicap.

Of the many stories clinging to James, or "Paddy," Drislane, as he was familiarly dubbed, the following illustrates what a chapter of misfortunes can befall a man "out of luck" within the space of twenty-four hours. The incidents happened in 1875—the year Mr. Tom Holmes's "rat of a mare" won the Northumberland Plate from end to end in fetlock-deep going, her jockey, Harry Morgan, in the white jacket of the

Jarrow sportsman, being the only horseman that presented a respectable appearance after the race. The game little daughter of Lecturer jumped off in front in the deluging rain, was never headed, and won in a canter. The remainder of the jockeys, so bespattered with mud as to be unrecognisable, presented a most ludicrous appearance when they returned to the paddock. Drislane had backed the mare to win him £1000. Seeing her in the paddock before the race, he was so disappointed with her weedy appearance that he hedged every farthing of his bet. When he beheld her cantering home in front of the straggling field, his feelings may be better imagined than described. "'Pon my word, there's my luck agin," he exclaimed in gruesome mood. The following morning he went to the Newcastle railway station to see some of his horses off home by the train. He paid the train money out of his purse, which contained some thirty sovereigns, after he had squared accounts. He then sauntered into the town to look at the shops, his fancy taking to an article which he resolved to take home to his wife, but on looking for his purse, lo and behold, it was gone! "'Pon my word, there's my luck agin!" While he was gazing into the shop window in a most disconsolate state, an Italian organ grinder, with a monkey, was playing in the street behind him. Drislane's back was to "Pongo," who, being in a playful mood, jumped on to his shoulders, giving him such a fright that he, followed by the monkey, went headlong through the large plate-glass window of the shop. Tableau! Drislane, cut and bleeding, on recovering himself, nearly strangled the monkey, and, surmising that the organ grinder was the author of the trick, administered to him a sound drubbing. A great scene of excitement

followed in the street, and in the midst of the hubbub a policeman appeared on the scene. The organ grinder charged Drislane with assault and battery, also with destroying his organ and injuring the monkey. "'Pon my word, there's my luck agin," exclaimed poor "Paddy," who by this time felt that all the evil spirits were conspiring against him. The sequel was that Drislane was taken before the magistrates and mulcted in a fine and costs. He was also summoned for "wilful damage" to the shopkeeper's plate glass, and mulcted in the value of the breakage—no inconsiderable sum. "'Pon my word," Drislane would say, as he used to relate this story in his own sardonic way, "that was a great day for me!"

On one occasion, in the early nineties, during the feverish height of the agitation for Home Rule in Ireland, an Irish political open-air meeting was held at Leyburn. The Right Honourable James Lowther, a member of the then existing Conservative Government, which was in dead opposition to the agitation led by Gladstone, happened to be in Leyburn that day, as was also "Paddy" Drislane, who was running *Our Bessie*, a rather useful mare, and winning races with her at the period. One of the speakers on the platform was thundering against the tyrannous Saxons, and the bloodthirsty Government, with most approved Milesian eloquence. Drislane's Irish blood was aroused; he cheered the speaker at the top of his lungs. In the midst of his wildest "hurroo," "Paddy" received a gentle tap on the shoulder from Mr. Lowther, who had been standing behind the old trainer enjoying his enthusiasm. "This is not our *Bessie's* 'form,' you know, Drislane," was the gentle and good-humoured sally of the right honourable gentleman. "'Pon my word,"

"Paddy" would say after telling the tale, "I thought I would have dropped into the earth when I saw it was the honourable 'Jim' himself that was spakin' to me." Needless to say that "Drissy" was not reported to the Jockey Club for not running straight in the Home Rule Stakes.

William Sanderson, the Malton trainer, relates the following anecdote illustrative of Osborne being "asleep and awake." A few years ago he was riding Ebor, a horse that belonged to Mr. Marshall, in a handicap at Pontefract. This was one of Sanderson's "good things," and with a master like John in the saddle, he was still more sanguine of taking the race. Sanderson himself had backed the horse well, and very probably Mr. Marshall had speculated to win for a fair stake. Before going to the post Sanderson, in giving final instructions as to how the jockey had to ride Ebor, said, "Now, John, you can go to sleep and waken up when you are near the winning post." Mr. Marshall, overhearing these instructions, inquired of Sanderson, "What sort of orders are these you are giving?" "Never mind," replied Sanderson, "I think John will understand." The trainer and owner went on to the stand to look at the race, and when the field had got half-way Mr. Marshall said, "I can't see Ebor anywhere, Sanderson." "Yes," rejoins Sanderson, "I can see the 'hoops' at the tail of the field." On they came to the distance, and Mr. Marshall, still anxious, inquired, "How are they going now? I can't see Ebor; I'm afraid we are out of it, and that John has gone to sleep." "We'll win," says Sanderson. "We haven't a 100 to 1 chance," rejoins the owner. Inside the distance "Johnnie," who had faithfully obeyed orders to "fall asleep until near

the winning post," wakened up, and setting Ebor agoing, he swept through his horses for a desperate finish. "I think he's won," exclaims Sanderson. "No, he didn't get up, all through your orders to tell him to go to sleep," was the rejoinder. But the number went up for Ebor, the verdict being a short head, much to the relief of the owner and to the peace of mind of the trainer.

CHAPTER XX

“To talk with him of other days
Seemed converse with old Time.”

ONE of Osborne's most frequent rivals in the saddle was Jim Snowden. Of gipsy descent, his education was uninfluenced by School Board precepts—the three R's never troubling his wayward mind, whose chief fixed purpose was riding horses, as indeed was the case with his brother Luke, who was also a jockey of some note, though never placed in the front rank. The Minster town of Beverley was the scene of Jim Snowden's first introduction to racing life. Here he was connected in a small way with a dealer and trainer. The story is told how the lad, having been furnished with a racing saddle, a pair of riding boots and breeches, was sent to Doncaster in the Leger week on the errand of getting a chance mount. Not so well known then to the gate-keeper as he was in after life on every racecourse in England, he was refused admittance to the paddock by the janitor. Not to be frustrated in his object, he got a “leg up” from the wrong side of the paddock, and was surreptitiously dropped into the charmed circle.

His talents in the pigskin were quickly seen, and his rise to note was rapid. To him riding a horse was

instinctive; he possessed the quick eye to take in the situation, or to seize an opening. This, combined with good hands, undoubted dash and pluck, rare judgment and self-control in the heat of the struggle, left little to be desired in his method. Only on rare occasions did he resort to the whalebone to get the last ounce out of a spun-out horse, resembling John Osborne in this respect. Taciturn at all times, he did not lack determination, nor could he find many words at any time when asked by the reporters to give a description of any race in which he had ridden. His belief in Blair Athol as a great horse—indeed, the greatest of his time—could not be shaken. Beneath his quiet exterior there was a rich fund of mother wit, rendered all the more forcible and picturesque by his Yorkshire dialect, which never left him, being in this respect a contrast to John Osborne, who never had the slightest suspicion of the “Yorkshire” in his conversation. Indiscreet living gradually undermined his once robust constitution, and he died, a shadow of his former self, in impoverished circumstances. Often enough his besetting weakness was seen in the weighing-room, but owners preferred to give so fine a horseman a mount rather than less accomplished aspirants of his class. So bad was his state at times that it was marvellous how he retained his seat in the excitement of a race, and still more to win as he often did. He took his occasional moral “fits” after an orgie, and accompanied by his ever-watchful and life-long “pal,” Nat Outred, would go for a long pedestrian “spell” over the Yorkshire moors for days together. Thus recuperated in mind and body by the magical influence of fresh air and exercise, he would turn up at York or Doncaster in cherry-ripe condition. “They can look oot for Jim noo,” Nat would say, “he’s

got himself fit as a fiddle." True enough, the best of his rivals had to "look oot" when he was fit. His "form" in the saddle would be brilliant for a period, then the old craving would reassert itself in a saddening way. On one occasion he was "far gone" when engaged to ride one of "Paddy" Drislane's horses. Fearing that he would not be able to steer the horse straight, "Paddy" furnished the animal with hood and blinkers as a safeguard. Jim, on coming to his mount in the saddle, saw the "curtain" over the horse's head and eyes. "Naa, naa, tak' it away, tak' it away, bleend horse and bleend jockey winnet dee." And removed the hood and blinkers were, with the result that the poor fellow piloted the horse home a winner in miraculous fashion.

Osborne, speaking of the good-hearted fellow, said:—

"I remember one grand set-to we had when he beat me on Uncas on a horse called Kilmartin. Another time was when he did me on Fortunio when I rode Tynedale in the Northumberland Plate in '68. Once he was riding a horse called Creditor at York. He was 'a little bit on' that day, and was slow in getting down to the post. The starter (Mr. M'George) said,

"'Now, Jim, get among your horses again, you're very late.'

"'All right,' said Jim, 'I can afford to give *them* a bit start.'

"He won the race sure enough, bad as he was. A first-class horseman was Jim. Many a time he rode a winner where lots of people would not have him to ride at all."

Snowden won the Oaks when he was seventeen years

of age, and gained lasting renown at twenty, when he rode Blair Athol to victory in the Derby and St. Leger. Had he lived a more temperate, thrifty life, he would have died a wealthy man; as it was, a subscription had to be made to bury him. Just as was the case with Bill Scott, he loved low life in the cosy little "pubs" of Yorkshire, but with this difference, that Scott invested his winnings in collieries, and died worth £100,000. Had Snowden lived at Newmarket, he might yet have been an ornament in his profession, for it is probable that he would have got more employment, and been more under restraint. He rode many brilliant finishes, but without doubt he threw away the Cambridgeshire on Bendigo in the most culpable manner, and it was owing to his besetting vice that he missed the mount on Doncaster when that horse won the St. Leger. The encounters in the saddle between him and John Osborne were almost innumerable, and it was a sight worthy of the gods to behold the two northern luminaries coming out in combat up the straight together for a battle royal home. For many years Snowden was identified with the "Aske spots" of Lord Zetland, who always engaged him whenever he could ride the weight. The writer paid Jim's last hotel bill at Kelso, shortly before he died, the once brilliant jockey being then penniless, and unfurnished with his train fare home. He was born at Flixton, Yorkshire, in 1843, and died in his forty-sixth year at Doncaster, on Wednesday, 8th February, 1889.

His career extended over a long period of years. Butterfly gave him his first Oaks in 1860, and he won the same race twenty years later on Mr. Charles Perkins's Jenny Howlet, who beat her more fancied stable companion, Mr. J. B. Cookson's Bonnie Marden.

His most notable achievement was the Derby and St. Leger double event on Blair Athol. A great horseman with fine hands, no jockey could get more out of a horse when his bosom "pal," Nat Outred, had him "fit," and, like his old rival John Osborne, he was extremely popular in the North of England.

Jim Snowden did not live in the times when it was the fashion of noblemen to pension their jockeys who had served them with fidelity. In this manner the Duke of Rutland bestowed favour upon the great Jim Robinson for winning the Derby on Cadland in 1828. That pension saved the famous horseman from the workhouse. Clift, the rider of Tiresias, winner of the Derby for the Duke of Portland in 1819, was rewarded in similar fashion by his noble patron. Clift was most famous in his period, and previous to Tiresias he had won the Derby on Waxy in 1793, on Champion in 1800, and on Sir H. Williamson's Ditto three years later. He twice won the Oaks, viz., on the Duke of Grafton's Pelisse in 1804, and on the same owner's Morel in 1808; and the St. Leger on Lord Fitzwilliam's Paulina in 1807, and the Duke of Grafton's Whalebone, by Waxy, in 1810. Clift enjoyed a pension of £50 per annum from the then Duke of Portland, the same amount from "Kit" Wilson, and £30 per annum from Earl Fitzwilliam. What he considered his greatest feat was winning the Derby in a canter on Sir H. Williamson's Ditto. When in the saddle, he was a terrible punisher of a horse. He retired to Newmarket, and it is related of him, when approaching eighty years of age, and within two years of his death, he would take a walk from headquarters as far as Bury St. Edmunds and back, a distance of twenty-eight

miles, to give, as he termed it, "an extra stretch to his legs."

When the accident at Pontefract on May 2, 1889, interrupted John Osborne's career as a horseman, there were fifteen runners for the Trial Stakes, Sir Robert Jardine's *Uam Var* being Osborne's mount. Entering the straight the horse crossed his legs and fell, breaking his neck and fracturing both his forelegs, and it was found that "Mr. John" had broken his left collar bone, apart from being shaken. This mishap prevented him riding the following day Mr. Vyner's *Minthe*, by *Camballo*—*Mint Sauce*, in the One Thousand Guineas, which she won in decisive style, J. Woodburn being the fortunate jockey to get the chance winning mount, in a field of fourteen runners, of whom Mr. L. de Rothschild's *Gagoul* was a 15 to 8 favourite. Yet, crippled as he was by the accident, John travelled overnight to Newmarket, and witnessed the victory of *Minthe* on the Wednesday afternoon, so that he had some consolation for the ill-luck which had befallen him.

Manchester Summer Meeting found him so far recovered from the *Uam Var* mishap as to resume his duties, with varying success, in the saddle. The three-year-old *Lily of Lumley*, by *Uncas* or *Thurio*, out of *Lady of Lumley*, had won a few races for Mr. Robert Osborne, who bred her, and he now sold her to Mr. Robert Vyner for 700 guineas, for whom she afterwards proved a useful mare. The stable sent out further winners in *Strathpeffar*, *Nightcap*, *Miss Stanley*, *Crockery filly*, *Fallow Chat*, *Redsand*, *Poet Close*, *Transept*, *Tynesail*, *Prerogative*, *Collarette*, *Cornflower*, *Sedge Chat*, *Spearmint*, *Wild Berry*, *Lilian*, and *Burnaby*. With many of their successes Osborne was associated

as jockey. Redsand, by Silurian—Poetic, was a three-year-old this season, and won at Manchester. Countess Lilian, by Isonomy—Lady Lumley, credited Mr. Robt. Osborne with the Newton Cup. John himself won the Criterion Stakes at Goodwood on Mr. Robert Jardine's Stronvar, and for the same owner he appropriated the Drawing-room Stakes at the ducal fixture on Lord Lorne; also riding Tissaphernes into second place for the Goodwood Stakes. Redsand succumbed to Chitabob in the Great Foal Stakes at Redcar, before that smart son of Robert the Devil gave way in his preparation for the Derby. Minthe, with John up, was second to Antibes for the Great Yorkshire Oaks, but carried him home in the Park Hill Stakes at Doncaster, a race on which his name is largely writ. Redsand won 1000-sovereigns race at Manchester, and Countess Lilian a "Triennial" at headquarters. The four-year-old Fallow Chat, by Hagioscope, out of Stone Clink, ridden by H. Luke, took the Manchester November Handicap for Mr. Vyner in a field of twenty, the biggest handicap field of the year, and one of the heaviest betting races ever known at New Barns. Harry Luke had just returned to England after riding in France, in time to get the mount on Fallow Chat. He gave a fine display of pluck and perseverance in getting Stone Clink's daughter home. Many a jockey would have stopped riding when he found himself so far last in the first half-mile, and not one rider in ten would have gone through his horses as Luke did on the far side.

At the Carlisle Meeting this year "Mr. John" figured in an objection. Mr. J. T. Crossley's Bitter Sweet came in first for the Bective Welter, his mount, Mr. Fred Bates's Madame Judas, being second. On

weighing-in, Fagan, who rode Bitter Sweet, was found to be 2 lbs. overweight, owing to the rain having soaked his habiliments through and through. But the objection was lodged on the ground that Bitter Sweet had crossed Madame Judas, not being two lengths clear at the time. Osborne did not make the objection on his own responsibility. It was made by Mr. Fred Bates, acting in the interest of Madame Judas's owner. The objection was sustained, the testimony of "Honest John," whose character for integrity was unimpeachable, no doubt being a factor in the verdict.

Glancing at the season of 1890, Punster, by Philammon—Fun, bred by John Osborne, more than paid his way, winning with his owner in the saddle at York, Beverley, Newcastle, and Redcar—performances which induced Mr. Vyner to give £1500 for him. His three-year-old career was a comparative failure, but as a four-year-old he proved useful in minor handicaps. Fabiola continued to pay her way; Lily of Lumley won the Chesterfield Handicap, while Sedge Chat, Fallow Chat, Inverkeithing, Morven, Spearmint, Prestonkirk, Quarta, Lady Nora, Dower, Lord of the Manor, The Heir, and Miss Tennyson were winners for the stable.

But before dismissing '90 in summary fashion, a passing tribute may pardonably be paid to the memory of one of John Osborne's oldest friends and warmest admirers. It was on Wednesday, 11th June, 1890, that Mr. Alexander Young, of Richmond, the breeder of Digby Grand and Grand Flaneur—the latter as we know winning two Portland Plates, and some thirty-five other races for Mr. Harry Bragg—died. Few men were better known in the circle of British sportsmen than the kind, generous-hearted "Sandy" Young, over whose grave "all Yorkshire" paid

the tribute of "melodious tears." A Richmond man, born and bred, he was beloved in the old Yorkshire borough where he had passed all his days, as a sportsman of the finest instincts. Of a most hospitable disposition, his house on market and race days was "Liberty Hall," and nothing delighted him more than to be surrounded by a circle of old friends, enjoying the bounty of his board, or a bottle of good old port. A breeder of thoroughbreds for many years, he, in his youth, was also a keen follower of the Duke of Cleveland's, now Lord Zetland's, hounds. An excellent judge of horse flesh, he both bred and raced them, the best he bred being Digby Grand and Grand Flaneur. Old Jim Watson, of Belleisle, trained for him, and that worthy, who was in his seventy-seventh year at the time of his friend's decease, was overcome by the loss of one of the kindest-hearted gentlemen that ever claimed the name. One of Mr. Young's greatest friends was Mr. "Billy" Williamson, brother-in-law of the late Lord Zetland, and who was a great authority on thoroughbreds and foxhounds. Mr. Williamson mated all the hounds for his noble brother-in-law's celebrated pack. On the congenial topics of horse and hound the two almost inseparable "cronies" had many a warm debate. The late Marquis Talon, who about this period had a few horses at Belleisle under Jim Watson, was also a great "chum" of "Sandy" and Mr. "Billy," and when the master of Belleisle joined issue over the "tawny," they formed a grand quartette of Yorkshire "worthies." Each, alas, has now passed into the shadowy land. Old Jim Watson, whose pronounced guttural "burr" declared his Northumbrian descent, delighted to recall the times of Bee's-wing and her playful pranks as a yearling in the

days when, as a lad, he looked after Squire Orde's grand old mare. Soon after old Jim's death at Belleisle the family circle was broken up, but the veteran left two sons in James and John, who are now upholding his name and fame as successful trainers, the one in France, and the other in Newmarket.

Well on to a period of forty years has the writer, as a newspaper-press man, been identified with racing. Part of his professional duty was to describe "Morning Gallops"—a much-faded institution in this era of quick railway transit, though in the old days of the Newcastle Town Moor, when the Northumberland Plate attracted some three hundred thousand spectators, the early exercise of the "Plate" horses was only second in interest to the actual contest itself. Perhaps the reader, if not already weary of his long pilgrimage with us in these pages, may glance with interest at a snapshot from "Saxon's" pen descriptive of the scene at Gosforth Park, in the early morning of a Northumberland Plate day, before the inhabitants of the not far distant "cannie toon" have been unlocked from the embrace of Morpheus. The scene is laid in the beautiful demesne of Gosforth, and some of the moving figures will easily be recognised. How the years speed away! Is it possible that twelve months have rolled into the lap of Time since last the early morn visit was paid to Gosforth's vernal scene on a similar mission to that which calls forth "Saxon" from his couch? Yes, my good fellow, you are a year older, not merrier or richer, if worldly goods mean being rich. That lack of nervo-muscular force, which was once largely yours, plainly tells that Time, the inexorable, is bringing you down to his level. But in such a vernal scene of beauty as this, with Nature's

breath sweetened by the incense of meadow, of foliage, and of flowers, 'tis not well to indulge in the retrospective, and to mope about the Past. The Present is to be dealt with, and the present eye must catch up its features. This is the very opening of the three days' racing festival beloved of Northumbrians. The gee-gees are here from Langton's breezy wolds, from Middleham's uplands, from Newmarket's chalky flats, from Gullane's downy pastures. Listen, old son, to the unbolting of stable doors, view apparitions of sheeted thoroughbreds, led and ridden by precocious-looking jockeys and stable-boys. See the rosy-cheeked trainers appearing one by one; the "touts," lynx-eyed, on the alert for any limp or halt in a favourite; the handful of spectators from the yet sleeping city, and the "scribes" with book and pencil ready to despatch "copy" to satisfy the voracious maw of the race-loving public at the low charge of one penny. Wake up, old son, cast your eyes about, and unfold the morning tale. Cudgel thy brains no more with retrospect, for your dull ass will not mend his pace with beating. This is a bright scene, full of life and action. Enter into the spirit of the thing. No more wool-gathering; let the fancy, if you lack your facts, have its play for a few moments.

"Gather ye rosebuds while ye may,
For old Time is still a stealing."

Surely that is a familiar figure at the head of some half a dozen nags in the distance. Yes, our old friend John Osborne once more keeps up his reputation as being the early bird of his fellow-craftsmen in the art of training. How lightly does the scythe-bearer deal with the Middleham wizard! "No lumber about him," you say. Clear is the eye which, when you wish him



J. B. RADCLIFFE

Portrait by A. J. ...

“Good-morning, Master John,” responds with a genial, kindly twinkle. Dame Fortune, fickle jade! does not woo the kindly old chap as she did in the days of Lily Agnes and Glastonbury. Is it possible that John Osborne is here without a prominent favourite for the Northumberland Plate under his charge? 'Tis truly so; yet the veteran pursues the noiseless tenor of his way, patiently, quietly, unobtrusively, and gentlemanly, waiting for that turn in the wheel which will bring to his stable another bright particular star like the pale-faced chestnut. And yet there are recreants in the world who would class “Master John” in the category of “rogues and vagabonds,” for the reason, forsooth, that he is associated with the thoroughbred! If ever the life of “Master John” be written, his character for integrity and nobility will be blazoned with many acts of real goodness and gentility of heart that will put such maligners to the blush, if shame is part and parcel of the natures of the crew of fanatics who have of late raised an outcry against racing and sportsmen of his type. Lord! if these creatures had the arrangement of mundane affairs, what a world it would be! Phew! the sickly wretches are unworthy of notice, were it not that they are leading a blind crew, whose increasing numbers threaten danger not only to a grand institution like the Turf, but to many others upheld and beloved by our forefathers, and handed down to us, dignified by the lapse of years, and rich in stirring memories. Come we now to another of Master John's congeners—none other than Harry Hall, who bears his seventy years as gaily as a two-year-old. The other day “Saxon” dipped into the past history of Newcastle races, and incidentally ventured the statement that not one of the men whose names appeared on Michael Benson's official

broadsheet for the year 1844—fifty years ago, my masters—could step forward in '94, and answer "Yes" to the roll call. Little dreamt the writer in making the statement that there was such a grand stayer as Harry Hall yet to the fore. Fifty years ago the master of Spigot Lodge trained for the late Mr. Headlam, and is yet in the flesh to tell the tale. Nay, more, behold him here with fourteen of his horses under orders to take part at the meeting! There's a lot of the Tim Whiffler and Van Galen blood about the sage of Spigot Lodge. None of your flash five-furlong gentry—up to weight over the Beacon course. Perhaps not so speedy as he was fifty years ago, but a stayer and game as ever. "A new hat, Harry, you have four or five winners in your team this week." The old boy declines the wager, but does not despair, if one may calculate from the quiet smile of confidence that lights up his physiognomy, of troubling Judge Ford's optics in the right place at the finish.

Like John Osborne, the Spigot Lodge stayer is without a Plate horse. He had been devoting his attention to Dare Devil, and had got Robert the Devil's son as nearly cherry-ripe as possible. But his hopes were dashed to the ground when the old horse gave way after a strong Yorkshire gallop, and perforce had the pen put through his name. But if he has not a Plate winner in his long string this morning, look at Xury. There's a trim-built little fellow for you, all quality and a gentleman all over. "Win the North Derby, Harry, eh?" Very like, very like. Now the show is getting into full swing. The canters are going on, but where is the galloping? Fact is, dear reader, the galloping has all been done before the gee-gees arrived on the scene. This morning they are simply

having their whipcord muscles lubricated and getting their pipes cleared before being called into action later on. William F'Anson has a draft of the Highfield team on the course. We learn that "Newcourt is all right this time, but fear Red Ensign." Well, very likely the pair will be fighting it out at the finish. F'Anson is naturally proud of Newcourt, for did he not buy Highborn's son out of a Selling Plate, and has he not transformed him into a handicap horse of good class? "Not one of the good old father's sort, William, is he? Not a Caller Ou by any means?" No, we don't get a game piece of stuff like the old mare in a blue moon. "Brother Miles," he of the portly corporation and beaming round face, sighs for one like her to add to the lustre of the Blink Bonny stud, and to perpetuate the Queen Mary and Blair Athol strains. Of course you have heard "Brother Miles" dilate on the Queen Mary blood? Get him to begin, and he will give any professional agitator breathing three stones and a "head in the chest" beating in the way of "chin wag" when he drops fairly into his stride. All her descendants as fast as you like; all built on true racing lines, with substance and symmetry, and stay for a week. The Queen Mary blood for ever! Newcourt, who is due from Malton later in the day, is, we hear, full of pride of health and strength, giving the idea that he is not an unlikely sort to repeat his victory of two years ago for his Scottish owner.

Turn we now from the trainers and jockeys and horses for a moment to the prophets. Industry, like virtue, brings its own reward. The prophets are none of your sleep-a-bed fraternity; at least this is true of a few of the old hands one rubs shoulders with here, for like the morning and the spirit of youth they mean to

be of note and begin betimes. Already the "golden wires" are being "ticked" off in the telegraph office. Old Jack Dickinson, a most conscientious man and hard worker, is to the fore as of old. A few of the old hands are gone—one misses "Old Abe," "Paul Walmsley," and "Locket" from the group. But there again, old son, you are going back to old times. Steady yourself, and take your canter with the present. Hither comes young "Judex," son of old "Judex," who has been a-racing now for upwards of fifty years. Methinks the young 'un, whom we first remember joining the prophets, is putting on the old man a bit, with the cares and worries and anxieties of life, not the least worrying amongst them being the often thankless task of trying to find winners when the "selection" is not "on the job." A wonderful game this tipping winners, surrounded by many shoals and quicksands! On one occasion Billy Nichol, the famous Nottingham bookmaker, expressed himself wisely, in his homely way, about betting. A young fellow, son of a dear friend of Billy's, had been going "rocky" at Doncaster one year. It was a case of an "odds on" chance to get him out of a "bad week." "I'll lay 700 to 400 on," said the young plunger. Knowing that the lad was getting out of his depth, and having a respect for his father, Billy declined the "deal," remarking at the same time, "Naa, lad, never thee lay 700 to 400 on a horse unless thee knaas five things: First of all, thaa mun knaa if the owner's on the job, next the trainer, next the jockey, next the bookmaker, and, above awl, thaa mun knaa if the horse is good enough to win. Get ta knaa these five things, maw lad, and aal tak thee 700 to 400." Such are the difficulties which cross the path of the prophets, gentle reader. A lot of practical wisdom in

Billy Nichol's advice to the young plunger. Well, some will lose and some will win, and so runs the world away. We have whispered into "Beeswing's" ear before we close our note-book that he must be on his best behaviour this week—that he must don the mantle of old "Judex," and find all the winners. He is busy wiring off his finals, and finishing our morning lucubrations dreaming of "breaking the ring" for once in our life and of a trip up the Mediterranean, we leave the remainder of the tale for "Beeswing's" pen to tell.

"Master John" was caught napping in connection with Gloriation in the case of the Eighth Great National Breeders' Foal Stakes at the August Redcar Meeting of 1887. At the time the author's own notes on the affair read as follows:—"Next came under discussion the Breeders' Foal Stakes, in which Aintree, King Milan, Mirage, Royal Charter, Jersey Lily, and Sorrento from the South were opposed to Agitation, Volga, and Gloriation as representing the Northern stables, this opposition making it an entertaining event, and one that was destined to have a sensational result. Mr. John Hammond's Aintree, for whom the services of Watts had been obtained, was in everybody's mouth, and his market position proved how confident the stable was of the fourth in the Derby taking the prize to Newmarket. King Milan was fresh from his Lewes victory, and he just held a point firmer position in the market than Gloriation, whilst Jersey Lily, Sorrento, Agitation, Royal Charter, and Mirage were driven to extended prices. Agitator made a very creditable display, he having played the part of pace-maker until nearing the distance, when he retired. At that point Gloriation was almost knocked down through Aintree swerving from the rails and cannoning against him.

to 'part,' especially under the peculiar evils of this case. After the race, Wood, who rode King Milan, remarked that Gloriation would have won in a canter had he not been interfered with. Turfites are well aware what a close student of weights Mr. Vyner is, and wondered how he could have allowed such a mistake to happen. He treated the matter philosophically, but backers of Gloriation had some reason to grumble at their luck. It was learnt afterwards that Mr. Vyner had trusted Gloriation's weight to John Osborne himself, who, in his calculations, had overlooked Gloriation's Derby win; hence the error.

"In a very close race at this same meeting, 'Master John' made some amends for his mistake by winning the Wilton Plate, over five furlongs, with Fallow Chat by Hagioscope, out of Stone Chat, then a two-year-old. Mr. Vyner's filly had odds of 6 to 4 laid on her, and coming with one of his tremendous rushes when his case looked hopeless from inside the distance, John readily scored on the filly, whose victory speedily compensated Mr. Vyner for the unfortunate Gloriation business. As showing how luck runs, in the very next race that same afternoon, Weldon won the Sands Hill Handicap on Sir Triamond for Mr. Vyner."

CHAPTER XXI

“He kept a stud of horses; ’twas his pride to see them run,
And his sideboard was covered with the trophies they had won.”

ACTUATED by a fine sentiment and a full appreciation of his all-round merits, the friends of John Osborne determined in 1892, he then being in his fifty-ninth year, to raise a national testimonial to signalise the close of his career as a jockey. It was only too apparent in that year—he had not long recovered from the terrible accident at Hull—that Time was making inroads upon his strength, if not his skill as a horseman. Nor had his business as a trainer been so flourishing as could have been desired, for Brecongill was not now furnished with so many good horses. Though not a poor man by any means in the sense that he was actually dependent upon his fees as a jockey for the wherewithal to exist, it was known that he had a large family to maintain, and with a generous, kindly, and appreciative spirit the movement for raising a Testimonial Fund was quietly and effectively worked. Aided by the sporting Press, which embraced most cordially the opportunity to do honour to a worthy man who had been a central figure in the strife and struggle and excitement of Turf life for nearly half a century, the Testimonial soon accumulated into a substantial amount

of money, all classes of sportsmen, from the noblest and highest in the land to the humblest individual in the racing republic, contributing as their purses could afford. At the very inception of the movement, the *Daily Telegraph* paid a noble tribute to John Osborne's character. In this contribution to the success of the movement may be recognised the graceful pen of, most probably, the Hon. F. Lawley, though we are not positive on this point. Whoever penned the tribute, he certainly knew well and was in thorough touch with the subject. The sketch is given *in extenso*, in the belief that it will afford satisfaction to "Master John's" many friends and admirers at home and abroad.

PROPOSED TESTIMONIAL TO JOHN OSBORNE.

We announced a few days ago that John Osborne had decided to retire from a profession to which he has been such a distinguished ornament for so many years past, and it is now our pleasing duty to state that the opportunity is to be taken advantage of to mark the esteem and respect in which he is held by all classes of racing men. The movement has not only been heartily taken up, but is taken in hand by noblemen and gentlemen who are certain to bring it to a most successful issue. The names of those who have thus far consented to act on the committee, with power to add to their number, are as follows:—The three Stewards of the Jockey Club, Prince Soltykoff, Mr. Houldsworth, and the Earl of Durham; the Earl of Bradford, the Marquis of Hartington, the Duke of St. Albans, Sir Henry Hawkins, Sir Frederick Johnstone, Sir Charles Russell, Sir Robert Jardine, Mr. Legh (of Lyme), Mr. Robert C. Vyner, Mr. R. H. Combe, Captain Machell, Mr. Robertson Gladstone, and Mr. W. M. Redfern, with Mr. E. Somerville Tattersall for secretary. It is proposed that subscription lists should be opened at the leading sporting resorts both in London and the provinces, and it is needless to say that the movement has the warm sympathy of the sporting press. Our columns are open to any suggestions that may be made in furtherance of the proposed testimonial, and we shall, at the same time, be happy to receive any subscriptions on behalf of the fund, to which the proprietors of the *Sporting Chronicle* have pleasure in giving £10.

The following interesting particulars concerning Osborne's long connection with the turf are taken from the *Daily Telegraph* :—

It is thirty-eight years since the late General Anson—at that time dictator and Lord Paramount of John Scott's powerful training stable at Whitewall, near Malton, in Yorkshire—stood in the Jockey Club stand upon Epsom racecourse as the horses took their preliminary canters just before the race for the Derby Stakes in 1853. General Anson had a heavy book on the race, and stood to lose large sums by more than one starter that he had not backed. As he gazed with some anxiety upon the strip of greensward stretched out before him, a dark brown colt named Honeywood, by Sweetmeat, galloped by, whose action seemed the very poetry of motion. The horse's coat shone, as Byron says, "like stars on the sea," and he was ridden by a young jockey whose lithe and elastic body swayed in harmonious unison with the stride of his mount. No finer judge of a racehorse ever lived than the owner of Attila, The Princess, and Iago; and the effect produced upon him by Honeywood's look and action was manifestly depicted upon his countenance. He stood a very large sum against the representative of the Ashgill stable as Honeywood, trained by John Osborne, sen., and ridden by John Osborne, jun., galloped by. "What would you do in my circumstances?" asked the General of the companion and friend by his side. It should be added that Honeywood was greatly fancied by old John Osborne, who had backed him heavily through Mr. George Payne, and his price just before the Derby was seven to one offered. At that critical instant another animal—certainly unsurpassed, and, in the opinion of many, never equalled by any of his predecessors or successors as Derby winners—caught the attention of General Anson and of his deeply interested companion. It may, perhaps, be remembered by some of the few survivors who were present at the Derby of 1853 that in the preliminary canter Frank Butler sent Mr. Bowes's magnificent colt, West Australian, along at his topmost speed. No figurative description of the noblest of quadrupeds could have done justice to the way in which West Australian went on that memorable day. Turning to the General, the companion by his side—who was none other than the late Mr. J. R. Ives—exclaimed, "I should stand upon that horse in your own stable which has just galloped by and forget that there is another in the race."

The words were prophetic, and in a few minutes the last Derby that General Anson ever saw was over. In it the Ashgill colt, Honeywood, was beaten a long way by West Australian, and almost the only living memento left of the race is the rider of Honeywood. Scarcely a Derby

or St. Leger has since taken place in which the universally popular—and, what is still better, the universally respected—“Johnnie Osborne” has not taken part, and now, at the end of nearly fifty years in the saddle, he is about to retire from the active pursuit of his profession as a jockey. He was born at Bretby, near Burton-on-Trent—then the seat of Lord Chesterfield the Magnificent—on January 7, 1833. In that year his father was private trainer to Lord Chesterfield, and five years were yet to elapse before he transferred himself and his household from Derbyshire to Middleham, in the North Riding of Yorkshire. It was a place famous for trainers. There was James Croft; there was Mangles—better known by the Yorkshire sobriquet of “Crying Jacky,” as he could seldom win or lose a big race without shedding tears; there were Tom Dawson, Matthew, Joseph, and John Dawson, all of whom learnt their business there; there was Fobert who trained Van Tromp and The Flying Dutchman; and last, but not least, of the goodly company came old John Osborne and his two sons, John and Robert.

It will surprise no one to hear that it is the intention of a committee of noblemen and gentlemen, comprising among them many of the most distinguished patrons of the Turf, to present to “Johnnie Osborne”—we give him the name by which he is known far and wide—such a testimonial as will be worthy of his acceptance at the end of his long and most honourable career. His first mount was in 1846, when he rode Miss Castling in the Wilton Cup at Radcliffe, and he has been riding ever since. So completely has he outlived all his earlier contemporaries in the saddle that the very names of some of the least known of them have passed out of the public mind. When we mention that George Fordham, who died in 1887, aged fifty years, was born on September 24, 1837—about four and three-quarter years after John Osborne, junior—it will readily be understood how rapid and destructive are the strokes of Time.

The names of the proposed testimonial committee, to which further additions will undoubtedly be made in abundance, is more than sufficient to guarantee the success of a movement which will appeal not only to the hearts of the sport-loving English people, but to those beyond the sea who, in their devotion to the “sport of kings,” are more English than ourselves. When it is remembered that the high-minded, courageous, and modest-mannered jockey whose name heads this column has been riding, “egg and bird,” for nearly half a century; that in exactly fourteen months from this day he will be sixty years old; that no man has had more accidents and mishaps as a rider of races; that he has

won all the classic races, and some of them several times; and that, finally, he retires from what may be called his professional saddle with the universal opinion of all who know him that no more honest jockey ever donned boots and breeches, no more upright man ever stepped upon a racecourse—there is little to be added to what we have already said.

At this moment it would be a mere work of supererogation to recall that the same lad who beyond the recollection of all save a small handful of those who will read these words was winning Newmarket Nurseries upon his father's filly Exact—probably as good an animal as he ever crossed—is now the *doyen* of his profession. Among his triumphs are numbered the Derby of 1869 on Pretender; the St. Leger of 1863 on Lord Clifden, and of 1874 on Apology; the Oaks of 1874 on Apology; the Two Thousand of 1857 on Vedette, of 1869 on Pretender, of 1871 on Bothwell, of 1872 on Prince Charlie, and of 1875 on Camballo; and, finally, the One Thousand of 1856 on Manganese, and of 1874 on Apology. Of the smaller races won by him in his long, temperate, and industrious career the list would stretch out indefinitely. To assign to him the highest meed of praise that he deserves for the best-ridden of his many races would be indeed a difficult task, but the popular verdict would probably be in favour of the St. Leger of 1863, which he won on Lord St. Vincent's Lord Clifden.

There is a well-known passage in Wyon's "Life of Queen Anne" which recounts that when, after having been in office and in places of high financial trust for nearly fifty years, Godolphin, who was Secretary of State under four monarchs, retired into private life, he was exempted from the public suspicion which attached to his wealthier colleagues by the fact that he was poor. In like manner it will be an additional inducement to admirers of "the Bank of England jockey," who is also widely known by the name of "The Pusher," that his fifty years in the saddle, his well-known abstemious habits, his simple mode of living at Brecongill—to which he and his brother moved from Ashgill—and his utter lack of ostentation, have not enabled him to lay by such a sum of money as many a Newmarket jockey would expect to acquire in a single year. Johnnie Osborne has, moreover, a large family—six sons and three daughters—and it would ill become the countless supporters of the British Turf that the declining years of such an honour to the calling of jockey and trainer should lack every comfort that generous contributions of money can bestow. The *doyen* of English jockeys has pursued his trying and arduous profession for a longer period than any

of his predecessors, except Frank Buckle. In offering to him the tribute to which he is entitled by his long-sustained and unblemished reputation for integrity—as to which it may confidently be said that, “Whatever secret leaps to light, he never shall be shamed”—the subscribers to the “John Osborne Testimonial Fund” will be doing honour, not only to the Turf, but also to the country in which he was born.

Reverting to the serious accident which befell John Osborne at Liverpool on July 22nd of '91, it may be stated he had the mount on Sir Robert Jardine's Cavendish in the Knowsley Dinner Stakes. The horse slipped up just after passing the Canal turn, and threw his rider, who was carried on the ambulance in a prostrate condition to the weighing-room. Dr. Andrews was speedily in attendance, and it was found, apart from the severe shaking arising from the fall, that three of John's ribs were broken, one of them pressing badly against the lung, and causing serious hæmorrhage. Happily, a sound, unimpaired constitution again came to the rescue of our hero, and he was able to resume his professional duties again on Bosphorus in Common's St. Leger the following September.

No noteworthy animal was trained at Ashgill this season, albeit winners of minor events were sent out in Punster, Lily of Lumley, now a five-year-old, Porridge, Lady Nora, Sedge Chat, Spearmint, Preston Kirk, Lord of the Manor, Quarta, by Tertius, out of Chaos—one of John's own breeding, and an own sister to Quartus, then a five-year-old, whom he had sold for £1000 to old Harry Hall, who afterwards effected a profitable deal by disposing of him to Squire Abington for £6000.

CARLISLE MEETING—Wednesday, 1st July, 1891.

EGLINTON STAKES of 5 sovs. each, 1 ft. (to the fund), with 100 sovs. added.
About one mile.

Sir R. Jardine's Lodore, by Kendal—Curren Bell,
8 st. 13 lb., J. Osborne † †
Mr. T. Holmes's Dissenter, by Chapel Royal—Harriet
Laws, 8 st. 13 lb., S. Chandley † †

Betting—11 to 4 on Dissenter, who made the running to the distance, where Lodore joined issue, a fine race home between the pair ending in a dead heat.

DECIDING HEAT.

Betting—11 to 8 on Dissenter. Dissenter again forced the pace to the distance, where Lodore challenged, and the result of another exciting finish was a second dead heat. The stakes were then divided.

As will be seen from the above, the Eglinton Stakes resolved itself into a match between Tugbill and Spigot Lodge, Lodore doing battle for the former, and Dissenter, who the week before had run a smart colt in the North Derby at Gosforth Park, for the latter stable. Lodore also ran in that North Derby, and had finished lengths away from Dissenter, so that for the Eglinton Stakes partisans of the Spigot Lodge colt were quite justified in laying the odds of 11 to 4 on Mr. Thomas Holmes's colt. But, as the sequel proved, the meeting of the pair produced two finishes worth going a hundred miles to witness. Chandley on Dissenter had to make his own running, and while he was sniggling at him all the way round the bottom turn into the straight, John Osborne, on the Tugbill colt, was travelling patiently and smoothly at an interval of about a length and a half away. Below the distance "Master John" was seen "screwing" himself together—always a sure and certain sign in his races that he meant mischief—and bringing Lodore up stride by stride, he got fairly on terms some thirty yards from the judge's box, actually getting Lodore's head in front some twenty yards from the chair. Then Chandley responded

to John's challenge with a vigorous effort. Dissenter, answering gamely to the call, shot out a neck in front, but Osborne brought up Lodore in the last stride, a dead heat being the result after one of the grandest and most exciting finishes ever seen on the Swifts of the "merrie city." After this tight fit it was difficult to reconcile the Gosforth Park running of the pair, unless it was on the ground that this was virtually a match, whereas at Gosforth Park it was a race amongst a big field of horses. The attempt to come to terms about a division of the stakes proving a failure, there was no alternative but to run off the dead heat, and that was done after the next succeeding race. Dissenter was an 11 to 8 on favourite the second time of asking. The race, singularly enough, was a reproduction of its predecessor in every phase. Chandley at once forced the pace on the favourite, and, as before, he drove him along all the way round to keep in front. Lodore joined him as they came to the distance, was level with him in the last hundred yards, and at the foot of the rails held a neck's advantage; but Dissenter, again answering to Chandley's call in the gamest manner, got up on the post and made a second dead heat of it. An extraordinary scene of excitement followed when the telegraph board indicated that the judge (Mr. Ford) could not separate them. Returning to the paddock the two jockeys were cheered as if they were conquerors. The smile that beamed on John Osborne's face was one of the sweetest things that had been seen for years. There was again a "confab" between Tom Holmes and Fred Bates as to whether there should be a division. Neither was very willing to come to terms, but Mr. Ford signifying the propriety of it, a division at length was agreed to. Looking back

for a parallel to this remarkable true running of two animals, the instance of Sea Song and Deuce of Clubs some three years before comes to mind, with this addition, that after they had dead-heated twice, they ran off the decider. Harry Custance, who started Dissenter and Lodore at Carlisle, mentioned a case that had occurred years before, in which Pinsticker, Polly Agnes, and another ran a dead heat. The three ran off again, when it was a dead heat between two of them, the third being beaten a head only, and in the decider one of them won by a head.

Mr. W. J. Ford, the present-day Judge and handicapper, thus describes the two races between Lily Agnes and the French horse Figaro II., at Lincoln, in the early "seventies." "They ran a dead heat the first time," said Mr. Ford, "but could not agree upon a division. Admiral Rous was also an eye-witness of the dead heat. My father, who was an official of the meeting, said to 'The Admiral,' 'I never heard of a division in a Royal Plate before.' 'The Admiral' coincided, and it was determined to run it off. John Osborne, who was then as hard as nails, rode Lily Agnes, and Parry, a good horseman at that time, was on Figaro II. It took a good man, I can tell you, to tackle John Osborne single-handed in those days over two miles. I think Parry's mount was the better favourite. Between the two races I went to John Osborne and said, 'You'll win this time on your mare, John.' 'I don't know, sir,' was John's reply, 'it's no good thing.' The second struggle was as keen as the first. They ran head and head for nearly a mile, Osborne just making the running. Parry made a great challenge from the distance, but John, by a supreme effort, and by as fine a display of jockeyship as ever was seen on a racecourse, won by a head.

These were the two finest races I ever saw, or will ever see again."

Robert Osborne died in 1892, and William Osborne retired from the partnership in '94, after having been practically the head and front of the training operations since the father's death, twenty-nine years previous, "Master John" thus being left alone in his glory at Brecongill.

Robert Osborne was born at Ashgill on September 13th, 1838. He may therefore be regarded as one of Yorkshire's sons. Matriculating in the stable, he was at eleven years of age employed by his father until increasing weight stopped him riding in public, his career as a horseman being a brief one. Amongst celebrated animals he rode belonging to his father was the flying Exact, this being the filly that John Osborne places as the absolute best ever raised at Ashgill. When seventeen years of age Robert Osborne rode Manganese the first time she won, the race being the old-established Bishop Burton Stakes, for two-year-olds, at Beverley. In the spring of 1855, barely a month before the Derby, Mr. Popham, the owner of Wild Dayrell, hired from old John Osborne his four-year-old Gamelad to lead the classic son of Ion in his work for the great Epsom race, and also to have his services as trying tackle. Robert Osborne, who enjoyed the full confidence of his father, took Gamelad to the South from Ashgill, and rode him in the trial at 7 st. 3 lb. Wild Dayrell was ridden by Robert Sherwood, and carried 8 st. 10 lb. To make the pace trustworthy, Jack Charlton joined in with Jack Shepherd, who was accounted very smart over a mile. Wild Dayrell, no doubt a great horse at the time, ran clean away from the pair, winning the trial by 100 yards. Robert

Osborne's comment on the performance was, "Wild Dayrell nearly lost us." The rehearsal was the forerunner of Wild Dayrell's easy triumph at Epsom. As proving how good Wild Dayrell was, Gamelad, who was sent back to Ashgill, ran Saacebox, winner of the St. Leger, to half a length at even weights, and to a neck at 5 lbs. Analysing this performance of Gamelad's as against Saacebox, it would appear that Wild Dayrell was 2 st. better than the St. Leger hero. Wild Dayrell's great trial greatly impressed Robert Osborne, and throughout his career as a breeder, he always had an affection for the Wild Dayrell blood.

Legion is the number of John Osborne's friends at home and abroad, while myriads who have not seen him in the flesh yet know him by reputation. In the compilation of this book our plan has been to butt-end him with questions. Possibly the hypercritical reader may not appreciate the somewhat disconnected form of the story. It were hardly possible, however, to avoid taking a leap forward, only to retrace our steps, then picking up the line here and there as occasion required. If the recital be somewhat broken occasionally, it may be counted upon that here and there a fact or an incident may crop up that will interest in an unexpected way. The dry-as-dust style may be acceptable to the lover of essays. That mode of proceeding has been avoided hitherto as much as was deemed judicious, and in reproducing some of our hero's running comments and opinions on men, of horses and their characteristics, the motto—

"The moral of our tale is this—
Variety's the soul of bliss,"

has been acted upon. In the hope this policy may not weary those who may dip into this "plain, unvarnished

tale," we reproduce one of the few hours' converse we had with Osborne in his quiet home at Brecongill in the spring of 1900. John *loquitur*—

"Harking back a long time, in the old days we used to walk our horses to the meetings. For instance, from Middleham here to Newcastle-on-Tyne was a good stretch by road. You could either go by Darlington, or Pierse-bridge, or Scotch Corner way. We would start after breakfast, and the first stop would be at Boroughbridge—about twenty-five miles. Our second stop would be at Chester-le-Street, arriving at Newcastle on the third day. My father often used to ride on his hack with the horses to Newmarket and the South. In those days you could run a horse for a saddle at a small meeting, and the next you could start him in the Chester Cup if you liked.

"Now about Tommy Lye—he died some time about '66, at Middleham here. He was considered a good judge of pace, and always rode very short. Often enough I have ridden in races against him, and he told me at different times that Muley Moloch was the best horse he ever rode. A big horse was Muley Moloch, standing about 16'3. Alice Hawthorn was by Muley Moloch, you know.

"Talking about prominent jockeys of the past, it is hard to say which was the best in my time. Now, as to Archer and Fordham, they had quite different styles of riding. You never knew you were done with Fordham until you got past the post. You ask about my family. Well, I've had ten of them. John is the eldest.

Fred served his time to be an architect; Sydney is a surgeon in the Royal Navy; Philip, Fred, and Ernest are here in the stables with me; and Charles is in the Army and Navy Stores. I have three daughters.

“Very few jockeys are living now that were riding when I first began in 1846. Yes, there’s William Abdale; he is living at Richmond. He rode his first race in 1840, on a horse called Little Philip, which belonged to my father. George Abdale is a great age now. When he left my father he went to Lord George Bentinck, and rode for him up to the time of his retirement, about 1848.

“Nearly fifty years ago I used to ride the Deformed by Burgundy. She turned her toes in very much, and it used to be said you could wheel a barrow between her legs, she was so bow-legged. She belonged to Mr. Copperthwaite as a two-year-old and as a three-year-old up to the spring, when Captain J. R. Scott bought her at Nottingham for 1500 guineas. My father got charge of her in ’53, and took her to Goodwood, and she ran well for the Stewards’ Cup, with me on her back, with 8 st. up. That race was won by Longbow, who was out of my father’s mare Miss Bowe, who also threw Strongbow and Iris. The Deformed never did any good as a three-year-old after we got her, because all our horses went amiss at Goodwood that year, and she never got back to her form until the following year, when she won several races. My father sold her to go to Italy. She was brought back to England, and bred a few that could race

a bit. Although she turned her toes in very much, she could go fast.

“You are looking at Pretender on the wall there. He looks very light in the picture. A week before the St. Leger, Mr. Thomas Dawson told me the horse had not been feeding well owing to one of his teeth being loose. It was suspected that he hadn't digested his food, which didn't do him that amount of good it should have done. I fancy that in consequence the horse was not so well as he might have been when Pero Gomez beat him in the St. Leger. Two days after that race Pero Gomez only beat him half a length in the Doncaster Stakes. Wells had to spur 'Pero' to win, and a good deal spurred he was, too.

“You ask me if I believe in the spur. Well, yes, to some horses. Free-going horses don't require it; you can kick them to get them to do their best. Very few horses require the whip; but you can get one now and again that will not go with the spur, yet will bear a lot of the whip. The whip has a tendency to frighten the horse. Bill Scott fairly cut the Derby out of Mundig, who, like his sire Catton, was a very idle horse.

“Apology was a good, wide mare. To get her really straight you might train her at home until she couldn't beat anything. She was a mare that always wanted the excitement of the race to see her at her best. That year we ran her in the Ebor Handicap at York won by Lily Agnes, I thought she was sure to win. She came on at the end of her four-year-old season.

She was then really getting back into her form. She was a great mare that afternoon she won the Ascot Cup; and so she was in the St. Leger and the Oaks. She was in season on the Oaks day; in fact, on the morning of the race I had to give her a smack or two to make her canter. She was quite a different mare in the afternoon. She jumped off at once and went as freely as possible. Of course, I could never account for her lameness on the St. Leger morning. Maybe it was a little stiffness; it might have been her shoulder. She was lame in her shoulder two or three times when she was a three-year-old. She walked sound and free as possible on the Leger day, but in trotting she went quite lame.

“Now you ask me what is my idea about roaring in horses. Well, it is often brought on by illness, though some horses are roarers from one cause and some from another. I have known a number of horses go roarers from illness. One instance in point was a colt called Upleatham, by Zetland out of Ophelia. When he was first tried Agility and Toreador were in the spin. Agility won by half a length, and he was beaten half a length from Toreador. That year our horses brought an illness from Manchester. This colt Upleatham took it, and he became a roarer; so bad, indeed, that he roared even when trotting. I sold him at Northallerton races for 16 guineas. He was a good-looking horse, with immense bone. That illness left him a wreck; he was as sound as a ‘bell of brass’ before he took it. He was such a bad roarer that I never tried to train him, and what became of him I

don't know. Very often roaring springs from horses having too much food and too little work. I think horses getting 'fit' has something to do with roaring. I have known cases in my own experience where horses have been roarers and come right again. You have an instance in Moorcock being a roarer and becoming sound in his wind. My father bought Moorcock and several other yearlings rather late in the autumn. When Moorcock was put into work he was a bad roarer; but as he got gradually into condition the roaring left him. He was trained up to a six-year-old, and was perfectly sound to the end. What does that prove? I suppose he had been a heavy 'doer,' which made him thick in his inside, thereby affecting his wind, which came right again with work.

"No doubt the atmosphere has a deal to do with roaring. A roarer will run a much better race in nice, clear atmosphere than he will in thick or damp. If you want to find a horse out as a roarer, you give him a gallop on a thick, foggy morning, and you'll hear him when you cannot on a dry atmosphere. Once I had a mare which was a very bad roarer, so bad, in fact, that I don't think any veterinary surgeon in England would have passed her. I rode her about eight or ten weeks and she came all right. You could then gallop her for fifty miles, if you liked. As to the real cause of roaring, the 'vets.' are as much in the dark now as they were a hundred years ago.

"With regard to conformation of horses, I have seen them run in all shapes. Horses with

big feet often enough fail as racers, yet I have known some good 'uns with big feet. Still, an ordinary-sized foot, according to the size of the horse, is best to like. A heavy-topped horse must have good bone under him to carry him, with plenty of muscle along with it. Extra good horses, generally speaking, have a good strong neck; but, like everything else, there are exceptions; you want to take the generality. I like a good blood eye in a horse. A bad-eyed horse has generally a bad temper.

“Now I have known several dipped-backed ones very smart. Castanette, the dam of Fandango, was very low in the back, and Farthingale, about the same year, owned by Mr. George Payne was very dipped in the back, yet she was very smart. A horse called Cherry Brandy, owned by my father, was awfully down in the back; yet he was very smart as a two-year-old and useful as a four-year-old. Of course, he didn't go on improving. When he wasn't good enough to win races himself, he could always tell us when the others were not. A little horse we had, called Knapton, was very hollow in the back. Old Wm. P'Anson had him first, and he won for him a race at Catterick Bridge. Mr. John Jackson then bought him, and my father had him for a bit; he was a very speedy horse. A horse is all the better with good, deep back ribs. In regard to long and short necks, I prefer a medium neck. Crucifix was a good mare, and she had a very long neck; but Priam was very short necked. Horses, as I have said, go in all shapes. For my own fancy, I like a nice long,

short-legged one, after the stamp of Apology; I don't know of anything that I like better than her shape and make. You want something like that under you to carry you home; she had plenty of neck. Lily Agnes was a bit weak in the neck; she was quite a different stamp to Apology; but both were good animals. Apology had a better back, but she did not grow into so beautiful a brood mare as 'Lily.' I like the withers well into the back, short and strong. You may get some with low withers that will go like the wind. Manganese was low in the withers; she had terrific speed. Mind you, I think she would have stayed as well if you could have settled her down; she used to beat herself with pulling. If you got her steadied down into a nice pace she would have stayed there.

“It's not the miles we travel,
It's the pace that kills.”

“I am a great believer in plenty of shoulder action. A horse with straight action in front seldom gets through heavy ground. What you want is the long, low, sweeping action.”

The old cry of the deterioration of the English thoroughbred, as compared with Arabians, French, and American horses, is as often heard in the present as it was years ago. In one of his *viva voce* opinions, John Osborne asserts that horses in his younger days were certainly stouter and harder in constitution than the present. Our French neighbours avenged Waterloo with Gladiateur, who proved a splendid failure at the stud. The triumphs of the invaders, whether from old Gaul, America, Australia, or even Hungary, which sent

Kisber across to us, can be counted on the fingers of both hands so far as regards the "classics." Long ago the modern Arab was demonstrated to be a fraud. Soon the idea that the Arab never tired was exploded by practical test. Mr. Chaplin and the late Duke of Beaufort repeatedly tried them, and costly experiments they proved to both. Some years ago the late Duke of Beaufort entered an Arabian in the Goodwood Cup, in which he had liberal weight allowance. The Arabian was to make hacks of the English horses, and it was resolved that he should gallop them down, the deluded idea being held that he would stay for ever. The Arab soon held a long lead, the English lot treating his "burst" with indifference. Half a mile from home they put on full pressure. The Arab was speedily passed by the whole English lot, and he finished the race tailed off. The Prince of Wales also experimented with one of the Arabs, but, like the Duke of Beaufort and Mr. Chaplin, who, in fact, declined to allow an Arab to bear his colours, he found it as expensive as it was unproductive of good results. Just as it was some twenty, or thirty, or forty, or even fifty years ago, we read about the deterioration of our own breed of horses. So it was when Parole was brought across in 1879 by Mr. Lorillard. He won two or three races, and the cry was raised, "Now is established beyond doubt the decadence of the English thoroughbred. when an American (by an English sire, be it remembered) beats our own breed." Mr. Lorillard, after spending £40,000, soon found that he could not hold his own long either against the English system or the English horses. Every dog has its day, and every horse-breeding nation is bound at one period or another in its history to produce a clinker, who may stand out by himself, as was the

case with Gladiateur, Foxhall, Kisber, Iroquois, Rayon d'Or, and other "distinguished foreigners." No doubt, as John Osborne says, our horses are not so hard as they were forty or fifty years ago. That arises, we venture to think, from the prevailing hot-house system of rearing young stock as much as from any other cause.

Our hero's views on the character and constitution of horses of the past and the present were expressed as follows:—

"The method of training horses in the present day is quite different to what it was when I began. Horses are very much lighter now; they have neither the bone nor the substance that thoroughbreds had fifty years ago. Of course, in the old times they were sweated a good deal. Heavy cloths were put on them, and they were galloped three and four miles in them. That plan has been discontinued for many years. I don't know that sweating is weakening to a horse. Old John Scott was a great believer in sweating and bleeding. I am certain that the constitution of horses of the present day would not stand such work; the modern breed is neither so robust nor so strong. Formerly it was quite a common thing for horses to run three and four-mile heats. If they were subjected to that now they wouldn't be able to come out of the stable for a month after. I have had some experience myself of riding horses in heats—two-mile heats; and I have ridden in four-mile races, but never in four-mile heats. I am fully convinced the constitution of horses of the present day is not as strong as it was forty or fifty years ago. It puzzles me to account for the



Engraved from "Ball's Magazine"

MR. JOHN SCOTT

degeneration in the stoutness of the modern race-horse; really, I cannot point to the cause of it."

Osborne's firmly expressed belief in action as a primal attribute in the horse recalls the story of a dignitary of the Church—a reputed good judge. When asked what he considered the first point in a horse, "Action," was the reply. "And what do you consider the second best point?" "Action," again was the reply. "And the third best?" "*Action!*" thundered the prelate, with greater emphasis than ever on the word.

As bearing upon the views of Osborne, it may be interesting to repeat the following interview with Charles Lund, the Malton trainer. The extract is taken from some notes we published in 1899, entitled "Amongst the Yorkshire Trainers." It runs as follows:—

Though by no means an old trainer, being just better than half-way through the "fifties," Charles Lund's memories of racing trace back more than forty years. On the occasion of my visit to Spring Cottage it happened to be his birthday, and after the levee in the stables, the invitation to place my feet under his mahogany was irresistible. I reminded him that John Osborne's birthday was the following day, January 7th, and that the veteran would then be entering into his sixty-sixth year, or some ten years older than my host. "A wonderful man is old John Osborne," exclaims Lund, "and a credit to his profession in all ways of life. We have lived together at Goodwood, York, Gosforth, in fact all over the country, and a more sensible or a more temperate man it would be impossible to meet. I had forgotten all about this being my birthday, and we must celebrate it in some sort of way." So, after lunch, for which the fresh wolds air had excited a keen appetite, we cracked about old times over a bottle of "tawny" from the Whitewall bin that had come into my host's possession at the sale. Many subjects were interspersed in the "crack" that ensued, and an interesting three hours speedily passed away. Comparing the past with the present, Lund remarked, "Present-day training is quite different to what it was when I was a boy under old John Scott. Joseph Dawson was the first trainer to begin getting two-year-olds

ready for the early spring. Dawson was wonderfully successful, and soon made his mark by the innovation in the Brocklesby Stakes at Lincoln. John Scott and the older school of trainers in the North at once saw that if they did not follow Dawson's example they would be left behind, and gradually they changed their tactics by preparing their youngsters for early spring engagements. Yet John Scott owed much of his great success as a trainer to the fact that he did not race his horses early in the year, this success being especially marked in the classic races. Thus he had his horses fresh for later engagements against other horses that had been run through, and which had naturally become somewhat stale by the hard early galloping.

In the olden days there were more genuine stayers than in the present, when the main object, in too many cases, is to get speed rather than stamina out of thoroughbreds. There is now none of the four-mile sweating or blood-letting which I have known to be practised. The old trainers would take a quart of blood from a horse to cool him down and to lighten him up. That practice has been entirely abandoned by the modern trainer. In the old days they used to put three or four heavy rugs over a horse and give him a four-mile sweat, and they would scrape the "lather" off him in what was called the rubbing house. Then he would be walked home in a dry suit of clothing, and there "done up." John Scott was a great believer in that sort of thing. He carried a lance, which I now have in my possession, in his waistcoat pocket. I have seen him rub the vein up with the lance and tap the blood. Then, after the desired quantity of blood had been tapped, the vein would be covered with a piece of tow and wrapped up. There was not a more successful trainer than John Scott in his time.

Racehorses in the olden days were, on the average, two stones heavier than those at the present. Now, horses like Touchstone and West Australian were, as one might say, twice the size in substance and power to the present-day racehorses, most of which latter are light of bone and substance and comparatively weedy in appearance. Present day trainers have gone in for speed too much, with the result that a great majority of the horses are too finely built. This will have to be altered now that the Jockey Club are going in for long-distance races. When the new laws are carried out trainers will have to train more for long-distance races, and as a consequence the horses will be of a more powerful stamp. Yes, the French are beating us in their horses for stamina. Well, they have a better climate than we have for rearing them. They have more long-distance races. Besides, in the rearing of

their young stock they don't adopt the plan of shutting them up in their boxes ; they have open "hovels" in which they run about as they like. No doubt the modern system of training is against bleeding and sweating. And for why ? The constitution of horses nowadays is so fine that they cannot stand the bleeding and sweating they used to do. Old Tom Parr, who trained Rataplan, Saacebox, Fisherman, and other good horses in the old days, when he was hard up, used to let his horses feed in the hedge-side as he walked them from one place to another. I knew an old Doctor Brown who used to sit up with Tom Parr for weeks together and he told me all this. I went to Whitewall the year before Warlock won the St. Leger for Mr. Anthony Nichol, who was a Newcastle man, and one of the most successful that ever owned a few horses. I lived with John Scott from that time until he died in 1871. Old John and I never had a word. He taught me my business, and I went through the routine of stable life from the lowest to the highest. He put me forward as head man at Whitewall, and I travelled with the horses in that capacity. He was the best and kindest of masters—large-hearted and charitable to a degree. It was his custom to kill a fat bullock for the poor of Malton every Christmas, and to send any number of Christmas presents to his friends for miles around. He was a man who used to read a great deal, Scott's Waverley Novels being his favourite reading. Lund told us a great deal more that afternoon, but we shall cut matters short by the following anecdote relating to old Tom Dawson :—

“It was just after Pretender had won the Derby that the late John Peart, Jem Perren, and myself called at Tugill on old Tom Dawson to hear him crack about the race. The same afternoon, after Pretender had won, Tom Dawson left London for Middleham. He had backed Pretender in the ring for a lot of ready money, amounting to some hundreds of pounds. He put the notes into an old hat-box he had with him, with only a piece of string tied round it. In travelling North by the Scotch train he placed the hat-box under the carriage seat. He left the train at Northallerton, forgetting the box with its pile of notes, and did not discover his loss until he got home. The box and its contents were lost for three weeks, when they were returned to him without a single note missing.”

CHAPTER XXII

“Field sports will make a man of you, coz, for they fortify the body, draw away disease, purify the blood, quicken the circulation, freshen the mind and marvellously mature its virtues.”

NEARLY all the jockeys of eminence belonging to the past and even to the present generation have been ardent fox-hunters. George Fordham, Archer, Culance, who, in his “Recollections,” gives an interesting account of his favourite hunter, “Doctor,” followed the hounds in the dead season. John Osborne, more an “all-round” man than either of the above celebrities, has been, and is no less than they were, devoted to the pursuit of Reynard. He has had a long and varied experience under many masters of the counties environing Middleham. In 1856 he was a votary of the venatic science at Ashby when superintending Manganese’s winter preparation for the One Thousand. A well-known figure on Middleham Moor was John’s old hunter, now well declined into the value of years, and which gallantly bore him for many seasons. He was being cantered about by a stable boy on the Moor when we paid one of our visits.

“You don’t think much of his forelegs?” remarked John. “Well, he is not so sound as he was a few seasons ago. He’s a poor hack, but

when he gets warmed up with hounds, he's a bad 'un to beat."

Surrounded, as he is, in the wolds and dale country by many noble and good sportsmen, it goes without saying that John need never fail in having a day with hounds or gun. All sorts and conditions of men are fond of him, and, like the rest of the world, respect him. Let one enumerate a few of his neighbours and friends round about Middleham. Conspicuous amongst them is Lord Bolton, whose beautiful and historic seat, Bolton Hall, is picturesquely situated amongst the ancestral trees, and from whose porch the eye commands a glorious panorama of wold and dale; of pasture, of wood and water, with the sombre Penhill towering above all like a grim vedette. Lord Bolton himself does not race, but he comes from a racing stock, for he is the grandson of Mr. Powlett, who owned Jack Spigot. Lord Masham—a really great man—known formerly in the coursing world as Mr. "Sam" Lister, when he kept a big kennel of greyhounds, is lord of the manor of Middleham, and is a great land-owner thereabout, one of his several big purchases in the district of late years being Lord Ailesbury's magnificent estate. The Duke of Leeds owns about twelve miles of country between Ashgill and Hornby Castle, and Mr. Fred Milbanke is only little more than an hour's drive from Middleham.

As Yorkshire is celebrated for its glorious hams, so is Middleham, the capital of Wensleydale, renowned for its toothsome cheeses. The region abounds in fine pastures, irrigated by the Yore, the Cover, and smaller streams. An undulating and hilly country, grouse abounds in the higher parts, with pheasants and partridges affording sport for the gun in the lowlands.

Interrogating him on his fox-hunting proclivities, John rejoined—

“I have been fond of hunting all my life. You would see my old hunter on the Moor. He was given to me by Mr. Robertson Gladstone. Sometimes I have one hunter, and sometimes two. Yes, I’ve been in a few good runs in my time with the Bedale and the Holderness. Every year I go down with the Holderness for a fortnight. Many changes of masters have occurred since first I began. At the outset of my hunting the late Mr. Mark Milbanke was Master of the Bedale; he was quite an old gentleman when he gave up the hounds. I did not ride to hounds until after I came from school, and then for a long time saw little of it, as my father gave us all something else to do at Ashgill. The first fox I saw broken up was in ’42, and I never fairly hunted till about ’49. After Mr. Mark Milbanke gave up the Bedale he was succeeded by the Hon. W. E. Duncombe, who, if I am not mistaken, was followed by the late Mr. John Booth. Major Dent succeeded Mr. Booth, and he became Master again. Mr. G. W. Elliot (afterwards Sir George Elliot) had office before Captain Wilson Todd, who gave up the Mastership in the spring of ’96 to Major Dent. I have hunted with the Holderness under three Masters.

“The worst fall I ever had in the hunting field was last year (1896), when riding a friend’s horse. He fell and came over on to me, and lay there with me under until they pulled him off. It was some time before I shook the effects of it off. I have never during the whole of my life

been savaged in the stable by a horse, nor has any horse ever had hold of me to do me any harm. No doubt the temper of many horses is spoiled by bad treatment."

This immunity from "savaging" speaks volumes for John's knowledge, and scarcely less for the humane manner in which he treats his horses, thereby getting that confidence which is only too often divorced by ignorance of and cruelty to the noblest of quadrupeds. In these days, when our boys and girls are crammed with technical education, which in nine cases out of ten is valueless to them in the real earnest and practical struggle of life, would it not be well to establish scholarships whose end and aims would be to show the affinity—the close and mysterious affinity in feeling and even in sentiment—that exists between man and horse, and, relatively, in the lower grades of the brute creation? Much of the unspeakable cruelty, nay, torture, which horses suffer would vanish, and to those who really love a horse much pain would be avoided.

Not long since it was falsely asserted that a jockey's earnings in the present day are about the same as they were between thirty and forty years ago. This led to a controversy about the raising of jockey's fees, some of the advocates for the increase asking why, with other classes of the community obtaining increased remuneration, the jockey should be satisfied with what was paid him three or four decades ago? It is a fact that jockeys in the present day are in receipt of earnings three times as much as they were when Fred Archer flashed upon the arena like a meteor. Archer, indeed, rode more winners in a season than Frank Butler had mounts. Compared with what they used to be, the presents made to jockeys in our time are much

more valuable than in the olden days. The story is told of an old-time wealthy owner who, on winning the Derby, gave his jockey two £5 notes, with a patronising reminder to put them in the bank for a rainy day. Compare this munificence with what has obtained in the last two or three decades of the century. No surprise is now expressed when a jockey receives a *douceur* of £1000. Instances are known where twice in a fortnight that sum has been paid to a jockey, and, nowadays, £500 is looked upon as quite the thing to be done. Glover, who was only a second-class jockey, received £500 for winning the Lincoln Handicap, that sum being more than the race was worth forty years ago. Cannon received £500 for his mount on Thurio in the Grand Prix de Paris; and Constable something more for his chance mount on Sefton in the Derby. When at his zenith, Wales, the notorious plunger and defaulter, made presents of large sums to Archer. "After all this," remarks a well-known owner and writer, "it seems to me to be sheer nonsense to talk about jockeys being underpaid. Win a selling race, and the little imp who rode for you will expect a 'tenner,' at the very least, for himself, his master, of course, taking the mere riding fee. It was argued that if jockeys were paid more they would not have to eke out their means by betting. To my mind it would make them bet all the more. Betting, as a matter of fact, keeps most of the jockeys poor. Back a horse for a jockey and see how long you will have to wait for your money." Exceptions there are to the betting jockey, and John Osborne throughout all his life has been one of them, though that assertion is not made to create the impression that he never betted on a race. From his own lips we have the stupendous nature of his

biggest bet. Mostly his investments were limited to £2. A £5 note was a tremendous "plunge" for him. Some twenty years ago, Newhouse was the heaviest gambling jockey. It was nothing for him to have £500 on a race. The money lost by Archer when St. Mirin was beaten in the Cambridgeshire was said to be a leading cause of his mind being unseated, followed by his own mad act of destroying his life.

In the season of 1878, up to 9th November, Archer's total of winning mounts was 219 out of 588 races in which he rode that year. His riding fees alone amounted to £2200, which would most probably be only a trivial part of his income. His chief backer, the afore-mentioned Wales, the plunger, made him presents to the extent of £2000. As showing the presents jockeys or trainers receive, and that, too, occasionally from people unknown to them, it may be mentioned the day after Luke won the Two Thousand Guineas on Petrarch he received anonymously an envelope containing five £100 notes. As up to that time Luke hardly knew a £5 note by sight, his feelings must have been of a pleasant kind. Tom French had a "menagerie" of scarfpins, one of them being worth £300. It consisted of diamonds and rubies, and was given to him by Baron Rothschild for winning the Derby on Favonius. Archer's income from all sources must have been enormous. For winning a minor race like the Great Eastern Handicap, he got £500 before leaving the scales.

Superficial critics of horsemanship labour under the delusion that nothing is easier in the world than the making of a jockey. But the mannikins—if the epithet may be permitted—of the Turf, at least those in the very front rank, like poets, are born, not made.

“They do not vegetate on every gooseberry bush. Eagles do not bring forth doves.” Though talent may run in families, it is not always hereditary—

“With different talents formed
We variously excel.”

Each generation has boasted its favourite since Frank Buckle flourished in the period extending from 1783 to 1832. And be it said here, that Frank Buckle throughout his career enjoyed a reputation for skill in his profession, and spotless integrity in his conduct, that runs parallel with the character of John Osborne.

Constant practice from early childhood is a great factor in acquiring the art of horsemanship; but if the genius for jockeyship be not inborn, any amount of practice will fail to produce the *beau ideal*. There is an impalpable animal magnetism between man and horse which is really a gift and cannot be acquired. Looking through the vista of the past, we may recount the names of great horsemen in Francis Buckle, Samuel Chifney (the younger), Harry Edwards, J. B. Day, Wm. Scott, Tommy Lye, Job Marson, Sam Rogers, Elnathan Flatman, Francis Butler, Alfred Day, “Tiny” Wells, Thomas French, and Thomas Aldcroft. Coming to a later epoch, George Fordham was *facile princeps*; and in his period stand out masters in Fred Archer, Jim Snowden, Fred Webb, John Watts, Tom Cannon, Harry Custance, Charles Wood, and last, though not least, John Osborne, who, in point of age, if not in absolute artistic eminence, stands out *primus Romanorum*.

In judging the subtleties of jockeyship, one is almost inclined to believe in the Pythagorean idea of the transmigration of souls, for it is often evidenced that a horse runs much more generously in the hands of a certain

jockey than he does in any other. George Fordham was a striking example of this truism, for often enough a horse would run a stone better under him than when piloted by a less sympathetic man. Fordham, by subtle influence, had the power of conveying his will to stimulate the speed, the courage, and the heart, nay, even the soul—to consider the point curiously—of the horse he bestrode. Nor was this end achieved by the ruthless use of whip and spur, which only too often marked Fred Archer's efforts in a desperate finish: it was attained by the velvet touch of the hands on the reins, which acted as a conductor of the human current to the equine, inspiring confidence and energy in the horse. Only on rare occasions did Fordham apply whip and spur, and these happened mostly when he was on a slow, muddling rogue, who would never do his best under the milder method of riding with the hands. Archer, particularly in the earlier period of his career, was very severe on two-year-olds, and many a "young thing's" heart he broke by the punishment he administered. That really fine horseman and equally fine character, Tom Cannon, made it a rule never to punish a two-year-old; and even as much can be said of John Osborne. Fred Webb, too, was an artistic handler of youngsters.

More races have been lost by "butcher boys" by the almost unpardonable use of whip and spur than pen can record. Indeed, one is inclined to think that the magnates of the Turf would be enacting a humane law if they forbade race-riding with the adjuncts of whip and spur. These instruments may be necessary in some cases. It is the accursed modern fashion of having so many "short cut" races, in which the jockeys are at it "hammer and tongs" from pillar to post, that

creates a breed of "butcher boys" who, ignorant of the fine art of riding, or who are unendowed with the instincts of the true, genuine horseman, cut open the sides of their mounts from girth to shoulder. A game, spent horse may be struggling beyond his powers, yet he is whipped and spurred in a manner that makes the real lover of the thoroughbred blush at the sight. Some readers may consider this criticism maudlin; others, we feel persuaded, will recognise in it an honest desire to see the treatment of the most noble and beautiful of the brute creation more merciful and generous.

No royal road has yet been discovered for the making of a perfect horseman, the essentials are so numerous and diversified to complete the whole, just as they are necessary in the embodiment of a perfect horse—a creation yet to come, in that it is almost a physical and mental impossibility for a single individual to combine them in his anatomy. Here is a whimsical rhyme of a modern versifier in *Baily* bearing on this point:—

HOW TO MAKE A JOCKEY.

"In a pestle and mortar of moderate size
 Into Coventry's head put Lord Marcus's eyes;
 Cut Tom Cannon's throat and save all the blood,
 To answer your purpose there's none half so good.
 Pound Archer to dust, as you'll find it expedient,
 The world cannot furnish a better ingredient.
 From the Barretts and Wood take plenty of spirit,
 Successful or not, they have always that merit;
 Jim Goater's address, John Osborne's advice,
 A touch of Prometheus, it's done in a trice!"

While the versifier pays a well-deserved meed of praise to the judgment of Mr. Coventry and to the eagle glance of "Lord Marcus's eyes," he is somewhat blood-thirsty in his intentions towards poor Tom Cannon. What has the master of Danebury done, in all

conscience, to justify his throat being cut? Alas! Archer's "dust" is being "pounded" in his cold, narrow home which he reached all too soon by his own act. The Barretts are no longer chief actors on the stage of the Turf. Charlie Wood returned to his old love after nine years' banishment at an estimated personal loss of £40,000, for at the time of his licence being withdrawn, he would in all probability be earning £5000 a year. The poet is more kindly to Jim Goater, and compliments our own hero upon his wisdom. But whence are we to derive the Promethean fire to illumine the ashes of the dead with the living, and to realise perfection of head, heart, and hands, of strength, patience, finesse, judgment, and integrity—all of which are elements to be sought for in the devoutly-to-be-wished-for consummation?

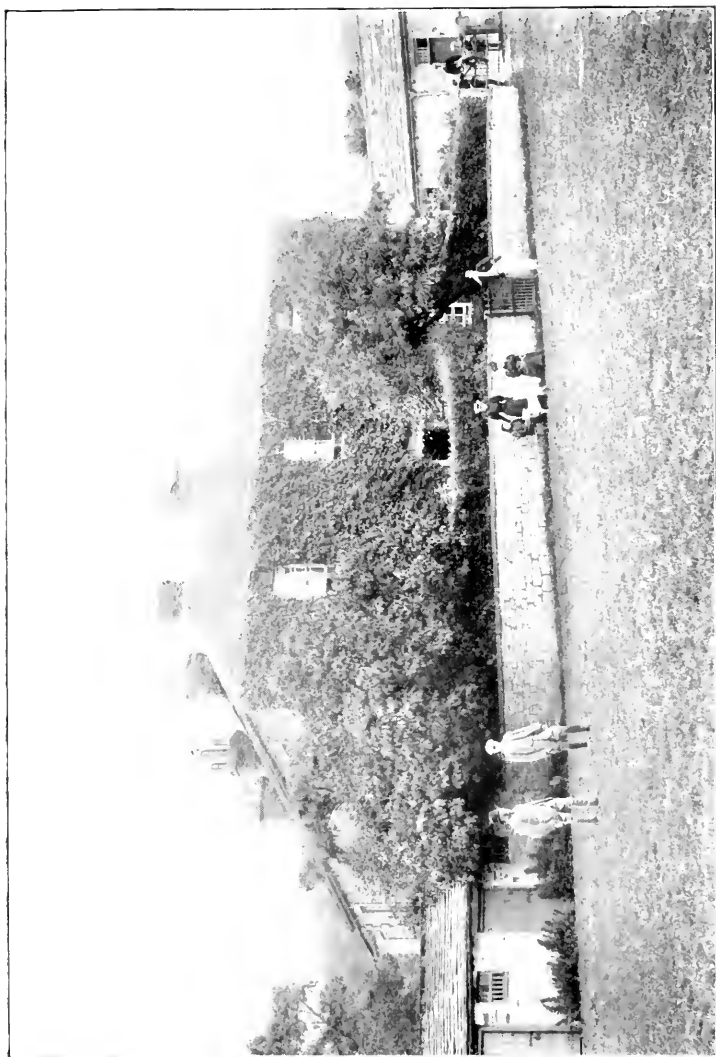
Routine life at Brecongill exacts early rising. Long years ago John Osborne was dubbed the "early bird," for whether at home or away at a meeting his string of horses were first out for morning exercise. Stable life in winter begins at 6 o'clock, breakfast at 7.30, and this repast over, the first batch of racers are sent out for exercise on the Moor, this part of the day's work being finished at about noon. The second lot of horses are taken out about 1.30 o'clock for exercise until the afternoon is well advanced. Then "to stable" for the first lot at 6.30 o'clock in the evening, and the second by 8 o'clock, when the day's work ends.

"Something attempted, something done,
Has earned a night's repose."

In summer the start is made as early as 4.30 o'clock in the morning, and, of course, stabling is done for the day at a proportionately earlier hour. Thus it will be gathered that neither trainer, stable-

men, nor boys eat the bread of idleness, for they are working on an average from twelve to fourteen hours a day. Even now, in his sixty-eighth year, John Osborne is the hardest worker at Brecongill. He is out on horseback with his team every day, and what is more, rides as keenly as ever in "trials." One might be inclined to think that advancing years and the easy competency which a life of industry has realised would lead him to ease the pace a bit. But such is not the case. He takes his strong pedestrian exercise as of old, walking from eight to ten miles a day, and sometimes more, bearing himself with that elasticity of step, good pace, and action which have characterised his physical life for sixty years. Herein lies the secret of his sound constitution, his vitality, and his health—following the golden rules of daily exercise which strengthens the body, clears the mind, and keeps down that curse of luxurious living—an undue increase of our abdominal "corporation." If in no other respect, our hero's devotion to early rising and to a proper amount of healthy physical exercise, teaches a lesson that ought to be borne in mind by rich and poor, that temperance and a due observance of the laws of health will stave off many of the "ills which flesh is heir to," and lead to a vigorous and honoured old age. As Sir Tatton Sykes was wont to say, "Keep your head cool with temperance, and your feet warm with exercise."

It is here worthy of note that during his prolonged activity as a jockey, John Osborne never won a Royal Hunt Cup, Stewards' Cup, nor the Stakes at Goodwood. Failure also marked his attempts in the Cesarewitch and the Cambridgeshire, though very near winning the latter on Bendigo, who was beaten in a desperate finish by Mr. Robert Vyner's Gloriation. That was a great



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BREUGSCELL

performance of a great, aged horse. He was carrying 9 st. 13 lbs., and was beaten half a length by the three-year-old Ashgill colt, on whom Glover, also an Ashgill jockey, carried 7 st. 6 lbs., and started at 40 to 1. As a five-year-old, Bendigo failed for the Cambridgeshire, with Archer up and 9 st. 5 lbs. in the saddle, to give the French three-year-old Plaisanterie 10 lbs., suffering defeat by half a length. The previous year of '84, Bendigo occupied the same provoking position of second for this same race to Mr. Jack Hammond's good four-year-old mare Florence, who, of the same age, conceded Mr. Barclay's horse exactly a stone, Webb beating Jim Snowden in a most desperate finish by a head on that occasion; while the grey Eastern Emperor, four years, 7 st. 5 lbs., carrying the ducal colours of Beaufort, was only beaten for second place by Bendigo by a neck. "Sharp work for the eyesight" was this finish, as the old lady said when the wheelbarrow perambulated over her nose. Nor did our hero ever win a Lincolnshire Handicap, a City and Suburban, a Chester Cup, or a Grand Prix de Paris.

But as against these failures a balance is struck with triumphant rides in one Great Metropolitan (Chippendale); in six Two Thousand Guineas, viz., on Vedette, Pretender, Bothwell, Prince Charlie, Camballo, and Ayrshire. Apology bore him successfully home in the One Thousand Guineas. The only Derby winner he steered was Pretender, though he was second on Mr. Trotter's outsider, Palmbearer, and Mr. Vyner's Crowberry. Apology gave him his first and only Oaks, in which he was twice second, viz., on Mr. J. B. Cookson's Coromandel II., the victress being that magnificent filly, Wheel of Fortune, and in earlier years on his own filly, Romping Girl. He was twice third on

Muscatel and Merry Duchess. In the Manchester Cup he was the successful "coachman" of Black Doctor in '62, and on Cathedral seven years later. For the Ascot Stakes of '62 he steered Rapparee to the winning post, and followed that up with Teviotdale for his old patron Sir Robert Jardine in '81. Two Ebor Handicaps fell to him—on Vedette in '58, and Victor Emanuel in '82.

Knavesmire has seen some of his best performances, and his name is allied to a goodly array of Great Yorkshire Handicap and Park Hill Stakes winners, apart from a host of minor handicaps. Camballo won him his first and only Champagne Stakes at Doncaster. Pretender and Apology are his two St. Leger successes; and Sir R. Bulkeley's Macaroni colt, Surinam, carried him to victory after a dead heat and the subsequent walk over in the Middle Park Plate of '72. He was twice second on Chippendale for the Cesarewitch, being beaten by the great American colt Foxhall the first time, and by that grand mare Corrie Roy the second. He won the Liverpool Cup on Bon-Mot as far back as '49.

His name, i' faith, has been heralded on almost every racecourse in the United Kingdom. Truly "Honest John" has had an unexampled career for its length, and, considering the condition and cares attending it, its success. He never came in the category of fashionable jockeys; probably—most probably—he was too honest to attain that questionable distinction as the world goes on the Turf even in these closing months of the nineteenth century. He had no *entourage*, no alliances, no questionable partnerships, no hangers-on, no great plungers or gamblers associated with him. He pursued, untainted, his own straight path of honesty

of purpose. If John Osborne had been of roguish propensities, it is not indulging in hyperbole to assume that he might have been in his declining years immensely wealthy. His career is a story of hard, plodding, good, honest work. He did not become one of the *nouveau riche* and build palatial mansions, nor lord his masters, reducing them to bankruptcy while he amassed wealth from their cupidity. What riches he may possess—and they are not great as wealth counts in these days of bubble companies with aristocratic directors “standing in”—have been earned by honest industry from “early morn to dewy eve.” He treated Fortune’s buffets and rewards with philosophic thanks, never being elated in the hour of triumph, nor unduly depressed in the hour of defeat; though, when Fortune wooed him, there was the Osborne “smile” diffusing on his face, indicating a pardonable inward, if not expressed, satisfaction. In his social, domestic, marital, and paternal aspect he has maintained a character marked by purity, faithfulness, and devotion of the highest order; a spirit of manly independence, of self-respect, of honesty which disarm criticism, the whole combining to make him stand out as a model, whether considered in the aspect of a jockey, an owner, a trainer, a father, a husband, or a man.

Tom Connor, now training at Thorngill, relates a story about Osborne’s kindness of heart. Some few years ago they drove away from the racecourse in a cab to the railway station. Just as they started a “loafer” presented himself at the cab door. John gave money to almost every one that asked him in those days, and as usual he was “tapped” by the “loafer” on this occasion. “Well,” said Connor, “how you can throw your money away on a dirty beggar like that I cannot

understand—it is worse than chucking it into the river.” John never uttered a word in reply to this rebuke from his friend. They drove two or three hundred yards further on, when the cabby was pulled up, Connor got out and bought two cigars, and re-entering the cab, John, who has been a strict non-smoker all his life, asked, “How much did you give for the cigars, Connor?” “A shilling,” was the reply. “Well, retorted John, “my ‘bob’ has done as much good as yours.” Connor’s opinion is, “If John Osborne does not get to heaven, nobody else will. He’s the most even-tempered man I ever knew.”

Here is another tale recited to us by the Rev. Hutton-Hall, the vicar of Coverham. “Some few years ago there were two feet of snow lying one Sunday when I had to preach at Coverham Church. I awoke in the early morning, but on looking out and beholding the great fall of snow I thought it would be of no use me journeying to conduct the service, expecting nobody would be there. However, I plucked up, and with difficulty got to the church. To my great surprise, the only member of the congregation in evidence was John Osborne himself, who had been awaiting my arrival at the church door. I have been vicar at Coverham for seven years, and have never known John Osborne absent from service but once, and that was when he was prevented being present through illness.”

CHAPTER XXIII

“The web of our Life is of a mingled yarn,
Good and ill together.”

JOHN OSBORNE has had so many contemporaries that some difficulty is experienced in classifying and comparing them. Most prominent amongst them from the “seventies” were George Fordham, Tom Cannon, Fred Archer, and C. Wood. The two last-named may be said to belong to the modern school; if not poor Archer, certainly Wood. For delicacy of hands, quick aptitude of grasping the situation, and daring and dash in a finish, Archer was monumental, and phenomenally successful; indeed, no jockey that ever lived has so brilliant a record as he had in the period he rode. There are, however, contests—we are quoting from the Badminton Library—and notably the two St. Legers in which he rode Lord Clifden and Apology, and the Two Thousand in which he rode Prince Charlie, where the skill and strict attention to orders displayed by John Osborne merit the highest praise. Although blessed with little luck, Fred Webb is surpassed in the determination of his finish by none of his contemporaries, and his triumph upon Florence over such a horse as Bendigo, and such a rider as Jim Snowden, for the Cambridge-shire of 1884 was, perhaps, the brightest example of

his style. The strong seat and resolute courage of Custance were seen to great advantage when he rode the insubordinate Broomielaw for the Chesterfield Cup of Goodwood, and, speaking summarily, the racing men of to-day (1886) may boast that half a dozen living jockeys are equal—we do not think them superior—to the “brilliant quartette” selected by “The Druid” in the last generation as *primi inter pares*.

There is a sort of a parallel between John Osborne and old John Day, who was one of the most remarkable men of his profession in this nineteenth century. Both sons of trainers, they became as conspicuous for their integrity as for their habits of temperance and their traits of modesty. John Day's father, like old John Osborne, was a self-made man, and what the one was to the South the other was to the North—masters of the mysteries of horse flesh; and the parallel still goes further, for the facts of the early life of these now-departed worthies of the Turf—John Day died in 1860, and old John Osborne in 1865—are scanty in the extreme. Both were believers in the value of the old saw:—

“Early to bed, and early to rise,
Makes a man healthy, wealthy, and wise.”

Disciplinarians even almost to a severe degree, the family characteristics were inherited in both instances by their offspring. Young John Osborne's first worldly recollection is riding on his father's grey horse to Burton-on-Trent races in 1836, then being an infant three years old. When no taller than a bucket, John Day was transferred from the nursery to the stable, and thus with the seed early sown, “the child became father to the man,” as the records of the Turf were destined to show. It is said of the master of Danebury

that the first morning streak in the heavens was sufficient to arouse him from his bed: he went down with the sun and got up with it. He tells the story himself of his early life how "for two years I never had a coat to my back and never had a glass of wine in my house—yet they tell me now there are jockeys who give seventy-five shillings a dozen for their sherry, and if they can afford it honestly, all I can say is, I don't grudge it them." We are now speaking of the days when jockeys worked hard,—before the era of express trains, when four-mile heats were the fashion, and when a jockey never expected more than two or three sovereigns for a mount, or when a "tenner" as a present was talked of throughout the season. The riding of Problem to victory in the One Thousand for the Duke of Portland opened out a brilliant career for young Day, who afterwards gained the title of "Honest John," conferred in later years by common consent upon his parallel of Middleham. It was after this performance that the Duke summoned John to wait upon him. Trembling and apprehensive of something wrong he knew not of, John stood on the mat at the threshold of the Duke's residence when his Grace addressed him, "Come in, John Day." John, having responded to the invitation, the Duke resumed, "John Day, I am about to make you a handsome present for the way you have ridden my horses this week." "Thank you, my Lord Duke," interpolated John. "I am about to give you two ten-pound notes of the bank of Messrs. So-and-So, Bury St. Edmunds, respectable bankers." Such was the extent of ducal gratitude to a jockey fifty years ago. In this *fin de siècle* period even a duke would not be rewarded with a mere acknowledgment of thanks by a fashionable knight of the pigskin. Another story of

the Duke proves that he was a wag in his way. He called John to him on one occasion, and said he never knew he was a thief before. "What, my Lord Duke! I don't understand you. I never did anything wrong in my life." "Yes, you did, John, you stole that race for me this afternoon."

No man weighs his words more than Osborne when expressing an opinion in regard to the merits or demerits of other men. On one occasion Mr. Robert Pygate, of Beverley, and Mr. W. Scarth Dixon, well known by his articles under the *nom de plume* of "The British Yeoman," contributed to the *Sporting Times*, were discussing the merits of great jockeys of the past. Osborne happened to be one of the party. He had just retired from the pigskin, and, anxious to have his opinion as to who was the best horseman of his time, he was asked by Mr. Pygate—

"Now, John, who was the best jockey you ever rode against?"

"Well," musingly replied John, "there's been a lot of good jockeys. Jim Robinson was a good jockey, and so was Fred Archer."

Still further cornering the veteran, Mr. Dixon inquired, "Now, John, let us have it out."

"Well," after a pause, Osborne said, "I am inclined to think Fordham was the best; you never quite knew where you had him."

"That stamps it," exclaimed "The Yeoman," and while many are of opinion that Archer was greater than "The Kid," it goes a long way in Fordham's favour that one of his greatest rivals over a long period of years pronounced in his favour as "the greatest Roman of them all." John was in a very reckless mood that evening, for he actually did not retire to roost until half-past ten

o'clock—a tribute to the excellence of the company and the amenities of “cracks.”

In his interesting “Riding Recollections,” Harry Custance thus makes graceful allusion to his old rival in the pigskin:—“As I started riding in the year 1856, I have only one contemporary now left—my very old friend John Osborne. It is needless to say that I have the greatest respect for him, both as a personal friend and as a jockey. To my mind Osborne was one of the best judges of pace in a long race—which we rarely see now—I ever saw, and although of late years considered a trifle slow at the start, he generally made up for it afterwards. John Osborne never thought of winning except at the winning post. Many riders forget this, and in my experience of ten years as a starter, and twenty-four as a jockey, I have on many occasions seen jockeys so anxious that, after leaving the starting-post with a little the best of it in a five-furlong race, they completely ride their horses down, never minding if they were on their right leg or not. On several occasions during my career, when I have got back to the stand, I have been told that John Osborne, after apparently being out of the race at first, had got up in the last few strides and won, not having hustled his horse during the earlier part of the contest, but holding him together, giving him a chance to gallop and making the best use of his action. This, after all, is what a horse has to depend upon to propel him along. A great deal has been said and written about John Osborne not retiring sooner. Some said that he was too old, not allowing for the bad luck he had during the last two years, which might have happened to any younger man. His accidents were not his fault. Osborne could not help a country policeman

putting his horse broadside across the course at Hull, and no one could foresee that a horse would break both his forelegs at Durham. His last spill at Liverpool was as near as possible happening to 'Morny' Cannon instead of poor old John, so that I always fail to see where his incompetency came in. I can only say, with two or three exceptions, I should back old John Osborne against a good many of the present 'young uns.'"

When Archer's greatness as a horseman was asserting itself, and he was proving champion over the northern as well as the southern jockeys, poor Jim Snowden could never bring himself to the opinion that the southerners were better horsemen than those in the north. The first time Archer came to Stockton Jim Snowden met him in the same race, and jealous of his own reputation and the north, he resolved to do "The Demon" if he could by fair square riding. When at the post, Jim drew his horse up alongside of Archer's, and spitting on his hands, to suggest business, he accosted his rival—"They tell me thee can ride a bit, lad. Aal reet, maw lad, we'll see what thee's made on now." The result was a desperate finish between them, Snowden beating Archer by the shortest of heads. "Noo, maw lad," said Jim, as they came back to the paddock, "thee can tell them i' the Sooth that there's mair jockeys in the world than thee."

Further, in his "Recollections," Custance relates an incident in connection with John Osborne and Lorette that happened in a race at Manchester run over the Old Castle Irwell course. It was a Foal Stakes, and John Osborne had brought Lorette, a horse of his father's, on the off chance of getting second money, and running it in a selling race the next day. It was just the time that

they had altered the weights for two-year-old races from 8 st. 7 lbs. and 8 st. 4 lbs. to 8 st. 10 lbs. and 8 st. 7 lbs. Quoting "Cus's" own words—"I happened to look at *Bell's Life*, almost the only sporting paper in those days, and saw the weight published at 8 st. 7 lbs. I went to scale, and presently Mr. T. Wadlow, the Stanton trainer came and said:—

"I should like to see you weighed.

"I replied, 'All right,' went to the scales and said, '8 st. 7 lbs., please.' Mr. Wadlow looked at his card and said, 'What do you mean?'—I had not looked at a card—'it is 8 st. 4 lbs., you would have made a nice mess if I hadn't come to see you weighed.' 'I'm awfully sorry, but certainly thought I had weighed the right weight,' was my reply.

"There were three runners, and I won very easily on Lady Strafford. Stella was second, and John Osborne was beaten off. When we came to the scales, I weighed in 8 st. 4 lbs, so did the second. John Osborne (who I am certain knew nothing about it before) said, 'I object to the first two horses for being short of weight.' They were both disqualified, and Osborne got first and second money, about £250, with an animal not worth £25, in fact I think it was sold for less the day after, when it was beaten easily in a Selling Plate. Ever since that it has been a standing joke against Tom Wadlow to ask him to let you see his calendar, as he has never been known to be without one. The mistake was made owing to the weights on the card being considered correct, but as my readers know, they were not the official weights."

Further paying tribute to Osborne, Custance also tells the story about the Dissenter and Lodore double dead heat at Carlisle in 1892. Custance had long

before retired as a jockey, although he started ten years after Osborne began in '46, and on his retirement became a licensed starter under the Jockey Club. In '92 John Osborne was in his fifty-ninth year, and had actually been before the public as a horseman upwards of forty-six years continuously. John Osborne himself could have reached, in all human probability, Chifney's record had it not been for the solicitude of his friends in '92, when they presented him with his magnificent testimonial of £3600. Even now at the time we are writing (1899) John Osborne is hale, hearty, and strong, and were he to seek his licence again, there is little doubt but that he would never be short of a mount in the classic or long-distance races, though, of course, he could not be expected to bustle along with the "butcher boys" in a pillar-to-post scramble over five furlongs.

"To bear out what I have said," adds Custance, "only two years ago (1892) I myself started John Osborne in three races at Carlisle, on a very hot day, in forty minutes, and he rode one winner and two dead heats. This takes a bit of reckoning up, and also beating. I will explain how it was done. Lodore and Dissenter ran a dead heat on the last day for the last race but one, and every one was anxious to catch the train, so we got permission to run the deciding heat directly after the last race, and as there was only thirty minutes between the last two, the decider came off ten minutes afterwards with the same result (a second dead heat). These were the only two horses I said I would ever undertake to handicap, as I never saw two so close together. Chandley made the running the first time, and I thought he had just got up; but, of course, the judge in the box is the only man who can tell on such

occasions, especially when horses are running a bit wide. I think this version quite sufficient to prove my argument that my old friend John was anything but worn out, and he proved it afterwards by riding Watercress in the St. Leger, and by getting a place, showing there was life in the old man yet. With all due respect to the gentlemen who got up his testimonial and asked him to retire, I think he would still be a good pattern to his profession (not from his perfect seat), if only for his great knowledge and judgment of pace. I can certainly speak of his ability with the greatest confidence, as I have known him the last thirty years. The only thing one can complain of in Johnnie Osborne is his extravagance in the direction of high collars and diamond rings."

At the time of our visit, in the early days of December, '96, there were seventy horses in training at Middleham. For a long time previous a shadow of ill-fortune had been cast over Ashgill. Indeed, in many quarters it was said that John Osborne had lost the secret of the occult science of training a thoroughbred. Yet with his stables at Brecongill fuller than they had been for several seasons, Hope sustained the veteran for the season of '97.

"Oh, we shall be getting a good 'un soon," he hopefully rejoined. "True, I never remember seeing so many bad horses at Middleham as we have had this season. Indeed, no good horse has been on the Moor that I can call to mind for the last four or five seasons. The reason is not far to seek. In the old days many North-country noblemen had their horses trained on the Moor, we had good young stock to train—the pick of the sales, and the best of big

breeding establishments. Except Lord Harewood, there is no North-country nobleman training now in the North; there's the proof. And you ask me a question about the time test as tried by American trainers. In timing a horse much would depend upon the state of the going. There's a mighty difference between going on the hard and on soft. They seem to think that timing a horse is a trustworthy test of a horse's speed. Of course, not having experimented with the 'clock,' I cannot take upon myself to pass an opinion. I remember a Mr. Harland coming across here from America with some horses about the time Mr. Ten Broeck was here. I remember something running a dead heat at Newmarket, and they ran it off. Before the decider Mr. Harland put some clothing on the one that was beaten, and gave him a gentle sweat between the two races. That was the American idea in a case of that kind. I can scarcely agree to it being the correct thing to do in such circumstances. It is quite contrary to our practice in England. I also remember Mr. Ten Broeck had a two-year-old named Loiterer here. He ran him in the July Stakes, and in a match the same day. I heard them saying at the time that the youngster had several sweats between the two races, sending him gently two miles with the clothing on. The first American horses I ever saw in this country were Stark and Prioress—two very game animals, Stark in particular."

From time immemorial jockeys have been honoured or otherwise with diminutives or nicknames. There



MR. AND MRS. JOHN OSBORNE AND FAMILY

was "Job," and "Nat," and "Sim," of the old times, and so the custom has been maintained down to the present. Archer was "The Tinman," on the strength of bringing the "tin" to his followers. After the death of George Fordham, Archer was honoured with "The Demon," a title which was conferred on Fordham before "The Kid," in honour of his "kidding" propensities with his younger rivals in the pigskin had deserted him. Custance was popularly dubbed "Cussy." John Osborne during his career was created by popular voice "The Pusher," by reason of his so rarely using whip or spur in a close finish, and riding a horse home by the "push and screw," which characterised his finishes in the last few strides to get the last ounce out of a spent and struggling horse. Another of John's titles was "The Bank of England jockey," which he enjoyed in the height of his fame. After the death of his father he was addressed as "Mr. John," and often enough as "Johnnie Osborne," or "Old John." "The Druid" said of him—"The talent for giving the points of a race to a reporter varies very much, and few, if any, excel young Osborne in this respect." That was written many years ago, before Archer flashed upon the racing world with unparalleled brilliancy. From our own experience the faculty of giving a brief, vivid description of the points of the race was Archer's above any jockey of his time. In his recital, Archer's eyes brightened up to a remarkable degree, as if he beheld the actual competitors running before his mental vision.

In one of Osborne's desperate races with Archer some years ago, he beat "The Tinman," who was on a red-hot favourite, by the shortest of heads. Ever after that Archer had a wholesome dread of the "old 'un's" desperate rush on the post. Indeed, he once confessed

to us at York that he feared no jockey more on the post. After Archer's defeat on the occasion to which we refer, he counselled poor Harry Constable, Lord Rosebery's favourite jockey, then in the zenith of his brief-lived fame, to "keep his eye on the 'old push and screw' merchant." This advice was tendered to Constable in a subsequent race at the same meeting. Constable, making light of Archer's hint, ridiculed the idea of the "old 'un" stealing a march upon him in the last stride or two, as he had done to the chagrin and surprise of Archer. With a knowing wink, Constable remarked, "I shall diddle the old man, you'll see, Fred." But the boot was on the other leg, as this identical race was a repetition of the finish with Archer. A hundred yards from the chair Osborne was apparently "down the course," and Constable, to all intents and purposes, was cantering home a winner. Fifty yards from home Osborne came with one of his tremendous rushes, and won on the post by a short head. There was much chaffing and laughing at Constable when he came back to the weighing-room, where "Johnnie" was dressing himself without saying a word, though his face wore the eloquent smile of satisfaction every one has seen after he had done a young 'un in a close finish. Archer fairly put "the fat in the fire" when he jocularly recalled his advice to Constable to "mind the old 'un." "Yes, damn it!" rejoined Constable, "he fairly diddled me with his push and screw."

The reader has already been informed that our hero began his career as a jockey in 1846, and closed it, so far as public riding was concerned, after the St. Leger of 1892, in which event he steered the late Baron Hirsch's Watercress into third place behind La Flèche, that being his last public mount. John Singleton, a

most famous Yorkshire jockey, born in 1715, was fifty years in the saddle, and died at the age of eighty-five. That John Osborne's strength and skill as a horseman were not deteriorated to any serious degree after forty-six years' riding is testified to by his third on Baron Hirsch's colt. Hearty and vigorous even in his sixty-eighth year, John rides in all home trials frequently, and at exercise every morning, galloping with others of the team in the same manner as he did more than half a century ago under his father's admiring eye. While the patriarchal John Singleton rode half a century in public, for which one must give him credit as being a grand stayer, we are almost disposed to wager, in this year of grace 1900, that John Osborne, bar accident, will be riding amongst his "feathers" on Middleham Moor for the next twelve months at least; and in the event of him doing so, he will out-rival old Singleton's record, for it is more than probable the latter, whose career was in the last century, only rode half the number of horses in his time that "Johnnie" has thrown his legs across in his career. To say this much of him means that he has never abused his sound constitution; that he has maintained a happy, well-balanced temperament; lived a God-fearing life, observing and practising the rules of health by always being temperate in his habits, dispositions, and aspirations.

Francis Buckle rode until he had attained his sixty-fifth year, and that his nerve was strong to the last was evidenced by his running on Lord Exeter's Green Mantle at the second October Meeting of 1828, even after she had played a series of circus pranks at the post. It was written of Buckle that it would have been as difficult to turn the sun from his course as to induce him to deviate from the path of duty to his

employers, and integrity to himself. The son of a saddler at Newmarket, he began at an early age in Mr. Vernon's stables, riding during his career the winners of five Derbys, seven Oaks, and two St. Legers, apart from what he described, in his own words, as "most of the good things at Newmarket." In the second year of the present century (1802) he brought off his "long odds" wager that he would win the Derby and Oaks on two outsiders, these being respectively the Duke of Grafton's Tyrant, who, a 7 to 1 chance, defeated Young Eclipse, considered the champion colt of that year. In the race for that Derby Young Eclipse and Orlando were hustled along at a cut-throat pace, which convinced Buckle on Tyrant that they would come back to him, and so they did, with the result that Tyrant drew out at the right moment, and upsetting the calculations of the then astute judges of "form," won on "one of the worst horses" that had ever gained laurels in the great Epsom event. After this exploit Buckle entertained a strong conviction that Mr. Wastel's Scotia would win the Oaks, and he gained the desired point of having the mount. "She was beaten three times between Tattenham Corner and the finish," but Buckle so nursed her to the end that he won by a head, much to the amazement of the Newmarket *cognoscenti* of the day, who were unanimous in the opinion that never had finer riding than that of Buckle's been seen on a racecourse.

Sam Chifney, son of the notorious jockey of that name, was at his apex between the "twenties" and "thirties." Judgment of pace, exquisite hands, with strength in the saddle, combined to make him a formidable horseman. "His wits were so clear that he could always estimate what others were doing in a race;

at the same time he had a nice gauge of the merits of his own mount." Often enough he looked "out of it" as the distance was reached, but then he made "the Chifney rush," which often enough turned an apparent forlorn hope into a real triumph. Chifney's method was explained in his own words. "Suppose a man had been carrying a stone, too heavy to be placed in one hand, would he not find much ease by shifting it into the other? But in this, caution is required to preserve a due equilibrium, so as not to disturb the action of a tired horse."

A contemporary of Chifney's was James Robinson, whose early experience was gained in the stable of Mr. Robson, whose talents were only eclipsed by the super-excellent ones of Chifney. He rode the winners of the Derby and St. Leger of 1823, and got a *douceur* of £1000 from the Scotch gentleman who was a great winner over the two victories. The following year he won the Derby and Oaks, and was married the same week, thus consummating, so the tale goes, "a prediction—according to another—a bet, which is much the more likely."

As a contemporary horseman with Osborne, Fordham, and Archer, the opinion of a highly intelligent member of the fraternity like the now retired Tommy Heartfield is not unworthy of being introduced into our pages. Casually coming across "Tommy" in the first-class refreshment room of York station, we tapped him in regard to horsemen who had come under observation in his time. "Well," he said, entering *con amore* into the spirit of the subject, "in regard to John Osborne many opinions prevail. He rode in the old-fashioned style of coming with a long run at the finish. Sometimes he won and sometimes he lost by adopting

this plan, but it was invariably proved by subsequent running that when 'Johnnie' was beaten in a long run home he had got everything out of his mount; it was invariably the horse's best form when it would look to the spectators that he had come too late. He used to do it by squeezing his horses with his knees; he would nip a horse nearly in two. He was a wonderfully powerful horseman, and once he had won his race on a horse he very seldom lost it. Only on rare occasions would John use whip or spur, rather depending on his head or his hands. You never saw him fluttered when it was getting a 'near thing.' No, he was quite the reverse of a 'legs and wings' jockey. As a horseman in classic races there was never John Osborne's superior, and on two-year-olds he was a good man. But, of course, of what you call 'sprint' races I take no notice at all in this comparison. One of his main characteristics was his great strength on a horse which he rode in its stride, always giving it a fair chance. Never anxious to take a horse off its legs at the start, Old John's idea, I fancy, was to always let him get settled down in his stride, and then to ride him as he felt him. That, in my opinion, is the proper way to ride a horse. In judging of jockeyship, you never ought to found your opinion on short races—whip and spur from the fall of the flag, as Jimmy Grimshaw used to win his races. Jim Snowden and John Osborne rode in very similar fashion. Now, George Fordham's riding was totally different from both of them. No jockey that ever I knew had lighter hand than Fordham. He had a marvellous knack with horses that no jockey except himself ever had, I should think. Snowden and John Osborne were very resolute on their horses, while old Fordham was a man to sit and nurse 'em; yet he

was a powerful jockey at the same time—no jockey more so when it came to real riding a race out. But he had a knack of ‘kidding’ to horses somehow which was most astonishing. Giving a personal instance—I rode a horse at Newmarket once and was beaten to blazes. Fordham got up on the same horse in the same sort of race, and he won in a hand trot. I never knew how he could make horses win races that nobody else could. Now, Fred Archer, I always put him up as one of the most industrious jockeys that ever rode a race. He saw no fear and used to take all sorts of liberties, and that was the secret of his success. He was a fine horseman, without a doubt, but I should certainly say not in the same class as Fordham. Everybody, when speaking of greatest jockeys, always used to put Fordham in a corner by himself, and then they talked about the others. Archer would win races with 10 lbs. in hand, and make it appear that he had got 21 lbs. in hand. Fordham would win a race with 10 lbs. in hand, and make it appear that he had got home by the skin of his teeth: that was the difference between the two men’s riding. Archer was great at starting—a Jimmy Grimshaw sort of jockey in that respect—who, at the fall of the flag, would ‘set about’ his horse directly, and that was how he was great in short races. He used to cut his field up before he had gone a quarter of a mile, get ‘em all sprawling, and that gave him an advantage which he rarely lost after. He used to dash his horse away from the start, take a position and hold it.”

Due justice has not been done in the cursory note made in earlier pages to the national testimonial presented to Mr. Osborne after the racing at

Newmarket. The Club Subscription Room, in the September of 1892, was the scene of the formal presentation, a number of representative sportsmen supporting Mr. Houldsworth, the Senior Steward of the Jockey Club, who presided at the pleasant function. Every seat in the brilliantly-lit room, lent by the club for the occasion, was taken before the proceedings were due to begin. The hero of the hour, accompanied by Mrs. Osborne, was amongst the last to arrive, being welcomed by a smiling sea of faces as he took his seat at the upper left-hand side of the shining mahogany. "Mr. John," who only once before in his life, viz., at poor Jim Snowden's wedding, had been known to sacrifice to the Graces so far as to mount a collar, was true to his tenets, but met the exigencies of the occasion by an immaculate white scarf, over which his eye glanced cheerily round, although it was evident that the veteran had nerved himself for this happy, though to him trying, occasion. It was a thoroughly representative gathering of sportsmen that surrounded the hero of a hundred famous struggles in the pigskin, as, in addition to the Senior Steward, who was supported by Lord Durham and Sir Henry Hawkins, the following ladies and gentlemen were present:—Mrs. J. Osborne, Mrs. T. Chaloner, and Mrs. Ridley (sisters of the veteran horseman), and Mrs. Tompkins, Sir Charles Russell, Sir Edward Lawson, Sir John Dixon Poynder, and the right hon. James Lowther, who came in just at the close of proceedings. The room was crowded by well-known turfites, amongst whom we noticed—Messrs. C. Matthews, E. Tattersall, J. Comyns Cole, A. Gilbey, G. Lambert, T. Conns, W. J. Innes, J. W. Smith, R. H. Fry, W. Peach, J. Percival, J. Atherton, J. Millard, W. Millard, J. Christie, J. Dobell,

E. Benjamin, J. Pickersgill, R. Lee, G. Masterman, J. L. Davis, T. Collins, E. Collins, R. Dunn, W. Donaldson, E. Simpson, T. Wilson, B. S. Cooper, A. Barlow, R. Burnett, G. Cotterill, S. Fry, C. Mills, H. Jacobs, J. Marks, J. Isaacs, J. Fernandez, W. Forster, H. Gladwin, W. Dalton, Major Booth, W. Frost, G. Turner, A. Harris, J. Harris, J. V. Laurence, and T. Jennings, jun.

Punctually to time Mr. Houldsworth, who was accompanied by Lord Durham, Sir Henry Hawkins, and Sir C. Russell, took his seat in the chair, and without any circumlocution, Mr. E. Somerville Tattersall, the honorary secretary to the testimonial fund committee, read the following address, which was illuminated in the customary fashion on vellum:—

TO JOHN OSBORNE of Breconhill.

DEAR SIR,—Your friends, and many who may not be personally known to you, from amongst all classes and conditions of those who take an interest in the Turf, desire to take the opportunity afforded by your retirement from your profession of jockey of expressing their sense of the fidelity and rectitude which has marked your career over a period of well nigh half a century. We therefore, as the treasurers of the Testimonial Fund, beg your acceptance of the accompanying cheque for 3600 guineas, and with that cheque a book recording the names of the subscribers.—We are, dear sir, faithfully,

ROBERT JARDINE,	}	<i>Treasurers</i>
C. RUSSELL,		
LEOPOLD ROTHSCHILD,		
E. SOMERVILLE TATTERSALL,		<i>Secretary.</i>

After the reading of the address, which was loudly cheered, Mr. Houldsworth rose to make the presentation, and, in handing the cheque for 3600 guineas, he said—"It gives me great pleasure, as the Senior Steward of the Jockey Club, to present you with this cheque on behalf of the subscribers. I am sure no one deserves it better."

At the conclusion of this brief speech, which con-

tained all the sentiment embodied in both the address and the spirit which had led to the formation of a testimonial fund, the veteran recipient of this most kindly and gracious acknowledgment of his long and honourable career as a jockey, rose to reply. It was evident that "Our Johnnie," as his Northern admirers affectionately dub him, felt the great and crowning honour which was being done to him, and, in a voice which, though firm, yet rather trembled with emotion, he said, "I cannot express my feelings at the present moment for the great kindness and generosity that I have always received from all classes. I hope, gentlemen, you will excuse the brevity of my remarks, but I am embarrassed."

With the same promptitude which had so far characterised the proceedings, Sir Charles Russell rose to his feet and said—"My Lords and Gentlemen, we all meet here, as you know, to recognise and do honour to a most distinguished and meritorious career on the Turf, and it is very fitting that, upon this occasion, the Senior Steward of the day should have made the presentation, and still more fitting that the Senior Steward should be a man who stands so high in the estimation of all who have any connection with the Turf. It is right, therefore, I hope you will think, that I should ask you to give a vote of thanks to Mr. Houldsworth for presiding upon the present occasion."

Sir Henry Hawkins having expressed the pleasure it gave him to second this resolution, the motion was put to the meeting and carried with acclamation.

Mr. Houldsworth, in reply, thanked Sir Charles Russell for the kind manner in which he had mentioned his name, and the gentlemen present for the hearty manner in which they had responded to the resolution.

Lord Durham then rose, and in proposing a vote of thanks to the committee of the Newmarket Subscription Rooms for having placed the rooms in which the presentation was made at the disposal of the testimonial fund committee, expressed the great pleasure it gave him as a North-countryman to assist at so pleasant a function, and Mr. E. Tattersall having seconded the motion, the proceedings, which throughout were marked by a brisk and business-like brevity, terminated.

In addition to the cheque for 3600 guineas and illuminated address, Osborne was also presented with an album, in which the names of all the subscribers to the fund were inscribed. Such was the valedictory tribute to his life of unblemished integrity and honour as a horseman.

John Gully once remarked that during his connection with the Turf he had known but three honest jockeys. In that category he included Frank Buckle, whose initial effort in public was in 1781, and who rode until his sixty-fifth year, a record which exceeds John Osborne's by six years. Buckle up to the last could ride with ease 7 st. 11 lbs.; whereas John Osborne at the close of his professional career was compelled to walk great distances to keep himself under 8 st. 10 lbs. or 8 st. 12 lbs. Thus the incorruptible Frank (who, the first mount he had, weighed 3 st. 13 lbs), being under 8 st. to the last, would find his services always in demand up to that weight, which was impossible in John Osborne's case, for during the last two decades of his riding he went to scale considerably above 8 st. No man acquainted with John Osborne, now in his sixty-eighth year, would care to deny that his nerve is much deteriorated; and in this respect

Buckle, at about the same age, it would appear, was his counterpart. It is recorded of the latter that his nerve was unimpaired even after he had been in the saddle for forty-five years. Well recovered from his Liverpool fall, which kept him in enforced idleness from the previous season, John Osborne accepted the mount on Baron de Hirsch's Watercress for the St. Leger of 1892. He had then been following his profession as a jockey for forty-six years, and to show that his hand had not lost its cunning or his nerve its strength, he finished third in that memorable race to Baron de Hirsch's great mare La Flèche, and Lord Bradford's Sir Hugo, who had won the Derby in a bad year. That performance equals the Green Mantle effort, we should say, of Frank Buckle in his forty-fifth year of professional life—an exploit recorded by old chroniclers with pride.

A contemporary of Buckle's was Sam Chifney. Each of these celebrities preferred to adopt the waiting tactics in riding a race rather than force the running. And such indeed was the method which John Osborne approved of, by which he won most of his great races. The story of Jacob, the blacksmith, who for many years shod John Scott's horses at Whitehall, and Frank Buckle, is not too much worn to be repeated here. Frank Buckle was then in his fame, and he, too, belonged to the old school that affected riding waiting races. Buckle was mounted on one of the Whitehall cracks, and he observed, "If I win by the length of my arm, Jacob, won't that do as well as winning by a couple of lengths?" "Nay, lad," explained the son of Vulcan, "thy foine finishes shorten a man's loife. What's t'use o' hevin' a nag that's fit to roon if thee wanna mak' use on him?"

Here one may apply with good effect the axiom, "*Ne sutor ultra crepidam.*" On the first blush the worthy blacksmith's advice appears sound. He knew all about shoeing his horses, no doubt, but he never was in the active conflict of a race where a jockey must exercise eyes, hands, head, and judgment every moment like the commander of a force in battle. Any "chalk" jockey can "mak use on 'im," as the worthy Jacob enjoined. But with what result? He starts his horse out of his stride, flogs him along at top pressure, digs in his spurs, and has him "sobbing" at the distance, without energy or wind left in him for a supreme effort. This is the sort of jockey that does not know the winning post: He will soon disappear from the stage of public life to the more congenial atmosphere of the stable yard, whence he sprung. The riding of a race is a work of art, demanding the proper and well-distributed faculties of mind and body. And if we look at the past, or weigh up the present form of horsemen of the front rank, the same lesson is taught of patience, judgment, strength, and skill winning in the long run. Of these attributes John Osborne, like his congeners of old, the Buckles, the Chifneys, Bill Scott, Jim Robinson, Harry Edwards, J. B. Day, Job Marson, Frank Butler, George Fordham, Custance, Fred Archer, F. Webb, Tom Cannon, and others, was largely possessed; and above all, he was an honest man. In testimony whereof he was the recipient in his fifty-ninth year of a testimonial of the value of 3600 guineas. "Why give him money," asks your cynic, "when he had a long and prosperous career?" Why? Because he was a comparatively poor man, and an honest man. If he had been a dishonest man, the great probability is he would have been rich, as this world goes. Nor must it

be forgotten that John Osborne has had many calls upon his income, never at any time a large one. If his inner life were known, and the support he has given unseen to less well-to-do relatives and neighbours trumpeted forth to the world, your cynic would blush at his impertinence in asking the question. He has never been a betting man, nor has he ever lent himself to the machinations of the ring or the plunging brigade. "Roping" was never known in his lexicon. And it is the knowledge of these qualities of head, of heart, and of unflinching principle that has gained him the title of "Honest John,"—a title decreed to him by the unanimous voice of public and private opinion, of princes, of dukes and lords, of the rich and poor, the good and bad, all of whom contribute to the republic of our great British sport. The "state of the odds" he ignored, nor was he ever inundated with telegrams from clients of a speculative turn of mind. Discreet in regard to his own horses or those of his father before him, he never surrounded them with a veil of mystery. There was no such thing as "reciprocal obligations" in his dealings with brother trainers. All this is the more meritorious in a "little man" on the Turf; it proves that he was big in upright principle, big in doing justice to his own good name and to the interests of his honest employers, blended with a due regard to the integrity of racing, and keeping faith with the racing public.

The axiom, "Nothing succeeds like success," applies with great force to a jockey. Out of luck, however finished a horseman may be, he will have plenty of cruel critics to throw dirt at him, and to allege that he is only fit to ride in a hansom cab. In the closing period of his long career a like epithet was thrown at the yet vigorous Osborne. Many of the brilliant races he rode

on a second horse counted for naught. Like many others of his craft, he often had moderate mounts, hence he was denounced as being a relic of the past. But even to the close of his career John Osborne gave proof that he was the equal for nerve, strength, resolution, judgment, and skill of the yet living jockeys who were unborn when he was rising to fame. Fred Archer himself admitted that, if he rode two or three losers in succession, he felt he was not riding with so much dash and confidence in the fourth race. Doubtless John Osborne would be cognisant of the adverse criticisms which unfeeling backers subjected him to in the closing period of his public riding. John Day had borne the same cowardly and unfeeling attacks upon his reputation as a trainer. For some years prior to midway through the "sixties," the days of Danebury had been darkened by the shadows of adversity. Yet John Day was a master of the art of training. His eyesight was becoming impaired in his declining years, and his sycophantish friends that had once favoured and flattered him were now in his clouded days only too ready to decry the old man. But the year of triumph came after fortune's long and heartbreaking desertion. With bitterness of tone he said, "I remember the black days when friends were few. Yes, yes, but *to-day*, it's 'what wonderful form John Day is in!' *Yesterday*, it was 'The old fool can't see.'"

It will be interesting to John Osborne's legion of friends in this the last year of the nineteenth century to read the appended extract from the Spring Edition, "Guide to the Turf, or Racing Companion for 1847, by W. Ruff, Turf Reporter to the daily London papers, and 'Bell's Life in London,'" published in 1847.

Therein is recorded the "nomination for that year, entries for the great races of 1848, a calendar of the great races in 1846, &c." Comparing "Ruff" of that distant period with the publication under his name of the present times, one can see at a glance by the bulky tone of the latter how the number of meetings has been augmented in our days, and how much wider is the ramification of racing throughout the length and breadth of the United Kingdom. Here is the extract from "Ruff" recording the first mount of little "Johnnie," then a boy of thirteen summers:—

RADCLIFFE, Monday, 7th September (1846).

WILTON CUP of £100, two miles two furlongs.

Hooton, by Despot, 6 yrs., 7 st. 2 lb.,	Francis 1
Rowena, 5 yrs., 7 st. 6 lb.,	T. Lye 2
Miss Castling, 3 yrs., 4 st. 10 lb. (br. do).	Osborne, jun. 3

6 to 4 on Rowena, 3 to 1 each against Miss Castling and Hooton. Won by a head; bad third.

Few men are now in the land of the living who can recall "Johnnie's" first mount at Radcliffe Bridge; indeed, none have come across our notice who were eye-witnesses of that interesting first step in his career. Yet there is still in the flesh one who was an eye-witness of his second mount on Hopeful, at Richmond, Yorkshire, and he is none other than that accomplished and most amiable sporting writer, Mr. Harry Smurthwaite, whose occasional contributions under the *nom de plume* of "Vigilant" to the *Sportsman*, and particularly those which recount his reminiscences of the brave days of old of some fifty years ago, afford most interesting reading. By the way, Mr. Smurthwaite is the author of the interesting sketch entitled "From Knavesmire to Penhill," that accompanied an admirable vignette of John Osborne, published in the pages of *Baily's*

Magazine, of November, 1875. It was in the same year Miss Castling broke down at Radcliffe Bridge, when Johnnie Osborne had his first leg up, that Mr. Smurthwaite saw him put up on his second public mount. Writes Mr. Smurthwaite:—

“I can recall a small group on that occasion surrounding the filly and talking about ‘Little Osborne.’ Old Tommy Lye in a white choker was one of the party. John has told me that Voltigeur was an over-trained horse when he met The Flying Dutchman for the great match, and was beaten from end to end on the following afternoon when J. O. and Nancy defeated him for the York and Ainsty Hunt Cup. His father’s filly Exact was one of John’s favourites (when she was two years old), and he thought Augury a ‘nailer,’ until her heart was broken in cutting down Blink Bonny through very heavy ground at York, in August, 1856. Both were beaten, Lady Hawthorn (a daughter, by the by, of old Alice Hawthorn) swooping down upon Augury at the finish. Lord Zetland’s Vedette was one of his prime favourites, and he could have won the Ebor Handicap of 1858 on him by a vast number of lengths. Best Xmas wishes—I have never been in Newcastle since the week in which Whitelock won the Northumberland Plate.”

The statements above made by Mr. Smurthwaite are duly borne out by John Osborne in the course of his narrative.

CHAPTER XXIV

“The sere and yellow leaf when years are advancing,
The blossoms and summer are scattered and gone.”

RICHMOND, alas! is now one of the old-fashioned meetings numbered with the things that were, having succumbed to the exactions of the Jockey Club for increased value of stakes, easily provided by the new order of things at our modern enclosure meetings, which reap a rich revenue from the “gates.” Many equine giants of the past have strode out over the gradients of Richmond Moor course, which, with its “against the collar” rise for five furlongs, soon found out those of weak pipes. Much to be regretted is the extinction of the venerable and historical meetings of the Richmond and Northallerton class. Some good local sportsmen struggled on for years to keep them in the calendar, but it was found, owing to the sparse population and the thinness of the attendance, the money could not be gathered to make ends meet. Old Jim Watson, and his brother Jacob, trained of late years some useful horses at Richmond, the best Jim probably ever had being Spennithorne, who won a Northumberland Plate and a Goodwood Stakes the same year. Old Jim, who delighted to crack about rare old Bee’s-wing and her playful pranks as a yearling in the days when, as a lad, he looked after her, died ripe in years



Photo by W. H. Nixon, Newcastle-on-Tyne

JOHN OSBORNE AT BRECONGILL IN 1900

at Belleisle, and left a family of sons, notable amongst whom are James and John, both doing well, and following in their father's footsteps as successful trainers of the thoroughbred. Many will recall the hospitable spread which the veteran was wont to lay out at Belleisle every Richmond Meeting, the worthy old fellow always preferring his glass of port as the wine worthy of the gods. It was a toilsome pull up the steep from the town to the course. Belleisle was the half-way house, and grateful on a broiling hot day was the wayfarer who, like Falstaff, had "larded the lean earth" in his struggle up the hill of Sisyphus, to be regaled with a glass of "cool sparkling," supplemented by a feed of good honest beef or York ham, with toothsome trimmings thrown in.

The cheery voice of the old man and its rugged Northumbrian burr—he was a native of Newcastle-on-Tyne—was indeed music to the Tynesider. Peace to his shade! A death-blow to Richmond was struck when the present Lord Zetland ceased to have his horses trained at Aske, the late John Coates, who afterwards was associated with that splendid but unlucky owner Marquis de Talon, at Sedgefield, being in charge. Not much good fortune followed his lordship's change from Yorkshire to Newmarket, and it is with regret that one chronicles the fact that a hereditary owner like him and Lord Londonderry no more train in the North; nay, in fact, that they have practically retired from the Turf. Of recent years old training grounds like Richmond, Beverley, Hambleton, Pontefract, and Middleham, the last-named place in particular, have suffered vastly from so many patrician owners sending their horses to Newmarket rather than keeping them in the North, as was done in the palmy days of John Scott,

of Fobert, of old John Osborne, of the P'Ansons, and other notable members of their craft. We hear repeatedly the charge made against North-country horses and North-country trainers that the former have deteriorated and the latter have lost the art of training. Not so in fact. The cause lies deeper. Wealthy owners buy all the best yearlings, or, at least, the best-looking ones, and send them to Newmarket to be trained. The cheaper drafts are left in the North to be trained for less wealthy men; hence our northern trainers have not the good material to work upon that is sent under the charge of their southern fellow-craftsmen. Again, if ever anything out of the common is seen out in the North, it is readily purchased and relegated, as a rule, to Newmarket. Another cause of the migration to Newmarket is the ready facility of the modern railway service from all parts of the kingdom, and the nearness of the headquarters to the metropolis. Much honour is due to a sportsman like Mr. Vyner, who proved loyal to the North by keeping out of the fashion, and by breeding and training his horses north of the Humber. A few more like him and the glories of the North would be soon revived.

Of late years the sudden rise to affluence of jockeys, even of comparatively young jockeys, has alarmed pure-minded sportsmen who have the true interests of racing at heart. Lord Beaconsfield died, ripe in years and full of honours, a comparatively poor man. Yet he was premier of England, was never known to live beyond his income, and had he been lacking in principle might have been as wealthy as Cræsus. We hear nowadays of young jockeys, after a few years' service in the profession, having wealth estimated not by hundreds but by tens of thousands of pounds. Do they

gain this wealth by riding fees? or by betting or presents? Certainly not by fees, although it must be admitted that the leading horsemen of the time command retainers equal to the income of an ambassador to the court of St. James. Is this not altogether a paradox, and does it not give a jockey a position quite out of proportion to his brains and talent? Surely there is something rotten in the state of Denmark when a matured stable boy becomes a comparative millionaire before he is thirty by the mere accomplishment of being able to ride a horse better than another of his fraternity! The anomaly arises, without doubt, from the fact—the sorry fact—that gambling is in the ascendant amongst owners, and that the race of sportsmen, of whom Lord Derby—the great Lord Derby—Lord Glasgow, Lord Falmouth, and the recently-deceased Duke of Westminster were grand types, have not the controlling of affairs. The best horse, the purest-minded trainer, and the most upright owner, each at times is at the mercy of a youth who may be subject to the pernicious and occult influences of unscrupulous gamblers, who lie in waiting for their prey and surround with a mesh-work of temptation almost irresistible.

Over the extended period from 1846, when he rode his first race, to 1892, the year of his “long farewell” to riding in public (though not to riding on Middleham Moor at exercise, and to hounds—both of which he does even now in his sixty-eighth year with relish), it goes without saying that John Osborne must have met the best horsemen England could produce. To have been contemporary with John Robinson in '46, and with John Watts in '92, is what no living jockey can boast of. This long reign proves that John Osborne, if nothing else, is

a stayer in the first degree. We are not aware of a solitary jockey being alive at the present day that was contemporary with him at the outset of his career. Of course, there are men yet to the fore, like John Kent, old Tom Jennings, and others, who are his elders by years as trainers, but not as professional horsemen. The Dawsons never aspired to shine in the pigskin, rather devoting the whole of their talents to the art of training, of which they are most brilliant ornaments. Fred Bates, who had a brief career as a jockey, and who for years was Master John's neighbour at Tuptill, began riding in the early "fifties," and it is probable he is the only living notable ex-jockey, along with Custance, who was actively pursuing his profession in the same early epoch.

Attempting to analyse John Osborne's attributes and characteristics as a horseman, who will ever be considered as having been in the front rank when there were giants in the land, the task will be assisted by comparisons with some of his contemporary rivals. And here a digression may be excused by sketching the social position of the trainer and jockey in the present luxurious age to that they held forty or fifty years ago. With the vast increase of racing of modern times—a sign of the increased wealth of the country, as well as of our sporting and commercial instincts—there has been a proportionate increase in the number of the jockeys. John Osborne began riding just when the genius of Stephenson, the Northumbrian "pit laddie," was making itself felt like a meteor in the development of the railway system. The old school of trainers, and jockeys too, had to walk with their horses hundreds of miles during the season. It is on record that Alice Hawthorn, after winning at Epsom, was travelled by road to Newcastle-on-Tyne to meet

her next engagement, the journey occupying no less than a month of easy stages. From Middleham the horses were walked "o'er moss and fell" into Scotland, days, and sometimes weeks, elapsing before the home was reached again. Compare this with travelling in our time, when by our express trains Newmarket is within five hours of Newcastle and eight of Edinburgh. To Lord George Bentinck the credit of utilising, in the year 1836, the travelling van for the conveyance of thoroughbreds is due, but speedy as this innovation was considered on its introduction by that high-souled sportsman, it is snail's work to the modern means of transit. The old trainers did not affect the dandyism of your modern swell "head men." "They were not impeded by portmanteaus of Russian leather, in which might be enclosed changes of a West-End cut, and an assortment of gloves and collars as large and as varied as would be required for the demands of a Regent Street dude." Their superfluous wardrobe consisted of a collar inserted inside the weather-beaten tall hat, and their surtout was represented by a rough and ready topcoat to resist the onslaught of the elements. Holcroft, in his "Memoirs" of the life, manners, and customs of the stable lads of a bygone age, reveals the hardships that had to be endured—hardships unheard of in the present day. The Buckles, the Chifneys, the Days, the Robinsons, and the Scotts were all brought up in this rough and ready school, and so was John Osborne, for his father and mother were, as has been pointed out, workers, and every "man-jack" of them at Ashgill was not allowed to eat idle bread. "Plenty o' beer, plenty o' beef, plenty o' bread, plenty o' ham, and plenty o' work," was William's—"Brother William"—epitome of life at the old Yorkshire home in the days when the father and the family were

struggling. If John Osborne is an observant student of character, how oft will it amuse him to behold the up-to-date fashionable light-weight of the present day, apeing the manners of his betters? Does he smile at the diamond pins which bedeck the neck-tie, the "sparkler" that dazzles on his finger, the elaborate topcoat, the patent leather boots, the Brobdignagian cigar that he puffs with the air of a lord as he swaggers about in his inflated vanity? It was once cleverly said that your modern jockey of the first class is in general a living advertisement of the gratitude of his friends, and his residence is as much a museum of their favours as that of a fashionable curate is of the needlework of the fairer portion of his congregation. Your modern jockey's cellar is full of the rarest champagnes, and his port wine is of a vintage that would satisfy the most exacting palate of a gourmet. He is courted by millionaires, flattered by noblemen, and surrounded by sharps and flats. Little wonder he becomes so vain as to imagine the world was made for him alone; that the fate of an empire depends upon his winning of a wretched five-furlong "sprint" for a £200 Plate. Mark the fate of that poor deluded mannikin! His diamonds, his swagger toilet, his champagne, and his ports and his big cigars do not escape notice. He is being watched. Ere long his star of popularity and faith in him will wane, he will sink into that depth of neglect and misery and shame which many a promising youth before him has done. In drawing this not over-coloured picture, the mind's eye takes in quite a little host of jockeys that have burst from the chrysalis of the stable-yard, in like manner only to live an ephemeral life, and then evaporate. Jockeys of this age and of ages to come may take John Osborne as a model to

follow. His abstemious life in the midst of many temptations indicates great strength of will and moral control; his modesty, his deference to all classes of men, yet his firmness and assertion of self-respect when necessary, are traits of character and conduct which speak of a well-balanced mind, and a well-ordered manner of life. The result of all this is that, after more than half a century's connection with the Turf, John Osborne is one of the best respected of men, and that, too, by all classes, rich and poor, high and low, in the kingdom.

“Honesty is the best policy” in a jockey as much as in any other section of the community. Yet judged as a body, and weighing up the many and almost irresistible temptations and baits thrown across their path by people richer, older, and presumably better informed, and of higher social status, the English jockey will compare not unfavourably with many classes of the community. There is more villainy enacted in one month on the Stock Exchanges of the great capitals—London, New York, and Paris, to wit—than there is on the Turf in many a year. Prelates of the Church, and the “unco’ guid,” who cast up their eyes in hypocritical horror at the mere mention of a jockey, a horse, or a race, gamble to their hearts’ content on ‘Change without the least scruple of conscience. They condemn racing as an unholy practice, and in their blindness overlook its benefits to horse, to man, to the country, and to trade. This is the miserable class who

“Compound for sins they are inclined to,
By damning those they have no mind to.”

Suppose we could win a little fortune on a gee-gee, would we be any less thought of in Society, or even by

the aggressively moral people opposed to the Turf? We could then fly a big balloon, and be received with open arms into the bosom of the elect. Ah! 'tis a mad world, full of hypocrisy and vanity, and bubble and squeak!

Great joy was expressed by the myriads of Tynesiders who witnessed the victory of King Crow in the Northumberland Plate of 1898 at Gosforth Park, "Mr. John" being the hero of quite a triumphal procession when he led Crowberry's son back to the paddock. Dame Fortune, fickle jade! had been the reverse of kind to the veteran trainer for many a long day. Ungenerous critics, ever ready to decry a man when out of luck, carped and sneered at him. "He's out of date" was wont to be said by these unfeeling and thoughtless creatures. But their ill-natured and undeserved criticism was cast to the winds when King Crow in the spring beat Jacquemart, who, it must be confessed, was conceding 27 lbs. in the Great Northern at York. John's return to "form" as a trainer, on Knavesmire, was warmly welcomed by his true friends and well-wishers. Nor was the jubilation less pronounced when King Crow supplemented Knavesmire performance by capturing the Manchester Cup from St. Bris and a goodly field, the grand climax coming when he triumphed in the so-called "Pitman's Derby." Commenting on this latter exploit in our report at the time, it was said—

"A happy union marked the triumph of King Crow in the Northumberland Plate of 1898. The son of Crowberry, who carried the violet and white belt of Mr. Vyner so gallantly to the fore, is the property of a gentleman who breeds his own horses, and runs them as straight as the proverbial gun-barrel. The house of Vyner had for long years been identified with

North-country racing, nor was it a stranger to the thrill of winning an old-time race like that which is considered the chaplet of fame in North-country racing. His late and esteemed brother, Mr. Clare Vyner, who had the honour of winning a St. Leger with The Lambkin, had his name enrolled on the long winning line, which begins with the names of Tomboy and genial Squire Orde, of Nunnykirk, as far back as the year 1833. It was Mycenæ which gave Mr. 'Clare' the renown of owning a 'Plate' winner, followed by that of Glastonbury for the present owner of King Crow. Matthew Dawson, if memory does not fail, trained the handsome Mycenæ, and Glastonbury was brought to the post under the training of the brothers Osborne. But before the days of Glastonbury, the brothers Osborne identified themselves with the race by training Lily Agnes, who was destined to be the dam of the greatest horse of the century, Ormonde, to wit, whom the Duke of Westminster was ungrateful enough to expatriate for a few paltry thousands after the son of the pale-faced Lily Agnes had done more for him than any other horse had accomplished for a single individual. But we can let that ducal misdemeanour pass by as a matter unworthy of the head of the house of Grosvenor. We have told how the Osbornes trained Victor Emanuel for the late Harry Bragg, a Cumbrian blacksmith, and in his day one of the best-known figures in the sporting world at large. Pursuing the line further, we come to Stone Clink, also the property of King Crow's owner, who, like him, was exposed as a mare of stamina, and yet proved herself capable of winning the Cesarewitch in the same year. We can well recall how William Osborne was sanguine about Nightcap beating Stone Clink that year of grace, and how the mare outstayed

the more fancied stable companion in the 'sobbing' struggle from the distance after galloping the trying two miles. Victor Emanuel, afterwards the property of the present Earl of Zetland, who bought him on the dispersion of Harry Bragg's stud, won the first Northumberland Plate at Gosforth Park in 1882, and now, seventeen years after, John Osborne, approaching his seventy summers, leads back to the paddock a winner in King Crow. These hurried reminiscences are recalled to show what a happy union there has been between Mr. Vyner, the Osbornes, and particularly John Osborne, whom we had the pleasure of congratulating this afternoon after the victory of his charge. While many men of note have deserted Middleham of late years, beginning to think John Osborne effete as a trainer, Mr. Vyner has never forgotten the veteran. He has another chief trainer in Mathews, but keeping up the happy alliance which began with his late brother, he has always sent 'Master John' a few horses to prepare for him. Has not the Vyner loyalty been well rewarded, and has not the astuteness of John Osborne as a trainer, more particularly of a long-distance racer, been borne out? Readers of the evanescent and hurried notes which occasionally appear in these columns under the *nom de plume* of 'Saxon,' have been told recently how we met John Osborne on the eve of this year's Great Northern Handicap at York. Asked what he thought of King Crow's chance on the morrow of the race, 'Master John,' who is never sanguine, but always guarded in his judgments, said, in effect, that he was almost despondent about the horses he had under his charge at Brecongill. If King Crow happened to win, it would be an agreeable surprise to him; if not, he would just have to satisfy himself with the reflection

that he would be bound to wait his time patiently until the long and strong tide of ill-luck that had set in against him for many a month past took a more favourable turn. That time came on the morrow, when King Crow, of the same age, beat Jaquemart, conceding 27 lbs., by a head, in a desperate finish. How King Crow a little month later won the Manchester Cup, beating a useful horse like St. Bris, is a matter of recent history, and how this afternoon Crowberry's son brought off the 'hat trick,' carrying a 12-lb. penalty, by winning the Northumberland Plate, is the present matter of the chronicler to deal with. It is, indeed, a triumph for a trainer to win three handicaps in succession like the Great Northern, the Manchester Cup, and our 'Plate,' each performance being better than the other, and the last stamping the colt as a stayer of the first water. No ordinary field was that opposed to King Crow this afternoon. Herminius had won the Ascot Stakes in a canter, beating a good representative field of class horses. Carlton Grange, too, was a performer of class at the Royal Meeting, though not a winner. King Crow's victory clearly shows that the art of training a thoroughbred for a long-distance race is yet safe in the keeping of our old and worthy friend, John Osborne. In the South it has become fashionable for Turf sciolists to sneer at North-country horses and North-country trainers. John Osborne has forgotten more than any of these self-asserted critics ever knew, and if he has been under the cloud for some years past it is due to a course which can readily be explained. Take Middleham for instance. Between thirty and forty years ago many noblemen, Lord Glasgow amongst the number, sent horses to be trained on the famous Moor. There was Lord Eglinton, too, whose name is

stamped on the roll of Northumberland Plate winners, with many other noblemen and wealthy gentlemen who supported the place. What obtains in these days? Most of the noble and wealthy classes send their horses to Newmarket. They buy the best of the yearlings at Newmarket and Doncaster, and the refuse are left in the North. It is this desertion that has caused places like Middleham, Beverley, and Richmond to fall into poor repute. If John Osborne had elected to go to Newmarket thirty years ago, and had patrons rich and liberal enough, who could gainsay that he would have enjoyed a reputation as great as that now glittering round the name of Matthew Dawson, the elder Jennings, or John Porter?"

King Crow's owner did not have the satisfaction of seeing his colours borne home. Mr. Vyner had undergone a serious operation lately, from which, all good sportsmen will gladly hear, he is making satisfactory recovery. It would have done his heart good to hear the full volume of a Northumbrian roar when his horse triumphed—a tribute to a worthy gentleman, a good horse, an able and most respected trainer, and a good jockey—a happy union in accord with the keynote of these remarks. But in thus indulging in past history and reminiscences, which one could easily dwell upon to his personal satisfaction, it behoves the scribe to pull up and come to a sequential order. In the first place, it is most pleasant to record that the present race has been divested of the charges of "milking the market" that were justifiable a few years ago. The improvement is due to post betting, which deprives those who lived upon "dead meat" of the banquet they gloated upon in the so-called "good old days."

After this Gosforth Park win, King Crow became

a great public "fancy" for the Cesarewitch of '98. His trainer had an anxious time of it with him during the interval between the midsummer and the back end of the year. Signs of a "leg" were showing themselves, these being accelerated by an exceptionally long period of drought. Osborne consulted Mr. Vyner about the advisability of running the horse in the Cesarewitch, fearing a break-down. With commendable desire to keep faith with the public who had backed his horse, Mr. Vyner gave instructions to run him at all risks, with the result that after making a bold show in the race he broke down. John held the opinion that if he had kept sound he would have won the Cesarewitch. Through the winter King Crow had an easy time of it on Middleham Moor, but when asked to do stronger work in the spring, the old weakness reasserted itself, and he was called away to the blandishments of the stud to Mr. Vyner's breeding establishment at Fairfield.

As judge and handicapper and clerk of the course Mr. Richard Johnson was prominently identified with the Turf over a period of forty years. Born at York in 1813, his taste for sport was developed early. His earliest recollection of racing was of Blacklock, the property of old Squire Watt, of Bishop Burton, running at York races in 1819, when he won a race, four miles, heats, but was beaten by St. Helena in one-half that distance. In our days, when five-furlong cuts are so popular, it seems incredible that horses could run over such long distances without breaking down. But they did not race all the journey, the pace being slow for half, and even three-fourths of the distance at times, so that practically the horses sprinted the last quarter of a mile only. Mr. Johnson began life as an apprentice to his brother, Robert, a printer, whose place was in Coney

Street, York. For some years Robert Johnson published a useful racing calendar, in which was first introduced descriptions of races, a plan that might well be adopted by "Ruff" and "M'Call" in our day, though with so much more racing it would swell the volumes to an inordinate size. On the completion of his apprenticeship, the future judge joined the *York Herald* newspaper, and reported racing for that old-established organ. He became closely associated with the celebrated Mr. John Orton, then acting as judge on the northern circuit. In 1844 he officiated as substitute in the box for Mr. Orton at Ripon Meeting, albeit his *debüt* proper on the Turf woosack was not made until Catterick of that year. Mr. Orton's death followed soon after, and Mr. Johnson succeeded to nearly all his appointments. In 1851 Mr. Johnson was appointed judge to the York Meetings, a position that he would have occupied at an earlier date but for an agreement with Mr. Clark which had first to be terminated. It was this circumstance that did not admit of his being in the box when Voltigeur and The Flying Dutchman ran their ever-memorable match on Knavesmire. Mr. Johnson often expressed the opinion that this match was altogether an unworthy test of the relative merits of the undoubtedly great racers. "Voltigeur was a dog horse trained to death," was his opinion, expressed in his own words. Soon after the York appointment he was raised to Doncaster, and was associated with these great meetings in an official capacity for some thirty years. Thus established as "the man in the box" at the two leading meetings in Yorkshire, he in course of time was retained at every fixture of importance north of the Trent, and in addition he acted as clerk of the course at Catterick and Newcastle for many years. Finally he

retired as a turf official, in 1885, after a faithful and most honourable service of some forty years.

In the early part of December of '96, we paid a visit to Mr. Johnson at his residence, St. Mary's, York, with a view of eliciting from the venerable and retired "chief justice" any "Osborniana" of interest. The worthy judge was found in his drawing-room, and as showing the tendency of his mind in his octogenarian years, he had just closed his Bible when we were ushered into his presence. On complimenting him on his hale and hearty appearance, the judge replied:

"Ah! I am not so strong as you may think. My eyesight is failing me, and my memory is not so clear."

"Well, Mr. Johnson, can you give any recollections of John Osborne?"

At once we entered into a conversation, a large portion of which was not germane to the matter, but as there was only one Judge Johnson left of the many worthies who were actors in Turf scenes of as far back as seventy years ago, the reader may be disposed to listen with patience, if not with interest, to the old gentleman's recollections gathered in the course of an hour's interview—

"Well, yes," began the Judge, "I knew old John Osborne very well. Many years ago I remember handicapping one of 'Old John's' horses. After seeing the weights he came to me in a passion and 'blowed' me up for handicapping, as he said, his horse 'out of the race.' He put young John Osborne up to ride the horse, and it won by a head. He had given the boy orders not to win, but young John rode the horse out, and won, as I tell you. After the race 'Old John' was in a towering rage against his son, and told him, 'If you cannot obey orders, off you go home.' And John had

to walk the horse home at once. That incident would occur about 1848."

"You speak about John Osborne's riding of Lord Clifden in the St. Leger?"

"Upon my word, that was a most remarkable race of 'Johnnie's.' I thought Lord Clifden was clean out of it. He got badly away at first, and he was certainly a hundred yards behind everything at one time. The next day Lord St. Vincent came to me and said, 'Judge, I'm going to give John Osborne a present for riding my horse.' He gave me the money. I think it was £500; perhaps it might have been more. I never counted it. Lord St. Vincent didn't seem to care about carrying the money about with him, and I was in the same way of thinking, for it was very rough on racecourses then, much rougher than now. At all events, John got the money all right."

"About Apology's St. Leger?"

"Yes, upon my word, there was a mighty sensation in Apology's year when John rode her. She belonged, as you know, to old Mr. King, who was a clergyman, and a nice old gentleman he was too. He raced under the name of Mr. 'Launde.' It was a registered name. Apology was very lame. It was said she pulled up very lame, but whether she did or whether she did not, I can't take it upon myself to say exactly. I rather fancy old John Osborne did not want to run her. However, she won very cleverly in young John's hands, and there was tremendous excitement afterwards. I can go back a long time in racing, for, you see, I was forty-two years officially connected with it. I commenced in '44, and left off in '85. My first appointment as judge was at Catterick in '44. I had previously judged that year at Ripon, but I was not appointed

until Catterick. That same year I was appointed judge at Newcastle and several other places."

"There's been a great deal in the papers of late about handicapping?"

"I have done a deal of handicapping in my time. Many a time I've had to sit up till twelve o'clock at night and be up at five o'clock the next morning to get through the work. Talking about York, I was officially connected with York for thirty years. Even now I'm a member of the Race Committee, but I cannot go in for that sort of thing now at my time of life. At York I used to be a handicapper, clerk of the course, and judge as well. No doubt it is right that a man ought to have nothing else to do but to handicap; he should not have any other office to distract him. Great changes have come over racing in my time. A £50 stake was a wonderful thing in my younger days—about sixty years ago. We used to have two meetings at York, for which the added money was £3000. Now we give over £8000. Racing is now getting to a nice pitch. It is surprising the quantity of racing there is now to what there used to be. I don't think there are so many good men racing in the present day as there were in the old times. Nor do I think horses stay so well. Owners are more for short courses now than formerly. Why, I have seen four-mile heats, three heats for a race, at York.

"I commenced at Doncaster the year that Voltigeur and Russborough ran a dead heat. They ran the dead heat off the same afternoon, and the people broke on to the course, overpowering the police. Lord Zetland came to me and said, 'The race cannot be run with the people swarming all over the course.' I said, 'My lord, I cannot help it; I cannot get them away, and the police are powerless.' Nearly all the way down the straight

the people formed a lane no broader than this table, so that when the dead-heaters were racing up the straight the jockey's feet knocked off the hats of some people. That's a long time ago, and John Osborne was riding then as a lad."

"Do you think horses stay as well as they did fifty or sixty years ago?"

"I certainly think not. Horses are finer-bred now, and owners go more in for short races. Since I can tell, they went in for long distances—scarcely anything but four miles. They thought nothing of running a horse in four heats in one day. I have seen horses run four four-mile heats in one day, with intervals of half an hour between. Of course they didn't go the pace they do nowadays. They used to take it easy the first part of the four miles, and then run the last mile at a terrific pace. I am now talking of about sixty years ago. I have seen them walk a part of the race in these heats, but that was only a rare occurrence."

"But that wasn't racing?"

"No, not exactly. I think the modern system of coming right through is better, decidedly. Horses are now more bred for short courses than formerly; owners won't run them long ones. It is certain that horses of the present day are not so hard as half a century, or more, ago. That arises from the pace of the present day, when the majority of races are over five furlongs up to a mile. Trainers think now that if a horse gallops five furlongs it is enough for one day's work. In my opinion racehorses are deteriorating in stamina. I certainly think horses of the present day will run a mile quicker than those of sixty years ago.

"Vedette was one of the best horses John Osborne ever rode: he was a very good horse, a fine mover, and

with grand pace, but he was very subject to rheumatism. Job Marson was a wonderful rider; he used to ride for Lord Zetland, and rode Voltigeur in the St. Leger. They wanted to take him off Voltigeur when he ran a dead heat. That was the time the people broke the cords at Doncaster and crowded on to the course. Job rode him in the dead heat, and won. I think Isonomy was a great horse. It was a great performance when he won the Ebor Handicap, and almost a better one when he won the Manchester Cup. On that day 70,000 paid at the turnstiles at Manchester. The Flying Dutchman was a nailer, and so was West Australian. I sometimes used to meet Mr. Bowes, the owner of 'The West,' at York and Doncaster. He was a grand man was Mr. Bowes. He went to live in France, and didn't often come to meetings after that, but before he was a regular attender at York and Doncaster."

"What do you think about the increased value of stakes?"

"Why, you see, they can increase the value of the stakes by getting admission money, and so they can afford it. It is better for the trainers and for the horses. The people keep up racing now, and the change is better all round. Look how they have improved the stakes at the modern gate meetings. At York we can't get a gate meeting, because the control of Knavesmire is in the hands of the freemen and the Corporation. I should think Doncaster will be made into a gate-money meeting before long. Racing officials are better paid now than they were in my time. For instance, we will take York and its two meetings over five days. They paid me £70, and Mr. Ford gets £120 for the five days.

"I have known personally almost every man of note

connected with the Turf during the last fifty or sixty years. Harry Hall, the Middleham trainer, was not always a trainer of horses. He used to train greyhounds for Mr. Wm. Sharp of Hoddon Castle, until that grand Scottish sportsman gave up racing. I knew Mr. Sharp very well, he used to ask me to dine with him when I went to Kelso and other Scotch meetings. Ramsay of Barnton was a grand chap. In those days I did an immense deal of railway travelling. I once judged at Chester, and travelled on to Edinburgh for the Saturday. I used to judge two days at Carlisle and the next two days at Chester; and then when I got to Chester about five o'clock in the morning, I had perhaps one or two handicaps to make before I got to bed. I had a long 'teedy' time of it, and it was hard work, I can tell you. I used to handicap for Doncaster, but I gave it up as they did not pay me for it. The first time I was at Doncaster was in 1819, and the first Leger I saw was in 1824. I have seen sixty St. Legers run for, but missed last year (1895).

"I have heard it said that it was old John Osborne that put John Jackson on his legs by telling him what a good horse The Flying Dutchman was. 'Old John' would know all about 'The Dutchman,' as he would see Fobert giving him his work on Middleham Moor every day. Jackson came from Catterick, and when he got on in the world he established a stud at Fairfield, near York. He was a man that betted a lot of money, and was a well-to-do man at the finish. He won a lot of money over Blair Athol for the Derby. He would have many good wins in his time, and then he bought Fairfield. He was a good sportsman all round, and a very good-hearted fellow indeed. Lord Glasgow and Jackson hit it wonderfully well. An extraordinary man was Lord Glasgow. The first year I was appointed

handicapper at York I handicapped one of his lordship's horses. He was one of the stewards at the meeting, and was staying at the old York Station Hotel with the late Lord Derby, Mr. Savile, and Colonel Forester, who, I believe, is the only one of the party now alive. After framing the handicap I went to the hotel and showed it to Lord Glasgow. He looked at it, and said, 'Mr. Johnson, I see you have given my horse 7 st. 2 lbs. That is unfair to the public; you must put 7 lbs. more on him.' He then hurried away to the other end of the room. Lord Derby said, 'Never mind, Mr. Johnson, let him remain at 7 st. 2 lbs., and I'll bet Glasgow £30 to £10 he doesn't win.' Lord Glasgow got into a big fuss, and I said to him, 'My lord, I think yours is only a moderate horse.' Firing up, he replied, 'How the hell do you know?' As I was leaving the room, Mr. Savile said, 'You had better put the 7 lbs. more on. If you don't, he will order all his horses home again; he's such a strange fellow.' Feeling justified by Mr. Savile's hint, I put the extra 7 lbs. on the horse, and he finished last in the race.

"He was a straightforward fellow Lord Glasgow, but an extraordinary queer man. Some of our owners in the present day would not have acted as he did in this instance. They would say, 'Take 7 lbs. off,' rather than 'put 7 lbs. on.' I fancy the race to which the story refers was the 'Consolation' in '58. Lord Glasgow was a man of high honour, and very wealthy, but an unlucky man, considering that he kept so large a stud. On one occasion Mr. Payne remarked to him, 'By God! Glasgow, you're an unlucky fellow.' 'What!' he rejoined, 'an unlucky man, and born with £120,000 a year!'

"You'll see several good old sportsmen hanging on my walls. There's a likeness of Mr. George Payne, and

one of Admiral Rous—a grand engraving. ‘The Admiral’ was a first-class man—one of the best hand-cappers we ever had. He was an eccentric fellow, rather. I used to meet ‘The Admiral’ and Mr. Payne frequently at York, Doncaster, and Newmarket; they were always delighted to see me. I don’t think modern sportsmen are as good as the old sort—there’s not that rich ‘porty’ flavour about them to my way of thinking.”

“You were speaking of John Jackson. Well, he had a lot of horses after he bought Fairfield. He had Blair Athol standing there, and bought Saunterer from old John Osborne. He was a very free liver, and died when he was forty-two or forty-three years of age. He was a real good genial fellow.

“I was married in ’34. I once tried smoking, but never after ’34. I found it affected my eyes the next morning. I was born in 1813, and I shave myself every morning. I fancy I am an older man than Judge Clark; he will be about eighty years old.”

Continuing his chat, the judge said—

“Bee’s-wing was the handsomest mare I ever saw in my life. There was not a flaw in her. Alice Hawthorn, too, was a real grand mare. She was bigger than Bee’s-wing, who was not built on a heavy scale. Sim Templeman used to ride ‘Alice.’ He and I were very good friends. Sim was a pretty good rider, but not to be compared to John Osborne. He began riding about ’27, did Sim. John Osborne was a fine finisher; he knew where the winning post was, and you could depend upon him.

“Bill Scott at one time was a good rider, and then he got to be too fond of his glass. Jim Snowden was above the average. Aldcroft was a grand finisher.

“Jim Robinson? Yes, I remember Jim. He knew

where the winning post was. You never saw him until he almost came close to the finish."

"In judging a race, and the placings in a close finish, how did you come to your verdict?"

"I could tell pretty nearly fifty yards from home which was winning; but sometimes Archer used to come in the last three or four strides, and then you had to look mighty quick. Practice does wonders. You have nothing to go by but the colours."

"Did you ever make a mistake in your life?"

"I am not aware that I did. Some people might say so: I can't say. I never made one, knowing it to be a mistake. You see the crowd and the judge are often placed at different angles in judging a race, and that is very likely to cause a difference of opinion in a close finish. Now, Archer, I tell you, he used sometimes to come in in the last three or four strides; it was done in a twinkling, and John Osborne used to do the same thing. He had a terrible rush with him at the finish, had John. Like Archer, he was a terrible strong finisher, and so was Aldcroft."

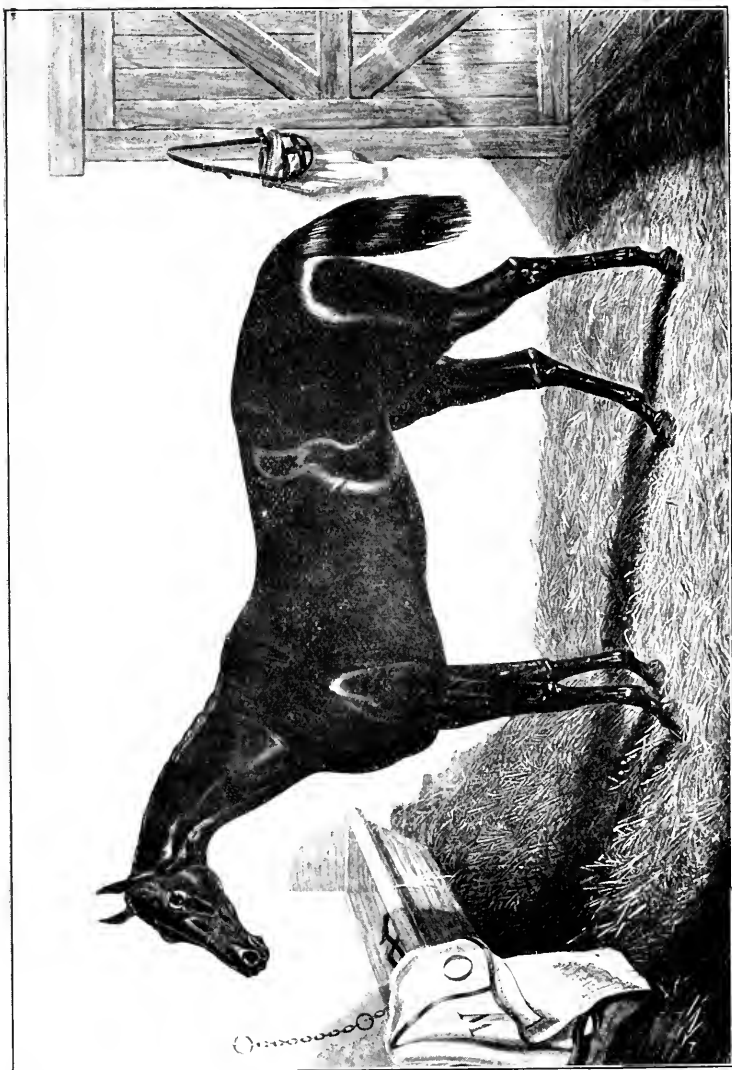
"Whom do you think the finest finisher you ever saw?"

"Jim Robinson was a grand finisher, but none of them better than John Osborne. Of the latter-day jockeys I have not seen any men better than those I have named. Ah, yes, I had forgotten George Fordham; he was a real good jockey. Watts, in the present day, is a fine horseman, and so was Tom Cannon. I should think Jim Robinson as great a jockey as I ever saw, and after him would place Archer, George Fordham, John Osborne, Aldcroft, and Watts. I don't know which to pick out as the very best of the lot. One was just about as good as the other.

“ I have seen Archer win a race by a neck when he had a stone in hand, and Fordham had the same ‘ kid ’ about him—more so than Archer; but Archer could draw it as ‘ fine ’ as anybody. Osborne could draw it ‘ fine ’ very nicely sometimes. I have seen him win very cleverly by a neck when he had a lot in hand. When you have nothing to do but to watch the horses and watch their performances it gives you a good idea. The first year I judged at Chester, Epaminondas won. The horse’s name was not on the card, and when I hoisted the number the people came round me and cried, ‘ Hi! Maister Judge, there’s nae such horse in the race as that number.’ I said, ‘ Never mind, he’s won,’ and it was a long time before the row stopped.”

Mr. Thomas Craggs was clerk of the course at Stockton for many years, and it would appear that he owed his introduction to that post to Judge Johnson. Following up his “ crack,” the Judge said, “ I judged at Newcastle for the first time in ’44, and continued in office till Mr. Ford came on the scene. At Stockton they asked me to take office, but I said I could not undertake it. I met Mr. Craggs at the foot of the stairs after giving in my refusal, and he said, ‘ Recommend me, Mr. Johnson.’ I did so, and he was appointed. After that Mr. Craggs became clerk of the course at Newcastle, and he introduced Mr. Ford, who took my place after serving them for many years. I could never look kindly again upon Mr. Craggs for that act of forgetfulness.”

And so this sporadic discourse is introduced into our book to show in an indirect manner the veteran judge as one of the “ men of the times ” in the period covered by the story. The reader may think a lot of it extraneous, and likely enough it is, but to the



From an original painting.

BEE'S-WING

"old school," if not the new, and both these sections have to be interested, an hour's chat may revive pleasant thoughts and old memories of the days when he was Lord Chancellor of the Turf woolsack on the northern and midland circuit. At all events, his "crack," or whatever one may call it, came from the central spring, and is reproduced on paper as he uttered it.

Like his old and revered friend and brother trainer, the late Matthew Dawson, who had seen the old-fashioned system of sweating, running in heats over the Beacon course, John Osborne had lived long enough to witness the introduction of five-furlong races for old horses, rather than confine these short "cuts" to yearlings and two-year-olds. There can be no question that sprint racing has robbed many an otherwise good horse of his stamina, and by the lesson taught by the Frenchmen of two or three seasons ago, when their horses proved better than the home-bred in long-distance races, the Jockey Club, ever slow to move, acted wisely in enforcing an increase of races beyond a mile at every meeting. A thoroughbred is often a good friend, but can be a bad enemy. When Muley Edris savaged Archer, the poor brute had not forgotten the slashing "The Demon" had given him in one of his races. And so it was with old Tom Dawson and Mentor, who, on hearing the sound of the trainer's voice alone, became a wild beast so long as he knew his unforgiven enemy was near him. Equally so was the temper of Grand Flaneur broken by the Ashgill stable boy. Horses are instinct with memory and amenable to kindness. John Osborne, who has never been savaged by one of the thousands of racers that have been through his hands, believes that kind treatment is a great factor in training.

There should be, as far as possible, a sentiment of friendship and confidence between the horse and the horseman. Often enough have we seen a horse breaking into a state of trembling and sweat at the approach of a jockey. When that occurs a change should assuredly be made. Matthew Dawson used to cite a case in point between Kirkham and the jockey Bowes, who would have been killed but for the timely assistance of the trainer. Kirkham would never agree with Bowes either in the saddle or on the Heath. Jealousy between horses, too, is not an unknown passion. An instance of this may be cited in the case of Julius, who, after his severe races with Hermit in the St. Leger and in the Match, strongly evinced his implacable hatred of his conqueror when they were near each other on the Heath, sight, sound, or smell being sufficient to create an explosion of Julius's temper.

Many tales are told of the princely generosity and the unobtrusive philanthropy of Matthew Dawson and John Scott, both of whom had "a tear for pity and a hand open as the day for melting charity." In like manner has John Osborne acted all his life to friends, relations, unfortunate jockeys, touts, and brother trainers. Balzac, the great French writer, in his story of "Eugenie Grandet," paid a poetic and beautiful tribute to the memory of his dead heroine when he said, "Her soul was accompanied to heaven by a glorious *cortège* of good deeds." Such a tribute would not be inapt to John Osborne, when, after "life's fitful fever," he is called upon to pass the "scales" of human existence.

FINIS

